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## Overview:

This is a small submission for CoC2. It was a spur-of-the-moment idea that I shared on Discord, and Savin asked me to write it, so, here we are.

The basic gist of it is that, somewhere in the Foothills, you can find a pair of statues ‘from a bygone era.’ One is of a man, build like a typical statuesque Adonis, sporting a big-ass hard-on; the other is of a shapely, buxom woman, bent into a compromising position. Both of them are anatomically correct and they both have their mouths open in a sort of lustful O-face.

The PC can choose to fuck either statue using whatever tools are available: they can sit on the dude’s dick, or fuck the woman’s ass, or rub their junk into their mouths, whatever. It wouldn’t exactly be particularly fulfilling or amazing sex – they’re statues. They’re lukewarm at best, they don’t move, they’re not going to get handsy, and they’re not going to tell you that they love you or anything.

BUT, the next time the PC goes to sleep, they dream that the person the statue is depicting will visit them in their dream, and then fuck them the way they had in the waking world. So, if you fuck the dude with your ass (or vag, if applicable), then a well-built Adonis of a man will visit you in your dream and fuck you the way you had irl. If you fuck the woman in the mouth, then the woman will visit you and give you an amazing blowjob.

If you fuck *both* the statues before going to sleep, then a shapely, buxom dickgirl with a massive dick will visit you, and you’ll perform whatever act you did on the *second* statue. So, if you want to dream about fucking a dickgirl in the butt, you’d first fuck the male statue (doesn’t matter how), and then you’d fuck the female statue in the butt. And etc.

If you visit them often enough, they’ll give you bonuses to your fertility/virility, in order to make it worthwhile.

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// Place a location in the Foothills called Open Sanctuary  
// Add the following blurb to the square *before* the Open Sanctuary

You notice that there’s a small path diverging from the main road, heading {north/east/south/west} ward. It doesn’t appear to have been travelled in some time. If you’re feeling exploratory, you could see what lies down it.

// Continue here if visiting the Open Sanctuary for the first time  
// (scene: Open Sanctuary intro)

You follow the lesser-beaten path, diverging from the road; its way is shrouded in overgrown bushes and foliage that haven’t been tended to in an age, yet the ground beneath you

is beaten flat and is only somewhat obscured by various grasses and sprouts. This road clearly isn't taken much anymore, but it was once quite well travelled, as far as you can tell.

It leads you into the brush for a few minutes. You're not terribly deep into the woods when you come to a wider clearing – no, it's more than that. Torn, dilapidated bricks walls surround the area in a wide square, outlining the foundation of what *used* to be a building. Flat stones lay into the dirt and grass beneath you, broken and cracked with time, outlining the building's floor. It was too big to be a conventional home, but it was too small to be a community center of some kind.

Standing at the far side of this destroyed building, however, is a pair of statues. Two marble-white statues face each other, kept eerily clean and immaculate despite the age and overgrowth surrounding them. The statue on your left depicts a human man, his hands on his hips and his legs spread; the statue on your right depicts a human woman, bent forward, with her hands on her knees, also spread apart. A number of mossy, flat boulders surround them both, providing multiple footholds for you to stand on, if you wanted to examine them much more closely.

And they're both extremely nude. The male statue has a chiselled-but-not-overbearing musculature: he has a clearly defined six-pack of abs and just the right amount of muscle on his arms and legs, reminding you of an athlete in their prime. And he's sporting quite the impressive erection: a rigid, powerful, nine-inch cock juts from his crotch, slanting only slightly upwards, and accented with a pair of nuts that, together, you'd need two hands to cup. His lips are parted, and his eyes are squinting, just slightly – like he's only moments from reaching a climax.

The female statue is less muscular, but has a significantly curvier form: her DD-cup-maybe-larger breasts hang full and firm, with a fair amount of cleavage, each capped with a nipple the size of your thumb. Her physique is the perfect breeder's-hourglass, with a heavy top; a thick bottom; and a small waist, at least compared to the rest of her. Her gaze is kept forward, in your direction; her long, ass-length hair drapes around her and pools at the small of her back. You can't see it from your angle, but you imagine she's just as anatomically correct as her male counterpart. And, like him, her lips are parted, and her eyes are pointed upward: she's only moments from a big finale, herself.

You have no idea where you are, or who or what the statues are supposed to represent. They're made with a master artisan's attention to detail, down to the veins in their arms and legs, and the fact that they're so immaculately clean in a place that's been ruined over time gives you a bit of pause.

That said... it's just as likely that whoever made these statues was just interested in a good time, and was tired of having only their hands for company. The male statue's dick is just *too* perfectly sculpted, and the female statue's boobs are just *too* perfectly filled and spaced, to not be inviting some... alternative ways of appreciating this sculptor's art.

You could just leave, if you wanted. Or... you could blow off a bit of steam.

// Continue here if visiting the Open Sanctuary subsequent times; has sexed one of the statues at least once

You tread the now-familiar path towards the sanctuary hidden in the brush, where those two marble statues are. As your feet pound the roads flatter, you idly muse to yourself why this place was once such a popular spot.

You're taken back to the clearing with the statues. There they stand, both as clean and as perfect as the moment you found them, ready for more of your *<i>attention.</i>*

// Continue here if visiting the Open Sanctuary subsequent times; has *not* sexed the statues at all

You return to the clearing with the broken, dilapidated housing and the two nude statues in compromising sexual positions. It's not a far walk, and before long, you're back in the clearing.

Last time you visited, you didn't do anything more than admire the statues with your eyes. They're still as clean and as immaculate as the moment you had found them. Nobody else is around if you decided you wanted to *<i>appreciate</i>* the statues a little *<i>differently,</i>* if you're feeling up to it.

[=Male S.]=[Female S.]=[Leave=]  
// end scene (scene: Open Sanctuary Intro)

[=Male S.=]  
// Tooltip: Examine the male statue a little more closely. And maybe not just with your eyes.  
// (scene: Male Statue Sex Select)

You study the male statue.

It depicts a human male, standing roughly six feet tall, maybe a little more. The man is in prime, ideal athletic shape: he stands with his hands on his hips, demonstrating his every flexed muscle to you. His biceps and calves are thick and he has an immaculate six-pack of abdominals. His shoulders are broad, and, although you can't see it from your angle, you imagine his ass is tight enough to bounce a coin off of.

His hair is short and curly, only going down to about his ears. The sculptor didn't give him an iris or a pupil, but when you look into him, you get the unsettling feeling that he's staring back.

One 'eye' that the sculptor took immaculate care in creating was the statue's dick: you ballpark it to be nine inches long and thick enough that you doubt you could close your fist

around it. His cock is standing upright, bloated so much that it arcs upward slightly from his base, as erect as you've ever seen a dick be. His balls hang low; combined, they'd be large enough to spill from your hands, forcing you to use both if you wanted to properly handle them.

Now that this statue has been properly 'studied' ... is there anything *<i>else</i>* you'd like to do with it?

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[=GetFucked=][=SitOnIt=][=Blowjob=][=FuckItsButt=][=FuckItsMouth=][=Back=]  
// end scene (scene: Male Statue Sex Select)
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[=GetFucked=]  
// Requires a vagina  
// Tooltip (has a vagina): Wrap your legs around this studly statue's hips and give yourself  
a proper marble treat!  
// Tooltip (no vagina): You'll need a vagina to fuck the male statue this way!  
// (scene: Get Fucked)
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You glance around the destroyed sanctuary – just in case you aren't alone[pc.isCrotchVisible]– and remove your lower garments, exposing your bottom to the air of the area], and you approach the male statue, your eyes less on him and more on his impressive rod. [pc.vaginalVirgin|You suppose, if you're going to lose your virginity to anyone or anything, it ought to be someone that'll go at your pace and won't judge you for it|The boy's pretty thick in all the right places, and you can't help but want to feel what such a perfectly chiselled dick will feel like inside you].

It takes a bit of finagling on your part to get into position. He's a statue, and he does nothing to help you or make your movements any easier – yet, thankfully, his base seems incredibly solid, and you doubt you'd be able to tip him over on your own, even if you tried. You manage to settle yourself into a comfortable-enough position by hooking your legs through the gaps of his arms, one after the other, and then, you're dangling, hanging off his perfect marble form, your [pc.vagina] hovering inches from his stony helmet. [pc.hasCock|Your [pc.cock] baps onto the statue's abs; you have to reach between you two to realign it so it doesn't get in your way].

Feeling as steady and stable as you think you're going to get, you thrust your [pc.hips], just slightly at first, trying to feel your way towards the statue's cock. Its curved helmet bumps into you, startling you with how cold it is, but it's mostly on-the-money. So, you sink deeper, taking it into yourself.

You hiss in delight as your body melds itself around the statue's appendage. It's almost like whoever sculpted this guy specifically had you in mind: you're taut, but not stretched, and he's long, but he doesn't 'dig' into you the same way some overly huge cocks might. You feel and practically hear every little contour of yourself splitting to accommodate him, and it's at such a pace and at such a capacity that all you feel is delight. [pc.vaginalVirgin|Your statuesque lover may be the strong, silent type, but there are certainly worse people to lose your virginity to, that's

for sure! <b>You have lost your vaginal virginity[silly], to a statue, of all things. You must have been very desperate].</b>]

Lower and lower you sink, enjoying how smooth his dick is and the way that it hits every wonderfully sensitive cluster inside you, and all without any sort of effort or input from the statue. There's something borderline magical about how perfectly this dick has been crafted to suit you.

Your [pc.ass] eventually sinks low enough to hit the man in his muscled thighs; you can feel his dense, smooth balls press back into the [pc.skinFurScales] of your butt. Instinctively, you expect something to happen – like, for the statue to start thrusting into you, or for his hands to touch you and caress you – but nothing happens. He is a statue. You aren't sure why you expected anything else.

So, you do all the work. Not that you mind: this statue's body is certainly a treat for your eyes, and his dick is just perfect, the way it's snuggled inside you. You use one hand to keep yourself steady, hanging off his shoulder, and the other to caress and feel along his impressive abs, while your hips begin to buck and bounce on his cock.

As perfect as his body is... the next few minutes are little more than you panting and whining like a horny mutt as you fuck a statue in the middle of nowhere. The only ambience is your own lustful whimpering and the squelching sounds of your body transforming to fit his perfect dick inside it. The statue hasn't, and isn't about to, start moving on its own to {low corruption:properly make love to you and tell you what it likes} {else:fuck you and take from you what it wants, as badly as you want that}.

Although the time you spend fucking yourself on the statue's permanently-hard cock is sexually satisfying, it's not what you would call fulfilling – you'd even call it sort of boring, like you were just using a more physically-involved sex toy. All the same, you bring yourself to orgasm after enough time: your [pc.vagina] clenches, and, biting into your [pc.lip], your [pc.girlCum] sprays down his marble length, soaking him down to his balls[pc.hasCock]. Likewise, your [pc.cock], left unattended, orgasms sympathetically, your [pc.cum] jetting up between his immaculate pectorals and reaching as high as his neck].

With your lusts temporarily sated, you take a moment to catch your breath, and you recollect yourself, disentangling yourself from his unmoving limbs. Getting out is harder than getting in, and you tip out of him clumsily.

[pc.isCrotchVisible||You collect your lower garments and slip them back on wordlessly. ]With everything said and done, you give the statue one last glance before you turn for the sanctuary's entrance. While you can't say he was the perfect lover, you nonetheless enjoyed yourself, and it doesn't look like anybody's been here in years, if not generations – this would be a good place to come back to if you ever wanted another round, without any of the emotions or hangups or morning-afters, if you wanted.

You leave the sanctuary, satisfied for now.

// end scene (scene: Get Fucked); decrease Lust to 0; place PC one square outside Open Sanctuary

[=SitOnIt=]

// No requirements

// Tooltip: This statue has a pretty thick dick. You're curious if this marble beauty is man enough to tame an ass like yours...

// (scene: Sit On It)

It's a positively perverted thought, but, as you approach the statue, biting into one of your fingernails as your hand measures and massages the statue's erect penis, testing its length and rigidity[silly] – and, yep, being made of stone, it's pretty rigid]... you wonder how it might feel in your [pc.asshole]. You idly entertain yourself by explaining to your marble audience that it's not something you do for just <i>any</i> impressively-endowed statue.

Your lover, being the strong, silent type, does not reply.

Y[pc.isCrotchVisible||ou strip out of your lower garments, exposing yourself to the humid elements of the sanctuary, and y]ou spin around, towards the area's entrance, where you came from. You're somewhat deliberate and impish with your movements, as you bend at the waist, spreading your [pc.ass] for the hunky statue's dick. You flinch, at first, when you feel his stony helmet against your sensitive bud.

Although your conviction does not falter, the fact remains that your lover is a statue: he does not reassure you when you hesitate, and he does not try to take any of the effort for himself. He's also not going to thank you for bending over like you are. That said, the one advantage he has is that he is very content to go at your own pace.

It's difficult to relax your muscles when you're doing all the work, but you try your best and you take your time, sinking down a half-inch at a time, before resting and resuming. Despite how silly it might look that you're shoving a statue's dick into your asshole, you can't help but admit that he's <i>perfectly</i> proportioned for you: he's thick enough that you feel stretched without feeling tense; he's colder than body temperature, but not uncomfortably so, which works in his favor because you can feel every little contour and ridge along his length as you sink; and, in just a moment, you'll find out if he's exactly the right length....

It isn't long before your [pc.ass] presses gently against his lap, determining exactly how long he is inside you[pc.hasBalls|. Your [pc.balls] rest against his smooth ones, and, as you shift and readjust on him, you try to measure and compare sizes in your head|. His smooth balls rest up against your [pc.vagina], stimulating your vulva with just how full, dense, and smooth they feel. It might be obvious, because he's made of marble, but whatever, it feels good!]

[pc.hasBalls|With one particular readjustment against his lap, you feel his stony tool rub and massage against a particularly sensitive part inside of you: your knees shake and you have a hard time staying standing when your lover stimulates your prostate. Despite the difficulties, it's hard not to convince yourself that you just want more, and that he's perfectly fine with giving it to you.|You sigh and stand there for a moment, half-bent at the [pc.waist] and your hands on your knees with a statue's penis up your butt. You can't help but giggle at how it must look, but the truth is, he's exactly the right size to get you feeling like any sort of humiliation you might get from a stranger finding you in such a position would be absolutely worth it.]

You buck once, just to test the statue's balance, and he doesn't move: he's set into the ground firmly. Throwing caution to the wind, you begin to bounce, each pass of him inside your body just a little smoother and easier than the last. His tool begins to warm against you, adjusting to your body temperature, and now, what you essentially have is an <i>extremely</i> well-detailed dildo fucking your butt.

You try to bend lower, to realign your center so that you can fuck him with a little more force, but his stubborn rigidity and refusal to change positions makes it too difficult. It's not a huge loss: you're fine with a slightly more 'casual' ass-reaming from your otherwise-patient lover.

Still, despite how perfectly his cock is filling your ass, and how he hits all the best spots inside you, the fact remains that there's a very 'human' element missing from the sex: he's not going to tell you how tight you are, or how it feels for him, and he's not going to touch you the way your body unconsciously yearns to be touched. As sexually satisfying as it feels, the sex is very... uninvolved.

That doesn't stop you from orgasming, of course: your movements get more frenetic the closer you get, and the sound of your [pc.ass] clapping against his smooth form echoes throughout the abandoned area. With one final push, you're put over your limit, and [pc.hasCock|your [pc.cock] tenses, shooting your load beneath you, around your ankles. You make certain to angle yourself just right, so that your statue's helmet presses into your prostate, and your [pc.cum] squeezes from you like an untied water balloon][pc.isHerm|. Likewise, ][pc.hasVagina|your [pc.vagina] clenches sympathetically to your [pc.asshole], squeezing at nothing, left empty and vacant while your ass gets all the fun. Dribbles of your [pc.girlCum] cascade down your [pc.thighs], collecting at your knees before proceeding further downward, marking the ground you're standing on with proof of your satisfaction].

You take a moment to collect yourself, catching your breath. Your statuesque lover remains as hard and willing as ever inside you, but, as fun as a second round sounds, you'll have to decline for now; with an audible slurp, you pull yourself from him, leaving your gaping body exposed to the air for it to recover.

[pc.isCrotchVisible||You shakily recollect your under garments and slide them back on, making yourself otherwise decent once again. ]You spare the statue one last look – you wonder if you should go through the effort of cleaning him, especially if you plan on using him again,



but something in your head tells you to not bother. When you arrived at the sanctuary today, they were both completely spotless and immaculate: you're not sure whether someone else is cleaning them, or what, but it's probably fine to leave it be.

You leave the sanctuary, satisfied for now.

// end scene (scene: Sit On It); decrease Lust to 0; place PC one square outside Open Sanctuary

[=Blowjob=]

// No requirements

// Tooltip: Get on your knees and show this statue a good time. Don't expect a 'thank you,' though.

// (scene: Blowjob)

As you stare at the statue's realistically-detailed cock, you can't help but unconsciously lick your [pc.lips]. There are other ways you could pleasure yourself on this inanimate object, if you wanted, but... you kind of want to feel that smooth, immaculate dick in your mouth. It's perverse and ridiculous – he's not going to thank you for it, and you aren't doing him a favor and he's not going to 'owe you one' – but, hell, you can't deny what it is you want.

You step forward and get on your knees in front of this well-sculpted man. You place your hands on his lap and push slightly, to test his rigidity and balance: he's firm and stiff as could be against the ground, so you can be as forceful as you wanted. Not that giving a blowjob is a particularly strenuous or forceful activity, but it's good to know what limits there might be.

You glide your hand across his marble length, closing your grip around him and tacitly measuring him. Whoever sculpted this man put an inordinate amount of time and effort into his junk: you can feel his every vein in your palm, his vas deferens is thick and bulging, reminiscent of a man (or an additionally-endowed woman) on the verge of an orgasm. You could swear that you could feel him pulse if you waited and focused.

For all your admiration for this man's body and the sculptor's attention to detail, his dick isn't about to suck itself. You wet your lips, and you lean in.

You don't pay too much mind to your performance – like you realized earlier, he's not going to care either way – but you nonetheless are gentle and attentive, gliding your [pc.tongue] flatly around his head, before trailing it down his shaft. You kiss at his crotch and you jerk at his dick a bit as you lean down further, taking one of his perfect, smooth, heavy nuts into your mouth for a quick suck.

Being made of marble, he doesn't really have much of a flavor to him. What's important otherwise is that he's very smooth all around (and hairless, which can be a big bonus in a lot of ways); he's as warm as the humid air; and, most importantly, because he doesn't have a flavor,

that means he's clean. Any reservations you had about putting your mouth on a strange statue's penis are assuaged.

Sliding your way back up, you lick and kiss at his shaft every quarter-inch, until you're back to his straining helmet of a cockhead. You give your tongue one more spin around it, and then take it into your mouth. Slowly, at first, and you're thankful that he's a very patient lover. You sink down a little bit, then suck and lick at what's in you, before diving down a few inches and coming back up, a little deeper than before.

You keep your hands busy: one jerking his length, and the other gliding over his balls, marvelling at how dense and firm they are (which, you realize, is a funny thing to say about a glorified rock). His cock feels like it was made for your mouth: it's just thick enough to really feel like he's filling out your mouth and making sure your cheeks and your [pc.tongue] keep busy, and, so far, it's long enough without making you feel intimidated or threatened when you bob a little deeper than you meant.

You can't help but get a little into it. The hand fondling his balls drops to your own legs, [pc.hasCock|stroking at your burgeoning [pc.cock], which had introduced itself at half-mast and is getting harder by the second, especially with your attention on it. You time your sucks and bobs with strokes along your length, almost as if he's rhythmically repaying your favor in kind. It isn't long until you're almost as hard as he is|gently rubbing along your [pc.clit] before dipping a little further, your fingers gently raking along your vulva. You were moist before you started, and with a just a little bit of external stimulation, you hear the timid drip-drip of your excitement soaking the ground beneath you]. When a bit of your saliva builds up on the statue's length, you try to imagine the texture having a salty taste, and that you're tasting his pre.

As into it as you are, it's hard to deny the fact that your statue friend isn't making any movement to let you know that you're pleasuring him. There are no groans or moans of sexual satisfaction; his hands don't run [pc.hasHair|through your [pc.hair]]over your bald scalp]; he doesn't verbally encourage you and tell you how good you're doing; and he's no closer to cumming than when you started. There's only so much fun in sucking a rock and pretending it's about to cum down your throat.

You stick it out, as only-mildly-fulfilling as it is, until you bring yourself to your own orgasm. Y[pc.hasCock|our [pc.cock] bloats with your own seed, and, with a few gargled grunts and a tense lower body, you spray your [pc.cum] at the statue's feet, marking the spot with proof of your visit][pc.isHerm|. At the same time, y)[pc.hasVagina|our [pc.vagina] clenches down, then leaks your [pc.girlCum] beneath you, soaking the ground and leaving a damp reminder of just how much you enjoyed sucking off a statue]. Somewhat reflexively, you lean forward, taking the statue down to his base as you cum, your nose pressed against his rock-hard abdominals, and your throat massages and rolls against his length while orgasm rolls through your body.

Once you're finished, you pull back, giving the statue one last kiss and a lick across his curved cockhead. He's well and thoroughly lubed, from base to tip, and you're sure, if he wasn't

as patient with you as he is, he'd be rather insistent on continuing the fun. But, he's very understanding, and doesn't fuss when you pull away and stand, making to leave the sanctuary.

You massage at your throat as you leave, satisfied for now.

// end scene (scene: Blowjob); decrease Lust to 0; place PC one square outside Open Sanctuary

[=FuckItsButt=]

// Requires a penis that isn't too large. However large is 'too large,' I'll leave up to the coders.

// This scene will include variants for both the male and female statues, since they'll be largely the same, and this way I don't have to write two scenes for them.

// Tooltip (no penis): While you could theoretically fuck this statue's butt regardless, there isn't going to be enough payoff for you to make the effort worth it if you don't have a penis.

// Tooltip (penis, male statue): You wonder if this manly statue's glutes are as tight as the rest of him is depicted to be....

// Tooltip (penis, female statue): This womanly statue is practically handing you a written invitation to take a closer look, and see if it's really as firm as it implies....

// Tooltip (penis too big): Given how this statue is made from marble, there's no <i>way</i> they're pliant enough to take something as big as you into a hole as small as it has!

// (scene: Fuck Its Butt)

{maleStatue|You circle around to the other side of the statue, appreciating its form and the way how its muscles are so well-defined and sculpted: along its ribs and arms; its thighs and calves; and, as you reach around to its rear side, its glutes. Despite its upright posture, the sculptor had the foresight to have the cheeks spread, giving you unfettered access to its asshole. It looks unnatural, but it's not like you would have found it 'naturally,' otherwise.|You circle around to the other side of the statue, appreciating the attention to detail that the sculptor has given it: from the way its hair appears to be in individual strains; to the way her heavy breasts sway freely underneath her, dotted with a pair of perfect, nubby nipples; and, as you reach around to its rear side, it's upturned ass, and the impeccable folds of its vagina and the crinkles of its asshole. Thanks to its spread-eagle, hands-on-its-knees posture, you have absolute, unrestricted access and view to every part of its unmentionables.}

You put your hand on its body, feeling how smooth its whole body is: from its lower back, to the swell of its perfectly-proportioned ass. Now that you're here, you can't help but have very <i>particular</i> thoughts about this {hunk|beauty} of a statue, and what you'd like to do next, given the {firm/inviting} posture of the art. At a cursory glance, its sphincter, and what little you can see into it, appears to be clean as the rest of the statue – whether they're simply always this clean, or someone or something regularly cleans them, you're not sure, but you're satisfied that you aren't about to fuck some unsanitary rock.

Glancing around the destroyed sanctuary, just to ensure that you're alone, you [pc.isCrotchVisible|remove your lower garments, bearing your own unmentionables to the

humid air of the area, and you ]step forward to lay your [pc.cock] into the crease of the statue's inviting rear end. You're currently only half-erect, but that's going to change in a moment.

The statue's body is the same temperature as the air around you: not uncomfortably cold, but just cool enough to provide a unique shock to your equipment. And the body of the statue is incredibly smooth, almost inhumanly so – you're having a hard time believing that these statues were created by a man with a chisel, given how immaculate their forms are. In either case, it feels <i>amazing.</i>

Your hotdogging does nothing to ready your partner, of course. They're exactly as ready as they were before you even started. You're not getting any more lubed, either. So, without wasting any more time on pointless preamble, you realign your [pc.cockHead] and take the plunge, sinking into the statue's available asshole.

It's cooler inside than it is out, and it's tight, almost restrictively so. You're not quite as hard as you could be, which was a deliberate choice: if you had gone in at full-mast, you doubt you wouldn't have been able to fit without a bit of pain. As you are, it's actually rather comfortable inside the statue's butt, because every part of it is smooth as could be.

You start casually bucking into the statue, appreciating how easy it feels against your sensitive glands and buds[pc.hasBalls]. Every time you thrust in, your [pc.balls] clap against the thick, round globes of the statue's ass, and even that isn't all that painful, considering your testicles are whapping against stone – its form is just that smooth]. You run your hands along its form, marvelling at how it feels, and fantasizing to yourself that your lover is a real, warm body that enjoys the attention, and they just happen to be hard as a rock in all the right places.

{maleStatue|To that end, you wrap both your hands around the statue's waist; one hand plays at its abs and at its chest, toying with how sturdy your hunk feels all around and loving how you can count the ridges of his impeccable abdominals. The other sinks lower, easily finding and wrapping around the hefty cock he's sporting. It's a statue, and you have absolutely no reason to do this, but you give the manly statue a hearty reach-around, softly-yet-eagerly jerking his cock as if it were real. Might as well get all the action you can while you're at it!|To that end, you lean forward and wrap both your arms around the statue's body; one hand reaches high, easily finding the swell of its breasts and the cap of their nipples, and you pinch and rub at them, appreciating how real, if inflexible, they feel. The other sinks lower, creeping between the statue's spread legs, and finding its vagina. The sculptor had the proper sense to include the woman's clitoris, and you give it the same attention as her nipple, twiddling and pinching it slightly. It's a statue, and it remains thoroughly sedate, but all the same, you might as well have as much fun as you can while you're here.]

Your efforts on pleasing your marbled lovers have their effect on <i>you</i> rather than on them: your [pc.cock] inflates inside the statue's rear-end, until you're too bloated to properly extricate yourself without a bit of effort. You can still jostle inside it a little bit, thanks to the statue's perfectly-sanded architecture, which you'll have to do to bring you the rest of your way to your orgasm.

Your fucking has calmed to little more than an impetuous hump, only capable of pulling out an inch or so before pushing back in. Every time you move even the slightest bit, though, your [pc.cockHead] nudges against the statue's smoothed insides, giving you the stimulation you need to get just a bit closer.

The statue isn't exactly in any rush to go anywhere, but all the same, the whole encounter has been, for a lack of a better word, rather lifeless: {he/she} doesn't moan your name or flatter you with compliments about how huge you feel inside {him/her}. When you cum, {he/she} doesn't coo about how deep {he/she} can feel it inside {him/her}self[cumVol 600], and you're cumming more than you're sure the statue can hold – unless the sculptor had made some very specific forethoughts].

All the same, [silly|it doesn't matter. You had sex|you got what you wanted when you started: to blow a thick wad into a sexy statue's ass]. It takes a moment for you to grow soft enough to pull out without injury, and when you do, [pc.isCrotchVisible|you reach for your lower garments once more and slip them on, then ]you leave the ruined sanctuary once again, satisfied.

// end scene (scene: Fuck Its Butt); decrease Lust to 0; place PC one square outside Open Sanctuary

[=FuckItsMouth=]

// No requirements.

// This scene will include variants for both the male and female statues, since they'll be largely the same, and this way I don't have to write two scenes for them.

// Tooltip: It may take a bit of effort, but you could probably fuck the statue's mouth if you really wanted.

// (scene: Fuck Its Mouth)

{maleStatue|You look up at the male statue's face. He has a somewhat agape expression – his mouth is lightly parted, and the corners of his lips are curled downward, as if he was just an idle mouth-breather. His gaze isn't fixated on anything in particular, not that you can really tell, since it doesn't have pupils. You wonder if you could... well, there's no sense in being dishonest with yourself: you wonder if you could fuck his mouth. Since he's standing upright, it'll be a bit of a challenge, but, with a bit of imagination, you could probably get it done.|You look down at the female statue's face. She has a somewhat agape expression – her mouth is slightly parted, and the corners of her lips are somewhat quivered. Considering her posture, she looks like she's in the middle, or on the verge, of an intense orgasm, and, helping the image, you imagine her eyes are pure white because her pupils are rolled into the back of her head. You wonder if... well, there's no sense in being dishonest with yourself: you wonder if you could fuck her mouth. It's at exactly the right position for it; all you had to do was take a few steps forward.}

[pc.isCrotchVisible|First things first, you remove your lower garments and bare yourself to the humid air of the forgotten sanctuary, exposing your [pc.hasCock|half-erect

[pc.cock]|halfway-moist [pc.vagina]]]. {maleStatue|You have an idea as to how you're going to accomplish this, but it's going to take some finesse on your part.|Whoever sculpted this statue clearly had a number of ideas and uses in mind for someone like you – there's nothing simpler to it than to step forward and press your junk against the statue's face. You look to the male statue, and its upright posture – thank goodness you didn't think to try and fuck that one!}

{maleStatue|You first test its rigidity by pushing on its chest. Luckily, it's so sturdy, it feels as though it was built straight up from the ground: no matter how hard you push, it doesn't budge an inch. With that confirmed, you put both hands on the statue's shoulders, and heft yourself up; you put your [pc.feet] in the space where the statue's hands meet its hips as footholds, and you hook your legs around the statue's head. Your seat on its shoulders is a bit precarious, but it holds your weight remarkably well – now, it's just a matter of fucking it.}

[pc.hasCock|You reach down between you and the statue, and you grip your [pc.cock] by the [pc.base]. You tell how the statue feels by dragging your dick by the shaft across the statue's cheeks and across its forehead: its skin is <i>perfectly</i> smooth, unnaturally so – you're having a hard time believing that this statue was made with a hammer and chisel (or, you're assuming).|You grip the statue by the back of the head and you thrust your [pc.hips] forward, pressing your [pc.vagina] into the bridge of the statue's nose. You give it a few cursory humps, testing how smooth the statue's 'skin' feels, and it's absolutely <i>perfect</i> – unnervingly so. You're having a hard time believing this statue was made with any conventional artisan tools.]

[pc.hasCock|The statue's lips are parted enough that you could probably squeeze yourself between them, given how flaccid you currently are; if you waited until you were fully erect, it would probably take you an uncomfortable amount of effort. Tracing its lips with your [pc.cockHead], you plunge yourself in.|The statue doesn't have an outstretched tongue or anything of that sort for you to grind on, unfortunately: now that you're in position, there isn't much more you can do other than to literally fuck its face with your [pc.vagina]. You knew what you were doing when you moved into position in the first place.]

[pc.hasCock|The inside of the statue's mouth goes quite deep, deeper than you had expected: you didn't think the sculptor would have thought to lovingly detail and sand the inside of the statue's cheeks, never mind giving it an oesophagus for you to reach for, but the statue is as lovingly detailed on the inside as it is on the outside. The inside of its mouth is cooler, and the statue has no body temperature, giving you a unique sensation across your sensitive bits.]

[pc.hasCock|You pump into the statue's mouth, your [pc.hips] making a clapping noise every time you sink crotch-deep into its mouth. Everything about it is so smooth and easy on your [pc.skinFurScales] that, despite there being no suction, you don't find it too difficult to get erect – that, and its lips are parted <i>just</i> right, giving you a tight-but-not-obstructing orifice to fuck.|You grind against the statue's features, your [pc.hips] making wetter and wetter noises as you get warmer and wetter over time. Despite not receiving any sort of lip-or-tongue service, the statue's features are so smooth and easy on your [pc.skinFurScales] that it isn't difficult to treat it as some sort of elaborate sex toy. When you get the bridge of its nose to press in between your

vulva <i>just right</i>, and then you crane yourself in just a way that you stimulate your [pc.clit] on the way down – your body just sings for you.]

That said, you're fucking a statue. All of the human elements that come with pleasuring your partner are missing: there is no tongue; the statue's eyes aren't going to meet yours, half-lidded in pleasure, begging you to abuse its throat some more; and it isn't going to grab you by the ass to make sure you don't pull out too far. Although, on the plus side, it doesn't have a gag reflex.

The next few minutes, while pleasurable, are mostly empty and, in some ways, sort of boring. You almost hope that someone would find you, [pc.hasCock|[pc.hasBalls|balls|crotch]|crotch] deep into this statue's gullet, just to make things a little more interesting. But, all the same, you bring yourself to the orgasm you had wanted from the start: [pc.hasCock|the statue's lips pinch down on your [pc.base], locking you to it as your gouts of cum rush up from within you, to deposit in some unseen tank inside the statue's shell. There is no gulping or rhythmic squeezing around your tool, although, there is also no protests and wanting to spit, which is nice. After a few, thick ropes, you're happily spent.|you plant your [pc.vagina] right up against the statue's mouth, hoping that some thirsty tongue would snake into you to collect your dew for itself. No such luck, of course, but all the same, you paint the statue's face with your [pc.girlCum], and anything that finds its way into its agape mouth slides down into some unseen tank inside the statue's shell. You frig and grind yourself against it a few more times, eking out several, smaller orgasms, making your special moment last as long as you can.]

When all is said and done, you take a moment to catch your breath before extricating yourself from the statue's mouth. {maleStatue|It takes a bit of doing and some careful balancing: you retrace your movements in reverse, carefully making your way down the statue's body the same way you went up it. }Y[pc.isCrotchVisible||ou locate your lower garments and slide them back on, making yourself decent once more, and y]ou give the statue one last glance before you leave. Given how immaculate it was when you entered the sanctuary today, you think that it's probably safe to leave it the way it is; it seems to find a way to get itself clean.

You turn to leave the sanctuary, satisfied for now.

// end scene (scene: Fuck Its Mouth); decrease Lust to 0; place PC one square outside  
Open Sanctuary

[=Female S.=]

// Tooltip: Someone took a great amount of effort and care in displaying the female statue the way they have. You should examine it further – and maybe not just with your eyes.

// (scene: Female Statue Sex Select)

You examine the female statue more closely.

The woman is a human in what you'd ballpark to be her mid-twenties. She has a flawless complexion: her marble-white body has no sign of blemish, whether from intentional-or-otherwise knicks in the art or from the elements she's in. Because of her posture, it's difficult to tell how tall she is.

She's bent at the waist, with her hands on her knees, and her legs are spread apart in a broad V; if you rounded to the statue's rear side, you'd have a glaring, unimpeded look at her exposed privates. She has a pair of DD-cup breasts – maybe larger, since, again, you're having a hard time judging proportions – each capped with a nipple the size of your thumb. They hang full and firm from her chest, but with a minor space in between them, allowing you to see clear through her cleavage.

The sculptor took what must have been a meticulous, agonizing amount of detail on her hair: every single strand is individually chiselled, and they all flow like water from her scalp, to her shoulder, and off it, framing her face perfectly. She has no pupils, so you can't tell what, if anything, she's focusing on. And her mouth is parted slightly, as though she were moments away from a wonderful orgasm; each lip is puffy and round, perfect for lavishing some special attention on anyone or anything looking for it.

She has a set of breeder's hips, implying that she's a bit more experienced than just any naked twenty-something, bent at the waist and waiting for a good fuck. All in all, she's the perfect matron, with curves in all the right places, and a come-hither attitude that's inviting you to do more than just look and admire.

Now that this statue has been properly 'studied'... is there anything *else* you'd like to do with it?

[=Fuck It=][=Tribadism=][=EatItOut=][=FuckItsButt=][=FuckItsMouth=][=Back=]  
// end scene (scene: Female Statue Sex Select)

[=Fuck It=]  
// Requires a penis  
// Tooltip (no penis): You'd need a penis to fuck this statue this way! Of course, there are still *other* ways to fuck it....  
// Tooltip (penis): Look at her. She's *begging* for someone to give her some relief. Won't you help her out?  
// (scene: Fuck The Lady Statue)

You gingerly place your hand on the statue's body as you make your way around to its rear side. Its skin feels so smooth, so... *perfect*, against your fingers as they run from its shoulder, to the small of its back, and to the curve of its ass. Its body is completely unblemished from either any rookie mistakes made by the sculptor, to the elements around it. In a way, you're sort of jealous of how smooth the statue's skin is, as silly as that sounds.



When you arrive at the rear side of the statue, you're given a full, unrestricted look at the genitals the sculptor had the apparent sense to lovingly, painstakingly chisel: you can make out every crinkle and fold of the woman's vagina, exposed to the air, winking and ready for something to give it some attention. It's so lifelike that you momentarily confuse the dew from the air to be the statue's own liquid, horny need, lubing it for an adventurer as bold as you.

You won't deny that the sight is arousing. Glancing around the dead sanctuary, ensuring you're alone, y[pc.isCrotchVisible]ou drop your lower garments around your ankles, exposing yourself, and y[pc.isCrotchVisible]ou step forward, [pc.cock] in hand, half-hard and rising; you grip yourself just beneath the [pc.cockHead] and trace a thin line around each gentle petal of the statue's exposed sex, testing its warmth and receptiveness.

Of course, the statue is air-temperature, and it's a rock: it's exactly as receptive as it was or ever will be. All the same, you don't feel any resistance when you impishly push your [pc.hips] forward, sinking yourself inch by inch into the statue's body. For as unyielding as the harsh marble is, it feels like her sex was meticulously carved and sanded specifically to take a dick – any dick – <i>your</i> dick – into it without any issue, and only with token resistance, given its stony composition.

Its insides are cool compared to the humid air of the sanctuary, giving your dick a nice place to cool off. The further in you go, the harder you get, but at no point does it ever feel uncomfortable, like the stone is going to pinch you for being too large; it almost feels as if the statue is a real, breathing body, and its shifting and stretching to accommodate you as you stuff yourself inside it.

Somewhat unconsciously, you rub your hands along the globes of the statue's ass. Its glutes are completely unyielding and hard as a rock – some would say those are big bonuses – and you admire how perfect its smooth exterior is: not a single flaw at any point throughout its entire body. It excites your body enough to begin fucking it in earnest.

Your [pc.cock] bloats with your blood, filling your tool and pressing your shaft against the tight confines of the statue's cunt. Yet, like when you started, you don't feel an unpleasant pressure. It's tight, but not unyielding; firm, but not unforgiving. It's as if the statue's body knows exactly what shape you are, and what shape <i>it</i> must be as you fuck it.

That said, though... it's a statue. As vigorously as you're fucking it, it doesn't moan your name or buck back against you. It doesn't fill your head with fantasies about giving it kids; likewise, it doesn't ask you to pull out when you're about to cum so it can feel it across its back. You're working up a sweat with the effort, but the statue remains dry and cool against your own body.

As good as it feels, and as wondrous as it is that a body made of marble could conform to you so perfectly, you can't help but feel like there's a very 'human' element missing in the sex, here. Without the verbal- and non-verbal encouragement from your partner, you're just fucking a statue in the middle of nowhere.

All the same, you're here now, and you're committed to finishing. It's not much longer that you bring yourself to your climax: your [pc. cock] balloons just a little more with your [pc. cum], jetting into your stony lover[pc. cumVol 100 300 600], seeding some hidden reserve that the sculptor thought to chisel into it. Adding to the surprises that the statue is capable of, it apparently has a canal, or maybe even a womb, or something similar, to hold your jizz|, filling the statue with your seed. Adding to the surprises, the sculptor that made this statue apparently included a canal, or maybe even a womb of some kind, but, after a few thick, hearty gouts, it's a little too much for the statue to hold, and some of it dribbles back against you|, and your seed immediately backwashes against you, spraying onto your [pc. thighs]. The sculptor had the sense to give this statue a reservoir of some sort, like an actual womb or something, to store jizz like yours, but your copious output is <i>far</i> too much for even the most generous of sculptors to estimate|[pc. hasVagina|. And, at the sensation of you ploughing a receptive hold, your [pc. vagina] clenches in sympathetic time to your [pc. cock], clenching and leaking your [pc. girlCum] down the inside of your thighs as you pump and pump into this bent-over beauty of a statue. It makes you weak in the knees, but you have the strength and wherewithal to stay standing through everything].

With the deed done, y[pc. isCrotchVisible|]ou put your lower garments back on, making you decent, and y]ou head for where you entered the sanctuary, making to leave it. You idly wonder if you shouldn't make any attempt to clean the statue, now that it's full[pc. cumVol 300| and leaking] with your [pc. cum], but, thinking back to when you first entered the place, the statues were both absolutely pristine and devoid of any blemishes. You don't know how, but they're probably being cleaned whenever you aren't looking.

You leave the sanctuary, satisfied for now.

// end scene (scene: Fuck The Lady Statue); decrease Lust to 0; place PC one square outside Open Sanctuary

[=Tribadism=]

// Requires a vagina and no penis

// Tooltip (no vagina): It'd be kind of silly to attempt this without a vagina.

// Tooltip (penis and vagina): It'd be awkward to align your junk in such a way that allows you to try and do this. You have a dick; why not just use it?

// Tooltip (vagina only): Given the statue's spread-eagle stance, you wonder if you can't reposition it to allow for a little girls-only action. Surely, as womanly as this statue is, she'd understand the want.

// (scene: Tribadism)

Your eyes scan the statue's posture and its impeccable complexion. You can't lie to yourself: seeing the arch of her back, and the fullness of her breasts, and the swell of her ass, you can't help but be just a <i>little</i> jealous of whoever the model was for this statue. You can't spot a single blemish or error on the statue's makeup: despite having been alone for who knows

how long, it appears to be completely untouched by the elements, making you envious of its perfection. Not that you'd ever want to *be* a statue, of course.

When you round to the other side of the statue, to its upturned rump, you're given an eyeful of its genitals, boldly put on display for whoever had the gall to look. Her pussy is slightly parted, giving just enough space for an invading digit, or something similar, should the want.

The thought of watching a cock pound into this statue has you a little randy, yourself: before you're even conscious of your own actions, your hand has dipped between your [pc.legs], fiddling at your [pc.vagina][pc.isCrotchVisible| straight through your clothes]. Once you realize what you're doing, you resign to the fact that, hot damn, you wouldn't mind fucking whoever this model was, or even the statue itself, if you needed.

You test the statue's rigidity, putting your hand against the flank of its ass and giving it a push. To your surprise, it's actually completely loose, and it weighs surprisingly little: {pc.Strength 10|you could easily lift it right off its pedestal and relocate it, if you wanted|even someone with diminutive muscles like your own could move it around with a bit of effort}. To test yourself, you wrap your arms around the statue's middle section, and give it a heft. Though it feels solid as could be, you could move it around without much effort.

So, letting your imagination get the better of you, you place the statue on its back, with her V-spread legs facing you. Y[pc.isCrotchVisible|ou remove your lower garments, exposing your own body to the air, and y]ou straddle the statue's hips, gently lowering your body until your [pc.vagina] makes contact with its own.

Your [pc.skinFurScales] glide easily and seamlessly against the polished marble of the statue, giving you a nice, cool, smooth ride against its body; your [pc.legs], and more importantly, your cunt, grind and mesh against the statue's form without much friction. You have an easy time moving against the marble and aligning yourself comfortably and naturally with its static position.

You take care not to hump and grind a little too hard, just in case you jiggle the statue a bit too hard against the ground and wind up chipping off a bit from its hair, or worse. That said, you eagerly fuck the statue all the same; your [pc.vagina] kisses and melds against its own, leaving dribbles and wet trails along the statue's crotch as proof of your pleasure and excitement for what you're doing to it. The dead sanctuary is soon filled with the sound of your wet, eager body humping against the marble.

As good as it feels, having something so smooth and wonderful against your [pc.skinFurScales]... you're fucking a statue, all the same. There's definitely something to be desired when it comes to fucking something voiceless and inanimate, no matter how good it feels: there's no encouragement to fuck it harder; it's not about to touch you back in all your sensitive spots; it's not whispering your name to itself every time you grind a little harder against it.

Still, you're here, and you're committed to fucking this statue until at least *<i>one</i>* of you gets off. At no point do you ever feel strained or uncomfortable: your limbs mesh against its own quite naturally, and, after just a few more moments with it, you can feel your orgasm approaching, splitting your body in half, starting at your crotch and rocketing up your spine. You bite into your lower lip as your [pc.girlCum] splashes onto the statue's body, marking it with proof of your visit and with your scent. In some part of your mind, you wonder if your stains will be there the next time you visit, given how perfect it was when you found it.

You rest your cheek against the statue's right ankle, catching your breath from the vigorous romp you just had with a rock. When your eyes uncross, you pull yourself apart from the statue's embrace, shakily standing where you were before.

[pc.isCrotchVisible|Y]First thing's first: you locate your lower garments and put them onto your body, making yourself decent once more. Then, you reach for the statue, grabbing it by the wrist and hefting it into the air with the same ease you had before. The least you could do after the statue let you fuck it is put it back into place, after all.

You spend the next few minutes making sure that the statue is properly aligned as when you first found it. Satisfied, your next order is to wonder if you should bother cleaning it, especially if you want to fuck it again – but, you reason, if the statue were as immaculate as when you found it, after having gone forgotten and undiscovered for so long, then it's safe to say that it's getting cleaned *<i>somehow</i>*, and that you probably don't have anything to worry about.

You leave the sanctuary, satisfied for now.

// end scene (scene: Tribadism); decrease Lust to 0; place PC one square outside Open Sanctuary

[=EatItOut=]

// No requirements.

// Tooltip: It's silly to think that a statue might be in need of some lip service, but... hell, you wonder what marble tastes like.

// (scene: Eat The Statue)

You trace your fingers along the statue's body as you make your way to its rear side. Whoever was the model for this statue was very pretty, and carried her own body like a real champion: by the sway of her breasts and the curve of her waist, she's everything you imagine when you picture a sexy woman, begging for some attention.

Its surface is smooth as could be, and you marvel at its perfection as you make your way to its rear side. You play your fingers across the swell of its buttcheek as you reach its back side, and you're treated to an anatomically-correct vagina, sculpted with painstaking attention to

detail, down to the folds of its vulva and the slight bulge of its erect clitoris. You even mistook the dew from the air as proof of its excitement for something to finally find it and fuck it.

That idea sticks with you longer than you initially meant it to: the idea that this statue has been standing in this spread-eagle position for who-knows-how-many years, waiting for someone, *<i>anyone</i>* or *<i>anything</i>* to find it and give it the release it's clearly craving. Frankly, the fantasy causes a bit of a stir in your own pants – you could be this statue's {hero/heroine}, if you wanted. You can picture how you'd do it rather clearly....

You eye the dew accumulating on the folds of the statue's vagina, and decide, ultimately, that you know exactly how you're going to give this statue some relief (knowing full well, of course, that it is a statue). You drop to your knees, briefly resting one of your cheeks against its own, and you gently glide your fingers through the crease of its pussy, wetting your fingers with the water from the air. The dew is crystal clear, meaning it's probably clean as a whistle.

Convinced, you lean in and plant your [pc.lips] against its upraised cunt, gliding your own lips sloppily against it. You plant a wet, loud kiss onto it, getting a feel for its stubborn body against your own; to get yourself more comfortable, you wrap your arms around its raised ass, locking them at the small of its back, to keep yourself from getting too far away from its tight, wet prize. With your lips wetted, you give them a lascivious lick, and then lean in again.

Your hands roam anywhere from the swell of the statue's ass, to as high as its belly, admiring the feminine curves that the sculpture had put some serious time and dedication into perfecting. Your tongue twists and drills into its body, mapping out its canals and memorizing its textures – you could swear that, if you guided the tip of your [pc.tongue] to the side a bit, that the texture of the stone was slightly different, implying that this glorified chunk of rock had a G-spot.

Despite it tasting like a hunk of polished marble, and despite the statue not giving you any sort of feedback, such as humping against your mouth or moaning your name, you start to get into it: her body is tight around your tongue, and every time you withdraw it back into your mouth to wet it again, the statue feels just a little different against you whenever you push back in.

The sanctuary vanishes from your mind's eye as you focus on your self-made task of eating out this statue as enthusiastically as you can, more for your own payoff than for the statue's. Your vision is clouded by the raised marble hills of the statue's upturned ass, and all you can taste and all you can smell is the clean stone of the body as you [silly|tongue-punch its sex box as hard and as fast as you can|eat out the statue with everything you have].

You can't help but start to get aroused at yourself and the debasement you're putting yourself through – you're eating out a statue in the middle of nowhere, for goodness sake. Still, if it's hot, it's hot: you reach into your garments and paw at y[pc.hasCock|our [pc.cock] before fishing it out; it's just a few strokes from fully inflated and ready to blow. You briefly consider getting up from your knees and fucking this statue properly, to really complete the image and to

really give you a chance to blow your load, but you decide against it, satisfied with just your beating hand this time][pc.isHerm|. Not to be ignored, you use your other hand to reach further, towards y][pc.hasVagina|our [pc.vagina], soaking your digits in your juice. This act, of eating out another woman, even if it is a statue, has gotten you as wet and horny as ever; after just a few errant touches of your fingers against your [pc.clit], you're damn near ready to orgasm on the spot. You consider getting up and maybe jumping on the male statue's dick to blow off some of your own steam, but you decide that you've made your decision here].

You even tease the statue a bit by pulling away and, after licking your sore lips, planting several kisses on the inside of its spread thighs, making it wait until you get back to work. One hand roughly grabs its asscheek, your fingers dipping into the crease between them and seeking out its anus – which you're only moderately surprised that the sculpture had the sense to include – and you sink one finger in, down to the knuckle, just as you resume your task.

Still, in the face of all your efforts to make the moment as good for your partner as possible... it's a statue. It's not going to thank you for going through the effort and it's not going to tell you where it wants to be touched. You continue to masturbate yourself, alone in this sanctuary with the statue, until you bring yourself to orgasm, [pc.hasCock|spilling your [pc.cum] in thick, viscous jets at the statue's spread feet, making an expansive mess at its ankles][pc.isHerm|; likewise, your feminine half cums as well, ][pc.hasVagina|soaking your inner thighs and dripping your [pc.girlCum] in long, clear streaks onto the grass and dirt beneath you, marking where you were when you finished tasting this statue].

You pant, resting your cheek against the statue's ass for a moment to regain your strength. Your tongue hangs limply from your mouth, exhausted from all the effort, and you dryly withdraw it back into your maw. After another few moments, you [pc.hasCock|hide your [pc.cock] back into your garments where it belongs, and then you ]stand, giving the statue a hearty slap on its rump as you do.

As you make to leave the sanctuary, you wonder if you should go through the effort to clean it. Not that you've made it especially dirty, but still, a good rubdown couldn't hurt. But, you opt against it; when you arrived, both the statues were completely immaculate, meaning someone or something is keeping them clean in the interim.

You leave the sanctuary, satisfied for now.

// end scene (scene: Eat The Statue); decrease Lust to 0; place PC one square outside Open Sanctuary

// Here is where all the dream sex goes. Like I said in the overview, whichever scene the player gets should correspond with the *last* statue sex scene that they viewed before going to sleep: for example, if the last thing they did was blow the male statue, then the scene they get is to suck the male statue's dick.

// If, however, the PC had sex with *both* statues, then they still get whatever scene they viewed last, but they also do it with a hermaphrodite character, rather than the gender of the

statue. So, if they fuck the male statue, and then they eat out the female statue, they will then eat out a herm in the dream.

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// Continue here if the most recent scene the PC viewed is any of the following:  
// [=FuckItsButt=] (either gender); [=FuckItsMouth=] (either gender); [=Fuck It=];  
[=Blowjob=]; or [=EatItOut=]
```

You're naked as could be, and you're standing in an unfamiliar location. You don't remember how you got there or why you're naked, but you're not immediately concerned either way.

Standing before you is a posh, elegant door, embossed with a freshly-shined oak frame, and with a curved handle that appears to be made of solid gold. The hallway you're in carries the same sort of welcoming, high-brow elegance, although you don't bother looking down either way. Instead, you reach for the handle and give it a twist. The door is unlocked, and it swings open.

You find yourself now in a very well-to-do bedroom, as large as a hut by itself; the floor is covered with a thick, plush carpet and there is a single open window to your left, barely-covered by transparent drapes that billow in the night's light breeze. To your right is a bed, ornately dressed with comfy quilts and plush pillows, *<i>far</i>* too large for one or even two people: you could sprawl on it lengthwise and it'd still be larger than you by a head or two.

However, you immediately concern yourself with the person laying atop it: [sta.isMale|a man, with broad, well-built shoulders and curly, shoulder-length blonde hair. His body is stocky, but not overly so; he's thick with an athletic, muscular build, but he isn't overly large or musclebound.|a woman, with svelte, defined curves from her shoulders down to her hips, and with wavy blonde hair that reaches to her lower back. She's curvaceous, but not exaggeratingly so: her body is plump in all the right ways, giving her soft handles without implying she's unhealthy. {FuckItsMouth:[sta.heShe] is gazing in your direction, [sta.hisHer] eyes focusing on nothing at first, but when your eyes meet with [sta.hisHer]s, a coy smile quickly spreads on [sta.hisHer] lips, and [sta.heShe] punctuates your greeting with a languid lick of [sta.hisHer] lips.} {else:[sta.heShe] is lying on [sta.hisHer] side, [sta.hisHer] head resting on a pillow [sta.heShe] pulled out of place, and [sta.hisHer] legs folded, one laying flatly on top of the other. Once your eyes meet, [sta.hisHer] lips spread into a thin, coy grin, and [sta.heShe] spreads [sta.hisHer] legs, showing you [sta.isFemale|her wet, winking, perfect treasure, glistening in the dim moonlight streaming in from the room. Her left hand idly toys with her clit, keeping herself wet and ready for you, whenever you could arrive[sta.isHerm|. But, to your surprise, you also see ][sta.hisHer] erect, throbbing penis, a bead of [sta.hisHer] pre forming on [sta.hisHer] tip before dripping down [sta.hisHer] shaft. [sta.hisHer] right hand strokes at it idly, keeping [sta.hisHer]self erect and ready, for tonight's events}}].

You return the knowing smile, your own [pc.hasCock|[pc.cock] rising with each step you take towards your moonlit lover, ready to have your own needs[pc.hasVagina|, including those of your more feminine half,] completely fulfilled, and to fulfill each and every one of your lover's

fantasies[pc.vagina] beginning to moisten and drip with your every step as you approach the bed, ready to be serviced and attended to, and ready to fulfill each and every one of your lover's needs and fantasies]. Once your knees hit the bed's edge, you glide onto the sheets, joining your lover and closing the last few inches toward [sta.himHer].

[=Next=]

// Continue here if the most recent scene the PC viewed is any of the following:  
// [=GetFucked=]; [=SitOnIt=]; or [=Tribadism=]

You're naked as could be, and you're in an unfamiliar location. You don't remember how you get there or why you're naked, but you're not immediately concerned either way.

You're in a large, posh, elegant bedroom; more specifically, you're lying, face-up, on a soft, plush bed, your body sinking into the expensive, soft fabrics very comfortably. The room is dimly lit with moonlight streaming in from an open window across the bedroom, hampered by transparent drapes billowing softly in the night breeze.

The bedroom itself is huge – about the size of a hut, all by itself. The walls and the floors are covered in beautiful, posh fabrics and tapestries, giving the impression that you're in a huge, opulent mansion that spared no expense for its guest's comfort. The bed itself is <i>massive</i>; you could lie on it lengthwise and it'd still be a head or two wider than you are tall.

There is one door to the room, to the left of the bed, and it clicks open with the turn of its golden, curved knob; just like that, you're joined in the room by [sta.isMale|a man, with broad, well-built shoulders and curly, shoulder-length blonde hair. His body is stocky, but not overly so; he's thick with an athletic, muscular build, but he isn't overly large or musclebound|a woman, with svelte, defined curves from her shoulders down to her hips, and with wavy blonde hair that reaches to her lower back. She's curvaceous, but not exaggeratingly so: her body is plump in all the right ways, giving her soft handles without implying she's unhealthy.] [sta.HerShe], like you, is naked as could be, and despite the dim light of the room, you can make out [sta.hisHer] every delicious feature. [sta.isHerm|Surprisingly, h[sta.isMale|H]anging between [sta.hisHer] shapely legs is a cock, currently swinging limp and soft, but with every confident, appreciative step [sta.heShe] takes toward you, it grows, lengthens, and fattens, until the image of itself at its full, imperious mast imprints itself on your vision: you'd ballpark it to be a weighty nine inches, with a girth so thick you'd doubt you could close your fist around it. And, to top that off, bouncing between [sta.hisHer] legs are a pair of balls, each large and copious enough to full your mouth from cheek to cheek][sta.isFemale|Between her shapely legs is a beautiful, perfect pussy; each needy, lonely lip plump enough that you could suck on them individually, and, with every confident, appreciative step your lover makes toward you, she gets hornier and wetter, until a bead of her personal lube drips down the inside of her leg, glistening in the moonlight. Her clit stands out like a small thumb, cherry-red and ready for some personal attention.]



You smile up at [sta.himHer] knowingly, lustfully; you lick your [pc.lips], wordlessly letting [sta.himHer] know that you know what's coming next, and you're looking forward to it. Your stoic lover says nothing, but continues to approach, until [sta.hisHer] knees hit the edge of the bed; without waiting for your invitation, [sta.heShe] climbs on, joining you atop the sheets, and closing the distance between you two, inch by inch.

[=Next=]

// [=FuckItsButt=]

// Like before, requires a penis that isn't too large. Statue's gender can be either/both.

// (scene: Dream: Giving Anal)

You run your hands over the raised, fleshy mounds of your picturesque lover's ass, admiring their tone and their jiggle – just enough to be fun and pleasurable, while tight enough to give you a good time, if you'd just realign yourself a bit and push forward. [sta.HerShe] sighs and rests [sta.hisHer] head on [sta.hisHer] arms, letting you have your way with [sta.hisHer] body as you like. When you're ready, [sta.heShe]'ll know it.

It turns out, you're not terribly interested in keeping up the games: you thrust your [pc.hips] forward a bit, touching your [pc.cockHead] against [sta.hisHer] winking, ready asshole, plying against it: gently enough to let [sta.himHer] know what's coming and to relax for it, but forceful enough to let [sta.himHer] know that it's not a matter of if. Like a gracious, willing partner, [sta.heShe] does not object when you threaten [sta.hisHer] personal space with your cock, and, in fact, judging from the giggle and the wiggle of [sta.hisHer] hips, [sta.heShe]'s looking forward to it.

Before you lunge forward to wrap [sta.himHer] around yourself, you take the time to admire [sta.hisHer] body, roaming your hands [sta.isMale|up his powerful, muscular, statuesque sides; your fingers tickle the ripples of his lateral muscles, feeling their every thick contour; your admiration finds your hands at his upper back, massaging into his shoulders. He sighs and lowers his head into the pillow, and you feel his body relax at your touch – imploring you, in a way, you touch him more.|to the swell of her matronly curves; her perfect, statuesque, hourglass figure provides the perfect sensual roadmap for your hands to study, and you take care to admire everything, from the thick of her hips to the way her body oh-so-rightly melds into itself before swelling to accommodate her breasts. She sighs and sinks into the pillow of the bed, wordlessly imploring you for more; you bend your body over hers, your hands seeking to her front, to grasp and 'admire' the shape of her large, hefty breasts.]

As you lean forward, your [pc.cock] traps itself into the crease of [sta.hisHer] ass, and [sta.heShe] knows exactly what you're both doing; with your tool trapped between [sta.isMale|his powerful|her shapely] glutes, [sta.heShe], with a mischievous little laugh, begins to bounce [sta.hisHer] ass along your length, hotdogging your trapped shaft; if you aren't going to give [sta.himHer] what [sta.heShe]'s ready for, then [sta.heShe]'ll just have to tease you some more.

You grunt in appreciation at [sta.hisHer] eagerness, and languidly rake your fingers down [sta.hisHer] back as you straighten your back. You pump your hips idly, arrhythmic with your lover, to get the most out of the show; when you're upright, you harshly slap both your hands down onto [sta.hisHer] ass, spanking [sta.himHer] and keeping [sta.himHer] steady. [sta.HeShe] coos at your sudden forcefulness, and acquiesces, ceasing [sta.hisHer] bouncing against you.

With your position above-and-behind [sta.himHer], and thus your control, established, you reach between the two of you and grab your [pc.cockBase], batting yourself against [sta.hisHer] asshole. [sta.HeShe] isn't going to get any readier – you press yourself forward, digging your [pc.cockHead] into [sta.hisHer] body.

You hear [sta.himHer] gasp in pleasure beneath you, and [sta.hisHer] body reflexively clenches, then loosens, as you slide, inch after inch, into [sta.hisHer] body. You grunt in pleasure, having introduced yourself into the ecosystem that is [sta.hisHer] damn-near perfect body: [sta.heShe] isn't so tight as to resist your advances, and after every inch or so, you pause to acclimate yourself to [sta.hisHer] form. When you do, [sta.heShe] rocks [sta.hisHer] hips, swirling you around inside [sta.himHer], not to hurry you or punish you for not fucking [sta.himHer] as quickly as [sta.heShe]'d like, but to familiarize you with every single facet of [sta.hisHer] booty.

As good as it feels, you can't have [sta.himHer] show you up like that, so you pull out. [sta.HeShe] whines in disappointment and resists the urge to buck backward and slide you back in, but you nonetheless aren't gone for long: with a single push, you sink down, half as far as you were before, in a single thrust. [sta.HeShe] 'aaaah's in pleasure, followed by a giggle; [sta.heShe] looks over [sta.hisHer] shoulder, [sta.hisHer] eye half-lidded and crooked in your direction, daring you to fuck [sta.himHer] like that again, but harder, and faster, and  
<i>more.</i>

So, of course, you do. You repeat the process, withdrawing – but this time, leaving the tip in – and thrusting back in, just a little deeper than before, and then a little deeper than that. Your lover moans in pleasure as you take your pleasure from [sta.hisHer] body; every time you thrust in, [sta.isMale|his hard, toned, athletic body rocks forward, and you see the shock of your body clapping into his ripple through his ass and down up his stomach, before being absorbed into the muscle of his form. Despite the tight strength of his body, his|her soft, curvaceous body ripples with the impact, jiggling her bountiful ass before dissipating into her soft-yet-toned legs. You marvel at the way her body absolutely <i>beacons</i> with raw, feminine sexuality, down to how her] ass is <i>perfect</i> for you and your fucking: it clenches onto you without pulling or pinching you, and it massages and grasps you when you finally, blissfully hilt yourself[pc.hasKnot|, at least down to your [pc.knot];|,] your [pc.hasBalls|[pc.balls]|crotch] [sta.hasPenis|bouncing against [sta.hisHer] own|slapping against her thighs and stimulating her cunt all the more], for just a moment, before letting you go, priming itself for the next time you drive yourself [pc.hasBalls|[pc.balls] |root-]deep into [sta.himHer].

You two settle into a rhythm, of [sta.himHer] laying there, face-down into a pillow and wordlessly grunting and begging you for more of your [pc.cock] to fill the vacancy that is

[sta.hisHer] ass whenever you withdraw, and you granting [sta.hisHer] wish. In the meantime, you busy your hands, groping and moving them all over [sta.hisHer] ass, admiring it the way you had just moments earlier – you especially love when it feels like it's getting bigger when you bury yourself into [sta.himHer].

Moments pass with you two settling into each other, taking and appreciating the moment between you. After a time, you decide that your duties are due – you wouldn't want [sta.himHer] to think you're a selfish lover, after [sta.heShe]'s so generously offered [sta.hisHer] asshole for you to fuck. You keep your left hand on [sta.hisHer] ass, gripping and pulling on it, while your other snakes underneath [sta.himHer], reaching for his [sta.hasPenis|erect-and-dangling cock|sopping wet and neglected pussy].

[sta.HeShe] moans in approval and arches [sta.hisHer] back, giving you better access, and you oblige by [sta.hasPenis|stroking [sta.hisHer] cock, tentatively at first, and then tightening your grip and giving longer, broader strokes. You thumb at [sta.hisHer] tip passively, swiping the bead of [sta.hisHer] pre with your thumb and using it to moisten your handjob for smoother strokes|dipping your index finger into her honeypot, swirling it in circles as you test the waters with your first knuckle, then growing bolder and digging in with your second. She shakes a bit in pleasure as you give her the stimulation her pussy had been craving, and you up the intensity by adding a second finger, followed by grazing her clit with your thumb]. [sta.HeShe] takes a huge, deep breath through [sta.hisHer] nose as [sta.heShe] tries to parse all the pleasure you're giving [sta.himHer].

[sta.HisHer] moans of sexual delight trigger something in the simpler, baser parts of your brain: knowing that you're pleasuring your partner the way you are is heightening your own (to say nothing of your cock in [sta.hisHer] ass), and you're brought that much closer to your edge.

You begin to lose your composure: your previously relaxed fucking and bucking turns harsh and demanding, desperate for more of the pleasure you're giving you both. Your [sta.hasPenis|handjob|fingerbang] turns rampant, almost greedy, as your hand jerks and beats off-tempo with the rest of you. Luckily, your partner is just as close, and [sta.heShe] doesn't seem to mind the sudden roughness.

The hand not [sta.hasCock|on [sta.hisHer] cock|in her cunt] leaves [sta.hisHer] ass and plants itself squarely on the small of [sta.hisHer] back, pinning [sta.himHer] down; you hunch over [sta.hisHer] upturned rump for better leverage, and you piston yourself into [sta.hisHer] body, eager to timber over that edge and fill [sta.hisHer] body with your seed. Judging from the pre-orgasmic moans and grunts coming from beneath you, [sta.heShe]'s looking forward to the climax as much as you are.

No sense in keeping [sta.himHer] waiting!

With just a few more humps[pc.hasKnot|, your [pc.knot] batters against [sta.hisHer] poor asshole again and again, until, on one fateful thrust, it relents, and guides you in. Y|y]our taken to your very base, and you make no effort to withdraw, feeling the telltale rise in your

[pc.hasBalls|[pc.balls]]body] as your [pc.cum] surges forth. You think you hear your lover mutter a word – the word ‘please’ – but, in your orgasmic haze, you could be wrong.

All the same, you cum. [pc.cumVol 100 500 10000|Your back straightens, and your legs stretch, as your [pc.cock] bloats with your seed, depositing every rich, potent drop into your lover’s bowels. You do your best to keep steady, but your body betrays you at points, urging you to move this way or that so that you can eke out the most pleasure you can from [sta.hisHer] body. You let loose three or four rounds into [sta.hisHer] ass, until you’re spent.|You grunt and thrust your hips forward once more, jetting your [pc.cum] in as deeply as you can – not that it makes a difference: with a load as prodigious as yours, [sta.heShe] is filled to the brim after just a dozen or so of your rounds, and you still have yet more to give. You’re relentless, though, and steadfastly remain locked to [sta.hisHer] body, making sure that [sta.heShe] takes everything that you have to offer inside [sta.himHer]self. You feel your jizz backwash against you and your shaking, spurting cock, but, like the perfect little cockwarmer [sta.heShe] is, [sta.heShe] doesn’t let a single drop go.|After just a few rounds, you already feel it starting to backwash against your vibrating, spurting [pc.cock]; you wonder just how much [sta.heShe] is going to be able to contain within [sta.hisHer] body, perfect as it is. You hear [sta.himHer] wince as [sta.heShe] tries to flex [sta.hisHer] body to contain it all, but your immensity won’t be denied: despite you locking yourself in place, it spurts back against you, washing against your legs. And even then, your load is such that it thickens and balloons [sta.hisHer] formally-perfect stomach, ruining [sta.hisHer] form to make way for more. And more you provide....]

[sta.HisHer] body clenches in sympathy, [sta.hisHer] own orgasm rolling through [sta.hisHer] body, spurred forward by your jizz filling [sta.himHer][pc.cumVol 500| to the limit]. [sta.hasPenis|[sta.HisHer] cock bloats with [sta.hisHer] own seed, bulging in your hand, as [sta.hisHer] cum rushes from [sta.hisHer] jiggling balls to paint the nice bedsheets white. Every time a fresh load of yours enters [sta.himHer], a new one jets from [sta.hisHer] cock and pools onto the bed[pc.cumVol 500|, until you undoubtedly and incontestably outpace [sta.himHer]. Despite that, he continues to orgasm, spurting nothing even as he goes through the similar motions|.|Her pussy clenches down on the two fingers invading it, rippling around your digits and milking them for the cum it wishes they could give. You pound and poke into her, her juices washing down them and onto your wrist; you stimulate her through the whole thing, bestowing her with orgasm after orgasm[pc.cumVol 500|, not that it’s hard – every time you deposit a fresh load in her ass, she can’t help but messily cum once more on your fingers|.] Your hand moves and fucks [sta.himHer] the whole while, and you do not stop until you’ve finished yourself.

Finally, once you’ve run yourself dry[pc.cumVol 10000| a blissful few minutes later], you collapse forward, draping your body over [sta.hisHer]. Your heart is going a mile a minute in your chest, and you’re panting from exertion, your breath hotly washing against [sta.hisHer] ear. You’re exhausted and spent, but you couldn’t be more satisfied.

Just as your eyes begin to drift closed, you get the feeling that your lover is just as satisfied with you and your performance, based on the contented sigh, the single giggle, and the wiggle of [sta.hisHer] hips against yours that you hear and you feel before your sleep overcomes you.

// end scene (scene: Dream: Giving Anal); decrease Lust to 0

[=FuckItsMouth=]

// No requirements. Statue's gender can be either/both.

// (scene: Dream: Giving Oral)

[sta.HeShe] cranes [sta.hisHer] neck up towards you as you approach, pouting [sta.hisHer] lips, then wetting them with a long, languid lick of the tongue. You place your hand on [sta.hisHer] scalp, giving it a rub, petting [sta.himHer] and letting [sta.himHer] know that [sta.heShe]'s your favorite – and with your other hand, you [pc.hasCock|grip your [pc.cock] by the [pc.base], flopping it in [sta.hisHer] direction, smearing your [pc.cockHead] against [sta.hisHer] face|dip your fingers into your [pc.vagina], smearing your wetness up to your knuckles, and then withdrawing them so you can smear the residue across [sta.hisHer] cheek]. What you want is clear as day, and your lover doesn't waste time.

Sensually, [sta.heShe] leans forward[pc.hasCock|, draping your [pc.cock] across the bridge of [sta.hisHer] nose], and gives your inner thigh several light, airy kisses, followed by a few gentle licks of [sta.hisHer] own. You spread your [pc.legs], giving [sta.himHer] more space to work with, and [sta.heShe] obliges by widening [sta.hisHer] area of attack, kissing as far down as your knee, then licking back up to your crotch, before starting again on the other leg.

You pleasure yourself as your lover goes about [sta.hisHer] work; you toy with your [pc.hasCock|[pc.cock], jerking it slowly and rousing it to full mast|honey-pot, slowly fingerfucking yourself to keep you wet and aroused], but you're careful not to take yourself too hard or too far – that's not your job right now, after all.

After a few minutes of the teasing and the foreplay, [sta.heShe], without warning, shoves [sta.hisHer] nose forward, pressing it into your [pc.hasCock|[pc.hasBalls|[pc.balls], drawing them across [sta.hisHer] face and burying his features into the crease of your sack|base, right where your dick meets your body]. [sta.HeShe] takes a deep, exaggerated sigh through [sta.hisHer] nose, and, with [sta.hisHer] exhale, extends [sta.hisHer] tongue once more, drawing wet lines over your nutsack, inching [sta.hisHer] tongue tip towards your [pc.hasVagina|[pc.vagina]|perineum]|pussy, splitting your folds apart with the bridge of [sta.hisHer] nose. It's pleasurable, but not to the degree [sta.hisHer] previous attention was; [sta.heShe] takes a deep, exaggerated sigh through [sta.hisHer] nose, and, with [sta.hisHer] exhale, extends [sta.hisHer] tongue once more, reaching it as far back as [sta.heShe] can reach, tickling your perineum, before lazily drawing it back, pushing it between the puffy folds of your vulva on the way back].

You hum in delight, letting [sta.himHer] know that you like that, but you also press your [pc.hips] forward insistently: you're done with the tasting, and it's time for the main course. [pc.hasCock|You're fully aroused and hard as a beam – you take yourself by the shaft and bap [sta.himHer] across the forehead with your dick, making [sta.hisHer] eyes cross to focus on the topic before [sta.himHer]|You're wet enough to drown a fish – tightening your grip on

[sta.hisHer] hair, you guide [sta.himHer] along your crotch, until [sta.hisHer] mouth is aligned with your [pc.vagina]][pc.isHerm|. Your [pc.vagina] soaks itself in protest, jealous that your cock is going to get all the attention. You'll have to take care of that some other time, but, for now, i|I]t's time for [sta.himHer] to get to work.

Complying with your unspoken command, [sta.heShe] closes the gap, placing [sta.hisHer] mouth directly on your sex. [pc.hasCock|In a single, deft motion, [sta.heShe] takes in your [pc.cockHead], followed by most of your shaft, before stopping and allowing you to admire [sta.hisHer] technique. You can feel [sta.hisHer] cheeks compress around you, and [sta.hisHer] tongue swirling around you, moistening and tickling every cluster of nerves on every part of your cock, before withdrawing, giving your head a light kiss, and then starting anew.|Without any preamble, [sta.hisHer] lips are against yours, and [sta.hisHer] tongue is inside you, wriggling and searching inside you for that elusive spot that'll take the strength from your legs. [sta.HeShe] twists [sta.hisHer] head from side to side, crooking and spinning [sta.hisHer] tongue inside you, tasting your every little drop and feeling your every little contour, making sure that you are absolutely, thoroughly pleased with [sta.hisHer] performance]. And, the whole time, [sta.hisHer] eyes are on yours, watching your ever-changing expressions.

You moan out loud, and place your other hand on [sta.hisHer] scalp, playing with [sta.hisHer] full, thick head of hair; your fingers wander for the sake of it, unable to keep to one spot while [sta.heShe] does what [sta.heShe]'s doing to you with that glorious, talented tongue of [sta.hisHer]. Every time you fidget and reflexively thrust against [sta.himHer], you feel what sounds like a self-satisfied, victorious little laugh, as if your every reaction was a small battle that [sta.heShe] had come out on top of.

Adding to the romp, [sta.hisHer] right hand has disappeared between [sta.hisHer] own legs, playing with [sta.himHer]self while most of [sta.hisHer] attention is elsewhere. Every time you pump your [pc.hasCock|[pc.cock]][pc.vagina]] against [sta.hisHer] face, you hear [sta.hasCock|[sta.himHer] beat his own meat once, [sta.hisHer] wrist batting against [sta.hisHer] shaft|her slick her knuckles into her own horny, neglected honeypot, making a wet mess all over her hand and onto the bed beneath her]. The thought of tending to [sta.himHer] yourself later comes to you – you'd <i>hate</i> for [sta.himHer] to think you're a selfish lover.

But, that'll have to wait: as virtuous as you might want to be as a lover, the fact is, right now, you're [pc.hasCock|getting your cock sucked by an expert cock sucker|getting your box eaten by the best carpet muncher in the world], and you have some more immediate priorities to attend to.

You shift your grip to either side of your lover's skull so that you may properly hold it in place as you fuck [sta.hisHer] mouth. [pc.hasCock|You drive yourself to the hilt with every rampant, needy thrust|pc.hasBalls|, your [pc.balls] slapping [sta.himHer] in the chin with every push]. [sta.HeShe] gurgles wetly around your shaft, not enough to worry you, but enough to give you the rush of power and adrenaline at having your dick in somebody's throat. And, from the way [sta.heShe] is eagerly sucking, licking, and swallowing, [sta.heShe]'s getting a good time out of this, too.|You rock yourself in an up-and-down motion, grinding your box against

[sta.hisHer] face and covering [sta.himHer], forehead to chin, in your juices, making every hump slicker than the last. [sta.HeShe] relinquishes the pace of the sex to you completely, and is little more than a face with an extended tongue for you to please yourself on, although judging from the way [sta.heShe] is moaning just as eagerly as you, and the way [sta.hisHer] masturbating has increased in pace to match you, [sta.heShe]’s getting just as much a thrill out of this as you are.]

You place your right foot onto the bed, and grab [sta.himHer] by [sta.hisHer] left arm, which [sta.heShe] was using to keep [sta.himHer]self steady, and you wrap it around your leg, until [sta.hisHer] hand rests against your [pc.ass]. With this new position, [sta.heShe] couldn’t hope to withdraw backward, and must take the whole brunt of you rampantly fucking [pc.hasCock|his throat|his face] the whole while – not that [sta.heShe] minds.

You’re quickly reaching your limit. You can feel your [pc.hasCock|[pc.cock]] begin to bloat and leak inside [sta.hisHer] throat with the telltale incoming signs of a massive orgasm, ready to deliver every last drop of your precious load directly into [sta.hisHer] waiting, hungry belly|[pc.vagina] begin to twitch and clench against [sta.hisHer] busy tongue, ready to milk whatever part of [sta.hisHer] face happens to be directly against your box when you go over the edge]. You tap on [sta.hisHer] head several times – the universal sign that you’re close – and [sta.heShe] responds by masturbating [sta.himHer]self all the faster, in a hurry to catch up to you and cum with you.

Unfortunately, you’re in no rush to slow down, and you can only hope that [sta.heShe]’s closer than [sta.hisHer] furiously-beating hand displays. With just another thrust or two–

You cum[pc.hasCock|[pc.cumVol 100 500 1000]]. With an iron-tight grip on [sta.hisHer] head, you bury yourself to the [pc.knot], and you feel every individual gout, every bubble and burst, erupt from your hot, wet, and pleased [pc.cock], straight into [sta.hisHer] throat. [sta.HeShe] has no choice but to take your ‘offering,’ and [sta.heShe] [sta.himHer]self has an awfully pleased look on [sta.hisHer] face as [sta.hisHer] throat willingly takes your load into [sta.hisHer] statuesque body., and you hope you had given [sta.himHer] enough forewarning, given how copious your loads are. [sta.HeShe] gurgles in surprise, and you feel [sta.hisHer] throat work overtime to swallow down your pushing, unending wads; despite your ‘capabilities,’ [sta.heShe] is doing an admirable job keeping up with you and your loads, drinking your cum down like an unsupervised alcoholic at a keg. From the corner of your eye, you can see [sta.hisHer] hand working hard at [sta.himHer]self, wanting badly to keep up with you.|much to [sta.hisHer] surprise at just your first load out of dozens: [sta.hisHer] throat distends in an effort to swallow down the huge amount of spunk suddenly jetting down it, but before the first load even settles in [sta.hisHer] belly, the second and third are already distending [sta.hisHer] jaw. It’s too much, and it sprays back out against you from the corners of [sta.hisHer] mouth. And yet, despite the shameful defeat in keeping your [pc.cum] inside himself, [sta.heShe] continues to swallow and chug, as if there was nothing else left in this world but to take your jizz and get fat off it.]. Your hands lock against [sta.hisHer] skull, keeping [sta.himHer] in place, so that you may properly baptize [sta.himHer] in your [pc.girlCum]; as a testament to [sta.hisHer] skill as a pussy eater, your cum coats [sta.himHer], much like your earlier juices did, until [sta.heShe]’s drenched from scalp to neck in your offerings. [sta.HeShe] does what [sta.heShe] can to get as

much of your precious offering into [sta.hisHer] mouth, but you're too busy fucking the entirety of [sta.hisHer] face to try and aim anything, so [sta.heShe] relents and relaxes, laying there with [sta.hisHer] tongue extended for you to do what you will with.]

Just as you begin to wind down from your back-bending, knee-buckling orgasm, your lover achieves [sta.hisHer] own: [sta.hasCock|[sta.heShe] stiffens in your grip and in [sta.hisHer] position, [sta.hisHer] fist going a mile a minute on his cock, until you hear the descript sound of liquid against fabric splashing from beneath [sta.himHer]. [sta.HeShe] grunts and moans around your genitals, trying to keep [sta.hisHer] own composure, but, combined with [sta.hisHer] own pleasure, and the rough ride you had just taken [sta.hisHer] face, there's little [sta.heShe] can do but cum until [sta.hisHer] eyes cross. [she's animated and wild on the bed as her hand drives at <i>least</i> three-fingers-deep into herself, and she orgasms and explodes all over the nice quilt she's lying on; the descript sound of wet flesh combines with liquid hitting fabric, and she has trouble keeping herself from moaning into your own crotch as her body begins to shake and convulse in orgasmic pleasure. And still, you ride out what pleasure you can glean from her, using her near-comatose body to get what you want from her.]

Finally, it's done: you've both cum all that you had[pc.cumVol 500|, and then some]. The strength leaves your body, and you flop onto the bed beside [sta.himHer], your head at [sta.hisHer] ankles – you treat yourself to the view of [sta.hisHer] [sta.hasCock|spent and exhausted cock, dribbling the remnants of [sta.hisHer] jizz between his own shaky legs|beaten and pleased pussy, dripping the last little bit of her own lady-jizz down the inside of her thighs] – although, you're sure it wouldn't take much encouraging to get [sta.himHer] rowdy for a second round, if you wanted to make good on being a good lover[sta.isHerm|. Maybe you could give her winking, desperate pussy some extra special attention[pc.isHerm|; heavens know your own would like a turn, too]].

But, as [sta.heShe] turns around and crawls up your left side (the dry side, you note), [sta.hisHer] four limbs curling around you lovingly, you figure that that's probably a project for another time. First, you think you'll have a little nap. You can worry about being a good lover when you wake up.

// end scene (scene: Dream: Taking Oral); decrease Lust to 0

[=Fuck It=]

// PC must have a penis; statue must have a vagina

// (scene: Dream: Fuck It)

You amble your way onto the bed, your erect [pc.cock] flopping in the air between you two as you shuffle towards your naked lover. Your eyes flit indecisively between her knowing, sexy smirk and the way her tongue coily peeks out between her moist lips, and her glistening, soaked snatch, her fingers continuing to pleasure and fiddle with herself as you approach. When you're close enough for her legs to wrap around your [pc.waist] and keep you locked to her, your gaze is decidedly locked on her pussy.



She coos when you run your hands along her shapely, toned legs, from her knees to her inner thighs. She stops diddling her clit and uses her fingers to spread herself apart, eager to take you into herself[sta.hasDick|, and she uses her free hand to keep her own bulging, leaking cock stationary, away from your target|. You take her invitation gladly, and grip yourself by the shaft to keep yourself steady as you close the inches between you two.

You feel her humid heat before you feel her; the way her readiness radiates from her and washes down your prick, giving you just a taste of how hot and horny she is for you. You kiss her pot with your [pc.cockHead|, and you guide yourself along the rim of her vagina, teasing you both with the promise of an eventual penetration. Given the sharp inhale and the way her teeth helplessly nibble on her lower lip, she likes it.

She's been a good girl for waiting for you and getting herself as ready as she is, and you want to reward good girls – with a thrust, you're inside her. Just the tip, for now.

She 'ah!'s in pleasure as she feels her rock-tight tunnel split along the width of your [pc.cockHead|. Her body tenses in reaction[sta.hasCock|, and her cock grows visibly sterner, followed by a lazy drop of pre seeping from her tip|, before she remembers to relax and let you do what you're doing.

To make it a bit of a show, you sink deeper into her by leaning your body forward, draping yourself over her own. Her DD-cup breasts press into your chest, her rock-hard nipples pressing into you; you bring your face inches from her own, until your noses touch and you feel the ghost of her breath against your lips. You've sunk yourself down to the shaft inside her, and you feel every tight squeeze and caress of her body on yours and your [pc.cock|.

Her hands wrap around your torso, hugging you to hers, before they languidly feel their way down your body until they grab two thick, full handfuls of your [pc.ass|; with a giggle, she also wraps her legs tightly around you and crossing them behind the small of your back, ensuring you're not about to go anywhere until she's satisfied[sta.hasCock|. Her own impressive cock is squashed between your bodies, and you can feel it throb and spurt against your [pc.belly| with every bump and grind you make against her|. Then, she kisses you – a comparatively light, airy, girlish kiss, considering what you two are doing, but it's all the permission you need to fuck her.

Your own hands grab her by her toned, tight ass, and you begin to thrust[pc.cockSNVH|. You bottom out on the first thrust, the sound of your body clapping against hers punctuating her pleased gasp – you might not be the biggest cock in town[sta.hasCock|, or even in the room|, but you're everything she hoped you could be|, your [pc.cock| sawing deeper and deeper into her with every push, digging into her and reaching deeper. Every time you find a new spot to push against and pleasure, she gasps in delight and her legs squeeze just a little harder on you – you two are perfectly crafted for each other, by the feel of things|, your gifted endowment stretching her so tight, it's almost enough to pinch you. Her body has a tough time accommodating you and your girth, but you don't intend to stop, and, given the pleased gasps and squeals coming from her mouth, she doesn't want you to|, although you can't get most of you into her, considering your size. On the first thrust, you're about as deep as you think you're going to be; still, you had

come to accept that there would be limitations on a tool as large as yours, and, given the pleased wails and the way her hips convulse weakly against you every now and again, you're *just right* for her].

Your hands grab at her breasts greedily, squeezing them and pinching the cherry nubs that are her nipples; her boobs fill out your palms perfectly, and their natural heft has them bouncing delightfully in your grip with your every thrust. You arc your back a bit so you can take her left tit into your mouth; her own hangs agape in the pleasure you're giving her, her eyes watching your every deliberate movement, narrowing every time you do something she enjoys.

She pushes up with your every thrust, meeting you halfway, wanting to feel your every inch inside her and for you to cum as deeply as you can into her; with everything you do to her body, she does all she can to return the sensation in kind. She fucks you as rhythmically as you fuck her; when you kiss and suck at a boob, her hands travel along your back, touching everything they can[sta.hasCock]; when you jet a bit of pre inside her, she likewise dribbles a bit more between you two]. She wants you to fuck her as badly as you do.

But you need to do *more* than just fuck her. You disengage, letting her tits flop freely in the air; she whines, her hands reaching towards you and her fingers wriggling, wanting you to come back to her embrace. You do not; instead, you straighten your back, your hands beneath her ass for stability, and you really start to *rail* her.

The shift in dynamic and the sudden, explosive energy from your [pc.hips] as you drive yourself [pc.cockSNVH|down to the [pc.base]|deeper|as deep as you can|to the breaking point] inside her causes her own body to stiffen; she cries out in pleasure, her lips curling into an open-mouthed, damn-near-delirious smile as you stretch her and pound her and *fuck* her into the bed beneath you two. The spring creek beneath you and the headboard smashes into the wooden wall behind her with every thrust, and neither of them can drown out her wordless praise to your masterful work on her cunt.

You pause for just a moment to reach behind you and tap at her ankles, wordlessly commanding her to keep her legs locked tightly behind you. She complies, ensuring (with what little strength her legs have) that she doesn't move.

With her body secured against you, you reach up with [sta.hasCock|both hands, towards the cooch you're shaft-deep inside, and her own, neglected dick, swinging freely between your bodies. With your left hand, you rub at her clit and gently rack your fingers against her spread vulva, spreading her leaking juice all over your palm; with your right, you wrap your fingers gently-but-firmly against her swinging dick, and start jerking her in time with your thrusts into her body|your left hand, towards her stuffed cunt. With it, you rub at her clit and gently rack your fingers against her spread vulva, spreading her leaking juice all over your palm, stimulating her all the more].

The sexiest thing about her isn't the way her abs tense whenever you thrust into her[pc.hasBalls| deep enough for your [pc.balls] to slap her in the butt]; it isn't the way her legs

don't let you pull out too far; it isn't the way her breasts jiggle and dance with the rest of her body when you drive inside; and it isn't the way her pussy clenches and convulses on you[sta.hasCock], or the way her cock bloats with another shot of pre,] every time to hit her most sensitive spots. Although, they're all certainly sexy.

It's the way she's looking at you with everything you're doing to her. Her hands are clenched into fists, clutching onto the bedsheets like they're going to save her life, and her face is half-buried in her pillow, which she helplessly chews on with every thrust. And her eyes haven't left yours the entire time: they've narrowed and widened with every new trick and attention you've bestowed on her, but right at this moment, you and her are locked together, not just physically, but on an emotional, superficial level that can only be achieved when two lovers are in total sync with one-another.

You wonder if she's as close as you are, given the pleasure that's quickly rising in your loins. You wouldn't want to leave your lover behind. You hope she's as close as you are, because—

Your thrusting becomes more forceful and less paced, moving off-rhythm with hers. Her face is scrunched in pleasure, her features crinkling together as her own edge approaches, and you can only imagine what you must look like. But, that's neither here nor there:

With one, two, three final thrusts, you cum inside her, your [pc.cockRange 0 25][pc.base] locked against her[bloated [pc.cock] lodged as deeply as you can get into her]. [pc.cumVol 100 500 1000]You [pc.cum] erupts from your lodged dick, bathing her tunnel and her womb with your seed. You can feel every burst surge through your cock, massaged forward by her rippling vaginal muscles, until your payload reaches its goal in her warm, receptive depths; you can hear her coo in delight as the warmth spreads throughout her.[She takes your hefty load like a champion, locking your every drop inside her body and begging you for more with her eyes. She coos and humps harder against you as the warmth blossoms throughout her body, and you oblige to her demands, giving more of your seed to her thirsty womb. Even as her sculpted body begins to slowly round from the prodigious load, she doesn't stop her movements, eager for more of you still. And you, like the stud you are, give her every drop you have.]You unleash inside her like a volcano, blasting your [pc.cum] into her and stretching her to her limit in just one, hefty load. Yet, despite the definition in her sculpted body rounding out to accommodate your cum, she only wants more: her hips move against you and her cunt squeezes down on you, eager to massage another load into herself. You feel your [pc.cum] backwash against you when her body can hold no more, and even then, she wants *more* from you.]

To your delight and relief, she cums along with you, triggered by the sensation of you seeding her body: her already-tight pussy clamps down on you, desperate to ensure that every drop finds its mark inside her[pc.cumVol 1000], and failing miserably], and you feel her tight body clench and struggle with itself in pleasure as she tries to maintain her grip on herself. A low, horny, needy growl escapes her throat, muffled by the pillow in her mouth, and if the bedsheets were made of lesser stuff, you'd think she would have ripped holes in them by now.

[sta.hasCock|And, thanks to your diligence and attention as her lover, her cock erupts as well; her own pearly white cum splashes up through her beet-red cockhead, fountaining through the air before dripping back down across her tight body and marking her as far up as her neck. The combined sight and sensation of her cum staining her own body, plus your continued hand masturbating her length, has her jizz again, adding yet more to the mess[pc.cumVol 500], and, as if competitive with your own hefty load, she cums a third time, trying to keep up with you and your output.]

By the time you're both done, you feel stiff and spent all over your body; it hurts to move many of your muscles, and you feel a sort of tight, strained pulling at your groin as your [pc.cock] tries to relax from the spontaneous workout. You're gasping against your lover's legs, unable to keep yourself upright on your knees.

She, thankfully, understands, and she beckons you to her with a sultry smile and a crook of her finger, inviting you to spoon with her on the bed. Despite the unpleasant pulling in your muscles, you allow yourself to fall forward gracelessly, your arm wrapping around her body and hugging her close to you as you settle into the comfort of the massive bed.

The last thing you feel when your eyes drift closed are the gentle touch of your lover's lips against yours.

// end scene (scene: Dream: Fuck It); decrease Lust to 0

[=Blowjob=]

[=EatItOut=]

// This scene will include variants for either male, female, or herm statues, since they'll be largely the same, and this way I don't have to write two scenes for them.

// No requirements

// (scene: Dream: Blow It)

Your lover spreads [sta.hisHer]legs, inviting you to [sta.hisHer] [sta.hasCock|erect, rounded cock, standing tall and ready for some attention[sta.isHerm|, and, hidden beneath her heavy, naked balls, her ]|sopping wet gash, moist and eager for your touch]. [sta.HeShe] hooks [sta.hisHer] hands beneath [sta.hisHer] knees, to keep them pulled up and apart for you; [sta.heShe] shivers a bit in the air of the bedroom, nervous and anxious for your attention, as if you might reject [sta.himHer] and turn to leave.

You, naturally, would never dream of it. It takes no small amount of courage to display yourself as brazenly as [sta.heShe] is right now, and you wouldn't want to leave that sort of boldness unrewarded. You show yourself onto the bed, crawling your way towards [sta.himHer], until your head is squarely between [sta.hisHer] thighs. After moistening your [pc.lips] with a languid, sensual, yet subtle, lick of the tongue, you get to work.

First, you turn to one side and kiss the inside of [sta.hisHer] thigh, planting your lips against the [sta.isMale|sturdy, muscular form of his inner thigh|sensual, smooth, silky skin of her

inner thigh], and then teasing your way down with a number of soft kisses, making your way to [sta.hisHer] crotch, where [sta.hasCock|[sta.heShe] could not possibly be more erect and ready for you to get started|she's already wet enough to quench a draught, and is more than ready enough for you to get started]. Yet, you tease [sta.himHer]; as soon as you feel the heat radiate off [sta.hisHer] [sta.hasCock|cock|pussy] and onto your cheek, you pull back and begin kissing your way down the inside of [sta.hisHer] other thigh.

[sta.HeShe] whines and playfully bats you on the head, letting you know that you're driving [sta.himHer] a bit impatient, both of you knowing that that is your goal exactly. [sta.HeShe] doesn't resist or insist, though, and lets you go about at your comfort, and you take the invitation, casually yet torturously making your way south once more.

When you make it back to the pit of [sta.hisHer] crotch once again, you don't continue to charade, and you close the gap, pressing your [pc.lips] against the [sta.hasCock|shaft of [sta.hisHer] cock, planting a long, lingering kiss on the taut flesh you find there. With your lips fastened to [sta.himHer], you snake your [pc.tongue] out, leaving one, large, thick lick across [sta.hisHer] length, going from the union of [sta.hisHer] cock and balls, up to just a little higher than your lips – but not nearly high enough to reach the crown|quivering vulva of her pussy, planting a long, lingering kiss against her spongy lips. You excite her further, bringing this farther than just a dim kiss, and open your mouth to slide your [pc.tongue] forward, dipping into her soft, warm, delicious box and collecting the nectar you taste there. You decide to overachieve and yawn your mouth open, so that your upper lip would brush and push against her extended button, giving her all the stimulation she could want].

[sta.isHerm|But you know[pc.isHerm| all too well] that she has other needs as well, and it would be wrong of you to pleasure just her masculinity – you may only have one mouth, but you also have two hands. You curl your left hand forward, sliding beneath her filled, bouncing balls, seeking out her feminine jewel; as soon as your fingers touch the wet heat of her cunt, her body stiffens, she gasps in surprise, and then relaxes, allowing you to pleasure <i>all</i> of her properly.]

You keep your right hand busy, running it over the curve of [sta.hisHer] stomach, [sta.isMale|marvelling at the tightness and curvature of his abs, and the way you could dance your digits through the valley of his muscles|shamelessly admiring the perfect, womanly curves of her stomach and the way her form naturally conforms into the unspoiled, flawless hourglass figure]. [sta.HeShe] moans at your touch, and you feel [sta.hisHer] hand on yours, clasping yours gently and guiding you across the more sensitive spots along [sta.hisHer] torso.

Though you might not be the one being pleased, there is something to be said for the <i>thrill,</i> and even the <i>power</i> that comes with pleasuring your partner the way you are right now. If you were to turn your head to the side, [sta.hisHer] hips would subconsciously turn and buck with you – you're in total control of [sta.hisHer] body and the pleasure [sta.heShe] feels, and it makes you feel sexy as <i>fuck,</i> knowing that you're the one doing this, that <i>you're</i> the only one in the universe that can pleasure [sta.himHer] the way you are right now.

That line of thinking gives you inspiration, and, emboldened, you [sta.hasCock|draw your face up along the length of [sta.hisHer] shaft – taking care to deliberately run the skin of [sta.hisHer] shaft along your features – until your mouth is aligned with the beady, red tip of [sta.hisHer] cock. Then, without preamble, and as noisily as possible, you take [sta.himHer] into your mouth, as deeply as you can, in one swift lurch|rim her pussy with the very tip of your [pc.tongue] one final time, readying her for the oncoming assault – then, with her taste imprinted onto you, you lurch forward, your tongue extended as far as it can go, and you thrust as deeply into her body as you can. You can feel every veined muscle, every ridge and texture, and you can taste every drop, as you orally penetrate her, and it spurs you to do more to her].

[sta.isHerm|Coordinating yourself, you thrust up with two fingers as well, spearing them deeply into her box; you also open your palm, hefting her smooth nuts in your hand, loving the way they clench and recoil when her body is given the pleasure you’re giving her right now. You can feel her every pulse and her every pull in her vagina with your fingers, wishing that you could only do more to pleasure such a wonderful pussy, but, for now, you’ll have to be satisfied with where you are.]

[sta.HeShe] groans into the air of the room and temporarily loses control over [sta.hisHer] body; [sta.heShe] shivers, starting from [sta.hisHer] ass and going to [sta.hisHer] toes and up to [sta.hisHer] neck, and the grip [sta.heShe] had on your hand tightens and loosens several times. [sta.HeShe] offers no words of encouragement, but the way [sta.hisHer] body is singing your praises, you know [sta.heShe] doesn’t need to.

[sta.hasCock|[sta.HeShe] is a good, patient {boy/girl}, and tries [sta.hisHer] best to not fuck your face as hard and fast as you can tell [sta.heShe] wants to (and, to be honest, you wouldn’t mind). So, instead, you noisily slurp and suck, taking [sta.himHer] down as far as you can before pulling back, and then heading back down a little bit further. You want [sta.himHer] lodged in your fucking throat when [sta.heShe] blows; you can’t think of anything sexier than bringing your lover to a climax and giving you a nice, hot load to sit in your belly.|You can feel her every half-assed attempt to keep herself from grabbing you by the scalp and rubbing your face against her pussy like it were an armrest (although, if you’re honest, you wouldn’t mind that sort of treatment). So, you do it for her: you twist and drill your [pc.tongue], viciously attacking her every sensitive fold and crease inside her, madly searching for that one particularly spongy spot that’ll make her scream your name. She ‘ah!’s every time you thrust your tongue into her, angling your wriggling muscle in some new and daring angle, and although you ultimately fail, you both have a lot of fun trying to find her G-spot.]

[sta.HeShe] keeps [sta.hisHer] mouth shut, whining and wincing through clenched lips and flaring nostrils as [sta.hisHer] body shakes in pleasure; you get the sense that [sta.heShe]’s awfully close. So, you [sta.hasCock|hollow your cheeks and elongate your bobbing, pulling as far back as [sta.hisHer] crown, before sliding down with now-practised ease, taking [sta.himHer] down to his base; when you make it that far, you slide your [pc.tongue] out to give [sta.hisHer] balls a playful taste, before starting again. Every impious little thrust, and every dollop of pre on the back of your throat, isn’t enough for you – you need [sta.himHer] to <i>cum</i>|lock your

neck in place and stretch your tongue as deep into her as you can, touching and tasting her as far as you can hope to reach – tasting everything she could hope to give you. You frantically press and fiddle with her clit using your right hand, doing everything in your power to bring her to that edge and to sate your thirst for *her*. Every little ripple, every little clench, isn't enough for you – you need her to *cum*].

[sta.isHerm|You double-down on fingerfucking her, bringing your thumb underneath her heaving, pulling ballsack so you can thumb at her clit and bring *all* of her to an amazing, delicious climax. And the effort has an immediate effect: her gasps rise an octave and her breathing gets shallow as she struggles to hold onto herself while you *throw* her off the edge to her climax.]

[sta.HisHer] body tenses, and [sta.hisHer] earlier moans turn into extended grunts; [sta.hasCock|[sta.hisHer] balls pull up and tighten[sta.isHerm|, while ]her cunt clenches and locks you in place], and you're given everything that you had hoped you'd get from your lover, after all the effort you had put into getting [sta.himHer] to cum.

[sta.hasCock|[sta.HisHer] cock bloats, pushing your jaw just a little more apart, to make room for [sta.hisHer] rushing, hot cum: true to your desires, you keep your [pc.lips] locked to [sta.hisHer] pelvis, your lower lip feeling the rumbling and quivering of [sta.hisHer] nuts, and you feel every juicy, hot drop slide down your throat. Every blast, every spurt, goes directly from [sta.himHer] and into you, and you accept every little drop willingly and eagerly, loving the way the heat blooms through your throat, chest, and belly, as [sta.hisHer] cum settles inside you. Her pussy tightens, then you feel a gush of her delicious, feminine cum funnel directly down your [pc.tongue] and into your thirsty mouth for you to taste with your every single taste bud; you might not have been able to find her G-spot, but you doubt you'd be rewarded any more copiously than you are now. You feel her every pleased shake and quiver as she squirts again and again, her cum slapping you in the roof of your mouth, and, selfishly, the only thought going through your head, as her cum slides down your throat and warms your throat and stomach, is that you want her to cum *more*.]

[sta.isHerm|It's a frustrating, unfortunate waste when you feel her pussy clamp down on your fingers, and her feminine cum practically *flushes* from her body, soaking you to the wrist and burning a hole straight through the bed, with an output like hers. You don't relent, of course, and you pound away at her pussy with your fingers through the whole thing, curious to see just how much girlcum she's got in that treasure chest of hers. From the cum constantly pouring down your throat, you hope it's as much as her cock is giving you.]

You audibly gulp and drink [sta.hisHer] jizz, riding the whole thing out, until [sta.hasCock|[sta.hisHer] cock grows limp and flaccid in your still-undulating throat|her fountain finally runs dry against your still-twisting tongue]; when the last drops grace your mouth, you snap out of your oral-induced reverie, and you realize, with a start, how soaked you are between your own [pc.legs]: you were so focused on pleasuring your lover that you didn't even realize that you had cum[pc.cumVol 500|, even despite being capable of loads as voluminous as yours].

Satisfied with yourself, you disengage, trailing your moisturized [pc.tongue] up your lover's body: along the [sta.isMale|chiselled, crafted definitions of his pectorals and along the valley of his chest|curved, damn-near-artisanal valley of her stomach, then into the depths of her cleavage], until you come out at [sta.hisHer] neck.

[sta.HeShe] stares into your eyes with a half-lidded, lazy stare, spent and exhausted from the oral rollercoaster you've given [sta.himHer]. You laugh – the way you remember it, you did most of the work. Where does [sta.heShe] get off being tired?

Still, you're both content. You wrap your limbs around [sta.himHer], hugging [sta.himHer] close to you, as your eyes drift closed. The last thing you feel before sleep overtakes you is the ghost of [sta.hisHer] lips against yours....

// end scene (scene: Dream: Blow It); decrease Lust to 0

[=Get Fucked=]

[=Sit On It=]

// This scene will include variants for either male or herm statues, since they'll be largely the same, and this way I don't have to write two scenes for them.

// Get Fucked requires a vagina; Sit On It has no requirements

// (scene: Dream: Get Fucked)

You spread your [pc.legs] apart slightly, allowing your lover to shuffle [sta.hisHer] way in between them, with [sta.hisHer] erect, red cock pointing in your direction. At this point, it's fully erect, but it's not fully <i>hard</i>; you're sure you could get it a bit stiffer with a little effort.

[sta.HisHer] cock hangs, all nine inches of it, horizontally from [sta.hisHer] body, dangling about a foot above your [pc.hasCock|own, not-as-hard-but-getting-there-fast [pc.cock]|not-quite-dry-not-quite-wet [pc.vagina]]; [sta.hisHer] hands explore along the inside of your thighs, getting a feel of [sta.hisHer] lover before getting the night started on the big event.

You help [sta.himHer] out by giving [sta.himHer] a hand: you reach forward, still lying flat on the bed, and gently wrap your hand around [sta.hisHer] shaft, giving it a few tugs. [sta.HeShe] moans in pleasure, and you feel [sta.hisHer] cock bloat and pump in your grip, making [sta.hisHer] skin tighter and [sta.hisHer] shaft harder.

Truth be told, it gives you a bit of a thrill, when you take [sta.hisHer] cock into your hand and you feel [sta.himHer] grow more excited at your touch. It's simultaneously empowering, knowing that you have this sort of control over another person, and it's sexy as hell, knowing that [sta.heShe]'s getting this hard, just for you; that it's you and [sta.himHer], alone, together, in this moonlit bedroom, and nobody else in the universe right now could be doing this to [sta.himHer] and giving [sta.himHer] this pleasure.



[pc.hasVagina|Your [pc.vagina] winks and moistens {SitOnIt| (although, you have a sneaking suspicion – or maybe even a hope – that something <i>else</i> of yours gets some attention tonight)}|Your [pc.asshole] clenches and tingles] in excitement, from the rush that you feel when you think about the implications of [sta.hisHer] cock getting hard for you. You know how tonight is going to go, and you can't help but wonder if [sta.heShe] is going to feel the same feelings and think the same thoughts when that big, hard, <i>ready</i> cock of [sta.hisHer] starts to claim you for itself....

Personally, you don't need much more teasing or encouragement to get yourself ready to take [sta.himHer], but, before you move yourself into position, you give [sta.himHer] one last tease: you reach forth with your other hand and gently cup [sta.hisHer] bloated, hairless testicles, giving them a nice heft and a grope, judging them and appraising their fullness[sta.isHerm|; you don't stop there, either, and reach forward with your fingers, gracing the vulva of her pussy, letting it know that, while it may not be the star attraction tonight, it's on your mind].

[sta.HeShe] grunts in approval, and [sta.hisHer] hips jerk into your hand reflexively, spurting a single, straight line of pre out and across your [pc.belly]. With your eyes locked onto [sta.hisHer], and [sta.hisHer] onto yours, you trace your finger along the line, collecting [sta.hisHer] pre onto your digit – and you suck it into your mouth, tasting [sta.himHer] and gauging [sta.hisHer] flavor. Just the tip – and when you withdraw it, you lick your [pc.lips], ever so slightly.

It's too sexy a sight for [sta.himHer], and, with another breathless grunt, [sta.heShe] marks another line down your torso with another, heavier, thicker line of [sta.hisHer] pre. That's all the response you need.

With some grace, you lift your foot to [sta.hisHer] chest and lightly push, instructing [sta.himHer] to back away slightly. [sta.HeShe] obeys, giving you your space to whip your legs up and, with more of the same flourish, send them both to your left side; then, like a lazy cat stretching from a nap that lasted just a touch too long, you get onto your front and arc your back, hefting your [pc.ass] into the air, directly at [sta.himHer].

You can <i>feel</i> [sta.hisHer] eyes on your body, drinking in your every detail; [sta.hisHer] eyes hugging your every curve and trailing [sta.hisHer] gaze along the swell of the meatiest part of your ass. You bring your knees together and lower your top end even further, turning the curve of your lower body heart-shaped and giving [sta.himHer] an absolutely unfettered view of your real prize:

[pc.hasVagina|By now, you're as wet as you can be without external stimulation: your [pc.vagina] is so moist that you can feel a drip of your own lube slide down your right thigh. Your [pc.clit] beads red and bloated, yearning for some attention, to quell the heat building up inside it and inside you – yearning for your lover's big, hard cock to close the gap and fuck you.|Your [pc.asshole] unconsciously clenches, unused to the chilly air of the room, giving your lover quite the sight to see. You may not have the advantages of a cunt, but all you both need to

know is that you have an empty, needy asshole, and [sta.heShe] has a big, generous cock. It only makes sense to put two and two together, as far as you're concerned.]

Luckily, [sta.heShe] doesn't need a written invitation. You soon feel [sta.hisHer] [sta.isMale|strong|gentle] hands on your [pc.ass], rubbing at the thick of your thigh and at the curve of your butt; [sta.heShe] pulls them apart and lets them fall back into place, letting your glutes jiggle in the moonlight, and, judging by the exaggerated inhale through [sta.hisHer] nose, [sta.heShe] rather appreciates what [sta.heShe] sees.

Then, you feel [sta.himHer] close the gap, with the thick shaft of [sta.hisHer] cock rubbing determinedly against your [pc.vagOrAss]. [sta.HeShe] grinds against you, testing your tension, your <i>readiness</i>, and bathing in your heat, and loving the way you shiver and clench against [sta.hisHer] cock, but [sta.heShe] doesn't spend too long gauging you. After only a few thrusts of him hotdogging your [pc.vagOrAss], [sta.heShe] pulls back to realign [sta.himHer]self before plunging forward.

[pc.hasVagina|{SitOnIt|Luckily for you, [sta.heShe] is an intelligent lover, too: [sta.heShe] noticed how you tensed and how you shivered when [sta.hisHer] cock pressed against your [pc.asshole] more than your [pc.vagina]. Knowing where you'd rather want it, [sta.heShe] aims higher, and presses [sta.hisHer] cock against your star.|As soon as you feel the helmet of [sta.hisHer] cock against your pussy, you can't wait any longer, and, luckily for you, neither can [sta.heShe].}|[sta.HeShe] plys against your [pc.asshole] experimentally, letting you adjust your body to [sta.hisHer] girth, but not for long; after just a few seconds of you 'getting ready' for [sta.himHer], [sta.heShe] thrusts forward, sinking into your body in one push.] Just the tip, at first, so you can both adjust to the sensation of you having another person inside your body, and [sta.heShe] being inside another person – but, your instincts won't let you stop there, and you push backward just as [sta.heShe] pushes forward.

You're speared on [sta.hisHer] hot length – you can't tell how far down, and you don't care to make estimates. What's important right now is that [sta.heShe] is inside you, <i>fucking</i> you, <i>finally</i>. [sta.HeShe] settles for only a moment, before pulling out and starting again, driving deeper into you, searching for [pc.hasVagina|{SitOnIt|whichever it hits first: your limit, or h[sta.isMale|is|ers]}|your vulnerable, yet ready, womb}|whichever it hits first: your limit, or h[sta.isMale|is|ers]}].

You lower your head into your folded arms, sinking into the delightful, giving cushion of the bed, and giving [sta.himHer] greater access to your backside. [sta.HeShe] is a gentle lover, but also an attentive one, and recognizes that your more-submissive posture is an unspoken plea to give you more. And, of course, [sta.hisHer] pleasure is second to yours, just as yours is second to [sta.hisHer].

With a steady grip on your [pc.hips], [sta.heShe] begins thrusting with an energy [sta.heShe] hadn't yet demonstrated: [sta.hisHer] cock saws into you forcefully and rampantly, replacing the ambience with the sound of [sta.hisHer] body slapping against yours; the sound of [sta.hisHer] heavy testicles colliding occasionally with [pc.hasBalls|yours|your thighs]; the sound

of the headboard bashing against the wall with every thrust inward; and the sound of you moaning like a whore and you've given [sta.himHer] a coupon beneath [sta.himHer].

Between the thrusting, and the panting and moaning, and your eyes crossing and your [pc.tongue] lolling from your open, insensate mouth, you wonder to yourself what [sta.heShe]'s feeling, and whether [sta.heShe] is taking the same pleasure from you as you took from [sta.himHer] when you had [sta.hisHer] cock in your hand: whether your total submission to [sta.himHer] and [sta.hisHer] masterful work using the whole of [sta.hisHer] cock to stretch and claim your [pc.vagOrAss] is rightfully giving him the rush of having someone like you at [sta.hisHer] complete sexual mercy, knowing that nobody in the world could pleasure you better than [sta.heShe] can at this moment.

Out of turn, you feel [sta.himHer] release [sta.hisHer] grip on your [pc.hip], just to bring [sta.hisHer] hand down hard on your [pc.ass]; the crack of [sta.hisHer] hand on your body cuts through the air like a lightning bolt on a sunny day. You freeze, startled by the action and the sensation, and, though [sta.heShe] doesn't stop [sta.hisHer] thrusting, [sta.heShe] does hesitate for a second. Still, you don't ask him to stop, or even to not do it again: you're too lost to form any criticisms, and you think you'd let [sta.himHer] do damn near anything if it meant getting more of that thick, delicious cock in your [pc.hasVagina|{SitOnIt|asshole|pussy}|asshole].

Almost by way of apology, you feel [sta.hisHer] other hand slide down, hooking around to your front side, searching for your [pc.hasCock|pc.cock] to give it some attention; so far, it had gone entirely forgotten and ignored, and as soon as you feel [sta.hisHer] fingers around your shaft, you realize just how horny you are. By the first pump of [sta.hisHer] hand along your dick, you're suddenly caught between having [sta.himHer] fuck you deeper and harder into your [pc.vagOrAss], or to fuck [sta.hisHer] hand to better get the reach-around you didn't realize you needed. |clit to give it some additional stimulation. You freeze again when you feel [sta.hisHer] fingers against your [pc.clit], and then immediately groan and melt when [sta.hisHer] fingers start twirling in circles, giving you the relief you had been missing since you started. It makes you stretch your [pc.legs] in order to give you more lift, so [sta.heShe] can fuck you deeper.]

[sta.HeShe] leans over your body, pressing [sta.isMale|his chiselled, statuesque chest|her buxom, artisanal, heavy breasts] against your shoulderblades; you feel [sta.hisHer] hot breath washing over your neck and you hear [sta.hisHer] every guttural breath as [sta.heShe] fucks you deeper into the mattress. [sta.HeShe]'s close, you can feel it, and you're pretty close too, right alongside [sta.himHer].

Your bucking is arrhythmic and off-timing, now that [sta.hisHer] hand is attacking your [pc.hasCock|stiff, leaking cock|overeager [pc.clit]], and your body can't decide what needs pleasuring more. You hear what sounds like a single huff of a chuckle against your ear, and you realize, that's [sta.hisHer] confirmation – [sta.heShe] is *revelling* in the pleasure [sta.heShe]'s giving you, and the power [sta.heShe] has over you at this moment. Your body has betrayed you, insofar as trying to obtain the most pleasure possible is a 'betrayal.'

Knowing just how in-tune you are with [sta.himHer] has pushed you the last little distance you needed, and your orgasm overtakes you; your breath catches awkwardly in your throat, unable to inhale or exhale, and you shudder beneath your lover, your body clenching and tightening around [sta.hisHer] rod, as your [pc.hasCock|[pc.cock] pulses on its own, bloating with your [pc.cum] in time with [sta.hisHer] furiously-masturbating hand, [pc.cumVol 100 500 1000|soaking into the bedsheets beneath you and staining a circle into the quilt|blasting a small puddle beneath your writhing bodies, drenching you as high as your [pc.chest] and as low as your knees| inundating the bed with your legendary load, pooling it until your knees disappear into the reaching jizz and it cascades off either side of the bed in waterfalls|][pc.vagina] vigorously quivers and massages {SitOnIt|at nothing, desperate for something inside it to stimulate, while your [pc.asshole] molds itself to the shape of }[sta.hisHer] model of a cock, eager for your lover's seed to shoot into you and douse the fire that had been stoked inside you; to cum inside you and {SitOnIt| at least pretend to} breed you so that you two can make more perfect specimens like [sta.himHer]self. Your body <i>needs</i> it, and so do you. }

[pc.hasVagina|Blissfully, [sta.heShe] isn't far behind you, and your orgasm spurs [sta.hisHer] forward, to give you the cum you're craving|Just as your [pc.cum] flows from you, your orgasm spurs forth [sta.hisHer], and you're given a load of your own to stir on inside you|. [sta.HeShe] grunts, and [sta.hisHer] arms wrap tightly around you, as [sta.heShe] shudders through [sta.hisHer] own massive orgasm; you feel [sta.hisHer] cock bloat and surge inside you, and, with it, you feel [sta.hisHer] cum surge and bloom inside you, warming your insides. It reaches so deeply[pc.hasVagina|{SitOnIt|, just as you had hoped it would}]; you lie beneath [sta.himHer], paralyzed in pleasure, loving how, with every new pulse through [sta.hisHer] body, you feel an accompanying deposit inside you, adding to the load.

All good things, unfortunately, must come to an end: after a tense few moments of [sta.himHer] staying still against you, and you bucking against [sta.himHer] for just a little more, [sta.heShe] collapses, [sta.hisHer] cock still buried deep inside you. You're confident, at least, that you've managed to get every last drop from [sta.himHer].

The fantastic sex has left you both understandably drained. You don't attempt to disengage from your lover; instead, you reach forward, for the pillows that your head had narrowly missed, and set one oversized pillow in place beneath you both. [sta.HeShe] hums in appreciation as [sta.heShe] lifts [sta.hisHer] head and sets it back down on the cushion.

The last thing you feel before sleep overtakes you in a gentle kiss against your neck and the feel of [sta.hisHer] limbs tightening around you, holding you close.

// end scene (scene: Dream: Get Fucked); decrease Lust to 0

[=Tribadism=]

// Both the PC and the statue require a vagina

// (scene: Dream: Tribadism)

You greedily take in the form of your soon-to-be lover: the way her curves are soft enough to be inviting and realistic, but sharp enough to let you know that she is what *<i>peak</i>* femininity looks like. She has a pair of breeder's hips, wide enough to birth any baby or take any insertion, and a chest wide enough to feed a small family, but neither are so exaggerated that she'd look like an amateur's wet painting. She's a work of art.

She blushes at the way you shamelessly ogle her body, and she shyly looks away from you, unable to meet your horny, unrepentant gaze – but, you can tell that she really rather *<i>enjoys</i>* the attention, from the way her [sta.hasCock|impressive, nine-inch cock inflates, and rather quickly, really giving you something to look at and appreciate[sta.isHerm|. And, to add to that, her ]feminine musk quickly permeates the room; the scent of her horny, wet snatch finds its way to your nose, drawing it, and your gaze, to the gap between her thighs].

Honestly, you can hardly believe your luck: you're in a huge, opulent bedroom, with the finest, highest-quality carpets, mattresses, and quilts, and standing before you is a naked and clearly willing, if a bit shy, goddess of a woman. You being naked is a plus – it's less work for you two to get through on your way to the good stuff.

You lean forward, gently grabbing her by the wrist, and then lean back, pulling her towards you. She giggles, and a demure smile crosses her lips as you pull her onto the bed with you. Insistently, you keep pulling, until you and her are face-to-face: you feel the weight of her large, heavy breasts against your [pc.chest], and you feel own shapely legs rub and press against yours as she makes herself comfortable on top of you.

And, with all that grinding, you can't help but feel the need to get comfortable beneath her. With any luck, you'll be there for a while, after all.

You let your hands travel and roam all along her body: you start with both hands at the small of her back, pressing into her gently, marvelling at how she keeps her skin so incredibly smooth and healthy.

One hand travels upward, toward her shoulders, where her muscles are thicker and stronger; you tickle at her shoulder blades and you dance your fingertips along her spine, making her shiver and laugh. Your other hand travels lower, towards the fat of her butt – if it can even be called that, given how tight and immaculate it feels in your grip – and help yourself to a nice, elongated series of gropes and feels, all the way from where her back meets her butt, to where her butt meets her legs.

But that's only your hands that are getting busy: smiling and giggling the whole while, you gently lift, twist, and tangle your [pc.legs] around hers, getting you two nice and locked together in a sensual embrace. And, with that done, you lean in, puckering your [pc.lips] and planting a wet kiss against her cheek.

She gives you a sort of charmed, entertained, but still coy and condescending look; a look that says 'Really? I'm sure you could do better than that.'

You prove to her that you are willing and able. With her gaze on yours, you press your lips forward once more, against hers. There's no foreplay or cutesy preamble when you kiss her: as soon as you touch her smooth lips with yours, your [pc.tongue] surges out, wetly meeting and dancing with hers in the open space between your mouths.

You two are a writhing, entangled mess of touching fingers, groping hands, grinding legs, swirling tongues, and breathless, horny moans. You immerse yourself in her touch, her smell, and her taste; you close your eyes and let your other senses map out her body for you, and you can imagine everything she is so clearly in your mind's eye. From her DD-breasts pressing and swishing against you, to her ass-length hair, to her perfect ass[sta.hasCock|], to the way her hot, hard-as-a-rock cock grinds and pokes you in the stomach[pc.hasCock|] right alongside yours, you both making a mess with your collective pre between your bodies]] – everything about her is so perfect and so memorable.

Time hasn't meant much to you two since you began. You're too lost in each other. The few times you break away to take a breath, you focus your attention on her, and her form and her weight and just <i>her</i>, before you kiss along her neck, across her jaw, and back to her mouth, to resume the serpentine movements your tongues make as they coil and move against each other. It's like you've died, and heaven was a naked woman in a really nice bedroom.

Still, no amount of making out is going to get you the release you're both after, as much as you wouldn't mind trying to find out. When you two disengage for another breath, you bring both hands down to her ass, and give her each sculpted cheek a hearty-but-not-forceful slap. Your lover jolts above you, surprised by the forcefulness, but she smirks, getting the hint. It's time to take this to another level.

As soon as she hefts herself away from your body, you feel a cold, lonely chill wash over you where she was. You busy yourself with your hands still on her, touching and admiring the curves of her body, particularly along her toned belly and down to her thighs, as she sits and squats above you. [sta.hasCock|[pc.hasCock|Both your [pc.cock] and her own, human-shaped, nine-inch cock dangle and cross between you, your collective precum mixing and pearling together in a single, clear dewdrop that falls to your [pc.skinFurScales]]Her human-shaped, nine-inch cock dangles above your body, beet-red and desperate for some relief, as shown by a pearly drop of her clear precum dribbling from you and onto your [pc.skinFurScales]], but that's not important. You both have another idea on what it is you want from each other, and it doesn't involve any additional tools.]]pc.hasCock|Your [pc.cock] stands upright between you, teased and horny and ready for some relief and pleasure of its own; a pearly bead of your [pc.preCum] drips from your [pc.cockHead] and glides down your shaft, towards your [pc.skinFurScales]. But, as good as proper penetration would feel, you both have another idea on what it is you want from each other, and it doesn't involve any additional tools.]]

S[pc.hasCock|[sta.hasCock|]hifting both of your equipment out of the way, s]]hifting your equipment out of the way, s|[sta.hasCock|]hifting her equipment out of the way, s]]he lifts your right leg up and wrap it around her waist, and you hook it behind her back, keeping her against

you. She has a direct line straight to your [pc.vagina] with her own, your musky, womanly juices soaking into you and into the bed; she doesn't make you wait any longer, and she bucks her hips forward, giving you a kiss with a very different set of lips.

You bite your lip to keep from squealing like a girl being fucked for the first time. You two are a perfect, delicate, delicious match for each other, and your world explodes in pleasure the moment your lover's wet, sopping, hot snatch presses against yours. She's barely even started, and already you're arching your back and ripping holes into the quilts with your fingers at the sheer pleasure of it.

You try to focus, though. Not on the pleasure, or on keeping your control over yourself, while this angel of a woman bucks and shifts and grinds and <i>pleasures</i> you, her wet vulva shifting and pulling wetly against yours – no, not on that, as hard as it is. You try to keep your focus on <i>her,</i> and the way her perfect, sculpted-by-the-gods body moves against you.

You focus on the way her breasts jiggle every time she moves forward and her hips bump into yours; you focus on how tight her stomach gets as she holds her position for a moment; you focus on how her mouth hangs agape, an occasional gasp of pleasure leaving her mouth, as she herself is too focused on other matters to keep it closed; and you watch her eyes and her expression, noting how pleasurable it is for her too, and how you two are fucking and pleasing each other the way only another woman knows how.

With every glide into your body, her next hump gets a little wetter and a little easier, until her each and every hump is accentuated with the wet sound of skin slapping against skin. She leans over you, planting her hands on either side of your shoulders, her nose just an inch or two from your own, and keeps up her pace against you, bucking her thick hips into yours and shivering with each jolt of pleasure it gives you both.

You don't lean up to kiss her. You'd rather look into her eyes and watch her expression as she pounds into you; the way her lips curl and her teeth bite into her lips are like art in motion for you. You grab both of her heavy, swing boobs, feeling her diamond-hard nipples press back into your palms, and your fingers sink into the soft, jiggly flesh as she rails you.

The moment that you've both been after since you had started is fast approaching. The familiar burn in your loins begins to bubble just beneath your surface: your [pc.vagina] begins to twitch, particularly at your [pc.clit], and the rumblings of an earthquake shooting up your body from your crotch begin to take place[pc.hasCock], and your [pc.cock], though relatively untouched, is stiff and leaking, your [pc.cum] rising inside you and ready to burst forth]. You whine at your lover, letting her know just where you are, begging her to join you – she grunts affirmatively in response.

Knowing that she's as close as you are, you take no regret in letting yourself go. Your other leg, dangling free beside you and your lover, tenses, then bends at the knee, your toes scratching and digging into the quilts, as your body loses itself to the crash of your orgasm ripping through you. Your juices spill from your [pc.vagina], making an even more thorough,

more elaborate mess between your bodies, and your lover's consistent fucking throughout it all shlicks your spilling [pc.girlCum] up as high as your ribs.

You lurch in the bed, arcing your back into a broad C-shape, and your fingers reflexively clutch, biting into the flesh of your lover's breasts. She, though, doesn't seem to mind, and in fact, it speeds her own orgasm along to match yours: as you vibrate and quiver beneath her, riding through one orgasm after another, she tenses and climaxes as well, adding her sticky, copious mess to yours and coating you both from stomach to knees in your combined warm, sticky, feminine cum.

[sta.hasCock|[pc.hasCock|Joining their sisters in release, you both ejaculate from your masculine endowments as well: your dicks lay across each other, side-to-side, and you can feel her every surge and pump of her sticky cum as it launches from her hefty balls and across your body. In a way, it's like an intimate massage, your cocks pleasing each other the only way they can, and in response, your [pc.cum] joins hers[pc.cumVol 100 500 1000|, shooting as high as the underside of each of your breasts, coating them in your combined seed|, though yours is notably more copious than hers, and you shoot much harder, your seed jetting into the combined cleavage of her breasts against your [pc.chest] and making the frottage all the stickier| – though, it may be more appropriate to say that hers merely <i>adds</i> to yours, given how thoroughly you paint you both with your [pc.cum]. Everything between your crotch and your combined cleavage as her breasts press into your [pc.chest] is completely submerged in the growing lake that is your seed, making the frottage all the more wet, hot, and sticky – just as you, and you hope she, likes it.]]Joining its sister in release, she ejaculates from her cock as well: although it had gone ignored this whole time, she couldn't contain herself from all the pleasure, and you feel her meaty, weighted cock bloat and surge with her fresh, hot cum. A long, thin, wet streak of pearly jizz marks your stomach, reaching as high as the underside of your [pc.chest], making all the grinding and frotting just that much wetter and stickier – just as, from the sheepish laugh coming from her mouth, she likes it.]][[pc.hasCock|Joining its sister in release, you ejaculate from your masculine endowment: despite having so little stimulation itself, your [pc.cock] bloats and surges with your [pc.cum][pc.hasBalls|, and your [pc.balls] clench and pull against you], and you feel your jizz launch forward, [pc.cumVol 100 500 1000|shooting as high as the underside of each of your breasts, coating them in your seed|inundating you both with your [pc.cum], covering and sinking you into the veritable puddle of semen you're producing, making all the bumping and frotting and grinding all the more slicker and wetter and hotter – you only hope that she enjoys it as much as you do|dressing you both from crotch to breast in your seemingly-unending dose after dose of [pc.cum]. Her every frot and bump and grind against you is met with the audible swish of liquid and the drag of water resistance against both your bodies. Cum gets everywhere, including between your combined cleavage of her heavy breasts and your [pc.chest], and you can only hope that your lover likes things as messy as you do.]]]

It takes her a few minutes to slow down her frantic fucking and humping, both of you eking out a few smaller orgasms the whole while. You haven't broken your stare on her expression the whole time, and the look that she gives you – one of total, complete satisfaction and affection – is all the affirmation you need. That's the look you had been searching for this whole time.



She collapses on top of you, her body against yours, and her limbs wrapping tightly around you to keep you close to her. You respond in kind, once again tangling your limbs together – you tease her with the prospect of another make out session, and with it, the implication of maybe another round, by extending your [pc.tongue] and swiping it against her lips.

She doesn't reciprocate, though, and you know why: after all that, you're both physically drained, and no matter how horny you think you are, you definitely wouldn't have the strength to go again.

The last thing you feel is the soft, less-sexual and more-affection kiss of her lips against your neck as your eyes drift closed....

// end scene (scene: Dream: Tribadism); decrease Lust to 0

// Continue here in a new scene after any sex dream has concluded

You awake, in the same place you had slept before. The dream is still fresh in your memory – your lover, what it is you did, and where you were.

You blink your eyes open slowly and laboriously, adjusting your eyes to the light of the morning. Already, as the seconds tick down, you're losing precious details and memories of the entire ordeal you had gone through in your dreamscape – you're forgetting things like the length of your lover's hair, or the color of their eyes, or what color the drapes against the window were. You just remember that you enjoyed the <i>hell</i> out of it.

As your [pc.legs] shift in the bed, you realize you might have enjoyed it a little too much: a damp, wet spot between your legs makes it evident exactly how much you had fun in your own dreams last night. Still, even despite that, you feel randy as hell, like you could go again: [pc.hasCock|after all that, you feel a surge of virility, and you feel like you could fuck like a mustang all day long|pc.isHerm|. Not only that, ]you feel like you could breed like a champion broodmother, and that you could pounce on the first halfway-phallic thing that crosses your vision to sate, or stoke, this fire in your pussy. Hell, maybe you aren't even that discerning.]

You wonder what it is you did yesterday that brought such a dream to you in the first place....

<b>Temporary Perk Gained: Stud Statue's Gift:</b> Your Fertility has temporarily increased! This perk will wear off if you don't visit the Male Statue again within seven days.

<b>Temporary Perk Gained: Matron Statue's Gift:</b> Your Virility has temporarily increased! This perk will wear off if you don't visit the Female Statue again within seven days.

// Grant the perks corresponding to the PC's sex and the statue's sex. So, if a male PC fucked a female statue, give him the Matron Statue's Gift; if a female PC fucked a male statue, they get the Stud Statue's Gift; grant both if the PC is a herm and was fucked by a herm statue.

// Give the PC a temporary virility and/or fertility perk that increases the stat by an X amount (I don't know what the parameters are, so I'll leave that up to the coders).