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stopped here

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Plans:

Color Scheme:

Emerald Scales.
Pearl-white underbelly.
Cerulean eyes.
Amber colored hair.

DG Ember's birthmark: Pearl-white splotch on her chest resembling a cum stain.

Personality:

Protective, helpful and caring. Puts the PC's needs above hers, but also desires to be closer to the PC. She needs to know that the PC wants her and isn't simply going along with her own needs and desires, for this reason she hides her rather naughty wishes.

Honesty:

Measurements:

Penis Length (Inches): 10

Penis Girth (Inches): 2
Ball Size: Apple-sized
Pussy Wetness: Wetter (3)
Breast Size: DD-cup (5)
Nipple Size (inches): 0.5
Hips/Thighs: Girly, Ample, Noticeable Hips (8)
Butt: Shapely, Handful, Full (7)
Capacity: 80

Fragment Templates:

Honesty Variants:

```
(Low Honesty){  
  
}  
(Medium Honesty){  
  
}  
(High Honesty){  
  
}
```

Cum variants:

```
(Low Cum Amount){  
  
}  
(Medium Cum Amount){  
  
}  
(High Cum Amount){  
  
}
```

Actual Content Starts Here!

Hatching

Resting bonelessly on the ground and re-examining the motivations that led up to cumming on the strange egg, you are startled when it shines brilliantly. Then just as suddenly, it goes dark.

Unnerved, you drag over to your erstwhile sextoy to examine it. As you lean in, a very slight trembling manifests itself in the egg. Cracking, breaking noises fill the air as tiny fractures begin to show across the egg's surface. Warned just in time by them, you turn your face away and cover your head as the shell erupts into a cloud of tiny fragments! As you huddle against the storm of eggshell shards, you hear a loud roar.

Lifting your head, you find the egg gone; in its place is an unfamiliar figure wrapped in thin wisps of [shellcolor] dust.

Male Anthro

It's huge, standing 7 feet tall at the very least. Its build is lean and slender, with powerful arms and legs that end in reptilian claws, complete with splay-toed feet capped by menacing talons.

Leathery reptilian wings grow from its back, and the creature reveals their impressive span as it tests and stretches them. The wings are comprised of taut, thin membranes; scaly flesh stretched between prominent bone struts. A reptilian muzzle replete with sharp teeth fit for a predator graces the world, and a large ivory horn curves around and forward from either temple.

A long tongue, long as a whip, slips out from within its jaws to taste the air and then vanishes back into its mouth with lightning speed. Intelligent, wise, serene eyes stare at you, with slit pupils and beautiful cerulean irises that glitter and shine even in the darkness.

The creature is covered from head to toe in prominent, shield-shaped scales. Its dorsal scales are a rich, verdant emerald-green, while its underbelly is a shimmering pearly-white color.

(If Ember lactates){

Your eyes set upon its chest, where perky, dribbling nipples jut from the breasts resting there. You size the creature as roughly an DD-cup.

}

(Otherwise){

Your eyes set upon its chest, where perky nipples jut from between small, aureate ventral scales.

}

[(libido check)Unthinkingly, your eyes wander next to/Surreptitiously, you sneak a peek at] the monster's crotch; there, a deceptively small slit in the flesh suddenly disgorges a 10-inch penis unlike anything you've ever seen before, bearing a rounded, elongated head and a series of ridges that give it an almost segmented look. A pair of apple-sized balls drop into place under it. He is most definitely male[, drooling nipples notwithstanding].

Female Anthro

It's huge, standing 7 feet tall at the very least. Its build is lean and slender, with powerful arms and legs that end in reptilian claws, complete with splay-toed feet capped by menacing talons.

Leathery reptilian wings grow from its back, and the creature reveals their impressive span as it tests and stretches them. The wings are comprised of taut, thin membranes; scaly flesh stretched between prominent bone struts. A reptilian muzzle replete with sharp teeth fit for a predator graces the world, and a large ivory horn curves around and forward from either temple.

A long tongue, long as a whip, slips out from within its jaws to lick its clawed hands and then vanishes back into its mouth with lightning speed. Intelligent, wise, serene eyes stare at you, with slit pupils and beautiful cerulean irises that glitter and shine even in the darkness.

The creature is covered from head to toe in prominent, shield-shaped scales. Its dorsal scales are a rich, verdant emerald-green, while its underbelly is a shimmering pearly-white color.

Your eyes set upon its chest, where perky nipples jut from the breasts resting there. You size the creature as roughly an DD-cup.

[(libido check)Unthinkingly, your eyes wander to/Surreptitiously, you sneak a peek at] the monster's crotch; there, you see that the fine scales actually separate to reveal a slick-looking pussy. She's clearly a female, with no noteworthy 'additions' that you can see.

Herm Anthro

It's huge, standing 7 feet tall at the very least. Its build is lean and slender, with powerful arms and legs that end in reptilian claws, complete with splay-toed feet capped by menacing talons.

Leathery reptilian wings grow from its back, and the creature reveals their impressive span as it tests and stretches them. The wings are comprised of taut, thin membranes; scaly flesh stretched between prominent bone struts. A reptilian muzzle replete with sharp teeth fit for a predator graces the world, and a large ivory horn curves around and forward from either temple.

A long tongue, long as a whip, slips out from within its jaws to lick its clawed hands and then vanishes back into its mouth with lightning speed. Intelligent, wise, serene eyes stare at you, with slit pupils and beautiful cerulean irises that glitter and shine even in the darkness.

The creature is covered from head to toe in prominent, shield-shaped scales. Its dorsal scales are a rich, verdant emerald-green, while its underbelly is a shimmering pearly-white color.

Your eyes set upon its chest, where perky nipples jut from the breasts resting there. You size the creature as roughly an DD-cup.

[(libido check)Unthinkingly, your eyes wander to/Surreptitiously, you sneak a peek at] the monster's crotch; there, you see the scales part in two places. The lower opening is unmistakably a pussy; but from the slit just above it suddenly distends a 10-inch penis unlike anything you've ever seen before, bearing a rounded, elongated head and a series of ridges that give it an almost segmented look. Beneath it, a pair of apple-sized balls fall into place heavily, leaving you no doubt that she is a hermaphrodite.

Monsterboy (needs to be adapted)

Your first impression is of a humanoid figure, but a closer look reveals some very non-human traits. While parts of it are covered in olive-hued skin, the rest glints with silvery, reptilian scales. It stands taller than any human, easily over 7 feet, and even from here you can see huge draconic wings, a pair of long, ivory-white horns, and a lashing, scaled tail. Reptilian eyes literally glow a gentle cerulean as they stare curiously at you.

The figure is masculine in appearance, with the features of a strong, defined musculature. There is a certain androgyny in his build, [complete with [huge breasts, easily F-cups) (and/or) (long, feminine locks of hair]], but his maleness is undeniable. Especially when you spot (the slit in his pelvis that disgorges a foot-long inhuman penis /a foot-long human penis that sways between his legs, completed by apple-size nuts held inside a fleshy sack).

Female Monstergirl (needs to be adapted)

Your first impression is of a humanoid figure, but a closer look reveals some very non-human traits. While parts of it are covered in olive-hued skin, the rest glints with silvery, reptilian scales. It stands taller than any human, easily over 7 feet, and even from here you can see huge draconic wings, a pair of long, ivory-white horns, and a lashing reptilian tail. Reptilian eyes literally glow a gentle cerulean as they stare curiously at you.

The figure is feminine in appearance, with graceful, well-toned curves. Her form is delightful, giving her a silhouette that any woman back in Ingnam would kill for; huge, soft breasts adorn her chest. Down below you see a taut belly, a handful of rounded butt, and feminine thighs that draw your attention with every move... and in-between those wonderful thighs you see an inviting, human-looking slit; some moisture has gathered, giving it a slick look that just begs for attention.

Herm Monstergirl (needs to be adapted)

Your first impression is of a humanoid figure, but a closer look reveals some very non-human traits. While parts of it are covered in olive-hued skin, the rest glints with silvery, reptilian scales. It stands taller than any human, easily over 7 feet, and even from here you can see huge draconic wings, a pair of long, ivory-white horns, and a lashing reptilian tail. Reptilian eyes literally glow a gentle cerulean as they stare curiously at you.

The figure seems feminine at first glance; beautifully feminine features, a delightfully curvaceous build, and huge breasts atop her chest. However, looking between her legs reveals a very unladylike extra feature; dangling over a vaginal slit, she has a (huge, human prick) / (huge inhuman cock hanging from some kind of internal sheath) and apple-size nuts held inside a fleshy sack slung under - the ensemble hangs nearly level with her knees. She... or he? is obviously a hermaphrodite.

Aftermath

You can only stand there and stare at this strange creature, supposedly a dragon, for what feels like hours.

It's the first to break the silence, looking at you in concern. "<i>Excuse me, but... who are you? And where am I?</i>" it inquires in confusion.

Curious, it speaks your language... might as well consider the ice broken. You introduce yourself, telling the creature that you helped it hatch from the egg.

It relaxes a bit. \"<i>“E-Egg? Oh, yes. That. Thank you so much for helping me.” The creature smiles thankfully at you and gently offers you a clawed hand.

You wonder what you should do with the offered hand, then decide on a neutral handshake; best to see just how friendly your new “friend” here is before trying anything.

“I guess I should introduce myself... erm...” </i>\ You wait patiently, but all the creature really does is stare down at the ground, apparently struggling to recall its name. “The Last Ember of Hope; that’s what my mind tells me. But that’s way too long and complicated, I’d rather you just call me ‘Ember’. Much simpler and easier on the tongue, right?”

You agree that certainly sounds easier to say. You have to ask, though; is s/he really a dragon? You must admit you were expecting something a little... bigger. Certainly something more intimidating.

\“ Oh... I assure you I am a dragon... in fact I believe I’m the last of the dragons...\” For a

moment you detect a hint of sadness in its eyes. \"As for being bigger... to be honest I haven't finished growing up just yet, so I imagine I'll grow by at least a foot or two more... And about being intimidating... I don't really resort to this kind of approach, it's much nicer having a pleasant chat, don't you agree? \" S/he smiles pleasantly at you.

You admit that s/he has a point; you also can't resist pointing out s/he's a lot less... blunt... than you'd expected him/her to be. \"I'll take that as a compliment... Anyway, sorry to bother you (player.name). But I don't have anywhere else to go... so... do you mind if I stay here? With you?\"

You give the matter some thought... yes, it could be a trick, but, at the same time, it presents a very effective veneer of being, if not harmless, then at least no threat to you by nature. Finally, you agree that the dragon - that Ember - can stay here with you. You gasp in surprise as you are suddenly enveloped into a friendly hug. \"Thank you so much! That means a lot to me!\" Ember tightens the hug (, mashing his/her bosom against your (chestDescript)). At one point you have to point out that you can't breathe like this; Ember immediately lets go of you.

\"S - Sorry about that... I guess I got carried away...\" S/he smiles nervously at you. \"If you don't mind, I'd like to explore your camp.\"

You tell the dragon that there's no problem with that, and indicate s/he's free to look at whatever catches his/her interest. Ember bows at you. \"Thank you. Excuse me then.\"

You watch the newly hatched dragon, carefully examining everything that catches his/her eye, being mindful not to disturb anything (or anyone). Ember is definitely not what would have been your first thought when the term \"dragon\" was brought up, but you can't say that s/he's entirely unwelcome. In this world where most creatures want to just beat you down and rape you, a dragon who just wants to be friendly is a welcome breath of fresh air from the menacing norm. Yes, you think that maybe hatching Ember was a good idea, all told, though you'll have to give him/her some time to settle in to truly decide in or out of the dragon's favor.

Camp Modifier

//These simulate a schedule and work alongside the approaches too!

6-7 hours: Gathering fruits for breakfast. (No variation)

Ember is currently preoccupied with feeding [herself]. [She's] got a sizable bundle of fruits, nuts and berries, which [she] busily peels, roasts with [her] fire-breath or otherwise greedily eats, casting aside rinds, skins, seeds and other trash in a heap beside her that she'll burn or bury later, depending on her mood.

8-10 hours: Cleaning her den, disposing of old leaves and bringing in new ones. (No variation.)
A faint melodious sound, a sort of whistling-interspersed wordless song, emanates from Ember's den as the dragon rakes out the old leaves and hauls them away from camp before fetching fresh vegetation to serve [her] as bedding in the night.

11-14 hours: takes a break to sunbathe (tends to her kids if she has dragonlings wandering about.)

{No EmberKids: Ember is currently dozing in a sunny patch of dirt, lying on [her] back with wings spread and eyes closed as [she] soaks up the sun with every hint of enjoyment.}

{If EmberKids =>1: Ember is busy chasing the little dragonling(s) around. It's hard to guess who's the kid and who's the adult since {both of them are/ they are all} laughing together. Truly a heartwarming sight, you're glad you chose to have kids with Ember.}

15-18 hours: Masturbates (How messy and frustrated she looks, based on honesty)

(Low Honesty){

Ember looks down at the ground with a frown, {she}'s pacing a lot. You wonder if something is troubling {her}. Suddenly {she} dashes off towards some bushes.

}

(Medium Honesty){

Ember has {her} back turned to you. Every once in awhile {she} shudders and you wonder what {she}'s really doing that's making {her} shudder.

}

(High Honesty){

Ember is openly masterubating inside {her} den. The place offers {her} some privacy, but from your current angle you can clearly see inside it. Once {she} realizes you're looking {her} way {she} grins and winks at you, there's no doubt {she} wants you to approach...

}

19-22 hours: Stargazing (reading books if post-quest)

{If EmberQuest not done: Ember is seated atop the mound of rock that comprises [her] den, looking up calmly at the night sky and studying the stars, though for what purpose you cannot say.}

{If EmberQuest done: Having made a little cupola on the side of [her] den, Ember is now reading through one of the books you both retrieved from the lost city of the dragons. [She] looks lost in thought, tapping [her] chin idly with a forefinger as [she] studies a particular passage.}

23 and on: Sleeping

Ember is currently tucked away inside of [her] den, with only the tip of [her] long, lizard-like tail

protruding from the dark entrance. It occasionally sweeps gently across the ground, rustling the leaves the dragon uses for bedding; [she's] obviously asleep.

Approaching Ember (todo)

//PC always calls out to Ember, removing the need to work on different approaches for every activity.

//Eagerness and dialogue modified by Honesty. Small fragments of text modified by time too!

6-7 hours: Gathering fruits for breakfast. (No variation)

You call out to the dragon as you approach {her}, asking how {her} breakfast tastes.

(Low Honesty){

“Good,” Ember replies chewing on a mouthful of fruit. “Want shome?” {She} holds a bunch of berries, similar to grapes, for you.

You decline the offer.

{She} gulps {her} mouthful and drops the berries nearby. “Okay... what can I help you with then?” {She} gets up smiling at you.

(Display Options)

}

(Medium Honesty){

Ember gulps {her} mouthful of fruit and licks {her} lips. “Pretty good, care to join me for breakfast?”

You decline the offer.

“Alright.” {She} gets up and dusts. “So, what can I do you for?” She asks with an innocent smile.

(Options)

}

(High Honesty){

“Pretty tashty.” {She} gulps {her} food down. “But to be honest, I’d rather have someone else for breakfast...” The dragon{-girl} looks you up and down, smiling mischievously as thin strands of steam begin rising from {her} nostrils.

When does {she} not want you, is the question you playfully toss back at {her}.

Ember gets up and stretches {herself}. “Alright then, what can I do for you sexy?” {She} smiles.

(Options)
}

8-10 hours: Cleaning her den and disposing of old leaves and bringing in new ones. (No variation.)

You call a greeting to the dragon, idly asking if {she's} cleaning {her} den yet again.

(Low Honesty){
“Yep, have to keep my den clean. Plus fresh leaves feel much better than old ones.” {She} smiles at you before continuing to clear the leaves.

(Options)
}

(Medium Honesty){
“Yeah, but I could use a break to be honest.” {She} puts the broom away and stretches {herself}, giving you a great view of {her} assets...

“Wanna do something, [name]?”

(Options)
}

(High Honesty){
“No, I’m swiping them out of my den because I like playing with leaves.” {She} throws you a raspberry, though with only the tip of her tongue, as doing otherwise would probably take it from playful to creepy.

That you can easily believe, you reply.

“Silly, [name].” {She} bops you on your nose. “So, any reason for you coming over? Maybe you’d like to help me tidy up? Or maybe...” {She} smirks. “You’d like to take one last go at the old leaves before I replace them?”

(Options)
}

11-14 hours: takes a break to sunbathe (tends to her kids if she has dragonlings wandering about.)

You call a greeting as you approach, asking if Ember is {enjoying the sunshine}/{having fun

playing with the kid[s]].

Ember gets up and stretches {herself} walking over to you.

(Low Honesty){

“Yeah, but I could use a break. Want to hang out or do something?” {She} asks with a smile.

(Options)

}

(Medium Honesty){

“Yep, but I’d rather spend some time with you now. So how about we go do something?

Whacha wanna do [name]?” {She} asks with a smile.

(Options)

}

(High Honesty){

“Yes, but right now I’m feeling a bit pent up. So why don’t we duck behind a few bushes and go for a quick romp?” {She} asks with a smile, thin streamers of steam rising from her nostrils.

You consider the suggestion with all the thought it deserves.

“Well?”

(Display options)

{

}

15-18 hours: Masturbates (How messy and frustrated she looks, based on honesty)

You can't resist teasingly asking if {she} really shouldn't be somewhere a bit more private to do stuff like that - unless this is {her} way of asking you for some help?

(Low Honesty){

“D - Doing what? I’m not doing anything!” The dragon{-girl} says as {she} turns to look at you, steam already leaking from {her} nostrils.

Uh-huh, sure, you believe {her}, you reply.

“Anyway, what can I help you with?” {She} asks, regaining some control over {her} steaming nostrils.

(Options)

}

(Medium Honesty){

“Oh! Hey [name]!” Ember greets you enthusiastically... over the curtain of steam leaking from {her} nostrils.

You look at your draconic...er... minion, and shake your head at {her} rampant lust.

“Err... can I help you with something?” Ember asks, somewhat embarrassed at being caught in such a position, but less so than most would be.

(Options)

}

(High Honesty){

“Thank Marae, you finally noticed! I was going to start breathing flames up in the sky to signal you, [name].” Ember says over many puffs of steam.

“Can’t you tell when a dragon is feeling needy?” {She} smirks at you, licking {her} lips and letting {her} tail sway lazily behind {her}.

Well, you're here now, aren't you, you reply.

“Well then. What are you waiting for? I’m ready for whatever you want to do.” {She} sashays over to you, rubbing {herself} on you like a feline.

But supposing you aren't in the mood for sex, you point out.

“Well if you don’t want to blow some steam, then what can I do for you?” {She} asks, a bit disappointed.

(Options)

}

19-22 hours: Stargazing (reading books if post-quest)

(Low Honesty){

stopped here

}

(Medium Honesty){

}

(High Honesty){

}

List of Camp Actions

- Appearance (shows Ember's appearance, always available)
- Talk (always available)
- Egg (get a dragon egg, available if she has a pussy and received Ovi Elixir before hatching) (unlimited times/day)
- Milk (get dragon milk, available if s/he has received Lactaid before hatching.) (unlimited times/day)
- Blood (get dragon blood, always available) (1 time/day)
- Sex (have sex, always available)
- Spar (fight Ember)

Appearance

Anthro

Ember is a 7' 3" tall humanoid dragon, with supple, long limbs and a build that is toned and athletic, with powerful underlying muscles. S/He looks strong and imposing, but ([male](#): not overly muscled.) / ([female/herm](#): feminine).

(Male){

Ember's body is the perfect picture of a healthy male. Not underweight or overweight, but with just the perfect amount of fat that, excepting the[dribbling breasts,], snout, wings, and horns, gives him the silhouette of a prince from your village's stories: dashing and handsome.

}

(Female/Herm){

Ember's body is a curvy thing, not rough like you'd expect from a reptilian creature, but rounded and almost soft-looking, with a taut belly and a perfect hourglass figure, giving him/her the silhouette of an amazon from your village's histories: beautiful but powerful. Excepting the wings and horns, of course.

}

The dragon doesn't bother hiding [her] body with clothes, instead preferring to walk about naked. When [she] catches you looking at [her], [she] just smiles pleasantly and waves at you; there is not a hint of shame or embarrassment in [her] demeanor, almost as if [she] was completely oblivious to the fact [she] is always naked.

His/Her head is reptilian, with sharp teeth fit for a predator and strong ridges on the underside of the jaw. At the sides of his/her head are strange, fin-like growths concealing small holes; you presume these to be the dragon equivalent of ears. Atop his/her head sit a pair of ebony horns that curve backwards elegantly; despite being as tough as steel, their shape is not fit for use in combat, instead it is simply aesthetical, giving Ember a majestic look. A long tongue occasionally slips out, to lick at his/her jaws and teeth. Prideful, fierce eyes, with slit pupils and burning cerulean irises, glitter even in the darkness.

(if Ember has any hair){

Short/Shoulder-length hair the orange-brown of amber sprouts from his/her head. You'd think that a dragon with hair would look weird, but it actually compliments Ember's looks very well.

}

(if Ember has a level 2 mane){

Tracing his/her spine, a mane of hair grows; starting at the base of his/her neck and continuing down his/her tail, ending on the tip of his/her tail in a small tuft. It is the same color as the hair on his/her head, but shorter and denser; it grows in a thick vertical strip, maybe two inches wide. It reminds you vaguely of a horse's mane.

}

[His] back supports a pair of strong, scaly dragon wings, covered in membranous leathery scales. The muscles are held taut, as though ready to extend and take to the skies at any notice.

(Male){

His hips are normal-looking, not demanding any kind of extra attention. His butt is taut and firm, lending itself well to balance.

}

(Female/Herm){

Her girly hips are as eye-catching as the shapely handful that graces her posterior, giving Ember a graceful strut. And that same delightful butt of hers just begs to be touched, soft enough to jiggle only slightly and yet firm enough to not trouble the dragon's balance.

}

A long, scaly, flexible tail lashes behind him/her, its final third adorned with small bumps that can extend into vicious-looking spikes. His/Her legs appear humanoid until the feet, where they end in powerful, taloned reptilian claws meant for gripping at the ground.

Ember is covered from head to toe in shield-shaped scales. His/her dorsal scales are verdant emerald green, while his/her underbelly is a pearly white that stands in stark contrast. These gemstone-colored scales are large and prominent on Ember's back and the exterior of his/her limbs, but, on his/her face, the interior of his/her limbs and the front of his/her body, they are

very small and fine, giving them a smooth and silken texture.

The [(furry)]little]exposed flesh of Ember's body is a light shade of pink; but flushes when [he's] aroused, drawing your eyes towards her/his most sexual parts.

(Ember breast check){

Situated upon his/her chest are a pair of (DD-cup soft, pillowy breasts / flat manly pecs) covered in fine scales excepting his/her areolas; 0.5 inch nipples protrude from the center of the (generous mounds / masculine pectorals).

}

(If Ember has a penis){

Hanging from his/her crotch, where it emerges from a slit leading to the interior of his/her pelvic cavity, is a 10 inch-long, 2 inch-wide penis with a shape unlike any other that you've seen so far in this realm.

The head is rounded and elongated, while the shaft has a series of ridges, evenly spaced and so prominent as to give it an almost segmented appearance. When fully extended; a pair of apple-sized testicles drops out of his/her genital slit.

}

(If Ember has a vagina){

The scales in-between Ember's legs are particularly smooth and fine, and part just enough to reveal the insides of her slick pussy; soft, inviting and moist.

}

Monster-girl (todo)

Talk

Yourself

You ask the dragon if [she] would mind giving you [her] opinion on you.

Ember blinks at your question and scratches [he]r chin. "Well... you're very

[beautiful/handsome] [High Honesty: - not to mention sexy -] and I like you a lot.”

You comment that, while what [she] says is flattering, you were expecting a little more of an in-depth commentary on yourself. “Okay... I’ll try. Let me see...”

```
(if Corruption == 0){  
    “I don’t actually feel any taint from within you. Which is surprising, considering what I’ve seen out there... You really are something else, [name]!” The dragon[-girl] smiles.  
}  
(else if Corruption < 50){  
    “I sense some taint within you... perhaps you should consider purifying yourself somehow? I could offer you some help by listening to you, but I wonder how effective would this be...”  
    Ember scratches her chin.  
}  
(else if Corruption < 100){  
    “Oh... I sense a lot of taint within you... we should definitely do something about that! If there’s any way I can help you overcome this, do not hesitate to tell me!” Ember smiles at you in determination.  
}  
(else){ //Corruption == 100  
    “[name]... if you don’t do something I fear that the taint within this land might get to you and you might lose your soul. Please do something about that! I’d hate to have anything bad happen to you!” The dragon[-girl] pleads.  
}
```

Ember looks you over, touching in a few spots.

```
(if Tone < 33){  
    “I think you could use some working out. It would make you look even more [beautiful/handsome] if you showed a bit more muscle.”  
}  
(else if Tone < 66){  
    “Your pretty is pretty sculpted. Just the right amount of muscles, I think.”  
}  
(else){ //Tone <= 100  
    “Wow, you really are ripped, [name]! Those well-defined muscles of yours really make you look good!” Ember giggles, small strands of steam escaping her nose. [High Honesty: “Now I know what I’m going to be masturbating for when you’re not around,” [She] adds, licking [her] lips.]  
}
```

Next, Ember takes another quick glance at you, nodding to [herself].

```
(if Thickness < 33){
```

[name]... I want you to come by my den later at night. I'll fix you a hearty meal so you can put on some weight. I don't mean to say you don't look good, because you always do." [She] giggles. "But I think you'd look even better if you had a bit more flesh."

}

(else if Thickness < 66){

"I guess I've said all I can about you, [name]. The rest is just perfect." Ember smiles. [High Honesty]: "Now if only I could get you to use that perfect body of yours to do a certain number of things..." [She] adds seductively.

}

(else){ //Thickness <= 100

"You're a bit fatty here and there. But I think it makes you look just adorable, and extra huggable too," [She] says, wrapping you in a short embrace. "Definitely more huggable!" [She] adds with a giggle.

}

Dragons

You ask Ember if [she] maybe remembers anything about [her] own people? If so, perhaps [she]'d be willing to share what [she] knows with you?

"Well I don't recall that much, and the memories I do have are a bit fuzzy... but, sure. I'll try. What do you want to know about?"

Topics:

- Mating habits
- Ember's Origins
- Kidnapping
- Hoarding
- Adulthood
- General Behaviour

Mating Habits

You ask Ember (Medium Honesty: with something of a knowing wink) if [she] will maybe tell you a little about draconic mating habits and customs...?

(High Honesty){

"Oh, interested in finding out how dragons do it, huh? But I'll have you know that I'm good with anything you come up with, my lovely perv." Ember smiles, rubbing [her] hands together in apparent excitement

}

```
(else){  
    "Oh... should I take that as a sign you're interested in me, by any chance?" Ember smiles. "Just  
    joking!" [She] chuckles.  
}
```

"Where do I begin... ever heard a saying that goes: Everything is fair in love and war?"

You tell [her] that you may have heard a saying like that...

"For dragons love is war. Or rather, a battle. Usually dragons only mate after a fierce competition between males and females. They recognize each other's worth through this competition and agree to be mates, then they work together to improve each other, pushing to better themselves and each other as a whole. That's not to say that the concept of love doesn't exist in dragon culture, but since we try so hard to impress each other, things end up turning into a flat out competition... so if a dragon starts challenging you regularly, this means they may have feelings for you." Ember chuckles.

```
(High Honesty){  
    So, why does [she] never challenge you like that, then? Does that mean [she] doesn't love  
    you? You ask the dragon with a grin on your face, making it obvious that you're just joking and  
    you know that [she] really loves you.
```

"For starters, we're already mates. And if that wasn't obvious enough by now then we haven't had enough sex yet... although you can never have enough sex I suppose..." [She] crosses her arms, smiling at you, tail waving lazily behind. "Then we also have the fact that you've got your adventuring to do, and I don't want to wear you down... besides that... if you really want to compete somehow, why don't you challenge me instead?"

And how exactly might you challenge [her], you ask? "Simple. Just say." [She] clears her throat, trying her best to imitate your voice. "Ember, my lovely, sexy, dragon mate. I challenge you to a competition to see who will last longer in a sex-a-thon."

You chuckle and tell the dragon that [she] has a very one-track mind. [She] throws you a raspberry, with her long tongue coming within inches from your face. "That's your own fault for being so damn sexy." Ember huffs a small cloud of steam.

With an exaggerated sigh, you consider your options. Judging by the steam pouring from Ember's snout, it's unlikely [she] will take no for an answer, so you may as well decide on the position...

```
/Display sex options.  
}
```

(else){

You admit to Ember that's rather surprising; [her] own attitude never suggested to you that sort of... romantic belligerence, let's say.

"You know I like you a lot right? I just don't want to strain our relationship like that... I'm taking it slow... besides that, if I challenged you on a regular basis, you would be too tired to adventure... and there's also the fact that I don't know how things are done where you come from..."

You confess that they are kind of different... but, then again, this world in general is pretty different to the one you come from.

Ember nods and smiles at you. "There's no need to push it... we can do things your way, I don't mind. Though I wouldn't refuse if you wanted to challenge me for a competition either. So I leave the decision up to you... Is that all or were you wanting to talk about something else?" The dragon asks.

/Display talk options

}

Ember's Origins

Your curiosity overwhelming you, you ask the dragon if [she] can tell you anything about where [she] came from? You found the note with [her] egg, but you were wondering just how much Ember "remembers" about who [she] is and where [she] came from and all those sorts of questions?

(if High Honesty){

Ember takes a deep breath. "To be completely honest with you, [name]. I do have some memories from before you hatched me... I think... maybe calling them memories is wrong?" [She] taps her lips in thought. "I have visions... flashes... of a life before meeting you... of seeing things... but that isn't me. I know for a fact that the dragon I'm seeing these visions and flashes from is not me... at least not the real me... who is standing before you right now. It feels like I'm watching events that don't make sense, like a puzzle of some sort... except that I don't really have any will to put this puzzle together, because I know that isn't me, and never will be. Besides that, I have something far more important to occupy my mind... and that is you, [name]. It doesn't matter that I don't really have a past from before you hatched me and we met, because for me, that is more than I could ever want." [She] smiles happily at you.

At a loss for words, you tell Ember that you can't think of anything to say, other than the fact [she] is honoring you by saying such things.

Ember approaches you and embraces you in a hug. "You don't have to say anything... just be

here. I love you and you're my mate, I'm glad I do you honor." Without word or thought, you wrap your own arms around your draconic mate and hug [her] back, as tightly as you can. The two of you sit together, listening to each other's heartbeats, until finally you apologetically tell [her] that you must go; you have other things to do.

Ember nods. "Okay... I'll be here when you return, ready to receive you with open arms." [She] gives you a little peck on the lips and releases you.

You slowly remove your own arms and head off, ready to continue your quest.

/Player returns to camp menu

}

(else){

"That's... kind of a delicate subject... and I haven't really given it much thought... do you mind if we talk about something else?"

You apologise, you didn't realise it was something sensitive, and instead change the subject...

/Display Talk options

}

Kidnapping

You comment to Ember that, back in your village, there are many stories of dragons kidnapping people, especially royals. Is there any truth to those stories here in Mareth?

Ember looks at you mischievously. "Why the question? You don't happen to be a royal, do you?"

You comment that you don't think you were last time you checked, you were merely curious if the stories bore any resemblance to the reality.

First the dragon eyes you with disdain, then bursts out laughing. "Silly [name]... Why would I bother kidnapping any type of royalty? All that would accomplish is start a war and the hostage would probably get on my nerves as well... what's with all the threatening to behead me and complaining about the way they're treated..."

You stifle a laugh, smirk, and admit you thought it was silly anyway, you just couldn't resist asking. You thank Ember for [her] patience.

(If High Honesty){

"Hold it right there, [mister]." Ember says authoritatively, circling you to block your way out. You

stop and look at [her] curiously, wondering what's wrong.

"While it's true that we dragons usually don't bother to kidnap anyone, I might just have to open an exception in your case... considering what a fine [species] you are..." [She] looks you over appraisingly.

So [she]'s considering kidnapping you, is [she]? Playing along, you tell the dragon that while you're not royalty yourself, you do like to complain, threaten, and need to eat at least 3 times a day, plus you really like to be spoiled in all sorts of ways... is [she] ready to deal with the responsibilities? You tell [her] amusingly.

"Wait... what? Surely you can't be that hard to please?" Ember replies worriedly. Oh but you can... you tell [her]. In fact, you might just skip the getting kidnapped part and just go with [her].

"Uuuuh... let's not get ahead of ourselves... we should have a trial period... maybe you should kidnap me instead so you can show me all about how to treat a hostage?" [She] offers.

You look thoughtful, tapping your chin with an exaggerated expression of contemplation on your face. Then you ask; haven't you already done that? After all, Ember sleeps in your camp, [she] eats your food, you have sex with [her]... isn't [she] technically yours already?

The dragon gasps. "Oh snap! I was a hostage all along and didn't know it? You [sir], are good... Now about that having sex part... I have some suggestions..."

/Display Sex options, plus Leave option, if Sex option is chosen go to appropriate sex scene, otherwise play the following:

You sigh and shake your head; right now, you have other things to do. But, if she's a good hostage, you'll be back to ravish her later, okay?

"Deal!" Ember eagerly agrees, extending her clawed hand in your direction. You shake it and tell [her] you'll be back when you can.

}

(else){

"You're welcome, see you later." [She] waves you goodbye.

}

Hoarding

You note to Ember that, back in Mareth, tales about dragons often speak of them collecting great hoards of precious things - is this true for her people as well?

Ember stops to think for a moment. “Depends on what you mean by precious thing.”

Well, in the tales, it tends to be valuables, you admit; gold, silver, coins, jewelry, paintings, swords, armor, anything worth money.

Ember shakes [her] head. “I’m afraid we don’t really collect any of those things... I mean... sure we collect gems from doing our jobs, but that’s about it... I don’t think it’s any different from what a normal person with a job would do. Now about precious things in general... we do collect something precious, but it’s far from being tangible objects. We collect knowledge, history and memories. There are many ways of doing so... some prefer to paint, some prefer to write it in a book and some build pieces of art to represent those... but me... I keep everything here.” [She] puts a clawed hand on her chest, right over where her heart is supposed to be.

You tell [her] that sounds much more reasonable, in your opinion, and certainly nothing wrong with hoarding those kinds of things.

(if High Honesty){

“Is that all? Perhaps you would like to make some precious memories with me, right now?”

[She] looks at you seductively, tail lazily curling to rub against your chin.

You smile your most winning smile at the dragon, reaching up to gently caress the tail rubbing against your chin. And just what sort of memories might [she] be talking about, you suggest?

“Naked memories...” [She] states playfully.

Well, you reply, if [she] puts it so temptingly...

/Display sex options

}

(else){

“Is that all? Or would you to talk about something more?”

/Display talk options

}

Adulthood

You ask if Ember will tell you about grown-up dragons?

The dragon[-girl] pouts. “Whatever do you mean by that? Do I look like a baby to you?” [She] asks with some indignation. You apologise, insisting that [she] doesn’t, but, well, something

about [her] doesn't exactly seem fully mature, either. You always thought dragons were supposed to be huge creatures - not that [she]'s short at seven feet, but, let's just say you were kind of expecting her to be bigger... Not to mention the fact that you literally hatched her from her egg, so you kind of assumed she wasn't "properly" grown up, as well.

"Well... to be entirely honest I might still have some growing up to do... though not that much. We dragons don't grow to gigantic sizes, otherwise we'd have a real problem with housing..." Ember states matter-of-factly. "Females usually grow up to nineish feet and males usually grow up to eightish feet. Though there can be some variation, that's the norm. Sorry to disappoint, but that's as big as we get..." [She] shrugs.

(if Ember is a herm){

As you digest this, you can't resist asking what Ember thinks will happen to her; she's pretty much half male and half female, so how big's she going to get? No bigger than she is now? Or will she maybe outgrow even a female dragon?

Ember thinks for awhile, then shrugs. "I really have no idea. As far as I know, I'm the first dragon in recorded history to have both genders... so maybe I'll grow up into a giant dragon? Or maybe I'll just stop growing and remain at seven feet tall? Either way... I hope you don't have anything against midget dragons... nor giant dragons." She laughs. You laugh with her and promise her you'll do your best to love her, no matter how big she gets - or never gets.
}

So, just how long does it take for a dragon to get fully grown, anyway, you ask? "About forty or so years. We dragons have pretty big lifespans, so forty years is not that much." So, at over seven feet, if Ember is going to get any bigger, it'll be years before she shows any noticeable signs of it, you ask? "Considering I'm about twenty years old... pretty much." Ember nods.

Curious, you ask how Ember knows [she]'s twenty years old? [She] suddenly grows quiet... and stops to scratch her chin in thought. "You know? I'm not sure either... I know I am that old... but any memories of my past birthdays and even my childhood are a mystery to me. Though to be honest? I'm not that worried about the past... I'm more worried about the present and the future." [She] smiles happily. You tell her that's an admirable attitude to have, especially in this world.

(if High Honesty){

"So, is that all? Perhaps you'd like to enjoy this fruit while it's ripe for the picking?" She motions at [herself], smiling seductively at you..

/Display Ember options

}

(else){

"So, is that all? Or would you like to do something else?

```
/Display Ember options  
}
```

General Behaviour

You tell Ember that you don't have any specific questions, you're just curious about what [she] can tell you about her people in general.

Ember taps her lips in thought. "Well... dragon are proud creatures. We have great respect for one's worth and spend our lives trying to prove it to each other, as well as ourselves. I'm afraid that our pride is also the reason we're seen as arrogant by the other races of Mareth, due to the fact that we don't usually mix ourselves with them. We also value mastery and expertise, in all areas, such as wisdom, strength, prowess, even sex." She swings her head to the sides a few times and finally concludes. "That's about it, I guess there isn't much more I could tell you about my species."

You tell Ember that, while you mean no offense, [she] isn't really that much like how [she] describes [her] people normally acting. Why is that?

Ember shrugs. "I don't know, but while I do value worth and prowess and all that... I just don't feel like these should be what defines someone... so I'm open to meeting them first. Weird for a dragon, I know... but that's how I am." [She] smiles.

You nod in understanding, thank Ember for sharing [her] words of wisdom on her people, and then apologise, saying you have other things to do. "Okay, if you need me, you know where to find me."

You tell [her] that you do know, politely say goodbye, and head off.

```
/Player returns to Main Camp Menu
```

Demons

```
//One time boost to honesty.
```

You ask Ember if [she] will give you [her] opinion on demons, and what kind of threat [she] thinks they pose to this world?

"To be honest, I pity them," Ember replies. "I mean... they are basically people that have lost their souls, right? So if we restored their souls... perhaps they'd go back to being normal people? I bet some of them were even good people before all this happened... maybe they were turned against their will or got caught up by the rotten ones... who knows?" [She] shrugs. "I get why there are some people that would hate them... or even want them dead. But for me..."

I guess if they weren't trying to corrupt everything around them I could learn to accept them... I just... don't like the idea of taking lives... even demon lives." She adds.

You digest this information; it's surprising to hear someone actually pitying the demons, rather than despising them or wanting to emulate their power, and you tell this to the dragon.

"I don't mean to say that they shouldn't be dealt with... just that there might be a better way of dealing with them... I mean... what if that demon was someone you knew and cared for? Wouldn't you feel sad for having to end their lives? When I think about this I can't honestly hate them, though I do dislike them."

Feeling you understand [her] stance now, you ask [her]; so, does [she] think there's a cure? Some kind of way to turn them back into humans - or whatever race they might have originally been?

Ember smiles. "If there is, I would love to find a cure personally. And I hope we will find a way to turn them back... or at least restore their souls... but, let me tell you." [She] looks at you with serious determination. "If someone I care for was threatened by anyone, demon or not, I would hunt them to ends of Mareth." [She] sighs, blowing a small puff of smoke, then relaxes and smiles at you. "But as long as that doesn't happen, I wouldn't do anything of the sort."

You can't resist thinking to yourself that what Ember just said sounds more like the behavior of the dragons in your village's stories. Instead, you ask what Ember thinks you should do if you have a demon at your mercy? It's all well and good to pity them for what they've lost, but the fact is that they don't have any ability to care about anything or anyone besides themselves and their lusts now, so if you let them go, then when they inevitably start rampaging again afterwards, aren't you to blame for the people they enslave, rape or transform into monsters?

Ember seems to think deeply for a moment. "I guess first and foremost you should imprison them somehow... but I see your point, if you had to kill or let them go... I guess you should kill them after all. This is one of the situations where you just have to pick the least of two evils." [She] says, looking a bit depressed.

You try to comfort [her], telling [her] that the fact [she] can feel the way [she] does is a sign that [she] is far better than what the demons have become. Besides, maybe there is no cure - maybe once a soul is gone, nothing in this world can restore it, so it's ultimately a cruel mercy.

"I know that the chances of there ever being a cure are pretty much nonexistent... but I still hope we're wrong and there is a way." [She] smiles sadly.

Out of curiosity, you ask if [she] feels the same way about imps? After all, from what you've learned, imps were born without souls - so they've never been anything better than what they now.

Ember sighs sadly. "I supposed there is no other way to deal with them other than killing them... otherwise they might end up corrupting others."

You thank Ember for sharing [her] thoughts on this topic; you've been given some interesting matters to think on. "You're welcome. Just watch your back out there, I'd hate to have anything happen to you." She smiles sadly. You repeat Ember's goodbye and then leave [her] to [her] thoughts.

Confess Sins

//Ember is not a nun, but she can spare a friendly ear to hear you out. Maybe make you think about stuff too.

//Reduces corruption up to a certain threshold. I'm thinking it can't reduce it below 20 or 30.

You ask Ember if [she] will be willing to listen to you for a while; there's some weight you need to get off your chest.

(Low/Medium Honesty){

"Of course! I don't know if I'll be able to help you, but I'm always willing to listen to what troubles you, [name]." The dragon replies with a smile.

}

(High Honesty){

"Of course! There are no secrets between us, my mate. I'm always willing to listen to your troubles, and if possible I'll do my best to help you. Especially if the problem involves certain parts of you." The dragon replies with a mischievous smile.

}

You scratch your head, wondering where to begin, sigh softly, and begin to tell Ember about your sins - the ways that you have given into the corruption the demons have spread, and allowed your morals to be cast aside in pursuit of your own selfish pleasures.

Ember listens attentively while you you speak, and once you're done she loops an arm over your shoulders bringing you close to [her] so [she] can kiss you on the cheek. "[name]. Unfortunately there isn't much I can do about corruption, but just the fact that you can admit that what you're doing is wrong, means you haven't actually given up on your morals. It's important for you to make amends with those you've wronged, as well as yourself. (**High Honesty:** And about pleasure... true pleasure can only be attained when you're sharing it with someone special. I should know... you're special to me.)"

(if Corruption is <= threshold){

You listen to the dragon's words and know that they are true... but, at the same time, you fear

that even trying to reassert your morals won't help you shake off the corruption already afflicting you, merely prevent it from dragging you deeper into the darkness. You fear you need something more potent, magical even, in order to cleanse yourself further than this. Still, Ember's words bolster your spirit and give you hope that you can at least prevent yourself from sliding any deeper into darkness, and you thank the dragon for that.

}

(else){

You listen to the dragon's words and know that they are true... if your descent into corruption was irrevocable, then you wouldn't be feeling the worry that you feel - you wouldn't care enough to ask [her] for counselling like this. Your heart feels lighter and your head feels clearer; focusing on the truth in Ember's words makes things come back into focus. With a heartfelt sigh of relief, you thank Ember for [her] words, telling [her] that really feels like it helped you.

}

You can visibly see Ember's chest swelling with pride. "You're welcome. I'm glad I was of some use to you, [name]." [She] smiles happily.

(If Honesty < High){

You thank the dragon once again for hearing you out and giving you [her] advice, and then politely excuse yourself to think some more on what [she] said.

}

(else){

"Now... how about you share some pleasure with me? I promise to share plenty of my pleasure with you." [She] gazes at you with a sultry look, steam rising in thin streams from [her] nose.

[Yes][No]

[=Yes=]

With a playful grin, you point out that's a little hypocritical, given you just noted you've been thinking too much about sex. Still, if [she] is so horny [she]'s willing to risk it with you...

(Display Sex Menu)

[=No=]

As politely as possible, you decline, telling the dragon you're just not in the mood for sex right now.

"Pity... still, I'll be waiting for you whenever you feel like it." [She] smiles.

}

Treat Wounds

//heals PC over 1 hour. Does not reduce fatigue.

You ask if Ember would be willing to give you a hand tending to your injuries? Normally you handle them yourself, but an extra pair of hands might let you treat them better.

“Of course. Let me take a look... where are you hurting?” [She] asks, looking you over.

You start pointing out the parts of you that have been bruised, battered, scraped, gashed, burnt, stabbed or otherwise mangled as a result of your explorations.

“Oh my... you should be careful when adventuring...” Ember scolds you, examining your wounds. “This will only take a moment, so relax... I promise it won’t hurt.” [She] takes a deep breath and begins blowing steam over your wounds.

Despite what you’d expect, it’s not scaldingly hot - instead, it’s a comfortable, pleasant sort of warmth that leaves you feeling limber and relaxed, the pain ebbing away as the steam anaesthetizes your wounds and accelerates their natural healing.

Within moments, Ember is done with that particular spot and moves to the next, repeating the process...

“All done!” Ember declares, gently kissing your arm where a wound marred your [skin] mere moments ago. You rotate your arm and smile, gratefully thanking Ember and noting that feels much better. “You’re welcome, but be more careful. I’d hate to have anything bad happen to you.” Ember smiles. You promise you’ll try, give [her] a gentle kiss on the tip of [her] nose, and walk away.

Get Blood

//Effects of Get Blood are identical to the ones used for Tainted Ember

You ask Ember if [she] will allow you to drink some of her blood in hopes of growing stronger.

The dragon smiles and nods. “Sure. But only because it’s you who’s asking.” Taking [her] index finger into [her] mouth, [she] gently bite the digit, puncturing it. Then she presents the digit for you to drink her blood from. “Here, I hope you don’t mind sucking it out yourself... and don’t overdo it... I need blood to stay alive, you know.” [She] chuckles at her own joke.

You promise her you'll be careful, gently take the offered hand, and start to suckle on [her] bleeding finger. The overwhelming taste of [her] blood cakes your tongue, filling you with strength and vitality, a sensation that keeps on growing. Do you drink sparingly, or try and drink as much as possible, which may make you even more like Ember?

[Keep Drinking] [Stop]

[=Stop=]

You decide you've drained enough of the dragon's blood to give yourself a very real power boost and let go, running your finger over the puncture to be sure that it's stopped bleeding.

"Thanks, but I can handle myself," Ember replies, popping [her] digit right into [her] mouth. [She] licks and sucks [her] own finger... and at some point you notice thin streams of steam rising from [her] nose.

(Go to honesty message)

[=Keep Drinking=]

Craving the dragon's strength for yourself, you continue to drink... At one point you hear Ember panting, and worried you might be overdoing it you decide to stop. The dragon immediately pops her finger into [her] mouth to lick and suckle.

(insert Dragon TF message, take from Tainted Ember doc)

You look at Ember and realize that there are thin streams of steam coming out of [her] nose.

(Go to honesty message)

Honesty Message:

(Low Honesty){

You ask if [she]'s alright, or merely cauterizing the wound? It didn't look that bad...

Ember gasps and covers [her] nose, [her] finger completely healed. "Uhh... yeah! Sorry about this..." [She] smiles nervously. "I can't control this aspect of myself very well... Gotta go!" [She] blurts out, then promptly dashes away.

You watch [her] as [she] goes, wondering if [she]'s really alright and hoping that it isn't anything serious. Then, with a faint sigh and feeling revitalised, you head off to resume your day.

}

(Medium Honesty){

You smile and ask if [she] enjoyed your efforts? [She] really must have a kinky side to find the

idea of you drinking [her] blood a turn on.

Ember gasps and shoots you an indignant stare. “W - Where are you getting the idea this is turning me on? Do you think I’m some sort of pervert to be getting off at the idea of sharing my blood with someone... honestly, [name]... sometimes...” [She] trails off.

Well, you note, [she]’s steaming from the nose again, and [she] only does that when [she] is feeling turned on... At first [she] looks startled, but she quickly regains her composure. “Don’t be silly, [name]. I already told you multiple times that this is a condition I have. It’s not like I’m steaming because I want... anyways, gotta go!” She walks away... rather quickly in fact...

You sigh and then chuckle; [she]’s turned on and [she] knows it - you’ll just have to be patient until you can convince [her] to admit what a pervert [she] is. Feeling empowered by the blood of your draconic lover, you turn and walk away, ready to continue your adventures.

}

(High Honesty){

You chuckle softly and tell Ember that [she] is one kinky dragon - not just for liking bloodplay, but to see what you just did as bloodplay enough to get turned on by it.

Ember looks at you through half-lidded lusty eyes. “It’s not the bloodplay, dear. It’s the fact that you were suckling on my finger so earnestly just moments ago. This is kinda like an indirect kiss... and besides that you know that only you can make me steam.” She smiles at you.

You tell [her] that you know that... but, if [she] wants to kiss you, [she] doesn’t need to do it indirectly...

“Is that so? In this case come here you...” Ember grabs you by the sides of your head and wastes no time in thrusting [her] tongue inside your mouth in a fierce and passionate kiss, the thin streams of steam coming out of [her] nose growing in intensity until [she] is blasting steam like a kettle full of boiling water. Moments later [she] releases you and sighs, blowing a heart-shaped puff of steam at you. “Hmm... direct kisses are so much better than indirect ones.” She says, smiling at you coyly.

You can resist a laugh and admit that they are. You tap [her] playfully on the nose and remind [her] to be good. Ember puffs out [her] chest and says, “I’m always good, my mate. If I wasn’t you would already be naked.” [She] winks. “Unless... this was a bait, because you DO want to see my bad side?” She grins.

Maybe later, you tell [her], but right now you have other things to do. You [pat [her] head/ruffle [her] hair] and head off to do those very things. “Tease!” [She] calls out after you.

}

Unique Dragonfire Effect: (todo)

//Regenerate PC while dealing damage to the enemy. Damage/Healing over time.

Get Egg (todo)

/See Tainted Ember doc for effects of Dragon Egg item

```
(Low Honesty){  
  
}  
(Medium Honesty){  
  
}  
(High Honesty){  
  
}
```

Get Milk (todo)

/Effects are identical to drinking milk from Tainted Ember(?)

```
(Low Honesty){  
  
}  
(Medium Honesty){  
  
}  
(High Honesty){  
  
}
```

Spar (todo)

```
(Low Honesty){
```

```
}  
(Medium Honesty){  
  
}  
(High Honesty){  
  
}
```

Sex (todo)

/Pure Ember has the “essential six” (Oral, Anal & Vaginal in both giving and receiving) as default sex scenes

/Other sex scenes require higher levels of Honesty

//Moderate Honest unlocks:

//High Honesty unlocks:

QB: Hmm... perhaps High Honesty PEmber will be open to threesomes?

Breeding

Breed Ember (todo)

Pure Ember Pregnant (todo)

Live Birth:

1: Ember is busily feeling her belly, frowning in concentration - and perhaps a little consternation. “[name], would you come here, please?” She asks. When you approach, she grabs your hand and places it flat on her stomach. “Do you feel anything growing there yet? I’m looking for a baby bump, but I can’t seem to find it yet.” You humor her by caressing her stomach, but tell her you can’t feel anything notably bulging yet, and point out it’s a bit too early for it to be that noticeable yet. Ember pouts in disappointment, but sneakily plants a kiss on your cheek and wanders off.

2: As you are going about your daily business, Ember surprises you by glomping onto you from out of nowhere, audibly crooning with delight. Given you can feel an unmistakable small, hard bulge in her belly poking you, the source of her joy is obvious. You manage to smile and ask if she's happy to be a mother-to-be? The dragoness promptly kisses you on the lips and then lets go, nodding happily. "You bet I am! We should celebrate!" She declares. When you ask what she has in mind, she

{High Honesty: gives you a wicked grin and grinds her crotch against yours[, letting you feel her stiffening prick. "Why, sex, silly [boy] - you know how awkward sex is when you have a great big baby bump hanging off of you like you swallowed a watermelon? We should enjoy ourselves while we still have the chance!" She cackles. "So don't keep me waiting too long, okay, my darling stud?" She swipes her tongue across your lips in a weird sort of kiss and then lets you go, walking off with an exaggeratedly sensuous sway in her movements.}

{Else: simply closes her eyes and cuddles tighter against you. "Oh, I'm sure you and I can think of something to do in celebration. Just give it some time." She gives you one last squeeze and then lets go before walking off, smiling in joy as she rubs her belly.}

3: Ember's stomach is quite blatantly swollen now - not extremely big, but anyone can tell at a casual glance she's with child. The dragon seems very pleased with her accomplishment in getting pregnant; you come across her actually striking a pose on the bank of the nearby stream where you get your water, deliberately pushing out her belly so it is emphasized in her reflection. You sneak up behind the dragon and playfully surprise her by reaching out and gently rubbing at her swollen belly while she doesn't know you're there. Ember lets out a surprisingly meek squeal, but then purrs melodically, sinking back against you and clearly relishing your touch on her stomach.

You chuckle at Ember's reaction, telling her it's not usual for you to find someone so happy about being pregnant. "Well, I'm not exactly a usual sort of woman, am I?" Ember giggles[, one hand stroking her phallus as if for emphasis]. "Besides, this is your baby too - why shouldn't I be so happy to be pregnant with it?"

You smile at her words, and let her know that she's looking very good with that baby bump of hers.

{High Honesty: "You think I'm sexy like this...? Good - 'cause I feel sexy, too - and horny." She growls lustfully, rubbing back against you. "Please be a dear and fuck me, darling?" She laughs, but you know she'd have you right here and now if you said yes. You laugh at her attitude, telling her that maybe you should do just that... but not right now. If she behaves, you'll be back later to have some fun with her. "Spoilsport." Ember laughs, but nods, and shifts slightly so she's not leaning against your support. "Please hurry back, darling, I could really use a little Tender Loving Care right now..." She purrs. You tell her you'll think about it, then give her a gentle pat on her ass and leave the dragon to her business. As you leave, you can hear her

splashing noisily into the water, sounding a little disappointed you didn't take her obvious invitation.}

{Else: "Mmm... you have such a sweet tongue, [name]. I bet you say that to all the girls." She giggles. No, not all girls. Only the unusual ones, like her, is your reply. She just laughs at that, and shakes her head [coincidentally smacking you in the nose with a lock of hair]. "What will I do with you, [name]? And what will I do if your baby turns out to be a charmer like you?" She asks, feigning that she is actually worried by the thought. You tell her that even if your kids have the genes, it'll still take practice to get to your level, so she doesn't have to worry about that right now. You punctuate your sentence with a quick kiss on her lips. The dragon melts into the kiss, doing her best to embrace you so you can't slip away, but her position is so awkward you can easily evade her, something that makes her pout "Alright, [name], alright; now, why don't you run back to camp? I was just going to take a quick dip myself - I'll be back shortly, and I won't get caught up in admiring my reflection, I promise." She laughs. You nod at her and set off after a gentle pat on her back.}

4: You decide to check up on Ember's progress and see how the dragon is doing. The blatantly swollen-looking dragon spends a lot of time lounging in her cave, generally pre-occupying herself with sleeping or eating. Right now, as you approach, she's sitting in a bed-like arrangement of leaves and grasses, idly stroking her baby bump and looking rather down in the mouth.

You gently cough to make your presence known and ask her how she's feeling? She blinks at the sound of your voice, looking up at you and giving you a weak smile. "Alright, really. Why do you ask?"

(Low Honesty){

Is that so? So she's really feeling alright then? You once more. The dragon nods her head insistently. "I'm fine, really. Just a little hormonal, I guess - I wouldn't object to a distraction or two, if you would be kind enough to offer one..." She trails off with a playful smile, tail starting to slowly wave behind her. Well you're not sure how you could help her... but you're here if she needs any help. "I'll keep that in mind." She promises you, rubbing her belly and looking absently off into the distance.

}

(else){

You give Ember a disbelieving look, telling her that just smiling when you ask is a pretty bad way to hide what she's really going through... so why doesn't she share what's bothering her with you? Since you happen to be the one responsible for her inflating belly?

"Well, since you ask... the hormones are driving me nuts." The dragon admits. "The baby isn't big enough to tax my strength or stamina yet, but the hormones percolating through my system are driving me loopy - especially because they're making me hornier than usual." She looks at you hungrily and licks her lips for emphasis, dense steam starting to pour from her nostrils and

the corners of her mouth until it looks like there's a fire burning inside her head. **[High Honesty:** "In fact, why don't you just lay back there and let me jump you so I can burn off some of this tension?" She leers, practically salivating in eagerness.]

Well... too bad. You can't really help her with that right now... you're just not in the mood. You smile mischievously as you tell her this.

"So get in the mood! Or just lay back and let me take what I want!" Ember actually roars this as she suddenly thrusts herself upright, belly hanging low and heavy under her swollen breasts... looks like this is the anger part of the moodswings...

You cringe at her roar, telling her you were just joking. There's no need to get so worked up... At this, Ember suddenly wilts, shoulders and wings alike slumping as she makes a noise like a steaming tea kettle just being taken off the fire. "I'm sorry, [name]. When it's not the overwhelming urge to strip you naked and fuck you for a day and a night, it's hot and cold flashes, an urge to tear everything in sight apart with my bare hands, a deep feeling of existential dread or a bitterness that makes me want to cry until I drown in my tears. These hormones are really getting the better of me."

You tell her that you understand... in fact... you have a few things that you really must take care off right now, but if she can wait a little bit, you'll be back as soon as you can to help ease her tension a bit. You wink at her.

"Well... I guess that makes me feel better." Ember says, with a soft smile. "Just don't keep me too long, my love, or I'll have to take what I want from you..." She trails off, letting her over-long tongue slither lewdly out of her mouth to give you a blatant clue as to what that might entail.
}

5: A constant haze of steam seems to simmer out of Ember's cave at all times, and whenever she sits in once place too long everything around her starts to get damp from the constant water vapor radiating off of her swollen form. Her attitude, though, seems to be less horny and more moody in general; she's prone to suddenly snapping in frustration, sulking or just moping around. Her hormones are really doing a number on her mood, it seems.

You notice her roll around, grunting in discomfort, and decide to surprise her a bit. Slowly you sneak behind the moody dragon, only to gently tap on her shoulder. She starts with visible shock, and turns around with reluctant slowness, though she visibly brightens up when she sees who's responsible. "Oh, [name]," You don't bother hearing the entirety of her greeting, preferring to shut her up with a kiss straight on her lips, catching the dragon off-guard once more. She lets out a muffled exclamation of surprise, but quickly just goes with it, closing her eyes and squeezing you against her breast (smearing your front with milk), tongue tickling invitingly against your lips in playful hope of entrance, muffled murmurs of bliss creeping out of her throat.

As much as you'd like to keep kissing your dragon lover, you have to interrupt the kiss. You cough a few puffs of steam, and once you've regained your composure, you jokingly ask Ember if she doesn't have a valve or lid you could open to let out all that steam, so you can get back to the task at hand.

(Low Honesty){

"Well, excuse me for being moody, I've only got a whole new life brewing up in my belly and it's messing with my mind." She snarks, a sincere grin on her face that shows she's merely joking.

}

(Else){

"Oh, I got a vent alright. Pity that it needs two to operate... maybe you wanna accept some responsibilities and give me a hand venting? Like, right now?" She grins, tongue whipping out to lick your cheek in a teasing manner.

[High Honesty: She then slides that tongue of hers out and lets it dip low to her crotch, (twining sinuously around her cock before) plunging it just barely into her pussy, mauling her breasts with her hands even as she starts to tantalise herself with her own tongue, evidently planning on getting some relief one way or the other.]

Hmm... as enticing a request as that is, you still have to take care of a few things... so you apologize and ask her if she can wait for you a while longer?

"Oh, I suppose." The dragon huffs [sounding somewhat muffled with her tongue hanging out and poking into her cunt]. "Anything else you want? Otherwise, I'd like some privacy." She declares. You tap her on her head gently (, tousling her hair a bit). Then add that you'll be back to finish what you started as soon as you can. "Please do." Ember asks... not that this stops her from giving your [assdescript] a slap and you a cheeky grin as you walk away.

6: You decide it's time to check up on your soon mother-to-be dragon lover. You walk towards Ember's den and spot the dragon laying down belly-up on the ground in front of her den, eyes closed. It seems that her pregnancy is really wearing her out. You calmly approach and begin rubbing her distended belly, and can't resist a smile when you feel a small kick against your hand. "She knows you're there, and so do I." Ember says in a softly proud tone of voice, opening her eyes and smiling at you. You apologize, saying that perhaps it was a bad idea to rub her belly? You didn't mean to wake her up... also... how does she know it's a she? You ask with a smile, curious. "I don't know, not really, and I will be just as happy if it's a boy... I just, well, kind of want an adorable little girl to cuddle and hold when this is all over, you know?"

So... she's implying you're no longer enough to satisfy her cuddling urges? You ask in mock indignation. "Oh, you're good for it, but seeing as how I'm pregnant anyway, is it so wrong to want an extra-snuggly little girl to come out of me when she's ready?" She asks, giving you her best "wounded gazelle" look. And is it so wrong of you to want to try and monopolize her

cuddles? You ask with a cheeky grin. She laughs and playfully taps your nose, but you decide you'll take her lack of verbal response as conceding victory to you. Before you go, you ask if there is anything else you can do for her?

"Actually, that belly-rub felt really good... can I get some more? Please?" She asks. Of course. You reply, setting your hand back on her belly and beginning to rub it slowly, once more. Since she's awake... you ask Ember how she's been doing lately. You don't usually see her this tired even after a full day of flying around...

"I'm alright," she yawns loudly, giving you a very good look at her very sharp teeth, "it's just the baby is starting to get really big and active now, and that means I'm having problems sleeping."

Is that so? What problems is she having exactly? Can't find a good position to sleep in? Baby kicking her awake at every minute?

"You guessed it. I'm scared of squishing the baby, but if I sleep with her up in the air she squeezes my guts and it's really uncomfortable. Not to mention the habit she has of waking up in the middle of the night to try and kick around my organs like they're toy balls." Ember sighs, shaking her head as she voices the lament of expectant mothers for almost every race.

So... how willing is she to put up with all this discomfort again? Because... well... if she keeps being this receptive when you're feeling hot, you might not be able to keep yourself from making a small army of dragons with her.

(Low/Medium Honesty){

The dragon bursts out laughing, "don't tempt me, [name], or I might just take you up on it, no matter how much I may regret this particular state in it."

}

(High Honesty){

"Aw... only a small army? Why don't we go the whole hog and try for a huge one?" She coos, looking up at you with an inviting look.

}

You chuckle at her reply, continuing to rub her belly. She purrs in delight, wriggling slightly at the pleasure. "That feels so good on my belly... can you maybe rub my breasts, too?" She asks. You don't say anything, and simply raise your other hand to begin gently kneading her puffy breasts, enjoying their rounded softness (even as you feel the milk barely contained within slosh about).

The dragon groans appreciatively, arching her back and giving you even better access to her boobs, but says nothing. [You don't even see more than the odd twitch from her cock.] You ask her if this is all she wants? "Mm-hmm." She mumbles, too sleepy and docile to muster the energy to talk in response to that. You're content to continue with your task until the dragon

starts snoring lightly, silly smile plastered on her face as she takes a short, well-deserved nap. You quietly slip away...

7: "[Name]!" Comes the voice of your draconic lover. You look up from what you're doing to see her approaching you; it says something about the strength (or maybe stubbornness) of dragons that she refuses to waddle, even despite how huge and round her belly has gotten - like she's swallowed a ribbon-winning prize melon whole. You smile at her, commenting on how big she's gotten, then ask her what does she want?

She sighs, steam rolling from her lips, and shakes her head. "What I want more than anything is to give birth at last - I'm tired of lugging this belly around with no end in sight. But, since you can't do anything about that... can we spend some time together? Take my mind off of things?" She asks.

[Yes][No]

[=No=]

You apologize to the dragon, but right now you're just too busy. Perhaps you could make up to her later, somehow?

She heaves a hugely disappointed sigh, nods her head, and heads back the way she came - this time, she allows herself to waddle, too depressed to try and carry herself normally.

[=Yes=]

Sure, you say. You could use a break anyways... **[High Honesty:** though if this is some kind of ruse to get you to have sex with her, so she can go into labor faster, the two of you will have to have a chat about her libido.]

"Thank you!" She grins. **[High Honesty:** "...Wait, does that even work?" She asks, baffled. Well... you tell the dragon to nevermind what you just said...]

(High Honesty){

She shakes her head, a stubborn look on her face. "No way, you're going to explain that right now - can sex really help send you into labor when you're close to due?" She asks with obvious excitement and lustful anticipation at the prospect. Oh dear... look at what you've done now... you groan as you begin to regret making that little joke back there... you tell the dragon that all you meant was a simple joke and she shouldn't take it so seriously...

She snorts and folds her arms with a soft scowl. "You're not getting out of this that easily, [name]," is what she declares in a flat, unimpressed tone of voice.

Sighing... you cave and begin explaining that some people back in your village believe that yes... sex can help a pregnant woman go into labor when the time is right... but that's all it is...

you haven't actually seen any concrete proof of that really being the case.

Ember's tongue promptly whiplashes through the air to playfully encircle your throat, tugging you with great gentleness towards her. You decide to humor the dragon, but the second you're in arms' reach she grabs you and pulls you firmly into her embrace as best she can, the swollen orb of her stretched womb between you, the child inside shifting as you touch its mother. She licks your cheek and grins wickedly at you. "Oh-ho... give me one good reason I shouldn't ravage you here and now, even if it doesn't actually work?" She pants, steam already starting to enfold her head in a cloud of vapors.

Well... because if she doesn't behave you'll have to punish her? You say tentatively.

"...And how will you punish me?" She coos, softly blowing steam past your face - she took that as an invitation to sex, it seems. Her hand starts to rub your back, slowly circling downwards to caress your [ass].

You wriggle your hands free, place them on either side of Ember's belly, and begin trying your darndest to tickle the dragon's sides. The dragon tries to stoically ignore your actions, but her tail begins to flick back and forth like a whip in her agitation. She starts to giggle, then bursts out laughing, her over-stretched belly too sensitive for her to take it, forcing her to immediately release you and clutch her sides to protect them from your onslaught.

You laugh menacingly, telling the dragon there is no stopping you, and offer to stop if she will admit defeat and let you decide what the two of you will do in your free time. "O-okay, I will, I give in, just don't tickle me - I'm stretched too thin, I might pop something if you keep doing that!" The dragon cries, though the look on her face and her expression indicates quite clearly that she's just joking around by saying that.

You stop your tickling and puff out your chest, proud of your victory over the dragon. First of all, a prize for the victor! You tell Ember to give you a congratulatory kiss like a good loser should.

She looks you in the eye, smirks, and then all but pulls you off your [feet] as she passionately consumes your lips in a hungry kiss, letting you go only after she's sure she's kissed you breathless. "How's that?" She smirks.

You pant, trying to catch your breath, as some steam leaves your own mouth. Once you've got your breath back, you tell Ember that was good enough. And since she was such a graceful loser, you think she deserves a reward... how would she like some sex as reward? You ask, the passionate kiss having made your [clothes] [strain a bit with the bulge of your erection(s)/damp with the drippings of female arousal].

She stares at you with equal parts hope and wariness. "You mean it? You're not teasing me and going to leave me hanging to stew in my own lusts, are you?" She demands. You smile

mischievously at her and tell her that if she doesn't want to take your offer she doesn't have to; then proceed to turn around and slowly start walking away.

You hear a genuinely angry growl from behind you, right before a clawed hand fastens itself to your shoulder and pulls you back. "I am tired of games like this, [name]." Ember hisses into your ear. "I want a straight answer; are you going to fuck me, or aren't you? I have been very patient through this pregnancy, but I am horny and I want to fuck." She licks the crook of your neck for emphasis.

You wrap the dragon in an embrace, telling her you will fuck her... as if the [bulge/wet spot] in your lower garments wasn't enough of an indication of your intentions... you were just toying with her a bit. She looks cute when she's all flustered. You give her a short peck on the nose for emphasis. Ember looks quite embarrassed at her outburst, lowering her head in shame. "[name], I..."

Shush, you tell her. Now is not the time for feeling embarrassed... plus she's steaming enough without the added heat of embarrassment. The dragon smiles with pride at that, deliberately blowing a ring-shaped cloud of steam vapor past your head. Now... what will you do with your pretty, pregnant, steamy dragon companion?

(Display Sex options)

}

(else){

So, what would Ember like to do, you ask? The dragon looks thoughtful for a long moment - you think a flicker of shame crosses her features for an instant - and then shrugs. "Cuddle me?" She suggests hopefully.

Sounds like a plan, you tell her. Then loop an arm around her back and begin leading her back to her den. On the way you ask how she's been feeling lately? If anyone saw her back at your village they'd wager she's carrying more than one child in that bloated belly of hers...

"How do I feel?" She laughs. "How does any full-term mother feel? Tired, heavy, bloated, sore and just wanting it to come out of me already." So, in other words... bothered? You suggest. The dragon nods. "Bothered sums it up nicely... but I also feel proud and happy and eager to hold my little bundle of joy." She giggles. That's good to hear, you tell her, finally nearing her den.

So... how will she be having her cuddle? You ask her with a smile.

She promptly plants her shapely rear in the grassy pile just inside the den and pats the spot beside her, indicating you should sit next to her. You do so, taking the opportunity to rub your hand over her midriff... wow... she really feels bloated... you chuckle when you feel a kick against your hand, seems like the little one is getting riled up. "That she is." Ember giggles,

then adopts an exaggerated frown. "Where do you get off calling me bloated? You should be nicer to the mother of your child!" She scolds you... then bursts out laughing, unable to keep a straight face any longer. You give her tail a gentle yank, telling her you're waiting for that cuddle.

She chuckles and then sweeps you into an embrace, perhaps not so coincidentally stuffing your [face] into her abundant cleavage as she does so. "Mmm...I feel better already." She giggles. You're happy to nestle yourself between those wonderful orbs and enjoy your closeness to the dragon. This is far from what you expected when you decided to hatch that egg. You chuckle, to be honest... you were a bit hesitant at first, but now that Ember is here? You're glad you made the right decision.

"Well, thank you," Ember says, not sounding too happy to hear that she almost didn't come to be - not that you can really blame her. But then she smiles, squeezing you a little tighter. "I'm so glad I'm here with you as well." She tells you.

You rest with the pregnant dragon for a while longer, but unfortunately you have to get up and return to your duties. Hesitantly you draw yourself away from the dragon's arms, and as you're about to tell her you have to go, you notice that her eyes are closed. Looks like she fell asleep. You give her a kiss on the forehead, prompting a slight moan and smile from the dreaming dragon, then leave her to get some rest.

}

Egg: (todo)

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2: As you are going about your daily business, Ember surprises you by glomping onto you from out of nowhere, audibly crooning with delight. Given you can feel an unmistakable small, hard bulge in her belly poking you, the source of her joy is obvious. You manage to smile and ask if she's happy to be a mother-to-be? The dragoness promptly kisses you on the lips and then lets go, nodding happily. "You bet I am! We should celebrate!" She declares. When you ask what she has in mind, she

{High Honesty: gives you a wicked grin and grinds her crotch against yours[, letting you feel her stiffening prick. "Why, sex, silly [boy] - you know how awkward sex is when you have a great big baby bump hanging off of you like you swallowed a watermelon? We should enjoy ourselves while we still have the chance!" She cackles. "So don't keep me waiting too long,

okay, my darling stud?" She swipes her tongue across your lips in a weird sort of kiss and then lets you go, walking off with an exaggeratedly sensuous sway in her movements.}

{**Else:** simply closes her eyes and cuddles tighter against you. "Oh, I'm sure you and I can think of something to do in celebration. Just give it some time." She gives you one last squeeze and then lets go before walking off, smiling in joy as she rubs her belly.}

3:

4:

5:

6:

7:

Pure Ember Gives Birth (todo)

Pure Ember Lays Egg (todo)

Bred By Ember (todo)

PC Pregnant With Pure Dragon (todo)

Live Birth:

1:

2:

3:

4:

5:

6:

7:

Egg:

1:

2:

3:

4:

5:

6:

7:

PC Gives Birth (todo)

PC Lays Egg (todo)

Sleep With (todo)