

// Agni meets Shaedra (the Harpy Matron) in the Foothills. In order for this scene to happen, the player must not have entered the Foothills a single time in between starting the game and getting Agni, who is gated behind Winter City, so this scene is more of an easter egg than something required.

// Requires Agni be in the party.

// (scene: Shaedra Foothills Family Reunion)

As you make your way through the foothills, you become aware of a faint voice — a singing voice — carrying over the windswept peaks. Curious, you make your way towards the distant vocalizations. Over a few minutes, the song solidifies in your ears as a woman's voice giving life to a hauntingly beautiful melody, as entrancing and sorrowful as winter's twilight. Your feet carry you forward of their own accord, drawn forward by the mysterious melody until you're cresting a cliffside, and looking down over a rocky caldera.

“Oh, please, [pc.name],” Agnimitra scoffs, batting you on the shoulder. With a jolt, you realize where you are: far off the beaten path as your feet took you towards the songstress. You don't remember heading off the path at all. “I thought I trained you better than that.”

Agnimitra laughs as she takes point, confidently striding ahead of you towards the sound of the singing voice. From the sway of her gait, she's totally unphased by whatever coercive magic is in the singing voice. “I'm pretty sure I know that voice,” she says to you, but keeping her eyes forward. “I'm sure she'll get a real kick out of seeing me like this.”

You find her sitting atop a pillar of stone; a woman of tremendous, almost mountainous proportions whose dark, avian legs hang lazily from the side of her elevated perch, spread apart to utterly expose a gaping dark womanhood. The thighs and hips around it draw your eye even more urgently than her bare sex, however: her curves are immensely plump, curvaceous in ways only a fertility goddess could dream up. You couldn't get your arms around her waist if you tried, and if you did, you'd doubtless be going face-first into an overwhelming pair of breasts at the same time, each capped by a broad teat as black as night. The fact that her arms are covered in feathers, sprouting into a broad pair of wings, or that her ears are sweeping, long points of tapered flesh adorned with a dozen jeweled piercings are mere afterthoughts to the shocking, unnervingly arousing sight of her voluptuous, fertile body.

Her song fades on a long, throaty note, abating into echoes that cascade off the hills surrounding you. Slowly, she turns her gaze to regard you, showing off a pair of dark-golden eyes and plump, rose-red lips that purse in an expression of curiosity and amusement. “Oh, what have we here?” she drawls, her accent light and lyrical. “[party.solo
A moth|A few moths] drawn to flame—”

“Shaedra!” Agnimitra yells shrilly, making you jump on the spot. She sounds like a mother chastising a child that's acting up; you hardly expected her, upbeat, zest-for-life Agnimitra to have that sort of energy in her. “I know traditional Tronarii garb doesn't leave much to the imagination, but you're acting like a lighthouse for every warm-blooded sailor from here to the other side of the sea of Kacia! Put on some pants!”

The womanly harpy regards Agnimitra with some surprise, tilting her head and furrowing her brow. She doesn't respond immediately; she sits on her pillar, studying Agnimitra with narrowed eyes as if she didn't understand what she was seeing. “How do you know my name?” she asks. “Have we met?”

Agnimitra scoffs, both edges of her mouth curling upward into a smarmy, excited smile. That was just the question she wanted to be asked. “Don't tell me to don't recognize Great Grandma Agni,” she says, putting her left hand on her hip. She raises her right, bringing her middle finger to her thumb, and with a snap, her thumb lights on fire.

The harpy rears back suddenly, doing a double-take. Her jaw hangs slack as she realizes who she's speaking with, and she gracefully drops from her pillar, flapping her wings once before hitting the ground. "Agni?" she asks. "I mean... Agnimitra?"

"There aren't a whole lot of undying phoenixes in the world," she answers with a laugh, flicking her wrist once to snuff the flame on her thumb. "And if I've told you once, Shaedra, I've told you a thousand times: we're family. If calling me Agni is more comfortable, then call me Agni."

The harpy matron, Shaedra, approaches Agnimitra almost cautiously. Her right hand reaches forward and eventually cups her left cheek, the sharp talon of her thumb caressing the plush, healthy skin. "It's really you," she says under her breath, unable to believe the words coming out of her own mouth. "You look so..."

"Healthy?" Agnimitra asks boastfully, placing both hands on her hips and stroking a pose that naturally draws your eye to her bared midriff. "Exuberant? Lively?"

"Young."

Agnimitra holds the pose for a moment longer, letting the word hang in the air between them. She holds her breath in a deliberate attempt to make the situation seem starcher and more awkward than it already is. Eventually, she lets out a long, stale exhale through her nose, but her smile hasn't waned.

"Sorry if this is a bit much to take in," Agnimitra says earnest as she reaches up to gently grip onto Shaedra's hand, holding it in hers for a moment. "I know seeing Great Grandma Agni forty years younger might come as a shock. Like I told everyone, I, uh... tend not to stick around whenever time is up, which is why I disappeared that night a while back. Sometimes, people don't like seeing their frail ol' grandma getting reborn." She shakes her head once, motioning towards you. The fiery plumes on her head crackle with energy from the sudden movement. "Circumstances are a little different this time, is all."

Shaedra glances toward you, taking in your features from her grounded level. Her eyes go from yours, down to your [pc.feet], and back up.

"Shaedra, this is [pc.name]," Agnimitra says, turning her body as she motions to you with her free hand without letting go of the harpy matron's. Agnimitra's blue-red eyes lock onto yours, turning to crescents underneath her rising cheeks. "I couldn't make it to the Temple – time ran out by the time I got to that shoddy fortress between there and Hawkethorne. But [pc.name] was there to bring my remains the rest of the way, and they've been stuck to my side like a thorn I can't pull out."

Shaedra smirks – she knows that 'Great Grandma Agni' might be embellishing some facts. "Then that makes you a family friend," she says. "Girls! Change of plans!"

You hear rustling all around you, coming from the rocky outcroppings of the caldera you've wandered into. Emerging from the cliffsides above you are a trio of much smaller bird-girls, each of them wearing a number of colorful garbs, scarves, and rags – and serving to conceal about as much as the broodmother matron. Although they don't share Shaedra's proportions, none of them look... 'inexperienced' when it comes to laying eggs. Dangling off each of their hips are small, curved daggers, ready to be pulled out and used at a moment's notice.

However, none of them have their attention on you: as soon as they see Agnimitra's plumage, they're quick to rush up to her instead. "Great Grandma Agni, is that really you?" one of them asks.

“Yes, it’s really me!” she answers with a laugh. Another of the girls pokes her taloned fingers into Agnimitra’s wings, causing the plumage to flare up very slightly. “Hey!” she laughs, pulling her arm away, “come on, I just said it’s really me!”

“You’ll have to forgive them, Agnim – Agni,” Shaedra says, standing upright with her hands folded in front of her belly. “It’s not like any of us have, you know... ever seen you like this before. We’ve only ever known you... as we’ve known you.”

The third of the girls, though, pays Agnimitra a token amount of interest before turning her attention to you. She, like the other girls, gets rather handsy all of a sudden, reaching for your arm and lifting it away to try and get a better look at you and your form. [pc.isDK|You quickly yank it away and assume a more defensive stance. She gets one, and only because she’s apparently related to Agnimitra. You were lured into a caldera and it’s obvious from the weapons on the girls’ hips that they were looking to jump you. She immediately gets the message that she’s not going to get another.] And you let her, although you have to admit, this feels kind of uncomfortable: you’ve been lured into a caldera, with only one way in or out, and if it weren’t for Agnimitra, you would have been ambushed by a handful of harpies. You’re not sure how you’re meant to feel.]

“So,” the third girl asks, turning towards Shaedra and Agnimitra. “Not [party.som||this one|these ones], right?”

“Yeah, about that,” Agnimitra says, suddenly taking on a very different tone: the same ‘angry mom’ tone she had when she first called Shaedra’s name. “Look, I don’t want to spoil the reunion with the new and – actually, I guess this is technically the ‘old’ me,” she says, laughing as she rolls her fingers up the smooth skin of her stomach. But, just as quickly, she reverts. “Point is, Shaedra, I get that times are tough and that the world’s a mess. But whatever you were about to do to [pc.name] isn’t the solution.”

Shaedra visibly shrinks away. With just a few sentences, Agnimitra’s cowed a woman that must be twice Agnimitra’s weight in her breasts and thighs alone. “Um,” she answers, pursing her lips and turning her eyes askance.

“I’m not mad,” Agnimitra says, tilting her head to one side. Those three words are enough for Shaedra to relax her shoulders. “Like I said, times are tough. Just... there are other ways to help provide for the family.” Agnimitra’s eyes, for a brief moment, travel down Shaedra’s body. “I’m sure you’ll think of something.”

The matron’s dark cheeks turn rosy red – frankly, an unusual sight for someone that looks as... full and imposing as her. “Are you heading back home?” she asks. “Now that you’ve been reborn? The others would love to see you in your prime.”

“Dunno yet,” Agnimitra replies with a non-committal shrug. “Maybe! The Windy Peaks aren’t that far away, after all. We’ll just have to see where the wind takes us.” She pulls the matron in, hugging her by the shoulders – a proper hug is probably impossible with a chest like hers. “Do me a favor and beat us there, would you? Let them know to expect me? If seeing me like this was a shock to you, I can’t imagine how much of a racket the bathhouse would make if I just dropped in unannounced.”

“Yes, Agnimi – Agni,” Shaedra answers as she spreads her wings and crouches down, getting ready to launch.

“And stop getting my great great great great granddaughters involved with whatever ugly plots you have to steal someone’s money,” she continues. [pc.hasCock|“Hopefully that’s all you were after!”]

“Yes, Agni.”

“And one more thing!”

Shaedra pauses, looking over her shoulder towards Agnimitra, still wound up and ready to launch. You recognize the look on her face all too well: the expression of a child being nagged by an overbearing parent, just waiting for them to stop so they can finally get going.

“Nah, I’m just messing with you,” Agnimitra laughs, waving her off. “Get out of here, all of you. I’ll see you at home.”

With that, all four of the harpies take wing, the wind rustling around you as they launch off the ground and head towards the not-too-distant mountaintops. Agnimitra remains with you in the caldera, watching them go.

[pc.isDK|You casually mention that it’s somewhat hard to believe that that one harpy with the big tits is related to her.

Agnimitra laughs raucously. “You don’t have much of a filter, do you, [pc.name]? I like that! I hate walking on eggshells too, and not just for the obvious reasons.” She places one hand on her hip as she looks down across her own chest. “Shaedra is a direct descendent of mine, but that doesn’t mean she’s my daughter. I don’t remember every detail of every life I’ve ever had – heck, I barely remember last week. At some point in the tree, I must have had big tits myself.”

It would certainly explain a lot.|She, uh... has quite the eclectic family.

“Shaedra is a direct descendent of mine,” Agnimitra answers, “but that doesn’t mean she’s my daughter. Her particular branch of the tree’s far enough removed from me that we don’t look much alike.” She brings both of her hands to her chest and pantomimes two, massive spheres in front of her, bringing to mind Shaedra’s... figure. “Obviously.”

How does she know that they’re related, then?

In response, Agnimitra taps at her head, just beneath her plumage. “I’ve memorized every family I’ve ever had. Every partner, every kid – every grandkid. That, and Shaedra has a daughter with red feathers. If you ever meet a harpy with red feathers, odds are, they’re directly related to me.” She looks down at her right hand, extending one finger after the other as if she was counting something. “I figured the math out on this once. It was something like... eight times out of ten?”

She’s memorized every grandchild? Didn’t she once say she’s old enough to remember the barter system?

“I’ve had a lot of time to make sure I got it all down right,” she says with a smile, but then she knocks on her own head with her knuckles. “Not much room in there for much else, though.”]

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Shaedra Foothills Family Reunion). If Agni is in the party, disable the harpy encounter in the Foothills.

// Play this scene the first time the player encounters Zhara in the Foothills while Agni is in the party (naturally, assumes that Zhara is not in the Wayfort and is otherwise still aggressive towards the PC)

// (scene: Zhara Foothills Family Reunion)

Your trek through the foothills is interrupted by a thunderous screech from high above — an undeniably feminine, yet ferocious warcry. You draw your dagger as a band of harpies wings

out from the craggy rocks overhead, eyes glinting with greed as they swoop down towards you. Before they make contact, though, the group breaks off: only one of their number lands.

Before the wingleader even opens her mouth, though, Agnimitra steps forward, placing herself between you and her. “Really, Zhara?” she asks, shrugging her shoulders and lifting her hands upward, gesticulating at the whole display flippantly. “The shouting? The screeching? Making yourself as obvious as possible?”

The wingleader takes a step back, furrowing her brow at how brazen Agnimitra is being. “I don’t know how you know my name, but you need to back off,” she warns, twirling her spear in her hands and getting into an offensive stance, pointing its tip towards Agnimitra, pointing it right at her chest. “I’m not afraid to make things messy!”

“Uh huh,” Agnimitra responds – and places her hand on the spear, gripping it just beneath the metal head and lowering its angle. The wingleader could still easily thrust forward and run the point through her stomach, but the [silly|power move|gesture] is obvious to everyone. “Even if you ran me through, there’s nothing you can do to the Immortal Phoenix that she hasn’t been through already.”

Agnimitra pauses, a smug, shit-eating grin on her face as she stares down the wingleader. The woman pauses, her face scrunching further in confusion, but, true to Agnimitra’s confidence, she doesn’t make any attempt to gut your companion.

“Still need convincing, Zhara?” Agnimitra asks. She lifts her free hand and brings her middle finger and thumb together – and with a snap, her thumb alights like a candle.

Instantly, Zhara’s demeanor changes: she leaps up in surprise and she tosses her spear aside, making sure that the sharpened point falls harmlessly away from them both. “Great Granda Agni?” she asks, her words coming out a bit strained, as if she can’t believe she’s saying them. Her hands reach up to cup Agnimitra’s cheeks as her eyes trail up and down her body. “Holy shit, look at you! I’ve never seen you so...”

“Healthy?” Agnimitra asks boastfully, placing both hands on her hips and stroking a pose that naturally draws your eye to her bared midriff. “Exuberant? Lively?”

“Young!”

Agnimitra laughs, letting go of her silly pose. “Every generation gets to witness it once,” she replies. “I’m lucky I caught you like this while you still have your own youth. Older harpies, uh... tend to not like it when I regenerate.”

“Girls, stand down!” Zhara commands, motioning to the other harpy brigands surrounding you. Some of them do so immediately; some of them hesitate, still trying to process what, exactly, it is that they’re seeing. But none of them look upon Agnimitra as though this is some big shock: the legend of the phoenix is well known through harpydom, it seems.

“This is,” Zhara says, stuttering through her words, totally overwhelmed at the sight of Agnimitra and her youth. “I’ve – I mean, I always believed your stories. Nobody can wield fire like you can! It’s just – I never imagined...!”

“Take a breath,” Agnimitra says, cupping her hands beneath her chest and lifting upwards as she takes a deep breath, then lowering them as she exhales.

Zhara, however, does no such thing as she stutters and dances on the spot. She is, after all, staring at a living legend – and perhaps the title ‘Great Grandma’ has some credence to it. They look modestly similar, after all.

But as Zhara's excitement starts to reach its height, it suddenly deflates, and she narrows her eyes and furrows her brow at Agnimitra. "Great Grandma, where did you go?" she asks, and she suddenly gives Agnimitra a rough shove in the shoulder. "You just up and vanished one night without telling anyone! We were all worried sick; do you have any idea how hard we all looked to find you?"

Agnimitra's normally upbeat and optimistic attitude evaporates at the chastising. "I just told you: sometimes, people don't like it when they see their frail old grandma being reborn. My time was up. It's natural to grieve and mourn the death of someone you love – when that person comes back, not everyone reacts with open arms like you are. No amount of being a living legend with a sprawling history of death-and-rebirth like mine can prepare someone for that kind of shock."

"Now, that said!" Agnimitra says, perking back up so suddenly that it causes her plumage to flare with the movement. "Let's not sour this reunion any further, huh? What's important is that I'm back!"

Zhara's brow stays furrowed for a moment – but eventually, a smile cracks her lips, and she can't help but laugh, if only for the sake of laughing. "I guess that's true. You're going to have a hell of a story for the others in the Peaks, though."

"They already know it," Agnimitra reminds her. "Although – let me introduce you to [pc.name]." She turns, her whole body spinning away from Zhara to face you, offering her hand to you to pull you towards them both. "Zhara, this is [pc.name]. I 'disappeared' that night because I was trying to get to the Temple just past that old fortress north of Hawkethorne, but I, uh... didn't make it. If it weren't for [pc.name], who knows when I would have been reborn? It could have been years, especially in this cold-ass dump."

{Have had sex with Zhara at least once|You two have met before. Although, you admit that it's nice to have been formally introduced in more amicable terms. However, possibly for Agnimitra's sake, Zhara is quick to pretend that this is the first time you two have ever seen each other.|You don't remember if you and this wingleader named Zhara have ever been formally introduced, actually.} "And you helped her get to the Temple?" Zhara asks.

You answer that, technically, no: Agnimitra was literal when she said that she 'didn't make it' to the Temple. You brought her remains there.

"Well, that still makes you a family friend."

"Yeah, about that," Agnimitra says, snapping her fingers again, although her thumb doesn't erupt into flame this time. She steps into Zhara's space and wraps her arm around her shoulders. "Look, Zhara. You're old enough to understand the consequences of your own actions—"

Zhara laughs. "Here it comes," she says as she rolls her eyes. "Good to know that no matter how old or young you are, Great Grandma Agni, your nagging – I'm sorry, your 'life lessons' are something I can always count on."

Agnimitra smirks wryly and lets Zhara's sass hang in the air before continuing on, ignoring it. "Officially, as your Great Grandma, I can't approve of you being a highwaywoman. Attacking people and taking their money isn't something I can condone."

Zhara sighs, putting her hands on her hips and tapping her foot as she waits for Agnimitra to finish her lecture. You can tell from their body language that they've been in this exact situation dozens of times before.

“That said, the world’s in a weird, messy place right now, and I get that you need to do what you need to do to get by. The family back in the Peaks could always use a bit of extra float whenever you can bring it in. If you’re going to hold someone up for their money, quit making so much noise and get it done as fast as possible. The more noise you make and the longer it goes on, the more likely your target is going to get help.”

You and Zhara both look to Agnimitra with surprise. You had expected a lecture, but here she is, instructing Zhara on how to be a better thief.

“Don’t tell your mother I said any of this,” she says sternly, extending her finger and tapping Zhara on the nose. “Like I said, I don’t officially condone your attitude.” She lifts her head and looks around, finding Zhara’s two companions, still loitering the scene. “But, you know, if I did, then I’d say that [party.som|jumping in with three to our two is a good idea. Use your numbers to intimidate your target first. Never jump straight to the spears and knives. People getting stuck up for their money is a fact of life, but you’ll be chased down if you ever murder someone.|it’d be three to three, so you’d probably want to reconsider taking on a group as large as ours. Not to mention, we’re all seasoned explorers; we wouldn’t have gotten this far if we couldn’t fight off some ne’er-do-wells. If I hadn’t got between you and [pc.name], we’d have swept you aside. Learn to pick your fights – and maybe get a fourth.]”

She sounds like she’s had a lot of experience being a ne’er-do-well herself.

“I’ve lived a whole lot of lives, [pc.name]. Not all of them have been very saintly.”

Agnimitra pushes herself away from Zhara. “Now, with all that ‘nagging’ out of the way, do me a favor and fly ahead to the Windy Peaks and tell everyone that I’m okay. Tell them that I knew what I was doing, but I knew that people waking up and finding me dead only for me to revive later would be worse.”

Zhara pouts a bit, looking up and down Agnimitra’s body once more. “I kinda wanted to hang around my immortal, revitalized grandma a bit more. You know... not a lot of people can say that.”

“I’m sure everyone in the Peaks does, too. Well, any of them that are related to me, anyway.” She pats Zhara’s back with a laugh. “Get going. And try not to let me catch you doing any more brigand stuff when you get back.”

Zhara motions to the other harpies surrounding you to move out; they all crouch down, their wings spread. “Oh, and Zhara?” Agnimitra asks, causing the wingleader to hesitate as the other girls take off, one by one. “Not [party.som|this one|these ones], alright?”

Zhara looks back to you[party.som||| and [comp2.name]] {have had sex with Zhara|; she doesn’t have to try very hard to memorize your face|trying to memorize your face} in the few seconds that she has before she takes off[silly|. Now that she knows what you look like, you’d better not go through the effort of changing your face, like, say, [pc.hasMuzzle|losing your muzzle|growing a muzzle]. That’d be awkward]. With a heavy flap of her wings, powerful enough to kick up the dust around her, she takes off, leaving you and Agnimitra alone on the road.

Once you’re alone, you ask Agnimitra just how big her family is.

“Living?” she asks. It takes you by surprise just how honest her tone is. “That girl, Zhara, has three sisters {Yhrea hasn’t been rescued. I don’t know what the plan is for her but I’m assuming that’s going to be a thing|. Well... one of them has been missing for a while. Poor thing. Her mother’s been a wreck ever since}. All four of them and their mother have their nests in the Windy Peaks, which isn’t far from here – in fact,” she continues, pointing to a mountain range to the northeast, “you can see the mountain from here. They’re all my direct descendants.”

By two generations, right? Zhara called her ‘Great Grandma’ a few times.

“Try eighteen,” she laughs. “We omit a few ‘greats’ for brevity.”

Eighteen... generations? That’s... that’s a big family.

“Is it? If you could trace your entire lineage through history, your family tree would be just as big.” She leans against you, placing her forearm on your shoulder; the air around you gets just that much warmer. “Immortality sucks, [pc.name], and I’d rather not have it, but if there’s any one thing it’s good for, it’s having the privilege of never being too far away from your family.”

Even still! Eighteen generations – and that’s just **one** branch of her family tree! Hell, forget the tree, that’s a **forest**. She said once that she memorized every single partner and every single kid she’s ever had, but could she really trace is all down eighteen entire generations?

“Sure.” She knocks on her head with her knuckles, as if she was knocking on a door. “I may not have the sharpest memory nowadays, but I have plenty of time to memorize some names and faces.” She looks around, turning over one shoulder, then the other, looking for anybody that might be listening. Comfortable that you’re alone[party.som||| (with [comp2.name])], she leans in close. “But here’s a little cheat: if a harpy has red feathers, odds are good that they’re related to me. I figured the math out on this once. It’s something like... eight times out of ten? Something like that.”

That must help with keeping tabs on that family forest of hers.

“It doesn’t hurt!” she laughs, smiling widely enough to show off her white teeth.

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Zhara Foothills Family Reunion). If Agni is in the party, disable the harpy encounter in the Foothills.

// Continue here if the PC encounters the harpies in the Foothills and Agni is not in the party after Agni is introduced to either Zhara or Shaedra

// (scene: Harpy Encounter Extra)

// I’ll be using {var0} to refer to whether Zhara is present. It should parse as {var0|Zhara is present|Zhara is not there}

You walk the beaten path among the grassy plains when you hear the distinct sound of feathers flapping in the wind above you. You look upward[dayNight|, trying to protect your eyes from the sun|, keeping your eyes peeled among the night sky|, when you find a quartet of harpy highwaywomen circling the skies above you. With a swoop, they each dive in unison towards you, but pull up several feet from the ground and well before impact. Even so, they kick up a fair amount of dust and wind on their approach.

The first to approach you is {var0|Zhara, the familiar red-feathered harpy that you’ve {had sex with Zhara|been... **very well** acquainted with by now|been introduced to by now}. “Ah, [pc.name]!” she says, extending her hand in friendly greeting, but not close enough for you to shake it. “Fancy meeting you here again!”

Yeah, it’s a real surprise. You see that she hasn’t taken Agnimitra’s advice on not being a highwaywoman to heart.

“She also told me to not get caught,” she snickers. “Consider yourself lucky! If I didn’t know you were a friend of Great Grandma Agni, this conversation would have taken a different turn.”

Violent?

“Not unless you paid the road toll,” she answers. “But Grandma asked me not to rob you, and you did her a big favor by bringing her to that temple to revitalize her, so, this isn’t a business meeting.”

{had sex with Zhara|... You suppose that means she wants to bang.

Zhara’s mouth spreads into a wide, shit-eating grin as she snickers under her breath. “Yeah, I got time, if you’re offering. It’s a good thing you didn’t bring Grandma with you, or else this might have been awkward.”|If she’s not here to shake you down, then, what, is she just saying hello?

“More than that,” she replies with a wry grin and a cocked eyebrow. “[pc.hasCock|Part of the business of being a harpy living in the mountains is that we’re always looking for mates. The sign of a healthy harpy is how big her hips are for laying eggs. So, I’m gonna need you to put a few in me.”

... Doesn’t that still make this a shakedown?

“Well, maybe don’t phrase it like that. Grandma would get mad.”|Harpies are big on laying eggs. You might have noticed.” She thumbs at her chin as her eyes settle on your crotch, and she frowns as she notices a distinct lack of bulge. “Looks like you’re not going to give us any this time, though.”

[pc.isDK|You frown. She’s disappointed that you don’t have a dick? You’re not about to apologize for that.|Uh... sorry to disappoint.]

Zhara hums in thought. “Still, I’m horny,” she continues. “Wanna fuck anyway?”}|a wingleader that you don’t recognize – a harpy woman with slightly-off-brown feathers and a countenance that could get lost in a crowd. “Are you [pc.name]?” she asks.

Perhaps against your better judgement – you feel like maybe giving away your name to strangers, especially ones with weapons strapped to their thighs, is a dangerous move – you confirm that you are.

“Ah, the friend of Zhara’s family,” she nods, then makes a handwaving motion to the other three harpies surrounding you. Each of them relax their bodies, their hands moving away from their weapons. “We were told that you are not to be a target.”

Uh... so that’s good. No need for violence, then.

“Yes, well,” she continues, her eyes scanning your body up and down. She smiles in self-satisfaction, [pc.hasCock|particularly when her eyes rest on your crotch and she notices the bulge there. “More than the money, us harpies are always on the lookout for more opportunities to lay some eggs.” She leans forward at the waist, pressing her biceps against the sides of her boobs to deepen her cleavage for you. “Wanna help us out with that?”|although her expression flickers a bit when she looks at your crotch and she doesn’t find something she’s after. “I was going to ask if you could help me and the girls with another little ‘issue’ regarding harpy... mating habits, but maybe not.”

[pc.isDK|You frown. She’s disappointed that you don’t have a dick? You’re not about to apologize for that.|Uh... sorry to disappoint.]

“Hmm,” she says, scratching at her chin. “We’re horny, though. Wanna do something about it?”}

// Display the sex options for the harpy encounter and assuming PC victory
// end scene (scene: Harpy Encounter Extra)

// Continue here if Zhara meets the conditions to join the Wayfort and Agni is in the party. This is an addendum to already-existing content, beginning on page 6 of Zhara’s Wayfort doc

// (scene: Zhara in the Wayfort)

The fort's great hall is much busier than usual, with a mix of [wayfort.hasDaliza|Daliza's rangers|servants] and passing boreal merchants gathered around with all their heads all craned upwards. You inevitably follow the crowd's gaze as you enter the room, looking to the ceiling just in time for a forearm-sized yellow feather to land on your face. You sputter, blowing it away, in time to see its owner -- one of **several** possible candidates nesting in the hall's rafters -- giving you a sheepish grin.

Harpies. Dozens of them.

Agnimitra strides beside you, her eyes focused forward; she has a disapproving scowl on her face like she had just gotten someone else’s feathers in her soup after having a particularly bad day.

"Oh, there's the [pc.mf|man|woman] of the hour!" a familiar lilting voice croons, drawing your attention to your throne. A familiar red-headed thief is sat sideways across the chair, her clawed legs dangling over the armrest while her feathered headdress hangs off the seatback. She's got a froth-topped mug cradled between her boobs, and [zhara.isPregnant|one hand rests on her gravid egg-filled tummy|gives you a two-handed wave]. “{Agni and Zhara have already met|And you brought Great Grandma Agni with you!” She sets down the ale and hops to her feet, walking – more like bounding with excitement, particularly at the sight of Agnimitra – towards you both. “Honestly, you couldn’t have made this into a more perfect day, m’[pc.mf|lord|lady]!|Who’s the broad?” she asks, motioning to Agnimitra. She sets down the mug of ale and sits properly on the throne, leaning far forward in an attempt to get a better look at your partner. “She has great taste in feather colors!”

Without changing her expression, Agnimitra raises her right hand and presses her middle finger to her thumb. With a snap, her thumb instantly alights, a thin ember settling on the thumb’s tip.

Just as quickly, the thief’s eyes widen, and all the energy evaporates from her body. All of the loud whooping and warbling of the harpies in the rafters stop as well. All it took was one snap of Agnimitra’s fingers, and every single harpy in the throne room is brought to heel.

“Great Grandma Agni?” the harpy wingleader asks, her voice so low and awed that you barely hear it in the new silence of the room.

“Nobody else,” Agnimitra answers, flicking her wrist to snuff the flame.

The silence hangs in the room for a moment longer as the harpies all process what it is they’re seeing. “Well, that makes things even better!” the thief exclaims jubilantly, hopping to her feet and spreading her arms as she walks – or, rather, bounds with excitement – towards you both. The harpies in the rafters restart their own excitement at a much higher volume. “Holy shit, Great Grandma, we were all worried sick about you! But if you’re here, and you’re young... that means that m[pc.mf|lord|lady] here is the one that brought you back!”}

"What are you and your friends doing here?" you ask, looking between {Zhara|the wingleader} and her gaggle of compadres roosting in your rafters. "And why are you bullying my [wayfort.hasDaliza|bailiff|bee]?"

"The latter, because it's fun!" she says, grinning wide. "The former, well, you know it's getting kinda dangerous out there these days. Little demon bastards crawling out of the very stone, seems like, either attacking me and the girls, or jumping the people I'm tryin' to lift coin{ – I mean... jumping the people we were paid handsomely to try and protect on the road. Caravans in need of protection| off. Marks} are getting scarce all around the ol' mountains... and so are safe places to live. Even mom's fortress all the way up on the peaks is getting hammered by monsters. So! When I heard you of all people were putting down roots and fixing up this ol' place, I figured, why not bunker down with [pc.name]! If you can whip my girls around and apparently take down some kinda demon-elf-queen lady, surely you can keep a handful of very, very grateful harpies safe and sound."

Agnimitra remains unimpressed.

"And, as a bonus, I get to hang around my newly-rejuvenated Great Grandma!" she continues, wrapping her left arm around Agnimitra's shoulders and giving her a few playful nudges. "There's so much we gotta talk about now that you're young again, Agni. Gods, I'm still beside myself, here! You look like you could fold a log in half by doing some stomach crunches!"{|

"You've been stealing from people?" Agnimitra asks with a low tone and a furrowed brow.

You're not totally up to speed on what Agnimitra's relationship is with this harpy thief, but her presence alone is enough to shake the resolve of every harpy in the room at once, and her lowered tone and ice-cold gaze has the thief withdrawing her arm and taking a step back. Even if there's no blood relation, and 'Great Grandma' is just an honorific, it's apparent that Agnimitra wasn't kidding when she said she was a legend among her kind.

"No – I mean, nah, Grandma," the thief sputters, her smile quickly waning into a nervous grin. She paces her feet somewhat and her hands can't find a comfortable place to stay. "The girls and I, we scout out each of our, uh... we keep an eye on the roads, right, and we watch for other thieves on the roads, and we wait for them to steal money from someone else, and then we steal the money from the thieves. That's what I meant!"

"And you give the money back to the ones it belongs to, right?"

"Ye – uh, yeah!"

Agnimitra stares the girl down – and eventually lets out a long sigh through her nose, lowering her head into her right hand and massaging her wrinkled forehead in frustration. She was only recently reborn and this thief girl is taking away years of her life already.}

"And what's this business about being 'lady of the keep', then?" you ask.

The thief laughs{|, glad for the opportunity to change the subject}. "Well! A [pc.mf|lord|lady] needs a[pc.mf] lady|... you know, uh, another lady! Yeah! And I am clearly the leading contender for the position. Look at these qualifications!" [zhara.isPregnant|The wingleader runs her feathery hand across her egg-bump, pulling up her tunic to show off the taut flesh surrounding the life you planted within her.|She bounces her tits in her hands, spreading her legs to show off her meaty thighs and a fleeting glimpse of feathery bush.

[wayfort.hasFreja|[wayfort.hasDaliza|Daliza glances at you, cheeks coloring. "If I introduce her to Aileh and your daughter, do you think she'll fuck off?"|You have a sneaking

suspicion Aileh is going to have strong words for the both of you if she finds out there are beautiful-pregnant-lover qualifications for being 'Lady of the Wayfort'.]]

Her friends cat-call the both of you, almost deafening when their captain shows a little extra skin. When the cacophony finally ends, the wingleader heaves herself up into a proper sit upon your throne and fixes you with a smirk. "So? What do you say, [pc.title]?"

[=Fuck Off=][=Conditions...=][=Kids?=]

[=Fuck Off=]

// Tooltip: No vagrants.

"No vagrants allowed," you decide. "[pc.dcb|Make like birds and flap off.|Sorry, ladies. You've gotta go.|I'm like, really not interested in being your roost, girls!]"

The wingleader's expression falls, doubly so when you heft her off your throne and [zhara.isPregnant|gently place the pregnant harpy on her feet, taking the opportunity to rub her egg-laden belly before giving her a firm slap on the ass and pushing her towards the door|[silly|yeet|toss] her towards the door.]

"Wait, for real?" {Zhara|the harpy wingleader} asks in surprise, flapping her wings to try and keep from being pushed away while maintaining her balance. The other harpies in the rafters being to hop down from the rafters as they blow raspberries and perform other, more obscene gestures toward you, but if you've proven yourself capable enough to handle a 'demon-elf-queen lady,' then a handful of harpy vagrants wouldn't last long. "Grandma, help me out, here!"

Agnimitra, though, crosses her arms. "You know I love you, Zhara," she says, taking on a tone that reminds you of a mother scolding a misbehaving child. "But you've put yourself in [pc.name]'s home, abused [pc.hisHer] staff, and used [pc.hisHer] resources without [pc.hisHer] permission. If anyone came into Shaedra's home in the Peaks and behaved the same way, you'd have sliced them open on the spot. If [pc.heShe] wants you gone, then I'm not going to suggest otherwise." [zhara.isPregnant|

The wingleader pouts, twisting her body so that she's standing profile as she rubs her palm over her swollen stomach. "What about this?" she asks. "[pc.HeShe] is the one that did this to me! [pc.HeShe] needs to take some responsibility and make sure the kid has a good place to stay!"

Agnimitra grimaces in frustration as she lowers her head and rubs at her mouth. She massages her jaw a few times, trying to keep her expression straight. "Don't make this difficult, girl," she responds, although you can tell that she's chewing through her words – the fact that {Zhara|this thief that you made the mistake of knocking up} is pregnant is really hurting her, too. "If you expect [pc.name] to be a good [pc.mf|father|mother], that means you need to be a good [pc.mf|mother|mother, too]. That means being a good partner. And that means not acting like an entitled brat." }

The harpy struggles against her binds as [wayfort.hasDaliza|Daliza's guards push|Rumie, bless her heart, pushes] her out of the door. "Your mother will accept you back, Zhara," Agnimitra says, trying to lighten her tone. "If you need a place to be, the Peaks will always be your home."

{Zhara|The harpy thief} says nothing more as she's eventually escorted out of the throne room and, ultimately, off the premises. Once she's out of sight, Agnimitra relaxes her shoulders and lets out a long, nasally exhale – she's not the type of person to be easily bothered, but you can tell, she really hated having to do that. You ask her if she'll be okay.

She doesn't answer immediately. "Fortunately," she says, straightening her back and running her fingers through her plumage, "I know from experience that time heals all wounds. She came into your home, starting drinking your alcohol – and she didn't even invite us – and she'd been acting like a spoiled kid, like it was all owed to her. I **do** love her... but, sometimes, love can be tough." {Agni and Zhara have already met||

You ask her what their relation is. You suppose they share the same colored feathers... and she called her 'Great Grandma Agni'. Agnimitra is immortal, so you suppose it's possible that that's true–

"There's about eighteen 'greats' missing in there," Agnimitra says with a smirk. "She just calls me 'Great Grandma' for brevity. We're related by blood – but it's so far apart that we're basically as related as you and I are."

She's... she's memorized her entire lineage, from that far away?

"Fads come and go, [pc.name], but the one thing that'll stick with me forever is my family tree." She taps on her head with her index claw. "My memory isn't great, but I take the time and effort to remember everyone in my lineage. It's not like I don't have the time."

You suppose it could be easier with mnemonics – that girl had red feathers, just like she does. 'Zhara' and 'Agnimitra' have some syllables in common, too. Anything that could help make remembering names and relations easier.

"That's true," she admits. "And you're right on the feathers: I did the math on this once, and it turns out, if a harpy has red feathers, there's a really, really good chance that they're directly related to me." She looks down at her hands as she extends them, one after the other, as she counts something in her head. "It was something like... eight times out of ten?"

Damn. Something you'll have to keep in mind the next time you see a harpy with red feathers.}

[=Kids?]

// Only display if the PC has had at least one kid with Zhara

// Tooltip: What about your daughter{s} with the wingleader? Will {she/they} be moving in with her?

"What about our daughter{s}? Will [pc.isBimbo|our cutie patootie{s}]{she/they} be coming to live with us, if I let you move in?"

As soon as you say 'our daughter{s}', Agnimitra visibly fidgets. Her face turns slightly towards you, then back to the wingleader's. She's doing her best to maintain her stern, disapproving vigilance in light of this news.

A faint but genuine smile plays across the wingleader's lips. "Yeah, of course. All the girls want to bring their youngins around -- that's most of the point of us wanting to be here: to have somewhere actually safe to raise the kiddos. And I'll admit, having {her/their} [pc.mf|dad|other mom] around growing up's a big plus for me. Maybe for some of the other girls, too, I dunno how much you get around."

Some of the other harpies giggle up in the rafters. A couple of them thrust forward large, egg-laden bellies of their own.

"The whole point to moving in was to try and get away from, you know, the realities of the world that we live in now. Mom has a bigass fortress up in the Peaks, but it's surrounded by demons on one side and pissed off [silly|furries|cat-people] on the other. Living on the road is no

place to raise some chicklets, either. Look, I may be a rough-and-tumble party gal, [pc.name], but my mom didn't raise an idiot. And my Great Grandma didn't, either."

Again, Agnimitra's body posture changes, her shoulders visibly relaxing. You can hear her exhale through her nose as well. But she fights to stay stern and ready – if you told this harpy to get out, she would, against her own wishes, stand by your decision. And she knows that the wingleader is trying to appeal to her more motherly senses by bringing up the kid{s} the way she is.

[=Conditions...=]

// Tooltip: You're willing to let the harpies stay, but this many girls is going to be a strain on your resources unless they pitch in...

"Alright, but you and the girls are going to have to earn your keep," you say.

The wingleader looks affronted. "What, the pleasure of my company isn't enough to sate all of the desires you might have, my [pc.mf|lord|lady]?"

Agnimitra scoffs in frustration. "Zhara, I say this as your Great Grandma: you know I love you and your mother and your sisters dearly. You know there's nothing I wouldn't do for you. You know that I'd die for you – whatever that's worth, coming from me." She steps into the harpy girl's space; the harpy, her bravado shaken, takes a step back. "You came into [pc.name]'s home; you started abusing [pc.name]'s staff; you started using [pc.name]'s resources; and you've been acting like you're entitled to it all from the start. If [pc.heShe] went to Shaedra's nest and started acting the way you're acting, you'd have sliced [pc.himHer] open without a second thought. So if [pc.heShe] is willing to let you stay conditionally, you can either put up with it, or you can go back to the Peaks."

Not only does Agnimitra's commanding tone shut the harpy down completely, but it also silences the squawking from the other girls coming from the rafters. Agnimitra is a legend among the harpies, but the respect she commands from them is something else[wayfort.hasDaliza|. Even your normally stiff, stern bailiff can't help but be impressed with how quickly Agnimitra's gotten the braying birds to shut up].[zhara.isPregnant|

"And for Sorra's sake," she continues, motioning with an open palm towards the mug of ale that the harpy had left sitting at the foot of your throne, "contain yourself when you're pregnant, woman! That's my great, great granddaughter in there!"

The red-feathered harpy wingleader stands up straight, looking as though she'd just been commanded to stand at attention from a ghost. Her eyes, while wide from nervousness, remain unblinking and focused on Agnimitra, then onto you, showing you that you have her undivided attention, now that she's been sufficiently cowed.

You put your hands on your hips as you regard the woman. {Agni and Zhara have met already|You've gathered her name from overhearing her conversation with Agnimitra before, but n|N}ow that you think about it, you don't believe you've ever been formally introduced.

"Oh!" the harpy says, breaking her stiff posture and relaxing her limbs. You can tell that she wants to go back to her normal, carefree, flippant attitude, but 'Great Grandma Agni' is watching, and judging, her every move. "Uh, right! I am Zhara, daughter of Matron Shaedra: the Great Mother of the Northern Peaks, She Who is Beloved of Sorra[silly|, the Storm That is Approaching]. It is a pleasure to formally make your acquaintance, {PC is baron: Baron //else Noble BG: Lord //else: my dear} [pc.name]."

She's acting particularly formal, given the... relationship you two have now. Maybe it's for Agnimitra's benefit. Maybe she's just trying to put on airs.

She stands back upright – and quickly adjusts her top, ensuring that she’s still presentable. Knowing her, that was because Agnimitra is standing beside you. “Great Grandma Agni is right: if our positions were reversed, I wouldn’t have stood for it. So it’s only right that me and the girls repay you for the housing. We’re good to work! Just point us in a direction and tell us to do a thing, and we’ll make sure we’re good for it.” She runs a talon through her headdress. “Oh, uh, m’[pc.mf]lord[lady].”

{Has Daliza & Stockades: "Can we just put them in the stockades? Nice and safe up there," Daliza suggests. Zhara blows her a raspberry.}

[=Collect Loot=][=Guard Fort=]

[=Collect Loot=]

// Tooltip: Zhara and her girls are thieves. They like money, you like money; having them continue to shake down anybody that isn't under your protection seems like a natural course of action.

There’s one obvious way that the harpies – a roaming gang of thieves, bandits, and highwaywomen – could earn their keep. [pc.isDK|So you go ahead and say it: you want them to bring in coin. Lots and lots of coin. Enough to fund the fortress, provide their housing, and bring in their food, several times over.|You hesitate to say it because you doubt Agnimitra would approve... but, eventually, there’s just no other way around the fact that Zhara has assembled herself a... system that brings in money, and is apparently half decent at it. You tell her to bring in money. You don’t care how she does it, but you want enough money so they can feed themselves and provide enough for the fortress a few times over.]

“I can’t condone that,” Agnimitra says, huffing through her nose as the words leave your mouth. “So I’m going to pretend I didn’t hear it.”

The air hangs stale between you three for a moment. “Does that mean you’re okay with it?” Zhara asks haltingly.

Agnimitra crosses her arms. “Okay with what?”

“Right, my mistake,” Zhara says with a laugh. "Now we'll have a shorter [silly|commute|flight] to our hunting grounds, too. Alright, boss, you got it. Me and the girls are gonna make you rich. Just don't complain to me if everyone around here gets mad at you for housing us."

You smirk. "I'll worry about that."

"Badass like you? Nothing to worry about 'cept rotten eggs on your wall!" The gaggle of birds above you roar with laughter, and Zhara smirks from ear to ear. "And hey, there'll be plenty of eggs around here for you, too. [zhara.isPregnant|Some of them are definitely going to be yours. Maybe a lot of them!|And if you want to make sure all of them are yours, well, I bet the girls will line up and present if you ask!]"

Some of the girls overhead laugh at the joke, but it’s much more muted than before. You look up towards the gaggle of them, noting their positions, how some of them eye you with anything from indifference to respect to lust. Most of them aren’t wearing much. It’s an unusual atmosphere: you feel like you’re a nun that’s walked into a bordello. The girls want to act more illicit and scandalous, but they’re not sure if they should – because Agnimitra is right there.

Zhara, however, is far less concerned with Agnimitra’s approval. She comes over and hooks her winged arms around your middle, nuzzling her face into your neck while your gaze is so upturned. When you look down, you’re brought into a full lip kiss that only serves to redouble

the raucous cheers from overhead. "You've made a good choice, [pc.name]. We won't let you down. And when me and the girls aren't working, you can find me in the hall for whatever kinds of fun you want to get up to. I'm at your service!"

She reaches down and gives your [pc.ass] a squeeze, which causes a bit more noise up in the rafters. Hell, if she's not worried about appearances, you don't see why you should walk on eggshells either: you reciprocate, rolling your hands down Zhara's side and giving her own hefty ass a double-handed heft.

To your mild surprise, Agnimitra doesn't make a sound. She's standing right there, she's watching it all unfold in front of you, but it's with the same intensity as watching food cook on a spit. She's completely nonplussed by such an obvious display of affection with someone that continually refers to her as 'Great Grandma'.

"I'll make sure I'm easy to find when I'm not out on the job," Zhara tells you, nuzzling into your neck once more, before pulling away with an exaggerated swagger, knowing exactly where your eyes are drawn.

[=Guard Fort=]

// Tooltip: Zhara's gang are a bunch of brigands who've never shied away from using force. You need to turn that attention away from robbing people and point them towards protecting your lands and your subjects.

"If you want to stay," you tell her, looking between Zhara and the gaggle up in your rafters, "there'll be no banditry on my lands. In fact, I want you to help me **stop** [pc.isBimbo]jerks from stealing all my stuff[others from doing so]."

Zhara blinks. "You... want us to be your new guards?"

[wayfort.hasDaliza|"You want them to be your new guards!?" Daliza echoes.]

It seems like the perfect job for them. One, there's a ton of them: having a small army of harpies under your employ just sounds like a good thing to have in general. Two, they're bandits: they know how other ne'er-do-wells work and what their goals are, where and when to expect them, and so on. And three... Agnimitra would probably prefer that they be guards rather than back to being bandits.

"They're all adults, [pc.name]," Agnimitra answers, looking up at the gaggle of harpies in the rafters and scratching at her chin in thought. "They're old enough to make their own mistakes. That said, though, as someone they all look up to, I couldn't condone them being highwaywomen, so... yeah, I'd prefer it if they did something a little less nefarious."

Zhara mimics Agnimitra's posture almost perfectly, looking up and scratching at her chin. You can't tell if she's doing it on purpose. "Can we rob any bandits we intercept?" she asks earnestly. "If any of them happen to make off with anything from your vault, you'll get it back. But the girls are gonna want their own, you know, pocket change."

That's kind of a slippery slope. You're trusting each of the harpies to be self-governing while they're out – who's to say that they won't just **decide** that a legitimate caravan was actually a roaming pack of evildoers?

Still, this conversation can't go anywhere without someone giving at least a little. You tell her to swear that she, nor any of the harpies living in your fort, will knowingly rob an innocent bystander.

Your concession causes a small ruckus among the harpies in the rafters. When you look up, you see at least one of them has a shit-eating grin on her face. “I swear,” Zhara answers, a little too quickly for your liking.

“[silly|SWEAR TO ME!” Agnimitra shouts, her voice unusually low, gravelly, and masculine. |“Swear on my name,” Agnimitra interjects.]

Every harpy in the rafters immediately shuts up. Zhara looks at Agnimitra, caught off-guard by the demand; Agnimitra narrows her eyes and furrows her brow, daring Zhara to try and deflect. You’ve always known Agnimitra to be a fairly easy-going woman – but she can demand respect from the harpies when she wants to.

“Uh,” Zhara stutters, her eyes darting between yours and Agnimitra’s. She eventually relents, her shoulders slumping. “Fine. I swear on Great Grandma Agnimitra’s name, we won’t rob anyone we’re not supposed to.”

Agnimitra holds her pose for a long moment – and, like blowing out a candle, she changes her demeanour. “Good!” she says, clapping you on the shoulder once. “I’m satisfied. The girls will behave themselves.”

Now that the pressure’s been defused, the thief -- now former thief, you suppose -- claps her hands together and, after a moment's consideration, gives you a lazy salute. "Well then, I guess I'm your new captain of the guard, boss! Me and the girls'll keep your lands clear of critters and creeps, as long as you keep the fort itself safe for us to roost in."

[wayfort.hasDaliza|"Oh no," Daliza snaps, stalking forward. For a moment you think she's about the slap Zhara, but instead she kicks the harpy's clawed feet together and pushes her back straight into a properly crisp military attention. "Captain my ass. You and yours will be answering to me, and my rangers will be keeping track of your patrols. Pick one pocket out of line and the phoenix will be the least of your worries."

"Well, first of all, I very much doubt that," Zhara huffs, "and second, I'm a lady of my word! But if you're already queen bitch-elf of the guards, I guess I don't mind getting manhandled into shape."

Dal snorts and snaps Zhara's disheveled tunic tight. By the time your bailiff's done, Zhara looks downright presentable. Almost like a real soldier, if only she had a proper uniform. You give Daliza a shoulder-squeeze, pulling her back in line before she starts trying to make the harpies do pushups. "Baby steps."]

Zhara hooks her taloned thumbs into the pits of her tunic, testing the fit. “Cool! I’ve never been a badass as an official duty; I only ever did it on my own time. I’m not ‘Zhara the bandit’ anymore: now I’m ‘Zhara the’, uhh... the... ‘Zhara the Officer’!” She lifts her head towards the rafters and cups her hands around her mouth. “Girls, get your lazy bones down here and form a line! We’re splitting into groups of four and I’m assigning you roles and duties!”

The harpies in the rafters immediately begin to voice their dissent, and they’re slow to follow her orders, but they nonetheless do as they’re told, falling from the ceiling one by one. Although all of them are the rough-and-tumble type, only some of them are wearing any kind of armor, and the few pieces of armor between them are in poor shape. Still, they’re each equipped with a dagger holstered to their hip, and still others have slings and short spears. Fitting them with proper gear will have to be on your to-buy list once some proper money starts flowing into the fort.

“Come on, ladies, put your backs into it!” Zhara barks, going down the line of harpies one-by-one. She fixes the posture on one; she grips another by the chin and forces them to look forward; she preens the feathers of another to try and get them to straighten. “You’re in front of

the boss, for Sorra's sake! We can't represent [pc.himHer] and the fort looking like we just lost a fight to one of those snowcats!"

Agnimitra stands beside you, her arms crossed. She can't help but smirk at the sight of her 'great granddaughter' making a big show out of being the newly promoted 'officer' of the fort. "She likes you," she says to you, leaning in so that her voice doesn't carry. "Her mother and I could never get her this excited to do menial work around the nest."

You answer that she's probably after... you call it a 'bonus' to her next payday.

"Oh, for sure," Agnimitra replies. She's being awfully casual about the **subtext**, given that you're talking about her flesh and blood. "But she could get [pc.hasCock|some dick from|her rocks off with] just about anyone she wanted. She wouldn't stay here and she wouldn't put in the effort **to** stay here if she wasn't invested."

"What are we talking about?" Zhara asks once she's finished getting her gang standing in a line. To her credit, each of her harpy girls are, in fact, standing single-file and at attention, ready for orders – although their discipline is lacking. Some of them stare off at nothing, lost in their own thoughts, while others lean on one foot and then the other in boredom. More than a few of them are having conversations with their neighbor. But it's a straight line, at least.

Agnimitra reaches forward to cup Zhara's cheek. "Just that we have every faith that you're going to be an excellent officer for the fort, Zhara."

"Damn right!" she squawks, pumping her fists in determination. "We're gonna keep this place so bandit-free, you'll be **begging** me to ease the guard to get a little action going around here! Ladies, take flight and assemble on the roof so we can group off!"

Following her instruction, each of the harpies turn towards the open door to the grand hall and begin to march off, their footsteps all off-sync from each other. Zhara turns to you just as the last harpy girl marches off. "Be sure to keep my seat warm for me while I'm out on duty."

Ground rule: she's not allowed to sit in your throne. That's **yours**. You earned that privilege.

"Not the seat I was referring to," she says with a smarmy grin as she pats your cheek. Then she turns to leave without giving you the opportunity to respond.

[wayfort.hasDaliza|Daliza groans beside you. "Why do you insist on making my job harder at every turn?"

"Daliza! I just doubled your available guards. You should be thankful!"

"Ugh." She snorts, scratching the back of her neck. "I suppose if I can turn Thane Englaff's son into a respectable soldier I can do the same for Zhara and her cronies. Just don't expect any more miracles this year."

You [daliza.fucked|give Dal's ass a squeeze too, threatening to slip a hand under her tunic until she laughs and pulls away. "I've got work to do, [pc.name]. You can make this all up to me later! I'll need those hands to undo all this stress you're piling onto my plate."|ruffle Daliza's crimson hair. "You'll manage."

"Always do, m'[pc.mf|lord|lady]. Always do."

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Zhara in the Wayfort)

// Random scene 1

// This scene has a guaranteed chance to proc the first time when exploring any tile in the Wayfort proper once the PC owns it and Agni is in the party. After it procs, it has a cooldown of seven in-game days, and then has a 20% chance to proc in the Kitchen tile. Zhara does not need to be in the Wayfort.

// Just to clarify, “first time” means {first time|the scene can proc anywhere in the Wayfort proper|the scene can only proc in the Kitchen}

// (scene: Wayfort Fried Chicken 1)

// Continue here if it’s the first time

You explore the layout of your abode, [wayfort.stateABC|noting the many, many places it still needs fixing – but it’s yours. You can’t help but|spotting some places that could still use a bit of improvement, but it, like you, has come a long way. You can’t help but|admiring what a bit of effort (and money) can do to really turn even a strategic fort like this one into a home. You can’t help but] bask in the fact that you went from destitute and homeless to the baron[pc.mf|ness] of a fort in what feels like such a short amount of time.

You spot a flash of red out of the corner of your eye, and when you turn your head towards it, you see Agnimitra, the phoenix, approaching you. “Hey, [pc.name], just the [pc.mf|guy|gal] I was looking for,” she says. You ask her how you can help her. “I was just in the mood to do some cooking, actually. {Time is between 00:00 and 06:59|I had a hankering for a late-night snack. Well, except, the snack is a full meal.} {Time is between 07:00 and 11:59|You need to start your days right with a hearty breakfast, after all!} {Time is between 12:00 and 04:59|Lunch has always been my favorite meal of the day, personally.} {Else|What better way to put the skills that Sorra gave me to use by making some dinner?} I was thinking of cooking some [silly|poultry].”

Poultry?

“It’s not weird.”

It’s kind of weird.

“It’s not weird. It’s weird in the same way that [pc.ra human|you|humans] eating, like, a lemur or something would be weird.”

That’s pretty weird.

“Ugh, fine. Steaks, then.|steaks. Something real big and filling.] You want some? I was gonna make some for one, but I’ll toss in a bit for you too, if you want. It’ll be on me.”

That’s a weird way to phrase it, considering it’s your fort, your kitchen, your food that she’s cooking {PC has the Well Fed, Happy Tummy, or Orally Filled status|, and you’ve recently eaten already... but| – but} you’re not going to say no when Agnimitra is offering to make you something. You answer that, sure, you could go for some food.

“Perfect,” she answers with a wide, toothy grin – an oddly mischievous expression, like she’s a bit too excited for you to have said yes. “Meet me in the kitchen in an hour. It ought to be ready by then.”

Sure. You’re looking forward to it.

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Wayfort Fried Chicken 1); go to (scene: Wayfort Fried Chicken 2)

// subsequent times

When you enter the kitchen, you find, unsurprisingly, Agnimitra, standing at the door to the pantry with her hand crooked against her chin in thought. Near her feet is the meat locker, filled with fresh-cut slabs of everything from mutton to venison, kept in a pile of salt to keep them from spoiling.

“Oh, [pc.name],” Agnimitra says, turning her head when she hears your footsteps. “You hungry?”

... Is she looking for an excuse to do her favorite ‘party trick’ again?

“What?” she asks, reeling backward in shock. “Noooo, noo, what? I mean, pfft, nooo.” Her lips purse and her cheeks rise and redden as she tries to keep from laughing. “But, I mean, if you want me to do it, I mean, that’s kinda weird on your part, but I guess I’ll do it if you want. Just because I like you so much.”

What, was she just standing here the whole time, hoping someone would come in and ask her to grill some meat on her abs?

“No,” she answers earnestly. “I was hungry, so I came here, and I was trying to decide what I was in the mood for. You coming in after me was an opportunity.” She pauses and smirks – an unusually nervous smirk, like she knows what she’s about to do or say might not go over well. “Like I told you, it’s as sanitary as cooking with a pan – but not everybody appreciates the idea of eating meat I’ve cooked straight off my skin. We’re both lucky that you’re cool about it.”

The silence hangs in the air for a moment. “So, you want me to grill meat on my abs, or not?”

[=Sure=][=No Thanks=]

[=No Thanks=]

As entertaining as the ‘party trick’ is, you’re not in the mood to be eating something right now. And Rumie doesn’t seem to enjoy it when she does it: after all, Agnimitra is lying on the place where other people try to normally prepare their food. She might still be wearing her clothes, but in some ways, that can be worse.

“Hey, my ass is clean enough to eat!” she says with a snicker. “But[silly|t], sure, I get it. Maybe I’ll just heat up some porridge for myself or something.”

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Wayfort Fried Chicken 1); place the PC one square outside of the Kitchen; this scene goes on the seven day cooldown

[=Sure=]

Rumie doesn’t seem to like it whenever Agnimitra does her ‘party trick’. It’s something of a health hazard, for a few reasons. But, honestly, the first time you had it, you remember saying that she was right that meat cooked on her skin doesn’t have that smoky taste and granular texture that meat cooked over a fire pit has. Whether or not it tastes better is subjective... but you’ll just have to have it again to know for sure.

“Maybe I should look into coming up with some kind of secret ingredient,” she laughs. “Maybe if I cook it by pinching it between my thighs! I’ll take all of that as a ‘yes’, then?”

... Fuck it, sure, you could go for a meal. You'll just have to deal with Rumie later.

"Hell yeah," she laughs, nudging you with her elbow before bending over to open the meat box. "All fun and games aside, it still needs to actually cook. Come back in an hour; it ought to be ready by then."

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Wayfort Fried Chicken 1); go to (scene: Wayfort Friend Chicken 2)

// (scene: Wayfort Fried Chicken 2)

// Continue here if it's the first time

You wile away the time{PC has the Well Fed, Happy Tummy, or Orally Filled status|, which helps you digest what's already in your stomach}, waiting for the hour to pass before heading to the kitchen. You can smell the enticing, wafting aroma of cooked meats long before you even approach the door. You didn't take Agnimitra to be much of a cook, but, you suppose, it makes sense: she has lots of life experience, and her natural control over heat and fire would be useful in food preparation.

When you open the door to the kitchen, your ears are greeted with the sound of sizzling meat... and you're treated to the particular sight of Agnimitra, lying on top of the counter, her arms reclined behind her head for support. Lying across her exposed stomach are thick slabs of cut meat: everything from pork and mutton to steak and chicken breast. The meat's all been cooked to a supple, golden brown, with oils and greases flowing off the sides of her body and sizzling off the countertop.

"Oh, [pc.name]!" Agnimitra says, waving to you as though nothing in the world is amiss. "You're just in time!"

You hesitantly approach the counter. You ask her just... what is she doing?

"I told you, I'm cooking food!" she answers, motioning to her stomach towards the whole spread of meats laid on top of her.

On her... on her bare skin?[silly|??]

"Yeah!"

What the hell does she mean, 'yeah'?! You need a better explanation than that!

"Well, it's pretty simple," she says, lifting her right hand and extending her index finger, crooking her left index finger into it as she counts off her reasoning. "First, doing this gives me a much better sense of control over the heat needed to cook the meat all the way through. I can control my own body temperature, and I can make fire with my fingers, but as soon as I use that fire to make a campfire or light a stove, it's out of my control. I can make fire, but I can't unmake fire. I can control the way the meat cooks this way much easier, in my experience."

She extends her middle finger and hooks her left index finger into that as well. "Second, because my heat doesn't use any sort of fuel, you don't get any kind of weird, clinging taste to it. No smoky 'burnt wood' taste, or any dirty charcoal, or anything like that. You don't have to worry about having too much or too little fuel, either."

She hooks her index finger into her ring finger. "And finally, depending on how tough the meat is, or how much of it there is, it can be hard to tell just how thoroughly cooked-through it is, you know? You could stand at a meat spit and crank it for hours, but it might be too cooked

on one side, or not cooked all the way through. Smaller meats need more focus, too, because they can burn really easily if you leave them for just a second too long. This one, you'll just need to take my word for it, but it's easier for me to intuit that a food is ready-cooked once it gets there because I can feel it directly on my skin. You're not about to grab a pork sirloin right off the grill with your bare hands to test how cooked it is."

Agnimitra reaches up behind her head, grasping for something; eventually, her fingers find the handle of a metal spatula that she's placed there beforehand. "Speaking of, this one needs flipping," she says, pointing to a slab of steak just beneath her ribs as she hands you the spatula. "If you don't mind. I hope you like your steak well-done."

You dumbly take the spatula from her hand, holding it loosely in your grip, as if your body was moving automatically. Is this really happening? Is she really cooking meat on her bare skin like this? You heard and understood every word that she said, but is she really making any sense? Is it you that's lost [pc.hisHer] mind?

Agnimitra purses her lips and chokes back a laugh at the sight of you standing so still beside her, trying to process exactly what it is you're seeing. "There are a bunch of other reasons why I do it, though," she admits. "That look on your face is one of them. Another is that I don't have to stay on my feet the entire time that it's cooking. Although, once I'm down, I can't get back up until it's finished, which is a bit annoying."

This can't be sanitary.

"Funny that you think that, actually. You know what's more sanitary than soap?" Agnimitra snaps her fingers, and her thumb immediately alights, wreathed down to the knuckle. "Fire. Fire cleans everything."

You give the meat on her body a second look. In Agnimitra's defense, all of the meat – the steaks, the chicken – it looks fully cooked, and it's sometimes hard to hear the words she's saying over the sizzling of the gristle. Standing as close to her as you are, you can feel the intensity of her body heat against yours, as if you really were standing next to an open flame. She's making a lot of oddly specific, and yet irrefutable, points. Grease and gravy from the formally-uncooked meat spill down her sides and get caught in the creases of her skin, particularly where her stomach meets her pelvis, but it's not sweat...

All that said, though, she's still cooking meat directly on the exposed skin of her body. Sometimes, a person doesn't need to not make sense for you to be uncomfortable about something. If this is maybe a step too far, you could always back out.

"Seriously, though, you need to flip that steak or it's going to burn," Agnimitra says, pointing to the same bit of meat.

[=Play Along=][=Back Out=]

[=Back Out=]

// Tooltip: This will disable this opportunity from ever appearing again.

This... this is a little too weird. You trust Agnimitra and all, but... you don't know how you feel about eating meat that's been cooked directly on her skin. You'd prefer to eat a meal that was cooked on something that's been designed for it.

Agnimitra clicks her tongue in disappointment. "Not even gonna try it?" she asks. "That's too bad. I'm not gonna push you if you're not comfortable with it, though. It's just a waste of food."

Without waiting for you to flip the steak with the spatula, Agnimitra reaches down to her stomach with her left hand, pinching the searing-hot meat between her thumb and two forefingers, and flipping it over herself. Once it lands back onto her hot skin, you hear the sizzling of meat getting cooked again, and a fresh rush of grease slides down her side. You couldn't imagine grabbing onto meat, still cooking on a hot grill.

That said, you ask her why she's still bothering – you just said you weren't going to eat it.

"I am, though," she answers, furrowing her brow in confusion. "I'm still hungry. I'm not going to eat all of this at once, but, you know, that just means more rations for me."

That...

Whatever, you're done with this conversation. You tell Agnimitra to clean up after herself when she's done as you turn to leave.

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Wayfort Fried Chicken 2); place the PC one square north of the Kitchen; disable this encounter from occurring again

[=Play Along=]

// Tooltip: Waste not! It's still good food.

It's such an absurd idea that you can't help but laugh – and laughing helps to ease the tension that you have over the idea. Sure. Why not? The meat will just go to waste if you don't. You slip the spatula underneath the steak just beneath her ribs and flip it over.

"Hah, there you go!" Agnimitra says with a laugh, reclining her head back and relaxing. "Glad to see you've got an open mind about giving it a try, [pc.name]!"

True to her word, the meat was already nearly cooked through by the time you came in, and they only needed a little bit longer on the 'grill' that is her abs. She even had a very particular layout around herself as she cooked: she thought to have the salt and pepper within arm's reach before lying down, along with assorted seasonings like paprika, rosemary, and thyme. She was ready!

Moving the food off Agnimitra's body and onto plates was one moment; helping her clean all the grease and gristle off her body and waiting for her to cool down was another. Ultimately, though, it came down to how the food tasted. With a bit of effort, you could look beyond the fact that it was cooked on Agnimitra's bare skin. You kept imagining that you'd be able to taste the salt and oils from her body on the meat, or that the curvature of her body would make the food cook unevenly. When you put the steak on a plate and cut into it, the knife glided through the sinew with ease, and, assuaging any fears you had about half-cooked meat, there was no redness on the inside.

Agnimitra sits across from you, her elbows on the counter and her chin resting on her upturned hands. Her eyes are wide and she has a childlike smile on her face as she waits for your final judgement on the meat's quality. You've heard of chefs acting this way when it comes to their dishes, but you've never heard of the kitchen equipment awaiting your praise or disdain.

In any case, you bring a chunk to your mouth. The moment of truth:

...

Honestly, it's not bad. Way better than what you were expecting.

You tell Agnimitra that, with the look that she's giving you, you had expected it to be life-changing. That, once you had steak that had been grilled off her stomach, you'd want nothing less for the rest of your life. That you'd want to experiment with cooking with her thighs, her back, her ass, whatever.

"Pfft," she scoffs, waving her hand in front of herself dismissively. "No, that was never the goal. If I wanted to make a life-changing meal, I'd have to learn a life-changing steak recipe first. Maybe I **did** know one at one point, I dunno. Point is," she continues with a great, big smile that shows off all her white teeth, "I just wanted to show off my party trick, and prove that it's not as crazy as it looks."

Well, you do have to give her credit for one thing: you can tell what she means when she says that traditionally cooked meat over a fuelled fire has a smoky taste and a granular texture that the meat cooked on her body doesn't have.

"Hell yes, another point for Agni," she says gutturally. She pumps her fist and clenches her jaw in victory. "Yes! God, I'm so cool!"

In the end, the worst experience you had with the whole debacle was the cleanup. Agnimitra doesn't come equipped with a grease trap.

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Wayfort Fried Chicken 2); advance the clock by one hour; give the PC the Well Fed status; place the PC one square outside of the kitchen; start the seven day cooldown for this scene

// Continue here on subsequent times

// This scene uses a {var0} parser that needs to be tracked so that it always pulls the same random statement. So, {rand|the game chose option 1|the game chose option 2}, and then {var0|if the game chose option 1, it chooses this statement again|and this statement if it chose option 2}. In case I'm not making myself clear (which would be my fault), Lyric uses something similar for their pregnancy content when they name their kobold baby

You wile away the time{PC has the Well Fed, Happy Tummy, or Orally Filled status|, which helps you digest what's already in your stomach}, waiting for the hour to pass before heading back to the kitchen. You can smell the enticing, wafting aroma of cooked meats long before you even approach the door. It almost distracts you from the fact that Agnimitra is, well... not using a proper grill or stove to cook it on.

When you open the door to the kitchen, your ears are greeted with the sound of sizzling meat... and you're treated to the familiar sight of Agnimitra, {var0|lying on top of the counter, her arms reclined behind her head for support. Lying across her exposed stomach are thick slabs of cut meat: everything from pork and mutton to steak and chicken breast. The meat's all been cooked to a supple, golden brown, with oils and greases flowing off the sides of her body and sizzling off the countertop.|lying on top of the counter, her arms folded underneath her head as a pillow for support. Lying across her exposed back is an assortment of different, smaller cutlets of meat, as well as an array of vegetables. Sausages rest along the small of her back, nestled snugly at the crest of her butt.}

"Oh, [pc.name]!" Agnimitra says, waving to you as though nothing in the world is amiss. "You're just in time!"

No matter how many times you might see Agnimitra do this, it always takes you by surprise, at least a little bit. Agnimitra is lying exactly where you'd expect meat to be cooking, after all, and seeing someone recline on a stove while the sound of sizzling food being cooked fills the air...

At least there's nothing to ever worry about. Agnimitra has it all under control.

"Food's not going to be ready for another little bit," she says as she reaches {var0|above her head|forward} to grab onto a nearby spatula. "And I didn't have a lot of opportunity to dress the food this time, if you wanted to participate."

As if nothing was amiss, you take the spatula from her hand and slide it underneath {var0|a fat slab of steak that's cooking just underneath her breasts, giving it a heft to check the underside and flipping it over to make sure it's evenly cooked through|a few rolls of sausage, rotating them along the small of her back so that they cook evenly}. Agnimitra jolts in place once the metal of the spatula touches down. "It's cold!" she says.

This isn't the first time you've done this with Agnimitra, and it probably won't be the last, as long as you keep agreeing to do it. The scenario is absurd and surreal, but... it's something that you and Agnimitra keep doing together, and, honestly, the absurdity makes it more fun.

"When you get to be my age, [pc.name], you have to find reasons for living," she says casually – then blinks, frowns, and stutters. "Sorry, that was a little heavy. What I meant was, when you get to be as old as me, you start to not give a dang about things like 'normalcy'. Life is absurd, and that's what's so great about it! Instead of cooking your dinner on a meat spit like some boring woodsman with no creativity, why not cook it on your hot phoenix girlfriend's {var0|smooth tummy|sexy back}? Do something weird every now and again. Not every day needs to be an adventure, but... you know... every other day!"

You hum in thought as she speaks, absorbing her words. You're not quite old enough to see life the way that she sees it – where she needs to come up with reasons to make her life more exciting. That first sentence probably wasn't just her misspeaking.

That said, you focus on something else that she said. {var0|Something about your 'hot phoenix girlfriend' having a smooth tummy. No part of that statement was incorrect. Frankly, it's difficult to not think thoughts when Agnimitra's exposed body is right in front of you. Grilling food on her exposed skin is clearly something that she's used to doing – you ask her how often, in her past lives, did doing something like this lead to a 'happy ending'.

"What, sex?" she asks. "Never."

Really? Not a single time?

"Would you want to lick a stovetop as it's cooking your dinner?"

... That's a fair point.|Something about your 'hot phoenix girlfriend' having a sexy back. No part of that statement was incorrect. Frankly, it's difficult to not think thoughts when Agnimitra's exposed body is right in front of you.

Seeing an opportunity, you slip the head of the spatula underneath just one of the cylindrical sausages, lifting it up off her body – and then turning it lengthwise and wedging it into the crack of her ass. "Whoa!" she says, jolting upright quickly enough that it causes her plumage to flare up. "That's a sausage, right?"

[pc.hasCock|If you had stuck your dick into an oven, she'd probably have realized by now.|If you even had a dick to stick in there, you... probably wouldn't be dumb enough to do it. Her body temperature is so high that she's cooking meat.]

She shivers a bit at the sensation of having big, meaty, and smooth nestled in between her butt cheeks. "Just making sure," she says with a laugh as she settles her head back down. "And just so we're clear, that one is now yours."

Given how firmly and totally her butt cheeks naturally wrap around the sausage, at least it'll be evenly cooked.}

[=Next=]

In the end, the meal you cooked with Agnimitra turned out to be the same as you remembered it: the meat{var0|| and vegetables} were cooked much more evenly than most could achieve on a grill, and they didn't have that smoky flavoring or the charred texture that comes with cooking over a fire fueled with wood or charcoal. If you didn't know better, you could easily believe that Agnimitra was simply a master chef. You ask her if she can cook anything else on her body like that.

"I've tried, but not really," she answers. "I could, in theory, cook an egg, if I suck in my tummy or I arch my back for a long time. Any manner of breads, pastries, all out. It's easiest with something big, solid, and doesn't change shape in the middle of it. And nothing that you boil, obviously."

So, meats, vegetables, fruits, things like that?

"Yeah." She reaches onto her plate with her bare hand and grabs onto a few pieces of asparagus, letting them rest lengthwise across both of her upturned palms. "Vegetables in particular tend to be pretty easy, since I can just, you know." She closes her fingers – and instantly, both hands ignite down to her wrists with the asparagus still inside. She drops them onto the plate before they get burnt, and she waves both of her hands to put out the flames. "But where's the fun in that?"

As you eat the last of your meal, you can't help but notice that eating steaks and other 'big, solid' meats all the time can get a little samey. You look up at her and ask what a [pc.mf|guy|girl]'s gotta do to get some chicken breasts every now and again.

Agnimitra snorts, her lips crooking up at their edges. "You ask politely," she responds.

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Wayfort Fried Chicken 2); advance the clock by one hour; give the PC the Well Fed status; place the PC one square outside of the kitchen; start the seven day cooldown for this scene