

Harpy Scene WIP

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(Planning) Loss condition: 3-5 Previous Encounters with Harpies

(Planning) Loss condition: 6+ Previous Encounters with Harpies

(Planning) Quest for the Golden Dong)

-Outline of sex toy, what it is, what it does or can do, what variables need to be carried over between uses (eg: mL cum carried, how many 'uses' it has, etc.)

-Location 'drops' (Ask Upcast Drake how they want the tiles defined)

-Finding the toy scene

-Using the toy on themselves (male vs female/buttslut)

-Using the toy on a party member (male vs female/buttslut)

-Using the toy as a 'male' too many times (transformation?)

-Using the toy as a 'female' too many times (pregnancy?)

-Vs Harpies, after 'hey get me a dick' quest taken: Eager toy fuck scene (vs. if player has transformed vs still using it as a toy? If it's filled vs. not?)

(Maybe in the future?) Harpy egg-stuffing/vaginal training via magical insert

(Maybe in the future?) Mocking-bird scenario: Harpy magically swapping insert with real egg? Pregnancy content?

(Paused) [Win Condition: Group Bang](#) (Need to look at the variables again as it's a bigger task than I'd like)

(Maybe in the future?) Feather Play (possibly if champion no longer has female parts)

Overview

Some updates to the Harpy content package that give more options for female champions, varying scenes for every gender on a loss, and a short quest for a special item that can be used to get extra unique Harpy content.

Updates

18-05-18: Finessing golden dong planning, adding various 'loss' scene planning for multiple Harpy losses

Win Condition: Fingering Scene

[Fingering]

Tool-Tip: "Put that Harpy's hands to better use."

If Greyed Out: "You need a cunt to be fingered."

You pounce the leader of the flock before she can regain her breath, pinning her to the rough ground with a [pc.dcb|malicious|playful] grin.

<i>"I'll take that,"</i> you say, grabbing [pc.dcb|a few coins from] the purse at her hip. <i>"And... I think it's customary around here to do me a favour isn't it?"</i>

The harpy looks down your body and returns a wrinkle-nosed frown. <i>"You don't have the fucking equipment for it. Buzz off!"</i>

[pc.dcb|You lean forward, grinding her downy shoulders into the earth. <i>"I said 'you do <u>me</u> a favour', not, 'I give you one'. You're lucky I don't make an example out of you before using your sisters. Be grateful, feather-brain."</i> Her eyes widen, and she glances at your [pc.weapon] before giving a hesitant nod.|You lean back and settle your hands on your hips, splaying your legs to keep her pinned when she moves to break free. <i>"When in Belhar, do it like the Belharans do it, isn't that how you all work?"</i> she scoffs and bristles, and you laugh as all of her feathers floof up around her. She's kind of cute when she's angry. [pc.corruption really low 0-10%, this replaces the 'c' content directly above|You let up a little, smiling warmly. <i>"I'll pay it back the next time we meet, huh?"</i> You have a feeling that's not going to be an empty promise, the way she's eyeballing you like she's sizing you up as a possible side project.|<i>"You and me don't have a big old cock between us, but either you use your bird smarts, or I'm gonna sit on your face."</i> You grin like the lech you are; you're not joking, and she seems to realize that a moment later when you shift to slide up her body. She emits a short note of alarm and clamps her hands on your thighs, signalling that you'll get your way.]

The harpy warbles a low, avian note and pushes herself to her elbows, then works your [pc.gear] loose and [pc.hasLowerUndergarment|slips her hand beneath your [pc.lowerUndergarment|splays her fingers around your [pc.cunt].] You purr an encouraging note

as she feels out your anatomy, fingers splaying along outer labia before she diverts her attention back to your inner thighs, warming you up and bracing herself for an unusual kind of fuck.

[companion1.]You give [companion2.]your companions[[companion1.name]] a wave, urging [companion2.]them[[companion1.mf|him|her]] to indulge in the remaining gaggle. This leader might be yours, but you don't want anyone else's pent up desires to go to waste. Watching [companion 2.][[companion1.name]] pin down one harpy and [companion2.name] pounce the other[[companion1.name]] tackle both remaining harpies] makes for a good show, especially now that the other harpies have eagerly fallen in line. Soon the rocky vale is resounding with the echoes of pleased cries.

The leader seems happy with what she's encountered, though she traces a few more claw-tipped circles along the sensitive skin of your thighs before she works her fingers back up to your [pc.cunt], intent on rattling your resolve with a pointed and expert tweaking. Her touch is surprisingly soft, but you [pc.dcb|growl|murmur|yelp] a warning not to use those dagger-sharp points so close to your clit.

She grins as she claps her other hand over your hip. The coo she gives is distinctly inhuman, meant to soothe... but she's a thief, and you have a feeling you should know better. You slide your coin purse out of reach with a cluck of your tongue, and she laughs and flushes and tweaks you harder. *<i>"Listen, there's honour among thieves up in these hills,"</i>* she promises, rolling your clit gently, hypnotically between thumb and forefinger. She's delighting in watching your expression change, grow more distracted. *<i>"I'm gonna make you wish you thought to buy a cock with all those coins in a second here, anyways. Maybe next time you'll come better prepared."</i>*

There's a thought. You hiss at a missed opportunity, instead trying to shove down on her fingers, in urgent need of more attention than the incessant twiddling she's offering. The avian woman's eyes hood low and her grin turns focused, almost competitive. In a moment, she's changed tactics and is rocking a pair of fingers up against the entrance of your labia, tweaking your clit with every insistent surge. It's not too long before she gathers enough wet to dip right in, and when her finger pads curl up just so against your vaginal walls, a sharp cascade of sensation shocks up your spine. You cover a gasp and arch your back, lacing your hands [char.hasHair|in your [pc.hair]]behind your head] for lack of a better purchase.

<i>"Good?"</i> She asks, surprised by your sudden shift. She's working hard not to drag her nails inside of you, a courtesy you barely remember demanding now that you're being so nicely fucked. You hiss an urgent response and needily roll your hips, grinding against her mons and making her work to keep inside of you.

The pace has changed. Now she pumps her fingers into you with each urgent rock of your hips, her inhumanly long tongue curling at the corner of her mouth as she grows

more aroused at the sight of your heaving chest. Even if you're no harpy, nor a man, there's something about seeing hard work pay off so clearly. Gods, she's managing to press up against your g-spot just about every time her fingers curl in like that, and the clit twiddling on the out-thrust is leaving almost sharp, almost over-sensitive showers of pleasure mounting in you. You can't keep quiet. It's too much not to cry out.

It's all a good mount-up, and you clench your teeth as you feel orgasm building. *<i>"Ah... yes,"</i>* you demand, feeling each rush building urgently on the last. *<i>"Don't stop doing that."</i>* It's just the right pace, the right rolling, jolting repetition that sends you suddenly into a tight spiral. Your cunt clenches around her fingers as you flush hard, arching, going completely taut. With hips jammed down over her hand so hard you can hear her curse, you feel a [pc.hasMessyorgasms]hot, wet torrent of come[a light gush] down your thighs, and you only realize you've failed to hold back a joyful yell by the rawness of your throat.

You collapse forward, panting, grinning when you see her watching you with an openly ardent expression. She pulls her hand back and shakes it out, returning your grin. *<i>"There, favour paid. Now, you want to get off of me?"</i>*

Levering yourself off of those gargantuan hips feels like an epic feat, but you manage to slide off to one side of the avian woman, rolling onto your back as you cool off. Your cunt is still throbbing, half-way hungry for more... but you have to admit that the leader had been a pretty good lay. Any more right now and you probably won't have the energy to make camp, let alone return to Hawkthorne.

[Optional bit, maybe implemented if we want to add a special sex toy for sale in town, or find one in the character's travels? Either way, this set is flagged for the first time encountered. Harpy Leader Deal Made: Y/N = N]

"Hey," you say, looking up and getting a fine view as the harpy dusts herself off and settles her rags back over her chest and rump. *"You want to do this some time without the fighting?"*

"Not on your life, sweet-cheeks. How else am I supposed to get all riled up? How else do we get paid?"

"What if I make it worth your while?"

She's turned away, rallying her sisters, but that catches her attention. *"Maybe. You know what I want?"* She kneels down beside you, giving you one last blatant look at her sex. It's swollen with desire, glistening against scaled thighs. *"Bring me a nice, big, fuck-toy cock with enough juice to fill a clutch of eggs, and just maybe I'll think about it."*

You ponder what exactly she means by that as she cracks her knuckles and signals her sisters to fly. They're still cackling like a bunch of hens when you lose sight of them around a high outcropping of rock, shouting about finding a fine bull dick or unfortunate traveler to pay their loss forward to.

[Consequence would be that if the correct toy is found, there will be a button to show it to her at the start of the next encounter, next to 'Pay Them'. Maybe if the protag grows a dick but retains a cunt this can be an option, too.]

[If Harpy Leader Deal Made =Y, but not sex toy bought/found]

The harpy leader had been about to rally her sisters to take flight when she pauses, turns back to you. *"You find me what I was looking for, yet?"* she purrs, dropping to one knee to run sex-scented fingers along your chin, to prick needle-sharp claws against your jaw.

"No luck," you reply, tilting your head up to avoid being jabbed.

She sighs, disappointed, and pulls back. *"Remember our deal, my favourite [player species]... I haven't!"* She takes off, her sisters in a flurry behind her, and they circle your party once, breasts peeled from their rags as they flash you, cackle, and fly off.

[Consequence would be that if the correct toy is found, there will be a button to show it to her at the start of the next encounter, next to 'Pay Them'. Maybe if the protag grows a dick but retains a cunt this can be an option, too.]

[End scene, return to overworld map]

Loss Condition: Multiple Harpy Battle Loss Scenes

(Create conditional: Harpy encounter loss, and on losing this counter ticks up by one)

Planning

2nd Loss: Harpy party leader tells the rest of your party to scram, and then her sisters to take a walk. She has a frank talk with the champion about what she expects from them if they're going to be romping around her flock's territory. Probably mentions back to mother for flavour text ('Mother demands a tithe and we aren't going to sit around laying eggs by ourselves...'). She bangs the champion (and maybe insert the quest for the golden dong here if character is female only)

-Need more info on Harpy mother/boss to make sure it jives

3rd to 5th Loss: 2 possible scenes: Harpy party leader has a quick and dirty with the champion, lightly degrading in front of rest of party, OR harpy party leader forces champion to watch as she takes advantage of a party member (her followers hold the champion back)

6th Loss: "I'm beginning to think you like this" - a scene where she once again tells the rest of the party to scram, and goes a little gentler on the champion (maybe option for champion to encourage gentle vs rough?)

Loss against the Harpies, 2nd time

//Create a flag for # of losses to Harpies, and set it to tick up whenever a harpy 'loss' scene is displayed

//When the counter reaches '2', display this scene instead of the normal harpy loss scene

You collapse, too beaten to resist the lascivious thieves. Their leader saunters over, hands on her hips and making a slight tsk sound. "This makes the second time you've tried to sneak on through our territory like you own the place," she says, snatching your coinpurse and adding it to the ones already hanging on her huge hip. "You had the nerve to try and fight your way out this time! Again! [pc.isMale|At least we know that thing you call a dick is good for something.|You oughta know by now we don't take kindly to wing-free cunts like you trying to thief the cocks on our land!]"

The grumpy harpy gives you a rough push onto your back, leaving you staring up at her in grim expectation. A flutter races straight down to your [pc.isMale|[pc.cock]][[pc.cunt]] as you remember the last time she had her way with you... her and her sisters. Instead, the leader raises a hiss as the others zone in on you, slicing her hands as though to warn them off. "This one's mine! Go fly around the rocks for a while, girls!"

//companion1 or companion2 are aggressive

[party.hasCompanions|She glances at [party.numMembers 1 2][companion1.name]|your companions] and makes a similar gesture. "Back off or I'll do more than take this [pc.isMale|cockstick's|fuckhole's] coins. Just try it."

[companion.isAggressive|[party.numMembers 1 2][companion1.name] takes a step forward, trying to shake off [companion1.isMale|his|her]|Your companions take a step forward, trying to shake off their] exhaustion to challenge the harpy leader, but you hold up a hand to stop them. If violence didn't work last time...[NO TEXT HERE][[party.numMembers 1 2][companion1.name]|Your companions cast you a worried look, but they lay down their weapons and back away.][NO TEXT HERE]The Harpy leader waits until they've taken a safe distance away before looking down on you, her frown softening somewhat as she considers what to do with you.

"Listen, [pc.isMale|boy|girl], you seem like you got a lot of business to do in these hills."
She's idly

right up until one of her sisters hops up and lands ass-first on your face, blacking out your world in an avalanche of plump harpy butt and juicy pussy. She's already pulled her ragged garments off, leaving her literally butt-naked and wiggling on your face, demanding your attention.

You reach up, trying to grab the hips of the harpy-girl bouncing on your face, but her ass and thighs are so utterly expansive that it's almost impossible to get a good grip on anything but sinfully soft, jiggly harpy-butt; your attempts come off as nothing but rough groping, making your attacker moan and flap her wings excitedly against your legs.

"Come on, lick!" she demands, grinding her bare twat on your face. "I'm not getting off until... hahah... until I get off!"

Doesn't look like you have much choice but to comply. Even if you could resist, the harpy's gaping egg-hole is hard to deny, bathing you in a constant wave of feminine slime and the smells of her excitement as it is. Resigning to your fate, you get as good a hold on your wiggling rump as you can and stretch your tongue out to dig into the lusty bird-girl's cunny. She squeals happily the moment you make contact, running the tip of your tongue between her gaping lips and up to explore the hooded bulb of her rosebud. Inhuman amounts of lube trickle down around your probing muscles, smearing your cheeks and the harpy's thighs with slick excitement.

"Oooh, yeah, right there!" she croons, wagging her feathery tail against your chin.
"Mmm, eat it all up!"

She doesn't make it hard for you, thankfully -- her cunt's stretched out nice and wide for you already, well used to abuse from thick cocks and thicker eggs. It's easy to slide your tongue between her wide-open lips and into the depths of her hot channel, licking along her tender walls until her thighs clamp hard around your head, refusing to let you escape your reward: another healthy dose of fem-slime splattering your face, all but drowning you in her overabundant lube.

The ever-present taste of the harpy's excitement, not to mention the wafting smells and sounds of whatever other lurid ventures are going on around you, leaves you burning with unsated lust. The victorious harpies pay your needy womanhood no mind. Your legs squirm, trying and failing to do anything about the burning in your loins; the cruel harpy sitting on your face just giggles, bucking her hips all the faster.

Between your tongue slithering around in her clenching twat and your hands groping and

squeezing her tremendous rump, your harpy captor ends up a squawking mess of pleasure overtop you before you know it. Her whole body convulses with rhythmic regularity, muscles squeezing your soaked head and tongue to the beat of her shrill screeches. It doesn't take a genius to figure out she's cumming, but all you can do is hold on and keep eating her out through the wild, wet ride.

Pussy-juice pours down around your thrusting tongue, soaking you in the harpy's feminine, sweet taste as she desperately flaps her wings and grinds her sodden hips against your face. You yearn fiercely to join her in climax, but with your hands locked firmly in her pillowy ass, all you can do is moan and writhe under her, utterly succumbing to your own arousal. You lick and kiss and bite the harpy's lurid sex, digging in like a starving animal to drive her to the heights of pleasure. Every creature in the hills for miles around must be able to hear your antics by now -- and no doubt they're all getting off to the harpy's orgasmic cries as much as you are!

Finally, after an orgasm that seems to drag on for an eternity of bestial, mindless bliss, the harpy-girl slumps forward on her avian knees with a sated sigh. "Oh, wow. You were... you were amazing!" she huffs, still breathing hard. "We're gonna have to do this again!"

You shiver at the thought -- and the wet, fleshy sounds still echoing around you as the other harpies have their way with your companion. You struggle with renewed vigor, finally urging the lusty bird-girl off your face... and earning one last deluge of pent-up girl-cum that drenches your cheeks as she wobbles onto her feet, barely able to stand after your oral attentions. The head harpy laughs and slaps her smaller, unsteady sister on the butt, almost hard enough to send the exhausted bird tumbling.

"Alright. That was quite the show," the elder harpy grins, idly running her hand around her bare slit. "Coin and a little fun... not a bad haul, hmm? Come on girls, let's get back to mother!"

The harpies squawk and take wing, leaving you to flop onto your back and try to recover from your rough treatment.

Win Condition: Group Bang

[Group Bang]

Potential Scenes here:

- Female protagon, alone, vs. 3 harpies

- Female protagon, one companion has vag, vs 3 harpies

- Female protagon, one companion has cock, vs 3 harpies

- Female protagon, one companion has cock & vag, vs 3 harpies

Female protag, both companions have vag, vs 3 harpies

Female protag, one companion has cock, one companion has vag, vs 3 harpies

Female protag, one companion has cock and vag, one companion has vag, vs 3 harpies

Female protag, both companions have cocks, vs 3 harpies

Female protag, one companion has cock, one companion has cock and vag, vs 3 harpies

Female protag, both companions have cock and vag, vs 3 harpies

Viability: not great right now. Will check back once have better practice with branching/re-weaving narrative. Copy/pasting paragraphs, etc.