

Lonely Cat

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Summary: A poor cat boy who wants to understand the meaning of Christmas Catmas traditional milodan cuddle puddles.

Sex document [here!](#)

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Intro

//Random tile when out in the Glacial Wastelands. He's available throughout December/January.
(required: Has seen at least one blizzard event.)

{

The air is picking up, and all too quickly you're dealing with another one of Uveto's famous blizzards. {ifShield/ShieldNot0: Your shield starts to blink and crackle when shards of hard snow pelt you at amazing speeds //else: You feel twinges of pain as the wind hurls shards of hard snow directly at you}. You cover your face and put yourself low to the ground, {ifShield/ShieldNot0:although it's probably not necessary since the shield

is absorbing any damage you might take //else: helping to greatly reduce the amount of potential damage to your body}.

It's only a few minutes before the storm is over, comparatively short-lived to others you've experienced. Slowly blinking your eyes open a couple times, you wonder if you've gone blind! Everything is just a mix of white and gray, but you try your best to focus. The surroundings reappear, but something you didn't quite see before is now on the horizon. You can barely make it out, but you think someone is standing out in the distance. They look humanoid enough, maybe a tad masculine.{firstTime: Still, you don't know if they're hostile, or just someone who needs help. The curtains of snowfall make it difficult to tell who it is, or <i>what</i> they are.}

}

[[Investigate/Orven](#)][[Ignore](#)]

Investigate/Orven

Button changes when you know his name.

{

{firstTime:

As you approach, the silhouette of the creature becomes more clear. The figure's back is turned to you, but you judge by the cat like features that it's a male milodan, and you soon regret coming so close to investigate. Before you can pivot and walk the other way, he turns his head to look at you, and you freeze in place. To your astonishment, instead of pulling out some kind of primitive weapon, he just looks at you. He slowly starts to raise his arms, and your mind starts

You look around, and this is indeed still Uveto. The same planet that has had everything you've come across wanting to bash your head in. Still, he's not hostile; but, he's not inviting you into his arms either, so you tread carefully towards him. You are now able to see some finer details, and the first thing you can approximate is his height—about seven feet tall {PC>7ft:, which makes him slightly less intimidating}. He's wearing a bit more clothing compared to the other milodan that you've encountered, but his coat is thinner, and he himself leaner than any of the natives you've seen here. Before you know it, you're now only a couple feet away from him.

The air is a little tense, and the silence between the two of you only grows. The wind picks up slightly, gently encouraging you to say something.

{pcHard: "Why didn't you attack me?" you ask as plain as day. Truthfully, you were itching for a bit of a tussle. // pcNice: "You seem a bit... different than the rest of the natives here," you say, and when he doesn't answer right away, you try something else. "Thanks, at the very least, for not attacking me," you smile at him, trying to ease the

tension. // pcMisch/Bimbo: "I'm surprised you didn't pounce on me right away, big kitty! What, am I not your type?" You shift your posture playfully with a hand on your hip, trying to convince him otherwise.}

"I'm no fighter," the lean milodan replies, "Actually, I have never fought anything in my life." That's shocking to hear, but even more surprising is that your codex isn't translating his speech. He's speaking English, but still has that distinct thick milodan accent, which suggest he was raised on a terran-colonized planet. This leads you to wonder what his origins really are, but you can also ask him a lot of other things based on that.

//go to [Actions Menu](#)
}

{repeat:

As you approach, the silhouette of the creature becomes more clear. Definitely masculine, and definitely of this land. It's the familiar visage of your furry friend, Orven. He's still at it, and when he sees you, he smiles and invites you

{Cuddled/Sexed:

for a hug. {pcHasLegs: Keeping your knees high, you start walking //else: Navigating the rough terrain, you move} at a quicker pace because you could use some warmth in this harsh climate. When you reach him, his arms wrap around you, attaching himself to you like a magnet. You're as close to him as possible, his body heat conducting into yours, heating even the depths of your core.

{else:

to stand by him once again. It takes some time to traverse through the heavy snow, your{pcHasLegs: feet //else: lower body} sinking a couple inches each{pcHasLegs: step //else: time you move}, but you finally reach Orven.

//merge:

"Well, you already know how this will turn out. At least humor me for a bit, will you [pc.name]?" He shows some teeth, his canines enough to incite fear, but not in you. You smile back and gladly oblige, taking your stance beside him. You could ask him a few things if you choose to, since he doesn't seem to be doing much else. You're sure he'd welcome the invitation for a chat. You can also suggest going to his house{ifSexed: for some more... thrilling action}.

//go to [Actions Menu](#)
}

[[Appearance](#)][[WhereFrom](#)][[WhatDoing](#)][[HisHouse](#)*][[Leave](#)*

1. Options greyed out after the first time you click them, so it can merge to [The Invitation](#) after all options are exhausted.

2. All other repeat encounters allow clicking the buttons multiple times.

*Appears after you've said "yes" or "no" during [The Invitation](#).

Appearance

//tooltip: You've been looking at him plenty, but your inspection needs to be a bit more thorough.

//repeat: Look him over once again. {sexed: Come on, you know you want to.}

{

With not much else to do, you decide to studiously examine this tower of a cat. {He is/Orven Hosvarr is} about seven feet tall, give or take. He takes after most male milodan you've encountered, sporting a striped silvery-white coat and a short bobbed tail. His head is topped with grown out fur, resembling a messy, but contained hairstyle, giving him a youthful look. His face seems a little softer, perhaps due to his shorter muzzle, but his large canines pose a real danger to contrast that. His eyes are vertically slitted and pale blue, a calming color.

Compared to a huskar or native milodan, he's has a smaller frame, but that doesn't mean he lacks the muscles. He does seem like he spends a good amount of time trying to make himself look good on that front. But with significantly less fat and fur, it doesn't seem like he would have enough insulation to keep himself warm in the frigid Uvetan weather{Cuddled/Sexed:; which you know is true, since he enjoys your body heat plenty}. However, he does wear more clothing than the standard milodan brute, possibly to make up for it. Fur lined cloth wraps around his legs and arms, as well as chest. He's wearing a loincloth {sexed:, but you know under <i>that</i> is his ten inch, knotted cat-dick, along with a pair of voluminous furred balls, tightly packed with thick seed. //else: that doesn't seem very helpful for this weather, you worry for his bits a little.}

As you conclude your inspection, you catch that he's stiffer than he was before you glossed over his body, his back perfectly straight. He side glances you briefly, and

{sexed:

you apologize, telling him you couldn't help it. You assure him you'll return the favor, and mimic his stiff pose briefly before switching over to {pcFeminine: your best sultry stance, accentuating your favorite features and //pcMasculine: an alluring air of confidence, showing off your best features and} inviting him to focus his icy eyes on you. They glow with arousal, but he breaks his gaze and shakes his head.

"You'll have to wait until we're done here, [pc.name]" he says in a husky voice, clearly anticipating anything you have planned.

//else:

you understand it was a bit rude to just stare. You apologize and tell him you have a habit of looking over everyone you come across. If it makes him feel any better, he could do the same to you.
"I appreciate the offer," the milodan coyly replies, loosening his shoulders, "but I'll refrain for now."

}

}

WhereFrom

//tooltip: He's probably not from here, you should ask what his story is.

//repeat: You already know where he's from, but you want to hear him explain it again.

(You'll learn his name after doing this talk option)

{

{firstTime:

You could learn a lot about someone just by figuring out where they're born and raised, so you decide to ask the milodan where he's from.

"Yarrith," he kicks the snow, showing his displeasure with this hunting location, and starts wandering in a perpendicular direction. You follow right behind him. "But my parents are both from here. They emigrated to Yarrith several years before my birth." That would make the tall cat the first Yarrithian citizen of his name. Which reminds you... you still don't know his name, you should probably-

"My name is Orven, by the way," he speaks as though he's read your thoughts. "My tribe is referred to as the 'Hosvarr of the North Plains', so, my last name is legally Hosvarr."

Best a time as any to introduce yourself, "[pc.name]," you extend your hand, and he accepts it. His hands are as icy as yours. Your mind backtracks a bit, as you think you recognize 'Yarrith'. It's another planet in the Siretta system where the UGC provide easier housing for natives who have recently decided to join the Confederacy. If that's the case, you ask him what brings him back here. You're surprised to hear it, but he's on holiday.

}

{repeat:

{pcMisch:

"So, Orven of the North Plains," you say in a playful tone, looking at him to gauge his reaction.

He turns his head and sticks out his tongue, but sucks it back in to respond to you. "Yes, [pc.name]?"

You stop giving him your mischievous grin and just tell him that you wanted to ask him more about himself.

//else:

He doesn't seem particularly attached to this patch of snow, so you think you can get some more information out of him without breaking his concentration. }

//merge:

You already know that he's a native of the Siretta system, but not of Uveto itself. As Yarrith is a planet colonized by both uplifted Uvetans and UGC officers, you decide to ask him how different it is from this icy moon.

"Certainly a lot less cold. It's a planet closer to the sun, and so many of the milodan get themselves modded to tolerate it." Orven shivers as if to emphasize how ill-fitted his coat is for the surrounding weather.

You ask him if he was one of those milodan, but he shakes his head no. "I just think my coat never grew out too big because it never had a need to," he guesses, though you don't think he's quite sure himself.

}

//merge:

"My parents bought a cabin with the money they had earned on Yarrith. They had brought me and my sibling here once a year, up until we were old enough to move out, now we only go as a family every once in a while." He pauses his thoughts as you cross paths with a particularly steep hill. {pcFeminine: You lag slightly behind him, but as you reach the top, Orven extends a hand to help you up. You grab on, and he's mindful of his claws against your [pc.skinFurScales]. The extra leverage is a great help, as you now stand //else: You keep up with him, albeit not easily. After nearly slipping twice, you're proud as you're now standing} at the top of this pile of snowfall. It's definitely not the highest point on the planet, but it allows you to survey the area immediately in front of you. As it turns out, it's as unfamiliar to you as the rest of Uveto. You look back and notice that you two have been walking quite a ways, you turn back towards the feline. You really hope he can help guide you back when you're done.

You begin roaming this new path, and he continues speaking, "They often had left us in the safety of the cabin while they went to visit old relatives. They had taught us the culture and told us stories of our traditions, but never let us experience any of it for ourselves." He becomes strangely silent, and you allow him some time to collect his own thoughts. You've been gathering that he feels estranged from this planet, but is attempting to connect to it.

Orven squats and picks up a handful of snow, and he suddenly looks revitalized, as though he's picked up scent of an animal, "An old milodan tradition is to gather plenty of

food so you could keep warm with your tribe members during the coldest of winter nights," he traces an image into the snow with his claws. "Different methods to that, of course, but I'm trying my best with this one." He stands back up into a more confident posture.

"Females of the clan usually take a less physical approach to gathering provisions," he explains before he suddenly stops in his tracks, "but that's mostly because males choose to do the majority of the more laborious hunting." Orven has picked a new spot to stand, transfixed on the snow {done[WhatDoing](#)TalkAtLeastOnce: and the potential food that'll come out of it}. It looks like he's trying to focus, but something tells you he isn't bothered by the talking.

WhatDoing

//tooltip: He's just staring at the ground, what <i>is</i> he doing?

//repeat: He's probably hunting again. You're sure he'll catch something eventually.

{

{firstTime:

You decide to ask him what he's actually doing. {He/Orven} looks at you with blue predatory eyes, before quietly muttering "hunting". He says it so sensually you wonder if he means 'hunting for a mate', and you start looking him over. Instead of propositioning you for a roll in the snow, he motions for you to stay quiet with a clawed finger against his lips, and returns his concentrated gaze towards the ground. You decide to stare along with him. Maybe it's some kind of traditional meditative procedure before he actually starts hunting?

{repeat:

You could probably guess by the way he is intently staring at the snow, but you ask anyway, "Hunting again, Orven?"

He nods and asks for a bit of silence, "I swear I'm hearing something nearby right now, [pc.name]. Let's hope it's something good." You somehow doubt that, but you guess you'll see when the time comes.

//merge:

You idly stand by him, waiting for wild animals to appear out of nowhere, leading up to an exciting chase of game through the tundra. Minutes pass, and even he looks like he's getting tired of this, with flicking ears and a twitching stubby tail. You're starting to get fixated on them, it's something to do at least.

They seem to be dancing around the cold wind that attempts to freeze them into place. Maybe that's what's happened to the rest of his body as he is otherwise motionless. Suddenly, his ears pivot forward, and he tilts his head.

{firstTime:

He seems to be centering his attention on something under the snow and you wonder what has caught his attention{pcEarsAusar/Kaithrit: as your ears start spastically rotating too, now hearing the same thing he does. But before you can locate it, //else: as his ears twitch once, twice, and} he dives head first into the soft snow.

{repeat:

You know how what's about to transpire. His tiny tail twitching is in excitement, and{pcTailAusar: you find yourself wagging along with him, praying //else: you pray} to the Stars that it's something edible. You don't stop him as he dives under the snow once again.

}

//merge:

It's a funny sight, as his legs are the only thing sticking up in the air. You would be laughing, but your first breath comes out as a light gasp as his loincloth is flipped. He's wearing underwear beneath it, which gives him some semblance of modesty, but you oh so very clearly see the outline of a bulging dick. The color of it is visible through the pale underwear, black. You can trace the vague outline of his dog-like knot. Catching yourself staring, you snap{ifSilly: back to reality, oh there goes gravity, oh there goes milodan, he jumped, he's so mad it's //else: out of it once you realize the milodan is climbing back out with his catch. He seems a little upset once he realizes what he's grabbed is} a korgonne, who was probably sneaking underground waiting to get a jump on someone.

The little scoundrel fiestely tries to fight off his captor, but the much bigger milodan merely holds the fuzzball a distance away with his clawed fingers. They start spouting what you assume are profanities, but they either say them way too quickly, or your codex simply doesn't have a translation for it.

{firstTime:

He quickly stuffs the small korgonne back into the ground, and you can vaguely hear them grumbling before they start tunneling their way back underground.

"... Too big. And talkative," the milodan sighs. You start to wonder if the reason {he's/Orven's} not as large as everyone else on this planet is because he can't catch anything.{pcHard: You apparently thought it out loud, because the milodan stares downward dejectedly, clearly embarrassed about the way his hunt has gone.}

"That was my first catch of the day," he sighs, "actually, of the week." He doesn't really seem to be a very good hunter, but you pat his back sympathetically. There's always next time, you reassure him. He seems to cheer up a bit at that.

//repeat:

Orven pushes the korgonne's body back into the ground before they can talk his ears off. You can see the snow moving and trailing away from the both of you, and they're barking and yapping the entire way. Once he thinks the little dog is far enough away, he speaks up.

"... I think that was the same korgonne," he deadpans, looking at you and trying his best to not to crack a smile. You stare back at him, both taking a moment to consider the possibility before just laughing it off.

{pcHard: "Certainly as annoying as the last one," you comment, rolling your eyes at the thought of the boisterous pup. // else: "I wouldn't be surprised," you comment, and you note that a lot of korgonne are pretty hot-blooded.} He isn't nearly as upset as the last time he failed to capture his dinner. It seems that having a buddy to laugh with really has helped him cope with not being a successful hunter.

The Invitation

//merge after all options exhausted:

{

Orven shakes his head, and puts his hands to his side. He's obviously discouraged after coming up empty. He's doesn't look like he's starving, but you're still worried about what he's going to eat tonight. You offer to take him to join you to a bar in Irestead, but he declines.

"I do have food back at my cabin," he reassures you, "I buy groceries from the station's market at the beginning of the week." You breathe a sigh of relief, but notice that he still looks downcast. Before you can ask him what's wrong, he grins at you, attempting to change the tone of the conversation with his body language. You guess it isn't the best time to bring up this particular topic, so you instead ask him what he'll do now.

"I think I'll head home and prepare some food," the mentally exhausted milodan answers, running a hand through his mane.

That does sound like a great idea. "Would..." He hesitates and pauses for a second, "Would you like to join me, [pc.name]? It's a lot warmer than out here, and I have to treat you after keeping me company for so long."

}

[[Sure](#)][[NoThanks](#)]

Sure

{

You admit that it was a bit boring, but you feel as though you've gotten to know more about the milodan through the process of snowflake inspecting. You smile, a clear indication of accepting the offer, and his response is to immediately wag his bobbed tail. You don't get a word out yet, and he nervously laughs as he becomes self aware that he's visibly happy. You tell him you'd be glad to share a bite to eat.

He nods as if to affirm that you've said yes, before heading looking out at his surroundings. He turns a couple times in each cardinal direction, then makes a beeline at a seemingly random angle.

}

//go to firstTime at [His House](#)

NoThanks

{

You consider the offer, but you don't think you can stand being out in the wastelands any longer. You decline his invitation, stating that you have to get a move on.

Orven's ears flatten, but he looks like he understands. They raise again because he does have some important parting words for you, "Well, if you change your mind, I'd be glad to have you."

He leads you back to where the two of you initially met and gives you a few directions to help you stay on the main roads. You thank him for the help, and set off for further exploration of the Uveto wastelands.

}

//End scene

HisHouse

//tooltip: Why not just hang out at his cabin?

{sexed:

You're getting frozen out here, so you ask him if he'd rather catch something else{ifSilly:, like thESE HANDS, BITCH}. You could both warm up, <i>together</i>. The catboy's eyes immediately break off from his vigilant observation of the snow, and you can hear a

low rumble. You look up and realize it's not a looming thunderstorm, but Orven himself. He's clearly quite pleased with this idea.

```
{clickedAllOptionsAtHisHouse:"Of course, [pc.name]. I have any other day this season to hone in my skills, but unfortunately, I can't spend every day with you."//else: "I did enjoy the time we shared, [pc.name], I doubt that this time would be any different."}
```

Although you were the one who started out with the innuendo, hearing him share the notion has blood flow to your loins. You feel at *least* double the amount of excited as you initially were to head back to his place.

{else:

You know how this will probably turn out for him, so you ask him if the two of you could go back to his place and out of this biting cold. A particularly strong gust of wind{ifSilly: sends shivers down your spine, you turn to Orven (as a skeleton) //else: chills you to the core, reaffirming that thought. You take a look at Orven,} and it looks like he's experiencing the same thing.

After the icy wind passes, he gathers the strength to speak again, "I was hoping you'd ask, [pc.name], I'd gladly host you at my home again."

}

//merge:

He leaves his post, the unmarked pile of snow on the ground, and turns around a few times, before walking in what looks to you like a random direction. He seems to somehow be able to locate his house no matter where he is. You're not sure if that's just instinct or what, but it would be really useful for navigating the environment. At least you'll have him to bring you back here, since you would have one hell of a rough time doing it yourself. You quickly follow behind him as he leads you further into the wastelands.

}

//go to [His House](#)

Leave

//tooltip: You've got a couple things to do,{ifSilly: you think your oven might be on? //else: and unfortunately staring at the white snow is not one of the things you had planned.}

{

{Orven/The milodan} seems to be enraptured with trying to catch something, but it's just too cold to be standing out here with him. {pcHard: There's plenty of battles you could be

having right now, // **pcMisch/Bimbo**: There's plenty of fun you could be having with the other inhabitants of this planet, //else: There's plenty to do,} so you tell the distracted cat that you're going to go now.

Orven looks up at you and nods. "Well, it's always good to see you. Here, I'll take you back to the main roads." You question whether or not Uveto has actual "roads", but you think you understand what he means.

"You're always welcome at my home if you decide to drop by," Orven reminds you, "Take care, [pc.name]." He points to a couple directions to help keep you from getting lost.

You wave the tall milodan goodbye, and set about traversing the white wonderland.

//End scene, 30 minutes passed.

At His House

{firstTime:

The two of you hike a long ways away, passing through valleys of tall black spires, and countless ridges of icy snow. You begin to worry that he's forgotten how to get back to his own house, but after you moving through the halls of yet another icy ravine, you come to a small clearing. You [pc.walk] several steps out into it, but realize you don't see anything in sight. The milodan leads you a bit more towards the middle of the clearing, and you spot something halfway stuck in the ground.

{repeat:

You trust Orven and his keen sense of direction by now, but that doesn't mean the trek is any shorter. It does seem like he takes the scenic route, as you are stricken with the beauty of the long obsidian spires that form pseudo mountains. You also pass through a great deal of ice tunnels, which makes you realize the cold wind can't nip you as easily as it can if you were out in the open. You wonder if he picked this path back to his place specifically for this reason. Finally, you come out of the ravine and into the open clearing. You {take a few steps out/[pc.move]} into the clearing and follow the milodan's lead, only to look over the architectural anomaly once more.

//merge:

It looks like there's a cottage that has just been completely buried by snow, and you worry for a moment that it hasn't been properly maintained. But as you approach, it's clear that the house was built with the heavy snowfall in mind. It's more like an igloo, with the snow encasing its surroundings, and only the front of the building being accessible.

Orven heads over to unlock the front door, and lets you in first. After {pcHasLegs: taking a few steps //else: moving} inside, you realize it is really dark in here and spend some time letting your eyes adjust. The temperature is still low, but you could definitely survive if you were to sleep here.

"Sorry, I need to relight the fireplace," he says, closing the door behind him. Any light is now completely shut out, though the milodan sees no problem with it as he walks past you.

You follow him by the sound of his clicking claws against the lacquered floor, but that still doesn't stop you from {pcHasLegsNotTaur: knocking your [pc.feet] against something <i>hard</i>, causing you to wince in pain momentarily //Goo: running your body through some object on the floor, worrying you might have left a stain on it //else: hitting your body against something <i>hard</i>, causing you to wince in pain momentarily}.

You manage to make it to your destination without any further injury, and your eyes strain to see anything in front of you. They have adjusted enough so that you can vaguely make out the shape of the milodan grabbing something off to the side, before an orb of what looks like fire is illuminated in his hands. He tosses the object into a hearth, which expands to create the perfect fireplace. A bit more of the house is now revealed thanks to the bright and warm orange glow of the fire.

You're standing on a rug that is placed right in front of the fireplace, and behind you is another room that you assume is a kitchen. The place looks like it has a few bedrooms, which is a given since this is a family winter getaway. Despite it not being used since Orven was a teen, it looks well lived in now. In fact, it almost seems like multiple people have been using the home.

"Ah, I almost forgot," he looks to the kitchen, "here, just stay by the fire while I grab some food." You don't complain, instead content to simply enjoy the warmth, holding your hands out towards the fire. It's a bit of an archaic way to heat up a home, but the novelty of it catches your eye.

Orven quickly returns, and takes place opposite of your, sitting on the plush rug and setting a plate of food between the two of you. It looks like a type of dried meat seasoned with various herbs and spices. He tucks in as soon as he's comfortable.

Nothing

//tooltip: You just want to spend time with the milodan.

{firstTime:

You settle on the furred carpet beside him, and take a bite of the meat he's offered you. It's not bad at all, but the ingredients are most likely store bought. That leads you to a good first question, why was he trying so hard to catch something? Does he just prefer the taste of wild game?

He grins, "It does taste a lot better than the stuff you find in the freezer aisle."

You argue that Uveto itself is just one big freezer, and he smiles even wider, displaying a row of sharp teeth and deadly canines.

"Too true, [pc.name]," he takes in a deep breath, and lets it out, turning his eyes towards the fire in front of him. "I was hoping to grab something myself and make a special dinner tonight. Each year, my father used to catch what he could out in the fields and my mother would serve a traditional milodan dish based on the meat."

He grimaces as he picks up a piece of meat off the "I've heard that my grandfather was a great hunter, hauling in giant portions for the rest of his tribe. His son seemed to be just as great, his grandchildren loved seeing him bring home big game, and his wife cooked it well," He becomes eerily silent, and for a few moments the only thing you can hear is the crackling of logs.

You think about what led you to this planet in the first place. The fourteenth great planet rush, the probes. You think about how much <i>your</i> dad has gone through to give you the Steele name, and potential inheritance. His conquests, his adventures, his fame, will you live up to the name?

No, you're different from your father, you doubt you would be able to do everything the way he did. You turn to Overn and say, "You are your own person. The greatest part about that is that you get to choose how to live your life. "

The milodan's ears perk up, clearly affected by the encouraging words. He takes it in, keeping his eyes forward. "Thank you, that means more to me than you know," he finally responds, You both continue conversing by the fire for a time, basking in the warmth of newfound friendship.

{repeat:

You situate yourself on the rug, enjoying the heat radiating from the fire. You grab a bit of the meat and ponder what to talk about with Orven. Something you've wondered is how he manages to always lead you to and from his house, as well as generally knowing where he's going when travelling the wastelands of Uveto.

His eyebrows furrow, giving him a confused look, "I'm not really sure. It's always been like that," he muses. After he thinks about it a bit more, he adds, "Maybe all the time spent in the maze of Yarrith's big cities has something to do with that."

You question that, and ask him if it has something to do with him being a milodan. He shrugs his shoulders, not having an answer for you. Another question on your mind is why he leaves you to navigate the dark house when you first walk in.

"You can't see in the dark?" he asks, genuinely surprised, "I just thought you were very clumsy." You give him a glaring look before shaking your head in disbelief, chuckling slightly at his inattentiveness.

//Merge

After you've had your fair share of food, you decide it's about time you set off. Orven nods and leads you outside, and you're once again braving the harsh Uvetan weather. The route back is uneventful, which isn't a bad thing at all. At least you don't fight anything, or get stuck in the middle of a blizzard.

When you arrive back to where you assume you initially met, the milodan gives you several directions to guide you on your journey. You wave goodbye and trek onwards, the milodan seeing you off.

//End scene, 2 hours of time passed.

Cuddle

//tooltip: {ifSilly: Baby it's coooold outside. Listen to that fireplace roar. //pcInHeat: The fire in front of you is as sweltering as your own heat. You think cuddling with the big kitty now might lead to something even more intimate. //else: You feel like this fire isn't quite warm enough. He's probably down for a bit of cuddling.}

{

You take a few bites of the food, but you have something else in mind other than just eating. You ask him about these traditional milodan gatherings, and what they usually did to keep warm.

"All of the tribe members would gather in one spot, usually around the large bonfire where they cooked their meals," he says, looking at the hearth in front of him. "After eating, they would wrap themselves around one another, their combined heat creating enough energy to ward away the freezing cold. Children were usually kept in the center, held by their mothers."

That sounds really intimate, and it gives you an idea. You tell him that <i>you</i> are done eating and would like to share some of your body heat with his. He looks at you, and you're sure if he could visibly blush, he'd be as red as an excited zel'rahn.

Instead of giving you an answer, he just moves the plate away so you can come closer to him. You sidle up to him and just rest your {pcNaga: head on his shoulder, wrapping your coils in a neat pile next to his body // ifSillyAndKuiTan: your head on his shoulder; your nuts however are taking up a huge amount of space between you two //pc.height<5ft: head on his arm. Orven suddenly lifts his hands and holds you in the crook of his arm, your head now pressed against his muscular side //else: head on his shoulder, your body nice and close to his}.

You just enjoy each other's company for a bit, though you keep hearing a subtle thumping, and soon you realize just how nervous this kitty is. He breathes in deeply, {pcInHeat: but you don't know if that was the best course of action for him, because you're sure he just got a face full of the pheromones seeping out of your [pc.vaginas]. You look into his eyes to see if it had any effect, and they're struck with lust. He shakes it off, and lets out a long rumble. //else: clearly trying to calm his own racing heart. You just rub his soft ears so he calms down, and he closes his eyes, enjoying the sensation. Finally you hear the throbbing sound of his pulse return to a more regular pace.}

{pcInHeatNoTaur:

The milodan shifts his legs, possibly to get more comfortable. You bury your head into the soft fur of his {neck/chest}, breathing in the scent of masculinity that Orven is giving off. He shifts his leg again and you feel the telltale signs of a dick rubbing across your body. You find your brain getting hazy, as the only thing you want to do is straddle the big cat, letting him take you on a journey to {ifSilly: pound town, baby //else: of absolute bliss}. {pcWetness1or2: You feel the small trickles of [pc.girlCum] slip out of you, your [pc.vaginas] knowing as much as your brain about what you want. You place a hand over your {it/them}, trying to keep the precious liquid inside, only succeeding in slathering it on your hand //pcWetness3orMore: you feel the rivulets of [pc.girlCum] flow out from your depths {, seeping through your {[pc.undergarments}]{,even through your}[pc.armor],} and onto the rug below. You think about how he'll have his living space marked with your scent, and it only produces more fresh [pc.girlCumNoun] onto the carpet.}

Orven can't hold out any more as he rolls you onto your back on the soft ground. He's breathing heavily, clearly unsure of what to do with himself. You decide for him as you wrap your arms around his neck and kiss the fool. Your [pc.tongue] searches for his, greedily invading his mouth. You stop the kissing to breathe, but he's not through with you yet. He brings his mouth to your cheek, licking in a long, slow stroke, the sensation fanning the flames burning in your loins. After that, he moves onto your neck, and you

feel his canines gently scraping against your sensitive [pc.SkinFurScalesNoun] as the wet appendage moves on its warpath.

Without realizing it, you're trying to pull his cock free of his loincloth. He helps you with that, and you lay adoring eyes on his kitty dick. You actually stare more at his knot, which you are imagining inside of you, completely filling you with his cum. {pcNotNude: He starts taking you out of your [pc.gear], and you eagerly help him, soon free of any pesky clothing that would get in your way.} Before lust overtakes you completely, you realize that it's your last chance to turn back if a heated breeding is not what you want after all.

```
//open Sex menu
}
```

```
{else:
  He returns the favor, {pcHasHair: running his hands through your [pc.hairs]. //else:
  caressing your arm's [pc.skinFurScales].} Now that he's more comfortable, you just settle
  against him and listen to each others breath. You fade in and out of sleep, the crackling
  logs of the fireplace providing a soothing {ifSilly: ASMR experience// else: atmosphere}.
```

You occasionally hear the wind picking up, or a thunderstorm, and you unconsciously grab a tighter hold on Orven, but he doesn't seem to mind. Eventually, you feel a furred paw nudge you, asking you if you need to get going now.

You look at your codex, and groan. You disentangle yourself from the warm feline, and thank him for inviting you to his home. Orven nods and leads you outside, and you're once again braving the harsh Uvetan weather. The route back is uneventful, which isn't a bad thing at all. At least you don't fight anything, or get stuck in the middle of a blizzard.

When you arrive back to where you assume you initially started out from, the milodan provides you with some directions to guide you on your journey. You wave goodbye and trek onwards, Orven seeing you off.

```
//End, lust increased by 10 if libido>15. 2 hours of time passed.
}
```

Sex

Sex document [here!](#)

Ignore

(Just add to the intro text, no need for a different page)

```
{
{hasMetOrven:
    You guess it might be {that milodan/Orven}, but you don't think you have time to visit him
    at the moment. You're sure he'll find a way to entertain himself out in the wastelands, but
    unfortunately all those ways will have to be without you.
}

{else:
    That storm was dangerous enough as it is, you don't need to be wandering towards any
    more potential threats. You turn tail before the figure can catch sight of you. Hopefully if
    you come across the figure again, you'll feel more prepared to face it.
}

//End scene
```