

[Pied Piper]

//Tooltip: The Effigy likes to have fun with pipes. Make her play a new song with your skin flute.
//Requires a cock. PC facefucks an undulating Herald who plays off their aggression in mutual pleasure.

The Effigy raises her flute to play a song as you appear to walk off. Instead, you get it into your head to have her play a different tune. She's got quite the mouth, a strong set of pipes, and loves to mention how she's the center of attention.

You choose to feed her vanity.

Pivoting back to face her, you snatch her wooden flute from her and run your fingers over it. You tell her you've quite a need to see how she works her magic over a different type of flute. The Herald's golden eyes flutter. She knows what you mean, but she plays coy.

She scratches the back of her leafy ear, rubbing her fingers in the shape of a short note.

"Sure, I can play just about any instrument, but what's one that I could truly **blow**?" she says.

Her puns are terrible, but she's a spritely imp who sings and skips her way through the fort like a merry maid.

You swiftly seize her by her hand and the Herald's chitter reverberates through the Way Fort's stone walls. Taking her back to her little grove, you soon throw her out toward her wooden stump.

The Effigy stumbles from your toss, but as puckish as she is, she's an acrobat at heart.

The plant girl tumbles backward and rolls into a ball. She then swings her body upward with a whirlwind lift and lands back on her feet. She strikes a pose and offers a bow.

Undeterred, you stride toward her and place her hand upon your [pc.gear]. She doesn't hide her lust; her verdant tendrils pound the dirt in a rhythmic beat. The Herald grazes her quick fingers over your bulge and leans into you.

Caressing your constricted lump, she whispers, "You give me direction, and I'll make your body sing." She continues to cradle your shaft, imprinting soft glides over your [pc.gear].

You tell her you've the right tool to compose the concert. She titters at your puns, enjoying that you can keep up with her nature. You strip off your [pc.gear] and dip your hand under the Herald's soft chin.

She gazes at you in hunger and adoration. You lead her toward the ground. Kneeling, The svelte Herald sprawls her thighs out, hands pressed over your [pc.skin], her tendrils coiling around your [pc.thighs].

"Tune it." You play along.

The Herald slides her head under your flaccid shaft. Humming, she blows into your tip, tasting your scent and flavor. She buzzes a warm song against your [pc.raceAdjective] [pc.cock], leaving magical vibrations which weave through your blood. Without another touch, your cock springs up from her fine tuning. She's a master performer.

You shudder but continue to conduct her performance. The Herald waits there.

She appears to expect your guidance.

"I think I'll really need to clean it." She hangs her blue tongue out. It lathers and sloshes with its vibrant color for your enjoyment. Every part of you feels light as air and hot as her body. Without another word, you rock your shaft over her face. In turn, she kisses the underside with her tongue.

You continue to tune her while she milks your base to prepare you for the main performance with a ringed index and thumb around your meat. [pc.hasBalls] The Herald massages and squeezes your nuts for good measure.] A verdant flush smears across her cheeks. Her breath tickles your head with each inhale and exhale.

"Open," you say.

The Herald ceases her tuning. Like a soloist following her conductor, she drops her jaw wide open. Her sticky breath tingles your [pc.cock][pc.hasBalls] and balls]. You need to punish this cheeky girl, and with that thought guiding you, you plunge your cock into her mouth.

The Herald's tendrils slowly begin to bang along your pelvis, signaling the beginning.

Even in her pliant state, she's dancing and playing no different than before. You're the drum, and that cock she plays is the anchor which keeps her balance. With each slow slide down her throat, the Herald seems to almost split in a shimmer of divided selves. Her belly undulates like the crash of the tides. A rolling sensation rises and falls along your suckled shaft. You soon grasp her green head, and she winks.

You've joined in the dance.

The air seems to hang with a blur of motions and shapes cast from you and your toy. You now conduct upon her your unbridled lust. You don't thrash your cock down her throat like a brute. You guide your pillar to dance with her tongue. Every part of you joins in her tango.

Your muscles roll. Your hips flex and shake. Your cock pulses and glides in sync with her throat song. Saliva dribbles out of her sticky lips. She settles into a pacing grind and you're more transfixed.

With each dive into her throat, her whole body surges. Her breasts shake and bounce unbound. Her ass shimmies and grinds in tempo as if you were fucking her from behind.

This erotic concert is unlike anything you've felt before. She takes your [pc.hands] and guides them around her scalp. She winks again and pops your meat out of her mouth for a moment.

"Lead me, **maestro**." She slicks and slacks her vines along your shaft. The Herald offers your cockhead a playful stroke and she pats your girth like she would the holes along her magical flute.

You change the rhythm. Stretching your legs out, you take her head and jam your cock back down her throat. She glugs and gags; her throat wraps and relaxes as you use her for your own pleasures. Even still, she's in control. She brushes her tentacles along the base of your shaft, coiling and squeezing its girth. Each time you pound her throat, a vibrating staccato greets you.

You dive deeper into the dance. The Herald's eyes roll into the back of her head. She's sheened with sweat, her nipples pointing out and the scent of her honey-slick pussy driving you into her crescendo even more. Spurred by her tentacle slaps along your [pc.legs], the worship of your pillar sheathed in her cocksleeve of a mouth, you arrive at the climax.

You guide her into the soft dirt. She doesn't resist. Laying on a sea of flowers, she alternates tapping her fingers against the dirt, her body slacked, her throat caught up in pleasing you, [pc.mf| her master| her mistress]. Her tongue repeats the drumming pattern, and you start to thrash her mouth with drawn out throat plunges. Like the beat of her drums you're used to hearing, you buck and bang your rod into her suckling throat.

Her lips squelch and vacuum around your [pc.cock]. Every part of her is positively electric. You lean your body over her and ravage her face. She has a stupid look on her, drunk on your use of her.

[pc.dcb|The Whoreld|The Herald|] goads you, golden eyes twinkling with mischief and winds her whole body like a writhing sea serpent. The waves of motion join your rut into her gullet.

[pc.hasBalls|Your balls churn with seed]. You can't last much longer. Her tentacles coil around your [pc.cock]; they squeeze to draw forth her reward. Every part of you tenses at this crescendo. Her beat rises, rises, and then you climax into her sticky mouth. You throw yourself into her throat. Each time you pillage her throat, a [pc.cumVol 0 100 1000|string|pearl|glob] of cum pistons into her gullet. She continues to shake and twist, pleasing you and guiding you into the depths of her silken gorge.

She screams into your [pc.cock] as her pussy spasms. Joining in this dual orgasm, she doesn't stop drinking jizz and milking you. By the Seven, it never seems to end.

At last, you're drained of nearly every drop. The Herald runs her hands along her pelvis and dislodges from her mouth. She opens wide. A [pc.cumVol 0 100 1000]couple squirts of cum|a rich load|flood of chunky jizz] rolls in her mouth. It sticks to her teeth and goes between the lashing of her slutty tongue.

The carnal display of her work leaves you with one last idea.

You offer a bow to the Herald's body of an audience. You polish off the last of your cum over her breasts.

Trailing your cock around her nipples and then down her stomach, you finish off by winding around her womb. You pull off from her and pant, unable to think.

The Herald lays there in a bed of flowers, glazed and face flushed from your face fucking. She continues to curl her body and soon enough straddles you. "Now that, [pc.mf|Master|Mistress], is how you lead a performance."

You raise your hands out to caress her hips but your [pc.cock] spasms, defeated. It hurts to even consider plowing her gardens.

The Herald kisses the side of your cheek, and whispers, "You can play me anytime with that skill."

It takes you about ten minutes to think clearly again. When you do, the Herald leaves you and returns to her playing. You put on your [pc.gear] and wipe the sweat from your matted brow. Glancing back, your soloist winks with that puckish charm and draws her mouth toward her flute.

A splotch of your jizz sticks to her chapped lips. The Herald begins to play the same rhythm you conducted upon her throat.

A single note trills throughout the grove.

It's a wonderful song.