

Appearance and Intro

Overview: Acacia Xynox is a half-elven sheep girl whose mother abandoned her and her two sisters as children. She's traveled to the Frost Marches to find her mother and learn about her history and the mysterious dagger she left behind. The Champ can help her get settled in and learn the local lore while she continues her investigation and search. Maybe even find a life-long mate.

To keep her distinct from the other two sheep-girls she's more headstrong and passionate. While also keeping that shy sheepfolk nature.

Parsers for coders:

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{acacia.lustRange|0 4 7 10|serene sheep|pulse quickened|touchy and needy|pounce!} [max. 10]
{acacia.pregStage 0 1 3|not pregnant|pregnant|gonna blow}
{acacia.isCorrupt|U did a baaaahd thing.|Fleece as white as snow.}
{acacia.isMate|You are in a relationship with Acacia|Acacia is your friend.}
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Appearance

Acacia is a petite hybrid of sheepfolk and, at least mostly, boreal elf. She clearly takes after her Baranian heritage in stature, standing only four feet, eight inches tall, as well as her snow-white fur and hair, glimmering in places like it was dusted with frost and threaded with silver strands. Her elven lineage has manifested in her bluish-pale skin and a faint chill. Her hair is fashioned into two bushy pigtails that flow down her neck and rest on her shoulders, nearly reaching her chest. It frames her lovely, exotic face nicely, giving her an innocent, adorable look. This cuteness is only added to by the spiraling horns poking out on either side of the frost sheep's head. They're easily sixteen inches in length, after accounting for their curve. While almost comically large on her petite frame, their smooth, burnished curves show clear signs of dedicated care.

Just below her horns, her faded sapphire-tinted ears poke out. Longer and more elfin than a sheep's, they have tiny, baby hairs of fleece along the outside and tinge faintly pinkish along their interior. They droop and twitch expressively when she speaks. Small hoop earrings of exquisite silver adorn each ear, looking expensive and expertly made. The jewelry is positioned comfortably midway in her ear lobes. Her eyes are pools of soothing lavender, with deeper violet near the edges of her pupils. Like other sheepfolk, she has black, bar-shaped pupils. They peer serenely out above a pert, little nose set above thin, pinkish lips.

All of this is emphasized luxuriously by the ivory fleece that encases her neck and shoulders. Making her look more like a cloud or cute snowsheep. Due to her biology it has a strange, yet soothingly subtle, coldness to it. Like a winter breeze without the painful chills. The snow-like wool looks soft and comforting and [\[pc.isDK|would be perfect for sinking your hands into and pulling her up against you when her horns are out of reach.|would be divine to sink and curl your fingers into to stroke and caress her.\]](#) It forms a mantle that cleaves down to the slight curves of her firm, perky, A-cup breasts. She's clad in a homespun, black and white, woolen dress, [\[acacia.fucked|which you know hides a trim, lightly-muscd stomach with a lovable belly button beneath.|which clings to her flat midriff.\]](#)

The coat of wool covering her body is just as groomed, brushed, and maintained as her neck fleece. She keeps it longer and [silly|poofier|puffier] than most. Thicker near her shoulders and thighs, her hips are clad in an avalanche of thick, frosty wool. This fleece also covers Xy's entire back and the sides of her frame. {acacia.isMate|While not thick, it leaves her belly and breasts bare.} Her lithe waist would be delightful to cuddle up into and nap amidst her cozy layers of [rand|wool|snow-like wonder|fuzz|fluff]. [pc.isDK|If you were into cuddling|silly|, which you're not. Cuz you're a big meanie]. It thins to an almost suede-like covering near her wrists and calves. Despite the obvious time and effort it takes, it's proudly brushed and maintained, with barely a curl or tangle in its pristine expanse. Her fingers bear a few stains and splashes of color—splashes from dyes or inks she works with. Her left forearm is clad in a leather sleeve to the elbow, lined with a fringe of dyed and colored wool strips of varying hues. An easy-to-reference catalogue of the colors she has available regularly.

Her dress-clad hips are impeccably sized for her dainty frame. Having a well-defined curve, her cobalt-tinged haunches have just the right amount of jiggle, filling the skirt out nicely. Her squeezable buns are perfect for sinking your [pc.hasArmTag paws claws chitinous furred scaled feathered vulpine demonic|paws|claws|chitinous hands|furry hands|scaly hands|feathery hands|foxy hands|demonic hands] into. Just above sits her plush, fluffy tail. A little cut-out in the back of her dress lets it poke through and she seems to have stitched a design of tiny, blue ram horns on either side of the slit. You suspect it has a mind of its own, judging by how often she rests her arms behind her back, trying to appear nonchalant, but struggling to keep it under control when she's pleased or upset. You often see her fighting with it more times than she would want to admit.

Finally, moving down the curves of her drumstick-like thighs, you take in her slender but toned legs. Her athletic musculature trailing down into snowy wool, showing her cute cloven hooves. They make a small clapping sound whenever she walks on hard ground or flooring

Having finally endured your gaze long enough, a small blush forms on her pale cheeks. {acacia.isMate

|“Excuse me, but must you stare quite so hard?” she inquires, her smooth, soft-spoken voice pulling your attention back to her lavender eyes. “Just makes me feel a little uneasy... Like I was an entrée.”

|“Is there something on my face... {acacia.lustRange 0 4 7 10

|or are you just admiring my outfit?”

|or are you just getting... hungry [pc.raMulti lupine kitsune vulpine|like a wolf|like a fox|like a fox]?”

|or can you just not keep your eyes off of me?” She extends one leg and trails her polished hoof alongside your calf.

|or are you trying to picture me without my clothes on?” She curls the fingers of one hand under the hem of her dress and slides it scandalously higher until you're certain you can see her baby-blue skin at the top of her thigh wool, but

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        then she pats it back into place and draws your eyes to her face once more. "Is  
        that all you're gonna do, [pc.name]?" she purrs. "Just look?"  
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Introduction

// Winter City quest must be completed for this scene to trigger

Standing inside Hawkethorne's north gate, the massive bulwark of wood is wide open but being watched by several town militia. Visitors, merchants, and residents of the town can still come and go as they please[dayNight|], despite the late hour. Though the streets are mostly quiet.]

[dayNight|Aside from the usual travelers and woodcutters coming in,|Despite the late hour,] you notice a lone, diminutive individual walking out from the woods. With curling horns and pointy, elf-like ears, you almost mistake them for a satyr, but it turns out to be a rather short sheepfolk. Well, you would say sheepfolk, but as she [dayNight|steps closer through the gate|steps beneath the lantern-light of the gate], you see that her flesh is tinged slightly blue. Dressed in a black and white dress, thick boots encasing her feet and, most attention-grabbing, a rather large backpack. It's stuffed to the brim, with household items hanging off it. Pots, pans, and several blankets, pillows and clothes can be seen barely contained in the carrier. It's somewhat distracting, as the assortment of items clang and bang into each other.

The peculiar visitor catches the attention of two of the militia guards. Their faces turn serious as she's stopped and questioned. After a short talk, however, their stances relax and they let her pass without any trouble.

She takes about a few steps forward then stops, looking around and taking in the surrounding area. She tries to catch the attention of a few denizens but fails spectacularly. A militia member rebuffs her questions, from what you can hear. It seems the guard isn't interested and wishes to be 'vigilant' while on duty or they might get chewed out later. [dcb|To satisfy your own curiosity,|Taking some mercy on the little sheep,|On the pretense of getting a better look at the fluffy, little sheep cutie,] you walk up and offer to help. "Do you[pc.isBimbo], like... totally] need some directions? I saw you talking with the guards. Are you familiar with the area?"

Quickly turning to face you, your earlier observations are confirmed. She appears to be the offspring of the union between a boreal elf and a sheepfolk. Her pale flesh is tinged slightly sapphire, and her wool looks snow white, almost silvery. The woman's ears are still sheep-like but longer, with pointed ends. A rather strange combination of races, must be one [silly|heck|hell] of a family story.

Her lavender eyes lock onto you, twitching briefly, almost like she's surprised you're offering help. Realizing she's staring, she blinks apologetically before extending her hand. Giving a slight nod, you return the gesture and shake it. Her skin is cool, matching its pale, frosty tone. Your

fingers lightly brush against the fine wool of her wrist and you find it chilled but soothing. You notice her other arm is clad in a leather sleeve. It has multiple strips of wool dangling from it, each one a different color. You might inquire about that later. "I'm [pc.name][silly]. Adventurer, Champion of Frost, premiere [pc.ra] specimen, and [pc.isBimbo], like, for sure an] all-around marvel. I'm kind of a big deal][pc.dcb]," you state simply. Your notoriety should be sufficient.,," you say warmly. "It's good to meet you.",," you offer cheerfully. "It's totally super-great to meet you!"

"Acacia..." she says, hesitating as though she were about to say more. She looks up and down the street a bit before seeming to decide that whatever she was worried about isn't present. "Acacia... Xynox," she says in a smooth, soft-spoken voice that seems relieved when the sky doesn't apparently crash down.

"Zi-nox?" you ask. "Hardly sounds Baranian. Must be from another side?"

"It is. That's from my mother's side," she replies, adjusting her cumbersome rucksack of goods. "I mostly go by Acacia or just Xy."

[pc.bg scholar]Your studies of such etymology weren't expansive, but her last name sounds like Old Boer'alvar. Specifically, more Old Wyld than Lumian. If she's coming from the north, she may have had some issues with that, which could explain her hesitance at first.]

[party.has etheryn]"Oh," Etheryn says[etheryn.lowConfidence] softly, looking a little startled herself that she spoke up. "It's just... I mean..." She takes a breath]. "That's an Old Wyld family name. I don't know any of your kin, but I hope you know that I am trying to heal any difficulties between our people."

Acacia's face turns a little sour from Ryn's words. Rolling her eyes, she mutters something under her breath. "Didn't trust the words of any nobles back home, especially after what happened with father. Certainly won't start now."

[pc.bg noblescion]It would appear that this woman isn't too fond of nobility. You [pc.isDK]consider making[make] a mental note not to mention your family until you learn a bit more, to avoid any unnecessary quarrels[pc.isDK], but then you remember you don't really care what peasants think about you. You're the Champion of Frost.[pc.isBaron] You're the gods-damned [pc.mf]baron[baroness] of the Wayfort![silly] Tough titties![].]

]

Pulling away from the handshake, you inquire what she's doing here. "[pc.isDK]Y|Not to be nosy but, y]ou've got quite the luggage there. Moving into town?" The pale sheep-elf nods, then kicks lightly at the ground with her hooves.

"I'm just no damn good at directions," she says, glancing down at some notes that look hastily written. "I was actually here earlier, passing through and trying to rethink my plans but I grew to

like it. After doing a little talking with a kind, older gentleman.” “What was his name?” she asks herself, tapping one of her spiraling horns. “Garret?”

“You mean Garth,” you say, correcting her.

She snaps her fingers, a smile forming on her pink lips for what looks like the first time in a while. “Yes! I was talking with him and I explained my situation. He was strangely kind and supporting of me. After discussing it, he managed to pull some strings and help me get a place here. It’s rather nice in this town, no overbearing nobles and everyone doesn’t seem that nosy or judging. But they do keep to themselves a lot. Plus it reminds me of home, quiet and cozy.”

Nodding, you tell her you’re glad she has a new home and seems to like it here. You’re willing to help her with directions since it seems no one else is.

Scratching the back of her head, she looks at you, a bright smile now fully forming on her face. “Thank you, that would really mean a lot. I’m still pretty new to the area and I could walk right off a cliff with my face stuffed in a map.”

Chuckling to yourself, you get into the details of the town’s layout. After a few more minutes of discussing directions and local landmarks. Confusion slowly leaves Acacia’s face as she nods profusely. “Oh, okay! I understand now, thank you, [pc.name]!” She turns to leave but pauses, turning to face you once again, her eyes darting around a little nervously. She fiddles with her earrings for a moment before bringing up a question.

“Oh, one last thing. I make dyes and other concoctions. I’ve been running rather low on my supplies. Would you be willing to help me? Just something simple and to the point. It would be no more than two or three hours. I just need to gather some materials from the forest and someone to make sure I’m safe until I know all the routes. I plan to be outside during the early mornings, but I’ll stay near the gate until I have a good guide. Don’t wanna get stuck outside while it’s dark or take up too much of your day.”

Seems a little early to help her with something like that, especially after just meeting her. Instead of diving headfirst into business you suggest giving her some time to settle in and perhaps you could get to know her a little better.

Taking a moment to process your words, she starts to slowly nod. “I understand,” she says, softly agreeing. “Well if you ever have the time come by my place and we can talk over some hot chocolate. I’m sure we both have interesting stories to tell each other.”

That sounds nice, you’re curious about the half-elf yourself

With that, the lithe woman waves you goodbye. “Have a wonderful [dayNight|day|evening]!” Quickly she disappears into the [dayNight|local crowd|nighttime street]. Hopefully she heeds your directions and doesn’t get lost...

Acacia's Home

// Contains Acacia's conversation and dialogue trees as well as her date, shearing, and mate content. Bookmarks on the left are your friend.

// Acacia's home is located one tile left, and one tile up from the East Gate.

Exterior:

Acacia's dwelling is here. The Baranian dye maker lives in a modestly-sized cottage, built in the same sturdy, rough-hewn manner of the other houses of Hawkethorne. The name 'Acacia Xynox' is inked in fine, painstaking lettering with white dye on a burnished wooden name plate beside the door.{Acacia.isMate|Right beside her name, your own is engraved. Letting the world know this is your home as well and your mate is happily awaiting your return. Feeling the comforting weight of the key in your hand, you can enter at any time.}The enigmatic half-breed has invited you to visit. All it would take is a knock on the door.}

[Acacia]

{Acacia.isMate

|Your key unlocks the door to Acacia's home. Entering the humble abode, that familiar floral smell greets you—a soothing herbal fragrance mixed with the sharp tang of dyes and chemical reagents. The strangely comforting scent makes all your worries fade as you step inside. Before you can call out her name, soft footsteps echo from deeper inside.

Acacia walks in, her languid lavender eyes falling upon yours. The moment she sees you, a smile blooms on her face, her sylvan ears perking up slightly. Without hesitation, she closes the distance and pulls you [pc.heightRange 72]down until she can reach your face and draws you] into a lengthy kiss, [acacia.lustRange 0 4 9]her soft, cool lips pressing against yours with needy affection. Her perky A-cup breasts press firmly into your chest and the chill of her snow-like fleece kisses your [pc.skinFurScales], encasing you in a loving cocoon of soothing winter chill.}her needy lips press against yours over and over in hungry, happy nibbles and the soft moans of her breath between them betray the pent-up lust inside her. She pulls you tighter as she holds you in her embrace, rocking her body gently against you until you feel her nipples hardening to diamond-like firmness against your chest through her dress.}her lips are wet and eager to welcome you home. Her eyes sparkle with a hungry light and the tip of her tongue peeks out to tease yours. One of her hands slides around the back of your neck and holds you in place while she trails the other along your jawline. She keeps her gaze locked onto yours, panting and moaning in between kisses like she was starving and you were a cut of grade-A, prime [pc.ra] beef. Instead of sating her, every touch of your lips together only seems to increase the pounding of her heart in your chest and the urgent press of her now diamond-hard nipples against you through her dress.} Tongues intertwine passionately as you instinctively reach for her rear, your hands sinking into the plush wool covering her shapely ass. You knead and grope that plump posterior through her

tight, woolen dress, feeling her thick, fluffy tail sway excitedly between your fingers. You stretch the kiss out for a long few moments, each second filled with growing desire, until she finally pulls away with a soft, contented sigh.

“It’s good to have you home, [rand|dear|darling|heart|dear heart|darlingheart|[pc.title]]my [pc.raceCute]|sweetie|love|lover|my mate|honey],” she says, her voice [acacia.lustRange 0 4 7|smooth and affectionate. Her cheeks are dusted with a faint blush, but there’s no hesitation in the way she gazes at you with loving eyes.|smooth, but husky. The faint violet flush of her cheeks and the heaving of her chest show her eager joy and the way she keeps touching your forearm with her fingertips indicates she’s in a playful mood.|breathless and seductive as she keeps curling her fingers into your clothes and brushing her lower body up against your thigh.]

You smile back, still holding onto her waist. Did she miss you? You lovingly tease her. She always has such a warm welcome for you returning home.

Acacia pouts, looking at you with puppy-dog eyes. Her large horns give you the slightest brush as she leans into your touch. “Why wouldn’t I?” she murmurs, [pc.heightRange 72|keeping you hunched over so she can start] nuzzling into your neck. “It gets a little lonely without you here. I miss going to bed with you every night. I never had this problem before, and I blame you. [acacia.lustRange 9|She turns her face towards yours and kisses up under your jaw, letting her cool tongue caress you. Her barbell pupils are practically slits in her deep, violet eyes and you see something primal and hungry lurking in their depths before she sighs happily and closes them.] “You’ll have to make this right, but first…”

Reluctantly pulling herself free from your grasp, she gestures toward the living room. “Come and sit down, honey. I’ll make us something warm to drink.”

Settling into the familiar sofa, you take in the small changes around her home as she moves to the kitchen. The living room is still modest, but now feels more lived in. Woolen rugs cover the wooden floor, dyed in various shades, and small, colorful bundles of wool and dye rest on a nearby counter, along with some other half-finished projects. Completed orders are wrapped and packaged nearby. It seems her craft and business are going well. It feels like a cozy home.

Acacia returns carrying two tall mugs of hot chocolate, steam rising from the rich, dark liquid. She carefully hands you one of the mugs before settling on your lap. You slide one hand around her waist and take a sip, savoring the thick, creamy drink. There’s a hint of cinnamon in the chocolate, something she enjoys adding for her own little flair.

Acacia cradles her own mug, taking small sips as she snuggles into you, her tail brushing against your thighs with pure affection. [pc.isDK|Curling your [pc.hasClawedHands|claws|fingers] into her platinum-laced white hair, you give her a

possessive tug.[Reaching up to brush her platinum-laced white hair, you give her a gentle head pat.] Her ears flick in response and she nuzzles into you even more. Deciding to keep spoiling your woolly lover, you stroke her long, spiraling horns, your fingers running over their smooth surface. Acacia shivers slightly under your touch, a soft, contented hum escaping her lips as she relaxes into your embrace.

“What have you got on your mind, sweetie?” she asks softly, her tone gentle yet eager. [You knock gently on the door. Within moments, you hear the faint, measured tap of footsteps. The door creaks open just a crack, a perplexing mix of scents flows out, assaulting your senses—a soothing herbal fragrance mingled with the contrasting pungent tang of dyes and alchemical reagents.

“Hello, [pc.name]. It’s good to see you again,” she says, her soft-spoken voice carrying a hint of warmth. Stepping aside, she gestures for you to come in. She closes the door as you pass and the subtle chill of her fleece brushes you, cool as a winter breeze yet oddly soothing.

She’s dressed far more casually at home. Her shirt is a simple white wool, stained with countless colors and hues. It’s just a smidgen too big for her frame. The faint aroma of herbs and chemicals cling to her clothes, no doubt from her daily work and constant contact with dyes and inks. The tight fabric clings to her lithe figure snugly, calling attention to her shapely booty, and enhancing her dainty charm. Her fluffy, ivory-wooled tail pokes through a small cutout in her dress, {acacia.lustRange 0 3 5 7|wagging lazily from side to side.|wagging just a little excitedly.|you note that it seems a bit more energetic than normal and she’s subtly trying to hide it.|moving with slow, almost deliberate motions to catch your eye and your [pc.ra lupine vulpine kitsune|sensitive nostrils detect the obvious scent of female arousal.|nostrils catch the faintest hint of... arousal?|}}

“Um, I don’t really have the place ready for visitors,” the little sheep-elf says, sitting you down on a sofa in the living room. “I don’t have much in the house yet and It’ll be a little bit of a mess but make yourself comfortable while I get you something warm to drink.”

You take the opportunity to look around while she bustles into the kitchen. She was right, other than some brightly-colored wool rugs placed under the sofa and table, the living room still lacks some furniture and other oddities that make a house feel lived-in. Regardless, it’s still cozy and doesn’t feel too barren or stark.

Acacia returns carrying two tall mugs of hot chocolate. Steam rises from the rich, dark liquid, carrying a sweet, chocolate aroma. She carefully sets the drinks down on the table and hands you a mug. The drink is thick, creamy, and perfectly sweetened, you’re not sure what it is at first but after a few more tastes, you realize it’s favored with a hint of cinnamon.

Settling into a chair across from you, Acacia takes a sip from her delicious treat. “What would you like to talk about, [pc.name]?” she asks. The little sheep seems excited to have someone to talk to{acacia.lustRange 0 4 7 9}. Her tone is casual but curious as her sharp ears twitch slightly.|She rests her hands primly in her lap, but you notice her thighs are ever so slightly rubbing together as she lightly flexes her ankles|, and she gently bites her lower lip as she gazes at you with her deep, violet eyes, her ears lowered and attentive|and she slides her chair close enough that her knees are practically touching yours as she leans in closer. Her breathing is slow and measured as she gazes attentively at you with her enchanting, lavender eyes}.

}

[Appearance] [Talk] [Flirt] [Shearing] [Leave]

// ‘Flirt’ tooltip: ‘The silken-wooled half elf has an exotic allure.’
// ‘Help?’ tooltip: ‘Did she need help with any other tasks?’
// ‘Shearing’ tooltip: ‘{first time|Acacia wants to ask you something. The half-breed’s wool looks a little unkempt, perhaps you could help her with that?|Your loving mate’s wool looks a little overgrown. Be a caring lover and help shear her.}
// ‘Shearing’ is invisible until after Acacia’s date scene.
// ‘Shearing’ has a 7 day cooldown. Grayed out: ‘It’s too soon to shear her again.’

Talk

You and Acacia make some small talk and light conversation about your well-being and your recent travels and encounters before you settle into a comfortable rhythm of dialogue. Finally, she pauses to take a drink and you have the opportunity to ask her about some other topics.

[Herself] [Home] [Family] [Hawkethorne] [Residents] [Dreams] [Back]

// ‘Herself’ tooltip: ‘Ask Acacia about herself.’
// ‘Home’ tooltip: ‘Ask Acacia about where she comes from.’
// ‘Family’ tooltip: ‘Does she want to talk about her family?’
// ‘Family’ is invisible until ‘Home’ is discussed.
// ‘Hawkethorne’ tooltip: ‘What are her thoughts on the town?’
// ‘Residents’ tooltip: ‘Has she had much interaction with any locals?’
// ‘Residents’ is invisible until ‘Hawkethorne’ is discussed.
// ‘Dreams’ is only visible if Champ is Acacia’s mate.
// ‘Back’ returns to previous menu options (Appearance, Talk, Leave, etc.) but does not bring up any descriptive text (ie. doesn’t replay the entering and sitting down text).

Herself

"You really want to know more about boring old me? I'm not that interesting but I'll give you the gist of my story." She sets her mug down, folding her hands neatly in her lap. "Oh goodness, where do I start..."

She takes a deep breath, fidgeting with her earrings. "I'm a dyer, pretty sure that's obvious. I also know how to knit and sew, making rugs every once in a while. At first I didn't really like it, just found it as mundane work to get food on the table. However, over time I...just grew to like it, love it even. Gathering materials, making new colors, seeing the end result after days of hard work. It's just satisfying to see your work come to fruition."

"My grandmother raised and taught me. She's practically a master at my family's craft. From dyeing and inking, to making high quality cloth and rugs. I had to watch her for hours and hours to even get a fraction of her skills. That woman was just on another level."

"Back home I have two sisters running around. Well the two siblings that I **know** of. Myself and grandma always suspected that mother and father may have had other children wherever they ran off to."

"They had their own things going on. My younger sister, Odora, always was a little brat. She was tall like mother but she never cared one bit about the family craft. It was so funny growing up, grandma would nag her for years, saying 'Honeychild, you need to get a job to be self-dependent. All them little boys ain't gonna play your games forever.' Eventually she gave up on the nagging, she is a stubborn woman but even she knew it was falling on deaf ears." Acacia chuckles softly, playing with a silver strand of wool.

"Azalea on the other hand, was a nightmare to deal with everyday as well. She **loved** being the center of attention. Always bragging about how great she is at everything. Whether it was cooking, dyeing, or sewing she was always trying to impress her little group of heathens. Sad part is, she wasn't that good at the craft. It was just exhausting hearing her yap every day."

[pc.dcb]"Totally different from you obviously," you interrupt.]"Sounds like you had it rough," you offer.]"Oh, you poor cutie!" you say, looking at her adorable face.]"What about you?"

"I mostly kept to myself. My siblings used our...exotic heritage to attract people to like them but I was mostly busy around the house or family business. They weren't helping, and we needed materials to work with, so it mostly fell on me. At first it was a job, but now it's an enjoyable hobby. It's calming, helps me focus and... remember home. Plus mixing colors, weaving, and dyeing is just ...fun."

She pauses briefly, looking down into the swirling dark liquid of her mug, tracing the rim of it. "We got a lot of attention for being half-breeds. My sisters took pleasure in it, usually basking in the extra attention we got from our unique fleeces and naturally cold bodies." Her expression wrinkles slightly in disdain. "Just being stared at like I'm some animal, I hate it. Makes me feel

so helpless. I know I look a little different, but I don't like being ogled and stared at. They always give me such weird looks too, even if they don't mean to."

She lets out a sigh and shrugs her shoulders. "Right now I'm just focused on finding my mother and father. In the meantime, I'm just gonna settle in for the time being and work on building up my savings to keep searching."

"That's the basics anyway," she says with a smile. "Not very interesting but I hope it was sufficient."

Home

Does she ever miss her home? The town where she grew up?

Xy tilts her head, giving it some thought as her lavender eyes flicker in the light. "Yeah...I miss my grandmother's house and my old room too. People don't talk about it much, but when you leave home you're not just leaving family and friends. You're leaving behind a lot of memories, and those really make you who you are."

"Oh, right!" she says, refocusing her thoughts. "The town I grew up in wasn't much but it was nice and cozy. It was a small settlement named Ferntal. About three to four hundred people called it home and it was surrounded by vast countryside. Most of the people there were sheepfolk. We had some other people as well; catfolk, anubians, taleer, and humans. Not to mention all the travelers that would pass through. Most people obviously worked with wool or owned farms. My family was one of the few that specialized in dyeing." She smiles softly, looking at her leather sleeve, with its dangling ribbons of multi-colored dyes.

Sounds like a nice place to live.

"It was. This place is great but I miss it so much. Very peaceful and quiet there. Although..." her eyes narrow, a hint of anger flashing on her face like she remembers a long-held grudge. "The weather was so inconsistent! One week it would be blazing hot and the next it would be freezing cold. It simply couldn't make up its mind on what it wanted to be! You'd get used to one thing, and then it would flip entirely just to spite you. Gods above, it feels like it had a mind of its own!"

"It made life pretty unfair sometimes. Especially when working with dyes and inks. If we weren't careful, good batches could be ruined by the elements or rain. Damp wool doesn't work well with dyes and inks. I remember grandma getting so angry when a few batches got ruined because of the weather or someone leaving dyed cloth outside. It was usually Azalea that would be lazy and mess up like that."

"Before I started working, I spent a lot of time running through the fields or climbing an old unused watchtower with some of the other kids. It was stupid but..pretty fun."

Sounds like she was a troublemaker.

“Yeah, just a little. We were a handful for grandma. My sisters and I were always doing something foolish. I spent a lot of time trying to prove Azalea wrong. She thought she was better at everything so I went out of my way to keep her ego in check. Usually getting into big trouble in the process. While me and Odora never got along, we understood each other. She had a way of dragging me into her little schemes. Never a moment of rest with those two running around.”

She takes a small sip from her hot cocoa, a smile forming from recalling her childhood memories. “Thankfully my family’s business gave us opportunities others didn’t have. Everyone else was either farming to get food on the table or trying to sell their wool in an oversaturated market. We were busy with orders from all over. Grandma’s skills even got the attention of some nobles. I remember pulling a lot of all-nighters with the family making rugs for some noble. They commissioned my grandmother every once in a while. It was stressful meeting their demands but very good coin.”

Is she thinking of going back? Looking around the room, you see hand-dyed cushions, woven tapestries, and small wooly trinkets scattered about. She seems to be doing well for herself.

“I want to go back home and see grandma, but life seems to be pushing such plans far into the future. Eventually, when I get the time and money. Firstly I have to finish what I started here. I just wanna be there for grandma in her last years in this world. I worry her health might not hold up for long.”

Her words hang in the air for a few moments. “Sorry, killed the mood, but it’s such a sweet little town. You should visit it with me. I’m sure you’ll love the food and open space.”

Family

// Visible after asking about ‘Home’.

“My family? Oh boy, that’s a loaded topic. Sooo many aunts and uncles and cousins. My extended family would take days to explain. Family reunions and get-togethers were very large affairs.” She scratches the back of head, giving it some thought before speaking again. “I’ll just describe my immediate ones, though.

“I lived with my two sisters with our grandmother, on my father’s side. She’s probably the most important person in my life. She raised us, taught us, and made me the person I am today. She’s the head dyer of the family business and very well-respected back home.

My sisters were the bane of my life, but at the end of the day I love them. They’re still at home, probably up to no good and causing grandma to lose her wool from frustration. We were all born together, but we don’t look alike.” She idly plays her dye-colored fingers into her almost ethereal white wool. “Well, I mean, we have the same wool and skin color, but, Odora is big, like our mother supposedly, and Azalea is a bitch... like our mother too, I assume.” She chuckles a bit

and smiles to lessen the blow. "She just had to be the center of attention with everyone, our neighbors, or customers, our grandmother, and with father."

You're certain her father wouldn't neglect a wonderful, soft-wooled and smiling little lamb like Acacia. He must have loved them all equally.

"Dad...err, 'father', lived with us when we were little. He sometimes took us on wagon rides to sell rugs when the trips were close to town." She sighs and lets the memory come. "He had warm, white wool and we'd all snuggle under a blanket if it was cold on the ride. He smoked a pipe. I love the smell to this day; some cherrywood-vanilla smell. I don't smoke myself, but when I pass a snuff merchant, I just try and remember it." Bringing her mug to her lips, she frowns. "He left when we were about ten, though. Just a fight with grandmother and he was gone that night. Didn't say goodbye and I never found out why." She takes a drink as though to punctuate the end of that.

She lets out a sigh, folding her legs over each other. "That's my family or at least what I know, other than all my aunts, uncles, and cousins. They were always around but I'm sure you don't wanna be here all day hearing about my second cousins and which ones had colorful wool or became scribes instead of weavers. Hell, I might even have more lineage and not even know it. You should tell me about your family sometime."

[Grandmother] [Sisters] [Father] [Mother] [Back]

// 'Back' returns to Talk menu.

// 'Father' tooltip: 'Is there more she remembers?'

// 'Mother' tooltip: 'She didn't mention her mother.'

Grandmother

Acacia smiles at the question. "Now let me tell you," she begins, wagging a dye-stained finger. "That old woman is skilled. Even today I doubt I have a fraction of her knowledge. Nobles that lived weeks away would commission her for rugs, pillows and other oddities. Her designs are just that good, like each creation of hers is a painting in and of itself. I remember all of us, my sisters and I, staying up late trying to make sure the order was perfect. Good times those were...no one was fighting or being snide. Just focused on a common goal."

"Something to note is, Grandma did some traveling. Even to the Frost Marches before. She was vague on the details but she was here for business, I believe. The sly old woman even gave me a map to help me get here. But enough about her, let's talk about something else."

[Next]

// Returns to Family.

Sisters

"My sisters are Odora and Azalea. They are both handfuls and you'd hate them. Always, 'Look at me!' and 'I'm the best at blah-blah-blah!' Acacia rolls her eyes and snorts before realizing

what she's saying. "Ahem. Odora is taller. She just took more from mother's side. She never cared about the family business, always sneaking off to mess around with the town's dumbass boys.

"Ugh, I remember having to waste my free time brushing her fleece because she refused to take proper care of it. Odora was just spoiled rotten, not from dad or grandma, just everyone treating her like a special, little snowflake." She purses her thin lips and squeezes her free hand. "I was special too! I mean... we all were, but she was tall and could... reach things on shelves or something. So, 'Hurray for Odora!' and the rest of us had to deal with it."

Taking a nerve-calming sip of cocoa, she lets out a breath. "Unlike my other sister, though, she's at least somewhat competent when she puts her mind to it. I remember some days when grandma managed to get her ass to work. Odora actually made some amazing designs. Too bad she doesn't apply herself to anything. She had a fixation on the magic arts, pestering fair mages and acolytes and midwives and witches when they'd come through town. Grandma didn't like that business one bit, so that's why she was always sneaking off. That... and to smooch boys," she adds, muttering, "Tall [rand|trollop|hussy|slut|heifer|sow].

"Azalea on the other hand, she's short like the rest of us—grandmother, father, and I. Always thinking she was the center of the world. As much as I hated Odora being a little shit, we at least understood each other and, well, she was actually good when she worked. Azalea acted like everything she did was the best but nothing she did ever felt like that. "

Isn't that a little rough to say about her sister?

"I mean, yeah, but we were always butting heads. She had the mindset of 'My way is the best way'. I wouldn't have mind if Aza was just stubborn. Hell, grandma was headstrong through and through, but grandma knew when she was wrong and grew from it. Azalea made the same mistakes over and over. She left materials outside to get damaged, gathered wet logs for the fire, and picked toxic plants constantly. Not to mention all her craftsmanship was shoddy and poorly dyed. I don't know how she did it but she always managed to mess up the drying process. Worst part was, she always insisted she was right and we were wrong. Even Odora had no patience for her."

"We had our moments but we all love each other. We all have wool, like mine," she cocks her head to emphasize her almost platinum-white wool with its silver highlights, like frost on metal. "And blue skin that's cooler than other people's. Wherever those dummies are, I hope they're safe and warm with a big plate of food. I'm sure they hope the same thing for me."

[Next]

// Returns to Family.

Father

Xy taps the side of one of her curling horns, eyes narrowing. "My father was named Alder. He's even shorter than me, if you can believe it. Well, now he would be. Like I said, we were just little girls when he left, ten years old or so. I remember him taking us to see his friends, they were nobles or something akin to it. They did some weird magic and talked with us briefly. Soon after those weird visits, he left town without a word. Tore grandma up pretty badly, she said 'Those damn aristocrats changed my boy into a different man.' Never talked much about him after, I think they got into a big fight before he left but I didn't wanna ask and bring up bad memories."

"It was tough around that time and we all took it pretty hard. Azalea stayed in her room for days without leaving and Odora acted out, running away to a friend's house. Grandma had it the worst though. Out of all her children, they were the closest. So him leaving really broke her heart. We all eventually learned to live with it."

Mother

"Ah, my mother... You can already guess that I've never met her. The only sources of information I have are from my father and my grandmother. Along with what little I learned here up north from mentioning her family name."

"She met my father, and they must have liked each other. But grandma never mentioned her being around before he brought her home pregnant. She stayed with them until she had me and my sisters and supposedly just left without a word a few days after that. Only my grandmother and her silver tongue convinced her to sit down and talk before traveling away." Acacia stops, struggling to find the words, almost like she feels like they are the truth but doesn't want to accept it. "I made sure grandma told me everything she knew, and it felt like my mother...never really wanted me nor my siblings."

The wooly half-breed fakes a cough, trying to pretend she just didn't say that. "I only know a few things about her, which is pretty sad but also a little funny. It was the few things father would slip up about and what granny wriggled out of her before leaving."

Taking a moment to organize her thoughts, she recounts the vague details of her mother. "Her name was Tressa'lyn Xynox. She's half wyld elf and half boreal elf. Sky blue skin and pretty tall as well, at least that's what everyone else back home said. Having been to that elf city, I guess she was pretty normal actually. Grandma described her as cold and distant, not much for words or people really. The only other thing I know about her is..." A smile mixed with a faint blush quickly engulfs her face. "She's well-blessed from what I know. Grandma isn't the type of person to spare details but she made it a point that her breasts were some of the biggest she'd ever seen. I mean, not many women back home had big breasts, even the prolific mothers, so I doubt they were obnoxiously big, but grandma looked like she was holding some big melons when she said it."

Hawkethorne

She surely must have gathered her thoughts about the [silly|dinky|small] hamlet now that she's properly staying here.

"To be honest, it's very nice," she starts, giving her drink a quick swirl. "It doesn't beat my hometown because, well I'm biased as hell, but it's cozy and relaxed here. The people mostly keep to themselves and aren't really the judging type, which is a nice change of pace."

She gazes out the window, a faint smile encroaching on her pale, blue-tinted face. "The local businesses are reassuring as well. Wouldn't have expected such a small town to be doing well but I'm surprised. I still need to visit that tavern again, not much of a drinker but the old wolf deserves a few coins for being so nice to me."

Leaning back, her pointed ears twitch slightly. "I much prefer it over the Winter City, although city life has never been for me." Xy grabs her thick neck fleece for just a moment, fingers curling into the thick fluff of snowy heaven in a rare but rather adorably shy demeanor. "I just have one teensy issue though..."

And what would that be? She doesn't seem like the type to hold her punches on matters like that.

"I like it here a little too much!" she admits with a small nervous chuckle, scratching the back of her neck. "My plan was to go back home after I finish grandma's task but this place is already starting to sink its hooks in me." A small blush colors her face as her barbell pupils narrow ever-so-slightly. {acacia.isMate|"Especially if we get married and have some lambs together."|Especially if I find a mate here, get married, and have a few half-sheep, half-elf lambs.] I doubt I'd ever get the chance or will to travel back home."

You make an understanding grunt. You take a guess she wants to go back home because it's familiar or for her family, more specifically her grandmother?

She nods, her expression reverting to a softer look. "Yeah for her, she is the main reason I'm down here. Of course I'm in no rush to finish up what I'm doing here but I want to be there for grandma in her last years. Maybe even step up and be the family business head like her."

Sounds like she has a colorful future, in both senses.

The frost sheep blinks, shaking her head and groaning dramatically. You hear her softy state, 'That was so bad,' before taking a long sip of hot cocoa. She can't help but let out a small giggle while taking a drink. By the time she lowers her mug, Acacia's smile has grown far bigger, nearly grinning from one sharp ear to the other.

Residents

// Visible after asking about 'Hawkethorne'.

[Cait] [Clementine] [Nelia] [Back]

// 'Cait' tooltip: 'She must have encountered the passion priestess.'

// 'Clementine' tooltip: 'Has she met the other wooly resident of Hawkethorne?'

// 'Nelia' tooltip: 'Has she spoken with the town's best known seamstress?'

// 'Back' returns to previous 'Talk' menu.

Clementine

"Oh, Clementine? Yeah I've met her. She's actually been over a few times. Guess we both were pretty happy to have seen another wooly person so far from home." She smiles softly, her fingers idly playing with a loose strand of her snowy hair. "So we hit it off right pretty quickly. It's just nice... comparing wool and talking about the town, our lives, and why we came up here. She said that my fleece is pretty unique and high quality, not sure I agree but her own is hard to beat."

"She is very sweet, and honestly I see her as a lifelong friend if we keep hitting it off like this."

Wow, they seem to be pretty close already. How much does she exactly know about her? You're pretty close with Clementine yourself...

"We are still relatively unfamiliar with each other but we visited each other's houses. She showed me some cooking tricks while I showed her some of my dyeing skills." A small snicker forms on her face, "She couldn't stop making comments about the smell of my house, stating it had an 'odd funk' to it. I didn't really take it personally though, all my work does make quite the smell, but that's just the way she is. A little blunt but in an oddly endearing way."

It seems she made quite the impression on her as well.

"Yeah she is very honest, a little too much but I kinda like it. Clem does make a mean cookie, though. I'll happily admit that. We both agreed to cook something together, maybe muffins or a cake. I figured it'll be fun." Her ears twitch happily, eyes brightening with joy. "You should join us! We'll need some help with taste-testing. I'm still running trials on that nectar we got from the plants in the forest. Still a little skeptical because of what they came from but if it turns out good it'll be easy to get nectar."

That sounds like fun, if you have any time you'll happily join {acacia.isMate|your|the} sheep-girls in preparing some food.

A big smile covers her lips, grinning from ear to ear.{Champ has sheared Clementine and Acacia|After a moment, however, her lavender eyes lock onto yours, she looks deathly serious

when addressing you again. “Darlingheart, myself and Clementine also discussed something else. I know you sheared her wool and mine as well.” She bites her lip, her hands fidgeting nervously before speaking once again. “Just...Just know that’s really important to us, okay? D-Don’t just up and leave us. It hurts a little but I don’t mind sharing you with her. She really deserves your love. **Both** of us need your affection. I love you and I know she loves you too. [clementine.kidcount 1|Can’t lie, I’m jealous but Clementine has even brought your lambs into this world. Children deserve to have both parents in their life.] So don’t you dare run off with some whore.”

Seeing her serious expression, you nod, understanding her viewpoint. Promising to be there for your wooly mates.}

Cait

“I know Cait helps out around town a lot but I just have one gripe about her.”

And what will that be?

“It feels so rude to say, but the thought has been eating at the back of my head for so long I just have to say it out loud.” She hesitates for a moment, her eyes scanning the room as if she’s looking for some eavesdropper. “Her hair looks...ugly. Pink and blonde do not go well together.”

Oh! Is this a professional dyer’s opinion? You never would’ve expected such spicy words from the frost-laden sheep.

Xy’s ears twitch slightly as she covers her face with her wooly hands. “No! I don’t mean to be an asshole about it but she looks so weird with that color [silly|combo|combination]. The colors don’t mesh well with each other, so much so it makes my eyes and brain bleed. Every time I see her, the embarrassing thought of ‘By the gods, let me fix that!’ engulfs my mind. Cait looks like she got her head stuck in the tailend of a rainbow.” She peeks an eye out from her hands, looking at you. “I know it’s so stupid and silly but I can’t help it! This wretched thought keeps haunting me. It doesn’t help that I see her roaming around town all the time, constantly reminding me of it.”

From what you can tell, it seems she’s having a literal personal crisis over her hair.

“Yeah! I kinda am...” she says crossing her arms, remaining defiant in her stance. “I don’t think I’ll ever get over it.”

Well, maybe one day she’ll come to you for help. Or in the most likely case, she won’t, and Xy will just have to keep suffering in silence.

She sighs, giving you a pouting glare. “Yeah-yeah, laugh it up... Just know if you ever walk into the house with a bright, rainbow vomit mess. I **will** be dyeing and fixing it.”

Sounds like that's a promise and a threat mixed together.

"It **is**. Do **not** test me. I have to tolerate one bad hair color around town, I will not see another, let alone in the house."

Nelia

"Nelia? She's that goblin lady, right? She's pretty nice, I talked with her a few times and I've seen her around town as well. She actually offered me a job, but I politely declined."

That was rather generous of Nelia to offer her work. But why decline a proposal like that? She's still new to the area, and that kind of stability could really help her get settled. Not to mention bringing in some much needed coin.

"Well, she said the offer still stands, and yes, I get your point," she explains, her voice remaining steadfast. "But I want to be in control of my own life. I've always worked for someone else or did business for the family. I just don't want to be bound to someone else and their expectations again. Now, I have my own schedule and it feels amazing. Sure a job like the one she offered would be more stable, but I finally have freedom, and I value that more."

She leans back slightly, tracing the rim of her mug. "It also feels great to not have someone looking over your shoulder all the time. Grandma used to do that every single day, and it was **insufferable**. Now I can create my own dyes, my own crafts in my image, not molding it to someone else's," she says in a coy tone, taking a sip from her mug. "The only problem is, I have no one to fall back on. I'm now responsible for myself and nothing else. Sometimes the greatest blessings have the biggest downsides.

Such is the burden of adult life.

"Yes it is" she responds softly, giving you an understanding smile.

Dreams

// PC must be Acacia's mate for this to be seen

"I've been having weird dreams again," she states, taking hold of your hands.

That's a rather strange way of starting a conversation. Is it anything you should be worried about?

Her eyes flick back, pupils wavering as she gathers her thoughts. "Well, my dreams have changed from when I was younger. They used to only be about a strange woman that would

stare at me. However, now that we are mates, I-I..." A blush flushes her face as her fingers curl just a little tighter around your own. "I'm now also having some other dreams as well."

Hold up now, she should start from the beginning. What were the usual dreams she would have?

She exhales, ears twitching sporadically as she finds her words.

"Growing up, me and my siblings would always have the same dreams. Didn't talk about it much, not even with grandma. We all just agreed to keep quiet and not worry her."

"It was always the same woman. Tall, like she was towering over me. I was just a little girl but she looked about nine feet tall or more. Gods, she could easily reach the branches of a tree. Her flesh was... deathly pale, almost marble like, unnaturally smooth with her curves. She had these glowing lines, like tattoos or something along her body and fancy jewelry and bracelets on her arms... and some gems that were set into her skin, but not like piercings. Despite her strange body, the woman's eyes were the most striking. They pierced right through me, her red pupils evaluating—studying me with each passing second."

She fidgets around a little, looking a bit scared before starting again. "The lady's hair was black, long and overflowing, yet she... never was hostile. Simply inviting me over wordlessly, usually offering to let me play with her hair. I remember it was quite heavy, like it was stone or she just had a lot. I still tried to braid and groom her mane, but I don't think it mattered much in the end."

And her sisters had the same dream as well. Do you think that has something to do with her parents? Maybe she was just symbolic of their mother. Boreal elves are very tall, even though she doubtless didn't look like the dream figure, little girls have vivid imaginations after all. Especially when they're abandoned by a parent. It's easy to imagine they're on some important quest or some otherworldly entity.

She only offers a small shrug, though you can tell the idea has crossed her mind a few times. "Maybe, I'm not really sure. I never really questioned it before, but ever since we became mates. I've started to have that weird dream more often now. But I've started to have another dream too."

Which would be?

Her face is now practically steaming, fully an adorable lilac hue. Rather strange for the otherwise mature and easy going woman. She hesitates at first before blurting out her words. "In this dream, we are together. Like really together, and have lots of children together." She lets out a low whine, shaking her head as her deepest desires are made known. "A-And I'm always pregnant in this dream." Her hands instinctively move to her flat stomach, almost like she's imagining being knocked up nice and round with your lambs. The weight and heat of new life budding inside her. She swallows hard, trying to hide her intoxicating yearning. "I-I don't know why I'm having that kind of dream but that's the truth!"

She doesn't need to be worried. You reassure your sheep girl, giving the back of her ears an intimate brush. She immediately melts to your touch, her tail swaying in languid, pleased motions. You both can find answers about her parents together.

"Thank you, darlingheart," she purrs lovingly, nuzzling into your palm. "It means a lot."

Date

// Add in option to her interact menu

// Can only be seen if the PC has seen her family talk

Acacia cocks her head a little as she appraises you for a moment. Her eyelids lower a bit as she takes a drink and regards you over the rim as she considers your words.

"Is this your way of making up for the last time you took me out alone?" she asks after lowering her cup. {acacia.lustRange 0 4|The boreal[silly]-ized[-touched] Baranian maintains a demeanor as cool as her heritage, but smiles a little. "Why, [pc.name], I think I would be happy to accept your invitation to show me around town a little more."|The petite sheep has a warm blush to her cheeks, not entirely from the hot chocolate. "I'd really like that, [pc.name]," she says, fidgeting a little as you realize her emotive tail is indicating she's excited at the prospect.}

You promise to keep things close to town, and any flowers involved won't be dripping sexual juices[pc.isDK]-except for maybe hers by the end of the date, you think smugly to yourself. "Any flowers you bring had better be colorful and suitable for making dyes," she replies, "but they aren't necessary. Maybe we could just go around the marketplace or something. I'll let you wow me. Anyway, maybe it'll be nice to go out with you and not have to worry about wolves for once.{acacia.lustRange 4|"Unless," she adds, biting her lip a little. "You happen to be a wolf in sheep's clothing."}

The way the demure, young lady rubs her wooly thighs together beneath her dress sends [pc.dcb|dirty|fleeting|happy, lusty] thoughts of getting into this little sheep's clothing.}

"We can walk around town another time," you offer. "Besides, you're out there everyday. How about we just have some one-on-one time? A picnic on the riverbank just outside of town."

She cocks her head, examining you for a moment before nodding. "Yeah that does sound nice-" she stops for a moment looking at the kitchen. "I have some treats, biscuits and some muffins that I made earlier that we can take. It'd be nice just to talk with a friend." Her wooly tail animates, wagging with pleased motions. "I haven't really had time to make many friends since I got here, so sorry if I come off as weird."

With your destination set, you quickly help her prepare the basket. Once it's packed and she's gathered her other belongings, the two of you step out and make your way through Hawkethorne to the north gate. Once again, you two find yourselves at the start of the forest trails. This time you head west, towards the River Ridell.

Along the way, you share some small talk. You ask about her plans and how her dyeing is going. You are quickly reminded of the little half-breed's passion for her work as she fairly gushes with details, eyes burning with emotions as she talks about some failed projects. You and Acacia discuss her work until you arrive at the riverbank.

The waters are thick and rough. Taking in the full view, while it's gentle here at the bank, it's fierce and unforgiving in the center. The strength of the current has even moved some hefty boulders from upriver and they lie firmly on the bank of the white-capped water. Xy simply stares at the natural beauty, taking in the air and observing the rough waters.

"It's rather tranquil here" she says, mostly to herself, before turning to you. She gives you a small smile, tail lazily dancing from side to side. "Um sorry I was just taking in the view. We had vast, beautiful fields back home but this is just as good in its own way."

She's fine, you were taking in the view as well. After all this is the place of your date.

Giving you a smile, she gestures to one of the massive boulders. Stating that the slab of stone would make a great spot for some shade and it's close enough to the water for you both to skip rocks. Following her over, she sets down the basket and you both quickly dig in. The biscuits are buttery and crispy, just the perfect mix. While the muffins are airy and soft. The treats make a good combo together.

She wipes the crumbs off her face, giving you a curious look. "So..." she says, her barbell eyes locking in. "What brings you to this place? What are you doing here?" Taking a brief pause, she takes another bite out of a muffin continuing. "I don't know, you're kinda weird...? Everyone else in town either just got there like me or their families have been there for generations."

Oh she's going for the big hitting questions first now?

You explain in the best way possible, you're hunting down a demoness that came from another world and that wants to corrupt the land for her own nefarious goals.

Her face turns to appalled disgust as you explain in more detail. She nearly spits out her food in pure shock. "WAIT -What?! So someone like that is just running around and no one has said anything? I feel like that should be bigger news or something. At first it's just nobles acting like entitled assholes with non-stop orgies. Then there's demon-queens flying overhead!" Shaking her head she looks a little sick from the news. "Let's talk about something else or, matter of fact, let's skip some stones. That'll help me forget that dreaded person ever existed."

You can't help but chuckle a little, she's rather cute when worked up.

Following her to the water, she picks up a few pebbles, with her other hand firmly wrapped around an apple.

So now that she's finally been to the Winter city, what were her thoughts? The little half breed probably had no idea about the schism and the culture of her pointy-eared relatives.

"I sure didn't have any idea!" she says, almost bitterly. "Because I grew up with my sheepfolk side of the family, I barely know anything about boreal elves and that city. Frankly, I don't feel like going back there any time soon. So after hauling my ass for months here to the city, my mother was never there. I tried to ask around and see if anyone could help me but I got some nasty looks from folks or nearly got into some fights by just saying my last name." Taking a big bite of her apple she skips a pebble, the little stone flying off to disappear into the fast flowing water. "Met some of my family though, they are druids or something. They were quite happy to see me, my aunt and uncle seemed relieved that I was around. Although I could tell they were a little weirded out by me, and my unique...looks. They helped explain some of our culture and what they could about my mother. Sadly, she came by years ago carrying a strange blade similar to my own. After that they never heard from her again.

"Apparently the city's been isolated since the Godswar. I can see why, it's so far north. Then just after I got there, that queen found a new consort and the gates were closed and no one was allowed in or out until you came by."

Well, at least she got to meet the other side of her family. But speaking of travels, you've been meaning to ask since you met: What is she doing here? She's pretty 'weird' herself and someone wouldn't travel so far without good reason.

Taking another bite out of her apple, she skips a stone, thinking of a way to respond. "Well I'm here to find my parents. My grandmother sent me here to find them. My mother left soon after having us, and well, my father got all tangled up with some nobles. Leaving when we were young. Grandma always insisted that me and my sisters try to connect with the elf side of our blood. However, none of us really wanted to, but I eventually cracked and took the journey up here."

Skipping another stone, she glances at you. Offering you one, you happily take it, skipping some alongside her. Her tail starts to flare up, gradually picking up speed as you both keep talking.

"But yeah, I haven't really had any clues. Of course I'm still looking and that wagon in the woods was my only hint so far. I think I kinda regret doing this, it was amazing meeting you and the other townsfolk but I miss home."

Well what does **she** want?

She looks a little surprised, almost shocked that you asked that. A smile forming on her lips as a small blush tints her cheeks. "To be honest, I think I want to find a partner, a mate. Of course I want to become a master of my craft. But sharing my work with my own family would be just as rewarding."

She cringes a little, taking her now empty pebble hand and rubbing her arm wool. "I know it's kinda stupid but just something I've wanted for a while now." Letting out a small sigh, she looks far more at peace. Closing in she makes a gesture for a hug. Accepting it, she wraps her wooly limbs around you. Her cold, sliver wool encases your being in a chilly but soothing cocoon. She

hugs you tightly, rubbing circles with blushed cheeks into your chest. Being careful to not hit you with one of her sharp curling horns.

The moment lasts a little longer before she steps away, a cold shiver running down your spine. "Thank you, [pc.name], for this 'date'. I'd love it if you walked me throughout town one day as well."

Making a small gesture, you both quickly clean up the area. Grabbing the basket and all your items. You make sure to walk the wooly elf back home before giving her one last pat on the head.

[Next]

// Return to outside Acacia's home.

Shearing

// Scene is available after Acacia's date scene. Repeatable if Champ becomes Acacia's mate with a 7 day cooldown.

{first time

|Knocking on the dyer's door, you hear several frantic footsteps before they start coming to the door. With a click of the lock, her door swings open and she looks a little annoyed before her expression quickly softens. "Ah, [pc.name]. What wonderful timing." she says, her eyes locking onto yours, you know that look, she wants something from you.

She looks a little busy, perhaps you should come at another time.

"No, no my friend." the half-breed says, raising her hands trying to stop you. "I was merely getting ready to start shearing myself."

Making a small gesture to her fleece, you notice that she looks far more puffy than usual. Its condition is still nearly perfect but a little overgrown.

"I need some wool for business and well, you can tell it's getting a little too much to handle. So two birds one stone as they say." a faint smile forms on her thin lips as she sheepishly looks away. "Would you be willing to shear me? I trust you and we've known each other for a while now."

The question hangs in the air as Acacia looks at you expectantly, the only sound being made being her tail lightly smacking against the doorframe.

}

{repeat

|She runs a hand through her platinum neck fleece. Fingers gliding through the snow-like strands, her hand is quite literally lost in her coat. She just has so much. A glimmer of passion flashes in the corner of her eyes. You know that look all too well from your mate, she wants something.

This only draws your attention to the condition of her fleece. It's far more puffy than usual, the overgrown mass of wool still looks nearly perfect but hard to maintain. You reckon it's time for you to shear your sheepgirl, she must have let it grow out for business. The more she has to work with, the more coin she can get.

"My mate, I require your help again." she states, twirling some wool around her fingers. "I was wondering if you could help me maintain my wool? Like you've done before."

You had a feeling it would be something along those lines. She just can't get enough of you doting on her. Besides she nearly looks like a walking cloud, it's rather obvious you need to shear her.

Sure enough, she leans slightly closer, letting you get a closer look. The sheer amount of wool she has is impressive, she'll have good business after this grooming section. "Yes, my darlingheart, that's exactly what I need. Normally I would do it myself, but I have you in my life now and well, you're rather good at the job."

You nod, processing her words, you find it a little weird she just didn't cut it herself. Perhaps she's using it as an excuse to get you to shower her with love?

The fluffy half-breed gives you a flustered look, her eyes narrowing in. Looks like you just read her like an open book. "I'll have you know I can groom myself perfectly fine! Now that I'm properly settled in I have more time to take care of myself. But I won't pass up a chance to be with you for an afternoon, and it gets annoying having to lean over and get on my backside. Not to mention I always spent like twenty minutes tweaking my wool to make it look better."

Her words trail off as she waves her dye-stained fingers through the air. Gathering herself she resumes. "I digress," she says, a smile forming on her thin lips. "You're always amazing at shearing my fleece and it makes me feel so happy to have you close."

{Clementine.sheared

|You've actually sheared other sheepfolk's wool before, a rather lengthy task but well worth the time spent.

} You give yourself a few moments to think it over before deciding if you feel like shearing her today or not.

}

No

{first time

|Unfortunately you don't have the time, you were just looking to pay your friend a visit.

Her face grows sour, as you can see the faintest hint of tears forming in her eyes. "Very well then, traveller..."

You hear her mutter a quiet 'stay safe', before slamming the door in your face. The cold marshes air blowing in your face from the force.

She did not take that well...

|Giving it some thought, you don't feel like shearing her today. After all, it's a rather big time investment.

Her ears droop and you can see some tears forming in her eyes. "B-But sweetie." She chokes on her words, trying to convince you but stops herself. Xy collects herself, wiping the fresh tears from her face. "I understand my mate. D-Do you want to do anything else?"

}

Yes

Tugging gently on your arm, she silently guides you into the bedroom with her growing anticipation changing the mood quite drastically. Her gentle tugs turn more insistent and a little rough as she pulls you towards a dresser. A large mirror is attached at the center showing your reflections. {first time|The little half-breed seems eager to begin, her enthusiasm palpable.|Your half-breed sheep-girl seems rather eager to begin, her enthusiasm more than palpable.} Atop the dresser, beside the oval shaped mirror, lies a pair of bronze scissors. Simple in design—no markings or etchings yet surprisingly untouched by the dyes and paints she works with regularly.

A small blush tinges her face, the wooly elf's bluish skin darkening into a delicate shade of purple. From the way she's acting it almost feels like she's taking you on a date...

"We sheepfolk do consider shearing very important and intimate," she says, {first time|her voice low and smooth, though it cracks midway through her sentence cutely|her voice is smooth and proud as she looks at you with loving admiration}. "So just let me cherish this, {first time|alright?|my mate.}" she continues, stopping you in front of the dresser with tail swishing and dancing behind her in pure excitement.

{first time|"Firstly, I just wanted to thank you for helping me, [pc.name]. You've been so kind to me ever since I moved here."|"Thank you, my beloved, for helping and being here for me. It's always better when someone else cuts my wool, especially when it's my [pc.mf|handsome|beautiful] mate who always does such a fine job."} Her joy could bounce off the walls if it was given physical form, and her tail continues to wag from side to side

in bliss as she gives your arm one last {first time|playful|flirtatious} tug. {first time|“Now, secondly, I need you to turn around so I can undress. And before you say anything... no! I will not be getting naked! That’s just weird...”|“Now help me undress, It’ll make this a lot easier. Besides, only my mate deserves to see me unclothed after all.”}

{first time|Making a cute but demanding gesture she urges you to turn around. Following her orders, you hear the soft rustling of fabric from her dress. Within about thirty seconds she’s ready and standing before you in her underwear. A simple pair of woolen panties and bra, rather fitting for the sheep-girl, you think out loud. “Why, thank you. I knew you would have good taste,” she states, her blush spreading as she pulls out a chair for you to sit down on. “Go ahead and sit down so we can get started, [pc.name].”|Making a cute but demanding gesture she urges you to step up and claim her. Pulling her into a hug, you reach around and start to undo her dress. With the rustling of several laces, her dress falls to the ground. Kicking it away with her hooves, she presses her tiny tits into you. “Come on, sweetie. Let me bathe in your gaze.” Her voice rings in your mind, the gentle chill of her flesh is soothing yet so arousing and she knows it. Running your fingers through her curls, over her breasts and to her back, you quickly undo her bra. In the same motion, you trail down to her waistline. You give her round bottom a nice squeeze, Xy’s curvy butt giving you plenty to love and grope. Moving your fingers you hook your digits into her panties before pulling them down. Now Acacia stands before you fully nude, the little half-elf is far more flustered than before. Cheeks flaring purple and rubbing her wooly thighs together with need, but with a deep breath she pulls up a chair and gestures for you to sit down. “Just like last time, honey. Sit down and we can get started.”}

Once seated, she quickly settles herself in your lap, making herself comfortable. That tail of hers wags at sonic speeds as it brushes against your crotch and endlessly teases it. You can’t help but move slightly to adjust your position, a grunt escaping your lips as you try to adapt to her weight. Not to mention a wave of cold washing over your body as her frosty wool brushes against your [pc.skinFurScales].

How does she wish to continue? Any specific order she wants you to do it?

“Yes,” she replies, her voice {first time|returning to its usual smooth self. She must mean business when it’s her wool on the line.|still smooth and filled with love but a hint of a serious tone too. She means business when it’s her wool on the line.} “I typically go from my legs to my chest and back. Easiest to the hardest, I find that to be the way to go. Oh and don’t worry about the clippings, I will take care of that.”

Very well then, with shears in hand you realize the importance of this task. This isn’t just a simple haircut, it’s far more personal than that. Taking a deep breath, you begin your work.

Starting at her legs, the wool is thin and manageable. The sharp metal effortlessly cuts through her coat. Though you still concentrate, her legs don’t have much so you don’t want to cut off too much. As you work your way down, trimming away at the fine layers of wool on her thighs and calves, you notice how slender and strong her legs are. Only a few patches are stubborn and

require some extra effort to clip. This section goes smoothly, save for her waist as it presents somewhat of a problem. The mass of chilly wool is extra thick here and the blade gets lost in her seemingly never ending coat. With some adjustments, you still snip away. Making both large and small cuts all up and down her legs. With a few more quick adjustments you're finally done with Xy's lower half.

<i>That</i> was the easy part. You have an overwhelming sense of dread as your eyes subconsciously keep locking onto the bulk of her coat. Ignoring that for now, you focus on her arms.

You must admit, you thought this task was going to be far more daunting than what it really is. Acacia's silence lets you focus completely, and she's deathly still whenever you're cutting. So far, the fear of hurting the dyer hasn't crossed your mind. It seems she's used to people cutting her wool as she's been moving perfectly to let you cut in the right places, lifting her legs or moving slightly to the left or right. Her arms are relatively simple like her legs, the wool is thin and easily cut. This section comes and goes in a flash, although it leads you to the part you've been dreading most.

Finishing up her arms, you're finally faced with reality as you look down at her snowy mountain of fleece. "Yes, I know it looks like a lot," she states matter-of-factly, her words snapping you out of awe and dread. "But the sooner you chip away at it the sooner you'll realize it isn't so bad. Start at my tail and work your way up." With a deep sigh, you ready your tool for one last push.

Her tail is simple but it's been teasing you the <i>entire time</i>. The fluffy tail brushing against your groin with unwavering speed. Gods, it's been agonizing. Grabbing Xy's tail, a sudden, soft bleat escapes her lips. Her ears twitch and her blush deepens as the sudden surprise and sensation floods her being. It's the first sound she's made the entire shearing session but if she wants this done, the half-elf must endure.

[pc.isDK

|Her tail has been wagging distractingly this whole time and it's started to become a bit of a pain in your ass. You decide it's time you got a little pleasure from this as well.

Loosening your grip on her tail, you give her ass a nice smack with the palm of your hand. {first time

|Her tail immediately stops in its tracks and jolts upright as she yelps and hops up, giving you a nasty stare. Acacia can get an attitude all she wants, but the half-breed did ask for your <i>generous</i> help after all. With her tail shocked into immobility and her little body quivering with pent-up rage, you calmly resume your work, snipping away unhindered. Working your way around her tail, her annoyed gaze doesn't let up. With a last snip on her bottom, her petite derriere is looking trim and smooth.

She softly settles back down and waits a moment for you to lower your guard before elbowing you in the gut. The pain is sharp and quick, fading away within moments. "Come now, [pc.name]," she says simply, looking unfazed. "My back

and shoulders are left.” You weren’t expecting that, but with an affirming grunt you give the sheep the respect she deserves...for now.

|She lets out a soft bleat, her tail not stopping but speeding up. Dancing from side to side as she stands up, giving you a dominating glare. She’s your mate, it’s only natural you want to prove she belongs to you. Her buttcheek quivers a little as she no doubt plots your doom, but you calmly continue snipping away at the area around her tail. With an annoyed grunt, you use one hand to keep the damn thing still while cutting her ivory curls away. Working your way around her tail in a circular fashion, Acacia’s gaze hasn’t let up—in fact it feels like it grows more intense with each passing second until, finally, with the last snip on her bottom, this section is no longer a problem. Xy’s tail looks far smaller and smoother than before. When your grip loosens, it starts right back up, flinging itself from side to side in uncontained bliss.

Waiting for her to take your lap once more, you realize she isn’t going to until you properly give her what she wants. You play coy and idly glance towards the mirror until the half-breed’s gaze intensifies and she stomps her hoof with a solid, attention-gaining thump. “It still stings, my love,” she says simply. “You’d better rub it until I forgive you.”

Well you can only blame yourself but is this really such a bad thing? Setting the shears to the side, you grope her freshly-shorn bottom. You tease and manhandle all that chilly, sapphire flesh in her bouncy derriere until she’s tingling from a whole new sensation. She can’t help but let out a few horny whimpers. Her legs start to shake a little and her frozen peach beads with droplets of her girly juices.

Squeezing and kneading her with a few final gropes, you let her sweet bleats flood your ears like a beautiful symphony until you give her one last smack on her ass. She’s softly moaning and her legs are full-blown shaking from your work, although she catches her second wind and sits back down on your lap. “That was...” she starts, catching her breath. “That was a sufficient apology, my darling. You may continue.” Only those words leave her lips as she tightens up once more, remaining perfectly still and composed.

}

|Her uncontrollable tail gives you some challenge as it resists your grip. Yet you continue your work despite the annoyance. Her tail is just a bundle of joy and wool, rather thick wool at that. Starting at the left side, you work around in a circular motion until her whole tail is fully trimmed. It looks far smaller than before and wags all the faster.

]

{Clementine.sheared

|{first time

|You've sheared sheepfolk before, so an otherwise daunting task is easy with your experience. With skill, you cut away at the mountain of snow-like wool. Although her wool is different then others, you still quickly make a short game plan on how to efficiently get it done. Her words do ring true though.

|You've not only sheared other sheepfolk, you've cut her fleece as well. With this added experience and built up skill, you efficiently cut away at the mountain of snow-like wool. Already with a game plan in mind you confidently cut down her backside. Thinking about it, her words still ring true.

}

{first time

|You have zero idea where to start, let alone how to do it. Eventually you just tell yourself to start snipping at the mountain of snow-like wool until you can get better grounds to judge from. As you cut away at her back you realize her words ring true.

|You have done this before and you can do it again. With confidence in hand, you begin to start snipping at the mountain of snow-like wool. Her words ring true once again as you cut away.

}

} The wool is easily nicked away and drifts gently to the floor, joining the growing pile. Her wool is so silky smooth and well cared for it feels like a knife cutting through butter.

This work is rather satisfying, trimming and taking care of fleece makes you realize just how much she has and how soft it is. The bundle at your feet slowly rises as you cut more and more of her coat. You're almost done with her back and it's ankle-deep. Not to mention how soft it is, it feels like running your hands through fresh snow. Hell, it might even be softer than clouds. With her boreal elf blood, the wool has a unique chillness to it. Not too cold, but more akin to a soft, midnight breeze. She must spend dozens of hours each week maintaining such priceless wool.

Lost in the soothing sensation of her crisp, cool aura and the sound of the shears snipping, you realize you've finished with her backside. You start to shift your position to reach her head more easily (first time

|when she stops you, resting one hand on your forearm. "You don't have to worry about my hair," she says, giving a shake of her pigtails. "I'll visit the stylists and have them do it. I need to network for my own work, after all." Very well, if that's what she wants.

|and playfully bat one of her pigtails. You know your mate loves having her hair braided just as much as having her wool brushed. You set the shears aside and untie them both, letting her shake them out before you start brushing them. [pc.dcb]|You're not entirely sure how you let yourself get caught up in this, but|You patiently stroke through the lovely, sheep-girl's hair until,|The docile, little cutie-pie in your lap is such a good girl that you can't help but coo softly with each brushstroke. Her gentle shifting in your lap and the soft vibration of her wagging tail gives you extra-happy sensations and,] before you

know it, you've spent twenty minutes and it's time to trim her strands before retying them. "Sweetie," she whispers. "Be extra careful. It takes so long to get them properly braided and I have other plans for your hands soon." The shears evenly trim and level her strands and Xy's words guide you as you braid her platinum locks back into pigtails before finishing by giving one a playful tug.

Who knew being her mate meant you'd end up becoming a personal stylist, but she does look much better. The light fairly sheens from her freshly shorn body and she's noticeably more relaxed and calm now, at least in demeanor. Her hands have taken to lightly stroking along the sides of your thighs and her tail is still showing her inner excitement.

}

Now for the final lap and most concerning part: her neck and chest. Digging right into her neck fleece, you can feel the sheer density and thickness as you work through the jungle of hair and wool. It's hard work but well worth it, you have to be extra careful not to cut her neck or shoulders but still her fluffball is slowly clipped at. With enough effort and willpower you do one last snip at her neck and cut the last piece of wool. Her chest is simple as all the worst parts were on her neck so it only takes a few more minutes before her chest area is done.

Finally Acacia is fully sheared. With a quick passover using the mirror, you both quickly make some final adjustments. She stands before you, looking like a new woman. {first time|For the first time you've seen, her smile grows from ear to ear.|Your lover's smile grows from ear to ear, basking in her new, trim appearance.} You've cut off so much that you both have a snow tundra of wool at your feet, the idea of making a snowman crosses your mind however you save it for later. She doesn't even bother to look at the mess on the floor, Xy's too busy looking herself over and running her hands all over her petite curves. "Oh, right!" she mutters, but not before pushing past the mound of wool to hug you so hard you're almost knocked off balance. Rubbing circles into your chest with her cheek, trying her best to not hit you with one of her massive spiralling horns. A flush of cold once again surges throughout your body as she repeatedly says, "Thank you so much". {First time|She closes her eyes and relaxes against you. She sighs, as though letting out the last vestiges of doubt or uncertainty, and you hear her whisper softly, "...friend..."|She kisses you, her cold tongue intertwining with yours. Her nipples are rock hard and stab into you, it seems the half-breed was enjoying your touch a lot.}

{first time|Her hug lasts a few more minutes before she pulls away and collects herself.|The kiss lasts a few minutes longer before she slowly pulls away. A strand of saliva connected to your mouths being the only reminder of the lewd assault before being wiped away.} Letting out an 'ahem' before addressing you again, her smile remains steadfast. "You did a wonderful job. I feel like a new woman!" {first time|Doing a slow spin, she shows off her freshly-shorn coat,|She does a slow spin, making sure you drink in her curves and softly shakes her bottom from side to side for a moment.} "{first time|Only thing I ask of you now is, can you brush me? It's just the final touches and I'll be perfect.|Sweetie, the last thing I need is for you to brush me. The final touches and I'll be perfect.}"

Nodding to her request once more, joy overtakes her again. She quickly pulls out a large brush and immediately thrusts it into your hands. The eager sheep-girl looking at you expectantly.

Starting with her back, you notice how much smaller she looks without her thick coat. You bet it'll feel a lot better to actually feel the wind and sunlight hit her skin. Brushing through her platinum-colored wool only amplifies the smooth snow-like texture. Any remaining strains of cut wool quickly fading with each stroke of the brush along with uneven curls quickly fading into perfection. Before long, you've brushed her from head to toe, the half-breed beaming with unmatched joy.

With one final {first time|hug|kiss}, she thanks you again.

{first time

|"This means so much to me, [pc.name]." She finally notices the mess covering the floor, addressing it. "I can take care of this mess. After all, you did most of the work and I don't want this wool to be wasted." Her purplish blush intensifies, spreading from her face down to her small chest. "Could you visit me later? I'll have this mess all cleaned up and I'll have something special for you ready."

[pc.dcb

|You'll think about it, she still owes you for this. Time is precious,
<i>especially</i> yours.

She waves off your comment, letting the joy of a freshly cut fleece not let her mood come down. "I know, I know. Just visit me in a few days and I'm sure your ever high expectations will be met." she says teasing your dark attitude before you begrudgingly accept another hug as she waves you goodbye.

|Will do, sounds like she has something nice planned for you.

"I do, just don't set your expectations too high." she teases, giving you one last hug before waving you goodbye.

|Like that sounds totally nice! You hope it involves a lot of petting and sweeties, burying your head in her wool with some muffins would be like the best thing ever!

She shakes her head at your bimbo attitude almost like she's still caught off guard from it. "You're so silly [pc.name], just don't set your expectations too high." she teases, giving you one last hug before waving you goodbye.

]

|"Thank you, my beloved. It means so much to me," she says, taking your hands to her chest. As your palms rest on her small breasts, you can feel her heart pounding like she's lovestruck through chilly flesh. "I can't express enough how I value you being my

mate. For being in my life. I love you, [pc.name]." she exclaims, her smile reaching its zenith as she pulls you into one last kiss.

Pulling back from each other, she addresses the snow field covering the floor. "Looks like a blizzard came through here," she muses, her purplish blush intensifies, spreading to her chest and all across her face. "Visit me later, my love. I have to take care of this mess, and letting all this wool go to waste would be a crime in itself. I've already taken up enough of your time."

[pc.dcb

|Closing the distance between you both. You pull your mate into a proprietary embrace, leaning in to whisper in her ear.

Oh you will, she's ripe for thorough breeding now that she's all sheared. You hope she's prepared for a proper rutting. Not today but it <i>will</i> be soon though.

The blush that tinted her face fully blooms now, your words piecing her very being. Face now a deep purplish hue, she can't help but rub her wooly thighs together. She gives you a greedy smile now being the one to pull you in with a rough almost possessive tug. "You better keep well on that promise then, my mate." she teases before giving you a proper hug goodbye.

What a woman, you think to yourself as all sorts of devilish thoughts dance in your mind.

|Will do, you hope she'll have something sweet prepared for you.

"Oh, I will! You deserve something special for such a good job," she teases, giving you one last kiss on the cheek before hugging you goodbye.

|You totally will! As long as she promises cuddles and sweets for you. Nothing beats burying your head in your sheepgirl's cozy wool.

"Oh we will be cuddling plenty my beloved. You deserve something special for such a good job and following orders. Which I know can be hard for you..." she teases, giving you one last kiss on the cheek before hugging you goodbye.

]

}

[Next]

// Returns PC to map tile.

Acacia's letter

// PC must have done Acacia's date and shearing scene to trigger this
// Have this scene trigger when the PC enters Hawkethorne

A messenger stops you and hands over a letter. It's dyed a pale blue, lightly scented with perfume, and tied with a beautifully-dyed black wool ribbon. The rather stylish presentation gives away the sender before you even read it. Breaking open the seal, as you expected it's from Acacia.

Her graceful cursive asks for you to visit her home once again—the half-breed has something special for you planned.

Slipping the letter away, you keep the ribbon in hand, feeling the silky smooth perfection between your fingers as you consider your next move.

'NEXT'

Acacia's confession

// Start scene when PC enters Acacia's home after getting the letter.

Standing in front of Acacia's home, you idly twirl the black ribbon from her letter between your fingers. The dyed wool reminds you of the shared time you have with the dyer. Raising a hand, you gently knock on the half-elves' door.

You barely finish when you hear light footsteps on the other side. They quickly turn frantic, almost like there is some desperation behind them. The door opens with a soft crack, then swings open. Acacia standing before you, a warm and beaming smile painted across her face as her lavender eyes drink in your presence. The faint scent of fragrant candles wafts behind her, surprisingly overcoming the usual chemical tang you're accustomed to.

"Hail, [pc.name]," she greets, noticing the black ribbon in your hand. Her smile increases tenfold, cheeks blooming with a faint blush. You can hear her tail picking up speed, thumping against the frame in a rapid, almost rhythmic way. "I see you got my letter. Come in, I'll treat you with something special."

Stepping inside, Acacia leads you towards her kitchen. The once thick, ever present scent of dyes and chemical tang is now somehow replaced with something far more pleasant on the senses. Several candles burning, each one with a strong fruity almost floral-like fragrance now fills the air. A strange yet captivating smell.

Now stepping into the kitchen, you see why she was so eager to get you here.

At the center of the kitchen table lies a large cheesecake, the creamy delight is lavishly topped with a mixed berry glaze. Some whole berries are also sprinkled across the dish as well. The sweet aroma of the candles mingles quite well with the tartness of the berries, it creates a rather appealing atmosphere. You swear the sheepgirl is trying to be romantic.

Taking a seat as the elven woman slices the cake, she gives you a generous portion. As you dig in, Acacia pulls up a chair next to you. One bite in, and you're already hooked. The cheesecake is made rather excellently, the crust isn't dry without crumbling too easily. While the actual cheesecake part is creamy and not too sweet. Combined with the berry glaze, it adds another layer of complexity with the tart tang. Before you know it, you're already working on your second slice.

"Did you make this yourself?" you ask between bites. "One of the better dishes I've had in a while."

Acacia looks caught off guard as she quickly shallows her current bite of cake and cleans off her hands with a nearby cloth. Though you notice both of your hands are stained with the berry glaze, akin to the dyes that stain her fingers each day. Both of you must have gotten lost in the favor of the cheesecake.

"Yes, it took me a while and a couple failed attempts before I could really nail it down." She says taking a big bite, savoring the favors. "Think of this as a...thank you for everything. I also had to keep the windows open for a few days to air it out, to make it more welcoming."

She looks at you more intently, voice softer now. "When I first came to Hawkethorne, you showed me kindness and my way around. [pc.name], you really helped me feel safe. Without you, I would have never been able to get my business up and have a stable income, let alone a nice place to stay. So again thank you for everything my friend, I owe you a lot to you."

She inches closer, her lavender eyes grabbing all your attention. "But I must be honest."

The half-breed elf places a delicate hand on your thigh, her cold flesh mixing with your own body heat.

"You've done so much for me, more than most ever will. Even something as special as shearing me. I started to feel something...deeper. At first, I had no idea what it was. Surely it would pass but it never did."

Acacia closes her eyes for a second, steadying herself with a calming breath.

“At first it felt a little nonsensical but after putting some thoughts into it. I couldn’t deny my heart any longer.”

“I love you, [pc.name]. I want you to be with you not today or tomorrow, but for all days to come. I want to be your mate, your partner until I’m old and wrinkly and my wool turns rough and useless.”

She nervously chuckles, tail flicking with emotion. She’s pouring out her soul to you, hope brimming throughout her body.

“As you can see I tried to put on a little show, add in a little flare but that’s my feelings made clear. Will you be mine? Will you be my mate and journey through life side by side?”

[Yes]

// tooltip: Take the wooly half-breed to bed and claim her as your mate.

// Lead this scene to the eat out scene if the PC lacks a real cock.

// Lead this scene to the missionary scene if the PC has a real cock.

You can’t help but smile, the little sheep’s confession is simply heartfelt. Instead of answering, you cup her chin and pull her into a somber kiss. Solidifying your answer to Acacia.

The chilly embrace of her mouth is somewhat surprising at first but you quickly adapt to it—tongues dancing and intertwining. You taste the sweet-tart glaze of her dessert, still evident on her lips.

When you finally pull back, a strand of saliva briefly connects you both before being lost to your heaving breaths. She gazes at you, her lavender eyes full of love and passion, and a faintly dangerous look of a hungry beast. She manages to contain herself, however, and, instead of pouncing on her newfound mate, she instead pulls out a small key. Dangling it before your eyes, a coy smile floods her face. “This is your home now too, my mate. When you look at this key, remember that you have someone who loves you waiting here.” Nodding slowly, you take the key and carefully stash it away in your [pc.gear]. Before you can even react, she climbs atop your lap, nearly hitting you with her horns, and pulls you into a full-fledged make-out session.

She trails her hands up and down your body, feeling up every inch of flesh you got. Instinctively you do the same, planting your hands on her wooly ass beneath her dress. Exploring each other’s bodies, the passion becomes almost too much as she grinds on your [pc.cocks]. On purpose or not, it still has you growing stiff and aroused with every second.

Pulling herself away, she gazes right at you. Lavender eyes almost sparkling with a strange light. “Come my mate, take me to bed. Claim me and solidify our love!” she commands, her tail wagging with a mix of love and lust between your fingers.

Very well, you grab and lift her up as she wraps her legs around your waist. Continuing your day of passion in the bedroom.

‘Next’

-Lead to missionary or eat out scene

[No]

As heartfelt her confession is, you simply see her as a friend, nothing more. Though you do appreciate the effort she put in.

Her shoulders droop as her face turns a faint purple. Acacia’s expression turns sour within the blink of an eye. “I understand [pc.name],” she says firmly, tears forming in her eyes and she wipes her face with a dyed cloth. “I’m glad you enjoyed the work I put in at least.”

“Could you give me some time to myself? I-I just want to be alone now.” she says, in between a contained sob.

You understand, thanking Acacia for her time and saying farewell. Quickly you take your leave and step onto the chilly streets of Hawkethorne.

“Next”

// remove Acacia from the game for PC

Leave

You {acacia.isMate|give your half-elf mate a quick kiss and thank her for being so adorable|thank Acacia for her hospitality} but you need to get back to your task. She walks you to the door and {acacia.isMate

|pulls you in for one final kiss. {acacia.lustRange 0 4 7 10

|”Stay safe, love,”

|Her lips are as cool as always, but her ardor is palpable as she suddenly bites your lower lip and tugs it before sucking and licking it gently. “Come back,”

|Her eyes flash with sudden ardor as she curls her dye-stained fingers [pc.hasHorns|around your [pc.horns]][pc.hasHair|into your [pc.hair]|along either side of your head]] and aggressively pulls you tighter against her mouth. Her tongue seeks yours out and she lets out a needy exhale and whimper that sends shivers against your cheek. “What’ve you done to me?” she sighs, letting you loose. “Come back soon,”

|Her slender arms encircle you and she pulls you in with needy, hungry eyes. She lets out soft, panting whimpers as she presses her thin, pink lips against yours and nibbles gently at you before sliding her tongue inside to stroke your own. She presses

her belly against you and runs the inside of her thigh up the outside of your leg. Her tight, woolen dress pushes up and the scent of a needy woman touches your nostrils as a thrumming, beating sound from her tail slapping the doorframe fills your ears. She's practically dry-humping you in the open doorway. Her hands slide around to your [pc.hasBreasts|breasts|chest] and she kneads her dye-stained fingers into the front of your [pc.upperGarment] before she forcefully pushes you away, a trail of saliva running from her lips. "This!" she pants, hooking those slender, skillful fingers under the hem of her dress, teasing it a few inches higher before exhaling slowly and smoothing it down. "This is yours,"

} she whispers.

|bids you to stay safe. {Acacia.lustRange 0 4 7 10

|Once you're clear, she closes the door and you hear the lock click.

|She gently rests her hand on your arm before closing the door and locking it with a *click* behind you.

|She leans in and gives you a sudden hug. She's breathing a little quickly and her tail lightly thrums against the doorframe before she releases you and looks down, a little flustered before closing the door and relocking it.

|She suddenly grabs your wrist and pulls your hand to her breast. "[pc.name]," she starts, her eyes almost frantic with need. "... I think you need... need to come back to see me soon. I'm gonna..." her words are interrupted by the sound of her fluffy, hand-filling tail thumping the doorframe like a staccato drum and she takes the opportunity to mutter a quick goodbye and shuts the door. You hear the lock click and a soft thud, like someone slumping against it. You hear the faintest of whimpering moans from the other side [pc.dcb]and smirk a little. That little sheep is horny for you.[and try to hide the flush of satisfaction, knowing there's a woman inside that'll be thinking about you and the next time she has a chance to get her hands on you.[and your heart flutters a little as you think about the sexy, sheep-girl getting all hot and horny for you with her thoughts as steamy and torrid as her crotch is... and yours now that all those sexy thoughts are bouncing around your bimbofied brain too.]

}

}

You [party.hasCompanions|meet back up with [party.compNames]]step out onto the street] and continue your journey.

[Next]

// Moves Champ to map tile.

Sex Scenes

Note: Increase Acacia's lustrange by 1 with every in-game day

Note: Every sex scene removes 2 lustrange from Acacia's total lustrange

Flirt

// PC must have a cock to sex Acacia
// PC must be mates to sex Acacia
// Unlocks after accepting to be Acacia's mates
// Leads to her sex menu

Sex menu scene

{acacia.lustRange 0 5 10

"You want to have sex?" she asks, her voice soft yet a little unsure. A blush blooming across her pale cheeks like the start of a great flame.

She is your mate, after all. You've been intimate together already, and she really seemed to enjoy it.

"I know. It just feels weird to say out loud." Her blush cascades into a fully-flushed scarlet and she takes a steadying breath to give a wholehearted answer. "But to answer your question, 'Yes', my darlingheart. I would love to feel your embrace again."

"Finally," she states, her voice a little uneasy as she rubs her wooly thighs together. "You've been neglecting me, sweetie, and I'm a little pent up..."

You can tell her words ring true, from how she's shifting around and the blatant purple blush dancing across her face.

"Come, my beloved. Lay me," she commands. "Satisfy me. Unless you want me to pounce next time you visit." Her confident voice almost masks the small moan under her breath as she devotes her attention to you. "Fix this problem of your own making!"
[Xy doesn't even let you finish your sentence. She pounces at you, already clawing away at your [pc.gear] and dragging you into a long, breathless kiss. Her horns batter you on the head as she claims you with reckless abandon. The little half-sheep's body is already engulfed in a maelstrom of breed-needy lust, a deep purple blush already painting her face and chest.

Well, you can only blame yourself for this really. An inattentive shepherd breeds naughty sheep. And now your naughty sheep needs breeding. But can you really say this is so bad?

With what little willpower she has left, Xy pulls herself back. Those swirling eyes glazed over with pure lust and love for you. "You have neglected me for too long! Pin me down, bend me over. Just put an end to this raging blizzard in me! It's your duty, your life-long job as my mate. Grant me the greatest pleasure, your love and your seed!"

}

Acacia reaches for your hand, her fingers tightly interlocking with yours.

Your frosty sheep-girl is just too adorable. Hand in hand, you both head into the bedroom for more privacy.

Once inside, she reluctantly pulls away as you both undress. You're first to get free from your clothing. This distracts and catches the little sheep off guard. Her lavender eyes dilate as she eats up your nude form. Letting her enjoy the sight for a few more moments, you decide to bring her back to reality. [rand

"You're [pc.mf]amazing[beautiful]," she whispers. "Let me... look a bit longer."

"Then let me help you so you can keep looking," you answer, stepping closer and sliding your fingers into her neck fleece and working down to her shoulders.

[You look so... sexy," she whispers. Her dye-stained fingers clutch at her neckline, as though she were lost in a decision of whether to go slowly or quickly, or one shoulder at a time or turn away and disrobe.

You step in and slide your fingers along her forearms, up and over her wrists to caress the backs of her hands.

"Let me help you," you whisper.

[After a brief pause, her eyes refocus on yours and she laughs a bit at herself. "Ahh... I guess I... just like what I see."

"[pc.dcb]You've a fine eye for masterpieces," you concede.[You aren't the only one," you offer back.[Then you're, like, totally gonna love what you feel," you giggle back.] "Now, let me help you."

]

Starting with her dress, you slide it from her slender shoulders and down her lithe frame. Her bra and panties quickly follow, each piece revealing more of your mate's chilling beauty. Consisting of wool, they're simple and efficient, yet contrasted by the deep, mesmerizing ebony black dyed into the fiber. The matching, dark lingerie is only akin to a clear, moonless night against her pale, baby-blue tinted skin. Standing in sharp contrast to her exquisite snow soft platinum wool. The humble design hugs her waifish curves and emboldens her lithe figure and your gaze drowns in her beauty, even as your fingers move to gently remove them.

Her ebon bra is the first article you remove, unlacing the straps the piece comes undone, freeing her tits to the fresh air. Xy's dark blue nipples stand firm and erect as you let the bra fall down her back. She can't help but bite her lip and sway from side to side as her heart pounds in her chest and growing need takes over. Your added touch only compounds the little half-breed's nigh-full bloom lust as you make it a point to slide your hands over her small chest. Gently

groping them and [pc.isDK]digging your thumbs into her ice-hard nipples with just enough force for it to be pleasurable.[stroking her ice-hard nipples with your thumbs]. A small, horny bleat from your mate only encourages you to continue as she gazes at you with lust swirling in her pearly, bewitching eyes. In the same movement you move your hands through her woolly sides to her hips. Each digit running through her frosty wool, you hook your fingers into her underwear. The final black frilly glides down her ivory caked thighs and you kneel just enough for her to step out of them.

Now fully naked, Acacia rests her arms behind her back, letting you see her nude figure in all its glory. The little sheep's tail dances madly, flicking from side to side with excitement and she twists her hips and shoulders ever so slightly back and forth as she stands before you, trying to conceal it.

Her small, perky tits wear an ever-growing, purplish tint, no doubt spreading from the all-consuming blush overtaking her face. Xy's nipples stand firm, hardened by her growing anticipation, and her pale slit already glistens with a layer of lewd liquid. {acacia.lustRange 0 4 10|Small droplets|A steady trail|A thick, gushing river} of girl juices gather and form a {acacia.lustRange 0 4 10|faint trail|constant stream|running sea of breed-needy sheep nectar} down her woolly legs. It seems she's just as excited to start this as you are.

She bites her lips, looking at you with unmistakable [rand]|lust|love|desire|adoration|need].

Missionary/First Time

// First time sex with Acacia will be Missionary.

Missionary

// Tooltip: {first time|Ease her into the joys of making love first[pc.isDK]. <i>Then</i> you can break her}.| Lay your sheep-girl down and fuck her into the bed.}

// Tooltip (grey): You need a real cock to breed her.

// requires a real cock or magiccock

// If PC lacks a real cock or magiccock, redirect the scene to [eat her](#).

{first time

"I love you, [pc.name]," Acacia confesses. "When I first came here, I never thought I would find my special someone to spend my life with. Come, darlingheart. Show me the fullest depths of your love."

{acacia.lustRange 0 4 7 10

[|rand]"You want me on my back again?" Acacia asks. "Alright, sweetie. To think I would find my special someone here. I can't lie, I've been looking forward to this. It just...feels amazing being joined as one with you."|The little sheep's breath catches as you tell her what you plan to do. "Y-Yes, of course," she nods, nibbling at her lower lip. "I loved it and I... I've been thinking about how good it felt. I can't lie, I've been looking forward to this. With you."]

"Of course," she says, lifting her eyes to yours and smiling. "It's what lovers do." She was already flushed, but now she's both flushed and excited. "I've been feeling a little needy and... neglected since the last time you took me to bed. You're gonna fix that, aren't you, [pc.name]?"

[Acacia is already leaning up against you. Her eyes are gazing [pc.heightRange 0 65]straight[up] into yours with a frantic, needy look of lust. She lets out a chill breath that curls along the front of your neck as her skillful, calloused fingers brush your chest, stroking and gently trailing her nails against you before she suddenly curls them possessively into you. "Yesss!" she practically hisses. "Yes! That's what I want!"

She plants a kiss up under your jaw and and[pc.heightRange 70] drags you down with surprising strength until your ear is level with her lips and growls into it| growls into your ear]. "Lay me, [pc.name]... I need [pc.cock12b]that [pc.cock]|those fantastic cocks|that special, [pc.cock]] inside me! You've been neglecting your sheep-girl and it's time to [pc.isBimbo| 'Like, totally!'] make it up to her!"[pc.isBimbo| She switched her voice to mimic yours at the end, playfully smiling. "And by 'her' I mean 'me'," she adds. "In case you were confused." Hey, you're not that airheaded!]

[Her lips curl as she can't help but let out a horny bleat. The mere suggestion has her already-purring hybrid [silly]motor shifting into higher gear|pussey flood with arousal]. Acacia's eyes dart across your body, looking glazed with wanton confusion before they lock onto yours and shift to a demanding, pent-up look of pure lust. With a forceful grasp, she whisks you forward into the embrace of her ivory fleece. Her gasping breath hits just under your collarbone and it's as ragingly cold as a blizzard . "YES! Rut me! Breed me like a good mate!" she says, hissing the command with an attention-grabbing stomp of her hoof. "[rand|You've neglected your duties for too long!|You need to quell this fire inside my loins!|You have responsibilities and I demand you fulfill them!]

So pin me down! Claim me and use [pc.hasCocks|both of your cocks|your cock] to make sure I'm heavy with your seed."

She licks your lower jaw and bites on your lip[pc.heightRange 70],dragging you to her height with a concerning amount of strength for her size]. Letting out another bleat, she's practically humping you at this point. "I've waited so long for this, and now I get to savor every inch and second. I need [pc.hasKnot|[pc.hasKnots|those knots|that knot]]|[[pc.hasCocks|those cocks|that [pc.cockSimple]]] in me now! [pc.hasCocks|They're rightfully mine! They belong to me! So use them!|It's rightfully mine! It belongs to me! So use it!]"

}

}

She pauses for a moment, drinking in every aspect of you she can—her smile growing larger and larger as the thought races through her mind. She quickly snaps herself back to reality.

{first time

|She reaches up and unlaces her dress, letting it fall loose, and peeling it from her wooly body before tossing it to the side. You strip as she stands before you in her underwear, allowing you a chance to look them over. On one hand, they fit her personality quite well—simple, woolen, functional—but on the other, they're dyed a matching, midnight-black. The ebon material blends with her baby-blue skin like the night sky after sunset. Even more intriguing is the almost imperceptible embroidered stitching. The thread is dark, like the cloth, and the pattern is simple and of no actual shapes, but the tight, quality stitching and the meticulous pairing shows that these weren't simply tossed together.

"What?" she asks quite bluntly. "Did you think I would have some plain, boring, undyed 'frumpery'?" The sheep girl pouts her thin pink lips and shifts her gaze away. "I'll have you know, [pc.name], that I have a spectacular collection of things that would blow your [pc.raceCute] brain to see. It just so happens I thought you'd find these fetching." She shifts her figure to make sure you get a full view of her undergarments. [pc.dcb

|She really gets dressed just with the thought of you being able to please you? You must have this half-breed wrapped around your finger. You remind yourself to give her a thorough breeding as a reward for her devotion.

|She looks good regardless of what covers her body, and you tell her so.

|Like, she looks totally beautiful in that! It really warms your hyper-sexed heart to know she went out of her way to look good for you.

]

}

{first time|Her nearly nude body|Her nude body mixed with your teasing of each other} has a quickening effect on your pulse, not to mention your [pc.cocks]. [pc.hasCocks|Each of your paired members rises slowly to full mast. A small yet thick gob of pre coats the tips of each of your cocks. Her body sets a fire in your loins, a desire that has you raring to breed your wonderful sheep-girl.|[pc.hasMagicock|You feel the stirring of your enchanted phallus as it manifests, fusing with your nerves to create a ghostlight cock. A small drop of spectral|Your eager member rises slowly to full mast. A small drop of] pre glistens at its tip. Her body has set off the beginnings of a fire in your loins and you're raring to start breeding her.]

Her [acacia.lustRange 0 4 7

10|innocent|[rand|excited|sparkling]][rand|hungry|lust-tinged]|hungry, almost depraved,] eyes grow large as they're drawn down your body to your [pc.hasCocks

|dual, impregnating rods. She rubs her wooly legs together as an increasingly large, wet spot forms on her panties. {first time

["Two!? Shouldn't... Shouldn't there only be one?" she asks with an uncertain look in her widened eyes. Still, there's no hiding the growing look of lust within them.

[Acacia can't help but fairly drool at the sight of your dual breeding sticks, after having experienced them first hand, she seems to covet your touch. "Are you still going to use both of them, honey?" she asks with a hint of uncertainty mixed with lust. Can't really blame her though, she is such a delicate, petite, little thing and taking on so much can be mind-shattering.
}

You can just use one of them, if she'd be more comfortable. Your [pc.cock] is already nice and firm, perched atop its twin.

Your words take a moment to hit the sheep-girl. She manages to peel her gaze away from your [pc.cocks]. "No, darlingheart," she whispers "You're my mate. My [pc.manWoman]." "I want... all of you," she vows. "But... please be gentle.{first time

[pc.cockRange 16|You're so big and...]I've never done this with anyone before."

[pc.cockRange 16 28|You're so big, especially compared to me and...|You're massive, I'm surprised I can even handle you and...] I'm not very experienced at this, my beloved.
}

[pc.hasMagicock|ethereal fuck-tool|impregnating meat rod]. She rubs her wooly legs together as an {first time

|increasingly small, wet spot forms on her panties.

"[pc.hasMagicock|That's no ordinary penis," she blurts out, eyes widened. You tell her that if she's nervous, the two of you can do other fun things.

"No, darlingheart, I want all of you.] Right, let's get all my clothes off,"
|increasingly small trail of effeminate juices trail down her legs.

"[pc.hasMagicock|Gonna tend to my needs with your enchanted shepherd's staff again?] You always know how to make me feel special,"
} she says softly to herself, peeling her gaze away from your [pc.cock].

]

]

{first time

[Stepping forward, you pull her into a hug. She happily accepts, closing her eyes as your hands slip down her back and your fingers curl into her wooly ass. You spend several luxurious moments squeezing and caressing her fuzzy derriere before releasing your grip on her bouncy bottom and sliding your fingers to her sides. Gently working her black panties down, they slide off easily, revealing her glistening, frozen peach. Biting her lip, she reaches for her bra and quickly undoes it, letting it fall softly to the wooden floor.

Fully naked, together now, you embrace once again. She pulls you tighter and lifts her mouth to yours, fully determined to get a good taste of you. You lean in [pc.heightRange 72], so the petite girl can reach you,] and entwine your tongues together before she starts to suck on your lower lip. When she finally pulls back, a thin strand of saliva lingers between you before snapping into nonexistence.

[She pulls you into her embrace for a moment, giving you a tender kiss. The half-breed woman practically rubbing her nude body onto yours. Giving Xy exactly what she wants, you reach her cute bottom kneading it and giving her a small playful smack as her tail dances madly in between your fingers. Before you can separate to start the main event you make it a point to raise your hands to her chest. Slowly guiding your hands through her wooly curves hover over Acacia's ample chest. They aren't the biggest but still deserve your attention. Groping her small milk jugs, you do the same like how you did for her ass. However, in a much softer way, after all you've got less room to work with. This sheep's ass must be where all her growing went. "That's it..." she bleats softly, lust growing heavy in her breath and voice. "I know my breasts aren't the size of some Mino women but you should still give my girls some attention like how you do my rump..."

Oh and you will. Every bit of her is yours to worship and the same for her. Taking your thumbs you lightly dig into her nipples. A horny bleat escaping her lips as you rub her chest. She might not have the biggest but they still desire your love. [pc.inRut]Besides, you can make them bigger whenever you knock her up.]

}

{first time

|"How should we do this? Do you want me on top or what?" She tilts her head a little. One of the half-elf's curving horns brushing past your view. "This is my first time and I don't wanna mess it up."

|"How are we doing this? Do you want it like last time or do you want to switch it up?" She asks, tilting her head in a cute, little fashion. One of the half-elf's elegant, sweeping horns covering your view of her for a moment. "I'm just happy to be with you however you wish."

}

[pc.isVirgin]Before you lay the little sheep down and rail her. You do have to admit one thing...

"Hey Xy," you murmur into her twitching ear. "This is my first time too. I'm happy it's with you."

Your confession seems to have helped soothe the sheep-girl, as her stance relaxes a little. "Oh! So I'm gonna be your first too? That's good to know," she says with a growing smile. "We can learn through this together."

]

You instruct her to lay on her back and make sure her grip is firm.

Nodding slowly, she does as you ask. As she sinks into the soft mattress, her wooly legs spread apart instinctively. The sight of her {first time|untouched|soaked}, dark-blue nether lips sends a powerful throb through your [pc.cocks]. The anxious, little sheep gazes at you with loving devotion, making sure you have a perfect view of her shining peach, wet with desire. She looks at you expectantly while running her dye-stained fingers across the top of the bedsheet, only to squeeze a tight handful as you climb atop her, fidgeting as your [pc.cocks] run[s|s] past her thighs and over her shaved mons.

You slowly grind your [pc.hasCocks|double sheep-breeders|[pc.hasMagicock|ghostly] sheep-breeder] across her belly as her needy pants fill the air. Now at full mast, your [pc.cockRange 3 21 28

[pc.hasMagicock|arcane cock|[pc.cock]] happily lays atop her belly. A glistening drop of [pc.hasMagicock|magical]pre is already pooling from its tip. The [pc.hasMagicock|spectral]veins along your shaft pulsate and bulge at the touch of her chill skin, only adding onto your growing lust.]

[pc.hasKnot

]Your knot brushes against her wet pussy lips. The primal knock-up tool aching to be used, especially with a fertile womb begging to be claimed by your seed.

Acacia lets out a small moan as your bitch-breeder teases her quivering nethers.

She pushes her hips up a little, grinding herself up against it. That must be her sheepfolk side, wanting to be bred and tied to you like a good, submissive mate.

]

[immense [pc.cock] covers nearly her entire tummy. A thick, monstrous glob of pre already smearing against her skin. The numerous veins covering your impressively massive cock pulsate and bulge. Her cool skin and being so near their target really adds onto your growing lust. Your little sheep-girl is going to be thoroughly fucked and bred with this much fuckmeat your packing. Her eyes light up, nearly going cross from the sheer size of your cock as she looks at you with adoring eyes, although with a hint of fear. "I-I can take it!" she mutters, still examining every inch and vein of your vast fuck-tool. [pc.hasKnot

]Your thick knot brushes against her soaked pussy lips. The appallingly large knock-up tool aching and begging to be used. Especially with the small and fertile sheep-girl under you, begging to be claimed and bred by your seed. Acacia lets out a needy moan as your bitch breaker teases her soon-to-be-fucked, shivering nethers. She instinctively pushes back, grinding herself from side to side on your [pc.knot]. It has to be her sheepfolk side pulling through, you can't help but let out a small coo as she teases your massive [silly|schlong|shaft] and cum cork. Such a cute sheepfolk, wanting to be bred, stretched and tied thoroughly to you like a good wooly, submissive mate.

]

[unnaturally enormous [pc.cock] covers her entire torso. The size of her upper body, your length pulsates and twitches firmly between her petite breasts as your [pc.cockhead] kisses the base of her neck. Several thick, monstrously large drops of pre are already smeared across her body. Her cute, little tits are already slick with your lubricating juices.

The throbbing veins across your inhumanly-sized cock shudder and bulge with need. The cool kiss of her skin touching the underside of your length only adds onto your overwhelming urge to gape her holes with your [pc.ocks]. Your little sheepfolk is going to be so thoroughly claimed and bred by the sheer mass you're packing that you no one else will be able to please. Her eyes light up, nearly flickering with a strange, internal gleam. The indescribable amount of fuck meat you have has her eyes going cross. She just keeps looking up and down your impregnating rod with adoring eyes. She knows exactly where that's going—right into her pussy to pound her poor, little womb until she's a mother. "I-I..." she mutters, in several lustful pants. "Give me... all of it!" she demands as you start to tease her, rubbing your [pc.cock] across her small, wooly body. "Give me all of your love!" [silly]You glance down once again at your[pc.cockRange 30|totally-not-overcompensating-for-anything,]near-yardstick of a cock and ask, "Are you sure?" She follows your gaze and seems to reconsider it a little. "Okay... give me three-fifths of your love," she amends.] [pc.hasKnot

[Your exuberantly thick and twitching knot brushes against her drooling pussy lips. The immense knock-up tool is begging and aching to stretch and ruin her sweet, frozen little peach. With the delicate and fertile sheep-girl pinned beneath you, you can feel her womb churn with an almost unnatural, boreal coldness as your [pc.knot] twitches and aches. Her ovaries must be preparing as many eggs as her body can muster, only desiring your seed and your seed alone. Acacia lets out a needy bleat as your bitch-destroyer teases and rams against her frosty honey pot, filling your ears with the sound of a sheep wanting to carry your herd. Hell, will it even fit? You can imagine the sheer bulge off your cock outlined on her belly as your [pc.knot] ties her and locks itself into her pussy. No matter, she'll take every inch [pc.isDK]of it regardless[of you she can]. She desperately pushes back, grinding her quivering lips from side to side against your humongous cum-cork while she slides right and left against your tree trunk-sized cock. {first time|She might not recognize it now, but her instincts are screaming and ready. Even if her brain doesn't know it yet, every other fiber of her being knows that the moment your knot locks you together, it's gonna be a mind-breaking orgasm as her poor, untouched cunt is destroyed and reshaped to be yours and yours alone.|She knows damn well the moment that knot is stuck inside, it's gonna give her one of the best feelings she's ever felt in her life. She's experienced your knot before, been reshaped by it to be your woman. Every instinct running through her body is hungry, desperate for that inevitable moment of bliss as you conquer her hungry, dripping little cunt.} Your cute, horny sheep-girl is bleating and moaning adorably under you, giving in to that primal, submissive half of her nature to be bred, stretched, and broken thoroughly.

]

[pc.hasCocks|[pc.cockRangeOther 3 21 28

|Your second, [pc.cockOther] stands firm with your other meat rod. Both of them gently glide over her belly. Thick droplets of pre leaking out its tip as well. The hot fuck-flesh of your other cock is only teased by the idea of double-dicking her down.

|Your huge, extra [pc.cockOther] stands rigid with your other vast meat rod. Both of them nearly take up all the space on her little torso. Continuous beads of pre leak out of your [pc.otherCockTip], the hot flesh only teased by the idea of double dicking her down and stuffing her holes with your almost too-large cocks.

|Your absolutely towering [pc.cockOther] stands diamond hard with your other meat rod. Both of them are practically fighting over space on her tiny torso. The vast meat rods rubbing gently across her cold flesh and her hardening nipples sends small shivers of pleasure up and down your titanic fuck tools. Small rivers of nigh-endless pre leak out of your [pc.otherCockTip] and her cute, little, breedable body only fuels the desire to double-dick her down. Sure, your dual, mountain-sized cocks are basically half the size of her but that won't stop you from utterly stuffing her holes and filling her up with a nice helping of your seed.

][pc.hasKnot|[pc.hasKnotOther|Not to mention the sensation when the [pc.knotOther] on your second cock brushes against her trembling sphincter. While this knot sadly won't claim her pussy it can surely plug and stretch her tight, little asshole. A small [pc.isDK|groan|coo] leaves your lips as a wave of pleasure runs through your [pc.cockOther]. The idea of using your other breed tool to thoroughly rut the little sheep has all sorts of [pc.isDK|depraved,] primal desires lurking in the fringes of your mind.]] She lets out a small, surprised bleat as she sees your [pc.cocks|[pc.hasKnot|[pc.hasKnotOther|and both their knots,]] poised at the ready.

]

She looks at you like a sheep looking a predator in the eyes[pc.dcb], and maybe that's not far from the truth.], and you gently caress her shivering body to ease her needs.| and you almost boop the adorable girl on the nose to calm her down.] Xy's barbell pupils expand and her lips quiver as she lets out a pleading moan. "Darlingheart," she mutters, eyeing up [pc.hasCocks|both your slabs of meat|your [pc.hasMagicock|ghostly strap-on|slab of meat]]. "Don't hold anything back. I may be small but I deserve to feel every inch of you. So give me what's mine and claim what's yours."

Enough with the teasing, you pull back and grab onto her wooly thighs. [pc.hasCocks |Aligning your [pc.cocks] to her respective holes. {first time|The virgin sheep|Your loving sheep-girl} tenses up as your twin shafts begin to penetrate her tight{first time|, virgin} pussy and quivering asshole. Slowly but surely you spread open her folds, eventually bottoming out in the writhing hybrid. {first time|You're met with slight resistance at first. Your questing cockhead presses against her unbroken maidenhood and the unfamiliar sensation makes her freeze up and gasp. Along with your other cockhead easing into her tight starfish. Little by little, you ease into her, popping both her frozen cherry and anal innocence. She can't help but let out a small, half-curse at the moment of pain. You softly reassure her that it's only temporary. She's finally taken one of the biggest steps of

her life. Tears form in the corner of her eyes as she gives her virginities to you and she's opened up inside to a whole new world of pleasure. The momentary discomfort subsides and is soon replaced with need.} She hisses out a small moan, her anal and pussy walls clenching down tightly onto your meat rods—eager to drain you for every drop of seed you've got.

[Aligning your [pc.cock] to her swollen snatch. {first time|You're met with slight resistance at first. Your questing cockhead presses against her unbroken maidenhood and the unfamiliar sensation makes her freeze up and gasp. Little by little, you ease into her, popping her frozen cherry. She can't help but let out a small, half-curse at the moment of pain. You softly reassure her that it's only temporary. She's finally taken one of the biggest steps of her life. Tears form in the corner of her eyes as she gives her virginity to you and she's opened up inside to a whole new world of pleasure. The momentary discomfort subsides and is soon replaced with need.}|Your loving sheep-girl tenses up as your [pc.cock] begins to penetrate her tight pussy. Slowly but surely you spread open her folds, eventually bottoming out in the writhing hybrid. She moans in bliss, her pussy walls clenching tightly onto your meat rod—eager to drain you for every drop of seed you've got.}]

]

{first time|A small whimper leaves her lips as a few tears fall down her face. You've claimed [pc.hasCocks|both of her virginities|her virginity]. This is a defining moment for both of you, solidifying your feelings for each other. Leaning down, you plant a loving kiss on her lips. She responds by pulling you tighter and lavishing you with wet, hungry kisses, the tip of her tongue teasingly tastes you as she lets out her pent-up emotions. By the time you rise back up your entire mug is covered with her saliva.}

She can't help but let out a bleat through gritted teeth. "Oh gods, darlingheart. Keep-Keep going!" Her voice grows more and more desperate as your inches thoroughly spread open her hungry folds [pc.hasCocks|and her grasping, dark-blue sphinter]. [pc.cockRange 3 21 28

|Your [pc.hasMagicock|ethereal schlong|rock-hard schlong] is only about half-way inside her pussy and you can already feel her walls contract around your [pc.hasMagicock|newly created] flesh with a tight grip and chilling soothness.

|Your massive cock is almost too big for the mature half-breed as you easily fill up her fully. Your cocktip is easily able to kiss the entrance of her baby chamber. You feel it quiver in satisfaction, with your impressive size only promising to thoroughly pound it into submission. Your herculean girth is made clear by the bulging outline visible from her mons to her breasts. As her strong, chilly cunt muscles both squeeze down with an iron grip and try to suck you in deeper with a possessive suction.

|Your unnaturally gigantic cock nearly breaks her entire pussy as you claim every inch for yourself. The sheer thickness and size of your breeding rod thoroughly splits her in half as your length hammers through her folds [pc.hasCockType equine]. The raised, bulging vein of your medial ring kisses her stretched, dark-blue labia and she cries out in desperation before it slips inside her slick, pink insides and your [pc.cockhead]] and] knocks past the entrance to her womb. Looking at Acacia's tummy, you can see the

outrageous outline of your cock. Gods, you're barely able to fit inside her! Even your cocktip is far past brushing against her cervix and is planted firmly inside her womb. Acacia's poor, little baby-chamber can only surrender to your divinely-large cock as her subconscious focuses only on milking you for your seed. Her vaginal walls ache, the nerves going into overdrive as she squirms and bleats beneath you. The little half-breed's eyes roll back a few times as she adjusts to you, basically destroying her pussy. Her womb's entrance makes a tight seal around your cocktip and eagerly sucking onto your head. All this compounds to the overwhelming cold radiating from her folds, the pleasure and aching of her folds only makes you want to fuck her even more.

]

[pc.hasCocks][pc.cockRangeOther 3 21 28

|Meanwhile, your other dick is lodged inside her tight, little ass as her muscles hold that fuck rod in a vise-like restraint. The combined stimulation is indescribable as you feel every twitch and shiver of her body.

|While your other giant dick is fully lodged inside her guts, its immense size plunders and claims her cute little asshole. Due to your sheer combined size the poor sheep looks almost overstuffed with how much of your impressive size she is taking in both holes. Still she manages although it's very noticeable as she is starting to squirm and pant beneath you. It seems your loving mate enjoys being fucked in both her holes.

|With your main cock firmly inside her pussy, it's kin is firmly inside her guts, it's utterly massive size breaks and claims her cute little asshole. With both your cocks being basically the size of a tree trunk she looks so overstuffed with how much fuckmeat she is taking in both of her holes. Xy's poor intestines are stretched to their limit much like her cunt, still her anal walls cling and hold onto your cock with pure desire. It seems her brain might be a little fired as she lets out a few rather loud bleats mixed with some moans. Squirming beneath you as her body tries to handle and process your fuck-tools claiming her soul and making her revert to her primal breeding urges.

]

]

Wanting to capitalize on this moment you push forward[pc.hasKnots|, grinding your [pc.hasKnotOther|knots|[pc.knot]] at the point of connection], getting her nice and ready for a proper rutting. Her [pc.hasCocks|holes cling|hole clings] possessively to your [pc.cocks], making it a challenge to move but, despite this, you pull back and start to fuck this sheep.

With every thrust into her core, she makes a small horny bleat. The bed creaks from your vigorous movements as you spread her [pc.hasCocks|holes|pussy] open. Her fluffy, little tail wags with horny delight, the soft wool brushing against your [pc.hasBalls|[pc.balls]|thighs] with every pound into the sheep. As you drill into her [pc.hasCocks|tight holes|sweet cunt], her velvet folds drain and contract around your [pc.cocks]. Her half-aware eyes are filled with a cascade of emotions. Devotion with a undertone of begging need. The way her eyes roll back around and

lock onto you makes it evident the only one who can satisfy this frosty sheep is the one who made her into a woman; **You**. Her arms reach up instinctively and her dye-stained fingers dig into your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun]. "[rand|Sweetie|Honey|Darling|[pc.name]]..." she mutters in between a lewd bleat, drawn forth by one of your thrusts. Her breath is strained from her panting as you pound her into the bed, every inch of her poor [pc.hasCocks|holes|babymaker] stretched to the fullest. "My [pc.mf|man|woman]... You're **my** [pc.mf|man|woman]..." {first time|She bites her lower lip and looks uncertain about what she wants to say, but then a surge of pleasure from your throbbing dick seems to make up her mind for her. "Put your thumb in my mouth!" she gasps. "Please...|You see that horny look in her eyes and the way she's starting to drool and nibble her lower lip. You know what's coming. "Give it to me," she whines. "I want to feel your thumb.} Put it in my mouth!"

{first time|That's an unexpected request, especially since you're in the middle of fucking and rutting her into the bed. But it's one you [pc.dcb|grudgingly|tentatively|happily] oblige.|You were ready for it, but it's still a strange request from your horny, half-elf mate. Especially when you're focused on breeding her into the bed. You know her needy little whines will only get more insistent until you give her something to suck on, and the best [pc.hasCocks|options are|option is] already taken.}

You keep your [pc.coocks] lodged firmly inside her as you slow your lewd assault on her [pc.hasCocks|frosty fuck holes|frozen, lamb-making tunnel]. [pc.hasKnot|With your [pc.knots] one mere push away from being inside her. You grind against her, making sure to tease your half-breed mate. You know she wants [pc.hasknotOther|these knots|this knot] of yours.|You grind the base against her, making sure to tease your half-breed mate.] Bringing your right hand to her cheek, you softly caress her pale-blue skin before moving your thumb along her jaw and up to her lower lip. Just as she's about to plead and whine from the pleasure, you slide your thumb inside her mouth and she's sent over the edge. She quickly devours your thumb, sucking on it as her {first time|first ever} orgasm hits hard. Acacia's petite body twitches and convulses with ecstasy as her cool saliva chills your digit. Her eyes are closed and her moans are muffled by her lips suckling on you. She lightly bites down as the sensation overwhelms her, but it isn't painful and after a moment she goes back to whimpering happily with your hand cupping her jaw as she sucks your thumb.

For several long moments, she rides out her orgasm as her quivering [pc.hasCocks|holes contract|cunt contracts] like a silken vise around your [pc.coocks]. Gods, even if you wanted to pull out of her, you'd be in for a fight with how tightly she's clinging to your breeding [pc.hasCocks|tools|tool].

As her orgasm dies down, you feel her nudge her hips forward ever so slightly and her dazed eyes open halfway to look at you. Taking this as your signal to keep going, you pull back, dragging against her inner walls with effort, only to pound right back into her with renewed vigor. Her back arches and she grabs your forearms, closing her eyes once more and drooling a little as she clings onto you. Her tongue suckles you possessively and you practically blow your load from the sheer [pc.dcb|perverse||adorable] sight of a lover lost in contentment. The aching

sensation in your [pc.balls] tells you your body is ready knock up and breed this eager sheep[pc.isDK]-slut], but it has to wait. She deserves only the best from you. And the best is more mind-blowing sex and another orgasm.

By now she has you in a leg lock with her wooly cloven-hoofed feet. The soft, chilly wool clings to your back and cools your heated [pc.skinFurScalesNoun]. Her legs tighten around you as you pick up the pace and a splash of lewd, chilled juices squirts from her cunt, covering your crotch and coating your [pc.cocks] in a sheen of girlcum with each thrust. The thin layer of girl juices coating her sweet lower lips quickly becomes a full-blown river and each piston into her only increases the damp pool soaking the bedsheet beneath her. The little sheep's excitement and your lubricating slick of precum only grows as you fuck her raw. Your [pc.hasMagiccock|otherworldly|[pc.isVirile|impregnating|rigid] [pc.hasCocks|fuck-tools glide|fuck-tool glides] easily inside her now. She still grips onto you with an iron hold, keeping you firmly inside her as she gushes down her thighs, soaking her fluffy tail as it wags beneath you, slapping your [pc.hasBalls|pc.balls]|thighs] wetly.

She continues to suckle at your thumb, pausing only to bleat out little gasps when the pleasure is too much. Her boreal tongue swirls around it, the cool chill numbs the light nibbles pressure of her teeth when she accidentally bites down. As you admire her blissful face, Acacia's languid, blissed out eyes open and lock onto yours with a look bordering on pure love, appreciation, and breed-hungry lust. Bucking your hips back and forth with greater speed, you thoroughly fuck her [pc.hasCocks|holes|lamb maker] with robust strokes, nearly pinning her into the bed with how much power you're putting into each thrust. Your increased efforts seem to catch her off guard as her gasps turn to cries of pleasure and she clamps down on your thumb as her eyes roll into the back of her head.

"Mmmm," she groans. You don't know if it's by her own will or if it's by instinct, but her leg lock tightens even further. You're forced nearly face to face with your mate, her lustful, needy pheromones nearly drowning and overwhelming every sense you have. Each reentry into her folds elicits a sweet gasp to flood your ears and a wet slap as your [pc.hasBalls|[pc.balls]|thighs] against her curvesome ass. [pc.hasBalls|The sperm churning in your sack only builds and grows, eager to realize its purpose.] The need to rut and flood every hole of this sheep begins to overwhelm your thoughts. You'll breed her so thoroughly that no other cock will satisfy her.

Wet smacks continue to echo off the walls as you [pc.hasCocks

][pc.cockRange 3 21 28

|slide your fuck tools right through her holes. Her folds grip you tighter and tighter and you feel like it might be impossible to pull out. Every cell and nerve in your cocks is put through the wringer as her pussy muscles wrap around you with a wonderfully vexing grip. You can feel the churning cold of her insides flare up as she milks you for all your worth. The sweet juices leaking out of her eager cunt and dripping into her ass only makes it easier to fuck her thoroughly.

|ram your massive, almost too-big-to-fit fuck spears right into her poor holes. Her vaginal and anal muscles clamp down onto you with an almost crazed grip as

your sheer size breaks her sheep mind and you stretch her to her breaking point. Every nerve in your cocks is put through a bewitching sensation as she desperately clenches around your twin members. With every passing second her tightness grows and the lewd desire to pound her into the bed over and over despite her vexing grip only grows.

I ram your otherworldly, colossal-sized spears of impregnation through her broken holes. Gods, you're surprised she can even fit all your fuckmeat inside both her poor holes. Your impossibly thick cocks are teased and clinged to by her folds with a crazed grip. With each drill inside, you spread open every inch of her pussy and asshole. She stutters and moans as you fuck her into the bed, gaping her orifices to their absolute limit. Each passing moment only increases her tightness, making it difficult to keep pounding her into the bed but the outright divine feeling of her cunt and tailhole only makes you want to rise up to the challenge.

[pc.cockRangeOther 3 21 28

|Her cute asshole isn't slacking either, the little half-breed's anal walls are just as tight. The sheepgirl's straining cunt and sphincter muscles flex and massage in tandem, filling your dual members with almost indescribable sensation.

|Her cute asshole isn't spared either, her anal walls clench around your [pc.cockOther] just like her pussy muscles. As you rearrange her guts. The combined feelings of both her cunt and asshole flexing and coiling around your dual cocks almost makes you want to cum right now. Yet you grit your teeth and keep pounding her ass and pussy.

|Her cute asshole isn't spared either. Your second [pc.CockOther] is stuffed deep inside her. She's so tight and tiny that you're almost overwhelmed by the feeling as they're clenched and rubbed together while she thrashes helplessly, impaled on your twin pillars.

]

]

[[pc.cockRange 3 21 28

|slide your slide your [pc.cockType] spear right into her drooling pussy, her folds hold onto you tighter than a grandma hugging her grandchildren. Every cell and nerve in your [pc.cock] is put through the ringer as her pussy muscles wrap around you in a vexing grip.

I ram your massive, almost-too-big-to-fit fuck spear right into her poor cunt. Her folds hold onto you with a crazed grip, maybe your sheer size stretching her open broke her sheep mind as you gape her lamb-making tunnel with ease. Every nerve in your [pc.cockNoun] is put through its paces as her pussy desperately clamps down on your member. With every passing second and hard-fought inch, her tightness grows and it only makes it more and more lewd to pound her into the bed despite her vexing grip.

ram your otherworldly, colossal-sized spear of impregnation into her gelid hole. Gods, you're surprised she can even fit all your fuckmeat inside that tight little body of hers. With each drill inside, you spread open every inch of her pussy and reshape her to you. She stutters and moans as you fuck her into the bed, gaping her orifice to its absolute limit and stretching her in ways only a harpy should know. The increasing tightness makes it difficult to keep pounding her into the bed but the utterly divine feeling of her cunt drives you to rise to the challenge of breeding this sheep.

A massive bulge lines her torso from your tree trunk-sized girth. Every exquisite, struggling motion into her brings your cock closer to her womb. Finally, its sheer mass kisses her cervix and smashes right into the very core of the half-breed's existence.

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The sweet, frozen juices of her lower lips are fairly gushing as she drowns your [pc.hasCocks|double fuckrods|fuckrod] in her girly cream. A churning snowstorm of lust is building inside her, flaring up with her desire to be bred. Acacia wants to milk you for all your worth and more. Despite the mounting chill of her tight, little hole[pc.hasCocks|s], you keep thrusting into her. The devoted little sheep is still eagerly sucking on your thumb like it's candy. Her eyes have rolled into the back of her head and her bleating and moaning fills your ears alongside the lewd smacks of breeding.

Moaning, drooling, and lost in mind-broken pleasure, she nearly bites down multiple times, holding your digit in her teeth whenever a wave of pleasure rocks her loins. Xy's eyes have long since dilated, gazing dumbstruck whenever they drift downward to see [pc.cockRange 3 21|your slick, rock-hard cock plunging into her|her small tummy bulging from your massive, limb-sized meat pole]. You draw back once more, dragging against her velvety muscles before driving back inside her[pc.hasCock| ass and quivering pussy]. With a sudden thrust, you [pc.cockRange 21|once more] touch the entrance to her womb and [hasCocks|both her holes happily squeeze and stroke|her sex happily squeezes and strokes] you in eager anticipation of your [pc.cumColor] sea of womb-clogging seed. She's cum several times already, her baby-chamber submitting to you fully and happily embracing your breeding spear. It quivers and tightens around your cock with every thrust. You've claimed every inch of this half-breed for yourself, splitting her in two with your [pc.cockRange 3 18|[pc.cockSimple]]raw size], and she's cumming all over your dick in appreciation. [pc.isDK|You're going to continue utterly stuffing this sheep-slut until no other cock can please her.|Gods, you just want to keep utterly stuffing this adorable woman until the mere thought of your cock makes her tremble.][pc.hasKnot| You groan in barely restrained ardor as your swollen, pulsating knot kisses and grinds up against her stretched and cum-slickened pussy. Acacia's poor little mind is gonna break when [pc.hasKnotOther|both your fat breeding-bulbs spread her open and tie|that fat breeding-bulb spreads her open and ties] her to you, making sure she takes every [pc.cumType] drop of your churning seed.]

[pc.hasKnot

|Your [pc.knots] swell[s] and ache[s], the desire to breed and knot her becoming almost too much. The sweet scent of horny, preg-ready sheep flooding your nostrils is intoxicating. The thick [pc.hasKnotOther|knock-up tools ram|bitch breaker rams] into her nether lips [pc.hasKnotOther|and asshole]. As she suddenly realizes what's happening, the perverse thought of being helplessly tied to you as you flood her with load after load of semen sends her over the edge again.

|The sensation of her [pc.mf|man|woman], her mate, touching her innermost being—pounding her sweet [pc.hasCocks|holes|hole]—sends her over the edge again.

] Her grip tightens on both your hands and [pc.cocks] as she moans wildly like a bitch in heat. She pulls your thumb from her mouth and manages to focus her glimmering lavender eyes on yours. "I'm gonna c-cum again!" she moans, limbs flailing about uncontrollably. "I can feel you throbbing [pc.hasBalls|in your balls], darlingheart! Do it inside!" She's right. You can feel that blissful tingling in your [pc.balls], the need to release and claim her as your mate.

You break free of her grip to [pc.isDK|take hold of her large, curling horns|slide your hands into the gleaming silver-white wool of her shoulders,], pinning her to the bed. [pc.dcb|You tell the little sheep that she needs to stay in place if she wants your load.|You tell her you're about to cum.|You moan through the horny haze in your lust-crazed brain and tell the adorable, little cutie that you're about to cum.] You draw back and she whimpers at the sudden emptiness as you leave only the swollen tip [pc.hasCocks|s] of your [pc.cocks] inside her. A fresh deluge of chilly girlcum spills from inside her, increasing the damp puddle on the sheets around your knees. The exposed portion of your [pc.hasCocks

|twin shafts tense at the exposure to air and the proximity of her boreal flesh. You take a deep breath and thrust back inside with all your remaining strength. With that final press into her folds, [pc.cockRange 3 28

[[pc.hasKnot

|you knot [pc.hasKnotOther|both her cunt and ass|her sweet, frozen cunt]. She moans in bliss as she takes your [pc.hasKnotOther|dual fleshy bulges of love. Both her cunt and anal walls spread to welcome every bit of your fuck flesh, coiling and sucking around them with an insistent, velvet grip.|fleshy bulge and shudders with desperate relief as it slides inside and her straining cunt locks down around your base. Her cunt and anal walls squeeze and suckle at you with a needy, insistent grip.] |you submerge your dual members into her chilly depths. Joining together to share your climaxes. Her cunt and anal walls grip you tightly in an insistent, velvet grasp that draws a sudden groan from your own lips.

]

[[pc.hasKnot

|you're met with increasing resistance. The sheer size of your [pc.hasKnotOther|double breeding tools|knot] means her already stretched pussy lips [pc.hasKnotOther|and ass] can't take it all at once. Determined, and driven by an almost crazed sensation overtaking you,

you push with all your might and her [pc.hasKnotOther|holes|pussy] slowly stretch around your bitch [pc.hasKnotOther|-breakers|-breaker]. “[pc.hasCocks|They are too big!!|It’s too big!!]” she moans and bleats. Despite her words, before you can ask if she’s okay, she’s wrapped her wooly, sweat-heavy legs around your waist and grabbed your wrists with a look of determination in her eyes. “Give it to me! Knot me!” she growls out. “[pc.hasCocks|They belong|It belongs] to me. So tie me with [pc.hasKnotOther|both of them|it]! Make me your personal breeding-bitch!” Her words only fuel your desire to plug her tight holes and cum deep inside. Your blood is boiling and your heart is pumping so hard you feel like it could jump out your chest, but still you push forward. Slowly her folds spread open. Inch by inch she takes [pc.hasKnotOther|both of your massive breeding bulbs into her stretched holes|your massive breeding bulb into her stretched hole]. With a wet, satisfying pop, you’re finally knot-deep inside your mate. Her poor pussy is stretched to the limit and her mons is bulging from the impressive amount of knock-up flesh you’ve packed inside her [pc.hasKnotOther|kitty and asshole]. Acacia can’t even speak, feverishly processing the breeding tool[pc.hasCocks|s that are| that’s] claiming her body. Frying her brain thoroughly. Only lustful bleats escape her lips as those lavender eyes fixate on you, raw desire running through them.

[you’re met with a building resistance. The massive girth of your [pc.cocks] is too much for the half-breed to take all at once. You’re determined to cram her insides with every inch of your fuckmeats and seed, however, so you redouble your efforts. Pushing with all your might, you slowly stretch her tightening insides inch by inch. Watching as your log-sized meat-spears painstakingly disappear inside of her, she moans and cries out. Before you can ask if it’s too much, she makes the decision for you and locks her wooly, sweat soaked legs behind your waist and commands you with a needy look in her eyes. “Do it! They are mine so just stuff me full of them!” Acacia’s words ringing inside your head, you push until you’re fully bottomed out in the boreal woman. She creams all over you from the sheer amount of fuckflesh destroying her holes and the lewd, sexual deluge pushes you over the edge as well.

]]

[shaft tenses at the exposure to air and the proximity of her boreal flesh. You take a deep breath and thrust back inside with all your remaining strength. With that final press into her folds, you submerge your dick once more into her chilly depths. Joining together to share your climaxes. [pc.cockRange 3 28]“Gods, yes,” she moans as you fill her once more, pausing only when her vaginal muscles clamp down in the throes of another impending orgasm. Y|You’re only halfway buried inside her cunt when you feel her muscles contract and spasm with another impending orgasm. She’s so tight and tiny that your monstrous prick is already maxed out, slowing your progress as you feed her inch

and inch.

“All of it!” she pleads. Knowing what she wants, you take one last deep breath before smashing yourself back into her with all your remaining strength. With that one, final mighty drill into her folds, [pc.hasKnot|knotting her sweet, frozen cunt. She takes your cum cork and her legs kick against your back as she loses all ability to control them. Her cunt happily spreads apart for your primal flesh knot and the perverse feeling of being caught and bound to such a bestial [pc.mf|man|woman] has her cumming all over your cock.|you submerge all your cock flesh into her pussy and thrill at the wet kiss of her quivering cunt against your crotch]

]

In unison, you cum together. Her folds clamp down with an irresistible, iron grip, spasming and draining you of everything your worth. Somehow your thumb’s found its way back into her mouth and she’s biting it hard enough that she may be drawing blood. The sting of pain is overwhelmed by pleasure as you flood Acacia’s depths with your seed. A moan escapes your lips as cum pumps through your [pc.hasCocks|dual fuck tools|[pc.cock]].

Her pussy [pc.hasCocks|and asshole are getting|gets] a healthy dosing of your [pc.cumType] baby cream as she cums her brains out. Wracked with fits of shakes and trembling, she loses control of her body as her pussy squirts a dosing of chill girlcum all over your [pc.coocks] and thighs. She fully submits, her folds contracting in a primal desire to be bred as her womb happily drinks in your [pc.hasMagiccock|spectral spunk|lamb-making seed]. [pc.hasCocks|Her asshole flexes and tightens as you simultaneously flood her intestines with your second shaft.] [pc.hasBalls|[pc.cumVol 0 200 1000 20000]|Your balls tingle and tighten as they spurt what little they contain. You just don’t have much in your tanks at the moment.|Your balls tingle and tighten as you spurt strands of [pc.cumColor] seed into her.|Your balls tingle and throb as they churn with seed. You eagerly shoot rope after rope of fresh [pc.cumType] into her [pc.hasCocks|womb and bowels|womb], until you have nothing left.|Your overflowing balls throb and churn with hyperactive seed, all with one destination in mind. You utterly drown her insides in a sea of genetic material. Each sperm focused on making sure this half-sheep is thoroughly bred. You continue to pump thick ropes of fresh [pc.cumType] into her [pc.hasCocks|womb and bowels|womb] until her tummy is bloated and inflated with a small baby bump from the sheer volume—and you’re not even half-way done. Your titanic load floods her chilled depths until she looks several months pregnant already.][Your prostate tightens as your orgasm rocks through your body and releases a gush of sexual fluid into your mate.] You touch and warm her in ways she’s never experienced or felt before and she lets out a keening moan of self-discovery. Finally, with one last throb, you’ve shot the last rope of seed you can and her slender canal is filled up. [pc.hasKnot|Your swollen knot ensures that not a single drop gets wasted[pc.hasKnotOther| and your second rod is firmly tied in her ass as well]]. She’s a well-bred ball of frosty wool at this point.

Panting and catching your breath, you lay together in each others’ arms without speaking or moving. After a minute or two, you [pc.isDK|grudgingly realize she needs a little tenderness and]

cuddle up and give her some extra love. Leaning down you hug her, planting her face with kisses. "That was wonderful, darlingheart..." she says, her voice tired yet filled with emotion. A smile floods her purple-tinted face as she pulls you into a barrage of happy kisses. It isn't long before fatigue quickly overwhelms you both, however, and your eyes become harder and harder to keep open.

"Hey..." Xy grunts, tapping your back. "Flip over" she mutters groggily, "You're heavy and I wanna lay on your chest." Responding with an affirmative sigh, you do exactly that, rolling her atop you and moving away from the damp, wet part of the covers. A few moans slip from you both as your [pc.hasCocks|dual members remain inside her|[pc.cock] remains inside her.] [pc.hasKnot|Not to mention your [pc.hasKnotOther|primal seed stoppers are|knot is] very much still swollen and throbbing inside her stretched [pc.hasKnotOther|pussy and asshole|kitty].

Acacia's beautiful, lavender eyes are the last thing you see before weary, contented sleep overtakes you.

Oral

// Tooltip: 'Some oral attention.'

You just need to decide if you'll be tending to your sheep-girl or if she'll be putting her mouth to work on you.

[Eat Her] [Cock Worship]

Eat Her

// Scene by Ace Hangman

// 'Eat Her' tooltip: 'Tease her with your tongue.'

You tell Acacia what you plan to do to her and her sylvan ears twitch as {acacia.lustRange 0 4 7 10

|thoughts of such a lurid act run through the demure, little sheep's thoughts. "I think I'd... really like that," she answers, turning her face down but glancing up at you with a look that borders on both shy and coy. {first time|"No one's ever... ever asked to do that with me."}

|she listens to your lewd suggestion. You note her quickened breath as she bites her lower lip. {first time|"It seems so... dirty," she admits. "No one's ever... done anything like that to me."} You already know her answer, even before she nods her head and says, "I'd like that, yes. I'd like... to do that with you again."

|she fidgets in place, looking both needy and nervous. "[pc.name]," she finally says. {first time|"No one's ever done that to me before. It sounds so dirty..."|} "You want to do that with me again? It makes me feel so vulnerable,} but I want you. I want you to lick my little pussy until I cry your name so loud the neighbors get worried!" Oh dear, maybe you've been teasing and neglecting Acacia a bit too much.

|the horny woman practically cums just thinking about it. {first time|You've never done such a thing to her|} You know she loves what you do with your tongue} but she's so pent-up and needy you think she's about to grab your head and ram your face into her crotch. "[pc.name], I can't think straight right now and all I want is your touch," she growls out. "Give me your [pc.hasCocks|cocks|cock] or give me your tongue but fuck me! You need to fix this!"

}. Well that's all the encouragement you need. You place your hands on her shoulders and gently squeeze, luxuriating in her downy fleece before pushing her down to sit on the edge of the bed.{first time| You want to make certain that her first time receiving oral pleasure is unforgettable and mind-blowing.}

Her lavender eyes gaze [pc.heightRange 70|up] into yours and she fidgets a little, not knowing what to do with her hands. She alternates between resting them in her lap and on the bed before you cover them with your own and lean in to calm her with a kiss. The effect is noticeable, she relaxes and her eyelids drift down as she lets out a slow exhalation, her breath still warm from her hot chocolate and scented with cinnamon. You savor the taste on the tip of your tongue as you lean back and smile at her blissed-out look. This is only the beginning of what you plan to make her feel.

Kneeling between her knees, you release her hands and begin stroking your fingers through the velvet-soft wool cladding her thighs. She's as cool as marble under your touch and you can't resist bringing your face down to nuzzle your cheek against the inside of them. You let out a warm breath against her pale, baby-blue skin, just where her silky, silver-white curls fade to fine little hairs. You breathe in her scent—like a winter morning{acacia.lustRange 0 4 7

|. "Oooh..." she breathes out simply above you. "This is happening..."

|tinged with the aromatic fragrance of feminine musk. She's been getting a little worked up since you started touching her it seems. "I've been thinking about y-you," she admits with a little hitch in her voice. "I want this so much."

|suffused with the undeniable fragrance of sexual need. You see the slick, gleaming results already. This little sheep's been feeling frisky for a while from the looks of it.

"Ohhh... yes, [pc.name]," she whimpers out above you. "I've been wet for you all day! I need this! I can barely get any work done when I start thinking about you...so take responsibility!"}

You hook her hands beneath her thighs, lifting them up onto your shoulders. Her natural, arboreal chill is offside by the delicate softness of her platinum curls, it's not a warm blanket, but a cool compress on your back and cheeks. You hear the soft rustle of her hands curling into the bedsheet as you nibble at her thigh and kiss leisurely inward. Just before you reach the point where her inner thigh meets her crotch, you turn your head and brush your [pc.lips] down the

length of her other thigh, all the way back down until you reach the top of her soft wool. No sense leaving one side unattended. Your hand gently rubs and caresses the thigh you were just kissing, making sure she doesn't feel abandoned there and you work your way back up. Her leg muscles tense and you suspect your lover is warring with her sheep side over whether to submit or her amazonian frost-elf heritage to just squeeze your head between her thighs and smother you like you were wearing wooly earmuffs.

You nibble and suck your way up her pale-blue skin until you reach her smooth, shaven snatch. The tight, outer folds turn to a faintly darker shade of blue before you stretch them open between two fingers to reveal her glistening pink insides. {acacia.lustRange 0 5 7 10

[You slide the tip of your [pc.tongue] up inside and she gasps above you, her arms almost giving out as she screws the bedsheet into her fists. You gaze up at her and see that she has her eyes closed as she's nibbling on her lower lip.

[You taste the dewy, honey-like drops of moisture beading inside her as you trail the tip of your tongue up between them.

[Her pussy is wet and moist. If she didn't run so cold it would feel like a warm sauna on your cheeks down here. Instead, it's like a cooling spray of spring mist when you place your mouth against her, licking and sucking at her dark-blue nether lips before rolling your tongue up inside her needy sex.

[Acacia is achingly horny and wet. Her pussy beads with cool droplets and trickles of lust-clouded juices. Xy's vulnerable, little clit is glistening and swollen, already sliding into view as she moans and bounces her ankles against your back, trying to keep steady.

"Doooo it!" she cries through clenched teeth, her eyes closed and looking at the ceiling. "I neeeded this!"}

You press your mouth to her moistened lips and start gliding your tongue up between them. Acacia moans softly and you take your tongue on a rolling journey across her cerulean slit, stroking her with only the occasional thrust and roll of your moist muscle up inside her. You build up the pressure in waves, working up towards her pink pleasure pearl. When you finally flick your tongue across it, she curls her ankles around your back with a guttural whimper and then lowers her head, eyes closed as you start grinding leisurely around it. Rising up on your knees, you place an open mouthed kiss on her swollen skittle, gradually closing your [pc.lips] into a suckling caress before slipping your tongue inside. Stroking it along the underside of her clit as you plunge as deeply into that dripping sheep snatch as you can.

Your [pc.tonguePLPL]long, prehensile tongue gets in deep and you roll and corkscrew it[prehensile tongue corkscrews inside her, like a whirlpool touching her all over and spreading her open]long tongue quests deep into her tight, velvet tunnel, licking and stroking[[pc.tongue] rolls and flicks up and down inside her] until your lips are soaked in her drawn-out nectar.

{acacia.lustRange 0 4 7 10

["O-oo," comes a restrained whimper from your sheep[silly]-snack]. Her hands leave her sides and rest lightly on your head[pc.hasHair], curling her fingers into your [pc.hair]].

She doesn't squeeze or move you, but seems to need your touch to keep herself grounded. "This feels... it{first time|| still} feels so strange.

"O-oh! Yesss," she breathes, placing her hands lightly on your head[pc.hasHair], curling her fingers into your [pc.hair]. "I want this..."

"Mmm... n-yeah!" she whispers, placing her hands lightly on your head and running her calloused, dye-stained fingers along your [pc.ears] before pressing her palms against your skull and rocking your face needily into her dripping cunt. "N-yeah! Lick me, [pc.name]!" she gasps. "Right there!"

"Oh, [silly|ga-aawd|gawd]!" she hisses through clenched teeth as her nails dig into your scalp. "Good mate! Good-good, right there!" Her thighs clamp together, trapping you in a frozen, wooly wonderland and muffling the world around you. Your face has nowhere else to go, and she rocks her hips forward as she pulls you tighter, grinding her soaked, needy pussy against your lips. "Lick that [silly|lambchop|pussy], you sheep-fucker!" she cries out in a voice that sounds deep and husky, but could just be because your ears are pounding with blood and being crushed in her sapphire thigh muscles. You lick and suck at your woman like you were dying of thirst in the desert and her quivering cunt spills forth drop after drop of nectar in appreciation. Still, she's like a woman possessed, and you might actually die if you don't bring her back under your control. Thankfully [pc.dcb|you're a master at taking control.|you've got a pretty good idea of what to do.|your bimbofied brain may be empty most of the time, but that leaves lots of room for planning sexy, deliciously-deviant things.]

}

You smile inwardly and [rand|purr|growl|hum], letting the vibrations start in the back of your throat and then move forward to your lips and tongue. Dragging your moist [pc.tongue] from her slippery snatch, you nuzzle your [pc.hasMuzzle|snout|nose] up against her and lay more kisses and licks along her labia. Despite the chill of her body, every breath you take invigorates you, setting your chest tingling and urging you to grind yourself into her dripping sex. The wet *schlick* of your lapping fills the room, punctuated by growing moans from Acacia. You quicken your pace, mouthing at her slit until your jaw is aching and numb.[acacia.lustRange 10] Through it all, her hips keep bucking into you as she grinds your face into her crotch like she was a carpenter sanding a block of wood, punctuated by her boreal thigh muscles threatening to pop your head like you popped her virgin cherry. You've created a monster, made your bed, put her in that bed, and now you have to lick that beast. She seems to realize this for a moment and—blessed air—she slackens her muscles and lets you breathe and hear again.]

"Oh, [rand|dear|darling|heart|dear heart|darlingheart|my [pc.raceCute]]sweetie|love|lover|my mate|honey]," she moans. "You're so good to me. I'm your girl. Lick your girl!" Overcome by need, she simultaneously tries to pull you closer while losing control of her fingers. It feels like she's lightly tapping you with her palms until finally her wooly thighs [acacia.lustRange 10|once more tighten and] squeeze around your head as she throws her head back and lets out a bleating cry of pure release. Her tiny body bunches up as shuddering waves of pleasure wrack through her.

Her quivering snatch clenches and sucks at your tongue, trying to draw you in deeper as she reaches {first time|her first oral} climax and loses her mind. {acacia.lustRange 0 4 7 10

|The reserved girl moans a little, but manages to keep her voice. She sucks in quick breaths and holds the sides of your head for control until she manages to regain her senses.

|"Oh, yes! Oh, gods!" she whimpers as she rides out her orgasm, squeezing your head lightly between her thighs with every wracking wave of pleasure you send through her.

"My [rand|[pc.manWoman]]mate] is so good to me!"

|Her wet snatch bursts forth with a spray of gelid, feminine nectar. Your horny, little sheep's finally gotten the release she's needed and your cheeks and chin are coated in her musky scent. Her fingers curl tightly [pc.hasHorns|around your [pc.horns]]against your head] and she rocks your face up and down against her crotch. "Yesss," she moans. "[rand|Sooo goood|You've been such a tease|I love this|I love you]! I want this all the time!" And you vow to give it to her.

|Your incredibly horny sheep-girl grabs onto [pc.hasHorns|your [pc.horns]]your head] and pulls with all her diminutive might, grinding you into her drooling snatch as a flood of gelid, femcum erupts all over your buried face. "Yesss!" she shrieks, her voice muffled by her woolen thighs crushing your head. "More! Don't stop! Keep going!"

You struggle to breathe as you lick and suck and swallow down as much of Acacia's nectar as you can. The cool liquid numbs your lips and tongue and almost suppresses the ache in your jaw muscles as you try to satiate the tiny nympho you've created by your constant teasing.

}

Finally, with a shuddering sigh, {acacia.lustRange 7|she releases your [pc.hasHorns|horns|head] and} her thighs fall limply away and she drops back onto her bed. As you take a deep breath of sex-filled air, you gaze up across her belly and heaving chest. You can't see her eyes, but you suspect that they're in a half-lidded state, staring at the ceiling. You lick the remaining traces of her hybrid cum from your lips as you gently rest your hands on top of her woolen thighs, making her twitch a little in her hypersensitive state. Slowly, you squeeze and massage her until her rapid breathing calms.

Her arms raise from the crumpled bedspread and reach towards you silently. Taking the hint, you rise on stiffened knees and crawl into bed beside her, immediately getting pulled into her embrace. She squeezes her thighs together to hide her dripping sex as she buries her face into your neck, letting out a gentle sigh. {acacia.lustRange 8|"I still want you," she mutters. "You made me this way. Fix it." It seems you've satiated a little of her lust, but she's still needy, and willing to voice it. You'll need to stretch a bit first and see how you feel in a bit.}

You manage to reach the cooling remains of your mug of hot chocolate. It's just warm enough to bring some feeling back to your chilled lips and tongue. Setting it aside, you turn back to find a pair of bright, lavender eyes gazing at you just before Xy presses her thin, pink lips to yours, kissing you happily. "Mmm," she whispers. "You're delicious."

[Next]

// Move to Merge scene

// Reduce {acacia.lustRange} by 2

Cock Worship

// **Tooltip**: Have the frosty sheep suck, polish and worship [pc.hasCocks|both your throbbing cocks|your throbbing cock.]

// **Tooltip (Grey)**: You need a real cock for her to suck and worship.

// Requires a real cock

{first time

"You want me to suck your dick!? [pc.hasCocks|Well you actually have two but that's not weird or anything! I-I actually like it. Just doing both at the same time seems hard. I want to give every part of you equal attention.] U-um I'm not that good at this but I'll try my best for you," she says, playing around with an earring frantically. Her skin slowly blushes as the idea of sucking and worshiping your [pc.coocks] really sets in. [pc.hasKnot|Her reaction cascades when she sees your throbbing [pc.hasKnotOther|breeding bulbs|breeding bulb]. The little sheep may not know what exactly a knot is yet, but it seems she's gonna like being knotted and tied to you.] She turns nearly purple as her own excitement pours through, tail wagging from side to side as the little sheep grinds her thighs together slowly. A small trail of effeminate liquids leaking from her frozen honey pot.

Noticing her own passion starting to show, she fights with her tail for a moment. Grabbing onto it while she tries to address you. Although this venture is short lived as she embarrassingly loses this battle. That cute fluffy tail of hers just keeps picking up speed, seems she really does like you...

"I'm sorry. Just sit on the edge of the bed and we can start," she says, her blush now darkening, spreading from her face to her chest and perky little tits. Taking the space between your legs, her chill aura permeates your [pc.skinFurScales], unsure on what to do. She moves up, pressing her delicate nipples into the inside of your thigh. The sensitive nubs already firm as diamond chips. She softly sways from side to side, biting her lip. Acacia's tender flesh only sends additional waves of pleasure across your [pc.hasCocks|cocks|[pc.cock]]. This seems to catch the little, wooly woman off guard as her pupils widen with each surge of pleasure that courses through [pc.hasCocks|them|it]. "You want me to suck your [pc.hasCocks|dicks|dick] again?" she asks, a lusty smile creeping up on her face as her blush slowly sets in, growing with every passing second. It seems the idea of sucking and worshiping her mate's breeding [pc.hasCocks|rods|rod] really gets her going. Drinking in your musk, to savor and revere your baby-making pre and seed. Blush now cascading into a deep purplish hue, it spreads from her face to her chest and tiny, little titties. [pc.hasKnot|She tries to hide it but you catch her licking her

lips whenever she catches sight of your throbbing breeding [pc.hasKnotOther|bulbs|bulb]. It seems she can't help but love being knotted and claimed by you regardless of what hole it is.] She just looks so breedable standing there rubbing her legs together with her fluffy little tail bouncing from side to side with increasing speed.

Your mate sure is endearing, she really does love you.

"Sorry sweetie. Come let's not waste anymore time," she says, stopping herself from staring at your [pc.hasCocks|meat rods|meat rod]. She takes your hand and leads you to the edge of the bed, kneeling down and taking the free space between your legs. Her cool, pale-blue skin brushes against your own as Xy's perky tits rub against your legs. Her rock-hard nipples send shivers through you as the chilling frost of her body mixes with your own.

}

Before letting her go to town on your crotch, you reach forward and rub her face. Giving her a nice and loving pat across her cold cheeks, giving your wooly mate the attention and love she deserves.

She takes a deep breath, now eye level with your [pc.coocks]. She's able to take in every inch and vein of your [pc.hasCocks|coocks.|cock.] Those lavender eyes glaze over slightly as she loses herself to the fantasy of she's gonna drain you dry. Nervously, she licks her lips as a small trickle of drool beads at the corner of her mouth. Must be her sheepfolk side, wanting to be the cute, submissive partner for her mate.

[pc.hasCocks

[Your [pc.cock] throbs and aches as her cool breath teases it. [pc.cockRange 3 21|It stands firm in the air, awaiting her service, but she simply looks at it, eyes wide at the sight of your throbbing breed stick.|It's so obscenely large and girthly that a shadow is cast over her face. She just looks in awe at your sheer size.] Her hunger only grows when she looks at [pc.cockRangeOther 3 21|its kin, your [pc.cockOther]. They both drool gobs of breed-ready pre, some of the drops even landing on her face.|your other, equally massive, throbbing shaft. They tower over her dainty face, eyes dilating as she tries to take in the glory of them both. It all must be overwhelming for Xy as she simply takes in all your essence. Trails of thick, lubricating pre slowly leak from your cocktips and your length has some almost falling onto her back and head before she tilts her neck back and some lands on her face. She flinches a little, but all of her decency is quickly thrown out the window.

[Your [pc.cock] throbs and aches as her cool breath teases it. [pc.cockRange 3 21|Your raring-to-go member stands firm, awaiting her service.|Your raring-to-go goliath of a member casts a shadow over her face. She can't help but look in awe at your sheer size [pc.isVirile|and virility]. Thick gobs of shimmering pre leak from your tip, landing onto her face. She flinches at first but all decently is quickly thrown out the window.]

]

Your musk must have a profane effect on her mind, as she fixates on your [pc.balls] first. With an adoring hunger, she lavishes your seed makers with a healthy dose of attention. Her cool tongue glides over their sensitive surface in slow, deliberate circles. Her worship forces out a small moan from your lips as she suckles and plants lingering kisses across every inch of your [pc.balls], savoring the taste and weight of them. Eventually, she just outright buries her face against your orbs, her chilly wool enveloping your legs as she inhales deeply before sealing her thin lips around your cum gourds. Indulging and drowning herself with unrestrained and loving delight. Audibly wet, lewd sounds of worship fill the air as she gives in to her submissive desires, breath still cold like a morning chill but heavy with needy desire. Deciding that's enough, she pulls away with a loud pop, the only reminder of her love being a thin strand of saliva connecting from her lips to your flesh. Xy's mouth trembles with an uncontained excitement as she licks her lips frantically. The little sheep's eyes are now hazy with lust, utterly drunk on your musk.

She catches her breath for just a moment, her petite chest rising and falling in quick succession, eyes locked onto your [pc.cocks], pupils dilated with raw need. A glistening sheen of drool and spit coats her chin, but she doesn't bother wiping it away. Instead she inhales again, more deeply than before, savoring the needy scent mixing between you both. A body-shaking shudder runs through her as she bites her lip, her thighs pressing together as a wanton whimper escapes. Squirming in barely-restrained anticipation, the desire to just suckle and lavish you until you fill her mouth with seed intensifies.

{first time

[pc.inRut]"You smell a little weird, [pc.name]. It's making me feel light-headed and my stomach feels hot. It's... I feel dizzy, is-is that normal?"

You tell her that you're in rut. Your body is made to breed—to sire children. You didn't expect it to have such an effect on her, but she's already pressed her cheek against your [pc.hasCocks|spears|spear] of impregnation. She breathes in another thick, healthy dose of your breed-crazy musk.

"Are you that eager to be a parent? The smell is driving me... It's intoxicating." There's something in her eyes and her voice. Some primal, almost otherworldly need that must be surfacing from her heritage. She manages to calm down just long enough to add, "B-but just try not to go all breed-crazy on me...alright?"

You nod, giving her a small pat on the head as she steals another deep breath. Just one more before the main event.

]

[pc.inRut|She takes another indulgent whiff, her eyes fluttering as she plants a tender kiss on your [pc.hasCocks|[pc.cock] tip, and then does the same for your other.|cock tip.]

Pulling back, she swirls her tongue around, savoring the salty, breed-infused tang of your pre. A small but noticeable sigh escaping her lips.

“You’re in rut, aren’t you?” she murmurs, her soft voice tinged with an unmistakable giddy delight. “It smells so good, especially after a long day of work. [pc.hasCocks|Both your cocks|Your cock] just drowning in that wonderful smell, and it’s all just for me to enjoy.”

You certainly are, and you can tell that being so close to your [pc.hasCocks|[pc.hasCocks|spears|spear] of impregnation is having a deeply profane effect on her. From how she’s glued to your [pc.hasCocks|dicks|dick] to her gelid honeypot oozing its fuck-ready juices in response to your musk. You can’t help but smile seeing your mate get so worked up and [silly|preg|breed] ready. From the sway of her hips and how much her tail is bouncing around. She looks about one pounce away from just impaling herself on your [pc.hasCocks|[pc.cocks|][pc.cock] and getting a herd full of lambs in her belly.

“Good!” she cheeps, nuzzling against your rut-scented fuck meat, eyes glazed with pure need for your [pc.ra] breed-seed. “I feel so warm and tingly whenever you’re in rut, so make sure you always come home whenever you’re needy. I’ll happily take every drop of your sperm.”

She punctuates every word by slowly grinding her tongue across your [pc.hasCocks|cocks in quick, adoring strokes, making sure both are given equal attention|[pc.cock] in quick, adoring strokes]. Her loving ministrations force out a deep, satisfied grunt from you. One last tease before the main event.

]

}

Your balls ache and throb more than ever after her love-filled assault. They churn with more and more seed as she coats them with saliva. That lingering warmth only intensifies your desire for release. She finally wraps her cool hands around your diamond-hard fuck meat, gripping the base of [pc.hasCocks|both your cocks|your cock].

[pc.hasCocks

|Eyeing down your twin shafts, she looks contemplative, as if she doesn’t know where to start. Instead of choosing one over the other, she starts to stroke and love both with her small, deft hands. Your paired rods grow and firm under her caress and much-needed love. They pulsate and throb in her hands, only fueling her excitement at their response to her touch. [pc.Cockrange 3 21|Her fingers glide effortlessly around your [pc.cock], she grips and massages it with just the right amount of pressure to send multiple, racing shutters throughout your body.|She takes it one step at a time. Her fingers can’t hope to fit around the sheer size of your herculean girth. Yet she remains determined to love and

worship every inch of your vast breeding stick.] She strokes it eagerly, trying her best to message and milk you for all your worth.

Its companion isn't neglected either. With equal passion, she strokes your second cock, sending the nerves in every ridge and vein into overdrive beneath her touch. The half-elf doesn't waver, stroking and teasing both lengths with equal love. [pc.cockRangeOther 3 21]Your [pc.cockOther] fits perfectly into her hand, not an overwhelming size for the determined, little sheep to handle.[Your [pc.cockOther] is monstrous in sheer size and length. Especially when compared to her lithe and tight frame. The half-elf remains firm and loving as she tries her best to stroke and pleasure every inch of your cocks.] Her efforts are rewarded when two thick gobs of pre bead the tips of your pricks, with plenty more pearls to follow. She looks a little surprised, her eyes widening in delight before leaning in to lap up the offering. Her tongue swirls around your heads, licking them clean. She savors the taste of your [pc.cumType] before she greedily speeds up her strokes. She wants more, craves it—No, she demands it!— and you are more than happy to let her work for that fat, creamy load of [pc.name] cum she deserves.

She alternates between both your shafts. She leans in and locks her lips around the tip of your [pc.cockNoun], while still stroking your other [pc.cockOther]. She sucks and swishes her tongue all over, up and down your length. Sucking and consuming every bit of pre she can coax out. It quickly becomes apparent that this isn't enough for her. She abandons trying to stroke both your cocks and instead takes the plunge. [She begins to stroke your [pc.cock], your slab of meat finally getting some much-needed love, it pulsates and throbs in her hand, only fueling her excitement as your [pc.cockType] rod stiffens further under her touch. [pc.Cockrange 3 21]Her fingers glide effortlessly around your [pc.cock], she grips and massages it with just the right amount of pressure to send multiple, racing shudders throughout your body.[She takes it one step at a time. Her fingers can't hope to fit around the sheer size of your herculean girth. Yet she remains determined to love and worship every inch of your vast breeding stick.]

Not a single vein to ridge is spared as the nerves in your prick are sent into overdrive from her worship. The she-elf doesn't waver, stroking and teasing your length with intense love. Her efforts are rewarded with a thick gob of pre beading from the tip of your [pc.cockNoun], with plenty more pearls to follow. She looks a little surprised, her eyes widening in delight before leaning in to lap up the offering. Her tongue swirls around your head, licking it clean. She savors your [pc.cumType] before she greedily speeds up her strokes. She wants more, craves it—No, she demands it!— and you are more than happy to let her work for that fat, creamy load of [pc.name] cum she deserves.

]

She presses her dainty mouth to your [pc.cockhead] and takes you in, moaning as each inch slides over her tongue and into her throat. [pc.Cockrange 3 8 16 28

[She presses forward, [pc.hasCockType equine]taking your medial ring and]not stopping until she reaches [pc.hasKnot|the top of your knot|your hilt], immediately sealing her lips

around it and sucking kissing with little moans as she looks up at you with her adoring, lavender eyes.

[She takes your impressive length, her throat tightening around you in its vice-like folds.[pc.hadCockType equine] She pauses only briefly at your medial ring, suckling and kissing before gliding her lips over it.] Your determined lover has to stop and back off with a gag every so often, but an encouraging moan from you has her making her way inch by inch until she's reached your [pc.knot].

[She struggles at first, your immense size too much to take at once. She only makes it about one third of your length before stopping to just suck and lick your [pc.cockNoun]. Xy's velvet neck muscles tighten around what cock she has managed to swallow. She moans and drools, pulling back slightly and grinding you against the back of her throat before impaling herself on your slathered rod once more. You watch in admiration as her shaft sinks halfway into that exotic, half-breed mouth of hers.[pc.hasCockType equine] Your medial ring presses against her mouth and you fear that the pulsing, swollen ridge might be too much, but she groans and takes a breath through her nose before sliding her lips over it.] Lips stretched and cheeks puffed up and packed full, her eyes roll back into her head, a reminder of just how much fuckmeat she is taking on right now.

[There's no way your unnatural phallus is going to fit into that body of hers, it's practically as big as she is. The half-breed sheep-girl shows that her elven side, at least, is willing to prove that it's nature's cocksleeve as she gurgles and gags until you begin to grind into her esophagus. Her velvet-soft throat muscles constrict around you like a moist vise. She only makes it halfway down your length[pc.hasCockType equine], just managing to kiss and suckle at your medial ring] before she moans and can't take anymore. She drags her head back and little and keeps throating you, but it's clear that the little sheep has reached her limit. By the Seven! If she doesn't moan and worship that ungodly length of [pc.ra] meat like she's an addict, though!

]

[pc.hasKnot][pc.cockRange 3 28]Your lover lingers at the top of your knot, Her lips part and slide a little way over the engorged bulb, pressing and kissing it as her tongue flicks against the swollen knot. This only fuels your desire to tie her.[You'd love to knot your wooly cocksleeve, but there's no way she can take your length. Your useless knot throbs achingly even as your heart races and your [pc.hasBalls][pc.balls][loins] churn with heat.] Her mouth is cool like a soothing midnight breeze, making you all the more eager to have as much of yourself inside her as possible to quench your inner fire.

She takes a moment to adjust, her tongue swirling around your [pc.cockNoun] as she gets used to your taste and size. Her eyes look upward at you lovingly yet also filled with total submission, begging for more. A soft, needy whimper rumbles around your prick as she tilts her head slightly, pushing one of her horns onto your leg. Nudging you to take control and guide her, to fully claim her.

You do exactly what she wants, wrapping your [pc.hands] around her burnished, spiraling horns. Taking a firm grip, you feel their smooth, well-maintained texture beneath your fingers. She shudders for just a moment but her posture relaxes as she loosens her neck muscles. It seems

the tiny sheep really gets a kick out of you taking charge. There's an obvious, submissive thrill running through her body when she no longer has to worry about what to do. Wasting no time, you begin to guide her movements, gently easing her up and down your length while also sliding your hips back and forth. You get a slow, steady rhythm going, dragging her all the way back until her thin, pink lips stretch around your [pc.cockhead] before you pull her all the way back [pc.CockRange 3 28]down your shaft. She's gagging and licking at every inch of meat you're feeding her|until you feel her bottom out on your unnatural cock. There's still ample meat left untasted], but she's just a tiny thing, and you want to make sure she leaves room for her dessert.

Your [pc.cock] gleams with her spit and your cloudy pre every time she draws back and you gaze down at her closed eyes as you guide her by the horns.[pc.hasCocks|Every time you pull her closer, along your shaft, your loose [pc.otherCock] presses into her neck fleece and down between her modest, budding tits. Her fantastic platinum wool is both plush and soft. It would be warm and insulating if it weren't holding the chill of being so close to her icy, boreal skin, but it still feels spectacular on your bare flesh.] She reaches both hands up and wraps her dye-stained fingers around the base of your [pc.hasCocks][pc.cocks], stroking each one with gentle caresses|[pc.cock] and curls her fingers back and forth in a gentle caress.]

[pc.hasCocks|With your second, [pc.cockOther] pushing into her tiny breasts she [pc.cockRangeOther 3 21

|works your dangling shaft in slow, mesmerizing strokes. Each one causing you to throb with more and more urgency than the last as she continues worshipping the throbbing cock buried in her lips.

|hugs your massive shaft and wiggles her chest, rubbing her modest, little A-cups back and forth, frigging her hard, protruding nipples across your cumvein. Her soft, woolen fleece tickles and caresses the base while the cool flesh of her tits and belly makes you bounce your ankles as a familiar sensation of urgent anxiety builds in your [pc.balls]. She works her arms up and down your length like she was [silly|trying to slide up and down a fireman's pole|hugging a fencepost]. Each stroke sends waves of mind-breaking pleasure as she continues sucking and gagging on the cock you've buried in her mouth. Her half-lidded eyes are amethyst pools of lust-drunk determination and desire to thoroughly milk you from both cocks.

]

]

You can tell the little sheep is growing anxious herself as she sucks and caresses your [pc.cocks]. Working [pc.hasCocks|both your cocks| your cock], especially when she's putting all her effort into it, is tiring, but that's not the whole story. She's getting needy –impatient. She's not interested in bringing you to a slow boil or edging you to the brink and keeping you there. This breed-crazed sheep wants your seed and she wants it now! Gazing down her back with every frantic bob of her horned head in your grasping hands, you see her tail is fluttering fast enough to be a veritable blur. Her eyes flash open and she locks them onto yours, pure lust and love running rampant in those captivating orbs. Picking up the pace, her lips seal tighter and she

works her tongue more frantically around your shaft, causing you to buck your hips to match her speed while maintaining a hold on her curving horns. The wet, slapping sound of your aching-hard dick claiming, and being claimed, by her fertile, salivating mouth almost has you [pc.dcb|growl in possessive desire|cry out in lust|whimper in sheer, air-headed abandon] for this dedicated, cock-worshipping [pc.isDK|slut|woman].[pc.hasCocks|While her dusky, blue breasts are scarcely more than firm, little bumps, she's determined to grind your shaft across her tight chest [pc.cockRangeOther 28|and tummy] until you explode hot cum all over the front of her.]

The boreal chill of her mouth and the breath coming from her nostrils fights with the [pc.inRut|breed-crazy|intense] heat pulsating throughout your loins. She sucks, licks, and worships every inch of your [pc.cockNoun] until you're almost driven mad with the contrasting feelings and the sound of every satisfying, wet slurp that happily fills your ears as she bobs her head in sync with your guiding motions. Her cute, plum-flushed cheeks hollow with every suck, striving to coax out more of your ever-thickening, creamy pre. The frost-laden woman happily gulps down every drop[pc.HasCocks] as she works your free, downward-pressing [pc.cockOther] firmly between her perky tits as thick beads of pre leak onto her belly, some of the [pc.cumColor] drops even trailing all the way down over her shaved mons].

Xy's poor face is an absolute mess of saliva freely spilling out from her mouth, cascading past her chin in glistening strains. You'd think she was starving urchin and your [pc.ra] rod was a three-course meal being prepared behind glass. Everytime you bob her head, a fresh trickle escapes the corners of her mouth before dribbling into her fleece and flushed chest. The lewd display is nothing compared to the streams of needy nectar eagerly leaking from her frozen nether lips. Even though her sublime, ivory thigh fur catches most of it and gleams like crystalline beads of dewdrops, there's still a puddle of blatant, sexual need pooled around her knees. She doesn't even seem aware of the mess she's making as she continues to worship and suck your cock. Her mind is focused on this devotion, this one task only, and the vision of glistening drops of your pre, mixed with her saliva, flying everywhere and landing onto her perky tits is yours alone to memorize.

[pc.hasCocks|She's still stroking your dangling, [pc.cockOther] [pc.cockRangeOther 3 16 28 |, easily sliding it against her slickened, waifish chest.

|.The sheer size and mass of your cock easily thrusts down the length of her waifish chest and rubs against her light-blue belly.

|. Your unnaturally massive shaft simultaneously rubs through her neck fleece, between the gentle cups of her waifish breasts, and down her belly. The top of your swollen cockhead rubs against her pubic mound and she rocks her hips forward to smear her chill, feminine juices against you. You're so hard now that your secondary shaft is practically trying to lift her up with how erect it's grown.

]] Your lover is eager to worship [pc.hasCocks|both] your breeding [pc.hasCocks|sticks|stick] and she moves her body in rhythm with your guiding motions. You can feel her chill wool mixed with her wet skin. [pc.hasCocks

|She slides up and down your extra shaft while sucking your [pc.cock] and the feeling is otherworldly. Her wool and skin make fine tools to pleasure your second cock, as her

hard nipples push into your hot, eager flesh. Every motion your [pc.cockHeadOther] can feel her needy nether lips. The sheer chill and feminine nectar drooling out of her honey pot makes you twitch and ache more with the need to release.] Gods, the soothing chill radiating off her body is intoxicating. [pc.hasCocks|As you fuck both her tits and mouth, y|Y]ou can feel her womb churn with an overwhelming cold. This breed needy sheep's ovaries must be going into overdrive just by getting a proper whiff of your musk. [pc.hasCocks|With every thrust into her petite chest, you can feel the needy chill of her body. Her smooth yet slick flesh and the cascading cold of her churning womb combine to properly pleasure your vast [pc.cockOther].] Her tail is a blur, so lost in her love that it wags like it's caught in a heavy snowstorm. Her energy is nigh boundless as she focuses on getting your creamy, lamb-making load.

Your sheep girl doesn't forget about your [pc.balls], moving one of her hands to squeeze and rub your aching [pc.hasBalls|sack. They happily respond, still slick with spit from earlier they churn and plusate. Filling with more and more seed, your [pc.isVirile|impregnating|impotent] swimmers go feral, bouncing around your orbs with immense desire to fill and claim her holes|pleasure button].

[pc.hasCocks|Tapping your leg, she murmurs softly around your shaft. Letting up, you slowly pull her off your [pc.cockNoun]. She gasps, catching her breath. Taking a deep whiff, she takes hold of your neglected [pc.cockOther]. [pc.hasCocks|[pc.cockOther range 21|Pulling it from her drool covered chest, she stops her titjob. While her modest chest did well to pleasure your other shaft. It's about time she gave it some proper treatment.] Opening her maw once more, she greedily takes your other cock into her chilly lips. Slowly she [pc.hasKnotOther|reaches your bitch breaker, ears twitching and her throat once again gaped open from your knotted prick. Acacia nips and sucks at your [pc.knotOther]|reaches your hilt once again.] You can't help but let out a moan, this whole time your [pc.cockOtherNoun] has been somewhat neglected. She seems eager to rectify this as she slurps down on your other meat pole. Bobbing up and down just like she did for your [pc.cockNoun], she sucks and worships every inch of your length. Taking her by the horns once again, you guide her motions up and down your second cock. She takes it in stride, happily draining you for all your worth and more. [pc.cockRangeOther 3 21|She's able to take all your size easily, swirling her tongue all around your [pc.cockOtherNoun] to make sure every inch is sucked and loved.]Despite her effort to take your entire vast shaft. She struggles to lavish and suck on the vast size of your [pc.cockOtherNoun]. Still, she's devoted to you, swirling her tongue around frantically and sucking with more passion than before. She's not giving up until every inch of your cocks are loved and marked by her.]

Her dedicated cocksucking and worship have picked away at your resistance. She can feel your [pc.hasCocks|[pc.cockNounOther] twitch and ache with the need for release, throbbing and twitching more and more with every passing second. Tapping your leg once again, you manage to pop her off your [pc.cockOther] and impale her on your original cock once again.[pc.Cock] twitch and ache with the need for release. Sensing your approaching orgasm she lets out a needy moan that vibrates all around your [pc.cockNoun].] [pc.hasKnot|[pc.cockRange 3 16 28

[She takes every inch of you with loving delight, eventually reaching your [pc.knot].

[She struggles and gags until she manages to take every inch of you with determined delight.

[She takes several impressive inches, her thin lips kissing and devouring as much of you as she can. Unfortunately, your length is just too much for the little sheep girl and bottoms out and gags helplessly with a good handful of your meat left unattended. She whines and bobs her head, sending thrilling quivers through you regardless, but there seems little to be done for it.

]

Much like the rest of your twitching member, your breeding bulb aches and throbs with the need for climax. [pc.isDK|Forcing|Guiding] her with a firm grip on her horns, [pc.cockRange 3 28]you knot her, the primal knock-up tool finally serving its purpose. It locks her in place as her cheeks puff up. She's now at your full mercy.[you grunt and moan encouragingly as she devotes herself to lavishing your monstrous phallus, her slitted lavender eyes gazing longingly at your needy, untouched knot just beyond her lips' reach.]]

[She takes every inch of you with loving delight, eventually reaching [pc.cockRange 3 28]your hilt.[her limit. She's impaled fully on your tremendous shaft but there's no way she can fit your gargantuan tool into that tiny body of hers.]]

[[pc.cock] twitch and ache with the need for release. Sensing your approaching orgasm, she lets out a needy moan that vibrates all around your [pc.cockNoun]. Knowing what she wants, you force her down. [pc.hasKnot|[pc.cockRange 3 28]She takes every inch of you with loving delight, eventually reaching your [pc.knot]]She takes several impressive inches, her thin lips kissing and devouring as much of you as she can. Unfortunately, your length is just too much for the little sheep girl and bottoms out and gags helplessly with a good handful of your meat left unattended. She whines and bobs her head, sending thrilling quivers through you regardless, but there seems little to be done for].]

Much like the rest of your twitching member, your breeding bulb aches and throbs with the need for climax. [pc.cockRange 3 28]Forcing her down, you knot her, the primal knock-up tool finally serving its purpose. Extending and twitching it locks her in place as her cheeks puff up. She's now at your full mercy.[You grunt and moan encouragingly as she devotes herself to lavishing your monstrous phallus, her slitted purple eyes gazing longingly at your needy, untouched knot just beyond her lips' reach.]]She takes every inch of you with loving delight, eventually reaching [pc.cockRange 3 28]your hilt.[her limit. She's impaled fully on your tremendous shaft but there's no way she can fit your gargantuan tool into that tiny body of hers.]

]

Every vein on your [pc.cocks] bulge[s/s] and grow[s/s], your climax now due, and your seed is demanding to be released into holes one way or another. A moan escapes your lips as your loins tighten and a last painfully needy throb coursing throughout your body. Your [pc.hasBalls|[pc.inRut|breed-frenzied|[pc.cumType]-filled] balls start swelling with your seed[orgasm builds to a fevered state]. [pc.hasBalls|Bouncing around in your churning [pc.balls], it explodes forth from your sack.] [pc.cum vol 1000 20000|Salty seed floods her mouth

as she moans in delight. You empty your entire load right into her stomach, giving her a well earned reward. A sea of hot, sexual fluid floods her mouth as she stutters and moans in pure bliss, trying to swallow it all down. But your output is mythic and you just keep cumming and cumming. With the monstrous amount of [pc.ra] seed being emptied right into her stomach, the Baranian half-breed's belly swells to a rounded paunch. And still, your churning [pc.hasBalls][pc.balls][loins] aren't even close to being done. Acacia can barely keep up, her eyes are closed and you suspect they've rolled up into her head as her stretched lips keep as tight a seal around your [pc.cockNoun] as she can. She shudders blissfully and lets out little, quivering moans as her stomach expands, growing from a baby bump to a full massive orb. Gods, you've fucked enough seed into her tummy you can easily imagine her pregnant with your children! [pc.hasCocks] While her mouth lovingly drains your sheathed tool for all its [pc.ra] seed, your extra [pc.cockOther] happily finds release as well. Angled firmly between her A-cup breasts, your other cock sympathetically [pc.cockRangeOther 3 16 28] paints her chest with [pc.cum] paints her chest and belly with [pc.cum] erupts with pleasure. Your massive length is well down her front and your seed paints her crotch and wooly thighs as she moans and strokes you with both her hands, grinding you against her chest and belly.] She's lost in her own orgasm as well, continuing to moan and murmur as she cums her brains out. All while you continue to flood her throat.

[pc.cockRange 28][rand]"Mm-mmff," she whimpers, bobbing on your [pc.cockType] leviathan. Even unable to take all that massive meat inside, she's gulping and sucking like a mindless whore. You let out a slow groan as you gaze down at your determined, sheep [pc.isDK][slut][lover], with a good portion of your ungodly shaft still unsheathed and unloved by her lips. The lust-drunk Baranian is bobbing and twisting her head as she strives to make up for her failure to claim you entirely. You groan with pleasure as you gaze down at your struggling sheep-girl. She's barely halfway down your shaft, unable to swallow your perverse length. Still, as she bobs her head in your grasp and rubs those chill lips of hers at what she's claimed, her moans have gotten deeper—throatier.] Those beautiful lavender eyes of hers slide half-open, looking lost and dim as she suddenly shudders from a wave of pleasure and you swear you see them flash with determination, fairly glowing... Your hands reflexively clench around her horns as you feel a deep, thrumming sensation starting at the tip of your buried cock and rolling all the way up your shaft, as though her throat muscles were kneading and squeezing you while simultaneously sucking you deeper inside, but that would be impossible. She doesn't have enough torso to contain you! Your arm muscles lock in a moment of confusion as you're unsure if you should pull her closer or try to hold her back, but it's undeniable that her wet, cum-soaked lips are taking you deeper. Her breath is slow and cold on the top of your bare dick as she keeps her eyes focused on her goal, your [pc.knot]. Even though your sudden ejaculation has softened your shaft a little, it still shouldn't be possible, but you watch as those suckling, pink lips kiss all the way to your [pc.knot] and seal tightly around it. Only then does she let out a shuddering moan and her eyes close once more.] Acacia can only grab onto your legs as her body-shaking orgasm runs its course. Her frozen honeypot gushing streams of her womanly nectar. Eventually, both your orgasms run their course. She breathes softly around your [pc.cockNoun][pc.hasKnot] and breeding bulb, exhaustedly waiting for your seed stopper to deflate., regaining her strength before attempting to detach herself from your meat pole.] Her

cool breath practically steams your crotch from all the warm jizz you've filled her with. Finally, she pulls herself free of your cock[pc.cockRange 28], her own eyes widening in shock as she sees all [pc.cockInches] of you[silly|r anaconda] come free].

You finally release your grip on her horns as she stands up shakily and wipes some of your cum from her face. She sucks at her lower lip and fidgets before she finally turns her eyes to look at you. [pc.cum vol 20000|Acacia simply cradles her cum-filled belly, now an enormous, rounded orb. She looks nine months pregnant with how much seed you've pumped into her.] The frosty sheep doesn't say anything, instead letting her tired, post-sex body speak for her with trembling muscles, heaving breaths, and veritable hearts in her eyes. Without any words, she butts her head gently into your [pc.chest] and softly pushes you onto the bed, pulling the blanket across your tired bodies. Cuddling up, she pulls you into a tight hug, entwining your bodies together[pc.hasCocks] and smearing some of the cum of your second cock shot all over her against your belly. It's still warm, but rapidly cooling on her skin.] You [rand|practically bust another nut|shudder in sensitive pleasure|thrill at the surprising jolt of pleasure] when Acacia's perky little tits, with their firm, still-aroused nipples brush against your chest.

"[rand|I've never done this with anyone else|I love your [pc.cocks]]|[pc.hasCocks|These cocks are|This cock is] mine]," she murmurs softly as she locks her lavender eyes onto yours, love and devotion swimming in them.

You both happily stay like this, eventually drifting off to sleep in each other's arms.

[NEXT]

```
// {acacia.lustRange} -2
// Move to Merge scene.
// Advance time 2 hours.
// Apply normal orgasm effects to Champ (reduced cum volume, etc.).
```

Cuddle

```
// Tooltip: 'Snuggle with your sheep-girl—a tender, endearing moment{acacia.lustRange 7}, but she does have that look in her eyes..}'
// Must be mates with Acacia to see this scene
```

Acacia fairly squirms with joy at the loving proposition. The little half-breed {acacia.lustRange 0 7|wiggles happily|grinds her luscious posterior against you} at the thought of cuddling with you. You have to {acacia.lustRange 0 7|rest one hand firmly on her hip to keep her from slipping off.|slide one arm around her neck and gently ease her back into reality, before she bounces anymore on your groin.} Her sheepfolk nature kicks in and she lets out a soft bleat at your assertiveness. You can feel the cold chill of her breath on the [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] of your arms. Xy's tail gently brushes against your waist, teasing you ever so slightly while she bites her lip and gives you a{acacia.lustRange 7|n obviously feigned} look of innocence.

When you fully encircle her in your arms and nuzzle into her neck, her expression does an immediate flip. A dreamy, joyous serenity washes over her bluish face. She gently taps your forearms and inches closer, gazing [pc.heightRange 72|up] into your [pc.eyes].

"I thought you would **never** ask, my sweetie," she says, moving her hands to start gently caressing the outside of your thighs, squeezing your leg muscles. "I'd love to just cuddle with you here on the sofa. {first time|My mate deserves the feel of my fleece after all|I love nothing more than smothering you in my fleece}. Feel how lucky you are!"

Her joy is infectious. You can't help but smile to yourself and plant a kiss on her chilly cheek. Her face is now engulfed in a faint, purple blush as you commit to the cuddling. "Sheepfolk must really like drowning their loved ones in a sea of wooly fluffiness," you say, this sentiment backed up by how she continues to grind her hips across your lap, ostensibly pretending to snuggle deeper into your arms.

{first time|She cocks her head in confusion from your statement, "That's rather stran-Oh right, people up here wouldn't really know about our customs back home. Us sheepfolk tend to cuddle loved ones, making it a point using our wool. Some people did it with friends and stuff but I've only done it with you."|"You know [pc.name], we really should cuddle more. It makes me feel better when I've got you all close and enveloped in my wool."} Fidgeting a little, she ceases her light grinding and starts to strip. Pulling off her shirt and unhooking her bra she reveals her small tits to you.

"I just wanna unclothe to free up my wool," she states. "It's always pushed down and contained by my clothing and if you can't feel every inch of my fleece then it really isn't cuddling!" Continuing to remove more of her clothing, no doubt to increase the wool to skin ratio. Xy invites you to claim her body. You run your fingers over her breasts and in the same motion idly run down her sides and waist through her platinum strains of wool to her panties. Hooking your thumbs onto the sides, you quickly pull them down to fully unclothe your wooly elf. Her sharp ears twitch and her nude body lets her fleece puff out unrestricted.

She plants a small kiss on your forehead, letting you get a good look at her body before giving you a gesture to pull her deeper into the cuddle.

Taking your lover's invitation, you scoop her up and lay down softly together on the sofa. You spoon together with her back against you. She snuggles up happily, pushing her luxurious, chilly fleece into your chest and neck. As you both get comfortable, you're blissfully trapped in a tomb of ivory snow-wool, inhaling cool, bracing gusts of her winter's morning scent. You hold her securely in your arms, her rebellious tail wagging at exuberant speeds across your stomach. {acacia.lustRange 0 7 9

|She lets out a happy little sigh. "I really do like this," she says simply, hugging your arms.

[She lets out a slow sigh, and you feel a palpable relaxation run through her. “I needed this, [pc.name],” she says, turning her face a little to glance at you. “It’s just been so long since anyone’s really held me like this.”

[Though she’s quiet and laying in your arms, you can feel the tension in her body. Her tail isn’t the only indicator, it’s the subtle way her ass rocks a little as she gently grinds her thighs together. She’s pent-up and needy, and you can feel her lithe, little body like a coiled bronze spring.

} You make sure to give her extra gentle caresses and light whispers in her ear, telling her how amazing her wool feels and how she fits just right in your arms.

You want to kiss Acacia, but you can’t quite reach her face, being lost in the blizzard of her wool and pigtails. You settle for a horn instead, planting a big, old kiss on her left-most one. Which in turn only invokes a small, happy bleat from her.

Now fully committed to the embrace, you both take simple joy in the quiet closeness. You can’t see it, but you sense her smile as she hugs your arms over her belly and lets her wool caress you elsewhere. It’s divinely soft, like hugging a pillow of clouds, though you doubt any cloud could compare. It’s chilly to the touch, but not freezing. Like a cool, night breeze after a hot summer day. The ivory strands curl out and shine like snowflakes in the light.

Wordlessly, your partner reaches down and pulls your leg up over hers, resting it on her woolly thigh. She returns her hands to your arms, playing her fingertips along your [pc.skinFurScales] as you slowly rub circles on her tummy and gently cup her breasts. She coos and lets out another pleased, sighing bleat, held in your embrace. [pc.heightRange 72]Despite the [pc.heightRange 90]sheer] difference in height, you both fit perfectly together.] Her wool covers most of your body and invokes that sheepfolk snuggle magic, the tingling goodness happily spreading across your body. She fits next to you like the final piece of a puzzle, radiating her chilling love.

Time passes easily like this, minutes stretching out to an hour. Acacia is a blissfully-sighing [silly]noodle[bundle] of gelid sheep-girl in your arms—happy, loved, and attended to.[pc.hasCock]{acacia.lustRange 6}You could leave now and she’d be happy, content, and soothed... but you also know that you could quell her needs in a way that satisfies [pc.dcb]your own|you both|your own horny, bimbofied desires]. And you know she’s {acacia.lustRange 9}such a ball of Baranian breed-lust right now that you could rail her|just horny enough not to care if you take her} right here on her sitting room couch}.]

[Extricate] [Escalate]

// ‘Extricate’ tooltip: End the snuggle tenderly.

// ‘Extricate’ reduces {acacia.lustRange} by 2.

// ‘Escalate’ requires cock or is invisible.

// ‘Escalate’ requires {acacia.lustRange 6} or grayed out. ‘She isn’t horny enough for this.’

// ‘Escalate’ tooltip: ‘Turn up the heat on your chilly sheep.’

Extricate

It was an amazing cuddle but all good things must come to an end.

With a sigh, you slowly extricate yourself from the sleepy half-breed. She mutters a little, rolling in your arms as you slide over her to your feet. {acacia.lustRange 0 4 8

|Her barbell eyes lazily land on you, with love budding in them. "Be safe, sweetie... I love you," she says with a groggy tone as she extends her arms in a gesture for a goodbye hug.

|She looks a little surprised, her eyes searching yours with a soothed, but still present lust in them. "You're leaving already?" she asks, getting up and interlocking your hands together. "Why don't you stay a little longer. I could use a little more attention...around the house."

|Her eyes flash open with cunning determination and she wraps her arms around your torso in a burst of energy, pulling your face into her flat chest. Any somnambulance now replaced with raw energy. "Leaving already? We could cuddle more, my [pc.race]."

}

{acacia.lustRange 0 4 8

|She is just adorable. Leaning in, you pull her into one last hug and kiss her on the forehead. "Don't do anything dumb out there." she says, her eyes lazily flickering as she caresses your face. "I don't wanna see you crawling back home all torn up and bruised."

You promise you won't do anything <i>too</i> reckless before opening the door and stepping out onto the streets of Hawkethorne.

|She's much calmer, but you can tell she's still a little needy. The cuddling and doting did help, though. The simple, honest time spent sharing affection and loving touches has relaxed her body and brought a tranquil beauty to her face. It seems that doubling down on the cuddle mindset was just as good. You make a mental note to visit her soon though, a good shepherd prevents [pc.mf|his|her] sheep from getting too needy.

Pulling her in, you give her one last hug and kiss before leaving. The woman's lust is still there, just diminished and buried beneath all that mental conditioning. Xy's tail lazily dances from side to side as you give her wooly rump one last caress. "Alright, my mate," she says, her normally smooth voice tinged in an undertone of satisfaction. "I could use your attention a little more honey but be safe and come home soon. Oh and don't do anything crazy."

Reassuring her, you say goodbye and step out onto the streets of Hawkethorne.

|She reinforces her words as your face is smothered in her tiny tits and neck fleece, Acacia's semi-hard nipples glide over your cheeks. With the faint scent of breed-needy sheep nectar slowly invading your nostrils while your poor head is manhandled by your wooly love. She slowly batters your head in her chest and her meager little bleats are the only thing you can feel or hear. "Cuddling with you...really helped me sweetie." She coos, moving your head downward, the source of the musk is answered when you see her

frozen honeypot. Your cuddling and spoiling of the sheepgirl currently did a chunk into the mountain of her needs but there is work still to be done. Acacia's dark-blue nether lips are still wet with a faint lingering desire, drooling with an ever so tempting feminine nectar. She lets out a noticeable sigh, feeling her chest expand with the embrace. "Stay a little longer, we could...fuc-cuddle in the bedroom. Just relax a little longer." she says with a soft bleat, lovingly stroking your [pc.hair].

While you would love to satisfy her request and spend more time with her, your travels call. Cuddles should suffice for today, you can tell she's far more relaxed and at ease than before. She isn't fully manhandling you nor grinding against you like a sheep in heat. After a few more minutes of calming her down, you eventually peel off the half-breed. Your words break through and Xy is convinced to let you go. Promising the half-elf you both can do whatever she wants next time you're home.

"Don't-Don't do anything stupid, my mate. I love you and come back soon." she bleats out, giving you one last kiss under your jaw. Making a mental note to yourself, best to visit soon. The cuddle helped her needs but she could do with a little more attention. A good shepherd dotes on his cute sheepgirls. Kissing her back, you give her a nice playful smack on her wooly butt before waving goodbye. Acacia shivers from your loving touch, the wooly woman giving you one last somber bleat into your ear before leaving as she waves goodbye. Tail wagging with adoration for your next visit.

}

[Leave]

// Move Champ to tile outside Acacia's Home. Pass 1 hour

Escalate

// Tooltip: Turn up the heat on your chilly sheep.

// Champ requires cock.

// Acacia must have lustRange 6 or higher.

Acacia's breathing has calmed and she's happily sighing in your arms. The touch of her luxurious wool and the closeness of her body has turned your own thoughts to carnal desire, however. As if sensing your[pc.dcb] deviously dark and ravenous| lewd, naughty|, frankly predictable, oversexed| thoughts, she turns her face just enough to peek one eyelid open and let the corner of her thin, pink lips curve into a mischievous smile.

You let one of your hands trail down her belly until your fingertips stroke over the bump of her frosty mons and lightly play across her moist vaginal lips. {acacia.lustRange 6 8 10
|The quivering woman's pussy is moist and ready, her feminine juices are cool and slick on your fingers and she clenches her athletic thighs together just enough to hold your hand in place for a few more stolen seconds before letting you free. Now she refocuses her efforts to ever so slightly push her wooly rear into you.

[That sexual caress elicits just the response you were hoping for. A sigh of relieved delight and a subtle roll of her hips that presses your palm fully against her swollen, dark-blue orchid. The beads of needy arousal coating her petals begin to flow in glistening drops down her thigh to pool in lewd, damp spots on the couch. She tightens her thighs against your hand and, even though the slickness of her feminine juices would let you pull free easily, you indulge her in a few more moments of tender caresses with your fingertips.

[Her response is rather explicit and undeniable, she's fully engulfed in her need to mate and copulate with you. The brisk fragrance of the boreal woman in your arms invigorates you with every inhalation, but [pc.ra kitsune lupine vulpine|your keen senses easily|you faintly] detect the mind-clouding tang of ready desire and pheromones wafting from her now-gushing loins.

"Yesss, finally!" she hisses out through her teeth. "Took you long enough." She places one hand atop yours and presses you deeper between her thighs. Your fingers glide easily across her wet, swollen pussy lips, slick with arousal as she guides you back and forth. Acacia's moistened thigh muscles clench involuntarily with every touch and the slow, wet schlick of your strokes almost hides her quickened breath and the increasing rhythm of her heartbeat as she presses back against your chest. [pc.isBimbo|Your oversexed brain is no match for the siren call of a woman in need and your already cloudy|You've been called many things[pc.isDK|—cold-hearted, distant, callous—] but you're not made of stone, and your] thoughts start to swim as your blood rushes from one head to [pc.hasMagiccock|your tingling pussy, where your enchanted clit-ring pulses with sympathetic need|another entirely]. The eager, little half-breed can't help but softly bleat in anxious anticipation as her drooling pussy soaks the sofa in an ocean of frozen lust.

}

That's all the encouragement you need. You feel the stirring in your nethers, teased to the brink by the steady, insistent brushing of her tail against your crotch. You need to fuck this woman right here. Right now! And she wants it as badly as you do.

With single-minded determination, you lean up to push past her elegant fleece and steal a kiss. She turns into your lips, narrowly missing you with her curving horn, to {acacia.lustRange 6 8 10|eagerly return it with passion|match your fervor with her own. You'd swear if she wasn't half frost elf, she'd be emanating heat like a furnace from the passion of her kisses|to hungrily match every kiss with a nibbling suck and panting moan}. Acacia's bare body is an absolute delight and it's only moments before you feel your [pc.hasBalls|balls|body] aching with need. The only problem being that you're still clothed. With a quick motion, you roll her onto her belly on the couch and rise up until you can strip off your clothing, freeing your chest to the air and, more importantly, your [pc.hasCocks|[pc.cock]|twin, sheep-breeding shafts].[pc.hasMagiccock| The arcane construct emanating from your enchanted clit-ring tenses, tingling at the touch of air and rising to full prominence as it merges with your most sensitive nerves and becomes a living extension of your body.]

Acacia is on her elbows and knees on the couch, facing away from you as you [pc.cockRange 3 12 28|lean forward and let your [pc.hasCocks|throbbing meatspears|[pc.hasMagiccock|ethereal|twitching] meatpole] rest on|let your sizable [pc.coocks]

slap onto|let your ponderous, pillar[pc.hasCocks|s] of meat drop heavily onto] her upraised ass. You brace one leg up onto the couch and rock your hips slowly, grinding against the luscious curves of her asscheeks. Realizing what you're about to do, Acacia raises one leg up and extends it back, resting atop your thigh and hugging it back around your hip. You take hold of that leg for support and draw your hips back, dragging your shaft[pc.hasCocks|s] back until you're in position to fuck her needy, little pussy[pc.hasCocks| and tight asshole] just right.

No time to dilly-dally, you have a sheep-girl to satisfy!

You bring one hand up from her flank and curl your fingers around the base of her upraised, wool-tipped tail. You hold it firmly, but not enough to stop the energetic wagging as you press the tip of your [pc.hasCocks|cock into the tight, little star of her anus, causing her to gasp and stiffen as your secondary, [pc.cockOther]][pc.cockNoun] steadily forward until it] slips easily into her [pc.hasCocks|equally] narrow, femcum-slickened vagina. Letting her adjust for a second, you realize just how <i>absolutely</i> snug her breeding [pc.hasCocks|holes are|hole is]. [pc.hasCocks|Both her horny, lamb-making tunnel and tight sphincter coil around your twin members. Your [pc.cock] sits firmly in her bowels while your lower, [pc.cockOtherSimple] spreads her frozen peach.|Your [pc.cock] spreads open her pussy as you slide inch after inch inside her. The chill of her body only heightens your desire to fuck her harder rather than quelling your heat.] Gods, she must really have been pent up because she presses back into you with every thrust, impaling herself on your throbbing [pc.hasCocks|rods|rod] of [pc.raceShort] meat. Acacia wails in bliss as [pc.hasCocks|your twin shafts are stuffed firmly into her petite frame.|her near-virginal muscles get trained and further molded to the shape of the only [pc.manWoman] to ever know their embrace]. She babbles and buries her face into a couch pillow as her sexual needs are being met, and her tail turns up the speed as you bottom out inside her. [pc.hasKnot

|Your [pc.hasKnotOther|dual, primal sheepfolk knock-up bulbs smash|primal sheepfolk knock-up bulb smashes] against her[pc.hasKnotOther| glacial nether lips and dark blue cavern|frozen, little cunt]. [pc.hasKnotOther|Two holes,|Her pussy is] ripe and begging to be tied and claimed by you. Inch by inch you spread her open, eventually popping in. Her mons visually puffing out [pc.hasKnotOther|and tail arching upward as you seal her asshole]. Your bitch-plug swells with joyous speed to thoroughly claim her baby canal. Her labia stretching as the half-breeds spongy insides try to draw you in deeper.Causing another wave of pleasure to hit her body as she feels your [pc.hasKnotOther|dual, primal knock-up tools|primal knock-up tool] inside of her. Letting out a coo of pleasure yourself as her body suckles and convulses around the [pc.hasKnotOther|knots|knot] binding you together. It seems you thrust a little too hard inside her and now you're bound, not that she's complaining. Best to just give her what she wants and thoroughly knot-fuck her.

|From the tip to the hilt, you're fully sheathed in your wooly lover and she takes every inch of her mate with supreme bliss.Your [pc.hasBalls|[pc.balls]]hips] lightly smack into her [pc.hasBalls|thigh|ass], encouraging you to thrust and drive as many loads as you can into her. [pc.hasBalls|Feeling your [pc.balls] churn with need, your sperm bounce around in your sack, excited with a new goal in mind. A womb ripe for claiming. The thought of painting her

insides [pc.cumcolor] with your seed has your balls churning and your freshly-brewed soldiers lining up.
]

Giving Xy a nice smack on her half-elven butt, you lean in close and grind your crotch into her ass, making her moan. You let your warm breath play across her pointed, pink ear as you whisper into it, baiting her with how you're about to cram her full of baby batter.

"You horny, little [pc.dcb|slut|sheep|cutie]," you tease, punctuating every word with a hefty thrust. "You're desperate for my [pc.ra] seed, aren't you? Well, I'm about to fill you full with everything you desire."

Your horny, little lover grunts with every thrust into her from behind, her face burying into the couch cushion with each jolt of your hips.[pc.hasKnot|A wet pop sound being met with every thrust, as you put everything you've got and more into making sure you knot her with every fuck into [pc.hasCocks|those tight, velvety holes|that tight, velvety hole|.] Her upraised thigh rests atop your own, your leg braced onto the couch so you can <i>really</i> lean into her.

"Ooo," she moans out between the clapping of your hips. "You dirty, dirty [pc.raceCute]! This is where I have guests! This is uhhn!...where I meet clients!" You give her a quick thrust that almost has her biting the cushion as she bleats out, "Clementine and I gu-uh! shared cookies here just the other day!"

"Well, I guess I could stop..." you tease, sliding your [pc.hasCocks|twin cocks|cock] back until only the [pc.hasCocks|tips|tip] remain inside. Not surprisingly, she tightens her upraised leg around you and pulls you tighter in a way that has you certain you'd be cramping in her position.

"Don't you {acacia.lustRange 9|fucking }dare!"

Well, you heard the half-elf. Better give her what she wants. Slamming yourself back in, the blizzard that makes up her arctic pussy [pc.hasCocks|and asshole] quickly coils around your [pc.cocks] once more—that deliciously invigorating chill you covet so much. The wooly woman throws her head back as you keep pounding her into the sofa. Her staccato chorus of bleats from the steady pounding fills your ears as you repeatedly split her open with your [pc.hasCocks|twin shafts|hard, throbbing shaft].

"Baaa-I-I" she stutters and fumbles for words, Xy's poor brain has been overwhelmed and reverted to primal, submissive, sheepfolk instincts. Waves of pleasure rack her body and your mate squirms in the throes of passion as you pick up the pace of your thrusts. You arch your body over her, railing her into the couch. She raises one arm up behind her head and grabs you around the back of your neck.[pc.hasMane|She curls her dye-stained fingers into your mane lovingly.] Craning her head to the side, you see her violet eyes shining brightly with moisture as she cries—glistening tears of bliss running down her face

"I'm-maah...baaah...Gonna cum!" she screams out, voice cracking as her body tenses and her muscles clench in preparation for the impending climax building inside. Her inner muscles tighten with a possessive grip and her innate, arctic chill is starting to penetrate your body and sap your strength. Your [pc.hasCocks|paired sheep-breeding shafts are|sheep-breeding [pc.cockSimple] is] pounding with blood with every beat of your heart, no doubt warming your mewling lover. Her boreal aura has you feeling like you're fucking her with [pc.hasCocks|a pair of icicles|an icicle] attached to your crotch, but she's still absolutely loving getting railed from behind. You put yourself into this position, so you gather all your willpower and determination to see this through to the end and rock her to her very core. It's what she deserves.

You slow your thrusts, but increase your force, causing her ample butt to ripple with every slap of your hips to her crotch. You make certain to stroke along her now hardened clit with every thrust of your [pc.hasCocks|meatspears, grinding in and out of her love tunnel and twitching bowels.|meatspear as you lodge inside her pussy, teasing her tight, little snatch.] [pc.hasKnot|With a satisfying wet pop, your [pc.hasKnotOther|dual sheep pluggers tie|sheep knotter ties] you together one final time as she lets out another sweet, bleating moan. It seems her body and soul can't help but react to being knotted and bound to you. She's literally spasming and trembling as she squirts hard enough to spray your thighs with a cold mist of femcum even while your [pc.hasKnotOther|bulbs swell|bulb swells] and thoroughly [pc.hasKnotOther|claim|claims] her. Your woman is hopelessly addicted to your [pc.hasKnotOther|knots|knot] if her reaction is this good. The way her stretched mons puff out [pc.hasKnotOther|and cute little splinter happily spreads itself] again for your cum [pc.hasKnotOther|corks|cork] shows how much this little half-breed likes being tied to her [pc.name] [pc.hasKnotOther|knots|knot].]

Acacia's orgasm hits suddenly—and <i>hard</i>! Her insides clamp down like a cold, silken vise, seeking to drain your [pc.hasCocks|twined members|member] of every drop of seed it can. Waves of frozen, sexual juices coat your thighs and crotch. She's soaked the couch in her excitement. The pleasure takes over and Xy throws her head back, nearly driving her horns into your jaw, as she hangs limply from the arm wrapped around the back of your neck. Panting and 'baah'ing as she loses her mind to the wracking orgasm you've brought forth, she doesn't resist when you lift her wooly leg and hold it firmly under your arm to keep her from kicking and squirming too much. [pc.hasKnot|Being knotted doesn't make it easy to thrust, but you pound hard against her ass and hips, making her [pc.hasKnotOther|anal ring and] pussy lips clench in desperation to keep from popping free.] Amazingly, her battered and straining muscles feel like they're trying to force you deeper inside. {first|Her body's reacting like it was made to be [pc.hasKnot|knotted and] bred like a [pc.dcb|horny sheep-slut|horny, breeding ewe|cute, fluffy broodmother]. How is it that some young, sheep-buck never aroused this level of passion in her growing up? How did she stay a virgin so long when she's clearly|Once more, you find yourself marvelling at this amazingly beautiful woman that's only ever known your body,} creaming all over herself at the touch of your [pc.hasMagicock|fantastically-magical][pc.cock]?

The woman beneath you cumming at the touch of your dick in her pussy[pc.hasCocks| and ass] almost has your [pc.hasBalls|[pc.balls]][pc.hasMagicock|arcane phallus|prostate]] clenching and

shooting [pc.hasMagiccock|an ectoplasmic|your] load right then and there, but the numbing chill of her boreal core seems to have had a desensitizing effect. Your [pc.hasBalls|balls ache like grapes in a winepress|loins ache with the pressure of geyser] but you hold back your release with heroic effort.

You want desperately to cum deep inside this petite, wanton woman and claim her completely, but the ecstasy her deceptively small body is awakening within you has you frantically edging yourself to savor it for every possible second. Your measured and deliberate pace lets her regain her sense, though the trembling aftershocks of her orgasms are like tiny lightning bolts up her spine. “Th-That was... ba-aah!” she bleats out, unable to quite catch her breath yet, another small wave wracking her body. Unable to support herself anymore, she releases her arm from around your neck and drops it below her as her torso slumps to the couch. She moans into the couch and arches her back, driving her upraised, wool-coated booty back against you, too horny to even bother with words anymore. She given over to the inevitable realization that only your seed will fully satisfy her now. That subtle act of submission opens a floodgate inside you and the desire to give her exactly what she wants.

[pc.hasKnot|Still firmly tied to your lover, you can only pump frantically, the short, fast pulses of your bodies slapping together makes you grunt like a beast.|Pulling back, you draw your [pc.cocks] free, dragging against her clenching muscles as they fight you for every inch until you slam home once more.] [pc.inRut|Your breed-clouded mind is already deep in the throes of rut and the edges of your vision are blurring white, but|Despite the aching pressure in your loins and the absolute hunger this woman’s body has awakened inside you,] it’s like there’s a mental block or some eldritch cock-band holding you back from reaching the peaks of orgasm. The next ten minutes are some of the rawest sex you’ve ever had. A desperate, almost frantic desire to climax that would have you begging the gods, demons, or death itself to give you release. You release her leg and press your body down atop hers. You thoroughly fuck her into the sofa and curl your fingers into the back of her neck fleece like a [pc.manWoman] possessed!

Just as certain that you can longer distinguish pleasure from pain, Acacia lifts her head from her crossed arms. You can’t see her face, but you know that her languid eyes are half-lidded pools and drool sheens on her cheeks and chin as she whimpers. “I... I-looove [silly|jewel|yooooou,” she moans out. “Gods! Sooo much! [pc.name]...! What’re...What’re you doing to meee!”

Her heartfelt, uninhibited release heralds a shuddering orgasm that [silly|rocks her like a hurricane|[rand|wracks her like an earthquake|wracks her like a lightning strike|wracks her with paroxysms of ecstasy|has her body shivering with pleasure]], but the poor sheep-girl is so spent from giving herself over to you totally that she’s little more than a [pc.dcb|mind-broken cocksleeve|happily-moaning [silly|noodle|puddle] of exhaustion|totally, like, cute, little ball of fuck-brained sheep-girl]. And that’s when your orgasm hits you with the force of a tidal wave!

Pain and pleasure surge up your cumvein[pc.hasCocks|s] and your vision swims with mist at the edges. You tighten your hold on Acacia’s wooly fleece as one long surge of pleasure shoots from [pc.hasMagiccock|the tip of your spectral cock, down the shaft, through your clit-ring like a

jolt of electricity|through your [pc.balls] and throughout your body|. [pc.hasBalls|Your [pc.balls] tighten up in your [pc.sack] as they release their|Your cock[pc.hasCocks|s twitch| twitches] one final time before unleashing a] load of [pc.cumColor] up the length of your shaft[pc.hasCocks|s] and [pc.hasCocks|send|sends] it plunging into her frozen womb[pc.hasCocks| and into the depths of her bowels].

Fully hilted, she's long since given in. She's well past her second, maybe even third orgasm if you had any way to separate them out, but you finally give in to your own release and flood her insides with your[pc.hasMagiccock| spectral] seed. You [pc.cum vol 0 1000 10000|fire jet and jet your [pc.cumType] into her hungry hole[pc.hasCocks|s]. You didn't think you had it in you, but Acacia's deceptively sexy body must have been cranking you up this whole time.|drain your vast cumtanks until you've inundated her completely. Her womb[pc.hasCocks| and sphincter] can't contain anymore and your thighs are painted with the mixture of both your juices spurting back out on you.|release a veritable torrent of [pc.cumType] into your mind-broken sheep-woman. Every throb has you grunting like a beast as your [pc.hasBalls|balls squeeze up until you feel like they'll|loin muscles clench so hard you think you'll] never stop cumming. There are few studs in this part of the world that can compete with your ungodly production of baby-batter, even in a region known for well-hung men. You prove this to your platinum-wooled lover by flooding her womb, her love canal[pc.hasCocks|, her anus], and her entire core all at once. And It just doesn't stop. [pc.hasBalls|Your [pc.balls]|You] bloat her belly until it's rounded and full with your seed and she's laying on it like a beachball on the couch. She looks like a frosty, pregnant little blueberry until finally her spasming cunt[pc.hasCocks|and reamed out sphincter let|lets] loose. [pc.hasKnot|Even your knot can't stop the flow as your|Your][pc.isVirile| virile, baby-making] waves of hot cum gush out and create [pc.cumColor] rivers down her[pc.hasCocks| ass and] thighs, puddling at your knees before soaking into the cushions. Someone's gonna be cleaning later...]

Fucked out of your minds and tired as hell, you both simply lie there, panting in exhaustion enjoying each other's closeness. [pc.isDK|She's the one pinned and squished into the fluid-soaked cushions beneath your bodyweight after all, so you're fine with it.]"Ba...Buh..." Acacia says weakly, the first somewhat cogent sound she's made in what feels like forever. At first, you think she's been reduced to a bleating, baaing mess, but she manages to continue. "B-Bed..." she whispers. "Take me to the bedroom, sweetie." This seems to have sapped all her energy, and her hazy, sexually-satisfied eyes close once more, completely trusting in you.

[pc.hasKnot|Bound together as you are, it takes a few minutes of work until your can pry your [pc.hasKnotOther|knots|knot] free, unleashing a new gout of your spunk from inside her. The warm fluid has been soothing her aching insides while her chill body has been cooling it off, but you still feel the humid, near steamy prickle of moisture wafting from her crotch.] Slowly you stand up and scoop your arms beneath the dainty, little dye-maker. [pc.isStrong|Even weary, your [pc.arms] are easily able to lift her from the couch and|Normally, you wouldn't consider yourself strong enough easily carry someone, even someone as petite as Acacia, but there's something about having brought a woman to multiple, brain-melting orgasms that has you

feeling like [silly|Superman|a hero]. You lift her to your chest and] she lovingly wraps her arms around your neck without waking as you carry her into the bedroom.

You lay her into the bed and [pc.isDK|crawl|snuggle] in beside her. [pc.inRut|A sudden, curious realization strikes you. Normally you'd be lost in the throes of the rut and her wooly, little sapphire ass would be in serious danger of taking another pounding. Instead of the urgent, roiling feeling of your [pc.hasBalls|balls|body] churning up new seed and filling your cumtanks, you feel calm, sated. As though your body unleashed all the pent-up sexual energy and need. Maybe this wanton, boreal [pc.isDK|cocksleeve|hybrid]'s inner chill has quelled your fire. It seems unusual and unlikely, but your [pc.isBimbo|airheaded,]fucked-out brains aren't in any condition to do anything other than close your eyes until you can walk straight again.|You just need to rest enough to regain a little of your strength.]

[Next]

// Go to 'Merge'.

// Advance 3 hours.

// Clear 'Rut', 'Pent-up' or any other orgasm dependent conditions (Adjust cum volume, etc.)

Merge

// Sex scenes should merge here

When you finally gather the strength to get back to your feet and gather your things, Acacia has somehow managed to drift into a contented slumber. {acacia.lustRange 0 2 5 8

|Her blissful smile makes her half-elven face look angelic and peaceful. You've thoroughly sated your needy, little mate and she sleeps the way only someone thoroughly pleased and loved can sleep.

|It took a little doing. Your needy, little sheep-girl kept kissing and snuggling, teasing you and reluctant to let you go until finally fatigue overtook her.

|It wasn't easy, considering how horny and worked up she was. Who would've thought such a shy, reserved woman could have such a roiling storm of passion building inside her. Even now, you hear soft moans between her sighs and she fidgets beneath the covers as her body reenacts the passionate acts you just shared. Looks like you still have more work to do, and soon, or she might pounce on you the next time you walk through the door and keep you on your back for days.

|Despite this, your wooly, little mate is still full of passion and lust and, even now, you can see the movements of her dye-stained fingers reaching down to touch herself beneath the covers. She's one pent-up, horny little woman and you don't know how any of the boys back home managed to survive. Was she always such a little nympho or is this something you've unlocked in her? Either way, she's your woman and she has needs, so you'd better be back soon to fulfill your duties.

}

You step outside of the cottage and back onto the streets of Hawkethorne. The
[dayNight|daytime bustle of life going on around you|quiet peace of the nighttime streets]
reminds you that you have a quest at hand and a duty to stop an impending disaster. So you
[party.hasCompanions|rejoin [party.compNames] and] head out once more.

[Next]

// Move Champ to map tile outside Acacia's home.