

## The Beasts We Worship

//Requires PC to have a cock.

//Tooltip: You and Hretha ingest some strong aphrodisiacs that make the world heighten and your senses stretch. Oh, shit, you're feeling it.

Hretha offers you her lips without a word. Somewhere between the day and the dawn, the night and the star, she slips a liberal drink of a foul-tasting liquid into your throat. Your [pc.tongue] feels like a tendril devouring hers. Every inch of your [pc.face] stings with a scorching sensation. It spreads out like a spider's web, coating and crawling down your throat. Hot and cold blend in a way that causes your brain to go wrong. Hretha slips out of her furs, and the shamaness reveals herself to you, and you alone. Her body is an altar from which you've come to taste and claim. For her, you're a sword to sheath her womb and destroy her body for your mutual pleasure.

"Let go." Hretha's laugh vibrates like ripples in a cave. She pushes you back and you freefall through the rugs. The air around you seethes with an aphrodisiac laced haze. You feel Hretha's lips, those pouty and fully plumps, kissing and slathering every inch of your [pc.bodyType] physique. The echo of her shadow rises from the glittering tent. It feels as if you are here and there, past and present, the place you've visited before, and yet it's as if this act is more memory than ritual.

Glitter by glitter, Hretha emerges from the shadows. Sprawled out before her, she jerks and worships your mammoth slab of a cock. Is it your shaft or someone else's? Before you can consider that train of inquiry, Hretha joins Hretha in massaging your [pc.balls]. Two Hrethas, double the meat, double the desire, clean and coil around you. Then, above you, with her black lips parted and dripping her scented honey on your [pc.lips], another Hretha caresses her body.

[pc.hasVagina] Another Hretha snakes from below the shadows. She covets your folds. Sloppy tongue kisses push and prod into your [pc.raceAdjective] lips. The shamaness devours your steamy slit with rolling licks and undulating motions. Nose hilted against your clit, she rubs against it so she can take in your scent while worshipping your beautiful pearl.]

"Conqueror, come to me. Lay with me. Embrace me. Inflict your power upon me," the chorus of Hrethas sings. The song slithers across your [pc.skin]. The radiance of a lush sun kisses your entire body with a thousand suckles. One on your cock, [pc.hasBalls]one on your balls], one planted over your face, and now your arms find themselves into the familiar folds of the shamaness. Within this orcess medley, you find your senses, touch, smell, taste, sound, sight overwhelmed by the glittering reflections of Hretha. Each touch burns like an expanding star. The tent is more an isle in a sea of gold and a land that traverses eternity.

Your [pc.cock] is burning, the overwhelming worship of three, four, gods, where do the Hrethas end, you wonder. While you do so, you continue your fingerfuck into Hretha's black depths. The reflections seize your [pc.hands] and force you upon them as if you were offering your titan of a

cock for them. Hretha's golden cheeks sway and rock in a wild frenzy upon your face. Your [pc.tongue] slithers and coils every nub of her honeyed tunnel. She calls your name, from here and there, to all corners of this illusionary world.

Your [pc.cock] is nearly at its limit as the need to ejaculate joins in this maddening worship. Hretha's laugh washes over you. The Hrtherian chorus croons out your name, your deeds, and your uncertain future within her grasp. Soon enough, locked in this lush Hretha adoration, they vanish like the sun dipping below the horizon.

You are brimming from the sunlight breeze passing over your body. The air seems to almost goad you to cum out every mystically enchanted drop from your shaft. But as you stumble around, you lean into a familiar sensation. Lifting you up, Hretha's face is a flushed mess. Her red locks are sticky with sweat, and her gargantuan breasts pressed against your [pc.chest]. She eagerly strokes and squeezes out your length to ensure you know where it's going.

"Do you feel Lumia's blessing, [pc.name]? Do you know why the Sun loves the Earth?" she whispers in your ear. Without warning, or driven by primordial impulse, you sink your [pc.lips] against hers. You want to taste her moan. You want to hear her praises; you want to nourish her drool slick and wet in her thrumming throat. You need to feel your [pc.cock] planted to the hilt inside her cunt. To breed is to live. To live is to struggle. To struggle is to conquer. Is that not what you did when you faced Argoth and then crushed his wretched rebellion?

These thoughts swirl through your drug-addled mind while Hretha keeps you squished against her body. Your cock presses against her swollen clit. Her chubby belly plumps against your [pc.stomach]. Her knowing laughter rattles down your throat. Every tongue-entwining slosh spikes your blood and hardens your already swollen rod. You must conquer her. From her throat to her womb, you must break her upon the earth.

Somewhere, as your mind embraces this primordial suggestion, it dawns on you this isn't the drugs alone encouraging you. It's your naked desires raging in the cage of your heart. You're a wild beast. She's a wanton beast.

You are, together and body-locked, the beasts you worship.

You glare at Hretha and she returns your hungry gaze. She presents her neck to you, and you yank her hair back. She curls her lips back so that you can see the red of her gums, the white of her teeth, your drool and hers swishing in her mouth. "What do you intend..."

"Shut the fuck up, meat." Your voice brims with the wrath of the earth.

You snake Hretha's left thigh around your hip. She jerks her foot into the underside of your ass cheek and uses you as support. "Ruin me, conqueror."

You thump your [pc.hips] into her black folds. When you break through her plump petals, you feel the rippling force of your thrust rage in your blood and leave Hretha breathless. Her eyes go cross and her tongue lulls outside. Somehow, you suspect, she may have laced her dose with a

heavier concentration than yours. It's a fair trade. Hretha throws herself fully upon your [pc.cock]. Her hips wind and grind against your spear ravaging her insides. Each strike bounces and reverberates with a thundering clap of meat and flesh seeking each other. Her guttural moans sync in motion as you batter her cunt. Her juices stain your pelvis while you tame and sheath your cock deep into her gut.

[hretha.pregRange 0.1 34 67|Her soft stomach jiggles with each strike as she brims with new life.|A solid bump bounces with each strike as she's rounded out that already plush gut.|Her protruding belly, full and stretched, shakes with every thrust. Seeing her swollen with your child only emboldens your rut as you can't stop thinking about impregnating her fertile cunt until you're comatose.]

"Don't stop. Don't ever stop." She suddenly jumps into you. Regardless of your size, she feels light as the air around you. And you, [hretha.numKids 1|her sire|her stud], feel the blessing of the earth supporting you. Your [pc.feet] anchor you and bind you to the golden sea. Your arms hoist and clench around fertile hips rippling from each divine pound into her stretching walls. You roll your hips like the crash of a mountain slide into an open sea.

Hretha's whole body quivers as a sudden orgasm tremors along her pelvis. But you can't stop. You won't stop. You ignore her elongated screech which pierces your [pc.ears]. It only drives you further. You soon bite into her black nipple and suckle to the point milk slips down your throat. Her milky bounty nourishes you as she leans over your shoulder, her head resting in the nape of your neck. She suddenly bites it and claws her fingers down your back.

You don't stop. Your rut is less a fever dream. It's an extension of the intensity between you and the shaman. Throwing her wild upwards, Hretha bucks her hips as far down into your pelvis as she can. The squelch of her gutted cunt echoes around you. She's abandoned any sense of rhythm or grace. She ruts upon you like a she-bitch should. You drink and rut. She bites and bumps. Somewhere during your virile frenzy, her form dissipates and suddenly the medley of Hrethas appear before you.

"Do you see what Lumia offers? Do you feel the blessing of the Sun?" She extends her hand to you.

Fight. Fuck. Fall. Everything in between is needless noise in the sound of your fury. A hundred Hrethas, each shimmering like a golden idol, draw closer to you. One by one, you repeat your rut.

You fight the clawing hands, you fuck the writhing bodies, and you fall into the sea of thrashing Hrethas who fondle you, who suckle you, who rut upon your mountainous pillar. Each fights and crawls over the other to take you. The violence of your lust and desire bleeds time and breaks reality. You can't tell where her body ends and your infinite rut begins.

After all, the end is the beginning in this illusionary world. You find yourself falling again back into the sea.

Soon enough, as you lay sprawled out on a golden expanse that stretches toward eternity, Hretha plants herself upon your proud pillar. She digs her hand into your [pc.chest] and slams herself upon you.

“Sun Maiden, bless my womb with a hundred strong.” Hretha’s zealous prayer claws upward to the sun. She gazes back down at you and leans close.

“We have all the time in the world, [pc.name]. Shall we go again?”

A chorus of Hrethas reappear and you seize her hips.

Your rut is eternal in this place. You can’t stop fucking and being fucked. This is the path to power. Come to Hretha. In her. On her. Through her.

The ritual repeats.

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Your [pc.eyes] snap open. Every part of you is coated in sweat. You feel like you have the worst hangover in the world. Next to you, Hretha lays there. Her hand is squeezed firmly with yours as a flood of cum has puddled around her stretched cunt. You check yourself: you have no slab of pillar other than your own [pc.cock].

You wait there a short while, drinking water to regain your senses. After a while, Hretha sits up. Her gut jiggles and she wipes the sand from her eyes. You ask her how long you were out.

She smiles with a mysterious knowing that unnerves you. “A day, I’d say.”

You nod to her and turn to head out. She seizes your hand. The shamaness traces your palms like she was reading your future. “Seek the Sun, conqueror. And may our union ensure us [hretha.numKids 1|another child|a child].”

You squeeze her hand before venturing out into the sun. The road calls. And like always, you answer.

For that is your path to power.