

Floof Haus

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Planning

Overview

Floof Haus, taking the form of a massive cherry blossom tree, is a level 5-6 dungeon in the Frostwood. The player can enter it once they receive the associated quest from Lady Evergreen, which is when they hit level 4. The difficulty level of the dungeon is intended to be slightly higher than that of the Winter City; while it might be completable at level 4 with a lot of luck and finagling, the recommended level for attempting the dungeon is Level 5.

The dungeon is a boss rush of five different bosses, with maybe a couple bosses dropping items in between to keep healthy. Players will be expected to use items in order to keep themselves intact throughout the dungeon, as the boss rush WILL wear them down. The entrance will close behind the player party, trapping them in the dungeon until the scenario is resolved; players will be warned of this before entering. It is possible to trap oneself in an unwinnable situation if one enters beaten up and with no supplies on hand, but since adequate warning has been given both by Oxana and prior to entering, it's the player's fault for being a dumb.

Having Kiyoko's orb on the player will provide potential avenues to circumvent some fights, and is insurance against a bad end should the player fall at any point in the dungeon. However, completing the dungeon with a failure will mean that the player doesn't get the reward for overcoming Komari/Miko and Mai.

Like all dungeons, saving is disallowed.

Important note: For each of the battles, do make a variable denoting the outcome of each encounter: 0 - not encountered, 1 - encountered, 2 - lost, 3 - defeated. This will change their introductions later.

Dramatis Floofsonae

Warden Azami Ishida (石田 薊)

The first enemy the PC's party will face, a ranger-esque female floof who oversees the security of the den and its environs. Sent scouting parties out into the Old Forest, also, Hinata's boss. Lithe and foxy, outdoorsy air; armed with bow + daggers, properly weeb flavoured.

She will enter battle with Yuzu, Kiri and Hinata, all of whom will still have their old levels (3, 2 and 2 iirc).

In battle, she has two actions per round, and a bunch of thief moves; she'll keep concealment up as much as possible and rely on dodge tanking to survive while she piles on the hurt, mostly in physical form. Not much HP, sky-high evasion.

Azami's unique move is a modified version of Nerves of Steel: it will OHKO/pile serious damage (at +300 AP instead of +200 AP) onto its target unless interrupted with resolve damage. Instead of an encounter power, it's on a 3-turn cooldown (hence she can use it once every two rounds). It has a 50-75% chance of being used whenever it's up, and she has an innate +100 initiative bonus to ensure that she always takes the first two turns in her side's lineup to ensure the player will always be able to react to it (so that she doesn't take the last two slots in her party turn lineup and the player is suddenly unable to do anything about NoS).

Moveset

- Smoke bomb
- Suppressive Fire (recharge 7)
- Leech (adjust CD as necessary)
- Foxfire
- Dastardly trick
- Crowd Control
- Nerves of Steel (gimmick. Recharge 3)

Stats

Strength: +
Toughness: +
Agility: +++
Cunning: ++
Willpower: +
Presence: +++

All kitsune have innate 25% fire, blight and holy resistances and -50% cold.

Yuzu, Kiri and Hinata all have their old movesets from their Old Forest encounter.

If the PC was nice to Hinata in the Old Forest - which means not fighting him and the other scouts and feeding them, be it with food or life-force — and the PC has the orb on them, he'll step in and intercede with Azami on the PC's behalf. Since you were nice to her subordinate and have a legitimate reason to be here, Azami will stand down and let the PC through.

The basic intention of Azami is to set the mood of the fights to come and ensure that the PC remembers that lust damage exists. Every player should have access to tease at all times; there is no excuse for not being able to interrupt her.

Artificer Kazuo (和男)

A slight, bespectacled bishonen floof; think Yukimara from FE: Fates, complete with the asian academic look. The PC passes through his workshop on the way through the tree — it's a mess. I haven't figured out much about this guy yet, personality-wise.

His battle will revolve mostly around one mechanic: puppets. On the first turn, and every round thereafter, Kazuo will use one of his two actions per round to summon a random puppet, up to a maximum of three on the field. A puppet should go down in one hit; they are even alluded to as being frail and disposable, but antifragile.

The general strategy should be for the player party to keep down the puppets and prevent them from piling up while finding the time to wail on Kazuo himself. If the PC falls behind on puppets (which they really shouldn't do) then some AoEs should be able to clear them out.

The puppets are designed to have abilities that are intensely irritating and NEED to be taken out ASAP. They don't do much at first, but if left up will be extremely problematic, making ignoring them and just burning Kazuo down an impossibility. Puppets don't take resolve damage, since they're constructs.

Kazuo himself is controlling a giant puppet (aka. Not power armor/giant mecha), and like Amara, resolve damage should be the easiest way to take him out. His guardian puppets can't shield him from resolve damage, so that makes the fight easier for those who are so inclined.

Moveset

- Mystic call (fight gimmick)
- Quake
- Smoke bomb
- Arc Cannon (heavy storm damage on all targets)
- Overcharge (base this off blue flame blade)
- Will-o-wisp (as per kitsune random encounter)
- Devious ruse
- Pincer Smash (renamed shield bash)

Stats

Strength: ++
Toughness: ++
Agility: - -
Cunning: +++
Willpower: ++
Presence: o

Kazuo is counted as a construct for taxonomic purposes, but can be damaged by all types of resolve damage and has a fire weakness to boot. He has two turns per round.

Kazuo's tactics are simple: every time mystic call is up (recharge 2), he'll use it to summon another puppet of a random type, up to three puppets on the field. Otherwise, he'll alternate between damaging and debuffing, and use arc cannon every time it's up to smash someone for heavy storm damage. As before, he's got pretty good defense and resistances thanks to his power armour; resolve combat is the obvious way to take him down.

All puppets are considered constructs and have an additional fire weakness, since they're wooden. If the player doesn't have good resolve attacks, exploiting his elemental weaknesses will help greatly in beating him. This is NOT a boss you should be able to tank and spank. If you have to give him likes/dislikes, I dunno, just go with what the average hikkomori otaku would go for.

On to the main gimmick. Puppets. These will serve to make the PC's life an ungodly pain for the fight. All puppets are immune to resolve damage and have a massive fire weakness. All of them are fairly fragile and should be able to be taken down in one hit, but not from a single tick of residual damage. Maybe 25-50 HP.

- Guardian puppets. Once summoned, these instantly shield Kazuo with protect protecting him with their life. These do NOT shield him from resolve damage, making them useless if the PC is only dealing resolve damage to him.
- Explosive puppets. Immediately use an at-will skill, "light fuse". Use -> delay -> explode, suiciding itself in three actions. Resulting explosion deals ungodly amounts of fire and crushing damage to entire party. Coupled with Kazuo's own actions, this should be a OHKO on squishier group compositions. Parties with Arona/Brint may be able to tank a hit, but remain severely wounded.
- Cursed puppets. These things do nothing but stand there and fire off magic missiles every round (as per kitsune random encounter). Given that magic missiles deals more and more damage each time it's used in succession, damage starts off slow but ramps up really REALLY fast if ignored.

The ultimate direction the puppets should take is that they should be priorities to be taken out. While a party can withstand their abilities for a round or two, they shouldn't be able to simply ignore the puppets and burn down Kazuo himself. Explosive puppets NEED to be destroyed ASAP, followed by cursed puppets. Guardian puppets can be ignored if the player is using resolve damage, otherwise must be chewed through in order to hurt Kazuo. A stun/stagger/restrain can interrupt the puppets' abilities and buy some time if taking them out for some reason is not an option. Knowing constructs' weaknesses can help destroy them quickly. Storm and acid damage should be more common as the game goes on; abilities should be supplemented with consumable items.

The fight ends when Kazuo goes down, whether or not any puppets remain on the field.

Nakano (中野)

One of Komari's great-great-grandchildren. An overly enthusiastic floop samurai who writes poetry and practices calligraphy in his spare time, earning him the moniker "the iron brush"

in his family. Bit of a romantic glory hound, sees Kasyrra's invasion as a chance to actually be recognised. Komari, who was alive during the Godswar, takes every chance to slap him over the head for what she sees as his stupidity. Pretty and charming while being definitely masculine, think Ryunosuke from Princess Maker 5, or for a more foxy example Nikishi (EN: Kaden) from FE:Fates. Complete and absolute faith in the power of his patron deity.

If you raise Kinu to be a kitsune hime, she will take him as a consort, much to Kiyoko's pleasure and Komari's disapproval.

Nakano is a turtling/riposte machine, focusing on defense and letting people kill themselves on him on blade block; he also gets three actions per round. Blade block completely negates physical attacks for one round. High willpower means that attempting to seduce him into submission is tenuous at best; magic is clearly the optimal option here.

The focus here is to punish overreliance on physical attackers like Brint by making AoEs useless and being able to withstand their nukes.

Moveset

- Blade Block (Fight gimmick) (Recharge 8)
- Blue Flame Blade (As per kitsune encounter)
- Kiaijutsu (As per kitsune encounter)
- Foxfire
- Power Wave (As per kitsune encounter)
- Leech (Adjust cooldown accordingly)
- Smite Evil
- Shell Cracker

Stats

Strength: ++
Toughness: ++
Agility: +++
Cunning: ++
Willpower: ++
Presence: +

All kitsune have innate 25% fire, blight and holy resistances and -50% cold. Nakano should have additional penetrating/crushing resistances from his equipment.

Nakano is made to kill physical-oriented characters and companions. Brint and Arona are going to see their effectiveness diminished in this battle. He has three actions per round, and will use them to kill the PC party by a death of a thousand cuts. His main stats are strength, toughness and willpower. Additionally, he has penetrating resistances that only decrease the damage that goes through his impressive armour. A strong willpower mitigates the amount of resolve damage he'll be taking, so magic will be the strong suit against him.

Blade block, his signature move, renders Nakano impervious to all physical damage for one round (three actions) by increasing his armour and physical resistance to ungodly levels (something like +200 will do). At the same time, he'll gain riposte and counter incoming melee attacks with one of his own, no limit to how many times he can counter per round. Nakano will use blade block 50% of the time it's up.

The point here is to stop ALL physical DPS, especially melee DPS, when blade block is up. Magic and resolve won't be affected, ranged physical will still be ineffectual but at least not trigger his riposte. Players who blindly keep on attacking him in melee will simply deal no damage and be riposted to pieces.

Miko and Mai (Mikoto (美琴) and Miyuki (美雪))

Twin teenaged floofs, Komari's great-great-granddaughters. Shrine maidens, and training to take over Komari's position now that she's finally getting ready to retire. They have a red oni, blue oni thing going.

In battle, each of them has two actions per round, and they have different strengths and focuses that complement each other. While Miko has a LOT of HP to tank damage, she is a nymphomaniac and quickly falls to resolve damage, especially teases. Mai has immense mental defenses with 135 maximum resolve, but is frail compared to her sister. Both sisters have okay-ish magic defenses, so while it's not a wall tease and physical damage should be the way to take them out respectively.

The gimmick here is that both sisters must be taken down within one round of each other; the one still up will automatically revive the other at full health and resolve at the start of the third round. Downed -> free round -> revive at the start of the next round. Miko and Mai have some skills that can make this problematic, and the intent here is for the player to have good coordination with one's party and direct them in attacking targets and spreading their damage.

Miko:

Moveset

- Tease (Chest).
- Will-O-Wisp (replaces her basic attack)
- Shield of Light
- Allure
- Devious Ruse
- Leech (Adjust CD as necessary)
- Heat Weapon
- Carnal Hex
- Life-Bond (Fight gimmick)

Stats

Strength:+

Toughness: +++

Agility: ++

Cunning: +++

Willpower: ++

Presence: +++

Mai:

Moveset

-Entropic Winds

-Will'-O'-Wisp (replaces her basic attack)

-Hex

-Fireball

-Devious Ruse

-Calm Mind (Since we nixed the idea of resolve shielding, this spikes her focus and recovers resolve.)

-Counterspell

-Soothing Dance

-Life-Bond (Fight gimmick)

Stats

Strength: +

Toughness: ++

Agility: +++

Cunning: +++

Willpower: +++

Presence: ++

Miko and Mai do not have their basic attack, using will-o'-wisp in its stead.

All kitsune have innate 25% fire, blight and holy resistances and -50% cold. Miko may have additional tease weaknesses.

Shrine Mother Komari Kurokawa (黒川 小毬)

An older nine-tailed kitsuneyasha, physically perhaps in her mid-fifties by human standards. Somewhere around two and a half centuries old at this point. She's past her childbearing years, but still good with sex; there are those who age gracefully, and Komari's one of them. Priestess of the shrine to Keros in the heart of floof haus, and one way or the other, Kinu's future great-great-grandmother in-law.

If the PC has Kiyoko's orb on them, she will recognise it and stand down without a fight.

Komari has three actions per round, and 140 total resolve.

Moveset

- Will'-O'-Wisp
- Hex
- Devious Ruse
- Counterspell
- Leech (adjust CD accordingly)
- Mass Drain (encounter, AoE leech, use at 50% health)
- Nullify (Fight gimmick. Recharge 9. Dispel all buffs on enemy party)
- Banish. (Fight gimmick. At-will. Instantly kills summoned entities. Only use if there is a summon on the field.)
- Kitsunetsuki (Fight gimmick. Recharge 12. PC version will be ultimate. Inflicts all standard status conditions.)
- Calm Mind

Stats

Strength: +
 Toughness: +
 Agility: ++
 Cunning: +++
 Willpower: +++
 Presence: +++

In battle, Komari has 3 actions per round, and will spam attack spells; mainly will-o'-wisp and devious ruse (AoE Trick). Hex is going to HURT. If her deceptively low health drops below 50%, she'll throw mass drain into that mix for a heal back to full. With leech, the player needs to outDPS her before she just sucks more life from them. If the player attempts to attack her resolve, she'll use calm mind to shield her already resilient defenses. If the PC attempts to buff up, she'll use nullify to wipe your buffs; summons from you or Berry, Ryn, etc are instantly banished. Kitsunetsuki will cripple a character unless a remedy is used.

Essentially, she's a DPS check. Komari's main weakness is physical; blight and fire resistances may be helpful. Exploiting her cold weakness will make this fight much easier, and she doesn't have much in the way of HP or toughness to begin with; she relies on stealing resources from your party to survive. If the PC has a reliable source of bleeding, that can help decrease the amount of regeneration she gets from leech and mass drain.

This is not meant to be an easy boss; players are expected to heal and buff accordingly before entering. She should be tuned as a fairly difficult encounter for a level 5 group.

Combat And Powers Text

//All buff/debuff and cooldown durations are taken with the bosses' multiple actions per round in mind.

Azami

Azami doesn't have any unique powers as her fight gimmick is a modified nerves of steel power, but she does have a unique weapon in the form of an azusa-yumi.

[Two-Handed][Ranged]

Maybe 20 Penetrating, 20 Holy?

+accuracy, +evasion, +armour piercing. Stat total should be somewhere equal to Lusina's greatsword.

Kazuo

The artificer's animated battlesuit is armed with a grasping pincer. Basically a bunch of crushing damage. It's quite unwieldy, but boy does it hurt when it connects. For his armour, just give him one item in an animated battlesuit and dump all the stats onto it. He also has a shield, both to make him immune to physical crits and to be able to use renamed shield bash, so go with that.

Grasping pincer:

[Heavy][Melee]

+armour piercing, -accuracy?

Mystic Call

//The fight gimmick. Randomly summons a guardian puppet, cursed puppet or explosive puppet to fight for Kazuo. Intended to be used every round (so every other action) so long as there aren't three of them on the field.

Call a puppet to fight at your side.

[Spell][Summon][Recharge 1]

//Use:

[attacker.CombatName] concentrate[tps|s], and wisps of foxfire gather in the air. The motes soon turn into strands, mystical puppet strings binding pieces and components together as a puppet assembles itself from the junk lying around!

//Puppet dies:

Weak and flimsy, the animated puppet falls apart into its constituent pieces. However with how antifrangible the artificier's creations are, he can just keep on raising them from their bits over and over again...

Arc Cannon

//Basically fireball, but storm damage.

You fire a stream of thunderous energy in an arc across the battlefield, targeting evasion and dealing {x} storm damage to all enemies. On a miss, the target takes half damage instead.

[Spell][Recharge 5]

//Use:

Grimacing, [attacker.combatName] raise[tps|es] [attacker.combatHisHer] [attacker.weapon], crackling stormlight gathering on its tip. With a sudden burst of bluish radiance, a stream of thunderous energy erupts over the battlefield, sweeping over [attacker.combatHisHer] enemies!

//For each target, hit:

[target.CombatName] [tps|is|are] caught up in the shocking stream!

//For each target, miss:

[target.CombatName] manage[tps|s] to avoid the worst of the brilliant, sweeping arc, but [tps|is|are] still singed.

Overcharge

//Maybe modify blue flame blade for this?

You overcharge yourself, decreasing armour and ward by X, but gaining Y storm damage and Z accuracy to your physical and spell attacks for Y rounds.

[Recharge 3][Spell]

//Use:

Lightning suddenly surges about [user.combatName] as [user.heShe] is taken by a burst of speed and power, [user.hisHer] blows suddenly more deadly and accurate as [user.heShe] foregoes defense!

//Status text:

Overcharged: increased accuracy and bonus storm damage to physical and spell attacks, but decreased damage reduction.

Pincer Smash

//Reflavoured shield bash.

Smash a target with enormous pincers. On a hit, deal 30 Crushing damage and stagger the enemy for 2 rounds.

[Recharge 3][Physical][Shield]

//Use:

[attacker.CombatName] bring[tps[s]] [attacker.hisHer] huge pincer down on [target.combatName], aiming to bludgeon [target.combatHimHer]!

//Hit:

The grasping pincer connects with [target.combatName], smacking [target.combatHimHer] silly and staggering [target.combatHimHer]!

//Miss:

The grasping pincer narrowly misses [target.combatName]!

Detonate (Puppet Ability)

//Massive blight, fire and crushing damage to all enemies. Cannot be avoided. Reuse ley-crystal grenade, maybe?

Detonate in two rounds after this ability is used, sacrificing yourself to cause massive blight, fire and crushing damage in an unavoidable explosion.

[Self][Physical][Encounter][Multiturn]

Use:

Something whirrs and clicks within [attacker.combatName], and [attacker.combatHeShe] stand[tps[s]] stock-still, hissing and ticking ominously!

Explode:

The fuse finally counts down, and [attacker.combatName] detonate[tps[s]] in an enormous blast of pulverising heat!

Hit, each target:

[target.CombatName] [tps[is|are]] caught in the enormous explosion!

Nakano

Nakano is equipped with an ancestral nodachi:

Penetrating, [two-handed][melee]

And has an o-yoroi (literally, "great armour") as armour, where this is applicable. Dump all his equipment stats on these two items.

Blade Block

//Fight gimmick. Basically give him physical invulnerability with infinite ripostes.
You take up a defensive stance with your weapon, becoming impervious to physical attacks for three actions. All melee attacks made against you are perfectly countered with flawless execution.

[Melee][Weapon][Recharge 8]

//Use:

[user.CombatName] raise[tps[s] [user.combatHisHer] [user.weapon] in a swift yet formal and ritual motion, clearly daring all to come attack [user.combatHimHer]!

//Riposte:

Riposte! [target.CombatName] easily catch[tps[es] [attacker.combatNames] [attacker.weapon] with [target.combatHisHer] [target.weapon], turning it aside and going for an extra attack with the exposed front! {//hit: The riposte easily strikes home! //miss: The riposte narrowly misses!}

Miko and Mai

Miko and Mai don't have weapons (well, rusty knives, I guess), but they do have shrine maiden uniforms each. Dump what stats you'd like for them to have on these; they'll probably differ somewhat in accordance with their inclinations.

Calm Mind

//Since resolve shielding isn't possible, I had to try something different. Grants a hefty focus and spellpower buff, and restores resolve. Self only.

Calm your mind, increasing focus and spellpower by X and restoring Y resolve.

[Recharge X][Self]

//Use:

[user.CombatName] focus[tps[es] intensely, calming [user.combatHisHer] mind and directing [user.combatHisHer] thoughts into a well-honed point.

//Buff Text:

A calmed mind provides intense focus and spellpower bonuses.

Life-Bond

//Fight gimmick. Miko and Mai will use this on the other sister after a grace period of one round if one of them is downed, reviving the other at full health and resolve. Everyone on the player's side should be able to get off at least one action to finish off the other sister before she can pull off the revival.

[At-Will]

//Use:

With a sudden surge of strength, [target.combatName] pull[tps|s] [target.himselfHerself] to [target.hisHer] feet to stand by [user.combatName], fully refreshed and ready to give battle once more! It's clear that neither sister will stay down while the other's standing...

Komari

Komari is equipped with a walking stick and Kerosite priestess' robes. Dump all her equipment stats on these two items.

Mass Drain

//Encounter power. Uses this at < 50% HP. Basically AoE leech.

You turn yourself into a void, draining life-force from all enemies on the field. {x} blight damage is dealt and if the target is not undead or a construct, you regain health equal to damage dealt. Does not miss.

[Encounter][Spell]

//Use:

Something awakens within [attacker.combatName] — slow and dark, but hungry and painfully, painfully <i>empty</i>. So much so that even the surroundings themselves seem to flow into the void that is [attacker.combatName], the air twisting and folding upon itself!

//For each hit:

[target.CombatName] shudder[tps|s] as the very life is ripped from [target.combatHimHer]!

//For each heal:

The torn life-energy flows into [attacker.combatName], restoring [attacker.combatHimHer]!

Nullify

//Uses this if there are buffs on the player's party.

You send a wave of disorienting magic over the battlefield, forcing all enemies to make a magic resistance check or be stripped of their buffs.

[Recharge 5][Spell]

//Use:

Spreading [attacker.combatHisHer] hands palms-wide, [attacker.combatName] thrust[tps|s] them forward, sending a surge of disorienting energy racing over the battlefield!

//Miss:

[target.CombatName] manage[tps|es] to resist the powerful purging pulse!

//For each hit:

[target.CombatNames] strength is sundered and returned to normal!

Banish

//Modified version of the suggested ultimate. Only uses if there's a summoned creature on the field.

You target a summoned creature, instantly returning it from whence it came by dealing {250} raw damage. This ability does not miss.

[At-Will][Spell]

//use:

[attacker.CombatName] point[tps|s] at [target.combatName], fluidly making several intricate arcane gestures in quick succession!

With a wrenching sensation, [target.combatName] [tps|is|are] pulled out of existence by a twist of reality!

Kitsunetsuki

//Fight gimmick.

//Fox possession — A powerful kitsune reaches out to briefly possess an enemy and scramble their body and mind, inflicting a medley of status effects on a victim. Multiple mental resistance checks are made, one for each status; each failure causes the corresponding status to be applied.

[Recharge 11][Spell]

//Attempts to inflict:

- Sundered
- Terrified
- Aroused
- Disarmed
- Silenced
- Blinded
- Staggered

//Make one check per each status versus mental resistance. Failure applies one.

//Use:

[attacker.combatNames] eyes flash brilliant gold for a moment, and [target.combatName] [tps|is|are] consumed by a horrible, crawling sensation under [target.combatHisHer] skin! Nerves are deadened, limbs refuse to move as some insidious force wrestles with [target.combatHimHer] for control over [target.combatHisHer] mind and body!

(Insert 'target has gained status!' notifications here)

Initiation

//Requires level 4 minimum. The dungeon is balanced for 5 and maybe the lower bounds of 6, but players are welcome to throw their heads at it.

//If Oxana has a "tasks" button somewhere in her eventual talk menu, put this somewhere in the rotation. Else, add it somewhere.

You ask the voluptuous tanuki witch if she's got any problems you can look into for her. Since she's helping you and all, scratching her back in return sounds like a wise idea. Who knows, it might even motivate her to hand over some new assistance that had previously slipped her mind.

Lady Evergreen chuckles at that. *<i>"My, my, you know how these things work."</i>*

You didn't expect to be thrown into the adventuring life when you went out into the blizzard with Cait that night, but you're a quick learner if nothing else. So... is there anything you can do for her?

Lady Evergreen thinks a moment, tapping her cheek as she mumbles to herself. *<i>"Well... yes... no... hm... ah, you look like you might stand a chance. A couple of other adventurers came before you with similar offers, but I didn't want to send them to their demise, if a very pleasant one. You, though, might have a shot at succeeding."</i>*

What's the job?

<i>"Out in the northwestern neck of the woods is a pretty big tree, one that's foreign to these lands. You'll know it when you see it — it doesn't belong here so badly that it's like a beacon. Inside that place live several hundred specimens of fox-eared soul-suckers, all of them eager to tie you down in their fluffy tails and drain the life out of you."</i>

[pc.isBimbo]You don't know about that. Done right, it could be kind of sexy; there are all those fluffy tails to consider, after all. Sure, you might die, but like, what a way to go!|If she was intending to make them sound menacing, she's kind of failed by giving them that kind of description.]

Lady Evergreen sniffs and ignores your byplay. *<i>"To get to the point, a couple of months ago some of them took something that belonged to me — a small brown linen pouch about this big. I fashion items like the bag all the time — they're very convenient for holding heavy things — but what was in it has considerable sentimental value to my family. I'd like you to poke your nose into that den of foxes and see if you can't retrieve it for me."</i>*

And she's sure it's the kitsune who did the dastardly deed?

<i>"They've been a thorn in my family's collective bums since we settled here, and the matron of that den hasn't been on the best of terms with me for... well, let's just say it's been a long while, and leave it at that. I don't think she's personally responsible for anything, but more likely, some of her numerous descendants decided to play a prank on me and it got out of hand. They wouldn't listen to me if I went personally, but an, ah, independent agent like you might stand a reasonable chance at negotiation."</i>

<i>"As to how I know it was them, their particular religion dictates that for everything they take, they're supposed to return something of equivalent value in exchange. Perhaps it's just that my sense of value is off, but a present that turns into a pile of leaves when you open it is not a fair trade, considering what I had in that bountiful bag of mine. As much as a stick in the mud their Shrine Mother is, she has principles. Maybe if you talk to her and explain the situation nicely, she'll get her brats to cough it up."</i>

[pc.isDK]You haven't done this adventuring thing that long compared to some others, but you know that this sort of thing is never <i>that</i> easy. It'll all end in tears and violence before the day is out.[Right. Go in and talk to someone, save the day with a stunning display of social acumen. What could go wrong?]

Evergreen waves off your concern and gives you one of her trademark smiles. <i>"Don't worry, I'll compensate you accordingly for your efforts."</i>

Is she sure about that?

The tanuki witch rolls her eyes and purses her lips in mock offense. <i>"Come now, [pc.name]. What cause would I have to slight you of all people? I'm relying on you to bring that nasty red demon to heel after all."</i>

All right, all right. Go into a den of foxes, retrieve her bag of indeterminate treasures, return to her. Sounds like the staple of the adventuring life.

<i>"I'm glad we've come to an understanding."</i> A chuckle. <i>"Don't get too caught up in trying to touch their fluffy tails while you're there. That's how they get you. Mine's much nicer any. Firm enough to hold like a lover."</i>

Does that mean if you succeed, she'll let you touch her fluffy tail?

<i>"We'll see about that... but the answer is certainly 'yes.' Now, you need to know how to get there. The foxes have concealed the entrance to their little den with all sorts of glammers, but I know just where it is. Now listen here..."</i>

Over the next fifteen or so minutes, Evergreen launches into a lengthy set of rather complicated directions that she has you take down and repeat back to her. It's a little harrowing when she goes into full motherly schoolteacher mode, but it <i>is</i> effective: before long, Lady Evergreen's drilled the route and landmarks into your mind. If you didn't

know her better, you might have suspected her of using magic to help her imprint her instructions upon your brain.

Quest gained: Den of Foxes

Lady Evergreen's asked you to retrieve her bountiful bag from the kitsune who filched it. She imagines that you ought to be able to find it in their den to the northwest of the Frostwood. It should be just a little round trip and some talking, right? {*//amulet: Besides, you know the true reason why you're heading into such a place, and it's got nothing to do with Evergreen. This might be your best bet for helping Kiyoko out of her predicament.*}

<i>"That's about it. It's not going to be an easy task; like I said, I've already sent in several groups of questors and all of them either returned empty-handed or not at all. Bring strong friends and a full pack."</i>

Got it.

<i>"Now that that's over with, is there anything else you'd like to bring up before you set off?"</i>

//return to Evergreen menu, or wherever.

Dungeon Approach

Tile Description

A massive tree stands tall above the rest of the Frostwood, towering far above the canopy with its branches stretching outwards in every direction. With roots that are as thick as you are tall, the growth of this thing has been very clearly influenced or directed in some fashion — it's every bit as impressive as the wyld trees pale elf druids of old were said to worship. To be quite honest, it feels more like a living artifact than a plant, if you could put such a feeling into words.

No matter the time of year, the tree is eternally in bloom, pink petals coming loose in the northern wind and spralling away and out of sight. A rather picturesque scene, if the entire thing had been of more normal proportions.

As things stand, you spy an arched entrance nested in the fork of two roots, about as tall and wide as the chapel entryway back in Hawkethorne. {`//if` quest active or friendly:

At the moment, it's been thrown wide open, as if someone knew you were coming and sought to invite you in. Waltzing right on up's an option, if a rather brazen one.

`//else` (hostile or quest not active):

However, it's been sealed tightly shut. With no obvious way to open it, you can only assume that mundane means aren't going to get you entry. At any rate, you're clearly not welcome here.

}

[Enter]

Entering

`//This` triggers when the PC clicks enter on the relevant Frostwood map tile when the quest is active. Various things can happen, in order of priority:

`//If` the PC has the orb on them at the moment, it will react to the tree's presence.

`//if` the PC has picked up the orb but does not have it on them, they will be reminded that having it on them might be a good idea.

`//If` the PC does not have the orb, nothing special will happen.

Swallowing hard and steeling yourself, you draw closer to the opening between the roots of the tree. Evergreen had spoken of concealing glamours and elaborate means of getting entry... and yet here you are. A trick? It smells of fresh sap, old wood, perfume, fur... and something else, you can't place a finger on it. Though your eyes are peeled for any sign of the locals, you don't catch sight of so much as the shadow of a bushy tail.

`{//orb` in possession:

As you hesitate, the amulet in your possession begins to emit a faint warmth, pressed against your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] as it is, and confidence surges through you. Yes... you're so close to where you need to be. No matter what happens to you inside this place, it'll be fine; Kiyoko will grant you what protection she can from where she is.

This is the path you chose when you picked up the amulet and its amber orb back in those ruins. It's time to see where it leads.

Quest update: Den of Foxes

With the amulet and its amber orb in your possession, you feel secure in its ability to protect you from any terrible fate that might await you inside the cherry blossom tree. It's time to enter.

//orb taken, but not in possession. Has seen Kiyoko:

As you hesitate, a small thought worms to the fore of your mind: this is a den of kitsune, all right. If anyone can help Kiyoko in her predicament, that person would be presumably found here... not to mention having one of their artifacts on you might change the attitudes of the kitsune towards your presence in their home. While you <i>could</i> forge on ahead and deal with the amulet at a later date, common sense suggests that it would be a smart decision to actually have it on your person when you're trespassing. Who knows, it might save you from a terrible fate.

Quest update: Den of Foxes

Since this is where the people most likely to be able to help Kiyoko live, it might be a smart idea to turn back and pick up her amulet before heading on in; you have the suspicion that matters might change significantly in your favour were you to do so. Considering your promise to her, backtracking and returning with the amulet in your possession would be highly advisable.

//orb not taken or not seen Kiyoko

Well, it's either head on in, or hold back a little longer; you're not about to hang your head in defeat and return to Lady Evergreen in shame, are you? For all its peaceful beauty, the fox-den ahead of you radiates a subtle menace, as if it knows full well you're not supposed to be here.

}

One way or the other, the choice still remains: go in, or not. What will you do? Once you head in, there'll be no turning back.

[Don't Enter] [Enter]

[Don't Enter]

//Hold off for now. You still need time to prepare.

You pause a moment longer, trying to decide if you're adequately prepared for this or not. Eventually, you settle for the latter, beating a slow retreat from the cherry blossom tree.

[party.hasCompanions]

[party.compNames] follow[party.oneCompanion[s]] suit, sticking close until you've retreated to a safe distance.

]

[party.comp arona berwyn

|Arona grunts. <i>"Getting cold feet all of a sudden?"</i>

Yes. Why, is she going to march you right around and herd you inside?

To your surprise, the burly orc shakes her head. <i>"Nah. That sort of feeling surrounding the place... I recognise it from when Hretha shuts herself away and works on those charms and curses or whatever. I ain't spoiling to go in there if we don't gotta. Magic like that gives me the creeps."</i>

[Closing his eyes, Berwyn lets out the huge sigh he'd been holding back and start fanning himself with his hat. Slumping against a nearby tree, the dogboy summoner wipes his brow with the back of a hand and mumbles to himself.

Something the matter?

<i>"The magic I felt... it's not exactly Mistress Mathia's, but close enough to make me feel ill. I'll be all right in a bit."</i>

Does he not want to go in there?

<i>"I'll manage."</i>

]

You'll come back later when you're more prepared. Reconnaissance is vital, acting on the results of that reconnaissance is even more so. Given that there's no turning back, you want to be at peak form before committing yourself.

[Enter]

//Invited or not, here you go...

Here you go, then. Stepping past the threshold of the entrance, you're greeted with a curious sight. Walls and floor blend seamlessly with the natural wood, giving a feel that the hallways and rooms are growing out of the tree itself, artifice formed from nature... or maybe it's the other way around.

[party.comp cait brint atugia

|<i>"Wish we could stop and study this further,"</i> Cait muses, putting her free hand on the wood. <i>"Growing your own homes like this... it sounds like more of what Velun would do, not Keros. The tree's immensely magical... it's such a pity."</i>

|<i>"It's not too much unlike home when you think about it,"</i> Brint muses as he tramps down the hallway after you. <i>"Just with wood instead of stone and dirt. Different material, same atmosphere. It feels kind of wrong, barging into someone's house like this..."</i>

|<i>"Can't say I'm likin' the thought of this,"</i> Atugia mutters as she follows behind you. <i>"One of Carmen was bad enough... thinkin' about hundreds o' folks like Carmen just ties my stomach in knots."</i>

]

{//amulet in possession:

Despite all this, though, you don't feel unnerved by this — quite the opposite, in fact. In a way, this is simply Kiyoko's cabin grown to a much grander scale, and the amulet warms against your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] as you pace down the hallway[kiyoko.numKits 1], reminding you of more wholesome times spent with your beloved kitsune wife]. If you get her out... no, <i>when</i> you get her out... you want to see her face, her joy, her smile.

<i>That's</i> the real reason why you're here, isn't it? Not some silly errand, some trivial fetch-quest given by Evergreen?

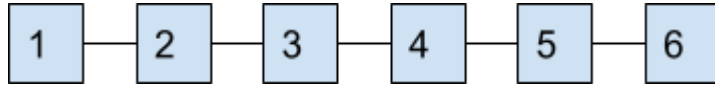
}

You've gone no more than thirty paces down the hallway when the gates slam shut behind you, a palpable thud rushing through the air like the final beat of a drum. Though you already had your suspicions, a glance at the now non-existent entrance tells you all you need to know: you're trapped in here. The only way, then, is forward...

//end encounter

Dungeon Layout

//Short and sweet. Each boss triggers when the PC sets foot in the corresponding room.



1. Entryway
2. Lodge (Azami)
3. Artificer's Workshop (Kazuo)
4. Hallway (Nakano)
5. Arched Gate (Miko and Mai)
6. Shrine (Komari)

Room Descriptions and Interactions

//These room descriptions will only be used when the events in them are complete and the player is given the option to move on. I'm not sure if 6. will be used, but I'll include it for completeness nonetheless.

1. Entryway

Past the tall, broad entrance lies a spacious passageway, as wide as some of the grandest roads of old Belhar. The main course of egress through this den of foxes, no doubt — although Lady Evergreen mentioned but several hundred kitsune in total lived here, it could very well have been fashioned for thousands.

And fashioned it is, not built or grown; the former implies too much artifice, the latter too haphazard. Smoothed floors and walls juxtapose with the occasional leafy sprig and all-pervading scent of fresh sap to create the impression of a carefully pruned plant; this tree is a thing of nature, but not given over to it. It's clearly alive... and moreso than most other flora of the Frostwood would warrant.

It looks like there ought to be several other passageways leading off from the main thoroughfare, but they've been sealed shut. You get the distinct impression you're being funnelled ahead...

2. Lodge

This warden's lodge is sparsely furnished. Azami clearly didn't care much for propriety, having strung up several hammocks instead of going to the trouble of futons; most of what space's available has been dedicated to the tools of the trade. Unstrung bows, half-fletched arrows, a bundle of carefully preserved feathers, rope, a sour-smelling tar-like liquid — these are arranged in perfect order. The little corner that Yuzu's claimed for herself is marked out by her hand mirror and brush, but it's otherwise clear that Azami's underlings have adopted her spartan ethos for their own, eschewing individual material possessions as much as they can.

Perhaps the only thing that makes this an actual home is the low table sitting in the middle of the room, a thick tablecloth draped over it and { //PC didn't fight Azami:

a simple but filling meal laid out on it. Azami and her underlings are very pointedly pretending not to notice you as they sit on their cushions and tuck into their food, although Yuzu steals a guilty glance at you every now and then.

//PC fought Azami:

the wardens' half-eaten meal still slowly cooling, miraculously untouched by the fight that just took place here.

}

Either way, there's no one stopping you from heading further into the tree...

3. Artificer's Workshop

This room is an absolute mess. While there's a small circle of order about a workbench laid up against the northern wall, chaos reigns supreme in the rest of the room: screws, wooden slats, lengths of spider silk, a stack of empty bowls. With the ruckus that's just taken place here, the disorder has only grown worse with broken and smashed puppets lying all over; it's a pity what's happened to several of Kazuo's half-finished inventions, but you doubted they were ever going to work in the first place.

There might be something of use forgotten in all this mess, if one took the time to give it a thorough comb-over... or you could just ignore the lot and head on up.

[Search]

[Search]

//Maybe there's something useful in all this mess...

With how much of a wreck the artificer's workshop is, maybe there's something that you can use here. No, probably <i>because</i> of how messy it is — there might be something missed that isn't hidden away...

Aha! Buried beneath a pile of wooden limbs and loose string is a small box with a distinctly antiseptic smell to it. You prise open the lid, and indeed are rewarded with a number of

useful tinctures — though you aren't able to read the language on the various jars and bottles, the distinctive scent alone is enough to confirm the identity of several common concoctions in the Marches. The job of artificer must be a rather painful one if he was getting cuts and scrapes that often...

//Gain 2x winterstem.

//Gain 2x oil of oliban.

//Gain 2x remedy.

4. Hallway

Up ahead, the broad hallway narrows and gains a gentle upwards incline; you're definitely getting into the less-travelled parts of this fox den. Screen doors line the wooden walls, their frames grown into this living home and decorated with morning glories, but they refuse to budge when you try them. The feeling that you're being funnelled on ahead is only getting stronger, unsettling your stomach.

{//amulet:

Sensing your unease, the amber orb warms against your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] once more, sending a comforting sensation through your being. She's here with you... it's going to be alright. You just have to find someone who actually understands what's going on here.

}

5. Arched Gate

With its guardians fled, the gate-cum-archway lies before you. Odd that they'd need such a thing this deep within their den... you suspect it serves a more ceremonial purpose than anything else. Fashioned from red-painted wood, it's stylised in what you've come to think of as kitsune aesthetics... the donation box that Mai was leaning on is empty, too. Hmm. Does it actually get any use, or is it just for show?

{//amulet:

You've definitely seen something like this before, deep in the cave shrine where you found the amber orb and Kiyoko. That feeling... you're rapidly approaching your true goal here.

}

Since those were the matron's successors, there's no doubt you're getting close to the heart of this gargantuan tree. All this for a bag... that tanuki had better make it worth your while, considering the effort you've put into this silly fetch quest.

6. Shrine

This is it, then — the very heart of the kitsune den, both physically and metaphysically. The wooden ground slopes upward towards a quaint shrine in the heart of this chamber, stone statues of foxes lining either side of the approaching path. Burning, golden-orange sap flows through the walls and floor like blood through veins, casting enough light to illuminate the entirety of the place.

The shrine itself is deceptively simple, little more than a wooden hut with a tiled roof, open on one side. The focus of attention is on an elaborately carved statue of what's commonly considered the trickster god Keros' undisguised form — a kitsune man of the sort so commonly found in these parts, although with nine tails like Komari has. The soft smell of fragrant incense rises into the air, its source a large bronze brazier by the side of the shrine proper.

This is very definitely a place of power, although of what kind...

Warden Azami



Overview

Upon stepping into the wardens' lodge, the player stumbles upon Azami having lunch with her subordinates Yuzu, Kiri and Hinata. Upon realising that someone who isn't supposed to be here has wandered into the den, she moves to detain the PC and company.

There are variants for whether the PC was kind, mean or outright did not meet the trio in the Old Forest. However, the only way the PC can avoid a fight is if a) they were kind to them in their time of need and b) possess the orb, hence having a legitimate excuse to be around. If that's the case, Azami will simply pretend to have seen nothing and sit back down to lunch with her subordinates.

Losing to Azami, as with all other bosses in this dungeon, will result in a personalised lead-in to the generic kitsune haus bad end (save Nakano, who just chops off your head).

Introduction

It doesn't take you long to find signs of life in this den — with as many of the doors and side passageways sealed as they are, the sound of voices reaches you, speaking in a language you don't understand and clearly isn't related to any tongue in use in the Marches. {/amulet:

You've spent enough time with Kiyoko, though, to recognise her mother tongue when it's being spoken.

}These are punctuated by the clink of utensils, and it's not long before the smell of fragrant cooked rice reaches you, amongst other more exotic aromas.

A happy mealtime conversation. Given that this is the only way forward, it's really a shame that you'll have to interrupt people while they're eating. No one ever likes that.

[party.has arona]

Arona grins and hefts her [aron.weapon]. *"Hey, I'm not complaining. Better them caught with their pants down than us."*

]

Well, time to turn the corner and see if it needs to come to blows. What greets your eyes is a rather homely sight: four kitsune sit on cushions around a square low table, a heavy tablecloth draped atop its surface, thick enough to be a blanket. Laid out between them is a simple spread: rice, chilled vegetables in sweet-smelling sauce, several grilled and salted fish — the kind of food that's not exactly tasteful, but intended to put meat on one's bones against the cold.

Seated at the head of the table is a five-tailed kitsune who can only be described as *wild*. Lacking much of the refinement others of her species you've met possess, she wears what looks like work clothes — plenty of room to move, solid wooden clogs, fabric resistant to tearing and staining. Looks like some things don't change across cultures. Your

attention, though, is drawn towards the other three at the table, the first thing you notice about them being their colouration — one blonde, one redhead, with the only male in this quartet black from head to tail.

//diverge point here.

//Was kind, have orb

Why, if it isn't good to see old friends again.

Silence falls over the room as all four kitsune cease their polite chatter, then breaks as Hinata sets down his bowl, rises to his feet and gives you a deep bow, switching to a language more familiar to you. *<i>"Why, [pc.name], this is an unexpected surprise. I was just telling my superior about you."*</i>

You'd have wished this reunion were under different circumstances, but you're kind of pressed for time at the moment.

<i>"At the very least, allow me to make introductions. [pc.name], this is Warden Azami Ishida. She is to me what I am to Yuzu and Kiri. Welcome to our humble lodge. Ishida-Dono, this is [pc.name], our benefactor. [pc.HeShe] was kind enough to feed Yuzu, Kiri and me when we were trapped on the other side of the river. We owe [pc.himHer] a considerable debt, especially since it is highly likely [pc.heShe] is the one who subdued the monster that had taken up residence on the bridge."</i>

Ah, shucks. Now he's making you out to be some kind of hero. This is the oddest place to be receiving such flattery...

Rolling her shoulders, Azami turns in her seat to face you. Her slitted green eyes study yours for several moments, her tails swishing behind her, then she rises and bows in much the same fashion as Hinata did. *<i>"From the bottom of my heart, I thank you on behalf of my subordinates, [pc.name]. You showed them kindness despite them being what most of you outsiders would regard as monsters; this is a debt that will be hard to adequately repay. Although..."*</i>

Although what?

<i>"...Indebted to you as we are, I still have duties that I cannot shirk, foremost amongst them my position as concierge of this den. Do you understand what this entails?"</i>

[pc.cunningRange 40]

You nod.

|

What's a concierge?

<i>"Someone who is in charge of the entrance to a place or building."</i>

Oh.

]

<i>"Which is why you're not wrong in wishing this reunion was under different circumstances. Unless you have a suitable reason for being here, you are trespassing; I keep on telling the young ones to shut the entrance after them when they leave, but they never obey with any regularity. Of course, being the kind of person who would show charity to the likes of us, I assume you would have one?"</i>

Oh, right, of course. While you're here on an errand for Lady Evergreen, you've never forgotten the true reason for coming all this way. Pulling out the amber orb and its amulet, you hold it out to Azami, who studies it intently.

<i>"This treasure is undoubtedly of our make."</i>

<i>"It's my fault. I explicitly told [pc.himHer] to come here,"</i> Hinata pipes up.

<i>"The Shrine Mother might know something about it."</i>

<i>"Ah. Well then. Sit back down, Hinata. We have been having a fine meal in our lodge, and have neither seen nor heard anything."</i>

Hmm, perhaps you might be asking a little too much, but couldn't she come along with you, explain the situation to anyone else who might raise objections to your presence?

<i>"Alas, that is impossible. I am already risking much by placing my trust in you and deliberately being derelict in my duty; even if nothing untoward happens, the burden of shame in my disobedience will still be mine to bear. The Shrine Mother is a reasonable woman and will likely hear you out, but I cannot say the same for some other denizens of this den. Now then, let us proceed."</i>

With that, both Azami and Hinata take their seats, and the kitsune quartet proceeds with their meal as if nothing had happened. All four of them are carefully averting their eyes from where you stand... the less they know, the better.

<i>"Yuzu, have more of this pickled turnip. Kiri, chew your salted smelt more thoroughly. I don't want you choking on any bones. Now that you've known hunger, I expect you to appreciate your food instead of wolfing it down."</i>

She's just like a mother to those girls... now that you think about it, you're practically witnessing a family meal. You actually feel relieved that you didn't have to fight these guys... although by the sound of it, the path ahead isn't going to be as easy.

//end encounter.

//was kind, no orb

Well, fancy meeting an old friend. Although this is his home, so it's not that surprising when one thinks about it...

Awkward silence falls over the room as all four kitsune stop their mealtime chatter, eyes turning towards you. It's nice to be the center of attention every now and then, but this is just getting embarrassing. At length, though, Hinata rises from his seat and gives you a small bow. *"Ah, [pc.name]. I... I was not expecting a visit. Speak of the devil — I was just recounting our experiences to my superior."*

You'd have wished this reunion were under different circumstances, but you're kind of pressed for time at the moment.

Hinata looks distinctly uncomfortable at all this, the expression of a man caught between a rock and a hard place. Scratching his twitching ears, he looks between you and the grey-furred kitsune at the head of the table before sighing. *"Before we proceed, perhaps I should make introductions. [pc.name], this is Warden Azami Ishida, my superior; she is to me what I am to Yuzu and Kiri. Azami, this is [pc.name], the native I was telling you about. [pc.HeShe] has shown us exceptional kindness in the past, sharing what [pc.heShe] had to offer with Yuzu, Kiri and me when we were in need. Before you make any decisions, I humbly suggest that you should keep in mind we are indebted to [pc.himHer]."*

Azami says nothing, instead turning in her seat to face you. Slitted grey eyes flicker up and down the length of your body, then she sets down her bowl and chopsticks on the table before rising and bowing.

"Thank you for returning my subordinates safely to their home, [pc.name]. From the bottom of my heart, you have my gratitude. They mean a lot to me."

Aw, shucks. You just saw someone who needed help and couldn't turn away.

"That they had to resort to banditry is reprehensible on its own, and moreover, you showed kindness to creatures most others would consider monsters. Given the circumstances under which you met, I can't say that your forbearance was insignificant. All of us wardens in this lodge are indebted to you."

Not bad, not bad. Hmm, if she wants to repay the favour, could she just let you on through, then? That would help greatly.

Azami's smile vanishes, and her ears curl downwards. *"Ah..."*

That's a no, then.

<i>"Amongst my duties is that of concierge of this den; indebted to you as we are, I cannot just simply neglect my position. You have asked of me something which, alas, is impossible."</i>

It's a pity things turned out this way. A true pity, indeed. No, it would simply be too <i>easy</i> if she'd taken all those empty words about indebtedness to heart and been willing to look the other way while you passed them by. Simply too easy.

<i>"Unless you have a suitable reason for being here, you are trespassing. I keep on telling the young ones to shut the entrance after them when they leave, but they never obey with any regularity. Of course, being the kind of person who would show charity to the likes of us, I assume you would have one?"</i>

You're here on business from Lady Evergreen, retrieve something she lost. That's not going to be an adequate reason, is it?

<i>"Mercenary work? No, and doubly so since that tanuki is your client. Her ancestors and mine come from the same lands, and we have history between us, to put it lightly. Yuzu! Kiri!"</i>

In a flash, all four kitsune have set aside their meal and grabbed weapons from under the table, although it's clear that their heart isn't in the fight from the way they're carrying themselves.

<i>"I'm deeply sorry to have to detain you. We will endeavour to be gentle."</i>

It's a fight!

//was mean

Well, fancy seeing <i>them</i> here. You thought you were rid of these fluffballs the last time you sent them packing into the woods. Guess they made it home after all, eh?

Silence as all four pairs of slitted eyes turn towards you. Then, with exact and careful deliberation, Hinata wipes his mouth, sets down his bowl and chopsticks, and narrows his gaze.

<i>"You."</i>

Why yes, it's you. Nice place they've got here. Guess he's finally getting something to eat on his own instead of having to steal it off others, right?

More silence. Yuzu and Kiri look torn between whether to scream in rage or burst into tears, and Hinata's fists are balled so tightly his knuckles have turned white, but neither of the make a move towards you. At length, the grey-furred kitsune at the

head of the table turns in her seat to face you, studying your person with slitted golden eyes.

<i>"Ah. My name is Azami Ishida, and these three are my responsibility. They have spoken much of you, native."</i>

Did they leave in the parts where they were engaging in banditry in the Old Forest?

<i>"They left nothing out. Banditry is indeed reprehensible, even given the circumstances they found themselves in... I will apologise for any problems they've caused you."</i> She stands and gives you a small bow.

Sorry, you're not the kind to be bought off by a sob story.

<i>"Of course, of course."</i> Azami's voice is ever so calm and dry, carefully devoid of emotion. <i>"In a world like this, one cannot trust monsters; one needs to be hard-hearted in order to survive. Your actions were perfectly understandable.</i>

<i>"Thus, I trust you will extend this same understanding when we are equally hard-hearted in detaining you for your trespass. Our debt to you will be repaid with the exact same coin with which you have been so kind as to bestow upon us."</i>

While she was speaking, the other kitsune have set aside their meal and drawn weapons from under the table; Azami herself whistles sharply, and a beautifully carved bow of foreign make materialises in her hands.

<i>"Please, allow us to settle all accounts here and now as Lord Keros teaches."</i>

It's a fight!

//never met

It can't be that bad, right? Just some ordinary people enjoying a perfectly ordinary meal. Engrossed as they are, perhaps you could even sneak by them without anyone noticing...

<i>"Ishida-Dono! Look!"</i>

All hopes of that are dashed when the blonde in the quartet drops her bowl of rice on the table and points straight at you, shrieking at the top of her lungs as white, fluffy grains scatter all over the dishes. Talk about melodramatic, but it gets the point across beautifully; in a flash, all three of her friends are on their feet and have weapons drawn and readied. With how loud that scream was — and on such a tiny fox-girl, too — you wouldn't be surprised if the entire den heard that.

*<i>"I keep on telling the young ones to shut the door on their way out,"</i> the grey-furred one amongst them says with a sigh. She's clearly the leader of this little troupe, taking point as the four of them cautiously draw close. *<i>"Something's going to get in someday,' I tell them, and they never listen. Well, it's happened."</i>**

Look, can't you talk this over? You're simply here on behalf of Mistress Evergreen, trying to find this bag that she lost —

<i>"Oh. A mercenary, and in the tanuki's employ to boot. You've gone from not having a legitimate reason to be here, to actually being a menace; if you were hoping to help your case, I'm afraid you've achieved negative results if anything. See, as concierge of this den, I can't just let anyone who wanders in just waltz by, especially when other people are out, and doubly so when I'm eating.</i>

<i>"Yuzu! Kiri! Hinata! Assist me in apprehending this trespasser. We'll decide what to do with [pc.himHer] afterwards."</i>

With that, the four of them move in on you in earnest. Like it or not, **it's a fight**!

Victory

//If was kind:

You've done it, bitter as the deed might have been. Yuzu, Kiri, Hinata and Azami lie in crumpled, groaning heaps about the wardens' lodge, laid low by the battle. Miraculously, their simple meal of pickled vegetables and grilled fish has escaped all harm throughout the pitched fighting, as picture-perfect as it was but minutes ago.

It was clear... their heart wasn't in it, indeed. They didn't want to fight you; even now, you're not completely sure they aren't feigning injury, creating a situation where you can pass while they keep some semblance of honour intact.

[party.has etheryn]

*<i>"I kind of feel sorry for them,"</i> Ryn says as she steps over a whimpering Yuzu, the blonde kitsune lying face-down on the floor. *<i>"It'd have been nice if they'd been willing to stand aside and let us pass, but... I understand where they're coming from."</i>**

You understand, too, but it doesn't make the situation any more palatable. Perhaps... perhaps when you return, you'll be able to even the score with these four.

]

With the warden and her underlings out of the way, there's nothing blocking your path further into the tree-den...

//else:

With a pained yelp, the last of the foxy wardens goes down, crumpling into a heap on the floor. You whirl around and scan the remainder of the lodge, but there aren't any foes left standing — twitching and moaning, collapsed and down for the count, but not standing. The blonde girl, Yuzu, sniffles quietly with her head in her hands, but that aside there's no further movement from any of them.

[party.has etheryn]

<i>"I kind of feel sorry for them,"</i> Ryn says as she steps over a comatose Azami. <i>"Maybe it's just because we're so similar..."</i>

Bah, nonsense. She's nothing like these mangy mutts — they got everything they deserved, and maybe a little more for good measure. It would've been much more pleasant if this whole altercation could've been avoided, but as things stood it was inevitable.

]

Miraculously, their simple meal of pickled vegetables and grilled fish has escaped all harm throughout the pitched fighting, as picture-perfect as it was but minutes ago. One way or the other, the warden and her underlings are out of the picture, leaving the path onward into the tree open to you.

Loss

//if kind:

Damn it. You struggle, trying to will your limbs into moving, but all the fight's left you. The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak and all that — there's a note of sad finality as Hinata grabs you by under the shoulders, disarms you, then starts binding your wrists together. [party.som]

[[party.compNames] suffers the same fate, similarly disarmed and trussed up in short order, Kiri working with a grim reluctance that only makes this whole thing worse.

[[party.compNames] suffer the same fate, similarly disarmed and trussed up in short order, Kiri working with a grim reluctance that only makes this whole thing worse.

]

<i>"It's over. I wish... I wish you hadn't come here."</i>

Yuzu won't look you in the eye, her ears downcast as she watches Hinata tie you up. <i>"So... what do we do with [party.hasCompanions|them|[pc.himHer]], Lady Azami?"</i>

<i>"Gods. I..."</i> Azami shakes her head, bites her lip. <i>"We'll take [party.hasCompanions|them|[[pc.himHer]] to the Shrine Mother, throw [party.hasCompanions|them|[[pc.himHer]] on her mercy. I'll... I'll put in a good word. It's the least I can do."</i>

Yuzu doesn't look very happy with this outcome; no one does. You're in no position to complain when Kiri comes up with a makeshift stretcher-cum-palanquin and loads you up on it, [party.hasCompanions|[[party.compNames]] following after soon enough|either]. As you feel yourself being lifted up and away, something hard and heavy lands on the back of your skull, and the world rapidly blackens and spins; these foxes sure do know their craft.

<i>"I'm really sorry,"</i> is the last thing you hear Azami say. <i>"On behalf of me and my subordinates, I hope you can find it in yourself to forgive us."</i>

Well, damn.

//Go to generic bad end.

//else:

Damn it. You collapse face-first into one of the cushions, and the foxes are immediately upon you, biting, wrestling and pinning you into submission. You struggle and kick, trying to give as good as you're getting, but with you outnumbered the outcome was never in doubt. [party.som|

|Seeing you go down, [party.compNames] has a go of it, trying to salvage the situation, but is soon similarly overpowered by the sheer ferocity of fluff.

|Seeing you go down, [party.compNames] have a go of it, trying to salvage the situation, but are soon similarly overpowered by the sheer ferocity of fluff.

]

<i>"That's enough,"</i> Azami commands, snapping her fingers. <i>"Restrain [party.hasCompanions|them|[[pc.himHer]]]. I just want to get this over with and have a bit of peace."</i>

As one, Yuzu, Kiri and Hinata stop the brawl, the latter pulling you upright and tying together your wrists and ankles with a length of deceptively thin cord.

[party.hasCompanions

|Kiri does the same to [party.compNames], her expression set into a mask of grim distaste.

]

<i>"Your orders, Ishida-Dono?"</i>

<i>"It is not our place to pass judgement when there are those more competent to do so easily at hand; our job is merely to apprehend. We'll throw

[party.hasCompanions|them|[pc.himHer]] on the Shrine Mother's mercy...she'll be far more thorough than we could ever be."</i>

That satisfies Azami's underlings well enough, and they run off to fetch what looks like a makeshift stretcher-cum-palanquin. The trio are definitely cold and businesslike as they dump you unceremoniously atop it; it would arguably have been much better if they'd been openly gloating about their victory. This... this is just disturbing.

[party.has arona|

<i>"Damn it!"</i> Arona grunts, tugging at the cord binding her limbs together. You can see her hefty muscles straining at the bonds, bulging with effort; for all her strength, she's unable to break what ought to be no more than simple threads. <i>"Seven-damned soul-sucking brush-tails and their dirty tricks..."</i>

]

As you feel yourself being lifted up and away, something hard and heavy lands on the back of your skull, and the world rapidly blackens and spins; these foxes sure do know their craft.

<i>"Farewell. Maybe one of these days I'll get to have a meal from start to finish without being interrupted."</i>

She's that obsessed with food that she's thinking of it even now?

<i>"No, I merely place far more value on my time with my subordinates than I do on time wasted dealing with the likes of you."</i>

//Go to generic bad end.

Artificer Kazuo



Overview

Artificer Kazuo is the second boss of the fluff dungeon. Bespectacled, long-haired, ever so slightly feminine — not exactly out of place by kitsune standards, but definitely a bit of a twink when it comes to Marches standards. Well, more than a bit, think Berry but without the

hips. Has a thing for automation, especially puppets. Invents things, half-invents things, leaves them lying around his workshop, terrible genius/idiot savant. May or may not have cut off his left arm to replace it with an organic technology golem equivalent, which is probably why he was politely invited to reside in the colonies away from polite society.

Possesses a battlesuit/power armour/power loader that is essentially a giant puppet he hides in. Lust damage is the easiest way to take him out, since his battlesuit doesn't shield him from that.

The PC and company will come across him in his workshop; at first he'll think it's Mai, but soon realises it's not someone he knows and gives battle.

Introduction

Leaving the wardens' lodge, you follow the maze-like path of hallways further into the depths of the tree. The wood is strangely solid under your feet — hard, but with almost a strange sponginess to its uppermost layer, like cork. Blocked-off sections of hallway mean you have to weave in and out of several rooms that show signs of habitation with recently filled lanterns and trunks full of freshly folded clothes, but the residents are out at the moment, much to your relief.

That is, until you reach what immediately strikes you as some kind of workshop. The closest resemblance you can put to the place is Ogrish's smithy, but the orc would never let his workspace descend into such chaos. You almost step on several angular pieces of wood joined together on your way in, kicking more out of the way as you do your best to creep through the large chamber. For some reason, it's rather dark in here compared to even the hallways outside...

[party.has cait]

Cait wrinkles her nose at the mess and sniffs. *<i>"Can't say I approve of this. Calla would throw a fit if she saw a mess as extensive as this one..."</i>*

]

Through the gloom, you take note of several large shapes lining the walls, furniture of some sort, clearly of a practical bent. Smoothing planes, saws, sandpaper — carpentry tools dominate the racks on the walls, followed closely by ones for metalworking. Guess there's no shortage of wood around these parts, after all...

[party.has berwyn]

Hugging himself, Berwyn nevertheless follows you resolutely through the gloomy chamber. *<i>"Somehow, this reminds me of Mistress' tower..."</i>*

]

Click, click...

The quiet, rhythmic sound draws your attention, and you turn your gaze towards its source — a lone workbench against the far wall, lit by a pair of lanterns hanging from its headboard. Seated at it is a lone eight-tailed kitsune, hunched over the workbench's surface and tinkering away at something that's rather fine and intricate. The soft, flickering light from the lanterns doesn't extend very far past his bespectacled face, and his ears twitch every so often as he works, smoothing out the ball-socket joint laid out before him.

Your previous experience with Azami and her wardens has left you rather cautious, but —

That particular train of thought is interrupted when the kitsune speaks in that strange, lilting mother tongue the fox-people use, tapping an empty spot on the workbench beside him.

[silly]<i>「マイ、私のお茶を出してくれる？」</i>

]

You've absolutely no idea what he wants, if he wants anything, or even if he's noticed you in the first place. Those questions are answered when the kitsune reaches out a hand for the empty spot where he'd expected something to be placed, finds empty space, and after a little dancing around with his delicate fingers realises that there's nothing there to begin with and turns around to see you, a slight frown on his face.

<i>"You're not Mai. Neither do you have my tea."</i>

No, and no.

<i>"You made all that noise, didn't you, outsider? Thanks to you, I can't think straight, and I have so much work to do! Plus, I was really looking forward to Mai's tea..."</i>

[party.has arona]

Arona grins a toothy, tusky grin, stepping forward to tower over the diminutive kitsune. <i>"Well then, little fox, why don't you work on playing with your toys? Don't mind us, we're just passing through."</i>

|

You have an idea. Since he's so busy, why doesn't he work on letting you pass through, then? You'll be out of his fur in no time, and a little fox like him'll have all the peace and quiet he wants to play with his toys.

]

You're not sure what exactly it was about those words that provoked the kitsune, but boy is he <i>pissed</i>, his ears turning forward and face turning a rather garish shade of red. Hopping off his stool, the kitsune draws himself to his full height — which can't be an inch above five feet four at best — and plants his balled fists akimbo.

<i>"Ohh, those are big words you're slinging about there, [party.has arona|green-skinned muscle-brain|[pc.race]]! I'm not so absent-minded as to know you're not supposed to be here!"</i>

[party.has arona]

Arona just guffaws at the outburst. *<i>"Hey, [pc.name], this one's really cute. You mind if we take him home as a pet or something? I know exactly what to feed him!"</i>*

]

Yes, you're not supposed to be here, and what is *<i>he</i>* going to do about it?

*<i>"Well, for starters, **this."</i>***

The kitsune snaps his fingers, and blue, brilliant-hued foxfire flares into existence, illuminating the workshop. Plain wooden marionettes of the sort Ogrish would use to display his wares line the walls, although you can see hinges and sockets where joints would be if they were human. The little red-headed fox-man concentrates again, and this time there's a definite thrum of power in the air, faint wisps of blue flame threading through the air like gossamer filaments carried by the wind.

[party.has cait]

Cait's eyes suddenly snap wide, and the gem in her staff flares a radiant pink.

<i>"[pc.name]! Don't let him get that spell off! I'll try to hold him while you —"</i>

|

[pc.cl blackmage whitemage]

There's no time to determine exactly what kind of magic he's working, but there's little doubt it's bad news. You've got to stop him before —

|

While you're not that well-versed in the magical arts, the sheer amount of power sloshing around about the room leaves little doubt what he's doing is bad news for you. You've got to stop him before —

]

]

Even as you rush forward with your [pc.weapon] drawn, the little silver-furred kitsune flicks his wrists, and several of the marionettes spring to life, moving jerkily as they rush to defend their master. You can *<i>see</i>* the strings connecting him to his automatons, tendrils of eerie blue flame that extend from his fingers to the marionettes' limbs.

*<i>"I will say, I haven't had the chance to **really** test out the workshop's defenses; I suppose I should thank you [party.som][both |all]for coming along. Komari was never on board with the whole idea — 'Kazuo, you're just being paranoid. You're perfectly safe here. No one's going to come in and mess with your work.' Well, the joke's on her."</i>*

So, golems? You swing your [pc.weapon] straight at the little eight-tailed kitsune, but one of the puppets steps in to take the blow for him. There's a satisfying thump as your [pc.weapon] strikes solid wood and the jerky construct flies apart — only for its constituent pieces to start reassembling themselves several seconds later.

[party.has berwyn]

<i>"Big whoop,"</i> Berwyn drawls, a smug smirk plastered all over his face like a kid who's just realised he's got more marbles than anyone else on the playground. <i>"Your golems are wooden. My elementals are stone. Guess what's harder?"</i>

Kazuo sniffs, and you can <i>hear</i> the condescension in that single gesture. <i>"I would never create something as crude and unrefined as a golem, northerner, nor be as lazy and barbaric as you to simply rip something from nature and call it your own. These are puppets."</i>

<i>"Po-tay-to, po-tah-to, old man."</i>

]

<i>"Don't worry, that's not all."</i> Kazuo makes a clasping motion with his hands, and the assorted junk on the benches and floor starts to rise and swirl, joined by the same burning blue threads. Within moments, order's arisen out of the workshop's absolute chaos, seemingly innocuous widgets and gadgets assembling themselves about the kitsune's body into a massive monstrosity of wood and metal. Immense, humanoid — almost like a suit of full armour, but with far more moving parts.

Actually, come to think of it, it looks just like a giant puppet...

[party.comp brint berwyn]

|<i>"Careful, now."</i> Eyes not leaving the mechanical puppet housing the artificer, Brint readies his [brint.weapon]. <i>"I've seen enough of the womenfolks' handiwork to know something of their craft. If this is engineering, it isn't just that."</i>

|Berwyn's smug smirk has faded ever so slightly as he takes in the beast of wood and steel before him. <i>"Well then, I guess this makes the fight fair. It wouldn't be fun if I kept that overwhelming advantage now, would it, old man?"</i>

]

<i>"Now then,"</i> Kazuo says, his voice muffled from within his creation, <i>"you outsiders really should have picked on someone your own size."</i>

It's a fight!

Victory

The smell of burning embers fills the air. Was it there a moment ago? You don't remember, ducking out of the way as the living suit of strange, full-bodied armour smashes its pincer-like fist in the spot you were standing seconds ago. Whirling around, you have your [pc.weapon] at the ready, but your foe hasn't moved, instead half-crouched as more puppets swarm in from the sidelines to defend their master.

What is he doing?

Then without warning, something explodes from within the living armour, wisps of foxfire seeping from its joints. Another small explosion rocks the construct, and this time it shatters into so much debris, its creator simply unable to maintain the focus needed to hold it together. Coughing and wheezing, Kazuo's thrown forward out of the wreckage of his invention and face-down onto the floor, his robes still smouldering and spectacles cracked. The eight-tailed kitsune curses and tries to push himself off the ground, only to be stopped short by his marionettes collapsing all about him. Without the ghostly fire sustaining them, the constructs return to their inert state, raining their component pieces onto their creator.

[party.has berwyn]

Grinning triumphantly, Berwyn steps up and taps the back of the kitsune's head with the base of his staff. *"So much for that, old man; despite all appearances, rock still beats paper. I've the better constructs, and you can't deny it now, can you?"*

Kazuo makes several angry fox noises, barks and yips interspersed with choice phrases from his mother tongue. You don't understand the language, but he nevertheless gets his meaning across just fine.

]

The artificer spits soot out of his mouth, the bitter taste of foxfire-charred wood clearly not to his liking. *"Beaten by [party.som]a young punk|a couple of young punks|a bunch of young punks]..."*

[party.has arona]

"Young punks, eh?" Arona steps up, lowering her [arona.weapon] so that the business end is mere inches from Kazuo's face. *"After all that you said, you're still the one on the ground here amidst your broken toys, soul-sucker. It's adorable."*

]

That's right. Now that he's brought all that he has to bear against you and still failed, is he going to insist on stopping you?

"Don't be so hasty, now."

Kazuo raises a hand off the ground and you step back, wondering just what he's got up his sleeve. Bringing it down on the floorboards with a firm smack, you hear the loud snap of a flame sparking into existence — and a large plume of choking dark smoke billows outward to

consume him. By the time it's dissipated, there's no sign of the kitsune artificer, and that suits you just fine.

You spend a little while longer searching through Kazuo's workshop, checking it over for any sign of Evergreen's little bag, but no luck. Nah, that would have been far too easy... while it would've made sense for something like the bountiful bag to be of interest to an artificer like him, you'll just have to search deeper in this den of foxes.

//end encounter.

Loss

You gasp hard as the living armour's pincer-like hand slams into your chest, cold metal knocking the wind out of you and sending your [pc.weapon] flying. You dart to the side, looking to retrieve your fallen weapon and get back into the fight, but before you know it, the construct's steely grip is upon you, pinning your arms to your sides.

<i>"Who's 'little' now, huh? Still think these are mere toys?"</i> Gods, he sure does have an inferiority complex...

[party.som]|

You look around for [companion1.name], hoping that [companion1.heShe]'s in a position to get you out of this predicament. No such luck; [companion1.name] is caught in the living armour's other hand, struggling against its vice-like grip to little avail.

|

You look around for [companion1.name], hoping that [companion1.heShe]'s in a position to get you out of this predicament. No such luck; [companion1.name] is caught in the living armour's other hand, struggling against its vice-like grip to little avail. [companion2.name] isn't in much of a better position either, trapped under one of the construct's feet and swarmed by the many puppets Kazuo's summoned to his aid.

]

[party.has berwyn]

<i>"And as for you,"</i> Kazuo continues, smacking Berwyn against the ground and sending the dog-boy yelping in pain, <i>"let that teach you that experience and finesse will outplay sheer strength every time. Power is nothing if you can't direct it to useful ends — a lesson you've learned a little too late, punk. Paper beats rock; let that sink into whatever you natives pass for a brain."</i>

]

Before you know it, you find yourself lifted up and in front of what passes for a helmet in this mechanical monstrosity of wood and metal. How the artificer is seeing you from within is

anyone's guess, considering there aren't any visor slits in it like a normal full helm would, but he goes through the motions of studying you anyway.

<i>"Gods damn it,"</i> Kazuo mutters, more to himself than anyone else. <i>"I'm getting too old for this nonsense. I'll let Komari sort you out and be done with it, and maybe, just maybe, Mai will be punctual with my tea for once."</i>

With you still in his steely grasp, Kazuo turns and stomps out of his workshop and into the hallways, the footfalls of his living armour echoing ominously. The last thing you see before you lose it is the sight of [party.som

[the nightmarish puppet marching along behind you, their strings gleaming in the dim orange light.

[[companion1.name], trussed up by a multitude of puppet strings wound about [companion1.hisHer] body. Kazuo's puppet horde has picked [companion1.himHer] up like a sack of meat and is marching behind their master in eerie lockstep, bringing your friends to share your fate.

[[companion1.name] and [companion2.name], trussed up in a multitude of glimmering puppet strings wound about their bodies. Kazuo's puppet horde has picked them up and is marching behind their master in eerie lockstep, bringing your friends to share your fate.

]

//go to generic bad end

Nakano



Overview

Nakano "The Iron Poet" Kurokawa is one of Komari's many, many great-great-grandchildren, a black-furred, five-tailed prettyboy floof. Having earned the moniker not just because of how elegantly he moves in combat, but also because he writes lots and lots of waka poetry. Almost all of it is absolutely atrocious and he's aware of that fact, but he soldiers on because a good *bushi* is supposed to excel at craft in order to deepen his soul. After all, he's a man of culture, and men of culture need to be able to write good, moving poetry.

Note to self: Nakano's title is Taisa (大佐), which roughly translates to captain/colonel. Despite his youth, he's attained that rank because frankly no one of any actual import wants to be sent to lead the pitiful colonial regiments, eww, going to foreign places, who would want that? Then again, given that people were becoming ship captains at 20, it's not really that strange.

Some immigrants past the first generation grow away from their home cultures, others cling to it with a ferocity that surpasses their parents'. Nakano is of the latter, being quite the glory hound. He dreams of being able to return to the Old Country someday — just a step away through Komari's *torii* gate — but not before accruing enough glory and renown in service of his deity that he'll be revered even as a diasporan.

If Kinu is raised to be an elegant slut, she will take this gallant, romantic and exciting big ham as a consort. Komari is not pleased — Nakano's romantic and almost Don Quixote-ish outlook on the world, while attracting Kinu, is a source of much frustration for the Shrine Mother, who only wants her descendant to stop all this nonsense and make something useful of his life. Nakano himself is positively gobsmacked at the opportunity to marry into high nobility, though, and sees no reason to refuse.

No katanas, only nodachi.

The PC will encounter Nakano in the hallways leading to the center of the tree, having just been lectured by his great-great-grandmother yet again and heading back to his quarters to compose himself by churning out more terrible poetry. Upon seeing barbaric natives trapaing down the corridors of his home, he surmises that Azami has failed in her duty, and that he'll be able to gain the glory of defending his home *and* show up that emotionless, acerbic bitch by dealing with you himself.

Losing to Nakano will not trigger the kitsune haus generic bad end, but unless you have the orb he will kill you on the spot.

Introduction

//Trigger upon entering Nakano's square.

Leaving the artificer's workshop, you're introduced yet again to the maze-like network of hallways that form the interior of the kitsune den. At this point, it's hard to shake off the feeling that the place is alive... but of *course* it's alive, it's a giant tree. Did you think it *wasn't* alive? Maybe the den itself is confounding you...

This stretch of hallway is long and winding, the smell of sap getting stronger now; do these people live with this all the time? It's not an unpleasant scent, carried by the constant draft that rushes in from behind you, but the floral, perfumy scent makes the mind wander...
{//amulet: come to think of it, you *know* this fragrance. It's the one Kiyoko wears on her person; the thought is more than a little melancholy.}

...And wandering your mind must have been, because you don't hear the heavy footsteps until they're almost upon you. Snapping out of your thoughts, you look up and down the hallway's length for something to hide behind or a room to duck into, but no such luck. Retreat is a theoretical possibility, but you wouldn't be able to round the last corner you passed to evade whoever's bearing down on you.

[party.som]

[You're not the only one to be affected by this strange place. [party.compNames] looks around blearily, as if [companion1.heShe]'d just woken up from a pleasant dream. The sound of impending danger is no less pressing, though, and at a sharp glance from you [companion1.heShe] makes ready with [companion1.hisHer] weapon and steels [companion1.himHer]self for the inevitable.

[You're not the only one to be affected by the aura of this strange place. [party.compNames] look woozy and bleary, as if they'd just woken up from a pleasant dream. The heavy footsteps snap them back to alertness soon enough, though, and they quickly take up position by your side, ready for what at this point is inevitable.

]

When he does appear, though, you're almost disappointed. A single black-furred, five-tailed kitsune rounds the corner, outfitted in full-body armour consisting of what looks like numerous interlocking red-painted plates over a gambeson. He's tall for a kitsune, which means he's merely slightly short by Marches standards, and kind of lanky to boot. The armour's made in a style clearly native to his homeland — the helmet even has little ears on it like those of catfolk make do, instead of folding one's ears under the interior in lupine fashion.

But what strikes you about this fellow is how young he looks — not because of his build or anything, but the poor bastard's a pretty boy, with a baby face under an unkempt shock of hair that's in sharp contrast with the military neatness with which he carries himself.

[party.comp arona atugia

[[silly

|Arona just chuckles at the sight. <i>"Lumia's tits, really now? What sick bastard sends a baby like this to fight? This is what passes for a warrior amongst these ginger-tailed soul-suckers?"</i>

|<i>"Hey, I didn't know these ginger-tailed soul-suckers actually had warriors!"</i> Arona exclaims without the slightest attempt at subtlety whatsoever. <i>"Wonder if they're any good; I'm already getting a chub just thinking about it. Hope he's less of a pushover than those we've met so far, although I'm not holding out hope for it. You need to eat more meat than what this boy's been getting to build any kind of muscle."</i>

]

|<i>"I'm not likin' the looks 'o this,"</i> Atugia whispers to you. <i>"We might be in f'r a bit o' trouble."</i>

No doubt she's seen some things in her time, but you'd like to hear her reasoning.

<i>"Sure, he ain't got much in the way of mass, but the way he carries himself makes my hackles rise. Leastways, he ain't no stranger to shedding blood; muscle ain't much good if y' don't got the will to use it."</i>

]

The black-furred kitsune's carrying a curved longsw — no, it's a greatsword in his left hand by the lacquered scabbard, and freezes for a fraction of a second as he spots you, his entire body tensing as his eyes narrow and ears fold back.

<i>"Barbarians, in great-great-grandmother's house."</i>

[party.has arona

|<i>"Damn right you've got one here."</i> Arona smiles, all tusks and teeth. <i>"You going to do something about it with that pretty face of yours? Bet it's pretty good for sucking cock, and I'm already getting a good stiffy just thinking of how much of a fight you'll put up."</i>

|

[pc.bg barbarian

|Suuure. You <i>are</i> a barbarian, but somehow you don't think that's what he meant by it.

|Of course. To the likes of him, you <i>would</i> be a barbarian, wouldn't you? Wouldn't have mattered who you were, where you came from or your upbringing... you're just a plain old barbarian.

]

]

You briefly consider a parley, then drop the idea as a soft hiss of steel on silk reaches you. The kitsune has drawn his greatsword, letting the scabbard fall to the floor, and is rapidly closing the distance between you in big, easy strides.

*"I **told** great-great-grandmother it'd happen someday, and now it has. Maybe she won't dismiss me out of hand any more after I bring your heads to her! Maybe she'll respect me for once!"*

With that, the black-furred kitsune charges with all the tact and zeal of a hungry glory hound, sword gripped in both hands and poised for a downward strike.

[party.manyCompanions

"Is he crazy?" [companion1.name] says, steeling [companion1.himHer]self as your foe bears down on you. *"He's outnumbered three to one!"*

He must be quite skilled to be confident in taking on all of you at once. And if he's crazy... well, that just makes him all the more dangerous. You'll have to be on your toes with this one...

]

It's a fight!

Victory

The kitsune warrior stumbles back with a yelp, his curved greatsword slipping from his grip and landing on the floor with a clang. Seeing this opening, you move to seize the opportunity and press the attack, [party.hasCompanions][party.compNames] right behind you as you charge forward[knowing that you might not get another chance]. Even with you throwing him to the ground and raining blows on his helmet and chestpiece with your [pc.weapon], he's incredibly tenacious and simply refuses to submit, almost managing to turn the tables once or twice as he attempts to throttle you with his bare hands.

[party.has arona

"Stay down, damn it!" It's hard to tell whether Arona's trying to knock out the kitsune warrior or flat-out kill him, considering how vigorously she's applying her [arona.weapon] to the task. *"Just give up already, you little bastard!"*

]

Eventually, though, you catch the kitsune on the back of his helmet with a solid smack and he stops struggling, falling limp as he rolls over face-down on the ground. Even his tails aren't twitching any more, and it's only then that you allow yourself to relax and catch your breath.

[party.comp cait brint

|<i>"I-is he dead?"</i> Cait asks in a quiet, subdued voice. There's blood on her staff where she'd been clubbing the kitsune, and her face is more than a little pale.

Maybe he is. Maybe he isn't. You really don't want to risk him coming to and launching straight back into that suicidal fury; helping him might actually worsen his chances of survival.

Cait doesn't look like she's buying this in the slightest, but nevertheless nods and turns away from the ugly sight. It must be hard for someone schooled since young in the teachings of Mallach to harden her heart like this, no matter how necessary...

|On his part, Brint's leaning against a wall, lungs heaving as he wipes the sweat off his brow. <i>"Khaaaak. I feel like I've drunk a whole cask of bloodwine and taken on an entire regiment of chargers in the colosseum. Little fox guy just didn't know when to give up. Maybe he didn't know how."</i>

Hope he's the exception to his kind and not the norm, then.

Brint takes a huge pull from his waterskin and exhales a plume of mist. <i>"I kinda like him. Reminds me of some of the gladiators who'd pass through the village when I was growing up — they're the sort who also don't know when to give up, although probably for different reasons. It'd be a real shame if we've ended up killing this little guy."</i>

Maybe, but either way you don't want to stick around to find out.

]

One way or the other, you don't want to linger here a moment longer than is absolutely necessary. When you feel you've recovered enough to not be completely useless should something surprise you in the hallways, you make like a tree and leave quickly, [party.hasCompanions|[party.compNames] hurrying along behind you|just in case someone comes along to investigate the commotion, amongst other more unsavoury things].

//end encounter.

Loss

//If no Amulet:

When defeated, it's wise to hope that your enemy is an evil man. He'll want to gloat, savour his victory, watch you squirm. Triumph to such a person isn't worth much if his enemy is spared the emptiness and sting of defeat.

A good man, or at least a self-righteous one, will kill you without another word.

The last thing you feel is the edge of that foreign greatsword biting deep into your neck, and the warmth of blood blossoming outwards as keen metal slices through your spine.

Your adventure and your life end here.

//bad end

//if Amulet:

When defeated, it's wise to hope that your enemy is an evil man. He'll want to gloat, savour his victory, watch you squirm. Triumph to such a person isn't worth much if his enemy is spared the emptiness and sting of defeat.

A good man, or at least a self-righteous one, will kill you without another word.

Sensing that you no longer have the strength to resist him, the kitsune warrior raises his greatsword, readying a flamboyant overhead stroke to finish you off. He certainly has a sense for theaterics...

As the keenly honed edge is about to bite deep into your neck, though, a brilliant amber light emerges from the amulet and its orb, shielding you from the killing blow. Sparks scrape from tortured metal as the kitsune grits his teeth, pressing his weight against the magical shield as if willing to penetrate it by sheer force of will alone, but it holds.

Kiyoko just saved your life...

However, the problem of your bruises and bleeding out is far from solved. As you feel your strength ebb from you, your only thought is how ironic it would be for you to be saved by Kiyoko, only to succumb to exsanguination...

//go to saved by the orb.

Miko and Mai





Overview

Miko and Mai are the third incarnation of, and spiritual successors to the much-loved vulpine characters of Savin's. Fraternal twin sisters, they're a rarity amongst kitsune in that they both count as the firstborn daughters in the direct Kurokawa matrilineal line and hence both have equal claim to the title. Komari's hoping to retire sometime in the next twenty or thirty years, and has sent for her great-great granddaughters to train as priestesses and prepare them for

taking her place. The twins can usually be found together, but it's not like they're joined at the hip or anything; of note is the fact that Miko and Mai sleep in the same bed and have done so since they were kits. They speak kansai-ben, which means I'm going to have to make them sound like southern hicks, aren't I?

Miko's the orange one with the fan; with tits the size of her head and hips to match, the foxy slut's a sexpot and flaunts it for everything it's worth. Her shrine maiden's uniform — if you can call it that — barely covers any of her body. Affectionate, playful, openly wants fuck, etc, etc.

Mai's the chain-smoking grey one with the pipe; lacking her sister's raw voluptuousness, she's elected to go for the elegant lady route and dress in a less revealing fashion than her sister. This is the assertive mature lady straight out of Herio's Assertive Fox-Spirit.

Both sisters will be Kinu's contemporaries and bully her relentlessly once she grows up. For her own good, of course. When they're not actually studying under their great-great-grandmother, the sisters will run the kitsune shrine. Miko runs it during the day, with Mai taking over at night; their schedules intersect at dawn and dusk.

Introduction

//Trigger upon entering their square.

Further on into the tree you march — at this point, you're certain that the kitsune den is bigger on the inside than it is on the outside, much like Evergreen's manor.

[pc.toughnessRange 60|Despite your hearty constitution|You've walked so far], the soles of your feet are beginning to ache more than a little. Despite searching a number of rooms on your way in — sitting rooms, storage, even a couple of private quarters — you've turned up nothing as immediately out of place as Evergreen's bountiful bag. Perhaps taking a job like this without perhaps asking for some way to home in on the object she's looking for was a bad idea...

{//amulet:

Not to mention the <i>real</i> reason you're here, either. You came here to find someone who could help Kiyoko out of her situation, but every single kitsune you've met so far has been either unwilling or unable to tell you very much about the amulet. Come to think about it, for such an expansive den, it's rather sparsely populated, but Azami did say everyone had gone out for a festival or something...

What a headache. You'd hoped you could just flash the amulet and the kitsune would be kind enough to step aside and direct you to someone who could help, but no. That would be too easy. If you've learned anything since the night of the blizzard, it's that anything worth doing is always a struggle...

}

At this point, you must be pretty close to the heart of this fox den — even the occasional paper lantern on the wall has all but vanished, leaving an eerie orange glow in the air to light your way.

[party.has berwyn

|<i>"Paper lanterns with candles in them,"</i> Berwyn quips as he trundles along behind you. <i>"Paper lanterns with candles in them, lighting up the inside of a tree. Even if the tree itself is more fireproof than most, am I the only one who thinks that's really just asking for it?"</i>

]

Eventually, though, the hallway opens up into a wide chamber — no, a garden <i>inside</i> of the tree. The floral scent which you noticed when you stepped into this den of foxes is at its strongest here, wafting upwards from the neat beds of pink blossoms arrayed about the sides. There's even a stone path up to the foot of a — well, you guess it must be a hill, because it's sloping upwards. From that point, it's up a stone stairwell to what looks like an enormous arched gate, and beyond that... well, you'd have to get closer to check it out.

[party.has brint

|<i>"No way left but forward, then,"</i> Brint muses. <i>"Hup!"</i>

]

Setting down the stone path at a steady pace, you make for the red-painted gate arch at the top of the slope. It's a little unsettling, the rustle of leaves and gurgling of flowing water within a living tree... at the same time, part of you has come to accept there's more to this place than the eye can see. Passing a couple of decorative boulders on the way, you reach the base of the stairs when a flicker of movement from the top landing catches your eye.

[party.has atugia

|<i>"My neck's aching again,"</i> Atugia mutters as she grabs you by the shoulder and pulls you back. <i>"That's always bad news. Look out!"</i>

]

You don't need telling twice. Stepping back and readying a hand at your [pc.weapon], you look up just as two silhouettes detach themselves from either gatepost and start sashaying down the steps. Two female kitsune, each with six tails apiece and golden slitted eyes, begin closing the distance to you, black chokers about their necks and salacious smiles on their lips.

That's where the similarity ends. The kitsune to your right, the one with the paper fan in hand — she's an oversexed vixen goddess. Each of her tits is as large as her head, if not bigger, and her hips are blatant to match. Both assets strain at her sleeveless red-and-white clothing, those sinfully short skirts exposing just the right amount of thigh between them and her tall stockings. Her outfit... there's a clear sense of formality here, yet at the same time it's undeniably a temptress' toolkit, allowing her long, orange hair to spill down over her shoulders and join her curling tails. Come to think of it, it's not too much unlike Cait's own passion priestess garb, or at least possessed of the same energy.

[party.has cait

|<i>"Baaah,"</i> Cait spits, sounding more than a little aggrieved as her tail lashes irritably from side to side. <i>"Didn't know any other gods were getting into temple prostitutes too. That's Mallach's domain, and where almost all the Temple's income comes from."</i>

Why, checking out the competition?

<i>"I'd hardly call this one competition. Look at her strut. She's got no subtlety."</i>

]

Conversely, the kitsune to your left is more modestly proportioned with sharper, more delicate features, although that still gives her plenty of room to be voluptuous. The long, flowing sleeves and skirts of her red-and-white uniform are nevertheless altered to strategically show off choice sections of tits and thigh; instead of the full frontal desire of her companion designed to overwhelm, this one wields her sexuality like a knife between the ribs. Her grey hair's been done up in a loose bun, held in place with a couple of golden hairpins save for a couple of tresses that flow down the sides of her head and down her shoulders.

What's most prominent about the grey kitsune, though, is the long-stemmed pipe she's carrying. The calming aroma of winterstem smoke clings to her person, an aura of ennui that enshrouds her. Whitish vapour rises from the pipe's bowl, much like what one might find in almost every watering hole in the Marches... guess some things never change.

<i>"Oh shucks, sis,"</i> the orange-furred kitsune says, her eyes darting [party.som|over your body|between you and [party.compNames]]between [party.combatNames]]. Her voice is high and jovial, almost sing-song and with a strange lilt to it that you haven't heard before even in other kitsune. <i>"I'm guessin' the kids forgot to close th' damn door when they went out for th' festival, didn't they? Look at th' barbarians that came on in... all y'all makin' a right mess o' our home..."</i>

Kids? You don't know that much about how kitsune age, but you could swear these two aren't a day above twenty.

<i>"I'm really sorry, but we ain't letting the likes o' ya just waltz on through,"</i> the grey-furred kitsune sister drawls before taking a long draw on her pipe and blowing out a plume of white smoke. <i>"This here torii gate draws the line between the sacred an' the mundane, an' lettin' someone like ya in just ain't done. Granny, she'd be pre-tty mad... especially since yer ain't supposed to be here in the first place."</i>

{//amulet:

Look, look. Perhaps... perhaps you can give your social skills a chance here. Maybe if you just talk to these two, they'll give you a chance to explain, and then you can show them Kiyoko's amulet and <i>that'll</i> open a nice honest discussion and they can take you to someone who can help Kiyoko after you've explained your intentions.

But if kitsune are anything like people usually are...

<i>"So, if ya'll don't mind none, I think we'll be showin' ya the door. This here place is kinda off-limits to even any ol' kitsune, and I don't wanna hear no excuses from yer lips."</i>

Yep, thought as much. Guess that would have been too easy — some things never change, no matter where you go or who you're dealing with.

|

Look, look. These two have practically been the only ones who've tried to hold a decent conversation with you ever since you entered this place; maybe you can try to give your social skills a chance here. Maybe, just maybe, if you explain, this doesn't have to end up in nastiness.

But if kitsune are anything like most other people usually are...

Well, you're here on business, and if you finish that business, you can be out of here and out of their hair. Do they know something about a bag that belonged to a certain tanuki known as Oxana Evergreen? You've been hired to retrieve it for her; apparently it has considerable sentimental value for the witch.

At that, both sisters just burst out into tittering laughter.

<i>"Fancy ya should be bringing up that name. Granny an' the 'nuki don't like each other much."</i>

<i>"Not that they hate each other or anythin'. It's more like... more like two ladies tryin' to claim who's th' best cook in town. A friendly rivalry."</i>

<i>"Nevertheless, I think all ya'll can see why we ain't really inclined to help ya. That witch does some right creepy things... I'm sure ya've seen her so-called daughters hangin' around her place? Either way, we ain't about to go against granny one way or th' other."</i>

Yep, thought as much. Guess that would have been too easy — some things never change, no matter where you go or who you're dealing with.

}

The orange-furred kitsune licks her lips and takes a step forward, hips swaying. <i>"I'll say, though. [party.hasCompanions|Y'all|Ya] came at a great time... Mai an' I here were gettin' somewhat peckish on duty here. Usually, we gotta leave the den to feed... it's Keros' providence that [party.hasCompanions|all y'all should offer up yerselves|you should offer up yerself] an' come all th' way here to do it... much appreciated. Spice up our caretakin' duties, as it were."</i>

<i>"Don't worry."</i> Mai smiles, revealing sharp fox fangs where human teeth had been moments ago. *<i>"Miko an' I... we'll make it up to you. Equivalent exchange, you know?"</i>*

Damn it, maneaters in both senses of the word. Before you know it, the vixen sisters are pressing in on you, the heat of their soft, supple bodies painfully palpable even at this distance.

It's a fight!

Victory

Unable to fight on, the kitsune sisters slump against one of the gateposts, clutching each other for support. Flushed, panting and heaving, they've lost much of their assertive demeanour in the face of their defeat, instead replacing it with the cold fury of women scorned.

<i>"Waaaah! [party.hasCompanions|All y'all are|Yer] mean!"</i> Sniffing, Miko wipes the tears from her cheeks, her face a frightful mess. Damn, that girl sure knows how to turn on the waterworks...

Mai pouts, *<i>"Plainly spurnin' two ladies' advances... so bloody cheeky, ain't [party.hasCompanions|ya|the lot of ya]?"</i>*

As one, both sisters turn tail and take off at a sprint, disappearing into the depths of the garden. For such voluptuous women, they sure can move really fast if they put their mind to it...

<i>"GRAAAAANNNNNYYYY!!!!!"</i>

And that's that. [party.has cait]

<i>"Well,"</i> Cait muses as the kitsune sisters' footsteps vanish along with them.

<i>"That felt really familiar."</i>

Did it?

A nod. *<i>"Back home in the temple, I knew plenty of spoiled brats just like 'em. The high priestess's daughter was just as haughty -- and just as curvy, too, now that I think about it -- till you pinched her or yanked her hair. Then it's run and cry to mommy. It makes me a little nostalgic, that's all."</i>*

Are they good memories?

<i>"Most of them."</i>

]By the look of things, you're almost at the end of your foray into this den of foxes; one way or the other, things are going to be resolved when you follow the sisters into the shrine gardens. You'd better be prepared...

//end encounter.

Defeat

You can't take any more of this. With Miko's sensuous body pressing against you and Mai's magic holding your feet to the fire, you crash backwards into a nearby stone lantern, hitting the back of your head on its edge. Snickering, Miko leans over you, the kitsune's gargantuan yet shapely tits filling the entirety of your vision; no matter how you try and look away, your eyes are inexorably drawn to their rise and fall. To be frank, even if her cleavage wasn't pressed against your face, there's simply nowhere safe on Miko's body to rest your eyes on.

<i>"I've felt yer eyes on me for quite some time now,"</i> she whispers. <i>"Guess my form intrigues ya, doesn't it?"</i>

Uh, ah...

<i>"Stare all yer want then, ya wicked [pc.mf|man|gal]. I don't mind in th' least."</i>

The pillowy mounds loom closer, closer... then snap back as Mai pulls Miko away from you.

<i>"Yer such a glutton as always, sis! Granny's always sayin' yer so plump 'cause you feed on all th' best chi..."</i>

[party.hasCompanions

|<i>"Aah, [pc.heShe]'s got plenty o' friends lyin' about for ya to feed on. Go play with them or somethin'. This one, [pc.heShe]'s shapin' up to be de-li-cious."</i>

Mai huffs. <i>"I ain't lettin' ya get all th' good food again."</i>

<i>"Fine, fine. We'll share, sis."</i>

|<i>"Eeeeh, all right. Ain't often that we get to snack while on duty, though..."</i>

<i>"Who cares if it's often enough or not, yer thick enough already."</i>

<i>"I dunno if there's an 'enough' where thick is concerned, but if ya want to eat that badly, I already said I'm sharin'!"</i>

]

The little spark of hope dims as Miko's heavy tits round on you once more. Weighty and full, they smash right into your face and chin, their warm pressing against you, smothering and glorious.

You can't breathe...

Miko grins, her mouth full of pointed, vulpine teeth. *<i>"Aww, yer jus' so cute. I could eat ya up right now."*</i>

<i>"Ya know, sis, we should probably take this one to granny...an' have a little nibble on th' way."</i>

<i>"Ya wanna share with granny, too?"</i>

The world's starting to dim... too much boobage...

*<i>"I think this one's **special**."*</i>

<i>"Well, if ya say so..."</i> Miko leans ever further onto you, and you're utterly smothered by the kitsune shrine maiden's prodigious cleavage. Sure, you might be suffocated by a gigantic pair of foxy boobs... but what a way to go!

//Go to kitsune generic bad end.

Shrine Mother Komari



Overview

Shrine Mother Komari Kurokawa is the final boss of fluff haus. She's a golden-furred nine-tailed kitsuneyasha, looking about in her late fifties, but she's actually somewhere around two hundred and fifty years old, having buried her own grandchildren at this point. Her becoming a yasha has been "punishment" for failing to prevent Kiyoko's death and the loss of her family's heirloom treasure; the only reasonable alternative was seppuku and Keros decided that would be a waste of talent. In some ways, this continued existence is arguably worse than death. She's thinking of petitioning her deity to finally let her "die" and become one with the land, so to speak, and leaving the running of her den to her great-great-granddaughters, Miko and Mai.

Kiyoko aside, she's the only first-generation kitsune remaining from those who came over from the Old Country, and will remember Kiyoko; the amulet of transference/union is originally hers, and if the player has it on them she will stand down without a fight.

Komari is a very serious and practical woman, quick to assess the usefulness of people and things, extract the good, and do away with the bad. Wasted time and energy is practically anathema to her, and it's with no small annoyance that she tolerates the existence of Nakano and Takahiro, who she sees as a bad influence on the former. She keeps in contact with the Old Country via occasional visits through the den's *torii* gate; a continent is just a simple step away.

Introduction

//Trigger upon entering Komari's square.

This is it. Following the twins' retreat, the path up the stairs and through the well-tended garden brings you past numerous flowering bushes and beds, decorations of a quaint and obviously foreign make, and an artificial pond with what looks like colourful carp swimming in it. The fragrance in the air only grows stronger as you approach the end of the path as the wooden walls glow ever brighter, and out of the corner of your eye you think you see flower petals twirling through the air as they fall to the ground... but when you try to focus on them, they were never there in the first place. A trick of the mind?

But at last, the path ends at a small open-air shrine, wide and tall enough for two, maybe three people to stand in, its roof carefully tiled in that same architectural style you've seen everywhere else in this den of foxes. A grey stone plinth bears a statue of a fox sitting on its haunches, tail curled up about itself; what looks like a bib of red cloth with colourful borders has been tied about its neck.

{//amulet:

With a start, you realise that you've seen this exact likeness before: the shrine in the tunnels that led to the chamber where you found the amulet. One way or the other, you're going to get answers here.

}

Standing in front of said shrine is a diminutive golden-furred kitsune, her nine tails flicking irritably as Miko and Mai grab at her skirts in an attempt to hide behind them. Clothed in white robes on which various colourful sheens have been laid much like oil atop water, you realise that this is the first of her kind you've seen so far who could actually be considered older in appearance, if not outright elderly. Some of the gold in her hair and fur has faded to a bleached blonde, and though not actually infirm, she does walk with the aid of an ornately carved cane. Although she's clearly aged well, or at least better than most, she must have been quite the looker in her prime...

<i>"Gra-nny!"</i> Miko wails. <i>"[pc.HeShe]'s comin'!"</i>

<i>"Do somethin'!"</i>

The golden-furred kitsune looks between both her snivelling descendants, sighs, and smooths out her skirts before stepping forward to meet you.

<i>"I am Komari Kurokawa, shrine mother and matron attendant of this den, northerner. Since I'd like to think of myself as a reasonable woman, I'll give you one chance to explain exactly why you've broken into my house, caused such a ruckus, assaulted several of my charges and made my great-great-granddaughters cry. I've been in these parts long enough to know that this isn't some kind of strange custom you northerners have, so please don't take me for a fool."</i>

//If the player possesses Kiyoko's amulet, go to parley.

//else, continue below.

[pc.isDK|She wants an explanation? Fine.|You shrug.] It's nothing personal. You're just looking for a small bag on behalf of Oxana Evergreen. Brown cloth, strings on either side, a lot bigger on the inside than it is on the outside. If she knows anything about it and can cough it up for you, you'll take it and be on your merry way out of her house.

<i>"Oh, so another mercenary in her employ."</i>

Another?

<i>"Believe it or not, you're the fourth [pc.solo|one|group] in half as many months she's sent in here in search of that stupid thing of hers. Stupid tanuki bitch has it out for me; always has since I showed her what's what couple of centuries ago. Well, now you're the fourth [pc.solo|one|group] I'm telling to [pc.solo|your face|their faces]: I don't know anything about her stupid bountiful bag going missing, she probably shoved it between her nuts and forgot she'd left it there in the first place."</i>

Oh.

Komari shakes her cane at you. <i>"Don't you 'oh' me, young [pc.mf|man|woman]. Are you going to go away, or not?"</i>

Well, even if she doesn't personally know anything about Lady Evergreen's lost possession, that doesn't mean one of her clan didn't lift it. Maybe if she could let you conduct a search —

<i>"Oh, Keros' tails. You really are oblivious."</i> Komari steps forward, rolling up her sleeves in a most unfeminine fashion as she closes the distance between you. <i>"Since you really can't take a hint, [pc.race], I guess I'll just have to evict you myself."</i>

It's a fight!

Victory

Komari is far more slippery than one might expect for a diminutive older woman, but you manage to overpower the nine-tailed kitsune and [pc.isDK|smack her upside the head with your [pc.weapon]. She scowls, spits blood on the ground|shove her off-balance. She scowls, staggers back], and takes a step back towards the shrine as her great-great granddaughters burst into tears.

"Looks like Oxana finally managed to hire some decent help for once. With what skills you have, you'd better make sure you get your full payment from her. Sure, we've never liked each other, but I'd have thought she'd at least personally come if she wanted to finish me off. I've never really wondered about what would happen if someone tried to hack me to pieces, but you might be surprised."

Finish her off? What? Look, you've been trying to be reasonable all this time — you just want to be sure Evergreen's bountiful bag isn't around.

"And you're going to do that by looking around? Seriously? You're going to try and comb the equivalent of a whole village for something as nondescript as a small brown bag? Did Oxana really think so lowly of you she couldn't come up with a better pretext, or at least a different one than what she gave the other three groups that came before you? Spare me, please; it's too incredulous to be even remotely believable."

A lifetime of trickery and pranks has really destroyed this old woman's ability to trust strangers, hasn't it? She's simply projecting her own doubts onto you...

//go to victory

Loss

Your head swims, and you're feeling more than a little dizzy at this point. Whether it's from blood loss or the loss of something less tangible than that is anyone's guess, but all the strength in your limbs has fled, drained away by this tiny, frail-looking fox-woman. It just isn't fair — it doesn't matter how much you beat on her when all she simply has to do is restore her reserves by tearing at your vitality.

[party.comp arona berwyn

"Just stay down!" Arona roars as she struggles to her feet, her flesh searing from the ghostly blue flames clinging to her. The mighty amazonian orcess swings her [arona.weapon] squarely down on Komari, only to have it deflected by the elderly kitsune's walking cane, which by all rights should have been smashed to splinters by such a mighty blow. "I'll turn you into a pelt! A rug!"

For how old she is, Komari moves with considerable alacrity. You can't exactly track her movements, but before you know it, she's got the hook of her cane looped

around Arona's ankle and is tugging. As impossible as it might seem, the diminutive old kitsune actually manages to trip up the gargantuan orcess, sending her crashing to the grass and dirt with a mighty thump.

[You turn to Berwyn, who's clearly having problems of his own. Beads of sweat well up on the dogboy's face as he mutters an incantation, which barely holds against a wave of pale blue foxfire.

He's an accomplished wizard, isn't he? Can't he do something about all this nonsense?

<i>"I'm trying, I'm trying!"</i> Berwyn growls through gritted teeth. <i>"This stuff isn't so much conjured magic as it's an innate power of hers, and that makes it harder! Maybe if I had a couple hours to study — "</i>

Berwyn's words are cut short as a stream of foxfire consumes his hat, leaving it smouldering, and he returns to his incantation.

]

Striding up to you, Komari draws back the head of her walking cane, ever the picture of perfect calm. You raise your [pc.weapon], hoping to parry the blow you know is coming, but she strikes low and fast, aiming for your kneecaps. Mumbling to herself in the fashion of an aggrieved grandmother, the little old kitsune stands over you as you clutch your kneecaps in pain.

<i>"How would you like it if someone just barged into your home, attacked your family who had every right to protest the intrusion, demand something from you on behalf of a long-feuding rival, and — "</i> Komari makes an exasperated noise. <i>"Talking to you is pointless, isn't it? Of course we don't matter, we're just monsters, after all. And you lot wonder why we call you barbarians. I'll deal with you later."</i>

A second thwap, this time aimed at the back of your head, and you pass out, a dark curtain pulling itself over your vision...

//go to generic bad end.

Bad Ends and Shit

Will's Suggestions

1) Forced to be a handservant (butler/maid) who is also used when one needs to 'feed' as it were. To the big boss? This would be up my alley for sure, especially with the implication that you get into it and love doing it.

5) My last one, being forced to grow a dick if you're a female character (unless they don't exactly need you to have one) or being bed warmer to one specific member of the floof haus.

Adding on to 5, maybe a little going out note where there are fights for the use of you

"You don't need to worry about the outside world, your silly task, all you have to do is serve me now, and xxxxxxx
and you realize she's right
and how hot that is

Adding some of my thoughts:

1) Forced to be a maid to Nakano. Fall in love with the big ham of a samurai. Maybe collared and kept as a plaything, but doesn't care because in true love. The PC is whipped into a subservient maid and follows Nakano's path in his quest for glory and recognition.

5) Miko and Mai will defo do this. No twincest, though, because patreon. The PC is given to the twins as a plaything and they grow fond of the PC. Bed warmer to each twin while the other is out.

3) Baby factory/breeding slut bad end? The PC is possessed by a fox spirit that forcibly transforms them into a foxy hermaphrodite and constantly and incredibly horny. They're used as for feeding and breeding for the rest of their days, giving birth to plenty of children.

So, my first idea is perhaps a public draining toy and being used to help recently adult kitsune do their first sexual draining

Generic Bad End

//All defeat scenarios from every boss except Nakano ends up here. If the PC has Kiyoko's amulet on them, go to Saved By the Orb under resolutions. Otherwise, proceed onto the following.

You come to with a thump as your face lands on soft grass, followed shortly by the rest of you. There's not much time to adapt to your newfound surroundings as a gauntleted hand grabs you by the shoulder and pulls you upright into a kneeling position — if not for the support, you guess, you'd fall over there and then. Moments later, you feel the unmistakable chill of a sharp metal edge pressed against the back of your neck, making the situation clear.

[party.hasCompanions

 |Come to think of it, you don't see [party.names] anywhere near you. The foxen must have decided to deal with [party.som][[companion1.himHer]]them] separately...

]

<i>"Well, well, what are we going to do with you? How would you like it if someone broke into your home, assaulted the people who lived under your roof, then started rummaging around? I'm sure even barbarians like you can appreciate the desire to remain undisturbed and secure in one's home."</i>

Groggily, you look around for the source of the voice, your vision still blurred and ears ringing. Everything's still hazy, but you do catch sight of numerous thick, fluffy golden-furred tails at the edges of your vision. Maybe if you could summon up enough strength in your limbs, you could —

— Oh, of <i>course</i>. The kitsune haven't just disarmed you, they've stripped you bare of everything even vaguely dangerous. So much for a last-ditch effort at freedom.

Look, all you wanted was to get one of Evergreen's possessions back for her —

<i>"That's what the last group of mercenaries the no-good tanuki hired said. And the last. And the one before that, too. I know she doesn't like me, but this is ridiculous; I can't rightly cough up what I don't have. Even if you were somehow justified, that doesn't excuse breaking, entering, and causing such a ruckus! Evergreen isn't squeaky clean herself — have you ever asked her about where all her so-called daughters came from?"</i>

<i>"There's no getting around it; I'll have to send a clear message to that bitch so she stops sending mercenaries to my doorstep. As matron of this den, I, Komari Kurokawa, find myself forced to pass judgement upon you, barbarian."</i>

Deep breaths, deep breaths. The spots in your vision are clearing up somewhat now, and now that you can see clearly, you're in some kind of well-tended garden, the dominant features of which are small pink flowers in neat beds and stone decorations. It'd probably be quite quaint, if not for the fact that your fate is being decided right now.

Komari crosses her legs and sips some tea from a small porcelain cup. She isn't the only one in this place, either — despite you not being able to see them, you can <i>feel</i> numerous eyes on the back of your neck.

[party.hasCompanions

|<i>"As the leader of your little mercenary band, [pc.race], you bear the greatest responsibility for its actions. Your companion[party.manyCompanions[s]] will be judged fairly in that light... but that is another matter.</i>

]

<i>"Now, we have to figure out what to do with you that'll let Evergreen know in no uncertain terms to stop this nonsense before it escalates further. I've no doubt she'll find out through her usual means... so I'm going to put on a show for her."</i>

Moments tick by, seconds stretching into years, the cold edge of the blade pressed against your neck a constant reminder to not to try any funny business.

Then...

<i>"Why, I think I have just the idea. Don't worry, [pc.race]. It's a kinder fate that what would have awaited you had you gone back to Oxana empty-handed. Do you even know what she does to people who fail her?"</i>

[Next]

There's an unmistakable thrum of power in the air, and it's looking like it's going to be a pretty... well, strong's not the word for it, but rather, <i>directed</i>. Disoriented and groggy as you are, you can still feel your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] itch, as if the air itself were charged with static.

<i>"Step away from our guest, Nakano. I'd hate for you to get caught up in this by accident."</i>

By and large, the presence behind you fades, as does the hand on your shoulder and blade at your neck. Now would be the perfect time for you to attempt a break for it, but strangely enough, your body doesn't seem to want to obey you. You're quite certain it's not just a simple lack of strength in your limbs — it's more like... more like...

<i>... More like your body doesn't belong to you any more.</i>

[pc.ra fox

|<i>"How convenient that you don't really look that different from us,"</i> Komari says. <i>"This'll make things easier for everyone involved; I won't have to make that many adjustments. You'll fit in nicely as a long-term guest of ours."</i>

|<i>"Hmm, I guess I'll have to make some adjustments here and there,"</i> Komari muses as she waggles her fingers nonchalantly. <i>"Don't really like this shape, to be honest. If you're going to be a long-term guest of ours, I think you should at least try and fit in, shouldn't you?"</i>

]

Without warning, warmth blossoms in your belly, as if someone had lit a fire in the pit of your stomach. It doesn't stay there for long, though, as it rapidly spreads outwards to suffuse your torso, and then your limbs. You collapse to the ground, gasping and panting as whatever magic the Shrine Mother's working stokes the fire deep within you.

A-a glamour? No, this isn't any mere glamour; your entire body *is* changing! Sure, it shouldn't be strange to you at this point, but never before has such a transformation been to perversely pleasurable...

Try as you might, you can't help but cry out in arousal as the changes take place in earnest. Your head and face feel fuzzy and tingly as features reshape themselves, becoming [pc.ra fox|even]more delicate and vulpine in nature, your vision finally clearing fully as energy flows into your visage.

Your attention, however, is diverted by more pressing changes. [pc.cupRange flat A E
|As warmth flows into your chest, an insistent pressure pushing upwards away from your breastbone. Gasping, you squirm and clutch at your chest as your [pc.nipples] suddenly perk up, rapidly becoming erect. Pinpricks of pleasant warmth, you groan softly as tricky kitsune magic sculpts your mammaries into something more befitting your new form; your formerly flat chest begins to bulk up, fat visibly swelling into being underneath skin and pushing your stiff buds outwards. Within moments, what was a flat chest is now sporting a dainty pair of feminine breasts, ready to begin the job of serving as kit feeders.

They don't stop there, of course. Encouraged by their initial success, your perky lumps bulge outwards by the moment, stretching your clothing to painful degrees as they just keep on growing and growing, the sensation of full weight only increasing as you feel transformative power accumulating in them. Tender and sensitive, your new rack doesn't stop developing until the size of each one is more than what your hand could ever hope to engulf, the slightest breath sending tremors of pleasure coursing into your torso.

[Your body moving of its own accord like a puppet on strings, your breath catches in your throat as a warm shudder suddenly grips your breastbone, a powerful sense of arousal accompanying it. You grit your teeth and try to tough it out, but it only becomes more intense; the palpitations work their way outward into your breastflesh and cause your milk-makers to tremble in delight as they begin to fill up and push outwards. It's no use trying to hold it back; your clothing is getting tighter and tighter as the breasts beneath mature, swelling with each breath you draw and shrinking back slightly as you exhale. Each time this happens, there's an added sense of weight and density to your rack as the tricky kitsune magic reshapes your body to its will.

Now it's too much for you to bear. Grabbing your tits, you shamelessly toy with them through your clothes as they grow, desperate for more of this. With each pulse,

you keenly feel your breasts push outwards and develop a little more as they absorb the warmth pouring outwards from your belly. Bigger and bigger, areolae widening and puffing up. Heavier and heavier, milk ducts bulging with capacity and production potential alike. By this point, your nipples are rock-hard, scraping against your clothing as they jostle for space.

It seems like forever, but finally the last of the heat is absorbed into your mounds, leaving you flushed, sweaty and with a new sense of heaviness in your chest as you get used to your improved breasts, each one far more than a handful and easily able to spill out of your grasp.

[Arousal blossoms out of your belly and explodes into your breasts, the sheer intensity of it all leaving you weak at the knees. Unable to help yourself, you shamelessly grab your [pc.breasts] and start kneading away, fingers sinking into the warm pillowy mounds as you feel them start developing once more.

And develop they do. You can <i>feel</i> the pulsing and throbbing inside abundant breastflesh as it grows heavier, the internal pressure within each mammary practically divine. Although your tits aren't getting any bigger in volume, they're definitely more crammed, more productive, more turgid. While size is important, it's not enough alone. There's got to be quality, too.

Then all at once, the pressure eases, and with a sudden lurch your huge breasts clench and tremble, sensitive mounds jiggling and wobbling. It's too much for you to bear; your [pc.hasCock][pc.cocks] unload[s|s], spraying all over the place[pc.hasVag|while]][cunny bursts forth with an explosion of feminine nectar, clenching tightly while you rub slick thighs together]. It's a minute or so before you regain your senses, panting and moaning.

]

N-no way... {/pc has anything but normal skin:

itching explodes all over your body as your [pc.hasFur|fur gives][pc.hasScales|scales give][pc.hasFeathers|feathers give] way, leaving but normal-looking human skin behind.

}

<i>"She turns them into her so-called daughters, wipes their minds, and keeps them around for use as spare bodies. That's how she's managed to live as long as I have, jumping from one vessel to another when the previous begins to wear out. Don't worry, nothing of the sort's going to happen to you. Wouldn't do anything of the like to any of our guests."</i>

As Komari speaks, you feel the magic move away from top and flow towards your bottom.
[pc.hipRange 0 10

[Tingles erupt below your waist as a heavy warmth flows outward from your belly before settling in your [pc.hips] and [pc.ass]. They don't last long, though, quickly giving way to this syrupy sensation that runs beneath your [pc.skinFurScales],

absorbed by your lower body. If you focus, you swear that you can *feel* your pelvic bones widening by the moment, forcing your legs apart; your butt is drinking in the thick warmth as well, fat and muscle swelling to make you more curvaceous while keeping each cheek tight and perky. Even your thighs aren't spared, plumping slightly as the syrupy golden heat settles into them. Gentle pressure continues pushing against taut skin, the magic reshaping your body to new dimensions.

|

At the first sensation of change, your hands fly to your [pc.hips] and [pc.ass], massaging them greedily with all the eagerness of a two-coin slut. It's not long before you're rewarded with a surge of liquid heat from your midriff, the magic resculpting your body into a more voluptuous form than it already is. Beneath your hands, your feminine curves become more and more pronounced, your legs forced further apart as your hips widen even more. Better for anything coming out through them, you suppose, but also better for taking larger insertions...

Of course, you're not just growing sideways, you're also growing *back*. A tremor shakes your plush butt as it begins to swell again, thighs thickening to match. Redirected from other parts of your body, fat is flowing towards your butt and thighs, thickening them bit by bit to ever more glorious proportions. Muscles are hardening, strengthening as they prepare to support the added weight, and as the hormonal surge slows, you can't help but feel awakened to a new sense of sultry sexiness.

]

"There, you'll fit in around here a lot better now. Let's see about some touch-ups for everyone's enjoyment..."

As she speaks, Komari makes another lazy gesture with a hand, and the transformative magic turns about inward, an ominous sensation welling up in the pit of your stomach. In the blink of an eye, [pc.hasTail

[your [pc.tails] transform[s], poofing up and out into [p|fluffy fox tails|a fluffy fox tail].
[a tail sprouts from your ass, poofing outwards into a fluffy fox tail. You've got an alarming amount of control over it...

]

"Quite satisfactory. Now, let's see... ah, of course."

[pc.hasCock

[Moaning, you arch your back, eyes screwed shut as your manhood[pc.hasCocks|s thrust| thrusts] forward[pc.hasSheath| and out of [pc.hasCocks|their|its] sheath], throbbing and swaying in the air. [pc.hasCocks|They twitch|It twitches] visibly, [pc.hasKnot|knot[pc.hasCocks|s] swelling as if intending to tie some invisible pussy,]then explode in a cascade of [pc.cumColor] seed. The sheer force of your ejaculation wracks your body with a salacious shudder, pleasure wiping your mind blank as your body prepares for another.

And come it does — or you do, for that matter. Barely has the first great gout of semen finished splattering all over the floor that your [pc.cocks] bulge[s] again, firing off a second, then a third salvo of sticky spunk. All you can do is wriggle and moan on your knees, delirious with the pleasure of the transformative magic as it turns you into... what, exactly?

Komari just clucks her tongue. <i>"Hah, guess we'll have to speed this up a little. Don't want to be waiting here until tomorrow."</i>

Unable to resist her, it's all you can do as the Shrine Mother steps up and grabs [pc.12b]your manhood firmly in a hand|both your manhoods in one hand each|two of your manhoods in a hand each, her many prehensile and fluffy tails taking care of the rest]. A picture of perfect calm and serenity, Komari greedily strokes you off, clearly knowing what she's doing; [pc.hasKnot]gripping your knot[pc.hasCocks[s] tightly, inflated bulb[pc.hasCocks[s] of flesh tingling in her grasp|as her limbs move in a blur], you moan like a two-coin slut, thick spurts of cum geysering into the air.

It soon becomes clear what's happening to you. Each climactic outburst Komari coaxes out of you is robbing you of your [pc.cocks] and quite rapidly to boot, inches vanishing with every spurt of seed. Smiling nastily, the kitsune Shrine Mother glides her [pc.12b]hands|hands|hands and tails] about your [pc.cocks], tracing circles in the turgid flesh, smoothing out every bump and wrinkle into nothingness. Stroke by stroke and spurt by spurt, Komari is robbing you of your dick[p|s], and your traitorous body is loving every moment of it. By the time your manhood[p|s] are almost nothing, she reverses her grip and pushes the lot into your groin with the heel of her palm, rubbing the sensitive mess into your loins until only bare flesh remains.

[pc.hasBalls

|Of course, that leaves the matter of your [pc.balls], still dangling forlornly. The kitsune Shrine Mother simply tuts and shakes her head before pushing them upwards to join your cock[pc.hasCocks[s]; your flesh absorbs your family jewels and devours them without a trace.

]

]

More changes sweep across your body, a salacious incursion of perverse sensation accompanying them as your mind blanks from the pleasure. [pc.hasVag

|Even though you already possess a pussy, the magic's making it even <i>better</i>. You can feel your lips plumping up, becoming more sensitive and prominent; your inner walls squeeze and tighten as they grow more elastic. Slick, wet fluid gushes from your gash as your insides tremble and constrict, a vulpine cry of pained pleasure escaping your lips as you wriggle on the spot, thighs stained with your own love-juices.

|Skin trembles as your now-blank loins begin to bulge and swell, shaping into the unmistakably feminine form of a daintily puffy pussy; pink flesh pushes up and out in

a vertical line, suddenly peeling open in a great squirt of translucent fluid, the ecstatic vulpine howl escaping your lips making you very certain as to what it is without even needing to look. Your thighs are stained, your knees steeped in a puddle of your own love-fluids as your new sensitive pussy begs to be used.

] *"Hmm."*

Methodically, dispassionately, Komari reaches down between your legs, her fingers unerringly finding your wet little clitty under its hood. All stiff and turgid, your clit reacts to the Shrine Mother's probing digits with great gusto. She squeezes it gently between forefinger and thumb, rolling it back and forth, and this is the last straw for you. Letting out a barking cry of ecstasy, you gush femcum from your [pc.hasVag]|new]pussy, a great wet squirt of juices splashing out on the floor to join the mess. This is followed up by a couple more weak squirts before you sag forward, utterly exhausted by the transformations.

Whatever you might have been before, you're now an obscenely voluptuous and oversexed fox-girl, flesh aquiver as you pant in the wake of your orgiastic release.

"That'll do," Komari says she wipes her fingers clean on your face. *"That'll do. You'll be staying with us for some time now, and... well, I'm sure you won't want to leave by the time we're done with you. Like I said, it's a better fate than what Evergreen would've had in store for you. Since you want to break and enter that badly, you can remain with us forever."*

Some remaining part of you screams internally at those words, desperation thrashing at the confines of your mind. The rest of you, inexplicably enamoured of this eager, fuck-ready body, operates your mouth and makes needy noises.

"Now then, whatever shall we do with you? Ah, I've got just the idea."

[Next]

//Randomly pick one valid bad end from the following list below.

Samurai's Wife

//PC is forcibly married off to Nakano as punishment for the Don Quixote-ish young samurai.
//Turns the situation around, although not in the way one would expect.
//Fairly awkward, as Nakano is one of Kinu's potential suitors; however, if the player is on this path, Kinu cannot possibly exist, so everything's fine lads.

There's a moment of silence as Komari lets the tension build in the air, clearly enjoying this far too much than she ought to. You can feel the eyes of every kitsune present on your new, barely clothed body, although the general mood of the crowd is strangely alien to you. These ginger-tailed soul-suckers can be hard to read when they want to be...

<i>"Nakano."</i>

A giant spike in... it's not quite killing intent, but is related to such, and it's coming from behind you. You remember that name; it was whoever who was holding that blade to your neck. Try as you might to suppress the motion, your traitorous body shivers at the memory of cold steel against soft flesh.

<i>"Great-great-grandmother."</i>

Komari swishes her nine golden tails idly. <i>"Ah, yes... twenty summers, and still not seeking a consort, let alone betrothed. That is the way things stand, is it not?"</i>

By the way she's saying it, the question is clearly rhetorical. <i>"That is... not incorrect. You know where my priorities lie, Great-great-grandmother. Surely I must accumulate more prestige for our house with the homeland before — "</i>

Komari waves off his concern — and with a jolt, you realise that you can understand them perfectly, despite them not speaking Belharan — or any of the continent's common trade languages, either. <i>"And by that time, who knows what will have happened to you. Don't think I don't know that you've been putting off the eligible young women I've been throwing your way with your Seven-be-damned monomania, so you know what? I'm going to do something that I think will be highly interesting to watch you handle.</i>

<i>"Nakano Kurokawa, you'll take this northerner as your wife-consort. And since you've studied the laws so thoroughly, you know perfectly well that I have the power to do this in my authority as Shrine Mother. Since you've kept putting off making the decision, you've forced your dear old granny's hand in doing just that for you."</i>

You hear a sharp, collective intake of breath from the watching kitsune, and while you don't know the details, you're pretty sure that something momentous — no, sacreligious — has happened here.

You feel the form behind you take a step back, the emotional emanations abating — or perhaps intensifying. <i>"Great-great-grandmother — "</i>

<i>"What's the matter? I made sure to sculpt her into a very fetching form; quite like me when I was younger, really. She'll not lack any pleasures of the flesh, I'm sure. If anything, she'll be a little too eager for your cock."</i>

<i>"Great-great-grandmother!"</i>

<i>"She'll not stab you while you sleep or poison your food, I made sure of that. Or maybe you're worried that she won't know proper etiquette as befits a woman of her station? Your cousins will be overjoyed to have another warm body to toy with, so you can be assured that

she won't shame you. Why, perhaps she'll even enjoy your poetry. What exactly is your problem, Nakano Kurokawa?"

"She... she's not even a kitsune! You just transformed a barbarian into something that looks like one of us! And you're going to force me to marry... that?"

"It's an insult!"

Komari just grins devilishly. "Is that disobedience I'm hearing from you? Don't imagine for a moment that you don't deserve it, my dear descendant. All the times you've shamed me with your incessant obsession and turning down girls from perfectly good families... a public rebuke and me exercising my lawful authority to correct the situation is the least of what's in my power to do. If you're that into the ways of our homeland, then you'd better follow them — even when they mean you have to do things you'd rather not."

"As for her not being an actual kitsune... oh well. I could ask our Divine Lord and see if he could do something about that, but to be perfectly frank, I don't feel like it just yet. Like I said, it'll be interesting to see how you handle this situation. Maybe you'll actually make something of your life for once instead of wasting it away seeking war-glory in peacetime and writing mountains of bad choka poetry. Do you even realise that your doggerel has been making the rounds in certain circles and bringing shame upon your clan?"

You listen to all this, slightly dazed from the entirety of the transformation you've just been put through. The implications of Komari's words is that she didn't just change you physically, but... no, the pressing matter is that you're being forcibly married off to one of her descendants — and not as any sort of gift, but as a punishment.

Sure, it might be better fate than having one's mind wiped and used as a shell of a body for a forest witch, but it's not very much so.

Y-you should be indignant at this. No, furious. Perhaps show a little more concern at the prospect of being forced to stay here forever, considering what Kasyrra has promised to do to the entire world. [party.som][[party.compNames]... did [companion1.himHer] meet a similar fate to yours?][[party.compNames]... did they meet a fate like yours?]

It's all so overwhelming. The tree, the masses of fluffy foxen, all the strange sights and sounds, this entire situation... everything comes together, crashing down and crushing you completely. There is no way you can escape from this, no way that you can avoid your fate. All you can do is latch on to the calm eye at the center of the storm, this presence behind you... some fading part of your mind screams that this is horribly wrong, that your mind's twisted out of existence by a cruel kitsune trick, but that's eventually drowned out by the constant baseline of low-key lust in the back of your head. It's just so much easier to go along with what Komari says... besides, it's your fault for invading her home on nothing more than the say-so of a forest witch. You deserve this, really.

"Fine. I will accept my reprimand with dignity."

<i>"Excellent."</i> Komari's expression is more smug than you'd think possible for one person. <i>"Perhaps being responsible for someone else will actually teach you something for once, instead of frittering away your youth tilting at windmills. I'll get Mikoto and Miyuki to come up and help with the arrangements."</i>

Hard and cold gauntleted fingers take hold of yours from behind, and for the first time you turn to see your consort-to-be. Clad from head to toe in red lamellar armour with his helmet tucked under an arm, the young kitsune man that meets your eyes is shockingly handsome even by their standards. By Marches standards, he's perhaps a little shorter than average, which would put him at slightly <i>taller</i> than average for a kitsune; his hair and fur are in varying shades of black save for the very tips of his five tails, all immaculately groomed save for the slightly unkempt appearance of his hair. Most kitsune you've seen look as if they've trouble putting on mass, and he's no exception; he's a bit lanky, or if one were to be generous, wiry.

But there's something about this man... a presence of sorts. It's not merely his appearance of the way he's dressed, though he's something of a prettyboy. There's something in the way he holds himself... something that is desperate for respect and acknowledgement. He radiates something; you feel a deep sense of... it's confusing. A mixture of love, fear and adoration, all bunched up in a confused ball. From the moment you lay eyes on him, you can see nothing else... and you feel small and humble.

You ought to be aware of kitsune glammers, but this if anything is the exact opposite of a playful aura, a sensation which sucks out all the fun of everything, leaving a blank void to be filled. Besides, with how he's fuming coldly at the moment, you doubt he has the presence of mind to keep up any kind of glamour.

<i>"Yes, great-great-grandmother."</i>

<i>"For once, you're actually taking the advice of your forebears, just not the bits you like and ignoring the rest — like filial piety. See? This was the right decision. You're learning something, after all."</i>

[Next]

Nakano is quiet as he leads you to your new home, though the blankness of his emotional slate weighs on your mind; he isn't bothered by your nakedness in the slightest, or at least gives no sign of such. As you leave the sacred gardens and Komari's presence you gradually some of your senses; the fluff in your mind replaced with a nagging feeling of doubt. Did you do the right thing? What exactly have you gotten yourself into? Why can't you get angry about any of this?

It's not as if you had any choice in the matter, anyway...

The amber light of the cherry blossom tree's heart slowly fades, and the hallways are lit by lanterns once more. You get the impression that you've been heading up, yet you've climbed no stairs; your suspicions are confirmed when you emerge out into open air and the tree's massive branches, even more imposing than when you viewed them from the ground.

<i>"We're here."</i> He speaks in the kitsunes' mother tongue, yet you understand him perfectly.

Nakano's living arrangements are surprisingly unassuming for someone of his stature; a warrior of some renown like he is would be better lavished upon, for lack of a better way to put it. His chambers are sparsely decorated, the most lavish things around being his weaponry and armor, up on racks on the walls. There's a low table and cushions for meetings, a small study crammed with books and scrolls of all kinds, and a small open garden-cum-courtyard connecting the other rooms where you can look at the evening sky. Exploring further, you find his personal quarters, which are even more bare than the rest of his home — save for the scrollwork that hangs on the walls. There must be more than a dozen of them, poetry composed in careful calligraphy against a backdrop of a painting; all of them are by the same artist.

<i>"Did you compose all of these?"</i> You realise these are the first words you've said to him.

<i>"...Great-great-grandmother says that my poetry has been incorrigibly bad for the last five years, and that I should try something that I actually have a talent for. At least my art isn't a complete failure."</i>

Before you can reply, though, the door bursts open and two kitsune burst in — the ones you saw at Komari's side in the garden. One orange, one grey, they draw close and start circling Nakano in a swish of fluffy fur.

<i>"Mikoto. Miyuki."</i>

<i>"Eeeeeeh, congrats on yer betrothal, cus!"</i>

Nakano scowls. <i>"You know full well great-great-grandmother meant to punish me with this forced marriage, Miyuki."</i>

A pout. <i>"Really, cus, what happened to ya these last five years? I preferred it when you jus' called me Mai..."</i>

<i>"To do so would be to not accord you the respect owed your station as great-great-grandmother's successors."</i>

The orange-furred kitsune cuts in. <i>"Ya really think so, cus? Which is less respectful of us, callin' us by our beloved pet names or ignorin' our perfectly respectable requests?"</i>

<i>"Just... just do the job you were sent here to do."</i> An edge of exasperation in his voice. <i>"Take her away and leave me alone for a moment. I need to review the situation and consider my options."</i>

<i>"Yer jus' looking so glum all th' time. Ya gotta see the good in yer situation, 'else yer gonna be miserable th' rest of yer life. Fine, be stuck-up. We'll take yer bride-to-be an' make sure she ain't gonna embarrass ya."</i>

As the two lead you away, you realise that Nakano never asked for your name.

[Next]

The days meld into each other, a strange acceptance falling over you in your new role, far more coercive than the cruelest of slave collars in its own right. Maybe it's part of the transformation you were put through, or — perhaps more disquietingly — you're actually growing to <i>like</i> this situation. For all their playfulness and relaxed demeanour, Miko and Mai are well-schooled in etiquette and decorum; the more you learn about the kitsune, the more it makes sense why their society is intensely stringent on such things. When one crams enough hungry vampires together to form a civilisation, conduct and following the pecking order is imperative. The only thing you've kept — or been allowed to keep — from your old life is your name, perhaps a reminder that you're not truly one of the denizens in this den of foxes, no matter how much you might look like them.

When the day is done, you always return to Nakano's accommodations for dinner and bed; he is always unfailingly polite but distant, keeping you at arm's length in all your interactions. You don't even sleep in the same room, let alone the same futon; he always retires far later than you do, working on his poetry and scroll painting late into the night. You've spied on him once or twice, sitting at the floor desk while he works, completely motionless save for his brush and the twitching of his ears. He's always awake by the time you rouse yourself in the mornings, his polite, stony expression going against everything a kitsune stereotypically ought to be.

Miko and Mai are experts in what the kitsune consider the feminine arts — which, although there is some overlap, are considerably different from what many Marches cultures would consider such. No matter which of the duo's little suggestions you do to try and get some kind of positive reaction out of Nakano, the man is stoic and serene as ever.

<i>"It's th' Zen thing, I'm tellin' ya,"</i> Miko complains to you when you bring up the matter of her cousin to her. <i>"He goes with granny to th' Old Country for a small trip when he comes of age an' returns home five years later with a head full of ideas. Big an' grandiose ones. Our smilin' cus done turned into a samurai without a war to fight, an' it's eatin' him up inside."</i>

A handful of months tick by in this fashion, the appointed date of your forced marriage to Nakano as his wife-consort drawing closer. He's asked your name, but other than that not

made any further advances; maybe he thinks that by ignoring the problem, it'll go away on its own.

Fat chance of that. Guess you'll have to take matters into your own hands. While the idea of an arranged marriage isn't as offensive as it once might have been to you, as strange as that sounds, spending the rest of your life stuck in a loveless one is another thing. Miko and Mai are full of mischievous ideas as to how to rectify the situation, but it's easy to pitch ideas when one doesn't have to bear the brunt of carrying them out.

It's a cool night when you decide to put your plan into action. You're supposed to have retired to bed some time ago, while Nakano's just starting to work on his artistic pursuits. Not that this situation is going to last, if you have any say in the matter. Resolutely, you let your kimono fall to the floor and step through the garden and into the study, naked as the day you were — well, sculpted. Your [pc.hasTails|tails stream|tail streams] out behind you in the evening breeze; time to see how long this stoic warrior will favor his art and poetry over his future bride.

His muscles tense as you trail a soothing hand over his shoulder, coiled to spring, but they gradually relax when you press your bare bosom against his back, taking care not to step on his many tails. You discover something quite startling: Nakano's skin is hot to the touch, even through the fabric of his kimono — not scalding, but nevertheless much warmer than you'd expect from something so human-like, as if there's a fire burning within his body.

Then again, what did you expect? You've never quite touched a kitsune like this before, especially not one so... tempered.

<i>"For all that the twins tell me you're adapting swimmingly, I see you're still more forward than most,"</i> Nakano murmurs, not looking up from his brush and ink. <i>"Is all seduction in these lands so brazen?"</i>

Now then. You may not have the ability to feed as kitsune do, but you've seen them do it often enough to know that they can be quite exuberant in doing so. Come to think of it, you've never actually seen Nakano feed... would you be delicious to him? Peeking over his shoulder, you see what Nakano is working on: a stylised scenery of a mountain lake, trees and a grazing deer in the foreground.

<i>"Perhaps, it would certainly save me the trouble of having to join that rabble when they go seek benefactors in the forest. I merely have a few matters to attend to before I can join you, matters of artistic endeavour. Retire to bed and I'll come for you when I am done."</i> Nice try. You kneel down and envelop him in an embrace, hands sensually trailing down his body.

You tell him to not mind you, you'll just entertain yourself while your husband-to-be is busy with more important matters. Nakano has excellent control over his body, but his heartbeat nevertheless quickens — not readily apparent, but barely possible for you to detect in your intimate embrace. For all that he can empty his mind, his body is traitorous.

<i>"As you wish,"</i> he replies flatly, his brush putting the last of the details on the foreground. Other kitsune speak as a playful lilt or a soaring song; Nakano's words are iron poetry. <i>"Humour yourself, if you think it'll get a rise out of me. It's good training at ignoring distractions, if nothing else."</i>

That's as much of an invitation as you'll ever get out of him. Your hands are everywhere, caressing his chest, his arms, his legs; your fingers find his ears amidst his pretty shock of hair, perky and triangular, and toy with them as they twitch and wiggle of their own accord. His tails are sleek and difficult to get a solid grasp on, the dark fur and white tips finely groomed as any other. You spend a good long while just running your fingers through the fine fluff, savouring the warmth that comes with it.

Nakano has finished his painting now, the mountain lake and vista in all of its fine glory; he's left a space blank on the paper for him to attend to the poetry. While Komari's transformation did away with the spoken word, actually learning to be literate in the kitsunes' mother tongue has been a trying experience. This goes doubly so when the characters are so stylised; nevertheless, Nakano moves his brush with perfect grace and exaction.

You're not giving up here. One more spot remains for you to explore; that secret place down between his legs. Kneeling on the flooring and reaching around your husband-to-be's waist, your hands dive beneath fabric and undergarments to seek his cock. Finding it isn't hard, an amply-sized rod of masculine flesh with a bulbous knot near the base. Already half-hard from your earlier ministrations, it throbs and pulses faintly against your fingers, and it's not too difficult to wrap your hand about it. Good contact is vital, after all.

<i>"A moment."</i> Nakano shifts in his seat, his tails tickling your thighs as he leans his back into your hefty boobs. The warmth of his body heats your chest, making it feel all tingly inside, a roiling of liquid warmth. <i>"I suppose I can give you a handicap to begin with."</i>

The arrogance of the man. As Nakano returns to his poetry, brush moving in smooth, delicate strokes, you start to stroke him off in earnest. The stoic warrior's facade is unflinching even as his canine cock bulges in his undergarments; what goes on down below stays there, apparently. You're not about to be discouraged so easily — if Nakano's skin is warm, his manhood is a veritable furnace, almost uncomfortably so, the key word here being almost. You employ every trick you know in stoking him off, palm and fingers moving furiously along the length of his engorged red rocket, but he calmly finishes yet another stanza in impeccable calligraphy. You even resort to toying with the bases of his tails with your other hand while you work his cock, but he just idly bats at your wrist with his tail-tips while you do so, acknowledging your efforts but not succumbing to them.

Nakano's mind might be an impenetrable bulwark, but his flesh is as susceptible as anyone else's. His cock twitches in your hand, knot pressing against your palm as it inflates, and then you feel steaming hot semen explode outwards from the tapered tip, joining what pre you've already coaxed out of him in staining his garments. His ears fold flat against his hair, but he's otherwise poised as he finishes the last stanza and starts putting away ink, paints and brushes, leaving the unfurled scroll on the table to dry. Thick, heated kitsune semen

coats your hand as you withdraw it from within his clothes, a foxy, musky smell filling the air as it oozes and rolls.

At last, Nakano turns to you. *"I'm sorry for your failure, yet the odds you were up against were nigh-impossible. Mikoto and Miyuki have been teasing me since the day I reached my majority and underwent the *genpuku*; I can see they've tried to teach you something of what they know, yet it's still insufficient."*

Nigh-impossible odds haven't deterred *him* any.

At last, the faintest glimmer of a smile. *"There is a lesson to be learned from a downpour of rain. If you get caught in a sudden cloudburst, you will still get a drenching even though you try to keep dry by hurrying along and taking cover under overhangs of roofs. If you are prepared to get wet from the start, the result is the same but there is no hardship. This attitude can be extended to all things."*

Silence.

"I suppose you did help, though. The verses came to me far easier than they usually do, and I appear to be done well ahead of time. It would be remiss for me to not repay you with something of equivalent value as divine law commands... understand that this is merely fulfilment of an obligation, and is no sign of affection on my part."

Of course.

[Next]

He wastes no time scooping you up in his arms, hefting your foxy form over his shoulder like a particularly enticing spoil of war; Nakano has little bulk to spare, but the ease with which he manhandles you leaves little doubt as to his strength. Sliding open the screen door to his chambers, he tosses you onto the futon with a little more flair than what's strictly necessary. As you watch, he lights a single lantern with a snap of his fingers, a solitary flame dancing within the confines of paper; his dark form is but the barest of outlines against the dim light.

"I suppose great-great-grandmother knew what she was doing when she sculpted this body for you. You're not unpleasant to the eye, if anything."

Slowly, Nakano disrobes himself, pulling apart the sash that holds his sleepwear together and letting it part. With a lazy shrug, he lets his kimono fall off his shoulders, folding it up neatly and setting it atop a nearby cabinet. For the first time since you've entered this den of foxes, you see Nakano's bare body; for all that the both of you are supposed to be future consorts, the realisation hits you like a hammer to the forehead. He's lithe and wiry in accordance with his vulpine nature, slender and finely formed, finesse balanced with power.

As you turn to face Nakano, your treacherous heart does a somersault, leaving you breathless. He's just so serene, so commanding... when he opens his mouth, there is the edge of iron poetry once again, caressing you and sending shivers down your spine.

*"By rights, we should wait," Nakano murmurs. "But then, I am already disgraced, to be engaged in a sham of a marriage to a barbarian, and you — well, you are not **truly** a kitsune. Forcing the bond between man and woman at this point is... well. I would like to say things can hardly get worse, but great-great-grandmother would take that as a challenge."*

Wordlessly, Nakano kneels over you, leaning in for a kiss. Your tongues intermingle and wrestle, his conquering yours with ease despite you putting up the best fight you can; his still-hard canine shaft rubs against your netherlips, mirroring his other kiss and bringing promise of further pleasure. A thin thread of saliva joins the two of you, hanging in the air before slowly falling away.

"Well. Hmm."

You let out a delighted yelp as he drags you to the edge of the bed, spreading your legs and holding you by the knees. Nakano drinks in the sight of you beneath him, flushed and panting, golden-amber hair spreading out behind you like a waterfall. He thrusts forward, plunging his vulpine member into your dripping snatch. You moan, overcome as you're passionately taken, grasping Nakano's back like a drowning woman desperately holding on to her only lifeline. He leans forward, grinding against your clit; you can envision in your mind's eye his tip dripping hot, sticky pre inside of you, like a candle dripping wax.

Nakano makes love to you like he would make war, pumping his cock into you like a man possessed. Once you've grown accustomed to his fervor, you begin to return his passion, gyrating your hips and leaning up to kiss his neck, his chin, his mouth. He grabs one of your heaving breasts, massaging it and twisting your sensitive nipple, causing you to whimper.

Where did he learn to do this?

"Like I said, my ever-vexatious cousins have been teasing me ever since I came of age. Now let me repay the debt I owe you in peace."

Before long, he gives you what you want. You cry out in wanton ecstasy as Nakano's blazing-hot member pushes inside you, parting your inner walls; one might have expected pain, but there's none of the sort, only mind-numbing pleasure. You lose the concept of time while this stoic man mates with you, his cock a pillar of fire thrusting into your depths, making it impossible to focus on anything else. You're not sure if it's just a trick or a glamour, but even if it is, it's beyond your wildest imagination. Your thoughts are a jumble; all you can keep in your head is your need to have more of his seed, to let this fox of war pump you full of it, to bear his children...

When he finally spends his seed in you, you almost black out from the sheer, panting desire of it all. Even when he's withdrawn his member, the potent burning liquid flows within you, coaxing a massive, prolonged orgasm from your wrecked body. You don't know how long it persists, but at last blissful darkness claims you. You slowly come to minutes later, the burning ache of Nakano's seed still in your loins. Now that you're less addled, it's possible to at least move, though you feel weak at the knees and in your joints. Through the open door, you can see the stars of night glimmering in the sky above the small garden.

You lie back for a moment, feeling utterly drained and enervated. During your copulation... you're sure you felt something leave you and — oh. Of course. Nakano simply makes a show of licking his lips and rubs his chin thoughtfully as he stands over you on the edge of the futon, gazing up into the night sky.

<i>"Interesting flavour. Quite unique, I've never tasted anything like this before, not even with benefactors from the Winter City. It appears that I've managed to indebt myself to you even as I was trying to repay my previous one, [pc.name]."</i>

You can't refrain from blushing. In time, you may become more used to this, but tonight you were going on instinct alone, and you blanch at some of the memories of what you've done these past hours. Still...

<i>"Don't worry, I was going easy on you."</i> Nakano turns back to you and reaches down to toy with your hair and tail[pc.hasTails[s]]. <i>"We'll see how this works out in the future."</i>

[Next]

In the days that follow, Nakano is a little less standoffish towards you. He still goes out with the other kitsune on their excursions to find benefactors to feed from — it's a social obligation as much as it is a necessity — but occasionally feeds from you perhaps once every fortnight. By day, he studies the blade, by night, he studies the brush; you continue to act as his muse when he's dissatisfied with his paintings or having trouble with verses, paying him back even if you're not truly a kitsune nor bound by their divine laws, strictly speaking.

Kasyrra[party.som][...][and [party.compNames][...][party.compNames][...]] the past slowly fades away as you gradually come to accept your new life. It's not a mindbreaking, or at least not that you're aware of, but a simple cessation of questioning one's situation. The other kitsune still point and whisper when you go about your business in the den, but whether it's Nakano, or perhaps Miko and Mai watching out for you, none of them actually do anything serious past the occasional minor prank. For better or for worse, you've become part of the scenery here — not someone in the foreground, as that would be beyond your station here, but as accepted as you might ever be in this society of vampiric vulpines.

As promised, the two of you are married in the coming spring in a small, unassuming ceremony without the pomp that one might expect, given what you've learned of kitsune

culture. Even so, Miko and Mai are practically overjoyed at dealing with the preparations, while even Komari herself appears mollified somewhat at the state of affairs and her great-great-grandson.

There isn't much time for celebration, though. Barely a month has passed after your wedding when demons sweep out from the northeast beyond the mountains, no doubt Kasyrra's work now that you're no longer around to oppose her. After more than two centuries of peace, the Seven rally their faithful once more to meet the incursion from beyond this world, and glory-hungry Nakano eagerly volunteers to fight in the war he's dreamed of for so long.

The campaign lasts years, and the entirety of the Marches is on the front lines. The den eventually sees more visitors, not just from the Old Country but from other allied armies of the Seven. Nakano is gone for weeks, months at a go; every time he leaves you can't help but worry about him, every time he returns with a few more fresh scars you make sure the bedchambers are ready for him. While he might claim that even dozens of demons are no match for one who has fully given himself over to *shido* — that paradoxically, by embracing death unflinchingly one stands the best chance of avoiding it — you have your own doubts, and work said doubts off with him in the night.

With such a routine, the obvious outcome is inevitable — the second time he comes home from being on campaign, there's a fox kit in your arms when you come to greet him at the door. More follow as the second godswar drags on, at least giving your husband-consort more of a reason to come home at the end of the day. As desperate as he is to prove himself as a diasporan, as much as he desires recognition from what he sees as his homeland, Nakano never fails to return on time to see his family, to retire to his study and practice the brush with you as his muse.

Eventually, the war does end after years of struggle. Kasyrra is beaten back and her demons exterminated, though not without considerable losses for everyone involved. So long as Nakano isn't one of them, you couldn't care less. He's distinguished himself with zeal and fervor on the field multiple times, and is finally rewarded with the acknowledgement he's desired all his life — his entire family, Miko, Mai and even Komari herself included, take a small trip to the Old Country for him to receive a personal commendation from the Emperor for his dedication to divine war in the name of Keros.

It is the crowning pinnacle of his life — and yours, too.

Years fly by as the both of you savour your hard-won peace; as the wife of a war hero decorated by the Imperial Family, the other kitsune finally come to accept you even if you are a foreign bride. Even Komari wonders aloud if the two of you together has turned out better than she expected. The fight is not over; pockets of corruption still exist especially in the Marches, and Nakano has yet to hang up his sword. Yet the two of you are content to be together now and watch your kits grow into young foxes — and you couldn't be happier.

Your adventure ends here.

//Good end.

Vixens' Plaything

//The PC is given over to Miko and Mai to be their "little sister". Miko and Mai proceed to love the PC in that hug you and squeeze you and call you George way, especially since Miko is an insatiable nymphomaniac. After breaking the PC into their new body with copious molestation and magiccock use, Miko and Mai proceed to pass the days with all kinds of sexual perversions on their new "little sister", keeping the PC too fuck-addled and enervated to contemplate escape. The PC is broken into an obedient fuck-slut while also being trained to aid the twins in their duties as shrine maidens.

<i>"Mikoto! Miyuki!"</i>

The twins perk up at that, and Mai steps forward in response to Komari's summons. <i>"Yes, granny?"</i>

<i>"Your mother's always told me you two have wanted a little sibling to dote on, haven't you? Well, it looks like it's your lucky day — you can take this young lady to be your little sister. Doesn't that sound great? You can love her and hug her and give her all sorts of pet names to your liking."</i>

As one, both twins' faces break out into grins that you might have been willing to accept as truly joyous if you didn't know kitsune any better. Sashaying forward, orange and grey vixens alike kneel down beside you, cooing and titering as they strip of you what's left of your soaked clothing, leaving you as naked as the day you were born. Their many soft tails tickle at your bare skin as they help you to your feet, every movement measured out with the utmost grace.

<i>"Oh, ya poor thing, to have that there nasty tanuki witch put ya through all that. Don't you worry, you'll be right safe here. Her reach an' retribution ain't extendin' this far."</i>

Miko pulls you into a hug, smashing your chin into her firm, head-sized breasts. <i>"We'll keep ya out of her nasty, schemin' hands, ya hear me?"</i>

<i>"Jus' come along with us, lil' sis. We'll get you all cleaned right up mighty fine. Make ya comfortable, too."</i>

Still dazed from the suddenness and magnitude of your transformation, it's all you can do to not fall over as the sisters drag you away.

[Next]

<i>"First, we gotta get ya cleaned up. Ain't any kitsune gal gonna let herself get all filthy like yer doin', cleanliness is what separates us from wild animals."</i>

<i>Us.</i> Mai's already speaking like you've accepted your fate, like you're already one of them. Y-you don't want to, but there's something about the soft, nubile bodies pressing against you that makes you slightly woozy — and keenly aware of the fact that your own new body isn't that dissimilar, to be honest...

Not that all the steam is helping. The sisters have dragged you into what looks like a bathhouse. Wonder if there's a story behind that...

...Your thoughts are broken by the sight of Miko and Mai stripping down before your eyes, shrugging off their ceremonial robes with ease, folding them neatly before setting them down on a side bench. The sisters are clearly used to being naked in each other's presence, grinning widely as they {*high libido*:
note your lack of unease.

<i>"Why now, it's lookin' like our new sister ain't bashful about these things. Guess barbarians ain't as uptight as we would've thought, huh, Mai?
//low libido:
sense weakness in your unease.

<i>"C'mon, now, there ain't no need to be bashful. We're all sisters here, right? Mai an' I, we're comfortable in our bodies... practically one an' th' same, anyways.
} Eh, doesn't matter. We'll have plenty of time to make a fine lady out of her, anyways."</i>

Try as you might, you can't help but feel your ears turning down and take a step back as Miko and Mai advance upon you. Too bad it's just the gently steaming bathing pool behind you, and — "<i>

<i>"Ehehehe. Gotcha!"</i>

You have to admit, they're something to look at. Miko is the more obviously oversexed of the two, plump and curvaceous; she's clearly fed well from the life-force of so many benefactors. While you've already been intimately introduced to her massive, perky tits, her bulging nipples and blatant, raised areolae catch your eyes with their cherry-pink colour long enough for two of her six tails to whip out and catch you by the arm. Sashaying towards you with a deliberate wiggle in her child-rearing hips, the more voluptuous of the Kurokawa twins tosses out her long red hair behind her, leans her face close to yours and licks her lips.

<i>"Looks like ya still need some adjustin' to yer new body, lil' sis. Mai an' I, we'd be glad to get down to business an' break it in for ya."</i>

It's Mai's turn to join her sister — while the grey-furred vixen is nowhere as conspicuously sensuous as Miko is, she moves with a seductive elegance that [pc.bg courtesan|would have put the associates of your former life to shame|turns heads and taunts tempers alike]. While she's not as stacked when placed beside her sister, that still leaves a lot of room for interpretation, a <i>lot</i> of room indeed. As Mai pulls out the hairpins from her do and

shakes out her bun, the waterfall of grey fur-hair that cascades all the way to the backs of her knees leaves you breathless, regardless of how you might have otherwise felt.

<i>"Ain't nothin' like a good bath for that, eh, Miko?"</i>

<i>"Ain't nothin' like a good bath for that. Let's get ya all cleaned up good, lil' sis!"</i>

And they're upon you. Maybe it's the steamy atmosphere of the baths, maybe it's the way Miko and Mai are flaunting their bodies without shame, but the merest touch of either sister's fingers on your bare skin causes you to shiver with barely repressed erotic energies. You're barely able to mount any resistance as they pull you into the shallows of the bathing pool, water sloshing your ankles as they sit you down and begin scrubbing away.

It's... not unpleasant to begin with, although you're just far too sensitive to not have dirty thoughts riddling your mind. The places their fingers and tails could go... butt and ankle-deep in the warm, citrus-scented water, Miko's tails painting that lovely heat all over your body, you can't help but surrender to the sisters' will, your worries flowing out of you..

<i>"Jus' relax,"</i> Mai whispers into your ear, the sweet syrupy tone of her voice demolishing the last vestiges of resistance you might have put up. <i>"Miko an' I, we'll take care of everythin'..."</i>

Purring, Miko pulls you against her, your back meeting her front with a soft, wet slap. Expansive yet firm, her flesh is warm and inviting, as if there were a fire stoked beneath her skin. While two of Miko's tails curl about your knees, securing you in place, the voluptuous kitsune maiden cups your ample breasts in her hands, rolling the soft flesh in her palms. Small squeaks of surprised arousal escape your lips as Miko molests you, slowly at first but soon picking up the pace. Her fingertips press against your stiffening nipples and swelling areolae; your lungs burn and heart hammers as her touch lights a fire within you.

<i>"Like I said, relax, darlin',"</i> Mai croons softly, sliding her delicate fingers down along your [pc.hips] under the water. She pauses for a moment to stroke your inner thigh, then goes straight for your pleasure-bud, finding it unfailingly. It's but the slightest of touches, but the surge of heat that flows into your loins is enough to make your eyes water and throw your head back into Miko's pillowy tits.

<i>"Ya know, lil' sis... our work can get pre-tty borin' at times..."</i>

<i>"At th' same time, it can also get pre-tty pleasurable..."</i>

More and more of Miko's fluffy tails coil about you in the warm water, holding your limbs in place, trapping you securely in her expansive embrace. Her plush lips plant kisses on the nape of your neck even as her tail-tips tickle your netherlips, making you shudder with need and desire.

<i>"If ya were to better know this pleasure, I'm sure ya'd have no problem helpin' out yer big sisters as their assistant, wouldn't ya?"</i>

<i>"Granny did a bang-up job on yer new body; it's as sensitive as all-fuck. Be a shame to waste such a treasure, yeah?"</i>

Mai's voice is warm and disarming, enough for you to react eagerly as Miko slips her fingers into your heated cunt. One finger's followed by another, then another, slipping in deep; your big sisters know what they're doing as you writhe and moan in the embrace of Miko's velvety tails and voluptuous body. The more brazen of the sisters lavishes you with affection — a tender tweak here, a nip there, every action carefully measured to tease and arouse you, bring you to the edge but not throw you over.

You're panting openly now, the warm weight of your own tits heavy on your chest as you gasp for breath in the bath's steamy atmosphere. Shaking the water off her flushed skin, Mai half-stands such that her perfectly shaved pussy is level with your face. You'd have been perfectly willing to eat her out with gusto at this point, but your big sister has other ideas in mind: you can't help but notice that her own clit is pierced, and as you watch, it seems to bulge and swell, erupting outwards from its hood as it rapidly gains in length and girth. Glowing blue foxfire gathers in Mai's loins, and within moments she's sporting a foot-long fox-cock of translucent blue flame.

Sure, it's see-through, and ripples a little in the light of the baths, but... the sight. The smell. The taste, you can taste it on your tongue, and you can't stop yourself from drooling stupidly as thoughts of cock fill your mind, pushing everything else out. The way it twitches, the veins that stand out along its length, the bulging knot and tapered tip. You need that fox-cock, and you need it <i>now</i>.

Miko giggles and caresses your wiggling ears. <i>"Looks like ya got our lil' sis all fired up, Mai. Ya gotta take responsibility now, ya know."</i>

<i>"Oh, I will, I will. Turn her around, will ya?"</i> Her cheeks a perfect rose colour of sultry red, Mai licks her lips and tosses her head, her waterfall of hair swishing wetly behind her. She flexes her fingers, stretching them out, then makes hungry, grabby, <i>squeezy</i> hands at you. <i>"I wanna feel her ass while I'm scrubbin' her on th' inside."</i>

Perhaps you might have protested at some point, but the slurred words that emerge from your sluggish lips are completely incoherent. Miko curls around to plant a lovely kiss on your cheek, then grabs hold of your waist and flips you around so you're belly-down in the heated water. Miko's plush, bulging netherlips are right in your face, the sweet musk rising from them dizzyingly alluring, the glistening sheen to them definitely not water as she guides your face between her thick, shapely thighs.

<i>"Yer lucky, lil' sis! Yer gonna be treated to a great big helpin' of kitsune pussy juice, an' it's as fresh as it can be!"</i>

It's about at this time that you feel Mai's greedy hands take hold of your expansive ass, dancing upwards along your skin until they've reached your lush hips. Her magiccock grinds against your heat-swollen lips, pushing once, twice, then plunging straight into you. Your inner walls shudder at the forceful entrance, then convulse as the sheer burning heat of Mai's magical member stokes the fire burning within you. It might not strictly be the real deal, but it definitely *feels* like one, right down to the ridges and veins, the powerful throbbing that pushes against your love-tunnel. Tears spring to the corners of your eyes as Mai's solid knot slams over and over again at your netherlips, her hips bucking against yours in tandem to reach as deep within you as possible.

Your tongue swirls and twists within the Miko's pussy, drawing out wave after wave of thick, heated love juices that splatter across your cheeks and chin before dripping off into the water. The aroma smothers your tongue and face as you lick with wanton abandon, your moans muffled by the plushness of her lips and how deep your tongue is inside of your big sister. Miko's thoughtful enough to give you a little space to breathe every few moments, rocking her hips back gently to look down into your eyes, her expression halfway between that of a doting mother and a dominatrix. Her hips lower against your lips again, and she resumes her passionate grinding, closing her thighs around the sides of your head as you continue to service her faithfully.

The rhythmic thumping of Mai's hips against yours quickens, her tongue hanging out of her mouth lewdly as she gives it her all. Her powerful rod spears you again and again from behind, each full thrust bringing with it an even more euphoric moan from the fuck-addled grey kitsune. Tails grey and orange alike caress your tummy and tits as that towering pillar of molten flame strikes your womb over and over again, forcing you to moan straight into Miko's pussy; Miko bucks against your chin in response, forcing you back and spearing you ever deeper onto Mai.

T-this is bad news... your hips are melting at this point, your legs jelly beneath you. The scent of Miko's pussy juice is all you can think of, your mind drawing a blank at anything other than animal, rutting pleasure. Miko's pussy clenches and squeezes about your tongue — you're forced to squeeze your eyes shut as you come with gusto, your insides tightening about Mai's magiccock as if trying to milk it utterly dry. Exhausted and enervated, you sink down into the shallow water, your body jiggling and heaving as it desperately tries to recuperate.

"Aw shucks, lil' sis is already all tuckered out."

"We didn't even get off, although I can't rightly blame ya for that."

"Mai an' I, we'll jus' have to train ya until ya can keep up with us..."

The last thing you feel is their teasing hands wrapping about your waist as they drag you out of the bath...

[Next]

The next few months are a mess of exhaustion and orgasmic pleasure as Miko and Mai share plenty of loving with their new little sister — you. Mornings begin with picking up where you last off last night's sex — while Mai sometimes has better things to do with her time, Miko is absolutely insatiable and more than willing to fill in for her sister. With only one magiccock between the twins, you might have hoped for some kind of reprieve, but they more than make up for it with the sheer intensity of their passions and sexuality. Your days are filled with debauchery and kitsune cock; your nights are filled with mindless slut-service to your big sisters as they tease and bully you to no end. Constantly drained of your life-force, you're kept too enervated to even contemplate escape, let alone put any coherent plan into action.

After a season or two of this, all traces of your former life have been wiped from your mind, save for perhaps your name. Broken into a good little obedient slut-sister for Miko and Mai, you're finally allowed to assist the twins in their less carnal exploits — cleaning the baths and shrine, tending to the sacred gardens, housekeeping for them, and so forth. Of course, not being a kitsune precludes you from actually partaking of the ceremonies that Miko and Mai do as shrine maidens, but that's only to be expected.

Kasyrra, Garth, your friends... all of that is but a fading memory now, ephemeral like morning fog. Your slutty, oversexed body belongs to your big sisters and exists for their pleasure and the loving care they shower you with. Joy is Mai railing you from behind while Miko sucks on and fondles your heavy tits, happiness is being reduced to a molten, stupefied mess from repeated orgasms. You love your big sisters, and that's the only thing that matters.

Your adventure ends here.

Kit Maker 5000

//Komari possesses the PC, forcibly transforming them into a nubile foxgirl who promptly goes into wild, uncontrollable heat. If any of the following companions are present, the PC then throws themselves at Berwyn, Brint or Arona, desperate to breed. The PC is forced to watch, a prisoner in their own body as they are forced into all kinds of lewd breeding, ending up as a kit maker for the kitsune den.

//PC must not be womb pregnant? Or handwave this, since it's a bad end?

Stepping up to your still-twitching and oozing form, Komari divests you of your last few bits of clothing, leaving you completely naked on the soft grass like some kind of wild animal. She folds up the soaked garments, passes them off to someone you don't see, then turns her eyes on you.

<i>"I'm not perfect — no one is. I've made mistakes in my time, and have my own share of regrets... but thanks to your fortuitous arrival, I can rid myself of them! All I need to do... </i>

<i>"Is just borrow your body for a bit every now and then!"</i>

All of a sudden, the heat in your belly explodes outward, filling you from head to toe with burning radiance. Everything — from the gentle breeze against your shoulders to the grass tickling your knees is twinged with a lusty edge, your skin unbelievably sensitive to even the slightest touch. Lungs aflame, you gasp for air, but that only makes matters worse as the fires within you stoke and rise.

Then, you hear Komari's voice, not from without, but *within* your mind.

"Heheh. Now that I've possessed you, you must be feeling incredibly horny right now, aren't you? Even your breasts and down there... they must be itching for cock this very moment!"

S-she's not wrong — the sensations of sheer need and hunger radiating outwards from your womb are so intense, they're taking over your mind. It's hard to think of anything else but being filled with rich baby batter, being filled until you're practically overflowing; sex isn't good enough, you've got to conceive a kit this very moment. More than one, if possible.

*"Struggle all you want, your new body knows what it desires and won't obey you anyway. No need to put on a brave front, really. Gods, this feels **amazing**. I haven't been in heat for more than ninety years at this point. You're wanting to be bred so badly, it's practically unbearable!"*

Your [pc.hasVag||new] ovaries agree with that statement, practically plumping as they prepare to flood your cum-hungry womb with eager eggs. If you don't get pregnant with a bellyful of kits soon, you're going to go insane!

W-what is she doing to you? Your body... you can't control it any more...

"Like I said, I'm just going to borrow your body every now and then. Don't worry about it, unlike Oxana, I'll leave you in charge while I'm not using it — I don't have that much spare time to be directing 'daughters' around like that tanuki has to, anyway. Help an old lady feel young again, okay? I haven't been pregnant for a long, long while since my husband-consort passed away..."

Like... like hell you're going to do that...

A snicker. *"You don't sound very convinced, even to yourself. Maybe you should've considered your life choices before taking mercenary work from a reclusive old forest witch of dubious moral character. Oh well, too late for you — and oh, take a look at who's coming. I'm just going to sit back and watch the fireworks, don't mind me."*

//from here, fork randomly between brint, berry or arona if any of these are in the party. Else, use no applicable follower fork.

Brint

Looking quite pleased with herself, Komari retires to a nearby stone bench and makes herself comfortable. At length, she claps her hands, the sound ringing in the air, and two well-armoured kitsune approach from the garden path, Brint in tow. Your minotaur companion looks quite out of it as the kitsune lead him on, strangely compliant to their lead.

"Your minotaur companion was quite vigorous to begin with," Komari muses. "A couple doses of lustful liquor calmed him down nicely. I'll have Takahiro work at making more when he finally comes back — your big boy sure knows how to drink."

Now that Brint's closer, you can confirm his situation for yourself. The kitsune have confiscated his weapons and armour, right down to even his loincloth; a shiver of excitement races up your spine as you note that Brint's massive horsecock is at full mast, begging to find a nice warm hole to stretch out.

I-it's got to be your — no! You have to think of a way out of this situation, not — your arms fly to your belly as your womb clenches so tightly it *hurts*. Just smelling the heady, powerful musk of minotaur manhood is enough to send a trickle of thick liquid warmth down your thighs; your body betrays you and lurches forward unsteadily. A warm, cottony pink mist suffuses your mind when you try to make sense of this situation, the instinct to just go along with whatever your oversexed body demands is overwhelming at this point.

F-fuck. The scent of minotaur cock... you can't stop drooling... your body is starting to get all oozy and sloppy, liquid heat rolling about your insides as your brain gets more and more enamoured of Brint's gargantuan girth. The mere sight of all that hard beef is hypnotic, its sheer size and shape etching itself into your thoughts and making your womb clench in anticipation. It's only when a thread of drool issues from your lips and splashes down onto your ample, sensitive bosom that you realise you've been fantasising about sucking out Brint's life-force alongside his semen, fantasising for what can't have been more than a few seconds but nevertheless feels like ages.

Komari grins at the sight and claps her hands. *"All right, big boy. If there's anything left of you in there after the lustful liquor's had its way with you, listen up. Since you weren't the leader of your little group, we're going to be magnanimous and let you go... but not without a price, of course."*

Brint grunts, his eyes trying to focus, but eventually gives up. Given the reek of strong alcohol on his breath, even for a minotaur, the kitsune have him drugged up pretty badly.

The Shrine Mother leans back on her bench, ever poised and graceful. *"See, barbarian, all we want is some of your seed, and as it happens, we've got a suitable receptacle all fired up and ready to go. Poor little thing came into heat very, very recently, and we need*

someone to help her put it out. Do that for us, and we'll return all your possessions and let you leave, so long as you don't ever return. Got it?"</i>

There's no reply save a grunt, but Brint slowly lumbers towards you, eyes trained on your naked, nubile form. You can't help it — with each step Brint takes in your direction, your [pc.hasTails|tails start|tail starts] to wag furiously, a blur of fluff. Barbarians as they might be, the native men are good for one thing if nothing else; their cocks tend to be gargantuan by kitsune sizes, and minotaurs are some of the best. The towering pillar of turgid flesh twitches and bobs but a short distance from your glistening lips, and a stupid grin spreads on your face as you plan on just how you're going to milk this bull for everything that he's worth.

Brint... Brint... he's not recognising you. Of course he wouldn't; even if he weren't drugged up, you've been changed so thoroughly that you look almost nothing like your former self. Even these invasive, perverse thoughts that keep on wresting control of your mind... ohh, you could just go for that massive cock sandwiched between your thighs, scraping away at your insides, hitting all of your deepest places... so many good memories...

<i>"Come on, you hunk of beef,"</i> you half-say, half-moan. <i>"Show me just how much of a man you are! You can't be much of one if you can't even knock up a breeding slut like me!"</i>

Before you know it, you're on your elbows and knees, plush ass raised up high to present your oozing cunt to Brint. The scent of his cock is so intense at this point, complete with a rich sperm aroma, that you're getting positively dizzy at this point...

Just feeling his hands planted on your kit-pushing ass almost makes you cum on the spot; your body is unbelievably sensitive at this point, and the lightest of grazes causes shudders of salacious sensation to surge across your skin. The rise and fall of your breasts with each heaving breath, the flush that's crept all the way to your chest only serves to highlight the desperate breeding itch that needs to be taken care of <i>right now</i>.

As expected, Brint moves to do the only thing a red-blooded minotaur man can when confronted with a dripping pussy: fill it. His thick ham-hands slide upwards from your ass to encircle your slender waist, locking you in his grasp before pulling you back and impaling you on his humongous horsecock. You can feel your netherlips stretching gloriously, yawning wide to admit the flat-topped pillar of man-meat, then inch after inch of your inner walls spread apart in slick, oozing ecstasy as Brint rams his entire length down your love-tunnel. There's no way you should have been able to take it all inside of you, but your transformed slut-body is more than eager to swallow the entirety of Brint's crazy, burning prick on one go, a bottomless pit of baby-rabid hunger. Brint's balls slap against your plush ass as he picks up a steady rhythm, hugging you tight to his powerful, beefy frame.

<i>"Yes, that's it! Come on, pound me even harder, you horrible beast!"</i> A particularly powerful downstroke hammers home, striking all your weak spots along the way, and you throw your head back with an appropriately vulpine cry of pleasure-pain, squeezing your

eyes shut as you clench your pussy muscles about Brint's massive member. *"Destroy me so thoroughly that I won't be able to walk tomorrow!"*

Keros' tails, you haven't felt this good for years, for *decades*; even though it's been divinely preserved as well as it can be, your old body's just too frail to be doing this sort of mind-melting copulation at your age. But by possessing this sprightly young thing and going along for the ride, sharing in the pleasure... your eyes bulge as Brint's cock hammers against your abused cervix for the umpteenth time, your womb overjoyed at this meaty barbarian's vigor and virility. The amount of control you have over your inner walls is obscene; for once, your body is actually doing what you want it to, clenching and milking with wanton abandon in response to the furious fucking Brint's inflicting upon you.

With lustful liquor and crazed copulation alike, this end was inevitable. It feels like forever, but it can't have been more than minutes before Brint lows and erupts into you, thick, virile seed flooding the entirety of your kit-making apparatus.

Warm semen... semen! *Semen! Semen!*

Cum, so much cum that even your perverse, hungry kit carrier is simply unable to hold it all. Heat and desire short out your stupefied brain as Brint's seed backs up and flows out from between your pussy lips, splattering back down onto his groin, staining both your thighs. Even considering his size, this barbarian's capable of holding so much spunk inside of him; quite the choice specimen, really.

This is *great*. With such a stud atop you and pressing you down like some kind of disgusting animal, there's no doubt that you're going to get pregnant. Already, the cum puddle under you has expanded past your knees and is still growing, much to your delight; each blast into your overstuffed womb as you feed on Brint's *chi* is so mind-blowingly intense, it's all you can do to stay upright throughout the orgasm that shakes your body from head to tail.

[silly]「っんはあああ!中出し気持ちいい!」"Nhaaa! You cumming in me feels so good!"

Being forced into a position like this, a powerful male atop you and obliterating your insides with the sole purpose of getting you pregnant... there's no chance you're not getting knocked up from this. Not while your cunt is all reddened and heat-swollen, not while you can *feel* yourself sucking out this northerner's life energy to make a kit with. All-out breeding... what a rush. You feel *young* again, and it's not because you've possessed this slutty body.

"Cum! Cum more into me! Impregnate me so thoroughly that you won't need to fuck me again to make the next litter of kits!"

Ears folded down, sweat and cum dripping off your tender, nubile body, you pant and yelp as the last strings of Brint's semen blast into you. You can't even feel your ass any more, and your entire lower body is going to be sore tomorrow...

N-no... what just happened? Your womb... you *<i>know</i>* without a doubt that you're pregnant, that a little kitsune is going to take root inside of you and swell your belly big and round. The thought... what's left of you might have other opinions, but this presence in your mind that begs and yips and drools as the sheer thought of being able to bear children once more — and being fucked every step of the way — has dominated your body, leaving you a prisoner in your own mind.

At length, the kitsune who brought in Brint come and lever him off you; you keenly feel the departure of his toasty body, along with the loud pop that rings in the air when his still-turgid cock pulls out from your gaped gash.

<i>"All right, then,"</i> you say, waving a hand and standing up from the bench. *<i>"He's fulfilled his end of the promise. Let the northerner have his things back, and put him somewhere outside where he can't cause any more trouble to us."</i>*

Goosey cock milk coating your thighs and calves... it's to this that awareness slowly returns to you and your ruined, aching body. You can still feel Brint's seed churning inside of you as your womb pulses and clenches, an overwhelming sensation of dirty perversion settling upon your over-sensitive skin, still flush and tingling with the afterglow of rabid copulation.

[Next]

//go to converge point.

Berry

As Komari sits back on a nearby stone bench, two more kitsune bring out a rather dazed-looking Berwyn. He's still got his hat on, but they've stripped him naked and taken away his staff. Fixing her jade-eyed gaze upon the dogboy, Komari gives him a thin little smile.

<i>"Ah, right, the half-lupine. All right, barbarian, we keep our promises. As discussed, just fuck this lovely girl here, dump your cum in her womb, and you're free to go with all your possessions to boot. You weren't the leader of your little troupe, so you have less liability — all we want from you is your seed for the trouble you've caused."</i>

Berwyn looks a little uncertain, clearly out of his depth. *<i>"M-my seed?"</i>*

<i>"Just so. Look, we even have a willing recipient right there for you. All you have to do is fill her up like a good boy, and we'll escort you out of my home in no time at all. We'll be even more grateful if you manage to impregnate her; poor thing's in heat and needs it put out with a kit in her belly.."</i>

It's a second or two before you realise that Komari's pointing at *you*. She wants Berwyn to fuck *you* pregnant.

"So, how about it?"

Berwyn stares down at your naked slut form, trepidation on his face as he swallows hard. *"This isn't some kind of trick, is it?"*

*"No. Of course, this is what I'd say if I **were** intending to play a trick on you, but at this point I just want you to be done and out of my house. You'll just have to take my word for it."*

No! Berwyn, it's you! Can't he recognise you? Every fiber of your mind screams at Berwyn, trying to get his attention, but all that emerges from your glossy lips is a series of lewd and lusty vulpine barks. Even this tiny movement sends your tits and ass jiggling and wobbling ever so slightly, your impossibly sensitive skin shooting pleasure directly into your mind.

Your dogboy looks down at you, a hint of disgust mixing in with the uncertainty on his face as he studies your nubile slut form. He pulls himself up and folds his arms across his chest, trying to salvage what little dignity he can in front of all the watching kitsune. *"A-all right, I'll do it."*

He's not the only one looking around; while Berwyn's been standing by, you've already been checking out his cock for a good while now. Try as you might, your eyes keep on being drawn towards it, dirty thoughts riddling your mind as you openly fantasise about the things you could do with it... things you're quite sure you've never done before, a lot of them involving fluffy tails.

You can't take it much longer. Even at this distance, the scent of cock and balls is filling your nose, permeating your skull and wiping your mind blank. No matter how much you try to focus your mind on something else, the thought of Berry's thick canine cock inside of you comes surging back to the fore, dominating your thoughts. Before you know it, you're sashaying up to the poor dogboy, licking your lips at the sight of his bulge.

"Sheesh," you — no, your mouth says. *"You sure whine a lot for such a cute little puppy."*

No! This is wrong! You're not having any of these thoughts... but your mouth is voicing them anyway!

With a swift swipe of a hand, you've laid hands on Berwyn, letting his throbbing doggy dick pop up at half-mast. A spark of tricksy, devilish glee gleams in your eye as you drink in the sight of the dogboy summoner's maleness, your mind already calculating how to wring every last drop of spunk and life-force you can safely extract from this poor pup.

"Come! I'll just have to do something nice for you so you'll shut up already."

<i>"W-what are you doing?!"</i> Berwyn practically yelps as your fingers close around the base of his shaft. Piping hot cock in your grasp... this sure is a whole bunch of bad news — for him, that is! Within seconds, you've already stroked him to fullness with a finesse you don't have, your lips trembling and getting all sloppy as all that lovely dogmeat pulses and twitches mere inches from your face.

<i>"Sucking out your seed, of course! Whatever else?"</i> Your lovely lips stupidly agape in unbridled joy, you heft your tits, one in each hand, and loom over an increasingly apprehensive Berwyn. The cute little doboy whimpers, but his eyes are fixed on your rolling mounds of jiggling, expansive titflesh, edging ever closer. <i>"You don't need to be so uptight, you know."</i>

This is... this is... sure, Berry might be cute and all, but having your body out of your control on puppet strings, hearing your mouth say words that never passed through your mind — it definitely makes it a lot less sexy. Is it really even your body anymore, considering how changed you are?

Berwyn just babbles hopelessly as you push him to the ground and lower your tits on his monstrous manhood, pressing them together from the sides so that the red rocket of his cockflesh is snugly nestled in your engulfing, vice-like cleavage. The scent of cock is so strong now, rising off his glistening prick and filling the air with a perversely delicious aroma — canine cock, the best kind of cock. You've taken so much of it in your time, but —

— No! These aren't your memories, either!

Giggling, you raise a finger to Berwyn's lips. <i>"Shush now. It'll be all over soon, and then you can be out of here. For such a tiny little dogboy, you sure have a lot of meat on you!"</i>

Even as you begin stroking your tits up and down Berwyn's length, your lips close upon the tapered tip of his dogcock and begin sucking with a vengeance. First off is the tip, yes indeed — the taste of glistening canine cock is just so deep and delicious, you can't get enough of it! You want more! Keros' tails, your mouth's getting all sloppy now; your drool's leaking out as Berwyn's cock hits the back of your throat and slithers even deeper into you.

This is just too good... and your other set of lips are leaking, too...

A shudder runs through your body, starting as an anguished tightness in your [pc.hasVag||new]womb and sending your muscles aquiver. Berwyn's tender dick is just so good, you could suck it forever... but your kit carrier wants in on the action, too. The rich flavour of his pre, though... even as you pop free and start licking the free length of the dogboy's cock, you bounce your tits up and down, slapping the base of his manhood with each slick motion. This is getting bad... Berwyn's cock-smell is getting into your nose and mouth; you won't be able to scent anything for hours, if not days after.

Poor Berry is a wreck at this point. His face is beet red, his breath coming in great gouts; that big, floppy hat of his has fallen off somewhere in all this and sweat's beading on his forehead. *"Miss, I-I'm going to —"*

"Psh," you hear yourself say. *"Hasn't even been twenty minutes, and you're going to blow already. Young people these days have no stamina whatsoever. Fine."*

"Mwaaah..."

Berwyn's cock parts from your mouth with an audible pop, and you lift your warm, glistening breasts off his twitching manhood. Kneeling over the dogboy, you lean back to present your stretchy, dripping pussy to him, then grin mischievously, fox ears twitching.

"Remember, barbarian, you only get to leave this place if I get your seed. So put that cock of yours in here —" you reach down to tease apart your swollen, reddened snatch — *"and breed me as hard as you can. My body's crying out that it wants your kits... so if you don't get me pregnant, it's going to be **your** fault, not mine!"*

Berwyn just pants and whines.

*"Now, it's about time **I** get some pleasure of my own."*

The howl that emerges from the dogboy's mouth as your cunt engulfs his crazy, burning dick is music to your ears. If that doesn't encourage him to put his all into it, nothing will. These northerners have one undeniable good quality about them; they tend to have have fucking huge pricks that instinctively know how to make a woman feel good. With tools like that, they really don't have to put much finesse into their technique... if only!

Shit, he's so warm inside of you, you can *feel* your brain melting, turning into a breeding-crazed puddle of salacious fuck. As Berwyn's pinned under you — not through any strength of your own, though — you reach down and swat the side of his ass and plump thighs, making the dogboy yelp. Excited as you are, you can't help but swish your fluffy tail[pc.hasTails[s]] and wiggle your ears as you go all-out breeding your former companion.

"Hnnn... so deep! That's it, you adorable little short slut! Move those hips even more! Show mommy here what you've got in those balls of yours, and you'd better not disappoint!"

N-no! Your mouth is moving, your hands are gripping Berwyn's shoulders as you bounce up and down upon his quaking hips, but none of these are your words, your actions! For all that you have control over your body and even thoughts... you're a prisoner in your own mind! It's like watching a horrible play with no way to turn your eyes away...

The world narrows to each jolt of Berwyn's doggy dick against your gibbering, ravenous womb, its cock-hunger consuming your world with an overwhelming desire to get pregnant.

Eyes watering, tongue lolling out of your mouth, you verbally whip this pathetic, sweat-slick dogboy underneath you into some semblance of actual performance.

Berwyn whimpers. *"I... I'm gonna — "*

"Cum!" you howl, crazed triumph on your face as you smash your plush, fecund butt down upon his hips, making him wince. ***"Cum plenty into me, and don't stop until I'm pregnant!"***

Given such forceful words, the cute little dogboy is practically compelled to obey. Berwyn's hips tremble against your buttcheeks as his release mounts; in your mind's eye, you can picture perfectly his seed as it rises through his twitching cock and explodes inside of you. The thick, gooey warmth that geysers directly into your womb is a slice of the purest and most perverted happiness a kitsune den mother like you could ever hope to achieve; thick, yummy cock milk rich with *chi* to make lovely kits with.

T-that's not you... y-you're not a kitsune...

Waves of mind-blowing pleasure consume your being as your body eagerly readies itself for the purpose of child-bearing, muscles and organs squeezing and clenching even as Berwyn continues to surrender his seed and life-force to you. With such sensuous stimulation, it's not long before Berwyn's completely spent himself inside of you, his cock twitching as it releases a couple final spurts before coming to a stop inside of you.

Ehehehehe...

Seven gods, you feel so *good*, so *revitalised*. Your powerful, muscular cunt clenches a couple more times about Berwyn's canine cock, trying to wring out just a few more precious drops of wondrous semen out of him, but there's no more forthcoming. Pffft. Easing yourself to your feet, you push yourself off the poor dogboy's cock with a wet, sticky sound, watching as his softening manhood flops onto his plump thighs once extracted from your impalement. Your womb feels warm, and you can't help but grin as you pat it gently. Sure, you might not have gotten off from the breeding alone, but this is just as good, if not better. A thin strand of mixed fuck-juices still connects your pussy lips to his cock tip, and it slowly falls away as you make to leave.

"All right," you announce to the spectators. *"Take the boy out — he's earned his freedom well enough. Not the best I've had in my couple of centuries, but satisfactory."*

Berwyn's dragged out by the same kitsune who brought him in, and it's then that you snap back to awareness, falling to your knees on the grass, a terrible cold heat running across your skin as whatever presence was possessing you departs.

[Next]

//go to converge point

Arona

As Komari retires to a nearby stone bench, two well-armoured kitsune bring out Arona into the gardens. The orc amazoness has been stripped bare of everything right down to her furs, and she hasn't given up struggling and testing the glimmering, silken threads that serve as her restraints. By all appearances she should be able to snap the thin threads as if they were nothing, but they hold her muscular bulk well enough as she's forced forward into the gardens. Komari gives Arona a calm, jade-eyed stare as the orcess is brought before her, and coughs lightly.

<i>"Oh my, an orc. Even amongst the natives, your people have quite the reputation for being highly vigorous. I've had a few of you as benefactors and guests in my time... you can be excellent people if you put your mind to it."</i>

<i>"Save the flattery, soul-sucker,"</i> Arona spits. <i>"If you're going to end me, just do it already."</i>

<i>"Now, whyever would I do such a thing? As I understand it, you weren't the one who masterminded the trip your little group made into my home, so less culpability falls upon your shoulders."</i> Komari tuts a little, shaking her head. <i>"I'm actually going to let you go, and return all your possessions to boot, on the condition that you cease bothering us and never return. That, and..."</i>

<i>"...And?"</i>

Komari grins and points down at you. <i>"We want your seed. It just so happens that we've got a vixen in quite the raging heat at the moment, and we'd appreciate it if you could put it out. Consider it adequate repayment for a bit of leniency, won't you?"</i>

Arona stares down at you, her hard gaze running over every bare patch of skin on your nubile foxgirl body. Surely... surely she can recognise you like this, can't she? Even after you've been transformed? You want to scream out at Arona, tell the orcess that it's really you, but your body simply refuses to obey; what emerges from between your lips is a series of lewd vulpine barks, burning desperation and need clear in your voice.

No... no!

<i>"This isn't one of your tricks, is it?"</i> Arona frowns, gears whirring away in her mind. <i>"Someone pinch me, there has to be a catch. It's simply too good to be true. Get off scot-free and get off inside one of your furry sluts? Are you even trying to punish me?"</i>

<i>"It's more of an equitable exchange."</i>

It doesn't take Arona long to come to a decision. She shrugs as best as she can inside of her gossamer restraints, then smiles thinly, perhaps warming up to the idea. *"Guess I don't have much of a choice, eh?"*

"Just don't make any funny moves. It'd serve you well not to confirm any ugly stereotypes about your people, that's all I'm going to say."

At a wave of Komari's hand, the kitsune guards begin undoing the glimmering threads that bind Arona, letting them fall free and dissipate into nothingness. She strides up to you, and you can't help but notice her powerful thighs, each one bulging with muscle. Somewhere in all this, your breathing has become short, shallow pants; the sharp movements run through your body and cause lustful tingles to break out both within and without. You can swear heat and steam are rising from your body... you can't take it any more!

Clambering forward on your knees, you hug one of Arona's legs, begging and panting like the cum-hungry breeding slut Komari's turned you into. You trail your fingertips along Arona's thigh, marvelling at the sheer definition of the muscle beneath her skin, the power waiting to be unleashed upon your ravenous womb. This is one that's going to impregnate you for sure, you know it in your cunt.

Arona flashes a toothy smile down at you, clearly getting into the mood of things. *"Hey, little bitch. If you look so much like a fox, why don't you bark or whatever foxes do while I fuck you like an animal."*

"O-of course I'll bark!" your mouth says, tongue hanging out from between your lips as your bountiful breasts heave with anticipation. You can already feel yourself oozing onto your thighs and getting all sloppy down below... heady and inebriating, the scent rising from Arona's veiny monster is just too powerful for you to think straight. *"I'll bark if it means you'll put your cock into me, [silly|orc-sama|mistress orc]! Fuwa! Fuuwa!"*

W-why are you doing this? Your limbs feel leaden and numb, as if they were dead; your mouth is speaking words that never passed through your mind... it's as if you've been possessed by some overwhelming, irresistible force...

She doesn't recognise you. Arona doesn't recognise you at all, reaching down to pat you on the head between the ears before moving to grope your gigantic jugs. Her coarse fingers press into steamy breastflesh, the stimulation only serving to heighten your arousal, your needy barking and begging growing louder as your fluffy fox tail[pc.hasTails|s swish|swishes] back and forth in a blur.

"Such an eager slut," Arona mutters not quite under her breath. *"Damn it, there's **got** to be some kind of trick these ginger-tails are playing on me. This is really too good to be true."*

"Aah, fuck. Let's just get this over with."

No! You're the trick! Can't she see it's you? [pc.name]! Come on, you're [pc.name], surely Arona can recognise —

— Your thoughts are cut short by Arona grabbing you by the ankles and turning you around, upending your ass towards her. The full-length of the orc amazon's man-meat slaps heavily against your buttcheeks, the thick scent of sperm making you dizzy even as it leaves streaks all over your plush butt. With your cheeks and boobs squashed against the grassy ground and your calves instinctively locking about Arona's waist, it's all you can do to yelp at the top of your lungs as Arona rams her full length into your dripping gash with a lewd squelch. You can feel every inch of your inner walls part as Arona drives balls-deep into you, easily accommodating every last inch of her man-meat with a delicious slurp. A maddened grin spreads out over your plump lips as your ears flatten against your head; your cunt is already pulsing and suckling about the stiff, throbbing rod buried between your legs.

<i>"Yes, that's it, you big ugly barbarian! Fuck me until I can't even walk straight, fuck me until I'm bloated and pregnant with twins — no, triplets!"</i>

<i>"Big talk for such a small fox,"</i> Arona grunts as she slams her hips into you. You instinctively squeeze your legs in tandem with her powerful thrust, adding your force to hers in the opening move of the game. Stars burst into your vision as Arona's manhood hammers against your womb, blanking out your mind with pure perverse delight. It's a good while before you're able to get some kind of semblance of control over yourself, and by then Arona's already at it with a vengeance, mauling your insides with all the brutality she can muster considering the circumstances.

It makes no sense. Arona's cock scraping at your insides should be painful, her pelvis-destroying thrusts agony, but this slutty vulpine body of yours takes every blow, every bludgeon and translates them into the most beautiful surge of slutty ecstasy you've ever experienced. You can't help but bark, whine and yelp like the vixen in heat you are as Arona's cock forces open your womb, all the better to directly shoot her load of baby batter within. Your hips are melting, your jugs rolling and squashing under you, but most of all your unbelievably stretchy and supple cunt is by all appearances defeating Arona by degrees. The amazonian orcess has astounding stamina as one might expect, but the perverse delight that fuels this slutty new body only serves to further ignite your passions and drive you to ever more insane depths of breed-hungry depravity.

<i>"Impregnate me, northerner!"</i> you howl, sweat beading on your skin. <i>"Do it if you even can!"</i>

Arona takes you up on that challenge, picking up the pace until her hips are a blur. The full length of her man-meat running wild up and down your seemingly infinitely stretchy cunt is a delicious slice of heavenly, exhaustive bliss; even with your legs locked about Arona's waist in a desperate attempt to keep hold on the orcess, you feel like you're going to be thrown off any moment. Orcs are natural-born conquerors, and your womb's getting conquered this very moment; your hungry cervix is stretching apart and yawning wide, begging for the virile load that's all but assured to come pouring into you at this point.

<i>"Cum!"</i> your mouth says. <i>"Cum plenty into me! Fill my womb with your hot spunk, you ugly barbarian, and get me pregnant!"</i>

The only reply you get is a roar as Arona tightens her hold on your hips and mashes you as far as you'll fit onto her prodigious prick, so far that your [pc.hasTails|tails are|tail is] tickling her chin and powerful chest. Breath rushes out of your lungs as you revel in the sensation of sheer penetrative depth that a monster like Arona is capable of, your womb throbbing and clenching with eager, intense anticipation. Burning cockflesh twitches inside of you once, twice, and then explodes in a geyser of heat, bathing your insides with a torrent of thick, heated warmth. Unable to form so much as a single coherent thought, you pant, drool and paw at the grassy earth mindlessly, every fiber of your being rewarding you with unbelievable pleasure for fulfilling the purpose your new body was made for. There's no doubt now that you're going to get pregnant... and it's only going to get better from here.

You can feel it, a looming, impending sensation, like a shadow cast at noon. Your inner walls tighten even further, rubbing back and forth against Arona's rock-solid manhood, and you bark and yelp as the orgasm hits, the act of conceiving a kit in your belly pushing you over the edge into a hopeless, sloppy mess of degenerate desires.

<i>"K-kon kon!"</i>

You don't feel tired at all — conversely, a delirious exhilaration grips you, energy surging outwards from your lower belly to fill the entirety of your slutty body. You could go for another round, two, even three on this rush alone; the sensation of having your weak spots pounded, of being fucked pregnant is one you want to savour while it lasts and recapture once it passes. You feel your cunt pull at Arona's prick a couple more times, trying to coax a few more precious drops of seed out of her, but the orcess is well and truly spent.

It's a sight to behold. She wavers. She wobbles. Then, in one beautiful geometrically perfect arc — no buckling at the knees or anything like that — Arona topples backwards onto the grass and begins to snore. Her dick breaks free of your pussy with a wet pop, droplets of love-juices spraying into the air; your hindquarters collapse down onto the ground, legs spread and cunt leaking. It's all you can do to blubber and whine, your mind a blank as it slowly comes down from the high of orgasm.

At length, you stand from the bench and clap slowly. <i>"That was quite the show, wasn't it? Very entertaining. Very satisfying. I think our orc friend's earned her reprieve well enough; take her away and make sure her possessions are returned before evicting her."</i>

It takes three kitsune to drag Arona's sheer bulk away, but by and large the sleeping amazoness is removed from the garden, leaving to your fate — and what a fate it is.

//go to converge point.

No Applicable Companion

//If none of the above companions are around, use this instead.

//A cute catboy is brought out by the kitsune to fuck the PC.

Looking satisfied with herself, Komari gracefully retires to a nearby stone bench to watch the proceedings, whatever they might be. At length, two kitsune bring out a rather timid-looking catboy out to the gardens, frogmarching him up the stone path to the grassy patch you're on. The poor sop is completely naked save for the thin red strings bound about his wrists and neck; as you watch, the guards undo the catboy's wrist bindings and shove him in front of Komari.

And of course, the bumpy cat cock on full display...

<i>"How kind of you to join us. I trust that your brief stay with us over the past two weeks has prompted you to reconsider your life choices?"</i>

The catboy is silent.

Komari chuckles. <i>"Oh, don't look so dour. I'm sure you've had plenty of fun, what with being personally attended to by my great-great-granddaughters. Mikoto and Miyuki know how to treat guests right, even if they get a little overzealous about it. Now then, I'm prepared to let you go, if you've honestly learned your lesson about taking jobs from strange witches of dubious moral character in the middle of forests. While I understand that mercenary work is what it is, choosing your clients carefully is a skill you want to carefully cultivate. Don't want to get into an agreement you'll end up regretting, after all."</i>

A sigh. <i>"Just what is it you want? Are you going to toy with me again?"</i>

<i>"Toy? Oh no, I'm too old for the kind of teasing I used to partake of when I was younger. See, I think you've learned your lesson, and hence we're going to let you go and even return all your possessions to boot. There's just the small matter of the cost of your stay here..."</i>

<i>"We kitsune are very big on equitable exchanges, you see. For all the trouble you've caused, as well as our hospitality in caring for your every need — and then some — we'd like something in return. Don't worry, it won't be much."</i>

<i>"I knew it. This has to be some kind of trick."</i>

<i>"Youngsters these days, so distrustful. Ah, it can't be helped. All I'd like you to do is comfort this poor girl here a little — she's just gone into heat for the first time very, very recently, and we need someone to help put it out. Your seed will do."</i>

<i>"No kidding?"</i>

<i>"Upon my honour as a priestess of Keros, my dear."</i>

Those words definitely do <i>not</i> inspire any kind of confidence in the poor catboy, but he takes a cautious step out onto the grass towards you, his steps light as if ready to spring back at a moment's notice.

Why does <i>he</i> get to get off this lightly while <i>you're</i> the one transformed into an oversexed vixen and put out here as some kind of... as some kind of... mwaaaaa... damn, you're not sure why you couldn't smell it before, but the catboy's scent hits you like a blow to the face, leaving you dazed and reeling for a moment or two. Warmth erupts on your skin as it flushes, and you can hear your heart hammering in your skull as you try and regain your bearings.

Mmm... he smells so nice... or maybe it's just his dick and balls that're producing that heavenly musk that's setting your loins aflame. Ears twitching, teeth on edge, you can't help but rub your thighs together, feeling the slick wetness oozing out onto them intensify further. The mere sight of a healthy male — or more correctly, a healthy cock — and your mind is already going soft, the impulse to succumb to your natural baby rabies overpowering and unbearable.

T-there's no need to act tough. You really <i>do</i> want that barbed cat cock sliding up and down inside of you, your inner walls gripping the fleshy bumps as they — n-no! These aren't your thoughts, and whoever's in charge of your body, it's not you! A sense of fascinated horror descends upon you as you watch yourself slink up to the terrified catboy, fluffy tail[pc.hasTails[s] swishing about your backside, and take hold of his bumpy cat cock in your hands.

<i>"Sure, you may not be that eager,"</i> your mouth says, <i>"but your little brother sure appears to be ready to go. You don't mind if I borrow him for a moment, do you?"</i>

<i>"I-I — "</i>

You lick your lips; the rich sperm scent is so heavy and enticing, you can practically taste it on your tongue at this point. You're starting to get really sloppy now... you just <i>know</i> this body of yours is preparing itself to get pregnant very, very soon.

<i>"No need to be so bashful,"</i> you purr as you begin pumping your hand up and down along the catboy's slick shaft, lewd, wet noises rising from the passage. <i>"You catfolk are pledged to Mallach, aren't you all? What's that about free love?"</i>

<i>"Love is fine, but I don't know if this is fre — aaaah!"</i>

Wow, you never knew you were capable of doing <i>that</i>. Eyes squeezed tightly shut, the catboy shudders in bottled-up pleasure as you deny him his orgasm with a twist of your wrist, pinching the nerves within his man-meat and killing the mounting sensation of

impending release. He's just as hard as ever, though, and you grin nastily as you waggle a finger in front of his terrified face.

<i>"I haven't even been going for five minutes, and you're already about to blow your load on my face? Good sir, have you no shame? Who taught you to have sex?"</i>

He blushes furiously, knees trembling. <i>"I-I'm a virgin..."</i>

Something about that is unbearably funny to you; not that you know why, but you just can't stop laughing at that. Your lungs draw in great gouts of air, your ample tits heave and jiggle, and a nasty gleam enters your eye. <i>"I guess you do look a bit young, eh? Well, if this is your first time, I have a treat in store for you.</i>

<i>"I'm going to eat you right up. You're going to be de-li-cious."</i>

The poor catboy looks ready to bolt any moment, but his feet are firmly rooted to the floor. Giving his cat-cock one last stroke for good luck, you stand, sashaying your hips a couple times before taking him by the shoulders and pushing him down onto the grass with you. He puts up but a token resistance, and your fluffy fox tail[pc.hasTails stroke] strokes his legs as you straddle the virginal milksop and grind your swollen netherlips up and down his length. While this is happening, you lean forward and give the catboy a long, lascivious kiss, pressing him into the soft, grassy earth while your tongues wrestle. He whimpers into your mouth as you grind up and down his bumpy length; it's only when you finally slide over the tip and throw yourself down onto his manhood that you break the kiss, your dense, heavy breasts heaving in front of his face. Each soft bump and barb along the cat-cock's length scrapes delightfully along your insides, kicking your womb into action.

<i>"Feel that?"</i> you clench your ravenous cunt about the catboy's manhood, powerful inner walls eliciting a moan from the effeminate little thing. <i>"You're going to put a kit into me, and I'm not about to be denied by some gutless virgin. Look, even your body agrees!"</i>

And so it does. Sweat beading from his chest and forehead, the poor milksop of a would-be sellsword does his best to keep up with you as you pound your curvaceous, kit-pushing butt down upon his hips, the wet sounds of raw copulation rising into the air. It's not often that you get cock like this, you suppose — even if the catboy doesn't have very good endowment or technique, at least there's some novelty to the whole thing.

Within moments, you've pushed him to his limits, and he mewls and whimpers as his previously denied orgasm comes shooting to the fore once again, erupting inside you with a blossoming of virile warmth. Your womb and ovaries react immediately to the gift, powerful waves of fertile bliss enveloping your lower belly and radiating outward as your body conspires to get you pregnant. His life-force... it's okay, you suppose. Not the best of virgins you've tasted in your two centuries or so, but not the worst, either. You'd give it a six out of ten, and that's being generous.

<i>"Come on, is that all you've got?"</i>

Seems like it is. No matter how much you pound and mash and squeeze, this little catboy's been drained dry as a whistle — a bit of a letdown, really. Doing your best not to scowl in front of everyone else, you pull yourself off the poor little milksop, love-juices still dripping down your thighs, and give the kitsune guard a nonchalant, dismissive wave.

<i>"I guess he's repaid his stay to the best of his ability. Return him his possessions, and find somewhere convenient in the forest for him to regain his senses."</i>

It's only then that awareness comes rushing back to you, some semblance of control over your thoughts and limbs returning with it. Despite the sensation of energetic exhilaration that suffuses you from head to toe, you can't help but feel a distinct chill run down your spine.

//go to converge point.

Converge Point

//All options converge here.

...What... what just happened? Your thighs, your [pc.hasVag||freshly broken-in]pussy are stained with semen, the fluffy foxen looking on are laughing, clearly thinking this is some sort of hilarious joke, while Komari herself looks very, very smug and satisfied with herself as she reclines on the stone bench.

<i>"Oh my, northerner. You really do have such a wonderful body; even an older woman like me managed to recapture a small slice of my younger days. I think I'll have to borrow it every now and then — emphasis on every now and then. One mustn't be gluttonous, after all."</i>

She... she possessed you, made you do these things... a painful knot of anguish tightens in your stomach, just above your cum-filled womb. And yet the perverse pleasure forced upon you during that breeding... your changed body battles it out with your mind, trying to wrest control.

<i>"It's not so bad. You'll stay here as our honoured guest and want for nothing; it won't be long before your belly swells and ripens with a kit or two. When Oxana peeks in and sees what's up with you, maybe she'll think twice about sending yet another group of mercenaries in to bother me and my family — and she won't come herself, since that would mean she'd actually place herself in danger."</i>

You feel violated... but the warm sensation from within your womb is strangely soothing, urging the back of your mind to just give in and accept this already. Fighting it is just too tiring, too tiring to be worth the time...

<i>"Now then, chop chop! Show's over, back to work!"</i>

[Next]

Within the confines of the cherry blossom tree, time has little meaning. You could conceivably head out atop its upper branches to see the sun, but why do that when there's breeding to be done? Being pregnant doesn't stop you from taking cock of all kinds — if anything, it makes you even <i>more</i> desperate to scratch that perverse itch between your legs. As your belly swells to a monstrous size, your libido soars in response, turning you into little more than a kit vessel and breeding slut; in the few moments that you're not with child, your womb starts up again, pleading and begging to be filled.

Komari is good to her word. The kitsune see no need to restrain or imprison you — you can't move very fast anyway with your kit-filled belly, and even if you could the will to escape's evaporated completely somewhere in the middle of your second pregnancy. You largely ignore the clothes they offer you, but they take the time to keep you fed, watered and cleaned with utmost and exacting care. Your days meld into one another in the sacred gardens, being bred over and over again — sometimes your paramours are local kitsune from the den, but the vast majority of those who come are %"guests" of the fox-people, more than willing to spend a night of torrid pleasure with you before being released into the woods the next day. It gets to the point where if you feel out of sorts if you don't feel slick and sticky between your legs.

Komari herself often borrows your body during these trysts, the Shrine Mother reliving her youth by possessing you while you have all kinds of sloppy pregnant sex. You've gone well past the point of feeling violated in the months that've passed, reduced to a panting cum receptacle and baby vessel of a foxgirl. Sometimes Komari will possess you just to enjoy the feel of being obscenely swollen with kits, to revel in the sheer sensation of heat and pregnancy hormones rushing through one's veins; you can't begrudge an older woman who's past her childbearing years a bit of fun, can you?

Whatever happens to your companions, you have no idea, nor can you find it in yourself to care very much. As for your quest — word in the fox den is that demonic invaders from another world are marshaling in the north and east, and the gods themselves are raising an army to deal with this new threat. Thoughts of [party.som|Kasyrra|Kasyrra and [party.compNames]]Kasyrra, [party.compNames]] are wiped from your mind as you're kept in a state of perpetual pregnancy, more and more kits slipping out from between your legs to meet future demand for able bodies to march against the demons. No matter how many kitsune children you birth, your body fails to fall into ruin where any ordinary woman's would have long ago; whether it's a side-effect of Komari's regular possession or the transformation she put you through, each successive pregnancy only addicts you further into being a breeding slut.

As far as what's left of your addled mind can comprehend, this is your fate, and your obscenely voluptuous foxgirl body's loving every moment of it.

Your adventure ends here.

//bad end.

Resolutions

Saved By the Orb

//Use this if the player loses to any of the fluff haus bosses while having Kiyoko's amulet in their possession.

Time passes...

It's been dark for some time now. You're not sure how long you've been here, or if time has any meaning at all where you are; trapped in your own mind with only yourself for company. It's a strange feeling, that of not having any feeling at all — disembodied, sensationless, numb.

You don't dream, either. Pity, that — you vaguely remember that you wish you'd at least be allowed to dream. No such luck, though: all you get is blankness... and a comforting warmth. It's not all bad, you might have actually been lulled to sleep if such a thing existed here, but an eternity of this...

...What would it do, anyway? No thoughts but your own, no sensations other than simple comfort, nothing to see or sense or feel...

...An eternity of this would drive anyone insane.

Something whispers in the emptiness, just beyond the edge of hearing; nevertheless, it's easy for you to pick it out in the absolute silence of the void.

I was so lonely. Then you came.

And then light floods in, brilliant amber light as you finally open bleary eyes and sensation rushes back in. It's soft. There's a pillow under your head, but you're not on a bed or bedroll, but instead a mattress on the ground. Come to think of it, you've felt this kind of material before — up on the verdant balcony in Kiyoko's little cabin, the place where she [kiyoko.numKits 1 2 4]gave birth to Kinu that fateful day...[birthed your kits...][has birthed so many of your kits...][goes to rest when she's feeling unwell...]

No. This is not a dream, waking or otherwise. This is all very real, and the numerous pains and aches in your body remind you of that. You glance around, taking in your surroundings; while it's similar to the verdant balcony, it's not exactly the same. For one, it's not a balcony, all four walls hemming you in, and many of the potted plants Kiyoko's so fond of keeping with her there are missing. That, and this is the waking world...

Reflexively, you reach about your neck for the amulet, but it's not there. Surprise soon turns to panic as you check yourself over, turning your clothing inside out in search of —

<i>"Don't worry. The Lady Ōtomo's with me."</i>

You sit up in the futon, ramrod-stiff until you notice someone beside you, sitting cross-legged on a cushion. It's a diminutive, nine-tailed, golden-furred kitsune, and with a small start you realise that she actually looks more advanced in age than others, perhaps a woman in her late fifties if she were human. A walking cane lies on the ground beside her, and she clasps her hands together as your eyes meet.

<i>"Relax, northerner. You've come to. My name is Komari Kurokawa, and I am the matron of this den."</i>

[pc.isDK|Just what's going on here? Last thing you remember, these fox-eared soul-suckers were trying to kill you despite you trying to help, and now you're — is this some kind of trick?|Relax? Easier said than done. Last thing you remember, you were in pitched, earnest battle with one of hers...]

<i>"I'm sorry. We've been having problems recently... the tanuki witch on the other side of the forest has been sending mercenaries at us for a while now. You're the fourth party in half as many months to find their way into my home; I'm sure there're more who were hired but never made it here to begin with. People have been quite skittish and prone to violence as a result. You were brought in to me for, ah... judgement, upon which I noticed your possession and matters flowed from there to your favour."</i>

Evergreen? She knows the witch?

<i>"She comes from the same land I do, a fellow immigrant, if a somewhat later arrival. We have a... friendly rivalry going. She's never escalated things this far before, though."</i>

Right. Evergreen was just a pretext so you could coax her into coughing up the directions to this place. Without them, you may never have found a way in.

[party.hasCompanions

|<i>"You and your companions could have wandered in circles for weeks and never found the entrance."</i>

Speaking of which... hey, where's [party.compNames]? What happened to [party.som][[companion1.himHer]][them]?

Komari shakes her head and taps her cane on the ground. <i>"Your [party.som][friend is|friends are] fairly unharmed, if restrained and rather tired in the bargain. I wished to speak with you alone. You will be allowed to rejoin them before you leave."</i>

Fine. She wants to have a private chat, well, here you are. What's up?

"This place is difficult to find. You could have wandered the woods for weeks and have never come close to finding the entrance."

Well, here you are. If she wants to speak with you privately, you're all ears — what's up?

]

[Next]

Komari coughs and fiddles with the amulet in her hands. *"I suppose I'll begin, as a gesture of goodwill. This amulet used to be mine; it was the keepsake of my family. Even my name... it means 'little ball' in your tongue, northerner; I suppose my parents thought it funny. A family treasure... I lost it about two hundred and fifty years ago, not long after I arrived in this part of the world on divine orders to aid in this front of the Godswar..."*

"I remember that day, I had been out with the harpies... Sorra's creatures were more civilised back in the day, but they were still insufferable, flighty creatures. Me and mine returned to find the den utterly ruined; the wraiths' minions had struck while we were out. Try as I might, I couldn't find the amulet of transference any more, one of the keys to our Lord's Dream."

A dream...?

*"You know it better as the Astral Plane. The Living Gods each have dreams, realms formed from... well, even I'm not sure myself. But we do know that they are sovereign in that domain; it is where their presence is most **real**, for lack of a better word to describe it."*

{//ancient archway completed:

You know this to be true — after all, Nareva herself explained it to you, though the explanation was no less cryptic than anything else the serpent goddess said.

//else:

Interesting...

} Kiyoko must have escaped into the orb then, and it had lain buried in the debris for centuries until you came along.

"With the family heirloom lost, I could not face my relatives. As the Lady Otomo's retainer, allowing her to die from my negligence meant I deserved death. The shame was too great... but my divine lord had other ideas. It would be a waste, he said, for my talents to be lost in such a manner... I would be exiled here with those who would stay alongside me, and keep a foothold for his influence in these foreign lands. By all rights I should have paid for my mistake with my life, but my Lord has seen fit to be magnanimous and give me a second chance. Perhaps this exile was the cowardly option, but today, I think I would have preferred

death. Turning me into a yasha and forcing me to watch generations of my descendants age, wither and die while I remain unchanging... each time I perform the funerary rites, I desire more and more to simply be one with the land."

Kiyoko was with her?

"Kiyoko and I, although our positions in our families were similar, the fact that she came from the twelve divine clans and I did not meant that I was merely fit to be her retainer at best." A small smile appears on Komari's face as her ears fold forward. "While you were out, I had a conversation with her and she has told me much. Tell me, what do you know of Kiyoko's past?"

Well... come to think of it... Kiyoko's never told you that much about her life story. Not that she's ever been evasive or anything, but it just never really came up in daily conversation. You know she had a somewhat religious upbringing and something of her education, but the question of her standing in kitsune society never came up, mostly because there weren't any other kitsune around.

"You didn't know who she was, had only just met her, and even so, acceded to an unsettling, if not downright disturbing request, wanting no compensation. Ah, such willingness to help... the wicked of this world would be so eager to take advantage of that."

Is there a problem?

Komari thinks a moment, then shakes her head. "Never mind. If the two of you are content together like this, it's for the better. It's not as if it means anything, not this far from the Old Country. Kiyoko was — I mean, **is** my friend and liege, and after all these years, I can only wish the best for her if she's found happiness."

"In any case, please hold onto the amulet for me for now. I think it'll be safer with you."

... Is there a way to get Kiyoko out of the astral plane? That's what you came here for in the first place, after all.

"Very likely, although it's something I'm not able to do under my own power. I'll have to ask my Lord to intercede, and that will probably take a little while. Why don't you return to Oxana and clear up matters? I'll have things ready by the time you come back."

Yes... Lady Evergreen. You rub your head, still a little rattled by the fighting you've done since you entered this den of foxes. It's... it's nice to be able to talk things out like reasonable people for once. Ever since you started on this journey, you've had to resolve so many differences with violence; it's a change, if nothing else.

Speaking of which, there's the matter of Lady Evergreen's little request...

<i>"What exactly is she after, anyway? The sellswords who came before you weren't as keen on divulging information as you are. I may be able to help and put this stupid matter to rest for good."</i>

Well, you were here regarding a bountiful bag, as she called it. Small, brown, someone took it and left a pile of leaves in its place, which was certainly no kind of equivalent exchange. Does she know anything?

<i>"...As a matter of fact, I think I do. Miko, that lazy girl — I remember seeing something like that amongst her things when I went to rouse her the other day. The girl keeps on picking up odds and ends from her benefactors, so I didn't think much of — that would explain why — ha!"</i>

Not even bothering to stand, Komari takes a deep breath and yells. For someone as small as her, she's got quite the voice... not too unlike Kiyoko, come to think of it. <i>"Mikoto! I know you're listening in from behind the door!"</i>

Silence. Komari draws another breath, as if to yell again, then there's a quiet, feminine voice from the other side of the door. <i>"Aww, gra-nny! How did ya know?"</i>

<i>"I didn't. I just figured you were being your predictable self. No, you still can't come in, you nosy little thing, so don't even think about it. Now, according to the northerner's — I mean, [pc.name]'s — story, Evergreen has been sending sellswords over to our house because she's lost an item of considerable sentimental value. One that I've spotted in the mess you keep around you."</i>

There's a sheepish edge to the voice. <i>"So ya figured it out..."</i>

<i>"I asked you if you had any idea why that tanuki was bothering us with such a vengeance, and you said no!"</i>

<i>"Of course I wouldn't have, granny! I paid th' ol' witch back like what th' law commands! She oughta been satisfied!"</i>

<i>"With a pile of leaves?"</i>

Miko mumbles something that's neither here nor there.

<i>"I said, did you attempt to repay Evergreen for one of her personal treasures with a pile of leaves?"</i>

<i>"I thought it was a ratty ol' bag, that's why! If I'd thought it were somethin' actually valuable I wouldn't have gone an' pinched it in the first place! It was a prank!"</i>

<i>"A prank that's gotten far out of hand! You thought it was a ratty old bag — so that means at some point you realised it wasn't and she'd been grossly undercompensated?"</i>

Miko mumbles some more.

<i>"And you didn't tell me this?"</i>

Yet more mumbling.

<i>"...Get it for us. I can't believe I'm actually taking Evergreen's side, but your stupidity has caused us no end of trouble, girl. I'll deal with you later."</i>

A few minutes later, the screen door slides open a crack, and a small brown pouch flies in, landing with a soft <i>flumph</i> by the side of your futon. Sniffing, Komari picks up the worn little thing, turning it over in her hands as she draws back the strings.

<i>"Silly girl, that Mikoto. Wonder what's it about this that's got Oxana in a tizzy over losing it... oh."</i>

As Komari upends the pouch, all sorts of sex toys flow out of its open mouth — everything from the more common dildoes and fleshlights in various shapes and sizes to more esoteric devices, possibly enchanted, that you have no idea how they might be used or whatever for in the first place. For the first time since you've met her, Komari's stern countenance breaks into a little grin, the Shrine Mother rolling her eyes and shaking her head as she packs the lewd mess back into the little bag.

<i>"Oh, Oxana. It's been more than a century, and you never change. Right, [pc.name], I understand perfectly well why Evergreen's so desperate to have this bag of hers back now, and why Mikoto was willing to even try and deceive me about it. If that tanuki bitch wants it that badly, she can have it for all I care. I'll just be all the merrier knowing the old hag needs her toys that badly that she can't go a week without them."</i>

Evergreen's bountiful bag acquired.

//Add this to key items.

Quest Update: Den of Foxes

Thanks to you having Kiyoko's amulet on you, you've been able to avoid an altercation with the Shrine Mother and retrieve Evergreen's bountiful bag from her great-great-granddaughter. All you have to do now is deliver the goods to their rightful owner and collect your payment for services rendered.

<i>"That should settle the score with Evergreen. She'll be chuckling about one-upping me and mine for weeks, if not months, but the law is clear: something of equivalent value was not exchanged for it. Therefore, it has to go back."</i>

This law...

"It is one of the underpinnings of the way our society works, and frankly, I don't have the energy to elaborate right now. Perhaps later. Are you feeling better? That was a pretty nasty bump you took."

To put it lightly, yes, but you're feeling much more clear-headed now. Since you've gotten what you want, perhaps you should make like a tree and leave. You've caused enough trouble here.

*"And hopefully there won't be any more once Evergreen gets something less constructive with which to occupy her time. Remember, **come back here and speak with me after you've delivered the goods to that tanuki witch. We'll see if we can't do something about Kiyoko then.**"*

Right, you'll remember that.

"Now then, we should be sending you on your way, shouldn't we?"

Komari is good to her word. By the time you've pulled on your [pc.armor] and are up, [party.som

|she's cleared path for you in the hallway outside, shooing away her nosy great-great-granddaughters.

|[party.compNames] is waiting for you in the hallway outside.

|[party.compNames] are waiting for you in the hallway outside.

]

[party.comp brint cait berwyn einin

|Brint greets you with a wave as you step out. *"Guess you're finally up, eh? I was really worried for a moment there — even after these fox-folk explained that this was all just a huge misunderstanding, I was pretty leery when they wouldn't let me check in on you."*

For someone who's been soundly beaten and knocked out, he sure seems cheerful and full of energy. Did something good happen?

"You could say that. The girls around these parts are certainly as eager as the heifers back home! Not quite as curvaceous, but you take any cave you can get in a blizzard. Must've gone through three or four of them before I was too beat to go on."

My, isn't he just the lady-killer.

Brint just grins and flexes. *<i>"They were really impressed with my stamina, too. Said my vitality was great, or something like that, I think. Some of them don't speak our language that well..."</i>*

Oh, you don't have a doubt that he heard them right, but they probably didn't mean what he thinks they did.

[Cait bounces up to you as you greet her. *<i>"It's about time, [pc.name]! I was about to insist on seeing to you myself! These people have absolutely no idea what they're doing!"</i>*

Well, you can see how she might be agitated, but you're doing pretty well at the moment.

<i>"Not feeling all weak and dizzy? Sort of like when you've slept for way too long and now you're more tired waking up than when you went to bed?"</i>

No?

Cait thinks a moment, her lips moving as she marshals her thoughts, then gives up trying to make sense of it all. *<i>"Well, I'm just glad to see you're okay. Good thing this all turned out well, right? I have the feeling it could have been much, much worse."</i>*

You're glad that she's up and about, too.

[Berwyn gives you a sideways glance as you greet him. *<i>"Good thing you're up and about. Let's get out of here."</i>*

Why the long face? Well, asides from being beaten up, of course, but that hasn't stopped you, especially since everything's turned out for the better.

<i>"I just want to get out of here. It's creepy — one moment these fox-people are trying to kill you, next moment they're pinching your cheeks and calling you the most adorable little morsel they've ever seen."</i>

But he *<i>is</i>* the most adorable morsel they've ever seen. It's that charm of his, yeah?

<i>"Let's just leave, please. Before someone else tells me they could just eat me all up."</i>

[Einin suppresses a wince as you greet her. *<i>"Heya..."</i>*

Right back at her. Why so glum?

<i>"We got caught, you know... what's not to be glum about?"</i>

Well, you're fine, everything's been settled, and matters have worked out for the best.

<i>"It's a point of professional pride, boss."</i>

Hey, did she just call you boss?

<i>"N-nothing! Never mind!"</i>

]

Komari coughs discreetly. <i>"I'll escort [party.hasCompanions]the lot of]you out of my home, then. That should prevent anyone from attacking you by mistake. Again, let me apologise for the misunderstanding; we're all very glad you've brought the amulet of transference back to us."</i>

No problem.

At long last, you begin the long trek out through the tree, quite literally tailing along behind Komari herself. While you feel several pairs of curious eyes on you through your walk out, none of the kitsune deign to reveal themselves, and you've but walked a surprisingly short distance — and definitely not the way you came in by — before you're at the entrance once more.

Komari claps her hands twice, and the door in the wooden wall materialises, parting to reveal the welcome sight of the Frostwood beyond.

<i>"And this is where we part ways for now. Just give Evergreen her due, and tell her to keep things between us in the future, instead of hiring idiots to do her dirty work for her, else I might very well think up a particularly nasty prank or two to send her way."</i>

With that, the door slams behind you and melds into the tree once more, leaving you in the forest. Now that was something...

//end encounter.

Parley

//Use this if the player possesses Kiyoko's amulet. Leads in from Komari's introduction.

You've just about had it with everything. Here you are just trying to help Kiyoko, and {/was nice to the forest trio: save for Azami, }everyone's been an unreasonable dick. If someone would at least stop long enough for you to get in a word edgewise...

...Well, this is it, right? Komari's asking you to explain. Guess you'll just have to surprise [pc.isDK|the old bitch|her] with what you have. Palming the amulet and its amber orb in your hand, you thrust it out to her wordlessly, trusting it to be all the explanation you'll ever need.

Komari leans on her cane, closes her eyes, and sniffs the air. <i>"Where did you find this?"</i>

<i>"Gra-nny! Aren't ya gonna drive th' mean barbarian away?"</i>

<i>"Shut up, girl."</i>

Finally. Finally, someone who's both reasonable and in a position of power in this strange foxy hierarchy to actually have any authority to talk terms. Finally, someone who instead of straight-up hurling themselves at you, can actually <i>talk</i>.

Miko wails. <i>"Gra-nny!"</i>

Oh for gods' sakes. If she hadn't come onto you like the oversexed vamp she was before you could even try to explain yourself, you wouldn't have had to beat up her and her sister. Perhaps she could learn something from her elders and just shut up for once.

<i>"Now, please. The amulet, if you will — I suppose you should know it once belonged to me. I haven't seen it for a little over two centuries, though, so I'm sure there's a good story to be had here, not just in how you found it but how you knew to come here. Mikoto! Miyuki! Make yourselves presentable and get our guest[party.hasCompanions|s] some tea. You can at least make good on some of the trouble you've caused [party.hasCompanions|them][pc.himHer]]."</i>

Miko and Mai sniffle and skulk, but obey. In the meantime, Komari leads [party.som|you|you and [party.compNames]|you, [party.compNames]] to a small stone table and bench to await the tea; she leans her cane against the table's edge, gathers up her skirts, and takes a seat herself.

<i>"Now, your explanation please, um..."</i>

[pc.name].

<i>"Yes, [pc.name]."</i>

With no reason to hold back, you tell her everything. Coming across the ruined shrine in the woods near Hawkethorne, entering the cave in the back beyond the gemmed doors, the mural, the amulet hidden within an age's worth of dust and debris. Kiyoko manifesting in your dreams, speaking of her captivity. [kiyoko.numKits 1|Her asking for your life energy, and eventually bearing your child[kiyoko.numKits 2|ren].]Memories that feel as if they were dreams, mostly because they were — dreams that nevertheless were real, perhaps more

than real. While you speak, a much more modestly dressed Miko and Mai shuffle up with a tray of tea, set it down, and shuffle away wordlessly.

[party.comp arona einin cait berwyn

|<i>"Damn, don't they have anything to eat around here?"</i> Arona mumbles as she eyes the tea and steamed buns suspiciously. <i>"I haven't minded the fighting, but a girl's got to have something to fill the appetite she's worked up."</i>

<i>"We can have something prepared afterwards. Some of the younger ones know how to prepare food in a style more suited to the natives of these lands."</i>

Arona just snorts and shrugs, looking even more impatient than ever.

|<i>"I wonder how they move so silently,"</i> Einin muses as she watches the twins disappear down the path. <i>"They're like wisps of smoke, their tread so light despite their... assets. Even I hardly noticed them return. Hey, [pc.name], think I could talk to those two later?"</i>

After beating them down like that?

<i>"Hey, it's all water under the bridge, right? A big misunderstanding?"</i>

They might not see it that way, but you'll leave that for later.

|<i>"I'm just glad we're talking things out now,"</i> Cait says peppily in between sips of tea. <i>"I was kind of worried we'd have to fight again. I'm a bit rusty on some of my history, but I'm pretty sure that wars have been started over less."</i>

That's the understatement of the week, if not the month. Still, being able to talk things through is a change from the norm, if nothing else. [pc.isDK|Beating people over the head might be satisfying, but it can also get tiring at times.|It's nice to be able to just sit down and resolve matters peacefully without always having to resort to violence.]

|Berwyn just sits down at the table and sips at his tea. He makes a face at the steaming brew at first, but soon relaxes and his tail starts to wag.

<i>"I'm kind of glad we're talking things through, to be honest,"</i> he says after a little thought. <i>"If you hadn't bothered to hear me out when I needed it, [pc.name]... well, I wouldn't be here with you now. Oh, and this tea is pretty good. What's in it?"</i>

<i>"Just water and simple leaves. Nothing more. Mai is more about the preparation rather than the ingredients."</i>

<i>"Oh."</i>

]

At long last, though, you finish up your tale. Kiyoko believed that she could be helped more concretely if she were to be brought to her own people, and that's why you jumped at the excuse to have Evergreen direct you here in the first place.

So, now that you're finally here, can something be done for Kiyoko?

"I think that's quite possible. Before that, though, I'd like to ask a question — on what pretext did Evergreen send you here?"

Hmm...

"Answer the question, please. I may be able to help."

Well, you were here regarding a bountiful bag, as she called it. Small, brown, someone took it and left a pile of leaves in its place, which was certainly no kind of equivalent exchange. Does she know anything?

"...As a matter of fact, I think I do. Mikoto, that lazy girl — I remember seeing something like that amongst her things when I went to rouse her the other day. The girl keeps on picking up odds and ends from her benefactors, so I didn't think much of — that would explain why you're the fourth bunch of sellswords Evergreen's directed this way in half as many months."

Fourth?

*"You didn't think you were the first, were you? Of course you weren't. Evergreen and I have never liked each other since I showed her what's what more than a century ago, but sending mercenaries was a little more forward than we usually are with each other. She must **really** want that bag of hers back. Why don't we deal with that now, so I can keep a clear mind for what comes later?"*

If she so pleases.

[Next]

Nodding, Komari sets down her cup, then takes a deep breath and yells. For someone as small as her, she's got quite the voice... not too unlike Kiyoko, come to think of it.

"Mikoto!"

It's not too long before the voluptuous vixen returns, all cowed and polite with her ears turned down. Even *you* can tell from Komari's tone of voice that Miko's in for a world of hurt.

<i>"Mikoto, according to the northerner's — I mean, [pc.name]'s — story, Evergreen has been sending sellswords over to our house because she's lost an item of considerable sentimental value. One that I've spotted in the mess you keep around you."</i>

Miko winces. <i>"So ya figured it out..."</i>

<i>"I asked you if you had any idea why that tanuki was bothering us with such a vengeance, and you said no!"</i>

<i>"Of course I wouldn't have, granny! I paid th' ol' witch back like what th' law commands! She oughta been satisfied!"</i>

<i>"With a pile of leaves?"</i>

Miko mumbles something that's neither here nor there.

<i>"I said, did you attempt to repay Evergreen for one of her personal treasures with a pile of leaves?"</i>

<i>"I thought it was a ratty ol' bag, that's why! If I'd thought it were somethin' actually valuable I wouldn't have gone an' pinched it in the first place! It was a prank!"</i>

<i>"A prank that's gotten far out of hand! You thought it was a ratty old bag — so that means at some point you realised it wasn't and she'd been grossly undercompensated?"</i>

Miko mumbles some more.

<i>"And you didn't tell me this?"</i>

Yet more mumbling.

<i>"...Get it for us. I can't believe I'm actually taking Evergreen's side, but your stupidity has caused us no end of trouble, girl. I'll deal with you later."</i>

Awkward silence lingers around the table as Miko departs, and lasts until she returns minutes later, an unassuming brown cloth pouch in her hands. Huffing, she slaps it down on the table by the tea tray, then storms off with clomping big strides; you can practically see the thunderclouds gathering about her head. Komari picks up the bag, inspects it for a moment, then hands it over to you.

Evergreen's bountiful bag acquired.

//Add this to key items.

Quest Update: Den of Foxes

Thanks to you having Kiyoko's amulet on you, you've been able to avoid an altercation with the Shrine Mother and retrieve Evergreen's bountiful bag from her great-great-granddaughter. All you have to do now is to deliver the goods to their rightful owner and collect your payment for services rendered.

<i>"That should settle the score with Evergreen. She'll be chuckling about one-upping me and mine for weeks, if not months, but the law is clear: something of equivalent value was not exchanged for it. Therefore, it has to go back."</i>

This law...

<i>"It is one of the underpinnings of the way our society works, and frankly, I don't have the energy to elaborate right now. Perhaps later. Don't you have something that you need to do?"</i>

[Next]

Right. Kiyoko. Of course you wouldn't have forgotten in all this... can she be helped?

Grabbing her cane, Komari rises from her seat and beckons you to follow her. The elderly kitsune sets off down the garden path back to the shrine, and speaks as she walks:

<i>"This amulet used to be mine; it was the keepsake of my family. Even my name... it means 'little ball' in your tongue, northerner; I suppose my parents thought it funny. A family treasure... I lost it about two hundred and fifty years ago, not long after I arrived in this part of the world on divine orders to aid in this front of the Godswar... </i>

<i>"I remember that day, I had been out with the harpies... Sorra's creatures were more civilised back in the day, but they were still insufferable. Me and mine returned to find the den utterly ruined; the wraiths' minions had struck while we were out, and my liege was presumably dead. Try as I might, I couldn't find the amulet of transference any more, one of the keys to our Lord's Dream."</i>

A dream...?

<i>"You know it better as the Astral Plane. The Living Gods each have dreams, realms formed from... well, I'm not sure myself. But we do know that they are sovereign in that domain; it is where their presence is most **real**, for lack of a better word to describe it."</i>

{//ancient archway completed:

You know this to be true — after all, Nareva herself explained it to you, though the explanation was no less cryptic than anything else the serpent goddess said.

//else:

Interesting...

} Kiyoko must have escaped into the orb then, and it had lain buried in the debris for centuries until you came along.

"With the family heirloom lost, I could not return to the Old Country to face my relatives. As the Lady Otomo's retainer, allowing her to die from my negligence meant I deserved death. The shame was too great... but my Divine Lord had other ideas. It would be a waste, he said, for my talents to be lost in such a manner... I would remain here with those who would stay alongside me, and keep a foothold for his influence in these foreign lands. By all rights I should have paid for my mistake with my life, but my Lord has seen fit to be magnanimous and give me a second chance. Perhaps this exile was the cowardly option, but today, I think I would have preferred death. Turning me into a yasha and forcing me to watch generations of my descendants age, wither and die while I remain unchanging... each time I perform the funerary rites, I desire more and more to simply be one with the land."

The two of you have approached the fox shrine at this point, the amulet and its amber orb in Komari's hands. For the first time since you've met her, the Shrine Mother looks a little uncertain.

"I will attempt to contact my Lord and ask him for aid. The amulet is a gift from the divine, after all; truth be told, I know little of its actual workings. But he should be able to help."

You nod. If it means Kiyoko's freedom... you've done so much already, this is nothing by comparison.

Standing in front of the fox statue, Komari clasps her hands about the amulet and its orb and bows her head. You'd expected... well, maybe some chanting, maybe some gesticulating, perhaps some kind of ritual or offerings to be made. Still, you wait by the Shrine Mother's side, trusting that she knows what she's doing —

"Hey." The voice that emerges from the fox statue is high, almost nasal, and definitely doesn't sound like anything stereotypically deific. Definitely vulpine, though, no doubt about that — it's almost as if it's just a fox barking and your mind's rearranging the animal noises into actual words, as crazy as that sounds.

"My Lord, I —"

"Sorry, can't talk now. In an emergency meeting with the others. We've found an invader lurking around, and need to discuss what's to be done. Why don't you catch me later, sweetheart?"

The tension in the air dispels with a snap, leaving a rather sheepish Komari standing in the shrine. Slowly, she turns to you and hands back the amulet.

"Well, did you hear that?"

You did. Perhaps you ought to come back later when her god isn't as occupied?

"Deal with Evergreen first — let her have her bag back and the victory that comes with it. I can't speak for my patron deity, but I'll try to get you a proper audience with him when you return; he'll get the orb sorted out. Is this fine?"

It will work, you suppose.

"Right. I... truth be told, I don't know how to feel about a piece of my past just showing up like that. Not just the amulet, but Kiyoko as well... it'll be nice to actually be able to speak with someone I knew back then. Everyone else, I buried with my own two hands. The price of a long life, as it were."

Oh.

"There's something else I want you to have as an apology for you going to all this trouble to return someone very important to us."

Someone important? Kiyoko?

"Just how much of her history do you know?"

Not more than you've ever needed to. You trust her, [kiyoko.numKits 1]enough to have given of your bodily life-force — or *chi*, as she calls it — and she's borne your child[kiyoko.numKits 2|ren]]enough for you to have gone all this way and braved these dangers for her sake]. She's told you something of her past in coming to this part of the world and bits and pieces of her childhood, but nothing that would pin down specifics. Why, is she some kind of celebrity in the country where kitsune come from?

Komari thinks a moment, then shakes her head. *"Never mind. If the two of you are content together like this, it's for the better. It's not as if it means anything, not this far from the Old Country. Kiyoko was — I mean, **is** my friend, and after all these years, I can only wish the best for her if she's found happiness."*

"In any case, please have this."

As you watch, Komari reaches into her colourful priestess garb and draws out what looks like a small orange fox tail on a length of red cord. It looks pretty nondescript, but you can feel a faint sense of power radiating from it.

"It's unlikely you'll be able to keep the amulet once our friend is freed from her imprisonment. The law demands that if we take something from you, something of equal value must be exchanged... and so here it is."

You nod reluctantly, and pocket the little charm.

Obtained the Fox-Tail Charm.

<i>"That'll be all for now. Allow me to walk you out, so that at least no one will accost you during your egress. Coming this far, even with most out for the festival, must have been harrowing."</i>

To be honest, with the way things had been going, you didn't expect it to end this way. Ever since all this business began, the number of shenanigans you've been wrapped up in have mostly resulted in violence and yet more violence...

Nevertheless, you eventually return [party.hasCompanions]to [party.compNames]]and begin the long trek out through the tree, quite literally tailing along behind Komari herself. While you feel several pairs of curious eyes on you through your walk out, none of the kitsune deign to reveal themselves, and you've but walked a surprisingly short distance — and definitely not the way you came in by — before you're at the entrance once more.

Komari claps her hands twice, and the door in the wooden wall materialises, parting to reveal the welcome sight of the Frostwood beyond.

<i>"And this is where we part ways for now. Just give Evergreen her due, and tell her to keep things between us in the future, instead of hiring idiots to do her dirty work for her, else I might very well think up a particularly nasty prank or two to send her way."</i>

With that, the door slams behind you, and melds into the tree once more. Now that was something...

[party.comp brint cait etheryn

|<i>"I'm just glad we're out of there,"</i> Brint muses as you set off into the woods.

<i>"Those fox-people are just so small, I was getting tired of having to duck all the time to avoid hitting my head on things."</i>

You give Brint a weak grin. He just emerged unscathed from a series of fights for what might very well have been for his life, and his greatest relief is not having to hunch over a little?

<i>"You don't understand,"</i> Brint replies with a playful snort. <i>"[pc.ra minotaur cowgirl]You have to be born a minotaur to get it, not just look like one. It's about the life you've led.[It's a minotaur thing. You wouldn't understand even if I tried to explain.]To make things worse, the place was an ever-changing maze. Why do you think the tunnels bored into the Undermountain are so wide?

|<i>"I'm just glad this is all over without us starting a religious war!"</i>

Yeah, huh... now that she brought it up, maybe you ought to have had Cait sit out this one. This would be more or less the equivalent to invading a temple of Keros,

wouldn't it? Cait's superiors in Jassira really wouldn't be appreciative of her doing such a thing in her priestess garb and all...

Cait just gives you a cheery smile. <i>"All's well ends well, [pc.name]. The healing power of Mallach's love brought people of different faiths and beliefs to a peaceful resolution!"</i>

You like her unshakable optimism and enthusiasm, if nothing else.

|<i>"There were always stories about this part of the woods, mostly from the few druids of the Old Wyld who remained in touch with the Winter City,"</i> Etheryn muses as you depart. <i>"Strange blue flames leading those on patrol astray, laughter in the trees, that sort of thing. Alissa always dismissed such talk as nonsense — for a full-fledged warrioress of the boer'alvar to be taken in by the glammers of fox-eared midgets, even the notion was preposterous. It didn't change the fact that for so many years, there was no end of women willing to volunteer for duty in this neck of the woods."</i>

Sounds like her sister really should have been open to more possibilities instead of dismissing them outright. Now that Ryn's seen a lot more of the world outside of the Winter City, you're sure her perspective on things has changed.

<i>"One of my tutors mentioned that reality often was allowed to be more bizarre than fiction, because fiction had to be believable while reality did not. I didn't understand it at the time, but I'm beginning to understand what he meant by it."</i>

]
//end encounter.

Victory

//This is used if the PC defeats Komari.

Again, you'll reiterate: you're being entirely straight with her here. Yes, you've been hired by Evergreen, but it's not to finish off her rival or whatever she thinks it is you're here to do — you know better than to involve yourself in the squabbles of woodland witches. You just want to know if the bag she wanted is here, that's all, and no, you didn't know of all this before you came here. No doubt you'll be more careful in accepting work from Evergreen in the future. Still, you can't say that Evergreen was completely in the wrong here — she was paid for what sounded like quite the potent magical treasure with a pile of leaves. No matter how one spins it, that's not an equivalent exchange.

<i>"Well, I can't tell you what I don't know, young [pc.mf|man|lady]. Are you really that determined to comb the entirety of my home for her sake?"</i>

It's then that Mai stops sniffing long enough to speak up. <i>"Eh, granny..."</i>

<i>"What?"</i>

<i>"I think I know something of what th' barbarian's speakin' of... ya see, I didn't think much of it at the time, but Miko's ain't been askin' to borrow my piercin' for a little while now, an' —"
</i>

That's about as far as Mai gets before her sister leaps up and clamps her hands over Mai's lips, the two bowling over backwards onto the grass. Komari rounds on her great-great-granddaughters, waving her walking stick threateningly.

<i>"Mikoto, you're not helping your situation right now. Miyuki, speak."</i>

<i>"Like I was sayin', granny, I was wonderin' why, since she's usually pesterin' me to no end askin' to let her have a go. Couple days ago, I saw — "
</i>

<i>"Look, it was jus' a prank, okay? If the stupid witch had wanted a better price for her bag she oughta not make it look like some ratty ol' thing! As it stood, a pile of leaves was just about right an' by the time I found out, it was too late — "
</i>

Komari's lips set into a thin line, and without hesitation or mercy she raises her cane and gives Miko a good smack on the head with its handle, leaving a nasty bruise in its wake.

<i>"In that case, why didn't you say anything after the first of Oxana's mercenaries arrived? You've not just caused me no end of trouble, you've flouted divine law to boot, and — no, I'll deal with you later. Miyuki, get your sister to tell you where she's put the damned thing, and bring it here.

<i>"I can't believe I'm actually siding with Oxana on this..."</i>

As you watch, Mai drags her sister upright, and together they limp down the garden path, disappearing down the steps. Awkward silence hangs in the air as Komari turns back to you and levels her gaze to meet yours.

<i>"Well. This is quite embarrassing. It appears I owe you an apology, northerner. It looks like you'll have your bag back, and I'll even add a token of my own to make up for their mistake."</i>

[pc.isDK|She'd better. After all the trouble you've been through, it's a small miracle you aren't wrecking this place any more than you have already|Considering everything you've been through to get here, you don't think that whatever payment Oxana is going to have waiting for you will feel sufficient. Very generous and astute of her].

<i>"If that's the way you see it."</i> Fumbling about in her robes for a bit, Komari draws out a small charm, orange and white; it's clearly made to resemble a fox's tail. <i>"Here. Take it, if it means you'll leave us alone when it comes to your line of work."</i>

Obtained the fox-tail charm.

Many people bother her kind?

<i>"When you're monsters, you're fair game for anyone, and there's not much course to appeal to the so-called civilised peoples."</i>

You'd press the point further, but it's then that Miko and Mai reappear on the garden path. Wordlessly, Miko presses a plain brown linen pouch into Komari's hands, then turns and breaks into a run; you've never quite seen someone that curvaceous move quite <i>that</i> quickly. Sniffing, Komari picks up the worn little thing, turning it over in her hands as she draws back the strings.

<i>"Stupid girl, that Mikoto. Wonder what's it about this that's got Oxana in a tizzy over losing it... oh."</i>

As Komari upends the pouch, all sorts of sex toys flow out of its open mouth — everything from the more common dildoes and onaholes in various shapes and sizes to more esoteric devices, possibly enchanted, that you have no idea how they might be used or whatever for in the first place. For the first time since you've met her, Komari's stern countenance breaks into a little grin, and the Shrine Mother rolls her eyes and shakes her head as she packs the lewd mess back into the little bag.

<i>"Oh, Oxana. It's been more than a century, and you never change. Right, [pc.name], I understand perfectly well why Evergreen's so desperate to have this bag of hers back now. If she wants it that badly, she can have it for all I care. I'll just be all the merrier knowing the old bitch needs her toys that badly that she can't go a week without them."</i>

Evergreen's bountiful bag acquired.

//Add this to key items.

Quest Update: Den of Foxes

It's been a long trip, but you've beaten the Shrine Mother and forced her great-great-granddaughter to cough up Evergreen's bountiful bag. All you have to do now is deliver the goods to their rightful owner and collect your payment for services rendered.

<i>"Fine, you've what you came to get. Will you now please just get out of my house and leave me alone? There's been enough trouble for one day, and there's only going to be more when I deal with the stupid girls. Come, I'll even see you out so that no one harasses you during your egress. Is that fine?"</i>

Sure. You've no personal beef with these people; now that you've the goods, you might as well get back to Evergreen and deliver on your side of the bargain.

<i>"Let me see you out, then."</i>

At long last, you begin the long trek out through the tree, quite literally tailing along behind Komari herself. While you feel several pairs of curious eyes on you through your walk out, none of the kitsune deign to reveal themselves, and you've but walked a surprisingly short distance — and definitely not the way you came in by — before you're at the entrance once more.

Komari claps her hands twice, and the door in the wooden wall materialises, parting to reveal the welcome sight of the Frostwood beyond.

<i>"And this is where we part ways for now. Give Evergreen her due, and tell her to keep things between us in the future instead of hiring idiots to do her dirty work for her, else I might very well consider giving her a taste of her own medicine. Two can play at that game, if she's determined to keep at it."</i>

<i>"As for you, if you're going to come around these parts again, don't do it on business. Strictly pleasure, you understand me?"</i>

With that, the door slams behind you and melds into the tree once more, leaving you in the forest. Now that was something...

[party.comp cait arona berwyn einin

|<i>"Well, that could've been worse,"</i> Cait says as she dusts herself off and falls in line behind you. <i>"Given how I was here, we could've touched off a holy war."</i>

Wait, is she for real?

<i>"Naw, just kidding! Or am I?"</i>

She really shouldn't joke about things like that. [pc.bg scholar arcanist acolyte]You've read your share of histories in your time, and all-out holy wars never end well. Considering where Cait's from, surely she remembers the disastrous jihad launched by the Jassiran sultan about four hundred and twenty years ago?[You don't know much about these things, never really had the chance to study them in depth, but everything you've heard in your time points to such conflicts never ending well for everyone involved.]

<i>"Seriously, though, while I probably wouldn't have caused an all-out holy war, things could've gotten hairy for the Temple if the foxes had decided to make a fuss. Even if I am an apostate, who's to say they'd believe that? I'm just glad things turned out well for everyone involved."</i>

You get the feeling Komari and hers might disagree with that.

|<i>"I'm just glad to be out of that place,"</i> Arona mumbles. <i>"Most boring place I've ever been to, and most unsettling too."</i>

Oh? You wouldn't call what you just went through boring; at the very least, didn't she get a good workout with all that fighting?

*"Those ginger-tailed soul-suckers, they're all so **small**, their den's practically crushing for a big girl like me. Gotta bend and scrape just to get through the damn doors! They're all smoke and mirrors, and that's a job for Hretha, not a real warrior-babe like me. Save for that one actual warrior they had, none of them were fun to fight, either! Every last one of them would've made good cocksleeves, I didn't get to do **that** either. Take me out somewhere more interesting in the future, won't you?"*

You'll give it some deep consideration.

|Berwyn's been quiet all this while, holding his hat in his hands as he tails along in line. He doesn't look sad or anything, just... thoughtful. Something the matter? Two coppers for his thoughts?

"Oh! It's... nothing. Well, it's something, but it's more my problem than yours."

Come now. [pc.isDK|You don't want him being a drag on the party if something's bothering him to the point of keeping him from performing|His problems are your problems, and you've known each other long enough for him to feel comfortable sharing]. Now, what's the matter?

"Well, the way that fox just snapped her fingers and dismissed my elemental just like that..."

Ah, you see. Having his signature spell negated like that must've left him feeling quite inadequate.

"I-it's not like I'm worried or anything. It's just that a lot of my strategies do assume that I can have it by my side, and I've got to rethink things if there are people out there who can just snap their fingers and override my control!"

That's a perfectly reasonable thing to do.

"You're not teasing me, are you?"

You? Of course not.

"Ouch..." Einin says as she turns to look back at the cherry blossom tree.
"Considering the number of places I've been thrown out of in my time, that went far better than it could otherwise have. Here's to hoping we're not actually barred from the place."

Why, does she want to go back?

A nod. *<i>"The people we fought in there... I saw a few tricks I'd like to ask about. Not copy wholesale, of course, but there're some things I could learn. Think we'll ever have reason to return?"</i>*

Not on business, at least. Hopefully for pleasure. Either way, it's best to let things cool down a little before showing your face around these parts again; at the very least, you should settle accounts with Oxana before anything else.

]

One way or the other, there's nothing left for you here for the moment. Back to Evergreen's it is then, right?

//end encounter.

Return to Evergreen

//Trigger upon talking to Evergreen when having the bag in PC's key items.

Evergreen greets you with a nod. *<i>"Ah, you're back. Did you have any luck getting my bag back from the foxes?"</i>*

Why yes, you did. There were some circumstances that complicated matters in retrieving it, but you do have it on you. Which leads to some questions you'd like to ask before turning in the goods...

<i>"And those would be?"</i>

First of all, you definitely deserve some hazard pay for this. Her little errand turned out to be a lot more dangerous than she'd led you to expect. She could at least be a little more forthright about her jobs in the future. Sure, it's partly your own fault for not asking beforehand, but —

<i>"Hand it over, and let's see if the things inside are still intact. I'm sure those fuzzy good-for-nothings have their wet-fur stink all over my toys now."</i>

You do just that, and Evergreen pulls apart the strings, peering into the small brown bag. Standing, she crosses over to a nearby table and upends the linen pouch onto its surface, a veritable mountain of sex toys of various shapes and sizes spilling out into view. The tanuki witch picks up a few choice pieces, sniffs them, then nods.

<i>"Looks like all of my favourite pieces are still there, yes. Renegotiating price after the task is done is rather poor form, but I think I understand where you're coming from; at the same time, I'd rather not start a precedent by making an exception for you. Let's call it a bonus for a job well done, hmm?"</i>

You suppose that'll have to do — that, and being more careful while accepting jobs from her in the future.

Evergreen smiles sweetly, then snaps her fingers. One of her daughters shuffles in to put away the mess on the table, and she turns her attention back to you. *<i>"Very well, then. Anything else?"</i>*

You shake your head and stifle a sigh. Of course. Well, if she'd be so kind as to pay you for services rendered...

<i>"Ah, of course."</i> Evergreen whistles sharply, and another daughter comes up with a tray, a bag of coin set on it. The tanuki witch takes it and shoves it into your hands; it feels appropriately heavy and clinks with a very satisfactory sound.

So long as it doesn't disappear or turn into leaves in the morning, that'll do just fine.

Evergreen chuckles. *"I've long grown past simple glammers like that. Here, you wanted hazard pay? Take the bag as well. It'll be of more use in your hands than it is holding all my knick-knacks."*

//2000 EC gained.

//Gain Evergreen's bountiful bag.

You mean... after everything... well, you don't know what's been inside of it...

"But you do. You saw it all come out, didn't you?"

That was a rhetorical question.

"Don't be such a prude, it's pretty clean inside. Extradimensional spaces don't come cheap, you know, and they don't get dirty."

Would bad things happen if you turned it inside-out?

"No, it just gets turned inside-out. Seriously, Estelore fixed that basic loophole a long time ago. Shame on you for not knowing your history, dear. Now that we've concluded business, perhaps we should have a little pleasure? My treat — if you're up for it, that is. Just ask."

//Display usual Evergreen options.

Quest update: Den of Foxes

You've successfully returned Evergreen's bag to her. Considering its contents, it's little wonder why she was rather pleased to have it back. All's well ends well, right?