

## Isabella

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#### Contraception Off

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# Isabella

## Established Facts

- \* Isabella must be asked to go off her herbs before she can be impregnated
- \* It takes nine in-game months (280 days) for a pregnancy to be completed
- \* An ovi elixir can be given to pregnant Isabella, taking off 1 month (31 days) of gestation
- \* Isabella's children are human infants
- \* Isabella's children have random gender; for male PCs, odds are 45% male, 45% female and 10% herm, while for herm PCs, odds are 1 in 3 of either
- \* Isabella needs scenes of herself singing to her pregnant bump and baby
- \* Isabella can fall pregnant multiple times, but babies will not grow up in-game
- \* After day 63 of her pregnancy, Isabella's Spar option is disabled, citing the baby's safety

## Writeup

### Revelation of Maternal Desire

//This scene should trigger at night after Isabella has been in camp for... say 10 days? I dunno, I leave it to your discretion, Fen

//PC must have penis to trigger this scene; if PC has no dick, it doesn't trigger

//If dickless PC grows dick after Isabella has been in camp long enough to trigger this scene, trigger it that very night

//PC maybe should have had vaginal sex with Isabella at least once to trigger?

As you head for your sleeping bag, looking forward to the end of another long day, you notice Isabella approaching, seeming strangely nervous for the bovine warrior-woman. You call out to her in greeting, asking if something is the matter.

"Ah, [name], I was hoping to see you." She replies. Nervously looking at the ground, pawing at the dry earth with one cloven hoof, she suddenly blurts out, "what do you think of children, [name]?"

You look at her in surprise and ask why she is asking you that. Isabella retains her nervous expression, before awkwardly beginning, "I... well, I always thought that, one day, I would have a

family, but first I had to find a man who was worthy, and then there was the adventuring and... well, I never had the chance before I ended up in this world. But, now that I have you... I understand that there are many reasons not to, but, if you do want to start a family with me, I am willing. Okay? I just wanted to tell you that, and for you to remember that.”

That said and done, the bovine warrior beats a hasty retreat, allowing you to get to bed. Admittedly, with something to think over while you sleep.

//Contraception option added to Isabella menu

### **Contraception On**

You tell Isabella that you think maybe it's best if she starts taking her contraceptives again.

The cowgirl nods her head reasonably. “Da, this makes sense. It is a hard life we live out here; the times they are too dangerous to reasonably expect you to look after a pregnant woman and then a little baby, yes? (1+ IzzyKids: Besides, we have [one] small [baby] to look after already.)”

You thank her for understanding, and then head back to the main part of the camp.

//Isabella cannot get pregnant now

### **Contraception Off**

You tell Isabella that, if she still wants to have a family with you, you would like to be the father of her children.

Isabella's face lights up. “Of course I still want you, silly [man].” She grabs you in a fierce hug, squeezing you into her breasts so hard that you can feel milk seeping from her eight nipples and staining your clothes. (1+ IzzyKids: She grins at you wickedly. “[One] little [baby] was not enough, hmm? You are wanting more?”)

You just smile at her, enjoy the hug for several moments, then politely wriggle free and excuse yourself.

//Isabella can now get pregnant

### **Appearance Modifiers By Pregnancy Stage**

*Isabella 1st month into pregnancy:*

{The cow-girl is about seven and a half feet tall. Instead of feet, she has hooves, complete with fur that grows part-way up her legs. Her olive skirt only covers the upper portion of her dusky, spotted thighs, and it flares out deliciously from her swaying hips. Isabella's top is sheer, white silk that barely hides anything from you, least of all her exotic, quad-tipped nipples. Unlike most of the rest of her, her face is not spotted with dark and white patches. Instead it is pure, unbroken chocolate in color. Two small, bovine horns sprout from her head, emerging from the tangle of her unruly, red curls. She even has a pair of cow ears that flick back and forth from time to time. Very little has changed since you two decided to have a child. Despite the fact that Isabella is off her birth controlling herbs, (if high cum production: and your potent babymaking skills,) you cannot help but question as to whether or not your seed was "planted" in the Bovine Braud's womb.

/}

*Isabella 2nd month into pregnancy:*

{The cow-girl is about seven and a half feet tall. Instead of feet, she has hooves, complete with fur that grows part-way up her legs. Her olive skirt only covers the upper portion of her dusky, spotted thighs, and it flares out deliciously from her swaying hips. Since you did the deed you often find her on her plump, toned, derriere. (if libido>60: Every once in a while when the wind blows just right you get a pleasing view of her well lubricated womanhood between her legs.) Several times you've asked her if she is okay but she assures you it is just swollen ankles. Isabella's top is sheer, white silk that barely hides anything from you, least of all her exotic, quad-tipped nipples, and what you hope is a new slightly protruding baby bump. Unlike most of the rest of her, her face is not spotted with dark and white patches. Instead it is pure, unbroken chocolate in color. Two small, bovine horns sprout from her head, emerging from the tangle of her unruly, red curls. She even has a pair of cow ears that flick back and forth from time to time.

/}

*Isabella 3rd month into pregnancy:*

{The cow-girl is about seven and a half feet tall. Instead of feet, she has hooves, complete with fur that grows part-way up her legs. Her olive skirt only covers the upper portion of her dusky, spotted thighs, and it flares out deliciously from her swaying hips. Isabella's top is sheer, white silk that clings tightly to her distended stomach and hides almost nothing from you, least of all her exotic, quad-tipped nipples. Unlike most of the rest of her, her face is not spotted with dark and white patches. Instead it is pure, unbroken chocolate in color except for her cheeks which are now constantly flushed. In your peripheral vision you swear she is constantly eying you. Two small, bovine horns sprout from her head, emerging from the tangle of her unruly, red curls. She

even has a pair of cow ears that flick back and forth from time to time.

/}

#### *Isabella 4th month into pregnancy:*

{The cow-girl is about seven and a half feet tall. Instead of feet, she has hooves, complete with fur that grows part-way up her legs. There is an uneasiness in her gait due to, what you can only assume, is a shift in balance because of the new precious cargo she carries. Her olive skirt only covers the upper portion of her dusky, spotted thighs, and it flares out deliciously from her swaying hips. Isabella's top is sheer, white silk and is having trouble containing her nicely rounded belly. You aren't sure but you would swear her breasts are swelling up as well. Unlike most of the rest of her, her face is not spotted with dark and white patches. Instead it is pure, unbroken chocolate in color. Two small, bovine horns sprout from her head, emerging from the tangle of her unruly, red curls. She even has a pair of cow ears that flick back and forth from time to time. Every once in a while her hands fly up to rub her temples to soothe her returning headaches.

/}

#### *Isabella 5th month into pregnancy:*

{The cow-girl is about seven and a half feet tall. Instead of feet, she has hooves, complete with fur that grows part-way up her legs. She can walk now without too much trouble, you must admit she carries children well. Her olive skirt only covers the upper portion of her dusky, spotted thighs, and it flares out deliciously from her swaying hips. Isabella's top cannot contain her large tummy which pops out slightly underneath. Your throat feels a little parched looking at the consistently wet stains near her quad tipped nipples. It would seem that her pregnancy has increased her already potent milk production. Unlike most of the rest of her, her face is not spotted with dark and white patches. Instead it is pure, unbroken chocolate in color. You cannot help but feel bad when you see her flinch from a cramp making it's way through her body. Two small, bovine horns sprout from her head, emerging from the tangle of her unruly, red curls. She even has a pair of cow ears that flick back and forth from time to time.

/}

#### *Isabella 6th month into pregnancy:*

{The cow-girl is about seven and a half feet tall. Instead of feet, she has hooves, complete with fur that grows part-way up her legs. Her olive skirt only covers the upper portion of her dusky, spotted thighs, and it flares out deliciously from her swaying hips. Isabella's top is made of a fine silk, and it clings tightly to her recently expanded bosom and stomach. Unfortunately for the once exquisite garment, the cowgirls increased lactation has stained the white blouse. Unlike

most of the rest of her, her face is not spotted with dark and white patches. Instead it is pure, unbroken chocolate in color. You often find yourself avoiding her gaze. You remember hearing about mothers back in Ingham going through mood swings but nothing could have prepared you for this! It seems as though when she isn't yelling at you, she's smothering you. Two small, bovine horns sprout from her head, emerging from the tangle of her unruly, red curls. She even has a pair of cow ears that flick back and forth from time to time.

/}

#### *Isabella 7th month into pregnancy:*

{The cow-girl is about seven and a half feet tall. Instead of feet, she has hooves, complete with fur that grows part-way up her legs. Her olive skirt only covers the upper portion of her dusky, spotted thighs, and it flares out deliciously from her swaying hips. You're surprised she's managed to retain her figure with how much more she's been eating lately. You make a mental note to check on your food stores later when you hear her stomach growl again. Isabella's top is made of a fine silk and once had a pure white color that contrasted nicely with her skin. Now the fragile thing looks like its about to split in two! Her breasts are barely contained by the straining garment, and her belly almost completely pops out underneath it, the bovine braud allowing her top to ride over the swell of her stomach to prevent it from tearing apart. Unlike most of the rest of her, her face is not spotted with dark and white patches. Instead it is pure, unbroken chocolate in color. Two small, bovine horns sprout from her head, emerging from the tangle of her unruly, red curls. A fine layer of sweat clings to her brow despite the fact that it is relatively cool outside. She even has a pair of cow ears that flick back and forth from time to time.

/}

#### *Isabella 8th month into pregnancy*

{Isabella seems to sleep a lot more nowadays. It seems her pregnancy has had quite a large drain on her energy. The cow-girl is about seven and a half feet tall, when standing. Instead of feet, she has hooves, complete with fur that grows part-way up her legs. Her olive skirt only covers the upper portion of her dusky, spotted thighs, and it flares out deliciously from her swaying hips. Isabella no longer wears her fine silk shirt, not wanting to damage it any further. Her impressive bust sways ever so slightly whenever she moves and her nipples have perked up because of the cool air. She is constantly caressing the heavy load of her rounded belly and occasionally casts a glance your way. Unlike most of the rest of her, her face is not spotted with dark and white patches. Instead it is pure, unbroken chocolate in color. Struck across the woman's face is a look of pure satisfaction and bliss. It seems despite all the hardships she couldn't be happier. Two small, bovine horns sprout from her head, emerging from the tangle of her unruly, red curls. She even has a pair of cow ears that flick back and forth from time to time.

/}

*Isabella on last month of pregnancy:*

{The cow-girl is about seven and a half feet tall. Instead of feet, she has hooves, complete with fur that grows part-way up her legs. Her olive skirt only covers the upper portion of her dusky, spotted thighs, and it flares out deliciously from her swaying hips. The large woman knees shake slightly when she stands. You find yourself staring at the Bovine's large, exposed bust as it shifts with every breath, her poor exotic nipples slowly leaking out milk in a constant trickle that leaves her melon-like belly glazed and slick, already prepared to feed your offspring. Every once in awhile, you hear a giggle escape the braud as she rubs her large swollen belly. Upon further questioning she simply responds that "it kicked." Unlike most of the rest of her, her face is not spotted with dark and white patches. Instead it is pure, unbroken chocolate in color. Two small, bovine horns sprout from her head, emerging from the tangle of her unruly, red curls. She even has a pair of cow ears that flick back and forth from time to time. Isabella seems to be suffering chronic bouts of pain (mock contractions, perhaps?), but still manages to smile when she sees you look her way. You don't think it'll be long now.

/}

## **Cow Mother Option**

/Figured this would be simplest way to make Isabella spawn cowgirl offspring

//This scene triggers if Player uses Isabella's Talk option while she is visibly pregnant

As you chat to the expectant warrior-woman, you notice an occasional sad expression when she touches her bulging belly, and ask her what the matter is. "It is nothing, [name]." She replies, at first, but you can tell that's not the truth and continue probing until she sighs and explains. "It is just, well... I am not human any more, but, from what I heard on the plains, my little babies will be human. I do not regret giving up my humanity, but I do worry sometimes how it will affect them, to have a literal cow-woman like myself for a mother."

You note that does sound like a bit of a worry, but, well, it's not as if either of you have a way of changing that.

Isabella's face morphs into a strange expression, at once pleased and nervous. "Well, that is not entirely true. You see, I encountered a demon, some time ago in the plains, and after a little... persuasion... they gave me something." She turns and begins rummaging through her chest of belongings, giving you an excellent view of her ass as she does so, before turning back towards you with a tightly-wrapped bundle of dense cloth. Gingerly she unwraps it, exposing to you a small shard of some crystalline material.

[Player has Marae's Lethicite: You recognize it instantly as a shard of lethicite, though obviously

not as powerful as the one you stole from the corrupted goddess. You tell her that such a crystal could almost assuredly change her into truly being the cowgirl she looks like, and cause that trait to breed true in your children.]

[You ask what the crystal is. "It is called lethicite, and it is the source of the demonic shapeshifting powers." Isabella explains. "I think... I think that, with this, I could make myself truly be what I appear to be, and pass on what I am to our children."]

She looks at you, nervous and uncertain. "I...I do not know what would be best for our children, [name]. Tell me, do you think I should use it?"

[Yes (go to Transform her)] [No (go to Tell Her No)]

### *Tell Her No*

You tell Isabella that you think she should stay just the way she is - at least, until you've had a chance to think it over. The bovine braud looks thankful and nods in understanding, wrapping the lethicite back up and putting it away. You excuse yourself and wander back to your part of the camp, giving the matter some thought.

//Player returns to camp.

//Cowify: option now displayed amongst the other options

### *Contemplate Changing Her*

/Play this scene if player chooses Cowify option

You wonder if you should tell Isabella to use that lethicite on herself...

[yes] [no]

[If player chooses "Yes": go to Transform Her scene]

[Else, write this on page and display other Isabella options: You decide that it's best to leave Isabella the way she is and instead choose to ask her something else.]

### *Transform Her*

You tell Isabella that, after much consideration, you think she should use the lethicite on herself. After all, didn't her transformations make her bigger and stronger than any normal human?

While you do seek to topple the lord of the demons, you doubt that will make them all just vanish into the wind, so passing that strength on to her children would be the kindest thing to do.

“...I had not thought of that.” Isabella admits. She then [retrieves the wrapped bundle from her belongs and opens it before she] takes the shard of crystalised soul-stuff in one hand, gently dropping the blankets to the ground next to her hoof. She wraps her other hand around it and closes her eyes, looking like she is praying, before starting to gently murmur to herself. You realise that what she’s speaking must be her own language; it expands upon her normal accent and thickens it until you cannot understand a word she is saying. You idly wonder if maybe she can teach it to you before you are interrupted by a blinding flash of light. When you can see again, Isabella is blinking her own vision back and opens her hands, revealing nothing.

“Well... I guess that is that.” She declares, giving you a crooked smile. “I suppose we will not know if it worked until this little one comes out to say hello.” She notes, rubbing her swollen midriff.

You agree with her, and suggest she have a lie down; that must have drained her, after all. Isabella looks a little skeptical, but evidently figures that a bit of rest is well-deserved, so she just nods and, awkwardly reclaiming the blanket, heads off to have a nap, leaving you to go away.

//Player returns to camp  
//Isabella gains the Cowmother flag

## Isabella Gives Birth

/Calculate gender of offspring at birth  
//If Isabella lacks the “Cowmother flag”, children will be human - she has a 45% chance of either a girl or a boy, and a 10% chance of a herm  
///If Isabella has the “Cowmother flag”, she has a 70% chance of a cowgirl daughter, a 20% chance of a futa cowgirl daughter, and a 10% chance of a human son

A loud lowing sound reaches your ears as you prepare to turn in for the night. It reminds you of a cow in distress, and for a moment you find yourself wondering where it could be coming from. Then, logic smacks you right between the ears and you realise what must be happening, which sends you pelting across the camp to Isabella’s “territory”.

There, as you expected, you find the bovine braud leaning against a convenient boulder, stripped naked and with one hand wrapped around her distended midriff. She sees you and manages to give you a weak smile, but doesn’t bother trying to speak. Instead, she lets out a

very bovine bellow as another contraction hits. You promptly move to support her, standing behind her and reaching around her as best you can to cuddle and rub and support her overstuffed womb and the frantically wriggling baby doing its level best to leave it.

Finally, several hours later, Isabella lets out one final bellow of pain and her newborn child slips its way free of her womb and into your waiting arms.

[No Cowmother: The wriggling infant you hold in your hands is a beautiful, perfectly formed little human child; a quick look between its legs confirms it is a [girl]. [he] has your [haircolor] hair, and you think maybe your [eyes], but [his] skin is [warm chocolate brown/milky white], like a single-toned version of [his] mother. With a paternal smile of adoration, you announce the baby's gender to Isabella and hand [his] over.

Isabella takes [his] with a smile of motherly delight, already forgetting about the strain of birth now that she can hold her [son]. "Isn't [he] just beautiful, [name]?" She asks. You agree that [he] is, watching as the delighted new mother puts her new baby to her ever-seeping quad-nipples; the smell of the bountiful milk helps guide the infant to her breast and [he] is soon sucking away with the greedy enthusiasm of the newborn. With a soft groan of effort, Isabella sinks to the ground, seating herself against the boulder to nurse her new [son].]

[Cowmother:

Daughter: The baby is, unsurprisingly, a little cowgirl, just like her mother, with [her mom's milk-white-spotted chocolate skin]/[a strange reversal of her mother's skin tone, being white with spots of chocolate brown]. She doesn't have horns yet, but you're certain she'll grow into them in time, and she already has the bovine ears, tail, and hooved legs of her mother, not to mention the eight tiny little nipples, in two patches of four, that you know will grow into spectacular milky breasts like her mother has. (Futa: One thing she does have that her mother lacks, however, is a juvenile yet very masculine appendage swinging between her legs. The shape of it kind of reminds you of a minotaur's distinctive masculinity, but you quietly confirm that she also has an infantile vagina there as well; she's a herm.)

Son: To your [IsaCowSons =< 1: continued] surprise, the baby is not a bovine like Isabella, but a perfectly formed and completely human boy. His skin is pale white, and he seems to take more after you than her, even having your eyes and [haircolor] hair. Still you doubt Isabella would ever care; he's her son, after all.

With a paternal smile of adoration, you announce the baby's gender to Isabella and hand [his] over.

Isabella takes [his] with a smile of motherly delight, already forgetting about the strain of birth now that she can hold her [son]. "Isn't [he] just beautiful, [name]?" She asks. (Son: "It's strange that it didn't work on him... but he's just so precious this way.") You agree that [he] is, watching as the delighted new mother puts her new baby to her ever-seeping quad-nipples; the smell of

the bountiful milk helps guide the infant to her breast and [he] is soon sucking away with the greedy enthusiasm of the newborn. With a soft groan of effort, Isabella sinks to the ground, seating herself against the boulder to nurse her new [son].]

You gently fetch a blanket for the new mother and [son], wrapping them both in its warm softness even as Isabella continues to nurse. You ask if there's anything else she needs, but the bovine braud simply gives you a blissful smile and shakes her head. You kiss her gently on the cheek and quietly withdraw to let mother and child bond.

## **Isabella Nursery**

/Add this to the "Isabella in camp" menu screen

Isabella has set up a small part of her "corner" in the camp as a nursery. She has sawn a [number of] [barrels] in half and lined [them] with blankets and pillows to serve as rocking cribs. You have [number of human daughters] [AND/OR] [number of human sons] [AND/OR] [number of human herms] [AND/OR] [number of cowgirls] [AND/OR] [number of cow-futas] with her, all living here; unlike native Marethians, they will need years and years of care before they can go out into the world on their own.

## **Kiha**

### **Established Facts**

- \* Kiha lays eggs when pregnant rather than live-birthing, she produces a clutch of 2-10 eggs
- \* Kiha's children are dragon-mamono, like herself, though at her first pregnancy she expresses the belief they will be lizans
- \* Kiha "pregnancy" is treated as that; she is pregnant for the entirety of the specified time, then lays the eggs, which hatch immediately afterwards
- \* Kiha's children have random gender; make a gender test for each egg in a clutch

### **Impregnation Outline**

Once ever 15 days, Kiha will become gravid; this is a player's window to impregnate her.

A player will have a default 1-5% chance of impregnating her, depending on cum quantity (I think, Fen mentioned he wanted to add a "Potency" stat to balance out Fertility now).

Having "virility perks" like Goddess Stud, Pilgrim's Bounty and Elven Bounty will boost this to up to 25-50%.

If successfully fertilized, Kiha will become pregnant with 2D5 (aka, 2-10 with number determined randomly) eggs. When these are laid, they will hatch instantly into mock-dragons like Kiha herself.

## Ideas

- \* Similar to Benoit, Kiha goes from flat to max-bellied pretty much instantly; preg levels are based on number of eggs carried instead.

- \* Maybe Kiha's gender odds are 60% herm and 20% for both male and female? Demons do idealise the futa gender, and given they would have wanted their "pseudodragons" to reproduce quickly; tweaking them to produce the sex that can simultaneously become pregnant and make others pregnant makes sense

## Writeup

### First Clutch

//This occurs after Kiha has been in camp for 15 days

//This replaces the normal "approach Kiha" screen

As you approach the part of the camp that Kiha claims as her own, you hear the faint sound of moaning and unfeminine curses. Worried that Kiha may be hurt, you pick up the pace, but when you find her, the dragon-girl seems to be unharmed as far as you can tell. She is gingerly holding a visibly bloated belly, however; maybe she's got some kind of stomach ache from overindulging. You call out to her, asking if she's okay?

The dragon-girl looks at you with a puzzled expression. "Yeah, I'm fine; why do you ask?"

You tell her that you heard her complaining; you were just worried it might be something important. After all, it looks like all that's wrong with her is that she's eaten too much, but what kind of [boyfriend] would you be if you didn't make sure she was alright?

"[B-boyfriend]?" Kiha repeats, a faint flush on her cheeks. Then what else you said sinks in and she looks offended. "What do you mean, eating too much?" She snaps.

You simply point at her stomach, and she looks at it before scowling at you. "For your

information, this has nothing to do with food. It's woman's problems." At your expression, she sighs. "I told you that I wasn't always like this, right? That the demons made me into what I am?" When you nod, she continues. "Well, what I used to be is a lizan - an anthropomorphic lizard. When they made me into this thing, they changed a lot about me, but they didn't change a certain aspect." She pats her swollen midriff for emphasis. "Unlike [you] mammals, we lizans don't do that nasty monthly bleeding stuff. Instead, we have eggs form in our bellies when it's time; no sex happens, they come out the next day and it's over and done with. We have someone fuck us, and, well..."

You tell her you get the picture. So, how often does this happen to her, anyway?

Kiha shrugs. "Normal lizans only have to put up with it once a month. Because of the demons, I've got to suffer like this twice a month."

You give the temperamental dragon-girl as much sympathy as she will tolerate. Curious, you then ask her what she's going to do with the eggs she's currently carrying.

At that question, Kiha suddenly looks nervous, shuffling from foot to foot and rubbing her arms. "I - ah, I wouldn't say that I want to be a mom or anything like that, but, if you wanted to fertilize my eggs for me, I guess I'd be willing to let you..." She quickly changes the topic. "Something you wanted?"

//Display Kiha options

//Kiha can now potentially get pregnant

## Kiha Gravid

//This note is added to Kiha's default menu screen whenever she is in her gravid state

Kiha's belly is noticeably swollen and distended. She's got eggs in her womb ready to be fertilised; if you aren't careful when you have sex, you could fertilize her and become a father.

## Appearance Modifiers By Pregnancy level

*Pregnancy Progression Outline:*

- 1) Early signs of pregnancy, no belly yet.
- 2) Now has a bit of a belly, about 2 months pregnant for humans.
- 3) Kiha starts suffering from morning sickness and hormonal imbalances, looks about 4 months pregnant.
- 4) Kiha is finding it more difficult to go about her regular routine at this point and is looking forward to being done with the eggs. She looks about 6 months pregnant. If she has a small

clutch of eggs, she gives birth at this stage.

5) Kiha is becoming more and more moody. She looks about 8 months pregnant.

6) Kiha finds herself getting really tired really fast and is frustrated with the odd cravings her body seems to have. She looks 9 months pregnant and about to give birth if she were human. If she has a medium sized clutch of eggs, she gives birth at this stage.

7) Kiha now starts blaming the PC for her condition and demanding that they do some things to her to make up for it. Her belly has become a fair bit larger than what a human woman's would be while pregnant.

8) Kiha's belly is so big that it prevents her from walking around anymore and she has to fly. She is practically begging whoever is out there to let the pregnancy end as soon as possible. She gives birth at this stage if she has a large clutch of eggs.

#### *Stage 1:*

Kiha's belly bulges notably, but not with any real prominence. You'd think she'd simply had a big meal recently if you didn't know better. You almost wonder if Kiha's pregnancy took or if she's just being slow in getting rid of her unfertilised eggs...

#### *Stage 2:*

Kiha's belly is definitely swollen now, forming a round bump that makes you fairly confident that she is pregnant.

#### *Stage 3:*

Kiha is starting to suffer outbursts of fiery belches or highly corrosive vomit, meaning that a number of scorched or corroded patches have begun appearing in her part of the camp.

#### *Stage 4:*

Kiha has grown considerably, her once flat belly has rounded out to the point that she looks six months pregnant. She has trouble doing even basic tasks, but her stubborn pride prevents her from accepting any assistance that you offer.

#### *Stage 5:*

Kiha's temper has grown alongside her gut as her pregnancy advances. She looks eight months pregnant and even the grumpiest men back in your hometown would be embarrassed by the curses she oh so delicately shares.

#### *Stage 6:*

You'd say Kiha is going to give birth soon, she has swollen up to the point that she looks nine months pregnant. She has taken to resting frequently, and any form of labor easily leaves her winded. Despite this she often seems to disappear and when confronted she replies with a tone of exasperation "I couldn't help it, I had to find something to eat."

#### *Stage 7:*

It seems you were wrong in your earlier impression of Kiha's pregnancy. She has grown even larger making you wonder exactly how many eggs are in her womb? Not that you get much time alone with your thoughts as she demands your help with another menial task. It seems above all things this dependency has wounded her pride, and in her anger she is taking it out on you.

#### *Stage 8:*

Kiha has grown to the point that she can barely stand, much less walk, so she uses her wings to float several inches above the ground. She has grown very weary as her pregnancy advances, pleading to the gods that her plight will be over soon.

### **Kiha Gives Birth (todo)**

//Kiha lays eggs, clutch promptly hatches

A fierce howling scream splits the night air, jostling you from your rest. As you wonder just what the bloody hell that was, it echoes out again, coming unquestionably from Kiha's part of the camp. Looks like she's gone into labor...

### **Kiha Nursery (todo)**

## **Kiha Follower Expansion Finishing Material**

## Appearance Screen

Kiha is a 6' 1" tall Mock Dragon, with a muscular frame built from all the hardships she faced in the swamp. She is surprisingly light considering her height and build. She shuns clothing unabashedly, sharing her form with the world. In combat she wields a huge double bladed axe and has the ability to spew fire from her gullet. Her face is human in shape and structure, with dark, almost chocolate colored skin. It has a gorgeous profile with a sharp nose, and full lips usually turned down into a frown. She has a long reptilian tongue trapped inside her smoldering maw. Her eyes are pure crimson except for the black slit pupils that cut across the center. Assorted scales mark her cheekbones, disrupting the smooth skin that covers her face. Two normal human ears rest on the side of her head, though they're typically covered by her long ruby red hair that contrasts nicely with her dark skin. Two wicked black horns protrude from her forehead, before following the curve of her skull to point out behind her.

She has a humanoid shape with the usual torso, arms, hands, and fingers. A pair of draconic wings sprout from her back, that when fully extended reach a length of 12 feet. They're strong enough to allow her to take flight in an instant and soar quickly through the open air. Dark red scales run down her arms and legs to meet on her back before flowing down a powerful reptilian tail that whips back and forth with dangerous strength. She has toned womanly hips, a muscular bottom that jiggles slightly with every step, and strong legs that end in two dainty clawed feet.

Her entire body radiates with heat, making you sweat whenever you come into contact with the lovely fit woman.

She has two D-cup breasts, each supporting one .5-inch nipple and several stray scales grace the underside of her bosom.

Her sex constantly constantly glistens with moisture, regardless of her state of arousal.

She has one pucker, placed between her muscular ass-cheeks where it belongs.