Cait/Ev Intro Variant

//Play when accessing Evelyn's chambers. Must have done Ev's foursome before (or somehow otherwise introduced Catte to Mommy).

You give a gentle knock on Evelyn's door, and it difts open under the gentle force of your knuckles; looks like she forgot -- or was too distracted -- to close it. Indeed, you immediately pick up on the unmistakable sounds of your lover panting and moaning between fleshy claps. The source becomes readily apparent when the door swings aside, revealing Cait on her knees beside Evelyn's bed, shoulders pressed together to fully sheath the noble dickgirl's scepter between her pillowy tits. Evelyn's gone straight up under the tight restraint of the catgirl's top, and [cait.boobsSNVH|her ten-inch rod is poking straight up from Cait's cleavage, where it's being vigorously tended to by pink lips and feline tongue|the crown of her ten-inch cock is peeking up from Cait's cleavage, where it's being vigorously tended to by a feline tongue|her ten-inch rod is completely buried between the kitty's massive mammaries, though that doesn't stop Cait from thrusting her tongue down her cleavage to try and flick the crown]. [Cait.isMilky|Of course, having her tits fucked like this has already turned Cait's top into a wet, translucent mess from all the milk leaking from her stiff teats. Then again, it makes great lube, you're sure...]

"Ahnf, oh, hello [pc.name]," Evelyn says, favoring you with a little smile as you stare in. "Do come in. And close the door."

As long as you're not interrupting anything... You do so, and come over to sit beside Evelyn when she crooks a finger at you. Cait's only greeting is an exaggerated shake of her hips, a gesture forceful enough to practically drop her soaked panties on its own right, and a wink when you come into view.

"You have such a lovely kitty," Evelyn remarks, slowly using the hand she's run through Cait's pink hair to force your priestess further down into her own tits. "She saw me coming into my room with my dress tented, and insisted that masturbation is a sin... when there's a perfectly willing Mallachite to tend to you. Isn't that right?"

"Mhhhm," Cait confirms from inside her cleavage. "Evesh a vrr good grrl."

Evelyn smirks. "Does your god think so? Or is that your professional opinion of my dick?"

Cait doesn't give a verbal reply, but whatever her tongue is doing down there answers for her. Evelyn tenses, biting her lower lip and squeezing her thighs around Cait's slender shoulders. "Oh! Mmm, yes, right there kitty... mommy's about to paint those pretty titties white."

Before Evelyn can make good on that promise, you watch a veritable waterfall erupt between Cait's now-exposed thighs, gushing down her legs and into her drenched panties. Good thing

she's wearing a skirt, you guess. The sudden scent of so much cat-girl-cum is enough to [pc.hasCock|make you stiffen under your [pc.armor]|get your own rosebud thoroughly flushed] -- a fact that doesn't go unnoticed by either of your fellow perverts. Evelyn shifts her free hand to slip under your garment, tending to your sudden desires to the same pace that she's bobbing Cait's head on her own cock.

She only lasts a few moments longer. Evelyn leans back and closes her eyes, pushing Cait as far down her shaft as she can get with all that kitty-titty in the way before she finally cums. True to her word, while the first few thick ropes of dickgirl jizz shoot straight down Cait's willing throat, there's so much backed-up ejaculate rushing to meet her that the catgirl just can't keep up, and a few seconds later there's a thick sheen of cream spattering the tops of her tits, running in thick white rivers down into her cleavage around Evelyn's own dick.

Only after she takes a deep, audible gulp to swallow down all she managed to catch in her mouth is Cait finally permitted to come up for air. She sways side to side, panting -- which only leaves more cum to leak down the sides of her mouth. Evelyn leans forward and wipes them away with a thumb, only to feed her excess right to you, holding your mouth open while her hand continues to [pc.hasCock|stroke you off|jill your [pc.clit]].

Your tongue instinctively wraps around Evelyn's alabaster thumb, cleaning the salty cream from her with gentle sucks and slurps. You only hazily notice Cait peeling you out of your [pc.armor] while nestling in between your [pc.legs], but your attention becomes positively rapt when [pc.hasCock|the pink kitten hefts up her cum-soaked cleavage and wraps herself around your naked member and Evelyn's fist both|she leans deep in and plants a kiss right on your pussy, using her tongue to start spreading your folds].

"So eager to please!" Evelyn coos, moving her hand a little faster. "Thank you for letting me borrow her from time to time, [pc.name]. She's a treasure."

"[Silly|Your mommy's my mommy too now,|I love you too, mommy,]" Cait teases, looking up at you with those big baby-blues. "You should cum before she gets hard again, [pc.name]. Otherwise we're gonna get into a loop of me sucking and licking you both all day!"

Evelyn laughs. "Don't threaten us with a good time, kitten."

Seriously... the idea of snuggling up with your mistress while Cait worships your bodies is almost -- oh, fuck, you're cumming! The thought of holding back evaporates as Cait redoubles her tongue's efforts on you, and suddenly [pc.hasCock|your dick's pulsing between her pearly tits, erupting with a [pc.cumColor] geyser that soaks her slender neck and fills the deep valley of her cleavage|your pussy is clenching madly around her, soaking Cait's cheeks and squirting onto her presented cleavage with all the force your body can muster.]

She leans back a moment later covered in your juices, mixing freely with Evelyn's own cooling seed still plastered to her body. "Whew. My body sure feels like a temple, now," Cait giggles, licking her lips. "And here I just wanted to borrow a book..."

"You can read whatever book you want in here," Evelyn offers sweetly. "[pc.name], would you be a dear and fetch some water so she can clean up? We'll speak when you get back."

Yes ma'am.

//Append Ev's menu.

Cait New Talk

//Add as a [rand|] replacement to her [Locals] talk scene. Same conditions as above.

"Y'know, I don't know if miss Evelyn counts as a local -- she's from somewhere called Evans or something, she said one time -- but it pretty much looks like she's moved in permanently. Maybe she's waiting for somebody to make her a mansion. Rich and elegant lady like her almost seems out of place without some big palatial estate. Maybe {married Carmen: your wife | the baroness] will let her move into the castle?"

"Seems unlikely on either count, but you never know. So what do you think of her?"

Cait giggles, "I mostly don't think when she's around. Like she has some kind of aura that just makes me wanna get on my knees and let Mallach take over. Reminds me of you in that regard! She's extremely beautiful, in that refined sort of Old Belharan way, like she's a princess out of a storybook. Except with a big fat dick that can't seem to stay soft for more than a few minutes. If she ever gets kidnapped by a dragon I think the knight that comes to save her will find a hell of a mess waiting for him! The way she behaves, wraps people around her finger with a word, she'd probably turn the dragon into her personal steed anyway. That's what I think of her in a nutshell anyway: she's a born domme, the kind of lady with an unbreakable will and enough force of personality to tame a dragon. You and I don't stand a chance!"

"Do you want to?" you ask. "Stand a chance, I mean?"

"Pfft, no! The moment I saw how hooked you were on her, I figured she had to be alright. If there's anything a couple of sluts like us have to trust each other for, it's finding amazing partners to fuck each others' brains out. If we weren't on this whole quest thing, I'd probably be suggesting you and I join her harem permanent-like... but I don't think Garth would appreciate how much damage we'd do to his inn rooms if it was just the three of us... or more... in there all day."

Finding Evelyn her own estate certainly sounds more appealing when she puts it that way...

Cait New Talk: Quin

//Add to her Companions talk rotation.

"What do you think about Quin?" you ask her. "Considering who he used to be..."

"You mean a cultist?" Cait spits. "One of the guys that kidnapped my sister and brought that demon bitch over here? Yeah, I don't trust him."

That's about the most negative thing you've ever heard Cait say about someone. "We did find him fighting a bunch of his own people, you know?"

She nods. "That doesn't prove anything. It could have been an act, a way to get somebody close to you. We still don't know anything about this cult, you know. Who they are, who's backing them, how many people are with them. {Done CloisterQuest: It sure seems like they're a pretty big operation, doesn't it?} There were at least two-dozen of them just at the temple during the blizzard. Those kind of numbers don't just come out of nowhere up here in the Marches."

You suppose that's true. "So are you and Quin going to have a problem?"

"I..." Cait sighs, scrunching her lips. "I don't know. I'm going to keep an eye on him, I'll tell you that much. But I'll try and behave myself. If he isn't a spy, the last thing we want to do is alienate the only source of information we have about the cult. He could lead us to their headquarters, or at least put us on the trail of their leaders, like that creepy bald scarecrow. Ohh, if I could get my hands on him!"

The cat-girl bares her claws as if she's got her hand around Tollus's skinny throat, and as she flexes her muscles, her fingertips burst into a momentary blaze of whitefire that she has to flick away with a gasp. "Ach! See, just thinking about him drives me nuts! For Quin's sake, I hope he ends up being on the level, [pc.name]."

You reach over and [pc.dcb|take Cait's hand, wincing at the residual heat bleeding off it. "Yeah. We'll have our revenge, Cait. Don't you worry.|put a comforting hand on Cait's shoulder. "We'll get to the bottom of the cult, Cait. One way or another.|pull Cait into a big ol' hug. "It's all gonna be okay, kitty!" you assure her. "I got you.]"

Cait all but melts in your grasp. "Oh, [pc.name]..."

Harem Cats Talk

//Add [Lumian?] to the Harem Cats menu, only during the Hornet Hive quest before you've gone into the dungeon.
//TT: Wasn't Selima a Lumian paladin once? Maybe she could help you with Azyrran's hive!

Rather than indulging in the cats' bodies right now, you turn your attention to the golden-haired former paladin and explain your current predicament to her -- the issues with the hornets, and Azyrran's plan to purify the honey pool with the help of a Lumian. Knowing what you do about Selima's past, perhaps she could help you?

The three catgirls all listen intently to what you tell them, though Selima meets your gaze with a sadness in her eyes as you reach the point of asking for her help. "I wish I could," she sighs. "But I'm all used up and broken in now; I haven't been a paladin since the day Grune ripped my armor off. My connection to Lumia's only grown more strained over the years. I can barely conjure up enough of her power to light a candle or ease a bruise's hurt nowadays. What you're asking for is way beyond my abilities."

"Don't be so hard on yourself, Selima!" Calil insists, stroking the blonde's hair. "Now that we're free, you can pray to the goddess as much as you want. Surely she'll be able to hear you again soon."

"Maybe," she grumbles, crossing her arms under her chest. "But never when it matters. Sorry, [pc.name]. I wish I was your girl, but..."

Yset slides over and wraps an arm around the fallen priestess's shoulders. "We're all your girls, any way you want us. Just don't expect literal miracles just yet."

Selima can't help herself but to smile. "Yeah. That, at least, is true. So... tempt you with a quickie before you go?"

Etheryn Talk: [Alchemy?]

//Must have done [Her Story] and [Queen Alissa] talks + seen the reveal. Also must have done Ivris's alchemy training.
//TT: Considering her cage can't be removed, maybe you could remove what it's attached to...

[pc.dcb|"Let's talk about your bitch-clit," you start with.|"So, about your predicament..."|"So can we, like, do something about your cutie lil' cock?"]

Etheryn squirms uncomfortably at the direction the conversation is taking. "I, um, okay..."

"So I had an idea of how to get your cage off. What if we used a little alchemy to-"

Ryn gasps, blinking at you like you're some kind of Wraith. "T-to make my dick shrink even more?"

"To get rid of it entirely. The cage won't come off otherwise[pc.isDK|, considering how tiny you are already."|." You kindly neglect to say it's because she's already so small that you're not sure alchemy could shrink her even further. One sip of a potion for that and she'd probably become a neuter.]

"I, umm..." Ryn stutters, awkwardly shifting from side to side. "That won't work. I... I tried that, a long time ago. I wasn't very big to begin with, but I begged the village's alchemist to brew something to make my cock shrink. I hoped the cage would just fall off if I got small enough. Instead the damn thing shrunk with me... and when I couldn't get any smaller, it was just as attached as ever. And then, I tried something to make my dick bigger, and it didn't do anything at all. Then, finally, I begged the alchemist to make something that would get rid of it entirely -- but nothing happened! The stupid cage is magic, and it won't come off no matter what I do... and it's keeping me from changing my body any more down there."

Oh. "That's... unfortunate."

[etheryn.lnhConfidence|Ryn casts her eyes down and flattens her ears. "Y-yeah..."|Ryn casts her eyes down and flattens her ears. "Tell me about it..."|Ryn huffs, flattening her ears. "Tell me about it! I'm gonna punch Alissa right in her jaw for this, mark my words."]

She sighs and runs her hands over her face. "Someday... someday I'll be free."

[pc.isDK|Yeah, at this rate you're not so sure about that. Might as well help Ryn to learn the joys of submitting to [pc.hasCock|a hard cock in her ass|whatever manual stimulation you're willing to give her].]

Evergreen Talk: [Ryn's Cage]

//Same requirements as above + have done [Alchemy?] talk. Needs Ryn in party.
//TT: Ask Evergreen if there's anything she can do to overcome Ryn's predicament.

Considering the witch's seemingly-vast power, you ask Evergreen if she'd be willing to take a look at a problem one of your companions has been having.

"Oh? That depends on the problem. I don't do anything stomach-related, no matter how much you beg."

"Nothing like that. Tell her what you told me, Ryn."

Etheryn blinks. "I, bu-- I don't know her. I can't..."

"Oh, child, I've seen everything," Evergreen coos. "Don't be ashamed. I can't help you if I don't know what the problem is."

With a little coaxing and ear-rubbing, you get Ryn to divulge the jist of your earlier talk about her alchemical failures. If you can't crack the puzzle with judiciously-applied transformatives, maybe the self-styled master of transmutations can figure out a work-around. Evergreen listens with a faintly-growing smirk as Etheryn's urged to restate her problem: her sister's locked her in a magic chastity cage, bullied her cute little ass for the only orgasms she was able to get before meeting you, and no amount of transformation seems to be able to affect her dick now that it's shrunk as much as it can. What a humiliation. Poor Ryn's blushing furiously when she's forced to admit that she's shrunk herself into a shrimp, and probably couldn't even get hard without the cage on... not that she isn't desperate to try.

"Well, maybe I haven't seen everything," Evergreen whistles as Ryn's explanation comes to a conclusion. "Alright, my little blue waif, let's have that skirt off and see what we're dealing with here."

Ryn's [etheryn.libidoRange 0 33 66|knees instinctively lock together, and she pushes her hands forcefully down into her lap, ears tucking against her head. "W-what!?"

"Go on," you urge her. With a shameful blush all over her face, Etheryn is soon convinced to step over to the witch and hike her skirt up, exposing herself to Evergreen's hungry red eyes.|ears tuck down, and she shuffles her feet awkwardly. "R-really... you want to examine my... my cage?"

"Go on," you urge her. With a shameful blush all over her face, Etheryn is soon convinced to step over to the witch and hike her skirt up, exposing herself to Evergreen's hungry red eyes.|submissive instincts kick in as soon as a big, dominant woman tells her what to do. Without much hesitation at all, Ryn's on her feet holding up the hems of her skirt, exposing herself to Evergreen's inspection.

"My, you're well trained," the witch observes casually, crooking a finger so Ryn approaches her.

"Th-thanks?"]

"Well, what have we here?" Evergreen murmurs, reaching up and running her chocolate-furred fingers over the solid brass. "Hmm, you aren't kidding, Etheryn. That's quite a bit of magic infused onto your cage. I never imagined Queen Alissa was such a powerful sorceress as to pull off something like this. Wasn't she a meat-headed huntress who handled more wooden spears than cocks -- and she fancied quite a bit of both, last I was up north."

"Y-you know my sister?"

Evergreen chuckles. "Not personally."

The witch clicks her tongue and continues running her hands over the device, long enough to leave Ryn's knees trembling and her [etheryn.butt] quaking from the stimulation. You can't see from where you're sitting, but is Evergreen giving the balls a little working over while she's at it? Either way, after a minute or so of investigation, the witch retreats from Ryn's crotch and bids the elf to let go of her skirt-hems.

"I think I've seen enough. Powerful magic, indeed! Far beyond Queen Alissa's ken, or indeed any but the most well-versed and powerful sorcerers. Have you ever experimented with enchanting, [pc.name]?"

{PC did Viv's thing:
Yeah, you've actually had a lesson in it from one of Evergreen's fellow-witches. You got the general gist of it.

"Good! Saves me a bit of explanation, then."
//else:
No, can't say you have.

"Hmm," Evergreen nods. "Very well, the short version: when Artificer John tries to create a magic sword for his boyfriend to go slay a dragon with, he needs to bind a spirit-echo to it -- think of it like the echo of a departed soul, a bit of power leftover from something dead. That's the crux of what gives an enchanted item its power. Following so far?"

You nod.}

Evergreen gives you a faint smile and leans back on her divan, crossing a leg over her slightly-stiff masculinity. "Well, it seems Queen Alissa's gone a bit further beyond mere spirit-binding for this. Really quite ancient magic at work here, the sort of thing you don't see anymore. Not since the Godswar. I believe she's bound a living soul to this cage, tying its control inexorably to that soul."

"M-my soul!?" Ryn gasps.

"No, sweetie," Evergreen says with a smirk. "With the amount of amorous magic I just fed back through the cage, if you were its spirit-bond, we'd both probably be covered in your cum. On the other hand, I'd be willing to bet several of my daughters that wherever Queen Alissa is, she's just had a very awkward and inexplicable orgasm."

"Moooom!" one of the attendant raccoon-girls huffs.

Evergreen gives you an apologetic look. "Sorry, I did promise I'd stop gambling my daughters away. Terrible habit to -- I'm kidding, don't give me that look. Anyway, the point is that your cage, my dear Etheryn, has been spirit-bound alright... unfortunately, that means that whoever the binder is has complete and utter control over the magic at work here. I'm afraid there's no force short of one of the very gods that could override that sort of bond between you and, most likely, your sister Alissa. You'll simply have to make the binder release you: it needn't be of her own free will, even, so long as she says whatever command phrase is used to control the cage's lock. Alternatively, if you ripped out her soul..."

Ryn blinks. "Th- we... we couldn't do something like that!"

"Why not?" Evergreen shoots back. "After all she's done to you, don't you want to just revel in your vengeance; to repay every moment of anguish she's caused you over the years? Rending down her soul into a key would be the most fitting punishment for such degradations... in my humble opinion."

Your companion just squirms, looking between you and the witch. "I, uh... I-let's just go, [pc.name]. Please?"

Okay, okay. You thank Evergreen for the consultation and tell Ryn she can relax; she's done here.