

Moira and the Gemstead Nursery

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Core pregnancy content:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1TrPNyp-Fp7qVLytd8WKxdL_4daEkFRnspG-FgcGjtBY/edit#

Gemstead Nursery

Planning

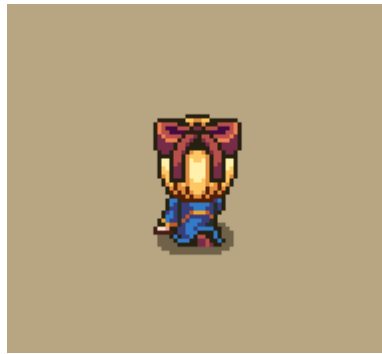
Nursery

- Where you dump your kids after they're born post act-2.
- Part of the Gemstead.
- Created by Alliser.
- Created/Invited Moira to the nursery to care for kids you might have. Moira is in stasis, but awakens when the PC enters the nursery.
- The nursery starts off small and compact, but increases in size and facilities as more of your bastards are added to the mix.
 - Size upgrade?
 - Gets prettier?
 - Kitchens? Laundry?
 - Soothing air to the place?
 - Toys? Playpens?
 - Kindergarten for the older kids?
 - More suggestions the merrier, sky's the limit.

Nurse

- Name: Moira
- Gender: Female
- Cowgirl (light morph, tail, horns)
- Large breasts, because cowgirl. See below for boobies' details.
- Lactation, because cowgirl.
 - Since cowgirl, probably gets off from being milked/nursed from.
- Very good with children.
- Very MILF-y. Young yet motherly appearance. Long, ankle-length skirts, exposed midriff, a short blouse-y top. Maybe with unbuttonable "pockets" that she can easily open to expose her breasts for nursing. Her attire is very traditional-ish.
- Fuck, why not? Let's do the traditional blue-eyed blonde for her, butt-length hair.
- What we want to project here is a girl-next-door attitude, the kind of girl you can settle down with and crank out kid after kid with, the kind who gets a kick out of doing laundry and cooking large meals.
- Level-headed and down-to-earth. Stoic, but has bouts of flightiness, especially when she's talking about her own daughters.

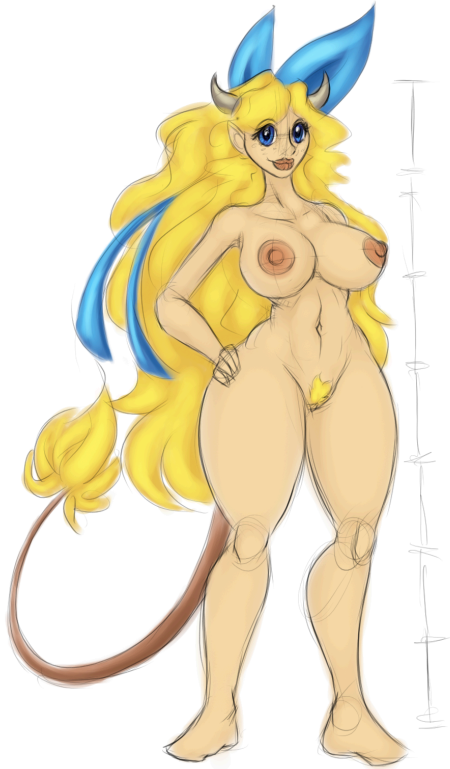
Inspirational Material:



(Yes, that *is* Charlotte.)

More inspirational material:





Moira background and mechanics details:

- Lesser spirit bound to the gemstead nursery by Alliser as caretaker.
 - Probably minor dominion over motherhood and fertility.
- Looks after kids while you or your followers are away.
 - Make a note for Cveta - her kids don't count towards nursery, since she keeps them at home. When she's away, make a note that help has been contracted from the nursery to care for the chicks.
- Moira's boobs.
 - These start off at C, and grow as more kids are added to the nursery.
 - Alder's original design had them at J, so we'll take maybe a K as the upper limit when fully grown + fully preg.
 - Moira's boobs temporarily increase 3 cup sizes during preg, 1 after small bump, 1 after full term, and 1 after full term twins. That'll make her base cup size when full up a H.
 - That'll give us 6 growth periods to work with. C->D->DD->E->F->G->H
 - How about 1 permanent cup size increase per 10 kids?
- Daughters
 - After the first 5 kids, she'll start mentioning she's starting to get a little swamped with work, and ask the PC for help. Suggestion: breed her own helpers.
 - The PC can agree or refuse.
 - Refusal simply means she'll be a bit disappointed, but the option remains open.

- You can breed her anytime, though - if she already is pregnant or has had daughters, the initial question won't show up and will be replaced by a small scene where she mentions intending to put her daughters to work.
 - Maybe make "breed" a different command from simple pitch vaginal, so you can just sex her without making kids if you like.
- If you have a kid in the gemstead, you'll deliver it by hand to the nursery.
- Tie Moira's fertility to number of kids in the nursery, too.
 - After birth, Moira's daughters nurse from her tits and rapidly mature into ~18 years old?
 - Moira's daughters are **NOT** counted for purposes of nursery kids (since they help out).
 - Preg size determined by current # of kids, plus the timing of the impregnation. That way if you impregnate her prior to 5 kids, she'll only have one baby, if you impregnate her prior to 15 kids, she'll give you twins, and if you impregnate her at any later time, you get triplets. To see how many kids she's going to birth, (current number of kids) - (number of daughters* 5) = X
 - If $X < 5$, birth 1 baby.
 - If $X < 15$, birth 2 babies.
 - else, birth 3 babies.
 - This is determined at the moment of impregnation, so if you want her to do triplets for you, wait till there's a difference of 15 babies or more to do it.
- Daughter appearance
 - Rapidly grow once birthed.
 - 18 year old cowgirls, pretty much like their mother but younger.
 - Silly + naive.
 - Fairy wings (LD wants to establish something like this for young spirits)
 - Can emit light, maybe use that to soothe kids.
 - Incestable.

Todo List

- Nursery
 - Intro to nursery
 - Moving act 1 kids from nomads' to nursery
 - Nursery approach
 - Brief desc.
 - Mention Moira.
 - Mention number of kids.
 - Mention number of Moira's daughters.
 - Nursery desc
 - Desc stages:
 - 10 kids - kitchens
 - 20 kids - size increase, gets prettier

- 30 kids - baths
 - 45 kids - gains soothing air
 - 60 kids - colourful wallpapers
 - 70 kids - size increase, toys + playpens
 - 90 kids - second storey added.
 - 110 kids - laundry room.
 - 130 kids - plants, size increase.
 - 160 kids - if Moira has had daughters, some of them will set up a small kindergarten.
 - 200 kids - sewing room.
 - Needs more levels, a LOT more levels. More the merrier, feel free to suggest.
- Desc
 - Opening block
 - Size block
 - Prettiness + atmosphere block
 - Individual blocks for each facility. Not necessarily clumped together.
- Nursery interactions
 - View kids? Moira will give an account of number and species, at the very least.
 - Interactions with Moira.
 - Interactions with unique, named kids.
 - Interactions with nursery-compatible followers.
- Moira
 - (Intro to Moira included in intro to nursery)
 - Moira approach
 - Moira desc
 - Moira talks
 - Herself
 - Ask about the nature of her fertility (Requires her to have had kids)
 - Ask how she's holding up (Response depends on # of kids in nursery and # of helper daughters)
 - Ask about preg (If pregnant)
 - Moira interactions
 - Moira sex
 - Breed
 - Pitch Vaginal
 - Milk
 - Nurse
 - Titfuck
 - More? Should try to keep within her theme of procreation and such.
 - Daughters
 - Interactions with her daughters will be kept under her.
 - Talks?

■ Incest

- Unique kid interactions
 - Put them here when they come into play.
- Compatible follower interactions
 - Ezra?
 - Momo?
 - Maybe Ophelia or Roa? Both do come from a very large, very close family, after all

Nursery

Introduction

<i>Why don't we try this other one next?</i> Spirit asks, tugging at your forearm. <i>I wonder what's inside!</i>

You suppress the urge to sigh and smile. Regardless of how old Spirit actually is, the little dryad is certainly acting like the child she appears to be; maybe there's something to be said for the theory that one's shape affects one's mind and actions. Turning your gaze to the building that she mentioned, you give it a quick look-over: it's a small single-storey cabin off to one side of the Gemstead, built from white, faded brick and roofed with cute little tiles. Large enough to perhaps accommodate two or three rooms, it could very well be a little bunkhouse of the sort you've seen on farms, for farmhands to sleep in.

Another tug from Spirit, more insistent this time.

<i>C'mon!</i>

All right, all right. You let Spirit drive you all the way down the brick path to the little cabin - with how removed it is from the rest of the Gemstead, it's a bit of a walk, with plenty of grassy green to either side of the path. Eventually, though, you reach the cheerily painted door, and Spirit looks up at you.

<i>Open it! Open it!</i>

You could, you suppose, but you noticed that the cabin's sporting some pretty big windows. Wouldn't it be more prudent to take a peek in first?

<i>What, and spoil the surprise?</i>

Well, you can't argue with that line of reasoning. It's not as if Alliser would leave anything dangerous in this place, right? Taking a deep breath, you close your [hand] on the doorknob and give it a firm twist, pushing it open.

What greets you is a curious sight. As you expected, the building's interior is mostly comprised of one large room, although you spot a door in the far wall. Large, curtained windows on either side of the room let in plenty of ethereal light to see by, and there's a clean, fresh smell to the air thanks to a gentle draft that runs along its length. The walls have been painted a lively shade of sky blue, and you feel a little more at ease just being in here.

Not that there's any doubt as to what this place is for, either. Rows upon rows of bassinets line the walls, about twenty or thirty of them in total, each and every one of them empty and coated with a thin sheen of dust. There's also a changing table in a corner, and another has

a small table and a couple of chairs. Finally, there's a large cupboard set into the far wall, not too far away from the door.

It's a place for babies, Spirit declares, the little dryad standing on tiptoe to peer into one of the empty bassinets. *But where are they?*

How would you know that? Maybe they never arrived. Maybe they all grew up and went elsewhere. Maybe...

Eek!

[Break]

Spirit's yelp snaps you out of your thoughts, and you glance around, looking for the little dryad. While you weren't looking, she's slipped into the room beyond the door in the far wall, leaving it ominously ajar in her wake... wasting no time, you dash for the gap, flinging the door open in your haste.

What you step into is a small bedroom, barely wide enough to accommodate a bed and a dresser. Spirit's huddled on the bed, the little dryad's head tucked between her knees; while it's a good thing that her scream was one of alarm rather than pain, one wonders what it was that startled her so.

Look up, comes the hushed reply. *It's scary!*

You do as she says, and draw in a breath yourself. Suspended from the wall furthest from the door is... well, it looks like a chrysalis of some sort, or perhaps a giant cobweb if spider silk was made of crystal. Gleaming faintly in the light that filters into the room, the glassy threads extend from ceiling and wall alike, there-and-not-there at the same time. Even at a glance, you can easily discern their magical nature.

Firmly suspended in the middle of the crystalline web is... well, it's a cowgirl. Small horns that jut out through her long blonde hair, a tufted bovine tail, but otherwise perfectly human - yep, it's a cowgirl all right. The gossamer threads wind their way about her wrists and arms, joining up in a layer of solid-looking smoky crystal that encases much of the cowgirl's body below her torso.

Her head is bowed, her eyes are closed, and she's not breathing.

She's dead, Spirit says quietly. *I don't sense any life coming from her.*

No, not dead - the cowgirl's skin lacks the pallor and stiffness of a dead body. Not dead, merely... *frozen*, for lack of a better word to describe her condition. Cautiously, you reach out and press a finger against the cocoon of crystal that the cowgirl's bound in. Looks like smoky quartz, feels like smoky quartz, and probably is as hard as such, too... you're not going to be smashing this thing apart by force.

Spirit, on her part, has gotten over her fear and is carrying out her own inspection, the little dryad standing on the bed and pressing her hands against the crystal, her brow furrowed as she concentrates. At length, she turns to you and nods.

<i>These are magical bonds, there's no doubt about it. I don't think they were created to restrain her - even I could've easily broken these had I chosen to resist. But these, they're made to slow down her energies to almost nothing, although I can't imagine why, or why she would allow such a thing to be done to her...</i> Spirit thinks a moment. <i>She's probably been stuck like that for a while. We should get her down from there.</i>

Wait, what does she mean, she could've easily broken these?

<i>She's a spirit like me,</i> Spirit replies, as if this were the most obvious thing in the world. <i>Can't you tell? Strong too... perhaps even as strong as Mother.</i>

Hmm. You look up at the cowgirl again, at the face framed by flowing blonde locks, and shrug. She doesn't look any different from the average light morph, perhaps somewhere in her mid-twenties. Still, Spirit would know, wouldn't she?

Reaching out, you clap Spirit on the shoulder. Well, if she thinks she can and it's safe to do so, why not?

<i>Give me your hand,</i> Spirit urges you. The dryad concentrates, and touches the crystal cocoon once more. Thus, the three of you are joined, and you feel a faint, gentle tug at your very being. Your heartbeat quickens, and for a second, it can be heard reverberating throughout the gemstead. At first, nothing appears to happen, but then cracks begin to spread outward from where her hand touches the crystalline cobweb. It's not long before they cover the entire surface of the crystal, and then an ominous creaking rings through the room.

<i>Get ready to catch her!</i>

You don't need telling twice. Scarcely have you moved into position before the cocoon shatters, the encasing crystal breaking up into ten thousand fragments that fall onto the ground and dissolve away into wisps of smoke with the rest of the web. With a soft thud, the cowgirl slumps into your arms, and you carefully set her down on the bed, her long hair pooling under her and forming a golden halo on the pillow.

<i>She's breathing, at least,</i> Spirit notes, a note of satisfaction in her voice. <i>Those are some pretty nice clothes she has on.</i>

You look down at the cowgirl. Her palmable breasts rise and fall under her midriff-baring blouse, a steady rhythm of breath, and you also note that she's barefoot under the ankle-length skirts she has on. Wonder if you did the right thing by releasing her...

<i>Of course. Don't be such a muss about it. I don't think she's a nasty person.</i> Spirit grabs a nearby pillow and hugs the large, fluffy thing as she waits. <i>I have a sense for these things, you know.</i>

Well, you'll know for sure when she comes to - and you don't have long to wait. At length, the cowgirl's eyes open blearily, and she groans softly, looking distinctly uncomfortable as she struggles to sit up.

<i>Don't push yourself too hard,</i> Spirit says, letting go of the pillow and easing the cowgirl upright. The latter takes in both of you, her wide, blue eyes flicking between your faces while her own creases ever so slightly in confusion. <i>What's your name?</i>

<i>"Maira."</i> The cowgirl's voice is soft, pleasant to the ear, and as feminine as one can get.

<i>I'm Spirit, and this is [playername]. Good to meet you. We found you hung up in a crystal cobweb of sorts on the wall up there - how did you get inside it?</i>

Maira's confusion deepens. <i>"I don't understand. I was in what?"</i>

<i>You were in a binding enchantment; it kept you suspended until we discovered and freed you. Do you know where you are?</i>

<i>"The nursery."</i>

Okay, that's a start. What's the last thing she can recall?

Silence. Slowly, the confusion on Maira's face gives way to a hint of panic, the cowgirl's eyes widening. <i>"I don't know. I..."</i>

<i>What can you remember, then?</i>

<i>"I... I am Maira. My duty is to care for the nursery."</i> The words come from her mouth blankly, mechanically, as if rehearsed. <i>"I can't remember anything else."</i>

Spirit's face creases into a frown, and then without warning, the little dryad lets go of the pillow and clambers into Maira's lap, placing both hands on the cowgirl's forehead. Maira doesn't resist, and Spirit concentrates furiously for a moment before turning to you.

<i>She isn't lying. Someone's deliberately excised her memories.</i>

What?

<i>How should I put it? The cut's too clean, [playername]. It's as if a forester sliced into a tree with an axe.</i> Spirit shudders with distaste. <i>The comparison's an apt one; it's just as gory.</i>

Can she fix it?

Spirit shakes her head and reluctantly removes her hands from Moira's forehead. *This is far beyond my power to repair. Pieces and fragments may return to her in time as the wound heals, but she'll almost certainly never recover the bulk of her memories.*

Who could have done such a thing? The prime suspect would be Alliser - the gemstead *is* his, after all - but if so, why? Bah - if only he hadn't run off to let you figure out the gemstead on your own...

"Alliser?"

You peer at Moira. Why, does she know the sage?

"I... the name is familiar. I feel like I should know it. For some reason, it makes me feel a little better when I hear the name..."

Another mystery to solve, then, if you ever manage to pin down Alliser for a few more questions. In the meantime, what's to be done with Moira?

"My duty is to the nursery. I must be its matron."

Did whoever who wiped her memories plant that in her head, too?

Spirit thinks. *I don't think so. At the very least, it doesn't look that way to me. She's just clinging to the thought because it's the only thing she knows for certain, [playername].*

I think we should let her stay on in that capacity, Spirit adds. *She's got nowhere else to do, and it would be cruel to oust her from the only thing she still knows.*

Huh. Spirit *is* right, though. A nursery isn't going to be of much use if there's no one around to care for the children

#if number of kids > 0

, and come to think of it, you do have more than a handful of little ones who would benefit from attention that's a little more focused than what the nomads can give them

#converge

. One supposes it can't hurt. All right, then. She can keep house in the nursery, if that's what she wants.

Moira hefts herself off the mattress. *"Thank you, dear. I mean, I don't know how to -"*

You shouldn't get up just yet, Spirit tells her. *Who knows how long you were strung up there? There time enough for that later - just rest a while, and you can get to things when you're feeling better.*

Moira doesn't look wholly convinced, but Spirit insistently pushes her back into the bed, putting an end to that train of thought.

<i>We'll be back in a bit.</i> With that, Spirit ushers you out of the bedroom and shuts the door behind her, the latch falling in place with an audible click.

That was quite unexpected, if she doesn't mind you saying so.

<i>While I don't know if it was intentional or if he simply forgot all about Moira, I do hope Alliser hasn't left many more such surprises about the place for us to find. That was quite draining. Now, we shouldn't bother Moira too much - let's go look somewhere else!

(Display exploration menu)

Collecting Kids

//Trigger this after the whole portal opening sequence is done, if the PC has > 0 kids.

There's one last thing for you to do, though, lest you forget. Heading back to the nomads' from the crossroads, you find yourself in their nursery once more, suffering the suspicious looks of various women wondering if you're here to foist yet another screaming bastard on their hands.

Happily, this is far from the case - quite the opposite, in fact. Suspicion soon melts away into ragged relief as you quickly explain that you're here to take your kid[s] away now that you've arranged for proper care. The nurses are only more than happy to present you with your child[ren], with the added admonition to keep your pants on more often.

From there, it's a quick trip

#if number of kids >= 5 - same line

- well, couple of trips -

#converge - same line

back to the gemstead and nursery, where Moira is only more than happy to receive the arrivals with much more enthusiasm than the nomads were, cooing and fussing over the children you hand over to her.

<i>"Right. Set your heart at ease, dear - they'll be in good hands when you're out there."</i>

Right. There's <i>that</i> dealt with, then, and your obligations dispensed with. Now, it's time to go ahead and take stock of what needs to be done...

Approach

You push open the doors to the nursery and step into the light, airy building. Clean, refreshing smells greet you as you step past the threshold, testament to how spick and span

Moira keeps the place, and you can't help but smile at how down-to-earth the spirit can get sometimes.

#if number of kids = 0

Despite there being no children for the nursery to care for, Moira still tends to the place meticulously on the off-chance that you might need to use it someday. Right now, she's

#random - same line

#scene

dusting off the empty bassinets

#scene

sweeping the floor

#scene

taking a small break in a chair

#scene

making sure the room's well-aired

#scene

cleaning the walls

#converge - same line

, and as she notices you come in, the cowgirl drops what she's doing and steps up to greet you. *<i>"Hello, dear. Did you come to visit me?"</i>*

Yep, more or less.

<i>"Oh, it's all right. I'm not lonely

#if number of Moira's daughters > 0 - same line

, not with my girl[s] to keep me company

#converge - same line

*... but I wouldn't mind too much if there were a few pairs of little feet about the place."</i> The cowgirl laughs. *<i>"Not that I'm putting any pressure on you, dear. Well, feel free to look around; I'll be here if you need me."</i>**

#else

Moira

#if number of Moira's daughters > 0 - same line

and her daughter[s]

#converge - same line

[is/are] busy going about [her/their] daily duties in caring for your child[ren] - moving from task to task with simple yet brutal efficiency, [she/they] [is/are] a blur of activity, a veritable whirlwind of childcare. As things stand, it's all you can do to step back out of the way and at length Moira notices you and comes over, the cowgirl bobbing a small curtsy in greeting.

<i>"Oh, it's you, dear. Thanks for the visit, it can get busy in here at times, but I think I can take a break at the moment."</i> The cowgirl's eyes brighten a little.

#random - same line

#scene

<i>“Can I help you with something?”</i>

#scene

<i>“It’s always good to see you... do you feel the same way?”</i>

#converge

[Moira][Description][View Children]

Description

(Hold off on this until we can brainstorm up every single upgrade)

View Children

[View Children] - Take stock of all the children in the nursery.

//Only applicable if you’ve actually HAD children.

<i>“But of course,”</i> Moira replies. <i>“A moment please, dear - let me just go and count them all up.”</i>

With that, Moira

#if Moira’s daughters > 0 - same line

summons her daughter[s] and gives [her/them] a brief set of instructions. The young cowgirl[s] scatter[notS] off, quickly tallying all the children in the gemstead nursery before returning to [her/their] mother.

#else

strolls off, a supernatural blur of speed that reminds you that this isn’t any ordinary woman assigned to look after your children. The cowgirl quickly tallies all your children, then returns to you to give her report.

#converge

#CODE NOTE: Use same functions as for Nomads nursery

#if fathered > 0

You quickly learn that you’ve fathered:

(List number and race here)

For a total of [number] children.

#converge

#If birthed > 0

You’ve borne:

(List number and race here)

For a total of [number] children.

#converge

All in all, there are a total of [number] children currently residing in the nursery.

<i>“And that’s that,”</i> Moira finishes, dusting off her hands in satisfaction.

#if < 15 kids - same line

<i>“I’m looking forward to seeing you really fill up the nursery.”</i>

Hey, what does she think you are? Some kind of baby factory?

<i>“I don’t see any problem with that, dear,”</i> Moira replies with a small smile.

<i>“There are certainly worse fates.”</i>

Yeah, <i>she’d</i> say that.

#else if < 30 kids - same line

<i>“You’re certainly off to a good start, dear. Just don’t overdo it; many beginners make that mistake and end up wearing out their bodies before they get too far.”</i>

W-what? This isn’t some kind of competition you’re having here!

A small laugh. <i>“I’m just telling you to pace yourself, love. Nothing more, nothing less. Trust me, okay? I know all about these things.”</i>

#else if < 50 kids - same line

<i>“You’ve certainly produced enough little ones to seed a small village when they come of age. Aren’t you proud of yourself?”</i>

Should you be?

Moria rolls her eyes and huffs, as if you just denied the most obvious and natural thing ever. <i>“Well, of course, dear! With how the gemstead is set to grow, there’ll be plenty of living space for everyone, and we’ll need people to fill that space. You just keep on the keeping on, and I’ll mind the children.”</i>

#else if < 70 kids - same line

<i>“Now you’re really starting to get the hang of this baby-making thing. I think you may be a natural at it.”</i>

That’s a bit of a dubious honor. Besides, if you were anyone else, you’d be considered quite the breeder by now...

<i>“Great things are expected of greatness, dear,”</i> Moira replies with a chuckle.

<i>“You can hardly expect to hold yourself to the standards of normal people now, can you, Lifegiver?”</i>

Hey, she knows it probably wasn’t meant like <i>that</i>

Moira just laughs and tosses her hair. <i>“It’s true though, isn’t it?”</i>

#else if < 90 kids - same line

<i>“So, where do you see yourself, say... ten generations down the line?”</i>

Huh? Does she think you’ll live that long?

<i>“Oh no, I didn’t mean it that way. What I meant was...”</i> the cowgirl pauses a moment to consider her words, scratching her chin. <i>“Look at it from this perspective, dear - are you aiming for say, maybe one in five hundred beings in all the planes bearing some smidgen of your blood, or are you going to go for the more modest goal of maybe one in a thousand?”</i>

Hey!

<i>“Why’re you so sour, love? It’s a good thing. Make sure your roots grow deep and seed spreads far, as Spirit would say.”</i>

#else if < 110 kids - same line

<i>“Excellent work, dear.”</i>

Why, thanks. Coming from her, the compliment means a lot.

Moira smiles that small smile of hers. <i>“I’d love to be able to say that you remind me of myself when I was younger, but since I don’t remember that...”</i>

Right.

<i>“No reason to rest on your laurels, though, dear - you still have a long, long way to go. I’m behind you, as always. Or under you, if you’d like.”</i>

#else if < 130 kids - same line

<i>“The place sure is getting lively with all the children around. It makes me so happy.”</i>

She really must have the patience of a saint to put up with the babies when they’re being grumpy.

<i>“What? Oh, children are what they are, dear. Sometimes they’ll fuss, sometimes they’ll be naughty, but once you set them right...”</i>

Yes, but Moira’s Moira. Other people aren’t Moira. That’s what makes her so special - and irreplaceable to the nursery. She’s no simple flesh-and-blood woman, after all.

A small blush. <i>“If you really must put it that way, love.”</i>

#else if < 160 kids - same line

<i>“You know, the nursery has grown quite a bit compared to the small place we started out with, and it’s all thanks to you, dear.”</i>

Nah, you didn't do it alone. You had the help of all those whom you made the children with, and of course, there's Moira herself.

<i>"Nevertheless, you've bred enough children to seed a reasonably-sized village from here on out. That takes some level of determination most don't have."</i>

#else if < 200 kids - same line

<i>"You've certainly come a long way, dear. I remember you when you were just starting out."</i>

Does she regret doubting you?

Moira smiles sweetly - perhaps too much so. <i>"I never doubted you, love. I merely gave you some advice. Besides, neither you nor your body seem to be none the worse for the wear. Just keep on keeping on and make this poor nursery matron even happier, will you?"</i>

#else - same line

<i>"I don't think there's any more advice or encouragement that I can give you, love. You've certainly got this down to a science."</i>

To earn Moira's unreserved praise like this... well, you certainly <i>earned</i> it, considering the Herculean efforts you've put into breeding this much.

<i>"Considering how much momentum you've garnered, I'd say to go on until you finally get bored of it, if you ever will. To be honest, I'm a bit envious.

#if Moira isn't pregnant and PC has a cock

Actually, if you do have a bit of time... I'd love to go and make some daughters with you.

#converge

"</i>

#converge

Done, Moira folds her arms under her ample chest. <i>"Now, is there anything else I can help you with?"

(Display main nursery menu)

Gemstead Births

//Append this sub-scene onto the end of every birth that you witness in the gemstead.

After a moment to let the ordeal pass for good, you realize that since you're in the gemstead proper, it might be polite to drop in and deliver the newest addition[s] to your family personally. At the very least, it'd be less of a shock for the infant than being whisked there by magic, and it'd be good to see Moira and your other children for a bit.

With that thought in mind, you gather up the newborn[s] and make the short walk over to the nursery. Scarcely have you stepped into the light, airy place when Moira comes up to you, the matronly cowgirl practically beaming at the sight of the bundle[s] in your arms.

#if Moira's daughters > 1 - same line

A couple of the cowgirl spirit's daughters come trailing in her wake, far more animated and curious than their mother as to the new arrivals.

#converge

<i>"It's always a pleasure to see you here, love,"</i> she coos. <i>"Oooh, what have we here? Such

#if littersize = 1 - same line

a cute little thing

#else - same line

cute little things

#converge - same line

we have here, don't we? So cute that I felt it the moment you stepped in through the door. Don't worry, dear;

if Moira's daughters > 1 - same line

my daughters and

#converge - same line

I'll make sure [this one/these ones] will stay safe here while you go out and do your heroics. Safe and sound in the nursery, and you can come back at your leisure when you want to see them."</i>

No Event Triggered

Yeah, that seems like the best thing for everyone involved. Carefully, you hand over your new child[ren] to Moira, who promptly sets about the task of assigning the new arrival[s] a place in the ever-expanding nursery

#if Moira's daughters > 1 - same line

, and a daughter to oversee the process

#converge

. Feeling confident that your progeny [isare] in good hands, you head for the door. After all, as Moira said, you'll be able to come visit any time you want.

Moira's Boobs Grow

//Trigger this upon multiples of 10 kids, up to 60.

Yeah, that sounds about right. As you move to hand the newborns to Moira, though, the cowgirl suddenly frowns, her usually pleasant demeanor marred by a queasy look on her face.

What's the matter?

<i>“It’s nothing to worry about, dear,”</i> comes the reply, although you’re less than convinced. <i>“I’m just feeling a bit strange in - in my - o-oh.”</i>

Moira’s hands fly up to her chest, palms cupping her tits; as you look on, the cowgirl lets out a soft moan that sounds suspiciously like a moo, and then her tits begin to swell. The growth isn’t that drastic, but her snugly-fitted top makes each and every bit of pulsing growth stand out all the more as breasts and nipples alike push out against the increasingly tight fabric.

#increase Moira’s cup size by one

When it’s all over, Moira’s breasts have grown by a cup size, leaving the cowgirl with [cupsize] breasts. Gently hefting each boob in each hand, she tests their new size and heft before sighing and shaking her head, a small smile playing on her lips.

<i>“I know I was worrying about having enough milk to feed all the children, but this is still silly

#if Moira’s breasts >= DD cup

no matter how many times it happens

#converge

,”</i> she says. <i>“Well, I guess that problem’s solved itself.”</i>

Hey, the new look definitely fits her.

<i>“So you say, dear. Still, we’re not going to get anything done by standing around here all day. Let’s get the little one[s] settled in.”</i>

Moira

[Moira] - Why yes, she can help you with something.

//Lead in here from option in main nursery, no text.

//Back leads to nursery main menu and needs no text.

[Appearance][Talk][Sex][Daughters][Back]

Appearance

[Appearance] - Take a good look at the nursery matron.

//She's not going to get a naked description here because you'll be standing in the nursery for this; it just kinda seems wrong for that. I'll mix in her naked desc somewhere as part of sex, maybe as she strips off.

At a first glance, Moira looks to be a woman of that precarious age - old enough to have an aura of maturity and maternity gather about her, yet young enough to have suffered no loss in her looks. If you were to use the average woman as a yardstick, you'd pin her at about twenty-three to twenty-five, but there's no way to be sure exactly how old the spirit is - short of asking her, and it's probably not a good idea to do that.

Comparing her to the average woman probably isn't too far off when it comes to looks, either. The small bovine horns and tail that she's sporting aside, Moira certainly looks like a stereotypical mountain beauty. Pale blond tresses fall from her head, frame her shapely face and gather on her shoulders before flowing all the way to her luscious butt, and a kind, peaceable gaze lingers in the cowgirl's cornflower blue eyes. Her full lips always seem to be turned up in a small smile as she goes about her business in the nursery, regardless of how wearisome it might be. This she directs at you as she notices you watching her, although she doesn't say anything.

From there, you let your gaze wander down from her face and to her body. As usual, she's donned the only outfit that you've ever seen her wear - a low-cut sky-blue top that leaves her midriff bare, followed by pleated skirts that reach all the way down to her ankles. In the few glimpses that you catch of her feet, you note that she goes everywhere barefoot - an odd quirk of hers, one supposes. Over her skirts, she wears a prim white apron with its strings tied just above the base of her tail - although you suspect it's more for show than to protect her from any actual spills and soils.

Having taken in the generalities, you focus in on the particulars. Moira's top is a simple affair of cottony material, short-sleeved and looking very much like summer wear. Colorful and calming but washable, the tight-fitting garment gives the cowgirl's hefty milk cans the additional support that they need; a pair of buttonable slits in the garment allow for easy access to her tits should she be called upon to nurse an infant - an important job for a nursery.

//breast block

#if Moira isn't pregnant

#if Moira has had < 5 daughters

With her taking the appearance of a cowgirl and all, it's only natural that Moira has a pair of hefty breasts - or at least, by human standards. Their full curves leaving little to the imagination, her generous lady lumps boast a goodly [cupsize], sitting high and proud of her chest. Of course, each one is brewing a goodly supply of warm cream within them, ready to be dispensed to any hungry children through her full, pink nipples that push against the fine fabric of her top, yearning to be free.

#else (5 daughters or more)

Now that she's gone through a few pregnancies of her own, Moira's milk jugs have matured a little. They're still full and firm, but there's a bit of sag that's crept into them as they've grown into [cupsize] and nestled against her chest, lending her a mature, maternal air.

Of course, with bigger boobies comes a greater bounty, and this is exemplified by the gentle shake and quiver of each magnificent milky mammary as she moves, even with her top supporting them.

#converge

#else if Moira has a small bump or less

You note that Moira's breasts have grown slightly bigger from their usual size, her ample bosom having perked up and firmed out. Gently rising and falling as they sit high and proud on her chest, they're certainly a sight for sore eyes.

#else if Moira has an full-term bump or less

As her belly has grown, so have Moira's milky mammaries, swelling to a more than respectable [cupsize]. The thin fabric of the cowgirl's top does little to hide her darkening nipples and areolae, and it's clear she takes no small pleasure in the increased lactation her condition has brought her, rendering her more able to carry out her duties about the nursery.

#else if Moira has a twins bump or less

With the little heifers in her womb having gotten so large, Moira's milk cans have tried to keep up in anticipation of all the milk they'll need. They haven't quite succeeded, having only managed a pair of [cupsize] a little smaller than her head, but at least they still keep plenty of their firmness.

What's more important, though, are Moira's nipples. Made deep and dark with pregnancy hormones, they've started leaking despite her copious capacity, creating small wet spots on her top. If the cowgirl's noticed the leakage, though, she doesn't let on, remaining as pleasant as ever.

#else (more than twins)

With how advanced her pregnancy is, Moira's milk makers have grown truly huge compared to their usual size, resulting in a pair of drop-dead gorgeous [cupsize] knockers. Despite the weight that must be contained in them, they're actually doing

pretty well when it comes to defying gravity, resting full and high on the fleshy shelf of her immensely pregnant belly.

It's easy to see why they've grown to such proportions: despite how much use the cowgirl's milky teats get in the nursery, they nevertheless can't stop leaking from the sheer amount of production that's taking place, small streams of white cream highlighted against the deep brown of her nipples. Both press against the fine fabric of her top, the wet blotches thus created cleanly outlining her massively engorged nipples.

#converge

<i>"If you want a drink, dear, you'll have to wait your turn,"</i> Moira says with a smile as she notices you eyeing her impressive cleavage.

You get a feeling that'll be quite soon indeed.

The cowgirl gathers a lock of her golden hair and twirls it about a finger, toying with the ends.
<i>"Maybe."</i>

Shaking your head, you move your gaze further down to her midriff.

#if not preg or not showing - same line

As would be expected of a spirit with her portfolio, Moira's tummy is narrow and trim, with the feminine softness that hides any errant musculature. It certainly accentuates her rather extreme hourglass shape, advertising her maternal nature and motherly inclinations in more than one way.

#else if small bump - same line

Moira's tummy has rounded out a little, a gentle bump that would've been easily concealable had she not been baring her belly. On another woman, it might've been conceivable that she's just fat, but there's little doubt as to the cowgirl's condition - a condition that you're wholly responsible for.

#else if growing bump - same line

The cowgirl's belly has grown to the point where hiding her pregnancy would be quite impossible, even with the loosest of clothing. Very definitely swollen with child, and yet not awkward, she carries herself with all the grace of a mother-to-be.

While her belly button hasn't popped out yet, it's getting dangerously shallow as the surrounding skin becomes increasingly stretched. It's only a matter of time before the inevitable happens, then.

#else if full-term bump - same line

Nice, full and round with life, Moira's pregnant belly sticks out proudly, advertising her fecund nature for all to see. The taut dome of stretched skin shows the occasional bump or twitch as movement comes from within, and Moira herself has acquired that much-vaunted maternal glow, looking extra pleased with her condition as she goes about her daily tasks.

As expected, her belly button's finally popped out from the pressure within her womb, and a dark line's formed across it, running over her fair skin from the top of her tummy down towards her groin. Were she a normal woman, she'd be just about ready to pop, but you know she's anything but normal...

#else if overdue bump - same line

Moira's certainly starting to look a little weighty in the middle - she's already passed the point where she might be overdue, leaving little doubt that there's more than one little heifer growing in that womb of hers. As her tummy has grown increasingly tender, so has the cowgirl's urge to pet and caress it - every so often, she stops to rub and cradle her life-filled womb, calming her unborn daughters.

Despite her condition, Moira doesn't seem encumbered in the slightest bit, remaining every bit as gently cheerful and spry as she was before this latest pregnancy. Would it be that all mothers carried this easily...

#else if twins bump - same line

Moira's getting pretty heavy now. Twin-sized at the moment, the weight of her womb is so much that it's caused her pregnant belly to drop downwards, pushing against the waistband of her skirt as it hangs low, testament to your prodigious virility. There's also much more movement coming from within now, much to her delight; her daughters will be as energetic as she is.

The cowgirl's also taken to oiling her belly to soothe the stretched skin, turning her pregnant bump into a shiny, round dome that looks quite attractive when the light catches it the right way. Maybe she wouldn't be against you helping to apply some when she has the time...

#else if twins overdue bump - same line

That's a really bloated baby belly that Moira's sporting there. Either those are some huge heifer twins in her, or she's carrying even more than that - a sobering thought, in either case. You notice that she's finally gone and tied a sheet of cloth about her front and back to create a sling of sorts, supporting the weight of her bump in anticipation of it getting even bigger as birth closes in.

On her part, Moira doesn't seem concerned by her massively gravid state in the least, taking to it like a duck to water. Her belly button protrudes ever further from the taut globe of her pregnant belly, and her smile broadens as she catches you admiring her.

<i>“How does my tummy button look like these days, dear? Or maybe my feet? I'll admit I kind of miss them... haven't seen the things for a while now,”</i> she says with a small giggle.

#else if triplets bump - same line

At this point, Moira looks practically massive, big enough to be carrying full-term triplets in her. The large, oiled dome of her pregnancy constantly shifts and squirms with life, and she has to stop and calm her babies every so often with a reassuring pat or two. Considering how low the weight of her womb has dropped, you're pretty

sure she's almost about to pop - a good thing, since it's starting to get in the way of her actually doing her job.

Moria, on the other hand, is simply aglow with happiness; after all, she's simply fulfilling her purpose as a spirit. The cowgirl more often than not has a dreamy, distant look in her eyes, as she shamelessly runs her hands over her overstuffed womb, and you can tell she's really looking forward to meeting her new daughters.

#converge

Below her waist, the cowgirl's skirts are cut from the same sky-blue fabric that her top is, only they've been embroidered with a fair amount of lace, especially about the narrow waistband. From there, the skirts flow over flared, broodmotherly hips most worthy of a cowgirl, and a slit's been cut in the back to accommodate her bovine tail. As for what's under those skirts... nah, this probably isn't the best place to be accommodating such thoughts. When and if you can get some alone time with her, maybe.

Done admiring Moira, you turn your gaze back up to meet hers; the cowgirl cocks her head at you before giving you a nod. *<i>"You wanted to talk, dear?"</i>*

Talk

<i>"Of course, dear,"</i> Moira replies. *<i>"Let's go somewhere else for this, though. This is hardly the place for a heart-to-heart chat."</i>*

With that, the cowgirl leads you over to

#if kitchens are available - same line

the nursery's kitchens

#else - same line

a corner of the nursery

#converge - same line

where a small table and a couple of plush, cushioned chairs wait - an impromptu break corner, as things stand. You take a seat while Moira serves up some milk tea and a plate of animal crackers, seemingly conjuring up the refreshments out of thin air with her womanly wiles, then gathers up her skirts and sits down at the other end of the table.

It's probably for the best that you don't think too deeply about where the milk and creamer came from.

<i>"So, what did you want to talk about, dear?"</i>

Herself

[Herself] - How's she holding up?

So, how's she doing?

<i>“Well, the nursery -”</i>

You cut her off with a dismissive wave of a hand. If you’d wanted to know how the nursery was getting along, you’d have asked her that directly. No, you want to know how <i>she’s</i> holding up.

Moira looks flustered for a split second, but she covers it up with considerable speed. What she can’t conceal, though, is the light blush that’s crept into her face, the delightful rosininess only accentuated by her pale skin.

<i>“Since you asked for it so nicely, dear...”</i>

Go on, she can spit it out.

#random

#scene

<i>“I’ve taken to a little light reading.”</i> Moira dips her animal cracker in her tea and decapitates it daintily. <i>“Spirit brings me the most interesting titles from all over. I’ve no idea where she gets them from, but I’m grateful for her thoughtfulness.”</i>

Oh? With her waking hours practically consumed by her work, where does she get the time for that? One’s usually under the impression that reading usually requires concentration of some sort.

#if number of children > 0

<i>“Believe it or not, love, it’s possible to hold a nursing baby with one hand and a book with the other.

#if PC is female - same line

You should try it sometime, should you ever get the chance.

#converge

”</i>

#else

<i>“With how empty this place is, I have plenty of time to spare, love. More time than I feel comfortable having on my hands. Not that I’m complaining... but I’d love to see these four walls start getting filled up.”</i>

She sure is direct about her desires.

Moira smiles her small smile. <i>“I’m just a silly cowgirl, too silly for tact and subtlety. Speaks her mind and lets others know what she wants. Guess I’m just too nice for people to get mad at.”</i>

#converge

#scene

//Requires Cveta recruited and has at least two chicks.

<i>“Cveta brought over her chicks to play the other day, dear. They were so adorable! They look a little strange compared to some of the babies I’ve seen, but they’re simply so cute! Just tiny balls of fluff with little wings and feet attached, and they’re so warm when you snuggle them!”</i>

Does it bother her that Cveta’s not letting the nursery handle her chicks - or at least, when she’s not out there with you?

Moira’s smile fades a little, but she shrugs, maintaining her cheery disposition. <i>“It’s her right to do so, as their mother. So long as the children aren’t neglected, who’s to say anything about how she’s raising them? It probably does help that they take after their mother - their minds are growing quickly, even if they’re still cute tiny things in body.”</i>

Well, then. Here’s to more successful playdates, then.

<i>“Indeed, love,”</i> Moira replies, raising her own teacup. <i>“That’s a cause I can get behind!”</i>

#scene

<i>“I really do enjoy talking with Spirit,”</i> Moira says, sipping her tea daintily. <i>“She comes and visits every now and then, and tells me the most fascinating things about things that are happening beyond this plane.”</i>

Does it ever bother her that she’s never had the chance to leave the gemstead?

Moira closes her eyes and shrugs with a smile. <i>“I can’t miss what I don’t know, dear. Whoever did a number on my head was pretty thorough about it. Besides, you’re so good at bringing things back from places you visit, especially new people to talk to! If you’re worried about me being a shut-in, then you should do more of that. I’m perfectly fine with the world coming to me instead of me going to the world, if you know what I mean.”</i>

#scene

<i>“I’m actually pretty grateful for the life I get to have here. It’s really good to simply know that you have somewhere you ought to be with something you need to be doing, and that you’re not going to want for much while you’re working at it.”</i>

Living here in the gemstead has its perks, yes.

<i>“It’s important to be grateful for the little things, love. Little things such as not having to worry where your next meal is going to come from.”</i>

You know, come to think of it, does she actually <i>need</i> to eat? As opposed to want, that is.

<i>“That’s for me to know and you to figure out, love.”</i>

#converge

(Need more herself talks, preferably when new followers come by. Follower interactions, restrictions based on daughters born [as a stand-in for a relationship value], etc, etc.)

Memory

//I'm not sure what I want to tie this to. Should it be # of nursery kids, or # of daughters?

[Memory] - Anything else come back to her?

Stage 1

At the question, Moira looks thoughtful for a minute or so as she sips at her tea. Eventually, though, she sets down her cup and shakes her head, her pale golden locks swaying with the movement.

<i>"I'm afraid not, dear."</i>

That's a pity. Is there anything you can do to help her remember?

<i>"Hmm."</i> Another sip of tea. <i>"I suppose I do tend to think better when I'm working, so maybe you could give me more things to do? To be frank, I don't know - I'm just hoping it'll come back to me with a little time."</i>

That doesn't mean she shouldn't stop trying, you tell her with a reassuring pat to her forearm.

<i>"Suppose so."</i>

Stage 2

<i>"You know, maybe I shouldn't want to remember."</i>

What? Why?

Moira bites the head off a cute animal cracker and chews daintily. <i>"I mean... there must've been a reason that I was here in this otherwise empty place. Locked away and all bound up like I was..."</i>

What's she getting at?

Moira looks away. <i>"Maybe... maybe I did something evil. Maybe I **was** evil. If I don't remember what that was, it'd be for the better."</i>

Her? Matronly Moira? Moira who lovingly cares for so many children, evil? Come on now, that's just out of this world.

<i>"That's me now. I don't know what I was like back then."</i>

You give her hand a reassuring pat. If she was some kind of villain at any point in her past, it'd have left its mark on her. As far as you can tell, she's clean, and you'd like to think you're a good judge of people. And if she doubts you, she ought to remember Spirit also vouched for her.

The cowgirl bites her lip. *"Well... thanks for your confidence in me, dear. I'm not very good at this - come on, let's talk about something else."*

Stage 3

"Unfortunately, no."

Nothing at all?

Moira nods, and brushes a few stray hairs out of her eyes before turning to her tea. *"A few bits here and there, love, but nothing substantial, I'm afraid. The color of the sun wherever it was I used to live. Someone who told me to always wear clean panties, lest I get run over and I had to be taken out dead. The taste of a fresh raisin poundcake."*

Wow. Whoever took an axe to her memories must have been thorough and careful.

"What I don't know I lost, I can't miss," Moira replies matter-of-factly. *"Although I should try baking some poundcake for the children later - and have a slice or two for myself while I'm at it."*

#if Moira is pregnant

I can't help but feel hungry all the time these days.

#converge

"

Stage 4

"A bit, here and there. Not much to go on, though."

Out of curiosity, what has she remembered?

Moira reaches up and rubs her brow, fingers brushing against her small horns. *"I really liked this outfit. I mean, I really, **really** liked it."*

And that would explain why she never seems to wear anything else?

"That's pretty close to the mark, dear. I remember... I remember that I once said that if money was no object, I'd have a hundred of these made so I could wear the same thing every day."

Looks like she's gotten her wish, then, although not quite in the sense that she originally wanted. But hey, her clothes never seem to stain, dirty, tear, or so even so much as crease.

<i>“Just so.”</i>

Stage 5

<i>“Well, I’m now pretty sure I knew Alliser quite well.”</i>

Yeah, she mentioned as much when you first got her down from the nursery ceiling.

<i>“No, dear. I mentioned I was pretty sure I knew him, but now I’m certain it wasn’t just a passing acquaintance.”</i>

Ah, you see. Carefully, you pick off an animal cracker from the plate and bite into it; it really is very good. How well did she know Alliser, then? Were they friends, or more than that?

Moira looks contemplative a moment, then sighs. <i>“We were quite close friends at the very least, dear. Whether it became more than that, though, that still eludes me. But just the mention of his name makes me feel a strange fondness that I can’t quite explain.”</i>

Hmm. Maybe if she remembers more, she can tell you. Or maybe not.

<i>“We’ll see. In the meantime, dear, how about you keep on keeping on?”</i>

Stage 6

<i>“Bits and pieces here and there, but still nothing on who I was or what I used to do. It’s nice of you to be concerned, love, but at this point I’ve given up on even trying to figure either one out. The nursery is who I am now.”</i>

You’ll never understand this amnesia thing yourself, even if it’s looking more and more likely that Moira’s memories were deliberately carved out of her like... like a chicken being gutted, for lack of a better way to describe it.

The cowgirl looks up at you over her teacup. <i>“Oh?”</i>

Well, whoever went about it didn’t touch any of her knowledge on how to go about caring for large numbers of children.

#if Moira’s daughters > 0 - same line

Then there’s the fact that she just knew her daughters wouldn’t stay as babies for very long.

#converge - same line

That aside, nor were her cooking skills diminished in any shape or form, or so it seems. Then...

<i>“I get your drift, love. Sometimes I do wonder, but wondering isn’t going to do anyone any good. Let’s try another subject, yes?”</i>

Stage 7

Moira eyes you and smiles at your question. <i>“You still worrying about that, dear?”</i>

You thought'd be nice to check in every so often, yes.

<i>"It's cute how you think about it more than I do, dear. Even if I did somehow manage to remember who I was before being your nursery matron, I wouldn't want to go back to it, even if I could. The children are my life now. That, and..."</i>

And?

The cowgirl's smile vanishes as she presses her lips into a thin pink line. <i>"It hurts to try and remember some things."</i>

What does she mean?

<i>"I always say what I mean. Whenever I try to recall certain subjects, I get a headache. Always. The harder I tried, the worse the pain got, so I just stopped and let it go."</i>

That's a little disturbing, to tell the truth.

<i>"You should know by now that it's not that big of a deal to me, dear. Why don't we talk about something a little more cheery?"</i>

Stage 8

<i>"You know, love..."</i>

Yes?

<i>"Even though I still don't remember much of who I was or what I did, I think I was happy."</i>

Oh? How can she be so sure?

Moirra beams. <i>"This feeling I have when I get up to tend to the children... it's no stranger to me. I know I've felt this way before

#if Moira's daughters >= 10

, and having this many daughters of my own only makes it that much better

#converge

."</i>

You nod, return her smile, and turn to your tea.

Nursery

[Nursery] - Ask about how well the nursery's holding up.

Preg

//Requires that she actually be pregnant, else hide.

[Pregnancy] - How's she handling her impending motherhood?

//She needs to be pregnant for this, naturally.

#if not showing

#random

#scene

<i>“Great! I’m already looking forward to the rest of this,”</i> Moira tells you happily. She seems to be in an uncharacteristically good mood, even for her.
<i>“I wonder how big I’ll get this time?”</i>

Hmm, she hasn’t begun to show yet.

<i>“There are other ways to know, dear. Subtle but noticeable changes to the body. You know that, or else you wouldn’t even have asked in the first place.”</i>

#if number of daughters >= 3

Nah, it’s just that every time you’ve bred her with the intention of stuffing her full of heifers, your seed’s never failed to take root. After a while, one starts noticing patterns.

Moira sticks out her tongue at you; the hormones are sure making her a lot more flighty and fickle than usual. <i>“Oh, pooh. So does that mean if a coin comes down heads [number of daughters] times, that means the next toss will come down heads?”</i>

You grin, reach out and ruffle Moira’s lovely hair, feeling the silken strands flow between your fingers. No, but one begins to suspect that the coin’s weighted.

#converge

#scene

<i>“Mm...”</i> Moira closes her eyes and rubs her lower belly, just under her belly button, then lowers her voice to a whisper. <i>“If I close my eyes and concentrate very hard, I can still feel your cum inside me. It feels so good, so hot and slippery, and the sheer thought of it settling in my womb and growing into a lovely heifer or two makes me get so wet...”</i>

Whoa there. What’s up with the porn star act?

Moira looks at you with wide, innocent eyes. <i>“What? It’s just the truth we’re talking here, love. Aren’t we always supposed to tell the truth?”</i>

Is she sure it isn't just the hormones speaking?

<i>"Who cares?"</i> Moira whispers back to you, her smile growing into a most uncharacteristic cat-like grin. <i>"I'd love to have you in my room sometime soon... all you have to do is ask. I'll make sure we won't be interrupted."</i>

#converge

#else if small bump

#random

#scene

You look down at Moira's gentle bump, bared for all the world to see. Even though the slight rise to her midriff is almost unnoticeable and easily disguised if she'd care to wear clothing over it, to do so wouldn't be Moira, to say the least. The look really fits her, almost as if the cowgirl was practically <i>made</i> for this job.

<i>"Of course; it helps that it feels really great, too. The sensations of my soft tummy getting harder by the day, of the first little flutters of movement from within..."</i> Moira blushes a little and turns her gaze downward. <i>"It makes me feel so maternal."</i>

It's good to see that she's really enjoying it, almost as much as she does minding the nursery.

<i>"I don't know how to rightly describe it myself - I'm quite aware that none of the other mothers really feel this way. Still, I guess it comes with me being who I am."</i>

#scene

<i>"Feeling hungry all the time,"</i> Moira skulks. <i>"Know I shouldn't be having snacks willy-nilly, so I won't be."</i>

Aww, what a poor thing. Still, a cup of tea and small plate of animal crackers for your visit probably isn't going to hurt too much, if she has the iron will she claims to have.

<i>"Now, there's no need to go about doubting me, love,"</i> Moira replies, biting back a scowl. <i>"I just... I just do more than my share of the cooking. If I'm not going to get to eat it, then at least I'm going to smell it to my heart's content."</i>

Does that help?

<i>"Sometimes."</i> Groaning, Moira leans forward on the table and plants her forehead in one palm, while her free hand grabs half a handful of animal crackers off the plate. For a few moments, the room is quiet save for the

sounds of crisp crunching. *<i>“I know it’s just the heifers speaking and making me ravenous, but that doesn’t make it any easier on me...”</i>*

#converge

#else if growing bump

#random

#scene

Looks like Moira’s pregnancy is coming along nicely. Enhanced by her condition, her tits have swelled up by at least a cup size, ending up as [cupsize]s, and her heifer-stuffed womb’s starting to protrude from her midsection, a firm, fertile ripeness that lends more curves to her already voluptuous form.

Seeing her like that, the question you’d thought to ask sounds pretty pointless. The milfy cowgirl is clearly carrying her gravid state well, and enjoying every moment of it to boot. Smiling, you lean across the small tea table to tousle her wonderful hair, and tell her how much you love both her and the fact that she’s being such a wonderful incubator for your strong, virile seed.

Giggling, Moira lays both hands on her rounded midriff and rubs the full, ripe dome all over. *<i>“You hear that? Do your father proud and grow nice and big in there. I’m counting on you!”</i>*

#scene

<i>“I’m only beginning to get started,”</i> Moira replies. *<i>“This is when the fun really begins.”</i>*

Heh. She sees this as fun?

#if Moira’s daughters >= 2

<i>“I wouldn’t have done it again if it weren’t, would I?”</i>

#else

<i>“Of course!”</i>

#converge - same line

It’s important to maintain a good attitude about everything you do, love. There’s no point in going through the day with a sulky face - there’s nothing anyone dislikes more than a sourpuss, ruining other peoples’ moods.”*</i>*

It’s got to be a bit of an emotional burden, smiling on days she’d rather be scowling.

<i>“It’s an attitude one has to carefully cultivate most of the time.”</i> Moira runs her hands over her growing pregnancy. *<i>“Although I do hope to at least try and impart such thoughtfulness to my daughters.”</i>*

#converge

#else if full term

#random

#scene

Moira flips her hair at you and smiles sweetly. *<i>“I’m doing excellently. Thank you for asking, dear.”</i>*

Wow, she’s getting really big. Looks like it won’t be long before she pops, will it?

#if Moira littersize = 1

The cowgirl reclines in her chair, gaze turned upwards as she tenderly caresses the full, fertile swell of her baby bump, poking at her outie of a belly button. For a few seconds, she’s lost in a small, private world of maternal bliss, and then she lets out a sigh and lowers her eyes to you once more.

<i>“Not long now, I agree; it could happen any moment. I can feel it - the little heifer in me wants out, and I’m just as anxious to meet her.”</i>

#else

The cowgirl laughs softly and shakes her head. *<i>“No, love, not so soon; these little buns are far from done rising in my oven. There’s still a way before my daughters are ready to come out.”</i>*

Well, you agree it hasn’t been that much time. But she’s sure?

<i>“I can feel it, dear.”</i>

Hey, maybe it isn’t twins or such in her, but one *<i>big</i>* heifer. That would be fun.

Moira sticks her tongue out at you. *<i>“Hey, even **I** have my limits!”</i>*

#converge

Heh. Either way, it’s good that she’s feeling comfortable and happy. If there’s anything she needs...

<i>“Well, you could stay here a little longer and chat some more. That’s something I can’t do for myself, alas.”</i>

#scene

<i>“Come over here, love,”</i> Moira tells you, beckoning you over with an outstretched finger. *<i>“It’s getting really active in there, and I want you to feel it.”</i>*

No harm in it, especially since she asked so nicely. Getting up from your seat, you cross over to Moira and lay a hand on the full, hard dome that Moira’s

midriff has become. It's not long before the first kick comes in response to your inquiring touch, followed by another and another and yet another...

Gee, how does she get any sleep with all that going on inside her?

<i>"I rest whenever I can, dear; it's a small price to pay to know that my daughters are coming along nicely. Of course, it helps that I don't really need to sleep that much."</i>

You let your hand linger on Moira's taut, rounded skin for a little while longer, then give her tummy a final pat before returning to your seat. It's good that she's taken a positive attitude to all this, but she wouldn't be Moira otherwise.

#converge

#else if overdue

#else if twins

#random

#scene

You'll admit to being curious. Just what <i>does</i> Moira use in that oil she spreads on that huge pregnant bump of hers?

<i>"Oh, nothing much, dear,"</i> Moira replies, the cowgirl waving off the question airily. <i>"I got the idea one day after chatting with Spirit - she suggested I use a cream or lotion to help soothe the stretched skin, and I went and looked a few things up, tried a few recipes.</i>

<i>"It's mostly coconut oil as a base with a few herbs and things mixed in - I use it because it feels good on the skin, not because it's got any actual medicinal use."</i>

And she's sure it's okay to smear it all over herself?

<i>"It came out of a book,"</i> Moira insists. <i>"Everyone knows that things which are worth writing down in books are true, important and all that good stuff, especially simple cowgirls like me. If it weren't safe to use, it wouldn't be in a book."</i>

Well! How can you argue with such stunning logic? You've been soundly convinced, that you have.

Moira shifts her eyes this way and that, and giggles. <i>"All right, seriously now, dear. Spirit got me the reading material, and I trust her on it. Besides, I should know if there's anything wrong with it. Why, do you want some for yourself? It does give off a lovely, calming aroma if you light it up in a lamp, and it makes for a great lubricant."</i>

Come to think of it, you might just be interested in that last one...

#scene

Wow, it looks like she's getting pretty heavy, even for someone with more than one daughter on the way. Do cowgirls come in extra-large size, or what?

<i>"Of course it's heavy, dear,"</i> Moira replies, patting her huge pregnancy.

<i>"And I don't doubt that I'm going to get even bigger before it's over."

#if Moira's daughters >= 2 - same line

But when you've done this enough times as I have, you quickly learn the most efficient way of doing things. That, and having daughters around to pick up things you drop on the ground makes life so much easier.

#converge - same line

Yes, cowgirls do weigh quite a bit, and there have been days when I've felt like simply staying in bed and cuddling myself. Naturally, I have more self-discipline than that."</i>

Naturally.

<i>"It's a small price to pay for those moments of sheer bliss that come out of nowhere,"</i> Moira adds with a contented sigh before leaning back in her chair. <i>"I really love those."</i>

#converge

#else if twins overdue

#random

#scene

<i>"Oh, I'm filling up very nicely,"</i> Moira tells you, brushing a few stray strands of hair out of her eyes. <i>"While the thought's appreciated, you really don't need to worry about me, dear. You sure did a number on me, and it's really showing - you should give yourself a pat on the back for that."</i>

The glory's not all yours, though. She wanted to be a mommy, and it was the least you could do. Seriously, it's almost like her body knew she needed help with the nursery and decided to produce as many daughters as it could in one go.

Moira clucks her tongue. <i>"There's no need to be unnecessarily modest, dear. The nursery does exist for a reason."</i>

Well, that <i>is</i> true...

#scene

<i>"By the looks of me, you've fathered more than two heifers on me, and I don't regret a single moment of it."</i> Moira's smile breaks into a small grin.

<i>"Especially when it comes to how our daughters were made. Sure wouldn't mind doing that again."</i>

Is she going to get that much bigger, though?

The cowgirl waves off your question airily. *<i>“No need for concern, love. You know how it is with baby bellies - the bigger they are, the faster they grow. Given how long’s passed, I think I’m just about done, anyways - it shouldn’t be too long now before I pop.”</i>*

All right. But until then, she shouldn’t overdo things, does she hear?

<i>“Yes, dear. Really, you shouldn’t bother yourself with me - I don’t even have so much as a backache. You just go ahead and keep on with the keeping on, all right?”</i>

#converge

#else if triplets

#random

#scene

<i>“I’m just fine, dear. There’s absolutely no need to worry about me.”</i>
Moirs sighs heavily, settles back in her chair and rubs her monstrously pregnant belly. *<i>“It’s true that I’m getting pretty heavy, but that’s no cause for concern. Just the opposite, in fact.</i>*

#if Moira’s daughters >= 2

<i>“Although I’ll admit that there are days where I’ll just snuggle up in bed and let the girls handle most of the work... the little heifers sure are taking up so much of my energy in growing so big.”</i>

#else

<i>“Sure, I do feel tired, love, but the nursery still needs to be attended to. Which is why I’m making a few helpers for myself in the first place. Don’t worry about it - they’ll be out soon, and it’ll be a relief for me. You’ve got to think in the long run - a moment’s trouble for much better gains in the future, to put it abstractly.”</i>

#converge

Well, Moira’s mature and level-headed enough to know her own limits and respect them. You’ll trust her on that, then.

#scene

<i>“Oof. I can hardly sleep these days. If the girls aren’t kicking each other, then they’re kicking their poor mother.”</i>

As if on cue, a considerable bump rises on the smooth, taut surface of Moira’s monstrously pregnant midriff, knocking the breath out of the poor cowgirl. Moira pants, catching her breath, then murmurs softly as she soothes the spot that was kicked.

<i>“They may get their looks from me, but I think they take after you when it comes to activeness,”</i> Moira finally says. *<i>“I can only hope they’ll have this much energy when I tell them to go and mind the nursery.”</i>*

Oh, if they're anything like you, they'll be wonderful go-getters from the outset. She doesn't need to worry about that.

#converge

#converge

Daughters

//Requires that she actually has had daughters, else hide.

[Daughters] - How's she handling her daughters?

#if number of daughters = 1

#random

#scene

Moira beams. *<i>"She's an absolute angel, love. Enjoys spending time with the children almost as much as I do, and never complains."*</i>

She most certainly does take after her mother.

<i>"Where it counts, anyway. I'm only hoping that all my other daughters turn out like her."</i>

Other daughters?

A wink. *<i>"I'm very definitely hoping so - I don't intend to stop at just one, you know, especially if you intend to keep on keeping on. You just have to ask..."*</i>

#scene

Moira looks appropriately proud as you frame the question. *<i>"She's a great help around here, dear. It's only expected that she's lacking in experience, but she picks things up really quickly. She may have my looks, but I think she's got your brains."*</i>

Aww, shucks.

<i>"No need to try and hide it, love. She couldn't have gotten them from me, at any rate; I'm just a silly cow."</i> She smiles sweetly, finishes her tea, then pours herself another cup. *<i>"Having such a beautiful daughter, I'm finding myself wanting to make more..."*</i>

#converge

#else if number of daughters =< 5

#random

#scene

<i>"I do love all of them dearly, but sometimes they do try their best to exasperate me,"</i> Moira tells you. *<i>"Just the other day, I was carrying this*

basin of water when... actually, never mind. I shouldn't be foisting my burdens on you like this."

Oh, you're more than willing to lend a listening ear if need be.

"No, love. I'm not one to pass along burdens like hot potatoes until someone's willing to swallow it. But I do wish sometimes that the girls would be a little less flighty."

Well, they were born not that long ago. It's only expected that they still have a lot to learn about wisdom and propriety.

"And as their mother, it's my duty to instil as much in them." Moira huffs and squares her shoulders. "At the very least, they didn't complain when I had them clean up the mess they made."

#scene

"Excellently, dear. Having them around the nursery has indeed taken a load off my shoulders. They're naturals at this," Moira says with pride.

It's not surprising, considering who they have as a mother.

"Perhaps, but I'm still doing my best to instil a love of children in each and every one of them. The future belongs to those who turn up for it, after all. You may be someone, but for most of us, our sons and daughters are the only mark we leave behind when we pass."

That's surprisingly deep.

Moira smiles and tosses her head, the movement setting a delightful ripple running through her hair. "Oh, what do I know? I'm just a silly nursery matron. Certainly no one important, that's for sure."

#converge

#else if number of daughters =< 10

#random

#scene

So, with her growing number of daughters, is she having any problems juggling them all?

Moira shakes her head and smiles widely, showing her pearly white teeth. "Oh no, dear. You didn't imagine I went into this without thinking it out beforehand, did you? With some proper organization and delegation, ten daughters are no problem at all. I could conceivably manage twenty, fifty, a hundred if need be."

My, that's some confidence she's got under her belt.

<i>“Think of it as a pyramid of sorts,”</i> Moira continues, setting down her teacup and sketching in the air with her fingers. <i>“The eldest daughters report to me, who in turn help the look after their little sisters, who in turn... you get the idea.”</i>

Yes, you do.

<i>“It’s much more complicated than that, of course, and I have to step in every now and then, as well as personally take care of the littlest ones, but it all works out like I planned, give or take a few bumps.”</i>

#scene

Has it been a tiring day for her? She looks a little off-color.

<i>“Off-color? Me?”</i> Moira lets out a gentle laugh. <i>“What color should I be then, dear? It’s been no more tiring than most - just did what I was supposed to do today.”</i>

With that, the cowgirl launches into a laundry list of all the little things she’s done since she came to, fast enough to make your head spin and miss the details. Still, it sounds like quite the impressive list...

<i>“Of course, the girls helped me out a lot, and the work keeps them from wandering too far. They really are a delightful family to be with.”</i>

That’s because she’s delightful in the first place, and seems like those apples don’t fall that far from the tree.

Moira shifts her eyes this way and that, demurely raising a hand to her lips. <i>“Oh, love. You flatter me.”</i>

#converge

#else if number of daughters =< 20

#random

#scene

Of course you’re one to speak, but it seems to you that she’s getting pretty high up in the daughter department.

<i>“Yep!”</i> Moira replies happily. <i>“Seems like my body knows to try and keep pace with you and all, and tries to produce daughters to keep up with the keeping up, ensure the nursery runs smoothly and all. You are going to keep up, aren’t you, love?”</i>

Oh, she’ll find out soon enough. To turn her own turn of phrase back on her, why doesn’t she keep on her keeping on and wait for things to happen?

#scene

<i>“So this is the much-vaunted family life that I’ve heard so much about,”</i>
Moira says between munching on assorted cute animal crackers. <i>“I do
quite enjoy it.”</i>

You have the lingering suspicion that if she didn’t like it, she wouldn’t have
done it so much.

A laugh. <i>“Well, love, that is true. I mean, I’m here to care for
others’ children, but my own are just that more special.

#if Cveta has had 2 =< chicks - same line

I can definitely see why Cveta insists on keeping her brood by her side
unless absolutely necessary. They’re a joy to have around.

#converge - same line

I mean, we went out and made them together, dear. That’s something in and
of itself.”</i>

#converge

#else (more than 20 daughters)

#random

#scene

<i>“Looking at them, dear, I can’t help but feel pretty satisfied with
myself.”</i>

Yeah, you get the same feeling too, looking at all those young, happy, pretty
cowgirls. It’s a little hard to imagine them having all once been little more than
a twinkle in your eye. That, or all of them having come out of Moira’s womb.

Moira sighs contentedly and sips her tea. <i>“It’s been quite the journey. I
won’t say that it’s been all smooth sailing, but you’ve got to take the bad with
the good, else the latter becomes quite meaningless. They wouldn’t be my
girls without the occasional spill or screaming fit, even if on occasion I wish I
could just shove them back in where they came from for a moment’s
silence.”</i>

That’s quite deep, coming from someone who’s just a silly cowgirl.

Moira simply grins widely, tilts her head, and winds one of her blonde curls
about a finger.

#scene

<i>“Have I ever imagined what having sons might be like? I think I get where
you’re coming from - sure, I’ve taken care of others’, but that’s just not the
same...”</i>

You can just imagine the sons she’d have had. Huge, hulking bulls, quite
literally hunks of beef who’d quite literally sweep the ladies off their feet.
Impressive in any way imaginable, and then some more.

Moira licks her lips absent-mindedly, then her eyes snap back to the here and now and she smiles sweetly. *<i>“Well, dear, I suppose it’s nice enough to daydream about, but it seems that all I’m capable of having are daughters. No point in dwelling on what won’t happen, right?”</i>*

Considering what her face just betrayed to you, there certainly are benefits that can be derived from contemplating the impossible.

<i>“Hmp. Cheeky.”</i>

#converge

#converge

[Done] - There’s nothing else you need at the moment.

<i>“As you wish, dear.”</i> Moira looks up and gives you a small, pleasant smile. *<i>“A little hard to get up once you’ve sat down, though - or at least until the tea and biscuits are gone. So long as the children are quiet, I think I’ll have a small break, do excuse me. Have a good day!”</i>*

#pass 1 hour

#end encounter

Sex

[Sex] - Get it on with the milfy matron.

//Hmm, in keeping with her theme, I think I’ll want players to have a real shaft before Moira will be open to the suggestion. Grey out otherwise.

//Opening block.

#if Moira is pregnant

Moira’s smile widens. *<i>“Hmm... I suppose I’ve been feeling a little tense of late. Hormones, I take it. I don’t see why not...”*

#if Moira’s daughters > 0 - same line

My daughter[s] will help take care of things while we’re busy,

#else - same line

I could use the break, anyway,

#converge

and a good dicking would do me a world of good.”*</i>*

Oh? Is she looking to relive just exactly how she ended up this way?

<i>“I certainly wouldn’t mind!”</i>

#else

<i>“Oh? Oh!”</i> As you watch, Moira’s smile widens into a large grin, fitting for a cat faced with all the cream it can eat. Slowly, she sets down her teacup and pushes the

entire tea set out of the way, leaning on the table such that her ample milk cans are squashed softly against its surface. *"I thought you would never ask! It's been a little too long now..."*

Why does she have to wait for you to ask? If she wanted it so badly, she should've taken the initiative.

Moira sniffs. *"There are ways certain things have to be done. Now that's behind us, though..."* she gathers up her long, luscious locks, letting them fall from her hands and spill all over her shoulders and back while you watch. *"...I don't see why we shouldn't get started..."*

#converge

No time like the present to get started, then. The cowgirl squeals giddily as you cross over to her and pick her up off her seat;

#if Moira's belly size >= full term - same line

despite the fact that she *looks* weighty, she's actually not that heavy.

#else - same line

despite how voluptuous she is, she's surprisingly light.

#converge - same line

From there, it's a short walk to Moira's room in the back of the nursery, and you toss her down on the bed before shutting the door firmly behind the two of you. Moira looks up at you expectantly - and maybe just more than a little predatorily - and you find yourself wondering just what you want to do with her.

[Strip][Pitch Vaginal][Breed][Milk](More Options to come. Try to keep in her theme)

Strip

[Strip] - Before you get to anything, you'd like to admire her first.

Sure, you could take things quickly, rush things to their natural conclusion. But where's the fun in that? You'd rather stop and smell the roses, her hair... and other things, of course. The soft, ethereal light pouring in from the window bathes the entire room, leaving nothing hidden from you: Moira's halo of soft, golden hair, her figure-hugging blouse, or the skirts which hang loosely about her legs.

Confidently, you reach for her golden locks with one hand, running your fingers through them and keeping her occupied while the other pulls at the buttons at her collar. Moira sighs and leans into you, pushing her neckline against your fingers, urging you on. One by one, the buttons are undone, and Moira's top parts to reveal her full, ripe [cupsize] breasts. Held up by a plain white nursing bra,

#if Moira pregnancy >= growing bump - same line

her milk jugs have gotten ever fuller and firmer from her pregnancy, their original teardrop shapes having turned into pale-skinned hemispheres of goodness, mirroring her increasingly stretched belly.

#else - same line

her milk jugs are mostly high and firm, their teardrop shapes sagging slightly with the milky mass contained within.

#converge - same line

Moira helps you, shrugging off her soft, frilly top and letting it flow off her shoulders onto the mattress, then bites her lip and looks up at you.

You tell her to take it off.

Moira's questioning gaze grows.

Firmly, you hook a finger about a bra strap and give it a firm but gentle tug. Why, you want her to take it off, so you can savor her better without having to fiddle about with her.

<i>“Oh.”</i> Moira blushes, a full weapons-grade blush that colors her entire face and seeps downwards into a good portion of her cleavage. Whether it's genuine or just her playing at being cute is beside the point, for it most certainly has its intended effect. Running her tongue over her lips, Moira unhooks her bra straps, letting the garment fall messily to the ground. The way her tits heave in time with her breathing, moving in the most hypnotic fashion;

#if Moira is pregnant

the way her darkened nipples have swollen and engorged,

#converge

it has to be some kind of mystical power that only cowgirls possess. Making sure that your attention is on her, Moira gathers up her ample breasts, one in each hand, and presses them together until a droplet of milk emerges from each fat nipple.

#if Moira is not pregnant

<i>“Oh...”</i> Moira moans softly, her breathing growing heavier. <i>“I want to be a mommy. Please make me a mommy.”</i>

Later.

#converge

Greedily, you reach for the prized treasures hanging from Moira's chest, supporting each funbag with your palms until you can feel the sheer <i>heft</i> of it, the warmth of the jiggly flesh encased in that smooth, supple skin. Your fingers wander over to the cowgirl's nipples, made strong yet sensitive for hours and hours of nursing without ever becoming sore, and give them an appreciative rub between thumb and forefinger.

Moira shivers under your fingers and bites back a cry.

You spend a few more moments exploring the perfection of Moira's breasts. She <i>is</i> a spirit after all, even if a lesser one, and you wonder if someone, somewhere once built a statue to her and worshipped her likeness.

All the better that she's worshipping you now, then.

Finishing up above, you trail your fingers through Moira's cleavage, down her breastbone and across her

#if Moira pregnancy >= small bump - same line

swollen

#else (non-visible pregnancy or not pregnant) - same line

slender

#converge - same line

midriff, stopping at the waistband of her skirts. Even through the fine fabric, you can feel the swell of the milfy matron's motherly hips and luscious ass beckoning to you, and you hook a finger under the waistband, giving it a firm tug. Moira is more than eager to help you get it out of the way, and before long she's kicking it off her feet, the lovely garment gliding to the floor and ending up in a crumpled pool. Wasting no time, you follow this up with a firm tug at her dampened panties, practically ripping the garment from her body as it follows in the skirts' stead.

Now with nothing to stand between Moira's naked body and your gaze, you let it roam over the newly exposed skin. Desperately aware of the fact that she's being appraised, Moira's blush grows even more intense, but the cowgirl has enough sense to thrust out her chest and present herself for your inspection without being overtly slutty. She may be naked in front of you, but she's still Moira, after all.

There's a good girl, you tell her as you tousle the hair between her horns. There's a good girl.

Your other hand wastes no time in going for Moira's mound, fingers pushing past her dampened blonde pubes to rest gingerly on her netherlips. The cowgirl gasps and shivers on the bed, gasps which turn to gentle, lewd moans as you trace your fingers over her increasingly puffy labia. The milfy matron's hips tremble, begging to buck against your fingers in order to have her cunt stuffed with something, *<i>anything</i>*, but she's doing well enough to save herself for later.

Enough teasing her for now, then - time to be finished with the inspection. Moira is only more than willing to comply when you tell her to roll over on the bed, presenting her lush butt and fertile hips for your inspection, the dew-stained petals of her womanly flower winking at you as you give that tight, ample ass a firm slap, sending it jiggling in the most pleasant manner.

Yes, that looks good. No, she wasn't too enthusiastic in presenting herself to you. And since's that's over with... no point in delaying the inevitable now.

(Display Sex Options, minus strip. Make a temporary note that Moira is now disrobed.)

Pitch Vaginal

[Pitch Vaginal] - Take Moira in her cunt, the way she was meant to be taken.

//Requires shaft.

#If Moira is disrobed

Ah, yes. The old tried-and-tested way of giving and receiving pleasure alike. Focusing your attention squarely on Moira's mound and her soft patch of blonde pubes, you take one of her inner thighs in each hand and begin prying them apart. Moira puts up a bit of mock resistance, squealing and struggling playfully against your hands. She does put up a good fight, but is eventually no match for your mighty strength and you're eventually faced with a full view of her thick, puffy and practically kissable lips, petals fit for the flower of a woman such as she. Then there's the trimmed and fuzzy landing strip of pubes leading to her honeypot proper... but you aren't intending to eat her out today.

Closing her eyes and letting out a pleasant hum, Moira wiggles her hips invitingly as the milfy cowgirl matron sinks back into the mattress. You approach with a little caution, half-expecting a play-fight at the last moment, but Moira simply sighs in satisfaction as your bodies press together, hungrily pushing her face into your neck.

#else (Moira not disrobed)

Well, when in doubt, you always know where Moira likes it best. She's a cowgirl, after all, and cows are known mainly for two things. First, though, you've got to get these troublesome garments off her. Getting up on the bed with Moira, you slide a hand up her

#if Moira pregnancy >= growing bump - same line

swollen baby belly

#else - same line

breastbone

#converge - same line

and slip up into her top, your hand pressed tight between Moira's smooth skin and the fine fabric. The milfy matron squeals in delight as you tug gently at her bra, but you quickly withdraw your hand and begin undoing the buttons on her top, starting from her waist and working your way upwards to her collar. Slowly, more and more of Moira's mammaries comes into view: first the full, rounded ends, then the milky heft of their body, and finally the fat, [teardrop/cylindrical] bases.

Ah, such perfection.

On her part, Moira certainly hasn't been idle, either. The cowgirl's loosened her waistband and slipped off her lengthy skirts, letting them roll off her legs before sending them flying with a kick of her bare feet. You respond by almost literally ripping off her nursing bra, fumbling with the straps in your haste, and then it's off with her panties in the same fit of frenzied fervor.

<i>“Whoa,”</i> Moira half-whispers, half-moans. <i>“I’m not going anywhere, love. Take your time, smell the flowers, maybe stroke the petals a little.”</i> She thrusts her hips at you invitingly, and you catch sight of her full, plump netherlips winking at you. Tender, moist, and perfect for a little playing with before committing to the deed...

Nah, screw that. You want her, and you want her <i>now</i>. Leaning over Moira, casting your shadow on her, you press your body against the milfy matron’s, enjoying the feel of her warm, firm flesh.

#converge

#if Moira pregnancy >= growing bump

Before beginning in earnest, though, you do have to take care of Moira’s baby belly. The

#if Moira pregnancy >= twins - same line

hugely

#else - same line

heavily

#converge

pregnant bump protrudes from her front prominently, and fucking her while she’s so pregnant is going to be a bit of a chore if you don’t prepare yourself adequately.

Quickly, you throw together a bunch of pillows to help cushion her gravid form, then settle down by her spread legs for a quick rub of her taut skin and outie belly button.

<i>“Hey!”</i> Moira whimpers. <i>“That tickles!”</i>

Her words, though, are quickly cut off as you begin a series of forceful rubs, sending waves of maternal satisfaction through her body. Ah, that’s a very satisfactory mama she’s going to be; a mother who takes plenty of delight in her status as one.

Well, since she’s knocked up already, there’s no reason to hold back. One final check to make sure that she’s comfortable, and you’re good to go.

#converge

With slow, lazy movements, you begin grinding the length of [one of] your cock[s] along Moira’s puffy pussy. The milfy matron squeals and wriggles, her lips growing from moist to wet as you rub your shaft back and forth. You can <i>feel</i> them part slightly as you pass over them, leaving trails of fresh girlcum all over the bottom of your shaft.

Back and forth. Back and forth. Moira’s squeals turn to soft pants before finally giving way to groans as she pushes her pussy lips against your length, trying to guide you into her.

#if Moira is not pregnant

As you continue your ministrations, you can’t help but notice a blush spreading across the pale skin of Moira’s lower belly, just between her groin and belly button. It starts out light at first, but as the cowgirl’s arousal grows so does its size and

intensity, quickly passing through a bright red and into something more approaching cherries or beets, mirroring the weapons-grade blush in her face and tits.

Ooh, it seems like Moira's body is preparing itself to try and catch a heifer in her womb, and it's *very* good at what it does. You might want to be extra careful with how you go about this if you don't want that to happen.

#converge

Before too long, you decide that she's wet enough and go for the gold, driving your shaft into Moira's cunt

#if multicock - same line

while your remaining shaft[s] flop[notS] around in agonizing unrequited desire. Sure, it's true that her hips and baby-making hole are made for pushing hefty heifers out, and hence wide enough that you could fit two, three - no, a whole brace of cocks into her. Still, it doesn't do to get too greedy,

#else - same line

with all your might. Your hips grind together with a soft squelch of love-juices, and Moira's fuzzy pubes tickle at your skin as you begin pounding away into her. She responds in kind and with no lack of enthusiasm,

#converge - same line

especially not when Moira's slick and silken inner walls immediately adjust to your girth, clamping down on your [cock] and greedily gobbling it down. She sure has a lot of energy for someone who usually acts so calm and level-headed...

#if Moira pregnancy >= growing bump

"Dear..."

Your mind is about as shot as Moira's voice is, but you manage to grunt out a reply while mashing away at her pussy. What is it?

"Rub..." Moira stops mid-sentence to shiver and groan lewdly. *"Rub my tummy again, if you would please?"*

Well! Still, it shouldn't be surprising; considering who and what she is, it makes sense that *that* would turn her on. Leaving one hand about Moira's hips to steady yourself, you plant a hand on the stretched, taut skin of Moira's baby bump and let the movements of your lovemaking do the rubbing for you. Tight as a drum and about as large, the heat and life radiating outwards from her womb is a delight to touch.

Moira, on her part, is totally out of it. You can't read minds, but with the way her groans have practically turned into screams, you can make a good guess. Even through your [cock], you can feel the entirety of the milfy nursery matron's body twist and writhe inside as she fulfils her chosen purpose of her existence, lost in a whirlwind of maternal desires.

#converge

Faster and faster Moira bucks against you, harder and harder you pump into her.

#if PC cocklength >= 12 - same line

Your [cockTip] mashes against her cervix, trying to force it open in order to accommodate your shaft's sheer length.

#if Moira is pregnant - same line

Alas, it doesn't work. Once occupied, Moira's womb may as well be made of stretchy steel - despite all your beating and hammering, her cervix stubbornly refuses to yield, staying as tightly sealed as ever. Indeed, when it comes to the safest place for a heifer to be, it's hard to beat Moira's baby bag.

The effort wasn't wasted, though. With all the stimulation directly applied to her womb - and not to mention your [cock] sliding through her increasingly heated and frenzied love-tunnel, you've pretty much reduced Moira into a whimpering wreck. With being pregnant, being fucked and being rubbed all at the same time, it seems the poor cowgirl's mind has simply been overloaded and shut down from the flood of satisfaction and pleasure pouring into her body.

Speaking of her body, that sheen of sweat that coats her skin and soaks her hair makes her look strangely attractive, especially when the light glints off her heavily pregnant midriff. Then there's the matter of the small puddle of girlcum on the sheets, having forced its way out around the girth of your shaft...

#else - same line

There's a bit of resistance at first, and then Moira's body quickly realizes what you're trying to do and causes her cervix to dilate, a corresponding wave of pleasure breaking itself against her, causing the milfy matron to throw her head back and empty her lungs in a scream of pleasure.

Damn, that was loud. You're pretty sure everyone in the nursery heard it... but who cares? Now that you've breached her womb, the fecund heat of its confines bathes your [cockTip], electricity arcing all the way up your [cock] and into your body. You suck in a breath and clench your teeth to prevent yourself from sharing Moira's fate, and almost give in anyway. With her love-tunnel working on your rock-hard shaft and her baby bag on your tip, it's looking more and more like you won't be able to hold out much longer anyway...

#converge

#else - same line

From there on, it all becomes a bit fuzzy. You remember thrusting into the cowgirl over and over again with all your might even as her inner walls caress and coax the cum out of your masculine invader, but don't recall how long you've been doing it for or many of the details... save for the fact that you've been having one of the more pleasant times in your life, to make an understatement.

#converge

Whatever the case, it soon becomes apparent that you're going to erupt soon - although you still do have enough time to pull out should you desire. Will you?

[Inside][Outside]

[Inside] - Where else would your seed go? Plant it straight into Moira!

Pull out? Pull out? Perish the thought! Moira's such a perfect vessel for your seed that it'd be practically criminal to *not* explode into her and fill the poor nursery matron right up with your thick, virile sperm. Not cumming into her, it'd be like... like... you don't know, putting wine in a mug instead of that perfectly sculpted wineglass made for just that purpose.

Ahh, fuck it! Who cares?

#if PC has knot - same line

You can feel your knot finally swelling enough to tie the two of you together - it's not a very good fit, given the size of Moira's baby-making hole, but it'll do.

#converge

#if PC has balls

With a pained groan of pleasure, you feel your balls churn, their internal workings ginning up to unload every last drop of sperm that can be squeezed out of them. You weren't aware of them before, but now they feel so heavy, so *full*, you feel almost fit to burst in one tumultuous blissplosion.

#converge

With a howl, you feel your seed shoot straight up your shaft, coursing along your length in no time flat before blasting from your [cockTip] and straight into Moira.

#if multicock - same line

Naturally, with how torrential the flow is - or at least, it feels that way - some of your spunk is inevitably diverted to your other shaft[s], spurting and spraying about as they paint Moira and her bed alike with your hot, sloppy jizz. Warm both inside and out, the milfy matron lows happily at the feel and smell of your sperm.

#converge

#if Moira is pregnant

Since Moira's pregnant already, her womb's not accepting any more seed. Instead, her tunnel stretches enough to reroute all of your spunk back out the way it came in, practically blasting outwards from around your [knot/cock] and painting your groin before flowing off like lava off the sides of a volcano.

#if high cum - same line

Your balls have a long way to go in emptying themselves, and it certainly feels like the stream of spunk will never end.

You pump and pump away for dear life even as your hold on Moira grows ever more slick and tenuous with sweat and spilled seed; it's probably a good five to ten minutes before you're done, having created a large, sticky puddle

on Moira's bed that the two of you are steeped in. Yeah... you now definitely remember just how Moira ended up pregnant.

#else if moderate cum - same line

Your balls sure have plenty of cargo to unload before finally expending themselves completely. It takes a whole two or three minutes to blast all of your sperm into Moira, who promptly sends it back to you, the hot, sticky mess finally puddling on the sheets before slowly seeping into the mattress.

Even though you're finished, you hold onto the milfy matron, enjoying the last moments of your time together before you inevitably begin to soften.

#else - same line

Your hot seed stains your crotch, and what's left over slowly dribbles off the petals of Moira's womanly flower to the sheets. Even though you're finished, you're reluctant to pull out just yet, determined to enjoy the last few moments of your time together before your shaft inevitably softens. On her part, Moira seems equally unwilling to get go of you, her love tunnel pressing down on you to the point that you feel mildly uncomfortable.

#converge

With a final yank, you separate yourself from the milfy matron with an audible wet pop, the last of your excess seed spilling out with your shaft as you collapse back onto the bed. The two of you spend a few minutes panting, heaving, and generally trying to catch your breath while your expelled cum continues to stain the sheets.

<i>"Oohh..."</i>

Heh. It looks... it sure looks like she had fun, didn't she? Having a full baby bag doesn't mean she can't get up to some naughty business every now and then.

<i>"You have no idea, dear,"</i> Moira manages to choke out between pants. <i>"It's hard to sleep at night when you're desperate for a proper dicking."</i>

Aww. Should someone like her really be using such crude language, though? She <i>is</i> the nursery matron, after all.

<i>"The little ones are out of earshot, dear. Besides, who better to know how babies are made than a nursery matron?"</i> Moira coos and runs a hand over her tummy, clearly taking far more pleasure than necessary from it. <i>"I don't mind being reminded just how these girls of mine were conceived, you know."</i>

Well, if her pregnancy hormones are making her <i>that</i> horny, you'll keep in mind to come back soon. For now, though, you're utterly drained.

#else

Finally, sweet, sweet release: your baby batter, thick, creamy and fresh, directly injected into Moira's oven to hopefully take and rise in those toasty confines.

#if high cum - same line

It's all you can do to hold onto the poor cowgirl by her hips as you expel the entirety of your load into her womb, string after string of sperm adding to the mounting pressure within her.

It's not long before poor Moira's belly begins to quite literally swell with your seed, giving you a nice preview of what's probably going to happen to the milfy moo matron given the sheer amount of jism being blasted into her. Bigger and bigger her belly bloats, until she looks like she's about to pop with one heifer. No problems there, though - you know that Moira's capable of making plenty more space in her baby bag when need be.

Eventually, though, you begin to run out of ammunition, and decide to quit while you're ahead. Steadying yourself atop Moira's solid frame, you tug mightily and yank your shaft free of her cunt, a few stray strands of sperm plopping out from your [cockTip] in the process, the last remnants of a once-mighty orgasm.

Amazingly enough, Moira's cervix and cunt hold up under the pressure, locking your mighty load of baby batter within her without too much spillage. The cowgirl pats her rounded tummy in satisfaction, closing her eyes to better savor the sensations of your seed sloshing about in her.

#else if moderate cum - same line

You clench your teeth and groan aloud as you channel gout after gout of thick, virile sperm into Moira, thoroughly seeding her well-ploughed fields. The cowgirl lows happily at being able to receive your seed like this, and it's not long before her gently concave midriff begins to swell outward with internal pressure.

Bigger and bigger her belly becomes with internal pressure from all the jism you're channelling into her baby-making hole, giving her a nicely visible potbelly. It's perhaps about halfway along with one heifer stuffed in her, giving the milfy matron the look of a woman just blossoming into motherhood. Well, if it takes, then she'll be looking like that for real before long...

Thoroughly and utterly spent, you take a moment to catch your breath while waiting for you to soften enough for Moira insides to deign letting you go. They finally do, allowing you to pull yourself clear of with an audible pop, and Moira's cunt and cervix seal right up, forming a tight vessel for your precious seed.

#else - same line

With a bone-aching groan, you mash your hips against Moira's one last time before blowing your load into Moira with an earth-shattering release. Your entire body quakes and shivers as thick, hot spunk floods Moira's reproductive system, giving you your due reward for seeding a healthy, fertile female like Moira is - seed that'll hopefully take root and grow into a heifer or two.

While it's not as much as you might have hoped for - what with you running dry that quickly - Moira nevertheless takes clear delight at feeling your hot, slippery jizm inside her. The milfy matron gasps softly and does her best to try and rub her thighs together - even with your shaft softening inside her, you can *feel* running back and forth along your length, almost as if trying to coax one last spurt of sperm out of you.

At length, though, you've softened enough for Moira's insides to let go of you, and with one mighty tug, you withdraw from her depths. A few strands of sperm and feminine nectar join the two of you, but quickly fall away as you part from her proper.

#converge

The air is cool upon your still-wet dick, and the two of you choose to simply remain still for a little while longer, to rest a bit and catch your breath. The sight of Moira on the bed under you, the knowledge that your little swimmers are wriggling inside her, the rise and fall of her ample breasts - it's extremely tempting to try and have another go again after you've had a rest, but however you feel about it, it looks like Moira's quite worn out. Little wonder, too, considering how enthusiastic she was about things.

"Oh." Moira sounds as breathless as she looks. *"That was quite exhilarating, dear.."*

Why, did she expect any less?

"Of course not." Moira turns her gaze up to the ceiling, staring at some distant spot only she can see. *"And to think that when you first brought up the notion, I thought I'd have to teach you to how to make a girl happy."*

Heh. At least whoever who cut out her memories bothered enough to leave that bit in.

"Yeah..." the cowgirl's voice softens a bit and she rubs her belly, still full of your seed. *"Let's not bring that up now, love. I'd rather not spoil the mood."*

#converge

#PC fucks Moira

#go to end point

[Outside] - You don't want to risk knocking up Moira, or maybe you just want to see her painted with your seed. Either way, pull out and cum outside.

Deciding to finish up outside, you strain away, trying to pull out of Moira before your body betrays you and you blow your load inside her.

#if Moira is pregnant - same line

Since Moira's already pregnant, her body makes no attempt to stop your withdrawal save for a perfunctory suckling and rippling of her inner walls as you tug away firmly. Thankfully, it doesn't take too much effort for you to pull free of Moira - and just in time, too. A steady pressure's been welling up in your

#if PC has balls

balls

#else

groin

#converge

for the last few moments now, and before you know it, you're exploding all over the place.

#go to PC cum outside block

#else (not pregnant) - same line

#if PC cock size >= 12

The moment you try to withdraw, though, Moira's body reacts to your intentions, her cervix clamping down like a vice on your [cockTip] while the walls of her love-tunnel clench and undulate, clearly trying to prevent your escape by drawing your cock back into her. It's clearly not a conscious reaction - Moira herself is half-delirious with orasmic pleasure from the dicking you've been delivering to her - but the cowgirl's baby-ravenous womb has a mind of its own. Alas, a little too late, you remember that Moira's not exactly an ordinary woman.

You do what you can to struggle, to pull out before you can orgasm inside her, but your shaft is simply too long, and you've buried it in her too deeply. The more you try to pull out, the tighter her cervix squeezes down on the base of your glans, and the greater the enthusiasm with which her walls milk you. It's hard to admit, but you're well and stuck inside her, and your attempts at pulling out are only serving to make your sperm come all the faster. You can feel your jizm building up at the base of your shaft, then without warning, burning heat rushes up the length of your cock and erupts from its tip in a hurricane of orgiastic bliss.

And so it happens that you wind up fucking Moira anyway. Exploding into her womb, your sperm thoroughly irrigates her fertile, well-ploughed fields, sowing her through and through; it's got the virile seed her breed-hungry baby bag craves.

#if multicock - same line

Practically all of your sperm shoots out into her - almost as if you were being punished, mere dribbles of seed erupts from your other shaft[s] despite their painfully engorged and rock-hard condition, tips twitching in the air as they rock in the throes of orgasm.

#converge

You can't help it - and the ironic thing is that with all the stimulation that occurred with your desperate attempts to pull out, your load is noticeably bigger than it otherwise would've been. Ah, well...

As for Moira - well, you appear to have fucked her brains out, as the saying goes. Still impaled on your shaft, the poor cowgirl lies groaning and panting on the sheets. Beads of sweat dot her pale skin, and her long, lustrous hair is absolutely soaked and damp even as it's spread out under her. Giggling to herself, she reaches down gingerly and pats her tummy

#if PC high cum amount - same line

, now visibly bloated with your sperm

#converge - same line

.

Uh-oh. With such a... ah, *<i>direct</i>* injection into her fecund depths, it's likely that Moira's going to end up pregnant... which presumably is what you were looking to prevent. Next time, you should probably not stake her that deeply if you want to pull out later...

#PC fucks Moira

#Go to end point

#else

Sensing your attempts to withdraw, Moira's body reacts instantly. Her baby-ravenous womb is achingly empty, and it won't be denied the chance to be filled - especially not so close to its goal. Slick as they are, Moira's inner walls tighten about your masculine invader, ensuring every last bit of contact even as they ripple and undulate, trying to draw you deeper inside her - and if that fails, milk you for your seed before you can escape.

Too late, you remember that Moira isn't any ordinary woman - even though she may *<i>look</i>* like one, she is a lesser spirit, after all. You can actually *<i>feel</i>* her cervix grasping for your [cockTip], brushing against it in a few narrow misses as you desperately tug away. If you'd been endowed enough to penetrate her womb, then there'd have been no escape for you.

Gritting your teeth, you tug away with all your strength against the insistent suckling of Moira's love-tunnel. For a moment, it doesn't seem like you're going to be able to make it - you can already feel your

#if PC has balls - same line

balls churning, pressure growing in them as they prepare to release

#else - same line

shaft twitching, pressure mounting in its base as your orgasm looms

#converge - same line

. Miraculously, though, you manage to make it, your [cockTip] popping free from Moira's cunt with a wet, squelching sound. Compared to the heat of the

cowgirl's body, the cool air of the nursery is practically a shock to your glistening, girlcum-covered shaft, and that's enough to set you over the edge.

#go to PC cum outside block

#converge

#converge

#PC cum outside block

//This is used if the PC successfully pulls out.

A groan and wail escape your lips, and then the flood starts. Blasting gout after gout of warm sperm from

#if multicock - same line

each and every one of

#converge - same line

your shaft[s], you begin painting Moira all over with your seed.

#if high cum amount - same line

With how voluminous your ejaculate is, it hits the milfy matron head-on, a veritable deluge of spunk that gets all over her like water from a fire hose. Moira squeals, instinctively shielding herself with her hands, but her efforts are about as effective as an umbrella in a hurricane.

Within mere moments, the milfy matron is drenched from head to toe in your cum, vaguely resembling a wax candle. She sputters a little, still maintaining enough wherewithal to breathe, but at least that's about the best she can do considering the circumstances.

#if Moira pregnancy >= growing bump - same line

Outlined against all the white are the swells of her increasingly heavy pregnancy and milk-engorged breasts. Heh. It's a bit of a pity your seed didn't go in there - while you know Moira would certainly enjoy it, you're not so sure about your unborn daughters getting a nice, lavish cum bath.

#converge

More and more jizz blasts from your [cockTip] - the bed is already drenched by this point, causing any additional sperm to start pooling on the floor. The overflowing font your [cocks] [has/have] become seems never-ending - until it does, the flood rapidly drying up to a dribble and then stopping all of a sudden. Wow, that sure must've been something, for your body to react this way to a fucking by Moira...

Speaking of the poor cowgirl, she looks more like a pile of goop now that anything else, so thoroughly is she coated by your spunk. Yeah... she's going to need a nice, long bath after this.

#else if moderate cum amount - same line

Even if it's not a torrent, you've still got plenty of jism in reserve - enough to give Moira a nice, full-body coating of seed all over. You do your best to aim such that she gets it all evenly, and the milfy matron helps by gathering up the gobbets spewed onto her skin and slathering it all over herself like some kind of perverse skin lotion.

#if Moira pregnancy >= growing bump

Gathering up some of your particularly thick sperm in her hands, Moira slowly begins to spread it all over her heavily pregnant belly and milk-engorged breasts, moaning salaciously as the warm, slippery substance lends a nice shine to her stuffed baby bag.

That feels good, doesn't it?

<i>"Wouldn't be doing it if I weren't enjoying it, love,"</i> comes the reply even as her fingers wander over her outie of a belly button.

#converge

Yeah... while Moira's going to need a nice, long bath after this, it certainly looks like she's having a good time. At length, though, you begin to dry up, and just in time for Moira to scoop the last drops of sperm off your [cocks] with a finger and apply the finishing touches on herself.

#else - same line

Spurt after spurt of seed rises through your [cocks] and arcs through the air, landing squarely on Moira's midriff before starting to run down her sides. It's not too much, and you spend yourself fairly quickly, slumping back onto the mattress to survey your handiwork.

#if Moira pregnancy >= growing bump

As you watch, Moira slides her hands over her swollen tummy, smearing your cum all over her baby bump like some kind of lewd oil. Judging by the dreamy half-smile on her face while she's doing it, the milfy matron sure is getting quite a bit of satisfaction from doing so...

#converge

#converge

#go to end point

#end point

At last, it's over. Equally exhausted, the two of you sag against the sheet and cuddle for a bit, even if you're too tired to get up to much in the way of fooling around. Moira's almost as nice to hold as she's good to fuck, and that, perhaps, is the best way to wrap things up.

<i>"Shouldn't lie about too long,"</i> Moira murmurs to no one in particular.

<i>"Shouldn't..."</i>

You never do manage to hear what she'd been about to say, for the next thing that issues from her lips is a soft snore. Well, the poor cowgirl sure looks comfortable, so you'll leave her be, get dressed, and be on your way. She'll be able to handle herself when she wakes up.

Breed

[Breed] - Make Moira a mommy! Stuff her baby bag with as many heifers as you can!

//Naturally, requires at least one shaft.

//Moira must not be pregnant.

#If Moira is disrobed

With a sigh of satisfaction, you grab Moira's flared, fecund hips and roll your palms over their sides, marvelling at just how <i>wide</i> they are, with plenty of room for things going in or coming out. It'd be a right shame not to put these to good use...

So, Moira wants to be a mother, doesn't she? Does she want to be a yummy mummy?

A nod. <i>"Yes..."</i> Here and now, it's easy to tell what dominion Moira has over as a spirit. Even the most obtuse observer wouldn't be able to help but notice every single fiber of the cowgirl's being straining away, each heated muscle and electrified nerve working towards one final purpose: to get her pregnant by hook or by crook.

You decide to draw things out just a little longer, to restrain your touch so that she'll be bursting when it finally comes. Well! So she does want to be a mommy, doesn't she? A proud mommy with her boobies inflating with delicious milk, adding cupsize upon cupsize to her already ample bust. A proud mommy, growing ever prouder as her concave belly begins to balloon outward? The bigger her belly becomes, the faster it grows?

Another nod, much more enthusiastic than the first. As you watch, a thin trickle of feminine honey bursts out from the petals of Moira's womanly flower, staining the sheets. Looks like your milfy matron's got quite the dirty mind and active imagination when she's aroused. Squirming on the bed, Moira shamelessly rubs her lower tummy, pushing down on her womb and ovaries as she pants like a dog on a hot day. This is going to be good.

All right, then. You'll put a heifer in there, or maybe two or three for good measure.

#else

Smiling, you lay a hand flat on Moira's slightly concave midriff, your fingers probing gently just above her mound. It doesn't take you long to strike gold - It's buried a little way in, but the soft moans that escape Moira's lips are more than enough to let you know that you've managed to apply pressure to her womb and ovaries. Said moans only grow as you begin to rub the smooth skin in small circles, causing your milfy moo matron to squirm on the bed.

<i>“Oh - what are you doing -”</i>

Getting her all worked up, of course. Why, doesn't she want to be a mommy?

Moira perks up at the mere thought, her breath coming hot and heavy as a weapons-grade blush begins to spread over her tender, fair skin. It starts in her cheeks, quickly moves to fill her face, then gushes past her collarbone all the way to her cleavage, practically burning away with flustered desire.

See, even her body's receptive to the idea. Even her breasts are already swelling with arousal, making her already figure-hugging top ever tighter...heh, it's not hard for one to figure out what field Moira has dominion over as a lesser spirit. Not with every single bit of her working towards desperately trying to get pregnant, at any rate.

Well, if she's going to be bred, she'd better get rid of those bothersome clothes first.

Moira doesn't need telling twice. Snapping to attention, the cowgirl rapidly sits up and bed and divests herself of her clothing like a whore in heat, fumbling with the buttons on her top, then chucking the fine garment away before tearing off her bra and tossing it on the floor. Now loose and bare, her [cupsize] breasts heave as she works away, their perfect teardrop shapes bouncing up and down as she furiously works away at loosening her skirts.

Whoa, whoa, slow down there a little. She doesn't want to be tearing her clothing... or on that other hand, maybe she doesn't care. Well, she doesn't want to be tiring herself out before the fun's even started, does she? Deciding to help her with getting those skirts off, you give them a good tug even as she finishes loosening the waistband, and then the soft fabric slides over her hips and legs, leaving just her soft white panties on - panties with a sizeable blotchy and sticky stain on them to boot.

Just one last one... Moira openly trembles with anticipation as you toss her skirts over your shoulder and reach out with both hands for her panties. Heh, it must be taking her all her willpower to let you go and do the job yourself... that's a good girl there. Whistling nonchalantly, you slide your thumbs down the sides of her waist, savoring the gentle concave of her body, then hook them in the material and pull her panties out and down over her flared hips to expose her soft golden pubes and oozing honeypot. With a good yank, you have Moira's panties off her, and she collapses back on the bed, panting like a black dog on a hot day

<i>Now</i> she's ready to be bred.

#converge

You waste no time in divesting yourself of your clothing and gear, throwing them to the ground to join Moira's. Clambering onto the bed, you can already feel your [cocks] stiffening at the scent of sex in the air, heavy and getting more intense by the moment. The milfy

matron squeals softly as you manhandle her onto all fours, chin propped up on her pillow, legs under her, and most importantly, ass high in the air and presented to you; her long blonde hair spills off her shoulders and back, flowing like a soft silken river onto the mattress.

You can't help but give each delicious asscheek a resounding slap, eliciting more soft squeaks from Moira as the rounded flesh jiggles a good while before finally coming to a stop. Clearly desperate to be bred already, the cowgirl wiggles her ass and hips invitingly at you, lewd noises bubbling up in the back of her throat.

Oh, fine. You brush her tail aside, take aim, and then bury your thick cock into her waiting, fertile cunt.

#if multicock - same line

The remainder of your shafts flop to the side, leaving trails of pre all over Moira's asscheeks as you begin to fuck her in earnest.

#converge

Moira lows as she feels you enter her, lips and love-tunnel alike spreading to accommodate your girth. Well, you're fucking her in quite the bestial position, so it's only fitting that she act a little bit like an animal... heh. With how aroused the milfy matron is at the simple thought of being a mother, there's little need for any further foreplay - you pause for a moment to gather yourself, then thrust good and hard up to the hilt in her, angling yourself so as to get as much depth as possible.

#if cock girth > X - same line

While your cock might be considerably girthy, it's still no match for Moira's broodmother-worthy hips. It's a close fit, but she nevertheless manages to take you well and deep into herself.

#converge

#if cock length >= 9

Deeper and deeper you sink into Moira's heated depths, her silky smooth and wet walls rippling and squeezing about your shaft until you hit a brief spot of resistance. That soon fades, though, as you quickly manage to force your [cockTip] past her cervix and directly into her womb. Or maybe force is the wrong word to use, considering how easily and readily her cervix effaces and dilates to allow you entry.

Feeling her baby bag being invaded by your virile sperm-spout, Moira can't help but let out a muffled cry into the pillow, her hands clenching into tight little fists. Grabbing the sheets for dear life, the milfy matron wiggles her ass against your crotch, her body consumed by the desire to have a heifer planted within the fertile confines of her womb.

#else

You sink well and deep into Moira, bottoming out long before you've hit anything. Still, with the way the milfy matron's insides clench away at your shaft, one's at least afforded the illusion that you're a perfect, snug fit for her. Either she's an amazing natural at this, or she's highly experienced and simply lost all memory of that - or

maybe both, judging by the way her baby-making hole is milking your cock, urging you to wholly and utterly drain your balls into her.

#converge - same line

Grabbing hold of Moira's hips, you squeeze down hard to steady yourself and begin pounding down her love-tunnel with all the fury you can muster, pumping away as if possessed. Excess feminine honey gushes from Moira's netherlips, creating wet, squelching sounds as you work away, desperately trying to get her pregnant. At the same time, your fingers reach as far as they can for her midriff, pressing and pushing away in the hopes of stimulating her ovaries to the point of release.

Beneath you, Moira lows and cries, the furious back and forth motion of your lovemaking sending her full, ripe breasts to swaying back and forth pendulously under her. Sweat clings to her skin despite the cool, gentle air of her bedroom, and you get the occasional glimpse of her heaving boobies, each one almost as red and ripe as a tomato...

*<i>“Spirits above,”</i> Moira moans, her head tucked in between her elbows, her head trembling as it lies on her pillow. *<i>“Breed me, love. Stuff me silly like some stupid cow on a farm.”</i>* The cowgirl raises her head and turns to look back at you, her eyes wide and jaw trembling as jolts of pleasure threaten to overwhelm her utterly. *<i>“Breed me, damn it!”</i></i>**

Hey hey hey. You're going as fast as you can. To be fair, with all the effort you're putting into this, you're a bit surprised that Moira isn't already a mooing, incoherent mess. Considering the way your hips are pounding against hers, with an accompanying sound that reminds you of two slabs of wet beef repeatedly striking each other, you can't help but wonder in the back of your mind just how the two of you are going to be able to stand, let alone walk after this.

#if Moira's daughters >= 2

Somewhere through the heavy haze of sexual pleasure that clouds your mind, you hear the squeak of hinges on the door and spare a quick, surreptitious glance in that direction. Oh-ho, it seems like a couple of Moira's girls have decided to spy on their parents going at it, eh? Such naughty things they are...

...On the other hand, this is a definite opportunity for a very educational experience - it'd really help the girls to know just where they came from, and save you the trouble of explaining where babies come from down the road. Summoning up every last ounce of your strength, you close your eyes and drill away into Moira, feeling her stolid form quake and tremble in your grasp. Her cunt clenches down tight about your rock-solid shaft, desperate for something, anything to hold onto in this whirling storm of orgasmic pleasure, and it's not too long before the milfy matron throws her head back and lets out a loud scream before whimpering and collapsing onto the mattress to recover. Yeah... you're certain that anyone in the nursery would've heard that, regardless of how thick the walls are. There's no doubt about it.

When you turn back, you notice that the girls are still watching, trying to be stealthy - and doing an even worse job of it than they were before. If anything, they're even more intrigued after that little display you put on for them, risking widening the crack between door and frame to get a better view of their parents going at it. Fine, you'll continue the show for them, let them learn a little more about how babies are made...

#converge

Moirá sure isn't one to complain about the rough fucking she's receiving - she's a sturdy woman and a cowgirl to boot. If anything, being rutted so violently only turns her on even more, mewling delightedly when you grab a handful of her hair and yank her head back. It's painfully evident that she can't take much more of this without going over the edge; Moirá's entire body is hot and toasty, her skin sheened with sweat, her oven heated up and ready to receive a fresh batch of buns for baking. Grabbing onto the milfy matron's luscious ass with all your might, you piston into her one last time and lock yourself in place,

#if knot - same line

your knot rapidly inflating and trying to tie the two of you together.

#else

pressing yourself as hard as you can, flesh against flesh.

#converge

No sooner have you done this that you feel yourself explode into Moirá's baby making hole, the tide that you'd unconsciously been holding back finally allowed to surge forth and gush into the helpless cowgirl's waiting oven. Your own orgasm sets Moirá off, her cunt locking tight about its masculine invader, and she lows again.

<i>"[Playername!]"</i> the cowgirl cries out as she trembles from head to toe

#if multicock - same line

, shivering and shaking in the growing pool of seed your other cock[s] are creating on the sheets

#converge - same line

. She pants openly, her breathing strained as you continue to expend every last drop of your seed into her, making sure to knock her up good.

#if very high cum amount - same line

Gush after gush of sperm invades Moirá's womb, steadily stretching it as it fills her up, making her nice and round. You can <i>see</i> her once-concave tummy ballooning outwards, getting heavier and heavier until she looks fully pregnant with one heifer, her belly lightly grazing the sheets as it hangs under her.

#else if high cum amount - same line

You drain yourself utterly, with visible results on Moirá - slowly, the cowgirl's belly loses its gentle concave edge and begins to swell outwards with your cum. Bigger and bigger it gets, until she's looking about five months along with one heifer.

#else - same line

Desperate to have her baby-ravenous womb filled, Moirá works with you in tandem, her insides milking your masculine invader for all it's worth. You groan and shudder, feeling your gouts of seed fade away into spurts as you start running dry. While

there's no visible change in the milfy matron, you know that she doesn't need very much for your seed to take.

#converge

#PC fucks Moira

#Moira is impregnated, no ifs or buts.

Her fore collapsed onto the pillow, her rear high up, Moira moans and lows in a fashion most undignified for the gentle nursery matron that she's supposed to be. The cowgirl wiggles her rump weakly a few more times, the tuft of her bovine tail brushing against your cum-slick lower body. She's certainly taking pleasure in feeling your seed inside her, all hot and slippery, but maybe she's taking a bit *<i>too</i>* much pleasure, come to think of it...

Oh well. With how vigorous and enthusiastic the whole affair was, you'd be surprised if it didn't take. You're starting to feel a little worn out yourself as the high gradually fades, and it's with reluctance that you finally unhilt yourself from Moira and set yourself down on the mattress, staring up at the ceiling. Moira, on her part, has curled up on the least stained bit of the mattress, looking extremely satisfied with herself. She's pulled her head of soft hair about herself like a blanket of sorts, and is making soft, happy and vaguely bovine noises to herself as she slowly drifts off, exhausted from the utterly thorough and satisfying fucking you've given her.

Aww, isn't she adorable. Yeah, she might be a mother and a spirit to boot, but her age doesn't show badly, eh? You should be on your way, too... after you've had a little time to recover.

#end encounter

Milk

[Milk] - Milk her! It's only natural, she's a cowgirl.

Your eyes come to rest on the midsection of Moira's generous [cupsize] melons, and a smile plays upon your lips. No matter what size they are, they'll always be tits worthy of a motherly matron, and they just look so *<i>squeezable</i>*, firm and yet with plenty of give when called for...

Lying on the bed, Moira smiles dreamily and takes a deep breath, pushing out her chest ever so slightly and enticingly.

All right, you've made up your mind; time to get started. Without further ado, you pull up a cushioned chair from the corner of Moira's small bedroom and prop up a couple of large, fluffy pillows for extra padding.

#if Moira is disrobed - same line

Moira looks up at you curiously, but readily and trustingly complies when you urge her into lying lengthwise on her bed, her chin and arms propped up on her body, her

midriff on the bed, and her [cupsize] tits dangling below. There, that's a good position - most of her weight is supported, but there's still ample space for maneuvering to get the necessary done.

There, there. You pat Moira's golden locks, then gather them up and tuck them away between the pillows where they won't be soiled by what you're about to do.

#else - same line

That done, you turn your attention back to Moira. The milfy moo matron looks up at you with her best shy gaze, but you aren't about to fall for that. Greedily, you thrust two fingers into the cowgirl's ample cleavage, revelling in the way the warm flesh presses against your invading digits, then slide it down the the neckline of her top.

The message is as clear as day. Moira wastes no time in divesting herself of her top and bra, her bountiful breasts spilling out for all to see as the discarded garments fly forlornly to the ground. Once you're done with that, you slide your fingers through her cleavage, across the

#if Moira is visibly pregnant - same line

fertile swell

#else - same line

gentle concave

#converge - same line

of her midriff and down to the waistband of her skirts. That, too, is soon discarded, Moira's bare feet kicking off her lengthy skirts to expose her soft white panties.

Strictly speaking, you don't really need her lower body exposed for what you have in mind, but it'd definitely be a lot more gratifying to see the effects your ministrations are going to have on her. Nothing for it, then - with a quick sweep of your arms and a flourish, you have Moira's white, frilly panties around her ankles and in your hands, leaving her utterly naked on front of you.

There, there... that's a good girl. You still aren't done with the preparations yet. Taking the chair, you ease the Moira's head and arms onto the soft, cushioned seat, her midriff and legs lengthwise on the bed, and her plentiful mammaries dangling in the gap between.

#converge

#if Moira cupsize >=H

They certainly are a thing of beauty - utterly full and ripe, Moira's massive mammaries hang heavy from her chest, mere inches from grazing the ground. They're not <i>that</i> far from appearing to be actual cow udders... at the very least, they've got the size for it.

Despite all that heft suspended from her chest, Moira seems to be perfectly fine - to be honest, she's more aroused than anything, squirming on the bed and rubbing her thighs in anticipation of what's to come.

#else if Moira cupsize >= E

Suspended like this, Moira's baby feeders definitely look like some kind of ripened fruit on the bough, firm, juicy and ready to be picked. Their gentle movement as she breathes is almost as if they were swaying in the wind, and the matronly cowgirl moans softly as you nudge them with your fingers, sending them rocking back and forth like some perverse pendulum.

#else (DD and below)

While not exactly udderlike, Moira's jugs are plenty adequate for what you have lined up for her. The soft lady lumps hang delicately from her chest, their weight straining ever so slightly at the firm, smooth skin and resulting in just enough give to proudly display the fact that Moira's no blushing maiden - well, she blushes, but she's definitely no maiden.

#converge

From there, your fingers dance down the firm, taut skin to the apex of Moira's mammaries.

#if Moira is pregnant - same line

#if Moira's pregnancy size >= twins

There's no pulling of punches here - they're absolutely glorious. With how advanced her pregnancy is, the milfy matron's nipples have practically more than doubled their size, making them practically teats. Of course, that's not counting the fact that her areolae have grown out too, making her nipples seem smaller than they would have been... both are a rich, deep brown, almost black, and the breasts to which they're attached to have grown so much from their milky, hormonal swelling...

As if drawn by some mysterious magnetism, your fingertips wander over to those dark nubs of flesh, tenderly brushing against their firmness. Moira's reaction is as intense as if she'd been struck by lightning - a desperate, almost pained moan escapes the cowgirl's mouth, sounding suspiciously like a moo.

Heh. Looks like she's more than ready and willing to be milked, then.

#else if Moira's pregnancy size >= full term

As Moira's pregnancy has grown, so have her nipples and areolae. The former is at least twice their former size, while the latter has begun to swell outwards in a gentle bump. Both have been coloured brown by the hormones flooding her body, and you have to admit that the combined result does make her look a lot more maternal than she usually is.

With how inviting that are, you can't help but give each delightful nipple a gentle rub with the flat of your hand, revelling in how stiff and hard they are, so ready to be milked. Moira herself wriggles and moans as she kneels on the bed, the poor cowgirl's bovine instincts coming to the fore as she realises your intentions.

#else

Moira's lady lumps have begun to mature with her pregnancy. It's not exceedingly obvious yet, but you can make out the slight coloration and

swelling in her nipples and areolae - as well as the increased size and tenderness in her breasts as a whole. Already sensitive in her chest, the cowgirl moans softly as you shamelessly grope her, arching her back and wriggling in delight as you get her in the mood for milking.

#converge

#else

Moirā's milk makers are as glorious as always, teardrop-shaped [cupsize] knockers hanging heavily under her. They're easily the best part of your milfy matron - smooth, pale skin that encapsulates firm boobflesh, and each tipped with lovely pink half-inch nipple.

No need to rush a good thing, though - you spend the next few moments tenderly testing, squeezing, pushing, each of your touches sending a thrill of pleasure through the cowgirl's body. Yes... it's becoming more apparent that her body's getting more and more heated, her nipples stiffening beneath your fingers. Almost ready, then.

#converge

Something to sit on might have been nice, but going to get it now would risk breaking momentum, and you don't want that. Squatting down by Moirā's side, you take one of her breasts in hand and with a firm pull, coax the first spurt of milk from her bosom.

The reaction is immediate. Throwing her head back, Moirā lets loose with a long, low moo, the tuft of her tail beating back and forth across her pert asscheeks and supple thighs like a broom.

She likes that, huh, doesn't she?

<i>"Yes..."</i>

Well, since she's such a good girl, she can have another one. Taking her other tit in hand, you pull again, and another white, creamy spurt jets out of her nipple and splatters onto the ground. A little voice in the back of your mind wonders if a bucket or something wouldn't have been more appropriate for this, but you quickly dismiss the thought. The spill won't stay a spill for too long, anyway, and Moirā's milk will fill right back up before she has to make the rounds of the nursery again.

Now the only question is: do you want to take your time and drag things out, or make this a milking she'll remember for a good long while?

[Gentle][Rough]

[Gentle] - Slow and steady wins the race. It's not as if you have anywhere to go, right?

You decide to take your time and smell the roses on this one. Sure, Moirā may be a cow, but there's no need to rush things. Smiling to yourself, you stop milking Moirā for a little bit and start playing with her still-full milk cans, bouncing the bountiful orbs in your hands even as

your fingers draw closer to her teats. Little gasps and mewls escape Moira's lips as you tease her; the arousal has definitely made her boobs far more sensitive than they need to be. She can't be practically orgasming each time she needs to nurse the babies, right?

Right?

Pushing these thoughts out of your mind, you focus your attention on Moira's nipples, milk wetting your fingers as you brush your fingertips past the very peaks of the solid nubs of flesh. Moira groans, straining at your touch. Tiny beads of milk well up on her nipples, growing, fattening, and finally falling to join the small puddle of milk on the ground.

<i>"Ooohhh..."</i>

Grinning, you pat Moira on the head between her horns. Don't worry, you know that she's still really full, and you'll get to milking her some more in a bit. In a bit. It doesn't take you long to run your fingers back up to the base of her breasts and from there, slowly begin to apply more and more constricting pressure. By now, Moira's body is pretty much almost completely flush with heat - you can <i>feel</i> the warmth wafting off her body as you lean over her and pull downwards on her breasts, causing more milk to splash on the ground. Moira squeals in a fashion most unbecoming of her usual matronly airs, and you can <i>swear</i> you can feel her milk makers churning, brewing more fresh cream to make up for what's lost.

The more the merrier, then! It doesn't take you long to find a good rhythm - clench, pull, release, return - that sends

#if Moira cupsize >= H - same line

torrent after torrent

#else if Moira cupsize >= E - same line

stream after stream

#else - same line

jet after jet

#converge - same line

of rich baby food flowing freely from Moira's nipples. The cowgirl, on her part, does her best to help you, thrusting her bosom in time with your milking. The few glances you do get of her soft pubes have them utterly wet and glistening; a better tell-tale sign is that growing wet spot on the sheets under her groin as her honeypot begins to ooze.

Even though you're trying to be slow and gentle, the poor cowgirl is starting to lose it - she probably isn't getting as much outright pleasure from the milking as she'd have if you'd gone all in, but the anticipation is starting to weigh down on her. Lowing and mooing like a dairy heifer, Moira moans even as you pump and squeeze away until your fingers begin to ache, her hips bucking, as if grinding herself against some invisible shaft.

[Rough] - Screw subtlety! She's a cow and needs to be milked!

Right, your mind's made up! With nothing to hold you back, you go to town on Moira's milkers, fingers digging into her full, firm boobflesh as you desperately seek to wring out every last drop of milk from her teats. Gripped by the sudden ecstasy of your frenzied milking, Moira pretty much loses it; your milfy moo matron lets out a long, languid low of perverse pleasure, her eyes rolling up into her head. You can see her try to push her chest into your grasp, help you with the milking, but the poor thing's not very much in control of herself.

Not that it matters much, anyway; you're more than capable of pulling this off on your own. Grinning madly as sweat beads on your forehead, you pump and squeeze, pump and squeeze, letting loose

#if Moira cupsize >= H - same line

torrents

#else if Moira cupsize >= E - same line

streams

#else - same line

jets

#converge - same line

of rich white cream that blast over your fingers and spray onto the ground below.

#if Moira is pregnant

In fact, Moira being with child has only improved both milk quantity and quality, to the point where you can practically *<i>feel</i>* the rich creaminess flowing between your fingers as you continue to feverently milk her. At the end of the day, she *<i>is</i>* a cowgirl, and cowgirls have standards...

#converge

Pump, pump and pump away, Moira's breastflesh growing hotter and heavier in your hands. You can feel the faint pulse of her heartbeat through her skin, the churning of her milk glands as they work to replace the baby food that's been expelled through her now rock-hard nipples. Moira herself is now pretty much delirious and insensate with pleasure, lying limply on the bed with the occasional twitch of an arm and leg. Her crotch's absolutely soaked with love-juices, wetting her pubes with glistening honey.

Wow. Really, if she gets off that much on being milked, what does she feel when she has to nurse children? That's a thought you don't want to entertain too deeply, and you quickly put it out of your mind before redoubling your efforts on her tits.

Despite your furious milking, though, Moira's tits take a long while to empty. Either there's much more capacity than their size would belie, or her production rate is *<i>that</i>* quick - one way or the other, it's a good while before the milk from her tits begins to die down. Sensing that your fun's going to come to an end soon, you work towards a spectacular finish - you quickly stroke her fat nipples, furiously wringing her for every last drop of milk that she's worth.

#converge choices

At last, Moira can't take it any more. Full with the sheer bliss of being milked like the cow she is, her hips buck and writhe even as thick, clear nectar explodes from her honeypot, staining the sheets below her. Eyes squeezed shut, fists trembling, Moira throws her head back and screams loud enough that you're certain everyone in the nursery's heard her... and there's no mistaking that for a wailing baby, either.

Even though her milk flow has slowed to mere drops leaking from her nipples, you keep up the stimulation, letting your milfy matron ride out the wave of pleasure. That in itself has its rewards as Moira groans and convulses again, her sensitive tits triggering yet another orgasm - this time a moaning one as she clings to the chair for dear life, fingers gripped so tightly her knuckles have whitened.

Finally, though, it's over, and Moira sags and pants, face nuzzling against the soft pillows on the chair.

<i>"Ohh..."</i>

Judging by the massive pool of milk you're standing in, it looks like she had a good time. Gently, you manhandle Moira out of her milking position and back onto the bed - looks like she needs a good rest after being so utterly drained.

<i>"My tits are going to be sore tomorrow..."</i>

But it was so worth it, right?

The only response you get to that is a soft snore; exhausted from the milking Moira's hugged one of the pillows and drifted off to let her milk cans refill. As for the spilled milk... no point crying over it. You'll show yourself out.

Titfuck

[Titfuck] - Put those tits of hers to good use.

#if Moira is disrobed

Yes... her tits, that's what you desire today. Slowly, deliberately, you level your gaze upon Moira's bosom, doing your damndest to focus your will upon her naked form without obvious about it. Your efforts must have succeeded somewhat, for Moira's flush deepens to a blatant beet red and she shrinks back a little. If she was doing her best to mimic a blushing maiden... well, you have to admit it worked. It's <i>adorable</i>.

#if Moira cupsize >= H

The pillowy, milky mounds that are Moira's boobs are absolutely <i>perfect</i> for a titjob. So huge, so firm... and with such a deep cleavage that things could get <i>lost</i> in there. Add that to the fact of how warm her

heated milk-makers must be right now thanks to her weapons-grade blush, and you're already feeling your [cocks] stiffen in anticipation.

#else if Moira cupsize >= E

Moira's lady lumps are full and large, more than adequate for your average titjob and certainly promising a good time to anything which happens to end up in her deep cleavage. The way they rise and fall on her chest, the way they jiggle softly when she moves unsupported... it's almost hypnotic. You can't wait to get your [cocks] in between those warm mounds, made only even more heated by the weapons-grade blush that's currently on her face.

#else (DD and below)

While Moira's mammaries aren't the largest you've happened to come across, they're more than respectfully large when it comes to the purpose you have in mind, and adequate enough for it. Besides, it's not just size which matters, but firmness and feel... and judging by her perfect skin and weapons-grade blush, she's definitely more than able to make up for that.

#converge

#else

As if drawn to them by some strange magnetism, your eyes fall on the ample amount of cleavage that Moira's showing above her low-cut neckline. For a few seconds, you just watch the milfy matron's milk makers rise and fall with her breathing, each gentle movement causing breastflesh to strain and push against her top.

If there were any doubt in your mind before seeing this, well, it's gone now. You've just *got* to feel those knockers sandwiched about your [cocks].

Reaching for the the hem of Moira's neckline, you give it a firm tug, letting your fingers run down to her cleavage. Moira herself instantly guesses at what you want and wastes no time in unbuttoning her top to reveal her plain white nursing bra.

#if Moira's cup size >= H - same line

The way her massive breasts are lightly squashed together in her bra, the way they press against each other, both full and firm mounds having absolutely nowhere to go but up... can't you just rip the bra off her and get to work already?

#if Moira's cup size >= E - same line

Moira's hefty lady lumps fit snugly in her bra... perhaps a bit *too* snugly, considering the ample amount of breastflesh that's spilling out over the edges. Aww, the poor thing - hasn't she been milked for a while? Well, that only means that they'll be all the more fun to play with when you finally do get to them!

#else - same line

Moira's boobs fill out her nursing bra nicely, leaving no space unused. Being nursery matron means she has to feed all the kids, after all, and the milky load within her tits surely means you'll be getting a better titjob out of the deal. They may not be huge, but they're definitely firm and ripe, and past a certain point size doesn't really matter *that* much, anyway.

#converge

A tug, a pull, a shrug of her shoulders, and Moira's bra falls away from her bosom, letting her knockers stand on their own, free of any constraints.

#if Moira is pregnant - same line

They hang a little lower than they would've otherwise thanks to the milky swelling that's come with her pregnancy, but still look absolutely gorgeous.

#converge

From there on, it's a simple trip down the road to getting both skirt and panties off the milfy matron. While not strictly necessary for what you have in mind for her, it nevertheless *<i>is</i>* nice to be able to see all of Moira while you're busy.

#converge

Now that you've *<i>that</i>* out of the way, it's time to get started.

#if Moira's pregnancy >= full term

Since the pregnant fullness of Moira's tummy prevents you from straddling her torso, you have her kneel on the ground before you. You still have to widen your stance a little to make space for her baby belly, but at least it's a workable position.

#else

With Moira still lying on the bed, it's a small matter to join her up on the mattress and straddle the busty cowgirl, firmly planting your knees on either side of her torso.

#converge

Moira looks up at you with a gaze of dreamy salaciousness, and you can't help but pat her brow and tell her how much she's going to enjoy this.

#if multicock

With nothing left for it, you slide your [cocks] between Moira's cleavage.

#if Moira cupsize >= H - same line

The milfy matron's huge, pillowy boobs have no problem engulfing each and every one of your lengths in their deep cleavage, rolling about them like warm, firm jelly with plenty of room to spare. Sparks of ecstasy shoot up your [cocks] and dart into the rest of your body, leaving you shivering and looking forward to what's about to happen.

#else if Moira cupsize >= E - same line

There's enough flesh on the milfy matron's lady lumps to swallow your [cocks] in their cleavage, although admittedly there's not much to spare. Still, there's enough to maneuver a little and get the most of what you're about to do - and just being in this position, with Moira's heavy, warm tits pressing against your shafts from all sizes... if this isn't a small slice of heaven, you don't know what is.

#else - same line

Alas, even with the milfy matron's above-average bust, there isn't enough space in her cleavage for her lady lumps to be able to fully engulf your [cocks]. A bit of a pity, that - but still, if she rolls them around a bit she's able to get most of it, and the sheer warm firmness of her pert boobage is enough to make up for what she lacks in size.

Oh well. Quality over quantity, as they say - and Moira's sure got quality. The feel of her breastflesh against your [cocks] is nothing short of heavenly, and a shiver runs through your body as you realize her breasts are gently pulsing in time with her heartbeat.

#converge

#else

#if Moira cupsize >= H - same line

With how expansive Moira's lady lumps are, your girth is swallowed up in no time, nestled firmly between the mountainous, gently pulsing humps of boobflesh that gently squash and caress your [cock]. With such unearthly stimulation being applied to it, your shaft becomes painfully hard in a matter of mere moments, feeling absolutely engorged and straining at its fleshy confines. All right, then - you're ready to get down to business.

#else if Moira cupsize >= E - same line

With a sigh of satisfaction, you position the length of your [cock] atop Moira's ample cleavage and gently start applying pressure. The milfy matron's breasts part readily to admit you entrance, and your rod glides into the valley like a knife through butter, Moira's firm boobflesh flowing back in place in the wake of your shaft's passage.

The gentle heat of Moira's bosom, the way your [cock] is completely engulfed... you haven't even gotten started yet, and this is already amazing.

#else - same line

As your [cock] sinks between Moira's lady lumps, the firm yet pliable breastflesh flows back to surround your shaft in an envelope of warm bliss. Possibly the only better thing than this might be the milfy matron's baby-making hole... but here and now, you're gasping with delight at how welcome Moira's cleavage is making your [cock] feel, your shaft becoming hard and full in a matter of moments. Sure, it might be true that you've seen larger in your time, but the quality of the titfuck that you're about to receive is probably going to outweigh any size issues that might arise.

#converge

#converge

Thus properly positioned, you give your hips a few experimental thrusts, sliding your [cocks] through the channel formed by Moira's lady lumps.

#if biggest cock length >= 12 - same line

Naturally, the inevitable occurs, considering your length: your [cockTip] bumps into Moira's chin, leaving daubs of pre smeared on impact. Aww... well, guess you'll have to angle yourself a bit or something so you don't keep on chucking her on the chin while you go about this.

#else - same line

Aah... now that's something you can get behind. All right, then - time to start in earnest.

#converge

Arching your back and putting your weight on your knees, you begin grinding through the tunnel formed by Moira's funbags. The milfy cowgirl croons softly and takes hold of her nipples, pulling her breasts together as you start pumping away, tweaking her nipples while she's at it. Before long, the smooth, warm skin of the makeshift tunnel is well-lubricated with a mixture of sweat and pre, and slick sounds accompany each thrust you make. Moira works with you, pushing and pulling her flushed, sensitive tits in the opposite direction of your movements, and with how fast you can feel your cum building up at the base of your cock it's hard to deny that cowgirls indeed do have some of the best tits around, regardless of how they're being used.

#if cock length >= 12

Without warning, Moira cranes her neck down, and then her generous lips are over [one of] your [cockTip][s], the milfy matron sucking you off on the head even as her generous breasts deal with the rest of your shaft[s]. You groan in unexpected bliss as her tongue explores your [cockTip], rubbing against the base of your glans, testing your urethra...

Spirits above, this is *<i>it</i>*. Either Moira is the luckiest natural at this you've ever come across, or there are memories buried deep beneath the surface of her mind which pertain to titfucking and sucking cock... well, she's the perfect picture of motherliness, and to be a mommy you've got to do some things first...

#converge

Back and forth, back and forth you slide through Moira's motherly mammaries, those dark dugs coaxing every last possible tingle of pleasure from you even as her nipple tweaking causes beads of milk to erupt from the dark and stiff nubs of flesh. What a turnabout - the one who's usually being milked doing the milking, and while being milked herself, too!

With ministrations so heavenly, you don't last very long[despite your experience].

#if PC has balls - same line

You can already feel your balls churning, growing heavy with seed as you prepare to erupt all over the motherly matron,

#else - same line

You can already feel a growing, ominous pressure building up at the base of your [cocks],

#converge - same line

even as Moira [releases your cocktip from her mouth and] squeezes away furiously.

And like that, you release.

#PC cums

#if multicock

All your shafts fire off at once like cannons in a broadside,

#else

With a groan, your shaft fires off like a cannon,

#converge - same line

drenching Moira in seed.

#if high cum amount - same line

Rope after rope of seed fountains outward and coats Moira's face and breasts, obscene amounts of sperm blasting forth from you before

#if Moira pregnancy >= full term - same line

oozing onto her round, pregnant belly, coating the life-filled orb and giving poor Moira a distinct reminder how she managed to get that way. Even that doesn't slow the flow for long; before you know it, the milfy matron is kneeling in a pool of your spunk, still reeling from the force of your ejaculation.

#else - same line

pooling on the bed under the two of you, thoroughly soaking sheets, mattress, and Moira's hair alike. It's all the milfy matron can do under this tumultuous torrent to breathe and hold on until it finally fades.

#converge

#else - same line

Spurt after spurt of jizm blasts out onto Moira's face and breasts, covering the cowgirl's skin with hot and thick gobbets of sperm. Happily, with how gratuitously hefty Moira's dugs are, there's plenty of space for all your sperm to stick to. What doesn't stick oozes off her in dollops that finally slow as you finish expending yourself on her.

When you're finally done and the last drops of jizm have broken their final strands, Moira's face and boobs are painted prettily with your cum, an unusually large amount of it having gathered in her cleavage.

#converge

At last, you pull your [cocks] away from her with a very satisfying sucking sound, [each and every one of] your shaft[s] coated with a thin film of seed and sweat. Judging by the look on Moira's face, too, she couldn't be any happier with the results.

Did she have fun?

<i>"Of... of course, love."</i>

Well, that's great, then. You think you'll just sit here on the bed and gather your strength awhile... before you know it, though, you're lying down and fast asleep, utterly spent.

Daughter[s]

//Requires her to have had at least one daughter before showing up, naturally.

<i>"Oh, [she's/they're] doing just fine,"</i> Moira replies cheerily. <i>"Was there anything you wanted with [her/them], dear?"</i>

You look around the nursery, and spy your daughter[s] at work - Moira has delegated some of the more routine work to [her/them], leaving the matron herself more free to deal with any actual emergencies that arise. Just watching your daughter[s] going at it belies Moira's organizational skills, which keep everything coordinated and from dissolving into chaos.

Back to the point, though. Was there anything you needed from [her/them]?

[Appearance][Incest][Back]

Appearance

[Appearance] - Examine your daughter[s] in more detail.

You tell Moira that you'd like to inspect your daughter[s] more closely.

<i>"No problem, love. Give me a moment to gather them."</i> With that, Moira raises her fingers to her mouth and whistles. While the noise isn't actually loud, it carries well through the nursery, drawing the attention of all who care to listen. [Quickly/One by one], your daughter[s] set[notS] down what [she's/they're] doing and file[s] up before Moira for your appraisal.

#if Moira's daughters >= 2

Casting an eye between your daughters, you pick out one of them to examine.

#converge - same line

To say that she's the spitting image of Moira would be an understatement - your daughter is essentially what you might imagine her mother to be were she younger and less... well-developed, so to speak. Dressed in a plain apron skirt and blouse, your daughter doesn't have the fullness of chest and hip alike which dignifies Moira - which, one supposes, only means she's still got some way to come into her own. Her blond hair hangs down a little way past her shoulders, stray wisps of hair nestling in her brow, and those wide eyes and small nose are absolutely to die for.

Either way, she's inherited plenty of her mother's simple, sweet charm, as well as the small, stubby horns and and tufted tail that mark her as a cowgirl. But most of all, she's got her mother's winning smile, that small, gentle upturning of her lips that sets hearts to melting and adds that special touch when she works with the children.

What makes her different from Moira, though, is the small pair of gossamer-like wings that rise from her back. As far as you can tell, they're vestigial - hardly able to support a grown human's weight, at any rate - but you know that they're just a feature of young lesser spirits, and that she'll be able to decide whether to manifest them or not when she comes of age.

<i>"Say hello to your father, dear[s]. [HeShe]'s dropped in for a visit."</i>

#if Moira daughters >= 2

Together, your daughters look up at you, something approaching wonder in their eyes. <i>“Hello, Daddy.”</i>
#else (one daughter)
Shyly, your daughter steps forward and looks up at you. <i>“Hello, Daddy.”</i>
#converge

Good girl[s]. Seems like Moira’s doing an excellent job of raising them right. Of course, it helps that they all take after her, right down to the demure nature...

Moira laughs softly. <i>“That, dear, and the fact that I have [her/them] working with the children all day. As I said, I don’t intend to keep idle hands about. They tend to get itchy and cause all sorts of problems.”</i>

Another soft whistle from her, and your daughters scatter, returning to their tasks.
<i>“Anything else you need, love?”</i>

#display main Moira menu

Incest

[Incest] - You know, they really take after their mother...

Back

[Back] - Nah, there’s nothing you need right now.

<i>“Ah, I see. Just asking about them, then.”</i> Moira nods at you, then straightens her top.
<i>“Anything else, then?”</i>

#display main Moira menu

Preg + Breeding

Moira suggests getting helpers

//Trigger this upon entering the nursery when there are 5 or more kids.

Deciding to visit the nursery today, you head towards the building by the side of the gemstead. Scarcely have you stepped past the doorway, though, that Moira steps up to greet you. The nursery matron is her usual stoic self, although there’s something different about her today... there’s a certain eagerness to the cowgirl that she isn’t bothering to hide, and you wonder what’s on her mind.

<i>“Hello there, dear,”</i> she says, curtsying a greeting. <i>“How fortuitous that you just happened to drop by! There was something I was hoping to discuss with you.”</i>

What's the matter?

<i>"Hmm... how should I put it?"</i> the cowgirl hesitates a moment and licks her full lips.
<i>"Let's just say that you've been quite diligent in starting to fill up the nursery, right?"</i>

Yes, that is true.

<i>"I know that I'm not the type to complain about being overworked, but at the same time it would be nice to have a few extra pairs of hands around the nursery to help out. This goes double if you're going to be sending more little ones my way - I may not be swamped now, dear, but it pays off to think well ahead before any problems actually crop up."</i>

#if Moira's daughters > 0

Yeah, you can see where Moira's coming from. Sure, she may be a spirit, but she's only got one pair of hands. What does she intend for you to do about it, then?

Moira's smile widens. <i>"Nothing. You've already done it; I was just looking to tell you what I intend."</i>

Wait, what? You feel like you're missing part of this conversation.

<i>"What I'm getting at, dear, is that I'm intending to put our daughter[s] to work alongside me quite soon. It'll keep [herthem] out of trouble, give [herthem] something productive to do, and it'll be a load off my hands. You, I presume, have no problems with this?"</i>

Of course not. It's better than most of the alternative scenarios you can think up that involve a whole gaggle of bored cowgirls, in any case.

<i>"Wonderful."</i> Quickly, Moira leans in and gives you a peck on the cheek.
<i>"Anyways, that's all I wanted to tell you. Take your time looking around, and I'll be here if you need anything!"</i>

#end encounter

#else if Moira is pregnant

All right, then. She needs help - you get that, and she clearly has something in mind. Where does she intend to get her helpers, then? Surely she can't mean asking some of the others in the gemstead to help out?

Moira giggles, a soft, pleasant peal of laughter. <i>"No, love. You don't need to worry about anything - you've already done all you can. My future helpers will all come from here."</i> She gently pats her pregnant belly with both hands.

It takes a little while for her meaning to sink in, but when it does there's no mistaking her intentions. She intends to employ her own daughters as aides?

<i>“Yep! They won’t remain as kids for long, so I’ve got to give them something to do to keep them out of trouble, anyway. Besides, where are you going to get help as good and enthusiastic as I am, if not from me?”</i>

That’s one way of putting it, but you have to admit she’s right.

<i>“Right, so it seems there aren’t any objections. That’s all I was intending to tell you, love - unless you had something to add?”</i>

No, you don’t think so. In fact, you’re still wrapping your mind about what she just told you.

<i>“Wonderful.”</i> Quickly, Moira leans in and gives you a peck on the cheek.

<i>“I’m hoping that as the nursery grows, we get to make plenty more daughters to help me out with the work. Now, I’m afraid that’s all I have for the moment, dear - but take your time looking around, and don’t be afraid to call out if you need anything!”</i>

#else (No daughters and not pregnant)

Well, that certainly <i>is</i> a bit of a conundrum. You suppose you could try to cajole some of the others into helping out at the nursery, but it’s unlikely that they’ll take to the job with Moira’s ruthless efficiency and cheerfulness even if they agree.

Moira’s smile widens into a rare grin, displaying white, pearly teeth. <i>“Oh, love. You don’t need to worry about bothering your friends - I know where I can get as many helping hands as I need. The only problem is that I’ll need your help to bring them here.”</i>

Oh? Just who are these helpers, and how does she intend to bring them into the gemstead?

The cowgirl doesn’t say anything, but there’s a subtle shift in her eyes, a mischievous twinkle that’s gone in a moment. Arching her back, Moira thrusts her bared, slender midriff at you, then points with both hands at her lower belly, just below her belly button. It takes a few moments for her suggestion to fully sink in, but when it does, there’s little doubt about what she intends.

Is she <i>absolutely</i> sure about this?

<i>“It does solve all my problems quite neatly, dear,”</i> Moira replies. <i>“Like you said, where else are you going to get childcare that’s as ruthlessly cheerful and efficient as I am? From me, of course! That, and... I’d love to have some daughters of my own.”</i>

Won’t any daughters she has just be more children for the nursery?

<i>“Oh, they won’t stay that way for long. Trust me on this, I just know.”</i>

Like the way she knew she was supposed to be the nursery matron?

<i>“Exactly! Well, dear, are you up for it?”</i>

[Sure!][Umm...]

[Sure!] - If she needs the help, she needs it. Who cares about the how?

Ah, why not? What Moira’s saying does make sense, even if it’s a rather strange sort of sense... but if she needs the help and has a solution, you don’t see any reason to refuse her, especially if participating in said solution is probably going to be quite the experience for you.

#if cock

<i>“Let’s get started, then,”</i> Moira says with a giggle, tugging at your hand.
<i>“I’ve made sure the little ones won’t want for anything while we’re busy.”</i>

Busy... that’s one way to put it. Time to play your part, then - sweeping the cowgirl off her feet, you carry Moira into her little bedroom at the back of the nursery and shut the door behind you.

#go to Breeding sex scene.

#else

<i>“Okay, then!”</i> Moira replies, the cowgirl practically giddy with excitement. <i>“Why don’t you go out and get the required tackle, and come back when you do? I can hardly wait to get started and have daughters of my own!”</i>

Looking at her beaming eyes and upturned mouth, you have to admit Moira’s enthusiasm is rather infectious. Very well, then - you’ll go out and get a cock that’s worthy of knocking her up well and good.

<i>“Don’t be too long now, dear!”</i> Moira says as she waves you out of the nursery. <i>“It’s rude to keep a lady waiting, you know.”</i>

#end encounter

#Move to Gemsteam main area

#converge

[Umm...] - This doesn’t sound like a very good idea.

Hmm... it doesn’t sound like a very good idea to you. Besides, what if she’s wrong? that’d just be more work for your one pair of hands.

<i>“Aww,”</i> Moira pouts. You can tell she’s trying to pull off the cute girl schtick, but really, she’s just a bit too well-developed and matronly for <i>that</i>.
<i>“Spoilsport.”</i>

You’ll give it some thought.

<i>“Hmp. If you ever change your mind, you just have to ask. In the meantime, dear, I suppose I’ll just have to contend with the ever-increasing workload I see you piling upon me.”</i>

Gee, she sure can lay on the guilt. Skirts swishing about her ankles, Moira spins gracefully on her heel and leaves, clearly preferring the company of the children to yours at the moment.

#end encounter

#converge

Moira gives birth

//Naturally, trigger this if Moira gives birth while you’re in the gemstead.

#if Moira’s daughters < 2

All of a sudden, you have an uneasy feeling in the pit of your stomach. Maybe it’s just a hunch, or maybe it’s the gem telling you something, but you sense something amiss in nursery and decide to head over.

When you get there, Moira’s nowhere to be seen, although the door to her little bedroom in the back is ajar. She never really leaves the nursery... still, you can’t help but worry, and push the door open to head in.

#else (2 or more daughters)

<i>“Daddy! Daddy!”</i>

The sudden, soft voice catches your attention, and when you turn you find yourself face-to-face with one of Moira’s daughters, the poor thing in a state of mild panic. You grab the heifer by the shoulders until she calms down a little, then ask her what’s the matter.

<i>“Mammy said to come and get you really quick!”</i>

Huh. You follow your daughter at a brisk pace back to the nursery, where you find Moira copiously absent. The door to her bedroom is ajar, though, and you take that as an invitation, brushing past your daughter to step in.

#converge

It soon becomes clear what the matter is: Moira's currently lying on her bed, her back propped up by a huge pile of pillows. Her top's unbuttoned, letting her heavy breasts flop out to either side, while her skirts and panties hang off a bedpost, leaving her lower body bare. Most prominent, though, is the

#if Moira littersize = 1 - same line

round and heavy

#else if Moira littersize = 2 - same line

full and protruding

#else (Moira littersize = 3) - same line

massive and monstrous

#converge - same line

belly that rests in her lap, beaded with a thin sheen of sweat.

<i>"Hello, dear,"</i> Moira says, breathing heavily. <i>"I was wondering when you'd show up."</i>

Yes, you're here. How far along is she?

<i>"Oh, I just got started, dear. Nothing to worry about at all - I just wanted you to know. I mean, if I wanted to I could probably hold it in for a little while longer, maybe a couple weeks -"</i>

She shouldn't joke like that.

<i>"I never make light of these things, love. Anyway -"</i> the cowgirl shudders and draws a deep breath - <i>"I can handle this perfectly well, if you'd like. I mean, all I wanted was for you to know, so if you'd rather not watch..."</i>

[Watch][Don't Watch]

[Watch] - What does she mean? Of course you're going to be here for her.

Reaching out and taking Moira's hand in your own, you give it a gentle squeeze. Just because she's a cow doesn't mean that she has to be silly - of course you're going to be here for the birth. Anything less wouldn't be proper.

<i>"Thanks, love,"</i> Moira replies, squeezing back. She looks as if she's got something else to say, but she suddenly squeezes her eyes shut in focused effort. As you watch, Moira's

#if Moira littersize = 1 - same line

full-term belly shifts, squeezing inwards a little as the first contractions begin in earnest. The cowgirl groans softly, rubbing the full dome of her belly to soothe the heifer within.

#else if Moira littersize = 2 - same line

heavily pregnant belly pushes inwards, the contraction visibly pressing in on her hefty, distended womb. The cowgirl sucks in a heavy breath through gritted teeth, then slumps further back into the pillows as the fit passes.

Is she all right there?

<i>“It doesn’t hurt, but I wish it didn’t have to be so tiring,”</i> Moira pants, her tongue hanging out of her mouth like a dog. <i>“I’ve barely gotten started, and I already feel drained.”</i>

#else (Moira littersize = 3) - same line

massively gravid belly is gripped by a hefty contraction, the taut, elongated dome pushing inwards by a good half-inch before relaxing and swelling outwards to its previous size. The cowgirl groans aloud, reaching around her front as far as she can to rub at the tense skin.

<i>“Ooh... don’t worry, dear, it’s not painful... but it still is mighty tiring.”</i>

And unsurprisingly so, considering her overfilled womb. With so little space, it’s not surprising that her heifers want out.

#converge

Well, you can’t imagine anyone more suited to the job than Moira is. If she can’t do it, no one can.

<i>“Thanks for your confidence, dear. But would you be so kind as to get some hot water and a few towels? I didn’t have the wherewithal to grab them before I ended up bedridden.”</i>

But of course. Nipping out of the room, it doesn’t take you long to find what she wants in the nursery,

#if Moira’s daughters >= 2 - same line

especially with your daughters practically falling over themselves to help you,

#converge - same line

and by the time you return, Moira’s already well on her way. Already low and heavy at the outset, her bump has dropped even more as her heifers prepare to enter the world. As you set the water and towels down on the bedside table, Moira braces herself, fingers digging into the mattress as she pushes away, her hair damp with sweat.

The birth, when it comes, is unsurprisingly easy thanks to Moira’s massive hips. Her belly shifts, her nethers bulge and part, and

#if Moira littersize = 1 - same line

before too long there’s a little squalling baby on the mattress, all wrinkly and slick with birth fluids. Remembering your place, you pick up your daughter and gently towel her off with a warm, damp cloth.

#else if Moira littersize = 2 - same line

you see the first heifer's head crown from between her legs. Making sure your hands are clean, you do what you can to help with the birth, gently easing your newborn daughter into the world.

With the birth of your first daughter, Moira's belly has shrunk a little, but the ordeal's far from over. Another wave of contractions grip the matronly cowgirl as her second baby begins the descent down the birthing canal - the second's far easier than the first, and before long another little cowgirl has joined her sister, safely wrapped in a warm, moist towel.

#else (Moira littersize = 3) - same line

soon enough, the first of the babies crowns, emerging from between her legs in a messy puddle of birth fluids; you hurry to cut the cord and quickly clean off the little mewling heifer.

Of course, the birth is far from over - it's only just begun to get started. Moira's belly is a little smaller, her womb less strained and overstuffed, but two is still a party; now that her muscles have warmed up, another powerful set of heaving contractions quickly starts the process of sliding another heifer through Moira's cervix and down her birth canal.

Moira pants and groans, one hand on the curve of her remaining pregnancy, the other gripping the sheets so tightly her knuckles have whitened. Beads of sweat run down her cheeks and chin as she huffs with the exertion of bringing new life into the world, and it's probably a good thing that her hips are so wide...

Gritting her teeth, Moira throws her head back into the pillows and strains away, her large, pregnant belly rippling and contracting visibly as her remaining babies are nudged closer and closer to her netherlips.

Another tremendous push, and the next child slides out, quickly followed by yet another. Seems like her body's decided to get it over with - the task done, Moira sinks back into the mountain of pillows, her chest heaving as she catches her breath.

#converge - same line

[Don't Watch] - You'd rather be spared the details of her birthing.

<i>"All right, then,"</i> Moira replies, cradling her swollen belly as she pants. <i>"Would-you you mind getting some hot water and plenty of clean towels, then? I'll be fine on my own over there; I was made for this, after all."</i>

Hot water and clean towels, got it. You hurry out of the room, and

#if Moira's daughters >= 2

assisted by Moira's daughters,

#converge

quickly gather up what you need from the nursery. You can hear groaning and panting from Moira's little bedroom, but she doesn't curse or scream, and you've just returned when the

soft, unmistakable wail of a newborn reaches your ears. Stepping inside with the water and towels, you find Moira handling

#if Moira littersize = 1 - same line

one

#else if Moira littersize = 2 - same line

two

#else (Moira littersize = 3) - same line

a trio of

#converge - same line

little heifers, each one still damp with birth fluids and wrinkled all over. Doing what you can, you towel off and wrap up your newborn daughters, turning your eyes away while Moira deals with the messy matter of the afterbirth.

#converge choices

Phew. With all the activity having died down a little, you give your daughter[s] a look-over. Two arms, two legs, two horns, one tail - yep, seems like everything's in order. All perfectly fine and healthy, you note as you hand [her/them] to [her/their] mother, who pats her now much smaller belly in satisfaction.

#if Moira littersize = 1 - same line

<i>"That wasn't so bad,"</i> Moira muses. <i>"I'm already looking forward to the next one."</i>

#else if Moira littersize = 2 - same line

<i>"That was a bit of a push, but I think I handled it quite well, dear. Then again, I should be the last one to have any kind of problem with this sort of thing."</i>

Indeed. It'd be quite embarrassing otherwise.

<i>"I ought to pace myself better in the future, but it all turned out for the best."</i>

#else (Moira littersize = 3) - same line

<i>"Oof. That last one took the wind out of my sails. Still, it's good practice for next time."</i>

She's <i>already</i> thinking about next time?

<i>"Why not, love? If you're going to keep on the keeping on, then I can hardly fall too far behind, can I?"</i>

#converge - same line

Finally having made herself as comfortable as possible, Moira raises the little heifer in her hands to her breasts. Heavily swollen and engorged, they've grown considerably with her pregnancy, and now it's time for these lovely milk cans to be put to good use. The newborn suckles greedily at Moira's milky teats, and a look of pure bliss crosses the faces of both mother and daughter.

As you look on, a miraculous transformation takes place - not just nutrition, but knowledge and personality passes from mother to daughter through this bond, your daughter rapidly maturing from a newborn into a toddler and then a child in the blink of an eye.

Soon, she's no longer in her mother's arms, but rather sitting in her lap as she makes the push into puberty, breasts budding and hips starting to widen as she finally ends up as a young adult on the cusp of full womanhood, looking to be about eighteen, if you had to guess. The entire transformation can't have taken more than half an hour, but at length your daughter pops free, and Moira affectionately wipes the last smidgens of milk from her mouth.

This process repeats itself with her other

#if Moira's littersize = 2 - same line

daughter,

#else if Moira's littersize = 3 - same line

two daughters,

#converge - same line

and when Moira's finally done nursing, her breasts have been emptied of their nourishing load, having shrunk back down to their pre-pregnancy size. That's quite a feat, considering that even all the children in the nursery couldn't manage that, but then again, your daughters have Moira for a mother and all that growing must've surely given them a large appetite. Never fear, you've no doubt that Moira's mammaries will soon fill up again, and the pregnancy will mean her milk's richer and tastier for a bit longer yet.

<i>"And that seems to be that,"</i> Moira says with a tired but proud sigh. <i>"I'll take it from here, dear - get the girls dressed, the sheets washed and all that."</i>

Is she sure she doesn't want any help?

<i>"Trust me on this, love. I do this day in, day out."</i>

You'll leave her to it, then. With one last appreciative glance at Moira and your new daughter[s], you turn on your heel and leave the bedroom.