//add a [Borrow Harpies for Brint] button to Zhara's main menu, when he's in the party. You must have had sex with Brint before.
//Tooltip: Zhara's girls are always looking for a stud to seed their eggs. How about you work together with a couple dozen of them to show Brint the time of his life.

Glancing over your shoulder to where Brint's idling {first time|gives you a deliciously salacious idea that you're sure both your big bull and Zhara's mass of underlings will enjoy|is all it takes to get you in the mood for a repeat of your previous antics}. You take a step closer to Zhara, casually grabbing a handful of plush harpy butt to draw her in.

"So I was thinking," you say, looking over your shoulder again. "How about we double the harpy population around here? Your girls are always up for getting filled with eggs, aren't they?"

The redheaded wingleader arches a brow, following your gaze. "I think you just wanna spoil your boyfriend, don'tcha?"

"It's a win for everyone," you say, shivering as one of Zhara's claws teases up your back. "So, gonna call the girls down for me?"

She snickers. "We are but your humble servants, m'[pc.mf|lord|lady]," Zhara says, glancing upwards and giving a sharp whistle.

She points one feathery arm past you towards your minotaur stud, and in the blink of an eye there's a deluge of feathers and curves descending on an unsuspecting Brint. The bull's got just enough time to let out a startled snort before half a dozen harpy girls crash into him, clinging to arms and horns and wrapping their legs around his chest. The rest of the flock flutters around, circling like buzzards while their sisters overwhelm their mark and bring him crashing to the ground.

[mitra.met|Zhara gives you a wink and hefts Mitra up onto her shoulder. "I'll leave you all to it, then. I'll go and take the chicks out for a bit."|"And there they go!" Zhara giggles. "You better go join in on the fun before they turn that hunk of Minoan meat into a raisin. I'll be watching!"]

Seems like right in the middle of your great hall is proving to be as good a place as any for this. You start shedding your equipment as you walk, sauntering over to where Brint's sprawled out on his back. He's laughing more than he's struggling, big brown hands grabbing at perky tits and enormous asses as they're stripped out of their tunics, but as soon as you're in reach Brint pushes himself up and sinks his fingers into your [pc.butt]. "This is your fault!" he chuckles, though it ends in a lowing breath as one of the harpies finally pulls his loincloth free. Another of the girls gets slapped in the face with his half-hard cock, sending her flopping back only to be replaced by another eager slut. "Throwing me to the wolves, are you?"

"Leaving you for the crows, actually," you tease, stroking one of the girls' raven-black feathers. "Though I bet I'll find some juicy morsels left."

The harpy sitting between Brint's massive thighs chooses this moment to position herself on top of his wobbling member, splitting her lower lips open on his broad flare. You give Brint's hand a squeeze, holding it tight as the bird-girl starts sinking down his pole. Harpies might be unnaturally stretchy, but even by minotaur standards your bull's pretty damn hung, and it's an effort for the girl to push herself down his immense shaft. Luckily, she's got plenty of sisters crowding around to help: a pair of them grab her by the waist and yank her down, making her throw her head back in orgasmic bliss before she's even gotten to the hilt.

Another couple of girls sit themselves on Brint's chest, burying him in kisses while another duo slink down between his legs, sucking and slurping on his nutsack. The rest are left to fight for fingers to please themselves on, or start grinding on his thighs and biceps, anything to get involved while the first of them slowly warms up his cock. And considering you've still got one of Brint's hands to yourself, you might as well join in the fun. [pc.hasRealCock|You guide those big, strong fingers to wrap themselves around your [pc.cock], and find that Brint doesn't object to giving you a stroke|You spread your legs and push Brint's big, strong fingers between them. He slides two digits into your pussy without complaint]. Even when he's being accosted from every direction, Brint's good as ever, slow but strong in his tender ministrations. You lean into his hand, biting your lip and sinking down onto your knees. One of the harpy-girls pulls you into a kiss, pulling your hands onto her breasts, while your hips start gyrating against Brint's firm hand. Another harpy shoves her fingers between that girl's asscheeks, rubbing at her twat from behind.

The lass mounting Brint squeals, and you feel Brint's hand tense. You glance over just in time to see the first of the bird-babes swelling with his load, tummy bulging with your lover's obscene virility. What she can't take comes drooling back down his shaft, only to be licked up by over-eager breeders that can't wait to get their turn. Indeed, the fertilized harpy is promptly pulled off Brint's cock by her sisters, only to be replaced with another excited squawker. She wiggles her hips and blows Brint a kiss, and then plunges down so deep that you can see his cock imprinting on her tummy.

"Khaak, woman!" Brint grunts. "I just came!"

"Like that'd stop you," you tease, parting from the harpy you're making out with to lean in and kiss him.

The harpy on Brint's gasps a second later, her whole body shivering. "Woah! He got way hard there!"

You give her a wing and sling a leg over Brint's chest, sitting yourself on those huge, rock-hard abs of his [pc.hasRealCock|with your dick flopped right in between them|with his fingers still inside you].

"Mm, that's a sight I never get tired of," he grins, starting to move his hand a little faster for you. The harpy occupying his other one gets the same treatment, squawking happily as she sinks down to his knuckles and enjoys the ride. You have to fight off another harpy trying to come in and sit on his face, intending to block the view -- no, you want to stare into your bull's eyes while he's ridden to completion all over again.

You aren't left waiting long. Brint's breathing quickens, and you hear commotion behind you. Wet, squelching noises presage one harpy being changed out for another on your partner's dick, but all you see is his head rolling back, teeth gritting as he's buried right back into another fertile cunt barely a second after he's pumped his load. Gods, you can smell the breed heavy in the air -- the heavy, musky scent of his cum oozing from aching wombs, and the scent of horny bird-sluts desperate for more. It's enough to make your own loins burn.

The two lucky ladies that've already been filled by Brint's seed sprawl out beside him, one nestling under either arm, hands wrapped around their cum-gravid tummies. "These're gonna be egg bumps soon," one of them trills, putting a hand on his chest.

"You ready to be a daddy, Daddy?" the other giggles.

{First time BUT has kids with El or Champ|Brint just shakes his head. "Way ahead of you, girls. And proud of it."//else, first time but no kids|Brint's eyes widen a moment, like the realization is just settling in. "Well. Guess I better be glad [pc.name] here's got a nice place for 'em!"//else|"You mean again? Hell, sure, I love the lil' chicks."}

Any further thought is cut off by his own breath catching, coming out as a bestial snort. You feel the minotaur's chest muscles tensing, and then the orgasmic shriek of a harpy just behind you confirms it. Three down, how many to go? Another twenty?

"Whoo!" the latest harpy croons. "Wow, he made a mess."

You find yourself making a hungry noise, turning around even though it means abandoning Brint's hand. "Well, I better clean him up then."

[Next]

The latest harpy to be blessed by Brint's seed is sporting a tummy the size of a [silly|bowling ball|melon]; her cunt's spread open as wide as her fist and leaking a waterfall of precious white. She's not kidding about the mess: between the three of them, Brint's crotch is a swamp of steaming spooge, ropes and rivers clinging to his ebony pillar and spilling across his sack. You grasp him in both hands and guide him to your [pc.lips], reveling in the sounds your lover makes as your [pc.tongue] laps at his crown. A deliciously mixed taste of his and the harpies' juices spreads across your tongue, and then straight down your throat until your nose is nestling into Brint's balls and your neck's bulging around him. A few harpies clap, and other hoot and cheer,

urging you to suck their [pc.hasRealCock|favorite] new stud. Brint hardens again at your touch just as you know he will, and you deftly polish him clean from flare to nuts before coming back up for air.

"Hey, there's still some more here," the harpy says, spreading her pussylips. "Since you're clearly so hungry for him."

"Me too!" another squawks.

"And me!"

Brint grunts, finally sitting up. "Hold on, girls. [pc.name] deserves a turn, don'tcha think?"

His big, strong hands wrap around your middle, and you find yourself being hoisted up into the air amidst a cavalcade of jealous harpy noises. You kick your legs a little, but a pair of girls grab your ankles and fold you up like a pretzel while Brint plows you down on his spit-shined pole. You throw your head back, groaning like a whore as all that bullmeat plumbs your depths. [pc.hasRealCock|Your own [pc.cock] jumps up as Brint crushes your [pc.vagAss|g-spot|cum-button], spurting a fat rope of [pc.cum] across one of the harpies' chests. She just giggles and wipes it up, stuffing it right in her pussy.]

A bird-slut quickly [pc.hasRealCock|gets to sucking your cock|buries her head between your spread legs, starting to munch your rug] while Brint gets to business. Other birds gather around, smooching all over you and your stud, grabbing at [pc.hasBoobs|your boobs|you to get at your lips], while another gets Brint by the horns and bends his head back so she can kiss him from above. Before you know it, you're covered in harpy lipstick marks! Gods there's just so many, all waiting their turn to be filled by his cock... but for this moment, it's all yours, and you resolve to enjoy your time with it in the midst of this orgy.

Brint stretches you out wonderfully, imprinting his massive cock into your [pc.vagOrAss] with every thrust. He snorts and bellows, pumping his hips so violently against your [pc.butt] that the clapping drowns out the harpies' squawking -- just as your own moans are muffled by the birdsluts kissing you. Your stomach bulges obscenely around your stud's bullcock, but that too attracts the jealous gropes and admiring lips of your cohorts -- those not already latched to your [pc.hasRealCock|[pc.cocks]|pussy] anyway. Your eyes roll back, mouth agape, and you surrender to the cavalcade of disparate sensations.

Orgasm comes hard and fast, pounded out of you by that lush cock and straight into a harpy's waiting mouth. She [pc.hasRealCock|eagerly sucks your load down, only to go and snowball it into the mouth of the girl that was just kissing you|giggles as you squirt all over her face, painting her down with juices.] Behind you, though, Brint's too far gone into his breeding frenzy to notice -- his cock keeps driving into you unabated, pushing you to new heights of over-sensitized pleasure. His hands grip your waist hard, breath coming bellows-hard into your ear.

"Here it... comes!" is your only warning, before an eruption of mino-cum swells your belly. You manage nothing more than wordless groans as you're filled beyond capacity by the bounty of Brint's balls, given a gravid cum-belly sloshing with so much seed that it comes spilling back down all over again.

[Next]

A pair of harpies take you under the arms and haul you off Brint's cock, down on hands and knees. Brint, though, surges to his hooves and grabs one of them, pushing her down beside you. She arches her back and giggles, until his dick pounding into her turns that into a shriek of pleasure. The other birdy nestles in behind you and starts licking up the wasted cream spilling down your thighs, leaving you shivering in answer to her lengthy tongue wriggling [pc.vagAss|between your lips|through your rim].

The rest of the flock pile in around you -- or more accurately, next to you, lining up with their asses presented for Brint's pleasure. What's good for the goose is good for the gander, it seems. You push yourself up enough to watch your stud finish inside the bird next to you, grunting and slapping her ass before giving it to the next girl over without a moment's hesitation. This deep into things, he's lost himself to his instincts, going from one slut to the next and packing her womb full of his potent cum.

He's a wonder to behold, isn't he?

And it's just downright impressive that one man can have so much cum at the ready. By the time he's done, Brint's left nearly two dozen harpy sluts packed so full that they look already eggnant, all laid out and well-fucked. Brint's chest is heaving, and his cock's positively glistening with a mix of juices -- flagging but still half-hard even after all that work. The harpies are swooning, cradling heavy cum-bellies and shaking their tail-feathers.

You finally roll onto your side and stretch an arm out towards Brint, trying to get his attention. The big bull's still in a daze, but still, when he notices you, he comes right over and scoops you up in his arms, giving you a tongue-kiss. "That was... draining."

"The girls couldn't be happier," you tell him. "And neither could I."

"Same," he assures you. "Though I could use a bath after all that. You coming?"

You smile. "Wouldn't miss it."