

# Naliaka

Half gnoll monster girl bounty hunter.

To unlock Naliaka the Player must first rescue her.

She'll allow the PC to top her if they beat her in a fistfight. After seven days from saving her she'll appear in the hunter's lodge. Most of her sex scenes and the fight option will be disabled until another seven days pass.

[Initial encounter]

Walking down the trail you stumble onto the aftermath of a battle. The ground is splattered with blood. Two lupines are laying face down on the ground. You approach carefully in case it's some convoluted trap. You flip one of the lupines onto her back to check for a pulse, but you decide not to bother when you see that her throat has been slit. Checking out if the other lupine managed to survive you find him to be dead as well.

"What the hell happened here?" you wonder aloud. Investigating further you notice that there are four sets of footprints. Three of them come from one direction, and the fourth came from the opposite, but only one returns where it came from. The fourth trail leads into the thick forest surrounding the path. [party.hasCompanions|You tell [party.compNames] that you're checking out the trail leading to the woods, and they should keep an eye out|You step off of the path and into the thick underbrush]. Following the path is as easy, you just need to use your eyes and follow the trail of flattened grass and bent shrubbery.

Not too far from the traversable path, you find a half-gnoll woman collapsed against a tree. Going over to see if she's managed to survive you find her to be breathing, if barely. Unless you want her to perish in the forest you'll have to do something. Then again for all you know she attacked those two lupines, she might be the bad guy of the situation.

[Cait] [Heal her] [Vulnerary] [Take to town]

[Cait]

Requires Cait

//Have your slutty catgirl priestess heal the woman.

"Hey, Cait come help me out a bit," you shout out. After a moment she stops next to you.

"Oh jeez, severe bleeding, both internal and external, multiple broken bones, and this cut looks like she's been poisoned," she says after looking the half-gnoll over.

"Can you help her?"

"Depends, can I stop her from dying? Yes. Can I get her up and walking? No. She needs a doctor, not a priest. Although at this rate the priest will be useful soon." Cait tells you while inspecting the poisoned wound closer. "Alright, here goes nothing," she says as she grips her staff and starts channeling the curative energies to her body. Before your eyes, the bruises start to fade and her wounds close. Soon Cait gasps and pulls her hand back. "Alright, that's all I can do," Cait pants exhaustedly, "We should still bring her to town, Sanders could probably take care of her."

With Cait's help you carry the unconscious gnoll girl to Hawkethorne and into the chapel.  
//Merge with [Sander]

[Heal her]  
Requires heal power  
//Use your magic to heal her.

You quickly look over her wounds. Cuts, broken bones, external and internal bleeding, and one of her wounds is clearly poisoned. You concentrate and channel your magic to her wounds. When most of her cuts and bruises are healed you cautiously lift her up and carry her back to Hawkethorne and straight into the chapel.  
//Merge with [Sander]

[Vulnerary]  
Requires three Vulnerary  
//Use Vulnerary to patch her up.

You dig through your backpack and pull out a jar of Vulnerary. It's not perfect but it's the best you can do. You gather a dollop of medical cream onto your fingers and spread it over one of her wounds. As the cut starts knitting back together you gather another dollop and smear it onto a different wound. When you apply the herbal paste to her last wound you've gone through three jars of Vulnerary, but she's finally in a state where you dare to move her. Hoisting her up you return to Hawkethorne and bring her into the chapel.  
//Merge with [Sander]

[Take to town]

//Bring her back to town, and hope for the best.  
Unfortunately, you can't help her, but you're sure Sanders could, so you lift her up and start carrying her to the chapel.  
//Merge with [Sander]

[Sander] (Not a scene, just a merge point)

"Ah, [char.name]," Brother Sanders says as you approach. He flips closed his heavy tome and takes up his staff, turning to face you. He pauses for a moment as he sees the wounded

woman you've brought in. "I see you've brought a soul in need to me, well Velun doesn't turn away a soul in need, and neither do I."

"So you can help her right?"

"I can," he says noddingly, "Bring her in the back, she'll be spending a while us." Following the elderly priest you bring the wounded half-gnoll to the back of the chapel. Sander points out a bed where you can leave the woman. You lay her down on the bed before leaving Sanders to heal her. As you leave Sanders is already working on healing her.

[Returning to Sanders]

Scene autoplayed when enough time has passed.

"Ah, [char.name]," Sanders greets you as you approach. He puts down his tome and takes up his staff, and turns to face you. "The woman you so graciously rescued has recovered her consciousness. She also refuses to tell me her name and insists on meeting the person who saved her life."

"Well that's easy enough," you tell Sanders. He stays behind while you make your way to where you left off the half gnoll. She's laying on the bed and digging at something between her teeth.

Her skin is dark like coffee, and her sharp features are framed by her short and coarse hair. Before you can stare at her further she spots you.

"So, you're the [char.manWoman] who saved my life. Thanks for that." She reaches into the bedside table, she pulls out a small pouch and throws it to you. Catching it you pull it open and find {X} coins inside. "The least I can do."

You can think of a few other things, like her name for example.

"I suppose that's fair, I'm Naliaka." She sits up and shakes your hand.

"I'm [char.name], Now, no point beating around the bush, but I'd like to know what you're doing around here."

She frowns and lays back down on the bed. "I don't think that's any of your business."

"Considering that I found you only a dozen feet from two dead people I think you own me an explanation. Someone might think of you as a murderer."

Her frown turns to a full scowl. "Fine, I'm a bounty hunter. I came here looking for a criminal that fled from the south. Somehow she caught wind of me coming after her, and she set an ambush for me." While explaining she reaches into her bag and produces a scroll which she tosses to you. You catch it and open it. It's a wanted poster of a rather beautiful catfolk girl.

"Don't let the pretty face fool you, she's infamous back south for sleeping with men just to steal their money while they sleep." You roll the poster back up and throw it back to her. "Now is the interrogation over, because I have some medicine to take."

You tell her that it's not an interrogation and that you'll leave her be.

"Oh, by the way, I'll be at the tavern if you need me, I'm not in shape to get back out there, but I'm not staying in here for another day."

//End

## [Naliaka]

Under the guest menu in the tavern

//Additional scene description for guest menu: Naliaka is sitting alone in a corner table, nursing a mug of ale and flipping through a stack of papers.

[naliaka encounter first repeat] Approaching Naliaka she takes a deep swig of ale before noticing you. "Our glorious inquisitor has returned. What are you going to accuse me of today?"

"I'm not here to accuse you of anything," you huff, "I came to see how you're doing."

She bursts out laughing. "I know, I know, I'm just needling you. So, what did you come over for?" | Naliaka waves at you as you approach the table she's sitting at. "Hi, [char.name]," she says with a toothy grin. "Come on, pull up a chair."

You sit down next to her. "So, what's up?"

[Appereance] [Talk] [Sex] [Spar] [Leave]

## [Appereance]

Naliaka is an amazonian half-blooded gnoll standing six foot one inch tall. Her skin dark like roasted coffee beans. Her face is feminine with dark brown eyes and sharp features. Her teeth are sharper than regular human's, probably due to her gnoll heritage. She has messy black hair framing her face.

Her breasts are firm, but with just the perfect amount of jiggle to them. If her armor wasn't pushing them down they'd probably be DD-cups

While checking out the rest of her you notice that her arms are covered in brown fur that fades to black towards her clawed fingertips. Her legs are like her hands, fur-covered. Her butt is so tight and muscular you'd probably hurt your hand by slapping it.

you can tell from her frame that she is well built and toned with her fair share of battle scars. Her well-muscled frame and numerous scars give her the look of a seasoned warrior. She's wearing a leather jerkin. She's improved it with some additional protective bits, like scalemail over her abdomen, and pauldrons. She doesn't wear any pants, instead, she has a chainmail covered loincloth protecting her privates. Under that loincloth, she has cloth bindings to keep her dick in place. She also has fingerless gloves with studded knuckles and leather boots.

Hanging on her back she has a large two-handed axe.

## [Talk]

"So," you prompt as she finishes draining her tankard down her throat. "I was thinking that maybe we could talk."

She peers into her empty tankard. "Hold on for a sec," she responds. You sit there as she swings by the bar and gets herself another drink.

"What did you want to talk about?" she asks as she sits down and takes a sip of ale.

[Bounty hunting] [Stories] [Her past] [Her] [Frost Marches] [Axe]

[Bounty hunting]

"So what's bounty hunting like?" you ask as she takes a deep swig of ale.

"Well, I love it, but it has its ups and downs. The money is good and I enjoy fighting if it comes down to it, but it's also dangerous at times."

"Sounds kinda like mercenary work."

You jump in your seat when she slams her tankard down on the table. "It's not mercenary work!" she growls. "I'm not just some meathead that swings a sword until someone tells me

to stop. To be a bounty hunter you need to be able to track down people, gather information, intimidate those you can't fight. There's more to bounty hunting than fighting." She crosses her arms, looking at you.

"Alright, alright, you're not a mercenary. So what exactly do you like about bounty hunting, aside from the money and fighting," you ask her, wanting to move on.

"It's the thrill of the hunt. Picking up a few stray rumors, finding the trail, tracking them, and then when you find them waiting for the perfect opportunity to strike." Her mouth spreads into a wide toothy smile. "And getting to play with prey is fun too. It doesn't matter if they're some big macho dude or some stuck up bitch, once I have them gagged with some binding, hogtied, and sleeping on the dirt I'll have the, gurgling around my knot just to be treated better than a piece of meat. A couple of days and they'll give me daily ball washes for the privilege of eating more than just scraps and cum."

Her grin fades slightly. "But it's not all fucking and roses..." Her grin disappears completely and her face falls. "It's been forever since I've seen my wife," she sighs.

"Wait, you have a wife back home, but you go around fucking your bounties?"

"We have an... understanding. While we can satisfy each other it's kinda hard when we're hundreds of miles apart." She rubs the back of her neck and looks away, "I also worry for her safety. If a crime boss or some other jackass comes after her it'll be my fault."

She's clearly talked herself into a topic she doesn't want to talk about so you redirect the conversation away from it. "Once you get a bounty what do you do then? I mean finding someone who's making themselves scarce can't be that easy."

"Are you asking for me to reveal business secrets?" she asks jokingly. "It depends on the target. If it's some cityborn with no survival skills then your best bet are innkeepers, caravan masters, and carriage drivers, people who deal with many different people daily. Sometimes their memories tend to be 'rusty' but a few coins usually deals with that. When you've found out where they are it's just a matter of getting close enough without making yourself known." She pauses to finish her drink and to get another before continuing.

"Finding someone who knows how to survive in the wilderness is a different matter entirely. Your best bet will be starting with looking for any clue where they might have gone off to, you'd be surprised how often you can find a letter or a journal telling you exactly where they're off to. If you're not lucky enough for that then you'll have to use your wits. Find out if they've made any specific purchases or if they have areas they frequent, and if all that fails then you'll have to fall back on rumors and hearsay, tracking skills, and good old fashioned luck." She pauses to take a drink and clear her throat before continuing.

"And finally you have the 'easiest' bounties: bandits, brigands, marauders, raiders, and outlaws. Meatheads that have decided that since they don't have two electrum to rub against each other they might as well take from those that have. I say they're the easiest

because finding the bastards is no challenge, they usually have a certain area they inhabit, and sometimes they even find you, making your job a walk in the park, although with more head bashing."

[Stories]

"I bet you have some interesting stories from your time as a bounty hunter."

"You'd win that bet," Naliaka laughs, "So I take it you want to hear some? Well, One time I was tasked with tracking down an unfaithful husband. Finding him wasn't hard since he kept running his mouth about what ladies man he was, but she didn't want me to hurt him so I had to take a bit of a different approach. I switched my armor for something more revealing and started hitting on him. Not only was he a massive egomaniac, he was insightful as a mule. Few compliments, suggestive winks, and a good view of my cleavage and he was trying to get me to bed, normally I wouldn't have given guys like him the time of day, but since it was exactly what I was planning on I let him take me to a private room.

You can't help but to chuckle. "Was he at least good in bed?"

She lets out a high pitched cackle. "Hell no, all he thought about was his own pleasure. He wanted me to blow him before riding his cock. He didn't even bother to help me cum after he busted his nut. Once he fell asleep I tied him up and let his wife know where he was. Fucker was lucky that I didn't have this puppy between my legs back then," she growls as she pats her sizable bulge.

She leans back and rubs her chin, trying to think. Suddenly she straightens up, snapping her fingers. "I know, this one should be good. Back when I started out as a bounty hunter I was young and arrogant, thinking that I could take on anyone no matter how tough. I went after this orc, big dude, six foot four and full of muscle, he was wanted for assaulting some noble. He wasn't very hard to find as he had no intention to hide. Thinking that it'd be easy I challenged him to fight me. It didn't take long for him to disarm me and have me kneeling in front of him. I thought I was dead meat at that point, but for whatever reason he decided to not kill me and instead he took me prisoner. When he was carrying me back to his camp I realised how fucking turned on I was, my cunt was basically a waterfall at that point. Feeling his big muscles against my chest as he carried me on his shoulder. In response he only laughed and sunk his fingers between my folds."

"What happened after he brought you to his camp?" you ask, fully aware what most likely took place.

"We fucked all night long. I was made into his bitch and I loved it. I never would have thought that I'd love being dominated by someone stronger than me. In the morning he let me go, altho after having him powerfuck all of my holes I found walking a bit of a challenge, but I found my way back to a town." She grins sheepishly, "it didn't take too long for me to challenge him again, this time going hand to hand instead of using weapons."

You can't help but to notice her bulge throbbing as she reminisces. "So I take it you enjoy being dominated by someone stronger than you."

"It's not just the strength, but the fight is a big part of it too. Anyways, I think I have one more good story. This was back when I had just drunk a potion for me to grow this beast of mine. I was looking for this little thief of a goblin. Nice tits, ass like a bowl of pudding, and a pair of dick sucking lips. I had some trouble finding her, but once I did she gave up without any trouble. At first it seemed to be just a normal job, take her in, bring her back, but during the first night she proved me wrong. The day had been unbearably hot, but I couldn't risk it sleeping without armor. I had been sweating like hell during the day so you can imagine my surprise when I woke up to the shortstack slut sucking on my balls. We didn't sleep anymore that night, instead we spent the rest of the night fucking. The next day I set up camp a few hours earlier so we'd actually have time to sleep after fucking her for hours, and let me tell you, she was freaky, she was the perfect masochistic whore. unfortunately I had to bring her in, it was a shame to go without her nightly tongue baths for a while."

You raise your eyebrow quizzically. "Sounds like that wasn't your last time dealing with that green-skinned slut."

"It sure wasn't, you can't let a prize like that just slip from your grasp. I visited her a few times in the dungeon and after a lot of vigorous oral persuasion I paid her fine."

"You must have liked her to pay for her release."

"Well, considering that I married her you could say that."

You can't help but to chuckle. "Are you telling me that you captured a thief, fucked her six ways to sunday, threw her into the dungeon, paid for her release, and then married her."

"I mean why the fuck not? I was lucky enough to find a hopelessly masochistic bitch so I'd be a fool not to slap a ring on her finger and a collar around her neck." She finishes her drink and sets it down in front of you. "That's all of the stories worth telling I have," she says dismissively, letting you know that storytime is over.

[Her past]

She hesitates before letting out a low sigh. "I don't like thinking about it. It wasn't exactly the best time of my life, and I did a lot of things I'm not proud of."



You have to admit, your curiosity is piqued.

"I was born in some town in the south, I can't actually even remember it's name. My mom was a human and dad was a gnoll. Now mind you I didn't know any of this when I was actually growing up. Turns out my mom was some fucking perv who had captured my dad just to be her sex slave. Now normally I wouldn't give a fracture of a fuck, but since mom was knocked up with a bastard that was me I was more inclined to care. Unfortunately being the cunt she was my dear mother decided that her reputation was more important than her own flesh and blood. So to keep the fact that she's a gnoll fucker under the wraps she got rid of my dad and threw me on the streets."

"That's horrible, I don't know how someone could abandon their child like that."

She chuckles darkly, shaking her head. "Things didn't get any better from there on out. I was put in an orphanage. It wasn't a great place, undermanned, and overcrowded. Most of the time I just kept out of the way as no one seemed to like me. This went on for a few years from what I remember, but then puberty hit. I was surprised that it started a few years before the other kids of my age. I grew up faster than any other brat, so by the time the other kids started getting into their puberty I was already done with mine. Along with the growth spurt came certain needs, and no, not those kinds of needs. It was the urge to hunt and fight."

You notice how her voice quiets and her ears fold against her head. "One day one of the dickheads that would try to push me around because I was a half gnoll was doing his usual thing, and something just snapped in my head." She rubs her eyes as she sighs heavily. "I... I pounced him, and before he knew what was happening I was beating him down. If one of the workers actually hadn't pulled me off I don't know if I would have stopped. I was still enraged so I sucker-punched her and ran for it."

You don't really know what to say as she massages her temples. "I don't know what came over me, it might have been my instincts, just being fed up with it, or not having ever been taught how to deal with bullies. Never bothered coming back after that."

"How old were you back then?"

"Not sure, like thirteen or fourteen. After that I fell into a bad group; thugs, petty thieves, drug dealers. They taught me how to fight properly, not that it was out of any altruism. They saw a naive teenager full of hormones and anger, and they took advantage of it. I became an enforcer for them. Back then I didn't care, it was for money, food, shelter; that sort of thing."

How did she go from a criminal to a bounty hunter.

"The guards were offering minor bounties on a lot of the gang members since they were becoming too much of a nuisance, so I sold them out," she says, shrugging. "I had no reason to be loyal to them. I used the money to buy gear to start bounty hunting bigger fish, and here I am."

[Her]

(requires all other talk scenes to be completed and encountered all of her events. One time only)

"Me?" she asks. "You already know plenty about me, I don-" she cuts herself off as something crosses her mind. "Well there's one thing, it's something I've been thinking since I've been stuck in bed for a week. Can't say that I'm too happy about what I've realised about myself.

You look at her, "What do you mean?"

"When I couldn't get out there I started to feel antsy. I wanted to fight, to hurt someone. I started to think back on my life and I realised that it's been there for my entire life. The need to dominate someone weaker than me. I think that's the real reason I became a bounty hunter, so I'd have an outlet for my violent needs. I'm not sure if I could control myself if I kept those needs down." She sighs defeatedly "I know it probably makes me a terrible person, but it's who I am, I've tried changing myself, but it doesn't <b>fucking</b> work!" she explodes, punching the table as she bolts to her feet.

You jump slightly in your chair as she slams her fist to the table. The bar goes quiet as the patrons stare at her sudden outburst. She growls as she stares daggers at the other people at the bar. Then without another word she storms off, almost busting the door off of its hinges.

[Follow]

You get off of your seat and follow her. Stepping outside the bar you look around and spot her at the north gate. Not wanting any more attention drawn to her you decide not to run after her. You soon lose sight of her as she disappears behind the gates.

Leaving the walls of Hawkethorne behind you soon spot her. She's sitting on a rock with her axe embedded in a nearby tree. Thankfully it seems like her anger has died down by now.

"Naliaka," you call out as you approach her slowly. She looks at you before letting her head slump down.

"What do you want?" she asks as you continue walking closer to her.

"I just wanted to make sure you're alright. You stormed off without a word, in the middle of a conversation."

"I..." she sighs weakly. "I want to do good, I want to be a good person, but how can I when I have this constant niggling bloodlust at the back of my head?"

You sit down next to her. "I have flaws, you have flaws, everyone has flaws, but that doesn't make you a bad person. Your actions are what makes you a good or bad person. You might not feel like a hero, but you still do good, think about every murderer or bandit you've brought to justice one way or another. If you hadn't they'd still be out there, hurting innocent people."

"I just, I don't know if I can trust myself. How can I know that one day I don't lose control and, possibly even kill someone who didn't deserve it?"

You grab her shoulder firmly and turn her towards you and lift her head with your other hand. "You don't, but you can't let the possibility of failure stop you from trying. I might fail, I might even die or worse, but that doesn't stop me from trying." you tell her, looking the bounty hunter square in the eyes. "If you let fear control you you'll end up doing nothing. Is that what you want?"

"No,"

"Then don't let it," you say as you stand up and pull her to her feet.

"I... Thank you, [char.name], I needed that." She walks over to the tree and with a grunt pulls her axe free. It groans before falling over. "Guess I was more pissed off than I thought," she laughs tiredly as she hoists her weapon over her shoulder.

"Come on, let's get back to Hawkethorne," you say as you turn and start walking back to town. She doesn't say anything but follows you nonetheless.

[Stay]

You decide not to follow her. She probably needs some time to cool off. You'd rather not end up on the receiving end of her anger for no reason.

[Frost marches]

"So, how do you like the frost marches?" you prompt as she takes a swig of ale.

"Well let's see, It's colder than a pale elf's asscrack and you have overgrown bugs trying to fuck every moving thing full of eggs, do you think I like it here?" Before you can respond she continues. "I actually fucking love it here, sure the cold is a pain in certain lower regions, but other than that it's great. If I'm ever horny or just wanting to fight then all I need to do is get

out there and wander around and before long some bag of feathers or a slutty bush is just asking to get beat up and fucked roughly."

You admit that you're a bit surprised that she enjoys it so far up north. She certainly would look more at home in a more hot climate.

"Well like I said, I hate the cold and the snow. I'm not accustomed to having to wear a lot. Also while I do enjoy the easy access to some random sluts to fuck it can get frustrating sometimes. Having kicked some lupines ass several times over you'd think they'd get the message, but no. Anyways, I'm going to stick around, it's not too bad afterall."

[Axe]

(First drink)

You eye her weapon. A large two-handed axe with an oversized axehead. Without breaking out any sort of measuring tool you'd guess the length of the blade that's about a third of the whole length. The head is covered by a leather sheath, and there are numerous tools for maintaining a weapon attached to the leather covering.

"That's quite the axe you have there," you mention.

"Oh this?" she asks as she lifts it onto the table and removes the sheath. The first thing you realise is that the axehead is made of iron, second is that the metal is filled with runes, and finally you notice the stylized wolf skulls on both sides where the head and the shaft connect, the thin rope tied to both ends of the grip and the small bones and fangs attached to it, and the tuft of fur hanging from the end. There's also a wide flat head on the other side of the head, presumably to counter armor.

"I joined a handful of other bounty hunters to take down a bandit captain. Normally bounty hunters work alone, but the payout and his reputation were both considerable enough to get us to work together. Afterwards we had to decide how to split the loot, and when you have four people who all want the same piece of gear, you're going to have a problem. Before we had a brawl in our hands someone decided to let luck decide. There was some grumbling but eventually we agreed that it was better than a fight breaking out. Didn't much care for the rest of the stuff, but I was lucky enough to win this."

You eye the runes and can't help but to wonder. "Is it enchanted?"

She shakes her head, "no, just regular old iron, but when most people are using leather, or bronze at best it doesn't really matter. Iron does have its downsides as well, mainly rust, finding someone who can repair it can be a challenge." She takes the leather cover and slides it back over the weapon. "Still, it's worth the hassle."

## [Leave]

"Maybe another time," you respond

She only shrugs. "So, did you want anything else?"

[Appereance] [Talk] [Sex] [Fight] [Leave]

## [Events]

Three days after Naliaka's recovery there's a chance that she disappears from the tavern for the duration of three days. The player can encounter her in the wilds. She has three events, all randomly randomly chosen. Each event can be encountered only once, and each encounter has their own area.

## [Gnolls]

Can be found in the area where gnoll raiders can be encountered

You stop mid walk as you hear weapons clashing in the distance and pained yips. Readying your [char.weapon] you make your way towards the source of the noises without making too much sound yourself.

In the distance you spot a familiar looking half gnoll. It's Naliaka, and she's fighting a group of gnoll raiders. She seems to be holding her own, but she's still outnumbered.

[Help] [Watch]

## [Help]

You rush forward, ready to aid her. The sound you make alerts her, so she pushes the nearest gnoll away and looks to your direction in case you're an additional threat.

Despite her attempt to keep hyena-like raiders at bay while she asses the threat one of them manages to close the distance and take a swing at her. She turns in time to try to avoid the strike. Unfortunately she doesn't manage to avoid it. The blade cuts into her armor. She grunts in pain and kicks the gnoll away from her. She follows up the kick with a swing of her own, knocking him to the ground.

You're almost there as the gnoll alpha takes in the situation, looking at the raiders laying on the ground, naliaka still standing and ready for more, and then finally at you. Deciding to cut

her losses she barks orders at the raiders who suddenly scramble to their feet and make a hasty retreat.

Naliaka watches the gnolls retreat for a moment before turning to you. "[char.name], what the hell were you thinking!? you can't just run up on people like that while they're in the middle of a fight, what if I would have taken a swing at you?" she barks at you, clearly annoyed by your interruption.

Slightly annoyed by her ungrateful tone, you respond that you were just trying to help her. "Whatever, what's done is done," she growls as she hoists her weapon behind her. "I should get back to Hawkethorne, I need a drink or two.

Before she can leave you ask her about her injury, doesn't she need medical attention.

"Oh, this?" she asks as she looks down at the cut on her armor. "It's nothing, I've walked off worse."

You notice the crimson spreading around the cut, but decide not to say anything. You'd only succeed in annoying her further, and if she's not concerned then neither should you.

[Watch]

You decide to observe for now. A marauder jumps her, but she dodges the blow and moves to block another strike. She keeps the two gnolls away from her, waiting for an opening to counter. Then one of the gnolls fumbles and she takes her chance. She hooks the curve of her axe behind his leg and pulls, knocking him down. She follows it up with a decisive strike from the hammer side of her axe, knocking the wind and consciousness out of the marauder.

The other gnoll doesn't stand around idly while his fellow fighting is getting beat up. Before she can recover from her attack the gnoll body checks her, sending her to the ground in turn. He immediately jumps on her in an attempt to stab her while she's prone. Thankfully she manages to block it and with a swift kick she pushes him back.

She gets back to her feet before the gnoll can jump on her again. She dodges the gnolls lunge and as he passes her she jabs him in the back with her axe. He yelps in pain and stumbles forward before spinning around to face her again. Not so eager to blindly run at her now the marauder starts circling her while trying to trick her into attacking.

Taking the gnolls invitation she swings at him, which he moves to block. Unfortunately for him the blow breaks his guard, knocking the weapon out of his hand. She follows it with a left hook square on his muzzle, knocking the bastard out cold.

With both marauders out of the fight she turns her attention to the alpha who'd been only observing for the time being. Naliaka extends one hand and curls her fingers as a sign for her to come and get it. Not needing to be told twice the alpha grips her own weapon and

charges forward. It's immediately clear that she's not a novice like the two marauders were. While aggressive she doesn't hurl herself into combat blindly.

The two exchange blows, looking for an opening or weakness to exploit. Using the alpha's aggression against her she waits for the right moment before countering one of her more reckless attacks, sending her weapon flying to the grass. With a smirk she casts her own weapon aside, intending to fight the top gnoll barehanded.

The alpha growls and lunges forward. Naliaka brings her arm to block the bite, causing her teeth to sink into the wristguard. Before she can tear a chunk from Naliakas arm she punches her in the abdomen, causing her to gasp and release her jaws. Before the alpha can recover from the punch she delivers another quick jab before putting some distance between the two. The alpha spends a few moments gasping for breath before attacking naliaka again.

The gnoll leader is all rage and claws, the earlier display of skill completely gone. Naliaka just keeps blocking and dishing out measured strikes. She stumbles a bit and wipes up some blood from the corner of her mouth before trying to attack her again. Instead of blocking the strike she dodges and grabs her wrist before slamming her down onto the ground. There's a loud pop as she twists the gnoll's arm out of the socket.

With all of her foes out of the fight she goes over to pick up her weapon and walks away.

## [Wounded]

Old forest

Walking through the old forest you're surprised as you run into a familiar figure. Naliaka is sitting on a rock, and you notice that there's an arrow sticking from her thigh. Seems like she just finished fighting some effigies. "Hey, Naliaka," you yell to draw her attention.

Holding her thigh she looks over and greets you with a nod. Once you're in talking distance you ask what she's doing out here.

"I came out here to get some exercise and ran into those bush bitches. The archer was a decent shot." She nods towards the arrow in her leg.

"Do you need help with that?" you ask.

"No, I'm fine," she grunts as she digs through her stuff to pull out bandage rolls and lays them next to her. She then firmly grabs the shaft and with a quick jerk of her wrist pulls the arrow out of her. She grits her teeth as the bronze projectile comes free and blood starts flowing from the wound. Before too much blood can escape her body she places a small bundle of bandage over the wound and starts wrapping it up. It's quickly stained crimson as it absorbs her blood.

It's impossible to tell if the bleeding is slowing down, but she seems to know what she's doing, so after confirming that she'll be fine without help you leave her to it.

[Harpies]

In foothills

Your traveling is interrupted by the sounds of flesh slapping against flesh. It's quite clear that someone is getting busy nearby. If you want to be a voyer it shouldn't be too hard to find the source of the lewd sounds.

[Ignore] [investigate]

[Ignore]

Maybe not. You're going to leave the people to their business. Afterall, perving on people without their knowledge and consent is not cool. Blocking out the moans and slaps you carry on your way.

[Investigate]

Deciding to see who's getting it on you follow the noises to their source. It doesn't take long for you to find the rutting pair. A black-skinned dog girl is pinning down a harpy and thrusting her dick into her ass without consideration or mercy. Looking closer you realise that she's not a dog girl, she has the tail, and ears of a gnoll. Wait, is that?

"You wanted my cum huh, well be careful what you wish for, because you just might get it." the woman growls. Yup, no doubt about it. It's Naliaka. She probably went out looking for some action and some harpies tried to rob her. She grabs a fistful of the harpy's bright feather and rams her thick member balls deep in the bird woman's asshole. A restrained gasp escapes the harpy's lips as Naliaka's knot swells to its full size within her back passage. Nipping the feathered woman's neck with her teeth, Naliaka gives her knot a little tug before suddenly pulling hard so that her still fully inflated knot pops out of her ass with a gush of cum.

"We're far from done," she growls darkly as she flips the unfortunate harpy onto her back and sits on her tits.

"P-please fuck my pussy, I need it inside me," the harpy moans as her half gnoll dominator rubs her cum smeared dick against her face.



"Why should I?" Naliaka asks mockingly. "You were barely a distraction. I wanted a fight and you barely gave me a scuffle. You're just meat to me, pleasure is all you're good for." She stands up and flips the harpy onto her stomach. "Honestly you should be thanking me that I'm willing to fuck you at all," she sneers as she pins the harpy down.

"Please fuck me, I'll be a good girl," the feathered woman moans.

"Hah, you haven't been that good, but I suppose I could bust another nut." She kneels behind the prone harpy and spreads her light asscheeks. "Oh, what a nice and tight looking hole you have," she says as he hooks a claw into the rim and slightly spreads it. The harpy lets out a high pitched whine as her dull claw spreads her pucker. "It'd be a shame if something were to happen to it."

You get the feeling that something is definitely going to happen to the harpy's asshole

Rubbing her tapered member into the plumage above her ass she laughs coldly. "Seems like I've dried up. Do you want me to go in dry?" Even without your ass being on the line your own pucker clenches in sympathy.

"W-wait a minute," the harpy stutters, sounding concerned. "You can't just fuck me dry."

"Can't I?" she asks in a threatening tone.

"Y-you can, but I m-meant that it'd feel better for you if you used lube," the harpy stammers. Naliaka laughs, but she still spits onto the clenching hole. Prodding her asshole with the very tip of her member she works a bit of the lubrication into the bird gal's pucker. Then without warning she slams home, burying her pole in the harpy's hole.

The feathered slut lets out a strangled cry as her back passage is invaded by several inches of canine length. "How do you like that," she growls as she slaps the harpy's behind. Without waiting for her to get used to the penetration she pulls back and starts pounding her from behind.

"S-slow downnn," the harpy whines as Naliaka continues brutalizing her pucker. This turns out to be the wrong thing to do as the sadistic half gnoll lays another painful slap on her ass.

"Did I say you could talk!?" she growls, continually spanking the harpy's rapidly reddening behind. "I thought I made it clear that you're here to please me, and I don't want to hear your whining." Giving her one last slap she wraps an arm around the harpy's neck. "Now, I don't want to hear another word from you," she threatens as she redoubles her efforts to ruin the bird woman's asshole.

The way Naliaka moves her hips makes you think of someone who's well experienced in breaking people sexually. You find yourself thankful that your ass is not on the receiving end of the hatefucking.

The harpy kicks her legs erratically, sending small pebbles flying as her toe claws scrape at the ground. You can't see her face, but she's undoubtedly red faced, eyes watering from the less than gentle anal penetration.

"Tell me something, little birdy. Have you ever been knotted before?" Naliaka asks the harpy.

It takes her a while to answer, no bouth thanks to the sadistic dickgirl still hammering into her ass. "N-no," she manages to gasp in between thrusts.

"Ah, that's a shame, it can be quite pleasurable, and an intimate experience if you're with a gentle lover. Unfortunately for you, I'm neither gentle nor a lover," she growls. You see her knot swelling, but she doesn't stop hammering her inflating knot into the harpy's pucker. Despite her knot growing twice the original size she doesn't show any signs of slowing down, shoving her knot in without any finesse before pulling it out and doing it again and again.

She groans and her balls draw up and start unloading their payload into the bird woman's behind. Cum keeps spurting from around her black cock as she keeps rutting her asshole even while her knot is at full size.

When Naliaka is finally done plowing her pucker and pulls out her once tight back passage resembles more a cum smeared crater than an actual asshole. She takes a moment to clean her member with the harpy's tail feathers before standing up. "Hope you learned your lesson... well maybe not, I'd be happy to teach it to you again if you haven't." She then pulls her gear back on and starts making her way back to Hawkethorne. You too move on and leave the harpy to recover from the anal ravaging she just recieved.

## [Sex]

(Only [blow her], [sheath fuck] are available during the first week of her getting out of bed, and after another week all of her scenes will be open.)

[First week after first week] You ask Naliaka if she'd like to go somewhere private and have some fun.

"Sure, I'm down to fuck if you want some, but unfortunately the herbs sanders gave me have some side effects that could get in the way.

You ask what she means.

"I can't get hard," she answers almost indifferently.

Oh, that's going to make things a bit harder... that might be a poor choice of words. Nonetheless you tell Naliaka that you're sure you'll be able to have some fun even without her being able to get hard. | ]

[Ride her]

[Doggy]

[Blow her]

Naliaka sits down on the bed, spreading her legs so you can get closer to her dick. The jet black tip of her member is already peeking from within her furry sheath. She places her hand on the back of your head, wordlessly telling you to get to it.

No reason not to, you start stroking her sheath coaxing her length to full hardness. Soon she's leaking pre, making your hand glide smoothly up her shaft. When her coal colored shaft is fully out you kiss the tapered tip of her member and take it into your mouth.

Licking the underside of it your mouth is flooded with the taste of her dick. It tastes earthy and salty, but it's not a bad taste, you want more of it. Pushing it deeper into your throat you lick and suck at it more, and eventually you get all of her member into your throat. There's still one more place where your tongue hasn't explored yet, the space between her sheath and dick.

A shiver goes down your spine as the taste of her dick assaults your taste buds stronger than before. Your mouth was watering before, but you're absolutely drooling now. Saliva runs down your chin and onto your [char.chest].

A soft moan emanates from her lips as you start bobbing your head, and you can feel her grip tightening on the back of your head. "Good, [char.mf | boy | girl]," she whispers as more inches of dick disappear down your throat. Looking up at her you see that she has her head thrown back and she's fully enjoying the feeling of your lips around her length.

Feeling the tingle of pride in your chest you swallow her deeper, not stopping until your [char.lips] meet her knot. Determined to please her you start bobbing your head up and down her shaft. A soft grunt escapes from her as you give her knot a firm squeeze.

Looking at her you see she's grinning down at you. "[First time oral repeat |Didn't take you for such dick loving slut. | You just can't resist my dick, can you?]" her voice is dripping

smugness. You want to tell her that she's wrong, but she's not. You love having her length in your throat, it just tastes so primal and strong. "Keep it up and I'll give you a reward," she promises.

You don't know what the reward is, but you want it nonetheless. Redoubling your effort you start deepthroating her like your life depended on it. Her balls slap against your chin as the thick knot batters against your [char.lips].

The grip on the back of her head as she starts pulling you against her dick. You can't help but to gag as she starts using your mouth rather roughly. But at the same time you wouldn't have it any other way.

Losing yourself in the rhythm of getting face fucked you don't even realise that she pulled out of your mouth and her dick is currently jerking softly along her heart beat. It's a magnificent cock as you gaze at it. All twelve inches of it are covered in spit, giving it a glossy look.

Without warning she slaps your cheek with her rock hard member. "Get your slutty ass closer to the wall," she commands. Doing as told you shuffle closer to the wall and stop when she tells you to. She stands up and walks over to you, cock swaying hypnotically.

Your heart flutters as she doesn't stop in front of you, instead pushing your head back and standing just behind you so that her dick is right above your face. She grabs her dick and places it into your mouth before leaning against the wall. She starts pushing her length to your throat until her balls rest against your chin. Looking up you see nothing but her abs and underboob.

The anticipation is killing you when she slowly pulls back. You hate that she's teasing you instead of fucking your face like you want her to. Finally after what feels like forever she thrusts in roughly, bouncing her knot off of your lips. Your mouth may not be a pussy, but she's surely using it like one. And you have no doubt about it getting bred like one in no time.

Her thrusting cock keeps spilling pre and spit onto your upturned face, giving you a whorish look. It doesn't bother you, in fact you should look like a whore when you're getting your throat fucked with the amount of gentleness one would show a sextoy.

"So what do you think, should I knot that slutty mouth of yours, give it a proper fucking?" she asks from above you, grinding her knot against your lips for emphasis. You can't answer through the thick cock in your throat, but you moan affirmatively nonetheless.

Your earlier efforts are paid off as her dick throbs within your mouth, and her knot swells slowly. She can't be far from busting a nut into your stomach. "Take a deep breath now, you'll need it." You heed the advice and take a deep breath.

She growls and slams her knot against your lips. Her knot is too swollen to actually fit inside your mouth on the first time. That doesn't stop her, it doesn't even slow her down, she just pulls back and tries to ram her breeder's bulb in again. Your jaw creaks in protest and you're

worried that it'll dislocate, but not enough to actually stop her. After all, what's the point of sucking a knotted dick if you're not going to go all the way. And if her constant pushing is any indication she agrees.

With a rough thrust, she shoves her knot into your mouth, filling it with the swelling bulb. It quickly swells more, locking it firmly behind your teeth, making sure that her cum will go nowhere but into your stomach.

She lets out a strangled cry as she lets loose the first rope of spunk, flooding your throat white. Most of it goes straight down into your belly, but some of it backwashes into your mouth, tainting your tongue with musky, salty cum. It keeps sliding down your throat as she slowly empties her pouches of spunk.

Your stomach gurgles in protest of the filling it's getting, but she shows no sign of stopping, and there's no way for you to pull it out. Eventually, her nuts stop twitching on your chin as she finishes filling your stomach.

"That was a good warm-up," she sighs as she stands there, her cock in your throat. Realizing that she's going to keep fucking your face fills you with both arousal and dread.

Her knot keeps her from properly thrusting, only fucking you with a few inches of her length. Not that it makes her thrusting any gentler. Your jaw aches and you're starting to run out of breath, but it's too late to do anything about it.

There's something extremely subby about passing out with a dick in your throat, and you relish the feeling of being reduced to a sex toy. [First time Repeat |Then again, this is what you wanted isn't it? Why else would you submit yourself to someone else's pleasure.] There's no way to deny that you wanted this, afterall you came back to this, even after the first time.]

Your thoughts turn sluggish as you're running out of air, and soon the blackness washes over your eyes, and the last thing you see is her sweat covered tits as she continues throat fucking you.

[Next]

When you wake up you're no longer tied to Naliaka's crotch, but your throat feels like it still has a dick in it. You take a moment to gather your thoughts and look around. Too much time hasn't passed judging by the amount of light coming through the window. You look over to the bed to see Naliaka sitting on it. Your eyes are drawn to her sheath and balls, both coated in her cum. Before she can say anything you crawl over and start cleaning her.

She's taken back by your subby sluttiness, but quickly recovers and lets you work in peace. When she's fully clean you look up at her. "Good, [char.mf | boy | girl]," she praises you while patting your head. Your heart flutters at her words. "Now get going, Leorah's going to be pissy if I fuck all day," she chuckles. You stand up and leave the room and go down the

stairs. Leorah gives you a knowing look as you pass her. But you don't pay her mind, you're thinking about anything to drink.

[Handjob]

[Sheath fuck]

Tooltip: Put your dick in where it doesn't belong