

Hirana, the Lioness

Appearance: Leothran styled as a lioness. Roughly 7'7" in height, 4' wide, bodybuilder physique. Brownish-gold fur lines her body, growing paler in an oval shape that stretches from tip of her nose, down her neck and body to between her legs. Normal lion tail. Striking jade eyes. Occasional scars on her back, and one over her left eye.

Found in Leothran Village in Frostwood.

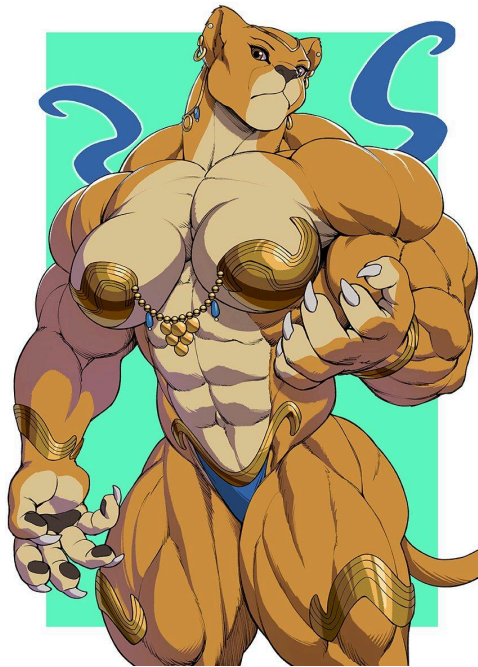
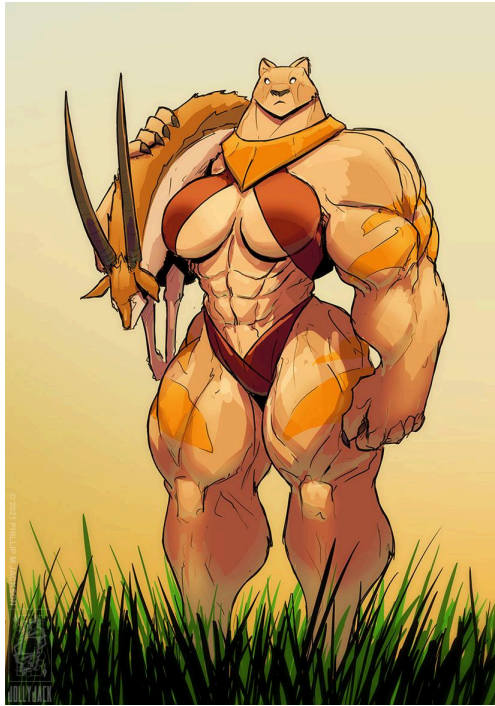
Personality:

- "[Daughter of Battle Beast](#) with Norse-era Kratos energy"
- Folds arms when standing, bodyguard/bouncer style
- Laconic (fewer words, greater impact)
- Growls when annoyed
- Roars in battle
- Far kinder than she initially appears, likes helping people in trouble
- Mainly helps by rescuing travelers from bandits or monsters
- WILL leave once the first 'thank you' is uttered
- Uses fists in battle, will use trusty halberd when necessary

Sex:

- In public, will drag/carry partner in open display of dominance, but this is for show
- Highly committed cuddle-dom
- Sexual philosophy of "make it about the journey as well as the destination"
- Equal parts aloof and affectionate
- Skilled at delaying own orgasm until partner has cum or is about to cum
- Not opposed to letting partner take lead; enjoys receiving body-worship
- Does not use strap-ons or similar gear
- Will not choke, smother, beat up or step on partners, despite countless requests
- Sex scenes include Amazon Press, Lifted Oral, Body Worship and Threesome with Cait

Image References



First Meeting

Requires having journeyed to Vari's Village. Occurs in a random tile in Southern Frostwood.

Continuing your trek through the dense forest, you can't shake the feeling you're being watched. You grip your [pc.weapon] and [party.som|press|give [companion1.name] a warning look before pressing|give your companions a warning look before pressing] forward. Something is out there...

You've traveled ten, maybe twenty feet before hearing two loud thuds from atop a hill to your left. A scratchy voice from that same direction manages to yelp "What the fu--?!" before a third impact cuts it off. You come to a stop and stand ready, unable to see beyond a number of large rocks jutting from the hilltop.

Something small and red suddenly flies over the rock, arcing through the air and in your direction. You take a few steps back and watch as the object bounces off a tree branch, hits the ground and rolls onto the path ahead of you. As it comes to a stop, you recognize it to be an imp, sporting a vicious black eye and looking only barely conscious. A second later he's joined by two more of his kin, one landing heavily upon him with a pair of pained yells. Looking back to the hill where the imps had been thrown from, you spot a towering figure looking down at you, propping one leg up on the rock as they dust their hands. The trees between you and the hill are thick enough that all you can see at a glance is the figure's golden fur.

Before you can get a clear look at them, the least injured imp draws your attention by shaking his unconscious fellows. "FUCK! Get up, get up! GO GO GO!" The other two imps regain enough of their senses to take wing, and the trio shakily fly off, dashing between the branches above and out of sight.

With the would-be ambushers gone, you turn back towards the hill. Part of you expected the stranger to have vanished, but no. They suddenly leap from the crest and slide down towards you, agilely swerving around the trees before jumping for a hanging branch and swinging from it.

You only realize how imposing the figure is when they land before you with a heavy <i>thump</i>. She's clearly a leothran, though she closely resembles a lioness, rather than those you've seen at Vari's village who look like snow leopards. Her body is covered with brownish-gold fur, growing paler in an oval shape that stretches from the tip of her dark nose down to between her legs. Her head is wholly feline, with rounded ears on top. From the base of her lower back emerges a long tail with a dark tuft at the end. She's wearing a single leather pauldron, held in place by an armored strap that stretches over her E-cup breasts, under her arm and across her back. Hanging from around her waist is a leather skirt that stretches to halfway down her thighs. Worn bandages are wrapped around her forearms and hands, implying she often uses her fists in battle, though she also has a weathered halberd strapped to her back.

As she rises to her full height, you estimate her to be maybe seven feet, seven inches[pc.height 48 91 94], looming over you like a foreboding mountain[, roughly as tall as you|—not as tall as you, but still impressive]. Her height, however, doesn't impress nearly as much as her physique. Her arms and legs are each thicker than her head, and her washboard abs are dense enough they look as though they could stop a direct hit from a spear. You can practically hear her skin creaking like leather when she folds her arms.

Fitting of someone with such musculature, the lioness exudes an intense aura of power, discipline and authority. Her face is expressionless, cold and aloof, but her jade eyes show an immensely calculative mind. [pc.dcb|Even you can't help but feel somewhat pressured by her gaze.|It all makes for one intimidating woman.|Such a scary kitty!| [party.has Cait|You can hear Cait purring almost hungrily as she takes in the muscle-bound cat.]

"They planned an ambush for you," the lioness says. Her voice is deep, almost a growl, yet there's something... comforting about it—like a shroud of darkness concealing you from predators.

You nod. "I felt like we were being watched. [pc.isDK|That was impressively handled, though.|Thanks for stepping in.]"

The amazonian cat gives a single nod, then turns and walks off without another word.

You blink several times, confused. Usually how these little meetings go is you chat with your new acquaintance[pc.isVirgin| before|, [silly|choose a sex scene to speed-read through|<i>maybe</i> have a quick tryst], then] you part ways. This feels rather... abrupt.

"Is that... it?" you call out to the back of the departing lioness.

She slows for a moment. "If you wish to speak properly, I'm often in the village."

You open your mouth to ask which village she means, but quickly remember there's only one major leothran settlement nearby. You shrug. "Bye, then...?"

"Goodbye," she intones without looking back. Within moments, she's passed between the trees and vanished.

[party.has Cait|Cait sighs behind you, staring dreamily at the point where the lioness vanished from sight. "I normally like my cats to have softer bellies, but... MMM!" She rubs her thighs together meaningfully.]

Story

Triggered from Vari>Visit Village>Lioness menu. Option changes to “Hirana” after first talk. [Next] in each scene returns PC to Vari’s tile in Frostwood.

Event 1

First village meeting.

// Tooltip: The lioness you met in the Frostwood is standing at the edge of the village. Now’s as good a time as any to get to know her!

You gently nudge Vari’s arm and jerk your head towards the lioness. You ran into her during your travels, and wouldn’t mind the chance to meet her properly.

“Oh! That’s Hirana!” Vari says. “Our village’s unofficial guardian. She spends her days patrolling the surrounding forest and fending off potential threats—mainly demons, as of late. People around here tend to keep their distance, given her... demeanor.”

Sure enough, the curious leothrans stop crowding you as you’re led to the disinterested Hirana. The lioness glances your way and gives the slightest upward nod of greeting. “You again.”

Yep. You again. You wanted to introduce yourself properly—your name is [pc.name]. You raise a hand to shake, but Hirana doesn’t take it.

“So what’s your story, Hirana?” You ask conversationally.

Hirana huffs. “It’s a long one.”

[silly][pc.hasRealCock|You briefly look down at your crotch.[pc.cockRange 0 6|”Not really, but thanks.| “Thanks.] So anyway, what’s your story?”|You shrug. “I have time.”]

The lioness’s lip curls upward in annoyance for a moment, then she exhales through her nose. “Grew up in Valgar, far to the southeast. Left when I was eighteen. Joined some mercenary groups, protected trade routes, escorted shipments belonging to important figures—nobles, royalty and all that. Realized merc life wasn’t for me, started working solo, found a place to call home...”

Her voice briefly trails off. “...Things got... complicated. Came to the Frost Marches, joined this tribe during its travels.”

She stops. You wait for her to continue, but she doesn’t. “...Is that it?” you ask.

Hirana nods. “Yes.”

“...You said it was a long story.”

“I gave you the short version.”

The lioness unfolds her arms and stretches her neck, causing an audible *pop*. “Time to get back out there.” Without another word, Hirana walks past you and towards the village outskirts. The other leothrans quickly and nervously make way as she approaches. As she passes one particular tent, she leans through the flap and pulls out her familiar halberd without stopping. Hooking it to her back, she departs the village.

Well. You introduced yourself, at least. Vari approaches you with a sympathetic look on her face. “She’s been... slow to open up to others, as you can see,” she explains. “I get the feeling she prefers it that way. Don’t take it personally.”

You won’t... although your curiosity is certainly piqued now. {act one completed|Maybe you should try talking to her again next time you’re here. Perhaps word of your exploits will catch her attention.|You can try talking to her again, though you doubt she’ll open up just yet. Perhaps if you build your reputation, that could get your foot in the door, so to speak.}

Event 2

Requires having completed Winter City.

// Tooltip: {act one completed|Word of your exploits should have reached the lioness's ears by now—maybe she'll be more willing to chat.|You doubt you'll get more from her at this time... perhaps if you build your reputation she'll take more of an interest in you.}

You lock eyes with Vari and jerk your head towards Hirana. The motherly cat nods in understanding and begins pulling a few of the surrounding leothrans away, giving you clearance to approach the lioness's usual spot.

Hirana regards you as you approach, giving you that analytical look again. “‘Champion of Frost’, right?” she asks. “Word gets around.”

You nod. “[pc.isBimbo|I’m, like, just happy to help!”

Hirana gives a small huff of amusement. “Sometimes that’s all it takes.”|Whatever keeps Savarra held together.”

Hirana nods. “Indeed.”] She stares at you in silence for a few more seconds. “You want the long version then?”

Huh?

“My story. I have some time to kill.”

Oh! In that case, she may as well start from the beginning.

Hirana rests her head against the tentpost behind her. “Growing up, I liked fighting. Wanted to get out in the world and fight. My tribe was content to stay where it was, so I planned to leave once I came of age. I spent every day honing my body and skills, and when I was seventeen...” She flexes one of her massive arms. “I was about what you see now.”

Her physique is definitely impressive—[pc.toneRange 0 75 80 95|it’s easily her most notable feature, truth be told.|you’re no slouch yourself, but you feel soft compared to her[pc.isDK]... not that you’d ever admit that].|and coming from you, that’s saying something.|it’s actually refreshing to see someone with a tone similar to yours.]

Hirana folds her arms again. “Left the village at eighteen, found a reputable company to join. Spent about eight years with them.” She pauses for a moment and gives a hint of a smile. “They were better friends than any I made back home. Had each other’s backs, on and off the battlefield. We were professional but flexible. Like I said before, our jobs were mainly securing

trade routes, occasionally we'd have to escort important people or their property. Usually things were quiet, but sometimes... well, it would turn out hiring us was the smart choice."

"When we weren't on the job, we were enjoying ourselves at the closest tavern we could find. Drinking, dancing, the occasional brawl, usually followed by drinking <i>with</i> whoever we were brawling. The usual stuff."

Honestly, you haven't known Hirana that long, but it's kind of hard to imagine her being that rambunctious.

She huffs. "I was young, foolish, headstrong, everything you'd expect from someone like me at that age... but I was happy. I liked my company, and they liked me."

And then everything went wrong?

The lioness cocks an eyebrow in amusement. "You mean, did I have a falling out with them? Or did they get massacred in a battle that only I survived? No, nothing that dramatic. Things just... didn't pan out like any of us expected. We at least managed to part on... decent terms."

Hirana unfolds her arms and begins heading towards her tent. "I need to get back out there. I'll tell you more next time, if you wish."

You're looking forward to it. You watch the lioness depart, then [pc.som]bid your goodbyes and [find your companion and]find your companions and] depart from the village.

Event 3

Once again, you approach the quiet lioness in her remote corner of the village.

“Didn’t think my story would be that compelling,” she mutters.

You shrug at her. “You don’t have to tell it if you don’t want to.”

“Hmph.” The corner of her lip curls upward in a slight smirk. “Where was I...?”

She’s interrupted by a baby’s cry from a nearby tent, which is quickly joined by two more. The two of you watch as Vari hurries inside, where you hear her softly shushing. Suddenly, Hirana is walking purposefully towards that tent. You follow her without thinking, entering to see Vari cradling and bouncing a crying kitten in each arm.

“Shhhh, shhhh, it’s okay...” she whispers.

She seems distracted, however, by the third baby that’s still in its crib. She gives a pleading look to you, wordlessly asking for help. [pc.hasKids|As a [pc.fatherMother] yourself, you instinctively|You’re not overly familiar with tending to babies, but you can certainly try. You] make for the untended kitten, but Hirana, surprisingly, beats you to it.

With practiced gentleness, the lioness scoops up the wailing infant and cradles it in her muscular arm. You’d half expect the baby to cry in fear, looking up at the titaness holding it, but quite the opposite—it seems at ease in the grasp of such a powerful individual, feeling there’s no safer place in the world. You and Vari stare at her, impressed with her skill. The baby in her arms has stopped crying and seems to be enjoying the warmth and safety, while the ones Vari is holding are still softly crying.

“Hirana, I... wow,” Vari whispers, before clearing her throat. “I think these two could use some fresh air, I’ll walk them around the village for a bit.” She leaves with the babies, continuing to comfort them with gentle shushes and soft words.

You look back at Hirana, who is allowing the baby to clutch her thumb in its tiny grip. This is a tenderness that goes beyond someone with experience babysitting.

You might as well ask. “Are you a mother, Hirana?”

She says nothing, instead opting to stare at you. Apparently she’d rather keep some things private, at least for now. Fair enough. Does she at least want to continue where she left off?

“Right, leaving the company.”

Hirana's gaze falls to the floor for a moment. "We were on another average job—escorting a noble through this mountain pass. Paranoid bastard. He wasn't expecting any trouble, per se, just a case of 'better to have them and not need them'. We weren't complaining about the easy job."

"We were almost out of the pass when we heard screaming from not too far away. Slavers. One of their captives had broken free. They caught her, but not before she got our attention. I wanted to help her, help whoever else those bastards were holding, but our client refused to let us be 'distracted'. Threatened to spread word of our company being 'unreliable'."

Hirana growls at the memory, a low bestial rumble you can feel in your chest. She takes a slow, steady breath to calm herself. "So I went alone. Told them I'd catch up. Ran after the slavers, cut most of them down. I let one of them go—he'd dropped his weapon while I was carving up his friends, didn't see much need to kill him."

She goes quiet for some time before speaking again, continuing to gently bob the baby in her arms. "Freed the captives, caught up with my group at the nearby town. They'd been paid in full, though I suspect they had to twist the noble's arm to get over my 'insubordination'. Even so, the leader of the crew wasn't pleased with me. Chewed me out, told me to never run off like that during a job ever again. Didn't care for how he spoke to me, so I quit."

You blink in confusion. She quit? Just like that? After eight years, she just leaves after one stern talking-to? There *must* be more to it than that...

Hirana narrows her eyes at you. "Why 'must' there be? We had a disagreement, so I left. It's that simple."

...But wait, she said there wasn't a falling out!

The lioness tenses up for the briefest conceivable moment. "I did, didn't I?" she murmurs, sounding annoyed with herself. "Very well. Yes, it was more complicated than that, but..."

She goes quiet again. She really *does* play with her cards close to her chest. You decide to ease off. If she doesn't want to elaborate, you won't pry.

Hirana nods in appreciation, then looks down with surprise. You follow her gaze to see the baby has long fallen asleep. Seeing this as a good stopping point, the lioness tenderly lays the baby back in its crib. She lingers for a few moments, gazing at the sleeping kitten, before leaving the tent. You follow her outside, where she continues walking towards her tent.

"Until next time, [pc.name]." You watch the towering cat depart for her usual patrols, feeling even more curious than before.

[Next]

Event 4

Hirana watches stoically as you approach. “You’re that determined to hear my story, hmm?”

You nod. “You’ve clearly got an interesting one.”

Hirana grunts in acknowledgement, then thinks for a moment. “Right. I’d left the company... I set out on my own, explored my homeland for the next nine years. I had a decent amount earned from my time as a mercenary, but I still hunted for food and made camps rather than staying in towns.”

Sounds lonely.

She nods. “I learned to deal with it. I wasn’t as... reserved as I am now, so I got restless at times.”

Hirana goes quiet for a few moments—she has the same look in her eyes as before, the look where she seems to be mentally omitting parts of her story that she doesn’t feel comfortable sharing. “One day, I... was passing through this gorge. It was a road that served as a shortcut between two distant towns, but travelers there were often easy prey for bandits. I happened upon a group whose caravan was under fire by a particularly brutal group of brigands. I stepped in to help, and...”

She trails off. You wait patiently for her to continue, but she remains silent, an uncertain look on her face.

Finally, with an annoyed grunt, she unfolds her arms and begins to walk away. “Enough.”

Enough? But...

Quicker than you can blink, she [pc.isHeight 60]firmly plants a hand on your shoulder[turns to face you], pinning you in place with her stern gaze. “Enough.”

With that, she turns away and marches through the village. The other leothrans scatter nervously, sensing her... anger? You don’t know what she’s feeling right now. The lioness fetches her halberd from her tent and leaves the village on her own once more.

Vari approaches, watching the point where Hirana vanished. “What happened?”

You’re not sure. The further she got in her story, the cagier she became. Perhaps you reached a point in her life she hasn’t come to terms with yet.

Vari coos with sympathy and [vari.fucked|pulls you into a warm, fluffy hug|places a comforting hand on your shoulder]. “Don’t blame yourself, [pc.name]. You’ve gotten to know her better than any of us.”

Perhaps... but now [pc.isDK|you think|you’re worried] you overstepped.

“Then maybe you should apologize next time,” Vari suggests. “You don’t need to know everything about her to earn her trust. Simply being there can be more than enough.”

She has a point. You won’t know until you try.

[Next]

Event 5

Event does not return player to Vari's tile, but is required to trigger next event.

// Tooltip: Hirana's not here this time—maybe Vari knows where she is?

You frown when you realize Hirana isn't in her usual spot. Curious, you look to Vari and point towards where the lioness usually stands.

A concerned look dawns on her face. "She hasn't been back since the last time you spoke to her. She's been gone for longer stretches than this, but given how she left..."

Does she have a place outside of the village she often goes to?

Vari shakes her head. "No one's ever gone with her. At this point, you know more about her than we do. Maybe you should check the Frostwood? You might cross paths with her."

It's as good an idea as any.

Event 6

Has a standard chance to occur in Southern Frostwood via travel or Explore.

“Help! Someone help!”

You hear a woman’s desperate cries a short distance off the path. [party.som|You|You and [party.compNames]|You and your companions] hurry in the direction of the voice. You arrive in a grassy clearing, where four imps have surrounded someone. Their prey is a human woman with brown hair tied in a messy ponytail and a simple dress, beneath which her heavily pregnant belly is visible. A sack lies at her feet, from which a few apples are seen spilling out.

“Awww, don’t worry, mama!” One imp says, sneering maliciously. “We’ll be gentle with ya!”

“Yeah!” says another. “When your brat’s born, we’ll leave it outside a town, you won’t need to worry about it!”

“It’s the ones we’ll put in you that you’ll have to take care of!” Jeers a third.

[pc.dcb|Even for you, this feels sick.|Nope, not on your watch.|Such <i>meanies!</i> You won’t stand for this!] “HEY!” you yell, drawing the imps’ attention.

“You again?!” One of them shrieks, outraged. You notice he’s sporting a faded but familiar black eye. “This time, I’m gonna--”

He’s interrupted when a massive yellow shape bursts from the trees, straight towards him. A disquieting crunch resounds throughout the clearing as the imp is run through by the spike of Hirana’s halberd. He lets out a single confused cough before going still.

In a single fluid movement, Hirana spins around, swinging her halberd and dislodging the dead imp while also aiming at another of its fellows. The axe blade slices cleanly through the second imp’s neck, severing its tiny red head from its shoulders. A third imp, in a mix of panic and fury, bolts for Hirana, but she thrusts out her foot and kicks him square in the face. The force sends him flying backwards, out of the clearing and into a particularly thorny-looking bush.

All of this occurs in the span of a few seconds. [party.som|You|You, [party.compNames],|You, your companions] and the near-victim of these imps’ lusts simply stare at the lioness, who is now stomping towards the last imp who remains. Terror overtakes him, causing him to fall to the ground. He scrambles backwards from the oncoming warrior, but barely makes it a foot before she seizes him around the throat.

Hirana lifts the imp and pins him against a tree, hard enough that leaves are shaken from its branches. She applies pressure to his throat, causing him to gasp and gurgle as he claws at her inescapable grasp.

She'd been moving so fast, you couldn't get a clear look at her face until now. Her breathing is normal, her mouth is set, but her jade eyes are blazing with a fury you haven't seen in her. You're surprised the imp hasn't burst into flames from the sheer force of Hirana's wrath. He continues his pitiful attempts to claw himself free, while his gasps for air grow increasingly desperate.

There's the barest perceptible tremor in Hirana's head before she lets out a roar—not a yell, not a scream, but a genuine lion's **roar**—directly into the imp's face. It leaves your ears ringing, and seems to echo all throughout the Frostwood.

Hirana's roar goes for several seconds before she finally stops. She glances in your direction, having seemingly forgotten you were here. The rage in her eyes fades somewhat. She turns her head to look at the woman, who seems conflicted on whether she's more or less frightened now.

The imp's face has become purple from lack of oxygen. Hirana finally relaxes her grip and drops him to the ground. He finally takes in a lungful of air, clutching at his bruised throat before coughing.

"Go," she growls.

The imp nods at her before taking flight, his gasping and coughing still audible after he vanishes from sight. His friend, who had been kicked away, swiftly follows, whimpering fearfully.

The amazon then turns to the woman, who is hurriedly putting the spilled fruit back in her sack. "Continue on your way," Hirana instructs. "Do not stop. And next time, do not travel alone...especially as you are."

The woman fearfully nods before hurrying away, pausing to give you a hug and a quick, tearful, "Thank you."

Once she's gone, you look back at Hirana, who hasn't moved. She's staring at the tree she'd pinned that imp to, her fingers slightly trembling.

After a few moments, the towering amazon clenches her free hand into a fist, then slams it into the tree—right where the imp's face had been. The impact causes a small dent in the thick bark.

Hirana punches it again, in the exact same spot. Then again. And again. The dent is deepened with each punch, and a growing number of leaves are knocked free from the branches above. You notice her knuckles are growing increasingly bloodied as she continues pummeling the tree.

“Hirana!” You call.

[party.randComp cait etheryn brint brianne arona]“Please, stop!” Cait cries, clearly fighting her instincts as a healer to run forward.[“Please, stop!” Ryn sobs, covering her mouth with both hands as tears stream down her face.[Brint plants a hand on your shoulder. “Don’t. She needs this.”]“You’re hurting yourself!” Brienne yells, her eyes brimming with tears.[“[pc.name],” Arona says, planting a hand on your shoulder. “She needs this right now.”]

The dent in the tree has been deepened to about halfway through its trunk. Hirana stops punching it, but clearly hasn’t finished. She steps back and begins swinging her halberd at the tree, digging its axe blade into the dent she’d made with her bare hands. The weapon is clearly not made for woodwork, but it holds up surprisingly well as it continues hacking away at the damaged trunk.

Hirana is making the same face as when she’d been strangling that imp—seemingly impassive, except for the boundless fury in her emerald eyes. She normally appears to be a warrior of incredible focus and discipline, yet now she’s fallen into a blind rage that seems to have been buried for a long time.

The halberd snaps, the head remaining embedded in the trunk when Hirana attempts to pull it free. Without so much as a pause, she yanks the head out and tosses it aside before wrapping her hands around the tree. Her claws dig deep into its bark as she begins pushing and pulling it.

With the severe damage the trunk has taken, it doesn’t take more than a few thrashes before it begins to give. Hirana roars again as she gives a mighty, violent push, breaking it from its trunk in a spray of splinters. As it begins to teeter, the lioness delivers a powerful kick that quickly topples it. The trunk hits the ground in a tremendous crash, taking several branches from other trees with it during its final descent.

Hirana pants with adrenaline, staring at her hands, one of them still dripping with blood. She clenches them into fists, looks up to the sky and lets out one last roar, longer and louder than ever. You cover your [pc.ears]—people probably heard that all the way in Hawkethorne.

You notice something different about this roar, though—it’s not just fury behind it. There’s a sadness, an *anguish* to it, a deep-rooted scar, left untended.

As the roar ends, Hirana falls to her hands and knees. She digs her claws into the ground, her shoulders trembling. A single sob escapes her lips.

[party.som|You|You turn to [party.compNames], who nods knowingly before leaving you two alone in the clearing. You then|You turn to your companions who nod knowingly before leaving you two alone in the clearing. You then] approach the lioness and sit in front of her. After a few silent moments, you tentatively lay your hand upon her bloodied paw. She doesn’t resist.

“I’m here,” you whisper.

Hirana says nothing for a few moments, then slowly leans forward. Reading her intent, you lower your head slightly to meet her brow with your own. Your heads rest there for some time, finding great comfort in such a simple display of affection.

You scoot over to the jagged trunk of the tree she mangled. She silently follows, crawling along before laying beside you and resting her furry head in your lap. She lets out another quiet sob, then another. You stroke her head, wordlessly encouraging her to let it all out.

Vari was right—sometimes, all it takes is simply being there... and Hirana needs you here, more than anything.

[Next]

Event 6 (continued)

// Two hours pass.

At some point you must have dozed off. When you stir, you realize you're wrapped in Hirana's powerful arm, the lioness sitting upright against the stump. You're not sure if she slept, but she's certainly awake now. She's staring off into the middle distance, her eyes still wet with barely-constrained tears.

"I told you of when I happened upon that caravan," she says, her voice barely above a whisper. Her gaze doesn't flinch. "...in the gorge, attacked by bandits. It was just four innocent people, none of them could fight, but the bandits wanted to kill them regardless. For fun. So I intervened, like I had countless times since leaving the company."

"I got the travelers out of there, but was badly wounded. Blacked out from blood loss. Woke up in a village, covered in bandages, too weak to move. The village doctor—one of the people from that caravan—cared for me. His name was Deris. He insisted I stay to recover, not like I had the strength to do much else."

"By the time I was able to leave that village on my own two feet... I didn't want to. Deris, he... I fell for him. His kindness, his sensitivity, his intelligence... you always expect your first love to be a mirror of yourself, but he was... small. Frail. Nervous. Everything I wasn't... and I wanted to protect him more than anything else."

Hirana takes a shuddering breath. "I stayed with him. Acted as the village protector, much like I am here. Nearly a year later, we were wed. Another three months, I was with child." A faint smile has formed on her lips, but now it's quickly falling. You're not sure you like where this is going.

"I'd made enemies over the past decade—the sort who would hound me to the ends of the earth. We received word that they had tracked me down, and were moving upon our village with a considerable group of sellswords. The village was a humble one, with only a handful of fighters. Its best defender was seven months pregnant. Yet I still wanted to fight."

"But Deris refused. Bastard actually drugged me to keep me asleep while I was carted to a village near the coast. He thought if I was sent away, the slaver and his thugs would have no reason to threaten our home." She hesitates, and when she speaks again, her voice croaks. "Days later, we received word that they'd burned it to the ground anyway... after putting my husband's head on a pike."

Oh gods.

Hirana tries to force some tears back, then relents and allows them to stream down her face. "I wanted revenge, of course, but my child... I couldn't risk it. I remained in hiding, and before long my son was born... My beautiful son. Yet I couldn't stay. I knew it wouldn't be long before my

enemies managed to track me down again, and my son would be at risk. So we travelled northwest. The further we went, the more I realized how easy it could be to track a lone lioness leothran so far from Valgar. No matter where I went, my son would be in danger. So I... bid farewell to my beloved Teja. Left him with a kind old couple in a discrete village, somewhere in central Belhar. They promised to care for him, to take his origins to their grave. I continued northwest and eventually arrived in the Marches. Been here for the past ten years.”

She finally looks at you; her emerald eyes, normally so clear and piercing, are blurred by tears. “You wanted to know my story,” she mutters. “...and there it is. A warrior who makes enemies, a wife who gets her husband killed, a mother who has to abandon her child.”

There’s a bitterness in her gaze and a scornfulness in her voice, but they both feel... hollow. She’s not mad at you for insisting she tell her story, not really... She’s angry with herself—*has* been, for years.

[pc.isBimbo]The dam breaks—her story is so overwhelmingly sad! With a sob, you wrap your arms around the big, sad kitty and pull her into a hug. “I’m so sorry, Hiranaaaaaa!” you wail.

If Hirana is uncomfortable by the [pc.race] weeping into her [pc.heightRange 48 72|side|shoulder], she doesn’t let it show. She leans into the hug, letting you do all the crying for her.|You wrap your arms around the lioness and pull her into a gentle embrace. “I’m sorry, Hirana...” you whisper. What else is there to say?

Hirana leans into the hug, letting out a deep sigh of... relief? Resignation? It’s hard to tell.]

The two of you sit there for a bit longer, [pc.isBimbo|with you continuing to stain Hirana’s fur with your tears of sympathy. Once you’ve managed to stop crying for the kitty,|finding simple comfort in each other’s presence. Finally,] you each stand up, stretching your long-unused legs.

Hirana lets out another deep sigh—perhaps she’d been burdened all this time by keeping her tragic tale to herself. “I’m heading home.” She looks at you, and gives you a smile—it’s a small one, but still far wider than you’ve ever seen her. “Thank you, [pc.name]. Truly.”

Any time. The lioness picks up the pieces of her halberd, growling with annoyance at having broken it, before setting off. You take some more time to stretch your legs, then follow suit[pc.hasCompanions|, running into a returning [party.compNames] on your way back to the path].

[Next]

Event 7

Requires having completed Event 6.

// Tooltip: {if Event 6 has not been completed|Hirana is still gone. Maybe you should look for her in the Frostwood?|Hirana is in her usual place, though she's looking right at you this time.}

Vari notices you looking at Hirana and suddenly gives you a gentle, if insistent, push towards her. "She's been waiting for you, [pc.name]. Go ahead."

As usual, the other leothrans stop crowding you as you approach the solitary lioness. She smirks, though in her eyes you can tell she's quite happy to see you. "[pc.name]."

You nod. "Hirana."

The lioness glances towards the village center, where more than a few cats are still staring your way out of wary curiosity. Hirana sighs, then unfolds her arms. "We'll talk in my tent."

[pc.corruptionRange 0 25 50 100|That sounds ideal.|A small part of you aches to do more than 'talk', but you shoo that thought away.|You're hoping to do <i>more</i> than just talk.|Oh, you're gonna do a <i>lot</i> more than just talk.] You follow the towering cat, watching the other leothrans scatter before her.

Once you've ducked under the flap and entered, you finally see Hirana's lodgings. It's... very bare. There's a simple but <i>large</i> bed, an open chest filled with spare clothing, and a simple weapon maintenance kit, beside which sits the head of her broken halberd. Next to the flap is a weathered spear, clearly a temporary replacement for her usual weapon. The bare necessities, all that Hirana needs.

...At least, until now, apparently.

Hirana sits on the foot of her bed. You sit down, close beside her. "How are you feeling?"

"Better," she replies curtly. "All these years, I thought I was strong enough to let my past go unspoken... but all that does is nurture... rot." She looks at you. "Thank you again, [pc.name]. For just... listening."

You nod. "[pc.isBimbo|Your story was, like, suuuuper sad. Thank you for telling me about it!|Of course. Thank you for confiding in me.]"

Her gaze falls to the floor. "It wasn't... easy for me. After what happened to my Deris, I... needed to do whatever it took to hide from my enemies, to protect my son. That included telling no one of my past. But you... you reminded me of myself, all those years ago, when I

left that mercenary company. Traveling the land, helping people, righting wrongs... They were good times. So I took a chance on you.”

She meets your gaze again; those clear, jade eyes seem to brighten when they look into yours. “It paid off.”

She takes your hand with her own and grips it tightly...

Then, seemingly on a whim, she brings your hand to her rock-hard thigh, dragging it back and forth encouragingly. Her tail begins coiling around your leg possessively. A low purr begins to emanate from her throat. She *wants* you... but only if you're interested too.

[\[Absolutely\]](#) [\[Later\]](#)

Absolutely

[Next] moves to Sex>Lifted Oral scene

// Tooltip: Enjoy an intimate moment with this muscular lioness. You get the feeling she WILL be in charge.

[pc.isVirgin|You never expected your first time to be with a towering, amazonian lioness, but you're certainly not complaining.]Far be it from you to turn down a lovely time with a towering, amazonian lioness.] You've barely moved your face an inch closer to Hirana's before she makes her move. Her other hand practically grabs your head and pulls you in for a deep kiss. Her tongue rapidly overwhelms your own, swirling around it too fast for you to counter.

Hirana suddenly pulls back, just a bit, to let out a hungry growl. She all but tackles you onto the bed, pinning you beneath her titanic form and cradling your face with both hands. She resumes the kiss, her tongue nearly diving down your throat as it gets a taste for every inch of your mouth. Her purring grows much louder, [pc.isFeline|mirroring your own|drowning out your soft moans] as you do your best to match her enthusiasm.

Though she's undoubtedly expressing dominance, the lioness is being remarkably gentle—her grip on your head is paradoxically firm and soft, her claws are barely tickling your skin, and her rough kiss feels rich with passion and affection. She wants you under her control, but will make you feel loved and worshipped every step of the way.

Hirana finally breaks the kiss and moves off the bed, regarding you with a gaze of barely-restrained hunger. She's deciding how she wants to take you...

[\[Next\]](#)

Later

Returns PC to Vari's tile in Frostwood. Hirana is locked until 0800 the next day.

// Tooltip: You don't have time at the moment.

As much as it kills you, you don't have time right now. You'll definitely remember her offer, though.

Hirana's gaze falls in disappointment, but she nods. "Very well. Until then..." She pushes her brow to your own in affection. "Travel safe... and return soon."

With that, Hirana stands up, takes the spear and departs. You take a deep breath, return outside and bid farewell to the villagers before returning to your adventures.

Normal Village Meetings

[Vari's Village?]>[Hirana] now goes to this menu once all previous events are complete. Choosing a [Sex] scene or [Leave] returns PC to Vari's tile in Frostwood, and locks Hirana until 0800 the following day.

// Tooltip: {if PC has already interacted with Hirana today|Hirana's out for her patrols. Check back in tomorrow!|Hirana is in her usual spot in the village, arms crossed and deep in thought. Go hang out with [hirana.married|your titanic lioness wife|the titanic lioness]!}

"I'm gonna hang out with Hirana this time," you say to Vari, who nods encouragingly as you begin navigating through the wall of curious cats encircling you. Some leothrans make an attempt to follow you, but quickly stop when they realize who you're approaching.

Hirana [[hirana.fucked|turns her head to look at you, and her jade eyes show a flicker of affection. "[pc.name]."

You smile back at your lioness lover in response.|casts a single glance your way as you approach, and softly grunts in greeting. "[pc.name]."

You nod at her.] "Hirana."

[silly]"[pc.name]."

"Hirana."

"[pc.name]."

"Hirana."

"[pc.name]."

"Hirana."

"[pc.name]."

"Hirana."

"[pc.name]."

"Hirana.]"

[Appearance] [Talk] [Sex] [Leave]

Appearance

// Tooltip: Take a quick look at the towering amazon before you.

Unlike the other leothrans here, who resemble snow leopards, she takes after a lioness. Her body is covered with brownish-gold fur, growing paler in an oval shape on her front that stretches downward from the tip of her dark nose, expanding to either side of her chest, and terminating between her legs. Her head is wholly feline, with rounded ears on top. From the base of her lower back emerges a long tail with a dark tuft at the end. She's wearing a single leather pauldron, held in place by an armored strap that stretches over her chest, under her arm and across her back. Hanging from around her waist is a leather skirt that stretches to halfway down her thighs. Worn bandages are wrapped around her forearms and hands, implying she often uses her fists in battle, though you've also seen her use a weathered halberd in fights.

You estimate her to be maybe seven feet, seven inches[pc.height 48 91 94], looming over you like a foreboding mountain[, roughly as tall as you]—not as tall as you, but still impressive]. Her height, however, doesn't impress nearly as much as her physique. Her arms and legs are each thicker than her head[hirana.pregStage 0 2], and her washboard abs are dense enough they look as though they could stop a direct hit from a spear.]. Her belly is normally molded into dense washboard abs, but now is swollen with the child growing within her.]. You can practically hear her skin creaking like leather when she moves her arms.

Fitting of someone with such musculature, Hirana exudes an intense aura of power, discipline and authority. Her face is expressionless, cold and aloof, but her jade eyes show an immensely calculative mind. [hirana.isPregnant|Her pregnancy hasn't dulled her edge—if anything, the need to protect her coming child has visibly made it more dangerous to earn her ire.]

[pc.dcb|Even you can't help but feel somewhat pressured by her gaze.]. It all makes for one intimidating woman.]. [Such a scary kitty!]

[hirana.fucked|From your private time together, you know that between her powerful thighs is a dark pussy and tailhole. Her E-cup breasts are capped with dark brown nipples with gradual, coin-sized areola.].

You suddenly notice her eyes are scanning up and down your body. She's doing the same thing to you, though it feels less like 'ogling' and more like 'analyzing'[hirana.fucked]... though there's an undeniable affection underlining her gaze].

Talk

// Tooltip: Chew the fat with the colossal cat.

“Wanna chat for a bit?”

[hirana.fucked|Hirana nods. “Happily.”|“Hmm,” Hirana grunts in response. That didn’t
<i>sound</i> like a ‘No’...]

[[Mercenary](#)] [[Leaving Mercs](#)] [[Post Merc Life](#)] [[Deris](#)] [[Enemies?](#)] [[Sex?](#)] [Back]

Mercenary

// Tooltip: What kind of work did Hirana do with that mercenary company?

Hirana rests her head against the tentpost behind her. “Growing up, I liked fighting. Wanted to get out in the world and fight. My tribe was content to stay where it was, so I planned to leave once I came of age. I spent every day honing my body and skills, and when I was seventeen...” She flexes one of her massive arms. “I was about what you see now.”

Her physique is definitely impressive—[pc.toneRange 0 75 80 95]it’s easily her most notable feature, truth be told.[you’re no slouch yourself, but you feel soft compared to her[pc.isDK]... not that you’d ever admit that].and coming from you, that’s saying something.[it’s actually refreshing to see someone with a tone similar to yours.]

Hirana returns to folding her arms. “Left the village at eighteen, found a reputable company to join. Spent about eight years with them.” She pauses for a moment and gives a hint of a smile. “They were better friends than any I made back home. Had each other’s backs, on and off the battlefield. We were professional but flexible. Like I said before, our jobs were mainly securing trade routes, occasionally we’d have to escort important people or their property. Usually things were quiet, but sometimes... well, it would turn out hiring us was the smart choice.”

“When we weren’t on the job, we were enjoying ourselves at the closest tavern we could find. Drinking, dancing, the occasional brawl, usually followed by drinking <i>with</i> whoever we were brawling. The usual stuff.”

It’s still difficult imagining her being that rambunctious.

She huffs. “I was young, foolish, headstrong, everything you’d expect from someone like me at that age... but I was happy. I liked my company, and they liked me.”

And then she had that ‘career change’?

Hirana chuckles. “Indeed.”

Leaving Mercs

// Tooltip: What made her leave the mercenary life?

Hirana's gaze falls to the ground for a moment. "We were on another average job—escorting a noble through this mountain pass. Paranoid bastard. He wasn't expecting any trouble, per se, just a case of 'better to have them and not need them'. We weren't complaining about the easy job."

"We were almost out of the pass when we heard screaming from not too far away. Slavers. One of their captives had broken free. They caught her, but not before she got our attention. I wanted to help her, help whoever else those bastards were holding, but our client refused to let us be 'distracted'. Threatened to spread word of our company being 'unreliable'."

Hirana growls at the memory, a low bestial rumble you can feel in your chest. She takes a slow, steady breath to calm herself. "So I went alone. Told them I'd catch up. Ran after the slavers, cut most of them down. I let one of them go—he'd dropped his weapon while I was carving up his friends, didn't see much need to kill him."

Her voice softens somewhat. "When I freed them from that cramped cage... When they cried, hugged me, thanked me, spoke of seeing their families again... All my years of fighting, and what fulfillment I'd felt was suddenly eclipsed by those words of heartfelt gratitude. To this day I still don't understand how I didn't realize—I didn't just like fighting... I liked **protecting**."

"Once I'd made sure the captives were okay to return home, I caught up with the company at the town where we were to escort that noble. They'd been paid in full, though I suspect they had to twist the noble's arm to get over my 'insubordination'. Our leader pulled me aside to talk, and... I explained what happened. What I did, what I **felt**. How I didn't want to just be a sellsword, I wanted to really help people."

"I half expected him to scoff, but he... just looked sad. Said he understood, that he felt the same way once. But our company's line of work wasn't one that could be sustained by acts of heroism like what I did in the pass. The people who need that kind of help are rarely ones who can pay. The best we could hope for was that our work could help our clients help others."

"Everything he said, it made sense, yet it... left a hollow feeling in my stomach. All those jobs with the company, they were just business, just a means of giving us full bellies and places to rest our heads. I was content, sure, but that was because of the friends I'd made in that group. Now I knew I could be a force for good, but to do so, I'd have to leave them behind. So I did. We parted as amicably as one could hope for—well wishes, promises that they'd gladly welcome me back should I return... It was simple, yet hard, if that makes sense."

Post Merc Life

// Tooltip: What did Hirana do after leaving the mercenaries?

“After leaving the company, I simply traveled across the land. I spent the next nine years traveling across my homeland, righting wrongs, protecting the vulnerable... Not unlike what you’re doing these days, though I was almost always alone. Figured I could always watch my own back. Turned out I was wrong... but that’s how I ended up meeting Deris.”

“It was a familiar thing—I happened to come across some people in trouble, so I stepped in to help them. In this case, it was a group that had been traveling through a gorge. Their caravan was being attacked by a particularly vicious bandit clan. I dispatched the attackers, but I realized too late that they had reinforcements from a nearby ridge. The cart’s horse was dead, so I pulled the cart myself to get them out. Made myself an easy target for those arrows and spears.”

Hence the scars on her back.

Hirana nods. “I think it was the adrenaline that let me pull them out of the gorge. The pain was immeasurable, but nothing else mattered to me in that moment. If I died playing the hero, I was fine with it. I thought I **had**, when I blacked out after twenty, thirty minutes of pulling the cart. Instead, I woke up in a nearby village, not unlike this one. My back was aching from the stitches. I’d lost so much blood, I could barely raise an arm, let alone stand up.”

“That’s how I met the man who would become my husband.”

Deris

// Tooltip: Ask about Hirana's late husband... if she's willing to talk about him.

A smile gradually appears on Hirana's face as she remembers her husband. "Real runt of a cat[pc.heightRange 48 68 72|—not as short as you, mind, but still small compared to other leothrans.|—about your height.|.] Meek little thing, real pushover... When it came to the health of others, though? He'd be all pushy, firm, brook no arguments. He insisted I stay until I got better... it would be quite some time. One of the arrows nearly hit my heart. I lost... so much blood. So I agreed to stay."

"Deris tended to me, practically every hour of every day. It was infuriating how he'd try to dote on me. More than once I had to snatch my food from him when he tried to feed me by hand." She lets out a chuckle. "I remember how scared he was when he offered to bathe me. He'd run outside before I could even grab something to throw at him."

"The damn cub was terrified of me... yet he kept coming back, without fail. It irritated me at first—needing to be tended to by someone so... soft. Anxious. Uncertain of himself." She huffs distastefully at her prior feelings. "Over time, though, I began to see him in a new light. He was what I wasn't—diplomatic, gentle, considerate... I found myself envying him. We began talking, truly talking."

"A week later I could get out of bed. That night, he walked me out to a private spot outside of the village to gaze at the stars. He called it a way to celebrate my progress in healing. I called it our first date. The way he panicked and stammered at that..." The lioness chuckles again, though judging by the slight tremble in her shoulders she's clearly resisting the urge to roar with laughter. "I said it as a joke, yet..."

She lets out a snuffle, but continues. "Another two weeks, I was able to fight again—not as well as before, of course. That'd take months. I'd packed what I could carry and prepared to leave at the crack of dawn, but... I couldn't make myself leave. Not with him watching me from the village gates. When I turned back, the first thing I did was berate him for 'guilt-tripping' me. The second thing I did was kiss him."

"Nearly a year later, bastard proposed to me, in front of the whole village. For such an anxious little runt, you'd be surprised at how insidious he could be. Three months later I was pregnant. Another four, and..."

You know. She can stop there. You thank her for sharing.

Hirana smiles softly, the memories clearly having brightened her mood. "Thank you."

Enemies?

// Tooltip: You're curious about those who have it out for Hirana.

Hirana's claws dig slightly into her folded arms. "You remember those slavers I stopped, on my last job as a mercenary? I spared one of them, since he'd been disarmed. I assumed that would be the end of it. Instead, he tracked me across my homeland. I'm unsure why—perhaps his pride was wounded, or he had a relative or lover that I killed that day. Whatever the case, he managed to find those with their own grievances with me... there were quite a few of them."

"The bulk of their group were the survivors of a bandit clan who had been tormenting a small village, some years into my going solo. I slew most of them, including their leader, and assumed that would be enough, but I'd underestimated how tightly knit they were. They served as the group's muscle. They also found three duplicitous con artists, who had swindled entire towns with fake medicines and crudely-drawn treasure maps before I exposed them. Their connections were what allowed the group to find like-minded individuals... and to track me."

"Funding their vendetta was a single, disgraced noble. He'd been planning to frame his older brother for heinous crimes, in order to claim all of his wealth and territories. Unfortunately for him, his brother caught wind of his schemes and recruited me to find proof. I wasn't interested at first, of course—the last noble I worked with left a bad taste in my mouth. But after learning that this one was actually well-loved by the people, I agreed. I exposed the younger brother, and he vanished before the next morning, along with most of his wealth."

"They had everything they needed—muscle, information, funding, and a deep hatred for me. They dispatched several of their number throughout Valgar to pursue leads. It didn't take long for them to find me. One of the bandits arrived in the village, acting like a weary but friendly traveler. I didn't recognize him—he must not have been in his clan's camp the night I... dealt with their leader. The moment he saw me, though, he... He flew into a rage I've never seen. He drew his sword and charged at me. Two of the villagers moved to stop him, but the bandit badly wounded them and kept coming. I was ready to defend myself—as well as one could while seven-months pregnant—but a third villager managed to tackle him to the ground."

"The bandit was thrashing and snarling like a rabid beast, swearing he would see me dead. He promised that his 'new brothers' would know where I was when he failed to return. We kept him prisoner, but I knew he spoke the truth: eventually, they would come for me, and they would butcher anyone in their way."

Sex?

Only appears after sexing Hirana.

// Tooltip: Hirana's approach to sex isn't what you expected.

Hirana raises an eyebrow. "And what did you expect? For me to slam you to the bed, take my fill and leave you broken?"

She maintains a stern look for a few moments, then suddenly chuckles and shakes her head. "I've had a lot of people proposition me for things of that nature. They've asked for what you'd expect: bondage, choking, humiliation, even for me to just... beat them. I refuse. That's not what I enjoy; what I enjoy is taking the reins and making sure they love every touch, every feeling. Deris described it as 'making it about the journey, as well as the destination'."

Did she discover this about herself before meeting her husband?

The lioness averts her gaze. Her furry cheeks betray a faint blush. "I... never seriously thought about being with someone before then. For the longest time, I believed I simply wasn't interested in sex. Then Deris and I began dating. We were each other's first—he was absolutely aghast when I told him. When we began, he was nervous, of course. His eyes kept asking for permission to touch any part of me, until I got... impatient, and took control."

"The trust in his eyes, the dependence..." Her blush deepens, more with lust than embarrassment. "I suppose it spoke to my desire to be a protector{if PC has done Sex>Body Worship}... though, as we've learned, I'm not averse to... receiving, as well. Either way. All that matters is, if my partner enjoys it, I enjoy it."

Maybe she has a thing for smaller men?

Her gaze travels up and down your form. [pc.isMale|[pc.heightRange 48 70]"...Perhaps," she says, with a smirk.[pc.isFeline| "Or perhaps you remind me of him."]] "If that were true," she remarks, smiling. "Then I wouldn't enjoy myself so much when I'm with you."]]

Sex

Doing a sex scene returns PC to Vari's tile and locks Hirana until 0800 the following day.

// Tooltip: Spend some intimate time with the service-domming lioness.

"[first|{if PC turned Hirana down in Event 7|I wanted to take you up on|I was hoping}|Do you want to]-"

Before you can finish, Hirana [pc.heightRange 48 66|leans down and hoists you under her arm before carrying you|abruptly spins you around before firmly pushing you] towards her tent. The other leothrans watch with wide eyes as the village protector appears to drag her prey to her den.

Once you're inside her tent, however, her demeanor changes. She [pc.heightRange 48 66|plops you onto the foot of her bed, gets on one knee|turns you around at the foot of her bed] and kisses you. She lets out a mixture of a moan and a growl into your mouth, taking your head in both of her massive hands.

{first|"What mmph... what was that about, out there?" you ask between kisses.

"Maintaining appearances," Hirana replies curtly. "Now quiet."|"Still keeping up appearances?" you ask coyly.

"Old habits," Hirana replies. "Now..."}

The lioness abruptly shoves you onto [pc.heightRange 48 66|your back|the bed] and gazes upon you with her ravenous jade eyes, her hands clenching and unclenching. She licks her lips hungrily, {first|once again} making you unsure whether she's going to fuck you or eat you.

Whatever the case, you're in the [silly|jungle, baby! You're gonna diiiiieeeeeee!!!|lion's den now.]

[\[Amazon Press\]](#) [\[Lifted Oral\]](#) [\[Body Worship\]](#) [\[Invite Cait\]](#)

Amazon Press

Requires cock. 15 minutes pass. Alleviates Pent Up.

// Tooltip: Who needs an intact pelvis?

“Strip,” Hirana instructs, while unhooking the strap covering her chest. You quickly remove your [pc.gear] and toss it aside, all while staring at the amazon as she bares herself to you. {first|[hirana.fucked]|This is the first you’ve seen the lioness in the nude—her breasts come free of her chest armor, revealing her small, dark brown nipples. You manage to catch a glimpse of a dark pussy between her massive legs. Somehow, despite being naked as the day she was born, her intense aura hasn’t dissipated. If anything, the confidence displayed as she [pc.heightRange 0 92|looms over|stands before] you has only increased.}}

[pc.hasMagicCock|{first|Her gaze falls upon your clit piercing, and she raises a curious eyebrow. Opting to show rather than tell, you reach down and give it a few gentle rubs. Your spectral ghostlight cock dutifully manifests, shimmering as if in greeting. Hirana huffs in amusement and approval before kneeling at the foot of the bed.|She kneels at the foot of the bed without a word and immediately reaches for your clit piercing. She squeezes the whole bud between her middle and forefingers hard enough to evoke a gasp from you, but more importantly to draw forth your ethereal cock.} Her passive paw immediately wraps around the glowing tool and squeezes gently, making you hiss through your teeth at the sensation. She gives it a few pumps, her purring growing louder as her lust grows.][pc.hasRealCock|Her gaze falls upon your quickly-hardening [pc.cock], and her purring grows louder... hungrier. She kneels at the foot of the bed and reaches for your member. [pc.cockSNV|Her paw is big enough to completely encompass it, allowing her to squeeze, tease and stroke every inch at once.|She begins gradually jerking you off, tracing a circle upon the [pc.cockHead] with her thumb whenever she reaches the tip.|Her paws may be large, but even they need to work together to jerk off a cock of your size. She’s more than up to the challenge, though, teasing the [pc.cockHead] with one hand while the other works the shaft.] She maintains eye contact with you as she works, wordlessly promising you bliss—sheer, wonderful bliss.

You twitch and squirm upon the bed, panting and [pc.mf|grunting|moaning] from the sensations... you need more! Before you can open your mouth to urge her on, however, Hirana stops. {first|You let out a confused groan that’s interrupted by her gripping both of your ankles and lifting|Remembering what’s coming, you loosen your legs as she grips both of your ankles and hoists} them upward. Your lower back bends up from the bed as she climbs atop you, spreads your legs wide and angles your [pc.cock] towards her pussy.

Her cunt is absolutely soaked, actively dripping onto your [pc.cockHead]. The sight of it makes you jerk your hips upwards, trying to join with the lioness’s pussy as soon as possible. Thankfully, Hirana {first|doesn’t seem|isn’t} one to tease. She promptly lowers herself down, kissing the tip of your [pc.cock] with her lower lips. A low hiss escapes her as she begins applying pressure.

Your [pc.cockNoun] enters her without difficulty, but the [pc.mf|groan|moan] you let out sounds as though you've been waiting for <i>years</i>. The warmth, the pressure, the control of her pussy, it's the work of a master. How can someone with such a rock-hard body have such a delightfully soft inside?

Hirana growls through her teeth as she slides further downward, taking in more of your [pc.cockNoun] as she goes. [pc.cockRange 0 11 18|Your hips soon meet as you bottom out inside of the lioness, every inch of your length enveloped in perfect warmth.|Her hips soon arrive at the [pc.knot], just as you feel the tip of your cock kiss the entrance to her womb. You can feel every inch of the lioness's perfect pussy.|Your cock makes it a good way in before coming to a stop against the lioness's cervix. She may not be taking all of it, but what she <i>is</i> taking is wrapped in absolute comfort.] You let out another shuddering [pc.mf|groan|moan] from the sensations and make to slide downwards.

"No," Hirana says firmly. Between her grip on your ankles and the vise-like tightness of her pussy, you can barely move your hips. "Lie still, and enjoy yourself."

With incredible control over her massive legs, the muscular milf begins to rise. Your cock is caressed by her inner depths as it passes through, making you dig your fingers into the thick pelt blanket beneath you. Just before your [pc.cockHead] threatens to slip free, Hirana begins to squat back down. She [pc.cockRange 0 11|takes you to the [pc.knot] again|hisses with pleasure as your tip kisses her womb again] before rising up once more. Up and down, up and down, she treats your cock to every inch of her tight but experienced cunt[pc.cockRange 0 11| it can reach|].

[pc.isStrong|If you weren't so fit, you get the feeling Hirana would crush you at this rate. Even so, her weight is certainly pushing you to your limit.|The difference in strength between you two has never been clearer—your hips are lodging several complaints at the mass of muscle currently battering them, but they go unheard against your cock's demands that she continue.] The bed beneath you is creaking loudly, only used to bearing the amazon's weight as she sleeps. Still, the behemoth of a bruiser continues, showing absolutely no interest in stopping.

The sensations assailing your [pc.cock] draw forth all manner of grunts and moans from your mouth. Hirana, however, keeps her composure—other than a small smirk and faint blush on her face, she may as well be doing a simple work-out. Yet she's treating you so well...

[pc.isDK|Even you have to commend her for that.|You have to show your appreciation somehow.] You reach up and place your hands on both of her knees, squeezing them gently. The lioness gives a single chuckle; in lieu of a free hand, her tail moves between her legs and wraps around one of your wrists. [pc.tailTag prehensile|You coil your own [pc.tail] around her leg in response, [pc.isDK|determined|desperate] to touch her however you can.]

Then she picks up the pace. Her pussy clamps down on your cock, yet the blend of precum and feminine arousal allows you to continue pistoning in and out. You [pc.mf|groan|gasps] from the

sudden increase in speed, but put all of your willpower into fighting your coming orgasm. You can't cum yet—at least not until Hirana's close.

A quiet moan escapes the massive cat. Her tail tightens around your wrist, and you can feel a faint tremor through her legs. She arches her back and lets out a snarl of pleasure before returning her jade gaze to you.

"Close..." She mutters.

You could tell... but you're probably even closer at this point. Still, you might be able to resist--

"Do it," Hirana grunts.

It sounds like a command, but feels like a plea. The monolith of a woman currently driving you into the bed is **asking you** to cum. The mere thought of it strips you of all restraint, and your orgasm strikes.

Your fists slam into the bed as a [pc.mf|yell|scream] escapes your lips. [pc.cockRange 0 11|[pc.hasKnot|Hirana slams your knot into her in one smooth movement just as you]|You] unload your [pc.cumSNV|cum|incredible amount of cum|torrents of cum] directly into her pussy. The burst of warmth flooding her inner passage pushes her over the brink; her teeth clench, her grip on your ankles tighten, and you can feel a burst of hot femcum around your cock. She tilts her head back slightly and exhales, enjoying both your climax and her own while twisting her hips to milk your [pc.balls] to the last drop.

When your orgasm finally ends,[pc.isStrong|| the pain in your hips can finally be heard, but it was **worth it.**] Hirana [pc.hasKnot|pulls herself free of your knot with a single, powerful lift of her legs|lifts herself off of you], allowing your cum to [pc.cumSNV|drip|drain|gush] freely from her satisfied quim. She releases her grip on your ankles, letting them flop limply to the bed as she crawls over and lays at your side. You make to turn so you can face her, but [pc.isStrong|even]your hips are too sore right now. Her arm wrapping over your [pc.chest] will have to suffice.

The satiated lioness presses her face against your cheek, purring affectionately. "Thank you, [pc.name]..."

"For what?" You ask, your voice barely above an exhausted whisper. "You did all the work there."

She leans over you for a moment to plant a gentle kiss upon your [pc.lips]. "For your trust... Your company... Everything."

The two of you lie there in that post-coital cuddle—a heap of sweat, [pc.notHasSkinTags|[pc.skin],] fur and love. Once you can move your legs again without

wincing, you reluctantly deem it time to depart. You only realize that [pc.tailTag prehensile]your tails are still coiled around each other when you feel hers unfurl from around your wrist[her tail is still coiled around your wrist when it unfurls] as she begins to rise. You take hold of the tuft at the end before it can fully escape your grasp, and give it an affectionate squeeze. Hirana pulls it free, then lovingly strokes your cheek with it before she begins to redress.

As you don your own clothing, two massive arms suddenly wrap around your torso in a gentle hug of farewell. "Stay safe," Hirana whispers in your ear.

Her arms pull away from you. By the time you turn around, all you catch is a glimpse of her tail retreating through the tent flap. For the village protector, duty calls.

[Next]

Lifted Oral

30 minutes pass. Alleviates 'Pent Up'.

// Tooltip: Have the lioness hoist you off your feet and pleasure you orally. You'll need a change of venue, though...

Hirana's emerald eyes linger for a moment on your crotch, then shoot towards the top of the tent. She grimaces distastefully.

{first|"We'll need somewhere more open," she murmurs. "Come."|}[pc.isBimbo|Do you wanna give me uppies again?" you giggle playfully.

Hirana raises an eyebrow at you. "Yes. And don't call it that."|Do you want to pick me up like last time?"

Hirana nods. "Yes. Now, up."}] She pulls you to your feet and guides you out of the tent. The two of you walk purposefully from the village and into the woods. {first|Whatever Hirana wants to do, it'll take extra space as well as privacy.} After a brisk ten minute walk, {first|you come to a small clearing, separate from the large one close to Vari's village. It's densely surrounded by trees, offering plenty of protection from prying eyes. So what now?

"Strip," Hirana instructs. You do so, baring yourself as she does the same with two swift movements. [hirana.fucked|This is the first you've seen the lioness in the nude—her breasts come free of her chest armor, revealing her small, dark brown nipples. You manage to catch a glimpse of a dark pussy between her massive legs. Somehow, despite being naked as the day she was born, her intense aura hasn't dissipated. If anything, the confidence displayed as she [pc.heightRange 0 92|looms over|stands before] you has only increased.]

|you arrive at that familiar clearing, seemingly known only to you and Hirana. The two of you immediately strip down, then turn to face one another. Here you are again.

"Indeed," Hirana replies.

}The lioness abruptly shoves you onto your back again. Before you can sit up, she practically dives to the space between your legs. [pc.realCockVagBoth|Your [pc.hasBalls|cock and balls are|[pc.cock] is] suddenly being ravished with her tongue, making you [pc.mf|groan|moan] in surprised pleasure. She has a tight grip on your legs, leaving you unable to do more than wrap them around her head.

Hirana's hunger for your cock seems <i>insatiable!</i> [pc.cockSNV|It may not be huge, but the fact that it's <i>yours</i> seems to be all that matters to her. She takes your whole length into her mouth, skillfully caressing it with her tongue. Whenever precum begin to leak from your tip, she quickly sucks it up, moaning at the taste.|It's too big for someone with a fanged mouth like hers to fully take in, but she makes up for it by running her tongue along every inch of its length.

Whenever precum begins to bubble from the tip, she immediately takes the head of your cock into your mouth to suck it up. She then pulls free with a lewd *<i>pop!</i>* and continues. *[It's <i>far</i> too large for her to even begin to take it in her mouth, but she makes up for it by polishing it with her tongue and stroking it with her hand. Whenever precum begins to bubble from the tip, she moves up and drinks it from your drooling cumslit.]* Your *[pc.vagina]* is treated to a slow, sensuous lick that starts at the bottom, travels between your vulva, and circles around—then firmly *<i>over</i>*—your clit. You let out a gasp and try to arch your back, but Hirana's grasp on your *[pc.hips]* doesn't allow even an inch. Her hot breath and continued probing of her tongue quickly evokes a steady flow of feminine arousal, which she dutifully laps up. *[Your [pc.hasBalls]cock and balls are[[pc.cock] is]* suddenly being ravished with her tongue, while her fingers begin teasing and probing at your *[pc.vagina]*. This assault on two fronts makes you gasp in surprised pleasure, digging your fingers into the grass and fighting not to cum on the spot.

Hirana's hunger for your cock seems *<i>insatiable!</i>* *[pc.cockSNV]* It may not be huge, but the fact that it's *<i>yours</i>* seems to be all that matters to her. She takes your whole length into her mouth, skillfully caressing it with her tongue. Whenever precum begin to leak from your tip, she quickly sucks it up, moaning at the taste. *[It's too big for someone with a fanged mouth like hers to fully take in, but she makes up for it by running her tongue along every inch of its length. Whenever precum begins to bubble from the tip, she immediately takes the head of your cock into her mouth to suck it up. She then pulls free with a lewd <i>pop!</i> and continues. [It's <i>far</i> too large for her to even begin to take it in her mouth, but she makes up for it by polishing it with her tongue. Whenever precum begins to bubble from the tip, she moves up and drinks it from your drooling cumslit.]* Your pussy, meanwhile, has opened enough to allow entrance to two of her thick fingers, which are now sliding in and out with ease due to being soaked in your juices.] You'd normally be averse to receiving oral from someone with such prominent fangs, but she keeps them under control with the skill of a master. Her excited purrs reverberate through your entire body, only adding to the intense sensations overwhelming your mind.

You rest your head on the grass and stare up at the *[dayNight|sky|stars]*, gasping and *[pc.mf|groaning|moaning]* from Hirana's ministrations. {first|You're so blinded with pleasure, you no longer care why she needed to bring you here for this...|The pleasure is intense enough that you wouldn't mind staying this way the whole time... but you know she has other plans.}

As if reading your mind, Hirana abruptly stops and begins to stand. You let out a disappointed *[pc.mf|grumble|whine]*, which is abruptly cut off when she pulls you to your feet. She gently guides you to a particularly thick tree, then *[pc.heightRange 48 60|hoists* you up under your arms until she can prop your legs|slides her arms between your legs and hoists you up until she can prop them] over her shoulders. *[pc.isHeight 92|[pc.tone95]* You might be even larger than her, but she still shows no trouble lifting you up. **Gods**, she's strong!]

Hirana repositions slightly so that your back is pressed against a horizontal branch, then gives you a little smirk. "Get comfortable."

You comply, wrapping your arms around the branch—partly for stability, mainly so you can get an unimpeded view of the lioness holding you up.

Once you're ready, she resumes her work upon your [pc.crotch].

[pc.cockVagBoth][pc.hasSmallCock|Your dick immediately slides into her throat, held tenderly in place by her fangs and quickly cleaned of its coating of precum.|The precum that has been spilling down your dick is quickly cleaned away, leaving the lioness moaning and purring from the taste. She makes an earnest attempt to get at least some of the cock in her mouth, but her fangs prevent her from doing more than planting a loving kiss on the [pc.cockHead].|Her tongue plunges into your lower lips with ease and begins getting a taste for every inch of your depths, while your [pc.clit] is assailed by rubs, squeezes and flicks from her fingers.|[pc.cockVagBoth][pc.hasSmallCock|Your dick immediately slides into her throat, held tenderly in place by her fangs and quickly cleaned of its coating of precum.|The precum that has been spilling down your dick is quickly cleaned away, leaving the lioness moaning and purring from the taste. She makes an earnest attempt to get at least some of the cock in her mouth, but her fangs prevent her from doing more than planting a loving kiss on the [pc.cockHead].] Her fingers return to your cunt, joined by a third, and are quickly welcomed back into your depths.]

You clench your fists and [pc.bothBits|scream in|let out a [pc.mf|savage grunt|high-pitched wail of]] pleasure. “Agh fuck... H-Hirana...” Your legs wrap around the amazon’s head, pulling her face against your [pc.crotch] and urging her on. She obliges, [pc.cockVagBoth][pc.hasSmallCock|sliding your cock in and out of her mouth|lavishing your cock with her tongue]|vigorously tongue-fucking you|[pc.cockVagBoth][pc.hasSmallCock|sliding your cock in and out of her mouth|lavishing your cock with her tongue] and finger-fucking you] at greater and greater speeds.

You tilt your head back to let out another grunt of pleasure, but Hirana makes a stern grunt through her mouthful of [pc.hasCock|cock|muff]. {first|You look down at her again to see her making fixed eye contact with you. She raises her free hand—or, rather, you’d <i>assumed</i> it was free, but from the way her fingers are drenched, it’s safe to say she’s been treating her own lusts as well. She makes a clear “eyes on me” gesture, pointing at you with two slick fingers, then at her own eyes.

This is her only command: she needs to see your face as much as possible. She needs to see how much you’re loving this. You can definitely agree to that. Her hand returns to between her legs, and her treatment of your [pc.crotch] resumes. Her oral ministrations are quickly supplemented by her moaning as she continues fingering herself.|Right, right, eye contact. You look back down and meet her gaze, which she rewards with another rumbling moan that travels through your [pc.crotch] and up your spine.}

“Gnugh! Fuck...” you pant, your face twisting as you fight the urge to arch your back. The sight of it spurs Hirana even harder, hastening her

[pc.cockVagBoth][pc.hasSmallCock|sucking|worship] of your cock|fingering of your pussy|[pc.cockVagBoth][pc.hasSmallCock|sucking|worship] of your cock and fingering of your pussy]. The increased pace risks pushing you over the edge right there.

“Mm-hmm...” Hirana grunts, nodding her head as best she can, the action only allowing her to further caress your [pc.hasCock|shaft|cunt] with her lips and tongue in unexpected ways. She <i>wants</i> you to cum. {first|That’s|As ever, that’s} her key focus more than anything.

Out of all that she’s been doing for you here, the half-lidded look of love in her eyes turns you on more than anything. Your legs tense around her head, signalling your oncoming orgasm. She [pc.cockVagBoth][pc.hasSmallCock| slows her sucking on your [pc.cock]|wraps her lips around as much of the [pc.cockHead] as possible] and accepts the first [pc.cumSNVH|shot|burst|blast|torrent] of cum into her throat. Between each eruption, she begins sucking again to coax out the next, eagerly draining your [pc.balls].|keeps swirling her tongue around your inner walls as you finally climax, [pc.isSquiter|spraying her face with|giving her] the femcum she’s been craving.][pc.hasSmallCock| slows her sucking on your [pc.cock]|wraps her lips around the [pc.cockHead] as best she can] while still hammering away at your cunt with her fingers. Your dick erupts, unleashing a [pc.cumSNVH|shot|burst|blast|torrent] of cum that spills down the lioness’s eager throat. As she milks out the next salvo, your [pc.vagina] has its own orgasm, [pc.isSquiter|spraying her chest with [pc.femcum]]drooling [pc.femcum] over her soaked fingers].]

Your [pc.bothBits|orgasms are|orgasm is] swiftly followed by Hirana’s, as indicated when she makes a particularly loud moan into your [pc.crotch]. The look of sheer bliss in her eyes coaxes out another few waves of your climax in rapid succession. The pleasure proves too much—you arch your back and [pc.mf|yell|scream], relishing in your lioness lover’s incredible treatment.

Once your orgasm finally ends, Hirana slowly removes her mouth from your [pc.cockVagBoth|wilting cock|quivering pussy|wilting cock, and her fingers from your quivering pussy]. Your arms suddenly go limp from exhaustion, but she quickly catches you before you begin sliding from the branch.

“Easy,” she murmurs. “I have you.”

“I know...” you reply, [silly|despite feelin’ a little woozy here!|smiling woozily in her direction.] She lowers you to the ground and lies at your side, wrapping an arm protectively over you.

“Rest for a while,” she whispers in your ear. Her long tail curls around your waist, further binding you to your titanic lover.

You wouldn’t have it any other way. You clutch her massive hand affectionately and shut your eyes. Hirana’s warmth, her protective embrace and the purring emanating from her quickly lull you into a light doze.

You stir a short time later. Sensing your awakening, Hirana stands up without a word and begins to redress. You do the same, and the two of you head back towards the village. Once you're at the village outskirts, Hirana pats you on the [pc.height Range 48 60|head|shoulder] as a tender farewell before setting off. [party.som][party.compNames] soon meets up with you, allowing you to continue your adventures.[Your companions soon meet up with you, allowing you to continue your adventures.]

[Next]

Body Worship

Requires having done Amazon Press or Lifted Oral first.

// Tooltip: {if PC has not done Amazon Press or Lifted Oral|Hirana clearly wants to get a feel for what you can handle first.|Offer to show her physique the reverence it deserves.}

As Hirana strips herself down, her musculature is put on full display. Such a powerful physique, the body of a champion... It's complemented by her aura of authority and strength, adding up to a form deserving of worship. It would be remiss of you not to show proper deference.

"Wait," You say as Hirana begins to reach for you.

She comes to a dead halt, furrowing her brow in confusion. "What is it?"

"It's my turn, this time," You say, taking her hands with your own. Nodding in understanding, Hirana gently pulls you back to your feet. You place your hands on either side of her waist, moving them in small circles. "Just stand right here," You instruct her. "And let me show you what I think of... all of this."

You [pc.isHeight 57|kneel down and]begin with her glorious thighs. They're warm and fuzzy beneath your hands, but as hard as tree trunks, and just as still. Pressing your [pc.nose] against one and breathing deep reveals a scent rich with leather, dirt and sweat, as you'd expect from someone of her lifestyle. You trace kisses up one, then the other—your tribute to the incredible power within each leg.

As your hands trail upwards and to her sides, you {first|realize you haven't seen much of Hirana's rear. Curious, you|remember to show respect to her understated butt. You} circle around the stoic lioness, and are faced with a pair of rock-solid glutes, as firm as a statue's. Squeezing it with your hands betrays not a hint of fat, just unyielding muscle. [gianna.fucked|You're pretty sure even Gianna's ass isn't as hard as this...]

Hirana suddenly clears her throat, then presses the tip of her tail against your chin to make you look up. Her jade gaze is directed at you over her shoulder. "Enjoying yourself?"

"[pc.isBimbo|Yep!]" You say cheerfully. [Greatly," You reply with a nod.] "Are you?"

You lean up and plant a delicate kiss on each cheek, then orbit back to her front. Judging by the single droplet of arousal falling from her quim, it's safe to assume she's liking this treatment. As much as you want to dive into it, you still haven't visited all of her most statuesque assets. You gently place your fingers at the base of her pussy and drag them upwards, all the way to her clit, wordlessly promising to tend to it soon. Hirana's fists clench from the sensation, but she otherwise maintains her calm, neutral stance.

[pc.heightRange 0 70|Embarrassing as it is, you'll need to stand on something to reach further up the lioness's body. You guide her to the foot of the bed, then [pc.heightRange 0 60|stand|kneel] upon it, putting yourself at level with her|Your hands travel up her body to focus on her] [hirana.pregStage 0 2|impenetrable abdomen. Tracing your thumbs over the furry abs feels like rubbing a warm stone covered with a thin layer of moss. Her belly rises and falls with each breath, conveying the sheer power within each of those lumps of pure muscle.

You lean in and plant two kisses on the bottom left bump; her stomach quivers as her breath catches, then instantly returns to normal as you apply kisses to the rest of her abs. The tribute to her belly concludes with a slow drag of your [pc.tongue] up that valley of divine muscle.

"Some people are not quite so fond of women with my physique," Hirana muses.

You look up and give her a flat look. "Those people..." You say, with absolute certainty. "...are [pc.isBimbo|[rand|poopheads|dummies|silly geese|ding-dongs][silly|cakesniffers|dumb-dumbs]][silly|goofballs, wingnuts and Knucklehead McSpazatrons|dumb-dumbs]]".

Hirana raises an amused eyebrow. "Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?" She asks, smirking.

"Like, duh!" You giggle. "And I'll kiss you too..."|cowards."

Hirana smirks at you, though a faint blush in her cheeks betrays an embarrassed flattery.|gravid belly. This swollen orb of fur contains your child—the culmination of the bond between you and Hirana. Your worship shifts from one of lustful reverence to romantic affection as you begin rubbing circles around each side of her stomach. Placing your brow against it, you feel a faint kick within, as if in greeting.

Hirana's hands close over yours as she takes a deep breath, making the baby-bump press against your face. You press further into it, hard enough you can feel your lioness lover's heartbeat... and maybe even your child's. You finish your brief, tender visit with a kiss upon her navel, then move on.]

[pc.heightRange 0 60 68 70|Your hands slide further up to|You stand up on the foot of the bed, allowing you to reach|Embarrassing as it is, you'll need to stand on something to reach further up the lioness's body. You guide her to the foot of the bed, then kneel upon it, putting you at level with|You rise to your feet as your hands slide further up to] Hirana's chest. Her tits are one of few places on her body that could be considered soft, but they still offer noticeable resistance as your hands sink into them. They feel akin to squeezing warm bags of wet sand.

Yet they're still a delight to touch, and a lovely change of pace compared to the rest of her rock-hard body. Your squeezing and groping quickly draws out her dark-brown nipples, which you feel jutting against your palms.

Now that you're closer to her face, you can see her gritting her teeth, working to keep her composure under your ministrations. Well, time to put her to the test—you grab each nipple between thumb and forefinger, then tug.

Her boobs are so firm, they only stretch so far, but the feeling causes the tiniest crack in Hirana's poise. She lets out a gasp of pleasure and surprise, then immediately clamps her mouth shut. A furious blush surfaces on her cheeks[first], and you spy a few faint twitches across her face. For her, it's the equivalent of staring wide-eyed, mouth agape in shock. "I..."

[pc.dcb]You give her a devilish grin. "I'll remember that."

A small groan escapes her lips|You give her an encouraging smile. "It'll be our secret."

She gently nods in relief|You giggle. "I won't tell. Promise!"

She lets out a resigned sigh]] before she grimaces, furious with herself. "You...!"

[pc.dcb]You give her a devilish grin, gently flicking each bud with your forefingers. "You love it."

Hirana seethes, but denies nothing|You give her a warm smile. "It's nice, seeing you let go like that."

Hirana fails to hide another smirk|You giggle, gently twisting each bud between your fingers. "You're so cute when you do that!"

Hirana visibly fights the urge to pout]] as you treat each nipple to a soft kiss—your calling card, at this point. All that's left now are her magnificent arms. As your gaze falls upon her left arm, she raises it without a word and flexes. The skin on her bicep immediately tightens, revealing every vein and muscle within. You trace your hands along it, awestruck by the sheer might on display, honed by a lifetime of exercise and adventure. [pc.toneRange 95]Is this how people feel when they see you?]

You press your nose against it, breathing in more of Hirana's scent with a lewd moan. The smell of sweat has gotten stronger, a salty aroma that drives you absolutely wild. By some miracle, you restrict yourself to giving it a single kiss rather than a complete tongue-bath before moving for her other arm. She dutifully raises and flexes it, giving you another glorious titan to worship. For this one, you simply press your cheek against it and sigh, taking in the warmth and safety provided by such a beast.

You catch a stronger whiff of her scent—directly beneath her arms. Well, you may as well be thorough. Lifting her arm slightly, you dive in, pressing your [pc.nose] into her armpit and taking a deliberately forceful sniff. Hirana's arm tenses with surprise, but you pay her no mind. The smell of sweat is at its strongest here, the primal odor making you growl with feral lust.

Hirana groans at the sight of you perving over her armpit. “Unbelievable.”

You peer up at her [pc.dcb]without removing yourself from her pit. “Every part of you is mine to treasure,” you whisper. “Every. Part.”]and smile teasingly. “I love every part of you, Hirana.”]and give her your lewdest, most mischievous grin. “Such a stinky, stinky kitty!” You tease. “And you’re aaaalllll miiiiiiine!”] You deliver a depravedly-slow lick to her pit, enjoying the shiver that runs through her body as a result.

Having paid respects to her strongest assets, you pull back to see how she’s feeling. {first|To your surprise|Once again}, her normal air of control and strength has diminished, if only somewhat. Her tail is twitching—with agitation or lust, you can’t say for sure. The blush on her cheeks has only deepened, and the calculating look in her jade eyes has been replaced with lustful need.

After a few moments, however, her composure begins to recover... Only now, it has a hint of danger that makes the hairs on the back of your neck stand up. Her eyes are now conveying a message, clear as day: ‘Finish what you started.’

Hirana has more than indulged you at this point. You’ve shown her your reverence, now how shall you show her your appreciation?

[\[Missionary\]](#) [\[Eat Out\]](#)

Missionary

Requires a cock. 15 minutes pass, alleviates Pent Up.

//Tooltip: You can't fault the classics.

You place your hands on Hirana's hips and rotate her towards the bed. "Lie down," You [pc.isDK|instruct|whisper].

The lioness is {first|clearly|still} not used to being serviced rather than servicing, but she's certainly open to it. She lightly grips your shoulders and falls onto the bed, her hands sliding down your arms to slow her descent. [pc.isStrong|Despite your strength, the shifting of her|Her] weight threatens to pull you down with her, forcing you to brace your legs against the foot of the bed to remain upright.

Once she's resting on her back, giving you an uncharacteristically desperate look, you begin to strip down. Your [pc.gear] is quickly thrown to the side, allowing you to [pc.hasMagiccock|flick your clit piercing and manifest your ethereal cock|bear your [pc.cock], already fully erect and eager for action]. Without being asked, Hirana spreads her mighty legs for you, bearing her dark, dripping pussy.

An aroma of lustful excitement hits you full in the face, sending a chill down your spine and a painful throb through your dick. Enough waiting. You place a hand on each of her solid thighs and level yourself with her entrance. As your tip prods her lower lips, Hirana growls with need, her claws digging into the bed. It's clear any teasing will cost you control over her, so you stop wasting time and push forward.

Her pussy proves every bit as tight as the rest of her, but the feminine arousal coating it grants you a foothold. Your [pc.cockHead] manages to part her lips, earning the rest of your cock blissful entrance to her eager cunt. Pressure and warmth greet [pc.cockLength 0 11|every inch of your cock until you bottom out, your hips slamming against hers with a dull slap|every inch of your cock until you press against her womb]. Hirana lets out a sigh of unfettered relief, at odds with her usual composure.

As blissful as it would feel to simply remain still like this, you know better. You begin to pull back...

Or try to. Her pussy's grip on your cock has rendered you immobile, and you're not sure if she's even consciously doing it. Even the moisture soaking your dick isn't enough to let you start pulling out.

She doesn't want to let you go? Fine. You {first|aren't above playing dirty. Scanning her body, you spot her dark, pulsating clit, and inspiration strikes. You reach down|know how to change her mind. You reach down for her dark, pulsating clit} and [pc.isDK|give it a firm flick|trace a circle around it with your forefinger].

The effect is instant. Hirana lets out a moan as her inner walls spasm, giving your cock freedom of movement again. You slide out of her with your own grunt of pleasure as her depths massage your length, milking you for every drop of precum you can produce. Your fingers dig into her thighs from the sensations before you push back in, allowing her cunt to resume pampering its guest.

Your pace quickly escalates to pistoning in and out of the amazon at great speeds, earning repeated moans from your normally taciturn lover. Her tail has coiled around [pc.hasKnot|your knot|the base of your cock], as if afraid you'll pull out before sating her bestial pussy... Like you'd ever do that, even if her cunt didn't feel so divine.

And it does. Every muscle within is devoted to worshipping your [pc.cock], applying pressure at all the right moments. She still gets overzealous, though, and the pressure threatens to restrict your thrusts again, but a quick touch of her clit makes her open right back up.

Hirana's moaning is growing louder, and you can even hear the odd wild snarl escape her as you continue battering her pussy. She arches her back and groans through grit teeth, her claws now shredding the blanket beneath her. All the while, her emerald eyes are locked on yours, watching her [hirana.married|beloved [pc.mf|husband|wife]|trusted mate] ravage her quim.

A lick of her lips and a smile suddenly brings you to the brink of orgasm, making you grunt in surprise. Sensing your struggle, Hirana begins to clench down on your cock again. "Do it...!" She growls. "Inside!"

Oh, you plan to... After her orgasm, of course. You reach for her clit again and subject it to flicks, squeezes, rubs—every manner of caress you can imagine in your lust-drunk mind.

Hirana lets out a shrill gasp of ecstasy, then practically scowls at you. "You... Cheap... A-aaagggghh...!"

Several things happen in the span of a few seconds: her back arches, her legs wrap around your waist, her hands clench into fists which slam repeatedly into the bed, her tail wraps more tightly around your cock, her cunt clamps down tighter than ever, and you feel a burst of warmth as femcum erupts within her depths. Hirana lets out a short roar that leaves your ears ringing, followed by a series of panting moans in time with each spasm of her pussy.

You couldn't resist your own climax if you wanted to. Seconds into her orgasm, you [pc.cockLength 0 18|[pc.hasKnot|slam your knot into her|bottom out inside of her]|drive yourself as deep within her as possible] and rapidly [pc.cumSNV|paint|fill|flood] her passage with [pc.cum]—your final tribute in worshipping her colossal, perfect body. Hirana's breath catches from the feeling, then releases in a shuddering sigh as her back straightens out. Her orgasm finishes with a single spasm of her hips, then she goes entirely limp. Her legs and tail detach themselves from you, and her quim is finally relaxing enough for you to pull out...

[pc.cockLength 0 18][pc.hasKnot|not that you can, with your knot hilted within her. Oh well.|not that you want to.][not that you want to.]

You lower yourself upon her, gently laying your face upon her [hirana.pregStage 0 2|stomach and exhaling deeply. The feeling of her abs rubbing against your face almost tempts you into further worship, but it's probably safe to assume you're both sated.|round belly. Her deep, calming breaths cause a soothing rise and fall beneath your cheek.]

"Well?" You ask, once you feel her powerful heartbeat settle down.

Hirana responds by tenderly placing a hand upon your head. "It was... nice," She mutters. "Not having to do the work... even if it means indulging a certain perverted [pc.raceShort]."

Heh.

You lay there for some time, planting the occasional kiss upon her [hirana.pregStage 0 2|abs|rotund belly] while she continues rubbing your head. Eventually, [pc.cockLength 0 18][pc.hasKnot|your knot has deflated enough to let you pull out of|you decide it's time to part ways. You pull free of]|you decide it's time to part ways. You pull free of] her satisfied pussy and stand up. Hirana immediately rises from the bed and lets out a stretch before walking over to her discarded clothing.

As she starts putting on her padded leather skirt, her gaze lingers on her pussy, which is dripping with your seed. She raises an eyebrow at you, almost seeming annoyed, until she traces a finger through her lower lips and brings it to her mouth. She gives the cum-covered digits a simple lick, all while maintaining fixed eye contact with you, then smirks again before fully redressing and departing.

And she calls you the pervert...

[Next]

Eat Out

15 minutes pass. Applies Cum-Covered.

//Tooltip: There's still one part of Hirana you haven't paid oral tribute to...

You place your hands on Hirana's hips and rotate her towards the bed. "Lie down," You [pc.isDK|instruct|whisper].

The lioness is {first|clearly|still} not used to being serviced rather than servicing, but she's certainly open to it. She lightly grips your shoulders and falls onto the bed, her hands sliding down your arms to slow her descent. [pc.isStrong|Despite your strength, the shifting of her|Her] weight threatens to pull you down with her, forcing you to brace your legs against the foot of the bed to remain upright.

Once she's resting on her back, giving you an uncharacteristically desperate look, you begin to strip down. Your [pc.gear] is quickly thrown to the side, fully exposing you to the vulnerable amazon before you. [pc.hasRealCock|Your [pc.cock] is throbbing with need, but you have other plans.] Kneeling at the foot of the bed puts your face close to her quim; despite all her grumbling, she's absolutely soaked down there. Lucky you.

Pressing your [pc.nose] against it provokes an immediate reaction; her massive thighs tense on either side of your head. You suddenly feel as though you're at risk of being buried within a collapsing canyon. Not one to be deterred, you pull back slightly and take a deep sniff. A cocktail of pheromones and feminine arousal washes over your mind, causing your [pc.realCockOrVag|[pc.cock] to throb painfully|own pussy to quiver and drip] with need. You stroke yourself, just once, promising to tend to it. But first...

You start with a simple kiss, directly between her lower lips. Hirana lets out a small gasp, and her pussy opens slightly. You plant a series of loving kisses from the base of her cunt, all the way up to her clit, which also receives a single swirl of your tongue. The taste is bitter... and intoxicating. The arousal within is practically pumping out now, blasting you in the face with increasingly desperate pheromones.

You lay a hand on each of her thighs in a vain attempt to keep them from shutting on your head—though, really, would that really be such a horrid way to go? As her pussy fully opens, you drag your [pc.tongue] up and down its length like a brush on a canvas. Hirana is growling now, her claws digging into the blankets beneath her; clearly, any further teasing will cost you control. You draw your tongue back, then drive it inward with great force.

"Guh!" Hirana grunts, her legs instantly flexing. [pc.isStrong|Your firm grip prevents them from clamping down on your head, but they still come damned close|Your grip doesn't slow them for an instant—only through her incredible discipline is she able to stop before your skull is utterly crushed]. You stare wide-eyed between each monolithic thigh, your tongue still

embedded in her trembling cunt. Once you're sure they're under control, you begin probing her depths, the taste instantly overtaking your mind.

Attempting to maintain her composure, Hirana plants a massive hand on your head; her grip is firm, but also gentle and encouraging. Less gentle is her tail, which suddenly coils around your neck like a python. Your furry, makeshift leash has left you with only one way out, and you're all for it.

Down between your legs, your [pc.realCockOrVag][pc.cock] shoots out a few impatient droplets of precum, tired of being kept waiting. You wrap your hand around the shaft and begin to jerk it, quickly slickening it with precum.[pc.vagina] has become too wet to ignore. You slide a hand down and slicken your digits with your own arousal. Your thumb prods your clit to full erectness, causing your pussy to open enough to allow entry to your fore and middle fingers.] The sensations cause you to let out a muffled [pc.mf[groan|moan]], which reverberates into the cunt you're currently tongue-fucking, in turn drawing out a shuddering gasp from your lioness lover, which then further encourages your own masturbation below—and so begins a vicious, erotic cycle.

Each of your senses has something to enjoy here: the sight of such a powerful warrior, lying on her back and squirming from your ministrations. The sounds of her moans, as well as your tongue vigorously fucking her. The feel, smell and, of course, taste of the cunt you're feasting upon. How could you be so lucky to experience such bliss?

"Close."

That one word is all you hear before you're encased in a tight prison of fur and muscle. Hirana's legs have wrapped around your head, driving your face inescapably into her ravenous pussy.

Well, it's do or die.

Without removing your tongue, you open your lips as wide as you can and wrap your mouth all around her quim. Hirana is left moaning and snarling as you suck on her entire cunt, as if sucking the juice from a freshly-bitten apple. With your tongue occupied, your upper lip is left with the duty of sliding up and down her clit. The pressure around your head is only growing tighter, but tapping out at this point? Unthinkable. Your hands, meanwhile, are feverishly working at your [pc.realCockOrVag|dick|own slit], undeterred—you're close too, and the resulting moans are feeding into Hirana's own orgasm.

Hirana's back is arching now, and the hand that isn't gripping your head is groping at her breast, making her cry out and snarl even louder. "[pc.n1]-[pc.name]..." She says, desperate for release.

You give it to her. Your orgasm strikes, [pc.realCockOrVag][pc.cumSNV|squirting|blasting|sending torrents of] [pc.cum] all over the foot of the bed.[pc.isSquirter|spraying|drooling] femcum down your thighs.] You let loose and

[pc.mf|roar|wail] into your mouthful of muff, all while continuing to violently tongue-fuck the amazon.

That does the trick; Hirana's legs suddenly splay outward, releasing your head as she lets out a single, high-pitched cry. A new warmth and taste suddenly hit your tongue—your well-earned reward for your hard work. You greedily slurp up her femcum, savoring its flavor while still riding off your own orgasm.

As you each arrive at the end of your climaxes, Hirana goes completely limp. Her hand falls from your head, and her tail stops squeezing around your throat. You finally withdraw your tongue from her pussy, then take a deep breath of fresh air—or at least, air not so saturated with lust.

You climb forward onto the bed, but are too winded to reach further than her abdomen. This will do. You lower yourself upon her, gently laying your face upon her [hirana.pregStage 0 2|stomach and exhaling deeply. The feeling of her abs rubbing against your face almost tempts you into further worship, but it's probably safe to assume you're both sated.]round belly. Her deep, calming breaths cause a soothing rise and fall beneath your cheek.]

"Well?" You ask, once you feel her powerful heartbeat settle down.

Hirana responds by tenderly placing a hand upon your head. "It was... nice," She mutters. "Not having to do the work... even if it means indulging a certain perverted [pc.raceShort]."

Heh.

You lay there for some time, planting the occasional kiss upon her [hirana.pregStage 0 2|abs|rotund belly] while she continues rubbing your head. Eventually, you find the strength to stand up again... but not before sliding back down the amazon's body to plant a cheeky kiss upon her swollen clit.

Hirana spasms, her clit too sensitive for further stimulation, then suddenly plants her foot against your [pc.chest], holding you at bay. "Amusing," She deadpans.

"I thought so," You say with a shrug. You look down at her padded foot and let out a fake gasp. "Oh no, I didn't give these the proper worship! Let me just--"

You're cut off when you're kicked none-too-gently onto your back. As you lay on the floor [pc.mf|chuckling|giggling], Hirana stands up and begins to redress. By the time you're ready to rise, the lioness is already fully clothed and looming over you.

She suddenly gets on one knee and pulls you up by the back of your head. Her roughness is at odds with her impassive expression... and the passionate kiss she lays upon your lips.

“Until next time, [pc.name].”

After dropping you unceremoniously to the floor, she steps over you, her tail dragging up the side of your face as she passes. You lay there for another minute before rising with a contented sigh. Time to get back to it.

[Next]

Invite Cait

Requires Cait in the party, and having sexed her.

//Tooltip: [party.has cait|Share your lioness lover with Cait! You'll take the kitty's mouth, while you and Hirana both make a feast of her pussy.|You can't share with someone who isn't there!]

You can hear Cait's voice from outside, using her signature flirty tone. The {first|idea|memory} of her and Hirana suddenly fills you with horny inspiration.

{first|}“You know my friend Cait?” You ask. “She'd be more than willing to join in... if you're interested, of course.”

The lioness raises an eyebrow, intrigued. “Hmm.” She turns, moves the tent flap and looks outside. After a moment's thought, she <i>slightly</i> turns her head towards you. “One moment.”

Then she's gone. You sit patiently, [silly|patting your tummy and blowing raspberries|humming to yourself] as you wait. A yelp of surprise and delight echoes through the camp—apparently Cait has accepted Hirana's invitation.

Within moments, Hirana returns, carrying Cait over her shoulder. The giggling cat only seems to notice your presence when she's dumped onto the bed beside you. “OOF! ...Oh! Hey, [pc.name]!”

You smile at her. “Glad you could join us.”

“Well, I had to think about it,” Cait says with mock disinterest as she begins to pull off her clothes.

Hirana huffs as she strips down. “You were ready to join us the moment you saw me approaching.”

“Oh come on, I needed SOME persuading!” Cait argues playfully, tossing her skirt aside.

“The drool says otherwise.”

Sure enough, the perverted priestess is exposed by the faint sheen of spit on her chin. [silly|}...The drOOl sAys oTherWiSE!” Cait replies, with crossed eyes and a mocking tone|}...Dammit,” She giggles] before tossing her panties at the looming lioness.|}“You and Cait seemed to enjoy last time,” You suggest. “Wanna invite her again?”

Hirana smirks before turning towards the tent flap. The moment she pulls it aside, however, Cait suddenly bolts into view, putting on a paper-thin facade of nonchalance.

“Oh, hey, you two,” She mutters, checking her nails and barely trying to look disinterested.

“You’ve sharp hearing,” Hirana remarks before pulling her inside the hut. Cait giggles as she practically throws herself onto the bed and begins to strip down. You help her out by unlacing and removing her boots before working on your own clothing.

“How’s a girl supposed to resist?” Cait asks, opening her top and letting her glorious breasts spill into view. “A [pc.dcb|dark, brooding hero|noble champion|complete sweetheart] and [pc.hisHer] muscly lioness with a heart of gold? It’s simply unfair to the rest of the village!”

“And yet you came,” Hirana replies, tossing her armor aside and looming over the two of you, her entire musculature on full display.

Cait has finished disrobing, and is now spinning her panties around her forefinger like a lasso. “Not yet, I haven’t,” She purrs, before tossing her undergarment at the lioness. “Wanna fix that?”}

Hirana catches the thrown panties on reflex, then brings them to her nose and takes a deep sniff, all while maintaining eye contact with Cait. When she exhales, it comes out as a low growl, one of hunger and lust. You spy a predatory gleam in those jade eyes as she throws the panties aside.

Even Cait can’t help but let out a startled “Eep!” as the lioness abruptly lunges at her. She’s dragged down the bed until her legs are hanging over the edge, then pinned under a mountain of fur and muscle. Hirana growls into the cat-girl’s face, then delicately grips her chin and kisses her. Cait lets out a muffled giggle, eagerly greeting the invading tongue with her own. The two [cait.isLeothran|leothrans|cats] begin loudly purring into each other’s mouths, clearly enjoying the taste and feel of the other. Hirana’s free hand grabs one of Cait’s [cait.breasts] and gives it a firm squeeze—not merely out of lust, but to further excite her prey.

It’s clearly working—Cait’s delighted laughs are quickly becoming horny moans, and her tongue’s efforts to explore Hirana’s mouth are faltering. Her [cait.isLeothran|thick|slender pink] tail is coiling around Hirana’s thick thigh like a python, and squeezing just as tight.

The amazon suddenly breaks the kiss, trailing a strand of spit between their mouths. Cait lets out a needy, awestruck gasp, while Hirana suddenly grabs your face and plants her lips on your own.

“{first|Wasn’t expecting that|Ohhh, Mallach’s balls, she’s good|, [pc.name]}...” Cait breathes, occasionally letting out a gasp as the lioness continues massaging her tit while kissing you.

“Mm-hmm,” You concur, your mouth preoccupied with enjoying the passionate kiss. You attempt to wrap your arms around the amazon’s head to bring her closer, but she pulls away, standing at the foot of the bed.

“{first|Most people expect a... rougher experience, from someone like me,” Hirana explains, licking her lips to further savor the saliva from both you and Cait. “But that’s not who I am. Let me show you.”|I’m glad you approve,” Hirana remarks, licking her lips to further savor the saliva from both you and Cait. “But you know we’ve only just started.”}

[Next]

//Alleviates pent up. Applies Cum-Covered status. Cock/Vag variant. 1 hour passes.

"I think Cait deserves some attention," You suggest, giving the catgirl a playful scratch behind the ears as your gaze travels down her gorgeous body to her glistening cunt. "{first|[If PC has done any scene where they give Cait cunnilingus|Her pussy tastes amazing|.|Why don't you have a taste of her pussy?]|You seemed to enjoy the taste of her pussy last time.}"

Cait's coo of interest becomes a cry of thrilled ecstasy as the lioness leans down and wraps her lips around the priestess's erect clit. {first|Hirana's emerald eyes widen from the taste|[If PC has done any scene where they give Cait cunnilingus|—your recommendation apparently didn't do the flavor justice—and|, and] her feral lust seems to overtake her usual composure.|Hirana's emerald eyes cross as that familiar taste fills her mouth, making her moan through her mouthful of perfect pussy.} She drags her tongue once around the edges of her meal, then drives it into those lovely folds.

Cait arches her back and moans encouragingly. "Oooohhh gods, that's so good... Trust a pussy to treat a pussy..." She looks at you through half-lidded eyes, then unsubtly reaches for her [cait.breasts] and gives them a squeeze.

Message received. Pulling her hands aside, you lean down and wrap your lips upon her left tit. [cait.isMilky|Warm, creamy goodness is drawn forth with just a bit of kneading and sucking, flooding your mouth with the cat's delectable milk.|She may not be milky right now, but you still suckle upon her nipple with incredible gusto.] Your free hand travels to her untended breast to begin squeezing and massaging it. Cait lets out a gasp of bliss, squirming beneath you and trying to shove more of her boob into your mouth.

You and Hirana continue to feast upon the [silly|pleased-as-punch|pious] pussy for another minute before the amazon suddenly stops. "Up," She instructs. You detach from Cait's boob with a [cait.isMilky|milky|wet] <i>pop</i> and rise to your knees. Cait prepares to sit up as well, but Hirana's grip on her legs doesn't relax.

{first|"Wait, what..."|Oh, are we...}" Cait begins to ask, before being slid abruptly down the bed. Hirana hoists the cat's legs higher until they're halfway over her massive shoulders, then adjusts her grip so that her arms are locked firmly around the priestess's belly. When the lioness straightens up, Cait is left dangling upside down from her front, looking like the world's horniest smock.

"{first|[If you want to sixty-nine, Hirana, I'm facing the wrong way!|I keep forgetting just how strong you are, Hirana!}" Cait giggles as she wraps her legs around Hirana's head. The lioness gives a single chuckle, then returns her tongue to the cat's eager quim.

Cait's mouth opens to let out a moan, but is interrupted when you [pc.realCockOrVag]slide your [pc.cockHead] inside. The kitty begins to service your tool without missing a beat, dragging her

tongue along the bottom—or, rather, *<i>top</i>*—of your cock as it thrusts inward. Grind your [pc.vagina] against her face. Seemingly on reflex, she begins licking, kissing, slurping, anything to serve as an outlet for the sensations she’s feeling.] You’re left [pc.mf|groaning|moaning] from her masterful treatment, resting your head against her upside-down belly and thrusting your hips further into her face.

Hirana lets out a grunt to draw your attention. Looking up, you make eye contact with the lioness, who is still busily tongue-fucking Cait’s honeypot. Her jade eyes move between yours and the erect, untended clit between your faces, clearly aching for a tongue’s eager embrace.

You can certainly help with that. You prod the bud with the tip of your tongue, evoking a muffled squeak from the cat [silly|currently consuming your [pc.realCockOrVag|cock|cunny]] as she continues [pc.realCockOrVag|blowing you|eating you out]]. The sound reverberates up your spine and to your brain, driving you to further pamper her button with licks, kisses and sucks. Occasionally your tongue brushes against Hirana’s, and each time you exchange licks in a sloppy attempt at a kiss before returning to your duties.

Cait suddenly lets out a shrill cry through your [pc.hasRealCock|[pc.cock]][pc.vagina]]. Her arms wrap around your [pc.hips] and squeeze tight as a fountain of femcum hits you and Hirana square in the face. The two of you greedily slurp up as much of it as you can, even trying to steal it from each other’s mouths in a messy, lust-drunk kiss.

The priestess’s arms and legs don’t relax their grips—she can keep going... and you still haven’t [pc.realCockOrVag|painted her throat|provided her with her own faceful of femcum]. You and Hirana exchange nods, then return to Cait’s sodden quim and swollen clit with reckless abandon.

[pc.isDK|You both ignore and *<i>delight</i>* in Cait’s muffled screams as you wrap your lips over her highly-sensitive bud, then|The moment your lips touch her oversensitive bud, Cait screams through her mouthful of [pc.realCockOrVag|meat|muff]. You pause, only for her to make a series of grunts while frantically smacking your [pc.butt]. She’s urging—no, *<i>pleading</i>* for you to continue, and so you do. Wrapping your lips over the needy buzzer, you] begin to apply forceful sucks in time with each [pc.realCockOrVag|thrust of your cock|grind of your cunt] into her mouth. All the while, Hirana’s tongue is pistoning in and out of the catgirl’s entrance, caressing every inch it can reach.

Cait’s nails are digging into your rear, and her toes are clenching spasmodically. She’s losing herself to the rough treatment of her pussy, and she is *<i>loving it</i>*. You wish you could see her face right now—the way she’s moaning whorefully into you evokes images of her eyes crossed, her mind overtaken by sheer bliss.

“**MMM!**” Cait mumbles. “Mmm... Gnnn... CmmmmMM**MMMM!**”

[silly][pc.mf|Sir|Ma'am], a second orgasm has hit the|A second orgasm rocks through the| Mallachite. Another burst of femcum sprays you and Hirana in the face, but it's the continued noises Cait's making—so happy, so desperate, so unrestrained—that bring about your own climax. Removing your lips from her clit, you clench your teeth and [pc.mf|groan|moan] as [pc.realCockOrVag|your first salvo of [pc.cum] floods her mouth. Realizing she's upside down and, as a result, will have difficulty swallowing, you instead pull out and paint the pussy's face with your seed. She still tries to take your spurts in her mouth, desperate to savor your taste—you have to keep pulling back to avoid letting her wrap her lips around your [pc.cockHead] again|femcum [pc.isSquirter|dowses|leaks onto] the kitty's face. Cait hungrily tries to catch as much as possible in her mouth, desperate to savor your taste].

Hirana lets out a moan of her own as she slows her tongue-fucking. You realize that Cait's tail has been hanging between the lioness's powerful legs and grinding against her entrance, bringing the amazon to her own orgasm. A Mallachite, through and through.

The enormous cat abruptly spins the three of you around and falls onto the bed, leaving Cait sandwiched between you. [pc.hasRealCock|With no risk of her choking now, you return your cock to her mouth so she can enjoy her warm, salty reward. Most of your jizz ended up coating her face and your [pc.thighs], but she's more than up to the task.] As the sated priestess gets to work licking your legs clean, Hirana finally removes her own tongue from the drenched cunt, freeing her mouth for you to lock lips with her. You and the lioness gently make out, undeterred by the weary slut between you.

After a few minutes, you roll off of Cait, who is then gently pulled off of the amazon beneath her. As expected, the catgirl sits straight up, happy as ever. She briefly sways for a moment, clearly readjusting to the gravity.

"Woo... That's where all my blood was!" She remarks, gesturing vaguely at her head. "I'm fine, though. Thanks for the invite!" She stands up and begins to quickly redress.

"{first|Leaving so soon?" Hirana asks; her voice carries the faintest hint of disappointment.

Cait winces apologetically while putting her top on. "There were some other villagers who clearly wanted my company..." she explains. She picks up her panties and prepares to put them on, but thinks better of it—she's just going to be taking them off again in a minute or two. "As a daughter of Mallach, leaving people blue-balled is a cardinal sin."Duty calls?" Hirana asks; she looks somewhat impressed at how quickly Cait regained her composure.

Cait nods as she puts her top on. "As a daughter of Mallach..." she explains as she picks up her panties and stuffs them into her pack—she likely won't be wearing them for long anyway. "It would be remiss of me to leave the men of this village with blue balls.} This was a lot of fun though!" As she sits on the bed to put on her boots, she pulls each of you in for a quick, appreciative kiss before hurrying out of the tent.

As the tent flap settles, a heavy hand falls on your shoulder and pulls you back onto the bed. "Rest," Hirana murmurs in your ear, wrapping her arms around you and hugging you close.

{first|"Well?" You ask. "What do you think of her?"

"She's a kind soul," Hirana remarks. "And she cares deeply for you." She plants a tender kiss on your cheek. "In that, we are much alike."|"I'm glad you get along with her," you remark. "She's one of my closest friends."

"It is because she cares so deeply for you..." Hirana mutters, her tail coiling around your leg affectionately. "...that I find her such pleasant company."

You catch a faint, familiar scent on the lioness's breath. "...You also find her pussy to be delicious."

Her arms tense for a moment, then she lets out a sigh of resignation. "I **do**..."}

The pair of you lie there for some time, eventually dozing off. When you wake up about an hour later, you have to fight the urge to return to sleep—you need to get back to your adventures! Sensing your intent, Hirana rolls you towards her to give you a farewell kiss, then rises from the bed and begins to redress. By the time you've fully clothed yourself, Hirana has departed.

Stepping outside, you see Cait emerging from another tent, straightening her top and wiping an errant string of cum from her cheek. A Mallachite through and through...

Cuddle

///Only available between 20:00 and 08:00. Standard sleep scene, with dreams and buffs.

When you fail to stifle a yawn, Hirana immediately steps forward and plants a heavy hand on your shoulder. “You’re weary,” she remarks. “You need sleep.”

[pc.dcb|You’re fine. She can stop fussing|It’s okay, she doesn’t need to|Noooo, you don’t wannaaaaa]—

She abruptly turns you around and marches you to her tent. The tent flap has barely started swinging shut behind you when Hirana has begun to strip down. You do the same, peeling off your [pc.gear] and tossing it to the floor.

Once you’re fully naked, a large furry hand takes you by the wrist and pulls you to the bed. Going with the flow, you rotate and allow yourself to fall into Hirana’s mighty arms. The two of you fall to the bed, indulging in a brief but passionate make-out session as your hands explore each other’s bodies. Though your [pc.hasRealCock|[pc.cock] is starting to dutifully stiffen|[pc.vagina] is starting to moisten] from excitement, the lioness gently pushes you off of her, breaking the kiss.

“No,” she says, in a tone both stern and affectionate. “It’s time to sleep.”

Aw. Okay...

You climb off of Hirana, and the two of you position yourselves for a proper night’s sleep. Once your head hits the pillow, however, the amazon suddenly rolls you so you’re facing away from her. She then drapes a mighty arm over you and hugs you close—{first|unsurprisingly, it appears she prefers|it seems she’ll always insist on} being the big spoon[pc.heightRange 92], even for someone larger than her].

She presses her face into the back of your head and takes a deep inhale of your scent. She exhales in a rumbling, contented sigh that spills wet, hot air across your neck. The warmth of it sends a small but pleasant shudder through your body, and you can’t help but smile—such a powerful, laconic warrior, and she’s showing you such trust. Love.

“[pc.isBimbo|My kitty is such a cuddle-buuuuuuutt!]” you giggle in a sing-song voice.[Good night, Hirana,” you murmur.]

She leans forward and plants a tender kiss, just on the edge of your jawline. “Good night, [pc.name].”

The two of you go silent. The warmth of your lioness lover, the safety of her embrace and the consistent purrs from her throat quickly lull you to a blissful sleep...

[Next]

