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Overview:

This document is for a new character for CoC2 named Agnimitra (in Hinduism, means “friend of fire” from Sanskrit), or Agni for short.

She’s a phoenix – a legendary figure among the harpies of the world, somewhere between ‘myth’ and ‘god.’ Agni isn’t among the pantheon of gods herself, but she is nonetheless immortal in the same way that phoenixes are: she ages and eventually dies, but is reborn again from her own ashes.

However, in order to keep from Patreon giving us the stinkeye over the idea that you’re making love to someone that’s dead or has died (necrophilia is blacklisted in Patreon and that includes zombies, vampires, etc), Agnimitra doesn’t *die* so much as she *regresses*: once her life cycle has reached its end, she reverts into a physical token – a downy phoenix feather – that, over time, will eventually respawn Agnimitra once her life’s mana has been restored to it.

The player first meets Agnimitra in the Winter City, after the story dungeon is complete. She’s an old, sick, homeless lady that’s wearing rags; she’s on her last legs and is beyond hope. She gives the player written instructions to bring her remains to the Temple of Terrestrial Fire and place them within the flame. After that, she vanishes in a flash of light, leaving behind a bright red feather plume that’s warm to the touch.

When the player does what she asks, she’s reborn in the prime of her life, roughly in her early twenties. She’s buck naked and randy as hell. After her rebirth, she spends all her time loitering in the Temple of Terrestrial Fire and the player can interact with her by talking about herself and banging in the temple.

// Place Agnimitra in the Wayfort, on the third square up from the Alraune, after the story events at the Winter City have taken place. Place a button labeled [=Investigate=] and play this scene upon clicking it.

// (scene: Agni Start)

Something catches your eye on your transit through the Wayfort – something that wasn’t there the last time you had passed through the area. A flash of darker, bolder colors among the faded grays of forgotten cobblestone and the vibrant greens of the vines and ivies that sprawl across them.

Your eyes are drawn to whatever it is, and you find it: a clump of clothing sitting in a slump among the ancient debris. A pile of rags sit haphazardly on top of something - they were probably meant to provide some kind of protection to the unforgiving elements of the fortress, but you doubt they do much at all in that sense.

The mound of clothing jiggles and shifts as something underneath it moves, and you see a flash of skin – a person?

Whoever is under that thin, raggedly pile of clothing scraps is probably freezing, maybe even to death. You approach; [pc.isDK|you're not the charitable type, and you don't plan on changing that with whoever this is. Some would say it's fucked up, but if you help out whoever this is, then they'd owe you one later.|if there's anything you can do to help a person, it just wouldn't be right to keep walking and pretend to ignore them and their struggle. And, hell, if you can't... then at least the last thing they see wouldn't be some broken walls.] Besides, you might be overreacting. It's not like you know their story.

The figure underneath the raggedy clothing looks up at you from their makeshift shawl, the fabric barely clinging to the skin of their forehead. It's an older woman, from the looks of her: fair, wrinkled skin loosely wraps around a pair of dulled red eyes that have seen perhaps one too many winters in their time. The fabric of her 'outfit' keeps you from making out too many more details about her.

[pc.isDK|You say nothing as you stand over her. She watches you for a moment, waiting for you to say or do something, but once it's clear that you're not going to be the one to break the ice, she laughs dryly. "Don't bother," she croaks, her voice crackling from her age and the dry air of the fort. "I know your type."|You kneel down beside her and, looking her in the eye, ask if there's anything you can do to help. You're here to do what you can.

"That's sweet of you," she croaks, her voice crackling from her age and the dry air of the fort. Her cheeks rise as she smiles, but it doesn't reach her eyes – she doesn't have the strength to smile that wide.]

She reaches her shaky hand towards you, her fingers grasping at the air for your own. You give her your right hand, palm up; her thin, spindly fingers wrap around your wrist to keep you steady while her left hand reaches up with her index finger extended.

"Your name?" she asks weakly. You give it to her; she coughs once. "My time's nearly here," she croaks. "[pc.isDK|If you really care|But if you can], [pc.name]... bring my remains here."

[pc.isDK|She's resigned to it already. That's unfortunate for you both.|You insist; you're not about to let her go without at least putting in a concerted effort. "It's okay," she says with a tone of voice that only a tired, old woman could give. "This happens a lot."]

With her index finger pressed against the palm of your hand, she begins tracing lines across your skin. You were prepared to try and memorize an invisible map, but as the woman traces her line across your hand, she leaves dark streaks where her fingers touch and drag, drawing a quite literal map on the palm of your hand.

When she's done, you bring your hand up to your face to better see what she had just drawn on you. You close your hand and open it again, and the map becomes distorted and messy, but still legible. You gently press your own left index finger to the dark lines, and the black, dusty material clings to your digit when you pull away. Is it... soot?

The woman pauses, her hand staying in the air for just a moment longer. She takes a long, shuddering breath out of her mouth – and, slowly, the space in between the rags of her ‘clothes’ fills with a dull-but-escalating light. It grows in strength until it’s radiant enough to fill every dark corner and crack of the alleyway, and you’re forced to shield your eyes from the sight.

Just as suddenly as it started, it stops. It’s as if someone blew out a candle. When you turn your eyes back to the rags that held her body, the clothes are still there, but... she’s gone. It’s like she just got up and left. You double check the crumbled streets of the fort to make sure that that’s not the case, and there isn’t a nude, elderly woman running around somewhere.

What you’re left with is a pile of rags where the woman used to sit. You look at your right palm once more, at the smudged-but-still-legible map drawn in soot across your skin – if you’re reading it right, she wants you to take her remains, which you suppose is her clothes, to somewhere not very far away: a trek easily within a day’s walk, to some area to the Wayfort’s northeast. {PC has been to the Temple of Terrestrial Fire: In fact, you’re pretty sure you recognize the place she meant: the Temple of Terrestrial Fire. Perhaps she was looking to be cremated? But there’s no body to cremate....}

[pc.isDK|You stand there and judge whether or not you want to put in the effort to do the old woman’s last wish. It’s not like you’re going to get anything in return, now.

But... you suppose there’s no harm in it, should you find yourself heading in that direction.]You bend down to pick up the still-warm tattered rags that the old woman passed for clothing, and when you lift them from the ground, something slips from between their folds: a bright-red, downy feather. When you bend down to pick it up, it feels even warmer – almost hot to the touch.

Whether you follow through with the woman’s request to bring her remains to the spot she had mapped out on your hand is something that you can decide later. For now, you stow her remains into her pack, and you try to keep your mind off how morbid of a sentence that is.

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Agni Start); add a unique item called “Remains” in the player’s inventory.

// Remains description:

A set of ragged clothing scraps from an older woman that you met on the street in the Wayfort, as well as a hot-to-the-touch downy feather. The woman drew a map on the palm of your hand, guiding you to the northeast of the Wayfort, with the instruction to bring her remains there.

// Value of 0, cannot be sold. If the player drops the set, display the ‘this is a unique item, are you sure?’ box.

// The remains are to be offered to the salamander statue at the Temple of Terrestrial Fire, meaning that the player will still need to be able to interact with it if they've already opened the door.

// Play this scene for if the player has already opened the door and they interact with the statue again.

// (scene: Statue Redux)

You approach the towering obsidian statue, wandering your eyes across the carved salamander's buffed frame. She's idealized even by the standards of that draconic race, goddess-like in her proportions and titanic in her musculature. She holds out a bronze offering bowl in one hand, down and out so it's about on your level, while her blazing staff looms high above you to illuminate the chamber.

You've already given the statue what it wants, and the door to the temple's inner sanctum remains open for you to progress freely. And yet the bronze bowl in her hand remains available, and the glow within her tail never wanes. If you'd like to make another offering – or if you just want to offload some junk to its fire – then there's nothing stopping you.

// end scene (scene: Statue Redux)

// Continue here when the player offers the Remains to the statue. This can be done before or after the door to the inner sanctum is opened.

// (scene: Agni Reintroduction)

The sight of the temple, and of the salamander statue in particular, reminds you of the old woman that you had met in the Wayfort. The conversation has played a few times over in the back of your mind: she had collapsed beneath her tattered rags, and her final wish was for her remains to be brought here. Why here specifically is beyond your understanding: maybe she just wanted to come here to rest, where it's warm. Or maybe she was a practitioner of whatever faith the temple was built to.

Either way, you're here, and [pc.isDK]you've been lugging around her remains ever since. Whether the lady's intent was for her remains to be burnt to a crisp in the statue's offering bowl is neither here nor there: she wanted her remains brought here; you're tired of carrying them around and having them take up space in your pack; and if she wanted something specific done, she should have said so.[you've been carrying her remains with you ever since you last saw her – for what amounts to little more than a pile of laundry, they certainly felt heavier than you expected. But really, it's a minor thing that you did: her final wish was for her remains to be brought here, and fulfilling that was the least you could do. Although... well, you're assuming now, but, hopefully the intent of her wish was for her remains to be cremated here.]

You place the tattered clothing into the bronze bowl, shuffling every last fiber of the stuff into its opening. The last thing to go is the downy feather that she had on her person mixed in with the fabric: a flash of bright red mingled with the dirty rags of her laundry crosses your eyesight before vanishing into the offering bowl with the rest of the woman's remains.

{Door is opened:As you had come to expect} {else:Once every last bit of her remains vanish into the bowl}, the staff and the tail of the salamander woman light from within until their radiance gets to be too much, and you need to turn your eyes away. A pillar of black fire launches from the statue's bowl, rising all the way up to the ceiling, its heat intense enough that you recoil from the wave and sweat begins to bead on your brow.

Underneath the loud yowl of the burning flame is the distinct sound of a woman shouting at the top of her lungs. The first[pc.isDK||, and most dreadful,] thought that crosses your mind is that you've accidentally caught someone in the blaze – [party.hasCompanions|maybe one of your companions, or]perhaps the guardian of the temple, the hellhound woman at the entrance – but the heat of the fire is too much for you to face, and you're forced to shield your eyes until it subsides.

Eventually, it does, and the fire recedes back into the bronze bowl as it goes. But the shouting continues: a single, long wail that echoes throughout the halls of the temple, practically loud enough to shake the dark soot off the walls by itself. Once the temperature of the room dies down a bit, you feel comfortable enough to open your eyes.

[=Next=]

Standing on the bronze bowl is a woman, her head reared back and her back arched with her arms spread as she bellows her voice to the halls of the temple. Her shout isn't of one in pain – she sounds more like she had just climbed a mountain and is shouting her jubilation to the world just for the sake of it. Or, perhaps, she's capping a particularly raucous ballad and she's putting far more effort into it than it deserves.

The woman is a harpy, based on the plumage in her hair; the downy feathers trailing across her arms; and the telltale taloned toes she touts. She has one foot in the bowl and the other raised up to its rim, with her talons curling around the bowl's edge for stability. She looks fairly young, perhaps in her early twenties, and her skin is smooth and clean all over, from her scalp to her soles. And she's completely naked.

"Man!" she yells, ending her long, tireless bellow. "Ain't nothing like a nice, hot bath to make a woman feel young again!"

She looks down at you from her slightly-elevated position in the bronze bowl. Her eyes are both deep, fiery red, with the edges of her irises turning gold. She has a cocksure grin on her face, showing off a pair of sharp incisors that poke out slightly from her upper lip. With every movement she makes, no matter how slight, the plumage on her body briefly lights up, and licks of fire waft into the air from her feather tips. Once her eyes meet yours, they narrow into something confident and playful, yet predatory – like she's about to tell you to start running.

“You look...” she starts, resting her elbow on her raised leg and resting her chin on her fingers as she judges you. “Right!” she starts, snapping her fingers – and a bright ember spawns from the snap, flickering to life from the quick motion before fizzling away just as quickly. “You’re [pc.name]! You were the hot number that found me in that old fort, right?”

You rack your brain, trying to remember if you had ever met this woman before. You’re[pc.isBimbo|... pretty] confident that you would have remembered someone as... animated as her before.

“Yeah!” she insists, pointing her right index finger at you. A trail of smoke whips through the air, following the motion of her finger as it goes. “I was the old hag that asked you to bring my stuff here. I really need to thank you for that – it would have taken me years to reform by myself!” {It’s been 365 days since the PC picked up the remains|

Um.

The fiery harpy notices your hesitation.

“It... hasn’t been years since you found me, right?”

Um. Moving on.}

She steps forward, resting her weight on the edge of the bronze bowl, before stepping off it and landing in front of you with all the grace and practice of a master dancer. A sudden wave of heat washes over you again – not as intense as the black fire from the statue, but certainly more consistent. The feathers on her body rustle with the motion, and the distinct sound of crackling fire fills the space between you two every time one feather brushes up against another.

“Let’s get all the questions I’m sure you have out of the way.” She lifts both of her hands, extending their index fingers and laying them across each other. “My name is Agnimitra, but I’ll let you call me Agni for short. Or maybe Queen Agnimitra, First Of Her Kind, Beauty Of Tronarii, Fiercest Of The Harpies, if we have the time.” Her eyes drop from yours to scan the rest of your body. “Or maybe just Babe. Or ‘mommy,’ if you’re into that. I’d let you call me that. Once we get a little better acquainted, anyway.”

Agnimitra extends her left middle finger and lays her right index finger across it as well. “I’m not exactly your average harpy: I’m a phoenix. I’ve been blessed with life unending; with time unstopping; with mortal not-being. From exhalation comes aspiration; from expiration comes reanimation. You might have heard the myths and the legends. I’m something of a big fuckin’ deal.”

She extends her left ring finger and lays her index finger across it as well. “And finally, being reborn always, always puts me in the mood. Do you have any idea what it’s like to grow old and frail, with all the sex drive and appeal of a cold puddle of mud, and the next thing you know, you’ve been reborn into the prime of your life?” Her grip tightens on her index finger

as she grinds her thighs together in front of you. “Hot damn, I have decades worth of backlog to catch up on, and you look like just the kind of [pc.mf|guy|girl] that can lend a hand – or something maybe a bit more exciting.”

At that, you can’t help but let your eyes trail down Agnimitra’s naked body yourself. You drink in every detail that she has: from her totally flawless skin, to her full and firm C-cups with pert and pointed pink nipples, to her slim thighs leading into a powerful set of athletic legs, to her exposed and on display pussy, puffed and beading with excitement. She certainly wasn’t lying.

“C’mon, you ain’t gonna say no, are you, [pc.name]?” she pouts. Her hand goes to your shoulder, gently feeling its way across your neck and to your cheek. “Just... get naked and help a horny phoenix out. Imagine the stories you can tell! How many people in Savarra can say they banged a twat as legendary as mine?”

Her hand continues to explore your head, gently tickling at your skin as her fingers make their way to your ears, insisting that you do the ‘right’ thing and help a needy girl out. Given that her plumage constantly seems like it’s a start away from bursting into flame, you wonder how much of that heat is her arousal.

[pc.isBimbo|To be honest, she’s making a lot of compelling arguments. All of this heat is making you a bit thirsty; getting on your knees and eating out a juicy pussy sounds like a fun time to you, regardless of how ‘legendary’ it is.|This is all moving pretty quickly... you have so many questions to ask and she’s skipped it all so you two can jump straight to the part where you two fuck. Not only are you being left in the dark, but you’re not even getting anything in return for your effort!

Well... aside from the poon. You’re not getting anything material for the effort.

That said... you could take her invitation and skip to the part where you fuck an attractive harpy, regardless of whether there’s any truth to her being a legend. That doesn’t exactly sound like a bad time to you.]

[=Stop!|=][=Okay=]

// end scene (scene: Agni Reintroduction)

[=Stop!|=]

// Tooltip: This is all a little much to take in! You put a set of raggedly old clothes into a bowl, and here’s a harpy, claiming to be a phoenix. You need more answers than that!

// (scene: Spoilsport)

Okay, this is moving way too fast for you to track. As attractive as Agnimitra might be, and as tempting as the accolade of fucking a legend like herself is, there’s just... too much for you to wrap your head around right now. You put some old, dirty rags into the bowl; they were incinerated; and now, here’s a woman claiming to be a myth and looking to bang you on the spot[silly].

You wonder what would happen if you threw your own clothes in there. Would you get a young, sexy you, looking to fuck on the spot?

... You suppose nothing would change].

“Wha?” she asks, tilting her head to one side. The plumage on her hair shifts with the motion; smoke rises from her head and flicks of ember fizzle into the air. “Can’t the questions wait? You have yourself a horny twenty-something looking to fuck until her brains turn to mush, and all you want to do is ask some questions?” Her eyebrows furrow and her nostrils flare. “Women don’t often throw themselves at you, do they?”

You admit, that was a pretty good zinger, and you have no response to it. But still, you hold your ground. You’d rather learn a bit more about Agnimitra before you go [pc.hasCock|shoving your dick into any of her holes|throwing your twats at each other]. The story about her being a phoenix – a mythical creature, thought only to exist in fables – is a bit farfetched... even though all of the evidence before you tells you that there’s at least a kernel of truth to it.[party.comp cait brint arona|

“To each their own and all, [pc.name], but, I mean, look at this woman,” Cait insists, stretching her arms out towards Agnimitra. “She wouldn’t last a minute in town without getting propositioned, and you’re passing it up as we speak. That’s not a call I would make. Just saying.”|

“Hey, if you don’t want her, I’ll take her,” Brint snorts. A sly grin crosses his muzzle as he eyes Agnimitra like a piece of meat. “I can take a little heat if it means helping a pretty thing like her blow off a bit of steam.”|[arona.isDom|

“Good [pc.boyGirl],” Arona says, her hand coming down to roughly pat your head. “A lesser person would probably have fucked her on the spot. But you know who you’re really meant for, don’t you?”|“Hey, back off, harpy!” Arona shouts, lifting her weapon and pointing it towards Agnimitra accusatorily. “If [pc.name] says [pc.heShe] doesn’t want any, then [pc.heShe] doesn’t want any. You’ll get your turn when [pc.heShe] says so, understand?”|]

Agnimitra pauses as she studies your expression, trying to decide for herself if you’re serious. If you’re seriously going to pass up the opportunity to fuck a supple, sexy, and eager thing like herself just so you can ask her for her life’s story.

With a frustrated, bordering on angry, sigh, she takes a step back and leans against the bronze bowl of the statue. Her left arm hangs off the rim of the bowl while her right hand conspicuously tries to keep itself busy by doing anything but finger herself: it rests on her thigh; it runs its fingers through her hair, shaking out some of the embers; until it eventually comes to a stop by grabbing onto her left, crossing underneath her breasts.

“Fine,” she sighs. “Let’s put our mouths to some other use, then.”

// Display talk topics
// end scene (scene: Spoilsport)

[=Okay=]

// Tooltip: Agnimitra has the body of a woman in her sexual prime and she's so horny that she's about a sentence away from dry-humping you on the spot. What warm-blooded creature could deny that?

// (scene: No Time To Explain)

Well, if nothing else, Agnimitra makes a persuasive argument. She's got the body, the enthusiasm, and, if she's to be believed, the pedigree to make a session with her one that'll leave you cross-eyed. Who in their right mind would turn down a woman like her?

As soon as your hands go to the bottom rim of your [pc.upperGarment], you hear her take a sharp inhale through her nose – she's as excited to get started as you are. And while you wrestle with your top half, her own hands find the waistline to your [pc.lowerGarment], working them off your hips and helping you get nude.

“Fuck yeah, I knew you wouldn't say no,” Agnimitra says huskily. Once you work your top up and above your navel, she can't help but pause, drinking in the sight of your bare [pc.skinFurScales]. “I mean, who would? I'm one hot piece of meat.”

In short order, you're as naked as she is – and as soon as you are, her arms wrap around your body, clamping hard onto your [pc.ass]. You feel the sharp claws of her fingers sink into the tender flesh of your butt; not content to just cop a feel, though, she lifts your cheeks and pulls them apart, playing with the fats of your ass and feeling them jiggle in her grip.

Her body feels hot – hotter than you had expected. Her plumage on her head and her arms continue to crackle and fizzle, with the errant wick of an ember flitting off her body and vanishing into the air around her, and yet, no smoke emanates from her body. The rest of her skin is hot to the touch, as if she had been spending too much time in the sun: not so hot that you need to pull away, but hot enough that you squirm.

“Don't mind me,” she says, her breath coming out in a dry husk. “Just getting... hhnff...” She leans in, her nose pressed to the crook of your neck, and she takes a long, hearty drag of your scent. “Just... getting reacquainted with my own sex drive. Gods...”

She pulls away, her nose just a few inches from yours, as she stares hard into your eyes. “Don't take your youth for granted, [pc.name]. Fuck as many [pc.mf]women as you can. Or men, whatever, it's an open world.|men as you can. And the women, obviously. Girls are great.” Her hands clench down on your ass once more. “Actually: fuck me. Fuck me as many times as you can. As often as you can, as hard as you can. I need you to fuck me until I forget what year it is. I need you to get me to baptize every room in this temple. That sounds good to me. Let's do that.”

With more strength than you had expected from a woman with her musculature, she lifts your right leg and pins it against her hips before she pushes forward, sending you onto the floor of the temple with her on top of you. Her weight pushes down on you, particularly with her breasts, full and firm, digging against your [pc.chest] – and as soon as you’re stable on the ground, Agnimitra grinds her hips forward, dragging her pussy against your [pc.hasCock|[pc.cock], leaving trails of her hot juices streaking down the underside of your shaft|own, bearing down onto your [pc.vagina] hard enough that she squishes your body against the stone of the temple].

“Fuck yeah,” she whispers.

[=Next=]

// Continue at (scene: Agni Cowgirl)

// end scene (scene: No Time To Explain)

// Once Agnimitra’s been revived, place her in the Temple Of Terrestrial Fire, on the same square as the statue.

// Randomly play one of the following scenes when the player enters the tile Agnimitra is on. The first paragraph is what’s currently in-game and remains static through all the possible options.

// Since Agnimitra can be in three locations based on her recruitment status – in the Temple of Terrestrial Fire for not-in-party, and at the Frost Hound or at Camp if she is – I’ll use a custom parser called [agni.loc] (short for Agni’s Location) that should parse as [agni.loc|in the temple|at the Frost Hound|at camp].

// Agni Idle Blurbs

The second chamber of the temple is dominated by a huge obsidian statue, depicting a shapely salamander woman in the buff, human in shape save for thick scales covering her forelimbs and a draconic set of ears and a tail glowing with a radiant inner light. The statue is holding up a great bronze bowl in one hand, extending it towards you; in her other, she brandishes a staff of solid black stone, adorned with a flame-red crystal at its peak that glows with an inner light, perhaps fed by the same hidden fires that illuminate her tail.

// Random 1

Agnimitra sits at the foot of the statue, closer to the tail, where it’s nice and toasty. She’s as naked as the statue and the hellhound girl are – [agni.recruited|although you know she has a custom set of clothing she made for herself,]you suppose clothes are something of a hindrance when your body heat is as high as her own.

She has a number of pebbles at her feet, possibly from just outside of the temple’s front door. She idly passes the time by throwing the pebbles into the statue’s bowl, adjusting her angle, her form, and her distance with every other throw. Every time she gets one in, her reward is a small plume of black smoke from the bowl’s mouth.

When you enter her line of sight, she gives you a curt nod and goes right back to what she was doing. Perhaps she's trying to play coy and aloof in an effort to get you interested.

// Random 2

Agnimitra sits on the lip of the bronze bowl, naked as the day she came bursting out of it. Her left arm is raised and her right arm busily plucks through the soft down of her feathers, preening through them for all the dirt she's no-doubt picked up from living in the dusty old temple.

Occasionally, through her plucking, one of her feathers is dislodged; its stem is red-hot, as if it was just pulled from the edge of a fire, yet no smoke flows from the heat. She twirls it between her clawed fingers for a moment, using the stem to scratch at some of the harder-to-reach places inside her plumage, before casually dropping it into the very bowl she's sitting on – and she doesn't move when the resultant black fire consumes her body. She barely even acknowledges it and continues to preen right on through the display.

Her gaze goes from her arm to you once you enter her line of sight. "Hey," she says, nodding once, before going back to what she was doing. Perhaps she's trying to play coy to get your attention.

// Random 3

Agnimitra is lying on her stomach, her head facing the entrance to the temple. On the floor in front of her is a piece of parchment, maybe as long as her torso, and in her right hand is one of her own quills, plucked straight from her body. As you come in, you find her hard at work scribbling something down, the writing reaching all the way to the edges of the parchment.

She doesn't have an inkwell beside her to dip the quill into; instead, whenever her quill runs dry, she lifts the feather to her scalp and runs the sharpened tip along her scalp, causing the plumes in her head to flare up. They get visibly brighter and you can feel the increase in temperature from where you're standing. When she's satisfied, she lowers her quill and gets right back to it – she isn't writing with ink, but with soot, similar to how she drew the map on your hand when you first met.

Her legs idly kick up and down behind her as she writes, the talons on the ends of her legs flexing each time they lift up. When she hears the sound of your footsteps, she lifts her gaze toward you and greets you with a smile. "Oh, hey there," she waves, her fingers each gesturing towards you individually before getting right back to what she was writing down.

// Random 4

// Must have fucked both the hellhound guardian and Agnimitra at least once before, and the guardian must not currently be pregnant, and the PC must have given Agnimitra the go-ahead to bang the hellhound

At the base of the statue, in the open for any passerby to see, is Agnimitra and the hellhound guardian of the temple, going at each other hard and heavy. The hellhound woman is on her back, propped up on one elbow while the other gingerly holds Agnimitra by her left asscheek, while Agnimitra sits with her bare crotch pressed tightly against her partner's as [agni.hasCock|she wetly fucks the hellhound's tight twat|they wetly grind against each other]. The room is stuffy, and the stink of the two horny women linger in the air like a dense perfume, and they're both panting with prolonged exertion – they've probably been going at it for a little while, now.

Agnimitra is facing away from you as you enter; once you do, the hellhound's lust-filled gaze is pulled from her lover's to you, just for a moment, but that's long enough to get Agnimitra to stop and see what's suddenly captured her attention. She glances over her shoulder – the plumes on her head swishing and the errant ember crackling into the air as she does – and she grins a wide, toothy, out-of-breath grin once she sees you.

“Hey there, [pc.name],” she says, her tongue snaking out to lick at her bottom lip. [agni.hasCock|Her hips move so casually as she saws her cock in and out of the hellhound's pussy, as if she hardly even realizes she's doing it|She shifts her ass back and forth across the hellhound woman's crotch], causing the guardian to sharply exhale through her nose. You can't help but glance at the silky-smooth mound of her ass as it waggles in front of you – that one action was probably meant to tease you just as much as the hellhound guardian.

“Room for one more, if you're interested,” she snickers. She doesn't get back to fucking her partner, and instead politely waits to see what you'll do next.

[=Agnimitra=][=North=][=South=]
// if it's Random 4, replace [=Agnimitra=] with [=Join In=] and, on click, go to (scene: Threesome W/ Hellhound)

[=Agnimitra=]

// Tooltip: Agnimitra the phoenix is sitting as nonchalantly as she can, probably to play hard-to-get for your attention. Why not let it work?

// (scene: Speak With Agni)

// Random 1

You ask Agnimitra if she's in the mood for some company. You'd probably be more entertaining than throwing some rocks into a bowl from half a room away.

“Yes, Sorra, I was hoping you'd offer,” she says, tossing the remainder of the pebbles in her hand over her shoulder. “Is this more than a social call, though? Because I wouldn't say no – but you might be a bit overdressed. I wouldn't mind helping you out with that.”

Well –

// Random 2

You ask Agnimitra if she wouldn't like a bit of company – and maybe an extra set of hands to help her get to those hard-to-reach spots to help her with her preening.

She chuckles once, the corner of her lip turning up high enough to show her teeth. “I think I'd rather those hands be put to better use,” she sighs as she hops off the bowl. “But yeah, I guess I wouldn't mind a bit of personal time with the [pc.mf]guy[gal] that revived me.” Her eyes scan your body from the neck down. “You may want to reconsider the outfit, though. Who knows how long it'll last.”

Well –

// Random 3

You lean over Agnimitra, trying to align yourself so that your shadow isn't cast over her parchment, and you ask her what it is she's writing. Her memoirs, maybe? Surely a phoenix would have one hell of a story to tell the world.

“Nah, been there, done that,” she replies flippantly. “Writing down your life for others to read doesn't really carry the same impact when you live forever. I'm writing fiction for my own entertainment: [rand|the story of two star-crossed lovers that hooked up once in a tavern, only to realize their feelings for each other a few days later, and their individual journeys to find each other again|an epic story about a middleclass blacksmith that found a meteorite, still hot to the touch, and forged a sword that only he could wield and could show him the past of any person or creature he struck it with|a hypothetical story set in the distant future, where carriages pulled themselves and ready-made meals could be mass-produced, and the protagonist keeps finding all kinds of ways to shit on the world he lives in by taking every single thing in it for granted|a blushing virginal princess is in an arranged marriage with a foreign prince, and after their honeymoon, she realizes just how great sex is, and she fucks everything. Like, everything. Strangers. Other women. Her pillow. Her brother. Her horse. In every hole. I call this one ‘Corruption of...’ something. It's a working title|it's about a fierce warrior princess named Mitragani that travels the world, having adventures, fighting monsters, defeating villains, and getting both the guy and the girl at the end. She's super strong and pretty and everyone loves her, and she has huge boobs].”

That sounds interesting! Would she mind if you took a look at what she has so far?

At the question, she hesitates, then puts down her quill. “Yeah, not this one,” she says, snatching up the parchment and crumpling it into a ball, expertly throwing it over her shoulder and landing inside the bowl of the statue. The ball of parchment tumbles down the tubing inside the statue and, after a moment, the bowl erupts into a black pillar of flame, incinerating it instantly. “That draft sucked and I'm probably never going to finish the story anyway.” She pulls herself to her feet to face you properly. “D'ya wanna fuck instead?”

Well –

[=Appearance=][=Talk=][=Sex=][=Leave=]
// end scene (scene: Speak With Agni)

[=Appearance=]

// Tooltip: Agnimitra is a mythical phoenix of legend, here in the flesh! You should get as good a look at her as you can – who knows if you'll ever see another one again?
// (scene: Agni's Looks)

Agnimitra is a harpy woman – although that doesn't really do what she is real justice. In truth, Agnimitra is a phoenix, a mythical creature of legend, capable of wielding fire as she likes and, upon her demise, is instead reborn after a period of time. You'd have a hard time believing it if you didn't witness her rebirth for your own eyes.

You ballpark her current age to be roughly in her early twenties and her height to be maybe three inches shy of six feet. Her skin is flawless all over: not so much as a blemish, or a mole or beauty mark, or a dimple anywhere on her silky-tan body. [agni.recruited|Because of her pyrotechnic abilities, she can't wear most normal clothes because they can burn away too easily, so she instead wears a kind of shawl that she sewed herself using flame-resistant fabrics. It hides just enough of her body to keep her decent but otherwise leaves little to the imagination.]{Recruitable, but is not currently recruited|She's currently as naked as the day you had revived her, even though you know she has a bright red shawl she had sewn herself to give her decent. She probably prefers to stay in the nude while she's in the temple.|Besides when you first met her, before her rebirth, you've never seen her wear any clothing; given her magical fire properties, they'd probably be too much of a hassle anyway.}]

Everything about her body reminds you of the anatomy of a lick of flame: the plumage on her head naturally stands slightly upright, with the edges of the feathers being redder than their orange centers. She, like any harpy you've seen, has feathers on her arms that grow like 'sleeves' up to her shoulders and down to her wrists, and the feathers on her arms are wide and long enough that they look like they could provide lift if she flapped hard enough – or, at least, a steady glide, if she jumped off somewhere high. Her eyes have variable shades in her irises as well: the bottoms of her irises are blue, but they turned to a burning-hot red as they go higher up.

The skin on her legs are as rough as any other harpy's, but their discoloration is more extreme: where Agnimitra's upper body is tanned at its darkest, her legs shift into a much darker shade starting as high as her thighs, turning a dull shade of blue at her feet. It'd almost look unhealthy if you didn't know how she carried herself from her day-to-day activities. Her hands turn to four-fingered claws and her feet to four-toed talons, just like a regular harpy.

Agnimitra's feathers are unique in that they don't sit still on her body like a harpy's might: even when she's at rest, her feathers gently sway against each other, energized by the heat moving between them. The slightest of movement can ruffle them and cause them to heat up to temperatures you'd never expect a living creature could tolerate, much less generate: running your hand through her plumage can cause them to heat up so much that it'd be like running your

hand through an open flame. Luckily, her skin, while still hot to the touch, isn't hot enough to burn you – you just need to be careful how you hold her. And for her part, she doesn't seem to register the heat she gives off at all. In fact, she sometimes sits in the bowl of the statue even as flames fire out of it.

Agnimitra has a pair of C-cup breasts sitting pert atop her chest: they have a certain vigor to their buoyancy that reminds you of her and her personality. Each of them are capped with a rubber-pink nipple about the size of your thumb. Below her waist, she has [agni.hasCock|a humanoid penis, hanging flaccidly at seven inches against the inside of her thighs, but you've seen it get as long as a full foot when she's fully erect. It's flanked by a pair of perfectly smooth, hairless balls, each of them too large for one hand to hold. And behind that, she has]an average, slim vagina sitting beneath a smooth abdomen[agni.hasCock|, making her a true hermaphrodite], and she has a tight, raised rear end that's practically daring you to slap it. She's in the sexual prime of her life and she's ready to put her body to the test.

Between her ass cheeks is her anus, right where it belongs.

// end scene (scene: Agni's Looks); display previous menu

[=Talk=]

// Tooltip: You'd like to know a bit more about Agnimitra. She's a phoenix! She almost certainly has a ton of great stories to tell.

// Continue here if the PC has had sex with both the hellhound and Agnimitra individually. One time scene. Must currently be in the temple and Agni isn't currently in the PC's party.

// (scene: Permission For Agni)

You ask Agnimitra if she's willing to have a talk.

“Actually, do you mind if I go first?” she interrupts, putting her index finger up to your lips to shush you. “There's something I want to ask you.”

Well... she's already interrupted you, so, you suppose there's no sense in trying to butt ahead.

She crooks her finger at you, beckoning you to come closer to her, and she steps back, deeper into the temple. After a few extra steps, she averts her eyes from you, towards something behind you, and she nods her head. “Y'know that hellhound girl?” she asks.

You turn and look over your shoulder. The hellhound, the guardian of the temple, stands at the entrance, her back and one foot both pressed against the wall behind her. Her eyes flit subtly in your direction, then back to the outdoors once she realizes you're looking at her.

{Hellhound is mates with the PC|You tell Agnimitra that, yes, you and her are... intimately acquainted. That's an accurate statement on your relationship with her.|You tell

Agnimitra that, yes, you and the hellhound guardian are familiar with each other. Roughly as familiar as you are with her, really.}

“Nice,” Agnimitra smirks toothily. “It’s good to know that there’s no secrets between the two of you, because I want a piece of that for myself.”

You tilt your head and repeat what you think you just heard: Agnimitra wants to have sex with the hellhound?

“There’s a certain **attraction** that I have towards anything that can put out as much heat as I can, you know,” she says, her bottom lip curling into her teeth. “It’s one reason why I like you so much. You can keep up the **friction** for me.”

“B’yeah, anyway, I’m pretty sure she’s been making eyes at me, and I’ll be totally upfront and say that I think she’s got an ass that I want a piece of.” Her eyes dart to the hellhound over your shoulder for a split second before going back to yours. “I just wanted to ask you if, like... should I go for it? It’s kind of hard to get a good read on hellhounds. Their dark faces and the fiery eyes make it hard to tell what they’re thinking, and I’m not sure if she wants to fuck, or if she’s rehearsing a script to tell me to get out of her temple or something.”

Agnimitra is asking you if she should try and make a pass at the hellhound. If you say no, then that’d be that and you can keep them separate, but if you said yes, it’d open up the possibility of something a little **hotter** between you three...

[=Go For It=][=Don’t=]

[=Go For It=]

// Tooltip: In fact... why not introduce the two of them?

You hardly see the harm in letting the two hottest women you know have a little fun together. And if they’re having fun with each other, and they’re both intimate with you, then there’s a good chance you’d be opening the door for some extra threeway action, and who doesn’t love that?

“So, you think I should go for it?” Agnimitra asks, the corners of her mouth curling upwards in delight. You confirm, and her eyes go over your shoulder to the hellhound once again, lingering there for a bit longer than before.

In fact... why wait? You’re intimately familiar with the hellhound guardian yourself. You could introduce the two of them so that she doesn’t need to awkwardly slide up to her and make the pitch herself.

At that, Agnimitra laughs once. “[pc.ra harpy|Figures that a fellow harpy would be the perfect wing[pc.manWoman]!|And here I thought all the perfect wing[pc.mf]men|women] were harpies!]” she smiles, saying it quietly enough that the hellhound guardian can’t hear – although

with ears like hers, she probably could anyway. “You lead the way, [pc.name], I’ll be right behind you.”

[=Next=]

The next few minutes feel like a blur – you had lost track of time and your sense of direction once you were caught in the heat of both Agnimitra and the hellhound guardian at once. You remember approaching the guardian; then you remember your [pc.skinfurScalesNoun] getting all hot and uncomfortable, and now...

Now, you’re naked and on your knees, with the guardian on her back and her legs spread towards you. Laying on top of the guardian is Agnimitra, facing towards you, pressing her own twat crudely against the guardian’s face; her nose is right up against the guardian’s clit, and she has two clawed talons reaching forward and spreading the guardian’s wet, pearly cunt towards you, inviting you to make the next step.

“I think she’s been like this ever since we both approached her,” she giggles, wiggling her hips on top of the guardian’s face and wincing in pleasure when she feels her tongue drive into her cunt. “She’s not getting any more ready, [pc.name]. Hurry up and make this a party.”

// Continue at the scene (scene: Threesome W/ Hellhound), starting at the paragraph that starts with ‘you hardly need an invitation’.

[=Don’t=]

You tell Agnimitra that, as far as you know with the hellhound guardian, she’s more of a one-partner kind of gal, and you don’t think she’d be very amenable to having some flings on the side. She’s very protective and territorial of the temple – if she’s making eyes at her, it’s probably to make sure she doesn’t do anything untoward in her temple.

“I was afraid of that,” Agnimitra sighs, her shoulders deflating at the news. “That’s too bad for us, then. I would have loved to know if she’s got the energy to match that heat.” Her eyes flit to the hellhound’s and back, locking onto yours with a wry, gentle grin. “I guess you’ll just have to put in twice the work to make up for it.”

“But in the meantime,” she continues, her body language changing sharply and suddenly. “Your turn. What’dya wanna talk about?”

// end scene (scene: Permission For Agni)

// Normal talk scene

// (scene: Talk Topics)

You ask Agnimitra if she’s willing to have a talk. You know she’s a bit more interested in other activities, but... can she really blame you for being curious? She’s a creature of myth; she’s something that you thought people made up to create fanciful, fictional epics about.

Her very existence brings to question just how many of those stories don't have a nugget of truth to them.

"Yeah, I **am** pretty great, aren't I?" she laughs, running her hand through her plumage. The feathers ruffle and they visibly change color as the heat builds up between them. "I assure you: every tale you've heard of my beauty and majesty aren't the least little bit exaggerated, as you can see for yourself."

[agni.loc|She slips to her knees, and then her bare ass onto the floor|She invites you to take a seat next to herself as she gets more comfortable|She invites you to sit next to the campfire with her as she plops herself down]. "Alright then," she says, [agni.loc|stomping her foot onto the dirty temple floor, commanding you to sit|adjusting her costume to ensure that things are staying where they're supposed to be|brushing off the lower half of her costume, trying to keep it dirt-free]. "I'm in the mood for something a bit more **in-depth**, but you've gone and buttered me up. You wanna talk about me? Let's talk about me."

As you follow her command and take your seat in front of her, you wonder what it is you should ask her about.

[=Her Age=][=Boredom=][=Family=][=Powers=][=Grow Dick?=][=Back=]
// end scene (scene: Talk Topics)

[=Her Age=]

// Tooltip: Agnimitra, being a phoenix, is much older than she appears – you had only recently witnessed her resurrection, after all. How old **is** she?

// (scene: Agnimitra's Age)

Completely forgoing the adage about asking a woman about her age, you openly ask Agnimitra how old she **really** is. She was a frail old woman when you first met her, and now, here she is, in the prime of her life after her rebirth. That puts her, at **minimum**, well beyond her sixties, assuming she was 'first' born a generation ago.

"I dunno," she says with a shrug.

What – what does she **mean**, she doesn't know? How could she forget her own age?

At that, she scoffs dismissively. "Would you count the leaves in a forest? Look at your arm – look **reeeaaaaal** close at the [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] of your arm. Would you count every [pc.skinIsScales|scale|hair] that you find?" She glances away from you, attempting to shrug off the question. "Eventually, you lose track, and you don't care to pick up where you left off. And besides: my birthday changes once a generation and the timing for my rebirth is inconsistent. How do you measure that?"

Those are fair questions that you hadn't considered.

“I can tell. Just you wait, [pc.name]. Once you’re old enough, you’re going to start not caring, too. And besides,” she says, winking at you and lifting the corner of her mouth into a wry grin, “age ain’t nothin’ but a number.”

In that case, you try rephrasing the question: what’s her first memory?

“Ooooooh,” she croons, pulling her knees up to her chest. Her eyes drift downward, staring at the floor of the temple as she racks her mind for the first memory she’s ever had. “Now, that... **that** is a question.”

The air between you two is silent for a long moment as she considers it. A **long** moment. Agnimitra’s face goes through the whole gamut of expressions every time she thinks she has one: every now and again, she lifts her head, her mouth open, her eyes wide, and her nostrils flared, about to give you your answer – but then, just as suddenly, she lowers her face, mumbles something to herself, and then goes back to ruminating.

Eventually, after quite some time, she cautiously lifts her head and opens her mouth. “Which came first?” she asks. “The Waystones? Or the wheel?”

You... aren’t certain how to parse the implications of that question. They’re both so old that you aren’t certain if either of them has a defined creation date. If the wheel came first, that means Agnimitra was present during the creation of Waystone travel and the discovery of a whole other dimension. If the Waystones came first, that means that the civilizations that invented the Waystones did it **without** the wheel.

After a bit of hesitation on your own part you figure that, honestly, that’s a good enough answer for you: if she remembers when both of those things first came into use in the modern society, then she’s certainly old **enough**.

“Well, there you go,” she answers.

So, then... she must have been around for some of the biggest events in history. The rise and descent of the Belharan Empire. The age of exploration, particularly via the open sea. The relatively-recent introduction to bronzeworking. Maybe she was even born early enough to be personally familiar with the Seven.

“Yeah, probably,” she replies. Her hand ruffles through her plumage, causing the feathers to flare up, before plucking out a single one and using the pointed end to clean out her left ear.

That’s... not the attitude you had expected her to have. She was present for a ton of major historical events. She could provide first-hand accounts of some of the most influential moments to ever happen in Savarra’s history. They say that the Seven are like mortals in many ways, and that they live among the people of the world – it’s possible she’s met at least one of them personally. You’d have thought she’d be excited to tell you more.

“Do you remember what you had for lunch eight days ago?” she asks, moving her feather to her other ear.

You admit that you don’t, but you’d have thought that, just for example, the invention of currency would have left a bigger impact on her memory than what she eats day-to-day.

“The thing about immortality, [pc.name], is that there are only so many big, high-profile, world-changing events that a gal can commit to memory before they either start to fizzle out of her brain, or they just don’t stack up to others.” Once she’s satisfied her ears are clean, she tosses the feather into the statue’s bowl, causing a black pillar of flame to erupt from it. “Currency? Those little chunks of metal you’ve got dangling in a pouch? Why would I have given half a damn at the time? The bartering system worked plenty good; now, whenever I want something, I need to own something that’s otherwise pointless that’s very small and easy to misplace, and I need to own a shitload of them, so they get all heavy and cumbersome. Money was seen as horribly inconvenient at the time and the only reason why the world switched over was because some jackanapes in a palace somewhere said we had to.”

She leans back on her rump[agni.loc], letting her knees fall to either side as she does (and giving you a completely unimpeded look at her bare crotch)|reclining in her wooden seat| and spreads her legs, letting the campfire warm her bits]. “I guess currency did leave an impression on me, in that sense.” She smiles widely enough to show off her teeth. “It’s something I’d rather forget that even happened!”

What, in her opinion, would have to be a big enough, grand enough, impactful enough event for her to commit to her memory by now?

“I’ll tell you next time it happens,” she snickers.

// end scene (scene: Agnimitra’s Age)

[=Boredom=]

// Tooltip: If it’s true that Agnimitra has lived for so long that her very existence has passed into legends told by bards in taverns, then... does anything in life ever excite her anymore? She must have seen it all by now.

// (scene: Agni Is Bored)

There’s no question that you could ask Agnimitra about involving her age that wouldn’t endlessly fascinate you, but one in particular floats to the top of the pile: if it’s true that she really is immortal – and, given you witnessed her rebirth, you have no reason to doubt it – how does she keep from getting bored? Surely she’s done everything that’s worth doing by now; even sex must lose its luster eventually.

Agnimitra laughs once. “First of all: never,” she replies, lazily pointing her index finger at you. “If I ever, at any point, thought that sex could be ‘boring,’ I probably wouldn’t have tried to jump your bones the second I popped out of that bowl, would I?”

You suppose that's true, but it also opens an unpleasant, inverse question: did she want to have sex so badly because sex was the **only** thing that excited her anymore?

"You're thinking too hard about this, babe," she says, smiling sweetly at you. "I told you before, when we first – well, when we second met: going from a frail old woman who's blood is half-dust to the sexual prime of your life is a transition that would make **anyone** horny enough to fuck a hole through the floor. I mean," she continues, sitting upright and extending her hands to you, palms facing upward, "can you imagine? One minute, you have the sex drive of some compost, and the next, **bam!** You have a body like **this**?"

For emphasis, her hands come back in, cupping the underside of her breasts and hefting them in front of you. Her thumbs errantly flick at her nipples, getting them hard and pulling your eyes to them. "And with curves like **these**?" she continues, running her hands down her sides and mapping out the gentle curves of her abdomen leading to her thighs. "And with skin as smooth and healthy and young as mine?"

Well, since she's bringing attention to it, you **do** have to admit that she isn't hard on the eyes.

"Yes, exactly my point!" she continues, sitting back into her regular posture. "I wasn't sexy, and now I am. I was so dry, I couldn't get wet if you threw me in a lake. Of **course** I'm going to want to take advantage of that!"

Agnimitra sighs as she settles down, crossing her legs underneath herself. "We're getting a bit sidetracked, but, just to make it extra clear: sex is never, and it will never, be boring. There are boring lovers, for sure: people with all the sexual energy of a plank of wood. But even sitting down to rub one out is enough to make me glad to be alive."

Okay, you get the picture: sex is great. You never meant to argue otherwise, but it's good to know that, no matter how many times a person does it, it'll never **not** be great.

"Good." She sighs through her nose. "But to answer your question, on if I ever get bored."

She pauses for a moment, turning her head to one side and curling her mouth as she considers her answer. Clearly it's more complicated than a yes or a no.

"I... I don't think I actually get 'bored' anymore," she admits. "But that's not to say that my life is pulse-pounding excitement every day of the year. Like... what do you think of when you think of 'boredom'?"

You imagine it as best as you can: being motionless, maybe in a quiet room, waiting for something to happen. Maybe there's indecision on what it is you **could** do and hesitation on committing to any option. At the end, you're just... waiting for tomorrow to come, so you can try again then.

Agnimitra hums as she considers your answer. “Yeah, there’s that. That used to happen to me all the time, especially after...” She extends both her hands, her fists closed into balls, and she counts something in her head with her fingers. She extends all ten, then starts again, and then extends all ten again. “Well,” she eventually says, giving up on her counting, “after a certain number of rebirths, it was hard to not feel bored, as you know it, all the time. No matter what – besides fucking – I could never shake the feeling that I was ‘bored.’ That life had nothing left for me.”

And now?

“Now,” she continues hesitantly, “I guess... the best word to describe it is...” She pauses again. “There isn’t any one word that best describes it, actually. I’m frustrated, but I’m content. There’s nothing left for me to do, but I’ve done it all. I didn’t want it to end, but I’m glad that it did. You know?”

You reply that you think that you understand what she means.

“Nah, you don’t. I don’t know why I asked,” she continues. “And I hope you never do, [pc.name]. Being immortal can really fucking suck sometimes.”

“But!” She slaps both of her knees; the snapping sound of her hands clapping against the bare skin of her legs [agni.loc|echoes throughout the temple|reverberates through the tavern|dissipates into the area around you]. “That’s not to say that life isn’t, or ever be, not worth living. Life is amazing, [pc.name], and every moment of it is worth living; it’s immortality that sucks. There’s a big difference.”

She leans forward, waving her right hand through the air, her palm facing outward, as if she were rubbing it across a canvas. “When you get to be my age, and you think you’ve seen everything, you learn how to find the things that you haven’t seen yet, and you can find it everywhere. There’s beauty everywhere in the world, [pc.name]; climbing a mountain just to see the view at the top is an experience I could do endlessly, and every time, it’d be different. The weather would be different; the season would be different; the time of day would be different.”

“But that’s thinking pretty big, I realize, and not everyone has the energy of a phoenix to climb a mountain whenever they want,” she winks. “It can be easy to take something like a walk through the forest for granted – the colors can be beautiful during every season of the year. When you watch a honeybee dip into a flower and then leave before she could collect any pollen, you gotta wonder, what’s going through her little bee head to turn down a flower like that?” [agni.loc|She runs the flat of her palm across the smooth stone floor of the temple. “This temple – who built it? How many times has this statue been fired up to tinge the wall black like that? Am I the first person to want to bang in this corridor?”|She rubs the flat of her foot on the floor of the tavern. “This tavern – did Garth build it? If not, who did? Have I been here before? Are you and I going to fuck in it later?”|She pats the flat of her palm on the ground she’s sitting on. “Think of the history that the earth under our feet has. Are we the first people to have built a

campfire here? Are we the first to ever set foot on this spot in particular? Are we going to be the first people – the first animals ever – to bang on this exact area later tonight?”]

She laughs well-meaningly at her own question. “It may sound juvenile, and hell, maybe it is. Maybe I’m living life ‘wrong’ somehow by finding beauty in what most people would think is some of the most inane shit.” She relaxes backward, leaning onto her rump and putting her hands behind herself to support her weight. “But, at my age, either everything is dull and boring and not worth doing again – or you find a way to find something interesting in this world where you wouldn’t expect to find it.”

She sighs through her nose. “And being bored is too exhausting for me. I may have done damn near everything there is to do, [pc.name], but I’d rather do it all again than be bored.”

// end scene (scene: Agni Is Bored)

[=Family=]

// Tooltip: Does she have any family? Are there other [silly|phoenii|phoenixes] in the world?

// (scene: Agni’s Family)

You ask Agnimitra about her family. Surely she had a mom and a dad – was one of them a phoenix?

As if you had blown out a candle, Agnimitra’s behavior changes; she becomes distant and starry-eyed, her thoughts taken off somewhere else, leaving you alone [agni.loc|in the corridor of the temple|in the lounge of the tavern|next to the simmering campfire] with a shell of a woman. The moments pass by uncomfortably and the only real indication that she’s even still with you at all is that she’s still breathing and she blinks occasionally.

“Sorry,” she says, blinking hard and shaking her head, causing her plumage to light up and embers to fly from her head.

[pc.isDK|You ask her what that was all about.

“Just reminiscing,” she answers with a small smile[agni.loc| as she lowers her head to rest on her knees|| as she lowers her head to rest on her knees].|It’s you that should be apologizing; you should have guessed that talking about family matters would be difficult for someone that’s immortal.

“Oh, no, you’ve got it all wrong,” she replies with a small smile[agni.loc| as she lowers her head to rest on her knees|| as she lowers her head to rest on her knees]. “It’s... nice, to think about them from time to time.”]

You give her another moment to herself as she remembers her halcyon days. She’ll answer you when she’s good and ready.

“Have you ever heard the expression, ‘It’s better to have loved and lost than to have never loved at all’?”

[silly|That sounds like a good quote, but no, you haven’t: you’re pretty sure that nobody in the world of Savarra has ever said it.|You’re familiar with the expression, yes. {Background is not Barbarian: Luckily, you’ve been fortunate enough to have never experienced what it’s like to have lost a love.}]

“Well, it’s absolutely true,” she says eventually. “Do you consider yourself a monogamous person?”

[pc.isVirgin|You’ll, uh, let her know later.|You’d be lying if you said yes, in all honesty.]

“Take it from a lady that’s seen it all, [pc.name],” she continues. Her [agni.loc|cheek remains rested on her knee, but her ||cheek remains rested on her knee, but her]eyes are tightly locked onto yours. “There are a lot of forces in this world. Magic. Weapons. Hurricanes.” She takes a deep sigh through her nose and, for a brief moment, her eyes wander before locking back onto yours. “Love might be stronger than all of them.”

So... you take that to mean that she does have family?

“I have had many, many families,” she answers. “I’ve taken many dozens of husbands and wives and I’ve had... Sorra, by now, I’ve probably had hundreds of kids. Give me ten years and I’ll be looking to settle down with Mister Or Missus Right to do it all again.” She hesitates, her mind wandering once more. “Maybe sooner. You never know when they’ll wander into your life.”

Having a family might be a wonderful thing, but you ask if it isn’t difficult to leave them behind when she inevitably outlives them. It might be a crass question to ask, but there’s no real dancing around the subject.

“Every time, sure, but that’s where the ‘it’s better to have loved’ part of the quote comes in,” she replies. “And getting old might suck shit and all, but I feel like being cursed with eternal youth might be worse in the context of watching my lovers get old and frail without me. When I find a partner, getting old together is one of life’s pleasant cruelties.”

Does she remember every family that she’s had?

At that question, her expression hardens into something more playful, cocksure, and confident. “Yes, of course I remember them. Every single one,” she replies. “Their faces. Their personalities. I imagine you’ve never forgotten your mom, [pc.name]. I could never forget my partners or any of my children.”

Really? She just said she might have had hundreds by now.

“Oh, is this a test?” she asks, sitting upright. She opens her hands and hooks her index fingers into each other. “Harpies only give birth to other harpies, and we never have boys. My first husband’s name was Rholim, an elf. We had two daughters: Elmeric and Ghaan.” She hooks her middle fingers into each other. “My second husband was Exter, a human. We had three daughters: Trill, Tamera, and Tiffany. Exter wanted a theme going after we had Trill.” She hooks her ring fingers into each other. “My first wife was Ulmora, an orc. We had **twelve** kids. Orcs are pretty competitive like that. We had five standalone births; two sets of twins; and one set of triplets. Their conception was **unforgettable.**” She takes a deep breath. “Their names were Jholimir; Rolig; Jhammin; Oumroul—”

You interrupt her by saying that you get the picture, and you’re sorry for doubting her.

“I know that I popped out of that statue ready to bang until I forget how to talk, but that doesn’t mean I’m not a sentimental gal when it comes to my families,” she continues. “Immortality is a curse that I wouldn’t wish on anyone, and of course it’s difficult to let my loved ones go when I outlive them, but... when you find the one that you’re willing to be with? When you commiserate that and bring another life into this world with them? I would live a **hundred** lifetimes if it meant finding that kind of person every one-hundred-and-first.”

She had mentioned that harpies only ever give birth to other harpies (and you can’t help but find the idea of harpy duodecaplets running around with orc names funny). Are they also all phoenixes?

“No, and I’m glad that they aren’t,” Agnimitra answers quickly. “I just said that immortality was a curse and that I wouldn’t wish it on anyone, **least** of all my own kids. Me wanting them to be with me forever would be totally selfish.”

Suddenly, though, her demeanor changes to something melancholic and distant. “But...,” she trails, “I... if I’m honest... I **do** want to know **why** I’m the only one. Why I’m not making more. And how I can make sure that it stays that way.” She pauses for a moment. “Besides just keeping with doing what I’m doing, that is.”

Before you move on from the topic, you have one last question: what about her parents? Was her mom a phoenix? Did she have any siblings?

“My mother was not a phoenix, no,” she answers. “My father was a human. And as far as I remember, I was an only child.” She stops to rack her brain for more information. “If I’m honest, though, I... don’t remember too much about anything else.”

She lets out a frustrated grunt as she curls forward, pulling her knees up close to her chest. “In fact, I don’t remember a lot about my first life. I remember their faces, but not their names. I remember where I...” She stops once again. “**Did** I live there? I... remember spending a lot of time in a temple, sort of like this one. I don’t remember where the temple was, or what we were doing in it. I remember spending a lot of time with other harpies my age. I... was I **always** a phoenix?”

After another moment of her desperately trying to remember her first life, her face going through pained expression after pained expression, she eventually lets out one more frustrated moan.

“I dunno. That’s all I got.”

// end scene (scene: Agni’s Family)

[=Powers=]

// Tooltip: [silly|Phoenix|Phoenixes] are legendary for two distinct powers: their immortality via passing-and-rebirth, and their innate command over fire. You’ve already witnessed the former firsthand; ask Agnimitra for more about the latter.

// (scene: Agni’s Hot Fiya)

When Agnimitra was reborn, she did it by bursting from a pillar of black fire, and her feathers constantly sway with the heat emanating from them. It’s no secret that she’s no stranger to fire, heat, and the like.

“One of the perks of being me,” she says with a wink.

Does being a phoenix grant her control over fire like a pyromancer would? A magician could spawn a fireball from their hand and throw it at a target, for instance – could she do something similar?

To demonstrate, Agnimitra opens her right hand, her fingers all splayed apart, and embers spontaneously form from each of her extended digits; the flames cling to her skin like they were wicks on a candle, and when she flexes her fingers, they move and dance along with their motions. “Yep,” she replies, and to emphasize her abilities further, she closes her hand, bringing the flames all together, and when she opens them again, they’ve coalesced into a single, larger flame that sits calmly on the palm of her hand.

You recognize an opportunity to **really** see what she’s capable of. You remark that while that’s certainly impressive – while pyromancers can make fire with their magic, you don’t think they could ever ‘hold’ a flame in their open palm – you’re certain that that’s also not exactly a good indicator of what a phoenix can do.

[agni.loc|“Hah!” Agnimitra laughs once, loudly. She pulls herself to her feet. “You want to see a show, do you? Check **this** shit out!”

Like the embers had done to her fingers before, Agnimitra’s arms, with a flex, each erupt into their own pillars of fire, the flames coating them from the elbows downward. The fire rises high enough to reach the tips of the plume on her head, and already, the heat is intense enough that you need to slide away from her to get some distance from the heat.

But that’s not enough for her: she lifts her arms above her head, pressing the butts of her wrists together and pointing her palms to the temple’s ceiling – and, in a flash, a massive pillar of

orange-hot fire bursts from her body, slamming into the stone above her and spreading its heat across its surface.

The air, and the oxygen, of the corridor is sucked into the pillar in front of you; your [pc.upperGarments][pc.isBald] and your [pc.hair] flutter towards the fire, being drawn into the energy Agnimitra is putting out. While her own mystical fire isn't generating any smoke, it's nonetheless difficult to breathe – almost to the point where it feels like the oxygen in your lungs is being sucked out of yourself. And to make matters worse, it's hard to keep your eyes on her with how bright the flames are: every dark, dirty corner of the corridor you're in is bathed in the light of her flames, and staring at the pillar for longer than half a second at a time hurts your eyes and wicks away their moisture.

After a few seconds of a demonstration like that, all of a sudden, it stops, as if Agnimitra was a candle that was just blown out. A rush of hot wind billows towards you once the grip her fire had on it is released, and, although the air is hot, you can suddenly breathe again.

"I can provide more examples, if you'd like," she snickers once you find the courage to open your eyes again. Errant feathers on her plume are on fire, but rather than spread to the others, the fire slowly dies down until it's absorbed back into the whole. And, although it may be your burnt eyes playing tricks on you, you're pretty certain her nipples are each lit on fire as well. "Well..." she sighs, turning her hand over. She extends her fingers, and small embers alight at each of their tips – before suddenly engulfing each finger, and her entire hand, down to the wrist. She turns it back over, and the flame condenses in her palm into a small ball, hovering about an inch off the skin of her hand, before it begins to shrink and shrink until it poofs into a small waft of smoke.

"I'd give a better example," she says, and, for effect, she runs her hand through her feathered plume, causing them all to flare up as tiny fires crackle and simmer between them, "but we're in a pretty flammable place right now. If you want a better show, ask me somewhere else. Like that temple I was reborn in. That place is made of stone – I could give a real example there." "Well, we're here to relax after a tough journey, and I wouldn't want to give away our position for any highwaymen or whatever. But..."

Agnimitra extends her fingers, and a small ember appears at the tips of each digit – before suddenly engulfing her entire hand down to the wrist, covering it in her flame. She turns it over, palm-up, and it quickly condenses into a spherical ball that hovers just an inch or so above her palm.

And with the flick of her wrist, she flings the ball into the campfire, causing it to roar with energy; a flash of heat and light bathes the camp as the fire pulls upward with the sudden influx of fuel. And once the kick of energy is exhausted, the flame calms down, returning to its original size.

"If you want a better example, you should take me to that one place you revived me in. That stone temple place, you know? Somewhere a little more private and secluded. I could give you a real show there."]

You remark that, with the ability to harness fire like that, she must never feel cold. Are her powers based on magic, like any other pyromancer's? Or does her fire come from somewhere different?

"Actually," she says, taking her seat once more. She pinches both of her nipples at once to put out the embers dancing on them. "I think the opposite is more true – it's not especially often that I really feel warm anymore. [agni.loc|Sometimes I like to sit on that statue's bowl and toss in a feather or something, and when the fire comes bursting out of it and it covers me from head to talon, I feel comfortable with the heat of the air.|It's one of the reasons why I prefer sitting next to the tavern's fire so often. The place is stuffy and full of people – I can get why you'd feel warm anywhere in here, but the fireplace is the best seat in the house.|It's why I prefer to be with the campfire as much as I can whenever we settle down. It's the best place to be when you're trying to stay warm from the elements.]" She smirks mischievously at you. "It's one of the reasons why I like fuckin' so much. That's a lot of body heat to go around. It's not enough to make me feel warm, but it's better than the heat of the air right now."

That's a hell of a thing for her to say; [agni.loc|ever since you've come into this temple, you've found the temperature is|she's not wrong when she says that the temperature of the tavern is|you're no phoenix, but staying so close to the fire makes the air] almost unbearably stuffy.

"As for whether my fire is magic, I dunno for certain!" she continues, shrugging without commitment. "I wanna say no, though. Pyromancers can't last as long as I can, and they can't get it as hot as I can. And they can't produce as much as I can." She giggles at her own juvenile joke. "If you can think of any other sexual innuendo to apply to fire-magicians, odds are, I can do it better than they can." [pc.dcb|

Can they fuck better than you?

"No. I'm the greatest lover alive." She laughs heartily, slapping onto her knees.||You know what 'sexual' means, but what does 'innuendo' mean?

"Turn around and give me a turn in your endo, and I'll show you," she laughs, licking her raised lips.

You're not sure what... oh! Now you get it! You think.]

While you're on the topic of her uniqueness, you ask her if she knows the specifics to her revitalization. When you first met her, she was an old and wrinkly woman; after you threw her remains into the statue's fire, here she is, with skin as smooth as silk.

"You know," she answers, looking down at her breasts and cupping them with both hands, "there's a lot to miss about your youth when you get older. Every time I get old, I think to myself that I can tolerate my titties losing their form and getting all saggy and droopy – especially when I usually have other problems on my mind at the time, like arthritis – but when I

come back and I look like **this,** I find that I missed the girls the most. When I'm old, I'd rather have smooth skin than firm boobs; when I'm young, I'd rather have the boobs. Priorities are weird like that."

"Anyway, that has nothing to do with your question," she continues with a nasally snort, laughing at her own observation. "You might have noticed that, when I disappeared, I left behind one of my feathers, right?"

You confirm.

"I don't know the specifics, but my best guess is that my plume stores ambient heat over time, and once it's collected enough, out I come from it. If my plume is left alone, it normally takes a couple of years for it to store enough heat for me to come back – with some variances, based on how hot or cold the seasons are; how much it rains; whether it found its way underground; whatever."

So, if you put the plume into a fire, it stores all of that heat energy right away, and she's reborn much faster?

"Yep, that's about right," she answers. "A campfire or two would have worked too. Hell, it **has** worked before, with my third wife, Lisca. That was a hell of a night."

// end scene (scene: Agni's Hot Fiya)

[=Grow Dick=]

// Tooltip: To be blunt... Agnimitra is a sexy woman, there's no denying that, but there's always the opportunity for someone like her to have, well, **more.**

// Tooltip (already seen, no Blue Egg): Agnimitra only needs a single Blue Egg for her to grow a dick, like you had asked. All you need now is to find one!

// (scene: Futa Agni Start)

You keep stealing glances towards Agnimitra's bare crotch, fantasizing about her body in more ways than one. Sure, she's a sexy woman – she's in the prime of her life and she has the smooth, supple skin and the amazing curves and body tone to go with it. She has the sexual energy to tame even someone as promiscuous as yourself, if you gave her the time. But... well...

"Interested in something?" Agnimitra asks, sidling herself up beside you and resting her arm on your shoulder. She lifts her left leg up and [agni.loc|stamps it down on the statue beside you|crosses it overtop her right|crosses it overtop her right], spreading her legs and letting the [agni.loc|stuffy air of the temple waft against her exposed crotch|heat of the fire warm her barely-clothed crotch|heat of the fire warm her barely-clothed crotch]. Her other hand goes to her waist, her fingers coyly creeping ever-so-closer to her snatch, but remaining just shy of her stubby clit. "I could get you more acquainted, if you'd like."

[pc.dcb|You don't mince words: you tell Agnimitra that you want her to grow a dick.

For her part, she's completely unfazed by your 'demand,' almost as if she was expecting it. "I'm already too much woman for the average [pc.race] to handle, [pc.name], and now you want to give me a weapon of ass destruction?" she snickers, her mouth opening wide enough that you can see her teeth.

You respond that, yes, that's correct.

She hums in delight, leaning harder onto you. "I like a [pc.manWoman] that knows what [pc.heShe] wants," she coos. "[You have a hard time maintaining eye contact with her. Your fantasies play out in your head over and over as you imagine what she'd look like with a cock swinging between her legs – and how badly you'd like to see that become a reality. Agnimitra is a pretty open woman that's clearly comfortable with her own body and sexuality – maybe there's no harm in asking.

You tell Agnimitra that you have something you'd like to ask her, and that she's free to say no.

"You want me to grow a big, fat, swinging dick between my legs, right?" she asks, her eyes narrowed on yours and a smarmy, knowing, closed-mouth smile spread wide across her face.

Your response isn't to confirm or deny; it's to look at her with mild shock that she had just managed to read your mind.

"Do you have any idea how long I've been around, [pc.name]? I can read your type like a book. [You idly wipe your bottom lip with the back of your hand as your earlier fantasies – of Agnimitra having a big dick and her finding all sorts of different ways to use it on you – play through your head. Your mouth runs faster than your brain, and you ask her if she'd, y'know, be okay with growing a big, fat cock to screw you with.

At the question, Agnimitra laughs and slaps onto her lifted thigh. "Man, I love types like you, [pc.name]!" she roars. "You know exactly what you want and damn what society might think; you're gonna see if you can get it!"

You laugh once politely, then wait for her to answer the question. You nearly ask it again. You know what you want, after all.

"So, you want the cock to grow a cock?" she snickers, leaning harder against your body. "[pc.name], I've been alive for more generations than I can count. I've done just about everything there is to imagine when it comes to the sort of transformations a person can have just from eating the wrong plant at the wrong time." She smiles. "And I've gotten pretty good at figuring out what I do and what I don't want to eat and when."

She [agni.loc|steps|slides|slides] away from you, retaking her earlier position. "You want me to grow a dick? A big, fat, ladydick to fuck some part of you with?" she asks. "Find me a Blue Egg. Harpies tend to lay eggs of all sorts of different colors and sizes; go to where

you'll find harpies, and you'll eventually find a nest that has Blue Eggs in it. I just need one. Then we'll make the magic happen."

{PC does not have a Blue Egg:Sounds like a pretty easy task for you. All Agnimitra needs to grow a dick is one Blue Egg. You could do that, easy.} {else:All she needs is a Blue Egg? What a coincidence; you happen to already have one! All you need to do now is offer it to her, and she'll handle the rest.}

// end scene (scene: Futa Agni Start); return to previous menu

[=Grow Dick?]

// For if the PC has already seen (scene: Futa Agni Start) and they also have a Blue Egg in their inventory

// Tooltip: You've done what Agnimitra's asked and you've found a Blue Egg for her to grow a penis with. Once you give her this egg, there's no going back!

// (scene: Futa Agni Initialize)

You ask Agnimitra if she remembers the discussion you two had earlier.

"About me growing a big, swingin' dick?" she asks with a laugh. "Yeah, it's kind of hard to forget an ice-breaker like that one, [pc.name]." She tilts her head and smiles wryly. "Lemme guess: you found a Blue Egg?"

You reply that you have, and you reach into your pack to withdraw it. You handle it gently and with both hands as you give it to her – despite the nature of what it's about to do to Agnimitra, it is nonetheless an egg, and a dropped egg is worthless to you both.

"Right on," she says, taking it from your hands – and, in a flagrant disregard for your earlier caution, [agni.loc|sets it on a nearby stone pedestal like it was a rock|throws it into a fold in her clothing – you doubt she gave herself pockets|throws it into a fold in her clothing – you doubt she gave herself pockets]. "Wait here, I've gotta get some things to make this work."

[agni.loc|She disappears deeper into the temple, rounding a corner and out of sight, but only for a few seconds: when she reappears, she's holding|She gets up and pulls you into her rented room, shutting the door behind you, giving you both a bit of privacy. Once you two are alone, she rummages through her things for|She gets up and grabs you by the wrist, pulling you into her tent and giving you both a bit of privacy. Once you two are alone, she rummages through her things for] two carved, smoothened ceramic bowls[agni.loc| in both of her hands], as well as a fistful of bladed grass and other assorted herbs[agni.loc|. When she gets back to you, she sets them all down just to go back to fetch something else, and she comes back with a cup filled with what you presume is water.| – and, curiously, a cup filled with what you presume is water.| – and, curiously, a cup filled with what you presume is water.]

"Eating the Blue Egg raw is really risky," she says to you as she sets the bowls onto the floor in front of the Blue Egg. "I could get all kinds of transformations besides the dick that you want me to have. Usually, Blue Eggs are more associated with masculine features and body

types, which would mean squarer hips and shoulders, a sterner jaw, and smaller boobs.” She turns to face you, her lips pouting and her eyes wide in a sad puppy-dog stare. “You wouldn’t want me to have smaller boobs, would you?”

She goes right back to what she was doing without giving you the opportunity to answer. “But there’s a way to separate the effects that you want from the effects that you don’t want, and just ingest those. And you can do this with lots of different foods that transform the body, not just harpy eggs. And lucky for you, [pc.name],” she says with a smile, “I’ve grown enough dicks in enough lives to know this procedure like the back of my hand.”

You tell Agnimitra that what she’s describing is ‘alchemy.’ The method you use involves a basic alchemists kit and a simple reagent that a person could pluck from the very ground. You could have also gotten one of those reagents to make this process a little simpler, if she preferred.

“Yeah, I know what it is[silly]. Do not recite the recipes to me, [pc.race], I was there when they were written],” she says with an exasperated sigh, shrugging her shoulders and facing up towards the ceiling. “And maybe there are faster and better ways to grow a big, fat fucking dick nowadays. But I know what works for me and I’m comfortable with what works for me, alright?” She reaches onto the pedestal for the Blue Egg, ready to begin her own alembic procedure. “Maybe that makes me stubborn and hard-headed, but need I remind you that it’s you that wanted to give this stubborn, hard-headed harpy a dick to fuck you with.”

[=Next=]

With practiced ease and elegance, Agnimitra cracks the Blue Egg’s shell on the side of one of the bowls, splitting the egg apart with just that hand’s fingers and dumping its yoke and whites into its cistern before tossing the shell away. Then she places the other bowl face-down on top of the first and rests her hand on top of it – and the ceramic begins to visibly glow red-hot where her hand touches it as she superheats the egg inside the makeshift alembic.

With her other hand, she brings the herbs to her mouth and bites off large chunks of them by the fistful, her teeth chewing straight into the assorted plants and spices. She spits out whatever she bites off, and occasionally brings what’s remaining up to her face so she can eyeball how much of the ingredients remains. Once she’s satisfied, she removes the lid on the bowl, and the delicious, nostalgic smell of baked eggs fills the room along with a puffy cloud of steam.

She tosses in the herbs and spices before grabbing the cup and spilling its contents into the impromptu breakfast. You were wrong – whatever she’s pouring from the cup isn’t water, but it takes on an almost shimmering, silvery appearance, as if she had melted actual silver and is pouring it into the food. You doubt that’s the case, but she’s always very old fashioned....

She closes one eye and measures the amount of liquid she pours into the brew. Unsatisfied, she tips the cup again and pours in just a few drops more. Once she’s done, she sets

down the cup; closes the bowl with the other bowl once again; and places her palm on top of the lid, superheating it once more.

“I bet you’d never heard of alchemy done with ingredients and methods like this before,” she says over her shoulder with a wry smirk. {Player has performed alchemy before:

You confirm with her that you hadn’t – because what she’s doing is outdated and, based on the liquid she poured in, **might** be dangerous. The worst you’ve put into your own alchemical brews is a wild mushroom.

“Oh, come on, live a little,” she teases, her lips curling at their edges.}

You ask her how she came to learn her methods.

“The old-fashioned way,” she answers, keeping her eyes on the bowl. “Trial and error.”

That sounds incredibly reckless.

“Yeah, well, it’s not like I only have one life to lose,” she shrugs.

Eventually, she’s satisfied with her progress on her ceramic bowls, and she lifts the top off again. And once again, a pillowy plume of steam rises from the bowl, and the more pronounced smell of a cooked breakfast fills the room – but it’s underscored by something sharper. Something that pierces your nostrils when you smell it. It almost reminds you of the Winter City.

Despite the food being thoroughly cooked and hot to the touch, Agnimitra puts her whole hand into the bowl and scoops the food directly into her palm. She doesn’t even acknowledge that she’s holding something hot as could be. She squeezes the omelet into her right hand, her fingers rippling and readjusting as she wriggles the cooked egg slowly out of her grip, and with her left hand, she keeps the cup filled with the silvery liquid steady just beneath her right.

After a moment, something round and golden in color slips from between her fingers, plopping into the cup with a gentle splash. From its size and its coloration, it looked almost like the yolk to the egg, but the egg had been cooked all the way through and then crushed between her fingers – it couldn’t have survived all that, could it?

“Alright!” Agnimitra says triumphantly, opening her palm and dropping the rest of the cooked egg into the upturned bowl. “All done!”

She closes one eye and looks into the cup, spying the little golden orb that’s floating around inside it. “Ooh, this is a big one,” she chitters, rotating the cup around in a circle as she eyes it. “The harpy you stole this from must have been a real breeder.” She looks up at you with a wry smile and winks. “Fair warning – as soon as I drink this, it’ll turn me into one, too.”

She lifts the cup to you, toasting you. “To our sexual escapades!” she cheers, before bringing it to her lips and knocking the whole thing back in one gulp.

[=Next=]

There was only enough drink in that cup for a single swig; after a little more than a mouthful, the cup is empty, and she lowers it from her mouth with a swing of her arm.

She makes an exaggerated sigh as she tosses the cup off to somewhere else in the corridor. “Never did like the taste,” she admits. “Always goes down about as easily as... well, about as easily as a drink made out of egg and plants can go down.”

You ask her how long it’ll take. {Player has performed alchemy before:Normally, with your own alchemical brews, the changes are instant[pc.isBimbo||aneous].}

“It should only be a few seconds, once the egg hits my stomach,” she shrugs. And, just as she says that, her stomach flexes and her eyes widen; she reacts as if she had just taken a static shock to somewhere in the abdomen. “Speak of Sorra and she will appear,” she grunts.

Agnimitra, almost instinctually, [agni.loc||strips to nothing, comfortable with her privacy with you, and |strips to nothing, comfortable with her privacy with you, and]spreads her legs as her knees bend inward. She skin flushes – an unusual sight for her, given that it’s difficult to make her warm – and her right hand goes to her pelvis, her index and middle fingers splaying across the skin of her crotch, just about her pussy. “Hooo boy,” she sighs, her chest heaving and her stomach quivering as what you can only assume is pleasure rolls through her body. “I’ll never get used to this...!”

Her hips involuntarily buck on the own, thrusting forward towards you an inch or so at a time. Each time a shockwave rolls through her body, she can’t help but ‘ah!’ gentle from the pleasure once it reaches her neck. Her fingers occasionally brush against her clit, and it’s clear that she’s fighting to keep herself from masturbating right in front of you.

“Hooookaaaaaay,” she sighs, before pursing her lips tightly and flaring her nostrils. Streams of her arousal course down the inside of her legs as she struggles to keep herself upright from the pleasure.

Before your eyes, you see her clit engorge, ballooning to twice its size, three times, turning as red as her feathers – before, with an awkward jerking motion, it begins to bob up and down underneath its own weight. A seam appears along its circumference, and eventually, it splits into two, one clit sitting on top of the other.

And the one on top, like before, engorges and elongates, inflating at an obscene rate. Each beat of Agnimitra’s excited heart sees her clit getting wider, long, and fatter as new tissue appears and adds to its growing length. Its surface, normally smooth all around, begins to transform as veins fill in along its length and the skin grows thicker, but only mildly so. Its tip bloats slightly, then peels backward as the helmet of a brand new, human-shaped penis begins to

emerge; the skin folds backward to make the glans, and the clit splits once more, creating an opening at its tip.

Adding to the excitement of Agnimitra's transforming crotch, the skin at the base of the newly-christened cock shifts and bulges at her pelvis as two distinct sacs begin to fill out and emerge from her body. They cling to her form as they dangle underneath her shaft, draping over the lips of her pussy and obscuring them from your eyesight and growing until they press against the inside of her thighs – and they continue to grow, pushing against them and forcing her to adjust her stance.

Agnimitra is panting and whining like a woman that's been edging for the past several hours. Her left hand openly fondles her left titty, her clawed finger pressing and flicking at her erect nipple, while her right hand presses and pinches and plies at every other part of her body **except** her brand new cock, desperate to try and keep busy without resorting to touching herself – she's clearly trying to save that part for later.

Eventually, her brand new shaft stops growing, having reached its full length, and what was once her clit has now become a full, thick, throbbing twelve inches of breeding shaft. Her cock is shaped like a human's, with a helmeted tip and a smooth shaft all the way down to her hairless base. It's thick enough that if you were to wrap your fingers around it, they wouldn't touch back down onto your palm, and each of her testicles is large enough to not comfortably fit into your jaw – if that was your plan.

Her hips continue to buck at nothing as the aftershocks of her transformation push through her form, one after the other. A strand of drool slips from the corner of her mouth and drips down her chin; she's too lost in her own sexual reverie to even notice the mess that she's making. With one particular throb of her cock, it bounces up into the air, and a pearly string of her pre flicks from her tip and arcs through the air, landing on the stone in front of you.

Her teeth bite hesitantly into her bottom lip as she tries to keep herself composed – although 'keeping her composure' is just one step away from wrapping both of her hands around her cock and beating it until she creams all over the [agni.loc|room|room|tent].

"[pc.name]!" she shouts, her wide, rabid eyes on you. "Fuck me! **NOW!**"

This is what you wanted, after all. You're quick to undress as soon as she asked you so politely....

// end scene (scene: Futa Agni Initialize); display the [=Sixty-Nine=], [=Mating Press=], and [=Face Down=] sex options

[=Sex=]

// Tooltip: Agnimitra is fresh off being reborn into the world with a body that's **primed** to be fucked across the floor, and she's all but throwing herself at you to do it. Why not have a bit of fun?

// (scene: Sex Intro)

She's whittled you down: you suppose you can find the time in your busy schedule to have sex with a legendary harpy that's in the sexual prime of her life.

[agni.loc|"Yes, finally!" she nearly shouts, lunging at you with both of her hands outstretched.|She clears her throat, her back stiffening into a prim-and-proper posture, before grabbing your hand and pulling you through the crowd of the tavern and into her rented room – locking the door behind her as she does.|Agnimitra clears through throat as she stands and grabs you by the wrist. "So much for getting some rest," she says as she pulls you into her tent.] With deft swiftness, her fingers go to every bit of fabric on your body to work your effects off you until you're as naked as she is – she's had many, many years of experience getting people naked, clearly.

In a matter of moments, your things are tossed to the side, and you're left standing as exposed as she is. Agnimitra steps into your personal space, her breasts pressed against your own, her nipples digging into yours[pc.cupRange flat C]; when she feels the softness of your own titties, as firm and pert as her own, press and mesh against her chest, she can't help but frot them from side to side, gliding the smooth skin of her chest against your own|. "Sorra, look at these tasty things," she says, lifting both of her hands to squeeze her breasts against yours. "You could feed a family of four with bags like these. Or maybe just one very thirsty phoenix." She bites into her lower lip as she adjusts her tits against you, repeatedly pressing the nub of her nipples into yours.]

[pc.hasCock|It doesn't take much more effort than that for your [pc.cock] to quickly stand at attention, ready and able to fuck Agnimitra as hard as it can[agni.hasCock|, standing upright and underside-to-underside against her own]. As soon as she feels the tip of your shaft against [agni.hasCock|hers|the skin of her thigh], she adjusts her legs and sandwiches your cock between [agni.hasCock|her thighs|them], trapping them in the soft heat of her legs. "[pc.cockRange 0 12 24]I hope you're ready," she whispers as she grinds her thighs together, gently massaging your dick in their soft grip. "There's a lot of phoenix here for you to please, and I like when my partners are a little competitive." She winces in pleasure once she feels the skin of your shaft grind against her hot cunt.|Look at this bitch breaker!" she cheers, grinding her thighs together in excitement and massaging your shaft in their soft grip. "That's what I'm talking about, [pc.name]! Hot damn, I really hit the jackpot, asking you to resurrect me. [agni.hasCock|By the time we're done, one of us is going to forget how to count|I want you to fuck me with this thing until I forget how to count to three!]" As soon as you're hard enough for the skin of your shaft to grind against her cunt[agni.hasCock| hidden beneath her balls], her fingers tense and she hisses through clenched teeth, barely able to contain her excitement at the thought of you railing her good and hard.|My goodness, you certainly drank your milk growing up, didn't you?" she asks, her lips curling into a sly smirk as she grinds her hips on your cock – or, she tries, but your shaft is far too thick for her to press the skin of her legs together. "Look at you. [agni.hasCock|Maybe I should have asked for two of those eggs before I grew this. Hell, maybe three. You could beat someone to death with this cock of yours.|I could probably hump this thing like a bedpost, but that's no fun for either of us.]"

Her right hand cups your chin, ensuring that you look into her eyes. “I want you to fuck me as hard and as deep as you can with this thing. I want you to really stretch this new body out. I’ve had big boys before; I know I can take it.”

You feel a hot streak drip down your shaft, where your cock meets the labia of her pussy, and you notice that she’s fighting to keep her hips from moving back and forth and humping herself to completion on the thick of your meat. She’s evidently rather **excited** at the thought of being put through her paces.]]Agnimitra’s hands travel down your back, her fingers gently trailing lines across the [pc.skinFurScalesNoun], before they suddenly clamp onto each of your butt cheeks, filling them with the thick flesh of your ass. “Just between you and me,” she whispers as her hands unabashedly play with your butt, pulling the cheeks apart and squishing them back together. An errant fingers occasionally finds itself inside the crevice of your ass, seeking out the pearl of your [pc.vagina] to tease[agni.hasCock], and her own shaft stands rock-hard between your abdomens, pressing gently against your belly and leaving slimy trails of her pre wherever it goes]. “Girls do it better. I hope you don’t mind getting a little competitive – I prefer it when my partner fights back a bit.”]

Agnimitra is just a few seconds away from pushing you down and having her way with you – if you’re going to suggest **how** you have each other, now’s the time!

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[=Cowgirl=][=Doggystyle=][=Sixty-Nine=][=Mating Press=][=Face Down=]  
// end scene (scene: Sex Intro)
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// Because Agnimitra was reborn into her body, it’s technically possible that she’s a virgin when the PC fucks her. I’ll use a custom parser called [agni.vaginalVirgin] for those variables.

[=Cowgirl=]

// Tooltip: Agnimitra has so much sexual energy that it’d be difficult to stay on top during the sex. So why bother trying at all and let her ride you cowgirl style?
// (scene: Agni Cowgirl)

You preface what you’re about to do by saying that this isn’t a comment on whether or not you think you have the sexual energy to keep up with her – but you figure that she might have a better time if she rode you cowgirl-style. A position that gives her all of the leverage and momentum.

“Hot damn,” she grunts happily. With a sudden shove on your chest, you lose your balance and you fall backwards – but Agnimitra’s other hand is tightly locked onto your wrist, keeping you from falling all the way down and hurting yourself. She lets you onto the floor gently, lowering you until your ass hits the hot stone below, and only then does she let go.

She repositions herself above you, with her clawed feet on either side of your torso. She takes just a moment to admire the sight in front of herself – you, on your back, ready to receive her and giving her all of the positioning she’d need to make this as good a session for herself as she can.

“Mmmff,” she moans through pursed lips. Streaks of her pussy’s juices dribble down the inside of her thighs, and she can’t help but dip her index finger into her honeypot, stirring the digit clockwise. “I don’t normally care about the top-bottom stuff, but if you’re going to be on bottom, you need to be a good one.” She sinks to her knees, but she doesn’t withdraw her hand from her crotch. “And I don’t mean, like, calling me ‘mommy’ or whatever. Not that I’d say no. I mean I better feel your hands on my thighs and I better feel you thrusting up into me. You got work to do down there too, do you understand me?”

As you place your hands on her smooth, hot thighs, you tell her that you wouldn’t dream of disappointing her.

“That’s a good [pc.boyGirl],” she says with a lighthearted smirk.

After a moment of readjusting, Agnimitra lowers herself onto you, [pc.hasCock|spearing herself onto your shaft[pc.cockRange 0 24|], with a bit of finesse and persistence, given your girth]. She’s tight as a vice; her cunt grips onto the width of your meat as if [agni.vaginalVirgin|this is the first time she’s ever –

Once she’s sunk a few inches of you into herself, you feel something obstruct you inside her tunnel. She grunts, her teeth biting into her lower lip, and, with a bit of a jerk with her hips, the blockage yields, and you sink another few inches into her.

Wait, was she...?

“Yeah,” she sighs, taking a moment to herself to adjust. “Happens every time I’m reborn. New body, new virginity.”

Does she need a moment? Should you slow down?

“Fuck no,” she barks sharply.

Well, that settles that.

[she’s afraid that you’ll slip out and stop fucking her if she unclenches herself. Not that there’s any risk of that.]

Another inch down and Agnimitra is forced to squat onto your lap; you feel the heat of her ass gently radiate against your legs the further down she goes. Her nostrils flare and her eyes seem to cross as she finally gets the filling she had been hounding you after since the moment she was reborn – thankfully, every little movement either of you makes sends another gush of her pussy’s juices down your dick, so you’re not in need of any lubrication.

[pc.cockRange 0 8 12|There isn’t any additional preamble or foreplay to what you two are doing: she needs to get fucked and she’ll stop at nothing now that she’s got you naked and erect. It’s a matter of moments until you’ve bottomed out inside her: the swell of her ass rests gently against your [pc.hasBalls|[pc.balls]]lap], and you can feel her pussy squeeze down on

every last throbbing inch of your shaft, trying to milk it from the root to the tip for all the cum she's thirsty for. "That's the shit I need," she sighs, her upper lip curling slightly. There isn't any additional preamble or foreplay to what you two are doing: she needs to get fucked and she'll stop at nothing now that she's got you naked and erect. You've got a big dick, nobody but a minotaur or a centaur would disagree [agni.hasCock] (although she herself is bigger, but not by much) – but Agnimitra's lust and eagerness is second to none, and despite your immensity, she manages to fit every last inch of herself into you, and you feel the heat of her ass gently radiate against your [pc.hasBalls][pc.balls]lap. "Ahhh, fuck!" she whispers hoarsely to herself, gyrating her hips on top of yours for a moment. "A big fuckin' dick is just what the doctor ordered. Sorra, you fit me like a glove – and if you can fill me like a bucket, I might just have to keep you." It's no secret that you've got a big dick, and that your shaft looks almost out-of-place as it sinks deeper and deeper into Agnimitra, but she's not willing to back down: she's horny, and you having a massive cock is only spurring her to take more of yourself into her, to sate the thirst that she had been building up since her previous life.

Yet, she can only fit so much into herself: despite her eagerness bordering on obsession, there's only so much cunt that can contain a cock like yours. By the time you can see her abdomen bulge out against her stomach, she grunts in frustrated concession. "Fuck," she sighs throatily – you hadn't expected a woman to be so distraught over being stuffed so full of cock that her body is forced to conform around it. "The sex is better when I feel a cock like yours bottom out inside me, y'know?"

She leans forward, her hands coming down on either side of your head. "You'll just have to make it up to me by fucking me bow-legged." From her tone, it sounds more like a demand than sexy talk. pressing her pussy against your own; the heat of her pearl almost singes your own and you don't know whether to hump upward and against her, to seek out more of the pleasure that comes with grinding your snatch against another woman's, or to try and crawl away and get away from this heat.

Not that you have an option either way: Agnimitra reaches down and hooks your left leg underneath her right armpit, keeping you locked against her. Every little movement she makes has her groin rub against you, enticing more of the juice from her own cunt to slip out and mingle with your own. At the very least, you won't have to worry about friction burns.

"Mmmff," she sighs, her teeth clenched together and her upper lip bending into a crook from the pleasure. Her left hand comes down between you two, [agni.hasCock]hooking underneath her flopping, unused cock, with her thumb pawing at her clit and her index finger prodding at your own. It's hard not to shiver beneath her. "Sorra, you are so fuckable." Her right hand tenses its fingers, gently racking them across the [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] of your thigh and teasing the fat of your leg. "I need you, [pc.name]. Let's not waste another moment."

Now that she's good and settled on you, she uses her position above you to get into the swing of things: she leans forward to give her hips more range of movement, and she starts [pc.hasCock]pumping them onto you, sliding your shaft in and out of her hot pocket by full inches at a time grinding her cunt against you, sliding as far forward as your abdomen and sliding so far back on the swing that she nearly falls off you. Her every movement is graceful and

practiced, yet energetic bordering on forceful: her every buck [pc.hasCock|downwards comes with the echoing slap of her ass on your lap reverberating off the walls of the temple corridor|forwards has enough momentum to it to slide you across the floor].

Of course, her earlier instruction – to not lie there like a lump and let her do all the work – comes back to you as she makes a particularly loud grunt of exertion. Your hands find both of her thighs, where her silky smooth skin meets the plates of her harpy-legs; your palms glide across the hot skin and your fingers occasionally clench, squeezing at the supple mounds of her thighs and groping at her luscious body.

“Give ‘em a spank, [pc.name],” she pants. Her eyes are wide and yet brow is furrowed on you – it’s like she has something to prove in fucking you. “Put up a bit of a fight. Beat ‘em as red as my feathers!”

You do as she asks: you rear your right hand back and you slam down onto her thigh, causing the pliant muscle of her legs to shake and the sharp sound of your hand clapping down onto her thigh to echo throughout the temple. “Fuck yeah, that’s it,” she cheers, tilting her hips to the side to give you more butt to spank. “Give me more, show me more energy! I’m not the only one getting her rocks off, here!”

You don’t have a lot of leverage, being on your back with Agnimitra riding you cowgirl, but you do what you can: [pc.hasCock|every time she lifts up, you pull back as far as you can, and every time she slips in, you thrust up to meet her, cramming [pc.cockRange 0 12|every last inch of yourself into her hot harpy twat|as much as you can into her until she can’t handle any more – although she seems to relish in the challenge of fitting in more fractions of an inch with each thrust]|you mirror every motion she makes, humping against her motions and gyrating left when she goes right. Everything that you two do to each other sends sparks, sometimes literally, arcing between you, enticing you both to do more, to keep going, until you’re both left with nothing more]. When you look up to Agnimitra, you see her mouth open and her teeth grit as a strand of drool arcs down the side of her chin – it’s the look of a woman that’s working out some pent-up energy, that’s for sure. [agni.hasCock|Her own dick waggles between your bodies forcefully with each movement she makes, her pre occasionally spewing from her tip as it swings.]

The longer things go on, the hotter things get; you tried to put it out of your mind, but you can only ignore it for so long before you start to realize that it’s going to get worse before it gets better. The air is getting harder to breathe, and Agnimitra’s skin is hot to the touch, to the point where your hands need to keep moving across her thighs to keep from reddening from the heat.

“Agni,” you gasp, “you’re so hot.”

“We’re past the pickup lines, I think,” she replies with a low laugh. She leans forward further until her breasts droop across your face; she’s so far forward that she has a hard time [pc.hasCock|[pc.cockRange 0 12|keeping you from slipping out|keeping up her rampant pace]]maintaining the connection between your junk and hers]. She uses both of her hands to

keep her boobs pressed and squished against your face, submerging you in the musky scent of her boobflesh and shutting out the dim light of the temple. “I’m close, and I know you are too. Lick the sweat off my titties to keep you going.”

She says it with such total conviction and certainty that, in your lust-addled, overheated, oxygen-starved mind, you can’t help but think that it’s probably a good idea. You lavish her titties with your [pc.tongue], lathering whole swaths of her breast flesh in a single pass to lick up as much of her harpy sweat as you can. It does nothing to help you stave off the heat – realistically, it’s probably doing more harm than good – but the sooner you get her off, the sooner you can cool off. And, well, it **is** hot.

“Yeah, that’s it,” she pants, her hips moving harder and faster against your own. Your hips are **drenched** and it’s getting harder and harder to discern from what as time goes on. “Mmm, suck those titties, [pc.name], give the girls the attention they deserve.”

Every time you lick at her sensitive skin, particularly against her pert and erect nipples, Agnimitra gasps inwardly and her hips jerk erratically. Both of your hands are still on her hips: you reach upward and pull both of her ass cheeks apart, your left index finger seeking out the star of her asshole and pushing inward, wondering if that’s what it’ll take to get her off faster. She’s even hotter on the inside[pc.hasCock] (not that you need confirmation, with your dick buried inside her cunt)], but, hell, maybe it’ll get her off faster.

“Oh, fuck,” she says, jolting on top of you in surprise, before breaking out into a sheepish laugh. “I’ll take this to mean you’re into butt stuff, [pc.name]. Good to know for later!”

Her arms go around to the back of your head, hugging you closer as she works her hips on top of you, trapping not just your face in her breasts but your whole upper body against her own. Her breathing becomes more focused, taking long, drawn-out breaths in and out through her mouth, shuddering either way. You continue to match her every thrust, and you try and time your finger prodding her asshole with her outswings so that she gets attention no matter which way she’s moving.

“Haaah, haaah,” she pants, trying her hardest to maintain her pace on top of you. It only lasts for so long: eventually, her thighs pinch down on either side of you, and her arms clamp down behind your head, locking you harder against her body. “Mmmmmmmm, fuck!” she groans, and everything on her gets tighter: her muscles, her grip, and especially [pc.hasCock]her pussy clamping onto your shaft, rippling along your length, and] her asshole squeezing down on your finger as she cums and cums on top of you, adding yet more moisture into the supernova that’s been brewing between your bodies. [agni.hasCock]And, adding to the wet heat and making things messier, her shaft tightens and stiffens between your bodies as she dumps her load of harpy cum across your [pc.chest], soaking you in her seed.]

Agnimitra shivers on top of you, her fingers clawing across the [pc.skinFurScales] of your back as she loses herself in the passion of her orgasm. “Rrrng, come on, [pc.name],” she barely manages to bark out, “cum with me!”

As if you were on a leash and you needed the instruction, your body is quick to follow suit behind her: with one last buck of your hips, [pc.hasCock|you lunge yourself upward, [pc.cockRange 0 12|stuffing yourself [pc.hasKnot|to the [pc.knot] inside her pussy – and with a bit of insistence, eventually, that slips into her as well|to the hilt inside her pussy]|cramming as much of your massive cock into her body as you can fit|]you feel your clit grind especially hard against her own, and that’s enough to cause your body to seize and stiffen]. You [pc.hasCock [pc.cumRange 0 100 1000|give her exactly what she wanted: a thorough stuffing, your [pc.cum] flooding her womb with pump after pump of your jizz and dousing the fire that’s been stoked inside of her for a lifetime|flood her womb with your seed, pumping her full to the point of your excess [pc.cum] leaking out from between the gaps of her pussy and your shaft and washing down across your crotch. It’s enough to make her cum again, and her pussy wrings your shaft for every last drop that your body can provide|erupt inside her, filling her womb to its limit within your first cumshot and you’ve got untold dozens more to go. She hisses as the strength leaves her arms and legs, her body rerouting all of her energy to her cunt so she can cum and cum and cum again, wringing every last precious drop from your cock to fill her up and douse the fire she’s been stoking for a lifetime]|you feel a thunderbolt – or, more aptly, a flash fire – shoot from your crotch and up your spine, sapping the strength from your fingers and toes, forcing them to curl across the hot stone beneath you as orgasm after orgasm wracks your body. Your left leg is still trapped underneath Agnimitra’s armpit; you lift your right leg to wrap around her as well, humping your pussy against hers and eking out every last bit of pleasure that you can while she rides you hard enough to push you across the floor of the temple].

You two ride out the pleasure for as long as you can: she pounds her hips against you and you reciprocate for as long as you can. [pc.libidoRange 0 80|But your own libido is no match for Agnimitra’s sexual energy: even after your orgasm is well and done, she continues to grind on top of you, searching for more and trying to goad you into another round without so much as a break to find some water to drink. After another few moments of riding out her orgasm for as long as she can, eventually, she collapses on top of you, panting and exhausted – but perhaps not satisfied.|For all of the sexual energy that Agnimitra’s built up over the years, you have the libido to match her, moment for moment: even after your individual orgasms are done and over, you continue to buck against each other, goading each other into another round, until your bodies can take no more and you both collapse, with her falling to rest on top of you.]

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Agni Cowgirl); go to (scene: Agni Aftercare)

[=Doggystyle=]

// Requires a penis

// Tooltip: Agnimitra is after one thing: to get fucked so hard that she can’t walk for a few hours. Flipping her over and railing her ass ought to do it.

// Give the player the option to fuck her ass or her vagina.

// (scene: Agni Doggystyle)

Agnimitra has been hounding you for a rough, no-holds-barred round of lovemaking; [pc.ra lupine|the mere thought alone alights some feral instinct within you – to take her, to breed her, and to make her yours|.if that’s what she’s after, you know just how

to give it to her]. You [pc.isDK|tell her, in a commanding tone, to flip over and get on her knees|suggest to her that you'll have an easier time pounding her into a paste if she flips over and gets on her knees].

She smirks at you. "Why don't you make me?" she asks, her left hand reaching up to cup your chin. "Makes this exhilarating for us both."

[pc.isDK|Frankly, you kind of hoped she'd ask that|The request takes you a bit off-guard, but it's honestly not surprising]. After a moment's hesitation, you slip your left foot behind her right and you give her a shove, hoping to trip her up and knock her off balance – but she's ready for it, and she grabs onto your wrist before she falls, lessening her momentum and bringing you down with her. As soon as your body falls onto hers, the sudden rush of heat is enough to make you sweat.

Your hands are at each other, both of you trying to get the upper hand; to your mild surprise, she fights back a lot harder than you were expecting. "Come on, work for it, [pc.name]," she jeers, her upper lip curling smugly. "Flip me over and make me present. And it'll be all yours."

Agnimitra wrestles with you, matching your strength every time you try and assert yourself[pc.strengthRange 0 66|], although you're not exactly putting a lot of effort into it – it's only a game, after all]. You slowly manage to get the upper hand by pushing her downward, and she responds by letting go of your wrist and pushing into your [pc.chest] instead, [pc.cupRange flat B|her palm pressing flatly against your [pc.nipple]|her hand sinking into the supple flesh of your tit and palming at your [pc.nipple]]. Your legs interlock, the underside of your [pc.cock] frotting between her pussy's lips and smashing harshly against her clit; you both have a difficult time keeping from humping at each other through the wrestling, and, from the look on Agnimitra's face, she's enjoying every second of it.

Eventually, you gain the upper hand by locking your legs in between hers and twisting her arms to her right, forcing her to turn at the waist until she loses her leverage, and once she does, you release her legs, letting the spin underneath herself. You're both panting from the exertion (and the heat, in your case), but you have her exactly where you want her: face down, ass up, and on the floor beneath you.

As soon as she's in that position, she rears her ass backward, pressing it against your pelvis. Your [pc.cock] is sandwiched between her ass cheeks, and once it's nice and snug between the hot globes of her butt, she slowly humps forward and back, hotdogging it between them. "Alright, [pc.name], you win," she says with a throaty sigh. You can feel her cunt press against the skin of your [pc.sack] and her hot juices drag against the underside of your dick with each motion she makes. "[pc.strengthRange 0 66|You've earned your reward|You didn't have to hold back, you know, but now, you've earned your reward]. Fuck me good and hard, [pc.name]. I want you to fuck me [agni.loc|from one side of the corridor to the other|up the wall|right through this tent] by the time we're done!"

[pc.ra lupine|Good. That's what you wanted from the start. You're not about to you're your bitch get away from you without claiming her once or twice.|That's all you need to hear.]

You reach between your bodies, your fingers wrapping around your [pc.knot], and you align your [pc.cockHead] against {vag|her cunt; the petals of her vulva, already drenched, easily yield to your girth and allow you in. Your movements are a bit slow at first, allowing her to adjust to your size until your tip is nice and snug inside her body|her asshole; the tight, clenching skin of her pucker is tough and unyielding, keeping you from going any further. You feel Agnimitra clench up in surprise beneath you before she relaxes, doing everything she can to let you in – if she were going to object, she would have done it by now}.

“{vag|Come on, [pc.name], now's not the time to be a gentle[pc.mascFem||wo]man,” she barks, before thrusting her ass harder against you and taking more of you into her cunt herself. “I want you to fuck me already!|Not even going to ask permission?” she teases, swaying her hips from side to side and guiding your dick with her as she moves. “I kinda like that, when the time and the place is right. Few mortals could even tame my ass, [pc.name]; go ahead and see if you're one of the legends yourself!”

With Agnimitra's apparent blessing[pc.ra lupine|, not that you needed it], you put your hands on her hips and you drive yourself forward, sinking a few more inches into her {vag|juicy cunt|tight asshole} and splitting her wider with your shaft. Once you're a bit deeper inside her, she moans as her fingers curl into fists, and she lowers her head, causing the feathers to ruffle and spark. {vag|[agni.vaginalVirgin|

After another few inches, though, you come to some resistance; your path forward is obstructed by something spongy and unyielding. Before you have the chance to even register what it is, though, Agnimitra takes the initiative and bucks backward, forcing you to push through it with a sudden jolt. “Damn,” she sighs, rolling her head on her shoulders.

Wait... was she–

“Yeah,” she responds without looking over her shoulder. “Happens every time I'm reborn. New body, new virginity.”

[pc.ra lupine|The admission fuels your already-overbearing lust. You're the first to claim her. She's already yours.

Now all that's left is to make her admit it.|You ask if she's certain that she wants you to fuck her harder. You will, of course, but–

“You'll fuck me across the floor like I said, [pc.name], or I'll fuck you through it!” she barks.

Well, alright, then.]]}

You establish a short rhythm, bucking your [pc.cock] in and out of her {vag|peach|butt} at a quick and steady pace[pc.ra lupine| – you want her fucked and claimed, but not broken, after all]. Your right hand rears back and spans onto her raised ass cheek, your thumb playing with the gap between them, while your left rubs gentle circles across the near-flawless complexion of her other half. Agnimitra moans once more and lowers her shoulders, rising her hips higher and surrendering more leverage to you, giving you permission to fuck her harder.

The sweat beads off [pc.hasSkin|you and]Agnimitra, making your grip on her body slick and slippery, and you realize just how hot she is: you were distracted from the sex, but now that you're good and lodged inside of her, you notice that she's hot to the touch, and her insides are no different. Every motion that you make against her causing the friction to flare up between you two, and the more her body rocks with your pounding against her ass, the more heat emanates from her plumage and the brighter they get.

But you're not about to let a little heat get to you, at least not yet: you reach forward with your left hand and you stick your hand right into Agnimitra's plumage, wrapping your fingers around a fistful of her feathers and giving her a sturdy yank. It's like sticking your hand into an open, active oven, and every shiver of her feathers makes things just a bit warmer – but [pc.ra lupine|your instincts won't let you back down. She's yours to claim and to fuck how you like.|you're tough enough.]

“Ah!” she yelps in surprise. Her back arches with the force of your pull, and her {vag|cunt|asshole} clenches down on you as a sudden rush of arousal courses through her. “[pc.name], you ballsy bastard! You're already fucking a phoenix {vag|in her sloppy pussy|in her butt}, and now you're pulling her hair! I've cursed people for a hundred generations for less!”

You don't stop sawing your cock into her and you don't let go of her feathers, but you do ask if that's true.

“Nah, I'm just fucking with you.” She lowers her head, causing you to pull on the feathers in your grip, and she bucks backward for more. “After all, one of us has to! Put your hips into it and fuck me harder, [pc.name]!”

[pc.ra lupine|It's good that she needs you as badly as you need her|You're hardly going to deny a command like that]: you straighten your back, clench your fingers on her butt, and rail her harder, thrusting more of your cock into her {vag|wet box|tight asshole}. [pc.cockRange 0 8 12|It isn't much more thrusting later until [pc.hasKnot|your [pc.knot] batters against her body, slamming into her hole and demanding entry with every impact you make|you bottom out; your pelvis claps against her raised butt, feeling her body ripple with every impact you make and your balls slap against the inside of her thighs with each thrust]|There's still a handful of inches left to go before you bottom out inside of her[pc.hasKnot|, and that's not even including your [pc.knot], which you're sure she won't be satisfied until she has that, too|, but you're getting deeper and deeper with each motion you two make against each other, and you feeling the heat of her ass clap against your pelvis is all but a certainty at the rate you two are going]|You idly wonder if she can even take all of you – you're pretty well-endowed, as far as dick-havers go, but it's not so

much a matter of ‘if’ as it is whether Agnimitra will be satisfied with anything else. You’ll just have to keep fucking her until you find out]. [pc.ra lupine|Your thrusting is intense, commanding, domineering: your grip on her hair tightens and your arm flexes, forcing her back to arch more and her ass to stick further out so you can saw your [pc.cock] deeper into her. Her every flex is more pleasurable to your instincts than to your cock – having her body surrender to you is what you need.

“We,” Agnimitra says, laughing through her exertion as keeps up with you. “We got a real alpha [pc.mf|stud|bitch] here, don’t we?” She slams her hips backward, greedily sucking down [pc.cockRange 0 12|every last inch of your dick[pc.hasKnot|, save for your knot, and just barely,]until her body claps against yours.|as much fat [pc.race] cock as she can take in one thrust, and she still can’t take all of you.]

“Fucking lupines is a real thrill when they know how to handle me,” she sighs. “Fuck me, [pc.name]. Make me your bitch! Split me apart, let the world know that I’m a claimed harpy!”

You snarl at the sound of her words. She knows exactly how to press your buttons. And you’re all for it.|Her insides mold gently around the shape of your dick with each thrust, her walls clinging greedily against your shaft; with every outthrust you make, the comparatively cold air between you two rushes to your exposed skin, giving you that brief shot of cool relief and contrasting harshly with her searing hot tunnel.]

The feathers you have wrapped in your hand are really starting to get too warm for you to keep holding, but every time you pull on them, Agnimitra’s body responds by clenching around you, and she gasps in sheer lust as the reaction rips through her body. {vag|She was already as wet as could be when you started|She was tight as a vice when you started and pulling on her hair isn’t making things easier}, but with a little bit of roughhousing, she’s damn-near ready to cum on the spot – why would you stop a good thing?

“Mmmf,” Agnimitra moans. Her finger clamp into fists beneath herself, and her ass raises higher against you, bucking backward, desperate for more. “I’m pretty close. [pc.cockRange 0 12|[pc.hasKnot|Hurry and tie me! Stuff that fat fucking knot into my {vag|cunt|ass} and split me apart!|Give me everything you have, [pc.name]! I want every inch of that dick in me when you finish!]|Give me everything you can, [pc.name]! I want my insides rearranged to the shape of your cock by the time we’re done!|”[pc.ra lupine| Fucking ruin me for anyone else; turn me into your cock sock!]

With the finish line in sight, you lean over Agnimitra’s back and put more leverage into your thrusting, driving [pc.cockRange 0 12|everything|what you can] into her to push her over the edge that you’re both teetering. [pc.cockRange 0 12|[pc.hasKnot|The only thing left to go is your [pc.knot], {vag|and with how soaking wet she is, you don’t imagine it’s going to be much of a challenge to squeeze it in. With one last thrust, you feel her vulva stretch apart to accommodate your girth, splitting wider and wider until, finally, it crests the fattest part of your bulge, and the rest of you slips in with a sudden jerk|but with how tight her asshole is, it might be a bit of a challenge to fit it in – but Agnimitra gave you a clear and concise instruction.

With one last thrust, you feel her body begin to stretch and yawn to accommodate yourf girth, and Agnimitra does everything she can to remain relaxed and open beneath you. After the initial difficulty, your fat knot begins to push against her sphincter, one agonizing iota at a time – until it finally crests the broadest part of your bulge, and the rest of you slips into her asshole with a sudden jerk} Deep down, you both have realized that you’re not going to bottom out inside of her, but that’s hardly an issue: what’s important is that you don’t stop. Agnimitra is bucking back against you, fighting you, practically fucking you back, and it’d be criminal of you to lighten up your own efforts.]]

[pc.cockRange 0 12|[pc.hasKnot|As soon as you lock yourself to her and you feel her body suck down on the base of your [pc.knot]|After a particularly rough few thrusts into her, pushing her body across the [agni.loc|dirty corridor of the temple|floor of the rented room|floor of the tent]]After a particularly rough few thrusts into her, pushing her body across the [agni.loc|dirty corridor of the temple|floor of the rented room|floor of the tent]], you feel it: Agnimitra, unable to contain herself any longer, arches her back and lets out a long, low, animalistic groan, and her body clenches down on you tighter than she had up to this point. Her {vag|pussy ripples along your length, squeezing rhythmically on all parts of your shaft, thirsty for your cum to seed her voracious appetite. She’s cumming so hard that her juices squirt back against you, landing on your upper thighs and dripping down to your knees|body squeezes onto your length, clenching along the entire shaft all at once, particularly where her sphincter meets your cock. She’s cumming so hard that her juices squirt back against your [pc.balls] and against your upper thighs before it drips down to your knees. And you aren’t certain that she’s still breathing}.

After such an intense orgasm, you can’t help but follow suit: you thrust however hard you can with [pc.cockRange 0 12|[pc.hasKnot|your knot tied as securely as it is inside her|how tightly her body is gripping onto you]|how tightly her body is gripping onto you], pushing yourself that last little distance until you feel it: that telltale surge at the base of your spine, crawling its way along your nerves and ending with you [pc.cumRange 0 100 1000|giving her exactly what she’d been craving: a thick, fat load of your [pc.cum] deep inside her {vag|cunt|bowels}, shooting as deeply into her as you can reach with enough force to cause your [pc.cock] to lurch even when it’s being gripped as tightly as it is|unloading gout after gout of your creamy, virile [pc.cum]; your jizz fills every corner of her insides, bloating her {vag|pussy canal and filling her womb with enough spunk to make her pregnant with triplets – if she allows it, that is|insides with your sheer quantity, causing her to stiffen up as the water weight begins to bog her down}|delivering on your unspoken promise to give her every last drop that you have: every surge of your cum launches straight into her {vag|pussy, pushing back against her canal and filling her womb to its brink, causing all of that excess cream to wash back against your shaft|pc.cockRange 0 12|[pc.hasKnot| – and thanks to your knot keeping her firmly plugged up, it all has nowhere to go, keeping her nice and bloated on your offering| and eventually flush back against your crotch – and every load you pump into her is met with another gush of it rushing back out as her body struggles to contain it all]| and eventually flush back against your crotch – and every load you pump into her is met with another gush of it rushing back out as her body struggles to contain it all]|ass, bloating her tunnels with your [pc.cum] as it pumps and pumps into her with enough volume to cause her stomach to bloat beneath herself. [pc.cockRange 0 12|[pc.hasKnot|Thanks to your [pc.knot] wedged firmly into her asshole, not a single drop of it backwashes against you,

despite your massive load – but, once Agnimitra starts to hiccup, there’s nonetheless the possibility that it’ll be ejecting from her elsewhere|All too soon, it’s too much for her body to handle, and your load sprays back against you, breaking the seal between her ass and your shaft to launch in high-pressure leaks against your waist. And every time you pump in another fat wad, another leak springs between her stretched butt and your turgid shaft]|All too soon, it’s too much for her body to handle, and your load sprays back against you, breaking the seal between her ass and your shaft to launch in high-pressure leaks against your waist. And every time you pump in another fat wad, another leak springs between her stretched butt and your turgid shaft].

Once your orgasm finally winds down, you slump across Agnimitra’s back, and you finally let go of the feathers in her plumage. You weakly glance at your left hand and notice how red it’s been made from the heat and how stained with soot it’s become from staying in her feathers. [pc.ra lupine|Now that the adrenaline from claiming Agnimitra as your bitch is starting to wean, you can’t help but worry that you might have hurt yourself. Hopefully that’s not the case.|Hopefully you didn’t hurt yourself.]

Before you nod off from the exhaustion, you notice, with a glance, that [agni.loc|you’re nearly across the entire corridor from where you had started|Agnimitra is leaning halfway up the wall across from where you started|Agnimitra is pressed hard against the wall of the tent, distending its shape].

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Agni Doggystyle); go to (scene: Agni Aftercare)

[=Sixty-Nine=]

// Tooltip: You’re both in need of some particular attention. No sense in denying yourselves.

// (scene: Agni Numbers)

You tell Agnimitra, in no uncertain terms, that you want to fuck her face while her thighs are wrapped around yours. Given how horny she is, you thought she might appreciate you being a bit more forthright.

“Hah!” she laughs. “I like a [pc.manWoman] that knows what [pc.heShe] wants!” Her left hand comes up to suddenly grip at your chin as her eyes narrow on yours. “As long as we’re being clear with each other, though: I want you to wrestle me to be on top. Give me a thrill before you eat me out, [pc.name].”

Thinking quickly, you bring your right hand down on the fat of her thigh, clapping your hand against her ass cheek and feeling it ripple against your grip. She winces, more from the surprise than from the pain; your hand travels further down, along the back side of her thigh, and you lift it up and wrap it around your waist, forcing her to put more weight against you and keeping her balance on her right foot.

Without a moment’s hesitation, you lean in, pressing your [pc.lips] against hers, your tongue surging forward. Agnimitra provides no resistance; you can feel her lips curl upward as

she parts them, greeting your tongue into her mouth with her own. She humps her hips against yours, dragging her wet pussy against [pc.hasCock|the turgid girth of your [pc.cock], getting it slick and wet with her own excitement as she does|your own, her pussy's juices mixing with yours before the brew drips down the inside of both of your thighs|[agni.hasCock| while her own shaft drags up across your abdomen, leaving wet trails of her harpy pre across your stomach each time it does]. She moans lightly into your mouth, eager for more; she reaches forward and wraps her arms around your head, keeping you locked against her.

You're so lost in making out with Agnimitra that you briefly forgot that you had just propositioned her for a sixty-nine. Every part of her body is almost scalding-hot to the touch, and her tongue is no different: the inside of her mouth is like an oven and brushing against her own tongue is flirting with the possibility of getting unsightly burns along your own. But making out with her is too much fun to pass up, and you're both too horny to stop now.

Suddenly, you feel her hands on your [pc.chest], and with a determined shove, you lose your balance and you tumble backward – but she's quick enough to grab onto your wrist before you fall, and she lets you down gently, with her going down with you.

Agnimitra straddles your hips, her pussy grinding against [pc.hasCock|the meat of your [pc.cock], gliding her slick mons along the broad underside of your shaft[agni.hasCock|while her own points almost accusatorily towards your face]|your own, her slick mons gliding against your peach and pushing against your clit with every push forward[agni.hasCock| while her shaft bobs underneath its own weight towards you, reminding you that you'll have a choice to make soon]]. Her hands pin your own by the wrists against the floor and she rests more of her weight on top of you, her C-cups pressing into [pc.cupRange flat B C D|your chest, her heavier set grinding down on top of yours|your own, her boobs contrasting nicely with your own|your heavier set, making your already-larger bust look even heavier by comparison].

“Looks like I win,” she says, her tongue sneaking out of the corner of her wry mouth.

You struggle a bit against her, trying to free your hands from her pin and you thrust your hips upward to try and bump her off, but all you wind up doing is excite you both further – which, if you aren't pretending, is the whole point. The ‘wrestle’ turns into a full-body grind, with Agnimitra's breasts [pc.cupRange flat A|grinding against your chest, her nipples dragging lines across your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun]]meshing against yours, her nipples more-often-than-not dragging against your own while her boob-flesh presses down on you], and with your [pc.hasCock|[pc.cock] thrusting against the wet peach of her pussy|cunt grinding against her juicy snatch]. You try and gain some leverage by wrapping your thighs around one of hers and twisting your lower body – but, in all honesty, there's not much fight in your movements, [pc.strengthRange 0 33|not that you think you'd be able to overpower her anyway|even though you're fairly certain you could win if you were interested in overpowering her].

It's hot underneath Agnimitra: her body temperature is high enough to make the very air around her feel stuffy, and every movement that her plumage makes has their feathers flare up, giving off a gentle light and enough heat to create embers. Every time her body grinds against

you, the friction makes things hotter, and every time she leans in to steal a tongue-filled kiss, you feel that heat inside your mouth and against your own [pc.tongue] while she counts your teeth.

But you're not about to flake in the face of a bit of heat if it means getting to fuck Agnimitra, a living, breathing legend.

Eventually, it's clear to you both that the struggling that you put up is just for show, and once Agnimitra is satisfied that she's got you nice and pinned, she sits upward. A gentle rush of cool wind fills the gap where she was, cooling your body just a little bit, but every reprieve you get is a welcome one.

"Alright, enough of that," she says with some impatient urgency. Given hot wet her pussy is, [pc.hasCock|and from how hard your shaft is|and how you're practically gushing yourself], you can hardly blame her. "I need a [pc.hasCock|dick in my mouth to suck until it cums a fat fucking load down my throat|pussy to thrust my tongue into until it cums hard enough to wring my tongue dry], and I'm sure you're just as hungry."

She lifts her right leg up and over your head as she turns about, followed by her left. She's straddling your chest, facing away from you in a reverse-cowgirl position; when she scoots herself back slightly and bends at the waist, her dripping wet and pussy snatch is practically rubbing against your face, demanding some attention for itself.

"I've heard I taste like chicken," she laughs with an airy giggle and a wriggle of her hips – before she silences herself by [pc.hasCock|thrusting her mouth onto your [pc.cock], immediately sucking down [pc.cockRange 0 4|every last inch of your cock, her lips pressing against your [pc.hasKnot|[pc.knot]]pelvis] and her tongue swishing against your shaft in frantic circles|the first four inches of your cock and only taking a few seconds to herself to adjust before gently compressing her cheeks and starting again]|pressing her lips flatly against the bulge of your mons and thrusting her tongue into your pussy, swirling circles around the inside of your tunnel and pressing in as deeply as she can on the first pass].

Her hips bear down on either side of your neck as she practically tries to force her pussy onto your mouth. You wiggle a bit underneath her to get a more comfortable position, and you worm your arms around her thighs to pull at her ass cheeks and keep them spread apart. All that's left is for you to lean up and start lapping at her –

[=Pussy=][=Asshole=][=Balls=]

[=Pussy=]

– juicy wet cunt, just as you had told her you would, and just as she was expecting.

You match her particular aggression with your own, driving your [pc.tongue] into her soaking wet box and drilling into her tunnel as deeply as you can in the first pass. You twist your tongue in one direction, then the other, scrawling your tongue across every ridge and muscle

inside of her, tasting every dewdrop that you find and scouring the map of her cunt for her G-spot.

The first thing that you notice is that she doesn't taste anything like chicken.

But she's also hotter on the inside than she is on the outside: it's like eating a juicy, succulent peach straight out of the pitch. You have to withdraw your tongue more often than you'd like to give yourself a quick break from the heat, causing Agnimitra to whine and press her hips harder against you, begging you for more. You never leave her wanting for too long.

You change your method a bit, opting to lap the flat of your tongue along the length of her vulva in long, thick strokes. The tip of your tongue finds her clit with every pass forward, and you tilt and flick against it before dragging it all the way backward. Agnimitra's hips shakily follow you as you go, desperate to feel some more of that, and every time you give it to her, you feel her exhale through her nose and you're rewarded with another thin gush of her cunt's flavor.

Agnimitra, for her part, is hardly idle while you work her over: she [pc.hasCock|throats your cock eagerly, sucking [pc.cockRange 0 4|every last inch|inch after inch] of your meat with every pass downward that she makes. It's clear that there's not much love in what she does: it's pure, unbridled lust, where she wants to suck your cock for the sake of sucking your cock. [pc.cockRange 0 4|Every time her lips press against your pelvis, she swallows around the length of your shaft, causing her cheeks to hollow around you, and when she relaxes, her tongue swirls around your meat for a few passes before starting again|Every time she bobs her head onto your meat, you feel her throat swallow and struggle to accommodate you before, after a moment, it acclimates, and she manages to fit in a little bit more before starting again[pc.cockRange 7 10|. At the rate she's going and at the energy she's displaying, you don't doubt that she might deepthroat the whole thing|At the rate she's going and the energy she's displaying, she might very well try to deepthroat the whole thing – and she might just succeed. She has many hundreds of generation's worth of experience sucking dick, after all]].|meets your every technique with something of her own, including everything from drilling her tongue deep into your pussy to gently nibbling on each labia, feeling their sponginess compress gently each time she does. At one point, she clamps her mouth centrally over your clit, stimulating it mostly with her breath and going in with the occasional lash of her tongue, her nose thumbing the gap in your pussy every time your hips reflexively buck up against her. It's clear that there isn't much love in what she does: it's pure, unbridled lust, where she wants to eat out your pussy for the sake of eating out your pussy.]

It's risky, but you move your hands upward, dragging your spread fingers across her silky-smooth skin up her sides and onto her back. Every movement feels like you're inches away from thrusting your hands into a roaring fire, but[silly|t], fuck it, you're horny and your first priority is to being a good lover than to your own safety. She moans, and you feel the rush of her breath against your body through her nostrils, cooling the heat wafting onto your body from her own.

You're close, and from the way Agnimitra's hips grind and push against your face, she's probably close, too. A spurious thought crosses your lust-addled mind, and, with your arms in

the more commandeering position that they're in, you rock your body to one side with a forceful jerk, knocking her off you and rolling yourself on top of her. It catches her by surprise and [pc.hasCock|you feel her swallow forcefully around your shaft, trying to gulp down air, when all she gets instead is your throbbing shaft lodged in her throat|you feel the sudden rush of air across your taint as she gasps through her nose – but she remains firmly plugged against your cooch, like a good cunt-muncher.]

Once she's adjusted to the new position – with her on her back and you on top – her legs shiver, then reach up to wrap around your skull, keeping you firmly locked against her pussy. She lets out a long, deep groan, her [pc.hasCock|throat reverberating around your cock|mouth reverberating on your pussy], and, as her body begins to quiver and shake underneath you, she cums hard, her pussy clamping around your tongue as a deluge of her juices bubble around the suction of your lips. Her hips rock and hump against your face, and with her legs wrapped around your head, you're helpless to do anything but stay there and let her have her way with your head as she cums and cums and cums. It's hitting her so hard that she temporarily forgets to keep up her own work on you.

// All scenes share the same PC orgasm, so continue at the bottom of the [=Balls=] scene.

[=Asshole=]

– winking asshole, as you had planned from the beginning, and, just like you had hoped, it catches Agnimitra off-guard. Anything that can get her to start is a win in your book.

“Ah!” she squeals through a mouthful of [pc.hasCock|dick|pussy], her hips shivering from the touch of your tongue against her star. She instinctually lunges her hips away from you, but, after realizing what it is you're after, settles herself back down. “Naughty [pc.boyGirl],” she admonishes, but once she feels your [pc.tongue] against her once more, she's all too happy to grind her hips down and force you to drive deeper into her. “Lovers like you come once every few lifetimes, you know. I might just have to keep you.” And with that, she goes back to what she was doing: fucking your [pc.hasCock|cock|cunt] with her mouth.

You drive your tongue into her asshole with a ravenous abandon, eating it out with as much of an appetite as you would have her pussy, if you had chosen. Her sphincter is tough and unyielding, particularly when you touch a certain cluster of nerves on the inside swell of her ass cheeks and you cause her to stiffen up, but with a bit of persistence, you have her taking the full length of your [pc.tongue] into her butt, and she's backing her hips against your face to drive you in deeper.

Your hands keep busy on Agnimitra's ass, your fingers sinking into the silky-smooth skin of her rear and playing with the globes as you like. You alternate between pulling them apart and giving yourself easier access to her star and pressing them together, sandwiching your own cheeks inside her ass and surrounding yourself with her searing-hot booty. All the while, your tongue stays firmly plugged inside her, digging for all of her most sensitive areas and trying to find which parts of her are the most susceptible to being abused by your searching tongue.

Being underneath Agnimitra is trying: on top of having to crane your neck a little far in order to reach her butt, she's just hot as could be on top of you. It's like being underneath a blanket, next to a fire, during a hot summer day; you feel like fucking her is as much an endurance test as it is a test of your ability to pleasure your lover. And every shiver of pleasure you give her from your tongue being root-deep inside her ass adds to the friction, making things even stuffier.

But you're hardly going to stop for a bit of heat. Rising to the challenge is a part of being a good lover, and besides, most people would walk through the underworld and back if it meant having a woman with skin as smooth and curves as supple as hers on top of them. And on top of all of that, you're horny. Nobody makes smart decisions when they're horny.

Agnimitra, for her part, is hardly idle while you work her over: she [pc.hasCock|throats your cock eagerly, sucking [pc.cockRange 0 4|every last inch|inch after inch] of your meat with every pass downward that she makes. It's clear that there's not much love in what she does: it's pure, unbridled lust, where she wants to suck your cock for the sake of sucking your cock. [pc.cockRange 0 4|Every time her lips press against your pelvis, she swallows around the length of your shaft, causing her cheeks to hollow around you, and when she relaxes, her tongue swirls around your meat for a few passes before starting again|Every time she bobs her head onto your meat, you feel her throat swallow and struggle to accommodate you before, after a moment, it acclimates, and she manages to fit in a little bit more before starting again[pc.cockRange 7 10|. At the rate she's going and at the energy she's displaying, you don't doubt that she might deepthroat the whole thing|At the rate she's going and the energy she's displaying, she might very well try to deepthroat the whole thing – and she might just succeed. She has many hundreds of generation's worth of experience sucking dick, after all]].|meets your every technique with something of her own, including everything from drilling her tongue deep into your pussy to gently nibbling on each labia, feeling their sponginess compress gently each time she does. At one point, she clamps her mouth centrally over your clit, stimulating it mostly with her breath and going in with the occasional lash of her tongue, her nose thumbing the gap in your pussy every time your hips reflexively buck up against her. It's clear that there isn't much love in what she does: it's pure, unbridled lust, where she wants to eat out your pussy for the sake of eating out your pussy.]

Eventually, for as much fun as you're having, your neck begins to cramp in your effort to reach as far up as her asshole, and the heat makes it a little difficult to breathe. You pull back slightly, your tongue diverting to the sides to lick at her plush thighs, using the quick reprieve to catch your breath and rest your neck before diving back in, your tongue surging into her ass to continue exploring its depths in its quest to find whatever nerves it can to bring her the hardest orgasm possible.

It's a bit risky, staying as close to Agnimitra as you are and doing something as physically-intense as getting into a sixty-nine with her. Every time your hands move along her skin and you feel just how smooth and soft it is, you also feel the distinct tickle of what might be sparks leaping from her plumage, particularly as it ruffles, and landing in the path of your hands. You aren't about to stop, but you need a change of pace, and you know just how to do it.

You're close, and from the way Agnimitra's hips grind and push against your face, she's probably close, too. You drag your hands down the length of her back (letting her ass cheeks clamp into place around your face) and, once you have something of a grip on her body, you rock to one side, pushing against her and causing her to lose her balance on top of you until she falls over. You, of course, go with her: you don't stop making sweet love to her asshole for anything.

The motion catches her by surprise, but as soon as she's adjusted and you've both come to a rest on your sides – you on your left side, her on her right – you feel her legs pinch down on either side of your torso, thrusting her ass back onto your face to drive you in deeper. The motion's gotten her more excited, clearly, and she's letting you know not just by crushing your body between her thighs, but by working over your [pc.hasCock|shaft|pussy] with all the more fervor than before.

Agnimitra grunts and groans, her [pc.hasCock|throat wrapped around your dick and reverberating around it|mouth clamped tightly to your pussy and her lips reverberating onto it], and you feel her lower body tense up, particularly with her asshole on your tongue. A thick, heady drench of fluids caresses your [pc.chest] and her lower body shivers with pleasure, and you know that she's cumming **hard**, hardly able to contain herself with the way you're eating out her asshole and the way you're fucking her face. Her legs try to kick without loosening their grip on your body and she tries to push you deeper into her ass using only whatever momentum she can build up – she's a woman in the throes of something powerful, and she can hardly contain herself.

[=Balls=]

// Requires futa Agni, of course

– overstuffed balls, planting her right nut firmly into your mouth and giving it a gentle suck. Agnimitra takes a deep, sharp inhale through her nose and her hips reflexively pull away, before she groans the air out of her lungs and her body completely deflates on top of you, letting you get back to polishing her sack as you wanted.

Her balls are totally hairless, and each one is fat enough that you couldn't fit them both into your mouth. You can feel their impressive weight press down on your tongue, forcing its way into your maw, and you're all too willing to purse your lips around it as you lather its smooth-as-could-be skin with the flat of your [pc.tongue], imprinting its taste on your mouth.

Agnimitra is slow to pull herself off your [pc.hasCock|own shaft|cunt], and when she does, she does it with as much flourish and wet noise as she can, giving you the impression that she really, really didn't want to stop [pc.hasCock|throating your cock|eating your box]. And there's a pretty good chance she didn't. “Nothing like some hot nuts to keep you satisfied for the road, am I right?” she laughs, gently rolling her hips from side to side across your face. Once she's satisfied, she pulls away just enough for her ball to audibly pop from your mouth. “Now the other one. Don't half-ass a good job, [pc.name].”

She shifts her body to the right slightly, angling her left testicle over your mouth, and you resume what you were doing: wetly and adamantly washing the smooth skin of her ball, feeling

its weight in your mouth, its heat against your cheeks, and tasting its flavor on your buds. Her freshly-washed right ball drapes across your nose, dragging as far back as your forehead whenever Agnimitra rolls her hips backward a bit.

Your hands keep busy as you work over Agnimitra's sack: they both pull and squeeze at her ass, feeling the fat globes of her rear jiggle back and forth as you manhandle them. You know that, despite having grown a cock, she's still got a pearling, beady cunt that could use some attention, and your fingers reach inward, easily finding the spongy flesh of her vulva. One finger keeps them pulled apart, while the other dives in, fingering her while you work over her sack with your mouth.

Once again, Agnimitra pulls away from you, her whole body lifting straight up and pulling your mouth off her sack, but not your fingers out of her cooch. "I think that's enough of a snack," she says, her right hand gripping onto her dick and pushing it back, aligning its leaking, overexcited tip with your mouth. "It's time for the main course."

When she squats back down, your mouth is filled with her hot, salty shaft: her perfectly-smooth harpy cock fills your gullet, showing its way into your throat, dumping fat wads of her pre as she goes. Your mouth is caked with her flavor and it's overheating on the inside, like you're eating food that's just a little too warm, but you're not about to stop: the only reprieve you get is when she thrusts, sawing herself in and out of your mouth, the cool air riding in with the few gaps your suction gives you.

Agnimitra, for her part, is hardly idle while you work her over: she [pc.hasCock|throats your cock eagerly, sucking [pc.cockRange 0 4|every last inch|inch after inch] of your meat with every pass downward that she makes. It's clear that there's not much love in what she does: it's pure, unbridled lust, where she wants to suck your cock for the sake of sucking your cock. [pc.cockRange 0 4|Every time her lips press against your pelvis, she swallows around the length of your shaft, causing her cheeks to hollow around you, and when she relaxes, her tongue swirls around your meat for a few passes before starting again|Every time she bobs her head onto your meat, you feel her throat swallow and struggle to accommodate you before, after a moment, it acclimates, and she manages to fit in a little bit more before starting again[pc.cockRange 7 10|. At the rate she's going and at the energy she's displaying, you don't doubt that she might deepthroat the whole thing|At the rate she's going and the energy she's displaying, she might very well try to deepthroat the whole thing – and she might just succeed. She has many hundreds of generation's worth of experience sucking dick, after all]].|meets your every technique with something of her own, including everything from drilling her tongue deep into your pussy to gently nibbling on each labia, feeling their sponginess compress gently each time she does. At one point, she clamps her mouth centrally over your clit, stimulating it mostly with her breath and going in with the occasional lash of her tongue, her nose thumbing the gap in your pussy every time your hips reflexively buck up against her. It's clear that there isn't much love in what she does: it's pure, unbridled lust, where she wants to eat out your pussy for the sake of eating out your pussy.]

With one particularly forceful buck of your hips, you knock Agnimitra off balance on top of you – which has the unfortunate blowback of her doing the same, thrusting her hips downward

and introducing more of her meat into your throat, her still-wet balls pressing gently against your nose. Rather than surprise either of you into stopping, the sudden jerkiness – and the fact that you have even more of Agnimitra's dick in your mouth – spurs her forward, desperate to get to her orgasm even faster than before.

You're close, and from the way Agnimitra's hips grind and push against your face, she's probably close, too. A spurious thought crosses your lust-addled mind, and, with your arms in the more commandeering position that they're in, you rock your body to one side with a forceful jerk, knocking her off you and rolling yourself on top of her. It catches her by surprise and [pc.hasCock|you feel her swallow forcefully around your shaft, trying to gulp down air, when all she gets instead is your throbbing shaft lodged in her throat|you feel the sudden rush of air across your taint as she gasps through her nose – but she remains firmly plugged against your cooch, like a good cunt-muncher.]

You hungrily bob on her upright cock, wetly slurping on her shaft with every determined motion you make, and it's all that Agnimitra can do to keep from lifting her legs and wrapping them around your head to lock you down. And she meets your intensity with her own, [pc.hasCock|mimicking your actions and hungrily swallowing every inch of your dick, as ravenously as she can|shaking her head back and forth and moaning loudly into your muff as she drives her tongue as deeply into your cunt as she can]. She's only a few errant thrusts away until, finally, she cums: you feel her shaft bloat inside your mouth, especially along your tongue, as her hot, salty jizz pumps again and again into your throat, seeding your stomach with everything that her balls have got. She's lodged so deeply into your throat that you can't breathe around her cock, but she's so deep into the throes of her orgasm that she's not about to stop.

// Merge all scenes here

A little bit of nudging is all it takes for her to get back to it, though, and that comes in the form of you using your newfound leverage to fuck her face. Your hips [pc.hasCock|pound|mesh] against her mouth, [pc.hasCock|[pc.cockRange 0 4 12|pounding every last inch of your meat into her throat, just as she had acclimated herself to. Your [pc.balls] slap against her forehead each time you pound {pussy/ass or balls|downward|inward}, and between being overwhelmed by the change of pace and her rolling orgasms, she can barely help but swallow around your cock each time you thrust in|thrusting every last inch of your meat into her throat, just as she had been working herself to. Your [pc.balls] slap against her forehead each time you pound {pussy or balls|downward|inward}, and Agnimitra is so caught between her rolling orgasms and the change of pace that she can't help but swallow around you repeatedly[pc.hasKnot|. And to your mild surprise, she is so pliant and receptive in her state that, with a particularly intense push, you manage to slide your [pc.knot] into her mouth, tying you to her lips and burying her nose in the cleft of your balls|.|fucking her mouth with your obscene length, sawing inch after throbbing inch of your meat into her throat again and again. Your heavy [pc.balls] drape over what amount of cock she can't suck, trapping the rising heat from her body between them and your shaft. And between her rolling orgasms – which you could swear were beginning to intensify – and the sudden shift in power dynamic, she can't help but swallow around your dick again and again, even as you pound yourself deeper into her gullet.]]sliding your [pc.vagina] across not just her lips, but across the bridge of her nose and along both cheeks as well. It's hard to contain yourself

when Agnimitra is cumming as hard as she is underneath you and you're so close yourself: your thighs feel like they're hard as diamonds as you struggle not to crush her head in your excitement. But for all the effort you're going through to contain yourself, Agnimitra has the presence of mind to stay the course: with her tongue thoroughly buried into your pussy, thrashing about almost as hard as her hips are against your face.] It's fair to say that she fucking loved that.

You're not much further behind, and with your face pressed so securely against Agnimitra's crotch, and with your own hips jackhammering against her mouth, [pc.hasCock|you erupt inside her mouth, spewing your [pc.cum] straight into her swallowing throat. [pc.cumRange 0 100 1000|You give her everything that she could have asked for from you: thick wads of your cream that dump into her gullet, warming her stomach with your seed. She swallows two, three, four times, and even when your load begin to peter off, she's hungry for more, her hands massaging your [pc.ass] in an effort to entice you to keep going|She takes every last drop of your thick, heavy load: wad after thick, juicy wad of your jizz bypass her tongue and head into her gullet, filling her stomach and warming her with your seed from the inside. She groans and strains and takes long, deep breaths through her nose whenever she can, and from the way her thighs tighten around your skull and the way she grinds her snatch even harder against you, it's clear that she's rather enjoying the fact that you have enough 'output' to contest a centaur.|You pump enough jizz on just your first round that Agnimitra taps on your ass, trying to get you to lighten off her a bit, but you, of course, do no such thing. Every last drop of your seed makes its way against her tongue and down her throat, seeding her belly and causing it to bloat and expand underneath yourself as it strains to contain your output. She attempts to groan, but her throat is too busy working to swallow drop after thick, virile drop of your cum – but she lets you know that she's into it by clamping her thighs tighter around your head and cumming hard enough herself that she could drown a fish][pc.cockRange 4 12][pc.hasKnot|. And with your [pc.knot] as firmly lodged between her lips as it is, she has no choice but to make sure that each and every load you fire goes exactly where you intended it to go]]|grinding your pussy across her mouth as a thick, warm deluge of your [pc.girlCum] makes its way straight down her tongue, tainted her tastebuds with your flavor and into her waiting gullet. Your walls clamp and wring her wriggling tongue, squeezing it as if it were a cock and your body was trying to get its cum, and Agnimitra, for her part, does all she can to keep it going for you: she twists and writhes and thrusts her tongue in every which direction she can, and when your body finally lets up enough for her to move a bit, she pulls her tongue out to start lathering at every exposed inch of your cunt she can before diving straight back in].

It all catches up to you in a hurry – the fucking, the heat, the pleasure – and you feel the strength wane from your body before your orgasm really begins to wind down. {pussy or balls|With you on top, it's a difficult decision to either collapse on top of Agnimitra, or to stay where you are and keep fucking her face to eke out as much pleasure as you can from her still-working, still-[pc.hasCock|sucking|slurping] mouth.|With both of you in the positions you are, you could just let your body relax and fall away from Agnimitra – but a part of you is so steeped in your lust that you instinctively want to keep going, to keep pounding her face and eke out as much pleasure as you can until you're roused enough for a second go.}

When your left hand gives out from underneath you, it's apparent that your body has made the decision for you. Luckily, Agnimitra's thighs aren't much sturdier, {pussy or balls|giving you some room to collapse.|letting you collapse away from her.}

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Agni Numbers); go to (scene: Agni Aftercare)

[=Mating Press=]

// Futa Agni exclusive

// Tooltip: What better way for Agnimitra to use that big, throbbing cock of hers to press you into the floor and breed you until you're gravid with her seed?

// (scene: Agni Mating Press)

You bring your body up to Agnimitra's, trapping her cock in between her body and yours. You can feel it stand upright and throb against your abdomen; a thick splurt of her pre blasts across your stomach and drips down to your crotch, and you're certain that the longer you keep her there, the messier things are going to be. You can feel the frankly-intimidating heat of her cock against your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun], and it makes you almost hesitant that you're about to have it inside you.

Almost.

You tell Agnimitra that if she wants you, well... she's just going to have to take you.

Her teeth nibble into her bottom lip once the words leave your mouth and reach her ears. "Put up a bit of a fight for me, [pc.name]," she whispers hoarsely, and, without another word of warning, she moves to shove you down – but you're quick enough to reach out and grab onto her wrists as you go. It's not enough to stop your fall, but you manage to pull her down with you.

Once you're both on the [agni.loc|stoney floor of the temple|wooden floor of the room|fabric floor of the tent], you and Agnimitra wrestle against each other, fighting to put yourselves on the top. It's more of a play-fight than anything, and the extra motion is just to get your blood pumping – who comes out on top isn't as important as the fact that someone fucks someone else until their eyes cross.

To that end, you don't put very much effort into it, and Agnimitra finds herself on top of you, with her clawed hands pinning yours against the floor as she sits on top of you. Her footlong cock rests against your abdomen, its heat radiating against your skin; it throbs in time with her heartbeat and every so often, a clear glob of her pre drools from its tip and lands on your stomach, leaving a thin, pearly line connecting you to her.

"God, you're sexy," Agnimitra whispers, her upper lip curling and her nostrils flaring – before she leans in, her mouth pressing against yours with a rush of sexual urgency that belies the play-fight you two just had. Her tongue surges into your mouth, licking at yours, at your teeth, and the inside of your cheeks, tasting everything that you have to offer.

You may have lost the wrestling match, but there's nothing saying you can't match Agnimitra's aggressive kissing with your own. Your tongue roughly battles against hers, meshing and gliding your tastebuds against each other's and tasting the particular flavor of her mouth. She's physically hot, and every curl your tongue makes against her own reminds you of eating something fresh off the fire without giving it a chance to cool. But you'll be damned if you're about to stop.

It's Agnimitra that pulls away first: she whips her head back, her tongue lolling from her open mouth as a line of spittle flicks from her tongue to yours. "And you're a damn good kisser," she sighs as she wipes the back of her hand against her mouth.

She sits upright, her left hand going underneath your right leg for a bit of support, but she doesn't reposition to fuck you: instead, she stays where she is, leaving her throbbing cock to sit against your [pc.hasCock|own, comparing your size to hers. [pc.cockRange 0 11 13|And unfortunately for you, you don't quite stack up against her.

"You know, I could make you another one of those Blue Egg brews to grow your own cock a bit more," Agnimitra sighs as she rocks her hips against you, frothing your comparatively-diminutive cock against hers. "Or... do you just prefer that your women have bigger cocks than you? Is that it?"

She wraps her hand around both of your dicks and pumps, masturbating you both, and her hand going the whole length of her shaft only makes the size difference between you two more obvious. "I can get that. There's something tantalizing about it, y'know? About closing your eyes and feeling your woman flop her big, fat cock somewhere onto your body and trying to measure just how massive it must be in your imagination? About wondering when she'll ever bottom out inside you once she starts?"

Her nostrils flare and her grip gets a little tighter on you both. "Yeah. It's a good time." You measure up to her pretty decently, give or take an inch: whatever differences there are in length between hers and yours is negligible.

"Look at us[silly|. A couple of cards]," she sighs as she rocks her hips against you, frothing your equally-matched cocks against each other. "I prefer it when my cocks are a little bit on the hefty side. And I prefer it more when I know my partner can give it as well as I can. There's something beautiful about two big dicks like ours, sitting side-by-side and comparing just how...." She pauses to wince through clenched teeth. "Powerful they are."

Agnimitra wraps her hand around both of your dicks and pumps, masturbating you both, and the journey her hand needs to take to go from your roots to your crowns really emphasizes to you both just how large you both are.

"I'm going to fuck you until you split in half, [pc.name], and when we're done, I want you to flip me over, pin me down, and do the exact same thing to me." An errant strand of her drool drips from the corner of her mouth as she loses herself in her fantasies. "Let's just hope I

don't break you."|And although it may be an unfair comparison – she only recently got her cock, and only after a single Blue Egg – your cock is clearly superior to hers. Yours is longer; it's thicker; its throbbing is more pronounced... and by the time you two are done, you'll find out who between you is more potent.

"Look at this bitch breaker," Agnimitra sighs, almost in awe and admiration, as she rocks her hips against you, frotting your comparatively-superior cock against hers. "I bet you're real popular when you want to be. Wearing some tight pants would be all it takes to get all the attention a [pc.guyGirl] could ask for."

She wraps her hand around both of your dicks (with some effort, having to strain to reach with her thumb) and pumps, masturbating you both. You lean your head back and close your eyes, imagining the differences in size in your mind's eye, and every long, exaggerated pump Agnimitra needs to go all the way from your root to your tip makes you feel a hundred times bigger than you are.

"Hell, you could probably just go pants-less," she says, her breath coming out shallow as she speaks. "There's no fabric in this world that could contain a beast like that. And if they tell you to wear a kilt or something, you... you... uh..." She loses herself in her slow, hand-jerking motions as she tries to continue to her fantasies. "You could shut them up by fucking their mouth, is what you could do."|[pc.vagina], letting her thick shaft rest against your vulva. You're radiating heat and your pussy is dripping with arousal, but you don't compare to the temperatures coming off her cock – particularly when she starts humping her hips and dragging her shaft in between the puffy lips of your cunt, her cock dragging against your clit as it goes.

"You know, you put in an awful lot of effort just for some dick," Agnimitra sighs as she places two fingers on her dick, forcing it down and applying more pressure as she wetly humps against you. "I know for a fact there are easier ways to get laid out there, instead of going out of your way to give me this mouth-watering slab of fuck-meat."

She draws her hips back further until the tip of her cock presses against your clit; she uses her fingers to angle her shaft downward until it bears down on your sensitive bud, and with a throb of her cock, she bathes it in her pre-cum.

"But I'll take it as a compliment, of course," she says with a wry, toothy smirk. "You went out of your way to give little ol' me a cock that'll have you walking bow-legged by the time it's done with you. You're just shy of saying 'please, Agni, fuck me until I accidentally say your name when someone asks me for mine.'" Her hand goes to her base, wrapping her index and thumb around the root of her cock. "And you know what? I can do that."]

[pc.hasCock|S|Contrary to what she implied, however, she doesn't immediately realign herself to fuck you. Instead, s]he stays in her position, her hand [pc.hasCock|wrapped around both of your cocks|pressing her cock firmly against your pussy], grinding her hips against you and enjoying the sensation of frotting her body against yours. Every thrust of her hips has her abdominals crunch with the effort. She glides far enough forward on every thrust that you can

feel her silky-smooth and overfull balls gently press against [pc.hasCock|your own|your upturned ass]. And the heat – it’s enough to make you dizzy.

Agnimitra has a look of concentration on her face: she’s putting in some effort to frot her cock [pc.hasCock|against yours|on you]. Her eyes can’t stay focused between her own dick and your body, only occasionally glancing up to your eyes to get a read on your own face. You can feel her cock throbbing [pc.hasCock|out-of-sync with your own, and at an equally rapid pace|at a rapid pace against your pussy] – if she isn’t careful, she’s liable to blow before she actually fucks you.

But she knows what she’s doing, and once she’s gotten herself good and wound up, she takes a deep, shuddering breath through her nose as she realigns herself. It’s time for the main event.

[=Next=]

Agnimitra leans her hips backward, her cock’s tip dragging [pc.hasCock|down the underside of your shaft and down the crease of your [pc.sack], before her tip finds the entrance to|down the mons of your pussy until her cock’s tip is aligned to the entrance of] your [pc.vagOrAss]. You flinch – not because you’re nervous, but because the sudden wash of heat against your most sensitive area hit you a little harder than you expected.

“I know it’s hot,” she whispers as her hand grips herself by the base. “Let me know if you ever need a break.”

You say nothing in turn as she wriggles her tip into your body, pushing the [pc.hasVagina|petals of your cunt|wrinkles of your asshole] apart as she drives herself in. She enters you, driving down to just beneath the helmet of her cock until she’s good and locked inside of you – the heat pervades your whole body at that point, as if her dick was a focal point to let it all into you at once. But you continue to say nothing to suggest that she should stop, or even slow down.

Once she’s caught inside of you, she lets go of her dick so she can lift your other leg into the air, hooking her hand underneath your knee – and then she lifts them higher, pressing you flat on your back as she folds your lower half higher into the air. Once she’s lifted you high enough to her satisfaction, she pinches her arms against your legs, wordlessly instructing you to fold them behind her back, and she thrusts deeper into you just as she does.

You stare into Agnimitra’s eyes, and she into yours, as you feel her inch after throbbing, boiling-hot inch sink into your [pc.vagAss|thirsty cunt|tight backdoor]. She bites into her lower lip and lets out a long, guttural grunt as she goes deeper and deeper into you; after she sinks what must have at least been three or four inches, she pauses to let you adjust. And you do so by wiggling your hips against her, causing her shaft to jiggle back and forth with your movements, which causes her to give a low, thrumming giggle in response.

“Close your eyes,” she instructs, and after blinking twice to keep the image of Agnimitra hunched over you, her nose nearly touching yours, burned into your mind’s eye, you keep them shut. You feel her clawed hands gently drag down the sides of your body, feeling along the [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] of your love handles as she sinks a few inches more into you.

“How many inches did that feel like?” she asks.

[pc.hasCock][pc.cockRange 0 11 13]Gods above – with how absolutely massive she is compared to you, it felt like nearly a whole foot of sheer, throbbing, hot cock-meat sawing into your [pc.vagAss|pussy|asshole].

“Not quite,” she laughs once. “But you’ll know what a foot of fat harpy cock inside you feels like by the time we’re done.”|You laugh once: you get what she’s trying to do. She wants you to imagine her as bigger than she is. You play along and intentionally overestimate – maybe six inches?

She laughs along with you at your answer. “Thanks for indulging me,” she responds. You both know the answer is less than that.|She’s trying to get you to imagine her cock as bigger than it is – perhaps even bigger than yours – but as a big-dick-haver yourself, you know what four inches feels like, whether you’re giving or taking.

She laughs once at your answer. “It was worth a try,” she responds. “I’d better put my time on top to good use.”|You know exactly what it is she wants to hear. The corner of your lips curl into a self-satisfied smile while your teeth nibble into your bottom lip – rather than give her a numerical answer, you just tell her that she’s huge.

“And there’s more to come, baby,” she responds, leaning in to give you a quick kiss on the lips.]

Now that Agnimitra’s buried at least halfway down into your [pc.vagOrAss], she has no reservations about fucking you harder and deeper: with your waist bent in half and your ass pointed up towards her body, she has all the leverage she needs to fuck you across the floor, and she even has gravity helping her out.

And that’s what she does: with her hands on your ankles for stability, she rears her hips backward and thrusts forward, driving herself deeper into you, but not yet hilt-deep. Inch after smooth, throbbing, searing-hot inch of harpy cockmeat slides into your [pc.vagAss|clenching tunnel|pinched-tight asshole] before she stops, withdraws, and starts again. The skin of her thighs clap against yours every time she thrusts inward, and every time she exhales, you feel her breath wash down against your [pc.chest], swirling in what little space there is between you two.

“Haaah,” she sighs, taking long, deep breaths in through her nose and out through her mouth as she fucks you. Aside from the occasional sound of her moaning and your own heavy breathing, the ambience of the temple is filled with the wet claps of her thighs against yours and the lewd slurping sounds of your body accepting Agnimitra’s cock into itself. “I normally... grow a dick once every few lifetimes or so. And gods damn is it a good time, every time.”

Occasionally, you can feel the wet sensation of Agnimitra's pre-cum sliding deeper into your body, packing it deeper into you the more she pounds you. With your body in the position its in and with your [pc.legs] lifted into the air as they are, it's only a matter of time before you lose the feeling in them and you lose the strength to keep yourself upright – but thankfully, Agnimitra's frantic bucking into your [pc.vagOrAss] is more than enough to prevent you from slipping down.[pc.hasCock]

Your [pc.cock] stays trapped between your bodies, flopping languidly around between you two as it's brought along for the ride. Every time Agnimitra pounds into your body, it swings upward with the shock of the impact[pc.vagAss], and every time you feel her cock press against your G-spot[and every time you feel her cock pound against your prostate], a sharp shock of pleasure rocks through your body and causing a strand of your own pre cum to fling outward, arcing as high up as your chin.]

The [pc.hasSkin|sweat beads off your skin from both the sexual exertion and from Agnimitra's own body temperatures being far higher than you're used to|heat from between you two, but particularly from Agnimitra, gets hot enough and the space between you gets stuffy enough that you think it might be making steam], but that's hardly important. What's important is that, after a few more thrusts of her cock into your [pc.vagOrAss], you feel it: the base of her shaft as it pounds against your [pc.vagAss|vulva|raised asshole]. Her balls slap against your upturned rump with each press inward that she makes, letting you feel their weight and density, wordlessly promising you that she's going to fill you until you're fucking gravid and leaking with her harpy cum.

“Gonna,” she tries to say, but her own breath is short as her exhaustion catches up to her. “Soon, [pc.name]. I'm gonna cum. Gonna... fuckin' fill you up. You ready?”

You don't answer with words: you grab Agnimitra by the back of her head (and her feathers flare up from the kinetic motion, heating up your hand hotter than the rest of you) and you pull her down, bringing her lips to yours once again. She hardly needs any direction, and once more, you two are locked in an open-mouth kiss, her tongue wildly darting against yours and pressing out from the inside of your cheeks as she explores the various nooks and crannies of your mouth. And when you lock your legs behind Agnimitra's back, it only guarantees what happens next.

Agnimitra pulls away from you, taking in a thick lungful of air as she pushes herself towards her climax. Your legs are getting numb and your ass is starting to sting a little bit from the pounding, but that hardly matters. Her hips clap into you again and again, her body hitting against yours as she saws every last inch of her footlong cock into your [pc.vagOrAss], until, with one particular thrust, she stops suddenly.

“Hnnnng,” she moans, her lips curling. You feel her cock pulse and expand inside of you, and a hotter sensation quickly blossoms inside your [pc.vagAss|vaginal tunnel|ass]; you feel her cock pulse and unload inside of you, dumping shot after thick, creamy shot of her harpy jizz deeper and deeper inside of you. Her balls pull and bunch up against your upturned rump in time

with every load you feel her fire into you – she hasn't had her cock for very long, and yet, she's unloading so much cum into you, you'd have thought she had been backed up for months. It's enough that [pc.vagAss]you eventually hit some upper limit inside of yourself, and despite your hips being lifted upwards, Agnimitra's cum eventually bubbles and flows backward, washing against the underside of her pumping nuts and washing down the crease of your ass|you feel all that heat and all that liquid weight begin to settle in your stomach, pushing it outwards as she fills you up with every pump she makes. In the position you're in, it almost feels a bit uncomfortable, with your stomach bloating from the capacity. You wouldn't be surprised if you start tasting it if she doesn't stop soon].

Of course, feeling her seed your insides, and with as much quantity and fervor as she is, is enough to set off your own hair-trigger. Your [pc.vagAss][pc.vagina] clenches and tightens on Agnimitra's cock, your walls clamping and rippling along its length to usher down every last drop that she has to give you. Some part of your brain knows that you're not going to get knocked up from this, but some part of your body desperately wishes you would, and the idea of you swelling up with her eggs has your legs clamp tighter around her sides and your cunt gripping onto her shaft even harder. Feeling her drops of cum slip from your overstuffed cunt despite your best efforts and wishes otherwise has you greedily wish that you had a deeper womb so you could keep every last drop inside yourself[[pc.asshole] clamps and tightens on Agnimitra's invading shaft, tightly gripping onto her meat and making every other movement that she makes all the more laborious – the added friction and effort in her movements only adds to the pleasure she gives you. Her thrusts become difficult and haggard, caught between the full-body paralysis of her orgasm and her instinctual need to keep thrusting through it all, to keep packing more of his slick, thick cum into your asshole and dump every last drop that her balls have stored up inside them. And you want it all. Your legs pinch around her waist, ensuring that she's not going anywhere until she's empty.][pc.hasCock]

And not to be ignored, your [pc.cock] stiffens and unloads onto yourself between your bodies – the comparative coolness of your cum hitting your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] giving you something of a break compared to the searing heat of Agnimitra's body. You[pc.cumRange 0 100 1000|r load pales in comparison to hers: you fire three loads, each of them 'thick' in their own right, but you run dry by the time Agnimitra's done with her first round, and she continues to pound more of it into you long after you're done| cum as hard as you have in some time, every muscle in your body clenching in time with your straining cock as you dump your [pc.cum] all over yourself. You match Agnimitra load for load: for every pump she puts into you, you respond in kind, firing your cum so hard that some strands reach as far up as your chin| cum even harder and with more quantity than Agnimitra does: she is but a pond compared to your lake. You match her output two-to-one, putting out twice as much cum as she does per load and lasting longer after she's finished. By the time you're even close to running dry, you're submerged in a thick coat of your own seed from the neck down, with some strands having reached high enough to coat your face, all the way up to your forehead. And in a perverse way, you're thankful for it: it gives you a bit of a heat shield against Agnimitra's body heat].]

The energy slowly begins to drain from your body as your orgasm finally begins to calm down. Agnimitra stays hunched over you, panting from the effort of having railed you so thoroughly and completely as she has.

When your legs finally lose their strength to stay pinned to her sides and your eyes start to drop from exhaustion, you realize, with a bit of a start, just how red and sensitive they are; the heat from Agnimitra's body has left you just one step away from having two, enormous burns on the inside of your thighs. Any longer, and the damage might well have been permanent.[pc.isBimbo]

It was totally worth, though.]

// end scene (scene: Agni Mating Press); go to (scene: Agni Aftercare)

[=Face Down=]

// Futa Agni exclusive.

// Tooltip: Agnimitra was already difficult to sexually tame, even when she was on bottom. Now that she's on top with a dick... well, honestly? You want to see what she can do with it, no holds barred.

// (scene: Agni Puts The PC Face Down)

In the short time you've known Agnimitra, she's been, well, a bit of a **challenge** to fuck. Not just because of her body temperature, but because of her recent reincarnation, she's been bursting with so much sexual energy that you've had a hard time trying to keep up with her.

But now that she has a dick – now that you've given her a **weapon** – you kind of want to see what she can do with it. You want to know what kind of beast you've awakened.

You step up beside Agnimitra, putting your body beside hers, as your right hand goes to her cock. You don't touch it just yet: you put your hand against her pelvis, looping the crotch of your thumb around the base of her dick, teasing her with gripping onto her shaft, but you don't do it just yet.

As your fingers wrap down to her balls and gently graze the smooth skin of her sack, you relay to her your wants and your fantasies, about how she can be impossible to sexually tame at the best of times, and how you realize now that giving her a weapon as formidable as a foot-long penis might have either been a mistake... or a self-indulgent reward.

Agnimitra smiles confidently at you as her own arm wraps behind your back. She openly and brazenly palms your left ass cheek, getting in a thick, full-palm grope, lifting and squeezing the meat of your butt. There isn't anything coy or daring about it: it's the energy and body language of a woman that knows she's about to fuck you. And you're all for it, honestly.

“Which would you rather it be?” she asks.

Your thumb closes down on the root of her cock, forming a gentle ring around her base, and as you slowly draw it upwards, you bring your other fingers into the grip until you have your whole hand masturbating her length. You give it just one pump as you tell her that, well, you find

that kind of energy and attitude... sort of impressive. Envious, almost. It kind of makes you want to find out if you can match it.

Agnimitra's own fingers uncoil around the globe of your butt as her hand travels downward, realigning to the center of your legs. She drags a single, clawed finger into the valley of your crotch[pc.vagAss], finding the petals of your [pc.vagina] and teasingly drawing an outline along your vulva, pointedly avoiding slipping it in| before aiming it back upwards and finding the wrinkled star of your [pc.asshole], drawing a lazy circle around your rim without touching any of the more sensitive nerves around it].

"And how do you intend to do that?" she asks again, pumping her hips slowly forward in time with your methodical jerking.

As you complete another circuit with your hand on her dick, you tell her that, well, you were thinking of getting down on your front and lifting your ass for her to fuck all twelve, throbbing inches of her harpy meat into you, and you'd find out if you can fuck her with just as much energy as she fucks you.

Agnimitra humps her hips forward, thrusting her hot and thick cock into your hand; you tighten your grip slightly, giving her something tighter to pound against, and she grunts in approval as she does it again, her pelvis slamming into your hand hard enough that it makes an audible clapping noise. You feel a warm spritz of her pre-cum launch forward, landing on your abdomen – a sign of just how ready she is.

"Well, are you gonna get down and **present,** [pc.name], or are you going to make me put you there?" she says throatily. Her teeth nibble into her bottom lip as she tries to decide which scenario she'd prefer more.

You let go of her cock and you turn, assuming the position in front of her: on your hands and knees, with your [pc.ass] raised for her appraisal. You respond that you're willing to get into position – but it's up to her to **keep** you there.

At the sight of you offering yourself oh-so-willingly to her, Agnimitra can't help but sink to her own knees, her hands immediately clamping onto the cheeks of your ass. [pc.assRange 0 3 6|You know you don't have a whole lot of ass for her to play with, but having a [silly|lot of cushion for the pushin'|fat ass] was never what you were trying to appeal to her with – it was the promise of a good fight.|You have a substantial ass and you know it: the meat of your rear end is fat enough to promise that you aren't just full of hot air. If she's going to fuck you, you're going to fuck her back, and you both know that.|You hardly need to say anything more: your ass is so massive that you could **dare** her to challenge you and you wouldn't be surprised if she had to think twice before accepting. She may have a thick, twelve-inch dick, but if you put even a little bit of energy into the sex yourself, you'll see who will be fucking whom.]

She pulls your asscheeks apart and reaches for her cock, gripping onto its base before realigning it and flopping it into the crease of your [pc.ass]. She pushes [pc.assRange 0 3|what little meat you have|your cheeks] back together[pc.assRange 0 6|], her entire shaft vanishing into

the overwhelming fat of your ass], and she begins to thrust, hotdogging your butt and grinding her shaft against [pc.hasVagina|your pussy, your taint, and]your [pc.asshole].

“Mmmm,” she moans, enjoying the feel of your body surrounding her thick dick. Whenever she pushes forward far enough, you can feel her balls resting gently [pc.hasBalls|against yours[silly|, making what you’re about to do extremely gay (those are the rules, after all)]|pc.hasVagina|against the lips of your [pc.vagina|against the back of your thighs]], [pc.assRange 0 3 6|and the tip of her cock pokes out from the upper edge of your ass’s valley|with her cock’s tip just barely poking out from the swell of your ass cheeks|and your ass is so massive that you’re able to trap the whole of her shaft between your cheeks, where it belongs]. “I enjoy a [pc.manWoman] that knows how to talk the talk.”

Agnimitra enjoys herself behind you, teasing you with the promise of realigning herself and [pc.hasVagina|picking a hole to split apart|fucking your [pc.asshole]], but refraining from going through with it until she’s good and ready. Her hands roam everywhere from your ass to your thighs and up to your curves, leaving hot trails wherever they touch, and the sheer heat emanating from her shaft has you flinch and your [pc.vagOrAss] flex with the anticipation of feeling it splitting you apart.

Once she notices your fingers curl into fists, she stops. “That’s enough teasing, I suppose,” she sighs, and you feel her lean backward, her right hand going between your bodies – and you suddenly feel the wet, radiant heat of your rounded cock tip press against your [pc.vagOrAss], gently plying and circling the hole for a moment, finding every sensitive nerve that makes you shudder, before thrusting forward and inserting herself into your body.

[=Next=]

At first, it’s not by much: only a few inches deep, putting her down to just beneath the crown of her cock. Your [pc.vagOrAss] splits to make room for her tool, but despite being inside you, she’s taking it a little slowly – for now.

Agnimitra moves her hips a bit, guiding her cock deeper inside you by shimmying it around rather than thrusting forward. Her dick angles left, then right, then back again as she does, poking and pressing at the inside of your [pc.vagAss|cunt|asshole] at unusual angles as she goes. It’s almost like she’s trying to work her way inside you, as if she wasn’t already there.

She’s teasing you. Well, you don’t have to just lie there and take that: whenever she angles her dick differently to shimmy in another inch, you give your hips a little wriggle, undoing the progress that she had made and slipping her back out until she’s just beneath the tip of her dick again. She laughs once dryly and gives your right ass cheek a little slap, letting you know that she knows what you’re doing.

“I think that’s enough teasing, then,” she says with a giggle. Both of her hands come down on the globes of your ass, keeping them nice and spread. “I’m gonna fuck you now.”

You respond that you were just beginning to get bored.

Agnimitra bucks her hips forward, sinking inch after thick, throbbing inch of her harpy dick into your [pc.vagOrAss]; you've been wanting it and she's been wanting it, and you've both had enough teasing to last you the rest of the session. Her cock only gets a bit thicker as it sinks down, but its length fills you out and stretches parts of your insides that oh-so-few cocks can appropriately tend to.

But you're not about to just lie there with your ass up and take it: after she stops to let you both adjust, you 'adjust' by rearing yourself back, pressing your [pc.ass] further down the length of her cock and devouring more of her shaft into your [pc.vagOrAss] as you go. It catches Agnimitra by surprise: she gasps for air and her hips involuntarily buck forward and back, indecisive if whether she should go balls-deep or if she should try and pace herself.

She grunts through her nose, and she leans over your body, draping herself across your back. You can feel the weight of her breasts [pc.heightRange 0 54 72|wrap around your skull, their soft, hot flesh resting against your neck and cheeks|press against your shoulder-blades, her nipples digging gently into the [pc.skinFurScales] of your back|press against the small of your back, her nipples digging gently into the [pc.skinFurScales] of your spine]. Her hands stay on your butt, pushing down against you to try and keep you still and to keep herself just barely outside of you. "Let's turn up the heat a little bit," she whispers – and then plunges the rest of her cock into you, filling you with every last inch that she has, until you feel her full, thick nuts slapping against your[pc.hasBalls|s| thighs].

Her left hand wraps around your waist, while her right reaches around and roughly grabs onto your left [pc.cupRange flat A|pec|titty], her clawed fingers delicately clamping onto the flesh around them. Her hips jackhammer into you, thrusting her cock into your [pc.vagAss|sopping-wet [pc.vagina], splitting your vulva apart with her every thrust|tight [pc.asshole], grinding her shaft against the clinging skin of your sphincter]; every impact is accentuated with the loud echo of her hips plowing into yours, underscored by her panting as she puts in the effort. "God, having a cock is l-like a whole 'nother world," she says, probably to herself.

But you're not idle: you push your hips back every time she thrusts forward, and you pull away every time she rears back, maximizing the distance her cock drives into you with every buck. You give it to her as hard as she gives it to you: it's easy to find the rhythm with her and you match it pace-for-pace, slamming your [pc.ass] against her crotch with every round and feeling the entirety of her shaft [pc.vagAss|surging into your pussy, stretching your tunnel with its girth and feeling the tip of her cock come within a hairs-breadth of knocking against your cervix|digging deeper into your ass, pressing against every nerve and muscle inside you as she goes and filling you up with her thick harpy cock]. She fits you like a glove.

You feel her left hand begin to travel lower and deeper into your body, reaching for your crotch. [pc.hasCock|She finds your [pc.cock] – fully erect, flinging your [pc.preCum] in every direction with each thrust she makes into your [pc.vagOrAss], and otherwise unattended. With practiced ease and deftness, she wraps her hand around your shaft, her fingers coiling around your [pc.knot] and jerking her wrist off-tempo with her thrusts|She finds your [pc.clit] –

throbbing, protruding, and desperate for some attention, left nearly-forgotten as she rails your cunt. She places the flat of her middle finger against your bud and she starts rotating off-tempo with her thrusts, giving it all the jerking stimulation it could need]. It's equal parts her trying to be a good partner as it is her knocking off your sense of balance: you were trying to match Agnimitra's pace, and now your body is too flustered from the reach-around to stay steady.

"N-No fair," you say, turning your head to try and peer over your shoulder towards her.

"I could stop, if you'd rather," she says with a smirk.

You certainly don't take her up on that offer. All you can do to match her aggression is to keep pounding your [pc.ass] back against her, your [pc.vagAss|pussy] slopping every fat inch of Agnimitra's cock into yourself|asshole greedily slurping at every fat, throbbing inch of Agnimitra's dick]. This isn't over – but it will be soon.

You feel Agnimitra's breath wash hotly down your back; she makes long, shuddering whines every few thrusts as she hurriedly pounds your [pc.vagAss|pussy|asshole], stretching you, filling you with her meat again and again. You're trapped between the floor [agni.loc|of the temple|of the room|of your tent] and her heaving, thrusting body: the heat is intense enough that you can see the steam gently waft from between you two every time her hips clap against yours. You need to breathe, but every breath is hot enough to singe your lungs and burn [pc.hasSkin|the hairs in]your nose.

But that's hardly important. Agnimitra is fucking you hard enough that you've slid across the floor some distance from where you started. You can take the heat: what you couldn't take is not getting off, and you're sure she feels the same way. You redouble your efforts, slamming your [pc.ass] against Agnimitra's hips, and she does the same, thrusting so wildly that her cock nearly slips free from you on the outswings and her [pc.hasCock|hand] moves with increased fervor on your [pc.cock]|fingers grind harder and faster, with increased urgency, on your [pc.clit]].

Your own breath comes out ragged and spent – getting fucked in the [pc.vagOrAss] is harder work than it seems! Your every muscle is exhausted and your [pc.skinFurScales] burns from Agnimitra's heat – but the far more important feeling is your impending orgasm, drawing closer and closer with each buck Agnimitra makes against you. Your fingers curl into fists, scraping along the [agni.loc|stone|wooden|grassy] floor, and your back arches slightly higher, raising your ass higher for her to pound with more force.

Likewise, Agnimitra isn't far from her own climax: her fingers on your left [pc.cupRange flat A|pec|tit] clench awkwardly, her claws scratching lightly at your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun], while her right hand, still vigorously at work on your [pc.hasCock|shaft, tightens its grip|clit, presses harder against your pelvis], but also gets more lethargic as she's focused more on her own mounting pleasure.

It's not important who cums first and who outlasts the other... but Agnimitra cums first. Her groans ascend in pitch and her thrusting gets faster and stronger, reaching a crescendo just

moments before she presses forward one final time, burying all twelve plump inches of her harpy cock into your [pc.vagAss|thirsty cunt|clenching asshole] and her balls press firmly against your [pc.hasBalls| own| thighs]. Her mouth shuts and she lets out a long, exhausted sigh through her nose as her shaft bloats inside of you, and you feel it: her cum bursts inside of you, filling your [pc.vagAss|womb with her thick seed; her body clenches and tightens, her balls pulling up against her body with each pulse of her jizz firing into your canal. She's capable of such a resounding output that you can feel her cum drip from your pussy, streaking down the inside of your thighs, and she isn't even finished yet.|stomach with her thick seed; her body clenches and tightens, her balls pulling up against her body with each pulse of her jizz firing into your bowels. She's capable of such a resounding output that you can feel her cum seep deeper and deeper into you body, its warmth leaving a nice, flowering trails as it goes, before it settles somewhere deep inside you – deep enough to make you feel nice and contented with a butt stuffed full of her harpy cum.]

In contrast, you hold your breath once your orgasm starts. Your fingers bite into your palms as you clench them into tight fists and your toes curl inward, gripping onto nothing. Your back shivers along your spine, radiating out to your arms and legs, your elbows and knees. Your teeth bite into your lower lip; your nostrils flare; and your eyes reflexively close. And y[pc.hasCock|our [pc.cock], firmly in Agnimitra's grip, fights against her hand: your own shaft thickens as [pc.cumRange 0 100 1000|your [pc.cum]]|thick loads of your [pc.cum]|enough [pc.cum] to drown a mermaid] fires from your shaft, coating the floor beneath yourself[pc.cumRange 100 1000|| and most of your own upper body] with your jizz. And every time Agnimitra bucks forward again and fires another fresh load of her cum deeper into your body, she manages to squeeze another [pc.cumRange 0 100 1000|shot|load|torrent] from you[pc.hasVagina|.

But that pales in comparison to your feminine half. Y][pc.hasVagina|our [pc.vagina], stuffed full and split apart by Agnimitra's cumming shaft, clenches onto her meat, sucking down every last drop from her dick for itself. Your tunnel ripples and squeezes, your cunt yearning for more of her thick, pearly cream to satiate itself with; waves of pleasure wash across your body, starting at your pussy and hitting the rest of you so hard that you'd think your toes were about to curl themselves upside down. It's all you can do to keep yourself from going cross-eyed, or temporarily blacking out, or both].

Agnimitra had started before you did, and she ends just a few seconds before you do. Her body collapses on top of yours, the whole of her weight suddenly pressing onto your back and pinning you down. Her breasts [pc.heightRange 0 54|entrap your head within their hot confines, their soft tissue pressing against your cheeks|press flatly against your back, resting themselves on your body with the rest of her], and her cock remains firmly and rigidly stuck inside your [pc.vagOrAss], occasionally flexing and firing whatever remaining shots of cum she still has inside her into you.

For you, though, everything comes to a head in a hurry. You had been put in a strenuous physical position the entire time Agnimitra had been fucking you, and you were matching her speed and her energy by bucking back against her with every thrust. On top of the obscene heat

from Agnimitra's body and being trapped between her, it, and the floor, whatever energy you had left in your body was spent so you could [silly|nut|cum] as hard as you just did.

You're exhausted, parched, and possibly on the verge of heat stroke. It's too difficult to keep your eyes open for longer than a few seconds at a time. Maybe just a quick rest would be okay.

"Not bad," you hear Agnimitra say, acknowledging your own energy as the bottom for this session.

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Agni Puts The PC Face Down); go to (scene: Agni Aftercare)

// (scene: Agni Aftercare)

You awake with a start, [pc.hasSkin|drenched in your own sweat and |parched as you ever had been before. Your tongue feels like a wad of sand in your mouth and your mouth feels like it's been stuffed with cotton. Your jaw is stiff{not 69| and your body is sore| and the lingering, caked taste of {asshole|sweat} and woman taints every breath you take} – and you feel like you've been roasting in a coke oven for what must have been hours.

With a bit of effort, you pull yourself up on shaky arms, propping yourself on your palms. The strength from them has gone; you feel as feeble as a man that's been lost in a desert for days.

// First time having sex with Agni

"Not so fast," you hear Agnimitra say. You turn your head, and she's standing beside you with clay pot in her hands, held down by her waist. She carries it as though there's a fair amount of heft to it, and when she sets it down, you hear the telltale sloshing of water inside it.

"You'll want to drink it quickly," she continues. "It won't stay cold for long."

As soon as she sets the clay pot down beside you, you lift it with both your hands, bringing your mouth to its rim, and you start chugging. Based on the temperature, it almost feels like it's been sitting in the pot for an hour or so at room temperature – but it's more likely that Agnimitra's body heat just made it warmer.

She sits on her rump beside you, with her knees brought up to her chest. "Yeah, this happens all the time," she says. "As much as I like to think that I work my lovers real good, the fact is, having sex with a phoenix can be... hazardous. I've gotten into the habit of fucking with some water handy nearby."

Once you've had your fill and you feel as though your thirst is quenched, you peer into the pot and notice that there's still a bit of water remaining. You lift it above your head and tilt it over, spilling the rest of it over you – the cool water rushing against your boiling hot [pc.skinFurScales] feels about as close to [pc.isBimbo|a full-body orgasm without actually

having an orgasm. And now you're thinking about getting another one. Agnimitra's probably up for it, if you get some more water first.[the high you get after an orgasm as possible without actually having one.]

You sit there and catch your breath, both from the heat exhaustion and from holding it while you chugged the water. You look at Agnimitra, sitting next to you with her knees up, and with a slight, warm smile on her face – the kind of smile a lover has when she's totally at peace with where she is, and with who. The fact that she came enough to go cross-eyed earlier probably helps.

After you let the water settle in your stomach and you feel your strength returning to your limbs, you shakily pull yourself to your feet, with Agnimitra gently helping you up. Once you're standing upright, she leans into you, her arms wrapping around your lower back while her lips press gently against your neck again and again. Although her body is still hot to the touch, the cool water wicking against her provides something of a pleasant contrast.

She looks [pc.heightRange 0 67 71|down at you|at you|up at you], her eyes curling into crescents underneath her smile.

“You good to go again?” she asks.

// Continue here if it's not the first time

“Hey, I'm here,” you hear Agnimitra say. You turn your head, and, just as she usual, there she is with a clay pot filled with water, the liquid sloshing over the lip with her movements. She's filled it right to the top. “You were out for maybe ten minutes or so. I'm sure you've built up quite the thirst!”

As soon as she sets it down, your hands are on it, lifting the heavy pot to your lips and chugging the cool, refreshing water as quickly as you can. You feel the chill of the water course down your throat and settle in your stomach, and by the time you swallow the second mouthful, you can feel your strength returning to you – albeit in small increments over time. It'll be a few minutes before you're back to fighting condition.

[party.has agni|“This is the sort of risk you knew you were taking when you asked me to be with you, you know,” she says with a sigh. From the tone in her voice, she wasn't making a joke – and from the sigh afterward, it may have been out of frustration. “That's... what makes you more important to me. That you want me around despite, you know, the heat exhaustion. It's not every life that I find someone that wants me around them after the first round, let alone as they travel.”|“You know, not a lot of people stick around after their first go with me,” she says with a sigh. “The idea of getting bragging rights for fucking a phoenix isn't worth it when they literally can't stand the heat.”]

Her hand travels down your arm, finding yours and wrapping her fingers in between yours. “That is to say... I'm glad you [party.has agni|chose me. Life is better when you aren't alone and I'm relieved that we can, you know, keep each other satisfied. I appreciate that, and for

more than just because you keep making me see double by the time we're done|keep coming back. Even if we're just fuck buddies, it's always nice to find someone that can put up with my heat].”

You two sit in the [agni.loc|dark hallway of the temple|now-quiet room of the tavern|cramped confines of the tent] for a moment, enjoying each other's company for the while. You occasionally, wordlessly go back to the pot for another few mouthfuls of water, and by the time you're quenched and there's only a few inches of it left, you raise the pot over your head and dump the rest, letting the cool water wash over your overheated [pc.skinFurScales].

Once you've gotten your strength back, you and Agnimitra stand, with her going first and giving you herself to lean on while you let the feeling return to your legs. Once you're standing upright, she leans into you, her arms wrapping around your lower back while her lips press gently against your neck again and again. Although her body is still hot to the touch, the cool water wicking against her provides something of a pleasant contrast.

She looks [pc.heightRange 0 67 71|down at you|at you|up at you], her eyes curling into crescents underneath her smile.

“You good to go again?” she asks.

[=Sure=][=Maybe Not=]

[=Sure=]

You know what? Sure. The sex is worth the dehydration.

“Fuck yeah,” she whispers hoarsely. Her teeth clench together and her lips curl higher, into a more sneering, lecherous smile, as her hands reach down and clamp onto your [pc.ass], massaging the globes of your body and playing with them by pulling them every which way. She leans her head in closer to you, her breasts pressing harshly into your [pc.chest], and when her lips meet yours, her tongue selfishly invades your mouth, mingling with yours and stealing the cool water you had just drank for herself.

// Continue at the [=Sex=] scene, at the paragraph that opens with “[pc.hasCock|It doesn't take much more effort than that”

[=Maybe Not=]

Sex with Agnimitra is... challenging. You enjoy it, of course, but your lovers don't normally, well, nearly give you heat stroke. You'd like a bit of time to cool off before you go for another round.

“Yeah, I get it,” she says. She lowers her head against your collarbone and stays there for a moment, enjoying your company. When she eventually disengages, a rush of cool wind washes

against your front, where she had pressed herself – and across your lower back, where her arms had wrapped around you. “I’ll be nearby, [pc.name]. Come by now and again and give me someone to do!”

Knowing her, the slip of phrase was completely intentional[agni.loc]. You gather your things and make yourself presentable once again].

// end scene (scene: Agni Aftercare)

[=Join In=]

// No tooltip and no requirements; continue here if it’s Random 4 and the player opts into the threesome

// (scene: Threesome W/ Hellhound)

Fuck it; if she’s offering, there’s no reason for you to turn down the invitation to join the party. Without any further provocation, you begin to strip out of your effects until you’re as nude as both of them.

“Nice,” Agnimitra says with a toothy smirk. With shaky legs and a weak grip in her fingers, she disengages from the hellhound – and a long, thick string of their combined pussy juices stretch from their pussies until it snaps from the tension. “You can have this end. She’s got another hole that I can take advantage of.”

“That’s an uncouth way of putting it,” the panting hellhound moans, but she hardly says anything more; clearly, the idea of getting a bit extra from you and Agnimitra at once isn’t an unpopular idea with her.

Agnimitra laboriously crawls over the hellhound, her pale, smooth skin contrasting richly with the hellhound’s darker skin. She stops at the hellhound’s face, gently gripping her by the chin and forcing her eyes to stay locked to her own. “You don’t mind, do you?” she asks, her nose nuzzling against the hound’s as her hand reaches up to cup her left titty, her thumb playing with the nipple.

“You’ve gotten me all flustered and needy,” the hellhound replies, her teeth nibbling into her bottom lip as Agnimitra’s thumb draws circles with her nipple. “I’m not about to say no. **Someone** better keep fucking me before I start going feral from the lust!”

“That’s a good answer,” Agnimitra laughs, before leaning in and pressing her lips to the hellhound guardian’s. It’s a full, open-mouthed kiss: their tongues openly surge between their mouths, and you can see the hellhound’s cheek billow outward as Agnimitra’s tongue pushes against it from the inside. They both moan into each other, and the hellhound’s hips buck upward, desperate to reconnect the circuit between herself and Agnimitra, but aside from the errant clap of their hips pressing together, Agnimitra teases her by keeping her back arched and her hips raised just out of reach.

Eventually, they pull away, both of them gasping for air. Agnimitra turns to face you with a snarky, lecherous grin as you move into position between the hellhound's thighs. "Careful," she warns, "she's almost as hot as I am."

It's a crude double-entendre, and the hellhound spans Agnimitra's left ass cheek at the second meaning, causing her to flinch and then laugh out loud. Without any further hesitation, Agnimitra crawls upward, her body gliding across the hellhound's face until her [agni.hasCock|dick's tip aligns with her mouth, gently prodding her lips apart with her head|cunt comes to a stop just beneath her mouth]; then, with a bit of awkward finesse, she lifts one leg across the hellhound's body, then the other, until she's facing towards you and down the hellhound's own heaving stomach.

Then, without any warning, she squats her hips onto the hellhound's face, [agni.hasCock|thrusting maybe half of her cock into the hellhound guardian's pliant mouth, driving her shaft into her throat|planting her dripping wet cunt directly on her lips. She grinds and swishes them back and forth], getting herself nice and comfortable, and you can see that the hellhound is just as eager to get started: her throat works and flexes while her tongue darts straight up, [agni.hasCock|washing along the exposed length of Agnimitra's dick|piercing into Agnimitra's hot box] and lapping at it like a, well, like a thirsty dog.

"Mmm, fuck yeah," Agnimitra sighs as she leans forward, draping herself down the hellhound's body. Her right hand goes to the guardian's twat, her index and middle fingers splaying across her labia and spreading them apart, giving you a wide, pink target for you to fuck. "She's not getting any more ready, [pc.name]," she says with a light giggle and a shake of her hips.

You hardly need an invitation: you lift the guardian's left leg, hoisting it over your shoulder, and you [pc.hasCock|align your [pc.cock] with her sopping wet entrance. You rim her vulva with your [pc.cockHead], teasing her with what's to come; you're hardly a stranger to her body and you know that she prefers to take it hard and fast, but you're not about to let a threesome go so quickly.|slide your pelvis in against hers, dragging your [pc.vagina] along the thick meat of the inside of her leg. You stop just shy of finishing the connection with her; you know that she prefers to be taken hard and fast, and you're going to tease her a little bit before getting to the main event.]

The guardian shivers underneath Agnimitra, her hips thrusting upward to try and complete the connection herself. "Oooh, she doesn't enjoy being teased," Agnimitra laughs as she settles her hips harder onto the hellhound's face to keep her pinned. "Do it again."

You do exactly as Agnimitra says and you repeat the action, [pc.hasCock|drawing a circle around her puffy vulva with your tip|dragging your wet pussy against the inside of her thigh] without actually [pc.hasCock|realigning|repositioning] yourself to give her the proper fucking she's clearly after. Agnimitra takes a long, wistful, horny sigh through her nose as she rests her chin on the guardian's pelvis, enjoying the combined dinner-and-entertainment she's getting from both of her partners.

Eventually, though, there's only so much teasing **you** can handle, and you shuffle forward on your knees [pc.hasCock|for a better angle to thrust into the guardian's hot, tight cunt|to bring yourself in alignment with the guardian's gash]. Before you do, you gently bring your hand to Agnimitra's head – carefully weaving your fingers around her hot plumes – and gently pull on her, bringing her closer to you. She doesn't need much direction or instruction: she leans forward, her lips puckered, and she plants [pc.hasCock|several long, wet, tongue-filled kisses along the length of your cock|one long, belabored kiss on your throbbing clit] to get you ready for what's coming next.

Without further ado, you [pc.hasCock|thrust yourself in, splitting the hellhound's hot petals with your tip and sinking down to just beneath your head|grind yourself forward, dragging your mons along hers; your combined slickness makes things nice and easy, although the heat gets significantly more intense with the friction]. You watch the hellhound's hands come up and clamp down on Agnimitra's ass as she moans into the phoenix's own hot cunt, and in turn, Agnimitra moans and wiggles her hips, curling her legs at the knees and pinching the hellhound's head between them.

She relaxes her arms, hooking them underneath the hellhound's own split legs and resting her palms against the tough, muscular ass of the guardian beneath her. She leans in close – **real** close, her nose nearly pressing up against your [pc.hasCock|shaft|pelvis]. “Fuck, but this sight never gets less hot every time I see it,” she whispers, perhaps to herself, before extending her tongue to drag one long lick from the guardian's pussy to [pc.hasCock|halfway down your dick, still lodged head-deep inside the woman beneath her|your own, connecting her clit to yours with a long, pearly bead of saliva]. Once she has a taste for you both, she gets more into it, lowering her head and burying herself into the hellhound's thighs.

You three find a rhythm that you settle into for the next few moments: the hellhound guardian doesn't have as much agency as you're sure she'd prefer, being pinned underneath Agnimitra and face-deep in the phoenix's thighs, but you certainly don't see her trying to do anything about it. Agnimitra is content to munch on her partner's [pc.hasCock|stretched pussy, her tongue occasionally grazing against your thick shaft and tasting her juices as you thrust|pussy whenever you leave it exposed long enough for her to have a taste]. And you take things slowly, [pc.hasCock|pounding into the hellhound only a few inches at a time|gliding against the hellhound at a somewhat casual pace], less because you want the threesome to last and more because you're cautious of getting things too hot too quickly.

But apparently that's too slow for her: after a moment-too-many of you taking things at a slower pace, her thick, muscled legs reach up and wrap around your hips, pulling you harder against her and trapping Agnimitra's head in between her calves. She pulls, forcing you harder against her body [pc.hasCock|and sinking [pc.cockRange 0 10|you [pc.knot] deep|nearly one-foot of your monster cock deep into her pussy], all at once|and forcing you to grind harder against her, the weight and the force of your body bearing down on her hardy cunt]; you try and pull away and give your hot skin a bit of respite, but her legs have you trapped against not just her, but against Agnimitra's face as well.

You could probably pry yourself free if you really wanted, but it'd be less of a struggle – and more fun for all three of you – if you fucked your way out. If you made the hellhound cum so hard that she lost the strength in her legs. You'll just have to do what you can!

She doesn't give you a lot of leeway or room for movement, pinning you to her body just above your [pc.hasTail|tail|ass], but you do what you can: your [pc.hasCock|thrusts are hard and deep enough to cause her whole body to shake, with Agnimitra rocking back and forth on top of her with the movements[pc.hasKnot|, and your [pc.knot] batters against her stretched quim every time you push inward]]grinds against her pussy are long and full enough that you can feel her relax slightly and you can hear her sigh and squeal underneath Agnimitra's crotch, and your every buck is met with a full-body quiver as she tries to handle the pleasure].

And Agnimitra is hardly idle: with her head locked in place and her cheeks pinched between thighs that are as hard as iron, she doesn't have a lot of room for movement herself, but you can see her tongue making long, thick swipes against the sweaty insides of the guardian's thighs and dipping down low enough to lather against where your [pc.hasCock|[pc.cock]] [pc.vagina]] meets hers to taste your combined flavors. You can feel her hands move from underneath the guardian's, adjusting her grip on the hellhound's tight glutes, as she rakes her tongue across the [pc.hasCock|split]gash[pc.hasCock||es] in front of her.

The heat of the temple was already uncomfortable and sex with Agnimitra and the hellhound guardian were both challenging in their own rights. With all of these factors together, and with you doing something as performatively challenging as having sex, you find [pc.hasSkin|the skin dripping down your forehead and off your nose as]the heat causes your vision to swim. Every time the guardian clamps her legs around Agnimitra's head, it causes her plume to light up from the motion, and all that heat wafts straight up and towards you.

But you're hardly one to back away from a sexy challenge: you have two women that are eating each other out in front of you and they want you to bang them. A little bit of heat isn't going to get between you and that.

With the guardian's legs clamped behind you, it takes more of your strength to rock your hips and [pc.hasCock|saw your shaft in and out of her dripping wet pussy|grind your pussy against her own], but the longer you go, the weaker her own grip gets as she gets lost in the pleasure. And for her part, she isn't neglecting her own duties to Agnimitra's [agni.hasCock|throbbing cock: you watch her arduously bob up and down on the length of Agnimitra's dick as she hungrily sucks down every last inch of her turgid flesh, swallowing every offer of pre as she goes.|cunt: you watch her head bob up and down and back and forth as she ravenously devours the harpy's own juice box, and you can hear her own lewd slurping over the sound of your wet[pc.hasSkin|-from-sweat] bodies clapping against each other.]

Agnimitra lets out a strained, hurried moan, muffled from the guardian's muff covering her mouth. Her body stiffens and you can see her eyes rolling backwards in her head; her body shakes from the neck down, and her own legs get stiff around the hellhound's skull, trapping it in place. She's cumming hard enough that the hellhound beneath her is kept still, focusing on her

own work on Agnimitra's cunt – you suppose you aren't too surprised that she came first, given she was topping the hellhound when you started.

The heat and the pleasure combined with the sight of Agnimitra cumming so hard that you can't see her pupils is enough to send you over your own edge: with another few rocks of your hips, [pc.hasCock|you thrust forward a few more times, putting as much of what remains of your energy into it as you can, until [pc.cockRange 0 10|you bottom out[pc.hasKnot|, [pc.knot] and all: the guardian's lupine body easily and eagerly accepts your bulbous knot into herself, locking you to her and ensuring that every last drop of your thick seed is put to good use|, your [pc.hips] colliding with her own and pressing hard against hers as every last throbbing inch of your shaft is thrust deep inside her|]you reach as deep inside her as you'll go, with your [pc.cockHead] just a hair's width from pressing against her cervix. She's as full up as you're going to make her|]your weight presses down on her hips, your [pc.vagina] pressed tightly against her own as your climax rockets through your body, starting at your spine and working its way up. You can feel it: the familiar, telltale rumbling of your orgasm, reflexively causing your muscles to clench, just moments before [silly|disaster|release]].

Your body tenses up, and [pc.hasCock|your shaft bloats inside the guardian, [pc.cumRange 0 100 1000|unloading your [pc.cum] directly into her honeypot. You can feel your jizz surge through the inside of your shaft and straight into her searing hot pussy; and you feel her, in turn, climax around your dick, greedily sucking down every drop for her womb, and you're more than happy to give her everything she could ask for|dumping load after load of [pc.cum] straight into her well. You have more to give her body was prepared to handle[pc.cockRange 0 10|[pc.hasKnot|, but, thankfully for you both, your [pc.knot] keeps any of it from splashing back out, and she takes every single drop, causing her abdomen to stretch slightly from the liquid weight|, and it gushes back out against you, dumping just as much extra load against your own thighs as you put in|], and it gushes back out against you, dumping just as much extra load against your own thighs as you put in]. Nonetheless, your overstuffed [pc.balls] have more to give, and you won't be satisfied until you've dumped everything that you have into the greedy hound's pussy, and from the way her body thrashes and pulls and yanks on you, neither will she|unleashing a thick, massive torrent of [pc.cum] straight into her greedy pussy[pc.cockRange 0 10|[pc.hasKnot| – and despite her cunt being thoroughly plugged up with your [pc.knot], your output is so momentous and so intense that, after her stomach is bloated to contain all that water weight, it nonetheless leaks back out against you in several high-pressure streams, your jizz spraying back onto your own abdomen as you pump more into her| until her abdomen swells with your seed and she can quite literally take no more: thick rivulets of your spent cum wash back against your shaft, splashing back against your thighs in a force equal to you putting it in|] until her abdomen swells with your seed and she can quite literally take no more: thick rivulets of your spent cum wash back against your shaft, splashing back against your thighs in a force equal to you putting it in]. She wanted your cum, and you're giving it to her in spades – and from the way she thrashes and pulls at Agnimitra's ass, her legs wildly switching between pulling taut and going slack behind you, you're giving her everything she could have asked for and more|]your [pc.vagina] clenches and grips onto the hellhound's own petals, desperate to cling to something to milk for its cum for your own parched honeypot. You feel the ripples of your orgasm course through your body, causing your hips to shake and your clit to bunch and press against her own as it happens. Your juices seep from your pussy, dripping

lewdly onto the guardians and making things even messier as her own pussy convulses against yours and adds to the stewing concoction between you both].

[pc.cockRange 0 10|[pc.hasKnot|It's difficult to keep yourself steady. You need to stay up so that your knot doesn't pull unpleasantly from the hellhound pussy's tight, vice-like grip on your root. But, e[E]E]ventually, you lose the strength to keep yourself upright, and you fall backwards, your cock slipping free from the tight grip the hellhound's pussy had on your shaft[pc.cockRange 0 10|[pc.hasKnot| once you've deflated just enough for slipping free from her to be a tug rather than a yank]].

Just as you pull yourself free, Agnimitra, the thirsty slut, is quick to replace [pc.hasCock|the vacancy your cock's left behind with her mouth, greedily felching the dripping cum from her tunnel for herself|the seam of your pussy against the hellhound's with her mouth, greedily sucking the combined girl-cum off her vulva and cleaning it spotless].

It's the last thing to see before you temporarily black out. Not from sexual exhaustion – but from heat exhaustion. You feel like [pc.hasSkin|you've sweat your body weight off by now|you've been left to bake inside an oven for too long].

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Threesome W/ Hellhound); go to (scene: Threesome Aftercare)

// (scene: Threesome Aftercare)

When you come to, you're where you last were: in the hallway of the Temple of Terrestrial Fire. You doubt you've moved more than a foot since you had fallen unconscious. The air of the room is still stuffy and hot and difficult to be in, but it wasn't hot-as-an-oven like it was in the middle of the sex.

Surrounding you are stout, squat ceramic jars, each of them filled with clean water, and when you sit up, you see Agnimitra coming in from outside of the temple with one more jug tucked underneath her arm. "Hey," she says as she kneels down to place the jar beside the others. "You'll want to drink up if you haven't. You lost a lot of fluids – the important ones, not just the sexy ones."

As proof of how much you've lost, it's a struggle for you to lift one of the jugs to your mouth, and you need Agnimitra's help getting it there. As soon as the water touches your lips, you drink like a man that's been lost in the desert for days, going through the first jug and, with the sudden rush of strength, immediately going to the second once the first is empty. And when your stomach can't hold any more, you grab what's left and you turn it over your head, spilling its contents over your overheated body.

Once you're satisfied (and there's no more water left), you look up towards the entrance of the temple, and you see the hellhound guardian standing there, leaning against the wall near the temple's entrance – bent at the waist, with her knees a bit shaky and knocked. You must not have been out for long if she's having issues standing up straight.

“You’re tough, [pc.name],” Agnimitra says, sitting next to you with her knees up against her chest. “Tough enough to fuck two hot-as-hell ladies at once.” She smiles sweetly at you. “You’re a once-in-a-few-lifetimes kind of [pc.mascFem|guy|gal], you know that?”

Although it’s a compliment, and you saw the threesome through to its end, you admit to yourself that you don’t **feel** especially tough, given that you passed out from the heat. But, verbally, you [pc.isDK|tell her that you know|thank her for the compliment – and for the water].

You get your effects back together and make yourself presentable. They cling to you uncomfortably at first – anything that makes you warmer is an unwelcome feeling for now. But your body begins to readjust after some acclimation.

[=Next=]
// end scene (scene: Threesome Aftercare)

// Recruitment quest

[=Come With?]=

// Tooltip: Agnimitra is an immortal phoenix, capable of conjuring fire on a whim. She’s been around long enough that she may be able to provide valuable insight on the locations and scenarios around her. She could be a valuable ally.

// Tooltip (already seen but does not have three Flame Capes): Agnimitra is willing to join you on your quest, but she can’t just wander the world as naked as she is (as fun as that’d be). She needs three sets of flame-resistant capes brought back to her, and she’ll handle the rest.

// Tooltip (player has three Flame Capes): You’ve bought the three Flame Capes, just as Agnimitra had asked. What’s next is up to her, once you give them to her.

// Change button to [=Recruit=] once Agni’s been made a companion but isn’t currently in the party. Does not need a tooltip

// (scene: Pre-Recruit Agni)

// First time pre-recruitment

[pc.dcb|You tell Agnimitra to come with you. She’s too valuable as a combatant to let her sit and fester inside a dusty temple all day.

“Ooh, cutting straight to the good stuff,” she says with a giggle.|You ask Agnimitra if she intends on spending all of her time in this temple. There’s a great, big world out there to explore... and you’d be honored if she accompanied you in exploring it.

“I’ve probably seen it all already,” she says with a laugh, patting the fat of her right thigh.|Ooh, Agni should, like, go with you on your journey! She’d probably be a lot of fun to hang out with – you’d never have to worry about starting a fire to cook your meat over again! And she’d be so **nice** to cuddle with when it gets cold at night. This is a plan with no downsides!

Agnimitra smiles, resting her chin on the crook of her thumb and forefinger as she considers it.] “It’s nice and warm in this temple and all, but it’s also, y’know, lacking in amenities,” she says with a smirk. “I wasn’t planning on sticking around forever, but I also wanted to... break myself in a bit more before I left, you know?[pc.isBimbo]”

You tell her that you don’t.

“I’ll explain when you’re older,” she says with a snarky smile.

| Brand new body, and all that.”

]So, does that mean she doesn’t want to come with you?

“Well, I didn’t say that,” she replies, her expression turning a bit more serious as she considers the offer. She leans back on one foot, resting her head on her hand as her eyes scan your body from top to bottom as she considers it. “You know what? You’ve been a good [pc.manWoman] to me so far. Anyone that would go out of their way to fulfill the last wishes of an old, decrepit crone like I was is probably a cool enough person to hang out with for a bit more.”

The corners of her mouth almost curl into a playful smile, but she fights herself to keep it down. Her decision was foregone since you asked, and she’s trying to string you along a little bit.

“But I can’t go out there butt-naked like this, can I?” she asks, gesturing to her nude form. “I’d make all the other women jealous! As criminal as it is to hide a body like this, I’m afraid that’s just the reality of the situation.”

So, if you want her to join you, you need to find her a set of clothes?

“Yes, but it’s not quite that simple,” she hums. “Even at my coldest, I’m really, really hot, [pc.name]. Like, physically. While I’m not so hot that it’d burn a typical set of wool clothes, it’s hot enough that the slightest mistake, uh, will.” She runs her hand through the plumes on her head, causing them to visibly flare up; the sound of fire crackling and sparking through her feathers fills the air as she does. “Like this. All it takes is a bit of roughhousing and my clothes would light up like a campfire. It’s tough enough to not start forest fires whenever I’m just going for a walk.”

“So, just do me one solid: all I need is enough flame-resistant fabric to make an outfit with. I don’t need a lot of it: just enough that’ll keep me from getting thrown out of a tavern or accosted on the street. I don’t mind showing off a bit of skin aside from that.”

It sounds like an innocuous request. All Agnimitra needs is a set of fire-proof clothing, and she’s willing to join you.

“If I remember right,” she hums, her eyes wandering as she loses herself in thought, “I think someone in Hawkethorne sells fire-resistant capes. Good for dragon-[silly|s]laying and whatnot. I think three capes ought to be enough material. Get three of those, then come back. I’ve had to re-stitch my own burnt clothing across my many lifetimes that I can sew my own outfit.” She slaps her thigh hard enough to make it jiggle. “And nobody knows these measurements better than I do.”

New Quest: If You Can’t Stand The Heat, Get Out Of The Chicken

Agnimitra, an immortal phoenix that can conjure fire on a whim, is willing to join you as a companion on your adventures, but because of how hot her body can get, she can’t wear normal clothing and she needs clothes that are flame-resistant. She mentioned that someone in Hawkethorne sells flame-resistant capes: all she needs is three of those brought back to her, and she can sew her clothing herself.

// Collected three Flame Capes

Quest Update: If You Can’t Stand The Heat, Get Out Of The Chicken

Agnimitra, the immortal phoenix, is willing to join with you, but she asked you to retrieve three Flame Capes before she could. You now have three Flame Capes to bring to her – return to the Temple of Terrestrial Fire with them!

// Gave the capes to Agni

Quest Update: If You Can’t Stand The Heat, Get Out Of The Chicken

Agnimitra asked you to bring her three Flame Capes so that she could sew herself a flame-resistant outfit to make herself presentable to the world before she was willing to travel with you. Throughout her lifetimes, she’s learned how to become a modest seamstress, and now, she just needs one day to sew her own outfit. Return to her in twenty-four hours, and she ought to be ready to leave!

// Quest complete

Quest Update: If You Can’t Stand The Heat, Get Out Of The Chicken

Agnimitra has taken the three Flame Capes she asked you to get and she’s sewn herself a flame-resistant outfit to make herself presentable enough to the world that she wouldn’t be seen as ‘indecent.’ Agnimitra can now travel with you, and this quest is complete!

// Subsequent recruitments

You tell Agnimitra that you have an opening in your party, if she’s willing to get out of the temple and stretch her wings a little bit.

“Fuck yeah I am!” she cheers, hopping to her feet and bounding in place in her excitement. “There’s so much of the world to see beyond this [agni.loc|dreary stone corridor|tavern, as friendly as it is]. Just give me a minute to get my clothes, and I’ll be good to go!”

// Dismiss

You tell Agnimitra that you have something in mind, but you need her to be excused from the party for a moment. Would she mind?

“Nah, I get it,” she says with an earnest, knowing smile. “It’s not you, it’s me; there are plenty of fish in the sea; and some-such other bullshit.” She laughs, slapping her lap as she does. “I’ll be [agni.loc|here|back at the Temple of Terrestrial Fire|back at the Temple of Terrestrial Fire] if you need me! [agni.loc|This|That|That] temple has plenty of history to keep me occupied, and I can always work on my arts in the meantime.”

// First time actual recruitment, when the PC has at least three Flame Capes

You tell Agnimitra that you had done what she had asked of you: you went back into Hawkethorne and you had purchased three capes made of fire-resistant material. You reach into your pack and withdraw them, each of them folded, one on top of the other.

“Score!” she cheers, taking the capes. She tests their veracity by placing one hand underneath the pile and one hand on top – and you can see her hands begin to glow with heat as she tries to burn a hole straight through them. But they hold fast, withstanding the heat without so much as a singe. It makes you wonder how hot she went, and if she were capable of incinerating the pile if she really wanted to.

“Awesome, just what I was hoping for.” She tucks the folded cloth beneath her armpit and looks up at you with a bright, sincere smile. “I’m excited to get to work! I’ve been looking forward to getting out and exploring the world with you since you offered.”

She reaches into the plume of feathers on her head and withdraws a long, thin bit of metal that she had hidden away in there – a tool you recognize as a knitting needle of sorts. “I’m going to need about twenty-four hours, if you don’t mind waiting,” she continues. “I’m sewing up a whole outfit from scratch, after all.”

You respond that you don’t mind waiting. With your blessing, she smiles, turns, takes four steps, and then sits down in the middle of the corridor to get to work.

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Recruit Agni); grey out the [=Come With?=] after the player has seen it once and they don’t have three Flame Capes

[=Agnimitra=]

// Grey this button out while Agni is working on sewing her own outfit and displaying the following tooltip

// Agnimitra is hard at work sewing her own clothes with the Flame Capes you had brought her. She said she needs twenty-four hours to finish it; by your estimation, she should be ready in {remaining time}

// After twenty-four hours, automatically play this scene once the player steps onto Agni's tile

// (scene: Actually Recruit Agni)

You step deeper into the Temple of Terrestrial Fire, into the corridor with the statue of the salamander that Agnimitra normally hangs around in. She should be somewhere nearby.

Standing beside the statue is Agnimitra – and she's apparently finished with her outfit. The cloth from the Flame Capes had been sewn, cut, and stitched together to form a swirling outfit of cloth that loosely clings to her form. A thick band of cloth goes around her chest and around her waist, keeping her decent, while the rest of the material was used towards making it look more unique, such as long bands that reach from the shoulder to the wrists while covering very little of the arms; an open skirt that flaps behind her, reaching down to the back of her legs and leaving her front otherwise exposed; and airy, light pants that cling around her knees but otherwise move and breath with the rest of her skin. And it's all uniformly the same shade of flaming-red as the Flame Capes.

It's a style of outfit that reminds you of the descriptions of dress of the women living in Tronarii, the desert across the eastern sea: the whole outfit doesn't move **with** Agnimitra so much as it moves **alongside** her, and the only parts that are stubborn and stuck are the parts around her breasts and pelvis. It would be a grossly misinformed dress for a place as cold as the Frost Marches – but for a woman that constantly exudes heat like she does, letting the pieces move and breath is perhaps wiser. And maybe it's just a sentimental style of dress that she prefers.

She constantly fidgets and futzes with the fabric, trying to get it to fit just right on her body. The statue of the salamander isn't especially reflective, but it's the best she's going to get within the temple.

You call out to her, and she jumps on the spot: she was so invested in her outfit that she had completely tuned out the world around her, and you had caught her by surprise. "Oh, [pc.name]!" she says once she sees you – she steps forward and does a twirl, spinning on the spot and letting her outfit move and spin with her. "What do you think? It's been a few decades since I've sewn anything, but I think it came out great!"

[pc.isDK|You think to yourself that it hides the good bits, which is what she wanted, but your mouth thinks better of backhand-complimenting her efforts and says 'it looks great' instead.|You tell her that it looks incredible! She had done all **this** with just a sewing needle, some capes, and a day's worth of effort?]

"Thanks!" she replies, her fingers going to her clothing and tugging at the fabric. "Knowing your own measurements by heart and knowing how to do measurements with things like the length of your hand or forearm really takes a lot of time out of the equation. I know this style isn't really 'local,' but everything else just feels so heavy on me, y'know?"

You[pc.isDK| make small talk by asking| ask] her if it's the only style of dress that she knows how to make.

"Well... yes and no," she answers cryptically. "I've made all sorts of different styles across all kinds of different cultures. I've had kids before and none of them were phoenixes like me, so I needed to make them something that could withstand colder climates. But this style," she continues, fluffing her pants for emphasis, "is the only style I bothered to memorize. For everything else, I'd need a tutor, or at least some instructions."

"Now, let's cut the small talk," she continues, grabbing you by the hand and leading you towards the mouth of the temple. "We have to make a stop at Hawkethorne before we go anywhere else."

"At Hawkethorne?" you parrot in confusion. "Why?"

"Well, I can't very well go on an adventure without my blade, can I?"

[=Next=]

Rather than walk all the way from the Temple of Terrestrial Fire to Hawkethorne, you instead detour to the Wayfort so that you can take its Waystone, and from there, Hawkethorne is a brisk walk through the inter-dimensional plane. The whole time, you aren't walking with Agnimitra so much as she's pulling you along by the wrist, eager to get the 'blade' she's after.

When you arrive at Hawkethorne, not far from its own Waystone is {River/a minstrel}, strumming at his lute. They exchange words for a brief moment before he reaches into his cloak – and pulls out an entire stringed instrument, giving it to her in exchange for a few feathers from her plume. An odd trade, but, you suppose, her feathers do generate a ton of heat and would make for good bed warmers at night.

"Okay!" Agnimitra says, bouncing on the spot in front of you, excited as can be to get started. In her hand is a gittern – a string instrument played with both hands by plucking at the strings with your fingers. "I'm good to go whenever, [pc.name]!"

... You thought you were here to get her a weapon.

"A weapon?" she repeats, tilting her head in confusion, before realization dawns on her. "Oh! No, no, I don't need a sword or whatever." She lifts the gittern up, presenting it to you as if you had never seen one before. "This is my blade! I'll never need anything more."

You're still confused. She understands that it's going to be a perilous journey and you two are going to encounter some aggressive people and targets – she's going to need a better way to protect herself than some flame-resistant clothes and a gittern.

“Oh, please, [pc.name],” she sighs, rolling her eyes and smirking flippantly. “Do you not know who I am?”

She turns away from you as she brings the gittern up, holding it in both hands, and she strums the strings once – and a fireball erupts from the instrument’s well, launching forward a small distance before dissipating in the air. “There are other ways to pacify someone than to beat them with a weapon until they stop moving. Sometimes, it’s music that can soothe the savage beast.”

... By shooting fire at it.

“Yes, correct,” she laughs. “Fire will pacify all eventually. And clearly, you just don’t appreciate the feeling of clubbing someone over the head with a gittern.”

// If there’s a free slot in the player’s party

Agnimitra has joined your party!

// Otherwise:

“Now then,” Agnimitra says, leaning back on one foot and cradling her chin in her right hand as she looks you over. “If two is company, and three is a crowd, I’m not sure that I even want to know what four of us might be.” She snickers to herself. “It looks to me like you’ve gotten yourself full up on underlings as it is. Are we making room for me, or am I taking my clothes and my gittern and heading back to the temple for now?”

[=Dismiss[comp1.name]=][=Dismiss[comp2.name=][=DismissAgni=]

// Dismiss Agni

You tell Agnimitra that you’re glad that she’s willing to go through with journeying with you - but you aren’t certain you’ll have a need for a burning, immortal phoenix. At least, not right now. You’ll head back to the temple when you’re ready for her.

“After all of that effort, and you’re sending me back?” she says with a wry smile, although you can tell that she’s hiding her confusion and hurt feelings. “Well, alright, [pc.name], whatever you say. It’s not like I’ll be difficult to find.”

Agnimitra slings her gittern over her shoulder and, with a flap of her wings, takes off, heading north towards the Temple of Terrestrial Fire.

// Dismiss someone else

You ask {comp} to leave your group for now, and to head back to the Frosthound Tavern for the time being. It won’t be long until you’re back.

“Well, I didn’t mean to butt into whatever setup you already had going, [pc.name],” Agnimitra says, crooking one eyebrow as she watches {comp} leave for the tavern. “But hey, I’m not going to turn down the opportunity to spread my wings a little bit. Let’s get this party started!”

Agnimitra has joined your party!

// Idle blurbs for Agni at camp or the Frost Hound

[atFH|[rand|Agnimitra’s bright-red half-clothes make her easy to spot among the crowd. She’s sitting at the bar, flagon in hand, heartily conversing with some stranger sitting beside her. Once your eyes meet hers, she nods at you, raising her mug in your direction, before going back to her conversation.|Agnimitra sits at a table in the corner of the room, near the hearthfire. She’s scribbling something down on a piece of parchment using one of her own feathers as the quill – and when she runs out of ‘ink,’ she dips the quill’s root into her plumage, refreshing the soot on its tip and starting again.|Agnimitra stands next to the hearthfire with her hands outstretched towards it, warming her hands near its blaze. A stranger sits beside her, making idle chatter – she shows off her abilities as a phoenix by flexing her fingers, and the fire in the hearth leaps outward, towards her. It gets a start out of her talking companion.]]You can’t help but notice that the campfire is a bit more... grandiose than usual. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised, with Agnimitra in your company.

[rand|Agnimitra herself sits on the cold ground near the campfire, with her knees brought up to her chest. The light of the fire dances and twinkles in her eyes as she watches it move. She’s sitting stock still, with a blank expression, looking for all the world like she’s completely absorbed in her own thoughts. You wonder what her mind could be focusing on.|Agnimitra stands next to the fire, her hands preening through the feathers on her arms, her legs, and on top of her head. Their claws rake through them, picking them clean of whatever dirt’s gotten trapped between the feathers. Suddenly, she reaches forward with one hand, plunging it straight into the roaring fire before her; when she withdraws, her hand’s erupted into a ball of flame, which she promptly dips into the plumage of her hair. She’s washing her hair using the campfire.|Agnimitra sits on a log near the campfire with her instrument in her hand, gently strumming out some chords while she watches the fire in front of her. Every time her fingers hit the strings, the fire moves in a different way: either towards her, or away from her, or it spins in a circle and forms a vortex for just a moment. As for the music itself... while it’s on-tune, you wouldn’t necessarily describe it as ‘harmonic.’]

// Interacting with Agni at camp or the Frost Hound

[atFH|You approach Agnimitra, weaving through the crowd of the tavern to reach her. Once she realizes that you’re making your way straight to her, she excuses herself from what she’s doing and turns her attention to you.

“[pc.name]!” she cheers, holding her arms open[pc.isDK|. You don’t accept her embrace – at least, not in public – but she’s smooth enough to turn it into a ‘there [pc.heShe] is!’ gesture|. You warmly accept her embrace, hugging her close for a moment|. “What can I do for you?”|You

approach Agnimita near the fireplace; once she hears your footsteps, she stops what she's doing and turns to you. "Hey, [pc.name]," she says, smiling warmly to you before wrapping up what she's doing. "Long day, huh?"

[=Appearance=][=Talk=][=Sex=][=Back=]

// Appearance, talk, and sex scenes are unchanged from their previous content in the document. While Agni is in the party, add the [=Companions=] button to her Talk options

[=Companions=]

// Tooltip: Ask Agnimitra what she thinks about the other companions in the party. She must be acquainted with them by now.

You ask her what she thinks about the company you happen to keep around you. She's a social harpy; surely she's had the time to get to know them.

"Sure," she replies. "Curious about anyone in particular?"

[=Arona=][=Atugia=][=Azyrran=][=[berwyn.name]=][=Brienne=][=Brint=][=Cait=][=Et heryn=][=Kiyoko=][=Quintillus=]

[=Arona=]

// Tooltip: It'd be hard to believe that anyone wouldn't have an opinion of Arona.

// (scene: Agni Talks About Arona)

"In my experience, orcs are something of a temperamental bunch," Agnimitra notes, leaning backward a bit as she considers how best to phrase her thoughts. "If they don't already know you, whether as another orc's partner or as a guest of honor or something, then it's pretty easy to accidentally offend one of them and get them all riled up."

"But at the same time," she smirks, "it's also pretty easy to figure them out. Most of them just like to have a good time, and I don't think Arona is any different. She's a great drinking buddy – get a bit of booze into her and we could trade stories about whatever comes to mind all night. She likes to impress me by flexing her arms; I like to impress her by throwing some fireballs; it's all good fun with her, really."

You ask her if either of them has made a move on each other.

"She usually tries when she's drunk," she laughs, "but I always turn her down. I try not to bang when one of us is under the influence because the last thing I need is my partner throwing up from heat stroke while we're going at it. [aronaisDom]And besides... I don't think I... trust her?" she says hesitantly, choosing her words deliberately. "In the sack, I mean. She gives me the impression that she's got a real dominant, possessive streak to her, and I don't know if I'm into that.|And besides: from the way she talks about you, whenever you come up in conversation, I sort of get the impression that she's a one-[pc.race] kind of orc. Which is a real

statement: it's tough to get orcs to calm down like she has, so, my feathers off to you for wrangling her in, [pc.name].]"

// end scene (scene: Agni Talks About Arona)

[=Atugia=]

// Tooltip: Ask Agnimitra if she has any particular thoughts about your local Dullahan.

// (scene: Agni Talks About Atugia)

Agnimitra's disposition changes slightly at the sound of Atugia's name.

"She's a wonderful gal, don't get me wrong. It's tough to find a woman that's as full of zest and appreciation for life like she is."

But?

"I let slip that I'm immortal before I knew she was a history nut," she grimaces. "I never would have said that if I had known. Now she won't stop asking me about anything – literally anything – about the past. Like, she'll ask me about some royalty that existed a few hundred years ago, and sure, I would have been around at the time, but that doesn't mean I was present. I could have been halfway around the globe that year. And if I weren't, who's to even say I could remember details like the ones she's after?"

Agnimitra sighs. "Ah, but, I'm getting a little off-base. Atugia's great. She's a dependable combatant and she's a marvelous listener, and there's nothing I like more than an audience that'll listen to me prattle on about myself for hours at a time," she laughs. "I just have to choose my words a little more carefully around her, is all."

// end scene (scene: Agni Talks About Atugia)

[=Azyrran=]

// Tooltip: You wonder what your favorite phoenix would have to say about your favorite Vesparan.

// (scene: Agni Talks About Azyrran)

"No matter what the topic is about, you can usually tell where a person's priorities are by listening to their tone and word choice," Agnimitra starts. "And it's clear to me that Azyrran is a real home-girl. I get the feeling that she almost feels uncomfortable outside of her hive and away from her people, hanging around a handful of misfits like us."

"But, if I'm honest, that just makes me like her more," she continues, slapping onto her knee as she leans towards you. "There's something particularly endearing – and downright attractive – about a person putting their home and family as their first priority. I've had lots of families over my lifetimes, [pc.name], and you learn to really cherish a kind of person like that."

So, that's to say that she's a fan of Azyrran's?

"Absolutely," she answers. "[azzy.kdb]Hold on to women like her, [pc.name]. She's one-in-a-million.[She can be a little intense sometimes, but underneath all that muscle and feminine machismo is a woman with priorities. I respect that quite a bit.[With a fun-loving personality like hers, she'll make for a good mom someday. Although...." Agnimitra pauses, choosing her next sentence carefully. "She'll need a smart partner, I think. A smart, patient partner.]"

// end scene (scene: Agni Talks About Azyrran)

[=[berwyn.name]=]

// Tooltip: You imagine [berwyn.name] would have spent a bit of time with Agnimitra by now... whether she liked it or not.

(scene: Agni Talks About Berwyn)

"That adorable half-lupine [berwyn.boyGirl]?" Agnimitra asks. "My goodness, [berwyn.hisHer] parents must be beautiful if that's how [berwyn.heShe] came out. I could see myself combing [berwyn.hisHer] hair for hours on end, if [berwyn.heShe] would let me."

While you agree that [berwyn.name] certainly isn't difficult on the eyes, that's also not what you had asked.

"[berwyn.name]'s actually been very... 'academic' towards me. I think that'd be the right word to describe it." Agnimitra hums as she rests her chin on the back of her hand. "I can tell that the [berwyn.boyGirl]'s had a mind for magic for... all [berwyn.hisHer] life, probably. [berwyn.HeShe] won't stop asking me questions about how I can do what I do without the use of a focus – [berwyn.heShe] correctly assumed that that meant what I do doesn't involve mana, and therefore isn't technically magic, and [berwyn.heShe] won't stop bugging me with questions on how it works. I bet [berwyn.heShe]'ll be coming right up to me with more questions once you leave."

She winks at you. "[berwyn.HeShe]'s lucky [berwyn.heShe]'s so cute. That makes it a lot easier to deal with."

... Out of curiosity, how does she do what she does, if it isn't technically magic?

"I'll tell you exactly what I told [berwyn.name]." She answers – and then shrugs. "How should I know? I just do it."

// end scene (scene: Agni Talks About Berwyn)

[=Brienne=]

// Tooltip: You get the feeling that Agnimitra and Brienne might have a bit more in common than meets the eye.

// (scene: Agni Talks About Brienne)

“I get the impression that Brienne’s a pretty sentimental woman,” Agnimitra says as she rests her chin on her hand. “She’s pretty easy to get along with... I don’t think I’ve ever disagreed with her on anything.” She pauses as she considers her next words. “She sorta... reminds me of a warrior that’s about at the end of their fighting days, you know?”

You... **think** you understand, but you ask her to elaborate.

“Like, Brienne was a hardcore, no-holds-barred fighter at one point in her life, right? I mean, she’s a northern minotaur, so, the answer is right there in front of me.” She sighs. “From the way she talks and the words she uses, I think she’s about done with that lifestyle. Maybe not now – she’s still one hell of a fighter, and she’s easy to depend on in a tussle – but soon. At least... that’s the feeling that I get from her.”

// end scene (scene: Agni Talks About Brienne)

[=Brint=]

// Tooltip: Brint has such a dominating presence that you aren’t sure it’s possible for anyone to at least not have a thought about him.

// (scene: Agni Talks About Brint)

“I really like Brint,” Agnimitra says with a sly, bordering on sheepish, smile. “He’s strong and confident, but he also doesn’t waste words. He’s been around the block a few times and he knows just how to start, or end, a conversation.” She rubs at her chin as she recalls her opinion of Brint. “You can tell a lot about a person’s history and background on how they speak, and Brint is the sort of guy that knows he doesn’t ever need to raise his voice – not when his axe can do the talking for him.”

Does she mean to imply that she’s fought Brint before?

“Well, no, but I’ve **seen** him fight,” she continues. “Anything that he can’t express with words, he can express through how he fights. One big, meaty swing from that axe could cleave a whole row of enemies in half! A guy with that kind of strength of arm **also** has a kind of strength of conviction that his mouth might sometimes not be able to express.”

She pauses, recounting the words to what she had just said. “All that to say... he’s a good guy. Nice to be around. Knows when not to be silent. He’s good company when you’re on the grip-side of his axe.”

// end scene (scene: Agni Talks About Brint)

[=Cait=]

// Tooltip: Cait has something of a magnetic personality, that’s for certain. How well does Agnimitra mix with her?

// (scene: Agni Talks About Cait)

“That bubbly catfolk girl with the big tits?” Agnimitra asks, laughing to herself for her vulgarity. “She hit on me almost as soon as we had a moment alone together, you know.”

Yeah, that sounds like her.

“Now, far be it from me to judge a lady for doing that, given our history, [pc.name]. And it’s nice to see a woman who’s comfortable enough with her body to explore it with others. But I also didn’t take her up on it.” She hums, her fingers going through her plumage, causing them to flare up and crackle with embers. “You had done me a favor with, you know, bringing me back from the dead and all, and I was way hornier at the time than I was with Cait. I figure, if I’m going to fuck her, another opportunity is going to come along eventually. Maybe with some interested third parties to make things hotter?” she asks, side-eyeing you.

“But our history together is a little bit off-base. Cait once described herself as a ‘slut’ to me, and, you know what?” she asks earnestly. “It takes a special kind of self-confidence to wear a title like that as a badge. Cait has a strong sense of morals and convictions... and it just so happens that most of them are sexy. The world can be a shitty place sometimes, [pc.name], but it’s girls like Cait that know how to make the nights a little brighter. Or, if nothing else, a little more entertaining, at least.”

// end scene (scene: Agni Talks About Cait)

[=Ethern=]

// Tooltip: Ethern is so shy and meek that it’s tough to even find her in a sparsely-populated room sometimes. Maybe Agnimitra’s had some luck with her?

// (scene: Agni Talks About Ryn)

Agnimitra takes a sudden, downtrodden expression when you ask her about Ethern. “I’ve known a lot of people like her in my time, [pc.name],” she begins. “You know... the type of people that don’t wear their scars on their skin. It’s easy to tell that Ethern has been through a lot, emotionally.”

You ask Agnimitra what that means for her relationship with Ethern.

“Well, in my experience, the one thing you don’t do for people like that is coddle them,” she answers. “Ethern tells me that you found each other in the abandoned Wayfort, the same place you and I first met, and she was making her way south, from the Winter City, to try and find help to reclaim it. Do you have any idea what sort of strength-of-character that takes? To be beaten so low, but to have the gumption to fight your way back to the top?”

Agnimitra rubs at her chin, her eyes drifting towards Ethern subtly. “Ethern doesn’t swing a big axe or wield a tower shield or anything like that, but, honestly?” Her eyes meet yours, narrowed into thin slits. Whatever she says next, she means. “I think Ethern might be the strongest one here.”[silly]

“While we’re on her, though,” she continues, “is it just me, or... do her ears get bigger and sharper every time I look at her?”]

// end scene (scene: Agni Talks About Ryn)

[=Kiyoko=]

// Tooltip: Perhaps Agnimitra, an immortal phoenix, might find some common ground with a kitsune?

// (scene: Agni Talks About Kiyoko)

“Have you ever tried pulling one of her tails?” Agnimitra asks suddenly, snickering as she does.

You reply that, no, you haven’t. Not without her permission.

“They always try to get you with some bullshit curse about giving you a lifetime of bad luck if you pull a kitsune’s tail, but I’m me. That just makes me want to pull them more!” she laughs. “What are they gonna do, exactly what they said? It’s not like I only have the one lifetime! I’ll just wait it out!”

Agnimitra brings her index finger to her eye, wiping at it gently as she continues to giggle to herself. “Ahh, anyway,” she sighs, “Kiyoko is kind of tough for me to get a read on, if I’m honest. Her adoration for you is pretty obvious, [pc.name], but she kind of clamps up around me whenever I ask. I always kind of figured that she’d rather just not deal with me – which I can get. I can be a real handful sometimes.”

She leans in closer to you, lowering her voice so that even Kiyoko and her impressive ears can’t pick up on it. “Don’t tell her I said this,” she says, “but once, when she thought she was alone, I caught her... patting herself on the head. And every time she did, her tails would start to wag.” Agnimitra’s mouth spreads into a wide, goofy grin. “We all gotta do what we gotta do to get through the day, am I right?”

// end scene (scene: Agni Talks About Kiyoko)

[=Quintillus=]

// Agnimitra’s surely spoken a bit with the taeleer you keep in your company by now.

// (scene: Agni Talks About Quin)

“You know, maybe after two minutes of the taeleer and I exchanging names, he started hitting on me,” Agnimitra says with a laugh. “He opened with running his fingers through my plume and telling me that I have beautiful eyes.”

Given how often Quintillus likes to think about sex and how he confides that he likes his women to have fat bottoms, you admit that it’s not a surprise that he’d make a move on someone as beautiful as Agnimitra as quickly as he did.

“Well, he found out the hard way that I can control my body temperature – and that my feathers don’t like to be touched,” she laughs. “He hasn’t made a physical move on me since, but whenever we’re within fifteen feet of each other, I can feel his eyes humping me every time I take a step.” She slaps at her own thigh – and you can see Quintillus’s ears perk out of the corner of your eye. “Which is a compliment, in its own way.”

But what does she think about him, you know, personally?

“The guy’s had a rough go of it recently, and I can empathize with him over it. He did some bad things and he’s trying to atone for it. But every conversation I have with him is either over his time in that demon cult, or he’s trying to get into my pants.” She shrugs, her eyebrows curling over her eyes in disinterest. “I haven’t gotten much else out of him. There’s more to life, y’know?”

// end scene (scene: Agni Talks About Quin)

// Powers and combat stuff

// Agnimitra is a legendary phoenix, an immortal bird made of fire. She also wields a gittern as her weapon rather than something more conventional. As such, her kit shouldn’t focus on physical damage, and her raw attack should be fairly weak.

// She also doesn’t wear armor for her combat, and instead, she wears three Flame Capes that have been sewn together to form her outfit. Her defense ought to be fairly weak as a result (although she should be *highly* resistant to Fire damage, if not completely immune to it).

// My hope for Agnimitra was to make her more of a glass cannon that focused on stat changes and support with the occasional high-damage, fire-based attack. Harpies are also good singers, so her class is Charmer: capable of the odd attack here and there but focusing primarily on other ways to help in a fight.

Heat Mirage

[Recharge 4]

Wrap the party in a hazy heat, increasing the party’s Evasion by +15 and increasing any Fire damage done by the party by 20% for two turns.

// On use:

Agnimitra’s body heats up, her feathers beginning to glow and shimmer from the heat emanating from her body. You take a step away from her as she spreads her wings, and the air around you and your party starts to become hazy from the temperature, making it harder for the enemy to hit you.

Cauterize

[Recharge 4][Healing]

Use searing heat to instantly heal any wound. Fully restores the target’s HP, but lowers their Maximum HP by 10% for two turns.

// On use:

Agnimitra rushes to {you|[party.name]}, tending to the wounds accrued from the battle. With a quick flash of heat applied to the injuries, the wounds are sealed and healed instantly – but it hurts like hell while the wound cools off. Hopefully the cure isn't worse than the affliction!

Flametongue

[At Will]

Ignite an ally target's weapon (or your own). On their next melee attack, they deal an additional {X} Fire-based damage.

// On use (other):

{[pc.name]!} {[party.name]!} Agnimitra calls, her head alight with a ball of fire. {You quickly point the broad side of your [pc.weapon]} {[party.name] quickly points the broadside of their weapon} towards her, just as {you} {they} had rehearsed, and Agnimitra applies to flame on her hand to the entirety of {your [pc.weapon]} {[party.name]'s weapon}, setting it alight. The next hit will really do some damage!

// On use (self):

Agnimitra focuses on her hand, conjuring a ball of fire to dance along her palm – before suddenly slapping her [agni.weapon], setting it alight. The next melee hit she lands will do some extra damage!

// On next melee hit:

The flames Agnimitra imbued {your [pc.weapon]} {[party.name]'s [party.weapon]} {her [agni.weapon]} wash over the [enemy.name], before disappearing in a flash.

War Hymn

[Encounter][Performance][Multi-Turn][Interruptible]

Play an intense hymn that readies your allies for battle, rallying their spirits and encouraging them to fight. All friendly targets have their damage and resistances increased by 5% for every turn the song is uninterrupted (max of 30%).

// On use:

Agnimitra strums her [agni.weapon] with fervent speed, her fingers dancing along its strings and playing a low, intense melody. Her voice fills the air, singing a wordless war-cry in time with her weapon. It fills you [party.som||and her|and your party] with vigor, and it fuels your adrenaline the longer it plays!

// Interrupted:

That last blow knocks the wind out of Agnimitra, forcing her song to come to an abrupt end. The vigor leaves your body as the song leaves your ears.

Solar Cannon

[Ultimate]

Channel the power of the immortal phoenix into your instrument, and let loose a pillar of fire at your target! Deal {X} Fire damage to the target, and {X - ½} Fire damage to all other enemy targets.

// On use:

Agnimitra's mouth curls into a wry, cocky grin as she leaps into the air with one momentous flap of her wings. Her feathers become hot enough to glow in the sky, and with a full

strum of her [agni.weapon], a pillar of flame bursts forth, washing across the enemy battlefield{on hit| and striking every enemy target!|... but her balance is off from the sudden lunge upward, and the blast goes wide!}

// I was told to write up some short blurbs for Agni for certain quests in the game. I'll go through the quest docs and find where other party members are mentioned and shoehorn her in.

// Quest Blurbs

// She doesn't need a blurb for the Winter City because it's not possible to meet her until after the WC is completed.

// Kitsune Den

// Only one instance of party interaction: in the Guest Quarters

"I prefer to sleep on top of the covers when I go to bed," Agnimitra says, stretching her arms and yawning. "And I might snore. I hope neither of those are problems."

// Orc Camp

// Looking through the design doc, there's only one place it could easily fit: when the player attempts to incite the brawl, but fails, and the PC is thrown out of the tavern.

Agnimitra bends at the knees, offering you a hand to pick you up from your tumble. "I won't sugarcoat it, [pc.name]: that sucked. It sounded like you were strangling a pig." With a yank, she hoists you onto your feet shakily. "I could give you some lessons later, if you'd like."

You stare at her quizzically, looking for the grin to break out onto her face, but it never comes. "You're serious?" you ask. "That's your response?"

"I feel like the world would be a more beautiful place if there were nice things in it, is all," she says – and then she laughs. "And helping you with your nonsense you call music would go a long way in getting it there."

// Centaur Camp

// Only one instance of the party having any major interaction: in the Pure Outro, where the party is helping with reconstructing the place.

Agnimitra doesn't have the strength of arm to help with the wood cutting or moving the heavier materials, but, being a harpy, she can help the seamstresses with their tents by taking the completed tarps and flying them over the tent skeletons, draping them over in one swoop. And whenever there's a blacksmith in need of some fire for their smelteries, she's more than happy to oblige. Some of the seamstresses and woodcutters are wary of a phoenix being in the party, but she has a better handle on her heat than they give her credit for, and she helps without a hitch.

// Abyssal Depths

// There's only one place Agnimitra could really be inserted in – when the player chooses to force the door open. But I can't really think of a way for Agnimitra to offer her thoughts on the subject. Hopefully it's okay – the only two companions that really get any notice in the Abyssal Depths are Cait and Einin (and Arona once).