

The Big Book of Lewd

Alfus famulus quid est dor?

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Introduction

The 2nd of August 2016 saw the creation of a Magical Realm thread on 8chan's /tg/. It wasn't until the 2nd of November of that year that I made the first post regarding lewd goblins. During this time there were a few other threads where I contributed to lewd posts regarding a number of other races. Some of these earlier posts were fragmented in nature with content being both posted on its own and as a reply to questions. This is why certain entries may look like they're all over the place. This all has roots in an earlier thing I did when I posted a number of "how to fuck this" lists based on all sorts of monsters found in D&D and Pathfinder. These entries were something of a prototype, with many of the monsters here being in that old list as well, albeit in a shorter, paragraph-long piece of text. The entries found in this document have been gathered from the now defunct first two Magical Realm threads. The entries in this first edition add up to well over a quarter of a million characters (including spaces), requiring over 50 posts to hold them all (when using a perfect fit). These last seven months have been quite the ride, and while I've been called out on my shit I've also received quite a bit of praise, enough to keep this going. Thank you all who supported this, and I am planning on keeping this coming in the foreseeable future.

- Worldbuilder-anon, May 4th 2017

Document Changes

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Aasimar

Being the offspring of a humanoid and a celestial, aasimar are always surrounded by expectations and superstition. If they grow up rurally they are seen as angels in their own right and are continuously pestered by yokels who want their blessing; if they grow up in the city they are pushed towards the high society life and if they grow up as part of a religious institute they are seen as extra holy. Some of them take this in stride while others grow resentful of all this worship and fear stemming from fear. If anything, they just want to be normal. As such, grounded and balanced individuals who don't care for the aasimar's heritage are the most likely to draw their romantic attentions. While the more lawful aasimar will gravitate towards a balanced and loving relationship, the more chaotic kind would be up for a friends with benefits kind of thing. Aasimar are generally a better kind of human: cleaner, softer, prettier, warmer, less hairy (though with some cases of Guardinal ancestry this is not always true) and the pussy tastes good. The more lawful kind of aasimar tends to be conservative in bed and prefer love over passion, while the chaotics can be quite wild in the sack. In either case though, aasimar are somewhat prone to corruption. Sure, they might be of celestial ancestry but their mortal failings are there just like with anyone else. With sex they can be somewhat easier be convinced to try more intense stuff. After all, for a lawful it's something done out of love and respect for your partner and for a chaotic it's because it's fun. Not all aasimar stick to the light side and some fall quite far. These depraved individuals sin like there's no tomorrow and are not above using their celestial appearance to get what they want from those who see them as angels and use them for all they're worth. These aasimar tend to leave quite the wake of celestial-blooded children behind, especially when dealing with male aasimar. If you can find someone like this and show your consistent usefulness you can find a partner in hedonism for life.

Arachne

Another species of spider people existing as the result of a bitchy goddess. This time though it's none other than Athena of the Greeks. You see, Arachne was an extremely talented weaver, boasting to be better at it than even Athena herself (little known fact: Athena has weaving in her divine portfolio on top of all the other things she does). Of course, being a Greek deity having a mortal boast that they're better will cause a severe case of posterial pulverization. So Athena disguised herself as an old lady who challenged Arachne, telling her to respect the gods. Arachne told her to get fucked, at which Athena showed her true self. The woman was unimpressed and told Athena to get her ovaries untwisted and get to weaving. Athena made a beautiful tapestry of her battle with her uncle Poseidon (I guess that's how it works? She sprung from Zeus' head, and given that he's Poseidon's brother that makes him her uncle? Greek mythology is weird) which kickstarted her career as the patron deity of Athens. Arachne meanwhile made a truly amazing tapestry of all the times Zeus couldn't keep it in his pants. Athena had to admit that Arachne's tapestry was better, but because Arachne was so irredeemably smug about it and the dickishness of the subject of her tapestry (Athena's anger at this was kinda justified though, lowering her butthurt rating down to being merely booty bothered) Athena decided to mindfuck some respect into Arachne. Her smug was too strong however and the mindfuck worked only half, which messed her up so badly she hanged herself. Athena considered this to go a bit too far though and brought her back as a being that was part spider, so that she and her descendants could weave for all eternity. As such, she became the first Arachne. Her daughters were Arachne as well, and it all went onwards from there.

Now, Arachne are spiders from the waist down, with a pretty woman from the waist up. They're a mono-gendered species that breeds true and have to reproduce with humanoids. Because of their unusual physique the epigyne-like vagina is at the front of the body and allows an Arachne to breed with a humanoid. They're not awfully stretchy though, but because of their weird biology an Arachne can scoop up cum and stuff it inside of herself to fertilize herself. Arachne lay eggs, with a single insemination being able to produce four to sixteen children depending on the amount and potency. These eggs are laid into a web that serves double duty as a cradle for the eggs. The mother guards the nest fiercely, but makes sure she's got enough to eat in advance (if she has one she will allow her husband but only him to approach during this time). The children start out very small, but they grow quickly. At a young age they ride around on their mother's abdomen, and as they grow they start to walk for themselves. Being able to produce web begins around puberty, and mothers teach their children how to weave. Arachne are famous for their weaving, producing very high quality and expensive silk and can make excellent products with them. Some claim that the secret ingredient to make their silk so good is semen, but these claims are mainly made by Arachne who use this as an excuse to bully their mates into getting their dicks sucked.

Taking after their namesake, Arachne are prone to bragging and very vain. This can make them rather difficult to deal with, as they are very competitive and will never settle for second place. This makes them very picky when it comes to partners, but once they pick someone they rarely change their minds. Any rivals are driven off while the Arachne aggressively courts her husband to be, trying extra hard if he seems reluctant. An Arachne requires constant praise, approval and acknowledgement, with flattery and compliments being pretty much a requirement. Grand romantic gestures are liked as well, as well as the small things that make her feel appreciated. Arachne aren't self-conscious about their large, somewhat creepy bodies and will laugh off any detractive remarks. They are aware of the difficulties of having such a large body though, and will pick a mate that can accompany their large frames or bully him into getting them a bigger place. While Arachne silk goes on the market for quite a bit, most of the money made this way the Arachne spend on luxury items for themselves. In bed (but good luck finding one large enough though) it's all about them, and they prefer it if their partner can pound them hard and fast while kissing and hugging them, whispering sweet nothings into their ears and praise them all the way through. They like to sleep with having their arms and some legs wrapped around their partner, making for a very tight hug.

Aranea

Aranea are a species of intelligent, magical shapeshifting spiders. In their normal forms they resemble a man-sized spider with a bloated abdomen (much like certain orb-weaving spiders) that weigh in at around 150 pounds. An Aranea's abdomen has big green orb growing out of it on top, with greenish veins growing on top of and from it. These veins grow on the top and sides of the abdomen and cephalothorax. Now, the green orb? That's its brain. It has two other shapes: it can take on a humanoid form (but only one, fixed form which ages with the Aranea) and an in-between form where it has (smaller) mandibles and spinnerets on where the tailbone would be. In this form they cannot pass for human, but they can produce webbing and have a poisoned bite. They prefer to use magic in a fight, supplemented with their natural abilities if they're already in one of their spider-forms.

Now, the fun thing about Aranea is that they are inherently magical. All of them have sorcerous powers that they can develop through study and practice. The odd thing is that they learn from magical objects and tomes, despite them mostly being unable to cast the spells they read about. The magic of an Aranea is inherent, much like a sorcerous bloodline, with a knack for poison and webbing. Aranea use their shapeshifting to learn magic amongst other races. They are rather good at disguising themselves and pretending they are real humans/elves/whatever while learning as much as they can. When they have learned all there is to learn in one location they leave for greener pastures. The more potent an Aranea's magic becomes, the larger the orb on the back of its spider form becomes. Despite this, Aranea are not malevolent. They'd much rather stay indoors and read books on magic. This makes them massive fucking spider-nerds. When amongst other they keep themselves in their humanoid shapes at all times, but some cannot resist the urge to sometimes eat a small bug or two. They are very kind to spiders though.

Personality wise, Aranea are introverted and very shy. They are confident in their disguises though, but would much rather be alone. Their humanoid shapes tend to be petite, rather plain and mousy, and they don't pursue relationships. Most advances are ignored by the Aranea, but sometimes someone gets to them. If this happens the Aranea gets all flustered and tries to avoid this person, mainly because they don't want to admit their crush out of fear of being discovered. While their half-spider forms can be somewhat cute, their true spider-forms are not very comely at all. If an Aranea gives in to this and they are accepted they want to be together with their crush as much as possible, preferably staying indoors to study together. They also love cuddling and sitting in the laps of their mate while reading. If an Aranea really trusts you, she'll allow you to touch its orb when it's in its spider form. In bed they are rather vanilla and prefer to wrap their limbs around their lovers. Aranea breed true; they almost always have multiple births of up to six children. In the initial phases the mother can retain her disguise, but as the pregnancy advances she reverts to her spider shape. She then hides away someplace dark and tend to rely on their mates as the children grow. Aranea give live birth, who are in their tiny spider shapes during this. The children grow fast and are educated by their mother in the ways of magic. Children stay with their mother for quite a bit, with the mother making sure her daughters receive a proper tutoring in magic and the art of disguise before setting out in the world at large. When meeting a group of Aranea they are almost always a mother with her daughters, but most of the time they're loners. Aranea can breed with most humanoids, and while a fair number of them don't they mate for life. They tend to outlive their mates though, because an Aranea's lifespan is linked to its aptitude with magic. Aranea believe that if they become powerful enough at magic they become immortal, which is sought after because this means that they can learn all the magic.

Bugbears

While goblins and hobgoblins are social creatures, bugbears are not. Most of them spend most of their time alone and without their kin, wandering the wilds. They resemble tall and broad goblins, but lack the charm that goblins have and the intenseness of hobgoblins. They resemble the hairy cross of a goblin and a troll, despite the fact that breeding those two doesn't result in bugbears (as many goblins have tried). Despite their size and brutish looks they can be scarily stealthy, being able to get really close to an enemy before charging out of cover and striking. Hobgoblins are larger and stronger than even orcs, but due to their solitary nature a band of orcs can easily overcome a lone bugbear.

With their hairy bodies bugbears don't actually need clothes. However, they prefer to wear them out of comfort and utility. Obtaining them is more difficult though: few people want to trade with bugbears and few are around their size. Most wear a mix of clothing they pilfered from dead orcs or ogres and tend to wear them until they fall apart through age and bad maintenance. Bugbears can wield some very large and powerful weapons, but most revert to self-made clubs because weapons their size are difficult to come about.

Bugbears sometimes work together with their kin. Hobgoblins hire bugbears as auxiliary forces, allowing them to strike hard. Such units are unreliable at best and are sometimes hired for the sole reason of luring enemies away so that the hobgoblins can strike. The survival of the bugbear is optional. Goblins meanwhile will try and capture bugbears if they can. Male bugbears are tall, ruggedly handsome in the eyes of the goblin women and they'll gladly let him use them. Bugbears however are brutish and inconsiderate during sex, with most goblin women taken by one ending up being bruised, cut, exhausted, stretched, leaking yet thoroughly satisfied (and often pregnant). The males are pampered and treated like royalty, but when one gets upset and forces its way out of the camp there's little the goblins can do (except for getting out of the way). Female bugbears are instead captured and used in combat as powerful warriors and are often bred with the male bugbears of other tribes to swell their numbers. Bugbears are rather fertile (especially with fellow goblins), but they rarely reproduce. If they see one of their own kind of the opposite gender the two will proceed to eagerly mate, going their own ways afterwards. This makes bugbears fortunately rare. They can also breed with humans and orc-blooded, but most of the time this ends up with a grievously injured partner. Bugbears produce small nests of 2-4 young at theoretically three nests per year, but they rarely breed this often. The young are raised by the mother, and when they reach the fertile age they are chased off to find their own territory.

Cecaelia

Cecaelias are humanoids with eight octopus tentacles instead of a pair of legs. Their humanoid bodies are fit from all the swimming they do and have long flowing hair, frequently pale in color. Cecaelias mostly eschew clothing to not slow them down in swimming and show off their elaborate tattoos, though female cecaelias tend to wear bras made of seaweed and/or shells to keep their breasts down a bit. They mostly live alone off the coast of human settlements both big and small, though they seem to prefer smaller fishing villages over bustling metropolises. Cecaelias are immensely flexible, with even their bones being able to bend a bit without any repercussions. This can be rather freaky to look at when one forces itself through a narrow hole and the ribcage just compresses. Despite their octopus legs they can move on land at a frightening speed, but they can be a bit clumsy and hate to be away from the water for a long time. Most humanoids don't like to see cecaelias move on land; they consider their use of their limbs to be creepy looking. If their relationship with the nearby village is good a cecaelia might help out if a storm hits a boat from said village, but they won't keep vigil. They won't mind returning valuables they find of lost loved ones for a small finder's fee. They are sometimes confused for sirens, but many cecaelia will take offense to the comparison.

Cecaelias collect the various treasure and valuables they find in their territory, sometimes trading what they find the land dwellers. In return they mainly want decorative things like glass beads, but sometimes

they'll take food made by surface dwellers. They are omnivorous, their diet matching what they can find in the ocean. Cecaelias do not have any particular connection with the other aquatic life in the area; while they do speak Aquan most of the mundane ocean life can't speak it back. Cecaelias are mostly non-violent, preferring to dart away at an astonishing speed if they feel threatened. They can also produce clouds of ink, with some of them having wizened up to the fact that certain land dwellers will pay quite well for this. For a cecaelia this is seen as nothing special while certain land dwellers see this as being lewd. Most of them do own a pole arm of some kind they tend to bring around as they travel and collect things just in case. Given their solitary nature the other monstrous humanoids who stalk the ocean now and then tend to have the advantage over a cecaelia through sheer numbers. At that point a cecaelia will likely retreat to a nearby village to warn its people about the danger. The two main aquatic predators of the cecaelia are sharks, who want to eat them, and dolphins, who want to rape them and beat them to death because dolphins are Chaotic Evil assholes.

Being split evenly amongst the genders, cecaelias breed true with both their own kind and humanoids. When mating with each other they only stay together to raise the children (1-4 per nest) before splitting up again (something that lasts up to 10 years). Relationships with humanoids are uncommon but tend to last a lifetime (though for cecaelias this is about 60 years). They are a bit reluctant amongst strangers and consider overt flattery and long-winded negotiations as attempts at deception, causing them to leave. By demonstrating one's aptitude with and respect for the ocean a cecaelia can be impressed, as can pretty gifts. If a cecaelia falls in love with a humanoid they tend to become stalkerish, following their crush just out of sight if they're near the water. In the dead of night they sometimes creep out of the water and find their house so that they can watch them sleep. They take rejection very badly, sometimes causing them to just waste away from sheer heartbreak. If they're accepted they are overjoyed and want to be with their beloved as much as possible. They can become a bit obsessive and possessive, but fortunately they won't go full yandere. If their mate goes on land for a while they'll try to follow: if they can't they want to know exactly what happened while they were gone and much they missed their cecaelia. They are still creatures of the sea though and will want their beloved to come live with them. As such, to make a relationship work with them you're going to need some way to breathe underwater; with magic item, spell or an innate ability.

Despite what the rumors say, eight legs does not mean seven vaginas. They only have one... or so is believed. You see, cecaelias are extremely shy about what they have under those legs and HATE it when people look at it. Even if they're happily married they don't want their spouse to look at what's under there. However, they're more than willing to let their beloved use and touch whatever's under there. Operating under the logic that if you want to have sex with someone you love them, cecaelias don't do casual sex but they'll gladly let their lovers use them. They prefer to have sex underwater (submerged partially or wholly) or if they have to on the beach right where the ocean hits the land so that both partners are both on land and wet from the ocean. Male cecaelias have penis-like tentacles that slither into a lover's vagina. As reports state, it wiggles. Female ones however have orifices of extreme wetness and tightness, being able to both milk a lover dry and allow them to enjoy sex for quite a long while. Even if the cecaelia remains still during sex, their mystery orifice can work at a speed you'd normally see with pelvis-bruising orc sex, except minus the pain. During sex they like to wrap their leg tentacles and their arms around their lovers to hold them as tightly as possible. These tentacles going into other holes only happens with their lover's permission. They will hold their lover all the way through sex and during afterplay, and fortunately they will keep in mind if and when their lovers need to come up to breathe. When in a relationship a cecaelia loves to be reminded of how much their spouse cares about them, and they like to frequently receive pretty gifts. They also like to eat: a well-fed cecaelia is a happy cecaelia. As such, spouses who know how to cook are especially liked and being a skilled chef is a fine way to make your way into a cecaelia's heart.

Centaurs

Centaurs are creatures that on the plains and in areas surrounding the world's largest forests. Here they live in nomadic herds of 10 to 30. Larger happens sometimes, but they're rare. Herds consist of mainly mares, their children and a few stallions. Stallions tend to live alone or in small herds of up to 10 centaurs.

The human parts tend to be large and muscular, with mares having large breasts. Because of a longer gestation period foals are capable of standing up and holding up their upper bodies without flopping around when they move. Because of their large lungs centaurs tend to have wide noses with big nostrils to allow them to inhale enough air to breathe. They are omnivorous by necessity: while they can subsist on just vegetation it's difficult to meet their daily calorie needs. Centaurs are skilled hunters and archers, and it is said the only thing that can outshoot a centaur with a bow is an elf. They hunt all sorts of game, but they notably hunt things like wolves and other predators as well for consumption. The meat is either eaten directly or treated so it can be eaten during the winter. Hides and furs are made into clothing or bags to carry things around with. Living on the move, centaurs are skilled at making all sorts of things that are lightweight and/or can be collapsed to take less space. If it cannot be carried around it has to be left behind. Any surplus that can still be hauled around is brought to a nearby settlement and traded for things that centaurs cannot make themselves. The most prized possession of any centaur is their bow. They prefer short riding bows for their ease of use on the move; these weapons are used both for the hunt and combat. A centaur's natural speed, size and accuracy make them dangerous foes both at range and up close. Centaurs prefer to avoid war, but in case of raiders or dangerous monsters they can defend themselves. They prefer to keep contact with outsiders to a minimum and only meet them to trade.

Then there are the "rural" centaurs. This rarer breed lives in villages and other rural places alongside humans. Often working on farms they have a knack for, of course, working with horses. They are very strong and capable of doing what a horse normally would, but they consider work like pulling a plow to be far beneath them. Instead they often work as hunters, fletchers and other related professions. Some of them take up smithing, and a few join the local watch. They also tend to have a knack for working with children. Like their "wild" kin they are proud yet more comfortable amongst non-centaurs. Despite their pride they like being treated like a human would, even if they're rather large. Their homes tend to be adapted for their size, with matching furniture and all. Rural centaurs are rather romantic and love to read tales of brave knights and their princesses. They all dream of finding their own knight/princess and living happily ever after. While the country folk tend to be a bit wary of centaurs there is eventually a humanoid who'll take the risk and get involved with a centaur. Centaurs have a love for grand romantic gestures and love to do love the Proper Way. They like to go on walks, picnics, write poetry for their beloved/have poetry written for them and so on. Real knightly stuff. Now, this of course does NOT include having their beloved ride on their backs. This is seen as degrading and humiliating and submissive, and as such gets a certain subset of centaurs incredibly weak in all four knees.

Despite being very romantic and easy on the eyes the union of centaur and human rarely produces children. While they can interbreed, the mismatching parts make it difficult to do so. A human penis won't go into a mare far enough to get her pregnant and a stallion going down on a human woman will only create Mrs. Hands. On top of this, centaurs in heat are rather rough and inconsiderate of their partners. A lustful mare might accidentally trample her husband or a stallion might go too hard and create a point of exit inside of his wife. Now, of course magic is an option but for most country folk this is not inside of their budget. As such, relationships are often kept courtly and asexual through necessity. The downside is that a centaur in heat will get desperate. A mare in heat that has not been satisfied in some time will offer itself to any willing givers. Anything from a normal stallion to another man who promises to pleasure her will be able to use her hind quarters as they see fit. Of course, the man will likely get crushed, but many consider this an acceptable offer. Something that centaurs don't like to talk about is the fact that they can interbreed with magical beasts like pegasi and even things like griffons and hippogriffs, despite the fact that all of these are animals and that having sex with them would be depraved. They even breed true with unicorns, but a male centaur is likely to be attacked and a female centaur will face rape as punishment for the crime of being a horny slut. And while they love their spouses dearly, a centaur with sex on its mind will eventually get off, broken bodies or marriages be damned. As such, the best way to make sure your centaur gets off is to take up woodcarving and start working on some interesting shapes (watch out for splinters!) or make a large pillow with a tactically-placed hole (keep it away from visitors!).

Changelings

Are they always hiding something, or are they people with an extraordinary ability? It's rather contested. Changelings are known for their ability to shapeshift into pretty much any humanoid of roughly their shape and size: they can grow or shrink up to half their base height, seemingly pulling the extra mass out of nowhere. While there are some limits ('taur bodies are only possible with small frames, no extra supernatural powers), these pale in comparison to the sheer variety they have access to. Even the more esoteric bodyparts like abdomens, strange limbs, feelers on the head and all sorts of other weird stuff is within their range of possibilities. The reason that they are not the perfect lifeforms is limited to the fact that they have an everything or nothing package: they can have the claws of a kobold or the horns of a minotaur, they have to take a full kobold or minotaur shape to be able to use them. So if you see a weird amalgamation of all sorts of mismatched body parts you're not looking at a changeling. In their true forms changelings resemble short humanoids with pale white skin and matching hair, large eyes with no pupils (or rather the entire visible part of eye is the pupil), no nails, small facial features such as the nose, lips and ears, and no curves to speak of. This shape is only shown rarely to other people though, as a changeling will almost always be in disguise and it takes some rather potent magic to see through this change. The changelings themselves however can always tell one of their own.

The powers of the changelings makes them well-suited for lives of crime. Thieves, assassins, pickpockets and seductresses with less than noble intentions make up for a noticeable percentage of careers for changelings. This has given them the reputation of liars and criminals that they "enjoy". Changelings rarely wear their "true" forms around other people, preferring a number of forms to present themselves to others with. Some prefer a single form that they wear for long amounts of time, rarely shifting out of it and immediately changing back when they can. This focus on shapeshifting sometimes leads to identity crises amongst teenage changelings, who are driven to figuring out who they are. The answer to this question is almost always the same: whatever you want to be. Once a changeling realizes this they can decouple who they are from what they look like, making their forms akin to their clothes: worn for fashion and utility instead of being the vehicle for their mind and soul. Gender is a non-issue to them, wearing forms as they see fit and having sex with whoever they like. Some have preferences when it comes to gender, others do not.

Enemy to what seems "natural", changelings possess some rather interesting characteristics when it comes to reproduction. Their name is derived from a practice used by some fey (notable the Hags) to exchange their humanoid-looking child with a humanoid child so that the unwitting humanoids raise the fey baby and the fey in question can do whatever with the stolen baby (they frequently eat the babies). Changelings can breed with pretty much any humanoid you can name, but they will ALWAYS produce a changeling baby. Even if it looks like the parent at birth after a short while (often a few days) will the baby show its true colors. Before this happens though the changeling parent will try to abscond with the baby, raising its child like a changeling. Changelings don't inherit anything from their non-changeling parent, making it impossible to tell their lineage with a look at their base form. Changelings can interbreed with one another just fine, but they prefer to do so with other humanoids. The strange thing is that changelings do not suffer any biological issues from inbreeding, but doing so is seen only as a second-to-last resort. The actual last resort is reproducing asexually, causing the changeling to impregnate itself and have a child that looks just like them.

Don't think it's easy to figure one out though: changelings are good at disguise and deception through necessity. If you do manage to figure one out you might be in danger: if it wants to keep its secret a changeling is more than willing to kill. There's also a good chance that the changeling will just run, and a changeling on the run can be difficult to track. Despite their nature they have as much of a desire for love and acceptance as any other humanoid race. They tend to be shy and introverted, staying away from other people unless it's on their terms. Even the criminal changelings want somebody to love, and the best way to be attractive to one is to impress them. Looking attractive means little for a changeling, and they'd much rather prefer someone of great skill and wit than a big, handsome guy.

Trust is very important to changelings in a relationship, which is a bit odd given their nature. They want someone who is their and only theirs. This doesn't mean they're always dominant in bed, but they can be. They are perfectly fine with being claimed in a way, being made sure that they are the only person in their lover's life. Despite this changelings are rather exciting in bed. When with a lover they can take a variety of shapes to cater to the fetishes of their partner. Big boobs, small boobs; fat asses, firm asses; dick, vagina, both or buttsex: changelings can be hella kinky. Bondage, minor SM, race play, dressup and roleplaying are some of the favorite fetishes, with some of these being used by changelings with less than noble intentions to deal with their targets. When they are given the opportunity to pick what to do however they prefer to take their true form and perform cuddlefucks, being held tightly and kissed while one partner rides the other. If they agree to do this your changeling trusts you 100% and you have the basis for what can be a lifelong loving relationship. With some interesting shapeshifting inside their bodies a changeling can make it impossible for themselves to become pregnant or divert or somehow stop ejaculation altogether.

Them having their strange powers has lead to changelings being both reviled by churches and be on the receiving end of pogroms (though these almost always kill more non-changelings than changelings) approved by certain religions. What makes them interesting from a religious point of view is that changelings do not have a deity of their own and are rarely religious. In fact, according to most deities who don't make up some grand story to make themselves look good or paint them as something unnatural changelings... are just sorta there, popping up all over the place for some reason. Magical studies of changelings have come up with something interesting: it is quite possible for them to do far more with their shapeshifting than they normally portray or claim to be capable of. Far greater feats of shapeshifting are just outside their grasp, but it is not known if this is a mistake in the research, empty conjecture... or a sinister design. Their strange breeding patterns make them odd as well, since even humans cannot breed as easy with other races as they can. However, with all the strange and wondrous things in the world it is silly to think of them as something aberrant just because of what they are, and there are far stranger things in this aeon of wonder, magic and love. Their reproduction might be a bit invasive, but nothing to be upset or cross about if they don't steal their babies away from their unsuspecting partners.

Death Knights

Death Knights are an entirely different can of worms. While it is possible to turn oneself into a Death Knight, the vast majority of them are created. A few are the result of a divine curse of some kind, but most are created by powerful necromancers. To create one the necromancer needs a body. This can be anything from a humanoid skeleton (animated or otherwise), a zombie in just about any state, a fresh corpse or even a living humanoid. The catch is that the body needs to be whole, so no stitching together corpses to create one from a flesh golem or something like it. The prospective Death Knight is then bound to three other things: a weapon, a suit of armor and a steed. The weapon can be anything from a sword or an axe to even a bow or a firearm. Because of the inherent powers of the Death Knight it will automatically create projectiles for its weapon. The suit of armor can be anything from a heavy robe with matching gloves and boots to a traditional set of plate mail to a set of ring mail with matching equipment to a breast plate with gauntlets, boots and a helmet. The armor is enchanted in such a way that it provides an even greater degree of protection than it would normally, but only on the armored parts. This means that while a barbarian loincloth would be viable armor, because it does not cover the entire body it is less than ideal to protect the (though tough) Death Knight. Finally there is the steed, which can be anything from a conventional mount like a barded horse or camel, a carriage of sorts (spectral animals to draw it become part of it during the ritual) but also ships (which can sail under their own accord) and motorized vehicles. The vehicles are capable of supernatural feats such as running on water or up walls, have perfect maneuverability and can fly to a limited degree. The weapon, armor and steed can be summoned and dismissed at will by the Death Knight. All three of them can be mended by a Death Knight with a touch, causing them to repair in mere moments. Even slain steeds can be brought back this way. A slain Death Knight can return with the help of either their weapon, armor or steed. Destroying them is vital to keep the Death Knight down, but fortunately these things are only slightly more durable than their counterparts not bound to a Death Knight. If all three are destroyed and the Death Knight is slain (this can be done in any

order), the Death Knight is destroyed. On top of their skill with their weapons Death Knights can command blue flames that can either burn or freeze. These are not regular flames, but rather flames produced by negative energy. These flames can also animate a single skeleton, infusing it with flames and granting it a weapon made of said flames to fight for the Death Knight. These things are called the Knightborn.

Death Knights observe something that they call the Great Tournament. Death Knights cannot increase their power by practice or adversity, only their skill. The only way that a Death Knight can increase their actual power is to kill another Death Knight, then steal their soul of and add it to their own. But not every Death Knight's soul will do: said soul has to belong to a Death Knight of equal or greater power than the one obtaining it. This means that very powerful Death Knights cannot butcher the less powerful ones to become more potent. It is in fact in their interest to let the less powerful ones grow in power before they can steal their souls. To some degree of course: when the difference in power becomes small enough some Death Knights consider it to be more prudent to kill a potential challenger before they become too powerful. Aside from the boost in power a Death Knight can create more Knightborn equal to the number of souls the Death Knight has obtained, as well as the souls that those Death Knights had. This means that the number of Knightborn a single Death Knight can employ will grow exponentially, but they are all of a similar and limited level in power compared to their creator, and a mob of Knightborn are of no real threat to a Death Knight. When two Death Knights of similar power meet they feel compelled to fight to the point where they will break free from being controlled. The only thing that takes precedence over such a fight is the murder of a necromancer who could potentially control one or both of them, after which they'll duel.

Death Knights are martial creatures. Designed to fight and kill, necromancers create them to be the ultimate bodyguards and agents. While incredibly potent Death Knights are undead with a free will. It is possible for a necromancer to subsume this will using their magic, but this often makes the Death Knight less effective. Plus they don't like being controlled like this, and if the control lapses even for a second an angry Death Knight will use this power to slay their master. Death Knights all suffer from what they call the Hunger. The Hunger is the need to inflict intense emotions and feelings upon others. Failing to feed the Hunger will cause pain in a Death Knight, starting from a numbing feeling going all the way up to excruciating agony. The easiest way for a Death Knight to feed is by combat: killing the innocent and helpless allows them to feed on their pain and fear. This is the way that almost all Death Knights feed their Hunger, and a smart necromancer will allow the Death Knights they control to feed often, lest their control breaks because of the Hunger. But killing is not the only way a Death Knight can feed: they can do so by causing any intense emotion. Theoretically a Death Knight can feed by causing feelings of sorrow, joy and being moved by beauty. But you won't see a lot of Death Knights doing ballet because Death Knights are seen as murder typhoons waiting to happen. It is theoretically even possible for a Death Knight to exist on feelings of love alone, but such cases are just about unheard of. This is mainly because Death Knights are frequently made from corpses, zombies and outright skeletons, making it very difficult for them to find love. But there are a few cases where a living humanoid becomes a Death Knight and maintain their ability to engage in romantic and physical love. Such mostly alive looking Death Knights will always have pale skin and hair with intense blue eyes. Because they are undead they are cold to the touch, but a Death Knight can infuse itself with the warmth of its flames to give them a semblance of being alive. The risk is that a Death Knight will require a never-ending flood of love to keep them from going elsewhere to sate their Hunger, so it requires dedication and intense effort to keep them from going off the deep end. Those who do find love will often develop a taste of BDSM where they take up the role of sub to feed on even more emotion. They never dom though, because this can result in them accidentally murdering their partner when their desire to inflict suffering flares up.

There are a rare few recorded cases of such a union resulting in the birth of a child. Those few cases have been compiled in a work that refers to them as Death Pages, with them being excellent battlemages or pyromancers who specialize in the same blue flames that can burn and freeze as their parent.

Dullahan

The dullahan (or Gan Ceann, without a head) are, if you listen to the tales, a group of dark riders (50:50 split of men and women) who cause the death of people in the countryside. Their skin is one of a number of inhuman shades, their hair long, thin and pale and their eyes sunken and foreboding. They ride into town one night, stop at a house and call the name of a person inside, causing them to die. They are wicked, merciless killers who adorn their horses and armor with iconography of death and fate. The most powerful of their rank ride around on coaches of death, the *Cóiste Bodhar*, that once they enter the world cannot leave empty. They take the souls of the dead and drag them off to their dark realm from which none have ever returned. Dullahan carry bladed weapons, most of them using scythes or swords, with a few going for axes and halberds. All of them have a second weapon: a whip made from a human spine with which they can lash out the eyes of those who watch them go about their grim business. No gate, lock or barring will keep a dullahan out, and all open to welcome the inevitability of death. The only way to keep a dullahan at bay is with gold, and even a small piece of it can chase one off.

Except most of that is bullshit perpetuated by the dullahan themselves because they are extremely fucking edgy. In fact, dullahan aren't even undead; they're unseeleie.

Dullahan do not cause death, they transport the dead. They're psychopomps, not killers. Oh sure, they look very spooky but they're not all that violent. Sure they have the whips, but that's not real human spine. If anything, human spines would make poor whips given the shape of the segments. They do know when a person is going to die soon near them and show up to guide their souls onwards. Dullahan simply cultivate their dangerous and violent images because it makes them feel good. In reality though they're massive fucking nerds. They act big and tough because they're easily bullied. Sure, they carry swords and such and aren't afraid to draw them, but anyone with the right attitude can bat them out of their hands with their bare hands and make the dullahan back up. They really care for their mounts and love to hug their horses when nobody's watching. Those with coaches do their best to make them look as pretty and spooky as possible, adding all sorts of creepy decorations to make them look intimidating. If anyone with a strong enough personality finds out their secret they tend to stick around that person to "protect them from the wrath of the shadows" or some mumbo jumbo like that, but it's all nonsense because they like that person.

Now, the most notable part of dullahan biology is of course the head that comes off. A dullahan holds onto their head by sheer willpower, and as such it's possible to make the head come off. Anything from humor, cringe, intimidation or embarrassment will make them drop their heads. Dullahan have quick reflexes and manage to catch their head most of the time. Most being key here. Removing a head against the dullahan's will is very difficult, and unless you're using a magic weapon is almost impossible to do in a fight. When handling their own head dullahan are immune to motion sickness, but someone else playing with it might cause them to get all dizzy. When the head is detached and the dullahan can see its own body it can control it as if they were still attached. Without the field of view they rely on memory and touch to get around. As such, a dullahan head that gets separated too far from its body will need help to get back together. Sleeping is one time the head will always come off: most dullahan will have special pillows and blankets to put over their heads when sleeping. Some hold their own heads, but most find this a bit pathetic. Exactly what is going on with the stump varies: some are meaty (but non-leaking) parts you'd see with a human while some have dark voids. Whatever the case, they certainly do not like to have the stumps touched. A little known fact is that the head can attach at any possible angle: a dullahan can attach its head the wrong way around and have it still be attached just fine.

Dullahan are interested in people with strong personalities. Some have a desire to be dominated, but most are just shy and introverted and want to be loved. If you were to shower a dullahan in enough love the head will fall off out of embarrassment. Another easy trick is to walk up to your dullahan, take their cheeks into your hands, start kissing them and before they hug you you walk off with the head in your hands. They'll get upset at you bullying them, but if you hug the head it'll all be good. Dullahan don't like taking showers with their beloved, mainly because if they get too touchy their heads will fall off and hit the hard floor. As such, baths are much preferred but they'll scold their lover if they drop their head into the bath

(the head itself doesn't need to breathe, but it's the thought that counts). Against popular perception the body does not have a personality of its own; it's merely the fun-loving and silly part of their personality that the more brooding head keeps in check. And they always, ALWAYS, enjoy headpats.

Sex makes a dullahan's head fall off. That's just fact. As such, there are a number of positions that are difficult with a dullahan. When they're on bottom they need to hold their head so that the thrusting body doesn't knock the head about. This is difficult though because their fey bodies are quite sensitive and receptive towards sex. Same (or even more) goes for doggy style: you wouldn't want to knock their heads about. Having them on top means you'll need to hold the head yourself because they bounce around. Hugging and kissing is liked a lot while the body goes to town on you, making dullahan sex very passionate. You could also prop the head up and make it watch while you rail their bodies, but most are way too embarrassed by the borderline exhibitionism and flooded by lust to really watch. Of course they can give head, but giving themselves head is seen as way too lewd. Giving you head while you give them head in a none-69 way however is okay, if still very lewd. Do not penetrate the stumps though: it feels somewhere in between choking and throwing up to the dullahan.

Dragonkin

Half-dragons are rare, but in a rare few cases they congregate in large numbers. This is often as a result of breeding programs, which are almost always mandated by Tiamat herself. The blood of dragons dilutes over the generations as a half-dragon procreates, but when mating with one another the blood stabilizes and can create an entirely new species of draconic creatures: the dragonkin of Tiamat. Their scales are a muddy brown with some tendencies towards red, blue or green, while others are lighter and darker colors. On top of this they have large wings and tails, and while they are not as intelligent as half-dragons they have keen predatory minds and are just as strong. They are a very martial species and are often bred for some great plan that Tiamat is hatching. They are the footsoldiers of her armies, supported by the auxiliaries, shock troops, specialists and monsters that make up the Spawn of Tiamat. Dragonkin of Tiamat are bullies and sadists and are rather crass and loud when not preparing for battle. They mate frequently and wantonly with one another, and often engage in rape to go along with the pillaging and plundering that they do. The dragonkin of Tiamat are less fertile when it comes to mating outside of the species as humans and dragons are, but they can reproduce with all but the most exotic species out there (but with a lower rate of success).

Then there are the "regular" dragonkin. Straddling the divide between dragons and drakes, the dragonkin are more intelligent than drakes and more even-tempered than dragons. While they have minor variants of the shortcomings of both kinds, they are able to function alongside humanoid society. In fact, the rare dragonkin have thrown in their lot with humans, elves and a number of other humanoid races. This is much to the chagrin of both dragons and drakes, who will try to slay the dragonkin (whom they see as race traitors) whenever they can get away with it. Dragonkin resemble dragons of about 18' long (and they don't keep growing), but those who know their dragons will see some differences. Their head crests resemble no other kind of known dragon, their scales are a matte yellow and their bodies and limbs are built in such a way it's easier for them to walk upright. They can breathe fire, but only at a limited range. They have forelimbs that are far more dexterous than those of dragons, allowing them to wield weapons and even write with utensils rather than their claws. Some of them can even wear armor, but most of them opt not to allow them to fly. But a dragonkin is most dangerous when it's with its rider.

The bond of dragonkin and humanoids can go very deep. The dragonkin can form spiritual and magical bonds with any one humanoid they wish, but it is not very easy to win one's trust. Once obtained though and the bond is formed the dragonkin and humanoid will stay together until death. A dragonkin is capable of carrying a rider into battle, and through the bond they can communicate telepathically and act as one. In exchange for its services the dragonkin expects to be cared and provided for; the relationship is a social one rather than one of servitude or employment. They enjoy comfort and luxury, but have no desire to hoard. A dragonkin who outlives its humanoid companion will often depart where it lived, never taking another

bondmate again. This bond has another side effect: rider and dragonkin can feel each other's emotions. This includes romantic attraction, arousal and sexual desire. While the dragonkin themselves don't have much of a sex drive humanoids still do. In case the pair has incompatible orientations the dragonkin will often push its bondmate to make their move, but this becomes difficult when they are compatible. Dragonkin can become rather jealous if they see their rider woo someone else, and while they won't turn violent they'll semi-consciously bombard their rider with feelings of disapproval. When there is compatibility in place however the bondmates will find themselves driven closer and closer until sex is all but inevitable.

Despite the dragonkin being at least three times the size of a humanoid it is possible for sex to ensue without injury. Despite being dragons (and therefore able to reproduce with most things), there are only three ways a dragonkin can reproduce. The first is when it is still unbonded. This is often at the beginning of its adult life where it has not picked a rider yet. In this case they are the same as normal dragons when it comes to rules for reproduction. The second is when it has a bondmate but there is no compatible biology. A male dragonkin and male rider for example cannot reproduce, but in such a bond the dragonkin cannot reproduce either. The only way for it to reproduce in such a way is when it and its rider have sex with a dragonkin and a rider of the opposite sex. If such unions occur at the same time both the female humanoid and dragonkin will become pregnant at the same time. This is the rarest kind of way for the dragonkin to reproduce, but the humanoid and dragonkin will be destined to become bondmates. And while they in practice often grow up together as near-siblings, romantic unions can result from this. This brings us to the third way: good ol' humanoid on dragonkin dickings. You know how this works. If the dragonkin is male and the humanoid female the child will be a half-dragon (and the mother will have some explaining to do), while a male humanoid and a female dragonkin will result in a dragonkin child. Unlike dragons and drakes dragonkin will only produce one egg/child for each pregnancy. Such unions are frowned upon however, given that the vast majority of dragonkin are bonded to the only people who can afford them, i.e. nobility. Fucking your own dragonkin is seen as scandalous, can create all sorts of issues regarding secession and is often viewed with some jealousy by the more adventurous kind of nobles.

Dragons

Dragons... Creatures that speak to the imagination of pretty much every culture out there, dragons are large, majestic creatures seen as the harbingers of life, change or destruction.

So of course people will try and fuck them.

Dragons exist in many types and kinds, each fitted perfectly to a particular kind of environment. Even with all their different features and abilities the "true" dragons all have similar characteristics. Dragons are inherently magical creatures, being able to both cast magic and defend against it as a property that's in the blood of all dragons (and which is why most sorcerers are of a draconic bloodline). Dragons hoard out of both a psychological need and a base instinct, keeping lists of all of their wealth in their heads and they'll quickly notice if something's missing. The wrath of a robbed dragon is terrible to behold. Dragons are very long lived and will keep gaining in power and size as they age. Dragons come in twelve different age categories that are determined by their size, power and age. Dragons can live for up to 1200 years, longer even by use of magic or if they're generally fit. This does not mean that the age categories come at one per century: a dragon is counted as an adult when it hits its first century, which is its sixth age category. While tiny and awkward, a freshly-hatched wyrmling can be quite the threat to small creatures and even animals twice its size. As the wyrmling grows and ages it can prove to be quite the burden on its environment to the point where it must seek out new lands to hunt. This is the fate of dragons whose eggs were laid somewhere and abandoned by its parent. A dragon that does take care of its children will care for and instruct its young for about the first half-century of their lives, after which the young adult makes its own way. Dragons are fertile for a fair part of their lives, with males being able to reproduce from roughly their 50th to 1000th years. After this a dragon can still expect to find mates amongst fellow dragons, and quite a number of younger female dragons will compete for the attention (and girth) of a wyrm daddy. Female dragons meanwhile reach the end of their reproductive years when they reach their 800th year, but they frequently take in the youngsters to educate them, sometimes mating with those who are enticed by an old wyrm like their mentor. When they reach their life's end a dragon will devour its whole hoard and leave for one of the mythical dragon graveyards where they lay down and will themselves to die. Such graveyards are vast repositories of treasure and alchemical ingredients. Such treasure hunters rarely return.

When it comes to mating dragons maintain a number of practices. Generally the older a dragon becomes the pickier it becomes with whom it mates with. Dragons respect strong partners, but the older ones prefer those of keen intellect. The youngest dragons will mate with just about anything. Once a dragon hits its young adulthood it becomes ready to mate, and they do so frequently and promiscuously. Young adulthood is similar to the time it is for humanoids: time to experiment, have fun and fuck as much as possible. Paired with their fertility this means that male dragons often cause pregnancies while female ones become pregnant themselves, with them either abandoning the eggs or leaving them with a foster family (depending on the kind of dragon). This is the only age category in which a humanoid is capable of mating with a dragon in its natural form, and even then it's a challenge. Young adult dragons are a good 30' long, with an average of 10' taking up the torso. For size comparison: a horse is about 8' long. This means that some particular endowment and skill is necessary to be able to have sex with a dragon. In such a case having sex with a female dragon can be done from a number of positions: mounting the dragon from behind, having her lay down and move in from the top (be wary of her talons though) or lay down and let her have her way. Careful though: a dragon in heat doesn't work gently. Wooing a young adult dragon isn't all that difficult: the best way to get inside her is through flattery or songs or poetry about a dragon's favorite subject: itself. Don't expect the dragon to stick around for too long after the deed's done though. Surprisingly enough, dragons don't do prostitution, finding the act of paying for sex strange at best. Some dragons prefer to take on a humanoid form to mate with humanoids, mainly because of logistical reasons and to not scare them off. Of course, a true dragonfucker will insist on them taking their true form, but it's difficult to please a woman with a vagina big enough for you to climb inside of. And as the dragonfuckers say: difficult, but not impossible.

Now, dragons come in a whole rainbow of colors, but there are ten colors most common. Five of these are good "metallic" dragons while the other five are evil "chromatic" dragons, named after the color of their scales. These are the good metallic dragons:

- Brass dragons are gregarious and love to talk. Or rather: they love to hear themselves talk. A brass dragon can talk for hours on end, leaving their conversation partners little room to say something back. If someone they're talking to leaves mid-conversation a brass dragon might just follow them and keep talking, or trap the poor sod in sand or just pin them down and keep talking. Brass dragons live in deserts, bathing in the sun when not talking to someone. Seducing one can be done via conversational skills, managing to tell an interesting story or just being a good listener. They like receiving oral sex (and brass dragons have some very long and thin tongues) and love dirty talk during the deed.

- Bronze dragons are tireless crusaders, fighting a never ending war against the evil creatures of the sea. Pirates get the full brunt of their attention as well, and a large percentage of a bronze dragon's treasure consists of plundered pirate booty. Sometimes a bronze dragon will pose as someone in need or in a position of weakness to test travelers: those who act in an upstanding way will find themselves rewarded in some way in the future. Bronze dragons mate for life, and will spend most of their young adult years searching for someone they want to spend the rest of their lives with. As such, they rarely bond with a short-lived humanoid because of their short life spans, and a bronze dragon that outlives its mate will rarely take a new one. Courtship amongst them is a courteous, slow and deliberate thing, and eggs are always tended to and wyrmlings are defended to the death.

- Copper dragons are tricksters, jokers and pranksters. They live up in the mountains or other rocky areas where they can fly both up and down as well as around. They have an inherent ability to shape earth to allow them to construct lairs of their own as well as use existing caves. Copper dragons are excellent climbers and jumpers, giving them wide shoulders and flanks as well as thick, powerful thighs. They build their lairs to allow them to easily climb around in while limiting the movement options of other dragons as well as treasure hunters. Copper dragons are social creatures, seeking out others to enjoy humor with. This makes them rather competitive with one another, with coppers avoiding one another when not looking to breed (but they'll stay together long enough if they do to raise the young). Of course, a copper dragon appreciates humor and those who can take a joke, with comedy being the way to a copper dragon's heart. Don't try to upstage them though: they hate that.

- Gold dragons are wise and just, promoting the fight against evil. A gold dragon out on the road will disguise itself to appear non-threatening to act as bait for those who would do them harm. Some younger dragons take on fixing the lesser evils of the world, while the older ones play the long game, using plotting, manipulation and scheming to help good get out on top. Gold dragons have no patience to debate morality or ethics with non-dragons, but with one another such debates can last for weeks or even longer. They uphold a worldwide hierarchy based on wisdom and one's skill at promoting good, with the single wisest or oldest being made the leader of their race. This is more of a position of chief adviser to the gold dragons, and all are allowed to come to their leader for wisdom. In rare cases this leader polices their kind, which is fortunately rarely necessary. Gold dragons are very deliberate and careful when it comes to courtship, seeking to gain the full measure of a potential mate before they agree to mate. As a formality they seek permission from their kind's leader, and as such this is rarely withheld. Gold dragons do not automatically mate for life however: some do so for a short time; some have multiple mates while others stick to a single mate for the rest of their lives. The children that they keep (a fair number are given to foster families) are well-educated and protected for as long as they need it.

- Silver dragons love the companionship of humanoids more than any other kind of dragon. They love flying and make their lairs high up in the mountains where they can fly for hours. Some of them instead dwell in cities amongst humanoids, where they wear guises that suit their environments. They prefer the company of humanoids over that of their own kind and can easily spend decades amongst their preferred kind of settlement. Silver dragons have refined tastes and prefer only the most exquisite of food to eat and treasure for their hoards. However, a dragon's sense of time makes it difficult for one to truly live amongst humanoids. Even elves or dwarves think in shorter time spans than dragons, and silver dragons frequently find it difficult to seize the moment when their peers have no trouble doing so. Silver dragons organize in clans of blood relatives. When mating with another silver dragon they always seek out one from another clan and ask permission to mate from the clan elders of both clans, and permission is only withheld if there

is a very good reason to do so. When it comes to mating with a humanoid a silver dragon will do so for life, mainly because the short life spans of humanoids allow for a short commitment. Once the mate dies a silver dragon will often disappear, only to return in a new guise to sort of pick up its old life or at least observe it. When mating with a humanoid a silver dragon will almost always do so in a humanoid form, with only the most trusting (and younger) dragons taking on their true forms to mate with a humanoid.

These are the evil chromatic dragons:

- Black dragons are the biggest assholes amongst dragons. They live in swamps where they hide their lairs at least partially underwater. They engage in petty cruelty for the fun of it, harassing and robbing passersby and travelers because they can. They like to rip boats and caravans apart, steal anything of worth that can survive being submerged (mainly coin) and kill and/or eat everyone else involved. Sometimes they leave the bodies in the swamp for a few days to properly "ripen" their food. While they can breathe underwater black dragons prefer to wade in the mud, which they can do at surprising speeds. Mating is done by finding a desirable mate and impressing them in some way, which often involves fighting another dragon. Eggs are laid near the lair of either parent and the young are tolerated and occasionally counseled for a few decades before being chased off to find territory of their own. Some black dragons set themselves up as dark gods in the eyes of primitive tribes of humanoids, who follow it out of either worship or fear. Lizardmen are especially common followers. Such black dragons will frequently move amongst their subjects, mating with the worthy to produce half-dragon offspring in service to their dark parent. It is possible to free such enslaved tribes, but those who have been under sway for a long time will find it difficult to adapt to a life of freedom.

- Blue dragons dwell in deserts. They are expert burrowers, capable of going underground way faster than anything their size should be capable of. This allows them to get inside of their lairs located at the bases of cliffs where great piles of sand have gathered. Unlike most other dragons who have a pair of horns growing out of their heads blue dragons have a singular stony horn growing forwards. When they lay in ambush the horn will look like a rocky outcrop and can only be identified as something else when it's too late. Despite their burrowing abilities blue dragons love to soar on the hot desert winds, which when combined with their coloring can make them nigh impossible to spot when looking up. While they'll eat just about any kind of meat, a blue dragon's favorite meal is almost always herd animals. This makes traveling through the desert by caravan even more dangerous for those carrying valuables. They frequently clash with brass dragons and sphinxes, who rightfully see the blue dragons as dangerous predators. Their favorite kind of treasure is sapphires, with anything valuable that's also blue being a close second. Blue dragons have a highly developed desire for order, organizing in a borderline feudal society. All lower ranking dragons pay homage to a regional overlord. Any blue dragon may challenge the overlord for the title, but they're also allowed to leave whenever they want if they so desire. One's rank in society affects whom a blue dragon may breed with. Loyalty to one's mate is paramount, and young blue dragons are almost always tended to by either parent, if not both. This formal take on sexuality makes half-dragons with a blue ancestor relatively rare.

- Green dragons live in jungles, forests and other great woods. They are the schemers, manipulators and politicians of dragonkind. They can manipulate and influence people as a second nature, making them go against their own natures or perform the dragon's bidding despite them not wanting to do this. They have a great lust of political power and will gladly plot for decades to advance themselves or to get revenge on a rival. When dealing with one another they can appear just civil enough, but they rightfully expect treachery at every corner. They are the most likely to work by unwitting proxy, using agents and forces that aren't aware of the dragon's existence to do their bidding. This is made a bit difficult given the green dragons' habitat, but they manage to make it work. Despite being big-ass dragons they can fly through a forest without leaving a trail, navigating themselves past trees and obstacles at speeds that would give even a genie pause. Green dragons have another weapon they love to use alongside their plotting: fear. When normal plotting doesn't work a green dragon will gladly employ fear tactics to get what they want. No method is shunned to reach a goal, up to and including rape as a weapon of terror (employed by both genders). Strangely enough when a pair of green dragons mate they work together to raise the nest of wyrmlings to the best of their abilities; this is to either use the children in their own plots or to defend them from being used against their parents. When they take off however the mated pair will split up and scheme

against one another as usual. Because of their habitat green dragons are one of the most powerful enemies of both elves and the fey, with both groups working against them (sometimes together) to handle the threat of a green dragon. The dragons meanwhile are a mix of amused and intrigued by this, already plotting to use their enemies in their favor. They do know better than to turn their acidic breath against the trees of dryads though, because many who have done so have been laid low by bands of furious satyrs.

- Red dragons are the closest dragonkind has to kings. Red dragons themselves claim that they already are the kings of dragonkind, nesting on mountainsides and in or near volcanoes. They are every bad thing about dragons enhanced: they are bigger, stronger, tougher, smarter, more powerful, better mages, have better memories and are closer to the stereotype of an evil dragon (or as the reds call it: the ideal of draconic nature) than any other kind of dragon. Red dragons have a very wide wingspan, with ancient red dragons spotting wingspans of 150' or greater. Their breath can melt anything from the stone and steel to the earth itself, which poses a problem when a red dragon is trying to collect treasure. Red dragons have immense memories when it comes to their treasure and can of every object recount when they got it, where they got it from, what it is, how much valuable metal is in there, what its value is, where it is located in its hoard and how valuable it is compared to the other things in the dragon's hoard. Red dragons easily take offense and their fury is terrible to behold, especially against thieves. They'll gladly burn down the villages a thief who stole a single coin has gone through, just to get back at them and reclaim their property. They have to do so, for if you cannot retain ownership of something you don't deserve it. Red dragons that are perceived to be weak by these standards are promptly destroyed by their kin. While ferocious a red dragon knows when it's best to bide its time, retreating in a way that saves face while plotting for a way to get even with the transgressor. Because of tempers breeding is difficult and dangerous to red dragons, seeing potential mates as potential rivals or enemies. When they do mate it's often a dragon of some esteem approaching another, more powerful dragon and try to work things out. The young are left in the care of the younger dragon. This means that for all their terribleness red dragons are fortunately rare. While they'll eat any kind of meat that they can they prefer humanoids. Human and elven maidens are a favorite, with some of them instead "playing" with their food if the dragon in question is not very powerful compared to other red dragons and getting rid of its frustration this way. Despite their power red dragons are a source of much of the lore and legends known to the common man regarding dragons, since they often allow one of two survivors live and tell the tale of their meeting.

- White dragons are the smallest and most animalistic of all dragons. They prefer cold climates to nest and hunt in: while most can be found in arctic regions some will make due with the highest mountains in the world. This sometimes puts them into territorial conflicts with red dragons, but as long as the inferior white dragon behaves the red dragon will leave the "animal" be. White dragons are hunters without peer, being able to track and chase prey that no other dragon could. They like their food frozen, often hitting it with their freezing breath before chowing down. Their favorite treasure is anything that's white(ish) and sparkly: brightly polished metals, crystals and diamonds are all favorites. While they mostly avoid the others of their kind, meeting one of the opposing gender will almost always result in sex. White dragons are one of the few kinds of dragons that have sex for the fun of it, with pregnancies being almost always unplanned. Eggs are hatched near the mother's lair and young are expected to take care of themselves, with the parent taking only a modicum of interest in the young and their education. Given their enjoyment of sex a white dragon that won't immediately kill their humanoid prey to eat it might attempt to mate with their victim. While not being very smart for a dragon (or even by humanoid standards) they can tell the difference between male and female humanoids and know how to engage in sex with them. Given the cold environments that they live in a successful mating between a female white dragon and a male humanoid are rare, much to the dismay of the males who are eaten if they disappoint.

The exact origins of the gem dragons (crystal dragons, psionic dragons) are a mystery. Some sources claim that they are infused with the elemental energies of the Plane of Earth, while others believe that they are the descendants of the ancient dragons who have transcended the need for bodies of flesh and blood and became crystals. There is even the theory that they aren't even dragons at all, but instead are psionic constructs that live in bodies made of psychoreactive crystal that allows them to move around in the physical world. In any case, they are seen as dragons in their own right and have formidable powers. Gem dragons possess innate psionic powers and can travel between the material plane and the elemental planes at will. They are mortal however, and live about as long as "true" dragons do. Their gem-like hides are

beautiful but fade quickly after the dragon's death, making harvesting it and making lots of cash not an option. Their scales darken as they age, with wyrmlings having bright and clear colors while wyrms have dark and faded hues. Despite their scales being made of gemstones it is possible to mate with them without cutting oneself on their scales: gem dragons possess fully functional reproductive organs. Still, with their size and mass it can be difficult to mate with one and make it out unharmed. As such, gem dragon half-dragons are rare, but as always nature will find a way.

- Amethyst dragons are the wisest of their gem-hided kin, often acting as mediators between draconic disputes and even dragons and humanoid civilizations. They are impartial judges who will consider the arguments of both sides before pronouncing a judgement, and can get quite violent if this is not acted upon. But because they are dragons it can take them decades, if not longer, to reach a conclusion regarding a case, so only dragons and other long-lived creatures can benefit from their wisdom. They have potent powers of telekinesis and can spit exploding crystals at their enemies. They rarely mate and only after great deliberation, making them a rare kind of dragons with only a handful of half-dragons that carry their legacy.
- Crystal dragons are introverted yet surprisingly friendly towards visitors. They don't get a lot of them, often nesting on high peaks with permanent snow covering them. This is a habitat shared with quite a few white dragons, and crystal dragons frequently end up stealing the eggs of those dragons to raise the children as their own. This makes them hated amongst white dragons, who like to collect bits of slain crystal dragons and add them to their hoards. The children that are raised properly will be much more pleasant than their "natural" kin, but they are especially rare. Crystal dragons possess notable mental powers with which they can dominate people who are not quite as friendly to them as the dragon would like. Of all kinds of gem dragons they are the most likely to mate with humanoids and create half-dragons this way.
- Emerald dragons are inquisitive but very paranoid, rarely sharing their vast knowledge with others. They often settle near (but not too close to) humanoid settlements in an attempt to gain their knowledge, but unlike silver dragons they will keep themselves well-hidden. Some of them engage in raiding or piracy to bolster their knowledge and hoards, which will put many of them in conflict with bronze dragons. They can manipulate sound with both great skill and power, allowing them to both create sounds that are not there or create blasts that can topple the walls of castles. They do take care of their own young, with the younger dragon of a couple raising the wyrmlings on its own.
- Sapphire dragons are the smallest of the gem dragons. Territorial, anti-social and fierce, they'd make for a grave threat were it not for their hatred of the evil races of the underground and will bring their full might to bear against them. Using their psionics powers they can navigate the tunnels and rocky paths found underground with frightening ease, allowing them to skate across rock regardless of its orientation like it was ice. They can also teleport and have an inbuilt sense for those who would teleport nearby them. This makes facing them underground a short encounter given the dragon's superior maneuverability for something as large as it is, and an adult sapphire dragon can squeeze itself through an opening the size of a human. Because of their anti-social natures they don't breed to often, which when paired with their attitude towards things like the Drow, Illithid and other such monsters makes them rare in number.
- Topaz dragons are the largest and most powerful of the gem dragons. They are driven by their desires and impulses, and will not take no for an answer when they want something. They are erratic and can frequently go on destructive rampages if it suits their need. Even when in a good mood interacting with one is a dangerous proposition since their attitudes can change at the drop of a hat. They spend more time on the elemental planes than any other kind of gem dragon, mostly coming to the material plane to relax and get things that they can't get at the elemental planes. They possess a great mastery over shapeshifting and changing of the weather and other elements, making them a force to be reckoned with. While they frequently mate outside of their own kind, such unions do not always bear fruit given that the partner in question might end up getting killed accidentally or intentionally by the dragon in question.

Dryads

Thing is, Dryads are born, not made. Why do you think they go after handsome human and elven men? Not just for the company because being stuck to the area around a big tree for centuries is boring as balls, but to reproduce as well.

When a Dryad's daughter (their offspring will always be female and Dryads) comes of age she is given part of her mother's tree and sets off. Some of them stay in the large forests they are in to find themselves a new home, but others travel longer distances. Almost all of them hate leaving forests, but sometimes they have to. At this point they tend to enlist covens of Druids, creating portals from one forest to another to allow them to travel between them in an instant. It is considered to be an honor and a vote for your Druish powers to be asked for such a ritual by the elders. Once she is in a fitting area a young Dryad will look for a fitting tree for her to bond with. Often this is the largest and oldest tree around, but trees with enough significance can also do for such a situation. Certain half-blooded Dryads might go for other trees: half-dragon Dryads look for trees with treasure in/around/buried beneath them, half-celestial Dryads might go for sites of religious significance, where an act of great good was performed, where someone reached enlightenment or was visited by an agent of the gods, while a half-fiend Dryad might go for trees used in dark rituals or executions. When a fitting tree is found a Dryad binds the part of her mother's tree with it, making it her tree forever. The properties of the tree she bonds with also affects what it can do. The fruit of a Dryad's trees will always be large and healthy, with some minor healing properties. These fruits can only be given willingly by a Dryad, and taking them by force will cause them to rot away immediately. Blossom-bearing trees can produce massive amounts of the stuff, and Dryads can use their blossom to communicate over long distances, even outside their forests. How this works is unknown, but renowned wizards suspect that they bank on Druish magic to whisper their messages into the blossoms and send them to deliver it.

A Dryad's power also depends on the age and size (measured in volume) of her tree. The older and bigger it is, the more powerful a Dryad becomes. It affects the radius of the area in which the Dryad can travel: the bigger the tree, the bigger the radius. The largest and oldest of trees allow for a several mile radius. They also affect the size of the Dryad herself: the larger the tree, the larger the Dryad. If the tree grows to be rather wide compared to its height the Dryad will become thicker: if the tree is much taller than it is wide she becomes tall and slender. The slender ones tend to be more protective of their woods and wary of visitors, while the thicker ones like company and visitors. Make no mistake though: piss them off and they'll ruin your shit no matter how big they are.

A rare subtype of Dryad lives almost exclusively in the far east, exclusively inhabiting bonsai trees. Seemingly except from the regular rules for Dryads they are drawn to the most beautiful, well-treated and impeccably cared for bonsai trees. Seemingly manifesting out of nowhere they are theorized to be a kind of Yokai extremely similar to Dryads, but of a completely different nature. They are very small, about 2/3rds of the size of their tree. Unlike regular Dryads they will always resemble young girls rather than the young women that other Dryads are. Their trees require constant care, for without it these little Dryads will wither alongside their tree. They can slip inside their tree to seemingly vanish and can, when separated from their tree, teleport to it from within quite the distance. If they get too far from it they will grow weak and eventually fade away. This seems to be based on distance rather than time they are separated, and while they can move away on their own accord they rarely opt to do so. What they lack in size they make up in temperament: bonsai Dryads are outspoken and quick to make their displeasure known. When they are mad the best course of action would be to leave them alone for a while. Despite what they might show they actually crave human attention and validation, and they get lonely quickly. They can observe everything around them with perfect clarity, even when obscured with magic. They can talk to animals, but they dislike animals that would touch their tree. Especially cats, who see the bonsai Dryad as something interesting to be played with. Moving their tree around with the Dryad near it does no harm, as long as the tree can grow in the area.

Dwarves

The basics of dwarves go without saying. Short, hairy, like booze, digging and precious stones and metals. Artisans without peer, dwarves will gladly take on grand projects that take a lifetime to complete. They prefer to make things in a style that can be described best as gothic cubism. They live much longer than humans; this helps them hone their arts to the extremes they take them. In war dwarves make for ideal defenders and terrifying when besieging a fortification, but they tend to be somewhat lacking in the charge on an open field. Sure, once the wave of beard and metal hits you you're gonna get trampled, but despite being relentless dwarven armies tend to be rather slow. Dwarves are distrustful to elves and outright hostile to orcs. They get along with humans just fine, even if they consider their impatience to be a hindrance. They consider halflings and gnomes to be annoyingly frivolous, but tend to respect the gnomes' knack for invention. Dwarves have a great respect for their elders and ancestors, with the worship of the dwarven gods and ancestors being pretty much the same thing in dwarven theology.

Dwarven men are hairy dudes, but dwarven women aren't exactly smooth either. All of them sport sizable sideburns that meet at the underside of the chin. Having this chinstrap grow up to the side of the mouth is considered to be a sign of beauty, and a few truly lucky ones have some soft hairs on their upper lip. Telling a dwarven woman that she's got hair on her lip means that you consider her to be very attractive, but if you do this to a dwarven lass with only a small amount of hair on her face this is an insult. This is a thin line that only dwarves can reliably tell. Dwarven society is incredibly egalitarian, with only birthing and breastfeeding being considered women's work. As such, the genders are spread evenly between the various parts of society. Job titles tend to be exclusively masculine (while the dwarven language has both masculine and feminine grammatical genders, the feminine ones only apply to things like motherhood, giving birth, nursing and so on), so a dwarven woman can be a master smith, a ferryman, a quartermaster, a king and so on. Homosexuality is basically unheard of, but in certain cases an unmarried mentor will form a bond with their pupil that is basically a relationship, regardless of their gender. Whether or not this involves sex is something you Do Not Talk About.

Marriage amongst dwarves tends to be political between clans. Smaller societies can have marriages be out of convenience instead, given the long lifespan and small populations. Like with all things dwarves are taught at a young age what sex is and how it works. Such lessons are, with all things, clinical and matter-of-factly. When a dwarf is engaged it will receive a gift in the shape of a book that will teach them all about the ideal positions and how to best conceive a child. These dwarven Kama Sutas, or "Cave Exploring Guides" (it's funnier in dwarvish, but not that much) sometimes run in the family for generations, and using a work that helped conceive your great-grandfather to conceive a son of your own is considered a great respect towards one's ancestors. This means that while dwarves know how to do it, their wedding nights tend to be rather awkward for both parties (only a very small minority of dwarves is not a virgin on their wedding night, and sex before marriage is considered to be something you Do Not Do). Most of the time it has both partners read their books while trying to figure out how sex works. While with other species this would kill the mood, the legendary endurance of dwarves will allow them to carry on despite this. While only very rarely couples are in love prior to their wedding dwarven couples grow attached to one another over the course of years. During this time they often start to figure out why the other species have so much sex: because it's fun and feels good. As the couples figure out each other's favorite things the sex becomes better and better, with a couple that's been together for a century being able of having some truly awesome sex. During this time they will loosen up quite a bit too: while the youth tends to be conservative and uptight when it comes to sex older dwarven men and women can have rather dirty minds and are the only dwarves to use sexual innuendo, but only with one another and the outside races.

Dwarven dicks are as you'd expect them to be: short, wide, hairy and will get the job done. Dwarves don't do manscaping, so giving head is a hairy experience. The same goes for dwarven women; long pubes will mean you'll be flossing during cunnilingus. Some older dwarven women will take to braiding their pubes if they want to look good for their husbands. The dwarvish inherent resistance to poison has the side effect of making it difficult for dwarven women to get pregnant. Outside of dwarven men only a few kinds of creatures can impregnate them: dragons, outsiders, certain fey and a few others can actually do so. Even the virile humans will find it impossible to impregnate a dwarf without the aid of magic. In return, the seed

of dwarven men is so potent it'll more or less "burn" through any egg they would normally fertilize. Again, there are only a few kinds of women that they are capable of impregnating. The proliferation of halfbreeds is lessened even more because sex with something that isn't a dwarf is considered to be something you Do Not Do.

Elves

Elves consider themselves to be the baseline from which all other humanoids sprung. Sadly they all got corrupted into lesser forms. Gnomes became short and impatient, orcs became brutish and warlike, dwarves became sullen and greedy, halflings became short and lazy, and humans became tall and boorish. They are prettier, smarter, more in tune with nature, longer-lived and better at everything than everyone else. This of course has caused the other races to see them as incredibly smug and in need of being taken down a notch or two. There are many flavors of elf, but most share the above traits. Some well-known variants are the "base" high elves, the sadistic matriarchal dark elves, the nimble sea elves, the tribal wild elves who can live pretty much anywhere and have their name changed according to the location (wood elves, tundra elves etc) and the gray elves, who are uptight, aloof and arrogant even for elves. Oh, and they're fascists who use mind-controlled slaves to do their menial work for them.

They live in peaceful forest cities away from other societies. Here they practice their great crafts, their magic and their martial skills. Famed for their skill with the bow, elves can perform borderline supernatural feats of accuracy to strike at impossible angles and nigh-unhittable targets. Elves tend to forego combat on the field of battle, instead using hit and run tactics to dwindle the enemy numbers greatly and pushing the enemy into a rout. They make great fencers, but are less suitable for prolonged combat on the field of battle. The study of magic is seen as an honorable pursuit, but their training consists more of learning how to cast a spell perfectly rather than learning a lot of them and use them the right way. Elves live very long lives, but exactly how long is based on how engaged they stay during said lives. Boredom is anathema to elves and they seek a constant challenge to keep them occupied. As such, elves tend to take on a variety of professions and roles during their lives to keep running into new challenges.

When an elf reaches the age of sexual maturity their hormones go into overdrive. Romances between young elves are common, with passions running deep and emotions running high. Sex is frequent with the young partner exploring new and interesting avenues of intercourse. This makes them rather skilled lovers at a later age, aided by the fact that their orifices are all but impossible to ruin through excess stretching. Even the largest insertions or giving birth will do nothing to this. While on the subject, the well-known low birth rates amongst elves has to do with the fact that parents require a degree of spiritual oneness before they can conceive. This means that barring excessively damaging events or the outright death of one of the parents an elf will grow up cared for by a happy family. In practice this means that A: elves don't become parents until at least a century or two-three into their lives, and B: you can't just rape an elf until she's pregnant. Such stuff requires either heavy-duty mind-control magic or extensive mind-breaking until the elf is utterly dependent on you. Elves are all bisexual to some degree and threesomes are common. There's no cuckoldry in such cases as both partners will compete for the attention from their guest. Elves of both genders are more than willing to give head or be fucked by either gender. Amongst their own kind being a centered and well-balanced individual is seen as attractive for older elves, but for younger ones it's the vibrant energy that comes with them having their long lives ahead of them and there being so much to experience. Amongst other races elves are mainly attracted to their ability to get shit done on a short notice, or them being bit and strong (elves tend to be shorter and smaller of frame than humans).

Aside from their eyelashes, eyebrows and the hair on their head elves don't have hair on their bodies. They are free of blemishes and all mundane scars heal very quickly. Curves are common, muscle tends to remain limited to being toned and being fat is all but impossible for an elf. Their capacity for sweating is less advanced than it is on humans, meaning that they are quicker to rely on panting when they have to cool their bodies down. Their ears are pointed and rather sensitive; while not outright erogenous zones rubbing them will put an elf in the mood very quickly. On top of being bisexual elves can easily pass as either gender

if they put some effort into it: elven men can appear feminine and vice versa with only minimal effort, most of it being attitude. Part of the process of romancing an elf is them bonding with you on a spiritual level. When such a bond has fully formed the elf is fully devoted to its partner, mind-control spells that force the elf to act directly against their partner fall short, they'll never even consider unfaithfulness and a new bond cannot be formed unless the old one is broken. This is only possible through heavy-duty neglect or abuse by the partner or the most potent of magic, so you cannot seduce an elf out of their bond.

Young adult elves tend to be eager and skilled in bed, knowing a variety of things to make sex good for them and their partner. If given the opportunity they can entice and seduce their partner so that both will have a great night, but they're fine with being seduced as well. A sufficiently dominant person can easily dominate an elf and have them love it; even if they display signs they're not impressed their hearts will be racing and their genitals will be willing. Forcefully holding them down and whispering sweet nothings into their ear while pounding their holes will reduce an elf to a babbling mess in no time. Ear play is always loved and many elves are up for things as bondage. For these things they'd rather be asked for forgiveness than permission, but even better would be just have their lover force them to service them as they see fit. Elves tend to be easily bullied, but again unless you go several steps too far they'll love it dearly. For example, they might berate their partner for telling them to walk around without underwear, but if the partner checks at a later time they'll find their elf not wearing underwear as instructed.

Now, some of you might be into the whole mind control slavery thing, but with them it's a Bad Idea. You see, gray elves don't give a shit about their slaves as long as they do their work. The lower class gray elves who supervise the slaves resent their charges and will sometimes submit these slaves to some extra mind-control fuckery. The big thing is that these slaves are fully aware of what they're doing and can't do anything about it. As such, they're fully aware of the cruelties they're subjected to and the cruel taskmasters will abuse them if said slave doesn't do its job correctly or if the master doesn't like their face. As such, gray elf slaves rarely live long. Slaves are sometimes made to breed, with the children being kept as pets and paraded around on leashes. Until they age to the point where they're no longer cute and are disposed of.

But that's not the worst thing that can happen to them. Gray elves have this thing they do that's part performance art, part puppet show and part minstrel show. They use intricate mind-controlling spells to force their puppets into a series of humiliating situations for the fun of the onlookers. While this kind of theatre is seen as something for the lower classes, the ruling elite does nothing against it. These shows are without dialogue but with musical cues so intricate and nuanced that they might as well be dialogue. Many of these include the "performers" being injured, maimed or even killed as part of the performance, which has the audience laugh at the stupidity of the situations. Popular ones include The Clumsy Gnome about a gnomish tinkerer who is building a clock in his workshop, only to lose most of his fingers, his right ear, a foot, a leg and eventually his head to a variety of slapstick workshop accidents; The Dwarf and the Troll, a fight between the two that has the dwarf be constantly slapped about and nearly killed, only to kill the troll and be crushed to death by its corpse; and "The Human That Loved Its Mule", which... well, I think you know where things are going with this. Given the lethality of these performances they are not performed very often. Certain gray elves sometimes go out on raiding parties to capture slaves for such performances.

Ettercap

Ettercaps are solitary creatures. They are human-sized (females tend to be taller than males), pudgy humanoids with a tough purple hide, claws for hands and feet and a head that might look human but the mandibles and several eyes make them resemble a spider more than anything. They are mostly naked aside from wearing underwear spun from their webbing. Ettercaps lair underground and in deep forests where they hunt for their prey, mainly large animals and the occasional humanoid. They tend to be agoraphobic in nature and will only go outside the forests or to the surface when it's night and they can't see how exposed they are. While lonely in nature ettercaps get along great with spiders of all kinds. From tiny regular spiders all the way up to the big riding ones that are kept as pets, guard dogs, lookouts and sometimes even riding animals. Spider-like humanoids like arachne and aranea feel an innate kinship with ettercaps, and even the otherwise monstrous driders are content with leaving them be in peace. Ettercaps can speak the common tongue, but they do so with some difficulty given their mandibles.

Given that they are spider creatures, ettercaps have the ability to spin webs. While their webbing might not be as good for making clothes as the webbing of an arachne, theirs is unmatched in sheer versatility. The web can be made into clothes (if rough looking stuff), it can be made into a shelter, a regular web and even a variety of traps from nooses and deadfalls all the way up to spike traps. The ettercap affinity for trap making comes second to only that of kobolds, and only because kobolds are more inventive when it comes to using different materials. If an ettercap faces a new problem it always considers how to use webbing to solve it first. If that doesn't work it will try to run away, luring any pursuers into a variety of traps. Despite their size and chubbiness ettercaps are frighteningly fast and can climb up trees and over ceilings as quickly as they can run. In a fight this speed is used just to get away from a threat after hitting it with a ball of web. Only when a humanoid is fully restrained an ettercap will even think about approaching it, and even then it's possible to chase them off when they're not hungry. If convinced of non-aggressive intentions they might be able to be bartered with, but given that an ettercap has little need for anything that's not food or made of webbing it can be rather difficult. Even if a trade is negotiated the ettercap will honor the deal but only partially free their business partner before darting away, leaving them potentially easy prey for a nearby predator of the regular or sexual kind.

With all this trouble it's very difficult to romance an ettercap. Even if you managed to get close to one you'll find that they tend to be easily flustered and prone to running away when embarrassed. If you find them spying on you as you're in the area however it means they like you, even if they have no idea on how to make this known. A single remark that's too lewd will have them fire a wad of webbing at you and run away, even if they like what they hear. The easiest way to seduce one is of course being a spider being yourself (around whom ettercaps feel more comfortable), but even then it's difficult. When you finally do have sex with one you'll notice that it'll try to cover its face in embarrassment. More often than not they'll end up restraining you with web before making a move on you, even if this makes them just as flustered. Ettercaps have an equal male to female ratio and their genitalia work about the same as a human's. Male ettercaps can only reproduce with other spider-kind, ettercaps and the more fertile races like celestials, dragons and certain fey, while the females can be impregnated by a humanoid. A female ettercap will lay one egg containing a single child. This egg is spun into a heavy cocoon to protect it until the egg hatches, at which point the child frees itself. Children are raised by the mother and are educated in the ways web making and trap making. When the child becomes an adult it leaves its mother and sets out to find its own place to nest and hunt.

Humanoids generally leave ettercaps be; they do not tax the woods too much with their hunting and don't trap main pathways. Elves sometimes harvest ettercap webbing for its various uses, but leave the creatures be. Goblins have a more complex relationship with them. Trained spiders make for excellent mounts, but they have to be traded away from the ettercaps with large amounts of food. The more adventurous goblins will try and mate with a male ettercap, ignoring the fact that ettercaps see goblins as a food source (if one with less priority). And no, they don't do the thing where they eat their mate after mating. They're already way too embarrassed they just had sex, they just want to get away.

Ghosts

Ghosts are the souls of the restless dead who either refused to move on to the afterlife or were kept on the mortal world through some means. The former have an Anchor, something anchoring them to the mortal world: an object binding them to the world, a person they care for, hatred for their murderer and so on. If the situation with this Anchor is resolved they can move on in peace. The latter case will want to move on, and destroying whatever keeps them on the mortal world (the ghost's Bind) will allow them to do so. Some of these ghosts will help those looking for said Bind, while others are either forced to attack those who would destroy their Bind or do so out of sheer malice and anger. Ghosts generally haunt a single area with clearly defined borders; while they can leave their haunt they rarely do so, preferring to go about their business looking for their Anchor.

Lacking physical bodies, ghosts are made of ectoplasm. If it moves through something solid the ghost can opt to leave this goop behind. Most of them don't do this all the time, but the more malevolent ones will do so more frequently and angry ghosts do this automatically. While ectoplasm has some uses in magic and alchemy it is mostly a foul-smelling and tasting stuff that few living creatures can stand. Certain other undead however, both corporeal and incorporeal like its taste and will actively seek it out to harvest, if not devour the ghost itself. While most ghost will never meet a geist-eater, if they manage to devour a ghost like this its soul is destroyed and will never move on to the afterlife, adding to the power of the geist-eater. On the living the touch of a ghost is an uncomfortably cold sensation, sending a shiver through the bones of even those who are immune to cold. This is because their touch is one of the grave, something that only a rare few can truly escape. This means that ghosts lose this advantage against Outsiders, who can avoid or even cheat death in a variety of ways.

On top of the cold touch ghosts possess telekinesis to allow them to move objects around in spooky ways. They can also produce a variety of unsettling sounds and can make just about anything creak ominously. But the most famous power ghosts have is that of possession. A ghost can possess people, some animals and just about anything that holds a great deal of significance to someone involved with their Anchor or Bind. When possessing an object they can move around and can feel things touching them, but do little more. The effects become far more pronounced when possessing a person. This puts the ghost in direct control of the body and they become able to sense things in the same way the victim can. Many ghosts envy the living for being able to feel such sensations and will frequently possess someone to sense things. This can result in the victim overeating, going on great walks through nature to see and smell the sights, drink themselves into a stupor, attending musical performances or just enjoy life. The most exquisite of such sensations is physically touching another person, with sexual intercourse being a crowning achievement. It is not unheard of for a ghost to possess a woman and force herself onto her husband, or possess a goblin "prisoner" and fucking as many of the little green cockgobblers as possible. When possessed the victim becomes a lot stronger and tougher than it is normally, but the ghost will have to pretend that they're the person they possessed. A ghost has access to the memories of their victim during the possession, but they are not their own and frequently can't think of such things on the fly. When figured out and forced by an angry mob the ghost will leave its host and with good reason: if a possessed body dies the ghost "dies" with it, with the person who was possessed becoming a ghost instead. Dying a second time fills ghosts with even more fear than normal death does to mortals.

Some ghosts take to molesting the living as a cruelty, to satiate their curiosity about the living or because it reminds them of their own lives. While they cannot touch the living as normal they can get a mortal off through physical contact by stimulating the genitalia. Getting a ghostjob like this feels really awkward and cold, with survivors describing the whole process as "sex in reverse", with an orgasm that feels like being sucked inwards rather than a release. Ghosts do not derive sexual pleasure from such actions, since to them having a penis go through their vagina feels the same as said penis going through their hand: it registers, but that's it. Any pleasure they get comes from their sadism, curiosity or mischievousness. Of course, there's magic to allow ghosts to have corporeal body for a short amount of time, but you'll have enough for what you want to do. Being dead means that ghosts cannot reproduce sexually, even with each other. It is possible, but difficult, to create half-ghosts. To do so a ghost has to possess a human woman for

the whole nine months, from conception to birth. Getting a ghost to go along with this is very difficult: rarely does a ghost want to stay in a single body for a prolonged amount of time, and the ghost will eventually get sick of the discomforts of pregnancy. Plus, you'll need a host. A host that will have her mind stripped away for several months, during which she'll give birth to a child. Though to be fair, if you're specifically breeding for a ghost baby this is likely not something that'll bother you. Creating an artificial body for your ghost baby mama is an option, but that's even more difficult.

If all goes well and the ghost mom gives birth you'll have a Geistkind (plural: Geistkinder), a child that looks like a perfectly normal baby at first. Then you'll realize that the child is awkward, introverted, morbid and quiet. Geistkinder have pale skin and pale hair in the blonde-red range, which will rapidly pale until the point it's pure white somewhere in their 20s. Then the powers will start to appear: telekinesis, talking to the dead, walking through walls, being able to go for days without eating or drinking, a taste for ectoplasm, cold to the touch, seeing dead people and so on. The Geistkind will not become a full-on ghost themselves, but they definitely won't be normal. They frequently have a knack for magic, and "ghost" is an uncommon but documented bloodline for sorcerers. Geistkinder are sensitive to the haunting of ghosts, with the ghost opinion on Geistkinder being a split between seeing them as equals and seeing them as abhorrent. Because of their knack for the dead Geistkinder often seek out ghosts, helping them with their Anchors and Binds. More malicious Geistkinder will seek to create ghosts and enslave them with Binds, with even fewer becoming full-on geist-eaters. Contrary to what you'd think of their heritage Geistkinder can never become ghosts themselves. Geistkinder are capable of reproducing, but they rarely do so. Forming relationships with the living is difficult for them, and even when in one they are awkward and distant. They rarely communicate their emotions, preferring to just lean against their lover and have them try and figure out what to do next. They enjoy physical contact though, with hugging, holding hands and getting their heads patted being greatly appreciated gestures (even if they don't communicate it).

Giants

Giants are hard to quantify into a single entry. You see, they are even more diverse and adaptable than humans are. In some cases this even changes the color and texture of their skin: hill giants look like big humanoids, stone giants have stone skin, ocean giants have scales and a large number of giants has a variety of skin colors including blue, green, grey and pink. They might be larger and less numerous than humans, but in a sense they are much alike: on top of the afore-mentioned adaptability they too can breed with a staggering amount of creatures out there. There are some theories that giants are the precursors from which humans came, but a variety of theologies (including the giants' own) contradict this.

That's not to say giants don't have things in common with one another. They are taller than most humanoids, ranging from 9' to 24' in length depending on the kind of giant. Giants within a single kind tend to all be roughly a similar height, but in some cases giants can grow to be around 1.66 times their regular height, allowing them to grow to the 15' to 40' range, again depending on the kind. Such giants tend to be old, have access to powerful magic, or both. Taller, more powerful giants (high giants) tend to be more aloof and distant while the shorter ones (low giants) are more gregarious and willing to mingle with humanoids, for better or worse. Much like halflings, giants are great shots with throwing rocks. But while a halfling can kill a rabbit with a well-placed throw or knock a humanoid out, when a large giant throws a rock it's a very large one, capable of causing significant injury even to another giant. Some giants simply pick up and throw a rock if they want to, but others craft them in advance to make them more aerodynamic or decorate them with runes. Finally, all giants have a love for music. A good song can calm down an irate giant or make them friendly towards the performer. However, giants tend to be critical about the music they hear so make sure you bring your A-game. High giants live in castles (name of the dwelling, regardless of whether it's a castle or not) in fantastic locations such as the clouds, underwater, on a mountainside or built into a volcano. Low giants tend to live in tent camps, boats, caves, tunnels or simple houses.

Giants are long-lived, but only have a few children during their lifetimes. While some mate for life others only stay together to raise the children and split up when they have matured; in either case they often do so later in their lives than most humanoids. This means that a large percentage of human society is not in a relationship. Living mostly solitary lives giants don't seek out others for the sole reason of sex, but if they meet someone attractive or desirable they'll try their best to bed them. As such, nymphs are a common target of giant affection, but the occasional humanoid is victim of these advances as well. A giant will often try to capture their object of desire and keep them as a pet, making them dance, sing or play an instrument.

Having sex with a giant is risky because of their size and the fact that they tend to be rough. Even the smallest of giants tower over a human and can seriously injure them through the power of *snu-snu*. Overstretching and crushed pelvises are serious dangers when sexing a giant, and giants are aware of this. Sizingifting is out of the question: enlarging their captured prisoner might let them escape and shrinking the giant down is obscene in their culture. As such, they tend to bully their captives by rubbing them with their hands or feet, licking them or giving a full-body titfuck. It is possible for a giant to receive pleasure this way: their nipples and genitalia are very sensitive and with enough stimulation even a regular humanoid can bring them to orgasm. Through the use of magic it is possible to have sex with one without dying, but it's a risky endeavor.

Hill giants tend to be boorish, dumb, pudgy and plain-featured, living in temperate areas with lots of hills. They tend to be raiders and bullies, but they're willing to take a path of least resistance to get what they want. As such, if you can convince them to do something that profits them more than such attacks they can be made to work for their keep. As long as it keeps paying off they'll do what you say, but if profits start to run dry a hill giant will feel swindled and retaliate violently. Actually courting one is not very difficult: hill giants are susceptible to flattery from attractive humanoids, especially when paired with a romantic song. Be warned: they are rather possessive and once they develop a crush they don't want to let their suitor leave. Also they can get rather intense when they desire sex, meaning a mate will always have to be prepared for having 10' feet of thick giant try to take their clothes off. Hill giants tend to be rather rough as well, so supernatural aid to avoid getting flattened is strongly advised. Another risk is that if your hill giant

lover turns out to have a hill giant crush of their own, said crush will not take kindly to a humanoid trying to steal their girl away from them and they'll try to crush you.

River giants are green-skinned with dark (often black) hair and lean bodies that max out around the 10' length range. They are a carefree, go-with-the-flow kind of people making their homes in warm areas with lots of inland rivers. They move around on large rafts that sometimes have the giant's house on them, but most live in houses located over or near they spend most of their time on. They cannot breathe water, but they are excellent swimmers, tall enough to have their head above the water in most shallow rivers and can hold their breath for long amounts of time. River giants live in their own territories, sharing borders with those of family members. Families meet up once in a while to exchange stories, catch up and introduce new members of the family. They are accepted by the non-evil humanoids that live in the area and are frequently employed to help in ferrying or fishery. River giants are mostly jovial, but they can have fierce tempers. To woo one you'll need a good sense of humor. Make sure to not piss them off while courting them, for if you do they'll not think twice about picking you up and throwing you off their boat and into the river. Unless you made them really angry they'll try to not throw you at dangerous animals, but it can be a bit difficult to tell if they're there. If you do manage to seduce one you can look forward to a long and happy relationship.

Cloud giants are called this because they live in high up places, near the clouds. Their skin color ranges from milky white all the way to soft blue. All of them have the innate ability to fly under their own power. Some live in rather fancy houses built on mountainsides, while others live in finely-decorated cave systems. A small third group exists that live in castles built in the clouds, floating around the world. These cloud giants are the oldest and most powerful of their kind; great philosophers and thinkers that rarely mix with their kind and humanoids. The others actually frequently walk amongst the short folk. They serve as protectors of the peoples in their territories, receiving goods and valuables for their service. Even with the more benevolent cloud giants this can look like a protection racket, for if they don't receive enough or they are cheated out of their payment they'll gladly pack up and leave, putting the people at the mercy of whatever lurks in the area. Cloud giants keep their territories safe to make sure plenty of trade comes through. They make sure roads can be navigated and are free of bandits and monsters, keep bridges maintained and so on. Towards the short folk they are mostly benevolent, seeming them as people to protect from outside evil. The people meanwhile see the giants as somewhat demanding protectors. While cloud giants do not rule the people they protect they do use them in order to compare themselves to nearby cloud giants living in the area. Keeping up appearances is critical amongst them: the state of your lands, combined with fine clothes and jewelry is oh so important to them. The same goes for one's choice in partner. Being seen with the right sort of person is very important, and as such cloud giants are very picky in their choice of partner. Even if you are an exceptional humanoid, there will still be gossip. Another reason cloud giants rarely pick humanoid partners is because of their size. Cloud giants are a good 18' tall, more than three times the length of a fair deal of humanoids out there. This makes sexual intercourse quite the challenge. Cloud giants love music more than any other kind of giant, with the harp being an all-time favorite. Because of this a cloud giant will often be a patron of the musical arts, and sometimes they will take a promising humanoid under their wing to teach them all about music. Any private "performances" that come from this happen behind closed doors, which keeps gossip at bay if the cloud giant is discrete enough.

Aside from these three there are a few other kinds of giant that might take a humanoid lover, but they're more dangerous or reclusive than the above three:

Wood giants are patient, peaceful and friendly, if reserved and distant. They take care of large swathes of the world's largest forests; clearing dead brush, planting new trees and hunting monsters that threaten the balance of nature. Unlike other giants they look more like elves than humans: they are slender, have pointed ears and have similar eyes, noses and brows as elves. They rarely build houses and instead use their magical mastery over nature to temporarily construct a shelter out of the nature around them to stay dry for the night. At winter they prefer to huddle up against either their fellow wood giants or their humanoid lover: the fact that they are a good 15' tall does little to warm them on their lover, who often ends up wedged partially between a female wood giant's breasts. But such relationships are rare, given the

reserved nature of wood giants and the fact that they are slow to take lovers, with courting being able to easily take decades.

Desert giants are very similar to wood giants, but with a different habitat. They rove the deserts alone and protect it from those who would despoil it or the oases that dot the area. They always walk barefoot, but they are not disturbed by the hot sand. In fact, they can walk without leaving a trail to hide that they passed through. Desert giants are incredibly graceful despite their 15' stature and like to dance to good music, which frequently has them pull off stunts of incredible grace. While they like their freedom a few desert giants like taking someone along on their journey, especially if said person is a good musician. Because these giants are so much faster than most humanoids they tend to carry them around as they travel, wrapping them up and carrying them around their chest like they'd carry a baby.

Jungle giants are the amazons of giant kind. Their skin is a brown-greenish bark-like material, and they can grow to be a good 18', with the men being slightly shorter. They have a matriarchic society and live in tribes; women are the warriors and the protectors of the jungle they inhabit while the men defend the village, tend the livestock, gather food and raise children. Jungle giants are wary of outsiders and have no hesitation killing them if the giants believe them to be a threat to the jungle. The women of the tribe may take any man they wish as their husband, and they can take several of them if they want to (but few take more than three). If a warrior dies her mother, grandmother, sister, niece, aunt or cousin may, in that order, claim one or more of her husbands. If none claim them said husbands are released from the bond of marriage. Male jungle giants may then be taken as a husband by another of the tribe's women. If a non-human husband loses his wife this way and he is not immediately claimed he is made to leave the tribe. Women tend to be rather picky about their husbands and a man needs to be clever, caring and attractive if he wants to be able to attract a wife. Pre-marital sex is allowed, mainly to allow a warrior to "sample the goods" before marrying. There is no stigma regarding marrying a non-jungle giant husband, since all children from such a union will be jungle giants themselves, whose lineage comes from the mother.

Sun Giants are amongst the largest and most powerful kinds of giant, barring the dreaded rune giants. Standing over 24' tall with powerful, broadly built bodies and generous curves paired with imposing manes of blonde or red hair, they are the closest giants can get short of being one of the great titans of old. They are, in a sense, the champions of the world who protect it from the forces of darkness. Their weapons strike with the fury of the sun and they can conjure javelins of fire to throw at their enemies with great accuracy. They can imbue the rocks they throw with fire, causing them to explode on impact. They are stronger, faster more attractive and longer-lived than any other kind of giant out there. Yet these creatures of incredible power are low in number with only a few of them still existing, and with their kind of life their numbers are slowly dwindling. Despite doing good they are haughty and self-centered, demanding worship and sacrifice of those around them. The less civilized sapient species out there are willing to worship one of these demigods as a champion of the sun. Many of them have taken to laziness, being content with letting themselves be worshipped by their subjects than finish the fight they once started. Sun giants are just as fertile as other giants are, and they could still breed a sizable number of their kind into existence (inbreeding is not an issue for them). The main reason they haven't done so yet is because they are too lazy to get off their asses and get it on with one another. When breeding with one another sun giants will always produce sun giant children. Breeding with any other kind of giant will produce a sun giant 50% of the time; something that increases if the other giant has a sun giant ancestor. Breeding with any other kind of creature will produce one of its kind. But when a sun giant tries to mate with a human you'll get something special. A male sun giant with a female human will produce a Sunborn, a human with many of the powers of a sun giant, albeit scaled down. Meanwhile, a male human mating with a female sun giant will always produce a sun giant of a greater degree of power than either of its parents. Despite being able to interbreed, the actual interbreeding part is risky. The dick of a male sun giant is about half the size of a female human and about as wide too. The vaginas of female sun giants are designed to take these dicks, so even the prodigal length of a human dick will fall short. Then there's the risk of being crushed by her thighs, which are a good 3' thick and immensely powerful. If the human survives the impregnation attempt they can look forward to a life of comfort alongside their powerful spouse; while sun giants only consider great heroes worthy of their affection they are very protective of their partners once they have chosen.

Goblins

Goblins are an all-female species that can breed with pretty much anything: humanoids, monsters, animals: you name it. Goblin wolf riders ride their wolves as much as their wolves ride them. They are incredibly stretchy and can take dicks that would normally injure a woman of their size. The nests that come from these unions will always be two to six daughters, more if the father was particularly virile. They are short but absolutely stacked: large breasts capable of feeding even the largest of nests (goblins are always capable of wet nursing each other's children as well) and round, soft asses to cushion the blows of someone pounding them from behind. Goblin tribes are ruled by the broodmothers: the oldest, thickest and most virile of the goblins. Goblins have an innate knack for genealogy and know the lineage of everyone in their tribe and how they relate to one another. Despite that goblins have no problems with nudity or sex it is considered polite to actually have sex in the privacy of your own home. And while goblins have no concept of incest and sisters sometimes sharing a man, lesbianism where the woman does not have a dick is non-existent

Sexual slavery is common amongst the tribes, with all of them owning herds for communal breeding. The poorer ones have only animals like wolves and bears, larger and richer ones have humanoids, monsters and even magical beasts. Fey creatures are especially prized. Prisoners are not treated very well: they are kept in just the right shape to have sex and nothing else. As such, attrition tends to be high and those who can no longer perform are killed and eaten. Anyone in the tribe can have sex with one of these slaves, but a broodmother can designate any of these slaves for their personal use. In practice they rarely have more than one at a time, with two happening for short periods of time.

Because of this goblins are a common target of purges and holy wars by the humanoid communities that live nearby. Goblins frequently capture men of these groups for slavery, which is often met with violence. Goblins prefer asymmetrical warfare, harrying their enemies before disappearing into the woods. This makes them difficult opponents to destroy, especially given that goblins can rapidly break up their camps and move on if they're at risk of being found. In a straight up fight however a goblin can be fierce but is not very powerful, and a sufficiently large armed force that runs into a goblin camp can destroy it rather quickly. In those cases the older goblins fight to cover the retreat of the others into the woods, making sure that their race continues to exist.

When breeding with a humanoid goblins mostly have the regular nests with normal ease (as in: quite easy), but sometimes something different happens. Maybe once in a generation (though for goblins that's a rough five years) they have a different child. Instead of the normal nest a goblin mother will have a single child, larger in size than normal. It's a difficult birth, but goblins are tough and stretchy. Instead of being female these children are always male and look like their father with hints of goblin in them. These are the Princes: the only male goblins. They tend to be more intelligent and inventive than their female kin and are seen as fiercely attractive by all female goblins. This means that a Prince can expect lots of attention and sex from the goblin ladies, but due to some quirk in their biology they breed differently. First, a goblin woman can get pregnant only once from a Prince's seed. Nests that result from this tend to be smaller (around two to six children) and the children are perfectly normal goblins. In the entire history of the race no Prince had a Prince as his father. However, since goblins tend to quickly lose interest in men who can't knock them up Princes will almost always find themselves ignored after a while. For them this is their cue to pick up their stuff and travel to another tribe where this process repeats itself. Another quirk is that a Prince knocking up a non-goblin woman will have the child be a mix of its mother and paternal grandfather. So if a Prince with a human father knocks up an elven woman the child will be half elf, half human. Because they are constantly on the road Princes tend to be well-versed in the way of the wild as well as that of song, with many Princes becoming Rangers and Bards. A Goblin Prince who breeds with a non-goblin woman will have the child be like the Prince's father and the human mother. No goblin traits, except a slightly higher-than-average sex drive.

Now, all this breeding serves another purpose. While goblins on a whole are not very religious they do respect the stories of their ancestors and those who hold their wisdom. These are the Virgin Mothers, a

group of goblin women existing outside of the regular tribal structure. They are seers, leading and protecting their people from the shadows. They gain their name from the fact that Virgin Mothers are recruited from the tribes prior to them becoming of a sexual age and that they do not pursue sex like the others do, two things that make them feared and mistrusted by goblin society as a whole. This, and the fact that Virgin Mothers live a lot longer than normal goblins. If a Virgin Mother does get pregnant she will always have one daughter. After the basics of the child's education the Virgin Mother starts to rapidly age and die on the child's fifth birthday. During a ritual that takes place on this day the new adult gains the knowledge of her mother and all her ancestors, making them extremely knowledgeable. Virgin Mothers know that this will happen once they get pregnant and they're at peace with it. Why?

Because they are looking for the Goblin King.

The Goblin King is a figure of legend and myth, the foretold savior of goblinkind. He will guide his people to safety and prosperity, safe from the machinations of the other races. They say that he can enter a forest at sunrise and walk out of a forest on the other side of the continent at sunset. They say he can have sex with and impregnate an entire tribe of goblins at once. They say that he can give a group of goblin women a child each, but that the children are sisters as if they came from the same mother. They say his dick is unmatched in length and girth, being able to put a woman in a state of constant orgasm that lasts for many hours. They say that he can see all that could be and pick the right future from there to protect his people. Normal goblins see him as a fairy tale, but the Virgin Mothers know that he exists. Or rather, that he is going to. Sometimes they use their powers to see the future to guide goblins onto the path of certain humanoid men or vice versa, knowing that she'll get impregnated. The children from such an union are then monitored; some are guided like their parents were, some are not. Rumor has it that the Princes act as the agents of the Virgin Mothers in such manners, being their eyes and ears in the field and sometimes breeding partners on their own.

Rumor has it that the Virgin Mothers are getting close to finding the Goblin King and bring salvation to their people. But again, many goblins don't believe this and go about with their meaningless sex and breeding, blind to what they could achieve if they put their minds to it.

The average life span of a goblin is around forty years. Goblins are physically and sexually mature at age five, and are able to breed until age 35 or so. After that their sex drive decreases and they start to visibly age more. Princes live twice as long, sometimes reaching a century, while remaining virile and sexually active until right before the end. In theory a goblin could have three nests per two years, but in practice it's about one a year to care for the young. With each pregnancy a goblin's breasts, hips, asses and thighs expand only to deflate a bit after giving birth, but they remain just a bit bigger every time. Milk production goes up with every birth as well, with all sexually mature goblin women being able to lactate. Therefore, thicker goblins have had more nests than thinner ones, and while it can be something of a degree to measure their age it's not absolute.

Some races that take slaves have figured out to keep the goblin slaves apart from the other male prisoners, lest they accidentally end up breeding an army. However, a goblin that is deprived of sex for too long will start to fall ill and waste away, making them high-keep slaves. Any significant number of goblin sex slaves kept in one place will eventually draw the attention of the Virgin Mothers, who will send a number of Princes to free them. Goblins don't do well in harems given their nature to compete for the best dicks, with violence breaking out being more of a question of when rather than if. Goblins are difficult to keep as wives as well, given their desire to breed. This means that very quickly you'll have a LOT of children running around that are difficult to all keep fed without them roving through the city/village looking for food and fun. Generally goblins view lesbian sex as a waste of time, and homosexual sex as a waste of perfectly good dick. Women with dicks however are treated as no different than men. In fact, there is a small group of the Virgin Mothers who believe that the Goblin King is actually a goblin woman with a dick.

In the wild goblins have quite a few predators: any species that would hunt game would go after goblins as well. Even very large birds of prey occasionally snag a goblin or two. Goblins generally are rather blasé

about their kin being eaten like this, even if they try their best to keep themselves safe. But don't hurt the children though: they'll stab you in the dick if you tried. The orc races don't like them either, with meeting between groups from both sides frequently ending in fight. Given the penchant for orcs to rape those they defeat there's always a few bold and foolish goblins who specifically volunteer to patrol in areas known for having orcs. Most of the hunting/scouting parties carry special potions designed to make a man of any species have a long-lasting erection, allowing the goblins to have their way with any potential captives they might get their hands on.

Golems

Golems come in two flavors, "solid" and "fluid". Solid golems are mechanical constructions whose movements are limited by how it is constructed. The movements are limited either by what humans can do (to make them more lifelike) or a bit more or less. Some of them have plating over a "core" to allow for movement while others are more clockwork of nature. Flesh golems count as solid golems because of the limits of their limbs.

Fluid golems on the other hand are essentially a blob of material that can take any shape it wants. It's like the T1000, except she's your waifu. Most of them are limited to a few particular shapes, with the option for some minor shapeshifting. The upside to fluid golems is that you only need a single hunk of material to work with and there's no need to make thousands of little parts to make it work, but on the downside you will need difficult and powerful magic to make it work.

Then of course you'll need to make it so you can fuck her. The primary problem is that metals tend to be cold and hard, making them unfit for fucking. So you either have to insert an artificial pussy and link it to the golem, or make one out of the material you're working with and make it as soft as the real deal (note: unless they are made of a material that's moist to begin with you'll need to use lube when fucking your golem). For ways on how to do this, see the above. You also need to work on the temperature thing because metal is cold.

But there's another practical problem when it comes to making your waifu out of gold: weight. Gold has a volume of 0,0518 milliliters. An average woman has a volume of 59,42 liters. This means that a golem waifu made of gold with an average volume with weigh in at exactly 1147 kilograms. That's roughly 13 average American dudes. This means that your waifu is incredibly heavy despite being not all that big. This is very impractical in real life: you'll need a very heavy duty bed, she can't use most elevators and escalators, stairs will get fucked up and she can't swim. If she climbs on top of you to ride your dick she'll crush you, and not in the sexy way. Plus, given that your girl is worth something in the ballpark of 42,2 MILLION USD you're at constant risk of being robbed. But criminals would need to be prepared to steal your heavy waifu, plus the fact that she likely would not be on board with that.

Griffons

Griffons (alternate spellings: griffins, gryphins, gryphons) are intelligent creatures who have the front body of an eagle with the rear body of a lion. They have a shoulder height similar to that of a horse, but they tend to be rather powerfully built. With their massive wingspans they are capable of taking flight, moving with surprising speed and agility. Hunting is often done from a rather low height. With their incredible eyesight a griffon can spot prey from quite a distance away and move in undetected before striking from above. When striking they force the prey to the ground to allow them to go for the throat with their sharp beaks or front claws. The rear leonine claws are quite dangerous in their own right, but because of their unusual location on the body griffons rarely use them in combat. Their preferred prey includes ungulates of all sizes. Cattle is sometimes hunted; while it makes for an easy prey a griffon cannot fly when carrying a horse or similarly-sized animal and griffons have learned that if they try to eat cattle on the ground

humanoids will try and attack it. When under attack a griffon will frequently fly away, but when it feels cornered it can attack viciously, killing a human in mere seconds. Uncommon types of prey include the largest of ungulates including hippopotami, giraffes and rhinoceroses. In rare cases a desperate griffon will attack an elephant, but because of the prey's huge size the griffon is at severe risk of being crushed.

While seen as noble and goodly creatures, griffons aren't. Just like how a lion is a symbol of nobility, it will still attack you without making a moral judgment. If they're hungry enough they'll even attack a humanoid for food, no matter how good this person is. Because of their size and strength griffons are desired as mounts by all sorts of humanoids. Wild griffons are nigh impossible to train, and a single mistake while trying to do this will result in death. As such they have to be trained from a very young age. Griffons lay eggs, with one to four eggs per nest. Such eggs are very highly prized, but in some regions raiding the nests for eggs is seen as unwholesome. Even if it's not, doing this is extremely dangerous as griffons will go to great lengths to retrieve their stolen eggs and punish those who stole them. Griffons are very intelligent animals and can be trained to perform actions that would be impossible for a dog. They can discern colors and patterns and can be made to retrieve items. Some can even be trained to land, gently let their rider off of their saddle, open (extra-sturdy) bottles and feed the content to their rider in case they become injured during battle. In combat a properly trained griffon will carry their rider with great speed, allowing them to strike fast and hard with polearms while griffons tear into the unprotected and unsuspecting sides of the enemy.

A potential rider will have to take an active part in the rearing of their griffon. For some reason griffons will only bond with humanoids of the opposing gender: a female griffon will only bond with a male humanoid and vice versa. Shortly after hatching a griffon can imprint on a single humanoid, with after a short time they only accept them as their rider. Towards other humanoids they'll be moody at best and dangerous at worst. When they have matured and be made fit for riding a griffon is a companion more loyal than even a dog. This bond of affection runs very deep and they can be rather jealous. A griffon who has bonded this way can react moody and even violently towards people who show affection towards their rider. They won't accept affection towards them from others either and griffons will not breed with other griffons or animals if given the option. They will accept their riders' affection however and there's plenty of jokes going around about knights "riding" their griffons. Most nobility (the only people who can afford the upkeep of a griffon) will balk at the idea, but there's some sufficiently bored and deviant knights who will bond with their griffons like this. And yes, griffon dick is barbed like a lion's. It is possible for a female rider to extract seed from their griffon and have someone else bonded with a female one impregnate their griffon with this donated seed, but this is seen as unwholesome and it's difficult to pull off.

On top of their own kind there are a few creatures that can breed with griffons. Horses are a possible one: despite being a griffon's favorite kind of meat young males will sometimes force themselves upon horse mares. Such an attack is very dangerous to a mare and will often leave them scarred. If the mare gets pregnant and carries the young to term it will be a single hippogriff being born. Hippogriffs breed true, both with their own kind and horses. They're smaller and less intelligent but also less vicious than griffons, making them easier to train but can only be ridden by smaller and lighter people. But such births are extremely risky and when not stopped a mare will kick the young to death shortly after being born. Griffons can also breed with pegasi. Such unions will also create hippogriffs but they are always the same color as their pegasus parent. Finally, griffons can breed with unicorns but such unions are very rare. It would require a male unicorn forcing itself onto a female griffon; given that a griffon can easily kill a unicorn such a mare would have to be injured. During the pregnancy the mare would have to remain guarded by unicorns and fed while the child grows. Upon birth the mother is killed by both the child making its way out and the unicorns stopping her from killing her spawn. Griffons have good reason to do that, given that the result is a dread creature known as a unigriff. Such chimerical spawn look like a unicorn mixed with parts of lions and eagles, always winged and always dreadful. They are held as the dark leaders of the unicorns, with their birth being the prelude of terrible events happening. Their children are fortunately always unicorns, but these abominations should be killed the moment they surface. Furthermore, it's unknown if centaurs can breed with griffons and they're sure as hell ain't telling.

Hobgoblins

Living highly regimented lives, hobgoblins are a dangerous lot. Goblins have bands, bugbears have individuals and orcs have hordes, but hobgoblins have armies. A proper spear wall supported by ranged units, skirmishers and cavalry make for a fierce army. They fight for the glory of their tribes, which are armies and small nation-states in their own right. Hobgoblins all serve in the military to some extent, most of them as soldiers. The skilled and clever can rise up in the ranks all the way up to the general of the army. Hobgoblins have zero tolerance for politicking and will let their deeds plead their case if they should advance. A mix of peers analyze their performance and present their findings to a higher-ranking officer, who has the final say on promotions. If the general dies the army's colonels will elevate one of their own to the position. Hobgoblins are skilled in many kinds of war in many kinds of terrain: some take to the mountains, others are jungle guerillas, yet others are desert raiders and so on. In times of great need a number of generals come together and elect a marshal from their ranks to lead in a certain campaign. The armies they command are numerous and powerful, and it takes a truly great force to counter them.

Hobgoblins are born into the military and learn to fight as early as possible. Upon completing basic training they are assigned to a unit and are expected to stay there until they either die or are promoted out. Hobgoblins fight for glory: their own, their unit's and their tribe's. Their brand of honor is a mix of martial prowess and tactics, combined with ruthlessness and cunning. Sabotaging another hobgoblin this way is seen as treacherous and insubordination. Military discipline is strict and punishment is meted out quickly and without remorse. Offenders will face dishonor, a demotion, execution or even worse: discharge. In such a case a high-ranking officer will ritually (and sometimes physically, depending on awards) strip the offender of their honor, scar their face with an X cut into their forehead, between the eyes and down over the cheek. After such a demotion it's almost impossible for a hobgoblin to rejoin the military, and only after a spectacular display of honor, courage, skill and cunning can they be accepted back. Such soldiers will almost always become figures of legend. Soldiers who become too old to keep fighting will take on the role of drill sergeants and other non-frontline officers.

When faced against a force of hobgoblins your best bet is to either escape or buy them off to fight against someone else. This works in the short term, but their services don't come cheap and they will eventually turn on their paymasters if they sense weakness. Hobgoblins fight against the various races settled in the region, but only rarely against one another. They display a certain degree in cunning with this: they won't for example charge into a forest controlled by elves or try to besiege a dwarven hold because that'd be suicide. Instead they prey on the weak, forcing them into slavery. Hobgoblin slaves are worked hard and without mercy, meaning that their lives tend to be short and brutal. The taskmasters are commonly soldiers who were maimed in battle but survived, albeit with wounds that prevented them from entering the battlefield ever again. This has made them bitter and spiteful, working the lash extra hard to deal with their frustration.

Despite their violent lives hobgoblins haven't gone extinct yet. This is because of their incredible fertility: the full gestation period and the recovery time is about six months (with them only being unable to fight in the last two months of pregnancy, forcing them to have some time off), allowing a hobgoblin woman to give birth twice a year. Most of the time this results in a single child, but twins aren't uncommon. Such children will be very competitive with one another, constantly trying to outshine their sibling (and through that their peers). More than two children at a time is almost unheard of. Hobgoblins resemble a mix of humans and goblins: tall as and broader than humans, but with similar features than those of goblins, if a bit harder. Breasts and asses tend to be small, but both genders are rather toned and have a collection of scars. Breeding is done with the approval of one's senior officer, with a hobgoblins' attractiveness being measured by their personal glory. Breeding outside of your rank is considered a breach of military discipline and will see both parents censured. Hobgoblins can breed with most humanoids, but this rarely happens. Rape during or after a battle is punished as if it were insubordination and using the slaves for this purpose is considered unwholesome. Still, the occasional bitter taskmaster will force themselves upon a slave to deal with their frustration and to show who's boss.

Half-Dragons

Fact: Dragons can breed with just about anything. Given their size it's far easier for them to breed with larger creatures such as sphinxes (such unions are almost always male dragon on gynosphinx, since female dragons have little patience for the Criosphinxes and Hieracosphinxes and Androsphinxes rarely mate at all, and even less frequently with a non-sphinx). Combined with their fertility a pregnancy is very likely to result from such a union. The exact nature of a child that results from such a union depends on the parents. If the father is a dragon and the mother is a non-dragon it will be a half-dragon variant of the mother's species. If the mother is a dragon however it depends on the shape she's in during the pregnancy. If she remains in a non-draconic form the child will be of the kind that its father is. The mother's guise does not affect the child: if for example the dragon takes on the shape of an elven woman and mates with a male human the child will be a half-dragon human. The children of cases where the dragon takes on a distinctly different shape before mating with a humanoid are very rare, and it's unknown what shape they have upon birth. The child of a male humanoid and a female dragon that keeps her draconic shape will be a regular dragon.

Half-dragons are big, strong and charismatic. They have larger teeth and claws than is normal for their kind, but horns (unless the non-draconic parent's species has them) are rare. All of them are covered in scales that are the same color as their draconic parent's; with many also have the frills or other growths common with their full-blooded kin. Some of them even have the elemental breath of their ancestor, albeit at a much reduced effectiveness. Their outlandish and sometimes frightening appearances often results in them not fitting in with the civilized races. The more barbaric ones might be more accepting if they are willing to accept the half-dragon based on their strength alone, but more often than not they are treated with as much suspicion and hostility as city-dwellers do. If a half-dragon manages to find a place amongst a barbaric tribe however they can make the tribe a force to be reckoned with. While a half-orc is smarter than other orcs it lacks their strength, making it uncommon for their to take positions of influence in a tribe. If said orc's other half is dragon however it is far stronger and larger than pretty much any orc out there, which will help them in winning honor and glory. A half-dragon that results from a union between an elf and a dragon will find itself commonly accepted, but submitted to a regimen of training and education as befitting their potential that would make Chinese parents tell the elves to calm the fuck down. Then there's the issue of good dragons VS bad dragons: the offspring of metallic dragons tend to be more accepted than those of chromatic dragons, but there will always be yokels who think all dragons are the same.

Much like full-blooded dragons, half-dragons live quite long. This is more of a curse than a blessing: it can take 30 years or more for a half-dragon to fully mature. This can mean that while a dragon is still growing up its peers are already getting married and having kids. This instills half-dragons with incredible senses of loneliness and emotional distance. As such they are frequently driven to lonely and/or scholastic pursuits, with quite a few becoming wizards if they can afford it. If not, their superior size and strength can make them into very potent mercenaries. Continuous mistreatment has driven many half-dragons to evil, but most remain very neutral and want to live quiet lives. Very few take up the mantle of good though, having seen first-hand what "good" people think of them. In any case, the half-dragon's distant nature makes it very shy and inexperienced when it comes to matters of romance and love. At first they'll be distant or even suspicious (depending on their earlier experiences), but with time a half-dragon will warm up to their potential suitor and give in. This tends to create relationships that are emotionally uneven in which the half-dragon will do just about anything their lover wants regardless of what they want themselves. Also included are feelings of inferiority and not being worthy of their lover's time, with them growing jealous and/or falling into despair when they see their lover talk with someone else. Sometimes this ends with the half-dragon abandoning their squeeze because they don't feel like they add anything to their lover's life and wish nothing but happiness for them. But other times things work out just fine and everyone lives happily ever after.

Half-Elves

The result of elves and humans interbreeding. Most of the time this is the result of a female elf being fucked silly by thick human cock, but there are cases where the half-elf is born after a female human molested a male elf. Even rarer are the drow/human pairings, which are sometimes the result of a drow man being forced to have sex with a human slave by a female drow to rub it in that he will never have some slutty drow pussy in a bizarre act of reverse-cuckoldry. The half-elf retains its craving for sex from its half-elf parent and the willingness to have sex from its human parent (elves are all lewd and lusty 24/7, but they don't want to act on it because they see it as base; paired with their low fertility rates this is why there aren't more elves). However, growing up as a half-elf has them not understood by their peers because they age faster than elves but slower than humans, driving them to a life of wanderlust to find a place they fit in. They are rather picky about this though, so they rarely settle down. They are perfectly fine with having sex though: they like to do it frequently and with many partners. They're the "a lover in every port" kind of types though, so once the half-elf's out of town you're out of their heart. This can be solved by either traveling along with them or submitting them to frequent, long and intense boning sessions. Half-Elves are all some degree of bisexual, but most will have a preference with gender. Female half-elves will stay attractive for quite some time while male half-elves will look boyishly handsome or even twink-like well into their 50s. In bed they are easily dominated and will submit to any partner showing some degree of dominance. They tend to be less fertile than humans, but more so than elves. After a pregnancy a female half-elf will return to her old pre-pregnancy shape. A quirk is that if a half-elf is to breed with another half-elf or a human the child will be a half-elf, but if they breed with an elf the child will be a full-blooded elf.

Half-Orcs

When they don't have a half-orc parent of their own, half-orcs tend to be products of orc-on-human rape (female orc on male human happens more often than you think). This makes growing up for them difficult, and they have to grow up fast and become tough and smart to survive. They can reach physical and sexual maturity as early as five years prior to their human contemporaries, and as such grow distant from them. Half-orcs tend to be independent by necessity, with them being ostracized at best and persecuted at worst. They know they aren't amongst the prettiest and as such won't have much experience with relationships. Anyone who casually hits on them though will either be seen as mocking the half-orc or trying to lure them into a trap, something that has some root in reality. However, if you manage to win a half-orc's trust and can convince them of the purity of your intentions then you too can fuck a half-orc. With a body of a rather well-trained and toned human, paired with some nice muscle the half-orc resembles a rather fit and green human, and tend to have sizable breasts, asses and dicks. They will generally be awkward and inexperienced in bed, but with patience, love, care and instruction they can learn to enjoy it. Half-orcs especially enjoy receiving head or getting jerked/fingered while having sweet nothings whispered into their ears. They tend to have above-average stamina in bed and are a bit more fertile than usual. The risk with half-orcs is that once they finally find someone who likes them they become very possessive of this person. On top of wanting constant approval and positive reinforcement they can become rather jealous, sometimes even to the point of violence. This can be averted though by constant positive reinforcement and care from their lover to remind them of their worth.

Halflings

Halflings are just as lusty as goblins, but they're less in it for the breeding. For them, sex is the goal rather than the means to an end. All halflings are to some degree bisexual, being anywhere on the scale of straight with some minor gay leanings to almost exclusively gay. Especially younger halflings who just reached the sexual age (around 20 human years) will fuck pretty much anyone who's up for it. They don't mind threesomes or group sex either, with many large friend groups in halfling communities exploring their sexualities together in one big, sticky mess. Given that halflings age slower than humans, around this age they are still considered children by halfling society and them having sex with adults is seen as unwholesome. Once they reach the age of 33 however they are considered to be full adults. This is almost always accompanied with big parties (something that halflings love) for the lucky boy/girl. It is considered to be a custom to have a pair of slightly older halflings (under their 50s) invite the new adult into their bed to give them a taste of experienced sex, or have one older halfling really show them the ropes. It is not uncommon for a cocky halfling young man to think he knows everything about sex, only for an experienced woman twice his age to completely wring him dry. Inns run by a halfling matron and staffed by halfling wenches tend to be extremely popular with both halflings and humans alike, with the distinction between in and bordello growing extremely thin.

As a halfling starts to age and approach 50 their desire for constant sex starts to slowly die down. They become more picky with their partners, eventually narrowing their fuck roster down to a few trusted old friends. Eventually a halfling more or less falls into a bond with another halfling and the two end up marrying. These marriages are almost exclusively heterosexual, with the couple occasionally spicing up the bedroom with an eager young (wo)man. Halfling marriages tend to be happy affairs, even when spouses drive each other crazy. It is seen as very bad luck to go to sleep next to your spouse with an unresolved argument between the two of you, so couples make sure to make up before going to sleep, which is often followed by sex. Married halfling couples tend to have some pretty great sex, with both partners knowing exactly what the other wants and likes. While good halfling sex tends to be rather vanilla, though with quite the focus on ass play.

While halflings mostly stick together for their fun, they share a connection with humans and half-humans. Even without having big, hairy feet (which are seen as attractive amongst halflings) quite a number of halflings end up fucking one or two of eleven humans. Some of them are attracted to the big, tough half-orcs or the slender and gentle half-elves, but these two groups are less likely to respond to the advances of a halfling. In addition to the feet, large asses and general chubbiness are seen as attractive as well. All halflings can cook to some degree, with many specialties existing. Being chubby is therefore seen as an advertisement of your cooking skills. Food is an important part of halfling culture, and it is seen as important to feed your guests well. This means that elves, gnomes and other slim folk will be stuffed to the brim when they visit halfling settlements. Additionally, food play is seen as something fun, foot play is seen as a naughty gesture of trust and affection, and combining the two is considered to be extremely lewd and therefore extremely fun.

Now, with all that sex and the long lives of halflings (around 120, they remain fertile up to around 100) paired with them being about as fertile as humans, there should be far more of them, right? Well, for all their gregariousness there are a few secrets that halflings do not tell the tall folk. Aside from the story of Dallah Thaun, there is the usage of something called Shortroot. Grown in large quantities wherever halflings gather, Shortroot is a root that is bitter to the taste of humanoids, with many of them not liking it. However, it has a unique property when ingested by halflings: to them it is a contraceptive. This means that food laced with ground Shortroot allows halflings to have as much sex as they possibly want without ever getting pregnant. Both male and female halflings partake of Shortroot, with the thing having an important place in halfling culture and makes sure that halflings do not become too populous. Plus, it allows them to fuck as much as they want without having to deal with the responsibility. With a steady diet of Shortroot it takes about a month for it to be cleared from the system to allow a halfling to conceive again, with about a week of daily use being enough to have the contraceptive properties take effect.

Imps

While imps have been linked to being fiendish in nature, this is not true for all imps. Sure, a whole bunch of them have thrown their lot in with fiends, but that's because this is an easy way for them to get their sustenance. All imps stand at roughly 3' tall. Their skin is of a single color; the most common colors being dark tones in the brown, orange, green and black range while garish colors like bright red or green and pale tones are less common. Their hair is commonly a dark tone, but lighter ones exist as well. Fiendish imps tend towards having larger horns, wings and tails while the non-fiendish ones tend to have smaller ones or none at all. You see, while imps are perfectly capable of ingesting normal food they can't survive on it. To live they need to consume magic. It's not quite as simple as being near a fireball though: an imp needs to disassemble a magical field and take it into itself. This can be anything from an enchantment on a weapon, a temporary aura on a person, a negative magical effect cast on a location or even magical shielding. Imps can also partially undo summoning magic, allowing them to break the bond that enslaves the summoned creature to its summoner, which can result in all sorts of bad things. Imps do this by physically tearing at the magic and ingesting it. Someone with a sight for the magical can see the magic being torn away and eaten, while to those without it looks like the imp's eating nothing. Spells cast on an imp that last longer than a moment will rapidly fail; the imp's body dissolves the magic automatically and it cannot choose to deactivate this ability. This means that magically restraining an imp, forcefully shapeshifting them, casting magic that heals them over time or mind controlling them only works for a few moments before the magic fails. The problem is that when an imp starts taking apart a magical field it cannot stop doing so and it must keep eating until the meal's done. And there's only so much magic an imp body can take, and when it goes over that limit they tend to explode in bursts of volatile magic. The older an imp is the more potent the magic is that it can devour without suffering consequences, but even then they tend to overeat. Imps can use some magical cantrips at the cost of some of the magic stored inside of them, but because of how taxing using them is imps only use them when they either recently gorged themselves on magic or if it's a life or death situation. A magical item eaten by an imp will fall apart; the imp does not physically ingest the thing because it feasts on the magic itself. Imps can also feed off of locations with powerful magical fields by being in their presence. This can be anything from sacred mountains to blessed springs, holy ground and more. As such, churches tend to have the occasional imp in the basement, feeding off of the aura of the holy ground. Power harvested this way tends to be less good than eating magic fresh from the object, but it's a constant feed that won't run out.

This hunger for magic is why they like mages so much. A magical institute, as well as the occasional independent sorcerer, tends to leak magic all over the place that they won't miss when someone takes some of it. The more courageous imps will try and sneak inside to obtain magical items to eat, but such places have powerful wards in place to keep imps and worse at bay. The most prized source of magic however is a mage. Mages can easily create all the magic need an imp needs to feed for a lifetime, and they try very hard to get in the good graces of a mage. Some mages manage to maintain an information network of a few imps to keep eyes on the outside world and their enemies, but most see them as pests who keep trying to eat their scrolls. And if you feed vermin it keeps coming back for more. A rare few wizards are privy to a little secret when it comes to imps, one that many senior wizards in magical institutes try to keep secret, is that while they are sapient creatures they can be made into a familiar. Normally only animals (often beloved pets of the mage in question), the weakest of Outsiders and Elementals (and even then only with exemplary behavior on the part of the mage) and a rare few kinds of constructs can qualify as a familiar, but imps also fall into this category. While animal familiars are uplifted to a degree during the ritual that binds a creature to be a familiar, imps do not become more intelligent. Their own cantrips become more powerful and they can use them more frequently. Imp familiars are also capable of conjuring up clothing for themselves, mainly because some wizards get weird about having to talk to a naked humanoid. Familiar imps tend to have cozier lives than those of their wild kin, but there are a few stigmas surrounding having an imp familiar. For starters, many non-magical peasants, quite a few clerics and a notable number of mages believe that all imps are fiendish in nature and that the wizard in question sold their soul to a fiend. This is rarely the case, but the image persists.

The second is that imps have a reputation for being sinful creatures. They eat when they can, lazy around when they can and are very lusty. You see, wild imps walk around naked all the time with their business hanging out like it's nobody's business. Combined with the fact that the magic they ingest stores itself on the body mainly on the hips and ass (giving them a sway to their walk), but also on the chest (on the breasts for female imps, as part of the torso for male imps) this makes them appear as shamelessly lustful creatures. Imps do mate frequently, but pregnancies only occur when both parents are gorged on magic. They still mate for the fun of it, and when doing so only make a token effort to find a private place to do so. Imps aren't afraid to solicit humanoids for sex if it means getting a nice meal out of it, but given their status of being akin to vermin this is not something that frequently happens. Because of all this mages with imps as familiars often have the stereotype that they are fucking their familiar, which is a big no-no for most colleges of wizardry (but that's mainly because their familiars are almost exclusively animals, and the rules were made based on that). But there are a few wizards who don't care for this and take an imp as a familiar. Sorcerers tend to live away from other judgmental mages, and as such are more likely to take an imp familiar. While imps are not mages in their own right, they tend to have the occasional insight into magic (especially enchantments) that can help their mage on their studies.

Even then, the stereotype of mages fucking their imp familiars is often true. Imps tend to not care for things like personal space when it comes to their mage and will often cuddle up against them at night naked. Given that their own kind (and the occasional humanoid) helps them with their libidos a familiar imp has to find an alternative, which often turns out to be their mage. This is one of the tricks an imp will use to make its way into being a familiar; many a mage who still has to pick a familiar is in their late teens or early twenties and still suffers from raging hormones. Then this hot shortstack comes along and offers to be their familiar, all for the small price of daily meals. But for a familiar imp there's one additional way to harvest its meals. For reasons that magical science can't explain quite yet, the jizz and vaginal fluids of mages contains enough magic for an imp to subsist on. But to exist exclusively on it the imp will have to feed daily, so it's an extra snack at best. It does not have to be ingested per se, just being inside of the imp or having it on its bare skin is enough for the imp to be able to feed on it. Familiar imps tend to be a cheeky and mischievous lot, and won't think twice about asking when they're up for a snack. Some will even forego asking and crawl under their mage's desk to help themselves while they are studying. In bed imps are adventurous and eager to give just about anything a try. They're quite sturdy for their size and don't mind being spanked, roughhoused or having their hair pulled. Normally it's not possible for an imp and mage duo to conceive because the imp's absorption of magic somehow prevents conception to take place. However, there have been devised ways to circumvent this by making sure the imp is gorged to the limit on magic with some very specific magic, followed by sex. This is a very deliberate way however, so it's not likely for a pregnancy to happen accidentally. Children from such a union are called Impborn, whose length is somewhere in the middle between an imp and its other parent. They have the inherent ability to detect magic and many of them have an affinity towards enchantments.

Kitsune

A popular if rare kind from the east. Kitsune have innate spiritual powers and can shift between human, foxy human, furry fox and actual fox shapes with ease. As their spiritual powers increase so does the amount of tails they have: the more tails the longer lived and powerful they are. The more tails the rarer they are though: the one-tailed variants are the most common (and still considered to be children: you need at least two tails to be seen as an "adult"), but there are increasingly few with more than six tails, with there only being a dozen or so with the full nine. These tend to be demigoddesses in their own rights: great and wise spiritual leaders who command awesome power. The younger kitsune are the more likely they are to take a mate: they are energetic, bubbly and love the arts and beauty. They can also fall deeply in love and enjoy sex quite a lot. They are willing to try quite a few things and like to add magic in to the mix. And while you can touch their fluffy tail(s), they hate to have them pulled. As they age they mellow out but still appreciate the good things in life. Aside from increasing their power the increase of tails doubles their natural lifespans: this means that some of the oldest Kitsune around will have been around for about as long as human civilization. They generally like humanity and often take humans as mates (but even a Kitsune as low as a two-tailed one will massively outlive their human mate by human standards), yet despair at what humans are doing to the world and each other. Female children born from such unions are kitsune themselves, but they will always have one tail at birth. Male children are human, but because of their heritage will have a knack for magic (or even have some inherent powers of their own).

Kobolds

In short, kobolds are little fuckers who know little but digging and making traps. Even dwarves, the masters of mining, will admit that a warren of kobolds can dig faster than them. The dwarves though are quick to point out that kobold tunnels are much smaller and more prone to collapsing, plus the fact that only find ore and minerals by chance rather than expertise. This is true; kobold tunnels are often a haphazard web prone to collapsing or ending up on the surface or in an underground cavern. To kobolds digging is a state of mind; they do it without much thought or purpose. This is only matched by their love of tinkering and making traps. A tunnel that has been fully trapped by kobolds is a terrifying thing to traverse: spikes, pitfalls, deadfalls, bear claws, alchemical traps, nests of poisonous spiders and far darker things await you there. It's like a crossover of Home Alone and Saw, but it's the video game they made out of it. And it's Dark Souls. The most difficult one. Idleness will make a kobold nervous, fidgety and destructive. Not working is just not an option for them. While kobolds aren't very tough in a fight they'll likely swarm over you and tear you apart rather than fight you to death. They are rather blasé about death: both their own and that of others are seen as something that just happens.

Kobolds rarely venture out to the surface world, and they are content with that because any predator that can catch kobolds will eat kobolds. If they need something they'll just dig into its general direction and hope for the best. For example, when they need wood they dig towards a forest even if this ends them up below a lake. Nobody really uses the main entrance to the warren on account of it being so trapped that even a dragon would give pause. Speaking of, kobolds hold dragons in awe and consider them to be the supreme beings, even if the two have nothing in common despite their draconic looks. Dragons consider kobolds to be either a nuisance or useful, frequently switching between the two. A warren of kobolds will gladly guard a dragon's lair, but dragons frequently end up kicking out their kobolds and/or roasting/eating them because they trap every single nook and cranny in the lair in an attempt to keep intruders out. Sometimes this also accidentally includes the dragon itself, who will find this out after returning from the hunt and has half a tunnel collapse on its head.

Sexual dimorphism is low amongst kobolds. Males and females look very much alike and only kobolds can really tell. Wide hips, thick thighs, large asses and thick tails are seen as signs of beauty amongst kobolds. Excess fat they take in will go to all these places, both for male and female kobolds. They will generally find anyone with these features attractive, but they are sometimes put off by breasts and lack of tails amongst humanoids. Kobolds breed rapidly, with female kobolds producing about one egg per year. Eggs and hatchlings are guarded fiercely by the hatchery guards. The younglings will quickly partake in kobold society, picking up on how to do things by watching older kobolds. As such, kobolds never really know who their parents are and instead identify family via those of their own age. It is not known to what degree this is the cause of inbreeding in a kobold warren, nor is it known if this is the cause of kobolds being what they are.

If anything, kobolds hate being alone. If they find themselves alone they will attach themselves to the first large creature that doesn't try to eat them. Whether this is a dragon, a treant, a satyr, a golem or a humanoid is based on whoever they see first. If this creature doesn't scare them off the kobold will keep following it around. A lone kobold can be physically very clingy, wanting to constantly be close to them if not outright holding them. Of course this means that they like being held as well and love rubbing themselves up against whoever they are with. Kobolds are warm-blooded and as such don't need the body heat, but they like being very close against someone. They see skin as something exotic and delicate and tend to like the scent of humanoids. The taste too, but most of the time this is just licking. When a kobold gets properly turned on it's willing to explore sex with the person they're with. Kobold society has no concept of romantic love, but individual kobolds are willing to learn. They're short but durable, very tight but wet enough to take a large insertion. They love having their thighs, ass and tail played with during sex, and pulling the tail gently is seen as something incredibly lewd. And of course they love cuddling after sex. Humans and kobolds will find it incredibly difficult to interbreed, but that's what magic is for.

Lich

Liches are powerful undead mages who gave up their living physical bodies in exchange for phenomenal magical power. Having cheated death a Lich can dedicate itself fully to its studies without being interrupted by their deaths. The ritual to become a Lich is very difficult, expensive and often takes decades to complete. It also often involves dealing with less than wholesome entities including other evil undead, fiends and even more alien beings. During the ritual to become one a Lich creates its phylactery, in which it stores its soul. This is what renders the Lich functionally immortal: even if its body is destroyed it is reconstructed nearby over the course of a week. During this time the Lich is still vulnerable and can be destroyed with ease. Distance matters not when rebuilding, since a Lich can rebuild itself even when on another plane. The phylactery is a whole other issue: it is supernaturally durable and has to be struck with magic, supernatural force or another potent method (casting it into lava). Once a phylactery is destroyed the Lich itself is immediately unmade as well, which is why Liches go out of their way to both enchant their phylacteries as much as they can and hide it somewhere far away so that they can regenerate in peace. Relatively few choose to hide their phylacteries on another plane because it's more difficult to get to them in an emergency and it's more difficult to get back in case that they are rebuilt. The more paranoid Liches carry their phylacteries on them at all times, preferring to take the risk of them being taken in case of the Lich's body being destroyed over hiding it somewhere where the Lich cannot protect the thing itself. Phylacteries can take a number of shapes. Some are boxes filled with profane texts while others take the form of amulets, rings, staffs, wands and so on. Aside from their powerful magic and ability to rebuild their destroyed bodies a Lich has a number of other inherent powers. They can resist non-magical weapons, cannot be poisoned or be put under mind control, don't have to rest and cannot have anything but their magic drained. They are deathly cold to the touch, and a Lich can amp this power up to the point where the negative energy in its body starts to rip things apart. They can also radiate an aura of sheer terror and can paralyze a foe with a touch.

A subgroup of Liches exists whose members prefer to look alive. While all Liches have the ability to drain the living dry and steal their life force from them to appear and feel alive, few of them actually bother with this given that it doesn't actually do anything. If a Lich wants to appear alive it'll just shapechange using their magic. For a distinct group of (almost exclusively female) Liches this is not enough: they want to feel alive. So they find living humanoids to steal their life force for their own, making them appear and feel human much like a well-fed vampire would. This effect fades quickly so a Lich needs to keep feeding. A single healthy and young enough humanoid (around 20 for humans and the equivalent thereof for other races) drained until they turn to dust will suffice for about a week, after which the guise will rapidly fall apart. Exactly how much life force a Lich can store depends on how powerful they are, but this is often measured in many months, if not years. When properly fed a Lich will always take the same shape that resembled the Lich in some time during its life, but they are always prettier and more voluptuous. A Lich does not have to drain a humanoid to death to gain this, but draining is obvious on its victim (and third parties who are familiar with the process) and it can take several months (about one month per day of life that the Lich drained) for a survivor of such an attack to recover. As such, a Lich who wants to remain looking human will require access to quite the stable of humanoids if they want to remain looking alive. Some Liches solve this problem by occasionally venturing out, seducing a person and draining them into dust while others have a number of students who get to use the Lich's vast library, but they will have to agree being drained on a regular basis. Some Liches even incorporate sex into this draining: being a trapping of the living they are vain enough to want to enjoy this. The more evil Liches will commence the draining upon their climax, while those with students sometimes do it for fun or as part of the agreement. Those who hunt as part of the draining make sure to cover their tracks and make sure to be far away when their prey is discovered or starts being missed. Inherently magical creatures like dragons have a far greater resistance to being drained like this, and more than once has a dragon in human disguise been attacked by a Lich like this, only for the Lich to get crushed.

There are rumors of a Lich utterly gouged on life force being able to become pregnant and have children. These Lichborn are said to have a knack for magic and all the inherent powers of a Lich, but they can use the draining on undead as well as the dead. They even derive power from this or so they say.

Lizardfolk

As a species, lizardfolk are old. As old as pretty much any civilization you care to mention: they've been around when they were. It's quite possible that they predate even those ancient species, perhaps dating back to the start of the world. Despite this age lizardfolk culture has stayed more or less the same throughout the ages. Same kind of tools, same kind of settlements, same kinds of societies, same kind of environments and so on. Unlike ancient species like elves or dwarves, lizardfolk society isn't stagnant. It has reached its peak and does not move from there. It is, in essence, complete.

Lizardfolk live in harsh but not too cold environments. Jungles, swamps, deserts, the base of mountain ranges and more: as long as it's got some degree of warmth they'll be there. The cold-bloodedness of lizardfolk is quite literal: without heat they cannot function and prolonged cold will kill them. This means they're active for as long as the sun is out. In warmer regions they are more active than the relatively colder ones, allowing them to do more without having to pause and recharge. At night a tribe will huddle together in front of a large fire or something else to keep them warm during the cold night. With their choice of environment life is hard for the lizardfolk: they have to be pragmatic and skilled in order to survive. This makes them cold-blooded in the figurative sense as well: they are stoic, reactive and insular in nature. They prefer to avoid contact with other races, and seek no reason to confront those traveling through their territory. Those who come to claim their land however will face a difficult fight as lizardfolk are one with their environment and can ambush from seemingly impossible locations or come right out of nowhere. The more commonly known swamp lizardfolk are great swimmers, while the rock lizardfolk tend to be able climbers who can stick to surfaces. Aside from the differences in coloration swamp lizardfolk tend to have thicker and more powerful tails while the rock lizardfolk have long, thin tails that they can't do much with. Tending towards pragmatism instead of emotion lizardfolk are nigh impossible to read. Their taciturn nature hides a surprising intellect though, and while for an outside this can make lizardfolk seem capricious they have actually thought out all the options available to them and decided to act on what they think is best. One of their biggest displays of their pragmatism is their habit of eating their dead; they justify this by saying that good meat is hard to come by and it'd be an insult to not eat their kin. Despite their intelligence lizardfolk tend to be naive and a properly gifted orator who can convince the tribe that something is in their interest will find themselves with quite the force on their hands.

Romantic attraction is something foreign to lizardfolk. They know friendship and breeding lust, but romance is alien to them. While they understand how the feelings work together they just don't click for the lizardfolk, making it more difficult for them to relate to humanoids in such a way. What makes this extra confusing is that lizardfolk can get quite physical: when they're cold they won't hesitate to grab a nearby warmblood and hug them for a while, regardless of the involved genders or whether or not another lizardfolk is already hugging them. Humanoids tend to see this as a romantic gesture (or a challenge, depending on the species), but lizardfolk never intend it that way. As such, it's impossible to romance the lizardfolk but they understand things like friends with exclusive benefits. On top of that, lizardfolk only experience sexual desire during the mating season, which is only a fraction of the year. Outside of this they understand that sex feel good but they don't have it because of their lacking sex drive. If a humanoid was to start to pleasure them though they would not tell them to stop if it feels good. This carries the risk though that if another lizardfolk sees one of their kin being pleasure this way they want to be next, which can cavalcade into having to pleasure the entire tribe.

Lizardfolk birth rates are low. They can only breed in a short time frame, which when paired with their high casualty rates it's a small miracle they kept up their numbers. This translates into being incompatible with many humanoid races. Even the very fertile humans will find it difficult to interbreed with a lizardfolk, but a virile/fertile enough specimen that mates with a lizardfolk during breeding season can theoretically conceive. Children from such a union between male human and female lizardfolk will be lizardfolk with some unusual cleverness, while a female human and a male lizardfolk will have a human child with a skin condition. A human who lives their wane can theoretically integrate into lizardfolk society, but these cases are rare and often end badly, either with tears for the human or a stoic meal for the lizardfolk.

Maftet

The Maftet are the servants of their Sphinx ancestor and act as her protectors as well as her eyes and ears. When their mother gets visitors some of them occasionally mate with the male visitors to ensure that new blood enters the family (Maftet are not long-lived, unlike the Sphinx from whom they descend), with the Sphinx herself only mating very rarely despite Sphinxes being quite lewd. This is the only way she'll get any dick worth a damn because Androsphinxes are too haughty and prude to have sex with a Gynosphinx more than once a century or so, Criosphinxes are hairy dumbass betas who seek to placate m'lady with gifts and witticisms, and Hieracosphinxes are animals who seek to rape Gynosphinxes whenever they can. Because the only ones that Gynosphinxes lust after are only rarely interested in sex the average Gynosphinx is quite sexually frustrated, and they take to riddles to prove their superiority over other people. If they get beaten in a contest of wits and the winner is an attractive man there's a good chance she's gonna make a pass at him. However, shortly after sex the Gynosphinx frequently become ashamed of giving in to such base desires and mating with a mortal man and send him away. Pregnancies that result from such unions will always result in Maftet daughters.

No. Gynosphinxes are extremely lewd, but hate to admit it. They crave big fat Androsphinx cock 24/7, but since they'll get some of that only once every 50 years if they're lucky they are immensely sexual frustrated. Again, they hate to admit this and any man who manages to pleasure them will be quickly sent away because he reminds the sphinx of her base, lusty nature that she does not want to confront and gets rid of him. If the guy used magic to turn himself into an Androsphinx he'd better high-tail it out of there, because the shame and regret that fills her may drive her to kill/eat the guy.

Pathfinder Bestiary 3 has creatures call the Maftet, humanoids who are great cats from the waist down and have big feathered wings. They live in deserts in long-forgotten cities, temples and other holy sites, tending to them and their histories. Their wise women carry over the traditions of their people and tattoo the young members of the tribe to grant them certain magical powers.

Given all these things; their habitat, their settlements, their culture and of course their looks has lead me to conclude that they are actually the humanoid descendants of Gynosphinxes. Would be quite possible though. A lonely, horny as fuck Gynosphinx gets a visitor asking her for her wisdom to help his quest. He's clever, charming, polite, handsome and actually speaks Sphinx! After that it won't take long for her to go fuck it. Literally. She pounces him, forcefully undresses him and fucks his brains out. Exactly how this works I don't know (Pathfinder describes Gynosphinges as being 10' long, so maybe she shapeshifts?), but it somehow knocks her up. The Sphinx makes her lover leave out of shame and disgust of the base, lewd things she just did. But after a bit she realizes something: she's pregnant! While she's not happy with this her curiosity makes her keep the child, which turns out to be a nest of the first Maftet. She raises her daughters as her own, teaching them her wisdom and ways. They become something of her handmaidens, enforcers and helpers in the world, dealing with uppity visitors and such.

As time passes and more fitting suitors mate with the Sphinx a few also fuck the Maftet, resulting in more Maftet. Realizing her children beed true, the Sphinx allows her children to occasionally breed with humanoids to keep their number up (as Maftet are long-lived but not immortal like their mother). Maftet family names are more along the lines of which generation they are, aka how far down from the Sphinx. Sisters may come from either their maternal siblings or their nestmates if they are the first generation.



In regions of the world where cultures and religions that hold asceticism in high regard are the majority there exist spirits who go against all of these cultural standards. These spirits are known as oni. Despite their nature they are creatures of flesh and blood and need to eat and drink like humans would. And eat and drink they do: oni are voracious and can drink like there's no tomorrow. They're famous for their booze: they have a dependency on alcohol like alcoholics but don't have any of the symptoms that come with addiction. They'll drink just about any kind of booze but prefer volume over taste. While an oni in a wine cellar can do horrifying damage in a short amount of time they'd rather have a keg of beer with a handle on it. Many oni can eat quite a lot without getting fat, but the lazy ones can build up quite some weight. This does not do anything to hamper their strength or skill at combat, and many a would-be hero has fallen to obese oni. Oni are generally quite a bit taller than humans (7'-8', but taller cases are known). They have a variety of skin colors: variations of red and blue are the most common. Oni always have one or two facial features that show that they are not human: a third eye, one or two horns, tusks, tall pointed ears and so on. They are powerfully built with broad, muscled frames that allow them incredible strength. Most oni are powerful yet unskilled fighters, using their large clubs to just crush those who get in their way rather than end up in a match of skill. When going out for a fight oni prefer heavy armor to protect them while they swing their hefty clubs, and the thickness of the armor will deter most human-sized weapons.

The lot of the oni in life is to act as the counterparts of the ascetics that the world produces. While others practice abstinence, oni practice indulgence. They like food and drink, lazing around, indulging in all kinds of fineries and carnal pleasures. Oni rarely spend too long indulging their desires and will seek out new ways to obtain more. More food, more stuff, more luxury: they want it all and store it in great palaces made of stone and rust-free iron. Even a dark cave where an oni settles can be a surprising haven of luxury and relaxation. To expand what they have oni take on a variety of paths towards this goal. Some take up banditry and prey on caravans. Other go to cities at night and steal what they want. A few set up petty fiefdoms and rule over the lands around them with an iron fist, demanding tribute. Others take to the wild and live relatively simple lives in the wild, making or trading for most of their more impressive treasures. Many such oni run moonshine operations to trade with the outside world. Oni-made booze is extremely powerful in taste and has a very high alcohol level, making it dangerous to drink in large quantities if you're not an oni yourself. The more settled oni prefer a variety of fine robes and other such outfits made from materials like silk, while those oni living in the wild preferring clothes made from wild animals. Tiger skin and tiger pattern is appreciated by oni throughout the ages.

Many oni are not aware of their purpose and live their own lives. Above all they're here to have fun and don't mind dragging someone along if that someone wants to have a good time as well. Partying, drinking, fighting and fucking are some of the oni's favorite activities. While the settled oni prefer to surround themselves with servants and distrust their kin for wanting to steal their things while the wild oni are okay with being around one another to have fun. If someone spends a lot of time around oni they will start to lose their inhibitions and become more and more self-indulgent in nature. There are whispers that those who overindulge will become oni themselves, but barring powerful magic this is not possible. Oni can reproduce sexually, but this is a minority. The majority of oni come into being after a fallen person of virtue dies unrepentant, creating a new oni. While an oni rarely backs away from a fight a small number of them dies in combat due to their great strength. There are legends that it is possible to redeem an oni and turn it into a goodly spirit, but oni laugh those stories off and consider them childish at best, offensive at worst. Despite the fact that most oni wouldn't even want to be "redeemed", the story is actually true. But the amount of times this actually happened throughout time is extremely low.

Despite their nature as spirits oni can interbreed with humanoids just fine. The problem is that in order to do so an oni needs to have "corrupted" the mortal first before they can conceive. A mortal who drinks along with the oni, goes to celebrations, fights alongside them and has sex after all of that can result in a pregnancy. Such children will take just after their oni parent. In bed oni are dominant and enthusiastic to the point of uncaring. They're having fun with sex and ride their partners hard without asking what they want. This makes having sex with an oni a dangerous thing to do and frequently results in bruised and

damaged groins. Oni seem to have a love for humans: while they consider the humans to be the most interesting of the bunch this attraction is actually their spiritual side being drawn to them in an attempt to corrupt. Wild oni prefer to mate with whoever catches their eye while the settled oni will demand others to mate with them, often taking tribute from nearby villages like for example a trio of eighteen year old guys sent to "appease" her for the year.

Oni with the third eye sometimes develop magical powers in the form of blasts of fire or ice they can shoot from said eye (based on their color). The whole red oni/blue oni thing you've heard about is based on truth: red oni tend to be intense and active while blue oni are more deliberate and focused. Red oni also prefer the more "active" indulgencies and drag other people along while blue oni prefer the "passive" ones like laziness and self-indulgence.

Despite them having no qualms about dragging whoever they want into their fun most tend to be clever enough to not grab someone who's in a relationship because the spouse will field a violent rescue team. As such, lone wanderers out on the road are a favorite target. Some oni go for couples, but it's more difficult to seduce a pair of people into giving up their ascetic ways. In bed oni are always dominant and violently ride their partners. If you're physically strong enough and manage to dominate one however you'll find them surprisingly meek and willing to try things. The danger to this however is that in such a case there's a good chance that the oni becomes infatuated with you and more or less takes you prisoner and will dote on you as long as you can keep up your strength. This essentially makes you a prisoner in a gilded cage: the oni will let you wander around their place freely and indulge yourself however you see fit, but they won't let you go outside without them going along. It is possible to ask such a captor to go and try to obtain something specific to sate an indulgency. But this has to be within reason and you have to convince them of how fun it'll be. If you remain a good prisoner guest during this time and play along with the oni the infatuation might turn to love, which digs you into an ever deeper hole where the oni becomes even more protective of you. When you reach this point however you'll be working out a lot more, becoming stronger and able to take care of yourself... and in some stories you'll start becoming an oni yourself from here on out. Upsetting them at this point is a bad idea because if sufficiently annoyed the oni will have no problems with throwing you over the wall. This is mainly a problem because oni like building their residences on mountainsides, on top of cliffs and other such scenic locations.

The favorite weapon of an oni is of course its club. Even the most opulent of oni will go with a relatively simple design of a straight studded shaft with a ring on the handle. They are either made of wood with metal banding and studding, or a single piece of metal. In both cases they're large and heavy weapons, being as tall as the oni themselves. An oni's club is its most prized possession and messing with it is a surefire way to get chased by an irate oni. Despite their size and weight oni can use them to great skill: clubbing small enemies aside, disabling riding animals or kill even something like an adult troll with a single, well-placed blow. Aside from making booze oni also make a material that is called oni iron. It's a kind of metal that is a lot like iron in terms of color and weight. It is notable for its durability: even an oni with its great strength will wear down its club in even the most abusive of environments. Oni iron also is greatly resistant to corrosion; it will barely rust and while it might lose its base color over time this is nothing a good scrubbing can't solve. Only the oni know how to work this metal and some oni sell items made of the metal for hefty sums. Strangely enough oni iron loses its properties when an item made with it is deformed. For example, an oni iron breastplate will work just fine, but when it is hammered down into a plate to use in a golem it loses its properties permanently and becomes regular iron. Oni don't sell sheets of the stuff for later processing either, it's just the objects they make from it. Oni iron is popular to make one's fortress out of in combination with stone and wood. This makes an oni's fortress difficult to break into by force, requiring stealth.

On top of the spirits that inspire virtue in humans oni have two main enemies. Dragons know that oni have some nice treasure, but it mainly is in objects and fancy clothes the dragon can't wear in its normal form. Plus, oni are fierce when it comes to defending their treasure, and since it's risky to just firebomb the area and rob it a dragon has land, which can result in them being on the receiving end of an oni club. The other main enemies of the oni are rust monsters. Oni iron is a delicacy to them and they'll tear through a sheet of

the stuff in no time. Oni iron has no protection to them at all, and it's been whispered that certain forces will send rust monsters towards the oni to weaken their fortresses and diminish their treasure before said forces strike. As such, an oni will frantically keep its club away from them and will drive them off by hand to protect its treasure.

All oni are hella buff. Rock hard abs are par course, as are powerful arms, nice pectorals, firm asses that you could bounce a coin off of and thick thighs that could crush a man's skull (so make sure you deliver when giving oral). Oni love being massaged (don't let them massage you though: they'll crush you) and like it when people play with their muscles. If they like you enough they'll let you grind your dick against their abs, but they'll call you weird while doing so (but they won't stop you).

Orcs

Orcs generally have two methods of marriage. The first is the "traditional" way, where the male chieftain has all of the tribe's women as his wives. Yes, this includes his mother and potential sisters, aunts and cousins. He does not sleep with them though, for that is considered to be unwholesome. With all of the tribe's women being his the other men of the tribe will either compete with the chief for his position or raid nearby settlements to get their rocks off. The downside of this is that a high turnover rate of chieftains means the tribe won't really flourish, and rampant bands of rapist orcs tend to draw the attention of those with armies. Hence the smart orcs tend to go with the system of "paired warriors". Orcs get off on fighting, combat and competition and tend to be aroused by blood (theirs or their enemies'). As such, it's not uncommon to see after a battle's over to have some of the male and female warriors make out to relieve their tension somehow. Pre-marital sex is rare, mainly because it is expected of an orc to make their mate prove themselves in combat first. If a pair of warriors take a liking to one another and win battles together they can request the right to marry from the chieftain. This request is almost always granted, except when the chieftain believes that one of the partners is not as strong as the other. Marrying within your skill level is expected; marrying up would be disrespecting your partner because you are weak while marrying down would be disrespecting yourself. The wedding ceremony has the future pair list the other's victories, battle prowess, how they got notable scars and so on. After the ceremony and the celebration they seclude themselves and have sex. It is expected to be able to pleasure your partner at least once: failure to do so would require the partner to slay their disappointing mate, annulling the marriage in the process. An old custom allows a victorious warrior to claim their defeated orcish opponent as their mate, though in practice this is not used an awful lot. While a pair wedded in such a way will defend one another like their honor demands, their connection stops at that and sometimes is outright hostile.

An interesting quirk about Orc sex is that it is considered to be an insult to not come inside of your partner. It denies them your seed, insinuating that you believe that they are not worthy of it. In turn, spitting instead of swallowing is seen as an insult as well, telling a warrior that his seed is not good enough for you. Adultery is forbidden: if you disrespect your mate by doing this they are required by their honor to kill you. How homosexuality is treated depends on the area. If orcs are rare in the area same-sex mates can enter a marriage as usual, but if orcs are more common they tend to travel to the location of one of two (depends on gender) warrior lodges, where the other homosexual warriors live and fight together. These bands tend to be some of the most fearsome of all the orcs, descending upon their foes without mercy. Polygamy is allowed to a degree: one part of a pair is allowed to take as many spouses as they want, as long as they can get their mate to agree to the wedding. This means that in practice wedded "pairs" are rarely larger than three orcs. Orcs tend to like it large: large partners, large muscles, large genitalia and large tusks are all seen as attractive amongst orcs. Female orcs have larger breasts than human women and their vaginas clamp down harder than those of humans to better milk their partner dry. For human men this results in an intense orgasm, at the cost of being rather sore afterwards.

Interspecies relations are a bit different. The rules for marriage don't apply to non-orcs, which allows for the mass rapes that breeds half-orcs. While most of these rapes are male orc on female other, some female orcs have taken a liking to raping other men as well. Sexual slavery is rare: most of the time it's "fuck 'em

and drop 'em". Orcs can interbreed with humans, goblinoids, ogres and giantkin. While they could fuck them they could not conceive with elves and dwarves, and most orcs consider it to be uncouth to have sex with these "weak" races. The elves and dwarves meanwhile are fine with not being raped by orcs. Humans and orcs living in the same area and with the same outlook sometimes band together in time of need. In these cases the humans tend to adapt the orcish ways of marriage and frequently interbreed to the point where a tribe can become all half-orc after only a few generations. When an orc is not actively part of a tribe they can fuck non-orcs as much as they want. Orc sex is generally rough and unrefined, with the favorite positions being "harder", "faster" and "deeper" (the orcish words for which combine to make the orcish word for sex, etymologists are still trying to figure out the connection here). As such, sex with an orc is a violent affair for the non-orc part of the couple, and competition for who gets to dom the other is more of a rule than an exception. Some orcs tend to be very receptive of a more gentle and skilled form of sex, but woe to the person who teaches this to an orc, for they will become the greenskin's preferred sex toy. Orcs tend to have short gestation periods and can carry as many as four children per three years. This is good, given the orcs' general nature and shorter-than-average lives (about 20 years shorter than a human on average). It is not uncommon for an orc to fall in love with a human and have a relationship, but they will always bring an element of violence and competitiveness that a partner must be willing to deal with all the time. And yes, orcs prefer to sleep in the nude, with a weapon nearby at all times.

Satyr

Known for being unrepentant drunks, hornballs and party animals, this stereotype of satyrs is mostly true. One of the few things they like more than getting their mouths wet with a fine drink is getting their dicks wet with a tight hole. Or getting their holes stuffed with thick dicks. You see, satyrs might be thought of as an all-male species while they have both genders in equal numbers. The difference is easy to see: satyrs are always very attractive men and women with well-developed sexual features; the men have chiseled torsos and large dicks (they're showers, not growers) while the women have slender but strong figures with large breasts and thick asses. Both genders have horns: men tend to have horns that stick up and out while women have curved ram-like horns. Having large, impressive horns is seen as a sign of sexual prowess. While they have no qualms about running around naked satyrs tend to dress up when being around other people: while simple loincloths and bras are common some will go with simple short robes. As minor guardians of the woods, when not getting hammered in one of several ways satyrs patrol the woods, practicing their arts. They aren't ecoterrorists like certain other fey are, but they won't stand for people actively despoiling the woods. Sustainable logging, responsible hunting and gathering of wild fruit and mushrooms is fine by them. Satyrs mainly keep out the more dangerous monsters and keep an eye on the villages in the area. If some serious shit like a monster attack or a disaster are about to happen they speed their way to these places to warn their inhabitants. Aside from their ability to charm people they make for surprisingly vicious and wrathful combatants, capable of fending off monsters quite a lot bigger than them. But while they are warriors they are artists first and foremost. All satyrs know poetry and music to some degree, with most of them knowing how to play wind instruments and a few knowing string instruments as well. Other types of art are appreciated, but since they tend to live on the road satyrs don't really care for art objects too big to carry out and about. Given their natures satyr art will often be bawdy in nature, with lewd songs and poetry being common. The art objects that satyrs create will almost always be celebrations of sex in all of its forms.

Satyrs are universally bisexual, but some have a slight preference over one gender or another. They default towards taking charge during sex, but a sufficiently forceful partner will find it easy to dominate them. Male satyrs prefer to penetrate someone, but having a sufficiently-sized dick shoved into their asses will make them meek and willing. Because they are such horndogs themselves who are ready to go at a moment's notice is that they have no concept of not wanting to have sex. They believe that if someone's not interested they just didn't have enough to drink yet, or should hear some music to get in the mood. This music is invariably of a mind-controlling nature, or at least will implant a suggestion that the person needs to have sex RIGHT NOW. They do not consider it to be rape when doing this either. In fact, they only consider it rape when someone rather ugly forces themselves onto you, and they can be forgiven if they have a nice dick, tits or ass. Satyrs don't have a concept of an exclusive relationship either and treat marriage as a religious ceremony that is held right before a good party starts. More than once has a satyress pursued the best looking guy at a wedding, only to be chased off by the bride's family who take exception to their in-law being seduced on his wedding day. Because they have hooves satyrs consider feet to be exotic; as such a surprising number of them have a foot fetish.

A strange feature of satyr biology is something that has been called the inverse sexual drive. This means that the more partners a satyr is faced with, the longer they can perform in bed. For example, when faced with only one partner said partner can wholly satisfy the satyr in one passionate session of sex, leaving the satyr tired but satisfied. Meanwhile, if a satyress is captured by two dozen orcs she's fully capable to last as long as all of the guys going down on her are. An upper limit to this has not been found, but one being there is likely up to how long the partners will last. Satyrs are incredibly stretchy and can take some rather large dicks, after which they'll return to their original virgin tightness. Satyrs breed true, but they cannot interbreed with each other (and that's a good thing: if they could we'd be balls deep in satyrs in more way than one). Male satyrs can breed whenever, but female satyrs can have only a few children in their lifetimes. When she's fertile seemingly happens at random, and as such pregnant satyrs are treasured and seen as really hot by the satyr community at large. As such they have to interbreed with other humanoids. Humans and elves are favorites for how easy they are to seduce. Halflings are fairly easy as well, as are gnomes; with the latter satyrs manage to somehow avoid the low reproduction rates of gnomes. Orcs are

seen as ugly and crude and therefore not sought out as breeding partners, but more than one satyress has been knocked up after being "captured" by a gang of orcs. Satyrs rarely interbreed with dragons and they do so slightly more often with outsiders. Eladrin and Lillends are the most common celestials they interbreed with. Interbreeding with fiends is less common since most are rather ugly, but when faced with a succubus or the like a satyr cannot help but think with their crotch. The child will be born with small nubby horns and hooves, marking them as something not human. When the mother's not a satyr this will inevitably cause problems for her, with anything from being shunned by her husband and family to being put to death for adultery. If not killed right away satyrs will come for it in the night and spirit it away, giving no heed to the mother's fate. The children are raised in elusive places deep in the woods where no mortals can find them. This is where they are taught song and poetry, how to fight and frolic, how to drink like a man and fuck like an animal. Once considered adult a big party is held and the satyr goes their own way two days later (gotta recover from the massive hangover first). They sometimes gather for celebrations, but for the most satyrs lead lives apart from their kin.

Despite being creatures of freedom, satyrs have one big weakness: nymphs. This is more than just a basic love or lust: it's almost a psychological need. Regardless of how debased any given satyr is, they will always submit to a nymph. Satyrs consider them to be the ideal lifeform and seek to please them in any possible way. The nymphs meanwhile take this in stride, either laughing it off or actively using the satyrs to their whims, depending on the individual nymph. Satyrs seek to woo nymphs with song and poetry, with works that move and amuse. The ultimate goal of a satyr is to have a nymph fall in love with them and live happily ever after, but this actually happening is very rare. Most of the time the satyr is thanked with a kiss: either on the forehead or on the mouth, given how much the nymph enjoyed it. In really rare cases and almost always after the satyr provided either continued or a single great service to the nymph she'll reward the satyr with sex. Actual penetration is uncommon though, and most of the time this is a handjob, footjob or some other kind of stimulation that does not involve penetration. Satyrs consider this to be a great reward, even if a nymph generally does not think too much of using her feet to get a satyr off or allowing it to masturbate while it is eating her out. Only the greatest deeds will end in actual sex, and the satyr will always be submissive in this towards the nymph in question. Pregnancies that result from such unions will always result in a new nymph; a child that is actually considered to be less attractive than a regular nymph because of her satyr blood. Still, such a child can expect her fair deal of suitors to come knocking. Less scrupulous nymphs are more generous with the sex, but they demand much more of the satyrs that come to them. Satyrs don't mind serving a nymph though, and all but the most unreasonable requests are carried out without complaint. Wise nymphs know that if they keep leading a satyr on for too long without putting out it'll grow frustrated and leave for a nymph that will. A single nymph will often have several satyrs in its service, and competition for her attention is intense, but not violent. Nymphs don't like it when people physically fight for her, yet keep several satyrs to make sure they keep each other at the top of their game. A satyr will never hurt or force themselves onto a nymph: doing so is a grave crime and a surefire way to get your teeth kicked in.

Slime

There are several variations of the "slime monster". The simplest way to split them is between the intelligent and non-intelligent ones. The non-intelligent ones are the Oozes and Jellies. The primary difference between the two is that Oozes don't have fixed forms, taking the shape of amorphous blobs. Jellies meanwhile take a more defined shape. They are often square, but round and more esoteric shapes like the tetrahedron and other polyhedrons. There are rumors of the dread Hypercube Jelly, but none have been sighted so far (or people who have didn't live to tell the tale). They are more akin to plants than animals: they react to external stimuli like sound, warmth and movement. They can then home in on whatever is causing this and engulfs the source. If this is a living creature it is trapped and devoured by the Ooze in question. Oozes and Jellies prefer to remain underground where they spend all of their time feeding. Oozes do not produce in the regular sense of the word, but they will multiply when cut to bits. These bits can be incredibly small and still live, but if they get too small they wither and die because they cannot hunt fast enough. Oozes that meet each other and mix into a single large Ooze. There are many kinds of Oozes with different biological makeups, and fortunately there are possible combinations where the two Oozes undergo a violent chemical reaction and kill each other. When given enough time and food an Ooze can hypothetically grow to an infinite size, but when they start growing too big the various underground dwellers will start to combat them. The primary weaknesses of Oozes are fire, water and cold; the first burning up all the useful materials that make up an ooze and water to dilute an Ooze to the point where it dissipates. Quite a lot of water is needed for this however, since if too little water is used the Ooze will only grow. Enough cold can freeze an Ooze to death as well, but it requires some rather low temperatures to pull this off.

But then there are the intelligent ones; the Slimes and Goos. Both of those have a core that contains the soul and part of the mind of the creature. The core is its most vulnerable spot, as breaking it will kill the creature. The difference is that a Slime is a natural creature, while a Goo is an artificial creation. Slimes are sapient creatures but most of the time not very smart. They both slither around in a slime form and walk around in a humanoid shape. They have a great degree of control over their bodies, being able to stretch and shrink, grow big and fit themselves through anything they can fit their core through. This can make Slimes very skilled at breaking and entering, since mechanical locks are rather trivial for them to get inside of and open them without any key needed. Slimes are capable of regulating their stickiness and wetness, capable of going from anywhere to a barely cohesive puddle to something with the cohesion and feel of a water bed. Slimes have a good degree of control over how corrosive they are as well: they can go from hazardous to most life they touch to completely inert in a few moments. Slimes don't need much in life: as long as they have food they are mostly content with wandering the world. Those living in the wild tend to hibernate, often digging themselves underground after gorging themselves. While Slimes can eat just about anything they tend to prefer to eat meat; most of the time small animals will suffice. That's not to say that they are not a threat to larger creatures, but they will only attack creatures larger than them in the most dire of circumstances. What a Slime eats and drinks will temporarily affect its personality and body: spicy foods make them irate and warm to the touch, cold things make them drowsy and cold, things high in sugar will make them energetic and chocolate will make them docile and amorous. Eating small bits of the Slime during these periods will induce the feelings for a short while, but Slimes don't like being devoured like this.

Unlike Oozes, Slimes can't reproduce by being cut to bits. If a part is cut off and not retrieved in time it will wither and the Slime will shrink due to loss of mass used to create a replacement. The slime that forms part of them also enhances their higher brain functions: Slimes the size of a dog won't be very intelligent while those with enough volume to rival an elephant are very intelligent indeed, even if they remain rather quiet and reserved. To reproduce a Slime will need a catalyst that it cannot provide on their own: humanoid semen. Slimes know where and how to harvest this. The touch of a willing Slime is quite pleasurable, but tends to not be very arousing because of their shape. As such Slimes tend to take the shape of attractive humanoid women (and sometimes men) to have sex. The most common way to do this is to sneak into a single man's house at night and force themselves onto him. If he struggles too much they can be restrained and gagged with slime. When the slime is done it will abscond quickly with its prize. Killing the humanoid in question while doing this is rare, because slimes need a lot of time to digest a humanoid and attacking

them is a surefire way to be on the receiving end of a hunt. This is often repeated over the course of several nights to ensure that the child will grow well. When the little Slime is fully grown inside of its parent it will split off and act as an independent being. When the humanoid is willing and helps the Slime harvest its bounty it may come back during other times as well. Slimes don't seek much stimulation but they like being told stories, listening to music and cuddling. A Slime can't produce its own body heat, so for warmth it can leech this off of others. A willing humanoid can provide it with the warmth it likes. Fortunately when a Slime is treated like this it can be "domesticated", which means they'll forego the wild in favor of living indoors. Such a Slime will need to be taught to not get everything slimy and wet; fortunately a Slime can quickly clean such things up by absorbing the moisture and slime.

Goos are a bit like Slimes, but less versatile. They have to stick to one kind of viscosity for their bodies, their intellect is limited to how they are made and they can't reproduce. This is because Goos are created, not made. Their bodies are made of a goo that is the product of several alchemical and magical processes, while the core is a magically or psionically treated crystal or other gemstone. They combine the two, add some magic, lightning or magical lightning and ZAP! Instant Goo. Now, the problem is that Goos rely entirely on their constructed core for their intelligence and shape, so this all needs to be made from scratch. While it is possible to make a fitting crystal for a living mind and moving the mind into it, this is even more difficult. Some wizards who fear death but don't like the idea of lichdom perform this process on themselves to attain immortality. The concept is less than ideal given the weaknesses inherent with being a Goo, but it works. A properly-made core however can be mixed with any amount of goo to take on nearly any possible form. If you start with a tub full of goo and add in a crystal that'll allow for the creation of the shape of a dragon, adding in 10 more tubs of goo will increase the volume of the creature involved as well. Due to its properties the goo can be used as a substitute for magic that relies on blood and sacrificing bits of one's body and health, but the end results of the magic will be a bit different than when used normally. So while it's useful it's far from the best option.

Succubus

Succubae are sex fiends, simple as that. While they enjoy every kind of vice sex is the all-time favorite. They exist as something of a dark reflection to the goddess of love, tempting people into ruin through the power of dat ass. While they are fiends in their own right succubae don't belong to any of the big groups; while demons, devils and other fiendish races frequently employ their services they are a race of fiends in their own right. They have no loyalty to anyone but themselves, essentially allowing them to swing every possible way. They are unique amongst fiends in that they can go to the material world without being summoned. This allows them to roam the world looking for suitable mates and generally fun times without having to rely on a cult to summon their dark goddess or lecherous wizards trying to get their dicks wet. While succubae don't mind having sex they prefer to do so as a means to an end like tempting a mortal into wickedness, obtaining riches, procreation or advancing another scheme. Because of their ability to travel to the material world at will they are prized agents for other fiends, but the price for their service is high and there's the risk of them screwing their employer over for their own gain.

In their base forms succubae resemble women with large curves, perfect skin and hair, horns, claws, wings and a tail. They are expert shapeshifters and can take up shapes up to half their base size larger or smaller, with the more powerful ones also being able to become quadrupeds. This allows them to take the ideal form to be able to seduce their targets. They are perfectly capable of taking on a male form (in which case they are called incubi) or grow a perfectly functional dick. Succubae are very stretchy and consider pain and pleasure to be the same thing, allowing them to take on some extremely large insertions while still screaming for more. No fetish is off the table for a succubus, and while they don't mind being dominated a succubus can make for a frightening mistress. The lips of a succubus (both sets) are almost hypnotic and a kiss makes you aroused and easy prey for these sexual predators.

On their own succubae cannot breed. To do so they require at least two humanoids: a male and a female. First they engage in sex with a seed donor of choice and harvest their sperm. It does not matter into which

hole this is released: a succubus is capable of moving it around inside of her body and preserving it. After this the succubus turns into a man and proceeds to have sex with the designated incubator for their child. The sperm at this point has been warped and changed and will produce a young succubus. The earlier breeding restraints are thrown out the window: as long as the races of the parent are even remotely compatible interbreeding can commence. A woman impregnated by a succubus will be watched over closely during the pregnancy. Such a pregnancy will be a lot shorter than normal for the mother's race: the gestation period will be shortened to anything from a half to a third of the normal time. An unborn succubus will drain its mother from everything it can get, greatly weakening her without outright endangering her. The birth tends to go smooth as the child will only have very stubby horns, wings and a tail and no talons. After this the incubator is ditched by the succubus who will take her child to the citadel of the succubae, located somewhere in the hells. Succubae don't raise their own children and instead give them up for raising and training at the citadel. Mothers will keep tabs on their daughters and it is tradition to provide their daughter their first mortal they ever have sex with. It is possible for succubae to become pregnant though: through some dark method they are capable of stealing an egg from the womb of a mortal woman using their extremely long tongues. They then swallow this egg and move it to their own wombs, allowing them to become pregnant.

Most humanoids are wary of the wiles of the succubae and the religions of mortals warn against their influence. Nobody leads the charge against them more than the goddess of love, who considers the existence of succubae abhorrent and a personal failure. She has a point with that last part; the eldest succubae who is their queen and common ancestor is the goddess' eldest daughter, whom resulted from a copulation between her and a fiendish lord. Still, there are many who fall for a succubus. Common victims include humans (who'll fuck anything), elves (lewd and easily dominated) and satyrs (they know succubae are evil, but... just look at that ass). Unicorns have no mercy for succubae and if they pick up the trail of one, they'll chase it to the end of the world.

Tengu

Tengu are a type of fey (which is debated, since some sources compare them to demons, native outsiders or monstrous humanoids) who guard forests and mountains. Their demeanor is all over the place: some are helpful tricksters while others are violent harbingers of war. They are bound to certain locations in the world and can only under the direst of circumstances leave those areas. Tengu are said to be reincarnations of particularly prideful or vain people. This makes them comparable to oni, with whom tengu occasionally clash in small battles. Like the oni the tengu tempt and test people in their righteousness, but they tend to do so with those who seek oneness with the spirits and test themselves to attain enlightenment and derive power from it. These ascetics welcome the attentions of the tengu, seeing them as a mix of spirits to placate and teachers to learn from. Tengu in return seek to test these people and not outright harm them, and when satisfied will leave them be.

Physically Tengu come in two types: the lesser birdlike kotengu and the greater humanoid daitengu, with one's enlightenment determining which type one becomes. Kotengu are the more birdlike of the two, resembling crows or kites. While they settle in forests and mountains they rarely act as their official guardians, instead falling under a daitengu. They are the more numerous type of tengu and therefore more commonly encountered. Daitengu resemble humans but can be recognized by their long, tube-shaped noses. The longer the tengu's nose the more powerful it is: the legendary king of the tengu is said to have a nose as long as a man's arm. Daitengu also have a preference for wearing small black hats, with some kotengu wearing them as well. Tengu mostly go barefoot, but some prefer a particular shape of wooden sandal. These have a single "tooth" on which to walk, which would be nigh impossible for a human and doubly so on a soft surface. But the tengu can walk around in them without much trouble at all. Tengu commonly possess fans made of feathers that can both stir up great winds and grow and shrink the nose of a humanoid (but not that of a tengu); these magical items are seen as prized treasures by humanoids and they often try to steal them from the tengu.

While being fierce warriors, most tengu will not attack unless provoked. Such a provocation can be anything from defiling the forest or mountain they protect to lying to them or trying to steal from them. Some tengu even go out of their way to kidnap children or holy men in order to mess with them. Oh sure, they'd later be found alive. Mostly. On the other hand though a non-aggressive tengu can be easily placated with song, dance or music. Humility will also carry one far with them. Tengu also have a sense of justice and martial pride: they will teach those who have been wronged the way of the sword so that they can enact justice. A number of ninja clans also claim their lineage back to an ancestor who was trained by the tengu. The tengu themselves rarely comment on those whom they have trained when asked about them, preferring to live in the now.

Much like oni the tengu are perfectly capable of breeding with humanoids, but they rarely do so. Almost all tengu are reincarnated instead of born, but the children born this way will always be tengu themselves of the same kind as their parent. Female tengu are the minority of the species, with them being 5 to 10 percent of the tengu population. Aside from outward differences female tengu are just as fierce as the male ones. Tengu enjoy a good party with plenty of song, dance and drink. While not overtly sexual beings like the oni are in comparison, a sufficiently appealing partner will draw the tengu's attention. Most lasting relationships between tengu and humanoids come from a teacher/student relationship, which sometimes turns into a romantic one. Such unions may result in a child, with tengu having a similar gestation period to humans. As for fetishes tengu can be all over the place, but they mostly prefer outdoors stuff and them being mostly dressed during the deed.

Tieflings

The big debate of nature VS nurture. Are they born evil, or are they evil because they are treated as such? It can go either way, really. In all but the most open-minded, uncaring or evil societies tieflings are treated like shit. This forces them to grow up fast and tough, forcing them to be independent at a young age. While they share this with half-orcs, those are more accepted because at least orcs are of this world, unlike fiends. Tieflings can look the whole gamut from very attractive to very ugly and can have anything from humanoid to animalesque to visages not of this world. Some of them also gravitate towards androgynous looks or towards the other gender: girly boys, butch girls and even the rare fully-functional hermaphrodite. The prettiest ones quickly discover that there are quite a lot of people willing to fuck a tiefling because they're pretty and how forbidden it feels. This means that quite a lot of them end up in prostitution or as a mistress to some rich fucker. However, because of their nature they are widely mistrusted and seen as easily disposable. As such, many tieflings will have a bag packed with the essentials so they can leave in a hurry if they need to. Those who resist evil will grow up as cautious and suspicious individuals who will keep others at an emotional distance. Some are quite willing to fuck people to get something out of it, but they'll rarely start a relationship. If you do manage to seduce one and enter a relationship you'll find someone who's incredibly willing to please, even if it comes at their own discomfort. Some of them even have a deep self-loathing buried deep inside themselves, and having someone tenderly make love to them brings this all up. They'll want to be degraded, called names, tied up, hit and all sorts of SM stuff because of their unclean nature. As long as you'll end it with some kind words, cuddles and kisses it'll all be good.

Unicorns

Do you know why unicorns are attracted to virginal female humanoids of all kinds? Personal use. You see, unicorns are an all-male species. And they absolutely loathe those who aren't virgins. As in the violent horse rape kind of loathing. They have an in-built ability to detect one's purity, but only of the sexual kind. A unicorn would murder a human who has had sex and leave a non-violent fiend alone. While they'll tolerate virgin men approaching them (but only to some extent: get too close and they'll bite/gorge/kick you) they vastly prefer young women who have barely become fertile. The "pure" and "innocent" unicorn will lure away these virginal girls to somewhere they are alone, only for them to kick the girl off and submit them to violent horse rape. They possess some minor magic that allows them to influence people and make them think they fell in a particular fashion when it's actually them moving themselves into an ideal position for the unicorn to fuck them. If the woman in question survives this (and this is not a given) they'll be scarred for life, as well as unable to have sex without it hurting massively ever again. The most sinister part is that the unicorn's magic makes it think that something bad happened and some monster attacked the girl.

Unicorns mainly do this out of an immense sexual frustration. Given that there are no female unicorns they have to resort to sexually assaulting wild horses to propagate the species (thankfully humanoids cannot interbreed with unicorns). They do this by finding a herd, murdering any stallions part of the herd, kill any foals that are too young, then proceed to rape the mares until they are pregnant. At that point the unicorn leaves for, ahem, "greener pastures". Some more brave/powerful/horny unicorns will go and try to rape centaurs or even certain pseudo-equines like pegasi and hippogriffs. None of them like unicorns though and will either try to fight them off or flee. A centaur mare that gets knocked up by a unicorn will birth a unicorn, but such a young is always abandoned after birth. Most of these young however are found by a unicorn stallion and are taken away to be raised as one of their own. Unicorns are mostly solitary creatures and rarely compete for mates, and they'll rarely team up to take down a truly ambitious target like a dragon hatchling. Unicorns possess a cold intellect hidden under a friendly guise like the sociopaths they are. In a worst case scenario they breed with a fiendish creature (unicorns don't care) and breed a fiendish unicorn, true monsters used by some ambitious fiends as mounts and sources of amusement, "feeding" prisoners to them.

Most humanoids don't care for unicorns, but they don't hunt them to extinction because it would make them look bad. Despite being unrepentant serial rapists this is not commonly known and most people won't believe this to be true. Plus, their hair when given willingly (though in practice this only precedes the rape) makes for a very potent magical reagent. This might also be a more powerful spell at work. Humans and elves tend to be the most common victims of unicorns. Orcs simply hunt them for food, dwarves mistrust any creature of a magical nature and halflings don't bother chasing after a unicorn. Gnomes on the other hand know of the nature of unicorns. Those who live in areas with large numbers tend to set up magical and/or technological guards around a perimeter, but more than once has a security construct been found utterly wrecked and riddled with several soggy holes. Other fey know of the reputation of unicorns, but have found ways around it. A fair number of them, including dryads and nymphs, simply mind control them and occasionally employ them as hitmen (something the unicorns don't mind doing). Smaller fey can dodge unicorns, while the largest ones are too powerful for a unicorn to take down.

When hunting unicorns the bait is simple: lewdness. You can't just put down your copies of Sorority Gnomes 5: Revenge of the Lube Golem and set a trap though: you'll need some live action action. The lewder the better, though it turns out that unicorns get absolutely livid at guys making out. Even worse if it's out of wedlock or when they are not traditionally masculine. So when you bait your traps with traps make sure to go for something like a deep pitfall with plenty of sharp spikes. Do be careful that a wounded unicorn is absolutely vicious and has a good chance of kicking you straight in half. So be careful, because while they're pretty unicorns are vicious monsters that should be exterminated.

They'll murder futa dead on principle. Same goes for transgender people. Unicorns consider them to be impure and ruin the female form that's fit only to serve horsecock, and are exterminated on sight lest they reproduce.

A unicorn that gets forcefully genderswapped will first try to murder the person that did it to them, after which they'll either go on a murderous rampage until they are killed or drop dead from exhaustion, or kill themselves at the first possible opportunity by drowning or jumping off a cliff. If they run into another unicorn and the first one is wearing a cursed item the other unicorn will try to get it off to the point of injuring its fellow. Unicorns have a strange sense of honor like that, and are not shy about injuring their fellow to get it off to the point of dismemberment or disfiguring. Not that the victim cares: it would rather die male than live female. If there's a curse involved and the other unicorn cannot undo the magic it will mercy kill its fellow. Just because they are man-hating serial rapists does not mean that they are without empathy.

Another little known fact about unicorns is that they can speak. The most common languages are Sylvan, Common and Elvish, but things like Draconic, Celestial and Druish/Hedru are known as well. Unicorns generally don't care to speak and prefer to let their dicks do the talking, and between each other they defer to the language of horses. But them being able to speak, paired with a human-like intelligence, means something very bad: unicorns can learn magic. Of course, only a few of them do. Hooves make the use of material components difficult and most somatic components impossible, but if they manage to deal with this they are a force to be reckoned with. The most common schools of magic they learn are Enchantment and Illusion, with next to none learning Necromancy. Another bunch tend to be dangerous in a different way and become clerics. Now, most good gods won't touch a unicorn with a ten foot pole but certain neutral nature gods like Obad-Hai cover them as part of their portfolio and see their tendencies as natural. Another deity that takes them in (in more ways than one according to some) is Lurue, Faerûn's deity of magical beasts. She holds domain over all such creatures, and all the good for being a hippy chick she does manages to balance out the evil of unicorns. There are some dark rumors though that Lurue likes unicorns in all the wrong ways, and tolerates them so that she can have herself some of that thick horsecock now and then (or all the time, depending on who you ask). A vast majority of the unicorns don't like being subservient like this though and treasure life, liberty and the pursuit of rape above all else. Unicorns are the only natural predators of satyrs on several planes. The lewd and careless nature of satyrs attracts the equines, who will have no qualms about murdering male satyrs. The more rare female ones however are submitted to being raped to death by a frenzied unicorn. As such, parties are held with some proper security in place to make sure they don't get run through while balls deep in some cutie (or when said cutie is balls deep in them). However, with some proper preparation a unicorn is no match for a satyr that knows what it's doing and when banding together satyrs could easily exterminate the unicorns in any given forest. The problem is that dryads love unicorns, who are kept calm and non-rapey in their presence. Killing unicorns is one of the most surefire ways to make a dryad very angry at you, which is something satyrs want to avoid very badly. You see, there is no nectar sweeter to a satyr than juicy dryad pussy and they will go to immense lengths to woo a dryad. And risking a ripped rectum in the pursuit of delicious dryad pussy is considered to be irrelevant in the pursuit of the ultimate prize. As such, satyrs mostly avoid unicorns and have developed a variety of tactics to escape and avoid them without hurting it. And before you ask: kicking a unicorn in the dick will only make its penis grow harder. Now, for all the taste that unicorns have for raping women and mares, the most prized breeding slave would be one of the fabled Ur'Epona. These horses have the ability to travel between the planes at will, and such an ability would be perfect for a future generation of unicorns to have. This would mean that they can rape their way across the multiverse, getting their dicks all sorts of wet. However, Ur'Epona are intelligent and know to avoid unicorns, and none have been captured for violent impregnation so far. Even the few that have been cornered in places where they cannot escape the Ur'Epona are known to have been freed by a mix of other monsters, adventurers or freak accidents of nature. Maybe this is the way that the gods make up for having mass rapists in their ranks, or the Ur'Epona have guardians of their own. Either way, such a child would be a terrible thing to behold and would spell doom on the various holes of the inhabitants of the planes.

Vampires

They will suck your blood! And your dick! And your blood through your dick! Vampires are both easy and difficult to define. Loads of monsters out there want to suck your blood, many of whom have to do it to survive. Even with the other properties like aversion to sunlight, being undead and all the other abilities and weaknesses that vampires have, they're a case of "I know one when I see one". Still, there's the "classic" vampire that I'm going to talk about now.

Classy, aristocratic, cultured, dramatic, sinister yet civil: the image of the classic vampire is easy to recall. Living in castles up on tall hills, they overlook hamlets of superstitious villagers who try at everything to appease their lord. More wicked vampires rule with an iron fist and ruthlessly exploit their subjects, while the wise ones allow some leniency to allow their lands to prosper while still feeding off the population. This creates a delicate balance game, for if a vampire is too harsh nearby churches will send the paladin squad in to stake him out while if they're too soft the population itself will turn against their lord. And that's not even counting other vampires into the equation, or werewolves for that matter. As such, it's a good idea for a vampire to space out his feeding between various people instead of sucking them dry one by one, and make sure that their rule is the preferred option over those that came before them and the active alternatives. Vampires might be bloodsuckers but they tend to be lesser robber barons towards their subject than the living nobility.

Vampires can have a wide variety of powers, but most of them include mind control, super strength/speed/toughness, climb up walls, limited shapeshifting, control animals and the weather and a whole slew of other things. The more they use their powers the more blood they need to drink. Most of the time a single limited drink per night that leaves the subject a wee bit woozy tends to do it, but if they overextend themselves or get injured they need a lot more, drinking enough to kill a person or two. A fully-fed vampire can easily pass for a mortal, but the thirstier they are the less alive they look; they become pale, cold, skinny and feral-looking. This makes them more powerful in a fight but more prone to lose their cool and enter a frenzy. Some vampires can use this blood as fuel for their magic, but these vampires will need to drink frequent and large amounts. When dealing with small drinks a vampire can mostly control itself, but when they're thirsty they can lose control and accidentally drink a person dry. The bite itself feels rather good for the mortal, akin to sex, and releases a substance onto the victim that almost immediately heals the bite wounds, but leaves a temporary bite mark. Then there's the issue of the sun. Weaker vampires will burn up in the sun while the more powerful ones can survive in its light for longer amounts of time. The most powerful ones can function in the sun without dying, but their skin tends to redden and they lose the use of all their vampire powers.

Aside from drinking blood, vampires are known for being sexy. They are ancient symbols of sex and temptation, some even going back to the oldest of symbolism. While there's a metaphor in the vampire drinking blood that relate to sex, it is possible for a vampire to have sex. To do so requires them to have recently been drinking to their limit, which gives them a temporary blush that allows them to mimic life. In this state a vampire can have sex; outside of this a male vampire can't get it up and a female vampire's vagina feels like beef jerky. Vampires like to collect harems lovers/favorite drinks and mind control/seduce them into hanging around and looking sexy. Some of these vessels are made into vampires as well: a lesser vampire is made when a vampire drinks a body dry and it rises up as an undead, while a true vampire is made from mixing the mortal's blood with that of the vampire and have them die from that. The lesser vampires are less powerful than their sire and act as their servants, while the powerful ones are only created when there is good reason for them to do so.

In normal conditions vampires cannot conceive. However, through certain kinds of magic and acts that border on necrophilia it is possible for a vampire and a mortal to conceive. Vampire on vampire is not possible because creating life requires at least a bit of life to be involved in the process. Such a child will be a dhampir: lacking most vampire weaknesses while having most of their strength. This makes them powerful hunters of their own kind, which earns them the distrust of their fullblooded kin and the hatred of the living, who see no difference between vampires and dhampir.

Werewolves

Werewolves come in two flavors: those who revel in the curse and those who resist it. The first group tends to not be very nice: they are violent, hedonistic, hungry and they will stop at nothing to get what they want. They like the taste of humanoid flesh and will sometimes hunt them for sport or fun. They can live alone or in packs, with the latter being more dangerous because of the combined intelligence of the pack. The lone wolves either attack people out on their own under a full moon or try to seduce people (of the opposite gender) and capture them so they can kill and eat them under a full moon. Living like this gives them one great advantage: they can shapeshift at will from and to their wolf shape, human shape and hybrid shape. If they resist the curse they can hold off the bloodlust and live in normal society. They lean towards vegetarianism, as well as being rather spiritual. However, these werewolves will always lose themselves under a full moon and turn into their hybrid shape, raging and tearing as they go. This means that they will avoid any romantic relationships because they know that if their lover finds out they will either leave them or lead a mob against them. Plus, there is the risk of the lover being killed when the werewolf loses it. However, with patience, care, a respectable distance when it is needed and plenty of love and acceptance it is not impossible to romance a werewolf. But there's something important people do not know about the curse: Lycanthropy is sexually transmittable. And only with the humane werewolves is wrapping it an option: in their hybrid form or with the monstrous werewolves condoms seem to always fail.