

[X]Golden hair

[X] White skin

[X] You'd miss not having a motherly presence like Latan's around.

[X] Things just wouldn't be the same without your friend Lalana around.

[X] One of your sisters

"Oh my golden boy," Your father said with pride at your decision.

"My Ferro Danjar," Your mother added as her eyes glittered as you made your choice.

You honestly wanted to leave without much fuss. Given that you were just a farm boy, you hated being the center of attention! But you had to admit that, as you looked around and saw that same elation and pride reflected in the face of all your mothers around you, that this wasn't so bad.

Of course, one of your mothers, one of the younger ones, went beyond just being happy for you and was pumping her hands up and down as if she had just won something. If you remember correctly, she was Altrunia's mother...

"Which of my sister where you thinking of sending with me?" Your broke the mood to ask your father with some suspicion. You could have just picked them yourself, of course, but you had absolutely no desire to pick between your sisters. Being put on the spot like that wasn't your idea of a good time. But you parents would have known that too, so that meant-

"Altrunia," Your father confirmed with a nod and you resisted whining about the decision. Altrunia was really strict and straight laced. The most protective of all your sisters and that was not a low standard. You wanted to have some risk in your fun adventure damn it!

"Well, I am guessing she'll go with me when I go ask Lalana and her mom out with me," You allowed as you modified the plans that you had laid. Instead of walking out of the town with the morning sun shining behind you, you guess you could do the same with the afternoon sun shining upon your party. Not very story-like you supposed, but concessions had to be made.

"Actually," Your mother, golden hair that you had inherited from her shining from the candle light, disagreed, "You can get your other girls and she'll meet you once you are leaving town."

"Oh," You asked, curious for what was one of the only times the girls in your family hadn't stumbled over their legs trying to get you everything.

"Yes, as part of your party she is exempt from incest or inbreeding by-laws," The mother of the girl in question chipped in, all too happy with the result. Far from giving her dark looks for intruding on a "private" event, your birth mother and father all nodded at the point, more than happy to agree with her.

"Oh," You replied, your face going bright red as you considered the implications. Incest was a social taboo condemned by both the churches and Queen, and its punishments heavy. Unless, of course, if the woman involved was the last woman of her lineage and her only prospect was said male relative. Or if they are rich or part of nobility and simply payed the penalty with blood money.

Or if the woman gave birth to a boy as a result of the tryst.

A woman could justify an incredible amount of things if it resulted in her giving birth to sons.

But yes, being an adventurer in the same party as your family member was also considered one of those exceptions. A consideration born of mercy for the harsh realities of the job, if you asked the church. A career benefit meant to draw in people into the job if you asked your birth mother.

"So after contacting the church and filing the paperwork ahead of you, you'll go on your merry way," Your birth mother replied as she eyed your embarrassment with a smirk.

"Oh, I am going to be a grandmother," Altrunia's mother whispered with glee and some of your mothers looked at her with some jealousy. It was the second time she had broken with decorum but no one had the heart to reprimand her for it.

"Oh," Your father said as if that reminded him of something, "If you lose her, for whatever reason, do let us know. We'll be happy to send any of your other 18 sisters to replace her and it would keep your mothers from worrying,"

"If I can dad, if I can," You sighed.

You went to sleep with a belly full of turkey that night, your traveling pack right next to you. You hugged it to your chest, dreaming of all the fantastical things you were going to do and the glories that you would earn in your trip. And now, because they would be traveling with you, of your sister, your best friend and her really nice mom standing by you as you did so.

In some ways, the sun came in too early. But not in the ones that mattered.

"Love you dad, love you moms, love you sisters!" You said to the man and women gathered in your house as you left it and started to make your way through the town. They actually wanted to walk with you to the edge of the town, every single member of your family, but that was lame so you had long ago convinced them to let you set out from your home.

You saw faces in the crowd, both old and young, both smiling and beaming with some of that open pride. Sisters older and younger than you excitedly waving and mothers, especially your birth one, crying tears of both happiness and sadness.

But, someday, you'd be back! You'll come back to Sunverst draped in fame, money and stories to share with your dad and what surviving women in your family there'll be!

But first, you had to pick up the other two women of your party.

Lalana lived midway through town, the huts and houses of her family arranged around a hill in the traditional clan style. Phoe was a man that was just two years younger than your father but looked much the same. Which made place he lived in of particular humor to your father who often joked that old "Po" was going to throw a hip much sooner than he ever would.

As it happened, he was apparently residing in the house of your friend as you crested their hills. A fact made noticeable by the comings and goings of an above average number of his wives in the residence. You'd lived with the rhythm of women taking turns by the arm squeeze of your father all your life and you recognized the pattern now.

Your friend, a brunette with a bowl cut haired gathering wood into her hands, noticed your approach and quickly dropped what she was carrying to come and greet you.

"Ferro!" She screamed with glee as you noticed that your bestie, despite being your age, had grown another finger. That made her almost have half a head on you.

Stupid girls and their growth spurts.

The hug that she gave you, pressing you against the modest bust that was starting to grow on her, however, made you appreciate said growth spurt just a little bit though.

"What are you doing here?" She asked, happy but confused, "I thought today was the day you left?"

"Well, yes," You said scratching your head, a little bit embarrassed at basically proposing something almost approaching a romantic relationship to her, "I came to get you."

The why her face lid up, though, you'd think you had just asked her to marry you.

"Yes, yes, yes!" She gleefully screamed as she jumped up and down, her boobs rubbing on your face in the most distracting of ways, "Oh, I had hoped, *dreamed*, you'd do this! Let me go get my things!"

And without waiting for you to say anything else, she ran back into her house, screeching with excitement as she went. Your eyes couldn't help but go down to her ass as she did because, god gods, if there was one thing she had overdeveloped it was that!

Her hips were wide and her ass cheeks big. Her thighs were thick and her calves were defined. Honestly, if you hadn't decided to set out on your journey, you might have ended up losing your virginity to her anyway.

But, well, she wasn't the only woman you came to get.

Latan was actually in the kitchen of her house, with her husband's arm around her waist. She was giggling as she bent down to serve her husband some breakfast and there the old man noticed you.

Both of your sights connected and, for a few seconds, you paused just outside his house, feeling like an intruder.

And then a knowing smile lit up on his face and his hand went down to the hem of your Latan's skirt. And then he threw it up until it was resting on her back, giving you an eyeful of her ass.

Thin strips of cloth covered the decency of her vagina, but brown pubic hairs still managed sprout like hay out of the corner of her undergarment. The cloth, however, disappeared when getting into her ass, her huge derriere swallowing her panties.

Some blood rushed down to the beast in your crotch and you swallow thickly as Phoe gave you a wink.

"You are so bad," Latan laughed as she swiped at her soon to be ex-husband's arm, oblivious to you, but the man stopped it mid swing.

"Honey?" The milf asked, worry and confusion starting to make way in her face.

"None of that," Phoe said with mirth that just further confused the older woman, "Our time's at an end."

Horror started to cross in her face when the old man grabbed her by the shoulders and turned around. Latan's body whirled and soon enough you were looking at the face of a woman who had been stunningly beautiful once.

And still was, if someone asked your opinion.

It was obvious what your friend had inherited from her, the wide hips and big ass. But something she hadn't gotten, or hadn't gotten yet anyway, was the huge tits hanging from Latan's chest. Each were as big as her head and shook most intriguingly with as they settled.

"Behold, your new man," Phoe stated grandly, extending a hand to you and Lalana's mother just gaped at you. She hadn't known? Regardless, it was hard to not be called a man and not preen with plomp.

“Danjar’s boy?” Latan asked in shock, the panic and horror in her face melting away as she peered at you.

“I-I’m his now?” She wondered as she looked you up and down, looking at your golden hair, following the creamy white skin in your shoulders, down to your crotch, which was still bulging.

Her eyes stayed there for a bit actually.

“He’s going out to be what his mother was,” Phoe explained, “Watcha call it again?”

“An adventurer?” You supplied, starting to feel a bit self-conscious by Latan’s study of you.

“A homeless killer for hire, that’s it,” The old man snapped his fingers as it came back to him.

“An adventurer...” Latan hummed with consideration as her eyes stopped concentrating on your goods and just went back to considering you as a whole.

“So I figured he needed a maternal influence in his life. Naturally I thought of the most delicious of my older women,” Phoe said and your party member stopped studying you to give her now ex-husband a smile at the compliment.

That didn’t last long because she went right back to looking at you, her eyes just a little bit lidded.

“Maternal influence you say...” You could swear you heard her moan out. Normally friendly and warm, this was the first time you had EVER seen her act this way with you and, frankly, it you had more than a little bit nonplussed.

“And I know how much you wanted to have more children, so I figured giving a strapping young lad a chance at your ovaries would be more than fair. Hell, I don’t think he needs proof that you produce great children!” Phoe laughed and you flushed as the topic turned raunchy.

“Having young Ferro’s children~” This time, Latan really DID purr and you turned your eyes away from her, the image of the kind and caring mother of your best friend being twisted with that of a horny bint.

“Hmm, but hah, what the hell,” Phoe said after a moment of thought and thrust his hand into his now ex-wife’s chest. Latan, as primed as she was, moaned from the sudden intrusion as your best friend’s father pulled a huge heavy tit out of her dress, “Check out the goods kid.”

And, indeed, Latan’s tit was mesmerizing. A huge inch long nipples protruded from the mammary, a dinner plate sized areola surrounding it with bumps surrounding the feeding tube. Creamy white skin surrounded it and it positively bounced on the hand of the old man.

Tentatively, you walked closer to get a better look at what was now yours. The offered baby feeder hung freely in the air as you got closed enough for a single cough from Latan to poke your eye with that glorious nipple. You observed the tear shaped orb go up and down with the older woman's now hitched breath.

And you felt how soft, how silky they were as your hands grabbed it and lightly squeezed on it.

"Just like selling a horse," Phoe muttered with satisfaction and you realized that he no longer was propping Latan's breast up and it was you who was holding the chest puppy up in the air.

And, because curiosity was a hard thing to resist, you gingerly looked up and found your friend's mother biting her lip as she stared at you with hungry eyes.

"I'll...take her?" You replied because, really, what else could you do?

And then Latan's hand came down and grabbed your own as she...put her boob back into her dress.

"We'll continue later, okay honey?" The older woman said, the perfect picture of a house wife in display again. Warm, kind and dignified.

Except...with an ominous glint her eyes.

"Okay Ferro, I am ready!" Lalana came running down the stairs of her house, dragging a bag that was just about the same size as her body behind her, "Let's get goiiiiing?"

She paused as she looked around, about how flushed you were and how close her mother was to you.

"What happened?" She asked, confused.

Which was only exacerbated by the sound of applause coming from Phoe's other wives. Honestly, you had forgotten they were there too.

Latan had to get packed too, of course, which is why you spent a few awkward moments with your bestie as she processed that she was going to be sharing you with her mother.

Did that make them, point in fact, equals? What of their mother-daughter relationship then, and, more importantly, who got dibs at Ferro?

Those were the important questions your friend thought of as you tried hard to disappear from the world. To call the situation weird didn't even begin to fit.

But in the end, you walked out of Latan's house with the first of your three party members in tow, heading for the far end of the town. A shouted final offered from Phoe being the last thing you said to each other:

"Send any children you have back here if you don't want them. From *either* of them!"

Your own family would want dibs, honestly, but it was still a generous offer!

And, wouldn't you know it, Altrunia was waiting in the shade of a tree there with a pack in her back. On the dot.

With a Knight on a doublet waiting with a horse nearby.

"I trust you had no problems?" Your 21 year old sister said, her blue eyes narrowed as she looked at the woman she would have to share her brother with.

"None," You replied as you got used to having a daughter and mother combo in your party.

"Good," She replied and then she stepped up to you.

She reach out, grabbed you by the shirt, and leaned down to capture your lips.

Your sister's lips, you found, were incredibly soft. Her black hair covered your face as her lips sucked on your own and she tenderly stole your first kiss.

By the time she got done, her face was flushed and a line of saliva separated your lips as she stared at the rest of your party. Lalana's face was also red from the audacity of your sister, but Latan's was lit with something approaching outrage.

"As his sister, I know him best and therefore I believe that gives me precedence," She stated to the other girls, making Lalana take up the same face as her mother.

"A little big for your breeches, aren't you girl?" The older woman asked with a raised eyebrow, "One would think *experience* would take the lead."

"I, umm, his best friend?" Lalana tried to add but the 14 year old girl had neither the grit nor the age to be a contestant in this battle.

"Oh, it matters of course and so I can permit you to lead sometimes," Your sister mockingly allowed, "Right after I take his virginity of course."

Were all the women in your life always this horny and you never noticed?

It wasn't like Altrunia was bad looking either, with a sharp and exotic face. Some would have termed it intimidating, but you had a life time to get used to it.

Her body was lithe in contrast with your other parties members. Her bust was modest and perky. Bigger than Lalana's, but they were at the peak of their growth. Her well formed ass and her hips still managed to give her an hourglass form, but she seem to be on the lean side of beauty.

"Oh this boy needs his first time to be memorable, not a headache!" Latan shot back and Altrunia frowned as she stepped up to the older woman. They were of a height though obviously Latan was the bigger of the two because of her curves. That meant they towered over your 14 year old frame and you couldn't help but feel that you had to do something about this.

"If you peasants like," The knight who was going to escort you to Verhoom intruded with a voice that did not bother to hide her boredom, "I can take his virginity off your hands."

All the women in your group automatically rounded up on the knight, the animosity that they had started to build one with each other now directed at the interloper.

"Not for free of course," The well dressed woman said as she gave you a lazy smile, "I'll share my supplies in this three day trip with you. Hell, if he gets me pregnant and the baby is a girl, I'll even give her to you."

"Who do you think you are?!" Altrunia shouted at her.

"Does he look like a Gigolo?" Latan growled at her.

"He's ours!" Lalana declared interposing herself between the knight and you.

The knight grunted but was otherwise unaffected.

"You all treat him like a boy," She said as she looked up and down, "When as of today he is a man, is that not so?"

"Why then, are you making decisions for him?" She asked and that shut all your women up.

And then they all turned to look at you expectantly.

You were journeying for just a mere three days, but none of you had ever traveled that far before. A certain amount of foraging for food, water and wood to feed and water yourself was the expectation on trips like this, but that on it's own would waste time.

You could just eat a little bit of your companions of course. It was expected that you'd have to at some point. A few missed meals would have them all but beg you to do so, even. But with the knight's supplies you could avoid that.



You just had to give her your virginity.

Of course, your companions were assuming that you were going to have start having sex with them when that wasn't even part of the traditional stories of adventuring. As if they were your harem instead of your party members. Which, well, you guessed was a lot alike? Even the knight treated it as if they were so you couldn't imagine that anyone else wouldn't.

And, well, you'd lie if you said that you weren't attracted to them and were just a little curious.

Still, that meant that you now had to manage a harem, which wasn't part of the dream. And your father had always said that you needed a firm hand with them, else your mothers would kill each other.

So what did you do?

[]: Give your virginity to the knight. (Well make sure that you arrive at the town with no problems)

[]: Give it to (Choose Latan, Lalana or Altrunia).

-[]: But, in exchange, make sure you otherwise only sleep with other girls until you get to Verhoom.

[]: Have sex with no one. They aren't you harem, they are your party and they'll behave as such damn it!