Overview:

This is an encounter for CoC2's hornet race: Jyrranaz, a highly-corrupted miniboss lady that fights primarily with poison. While the Vesparans are primarily a warrior race, Jyrranaz took more to scholarly pursuits within the hive, building a personal library and laboratory within its walls. She has vicariously detailed notes and studies on different venoms and pheromones that she had artificially created, and what their effects are on anyone that's subjected to them. Despite being more academically-minded, she is still very much a warrior like the rest of her ilk, though she forgoes the spear and fights with venom-coated nails.

The short of this encounter is that the PC meets her in her study; she mentions that she's in need of a new test subject; and that you'll do nicely. I don't intend on doing much writing on the combat side of things, and I'll focus primarily on the lead-up and follow-through. She'll have one bad-end, where she gets you drugged and addicted to her venom.

// Give Jyrranaz a unique square somewhere inside the Hornet Hive and play this when the PC first enters it

// (scene: Jyrranaz Intro)

The next room you enter is distinctive to the rest of the hive in several ways.

The vesparans are a warrior race, with strong emphasis on being physically domineering. You didn't take them to be an academically-minded race, and yet, this room can only be described as a study: the walls of the normally-bare wood-pulp structure are dotted floor-to-ceiling with small, honeycomb-shaped indents, and inside many of those are scrolls, rolled into cylinders and sealed with wax. Many dozens more scrolls lie rolled up in piles around the room, presumably blank.

One side of the room is also adorned with an elaborate scientific array: glass vials, attached to tubes, attached to more vials, swirl in a criss-crossing circuit atop a massive wooden table. From where you're standing, you can see a sickly-purple concoction sludge its way from one vial to the other, coaxed forward by a homemade 'burner' that's really nothing more than a small, controlled campfire.

But the second-most [char.dcb|alluring|alarming|sexy] about the room is the smell: pheromones permeate the air thickly enough that you can taste them. The scent reminds you of sex, but subtly; it's less like you walked in just seconds after a massive, heavy orgy, and more like you met someone in public and you can tell that they're looking for some company.

The most alarming thing about the room is that you aren't alone. Tending to the table with the potions and vials is a vesparan woman, hunched over the edge, face-deep into a rolled-out scroll. At the sound of your approach, she looks up and over her shoulder to you.

"Oh my," she whispers, her lips curling at the sight of you. Her black eyes narrow into slits, focused like a laser onto your own. "Visitors. A rarity nowadays."

She turns her body towards you. She's an atypical vesparan woman: she's as tall as any of the warriors of the hive, but her form is far more slender and lithe, unlike the statuesque Amazonian bodies of her kin. Her coloration is off, too: her hair is black, while her body is more brown than golden. She's wearing a robe made from fine, white, breathing silk, but it's been stained with whatever tinctures are flowing atop the table in front of her.

Unlike the warrior-women of the vesparan, this one has a significantly larger bust, pushing upwards of DD-cup breasts, and her abdomen is so swollen that it visibly beats and pulses with her heart.

But what's most visually striking about her is that her bare body is adorned with long streaks of dark purple in places: her overfull breasts seep with a deep purple juice, and two thin lines of them go from her eyes to either side of her lower jaw. Her protruded stinger drips a more potent mix of the stuff, the droplets steaming when exposed to air and dripping in massive strands before splashing to the stained floor beneath her.

"My name is Jyrranaz," she says, stepping toward you with the grace of an actress on a walkway – or a predator stalking towards a victim caught in their trap. "Welcome to my study."

Despite the obviously predatory look in her eyes, you don't immediately assume the worst, since she hasn't made any aggressive movements. You stay on guard and ask what it is she's studying.

Her eyes widen slightly at the question. "Goodness, nobody's ever asked me that before. It's refreshing to meet someone in this hive that has even half a penchant for study as I do." She smiles warmly at you. "I know it's rude, but let me answer your question with a question. What is it, do you think, that makes a queen vesparan what she is? What separates her from the chaff?"

That's easy. It's [char.isBimbo| 'cuz the queen is the sexiest one, making all the others look plain next to her|her birthright; she's only queen because she was born into it].

"[char.isBimbo|In a manner of speaking, that's correct. She was born into her looks; her status; her rights|Very perceptive of you." Her smile grows wider – it's a little off-putting, honestly. "You and I are going to be fast friends, I think]."

Jyrranaz motions to the small laboratory she has on her table. "I was recently inspired to look into whether the status of a 'queen' vesparan could be… granted, instead of inherited. I've been mixing, boiling, experimenting, and toying with different mixtures of vesparan venom to see if an injection of any particular mixture could produce the same attributes as a queen." Unabashedly, she hefts her two leaking breasts in front of you, the purple mix leaking between her fingers as she spreads it over her mounds. "There's been progress, as you can see," she sighs lustfully as she tweaks a hidden, leaking nipple, "but no breakthroughs."

You ask her what could have inspired her into looking into that. It's ambitious of her to want to overthrow the natural order of her kind.

"Why, I met the most wonderful woman," Jyrranaz responds, her eyes wandering and her finger going to her teeth. She starts idly nibbling on her nail – sharper than most vesparans, you only now realize – and her smile shortens to something less friendly and something more… fond. "Fiery red skin and pitch-black hair, with a powerful, commandeering," she stutters, then licks her lips, "stature…."

You keep to your ready stance. Kasyrra…?

"Yes!" Jyrranaz exclaims, clapping her hands a few times. "Have you met her? Isn't she the most wonderful woman? If anyone was worthy of being queen, it's our," she sighs wistfully as a light-purple strand of drool drips from her mouth, "Kasyrra…."

Maybe it's time to cut the conversation off. You try to tell Jyrranaz that you have other matters that need attending to, and you take a step back towards the door.

"So soon?" Jyrranaz asks, tilting her head to one side. "I was hoping you'd stay a spell longer. I could use a volunteer to test another batch of venom and see what the effects might be. I'd test it on myself, but I'm still reeling from the last test, and a fresher, less tainted body would be the perfect subject."

You thank her for the offer, but you really should–

"I insist," she says, flexing her fingers in your direction. The pointed tips of her sharpened nails drip with the deep purple venom excreting from the rest of her body.

You're fighting Jyrranaz!

[=Next=]
// end scene (scene: Jyrranaz Intro)

// I wasn't told to write anything in the way of combat, so I'm going to skip that and go straight to the results.

// Continue here if the PC loses via HP
// (scene: Bad End HP)

You crumple over yourself, defeated. The stings from Jyrranaz's swings and stabs throb across your body, but you're not in as much pain as you had thought you might be. The marks and wounds across your body dully ache with a resonating heat that seeps into your body, until the pain is replaced with numbness. Your vision swims a bit, and your heart… feels funny in your chest. If there was ever a bad sign, it's when your heart doesn't feel right in your chest.

[party.som||You look to {companion} and see that {he/she} isn't faring much better; {he's/she's} on {his/her} knees, hands at {his/her} arms where Jyrranaz had gotten in her strikes. For a vesparan that isn't as war-minded as her kin, she sure knows how to put up a fight.|You look to your companions and see that they stood about as much a chance as you did. They've all taken similar wounds, and they're all palming at them with the same dull confusion as you. Jyrranaz's done something to you all, and you're not sure you want to know how this is going to end.]

"Poor thing," Jyrranaz says, clicking her tongue as she kneels beside you. She grabs at your wrist, pulling your arm towards her, and you don't have the strength to resist. "We could have skipped the formalities. Now you've gone and gotten yourself hurt. I may be thin for a vesparan, but you should know better than to underestimate one of us."

She licks the nail of her index finger, wetting it with her saliva – not that it's necessary, given how thickly coated it is with its own secreting venom. Then, she draws the tip of her claw across one of the gashes she had left on your bare [char.skinNounSimple]. You flinch, expecting a deeper pain, but there's none; the dull aching and seeping heat is gone at her touch.

Your eyes widen, and you look at your wound, to her, then back to your wound. She notices your inquisitive gazing and smiles at you. "Given how violently you fought to keep from helping me with my testing, I wouldn't call this a favor," she giggles. "Tell me honestly. How do you feel?"

Given your position, you don't lie, and tell her that you felt pain and heat before, but now it's gone. When she traces her index finger down another, separate wound, the pain from that one leaves as well.

"Oooh," she hums in ascension, delighted at your response. "That means that you, my subject, are more receptive to my venom than any other before you." She turns her head and looks into your eyes. "What's your name?"

You respond almost automatically. "[char.name]."

"Well, [char.name]," she says, that same unnerving smile from before creeping across her face, "we're about to be faster friends than you might have realized." [party.som||She looks to {companion}. "Let's hope your friend takes to the venom as well as you do, for all our sakes, hmm? The more the merrier, as they say!"|She looks to your fallen companions, each of them watching you two with an uneasy nervousness. "Let's hope they're just as receptive as you are, for all our sakes, hmm? The more the merrier, as they say!"]

// Continue here if the PC loses via Resolve

Fuck, it smells sexy in here. There's just too much to distract you in your fight against Jyrranaz – from the smell of the pheromones seeping from the venom dripping off her

body and rising from the flasks on the table, to the sight of her breasts exposed to the air for you, begging you for a touch, to the way that Jyrranaz is looking at you right now….

[party.som||From the look on {companion}'s face, {he/she} isn't in a much better position than you are. In fact, {he/she}'s skipped to the end, {his/her} hand already down {his/her} pants and eagerly {stroking {his/her}/drilling {his/her} fingers into {his/her} cunt}, cock too impatient to get {his/her} pants off.|You turn to see if your companions are doing any better, and it's clear to see that they aren't: the scenery's effected them just as badly, and they're a few heartbeats away from fucking each other right there on Jyrranaz's floor. They already have their hands down their pants; it's only a matter of time.]

// Continue here if the PC surrenders

"Good," Jyrranaz says, her smirk turning into something smug and confident, but just as creepy. "I knew you and I had something in common as soon as you said our Rightful Queen's name."

// Merge

She steps toward you, and you don't realize it until she's within arm distance. And when you do, you don't flinch or try to push her away. She, without any resistance from you, reaches behind your head and gently cradles your head in her palm. You can feel the tickle of her long, sharp claws against your [char.skinNounSimple], dripping their venom down your neck.

"It's informative to know that the artificial pheromones are potent enough to drive even non-vesparans into such a state," she coos, her eyes lidded and that same unnerving smile from before crawling across her lips. With a forceful, commanding pull, she yanks you into her chest, aiming your [char.lips] squarely onto her leaking tit.

"Drink," she commands, and you obey.

The taste is a little more tart than you were expecting for something that came from a titty, and the texture is coarser than any milk you've ever had before. The liquid numbs your tongue as soon as it hits, and it tickles your cheeks when they bulge with her output. You feel your throat become lax with every swallow, and it's less that you're drinking the venom and more that it's simply sliding its way down.

The effects are immediate: as soon as the venom settles in your stomach, you orgasm explosively. [cumVol 0 600|You shoot more loads with just one mouthful of venom than you ever had doing anything with anyone else; your [char.cum] splatters onto Jyrranaz's ankles, with some of it reaching as high as her knees.|You're capable of some prodigious loads already, and the sheer volume you output with just one mouthful of her titty venom surprises even you. Your [char.cum] shoot so far, with such velocity, that it manages to coat the underside of her sagging, throbbing thorax, and you aren't even close to done.][char.hasVagina|You knock your knees together, their strength sapped as your [char.vagina] clenches and gushes its own fluids,

dripping them down the inside of either of your legs. Soon, the ambience of the room is filled with the drip-drip of whatever venom leaks from your lips, and the sound of your pussy spraying your [char.girlCum] all over the place.] And that's just with the first mouthful: every successive gulp of her juice results in a subsequent, equally-powerful orgasm. Even when you're all cummed out and you're shooting dust[cumVol 600| (after some time)], every mouthful is another earthquake of pleasure in your loins.

Jyrranaz coos and giggles with your every attempt to control yourself in her grasp. With your every orgasm, you writhe and struggle against her, but her strong vesparan arms keep you locked to her boob. Your movements might even be making her lactate more of the purple ooze that's giving you so much pleasure.

"And taking it directly is having the anticipated results," she laughs. "You don't have to keep struggling. I'm so hopped up on my own product that I haven't stopped leaking in an age. You drinking me down is actually quite relieving." Her other hand strokes at your [char.hair], the sharp claws combing at your skin. "Have as much as you like. We have all the time in the world from now on."

You're too racked with pleasure to try and resist. With every suck, your mouth is filled to the top with tart, numbing venom, and with every swallow, your world is turned upside-down once more. It's hard to try and deny or resist a reward like the one you're getting – why not stay with Jyrranaz and be her study buddy if it meant cumming this powerfully with so little effort?

Unbidden, you glide your left hand in between Jyrranaz's thighs, seeking out her cunt for you to play with. You find it easily – she's not wearing much – and you find that she's just as moist. Who wouldn't be, from the display you're giving? You crane your neck a bit so you can look down without disengaging from Jyrranaz's gushing nipple, and you see that your fingers are soaked in the same purple venom as most of the rest of her body.

"Oooh," she sighs, spreading her legs to give you better access. "And so eager. You and I will be fast friends, I think."