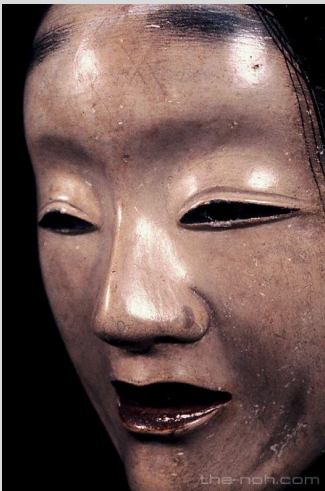


Nilin

Heat-drinking tentacle monsters

(Etym: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lilin>)

(Insp: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yuki-onna>)



+ <http://imgur.com/gallery/okBj8ms>

Codex:

These voracious visovores haunt the windswept ice plains of Uveto VII. Native to the moon, they lack solid form, resembling a mass of leafy tentacles centered around a vaguely humanoid face. Communication with this species has proven to be fruitless, as they can only repeat words spoken to them.

A nilin's most noticeable trait is its ability to mimic forms. Across the snowy plains of Uveto VII, Nilin press their frond-like tentacles together, forming complex shapes while chromatophores in their tentacles allow for fairly complex pigment changes, giving a nilin the ability to approximate the general silhouette and build of a medium-sized humanoid. This, combined with the frequent low visibility conditions on Uveto VII, make it possible for nilin to stalk or lure in humanoid prey. Nilin will conceal their true nature until they are within a few meters, then attack.

Nilin faces are at once frightening and fascinating: a mask-like shape made of a singular piece of carapace, with holes open for four all-black eyes (grid formation) and a "mouth." The latter orifice isn't used for receiving nutrition, but instead houses a complex internal organ that consists of dozens of flexible muscle strands, which allow a nilin to mimic whatever sounds it encounters. No two nilin faces are alike, with each individual creature bearing unique markings that create different "expressions" on their faces. Some may appear to have vaguely terran, smiling faces, while others might resemble leering kaithrits. Unlike the rest of a nilin's "body," its face contains no chromatophores, meaning that the nilin's markings are permanently fixed.

Nilin are visovores, consuming raw energy as they can find it. In the wild, they splay themselves across sheets of snow and ice, absorbing light from the sun. In this "resting" mode, they resemble masks amidst a fractal pattern of black lines on the snow (nilin in this mode will color-shift to black to maximize light absorption). Nilin at rest favor outcroppings, like rocks and artificial structures, that are not subject to snow build up. It is not unusual to find a cluster of nilin wrapped around a particularly large stone or ice outcropping. Resting nilin are thus a common pest to settlers, as they often lay across windows and equipment. A traveler unaccustomed to the phenomenon, might find the sight of a half dozen masks leering at them from a boulder extremely unsettling.

In absence of sunlight, nilin will lift themselves up from rest and traverse the icy plains of Uveto VII. Unless in the presence of humanoids, they will keep low to the ground, moving like starfish or other aquatic bottom feeders. Nilin can sense energy sources from up to 100 meters away. Constant encounters with humanoids on Uveto VII has encouraged their mimicking behavior, and a nilin that senses an energy source will become agitated, thrashing its limbs against the snow, throwing up a surprisingly large flurry in a short time. A nilin will then pull itself into the shape of a humanoid--most

often korgonne, human, or huskar--and approach. These voracious hunters will echo back any words spoken, and leap at their victims once they're close enough.

In combat, nilin lash at a target with their fronds. A lack of strategy and a hunger for energy makes them predictable, but dangerous opponents. Nilin can drain energy with their tentacle fronds, and make quick work of a person's shields. Once through, they will focus on energy weapons, draining energy at a rate that often causes an easily-fixable, but debilitating malfunction. After that, a nilin will attempt to engulf a creature, peeling away clothing and armor before wrapping them tightly in their tentacles. When their prey is finally immobilized, nilin will settle, slowly feeding off radiating heat. Nilin will most often attempt to stimulate the prey into producing more heat by simple friction, then extend further fronds to the warmest areas, absorbing as much as possible. When a humanoid's body has been drained of a sufficient amount of heat, a nilin will unwrap itself, leaving the body behind as it seeks a place to rest and convert its ill-gotten heat into bio-energy. During this "digestion" period, a nilin will burrow its fronds into loose snow for insulation, leaving only its mask-like face visible above the snow.

Fortunately, a nilin's biological needs generally cap before the creature can die from hypothermia. Victims of the nilin are generally left in the snow with their shields drained and their body temperature dangerously low. A nilin attack is more likely to lead to death from exposure than be a deliberate murder on the nilin's part.

There have been rumors of late of nilin assuming the shapes of huskars to infiltrate research stations, but this is likely hearsay.

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Fetishes covered: Immobilization, helplessness (full-body restraint), tentacles, lovecraftian nightmares?

Encounter

{Day Overcast, Night Overcast, Night Clear}

You make your way across the snowscape of Uveto VII, the distant wind howling between the frozen planet's icy peaks. The mournful sound fills the air, providing an eerie counterpoint to the crunch 'of snow and ice underneath your {leg.cont>1:[pc.feet]/[pc.leg]}' . When a blast of snow gusts over you, you squint your eyes against the spontaneous snowstorm, determined to keep your bearings.

As you push through the flurry, you spot a distant figure against the frigid field. Shielding your eyes from the snow, you try to get a better look.

"Ahh" The muffled sigh is the only sound you can make out over the gusting wind.

You take cautious steps forward, making sure to make sure your feet are firmly planted against the sudden snowstorm. Slowly, a figure emerges from the swirling, white void. {Silly: Your sphincter tightens. You've heard tales of some sort of actual cannibal living out here in the wild. You hope you haven't encountered him.}

Squinting, you make out a vague outline. A dark silhouette stands a few meters away. Your vision obstructed, all you can make out is {random: a thick, shaggy outline--it must be a huskar! / a bulky, armored shape--is it one of the fierce Stormguard warriors? / a squat, furred figure--a lone korgonne out in the snow?} It must be another traveler, caught in the sudden squall. {Kind: You call out to it, asking if it needs help.}{Mischievous: You raise your voice over the wind, asking if this kind of abominable weather is normal.}{Hard: You narrow your eyes, readying your weapon in case this newcomer is stalking you.}

It draws nearer, and something is <i>off</i> about this thing. {Intelligence > 50%= Its movements are unnerving, more like it's flowing or bending towards you than actually walking.}{Intelligence < 50%= You can't quite figure it out, but you're

definitely getting a creepy feeling from whoever this is.} You decide to change tactics, and call out again to them. "Hello?" you ask. "Who goes there?"

"Hello?" it says, drifting closer. The snow flurry increases. "Who goes there?"

Okay, so it just repeated your words. That alone would be creepy enough, but it repeated them in *exactly your voice*. You take a step back and draw your weapon.

"Hello?" The wind howls as the strangers stalks closer.

"Hello? Hello? HellohellohellohelloOOOOOOOO!" it shrieks. The figure surges forward at you, and in an instant, you see it with perfect, disturbing clarity. Its face is an unmoving mask, random Nilin.face= a grotesque caricature of a face formed from messy red streaks / an eerily smiling, perfectly made-up female face / a perfect circle of matte black / a child's drawing of a sharp-toothed grin / an expressionless face with too many mouths / the upside-down face of a beautiful woman / a sallow-skinned depiction of a clown's leering face / a devilish face with ruby skin / a feline face with a too-wide, too-pointed grin / a bone-white skeletal leer / a sleepy kui-tan muzzle / a jowly, beady-eyed man's face / a goggle-eyed, cartoonish visage / a single, blood-red eye in the center of a bone-white field / a jagged spiral radiating out from an indecipherable symbol / an adorable puppy face / a black field covered with mis-matching eyes / five disturbing symbols overlapping on a dirty-white background / an expressionless vulpine visage / the expression of a leering woman with unfocused eyes / a too-wide, gaping mouth with beady holes above / a blank, bone-white face with lips barely parted} with four glittering, black eyes. Its body erupts into a sea of leafy, frond-like tentacles, lashing through the air towards you. {If PC Will =<65% You let out a scream and stumble backward.}

"HELLO!"

{Day Clear}

You trek across the frozen surface of Uveto VII, squinting against the brightness of the sunlight on the snow. You stop, mid-stride, as a flurry of snow reveals something extremely odd.

{Random:

 {{Splayed out across the snow is an ink-black pattern of overlapping spirals, radiating outward for several meters. At its center is what looks like a mask, gazing blankly at the blue sky.

 {{A mass of rock and permafrost juts upward from the rest of the landscape, glinting in the sunlight. Dark tendrils wrap around it, looking like coils of inky-black hair. Amidst the tangle, flush against the surface of the rock, is a mask with four, unblinking eyes, {nilin face}

 {{A few metallic struts and piled snow are all that remain of something that might have once been a shelter of some kind. Clinging tightly to an upraised bar is a carpet of darkness--ebony tentacles spun in a stranglehold around the rebar. At the very tip of the strut is a face--{nilin face}, gazing mutely toward the sky.

 {{Silly: Two nightmarish tangles of black tentacles stand in the snow in front of you, blank faces nested within them bearing baffling, unchanging grins. They spin their tentacles in a wide, coordinated loop, while a third monstrosity hops between them, skipping over their swinging tentacles.}}}

Your codex pings, alerting you to the potential danger before you. The nilin here {is/silly: are} at rest, taking advantage of the clear weather, and soaking up as much solar energy as possible. In this state, the nilin {is/silly: are} unlikely to attack unless provoked.

You can pass unmolested, or take the opportunity to {rid the snowy plains of a pest./Silly: show them what real jump roping is like.}

Leave:

You leave the enigmatic creature to its solar feast, passing by the motionless mass of pseudopods.

Attack:

You crack your neck and draw your weapon. There's no way you're letting this one get away!

Silly:

You whistle sharply, and the nilin turn their masks to look at you, their tentacles frozen in midair. With a few vague gestures and some hopping motions, you try to communicate that you wish to join their game. It takes a bit of work, but eventually you indicate that you're planning to on serving them the best jump-rope beat-down they've ever seen.

The competition begins slowly, with the two stationary nilin twirling their tentacles through the air as you stare down the other one before you. It bears a clown-like face that leers continuously at you. Your {feet dance/coils lash/pseudopod hops} through the air as you match the nimble skipping of the nilin's tentacles. Then, the other nilin pick up the pace.

{Reflex>75 The nilin is fast, but you're faster. Like some legendary lord of dancing, you weave through the spinning tentacles, barely touching the ground. Your opponent tries, but can't keep up with you, its tentacles flailing wildly, slapping and colliding with those of its fellows. With effortless grace, you dart out of the way as the living jumpropes collapse into a massive tangle of all three nilin.

You stand in the snow next to them, looming over the tentacular creatures. You note, with no small amount of satisfaction, that all three of their masks bear plaintive frowny-faces now. Wordless, you point out into the distance, and the nilin, Served beyond belief, scamper away into the snow.}

{Reflex<75 The nilin is fast, too fast to believe. Try as you might, your own movements can't match those of the lightning-fast monster before you. A twirling tentacle catches you, and your opponent's clown-like face leers as you topple over. You hit the icy ground, suffering no physical damage, but suffering a massive wound to your pride.

The nilin loom over you, their tentacles raised, and you feel a sickening lurch of dread at the thought of what three nilin could accomplish simultaneously. You grit your teeth and brace yourself for the worst. The last thing you expect is the hooting noise that erupts from all three of their masked faces.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" shout the nilin, their tentacles bobbing up at down. You hang your head in shame, painfully Served, as the nilin turn their backs on you and disappear into the snow. The last you hear of them is a faint sound of their tentacles slapping against each other.}

Combat Stats

((Unfortunately, I'm pretty shit at understanding numbers, so this would be where combat stats would go if I had them. =/))

Combat:

Less dangerous in terms of damage, but potentially difficult for a player that relies on a single weapon/attack. Per codex, Nilin attack in a predictable pattern.

- They will first lash at the PC with their Shield Drain attack to reduce the PC's shield to zero.
- If the PC is using an energy weapon, the Nilin will follow this with its Disabling Touch attack, which, on a hit, disables a PC's energy weapon, rendering it inoperable for the fight.
- If the PC has a robo-hound or a turret, the nilin will then use Disabling touch on them.
 - If the Nilin has drained three devices, (Shield, energy weapon, turret/hound) it will attempt to flee, having sated its hunger.
- The nilin next attempts to engulf the PC in its tentacles using its Wrap attack, dealing a small amount of cold damage and raising lust.

- If a Nilin's HP is brought down to 50% it will attempt a Snowblind attack, reducing the PC and the nilin's accuracy for 3 rounds.
- If a Nilin's HP is brought down to 25%, it will attempted an Unnerve attack, copying the PC's form and stunning them for a round.
- SPECIAL: A player with a flare gun can fire it off into the distance to send the Nilin skittering away and end the combat.

Attacks:

Basic description:

The nilin undulates before you, a writhing nest of feathery tentacles, holding itself upright. Each tentacle is easily five meters long, and edged in hair-like follicles. Colors shimmer in them, drifting between dark red to pitch black. In the center of that mass is the nilin's face, {Nilin.face}. It seems to drift through the mass, its four, blank eyes facing you with an unreadable expression.

{Snowblind in effect: A thick haze of snow and ice crystals hangs in the air, obscuring your vision. It should settle in a few moments, but until then, you're going to have a hard time hitting the nilin.}

Shield Drain:

Desc: The nilin lashes a dozen tentacles at you, a hundred more propping its bodiless form at head level above the snow.

Hit

The tentacles splay over your shield, each undulating pseudopod unrolling smaller, flat fronds against your protective layer. You're momentarily relieved until you hear a sharp crackling noise from your shield, and see the hexagonal grid manifest, portions of it vanishing.

"Auh ... auh ... auh ..." whispers the creature, its head rotating back and forth. Its expressionless face is impossible to read, but it sounds ... hungry?

Miss

You dodge out of the way, ducking through the sudden forest of tentacles. They slap against the snow, kicking up clouds of white. You're convinced that the flurry that heralded this creature's approach wasn't natural.

Disabling Touch:

[Nilin will attack energy weapons first. 1st attack, then second. Repeat 1st attack, then second for turret/hound. If either are not present, the nilin does not use these attacks. If the Nilin disables the PC's weapon AND turret/hound, the nilin will attempt to flee.]

Desc: The nilin's head sinks deeper into its octopus-like physique as two tentacles rocket towards your {weapon/turret/automated hound}.

1st Hit:

The tentacles land squarely against your tech. They immediately unroll smaller, feathery fronds, and your {weapon / turret / automated hound} erupts into a shower of sparks. Your codex squawks a litany of warnings, indicating that rapid power loss in delicate machinery can cause severe malfunctions.

"Hhhhhhhh!" It's less a sound and more a steady exhalation of air as the nilin quivers in apparent delight.

2nd Hit:

The tentacles engulf the metal framework of your device. Your codex blares a warning, but it's too late. Your {weapon goes dead in your hand}{turret thuds inertly to the ground}{robo hound lets out a hollow whimper before collapsing}.

"K-k-k-k-k-k-k-k-k-k!" The rapid-fire clicks that erupt from the nilin's mouth hole are unnerving, perhaps moreso, because of the unchanging expression on the nilin's mask-like face.

Miss:

You skip to the side, drawing your tech out of the way of the nilin's hungry reach. The creature's blood-red tentacles slap down against the snow, kicking up smaller flurries. "Hello," says the nilin, its face snapping to face you.

Wrap:

[The nilin will only use this attack once the player's shields, turrets, and energy weapon have been disabled.]

Basic Attack:

The nilin's head bobs once, the majority of its tentacles curling back. With a hiss of air, the tentacles snap towards your unshielded limbs. You catch a brief glimpse of the end of each tentacle unfolding into a flower of smaller fronds, all reaching towards you.

Hit:

The tentacles lash against your body, coiling up your arms with impossible speed. Several snake around your {slim/average sized/thick/bodacious} hips, looping around you in the blink of an eye and slapping finger-like extensions against your body.

You shiver involuntarily. The tentacles are *cold*. {PC.clothes: Even through your {pc.clothes}, you can feel a hungry absence, an emptiness that draws the heat from your body.} You recoil and pull back against the nilin's restraints reflexively. {Deals a minor amount of cold damage}

Miss:

You twist out of the way of the nilin's storm of tentacles, your field of vision temporarily obscured by the criss-crossing field of red. The tentacles snap back to the main cluster, and the nilin's mask-like face tilts back and forth, watching you soundlessly.

Status:

You are wrapped in the nilin's tentacles! The blood-red fronds are wrapped tight around your limbs, and there are more snapping into place every second. Every new tentacle brings another wave of shivering cold. You need to free yourself before you freeze to death in the nilin's embrace!

Success:

You haul back against the nilin's grip, and the air fills with snapping. The nilin lets out an unearthly screech as fragments of its tentacles fall squirming to the snow. The remains of its

injured tentacles haul back into its main tangle, and it howls with a sound like a dozen infants crying. {Nilin takes damage}

Static burst:

You release a charge into the nilin's binding tentacles. Electricity crackles over them, and they loosen just enough for you to wiggle free. You glance at the nilin. Several of its tentacles are lying limp on the ground, but the creature itself appears unharmed. In fact, it looks energized, with even more tentacles rising up at the ready. {Nilin heals 20%}

Failure:

You struggle against the nilin's grip, succeeding only in tangling yourself further. More tentacles lash around you, unwrapping smaller fronds plastered against your {body / pc.clothes}.

Subsequent wrap attack

The nilin's head draws nearer to you as more tentacles rise up in an obscene halo around its unchanging face. They drift almost lazily towards you, brushing along your body, finding places not yet bound, then sealing their broad, icy sides against you. Once in place, the tentacles rub softly against you, never releasing their grip, but almost massaging your body, coaxing more warmth from you. The detached, alien care, coupled with the slow, constant rubbing of the tentacles feels strangely blissful, and you can't help but feel turned on despite the creeping cold. {PC takes minor cold damage, gains lust}

Snowblind:

[This is a status/field effect. No miss chance, because the nilin is just kicking snow up into the air. This attack reduces accuracy for both the PC and the nilin for 3 rounds.]

The nilin jabs all of its tentacles down into the snow. For a moment, it looks like the mask is perched atop a dark red stalk. It screeches, its tentacles erupting from the snow around you. None of them strike you, but ice particles and snow explode upward, saturating the air with a sparkling haze. Seeing through this is going to be difficult. {PC and nilin's accuracy lowered for 3 rounds.}

Unnerve:

The nilin's tentacles wrap around it, giving it something that resembles a solid form. Its shape undulates, tentacles taking the configuration of limbs and a torso. Colors swirl in patchwork patterns across its fronds forming a too-familiar semblance. In the space of a heartbeat, you recognize what the nilin has done--it's taken on your body. The mimicry is sloppy, the colors of your {pc.clothes/skin} smudged across its form, and its face is still nilin, {nilin.face}.

The creature takes a shaky step forward, extending a hand that pulses with ill defined structure. "Hello ... hhhhellelleehehehellolhello ..." it warbles, its face fixed on yours.

{PC.will =<65% You can't help but scream. You try to stumble back, away from the horrible parody stalking towards you, but your legs won't respond. You stare, wide-eyed, frozen in shock.} {PC loses next round. Next round text: "You can't move. The image of nilin taking your place still dances in front of your eyes, making your mind reel at the obscene horror or seeing yourself pulled apart into swaying tentacles."}

{PC.will>65% You narrow your eyes, staring down the creature. {Hard: How dare this travesty attempt to take your form!} You're unmoved by the nilin's tricks and stand your ground.}

Flee:

The nilin's furious storm of tentacles abates, and it draws back, arching its forest of pseudopods like a massive arachnid, skittering darkly away from you. Do you pursue the creature or let it go?

Pursue

You're not letting the monster go that easily. You charge through the snow after it, refusing to let the monster escape.

Let it go

You decide to follow conventional arctic wisdom and let it go. The monster, possibly gluttoned on the energy drained from your tech, disappears into the snowy distance.

Player Attacks:

Ranged (Electric/Burning/Laser) hit:

The lance of energy from your weapon hits the nilin squarely in its unchanging face. The entirety of the nilin shudders, its head tilting back in an inhuman approximation of ecstasy. It snaps its face back towards you, its black eyes glittering, and its tentacles waving with renewed vigor. {Nilin heals 20%}

Ranged (Electric/Burning/Laser) miss:

The beam of energy lances into the nilin's forest of tentacles, firing off into the snow. The nilin's face follows the beam, staring with interest at the hole left in the snow. It looks distracted--now is the time to strike! {Nilin evade reduced by 50% for a round}

Ranged (Not electric/burning/laser/kinetic) hit:

Your shot strikes the creature dead-on, hitting it in the thickest cluster of tentacles near its mask. The nilin rears back, its black fronds undulating as it whistles like a teapot. It looks like you hurt it, but it's difficult to tell how badly.

Ranged (Not electric/burning/laser/kinetic) miss:

Your shot fires through the storm of tentacles, managing to clip one of them. The nilin's mask rotates one way, then another before it launches into its next attack. It's apparently not injured very much.

Ranged (Kinetic) hit:

You hit the grotesque monstrosity dead on. A loud CRACK cuts through the howling wind, followed by an unearthly screech from the nilin. It whips its head erratically, its tentacles lashing through the air. When it turns back to face you, you see that a jagged piece is missing from its face, revealing a pulsating mass of tumescent black flesh beneath. {Nilin takes damage}

Ranged (Kinetic) miss:

You fire at the horror, your shot going wide of its face and clipping across the forest of squirming tentacles. A couple of them fall to the ground as the Nilin lets out a high-pitched wail, waving its other tentacles menacingly. It looks like you hurt it a little! {Nilin takes a reduced amount of damage}

Melee (Energy) weapon hit:

You plunge your weapon into the thickest portion of the nilin's tentacles, confident that it has to have a vital point *somewhere*. The nilin slumps forward, and you feel a momentary surge of triumph before you spot the nilin's tentacles wrapped around your armament. The power indicators in your weapon flicker, and you jerk back, realizing that the monster had been feeding on your weapon. {Nilin takes damage, heals 20%}

Melee (Energy) weapon miss:

You slash forward at the nilin's forest of tentacles. As an almost cohesive whole, they rush forward to meet your weapon. You pull back just in time, not sure why the creature wanted to be hit with your weapon, but fairly certain that you shouldn't give it what it wants. {no effect}

Melee (Non-energy) weapon hit:

You bring your weapon down on the nilin. Even through the forest of tentacles, you connect with its face, shoving the creature back. It babbles a series of unnerving syllables as its tentacles begin coiling around your weapon. You quickly pull it back before the nilin can wrest it from you. {Nilin takes damage}

Melee (Non-energy) weapon miss:

You attack the nilin, but only manage to contact a few of its tentacles. The struck tentacles sway gracefully with the blow of your weapon, but appear completely unharmed. {Nilin takes no damage}

Lust attack:

The nilin's inscrutable mask faces you blankly. You don't seem to have affected it at all. Given its radically antithetic body and refusal to communicate in any meaningful way, it's entirely possible that the creature is far too alien to seduce.

SPECIAL: Flare Gun

You cock your flare gun and aim it high overhead. You pull the trigger, sending a missile of brightly-burning flame arching upwards.

The nilin's masked face snaps upward, following the red light into the distance. It looks like the combination of light and heat has captured all of the eldritch abomination's attention.

As you decide your next act, you're suddenly showered in loose snow. With a flailing of tentacles, the nilin launches itself across the snowy field after the flare, leaving you standing alone on the icy plain.

Nilin wins:

More and more tentacles wrap around your limbs until you topple over, helpless against the frozen ground. You struggle, but there are just too many, and they're wrapped too tightly for you to wiggle free. A cage of tentacles surround you, crawling over your form, trapping you beneath the nilin. You can feel them winding around your limbs, hauling tight and hobbling you. Each tentacle is broad and slightly flat, like a thick ribbon, and you can feel dozens of them wriggling across your body {pc.clothes: tugging and twisting to unfasten your {pc.clothes}}{pc.underwear:, slipping up to undo your {pc.underwear}}. What? Why is this monster stripping you? It doesn't even have a body!

{when pc.goo check is returns true: full goo: escape

As the tentacles wrap around your body, you feel the oddest sensation of them sliding through you. The nilin's face tilts back and forth as it surrounds you with tentacles, only to be met with the impossibility of binding a gelatinous form. You stare first in amusement, then in bafflement at the creature's attempts to encase you, then simply pick up your depleted gear and walk away.

The nilin stares blankly after you before disappearing into the drifting snows. {Encounter ends}

You struggle, helpless, as the nilin's tentacles coil tighter and tighter around you. Its face, floating amidst a sea of tentacles, drifts upwards to face you, meeting your frustrated eyes with its four, beetle-black orbs. You're not sure what this thing is doing, but you're getting more and more nervous. The flat, ribbon-like tentacles wrap tightly around your {legs / coils}, skin-tight, layering themselves. At the same time, the ones around your arms go taut, more tentacles snaking across your chest to bind them at your sides.

Strips of red-black, rubbery tentacle snap across your torso, making your breath catch in your chest. {PC.breasts: The tentacles cinch down tight against your {petite / sizable / voluminous / enormous / gargantuan} breast, binding them tight against your chest, while more and more shiny black tentacles layer on.} When several cold, rubbery tentacles drag across your nipple{s}, you let out a cry, a jolt of pleasure running through you. You arch your back, halfway encased in the nilin's embrace, struggling against the alien fetters. What is this thing doing to you?

The nilin's face bobs above you, the anchor for its dendritic body, hundreds of fleshy strips sprouting from behind it. It tilts back and forth lazily, occasionally rotating upside-down its eyes remaining fixed on you as it claims more and more of your frame.

{pc.legs=4: The creature's tentacles snap tight around your ankles, drawing them together, hogtying your lower half. You lurch at the waist, trying to reach them, remembering too late that your arms are bound at your sides, and proceed to only flop against the frozen ground. You do realize, though, that as chill as the tentacle wraps are to the touch, they shield you from contact with the even-colder snow. Soon, the nilin has your entire lower half bound in skin-tight strips of red-black tentacle. You clench your toes, barely able to move them in the nilin's tight embrace.}

{pc.legs=2: You feel more tightness around your {pc.thighs}, drawing them tight against each other. You pull your knees up instinctively, only to find that you can barely move them with the layered coils wrapped snugly around your extremities. You strain your muscles and find that you can barely wiggle your toes.}

{pc.legs=naga: The nilin's tentacles spiral up your tail. You thrash your powerful lower half, swinging it through the nilin's amorphous cluster, but succeed only in tangling more of the creature. Red-black ribbons of nilin tentacle coil up around your serpentine lower half, encasing your form one inch at a time.}

You yelp when the tentacles brush across your cheek, your eyes widening as the nilin's face drifts nearer to yours. Your arms are pinned at your sides, your {legs / coils} wrapped tighter than a tove's bank account. You open your mouth to {Hard: curse the creature that bound you / Mischievous: offer a deal to the nilin, praying that it'll understand / Kind: whimper helplessly}, managing to yelp out a single syllable before the cool, living strips of nilin tentacle clap down tightly around your jaw. You thrash, wrestling your head away from the rubbery touch of the nilin's icy touch, only to see three more red-black pseudopods descend upon you.

Layers of tentacle wrap around your head, mummifying you in the living bandages of the nilin. When the bands finally cross your vision, you are treated to one last sight of the nilin's unchanging face, watching you with eerie calm.

You can't move--you can't see! You thrash blindly, barely able to wiggle your body. Amazingly, you can still breathe--the nilin's muffled your mouth, but you can still inhale and exhale through the tentacle. {Int > 75%= It actually makes sense--the creature's been draining energy from your gear from the start. If it wants to feed on your body heat, it'll want to keep you alive as long as possible.} Your bound limbs are stuck tight to your sides, and the cold tentacles pull ever tighter against your {skin/fur/chitin/membrane}. Is this nightmarish creature trying to crush you? You struggle harder against the nilin, but the cold touch of this creature is making you feel sluggish. Your muscles feel stiff, and every movement brings another squeeze from the nilin.

After a few moments, your struggles slow, and the nilin stops squeezing. The tentacles around you are snug, but not so tight that you're losing circulation. Under the right circumstances--certainly less frightening circumstances--the compression might actually feel relaxing, like a full-body massage.

Without warning, the tentacles begin shifting again. Is it too much to hope that the nilin can read your mind? For a moment, you're almost certain it can, as the living bindings around you shift and squirm around your hips. You gasp through the organic gag in your mouth as the tentacles worm their way between your thighs.

{anus= When the first chilly pseudopod wriggles against your backdoor, you moan in apprehension. The nilin is already wrapped so tightly around you--what else could it possibly do? Tentacles slither between your buttocks as one pushes insistently against your pucker. Resisting initially, you can't help but shiver at the chilly teasing at your bud. In that moment of weakness, the nilin's spade-like tip worms into your hole. You let out a muffled yelp as it immediately squirms its way into you. As if sensing their fellow's invasion, more follow suit, squirming into your dark recesses, twisting and stretching you out for even more writhing lengths. You sob as the nilin fills you with its members, creeping deeper and deeper inside you. But with every probing push you shudder, realizing how good it feels to be filled to the brim with tentacles.

{vag= You yelp at the cold touch of a spade-shaped tentacle tip against your undercurve. The pliant tips of the frigid feelers worm their way against your shivering folds. You feel the wraps around your mouth flutter

outward with the surprisingly lustful gasp that spills from between your lips. The creature's bands are pulled so tight around you that you're not sure how it's slipping more and more against your quivering cooch. But you can certainly feel them--one, two, three--the nilin invades your body, its lissome lengths exploring your snatch, filling you up with cthonic members. It's not quite fucking--the nilin doesn't actually seem interested in that--but the constant pressure filling you up is starting to feel really, really, good. Soon you feel a knot of at least a {capacity mod?= half dozen/dozen/score} of tentacles writhing deep inside you, eliciting a profoundly disturbing pleasure.

{cock= The tight coil of fleshy fronds slithers around your dick, winding around and around your {pitiful/substantial/massive/gargantuan} length. You buck your hips involuntarily at the long, slow squeezing of the tentacles, sure that you just felt the first bead of precum leak from the head of your cock. An odd, rhythmic shiver runs through the tentacles, and they continue slithering around your shaft, sliding around it in irregular paths. It's not quite jacking you off, but at the same time, you can feel your own pulse speeding up against the fronds. With the tentacles wrapped so tightly around your dick, you can feel the next bead of precum travelling all the way up your urethra, practically squirting from your tip into the layer of nilin. The wraps around your dick slither faster in response, spiralling around your meat, making your heart pound faster.

{Int>75%= A thought pierces the concupiscent haze clouding your mind. Heat! The creature wants heat. It's been working your body this whole time. It must want to get you hot and bothered enough to give it a meal of biological heat. And, from the looks of it, it's about to get a feast.}

Your breath quickens as you squirm against the nilin's dendritic body. Apparently mistaking your intention, it squeezes tighter around you. You moan against your living gag, the extra stimulations only serving to turn you on even more. You drool against the nilin, feeling the its tentacles wicking away the moisture as fast as you produce it.

It's so tight! All you can do is lie motionlessly, blind and dumb as the nilin's works your helpless body. You feel a heat rising in you--it should be sweltering, wrapped up so tight like this, but the nilin is cold, and its members steal the heat from your {skin/fur/chitin/membrane} as fast as it comes. You're in ecstatic agony--feeling the surge of a climax building in your rigid body, and unable to do anything except whimper.

When your orgasm quakes through your vulnerable body, all you can do is scream through your mouthful of tentacle. Your sphincter squeezes tight against the invading cluster of tentacles {cock= as they grind down hard against your prostate}. {Cock= Sealed in a slithering sheath of tentacles, your cock{s} spasm{s}, throbbing hard against {its/their} tight restraint. You let out a groan as you release, {droplets/a load/a huge jet/a heavy stream/buckets of cum} firing against the tight tentacles bands. With no place to go, it squirts against your body, squelching between you and the nilin, oozing against the hermetic wraps.}{vag= Your {tight/pliant/loose/gapingly wide} pussy clamps down on the barrage of tentacles pistoning in and out of it. Slick with your juices, the nilin's arms squelch audibly as {your cunt convulses/silly= you cuntvulse}. You suck in a ragged gasp as your orgasm hits you, bringing a tidal wave of pleasure down on your helpless form. Your {pc.vagina} {oozes out a trickle/squirts a load/gushes a fountain} of gircum across the invading tentacles.} In the darkness of the living blindfold, fireworks explode across your vision as your body is wracked with your convulsive climax. You spasm again, overwhelmed by the full-body crush of tentacles, before your poor brain finally overloads, pitching you down into insensibility.

...

The sharp sting of arctic winds startles you awake. Your eyes snap open, staring at the gray and white sky above the icy fields. You sit up, a handful of snow falling from your naked body. You're sitting nude on a snowbank in the middle of nowhere.

The wind howls and you snap your head to the side, your memories flooding back to you. You scan your surroundings, but see no sign of the nilin that assaulted you. It must have consumed its fill of energy and left you. Before you can wonder where it went, the wind rushes past you with a cold so deep that it burns.

You wrap your arms around yourself as your Codex beeps frantically, indicating critical power loss to the majority of your gear. {pc.clothes=You rush to dress yourself, desperate to put layers between your body and the cold.} You're going to need to do something fast before you freeze to death!

The wind howls again, carrying with it the distant sound of echoed voices.

{Player lust = 0, Shields = 0}

Player Wins

In a flurry of tentacles and snow, the nilin collapses to the ground, its black-red tentacles lying like bloody ribbons on the white snow. {Lust > 20% = Given the limpness of the tentacles and the solid mask of its face, it's unlikely that you could do anything with its unresponsive body.}

You could let it be. Given its physiology, it might recover from just lying in the sun for a while. But it'd probably just harass someone else.

Alternatively, you could kill it. That would keep it from attacking anyone else. And it's possible that someone might have a use for that bony mask.

Let it go

You decide to leave it alone. You look up, realizing that the wind has died down. With the air now substantially clearer, you set off across the snow, leaving the battered body of the nilin behind you.

Kill it

You decide that killing the horror would be a mercy. With such an alien biology, you're not sure what would kill it exactly, so you settle for removing its head from its body. It's messy work, and by the time you're done, you're mostly just left holding the creature's mask, leaving the rest of the pulpy mass on the snow amidst the tentacles.

You shrug and use the snow to clean yourself and your gear off before heading out. There's a good chance that someone might want to buy this off of you.

{Player gains: Nilin Mask}

Item: Nilin Mask

(Potential bounty item with Uveto VII NPCS. Should be worth a moderate amount of credits when sold, as the Nilin don't drop anything else.)

This disturbing mask was once the face of a nilin. Its bony surface is smooth and extremely cold to the touch. The markings display {Nilin.face= a grotesque caricature of a face formed from messy red streaks / an eerily smiling, perfectly made-up female face / a perfect circle of matte black / a child's drawing of a sharp-toothed grin / an expressionless face with too many mouths / the upside-down face of a beautiful woman / a sallow-skinned depiction of a clown's leering face / a devilish face with ruby skin / a feline face with a too-wide, too-pointed grin / a bone-white skeletal leer / a sleepy kui-tan muzzle / a jowly, beady-eyed man's face / a goggle-eyed, cartoonish visage / a single, blood-red eye in the center of a bone-white field / a jagged spiral radiating out from an indecipherable symbol / an adorable puppy face / a black field

covered with mis-matching eyes / five disturbing symbols overlapping on a dirty-white background / an expressionless vulpine visage / the expression of a leering woman with unfocused eyes / a too-wide, gaping mouth with beady holes above / a blank, bone-white face with lips barely parted} with four eye holes in a square pattern. The longer you stare at it, the more it feels like it's staring back. You can't think of any use for this other than maybe trying it on.

Wear the mask:

You shrug and press the mask against your face, looking out through the eye holes. Despite the smallness of the holes, you have no trouble seeing through them. You blink, and for a dizzying moment, feel like the world is in better focus, like you're seeing it from more angles.

The mask suddenly feels colder. Something's about to happen! Do you try to remove it?

{Remove, Reflex >20 = You feel a sudden tightness at the edges of the mask. As fast as you can, you grab the edges of it, and rip it away from your face. You glance down at the mask, and notice a rim of wiggling, black feelers along the edge of the mask. As you stare at them, they ripple, then pull back into the bony surface. It might be best to get rid of this thing as soon as possible.}

{Remove, Reflex <21 = You feel a sudden tightness at the edges of the mask. Your fingers scrabble against the edges, but to your horror, you don't find them. The smooth surface of the mask blends completely with your skin. A deep chill sinks into your skin, biting deep, all the way to the bone. Your face goes numb and you panic, digging your fingernails in, wincing in pain as you feel the sensations through the mask.

<i>It's not a mask anymore!</i> You realize with dread. It's your face! You hold your codex up, inspecting yourself with the camera, running your fingers over your head. The nilin's face is now your own, complete with a new set of eyes set below your original pair. They blink in time to your top set of eyes. Fortunately, your mouth has retained

flexibility, still able to move as it did, despite the stiffness of the rest of it. Across your face is the mask's pattern, {nilin face}.

This is going to take some getting used to!

PC.face=nilin.face}

{Leave on = You press your palms against the bony surface of the mask, surrendering to whatever transformation it brings. An icy chill engulfs your face, feeling as if you'd just dunked your head into a bucket of ice water. A crawling numbness spreads across your cheeks. Under your fingers, you feel the rim of the mask smooth against your skin, blending with it until the edges disappear. You close your eyes, feeling the bony mask fuse with your flesh, bringing a subtle, ineffable pleasure.

When you blink open your eyes, you feel a second set opening below them. You hurriedly raise your codex, turning on the camera, and inspect your new face. The nilin's face is now your own, complete with a new, identical set of eyes set on your cheeks, just below your original pair. You open your mouth, feeling the the pliancy of the mask around it--it looks like you can still move it. Plastered across your face is the mask's pattern, {nilin face}. You turn this way and that, inspecting your new face, feeling a strange sense of satisfaction with your new look.

PC.face=nilin.face}