

The Spectral Smith

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Overview

The spectral smith is a character that can be found in the Frozen Tower, in the Glacial Rift. This entire text takes place after the battle with the PC and Brint, after which she simply disappears. I decided to expand her backstory and make some interaction with her to deepen her character. Eventually, once the pc has discovered enough about her, they'll be able to have sex with her, but only if they beat her in a 1 on 1 battle. Other things will happen after that, but for now let's focus on one thing at a time.

After disappearing following her original defeat, the spectral smith can only be found in her Frozen Tower between midnight and 6 AM.

Let's start.

First Encounter

//Tooltip: Enter the Frozen Tower

You and your party are exploring the Glacial Rift when a blizzard crushes on you with the strength of a hammer. The falling snow is sudden and sharp like a knife in the back, and the already cold air of the Rift rises to a level where even those of you equipped for the cold can feel the blood start to freeze in your veins. Luckily for you, a few yards away from your position you can see a familiar tower standing toward the heavens, the same tower where you and Brint fought the spectral smith. Now that her ghostly presence is gone, nothing can stop you from using it as a shelter if you so wish. You up the pace and soon find [yourself|themselves] at the base of the tower. The door is closed, but not locked, and though the ice has frozen it to the doorstep it is nothing a good shoulder charge cannot fix. You go inside, sighing and breathing heavily from the sprint and the relief at having escaped the cold. You close the door behind you and look around.

The place is mostly as you remember it, except that the cobblestone floor looks even more dilapidated than before and the armorer's tools hanging from the wall look even rustier. The anvil looks decayed, as if consumed by the passage of a time that had not touched her until the day you sent its owner back to the grave. The banners have fallen from the walls and lay on the ground in tatters. You don't know exactly why, but a sense of deep sadness pervades you as you glare around yourself. Gods be damned, you might be getting sentimental.

You[party.solo|r party] decide[s] to eat something before going to sleep, and you do - what little you have left in your bags is just enough to feed you, and you immediately take a mental note to buy more supplies next time you find a merchant - but when the time actually comes to retire you find yourself unable to sleep. You can't help but sit against the wall, staring at nothing, thinking about this and that, at the misspent days of your youth and at

Kasyrra devastating the world with her demons. Although you are tired and your body aches from the struggles of the last days, your consciousness refuses to give in for so long that you almost renounce the idea of sleeping entirely. When your mind gets fuzzy and your eyes finally start to close, you give a thankful prayer—to whom, not even you know for sure—and then lay against the wall and fall into a slumber.

You awaken hours later with a splitting headache and your guts contorting in your belly with such violence one might believe they were trying to implode on themselves. Something's wrong: something that should not be here crawled out of your subconscious fears, took ahold of the tower, claimed it for itself, and now you[partyhasCompanions] and your friends] are in its domain. Your jump to your feet and your hands run instinctively to your [pc.weapon]. Your eyes scan the room in search of an enemy that you don't see. All you find are nightmares, visions and memories of a time long past, and a feminine, matronly, strong figure sitting behind the anvil, her body physical and yet transparent like old glass. Her head leaned down and her hands on her knees. It takes you less than a moment to recognize her. You take a step toward her, but the moment you move she raises her head toward you and the emptiness of her eyes hits you like a shard of ice to the heart.

"Leave that toy where it rests, little [pc.boyGirl]," she says, and her words make your ears ring. "Tonight I do not feel like shedding blood, and I do not believe you so cold hearted as to kill a ghost a second time." She smiles. "Am I wrong?"

[Appearance] [Fight] [Ignore] [Talk]

Appearance (first meeting)

The ghost sits in front of the anvil, her head leaning slightly forward and her elbows on her knees. Her gargantuan breasts keep you from seeing most of her body, and you happily indulge yourself in a long contemplation of the ghost woman's bust before descending your gaze to admire her strong arm and legs. She's a minotaur woman if you've ever seen one, amazonian in her stature and physique, the fat on her body only filling out the right places. Her hips tell you she'd be a great breeder, and any child to come out of her womb would be strong and healthy. Dead or not, looking at her gives you a familiar thrill in your loins you can hardly ignore. She is just as she was during your battle, but less opaque, and a veil of sadness and melancholy in her eyes despite the slight smile on her lips. Despite her apparent lack of harmful intention your brain struggles to accept her existence and keeps interpreting her presence here as a threat. She's beautiful, but just looking at her sends cold shivers down your spine.

Fight (first encounter)

(Champ must fight alone)
// Champ must be Dark Knight.

You don't give a shit about what she is in the mood for, and the trail of corpses you've left behind you in your travels can attest that she doesn't know what she's saying when she talks about how hot or cold your heart is. "I don't care what you're doing here," you say, shaking with rage as you take out your [pc.weapon]. "I sent you back to the afterlife once, I can do it again."

"Can you?" she asks, her eyebrow raised. She rises up in all her glory, standing proudly against your [pc.height]. "You have a lust for violence, little [pc.boyGirl]. but you cannot kill what is already dead. I can assure you of that." She takes a step toward you, her arms spread open and raised to shoulder level. "So? Shall we start?"

You grab your [pc.weapon] with both hands and run towards her.

[pc.combatName]

[spectralsmith.combatName]

Spectral Smith Statistics

Stats		Likes	Dislikes	Powers	Drops
Attack Power: 50.	Spellpower: 55.0	N/A	N/A	<i>stealable</i> - [+]	10000 XP
Sexiness: 30.0.	Temptation: 30.0			- Chill Touch - Entropic Winds[+] - Winter's Howl - Ray of Frost[+]	
Armor: 50.0	Physical Resist: 30.0				
Warding: 20.0	Magic Resist: 10.0				
Focus: 40.0	Mental Resist: 20.0				

Evasion: 24.0	Blight Resist: -65.0				
Crushing Resist: 55.0	Fire Resist: -30.0				
Frost Resist: 100.0	Penetrating Resist: 65.0				
Tease Resist: 20.0	Drug Resist: 100.0				
Pheromone Resist: -75.0	Mind Resist: 40.0				

Win or lose

(If [spectralSmith.wins.]):

You fall on your knees, battered and contused. Blood pours from your mouth and head and the cuts and bruises on your chest. Your [pc.gear] and [pc.weapon] lay all around you, broken in pieces, a frozen memory of what they had once been. Your head swims and your vision starts to blur as your spectral enemy calmly advances towards you and stops right next to you. You try to raise your head at her and snarl in defiance, but a fit in your stomach forces you to curl in on yourself before blood surges from your throat and out of your mouth and then splatters all over the floor.

The spectral smith puts a hand on your head. "You are sick, little [pc.boy|girl]. Back in my age I knew many remedies for many illnesses, but I'm afraid I have none for this one. You're the only one who can heal yourself. Just know this," she adds, and her hands wrap [pc.hasHorns|tightly around your horns|[pc.hasHair|tightly into your hair|tightly around your

head]]. “You keep going down this path, you’ll get exactly what you deserve. When that happens, have the decency to admit that it wasn’t anybody’s fault but yours. Remember that.”

That is the last thing you hear before you pass out. When you wake up, your wounds are healed and you don’t feel dizzy anymore, but your body still hurts and there is a hole in your chest you cannot explain, as if someone had torn your heart out. Frustrated and humiliated you try to stand up, but your body is still in too much pain and immediately falls again. Outside the sun has yet to rise, though you can already see a faint glow beyond the small window on your left. You stare at the ceiling and wonder about the day that has yet to come. [pc.hasCompanions]Your friends are still sleeping. You don’t think you will be able to do the same, not today.

(This concludes the interaction. You become enervated. Choosing the option to fight negates the possibility of meeting the spectral smith again and effectively removes her from the game for good.)

(if [pc.wins.]):

A terrible screech echoes in the air, a sound you’d expect to hear coming from the Hells themselves. The spectral smith screams, the cuts and bruises on her ghostly body letting out purple smoke and vomiting weird, unknowable white goop. The objects in the room start vibrating, and soon the pavement and the stone walls follow. [party.som||Your friend wakes|friends wake] up, a terrified expression on their [party.oneCompanion|face|faces]], reaching for their weapons.] Just when you start thinking the tower might collapse, the ghost woman sends out one last screech and then explodes into a giant cloud of purple smoke that spreads through the air. You hold your breath, and it’s only when the smoke has escaped out of the windows and through the cracks in the walls and the ceiling that you let yourself breathe again. [party.som||Your companion turns|Your companions turn] toward you, shocked. [pc.hasCompanions]“What in all the hells happened here?” [companion1.] asks you, but you don’t have the strength to tell them.] You fall on your ass and lean against the wall, eyes closed, and let yourself be lulled by the sound of the wind flowing outside until morning comes.

(This concludes the interaction. You win 10000 XP and the spectral smith is removed from the game.)

Ignore

Very well then. The ghost woman can stay wherever she wants, but nothing says you need to keep her company. You sit back down against your wall, hug your knees to your chest and close your eyes. You already know you won’t be able to fall asleep, but you’re trying to make a point here. Time passes slowly as trickling water, and the storm outside doesn’t seem willing to die down anytime soon. You’re miraculously starting to feel the first pangs of sleep when the ghost woman speaks.

“Well?” she says. “Aren’t you going to say something?”

You snort and tell her you have nothing to say. Ghost or not, she is a blacksmith and this is her property. You respect that. You’re also glad she also let you take shelter here without wanting nothing in exchange. That doesn’t mean you have to keep her company.

“It would be good etiquette though.”

You tell her to please forgive you for your lack of good etiquette then, but you don’t think you and her have much to discuss.

The ghostly smith smiles. “Very well,” she says. “I suppose we all have our own worries to deal with. There is always another time. Am I right, little, [pc.boyGirl]?”

She doesn’t expect an answer, and you do not give her one. Instead you curl up on yourself even tighter than before and close your eyes shut, knowing that it has been a good day and, ghosts or not, sooner or later your body will recognize it needs its rest, but when you finally fall asleep it is already almost dawn.

A ray of sunshine wakes you up from your slumber. You let out a huge yawn and then, dizzy and dumb, you try standing up, but your legs can barely hold your weight. You slept very little and horribly last night, and so you sit back down immediately. [party.som|Your friend is|Your friends are] still asleep too, and you see no reason to wake them up.] A few more hours of rest, and then you’ll finally be on your way out of this infernal place.

(You have to wait until the next night to meet her again.)

Talk

No, she is not. Although her mere presence scares the wits out of you, she has given you no reason to attack or stay on guard. Hell, she probably noticed you well before you noticed her. If she wanted to harm you, she could have already done so. You leave your weapon alone and sit back, your eyes never leaving her, and the corners of her ghostly muzzle curve slightly as she sees you relax against the wall.

“Much better now,” she says. “Much better. Violence is glorious only when it is justified. At least so it was back in my days. Have things changed since then?”

You suppose not. Thought you doubt many people would agree violence is glorious no matter what the cause is.

“But you do?”

You’re [pc.class], you are at war now though, so you have to be a warrior. What you were before does not matter now. Even if you hated war, even if you hated killing, at least part of you has to convince itself that there is something good coming out of it - something that has

purpose. If not, you'd be just another murderer. You don't think you'd able to remain sane if that were the case.

The ghost nodded. "Aye," she says. "Not many are built for war, and even those who are can be driven over the edge in the right circumstances. Many of my clans were lost like that, well before the giants and the dragons decided this world was too small for both their races to coexist in peace." She sighs heavily. "It seems war makes victims even in times of peace."

Is that why she was a smith? To protect those she loved the most?"

The spectral woman doesn't answer. She seems to think about your questions for a moment, then her arms cross and her smile turns into a smirk. "You seem interested in talking to me, little [pc.raceAdjective]. I do not mind that, but if we have to chat, we'll have need of names."

Sounds reasonable. You're [pc.name]. And she is?

"In life, my name was Sharanty," she says. "You may call me so, if you wish. Now, what is it that you wish to talk about?"

[Your clan] [How did you die?] [Why stay here?]

Your clan

You know that minotaurs usually live in clans. What about her? Did she have a clan, or was she a nomad?"

"What makes you think there could be such a thing as a nomad minotaur?"

You shrug. Your friend [brint.isBrienne|Brienne|Brint] is a minotaur, and [brint.isBrienne|she|he] doesn't spend more time with [brint.isBrienne|her|his] clan or even family than [brint.isBrienne|she|he] has to.

"Are you certain?" she asks. "A clan is not something you're born in, nor is your family composed by the people that brought you into this world. Clan and family are the people that protect you, that love you. Your warriors and your healers. Your friends and, sometimes, your rivals. Blood or names are mere ornaments. What makes you family is the connection that goes beyond those ornaments."

You snort. Do you look like you need a lesson in what it means to have a family?

"Yes," she says, and then falls silent.

You sigh. She still hasn't answered your questions.

"I suppose I haven't." She sighs as well and leans her head back. "Yes, I had a clan. Back in those days the world was more dangerous than it is now, and not having one meant almost

certain death. I was one of the Wanopi, one of the oldest clans of the region. Have you ever heard of them?”

[[pc.bg](#) scholar]Wait. You remember reading about a northern minotaur tribe of that name. They were a powerful tribe of minotaurs specialized in metallurgy, and many of their weapons and armors can be found to this day. They were also well versed in the art of magic, so much of the gear they fabricated is enchanted...but most of their history has been lost.[No, you’ve never heard of that clan.]

“A shame. I suppose our history really has been forgotten. We were strong, you know. We had the best warriors, the best blacksmiths, the best hunters. All because we loved each other—more than that, we trusted each other. That’s where our strength came from. You can love someone without trusting them one bit, but trusting someone you hate is madness. That was our philosophy, the ideal that motivated us.” For a moment, her gaze is lost into nothingness. “I suppose it was still not enough when our time came. I remember every day I spent among the mountains, playing with my siblings and running after animals. I remember my first friendly battles with my friends and the first time I grabbed a hammer and realized that was going to be the reason for my existence, as if thunder had struck me at that very moment.”

You huff. You wish you’d found out what you were supposed to do for the rest of your life as easy as that. Would have taken away a lot of doubts and insecurities.

“Doubts and insecurities follow us no matter the path we find ourselves on. Do you believe I never faltered? Do you think I’ve never known shame or defeat?” She shakes her head. “The gods themselves are not perfect. We shouldn’t be anyway. To try and live in absolute security is to live like a corpse.”

You have nothing to add to that.

How did you die?

You’re not sure how to ask this question. Maybe it’s offensive for...for what she is, or maybe it’s just something you do not ask on principle, but how...how did she - “

“Die?” Sharanty says, and lets out a lone chuckle. “Yes, that is indeed offensive. Ghosts usually do not enjoy finding out they’re ghosts, nor do they enjoy it when you remind them. Still, I have been a spectre for so long I no longer see the point of being offended anymore. Why would I? I exist, do I not? Maybe it’s a lesser existence than most on this plane are gifted with, but existence nonetheless. I have a body, a mind. I can see, I can smell, I can fight. I could touch my body and bring myself to orgasm if I so wished,” she says, and grabs one of her monstrous mammaries with such strength her fingers disappear in the pliant flesh of her breasts, as if to prove it to you. “I can do many things the living can. The things I can’t do...well, some of them I miss, but some not so much. So I suppose it balances it out.”

You ask her how it happened as you try to ignore the way her tit bounces down as she lets it go..

“The same way it always happens for the people of this continent,” Sharanty says. “My people were made slaves by a race stronger and more numerous than us. You may now know it as the jotuns. Have you ever encountered them?”

{encountered Jotun|Yes, I've run into them, but I managed to survive|No, though I've heard they roam the Rift}.

“Then I am happy for you.” Her ghostly hands ball into fists. “I still remember the day they descended from the top of the mountains. Can you believe they expected us to simply give ourselves to them at first? To abide by their rules and surrender ourselves, voluntarily turn into slaves?”

You can't imagine that went well.

“It did not,” she replies, nodding. “We fought, Oh, how we fought. The war lasted for moons, longer than any direct conflict my clan had been in before.” She lets her hand fall on her knee. “They fought valiantly, our warriors. But in the end, there was nothing we could do to stop them. Our end was predestinated. And so we became slaves.”

“Is that when you died? During your battle for freedom?”

“Hm? Oh, no. No, no. I was still young then, not even an adult. I only worked in workshops, making weapons and armor for the warriors. Truth be told, not many died during that war. It was the dragons that killed us.”

Your eyes widen. Dragons? Dragons came for them?

“Indeed. What the frost giants did to us, the dragons did to the jotuns, except they did not ask them to surrender first. There was no offer of peace, no warning. They simply came and started destroying everything they found in their path. They killed every minotaur clan the jotuns had subjugated down to the last child so they had no more weapons to defend themselves, and then they fought until all that was left of the giants was a bunch of broken families without anything in their possession and nowhere to go. And then they left.”

Your eyebrows furrow. You don't get it: if things had come to that point, why not simply exterminate them?

“I don't know. If you ask for my opinion, I believe they simply got bored. The jotuns did not prove to be enemies worthy of them, so they returned to where they came from, and left some alive so they could remember their inability to defend themselves.”

That's horrible.

“War is horrible,” she says. “It is the gods' greatest joke that it is also necessary. Without war, there would be no technological advancements. No fluctuation of power between the races

or the nations. No change.” She lowers her head. “War is what happens when existence is stagnant.”

You say nothing. She has given you a lot to think about, and some of it you’re not even sure you want to.

Why stay here?

The two of you bask in the silence of the night for a little longer, then you take a deep breath and finally ask her the question you wanted to ask from the beginning. “Sharanty,” you say, your voice low. She glares at you with half-lidded eyes and waits for you to complete your sentence. “After you died...why did you decide to stay here? Why not move on to the afterlife?”

Sharanty stays silent. Surprisingly, this is a question she too seems to find hard to answer. She blinks once, twice, then she crosses her arms under her gargantuan bosom and breathes in.

“Truth be told, I’m not so sure myself,” she says. “At first, I had a duty to fulfill. In life I had never been able to craft a weapon or armor worthy of legend, so I suppose I felt obligated to do it in death. Once I had accomplished that goal, I had to find someone to give it to, but those who accepted my challenge all failed to put on even a proper battle.” she scoffs, then glares at you. “Then you and your friend came. You accepted my challenge, you defeated me in a fair contest, and proved worthy of carrying my masterpiece with you, whether you wished to truly wield it or not. At that point I was free to go wherever I wanted, free to rest in an endless, dreamless slumber...” She pauses and shakes her head. “...And then I realized I did not want that. I did not want to go. Not now. Not yet.”

But why?

“I don’t know. But something compels me to stay, my dear, and so I will.” Her stone-like expression breaks into a smirk. “Unless you decided to turn into an exorcist for the evening?”

You laugh. If all ghosts were like her, you don’t think anybody would be in need of exorcists anymore.

Her smirk widens. “Careful, young one. A poor old ghost like me might think you were trying to flatter her.”

[No, Thank You] [Well, Why Not]

// ‘No thank you’ Tooltip: ‘You shouldn’t risk bedding the undead’

// ‘Well, why not?’ Tooltip: ‘That doesn’t seem so bad.’

No thanks

No thank you, you tell her. You're afraid you don't have the guts to dance with an undead. You'll stick with contemplating her from afar.

"A wise and fair decision, if not a bit boring," she replies. If she's offended she gives no sign of it. "Do not be so sure in your choices, though. There is always time to change your mind."

You guess you'll see about that. A huge yawn catches you undefended.

Sharanty smiles. "You need to sleep, little [pc.raceAdjective]. Do not stay awake on my behalf. We can always keep talking another time."

Will she really still be here the next night?

"And the next, and the next one after that," she says. "Just promise me to come see me once in a while, will you, little [pc.boyGirl]?"

Oh, you will. She doesn't have to worry about that. Another yawn comes to you, and before you know it your eyes start to close and your mind goes blank.

When you wake up, you feel strong and well rested. You haven't felt like this in a while. [party.hasCompanions|You look at [party.compNames]. They are still sleeping, and you let them be.] The first light of the sun struggles to appear among the clouds, and though the blizzard has quieted down, the snow is still falling. You sit down and while you start making breakfast, you also start to consider whether you should tell your friends about your talk with Sharanty. In the end, you decide against it. The things she told you have been said in confidence, to you and you alone, and you wouldn't want to betray her trust. If she ever feels they need to know too, she'll tell them herself.

Once the food is ready, you[party.solo|r party] eat calmly your breakfast as you joke and laugh with each other, before loading your equipment on your shoulders and then venturing outside toward the new day that awaits.

(You'll have to wait for the next night to see Sharanty again)

// Set time to 0600

Well, why not?

You don't see what would be wrong with that. She's still a woman, isn't she?

"A dead woman," she says. "For all you know, I could use my ghostly powers to control your mind or something of the like."

You roll your eyes up. Is she really going to do that?"

She sighs. "No, of course not. I do not know why one would do it in the first place. Besides, the only powers I have are related to coldness. I suppose I could freeze you in a block of ice for the rest of eternity, but again, I do not see the point. You seem like a good [pc.mf|lad|lass]".

Good enough to accept a salacious invitation to a night of debauchery?

Sharanty laughs. "Maybe, my [pc.boyGirl], maybe. Not tonight, though. Tonight you need some sleep. Truly, you look like a ghost, and it's a ghost telling it to you."

You know. Sometimes you have problems sleeping.

"An understandable problem," she says. "I can sympathize. I too had a problem sleeping while I was alive." She pauses for a moment. "Would you like me to sing you a lullaby to help you sleep?"

Your eyes widen. Would she really -

"Yes, of course I would," she says, her eyebrows raised. "Never had anybody do that to you?"

""[pc.bg slumrat noblescion|No, my mother was too busy being a whore. I huddled in doorways on the street while she worked.|Yes, I had a nanny and maids for such things.|Yes, but I did not expect you to -]"

"The females of my clan were praised for their singing," she says, a drop of sadness in her voice. "I'm not sure what kind of performance I can give you, considering my vocal cords aren't exactly the same as they were, but I can try. Do you want me to?"

[No thank you] [Sure]

No thank you

Sharanty's offer is kind, even tempting, but you're not really sure you want to live this particular experience. Honestly, a lullaby sung by a dead woman in a dilapidated tower? Sounds like the stuff of nightmares. You thank her for her kindness but nonetheless say no, a bit ashamed of yourself. You'll just try to fall asleep in the old way.

She shrugs. "As you wish. Just promise me you'll come back sometime soon, yes? An old ghost gets lonely at night."

You will, she doesn't have to worry about that. Then you lay down on the floor with your back against the wall and close your eyes, trying to empty your mind as much as possible to let

sleep do its job. It takes a while, but after a while your brain finally gives in and you fall into a deep slumber.

When you wake up it's already daytime and a ray of sunshine hits you right in the face. You feel well rested, though that hole in your chest is still present. Probably just indigestion. [party.hasCompanions|[party.som||Your friend is|Your friends are] already cooking breakfast, and the moment they find out you're awake they offer you some. You accept it gladly.]

As you chew your breakfast, your mind goes back to Sharanty. Putting aside the fact that she's a ghost for a moment, you didn't expect her to be so talkative, and you certainly didn't expect her to tell you so much about her past. You have a lot to deal with lately, and duty always comes before pleasure, but one thing is sure: the next night you're free, you're going to talk to her again.

You finish your breakfast and finally you're back on your way.

Sure

An ancient lullaby sung to you by an undead woman? How many people can say they've been through something like that? You don't even need to think about the answer. "Go on," you say. "I want to hear it."

"Keep in mind you might be disappointed. I told you, my voice is not as good as it was when I was alive."

You shrug. Her voice sounds good to you - it's a beautiful voice. You promise you won't judge.

She stares at you with something in her gaze you cannot recognize, then she closes her eyes and starts to take big, deep breaths. You have no idea why she does so as she hardly needs to breathe, but maybe it's just her way to focus. Her breathing goes on for a couple minutes more, then she opens her mouth and starts to sing.

From the very first note, you realize any worry of Sharanty was unfounded. Her voice is beautiful, her singing perfect, better than any minstrel or bard you've ever heard. She sings in a dead tongue you do not know and could never learn, but it doesn't matter: the tone is what matters, and the meaning of these unknown words gets you anyway. Melancholia invades you again but it's gentle this time, not malevolent, and the hole inside your heart starts to fill like an amphora with pure water. All the while, Sharanty keeps singing, she goes on and on, and slowly your eyes close and you forget where you are or what you're fighting. You're back to your first days, the days of your youth, when you [pc.bgMulti acolyte barbarian noblescion slumrat|(studied with your schoolmates at the academy)|(explored the forest of your clan)|(Learnt to fight in your parents' courtyard)|(ran through the streets of your hometown)], and then carries you even farther, to the sky and beyond, and when you finally fall asleep you don't even realize you're doing it.

When you wake up, you feel better than you've felt in years, maybe ever. You're not even hungry, even though the blizzard is over and the sun is up in the sky. You're usually famished at this hour.[party.hasCompanions] Your [pc.oneCompanion|companion|party] is already awake[pc.manyCompanions|, merrily talking to each other]. When they see you finally up they laugh and wave some breakfast at you. "Dammit [pc.name], [I|We] were starting to think you were dead over there," says [Companion.] "Come on, have some breakfast. It's not much, but it's good."

You shake your head. "No, thank you. I'm not hungry."

"Really? You usually eat like a wolf at this hour."

[pc.ra lupine]"I'll pretend I didn't hear that."]

[Companion] insists you eat something despite not being hungry, and when you decide that after all you're going to need the energy whether you're hungry or not, you find out it's actually really good. As you chew your breakfast, your mind goes back to Sharanty. Putting aside the fact that she's a ghost for a moment, you didn't expect her to be so talkative, nor did you expect her to tell you so much about her past...and you certainly didn't expect her to be susceptible to flirting. You have a lot to deal with lately, and duty always comes before pleasure, but one thing is sure: you can't wait to see her once again.

Later, when you finally can't swallow anything anymore you stand up, load your stuff on your shoulder and tell your [companion|s] to do the same. "Let's go," you say, and together with your friends you go face-first against another day of adventure|You shoulder your gear and head out to face another day].

Second Encounter

(For this to happen, you must have chosen 'talk' instead of 'ignore' the first time you met Sharanty. If not, this proceeds as First Encounter.)

After a strenuous day of fighting your way through the Glacial Rift, you find yourself once again at the feet of the once great tower. [party.yall] are tired, so you decide resting inside for a while would be the best course of action. You go in and [party.hasCompanions|your [pc.oneCompanion|companion|party] takes some weight off their shoulders and then [party.oneCompanion|starts|start] to cook something.[start a campfire] You sit down next to the fire and stare at the flames dancing in front of your eyes. Even though you haven't eaten much today you don't find yourself particularly hungry. Still, you force yourself to eat. You might be in need of strength in case you meet her again.

After dinner, [party.yall] stare at what is left of the embers, waiting for sleep to get ahold of you. But that doesn't happen. What happens is that you feel the same thing you felt last time you spent the night here: the same dread, the same emptiness, except that now you're familiar with it and describing it in such a way seems almost offensive. You stand up and leave behind your [pc.gear][party.hasCompanions] and your sleeping

[party.oneCompanion|companion|companions]], only to turn the corner and see Sharanty caressing the anvil like an old lover. She doesn't move her head, she doesn't even turn toward you, but you know she's aware you are in the room and she knows you know. You sit once again in front of her, and the two of you stare in silence at the anvil for a while, until...

"So," she says. "You are back."

"You knew I would be."

"Sure I did. Nonetheless, it's nice to be proven right." She smiles. "So, how have you been doing lately, little [pc.race]? Has life in the Marches treated you well? How many warriors did you fell in your travels? How many pliant bodies have yielded to your flesh?"

// 'Duty' Tooltip: 'Tell her about your victories in fair battle'

// 'Pleasure' Tooltip: 'Tell her about your romantic conquests.'

Duty

"I don't think the Marches threatens anybody differently, lately," you say, a little smirk on your lips. "I suppose some are stronger than others and can defend themselves more easily, and there are some with enough luck or skill to find someone who will do it for them, but at the end of the day we're all in the same boat here."

"You still haven't answered my question."

You laugh. "I guess I've fought my fair share. My friends, too. Bandits, monsters, demons, corrupted folks of all kinds. We've fought them all, in a way or another. We wouldn't be here if we hadn't. As I said, these times make warriors of us all."

"A sad outlook on life, but true nevertheless." She crosses her fingers on her lap. "Tell me, how does that make you feel? All that fighting, all that killing. Does it disgust you, or do you enjoy it? In part, at least?"

You glare at her. She seems genuinely curious about your answer. It would be a good thing if you had one...

[Satisfaction] [So-So] [Regret]

// 'Satisfaction' Tooltip: 'Tell her you love fighting'.

// 'So-so': 'Tell her you don't like fighting, but you enjoy punishing those who deserve it'.

// 'Regret' Tooltip: 'Tell her you abhor violence, but it has to be done'.

Satisfaction

You tell her you love fighting. Maybe you shouldn't say that, maybe you should be ashamed of it, but it's the truth and you can't hide it. The fury of the battle, the clanking of swords, the screams of the mages as they cast their spells, all of that fuels you with strength and makes your blood boil in a way nothing else does. Sharanty listens to your words in silence, merely nodding to some of your declarations once in a while. Once you're done talking, she sighs and leans her hands on her knees.

"Your words echo those of the warriors of my clan," she said. "I too had a thirst for battle once, but beware of it. Someone once said that those who live by the sword also die by it. Whoever said that is a fool: I've seen many folk die by the sword, and I've seen many of them live long enough to retire and die of old age. One thing is true, though: killing and fighting is not something one does without consequences. War leaves a toll on you: if not on your flesh, then on your mind. Revel in your strength if you so wish, but remember it is you who controls it, not the contrary. Forget that, and whatever difference is between you and your enemies will be null."

But how does one remember it?

"By remembering what - or even better, who - you fight for. Your enemies should never be as important as your companions, your family, your friends. Ideals are good too to keep one in check, but having the person you love give you one last caress before you go to war or hugging a friend you thought lost in a battle anchors you to reality in ways no moral or philosophical belief does. Believe me, I have more experience in this sort of thing than you might ever have."

You suppose she is right.

So-So

It is a difficult question she's asking you, and you're not sure how to answer it. War is bad: of that you have no doubt. Death, starvation, families crying for the deceased and the corrupted...those are scars that never go away. You could never be the kind of person that enjoys all of that, nor would you like to. Oftentimes, when you fight, you feel pity as much for your foes as for your allies. But sometimes...it's not like that. Sometimes the saying 'black and white don't exist' turns out to be just bullshit. There are true monsters out there, people who only want others to die or to suffer, who revel in the pain they inflict on others. When you meet one of those, all your morals and ideals are forgotten. If you find some bastards that deserve death, they will have it.

Sharanty nods, then hums. "You seem sure of this belief, little [pc.race]. I respect that. However, I have to ask: are you sure you have the right to bestow death as you wish it? Are you wise enough to know when your enemy deserves death or mercy?"

You shake your head. She's looking at the problem in terms that are simply too generalistic. Of course many evil actions can be forgiven, given the right reason and contexts, but there are some actions that cannot be forgiven, some wrongs that can never be made right. It doesn't matter why they were committed—those who did deserve death.”

“And what acts are those?” she asks.

You stare at her, your head spinning. For a moment you even open your mouth to answer, but you close it immediately.

You don't know what to say.

Regret

You tell her you don't like violence. In fact, you abhor it. Every time you take your [pc.weapon] in your hands knowing you might have to use it to kill is like walking to your own execution. You'd much rather go back to what life was like before this happened, before the madness began, but you can't, and sometimes that breaks you inside...but what can you do if not fight?

“You could leave,” Sharanty says. “You could hide somewhere and never return. Let somebody else take care of it. Would it be so terrible?”

You shake your head: now she's just speaking nonsense. There's evil all around you, and you're one of the few in the position of being able to do something about it. You could never flee and abandon your friends and lovers to their destiny—and besides, what would be the point? Kasyrra is already on her way to conquering the Marches, but she'll hardly stop there. If left unchecked, that woman will go on and on, conquering everything and destroying anything that is on her path. Hell, you've seen her destroy the lives of people purely for the fun of it. Whatever charm, whatever likeability, whatever little mercy she might have - it just doesn't matter. You have to stop her, one way or another. If you don't do it, nobody else will.

Sharanty listens in silence, then shakes her head. “You're a [pc.manWoman] of great honor, [pc.name]. If there had been more warriors like you in my age, maybe my tribe wouldn't have perished the way they did.”

You smile and thank her. You have no idea how you would have dealt with an army of jotuns and an army of dragons fighting over the same territory as she described, but you sure as all heavens would have tried.

“That is all that matters,” she says, and gives you a sweet smile.

Pleasure

You're really not in the mood to talk about blood and death, so you decide to tell her about your conquests. You tell her about your nights with your companions, your friends, all the the people you've slept with in your travels. You emphasize how good your best encounters were and play humble when your libidinous adventures did not go exactly as planned. Sometimes she laughs, entertained by the show you're putting on; sometimes her eyes narrow and she leans in, genuinely interested in the tales you narrate. Eventually you too get too invested in your stories, and soonand soon you feel [pc.hasRealCock|an erection of epic proportions growing|a warm flush of arousal] in your loins. Blushing, you try to push it back down as Sharanty laughs her heart out.

"My, my," she says. "You're quite a charmer, aren't you? All those folk you slept with, and you even have the guts to say the adventurer's life is treating you harshly.

You shrug. While sex is nice and all, and you're not in lack of admirers who would gladly throw themselves in your bed, you're not really sure they're worth risking death or mental and physical subjugation every day of your life. Besides, a good number of the people who you slept with either wanted to kill you first or are still actively trying to do so. You're not exactly living like a sultan out there.

Sharanty raises a hand in apology. "Of course, of course. I was merely jesting. Still, you have to admit your deeds in the bed, as you say, are almost as admirable as your deeds with a weapon." She smiles. "I wonder if there's any truth behind them, or if you're simply throwing smoke in my eyes?"

Is she flirting with you?

"Might be."

[Go to sleep] [Flirt Back]

Go to sleep

You'd be glad to show her the truth of your words, but the night grows deep and you have a busy day waiting for you tomorrow, and sometimes fun has to give up for the sake of duty.

Her smile falters a little, but she nods nonetheless. "I understand," she says. "One must do what one must do. Before you go, would you like me to sing for you? It might help you to sleep."

[No, but thanks] [Of course]

No, but thanks

You thank her for her offer, but you're so tired of people screwing with your head you'd rather do it the old-fashioned way.

She laughs and shrugs. "As you wish, little [pc.boyGirl]. Sleep well."

You wish her the same, though you're pretty sure she does not sleep at all. You lay down and turn yourself against the wall. It is a cold night and sleep does not come easy, but finally your eyes close and you fall asleep.

Of course

It would be an honor to hear her sing. She smiles sweetly, then her eyes close and she begins to sing. The sweet assault on your senses is immediate, her voice filling your ears and then your body and heart like not even the best bards would be capable of. Vivid memories of your childhood flow in front of your eyes, and before you ever manage to utter a thank you, you fall into a deep, dream-filled slumber.

When you wake up, the light of the morning shines on your face and the wind has stopped howling. Time to go back to work.

Flirt Back

(Having sex with Sharanty requires a penis)

Not only are the tales of your sexual prowess completely true, you're also ready to prove it to her right now if she so wishes. She glares at you with a weird look in her eyes, then explodes into a booming laughter that almost deafens you. [pc.hasCompanions]You're surprised your [pc.oneCompanion]friend doesn't|friends don't] wake up.

"Oh, you poor, poor [pc.boyGirl.] You really don't know much about the Wanopi clan, do you?"

What does that mean?

"We're a warrior race, my dear," she says. "If you wish to be my mate, and I'm not saying I would be averse to the idea, you must first prove you are worthy of me."

Hm. And how are you supposed to do that?"

"Oh, spare me. Isn't it obvious?" she says.

Sharanty stands up in all her glory. She's a behemoth of a woman, absolutely huge and absolutely beautiful in equal measure. Her muscles bulge under her skin and clothes, her enormous curves all but exposed to your gaze, only a layer of ghostly tissue obscuring your view. You even see the profile of a pair of lips between her legs. The minotaur woman raises her hand above her head and flexes her biceps.

"So?" she says. "What do you think?"

Well, unless she's challenging you to a bodybuilding contest, she seems to want to fight you. Is that how the Wanopi court their lovers?

"As I told you, we were a clan of warriors," she said. "Our women were females of pride. Unless a male were strong enough to at least hold his own in battle against a female, there was no way he would be able to take them in bed." She points a finger at you. "You're not a Wanopi, that is true. But do not believe for a second I will not hold you up to the same standard."

There is nothing else to say then. You stand up, pull out your [pc.weapon] and raise it in front of you. "You know, I've already beaten you once before."

"You were not alone then," she says, and smiles. "Ready?"

You were born ready.

Fight (second encounter)

(Champ must fight alone)

[pc.combatName]

[spectralsmith.combatName]

Sharanty Stats

Stats	Likes	Dislikes	Powers	Drops
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Attack Power: 50.0	Spellpower: 60.0	N/A	N/A	stealable - [+]	10000 XP
Sexiness: 40.0	Temptation: 40.0			- Chill Touch - Entropic Winds[+] - Winter's Howl - Ray of Frost[+]	
Armor: 50.0	Physical Resist: 60.0				
Warding: 20.0	Magic Resist: 60.0				
Focus: 40.0	Mental Resist: 50.0				
Evasion: 50.0	Blight Resist: -65.0				
Crushing Resist: 50.0	Fire Resist: -50.0				
Frost Resist: 100.0	Penetrating Resist: 50.0				

Tease Resist: 50.0	Drug Resist: 100.0				
Pheromone Resist: -75.0	Mind Resist: 50.0				

Win or lose

(If [Sharanty.wins.]):

You put up a good fight, but in the end you find yourself on your ass, not even sure how exactly it happened, covered in bruises and a pulsing spot on your head that will become no doubt a huge knob. Ghost or not, this damn woman packs a punch worth of a behemoth, and her ice powers surely don't make things easier. You're about to try and painfully stand up when a spectral hand is offered to you. You look up and see Sharanty smiling down at you - not a smile of pity or superiority, but a friendly, understanding smile. You grab her hand and allow her to pull you up.

"How are you, little [pc.race]? Everything alright?

Yeah, yeah, just a few cuts and bruises. Some more some less, ain't gonna change much. She sure doesn't hold back when she fights.

"The warriors of my clan never did," she says. "Nevertheless, you gave me a good battle, and I enjoyed it as such." She sits down behind the anvil and pats the spot at her right. "Come," she says, while moving away the anvil with the other hand as if it weighed nothing. "Sit with me. Take a breath. Is your head spinning? Are you dizzy?"

You shake your head. Luckily for you you're just beaten up a bit, you'll be fine in a few minutes. You sit down next to her, your back cracking as you do so, and then take a deep breath. "Well," you say. "This definitely did not go as planned."

Sharanty laughs. "Oh, come on. Don't make a fuss now. My offer wasn't a one time thing, you know. You can try again whenever you want."

You know, you know. It's more the disappointment of losing the fight than anything else. You're sure that if you'd been more focused, you could have beaten her.

“Well, what are you disappointed for then? You had a good fight and gained some experience. I have no doubt next time you’ll be able to defeat me.”

She seems awfully keen on the idea of losing for someone so prideful.

“Shouldn’t I be?” she says with a smirk. “Remember the rule, little [pc.boyGirl]. If you don’t beat me, your cock is going nowhere near me, no matter how much either of us wants it.”

If both of you want it, then why not forget the fight altogether and jump straight to the sex?

Sharanty shakes her head. “I’m sorry, [pc.name], but I can’t. Call it being a ghost, call it being a hold hag, but I believe that traditions exist for a reason, and this is a tradition I want to keep alive. If my clan is truly gone as I think it is, I might be the last one alive that still practices this ritual.

You’re pretty sure there are some races out there who practice similar rituals.

“Not minotaurs, though,” she replies. “Not Watopi. Do I need to explain why it is important that I follow it?”

No, she doesn’t.

//’Good warrior’ Tooltip: ‘Ask her who taught her to fight so well.’

//’The ritual’: ‘Ask her how this particular tradition was born’.

Good Warrior

While the defeat is still gnawing at your leader, you can’t help but admire Sharanty’s fighting skills. Surely she must have had some incredible masters to teach her how to fight like that.

She laughs a little. “If by ‘incredible masters’ you mean my mother and father, then yes, I was taught by great masters. In truth, they were nobody special - just a bull and a cow that had traveled a lot in their youth, and when you travel a lot, you learn a lot. You have to, if you want to survive. When I was born they decided they’d learned enough, so they went back to their clan and remained with them. They taught them everything I know. Mother explained how to use hammer and sword and all manner of weapons, and even how to fight with only my fists and head. My father taught me the magic arts, and how to dominate the wind and the the frost with my mind. Sadly I never managed to get as good as him - when it comes to fighting, I definitely got the most skill from my mother’s side. Still, I can’t complain.”

Does she miss them? Her parents, you mean.

Sharanty blinks. “I don’t know if ‘missing’ is the right word,” she says. “I believe that if I wanted to, I could simply let go of this peculiar non-existence of mine and join them in the afterlife, like opening a door to another room. When you have this option, missing a dead

family member is complicated.” She takes a deep sigh. “I suppose there are some days I wish I could see them again. Days were I would like to train with my mother, or explore the woods with my father. But then I wonder: if I were to meet my mother, what would I train with? What woods would I explore with my father? Maybe the afterlife has all these things, but would it be the same thing? Would I feel the same feelings I felt when I was alive, and could run in real woods and train with real weapons?”

Well, maybe the afterlife has real woods and real weapons.

“If it were so, then we would be presented with a different problem,” she says, flicking your ear. “If the afterlife is exactly the same as real life, what is the difference? In fact, is it even a true afterlife? A sage would ask: if things are on the other side as they are on this, shouldn’t the other side have an afterlife as well? Shouldn’t they all?”

Not to interrupt her meditations, but things seem to be getting a bit too philosophical for your tastes. Could we please bring this train of thoughts back to earth?

Sharanty smiles. “Of course we can,” she says. “Just keep in mind, I’m a dead woman speaking with demon-slaying [pc.race]. If you think things aren’t going to get philosophical once in a while, you aren’t paying attention.”

Can’t really argue with that.

The ritual

Maybe it’s a weird question, but you’re curious to know how the whole ‘beat her to bed her’ started. As much as you know, male northern minotaurs are a bit on the smaller side - isn’t it counterproductive to have them be the proactive ones instead of the contrary?

She hums. “That’s an interesting question,” she says. “Truth be told, I’m not sure how it started. To be honest, I think it’s just a way to select the best, strongest males despite their inferior size - or maybe, since they were disadvantaged in matters of physical confrontations, it encouraged them to learn how to fight using wits or magic instead of brute strength. Anyway, when I was young I asked my mother the same thing, and she told me that seeing him try to defeat her during their courting was simply adorable, and when he actually managed to defeat her she was long in love with him already. Shortly after I spoke with other older women of my clan, and they seemed to share similar feelings.”

Damn. Does it mean she found your attempt to defeat her adorable?

Sharanty chuckles and boops your nose. “You certainly are a lovable little [pc.race]. A bit grumpy maybe, but still lovable.”

You’ll take that as a compliment.

A little consolation prize

Well, it's been a long day, crowned by an absolute kick in your ass, so it may be time to hit the hay. You stand up and say farewell to Sharanty, but she instead grabs you by the arm and pulls you back next to her, her eyebrows furrowed and her muzzle contracted in an expression of mock rage. "Where do you think you're going, young one?" she says. "We're still not done here."

Seriously? You've just had your ass handed back to you and then your mind scrambled by thoughts of the afterlife that will have you in a melancholic spiral for days. You're absolutely in no shape of fighting again, and honestly you've exhausted all the arguments for the night. Can't you just go to sleep?

"Absolutely not," she says. "You lost, so you have had your pleasure denied. But I won, and there is no reason to deny it to myself too."

Well, now what the hell does she mean by that? You thought the fun stuff only happened after you beat her...

"Fun for you, indeed," she says, smirking. "I said nothing about my fun, though..."

Oh, alright, if that's how she wants to play...what would this 'fun' she's talking about be?

She smiles and runs a hand through her ghostly hair, her eyes running over your body. You're covered in [pc.gear], so most of the fun stuff is too well hidden for her to see, but even through all your equipment she's still able to somewhat see how you're built, how [pc.lean|thin|robust] you are, how your [pc.muscles|curves] fill up your clothes. By the look in her eyes, she seems to appreciate what she sees, even though it is not much.

"You have an interesting form, my dear," she says. "I would love to take your clothes off of you, but that would be spoiling the fun for later - but for you and for me. So, I give you this choice: you can give me a good, long, wet kiss on my muzzle," she says, moving a finger to her face, "or you can prove to me your skill with the tongue in more, shall I say, lecherous ways..." she adds, and this time her finger moves between her legs, teasing those two little mounds of flesh you can see behind the spectral veil that covers her. "It's your choice, beloved. Do as you will."

Well, that is an interesting decision if there ever was one.

// 'Forget it' Tooltip: 'You ain't got time for this'.

// 'Kiss the cow': 'Do it now'.

// 'Pussy-up': Time to drink up that ghost coochie like it's the last mug of ale in the whole continent'.

Forget it

Listen, you understand what she is doing here. Really, you do. It's a nice game she's trying to get going, and in another time you wouldn't have minded playing it a little bit, but right now you're tired, sleepy and your head hurts. She's very kind and you mean no offense, but you'd rather just go to sleep and play it another day. It's not like they're short on time, are they?

Sharanty seems a bit taken back at first, but then she shrugs. "Very well then. Go to sleep, if you so wish. Remember though, next time you fail to best me in battle, my prize will be twice as lecherous."

to do that witho

You don't even know how she'd be supposed to taking your clothes off, so whatever. You lay down against the wall and curl yourself up in a ball, your body still aching from the battle. Then you close your eyes and wait for sleep to catch you.

Kiss the cow

The ghost girl wants to play, and you're more than fine with that. Before either of you can say something, you take her spectral face in your hands with all the kindness of a lover and then press your [pc.mouth|snout|muzzle] against hers. Your faces are barely touching, and yet you can feel her body shivering, as if an electric wave had run through her. You can feel something similar, the contact with her ghostly lips sending your brain in a confused frenzy. You're kissing something that you know is death, yet seem absolutely alive against your lips - hell, you can even feel her warmth. For a while you pepper with little kisses on her muzzle, and when you see she reciprocates but does not try to move it further you understand what she wants - you're supposed to be her prize, so you must do the work. Amused, you clam your lips to her own and then push your tongue past your mouth and into hers. Your [pc.race] tongue finds no obstacles barring its path, and so you keep pushing it deeper and deeper until she finally moves too to meet it. In a flash your tongues are wrapped around each other, licking and sucking, contorting on themselves and gently brushing against each other. Your movements follow no precise scheme: sometimes you go hard and fast, sometimes you go nice and gentle, but in no case do the two of you separate in any way. Soon Sharanty raises a hand and places it on the side of your face, while the other slowly descends toward one of her titanic breasts before grasping it firmly.

You decide to go on the offensive and immediately start sucking on her tongue. She moans and the hand on her breasts tightens its hold, so you do it again. She squirms, her thick thighs brushing between each other. Maybe this goes over what you're allowed to do in this part of the game, but you cannot help but lower one hand and grasp the tit she's not already fondling. You take ahold of her nipple and twist it hard, first in one direction and then in another, and then pinch it between your thumb and finger and pull until Sharanty moans and groans in your mouth. Something wet starts dripping on the ground, and when your gaze lowers you see her spectral veil wet and a trail of juices dripping from her soaked crotch. You're about to lower your hand and gave her a taste of what your finger can do to a wet

pussy when suddenly she lets go of her breasts and grabs your face with both hands and starts sucking on your tongue. She does it with a strength and a desperation you have never seen in a woman before, and while she does so she pushes her gargantuan breasts against your chest as if to say 'this is my job now, you worry about this'. And so you do.

You raise both your hands and sink them in the pliable flesh of her breasts. Even through the ghostly veil of clothing that separates you from them you can feel they're as soft and smooth as butter, and you feel them so clear under your fingers that you wonder if the veil is only there to give her a semblance of covering and it is, in fact, intangible. You pull and twist, you knead and claw, and to every movement of your fingers Sharanty answers with a deep moan and squirming, a deeper suck than usual or, your favorite, her scary white eyes rolling in the back of her head.

You don't know how long the kiss goes on, but it is hard and intense and by the time Sharanty starts to manifest the first signs of an incoming orgasm your tongue hurts - not that you particularly care. First she starts shaking harder, those little electric waves you felt before now coming back with a vengeance. Her eyes close, and her movement, but inside and outside your mouth, become erratic. Her incredibly wide hips in particular start to push forward and backward, forward and backward, a small river of her femcum leaking down her legs and forming a puddle on the floor. When she finally comes is like an explosion: she pushes your muzzle against hers as hard as she can while her body goes still, still as a statue. Her eyes open in a flash and her white pupils roll back in the depths of her ghostly skull as a fountain of transparent juices squirts violently from her needy cunt, wetting her legs, the strange veil that covers them and your own ankles. All of this while you keep kissing her, deeper and deeper, so her climax can last as long as possible. And for long does it last indeed.

When the orgasm finally starts to die down you're the first to separate yourself from her. Not that you weren't having fun - you haven't had this much fun kissing someone in a while in fact - but while she does not need to breathe, you do, and for a second there you started worrying you were about to turn into a ghost yourself. Despite this obvious advantage, Sharanty doesn't look better than you. She actually looks worse, but in a good way: she leans against the wall behind her, her eyes closed, her giant chest going up and down as if she were breathing even though you're absolutely sure she doesn't need to. Maybe it's just an emotional thing? You don't know. What you do know is that she's trembling like a woman who just had one hell of an orgasm, and your [pc.cock is|cocks are|] so hard right now you could use [pc.cock it| pc.cocks them|] to knock down a door.

The two of you breathe in silence for a while, then you put a hand over hers. "Are you alright?" you say.

Sharanty opens her eyes and looks at you. Her gaze is disoriented and she seems a bit more translucent than usual, but otherwise she seems fine. "I'm alright, [pc.name] I'm just right. If you could kiss me every night for the rest of my non-existence, I would be even better." She gives out a weak laugh. "Gods above, you're the best kisser I've met."

You laugh and tell her you're not that good, it's just that being a ghost and having a centuries-long dry spell will make anybody with a minimum of experience look like a master

in comparison. She mutters something you do not understand, then grabs you by the shoulder and pulls you toward her. Your head ends up resting on one of her huge boobs as she raises her hand and then starts to run it up and down your chest. “Everyone is a teacher for someone else,” she says. “If I must have a teacher in my death, I’m glad it is to be you.”

Uh uh. Yeah. You think you’re glad too.

Pussy-Up