

A Nippy, Trippy Christmas

A sight-seeing tale of hilarity where the Seer attempts to distill 'Christmas spirit' and spread it throughout the town.

By SoAndSo

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Overview

Sort of inspired by the Grinch and a certain other kind of funny thing that most people probably will not get as a reference (but who knows), this is the tale of how the Seer spread 'Christmas spirit' throughout the Myrellion DMZ.

Basically becomes like a mixture between an all night binge and people hallucinating about Christmas and shit.

It's mostly meant to be campy-funny over sexy but usually the two go in hand anyway.

{ / Red = Variations/logic

[pc.green] = Parser

[blue] = Choices/interactions

//*Italics* = Results

Triggering The Event

//PC gets this email as soon as the Fen Approved 'Christmas period' begins (22-28th, I believe?) or at any point during that time and they have met the Seer on Myrellion at least once.

From: kkmKIHRH\$&*88845t8wy89yyg8uih8w34ruihUIHpsg

To: [pc.email]@SteeleTech.corp

Subject: Gathering spirits for the ultimate zenith of ephemeral ascendancy, help is required to determine the worthiness of the fo

Rmula needed.

I call upon you Steele, back again to The Entite, back to me. The Seer is in need of assistance and you are a most useful, usable and risible assistant of all Myr-things, mammons and mindly men that I have... seen. I must bind life into temporal immortality, I must dissolve and return to the world of the hyperconscious!

Steele.

For me to do this, you must help me understand the spirit of 'Christmas'. Why, over lifetimes and aeons, does it still hold worth for the younger races?

Come to the Myr-planet, the insect's nest. I shall see you by the... landing pad.

<i>This appears to be some attempted message by the Seer of all people, written as if done through a text-to-speech device or as if someone was translating abstract thoughts in their head... in any event, it seems she would like your help. About Christmas of all things.</i>

Temporary Seer Location

Seer moves here for the duration of the event or until Nippy Trippy Christmas is completed. Can be found at any time of any day during that period. **Doesn't appear at all if the PC is taur or hyper.**



Tile Description

A heavily cloaked figure stands solemnly near the entrance to the ship docks, covered in ruby red and white trim... wait, what? Surely that's not...

As if preternaturally aware of your existence, the figure turns to face you: feminine, large robes, large <i>boobs</i>, covered head, obsidian-black hair and one arm in a sleeve... oh.

<i>Ohhhh</i>. It's <i>her</i>, the Seer.

You can see a hint of a smile from under the white trimmed hood.

[The Seer]

The Seer

//tooltip: Oh what harm could it do, she just wants to spread Christmas spirit! Whatever that means! <i>Warning: it's pretty sexy, you guys. Has stuff for most players.</i>

“Steele, Steele! Most glittering seasonal blessings of convenience upon you!” chimes the Seer from a few feet away, her footfalls carrying her with whimsical grace. You can see her red-tipped

toes as they peek out under her robes and you're sure that... yes, she is wearing Christmas stockings. <i>Right</i>.

"Uhh, hello," you say back, meeting her halfway. An abrupt thought makes you wonder: do you hug her, shake hands, kiss...? She's not exactly the personable typ-

"Ah please, how is that a greeting?! To me, come come, we must exchaaaaange energies," says the doting shopkeep, her arms wrapping tightly around your waist. The bulk of her velvet-covered chestmelons squish against your {pcHeight74<: your [pc.chest] //pcHeight>74: [pc.belly]} as she does, some hummed notes of approval doing little to alleviate the vice-like bearhug you've been lured into.

Almost a minute later, she still hasn't let go.

"Ach.. uh... let go!" you say through shortened breath, wiggling your trapped arms around.

"Oh oh! Apologies, I wondered if the noelle-chiralyte was flowing free within... apparently not. In any and all events, my sincere gratitude is headed for you, that is to say... everyone. Possibly everyone, I doubt that queenly crab would dare," she begins.

{pcHasMetQueenOfDeep: Wait, 'queenly crab'...? What would she have to-}

"Wait, what's with the getup?" you interrupt, pointing at her from head to toe. The more you look at her red-velvet body, the more you're drawn to the strange spiral movements...of the... light against the... <i>fabric</i>...

"Yes yes, let me try this: Ho and ho and ho, I am... Mother Christmas!"

As she makes her proclamation, she throws her sleeved hands to the sides of her head in a 'ta-da' moment.

You shuffle in place.

"I mean, it's almost there," you say softly, hoping to let her down gently.

"Mmmm, I wonder if I'm discerning far enough for all this. Nevermind all that, to the task before us: I have found that around this particular relative date, consecutively and most certainly, the milder races tend to favour a certain time of joyous celebration. Although it can also be a most enriched melancholy or at worst, ignorance and indifference! Whyyy must this be, Steele?! I must know and you will help me!" she flusters, clapping her hands together in anticipation. The amber in her eyes blooms into gold as she looks at you expectantly.

"Sssuuure...? I suppose? What exactly are you going to do?" you ask hesitantly, an odd note of dread tickling your gullet.

“Mmmhmmhmm, first... we shall acquire some joy,” she giggles, her eyes darting up, down and all around the area. “Merely observe, partake and then baaathe in it. I shall then array the accumulated joy into a delightful configuration, most vibrant, mindless and blithe. Certainly in the spirit of things, wouldn’t you agree?” is what she <i>tries</i> to explain, locking her arm around yours. Without really thinking, you allow her to lead you into the DMZ at a strolls pace.

“What do you mean by ‘joy’ though?” you ask, wary of which way she seems to be leading you. Only a few steps in and you’re both almost heading into a solid wall.

“Enough about joy, you’ll see as I see it in time. Let’s instead focus on our little challenge, dearest Steele. What will happen once we’ve finished, I... hm. Perhaps I don’t actually know. Oh this is a revelation...! We must hurry,” she exclaims, gesturing wildly to the left. You have little recourse but to follow.

[IGuessIt’sLeft]

I Guess It’s Left

//PC moves to the left tile.

As your stroll continues, the two of you enter through the embassies with nary a turned head. Not a guard looks your way nor is there a busy clerk to welcome you. No word from anyone on the strange company you’re currently keeping, despite the rather loud red-and-white visage of ‘Mother Christmas’. Hmm.

At the edges of your hearing, you can make out the sounds of books being shuffled, muffled voices and rather <i>lurid</i> sounding moans.

{pcHasDone’Closet’Scene:

Ahh, that’s probably Juro and the Gold Myr ambassador... the temptation to get involved rears its nagging head once again.

}

“Ohoo, you sense it too, yes? I can feeeeel the joy just flowing. I’m fairly certain that she is as well by the timbre and texture of things. Oh yes. Yes, yes, come Steele. Let’s partake,” says the Seer as she tugs you by the arm, the two of you now cautiously prancing towards the sounds of impassioned foreplay.

“Ashhshhshhhshhh,” she whispers to you, holding her hand to her mouth. “Loudness may upset the ethers, we may accidentally obtain boisterous joy instead of pure joy. Never had a use for boisterous, it was also so inflexible.”

Taking the vague hint, you take a quieter approach to [pc.walking] as you come into sight of the source: the door to a large storage closet.

{pcTriggeredClosetSceneBefore: Juro and Lyralla sure are a passionate pair, used to discretion... //else: You're not exactly sure who's in there...} but the Seer plonks you against the door all the same.

"Stay there, Steele. Just listen and absorb the full effect of it all. I will be gathering what's vital riight behind you. Now then, what was the key phrase again..."

With a frown, you turn to the door....

[Closet]*

*Plays the 'Closet' scene between Juro and Lyralla that's already in-game, includes the increase of lust.

'Closet' final scene fragment

You decide to move away before you get caught. Maybe you can find a quiet place to masturbate... or someone to help you with how hot you're feeling.

[Next]

Next

"Aaaaha, yes yes, this is excellent," babbles an enthused Seer, her unsleeved right hand wafting and gesturing all around you as you awkwardly shuffle away from the door. She pulls you by the arm into a more public part of the embassy, holding an empty glass amphora that she whipped out from... somewhere. Under her sleeves...?

"Just a moment, moment, momento momentum, mmhmmm, aaand..." she half-whispers, her fingers moving and trailing around as if some sort of invisible cloud or liquid were trapped between each tip. "Plop, in it goes. Lovely, not feeling too joyful are we, Steele?"

You shuffle on the spot as the sordid display not half a minute earlier stays fresh in your mind. You almost want to bat down the growing arousal in your pelvis but that'd be giving the game away.

"Uhh, all good," you say a little too quickly, ambling towards the exit of the embassy. "Where to next?"

"Mhmmm, theee place where the 'sciences' are made into practical corporeality. I sense much pent up joy there. Zeennnn... zen? {silly: Fenfen?} Nevzen...zenoven? {silly: Fenoxogen!} Xenogen. That place, come come," she flusters, gesticulating wildly as if to pluck the words right out of the air.

"Let's continue, Steele!"

[WellOkThen]

Well Ok Then

//PC moves to the tile outside of the Xenogen Lobby.

//tooltip: Letsa go! Ho ho ho! {silly: MERRY DICKMAS}

Taking up her arm again, the two of you continue to stroll along the main path of the DMZ. Everywhere you wander, the Seer gestures and plucks at the air near random passers by. There's no turned heads or questions as to why: either they don't see her or she's just that subtle... her most numerous targets are the Myr soldiers of all colors and stripes, most notably the Golds. When weaving her invisible web in her fingers, a quick jitter takes over the target Gold. If it weren't for the perpetually stoic faces and combat armor, you'd get the slightest impression that they were <i>painfully</i> pent up.

"Ohhh how the long hours at the master's command can wither a person," chimes the Seer, as if trying to predict your thoughts or emotions. "What sustains them is this 'joy' of course. I will ensure their joy becomes a naturalizing force. I, with my helper, the dearest of Steele's, shall be a force of the holiday, uhhh, festivities... proclivities? Euuuh, this tongue of yours."

You roll your eyes as she makes her delirious claim, only to refocus on where her fingers direct to next.

Random passers by, off-worlder mercs and clerks, more soldiers: a barely perceptible string of air ripples from over to the Seer and into her amphora. You look down occasionally to the glass vial. Although difficult to discern at first, what looks like a gaseous mixture of mirror-like air swirls within. You can make out all the colors being reflected back: red, green, white...

"It's beginning to look a lot like ship rust... isn't it? Nearly," mumbles the Seer, squeezing your arm tightly to her. "We only need the right amount of zest, for the best... the best Christmas joy."

You're stopped abruptly in your tracks when something catches her attention. You look around to see what's up and spy the Xenogen labs to your right. Hmm, who could she be wanting to see inside...? {pcHasMetNevrie: Nevrie perhaps? She seems the pent-up sort...}

"Is this it? Where we need to go?" you ask, looking up and down the white pre-fab.

"Mhmmmm, the soul at the desk. Ask for a... discount, yes? Her joy is very much needed here, oodles of it. Nnfff, I can almost taste it myself. Perhaps too sharp for me... anyway, go, go! Show her that Christmas is a time of giving and receiving!"

{pcHasDoneDiscountBefore:

Well, you know what getting a 'discount' entails... not that you wouldn't say no again to spread the joy of Christmas! Or whatever it is the Seer is dragging you around to do.

//else:

Well regardless of what that means, here goes!

}

[ToTheLab!]

To The Lab!

//PC moves into the Xenogen lobby and engages dialogue with Nevrie. Copy-pasted from in-game to show where things go. The scene is essentially the same as normal but the only options should be [Discount] and [Leave]. The PC can back out of this point with [Leave] or the follow up [Nevermind], whereupon the quest is in limbo and doesn't progress until the PC triggers and completes the whole of [Discount].

Example:

You wander up to the desk, and the blue-haired alien sitting behind it. Nevrie gives you a slight nod as you approach, tossing the bag of junk food she was munching on into a drawer under her desk. "Welcome back, [pc.name]. Anything I can do for you... or to you?" she says with a flirtatious smile.

[Discount]*

*Play Nevrie's discount scene.

Upon Finishing [Discount]

//Replaces Nevrie's exiting shop menu for this quest chain. PC moves to the tile outside the Xenogen Lab.

"Ahh ahh, thank you, thank you! We'll just be leaving now," comes the the voice of the Seer from behind, the facade of a fussy nag upon her attitude. You've barely any time to wipe the last of Nevrie's jism away from your face, only to get yanked back to your feet from behind.

"Apologies, friend, [pc.heShe] is most strong-headed," apologizes the Seer, her tone surprisingly sweet and genuine. Almost like a personal nurse, come to think of it. Wait...

Nevrie merely gives a woozy thumbs up, face filled with satisfaction.

You stumble out of the building with the Seer by your side, her amphora at the ready.

"Yeeees, yes, this is almost exactly... almost exact. Exactly exact. The excess calls," she mumbles, wafting her hand around Nevrie's 'impact zone' that still lingers around your [pc.chest] and [pc.face]. Again, you can just about perceive the strangely reflective 'air' that wafts off of

your body and into her glass amphora with the Seer's movements more like a conductor or an artist conjuring raw creation out of thin air.

"Delightful, I believe we only have the one stop left before our little venture bears cinnamon-tinged biscuits. That's the correct saying, I'm sure. In any event, I appreciate your willingness to debase yourself for my needs, dearest," finishes the shopkeep, stowing her glass vial and giving your arm a surprisingly loving hug.

"Ooonwaaard, just a little further south, I'm gravitating to a particularly strong and hmmm... juicy well of joy this way," she muses, inhaling through her nose as if sniffing out the raw energy itself. She leads you along the path towards the Golden Peak but veers somewhat to the right, towards the bright signs of the KihaCorp storefront.

"Mm mm, mo-ther san-ta's comiiiiing on yoooooou," is the badly hummed tune that the Seer mumbles as she directs you.

{pcNotMetEmmy:

You wonder who or what could possibly be in there but if it helps things along...

/pcMetEmmy:

If memory serves, the KihaCorp rep - Emmy - did seem perpetually pent up... you wonder if you're going to have to 'extract' the 'joy' personally again.

//pcMetEmmy, FuckedEmmyAtLeastOnce:

Ahhh, Emmy! That'd make sense. You figure that it'd just be <i>great</i> to see your favourite jackal again and if you just so happen to need her 'joy', then...

}

[ToKihaCorp!]

To Kiha Corp!

//Puts PC on the same tile as Emmy.

The two of you fluster into the store with nary a touch of class, the Seer acting as if you've both come in from a snowstorm for some reason. You dust yourself down a little but otherwise frown at her as she flits about the store front with her red-and-white robe catching on corners every now and then.

"Is everything ok? It's not actually snowing... or even cold," you say flatly, rubbing the side of your head in confusion.

"Ahh but Steele, it is! Not here now but in several places, yes. Indeed, if I look outside then I can see at least nine different places where it is, like that corner over there," she proclaims while spinning on the spot, only to point to a random patch of pathway outside.

There is no snow.

“But uuh, where is... hmm. Maybe I was not looking in the right place. How about we...”

Her verbalized train-of-thought is cut off all of a sudden as she looks at the counter: no one around...

Where’s {pcNotMetEmmy: the shop clerk, if there is one //pcMetEmmy: that jackal gone //pcMetEmmy, CompletedFlowerQuest: Emmy gone}?

On the edges of your hearing, you can hear the sounds of huffing, rustling and taut rubber all cavorting together in a gentle-if-urgent mesh. The odd curse and feminine groan rings through as well, <i>really</i> getting your dual attentions.

The Seer raises a finger to her lips for you to be silent then gestures to you and then to the slightly ajar staff door. Rolling your eyes again, you slink up to the entrance with the deftness of a mouse. You crouch down so that you’re out of eye-line, just to make certain.

Through the crack in the door, you spy the source of the noises: {pcNotMetEmmy: a jackal herm //else: Emmy} with both hands full of her massive, knotted cock. From the looks of things, she’s already pretty close to climax... and some part of you really wants to help her out! You turn to the Seer for a moment.

She shakes her head.

“Her joy comes from her self-absorption. Watch her squirm with relief and we’ll merely collect the etheric refuse. Mayhap we’ll return later...” she whispers to you, unblinking amber eyes distracted by the shiny weapons dotted along the walls.

You turn your attention back to the storeroom, intent on seeing this through to the end.

{pcNotMetEmmy: The jackal herm //else: Emmy} sits with her tight suit half undone around her middle, the taut material squeaking and groaning with her frantic movements. Her tongue hangs out in a desperate pant, her attention focused on the lightly glistening shaft of throbbing cockflesh in her hands. She jerks at the pillar of cock like her life depended on it and from the delirious look in her eyes and the dribbles of dried jizz on the floor, she’s been at it for quite a while...

You bite your [pc.lipChaste] as you watch: combined with what you saw in the embassy closet not so long ago, it’s impossible for this wanton display to not tickle your need to <i>fuck</i>.

Your hands almost move of their own accord as they trail across your [pc.chest]. Fuck, wouldn’t it be good to see that thing at full blast...

“Nooow now, Steele. Although thoughtless whorishness is not on my naughty list, your particular brand of joy is far too tumultuous and unwieldy for now. Observe. Absorb,” comes the

whispering voice of the Seer and you turn around to see her. She's all the way on the other side of the room, her back turned entirely from you.

How did she whisper that...? Nevermind.

Out of nowhere she begins to hum some sort of tune. A pleasant one but one that has a lost meaning. Happy sounding? Cheerful?

"Nuh nuh nuh, Darnock smells, Able flew away, jigoku wa, jigoku wa..."

You turn your head back to the door and to the insatiable jackal.

The lust coming off of her almost seems palpable as her jerking almost threatens to launch her off of her perch of crates. However, instead of her moans rising and growing into a blissful crescendo, they turn into pitiful growls and whines of frustration.

Out of nowhere, she stops.

"N-no good! {silly: :nogood:} I need t-that, I need it!" she whimpers, ungloved paws fumbling and reaching for some item on her left. You can't quite see what it is from this angle but when her hands come into view again, you see...

{pcMetEmmy, CompletedFlowerQuest:

...a small purplish pinkish flower. <i>Ohhh.</i>. She still has it...

//else:

...some sort of small, cotton bag.

}

She raises the item in question to her black snout and inhaaaales deeply. The jackal holds her breath for several long seconds, only to exhale with a jitter in her legs and abs. With one hand, she keeps the {pcMetEmmy, CompletedFlowerQuest: flower //else: scent bag} to her nose and mouth while her stronger hand continues the task of jerking her monster dog cock.

It seems to be working! The more she inhales, the higher her voice rises in pitch and volume. The more she jerks, the whiter the pointed head of her cock becomes. You hold yourself back from temptation, if only just. Surely the Seers end goal will be worth a hundred sights like this...?

With one final squeeze of her shaft, {pcMetEmmy, CompletedFlowerQuest: Emmy //else: the jackal} buckles forward with a loud squeal. Thick ropes of stringy, white cum launch forward onto to the floor in front of her, the paws rapidly jerking in delirium as she tries to force as much out as possible. The intense eruption seems to almost last a minute, so pent-up and virile is the seed she had stored.

By the end of it, the gasping mess of a jackal has unloaded enough breeding juice to satiate an entire harem across the grey floor. You look over her in a cursory fashion, the need to help her forcing another need for some vicarious ghost to be with her as she comes down from her sexual high. The poor thing, now too spent to move, sinks against the crates with her tongue hanging out.

A hand pulls you back from the door with a little force.

“Come come, I have all I need,” whispers the Seer, twizzling the little amphora between her fingers.

“But I want to-”

“Nooo, no, leave her be, the silly thing. You may yet see her again this day,” she says abruptly, cutting you off. “Hurry hurry, I must make use of this accumulated essence!”

You have a brief glance over the vial. The colors seem far more noticeable as the strange metallic tinge of red and green turns the gaseous air inside into a strange draw for the eye. It almost looked like a... Christmas tree bauble?

Without another word, you're pulled along from the floor and out of the shop by your wrist, barely enough time to get on your [\[pc.feet\]](#).

“To the Entite! I must use this all while it's still... fresh,” exclaims the enthused shopkeep, her footsteps almost turning into a joyous skip as she pulls you along to the direction of the elevator.

[\[OhWhatNow\]](#)

Oh What Now

//PC moves to the Entite tile.

You're whisked away to the underground reaches of Gildenmere with the traversal from path to elevator and to the Seer's archaic shopfront being a blur of slowly moving ants and off-worlders. As you make it through the doorway, the amaranthine haze that you expect now seems to be a... soft, fireplace yellow. The Seer lets go of your wrist and pats you down like a fussy parent, only to then speed off to some other part of the room.

You take in the sights of the shop, for not everything is as you vaguely remember it.

Most of the humanoid statues have been given small Santa hats. Red and green tinsel lines the windows and counter. The pinkish glow of the seating area struggles to find a spot in the replacement green and red that now emanates from the muted ceiling lamps. The thick mist that lines the floor carries the scent of spices and cloves; warm, pleasant and flavorful.

"She's *really* gotten into this," you say to yourself. You inhale the atmosphere and the smooth, spicy air seems to put your heart and soul at ease. Your mind always finds a way to be suspicious of this place, however, as if there was something fundamentally *off* about the nature of its physics.

The fascination and display of Christmas festivities only further covers up what was already hidden.

Before, when being in this place, it almost seemed as if something was forever trying to communicate with your mind. Instead, there's a constant, melodious jingle that drifts in and out of your mental awareness. You can't make out the words, only the vaguest of syllables.

Stiiiiuuuh.... Naaaaaahhh.... Heeeiiiuhhh.... Naaaahhh....

Your concentration is broken as the Seer taps you lightly on the shoulder.

"Steele! Observe! **This** is the reason to be jolly!" she exclaims, turning you on the spot to see the dual amphoras balanced on her sleeved-over palm. "Once I have these enjoined, we shall explore the truest essence of this festive time. With it, I may finally understand, finally crack the secret to this mortal mystery..."

Her amber eyes couldn't possibly be any wider. Merely thinking of the potentials and possibilities of this mixture has her entranced in her own work.

You wave your hand in front of her eyes. "And what happens now?" you interrupt, the Seer then jolting out of her trance.

"Mhmm, this does. Like so," she announces.

With an amphora in each hand - one free, one covered by her red-white sleeve - and the look of trepidation, she pops the stopper off both with her thumbs. Immediately, the already 'warm' feeling of the room seems to meld into 'welcoming', as if a festive spectre had given all of the Seer's decorating a seal of approval.

"Oohoo, yes, yeeees, then we pour like soooo," she mumbles, tipping the gaseous-mirror-ether that you gathered into the other vial, which appeared empty before but...

As the ether 'drips' into the glass, it changes color almost immediately. The metallic-greens and reds turns into a pure, liquid bronze. In almost no time at all, the second amphora is full of this slightly-steaming liquid, the aroma matching that of the spiced mist on the floor but to a most potent degree.

"Ahaaa. I think this is success. I think. Let's test, shall we?" says the grinning shopkeeper, her enticing bust heaving underneath her velvety-red robes. The excitement must be palpable for her.

You nod but point at her lazily with a pursed mouth.

“You first.”

“Ugh, yes alright, fine,” she says quickly, knocking the vial back. She drains a full half of it in a flash and then quickly hands it to you.

“Saaaa? It’s fan, fuh fan, fannnnnnuuuhhhh fantastic,” she gibbers, her dot-like pupils dilating into small coins. “Absolutely cringle-y. Of the chris kind. Dare I say I’ve never been. Been better, butter, bettered? Aheheh.”

She hands you the vial with an impish, wide-eyed grin.

“I’m not drinking that,” you say flatly, eyeing the thing as if it were some sort of grenade.

“Oh dooo it, it’s awfully lovely here in tinsel town, I assure you,” slurs the Seer, her composure seeming just the teensiest bit off-balance.

[Fine] [No]

Fine

//Continues the quest.

//tooltip: Why not, went to all this trouble for it. Being around the Seer is a trip in itself, let’s just make it last the rest of the day!

“Fiiine, I just hope it doesn’t explode in my face. How did you even make this?” you quip, taking the amphora from the Seer’s hand.

“**{silly:** Oh my god, Steele, all you fucking do is get the fucking joy from the fucking people and you put it in the other fucking thing and it becomes this shit, it’s not that hard, **gawd**

//else: Don’t fret, just drink half and leave the rest, would you? I may need a top up for various reasons of observation**}**,” warns the Seer, apparently regaining - or simply gaining - some lucidity.

Rolling your eyes, you tentatively raise the amphora to your lips and glug on the viscous liquid. It’s surprisingly warm and tastes of something exceedingly meaty yet still difficult to place. As it travels down your throat, it fills your innards with a calm and comforting energy. As you look at the amphora, there’s still a quarter left of the entire thing. You quickly hand it back to the Seer who merely grins in response.

“How’s that then, dearest Steele?”

You turn around on the spot. Everything *<i>seems</i>* to work fine. Limbs work fine, senses work fine, aside all the bone-warming scents in the air. And that strange singing going around is a bit muted, sounding just as warm.

Come to think of it, you're actually in quite a nice state of mind!

"Woh, everything seems ok. What do we do now...?" you say to the Seer, a little alarmed as her robes seem to 'flicker' in color from red-and-white to green-and-gold.

"Ahhhh, what does Mother Christmas have in store for all the good men and women and other things and all that... I say, presents! A lovely present for the overworked, the undervalued, the lost and the lonely. Come with me!"

And with that, she yanks you along by the wrist once again through the door of the Entite.

[IntoTheFray]

No

//Ends the quest, PC gets one Lump Of Coal. The Entite/Seer resume normal interactions but become unavailable for 12 in game hours.

//tooltip: Naaah, nope. Just don't wanna. Probably means you're not gonna carry on this quest.

"Still no," you say again.

"Pffft, alright then. Goooo awaaaaay, Steeeeele, hehehe," giggles the shopkeeper, spinning you about on your feet so you're turned to the door. "I'll be preoccupied for several hours at least and you're no good when you're so closed of miiind."

As you exit the shop, you wonder exactly what is you're doing outside of it. Wait, what *<i>were</i>* you doing? Something about drinking the whole of Christmas? And what's this in your pocket?

You feel around for the strange lump and then whisk it out. It's a small, mundane block of black rock. It seems rather dusty and a fine powder of black rubs off in between your palm and fingers.

You got a lump of coal for Christmas. Well done.

[Oh Well]*

*Exit to Gildenmere.

Into The Fray

//PC moves to the Golden Peak tile.

As you're playfully pulled along by the Seer through the warrens and streets of Gildenmere, things become more and more pleasant to be around. The lighting becomes bloomed and soft on your focus, the distant voices of happy revelers dance in the background ambience... even the passers by seem more cheerful than you would've thought. All of them, even the soldiers, have the nicest and most comfortable of smiles across their faces.

You're a few meters from the elevator and the Seer is similarly all-smiles.

A genuine one at that.

She looks at you like childhood friends would look at each other during the first flakes of winter snow. As your eye is caught more and more on the softer surroundings, fluffy tinsel and decorations dot all over the walls and shopfronts of the warrens. You pass by two Gold guards, both dressed in rather skimpy Santa Claus outfits that do little for the imagination. Again, all smiles with the two ants seeming to be in even higher spirits than others. It's almost a little creepy.

You run into another guard by the elevator as well as a... giant... Christmas cracker?

"Ohohohoo, you wouldn't dare pull meeee would you? I'm awfully bendy this time of year!" it says to you in a exceedingly deep male voice. As it leans over you, you swear that it does indeed seem to 'bend' into your vision like a circus trick. You're yanked away again before you can say anything.

The strange sights occur more as you progress, from the {sun/moon} being dressed in an immense wreath of leaves and berries to the passers-by gaining turkey legs for limbs or various kinds of steaming hot purple liquid for condensation in the snowy air. Indeed, the crunch of snow under your [pc.feet] really throws you off for the first few steps and you're course-corrected by the Seer each time.

The Golden Peak seems positively homely as you come up to its front door, the smell of something roasting tickling your cold-ridden nostrils. Ooo, it'd be nice to go inside!

The two of you waltz into the establishment with little fanfare. It still seems like a normal bar at first, if warmer and covered in the lightly reflective red and green of everything outside. Seeing all these happy people really seems to tickle something dirty and <i>real</i> on the inside. You've ignored it for now but all that 'joy-gathering' has come back to haunt your body! Together, the warm feeling of Christmas spirit and the <i>urge</i> of sexual need synergises almost a little too well.

“Laaadies anddddsszzzumm Madams! Your attention if I may,” announces the Seer. She raises her sleeve-covered arm into the air. The moderately sized crowd turn their heads to the abrupt and rather awkward display in a rather eerie unison.

“That is all,” blurts the Seer.

In that moment, her arm erupts into mass of purplish-grey matter, the overwhelming power of it all slamming against the ceiling! It spreads across the surface in seconds like raw roots of eldritch might, covering the heads of the punters inside. Droopy tentacles that squirm and wiggle in the air brush over the spots of screaming patrons, a fine bronzed glitter wafting over their mouths...

While some buried instinct forces your heart rate into high gear, you can only stand and... laugh. Don't they know that this is raw Christmas <i>stuff?!</i> They should rejoice!

No sooner does that inorganic thought cross your mind, the panic of the bar has already died down. Instead of screaming, people are smiling. Laughing! Looking at each other with whimsy and relief! Taking their... clothes off...!

“Yeeehhehehes, thisss must be what I'm after, surely! Right?” cackles the Seer, the purplish mass receding back into the sleeve as if it were some thoughtless trick or projection. You're not really sure what to say, your eyes too taken in by the growing displays of nudity amongst the bar's patrons. Fuck... when's your turn? You simply shrug in place of an answer.

“Hmmmmmmmmmm, we may have to engage with the vectors physically and personally,” she opines, clearly perplexed by the orgiastic outcome of all this. You creep a little closer to a couple of Gold Myr getting it on with each other, a double set of pendulous, bronzed teets squishing together as one tops the other. You've already removed and piled your [\[pc.gear\]](#) off to the side, thoughtlessly obeying your body's needs.

“Come now Steele, don't get distracted by the first pair of mammaries and set of vulva you come across, a whole platter is right here,” exclaims the Seer, clearly caught in some sort of rapturous headspace.

“Uhhh, oh jeez who do I choose?” you say to yourself out loud, the sudden rise in lustful ambience fueling your long-building need to bang.

[\[Gold Myr\]](#) [\[Emmy/Jackal\]](#) [\[The Seer\]](#)

Gold Myr

*//Requires at least one cock less than 13" long, 4" wide and **longer** than 5" or strapon, no hyper or taur. Orgasm event, turns PC lust to 0.*

//tooltip: Ooo, a threesome! Get in on those honey butts. You'll probably get to plough them.

Welp, option number one it is!

Although a little wary of attention from the crowd, no one appears to be paying you heed. As the Gold Myr couple from before delve into a passionate tussle of tongues and honey-dripping teets upon a sturdy table, you approach them confidently with eyes of determination.

"Room for one more, ladies?" you say loudly, folding your arms under your [pc.chest] with a knowing grin.

The two Golds look up in unison, their lick-wet mouths gasping as they see you.

"Ahh, that's...!"

"Yeah yeah, it's!"

"It's Ebenezer Screw!" they gasp in unison.

"{silly: wut //else: Eh? What?}" is all you can muster, pulling a confused face.

The Gold on top quickly pushes herself off of her reclining partner and pulls you closer to the table, all four hands appraising your body with a soft caress.

"Oooohoo, who knew old man Screw was so sexy! My lil' friend here only just started her shore leave, let's give her a good time, huh? Huh?!" she asks, expertly clambering onto the table even while engaging you with her black-eyed gaze.

"Sssssuuure! Uhhh, baaah humbug," you say woozily, somewhat perplexed by the phrase you just uttered as if it were from some other universe entirely.

"Yessss! Just stick something in her!" she says back, planting her honey-glistened muff into her friend's tongue-ready face. You laugh as the dommy Gold's face screws up in delight as her friend treats her pussy to a loving tongue bath. And now that her friend has her legs wide open, all ready and waiting for you...

Taking the hint, you {jerk at [pc.eachCock] untill {it's/they're} ready and hard/activate your hardlight device} and line yourself up to the splayed ant-girl. As if sensing this, you see her

thighs spread just a little bit wider. Her friend on top goes an extra step and pulls the bottom Gold's legs up by the knees, giving you an obstruction-free room to fuck.

"Yesss! Show us the meaning of Christmas, Mr Screw!"

You guide your [pc.cockOrStrapon] over the honey-slathered folds of the under-myr, the soft skin around her mound being a warm comfort for your shaft. With smooth and teasing thrusts, the length now grinds against the Myr's entrance with a smooth honey-covering to lube it. The happy, muffled moan of the ant-girl almost seems to plead with you to plow her.

Happy to oblige, you spear her folds with your shaft and immediately, the warm and sticky confines of her ant-snatch let you know that this was a <i>good</i> choice.

As you sink forward, that impossibly gooey warmth starts covering every sensitive surface of your [pc.cockOrStrapon] and a hint of it splashes against your pelvis. With a few test-humps, you find that the ant-girls snatch isn't tight so much as it is <i>thick</i> with slightly sticky lubrication.

With the approval from the domme-ant in the form of a peck on your cheek, you start with an easy rhythm for your ant-lover. Even if she apparently thinks you're a fictional character from so long-gone Old Earth literature, that's no excuse to not give her the old Steele special!

With each slow and steady pound, the ant girl attempts to follow your movements with what little control of her body she has. Being pinned down by the arms and face while having her legs parted by her opportunistic friend has left her entirely in your hands.

As your rhythm becomes steady and your partner moaning in bliss underneath her friends puss, your [pc.face] is pulled out of the view of your conquest to the Gold on top of her.

"C'mere," she mumbles, drawing your [pc.lips] to hers for a sloppy kiss. It's a little hard to keep stable as you fuck her friend and she rides that same friend's face but when tongue meets tongue, it becomes a strange yet passionate exchange with each lick and suck. As the slow exchanges become more frequent, you take more liberties with your dual-conquest by making each hump long and <i>deep</i> while guiding the kissing Myr to caress your [pc.hips] and [pc.chest].

All the while, you've blotted out the rest of the rooms actions. Sure, you can hear a varied and alluring mash of pleased noises and things getting knocked into other things <i>but</i>... where you are right now is just fine. Pussy deep into a pair of skimpy-robed, winged and fair-skinned angels who think you're a character from a barely remembered tale from history wait what angels wha-

"Mind if I help?" chimes another feminine voice, one that comes from your side, Breaking the mouth-lock with the domme... angel, you turn to face the new voice: another lustrous, busty

angel, barely covered by her translucent robe. Your eyes meet for a brief moment and you're taken instantly by the golden-amber glow of her irises.

"Shhhuuuuure," you say, the word somehow both slurring and deepening in pitch as you nod to her request.

The third angel presses herself against your back with her face peeking out from around your arm. You feel a pair of hands handle your [pc.ass] like a pâtissier kneads dough, a firm and possessive grip on the fair-skinned scion.

You slow your rhythm down even further as a result, hoping that all three of these ethereal, wondrous creatures have a fair share of the Steele pie. With one caressing and fondling you from the front, one bearing the force of your [pc.cockOrStrapon] and the other about to doooo <i>something</i> with your [pc.ass], you're in Heaven on Myrellion.

A rather insistent pressure works itself against your [pc.asshole]. It squirms and circles around the rim much like a dexterous finger. Not that you're in any state to complain but you turn around to address the angel anyway.

"Heeeeeey slooowly nooooow," you slur, only to find the angel shrugging with her hands in the air while that insistent pressure continues...

With some sort of jolt, you're pushed forward. Your [pc.face] lands smack dab in the middle of the awaiting chest of the face-riding angel, her two arms - two arms? - embracing your head, inadvertently preventing you from reacting. That pressure then becomes a <i>penetration</i> as your backdoor is spread apart by some writhing, holy force!

Being squashed between three buxom women, you can do little as your [pc.asshole] is filled with unseen mass. The energy and <i>force</i> of the thing starts putting you back into your deep and slow rhythm from before.

{pcHasCock:

With your prostate now getting railed and squeezed by all this meat, the overwhelming ache to cum grows and grows...!

}

It's only been in you for a few moments and already you're on the verge of a dream-rending orgasm. The weighty atmosphere of the room and the weighty chestmeat smothering your face becomes too much.

With a muffled series of groans, a full-on climax hits you harder than the meat monster parting your [pc.asshole] ever could.

{pcHasCock:

[pc.cum] spurts deep into the honey-hive of your debased angel partner, a blurry chorus of encouragement egging you on as your [pc.balls] unload{s} a lovingly hot payload!

//pcStrapon:

Your entire lower body shivers and quakes as all that bio-feedback forces your nerves into a euphoric state of climax!

}

Your limbs become limp and spent from such a forceful orgasm, all aural sensation blurring into a singular, rapid heart beat. You're pushed backwards by the ant-looking angel... wait, ant?

As you're pushed, your vision blurs into a web of glorious white light. With it, the moment of orgasm is frozen in place and all sensation aside leaves you...

Just gotta... not pass out... right?

[Oh Jeez]

Emmy/Jackal

//No taurs no hyper, otherwise, no other requirements. Orgasm event, turns PC lust to 0. PC gains 'Anally Filled' status effect.

//tooltip: Hmmm, she's just kind of alone in the corner...? And by the way she's panting, seems <i>very</i> horny. You'll probably be on the receiving end.

That image of {pcNotMetEmmy: that jackal herm //else: Emmy} trying to get herself off is still heavily weighted in your mind. Wasn't so long ago, after all. Seems odd for such a cutie to be so alone at Christmas time but you definitely know of a good gift for <i>her</i>: you!

With all that Christmas spirit roiling within, you [pc.walk] over to the jackal's table with your arms folded under your [pc.chest] and a smouldering smile.

{pcNotMetEmmy: The jackal's //else: Emmy's} head springs around as you approach, her antsy demeanor turning into a look of surprise as you waltz up.

"Tuh...turkey..." she mumbles, apparently failing to find the right word. Her eyes widen further as you come closer with her mouth clearly salivating.

Wait, hang on: <i>turkey?</i>

"Huh?" is all you can say to her.

"Jeez you're all roasted and crispy on the outside, steaming with nffffff, mmmm meaty juices and fuck so much sage in that stuffing, I can smell it all-" babbles the jackaless, hurriedly getting herself up from her seat. She pushes herself right up against your front, tightly-packed monster-cock squished between two chests.

"Can I nibble you? Just a nibble, n-nothing big, you just smell and look so... good," she stammers, her pupils having dilated to the size of small coins. It's more than just that though; it's almost as if she radiates sexual need. From the quivering block of stiffness between your two bodies, she's more than just hungry for Christmas dinner...

"Uhh, um. No? I like being whole," you say softly, taken aback by her request.

"Ohhhh... c-can I fuck you instead? I've never stuffed a turkey before..." half-whispers the jackaless, her wet black nose pressing against yours. She grips loosely on your shoulders to hammer the point home and you can see her bushy tail wag freely atop her shrink-wrapped ass.

Well now she's on your wavelength! That's what you wanted all along. With an impish, dirty grin, you pull her by the hips against you and kiss her full on the lips. The jackal makes a noise

somewhere between confused and aroused {silly: which I believe is 'BANOI?'} through the kiss, her eyebrows wrinkling, furrowing and squirming as you take her mouth for a tongue-ride. "Mmmuh, how are you doing that? You don't have a head...!" she groans as you kiss along her neck. "I-I'm Emmy by the way..."

{pcNotMetEmmy: Huh, how about that. //else: Well you know <i>that</i> already. She must be really out of it if she doesn't recognise you...}

"I'm turkey," you say back automatically, completely at ease with the fact that you aren't actually a turkey.

Despite the surreal nature of it all, that dick of hers is real enough. You take the initiative again and push her back slightly then twist around onto the table. Your hands and [pc.chest] lie flat against the hard surface while your [pc.ass] {pcHasTail: and [pc.tails]} wiggle{s} in front of her. Almost immediately, one gloved hand grabs firmly onto a buttcheek and the other hand swats your other cheek. You yelp as Emmy assumes the role of control which starts when her hands start aggressively groping your cheeks and [pc.hips].

With the swift sound of an unravelling zip, you're pretty certain of what comes next.

Another <i>smapppp</i> against your [pc.ass].

You almost jump in place as the playful sting makes itself known but you know this game; to keep her going, you wiggle and shake your [pc.hips] from side to side with all the whorish intent that a magical Christmas turkey could handle. You can just about hear Emmy muttering something about "stuffing this bird" and "filled with white sauce" but you'd just wish she'd hurry up and plug you already.

As if on command, a rigid, fleshy force grinds against your [pc.asshole]. Peering over your shoulder, you see Emmy laying her knotted meatstick right down the middle of your [pc.ass]. The unholy shivers that come whenever the knot passes over your backdoor make your tremble and moan as if you were already being speared by the thing. With another spank, she lines up the pointed, springy head of her canine tool to your [pc.asshole] and without another dalliance, plunges it through!

You yell in shock as the thick meat spreads your back passage open all the way down to the beefy knot; it's a full foot of jackal-cock spearing you apart. {Looseness check/increase}

{pcHasCock:

You're barely even hard and already a stingingly hot squirt of [pc.cum] prematurely forces itself out of [pc.eachCock]. That poor prostate of yours is firmly packed in!

}

You can't help but whimper as Emmy presses herself against you, her exposed chest squishing against your back. Her monster-knot threatens to bust you open at every point but with a bit of tensing in your muscles, you're barely able to stop it. As Emmy gets herself comfortable in your rear, her head hangs near your shoulder with her tongue in heavy-pant mode.

“Ohh gggg-gravy stains, you’re so **hot** inside! It’s so inviting and perfect and everything and I never want it to end nngggg,” babbles the rock-hard herm, her palms placed at either side of your head. You look back over your shoulder to meet her eyeline but she still... doesn’t quite seem to think your head exists.

One furred hand comes to rest on your shoulder. With the other to your left, Emmy seems ready. Still panting and delirious with the rapture of fucking a presumed turkey, her first withdrawal is slow and unsteady. The full length of her curved, veiny shaft drags itself against every sensitive part of your inner flesh.

{pcHasCock:

Your prostate is practically tortured by it, the sheer amount of meat inside you forcing it to ache constantly. You squirm as a small dribble of [pc.cum] forces itself through...

}

You can’t help but whimper under even this slow movement, already made a slut from Emmy’s monster-cock!

With a noise somewhere between a grunt and a whine, Emmy shunts herself back into you. As a near-12 inches of cock gets rammed back in, you squeal aloud as every part of you gets put to work. The dommy-dog begins with a slow and deep rhythm. Her knot acts as the point of impact; each lovingly slow hump vaguely threatens to break you open before either of you have *really* begun.

As you bear the broad thrusts, your body relaxes bit-by-bit as Emmy’s meat makes short work of your [pc.asshole]. Discomfort gives way to raw pleasure as she stabilises her rhythm, Emmy’s hips gyrating around with each thrust. You can feel it exploring every inch of you, in body and in mind: being subjugated by cock alone is just so *hot*.

Emmy’s lurid babbling plays around your ears like a jackal possessed and you’re surprised she’s being this ‘gentle’ given how she originally wanted to *eat* your turkey-looking ass.

With a grunt of effort, the jackal pushes herself up from the table and digs her paws onto your [pc.ass] and a [pc.hip]. The deep, sensuous rhythm kicks up into a faster and rougher hump. Your body is as relaxed as it can be and now Emmy takes full advantage! Her speedy rhythm becomes cathartic hell for your [pc.asshole] as your poor hole is battered by her meaty knot.

{pcHasCock:

Each hit with the knot makes [pc.eachCock] tense in reflex and more dribbles of [pc.cumColor] audibly spurt against the floor as your prostate gets milked.

}

“Fuuuccckkk I love this **ass**!” grunts the jackal, spanking your spread-open cheeks. You push back against her thrusts, daring her knot to break you open. Spurred on by this, your jackal partner takes you into the last stretch.

With a final cry, Emmy shunts her lower body against your [pc.ass] and her thick knot against your [pc.asshole]. The primal force bends you against the table! The knot presses so heavily against your hole that the moment seems to last for eternity. One more <i>shunt</i> forces it through your [pc.asshole]!

In that instant, a groaning bulge travels up her pulsing urethra and a supremely hot load of Emmy's cream erupts deep within you! More bulges come, each one making your [pc.belly] grumble as it quickly inflates with jackal cum. Emmy's tensing body shakes and shivers atop of you as her ass gets milked for even more. Her tightening, fuzzy sack gets pressed against your pelvis and it too seems to tense and quake as it empties itself within you.

{pcHasCock:

It seems to become too much for your body: [pc.eachCock] spurts, jerks and shoots thick strings of [pc.cum] onto the floor below. Your voice is too shattered to announce your climax but the messy display is there for all to see...

}

You rest your [pc.face] against the table as Emmy's cock spurts its last. With one last whine, Emmy slumps on top of you. Her panting tongue hangs limply by your [pc.ear] and she mumbles continuously about "gravy juices" and "turkey breeding". You're just happy to have her sated, the bloating of your gut being a loving, lasting impression. As two lovers bound by a knot, you idly stroke her paw as you both calm down from the post-breeding high.

Your vision becomes a little blurry, a little unfocused. Hey, maybe you've been fucked blind! It continues to blur... then dim and darken. Sound fades in and out of your perception, the only constant being the deliciously pleasant heat buried in your [pc.asshole]. Soon, that fades too and... the room... spins...

[Oh Jeez]

The Seer

//Requires PC to have had sex with the Seer in her base content at least once.

//tooltip: Why not? See what Mother Christmas has up her sleeve. <i>But you already know the answer to that, ho ho hoooo</i>. Probably involves tentacles and weird stuff.

You turn back around to face her, a devious grin across your [pc.lipsChaste]. Whatever apprehension you have melts away as the chorus of Christmas joy blossoms within the Golden Peak. Old Mother Christmas is a lonely sort who spends all year tirelessly making presents for all the good girls and boys... time to give <i>her</i> a well-deserved present.

As you wink at the Seer, she turns her head around as if you were looking at something behind her.

“Steele, do you see something I don’t? Revelation!” she exclaims, turning back around with her chin in her palms.

“No, I mean... you. You and me! Let’s get festive, Mrs Claus,” you croon, a little nagging thought in the back of your head telling you that it’s a <i>good</i> idea well within the <i>spirit of Christmas</i>.

“Oh Steele, what a treat you are, partitioning what little time you have with a blustery old lady, ohhohoho. I’m flattered, dearest,” she replies jovially, her palm planting itself firmly in the middle of your [pc.chest].

“Mmmm, a heart beating with the true meaning of Christmas... it’s what I wanted, nay, needed all along. Come to me, Steele...”

[Oh Baby!]

Oh Baby!

The Seer pulls you to her by your wrist which now seems to be a favourite new spot of hers to touch. Your [pc.lipsChaste] come close to her Cupid’s Bow, almost dangerously so. Some hidden voice implores you not to kiss... but goddamnit, she’s right here, in your arms. Even through the buttery-scented chorus of Christmas cheer and lewd giggling, this is as clear a need and want as any.

You suck it up and kiss the Seer.

At once, she’s upon you. Her hands hide in velvet-smooth robes and they grip, grasp and grope against your nude body. Your [pc.skinFurScales] enjoys the impossibly smooth and gentle brush of red-and-white fabric. The temptress directs everything: which ways the kiss move, where your

hands are allowed to rest on her body... all suppressed and guided by her aggressive tongue-play. {pcTongueLongPrehensileFlag:

Even with your [pc.tongue] as dexterous as it is, hers is stronger. It coils and constricts around yours in your mouth as if it were laying claim. The Seer croons and hums in delight as you try to fight back...

//else:

Your [pc.tongue] bends meekly to her rapid, writhing tenta-tongue; she lays claim to your mouth almost immediately, topping it off with a hum of satisfaction.

}

You find a comfortable pushback by gripping one of her pert, shapely asscheeks and pulling down her hood from behind. A lustrous, messy cascade of obsidian black hair follows and trails between your fingers. You squeeze and stroke her locks, something that brings out a hum of approval from the Seer.

With your hands settled into their role, hers are firmly wrapped around you. One strokes the back of your neck while the other... seems to be everywhere. A multitude of smooth, writhing sensations crawl across your back and all the way down your [pc.ass]. Each cheek gets a squeeze and a fondle, drawing a note of surprise out of you.

The Seer yanks your head back and breaks the tender embrace. You warily catch sight of her tongue receding from your mouth; a long, slithering, purplish <i>something</i> that whips and arcs back into her mouth in a flash. She quickly wipes the string of saliva that remains, her dilated eyes of amber staring you down like predator.

"That's the usual custom, isn't it? Was that sufficient?" she asks sincerely, the breathy hussy returning her hand to your [pc.hip]. Your [pc.ass] is still getting fondled something fierce...

You blink in a mild stupor as the rush of such a full-on kiss leaves you breathless and dizzy. You do little but give her a thumbs up and a general murmur of approval.

"Ah, I'm glad. As if Christmas time couldn't be anymore perfect. I am, however, far from done with you."

Before you can respond, tight and constricting forces bind themselves around your limbs!

The Seer seems to be forced away from you... or rather, you from her. You're lifted into the air by the same power and you desperately look around to see what it is.

Around your arms and [pc.legs] are an array of purplish-grey tentacles holding them apart. Your instinct is to struggle back but their hold overwhelms you. You look back to the Seer...

She stands in a pose of power, her hair flowing and wafting around her as if carried by an otherworldly breeze. Her amber eyes bleed out a golden, ethereal haze under loose eyelids. A near-psychotic smile spreads over her face...

You try to yell but before you can, another tentacle rises and squirms around before your [pc.face]. It forces itself through your [pc.lips] and again, your [pc.tongue] comes under a wriggling, sensuous subjugation. You force yourself to relax as it begins throatfucking you, the fleshy flavor of salty lemons filling your mouth and gullet.

The Seer lowers and draws you towards her. In effortless, graceful movement of her tentacles, you're brought to her eye level. You try to look away from the blaring orbs of amber but there's some inner, primordial power that keeps you fixated. The appendage violating your throat halts its actions and whips out of your mouth; your lungs scream for air and you're left a dribbling, panting mess.

"Ah, it's a joy to see that mouth of yours being useful. How about we put it to work even further, hmmm?" she says softly into a{n} [pc.ear], her words dancing around your ears like an enchanting song.

"Let me see...." {silly: HAHA CUZ SHES THE SEER HAHA GET IT LOL}

Keeping you floating in place, the Seer inspects the unfolding orgy around you. Small groups of red and gold Myr seem more than willing to explore each other. Several off-worlders pile around {pcNotMetEmmy: the jackal shopkeeper from earlier. //else: ...Emmy?} She seems caught in the snare of trying fend off onlookers while also trying to jerk off her monster-cock, the head already bubbling with precum. Other couples group up each other in mass, drunken delirium as the 'Christmas spirit' fully manifests in the room.

"Fehhhh, nothing. Oh well, to me then," she mutters. 'Mother Christmas' shuffles against the table behind her and draws you along. You get lowered to her waistline and find yourself staring straight at her robed nethers. As the Seer gets comfortable on her perch with her legs splayed to each side, she teases at her ornate belt buckle. With nothing else to look at, you watch on. With her free, human hand, the Seer's buckle loosens and pulls apart, loosening the red fabric of her Santa outfit. She then unfolds it all, the V of her outfit giving way to her pale, nude body. Her firm, bouncing E-cups jiggle free from their velvet confines and below her navel lies the true prize: her pale pussy, delicate and glistening in the yellowed glow of the Golden Peak. Her fingers trail over the entrance before you, another ritual to entice you to her. With your [pc.tongue] still lazily hanging out and oh-so-ready to be used, there can only be one possible course of action...

"Goes without saying, doesn't it...?" mutters the Seer, her appendages expertly coercing your body into a kneeling position. Your [pc.face] comes to line up with her pale labia {silly: palebia?} and immediately, a jerking force pushes down on the back of your head. Your [pc.tongue] gets buried into her mound and your teeth hook gently into her unblemished, ultra-smooth skin. It takes a second to adjust for breathing but the growing taste for her feminine juices helps you to relax. From your lowly position, you look on high for her next directive and spy her Cupid's Bow lips becoming a smile.

“MMm, do me proud, dearest. Kiss, suck, lick... quick, luck, hiss... hmm... all of those sweet little words,” she sighs, her fingers coming to rest on the top of your head. She drags them {pcBald: across your head, the smooth contact of skin-on-skin sending a frisson through your spine. //else: through your [pc.hair], firmly squeezes your locks in her palm and gently pulls your head this way and that way. Your [pc.lips] drag across her skin and leave a wet trail wherever they go, a mingle of spit and femjuice.}

You reciprocate with your tongue, using the full effect of its length to drag and feel around her inner sanctum. Your eyes are drawn to where her hand goes; fingers wind around some invisible strand of something and then come to rest on her chest. With her forearm spread across, she gives her bust a sensuous squeeze while rubbing her dark nipples. The display tells you enough: you’re hitting the right spots...

A small pinpoint of warmth forms under your teeth. You can’t quite feel for it with your tongue buried as it is but upon feeling it, there’s a nagging, inorganic thought to <i>rub it</i>. Ensnared in tentacles, your only recourse is to keep using your mouth. You lower your head a little and gently sway your head from side-to-side, back-to-front and in circles with the source of warmth caught gently between your teeth. As it gets caught, you realise that it must be her pleasure buzzer... you dare to retract your tongue from her welcoming slit. You then press it and drag it quickly across her exposed clit, noting her soft abs tensing up as you do. You look up for her approval and her lightly smiling, open-mouthed sigh is the response. Spurred on, you do it again and again. Each lap and lick of your [pc.tongue] seems to make some part of the Seers skin ripple and quiver each time, as if it were pleasuring her in ways she’d never felt before.

In all this, the noise of the orgy around you and the faint sounds of ancient corals blur away. The tentacular bonds feel almost weightless. It’s nothing but you and tending to your lovers needs on her terms. The thought sends another pleasurable shiver down your spine and the gasping Seer reciprocates your tender efforts by guiding your mouth-muscle back into her snatch.

<i>Mooore...</i>

A subtle, fluid thought plays about your head as she resettles you into the role, her hand now firmly grasping your [pc.hair].

“More, damn you...” slurs the Seer, chewing on her lower lip as your tongue finds its home again. You begin your ministrations anew, your [pc.tongue] now bathed in lemon-tinted feminine fluid. It’s easier to get into: with so much fluid around and with your foreknowledge of her most sensitive spots, your [pc.tongue] glides and squirms inside the Seers snatch like a brush to canvas. Her hips gyrate and shuffle along with your movements, yet she remains mostly silent: her body speaks for her and it’s demanding for <i>more</i>.

At this point, there’s little else you can achieve with mouth alone. You refocus on your tongue and on using its squirmy nature to the best of your ability. With your [pc.lips], you form a kiss against her frilly labia and massage her sensitive entrance with tender jaw movements. At the

same time, you use your tongue to seek out her most sensitive spot. It's a little tricky at first as you lick and slide your mouth-meat around, waiting for her reaction... but a little sniff, a little flare of her nostrils and a little grunt of air gives it away as you hit an awkwardly placed spot. You keep the rhythm going: a mixture of massaging lips and wild tonguing, something that builds up the Seer's little ticks and jerks. When she whimpers, you know that you've got her.

You give it your all, subtly directing her to the end with your head movements. Her hips move to your lips and each gyration becomes more ragged and loose. Her hand pushes your [\[pc.face\]](#) right up against her wettened snatch and with the tell-tale shake in her legs and abs, she's close!

With something close to a mewl and a grunt, the Seer's entire frame tenses up. You brace yourself for a mouthful of her femjuices...!

The moment slows around you. The golden glow of the room blurs into a brilliant white shine that overpowers your vision. The festive sounds and sights turn into nothing and you're finding it...hard...to...

[\[Oh Jeez\]](#)

Oh Jeez

//Jumps ahead 12 hours of in-game time.

//tooltip: Off to sleepsville...

Calmness.

An all-encompassing white.

A sinking feeling drags you out of this thoughtless, empty limbo and the white spaces gain edges, form and depth.

You fall faster and faster, the world around you bending back into itself. Definable objects come into view: carpets, curtains, red and green lights...

With a jolt, you wake up!

"Ahhhjigaduh," you blurt out, sitting up in a flash.

"Oh oh, calm, calmness, dearest, shhhh," comes a familiar and sultry voice. "Sit back, we've earned a bout of peace."

You spring your head around, staring breathlessly at the reclining form of the Seer next to you. She's still kitted up in her 'Mother Christmas' garb although her velvety robe is loosened and lax across her hourglass frame.

You sink against your back as the inviting fragrance of spices and incense warms your nose and mouth. Fuck, what even happened? You're not even sure what time of day it is. Is it even the same day?

"Calmness, dearest, as I said. All is well, we achieved a higher realm of spirit than I could have possibly imagined. I think I understand this Christmas spirit... joy is a major part of it, essential even. Ephemeral, nascent joy but joy nevertheless. The flames of creation are often this way. I enjoyed our... {pcSexedSeerDuringEvent: personal moment. I must admit that getting carried away with the spirit of the thing got the better of me but I enjoyed indulging you, dearest. //else: little escapade. You loved it by the looks of things.}"

She pushes herself off of the seat, an act that makes you realise where you are: back at the Entite, in the corner couch.

The Seer reaches for a bag in the middle of the stone table.

"All the good girls and boys receive the best gifts and toys, do they not? And Mother Christmas declares yooou a very good [pc.boyGirl]," she croons, prodding your [pc.chest]. It takes you a second to realise that your gear is firmly on the other side of the room in a pile...

She opens the bag up just enough for you to put a hand in. With a little caution, you dip and feel around. Catching onto something, you pull it out to find...

[Yeah...?]

Yeah...?

//PC gets one of three items depending on which scene they chose.

{pcChoseAntsScene:

...a small, red pouch of herbs and spices. It weighs nothing in your hand and the smell is already fairly formidable: cloves, cinnamon, burning wood, some rich roasting meat... a complex amalgamation of Christmassy smells.

You put it to your nose and inhale properly.

At once, it's almost like some sort of long buried memory returns. The glowing gold of a warm room, jingling bells and high libidos, an ant couple winking your way...

/pcChoseEmmyScene:

...a pearl-white bauble. It seems rather weighty in your hand: not heavy but certainly enough to annoy someone should you throw it and hit them.

As you examine the thing with your fingers, the pearl gives way to a creamier shade of white. You blink once...

A memory comes into your mind: the glowing gold of a warm room, jingling bells and high libidos, a friendly jackal who wants to eat you... what was her name again? Ah, doesn't matter.

//pcChoseSeerScene:

...A purple piece of velvet tied into an obscure knot. It's very flimsy and delicate but holding it seems to fill you with a sense of belonging and certainty.

As you look it over in your hands, a memory plays in your mind...

the glowing gold of a warm room, jingling bells and high libidos, the true feeling of festive spirit and Mother Christmas commanding you to eat her out...

}

"It's a small thing, I merely hoped to capture as much feeling as I could. Simply holding it will help your body reach a more joyful state. **{pcChoseSeerScene:** I hope in time you will understand what this means, this little samsara...**}** Buuuut time is speeding on, for you that is. Take the memory with you and think of... **{pcChoseSeerScene:** Mother Christmas **//else:** Christmas**}**," she says softly, drawing her fingertips across your chin.

Without another word, she pushes herself off of the seat fully and wanders gleefully through the door behind the Entite counter.

Shaking your head at how foggy everything has been since you woke up, you re-equip your [pc.gear] and look over the gift you were given.

Stuffing it away without another thought, you leave the shop with a song in your head, joy in your heart and a strange sense of... wait, where did this shop come from?

And what's in your pocket?

You root around and find {pcAntsScene: a Sangreal Spice Sack! /pcEmmyScene: a Stasis-Locked Cum Ball! //pcSeerScene: a Sentimental Samsara!!}

Eh, alright then.

[Leave]*

*finishes the event, dumps player outside of the Entite.

Items

These items are meant to be more sentimental than practical, as is the nature of well-meaning and personal Christmas gifts. If the PC has one in their inventory (whichever inventory: personal, ship, etc), then the item they received during the quest will be under the 'Smut' section in the masturbation menu. Clicking on it will replay the corresponding scene it was given for (Ant Girl Scene, Emmy Scene, etc). The only exception is Lump of Coal which doesn't do anything and can't be chosen in the smut menu.

Lump Of Coal

Base price: 1

Short Name: Coal

Item Description: This is literally just a dusty lump of coal. It even gets all over your body and gear, leaving them covered in soot. You don't even really know why you've got it.

Sangreal Spice Sack

Base Price: 150

Short Name: SpiceSack

Item Description: A small red bag of delicious scents. Bringing it to your nose reminds you of joyous times, roast dinners, warm fires on cold nights... a little bit of phantom emotion for a memory you can't quite recall.

Stasis-Locked Cum Ball

Base Price: 1

Short Name: Cum Ball

Item Description: A strange ball of pearly-white something. It reacts to touch, turning creamier and more 'familiar' as you palm it. Holding it for too long brings up a lewd and lurid memory that seems impenetrably foggy... yet still just the tiniest bit arousing.

Sentimental Samsara

Base Price: 1

Short Name: Samsara

Item Description: A sumptuously soft piece of fabric tied into a lovingly woven samsara knot. It smells of some sort of dusky incense but you can't quite place the exact fragrance. Holding it makes you think of dreamworlds, portents, tangents and infinities... all spiraling towards one lone, female figure, tucked away in a little corner of a cold planet of warring insects. There's a little skip in your heartbeat when you see her, see her, see-er...

Item Interaction

//When choosing from the Smut menu. Raises PC lust to max but doesn't carry over any of the status effects.

You palm over the {Sangreal Spice Sack/Statis-Locked Cum Ball/Sentimental Samsara} and close your eyes, hearing the jingling call of an intimate memory...

[Mmmm...]*

*triggers the appropriate scene for the appropriate memory.

Finishing the memory

//When ending the memory/choosing [Oh Jeez].

You plop out of the dream world, thoroughly aroused...

[Nice]*

*Dumps PC back into their ship.