

Vampiric Disturbance by birbs

Summary: Carmen comes to relieve you of your seed, as is her right as your liege.

Scene:

[triggers when the champ has a dong and goes to sleep with 70+ lust and is at the frosthound, increased chances if they're a penile virgin]

Your sleep is fitful, the roiling ache of desire in your stomach piercing the veil between wakefulness and dreams. Your body is just uncomfortable enough in your pent-up state that you can feel each rustle of fabric against your [pc.skin] as your fruitless tossing tangles your sweat-stained sheets. Eventually, you wake up, or, at least, you think you do. The moon's silvery beams shine through the window of the Frosthound, dust particles floating softly in the light.

This moment is a rare vignette of peace for you, [pc.isDK]in between chasing down that demon bitch]in between trying to save the world from the influence of corruption], you've barely had time to rest. Now, however, as you lay on your bed and look out at the inky black sky, you take a deep breath, savouring the serenity of the moment.

Something flickers in the corner of your vision, your muscles tensing[pc.hasEmoteEars] and ears snapping to attention] as your combat-ready body prepares for whatever surprise you may face. You move to sit up in your bed, hand reaching for your [pc.weapon] before something slams into your chest, knocking you prone on the bed. A shadowy figure looms over you, and you can see so little of this stranger in the darkness of your room. Only snatches of features stand out to you, like her teeth that shine like polished silver under the moonlight, or the curve of her hips that sway with inhuman grace, or even her jewel-blue eyes that gleam with predatory mirth.

You try to struggle to a sitting position again, but this mystery woman lays a hand on your chest, her nails pressing lightly against your [pc.skin] as she gently pushes you back down, your body obeys her even as your mind scrambles to understand the situation. You open your mouth to cry out, but no shout comes from your throat, just a half-strangled noise of protest that withers before it even leaves your chest.

"Shhh." The mystery woman reaches out and gently trails her nails over your face, the sensation rippling out through your body like the thaw of spring, turning tensed muscles to pliant and relaxed flesh. "You need not worry, dear, I am simply collecting my rightful dues."

Despite yourself, you do relax upon hearing her words, mind filled with emotions of contentment and safety that you know are not your own. Yet as loose-limbed as you are, you cannot bring yourself to care. {if met carmen:The voice seems strangely familiar, the composed authority in each word reminding you of....

Just as quickly as the thought comes, it vanishes, leaving you with a name on the tip of your tongue and a desire to think no further on it.}

Her fingers make their way down, running lovingly over your bulge, the sensation not nearly enough in your blue-balled state. You try to twitch, to buck up into her hand, and find that your body does not respond to your commands, your traitorous form still lying there prone for this woman to take whatever she sought from you.

In a graceful move that seems too familiar to this woman, she relieves you of your [pc.underwear], revealing your already-hard [pc.cock]. The moonlight illuminates the flash of teeth that she bares in a smile as she surveys her bounty, unbidden hunger and lust clouding the clarity of her ocean-eyes. Her hand reaches out to stroke your cock, her nails gliding over the sensitive skin with just enough force to make you groan deep and low in your chest, pent-up lust and stinging pain mixing into something that is almost euphoric.

[pc.cockVirgin]"You're still untouched, how delectable." Her voice lowers to a purr, softening her touch, if only just by a little. You gulp, staring up at the woman who leers down at you as though you were nothing more than a luxurious buffet[]

Then, she stops. Your bed creaks as she climbs on top of you, straddling your legs. The solid weight of her body would almost be comforting if not for the biting cold of her flesh, your mind wanting to shiver at the contact while your body continues to just lay prone like a puppet with cut strings. Plump lips wrap around the tip of your cock, the sensation of a shocking cold wrapped around your [pc.cock] almost makes you jolt, though from pain or pleasure you could not tell.

You can feel the sharp needlepoints of delicate fangs resting gently on your most sensitive skin, the sensation filling your mind with exhilaration instead of fear as you think it would. Slowly, the woman begins to move down, her mouth taking in more and more of your cock. [pc.cockrange 0 7 16]She seems disappointed when her mouth reaches the bottom of your shaft, her lips wrapped around your dick forming into a pout for just a second[]Her mouth draws more and more of you in, a sly smile on her lips as her tongue licks stripes up and down your [pc.cock][]Her throat struggles around you, the cold spasm of her muscles being so cunt-like you long to bury your hands in her hair and fuck her face]. Soon enough, she speeds up, the woman bobbing her head up and down with such mastery that your toes curl in pleasure, a band of ecstasy tightening in your stomach as your mind reaps all the benefits of being trapped in your soporose body.

You want to fist your hands in the rough-hewn sheets of the bed, you want to throw your head back and howl out the euphoria that lights each one of your veins aflame, you want to thrust up into this woman's icy mouth and claim it as your own. Yet your body just lays there, nothing more than a tool being used by others more deserving than you. Your heart pounds in your treacherous form, each beat in time with the motions of the woman sucking you dry. It is a hypnotic scene, her honey-gold hair illuminated by the moonlight behind her, your pulse that synchronizes with her movements, the wildfire of desire raging across your flesh that spreads from each point of contact with her icy skin. In this moment, you feel as blissful as you have ever been. The taut band of tension that roils in your stomach stretches, the sensations of your [pc.cock] fucking her fanged mouth pushes you closer and closer to a climax, your mouth whimpering out stuttering half-sounds of pleasure that sound weakly pathetic echoing in your dark room.

The mystery woman seems to sense your coming orgasm as well, her ministrations on your dick growing faster and more frantic, sucking your dick with the mastery of someone who has utterly perfected the art. You cum with a loud moan, whatever spell that had overtaken you now slowly wearing off, your [pc.cum] [pc.cumvol 0 100 1000]dribbling weakly into the woman's mouth, your [pc.cock] spurting nothing but air after a few moments|filling the woman's mouth as she drinks your spunk down eagerly, her throat still squeezing delectably around you as she swallows|utterly filling the woman's mouth despite her efforts to drink it all down. She rears back, dazed by the sheer volume of your [pc.cum] while cum dribbles from her chin, your now freed cock continuing to shoot spunk onto her sumptuous clothing and the sheets around you.]

Finally, she stands up, gently wiping the corners of her mouth with a handkerchief as though she had just finished a meal and not given [pc.cockVirgin|the first blowjob you have ever received in your life, and one so mindblowing that it may very well eclipse anything you will ever feel after|one of the best blowjobs you have ever gotten in your life].

"Thank you for that." The sun is beginning to rise behind her, and you can see it barely illuminate the bottom of her face, her still-swollen lips curled into an aristocratic smile. "If you ever want to visit me, [pc.name], my door is always open to you."

You blink, and she's gone. You are still laying in bed, the blanket lovingly tucked over you as though you were a small child put to sleep by a parent, the sheets are as fresh and clean as they always are in the Frosthound. Save for the bone-deep ache of satisfaction in your stomach, you have no proof of that strange nighttime encounter. With a stretch and a yawn, you sit up, rubbing your eyes and getting ready for another day of adventure. However, as you pull on your discarded [pc.underwear], you're left wondering if what had happened last night was truly just a dream.