

In Search of Employment

Sleep

You awake walking, and, turning to find your bearings, you find yourself at the crest of a slight incline. Behind you smoke coils from the chimneys of the small, yellow thatched roofs of a small town. Before you a narrow track wends its way down and away, through a dense underbrush of overgrown weeds, ending at the foot of an imposing iron gate, and the vague outline of a manor beyond.

The manor is still a long way off in the distance, a dark splotch against a steadily greying sky. The path is brittle, cracked earth and you trudge onwards, your pack digging heavily into the shoulder you have slung it over, the thin tunic you find yourself wearing doing little in the way of padding. You hope you can make it before true darkness falls. It's not safe this time of year to be out alone in the dark.

By the time you arrive at the gate night has fallen, the last dregs of blue-violet light, glimmering reflections in the windows of the house before you. The gate, old and half rusted, creaks and catches in the weeds that have wrapped themselves through its bars. You force it ajar and slip through the crack, letting it clang back into place.

Now inside you can just about make out a path that leads towards the manor; cracked paving stones that have been reclaimed steadily by a once orderly garden that has been allowed to outgrow itself. The beds have been taken over by clawing weeds that now stretch out about

you, creeping through knee-high grass, strewn with forget-me-not blue. You wade towards the house, occasionally pausing as the thorns of particularly violent blackberry hinder your progress.

The house is old, and leans ominously forward. One side has sunk perilously into the earth, as though the vines, which creep across its walls, are slowly dragging it down. Most of the windows are cracked, some shattered entirely and only jagged edges and gaping darkness remains. A few of those on the upper floors are intact and behind those you see the flicker of firelight. You think you catch a glimpse of movement; a flash of pale skin and blonde hair, but you blink and it's gone.

You approach the front of the house, shivering as a gust of wind blows straight through your thin tunic. A stone archway looms, leading to a recessed entryway and a tall wood door, cut in such a way that the grain spirals erratically across its surface.

You slam the palm of your hand against the wood to knock, but produce only a weak thud. You purse your lips and, looking around for a better option, see the doorknocker to your right. It's a twisted metal monstrosity, shaped in the vague likeness of some kind of winged creature, mouth open to shriek. You heave it upwards and let it go and it strikes the door like a battering ram, producing an echoing boom that vibrates in your ears.

You don't have to wait long. Almost as soon as the sound fades the door slides open and a man, stooped and spindly, eyes you from within.

You open your mouth to speak, to greet the man and explain your presence on this doorstep, but a beckoning chalk-white finger stops you. The stooped and spindly man already shuffling away into the depths of the house.

[Nope][Follow][Appearance{Edgar}]

Appearance (Edgar)

Edgar is 7 foot tall and spindly, with a permanent stoop to his posture. His skin is grey and pasty and his eyes; black and beady, sit sunkern below a heavy, bald brow. His hair is flaxen and what little there is tufts at an irregular angle over his right ear.

His thin arms and legs bely an impressive strength and you can see the taut muscle stretch as he walks.

He dresses plainly; a black, button up coat that looks to have begun fraying at its edges, and a ragged shirt and pants that appears more hole than fabric, allowing glimpses of prominent ribs and an emaciated stomach whenever his overcoat shifts as he walks.

NOPE

Yeah ... no way. You've come this far and that was pushing it. You're not about to follow some strange man into a house that's probably haunted. You turn to leave and find yourself falling, as if the wind has just swept your feet from under you. The ground rushes to meet you ...

[Wake Up]

FOLLOW

He leads you through a corridor and down a thinning passageway, to a door that he creaks open and enters. You (Height over 5'5: have to duck to) enter and find yourself within an office. Another man is seated behind a desk, head bent over his work. The spindly man motions you to a seat opposite the working man, with its back to a small, crackling fireplace. The warmth is a welcome respite from the cool night and drafty corridors. Once you are seated the spindly man bows to the man at the desk and leaves.

The man behind the desk; quintessential butler with his dark brown, cropped hair and dull-brown eyes, enclosed behind wire-framed spectacles, observes you as you fidget in your seat by the modest fireplace. He parses a white-gloved finger through a list of notes that lie before him on his dark-wood desk.

'(PC gender: Ms/Mr) [pc.name] you come with fine references. Very fine indeed. However, considering the time of year and the ... proclivities of this particular household, it may be better for you to seek employment elsewhere.' His voice is gravelly and smoke filled; coarsened by years of tobacco, you surmise, noticing the well-worn pipe resting in a pile of ash at his side.

You open your mouth to protest, to make a case for why this is the only position you can consider taking, but he beats you to it, standing, as if to show you the door.

'I shall of course provide you with a recommendation. After all, this is through no fault of your own. There is a small bar in town that is always in search of staff. The Blue Gilled Stalker, if I recall correctly, and though it may be a step down for someone of your excellent references, it is better by far ... But I say too much. Please (Mr/Ms) Steele, step this way.'

[Leave][Refuse][Appearance]

Appearance (Harold)

The man is dressed as the typical example of a butler. He wears a red-lined coat over a white shirt and grey vest. His black tie is immaculate, while the grey pants he wears are creaseless. He is obviously a man that takes care of his appearance. His dark-brown hair is waxed flat while any stray hair – if his perfectly straight eyebrows are any indication – has been plucked.

The wire-framed spectacles he wears are polished and there is not a speck of dust, or ash – despite his obvious habit for tobacco – on his white gloves, which enclose long, nimble fingers.

He has a large face. His lips and eyes and nose all seem too big for his otherwise pinched features. His shoulders, though, are broad and give way to a stocky build and powerfully built torso.

LEAVE

You find yourself nodding along. A job, in this creepy old house in the middle of nowhere? What were you thinking? You rise to leave, then plant a hand on the desk to steady yourself as a wave of dizziness washes over you. Everything blurs and you shake your head, hoping to clear it. It gets worse. You see the butler make it one step, two ... towards you, and everything goes black.

[Wake Up]

REFUSE

Throughout his speech you have twice opened your mouth to speak before thinking better of it. Now, though, with his point made you feel more confident in presenting your own case. You try, in the strongest possible terms you feel appropriate, to convey the importance a job in this household has to you, and to make him understand why you will not take no for an answer.

He listens in silence and, when you are done, nods sharply. His eyes sweep across you and you feel judged somehow, as if his gaze has just now assessed your entire worth, and found

you wanting. He mutters something inaudible and, stepping back to the desk, drawing a pen from a coat pocket, makes a series of additions to the notes he was perusing earlier. Seemingly satisfied he proffers a gloved hand in your direction. You have to stand to take it. His grip is firm, unyielding and the expression that has settled on his face is unreadable. 'Welcome aboard, (Mr/Ms) Steele. I'm Harold, the butler. But I'm sure you knew that already.' He chuckles and indicates his grey vested, black tied figure. 'You've met Edgar. Completely mute, I'm afraid. But we make do.' He chuckles again and beckons you to the door. 'But it's late. There'll be plenty of time for introductions after a nights rest. Come, I'll show you to your room.'

The room Harold leads you to is deeper into the bowels of the house; down a flight of dusty steps and past an archway he tells you leads to the kitchens. He takes the opportunity to give you the verbal tour, explaining the layout of the upper floors and giving you some insight into his – and now your – employer, as well as the other occupant.

Frank, he tells you, is a little eccentric. Brilliant, he makes sure to add, but not a little mad. 'He calls himself a "scientist." Though what manner of science he practices, even I couldn't tell you.'

Cecilia, the only other inhabitant, whose mention brings a frown to Harold's lips, is ... difficult. 'Best stay on her good side,' he cautions. 'Poor Edgar gets chewed up and spat back out on an almost daily basis.'

He leads you to a door and leaves with a curt nod, along with the promise to send Edgar with a uniform for the morning.

The room you enter is narrow, furnished with only the necessities of an old writing desk, its chair three-legged and tipping, and bed and bedside table combination, on which a small gas lamp provides a weak light. The bed groans when you sit, but the mattress, stained and torn in places, seems comfortable. Comfortable enough that you're not sure you have the energy to wait for Edgar and your new uniform. Surely that can wait for tomorrow.

[Wait][Sleep]

WAIT

You keep yourself awake through force of will, and picking at the loose threads of your blanket before Edgar arrives and thuds heavily on the door.

You open it to arms full of clothes thrust in your face and the scent of laundry powder tickling the back of your nostrils. You almost sneeze, but force it back and take the offered garments. Edgar nods enthusiastically and leaves, shuffling back the way he came.

Moving back into your new room, you unload your burden onto the desk – which shudders under the weight – and examine your new things.

{[[pc.male] The clothes are simple; white, collared shirt and dark slacks and a pair of polished, black shoes, along with white socks. There's underwear too – plain briefs.}

{[[pc.female] The clothes are simple; white blouse and dark, knee-length skirt and a pair black flats. There's underwear too – one [pc.breastCupSize] bra and ... you look around a little frantically, nothing else. {[pc.exhibitionism <30] You shake your head. There's no way you're going without underwear the first day of a new job. You can just wear the ones you're wearing now. They're not too dirty, a little sweaty, fine – nothing a good airing out overnight won't fix.} {[pc.exhibitionism >30 <60] It's not the most auspicious start to a new job, but you'll make do. In fact, your [pc.vagina] tingles at the thought. New place. New people. The situation is ripe for enjoyment.} {[pc.exhibitionism >60] Just as well, you think. You likely wouldn't have worn any, even if they had been provided.}

{Merge} Time to sleep. You lie down, pulling the now partially threaded blanket over you and close your eyes.

[Continue]

SLEEP

You're too worn out to wait for Edgar and you can feel sleep blurring the edges of your vision. Better to get a good nights rest than sit up waiting for something easily dealt with in the morning.

You don't have to move far. There's a blanket folded at the bottom of the bed and you pull it straight and over yourself, enclosing yourself in warmth. It doesn't take long to drift asleep.

[Continue]

CONTINUE

You wake to the sun in your eyes. It seems the curtains of a window you hadn't noticed last night have been thrown open, and the sun is blinking cheerfully into the room. You yawn and blink the sleep from your eyes. A glass of water has been set on the bedside table and you snatch at it, eagerly taking a long drink, washing the sleep from your mouth and soothing your parched throat.

You look blearily towards the desk. (Chose not to wait for Edgar: You see a pile of clothes sitting there. Edgar must have let himself in. ([pc.male =true] The clothes are simple; white, collared shirt and dark slacks and a pair of polished, black shoes, along with white socks.

There's underwear too – plain briefs.)

([pc.female =true] The clothes are simple; white blouse and dark, knee-length skirt and a pair of black flats. There's underwear too – one (pc.breastCupSize) bra and ... you look around a little frantically, nothing else. (Exhibitionism <30: You shake your head. There's no way you're going without underwear the first day of a new job. You can just wear the ones you're wearing now. They're not too dirty, a little sweaty, fine – nothing a good airing out overnight won't fix.) (Exhibitionism >30 <60: It's not the most auspicious start to a new job, but you'll make do. In fact, your (pc.vagina) tingles at the thought. New place. New people. The situation is ripe for enjoyment. (Exhibitionism >60: Just as well, you think. You likely wouldn't have worn any, even if they had been provided.)

{merge} Pushing yourself up you resolve to get dressed, then make your way to the kitchen. If anyone is up and about it's likely there'll be there, and perhaps they can give you a better idea of your duties.

[Kitchen]

Kitchen

You shut your door behind you and slip the last button of your new outfit into place. You remember the way and you purposefully in that direction. (pc.female pc.exhibitionism >30: The draft that slips up your skirt and between your thighs serves as a refreshing wake up call.) The kitchen isn't a long walk away, though it does serve to shake the last dregs of sleep from your steps and, once you arrive, you see Edgar busily stooped over the stovetop.

Several pots and pans are positioned over the heat and steam billows from their contents and is caught by the large, bulky extraction fan blaring overhead.

Despite the noise Edgar turns as you enter. He cracks you a grin; all yellowed teeth and ruddy gums, and motions you over. A steaming mug is pressed into your hands and you take a sip as you watch Edgar procure two trays from a cabinet beside the stove.

Your drink seems to be some kind of runny porridge and tastes creamy along with an occasional bite of sweetness, which, you see when you peer into the mug, seems to come from a number of chopped pieces of dates.

Meanwhile Edgar has been preparing the two trays for, you assume, the two masters of the house. The same gloopy porridge mixture has been spooned into bowls and Frank's – you see the trays are labeled – has also been adorned with a glass of orange juice and two buttered

slices of toast, while Cecilia's has only the porridge and a glass of some silvery, almost metallic looking liquid.

As Edgar steps away and looks to you, it is obvious that you will be expected to take at least one of these trays to its relevant occupant. Which one, it seems, is up to you.

[Frank][Cecilia]

CECILIA

You pick Cecilia's tray up and see Edgar nod as he hefts Frank's. You won't have to make a second trip, it seems.

Edgar shuffles out first and you follow, keeping pace to track him back to the entrance of the house and then up the central staircase. Edgar keeps to the left and, as you imitate, you can see why. The stairs to the right are cracked and hole strewn. You'd have likely put your foot through had you chosen that path.

The upper landing you find yourself on is almost open to the elements; all the windows to the left and right of you have been removed. You are glad that it is sun and not rain that greets you, though you can imagine the torture bad weather must bring.

Edgar points you to left and he goes right, leaving you to find your own way. Given Harold's description last night, you feel it shouldn't be too difficult.

From what you can see from the top of the stairs, most of the doorways visible are absent of doors and, as you pick your way past them – mindful of the fact the floor could collapse at any moment, if the staircase up is any indication of the general state of this place – you see dusty rooms full of covered furniture, moth-eaten curtains cast a flickering light and accentuate the shadows and it appears that everything is shifting, looming towards you out of the half-light.

Finally, after following the hallway round a sharp corner, you come to a door with a lock. You knock, balancing the tray precariously on your hip.

[Wait][Enter]

WAIT

You pause and step back. Politeness is always the correct way to deal with another's personal space. Barging in, even after knocking, would be rude.

You don't have to wait long. It only takes a moment for you to hear the clack of shoes on wood and then the door swings inwards. A woman greets you. You see blond, finely plaited hair, blonder brows; thin, short lashes over vivid blue eyes. There's a narrow face, thin lips and high cheekbones.

'Enter,' she says and turns away. You see her dress, wide and multi-layered and verdant, billow, and the flash of pale ankles and heeled, strappy sandals.

You follow her in and see her twist to face you, setting herself down on the edge of her bed – a monstrous four-poster that swallows her in a sea of luxurious, blue-green covers and blankets.

'So,' she starts, and motions you to place the tray on a small bedside table to the side. You do so, wedging it between a shaded lamp and a russet covered book and pair of delicate half-moon glasses.

You stand in place and watch her. There is no place to sit and she doesn't offer the option regardless. In fact, by the amused curl to the corner of her lips, you think she enjoys sitting while you stand. She leans forward, the cut of her dress tight against her breast.

'You are our new hire.' She eyes you from top to bottom. {[pc.breastCupSize >E]} 'I see our standards are slipping. Hiring sluts might be all the rage in the big city, but here I'd hoped we'd maintain some modicum of civilization. Why, I doubt you're wearing anything under that uniform.' ([pc.female =true] [pc.exhibitionism >30]) You blush, blood suffusing your cheeks. Cecilia's eyebrows raise. 'You're not. You're even more depraved than I gave you credit.' It is not anger in her voice. Amusement, maybe, and a definite edge of lust. 'Does it turn you on, Steele? Knowing I know?' Her voice lilts. 'I think you should just take that uniform off. We have better things to spend our money on than little sluts who'd rather go without.' {[Refuse][Explain][Strip]}

She watches you for a moment. 'No? Well perhaps you have some decency.'

{Otherwise: 'I approve.'}

{Merge} 'It's nice to have a new face around here. Edgar and Harold are ever so dull. And Frank ... well, he's a pushover, and my brother. You seem far more interesting, (pc.name). Then, new blood always does, at first.' She grins, showing a row of perfectly straight, white teeth. 'Stick around, Steele. Tell me about yourself.'

[Talk][Questions][Appearance]

REFUSE

You refuse and watch her eyes harden. They glint with something inhuman.

'Get out,' she says. 'And maybe, if you're lucky, my brother might give a slut like you some attention.' Cecilia eyes you with disdain.

[Leave][Frank]

EXPLAIN

You try to explain that you weren't provided with undergarments. That of course you would be wearing them, if only it was an option.

Cecilia smirks throughout. 'Excuses, [pc.name]. Try not to be tiresome. Come.' She beckons you forward, and, once you step within her range she grasps you by the chin and pulls you down to her level. Her fingers are cold, almost clammy and her breath, which brushes by your neck, is icy. 'I dislike liars, [pc.name]. Either strip, or leave, Steele. But don't lie. Not to me. I'll know.' Her other hand has found its way inside your blouse, cool fingers brush against your collar and trail a path through your cleavage before shoving you away. 'Strip or leave, [pc.name]. Your choice. Perhaps my brother will have more of a use for you than me.'

[Strip][Leave][Frank]

STRIP

You reach {[pc.exhibitionism <50] shakily} {[pc.exhibitionism >50] confidently} {merge} for the laces of your blouse and then the buttons. As the garment falls away your breasts burst free and you see Cecilia running her hand in small circles over the front of her dress.

{[pc.exhibitionism <50] Blushing} {[pc.exhibitionism >50] Emboldened} {merge} you pull your blouse off and make a show of stretching your arms above your head, drawing Cecilia's attention further to your [pc.breasts].

'And the rest.' Cecilia's breathy whisper makes you realise you've paused; your hands trailing nervously down your sides toward the zip of your skirt.

Cecilia's dress is at her feet; pooling green folds, and she rises, taking purposeful steps in your direction. Her breasts are {[pc.height <6'5 >5'9] eye level,} encased in transparent red-lace that darkens at her nipples, which are hard, and her cunt is bare; panties already kicked to the side, shaved and glistening.

'You're overdressed,' she says as she reaches you, palming your breasts. Fingers, like ice, tease your nipples – pinching and pulling.

'You should be punished,' she breathes, next to your ears, and then you gasp as a cold hand slips down your skirt and finds your {[pc.cock =true] [pc.cock.]} 'Oh ... you're one of those, are you, Steele? A little trappy slut. Or ...' She reaches further down. ([pc.vagina =true] 'Seems you're just a pervert, after all.') ([pc.vagina =false] 'Yes, a trappy slut, with massive tits.')

She ([pc.cock <5.5] grasps you in her palm and rubs her fingers across the head. 'Such a tiny cock Steele. I expected better of you.' Her other hand mauls your breast, digging icy fingers into soft flesh, as she trails bites and kisses along your neck. 'Cum quickly, Steele. I have better things to do.' Cecilia jerks you efficiently, continuing to tease your breasts and nipples with her other hand, and catching your mouth in a dominating kiss – all tongue and saliva and breathlessness. You come into her hand and up her wrist. She pulls her hand out, disgust written across her face. 'Ugh.' She pushes her cum-filled hand beneath your nose. 'Clean me, Steele and get out. You've pretty much ruined my day.' [Clean][Frank]) ([pc.cock > 5.5] grasps you in her palm and rubs her fingers across the head. 'At least you're decent, Steele. My brother is pitiful. A nice thick cock like yours puts his to shame. Pity you don't have a pussy, though. You just can't get the same feeling teasing a cock.' She punctuates her words with a teasing push at your urethra. 'See. It's so unsatisfying. There's just. Nothing. There.' She pumps you harshly and, with a deft movement of her other hand, manages to unzip your skirt and pull it fluidly down. Your [pc.cock] springs free, slapping wetly against Cecilia's forearm, pre oozing from the tip. She teases at the underside nerve centres and runs a finger down its length. The coolness of her hands is making you harder, veins pulsing desperately at her touch.

'Try not to take too long Steele. I truly derive no pleasure from this experience.' She kisses you – long and heavy. 'Cum,' she chants. And, under a combination of teasing fingers and sudden, violent tugs, you do, spilling your seed onto the floor into your skirt that you're sure Cecilia positioned for this exact course of events.

Still in a post-orgasmic haze, you barely notice Cecilia pile your clothes into your arms – cum-covered skirt and all, and push you out of her room. 'Get lost. Go bother my brother, if you must, but I don't want to see you again. [Frank][Leave]]}

{[pc.vagina =true] [pc.cock =false] clit. She circles it for a moment, jolting pleasure through your body, even as her other hand continues to tease your nipple and her mouth and teeth enclose the second. Your [pc.clit] hardens at her touch and she pinches it between two icy fingers. 'No panties, Steele. Is this what you wanted? For some stranger to put you in your place? Or only a woman? Is that why you came to me, Steele? You wanted another woman to pleasure you.' As she talks, Cecilia forces you back against the bed until your knees buckle and you collapse into soft sheets. Cecilia follows you down, straddling your thighs, fingers still focused on your clit. Her other hand steadies herself atop you and her mouth attacks yours, and then your chest and nipples – biting and sucking and soothing.

'Shh,' Cecilia whispers in your ear as you whimper. She kisses the side of your neck and then your lips, once, twice. The hand down your skirt has dug deeper. Two fingers are now caressing inside your [pc.vagina.] Her thumb presses against your clit as her fingers pressure your insides.

'It's enough to make you come undone, isn't it, Steele? It's okay. It's what you wanted.

Otherwise, you wouldn't have come in here dressed like a little slut.'

Cecilia's voice and the fact that she never stops attacking your clit, never stops pushing her fingers deeper and deeper brings you right to the edge, a hairsbreadth from cumming.

There's a ringing in your ears as you cum. Cecilia's skillful fingers withdraw with a few teasing touches and you can hear her cursing, yelling at what you realise was making the ringing noise – a bell above her bed, shaking to and fro as the cord it's attached to pulls it taut.

Your clothes are thrown unceremoniously onto your lap and you see Cecilia glaring at you.

'Fucking brother of mine wants you,' she spits. She smiles at you wryly. 'Just as it was getting somewhere.' She runs her fingers through your [pc.hair] and kisses you softly on the lips.

'Now, fuck off.'

She pushes you out the door, clothes bundled in your arms, with one last swat on your naked behind.

[[Frank](#)]

CLEAN

The scent of your [pc.cum] fills your nostrils and you find yourself leaning in. You start with her fingers; carefully wrapping your lips around their length and sucking softly. The [pc.cumFlavor] taste of your cum spreads through your mouth and you find yourself desiring more. Luckily Cecilia's palm is still coated in your seed. You dive back in, slurping the last of your cum from her cupped hand as she watches, disgust written all over her face.

'You're depraved, Steele.' She flexes her hand, now coated in the sheen of your saliva and uses it to push you out of her room. 'Get lost, Steele. Take your perversion elsewhere.'

[Frank][Leave]

QUESTIONS

[Who][Frank][Harold and Edgar]

WHO

You ask her exactly who she is.

'Me?' She places a hand to her chest. 'I am an example of superior evolution. A supreme being, if you like.' She giggles. 'Well ... that's my brother's spiel. I am whomever I want to be, Steele. A little arrogant, I suppose. But in this house, with everyone bending over backwards every time I so much as breathe, it's hard not to be. Try not to be a puppet, Steele, it's no fun.'

You nod along and she frowns, muttering something to herself.

{[Hearing check. Astute of hearing races?]} 'Ask the servant not to be a puppet. Useless.'

[Frank][Harold and Edgar]

FRANK

You mention that you have yet to meet Frank, and whether she can tell you anything about him.

'Frank' Cecilia pause in thought. 'Frank likes to call himself a "creator." He tinkers away in that workshop of his. He never lets me in though. I've caught a glimpse though. Just creepy science; bits and pieces all over the place. I'm sure he'd let you in. Maybe you could let me know what you find.'

[Who][Harold and Edgar]

HAROLD AND EDGAR

'Creeps,' Cecilia say when you ask. 'They hover, and Edgar stares.' She shudders. 'I don't know why Frank keeps them on. I suppose he likes the atmosphere. He was always a fan of horror stories. Me, I just think that one day I'll wake up with a knife in the back and them looming over me, and Harold'll just say, "Do you need anything, miss? That looks mighty painful."' She shakes herself. 'Yeah, goosebumps. See.' She raises her arm to you. It seems just as pale and smooth as before.

[Who][Frank]

Appearance (Cecilia)

Cecilia is dressed extravagantly. Her verdant dress layers and folds in on itself at its base while the top is strappy, but reveals only a hint of shoulder and pale cleavage. She has blue eyes and a chiseled face; nose straight, cheekbones high and hinted. Her chin tapers to a smooth point. She's doll-like, her pale skin giving the impression of porcelain. The rest of her is willowy. At 6'9 she's tall by most standards and it seems to translate the most in her legs, which are long and supple.

TALK

You tell her your story. It's hazy – there's something about this place that makes you doubt yourself. About your father – his fortune hidden somewhere – and the clues that could have led you there, snatched away at the last moment by your cousin. You had to look for work, you say. You couldn't coast through life on the meager trust your father had provided.

'You're pretty dull, aren't you. Life of adventure lain out before you and here you are, a servant of others,' Cecilia mocks, cruelty glimmering in her eyes.

You protest. Chasing your father's legacy was hopeless. A fool's dream, especially after your cousin beat you to the trail every time.

'So you're a loser, Steele. Don't try and be fancy about it. Coward. You gave up. Get out, Steele. I don't have time for a coward. Try Frank. Maybe he'll be more sympathetic.'

She turns away, the book she lifts from her bedside table suddenly more interesting than you. You know a dismissal when you see one.

[Leave][[Frank](#)][Questions]

TRY TO ENTER

Balancing the tray on your hip, you somehow manage to twist the doorknob open and, with an appliance of pressure with your shoulder, push the door open, just as someone on the other side does the same. You catch a glimpse of shocked blue eyes before everything tips and the tray you had been balancing so precariously flips out of your hands.

You land heavily on your hands and knees and though a thick layer of dust helps to break the fall, pain still shoots through your wrists as they extend just a little too far. As you try to get your bearings a cry of rage makes you look up.

The woman who opened the door is dripping in what was to be her breakfast. The porridge has contrived to splash almost exclusively against the underside of her chin and is gloopily tracking down her front and the cleavage of her layered, verdant dress. The metallic liquid has done much the same – covering her pale, right cheek and running down her face and along her shoulder before tipping out of sight down her back.

'You ... you, you.' She appears to be struggling with the words to throw at you in her rage, a ruddy red building in her cheeks. Apparently finding herself at a loss for words she turns with a stomp and begins pulling herself frantically out of her dress, muttering to herself, 'I like this dress. No ... Fucking Edgar and his fucking porridge that fucking stains. And fucking people who don't know how to fucking wait when they knock. Would it kill you to wait five fucking seconds?' Her haste dislodges the careful plait of her hair and blonde strands spring out to tickle her cheeks.

The dress pools under her and she kicks it away, wary of the fact that she's still dripping. Red lace underwear joins the pile and soon she's naked, breathing heavily. She turns to you, breasts heaving – small handfuls, capped with rosy areolas and stiffening nipples.

'You're still here. Of course you are.' She sighs. 'Well? Make yourself useful. You're not going to clean up your mess by staring at it.'

You start, rising sharply to your feet. You cast an eye around for some kind of cloth, but the only candidates – the bed coverings, and her verdant dress – aren't likely to go down well. You could use your own garments or, you blush as the thought crosses your mind, something a little unconventional.

[Bedding][Clothes][Lick]

Bedding

You make a beeline for the bed and start to strip the sheets off.

'Are you fucking crazy,' you hear from behind. 'Just get out and I'll do it myself. Fuck, hired help these days is in the absolute pits.'

She pushes you out the door and slams it behind you.

[Leave][[Frank](#)]

Clothes

You fumble the buttons of your {[pc.male =true] shirt} {[pc.female =true] blouse} and pull it awkwardly off, baring your chest. Your {[pc.female =true] [pc.exhibitionism >50] [pc.breasts] spring free and your [pc.nipples] harden at the sudden chill.} {[pc.female =true] [pc.exhibitionism <50] bra encased [pc.breasts] feel the chill of their sudden freedom and gooseflesh prickles across your skin.} {[pc.male =true] [pc.nipples] stiffen in the sudden chill, and you feel gooseflesh prickle your skin}

{Merge} All the while, Cecilia watches you. The anger has faded from her expression – replaced with {[pc.breasts >E] disgust.} {[pc.female =true] [pc.breasts >A <E] interest. The flush rising in her cheeks is definitely lust, rather than the anger of before.} {[pc.male =true] disinterest}

{Merge} 'Get on with it Steele. The quicker you're done, the quicker I can pretend you never existed.'

{[pc.female =false] or [pc.breastCupSize >EE <A]} She eyes you dispassionately as you approach. You survey the damage. The porridge has run almost all the way down her front; catching on her hips and settling, viscous and quickly setting. The other, metallic liquid, has already dried, and appears to dry clear – only a few scattered speckles of silver dust her shoulder.

You start low, dragging your shirt from her hips and up the smooth expanse of her stomach, and between her breasts, catching lightly against them as you pass. Then her chin – high and pointed – and where most of the porridge has splattered. Grey goop covers the underside of her chin, some spreading all the way to just below her lower lip. You brush it gently away, taking care, under her expressionless gaze, to not overstep your duties.

As you finish she steps away, plucking your garment from your hand to attack any leftover areas of discomfort herself. The porridge has stained; discolourations all down her front.

'Ugh,' she groans, looking down at herself. 'I'm going to have shower.' She looks at you, anger back in her gaze. 'That will be all, Steele. I've had quite enough of you for the moment.'

[Frank][Leave]} {[pc.female =true] [pc.breasts =>A <EE] You can see her excitement as you approach. The way she sets her body, leaning towards you. The way she splay a hand against her stomach, mindless of the way porridge trickles between her fingers.

You find yourself nervous when she meets your gaze and, once you reach her, the hand you use to steady yourself against her hip is shaking.

She grasps your hand – fixes it in place with ice-cold fingers – and husks into your ear, 'Are you aroused Steele? Does this situation turn you on?' [Yes][No]}

YES

You nod, not trusting yourself to speak. Cecilia's lip curls and she reaches out to cup your chin, pulling your eyes to hers.

'Well then, Steele,' she breathes. 'Get to work.'

She steps away, reaching her arms above her head, arching her back as she stretches out her lithe figure. You are struck by how truly perfect she seems to be. Her skin holds no blemishes, or birthmarks, or even the hint of ever having had hair anywhere at all.

There's expectation in her expression, and an easy impatience drifting at the edge, ready to overtake her if you step just a little slowly towards her.

You approach. The grime that still oozes down her body has somehow become a secondary concern, overtaken by more base desires. You want to catch her lips between your teeth, to trail kisses down her neck and bite and kiss and gently suck at her small breasts and nipples. But, as you reach forward to do just that, her hand gets in the way. Cold fingers press against your lips and invade your mouth, pinching down on your tongue as she speaks.

'You have a job to do, Steele. You've been a very clumsy servant.' She pinches harder. 'And clumsy servants either make amends or they don't last very long.'

She releases you, withdrawing saliva slicked fingers from your mouth and wiping them on your {[pc.exhibitionism >50] [pc.breasts]} {[pc.exhibitionism <50] bra} trailing them down to press against your stomach.

'You are testing my patience.'

You nod, shaky, and realise that you have scrunched your blouse beyond recognition in your fist, knuckles gripped white. You smooth it out as best you can and wipe up her stomach, collecting the mess of porridge that has begun to congeal, thickening against Cecilia's skin. You can't help but notice when your fingers glance smooth, cool, skin, and every now and then Cecilia's breath catches in her throat when your nails scrape up her side.

Her breasts are mostly free of goop but, as you clean between them, you can't resist the temptation to kiss the side of her breast. Cecilia lets out a surprised gasp and you feel her tug sharply on your [pc.hair,] pulling you backwards.

It seems a reaction of shock, rather than any real intent to cause pain, as she quickly releases you and, emboldened, you circle her nipple with your tongue, then bite and suck gently as you reach down with your free hand.

Her thighs part slightly at your touch and, moving your mouth up to below her ear and then across to tease the edges of her mouth, you press your fingers to the outer edges of her vaginal lips.

There's flush to Cecilia's cheeks, along with a feeling of hesitation. You can tell that she's used to being in control of her encounters, and your aggression has thrown her, at least for the moment.

Her flesh is just as cold as when you started, despite the obvious flush to her cheeks, and the fact that your own body feels hot enough to heat the both of you comfortably with warmth to spare.

It's a curious sensation; pushing your fingers into a cool pussy that has just begun to leak a cold fluid. Cecilia shudders against you as she tightens and more femcum spills down your hand, dripping to the floor.

'You made me cum,' she accuses, pushing away and grabbing your blouse to wipe away the last of the porridge that lies beneath her chin.

'Sit,' she orders, pointing to her bed.

[Sit]

SIT

You do so. The bed sinks under your wait and you shimmy forward to the edge for comforts sake, rather than getting lost in a pile of blankets and pillows.

Cecilia is standing over you, tugging on your skirt. She pulls it off revealing your {[pc.vagina =false] [pc.cock =true] [pc.cock.]} 'Ugh,' she groans and immediately turns away. Stepping quickly to a chest of drawers from which she pulls a shirt which, walking back to you, she presses against your chest and, picking up your skirt she guides you out of her room, throwing your skirt out before slamming the door closed. [Frank][Leave]} {[pc.vagina =true] [pc.cock =true] [pc.cock] and [pc.vagina.]} She blanches a little at the sight of your cock but, upon seeing your pussy dribbling [pc.girlcum] she relaxes. 'I see you're not totally devoid of sense, Steele. But,' she points at your cock. 'You really should get that looked at. If my brother is anything to go by, those things give you an entitled sense of self importance.'

{[pc.vagina =true] [pc.cock =false] [pc.vagina.] She looks down at you, satisfied. 'I've heard all about the crazy experimentation that goes on where you come from, Steele. I'm glad you've had the strength of character not to go absolutely off the rails. This is all we woman need, Steele. Those worthless cocks just get in the way.'}

{Merge} She {[pc.vagina =true] [pc.cock =false] smiles as she} kneels before you and reaches out to caress your thighs. {[pc.cock =true] She lifts your [pc.cock] out of the way none too gently, digging her nails into the soft, spongy glans.} Her mouth finds the outer lips of your [pc.vagina] and she digs her cold tongue into your folds as her bottom teeth scrape as she moves her mouth to your [pc.clit.]

You can tell that she is unused to her task, though, as she spits on and attacks your clit, it doesn't seem to be deterring her from the aggression you've come to expect from her. Her eyes, blue and furious, catch yours and they dare you to say something, anything about her position on her knees. Before you can fully form the thought she bites down and a jolt of pain and pleasure takes any potential notion from your mouth and leaves you with a breathless moan and then short, sharp pants as her fingers find your entrance and her mouth continues to coat your clit in saliva.

Her fingers start slow, but soon she sets a punishing pace, pumping her icy fingers as deeply as she can as her mouth exclusively encircles your clit.

She breaks away to speak, even as her fingers continue, driving you on a steady rate to orgasm.

'Cum, Steele. You come into my room unannounced. Waste perfectly good food. And now you don't even have the decency to cum when I tell you to.' Her words are hoarse and desperate. She catches your eyes, thrusts herself harder.

You throw your head back against the bed and push yourself down on her fingers. {[pc.cock =true] your cock throbs, hard and ignored, gushing pre that drips down its length and mixes with your [pc.girlcum] below.]

'Last chance. Either cum or fuck off. Cum,' Cecilia shouts, and you do. {[pc.cock =true] You cum hard, your cock, somehow contriving to point itself in Cecilia's direction, streams of [pc.cum] catching Cecilia in the face and the neck and splattering across her breasts. She spits, glaring daggers as you recover from your orgasm.} {merge} Your [pc.vagina] spasms, clenching Cecilia's fingers to its core, even as she tries to tug them free. Finally, she manages and she rises, leaving you to lie in your own fluids. {[pc.cock =true] 'You weren't satisfied with just breakfast, were you, Steele? You had to cover me in your disgusting semen too. Ugh.' She wipes a hand across her chest, coming away with strands of your cum sticking to her fingers. 'Get lost, Steele.' She forces you out the door and you barely have time to open your mouth, to point out your nakedness, before she slams it shut behind you. Great.

[Frank][Leave]}

Cecilia busies herself with a chest of drawers as you recover and by the time she returns to your side you think you're just about thinking clearly again.

'It's been fun, Steele,' Cecilia says, dumping a bundle by your side. You see a similar outfit to the one you came in with, before Cecilia distracts you with a peck on the lips. You see that she's blushing.

'Don't be a stranger,' she mumbles, and leaves you to dress.

Once presentable she waves you out the door and closes it with a click behind you.

[Frank][Leave]

NO

You shake your head, frantically, and pull away. Cecilia lets you go, and you think you catch disappointment flit across her eyes for a second before it's gone, replaced by apathy.

'I think I can deal with your mess on my own, Steele. No need for you to make any more mistakes. Perhaps my brother will find your carelessness endearing.'

Cecilia turns away, dismissing you.

[Frank][Leave]

LICK

You're not sure how Cecilia will take this idea of yours, but the sight of pale, naked skin, notwithstanding the porridge still oozing down her front, is irresistible.

Cecilia's mouth parts as you kneel at her feet, but the question dies on her lips as you lean forward to run your tongue from the tip of her toes to her ankle. You taste her skin; floral and scented, along with the hint of something vaguely metallic. The other liquid, you presume, that spilled over her shoulder and must have dried clear, as you can see no trace of it, even when you move back slightly to get a better look.

'Ugh.' She pulls her foot back. 'If I wanted a tongue bath I'd get a dog, Steele. You're not a dog, are you? [Yes][No] {[pc.race = ausar] [pc.ears = true] Though.' She looks at you, thoughtfully, taking in the [pc.ears] twitching atop your head. 'It seems you've tried very hard to become one. Very well.' She walks away and sets herself down on the edge of her bed. She lifts her foot in your direction and smirks. 'Continue.' [Lick][No]}

LICK

Her voice cuts across you as you move to stand. 'Crawl, Steele. You're a dog, no? Act like one.'

You obey and, making your way slowly towards her, you try and make eye contact. She meets your gaze with calm assurance.

'What exactly are you waiting for, Steele? Permission? You didn't seem to need that the first time you slobbered all over me.'

Her words are biting as you extend your tongue to lick up the arch of her foot, though you do derive a slight twinge of pleasure from the way her breath catches and toes curl. You lavish her toes with saliva filled sucking, before moving up her ankle and her calf. Her skin is cold beneath your tongue and the metallic tang seems to strengthen the more you worship the inside of her legs.

'Not that I'm not enjoying this, Steele,' Cecilia states from above you. 'But if you could hurry up and actually clean your mess up.'

Her eyes challenge you; blue and crisp and as icy as the skin you're licking.

You don't speed up at her words, but neither do you slow down. You tease up her thigh, planting a lingering, open mouthed kiss to her tight pussy lips, before doing the same to her clit, taking the time to swipe with your tongue and feel it engorge at your touch.

You leave it as a promise as she shakes beneath you, a hand reaching to grasp at your [pc.hair] and hold you in place. You've already moved on by the time she touches you, now running your tongue across her pelvis and then her stomach.

For the first time you can taste the creamy undertone of this mornings breakfast, mixing with that ever-present metallic tang. Then the first mouthful, a somewhat viscous substance, cooled by Cecilia's skin, tasting strongly of dates.

There isn't much left. Most of the porridge, you see, has dripped from her body and onto the floor, while the inner layer; that cooled quickly in contact with her body, has stuck. It doesn't take much to dislodge it, and every pass of your tongue leaves gleaming pale skin, as you move up past her firm stomach to firmer abdominals and then between her breasts, where you pause. Taking the time to pepper kisses over the soft flesh of her breasts and worship her nipples, one after the other, enjoying the way Cecilia has begun to writhe at your touch, her breaths coming in gasps.

You've got one hand down your own skirt {[pc.vagina =true] {[pc.cock =true] ignoring your [pc.cock] in favour of} fingering your [pc.vagina] thumb rubbing against your [pc.clit].} {[pc.vagina =false] [pc.cock =true] palming your [pc.cock] and rubbing it with long, slow strokes.}

You lap the last dregs of breakfast from Cecilia's chin and lean up to bring your mouths together. She kisses you desperately. Her tongue frantic against yours in what you believe to be a desire to regain control. Her movements, though unpredictable, are too erratic and you easily control the pace, pressing her down against the bed and forcing her to slow down. One last shove of her tongue and she subsides, allowing you to control the kiss; to nip at the sides of her mouth and at her upper lip, teasing her tongue out.

Eventually she pushes you away, breathless, and you retreat, running your mouth down her throat and then pausing to suck again at her stiffened nipples. You find that the strange metal taste is strongest here, as though Cecilia is somehow secreting the substance. It's difficult to tell as the taste mixes with your saliva.

A hand on your head forces you down and you find yourself facing Cecilia's dripping snatch. You cast a look up and see her watching you, annoyance crinkling her brow.

'It seems the dog has intentions above its station,' she says, somewhat breathlessly. 'Hands where I can see them,' she orders, eyeing the hand you have shoved down your skirt.

You whine.

'None of that now. Hands. Where I can see them.'

You obey, reluctantly pulling your hand away from your `{[pc.vagina =false] [pc.cock =true] [pc.cock.]` Your hand is dripping with your pre and Cecilia watches it distrustfully.

'Keep that stuff away from me, Steele.' You oblige, wiping the sticky substance off on your skirt. `{[pc.vagina =true] [pc.vagina]}` with a soft sucking sound. Cecilia smirks as she watches. `{merge}` 'Were you close, Steele?'

You had been. A few moments more and you'd probably have tipped yourself over the edge. You say nothing, though. You don't want her to know.

It seems she takes your silence for confirmation, if the widening grin is anything to go by. She grips you by your `[pc.hair]` and pulls you closer to her cunt.

'How very rude of you, Steele. Trying to come before your owner.' The hand in your `[pc.hair]` tightens. 'I think,' she husks. 'That you won't be cumming anytime today.'

You can't stop the instinctive shake of your head, though you wish you had.

'Yes,' Cecilia nods. 'Get to it, Steele, and remember. It's only about my pleasure.'

She laughs and pulls your face down against her.

Your first mouthful of her core comes with a mouthful of cold fluid. She tastes just as oddly metallic as the rest of her, but tarter. It almost burns against your tongue and throat going down. You wonder why you didn't notice how sharply she tasted last time you were down here, but then, she hadn't been quite as wet.

The hand in your hair guides your mouth over her outer lips and then drags you inwards as you push your tongue within her folds and give her a few languid licks. The hand on your head loosens as you feel her shudder, in time with several smaller pulses of metallic juices.

You take the opportunity to get at her clit, flicking it gently with your tongue, enjoying the spasms that make her clutch your head between her thighs.

You reach up to bring your fingers into the mix, but the moment you touch her a hand slaps yours away.

'No hands,' she gasps. 'You wanted to lick me like a dog, so lick.'

The cold is making your tongue numb and you can feel yourself slowing down. With a last burst of determination you focus your attention on her clit. Engorged and pulsing it twitches under your ministrations, while Cecilia herself has been reduced to occasional grunts and heavy breathing.

She finally tenses, her whole body tightening and then a wave of fluid drenches your front. You catch some of it in your mouth, swallowing reflexively, the familiar tang scorches ice-cold down your throat.

By the time you recover Cecilia is standing over you. Her eyes are slightly glazed and her blonde hair is mussed, strands falling out of its careful plait to tickle against her cheeks.

Her voice when she speaks is steady. 'Well, puppy dog.' She leans down to pat your cheek.

'That was fun.' She stretches. 'I'm going to have nap. Maybe my brother can find something for you to do.'

She waves you towards the door and settles herself on her bed. She sees your hesitation and her eyes harden. 'What are you waiting for, mutt. Get.'

[Leave][Frank]

YES

'I have no time for your fantasies, Steele. Look at you, on your knees, tongue lolling out. You look the part; I'll give you that. But it's a pale imitation. Though I'm sure that can be fixed, if you're truly desperate. Everything has a cure these days. I'm sure you can find some poor sap willing to turn you into a pet.'

Cecilia guides you, still kneeling, out of her room and shuts you out.

[Frank][Leave]

NO

No, you say, raising your head to meet her gaze. Ice blue meets (PC: eye colour) and you think you see something flicker behind her eyes; something artificial. It's gone in an instant and you realise you've been staring too long, if the furrowed brow and annoyance building in Cecilia's expression is anything to go on.

'Did I give you permission to speak, Steele?' she grits, almost sibilant.

[No]

NO

N—, you start.

'Out,' she shrieks, and she's on you in a flurry of pale flesh, surprisingly strong, pale fingers catching at your collar, pulling you up. She drags you to the door and pushes you out, slamming it with a bang behind you. You hear, muffled through the thick wood, 'Perhaps Brother will make something of you.'

[Frank][Leave]

FRANK

You pull your clothes back. {[cum production <moderate] It's not too bad, most of your cum has already dried or dripped onto the floor around you, leaving you without much discomfort.} {[cum production >moderate]} You wince as pulling up your skirt releases your cum, allowing it to slide down your legs and into your shoes. You can feel it congealing as it cools against your [pc.skin]. You're either going to have to bail, or see Frank as you are.

[Frank][Leave]

Frank

Outside Cecilia's room you survey the state of your {[pc.male =true] shirt.} {[pc.female =true] blouse.} {merge} It's not too bad. A little wet, but, as you brush the gloop out of the fabric and onto the floor, you feel that it's not unwearable.

[Frank]

FRANK

You dodge her hand and scarper, ignoring Cecilia's annoyed shout as you snatch your blouse off the floor and slip into the hallway.

[Frank][Leave]

Frank

You make your way in the direction of Frank's side of the house.

By the time you arrive at the opposite end of the floor and find yourself outside another intact door, you feel presentable. You knock. And wait. And wait.

The door gives under an experimental push and reveals a room dominated by a central table piled with a number of glass jars and beakers, and long metal tubes connecting pots of bubbling liquid together. Large, bulbous glass contraptions collect the steam and convey it to the other end of the table where you see a man.

His hair is black and slicked back, while the rest of his body is hidden within a white lab coat. You hear him muttering to himself as you approach, his voice reedy.

'No, no, no,' he mutters. 'That will not do. Not like that. Ah ... where are my experiments when I need them.'

He whirls to face you, as if sensing your presence. He is spectacled and wire-thin. Brown eyes hide under bushy brows and his mouth, which opens in surprise at the sight of you is filled with yellowed teeth.

'Who are you?' he bites. Then, 'No, I remember. [pc.name] Steele, our new hire. Come,' he beckons. 'Make yourself useful. I am in need of a volunteer. Come. Come.'

Frank steps away and then through a curtain at the back of the room.

[Follow][Leave]

Frank

You resolve to ask Frank for help and make your way hastily to where you believe his room to be. Like Cecilia's, you surmise that Frank's door is the only intact one in sight.

The door gives under an experimental push and reveals a room dominated by a central table piled with a number of glass jars and beakers, and long metal tubes connecting pots of bubbling liquid together. Large, bulbous glass contraptions collect the steam and convey it to the other end of the table where you see a man.

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'Who are you?' he bites. Then, 'No, I remember. [pc.name] Steele, our new hire.' He shakes his head. 'And why are you naked?'

You blush and he watches you, eyes a little wide before he shakes his head again.

'No matter. No matter. There's a uniform here somewhere.' He rummages through a pile of diagrams strewn across his desk. You catch a glimpse of an image of a human brain, carefully dissected by notes. Frank cuts in front of you proffering a uniform much like the one you had before. Quite why it was on this particular table eludes you, but you pull it on. Frank goes back to muttering to himself, this time inaudibly.

Once dressed Frank whirls on you. 'You have come at a most excellent time,' he chitters. 'Follow.'

He flits away, disappearing through a curtain at the end of the room.

[Follow][[Leave](#)]

Leave

One run in with Cecilia is enough for you. You have no desire for any more meetings in this house. Mind made up, steps purposeful, you make your way towards the exit. You don't notice the world fading around you, until everything goes black.

[Wake Up]

LEAVE

You have had enough of this. The looks Cecilia has been giving you are chilling and the house is beginning to give you the creeps.

Mind made up you've taken three steps before you find yourself falling, the ground giving way beneath your feet. You open your mouth to scream ...

[Wake Up]

Frank

You pick Frank's tray up and see Edgar nod as he hefts Cecilia's. You won't have to make a second trip, it seems.

Edgar shuffles out first and you follow, keeping pace to track him back to the entrance of the house and then up the central staircase. Edgar keeps to the left and, as you imitate, you can see why. The stairs to the right are cracked and hole strewn. You'd have likely put your foot through had you chosen that path.

The upper landing you find yourself on is almost open to the elements; all the windows to the left and right of you have been removed. You are glad that it is sun and not rain that greets you, though you can imagine the torture bad weather must bring.

Edgar points you to right and he goes left, leaving you to find your own way. Given Harold's description last night, you feel it shouldn't be too difficult.

From what you can see from the top of the stairs, most of the doorways visible are absent of doors and, as you pick your way past them – mindful of the fact the floor could collapse at any moment, if the staircase up is any indication of the general state of this place – you see dusty rooms full of covered furniture, moth-eaten curtains cast a flickering light and accentuate the shadows and it appears that everything is shifting, looming towards you out of the half-light.

Finally, after following the hallway round a sharp corner, you come to a door with a lock. You knock, balancing the tray precariously on your hip.

[Wait][Enter]

WAIT

You wait. Politeness keeping you outside until you are called.

And wait. After a few minutes you resolve yourself to impropriety.

[Enter]

ENTER

The door gives under an experimental push and reveals a room dominated by a central table piled with a number of glass jars and beakers, and long metal tubes connecting pots of bubbling liquid together. Large, bulbous glass contraptions collect the steam and convey it to the other end of the table where you see a man.

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He whirls to face you, as if sensing your presence. He is spectacled and wire-thin. Brown eyes hide under bushy brows and his mouth, which opens in surprise at the sight of you is filled with yellowed teeth.

'Who are you?' he bites. Then, 'No, I remember. [pc.name] Steele, our new hire. And breakfast. Good. Good. Food makes everything better.'

He pounces, the tray lifted from your grasp and placed in front of him, over the top of rolls of complicated diagrams. You catch a glimpse of a face, lines drawn all across its surface before the tray cuts into your vision.

The porridge is gone in blink, wolfed down in a display of scary flexibility as his jaw widens beyond human capabilities. The toast lasts just as long and then the orange juice is gone and the tray is being shoved back into your arms.

'Thank-you,' he squeaks. 'Good-bye.'

You stand there, a little shocked, momentarily at a loss.

He tilts his head as he observes you. 'Why are you still here? You're fired.'

[Leave][Why]

WHY

Wait. What? You try to express your confusion, Frank staring at you guilelessly throughout.

'You are confused. Why? You are a servant. You are here to fulfill our needs. If I do not need you, you need not be here.'

It seems simple enough. You even find yourself nodding along.

Then Frank shrieks. 'Yes. Yes, yes. Come, Steele. I have need of you.' He flits away and slips behind a curtain at the back of the room.

[Follow][[Leave](#)]

[Leave](#)

There is no way you are following that man anywhere. He seems utterly mad. Who knows what horrors he has in store.

You turn, stride out of this creepy lab and into darkness.

[Wake Up]

FOLLOW

You follow Frank behind the curtain into a room devoid of anything apart from a single chair and overhead light.

Frank is beside the chair, tinkering with what looks to be a series of dials and knobs. He looks up as you enter and waves you towards him.

'Come, Steele. Sit. Sit.'

[No][Sit]

NO

You say no, planting yourself at the entrance to the room.

'No?' Frank looks confused. 'Huh ... No one's ever actually said that before. Maybe people are getting smarter. No matter.' He grins, yellow teeth sharpening to points. 'I have prepared for this eventuality.'

[Fight]

SIT

You sit and can feel Frank behind you, still tapping away.

'Right then,' Frank says by your ear. 'Try not to scream.'

What? Then the pleasure hits you. It's not physical, though you can feel your body flush as your mind begins sending signals that you know are wrong, but there's little you can do. You are immobilized; hands gripping tightly to the chair you're sitting in.

You see Frank move in front of you, even as your vision blurs.

'It always shocks me,' he says, voice steady. 'How gullible people in your profession are. Still, rejoice, for you are about to become a superior being. Well, not you exactly. My creations cannot be corrupted by an impure mind such as yours. I'll have to fashion a new one. It isn't difficult. I've done it before. I'm sure you've met a couple of my less perfect creations.'

You think of Harold, and then Edgar.

'Yes,' he nods. Not my finest moments. 'Harold came out so subservient and Edgar ... Better not to think about Edgar.' He reaches out to caress your cheek. All your nerves are screaming and his touch shatters the last remaining protections your mind has thrown up against the ecstasy. 'Shh,' he whispers. 'You will be perfect.'

[Wake Up]

FIGHT

Frank faces you, hands reaching into the deep pockets of his lab coat. His eyes are wild, pupils slitted and the mouth he gnashes occasionally in your direction is filled with sharp, yellow teeth.

{[Attack 1] Range: He pulls a vial of yellow fluid from his pocket and tosses it in your direction. It bursts in mid-air – some kind of acid – and the glass shards are flung in your direction. (chance to blind. Minor damage)}

{[Attack 2] Melee: He pounces towards you and bites in a flurry of jagged teeth. (Normal damage)}

{[Attack 3] Range: 2turns Phase 1: Frank pulls a vial from his coat. He spits in it and shakes it. You see it begin to fizz.

Phase 2: The vial is almost overflowing. Bubbling, clear liquid spills over his fingers. He tosses it toward you and turns his back. (major damage. Can be interrupted.)

[hits shields] The concoction explodes against your shields and you can tell they've taken major damage.

[hits you] The concoction explodes when it hits the ground and the resulting wave of glass and liquid is impossible to dodge. It sears against your [pc.skinFurScales.] (Major damage)

[interrupted] You stun him and see the vial slip from his fingers. Frank screams with rage as it shatters at his feet and bursts, coating his feet in the liquid. Frank winces and you see steam rising from where he was hit. (minor self damage)}

{[Frank melee dodge] He steps aside at the last moment, letting your [pc.meleeWeapon] shave past. He giggles {[counter chance] and takes the opportunity to bite viciously at your exposed flank. {moderate damage. Crits shields}} {[otherwise] and jumps backwards, putting some distance between you.}

{[Frank range dodge] Frank steps to the side, coat billowing about him and taking the brunt of your attack. Your [pc.rangeWeapon] puts a hole right through and he screeches, gnashing his teeth at you impotently.}

{[Frank health <50%] Frank faces you, hands reaching into the deep pockets of his lab coat. His coat is in tatters. Sometimes, when he reaches into a pocket for one of his vials you see his hand come out the other side as he finds a hole rather than an attack. His eyes are wild, pupils slitted and the mouth he gnashes occasionally in your direction is filled with sharp, yellow teeth. He's getting desperate and seems more prone to charging at you. (physical attack more likely)}

WIN

{[pc.health <50%] You shudder. The wounds Frank has inflicted are not pretty. You resolve to stay away from chemicals for the future.} {[pc.health >50%] You straighten and stare at Frank where he lies at your feet.} {merge} You pick Frank up by the hair and manhandle him into the chair he wanted you to sit in. He blinks at you and tries to struggle.

'No. What are you doing? Stop. Please.'

[Questions][**Leave**][Perfection]

QUESTIONS

[Who][Why]

Why

You ask him why. {[asked Who] Why would he go so far? To offer up a life for the notes of a madman. Frank grins and his eyes catch yours. 'Steele. Surely you can feel it. I am a god. Life, the very essence of our entire being, literally in the palm of my hand. You ask 'Why?'. ' Frank shakes his head and looks at you, pity shining tearfully in his eyes. 'How could you not, Steele. You should too. Continue our glorious work.' His fingers catch at your wrist. 'Join us, Steele. Spread perfection to the stars.' [Agree][Perfection][Leave]} He giggles, then laughs, then rocks his head back, crashing it violently into the back of the chair. 'Why. Why. Why,' he repeats.

[Who][Perfection][Leave]

Agree

You clasp his hand and drag him up. Come, you say. We have a world to perfect.

[Wake Up]

WHO

You demand to know who he is. He shudders and shakes his head.

'Frank. Just Frank. I'm from the town just north of here.' He sobs. 'I was just checking the place out; exploring. Searching for valuables, you know. And,' he hiccoughs. 'And there were all these notes and diagrams and equipment.' He looks up at you, eyes crazed. 'You don't understand. You can't. How could anyone?'

His story, woven through the gibberish, is a simple one. He'd found this place, and the notes of a figure that signed only as P.

And Frank had been intoxicated. 'The power, Steele. You will never understand. I have truly brought new life into this world.'

Frank laughs long and shrill. 'Sacrifices are necessary Steele. Progress at any cost.'
You feel that asking why would give you little sense to go on, though it may be worth asking who he sacrificed.

[Why][Who]

WHO

You ask him how Harold and Edgar came to be. {[encountered Cecilia] As well as Cecilia.}
He stares at you, eyes vacant. 'A beggar, and a ruffian, poking their noses in where it was unwanted. They deserved what they got.

'And Cecilia.' He breathes deeply. 'The love of my life. But I was not the love of hers. She was so sweet, so kind, so loyal. I had to have her, you see. I had to.' He peters off, mind now elsewhere, a gentle smile gracing his lips.

You don't think he'll be saying anything else.

[Leave][Perfection]

Leave

You take one last look at Frank before you leave him gibbering in his chair.
You make it back through the curtain before the world dissolves and Frank's experiments ooze across the floor towards you, dragging you down.

[Wake Up]

PERFECTION

He deserves it, you think, as you find the switch embedded in the back of the chair and turn it on. Frank barely reacts. His eyes widen, pupils dilate. Then he keens long and low and falls silent.

You leave without a backwards glance. The world dissolves around you as everything goes white.

DEFEAT

Frank stands over you, {[Frank's hp <50% end fight] panting. 'You put up a good showing, Steele, but perfection is your destiny. [End]} {[Frank's hp >50% end fight] grinning. 'I don't know why you tried, Steele. You obviously wanted to lose. And who could blame you, with perfection as your destiny. [End]}

END

You are forced to sit and can feel Frank behind you, still tapping away.

'Right then,' Frank says by your ear. 'Try not to scream.'

What? Then the pleasure hits you. It's not physical, though you can feel your body flush as your mind begins sending signals that you know are wrong, but there's little you can do. You are immobilized; hands gripping tightly to the chair you're sitting in.

You see Frank move in front of you, even as your vision blurs.

'It always shocks me,' he says, voice steady. 'How confident people can be. You thought you could beat me, Steele. Me? Still, rejoice, for you are about to become a superior being. Well, not you exactly. My creations cannot be corrupted by an impure mind such as yours. I'll have to fashion a new one. It isn't difficult. I've done it before. I'm sure you've met a couple of my less perfect creations.'

You think of Harold, and then Edgar.

'Yes,' he nods. Not my finest moments. 'Harold came out so subservient and Edgar ... Better not to think about Edgar.' He reaches out to caress your cheek. All your nerves are screaming and his touch shatters the last remaining protections your mind has thrown up against the ecstasy. 'Shh,' he whispers. 'You will be perfect.'

[Wake up]

WAKE UP

You wake violently. From snoozing to eyes snapping fully open. You think you see something out the corner of your eye. It's thin and shadowy and flits away into a dark corner

before you can get a good look. By the time you make your way over there – shining a light into the gloom – it's gone.

You settle back on the bed and pinch your throbbing forehead. Your head feels fuzzy, and jumbled. You've been dreaming, you think, but the details are fading. It takes one more painful pulse for you to give up. You can't remember, and it probably has something to do with the creature you caught a glimpse of. Then even that thought is gone. You feel refreshed. The best night's sleep you've had in while.

Wake Up

You wake cumming. {[pc.cock =true] Your [pc.cock] dribbling [pc.cumNoun] into a steadily growing pool.} {[pc.vagina =true] Your [pc.vagina] spasms.} {Merge} You can't quite recall the dream that has left you in this state. Every time you try, another wave of contentment rushes through you and you stop. It's not exactly sexual. Though the mess you're being left with most certainly is. Instead, as you press the side of your face hard against your pillow, riding out another wave, you feel almost comforted. It's addictive and you find yourself wanting to spend every waking moment like this; lost in a pleasurable haze. But it fades, the pulses farther and farther apart until you're left panting, lying in a pool of your own juices. You're going to need a shower.