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* I have openings for anyone who has character ideas with sex scenes included for the following section, make you request on the Forum Thread

** I have room on the roster to change, add, or improve the Opponent Roster. Anyone have a request or wants to contribute their character for a battle, make it known on the Forum Thread.

[Town Ruins]

You enter the ruined village cautiously. There are burnt-down houses, smashed-in doorways, ripped-off roofs... everything is covered with dust and grime. You explore for an hour, but you cannot find any sign of another living being, or anything of value. The occasional footprint from an imp or a goblin turns up in the dirt, but you don't see any of the creatures themselves. It looks like time and passing demons have stripped the place bare since it was originally abandoned. Finally, you give up and leave. You feel much easier when you're outside of the village.

[Revisit Introduction]

[If a character reaches level 25 or defeats Zetas]

You enter the ruined village cautiously, noticing fresh footprints on your way into the burned out ruins. You track the footprints through the labyrinth. Twists, turns, more in number; seeing more footprints coming from another entrance into the ruins, you keep your guard up. Who knows what's around the next corner? Leading yourself into a dead end with the tracks shifted as if something took flight, you appear to have lost the trail. Hearing muffled screaming coming from behind you pass the next block, and hide inside one of a burnt homes with the door half intact, on the lookout. Around the corner you see a band of Orcs in medium armor dragging by the greaves a vulpine-morph, who's unconsciously being dragged through the dirt like a prized animal from a successful hunt. The Orcs celebrate their capture, muttering amongst themselves.

Ambush Version

Unsheathing your [weaponName] you ready yourself for an opportune moment to ambush the Orc band. You happen to overhear them speak of a city they were heading to. "How much for this one?" one Orc asks the other, to which he replies, "500 gems". Bickering over the bounty price, you know they were fixing to sell the girl off to slavers, but you want to find out more about this city they kept chatting about. Carefully moving around, your [weaponName] drawn, you steel yourself for the right moment. The group stops at a crossing between buildings, this is your moment!

Releasing a heavy battle cry, you ambush the group.

The group is composed of roughly ten scarred, pale-skinned Orcs, mostly humanoid in shape with many and varied corruptions across the band. You see various medium armor, leather kilts, and cocks of different shapes and sizes. The group leader is taller than the rest, and much bulkier, too. The small group carries weapons ranging from war hammers and battle axes, unlike anything you've seen before. You see they are in perfect health.

[Needs battle scenes, enemy level, TF items]

The last Orc foot soldier falls to the ground, his body crippled by your finishing blow. You turn to face the others, and find a path of sheer carnage. You scoff at their defeat, sheathe your [weaponName], brush off the blood and dirt from your [armorName], and walk away from your victory.

Red Wiseman: Lust Scenes plus Bad Ending - Imprisonment at Cabal's Palace and Slave Pens (engage Slavery Questline) then Auction House for Bad Ending timeline (Must set # of days as Time Limit)

Like those whom you've defeated, you planted your foot firmly on the back of the Orc leader. You hold your [weaponName] under his chin. The leader is vulnerable, but defiant. He cackles while gargling from his internal bleeding. You press his chin against your [weaponName], making it uncomfortable for him to laugh. You interrogate him, making him give up the location of this city and their reasons for taking the vulpine girl. "She's part of a group that escaped from Suo'jure, a slave. The boss was willing to pay a nice price for her head. It's just through this passageway." You thank him nonchalantly while he passes out on the ground among the others.

Walking over to the vulpine girl, you check to see if she is injured. Her leather cuirass and pants took most of the damage from the dragging, but there are a few scraps on her face, and dirt covering her blonde fur. You turn her face to check her neck, then snap your fingers to wake her up.

The vulpine girl looks up at your face and screams. She kicks you in the jaw trying to get away until you grab her by the leg, drag her back down, and pin her to the ground. You inform her that you are saving her while she struggles to break free. After listening to you briefly, she pauses, and you repeat yourself. She sighs in relief. You ask her if she'll run if you let her go. She shakes her head. You slide off her and sit on the ground beside her, helping her sit up. She grits her teeth getting up, feeling up her rib cage. You ask if she's alright. "Yeah, they weren't treating me very well on the ride back here. I thought you were one of them." You shake your head telling her that you were in the area when they appeared, dragging her. "They were taking me back to that hell-hole to be made into a receptacle. I almost died getting out of there." You ask her what Suo'jure is. "It's a city of demons. A lot of the evil and foul creatures you see roaming on the surface are even worse down there."

You climb to your [feet] and grab the girl by the hand, lifting her up off the ground. Staggering slightly, she comments that her legs are asleep. In the few moments spent waiting for her to recuperate, you ask if she could show you where this entrance to the city is. She is reluctant at first, but walks over to the leader and rifles through his pockets to find a talisman with runes engraved into it. She hands it to you and strokes the talisman repeatedly until it glows brightly. A building wall collapses before you. A passageway is revealed!

"I wish I could help you but all that I can give you is information to a friend in the city that can help you. It's all I can do, and I know it's not going to make up for what you've done for me. He's an Orc as well, but a kind one. He lives near the city gates. His name is Bastian. I'm afraid I have to go, but good luck in your travels."

You wave goodbye to the injured vulpine and make your way through the passageway, following the

torch-lit stairwell down into the earth. Continuing down the path, you come to a gate guarded by two Giants wielding claymores and wearing light armor; the gate is infested with barbed vines that open up, burying their roots into the walls, allowing safe passage through the ingress. As you stop before the Giants, they look down on you and see you possess the talisman. They gesture you to proceed and the vine infested passageway opens up a path for you as the rune on the stolen talisman glows. Slowly walking through, the vines breezing against the wall, barely touching you, you feel that you're nearing the end of your destination. The vines give way to a clear view of the exit. Another path goes deeper into the earth followed by a cliff view of Suo'jure.

Your amazement at the underground city astounds you such that you nearly fall over the cliff, breaking off a chunk of rock, and sending it plummeting into a small ravine a mile down. Throwing yourself against the wall, you catch your breath from the anxiety attack. You carefully walk over to peer over the cliff, seeing where your path leads. Out in the distance you see a bridge zigzagging across an archipelago of cliffs, leading up to the city gates that branch out from your path through the tunnel ahead of you. Relieved to see that you can get through without dying, you stroll on through, still keeping your wits about you. You arrive on the archipelago and admire the scenery, approaching the gates of Sou'jure in awe of what awaits you.

Sneak Version

Going in to sneak behind them, you vanish into the buildings staying hidden until you overhear the group talk about a city. A city of vice, they boast, home of naught but the best warriors, cut-throats and busty vixens, one would comment. Intrigued by the conversation, you sneak up on one and follow closely behind to blend in with the band while staying out of their field of vision. Traveling through an old, rundown marketplace full of rotting food, the Orc group leader pauses, pulling out a talisman engraved with runes. Rubbing the talisman in his hand in the middle of the road crossings, a wall collapses before you, revealing a long stairway leading deep within the earth. Shocked to see an entrance in such a desolate place, you make your distance from them so that they go into the entrance without spotting you. The leader of the group throws the vulpine over his shoulders and carries her through the entrance, followed by his group. Soon after they go in, you quickly dash for the doorway before it has time to close on you. Nearly clipping your [feet], you sigh in relief. Still following the group further down, the torch holders light up the tunnels going down, giving you light to follow.

Losing sight of the group, you rush to catch up with them before they lose you. By the time you reach them, they are standing before a great cavern with two Giant guards on watch, wielding claymores and wearing light armor. The Orcs are sent on through the gate, a large barbed vine infested passageway that opens up, burying its roots into the walls. Impressed by the security, you time the group's exit and ready yourself to sprint for it and risk being scraped by a few barbed thorns, rather than wrestle with the Giants.

Just a few minutes through the gate, you see the exit and rush the gate.,

[if (spe == 80) The Giants see you coming towards them, and draw their weapons prepared for a fight. Little did they suspect, however, that you are more agile than them. The first Giant lunges for you, and

you slip through his blow to the ground, vaulting over the arm that tries to pull free his claymore from the ground. The second Giant kneels to catch you in his arms, blocking you from entering, but you zigzag to fake him out before diving underneath, and quickly popping up off the ground. Walls closing in, you already feel exhilarated by the rush and hurry for the exit, feeling the wall getting tighter. At the right moment you slip through the passageway with plenty of scratches and minor injuries, but alive nonetheless.]

[if (inte => 70) You walk up to the Giants and casually move past them without their raising a single eyebrow. Quickly walking through the passageway, you barely scrape through before you sprint the rest of the way through. After diving through the exit, you manage to get free of the vines.]
Feeling a cold chill for the cave breeze, you followed the path deeper into the hollowed earth. Following what seems like hours, you exit to a cliffside view of massive underground caverns and Sou'jure out in the distance.

Your amazement at the underground city astounds you such that you nearly fall over the cliff, breaking off a chunk of rock, and sending it plummeting into a small ravine a mile down. Throwing yourself against the wall, you catch your breath from the anxiety attack. You carefully walk over to peer over the cliff, seeing where your path leads. Out in the distance you see a bridge zigzagging across an archipelago of cliffs, leading up to the city gates that branch out from your path through the tunnel ahead of you. Relieved to see that you can get through without dying, you stroll on through, still keeping your wits about you. You arrive on the archipelago and admire the scenery, until you make a big enough sound to where it could be heard. It alerts the Orc in front of you that was part of the group you were following.

Shocked to see you, the Orc alerts the others and tips off the leader of the group, a tall bulky Orc with a very large war hammer on his shoulders. They unsheath their weapons preparing for a fight. The group is composed of roughly ten scarred, pale-skinned Orcs, mostly humanoid in shape with many and varied corruptions across the band. You see various medium armor, leather kilts, and cocks of different shapes and sizes. The group leader is taller than the rest, much bulkier too. The small group carries weapons ranging from war hammers and rapiers unlike anything you've seen before. You see they are in perfect health.

[Needs battle scenes, enemy level, TF items]

The last Orc foot soldier falls to the ground, his body crippled by your finishing blow. You turn to face the others, and find a path of sheer carnage. You scoff at their defeat, sheathe your [weaponName], brush off the blood and dirt from your [armorName], and walk away from your victory.

Like those whom you've defeated, your boot heel planted firmly on the back of the Orc leader. You hold your [weaponName] under his chin. The leader is vulnerable but defiant. Cackling while gargling from his internal bleeding, you press his chin against your [weaponName], making it uncomfortable for him to laugh. Without a word, you take [Gems] and leave as the Orc leader passes out.

Walking over to the vulpine girl, you check to see if she was injured. Her leather cuirass and pants took most of the damage from the dragging, but there are a few scraps on her face, and dirt covering her blonde

fur. You turn her face to check her neck, then snap your fingers to wake her up.

The vulpine girl looks up at your face and screams. She kicks you in the jaw trying to get away until you grab her by the hind leg, drag her back down, and pin her to the ground. You inform her that you are saving her while she struggles to break free. After hearing you briefly, she pauses, and you repeat yourself. She sighs in relief. You ask her if she'll run if you let her go. She shakes her head. You slide off her and sit on the ground beside her, helping her sit up. She grits her teeth getting up, feeling up her rib cage. You ask if she's alright. "Yeah, they weren't treating me very well on the ride back here. I thought you were one of them." You shake your head telling her you were in the area when they appeared dragging her. "They were taking me back to that hell hole to be made into a receptacle. I almost died getting out of there." You asked her what is The Nether. "It's a city of demons; a lot of the evil and foul creatures you see roaming on the surface are even worse down here."

You climb to your [feet] and grab the girl by the hand, lifting her up off the ground. Staggering slightly, she comments that her legs are asleep. You ask if she's alright to be able to walk out of here. She nods. "I'm fine; it's just a few scratches and bruises from the rough ride. Listen, I can't thank you enough for saving me. I wish I could give you something to help if you plan on going into Suo'Jure, but all I have to my name are the clothes I'm wearing." You tell her that anything helps. Pondering for a moment, she says "I have a friend, Bastian, who helped me escape the city. If anyone could help, it'd be him. You can find him near the gate. My name is Xana by the way." You tell her your name. "[PC] huh? You aren't from Mareth, are you? Well, I'm glad there are some chivalrous people out there worth having. I won't forget what you've done."

With a peck on the cheek, she dashes off through the tunnels, vanishing.

[Main Gates of Suo'Jure]

The surrounding area is covered in thick dirt and sand packed down by lots of foot traffic as a gust of wind weathers the stone wall, giving you fresh air and a clear view of the mountains. Smelling delicious food cooking, you follow the trail to an inn called "Gluttony's Inn". Across the street you see a Tattoo Parlor built entirely out of large bones and tattered leather.

[Leave City] [South]

[City Central]

Traveling further down, you enter a district where you notice a large ruined building with a Demonic/Minotaur head mounted on the entrance's mantle with runes engraved on the pillars. You notice the building itself looks more of a sanctuary, looking around the area you see a lively bar and all of its putrid glory. Drunkards staggering out of the tavern with a succubus around each arm, others standing around receiving oral from the prostitutes and drinking heavily. Goblins, Orcs, Succubi, Incubi, all matter of corrupted creatures you could encounter out in Mareth are here making merry and enjoying

themselves. Strolling around in the thick traffic, you catch sight of clothed mercenaries patrolling the area and keeping the delinquents under control. In the background you hear chanting from the local occultists during their midnight sacrament. A herald preaches the local news to all who would listen. Nothing interests you at the moment so you press on.

[Inn] [Temple] [South] [West] [East]

[Gluttony's Inn]

The three story inn piques your interest, and you step in the direction of the drunken stupor and drop dead gorgeous vixens being plowed over the railings of the outside patio. You open the door to the Inn and mosey on through. You are greeted by passing waiters and waitresses carrying trays across the room to serve to patrons sitting at the few tables watching the orgies taking place. To your right, prostitutes are lined up against the walls of the rotunda, displayed as passing patrons from outside do a bit of “window shopping”. The engorged, drunk patrons are surrounded by the Inn’s many waiters and waitresses, all of them stuffing themselves with food and drink. You can see the innkeeper making her rounds about the area, checking the customers and then returning to the bar section to refill drinks.

To your left are a set of stairs going to a sprawl pad room. You currently see:

- [Furry Orgy] (8:00am -12pm)

- [Anemone Tentacle Orgy] (1:00pm -6:00pm)

The massive orgy continues, turning you on a bit. You decide to turn your attention elsewhere. You scan the room looking for a place to sit down, and find a comfortable spot in the corner of the sprawl room just outside the orgy pit overlooking the crowd. A cozy ebony wooden table with coasters and a peg of three candlesticks lit, wax melting onto top of another, occupy the area before you. You pull up a matching ebony seat facing the orgy and relax. You listen to the orgy and the whimpering of sex starving patrons masturbating to the [Furry Showing] / or / [Anemone Showing]. The goblin mistress walks over to the sprawl room after catching the patrons whipping out their dicks, “Hey! Put your dicks away and use the dispensaries or join them,. If I see so much as one drop of cum on my clean floors, you’ll all be joining the stocks out back!”

The sprawl room patrons that were fapping quickly obey the mistress’s orders by stuffing their manhood into their respective loin cloths, pants, etc. Some take their happy asses out back through the hallway beside the bar. You wonder what the aforementioned “dispensaries” are. For [300 Gems] you could have your answer, or you could join the orgy for [400 Gems]. Both are guaranteed to remove any lust, cum build up, and fully heal in an hour.

[Default Entrance]

You look around and see that your spot has opened. You draw a happy grin on your face as you walk towards your table and plant your butt into the ebony seat. You listen to the orgy and the whimpering of sex starving patrons masturbating to the [Orc Showing] / or / [Anemone Showing].

[Orc Showing]

[Anemone Showing]

A large bits of slime and goo seeps through the floors of the Inn, the crowd begins to cheers as the time to shine for the event is about to arrive! Gluttony walks over to the lobby and stand proudly as she watched the goo and slime merge together to form around the gems sitting in the center of the lobby in a gold bowl. As the goo starts to take form into a large massive blue blob with six gems glow brilliantly which shines a dark purple tint through the slime. You watched as the crowd blows a wolf whistle at the “entertainment” rolling into the room in a cage. Two girls, one a fiery redhead catgirl, and the other, a lizian with dark brown scales, both wearing chain laced bodage suits. The Lizian and catgirl are on all fours as they look through their cages frightened by the Anemone blob that intimidates them with it’s gooey mass. Gluttony’s henchmen, two Orcs in assless leather chaps and an open vest, stand by the cages holding whips in their hands. “Alright boys, get them into place for the show. We don’t want our customers to go soft on me while the gettin’s good!” She announced. Her henchmen grabbed the slave girls and leashed them to the columns and locked the chains with padlocks. The two girls were sat on the throw pillows and the cum stained blankets, watching as the slime creature starts humming and moaning. The henchmen walked off and stood away at a great distance from the creature and guard the lobby, Gluttony reaches into the bottom of her corset and pulls out a odd looking talismen with runes engraved into it and a single gem placed inside it that shine in the presence of the anemone. “Feed upon them Glorf! Make momma some money!”

The gems inside the anemone turns purple to red with a maroon tint through the goo. As the talismen reacts to the creature, it stirs up it massive body. Building up to the ceiling of the lobby towering over the crowd, the goo becomes more solid taking on tentacle form with barbs on the shaves. The anemone lets off of delightful groan as its body slowly separates into two giant bodies, the two blobs bend and ripple facing each other before curving towards their prey.

[Watch Catgirl Rape]

The first blob towers over the catgirl trying desperately to get free from her chain and out of her shackles which yielded to no avail. The blob reaches for her, wrapping its barbed shaft tentacle around her ankle and slid her closer to it. She jumps at the chance to free herself from its grip only to have it backfire on her. As she goes to hit the blob with the chain attached to her ankle, the blob absorbs the chain and reels her into it. Resisting the chain, the catgirl digs into the pillows and blanket trying to reach the column to

escape the blob's mass reeling her end of the chain. Slipping off the cum stained pillow, she gets sucked into the blob the instant she falls on a pool of the slime. The blob slowly wraps around the girl and has her floating in its narcotic fluids, the aphrodisiac inside of its body is so potent, the catgirl flailing about inside of it slowly moves around and curls up into a ball fingering herself in her cunny. When a smile drew on her face and the anemone unsheathes a portion of her head and allows air to reach her fluid filled lungs. tongue dangling out of her mouth, gasping for air, saliva seeping out, the catgirl lets out a slight coo. The blob retracts some of its mass and forces out the girl's lower half separating her legs showing her cunny to the crowd. Upper half slowly coming out as the sweet drooling cunt permeates the room and her swelling C-cup breasts shine, the creature pushes out a tentacle out from underneath the catgirl with small bulbous bumps rubbing against her erected clit. Her feet and calves inside the blob and arms secured on either side of the blob, she accepts her fate.

[Watch Lizian Rape]

The crowd grow restless watching these girl flail about trying to escape, the Lizian is no different from the others. Watching the blob coming towards her, she uses her tail to strike at the blob, hissing at it reaching for the column, bits of the slime from the anemone flew across the room hitting the patrons as a well connected hit on the blob's flank. The lizian goes to throw her tail again at the recovering blob, she misses and the blob collapses on top of her as she retracts her movement into a sprawling pose. Collapsing on top of her, the Lizian falls to the ground, the blob absorbing her into its body.

Red Wiseman: To Be Continued Later

[Prostitutes]

You look over at the bar area and see a select few prostitutes that catch your eye. Over to the display slots in the windows, there are some appetizing pieces of eye candy that aren't too bad for your taste in women. You also have a choice out of the waiters and waitresses that have the sort of kinky touch you are a bit interested in.

[Solara, the Demibus] (5pm - 8pm) *initially* by: SpicyNinja

Looking over at the bar, you glance in the direction of a sexy number an attractive Demon-morph with soft olive skin, who gives you an eyeful from across the way. She runs a hand through her hornless pink hair and blows you a kiss. You make the choice of meeting the girl at the bar, lifting yourself out of the ebony seat and walking towards her with an eager smile on your face.

[pg]//First encounter

You feel a surge in your groin as you approach the pink haired daemonette. Considering all the other prostitutes in this inn, you ask the scantily clad girl what her price is.

[pg]She giggles as she looks you up and down with her violet eyes, *<i>"My price? I'm sure 700 gems is cheap for what you're getting.[if (libido > 50) " And I'm sure you'd like to let off a little steam."]"</i>* Part of you doubts the corrupted vixen can really be trusted, but you decide to get a better look at the girl as you consider her offer.

[pg]Her soft pink hair sits just past her shoulders, accentuating her round hornless face. Your gaze drifts down and you notice a bright purple amulet resting just above her succulent D-cup breasts. Her black bodysuit barely covers her bountiful cleavage as it clings to the more important parts of her body. Behind her back you notice a folded pair of bat-wings that could probably wrap around her if fully extended. Her black spaded tail is covered in pale purple "thorns", making it look almost rose like. Her plush, uncovered thighs lead down to thick demonic heels, painted the same shade of dark purple as her pedicured toes.

[pg] She gives you an impatient smirk before stepping closer, her lips less than an inch from your ear. *<i>"I think you're cute, but I can't wait all day for you to make up your mind.</i>* You feel one of her fingers reach inside your [armor] as she presses her soft breasts against your [fullChest]. Before you can stop her, the rest of her hand is already inside your [armor][if (hasCock = true) " tenderly stroking your [cock biggest] to full size"] [if (isHerm = true) " and"] [if (hasVagina = true) " lightly fingering your [cunt]"].

[pg]Her practiced foreplay easily forces a [if (femininity >= 51) "whorish"] [if (femininity < 51) "deep"] moan from your lips. For a moment, you're lost in her deep purple eyes as she kisses your lips. You begin to passionately return her kiss, but as you feel everyone's eyes glued to your passionate display, you

finally find the strength to push her away from you. Even if it's only to find a place more private.

[pg]The girl clearly looks disappointed as you break the kiss[if (hasVagina = true) ", but she perks up a little as she sucks your juices off of her fingers"]. *"Well [if (femininity >= 51) "beautiful"] [if (femininity < 51) "handsome"]? How long do you plan on leaving me waiting?"* Her eyes linger on the lower half of your [armor][if (hasCock = true) " and you realize the [cockHead] of your [cock biggest] is poking out, and you blush slightly as you fix your clothes"]

[pg]You tell the horny vixen that you'd prefer to do this without an audience. *"I didn't peg you for a shy one, but whatever."* Her tail waves seductively as she leads you to her room.

Paying your tab at the bar counter, the horny vixen grabs you by the hand and takes you upstairs. The two of you walk up to the third floor of the Inn, taking the room on the right hand side, three doors down the hallway. She unlocks the room with a set of jingling keys and after you walk in, she closes the door behind her locking you in with her. She leans up from against the door and slowly strolls up to you, pressing her large breasts against your [fullChest]. She caresses you between your [legs], as she asks for her fee. {700 Gems: Required} You take out half the gems to pay her fee in advance. She happily takes the gems out of your hand and stuffs them into a small pouch on her suit.

She pushes you to the bed softly, and your eyes are glued to her supple curves as she stands before you. She turns her back to you, her spiny tail waving behind her as she starts to unzip her suit. She gazes over her shoulder so that she can gauge your reaction. She slowly removes her suit, arousing the beast inside you. The discarded suit falls to the ground and her medium-length bat wings spread freely behind her, their sharp curves accentuating her luscious backside. You watch her eagerly as your crotch aches with anticipation. She turns to face you with her hand placed on her hip, tilting to the side to display her cleavage and black silk lingerie. Her half cast brasserie hugs her cupped breasts perfectly and her see-through panties are something to be desired. You can see why she would be considered a high priced “exclusive” call girl.

Her demonic heels tap the wooden floor as she sashays to you. She climbs onto the bed, shedding the rest of her clothes as she straddles your [hips]. She buries your [face] into her breasts and you can't help but latch onto them with your hands. Your fingers caress her supple breast and press the hard nipple in your right hand as you press your lips onto it. Your tongue wraps around her darkened breast making small circles on her soft tit flesh as you listen to the girl's half-hearted moans. She runs her fingers through your [hair] and pulls on it as she places her head against yours, breathing to the motion of your tentative motions. Your teeth give a decent squeeze on her nipples and you hear a sexy moan slip from her lips.

She slowly removes your [face] from her breasts and plants a firm kiss onto your lips. Your tongue meets hers and together they slither and massage each other. She gives you some deep throating action before focusing her passionate kisses lower and lower on your body. Eventually her lips are less than an inch away from your crotch, the heat of her breath warming you up for the main course. You can't help but notice the lust glazing over the daemonette's eyes as she slips her fingers into your [armor].

She firmly removes the lower section of your [armor], and you bite your lip as her warm breath washes over your [if (hasCock = true) "[cock biggest]"][if (hasCock = false) "[vagOrAss]"]. The vixen licks her lips as she rubs your [if (hasCock = true) "[cockHead]"][if (hasCock = false) "[vagOrAss]"]. <i>"[if (cocks > 1) "Mmm. I'm going to enjoy [eachCock]. "][if (isMale = true) "Now fuck me already."</i>"]if (hasCock = false) "To be honest, most of my clients would at least bring a nice cock to fuck me with. But don't worry honey, I have something special for you."</i> The horny daemonette grabs you by the shoulders and presses your back onto the bed. As she passionately kisses your lips, you feel the spaded tip of her tail press against your [vagOrAss]."]if (isHerm = true) "</i>The vixen looks up at you as she finds your vagina. <i>"Ooh what's this? I didn't know you had a nice [cunt] too. I can already tell you'll be one of my favorites.</i>" The horny daemonette smiles devilishly as her fingers gently caress all your genitals."]

Looking over your [cock] she brings her breasts up to your length, giving you a ravishing breast massage, her long tongue penetrating your urethra, her lips pressed onto your cockhead suckling the pre off of you. Her bust rubbing you raw, you place your hand on her crown and worked her mouth with your cock. She lays her hands on your thighs, pressing her lip mid way down your shaft stroking your urethra with her tongue. [Vagina present] she runs her thumb against your clitoris, spreading your lips and presses her tongue on your labia then penetrate inside your vaginal walls.

Feeling that you've wasted enough time on foreplay. Solara presses you back on the bed and starts removing your [nameArmor] and throwing them on the ground.

[Penetrate Vagina]

[Penetrate Ass]

[Tail Pegging]

[69]

[Penetrate Vagina]

[If (Cock=true)] she takes your manhood into her vagina, slowly working herself down to you, she begins stroking her clit with ease, lubing herself for the upcoming event. She lowers her tongue to her breasts and tenderly suckles upon it with joy. Her giggling shows she's enjoying herself. She grinds your pelvis and your shaft before lifting herself up. Her hands planted on your sides, she thrusts herself against your long cock. SHe increase her pace before settling down and grinds you again with more harder force as she starts to drip femcum on you. Your cock pops out of her and your cock drips with pre. Her grabs onto it then sucks the precum on your shaft and [if balls=true] suck on one of your nuts and lets it sit in her mouth before suckling on your other. [If vagina=true] She spots your vag was leaking femcum as well, she works herself to remove all the cum you had.

You switch positions where she is laying on the bed, her buttocks raised to you, her hands planted on the bed gripping the sheets, her tail raising above her arched back, she lowers her waist down to you until she's touch the base of your loins. Her tongue sticks out when you thrust into her hard, "You dirty, dirty [boy/girl]!" Her ass jiggles with every thrust against you, her breast flop in the air, her ecstasy was more

enjoyable to hear when the bed moves and she is writhing from you in her. You grab her legs and she wraps your at the waist with her legs around you, you lift her to your chest, her knees at your side, she works herself on your cock throwing her arms behind her. She plants kiss on your lips, you stare at the crystal around her neck as it glow brilliantly.

You grab her breast and thrust your hips upward taking her off the bed and shooting your load through her cervix and filling her womb with your seed. She pants heavily gritting her teeth cumming hard when you firmly tighten your vice like grip on her breasts. You let go of her, she slid down your chest and her face into the pillow, your spunk leaking from her nethers. She rolls to her side and bats a seductive expression, she wanted more.

[Penetrate Ass]

You move her onto the bed, she is laying on the bed, her buttocks raised to you, her hands planted on the bed gripping the sheets, her tail raising above her arched back, she lowers her waist down to you. You stroke your cock until it is nice and firm to thrust your length into her ass. You pull her waist to your loins until her anal ring is gripping your head, she continues to press your length further into her rectum, then fully. Her tongue flops out of her mouth and eye growing wider. Your reach around her , latching to her breast , pinching her nipples, her screeching and giggling when you press into her depths. Your strong firm pace made her jump, mouth is open with no words of expression coming out. She was in tune with your rhythm and beat your cock rubbing the inside of her wall. You lift her into your lap, her feet planted on the bed, you arms behind you, lifting her and your waist up. She held herself above you, your cock thrusting her ass with great speed and force, she screams before her leg strength was leaving her. She bounces on your hard cock, you can feel your balls boil up inside, your sperm is reaching its peak and you're at your climax. You lower Solara down on the bed, thrusting the last bit of your strength into her rectum, you face next to hers. You slow down just before you release your hot seed into her depths, she gasps eery passing seconds before you slide your semen lathered cock out of her tender ass with your spunk leaking out of her. You stroke your length once more to get the rest of you cum, the last bit shot her in the face before two more lands on her breasts.

[Tail Pegging]

[If PC (Male)(Cock=True) <i>"You're gonna love what's in store for you, lover boy!"</i> biting her bottom lip, she leans over you, rubbing your chest. [TBC]

[Schedules]

- **[Waiter] (6am- 12pm)** An eager satyr clops towards you in a steel hoop, leather laced bondage suit with quad studded piercings on his nipples, sporting trimmed mutton chops and combed back black hair. His ram like horns are polished with wax. He awaits your order. "Welcome to Gluttony's Inn, how may I be of service?"

// See: "Services"

- **[Waitress] (3pm-9pm)** An attractive cat girl in a skimpy maid's outfit, two tails waving behind her and perky cat ears hidden amongst her chestnut hair, comes to you with a note pad and quill in hand. "Can I take your order?"

// See: "Services"

- **[Gluttony] (10pm-12am)** Gluttony, the Innkeeper, strolls up to your table and takes the seat next you watching the room settle down and the patrons either going upstairs with their guests or leaving the Inn.

// See: "Services"

[Gluttony:]

You look over to the drinking section of the Inn to see a dark green goblin, pointed ears, and auburn cornrow dreadlocks. She's about four feet tall, with big E cup breasts, a curvy body, and hips that support her frame. She swings around the counter in her the corset and leather clad panties. She does seem to enjoy having quite a lot of ear piercings and her one nose stud. You see that her eyes are aquatic hazel when she sees you come in, "Have a seat, someone will be with you in a sec."

- [Talk]

You and Gluttony talk about the way she handles her Inn, and you ask about the guys and girls soliciting the patrons. "A businesswoman knows what her patrons like. I provide a service for anyone that comes in through those doors. Unlike the booty you find out there on the surface, down here we have certain luxuries others don't." You point out the girls dressed up as maids, harlequins, dominatrix, and the men adorned with bondage suits, banana hammocks, and slave clothing. "People get off on the exhibitions, voyeurism, and role-playing fetishes. Certainly the rapists, doms, and cut throats that do things they do to get off but we're more professional about our business. Come to me and I'll give you a room, food, drink, a nice hot guy or girl of your choice, and fuck them any way you see fit. Either way, they get paid and anything they make comes to me."

- [Services]

You ask what kind of services she offers. "What you see is what you get, and I got everything. Out back I have five pieces of hole and cock, for 300 Gems. The orgy you see before you is 400. Everyone out there is a slave or a paying customer who pays for the pleasure of open sex. You join in, rules are you fuck whoever is there no holds barred, so long as you pay me in advance. If you pick a guy or a girl, you pay them half now, half later and you can have the room for the entire day. The cost for the pleasure of their company is 500 Gems." You inquire about the drinks she has available. "Mead, ale, wine and absinthe. The absinthe is for the satyr crowd so you might wanna skip that if you don't wanna end up as one."

- [Drinks]

//Add some text-y stuff here at some point.

[Beer]

“A beer eh? What would you like? The lights are [X Gems] gems and the strong is [X Gems].”

- [Light]

“Not feeling up to the strong stuff today hmm? Alright that’ll be [X] gems.” You hand over your gems to your server and [they] walks over to the bar and pours you out a glass of light beer. [They] swiftly returns to your table and places your beverage on the table. “Here you are. Enjoy!”

You tentatively take a sip and watch the bar-goers go about their business while enjoying your drink. However, the drink doesn’t last as long as you like and the glass quickly empties. Sighing in disappointment and feeling a bit tipsy, you attempt to rise out of your seat and prepare to continue on your way.

[Start a Tab] [Pay X Gems]

//Player Returns to Camp

//Change PC’s Stats **TBD**

- [Strong]

“Feeling up to the strong stuff today hmm? Alright that’ll be [X] gems.” You quickly hand over your gems to your server and [they] walk over to the bar and pours you out a glass off strong ale. [They] swiftly returns to your table and places your beverage on the table. “Here you are. Enjoy!”

You tentatively take a sip and watch the bar-goers go about their business while enjoying your drink. The drink is very rich in flavor, you can taste the hops brewed into your beer. Over the period of your stay, your beer is reduced to the bottom gradually. Sighing in disappointment and feeling more than a bit tipsy you attempt to rise out of your seat and prepare to continue on your way.

[Start a Tab] [Pay X Gems]

//Player Returns to Camp

//Change PC’s Stats **TBD**

[Mead]

You decide to play it safe, so a bit of the mead will tie you over. “Alrighty, I’ll only be gone for a few minutes!” Your server goes over to the bar area and fetches you a cold frosty one, shoveling in ice and using the tap. You receive your fancy mead tankard and down the hatch! The sweetness of the perfumated beverage tickles your fancy. But you have to pay your tab before you can have another.

[Start a Tab] [Pay X Gems]

[Wine]

“I didn’t take you for the fruity type but whatever gets your rocks off. Red wine is [X] gems, White is [X Gems] and Aphrodisiac is [X Gems]. Which one would you like?”

-[Red]

“Be right back with your bottle” You wait for the server to come back with your drink, watching as the crowds enjoy themselves on their draft beers, liqueurs, and shots. You wonder about what kind of drink you’ll be tasting, but then look over to your table and notice that your bottle of Red Wine is sitting on ice and that you didn’t even see your server come over. You grab the vintage bottle, pop the cork and take a whiff before you take a sample. You swish the taste in your mouth then give it a good once over and take to a liking the bottle’s fine quality of aged grape and what seems to be ... lust draft? Regardless, you take the wine glass that is beside you and take a half glassful of the vintage wine in hand. You savor the taste and imbibe it. An excellent bottle of Red Wine. You regretfully let the last sliver of a drop touch your tender lips.

[Start a Tab] [Pay X Gems]

- [White]

“Be right back with your bottle” You wait for the server to come back with your drink, watching as the crowds enjoy themselves on their draft beers, liqueurs, and shots. You wonder about what kind of drink you’ll be tasting, but then look over to your table and notice that your bottle of Chardonnay Wine is sitting on ice and that you didn’t even see your server come over. You grab the vintage bottle, pop the cork and take a whiff before you take a sample. You swish the taste in your mouth then give it a good once over and take to a liking the bottle’s fine quality of aged grape and what seems to be ... lust draft? Regardless, you take the wine glass that is beside you and take a half glassful of the vintage wine in hand. You savor the taste and imbibe it. An excellent bottle of White Wine. You regretfully let the last sliver of a drop touch your tender lips.

[Start a Tab] [Pay X Gems]

[Aphrodisiac]

“Oh, adventurous are we? Some others might shy away but satyrs really enjoy this stuff.

[if player is (satyr): But you probably already know that since you are one, huh?]

It’s quite potent, so be careful not to drink yourself into a stupor! Alright, that’ll be [X Gems]” You give them your gems to pay off the bill. [They] walks over to the bar and pours you out a glass of aphrodisiac wine. [They] swiftly returns to your table and places your beverage on the table. “Here you are. Enjoy!”

You tentatively take a sip and watch the bar-goers go about their business while enjoying your drink.

However, the drink doesn't last as long as you like and the glass quickly empties. Sighing in disappointment and feeling a bit tipsy, you attempt to rise out of your seat and prepare to continue on your way.

//Player Returns to Camp

//Change PC's Stats **TBD**

[Specials]

"Oh, you'd like to see our special selections? I'm afraid we only have one at the moment and it's quite potent and dangerous for someone that's not interested in turning into a satyr. You drink this, and any number of things can happen."

- [Satyr's Absinthe]

"Heh, I knew you'd want some of this! I should warn you that it's quite potent in more ways than just the one. It'll knock you out on your ass! You sure you want to buy some? It's [X] gems."

[Yes]

.

You nod in confirmation that, yes you would like to buy some of this strange drink. "Alright, let me just go get a bottle out of the back. Wait here." [They] strolls off into the back and you hear [them] rummaging around seeming to try and locate where the bottles of absinthe are. Suddenly the sounds stop and you hear: "Ahah! There you are! You little sneaky bastards- no wonder I can never seem to find you when the damn room's a bloody mess!" [They] returns from the back room holding a green bottle that seems to glow faintly. "Here you are, that'll be [X] gems." You quickly hand over your payment to [them] and put the Satyr's Absinthe away [Store into Inventory]

//PC return to camp.

[No]

You assure them you're not interested in buying- just curious. " Alright then, anything else I can get you?"

[Satyr's Absinthe Effects]

Drake-note: I'll be listing my idea's here. Also, I'm going to color my notes a lighter blue color blended in to well. My basic idea is to have the PC drink it pass out and wake up an hour later ? And discover they've changed in a 'somethings wrong' way. I'd also like to limit the TF's to 1 per bottle maybe 2 if PC has Alch History perk.

Anyways, To the TF effects tid-bits

Gluttony's Inn Use Start:

Popping the cork on the bottle of ‘Satyr’s Absinthe’, you call over a waiter/waitress (see Schedules) and asked them to bring over a steel cap filter and a set of sugar cube. You rest back into your seat until they return with a small steel cup filter that is usually made for herbal teas, and they set the tray of sugar cubes next to you. “Enjoy” they said with a mischievous grin. You take the Absinthe and pop the cork, you lick the cork getting a refreshing buzz and sweet taste of pure grain alcohol and a sour apple taste. You take the glass at your side then put the filter on the rim, you remove a sugar cube and set the number of cubes into it then reach over for the candles to light the sugar cubes until they were nice and hot. You pour the Absinthe over the smoldering hot sugar and watch as the glass fills up with a bright green glow until all the sugar is inside the glass. You wet your lips as the absinthe take your senses, you were very eager to take a sip of this infamous drink. A single swig, gasping as it burns a fiery trail into your belly. It's rich and sweet, damn, it's strong stuff, they definitely weren't lying when they warned you of it's strength! You suddenly begin to feel woozy and struggle to stay awake but, It's a losing battle and you quickly slump down against your seat feeling the effect of the absinthe boil inside your belly. You burp up the sweet tender elixir, much better coming up.

//Advance Time 1 Hour

[General Use Outside of Gluttony's]

You pop the cork of the absinthe bottle, thought the light green color is faint, you still feel the kick of its pure grain smell. It was captivating, you couldn't resist the temptation of the drink, it is a damn shame there isn't any sugar cubes or a lit candle next to you to cook the drink. You guess it still tastes the same either way. You take a sip of the elixir allowing the taste to settle with you first before filling your pie hole with more than one gulp, this stuff would probably kill you if you weren't careful. It's rich and sweet, damn, it's strong stuff, they definitely weren't lying when they warned you of it's strength! You suddenly begin to feel woozy and struggle to stay awake but, It's a losing battle and you quickly slump down against your seat feeling the effect of the absinthe boil inside your belly. You burp up the sweet tender elixir, much better coming up.

(it won't kill you in real life but will burn your brain cells because it is 89% pure grain = to Moonshine. Also, there isn't a Bad Ending for drinking too much)

Waking Up:

You don't remember you going to sleep, you don't know where the hell you are, you just remember a faint picture of your eyes dimming down to a faint sight of the last place you were. You feel your heart still pulsing at a faster pace, you eye brighten up and you've notice that some of your pain was gone. Though you do feel slightly bit off, like something on you is different.

//Input Location Description.

Horns:

[if player doesn't have horns output]

Something feels wrong. Your head feels... heavier than usual. Maybe it's just the aftereffects of the

absinthe. Reaching up to rub at your forehead to try and alleviate some of your discomfort, you discover that you now have goat-horns protruding from your forehead curling backwards over your head! This is going to take some getting used to.

//PC Gains 'Ram' Attack

[if player has horns output]

You have a grown a new threshold, your horns grew and spiral into circular rims that resemble a ram's horns. Your horns sprout from the crown of your forehead, growing to the back of your skull cap extending over your [ears] then curve at an angle to where they grow into a spiral ending with sharp tips.

Ears:

A weird tingling runs through your scalp as your [hair] shifts slightly. You reach up to touch and bump your new pointed elfin ears. You bet they look cute!

//Will write later feel free to write this if you want for now filler scene may just end up using this. P.S they are elven ears for those who forget.

Eyes:

Your eyes are sore for some reason possibly, a remnant of your hangover? After getting up you begin to move over to the river to wash your face, When you notice a difference in your eyes but, wait they are not your eyes! Or at least not how you knew them their replacements look very similar to the eyes of goats! Definitely an odd way to wake up.

Drake-note: This seems silly to me help?

RedWiseman: I don't see what is there to improve other than describing what the goat eyes look like. I wouldn't know, I don't stare at goats. Perv

Goatee:

When you go to rub your eyes, you slide your hand down your face to whip off the junk in your eyes and the sweat from the heat of the drink's effects on you. You work your way down to your mouth and felt a short bushy stubble on under your nose, the feel around the corners of your mouth then to your chin then pulled the length of your new goatee!

// Maybe this will finally convince Fen to add beards. Likely a male only TF. Not really needed just a fun TF I want added.

RedWiseman: Hey, you've requested it and took the time to write it.I just took a step forward, thank yourself.

Tail:

After waking up you suddenly feel something furry brushing against your lower back just above your

[butt].

[if player tail 1,2,4,8,10,12,15 add] It somehow feels different than your regular furry tail. Weird.

[if player tail 3,7,9,11 add] Wait... why would you have something furry above your [butt]. That's where your tail is right...?

[if player tail 5,6 add] Wait... why would you have something furry above your [butt]. That's where your abdomen is right...?

Quickly twisting around to try and locate what is causing this, you notice a tail not unlike that of a goat flitting above your ass-cheeks.

[if player tail 0 add] Wait... a tail? //Might add this for tails 5 and 6

Well this is going to be interesting.

Hooves:

You notice that you feel a bit smaller/larger. You look down to find that your legs have formed into hairy, hind legs, and your feet have morphed into hooves. [code needed]

//Need some help here.

Drake-note: Anything else I should add? Furry elbows? Hairy chest? (I've seen the previous two frequently in drawings) Goat eyes? I really don't want to add this one. I find them creepy but, if people want it I'll write it.

RedWiseman: Let's keep this to just the lower portions and the head features. Chest hair is along the lines of pubic hair which is not approved.

Drake-note: Suggestions again, listing ideas. Any other comments on what I suggested? ex; Eyes, etc. If you have any ideas add em' on here.

RedWiseman: Already added them - continue

Other effects:

Stat Changes: TBD //Lower Int Raise Lust,Lib,Speed Any others it should affect?

RedWiseman: Perhaps we should lower the tallness of the PC, increase speed by 5, and have perhaps an aura perk like kelt, marble, and ceraph?

Drake-note: Perk for a TF nope. I can already see people complaining that satyrs get their own special perk and I want one too! And for the height and speed stuff what are we copying the mouse cocoa effects now? Speed alone is fine. I don't get your reason why it should make the PC shorter could you clarify?

RedWiseman: Like Goblin Ale, the effect will show on the PC and convert them to what the standard Satyr would be like. Speed is reduced because its Absinthe, a hardcore alcoholic beverage. Lust because of the aphrodisiac of the alcohol. We just need to make it more than just one effect on the PC.

Drake-Note: Hold on the first comment said to increase speed and lower tallness I was asking for a clarification on why it made the PC shorter. Also, I'm being *really* lazy about writing up the TF effects I really need to get on that at some point.

RedWiseman: Hind legs takes a bit of you height and i normally see short satyrs in the artwork that i've seen, the only other description of a satyr like beings are minotaurs and Lucifer descriptions. If we're describing satyrs in height we'll be borderlining on minotaur descriptions.

[Satyr's Absinthe Appearance Effects]

The Absinthe comes inside a large hourglass shaped bottle with a label of a Satyr on it in black and gold sticker for brand recognition. Inside the bottle is a glowing light green liquor that swishes around with a smooth flow like a thick film of water. The smell of the liquor has the resemblance of sour apples, salts, and burning sensation of pure grain alcohol. [b] Best served with cooked sugar cubes[/b]

Needed:

Eyes:

Your eyes are surprisingly goat-like with oddly shaped rectangular pupils.

Drake-Note: Feels lacking need input and yes, I'm needy and a perfectionist.

Horns:

A pair of curling goat horns grow from the sides of your head, curling backwards and adding to your imposing visage.

Drake-Note: Would like input also, lazy copy-pasta.

Goatee:

You felt a short bushy stubble on under your nose, the feel around the corners of your mouth then to your chin, you have a 1 inch long goatee!

Tail:

A short, goat-like tail sprouts just above your [butt], flitting constantly whenever you don't think about it.

Drake-Note: Lazy copy-pasta. Again.

RedWiseman: I'll get on them, I'm still writing up the Tower.

[Fuck Her] - You asked how much it's going to cost for [b]her[/b] service. Enticed by the idea, she rubs your inner thigh, arm on the table, and leans forward with apt anticipation. "That depends if you got the money or" she scans your boson [check forBreasts=True; Lactation], your crotch [check for balls and cock =True] and looks up at you. [requires 1000 Gems] or [Gluttony's Likeness to 50%]

[Leave] - Gluttony gives you a wink before slapping you on the lap and goes back to work. You decide it was time you left to return back to camp.

//PC proceeds to exit the Inn

[Likeness Rating: 0-100% - The PC is able to raise the likeness meter by purchasing the many goods and services from Gluttony's Inn and interacting with her. Other options with open up when talking with Gluttony at opportune moments when she is not at work: *see "Schedules"*.

[Dispensaries]

You rise from your seat to locate the "dispensaries". You follow the signs from the main lobby of the Inn down the hallway and keep to the left until you come to the basement. Inside the basement is a large section of rooms, from which you hear loud grunts, screams and thuds as you pass by the doors. The slots have slides labeled either "Occupied" or "Vacant" on the top of the mantle frame. Looking through some of the selections, you are conflicted on deciding which one you want to choose. [If PC Lust is 90: You are on the verge of cumming in your (nameArmor)! You have to make a decision.]

- [Orc]

You open up the door labeled “Orc”. Inside are two slots with genders marked on either one of them. You are in the mood for something firm, vulnerable, and tight. You can go for some tight Orc pussy and get to laying down a bit of your energy on them. Or you can settle for some cock and ball play and get a bit of cum, maybe even getting your [cock/ pussy] a good blow job.

[Male] - Opening up the door to the Male, you are greeted by a full grown orc chained to a wall with his legs spread apart and his arms locked in shackles. His 15 inch cock dangles, ready to be used, and his grey skin is darker in the light, with his face ridden with scars; he seems to have been so exhausted by the last customer that he fell asleep.

- Ass Penetrate

Looking at the Orc with pleasant delight, his 15 inch length staring at you in the face. You decide to take his ass into account while eyeing at his manhood. Walking forward, the Orc looks at you with a scornful glare, “Don’t you even dare about fucking me!” [If PC is Male “Don’t even think about putting a dick up this ass! I’ll rip your dick off the minute I get so much as a glimpse of it.”] [If PC is Female “HA! And what’s a woman gonna do to me?”][If PC is Female and has Cock=True “You looked at him with a mischivious smile as you whip out your (cockDescript()) and the Orc looks at you with hesitation. “Oh great, me and my big mouth” saying under his breath. You retort with a comeback, “more like big asshole!”

You grab the Orc by the testicles and stroke his manhood getting him stiff and firm. The Orc growls at you nearly getting you with his bottom tusk as he lunges forward to get you in the face, dodging the attempt you spring forward to give the Orc a swift back slap of your (hand). [If PC has GooFlesh “You go to give the Orc a slap of your hand, the solid form of your hand extends to where it turns and morphs into a whip shaped tentacle which gives it the right amount of sting. The whipping of is flesh turns you on, maybe you can come back for a bit more ‘foreplay’ <unlocks Whipping Session>]The Orc flies back against the wall with a big mark on his face.Placing you hand firmly around his neck and stroking his member, you stick out your tongue to give him a nice flick of your tip at him as pre pops from his cockhead. You look at his backside but know that you can’t get to it without the key to his bottom shackles. Looking around, you see a shelf with a small box with a sign on top that reads: “feet restraints, use at your own risk!”. Damn, that’s convenient, you say to yourself.

Leaning below his throbbing manhood, you uncuff his shackles and free the pissed off Orc staring down at you. Fixing to give you a kick, his foot goes half way between you and the floor and slowly falls to the ground with a small spell rune keeping his foot planted to the ground. Looking at the rune you also see a circle he seems to be inside of, it seems he can’t escape even if he wanted to. [If corruption>30 “more fun for you!”] You grab the orc’s legs and hiked him up against the wall with your [cock=true] rubbing against his rectum and his cockhead still leaking pre from your tender [hands]. “This is centaur- gah!” you plunge your manhood into his rectal cavity giving your cockhead a truely firm grip as his anal ring squeezes tightly around the “+ cockHeadDescript() +”. His eyes narrow to small pupils dilated by your

penetration. You lean in closer to his ear, you whisper into his ear: “you feel that? I bet it feels good going inside you, huh, butt-slut?” You thrust deep into his greased up asshole feeling the turned on orc slide on your shaft, the tension loosens with each thrust inside his ass. He lets out a grunt before a sign with each contraction and release. [If PC is taller than 5 inches “Your firm grip on you hands is starting to slip, you toss up the Orc’s legs over your shoulders and move closer to fuck deeper into his manly ass. With your hands free, you grab the thickness of his ass, digging your nails into the flesh, nearing your climax.

Stepping up the pace, your thrustings seem to go faster and deeper than before. It is almost as if you gained a few more inches of blissful length for his ass to latch onto. Your eyes stare down at the bulge of the Orc’s stomach and realize his was cumming more than you are, his tongue flops out as you and he are in tune to the rhythm of the beat. Oh Marea! You’re cumming!

[If PC has Low Cum Production] “You feel a small portion of your overall strength flowing from you as a few short bursts of semen fills the Orc. Removing your shaft from his drooling cum filled ass, you drop the Orc who barely dangles off the end of his chains

[If PC has Average Cum Production] “Feel a surge of strength flowing to your manhood, feeling a great amount of energy leaving your manhood as ever bit flows into the ropes of semen filling in the colon of your pleasant faced friend. Removing your manhood from his ass, you feel satisfied but barely have enough strength to keep yourself up. Looking at your Orc friend, it seems he feels the same. You watch his cum lubed ass push out the flow of cum spilling out in a few drops beneath him, legs straightened as you lower yourself. “You bastard” The orc slowly drifts off into a comatose state.

[If PC has High Cum Production] “Oh gods, what the fuck!” Your manhood starting surging more and more of your semen into his rectal cavity, your throbbing manhood just doesn’t let up! You keep fucking your manwhore, his cock stiffens again and bucking in the air cumming for a second time as you fuck harder than before. The Cum you pushed into the Orc seeps out lubing much more of your length, you grind his ass with the base of your hilt. You still haven’t cummed yet, your mind goes into a blank as you near the last push. Orc groans and moans as his belly bulges up from your manhood filling his gut. Pumping your hot seed into his glowing red ass after gripping it so hard. [If PC has(Balls=True) “balls swell larger than before and hardens into stones as your cum churns and feed through your urethra into your butt-slut.”] You drop to the floor, your cock bobs between you before you land on the ground, your cock is covered in thick white semen that you can barely tell where it is in the pool of semen pouring out of your friend in front of you whose mind goes blank, tongue dangles, body twitching. Groans pour out of the Orc and his stomach is churning out the semen flow freely from his asshole.

- Your Blowjob

- His Blowjob

[Female] - opening up the door to the Female, you are greeted by an Orc woman with dark olive skin, her backside facing you, and her head and hands locked into a stock. Her legs are shackled to a bar in between her legs to keep them spread. The last customers did a good number on her. You see dark patches on her arms and sides. They clearly didn't treat her gently. So why should you?

- **Ass Penetrate**

- **Pussy Penetrate**

- **Blowjob**

- **[Goblin]**

You open up the door labeled "goblin". Inside are two slots with genders marked on either one of them. You are in the mood for something firm, vulnerable, and tight. You can go for some tight Goblin pussy and get to laying down a bit of your pent up energy on them. Or you can settle for some cock and ball play and get a bit of cum, maybe even getting your [cock/ pussy] a good blow job.

[Female] - You enter the Female room. What you see before you is a small stock with a short, plump, big breasted Goblin girl shaking her nice fat rump at you. Her sloppy, cum filled pussy oozes with the seed of many men. Her hands remain shackled while she stays secured at the waist in the stock, given how small she is.

- **Ass Penetrate**

- **Pussy Penetrate**

- **Blowjob**

- [Cat-Morph]

You are in the mood for something more “furry” and more suited for your taste. Out of all the rooms, you have two to select. You can go for some warm, cozy feline pussy and get to “vent” out a bit of your pent up energy on them. Or you can settle for some cock and balls and get a bit of cum, maybe even getting your [cock/ pussy] a good blow job.

[Male] -

[Female] -

- [Wolf-Morph]

You are in the mood for something more “furry” and more suited for your taste. Out of all the rooms, you have two to select. You can go for some shaggy, heated wolf pussy and get to “vent” out a bit of your pent up energy on them, or in them. Or you can settle for some cock and balls and get a bit of cum, maybe even getting your[cock/ pussy] a good blow job

[Male] -

[Female] -

- [Flame Elemental]

You never actually thought about it when you heard about Elementals. You are a bit intimidated by the few you've seen strolling around the city. The sign that says, "Flame Elemental" is followed by the sign, "do at your own risk". Though you're having second thoughts about this, you push yourself to go in to at least look at them. You try to imagine what it'll be like to have sex with a man or woman on fire. The thought has crossed your mind, but first you need to decide what kind of slut you're going to do.

[Male] - You pick the Male, and peek inside the room, seeing a large frame elemental with a blue flame instead of the red, sitting in the corner without shackles or a stock on them. You walk in, and the man turns his charcoal mask around to you. You see a happy looking grin on his face. He crawl on his hands and knees towards you, and sits like a beggar. "Give me your cum, I'll suck whatever you've got!" The flame elemental sits there, his charcoal flesh missing bit on his backsides, chest and legs; his cock is a fiery serpent at half mast, burning on the ground unsheathed with no charcoal substance covering it. The gashes covered his mask, eyes are hollow with flames resonating behind them, you see the urgency behind his need for you. You feel you should oblige his request.

- Fellatio

- Ass Penetrate

[Female] - You aren't sure if you would try something that could potentially burn you, so you pick the Female. You open the door you see a petite frame flame elemental with a hot red aura leaning up against the wall, her legs spread apart, and her hands chained, though due to her grin, she seems to just be inclined to submission. "Give me your thick cum, I want you right here, right now!" She shakes her ass spreading her holes out in front of you. You glazed over her figure, you crave the smoldering charcoal flesh, the heated nethers between her legs writhing with her lustful lava, her plumes of steam resonates from her bust, her fiery hair whips in fury digging her hardened fingertips smelting the wall, burning with anticipation. Her face glued to your passion lit eyes just as she's in heat, aching to be used. She wants you, she NEEDS you.

- Pussy Penetrate

- Ass Penetrate

- Fellatio

[Temple of Cabal]

Opening the door into Cabal's Temple, you see an ominous figure standing before you, and hear chanting in a language you do not understand. Keeping your hand on the handle of your [weaponName], you walk ever steadily closer to the figure before you. Creeping closer to the figure, more shadowed figures appear from the darkness from all corners of the temple, continuing their chant as the runes around you appear to glow. Your [armorName] grows heavily as the room grows colder; you stop. The figure turns to face you. Beneath his cloak, he speaks in a hollow-toned voice, "Welcome to his home, child". The cloaked figure lets out raspy laughter, preparing to ravish you.

He is a moon pale incubus, black runes tattooing the entire left side of his face. Seeing no shirt or coverage beneath the collar of his scarlet robe, you can sense he is not wearing anything underneath as his large manhood bulges. His pendent stare pierces your heart as you feel an unwavering feeling beneath your armor. His cold but soft hand rubs against your face gently, feeling the warmth of your face. He smiles at you grimly, thinking impure thoughts of nothing more than ravaging your body. His grim smile shows his fang-like teeth, licking them clean. Out from the dark, another steps forth.

[if (str >= 50)(inte >= 75)(spe > 80) You draw your blade, holding your ground steadfastly. The occultist moved closer towards you, conjuring a spell. Runes appeared on you hands and feet, binding you to the ground where you stand, preventing you from moving. When the occultist came for you, you cleverly thought in your mind of being free. You imagined that your bindings were vanishing from your hands and feet. The runes disappeared, releasing you from your spell. Struck at awe by your strength, he draws an enchanted dagger. With a quick rush and swing with your [weaponName], the man tries to block the swings but ultimately loses his footing giving you the upper hand. With a swift leg sweep and heavy strike with the broad side of your weapon, the man falls beneath you disarmed and your [weaponName] held beneath his chin. Another occultist cried out, "Cease this infernal squabble! You there, what is your business in the Temple of Cabal?]

[if (str < 50) (inte < 30) The devious figure lays his hand upon your shoulder, instantly freezing you into place. Small runes appear around your hands and ankles, bound in place, preventing from moving. The figure walks around, stares you in the face, removes his hood, and reveals his visage. You feel the heat coming from this man's mouth standing at your side, slipping his tongue on the side of your face and burrowing deep into your ear canal just to get a taste of you. He removes your [weaponName] and [armorName] flings them off to the side without regard. Just before he can proceed to have you dragged out of the main chapel, another figure places his hand on his shoulder. Looking behind he releases his grip on you as the other stands in your plane of view, with you still under the spell holding you to the ground. He says, "It was unfortunate that you came to the sanctuary, newcomer. I hope you can forgive Farver for his behavior."]

When you hear the voice speak, you turn to the figure walking towards you from the altar chamber, wearing a gilded thread, sleeveless, black tunic with a scarlet sash securing at his waist. The man has his

knee-length black pants secured by gold bands, walking barefooted on the cobblestones of the altar. He has a dark complexion, obviously human, dark yellow eyes, with elfin ears with three hoop piercings on the lobes of each ear. His arms bear the same runes as the figure holding you hostage.

As the man in black approaches you from the steps of the altar, he releases you from your bounds. Throwing your mighty right hook to his face, the occultist falls to the ground. You hold your [weaponName] beneath his neck, and drive your foot into his chest. You look to your rescuer and thank him properly. Just as you fix to end the man lying on the ground, your rescuer stops you.

“Please, forgive his nascence. Farver knows his place amongst our guests who seek our guidance.” scolding the man. You ask for your rescuer’s name. With a bow of his head and an extended hand reaching to his left shoulder, he says “I am the Necromancer for our Order of Cabal, Nero” He kindly asks you to remove your foot and your [weaponName] from Farver. Complying to Nero’s request, you stow your weapon and gave a quick kick to Farver’s ribs for the welcoming. Nero smiles, offering a gesture of privacy, walking you towards the altar away from the enchanters.

You thank Nero for the chat. He thanks you for your undivided attention and rewards you with a seal with runes. He explains that this seal will protect you from an encounters with Farver or any other enchanter’s binding spell (not that you need it). He warns that the seal only works within the city’s walls. With a final farewell, you leave the Temple of Cabal.

[Nero]

[Rituals:]

Speaking of the rituals the occultists practice, you ask Nero what is it they say or more to the point, what do these rites do. “In our holy hour, we conjure our ancestral essence, the embodiment of our souls, through us we are born into existence. Holding these rituals, we praise the essence in all living entities: living and the dead. Our power is derived from the power flowing within us, by birthright. The Third Eye represents mind peering into the future; Phantom Limbs represent untold strength brought forth in our time of crisis; the souls of the deceased speak through us. We are merely shells to the Astral Plains” You ask what are these Astral Plains. “Imagine your world and Mareth; through the portal into this one, you are the soul traveling from your body of your world into Mareth. Mareth is the Astral Plains, it is where we congregate, it is what we are in our True form. In our world, we are the shells of the former. Here, within this temple, we gather the essence we all share and form the Convergence“. You scan the temple and its subtle tones of dark meaning shadow, noting the runes engraved into the cobblestones you turn to the enchanters gathering before a circle within the Altar chamber.

Nero smiles, gesturing to leave the Altar while the enchanters are moving towards the altar. Out of their way, you watch them perform a ritual. You watch and listen to them chant: “*anu me fortu masga fedelis grupta vesti whori um vas sas exitus moria ve ahve*” The circle of runes glows an eerie iridescent shine, the occultists collapse onto the ground around the runes. From their foreheads, the will-o-wisps of ghostly

essence formed, growing. The wisps converged into the center of the circle and thus the hexagram unicursal symbol at the center started to glow. The wisps formed ectoplasm solidifying on the ground piling more of the matter until something was forming from the ectoplasm. A hand emerged from the goo then an arm, shoulders, the crowning of a head, the faceless creature forming, was born. The shocked expression on your face was more than enough to see that this was frightening, Nero puts his dark hand on your shoulder. "This is where we Converge our congregation. We bring life where none existed. The embodiment of the soul takes on a new transformation as we pass through the Gate of Abalon, the point of death." Nero walks up to the creature, stirring it from its deep sleep as it curled into a ball before you.

He awakens the creature, breathing green flame into its mouth.. Life is given to the creature, and reanimated, it climbs to its feet. Supporting its weight, the creature stands upright at a large 7'5 height, the hulking figure is different, somehow, although it was alive, it was not 'alive'. Nero turns to you, allowing the ritual to continue. The ectoplasm disappears as the will-o-wisps return to the scattered, abandon robes, giving them life and form. The faces of the enchanters are caked in slime, like after sex. They continue chanting, a flame bursting from one hand, another shoots a beam of light into the being, others giving their enchantments to the being. The creature stirs to life, giving it a will of its own. Its body is forming into dust, then dirt, then clusters of earth and stone, the face is a combination of small pebbles forming a face that took the form of a golem earth man. Hulking at 7'5, a body compiled of rock, stone, compacted dirt, and concrete like hands, feet and a protruding mass made of marble dangled between its earth figure.

Nero extends his arms, opening himself and the group to you. With a nonchalant expression, "Who are we to deny people redemption? As my grandmaster before me once said, we shed our skins the moment our ashes are formed. Arise, we are renewed, both mind, body and soul. Cleanse the mind, purify the body, renew our souls, you too can be cleanse child of the other world. You too can be renewed, should you ever wish to seek out our congregation."

You thank Nero for the ... interesting event that transpired. With that, he shakes his head and thanks you for attending a ritual, commenting that not many get to see how Elementals are made.

[Cabal]

Although the temple is referred to as the Temple of Cabal, you ask Nero how is any of this related to Cabal, himself? Nero, glares off to the side then perks his eyes like a regal fixing to give a speech.

"There are legends pass down through the ages of my people that the Creator, a divine master of the Astral Plains, who forged the worlds with his hands and melted down earthly wealth to build his dynasty. His dynasty was made entirely of gems, gold, rock and flesh. He would create life in absolute nothingness, forming oceans with the sweat of his brow, the heat of his lust to bear fruit to the earth. For all intents and purposes, our God. When our great mages came to this world, half of our legends came true when *he* came.

Bringing with him armies of creatures carrying his marvel of a throne, we see the man sitting upon this throne. It was like staring into the face of God, he spoke to us like we were one of his own. Our power

shined in his eyes when we bestowed riches transformed from dirt to gold. This pleased him to no end. To think this man was our Creator was a grave error, he did not cast oceans, brew fires from volcanoes, nor bore fruit or breath life into lifelessness. He grew an empire of ravished slaves, built cities on the backs of slaves, conquered the innocent and made our people wealthy in all things. He was more than we thought he was ... he was better.”

“We’ve mastered the black arts in its entirety, to receive such praise for our efforts from our Creator, it was a blessing. But even then we questioned if he truly was our master or the imposter our grandmasters prophesied.” You ask if he thought Cabal was just an imitator trying to exploit them for his own personal gain. “The thought is reasonable enough to question his practices, but little does he care to show us to prove us wrong. After we’ve stopped giving him offering in his name, he demanded a city to hallmark himself and pave it in gold and gems. We refused, then his anger was an example of his might.” ‘What did he do?’ you asked. “For seventeen years of ravishing and endless torment, one we never foresaw. Our grandmasters remained while Cabal converted our faithful into his mindless slaves, they were torn apart by his manhood and turn them against us. He twisted the minds of the wicked, cast spells on our broken people and made them into the creatures you see roaming the city, he caused the earth to quake and crimson blanketed the skies until there was not one drop of rain, sleet or snow. “

Skeptical, you ask if there were witnesses to these testaments. Nero nods his head. “My grandmaster and I were there when we witnessed the last seasons in Mareth, our cathedrals and ritual sites were caved in, canyons were formed where our land was plentiful. Sadly, what is left of our people are those that you see before you of those years of broken dreams. Farver is one of our cases we’ve been trying to undo, his figure and tendencies were never like this. To fix the damage cause by Cabal, we could undo much of the corruption within this city, perhaps the world.” You are a bit saddened to hear a group being nearly wiped out like the way they did, which also begs the question: why still build a temple to someone like that?

“We pray to the Creator of the Earth, unlike like Marae who believes in she a pure goddess is nothing more than a plaything compared to the Creator. To forge a world, it takes much strength, love and fire. To unleash a rage that can wake the earth itself, command armies out of your foes, blacking out the skies, they were symbolic to our faith, made clear in our prophecies.”

Pulling out a very large tome, bring it to the podium, he opens the pages to the Sacrament of Creation, the Testament of the Sural, he reads the passage out to you: “The Wrath of the Creator shall invoke his vengeance upon unfaithful world he has created with the hearts and souls of the faithful. It is He who shall be the bringer of the Astral Plains to the worthy and rewards them with earthly riches that smooth the soul. Husks, ridden of the soul, remain hollow until the plains are opened to the beholder, He with his divinity, thrusts his might into the beyond to share with him, the eternal Whispers of the Void.”

The shine in Nero’s eyes grows brighter, walking over to the stained glass mural in the Alter chamber, he casts a spell on the window opening the stained glass with a void that allowing the two of you to see through the portal, out in the distant outside of the temple. Nero points to the deep hollows outside of the city walls. From the depths of the deeper hollows, you see walls of thorny vines surround the base of a massive tunnel. Inside the tunnels, hot pyrite and sparks flew, smoke rose clouding the ceilings, the smell

of sulfur burns your nose from where you are. You hear faint yelling from the city and sounds of whips cracking. Nero extends his hand to pull something out of his robe holding up sapphires, rubies, diamonds in his hands, he stares deeply into the gems and gold piled up in the palm of his hand. "... He who hears the whispers of the void are truly the faithful. Successors to the Creator's legacy, will remain whole, forever."

Nero turns to you dropping the gems into your hands [200 Gems] he then looks into your eyes deeply, revealing the dark red eyes of his. "My faith has rewarded me much, to forsake the gifts of the Creator and the Void is blasphemous, you will be vigilant when speaking against our great Cabal. The faithful do not take it lightly, neither should you. Go now, my child, the Great Cabal has an empire to rule and there is simply too much to do!"

You see fit to show yourself out after your discussion with Nero, still you made quite a bit of money from just being a rapt audience with a sympathetic ear. You wonder if there is an opportunity to make more money from working with the Cabalists. Only time will tell.

[Necromancy:]

You are curious about the Dark Arts surrounding the Necromantic practices of the Cabalists. Nero's face lights up with glee, "Oh you are interested in what we do here? Well then, please follow me and I'll show you to the rest of our temple". Nero shows you around the Altar Chamber, introducing you to the many wonders of the temple. The Altar Chamber with the circle in the middle, "We perform our ceremonies in this chamber during our holy hour. Our confessors and deacons perform the rites for our fellow initiates, while abbots and our grand confessor oversees the rituals for the summoning of our workers - the elementals." Excited about showing you to the other corridors, Nero takes you from the Altar past the fleet of the congregation seating to the west wing of the temple. Following the west wing, Nero escorts you to a stairway below, showing you to the halls of the basement. Below you see rooms of alchemists and other enchanters making imps and transforming various items into gold and silver. Slowly approaching each room, Nero peeks into the rooms observing the acolytes and alchemists perform their duties. "Welcome to our labs, our initiates go through a series of trials. Some of our following may be necromancers of either the mind, body, or soul. These young acolytes are followers of the mind." He closes the door behind him, interrupting your gaze, "let's leave them be"

You peek into the living quarters briefly to see a lavish setting with decent bedding for groups of the followers coming here to rest. Nero hangs back allowing your curiosity to wander the rooms, linen sheets, cotton stuffed pillows, lanterns lit the rooms, each person had their own dresser and bookshelves. "Everyone we recruit was either a follower of the cult, or an other-worlder ousted by the strange. Here they are transformed into spellcasters and scholars of the Dark Arts, we provide a home for the needy and hopeless and we train the willing. What more can one ask for?"

Returning upstairs, you find a seat in the comfortable congregation benches. Leather cushions on a dark wooden frame, many of the benches are made similarly, there is plenty of leg room and seating is large and strong enough to hold a small village of minotaurs. Nero sit comfortably beside you, with him giving

you details of the benefits of being a Cabalist. But to truly understand what being a Cabalist, you must attend one of their rituals and learn more of their practices. Being an outsider of the occultist order of Cabal, he wishes he could share more with you on their Necromantic practices, a very closely guarded practice. He offers to teach you more if you want to.

“You’ve seen the temple, met a few of our followers. Here are a few things to remember: not one follower operates outside the Order, those that do are infidels and should be treated as such. Members of the Order follow a lax guideline, how one proceeds to follow them is entirely up to them. It is up to the Grand Vizier, the Grandmaster of the Order to determine proper punishment for the severest crimes. Necromancy is a private practice and only those with our blessings are able to learn our ways. Initiates that become part of the Order participate in a the Rite of Passage where each member must sacrifice something of equal value to be given ‘the gift’. Once the rite begins, the Acolytes draw blood and picture their offerings in their minds clearly before they are sent into the Void.”

“Upon entering the Void, the Acolytes spend time in limbo until they are enlightened by the Astral Plains, their teachings will guide them out of the Void and their safe return back to this world is assured. Returns from the Void are a blessing, thus the initiate earn the right to become a Confessor, a preacher of the Astral Plains and follower of the Void. Confessors train and hone their powers until they are tested, thrusting themselves into combat against the best of our followers. Those with the best resolve are granted titles up to the rank of Deacon, Archdeacon, and Grand Confessor. No other has surpassed the title of Pontifex or Vicar, because those that have never return from the pilgrimage they must embark on to earn the right to be called Vizier and Grand Vizier. That is the last test and only followers of Cabal will ever know such a ceremony. Then finally, once all other tasks are completed, our brothers and sisters will become Grandmasters and the Hands of the Void!”

[Becoming an Occultist]

[Required Interactions: History, Rituals, Cabal]

Nero knew you were fixing to ask about their Necromancy practices, after speaking to him on a number of subjects and grew an interest in the Dark Arts, he was glad to see you have a keen interest in becoming a Cabalist, or at least interested in knowing more about it. Seeing as how you know enough about their origins, their beliefs, their purpose, and how they perform their rituals. You get to the heart of their practices - the ways to perform your own Rune Magic.

Nero reveals the many tattoos on his arms and legs, he delves into the practice of Necromancy a bit further on how is it they can manipulate souls and spiritual essence. “Unlike normal black magic you come across in Mareth, we have Runes on our bodies to shield us from harm of other enchanters. These runes have the power to gather the essence within us and glow when we’re at our peak. At the peak of our power, we are capable of summon the souls of the deceased, bind them to other objects, or resurrect them in a new body.” You refer to the creature you witness during the Rituals. “Exactly, that Elemental is the embodiment of souls gathered within the Median, vessels that carry the essences of the deceased, and casts that essence when performing the rite. Giving them new life in a new body. However, certain events

can transpire where our magic can not sustain the life of a soul to a temporary host body. Therefore, the body dies and the soul returns to its resting place. If the soul is transferred to the host body of another living entity, they become the extension of that host.”

You refer to the History of the Occult, particularly the enchanters who tried to escape the demon invasion by binding themselves to objects while remaining as spirits, known as Lich. “Correct, they may be the manifestation of the soul, but once their temporary host body is destroyed or the binding spell has worn off, the spirit must return to its resting place until it finds a willing host it can bind itself to.” Nero continues into the topic of what the rune on their bodies mean. “We are chosen to become the body of the order. When you become a member of a sect within the order, you take on the roles of that sect: Mind, Body, and Soul.”

You refer to the History of the Occult: the Masters of the Mind, manipulators that controls the minds of others, opens up their empathy, and able to gauge the presence of those under around them. Conjurers of the Body, summoning the vessels of earth, water and fire to use as they see fit. Soul Eaters, servants of the Astral Plains and the gaps between this world and the next. Nero’s joy of seeing you expressing what you’ve learned shined, he nods his head. “I am truly impressed by the commitment to our order. I wonder though, are you truly up for the task of becoming a member of our order?”

[Yes]

[Not Sure]

A disappointed expression on Nero’s face shows he had great interest in getting you into the order. You express you weren’t sure if you were ready to take on the initiation with all that you know. “I’d hate to lose another follower to uncertainty and doubt. But I wouldn’t be doing my duties as a grandmaster if I let one enter the order unsure of themselves.” He puts his hand on your shoulder. “When you are ready, my friend, please come find me, we can speak of this when the time comes.”

[South District]

With a lot of ground to cover you travel to the southern district, block of tenement buildings and smaller stone huts pass you by, even an alleyway where a minotaur is being blown by two goblin girls, a few denizens over look their second story balcony to see you while drinking their mead, or whatever they are drinking. Stopping at the end of the city, you spot two female Giants, carrying war hammers, bickering with each other. Past them you see what looks like a cemetery beyond the gate.

[Pauper’s Tenements]

From the outside, it looked as if it could hold 3 families in 500 rooms just on the first three floors alone. The steel frame door opens to the lobby of the tenements, modern architecture that more advanced that

your typical hostel and Inn. The lobby is a very spacious rotunda with a stairway on either side of the main counter, the floors are paved in concrete and marble as was most of the buildings like this one.

[Owner] [Explore Tenements]

[Brutus]

Before you is a black, gilded robed wolf-morph with shaggy, chestnut brown fur, reading a rolled out scroll and sat in a tilting chair with his hind legs propped on the marble counters. You approach the counter taking a closer look at the wolf-morph as a privileged resident of Suo'jure, your guess is he is the owner. The shaggy wolf-morph looks up at you then returns back to his scroll, "Yes, how can I help you?" in monotone voice.

- [Tenements]

You ask about the tenements and who owns them. The owner sets his scroll down and turns towards you with his legs down on the ground, hands together in a professional manner. "I'm the owner, Bruno, this is my tenement as are all the tenements in the city. If you're interested in getting a room, then the price is 900 gems a day. For 900 gems, buys you a queen size bed, one bathroom, decent lighting, counter space, a chair, small table, and a storage locker built into the wall" You can see why its called Pauper's tenements, he's robbing these people of their gems. "Unfortunately, if you want to own an apartment, we simply don't have the space for you. Guests are a first come, first serve basis and can only stay for a single night before some lucky bastard makes enough to get here before you. The rooms are fairly decent and we clean house every weekend, all of the laborers here are slaves and they get treated very well provided they clean the rooms spotless. So go nuts with whatever fun you bring here, it don't make a difference."

What are the rules of the tenements? "You fuck me, and you'll be inside the slave pens in the East District by day's end sold at an auction. Damage the goods and rooms, you pay the entire bill for the damages and repairs. Other than that, I couldn't care less what you do."

- [Rent]

You ask about renting out a room for the night. The owner sets his scroll on the counter, walks over to the postal slots and pulls out a set of room keys, he dangles the key in front of you. "900 Gems" the owner replied. That's outrageous! 900 a room for one night?! "Hey you don't like it, get the fuck out. I'm running a business here, not a charity."

- [NPCs]

//queue up list of NPCs in the tenements.

[Exploring Tenements]

Inside the small, cramped hallways of the tenements people crowd in your way loitering, flirting with the other vagrants. You walk through the trash-filled halls, passing sleeping vagrants, the local slavers with their slaves in tow, and the many other lowly scum of the city who call these walls home. People talk in the halls and even a few call girls are standing along the wall soliciting their services. Doors are opened to air out while you can see the tenants relaxing in their rooms. For an upbeat scale tenements, they sure let the place go. The once shiny red carpeting that your feet have the pleasure walking is stained, ripped up torn, and abused. Posters that were torn off or plastered in layers along the walls are partially covered in old white paint that chipped away by time.

[Second Floor] [Lobby]

At the end of the corridor, you turn into a stairway going up, you stick to the right side of the stair allowing the city watch rush down the stairs. Second floors wasn't much better though less people here than below. The hallways are marble paved and walls were still showing ripped off posters, carpet is trashed. Some people have some decency to close their doors except maybe a few who sat on their balconies overlooking the city walls. There was an old man standing in the hall, at the moment it looks as though he's shaking while slowly walking towards his room with a cane in hand.

[Talk to Old Man] [Third Floor] [Lobby]

[Talk to Old Man]

You carefully approached the old man, looking closer at him. He is a 5'4 goat-morph, dark greyish fur layering lightly his arms, hind legs, around his neck and fac. He hunches over his ebony wooden cane, dressed in purple robes and a white sash on his waistline; his face is rough and bony, skin sags around his eyes and cheeks, wrinkled. He has very thick bushy eyebrows that shade his eyes from you, a long goatee a foot long and a two side patch moustache with 5 inches long. His horns ram horns curled over his head, lips dry as bone, the occasional trembling in his manner.

He turns to you, shaking, then gives you a big smile. "Oh hello, I didn't see you there. Do you know where I am?" You told him he was on the second floor, he raises his cane and taps it don't in frustration, "Dang nabbit I this place is huge." his dried up lips opened then closed, he looks around the hallway then to you. "Can you take me to the third floor?"

- [Insult]

You don't want to help some crippled, blind old man looking for his place. You tell him to fuck off and figure it out himself. You take your business elsewhere.

/// PC Leaves

- [Rob]

[If PC (Corruption =>50)] You think to yourself, why don't you take the old to his place and loot it,

maybe that cane of his. You bet a lucky and rare cane like his could fetch a nice price. You agree to help him. You follow the corridor to the third floor stairway, he tells you which room he is staying in. He pulls out his room keys, his trembling causes him to drop them on the ground, "Oops, clumsy me." Stupid old man, you think. You grab the keys and unlock the door, helping him inside.

Once inside you note he is living in a palace! He's got a two apartment long suite all to himself. There are small statues displaying in glass cases, relics sit inside a trophy cabinet, his purple carpet is clean pressed, glided curtains with an odd ram design etched into it. You gawk at the second room, he's got weapons on a wall of every variation, even more than the ones you've seen, plus assorted wizard staffs. There is even a leather couch with an ebony oak coffee table sitting in the living room. The balcony window is open and you can see Cabal's Palace and all of the refineries, slave pens, and barracks littered to the west. You walk out on the balcony which also has patio furniture in white painted, basket-weaved chairs and a glass table with flowers in a vase. Who is this strange old man?!

The old man taps you on the shoulder, taking his keys from your hands while you stand in awe. "Thank you [sonny / honey], you can go now" The goat man slowly walks to the balcony. You tell him to freeze, "Who are you ... really?" He turns to you, eyebrows raised and you see the fiery orange eyes of his, "Try being more discreet about your intentions you simpleton. I can smell impurity a mile away with this old nose of mine. Don't try to play coy with me." "You kids today know nothing of virtue" he lets off a hard sigh, he taps his cane on the concrete floor of the balcony, "Have a seat [sonny / honey]"

An incubus in a butler's uniform appears with a silver tray of tea cups filled with green herbal tea. He carefully places the cups on either side, places a small steel strainer and pours the tea into it slowly, he turns to do yours. Setting the tea kettle on the table, the butler stands by the old man's side looking at you. The old man takes the small plate with his tea and takes the gentlest sip, letting off a soft sigh of comfort. The old man goes quiet then turns his head facing the city. "I know why you are here, I can sense the impurity within you. Do you intend to take me away, or harm me?" You shake your head, instead, you told him, you were planning to rob him. He lets off a half-hearted chuckle, "I see you don't care to hide your intent so I guess you were surprised by my lifestyle. Hmm?" Admittedly, you admire the suite and are quite taken by the assorted trophies he keeps. "Not all were used, some are just gifts from old soldiers, people I grew fond of. You can take whatever you can carry, earthly possessions do not sway me like they use to." You take a sip for your teacup, not a bad taste.

"I take it, you're also not from this this world. Of course you are, if you weren't then we wouldn't be having this discussion." You stopped drinking the tea, you examined the cup and noticed you had a strange reaction to it. "You noticed that your tea was drugged, don't worry, you won't be enslaved or harmed. We have a few questions for you." You curse the old man for his treachery, "Just like you tried to to me? Blah, your youth is wasted on you. You kids today and your foul language and disrespectful behavior." "He stands up with his cane and strolls inside the suite. "Javik, bring the [boy/girl] with us, we have much to discuss."

- [Help]

You didn't see the harm in helping out and old man to his room. You told him to follow you, taking the old man through the corridor, you helped him go up the stairs pausing for each step for him to catch his breath. On the third floor, the old man tells you his room was on the east side of the hallway, he pulls out his keys to the room then his trembling caused him to drop them. "Damn these old hands" the goat man said in a fit. You assured him you got them, picking them up and opening the door to his room.

Once inside you noticed he was living in a palace! He's got a two apartment long suite all to himself. There are small statues displaying in glass cases, relics sat inside a trophy cabinet, his purple carpet is clean pressed, glided curtains with an odd ram design etched into it. You gawk at the second room, he's got weapons on a wall from every variation even more than the ones you've seen plus assorted witch and warlock staffs. There even a leather couch with an ebony oak coffee table sitting in the living room. The balcony window was open and you can see Cabal's Palace and all of the refineries, slave pens, and barracks littered to the west. You walked out on the balcony which also has patio furniture in white painted, basket-weaved chairs and a glass table with flowers in a vase.

You placed the keys in the old man's hands, a curious expression drew on your face, "who are you?" The goat man gives you a half hearted chuckle before dry coughing. His smile was funny to you, you couldn't help but smile back. "Well, if you really want to know why don't you join me for a cup of herbal tea." He walks over to the balcony and pulls a dangling cord just above his head. You joined him on the balcony, he gestures you to sit.

An incubus in a butler's uniform appears with a silver tray of tea cups filled with green herbal tea. He carefully places the cups on either side, places a small steel strainer and pours the tea into it slowly, he turns to do yours. Setting the tea kettle on the table, the butler stands by the old man's side looking at you. The old man takes the small plate with his tea and takes the gentlest sip, letting off a soft sigh of comfort. The old man goes quiet then turns his head facing the city. "I don't get many guests up here" you take a sip from your cup, "I thank you for helping an old man, it is nice to see that some youth still have some manners." The silence between you was comforting, thought a thought did cross your mind as to why you like this tea. "You're probably one of the lucky few to ever meet someone like me, the elderly don't last very long amongst the youthful and spry young men and women. I can hear things from this balcony normal people don't; for instance, did you know there are over 5,000 children born into this city per week? It is miraculous what we've accomplished in the time we've spent on this earth."

This is really good tea! The butler comes over and refills your teacup, your drink more of it. "I lost much of my memory of the good old days when all this was just rabble and a hive of spiders. The people were all surface dwellers, people were civil and kind. It's a very rare quality to find such people. So much youth, so spry and strong. What separates us is not the things we do, it is what we achieve in doing the amount of hard work in the presence of a common goal."

You don't feel so good, what the fuck did he put into the tea? "You may not know who i am, but in a few minutes that won't matter. You're a someone of great interest to me and with that, you're more valuable to me than that pompous gargoyle sitting on my throne!" You were getting dizzy, vision blurred until the last memory you have is the butler coming over with chains.

[8 hours later]

[Old Man: Help/Insult Path]

You find yourself somewhere in an undisclosed location. Your breathing is heavy, your shackles are digging into your wrists, you try looking for a light or a wall or something you can brush up against. The room was pitch black and your eyes were covered. Two people grabbed you by the arms and lifted you up to a chair in the middle of the room that you were in. Someone beats in the back of your head with something resembling a blackjack, "Wake up!" they yelled, uncovered your blinds. Before you sat the old man, his butler and another fellow who was dressed in a slaver's uniform. The corners of the room lit up with the lights being directed into your face with shades on the lanterns. "Who sent you?" the old man spoke, you don't know what he's talking about. "I know it was you who went into that godforsaken temple. Are you Nero's [man/woman]? Speak up." the old man said in a calm manner. You told him you were just curious about the city, you were new here. "Come now, you don't expect me to believe you came all the way down here in this hell hole out of curiosity." The look in your eye says it, he paused. "No ... no you weren't lying. So what are you after? Money, power, women, men?" You didn't know what you want, except to get out of here. "Then you wouldn't mind telling me why ..." he tosses out a small talisman out on the table, "this was in your pocket!"

You glared at it and looked up at him, you didn't know what it was. "This is a Hunter's Talisman, we use these to track down our prey whenever we hunt. And only slavers carry one of these talismans." You recall that you took it off the orc that brought you to the city, you rescued a fox-woman by the name of Xana. "Xana? She's alive?!" The old man said, "Boys, release this [man / woman, immediately!]" They did as he commanded. you were free of your restraints. "Where is Xana now?" You told him she vanished as soon as you released her, she also told you to find Bastian, an orc.

"Then are you a slave sympathizer?" He asked.

You told him you didn't have an opinion about it, but you do feel that if you could do something about it, you might be persuaded to do something. The old man smiles then trembles slightly before giving you the talisman. "Then you are welcomed amongst the Vox Populi." The who? "The People, the liberators of this city. We work to strive for a better future here underground, we harbor the slaves and help them to freedom." From the looks of it, they didn't do a very good job of thinking out their plans. Mareth is the same up there as it is down here. You tell him of this fact. "Aw, but my friend, we don't want to go to the surface. This is our home" He extends his arms openly. "The Vox Populi strive for a future and to rebuild what was lost so many years ago. You see, I was the king of Sou'jure!" [Corruption => 47: You let off a small chuckle, he was a king? "you've seen the room, my possessions, i am nothing like those belligerent wastes of skin!"] You were having a hard time believing the old man, "You probably never seen Mareth before it was the wasteland you see today. It was a beautiful world, you were distraught by what these foul demons did to it before."

If he was a king, why is he here and not on his throne where he belongs with his loyal subjects. "You can thank Nero and Cabal for this monstrosity. Cabal was just a small pathetic plaything of a traveler who

delved into the black magics. Nero is loyalist out of power, once they found each other, they made a campaign of destroying the lives of many that dare stand in their way. My people ... my once proud people, were turned into these halflings these half bred things with soft skin like a human!" You don't see why that has to do with you being in this chair. "You're going to help us liberate this city of Cabal and his ilk, the people will elect me as king again and we can have this city restored to its former glory." What glory, everything here is a dump or filled with all sorts of corrupt people, what is there to save anyway? "This isn't about you or me, it's about the slaves the real people of Mareth who just want peace and a place to call home. Did you ever walk around this city and see how miserable these people are?"

You told him you just past three prostitutes giving blowjobs and Gluttony's Inn was giving out free sample of draft to the customers. They seem pretty happy enough. The old man brushed off that comment, "No, no, that is just the addiction these people have. Surface dwellers were once slaves, what you see down here are all people enslaved to Cabal through both mind, body and soul. He has built an empire on the backs of slaves, people who want freedom from the sins of the people who oppress them. Everyone pays tribute, everyone wants something even you, my friend. Whatever Cabal offers you, I can give you more." What could an old relic like him offer you versus someone who's more powerful, stronger, and very wealthy. "Haven't you noticed that I am not the spry young man i once was? If i was to become king again, you can have anything you want and you'll have the blessings of the people as their saviour. When I am gone, I need to fix the mistakes that I have made, I want to leave behind a legacy of free, safe, and happy people. I have no next of kin and with me gone, I cannot leave it unguarded for someone else to take up the reigns as the new Cabal. You help me free this city and its citizens from the ravaged of this corruption, I will make you [If PC has vag=False and cock=true "King"] [If PC has {vag=true and cock=false} "Queen"]

[Gates of Cemetery]

You were stopped by the two Giantesses who drop their excessively large hammer in front of you, preventing you from entering. One looks don't at you over their huge HH cup breasts and light fur cuirass top. "No one pass this gate is allowed to enter, no exceptions, only family members with permits from Cabal or Nero can enter pass this point." Confused by the statement, you couldn't help but ask why. "You're kidding me, right? Didn't you just come through the other districts?" The other Giantess interjected, "It's bad enough the city is full of ill-mannered demons, but they don't respect the dead like some of us. They can't stop fucking to care about the wellbeing of others. It was bad before Cabal took over, everyone disrespected the graves, it's beyond words." The Giantess next to her spoke, "Cabal comes into power, he puts up a gate to prevent the others from getting in, giving us guard duty and peace to the deceased." For a lord considered the most cruel and sinister than the most, he does seem admirable when it comes to the dead.

[Entry: Requires Cabal's Seal]

Approaching the front gates to the cemetery, the Giantess guards stop you from entering the area. "Halt,

no entry pass this point. Must have permission from Cabal or Nero to enter.” [Shows Cabal’s Seal] The giantess moved out of your path and allows you entry into the Cemetery.

[Cemetery]

Allowed entry into the cemetery, you take a step forward through the towering gates of four inches of blackened steel. Dirt from the city ends at the cemetery, dirt turns to stone brick paving the roads down alleyways before you and off to your sides. The gloom of this place takes its toll on you, seeing the unnamed graves, they were kind enough to leave behind headstone on the areas, marking their place. Walking along the acres of land occupied by mausoleums, rotundas and rows of graves, you stop to turn to a single grave out of the few that catch your eye. The headstone was cleaned, fresh flowers were placed here, looking around, you find pairs of people wondering about and a well rounded Pig-morph gravekeeper slowly strolling the yards with a shovel in hand and lantern dangling off his belt. You approach the grave keeper, to look for directions. Startled by your presence, he cowers behind his shovel, “What do you want”. You hold your hands out as he raises his shovel, you tell him you were new and that you were paying your respects to the deceased. A sigh of relief comes over him, “Oh, you scared me. I thought you might be one of the Lich that lurk here, or those ‘things’ that come from the mausoleums. Damn darklings will put me into an early grave if they keep these shenanigans up.” You asked him what are the ‘things’ he was referring to. “I don’t know and I don’t wanna know. They dwell in the old mausoleum just a mile down the path here.” He points to massive building out in the distance, “Don’t know why anyone would go around there, place is haunted with all sorts of evil and sadistic demons.”

Staring at the graves, you show some remorse for the dead. The grave keeper watches you stare at the many headstones then turns towards a mausoleum, “Terrible place for to be buried here. You have family, or friends here?” You shook your head, telling him you were just visiting. “Hmm, then you’re here on business. Whatever it is you doing here, respect the dead, they’ve already suffered enough as it is without botherin’ em. Beware the Lich and darklings, you take from them, they’ll take more of you and you won’t ever return.” You told him you’re were looking for the tomb of Aurelean. His dread expression tells you there is more to the story you were let on, “Y-you, stay away from Aurelean. Stay away if you know what’s good for ya. That’s the lair of the Shadow Master! He won’t let anyone go near that tomb, not even Cabal himself!”

You want to know more about the lair you plan to seek out, the more you understand where to find the jewel the better. The grave keeper refuses to give up the location of tomb, you persuaded him into giving up the location or Cabal might send someone who is less nicer and more blunt. “Okay! Okay! But not here, the shadows have eyes and ears. Come, follow me-” the grave keeper takes you to a rotunda off the beaten path.

Entering an open area with a dome roof, you two take a seat on the stone benches inside the rotunda, the

keeper lights the torches with a spark from his flint stone and lit up the room. Hearing bones crack, the grave keeper bends back, arms push his lower back forward. Slumping forward, broad shoulders hunch over, neck raised, second chin resting below his mouth, thick bottom lip and small thin upper lip, slump eyebrow line, jet black pig eyes, dark brown iris, round cheekbones. Big gut sticks out through his dirt and mud covered leather pants, an open coat show his burly round frame, you imagine he's packing with the short bulge in his pants. Adjusting his pants up to his waist, he lowers his large ass onto the bench carefully and grunts, "There we go, its good to relax after a long day's work." patting his forehead with his handkerchief from a pouch. "What you're looking for is inside the catacombs beneath the city, its not going to be an easy trip. Many people get lost for weeks and die below from starvation, or they come out mad. Those tunnels will drive any person mad, some say the writings on the walls tell the tales of mages, warriors, champions who traveled above find themselves down there only to go mad with lust and greed."

You sense a deep tone grow over him, the torches dim, the room grows cold, "Gowl haunts the underworld, the belly of the beast hungers for the living souls, trapped in a void none have escaped. His flock swarms the underground feasting on the flesh and lust of those that dare wonder in the darkness. I've seen the thing that roams in the dark, my mind is not as sharp as days go by, but I will never forget what it was like in the tunnels. You mind plays tricks on ya, ya go into the crypts and tombs to find nothing is as it seems. Shadows lurkerin' in the room watching your every move. Voices tear away at your, you can hear the faint breath of the dungeon's master. They say, once you hear him, it is already too late. Cold bitter winds from the hollows travels deep, but light is rare.

You seek lies behind a passageway sealed away from outsiders, only the dark ones can enter, you best chance is finding the switch to open it. I could never find the damn thing. Once you find the tomb of Aurelean, you will face Gowl and his darklings. You reap what you sown, outsider, I pray that you do not suffer the same fate as others have."

You thank the keeper for his words of caution, lifting yourself from your seat you make for the exit. A hand grabs your shoulder, the keeper stops you, "It would be wise to take something to light your way, there are no Soul Sapphires where you're going. If you pay me for a new one, you can have my lantern with one inside. Torches are unreliable and are liable to go out from the humid air." [30 Gems] He hands you his lantern and you thanked him once again. You're off to the grand Mausoleum

- Mausoleum Entrance

- Recently Buried
- Statues of the Fallen
- [Stairway to Lower Levels]
- Memorial Mural Headstone

[Mausoleum]

[Statues of the Fallen]

- Mysterious Crypt
- Mysterious Statues
- Bad Ending: Iron Maiden Tentacle Fuck

[Forbidden Catacombs]

[Lv1: Hall of Heroes]

The corridor you've entered parts in two directions, east and west wing. Both wings of the floor had three rooms on either side, the entire basement floor is slightly dirtier than the mausoleum above. The halls are still reflecting the architecture of cement engraved walls, columns of unusual markings much like runes. The walkway of the halls were paved in dark marble; looking about you, you see some of the walls holding a single stone sarcophagi in cubby holes between door entrances. Looking at the plaque hanging above the room in front of you reads: "Hall of Heroes" with the letter H chiseled out quickly with a red Z in "Heroes". Examining the sarcophagi, you dare not touch one's resting place out of respect for the deceased. But from looking at one, you noted that some of the coffins bear some resemblance of the people they hold, you read some of the names, but none stand out to you.

[Hidden Stairway: Level 1]

The enigma engraved into the crypt was clear from its writing: "beware all who enter here", that this area contains something no one should endure. Feeling up the succubus's body in sheer delight, you noticed the statue's oddly smooth breasts, touching them, you feel them push inward like buttons to open a door. By opening the door, you are aware that you could be walking into your doom. Do you still wish to proceed despite the warning?

- [No]

You don't like where this is leading you, to go don't below would not be wise on your part. You step back allowing the succubus statue to close itself in front of you as you accidentally step on a hidden switch on the ground. You turn back, heading towards the surface of the mausoleum.

- [Yes]

Twisting the breast of the succubus' statue, the door cracks apart, splitting in half, opening the passageway to you. You see the path below is dark, stepping through, the path was lit with each step further into the shadows. Moving along cement paved floors and engraved columns along the path, you come down to the floor before you.

Staring into the corridor below, the tunnel spirals downwards deeper into the Mausoleum; though the tunnel looks travelable, the deeper you go, the darker it becomes. From your time here, anything can happen especially in the darkness as thick as this. You suspect you would need a source of light:

[If (PC purchased "Torch") "The torch you purchased from the grave keeper is starting to come in handy"]

[If (PC has Intelligence>80)(Fatigue<30) "Good thing you know a trick or two to light your way through the tunnel. Positioning your hand together in front of your heart, you generate your focus upon a single point in your mind, you feel a light growing in your mind's third eye. Your hands grow warmer from the intense focus into them. A spark of light flicker before bursting into a full lust infusing flame that grew brilliantly as you adjust to the bright light.]

[If (PC does not have "Torch")(Intelligence>80)(Fatigue<30) " Unfortunately for you, there is no way you can proceed into the corridor without being prepared and therefore have to return to surface and come back when you have a plan to proceed forward."//Return to Lv1:Hall of Heroes.]

With your source of light, you proceed downward into the lit corridor walking a long spiraling path. The heat from your light source starts turning a different color as you go deeper that you have no control over. Color changes from a hot red to cooling blue flame, causing a strange reaction on you. You don't feel a sense of time and you feel well rested [PC gains Full HP and Reduce Fatigue]. The catacombs are indeed very strange, you don't even feel out of place in a place like this, almost like . . . you belong here!

The way through the corridor seems to take forever, until you take notice of a large rune on your right: Marked with a left curved ascending cap, a line running parallel to the cap open, the line ending in an S shape with an emphasis on the end connecting to a circular disk with a cross of some significance and three intersecting circles in the top right corner of the border.

You don't pay too much mind to the rune and proceed downward until you've reached the bottom. Passing by the rune, you hear a faint humming in the back of your mind like someone is watching you, you quickly turn around and see the rune glowing. Do you touch **it**?

[Yes]

You get the feeling that if you don't do something with the rune, you might fall prey to a trap. Scanning over the rune, you carefully place one finger on the ascending cap, drawing a C exactly as it is drawn then sithered your finger in an S shape from the bottom of the descending mark and run your hand over the

three circles. Surprised by the moving disks, you turn them until the shapes on each made a face of a naga. The rune turns clicking three times, recedes into the wall, the blocks between the rune close like a vault lock, turning your attention to the loud banging and earthquake. The floor stirs up, shifting upwards until the stairwell collides and forms a straight corridor to a dead end. The blocks where the rune use to be shifted as well, each block turn outward then slide into the wall as if building a way through the wall. As you waited for the way to clear, you watched the last stone fit into place perfectly into the lintel of the door frame. You peer into the hallway and raised your light source seeing the rune flicker in the deep ends of the hallway. You continue with your travels.

[No]

You don't concern yourself, ignoring the rune's strange appearance and sudden glow. However, you do feel a bit unease with the rune glowing as it did continuing below. Feels as if you been underground longer than you should, you can feel your [legs] grow tired and decide to rest after another few steps. You stop and rest yourself on the cold and stone pavement, resting your head on the wall catching your breath. You look up and hear the same humming in your head, searching around, you wondered where that noise was coming from until you start to feel the wall above you. You quickly jumped up and saw the same rune glowing. You've been going down an infinite stairwell this entire time!

You don't like where this was going so you take into consideration whether or not you should mess with the rune or if you should turn back.

[No]

You decide to turn back around and return to the surface. //Return to Lv1: Hall of Heroes

[Yes]

You get the feeling that if you don't do something with the rune, you might fall prey to a trap. Scanning over the rune, you carefully place one finger on the ascending cap, drawing a C exactly as it is drawn then sithered your finger in an S shape from the bottom of the descending mark and run your hand over the three circles. Surprised by the moving disks, you turn them until the shapes on each made a face of a naga. The rune turns clicking three times, recedes into the wall, the blocks between the rune close like a vault lock, turning your attention to the loud banging and earthquake. The floor stirs up, shifting upwards until the stairwell collides and forms a straight corridor to a dead end. The blocks where the rune use to be shifted as well, each block turn outward then slide into the wall as if building a way through the wall. As you waited for the way to clear, you watched the last stone fit into place perfectly into the lintel of the door frame. You peer into the hallway and raised your light source seeing the rune flicker in the deep ends of the hallway. You continue with your travels.

[Lv2: Tomb of the Ancients]

Entering the hallway you unlocked, you stared at the large rune that placed you here as it rested soundly on the wall next to the large naga shaped sarcophagi cubby. You have just entered a dark, overgrowth infested section of the catacombs where plants grow in the cubbies of the room. The white stone floors are covered in thick vines and heavily dense tentacle-like vines, cloud plumes of lust inducing bellflowers and gourds oozing semen looking aphrodisiac seeping into the floors. The ceiling dangled the same looking vines as the ones on the ground but have a distinct barbed stem that were dark purple and veins running through them. The room pulsed with a faint sound like a heartbeat, the vines throbbing and pulsing, raising the light source to the vines, you carefully pick up the thinnest vine feeling it pulsing in your hand. Looking at it closely, you can see fluid running through it in tune with the heartbeat sound throughout the halls. You drop the vine on the ground when you hear feet pacing and a faint after trail of an outline zipping in your peripheral vision. Then you hear more pitter patter of fast moving stepping behind you

... You were not alone.

There on the wall rests another plaque that reads: "Tomb of the Ancients" with scratching inscriptions on the wall, "must have more, must have more" repeatedly with finger lines drawn in the grime covered walls. Walking over to the wall, you see puddles of the same fluid that was in the growth but dry. You explored more of the halls seeing the rooms being broken opened, possibly looted by grave robbers before you arrived. Taking a peek at some of the rooms, each one catered the style of the person's life and how they lived. The people that made these rooms took pride in what they did, even if they weren't appreciated. You stepped out of the room you currently searched and saw a few doors that were untouched. You stopped at the rooms that were emptied of anything valuable and noted the crumbling stone and the trails of grime that seem to slither about the halls. You walked towards the area you heard the footsteps and lowered to the ground, keeping your hand on your [weaponName] you analyzed the direction of the footsteps and followed them which end at the walls of dead ends and locked doors. This place must be getting to you. You rub your eyes feeling your energy drain from the lust plumes of the plants.

On edge, you felt the presence of eye watching your every move. The room beside you when you return to the entrance to the Catacombs strikes interest but there was no door handle, only an outline of a hand print. Across from you lies another hallway where the stench of the plants grew thicker arousing some part of you to search there. Thinking about those footsteps, you did notice another trail leading to the dead end where the trail ends abruptly, perhaps there's a hidden room that you overlooked.

- **[Examine Handprint Lock] ///** "Chambers of the Illusionist"
- **[Search Crypt]///** "The Lich's Crypt"
- **[Examine Dead End]///** "Snaring Pits Corridor"

[Chambers of the Illusionist]

Taking an interest in the handprint locked door, you placed your hand into the slot, however, it did not move. You press yourself into the lock, turned it, then turned it the opposite direction meeting with the same result. Without a thought, you pull your hand away staring at the door. What kind of door is this? How anyone is suppose to open it? Taking a closer look, you examined the small indentations in the tips of the handprint lock. Small slides were embedding into the lock, like they were meant to be pressed into! Trying the lock again, this time sliding your fingers into the handprint's slides, you tried the turning methods finally getting the lock to turn and then you pulled the lock out until it was completely out before pulling yourself out. The lock turns and collapses into the door. Moments later, you hear clicking of dirt and crumbling locks grinding themselves against the stone. The door splits in half, opening to your presence.

Stepping through, you are greeted with an empty room with a single chair, a dust and dirt ridden chair and soot covered floors from decaying torch holders. Looking around the room, you raise your light source to the torches and lit the room. Once lighting up the room, the flames turn green. The door behind you closes on you, struggling to stop the door, you meet with no avail. You turn to the room, seeing no other way out. Strangely, the chair appeals to you and yet ... so does the plate of food on the table.

You do feel a bit hungry from the trip down here, wait, where did this come from? Just as you were reaching for the food, you stop for a moment taking note of the thing appearing in the room. You look to the chair, simple and ordinary at first being made entirely of wood now a leather clad with metal stamped studs, given a smooth coat. The table disappears once you turn back around to grab the fresh picked fruit. Stepping back, you continue to stare at the chair. The lights go out. Getting your [weaponName] ready, you get your light source re-lit. Kneeling down closer to the ground, you start your [If PC has (Torch) "torch and get ready for what was about to come"] [If Pc has (Intelligence>80)(Fatigue<40) "focused your mind on your free hand, the flicker of light grew bigger until the light source was even brighter"]

Jolting up from the ground, you drop your [weaponName] when you see the room reappear as a brilliantly golden room of marvelous jewels, bricks of gold, rare looking sex toys ranging from minuscule round anal beads to the gigantic dildoes with balloon size testicles that put even to most well endowed minotaurs and equines to shame! You wondered if any of this was real or if this was just your mind playing tricks on you. Going up to the jewels piled into the corner, raking your finger through the many purple and emerald encrusted gems, sapphires rolling over your fingertips. [If PC has (Corruption >75) "Your greedy and vanity shine brilliantly than the jewels you held in your hands. Your teeth shine and the evil grin draws across your faces feeling a warm feeling deep inside yourself as the gems filled your cold and

undeserving heart with joy and deviant bliss.”] [If PC has (Corruption=100) (Intelligence>50) “You are completely fickle, this falsehood of wealth! At first you were at awe by the jewels, but feeling the jewel in your hand, you realize that this was all fake, you weren’t completely sold by this illusion.”]

Turning your attention to the sex toys, picking up the massive dildo, it was surprising light for its size, you wouldn’t mind taking something like this into you. In fact, many of these fascinating toys look very appealing to you. Knowing this all could be another illusion, this might only work once before it all disappears.

- [Masturbate]

- [Deny Temptation]

After placing the toy down, the room starts to change. The pile of jewels disappear, the gold encrusted walls start to fade lightly then fade into the plain dirt covered walls. You feel a bit let down, the sensation of the room also fades [PC loses (Libido=10)] [PC gains (Intelligence+5)]. Fed up with the games this room is playing, you decide to sit into the chair, you sat waited for the room to change. [PC gains (Time=8 Hours)] However long it has been, time passes by slowly the longer you sat there going through illusion after illusion. Not giving into the temptation of the room any further, the illusions finally stop and silence falls upon you as well as darkness. Denying the illusion what it wants, you agitate it. Enduring the numerous attempts to arouse you from the chair, you held firmly to your denial. [PC gain (Endurance=10) (Libido-10)]

Suddenly, the illusions take on a different pattern of events. Instead of tempting you with wealth, sexuality, appealing to your corruption and lust, it starts appealing to your fears and nightmares. You grow tired from the wait, your drift out into a deep sleep where your mind rests from the long wait awaking to a slightly different room where you were facing the outside direction of the doorway. Getting out of the chair and faced the door behind you, opened, you walk through. It was your home!

Ingram, your mother was standing by the dutch oven, table pressed against the wall and the stools underneath it, she was cutting fresh vegetables greeting your presence. Stepping through the doorway, your mother turns to you without distinction of your changes, “Hey honey, did you get the mutton?” you shook your head in silence. “That’s a shame, oh well, we’ll just have to make do with what we have” she brings the food over to the worn out table. You sat with her to enjoy the freshly prepared meal before you, but you were more concerned about this “dream” you were having. You knew none of this was real. She looks at you with a sullen expression on her face: “The Elder came looking for you today, you really do plan to leave Ingram do you?” she asked, you told her you had to, for the good of Ingram. Her expression changed, saddened: “I don’t want you to go, who knows what’s behind that portal. What if you never return!” You assured her, you won’t. She comes closer to you, holds your face and stared deeply at you stroking your [hair] “just promise me you will come back”. You told her you don’t plan to stay, “PROMISE ME [Name]!” tears in her eyes run down her face. “You do what you have to do and do everything in your power to get home!”

You knew this was an illusion but something inside you prompted you to reach out to her. But as you reach out to her, you were pulled away by an unknown force, binding you to the wall of the kitchen. Then comes a loud banging on the door, your mother turns and starts to call out to the greeter not taking an interest in your presence. Your struggle to burst out of your binding, but no matter what you did, you could not break free, you yelled on top of your lungs to stop your mother from answering the door. But she ignored you. Opening the front door, a short well dressed imp greets her. The imp leans to the side giving you a wink of his eye, a smirk and a stroke of his long goatee beard and short frame glasses and a dust off, he flaps his wings hovering above the ground and pulls out a potion vial. A menacing grin draws as he splashes the vial of pink fluid into her face. Stricken with the pink fluid, you mother turns away from the imp and shakes her face trying to wipe away the potent Lust Draft. You yelled at the imp. You yelled and cursed your heart out.

Taking your mother by the gorgeous locks, you watched as he removes his thick masculine length from his trouser. Popping his half flaccid next to fluid soaked face, struggling to resist, “No” weakly, her eyes half dimmed and weakly resisting the draft, a half raised frown as he held her by the hair and cock slapping her in the face to get her to take it. Feverishly resisting the fluid, the frown slowly turns to an anticipating opened mouth. Her tongue rolling out of her mouth thick and long, giving a weak moan still resisting, the imp slaps her across the face and speaks. “That’s it my dear, take it!” he prompt her. Stroking his flaccid length with his red long fingers and dark black nails sharpen to a fine tip. She takes his cock into her mouth, massaging the shaft with the tip of her tongue and then forms an O with her lips. On her back, the imp lowering over her chest, she raises her hands to touch him, pulls back slightly, he allows her to, she wraps both hands around his waist and taking his growing length into her throat, deeply stroking his length with her throat.

You let off an anger-felt yell as you feverishly yank the hands free from your invisible restraints. You arch your back in spite of the unbreakable binds. You couldn’t help but feel aroused from the disgusting display. You try to block out the rape happening before you, but you could not for the life of you get free.

The imp lets off a loud groan as you mother lets off a pop of her sloppy lips, her lips dripping with pre from his length and her saliva; with his back hand, he slaps her once more to the ground. He whistles and an Omnibus walks in a leather clad suit, breasts pulled up and a large thick cock dangling beneath her very short leather skirt, under bite fangs showing, a callous grin on her face as she watches your mother crawling around on the ground. You watched as the Omnibus rips off all of your mother’s dress and skirt revealing her d-cup breasts, toned hourglass-shaped body, lithe legs, virgin-like pussy anticipating the fucking she is about to receive. But instead of fucking your mother right there in the living room, the Omnibus picks up your mother and drags her to the table in front of you and leans her over where both of them are facing you. The Omnibus grabs both of your mother’s arms and brings them behind. The Omnibus’s length thick as it was, she raised it from the side and lowers it above your mother’s ass and strokes it using her cheeks. Slapping her balls against your mother’s asshole and fingering your mother’s slopping wet cunt. Dry humping your mother until she turns her head to the Omnibus, “fuck me” the Omnibus grins brightly, “Gladly”

Plunging the large throbbing cock into your mother's dribbling hot cunt, her face and body sprung up from the heavy plunge, jolting with her tongue flopping out in shock and sheer delight. The Omnibus, pulls her close to the end of her base. Your mother taking the entire cock into her depths, the rhythm was slow and hard, the Omnibus grabbing the bundle of her hair and uses your mother's brown locks to bend her back. Her breasts flopping over the food, shaking the table, the imp flies over to the Omnibus with his cock still at full length. He whispers into her elfin ear, the Omnibus shoves the food off the table the flips your mother around shoving onto the table. They climb on the table, the Omnibus mounts your mother, her cock rubbing against your mother's pulsing cunt, wet from her femcum and the sloppy pre that flows out. The imp hovers over the Omnibus and lowers his cock above the Omnibus and slides his cock into the Omnibus's cunt, letting off a deeply loving moan then gives the imp a flick of her tongue sliding it back into her mouth teeth teasing the imp. The imp gives her a good slap on the ass and then a full plunge into her cunny, the Omnibus following behind with the same motion into your mother's depths.

You lowered your head.

[If PC has (Strength=100) "Enough is ENOUGH!! Your anger and throbbing muscles had enough strength to give you just enough burst of energy that allowed you to break the illusion and yourself free! The Imp and Omnibus continue to fuck despite your sudden freedom, you grabbed the Imp by the throat and hurdle him across the room. In a blind fury, ripping the Omnibus off you mother and shove her to the ground. You towered over the Omnibus with red in your eyes. She then vanishes. The illusion crumbles around you, the imp rubs his head the climbs to his feet, brushing off his tailcoat. Tucking his throbbing cock away, he hops off the ground, flapping his wings until he was hovering. Flying over to you, the room shifting back to the empty room in the Catacombs with the lit torches lighting up the room; you rose from the chair staring at a faded version of the flying imp.

[If PC has (Intelligence=100) "This is ridiculous, this entire time you've been sitting here, you could be trying to find a way out. But recalling a few things you've learned, you decide to image your restraints visible and the turning of a key on padlock for both of your hands and feet. You dropped to the ground without any effort. Staring at the disgusting display before you, you snap your fingers and thought of the room black and empty. Clearing your mind of all thoughts. You awoke from your slumber. Propping your head off your hand inside the chair you rested comfortably on for a long while."

[If PC has (Corruption=100) "It looks like they like to have fun. But they forget: this is your world. Your mind focus on the impurity and corrupt side of your mind, the bindings were instantly removed. Your mother disappears from the table, leaving only the Omnibus and the Imp leaning over the table. Surprised by your presence and the every changing room to imitate a dungeon of ill repute; you gave them a menacing grin and the evil smirk drawn across your face. Who do you want to be your victim?

[Imp]

"You looked to the Imp, the express on his face is priceless as you unsheathed your throbbing [cock] from your [armorName] pulling out + "cockDescript()" + with your + "cockTipDescript()" + dripping with pre. You told him were turned on by the display, it was unfair of him to leave you out of the fun. You told him

that he has to pay the consequences. Picking the imp up by the legs, he swings at you until you bring your cock to his face and then squeezed his mouth until he opened. You stuck your hard throbbing cock into his mouth, deep throating until you were at full mass and you no longer have to hold his mouth open. You pulled the imp off your length then turned him around. He flapping his wing heavily to escape from your grasp, but you denied him his freedom just as you were. You arch your back, leaning your length into the imp, pulling him into it until he gives up the chance to escape, exhausted. The sudden plunge into his ass, causing it to stretch beyond normal means caused him to groan and his cock to burst out of his trousers. You guided his cock throbbing stuffed ass, and stroked your length like the cock sleeve he was. You pulled out blasting your jizz across his back, ass. Then dropped the imp on the ground, you pressed your [foot] on his face digging your heel into his face. You tell him to beg. He pleaded “more”. You told him to say it louder. “I want more!” you shoved his face into the cobblestone and lowered your face to him, whispering “You don’t get what you expect, you get what you deserve”.

[Omnibus]

“You grabbed the Omnibus by the long black hair, dragged her to the stretcher in the corner of the room, strapping the girl to the machine, leather straps on the wrists and ankles, you raised the board until she was right side up, dropping the plank she was planted to. You turned the dial on the side of the stretcher pulling her legs and arms towards the bars that suspended her in the air. You imagine yourself holding a nine-tail whip and start to whip the Omnibus’s abdomen, her ass cheeks, her cock throbbing from the intense pain. You stroke her enormous length until a bit of pre came out. You denied the feeling of being satisfied. Instead, you squeeze the cock in your hand, her hip bucks to get some release, you denied her. You slide a cock ring around her shaft until there was no more length to cover. You go behind her and turned the stretcher at a 45 degree angle with her facing the ground. You take the whip handle and worked leather weaved end into her ass until 8 inches penetrated her insides. Thinking of another trick to mess with the girl, you image an apple appearing in your hand. Taking a bite, you enjoy the taste of the delicious treat then took the rest of it and shoved it into the Omnibus’s mouth, who grits her teeth from the amount of denial and throbbing ends. You opened her mouth and crammed the apple inside, she shook her head, slapping her across the face three times, she opens up and bites down.

You used the illusions to form a rack of delectable toys to play with. In fact, you imagined the enormous golden dildo from before, how light it was. It appears before you in its sheer size and glory. The Omnibus’s eye grew wider. You couldn’t help but laugh. The bars of the stretcher raised, you walked over to her legs and placed the dildo under her where it was strategically placed into her wet cunt. You lowered the bars until she was being forced to take the tip of this flaring round tipped dildo. Her stretches, she bites through the core of the apple as the dildo continues to go deeper into her. You think she wasn’t taking enough, you tighten the stretcher’s restraints from her legs until her cunt was taking the entire top of the dildo.

The apple drops to the ground, her mouth opened, silence befalls upon the gasping Omnibus. Her eyes twitched until a blank expression appeared, her stomach inflated with the length of the golden cock deep into her depths, breasts popping out of her corset. The dildo still continued going into her with the seeping

cum she drips lubing up the shaft, squeezing an inch or two more. You smile brilliantly, staring at your hard throbbing cock, stroking it lovingly until you cum a heavy load of hot semen all over the floor. Feverishly stroking until you're drained of all fluids, you held yourself over a table letting you semen flow out in large bursts streaking across your path.

[Both]

You didn't care who went first so you decided to use both of them! You looked to the Imp, the express on his face is priceless as you unsheathed your throbbing [cock] from your [armorName] pulling out + "cockDescript()" + with your + "cockTipDescript()" + dripping with pre. You told him you were turned on by the display; it was unfair of him to leave you out of the fun. You glare at him and now he has to pay the consequences. Picking the imp up by the legs, he swings at you until you bring your cock to his face and then squeezed his mouth until he opened. You stuck your hard throbbing cock into his mouth, deep throating until you were at full mass and you no longer have to hold his mouth open. You pulled the imp off your length then turned him around. He flapping his wing heavily to escape from your grasp, but you denied him his freedom just as you were. You arch your back, leaning your length into the imp, pulling him into it until he gives up the chance to escape, exhausted. The sudden plunge into his ass, causing it to stretch beyond normal means caused him to groan and his cock to burst out of his trousers. You guided his cock throbbing stuffed ass, and stroked your length like the cock sleeve he was. You pulled out blasting your jizz across his back, ass. Then dropped the imp on the ground, you pressed your [foot] on his face digging your heel into his face. You tell him to beg. He pleaded "more". You told him to say it louder. "I want more!" you shoved his face into the cobblestone and lowered your face to him, whispering "You don't get what you expect, you get what you deserve".

You weren't done, not by a long shot.

You grabbed the Omnibus by the long black hair, dragged her to the stretcher in the corner of the room, strapping the girl to the machine, leather straps on the wrists and ankles, you raised the board until she was right side up, dropping the plank she was planted to. You turned the dial on the side of the stretcher pulling her legs and arms towards the bars that suspended her in the air. You imagine yourself holding a nine-tail whip and start to whip the Omnibus's abdomen, her ass cheeks, her cock throbbing from the intense pain. You stroke her enormous length until a bit of pre came out. You denied the feeling of being satisfied. Instead, you squeeze the cock in your hand, her hip bucks to get some release, you denied her. You slide a cock ring around her shaft until there was no more length to cover. You go behind her and turned the stretcher at a 45 degree angle with her facing the ground. You take the whip handle and worked leather weaved end into her ass until 8 inches penetrated her insides. Thinking of another trick to mess with the girl, you image an apple appearing in your hand. Taking a bite, you enjoy the taste of the delicious treat then took the rest of it and shoved it into the Omnibus's mouth, who grits her teeth from the amount of denial and throbbing ends. You opened her mouth and crammed the apple inside, she shook her head, slapping her across the face three times, she opens up and bites down.

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Waking up from the dream you had, you find yourself waking from a deep sleep and looking up at the imp. Start to rise standing to your feet before him."

[If Pc has (Corruption<100) (Intelligence<100) (Strength<100) "You continued to listen to the persistent moaning of your mother and the Omnibus fapping together in a wet hot mess. You just stopped moving, allowing the torment to continue until they had their fun with you. Then the Imp looks to you, cumming inside of the Omnibus, the Omnibus cumming inside your mother. They scream wailing orgasm until they filled each other with pools of cum that seeped over the table. The three of them bathing in their semen and femcum resting quietly on each other; you were un-phased by the display and ignored them entirely.

The imp frowns when he sees you not looking at him like before. He flaps his wings and his cock turning flaccid as he flies to you. The room faded into black, you returning to the empty room of the catacombs where you stand before the chair you rose from."]

"Well you're no fun. Not at all!" The fading imp spoke. You were staring at him blankly. "Of all people, you had to find yourself here! What? What do you want? You want the key? Fine!" The imp snaps his fingers, a chest appears on a table next to you. You go over to the chest and open it, there a fairly large key with a skeleton's legs crossed and the arms dangling down the middle as if positioning to receive. The thickness of the key was about half of an inch with a solid metallic layer the key edges were made in a strange fashion that align with the legs. Looking up to the Imp, you tuck the key away into your [armorName] [PC acquires Key: C] you told him to release you from the room. His arms crossed with a disappointing expression, "Which way? There are two doors that run through here." You asked what other path led through his crypt. "I'll leave that up to you, if you were a bit more tempted to participate in my games, I would be more inclining to talk. But you had to ruin my fun!" you told him to open both doors. "And if I don't? I can just as easily keep you here and have my fun with you whether you like or not." You warned him the sheer boredom you would be for resisting. However, if he does keep both doors open, you just might be tempted to participate in his "games".

The Imp claps in delight, “really?” with a sly grin drawing on his face, hovering above the ground in his incorporeal form. “hmm, that would be something. To tell you the truth, you are the third person I’ve seen in quite some time. To have someone to play with would make my day!” With the delightful shine in his glossy red eyes, he claps and opens both doors allowing you to exit either way. The ghostly Imp float before you, “you do what you will but you and I will have another game to play, do come back. I grow bored of this meaningless existence.”

[b] With that you decide to take your leave of this crypt, but where?[/b]

[Leave Chambers of the Illusionist] ///Lv2: Tomb of the Ancients

[Enter Lv2 – B] ///Enter Lv2 - B

[The Lich Crypt]

The corrupt plant stench hallway on the path you took takes you further down the level to a vast rotunda with pillars of alarming minotaur statues holding the ceiling up, coffins filled the room of the rotunda made entirely of stone. A stairway leading toward the largest altar holding three stone sarcophagi outlining the figures they hold. The walls of the room show stonework and engravings of the past life of the individuals buried here. There is very little to see in this structure other than the decease and midnight blue stone, but suddenly something else catches your eye just as you were fixing to turn and leave. Your attention catches a glimpse of dim orbs of light floating about the chamber, you don’t find the orbs alarming as it is sudden. The moment you take notice of the light lit orbs fading in and out of thin air, you wonder the room in search of the orbs. One leads to another, chasing down each reappearing orbs soon causes confusion then you give up the chase when you feel the presence of something <i>else</i>. Just before you reached out to grab the orb of light, the orb before you did not disappear, the closer you came to it the more it shimmered.

The orb shimmered brightly, your free hand grows warm, the sense of the ominous presence grows stronger to the point where the orb of light no longer has your attention. Barely touching it, your hand freezes in place. Your head and body stands still hearing the room for the sound of high pitch and darkly glow rattling in your mind. The presence of the room speaks to you, the presence takes form of a figure growing in the back of your mind. Turning around, you see nothing around the altar or the pillars. The presence you continued to sense now has a better established aura that presented itself to you. Prompting you to turn back to the orb, you slowly turn towards the orb.

Standing before you, a 7.1” ft tall slender figure with long fingers and ghostly pale skin, smooth as fine silk some patches of skin show signs of aging with wrinkles and stretching. The face of the creature is blind having no eyes, deaf without ears, only a mouth jagged shaped without presence of teeth. The

creature's tongue worms its way out of the jagged mouth lowering downing to its waistline, dangling with what appears to be bulging mass of flesh with a slit on the tip. Its feet look aged, large in size, protruding talons in the individual toes. Demonically in tuned with the faint presence of corruption, much like the rest of the body, the aura you sense is weak.

You step back slowly and quietly, the figured standing before you is searching for you. The slender creature bends its back, brings its arms back, the mouth opens breathing in a long inhale of the air into its lungs. The breathing was heavy and the hissing rattles something inside the creature's body, beads from the sound it makes. Once you hear the rattling inside the creature, smaller orbs of light bulged in its throat. From the mouth more orbs start to form and grow midair. Seeing the threat of the creature escalating, you prepared yourself. Holding your [weaponName] and positioning yourself, you stand ready.

You are fighting a Lich Lurker!

The Lich Lurker

Move Sets

[Move 1] – The Lich Lurker posed defensively as it lowers itself closer to the ground wrapping its arms around itself tightly like wearing a straightjacket, curling up into and ball. Curling up, the creature glows ominously and floats into the area preventing itself from physical attacks.

[Move 2] – The Lich Lurker Stands erect, raising its long slender arms, long fingers starts to form large thick tentacles with sharp talons on the ends, hissing at you. [If PC has (Spd<30) "It latches on to you with great firmness and strength preventing you from escaping!"]

[Move 3] – The orbs surrounding the two of you grow even more menacing! The Lich Lurker grows bigger twisting its body into a serpent like form, throwing itself at you, grabbing onto your body, constrict its body around you. Hissing at you, grabbing your face with its long fingers, feeling its decay and faint hissing sound, its tongue wraps around your neck tasting your flesh. Tightening its grip on you, you let off a few weak grunts which appeals to the creature's hunger.

[Move 4] – The orbs start to take form, you must hurry! The Lich Lurker hisses, the weak and faint aura surrounding it starts pulsing from pale white to pink to red. The hissing turns to growling. The slender figure thickens, moving its joints into different forms, the creature turns the knees and growing extra arms, taking the form of arachnid limbs. Sprawling across the ground, the Lich Lurker quickly scurries towards you with great fervor. Leaping into the air towards you

[If PC (Spd>85) "You dodged the creature's throw by rooling onto your back, planting your [foot] into the abdomen of the creature thrusting you body upward and flipping it behind you. Climbing to your feet you

raised your [feet] into the air then hiking yourself up onto you feet, dragging your [weaponName] out from under you!]

[Move 5] – The orbs surround you having a great presence, the Lich Lurker hisses once more in a taunting manner. But before you could focus on the creature, the orbs grow closer towards you, breaking your concentration. The Lich Lurker starts fading into its incorporeal form withdrawing itself from the battle.

[Move 6] – GAME OVER ///BAD ENDING

[BAD ENDING]

You've lasted this long against one Lich Lurker, you can take every single one of these bastards yourself! Steeling yourself, you held out against one Lich Lurker after another with great endurance, much to your dismay, this takes its toll on you and your mind grows weaker with each breath you take in the catacombs. The breath you draw is on its very last breath as your [weaponName] grow heavy, your body grows weak and tired. The [weaponName] drops to your side, the other Lurkers surrounding you take free strikes at you one after the other until you fall to the ground in defeat.

Wrapping their bodies around you, you can feel their finger crawling up your legs and spreading them far and wide squeezing them tightly. Twisting your [armorName] the piece of your gear start sliding off, breaking the seems, bending the metal, ripping bits and piece off of you until you are fully exposed. The overlapping Lich Lurkers squeezing you constricting your movement spread your body out on the ground allowing one to open your mouth wide. It hisses, letting out a strange calling bark. The call summons the Lich Lurker to come forth in incorporeal form, slithers towards you then places its slender fingers down into your throat and slowly works itself into you. Inch by inch turns to the feet in minutes as the Lich Lurkers fit fingers the hands, arms, the heads, their bodies and legs into your open orifice.

The sensation of their movements penetrating your insides, slithering inside your body, the wickedness of their incorporeal forms overwhelms you. Their corruption is intimidating, your body grows accustomed to the stuffing of your mouth. You enjoy the slithering of their bodies into your bloated belly. No longer constricted, the Lich Lurkers finally have full control over you. You have lost your mind. You look off into the distance as a Lurker stands over you, the bulge you see pops out from the slit, a tongue like penis slithers out of the creature pulsing, throbbing lovely on you as it wraps itself along your chest [If (hasBreasts=TRUE)] "caressing your breasts with much anticipated fervor and care. Pre bursts across your body, the other Lurkers are lured to you and are appealed to by your cum covered body. Their penises grow thicker and heavier, slithering out of their slits, rubbing themselves on your body. Their pre is working into your skin, softening it.

Your eyes grow stronger as the incorporeal beings swelling inside your body possess your limbs, grabbing each cock given to you stroking with great anticipation, downing ounce after ounce of tainted seed into your engorged throat as their slithering pricks massage the inside of your mouth and throat, pumping as much cum as they could muster. Flipping your body over, the Lurkers hissed spraying their cum all over your back, your mind going blank from the stuffing of multiple meat pole simultaneously penetrating your anal ring, stretching it to its limits.

[If (hasVagina=TRUE) “They spread your lips wide as three elongated endowments pierce your tentative lips, their meat dabbing your cervix, retracting two coming in. Two come out, one goes in, repeatedly until their howling rings in your ears then a hard hissing as they thrust their cocks deep into your pussy, cumming their loads.”][if (isHerm = true) and][If (hasCock = true) [cock] stiffening the Lurkers stare at your “ + cockDescript(0) + “ taking in their perception of your endowments. They take your [cockBiggest] into their mind breaking [if (hasVagina = true) [vagina] starting to burn with need, they spread your lips wide as three elongated endowments pierce your tentative lips, their meat dabbing your cervix, retracting two coming in. Two come out, one goes in, repeatedly until their howling rings in your ears then a hard hissing as they thrust their cocks deep into your pussy, cumming their loads.”]

The trio curl up into balls, spent and weak returning to their incorporeal forms. The second trio followed in behind them, throbbing with ecstasy, plunging themselves into your every wet cum stuffed orifice. The veins pulsing in their mind numbing pricks, growing bigger with each thrust, your disdained belly inflate with liters of semen. Your tongue slides out of your mouth as is being overwhelmed with the encumbering prick of a bigger endowed Lurker who loves to feed every inch of its prick down your throat. Tainted with their corrupt seed, affected by their decadent aura, your mind broken!

Days turn to nights, seconds turn to hours as each Lurker summons more of its kinsmen to you after a good spending, defiling your body. After two days of nonstop fucking, you’ve become accustomed to the mind-numbing deep dicking of each Lurker. Your body bloated, pregnant, deformed by overstuffing of your ass, [If (hasVagina) “vagina”] and mouth, [If (hasCock)”your cock drained and abused”] [If has(cockMultiple) “your cocks drained and abused by every conceivable definition”]. The only rest you were given in your time with the Lurkers was when you slip into your consciousness in between fuckings or when the creatures summon more of their ilk.

You’ve defeated the Lich Lurker!

[pg] Finally, the damn thing is gone! Who knows what disaster would befallen you has the creature succeeded in whatever it was conjuring. Looking at where the creature fell in defeat, you notice a black key laying there on the ground with an usually faint glow. You pick up the key examining the contents, its got a emblem of a serpent wrapped in studs spiking out of its body. The studs of the key emblem match

the outlining of the key forming tumbler pins. Somewhere in the area, there must be a room this key must unlock. You put away the key into your inventory then proceed towards the exit having enough of this chamber.

[Returning after Lich Lurker Fight][Default Entrance]

The corrupt plant stench hallway on the path you took takes you further down the level to a vast rotunda with pillars of alarming minotaur statues holding the ceiling up, coffins filled the room of the rotunda made entirely of stone. A stairway leading toward the largest altar holding three stone sarcophagi outlining the figures they hold. The walls of the room show stonework and engravings of the past life of the individuals buried here.

[Examine Stonework]

Taking some interest you stare at the stone carvings to learn something about the people, the language is not something that you can understand, much of it is worn out from dust, decay. The walls further down from the right side, around and back again show the same figures depicting the actions like hieroglyphs. [If PC (Int>60) “With some understanding of the hieroglyphs, your interpretation of the stories of each character reveal themselves to you.”] [If PC (Int<60) “Still the stonework doesn’t make any more sense to you than before. Perhaps more time studying can improve your intelligence and understanding.”]

[Relic Required: Amulet of Thungar][Lich Crypt]

Having the Amulet of Thungar in your possession, you pull it out when you approached the altar where the three sarcophagi laid bear. The glowing of the Amulet makes you uneasy to the presence, but your curiosity is much stronger than any fear that you may have. Holding up the Amulet, it pulses and vibrates in your hand the closer you are to the sarcophagi. Reaching the top, you hold it over each sarcophagus; you find that the one to your right glows more brightly and strongly than the other two. Do you wish to open it?

[No] “The dangers of the unknown prove to be unnerving than you thought, instead of unlock the sarcophagus, finding its secrets, you kept the Amulet in hand and left the sarcophagus, and its host, alone.”

[Yes] “Your hand is steady and the Amulet, resting around your neck growing more vibrant than before, sense the sarcophagus’ presence. You leaned into the sarcophagus to remove the heavy midnight blue stone lid off with all your might. The lid slowly moves, then falls off the altar with its weight carrying it down until you hear a loud and heavy thud and stone shattering. You peak into the sarcophagus to find a nearly perfectly preserved body inside with no signs of aging. Placing your hand on the body you can tell that it is frozen, bringing your light closer, you see a large male figure with a face wrap that covers the eyes and bridge of their nose. Lowering your gaze towards the rest of the body, a black and gold sash wraps around the shoulders and the waistline of the being who was also buried in a robe bind at the waists and ankles. Grey pale skin and dark faint outlines of tattoos on the arms of the being showed that they were once necromancers that dabbled in dark magic.

Grabbing the sash around the deceased host, you examine the contents seeing that the sash had the same

markings as the stone writing of the room but written in ancient Mareth that you can actually read! Pulling the sash off the host, you put it in your inventory. On your way down the altar, you hear bones cracking and hollow sound blowing as you walk towards the exit. You turn toward the sarcophagi with your [weaponName] ready to find the deceased being you robbed standing before you.

Their arms raised with the age and long duration without sustenance showed in the sound it made. Their hand reached out making a finger gesture that points to you and the Amulet. Their mouth opens widely as they attempt to make words which muttered in a different tongue. *<i>“She nowarda goomba!”</i>* it spoke, you were petrified by its presence you didn’t respond the first time it spoke. *<i>“She nowarda goomba, zha bak toe!”</i>* it bellowed. You hold up the Amulet, they turn the gesture into an opened hand. To your understanding, it wanted the Amulet back. Do you want to return the Amulet?

[Hell No!] “You didn’t give a damn if it was theirs, finder’s - keeper’s! You told the old bastard to cram its old ass back to the coffin it spawned from. This angered the being, further resists to return the Amulet just made it madder, the being summons the powers that be, calling the spirits of the chamber into it. Spirits and orbs were pulled from the stone writings of the room, the life energy being called upon to it, conjures a force that poses a threat to you. Ready for a fight you call upon your own strength and magics.

[Of Course] “Approaching the being with the Amulet removed, you slowly rest the Amulet into its hands. It slowly curls its long fingers into a clenched fist whispering an enchantment that summons spirits from the stone writings of the chamber onto it. The being glows a bright white aura, conjuring a spell that reversed its aging and decrepit form. The Amulet was absorbed into the waist of the being, shattering into pieces. The thin feeble, undead being was now reborn into a more youthful form.

Standing before you stands a 6 foot 5 inch tall Incubus, with a lithe waistline and greatly visible muscular structure. Humanoid shape with a defined torso, firm toned arms, callous hands, and long fingers with sharp black talons for nails. They have well-formed hips, and toned ass that contracts with every motion, displaying the detailed curves of its lean musculature. Two normal human legs grow down from their waist, ending in demonic heels. They are wearing funeral garbs bound at the wrists and ankles, wearing head wrapping covering their eyes. You stare at their face seeing human ears, mouth and nose features both in shape and structure, with pale grey skin. They have a strong masculine, angular jawline with faint lines of the being’s tattoos that flow downward into its funeral garbs.

Amazed by the Amulet’s power, you stare in awe. The person that was once dead now stands before you alive and very well. They empty their amulet holding hand dropping fragments of shattered red ruby onto the ground. They raise their hands to remove their head wrapping to reveal, their curved horns the wrap over their temples, dark red eyes and a serpent tattoo on its left side of its face with the same insignia as the key you pick up from the Lich Lurker. Moving their jaw around licking their dry black lips with the forked tongue, the being hisses. *<i>”Through you, I am reborn!”</i>* cackling in praise. Stretching his muscles, you watched as you marvel at his physique. Strolling closer towards you, the being you had reborn removes his sash from your inventory. *<i>”I appreciate you holding my ritual bindings mortal. I*

wouldn't have been reborn without your aid. You may leave this chamber."

You asked who they might be. To which the being slowly turn towards you, pondering on whether or not to answer your question. He then answers, *"Very well, mortal, as payment for releasing me, I will answer your question. I am Thungar, the Lich! Stand in awe, as I am the most powerful and successful Lich in all of Mareth!"* He laughs manically, his laughter carrying across the hollows. You asked what did he mean by 'successful'? *"That, my dear grave robber, means that I stand as a success to all who have attempted to come back from un-life and be reborn as a TRUE immortal!"* You asked what is a Lich exactly. Thungar look at you blankly, *"How dare you mock me with your ignorance! A Lich is a being that is able to summon powerful magics to escape death's grasp and carryout his own will in the form of an undead spellcaster! That is what I am; to insult me with your ignorance provokes me from showing you my full power!"*

[Insult&Fight]

"Oh really? Let's test out your full power you rotten foot shuffler, the Lich yells loudly bursting out a loud bellow conjuring Lich Lurkers to his aid."

[Apologize]

"You apologized to the Lich for not being more knowledgeable of his kind. Seeing your sincerity, *"Hmmm, you are the first genuinely sincere mortal I've seen. Yes, there is truth in your words. You're forgiven. Now then, what brings the likes of you to this hole?"* You speak briefly of your origins, your travels, and mention only the knowledge of the Letherice of Aurelean. Thungar gestures you to cease you blabbering and steps lively towards you, *"what do you know of Aurelean's Stone!"* Answering only that you've followed purely on rumors.

[Snaring Pits Corridor]

- **Bad Ending: Tentacle Snakes Orgy**

- **[Explore more Catacombs]**

- **[Stairway to Lower Levels]**

[Lv2 - B: Rue Mortis]

- [Shade Hovel]

- Shades**
- Relic:**
- Key: A**

- [The Watcher's Crypt]

- Illusions**
- Lich / illusions**
- Key: B**
- [Unnamed Tomb]**
- [Return]**

[Lv3:]

- Locked Chamber: Requires Key A
- Relic: Dildo of Virtuousness?
- Locked Chamber: Requires Key B
 - Relic: Thief's Glass Eye
- Locked Chamber: Requires Key C
 - Relic: Dark Magician's Staff
- [Explore more Catacombs]
 - [Examine Hieroglyphs]
- Hidden Passageway

[Level 3 - B:] - Tomb of Aurelean

[Twisted Corridor]

[Puzzle: Riddles]

“Get out, mortal” The voice spoke, “This is no places for the likes of you”.

- (attempt first puzzle) “I wouldn’t do that if I were you”
- (failed puzzle) Soft giggling, “You activated my trap” = queue trio Shades fight.
- (solved puzzle) Silence befalls upon you, you proceed to the next task.

“No good will come out of grave robbing, turn back while you still have a chance”

- (Leave) Silence settled, you vanish into the shadows, back tracking to the main atrium.
- (Attempt Puzzle) “Are you sure that’s the right one?” laughing behind the scenes.
- (Failed Puzzle) = queue Shade group (5) “Go my children, feast upon them”
- (Solved Puzzle) the creature stirs from your success, they sounded angry.

[Entering the Aurelean’s Tomb:]

The shadows in the room converge into the center of the room, Shades clicking their tongues to communicate to the others in the room. They disperse into the darkening shadows, merging with the walls where the light did not shine. The darkness slithered towards the center of the room, black liquid drip from the ceiling onto the statues. Falling to the ground, the shadows burst into a frenzy, the quickened black sludge piles into the main statue base, building itself up, taking on a humanoid form. The gems from the statue were removed from the eyes and the chest piece. The outer shell of the statue pushed off the mantle and lands before you.

[Gowl]

Standing 7’3 covered in oily shadows around the ground where solid black feet drip ooze of black. The creature was bipedal, having two arms with ever moving parts of goo and ooze rolling off their body, their chest had a glowing purple core as a heart only made visible through the thick film of shadows covering around it. You stare up at the face of the creature, you notice the four gems from the statue made their eyes, two layering over their bottom pair off to the sides. No distinction of a mouth, a protruding arch stands out where the nose is and where small hinting of cheekbones, and a slanted back forehead. Their hairline was a solid fumes of misting shade of black, like it was smoke, waving smoothly through the air even with no wind blowing.

“You will become the children’s next meal, mortal, no one defiles our home” You came for the Lethicite of Aurelean. The creature growls at you. Throwing his sledging ooze at you, taking you by surprise, he encases you in a mountain of goo preventing you from escaping.

His soft giggling as he reels you towards him; his feet planted on the ground firmly, arms out dragging you with them. You get up close to them to where they tower over you, you’re laying back in the ooze, they slowly approach your face. You can feel something off about them, like they radiated with an aura.

“We know what you want. We know why you want it. We know all from the city above. But you will not have it.” You just want the lethecite and you’ll leave everything else alone.

- (Pc takes Item A): “You stole from the tomb of _____
- (Pc takes Item B): “It’s funny, you stole a thief’s eye.
- (Pc takes Item C): “I cannot allow you to take Corsair, the Dark’s staff from this tomb.
- (Pc returns Items): You hand back the items in your inventory that belong to their rightful owners of the catacombs. The creature consumes the items in your care and takes them into its body. “The item(s) you’ve given is payment for your safe passage out of this tomb, I suggest you take this opportunity while you still can.
- (Pc keeps All Items): “You’ve sealed your fate. Come, my children, feast upon them!” The creature yells, quaking the earth around you. Shadows pour into the room, consuming the entire room of light. You are faced with a horde of Shades. = queue Quest: Escape!
- (Default): “You haven’t touched the treasures of those buried here, you leave, now! You come and take the jewel, we will make you into one of us.”
- (PC steals Lethicite): You dash for the statue behind the creature, leaping over the puddles of dark matter around your feet. Hopping over the broken rubble, you climb to the center of the conjoined statues and reached for the crystal that lies inside it. Your hand scratches the surfaces, you inch your way through to it. Ha! Got it! Gowl screams in a raspy screech, “No, they must not escape!” The creature yells, quaking the earth around you. Shadows pour into the room, consuming the entire room of light. You shove off, with your torch in hand (if Pc has Thief’s Eye) You search your way through the fluttering Shades and run from the exit. You are facing a horde of Shades on your way to the exit, your [nameWeapon] drawn, you hurried through the exit with the creatures still behind you.

[Fight!]

The creature’s eyes lit up, the ooze layered over the eyes to give definition of facial expressions. Expressing his disgust, his eyes slanted in anger. The loud, muffled voice of the creature yelling throwing his first strike = queue attack sequence.

[Exiting Tomb:]

[Quest: Escape!]

Enemy Type(s): Lich

Enemy Type(s): Poltergeists

Enemy Type(s): Shades By: BurdenedSouls

Enemy Type: Shadow Anemone named “Gowl”

(Encounter Generator: Liches will appear after 1/15 rolls)

(Encounter Generator: Poltergeists will appear after 7/15 rolls)

(Encounter Generator: Shades will appear after 10/15 nter the Cemetery]

[Sasha & Hilde]

[Interrupt]

Walking up to the bickering Giantesses, you listen in on the discussion. “Why would you want that flea ridden ‘taur over me!” to which the other replies: “Maybe because you have a problem with me skipping out on guard duty to have time for myself!” You interrupted them, yelling at you to stay out of it, you backed away. “I don’t wanna stay here watching the dead while you run around whoring yourself out to that slob”. The other raises her voice, “What’s stopping you, I’m sure some other slacker can take up the nightshift.” Hearing enough of the bickering, you try to resolve the two’s argument.

[Cruelly]

Thinking this is another on those couples having relationship issues, you figure its high time to end one once and for all. Blowing a loud whistle, the two Giantess went silent. You explain to them to shut their dribbling cunny holes and listen to someone with a lot more experience in failed relationships. One was fixing to interrupt you, before suggesting they break it off. She goes silent, explaining neither of them think this relationship is going to workout and it never will. Either they fuck one another or get the fuck over it. The Giantess arguing about her duty as a guard and wanting to be free of the job exclaims, “She wants to have life stay monogamous. I ain’t a one woman, gal,. Plus, this isn’t something I wanna do for the rest of my life, guarding a graveyard when nobody even comes around here”. You explained maybe its because these two bimbos are too busy fighting than doing their jobs. If she wants to go off being someone else’s problem, that’s her business. The other who’s obviously resenting the choice, you tell her who is she judge her mate’s decision. You suggest there are plenty of big cocked studs in Mareth that could satisfy her cravings if its all that matters her. They look to each other, the submissive Giantess leave with her warm hammer leaving you and her mate behind. She looks down at you, “Thanks a lot”. With a sinister grin on your face, sizing up the Giantess and her HH cup breasts and her large cunny, you imagine yourself diving deep inside of her wet suckle cunt and lick the inside of her wonderfully cum filled pussy. She looks down at you, blushing, you smile brightly. You offered if she would like to have quickie to burn

off her steam and to take her mind off the argument. After a long pause, she agrees taking you back to her place.

[Peacefully]

Being somewhat familiar with failing relationships and having a few successful mates, you decide to resolve the argument without breaking up the two. You interrupt them once more to get their attention and offer them help. Huffing, they turn to you with the supportive Giantess crossing her arms. She explains her dilemma: “She want to go off with some pimp and slack off rather than be with me and having a decent life.” The other scoffed, “Decent for you maybe, crypt keeper”. Getting flared up, you calm her down, you turn your attention to other rebellious Giantess. You asked why she wanted to leave her friend for some guy. “She’s too clingy! I’m suffocating from all this guilty bullshit about having a decent life than our life before coming here.” You asked when was the last time they were intimate with each other. She replies, “Months, its always work, work, work with her. I have needs myself she isn’t fulfilling”. Her friend uproars, “I’m trying to keep food on the table and a roof over our heads, for us!”

Brushing off her comment, “We live underground, I do fine sleeping outside with a bedroll than that small excuse for a home.” Seeing where this is going. You think about a different situation these two could do better in. You could give them some gems to help them purchase a bigger place or maybe suggest a night of “bonding” to help their sex life.

[If (Gems = 2000) display this paragraph: You decide to be very generous, you pulled out your sack and pulls out some gems giving them what you have. You suggested to them to find a bigger place and live a little more comfortable, they looked at you astounded by your offer. The supportive Giantess takes the gems and looks at them, then to you asking if you were serious about your decision. Being a generous as you are, you nodded your head with a smile. They grabbed each other, cuddling, holding the sack of gems. The Giantess looks to you, “Thank you so much for this, this is the most generous thing anyone has done for us. This is four day’s rent for a measly hovel, with this much we can get a decent size house on the archipelagos outside of town. Thank you.” You asked what they plan to do when they get new place. They looked to each other, her rebellious girlfriend giggled. “We’ll *celebrate* our new home”. Wishing them luck, the supportive Giantess just recalled something, asking for your name. (insert name) she thanks you once again and mentions if you ever find yourself in the West district to check up on them.]

[Spice Up!]

Thinking of a way to spice things up with their relationship, you add an epiphany. They look to you for guidance, you make the suggestion of “spicing” up their sex life a bit to break back the flare they once had. The Giantess, Hasha, ’s eyes narrow giving you a perked grin. “What did you have in mind?”. With a little persuasiveness on your end, you slightly suggested a threesome to ease the tension of having sizable toys for girls of their size. “Aren’t you kinky, what do you think Hilde?”. The Giantess, Hilde, wraps her large hands around you.

[if (inte > 60) Compromise]

Still reeling from their argument, the supportive Giantess sighs and crosses her arms. She turns to you and asks what you want. You wish to help them work this out. From the argument, it appears they aren't faring well. Trying to feel out the reason behind their argument, you try to get as much of their side of the story and hope to come to a compromise to strengthen their relationship. The supportive Giantess gives her side of the story, explaining that her girlfriend wants to go off with a minotaur scumbag rather than be with her and her decent life style. To which the other replies, countering her argument saying, "I rather be free to do wherever I want to do without you hounding me to do whatever you want me to do. Hasha, you're on duty, Hasha do this, Hasha do that. I'm sick of it" Seeing the problem, the supportive Giantess tells her she wants what's best for her. Her girlfriend replies, "Maybe you should have thought of that before taking us here of all places to work at a graveyard!" In all fairness, you agree with her. In her girlfriend's defense, explained there is no place safer than The Nether for people like them. Making a suggestion about leaving The Nether and find a place in Tel'Adre where there's places for people of their size and could use a more positive place to be than underground. They look to each other and smiled, "What do you think, Hasha? Do you want to start a new life elsewhere?"

"If it means we can get out of this dump and not guard a graveyard, anything beats this." They look to you, they thank you for intervening, maybe their relationship might work out.

[West District]

You turn to the west passing by a large stadium size building with groups of people surrounding the outside, traffic was thicker in this area than the other districts. Moving through the dense foot traffic, you get through to a calmer part of the crowd outside the stadium crowd's radius, looking pass the walled up area before you, uniformed guards lined up along a hilltop path paved in gold bricks and statues on gargoyles all having the same likeness as the other.

[Enter Fight Club]

[Default]

The hard packed ground transitioned to stone bricks tightly pressed against each other, the heat and loud thumping of knuckles clashing with rough skin. You pressed against both heavy steel double doors, inside the building you see the entire building is overcrowded with spectators and fiends. Before you are two circle rings with their group of fighters fighting during a match, spectators roared and cheer for their favorite fighters and their money is thrown at the bookies below. Collecting the bets, the imps noted the odds and bets taken while the lizan and minotaur bookies collect the gems for each match. Looking above you, spectators are dangling off the railings thrusting their fists into the air screaming their hearts out with a rallying cry. Blood soaked mats and tiles, the fighter continue to fight until the last man, woman, or beast is left standing. The crowd was an untamable sea of cheering fans grouped together neck and neck, toe to toe, other are so fired up they go an hit other spectators. Many of these people are blood drunken and have a zest for violence. Folks inside turned their attention to you and your physique as you walked into their domain

[If Pc => Strength 50 / Endurance 50]

You get a few stares, but then some of the tougher fighters return to watching the brawlers removing each other's horns and teeth from the other's skull. The moderate fighters were more intimidated by you, you hear them cracking their knuckles while the lesser fighters stepped out of your way. Your presence was average compared to the more seasoned fighters who appear to live and breathe this life. A tall Lizan with a lot of grit and scars covering his body, the redness in his scales got darker moving away from his center, the protruding tail behind him was removed by half and looked like it was a recent injury. He approaches you with his arms crossed, the average fighters watch the two of you.

"Huh, what do we have here, new blood" the Lizan turns to the group of hardened veterans bundled in the corner, they like the were just spectating more than protecting whoever was in the corner. An athletic cheetah-morph steps out of the shadows, tail wrapped around her loose cotton shorts draping her legs, ears perked and struck with intrigue. Her cat eyes focused on you, her hands at her side. "Have you come to join us?" You looked around and see most of them eager to meet you. The lizan chuckled lightly, "Don't pay them too much attention, they're more eager to fight you than there are to fuck."

[If Pc => Strength 75 / Endurance 75]

The room turns to you seeing that you were a hardened brawler, the moderate and average fighters stepped out of your way. Lesser fighters were bothered by your presence that they just kept their distance from you hoping they wouldn't get picked on. Your smirk caught their attention, a few eager eyes lurked, prepping themselves for a good fight, however. A single Lizan stands in your way, you know that he's more seasoned than the others. By the way he carries himself, the missing portion of a recently severed tail, the scars deep within his scales, this one has seen a good number of good fights. Looking around before looking to you, "You sure bring trouble where you go, stranger. Glad to see a capable fighter such as yourself in a house of roughnecks" extending his hand out to give you a fair shake. Your [hand] gripped his, the constriction matched his, a smirk grew on his face then turns to the group in the corner, he calls out the person sitting in the shadows. "How about it fresh meat, you up for a real challenge?"

The figure approaching the two of your shoves the lizan to the side. You scan over them, the furry tail waving behind them, cat eyes staring you down, the dark circle patches in the light blond fur. A cheetah-morph in a light tunic that compliments her perky B-cup breasts, loose shorts draping her long hind legs; she undresses you with her eyes a bit of intrigue. A light grin on her face appeared, "You look like you can handle yourself, how about hotshot?"

[If Pc = Strength / Endurance 100]

The room went dead cold, your presence struck them quickly, some of them seem to know your face. Your calm, cool demeanor was envious, many of the average and lesser fighters feared your strength, they stood clear out of your way. The brawlers that were fighting just before you entered ceased. Everyone saw you as if you were a devil incarnate; hardened fighters were intimidated by you, the seasoned veterans were merely admiring the conditioning of your body. You just brushed most of them off seeing the real

challenge in front of you. A cheetah-morph and lizan stood before you with their hands at their side, the lizan was a bit intimidated by you but only slight in the way he carried himself in your presence, but not the cheetah woman. She was more intoxicated by your presence amongst her normal group of fighters. She undresses you with her cat eyes, her tail was waving beneath her as she approaches you. Her B-cup breasts perked in her light tunic, loose pants fight nicely between her lithe legs and firm athletic frame. The lizan was a bit jealous by her sudden interest in you. With a keen stare “Welcome to Fight club, we don’t get many ironclad fighters of your ... character around here.” you looked around seeing some of the veterans nodding their heads while readying themselves. The lizan steps in “If you want to join, you have to go through initiation like everyone else.” The cheetah-morph grins still keeping a keen eye on you, “I’m sure we won’t be disappointed, that is of course why you are here after all. Right?”

[No]

[Join the Club]

You were more than eager to oblige them. You nodded your head and agreed to join. The cheetah-morph shows you to the leader board hanging on the wall of Fight Club, a large 15 feet by 25 feet [4.5 meters by 7.6 meters] long board with names and tournament stages drawn. You saw the names being written over the scrubbed out ones, the weathered board has seen better days but still in pretty good condition despite its use. “This is the leader board, we pair up each fight and see who goes up next. This is only used when two fighters go after the same person, first two pair of fighters fight to proceed to the next stage to take on the winners from the other challenges. First one to get to the center, gets to fight the champion.” She escorts you to the corner she was in, “Here we have five classes of fighters, each one is separated by their armor regiment.”

She points to the group wearing the green tunics and green sashes, “That’s the lowest class, a bunch of wannabe fighters that haven’t improved much, some are new bloods.” To the group beside them, wearing the blue tattered tunics, “Those are your average fighters, roughnecks looking to prove themselves or after some gain. Not my concern really.” Looking over to the red colored regiment armor bearers, the gladiator looking fighters, “Brawlers, very nasty bastards. Isn’t that right mother fuckers!” the red group yelled, raising their fists up. You shook your head with a smirk. The large scarred lizan standing amongst the grit and more stronger fighters, once that don’t stand out wore gilded tunics with a black sash secured at their waists. The lizan spoke, “We’re the warriors”

“As you can see that the normal line up for just the unarmed fighter classes. The last fighting class is reserved for the other side of Fight Club, we aren’t just a club, it’s a way of life. We live to fight and fuck, you have to earn your way into the last group.” You asked what’s in it for you when you reach the last fighting class. “You get to fight the best of the best, no holds match, the end game. The spoils of war, so to speak.” She strokes your chin with her claw, waving her tail underneath your nose. She sits before you.

“Since this is your first time in Fight Club, I’ll just lay out the ground rules for you” everyone gathered around into a circle to listen, the lizan gestures them to come closer. His arms cross while he listens to her spoke.

“The First rule of fight club, you don’t rape in fight club
 Second rule of fight club, you don’t rape in fight club
 Third rule: if someone yells stop, goes limp, taps out ... the fight is over
 Fourth rule: two guys to a fight
 Fifth rule: that’s one fight at a time newbs, none of that shit from last time.
 Sixth rule: shirts on, tits fastened, no shoes, cocks tucked in
 Seventh rule: fights will go on as long as they have to
 And the Eighth and final rule is ... if this is your first night in fight club, you have to fight.”

The room got lit up with joy as the fighters get back into the ring and bludgeon themselves senseless. You turn back to the foxy woman and asked what do you do next? “You joined up, so you’re up next in the next round. I suggest you go change into a green tunic, Balthazar will take your armor and weapon and set them inside the lockers in the back. Don’t worry, they’ll be safe with Ohara and the other medics, you’ll be seeing them when you leave this place.” She turns her head to the lizan and he escorts you to the locker room.

[Locker Rooms]

Balthazar, the buff lizan alpha, takes you into the back rooms where others were getting their uniforms on. Balthazar tosses you a green sash and a tunic, “Get dressed new blood, you got bookies collecting some gems off your match. You don’t wanna disappoint the lady on your first day.” You assured him you don’t disappoint, he let’s off a full hearty laugh slapping you on your back with a hard loud slap. “I hope not, you lose on your first match you’re out of here. Think of this as your initiation that makes or breaks you. No worries, new blood, we’ll start you off easy. Greenhorns only fight those in their fighter classes and move up further in the food chain to Warrior and Elite classes.” You remove your [nameArmor] and [nameWeapon] handing them off to Balthazar for him to take to Ohara for storage.

[If PC (Male=True)[Female=False] Balthazar admires your physique, [strength=> 50] “I like what I see, though you could use more of a better workout, just saying.” [strength=>75] “Looks like I’ve got some competition if I’m going to be fighting someone of your caliber.” [strength=100] He glares at you, “I can’t wait to get you and me into that ring. It’s been years since I had a decent fight out of these degenerates, but we’ll see how you’ll do after beating the first three fighter classes, hm?”

[If PC (Female=True) (Male=False)] Balthazar admires your physique as well as your [breasts=true] busty breasts [vagina=true] pussy, “I wouldn’t mind taking you down a peg or two with that kind of body, girl. Hmmm, how about a little taste of what you got.

Dressed in you green tunic, and cotton pants tucked into your boots [If Pc is Centaur, Satyr, Minotaur: no lower body description armor]. You turn to the Balthazar then walk past him, his smirk escapes him when you leave the locker room. The room got silent when you leave, the other contestants laugh at Balthazar, he grits his teeth and punches a drider in the face, stepping over his chitinous body as he leaves the locker room.

[Main Room]

You re-enter the main tournament entrance, the last fighters were beaten to a pulp that they were eliminated and dragged out the other door into the infirmary. The bookies cried out for all final bets, “Place your bets ladies and gentlemen , place you bets. Hey, I saw you throw that!” The lizan bookie yelling at the roudy spectator. You enter the ring ready to fight your opponent:

[Fight Club Opponent Lineup]**[Green]**

- Pigman
- Rat-morph
- Lizan

[Blue]

- Anemone
- Incubus
- Succubus

[Red]

- Wolf-morph
- Kitsune
- Tiger shark-morph

[Gold]

- Lizan, Balthazar
- Cheetah-morph, Elena
- ???

[You are fighting a Pigman!] [Level 10]

A 5’6 tall, a thick and well rounded pig-morph with 3 inch tusks growing from his mouth, broad shoulders with the green tunic showing off his widen frame. His firm hulking fists and thick knuckles, three 7 inch cocks dangle out of his loin cloth. He snorts through his button nose snout, He hooves it into the ring, cracking his knuckles ready for a fight.

- 1 - The Pigman throws a punch connecting to your face before grabbing you by the shoulder and punches you right in the trachea. You are Stunned! [PC misses one turn]
- 2 - The Pigman drops to one knee, throwing himself at you then thrusting to the right driving his support leg and push off the ground, launching him between your legs. Both arms dragging you down, he lifts up on you and pins you down. Raising his fists, dropping a hammering blow on your face then stomping his

hoove on your stomach before hopping off of you. {Damage= 150]

3 - He looks at you then squeals with a high pitch before charging into you head on, he hits you in the stomach then thrusts upward using his tusks to cause significant damage to your abdomen, his bring his right knee to your chest, dropping you on one knee then brings the left leg and kicks you to the ground. [Damage= 120]

4 - He charges after you, just before grabbing him, he slides in between your legs coming out from behind, goat kicks your ass with both hooves, knocking you forward. Tumbling forward, the pigman steps onto your back and drives you into the ground, burying your into the mat. [Damage = 112]

5 - He takes a holding stance and waits for you to come, though he seems exhausted. He hold firm guard over his lowered stance, just waiting for you to move. [PC attacks] He dodges your initial attack then latches onto your hands holding on for dear life, holding you off at a stalemate before countering with a Headbutt [Damage=25] [If PC (speed =>30) your attack has a greater effect on the pigman, he goes down with a hard blow, dealt more damage! [PC Attack Damage +10]

Sequence of Attacks: 2,1,3,2,4,5,1,2,5, repeat sequence

The pig-morph lies in defeat, the spectators yell in cheer, Balthazar walks into the ring and raises your fist into the air, victorious! “Winner, [PC Name]!”. The room got quiet as the bookies started calling out the names of the next match up. Balthazar takes you over to the infirmary to get yourself checked up by Ohara before you decide on your next match or if you want to leave.

[Infirmary]

Leading you through the right side backdoors, Balthazar shows you into the large infirmary where an middle-aged rabbit-morph with dark circle patches around his eyes, white fur and in a doctor’s lab coat holding up. You sit in a slot on an empty blood stained bed with a soft pillow, the doctor comes by while Balthazar steps out to proceed with the next match. The rabbit-morph doctor walks towards you with his small frame glasses focused on you, “You must be the new arrival, alright.” He pulls out his magnifying glass and tells you to open your mouth, “Well you still have all your [teeth] that’s the best news of all. Your injuries will heal over time, all I can give you is some alcohol for the pain and open wounds. I recommend a night’s rest before starting your next fight here. But if you’re anything like the others, you will probably do so anyway.” He walks over to the ebony wood cabinets and pulls out a jug of pure grain alcohol and takes a swig from it before passing it to you. “Whoa!” he screamed, he thumps his long furry feet on the ground before pausing letting off a satisfied sigh, “That’s some hooch!” he blursts out.

You down the first swig from the jug and the taste knocks you out on the bed unconscious. Your vision blurs as the doctor picks up the jug in your limp hand. His face is very red as he goes for the next swig, “Ho ho, you lightweights can’t take swig on my moonshine. I probably should have recommended this instead of the bed rest. Oops” You slurred your cursed words at him just as you pass out.

[1 hour later]

You awake from your daze to find yourself still in the infirmary, you roll off to the side to catch your

breath and cough up the distilled alcohol still lingering in your throat. The doctor sees that you're awake and hops on over still red in the face, "You seem to be feeling better than before." You look over your body and saw no markings or bruising, you looked over to the jug sitting next to man's vials and beakers sitting on the counter with powder inside them. What the hell did he just give you. "You like? My homebrew, special recipe but hard to make in the amount of time; it sure beats surgeries and setting broken bones. Dried lizan tails, powder drider silk, and brew them in a mix of water, boil it and voila!" What kind of doctor prescribes alcohol, not that you're complaining considering it works better than any cure-all you've seen. "I'm not really a doctor, just the man who stitches up gaps, set bones, keep the others alive and kicking with the miracle of my hooch. They gave me the title cause I can't fight for shit with my whimsy punches. I'm better off back here where I can brew as much hooch in my still and make money doing it."

Another fighter comes in, dragged by their feet and lift onto the bed beside you. The "doctor" walks over to the Wolf-morph and feels them up, "Where does it hurt?" Howling when he presses his finger on the wolf-morph's side, "Yeah, see you just broke a rib and from the looks of it, internal bleeding too. I'll see what I have for the bleeding." The doctor hops over to the cabinet then to the display case beside it and pulls out a small sack with a cross on it, he takes it to the wolf-morph and give it to them. "Take it all with water and sleep, the bleeding should stop in half an hour." The wolf-morph opens their mouth and dumps all the power medicine down his throat, drinking the glass of water set on your side of the slot. "Thanks old man" the wolf-morph said marching out the door.

He stumbles into a stool across the room where he takes the retort and mortar in hand, throwing salt into the mortar and grinder in hand, begins to grind the ingredients into a fine powder. "I forgot to tell you, I'm Ohara, the alchemist." You told him your name. "[Name] you are probably one of my first injured to ever try my new brew. Hehe, the last ones weren't very uh ... successful" There was an awkward silence between you. Successful? What the hell! "Calm down, kiddo, if it didn't happen an hour ago, you'd be dead. But from the looks of it you seem to be healing pretty good for a first timer. You youngins sure can take a punch and recover faster than the other seasoned fighters." How often does he fix up fighters. "I normally get three dozen fighters popping in here, that's on any given night. Tourney and Midnight Specials, i get double the patients and you'd be lucky to even step through that doorway to get your ass onto that bed. Those blood stained sheets are a prime example of my work."

He drains the powder into a vial and places the rest into a beaker with a pinkish liquid, he picks up a bottle of Dragon Ale then swigs the drink. Scales appear under his throat before he bursts a spark of fire under the beaker, the small oil torch was burning, cooking the liquid until it turns into a purple hue. He takes a cube of salts and tosses them into the beaker then lets the liquid brew. He turns to you while he waits.

[Alchemy]

You asked how Ohara got into Alchemy and where he learned it from. Slouching back on the stool, belly out, feet spread, "Whoa, that's a long time ago, kiddo. I guess my father was kind of a nut for alcohol. If he could brew any kind of alcohol, he'd figure out a way to do it. He was a moonshiner, my mom was a

caregiver, if you wanna call it that. Its just a fancy way of saying hooker in the oldest profession.” It was a strange mix of family business alright. You watched the beaker over his shoulder turn blue then darker. He sees your curiousness about it and picks it up with his hand. “This is one of my father’s father recipes” he downs the brew, “Its good for the rickets, good for the bones, good for them fuckin hangovers.” You didn’t help but smile. “I wasn’t much of a ‘social’ child like my sister. I usually kept to myself, making up things to do. Mother was the one who really had a fondness for medicine, she usually gets everything her customers give her so she usually has something for everything. She got older, she needed someone to make more of her medicine, so she got me books on old traditional spells, recipes, and gave me my first retort and mortar” he picks up the kit he was using, showing you. You note the dents, cracks in the bowl, the grinder was a gritty sanded piece of stone, chips of the two showed their ages and usage. “Had these two for fifteen years, i’d never trade these puppies up for anything.”

[Medicine]

What kind of medicine can he make. “I got just what you need! Blood roots, lemon grass, wolfsbane, tobacco, milk barks, cunt sucklers, shriveled tentacles, gold kelp, you name it. You take your pick, most of this is for the urges you get. They don’t do you justice without someone with the know-how to make them in their proper forms. Bloodroots are good for making Incubi Draft, i found most of them from a corrupt glade on the surface. Lemon grass, it ain’t lemonade, the smell alone smells of ass; the color on the grass is something you don’t wanna use, the stems are what you want to make a remedy for cum addiction, its only temporary and you’d have to suck on them for it to work. Wolfsbane is a good cure-all plant i can make into Healing Liniment, just don’t go feeding it to wolves or dogs, there’s a reason why its called ‘wolfsbane’. Tobacco is a popular choice for those who prefer smoking the plant, milk barks is go for making both fake cum and turning into sugar. Cunt sucklers make a strong Lust Draft, very high market for them down here. We can never keep a steady supply of them. Shriveled up tentacles whether it be plant or creature are substitutes for the really good medicines to STDs and itching. Gold Kelp is the rarest kind of plant found in certain lakes near Anemone nests. Shark-morph love the kelp and its use to make contraceptives. I heard Sand Witches have a way to make contraceptives but they rarely show themselves to outsiders.”

[Ohara]

“Both of my parent were rabbits, i grew up with litters of brothers and sisters, we learned to make our family’s recipes for diseases, moonshine, and raisin kids. We owned a brothel out in the frontier over the mountains over yonder. Only one around before those damned demons came about, ruin our business. Family traveled into the four winds, barely see them anymore.” Balthazar walks in with another fighter, fresh meat as well, lies his unconscious foe on the bed and walks out. Ohara sighs then gets up to tend to the wounded fighter. Pulling for the cabinet, a jar of a thick clear white goo, he digs his fingers into the mix then rubs the gel substance all over the injuries then takes gaws wrapping the person in bandages. By then Ohara completely covers the person’s chest, arms and face. Returning to his seat, he scratches his head, ears flopping back trying to recall where he left off.

“I came to Sou’jure as a slave, not many of us come out of the pens without showing our true worth. Was

captured while finding some of my medicines and ingredients for my moonshine in the corrupt glades, mercenaries guild picks my ass up and tosses me into a pen full of degenerates. None of them bothered to fuck me or try to impregnate me with their kids because i was the only one patching up the slaves at the time. Many of the slaves here worked the mines, my group was just starting out in building the city. Slaves start dropping like flies, the people started to lose more in numbers, so they took me out of the picture and granted me limited freedoms provided that i fix up the slaves that get hurt. I turned out to be the lesser of the three evils, Cabal grants me full citizenship once the city got built and started bringing in more workers to start the mines. Elena and Balthazar came from the surface with their cult following along with the mercenaries guild and founded the Fight Club. I was better off here than the other guy up in the tower.”

The other guy? Tower? “Yeah, there’s a fella up in the tower that overlooks the city. You probably noticed it on your way here. Not many can forget seeing something like that. I think his name was Fox, Flocks, or something”. He walks over to the counter and tosses you Fawkes’s Dragon Ale. You examined the bottle, admiring the scaly sheath it has, with a stick on it with a black gargoye head on its side in a roaring pose. “He makes everything from what i hear. They say he’s an occultists like the others at the temple. Though, he’s more human than they are, Lich like, in fact”

[Leave]

You thinking it was time you left, you thanked Ohara for the ... drink. “Don’t get yourself killed, I can’t make money for my hooch if you do!” You walk out the door of the infirmary.

[Approach Gates]

[Cabal’s Palace]

[Palace Gates]

The crowd you passed kept a safe distance from the gates, and with good reason, approaching the gate the guards drew their swords and spears prepared for a fight. One guard whistles calling out another group of soldiers to appear before you and surrounds you. Spears aimed in your direction, a large guard in uniform steps out from behind the gate and approaches you.

Looking at you, the 6’5 giant removes their helmet revealing a green glow eyed stone headed creature with bits of stone and gravel molded into a mouth and a pebble for a nose. Chest was entirely covered with ebony colored steel, gilded trim, claymore sheathed on their beltline, the lower half of the guard’s body was a combination of earth: dirt, gravel and stone. His banging attachment was a large pillar of stone that taps the sides of his blocky legs beneath a kilt of red.

“What is you business here, mortal” The Earth Golem spoke in an authoritative tone, “This area is restricted to civilians” You told him you were looking for work and heard Cabal was looking for help.

The Earth Golem waved his hand, guards lowered their spears and you followed the Golem up the steps to the menacing marvel of a palace. The gigantic granite doors slide open, the grit and grinding of the granite slowly scraped the earth, your footsteps planted on the marble steps into the lobby.

[Lobby]

Your entrance into the lobby was a pantheon of relics, adorn gold statues, gild red banners, heavily guarded with soldiers that may rival your own skills. The main hallway is a fleet of stairs leading up much like the décor of the lobby but barred off with another granite doorway. To the hall to your right appears to be the entrance to the guard barracks with how all the guards are trafficking from that area.

To your left, you see display cases with trophies inside them, above them mounted on the walls were paintings of a gargoyle much like all the statues you've seen so far. Somehow, you know the person who owns this place had a large "thing" for gargoyles and things bearing their likeness. A corridor, dim lighted, leads lower beneath the palace caught your eye though hard to see behind the guards positioned around it. Your guess is, something is down there worth looking into.

[Char's Introduction]

The golem shows you to a large charcoal-faced man with a brimstone exoskeleton made similar to a suit of armor. His burns a red hot aura, lava pulsed through crevasses in between the man's exoskeleton, hands are completely hardened earth slightly warm. He turns to a passing guard, stamping a document revealing his hardened backside where it seems nice and firm. He turns facing you waiting patiently, you stare down at his rock hard 12 inch cock steaming like water on hot coals. The golem stops you where you stood and speaks with the flame elemental.

A few minutes speaking with the flame elemental, the golem extends his hand across his chest and bows before returning to his post. Passing you by, he tells you to speak with Char. Taking his guards with him, they left. You approached the flame elemental, Char. Crossing his arms, he examines you closely and sees your [nameWeapon], [nameArmor]. Looking at your body, he gauges your abilities then proceeds to speak. "You look like you fit the description we're looking for, are you here for the job?" You nod. "follow me" He turns toward the main hallway, orders the guards to open, they rush to open the granite doors.

Char escorts you through, more of the same décor down this hall as well though guard were littered passing through the many doors of the palace. For a palace, there are a lot of guards on patrol, butlers and maids pacing themselves, carting around bedclothes, containers, various objects unknown to you of their purpose. Char had the posture of a thoroughbred veteran, hands gripping the other behind him, head held high. He debriefs you of your job while he leads you to the throne room.

"Your job is to acquire items we seek, these items are relics his majesty wishes to add to his collection, but the others are more rare. You will be asked to do a minor task to show your worth to Cabal, from there you will be brought before him for details on your next assignment. The guards will let you through provided you have the items we asked you get, return and you will be rewarded. Cabal is gracious to those

who assist in these matters and punishes those who defy him.”

A guard paces themselves next to Char and whispers to him, informing him of something you could hear over the many marching guards roaming around. The guard beside Char turns and pass next to you and rushes off.

“Since you will be in the presence of his majesty, you will be asked to keep silent and never speak without being asked to. You will bow before him out of respect or you will be flogged and expelled. You insult his majesty you will be dunked, flogged, raped and tossed to the imps. Enter restricted areas of the palace, you will become feed to the earth golems and put to work in the mines. If you try and free slaves, within Suo’jire or the palace, you will be tortured, raped, enslaved, and confined to solitary confinement until you are put to work. Are we clear?”

[Yes]

“Good, remember those rules and you’ll go far” Char answered, you’ve reached the end of the corridor awaiting the guards to open up the throne room.

[Berate]

You grew furious by his threats, you told him of your many conquests and ventures, proclaimed yourself to be far more powerful than any creature in Mareth. You insult him, calling him a lowly lap dog. If he tries to pull anything, you wouldn’t so much as bat an eye to do the same to him. He stops, an awkward pause for a brief few seconds. Your voice echoed the corridor, the staff and guards stopped. They all looked to you and Char, their jaws dropped. He slowly turns to you with a hard boiled scolding look imprinted on his face:

“That’s what they all say for their first time. See those steel boxes on the carts? Imagine you being inside one of them, and it will slowly roast you like an oven. I will cook you until your soul burns, I will boil your eyes and put your teeth to the grind stone. Then you’ll be seeing a golem with a niche for drilling your insides, put back into the box and repeat. I love my job and unless you want to become my problem, not another outburst.”

He moves you up front and casually gestures you to move forward. You continued towards the end of the corridor, Char raises his voice: “GET BACK TO WORK!!” the loud roaring flames scorched the walls of the palace hall and blasted back a few guards and servants. Everyone scattered and went back to their tasks quickly and quietly. You two stopped before the guards to the throne room and Char orders them to open.

[Char]

You asked about Char and what is it that he does. “I’m the General of his majesty’s army, nothing happens in Sou’jire without my notice; before I was a city watchman on the surface. My job as organizing the troops, keeping the slaves in line, and safeguarding his eminence. As of yet, there are no

wars and my time is devoted to demeaning tasks.” You nodded your head in awe, he takes notice. “I train three battalions of troops, two platoon of officers to accommodate the armies and the additional staff from the Palace maintain the armoury. Slaves provide resources to our refineries, quartermaster make our arms. But my duties as General are not on Cabal’s priorities so I’m reduced to being the palace chef, bath heater, and notary. So i’d say i have become somewhat displaced.” Char sighs with steam bursting through his mouth, “But we’re not here about me, let’s keep this professional and between us.”

You’ve arrived at the throne room, Char clapped his hands and the guards rushed to open the doors for you two.

[Throne Room]

The doors to the throne room opened, your eyes glowed as the room lit up like a the sun, the floors of this massive chamber was paved in gold, the tapestry were maroon and gilded with Cabal’s likeness, the guards lined up in the chambers are dressed well in gilded armor bearing masks of Cabal’s face. Following your flame elemental escort towards the throne, each soldier pairs up with the one across from each other following behind you. Approaching the throne, you see the man himself, being sucked upon by two succubi on his enormous 20 inch manhood, resting his head on knuckles - bored. Seeing you approach him, a wave from his hand, the succubi leave his presence.

His large red and black eyes glare at you, shoulder length black hair. His dark maroon colored fur pelt with a loin cloth draped over his dorsal ridge like appendages on his kneecaps, demon like claws and talons, rough skin were spotted on the exposed areas, a vest laced together with velvet and gold covered his torso but you can tell his physique is impeccable due to the tightness of the vest and v-shape collar laced together showing some of his pecks through.

The guards behind you, circle around the throne fencing around you, Cabal and Char. Char stands beside Cabal with his arms and hands behind him posed like a soldier. Cabal breaths a bit of steam exhales through his nose waiting patiently on you to answer, but as you go to explain your business, he retorts to your gaze. “Speak your business whoremonger” Char shakes his head slowly almost knowing what your response might be. Cautiously, you explained you were new to this city and wished to pay your respect to the ruler. A pleased smile grew on Cabal’s face, “really?” rubbing his bull like horn protruding from his forehead. “And this demanded my attention? Char, explain why is this mortal in my presence!”

Char was unphased by his master’s aggressive projection, though it is difficult to tell his expression when it’s a fiery mask with moveable bits. “[He/She] is here to do the job you were hoping someone would do for you. Might I remind you that it was you who ordered the assembly of any and all volunteers for this task to meet with you in person.” Cabal huffs then proceeds to leave his throne; raising from his throne you noticed by his size, that he was at least 6 feet tall, athletic built frame. He stretches his wings behind him as if he had been sitting there for ages, the wing spanding are more than double his arms length, waving behind him was a large, thick, leathery tail.

“I might recall an earlier discussion” Cabal turns towards the gigantic window, over viewing the city from

his place. He calls Char over to the window and the two spoke in private while you stood before the throne, waiting. Cabal was abusive to the elemental, he grabs him by the charcoal collar of Char's suit and holds him closer. You take notice to the angry expression on Cabal's face especially the exposure of his fangs in his rage. He shoves Char to the ground and returns to the throne cracking his claws, heat radiating from them. He sits upon his throne once again then gestures the guards to leave them. "Whoever you are, mortal, I don't give just any weakling a job; they earn the right for it. Be thankful you aren't another slave working the mines. Here you are nothing more than the semen back of Marae's backside, you have no say in what goes on here."

"Here I am god, king, and soul of Suo'jure, nothing happens here without my notice. Which brings me to your first task, whoremonger, bring me the talisman from Nero the Necromancer and return it to me. You bring me this talisman, it shows you can follow orders. Now go ..."

//PC leaves palace returns to Suo'jure

[Return Talisman]

Entering the throne room, following the same procedure as you first enter. You approached the throne tossing the talisman at Cabal, his quick reflexes catch the octagon shape talisman and examines it. Turning it on its face with his middle and index finger, flipping it up in the air, the talisman falls into his mouth, closing his mouth, he swallows it whole. Your jaw drops as you watch this. "You show initiative, good, now I have what you've been seeking." Cabal pulls out a tome with a seal on the bindings, a clasp on the opening and no keyhole. Sitting this modest tome in his lap, he waves his hand over the book, the lock releases and reveals blank pages. Placing his hand on the pages themselves, the book glowed showing written language not native to Mareth, then he reads from it. Standing completely still for ten minutes, you wondered when he was going to explain your task. He closes the tome and looks up, "Go to the cemetery in the southern district, the guards should let you by if you have my seal" snapping his fingers, Char hands him a large steel emblem. "Stick out your hand"

[If Pc has Goo/Ectoplasm hands "Then takes this parchment to the guards, lose it and I will have you sentenced to public transportation for life.]

"Once you're in the cemetery, bring me the Lethicite of Aurelean, I have no need of you if you do not return to me with it in your possession. Now go ..."

//PC returns to Suo'jure

[Give Lethicite of Aurelean]

Your presence in the throne room has made Cabal eager to see you. He calls the guards off and allows you to approach the throne without an escort. Char stands beside Cabal as always and takes the Lethicite from you. The brilliance of the Lethicite was a magnificent jewel for its size, shaped like a heart made entirely of crystal, to think how much power it has to make it glow the way it does must be extraordinarily. Char infused the Lethicite into his body, imbued with the power of the crystal, the fiery aura turned maroon in color. Cabal blew smoke through his nostrils, a pendent stare fell upon Char.

“Good work in retrieving the Lethicite, profligate” A small imp servant flew to Cabal’s side landing before his feet.

“You called, your eminence?” it asked, Cabal looked to you without so much as moving his head to acknowledge the imp. “You’ve done well so far, continue working for me and I’ll make you rich.” He snapped his fingers and points to his crotch, the imp looks down and scurries off.

The doorway to Cabal’s left opens with two feline-morph wearing see-through silk gowns, shackles on their wrists and ankles though no chains ran through them. The two walked in front of you and Cabal during your meeting, removing his cock from between his loin cloth. The brunette feline-morph held his penis massaging the tip with her long hot pink tongue while the other blond strokes his member until his cock raised to its peak before they caressed with their C and D cup breasts sharing the thickness of his length with their tongues.

You stand there watching the two felines sucking on him, you dare not look away but you feel your loins burning, but you reminded strong regardless of your turn-on. Cabal’s snicker and lowered menacing brow takes notice. “Does this bother you?” You slowly shake your head not breaking your stare from his. “Well, if it doesn’t then they’ll continue their duty while we finish up this discussion. Char-” Char turns to Cabal, “Yes master”. “Prepare a feast for us, I’m famished.” Char bowed his head obediently, “As you command, your eminence” Char walks off to fulfill his order. Far from the throne, Cabal kept silent until Char has left the room.

“I want you to find the rebels filling my city with their propaganda and have them brought to face justice for their crimes.” [If PC (corruption<25) Crime, the only criminals here was his pompous ass and the throne built on the back of slaves.] [If PC (corruption=>50) Hard to believe there’s a problem in the city that demands his attention like this, you don’t see why he doesn’t just enslave everyone.] Still, he did say he’ll make you rich for helping him, never said about you had to deal with them yourself. “When you find them, you will have my blessing to remove them” Damn!

From the hallway door to Cabal’s right opens up, out from it is an middle aged Incubi dressed in a tailored tail-coat suit, fully dressed and very refined. The sound of his leather clad shoes echoed throughout the chamber stopping meters away from the throne. Without a bow, a smug elitist expression appeared on his face, he does not acknowledge you nor did Cabal to him. The incubi clears his throat, “Dinner is prepared your excellence” That was quick, you thought. “Waltz, is the foreman done punishing the slaves earlier this evening?” The incubi nods, “Yes, sir”.

“And the refugees?” Cabal asked, “Were they all captured”

“But two escaped, not worry sir. The mercenaries are looking for them as we speak.” Waltz answered, “Miss Gluttony send her regards for the new delivery, her appreciation was given to us with an exceptional sum of gold and diamonds.”

“And what happened to the tributes?”

“They’re in your quarter, sir, and the special requests you’ve inquired earlier has been sitting idly for your return. I took the liberty in tending to your pets.”

Cabal's bright devilish smile appeared, "Waltz, you are a gem. Have Char lash the foremen for this blemish on our record." Waltz bowed politely, "It was done earlier this afternoon when all were accounted."

Looking up to you, Waltz raises his head then stood erect. "Will your guest be attending your spread, sir?" Cabal takes a minute to ponder on the decision, the feline girls reached his peak of climax, jizz burst from his loins blasting the two still pumping milliliters of semen on their breast and faces. Cabal's eyes were closed, blank expression before settling his head on his fist, a small grunt before letting off a sigh. "Have a spot ready for our guest, after spending time amongst the dead can work up and appetite." Cabal turns to you, "Follow Waltz to the dining hall, I have some unfinished business." You followed the Incubus to the hallway.

[Dining room]

Waltz escorts you down the elegant halls of the palace christened with gilded red banners, marble walls, gold paved floors, paintings of Cabal in his many conquests, you pass a display case with stones, rocks, and old relics you think were ancient sex toys. Waltz turns his head slightly looking at you in his peripheral vision then stares forward. "I dare say you've picked an awfully convenient time to see the master, outsider. Pardon me for prying, but I find it odd that you've become such an esteemed guest in a short amount of time."

[Listen]

You didn't acknowledge him but you continued to listen to him.

"Master Cabal rarely gets guests he truly wishes to have accompany him. What makes a someone like you, covered in the filth from the surface, worth enough to dine in his presence I will never know. But I will do as I am told and keep this place in the best possible shape."

You asked what kind of person would wants to become a butler, out of sheer curiosity. "Besides the essentials? We, butlers and maids, have more power than you think we do. We take care of the master's possessions, receive clothing, the best quality food grown without the taint of the surface dwellers, and we receive payment for what we do. Some are given more "special" treatment based on their services to the master. The maidens you've observed are a few who are like that. They bear children, we train them and send them off, the maidens sleep within the master's chambers."

Waltz stops at the end of the hall at the dining hall doors and faces you. "Whatever your motives are, I assure you, the benefits of working for the master weigh heavily more than the alternatives others have fell victim to." Turning back to the door, he opens them and strolls through, "Right this way ... step lively now I don't want you to track your filth all over my cleaned floors!" he said in a faded woe.

[Berate]

You raised your voice and told him to shut up. Refocusing the topic on dinner and telling him to take you

there without taking, using his status as a butler as an insult. “Very well, sir”. The two of you reached the dining hall, he opens the doors for you.

The gold flooring stops in the hallway behind you, you raised your eyes from the granite flooring to the round marble table before you, a throne like seat was propped on the other end of the table with four sets of silverware on one side of the plate, three glasses, and another 4 set of silverware nicely placed beside them. Your seat was like the others, Waltz pulls back your ebony chair and scooted you up to the table. Waltz gives you the full treatment of royalty, he claps his hands, the kitchen crew rolls out the dining carts up to the table. Imps started zipping around you randomly setting up your side with the same setup as Cabal’s. Once the crew finishes setting up your area, Waltz grabs a large vintage bottle of Fawke’s Dragon Ale and takes a swig from it. His eyes lit red, he grabs the candles in front of you and bursts sparks of fire on the tips then displays a fine cotton cloth in your lap. He moves over to the candles on Cabal’s side and lights them from a distance, removing his handkerchief he taps his lips, steam blew from his nostrils, “excuse me”.

Cabal enters the dining hall with a breath of relief, his footsteps echoed the hall, standing beside the throne-like seat, Waltz pulls out his chair for him with a smile. Cabal sits and is moved up to the table.

[Dinner]

Waltz extends his hand to his bosom and gives a slight bow shooting a smile for him, “Tonight’s meal is a Duck Etouffee, peppered and sautéed to completion. Side dishes are a cream spinach dish with low cut dairy and a vichyssoise with the finest leeks, onions, and fresh chicken stock. And for dessert, Flan and orange marmalade bread.” As he called out the names of dishes, the kitchen crew quickly came out of with dining carts rolling up to the table displaying the food in the order they were called. As Waltz finished, one dining cart was left behind with a vintage bottle on ice beside the encased dish. With a deep breath, Waltz hums a tune then pulls out the vintage bottle and uncorks it for Cabal and serves him first, pouring the bottle in his tallest glass. Waltz strolls beside you and pours your glass. A strong odor of wine with a pure grain alcohol burn on your tongue, Waltz grabs a pitch of purified water from the cart and pours your glass reacting to your soured expression.

Waltz returns to his master’s side and remain there with a sterling silver platter held in front of him, keeping his poised expression and occasionally looking in his master’s direction then onto you. “Will there be anything else, master?” Cabal nods agreeably drinking the wine and shoveled the duck a few spoonfuls, greedily. “Yes, have Char come in for this meeting.” Waltz bows and walks towards the kitchen, he stares at you for a moment, entering the kitchen.

You dig into the dishes and notice the melted duck, the strong spicy taste, a dash of salt filling your mouth. Small strands of pepper, bits of onion made it a very well balanced dish, nothing like this you could to cook up in your campfire. You try the soup and was surprised by the taste, it’s [b]cold![/b] you rejected the vichyssoise and moved onto the spinach, a very sweet and light. You drink from the wine glass and place it back, you continue to knife the meat and feed yourself, you occasionally look up to see

Cabal doing the opposite of your proper table manners.

Char and Waltz enter the room, Char dressed in a white double-breasted coat and white gloves. They stand beside Cabal on either side and they stare back at you, Char's hands behind his back, Waltz's in the front holding the silver platter. "How is the meal, sir?" Cabal leans back, hunger sated, and picks his teeth with his claw talon. Suckling on his teeth, "Satisfactory." There was a pause in between the comments.

"How is our tonight's meal?" Cabal asked you.

[Sucks]

You nibble at the meal you're currently chewing on, you grabbed the napkin in your lap and chose to spit out the food into it. The disdainful expression on your face, you opened your mouth, "You call this a meal, I wouldn't consider it worthy of royalty. It merits some distinction to peasant food, peasant food I can make and it would still taste better than this filth."

Your insult to Char's cooking causes him to grow furious, but you've managed to get a chuckle from Waltz who covers his bright smile with his hand. Char's anger torched the chef's uniform turning it into ashes. Cabal, smiles and turns to Char "I don't think [he/she] likes your cooking very much Char. What does that say about my tastes?" He turns to you in a cool manner. "Absolutely nothing, sir" Waltz silenced his chuckle and quickly prevents angering Cabal. "No, I agree. This does merit to peasant food, and I am not a peasant, but I'll let this slide because we have a guest." Waltz bows once again, "Merciful as always, master"

Waltz turns to Char, "Clean up your mess, Char, I just had these floors cleaned!" he scolded. Char blazed his anger towards Waltz, but fell calmly when Cabal stares directly at him. Char walks back into the kitchen then returns to clean up the ashes.

[Satisfied] - You complimented on the dish, making positive statements about the meal. Cabal turns to Char, "Thank you for the meal Char, you may go." Char removes his uniform and fold it, neatly just as he walks through the dining room doors.

[Just Nod] - You nodded agreeing to whatever his statement was with you mouth still filled with meat. "I see" Cabal smiled and gestures Char to leave. Char removes his uniform and fold it, neatly just as he walks through the dining room doors.

Cabal continues the discussion from before, now in the presence of Waltz. "You are aware of my power? of course you do, why would I be in the position of power. But what not many know is that I am confined to this palace. The items you are collecting are not mere trinkets and relics of a long dead civilization. I trust you can keep this to yourself." You weren't sure if you had a choice in the matter but nodded agreeingly. "The Lethecite is just one of the many items I require. It took much of my power to keep myself alive, my confinement here is a safety measure my inner circle has prepared for me. Having said

that, you probably have many questions to ask, let me be clear: this palace, nothing leaves here.”

[Cabal]

[Truth]

You were shocked to hear Cabal wasn't at all what he was deemed to be. “Did you really think I could do half of what those peasants say? If I did, I wouldn't be underground mining for Letherice and her ilk. I'd crush her and give her the hardest fucking in her existence. But she holds more sway with my men and women than I do. Which pathetic, I breed my army as I see fit and they obey me. Nonetheless, I prefer my comforts, my servants give me the pleasure I want and in exchange for their wealth, I have everything. Well ... almost, everything.”

[Nero]

You asked Cabal about Nero and the occultists. “Ah yes, the necromancers. They are an odd bunch even for someone of my tastes. Nero and his group of mages were a special kind of follower entirely. They approached me in the Demon Invasion just as they exited through the portal from their world into ours. His grand master was a petty mage with no real purpose being head of a potentially great order. So I turned him into an imp, and you'll occasionally see him flapping somewhere around the palace. No one really knows his true identity, but neither does he.” Cabal burst out laughing, Waltz chuckles covering his smile.

[Demonstration]

[Must visit Nero and speak about Cabal]

You explained to him that you've heard the stories from Nero about how Cabal. “Nero is a sneaky little devil, but he is a loyal one. He does tend to exaggerate the truth a bit; no, I am not the one who blankets the skies in red. No, I am not the one who can quake the earth. I am a very wealthy, very endowed, very powerful man with much in a way of spreading gossip.”

Then why the secrecy if he wasn't as he say? This discussion turned out to be very disappointing than you thought. “Don't confused me for a drugged up demon. If I can think it, I can do it.”

You challenged him, “Prove it”

Cabal turns to Waltz and asked him to bring in the imps. Waltz leaves the room for a few minutes while he raises from his seat and cracks his fingers. Waltz returns and a flock of imps flew into the room. Flapping their wing, Cabal mutters incantations then blasts one imp. The first imp turned into a human, a tall middle man with shaggy hair, a thick, bushy mustache in his birthday suit. Cabal turns the other imps into: a succubus, a chicken, a minotaur, and tangled up tentacle midget that tripped on its own tentacles. Then he performs more tricks by snapping his fingers quickly while posed as if he was thinking. The imps randomly turned into nagas, sphinxes, pelicans, but then he got creative and turns them into [b]you[/b].

All of them had your likeness and you were amazed they look like you: [palce in PC description]

Cabal then whistles and the imps turned back into their original forms. Settling down, Cabal stomps his heel against the ground, the granite flooring looks as if it were dripping towards the ceiling. The sparks from the ground suggest his was conjuring something. He wraps his hands around the protruding object and the thing morphs into an orb of stone. He works his hands into the orb and shapes a helmet in the shape of his own face, the smooshed it and made it into a claymore, then a staff, then a spear and it solidifies taking on color, and textures of a real weapon.

Cabal raised the spear to you, then positions himself into a lowered stance, pulling back his throwing arm, he launches the spear towards you. The crescent spear hurled towards you, it froze before touching your forehead. Cabal rolled his finger, calling back the spear into his hand. The spear melted before you, he molds it with his eyes and imagines an luscious red apple to which he takes a large bite out of then drops it into your hand. He walks over to the swirling patch on the ground where the granite formed the spear. He spits on the ground, the swirl retracts, reforms, and fills up the space until it was looking brand new, untouched, clean.

You laughed after his display and mocked his power, “Is that all you got?” Cabal smiled and points to the figure standing behind you. A large dark hand touched your shoulder, you look up to see a shadow figure of Cabal. The shadow figure moves onto one side of the table, his body separates into two beings in similar form. They surround the room splitting off until they were in a specific formation. Then they kneeled to the ground, running their claws along the ground engraving transmutation circles in their place. Rising up they vibrated when they disappeared into the circles they formed.

A large void was formed in their absence, inside this void was a black atmosphere followed by slime covered flora, rushing cold wind blew from the void. The room grew cold, empty, you were fascinated by the power Cabal wielded. You watched as the void opened and closed, open and close, different worlds, different times, different images of more dimensions. Your eye caught a glimpse of a future where Cabal stood over a bukake orgy beneath a ruin from which he stood triumphant. Cabal stops the transitions and ceases to allow the void to remain open any longer.

Your jaw drops in awe, he smiles and chuckles. “I may not cause the skies to turn crimson, move the earth, but I do see the future. I can see other worlds and feel their presence. These portals I can create don’t allow me to enter them nor can I with my soul bound to this world. To even attempt such a feat would be foolhardy and the dangers a great. Which is why you must never reveal what you saw or heard here today.”

You wiped your face and dropped your cloth on the plates, rose from your seat and bowed for the pleasant evening. “Please, I rarely get company that isn’t trying to kill me. I must say it is an exhausting evening. Waltz”

“Yes, sir?”

“See to it our ... friend, is compensated on their way out of the palace and give them a parting gift as a token of my appreciation for their discretion.”

“Very good, sir, should i give them the standard package?”

Cabal pondered on the present he wanted to give you for your service to him. A thought came to mind, he smiled: “On second thought, let them decide on our luxurious gifts. They can decide what they want”
Waltz bows with a bright smile then takes you to the throne room.

On your way through the corridor leading back through, Waltz explained what it is they were offering. “My, my the master is in a good mood. You certainly do have a way with people.” You take it as a compliment. “Master has given you the privilege of selecting one of the many gifts he’s willing to share with you”

[Wealth]

“On your way to the palace you’ve met the quartermaster, he helps keep the slaves in line while funding our treasury with gems. Master has given me permission to grant you a heavy sum of gems for your efforts. You may receive your payment from the treasurer in the corridor below at the main entrance. If you wish to accept, I will give you the seal needed for the payment [10,000 Gems]”

[Pamper]

“The surface world is such a filthy place, look at you! Your tracking mud, dirt and Cabal knows what kind of bodily fluid is soaking in your clothes, ugh!” Waltz commented, “I’ll be sure to wash, polish, and clean your clothes thoroughly and have them delivered to your room. While our staff are cleaning your clothes, I will fetch you something a bit more comfortable. The bath is right this way and I can show you to your room where you can stay for the night. Who knows, you might find something else in your room.

[Weapon]

“If it doesn’t get used, it might as well have been an expensive dust collector. Cabal owns an old relic he bought from some merchant, however, it was more a counterfeit of the original. It is said to poison the inflicted, the blade itself is toxic and imbued with lust draft. The design of the blade is a long balanced double edge with a hollowed inside wear the poison is inserted at the bottom of the hilt. The holes visible on the broad sides of the blade are the points of entry from where the poison will then seep out when drawn. The vial can be refilled after sometime, it is only used the first few strikes, the after effects of the poison will wear off. Use your sword wisely.”

[Poison= 15 HP per turn + base damage] [induces lust=10] [Attack=17]

[Treasury & Vault Room] [If Pc chooses “Wealth”]

Waltz escorts you to the left hand side of the throne room to the notary. Inside the office, scrolls, books displayed on the desktop while others were neatly placed on shelves. Waltz signs a letter, melts the candle

wax, removes a ring from his finger then stamps the letter with his seal of approval. He turns to you and hands the sealed envelope to you. Taking you back to the throne room, through the main corridor and sees you to the door of the main lobby. The two of you depart in separate ways and you went towards the guards to the left corridor leading below the lobby. You flashed your sealed letter to them and they let you pass.

Beneath the main lobby, your stairway brings you to a heavily guarded entrance to the treasury reserves. Cages layered the hallway and guards stationed in between cages stood guard, you see at a distance a large vault door and a person hunched over on the desk in the back. You approached the cage where the guard hold out their spears ready to spearhead you through the bars. You flash the sealed letter to one of them, the key holder unlocks the first door for you. You proceed to do the same with the next until you've reached the end of the hall.

Before sat a large blob of liquid seeping their fluid into the desk they were resting on. You cleared your throat. The blob jiggled, a head popped up from the blob and starts forming a full body. You hear a gurgling yawn, feminine, and they spawned two eyes from the core of their body. "Yeah, yeah what do you want" the water elemental asked, she looks up and sees that you weren't a guard. "Wait, you're not my usual trio. Who are you?" You told her that you were here to retrieve your payment. You hand her the letter, she was reluctant to take it without soaking it. She raise her right hand, you didn't know what she was doing, she looked to her hand and to you, "I'm supposed to show you my index finger but I have none. Wait one minute."

She dispersed into her liquid form, the water elemental's heart and rings dropped to the floor as her body seeps through the vault door. You tapped your toe after the last ten minutes of waiting. You bring yourself to sit in front of the door and rest your eyes. The vault door swings open and out comes the water elemental.

Standing at 5'7, she had a silhouette of navy blue hair, her arms flow repeatedly through rings on her wrist, elbows, and shoulders. Allowing her to move her limbs. You see the heart core of her body that grants her life much like the slime girls of the lake. The band on her waist, knees and ankles allowed the same function as her arm bands, though now she actually has individual fingers and toes. She has a slit down the middle of her figure, gel and solid, you wondered if it was the effect of the heart core or the magical bands. Inside her body floats colorful mixtures of different gems, your reward. She pulls a leather bag from the shelf inside the vault and spits up all the gems in her body into the bag without getting water into it.

She walks up to you and hands you the large hefty sum of gems and extended her hands to large fists that moved the heavy vault door with ease. She slings the lock, tumblers locked in place and you have your money. You thanked her for the ... help? and you walk out of there 10,000gems richer than you were before.

[Laundry Room] [If PC chooses “Pamper”]

Waltz claps his hands together with glee and takes you down the main corridor through a door where you were attended to by three staff members, all of them were female succubi dressed in maid uniforms. Waltz claps his hands and they lined up with their head looking towards the ground, “Ladies, the master has asked for you to tend to our young friend here to our specialty. Please, do be gentle with this one, I don’t need to remind you what happened last time” Waltz looks to the purple hue succubus with silver hair, “Greta!” The succubus dangled her head in shame as he yelled. He returns to his normal pose, “Now then, I want them cleaned from head to toe, wash behind the ears and tend to any of their needs. I want that filth scrubbed and polished immediately or I will have your bodies fed to the golems.”

“Yes, sir” all three succubus answered, they rushed to get you out of your clothes. Waltz stood there watching you get undressed.

[If PC has a cock: cockDescription(x) he was curious about the package you had dangling between your legs. He undresses you with his eyes, as were the women who were tending to every piece of cloth you wore.] [If PC (strength=>40) (Endurance=>40) your very ample and firm muscles were envious, Waltz’s face bloomed red he turns his face in embarrassment. Your body made him stir crazy, wrapped in turmoil that he shakes when he see you undress before him. He imagines you penetrating him and he to you. He shakes his head, brings his hand to his mouth, clears his throat, excusing himself from the room.]

[If PC has a vagina: vaginaDescription(x) he loomed over your body like a beggar for a meal, (strength=>20) (agility=>40) your body was magnificently lithe and firm body, Waltz couldn’t tear himself away from you, he bites his thumb in embarrassment, his face turns red. He glazed his eyes between your legs, imagining himself between you, your ripe shaped ass filling his hands. Waltz’s eyes were stricken with a moment of weakness, your eyes looking over your shoulder to him with your back facing him, your (nameArmor) sliding down your back just below your waist. A tear ran down the side of his face, an open smile drew on his face, a large wet spot appeared on the crotch region of his clean pressed pants. Looking down, he covers himself and turns away walking outside the door.]

[If PC is genderless: cock/vaginaDescription(x) undressing you, the succubus were surprised by your genderless physique as was Waltz. They continue to undress you further little let down by your like of gender. But Waltz ... he was more interested in what he could do to you.] [If (strength=>20) (endurance=>30) (agility=>40) Waltz licks his lips with anticipation to see how far your body was shaped. Your skin, your (body thickness <=20) curvy body and lithe creavasses that outline your stomach, crotch, and tone ass. He covers his face to shield himself from showing his gaze. He clears his throat and walks out the door, you hear him lean up against the door with a slim amount of panting before a silence.]

[If PC is herm: cock/vaginaDescription(x) as they were undressing you, your manhood plops freely on it own accord, they stopped seeing your dual genders striking them with awe. Waltz’s eyes glowed brightly with joy seeing your physique, magnificent girth of your length, the ample nethers beneath your ballsDescription(x). He bit into his gloved hand as he stares intensely at your marvelous body

(strength=>30) (endurance=>30) (agility=>30), the suppleness of your ass, the resiliency of your abs, the slim arches in your frame moved him with great eagerness he was stricken to his knees with lust. The succubus take notice of your reaction on Waltz. He leaves the room after his loud moan of agonizing lust building up inside him.]

You never knew how much Waltz liked you until he saw you, actually you were kinda turned on by the way he was turning you on. You watched as the succubus around you take a liking to you as much as Waltz did. Do you want to have sex with them or head straight for the bath house?

[Sex] [Bath House]

[If PC has cock]

You feel a wet object moistening your manhood, looking down you see your length plopped on top of the head of the succubus in front of you. Another succubus takes the half flaccid cock into her mouth without touching it with her hands, the third succubus takes you from behind and gently brings you to the floor massaging your back while the one giving you a fellatio presses her hands onto your inner thighs, (cocksize=>13inches) her face turns a dark purple as he going deeper taking all of your length) (cocksize=<13inches) she plants her lips onto your base and takes the cock as far as she could, massaging the length with her tongue then pulls away.) Your cock slides out of her mouth with a loud sloppy POP! Her smile was bright when she lays you on your back then sits on your face with her (vaginaDescription(x) you licked the inside of her soaking wet pussy and your manhood was as erect as a flagpole. The succubus that your hot length was resting on, suddenly stands over you with her pussy spread open ready to take you on. She slams her pussy quick and hard. Her head flies back, her tongue flops out while she stood still on your fully erected cock. A heavy, yet satisfying, moan came at short burst followed by an overzealous eagerness to fuck.

The cockriding succubus pounds her pussy against your pelvis, grinding herself on to you; the other sitting on your face grabs on her breasts and digs her nails into them cursing her heart out, the other was eating out the succubus grinding your pelvis. They scream bloody murder until they came themselves all over the floor, your body soaked in hot sticky fem cum. You burst you hot cum on their cunts, back and stomach.

You shoved the one on your face off, flipping on top of the grinder and knocking off the eater. You gave the bitch what a true lover wants. You slammed yourself against her vagina and raised her leg up pulling her closer to you. She grabs your back and digs her nails into your back. The other two were still turned on, they turn to the other then separated the girl you were fucking and switched out. The two sex crazed vixens laid on top of the other: one on her back, the other, on her stomach, pussies displayed for you. You placed your cock in between their steaming wet cunts and sandwiched it between them. You feverishly got off on the sandwich.

[Fisting]

The neglected girl sat there with a sullen look on her face before you grabbed her and took her over with

your fist. You rammed your fist into her cunt and gave her the best arm length fucking she had. She screams wildly as your arm penetrated her, being pushed to the limit. The two succubus watched as you finish the girl off, you pumped her insides going as far as touching and fingering her cervix with your middle finger. Her long, loud bursts of lust induced screams sounded out into the halls, she reach out around, twisting and turning looking for whatever she can to grab on to. The other two girls came at her side the pressed their lips onto her breasts and sucked to their hearts desire, the fisted girl grabbed onto their hair and pulls. She lets off an ear pressing scream before she came her hardest. Her mind went blank, the two next to her were soaked in everyone's bodily fluids, they laid there with the vaginas spread open, your semen was sliding off their wet bodies, you stood above them and looked at yourself seeing the fluids on your crotch and chest. You really need a bath now.

[If PC has vagina]

You feel a wet object licking your sweet, ample pussy, locking down you see the succubus sitting in front of you having her tongue deep inside your hot pussy. She took you over and feels your supple behind, the other succubus held your clothes watching, fingering herself as she watched her companion join you and her friend. She takes you from behind, kissing your neck, she latches onto your bosom, pinching your nipples, she pulls your hair and slides her tongue into your mouth. Your fellatio and mouth being massaged at the same time was too much. The girl holding your clothes, drops them and grabs the girl behind you and begins to eat her out.

The fellatio succubus spawns a cock as did the other behind you, together they penetrate your insides with full force. Your arms flopped behind you grabbing the girl behind, her chin rested on your shoulder with a slight grin. She slid her tongue on your neck and thrusts your ass onto her cock; the girl in front grabs your bosom and sucks on them with great eagerness. Nibbling on your nipples, she thrusts into you in tune with the other. Your pussy is loose and gripping tightly to the cock borrowing into you, you ass is so stuffed with cock, you feel your legs going numb from the hard stiffness of the girls' manhood drilling your holes. The succubus in front bends down on one knee before laying on her back and laying you on top of her allowing the other to climb onto your back. They thrust even harder and faster with much great eagerness to pop you full of their hot seed.

Your cum is seeping out of you, the wetness makes a loud sloping sound as they slap themselves against you, you can't feel your legs with the amount of force you're taking. The girl beneath you has her eyes roll up inside her head with her mouth letting out small grunts. The one on top wasn't done with you, not by a long shot. You feel the girl on the bottom lose her grip, her femcum bursts into your hot, wet, cunny; the girl from behind takes you onto her back with you on top. You grind her pelvis with much force feeling her penetrate your cervix eventually into your womb. You paused for an instant when you felt her cock break through your cervix. She waited for you to recover before you raised yourself to your feet. You crouched over her and worked yourself onto her with anticipation, she can feel you cumming, though it only meant she wasn't far behind. She succumb to her urges to cum until she has reached her peak. You latched onto her cock and gripped it hard to cut off the flow of her urethra, you wanted to cum again before her did.

She shakes her head when she felt the cum building up in her balls. You grabbed the cock and licked the pre off it and went back to working your plaything. You grabbed onto her love handles and rode her like a bucking bull on steroids, your menacing grin was drawn and her blank expression was priceless when she see you cum at last for the fourth time. You eventually let the succubus release her femcum inside you. You pull yourself off of the poor girl, then set your sights on the other succubus who held your new clothes. She escorted you to the bath house while the other two rested after your hard cockride.

[Bath House]

After a few minutes of getting you into a bathroom, the girls take you to the large hot spring fountain that is the bath. The steam flows freely into the pools of steaming waters, a wall of orgasmic figures were frozen solid in gold, their mouths and eye sockets flow water out from the statues, gushing fresh hot water. The warm smooth surface of tiles beneath your feet and the smell of lavender and juniper seizes your senses, brilliant stones lit the bath house like white moonlight on hollow ground. The rushing waters calls to you, the succubus take you to the pools, gently lowering you into the shallow depths where you relaxed in comforting moments. The succubus surround you sitting beside you, “We are here to please you, master” One spoke. Another leans up against your chest, caressing it with tenderness, she whispers in your ear, “Our touch can relieve your aches and pains, let us help you”. The third succubus swims in front of you with her supple breasts dangling before you, her seductive stare in your eyes. Lustful giggling for the three was enticing, you do feel your travels have taken their toll on your arms and legs, laying on the ground and the rough nights above were just as brutal on your back as well. You give them your consent to massage your body and relieve the tension.

[If (human/humanoid): With pleasure, the three drag you out to the a bit deeper and suspends you in a weightless setting. You lay there, floating, they swim around your legs, rubbing them gingerly. The succubus takes you from behind and holds you close to her bosom. You drift with them removing the pain in your body with ease. Your mind is clear, your perception is significantly better, you notice your body has no more scarring or battle worn injuries. You feel as if these waters were healing you as the succubus envelop you a veil that covers your [skin] like silk or latex. They press you towards the wall in the lap of the one holding you, your arms were cater to, your muscles were vanishing with every press and fold. You slowly drift into a light sleep out of bliss from the wonderful feeling. Only after they’ve finish, did you awake from your pleasant slumber.

The steam and the succubus gotten to you. They help you to the dressing room and allow you a moment of privacy while they go and dress back into their uniforms. Upon entering the dressing room, it was an enclosed space of dark wood planks, a clothing rail, a bench and with a drain grate below your feet. Your clothes hung from hangers, you dressed in Gilded Silk Pajamas: A set of dark silk fabric clothes with gold trimmings that hugs you in the right places as if they were tailored for you.

[Guest Suite]

From the lobby, Waltz awaits your return patiently. You greet him and see his affection towards you by

flashing a cordial smile, “I hope everything is to your liking?”

[Satisfied] - You told him you were as sober and carefree as the day you were born. You enjoy the hospitality. “I am glad you’ve enjoyed the services of our fair maidens, please follow me to your suite”

[Seduce Waltz] - You were a little disappointed that Waltz wasn’t there with you. You were rather lonely that he couldn’t be there to tend to your needs, why, you thought your experience could have been more pleasurable if he massage you than the girls. The long moment of pause from Waltz, he melts from your seductive tone. He composes his mannerisms and clears his throat. You can see the bright red blush on his serious expression as he covers the smirk with his gloved hand. He gestures you to follow his lead, you bat him a devilish grin and alluring eye. For a moment, you swear he was going to burst into flames.

[Ignore] - You were less than satisfied with the services, you mentioned to him that you hope that the suite is more to your liking than the girls. “I’ll see to it they are taken care of immediately, sir, if you would please follow me.”

[Default entry]

Waltz opens up the room with a special skeleton key he removes from his pocket. Gingerly, he pushes the door open then gestures you to enter. The pitch black room was thick, you couldn’t see an inch in front of you. Waltz claps his hands, the room slowly blooms into a bright home.

The bed was a custom size enough to have a seven person orgy with room to move, many plush pillows adorn in gold silk trim littered the headboards, blankets were filled to the seams with cotton and linen. The two wardrobes on either side of the bed were opened with drawers pulled out, candelabras were placed into the corners of the room with chiseled crystals much like the rest of the palace’s lighting fixtures. Looking above you, a dome with a mural was painted to resemble stars under a dark violet sky and a brilliant white moon. To your right is a coffee table with a glass plate with three gold trim bars encircling the foundation of the ebony wood, two black leather, button cushion chairs and a couch with ebony wood were placed around the table. To your left was a glass display cabinet with a neat gold trim and ebony wood that matches the décor of the room, a small wooden sink with black painted steel and fresh water, a mirror above the sink and a towel folded neatly on the counter next to it.

You walk towards the bed and start rolling into the sheets. You bask in the luxurious linen and took a big whiff of the fresh crisp air, its almost as if the room was freshly built and preserved. As you show your joy of being in such a large room, Waltz stood there was the happiest grin you’ve seen him have.

[After selecting Pamper: Waltz continues to watch you enjoy your moment of enjoy before he interrupts briefly, “Since you enjoy this room, I won’t keep you much longer. Should you, perhaps, require anything just pull on the rope beside your bed and I’ll come for you.” You see the red rope resting idly beside the wardrobe. Waltz turns and flashes his tailcoat behind him and starts towards the door.]

[Rest]

You climbed underneath the covers of your bed, snuggling the plush pillows with a smile engraved on you. You have no cares in the world, you sleep very soundly and comfortably throughout the night.

[Pull Rope]

It seems like it doesn't do anything, at first. Waltz pauses at the door and pulls out his pocket watch, you hear the ringing of the pocket watch's hammer clicking away. Waltz slowly turns towards you, "Did you need anything else?"

- [Waltz]

You were displayed out in front of him, your [cock/vagina/genderless/both] loins raised up at him, teasing him. [breasts=true] Your breasts perking up, you raise your shirt above your bosom, gripping one in one hand and your loins with the other. Your legs spread open to him, feet pushing the covers, body ache for his touch. [breast=false] Your chest was raise, your hand grabbing your pecks and rubbing your loins with anticipation, legs spread open to him.

Waltz was stricken blind by your seductive moans, your feverish display teasing him. He can't take it no longer. He quickly removes his tailcoat and disrobes removing his black suit and tie, his suspenders and dress shoes. Dangling between his legs was an 9 inch fully erect demonic cock with tiny bulbous spikes on it and two walnut size balls. He plants his face in between you legs, wrapping his arms around your legs and giving you a squeeze.

[If Male] You cock was smothered with Waltz's face, he strokes your [balls=true] balls with delight curdling them in his fingers [cock=true] he removes your [cockDescript()] and lathers it in his saliva, his thick blanketed tongue massages your cock on the bed of the tongue. He deep throats your cock and envelops it to the hilt of your length. Stroking you, his eyes glance up at you before his head bobbles on your cock, you moves his hair and tucks it behind his ear out of his eyes. His eyes glows looking up at your with a blissful expression on his face. He works his way up to your chest, rubbing himself against it, his harden lithe body pressing against yours and eyes meeting yours. You plants a firm kiss upon your lips and ensnares your tongue with his long and soothing tongue, moving with yours until your fell into his embrace. He removes your silk pajamas and starts removing your shirt to hold more of you in his grasp. You and Waltz were in the heat of the moment, you were ready for what was next:

[Penetrate Him]

You rolled on top of him lifting his waist to yours, your cock presses up against his rectum. He bites his bottom lips as you slowly press against his anal ring, when your full length was in, he jolts up to you and grabs onto your back scratching before you rammed your pelvis against his. You pull him up to your chest and he slowly slides down into your lap, your penis rubs back up and out, his hands touching your arms and slow panting. You quicken the pace and went faster. He grunts from your cock heaving into his bowels, he grips your cock with a vice grip tightness, you fall back allowing Waltz to run his hands on your chest while pouncing on your cock. The both of you were at your peaks, "I'm cumming!". His cock

pulses at you, he grabs and strokes it until he bursts his spunk on your chest, you were still cumming, he grunts, pants and slow pauses in between thrusts. You grabbed his waist and forced him to press against you hot cock, you load explodes with great force until your hear spurs inside his stomach. You fill him up until his stomach descends, bloated. He falls off you rolling on his side you spunk seeping out of his firm ass. You pant in exhaustion as you slowly drift in and out of consciousness. Waltz cuddles up next to with you, he was in your arms as you slept.

[Penetrate You]

He unsheathes his cock and presses it into your anal ring, he does not dare break his gaze from you. When he slowly works his cock into your rectum, you jolt up to him grabbing his sides and wrapping your legs around his waist. He thrusts his length into you, increasing his pace until both of you were at a comfortable state of mind. You closed your eyes, your butt sucks his cock in and grips it firmly until your pant from his loving embrace. He grabs one of your legs and raises you onto your side and hangs it over his shoulder then continues pushing his hot pre slathered cock into you. The both of you were at your peaks, Waltz weakly spoke, "I'm cumming!". His cock pulses in you, he grabs and strokes it until he bursts his spunk on your chest, you were still cumming, he grunts, pants and slow pauses in between thrusts. You bump against his cock, rubbing his hot spunk between the crack of your ass, getting last of his cum. You unload you see until it explodes with great force until your hear it splatter on your bed sheets. He grabs you and rams his cock into you, filling you up until you stomach descends, bloated. He falls off you rolling on his side you spunk seeping out of your ass. You pant in exhaustion as you slowly drift in and out of consciousness. Waltz cuddles up next to with you, with you in his arms.

[Entering The Tower]

On your way to the palace, the outstanding spire erected from the top of the palace held the support column of the hollows intact. The palace built around the support column allowing the spire that now wraps itself around its base to remain strong. From inside the palace, you took a strong interest in what lies with that spire. Entering the corridor from the main lobby, you follow this narrow and fairly lit corridor to the warped inner base of the spire. Looking up through this monstrous spire, you can see the surface shining the light of day into the grand stairway, the catwalks moved constantly every few minutes, the surrounding stairway leading upward wraps along the walls sharing a spider's web of walkways to other levels. It's very cold in this hall, the floors are made of black granite with marble fixtures, a gold emblem was made into the floor, you traced the ground finding that the emblem is actually a transmutation circle. I chose one of two stairways leading to the other levels of the spire.

[3 Hours Later]

You grow weak with every step, you rest on the steps making barely up the steps. Passing the other levels, taking shortcuts using the moving catwalks, you've noticed that everything that you see was built using some form of magic. Every step you took, the symbols at each center bears similar markings to the one at the center of the bottom corridor. The catwalks have no chains or pulleys, they were moving through a

crank column with symbols engraved into their construction. Every minute the crank columns turn, so does one of the many catwalks, a system of interconnecting spells that moves the spire's walkway. You suspect this is a way to trap someone in a maze to prevent thieves or returning them to the bottom. You rose to your feet, returning to your long journey above, you stop by the elongated stairway that was fixing to move towards you and wait. Its taking a long time to move, you feel you should take the sure path way up:

[Safeway] [Shortcut]

-[Safeway]

You decide not to chance the encounter by taking the sure thing up to the top and not deviate from your course, for all you know that way may lead you to your doom. The path is long, you take as many resting stops as you could to reach the next level, you find that the floor you were fixing to go up to was actually missing its path to the other side, but by chance, you've noticed the the next level has a very well blended pathway in between them that would take you forever to notice had you not notice the angle of how the pathway was. You scoff at the shortcut, you knew it was too good to be true from your past exploits. Safe than sorry, though you hope the path you chose isn't one to end up like this one.

- [Shortcut]

The stairway grind its stone built crevasse against the other wall, sliding freely towards your direction, once the stairway sets, you hear a loud locking mechanism turn and click, clamping down on the floor you stand. Stepping lively, you rush to the next floor before it shifts positions once again. By the fourth level using the stairway, you com across a destroyed stairway and a dead end for the pathway alongside the wall. You swear this spire is messing with you, but then you have a gut feeling that you could take a leap of faith across this chasm to the floor across, or in the least the small narrowing walkway below you.

[Retrace] [Leap of Faith!]

- [Leap of Faith!]

This is insane! But you think you can make it across, you backed up to the wall behind you rubbing the stone dust on your feet to get some traction for your step, rubbing some in your hands like powder. You gauged the distance you need to make the leap. [If PC (speed=>50) (Body thickness <=30) You hop around, building up your adrenaline, you shaking your head convincing yourself, you can do this! You rush that gap with all your might soaring through the air gracefully. You feet land on the edge of the floor across, slipping barely of the edge. You hobble forward falling to the ground to balance yourself out, crawling towards the wall. You yell on top of your lungs with great sigh of relief and cheer your victorious leap across!]

[If PC (Speed<=50) (Body Thickness<=30) You encourage yourself to go for the winning gold, you brace yourself for the leap by backing to the wall. You hop around the ground, building up your adrenaline then

charge towards the leap with all your might. Mid-air over the great chasm, you feel yourself dropping pass your projected course, you weren't going to make it! [b] Oh gods, why did you have to jump!![/b] you drop below the floor level you were shooting for. But you suddenly crash on something hard during your fall, you were shitting yourself when you've notice that your arms and arms were dangling in mid-air while the midsection of your body is laying on something very sturdy and long. Your face and loins were buried into a small beam hovering above miles of open ground. You lift yourself slowly off the beam, wrapping your legs around the beam you are currently laying on. Looking at it, you see that it blend in perfectly with the level below the gap of your floor, it was so obscure you were upset that you never saw it. Scare to death that you've plummeted to your demise, you shimmy across the beam and latch onto the floor crawling on your stomach and resting against the wall before you. You clench your [nameArmor] and quickly pant, calming yourself, allowing your heart to slow down from your near death experience.

[BAD ENDING]

[If PC (Body Thickness=>60) or (Centaur) You encourage yourself to go for the winning gold, you brace yourself for the leap by backing to the wall. You hop around the ground, building up your adrenaline then charge towards the leap with all your might. Mid-air over the great chasm, you feel yourself dropping pass your projected course, you weren't going to make it! [b] Oh gods, why did you have to jump!![/b] you drop below the floor level you were shooting for. You barely gripped the level below your projected leap, but your legs and overpowering weight drags you down with the rest of your body. Your fear of falling to your death was imminent when you slip off the edge at sideways angle, you toss and turn soaring towards the ground. Miles below the chasm, the transmutation circle was growing closer and closer bigger than you saw it last. Your screaming in horror as your fall was nearing the end. The transmutation circle opens up a massive black void that swallows you whole once you've hit the bottom. You levitated in a vast black hole, surrounded by nothingness, you drift throughout the void, you've notice you weren't dead, whatever the transmutation circle did has left you stranded in limbo. Over time, this is all that you've known and where you have remained, a never ending torment of just existing without food, water, sleep, or comfort.

- [Retrace]

You were out of your mind if you think you were going to take that chance of throwing yourself across a chasm of death! Fuck this, you thought, retracing your steps back down the stairway and using the safe way up instead of the one you took.

[Fawkes Tower]

As you approached the surface, weird devices start to appear on every floor and the floors turn to rooms spiraling to the next rooms above. You see that these devices were machines, prototypes on the verge of becoming modern science. Flying machines, two wheel contraptions, even designs on papyrus papers that littered across the walls you didn't even being to fathom. You see a bed made of straw and cotton built in

a weave, like a basket or a net, blankets were ripped and scattered around it with a very large pillow with wet spots on it. Standing on solid ground, you walk towards the metal bracket cage that was bolted around the center of the room, you look through the gap, staring down at the bottom of the spire. The transmutation circle looks like the size of a nickel in comparison.

[Spit] [Continue]

[Spit]

You hock a big one down the center of the room, just to see how far down the loogie goes. When a surprise occurs when the spit reaches the ground. The transmutation circle opens a vast black void at the bottom just before closing the gate. This encounter was shocking enough to keep that detail in the back of your mind if you ever chose to make some leap. You don't want to know where that black hole leads to, therefore, you press forward.

[Continue]

You go up another level to something that looks like a flying machine prototype you saw below. A large wing span was much like a dragon's, the back of the contraption has a wide span tail with leather straps on the base that dangles when suspended in air. At the front underneath the wings, a large handlebar frame made of black steel with leather straps in the middle section of the machine with a clasp. This looks like it could be fun to take a ride on and there happens to be a staging platform just outside of the spire. You take a look outside, you stand on the staging platform overlooking the entire city with an eagle eye view.

You can see the refineries and the massive tunnels to the left of you, you stare across the vast wastes of gravel and stone to see the opening of the tunnel entrance being worked upon by moving figures. The depths of the tunnels burn a bright yellow light, you heard drops of large boulders and the clinging of steel against stone. Whips and loud roars burst at a faint sound that echoes through the tunnel. You note the slave camps and hulking monsters towering over the lesser creatures trafficking through the tunnels. The refineries were massive built around the base of the tunnel entrances using stone columns with vines in between as security fences to keep the slaves in.

Towards the city, you watched as Fight Club's many patrons cheering large numbers and crowding the entrances. Pauper's Tenements layers the western district, small ant figures passing the small passages in groups, the Cemetery was much larger than you anticipated, the entire stretch of the hollows surrounding the plateaus of the southern district was nothing but a memorial site of tombstones, mausoleums, all gated with reinforce steel as high as the walls of the city. To the northern district, the cathedral of dedicated to Cabal blocked much of your sight of the stone huts and archaic buildings. There happens to be a small area of that cluster of archaic buildings being cleared out and scaffoldings were in place, perhaps a new building is being constructed.

You look towards the cliff side that overlooks the city out in the distance, the passageway you took to get

here, waterfalls pouring from the topside landing along the surface of that tunnel path forming pools at the bottom. Craters that were formed from the excessive water from above, fill up with spring water. The archipelagoes homes outside of the city walls surround those areas with the citizens taking dips in the craters, drawing water from the lake and springs.

Enough of the site seeing, you exit the staging platform; when you leave you hear bickering between two people echoing from above you. Taking the stairs, you're in the last room of your long journey up. The bickering got louder when you take each step into the canopy of the spire, then the voices start to take form to where you can understand whole sentences, you eavesdrop on the conversation slowing your pace down a bit before encroaching on their meeting. "No, no, we use the elixir to form a catalyst for the reaction then add the drider extract to the-" one voice explains, followed by another that interrupts them, "Are you listening to yourself? The extract goes in AFTER the catalyst forms the reaction, the gelatinous Metabolgian crystal goes into the beaker BEFORE the catalyst starts to react to the sage compound. Get it right cock hole!" the frustrated voice sounded muffled as if they were encased into something like glass or a shell. The swishing of cauldron, the burning of a torch, a faint smell bakes under your nose like gas, the smell is horrible, like rotten eggs and pennies. The one person's footsteps as they walk around the marble floors, a chain clicking under their boots tapping the ground. Liquids pouring into a large flask, hearing it fill up to low to midway.

"Easy with that, you're going to cause an explosion like last time!" the raspy muffled voice scream. The calm, smoothing, monotone voice of a man spoke, "You worry too much, we'll be fine." The raspy muffled voice laughs, "Yeah and look where it got me!" The man walking toward a more distance table takes something, large in nature and drops it on the ground. He picks up the hollow tone chime of a crystal and drops it into what sounds like a mortar, they pick the grinder and crush the crystal into a powder then adds to the mix. You look up at the brilliant light glowing in the room, it flickers until it grows brighter and brighter before a massive surge of energy bursts. The explosion blows the man pass your path, seeing you crouching below before being blasted out onto the balcony. You held your ears during the explosion then rush up to help the man that flew by. Rushing out onto the balcony, you see the man.

A tall 6'8 humanoid man with grey to white short hair, stitches on his face extending across his face over his nose and right eyebrow and pass his lower left lip and a bit of a scar on his mustache and narrow soul patch goatee. Another set of stitches runs horizontally across his face, looking at his arms scars of burned flesh, more stitches. Wearing neutral colored pants, a pair of black leather boots with the edges of his pants hemmed up and draping over them, a long tailor white crisp coat with the middle cut partially. He wore a black and silver trim vest with a high collar and a zipper that goes down to his chest. You helped the man to his feet, you feel his height adding to his weigh as he climbs to his feet. He kneels down to pick up a pair of round lightly tinted glasses that he sets on the bridge of his scarred nose. Looking closer at his face, you note he has a two silver club earring dangling on his left ear and one of the other. His eyes are hazel, his skin dark olive much like Nero and the other occultists.

You turn to the room behind you and see the entire room is decimated from the explosion, broken glass, steel parts lying on the ground, black charred wood, the liquids of his experiment were splattered all over

the wall. But not all was lost, you see many of the books on the shelves were still safe with minimal scorching on the binders, there were no fires to speak of though there was still the smell of burning copper. You walk back inside the lab to find a large glass flask that was sitting on a cubby hole in the wall that was still intact was well, but something was off about it. There isn't any sign of scorching on the glass but inside there was a dark flame burning inside it with no candle or smoke resonating from it.

The man grabs you by the shoulder, his finger digging into you. "You shouldn't be here" he spoke in an agonizing but calm tone. He walks by you and brings up the ebony steel chair laying on the ground before the strange glass flask in the wall, he rests his aching body in the seat and runs his fingers through his long short hair and rests his elbows on the ebony wood table, frustrated by the accident. "What could have gone wrong, I checked the measurements" The flask awakens the voice resonates from within, "You IDIOT!! You just ruined our last batch, we'll never get another Metabolgian crystal, that was our last one!" the frustrated man turns to the flask, "Mephist, you're not helping" "And who, the Astral Plains, is that! What are you?!" The flask shrieked. You told them who you were, you were listening to the argument and came to check it out. You explained you never knew someone was up here in the tower. "That's because nobody is suppose to, tell Cabal if he wants another try with his theory he needs to bring me more crystals from the mines. Otherwise we're not going to be able to meet our quota with his goons lurking about." You told him you weren;t one of Cabal's people. "That's reassuring" He said climbing to his feet, mumbling under his breath. "Do you mind helping me clean up with this mess?"

You shrug, helping the man pick up the piece of shattered glass and washing off the scorch ash off the walls and removing the liquids off the strange mechanism sitting in the middle of the room. A little bit of time flies by, you help the man lift the shelves and moving back the flipped over tables. You two brush off the dust and ash from your hands and you both sit down in the chairs facing each other. He give you a tankards with steam coming off of it, he drinks from his tankard and holds it in his lap. Blowing a sigh of relief, his leg crosses over and rests on the other. You sat there comfortably drinking the liquid in your cup, it was cold! He smiles half-heartedly when you notice it wasn't hot. "it's a special recipe from where I'm from." You enjoyed the sweet after taste and drink a little bit at a time to savor it.

"What brings you all there way to such an isolated part of my home?" The man asked. You were fixing to say the same thing; you had a curiosity and went exploring the palace. He smile, eyebrows lowered, "That quite something. Are you always this curious that you would wonder a well guarded palace at your own leisure?" You shrugged, you don't see the harm in just looking around. "To you maybe, but if Cabal finds you lurking about, he wouldn't be so friendly as I have been." "Or me!" the flask creature yells.

You ask him why was he here. "Oh you know the old saying, when the golden goose lays a golden egg" The man answered modestly, "Frankly, I wouldn't be here if it weren't for that pompous ass sitting in my chair as Grandmaster. You can say that I'm a scientist, I use to be an alchemist until I broadened my horizons for more interesting fields. But what you see here is my work devoted to harvesting and refining whatever I can get my hands on and reversing effects. I enjoy taking things apart, putting them back together, improving things, working them a certain way, inventing new ways to build, inventing ways to destroy and corrupt while others purify, or in some case, disappear completely"

You asked how he felt about being here working for Cabal, “As much as anyone who despises an unjust leader with no morals, he does have some perks that I find comfort in that no one else can ever get. Like not becoming a slave, a chamber boy, or what that butler of his is. I get to spend time working on projects, chat with my friend here, drink, smoke, and eat the best I’m given. It’s a good life, though it does get lonely up here on certain days. ”

“Don’t forget to mention why you have your thumb up the ass” The flask creature interrupts. The man pauses before he continues, brushing off the flask creature’s comments, “Don’t mind him, he’s always been like this after our last experiment went astray. I’m Gilbert Fawkes and that lovely devil sitting in the flask is Mephist, the homunculus” You ask what did he meant by that remark, “Cabal wants something done and we’re having trouble fulfilling his request. He forbids me to say anything about it to outsiders. No offence but I prefer not being whipped into submission. Looking at his scarred and stitched up skin, no kidding. He takes to your glancing at his skin, “This happened long before I ended up here. I’m much more durable than I look.” Mephist coughs, clearing its throat, “Gil” it calls.

Gilbert walks over to the flask and pour the rest of his drink into the flask, the creature inside the flask sprouts razor teeth then a mouth with a long purple tongue, it floats to the bottom slurping the drink. Gilbert sits back down, legs crossed, hands clasp together in his lap. “Where were we?”

[Gilbert Fawkes]

You want to know more about Gil and where he came from. “Really, you want to know more about me? Nobody’s ever asked me in decades, but sure, of course! Where do I even begin?” He holds his right elbow and he rests his chin in his hand stroking his soul patch before an idea came to him. “I guess you could say was born into the Order of the Creator, my master was a great man, taught me everything there is to know about the earth and what lies beneath it. A naturist one I always joked about and calling him a wood nymph because he loved the earth so much. I grew up amongst the best conjurers of our time, we built cities and uprooted whole farms, we never lift a finger with our breakthroughs in our art. A fine example is all the elementals you see in the streets of our lovely city of Sou’jure. Earth, water, fire, wind, the four basic components that shape this world and here we stand for all to see.” He walks over to grab more to drink, returning with a silver pitcher of his homebrew. He refills your tankard and fills his, resting the pitcher next to him on the ground.

“I came to Mareth ...30 years ago? I don’t know, it was sometime ago during this invasion above the surface. Our group of followers meet Cabal, he brings us a proposition to give us a place where we could do as we please in exchange for earthly wealth. You can imagine my grandmaster’s face when Cabal offered us the chance to be his personal treasury fillers. He refused, then Cabal turns him into an imp that now serves him where ever he goes. You probably see him flapping around the palace with a pair of felines. He certainly can’t say ‘no’ to the man after seeing what he’s got to offer. But since the Order is against absolute rulers, we had to refuse. Then Cabal converted much of us into soulless husks that resemble demons from our history books, by then we didn’t have much of a choice. Cabal, after a long period of rape and torture, saw fit to reward his ‘occultists’ and punish the ‘non-believers’. You can thank that black heart Nero for his treachery. Also on that side note, he’s also why I’m here and not him.”

“Reason for that, I have a problem turning off my brain which forces me to invent the many things you see here. Nero’s problem is that he can’t stop collecting souls, everyone in our order must give up something in order to become a full fledged member. We must obey a scientific law of equivalence in order to gain something of equal value. Ergo, our habits. Nero sold me out to Cabal because I was going to warn our members of his betrayal and his cost to becoming a member of the Order. I leave, he collects more souls through his ceremony and we always get more elementals. Yay me, but the Order finds out about this and decides to seal Nero to an object he must keep on him at all times. He isn’t living nor dead, a Lich. I was laughing my ass off when I heard he became one; serves him right. As much as it pains me to say, I like being here, I wish it were of my own volition rather than some fairy tail damsel. You can thank the laws of equal exchange for being on my side. The great Creator must be sleeping on the job if this had to happen, but i digress.”

[Alchemy Experiments]

You told Gil about the drawings of the machines and weird contraptions you find fascinating and would like to know more about them. “What you see is just my way of venting out ideas, they really don’t have much significance other than testing out theories and working with raw materials to pass the time. I mostly delve into reversing the effects of items the natives or this realm use but the odds of my research is very rare considering all my test subject end up trying to mix up a stronger batch and drinks everything. But I did make a pretty cool manticore and chimera from those tests.” You told him about his famous elixir that you find that everyone uses quite a lot around the city. He smiles brightly, head tilted, leaning on his elbow, “I’m proud of that accomplishment, I had fun using the properties of the brew for my experiments. I pass along the recipe to Char and the kitchen staff to mass produce the elixir to the public for profit. Its really nice to have a fan of mine greet me like this, it’s a little embarrassing, really.” You ask for other examples of his achievements.

“Well, if you want to go as far as machines, I can give a great number of ideas. I’d imagine you’d not last very long after 273 ideas. Also, my experiments weren’t always met with desirable results if you catch my drift.” You don’t understand. “Like the manticore and chimera, i tend to make more accidents with each new concoction and trick up my sleeves. My stitches are a good reason why i shouldn’t do certain ones. Fawkes’ Dragon Ale was not my most crowning achievement, but one that many find very helpful and i’m proud of the fact it was such a big success.” His eyes dimmed on the subject, letting off a soft sigh, “The days i could practice Alchemy with my master were the best years of my life. Playing with nymphs, sprites, even had a pet much like Mephist.” The flask creature yells “Fuck you, Gil” He didn’t flinch and casually brushes off the comment.

“You bring me a Bro-Brew, I can make a Detox Brew to remove it. Give me a Bimbo, I can remove her ailments. Have an extra penis or lip smacking breasts, I can remove them. But addiction and recovery were some of the worst reactions from the treatments I have ever seen. You might have seen some of my work in the back alleys or sitting in some stall at Gluttony’s. I did my best in helping people, I really have. When i see these people, I pity them, because they’re not themselves.” You nodded agreeing with him. “If i had an eager test subject, I could try and fix them but i cannot guarantee their safety and become one of

many of my failures. However, I do find that all of this is futile when the people you're trying to help, don't want it and like they way they are."

[Sou'jure]

You ask how Sou'jure got started, it seems that no one has been here long enough to tell you the whole story. He sits his tankard off to the side. "This city was built underground a few decades ago when my Order of the Creator came through the portal and strike up a deal with Cabal. After the campaign we had, we built the city underground free from surface dwellers and began working on the idea of a civilization that worships Cabal like a living god. But that's what Cabal would have everyone to think. The mines, the refineries, they're all my ideas and the transmutations circles you saw on your way here were the Order of Cabal's doing. They are bunch of savages, I swear to the Creator.

The city walls were built by Cabal's general Char along with the barracks you see behind the palace near the mining tunnels. Cemetery was built by the people of Sou'jure to bury the slaves that didn't make the cut or the elderly. Fight Club started by Elena and Balthazar, which started the flow of surface dwellers into the city and I was put in charge of sealing off the passageway to where only certain people can come and go as they please, provided they register as citizens of the city. The Giants you see were the part of the problem we tried to keep out. Ever tried fighting one? Neither does anyone else. We don't know where they come from, just that they got here. They make pretty good guards but that never stops them from blowing off some steam when they get into a heated argument."

You find the origins intriguing, and what about the need for slaves and the mines? Drinking from his tankard, holding up his index finger a gesture 'to wait a minute'. He stops and puts his drink back then clears his throat, "Mareth is full of anarchistic fiends, most of the civilized world is gone along with any notion of decent, sympathy, and empathy. Slavery, in a way, is a means to an end. We won't be needing them when Sou'jure is working as full capacity and we have a working caste system in place. I won't say it is a right way to approach this, but we must get with the times. I'm against slavery, but I don't see anyone that's willing to rebuild a civilization. Sure it's easy to plunder a dying city, but to revive the few burning embers of a once great society, that is a goal worth fighting for."

He seems fairly convinced that his actions justifies the means, what will happen when this city reach its climax? "I don't know, I just provide the means to do so. Cabal runs this city the way he sees it. As far as this place is concern, I think he just wants it all dedicated to his imagine of a utopia. But we all know that is a load of shit."

[Tower]

You were exhausted from your climb, you still pant from the long walk up here. "Well that serves you right for trespassing. But it's a welcoming encounter regardless. Did you have fun?" You curse him out, he lets off a hearty laugh at your expense. "Did you ever think about using the elevator here?" You ask what the heck is an elevator. Setting both your drinks on the ground, he walks you over to the weird contraption sitting by the cage at the center of the room. Apparently, the thing is a mechanism that lowers the center cage down to ground level whenever a lever is pulled or the right key is turned. You look at him

and you were in a blind rage that you didn't know whether to shit or go blind from the crap you just went through to get here. "Well, I didn't exactly make my way up here easy to find, you wouldn't have known where it was unless you knew the right people. I guess that should have been the clear sign to who you were. Normally, Cabal's ilk would have sent you through the elevator. Since you were so kind to make it all the way up here, I think it would only be fair to show you how to get back up here. Provided you remember where to look. If you want to leave, let me know and I'll show you where the key is to call down the elevator."

You were fascinated by the trip to the top, you ask what is all the circles and symbols on the walls, stairs and that big one in the center of the room. He giggles lightly, "I see you were moving around to spot some of them, were you? I will say that you are the first to have notice my labyrinth of tricks. Those 'symbols' you are referring to are Runes of Opus. Straight from the book of Surgal, these Runes are capable of moving inanimate objects through timed motions. There is a terrific story behind them, I suggest you read about them if you could ever find a copy of the book." You took a raincheck on that request. "Anywho, the other weird markings you find lying about my maze are called 'transmutation circles' something that is rarely seen outside of the occult. They project spells and combine matter through focused will. Simply, you can make objects appear out of thin air. Both figuratively and literally. The really, really big one is actually a trap for anyone foolish enough to fall from the tower."

"The Astral Plains, as many would claim, thought anyone brave enough to travel there is either a fool or a full hearty imbecile. It take any victim plunged into its depths and hurdles them into a bottomless void where nothing lives or dies. They simply exist until they're driven into insanity. Be careful around slippery edges, or Surgal will come for you." You told him not to joke like that.

[Leave]

You told Gilbert you were ready to go, "Sure thing. Follow me into the cage, mind the gap." The both of you walk over to the other side of the cage and he opens up the door for you and follows soon after. Like a bellhop, he works the elevator showing you how it works. The small gauges with the numbers signifies what level and the dial on the side is what starts the machine. The elevator starts moving and the mechanism beside the center cage starts pumping away steam, chains and cogs spring into action as the cage slowly lowers you down the tower. Gilbert hums a tune in his head while you two wait passing the sliding stairwell that moved out of the cage's way and moving obstacles that hinder the path.

You reach ground level and you step out with Gilbert while the elevator goes back up to the tower. He walks around the transmutation circle and finds a symbol along its many details, he feels up the crevasses looking for a certain pattern in its design. You continue to watch until he lets off a "hoho!" he turns the symbol that closely resembles to the Greek symbol: Lambda. The symbol pops out of the ground and turns back around into its correct position, calling down the elevator midway up the spire. He cackles, "That's a relief, I thought I was going to have to walk all the way back" That's no joke. He walks back into the elevator and waves to you, "Good bye, come back and visit, I enjoyed the company"

[Eastern District]

Making your way into the eastern parts of the city, you watch as both women and men walk away from the are carrying overbearing weight of items on their backs, the people walking beside these individuals usually dress in black kilts with leather belts bearing the mark of Cabal's army, and many of these types of people are the most frequent traffickers around this part of town. While in this district, you pick up a lot from the local heralds of the new "arrivals" and other heralds also bring news to the public about the recent influx of newly brought slaves that are now available at the slave Auction House. This seems like the best place to get the news rather than the heralds standing outside of the Temple in the center of Sou'jure. Just by glancing in its general area, you spot the Auction House fairly quickly. An odd looking building, then again, everything here is odd. From the top of this large building, you see two statues: one a slave leashed by the other figure who towers over the other, a slaver, no doubt. The dome of the building keeps the statues supported while the rest of the foundation is held up by Corinthian style columns with banner hanging from the rafters with Cabal's likeness etched into it in gold. Across the street from the Auction House is the Slave Pens, you watched the new arrivals were being lined up on the columns with thorny vines weaved together layering the surface around the columns, much like a barbwire fence, with the slavers standing guard by them at all times. One by one, each slave was proceeds through the security fences the cordoned off from the rest while they were being taken to a tent, striped of their essentials and gear.

[Auction House] [Proposal In Progress]

Entering the Auction House, there seems to be a lot of travelers and patrons in this place. Many of them were either very weak demons, pathetic blobs, wimpy incubi and succubi. You are surprised to see some of the more "refine" patrons attend to these auctions. Many of the more refined patrons stick to the back corners of the House where they were protected by their mercenaries in their uniform colors. It's your typical caste system at its best.

[Default Entry]

The Auction House houses over a thousand patrons, each having a comfortable seat cushion on ebony wood benches, fleets of these seats all face towards the stage. Front stage is made of the same material as the benches, the wooden planks seem to lower and raise by mechanism from somewhere as slavers who have purchased their products are escorted from the stage using them. On stage, a cone wielding Incubus crier stands before the auctioneers calling out bets and describing their slaves from every characteristic they can muster to raise their retail price. Slave stand on a platform that raises an odd black steel cage above them and the ceiling tops the cage as a lid as some of their slaves have wings and are quite powerful. Lighting from the rafters focused on the crier using magic crystals that are very common for lighting areas in the city.

Watching as more of the slaves are sold off, you were approached by an Orc with a spiked collar handing

you a large card with a number card on it. “Have a seat, raise your card up and state your bet. All prices are final, no refunds, and if you can’t pay your price then you’ll become the next auctioned slave on stage. Have an enjoyable evening, [sir/madam]” The orc leaves passing out more of the same planks. You take a seat in the middle section near the end of the row just in case you may need to make a break for the exit.

[Watch Auction]

You take your time, you were in no rush to get back to your boring camp and guard a portal that no one has an interest in going through. As far as you know, you could be doing something else more entertaining. Like watch slaves being sold off to satisfy some taur’s petrifying urges or mount them on their shafts or use them as a personal servant. The Crier pulls up the checklist rooling unto his shoes and off the stage and calls out the lot number for the next auction piece up for sell. After a few hours of watching people make bets, some don’t spark much of an interest, a waiter comes by in a guard’s uniform and informs you about their selections of drinks that may interest you. You asked for something benign and the waiter looks at you with contempt, “[Sir / Ma’am], we service nothing but the best corrupting drinks and delicious treats in Mareth. If you are not going to purchase anything, we must ask you to leave the premises.”

- [Purchase Menu]

[Succubus Milk] [Fawkes Ale] [Lust Draft] [Incubus Draft]

- [Leave]

You deemed it wise to makes take a few minutes to get your legs stretched before getting up from your seat. You casually walk out of the theater and yawn as you walk out of the Auction House with your things in your possession and nothing attached to your neck. To think you could be a slave to this city, the thought fades from your mind taking a stroll through the city and through the city gates. //Return to Camp

[Participate Auction]

You decided that you want to spend some of your extra currency here. Taking up you card

[Auction Menu]

PC’s Current Betting Price: [Insert Bet]

[IF PC’s First Time Playing]

- [Place Bet]

“You decided to place another bet on your slave, [b]by how much?[/b]

[IF PC has (=>10 Gems) "Bet 10"]
 [IF PC has (=>20 Gems) "Bet 20"]
 [IF PC has (=>50 Gems) "Bet 50"]
 [IF PC has (=>100 Gems) "Bet 100"]
 [IF PC has (=>200 Gems) "Bet 200"]

- [Match Bid]

You wonder about the room, thinking about the ebony wood then took your mind of them and heard the Crier while gesturing towards you in a manner that's firm and erect. You were looking over the number of bets and noting the number of gems each participant's amount (ecurrentBetPrice) and what you decide you wanted to do. You decide to place a matching bet on top of their by adding an extra five gems to the estimate. The crowd as well as the participant shake their head at you. Such low bet is frowned upon but in the least you will have enough a stake in the bet letting the others make their bets.

- [Hold Bid]

Seeing no one matching your bet, you have a certain window of opportunity to ponder and make up the sum of gems to make up the difference for your new slave. Lightly observing your slave as they sit idly in their cage, futile in their attempts to escape and inside a cage. You turn your attention to the competition. Seeing a large crowd, you make note of the patrons surrounding you and thinking of a way to outbid them. Thinking about your next move, the Crier calls out each of the patrons betting and continues until they do the next wave of betting coming to you. Last call falls on to you, the Crier asks, "(currentBidPrice)(currentBidPrice) Final Verdict!"

[Finalize the Bid]

You nod to the Crier and he makes the last call, announcing the countdown, "(currentBidPrice)(currentBidPrice) Going once ... Going twice! Going three times!" [b]Hearing the last call, you wait with anticipation on the final verdict.[/b]

[Accept] "Sold! to the patron in the [armorName] in the the back row. Thank you for your patronage!" Taking the stipend from the Crier, you smile as you take the ticket to the cashout cages in the atrium to claim your slave.

[Refuse] "Sold!" The Crier announced, pointing to the winner of the bidding price and they come up the stage to claim their stipend to take to the atrium to cash out their prize.

[Round 1]//see "Option: 1"
 [Round 2]//see "Option: 2"
 [Round 3]//see "Option: 3"
 [Round 4]//see "Option: 2"
 - [Round 4]//see "Option: 4 -Special Event"
 [Round 5]//see "Option: 5"

[Round 6]//see “Option: 6”

- [Increase Bet]

Your opponents watch you with anticipation as you ponder on your next move.

[IF PC has (X Gems) “Bet 10 Gems”][IF PC increases (Bet10) “Your opponent scoffs at you at your miniscule amount. Scattered mummering and some chuckling behind you as you listen to the crowd. They seem less impressed.”]

[IF PC has (X Gems) “Bet 20 Gems”][IF PC increases (Bet20) “Your opponents glare at you for making a bet against theirs. One of the patrons raises their bet to match yours in spite of your attempt to get what they want. Another patron raises the bet more to beat both of you out of matching.”]

[IF PC has (X Gems) “Bet 50 Gems”][IF PC increases (Bet50) “The crowd settles down as you call out your raised stakes shocking the patrons. The opponents were less than pleased, somewhat disgruntled as one retorts and rescinds his bet, taking interest in you.]

[IF PC has (X Gems) “Bet 100 Gems”][IF PC increases (Bet100) “Jaws have dropped at the sound of your bet. The room got extremely quiet as you sit there casually making your bet. They all sat there quietly as they watch you compete against the wealthier patrons over the slave on display.]

- [Cease Bet]

[IF PC has (currentBet<500) “You decided that the betting against the wealthier patrons is getting to be a bit steep for you and your coin purse. You look to the corrupt Orc patron in black robes with gold trim in the corner wall on your right, they rubbed their hands in anticipation and gives you the middle finger. Turning to your left, the smiling Incubus in purple nobleman robes, who smiles brightly at you and shoots menacing grin as you sit there. You sat there watching the Crier call out more bets and people trying to match them. Soon the small-timers gave up after the betting goes pass the small cap and into the higher range. Eventually the wealthier patrons claimed the slave you were after. The Crier calls the winner of the bet up to claim [currentSlave] for [ecurrentBet]”]

- [Leave]

[Betting Rounds]

- [Option 1] [Default]

[Opponent 1: Orc] [IF PC (currentBetPrice<=100) “The Orc scoffs at you lightly raising his card up between his fingertips, arms crossed as he makes the bet and gives you a cocky grin. He doesn’t take you

as seriously as the other small time patrons do.”]

[Opponent 2: Incubus] [IF PC (currentBetPrice=100) (currentBetPrice<200) “You can hear a faint conversation between the Incubus and his ‘friends’ about your bet being ‘as to be expected from a pauper!’ and laughs as he raises his card up eagerly without hesitation raising the bet by (eIncreasesBet=100 Gems) bring his total to (eCurrentBet)”]

[Opponent 3: Giantess] [IF PC (currentBetPrice<1000) “(eIncreasesPrice=150 Gems) bringing the Giantess’s current bet to (ecurrentPrice). She doesn’t so much as acknowledge your presence when making her bet.”]

- [Option 2] [Default]

[Opponent 1: Orc] [IF PC (currentBetPrice<=500) “The Orc watches the stage listening for the wave of bets circulating and looks to you seeing you make another bet. Doesn’t seem to care that you are still betting.”] [If PC (currentBetPrice>500) “The Orc looks to you and drinks from his grog and sets it beside him waiting on the next wave of bet callings not paying you much attention. He turns to you briefly as you make your bet and raises his chin to you acknowledging your presence. You now have his attention.”]

[Opponent 2: Incubus] [IF PC (currentBetPrice>450) (currentBetPrice<600) “The Incubus nobleman takes a drinking from his sterling silver tankard and sets it down on the silver tray his male slave holds below him, bending over to service the master. The Incubus turns to you and sees you make a bet. He casually raises the bet to (eIncreasesBetPrice=150) (ecurrentBetPrice)”]

[Opponent 3: Giantess] [IF PC (currentBetPrice<1000) “(eIncreasesPrice=True) (ecurrentBetPrice) Still doesn’t acknowledge your presence, you suspect by the way she handles the auction that she has deeper pockets than the others. You sense a greater challenge from the Giantess.”]

- [Option 3] [Orc Elimination]

[Opponent 1: Orc] [IF PC (currentBetPrice>750) “The Orc concedes to you, withholding his bet and allows you to continue with your current bet for the present slave on display. Taking his warhammer in hand and raising from his seat, he throws his large black and gold trim sash over his shoulder and carries the warhammer on his shoulder with ease as he walks out the theater.”]

[Opponent 2: Incubus] [IF PC (currentBetPrice>750) (currentBetPrice<1000) “The Incubus glares at you and backslaps the male slave beside him holding his tray of drinks and burning herbs. Crossing his arms in anger, the Incubus watches you.”]

[Opponent 3: Giantess] [IF PC (currentBetPrice>1000) “The Giantess places another bet to match yours and shoots a cocky smile and narrows her eyes as she makes a bet of (eIncreasesPrice=200) (ecurrentPrice). She awaits your next move.”]

- [Option 4] [Special Event!]

[Opponent 1: Orc] [IF PC (currentBetPrice<1000) “The Orc looks at both you and the Incubus and takes his warhammer in hand and starts walking towards you. Standing next to you in your row, he drops his

warhammer, letting off a loud thud, hitting concrete pavement before you and hands planted firmly on the butt of the hilt. Standing erect as if he were once a soldier, or in the least, a trained warrior, he speaks plainly. 'I notice you have an interest in this here slave, to make the sort of bets on these creatures such as you have. I can't help but wonder why go for this one in particular.' Raising your suspicion of the Orc. You tell them you want a slave and you think this suits you well to your liking." The Orc looks to you and nods approvingly, the steps back from the hilt. 'I have an offer for this particular slave that may interest you more if you're game.' You ask him what kind of offer. 'There's a small chest of items I don't want anymore and I will throw in 300 gems to compensate the deal"

- [Accept] "You don't see why not for that price. The Orc smiles and nods agreeably as he reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out 300 gems in a coin-purse and drops it into your hands. 'Stop by after the Auction in the main atrium for the rest of your compensation, I will have your chest ready for you on the way out.' You thanked the Orc but feel terrible that you just sold out your bet. Oh well, nothing a little bit of casual sex and spending your newly found wealth can't fix!

- [Refuse] "You told the Orc you have no intention of parting your bet for the slave. The Orc strokes his chin and leans forward with a counter-offer in mind.

- [IF PC has (Strength>=75) or (Endurance>=50)] "You look to be a spry challenge, I don't suppose I could fight you over the slave. Best warrior gets the slave. I'll get the Crier to hold off on the auction, the Giantess and the Incubus won't be interfering with the challenge. I know them personally so they will agree to hold off, we nobles love to gamble and this is just another opportunity for them to bet. So what do you say?"

[Accept] "You accept the Orc's challenge to the duel and you watch as the Orc smiles and picks up his warhammer, making his way through the crowd below. Plowing through the drunken patrons, knocking three out of his path with his hammer with light brushing against them only to have them fly out of his way. His sheer strength only shows through a portion of his swings, knocking some to the ground only to be picked back up by the guards and dragged outside. The Orc noble steps towards the stage and the Crier leans over to the Orc and they speak briefly and points to you. The two look to you and then parts. The Crier makes an announcement, 'Here! Here! Good people, we will be postponing this session to bring you an intermission! Fear not, for we have a special treat for all of you to make your bets and wet your dicks. Cuntboys, ladies, not to be sexist against you cunts out there. Please, make your way to the main atrium for the surprise match!' You raise from your seat and follow the Orc who gestures you to follow behind him to the main atrium."

- [IF PC has (Strength<75) or (Endurance<50)] "Well, I was going to offer you another suggestion but you certainly don't look like someone worth the challenge. I'll have the slave one way or another, good day newblood. Enjoy your drinks, they're on me."]

[IF PC has (corruption>=45)] "You told him it's none of his damned business what you use your slaves for. Urging him to get to the point of this discussion before raising your aggression. He leans over his warhammer, 'oh so you're one of those people. Word to the wise newbie, the only person here that should

be taking home a slave are nobles and masters of the districts. You don't seem to be neither. So I will ask again, what interest is the slave to you?' Telling him you plan to make them your chamber whore, the suckling of your [IF PC has (Cock=True) "cock"] [If PC has (Vagina=True) "pussy"] [IF PC has (Cock=True) and (Vagina=True) "throbbing manhood and fervor pussy"] and to be used and abused until you have no further use of them."

[Opponent 2: Incubus] [IF PC (currentBetPrice>800) (currentBetPrice<1100) "The Incubus picks up a bundle of small leashes that is attached to each of his slaves within short distance and tugs on one. A small slender frame female Lizan slave rushes over in haste and kneels before her master. The Incubus whispers something to her ear and the slave nods acknowledge. She turns to you and walks casually over with her leash extending further from her master's grip, the link holding them stretches with a faint aura on them glows growing longer as the slave comes closer to you. The Lizan towers over you and asks to be in your presence."]

[Acknowledge] "You tell the Lizan to step lively, the Crier is waiting on the next patron to make a bet but is being distracted by a disgruntled crowd down below who are making too much noise for you to hear. Auction Guards surrounded the rude patrons and forcing them out of their seats, giving you some time to speak briefly while they wrestle the rude patrons. 'My master would like to buyout your bet for this slave. He is willing to pay 500 gems for this particular slave. If you concide your bet, you can receive the payment after finalization. You get 250 now and the rest later."

- **[Accept]** "You tell the slave that you happily accept the terms. 'Excellent, then my master will see you after the Auction at the Checkout Cages in the main atrium. Have a blissful night, your lordship."

- [IF PC has Corruption=>50)] [Steal] "You eagerly accept the payment, the slave hands over the 500 gems as the full payment. Just as you accept the payment, the Lizan walks off towards her master with a smile on his face. When she informs him of the agreed upon payment, he looks over at you raising his tankard to you. You raised your middle finger to him making a 500 Gem raise to your bet bring your current bet to (currentBetPrice). This action maybe a once in a lifetime opportunity but you've just eliminated the Incubus from the betting competition. Dropping his leashes, the slaves surrounding him did not bother running off, instead they gathered around him on the hands and knees. Taking a cat-nine tails and lashes his anger on his slaves. Finishing off his frustration, he commands the male dog-morph to suck the Incubus master's demonic cock off with the Lizan cradling his coconut size testicles.

- **[Refuse]** "You told her you weren't interested, the Lizan bows courteously and walks away. The leash around her neck stuns her, she falls to her knees and curls up into a ball fingering her drooling cunt as the debilitating shock of electricity shocks her. Her painful expression and blissful aroma turns you on. Cumming pre on the floor, she slowly climbs to her feet and bows again, 'my master also ...' she hesitates, reluctant to tell you what she is told. She comes out with her master's order, 'he would also like to offer me as a benefit to the payment as well'.

- **[Accept]** "You look over the Lizan now that she's much closer to you, you can tell the darkened scales are from abuse and the shock collar on her neck also connects to the chain-link bondage suit she wears to the contours of her body. You accept the payment and the 'side-benefits' of your companion. She turns to her master and nods. The Incubus smiles brightly and gestures her to continue

with a welcoming smile. ‘He would like to ask you to stay with him after the Auction at his private home and speak with you more privately. There you may have your way with me at his manor as his personal Guest of Honor. You accept full-heartily. She scurries off to her master still wet from her sudden display. The Incubus shocks her once more letting out a sharp, ‘Eeep!’ and moves much more slowly.

- **[Refuse]** “You still refuse, getting a bit more anxious that you may miss your chance to bet. You look over and see the guards pulling out the resisting patrons who continue to fight until the Elite Guards were called in to pull them out with force.

- **[Shoo!]** “You berate the slave, you wave your hand telling her to tell her master that your busy purchasing your slave. [IF PC has (Corruption=>50) (Gems=10) you toss the slave ten gems and tell her to fuck off to her master and buy something nice with it. She picks up the gems hesitantly and carries her leash back to her master. The Incubus takes the gems from his slave and looks back at you. You take a drink from a passing waiter with your drink, you raise your goblet to the Incubus with a menacing smirk and laugh lightly as you get underneath his skin. The Incubus’s anger exceeds as he accepts the gems and stores it away in his coin-purse.”

[Opponent 3: Giantess] [IF PC (currentBetPrice>1000) “Looking in your general direction, she looks at the Incubus who has an interest in you as well as the Orc. This intrigues her more and one of her underlings walks next to her seeing her sudden change in behavior. They spoke softly that you cannot overhear over the sound of bickering patrons and moaning in the rows surrounding them. (eIncreasesBetPrice=200) She makes her bet casually as she makes her call bring her amount total to (ecurrentBetPrice)”]

- **[Option 5] [Incubus Elimination]**

[Opponent 1: Orc] [IF PC (currentBetPrice>800) (currentBetPrice<1000 “The Orc knew he was getting the slave from the look in his eye, determined to get them. He looks to you but realized that he was more focused on the Incubus in the opposite corner who has been staring down the Orc for the longest time. The Orc lets off a laugh as he makes a large bet of (eIncreaseBet=100) bring his total to (ecurrentBetPrice).”]

[Opponent 2: Incubus] [IF PC (currentBetPrice>750) (currentBetPrice<900) “ The Incubus grew restless as you continue to bet against him, time after time, he gets upset between you and that blasted orc! He doesn’t seem to notice the Giantess in the back but he focuses sourly on both of you. After placing an inferior bet, he scrouges through his coin-purse and noticed it was gone. Ordering for his slaves to find it, he misses the final call for the bet from the Crier [b]and fails![/b] causing him to lose the bet to you, the Orc and the Giantess. He yells out of frustration and storms off with the Lizan slave in hand and the others standing idly behind with the Minotaur thug standing there with the leashes in hand.”]

[Opponent 3: Giantess] [IF PC (currentBetPrice>1000) “(eIncreasesPrice=100) The Giantess sees interested in your attention to her. She then raises her bet to (ecurrentBetPrice) and gives you a bright smile seeing your worth in the slave and in yourself. She turns to her shorter companions and makes a gesture in your direction. Nothing happens but you assume that she will approach you at some point. The loudness of the theater gets more obnoxious to where you can’t even hear the Crier, the group of drunken patrons startles the wealthier patrons to where the Auction Guards come in to break up the crowd below

you. The Giantess continues to look into your direction and shoots you a wink in her eye, one of her underlings walks towards you with a goblet and a bottle in hand. Sitting next to you, the dark blue haired Goblin girl, sporting a shaved Mohawk hairstyle, a rather revealing leather clad skirt that shows her flaccid cock and a matching corset hugging her robust D-cup bust. ‘Our leader would like to give you a little something as a complimentary taste of what she can offer you’ the goblin girl hands the goblet to you and asks to pour a sample of the bottle she carries. You gesture her to do so. She pops the cork letting it breathe and hands it to you. You appraise the cork and noted the fragrant of mint and an aftertaste of herbal medicine. You ask what this bottle contains. ‘Its Roseworth Wine, the finest made here in Sou’jire using quality herbal fungi, bloodroot and honey.’ You are unfamiliar with it, she suggests you have a taste. Pouring a small bit of the bottle into your goblet, you take a swig of the glowing teal liquid and swashed it your mouth. Not bothering to swallow, you spit back into the goblet. As your nose has suggested it definitely has a minty aftertaste but the feeling is closer to a thick oil unlike cream or milk. Unsure about the gift, whether it would be a ploy or genuine, you thank her and her leader for the complimentary drink. [b]You feel more energetic![/b]. The Goblin leaves the bottle with you, corking the top and leaves your presence. You turn to the Giantess and her underling reports to her your satisfaction

- [Option 6] [Full Elimination]

[Opponent 1: Orc] [IF PC (currentBetPrice<1000) “The Orc stared at you while you go head to head with the Giantess, the room remains quietly as you can hear your own voice echo throughout the theater. He sits patiently sipping one his grog and stroking the hilt gingerly, rubbing the leather strappings weaved in a unusual weave and knot work.”]

[Opponent 2: Incubus] [IF PC (currentBetPrice<1000) “Returning from his short walk, the Incubus nobleman gives the Lizan ‘s leash to his thug and tells him to hurry off with them as he takes a seat at the fleet of benches with the rest of the silent crowd. Leaning back into his seat watching the betting between you and the Giantess as the theater intensifies in mere moments.”]

[Opponent 3: Giantess] [IF PC has (currentBetPrice=>1000) “The Giantess looks to her chest beside her and weights her options, her moments of wonder eventually leads to her making a smaller bet than usual (eIncreasesBetPrice=50)” [IF PC (currentBetPrice=1500) “Looking at her current bet, the Giantess looks over to you as you make your final bet. (ecurrentPrice), she looks towards the Crier, who wait attentively for her estimate. Seeing your interest in the Slave, she gestures the Crier her withdraw.”]

[Slave Pens][Replace]

Slaver bearing large weapons as big as they were, each hulking over their captives hanging onto a small leash connecting to the backs of their slave's collars. Stepping towards one slave, you see that each collar was a large bulking ring that plants firmly on the shoulders of the slave, small barrels of fluid are planted into the necks of the captives. A slaver shoves you away from the captives, "step off!". Turning your attention to the processing kiosk, you walk by the line of slavers waiting on their contractors to pay out for their catch. Some of the slaves call out to you, begging you for help, you denied their request, continuing about your business. You scan the area, noting the tall columns of stone and concrete each was weaved with vines, dark in nature, they spun around the columns, stretch across the gaps to the next column from top to bottom. You run your fingers on the vines getting a feel for them, they prick your hand just as you go to touch. They sense your presence, thorn spur out of the vines instantly, seeing at first hand what kind of security these slavers have.

Tents are littering the inside of the fenced in area, slaves are in clusters filling up until they were neck and neck with each other. Following the line to the processing tent, you work yourself through the crowd. You see Cabal's elite guard standing about the place watching and observing the groups coming and going from the tent. You hang back near the exit out of everyone's way, over by the crates and barrels in the corner of the room. Before you sits two Incubus, each wore robes covering their private areas, gilded black robes with curving designs around the collars and wrists, you see their faces - dull, bored, and positively fed up with some of the bullshit they're dealing with. You overhear a slaver demanding more gems for his "quality" slave, who is a beaten down tiger-morph with very firm muscle tone, wearing nothing but a loin cloth which doesn't hide the enormous bulges underneath.

The minotaur slaver slams his mighty warhammer to the ground in frustration, "200 gem?! This is outrageous claim for a fine specimen!" The purple skinned Incubus with a strong demeanor and protruding mohawk horns going down the middle of his skull cap retorts with, "You don't like it take it up with my associate" he gestures to the flamboyant, fair skinned Incubus with smaller horns sprouting on his forehead with a dumbed down expression on his face, "Either pay the price or fuck off, you knuckledraggers always come in here demanding more. Face the facts big man, we're full!"

The minotaur flips the wooden desk out of his way, outraging the other slavers for wasting their time. "Pay me NOW!!" he yells. The Cabal Guards draw their swords and raised their hands aiming their palms at the outraged minotaur. The minotaur blow a burst of steam from his flaring nostrils out of heated rage, taking his hammer with both hands, he kick dirt up fixing to charge. The slavers rushed out of the tent not to be caught in the way of his blind fury.

The guards chanted an incantation, a rune appears on the arms and legs of the minotaur, rendering him immobilized, they get closer to him and their chanting grow stronger, bring the minotaur down to his knees. He drops his hammer to the ground, the guard layered their sword around his neck. The purple skinned incubus steps forward with a hand clutched at his side. "You dare start a fight with the Cabalists

and the Fornox Brothers? You are are sorely mistaken. You can either take you payment in blood or you can accept the money you were promised and be done with this business. Either way, you do not have the option to barter with us. You will be stripped of your talisman and sent back to the surface. For that, I am most certainly sure of.”

The incubus throws a hard punch directly into the minotaurs trecia, silencing his loud and rambunctious bickering. The minotaur falls back on the ground, the incubus brings up his clenched hand, tossing a handful of gold on top of the injured minotaur’s body. The incubus snaps his fingers walking back to his seat, a guard raises the desk back over in front of him. “Escort our associate out of the city, we won’t be needing his services.”

The line of slavers quickly returns in front of the incubus administrators. You walk up to the fair skinned incubus, he turns to you and points to the line, “Back of the line new blood, no one cuts in front.” You told him you were wondering how does processing work, you were looking into going into the slave trade. “We’re currently closed for new slavers, these are just the clients we had contracts with coming to collect on our agreed upon slaves. If we have need of your services, i’m sure my brother can direct you to some side work.”

“How we process slaves, we take them to the mines where they are whipped into working the mines for Furrite, Fertite, Lethite, Amethyst, Onyx, and our overabundance of Crimstone. Whatever we get from the mines, we send over to the refineries where the slaves produce jewelry, weapons and armor for patrons within the city and export the rest to other areas around Mareth for a nominal fee, of course.” A smile on his face grew, “How we obtain slave is typically through a mercenaries guild on the surface, I believe we have a mercenaries guild here in Sou’jure but i think the building in the north district is still under construction.”

What do they do the overworked slaves or one that give out, just leave them out to dry like a beast. “Nothing like that, we have a slave colony at the base of the tunnel we send the already processed slaves to. Our foremen and women take care of the rest from there. What happens over there is their business. We have a perfectly good cemetery we haven’t used for a very long time, if anything happened to the overworked and retired captives, we see fit to give them a proper burial. We may be cruel and abusive, but we are not savages.”

With that, you said your farewells to the incubus. The line continues to decrease as grumbling slavers stroll out of the tent behind you counting their gems. You were grabbed by a slave from behind the fence as you were passing by. You look to see the orange and black striped tiger-morph that you saw from before, “Hey, hold up a sec pal. I wanna talk to you” refusing to let go, you stopped moving and listened. “You need to get me out of here, they’re going to sell me off to some god knows what.” You ask him to release you, “Opps, sorry” letting go of you, you brush off your [nameArmor] then you ask why should you care what happens to him, “You get me out of here and i’ll suck your dick”. An appealing gesture but you have plenty of options to choose from elsewhere. “Okay, okay, fine you hardass. Get me out and i’ll get you my mercenary armor. Its yours and there nothing like it!”

What's so special about it that he would give it up to someone like you. "Its made of a crimstone and onyx, hardest metal you can make. You can take a war axe to the chest and it wouldn't pierce its plate." Sounds pretty damn useful, how would we go about breaking him out. "Auction House sell off everyone that doesn't make the cut for the mines. I heal pretty quickly and i won't let them put me to work in some dingy old mining shaft with a pickaxe without me cracking their skulls. They'll most likely sell me off as some rich man's lap dog. i will not go down without a fight!!"

You would have to think about, "Come on, I'm beggin' ya! Don't leave a broken down soldier down and out!" He pulls on his collar, the fluids inside the collar inject something into his veins, the knobs on the cylinders moved with tiny rune on them glowing. He drops down on both knees, trying to rip off the collar with his bear hands. His long knotted cock unsheathed from his loins through the slit, his balls pulsed with the motion of his cock, growing. His weakly moans and faintly coos of lust comes from his lips, "Oooo whoo. That's strong. I can't feel my legs, oh god!". He props over the ground, his hands planted firmly on the ground, his cock reaching his chest starts to swell.

He grabs his elongating cock, stroking his 5 inch thick hot length until he sits back, knocking back more of the lust inducing fluids from the collar. He pants, stroking lightly, pressing his bottom shaft to hold back the cum. Pre bubbles from his knotted cock, he lies back and fire around of sperm behind him. Arching his back, his furry striped tail dangles below curling at the base, he yells blowing his load all over his chest then falls. His large cock spurts, cum slithers off to the sides a pool of it on his chest and hilt. He grows more furious and repeats his jerking session until the guard drags him off to another tent where he's chained.

A fascinating device and a very appealing show he puts on for you. You feel like taking a bath after watching, or perhaps fap yourself. Either way, you were aroused by his display of overexertion of lust.

///Pc Returns to City

[Re-insert Scene Here]