

#### SHORT DESCRIPTION

a tall, lithe woman in a skintight sleeveless black catsuit and elbow-length black latex gloves. Her bright red hair cascades onto her shoulders in waves of scarlet curls. She looks like a sexy femme fatale from a spy movie.

#### MADAM INTRO

"Ah, here is Ygolia Campbell, our slinky sexy superspy," \$npcMadam.name says. "Her breath-taking technique will soon have you spilling all your secrets."

#### LONG DESCRIPTION

Ygolia Campbell does look like she's just stepped off the set of a spy movie. She is tall and leggy. Her body is tightly clothed in a sleek sleeveless black catsuit. Her fiery red hair cascades onto her shoulders in waves of scarlet curves. Her full lips are bunched up in a sensual pout. Her big blue eyes fix you with a steely gaze.

She wears black latex gloves that extend all the way up to her elbows. Her stylish black high-heeled boots extend to just below her knees.

<if currentRound > 1>

Surprisingly, you see no trace of otherworldly features. No horns. No wings. No tail. Given the House, there is probably //something//, but it's not visible.

#### HARLOT DESCRIPTION

"Hello, I'm Ygolia Campbell," she says in a very clipped and plummy English accent. "Would you like to play a little bondage game with me?"

She leans forwards and whispers in your ear.

"I'll tie you up and get you to spunk up your secrets."

#### SOCIALISING

Ygolia Campbell looks very sleek and sexy on your arm as you take her into the bar. She looks around at the hubbub of men chatting to scantily-dressed harlots.

"So many secrets waiting to be overheard," she whispers in your ear.

You find a spare table and sit down.

#### SOCIALISING: NO MONEY

Ygolia looks very unimpressed.

"How unglamorous," she says.

She leaves you to your embarrassment and returns to \$npcMadam.name.

#### SOCIALISING: DRINKING

The waitress returns with your \$socialisingDrinks[\$sdi].name and a glass of fancy wine for Ygolia. She sits there, rests her chin on her gloved hands and looks at you with bright blue eyes.

"Do you like spy movies?" she asks.

It's an unexpected question and one you don't get a chance to answer as Ygolia continues.

"I love them," Ygolia says. "Especially the old ones. I love the glitz, the glamour, the excitement, the constant edge of peril. Most of all I love the sexy femme fatales. I love seeing those sirens using their seductive wiles to entrap a man. It's a lust daemon thing. It really gets our juices going."

She blushes.

"Of course, they never get the hero. We can't have a happy ending. It's the rules of the genre."

She sips her wine and – like the sirens in the movies she adores – smoulders with seductive appeal.

"So, there is this sexy roleplay game I do," Ygolia says. "You play the suave superspy and I'm the sexy femme fatale assigned to torture information out of you."

She sees your expression at 'torture' and hurriedly clarifies.

"Not //torture// torture," she explains. "It's just a bit of breathplay. I'll smother you with these."

She holds up her black gloved hands. The gloves are latex and very glossy. Strangely, there is some kind of padding in the palms that's reminiscent of a vagina.

"It's to add a little frisson of excitement," she says. "Oh, and it won't just be pain and discomfort. I'll be using pleasure as well to break your resolve. Lots of pleasure."

She mimes a wanking gesture with her hand.

It sounds unusual, but it might be fun, you think.

GOSSIP

\$npcGossip.name shakes her head at the mention of Ygolia Campbell.

"Young and misguided," she says. "Lust daemons should be setting mankind's fetishes and secret desires, not copying them. It's unseemly."

She sighs.

"She loves your old spy movies. She likes to pretend she's a sleek and sexy femme fatale from one. It's absurd. Like a tiger pretending to be a house cat."

\$npcGossip.name shakes her head again.

"Anyway, she likes to play a game where she ties the man up and pretends to interrogate him. It's all very childish. Just gas them and drink freely of their cum when it starts gushing."

\$npcGossip.name bunches up her lips. She looks like she's going to blow smoke in your face, then catches herself and changes her mind.

1) "While playing her game, don't try to hold out for too long. She has been known to get a little too into it, and once she gets too into it, she's far more dangerous and deadly than the femme fatales she tries to emulate."

2) "If you don't want to play her game, you can always choose to just have regular sex with her."

3) "Don't forget her code. She might mistake that for resisting too hard and she does have a habit of getting carried away."

4) "She likes her men to get into her roleplay game as much as she does. Don't put in a half-hearted effort and give up too easily, otherwise you might find the game become real."

5) "During her game, try to hold out for as long as possible. That will give you the greatest reward."

#### SCENARIO

Ygolia Campbell's room looks like a seedy basement in an abandoned building. The walls are undecorated and the floor is bare concrete. The only source of illumination is a single naked lightbulb hanging from the ceiling.

Ygolia stands behind two plain wooden chairs, with a stainless-steel trolley cart to her right. She is tall and willowy and looks every bit the seductive femme fatale spy in her black catsuit. Her fiery curls cascade onto her shoulders. Her sensual lips are set in an authoritative pout and her blue eyes are icy cool. She has a length of slender rope coiled in her hands.

<if hasSocialised>

"Oh good. Are you here for the sexy roleplay session I told you about downstairs?"

<else>

"Hello. Don't be put off by the room. I specialise in erotic roleplay. We'll play a scenario where you're a captured superspy being interrogated by a sexy femme fatale. I'll tie you up and use some breathplay and sexual domination techniques on you to get you to spunk up your secrets."

The corner of her mouth turns up in a filthy smirk.

"In more ways than one."

She strikes a sleek and sexy pose and gestures to the chair.

"It will be fun. Would you like to play?"

[You'd rather go straight to sex]

[You'll play]

#### CHOOSE TO PLAY

"Good, good. Take your clothes off and sit here."

Ygolia pats the seat of the chair.

You wonder what you're supposed to do with your gift. You wave it to bring it to Ygolia's attention.

"Oh, the offering. Yes, I'll take that. Hold on."

She smiles.

"I'll do it in character."

She draws herself up and puts on a cold and haughty air.

"Are you trying to bribe me, Mr Blond?" she asks.

She takes the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name from you.

GIFT: BLACK ROSE

"So, you'd like it real," she says as she examines the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name. "I can do that. I rather enjoy it."

She places the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name on the lower shelf of the stainless-steel trolley cart.

GIFT: BLING, WINE

"That is very nice," Ygolia says as she examines the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name. "You have good intel on my likes. However, sadly for you, my loyalty to The Organisation is unquestioning."

She places the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name on the lower shelf of the stainless-steel trolley cart.

GIFT: WEIRD

She holds up the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name and arches a pencil-thin eyebrow.

"Whatever are you carrying this around for?"

Shaking her head, she places it on the lower shelf of the stainless-steel trolley cart.

GIFT: DEFAULT

"You'll need to do better than that," Ygolia says.

She places the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name on the lower shelf of the stainless-steel trolley cart.

TROLLEY

You look at the top of the trolley cart. You see an array of metal tools with a little too much //serration// for your liking. There's also a large bottle of lube with a pump top.

"They're just for show," Ygolia says, on seeing your look of concern. "I won't be using them. I'm a suffocatrix, not a gurosadotrix."

Reassured, you take off your clothes and sit on the chair. Ygolia hands you a small paper note.

"Memorise this," she says.

There is a four-digit number written on the scrap of paper.

<generate RNG number>

"That's the secret code I'm trying to interrogate out of you," Ygolia says.

She takes the note off you and tucks it down into her cleavage.

"I'll tie you up and do... things to you until you fess up. Try to hold out for as long as possible. The game is more fun that way."

She loops rope around your gut and the back of the chair. She ties your hands behind your back – tight, but not uncomfortably so. She even goes down and ties your ankles to the legs of the chair. On the way back up, she pauses to whisper in your ear.

"Then, at the end, I'll do the things they're not allowed to show in those old spy movies."

She moves round to the front and steps back to examine her handiwork. You test your bonds. You're not going anywhere. You can't even shift your weight to try and tip the chair. It seems to be bolted to the floor.

"Shall we begin?" Ygolia says cheerfully in her posh English accent.

You're not exactly going to be able to stop her.

<break>

Again, Ygolia switches demeanour to ice-cold femme fatale secret agent.

"Well, well, Mr Blond, I bet you're wondering how you ended up here."

She oozes sex appeal as she taunts you.

"It was easy. A couple of little pills in your drink – plink plink – and you were out like a light."

She mimes dropping pills into an imaginary glass.

"And now you're mine, in this quiet little place where no-one will find you."

She starts circling the chair menacingly.

"You can try to hold out all you like. I have all the time I need to work on you. You will give up the code."

She slides a gloved finger along the top of your shoulders.

"Is that fear I can detect in your breathing? Are you afraid of torture, Mr Blond? I wouldn't have expected it – a big strong, brave man like yourself. It would be a pity to damage this body."

She bends down behind you and runs her black-gloved hands over your naked chest.

"I know. I'll use my special technique. That doesn't leave a mark."

She sits in the other chair and pulls it up close. Her gloved hands continue to roam over your upper body.

"And it would be a real shame to mark this."

She playfully tweaks your nipples. Her hands slide up your neck and massage your head.

"My special technique is breathplay. I'll control your breathing, and through that, you."

She covers your mouth with a latex-gloved hand and pinches your nostrils shut with thumb and forefinger. She pulls your head back against her bosom and holds you firmly in place.

<break>

She holds you there for a while. Long enough for the air to grow stale in your lungs and your body to start squirming in discomfort.

Ygolia removes her hand. You gasp out the stale air and breathe in fresh air to replace it.

"This is the weakness of all things," Ygolia says. "It doesn't matter how strong, resourceful, brave, or clever. You all need to breathe."

She wraps her arm tightly around your head again. Her hand covers your mouth and she pinches your nostrils shut. She holds her hand there longer this time. Long enough for black spots to start dancing across your eyes.

She releases you and you suck in great gasping breaths.

"Control their breathing and you control them."

Her hand covers your mouth and closes your nostrils again. She holds you even longer. Long enough for your throat to start hitching. Long enough that, even though you know it's roleplay, your body starts involuntarily struggling against her.

She removes her hand and you gratefully take gasping breaths.

"Mmm. It also has a pleasing side effect."

She glances down to your crotch where your cock has risen up in erection. With her other hand, she reaches into your lap and lightly strokes her fingers against the underside of your erection.

"The desire to procreate is as strong as the desire to breathe. Sometimes stronger," she whispers in your ear.

Her left hand covers your mouth and nose. Her right hand encircles your cock and gently pumps up and down.

"That is the other weakness of men," Ygolia whispers.

She holds your head tight to her bosom as you start to squirm for air. Her gloved hand pumps your cock harder and faster. She starts off fast to take you right to the threshold and then slows right down to leave you tantalisingly just short of release.

"Spill the beans, as they say, and I'll let you spill your seed," she whispers in your ear.

She takes her hand away from your mouth and continues to wank you with her gloved hand.

<con/will check>

CON/WILL FAIL

Befuddled by the lack of oxygen and unable to resist the pleasures of Ygolia's masturbation, you  
<rejoin blurt out>

CON/WILL PASS

[Blurt out the code]

[Hold on]

GIVE UP TOO SOON

You <rejoin>

blurt out the code. <if semenCount > 0>At the same time, your cock throbs in Ygolia's hand and you  
spurt semen out all over her glove.</if>

Ygolia pauses. She seems a little shocked. Then disappointed and a little annoyed.

"So soon? Couldn't you have held out longer. It's..."

She's no longer roleplaying.

"Oh, it's no good. The game is spoiled now."

She peels off her <if came> cum-splattered</if> right glove.

<to Bad End>

HOLD ON

"Is this your famed iron will, Mr Blond?" Ygolia says as you remain silent. "It's admirable, but  
ultimately fruitless."

She peels off her right glove with sensual slowness.

"I have all the time I need."

She clasps her left hand over your mouth and pinches shut your nostrils. Her right hand wraps  
around your cock and starts to vigorously pump up and down.

"I will break you. If pain does not work, I will break you with pleasure."

It's no idle boast. What she does with her hand has you contorting on the chair in ecstasy. Her  
fingers are all over your cock like a virtuoso playing a musical instrument. When she removes her  
hand from your mouth, you're not sure your gasp is for air, or from the pleasure of her ministrations.

You've barely refilled your lungs when Ygolia has a hand over your mouth again.

"And I will break you," she whispers in your ear.

After a quick burst that almost has you coming right away, her hand slows down its masturbation of your cock to leave you tantalisingly short of release. She teases you. Her hand edges you and keeps you in a state of frustrated denial.

She combines it with her breathplay. Her hand jerks faster and faster while she has your mouth and nose covered. Then, when you're squirming for breath, she lets you breathe, but at the cost of stopping her stimulation to your cock. The end result is your mind is left conflicted. You want her to go longer, to stroke you all the way to climax, even if it risks suffocation.

Ygolia does go longer and longer, but never long enough for you to boil over into climax. Your thoughts start to get woozy from the lack of oxygen. Reality and roleplay start to blur together.

<break>

There is something odd about the palm of her hand. It feels like there are two fleshy ridges running down her hand. They feel almost like lips. It also feels wet, as if she squirted some lube into her palm, although you don't remember her doing so.

She keeps you in a cycle of breathless frustration until it becomes difficult to think of anything else.

"Do you want to come?" Ygolia whispers in your ear.

She gives the swollen head of your cock a pleasant little squeeze. It triggers a pleasant twitch in your member, but nothing more.

"Your body feels like it wants to come."

You do. Desperately. You writhe and squirm on the chair. Your hips pump against her hand to the extent her bonds allow you, which isn't much. You're not getting off until Ygolia decides.

"I can let you come," she whispers in your ear as she holds her hand tight over your mouth and nose. "A really big spunk."

Her hand gives your cock a couple of fast pumps. Then she stops, leaving you to moan your frustrations into her gloved hand.

"But you have to do something for me. It's just a little something."

Her talented fingers stroke and squeeze your engorged member. She has the expertise to keep you at the very cusp of climax without tipping over.

"So small. So easy. Just tell me the code."

She keeps her hand over your mouth. Your thoughts are a mass of fuzz. Your vision wavers. She gives your cock a couple of harder jerks.

"You're so close. I can feel it. Think of how good it will feel to let go and spatter my hand with your cum. All you have to do is tell me the code."



This time she strokes you right to the edge – both of climax and consciousness – before removing her hand and allowing you to breathe. As good as it feels to take fresh breaths, your body aches for her to continue wanking your cock.

"Are you ready to talk, Mr Blond?"

[Spill the beans to spill your seed.]

[Try to hold on a little longer.]

TRY TO HOLD ON LONGER

"Still not ready to talk," Ygolia says. "Is this your famed iron will? I should expect nothing less from the renowned Mr Blond."

She peels off the glove on her left hand.

"Time for me to use my ultimate technique."

<join Bad End>

SPILL THE BEANS

You cough and splutter as you draw in hoarse breaths. You nod your head.

"I said I'd break you, Mr Blond," Ygolia says triumphantly. "Now spit out that code and I'll let you spit out your filthy cum."

Tell her the code.

<3 code options>

WRONG CODE

You recite the code. Ygolia pumps your cock harder as if this time she's going to wank you to orgasm. Then she stops, frustratingly short, with a sly grin on her face.

"I know what you're doing," Ygolia says.

She gives your cock a couple of quick pumps. Enough to keep you tantalisingly on edge, but not enough to give you relief.

"Very clever. Pretend to break and then give me a fake code. I should expect nothing less from the renowned Mr Blond."

She pulls your head close enough for her lips to brush your ear.

"It won't work."

She peels off the glove on her left hand.

"Time for me to use my ultimate technique."

<join Bad End with removing glove>

#### CORRECT CODE

As you recite the correct code, Ygolia pumps your cock harder and faster. This time she doesn't hold back. She pumps and pumps until...

<semen check>

#### 1<sup>st</sup> NO SEMEN

...nothing happens. You writhe and squirm in the chair. Your cock throbs in delight, but nothing comes out. You don't have anything left. The other harlots in the House have already thoroughly drained your balls.

Ygolia pauses.

"This is the part where you're supposed to come," she says, breaking character with a little laugh.

She jerks your cock harder. Hard enough for the friction to become uncomfortable.

Ygolia stops when she realises she's causing you pain.

#### 2<sup>nd</sup> NO SEMEN

And nothing happens. Your body tenses and clenches in anticipation of a release that never arrives. You're empty. The other harlots in the House have already thoroughly emptied your balls.

<break>

Ygolia pauses.

"I don't feel anything," she says.

She gives your balls an experimental squeeze. Nothing happens.

"This is awkward," she says, breaking character with a nervous laugh. "This is the part where you should be spunking uncontrollably up my arm."

She lifts her hand and slowly slides your cock out of the fleshy sheath in her palm.

#### COMBINED NO SEMEN

"That's the problem with running this game in the House. Some of the men I entertain have already had their balls drained by the other harlots. Then we get awkward pauses like this."

She affectionately ruffles your hair.

"Oh, it's not your fault. Don't worry about it."

She slowly peels the glove off her left hand.

"I have a contingency plan."

#### HAS SEMEN

...you moan in ecstasy and spurt semen out in a long looping arc.

"Ah that's it. It was worth it, don't you think," Ygolia laughs.

You slump, spent, back in the chair. That felt good. Intense, but good.

Ygolia lightly runs a hand through your hair and hugs your head to her bosom.

"And no-one will find out about your moment of weakness," Ygolia whispers in your ear. "It will be our little secret."

You think Ygolia might be a little //too// into this roleplay.

"One you will take to the grave. Alas, Mr Blond, it's time for you to die."

Ygolia clasps her left hand over your mouth and clamps your nostrils shut.

"I'm sorry. Orders are orders," she says.

She shows you the palm of her right hand and now you understand why it had such a strange feel. She has a vagina in the palm of her hand. There are a pair of plump swollen labia running down from beneath her middle two fingers to the heel of her hand. The lips part to reveal a glistening pink tunnel of flesh.

//What the?//

"I am a merciful executioner," Ygolia says. "I shall usher you to the great hereafter with a final burst of ecstasy."

<next>

Ygolia's hand goes down to your crotch. She presses down on the head of your erection. The labia part around your glans and your cock slides up into a warm fleshy tunnel. If you weren't looking, you'd think you just entered a lusciously tight and wet pussy. You splutter in her hand from the unexpected and highly pleasurable sensation. Ygolia shifts her left hand to make sure all your airways are firmly blocked.

Her other hand slowly moves up and down in your lap. Your cock slides back and forth inside the lusciously tight tunnel of flesh. Folds in the wall rub against and stimulate your erection. At the bottom of each stroke, she curls her fingers around to grab your balls.

"Shh," Ygolia whispers. "You've served your country well. Now it's time to take a well-earned rest."

You start to feel woozy and lightheaded. The stale breath hitches in your chest. She's held her hand over your nose and mouth for a long long time. Black spots dance in front of your eyes and your vision starts to go grey and blurry.

"Shh, not long now," Ygolia whispers.

Down at your crotch, the luscious stroking sensation of her unusual hand vagina crowds out your remaining thoughts. You feel a growing urge to come swell and balloon inside you. It overtakes the pressure in your lungs for greatest desire to burst.

"Here it comes."

Ygolia pushes down with her hand and takes in your full length. She wraps her fingers around your balls and pumps them with pulsing squeezes. The fleshy tunnel running up the inside of her arm clenches around your cock.

<semen check>

Your body tenses up, then releases in a great rush of relief as you spurt a thick rope of cum up Ygolia's arm. The first burst of bliss is followed by a second, then a third. Then you pass out.

BLACK ROSE

<nobr>Ygolia keeps you coming with practised flexes of her arm. She milks another three orgasms out of you before you finally expire.

<else to Good End>

SKIP STRAIGHT TO SEX

Politely, you tell her you'd rather go straight to sex. Ygolia seems disappointed, but assents.

She takes your gift and gets you to take your clothes off and sit in the wooden chair. The chair is sturdy and also bolted to the floor. It isn't going to topple over if things get a little frisky.

Ygolia stands in front of you and unzips the crotch of her catsuit to reveal the smooth folds of her sex.

Your erection bobs up. You're looking forward to getting frisky with her, although Ygolia seems a little disinterested.

She doesn't say a word as she straddles you and lowers herself down on your cock. She might look disinterested, but her pussy is plenty wet. And tight. Lusciously tight.

You close your eyes and relish the sensation of her tight vagina sliding down your shaft. Ygolia puts her hands on the back of the chair. She braces against it as she starts to pump her hips up and down in your lap.

Her tight pussy stroking up and down your cock feels incredible. It also feels a little cold and mechanical. Ygolia doesn't show any emotion.

That in itself adds to the appeal. It fits her spy outfit and persona – mysterious, aloof, distant, professional. Maybe she's roleplaying after all.

Ygolia pauses to peel the glove off her left hand. You have a brief moment to notice something is wrong with her hand. There's a fleshy slit running vertically down the palm. It resembles a vagina. Then she presses her hand over your mouth and nose. You hear a hissing sound and your nose is filled with the odour of strong perfume.

You go limp as if chloroformed. Ygolia keeps her hand there and pumps more gas into you. Even though you can't move, you remain fully conscious. Even though her movements against you are less vigorous, the sensations seem magnified.

You feel your balls swell as well, swell up until the pressure of sperm inside them becomes too much to hold in. You experience the most explosive and longest climax in your life as you spurt – no, jet – semen inside her. The ejaculation doesn't end. Ygolia keeps it going with gentle little milking throbs of her pussy. You can't stop.

The gas from her hand has multiple effects on human physiology. One is to stimulate the body to overproduce semen at the cost of diverting the resources from vital organs, and eventually breaking down those vital organs themselves. Your traitorous cock pumps all your fluids up into Ygolia's vagina until all that's left sitting on the chair is a dried-up cadaver.

Ygolia doesn't show any emotion as she completely drains your body. She doesn't seem to enjoy it all that much. She'd have rather you played her game.

GOOD END

A sharp ammoniacal stench causes you to awaken with a start. You see Ygolia's smiling face. She's crouched down in front of you and holding a bottle of smelling salts under your nose. She turns your head from side to side and looks into each eye. Then, satisfied with what she sees, she puts the smelling salts back on the trolley and moves around behind the chair to untie the ropes. She's done this many times before.

"That was fun," Ygolia says as she unties your hands.

That's not the word you'd use. Intense, maybe. Definitely intense.

"A spot of life-or-death roleplay adds a nice frisson of sexy tension, don't you think," Ygolia says.

You think Ygolia might be a little mad.

She moves around to the front and unties the ropes around your ankles. Then, done, she stands up and steps back.

"You sure pumped a lot of cum up my arm," she says.

She runs a hand up her right arm. She's put her latex glove back on. Given what you now know is underneath it, you're happy with that.

You're still a little woozy as she helps you up.

"It will pass in a minute," she says.

And indeed it has by the time you've put your clothes back on. Ygolia waits for you by the door.

"I'll have to think up a new game to play if you visit me again," she says.

She runs gloved hands over your chest.

"I do so love putting big strong men in peril," she says.

GOOD END

REGULAR BAD END

<GUTE = Gave up too early>

<HOTF = Held on for too long>

<OoS = Out of semen>

You have just enough time to notice that something is wrong with her hand. There is a vertical fleshy slit through the palm. It looks like a smooth and hairless vagina. <GUTE end>Ygolia peels off her other glove and you see her other hand is the same.</if>

<if OoS2>

You have just enough time to notice her left hand is the same as the right. There is a vertical fleshy slit through the palm. It looks like a smooth and hairless vagina.

Before you can dwell on what you're seeing, Ygolia covers your mouth and nose with her left hand. You hear a hissing sound, smell something reminiscent of pungent perfume, and then go limp as if chloroformed. Ygolia holds her hand over your mouth and nose and pumps more gas into you. Even though you can't move, you're fully conscious as Ygolia fills your lungs.

<if HOTF>

"None can resist my special gas," Ygolia taunts.

</if>

<if OoS>

"This will get you spunking," Ygolia says.

The gas has other effects. Your erection hardens and swells even further.

<skip to "she plunges" if OoS2>

Ygolia shows you the palm of her right hand. Now you can clearly see what looks like a vagina in the middle of her hand. The plump labia part to reveal a moist pink opening.

<if GUTE>

"You cannot roleplay for shit," Ygolia says. "So we'll do this for real."

<if HOTF>

"And you will not be able to resist the pleasure of my hand."

<if OoS1>

"Don't worry. It will feel like a lovely tight pussy."

She plunges her right hand down into your crotch. The strange lips in the palm of her hand part around the head of your cock and you slide up into tight, lubricated tunnel of flesh.

It does feel like lusciously tight vagina. This does not take your mind off the fact it's located where a vagina most definitely should not be.

<break>

Ygolia pushes her hand all the way down, swallowing up your full length and curling her fingers around to take a firm hold on your balls. The walls of the fleshy tunnel clench around your cock and start to stimulate you with gentle, tugging undulations.

She pours more gas into you from her left hand. You know this is too weird, that you should be revolted, but instead you feel incredibly turned on. Unnaturally turned on. There must be something else in the gas – some kind of powerful aphrodisiac.

"Mmm yes. My poison gas. Breathe it in."

She gives your balls a little squeeze. Your cock throbs inside the fleshy tunnel. Your hips twitch. So close.

"Let it fill you. Don't try to resist. Suffocate in lust."

Her gas fills you. It rises up into your brain and smothers your thoughts beneath a thick cloud. Covers them like a comfortable duvet until only the urge to come remains.

"Mmm yes. It's so nice, isn't it. Not only does it make you feel really horny, it stimulates the body to produce lots of cum. Loads of it, so much cum your body has to start pulling the resources from everywhere else. In simple terms, it converts life to pleasure. And then..."

She squeezes again – both with her hand and the fleshy tunnel running up the inside of her arm. You moan into her smothering hand. Your body shudders and you spurt a big load up into her.

"...I suck it all up."

You keep ejaculating. Your body doesn't seem able to stop. You hear lewd wet sucking sounds as Ygolia's arm sucks up your semen.

<break>

<if GUTE>

"I'd be a great femme fatale in a spy film," Ygolia whispers. "My execution is truly unique. And sexy. The poor victim is helpless as they succumb to my gases and slowly spunk their life away into me."

<if HOTF>

"Feel my hand suck the will out of you, Mr Blond. And your life. None can resist this. You will tell me what I want to know."

<if OoS>

"Ah yes. That's it. Have a good hard spunk. I knew that would get your juices flowing again."

She gives your balls another squeeze and your body responds by increasing the flow.

<if GUTE>

"I wouldn't be allowed to use it on the main hero, of course. It would be a minor supporting character - a lesser secret agent killed at the start to show to the audience how dangerous I am. And then the tease as the superspy hero narrowly gets away before I can unleash my ultimate technique."

You keep pumping fluids into Ygolia's hand. She's sucking them all out of your body.

<if GUTE>

"We're not bound by movie rules in here. In the House, all fantasies are possible, even those of its girls. So... goodbye, Mr Blond."

<if HOTF>

"Oh yes. Spurt your life into me. Can you feel yourself grow weaker and weaker?"

<if OoS>

"Damn. I might have given you too much."

Her poison gas takes full control of your body. Everything within you, including the vital organs you need to survive, is converted to semen and pumped up Ygolia's arm by your traitorous cock. This roleplay switches genres from spy to horror movie as Ygolia drains every last drop of liquid from your body <if GUTE>. and leaves behind a dried-up cadaver tied to the chair.

<if HOTF>

Ygolia stops and looks at your dried-up cadaver in horror.

"Oh shit. I didn't mean that. Damn, I got too into it again."

It is of little consolation to you.

<if OoS>

Ygolia stops and looks at your dried-up cadaver with sadness.

"I was afraid that might happen. Oh well. At least you finished with a nice spunk."

BAD END

NPC MONEY

BODY

<only if right gift>

"Harumph. Does it make a difference if a patron brings a gift she likes? It's hard to tell. Then how much of this is real or roleplay?"

He taps his notebook thoughtfully.

<all>

"A vagina in the palm of her hand!" \$npcMoney.name looks up in shock as you get to that part.

"Are you sure?"

You confirm.

\$npcMoney.name shakes his head. "It matches the other accounts."

He sighs.

"This place advertises itself as a House of Pleasures, but it seems more like a House of Nightmares with every story I hear."

FEEDBACK



"How unusual. A dangerous-for-real demon femme fatale wanting to roleplay as a human femme fatale. She has uncommon style, I will give her that. A shame it's wasted in such childish tomfoolery. If it were me, I'd ask if we could skip the silly games and get right to it, so to speak."

He pauses and his nostril hairs twitch thoughtfully.

"Assuming she has the... uh... bits in the correct place. I've not spoken to anyone that can confirm that."