

SHORT DESCRIPTION

a tall, enigmatic woman in a long black raincoat. Her face is hidden by a white facemask and her hands are covered by white gloves. In fact, you cannot see any of her flesh at all.

MADAM INTRO

"This is the enigmatic, Couchelaxa," \$npcMadam.name says. "Do not let her appearance put you off. Once you are in her room, she'll be all over you."

LONG DESCRIPTION

It's hard to make out anything of Couchelaxa at all. Her face is covered by an elegant porcelain mask. Her hair is hidden up in a black trilby hat. Her body is covered by a long black raincoat made out of some kind of shiny vinyl material. Her hands are covered by long white gloves. Beneath the raincoat her legs and feet are covered in glossy white boots. In an establishment where most of the other girls are not wearing much more than underwear, Couchelaxa's appearance is unusual.

You wonder if there's anything under there at all. Maybe she's some kind of invisible woman. Bulges at her chest and hips suggest a feminine figure, but other than that you don't have a clue.

HARLOT INTRO

"Hello, I am Couchelaxa. Pleased to meet you."

Her voice sounds soft and feminine, but also gives nothing away as to her appearance. That, like the rest of her, remains an enigma.

SCENARIO

You enter a tidy little room with a quasi-futuristic feel. The floor, walls and ceiling are covered in metal panels. Light sources are studded at the intersections between panels. Various erotic bas-reliefs are engraved into the metal plates.

The most distinctive feature of the room – unsurprisingly, given its function – is a large blue mattress. It sits on a raised platform on the left side of the room and, in keeping with the futuristic theme of the room, appears to be comprised of some kind of semi-transparent blue gel.

Maybe Couchelaxa is some kind of alien. Everything else is present in the House.

You also wonder where she is, as you can't see her anywhere in the room.

Which makes it all the more surprising when you hear her say, "Take your clothes off and lie on the bed, please."

You look around and try to find the source of her voice. There is some kind of folding screen at the back of the room to the right. Maybe she's behind that.

Or she might be invisible.

What will you do?

Do as she says?

Wait where you are?

Investigate the bed?

Investigate behind the folding screen?

SCENARIO (REPEAT VISIT)

You return to Couchelaxa's tidy little room. The floor, walls and ceiling are covered in metal panels. Light sources are studded at the intersections between panels. Various erotic bas-reliefs are engraved into the metal plates.

The most distinctive feature of the room is the large blue mattress made out of translucent blue gel that sits on a raised platform to the left. <if know> From your past visit you know that the mattress is actually Couchelaxa herself.

As before, you hear Couchelaxa say, " Take your clothes off and lie on the bed, please."

<if don't know>

As before, you don't have the faintest idea where she might be.

[regular options]

<if know>

This time you know what to do. You go over to the bed and take your clothes off.

WAIT 1

You stand where you are and wait for something to happen.

Something does not happen.

You stand there for a good few minutes and something continues to not happen. The room is silent and completely still.

Continue waiting?

(other choices as before)

WAIT 2

You wait longer.

Nothing happens. Couchelaxa, wherever she is, says nothing. You continue to stand by the door.

It's starting to get awkward.

Leave the room?

Call out?

(others as before)

LEAVE

You're not sure what's supposed to happen here. Since her first instruction, Couchelaxa hasn't said anything or even revealed herself.

At this point, you've been standing here for so long it would probably be awkward if she did.

You decide to save the both of you that awkwardness and turn around and leave the room. Couchelaxa doesn't call out or try to stop you. To be honest, you're not even sure she's in the room at all.

[Leave]

LEAVE AFTER INVESTIGATIONS

You're not sure what's supposed to happen here. Since her first instruction, Couchelaxa hasn't said anything or even revealed herself, even after you poking around inside the room.

Your investigations haven't revealed her. You're not sure she's even here.

You wait around a bit longer until it starts to feel awkward.

Maybe you should leave.

You decide to do just that. Couchelaxa doesn't call out or try to stop you. To be honest, you're not even sure she's in the room at all.

[leave]

CALL OUT

"Hello?" you call out. "Anyone here?"

You don't get any reply, or any indication someone else is in the room. If you hadn't heard Couchelaxa earlier, you would have sworn you were alone in the room, and even now you're not sure.

[options]

INVESTIGATE THE SCREEN [BOLD]

You walk up and pull the screen aside, perhaps a little too aggressively. As it is, you're spared the embarrassment of exposing Couchelaxa mid-change. She isn't behind the screen. You do find an old-fashioned wooden hat stand, which looks a little out of place amongst the futurism of the rest of the room. Couchelaxa's shiny black trilby hat is hanging on a hook, as is her long black raincoat. Her long white boots are tidily positioned against the wall to the left of the stand.

Couchelaxa appears to have already undressed. So where is she?

INVESTIGATE THE SCREEN [CAUTIOUS or NEUTRAL]

You sneak up to the folding screen and peek around the side. You do not catch Couchelaxa in the act of undressing, or Couchelaxa at all, as it happens. She isn't behind the screen. You do notice an old-fashioned wooden hat stand (follow on as before)

INVESTIGATE BED

You walk over to the strange bed on the left-hand side of the room. It's certainly unusual, and in keeping with the futuristic appearance of the rest of the room. There are no sheets, just a single large mattress made out of what appears to be slightly translucent blue jelly. Futuristic, in a kitschy kind of way. Something you might see in an old science fiction film along with statuesque blonde girl 'aliens'.

Tentatively, you put a hand on the mattress and press down. The material is warm, soft, has a little bit of elasticity and feels slightly tacky to the touch. Very similar to jelly, you think. Or maybe silicone. It reminds you of the rubbery jelly used in toys. Both of the regular children's kind and of the more sexual adult kind.

Making a whole bed out of the material used to make sex toy sheaths seems a little excessive. You suppose it might be comfortable to lie on.

Jump on and try it out?

Take your clothes off first and then try it out?

ON BED FULLY CLOTHED

Still with your clothes on, you hop up onto the mattress and bounce on it experimentally.

It feels okay. The material is pleasingly soft, but not so soft you sink too deep into it. It reminds you of memory foam mattresses, but with a little more bounce.

You suspect it might be pretty good to have sex on. And you suspect the artificial material is fairly easy to clean up afterwards as well.

This has you wondering where Couchelaxa might be.

<not checked>

Is she still behind that screen?

<checked>

Is she even in the room? Or maybe she is and invisible. The House seems so strange that even the prospect of an invisible woman doesn't seem that weird.

You bounce a bit more on the jelly mattress. It's quite fun actually. You're looking forward to the prospect of an energetic fucking.

The surface sinks a bit more than you were expecting. Then surges upwards around your feet and ankles. Before you can react, a jelly pseudopod picks you up by the ankles and slams you into the floor like a ragdoll. Then it slams you into the wall, floor and then wall again. You don't know much about it. The first impact shattered your skull. The subsequent impacts leave your body a broken mess. The living mattress drops your shattered form on the floor like a piece of discarded rubbish.

ON BED NAKED (FROM FIRST INSTRUCTION)

You walk over to the bed. It's a little unusual. There are no sheets, just a single large mattress made out of what appears to be slightly translucent blue jelly. Futuristic, in a kitschy kind of way. Like something out of an old science fiction film where the 'aliens' were statuesque blonde girls.

<continue as below>

ON BED NAKED

You take your clothes off and leave them in a neat little pile next to the bed. Then, fully naked, you climb up on top of the mattress.

It feels... strange, but okay. Nice even. The blue jelly is soft, but not soft enough for you to sink all the way into it. <if hasn't investigated> The material is warm, elastic and slightly tacky to the touch. It reminds you of the rubbery jelly used in toys—both those used by children and those used for sexual pleasure by adults. While making a whole bed out of warm silicone seems a little excessive, you can't deny it isn't comfy.<> You bounce a little on the mattress. You suspect sex on here would be quite a lot of fun.

And thinking of sex, you wonder where Couchelaxa might be.

You didn't see her behind the screen.

(Is she still hiding behind that screen.)

Maybe you're supposed to make yourself comfortable and wait for her to show up.

While you're waiting, will you lie...

...on your back?

...on your side?

...on your front?

BACK

You lie on your back and stretch out. Despite the unusual material it's made from, the bed is comfortable. It has just the right amount of give and spring. Also, despite the jelly-like appearance, the surface feels warm rather than clammy.

It has quite a bit of spring, you think, as you bounce your ass experimentally on it. Fucking someone on here would be quite a lot of fun, you think.

You wonder where Couchelaxa is. You didn't see her behind the screen. (Is she waiting behind the screen?)

"Ready," you call out. (You glance over to the screen on the far side of the room, waiting for her to emerge.)

"The position chosen is The Suppliant."

You hear a voice, but don't see who it belongs to. Weirdly, it seems to be emanating from the bed beneath you.

And then the mattress shifts and morphs beneath you.

From out of nowhere – or, rather, nothing but the mattress – you find yourself lying on and in the arms of a buxom young woman.

She's blue. You can see her reflection in the mirror above the bed. She looks to be made out of the same translucent blue jelly as the mattress, but is very much alive. She wraps blue arms around you and you feel big blue breasts press against your shoulders and back. Her long legs emerge from the surface and wrap around you. Her ankles hook against the inside of your calves and keep your legs apart.

The reason for this becomes clear as there is a disturbance in the mattress between your legs. The surface bulges up and morphs into the form of another buxom woman. She could be the twin of the woman lying beneath you. Her face has an exotic cast. It's hard to place her ethnicity as she appears to share features of all of them. Her breasts are big and bouncy. They're the same translucent blue as the rest of the bed, aside from her areolae and nipples, which are darker and opaque.

You're wondering which is Couchelaxa when they both speak with one voice.

"The Supplicant is passive. To serve The Supplicant we must take the dominant role. To serve is to control."

You have no idea what she's talking about, and care little anyway, as she follows up by lying on top of you and pressing her soft sensual lips against yours. Her kiss tastes of blueberries and cream.

The girl on top – Couchelaxa, you think – sits back up. Her face is curiously expressionless as she wraps a hand around your cock and steers it to the opening of her sex. She remains expressionless even as she presses down and your erection slides up inside her. The thick walls of her pussy feel textured in a way designed to stimulate you. As your cock slides up a well-lubricated channel, there is just enough pressure and friction to set your blood racing and your loins throbbing.

"The Supplicant need do nothing but lie back. We who serve will pleasure him and extract his offering."

Couchelaxa starts riding you with greater vigour. Her large, gelatinous boobs rock and sway with her movements. Her skin is translucent enough for you to see your cock slide back and forth inside her.

Couchelaxa leans back down to kiss you. Her hips bounce against you faster and harder. The other Couchelaxa does the same beneath you, her movements pushing your hips up to meet the downward bounces of the woman on top.

You feel a climax brewing. Couchelaxa feels it too. She presses down, letting her vagina swallow the whole length of your cock. The other Couchelaxa hugs you tightly from below. You're the filling in a sandwich between the two of them.

<semen check>

<pass>

And now you're coming. Coaxed by the internal motions of Couchelaxa's pussy you let loose a long stream of semen inside her.

Then, spent, you lie back in the other Couchelaxa's arms. You feel wonderfully relaxed and blissfully satiated. You lie like that for a while, enjoying the sensations as both girls caress you with their hands, their lips, their boobs.

The Couchelaxa on top sits back up. A white ball of liquid inside her is visible through her translucent skin.

Is that your... no, it couldn't be. You couldn't have produced that much.

"The Supplicant has been indulged and the offering taken," the two women say as one.

Both melt back into the bed until you're once again lying on an odd – and inert – blue mattress made out of a strange translucent jelly-like substance.

Odd, you think. But still rather pleasant.

<join leave>

BACK – OUT OF SEMEN

And yet you can't quite reach climax. You must have exerted yourself too much within the House. You don't have anything left.

Couchelaxa sits back up. Her face is unreadable.

"If The Supplicant is unwilling to make the offering, then we who serve must draw it from them by force."

She lies back down on top of you. This time there is no kiss. Her arms meet and merge with the arms of the Couchelaxa lying beneath you. Their sandwich becomes a little tighter. You feel Couchelaxa's vagina clamp around the base of your cock. Up in mirror you see Couchelaxa's lower body swell and some kind of bladder open up inside it. You feel a ferocious vacuum force tug on your cock and loins.

That solves your inability to come, perhaps a little too well. The resulting orgasm is far too intense. And the moment you come... that can't be possible. Through Couchelaxa's translucent blue skin you see white fluids pour into her in a great torrent. These fluids – //surely they can't have come from you, not that much// – are syphoned down into the mattress below by means of flexible pipe emerging from Couchelaxa's ass.

The mattress expands. The vacuum suction force tugging on you strengthens to the point of being both irresistible and unbearable. It's too strong. Something within you gives and then you're tumbling down, lost, into that raging white torrent. You pour down into and are swallowed up by the blue mattress.

"The offering has been received. We who serve have fulfilled our role," the blue girls say before melting back into the mattress.

You don't hear them on account of being very very dead.

BAD END

SIDE

You lie on your side and wonder where Couchelaxa is. You didn't see her behind the screen. Then you hear a voice...

(You lie on your side and wait for Couchelaxa to come out from behind the screen. She doesn't. Instead you hear a voice say...)

"The position chosen is The Epicurean. The Epicurean is a seeker of sensation, always hunting for greater and greater pleasures. We who serve must satisfy his great appetite."

The surface of the mattress in front of you is suddenly in motion. The same for a patch of mattress behind you. You see it reflected in the mirror on the ceiling above the bed.

Two naked women rise up out of the bed. They look so alike they could be twins. Both are buxom with lovely large round boobs. Their faces are exotic, although it's a little difficult to place their ethnicity as they appear to have features of all of them. Most strangely, they appear to be made out of the same translucent blue jelly-like substance as the mattress. Were they made from it or exist as part of it?

Your questioning thoughts are derailed as the girl in front of you turns towards you and leans in for a kiss. Her lips are wonderfully soft and supple. She tastes sweet, like blueberries and cream.

Her arms enfold you, as do those of her twin. They both press together, sandwiching you between their warm bodies. You feel their ripe, round boobs press against either side of your body. Their legs wrap around you. Your erection is drawn into the vagina of the first girl while the second plants sensual kisses on your neck and shoulders. The first kisses your mouth with her lips and your penis with her sex. Her pussy is tight and the walls feel textured to stimulate you further. It's full of wet lubricant and you glide smoothly into her luscious depths.

Couchelaxa breaks off the kiss.

"One is never enough for The Epicurean. We must become two to please him."

Both speak as one, making you think they – and the blue mattress – are all part of the same whole. Then they both press their bodies against you and you're distracted by other concerns. Aided by their movements, your cock slides back and forth inside the first Couchelaxa's wonderfully lubricated vagina. It doesn't take long for her luscious vagina to bring you to the point of climax.

<semen check>

<fail>

One that – maddeningly – you can't quite reach. Your exertions in the House have left you too depleted.

<to SIDE – BAD END>

<pass>

It does not take much of this to tip you over the edge. The two women sense it as well. At the point of climax they squeeze you between their soft, gelatinous bodies. The first Couchelaxa presses her lips against yours in another delicious blueberry kiss. Her vagina gives your cock a little squeeze. Unable to resist, you fire off a big and satisfying load. Then you lie, sandwiched, between their warm bodies and bask in the glow as the ejaculation gradually subsides to a pleasant trickle.

Yeah, that was damn good. Weird, but good.

"The Epicurean is never satisfied with a single climax or just one woman. He always craves more, and we who serve must give him more," both women say in one voice.

They shift position and turn you around. You're now facing the other way, towards the second Couchelaxa. Or rather, to her back. Your face is buried in the gelatinous curls of her hair. That too smells of blueberries and cream. She reaches back to take your arm and pull it around until your

hand is pressed into her soft tit. She backs her voluptuous ass into you and your cock slides into another tight, well-lubricated passage. It too is textured in a way to provide maximum stimulation. You'd confuse it with a synthetic sex toy if her whole body wasn't moving against you.

Both move against you. And, sandwiched between them, you use their elasticity to drive your hard cock back and forth. You're not sure if it's her ass or pussy, only that it feels incredible. You feel the stirrings of another orgasm begin in your balls.

<semen check>

<fail>

This one is a climax too far, though. You're empty. As much as you slide your cock back and forth into Couchelaxa's luscious body, you can't quite make it to the finishing line.

<to SIDE – BAD END>

<pass>

It doesn't take long before the urge to come becomes unstoppable. You clutch Couchelaxa's breast tight and thrust as deep inside her as you can go. You feel another satisfying throb as you let go and pour a thick stream of cum inside her.

The two women wait motionlessly on either side of you for your body to recover.

"The Epicurean is never done. Even before the echoes of the last pleasure fades away, he is already in search of the next sensation. It is the role of we who serve to find it for him."

They turn your body around, back to facing the first Couchelaxa. She hugs you tight and plants her soft lips on yours in a sumptuous kiss. The other Couchelaxa hugs you tightly from behind. Your cock, still hard even after two ejaculations, is returned to the lovely embrace of the first Couchelaxa's tight and well-lubricated vagina.

This time you're wedged so tightly between their bodies you have little freedom of movement. It's not needed. Couchelaxa's lips move against you in a slow, sensual kiss. Her vagina pulses around your cock, providing gentle stimulation without either of you needing to move.

//Irresistible// stimulation. You wouldn't have thought it possible after two climaxes already, but you can already feel the beginnings of a third stir in your loins.

<semen check>

<fail>

A third is too much, though. As nice as Couchelaxa's pussy feels, she can't quite stroke you to ecstatic release.

<to SIDE – BAD END>

<pass>

Even after two ejaculations it doesn't take long for Couchelaxa's pussy to stroke you to a third. You hug her gelatinous body to you and flex your hips against her as your throbbing cock empties another thick stream of cum inside her. Her vagina throbs around you, eagerly milking every last drop from your penis.

Then, spent, you let yourself lean back into the other Couchelaxa's arms.

That's probably enough you think. Three times is already more than you thought you were capable of.

[The two women have other ideas]

"We who serve The Epicurean have a responsibility to show him further realms of pleasure. We who serve are guides to worlds of sensation The Epicurean might not have previously realised existed."

You are turned around again. The second Couchelaxa shifts to face away from you. She doesn't turn, instead her body morphs and shifts and reforms until you're spooning the buxom blue girl. She takes both of your hands, brings them around her body and presses them into her soft, gelatinous boobs. She presses her shapely ass into your crotch. Your erection is again pushed into a warm, wet orifice.

This might be her ass. It feels tighter than before. The jelly walls fit snugly around your cock and she stimulates you with regular, rhythmic pulses.

Ooh, that feels good, you think, but you don't think you're going to be able to come again, not so soon after three climaxes in quick succession. It doesn't matter how tight, wet and wonderful she feels.

The first Couchelaxa sits up behind you. She holds up a hand. Her fingers are curiously flexible and wriggle like worms.

"We who serve The Epicurean have an obligation to aid him when his body proves weak."

Her hand goes down between your ass cheeks. A flexible finger, slick with lubricant, slides into your ass and starts gently stroking your prostate. The other Couchelaxa presses her body back against you. Your cock is gripped by powerful, muscular throbs.

<semen check>

<fail>

Even that isn't enough. This room – the whole night – has been too much. You have no more left to give.

<to SIDE – BAD END>

Your head goes white and then you're coming as if you haven't come in a week, a month. It pours out of you in great shuddering gushes. In the mirror you see Couchelaxa's belly swell out. Through her translucent blue skin you see a large round cavity fill up with churning white liquid.

That can't be you, you think. There is no way all that could have come from your body.

Then Couchelaxa presses her finger down on your prostate like a button and your head goes white as your massive ejaculation ends with a great shuddering blast.

"The Epicurean is sated. We who serve have fulfilled our duties."

Both women melt and sink back into the mattress. You're left alone, still shivering uncontrollably in the aftermath of sensations more intense than you believed possible. What just happened? you think.

<combined GOOD END>

You lie on the blue mattress for a while, waiting for your scrambled senses to return to normal. The bed shows no inclination to be anything other than a bed.

Then, once you feel like you've recovered enough, you slide off the mattress and put your clothes back on. Your steps are a little unsteady as you walk to the exit.

At the door you turn back and look at the bed.

It's still a bed.

[you leave]

SIDE – OUT OF SEMEN

"Sometimes The Epicurean falls, his flesh unable to keep up with the demands of his appetites."

The two women shift and blur. When their bodies reform, both are facing you. They snuggle up close until you're firmly wedged between their gelatinous forms. Your dick might be spent and drooping, but that proves no obstacle to the Couchelaxa in front of you. She wraps her legs around you, her vagina finds the head of your cock and sucks it inside, where she begins to stimulate it with regular muscular pulsations.

"If The Epicurean falls, we who serve must take the role of The Dominator to ascend him to where his flesh is too weak to carry him."

The Couchelaxa behind you raises an arm. It stretches longer than it should and the fingers wriggle like worms. She reaches down between your ass cheeks. A finger, slick with lubricant, slides into your ass and swells up, stretching your sphincter. She finds your prostate and presses it like a button. At the same time the Couchelaxa in front of you clamps her body tight to yours. Your cock is gripped by powerful, rippling muscular suction.

You had more than you thought, although this time it feels more like the ejaculation is ripped from you. Your cock throbs and spurts a thick stream of cum into Couchelaxa.

A bladder opens within Couchelaxa, or maybe within the mattress beneath her. Your loins are gripped by a ferocious vacuum suction. The other Couchelaxa presses down harder on your prostate. Your ejaculation becomes a massive flood gushing from you. You can even see it through Couchelaxa's translucent blue skin – a great white stream.

That can't be possible. It's too much, way too much. It can't all be coming from you.

The mattress expands as an even bigger bladder opens up within it. The vacuum suction intensifies. You feel something tear within you and you fall, lost, into the raging torrent spilling from you.

"And thus, once the peak of pleasure is attained, The Epicurean can finally be at peace."

The girls melt back into the mattress, leaving behind your empty and slowly cooling corpse.

BAD END

FRONT

You turn over and lie on your belly. The jelly bed is quite comfortable despite its unusual appearance. You experimentally hump your hips against the mattress and the blue jelly rebounds in a way that feels satisfying. The synthetic surface also feels pretty good against your cock – warm and springy, almost like flesh.

You wonder where Couchelaxa is. You wouldn't mind her being underneath you right now.

And then she is beneath you.

She rises up out of the mattress. Or rather, forms out of the same translucent material. She is a buxom young woman. There is an exotic cast to her face. It's hard to place her ethnicity as she appears to share features of all of them.

Out of reflex, you try to lift your body up to avoid squashing her underneath you, only for your hands to sink right into the jelly mattress. You collapse on top of her, compressing her big round boobs beneath your chest. Down below, your erection slides into a moist orifice that can only be her pussy. She wraps her long legs around you to hold you in place.

This wasn't how you expected Couchelaxa to make an appearance, but you can't say you're unhappy about it.

Couchelaxa's eyes are closed. She seems surprisingly expressionless considering your cock is currently buried in her up to the root.

"The position chosen is The Dominator. He who is on top. He who rules, who controls," she says.

You don't make much sense of that. But you are on top, you think. And you are inside her. Which means you might as well do what you were fantasising about moments before.

You lift your hips and start thrusting down. The bed is nice and bouncy, as is Couchelaxa. She seems to be made out of the same blue jelly-like material as the mattress.

She might look strange, but her pussy feels incredible. It's tight, well-lubricated and the walls are textured in such a way to give you maximum stimulation as you thrust back and forth.

"We who serve must take the role of the perfect receptacle. We must accept all from The Dominator."

You don't know what Couchelaxa is talking about and don't really care. Fucking her is amazing. The elasticity of the bed – of her – allows you to power into her sex with great, deep thrusts. Another strange thing, on top of all the other strange things, is the angle. You're able to drive straight down, almost perpendicular, in a way that should not be possible with human anatomy and the way she is lying.

"And The Dominator must give all, for that is the purpose of The Dominator."

You ignore her and keep plunging down inside her. So deep that the swollen head of your cock comes up against the fleshy doors of some internal orifice, one that sucks at you and tries to prevent your cock from pulling back.

That might be a little //too// weird.

A mass bulges up between your ankles and flops down on your back. It's another woman made out of jelly. You can feel the two round bulges of her tits press against your back.

Another girl? Or another part of Couchelaxa?

It would seem to be the latter as the next time they speak, they speak as one, as if with they are the same voice.

"The role of The Dominator is hard. To aid him, we who serve must be more than just a receptacle."

The second girl presses her body down on you, making you the filling in a sandwich between the two of them. You are squashed between two big pairs of lovely round boobs. The upper girl starts adding her movements to yours, driving you deeper and harder into the wet pussy of the girl below you. Her vagina contracts and you feel a vacuum tug to every back stroke. It pulls on you like thick mud pulls on a boot.

"The time approaches for The Dominator to carry out their role."

This time you plunge all the way down to that mysterious opening within her and her vagina does not release you. It clamps around the base of your cock and forms a powerful seal. The jelly-like walls of her pussy grip you and begin to stimulate your member with slow regular pulses. The girl above you rubs her soft tits against your back.

You feel the internal aperture open slightly and sense a cavity beyond it – a big one, maybe one that extends into and fills the interior of the mattress. You are sure now that the Couchelaxa beneath you, the Couchelaxa on top of you and the mattress are all one and the same.

"The role of The Dominator is demanding. We who serve must sometimes take part of that role unto ourselves in order to finish the task."

The Couchelaxa lying on top of you shifts position. You feel a jelly-like finger, slick with lubricant, slide into your ass. It worms deeper and starts massaging your prostate. The other girl's vagina wraps tightly around you and pulses harder and faster. Your cock starts throbbing with the urge to come.

"And now The Dominator will fulfil his role and fill the receptacle."

The aperture within her fully opens. The mattress swells as the cavity within it expands. It creates a powerful vacuum, one focused on your cock and balls.

You climax in a big white explosion that blasts through you. You feel the biggest surge of release you've ever experienced. Your ejaculation feels less a spurt than a great throbbing gush. It blasts your thoughts away like floodwaters bursting through a dam.

The whole mattress throbs and expands. The two women squeeze you between their voluptuous bodies. The finger on your prostate is insistent, as is the vagina wrapped around your cock. You continue to gush.

Looking down through Couchelaxa's translucent blue body you see a pool of white liquid sloshing around inside the mattress.

So much. That can't be you, can it?

The mattress expands further. That remorseless vacuum suction increases, becomes unbearable. Inside, you feel something tear and give way. You follow, tumbling down into the white torrent rushing from your body, and are lost. You pour everything you have into Couchelaxa and it is nowhere near enough to fill her.

The last you see is her previously expressionless face showing disappointment.

"The Dominator proves unworthy of his role."

And in your case, also dead.

BAD END

SOCIALISING

You take Couchelaxa over to one of the booth tables. She's very quiet and mysterious. You have no idea what she truly looks like. Every bit of her is covered up by mask or clothes.

SOCIALISING – NO MONEY

You apologise to Couchelaxa. Behind the frozen features of her mask you're not sure how she takes it. She doesn't leave the table or seem unduly bothered.

SOCIALISING – MONEY

You order a DN for yourself. Couchelaxa orders nothing.

SOCIALISING – COMBINED

(follows on with no paragraph break)

She sits there, barely moving. You feel slightly intimidated by her porcelain mask. Looking at those frozen features is disconcerting. You have no idea what the woman behind it, assuming it is a woman, is thinking.

It is Couchelaxa that finally breaks the awkward silence.

"Are you a Dominator, Epicurean, or Supplicant," she asks.

That has you... stumped.

How will you answer?

DOMINATOR

"The Dominator lies on top. His is the position of power, but also of obligation. It is a demanding role, but also one of great pleasure. Can you fulfil it?"

EPICUREAN

"The Epicurean lies on his side. He is a seeker of sensual pleasures. We who serve will work hard to satisfy his great appetite."

SUPPLICANT

"The Suppliant lies on his back. He is passive, given pleasure in return for an offering."

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY

You answer honestly and tell Couchelaxa you don't know what any of those terms mean.

"That is fine," Couchelaxa replies. "Only at the time of positioning does the role reveal itself."

ALL

You don't know what to say to any of that. You wonder if Couchelaxa is right in the head. She seems a little... cuckoo. You take her back to \$npcMadam.name still none-the-wiser as to who or what she is.

NPC GOSSIP

"A strange girl," \$npcGossip.name says. "One might even say she's not all there."

She chuckles at a private joke and then takes a sip of her cocktail.

"She's also a complex girl. There's more to her than you might think."

She chuckles again.

"Hmm, but you bought me a drink for information, so I should try and tell you something useful."

She puffs on her cigarette.

#1. "Oh yes, she really hates clothes. Yours, of course. Herself, she doesn't venture outside without being covered head to toe. Make sure you're fully undressed before getting on her bed."

#2. "If you want a really big – shall we say, massive - //pop//, lie face down on her bed. She'll give you the biggest ejaculation you'll ever have."

#3. "She has a notion of the meaning of dominant and submissive, but they're a little off-kilter. You see, she received and enjoyed a really good fucking from a greater incubus at some point in her life, and mistakenly used that as a benchmark for how the dominant role should be played. Normal humans can't really live up to it."

#4. "There's no harm in being greedy with her, providing..."

She leers down at your crotch.

"...you have plenty in the tank."

#5. "Boring people choose to lie on their back. There's no shame in being boring. Boring people live long lives."

NPC MONEY

BODY

<body – socialised for some, but not all info on positions>

"Hmm, I've heard she has a curious obsession with roles and position. No-one really understands it."

<body – socialised for all positions>

"Hmm, I've heard she has a curious obsession with roles and position. You seem to have unearthed a good deal of information on that. Sadly, it still leaves me none the wiser."

\$npcMoney.name grunts as he takes down more notes.

<isRepeat visit, different role>

Last time you lay on your _prevPos and she called you, what was it... _prevRole? What role did you take this time?

<repeat role>

You chose to be the _currRole, again? While that might have been enjoyable, it doesn't exactly tell me anything new.

<didn't see her – first time>

"And you say she wasn't there at all. How queer!"

<didn't see her – repeat>

"And she wasn't in her room, again."

\$npcMoney.name tilts his head and fixes you with a disapproving glare.

"I'm starting to wonder if you're wasting my time."

FEEDBACK

<First Time, lain on bed>

"She emerges from – is – the bed. My, how strange. She must be some breed of slime girl or mimic."

He taps his pen against his notepad.

<back>

"Hmm, lying on your back sounds quite pleasant. And safe. Hmm."

His whiskers bristle.

"I might just give that a go. Thank you very much."

<side>

"Hmm, I would describe myself as an epicurean, but that sounds like far too much! You look positively drained."

<didn't see her>

"Hmm, there is some new info here, so it's not a total waste. Try harder to find her next time, though."