SHORT DESCRIPTION

a pretty but sullen looking fairy girl fluttering around on two pairs of whirring insect wings. She wears baggy ill-fitting clothing of various shades of grey. A black beanie with a skull and crossbones patch hides her hair.

MADAM DESCRIPTION

$npcMadam.name doesn't introduce this harlot as normal. She seems a little surprised to see her.

She walks over to her and they have a short, whispered conversation too low for you to hear. $npcMadam.name walks back to you. She seems troubled.

"This is another of our whimsical fairies, Sgriosar Balgan-Buachair. She had to take a break for a while, but she's okay now."

$npcMadam.name turns to the fluttering fairy.

"You are okay, aren't you, Sgriosar," $npcMadam.name asks with a stern, questioning tone.

The fluttering fairy girl doesn't reply.

LONG DESCRIPTION

Sgriosar Balgan-Buachair is a fluttering fairy girl about six inches high. She has the delicate body and whirring insect wings of a mythical fairy, but none of their whimsical nature. She looks more like she's grown up and has hit the awkward teen phase.

She wears baggy grey clothes that are too big for her. A large black beanie with a skull and crossbones patch is pulled down to just above her eyes. A grey scarf is pulled up to just below her nose. The only bit of colour on her clothing is a dainty pair of purple fairy boots with the toes curled back. One toe is bent and twisted out of shape. Broken.

You can't help but feel //broken// might apply to Sgriosar as a whole. Her large wide eyes look like they were luminous once, but now look flat and dead.

HARLOT INTRO

"Hi," the fairy girl says sullenly. "I'm Sgriosar Balgan-Buachair."

You get the impression she's forcing herself to be here when her and everyone else would rather she wasn't.

SOCIALISING

Sgriosar Balgan-Buachair doesn't say a word as you walk out into the bar. She just sullenly buzzes along after you. You pick a table and she touches down and sits cross-legged in silence on the table surface opposite you.

SOCIALISING: NO MONEY

You look apologetically at Sgriosar. She doesn't even return your gaze. She's already taken off and is buzzing back to the stage area.

SOCIALISING: DRINKING

The waitress returns with a DrinkN for you and a thimble of sweet-smelling liquid for Sgriosar.

Sgriosar doesn't touch her drink. She just sits there in silence and stares sullenly at you until you start to feel uncomfortable. You completely fail to engage her in conversation and eventually give up. You both return to $npcMadam.name in awkward silence.

NPC GOSSIP

"Sgriosar Balgan-Buachair? The dick destroyer? $npcMadam.name has allowed her to start working again?"

$npcGossip.name takes a long draw on her cigarette holder.

"It won't end well. It never does. That girl is broken."

She exhales a cloud of fragrant smoke.

"I can see you wondering. How does a daemon get broken? Not easily, but it's not impossible. We're not as mentally fragile as you humans, but we're not invulnerable either, especially the more delicate and fragile among us."

$npcGossip.name puffs on her cigarette.

"Let me tell you a tale, a fairy-tale if you will, about a sweet and innocent fairy named Aoibh nan Cluaintean. Well, as sweet and innocent as a lust daemon can be."

$npcGossip.name guffaws.

"Not all lust daemons are manipulative soul-stealing horrors. There is a sect, regarded as heretical, that believes our talents in the arts of sensual ecstasy should be used for higher purposes than the gratification of hungers. They believe that pleasure can be found through the act of giving pleasure."

$npcGossip.name exhales a cloud of smoke.

"Foolish nonsense, if you ask me. But if it makes them happy."

She shrugs.

<break>

"Aoibh was a devotee of these teachings. She was dedicated to mastering the sensual arts. Her speciality was the lingam massage. That girl could do things to a penis that would make its owner think he'd ascended to nirvana.

"Then, during one session, her restraint magic failed. The man broke free and – drunk on pleasure and mad with lust – did what men mad with lust do. He tried to shove his dick inside poor Aoibh.

"Now, as you might have noticed, there is a bit of a scale problem when it comes to human dicks and fairies. Not that it stopped the man. He gave it, as they say, the good college try."

$npcGossip.name chuckles.

"The fairy suffered no long-term physical damage. Us lust daemons are considerably more durable than we look. But mentally..."

$npcGossip.name clicks her tongue against her teeth.

"That's the problem with letting yourself be swept along with a mindset that believes the world can be made nicer and kinder if only you suppress your baser instincts and devote yourself to bringing pleasure to others. Eventually some bastard is going to come along to prove you wrong."

$npcGossip.name puffs out another cloud of smoke.

"Suffice to say, that was the end of Aoibh nan Cluaintean. Now there is only Sgriosar Balgan-Buachair."

<break>

"Our dear esteemed Madam is sympathetic of course. She's allowed Sgriosar to return to work on multiple occasions. The outcome has always been the same."

$npcGossip.name fixes her piercing red eyes on you.

"Now I can see you thinking. What a sad story. What a poor girl. And because you're human and nice and stupid you're probably also thinking, maybe I can help her. It just needs someone to reach out. Be sympathetic. Show her it was a fluke, that not all men are like that, that she just needs someone to treat her right."

$npcGossip.name looks at you and laughs.

"Oh, I can see it. You're not the first to think it, and you probably won't be the last. It didn't work out for them, and it won't work out for you. Not everything that's broken can be fixed. If you pick her and go into her room, she'll destroy your dick and you'll die in agony. Just like all the others."

$npcGossip.name stubs out her cigarette.

SCENARIO

Sgriosar Balgan-Buachair's room is both beautiful and sad. You can see that at some point it was designed to resemble a verdant woodland or jungle clearing. A multitude of exotic plants grow in planters around the edge of the room and in pots positioned artfully across the floor. At its peak the room was probably breathtakingly beautiful.

Now it has an overgrown and raggedy look, as if the owner is no longer enthused about its maintenance. Thorny weeds overrun some of the planters and the plants look untidy and mismanaged.

Sgriosar sits on a terracotta stool in the centre of the room. As you enter, she stands up and takes to the air.

"Come in." She forces a smile, but it's only there for a moment before being replaced by a surly pout.

She buzzes over to you like a sullen wasp.

Thinking it the appropriate thing to do, you present her your gift.

GIFT (ALL)

"Oh," Sgriosar says as you present her the $allGifts[$cgi].name. "Thanks." Her voice is completely flat and disinterested.

She drops the $allGifts[$cgi].name into an empty pot and flies back to the red-brown stool without a second glance.

"Take your clothes off," she says.

You do as she says, leaving them in a pile on the floor.

<break>

"Sit here," she says, pointing down at the stool.

You do as she says. The stool is quite pretty. The legs depict various lovely nymphs carrying ripe bunches of grapes. The seat feels smooth and cool to your naked ass.

"Hands behind back," Sgriosar says with the same flat intonation. "Legs apart."

Again, you do as she says.

Sgriosar says words in a strange language you don't recognise and points at you with her finger. Suddenly, you feel your hands clamped behind your back as though iron manacles have materialised out of thin air. They feel a little too tight and cinch your wrists painfully.

Sgriosar points down at your feet and the same magic clamps your ankles to the legs of the stool.

<if not know>

What is this? You weren't expecting a bondage session.

<if submissive>

(although it might be okay.)

<else>

It's not really your thing.

</if>

<if know>

After your experiences with the other succufairies, this doesn't come as a surprise, although Sgriosar's restraints are a little... harsh.

<break>

You test both your bonds and the stool. The stool is heavy and seemingly rooted to the floor. Your bonds feel like heavy-duty manacles. You ain't going anywhere.

Sgriosar undresses. She tries to make a show of it, but her heart clearly isn't in it. There's no striptease here nor much in the way of grace. She takes her clothes off and drops them on a nearby shelf.

Under her beanie hat her hair is blonde. With proper care you could see it blooming into a luxuriant shower of golden curls. Currently it looks flat and limp. <if not isKnow>You're also surprised to see she has a pair of dainty horns.<else>As with the other succufairies, she has a pair of dainty horns.

Her body is similar. She has the lithe leggy figure of a top catwalk model, yet comports herself like a slouching teen. Her sullen pout isn't a sexy pout, it's just sullen. Her big eyes should be luminous, but instead look flat and dead.

Naked now, Sgriosar flutters down to your crotch. She looks disapprovingly at your limp dick. You're not sure what she expects.

"Oh, aren't you turned on? Am I not sexy enough for you?"

Be tactful and tell her it's been a long night.

Be honest and tell her this all feels a little mechanical and not very erotic

TACTFUL

You tell her it's not her. It's just been a long night in the House and you're a little worn out.

Sgriosar nods. "I can do something about that."

HONEST

As you point out she doesn't seem to be making much effort to arouse you, Sgriosar reacts as if slapped.

"I am trying," she blurts out.

Then she stops. Takes a deep breath.

"No. I will be better. I will show them I can be better," she mutters to herself.

She forces a pleasant smile.

"It's okay. I know something that will get you in the mood."

<combined>

She flies off and plucks a pink berry from a nearby vine. She returns, pops it in her mouth and her jaw works as she chews it. Then, after some chewing, she opens her mouth and exhales a cloud of pink mist that envelops your genitals.

Your cock smoothly rises up in erection. It's aroused. You're not. The disconnect weirds you out.

Sgriosar spits out the berry paste to the side. Then she flies down to hug your upright erection. She wraps her tiny arms and legs around it and makes an attempt to masturbate you. Again, you can tell her heart isn't in it. Without the influence of Sgriosar's berry breath, you suspect your cock would already be starting to droop from the wretched awkwardness of it.

Sgriosar jerks your cock for what feels like ten long and unsexy minutes before looking up and asking, "Do you wanna fuck?" Her smile is hopeful, but her tone is flat and dead.

Yes

Not really

<if spoke to $npcGossip.name>

$npcGossip.name told me you give an exquisite lingam massage

LINGAM MASSAGE

"That old hag," Sgriosar says. "You shouldn't listen to her. She lies. She tells men things that get them killed. It amuses her."

YES TO SEX

"Of course," Sgriosar says. "You all want to stick your dick in something."

NO TO SEX

"Tough," Sgriosar says. "You came in here for a fuck and fuck is what you'll get. It's what $npcMadam.name expects."

SEX

Sgriosar flies up to the top of your cock.

<if not know>

You wonder how she's going to do this. Your cock is as big as she is, if not bigger.

<if know>

You've been with succufairies before, so you know what's coming next. You wait for Sgriosar to pop her vagina out and wrap it round your cock.

<combined>

"They say I can't do it anymore. I can. I know I can," Sgriosar mutters to herself.

She hovers in place and bonks her naked crotch against your swollen glans.

"Boop," she says as she does it again.

It... doesn't do a great deal for you.

"Boop. Boop."

She doesn't even maintain any kind of rhythm. She just hovers in place and mechanically swings her hips back and forth.

"Boop."

<ifKnow>

Shouldn't she be popping her pussy out by now?

<else>

Is this it?

It all feels a bit... awkward. If you weren't bound in place, you'd have chalked it up to a bad experience and made your excuses and left by now.

<break>

After a couple of minutes of //boop//ing her sex against the swollen head of your cock, Sgriosar stops.

"I hate these things," she says.

She hovers in place and looks down at your cock.

"They look like mushrooms growing up out of the shit from a rotting corpse," she says.

That seems a bit strong, you think.

"I hate dicks."

She slides tiny fingers into your urethral opening and holds it open while she presses her crotch down against it. You see something bulge up between her and your penis. It looks like some kind of bubble with a pinkish-white membrane. Then you feel something start to slide down your urethra.

What? Is she pissing down there? Or worse?

No, it feels like some kind of soft and flexible membrane is travelling down the inside of your penis. <ifKnow>You know succufairies have the ability to turn their vaginas inside out, but to slide it down your urethra? Can she do that?

Sgriosar's face is set in furious concentration. She sucks in a big breath and her body tenses up as if she's about to lift a heavy weight.

<break>

The flexible thing in your urethra fills with air and starts to swell. The pressure is weirdly pleasurable at first, then uncomfortable, then downright painful.

You tell her to slow down with whatever she's doing, as it's starting to hurt <if submissive>and not in a good way.

"They should be destroyed," she says in a flat voice. "All of them."

She sucks in another big breath and grunts as she exerts herself.

There is only pain now as the inside of your cock is stretched by the balloon expanding inside it. You see the outside start to swell alarmingly as well. Water runs from your eyes. You rock and thrash against your bonds, unable to escape the swelling, burning pain at your crotch.

Sgriosar pauses and breathes heavily as if preparing for one last big push.

Through tears of agony you beg and plead her to stop.

Sgriosar ignores you. Her face is fixed as she expands <ifKnow>her vagina<else>the balloon<> within your cock still further. Something gives. The side of your cock ruptures like a sausage on a grill. Sgriosar gives an exultant cry and expands all the way. Your penis bursts, showering Sgriosar's naked body with blood. Only then is her smile genuine.

The agony is indescribable. Then the blood loss kicks in and you fade away. Maybe it was not a good idea to enter the room of the dick-destroying fairy.

HORROR END