

SHORT DESCRIPTION

a gothic lolita type in a pretty black dress and bonnet. Her eyes are black all the way through and look like inky pools of darkness.

MADAM INTRO

"This is Morticia Rose."

LONG DESCRIPTION

Morticia Rose is short and dainty and dressed in a pretty black dress and bonnet. The dress has white frills around the hem, sleeves and neck. Curly silver hair blooms out from beneath her frilly black bonnet. It's an unusual look compared to the lack of clothes on the other girls. Morticia looks more like a life-size doll or child. Her pale white skin does give her a fragile, doll-like quality. Briefly, you wonder if she's even old enough to be doing this. There is an air of childlike innocence about her. It's rather ruined by her eyes – two inky black pools of darkness.

HARLOT INTRO

"Hi, I'm Morticia." She offers her hand. It feels cold. "You shouldn't pick me."

SCENARIO

You open the door onto a pretty little bedroom with a slightly gothic flavour. It's more cutesy goth than dark and brooding, with plushies of spiders and cartoon vampires on the cot-like bed. It's also a little //too// childlike, more like entering a daughter's bedroom rather than a mistress's.

"Hello."

Morticia is standing next to her bed. She still wears the same expression of child-like innocence. Her smile seems a little too fixed though. It would look creepy even without her empty black eyes.

You enter the room and the door slams shut behind you. The walls, bed and other furniture start bleeding black ichor. The bed, cushions and chairs melt and collapse into formless black ooze. It stains the walls in pitch-black shadow until it no longer feels like you're standing in a room and instead are lost in a great empty void.

"Not what you expected? I did warn you."

Morticia is standing exactly where she was before. She seems unperturbed by the room's transformation. Despite everything collapsing into abyssal black darkness, you can still see her clearly, as if she is still being illuminated, although you cannot see any light source.

"I tell them not to come, and they still do." Morticia gives a little girlish giggle. "You're all so predictable."

The shadows writhe and twist around you. Tendrils snake around your arms and twist them behind your back. Your feet and ankles are snared as if you'd stepped into a tar pit. You are bent backwards and held in place by the living darkness. Morticia snaps her fingers and your clothes burst open.

"Where do the succubi feed from? It's here, isn't it."

She points at your exposed genitals. She turns her hand around and beckons with a finger. Your penis rises in an erection. There is no arousal or pleasure. The blood is drawn down there by force. It feels like a violation.

"Let's feed on you like a succubus," Morticia says.

She pinches her thumb and forefinger together and mimes pulling a strand to her. You gasp. A silvery thread emerges from your erect penis. It floats in the air until Morticia mimes another pull and the end is drawn to her.

"I don't know why men get so excited about this," Morticia says. "It looks painful."

It is. Excruciatingly so. This isn't semen Morticia is pulling from you but some primal, essential part of your being.

//Your soul?//

Whatever it is, Morticia spools more of it out of the end of your penis and it feels like she's tugging a length of barbed wire out of you.

The end reaches her mouth and she sucks it in like a strand of spaghetti. She spools more of that silvery thread out you, ripping out part of your core and leaving you writhing in agony.

"It seems so slow and inefficient to eat this way," Morticia says.

She bites off the strand and an electric shiver of agony surges back down into you.

"I prefer this way."

She skips over to you. Her face collapses inwards to reveal a howling black whirlpool crackling with dark energies. She bends over. Your head is drawn into that unholy gyre. There is a loud crunch.

//It only gets worse from here...//

"HORROR END"

GOSSIP

\$npcGossip.name takes a long drag on her cigarette. "I'd rather not talk about //her//."

SOCIALISING

You take Morticia out into the bar. She skips to the table like a giddy child. With her short stature and doll-like appearance she could be mistaken for being your daughter.

No-one would bring their daughter into a place like this.

SOCIALISING: NO MONEY

Morticia doesn't seem too bothered that you have no money. She seems content to sit at the table with no drink at all.

SOCIALISING: DRINKING

Morticia orders some kind of fancy ice cream sundae. It looks tooth-rottingly sweet.

She watches you with a friendly childlike smile. It's okay at first, but then she keeps smiling and you start to feel uncomfortable. Her empty black eyes don't help.

At least her talk is harmless enough. She chatters away like an over-excited schoolgirl.

Until the end at least, when she fixes you with those empty black eyes and says, "You really shouldn't pick me, you know."

You feel a cold chill as you escort her back to \$npcMadam.name.