

SHORT DESCRIPTION

a naked and voluptuous woman with pastel-pink skin. She lies on a big pastel-pink ball that's flattened down to form a giant cushion or mattress.

MADAM INTRO

"Ah ha, this is Pêl-Z Perffeithio," \$npcMadam.name says. "She's one of \$npcPotion.name's custom semen extraction units."

Unit? As in machine?

"You're in for a treat if you pick her," \$npcMadam.name continues. "She's the deluxe model, \$npcPotion.name's perfected version of the design. She's built for sensual comfort."

LONG DESCRIPTION

On closer inspection, there is a touch of the artificial to Pêl-Z Perffeithio's appearance. Her pastel-pink skin – too vivid to be a natural skin tone – resembles moulded plastic or rubber. Her pink hair looks like a puff of candyfloss, and floats down to her shoulders in a mass of gravity-defying curls. Aside from that she looks very human. So human in fact you'd be more inclined to believe she was an actress in make-up rather than some kind of machine designed to look like a sexy woman. She has big white eyes with strange yellow irises and a soft, almost motherly cast to her features. Her body is classic porn-film MILF – big-boobed, curvy and comfy.

She lies on her side on a squashed ball the same pastel-pink colour as her skin. The ball is flattened down and slightly concave on top to make a comfortable-looking bed. A wavy plastic ruff, like the hem of a dress, runs around the circumference of the flattened sphere.

HARLOT INTRO

You were wondering if Pêl-Z was going to get off her bed and approach you in order to introduce herself. Instead, she brings the bed to you. A strip of light blinks on around the circumference of the squashed ball. It levitates up into the air, floats across the stage and then settles back down in front of you.

Pêl-Z swings her long legs over the side and sits up. She extends a hand and greets you with a soft smile.

"Hello. I am the semen extraction unit Pêl-Z Perffeithio," she says. "I am fully programmed for your pleasure and comfort."

SOCIALISING

Pêl-Z Perffeithio seems in no mood to leave her bed, so the flattened pink sphere is an unusual sight as it floats out into the bar. Not that any other patron notices – they're too engrossed in their own partners. In acknowledgement of the bulky nature of her ball, Pêl-Z doesn't go far. She picks the closest available table to the stage. You move some chairs out of the way and Pêl-Z settles down, using her pastel-pink ball as a gigantic cushion.

"I'd have you sit here with me," Pêl-Z says, stroking a hand across the surface of her pink ball. "Unfortunately, \$npcMadam.name frowns upon close personal contact outside the rooms."

You take a seat opposite her. <nobr>

SOCIALISING: NO MONEY

Pêl-Z seems a little annoyed at being brought out here for no reason, but does her best to hide it."

"I'm sorry. We cannot talk if you do not buy a drink."

She gives you an apologetic smile and then floats back to the stage on her pink bed.

SOCIALISING: DRINKS

The waitress returns with a \$socialisingDrinks[\$sdi].name for you and nothing for Pêl-Z.

"Now that you've brought me out here, what would you like to know about me?" Pêl-Z asks.

You ask her to tell you more about herself.

"I am a deluxe semen extraction unit," Pêl-Z says. "A milking machine for male genitalia and designed totally for his comfort."

At a superficial level she does look like a machine – an artificial android of rubber, plastic and who-knows-what beneath the surface. Her irises are yellow and lit up from behind.

Then her face softens and you find it really hard to believe she's artificial. It has to be an actress hidden beneath a ton of makeup.

"Ah, but it sounds so cold and mechanical when put like that," Pêl-Z says. "I am the most advanced model of my line, designed to be more empathetic and human than the previous. What they call semen extraction, I call gentle lovemaking... or sensual sex. It doesn't have to be a cold, mechanical process. I want you to be totally relaxed and make love to me as you would any other beautiful woman. I will give you much pleasure in return."

Pêl-Z smiles at you. Again, you find it really hard to believe she's an artificial construct and not a talented – and sexy – actress.

"There is something we must go over before a session with me," Pêl-Z says. "You will need to decide how much you are willing to give me. I have three pre-set programs. You must bear in mind that each of these programs is fixed. Know your body's limitations and don't agree to more than it can give. I will still take it, and your body will give it, even at a cost to itself."

You chat for a while and then return to the stage.

SCENARIO

Pêl-Z Perffeithio's room looks sleek, clean and futuristic. The walls are covered in soft padded pastel-pink panels. There is a faint scent of exotic perfume in the air, enough to stir the blood.

Pêl-Z lounges in the centre of the room on her flattened pastel-pink ball. It resembles a large circular bed. Pêl-Z lies on her side, stretching her lovely curvaceous figure across the giant pink cushion. She's completely naked, with her voluptuous curves fully on display in all of their seductive glory. Her skin colour is a little too pink... a little too //artificial//, but it doesn't detract much from her lovely figure. She smiles at you as you enter.

"Welcome," she says. "I hope these surroundings are to your liking. I like my visitors to feel totally relaxed and comfortable."

The room looks fine. Pêl-Z, even better.

"First we must adhere to \$npcMadam.name's rituals. What offering have you brought me?"

GIFT: EDIBLE/DRINKABLE

"Ah, that would be your human food/drink," Pêl-Z says as you hold up the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name.

"Sadly, my body cannot process that/them."

She flutters her long eyelashes as she smiles apologetically.

"It's okay. You weren't to know. Leave it/them on the top there. I'll have it/them taken back downstairs so it/they can be given to a harlot who might appreciate it/them."

You place the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name on top of a small cabinet next to the door.

GIFT: BODY PARTS

Pêl-Z's eyes light up. Literally. Little yellow LEDs shine through her irises as you show her the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name.

"Oh, how thoughtful," she says. "Did you speak with \$npcGossip.name? It's always nice when a patron does a little research on our likes. I know it might look disgusting to you, but that's a lovely delicacy for me."

You try to hide your revulsion. Pêl-Z still sees it, but gives you an understanding smile.

"And because I know it will look disgusting to you, I'll put it aside and savour it later. My producer built me to show more tact and decorum than my predecessor models. There is a refrigerator down there to your left. Please put it in there and I'll enjoy it later."

While her producer might have improved her decorum, there is still a way to go. Her fridge is a box full of horrors. You see organs and other viscera on plates. Even a severed hand with a nub of white bone showing at the wrist. Further back, surrounded by a frost of ice crystals, is that a head?

You suppose you shouldn't be surprised, given what you're putting in there, but it's still shocking and leaves you feeling slightly queasy as you turn back to Pêl-Z.

The fridge of horrors should have totally killed your mood. It doesn't. There is an exotic fragrance in the air that tantalises your nostrils. Pêl-Z's lush pink curves are bewitching as she lounges on the squashed pink sphere. The horrifying images have already faded from your mind. You're now conscious of the erection in your pants struggling to be free.

GIFT: BLACK ROSE

You show her the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name. Pêl-Z's lips bunch up in a surprised pout and her eyes widen.

"Ooh, so you're gifting me yourself," she says.

"I accept and I'll give you the special treatment as a reward.

She has you leave the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name in a vase.

GIFT: DEFAULT

"How lovely," Pêl-Z says as you show her the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name. "Thank you."

She has you place it on top of a small cabinet next to the door.

GIFT: UNDRRESS

Pêl-Z lounges alluringly on her flattened pink ball. Coquettishly, she strokes the surface next to her, indicating it's a space she'd like you to fill.

You need little encouragement. Her pink skin might look artificial and glossy, but her body is something else. Eagerly you strip and discard your clothes behind you as you approach the big pink cushion.

You climb up. The surface of the pink ball is soft and elastic. It also feels warm, like skin. Pêl-Z helps you up on top and has you lie down on your back in the middle of the flattened sphere. It feels like you're lying on a big air bubble. Pêl-Z and her cushion give off a subtle perfumed scent that's very relaxing. Pores on either side of your head puff out more of the pleasant scent.

"I want you to lie back and be nice and comfortable," Pêl-Z says.

She's a soothing presence next to you on the giant pink cushion. Tender and motherly, but also naked and with an arousing voluptuous figure. She runs a smooth hand over your naked flesh.

"My producer created me to milk men, but it sounds so cold and clinical when put like that. There is no reason why we can't have pleasure while doing it. Think of it as like making love."

Her fingers tip tap down your abdomen and then lightly stroke your penis as it lies flat across your belly.

<regular>

"Before we begin there is one last clinical matter we must get out of the way. My producer gave me three pre-set milking programs of varying intensity. How much semen do you wish to donate?"

[[A little.]]

[[A medium amount.]]

[[A lot.]]

<black rose>

"I'll give you the extra special deluxe program."

PICK PROGRAM: LITTLE

As pleasantly relaxed as you feel, you remember \$npcBarman.name's warnings and the demonic features of the other harlots. You decide it's better to be cautious, at least to start with, and tell Pêl-Z you can only donate a little.

Pêl-Z seems fine with it.

"I understand. It's sensible to be a little cautious in here. Lust daemons tend to be gluttonous and if your body runs out... well that's not so pleasant."

She wraps a hand around your cock and gently strokes it.

"I'll use the lowest setting. You'll come about as much as you would during regular sex."

She leans in close to whisper in your ear.

"And it will feel just as pleasant."

PICK PROGRAM: MEDIUM

The middle option sounds safest – both for not offending Pêl-Z and not being more than you can handle.

Pêl-Z seems pleased.

"Good," she says. "You'll ejaculate more than usual, but your body should be able to handle it."

PICK PROGRAM: LOT

Pêl-Z's yellow irises light up.

"How adventurous," she says, "but first let me check."

Her hand strays down to your crotch and fondles your testicles.

"My producer learned from previous mistakes. My predecessors are too aggressive in harvesting semen. This results in the needless deaths of a lot of donors. \$npcMadam.name doesn't like this, so she moves them back to later in the rounds. They see less men as a result, which in turn results in lower yields. My producer made me to be more considerate of the donor's limits."

Pêl-Z cups your balls and gives them a gentle squeeze, as if checking a fruit for ripeness.

<if enough semen>

"Oh yes. These are nice and full. You must have just arrived in the House. The other harlots haven't had an opportunity to drain them yet. We'll be fine, although you should pay a visit to the nurse afterwards, You're going to be quite empty once I've finished with you."

<not enough semen>

"Hmm, are you sure? There's not much here. The other harlots have already taken a good drink from you."

Her fingers gently probe and test your partially depleted balls.

"Once I start the program I don't have fine control over it. It will milk a set amount of semen out of you, and that won't be so pleasant or good for you if you come up short. Are you sure you want me to use the highest setting? We can always drop to the medium setting. I think you have enough for that. It will feel just as pleasant."

What will you do?

[[Switch to medium setting.]]

[[Go ahead with the highest setting.]]

STICK WITH LOT

Nah, you'll be fine with the highest setting. It's not like you can die from having too much cum sucked out.

"Okay," Pêl-Z says, "but don't say I didn't warn you."

SWITCH TO MEDIUM

You should probably do as she recommends.

"Yes, that might be sensible," Pêl-Z says. "We wouldn't want to have so much sucked out you end up looking like a dried fish."

Wait? What? She can do that?

FOREPLAY

Pêl-Z gives you a smile that would be almost motherly if it wasn't for the naked lust in her eyes.

"Lie back and get yourself comfortable. You don't have to do anything. Lie back and think nice sexy thoughts and I'll do the rest."

Smiling seductively, Pêl-Z moves down and over your legs. She slowly moves up, planting hot kisses on your inner thighs as she goes. She slides up further and tucks your cock between her big round boobs. If Pêl-Z is artificial, she certainly doesn't feel it. Her big breasts are two lovely soft cushions pressed around your erection.

"Mmm, already nice and hard," she says. "You seem eager to be milked," she adds with a dirty giggle.

She keeps moving up your body until she's right on top of you. You hadn't realised just how tall Pêl-Z is. It wasn't apparent when she was lying on her side, and you were also distracted by her lovely curvaceous figure. She's taller than you thought, maybe even as much as a head taller than you.

She reaches under to pump your erection with her hand.

"Time to put you in," she says.

<break>

Pêl-Z holds your cock in place and slowly lowers herself down onto it. Your cock pushes up into the warm sheath between her legs. It's not a vagina as such. The walls feel like soft pliable rubber. They wrap around your cock and there is a constant pressure, making it a comfortably snug fit. Pêl-Z settles down on top of you and presses you down into the soft ball. More scented air is puffed around your face. Your head feels blissfully relaxed while your loins feel like a raging inferno.

Pêl-Z kisses you lightly on the lips.

"I'll start with regular sex. That will put you at ease."

Her hips start moving up and down with steady pneumatic pumps. They move against you with a steady, machine-like rhythm. The ball, which feels like a giant inflatable with thick rubber walls, bounces up and down with her movements. You bounce up and down with it and your cock slides back and forth inside her tight rubber sheath.

As pleasant as it feels, and it does feel extremely pleasant, you feel as if there's some spark missing. It's why you're able to hold out without shooting your load right away. Pêl-Z doesn't vary her pace either. You start to get frustrated and thrust back at her in search of greater stimulation.

"Please excuse my rather ordinary technique," Pêl-Z says. "This was not how my producer designed me to work. I came up with it on my own. I find it puts the men more at ease if the milking process starts with something that feels like regular sex."

Pêl-Z sits back up and plumps her big round boobs. As gorgeous as she looks, you wish she'd be a little more... active. You were getting into it, and while it feels good to be buried to the hilt in her warm pussy, her just sitting there isn't providing enough stimulation to take you closer to climax.

"I think you're ready to be properly milked now," Pêl-Z says.

<break>

A silken stroke runs up your cock.

What was that?

Pêl-Z isn't moving. She's straddling you, her weight pushing you down into the soft rubber sphere. She's not currently moving up and down.

Another silken stroke caresses up your erection, like the whisper of a kiss.

Pêl-Z gives you a knowing smile.

"I wasn't built for sex," she says. "I was built to milk men of their cum."

More silken strokes travel up and down your shaft. It's some kind of vacuum air pressure surrounding Pêl-Z's sheath. It causes the soft rubber walls to rhythmically suck on your cock like a thirsty mouth.

"You will come," Pêl-Z says. "Your dick could be soft and completely unaroused. It would not matter. The milking stimulus is irresistible. Your body cannot do anything but respond."

The pleasant rhythmic suction continues. It's definitely more mechanical than organic, but generates such a pleasant stroking sensation it quickly has your cock throbbing.

<break for medium program>

"Ah, but it sounds so cold and mechanical when put like that," Pêl-Z says. "I hate it. It's how the inferior models think. They treat – or mistreat – men as cumbags that exist only to be drained. And they force them, hurt them, sometimes even needlessly kill them. I was made to be more than that."

<break>

Pêl-Z gently caresses your cheek. Her artificial pussy speeds up. Delicious silky strokes whisper up and down your shaft like soft lover's lips.

"I was made to see this as more than a mechanical act. To see it as an act of pleasure... of love."

She takes your hands and brings them up to cup her lovely big boobs. Her flesh feels warm and pleasantly soft beneath your fingers.

"Love me," Pêl-Z sighs.

She presses down and the giant pink cushion feels comfortably buoyant beneath you. Those soft silken strokes continue to pump your cock. You feel your toes start to curl. It's coming.

"Let it out inside me," Pêl-Z whispers. "Fill me."

Pêl-Z places your arms back down at your sides and folds her upper body down until she's hugging you tightly, with her soft tits pressed against your chest. Her mouth finds yours in a gentle kiss. Her pussy contracts around your cock.

<break>

<semen check>

It's here.

You tense up and buck against Pêl-Z. Your cock swells against the pressure surrounding it and spurts out a thick stream of semen. Pêl-Z continues with her milking strokes and your cock pulsates helplessly in thrall to them.

It's a long, satisfyingly drawn out ejaculation as Pêl-Z milks a big load from your balls. Thankfully, it's also a 'normal' ejaculation. You empty a regular load into her, she takes it and leaves it at that.

You have the feeling she could take more if she wanted. A lot more. Instead the stroking stimulation stops and with it, your ejaculation. You lie on the soft cushion and feel supremely satisfied.

Pêl-Z kisses you on the lips.

"See. It doesn't have to be cold and mechanical. It can be an act of love."

She kisses you again and then rolls off to the side.

<if slutty>

You're not sure //love// is the right word. But for satisfying more carnal animal pleasures it was pretty damn... satisfying.

<romantic>

Yes. For a moment you forget what she is. You're lying in the arms of your lover, enjoying the post-coital glow.

MEDIUM SETTING

"This milking program takes more than you'd usually ejaculate," Pêl-Z says. "You'll find it a little intense."

BLACK ROSE SETTING

"Because I'm going to use the extra special deluxe program, we'll need to carry out some additional preparation first," Pêl-Z says. "This program will take a lot and I don't want to damage you in the process. First, lie back and make yourself comfortable."

HIGH SETTING

"For the highest setting milking program we'll need to carry out some additional preparation," Pêl-Z says. "I'll be taking a lot out of you and I don't want to damage you in the process. First, lie back and make yourself comfortable."

<join from black rose>

That's a little harder given she's just raised the prospect of 'damaging you'. At least your surroundings are comfortable enough and the view of Pêl-Z's naked chest, with its big lovely round boobs is definitely arousing.

The ball sags beneath you and the soft surface rolls up around your sides until you're almost completely enveloped. Pleasant scents are puffed out of pores in the surface and surround your head in a fragrant cloud. The perfume starts innocent enough, but then thickens until it feels like a sweaty stew of illicit sex. Your cock hardens.

Pêl-Z straddles you. She stretches her arms and plumps up the cushion mattress around you until you're cradled comfortably in the centre.

"Stimulating your body to produce an unnatural amount requires unnatural assistance," Pêl-Z says. "Don't be alarmed. This is just a little succubus magic imbued into the surface of my sphere."

She presses her palms flat against the rubber surface. Glyphs light up all across the flattened ball. Your body is enveloped in a warm glow. It's more than just warmth – less heat and more like being //in// heat. You feel hot and incredibly turned on.

Pêl-Z folds her body over you. You hadn't realised just how tall Pêl-Z is. It wasn't apparent when she was lying on her side, and you were also distracted by her lovely curvaceous figure. She's taller than you thought, maybe even as much as a head taller than you.

She reaches under to pump your erection with her hand.

"Time to put you in," she says.

<break>

Pêl-Z holds your cock in place and slowly lowers herself down onto it. Your cock pushes up into the warm sheath between her legs. It's not a vagina as such. The walls feel like soft pliable rubber. They wrap around your cock and there is a constant pressure, making it a comfortably snug fit. Pêl-Z settles down on top of you and presses you down into the soft ball. More scented air is puffed around your face. Your head feels blissfully relaxed while your loins feel like a raging inferno.

Pêl-Z kisses you lightly on the lips.

"I'll start with regular sex. That will put you at ease."

Her hips start moving up and down with steady pneumatic pumps. They move against you with a steady, machine-like rhythm. The ball, which feels like a giant inflatable with thick rubber walls, bounces up and down with her movements. You bounce up and down with it and your cock slides back and forth inside her tight rubber sheath.

There is a strange – too mechanical – quality to it. If you weren't feeling so hot and horny and unnaturally turned on you'd think it missing a certain... //spark//.

Then you feel a silken stroke run up your cock and you jolt at the unexpected pleasure.

What is happening inside her vagina? The strokes feel independent of her movements. It's some kind of vacuum air pressure surrounding Pêl-Z's sheath. It causes the soft rubber walls to rhythmically suck on your cock like a thirsty mouth.

Pêl-Z pauses to look down into your eyes. "My vagina was created to be a perfect milking tool. You will come. Your dick could be soft and completely unaroused. It would not matter. The milking stimulus is irresistible. Your body cannot do anything but respond."

The pleasant rhythmic suction continues. It's definitely more mechanical than organic, but generates such a pleasant stroking sensation it quickly has your cock throbbing.

"This program milks a lot of semen out of a man. You'll find it to be very intense."

COMBINED MEDIUM AND HIGH

By intense, you were thinking faster. However, her unusual vagina continues to pulse around you with the same deliberate strokes. They are very //deliberate// strokes. Your arousal rises and you get the feeling that while you won't arrive //quickly//, you're going to arrive //powerfully//.

Pêl-Z folds her lovely body down on top of you. Her arms go around you in a warm hug and she presses her lips against yours in a long, languid kiss.

"Mmm," she says as she pauses and lets you come up for air. "I find it best to take my time with this one. Make sure the donor is comfortable and in the right mood."

She lowers her head again for another long kiss. You wrap your arms around her and return both her hug and kiss. The air cushion sags comfortably with your combined weight and you sink into it. Pêl-Z bounces her hips to generate a little bit of pleasant friction, but it's mostly all the internal motions of her artificial pussy. The soft rubber feels pleasantly snug around your erection and pumps you with rippling strokes.

"Mmm. Don't think of it as being milked," Pêl-Z says. "It's lovemaking. Long, slow lovemaking."

She sighs and murmurs in pleasure. Her lips meet yours again for another sensual kiss.

The stroking motion speeds up. You pump your hips back against it in anticipation of coming.

Only for Pêl-Z to slow it right down again and go back to slow, sensual strokes.

She repeats it. Again. And again. And again. Each time edging you with flawless proficiency. It's a pleasurable, if maddening, tease.

"There's no rush," she whispers into your lips. "Let it build. I want a lot of it. I want it nice and thick."

<break>

She continues to hug and kiss you. You sink deeper into the pliant air cushion, enveloped in both Pêl-Z's warm body and a pleasant scent that tantalises your nostrils.

You lose track of time. Your balls swell and grow heavy. Your cock, an iron bar, twitches against the soft rubber walls of Pêl-Z's vagina. It feels like a hunting dog eager to be let off a leash.

"Mmm. I think you're ready," Pêl-Z says. "Are you ready? Are you going to give me a nice big load?"

You're ready. Your balls feel so full they ache.

Pêl-Z speeds up the stroking motion of her pussy again. The gentle pressure increases around your cock. The soft rubber feels extra snug around your dick. The strokes grow more powerful and feel deeper, as if they're starting to pull directly on your balls.

"Don't try to fight it," Pêl-Z says. "It's so much more pleasurable if you lie back and let it milk you."

You don't think you could even if you wanted to.

Pêl-Z speeds up the stroking motions still further. This time she doesn't edge you. This time she's stroking you to climax.

<break>

<semen check>

Your body goes taut, then releases. Your cock swells against the pressure surrounding it and spurts out a thick stream of semen. Pêl-Z continues with her milking strokes and your cock pulsates helplessly in thrall to them.

Rather than stopping after you've ejaculated, Pêl-Z's pussy keeps stroking your cock. Her slow, sensual lovemaking has left you feeling super-aroused. Even though you've just cum, you gasp and buck and spurt more cum inside her.<nobr>

<2nd semen check>

Your body is completely in thrall to her now. You buck and grunt empty what feels like a week's worth of semen inside her.

MEDIUM END

Only then does the irresistible stroking stop, for which you're both disappointed and grateful. You don't think you could have stopped had Pêl-Z not stopped first.

"I think we'll stop there," Pêl-Z says. "Any more and it will start to feel painful."

You do feel little warning twinges in your loins. Not enough to overshadow the pleasure, but that would have changed had Pêl-Z continued to milk you with ruthless machine efficiency.

"This is why I am the perfected version of this model," Pêl-Z says. "I care about your needs. And as a result you gave me such a lovely big sample."

She kisses you and rolls off to the side. Even though the 'milking' is over, she continues to cuddle you and whisper sweet nothings in your ear.

<rejoin good end>

HIGH END

Pêl-Z pushes you down deeper into the sagging air cushion. More fragrant scents, stronger and thicker, are released around your head. The glyphs on the surface of the rubber ball flare brighter. Your body heats up. Urged on by the strokes of Pêl-Z's wonderful pussy, your body goes beyond its usual limits.

Far beyond.

<break>

Your body bucks and spurts and spurts. Pêl-Z presses her warm body down on top of you. You feel like you're being hugged tightly on both sides – from Pêl-Z above, and the soft pink ball below. Pêl-Z's vagina contracts around your cock and starts stroking with greater force. You feel like you're being pumped – pumped like an oil well pumping oil up out of the ground.

<semen check>

<black rose switch>

Cum continues to pour from your body in an uncontrollable fountain. Then, when you're starting to worry it might not ever stop...

//Might not stop until you're a dried-up husk//

...Pêl-Z finally decides she's taken enough. The vigorous pumping action of her vagina slows down to gentle caressing strokes. Your ejaculation finally reaches an end and subsides to a worn-out dribble.

"Marvellous," Pêl-Z says. "You gave me the full amount. My producer will be delighted."

She kisses you and rolls off to the side. Even though the 'milking' is over, she continues to cuddle you.

"You should visit the nurse when you get back downstairs," she whispers in your ear. "My highest setting tends to leave men drained. She has tonics that will restore your vitality."

<rejoin good end>

GOOD END

You lie sprawled on the cushion and look up at the ceiling. It's really comfortable. You could lie here all day.

Your reverie is interrupted by puffs of cold air and a bracing scent that calls to mind mountain peaks.

"I'm sorry. While I'd be happy to let you lie there all day, \$npcMadam.name will not," Pêl-Z says.

You understand. This is a manufactured fantasy and the time is up. You slide, with some difficulty, off the soft air cushion and look for your discarded clothes.

<line for low sample – disappointed couldn't take more>

"It's a shame you couldn't give me more, but I fully understand," Pêl-Z says. "Maybe next time."

<if good affection>

"Before you go, let me give you a friendly warning," Pêl-Z says. "While I am the perfected version, there are imperfect models still in use within the House. My producer's failed experiments, though she doesn't have the heart to tell them as such. You'll need to be careful with them. They are not as caring when it comes to their visitor's wellbeing."

<combined>

She blows you a kiss as you head to the door. Her face is so human and expressive you still find it difficult to believe she's some kind of machine.

GOOD END

OUT OF SEMEN

You writhe and squirm beneath her. The stimulation demands you come. You desperately want to come. Your body proves stubbornly reluctant.

Pêl-Z sits back up. Her pussy loosens its tight grip on your cock and goes back to gently stimulating your cock with slow, feathery strokes.

"It's no good," Pêl-Z says. "If you could have, you would have come by now."

<black rose variant here>

You go to apologise and Pêl-Z stops you with a shake of her head. She looks sad.

"I'm the one that should apologise," she says. "My producer made me more caring of the men I milk, but also to never forget my purpose. I dislike doing this, but I cannot go against what I am."

She lies down on top of you, completely covering your body with hers. She's so tall the lower part of your face is pressed into the top of her cleavage.

<low>

"It's rare this happens with my lowest setting milking program. I didn't realise you were completely empty."

<medium>

"This is unfortunate. There is some risk with the medium setting, but I thought we would be okay. I didn't realise you were completely out."

<high>

"Why did you select the highest setting?" Pêl-Z asks. "It's only for men with full testicles. Even if you didn't realise you were empty, you must have known your body was too depleted for that."

BLACK ROSE: NO SEMEN

You go to apologise and Pêl-Z stops you with a smile.

"There's no need to worry. My body is an elite milking machine."

She lies down on top of you, completely covering your body with hers. She's so tall the lower part of your face is pressed into the top of her cleavage.

"This is only a minor setback. I'll have you coming in no time at all."

OUT OF SEMEN: MEDIUM

You spurt out plenty of thick goutts of cum before your ejaculation subsides to a little dribble. You crash back on the soft cushion-bed and feel utterly satisfied.

Pêl-Z, however, is not. Her vagina keeps trying to milk you with persistent strokes.

"You can't stop here," Pêl-Z says. "I must complete the program."

There's not much you can do about it. Your body is out. There's none left. You go to apologise and Pêl-Z stops you with a shake of her head. She looks sad.

"I'm the one who should apologise," she says. "My producer made me more caring of the men I milk, but also to never forget my purpose. I dislike doing this, but I cannot go against what I am."

She shifts position, lying down on top of you until she's completely covering your body with hers. She's so tall the lower part of your face is pressed into the top of her cleavage.

"It's not enough. The program must take the amount required by it. I thought we'd be okay with the medium setting. I didn't realise how much the other harlots had already drained you."

<rejoin combined out of semen>

COMBINED OUT OF SEMEN

You huff and puff into Pêl-Z's smothering boobs and ask what's going on. Pêl-Z's body seems to have deformed to wrap around you. Not only that, her flesh seems to have merged with the rubber surface of the ball, leaving you completely wrapped up and unable to move.

"It's best if you lie back and relax," Pêl-Z says. "I'll try to be as gentle as possible."

<include for black rose end>

You sink deeper into the sagging air cushion and it rolls up around you. Pêl-Z grips the surface and pulls it together around you, gently squeezing your body. More gases leak out of pores in the rubber surface. These are much stronger. Your head goes pleasantly woozy and you're filled with lustful thoughts.

"Commence Ultimate Milking Program," Pêl-Z says.

<high setting & black rose>

The strange runes of the surface of the ball flare brighter.<nobr>

<medium and low>

Strange runes light up on the rubber surface of the pink ball.<nobr>

<combined>

Your body is enveloped in a warm glow. It makes you feel horny, but also really seedy. It's the wrong type of erotic – perverse.

"This will squeeze it all out," Pêl-Z says. "It will be better if you don't try to fight it."

<end include for black rose end>

You're not sure you want to. You feel really turned on. You feel like you're being hugged tightly on both sides – from Pêl-Z above, and the soft pink ball below. Pêl-Z's vagina contracts around your cock and starts stroking with greater force. You feel like you're being pumped – pumped like an oil well pumping oil up out of the ground.

Your body makes a half-hearted protest. It's empty.

Or was.

<rejoin combined end>

OUT OF SEMEN: HIGH

It's an oil well that quickly runs dry. Pêl-Z can't get any more out of you no matter how hard her luscious pussy pumps you.

Pleasure is replaced by a nagging itch, which starts to grow towards outright pain.

"I warned you about this," Pêl-Z says. "This is a fixed program to take the maximum amount. It won't stop until it has it. You shouldn't have picked it if your body is unable to keep up."

Her vagina keeps pumping your cock with machine-like insistence. You start to wince as the friction passes into the realm of discomfort.

"It's no good," Pêl-Z says. "Commence Ultimate Milking Program."

The strange runes on the surface of the ball flare brighter. Your body is enveloped in a warm glow. It makes you feel horny, but also really seedy. It's the wrong type of erotic – perverse.

"This will get your cum flowing again," Pêl-Z says. "It will be better if you don't try to fight it."

Her pussy tightens its grip and pumps you harder. Your body protests. It's empty.

Or was.

<rejoin combined end>

BLACK ROSE END

Cum pours from your body in an uncontrollable fountain.

"This is good. Keep the flow coming," Pêl-Z says with an erotic sigh.

Her vagina keeps pumping your cock with machine-like insistence.<nobr>

<include passage from Combined out of semen>

<include Combined High and Medium out of semen end>

COMBINED HIGH AND MEDIUM OUT OF SEMEN END

Wrapped in the warm glow, you feel your balls swell back up as if you haven't had sex or masturbated for months. Pêl-Z sighs and moves her body against you, and this time you respond. You feel it well up out of you in a massive ecstatic release.

It doesn't end.

You keep coming.

And keep coming.

Pêl-Z's pussy doesn't stop squeezing and stroking you. Coaxed on by her marvellous vagina, your cock keeps throbbing and pouring out semen inside her. She sucks it away and demands more.

The runes grow brighter.

You give her more. You give her everything.

The magic imbued in the surface of the ball holds you in its grip as tight as Pêl-Z's pussy. Everything inside your body is converted to semen and spurted out into Pêl-Z. It is, indeed, an ultimate milking program. It leaves nothing left of you but a dried-up cadaver. The only consolation is that Pêl-Z is extremely gentle to the end. You feel nothing but the utmost bliss as she drains you.

NPC GOSSIP

"Ah, \$npcPotion.name's newest model," \$npcGossip.name says when you ask her about Pêl-Z Perffeithio. "She's synthetic. An artificial being. \$npcPotion.name made her to harvest semen from visitors to the House. She's supposedly a lot more gentle and caring than previous models."

\$npcGossip.name exhales a cloud of smoke.

1) "While she might be more tender and loving than her predecessors, Pêl-Z still shares their rather... eclectic tastes."

\$npcGossip.name pauses for effect.

"Carnivorous," she says with a wicked glint in her eyes. "At least she doesn't try to eat her guests..."

2) "She has multiple fixed milking programs. Each takes a pre-set amount of semen from a man. If a man doesn't have enough... it'll be taken from his life instead."

\$npcGossip.name smiles nastily.

3) "While \$npcPotion.name has had to tone down her creations on the order of \$npcMadam.name, Pêl-Z's highest setting can still extract a hefty amount of semen from a man. About eight fucks worth, or so I've heard."

4) [LIE] "You should always pick Pêl-Z's highest setting for the greatest pleasure. She'll warn you if she thinks you don't have enough, but it's not necessary. \$npcPotion.name made her so gentle she can't harm a man at all. She'll take what she can and then stop."

NPC MONEY

INTRO

"Ah, \$npcPotion.name's newest model. I've been waiting to hear about her."

<repeat as rest of normal intro>

BODY – BODYPARTS GIFT

\$npcMoney.name visibly whitens as you describe the contents of Pêl-Z's fridge. He shudders as he continues to write notes.

FEEDBACK

LOW SETTING

"You know, she might just be a 'safe' option. There's precious few girls in here you can say that about!"

MEDIUM SETTING

"Sounds forceful, but otherwise tolerable. I don't trust \$npcPotion.name's... 'machines'. This one might actually be safe."

HIGH SETTING

"Risky. Very risky." \$npcMoney.name tuts. "In here the contents of one's loins are a currency in their own right. You should be careful not to overspend it. As for Pêl-Z, I think she might actually be 'safe'. Providing one is sensible and chooses her lowest setting."