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Mission Statement

Inside Erin is written and published by people who enjoy AIF. It is done for fun, but we also have some goals that we seek to achieve through the newsletter:

1. To encourage the production of more quality AIF games by providing advice from game developers, and by offering constructive criticism that is specifically relevant to AIF.
2. To encourage activity and growth in the AIF community. We aim to generate a constant level of activity so that there aren't long periods in which people can lose interest in AIF.
3. To help document and organize the AIF community. This is done through reporting on games and events, as well as by helping to organize community-wide activities such as competitions and the yearly Erin Awards.

>R estore MILF Scene Restored.

“Harder,” she gasps, and you squeeze her engorged nipple with your teeth, bringing forth a flood of gasps from her.

>grind against her

Still keeping Hilary's nipple between your teeth, you begin gyrating your hips, forcing your cock up and down against her pelvis. Your cock is mashed uncomfortably in your shorts, but the friction still feels great. You move your hands down to her ass and let her weight rest on your palms. She wraps her arms around your neck to keep herself close to you. She starts gyrating her hips in response and you lift her ass, moving her up and down. She leans back and stares at you, her eyes fixed unmoving on yours, her lips moving silently, mouthing words you cannot hear. She pivots her hips a little, rocking her body so that your hard package is moving against the crotch of her shorts.

“Oh, God,” she groans throatily, a voice deep with sex and passion.

She continues moving up and down, and you imagine feeling her painting coat after coat of her hot juices on the side of your cock with her pussy. You stare into her eyes and watch them go hazy from pleasure.

>x Hilary

Your next door neighbor Hilary is a sweet, thin, pretty young mom. She is about 5'-4", with

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We go through an AIF drought every year, and each year it seems to get longer and harsher. Hopefully the drought is beginning to break again this year, as we seem to have a little more interest and activity perking up this month than we have had recently. It's still a rarity, however, when we get unexpected game releases like this month's game by Priapus Rex, *The Last Hurrah*.



Despite the disappointing results for last month's “Beat the Staff” competition (only two people entered, so the comp wasn't published, although I believe it will be this month), apparently we've had much better results this month and the BtS comp will be restored as a regular feature. Make sure to vote in these comps. It's pretty easy to enter too, so write up a short passage and enter it. That could be a good way to get your feet wet in AIF writing.

“Live AIF” — AIF that is written in response to commands given by users — has continued to be one of the more interesting, active features of the community this month. There is a “Live AIF” forum on AIFGames.com and Purple Dragon started using it last month with a thread based on his first BtS entry. I've also started a live AIF thread that I've been trying to keep up with, though it's been a little tricky to get to writing the responses with any speed. Sorry, readers!

One thing that's bothered me recently has been a bit of troll activity, particularly on Purple Dragon's live AIF thread. We've been mercifully free of it in past, but something about Purple Dragon's thread (which I personally think is pretty cool) seemed to draw out random, unprovoked hostility. I was forced to do some moderating, which I'd really rather not do (I'd

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long light brown hair, a smallish nose and thin lips. She has an athletic body, with nice curves all the way up and down. Her naked breasts are small and cone-shaped, with tight hard ruby-red nipples. Her soft, slender arms are wrapped around your neck. She's straddling your lap, her cowgirl hips both concealed and highlighted in tight white shorts. The flesh of her thighs is tanned and deeply soft, with no trace whatsoever of cellulite.

She takes your hand in her own and brings it to her lips. With a look of suggestion in her eyes, she takes two of your fingers all the way into her mouth and closes her lips on them, a slight curl of smirk in her cheeks.

>Hilary, suck my fingers

Hilary holds your hand gently in one of hers, guiding it forward and backward, sucking your index and middle fingers in and out of her mouth. Her lips are tightly closed on them and she alternately sucks hard and then relaxes. You feel her tongue moving over your knuckles, teasing your fingertips, wrapping around you. Her eyes half close with concentration.

Meanwhile, her other hand has ended up in your lap and she tantalizingly fingers your cock through your shorts. Your cock is curled in on itself uncomfortably, especially considering how much it wants to spring free, but her caresses still feel fantastic. You shift your hips, both pressing yourself into her searching hands while trying to adjust to relieve your discomfort.

>Hilary, remove my pants

Hilary slips off your lap and looks you over, a playfully sexy smile splayed across her lips. Her hands drop to your lap and she uses the fingertips on both her hands to trickle a gentle touch over your cock. You moan, the sudden pleasure of her touch shocks you. Her dexterous fingers walk quickly over your smushed length, tantalizing you and making your rigidity even more urgent. She watches your face, taking in your reactions to her touches. Then she deftly opens the button of your shorts and pulls down the zipper. The compression eases and you feel your cock expand to fill its newly available space. She reaches in and caresses you once more through your boxers.

There's no feeling in the world quite like the feeling of having a woman pull down your pants. The sudden release allowing you to spring free is like coming up for air after being underwater for too long. The anticipation of what is sure to follow and the actual sensation of the pants being slid down your legs are incomparable. And having it done for the first time by someone new is exponentially more intense.

Hilary admires your now-naked cock for a moment, then takes it in one hand and feels its girth.

>Save

Saved until next month

* * *

I'd like to thank Bitterfrost for being the player for this scene. It must be frustrating only getting to play a few turns a month, but I really want to stretch this out as long as possible.

Have a great month! ●

 This Month in AIF, Continued from Page 1

prefer to focus on writing games, after all) but was necessary. Ironically, even if comments like "this is stupid" were acceptable, Purple Dragon had actually created a separate thread for comments, so that's where such remarks should have been placed! Anyway, so far this seems to be more of an aberration than a trend, so I'm not too worried as of yet.

New Games

The Last Hurrah by Priapus Rex, released September 14 2007 for ADRIFT 3.9. You are a ladies man who is set to be married soon, but your chaste fiancé won't have sex with you until the marriage. In your remaining days before the wedding you seek a last hurrah, looking to have sex with as many women from around the world as possible. ●

We are quite pleased to announce the triumphant return of our cut-scene writing competition this month. Our theme ">watch" stirred your imaginations and we have quite a strong bunch of entries.

This month's voting will be conducted on a poll at the Yahoo! AIFArchive message board. Announcements will be made regarding the poll shortly.

Without further ado, let's see what our contestants have provided this month:

Entry #1: Paul Swift (Non-Staff)

>watch through gap

You half stand, half crouch in the darkness, waiting for her to return. You hear the squeak of a door handle in desperate need of oil and light spills through the opening doorway. The air fills with the familiar smell of her sweet perfume and the sound of her drunken giggles. The room is fully illuminated with an audible click but except for the band of light flooding in through the gap in the wardrobe doors you are still in darkness. It is through this gap that you watch her.

She saunters over to the bed with only a hint of drunkenness in her light steps, her large breasts threatening to overflow the red halter at any minute. She sits on its edge and looks demurely over to the corner of the room at something you can't see, her black miniskirt risen slightly shows off her gloriously long stocking covered legs. A young guy walks into your field of view; he bends at the middle and kisses her scarlet lips deeply and completely. He is in his very early twenties, at least ten years her junior and probably picked up from a bar in town. She always did like them young.

She pulls away, breaking the kiss. Her glossy red lipstick is smeared slightly and now he is wearing his fair share. He leans forward, attempting to push her backwards onto the bed but she stops him with outstretched arms. He looks down at her, obviously puzzled but she returns his gaze with a smile and more than a little mischief in her eye.

She reaches out and with one swift, fluid movement she unbuckles his belt as if she had been practicing it all her life. Hell, she has been practicing it all her life. With a quick downward wave of her hand she lowers his zip and his jeans fall to form a small figure of eight at his feet. To her obvious pleasure he is sans underwear, his semi-hard member bobbing obscenely a mere inch from her face. She reaches out and wraps her long fingers around it stroking it to life, unable to take her hungry eyes away from its hypnotising movement.

You feel your cock harden as you watch her lower her mouth to his now full sized fuck muscle. He pushes her long dark hair away from her face so that he can watch as she runs her tongue up the base of his cock and makes it dance around the tip before finally taking his shaft into her warm, wet mouth. She slowly sucks his full length leaving a scarlet trail of lipstick in her wake. You cannot resist any longer and begin to slowly rub your own dick, concentrating on heightening your pleasure without pushing yourself over the top.

She pulls her face away and smiles up at him once more, she pushes herself up with her hands and slides onto the middle of the bed. She reaches behind her head and undoes the knot holding her top in place, her large breasts fall free as she lies down. You watch as she pushes her ass clear of the mattress and pulls her skirt up past the hems of her stockings, revealing the creamy white skin that lies there like hidden treasure. It comes as no shock to you that she is not wearing panties; she never does when she is looking to pick up a guy. She reaches down with one hand to slide one finger into her luscious opening, her other hand pulls her right breast up to her mouth and she begins to suck on her own nipple, never taking her emerald green eyes off the guy while she does this.

Just like you, he watches her pleasuring herself with his cock in his hand. Her mouth releases her breast and she opens her mouth to say her first words to him since they entered the bedroom. She looks him up and down with desire and in a low, almost earthy growl she says, 'Fuck me you bastard'. Just four simple words, but it is enough for him. He climbs onto the bed and lands on top of her, he paws at her and sucks one soft breast into his mouth as he sticks her pussy with his engorged tool.

She sucks in a short gasp of air as he enters her and lets out a low moan as he slides all the way in. She wraps her long legs around his waist and pulls him deeper inside her with her feet that are still covered in her red stilettos, the ones with the red ribbon that wraps around her calf and ties into a bow just behind the knee. The air is filled with a new smell. Her perfume still tickles your nostrils but it is now mingled with the rancid but intoxicating aroma of sex. The scent of hard, passionate fucking, the smell of them. He begins to slam into her harder and harder with every thrust and with every thrust the air is audibly pushed out of her lungs.



He grabs her by the hips and flips her over; she knows exactly what he wants and sticks her ass in the air. From this angle you can look her in the face and watch her getting fucked while you slowly stroke your cock. She looks forward, looking directly at the wardrobe, maybe even looking right at you with your eyes pressed to the gap in the wardrobe door. You see her eyes widen as he once again slides into her. He fucks her harder this time, really slamming into her. You look on with delight at the sight of her being used by this guy, a guy she has probably only known for twenty minutes. You stroke your cock slower, determined not to peak too soon.

Before long he is spent. She makes an excuse and gets him to leave. He has gotten what he came here for and is happy to go. She returns to the bed, tired but not exhausted. Her cigarettes lie on the bedside table but she doesn't light one, they are for later. You exit the confined and uncomfortable space where you keep your clothes and enter the light of your bedroom. On the bed lies Suzanne, your wife of five years. Underneath the harsh artificial light of the overhead bulb you can see the glistening of another man's seed as it lies tangled up within her pubic hair and on the soft skin of her inner thighs. She looks up at you with the same mischievous smile you saw earlier and says to you, "That was my starter, now come over here and give me my main course."

Entry #2. Knight Errant (Non-Staff)

>watch

You look over the crowd. There's so much going on that initially you're unsure of who is most worth watching. There's a punk girl on stage, wearing only black leather pants and black electrical tape over her nipples. She's tied up in heavy rope, suspended spread-eagled waist-high. The crowd in front of the stage is writhing to the music, everyone young and scantily clad. One short girl catches your attention, however. Her impressive bosom is barely constrained by a black lace corset, and she's wearing black panties and thigh-high fishnet stockings held up by a garter belt.

She's grinding heavily against a particularly lucky man. His hands are all over her, caressing her breasts and thighs while he kisses her lips and neck. His fingers are sliding higher on her thighs. You almost choke on your drink when he slips a finger under her panties. Her hips roll with pleasure and she breathes a quiet moan, lost in the loud music. You slip closer to get a better view, watching him finger her in the middle of the crowded dance floor.

He whispers something in her ear and the two head up to a loft overlooking the dance floor. You follow them, staying back in the dark staircase so they won't see. They settle down on a couch, kissing while he slides his fingers into her hot pussy. He kisses down her neck, across her bare shoulder and down to the impressive mound of her breast. He slips one of her breasts out of the corset, it looks like a D-cup. She flings her head back and digs her fingers into his hair as he sucks her hard nipple into his mouth. She pulls his cock out of his jeans, stroking it gently as he fingers her. The two are lost in their own pleasure.

She straddles him on the couch, pushing her black panties aside and sliding his thick cock into her. Her loud moan is barely audible over the throbbing music. The two fuck there, not twenty feet from the hundred people dancing below. He grips her ass, guiding her up and down over his cock, their motion making the couch shift and creak vigorously. He slips his hand between them, apparently thumbing her clit as they fuck. Her moans grow louder and her motions more violent. After a few moments, the woman cries out and arches her back. The man keeps thrusting beneath her, groaning shortly after her. They collapse, both spent. As she slowly rises off of his cock, you slip back to the party, hoping to not be noticed.

Entry #3. Purple Dragon (Staff)

>watch [littlehottie182](#)

After clicking the link that brings up the webcam you sit back to enjoy the show. The screen shows littlehottie from the neck down, lying on a bed and you slide your eyes over her pert little tits and down to her pussy that she is rubbing furiously. Her legs are spread and she has shaved her pubic hair so her mysteries are all open to you. Your cock starts to stiffen in your pants as you watch her slide a finger back and forth over her clit and it really starts pressing against your zipper when she sticks two fingers in her cute little cunt and starts fingerfucking herself.

You have the strangest feeling that you've seen this before but the cam says live. Maybe you've seen her before but it's hard to tell since you can't even see her face. You dismiss the thought as you enjoy the sight of her firm young tits bouncing on her chest as she continues to pump two fingers in and out of her pussy.

She takes her hand away and you are disappointed until another person walks into view. It's a young stud and although you can't see his face either, you can see his cock, which is every bit as ready for action as your own. He reaches out and moves the camera so that you have a nice view of her pussy with his cock poised at the entrance. He presses in and you can see her pussy lips stretching to take it all. Then he begins moving in and out as her body writhes around beneath him.

You imagine that it's you fucking that tasty little piece of ass as you reach down and try to adjust your aching cock in your pants. He's really giving it to her now, her whole body is shaking and she grips the bedspread around her in two tight little fists. That feeling that you've seen this before hits you again and you wonder just what it is that you find so familiar.

Then it hits you and your cock wilts in your pants like someone just dumped a bucket of ice water over you. It's not the scene that you recognize, it's the room. Hell, you ought to recognize it, you're sitting not 50 feet from it at the moment. As calmly as possible, you open your gun case and take out your shotgun. Resisting the temptation to load it you open the door and step out. As you walk down the hallway you wonder if all those perverts out there who are watching your precious daughter will enjoy the sight of that piece of shit pissing himself as you march him naked out onto your front lawn.

Entry #4. A. Bomire (Staff)

>watch nanny cam

You plug the fake clock/camera into your computer, copying the recording of the last few hours onto your hard drive. You reset the camera, then turn your attention to the recording. Great – 4 hours of video to review. You mutter darkly about your wife's paranoia. You've been using Mary as a babysitter for two years, and never had any problems. You consider yourself lucky to have a college student like her as a babysitter instead of some gum-popping teen.

You know that your wife won't be happy until you go over the video, so you load it up in some video viewing software. You press the on screen "Play" button, and watch yourself back away from the camera, which is recording the living room. You hit the "double speed" button, and zip through answering the door and letting Mary in. You watch yourself and your wife leave, then watch Mary sit with your two-year old son, Brian. She colors with him; then they have ice cream; then she puts in the Disney video you left on the coffee table and watches it until Brian falls asleep. She turns off the video and carries Brian up the stairs and out of your view. You hit the "double speed" button again, ramping the playback to 4 times normal speed. Mary speed-walks down the stairs, setting the baby monitor on the table and pops the video out of the DVD. She puts it back in the bookcase where you store your videos, and chooses another. You pause the playback at the point where she is bending down in front of the camera – giving you a brief look down the front of her blouse.

You're no lecher, but Mary is an attractive girl, and the view of her smooth breasts in her white bra gives you a small smile. Chuckling to yourself, you press "Play" once again, and Mary returns to the TV, sitting on the couch and flipping channels. After a few minutes of watching this, you hit the "double speed" button again, and zip through Mary shifting now and again as she watches the movie. The way she seemingly jerks about is actually kind of funny – crossing and uncrossing her legs, shifting the pillows, drinking some soda...wait! What was that? You slow the playback to see her pulling out her cell phone, answering it.

She chats animatedly on her phone, lying back and ignoring the TV. You are about to go back to speed-watching when you see her hands, which are resting comfortably in her lap, rub her thighs, somewhat unconsciously. Then one hand moves slowly upwards to rest on her breast. Her hand squeezes her breast through her blouse, then you watch her pinch her nipple. As you stare intently at the screen, she suddenly stops. She rests the phone on the coffee table, and quickly moves to the window, pulling the curtains closed. She picks up the phone, and lies down once more.

Her hand quickly returns to slowly rubbing her breast, then she smiles and sits up. Reaching for the buttons on her blouse, she unbuttons it quickly, pulling it off. You watch as she slips her arms from the sleeves, her back arched and her bra-clad breasts thrust forward. They are nicely sized – not large, but not small either. You can just see her nipples poking through the smooth fabric of her bra. After removing her blouse, you gawk as she reaches up, unsnapping the front of her bra and stripping off that as well. Her unfettered breasts swing freely as she lies back, picking up the phone once more. She talks on the phone as she toys with her breasts. She closes her eyes, and begins rubbing her palm over her crotch.

You pause the video, rubbing your eyes which sting from staring unblinking at the screen for so long. You look over at the door to your guest bedroom/office, quietly getting up and closing it. You sit back down at the computer, reaching down and opening your pants. You gratefully release your thickening shaft, which has been pressing uncomfortably against your trousers, and you stroke it slowly as you start the video once more.

Mary's hand drifts from rubbing her crotch to slide into her jeans. She arches her back, her mouth forming an "O" of pleasure as her hand resumes its rubbing motion. She keeps this up for a bit, then stands up, unzipping her jeans and dropping them to her ankles. She wears a pair of pink bikini panties, which she also pulls down to her ankles as well. You look at her near-naked form. Her rounded breasts thrust upwards from her chest, and her naked pussy with its tightly trimmed hair atop it peeks at you from between her firm thighs. You stroke your throbbing shaft as you look at the screen.

Mary sits back down on the couch, her hand immediately returning to her crotch. She strokes and rubs her pussy lips slowly

and lovingly. Her other hand cups her naked breast, squeezing it. Her thumb and finger tease her erect nipple, pulling and twisting at it slightly. Mary talks on the cell phone which she has wedged against her ear as she continues to masturbate. Her hand on her pussy moves faster and faster, then slows down as she finds her clit. She strokes this slowly, then moves her hand down. She slides one finger inside of her pussy, and her mouth opens wide. You can almost hear her moaning as she starts fingering herself. She pulls her hand up to her mouth, licking her fingers then returning quickly and placing first one and then another finger inside of her pussy.

You stroke your cock in time to her movements, almost imagining it is you pumping in and out of her wet pussy instead of her hand. She writhes on the couch, her hand frantically fucking her pussy. She releases her breast, bringing her other hand down to stroke her clit. Her movements become more and more frantic, her head tossing from side to side. Suddenly, her back arches, and she shoves her fingers deeply inside of herself as her whole body shudders. You groan aloud, watching the young girl orgasm on your couch. You stroke your cock faster and faster as she shakes and shudders, her mouth open and panting.

With a loud groan, you stand up, your cock erupting. You point it at the screen, shooting your jism directly on the video of Mary as she slowly slides down from her orgasmic high. Again and again you shoot, painting the video screen with your seed. At last, you collapse panting in your chair. You look at the screen, and can barely see Mary lying panting and gasping on the couch, her soaking wet hand in her mouth as she licks her own juices from her fingers. You grab the mouse, pressing "Pause" as you tuck yourself back into your pants. You quickly hunt up some tissues and video screen cleaner, and clean up the mess before you accidentally damage your computer.

When you do, you see Mary's near-naked form lying limp as a rag-doll on your couch, her legs bowed out so her naked pussy is visible. You hit "Play" again, and watch Mary lie there for a few minutes longer. Then she sits up, looking down at herself and blushing slightly. She picks up bra from the floor, putting it on, and is pulling up her jeans and panties when she suddenly looks up towards the living room window. She frantically zips up her jeans, and pulls on her shirt. She leaves it unbuttoned as she hangs up the cell phone and runs into the kitchen.

The video next shows you and your wife coming into the house. A few seconds later, Mary joins you in the hallway, coming from the kitchen, her blouse fully buttoned though untucked. You remember her saying she was cleaning up a spill, and how you hadn't thought anything of it at the time. The video shows you paying Mary for her services and waving good-bye as she leaves. Then you walk over to the camera and shut it off.

You stare at the screen, unable to believe what you had just seen. But you do know one thing – you are definitely taking your wife out more often. Hmmm...you think Mary mentioned she was available next Thursday.

Entry #5. A. Ninny (Staff)

>watch

Watch. Yes, well... That's been the bane of your existence all year. Every time you look up from your work your head turns toward the window to see if there is something worth watching. It has become a reflex. A habit. An addiction even. More often than not you look up from your work without thinking and without even reaching a convenient stopping point. Halfway through drawing a line you stop, your neck moves, your head turns and you take a look out the window. Even when their shades are down; even when they have been down all day. Is there some change this time? Nope. Head down. Work. Head up. Look again. Shades still down. Arghhh! This must stop!

When the semester began and you took a desk by the window you didn't even realize the building outside was a dormitory. If you had known, you still would have taken this desk intentionally, figuring there might be something worth looking at from time to time. You wouldn't have anticipated how difficult it would be to not look. How much you'd long to let a few minutes go by without looking.

To those girls over there, this building must be the kind of invisible that anything nondescript becomes when you see it every day. Never mind that the bright fluorescents in your studio are on all day and all night, or that many heads must be visible in the large expanses of glass - those of fervently working grad students.

To you and your studio-mates, those girls have become somewhat a famous diversion. Ever since you first spotted the brunette come in from the shower and drop her towel on the floor. You called Joe and John and Ted over: "Hey! Get over here! You've got to see this!" You and they watched her totally casual nudity, slowly picking through her closet for something to wear. She seemed completely unaware of her fishbowl status. Like many of the undergraduates at your university, she is extraordinarily attractive. Long wavy brown hair tumbles down over young, shapely shoulders. She has large, firm breasts and a sweet, curvy ass. You resisted the urge to paint "10" on a placard and hold it up to the window.

And she's not even the only one! Four windows in a row – those rooms all house girls without roommates – one whose lacy

curtains she assumes conceal her voluptuous body but really only accentuate it, another two who are more careful about their shades but very occasionally forget. You've seen all of them in various states of undress, hot co-ed lovelies oblivious of the leering, sometimes cheering grad students right in front of their windows.

You've got to do something. You feel your productivity, not to mention your sanity, slowly slipping. Find some way to tell those girls to keep their shades closed? Cover your window with paper? Or just keep watching, over and over, forever unwilling to risk missing a chance to see a naked girl. What does that say about you? Lascivious. Lecherous. Lewd. That's what.

The light flicks on in one of the dorm rooms. You're actually were not looking out at that particular moment, but you've programmed yourself to detect those changes. The busty brunette bursts backward through the doorway, pushed in by a man (or at least a male student) who closes the door behind them. You haven't seen her other than alone before, so this certainly catches your eye. His hands are all over her and he pulls her to him, kissing her, mashing his lips on her face.

But something's wrong. She's not really fighting him, but neither does seem to be returning his kisses. She keeps moving her head and appears to be trying to avoid him. Is it just play? And her hands – are they trying to get on him or are they trying to keep his hands off her? He's moving too eagerly for you to be sure. And she's saying something. Obviously you can't hear her, but you can see the tone she's projecting, and it is stern and warning, but not panicked.

He keeps slowly backing her until she comes up against her bed. She falls backward and he pushes her onto the bed and climbs up on top of her. He sits straddling her waist and begins clawing, animal-like at her clothes.

Things are only getting worse over there and you feel the bile rise in your throat as you watch the guy struggle with her. A wave of an adrenaline rush begin to course through you as he finally gets her shirt off her, leaving her breasts looking disheveled in her bra. He yanks the bra and then forces her several times to keep her hands from covering her chest. Her large tits shift fluidly back and forth as she tries to get away from the guy. She is visibly panicked now, crying and shouting and he covers her mouth and bends down to say something threatening to her, something that leaves her without any more words for him.

Why hasn't anyone come to help her? There are dorm rooms up and down the corridor from hers, but no lights have gone on. Maybe someone has already called the police? Or maybe nobody knows what is happening in there but you.

What should you do? Continue to watch – getting a cheap thrill out of seeing her getting ravaged before your eyes? Or try to help this woman you don't know but feel an affinity for nevertheless. If you're going to do something you'd better do it now...

Entry #6. Nimdok (Non-Staff)

> Watch through binoculars

He is gorgeous. Tall, nearly two metres, bronze-colored and lean, he doesn't bulge with muscle but simply is toned. His face steals the show, however, with its deep green eyes, thin and long nose, full lips, and flatly pointed chin. He's hairless, at least what you can see at the moment, including a lack of eyebrows, either a recessive gene or a very well made razor to blame. From your angle you can see his full body, his lack of clothes beyond a pair of dark-blue boxer-briefs, and that his tan is universal. Sitting there, watching him sleep, you feel yourself becoming self-conscious of where you are and what you're doing, and consider stopping. Then he stirs.

Your heartbeat quickens, goosebumps rise on your skin, and your eyes are glued to the binoculars. He reaches out and rubs his face with one forearm, then slowly sits straight up. He stands, giving you a show of muscles flexing beneath skin, and walks parallel to the window, moving towards the bathroom. You shift in your perch to give you a view through the new window, and are pleased to catch him with his boxers down, giving you a scintillating view of a naked ass which perfectly suits him, tight and lean. Then he turns around, and for the first time since you've been watching you see him naked.

His crotch is as hairless as the rest of him, a revelation which creates a stir in your own loins. His penis hangs limp, dangling in your view in its uncut glory. Even flaccid it easily weighs in at fifteen centimetres long, probably five or six around. Straight like an arrow, it almost completely conceals his balls, compact from the chill night. While he sits on the toilet and begins his business you can't help but imagine that penis erect, pointing the way forward in all its glory, and the mental image is too much.

Insuring you're well situated, you slowly lower one hand to your jeans, unzipping the fly while leaving the button done in case you need to move quickly. Thankful you found a place to sit with a steady back-rest, you lean back and let your fingers venture into familiar territory, all the while concentrating on the young man, now lazily staring out the window and into the

distance while his bowels move. You flex and shift your hand in slow, glorious motions, enjoying every second of the play and the fantasy now playing out in your mind, the centre of which is, of course, the young man and his penis, with yourself implanted into the mix. Suddenly, a noise rings out. You drop the binoculars, which swing down and impact your chest, held in place by the leather strap, and look down with what you can imagine is a dear-in-headlights look. Below, a car door shuts, and a uniformed man steps out, looking straight at you. He pulls a torch from his belt, flicks it on, and shines it directly into your face.

"Alright, down here, now!" he yells.

Entry #7. BBBen (Staff)

> watch

...and they do it! You hadn't believed that they were serious, but Betty and Julie are as good as their word, and they start making out right in front of you. Since they had dragged you out of the mall and driven you back to Betty's place they'd been flirting with you, but you were sure they were just playing with you. It certainly wouldn't be out of character for these two cheerleaders to toy with a guy and lead him on just for sport, but you've never seen them French kiss each other before.

Pretty little blonde Betty has to angle her head up to meet tall, redheaded Julie's lips, but there's no doubt about the contact – tongues are coming into play, lipstick is being smudged with the passionate kiss. Then you notice Betty's fingers tugging gently on one of the buttons of Julie's blouse; she's not undoing it just yet, but there's definitely a suggestion there that she may be readying to uncover Julie's ample bust. Meanwhile, Julie's hands slowly trace down Betty's back until they reach the curve of her buttocks. All of a sudden Julie grabs on to Betty's ass and squeezes it playfully, pulling Betty upward.

Betty laughs at the surprise and puts her arms around Julie's neck for a few more kisses before she turns to you and says, "Look at his face!"

You figure you must have been wearing a pretty comical expression, but honestly you weren't thinking about that at all. Betty and Julie grin in amusement at you, but there is a saucy, suggestive look in both their eyes that tells you today may – finally – be the day you lose your virginity. And what a way to do it!

Entry #8. peterson9803 (Non-Staff)

>watch

Okay, you're fucked. Behind you is the Revolutionary Amazon Girls' commando troop, three hot young lesbian women, whose only goal is to castrate, eradicate and frustrate all members of the Continental Organization of Command and Kontroll. They're armed with antique, but effective weaponry, like the good ol' UZI. You'd swear you have recognized the sound of a fucking Enfield behind you.

Sadly, this beautiful and deadly troop hasn't been informed of your recent defection.

In front of you, you see your former teammates. Ricardo, the diminutive Puerto Rican, is carrying his Vulcan, which is roughly three times his size, while Bulldog, this mean meatbag with his arms like trunks and his legs of steel only has his hands. Okay, they're enough on him. You've seen him rip off the doors of a car. An armored one.

Oh, and Carmen. Can't forget Carmen. Redhead. Stunning. Small tits, but enough hip to grip her and pull her down on your hard cock. Carries a pulsepistol. Could make you weep, beg and scream, all in matter of seconds. Once, you thought you loved her. And then you found out what she did to your dog. Too bad you weren't allowed to shoot your fucking 2IC.

Of course *they* know about your defection.

You suddenly feel very, very alone, and very, very dead. It's only a matter of seconds before one side pulls the trigger and, well, you're the only fucking cover in this fucking round hall.

Scratch that. You've seen enough firefights to see how it goes. You're the only *unarmed* future cover in this hall.

You hear Clara, the blonde leader of RAG, scream "It's a..." but before she can finish, the headache overwhelms you. Again. And you fall into darkness.

It must've been seconds at most you were unconscious. You doubt you'd be breathing otherwise. Then again....

Oh. Somebody's screaming. Hey, you know that scream. That's Carmen! And the last time she screamed that way, it wasn't because of you.

You open your eyes.

It still isn't because of you, but right now you're happy. She only screams that way when she's coming or somebody else is going, permanently, and considering your luck in the last time, you don't want to take any chances

Then again, she's got every right to scream, 'cause Paula, little RAGgy Paula, is ramming *both* her arms up Carmen's ass, and her face betrays arousal as well as pain. Carmen.
That fucking pain slut.

Meanwhile, Clara's sucking Ricardo's schlong, and she can't swallow it all; the Vulcan's not the only oversized thing. You see her throat bulge and her eyes pop and she *still* tries to get that fucker deeper in her mouthcunt. Ricardo's swearing, Spanish or some shit like that, pulling her short hair, trying to get her away, but she bites him - only slightly - and fucking eats her way to the base. That looks painful, but Ricardo just tried to waste you, so you've got no mercy for the motherfucker anyway.

The new girl - she's bald and muscled and must be the replacement for the cunt you've fucked with your bullet last month - has overpowered 'dog, and rides him like a wild stallion. She screams and he grunts and their hips are meeting with a fucking force you can't believe it.

The air's ripe with sex and you can almost taste the cuntjuice and the sperm on your tongue. The screaming's becoming a single cacophony of lust, and the rhythmic pounding travels through the marvel floor right up your spine.

Great. Now you know the effect of the serum your own private Mengele has injected you. You can create orgies. Instigate lust. Even in embittered enemies who'd love nothing more to bathe in the other sides' entrails.

You sigh, and look down to your rod, and you remember fondly when your thoughts could call it a *steel* rod.

'Cause, apparently, it made you impotent.

Entry #9. StormNinjaBlade (Non-Staff)

>watch window

You're lying stretched out in bed, your arms helping to prop up your head as you gaze outside your window, watching the clouds play across the star field when you notice a light go on in the second story window in the house next door to your own: Chloe Williams' bedroom window. You've fantasied for years about the girl next door, even entertained thoughts about spying through her window, but despite the ideal positioning of your respective windows you've always chickened out.

Before you can contemplate the matter any further, the light goes out and you go back to watching the stars. Then your attention is drawn back to her window when a single match light flares into life and you see Chloe illuminated by that single fragile flame. While she gently carries the tiny flare, lighting several white church candles around her room you take the opportunity to memorise her form. She has ebony hair secured in a tight pony tail, her face reflecting her mother's latina heritage with high cheeks and beautifully full lips. Dressed as she is for bed, she's wearing flannel long-sleeved pajamas, blue with yellow star symbols. Chloe finishes up by lighting one last candle on her windowsill then pouts her lips and extinguishes her little match with a gentle breath.

You continue to watch as she turns her back to your own darkened window and looks at herself in her dresser mirror, obviously admiring the view, if not quite as ardently as you yourself. She leans forward at her waist and reaches out to cue a track on her CD-player and you watch the thin material stretch against the globes of her buttocks. As still as the night is you can hear the music as clearly as you were in her room with her as it starts up slowly but with a seductive rhythmic pulse.

Chloe stands up and loosens her ponytail, letting her silky black hair cascade down to the small of her back. She combs her fingers through it for a few moments until she can resist the gentle swaying of the music no more and begins to let it guide her movements. Its subtle at first, just brushing her hair to the rhythm, but before long its her entire body moving. You are just enjoying watching her sinuous movements when you realise her fingers have been plucking at the buttons of her top and then she's swinging it around her head in long lazy circles her hair swinging in sympathy and the candle flames dancing with her. A few sputter out in the artificial breeze and the room is suddenly a fraction dimmer. Soon she tosses the top away, turning around to face the window and now you can see the swell of her breasts underneath her singlet top. Her eyes are closed as she lets the music guide her movements, her hands go from her temples, down her smooth hair, her collarbone, her breasts, the soft rise of her belly and back up again. On their return journey they tug at the drawstring of her pajama bottoms and with a sexy

shimmy of her hips, still in time with the music, she slides them down her legs.

When she straightens back up, she flips her hair up, and suddenly she's standing before you in nothing but a pair of silk boxers and a cotton singlet, her eyes still closed, her body still twisting to the sound of the music. You can tell by the way her breasts are bouncing under her top with each little movement that underneath that shirt is naked skin and you sit up straighter when you see her hands toying with the hem. She lifts it up and tugs it down in alternating movements, that have you on the edge wondering if this time its finally going to come off. She pirouettes and in one sinuous movement she is swinging her top around her head, her bare back glistening in the dancing candlelight as several more candles are extinguished before her top joins the rest of her discarded garments.

Her hips continue to twist and shimmy in time to the music as her hands appear to be massaging her breasts. Now the music is rapidly approaching a crescendo, joined by Chloe's soft moans as one of her hands slips into her boxers. Your own hand is slipping past your own waistband when your moans join Chloe's in a primal duet.

Chloe instantly stops and spins around, her eyes wide in apparent shock. You bite your tongue to stifle any more telltale sounds and she wraps one arm against her chest, her eyes searching the darkness of your room for your presence.

Quickly she blows out a candle on her vanity and slips to the window, keeping herself covered as she approaches the last candle burning brightly on the windowsill. She leans forward purses her lips, and blows a kiss into the darkness, extinguishing the last candle and plunging her room into total darkness.

You've been holding your breath since the grunt that gave you away, and the moment stretches out. You can hear Chloe's heavy breathing, whether from the exertion of her dance, the fear of being watched or her own arousal you can't tell. Then as the moment seems to have stretched to breaking point Chloe speaks.

"Did you like what you saw?" she whispers into the night air between her window and your own. Her voice is hesitant as if she isn't sure if anyone is even there, or if she really wants an answer at all.

You are trying to formulate an answer that wont make you sound like a creepy pervert who makes a habit of looking through women's bedroom windows when, thankfully, Chloe continues.

"Would you like to see more?" she asks almost shyly but regaining some of the confidence and playfulness you've come to associate with your pleasant-natured next door neighbour.

The next silence stretches on but eventually you find your voice and whisper "yes." There is another pause, then the sound of movement in the darkness of her room, then the CD track starts up again from the very beginning then her voice returns, so close and intimate its almost like she is whispering in your ear. "If you want to see more you're going to have to give me something worth watching in return."

Sitting in the darkness wondering if you can do it, you imagine the girl next door dancing in nothing but candlelight. You reach over, flick on your bed lamp and begin to undo your belt. Next door you can hear a quiet giggle and softly muted applause. You decide its only fair to give as good as you got, and maybe you'll get back a little bit more in return. ●

Beat the Staff #4: The AIF inspired Pin-Up Infatuation

For those of you who see my posts on AIFGames.com, you will have noticed that I have a woman in my avatar and a little promotional line about her in my signature. The woman is Carlotta Champagne, a model of, if I may say so, nearly incomparable beauty. She was the inspiration for Carly, the sexy au pair that appeared in "Green Summer: Live AIF" last year in this newsletter (refer to editions July, 2006 through November, 2006).

I first discovered her when looking over model portfolios on OneModelPlace.com (OMP), a web site for models and photographers to show off their stuff in order to get paid assignments from one another. While writing AIF I often use OMP models as, well, models for 'x chick' descriptions. Carlotta immediately stood out as being far hotter than all of the skinny waifs on that site. She has *real* curves, *real* hips, *real* tits. She's real easy to look at – for hours on end. Honestly, I don't normally get pin-up infatuations, but the fact that I wrote a lengthy sex scene while staring at her pictures definitely hooked me.

Writing her into AIF, even Live AIF, was extremely fun. So I figured I shouldn't hog that fun – I should share it!

So here's my charge for you staff-beaters this month: write a cut-scene featuring Carlotta Champagne.

Obviously, you'll have to get familiar with her first (that's the fun part). So here are some resources for you:

Carlotta's OneModelPlace.com portfolio: http://www.onemodelplace.com/model_list.cfm?ID=149902

Carlotta's home page (it's a pay site, but has numerous free images) <http://www.carlottachampagne.com>

And as a special treat, we offer a CyberAge.com promo video hosted here on the newsletter web site (16MB WMV file): <http://newsletter.aifcommunity.org/carlotta.wmv>

Here's the short: You submit a single AIF cut-scene of any length you want, it conforms to the assigned theme. All of us staff members each write a cut-scene of the same theme. All the cut-scenes get published next month. Everyone votes. Someone wins. If you beat the staff, you get ultimate bragging rights.

Here's the long, drawn-out, list-format rules:

- Submissions must be in the format of a single AIF cut-scene or `turn'. The cut-scene must include the player command.
- There is no limit (minimum or maximum) to the length of your submission.
- Submissions must be original, never released before (though they may be drawn from a work in progress).
- The deadline for submissions is October 29, 2007.
- All received submissions will be published in the November edition of "Inside Erin".
- Following publication, a voting mechanism will be set up. Everyone will be invited to vote. Voting duration will depend on the number of entries received. A single winner will be announced.
- Entries should be e-mailed to ninnyAIF AT gmail DOT com.
- This is the most important part: Submissions must conform to the following theme:
“Carlotta” Your cut-scene should feature model Carlotta Champagne as a character or in some other role. See the above links for photographs and video of her so you know what you've got to work with.
- The criteria. What's going to make your entry better? Well, keep in mind that you're not writing an entire AIF. That means that this cut-scene is a self-contained entity. Your entry should give an idea for the game's back story and also feel like it is part of something that moves forward – your reader should really want to type in the next command. Since the premise behind the theme is that Carlotta is an extremely AIF-worthy woman, the hotter you make her seem in your cut-scene, the better it will be.

Good Luck! ●

This month we venture back out into the community to see what's on the minds of players and potential authors. This month we're pleased to have had thoughtful discussions on a variety of subjects with Nimdok, Sphynx and peterson9803.

AN: How did you find AIF and how would you characterize your involvement with it at this point?

Nimdok: I discovered AIF sometime in the late nineties, probably like most others, while looking for Zork-like games. I think I found stuff like A Night With Troi first, then branched out from there. As for my involvement, I've tried to write a few games, never finished them mostly out of boredom and a short attention span, and I've played as many as I can find. I don't generally make my opinion on games known, mostly because I can get overcritical of things which most others would overlook.

Peterson9803: Oh my god, that was ages ago - I think my first exposure was Moist; I was searching for interactive fiction after playing Zork again, and thought: "Hey. There's porn for everything on the net!"

Yes, I was that young. I think it was back in '99 or so. Maybe even '98. And Moist is probably one of the best games of the genre, even now, and probably the best "puzzle-driven sex romp". I still remember Kim very fondly.

My involvement? Primarily, I'm a lurker; too little time, and not enough ideas. I've beta-tested one game (scary thing; but I managed to point out some errors) and participated in Beat the Staff. And one day, my mini-comp entry will be finished!

Sphynx: Let's see... I found AIF way back somewhere in 2002. I really have no idea how I found it. I assume I was looking for adult video games and stumbled blindly into "adult interactive fiction". After playing through one, then another, and another, I was hooked. I've been a loyal member ever since. Hell, I even played through Vachon's games. Nowadays I don't check in quite as often, but my loyalty is still here. I've even tried my hand at authoring, though like so many, mine are still somewhere on my hard drive.

AN: You recently entered a cut-scene in "Beat the Staff". What did you think of the experience of contributing to the community?

Nimdok: As a contribution I'm not sure if it was meaningful to me, per se, although it was a different type of writing than I'm used to. I dunno if anyone but me would appreciate that fact, but there it is. I also wanted to write something you don't see every day, a female protagonist, a female voyeur, and I sorta just copped-out on the ending because I was, to be honest, already slightly bored with the whole thing but wanted to finish it.

peterson9803: It's scary, exhilarating, and fascinating; I like creative writing, but somehow, exposing your own work to the whole work? It's presenting a part of yourself on a silver platter, with no chance to retreat. And even though I hide behind pseudonyms, it's a risk - will the people like it? Won't they? But then, there are some things that make it all worth the anxiousness - like Purple Dragon voting for my first entry.

Sphynx: I really enjoyed participating in the first "Beat the Staff". It felt great to get the creative juices flowing and see the results on paper (well, screen). I had a solid idea of what I wanted to write as soon as I saw the cut-scene topic. In the end, I'm just glad that others enjoyed my entry. I didn't expect to do as well as I did.

AN: On the same subject, why do you or do you not feel that BtS is a reasonable way to get people into AIF authorship?

Nimdok: I think contests like this are a double-edged sword as far as finding new writing blood is concerned. Yes, it gets people into thinking about how to word and form a scene, which might then cause them to elaborate on said scene and continue from there. However, writing a scene and coding a game are two separate things, and insofar only a couple of the AIF languages are really new-writer friendly, which could easily scare away someone 'empowered' by such a contest.

peterson9803: I don't think it's a viable way to turn people into *game* authors. I think the bigger problem is not the prose, but the programming skills. However, it *does* perform a vital function. The BtS gives those of us (like me) who simply don't have the time to program a game a chance to participate in a meaningful way. It brings the community closer together, and that's good.

Sphynx: I do feel that it is a reasonable way. For me, when I was writing my submission I kept drawing on the 'works in progress' that I already have. And once I was done with the submission I immediately turned back to those works to see if I



could make some headway on them. I believe a great deal of the community have works in progress. The BtS is just one more way to prod them into completing their first game.

AN: What do you think could help make the community more active?

Nimdok: I hate to say it, but in general the activity level of the community won't improve or change, because most of the games which come out of it don't try to innovate in terms of storylines and concepts, leaving that to the wayside for the sex. Sure, being able to gauge and track what level of arousal an NPC is at is a great way to elaborate on a scene, but what does it do for the actual storytelling? Nothing, unless someone can integrate it by changing how the story plays out based on that level. Until storylines and story-telling become more important to most writers, things are just going to remain kind of low-key.

peterson9803: I think the problem do not lie within the community, but the real life of its members; and quite honestly, does it *need* to be more active? We're a pretty small group, all in all, with what, 6000 members? And how many of them are active members, who regularly check the group? And yet, we usually get about 10 games per year, more if we include the minicomp. And then, look at the quality of the games. No, I do not think we need to be more active. The BtS is, in my opinion, a great way already. Maybe - and that's a big maybe - the newsletter people could try to actively recruit some people to review games; but otherwise?

Hm. Another idea? Isn't there this "Teach people to write AIF" workshop soon? Maybe a contest - "Now you've learned the simple techniques; send us your version of the demo game." Admittedly, it would make for tons of very similar games, gameplay-wise; but the differences would be in the stories and the characters. A mini-minicomp, so to speak.

Sphynx: That's a tough one. Nobody will author if they just don't feel like putting in all the work required. I have thought in the past that a communal game would be great. A game 'hosted' by one author who would give out parameters to the community. Anybody in the community could then provide the module (I'm obviously thinking of ADRIFT) for a room that would include all of the pieces for a sex scene (npc, room descrip, objects, etc.) The 'host' would then be responsible for tying in all of the various rooms into a master game. It would be a way to include members without putting them through the trials of completing an entire game on their own. Consider it a stepping stone. Just a thought I've had.

AN: What sorts of features or content would you like to see more of in AIF games?

Nimdok: As the above would suggest, I'd like to see games with more actual storytelling, more background on the characters, and less emphasis on the one-conquest-after-another mentality. Sure, they have their place, and some are damn entertaining, but sometimes being able to play a game with good storytelling AND sex is what you're after. An epic story plus sex. The Crossroads games are close, but they're too trite, too cliché to really seal the deal. Another part that keeps things kind of stagnant is the languages themselves, in that most of them are daunting to a new writer simply because writing the story/scenes and writing the game are, as previously mentioned, two separate endeavors. ADRIFT comes very close to being an ideal new-writer language, if not for the price-tag.

peterson9803: Free choice! Really; most games have one tried-and-true path and deviations from it are simply not permitted. You go through the motions, fuck whoever's available, solve some riddles, and in the end get together with your (girlfriend/woman you've hated/perfect dream babe/employer/all of the before). I'd like a game where the player can choose what the main character is doing; is he going to seduce a female character? Ignore her? Make her fall for him and then reject her? Which of the dozens of girls he slept with will he choose in the end? Will she get together with the handsome rogue? Or with the awkward, but well-meaning scientist?

There are days I want to be a shining hero. There are days I want my character to perform the most malicious deeds.

That's the reason why I liked, for example, A Goblin's Life, with its tons of options - in a single scene! Or The Burbs, where for most (all?) women you'd have the choice to seduce or rape her. That's something I miss in most AIF games, who play like they're interactive novels, with few if any choices.

Also:

And a personal pet peeve: Guess-the-verb. I really liked the Last Hurrah - but I was very often stumped; I knew what I wanted to do, but had no clue *how* to do it - I tried to open the beer, for example, to pour it into the bowl. Neither pour nor open were allowed. Gah!

Sphynx: I'd like to see more One Night Stands. They don't require that you spend a few hours exploring an entire city just to find a piece to a puzzle. Also, I wouldn't mind seeing more female pc's. As much as I like the young-man-fucks-everything-in-sight genre, I think the woman version is hotter. But that's just me.

AN: Finally, one last question only for Nimdok: Your BtS indicates that you are interested in gay AIF. There are very few games with gay content. What do you think would encourage the production of more gay AIF?

Nimdok: When I wrote my submission, I actually envisioned a female voyeur, not a male, but I think more gay games would improve the general audience of the genre. As to encouraging it, you need a community which wants it first. I don't think the average AIF player wants to play a game with a gay protagonist, or a female one for that matter, but I can't speak for everyone out there so I'm only generalizing. The other side is you have to have writers willing to write it, regardless of their own sexual bent.

AN: Thanks, everyone for your thoughtful answers. ●

Hey, kids! I'm back again to fill you in on who's doing what in the world of AIF. Almost all my info here has been filtered out of the recent "Who's Working on What" Yahoo! discussion. I had a better response to that post than I expected, so I'm going to run through quickly what we learned.

Many authors who have previously released AIF games remarked that they have something new in the works. These include **BBBen**, **A. Bomire** (collaborating with several authors), **Sir Gareth** (long time since you released *Prom Night*, Sir. We really would love to see your new game one day), **captainc22**, **GoblinBoy** and **Purple Dragon**.



A few newer authors mentioned being nearly done with new games. **Evilbob** (who previously released *Those Annoying Aliens*) in particular made us hopeful with his announcement that a game tentatively entitled *Those Darn Kids* is ready to be beta-tested. A great many more told us they have games in the early "someday I'll finish it" stages. Finally, **Knight Errant** is working on a new TADS 3 game set in Medieval Europe. He is also planning to release new TADS 3 libraries that he is developing in conjunction with the game.

Another blast from the past appeared on the message boards this month. **Choices**, a Badman Memorial Lifetime Achievement Award winner and author of several revered games, posted that he's looking at some newer TADS libraries. Does that mean a new game is in the works? Stay tuned.

Finally, I have to call out to anyone who may know **Chris Cole** in real life. Chris hasn't been heard from in several months, and we're a bit concerned. Has he simply decided to quietly retire or did something happen to him? If you know, can you send us a note? I'm not super worried yet. After all, I gave up **-3-** for dead and then out of the blue he sent me an e-mail last month. In any case, let's all get together and wish Chris well. ●

Did everyone finish your homework? Please pass it to the front of the class. Hmm, it looks like several of you decided not to participate today. Well, that's ok. I'm feeling lenient and you still have time to catch up with the rest of the class. If you have done your homework then what you should have at this point is a basic description of the characters and setting of your new game. In this lesson we will be taking a look at developing the character a bit more. I want to start by discussing some conversational systems and then we'll get into the sex. Are you all ready? Good, then turn in your textbooks to page 143 and we'll begin.

Chatting with the Chick

Anyone who has played one of these games knows that talking to the various characters is something that you expect to be able to do. There are several different kinds of conversational systems that have been used. First of all, let me just say that I will be going through this rather quickly. BBBen has written a very excellent article discussing the pros and cons of each system and I highly recommend that you read it. You can find it on his website at <http://bbben.aifcommunity.org/talktovsaskabout.htm>.

The first type is simply "talk to [character]". In this system you would type in "Talk to Kes" and a block of text would print out describing what the two of you say. In some games this is the same block of text all the way through the game, while in others it changes with the situation. In either case, this is the easiest system to use, both for the player and the author. What you give up is the feeling of real interaction that you get with some of the other systems.

The ask/tell type system is probably the most popular. In this system you would type "Ask Kes about bio bed" and she would respond to the question. This is a much harder system to use from a writing point of view and possibly from the player's point of view as well depending on how much effort the author has put into it. If your entire list of topics amounts to three or four things then it can be very frustrating for the player as they try to guess which ones you have included. However, if done right this is by far the most immersive system and can greatly add to the feeling of the game.

The third type is a menu system. In this case you would usually just talk to the character and would then be presented with a list of topics that you can talk about. This can be much easier for the player than the ask/tell system while still giving a lot of the same benefits of that system. It can be a bit more complicated to program as you want to make sure to get the topics to display at the right time so that you don't have topics listed before they are relevant or ones that give away future parts of the game.

The system I favor is really sort of a combination between the first and second. I like to have a 'talk to' or 'greet' command to open the conversation but also include several topics that can be perused for more information. Since I'm the one writing this tutorial we will be using my system here but like I said, there are other options out there. You just have to find what works for you.

The problems that I mentioned above about the menu system can apply here as well but you can usually get away with a bit more. For instance, say that locating and acquiring the Platinum Pomegranate of Passion is a goal in your game. With the menu system, you would not want that topic to come up until the player had either seen, or at least heard about the PPP. In the ask/tell system it should really be disallowed as a topic as well but since it is not very likely that the player will "Ask Kes about pomegranate" out of the blue, you can probably get away with not doing it here.

All that is probably a bit beyond our scope at the moment. For right now, just come up with a list of topics that you think the player should be able to ask about. I personally believe that when this system is used, the player should always be able to ask any other character about (at least) themselves, and the PC. Some other suggestions are objects in the environment, other locations, body parts, and of course, sex.

There are a couple of things to keep in mind here. First, often times the response to one question can raise new subjects. For example, lets say we ask Kes about the bio bed and she says something like this.

"Every time I look at this bed I remember the time that Nelix was strapped down on it and couldn't move when those aliens removed his lungs."

Oh oh, now we have other things to write. She mentioned Nelix. Is Nelix in our game? No, he isn't but the fact that she mentioned him means that we should now be able to ask for more information. The same with the aliens and maybe even



How to Write a One-Night Stand: A Tutorial

Part 2

By Purple Dragon

‘lungs.’ The point here is be careful. If the response to each question suggests two others then you could soon be looking at 40, 50, 60 different topics. While this might be nice to see in a game, I don’t suggest you try it your first time out.

The second thing to keep in mind is that some responses to topics will change as circumstances do. If we want to ask Kes about sex then it would make sense to get a different response before we have sex with her than we do afterwards. There are exceptions to this but it’s just another thing to think about.

So in my case, my list might look something like this (again, when I really do it on my word processor I would list the topic as “ASK KES ABOUT BIO BED” so as not to confuse them with object descriptions or whatever but here I will just list the topics):

ME, HER, BIO BED, DISPLAY, MEDICAL SUPPLIES, COMPUTER, DRESS, TITS, ASS, PUSSY, LEGS, HAIR, EARS, OCAMPA, DOCTOR, SICKBAY, SEX.

This is not a comprehensive list and you should not be trying for one at this point. As with the objects, other things will come up as you go along. Just get some main ones down and write the responses.

While we’re on the subject, what exactly should those responses look like? Probably the most common thing is to just get the text that the character says in response to the question. So if we ask about the display, we might get something like:

“The display shows the medical readings of whoever is lying on the bio bed.”

Which is fine, but another option would be to add the actual question into the response like this.

“What do all these things on the display mean?” you ask.

“They show the medical readings of whoever is lying on the bio bed.” Kes replies.

Some people may not like this because it seems to put words into the PC’s mouth but we are really doing that no matter how we word the response. I like this method because it gives the conversation a more natural flow and also makes it clear to the player exactly what the question was. This may sound silly considering the fact that the player is the one asking the question, but think about it. Let’s stay with that display example. Is the player asking what it is, what the readings mean, if the readings are different for different people or other species, how to operate it, how much it costs, if it comes in other colors, or whatever else? There are so many things that “Ask Kes about display” could mean. Adding both sides of the conversation also gives a better sense of continuity if you plan on having more than one response to some topics. Let’s say you ask her about the display and get the above response. If you ask her again you might get something like:

“What does that reading mean?” you ask pointing to one indicator pushing toward the top of the grid.

“Oh, that measures your, ah, sexual arousal.” She replies with a comforting smile.

“It even measures that?” you exclaim, a bit embarrassed.

“Yes it does,” she says, then glancing down at your crotch she adds, “Of course, I didn’t need the display to tell me that particular reading would be high.”

Anyway, this point probably isn’t worth the time I’m devoting to it but you get the idea. The way you go is mostly just a matter of preference, just get something down for now and you can always change it later if you need to.

Getting to the Sex

Here we are at the sex scene. We won’t go into extreme depth this month but since this is really the main goal and purpose of the game we should start thinking about it. I guess the first thing to consider when approaching the sex is ‘How did we get here?’ What does the player have to do to get to the sex? Is it all set up in the introduction or does he have some work to do? Are there obstacles or puzzles in the way? Does he need to talk to her? Or is she ready right now? These are clearly questions that need to be answered. In fact, others may say that they are questions that should have been answered last month, before we started working on anything else. Well, others are quite welcome to write a tutorial themselves if they want but for now, here we are. So what do we do?

In the original game of this type, *A Night With Troi* the introduction just says that you have been striving after her since you came on board and now you are finally alone with her in her cabin. The very first command you type can be ‘fuck troi’ and if it is, that’s exactly what you do. This is certainly the easiest way to go about it but a bit of buildup at the onset can make the

payoff all the sweeter. The scope of this type of game does not usually allow for elaborate and lengthy puzzles but that is not to say that you can't throw in an obstacle or two if you want.

I can't really tell you what to do here in your own game since every one is going to be different. If you want to run some ideas by me individually, feel free to e-mail me. In my own case I was thinking that the game would go something like this.

The PC comes to sickbay because of an injury. Nothing major, maybe a sprained wrist or something from an accident on that death trap of theirs, the holodeck. The doctor isn't there at the moment but Kes certainly doesn't need help treating something as simple as a sprained wrist. She treats the injury (a few simple steps involved here) and soon our hero is as good as new. So then, how do we get to the sex? We can go about this in several different ways. In the show, Kes is fairly reserved and also devoted to that ugly warthog, Nelix. She would never just jump into the sack with a random crewmember, I mean this guy doesn't even get his name in the opening credits. In the original series he probably would have been wearing a red shirt and you know what happens to anyone beaming down to a planet in a red shirt if their name isn't Scotty? Yep, ZZZZaaaapppp! Kirk loses another one.

Anyway, this is our game and we don't have to follow the rules of the show at all. We can just make Kes a little less reserved, a little less devoted, and Boom-chika-boom-boom, we're on our way. However, in this case, since we're talking about Star Trek, we have a better way. We can just pull out that catchall for anything strange or out of the ordinary that may happen. That's right, it's your friend and mine, the spatial anomaly. So enter the spatial anomaly and exit all our inhibitions. Nice and simple and it makes perfect sense. Or at least as much as the rest of Star Trek makes. I haven't ironed out all the details yet but I have the general process in mind, which is important as we move forward.

Sexing Her Up

Now let's talk about the basic commands. If you've played more than zero of these games then you should already know what some of them are. Starting simple here we'll begin with three that almost everyone is going to expect to be there. These three are rub, lick, and fuck. This immediately raises some questions. Is rub the same thing as touch or are they different actions? Are lick, suck, and kiss the same? You can split these apart if you want to, it has been done before. In fact, I've done it myself. In my game *A Dream Come True*, I wanted to put in as much detail as possible, so all of the above were separate actions. Here is the whole list I came up with: touch/caress, rub, tickle, scratch, pinch, finger, kiss, lick, suck, nibble, and fuck. I think I got them all there.

Ok, so now let's talk about why you shouldn't do that for your first game. Let's say that you are going to stick with just the three I mentioned first and you've decided to just give her the 'big three' body parts. Three actions, times three body parts equals nine responses you have to write, that's it. Now let's say you took my advice from part one and gave her a few extra bits and pieces so that the lucky girl actually has six body parts. $6 \times 3 = 18$ responses. Still not too bad. But wait a minute, she has clothes on part of the time. Should the responses be different if she is dressed or not dressed? Yep, you're probably right so we double that to 36 responses. That is with just 3 actions and 6 body parts. What if you want to give more than one response to certain actions or if you are using a clothing system that allows her to be something other than fully dressed or naked? More responses.

In my game the girl also had twenty some body parts. I'll let you do the math but let's just say that it added up to a butt load of responses. And that's with me cheating by making sure they were both already naked when the sex started and by giving every action just a single response.

I know that some people out there are saying, "Wait a minute, that's not really accurate. You don't have to have a response for every combination of action and body part, some of them don't even make sense. And some of her body parts aren't covered by clothing so you wouldn't need separate responses there either." Well those are good points my friend, I'm glad you brought them up. You're right, you don't need responses for all of them but no response is a response in itself. Let's look at Kes' ears. We might want to allow 'lick ears.' That make sense, I would probably translate it to nibble ears and maybe we even find out that those alien ears of hers are more sensitive than human ones. However, 'fuck ears' just makes no sense at all, but what response does it give us? "You can't fuck Kes' ears," or "I don't understand what you want to do with Kes' ears," or "I only understood you as far as wanting to fuck something." If you are not happy with these default responses (and in many cases you shouldn't be) then you have to write a response for why you don't get a response. Sound confusing?

Let's look at something a bit more basic, anal sex is a good example. Maybe you don't like it and don't want to include it in your game. That's fine but you have to realize that 99% of the people playing the game are going to try it. Even if they aren't really into it, most people will still try it just to see if it works. If they can't do it, that's ok but you need to say why they can't. She doesn't want to or whatever. Any time something is logical (or at least physically possible) for the PC to try, it should respond with something other than a default response. Now, that's a good little rule there. It's also completely impossible to follow all the time. You are simply not going to think of every possibility and your beta testers aren't going to think of them all either (although they will come up with more than you do) but you should at least try to cover the main ones.

I'm not trying to discourage you here and I'm not saying that you shouldn't add a couple of extra body parts or actions if you want to. I'm just pointing out that it all adds up to more work and while these may be good things to have in a game (they probably are) you don't want to go overboard on your first one. Remember our motto, "Keep it simple."

So for right now, keep all that in mind but just get some basics down on paper. Your homework for this section is to write a response for every combination of rub/lick/fuck with each body part that your girl has. As already mentioned, some of these won't make sense but write them anyway. Think about the kind of response you would like to see in a game if you tried that. Also think about clothing. You should probably be able to rub all her body parts even if she is clothed although licking and fucking might be a different matter.

Many of these responses will change as the game develops and some you probably won't end up using at all but in addition to getting some specific descriptions, this will also help you to discover the general mood that the scene will take. We have more to talk about in the sex area but that (combined with the conversational topics) should give you plenty to work on this month.

Next month we'll talk some more about the sex and check back in with our game environment to see how things are shaping up. I'll also touch briefly on arousal systems vs. cut-scenes in the sex scene. I was going to suggest that you stick to a very simple clothing system. Something like just dressed or undressed to keep it simple. However, two different people have written me about layered clothing systems so I'm kind of rethinking that. At any rate, I'll go into the options in a bit more depth next month. Until then, work hard, have fun, and think dirty thoughts.

How to contact me

As I mentioned last month, I am offering to help out on your game in any way that I can. From general questions to reading over everything you've written. I've had a few people take me up on the offer already but it's not too late to catch up. If you have questions, comments, feedback on this article (or anything else I've written for that matter) feel free to drop me a line at purpledragon.aif AT gmail DOT com. ●

Private Teacher

Review by Purple Dragon

Game Info:	<i>Private Teacher</i>
Author:	Vachon
Release Date:	Jan 2004
Platform:	Adrift 3.9
Size:	24KB
Content:	mf
Type:	ONS
Length:	Short
Reviewed:	Sep 2007
Extras:	None



General Information (on Vachon's games)

To save myself some time I'm just going to write this once and add it to all my reviews of Vachon's games (unless of course I find one it doesn't apply to).

Well, my mouth got me into trouble again when I posted on one of the boards that I would be willing to play and review all of Vachon's games. I imagine that I was drunk at the time but whatever the reason, I'm here to make good on my promise so that there is a written review of the games for anyone contemplating playing any of them. My suggestion if you are thinking about loading one up is don't. However, if you must then please realize that these games represent (by nearly unanimous opinion) the worst that AIF has to offer. You have been warned.

I'm not really sure what Vachon's native tongue is but suffice it to say that he has only a passing familiarity with the English language. As a result, just about the only responses you get that contain no spelling or grammar mistakes are the default messages supplied by Adrift. I've never before been so glad to learn that there is evidently no need for language like that (at least it was a complete sentence).

The spelling and grammatical errors range from merely annoying to nearly incomprehensible. Simply using a spell check of some kind would have at least cut down on some of these but evidently such a thing did not exist when he was writing his games. Playing through his games gives me a bit of a headache because it actually reads almost like a foreign language that I

have to translate as I go along to make sense of what is happening.

If all that is not enough to send you running the other way then please read on.

Basic Story

You are not the best student in school to say the least. One day your teacher calls you into her office after school. You don't know what you were expecting but it wasn't this.

Overall Thoughts

This is actually not a terrible game (comparatively speaking). The fact that it is very short with only one character and two locations helps to keep the bugs down and it even has a plot (sort of). Let me put it this way, it makes sense within the bounds of an AIF game, which is something that most of his games cannot claim.

Puzzles/Game Play

No puzzles here as this is "A Night With" type game. One character and sex, that's it. But that's ok.

Sex

The author breaks out of his usual linear trend and allows you to do the commands in pretty much whatever order you want. It is clear that he still had in mind the order in which you 'should' do them since the text sometimes makes reverences to things that haven't happened yet or conversely, assumes something hasn't happened when it has. Still, it's a step in the right direction and although the sex is still a little bland, it at least makes sense within the construct of the game.

Technical

There are very few bugs here and the ones I did find were mostly minor. A big part of the reason is that, as I mentioned above, this is a very short, simple game but it was still refreshing to see. The game has a layered clothing system and it actually works. This is a huge step up for him and shows that at what would be close to the end of his AIF 'career' he was making at least some attempt to improve.

Final Thoughts

The only really bad thing about this game is the one that inflicts all of his others, the language. Spelling and grammar errors, combined with sentence structures that clearly show that English is not his native language, turn what could have been a decent (if short and simple) game into another poor one. If you could somehow ignore the language problems you would find a good idea for a game with fairly good (if a bit silly at times) text and sexual descriptions. It wouldn't blow your mind, but you also wouldn't dismiss it immediately as crap. It is too bad that, as I've said before, it is simply not possible to ignore the language and too bad that he didn't see fit to work more or seek help on this single most important aspect of any game. After all, if you have to struggle just to tell what the text says, you're not going to get much enjoyment out of the game.

Rating: D+

Late Work

Review by Purple Dragon

Game Info:	<i>Late Work</i>
Author:	Vachon
Release Date:	Apr 2004
Platform:	Adrift 3.9
Size:	21 KB
Content:	MF
Type:	ONS
Length:	Short
Reviewed:	Sep 2007
Extras:	None

Basic Story

You are working late one night when the cleaning lady comes in and ends up cleaning more than just the floors.

Overall Thoughts

This game came in 13th in A. Bomire's 2004 mini-comp but probably only because there were not 14 entries. The only good thing about it was that it is a pretty decent idea for a game and since I believe that A. Bomire was the one who actually came up with the idea, that cannot even be credited to the author. Bad writing, bad coding, bad spelling, bad grammar. Bad.

Puzzles/Game Play

To start the game you have to find and read the porno magazine and what human male needs help with that kind of puzzle.

Sex

Here we go again. After playing Private Teacher I had hopes that the author had finally figured out that forcing the player to enter the sexual commands in one particular order was not the best thing to do. No such luck. Not only do you have to enter them in a particular order, but the order makes no sense.

The first command is 'rub ass,' which is ok but then it goes down hill. I would have expected to be able to kiss her and rub her tits fairly early but that was evidently not in the mind of the master. Rubbing her tits tells you "Not yet, work it up more." You have to rub and lick her pussy and have her rub and suck your cock before she is worked up enough to let you at her tits and as far as I can tell, you can't kiss her at all.

Technical

This was a very short game and just didn't have the time or freedom of action for a lot of bugs. Of course, it could be argued that the lack of freedom is a bug in itself but since it had to be specifically programmed that way I don't think we can call it that. There is room for one rather large bug however. At least I think it was a bug. The last command that I was able to do was to fuck Chloe. After this the PC says he wants to fuck her ass and Chloe says that she doesn't want him to. The game gives you a choice of typing yes to go ahead and rape her ass or no to stop. If you type no it ends the game but if you type yes it says, "she does not let you do that." Now this may be a bug or there may be a walkthrough or help out there to tell me the right way to get at that tantalizing piece of prose but to be honest, I just don't care enough to look for it.

Final Thoughts

The author took a rather simple, straightforward idea for a game and managed to just screw it up royally. The only thing to recommend this game is a couple of funny little parts. Not that they were meant to be funny of course but when you read something like:

"AAAAA, I'M CUMMING!"

"SPLAASHH!"

You just can't help but chuckle a bit. Other than that, don't waste your time.

Rating: F

Last Hurrah

Review by Knight Errant

Name: *Last Hurrah*
 Author: Priapus Rex
 Platform: Adrift 3.9
 Size: 172KB
 Content: M/F, M/F/F
 Game Type: Sex Romp
 Length: Moderate
 Extras: None
 Reviewed: September 2007

Basic plot

You're a "reformed" philanderer, on your way to Europe with your new fiancée. Apparently, you're having buyer's remorse, because your newfound fidelity doesn't last through the first scene. You roam around Europe with your fiancée, fucking all kinds of national stereotypes.

Overall Thoughts

Overall, the game feels a bit unpolished. Many actions that I would expect to generate responses instead have uninformative default responses, and far too many objects are "nothing special". Most of the variation in the sex scenes comes from the nationality of the person you're fucking.

Puzzles/Gameplay

Puzzles are relatively straightforward, the hardest part is figuring out the phrasing and actually finding the objects you need to interact with (or realizing that necessary objects have appeared without any indication).

Sex

It's a sex romp, with everything that involves. Characters are fairly flat and descriptions aren't as numerous as I'd prefer. However, that's partially mitigated by the fact that the sex scenes are placed quite close together.

Technical

A little buggy. There are some typos here and there, and in the initial scene there's an apparently invisible stewardess as well as a few typos and grammatical errors. For example: "Passenger is carrying a magazine." Like many ADRIFT games, there are many guess-the-verb difficulties. Just because the game doesn't understand the command you're using doesn't mean you're on the wrong track. Similarly, just because an object is never mentioned in any description doesn't mean it's not there. Because of numerous problems (guess the verb, guess the noun, even a guess the direction because an exit isn't listed), the Yahoo Groups and AIFGames forums will be almost essential to complete the game.

Intangibles

Given how so much of the game revolves around evading your fiancée who won't put out, it never really makes it clear why you're with her in the first place. When you get caught, the wedding's off and the game ends, but I'm left wondering if that wouldn't be the better option. The game never really makes it clear what the PC sees in Veronica, nor what Veronica sees in the PC ... neither of them have sufficient personality to make it seem anything other than a poor match.

Final Thoughts

Ultimately, *Last Hurrah* is a frustrating experience. Most of my time was spent wrestling with the parser. The sex descriptions are fairly hot, but by the time I got to the big finale I was just too frustrated by the parser to get into it. However, judging by the comments on the Yahoo group, some people seem to have had an easier time figuring out what Priapus Rex intended the player to do ... if you're one of those people, then you'll probably have a better time with this game than I.

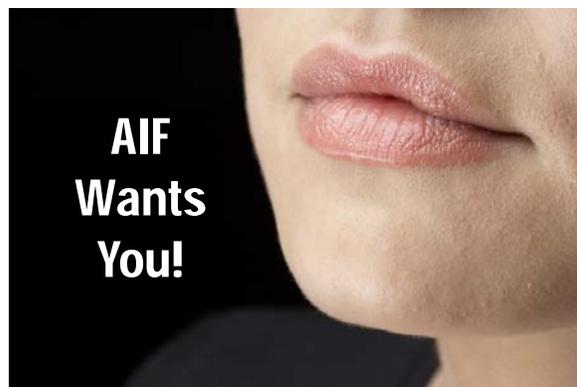
Rating: C+

The writing is pretty good for a sex romp and if you don't get annoyed by guess-the-verb/noun, it's a fairly fun game.

If you can write game reviews, articles, opinion pieces, humorous essays, or endless blather, we want you. Contact the Editor for suggested content or just write what you want and send it to us.

Submitting your work to *Inside Erin*:

Please direct all comments, articles, reviews, discussion and art to the Editor, A. Ninny, at aifsubmissions@gmail.com.



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A Ninny is an AIF player, author of four AIF games and frequent beta-tester. His *Parlour* received an Erin for Best “One Night Stand” game in 2004. His most recent game is *HORSE*.

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BBBen is an AIF author. His games have received two Erin awards, numerous nominations and first place in A. Bomire's 2004 mini-comp.

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Bitterfrost is a longtime IF/AIF player working on his first (and last) game, *How I Got Syphilix*.

Purple Dragon is the newest member of the “Inside Erin” staff. He has written five AIF games including *Ghost Story*, *Ghost Justice* and *Archie's Birthday - Chapter 1: Reggie's Gift*.

