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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.

>Restore MILF scene Restored.

Hilary rests in your lap, your penis deeply embedded in her pussy. She leans forward and rests her palms on your chest, looking down at you. Her sex-heated eyes are a delicious hazel and you stare into them until a wisp of her hair falls forward, creating a mysterious, sheer curtain between you. Your hands rest on her soft thighs.



"You feel so good inside me," she sighs. "I wish I could keep you here forever."
"Me too," is all you can think to respond.

She rests for a moment more, appreciating being filled with you, then dismounts. Her pussy has left your cock so wet that you get a chill from her juices evaporating into the air.

>Enter Hilary from behind

She kneels beside you for a second, then turns around and offers up her ass, pressing it up at the air at you. She reaches between her legs and fingers her slit, spreading it and feeling how wet she is.

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As you may or may not be aware, the 2007 Erin Awards are coming up. As I explain every year, the Erin Awards are given for outstanding achievement in the field of AIF, and are voted on by the AIF playing public. I am the coordinator of the awards again this year, and I'm hoping to have at least as good a turnout this year as last year. The nominees have been decided upon and are listed later in this edition, but the big news on the awards this year is that we're going to have an online voting system – you'll be able to go to the Erins website (<http://erins.aifcommunity.org>) and fill out an online form to vote for the candidates of your choice. That means there's even less excuse not to vote this year!



Just so you know, the Erins are awarded in a ceremony on the ifMUD every year, and it's well worth attending because it's very entertaining. Last year GoblinBoy swept the awards – the results and transcript are on the webpage, as well as a small explanation of why each winner was outstanding in its particular category. Check it out and make sure you vote, to thank the authors who go to all this effort to make you free AIF games!

Unfortunately the AIFGames.com website seems to have been taken down; this quote from Sexton, who runs the site, explains: "We had an issue with some script kiddies and have lost some data. We are trying to recover now and should be up in the next 3-4 days." The site was not back up in 3-4 days, however, and is still down at the time of writing. It is hard to say when or even if it will recover, or if it will stay dead like the AIF Community Portal. Why is it that every attempt to create a unified AIF Portal dies and just doesn't get resuscitated?

There were three new RAGS games released on AIFGames.com for the RAGS systems, all of which were not originally released to the AIF community. That makes the actual release

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Letter from the Editor, Continued from Page 1

“Fuck me really hard now,” she begs, “please?”

Your tongue seems to swell to fill your mouth, preventing you from speaking. You just nod in response and kneel up behind her. She gropes around with her hand, finds your cock and pulls you into her. You grip her hips and push forward, sinking inside smoothly until your thighs bump against hers with a slap. She moans loudly. You grind into her, pulling her against you, willing yourself deeper. Then you pull back and piston into her again.

“Fuck me hard!” she demands. “Come on!”

>Fuck her hard

You comply. Holding her hips in a firm grip, you begin thrusting as hard and as fast as you can. The room is filled with the loud slapping sounds of your thighs whacking her ass.

“Oh GOD!” She screams. “YES! Fuck me! Fuck me! Harder! Harder! Come..on! DO..IT..TO.. ME!!” Her taunts and urges disappear as she buries her face in her pillow but you can still hear her going ‘uh..uh..uh’ in time with your deep, hard, fast fucks. You look down and watch yourself disappearing over and over into her searing cunt. It feels amazing and you feel yourself building too quickly to orgasm, but decide not to fight it. Your climax rears up, on the precipice. You pull out, nearly all the way and hang there, barely engaged, feeling it build in the momentary stillness. Hilary takes a deep breath and holds it in anticipation.

>Come in her pussy

At the instant your orgasm begins in earnest you let out a loud groan and thrust forward as hard and as deep as you can, knocking her off her knees and pressing her down onto her bed. She lets her breath out with a scream of ecstasy. You fuck her erratically, your muscles only minimally under control as your balls empty a load inside her vagina. She presses her ass up at you, trying to keep you inside her through the chaos of your orgasm. Then she comes too, screaming incoherently into her bedding while her body thrashes wildly under you.

You roll off of her, your now half-erect penis slipping from her body. She turns and looks at you, wide-eyed.

“Wow,” she says, “that was incredible.”

“Mmmm, yeah,” you agree.

“So,” Hilary says, reaching down and taking your still-shrinking penis in her hand, “what next?”

Just thought of being able to keep going sends a charge through you and she giggles as your erection returns and fills her hand.

>Save

Game saved until next month

* * *

I had forgotten to mention in last month’s edition that the winner of the “watch” Beat the Staff competition was A. Bomire. Congratulations to him for an excellent entry. This month’s “Carlotta Champagne” Beat the Staff winner is Purple Dragon. Great job, PD. I forgive you for the not-so-subtle dig at me for my not-so-subtle infatuation with the girl.

I’m a bit disappointed that too few of you are participating in this month’s Beat the Staff. One problem I see is that the entries have become very long and that may be intimidating potential entrants. In an effort to make the competition more accessible, I am making brevity one the criteria for this month.

It’s Erins season! BBBen is providing details on the nominees and balloting this month. Be sure to vote! ●

This Month in AIF, Continued from Page 1

date a little hard to classify, but as I tend to go by the first announcement on an AIF board I'm classifying them as coming out on November 10th.

New Games

Little Slave Lost by ???*. Released November 10th 2007** for RAGS. You are a young woman in a strange house – overwhelmed by sensations of arousal, can you keep control of your will or will you become a willing sexual slave?

Little Slave Lost Chapter 0 by ???*. Released November 10th 2007** for RAGS. The night before the events of *Little Slave Lost* sees Emily discovering strange behaviour at a party...

SUB Mission Spa and Resort by ???***. Released November 10th 2007** for RAGS. You are a hot woman with a mind control necklace, who has been invited to a strange resort with some suspicious goings on.

* Note: because AIFGames.com is down I was unable to find information on who authored this month's RAGS games.

** This is the date of the game's announcement on the AIF Archive, not necessarily of its release on the Internet generally.

*** This game was, from memory, written by a different author to the *Little Slave Lost* games. ●



That's right, it's time for the Erin Awards again! Over the course of December we encourage you to vote on the best AIF games of 2007. Just go to <http://erins.aifcommunity.org> (the ballot should be up and running by Monday the 3rd of December – I'll release a special notice on the AIF Archive when it's ready) and vote, because this year the ballot will be an online form, making the voting procedure much easier!

It's worth noting that a few of the categories have changed slightly from last year, because of the smaller selection of available games. Generally this has simplified the categories, along with reducing the number of candidates and categories overall, so if anything, voting this year should be easier than usual. Additionally, note that the "Best Beta-Tester" and "Badman Memorial Lifetime Achievement" awards are determined by direct nominations, not by a list of nominees, so those categories are not listed here.

Remember: authors need your kudos to keep going, as there is no other form of reward for writing AIF. Make sure your favourite authors are happy and keep writing by voting for them in the Erin Awards!

BBBen
2007 Erin Awards coordinator

Anyway, without further ado, the nominees are:

Best Player Character

Player: *Crossworlds Part 4 - Scream for Me!* by BBBen
Gerald Manly: *The Fiendish Revenge of Baron von Glockenspiel* by Girion
Goblin: *A Goblin's Life* by Burnout and BBBen

Best Non-Player Character

Ana: *HORSE* by A. Ninny
Lisa: *Crossworlds Part 4 - Scream for Me!* by BBBen
Clara: *The Second Guest* by GoblinBoy

Best One-on-One scene (any sex scene between only two partners)

PC/Ana: *HORSE* by A. Ninny

PC/Candy Girl: *Crossworlds Part 4 - Scream for Me!* by BBBen

PC/Lisa: *Crossworlds Part 4 - Scream for Me!* by BBBen

Best Threesome/Orgy (any sex scene with more than two participants)

PC/Teagon/Riley: *The Last Hurrah* by Priapus Rex

PC/Becky/Mike: *School Dreams 2: Forfeit Fantasy* by GoblinBoy

PC/Molly/Others: *School Dreams 2: Forfeit Fantasy* by GoblinBoy

Hottest Game

Crossworlds Part 4 - Scream for Me! by BBBen

School Dreams 2: Forfeit Fantasy by GoblinBoy

The Second Guest by GoblinBoy

Best Technical Implementation (this assesses games based on how technically clean they are and also how technically ambitious)

Crossworlds Part 4 - Scream for Me! by BBBen

HORSE by A. Ninny

The Second Guest by GoblinBoy

Most Innovative (pushing the boundaries with new ideas in game design)

HORSE by A. Ninny

School Dreams 2: Forfeit Fantasy by GoblinBoy

Time in the Dark by Purple Dragon

Best Use of Multimedia

Ghost by GoblinBoy

The Casabian Virus by GoblinBoy

Inheritance by Tina B

Best Writing

Crossworlds Part 4 - Scream for Me! by BBBen

A Goblin's Life by Burnout and BBBen

The Fiendish Revenge of Baron von Glockenspiel by Girion

Best Humour

A Goblin's Life by Burnout and BBBen

Plains of Passion by Paul Swift

The Last Hurrah by Priapus Rex

Best New Author

Burnout

Knight Errant

Paul Swift

Best Short Game

HORSE by A. Ninny

The Second Guest by GoblinBoy

Time in the Dark by Purple Dragon

Best Game

Crossworlds Part 4 - Scream for Me! by BBBen

School Dreams 2: Forfeit Fantasy by GoblinBoy

The Last Hurrah by Priapus Rex ●

I'm pleased to present this month's crop of Entries into Beat the Staff #5, the theme of which is "strip." Each cut-scene will feature someone getting undressed or undressing someone else.

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

Entry #1: A. Bomire (Staff)

>strip

God, you can't believe you're doing this. It was one thing to go with your boyfriend, Rick, to "Amateur Night" at the local strip club, but getting up on stage yourself? You shake your head - he better appreciate this birthday present!

When you step out onto the stage, at first you are blinded by the lights, and partially deafened by the loud music. As your eyes adjust, you begin to make out shapes and faces in the crowd of guys lining the stage. They hoot and holler at you, calling out for you to "Take it off!" and "Shake them things!" You shade your eyes, and find Rick right up front and center, grinning widely at you. You smile wanly, and take a deep breath.

You move further out into the lights, swaying in time to the music. You look for Rick, and stare at him, trying to ignore the other guys. You start dancing just for him, and are able to loosen up a bit. You run your hands up your sides, smiling a little more naturally as you watch Rick watch you. He nods in time to the music, looking at you. You tentatively reach up, pulling open the front of your blouse a bit, bending over and shaking your shoulders. The crowd yells a little louder, and Rick grins at you. Feeling bolder, you reach up, pushing up on your breasts so that more of them show in the top of your blouse. This gets a great reaction from the crowd and you blush a little at your own daring. "Let's see 'em!" you hear shouted from your left, and you blush even more.

Thinking of how some of the girls tried to tease the crowd, you stand and turn your back. "Nice ass!" someone yells, "Shake that thing!" You comply, shaking your cheeks slightly as with trembling fingers you start unbuttoning your blouse. You close your eyes, listening to the pounding beat of the music. You turn back to the crowd, your hands crossed in front of you, holding your blouse closed. With a "here goes nothing" thought, you pull open your blouse, exposing your bra-clad breasts. The crowd roars in approval, and you find Rick's face in the crowd of guys. He isn't looking at you; instead he's looking at your chest, just like all of the other guys. This embarrasses you, and you cover yourself up again, eliciting a groan from the audience. "Get her off!" someone says almost angrily. "Bring out someone willing to show me something!"

You realize you're about to be booted from the stage, so you quickly open your blouse again, to the delight of the crowd. You dance in time to the music, causing your breasts to bounce in their red bra cups. The crowd starts clapping along to the music, so you keep dancing. You lower your arms, letting your blouse slide to the stage, and once again you bend over, letting your c-cup breasts hang down in your bra. A couple of guys reach up towards you, and you step back. You stroll around the stage, moving in time to the music, and looking at the guys. All of them are staring at your chest. You actually start to feel a little more comfortable knowing that they aren't looking at your face. It's almost like it's someone else up here - not you.

You get a little more daring, sliding your hands over your bra-clad breasts. You stroke them slightly, even pull open the cups of your bra a little. The crowd starts cheering, clearly aching for more. You reach for the snap on your bra, but you aren't ready to expose yourself like that. Instead, you slide your hands downwards to the snaps on your jeans. The crowd yells even louder as you open the snap and reach for the zipper. Feeling giddy, you grin at the crowd, moving your hands away from your jeans again. They "Boo!" in response, but not in a negative way. You reach for your zipper again, causing the guys to yell for you again, and you pull it downwards, watching the rapt faces of your audience as they follow the movements of your hand. When your zipper is all the way down, you pull open your jeans, showing them a glimpse of your matching red panties and listening to the crowd cheer. You leave your jeans open, and dance around some more. When you reach the center of the stage, you turn, facing away from the crowd, and pull down the back of your jeans slightly, showing off your panties and some of your ass as well. The crowd really cheers.

You never thought you'd let it get this far, but unbelievably, you bend at the waist, running your hands up the back of your legs until you grasp the edge of your jeans. You pull them down, letting the guys in the crowd get a great look at your tanned ass cheeks - at least, what they can see from around your panties. The guys cheer and yell as you lower your jeans to your ankles. You stay that way for a moment, bent over with your hands on your knees. You even arch your back a bit to really show off your ass, feeling a little thrill at the reaction from the crowd. You sink to your knees, and then roll over to sit on the stage. You slide forward to where Rick is leaning forward on the rail and wiggle your feet at him. He grins, and reaches up to



pull your jeans over your shoes. They catch a little on your heels, but he manages to get them unstuck and starts to pull them off of you. A couple of guys on either side reach up to help him, and one of the guys runs his hand over the bare skin of your calf. You pull your leg back, but it is caught in your jeans so it just looks like you are curling your legs under you. The guy continues stroking your leg, and emboldened by this another guy does the same. At first it really bothers you, but then you just decide to go with it - after all, they're just touching your legs.

Rick finally gets your jeans off of you, and you stand back up, moving back from the edge of the stage. You realize that you're breathing a little heavier, and are surprised to find that you are starting to feel a little excited. You dance around the stage, moving closer to the edge until the guys reach up for you, then you move back. It is almost like you are in control of them. Their eyes follow your hands as you move them over your body, and they reach for you or lean back as you approach and withdraw. Even Rick - whose eyes stare at you almost unblinkingly. You glance down at his crotch to see a familiar bulge showing, and grin at the knowledge that you are turning him on. Your grin widens when you realize that you are probably turning on most of the guys along the rail. You feel a wicked feeling in your stomach - why only "most" of them? What's wrong with the rest? Don't they know sexy when they see it?

You'll show them! You move over to the pole in the center of the stage, something you've ignored up to now. You grasp the pole, and swing around it. The crowd cheers and you wrap your leg around the pole, leaning back and raising your arms above your head. This thrusts your breast upwards, and the crowd cheers even louder. You shake your shoulders, causing your breasts to shake in their cups. You stand back up, turning your back to the pole as you lean back against it, sliding downwards to squat on your heels. You put your hands on your knees as you slowly spread your legs, and then stand back up again. You reach for the cups of your bra, listening to the crowd cheer and boo as you start to open your bra and then move your hands away. You reach for your bra again, and unsnap the front clasp, pulling your bra open in almost the same movement. Your full breasts hang free, glistening slightly in the hot lights and the slight sweat of your exertions. You shrug out of your bra, tossing it to the stage. You strut across the stage, your arms open wide as you make sure everyone there can see your glistening orbs. "That's right," you say to yourself with a wicked smile. "Look at them - you know you want them - to touch them, feel them, lick them! But you can't! Not unless I say so!" You skirt the edge of the crowd, bending over and shaking your breasts at the guys, just out of reach of their grasping hands. You move back to center stage, licking the tips of your fingers and running them over your breasts. You are slightly surprised at how hard and stiff your nipples are, and you groan lightly as you stroke them, even tweaking them a little.

You spot Rick staring at you, a lustful look on his face. As you look around, you see he isn't the only one. You shiver with the knowledge of how you are affecting the guys in the crowd. You can see more than one guy with a very obvious erection, and it gives you a feeling of power to know that you are the cause of it. You move over in front of Rick, sinking to your knees in front of him. You reach down, grasping his hands and placing them on your breasts. He immediately begins squeezing and kneading them, and in a flash you feel another set of hands roaming your near-naked body. Instead of being put off, you lean back on your hands, thrusting your chest upwards. You close your eyes, letting the hands stroke your flesh. You shiver in response. You feel someone's hands pulling at your panties, and you open your eyes, grabbing the offending hand and pulling it away, shaking your finger at the owner. With a smile, you stand up, moving away once more.

All of the guys along the stage are on their feet, cheering and reaching for you. You dance just out of their reach, your hands drifting over your body. When they roam near to your panties, and the secret treasure hidden beneath, the cheers become louder and stronger. With a giggle, you let your hand drift over your panty-covered slit, and feel a sensual shiver as you stroke yourself through the fabric. The crowd cheers loudly, so you do it again. Your panties are soaked at the crotch, the clearest indicator to you of just how turned on you have become. "Fuck it!" you think to yourself, and you slip your hand under the waistband of your panties, stroking your damp pussy. You groan again, causing the crowd to cheer loudly. You sink to your knees, your hand still busy rubbing your crotch. You pull your wet fingers out of your panties, licking them (to the screaming delight of the crowd) as you roll onto your knees. You place your palms on the stage, sliding them forward as you arch your back, your ass and clearly soaked panties on display for the crowd. Looking steamily at the crowd, you reach between your legs, pulling the crotch of your panties aside and letting them see your wet lips. "Just a quick peek - make them want more!" you think to yourself as you release your panties.

You instead grasp the waistband of your panties, resting your head on the floor of the stage as you pull it down with both hands, exposing the tops of your ass cheeks to the crowd. You slap your ass with one hand, and then pull your panties back up again. An audible groan runs through the guys. You stand and with a slow movement, pull your panties down your legs. You let the crotch catch in your damp lips for a bit, before spreading your legs to allow it to freely slide over your thighs. Your panties catch on your knees, and you spread your legs again, bending over and grabbing your ass with both hands. You squeeze your cheeks, even spreading them a bit to show off your rosy anus, before releasing them. You stand up and let your panties slide to the stage. Catching them on the toe of your foot, you kick them into the crowd, not even looking or caring where they land.

Completely naked, you move to center stage once more. You sway sexily to the pounding music, your eyes closed as you let your hands freely roam your body. You rub your naked slit, and the crowd yells wildly, getting even louder when you pull

your lips apart to show off the pink interior of your pussy. You sink to the stage floor once more, leaning back on your hand as you spread your legs a wide as they will go. You look for Rick, and see him staring at your crotch, along with every other guy near the stage. With that wicked feeling in your stomach, you reach down and spread your pussy again. This time, however, you slip a finger into your pussy, openly masturbating right there on stage! Guys are yelling and screaming themselves hoarse - pounding the stage with their hands. You plunge your finger in and out of your pussy, watching the guys in the crowd. "That's it you horny bastards!" you moan to yourself. "This is what you want, isn't it? Right here! You want to pound my pussy with your big, thick cocks - don't you?!?" You groan loudly, pushing another finger into your pussy. You close your eyes in ecstasy, fucking your pussy with your fingers. Dimly, you can hear the stage manager calling out something about losing his license, but you don't care. You just keep fingerfucking yourself. With a shouted gasp, you shove your fingers deep inside, arching your back as you orgasm. You groan loudly as your juices flood your hand, leaking out to drip onto the floor of the stage. You keep ramming your fingers in and out of your opening, as wave after wave of pleasure wracks your sweaty body.

Eventually, you come down from your orgasmic high. You open your eyes, lazily looking at the crowd. Guys are trying to get on stage, being held back by the bouncers. The stage manager is running across the stage, a blanket in his hands. As you sit up, licking your juices from your fingers, he throws the blanket over you. "You crazy bitch!" he yells at you. "You trying to get us closed down!" He helps you to your feet, and pulls you off the stage.

When you get backstage, you turn and look at him. He is glowering at you, but you can see lust in his eyes as well. Even as jaded a guy as this, who sees women parading naked on stage every night, was turned on by your display. You grin at him. "You got any openings here?" you ask.

Entry #2: peterson9803 (non-staff)
>strip (her arms and legs from her)

You look up from the pics the cheap, handheld Shiawase X-Ray scanner shot and see the look on Lauren's face. She's frightened. Lauren's never frightened. she's a Street Sam, and you've seen her charge a frakking Citymaster and win. "It's bad, right, Wally?" The Elven woman sounds even scared. "Yeah", you reply. "I'll have to take the bullet out." "That's not all, right?"

She's using "right?" often. She doesn't do that anymore, not since Mary died. Not since Lauren became Deathclaw, so she could take the North Sea's Phoenix down. "I'll have to deactivate the Reflex Booster; and I'll have to take out the Trigger - so either you'll be on the fritz or a sluggish slaghead."

She smiles sadly: "So, what's the last thing?" "I'll have to take off your limbs to fix some obscure electronic gizmo; otherwise the Booster will rip your spine apart, titanium-laced bones or not. Besides, I don't want to be your next victim. And since you've got those nice little buggers in your bloodstream... You won't pass out, and you'd flail. And with your chromedome arms? You'd kill me." You start to undress her, softly letting her blood-soaked armor jacket sliding down on the floor, revealing her steel-hard stomach. "I trust you, Wally, you know that, right? You're my only friend, and even after you've got your horns, you're still the best street doc in Seattle. Ares was *stupid* to let you go."

You love her; with all your heart. She knows it, but can't feel the same for you. You lay her shivering, vibrating body down on the operating table and take a rather ugly tool that'll leave her limbless.

You touch her naked flesh and her naked chrome and disable the four chromed bodyparts, taking them off. By accident - no, really! - you touch her tits, and she almost comes instantly. "Frak, girl!" You shout. "When the hell did you get yourself a touch-enhancer? Do you know how painful the op will be? And your nanites will *still stop every anesthetic!" She lifts her arm - the only extremity she still has - and reiterates: "I trust you. Wally, you can do anything you want to me while I'm helpless. I know what you'll be doing to me - and I know it'll be painful, but you'll only do what's necessary. And if you want to touch me in another fashion? At least with you I'd know it'd be done because of love and not lust."

You disable and remove the arm, letting your hand rest on her tits, sliding lower, stopping yourself shortly before you reach her pelvis.

You shake your head.

"No; first the job. I need a steady hand, and... no. You're too important to screw up on; quite literally." You tie her up to attention and take the scalpel - this one's made by Proteus, which is quite the irony - but before you start to cut, she interjects once again:

"That's why I trust you, Wally - you'll do right by me."

"You'll hate me before this over, you know that?"

You begin the cut.

She begins the screaming.

Entry #3: Purple Dragon (staff)

>Undress Mary

Her hands are visibly shaking as she raises them to the top button of her blouse and fights to get it to release its grip on the buttonhole. You have seen her breasts before but her nervousness is not so much due to the fact that she is removing her clothes as it is to what is going to happen afterwards. You both decided that waiting until you were married was the right thing to do and here you are, your first night together as man and wife. You know that she is as excited about what is to come as you are but you can understand why she is also a bit apprehensive. All of her very limited sexual experience has been with you so you know exactly how big a step this is for her.

You step in front of her and take her hands in yours. You raise them to your lips and kiss them gently and then slowly lower them to her sides. Your hands replace hers at the top button of her blouse and the puzzle presents no problem for you as you disentangle the button, letting the material fall open and reveal her delicate neck. You look at her face and notice that she has her eyes closed. You lean forward and kiss her and as you pull away, they open. Without removing your eyes from hers you let your fingers continue their work until her shirt is unbuttoned all the way. You raise your hands to her face and lightly trail them across her cheeks and neck. When they get to her shoulders your fingers slip beneath the thin material and as they move down her arms, they take the blouse with them until it finally falls, sliding to the ground to land in a puddle of cloth behind her.

Your hands slide back up the smooth skin of her back until your fingers encounter the strap of her bra. Although you are more experienced than she is in matters of sex, you are still a long way from what anyone would call a ladies man and you have to fumble with the clasp for a moment before it releases. You raise your hands to her shoulders again and this time they take the straps of her bra with them as they slide down her arms. Only then do you move your eyes from hers to take in the sight of her now bare breasts. They are not the only ones you have ever seen but they certainly are the most beautiful. Round and full with the darker spots of her nipples in the center of each, already hardening with her growing excitement. You are constantly amazed at how beautiful she is and you tell her so. The compliment brings a smile to her lips and she seems to relax a little.

You allow your hands the briefest caress of her smooth, gorgeous breasts as they move down toward the hem of her skirt. Even that small touch is enough to cause a small tremor to pass through her body and this time it's your turn to smile as your hands continue their trek across her flat stomach and slim waist. Her skirt is much less of a challenge than was her blouse. Just two buttons is enough to allow it to pass her hips and join the blouse in the growing pile on the floor.

Now standing naked before you except for a small pair of white cotton panties you feel like savoring the moment but realize that it is probably better all around to just get it over with. You drop to your knees before her, hooking your fingers in the waistband of her panties and sliding them gently down, revealing a soft patch of auburn hair just inches from your face. When they make it to her feet she steps out of them and you let your eyes travel up and down her body. On your knees is the correct place to be as you feel your worshipful posture is completely appropriate in the presence of such beauty. You watch as she fights to keep from covering herself, allowing your eyes to drink their fill of the splendor before them. They may never get full of such a sight but you finally rise to your feet and wrap your arms around her. With your mouth pressed to her ear you again express your heartfelt admiration and love and feel her body melt against yours. Secure in your love, she is ready for what lies before you both and all you can think is what a night this is going to be, and what a life.

Entry #4: A. Ninny

>Remove Leigh's top and bra

While she continues to gorge herself on Sara's nipple you turn your attention to Leigh. Her curves are intoxicating and, at the moment, totally irresistible. Your eyes follow the soft fabric of her top through its loops and turns until they reach the hem, where, once again, a blindingly contrastingly stripe of flesh is visible. You pick up the hem while deliberately letting your first knuckles push against her sides. Her flesh at her waist is very giving, endless quicksand compared to Sara's more solid body. Pulling up, you expand that ribbon of flesh at her belly into a solid stripe, then a puddle and finally a vast river of pale skin that grows up till the point where the shirt binds under her ample bosom.

Leigh smiles, then lifts her arms, allowing you to free her from the soft sweaterlike top. Her breasts drop free, caught jigglingly in the grasp of her utilitarian but still sexy tan bra.

"Might as well take that as well," she says, and shows you her back so you can squeeze and release the trio of hooks of the bra. You brush your fingers over her round shoulders, pushing the straps forward and over the softly curved upper slopes of her large tits, and then following the straps forward, feeling the soft, heavy sides of her tits and not stopping your motion until only the bra is resting in your hands.

Leigh turns back toward you, cupping her own breasts in her palms, her thumbs edging close to her nipples, as if preparing a sumptuous offering for you.

With Leigh offering her breasts like two trays of gourmet hors d'oeuvres, you feel no hesitation whatsoever about plucking at those delicious morsels. Your fingers lead the way, sinking into that splendidly resilient flesh, feeling her heat and the weight of those spectacular tits. Your mouth is watering hard now as your eyes fix on her sumptuously tight nipples. Damn, no wonder you can see them through her clothes. Even as you watch, her aureoles tighten and ripple and her nipples grow -- and grow -- and grow. You can see them pulsing to life the way your cock does when you get a really rapid hard-on. She blushes hard in a sudden fit of modesty and covers her nipples with her palms.

"It's OK, don't be shy honey," you say and coax her hands away. "They're so beautiful," you say softly, earnestly, feeling the tips of her half-inch-long nipples with the balls of your thumbs, circling them softly. Sara's fingertips join yours - she seems just as amazed - her eyes fix hard on Leigh's chest and her lips part as if about to drink after a long hot thirst.

And now the thirst hits you as well and you're powerless to resist. Your lips sink thankfully into the offered mound of slightly freckled skin while your teeth close gently on her nipple, bringing forth a feline growl of pleasure from Leigh. You clamp your lips around it and add suction, pulling and stretching her nipple, which seems almost elastic in its ability to take on new shapes in your mouth. Somewhere you hear Sara mewling in her singsong way and you can just see her mouth stuffed full of Leigh as well.

Leigh's fingernails dig into your scalp and she returns to you through your head the intensity of what she's experiencing in her chest. It hurts like wasabi, sharp and scrumptious and you feel yourself getting hungrier as though this appetizer is just awaking you.

You and Sara ravenously devour Leigh's breasts, sending her into overload. Leigh squeals and exclaims loudly, her deep southern accent storming past her 'proper' barriers to almost cartoony levels. Her thighs press against yours as she struggles angrily to get her legs spread.

You let your hand plunge down and squeeze the inside of her thigh. Heat and moisture and horniness wash violently out from her core, and she tries to squirm in such a way to force her pussy right up against your intruding hand. But you keep your fingers firmly dug into her thigh, feeling the need to learn about the muscles and nerve endings in those legs you've been staring at so longingly. Now that you know she wants it badly, you feel that you can take the time you need to really explore her - hold her off and make her go crazy with need.

Her pants are pretty soft and don't do much to mask the consistency of her flesh. She feels incredible - both soft and muscular, dense and juicy. Your hands work downward for a few inches, finding things out about the tops and insides of her legs, before returning upward, slowly, teasingly, dancing back and forth between her thighs before finally coming to rest on her center, where she has made room by getting her legs almost ridiculously far apart.

At once you can feel through her pants and underwear that mounded shape indicating that she has a thick bush. And you can feel that she's really really wet. The wetness makes your fingers feel sticky, even through her clothes. You press down on her whole crotch with the ends of four fingers and she groans, a cock-poppingly delicious sound.

You look down. Leigh's fingers are curled warmly around your cock. You like them there - it feels very comforting and has a sweetness to it. The thought occurs to you to share this comfort with Sara and luckily Leigh has another hand available. You grasp her hand between yours and bring it up to your face. She straightens her fingers and lets you suck on her fingertips for a moment; you place your lips on each finger, gently sucking it. Each time your lips touch another finger, Leigh's grip on your cock tightens briefly, a feeling you savor deeply.

After licking each of Leigh's fingers several times, you take your hand, still holding hers and stroke Leigh's fingertips up and down the tops of Sara's thighs. Sara responds by opening her slender legs, allowing the fabric of her thin black panties to relax and form to the shape of her pussy. Her lips (on her mouth) are full and pouty and so you're not too surprised to find (or at least to suspect from what you can see through her panties) that her labia are fairly thick, though as compact in length as the rest of her.

Leigh's wet fingertips brush across Sara's panties, and they leave a darker trail of moisture that slowly fades. Sara blushes heavily, then bites her lip as Leigh slowly and, with the softest touch possible, strokes up and down the length of Sara's pussy while the other hand works in unison - stroking up and down your cock. Sara lies on her back and puts her knees up. You lean back and enjoy as well, watching as Leigh does double duty.

Leigh turns and focuses her attention on Sara, whose slender body is pulsing with horniness. Sara is on her back, her legs spread, with a growing circle of wetness on the center of the crotch of her panties. Her ass moves up and down grotesquely, performing a dance of need. The sight makes your mouth water and you feel desire take its final bite out of your morals. Before you can move, however, Leigh drops to her belly and crawls, putting on a show of being snake-like, putting her face right up to Sara's pussy.

You hear Leigh inhale deeply through her nose and emit a humming yummy sound, while Sara holds her breath while she waits to see what Leigh will do. Leigh's nose makes its deliberate way, brushing up and down the length of Sara's panties and Sara exhales, moaning, "Aiiiiieeee, Leigh... Mmm, that feels sooo goood."

Your attention shifts suddenly. Yes, the sight of Leigh attacking Sara's crotch is hard to turn away from, but something startlingly, unbelievably better grabs your vision. Leigh is lying on her belly, her bare breasts pressing into the floor, her naked back disappearing dramatically into the waistline of her black slacks. And then. Her fabulous ass. You realize that you need it desperately. And it's calling out to you, bulbous and soft, delicious curves endlessly caressable; sweeping, vexing planes of fabric suggesting mounds of delight. She's moving it about, slowly wiggling it left and right and occasionally, wrenchingly, up and down, humping the wood floor, pressing it up at the air like it was thick with sexual energy.

Your fingers curl and you feel them move, attracted by a powerful force, to close on Leigh's perfect ass. You feel like you're alone with it. Eyes and fingers slide, carefully cataloging each curve, feeling through her pants the way her flesh compresses and responds to touch, watching the way it springs back. A primal energy courses from you and flows out through Leigh to her mouth, where it's collected in Sara's vagina. Sara yelps with surprise and has what sounds like an intense rapid-fire orgasm.

But your attention remains on Leigh. She lifts her ass off the ground and holds it there and you sense an invitation. You reach under her and unbutton her slacks and unzip the zipper, feeling the delightful weight of her body in your hands. She sighs her approval as you pull the pants, shimmying them left-right-left-right down down down over her broad, hips to the point where they suddenly turn to nothing but fabric and you can easily get rid of them. While you've done this you notice that Leigh has expeditiously yanked Sara out of her panties, leaving Sara's pussy free to attack.

But holy fuck! In nothing but her panties, Leigh has to be about the sexiest woman you've ever seen. Her skin is all endless curves and narrow creases where your fingers, eyes and tongue are dying to explore. Her back dips and curves downward to where her waist provides a broad valley between her back and her Heather. Her panties are off-white, full coverage and, you find, somewhat tatty, showing that she must not have expected to have anyone see them today. But she's not looking like she cares at this point. They stretch tightly over her gravitational Heather, then form a valley where her cheeks meet and disappear a little way into her crack. You place your palm on the concave bulk of her ass, feeling through the nothing fabric how smooth her skin is and how she's surprisingly muscular despite the softness she exudes.

Her thighs appear shockingly abruptly from the panties, starting with a dramatic crease at the top of the back of each thigh. You move your hands down to feel the crease and it welcomes your touch, warmly kissing your exploring fingers. Her thighs feel strong, but smoothly - warmly curving off in all directions.

From there you move your hands toward one another until they meet between Leigh's thighs. You pull gently, urging her to spread her legs just a bit, and of course she happily complies, sending first a peek and then a view of her crotch out to you.

You pause a moment to admire the tableau, and your right hand automatically moves to gently stroke your painfully hard cock, which is nakedly poking out of your trousers. Sara is on her back, but is anything from flat. Her slender back is curved into a dramatic arch, her small breasts angled sharply back toward her head. She has her face turned toward you, but her eyes are distant, otherworldly. Her lusciously soft lips are parted and she breathes in hoarse gasps. Sara's legs are spread wide apart and bent at the knees, to better accommodate Leigh's face.

Leigh's face is all the way up between Sara's thighs. You can see Leigh's tongue and lips working patiently over each part of Sara's pussy. She spends a moment sucking on her clit, then her tongue darts out to flick it a couple of times before moving down or over to repeat this treatment on Sara's juicy labia.

Leigh is lying on her belly. She has propped herself on her elbows and her shoulders are angled upward. Her large breasts hang heavily from her chest and dangle, her bullet-hard nipples barely brushing the floor. Tiny spider veins line her breasts. You resist the urge to reach under her and hold her breasts in your hands. Her belly is pressed into the floor, creating

a deep valley in the small of her back – a valley that corresponds with the narrowest part of her waist. Her ass surges upward from there as your eyes make their way down her body.

Her ass, still in her worn-out panties, takes your breath away. All you can do is stare and experience it – sensible and sequential thoughts flee your mind. It seems to fill the room with its powerful sexiness and the experience makes you stroke off a bit faster.

A sideways glance from Leigh stops you, however, and you shake yourself out of your reverie. “What?” You ask with a confused rather than a challenging tone to your voice.

“We might still need that,” Leigh says, nodding at your cock.

“Oh. Right. Sorry.” You stop stroking. Your hands fall uselessly to your sides.

Then you think of something to keep your hands busy and immediately move to make it happen. You scoot right up next to Leigh’s ass and run your hands over its sweet softness from bottom to top, stopping at the waistband of her panties. You hook your fingers in the band and pull them away from her, bringing the elastic with you. Leigh makes no move to object. In fact, she lets her ass sway from side to side, urging you on.

You begin to pull her panties down.

After just a centimeter, you notice that the panties’ elastic has left a ridgy pink reveal in Leigh’s skin. You stop and with your fingertips walk along this crease, feeling the way the fabric’s imperfections and tears have left a number of different textures in the surface her flesh. Soft sexiness is the prevailing feeling, of course, but you’re intrigued the way your fingers’ glide is guided like a needle in the groove of a record, her body’s internal music revealed in this most intimate way.

You pick the waistband back up and a subtly paler line where the band was briefly resting quickly disappears. You stretch the elastic and it seems like it resists too much for it to go over the swell of her ass. Instead of forcing onward, though, you pause again and cock your head to take a look inside the panties. The shape of her ass isn’t a surprise anymore – but it’s still breathtaking. The abyss between her cheeks seems deeper than it could actually be – but that could be an illusion caused by her panties’ shadow. Or it could be that your suspicions are correct: Leigh’s ass curves space into and around itself into a never-ending spiral; she has a Klein bottle ass.

Leigh’s body shivers, an erotic chill sending a spasmy wave through her, causing her buttocks to clench and release; delicious dimples form in her cheeks and just as quickly disappear.

Sara comes over and settles herself on your lap. She’s someone who is always cold, even when she’s wearing layers and layers of clothing on a warm day and right now she’s shivering madly and her whole body is covered with goosebumps. You hug her tightly, trying to warm her up and you feel her calm noticeably. Her slender arms wrap around your neck and she clings to you.

When you return to relieving Leigh of her panties, Sara returns the favor by beginning to unbutton your shirt. You pull the panties off the deepest part of Leigh’s ass and Sara opens your shirt and presses her chest against yours before flicking your shirt from your shoulders. You drag the panties down toward Leigh’s sweet thighs and lovely Sara’s fingers begin working on undoing your belt. The panties bind for a moment at Leigh’s crotch, her incredible wetness making the panties sticky – they hang on to her, not wanting to leave the comfort of her body. Sara lifts herself from your lap and pulls off your shoes. The panties pop free and implode, becoming nothing but a small loop of fabric around Leigh’s legs, from where you just get rid of them and her ass is free at last. You palm it, letting your hands admire it. Sara works your slacks off your waist and off your body, one leg at a time. Your fingers slip down into and through Leigh’s deep crack and end up tangled in her moist bush. Sara pulls your boxers down and they mix with all the other discarded clothes on the floor.

Entry #5: DracKin (non-staff)

>Shannon, strip

"You have to get out of those wet clothes, Shannon," you say, pointing at her dripping attire. Outside the rain was pouring down as if it wanted to drown the whole city.

Shannon isn’t your girlfriend, but you have known her for years, since back in school.

You can’t read her facial expression as her gray eyes meet yours. Her light brown chin length hair is plastered to her head and face by the rain; drops of water are falling down from its tips. Slowly she pushes her mini skirt down over her hips until it fall sto the ground with an audible wet sound. You can’t help but gulp hard as you stare at her white thong.

"Should I?" Shannon says. It doesn’t seem to be a question as she grabs he hem of her top and pulls it over her head. She throws it away, and is now standing before you in her white underwear which is as wet as the rest of her clothes.

You marvel at her young, slender body, as some other part of your mind still wonders why she is doing this.

She reaches behind herself and unfastens her bra, letting it glide down her arms to the floor, revealing small, firm breasts with tiny nipples. Then she hooks her thumbs into the straps of her thong and starts to push it down. The wet sticky thong slowly peels off of her crotch, revealing her shaved pubic area. She lets it fall down to her feet and she's now standing before you completely naked. You notice drops of water on her skin, some slowly running down her body.

Her strange, unreadable expression finally changes into a smile.

Entry #6: Bitterfrost (staff)

>Strip with Angie

Knowing you lack the showmanship for a proper striptease (you're still bitter about that tragic interview with the Chippendales), you decide to go for speed. You whip off your shirt, kung-fu kick your shoes into the next county and leap out of your pants.

Angie winces just in case anything else goes flying, but you laugh, assuring her she's out of danger... well, mostly. You peel off your socks and wing them out over the counter into the dark stillness of the closed shop (where they'll do the least damage).

Cunning brown eyes appraise your body. Angie smirks her approval then bites the corner of her lip. Her gaze loiters around your crotch, waiting for the grand unveiling.

With some difficulty, you tug down your boxers and boot them onto your other clothes. Your cock sproings like a diving board. Watching intently, Angie bobs her head and laughs: a rich sound full of joy, anticipation, lust and just a hint of embarrassment.

"I suppose it's my turn," she says, giving you her patented raised-eyebrow-and-smirk combo. You lick your lips and take a quick spin around her body's curves. This is going to be good.

"Well," Angie purrs, "Let's get these pesky clothes out of the way."

She kicks off her canvas sneakers, picks them up and chucks them out to join your abandoned socks.

Horny, eager and a little nervous, she bites her lip and pulls her shirt over her head, revealing a white bra that does lovely things for her smallish-but-perky tits. Her modest B-cup bra is more practical than ornamental. You won't see lingerie catalog models staring wistfully off into space in this number. This is for the on-the-go gal who wants to keep her tits in place... and it does that very nicely.

Thoroughly enjoying your greedy eyes on her body, she really gets into it, unzipping her khakis and letting them crash to the floor. Man, she's got nice legs. Look at those thighs! Yum.

High on her hourglass hips, her mint-green panties highlight every curve. Like her bra, they are plain cotton without lace or filigree. Modest. Practical. They do match her socks, though. You unconsciously lick your lips as you study the little hill where the cotton accommodates her bush. I believe that's what Webster's dictionary calls a "fur bulge." See also, "damned sexy."

She spins effortlessly on her stocking feet, giving you a panoramic view of her ass. Her panties hug her muffiny cheeks tightly, pinching into her crack.

Facing away from you, she reaches back, unclasps her bra and lets it slide off her arms. She whips it out toward the faraway tables. Smirking over her shoulder, she slips her thumbs under her waistband. She wriggles out of her panties, slowly revealing her perfect peach of a behind. It makes you dizzy. Her panties ride down her legs like a freefalling elevator, crashing in a heap at her feet.

Hands on hips, she lets you drool over her voluptuous ass a moment and then turns to give you the full frontal. Blushing, Angie smiles sheepishly, hoping you like what you see. You do (or there's something very wrong with you). The look you give Angie makes her feel sexy, confident. Cripes, man! Put your tongue back in your mouth!

She deftly kicks up her panties and snatches them out of the air. Speaking of snatches, you take a good, long look at her dark bush. It looks soft and inviting. I think it wants to be petted.

Without saying a word, Angie holds the crotch of her panties up to your nose. You take a deep breath, and the rich, spicy scent of her pussy hits you like a drug. You must've done something right. Either that or she's been simmering all day, horny as hell, just waiting for you to come along. Tickled by your intoxication, she grins and pitches her panties on top of her other clothes. She puts her hands on her glorious hips and raises an eyebrow.

The sexiest thing of all is that she's still wearing her mint-green socks. There's something deliciously restrained about that. And smart, too--the tile floor is freezing.

You kick the spent clothes out of the way, mounding them in one rumpled pile with her panties on top. Angie hits you with a devilish smirk. The day's work is done. The customers are gone. It's time to have some fun. ●

The theme for this month's Beat the Staff competition is "Go West Young Man."

Specifically, each cut-scene commences after our lucky imaginary players type 'w'.

There are a few of things that happen when you type >w into a game. Either you move to the room that's just west of your current location, you get a disavowal: 'You can't go that way', or something else happens entirely: 'You step into the stasis leak and are instantly transported to a universe full of naked Carlottas.' I'm not telling you which to do, but the command that sets off your cut-scene must be '>w'.

That's the theme. This month, however, I'm adding a length criterion. The entries have tended to be extremely long and are getting longer. I feel this has been intimidating potential authors out of entering. So in this competition, you will have to make it work with less. While I'm not setting a strict limit, you must keep your entries to about half a newsletter page. That works out to around 500 words, give or take.

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.
- Please limit your selection to about 500 words in length.
- Submissions must be original, never released before (though they may be drawn from a work in progress).
- The deadline for submissions is December 29, 2007.
- All received submissions will be published in the January 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: **"Go West Young Man"** Your cut-scene must be triggered by the command ">W".
- 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. The 'go west' theme is very open, so just try to make it interesting and sexy.

Good Luck! ●

Beat the Staff AIF Writing Contest #6



Editor's note: We had intended to publish the two entries we received to the "orgasm"-themed Beat the Staff competition but didn't do it—until now. Please enjoy these two cut-scenes, published for your reading pleasure:

>climb the rope, by Purple Dragon

You have been dreading this day for months. You are gripped with fear as you look at the rope rising from your feet to the ceiling of the gym. You can't do this, you think to yourself. You've tried before and you simply can't make it to the top. You glance at the other girls standing around you. Some are chatting with each other, unconcerned about the ordeal that is about to commence; others look up at the rope like you do, wondering why they are being tortured like this.

You're not fat or skinny; you have just never been quite as strong, quite as agile, quite as coordinated as the other girls your age. You participate in gym class and usually manage to keep up with the others but there is some archaic, arbitrary rule that says no one can get an A in the class without being able to make it to the top of this darn rope. You have As in all your other classes and it seems ultimately stupid that a bit of twine is what might stand in the way of perfect grades.

The teacher calls your name and you step forward to grasp the rope in your hands. You know how to do it, technically speaking. You've watched the other girls get to the top so you know it's possible. Heck, you've even watched the guys and some of them can make it without even using their legs. They make it look so easy. You reach up, grip the rope tightly and pull yourself up, wrapping your legs around the rope as you do. With the rope trapped between your legs you raise your bottom hand above you top and pull yourself up a couple of inches. So slow, you think, and you've only just started.

You repeat the process over and over again, pull up, wrap legs around rope, reach up with other hand, pull up, and repeat. After what seems like an hour or so you risk a look down and are amazed and dismayed at how little space is between you and the rubber mats that cover the floor. Then you look up and think you can just make out the gym ceiling, a mile or so above you. You actually think about quitting, about just sliding down and saying you can't do it. You can still get a B if you don't make it. All As and one B isn't bad is it? It's a lot better than most do isn't it? Then you take another look down and notice some of the girls smiling. Only smirking would be a better word. They are the ones that said you wouldn't make it to the top in a million years. With the thought of wiping those stupid smirks of their stupid faces you turn your attention back to the rope.

With new determination you attack the rope, inching your way higher. You seem to slip back a foot or so for every six inches of progress you make but it must be the other way around since you do appear to be getting higher. You are about half way up now and your arms are burning. The teacher told you that if you wrap your legs around the rope tight enough that you could ease the pressure on your arms to rest them a bit. You try it now but as you ease off your hands' grip of the rope you again slide a few inches down before catching yourself. Your arms hurt and the rope burns your legs as it slides across the bare skin revealed by the, in your opinion, way too short shorts that you are forced to wear. But for the first time you notice a different sensation between your legs, up where they meet, at your – vagina. It didn't hurt there, you're surprised to note that it actually felt kind of good there.

Trying to put it out of your mind you begin your trek again but now that you've noticed it, it seems like it is impossible to ignore. Every time you pull yourself up and wrap your legs around the rope it hits that spot. And every time it feels a little better. This is something that you weren't expecting and it gives you another reason to continue. Reach, pull, ahh. Reach, pull, ooh. You're not sure what is going on. All you know is that you want to get to the top of this rope, you have to reach the top.

You look up again and your heart leaps at how close you are. You manage to pick up the pace a little more, the rope sliding faster between your legs and you are no longer sure that physical effort is the only reason for your grunts and heavy breathing. Almost there, just a bit more, just touch the ring at the top and you're done. Something is building inside of you, you're going to make it, you really are, you're going to get there, reach the top, show them all, you feel like you're going to explode. Then you reach up, grab the ring, and exploding is just what it feels like.

You yell out and you suspect that to the girls below it looks like a yell of triumph and celebration but that's not it at all. The moment you touched that ring a wave of pleasure swept through your body like nothing that you have ever felt before. Starting between your legs at the place the rope has been rubbing against for the last two or three days since you started climbing it, it spread out to every inch of your body. It was so surprising and felt so good that you almost forgot yourself and let go of the rope, only remembering at the last instant to hold on as the sensation slowly passed.

You ease your way down with the rope sliding between your legs again and much faster than on the way up. It still feels good but nothing like that moment at the top. You drop to the ground and receive congratulations from the teacher and a few friends as the other girls mutter under their breath and turn away. You glance up at the rope, which has been your enemy for as long as you can remember. From this day on you will never have to even touch it, much less climb it. And all you can think of is that you can't wait to try it again. ●

> **finger Julie's ass while Betty licks Julie's pussy, by BBBen**

The statuesque redheaded Julie is moaning, straddling pretty little blonde Betty's face as Betty's tongue plays over her pussy. The girls put on a bit of a lesbian show before, but nothing like this – this is real! Betty's eating her best friend out and Julie is really getting off on it. You kneel behind Julie as she slowly grinds her hips; her hands had been playing idly with Betty's breasts but now she rests them on the floor on either side of Betty's stomach, propping herself up.

Betty is holding Julie's full, toned ass cheeks apart to better facilitate her licking Julie's cunt, and it's exposed her puckered asshole to you. You'd never really considered before how sexy that tight little rosebud could be on a hot girl, and you find your fingers seeking it out. As you touch it Julie turns her head to face you with a furrowed brow, and she looks like she is uncertain about whether she wants you to play with her asshole as you circle it with your middle finger.

Suddenly Julie's eyes close in pleasure as Betty sucks hard on her clitoris, and in that moment of distraction you take a chance and push the tip of your middle finger *into* her ass. She cries out and looks over her shoulder to try and see what you're doing, but strain as she might she can only imagine how it looks as you slowly slip your finger in first up to one knuckle, then the next, and then start to pump in and out.

Betty can see what you're doing from her vantage underneath Julie's pussy, and she grins at you in a moment of pause. "You like it in your ass, Jules?" she teases, then starts licking Julie's snatch with renewed, playful enthusiasm. Betty's tongue lashes away on Julie's pussy, your finger moves in and out of her bottom, and something happens that you've been waiting for since you all stripped down – Julie starts to moan.

Sensing the same opportunity as you, Betty brings her hand up to Julie's clit and starts rubbing it while she plunges her tongue into Julie's cunt. The redhead's impenetrable demeanour has cracked and her moist, red lips hang open in a wide-mouthed expression of ecstasy as her whole body starts to quiver. You increase the pumping of your finger in her ass and finally Julie grits her teeth and starts shaking her hips uncontrollably. She's coming!

Betty nuzzles, licks and eats Julie's pussy in her own little feeding frenzy, getting disrupted as Julie's hips buck around. You reach around Julie's chest and start kneading one of her full tits as she writhes, wriggles and jerks in place. One particularly strong jerk almost makes you feel like she's going to dislocate your finger, as her asshole grips it and bounces in place. You penetrate her with it a little deeper as punishment and she falls forward, lying at the end in a panting heap on top of her friend's body. For a while she still twitches, but after a moment you think the orgasm has passed.

"You can take your finger out of my butt now, Jack," Julie directs you, suddenly cool as a cucumber. You extract your digit and Julie rises to her knees on the bed once more. With an imperious flick of her red curls, she turns to you and says, "That was pretty good. Tell anyone about that and I'll kill you, though. Same to you, Betty." Betty smiles and nods her head with amused compliance, licking her lips clean of Julie's juices. ●

Hello, reader! Bitterfrost here! The most determined to remain unpublished AIF author you'll ever meet. Welcome back to the chronicle of my unlikely journey, a little something I like to call *How NOT to Write AIF*.

It's been several months since my last entry. Yeah, you thought I'd finally gotten wise, read the blazing neon signs before my eyes and gotten out of this AIF authoring thing, right?

'fraid not. I'm like a masochist drawing a root canal out over several years. A tortoise who tears up his bus pass and says, "No thanks. I'll walk." I am the creative equivalent of erosion. Resolute as a glacier... and just about as clever.

Ok. I'll admit it. I'm patently stupid. When the inspiration to write my own AIF game struck me four years ago, I should've said, "Yeah, right!" and found an easier hobby--say, the human genome project. But I started scribbling and typing, and the thing just kept growing out of control. Unfortunately, unseasonable free-time droughts and fickle rewrites have made finishing this game a helluva chore.

Lucilla Frost pegged it when she said I'd gotten myself into an "ever-project." When will it be fit for release? Will it make it that far? Or will it just drift on forever, becoming more and more unwieldy and fragmented? Hard to say. As ridiculously out-



of-hand as this project as gotten, as maddening as it is to keep track of its jelly-like borders, I have to admit that I'm still having fun with it. It's been a great outlet for all of the mental miasmata I'd never have the patience to press into a novel or otherwise exorcise from my what's left of my brain.

I'm sure I'm the most chuckle-worthy member of the AIF community since Vachon, but every village needs an idiot and I just couldn't turn down the pay. Great benefits, too. "Oh, that Bitterfrost. He's still at it, the nut." At the very least, I hope my bumbling will make other authors feel good about their projects. Admit it. We all love a little schadenfreude. Especially on rye bread with a dash of tarragon mustard. Mmm, I love that.

The sad thing is that at least Vachon published.

Before I get down to lying about the leaps and bounds of progress I'm currently making, let's review the fine anti-lessons we've learned in the year I've been keeping this log:

- For your first foray into writing AIF, commit to an enormous project.
- Even though TADS is the obvious way to go, work in ADRIFT because it's "easier."
- Write the beginning and end of the game and then wait for the middle to write itself.
- Refuse all help, turn your back on the abundant resources and fumble your way in the dark.
- Corrupt your ADRIFT file with "invisible" characters copied from Microsoft Word text blocks.
- Halfway through your project, overhaul the plot, setting at least three times.
- Write at length about how you're not writing.
- Leave evidence of your AIF project out on the Desktop where your better half will find it.
- Land yourself a laptop with the excuse that it'll help you focus on your writing and then waste time loading it up with porn.
- Design box art years before your game is finished.
- Volunteer to broadcast your ignorance and bumbling antics in a monthly newsletter.
- Rinse. Repeat.

I've got to say I'm pretty proud of all that. Any normal human would've had a half dozen projects published in the time I've whittled away at one. I'm on the cutting edge of procrastination technology. I am the champion of underachievers everywhere.

Despite several months of mayhem (including hospital visits and other fun), I'm back at this project once more. It's like coming home from college and finding the homestead unchanged with the same dysfunctional family bickering away inside. Why, there's weird Uncle Bob with his eccentric case of ADRIFT command lag! Flighty Aunt Vera, who can't seem to keep her variables straight. The youngsters with their playfully undefined NPC descriptions. And the folks with their outdated but respectable views on task restrictions. Yep, everything is just how I left it months ago. Bittersweet.

This month's *How NOT to Write AIF* lesson is AIF spread. It's great on toast or a bagel. Tastes a bit like sullied sheets. Actually, it's all about mucking back into an amorphous project after months of neglect.

It's like working on an addition to your house a little bit here and there over, say, a couple of years. You're not going to remember what you did last, and (even worse) you're going to stand there criticizing your previous work. "What was I thinking?!" In my case, I've come back to find that I'd stuccoed the cat.

You know, my game raced along two years ago when I had scads of free time. My workload used to be about four hours of actual work in an eight-hour shift, so I could write like mad just about every day. In recent history, I'm kept hopping. How vicious of them to expect a full day's work out of me! I've got an AIF project to work on here, people!

Ok. Getting back in. The biggest hurdle is remembering where the hell I left off. That's where the cryptic notes to myself pay off. As I chip away in ADRIFT, I try to log what I've done recently in a Word doc. If I'm sober, I even leave behind a few clues as to what I want to do next. Believe me, folks, that's all that's keeping this thing moving. Otherwise, I'd have the excuse to say, "Well, I can't make sense of this." and chuck it all. Unfortunately, I like to torture myself, so on we go.

Despite the four-month gulf, I managed to pick up where I'd left off. I'd left myself notes about tasks I'd changed, character bits I wanted to adjust and so on. See, kids. Talking to yourself is good. On the plus side, I've actually done some significant edits this month, and I'm finally happy with where the structure and storyline are headed. I've finally sewn the chapters together with what I think will be a decent narrative. Ah. Four years in and I finally know where I'm going with this game. It only took a dozen epiphanies and a few major overhauls, but the path is finally clear.

Now I just need to squeeze a several months of writing into my thimble of free time, fortify the game's Escher-esque inner workings and waylay some beta-testers. Damn, I need a drink.

So, if you're considering writing your own AIF game, learn from my mistake. Start small and stay focused. Don't let your

game sit abandoned for weeks or months. Get in there and do it. Otherwise, you'll end up like me, grinning like a loon and gibbering like an idiot in a self-made purgatory. Don't let this happen to you! •

If you've been following along with this tutorial for the last three months then you should have quite a bit of text written by now. This month we will be taking a brief look at Inform 7 and how to use it to put all that text together and make a game out of it. That's right, it's programming time. Before you run off screaming into the night let me offer a few words of encouragement. While it is probably not going to be as easy as you would hope, it is also not as hard as you might fear. We'll be keeping it simple and taking a few shortcuts that should make the process fairly painless.

Before we get started I should mention that I have only used the Windows version of the program. It is also available for Mac and Linux. There are a few differences between the three programs so I can't guarantee that everything will work exactly the same for the others. However, most of the difference are minor and have to do with the interface rather than the program itself so this really shouldn't be an issue.

If you haven't downloaded the program yet you can do so for free at the Inform website at <http://www.inform-fiction.org/17/Inform%207.html>.

The Interface

One of the things I really like about Inform 7 (I'm just going to say 'Inform' from now on) is the program interface itself. When you run the program you are presented with a screen offering three options. Basically, you can start a new project, open an existing project, or reopen the last project you were working on. Obviously, if this is the first time you have run the program then there are no existing projects so your options at this point are limited to one. See how easy that is?

When you click on start a new project a screen will open and ask you for three things. The directory where you want to put the project, the title, and the author (that's you by the way). Enter the information it requests and click start and your new project will open. The interface itself looks a little like the two facing pages of an open book. On the left is your title and name (and a depressingly large amount of blank space). This is your source text and is where you will actually be writing the game. On the right should be the documentation screen. The nice thing about this program is that you can change both of the 'pages' to anything you want. Above each half of the page are tabs allowing you to change what information is displayed on that half. Personally, I have always just left my source on the left and changed the right to whatever else I need at the moment but you can do it any way you want.

In addition to the source and documentation screens there are also several others to choose from. I'll mention just three of them here. They are 'errors', 'game', and 'index'. At the top left of the screen is a button that says "Go." Every time you click this button the program will try to compile your game, reading all the text you've written as well as any extensions that you have included and will try to put it all together into a game. If it hits something it doesn't understand the errors screen will open automatically and attempt to explain what the problem is. You should become used to seeing this screen pop up. Even when the problem is something very small and easy to fix it still gets its own error message so you will see it a lot.

Once all the errors are taken care of the game screen will open, showing the starting location of the game just like you were loading it up in another program. The nice thing here is that you don't have to load it up in another program. It's right there on the same screen. If you notice a spelling error or something that you want to fix then your source text is still displayed over on the left (or right if you've flipped it) and you can change it without having to close and open different windows. You can play through the whole game on this screen, making corrections as you go.

The index tab has a lot of information and I won't go into it all here as you wouldn't understand what most of it meant at the moment (don't worry, you will). There are sub tabs breaking the information down into categories and as you go through your project you will find the information here very helpful. The information ranges from general things built into the main program, right down to a list of every room, object, and person you have created in your game. There are also other tabs to choose from but I'll let you find those yourself or read about them in the manual.



How to Write a One-Night Stand: A Tutorial

Part 4

By Purple Dragon

Rooms

Are you ready to get to it? Are you ready to take all that text you've been writing and make a game out of it? Let's start at the beginning and make a room. For our little test game here let's start with an office. Here is how you program a room in Inform.

The Office is a room.

No, I'm not shitting you, that's it. That creates a room called 'Office' and even more than that, it actually makes a complete, working game. The one and only requirement that Inform has is that a game must have at least one location so you can write those five words and the hit the go button and Inform will compile the game and put the player in the office. (Note that by default the starting location of the player, and thus the first room of the game, is the first location created but this can be changed if you wish). Of course it's a pretty damn boring game at the moment since our single room doesn't even have a description so lets go back and change that.

The Office is a room. The description of the office is "A comfortable home office with a large mahogany desk and plush leather chair. The bookcase behind the desk is lined with leather bound books that give the office a classy feel while the black flat-panel monitor on the desk shows that the owner has not been left behind by technology. The bedroom is to the north and the bathroom to the east."

In many cases Inform will allow you to do the same thing in different ways so if the above is a bit too verbose then you could shorten it to:

The Office is a room. The description is "A comfortable . . ."

Or even,

The Office is a room. "A comfortable . . ."

All three of these produce exactly the same effect. What isn't optional is the format of the lines. Notice that "The Office is a room." is a complete sentence, ending with a period. The description (whichever option you choose) is a separate sentence also ending in a period. Try taking out the first period and clicking go if you want to see what that error screen I mentioned above looks like in action. Just about every new thing you do should end with a period. Missing periods and quotation marks are often the cause for error messages that you get. Note that the information that you actually want to be printed is enclosed in quotation marks and this is the case for pretty much everything you want printed on the screen. The interface helps by color coding the different kinds of text so that it's easier to make sure you have everything right.

Our description mentions some other rooms so let's set one of those up real quickly here. To set up which direction leads where it's as simple as just stating it.

The bedroom is a room. The bedroom is north of the office.

Actually, you don't even need that first sentence there. The reason is that when you say something is north (or any direction) from a room, Inform assumes you are talking about another room. You could actually be referring to a door as well but for now don't worry about that. As simple as doors might seem to us, who use them every day, for the moment they are a complication best left for another time. At any rate, Inform will first try to match the name with an existing room but if it doesn't find one, it will just create it for you (now isn't that helpful of it?). So all you really need to write is:

The bedroom is north of the office.

And if you hadn't already created the office, that sentence would have created both rooms. How's that for streamlining things. Personally, I don't use that particular shortcut since I like to keep my rooms separate and don't like them overlapping like that in my code but use whatever method you like. I didn't give the bedroom a description because we won't really be doing anything with it here but you would just add it like you did the office above. You can now compile the game and go north to get to the bedroom and then south to get back to the office. Notice that you didn't explicitly state that the office is south of the bedroom but in the absence of any other information Inform assumes that the return path is the opposite direction. I've used the word 'assumes' a couple of times now. Inform is constantly making assumptions based on what you write and it is usually pretty good at getting things right but always double check by testing your game. Inform might assume, but it's a bad idea for you to do so. I'll let you make the bathroom yourself if you want and we'll get back to the office.

So now we have a nice little room description of the office and if you compile the game and run it again it should pop right up and also print again when you type 'look' or 'l'. Of course if you try to examine any of those lovely things we mentioned in the

description we are going to run into problems since we haven't bothered to create any of them yet.

Interlude 1 -- Kinds

Before we get down to making some objects, now seems like a good time to explain a bit about how Inform organizes the world. Anything you create will have something that Inform calls a 'kind' and when it comes down to it there are only three 'kinds' in the program. They are room, thing, and direction.

Direction is quite a bit different than the other two and is something that you will almost never need to mess with so I won't say anything else about it here. Room, as you might expect, is for all the locations that you create. Look back at the office description and you can see how we made it a room.

This leaves just 'thing' left. Everything else you create in your game, every single physical object will be a thing. The desk and chair we are about to create are things. The clothes that the characters wear (if they wear any), their body parts, and in fact, the people themselves, are all things. Doesn't seem like a lot to work with does it? Luckily, Inform allows us to be quite a bit more specific. For example, when we get around to making our love interest we won't say 'Kes is a thing,' we'll say 'Kes is a woman.' 'Woman' is a kind, which is why we are allowed to create her this way. It is actually a sub-set of the 'person' kind, which in turn is a sub-set of the 'thing' kind so you see how everything works back to that point.

The 'woman' kind is actually one that is built in, but Inform has very few of these pre-built kinds. One of the neat things about the program is that we are allowed to make our own kinds anytime we want to. For instance, let's say we are writing a larger game and we want to divide all the women into two categories. Every woman in our game is going to be either a virgin or a whore. Yeah, I know, ridiculous, demeaning, sexist attitude but go with me. One way to do this (probably not the best way but just as an example) would be to make these new kinds. We would do it like this:

A Virgin is a kind of woman.

A Whore is a kind of woman.

You can follow the path back the same way as before (Virgin-Woman-Person-Thing) so it always finds its way back to 'thing.' This allows us to create the women in our game like so.

Betty is a virgin.

Veronica is a whore.

When we build on an existing kind like this the new kind will have all the characteristics of the one it is built on so the game will still understand that Betty and Veronica are women and treat them accordingly. However, in addition to those characteristics, we are now allowed to add our own that will only apply to the virgin or whore sub-set of the 'woman' kind. If this seems confusing, don't worry about it. We'll talk more about it as we go along and I'll also explain why doing it like this probably isn't the best way in this particular case.

Things

Now, back to our office. Creating objects is just about as easy as creating rooms but there are a few things you need to keep your eyes on. Let's take a look at that desk and I'll show you what I mean. You can create the desk like this:

The desk is a thing in the office. The description of the desk is "A huge mahogany desk, polished to a mirror-like sheen."

Again, there are shortcuts you can use to cut a few words off here and there but it's always safe to be more verbose. Notice that we stated that the desk is in the office. If we hadn't said that, Inform still would have created the desk but it would have started life out of play (in no room). We could then later move it wherever we want it, which is sometimes what we want but if you want a thing, person, whatever to start in a certain room, you have to say so. If you compile the game again you will find that you can now examine the desk but there are a couple of other problems. If you try taking the desk, the program will have no problem with this at all, which is ok if your PC is the Incredible Hulk, but it's probably not what we're after here. The reason for this is that every 'thing' is either portable or fixed in place and by default, Inform assumes it is the former. That is easily fixed however, just add the following sentence after the desk description.

The desk is fixed in place.

Now if you try to take the desk you will get a suitable (if rather boring) response saying you can't do that. There is a second problem with doing it this way that you have already noticed if you are actually typing this in as we go along. When you first start the game it prints the room description that we wrote above and then adds a line at the end saying, "You can see a desk here." This has the effect of mentioning the desk twice, which is probably not what we want. You could take out the

reference to the desk in the room description but I think our description sounds better than "You can see a desk here" so there is an alternative. Just add the following line.

The desk is scenery.

This basically tells Inform that we don't want it to mention the desk in a sentence of its own. You will probably be using 'scenery' a lot so get used to it. Another nice thing is that anything classified as scenery is assumed to be fixed in place so we no longer need that bit of text. You can leave it in if you really want to but it no longer does anything and just adds extra text. In fact, it's possible to cut down on what we've written quite a bit. The following does everything that all the lines above did.

The desk is scenery in the office with description "A huge mahogany desk, polished to a mirror-like sheen."

You'll learn some of the shortcuts as you go along but like I said, you can't go wrong by being a bit more wordy. You should also note here that it looks like we are saying that the desk's kind is 'scenery' but that is not the case. Scenery is an add-on and this is one of the only cases when we can create something without explicitly stating it's kind. Scenery is used so often that Inform allows the shortcut in this case but if the object we are creating is anything other than a basic 'thing' we could not do it this way as we'll see in a moment.

So is that it? Is our desk perfect now? Well, not quite. To experiment a bit let's add another object to the game and see what happens.

The apple is a thing in the office with description "A shinny red apple."

If you're actually typing this in as we go along then play around with the apple and desk a bit and see what happens. Go ahead, I'll wait.

hum-de-dum-dumm, hum-de-doo-doo, hum-de-dum-de-doo.

Ready? So what did you find? First off, you should notice that the room description makes mention of the apple. In this case that is just what we want so it's fine. Also if you take the apple and then look it won't say anything about the apple. This is also what we want since it would be annoying to have the player's inventory listed in every room description.

That's what's right, so what's wrong? Well, if you play around a bit with this very simple game you will notice at least two things and while the solutions are different, the problem in both cases is, at least somewhat, the same. The first problem is that you can't eat the apple. The second is that you can't put it on the desk. This is where the illusion that Inform 7 is not a programming language starts to break down. We have been creating our game by writing nice little English sentences so the temptation is to think that the program understands English -- it doesn't. The problem here is that Inform has absolutely no idea what an apple or a desk is. It doesn't know that you should be able to eat an apple or set things on a desk unless we tell it so. The apple is an easy fix, just add the following line.

The apple is edible.

Inform still doesn't know what an apple is but at least now it knows that the player should have the option of eating it if he wishes. The desk is a little different situation. Remember our talk a few minutes ago about kinds? How 'woman' was a sub-class of 'thing'? Inform has a few more of these sub-classes built in and one of these is 'supporter.' As the name suggests, this is something that you can set other things on, which is what we want for our desk so we need to do a bit of rewriting. For the moment, ignore the shortcut method I showed you and go back to the original desk description. All you need to do is change:

The desk is a thing in the office.

to

The desk is a supporter in the office.

Now compile the game again and try it out. Be sure you try putting the apple on the desk before you eat it because once you eat it, it's gone. Everything should work pretty well now. So are we done with this nasty, hateful desk yet? Well, we could be but in addition to setting things on desks, most of them have drawers that we expect to be able to put things into. How do we handle that?

Another of Inform's built in kinds is 'container' which, as you may expect, is something that you can put things into. So how do we make the desk both a supporter and a container? Actually, we can't. Every object you create can have one, and only one, kind. Thinking back to our discussion on the 'woman' kind you might be able to make an argument that this is actually

three kinds (woman, person, and thing). In that case, it's all right since each builds on the prior one but container and supporter are two completely different kinds and Inform will have a hissy fit if you try to make the desk both. Go ahead and try it if you don't believe me.

However, you will be happy to know that there is a way around this. When you put something into a desk, what you are usually putting it into is a drawer, not the desk itself. So all we need to do is to make a drawer and make it a container. We could do this by simply making the drawer a container in the office like we did the desk but Inform allows us to be a bit more elegant about it.

The drawer is a container. The drawer is part of the desk.

This has the effect of attaching the drawer to the desk rather than making it a freestanding object in the office. In this case, since the desk will never move, it probably doesn't matter all that much (assuming we also make it so the drawer can't move). But let's say our PC really was the Incredible Hulk. It would seem a bit strange to pick up the desk and move it to the bedroom only to find that the drawer was left behind in the office. Like I said, it probably doesn't matter in this case but it's a good habit to get into and it just makes more sense.

Ok, so now you have a drawer that you can put things into but if you took the time to compile the game again you would notice yet another problem. You can take the apple and put it in the drawer but you cannot close the drawer. Again, this is because Inform has no idea that a drawer should be able to be opened and closed and by default, a container is always open and cannot be closed. Think of a milk crate instead of a drawer. This is certainly a container but it would be strange to talk about it being open or closed. If we do want something that can be open and closed then it's no problem, we just need to tell Inform that's what we want. To do this we need to give the drawer a couple of properties. Here is the first one.

The drawer is closed.

This gives the initial state of the drawer but still does not let us open or close it, which in this case is just not very helpful so we need one more.

The drawer is openable.

Now everything should work how you would expect. The drawer will be closed when the game starts but the player will be able to open it, put the apple inside, and then close it again. And that, finally, concludes our work with the desk. There are probably a couple of other things that you might want to do with it but it will now behave more or less like you would expect a desk to behave. It may seem like a lot of work but explaining how to do it took quite a bit more time than actually doing it and most of the object you create will not be nearly this complicated.

To round out some of the basic items let's make that leather chair. Chances are good that you will want a chair at some point so this is a good thing to know. Basically, all you need to make an item that the player is allowed to sit on is to make a supporter and then give it the property of being 'enterable.' This tells Inform that it is something that the player should be able to sit on. So to make our chair we would write the following.

*The leather chair is a supporter in the office with description "A plush leather chair. It looks very comfortable."
The leather chair is enterable. It is scenery.*

Don't forget to make it scenery. Inform will read 'it' here as referring to the chair since that was the most recently created object but you could, of course, spell it out if you like. "The leather chair is scenery." And there you go, you can now walk up to the chair and have yourself a little sit down. But what if you wanted to have several chairs in your game? Well, you could just make them all like the one above, being sure to add that each one is enterable, but this is a good example of where creating our own kinds can save some time. We could do it this way instead.

A chair is a kind of supporter. A chair is usually enterable. A chair is usually scenery.

Then, to create our chairs we just have to write:

*The leather chair is a chair.
The couch is a chair.
The barstool is a chair.*

Or whatever, and they will automatically be enterable and scenery. Did you catch that 'usually' word that we used when we made our chair kind? Whenever we make a condition like this we are allowed to use one of four words, always, usually, seldom, or never. We could have used the word always above and it would have worked just as well but it's just a tad risky to

use the words always and never in these situations. The reason is that they leave no room for change. In this case, I'm having a hard time thinking of a situation where you would want to create a chair that the player cannot sit on, but if you did and if you had said always instead of usually, then you would not be allowed to do so. Using usually means that Inform will assume that any chair you create will be enterable, unless you say otherwise. If you had said always, Inform would not let you say otherwise and will give you an error message if you try. The moral here is that if you use the words always and never, be very sure that it is actually what you mean.

Interlude 2 -- Properties

I've thrown a word around a few times now and I think I had better explain it. I've talked about giving an item a property of this or that so what exactly do I mean by property? A property affects the way something behaves and unlike kinds, something can have any number of properties. Most of the ones we have used so far have been either/or properties.

A container can be either open or closed, either openable, or not openable. A supporter can be either enterable or not enterable. A thing can be either edible or inedible. There are a lot of these built in that can be used but again, we are allowed to make our own.

As an example, let's get back to our virgins and whores. Oh I like the sound of that. With your permission, I think I'll just say it again. Let's get back to our virgins and whores. Anyway, you may recall when I said how we did this probably isn't the best way to handle it and here is what I meant. The way something is created is by giving it a kind. In addition to the fact that an object can only have one kind, it also has that kind forever. This is important so pay attention, once you give an object a kind it cannot be changed -- ever. Our desk is a supporter, now and for always. The drawer will always be a container and the apple will always be a thing.

So does that mean that we will always be able to open and close our drawer? Not necessarily. Let's say that at some point during the game someone nails the drawer shut. Now the drawer cannot be opened (at least not without a crowbar or something). We would then tell Inform that when that happens the drawer is now not openable. Did we change the drawer's kind? No, we just changed one of the properties that we had given it from 'openable' to 'not openable.' It's still a container, just not a very useful one at the moment. Maybe later in the game the player will find a crowbar and be able to open it again. We then just change it back to 'openable' and on we go.

So are you beginning to see some of the problems with our virgins and whores the way we set them up? If not, let me explain. What happens when you engage in sexual intercourse with a virgin? Well, depending on how old she is there might be some jail time involved, but assuming she's of age the most basic thing that happens is that once the deed is done, she is no longer a virgin. The way we set it up before there would be no way to change this. Once a virgin, always a virgin, which is a bit unrealistic to say the least. Now that we know about properties we have a much better way to handle it.

A woman can be a virgin or a whore.

This creates a brand new either/or property that applies only to women. Set up this way, we would not be able to refer to a man as a virgin or whore, only women. If we did want it to apply to the males in our game we could have said 'a person' instead of 'a woman.' Now let's create our girls again.

*Betty is a woman.
Veronica is a woman.
Betty is a virgin.
Veronica is a whore.*

The first two sentences above create the girls and the second two give them their respective properties. Note that the order you go about this is important. If you try to say that Betty is a virgin and you haven't specified what a virgin is or that Betty is a woman you will get an error message. Now when you get around to doing Betty you just add a line at the end saying: Now Betty is a whore. And bingo, she's de-virginized. Also note that you are by no means limited to two options when creating properties. Maybe we can admit that just because a girl is no longer a virgin, doesn't necessarily make her a whore. We could have set up our property like this.

A woman can be a virgin, a non-virgin, or a whore.

And we can then freely change the property as we go along. We are even allowed the god-like power of turning a whore back into a virgin if we so desire but that's a different story.

Summary

I can see that this is running a bit longer than I had anticipated and I can almost hear Mr. Ninny clucking his tongue at me so the rest will have to wait until next month but let me just sum up some of what we've learned today.

Kinds

Everything you create will have a kind. A room or object can have only one kind and that kind will never change. To create something you simply call it its kind.

The office is a room.

The desk is a supporter.

The drawer is a container.

Betty is a woman.

In addition to the kinds built into Inform we are allowed to create our own, giving them properties that will apply to the entire kind, rather than just a single object.

A chair is a kind of supporter. A chair is usually enterable. A chair is usually scenery.

Properties

In addition to its kind, anything you create can have any number of properties and these can be changed as often as necessary during the course of the game. To give an object a property we just say that it is true.

The drawer is closed.

The apple is edible.

Remember that to give something a property its kind must allow it to have that property in the first place. For instance we would not be able to say the following.

Betty is closed.

Because Betty is a woman and the open/closed property is not one that can be applied to people. In addition to properties that are built in to Inform, we can create our own at will.

A woman can be a virgin, a non-virgin, or a whore.

We can then use this property just like any of the other ones.

I know we covered a lot of ground this month but you now have enough information to do a pretty good job of creating your physical world. You can create all your rooms and put the props in place. Work on that for this month and next month we'll learn how to change the initial state of things and talk about the sex. Until then, work hard, have fun, and think dirty thoughts.

How to Contact Me

As always, feel free to contact me with any questions or comments you may have about this tutorial or for help with your particular game. Especially now that we are into the programming part I encourage questions. If it's a simple question I may just answer you but it may also have been something that I overlooked that needs to be added to the next installment of this tutorial so your questions at this point could very well be a help to many others out there. You can send your questions to me at [purpledragon.aif AT gmail DOT com](mailto:purpledragon.aif@gmail.com). ●

Editor's note: This is the second part of a two-part article on fetishes in AIF. Some Internet links in this story point to pages that will only render properly with Japanese versions of your browser.

Fetishes Leaving the Sexual Content Undisturbed

This is the second category of fetishes I wish to examine in this article. If you haven't had a look around the fetish communities on the Internet, you may be puzzled by this concept, but in fact it is not that rare.

Basically, there are many fetishes that focus on interactions or situations that are not perceived as sexual by the general public. The members of these communities can find erotic pleasure in situations without including genitals or anything even remotely resembling vanilla sex. You may think "Well, good for them, but what good does that do for me?" It definitely would make no sense to argue in favor or against replacing your normal sexual orientation with a fetish. Indeed, it is highly questionable whether a person could really change whether they are sexually aroused by a fetish or not. However, by their very alien nature, these fetishes open up an alternative road that I think is easily overlooked when approaching them from an adult community.

While we associate the word "fetish" with "sex" and thus would consider it logical to connect any fetish content to the SSS of any piece of AIF, this connection is not an automatic or necessary one for this kind of fetish. Instead, these fetishes have the greatest potential for providing you with plot twists and alternative stories to tell outside the SSS. Thus, they can come to your rescue if you are stuck in your nth office building or having intercourse with yet another suburban home full of nymphomaniac females. In a way, you could say that you use these fetishes to add some variation to the IF part of AIF.

The advantage should be quite obvious, as repetitive content is one of the pitfalls you definitely would want to avoid. But coming up with new and original ideas can be difficult at times.

As examples, I have chosen two interlinked communities I am very familiar with to say the least. Again, I have to stress that these are just two of many and if it is imaginable, there is probably a community out there. In addition, the descriptions of the communities I give below are merely rough sketches of small portions of them as they are quite diverse in themselves, making a detailed description impossible in this short an article. So, please do your own research on the Internet.

Macrophiles/GTS Lovers

The general fetish community is macrophiles, but I am concentrating on what is called GTS lovers, which is in effect the male heterosexual cluster of it. GTS is the generally accepted abbreviation for "giantess", which is, of course, the term used to refer to a female giant. By now, you should have guessed that the macrophile community centers around the concept of interacting with a person who is taller than you are. That size difference can range from so-called "real GTS", which are just tall women, often of a muscular type (see Amazons), up to "mega" or "giga GTS", whose height is measured in hundreds of meters, kilometers or even astronomic units. There are many twists and preferences within that fetish, not only along the lines of size. For instance, there is the question of whether you (or rather your identification character) has shrunk or whether the female is actually of a bigger size. The former case would be similar to things like "Fantastic Voyage", and with that in mind, you may look at the womb scene of "Inner Space" with slightly different eyes.

While "normal" sexual intercourse has a place in the macrophile community (turning into "insertion" and "unbirthing" once the size difference gets too significant), there are many other variants.

A theme that is all too common, especially in the English macrophile community is the violent giantess who wreaks havoc and dominates those smaller than she. However, there are also other tendencies, like gentle giantesses and heroic giantesses, the latter often defending those weaker than herself from giant alien monsters and the like. Additionally, in 'shrinker' scenarios, you also have giantesses that are totally unaware of the presence of people smaller than themselves.

Somewhat related to these categories, there is also the power issue. While violent giantesses are often defined as dominating their surroundings, a dominance-subordination relationship is not a given in a macrophile scenario. Instead, all parties could be on even ground, or the giantess may even be in a subordinate position.

The parameters discussed above are just a part of the things that can influence individual preferences in the macrophile community, and as result, the output of the macrophile community varies greatly as far as its content is concerned.



So, to place this into our context, while you may consider having a giant woman having sex with the PC directly, the focus here is on their potential as a background. This can be quite literal in the case of bigger giantesses where entire stories can take place within their bodies, even their womb. However, this would not replace the SSS of your AIF, which would still happen between your same-sized individuals but rather change the setting and probably the mood (after all, being all alone with your lovely partner inside the vagina of her suddenly-enlarged twin sister is somewhat different from being all alone with her in the cold and sterile lab you were working in).

In addition to the giantess-as-background approach, you can also use her in a more active role. After all, a giantess has an unusually big physical presence, thereby allowing for certain actions that would be impossible otherwise ("Natsumi, carry me over the river.") while suffering from limitations that can become puzzles in themselves (the classic being how to get a giantess through an opening that is too small for her to fit through). In addition, the gigantic condition may very well be a story goal - either reaching such a state or maybe curing it.

The caveat in this case is clearly that you need to violate a lot of physical laws. Some by necessity in order to allow the shrunken or enlarged individuals just to live, some maybe by choice, such as making communication possible between parties of greatly different size or making surviving the situation easier.

I have to admit that I have not been in contact with the English macrophile community as of late. For finding examples of the Japanese community, Jinja Modoki (<http://jinja-modoki.com/>) is the prime address as it is a link page connecting to all major Japanese macro sites.

Vore

This is a rather vaguely-defined fetish with a varied membership. Basically, it encompasses the sexual interest in something being eaten by something else. You may find this definition bizarre and uninformative, but in fact, any more specific definition may cause you to run into trouble with those who consider themselves voraphiles while being put outside it by your definition. Any attempts to find a more specific definition of vore have thus far ended in failure.

One popular way to divide the vorophile community is to examine the role of the identification character. Those who prefer to see the act from the perspective of the party doing the eating/swallowing/or whatever are usually referred to as "predators". Those who prefer the role of being eaten/etc. are usually referred to as "prey". And then there are the "voyeurs" who simply like to see others do it while they stay out of it. While many people have strong preferences towards one of these three groups, crossing-over is also a common phenomenon.

The other division that is considered very important is also the division shedding more light onto why this fetish could be useful for plot twists: Hard vore vs. soft vore. Fatal vore vs. nonfatal vore. Under normal circumstances, you would think that vore was about domination, getting killed and consumed. And while there are people with that preference, that is not even half the story. While you can have scenarios with a hunter-hunted relationship, there are also those of lovers being intimate beyond bounds and finally becoming one in a willing act of consumption. And then there are those scenarios where the "prey" does not die but rather survive the experience, thanks to some protective gear, some magic device, or simply because that's the way things are. Indeed the act of vore can even be a means to protect the "prey" from some outside danger, the "predator" shielding the "prey" with their own body.

Besides the aforementioned categories, there are again many facets that enable vore scenarios to leave the paths of common expectations, like anal vore or genital vore/unbirthing, where entrance is not achieved orally. A very classic pattern that is actually found in educational, non-erotic manga, for instance, is the exploration of the digestive tract of an individual, usually to retrieve an object that has been swallowed by mistake or cure some ailment. And as this example hints at, vore can actually coincide with macrophilia, but it need not do so. There are also those voraphiles favoring same-size vore and bulging bellies, and some of these then move closer to the communities interested in pregnant women or stuffed women. As I mentioned before, there is more out there than you can imagine.

In relation to AIF, this fetish again has its greatest potential when used in the background of the non-sexual plot or of the SSS without directly being a part of the SSS. Depending on which kind of vore you take, it may be suited for involving the PC (especially with the nonfatal types), but is also very well suited to involve only NPCs while being the result of the PC's success or failure. In other words, especially the violent/fatal forms of vore can be connected to failure or to a crisis at hand, with an adversary threatening to devour a person important to the PC, or maybe even doing so. Non-fatal vore can actually become the solution of a puzzle, a means to overcome an obstacle.

The caveat for vore is similar to the macro caveat: Nearly all vore scenarios ignore at least some laws of nature as well as biological facts. In addition, as vore often deals with the digestive tract, there is a high potential for involving things that people find disgusting. These can be avoided by choosing the proper scenario, but you should be aware of the high probability of getting across them during your research.

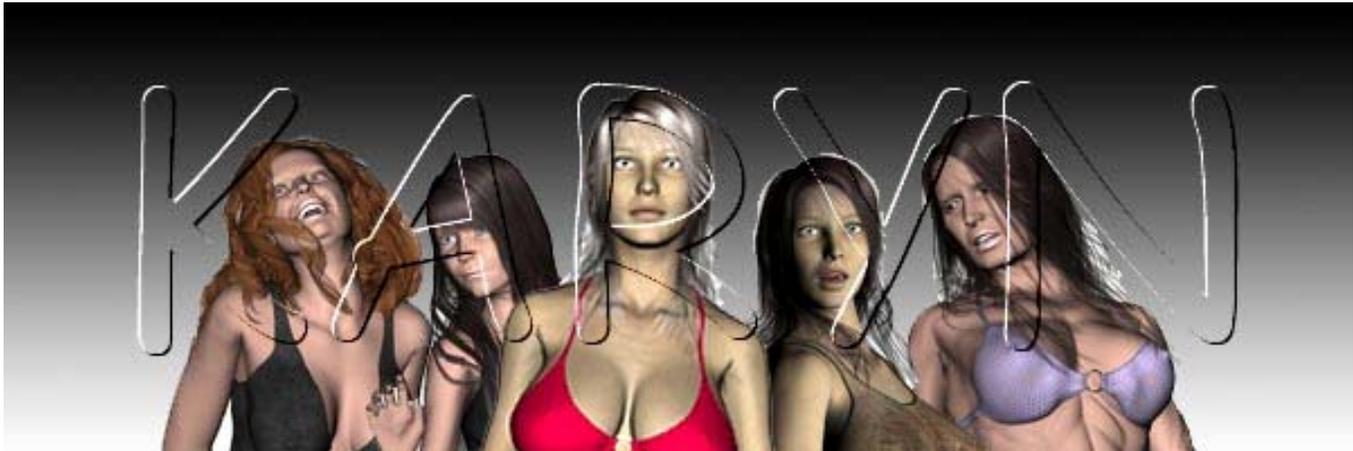
The one vore site I regularly visit and which does have quite some activity is Eka's Portal (<http://aryion.com/>). There are a lot of people interested in same-size vore, but in fact, it welcomes all kinds of vore. My knowledge on the Japanese side of things is not that big in this case, but an important place would be the "Swallowed Whole Data Base" (title freely translated) at <http://red.ribbon.to/~adon/index.html>, which has information on where to find vore (often with women as prey, which is called woman eating or WE), as well as a small assortment of artwork and stories people have provided it with. Again, note that these are just two pages of quite a number of pages that are out there, so please consider these just as examples and suggestions and not as limitations for your own research.

AIF and Fetishes

While this article is but a very rough sketch—a hint for further research, I hope it was able to show you how fetishes may be used to enrich the variation in your AIF without necessarily spoiling it. I suggest considering it to be like salt: Add a little bit to give your dish a special flavor, but if you dump a whole bag of it in your dish, you will need a very special audience to enjoy the result.

This article is not meant to force people to write something they don't understand or they feel uncomfortable with. Instead, I hope that it points out how you can use things that are alien to you to actually get ideas to support that which you do enjoy. I simply hope that it can help you find inspiration when you are looking for it, or maybe give you ideas that can eventually bloom into new pieces of AIF that you enjoy.

So, above all, I hope you have fun writing and playing AIF. ●



KAOS LORD has issued strip #3 in his "Karyn" comic strip. It is viewable on his web site at <http://nixan.tk/wfcarchive/karyn/Karyn001.htm>.

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

Purple Dragon has written five AIF games including *Ghost Story*, *Ghost Justice* and *Archie's Birthday - Chapter 1: Reggie's Gift*.

