

#### SHORT DESCRIPTION

a delicate glass mannequin that moves as if alive. She wears a tutu and balances on her toes with the grace of a ballerina.

#### MADAM INTRO

"This is Chén. Isn't she exquisite," \$npcMadam.name says. "She dances like an angel."

\$npcMadam.name lowers her voice.

"And fucks like a demon."

#### LONG DESCRIPTION

Chén pirouettes across the stage to you and greets you with a curtsy. There is a jerky quality to her movements, like a life-size clockwork toy. She looks like a miracle of engineering, or perhaps magic. The eyes in her glass face look organic and alive. Inside the amber-hued glass case of her chest a red heart beats and circulates fluids through a complex series of tubes and strange transparent structures that more resemble art sculptures than organs.

You don't really know what she is – a living breathing doll, or an automaton created by a master artisan that moves with a facsimile of life.

There are some strange symbols etched into her forehead: 卍.

#### HARLOT INTRO

The doll's living eyes study you and her delicate head moves with quick little jerky motions, like a bird.

"Come up to my room and dance with me."

<if agi < 4>

She looks you over.

"You don't look like much of a dancer, but maybe you'll prove me wrong."

</if>

She turns in a dainty little pirouette and bends over backwards far enough for her upside-down face to look up at you.

"Then I'll stick your cock in my dickbag and fuck all the spunk out of you."

She jerks back up to upright and gracefully twirls away.

#### SOCIALISING

Chén is a dainty and delicate presence at your side as you enter the bar. So much so, you unconsciously take up a protective stance next to her, which she notices and admonishes you for.

"I'm not fragile," she says.

She twirls ahead and finds a table.

#### SOCIALISING: NO MONEY

"I could be dancing," she tsks.

She leaves you and returns to \$npcMadam.name.

#### SOCIALISING: DRINKS

While waiting for the waitress to return with your drinks, you find yourself marvelling at Chén's face. Rather than being an expressionless doll mask, her face consists of complex interlocking glass parts that are able to slide over each other to form facsimiles of facial expressions. In contrast, and unsettlingly so, her blue eyes look organic, leaving you with uncomfortable questions as to where they might have come from.

Chén sees you looking and pulls a face.

"It's rude to stare," she says.

She pulls more faces, each lewder than the last until it looks like she's gasping in orgasm. She returns to a regular smirk as the waitress comes back with your drinks.

Or rather, just your \$socialisingDrinks[\$sdi].name. She doesn't bring anything for Chén.

"I do drink," Chén says, "but it's not allowed in here."

She glances down at your crotch with a total lack of shame.

"We dance, then I put your cock in my dickbag and squeeze the cum out of it."

Her frankness, out of the blue, catches you off guard.

"It's what you want to know, right," Chén says. "I do have that functionality. But only if you can dance. I have no time for clumsy clodhoppers."

She then proceeds to tell you, in graphic detail, all the ways her 'dick bag' will squeeze, suck and squoosh the cum out of your cock. Her crudeness is in direct contradiction to her exquisitely crafted appearance.

#### NPC GOSSIP

"Ah, Chén. Our foul-mouthed little golem. \$npcPotion.name made her, in one of her inexplicable moments of creative genius. I say 'made', but not all of her. Probably best not to think too hard about where some of those parts came from."

\$npcGossip.name chuckles darkly.

"Chén was supposed to be an embodiment of grace and elegance. And then \$npcPotion.name accidentally imbued her with the soul of a common waterfront floozy. The mouth on that wretch."

\$npcGossip.name's mouth twists with mirth.

"She dances like a ballerina, and seeks those with the agility to dance with her. I know it sounds tediously boring, but you needn't be disheartened. She's also a sexbot – a little clockwork whore. She has the bits. She charmingly—" the sarcasm drips from \$npcGossip.name's mouth "—calls it her

'dickbag'. It's a fully functional artificial vagina. Not as good as the real thing, of course, but I doubt you'd notice. You men will come in anything as long as it's wet and tight."

\$npcGossip.name laughs as she drinks her cocktail.

1) "For reasons known only to her, and I doubt even she remembers why, \$npcPotion.name gave Chén the ability to fill her artificial vagina with powerful acid. I think it's supposed to be a discouragement to stop unwanted men from forcing themselves on Chén.

"It's only happened once. The results were... frightful."

\$npcGossip.name's eyes glimmer with amusement.

"\$npcMadam.name was most displeased."

2) "If you have two left feet when it comes to dancing, all you'll get from Chén is a mouthful of abuse."

3) "\$npcPotion.name makes her toys to seek out the best quality sperm, and when they find it, they're not satisfied with only taking a small sample. Chén is no different. Be wary of showing off when dancing with her."

4) "Chén reserves her best tricks for only the most agile of dance partners."

#### SCENARIO

Chén's room is old Victorian elegance. The walls are panelled in dark wood. The wooden floor is lacquered and polished so thoroughly it gleams. A fancy chandelier hangs from the ceiling. An old gramophone with a large brass trumpet sits on a stand in the far corner. It's currently playing a scratchy old dance tune. Chén slowly dances around the room. The floor is open apart from a low-lying leathery beanbag-type cushion in the centre of the room.

Chén is in constant motion as she dances around the central cushion. There is a strange jerky quality to her movements – like looking at a windup ballerina on the top of a musical box.

As she twirls by, she takes one of your arms and drags you out onto the dancefloor. You wave your gift around, wondering what you should be doing with it.

#### GIFT

Still dancing, Chén takes you over to the stand in the corner. She pulls a tray out from beneath the gramophone and points to it. Then she twirls away on the tip of her toes.

You place the \$allGifts[\$cgi].name on the tray. Chén doesn't seem to care what it is, but she acknowledges it with a little nod. She moves the needle on the record back to the start, takes your hand and draws you back out onto the dancefloor.

"My producer made me to dance," Chén says.

She arches her head backwards with clockwork clicks.

"And also to assess the studs for quality."

She dances in close, tugs at your trousers and then spins away in a dainty pirouette.

You think she's hinting to take your clothes off. You undress down to your underwear and toss your clothes over by the corner.

Chén cocks her head and rolls her eyes. She reaches over, hooks the elastic of your pants with her finger and snaps it back against your body.

"You're in a whorehouse. No need to be a shy pussy."

You cock your head and glance at the little pink tutu around her waist. You're not the only shy pussy in the room.

<break>

The interlocking plates of Chén's face move together to form a ribald grin. She lifts up her gossamer dress and bends her body back in a supple crab. She's not wearing underwear. She has a vagina. Unlike the rest of her glass mannequin body, her pussy looks like it's been moulded from supple black rubber.

Chén returns back to standing with jerky little clockwork clicks. Her eyes are challenging as she looks back at you.

"You've seen my cunt. Now let's see your big fat cock."

You pull your underpants down and toss them on the pile of your other clothes.

Chén comes closer and bends down to examine your penis.

"Mmm. Very nice," she says. "I can't wait to put that in my dickbag. But first..."

She dances over to the gramophone and changes the record.

"We shall dance and I shall assess the quality of your stock for my producer."

She moves the needle to the start of the record and music pours out of the gramophone horn. It's more upbeat and up-tempo. Chén springs over to you on tippytoes and takes your hand.

The dance begins.

LOW AGI (<1)

It does not last for very long.

Truth be told, you're an awful dancer. Always have been. You try. Unfortunately, you're congenitally clumsy and possess two left feet when it comes to moving around on the dancefloor. You lumber along inelegantly in the wake of Chén's movements before she twirls over to the gramophone and pauses the music.

"You are not a dancer," Chén says. "There is no music in your soul. Those feet are better suited to planting turnips."

She points to the big leathery beanbag in the centre of the room.

"Now sit and watch. You're no fucking use to me as a partner, so you can be my audience instead."

Chastened, you slouch down in the beanbag. It's soft and the leather cover is supple. While reasonably comfortable, it seems designed more for lying on than sitting in.

Chén drops the needle back down and the music resumes. Like a delicate little clockwork toy, she whirls and spins across the wooden floor in front of you. You're left in awe at the exquisite craft of her body. Did someone really make her? All of her parts move so seamlessly. Her creator must be a master craftsman... or woman.

The music starts to rise to a crescendo. Chén takes her dance to a climax with it, though her finale is crude rather than elegant. She finishes astride you with her legs wide apart. She grabs the back of your head and shoves her crotch in your face.

"Sniff my cunt," she says.

It's a strange mix of scents – feminine arousal mixed with synthetic rubber.

<black rose override here>

"And that's all you're fucking getting," Chén says.

<break>

She releases your head and twirls away while the record stutters and catches at the end.

"My role is to obtain samples from the finest of stock. And you, with your stupid clodhopper feet, are not that. So put your clothes back on and fuck off," Chén says. "And be thankful you got to see true grace in motion."

<if dominant>

Her jeering words cause a volcanic surge of anger to boil within you. That cheeky little slut.

Your fists clench and unclench.

That... whore. Yes, whore. And this is a whore's room. You've a good mind to...

Chén pauses and laughs at the anger on your face.

"What a fucking mood," she says. "What are you going to do? Try to rape me? Come on, try it. I'm not as fragile as I look."

She lifts her dress and flashes her black rubber pussy at you as a taunt.

"I can secrete thirteen different special fluids into my dickbag. Twelve of those are to induce pleasure and spunking. The thirteenth is a powerful acid to melt the dicks off of clumsy clodhoppers who think they can force themselves on me."

She waves her hips back and forth, shamelessly showing off her sex.

"So go on. Take a poke. I'll melt your cock right off."

That's a bluff you don't feel like calling. Definitely not in here.

<else>

That's... mean. You like a bit of abuse – it's a turn on – but that usually has the promise of some sort of pleasure at the end of it. Looking at Chén's posture, you don't think you're getting that here.

"So off you fuck," she says. "You're no fucking use to me."

This is not really the humiliation you were looking for.

</if>

You put your clothes back on and slink over to the door.

"You're fucking lucky," Chén calls after you. "Most of the tarts in here would have ripped your soul out for being that shit."

That might be true, but she could at least be more tactful about it.

<break>

BLACK ROSE – OVERRIDE FOR LOW AGI

"Normally, this would be where I'd tell you to fuck off," Chén says. "Your stock is poor and of no interest to me. However..."

She bends down and presses a hand against your chest.

"...you have made a request and \$npcMadam.name insists I honour them. Just don't expect me to retain your jizz. I'll be flushing it out right afterwards."

DANCING: MED AGI (2-4)

You're not the best dancer in the world, but you are adequate. You are able to keep up with Chén. Or at least able to play the role of partner without completely embarrassing yourself.

It's strange to watch Chén. She moves with the grace and delicacy of a ballerina. But there is also a strange clockwork jerkiness to her movements, as if you're watching a life-size windup toy.

"Not too shabby," Chén says as she twirls by. "You're not total shit."

You dance with her until the record ends. Gracefully, Chén pirouettes over to the gramophone to put a new one on.

"Let's see how you do with this," she says.

How you do... is struggle. You're not a bad dancer, but this music is faster and has strange tempo changes that catch you out. Despite her strange, jerky clockwork motions, Chén moves around you with grace and elegance. It's like she's wired up directly to the music and follows it flawlessly.

You try your best. It's not bad, but not good either. It comes as a relief when the record finally comes to an end.

Chén dances back over to the gramophone and lifts the needle.

"You were shit," she says as she turns to you. "But you tried."

That was a little blunt.

"I wouldn't feel too bad," Chén says. "That piece is difficult. All but the most exceptional fuck it up. Your overall performance was, however, adequate. We can proceed to the next phase: semen extraction."

DANCING: HIGH AGI (>4)

You've always been a pretty good dancer. Chén, despite her appearance, is excellent. It's slightly surreal to watch her. There is a strange clockwork jerkiness to her movements, like watching a life-size windup doll, and yet she moves with the delicacy and grace of a top ballerina.

You're not too shabby either.

Chén's face lights up as she watches your dance. "We've got a live one here!"

When the record ends, Chén gracefully pirouettes over to the gramophone to put a new one on.

"Let's see how you do with this," she says.

The new music is much faster and has a lot of unexpected tempo changes. You have to concentrate quite hard to follow it and keep up with Chén's movements.

The piece ends in a crescendo with Chén spinning into you and then bending backwards over your outstretched arm. She holds the pose until the music ends and looks up at you with a broad smile.

"Mag-fuckin-ifico," she says. "Bravo. You're somewhat competent."

Chén returns back to upright with jerky clockwork clicks. She glides back to the gramophone.

"Now we can proceed to the fun phase: semen extraction."

SEMEN EXTRACTION

Chén changes the record. The music on this one isn't really for dancing. It's more a background piece to set a mood, and you know exactly what that mood is.

Chén turns back to you. For an artificial clockwork doll with a face made out of interlocking glass plates, it's quite an achievement to pull off the expression of pure unadulterated filth she gives you.

"That's where I put your cock in my dickbag and squeeze out a big fat load," she says.

<if not Black Rose>

She gestures for you to lie down on the leathery beanbag in the centre of the room. The old leather is warm and supple, and feels comfy as you lie back with your head and shoulders propped up.

</if>

Chén stands in front of you with her legs apart. She lifts up her tutu to expose her sex, or rather the facsimile of a vagina she has. In contrast to the amber-hued glass of her body, her sex is fashioned from matte black rubber.

"Give me a mo. I need to squirt a bit of lube in there first," Chén says. "Ah, there we go."

A viscous, clear liquid oozes from the opening.

Chén looks down at your flaccid member.

"That's not a problem. My dickbag has vacuum capabilities. You can be as limp as a wet noodle. My dickbag will suck it inside and squeeze out a good sample."

Chén crouches down and wraps a hand around your cock. The glass or hard plastic it's made from is surprisingly warm.

"Better if it's hard. My producer gave me feedback receptors on the inside. I do like getting my dickbag //stretched//."

<br>

Your erection has perked up the moment Chén lowers her crotch down on you. She's weird, but does appear to be a bona fide sex robot with fully functional parts, although it's hard to tell whether science, magic, or some unholy combination of the two was responsible for her creation.

Your erection pushes at the rubber opening to her artificial vagina and – aided by copious amounts of lubricant – slides inside.

You see it as well. Through the glass wall of her abdomen you see your erection push up inside an opaque black bag. That is weird, but also arousing as well. The rubber is soft and feels pleasant around your cock.

"Into my dickbag you go," Chén says.

Inside her transparent body you see the rubber bag swell and slowly pulse. You feel it as pleasant suction on your cock.

Now that you have a chance to observe her properly, you notice Chén's interior is a complex web of tubes and incomprehensible organs. All are translucent aside from her 'dickbag' and a beating heart that looks disconcertingly human. You watch as pinkish fluids run down pipes leading into the slowly pulsing dickbag.

More lubricant?

You suppose, being artificial, Chén's vagina will need a little more than usual. It does feel rather pleasant inside her. It's warm, wet, and the walls are soft and very flexible. Although it is a little strange to see the rubber bag sticking up inside her and know that it's your dick in there.



Chén adds more internal movements. The bag twists, bulges and ripples around your erection. Not only is it arousing, it feels rather relaxing as well. As if your penis is getting a nice massage.

So relaxing, you let yourself sink into the soft leather beanbag cushion and let Chén's dickbag do its thing.

It's a little too relaxing. Your whole body starts to feel a little heavy, as if your limbs are weighed down with soft sacks of sand.

Chén's artificial lips turn up in an exultant smile.

"Ah good. It looks like the paralysing agent has taken effect."

[Paralysing agent?]

<break>

"My producer was concerned I might get damaged during the semen extraction process, so she gave me glands that secrete a little paralysing agent. It's not harmful or unpleasant. The drug will make you feel too relaxed to move for a short while. While my dickbag gets a big load out of you."

More fluids run down Chén's internal tubes and into the pulsing black rubber bag.

"She also gave me other glands. This one makes a special little something to put you in the mood."

The bag fills up with warm liquid. It soaks into your cock and you suddenly feel very hot and horny. Chén's dickbag expands and the resulting vacuum coaxes more blood into your penis. Your cock swells up to full erection... and a little more on top, until you're stretching the top of the bag.

Chén's eyes widen and her mouth gapes open in an expression of lewd abandon that doesn't fit an artificial mannequin at all.

"Ooh. I love a big fat cock in my dickbag," she says.

She regains control. Her dickbag stimulates your engorged member with slow throbs.

"My producer gave me the ability to secrete thirteen different fluids," Chén says. "One is a lubricant. One is a paralysing agent. One induces erections. You just felt that. One is a powerful organic acid."

Your eyes widen in fear.

<break>

"You don't need to worry about that. It's for the worthless clodhoppers that try to force themselves on me. I've already determined you're worthy enough to extract a semen sample from. <if AGI >4> More than worthy."

While reassuring, you do wonder what kind of sick madman would conceive of and build a sex doll capable of filling her pussy with acid.

"Seven are a blend of various different aphrodisiacs and other stimulants. I'm not a flesh 'n' blood floozy, so I need a little extra oomph to get you worthless cumsacks to spunk up your goodies."

You watch as various coloured fluids run through Chén's internal tubing. It resembles a complicated science experiment and all converging on the slowly pulsing black rubber bag.

"All you men are complicated and annoying. It takes a while to find the right mix of aphrodisiacs and stimulation to get you properly spunking."

Various exotic fluids dribble into the rubber bag. The pulsing motions of the bag whip them up into a froth around your cock, a froth that sinks into your skin and drives your senses wild. The black rubber continues to swell and throb. Sometimes it contracts right down until it squeezes your member like a second skin. Other times it swells up like a balloon and sends waves of rippling suction running up your shaft.

"My dickbag has you now, and it will make you come," Chén says. "So lie back and enjoy it."

You sigh and moan in pleasure. Chén sits astride you and gloats down at you. Her dickbag swells, squeezes, throbs and twists. It churns aphrodisiac secretions around your cock until you're helplessly squirming in bliss.

"I have it," Chén says. "You're gonna spunk."

<break>

The throbbing pulses of her dickbag grow more deliberate and focused. The bag twists and squeezes the edge of your glans at just the right spot. You're completely under her control now, and Chén knows it.

<split for 0 semen>

She manipulates her internal rubber bag until it feels like many oil-slick hands spiralling up your shaft. Your hips start to tremble. You feel the urge to come rising within you. You feel it's going to be big.

"Here it comes," Chén says. "Make my producer happy and spurt out a big one. Fill my dickbag with your filthy cream."

Her dickbag pulses faster and faster. You moan and squirm. It's coming.

Chén leans over and grasps your sides. Her weirdly human eyes stare into yours.

"Yes, come, you filthy cumsack. Let it gush out inside me."

Her dickbag swells and then contracts down to squeeze your cock. That's enough. Your cock throbs and you spurt a massive load of semen out into the rubber bladder. Your whole body trembles with the force as you pour it up into Chén.

Chén's eyes go big and crossed. Her mouth falls open in a shameless gape. It looks like she too is having an orgasm. <if INT > 3> although you suspect she's putting on a show for your benefit.

<break>

Her inner dickbag coaxes the last dregs of your ejaculation out with gentle undulation. Then contracts more tightly in a squeezing stroke to get the last drops out. The tip keeps swelling up until cloudy liquid leaks out and is drawn up into a transparent bladder.

<split for Hi AGI>

The transparent bladder fills up with cloudy liquid to the size of a large marble. Chén opens the front of her chest and reaches in to retrieve it.

"Sample collected," Chén says. Her demeanour is back to cold and artificial.

She gets up off you. A sticky mess of lubricant and aphrodisiacs spill out of her artificial pussy along with your spent cock.

"Dance over," Chén says. "I need to go and clean my parts in preparation for the next semen extraction."

She picks up your pile of clothes and tosses them in your direction. She walks over and opens up a disguised door in the far wall. Before entering, she turns and glances back in your direction.

"What are you waiting for? Dance over. Now fuck off."

You shake your head. Given her form her vulgarity is more amusing than offensive. Body of a ballerina, mouth of a sailor. For a sexbot, she's certainly unique. Her 'dickbag' was also a novel – and pleasant – experience. Your cock feels like it's been put through a wringer, but pleasantly so.

You put your clothes on and head for the exit.

OUT OF SEMEN

She manipulates her internal rubber bag until it feels like many oil-slick hands spiralling up your shaft. You squirm helplessly beneath her as she toys with and stimulates your cock.

Frustration starts to show on her face after a while.

"Won't you come already?" she complains.

Her dickbag contracts tightly around your cock and tugs on it with teasing ripples. As good as it feels, you remain tantalisingly just short of climax.

"I know what it is," Chén says. "You've already had your bollocks drained by those other skanks. I'm going to have to use more extreme measures if I want to get a sample from you."

<break>

FULL DRAIN

"First sample collected," Chén says.

First sample?

Chén smiles down at you. For an inhuman automaton, her smile has a disconcertingly sinister edge.

<hi AGI>

"I have special dispensation to collect a much larger samples from those of exceptional agility. How large? All of your cum."

<black rose>

"I'm not really interested in your cum. It's poor quality. But I do have to give you what you asked for, so lie back."

<join from out of semen>

<break>

She holds up her hands. Long hypodermic needles emerge from the tips of her index fingers. Still smiling, she bends over and jabs them into your sides. You feel a brief pinprick of pain, then a rush of euphoric bliss.

"This is my twelfth secretion," Chén says. "It's a special little drug derived from succubus venom. You useless cumsacks can't produce the quantity I need without a little help."

At first you feel relaxed. Then hot. Then horny. Really hot and horny. It also feels like your balls are swelling up between your legs.

"It forces the body to produce more cum. Lots and lots of cum."

An unknown organ starts pulsing vigorously in Chén's chest compartment. A bright pink substance emerges from it and starts to ooze down a pipe.

"And that's my thirteenth secretion," Chén says.

The viscous liquid creeps down an internal pipe towards the black rubber bag containing your dick.

"This one's really special. It..." She pauses with a knowing smirk on her face. "You'll see."

Or rather feel.

She pumps the mystery liquid into the black rubber bag and starts to squelch it around your cock with slow, powerful throbs. Your head falls back as you feel it surround and soak into your member. It feels incredible. At its touch your erection balloons up far larger – and sensitive – than you ever imagined possible.

Chén fills her dickbag and manipulates it around your cock with deft skill. The flexible rubber bag sucks, squeezes, twists, pulses; all providing amazing stimulation to your cock. <if empty>Despite your depleted state it<else>It<> sets your whole body squirming in bliss.

Chén works it with skilful pulses, jerking your arousal up, and up, and up, until you can't hold it back any longer. You break with a loud, orgasmic groan and pour it out inside the black rubber bag.

"That's it, you worthless cumsack," Chén says. "Empty it all out in my dickbag."

<break>

The bladder swells as more of your semen is drawn out of the tip of the rubber bag. Chén doesn't pause. She refills the bag with more pink fluids and starts squelching them away around your trapped cock. Your erection doesn't subside after coming. If anything, it swells further still. Chén sits astride you and lets her dickbag throb you to another orgasm.

And another. And another. While you squirm beneath her, helplessly in thrall to the pleasure.

She only pauses when her collection bladder is completely full and has expanded to fill the whole of her hollow chest.

<hi AGI>

"It is nice to finally find someone worth fully extracting. Most of you cumsacks are too clumsy to be useful."

<black rose>

"So much worthless, poor quality cum," Chén says with a sigh. "It's only good for throwing away."

That isn't the end. Chén opens the front of her chest, pulls out the full bladder and attaches a fresh one to the tip of her dickbag. She injects you with more of the aphrodisiac drug and continues milking semen from your cock with the pulsing black rubber bag. You writhe and squirm, unable to prevent yourself from spurting out more fluids.

You're no longer conscious when she empties her chest a second time. Your lack of consciousness doesn't stop her from milking more semen out you. Your unconscious body, pleasure-soaked and dripping in sweat, twitches and jerks beneath her with each ejaculation. She keeps going until she's extracted every drop of cum, which is also all the fluids in your body. What's left behind on the soft leather cushion is a dried-up husk.

NPC MONEY

INTRO

"Ah, the little glass ballerina. Her craftsmanship is exquisite. I was very enamoured of her... until she opened her mouth."

\$npcMoney.name pulls out a black notebook.

"Tell me of your experiences with Chén."

BODY

"I heard about the acid incident. Ghastly."

He shudders.

FEEDBACK

<early visit>

"It seems she has little patience for the clumsy and inelegant."

\$npcMoney.name's nostrils twitch as he thinks.

"Hmm, but it would still count as a valid visit. Yes, I think I can turn this to my advantage."

<regular visit>

"Such an exquisite thing, as long as she keeps her trap shut. As exquisite as she is, is it truly having sex, or just masturbation from an unliving machine programmed with the illusion of life?"

\$npcMoney.name sighs.

"It's all moot anyway. My strengths, alas, do not extend to dancing. I doubt I'd meet her standards and not meeting a harlot's standards in here is usually a death sentence."

He pauses.

"Saying that, there was a fellow. Good looking. Very nimble on his feet. Said he was a member of the Association of Teachers of Operatic Dancing. He sounded quite insistent he could pass Chén's challenge. I watched him go with her into the back area. And that was that. Never saw him again."