Cthulhu Dating Sim:

A pancake breakfast with a God?:

You wake up to a smell that is both familiar and repulsively alien.

Your stomach makes a sickening growl.

Your eyes blink open and you find yourself in an unfamiliar place. Your back hurts like you’ve been sleeping on a sacrificial altar.

Which seems to be the case.

You crack your back and rub the sleep out of your eyes.

As you make the painful motion to roll onto your side, you catch the most incredible sight.

Cthulhu in…an apron?

He sees that you’re awake and brings over a plate of something that vaguely resembles pancakes.

There’s a menacing dagger sticking out from it. It looks like it’s obsidian…and crusted with something that probably doesn’t belong on an eating utensil.

**Cthulhu**

From what I understand, this is a customary breakfast item.

He stares at you expectantly.

[How do you know about pancakes?] (Neutral/Sane)

[What the hell is that?] (Sane)

[Ooh! I love pancakes!] (Insane)

(Neutral/Sane)

Cthulhu puffs up with pride.

**Cthulhu**

I have received many offerings of the cooking books.

He holds up a well-worn copy of Martha Stewart: Collected Recipes for Every Day.

**Cthulhu**

Though I am unfamiliar with many of these ingredients.

(Sane)

He visibly deflates and makes a heart broken sound.

**Cthulhu**

Do they not resemble cakes made in a pan?

Cthulhu stares at the ground sheepishly.

(Insane)

He warbles joyously.

**Cthulhu**

Of course! I made improvements with locally sourced produce.

He seems delighted with his weird pancakes.

He slices off a piece of pancake? with the obsidian dagger. He holds it close to your mouth.

It smells putrid.

[Eagerly open your mouth.] (Insane)

[Purse your lips closed with all your might.] (Sane)

[Hesitantly open your mouth.] (Neutral/Sane)

Cthulhu shoves it into your mouth.

You gag violently as the most unfathomable flavors fill your taste buds.

Your vision goes white.

You’re pretty sure you stop breathing.