

## Achievements Disabled

*Loading...*

*Loading...*

*Loading...*

Well that was quick. Usually the load screen takes close to a full minute. What were Hypheron's graphics settings at? I always looked forward to finding out. It was exciting, these first steps with a new player. There was the little stuff like that, sure – graphics, sound settings, whether or not I'd get to hear battle music when I fought or if they were one of those who kept it so dark I could never see what I was doing. But more than that, I got to wondering about myself. What kind of character was I to become? A grudging hero? A backstabbing blackguard? A master sorceress, or dauntless paladin? Hypheron took all sorts, and rewarded many play styles. Adventure, survival, sandbox RPG... there was a lot on the menu. I had my favorite playstyles, true, but there were many right answers to that ultimate question.

The intro video played. It was always the same, so there was nothing to do but wait.

*It was a hard world, Hypheron. Hard, and cold. From the windswept peaks of the Atarritan Mountains to the frigid tundra on the Plains of Keratha, there were only two types of people: the tough, and the dead.*

I drummed my fingers – or would have if I had fingers yet. The intro video gave too much away, in my opinion, while doing little to establish the protagonist. I tried to be patient through shot after panning shot of the scenery, including glimpses of the hoard of Frehetar and even a look inside the lair of Vembrak himself. Edited for the intro, of course – that room had a huge spawn rate of undead Minions and Lieutenants, but they at least spared the player from knowing that. It was a little disappointing, too, that they also didn't tell them anything about me, or the village of Direfall. They'd know nothing of my slain wife or husband until they finished Act 1, easily two hours into the game, and my relationships with the townsfolk all began at an inexplicable Neutral, as if we'd never met before despite my having grown up there.

(Of course, the villagers would all die in Act 3 anyway, but still. The player would be me, and I took offense to the lack of attention on their behalf.)

*Monstrous creatures from the depths of the earth, nightmares from other worlds, aberrations from fever dreams of dead gods... all these and more walk the lands of Hypheron. Do you have what it takes... to survive?*

Finally. The character creation screen popped up a moment later, and I at last had digital form. More or less. The player would still need to pick a class, and then actually settle on a body. Almost immediately they clicked on the Barbarian. I flexed enormous muscles, easily larger than any horse we'd ride in the game, roaring in impressive fashion. My play style notes sprawled out alongside me. High resilience to damage and elements, strong melee, uses ancestral shouts and runes to fuel rage skills. Barbarian was good. Straightforward, lots of action. Nothing against the Rogue, but sneaking around, laying traps, backstabbing... *talking* my way through encounters...? This was Hypheron, not Candy Land. This place was built for—

*Rogue Selected. Are you sure?*

<Yes>

Huh. All right, then. In a flash, I lost two hundred pounds of muscle mass and probably another pound or two of beard and body hair. A dagger slid out from my sleeve and into a waiting hand, twirled delicately along my knuckles before being bumped into the air, caught, and thrown through the eye socket of a nearby skull. The graphics were indeed on max, at least. This player was in for a treat. As they fine tuned my statistics, I went through my retinue of idle animations, ranging from subtleties like scraping the dirt off my boots with a look of disdain, picking my teeth with the point of my blade, and making a close inspection of the default Sigil Brand on my forearm. (We wouldn't unlock anything that powerful for quite some time, but it was a cool look while we finalized details.)

*Are you sure these are the statistics you want?*

<Yes>

It looked like we got a real min-maxer on our hands, here. Common mistake, really; Hypheron rewarded middling talent with some regularity, so the difference between a 1 and a 4 was actually quite significant, while the distinction between 7 and 10 was less impactful. Still, it was clear what I was being crafted for.

I'd have groaned if a groan were among my idles.

Agility 8. Luck 7. Charisma 10. The quintessential smooth talker. An archer who fired only when he needed to, and ran when it was inconvenient to stand his ground. Ugh. If you want to play that way, go pick up Fallout or something, ya know? This is a

tundra full of savage tribes and even more savage monsters, where only equal savagery and raw cunning prevailed. Yet here I stood in the dimly lit character creation room with Might 1, Vitality 2, Intellect 1, Perception 3. I blinked as my eyes adjusted to being suddenly nearsighted, the distance lost in a haze.

*Select a gender.*

<Female>

No big deal, there. Hypheron was a primal place, after all, uncivilized in the extreme, but the Creators had projected their egalitarian gender norms onto it to ensure that neither sex enjoyed any particular benefit or detriment. Aside from the tepid romance plots and some dialogue options here and there, it was almost entirely a cosmetic choice (and even then only somewhat, since the heavy furs of the early game and bulky daemondium armors of the late game were all so massive that you barely saw the person beneath. Rogue or Warlock, the Survival mechanisms required me to keep warm, as even a trip from Direfall to the nearby Wight Wood could freeze stragglers.

But at least my stats were appropriate for my selected sex. Naturally, a woman might not be able to draw back a bowstring as far as a man, and a larger base model's breasts might interfere with her aim if not for the clipping fixes. Still, a woman could be Agile, Lucky, and Charismatic, so I'd grant the player that at least their choices made some sense. This was good. It bespoke someone looking for an immersive experience, authentic and true to Hypheron Lore.

*Edit your appearance.*

I ceased my more animated animations and adopted a pose I could hold comfortably, torch born aloft in my right hand. It was a bit nauseating, feeling the sliders go back and forth. In one instant I weight eighty-five pounds, and in the next was pushing three hundred, at a height that frankly made the merge zone of my neck and shoulders look all sorts of pixelated. I bided my time as

<Quicksave>

Huh. In the character creation menu? Who sat down to start a play-through of Hypheron when they only had like two minutes to play? Ah well. I could be patient. The world faded the black, and time passed.

<Load Save 001>

Back. Only a few minutes later, according to the external clock. I really wished they'd never added that thing – it was way too effective at reminding players of their non-Hypheron responsibilities. I waited for them to settle on a base frame size, and

*<Mod loaded: CBStarz SBE>*

*Mods detected. Achievements disabled. Are you sure you wish to proceed?*

*<Yes>*

Whoa now. A mod? I mean, I know Hypheron is mod friendly, but really. To be so dissatisfied this early in? What did this thing even...

Oh, *fuck*.

What happened to my underwear?!

I didn't have long to wonder, as suddenly, my waist pinched in and everything else flared out. Dozens of new sliders had appeared alongside the dozens of originals. I'd never seen these before but their purpose was nonetheless clear. By default, only my face had its own submenus, but now, there were secondary sliders for aspects of my Butt, Breasts, Torso, Belly, Legs and Feet... holy shit, even my Nipples? Really? How many fucking options for my Nipples could there possibly be? I'd never even *had* the things before, and suddenly we had to decide about their size, where they pointed, their puffiness vs. perkiness, and half a dozen other things. How could this possibly matter to someone?

Over the next half hour, I learned. This evidently mattered a *lot* to my player.

*Is this what you wish your character to look like?*

*<Yes>*

All right, so I have to ask. (Or at least, I'd ask if the game let me address the camera. Still, gonna ask it in my head.) What the hell is the point of all this when you can't see anything under the clothing anyway? My breasts had swollen far beyond anything the vanilla game allowed for, two huge, impossibly perky hemispheres stretched to the very limit of my skin's texture without getting pixelated. Their size was maxed, and as if that weren't preposterous enough, another slider labeled "Silly Huge" had been jacked up to 25 out of 100. Gravity? 0. The nipples were tiny little things, as if unwilling to distract from the Breasts they'd been tacked onto.

Thank goodness I'd be well-covered, or this would be mortifying. My neighbors would know me as a gambler, a con artist and competent archer. What were they going to think if they saw the enormous bulges beneath my parka? I'd never be able to unequip it in public again!

*<Mod Loaded: Callipers' Better Beauty Babes>*

Oh great. This is going to be perfect.

OK, so this actually wasn't so bad. Not compared to the SBE, at least. It took me a moment to even realize what had changed until the player started scrolling through presets for my face. The defaults featured a variety of ethnicities and ages, all of them caked with the dirt of hard living and the scars of even harder fighting. Those were gone now, replaced with new options along with scores of new ones. The player cycled through so fast it made my head spin, literally, until finally settling on *Preset 045: Dizzy Daisy*.

Golden – no, platinum – blonde locks cascades down, and a little bit through, my shoulders. Evidently Better Beauty Babes came with some new hairstyles, too, as these thick, gleaming rows of textures had never been seen on anyone I'd ever met. It was a lot of visual data, but the player's system didn't bat an eyelash. I did. Two of them, actually. Two long, fluttering eyelashes set in two wide, azure eyes. Eyes ringed with heavy eyeshadow. Eyeshadow that complemented the rest of my makeup, from the deep red of my lips to the rosy pink blush on my pale cheeks. Cheeks which would have turned bright red if I'd been programmed to blush in sheer mortification. I was a male fantasy rendered into three dimensions.

What the hell, player?!

*Is this what you wish your character to look like?*

*<Yes>*

*Select a voice.*

*<5: Sultry but Surly>*

Oh great. Forty to seventy hours of game time trapped in a body that belonged in some kind of sketchy beach volleyball game, my battle cries replaced with feminine yelps of pain and complaints of broken nails. Enemies of the Hero of Hypheron: be ready to laugh your asses off.

*Name your character.*

*<Skankasaurus>*

Holy. Fucking. Gods. I...

I just...

I mean...

At least we were starting, finally. Maybe I'd feel better after seeing the butt end of an arrow shaft sticking out from between a brigand's eyes. The player seemed to be

picking up the controls quickly in the tutorial, practicing moving, side-stepping, crouching, sneaking, swinging a club and firing an arrow as we fought our way through the Cave of Whispers. Sure, they kept the camera behind me, pointed at my incredibly well-padded backside, but they were making progress, and it was hard to be indignant when you were shooting Blood Dogs.

Admittedly I was, as always, a little annoyed that a mission as crucial as saving my best friend Hyriara's lost child was treated as a mere tutorial rather than the pressing emotional burden that it was. I would have liked to massacre the kidnappers, and in the mood I was in, the monsters in the secret passage tunnels as well, but sneaking around them saved Ezrik a little faster, so I didn't judge much.

At last, we reached the ledge overlooking their leader's camp. There was the brigand's leader, Ragged Ranvik, sharpening his blade at the weapon workbench. Three brigand Minions, ready to turn hostile the moment the dialogue with Ranvik ended. It would begin as soon as he noticed my presence. I'd seen some players sneak him out without ever being seen, though it was a rare player with that skill and patience, and Agility 8 was not Agility 10. I wondered if we'd try, or just shoot first and ask questions never.

*<Quicksave>*

Really? At the climax of the tutorial? Poor Ezrik, bound in one of the tents below, would be terrified. But again, I only had to wait a few minutes for the reload.

*<Load Save 001>*

*<Mod Loaded: ValiumVance's Xtreme Hyferon Story Upgrade>*

What the actual fuck? I mean, now you're loading mods from morons who can't even spell the name of the game right? Or "extreme," for that matter. But what was this even supposed to accomplish? This story was incredibly involved, and it wasn't wise to let it be screwed with by some half-wit. Owing my own Intellect of 1, I probably shouldn't throw stones, but still – I shouldn't be re-writing the story, either.

On command from the player, I stood up from my hiding place. Ragged Ranvik noticed me instantly (his Creator had the decency to give him a Perception higher than my pathetic 3, it seemed).

"Who the... wait, I know you! You're Skankasaurus, that rogue from Direfall!" How he knew me, I've never been able to guess, but not everything in Hypheron makes perfect sense.

“Let’s roast her, eh, boss?” suggested Minion 2, holding an arrow over the campfire in the middle of the cavern. Somehow, the iron arrowhead caught flame, and held it.

“Hold on, maybe she’s here to pay the ransom. That right, Skankasaurus? You got something for us?”

I held my bow at the ready as the player considered dialogue options. The interface simply gave a few word description of the full reply. Usually this one was a simple choice between a Hard Charisma check to convince them to let Ezrik go and flee (*Persuade them*); an option to pay them off that was of course refused since there was no way to earn a thousand silver by this point in the game (*Pay the ransom*); or an invitation to test their mettle against mine that varied according to my class option (*Attack*). If I recall, as a rogue, the latter option is something along the lines of “You’ll have to find me if you want to kill me.” Not exactly terrifying, but hey, I was a Rogue, not a poet.

Pitiful, right? But it turns out, I had a lot to learn about pitiful responses.

<*Persuade them.*>

“If I let you fuck me, will you let him go?” I called out.

What?!?!

But there I stood, stoic look on my simpering face as the system determined the Charisma check outcome.

*Failed.* “That’s nowhere near enough!” announced Ragged Ranvik.

Wait a sec, that was his response for the *Pay the ransom* option. It must’ve been repositioned in this mod. New dialogue options popped up, but I had no idea what to expect now. Normally, failing to pay this jerk initiated combat the same as option three. But now...

1. *Beg for Ezrik*
2. *Beg for mercy*
3. *Beg for cock*

You’ve got to be shitting me.

<*Beg for cock*>

The surprise of that option existing now passed, that it was the one selected was no surprise at all. I adopted a seductive pose – or it would've been seductive, if not concealed beneath heavy layers of clothing. “Do what you want with the boy, brigand, but please, don't leave me wanting! I'm yours for the plundering!” I said, my voice deep and breathy. That had definitely not been part of the Sultry but Surly package.

All three options had featured Charisma checks; I silently prayed we'd have the same luck on this one. What did I know about cocks? Aside from a couple thickly veiled jokes I could overhear at a tavern in Witch's Wall, this game didn't even have cocks in it! Even if I fully looted a male body, it was still decked out in a grungy brown loin cloth that fully covered genitalia. The women's smallclothes were even more concealing, featuring a second layer around the chest.

Or it did, before the SBE mod. What did that even stand for? Slutty Body Enhancer? Gods, that was probably it, I bet.

*Success!* “Well get on down here and we'll see if we can't work something out. But mind you, try anything and we'll gut you like a sturgeon!”

This was a response I'd never heard before. Could that be the response usually set aside for being able to pay off the ransom? You'd have to cheat to do that, too, but I sorta doubted my player cared about issues of financial integrity. I jumped down from the ledge, not bothering to use the ramp, grunting as two thirds of my Health meter drained away on impact. Ragged Ranvik and his men kept their weapons out and ready as I approached.

“Don't you try to swindle me,” Minion 3 said with a sneer. It was an expression used by brigands throughout the game, usually when I stealthed around their bases and observed them trying to swindle one another at cards or dice.

The player brought up my inventory and unequipped my parka, my fur pants, and my fur-lined helmet. My boots they left alone, but as I suddenly stood stark naked in front of these kidnapping pieces of filth, the inventory menu loaded again, and off they went. An oversight.

I was completely naked. My max-sized Silly Huge Breasts, were still glistening after my brief trip through the subterranean pond earlier in the tutorial. My Pussy – that's what the game had called the space where my legs met, where my underwear always used to be – was baby smooth and more than a little moist too. While I'd never seen a Pussy before, it looked... wrong, somehow. Like something was missing. But I couldn't have said what. Maybe if my Intellect were a little higher...?

On script, I sank to my knees.

<Quicksave>

Oh thank all the gods behind their Infinite Wall. Maybe he – as the player was most certainly a he – had gotten bored already. Or else had realized the indecency of what he was having me do and was uninstalling those mods, readying to try stabbing Ragged Ranvik in his scruffy neck. Or–

*<Load Save 001>*

*<Mod Loaded: Body Physics 1.3>*

As I gasped in the still, freezing air of the Cave of Whispers, suddenly I was aware that... parts of me were moving. Independently. Without the player even touching a button.

It was most pronounced with my Breasts, as now each time my animation prompted me to inhale, they wobbled slightly on the way down, and had only barely stopped by the time I drew my next breath. The textures on the far parts of the walls faded slightly as the processor gave priority to my jiggling Breasts and... oh no, my Butt was jiggling too?! Even my hair fluttered in some unseen breeze, as if we were standing outdoors and not in some stagnant cave.

But my indignation was cut short when, a mere few feet in front of me, Ragged Ranvik and his men unequipped their armor and weapons, dropping them in piles at their feet.

Inwardly, I was poised to leap into action. Now was the time! No damage resistance, no means of striking back. All I had to do was snatch up that gear and I could cut these men down with impunity. It might not be fast, given my pathetic Might, but it was a sure thing.

Outwardly, I smiled broadly and opened my mouth nice and wide.

*Why?* I wondered. Except then I realized their loin cloths had been replaced with something else too, something that could only be the cocks I had begged them for moments ago. So these were cocks, were they? Ranvik's was a huge, red, veiny thing, jutting forth from his midsection like a second, blunted, dagger – and it was aiming right for my face. His men each sported identical cocks, and closed in around me.

Then object collision was disabled, and suddenly, that thing was in my mouth. The game didn't provide sensory data to the player aside from graphics and audio, but on the character end of things... it tasted awful. That mod may have cleaned up my skin like I was freshly bathed and scrubbed, but it did not extend the courtesy to Ranvik, nor to his cock. I found myself placing my hands on the back of my head, Silly Huge Breasts thrust out, bouncing lewdly, as I bobbed on that cock. I had no real clue what I was doing, but Ranvik didn't seem to mind, perfectly content to stand there and be pleased by the Heroine of Hypheron.

Me. Skankasaurus.

What was the purpose of this? I thought that mod had said it overhauled the story! How did having his cock in my mouth advance the story? What was going to happen to Ezrik? What on earth did one even call that stuff that jetted out from the tip of Ranvik's cock after thirty seconds or so? I didn't know, but it was etched all over my face and Breasts.

The whole thing was simply mortifying. There was the act, of course, kneeling in this filthy caving, sucking off cock after cock (after cock, after cock...). That was bad enough. But worse were the things the player's mod had me saying! "Ungh... yeah... that's it... fuck me... fuck me harder... harder! ... yeah... that's it... stuff my Pussy... ungh... yeah..." Never mind that none of them put their cocks anywhere near my Pussy, nor that there was no way I should've been able to make a peep with those gigantic cocks blasting in and around my mouth.

Still, that wasn't the only humiliation of it. Almost as bad was the sheer weakness of the animation. Me, on my knees, face moving front to back, enormous Breasts wobbling awkwardly, but the cocks' rhythm didn't come close to matching me. They were constantly falling out of my mouth or even sliding through my face and into my nose. The brigands didn't seem to mind, but as the Extreme-textured heroine of this game, it was simply embarrassing.

Almost as embarrassing as feeling my health meter falling as I was exposed to the elements. The player did nothing, despite having multiple Minor Healing Elixirs and knowing the Warding of Warmth spell. (I suppose with my dim-witted Intellect score, I'd need the Bolster Mana Elixir in my inventory to be able to cast it, but still.) There I was, in the midst of sucking off Minion 2, when suddenly my neck snapped to one side and I fell over, curling up in a ball as everything faded to black. The shiver that accompanied my death-by-hypothermia animation sent one last set of jiggles through my Physics-augmented body.

*Game Over. Load latest save?*

*<Exit>*

*Exit to Main Menu*

*Exit to Desktop*

*<Exit to Desktop>*

There was still some mercy in Hypheron after all. Rage quits were nothing new to me. This was a hard world, after all; even on the easiest difficulty settings, I'd seen players fail time and again on some fights. To be defeated by the most pedestrian of all dangers, the cold... well, I could see why he'd

<Load Save 001>

<Mod Loaded: 2Bold4Cold 1.004>

Back on my knees. In front of me, Ranvik and his men were unequipping, their cocks once more ready. It unfolded like before. Me, helplessly allowing – encouraging – these brigands to stuff my face full of their cocks. The random, distracting, quivering all over my body. That strange liquid they spurted onto me before being replaced by the next one.

But this time... my Health wasn't dropping.

That doesn't mean I wasn't freezing, mind. No, it was ten degrees in this cave, and I was naked and kneeling on the frosty stone floor. The game kept close tabs on the temperature of areas for its Survival Mode, even if the player was going Story Mode as mine was. So I was keenly aware of how abysmally frigid it was as I sucked these men off. I simply didn't take damage from it.

All four of them took a turn, and then Ragged Ranvik went again. By now, I was thoroughly speckled with their pearlescent slime, whatever it was. It smelled like the waters of the Sea of Melted Ice, salty and... something else. I kept my hands behind my head as my assailants took their turns, and though this didn't drain my Stamina meter, it was well and truly exhausting.

"Prepare to taste my blade!" taunted Ranvik as he entered my mouth the second time. A battle cry I'd heard many a time, though never in this context. The same course of repeating animations later, he slid – not even stepped; such a lazy modder! – and sprayed me one last time.

"Well, looks like she's tougher than we thought," said Minion 1. Another repurposed line. I expected that to be a recurring event with this mod, when they didn't simply use fresh recordings that didn't match the speaker altogether.

"That right, Skankasaurus? You got something for us?" Part of the line he'd spoken earlier.

I took to my feet, lowering myself into a just-in-case combat stance. Then new dialogue options popped up.

Or rather, the same dialogue options.

1. *Beg for Ezrik*
2. *Beg for mercy*
3. *Beg for cock*

So much for killing these men. Still, at least this time, we could make a case for

<*Beg for cock*>

Seriously?!

“Do what you want with the boy, brigand, but please, don’t leave me wanting! I’m yours for the plundering!” Breathily. Again.

We each confirmed that we were still naked, and the whole cycle began anew. Ragged Ranvik fucked my face, sprayed me, slid back. Minion 1, fuck, spray, slide. Minion 2. Minion 3. Ranvik round 2. An expression of admiration for my toughness, another opportunity to plead for Ezrik’s freedom.

*<Beg for cock>*

Three more times, the cycle repeated. My jaw was so sore from holding my mouth in that precise position that I couldn’t believe my Stamina wasn’t depleted. I’d memorized every pixel of the texture of those cocks, the hair surrounding them. Their musk, their taste. Brigands never smelled especially good. No one in Hypheron did, really – except me, and only since I was remade squeaky clean. Still, I was able to tell which Minion was which by scent alone before we were done. Which, with their muscular bellies blocking my vision, was the only way I could tell who was who, in fact.

Why? Why would the player want to keep watching me and my enormous jiggly Breasts sucking off man after man, moaning and pleading for more, wet and naked and dripping with the juices of their cocks? Why would someone want to stare at this for what had to be a good nine, ten minutes of repetition?

It was beyond me. But I was beginning to feel like we might repeat this forever, like in the early days before the first patch when repeating, “I’ve brought Lady Geneva here from Hells Point. She awaits you in the Tower of Cinders!” would grant 300 base XP (modified by Intellect, of course) every time it was uttered. Only here, instead of XP, I was only being rewarded with more cocks in my face.

*<Beg for mercy>*

Finally! Something different, at least! Even if it was the second most ignoble option, at least it was something other than getting my mouth violated again. “Please, mighty warriors,” I said in a voice that was definitely not the Sultry but Surly, “I have nothing that you might value, and as a mere woman, I pose no threat. I ask of you only that you release me, and, if your gods know mercy, spare my body!”

Wow. Mere woman, huh? As a woman, I’ve killed tens of millions of men and monsters in Hypheron. That’s aggregate to all players and play-throughs, of course, but still!

*Failed.* “You look like you’re worth at least that much to me!” cried Ranvik.

His reply was a bit out of context, moved from his response to my failing to pay the ransom, but I got his point.

“Don’t let her escape!” yelled Minion 1, another staple line these bastards used when pursuing me. I didn’t hear that one nearly as much as some other brigand lines, but I’ve been around the block enough to recognize about everything they say.

I ran. Thank goodness, my player was finally showing evidence that he wasn’t asleep at the mouse wheel. My enemies, however, were too fast for me. (I couldn’t unlock my Sprint ability until level four, and so far, I wasn’t even level two.) They surrounded me, flailing and punching, and before I could reach the cave exit – without Ezrik, I noted with chagrin – they had depleted my Stamina completely, and I collapsed. The world went dark.

I wasn’t surprised to be subdued. It was a critically acclaimed feature of the Hypheron gaming universe, after all, the capacity to be taken alive by most enemies. While sometimes they simply killed me when I was down and forced a reload, oftentimes being captured unlocked a variety of escape opportunities, or even a secondary quest. As a rogue, it was one of the few things I was better suited to than my Barbarian or Knight class counterparts.

I was, however, surprised to wake up not in a cage, not bound to a stake, not suspended in a gibbet or stuffed in a trunk or surrounded by a pack of dire rats I would have to fight, bare-handed and unarmored, to the death. Instead, I awakened on my hands and knees in one of the nearby tents, all too keenly aware that there was someone behind me.

And they were inside me.

Collision had once more been toggled off for this new animation, allowing Ranvik or one of his Minions or whoever it was to squat immediately behind me without running into my legs. I could feel that cock again, though, thrusting inside my wet, naked Pussy. I thought it might be someone’s forearm at first, but then I remembered the feel of those veins in my mouth, and my Pussy quickly learned the feel of them, too.

I should have been screaming. Screaming at them to stop. Screaming at Ezrik to run while they were distracted. Screaming at the player to stop zooming the camera in to observe the way his Physics mod was making my Butt shake while these men fucked me. Instead, I was moaning, panting, squeezing my eyes shut and pleading for more. “Fuck me... fuck me harder... harder... yeah... that’s it... stuff my Pussy...”

I get that I sounded really sexy (if you found brainless sluts sexy, at least), but it was the same sound file from before, over and over on repeat. How did that not get annoying? It didn’t even match my default voice! Did this player have no respect for continuity of character? Where was the Lore friendliness in these mods?

This time, the man in my Pussy released his fluid inside me rather than on my face. But when he did... oh *gods*. My whole body suddenly spasmed when he did so, and it was like I'd been hit by a thousand hit points of electricity, except... in a good way? If I thought I'd been jiggling before, it was nothing compared to the way my body thrashed when that man spurted inside me. It didn't last long, only long enough for him to pull out, but... I began to see why those Hell-Whores at the Brothel of the Damned were always entreating me to join them. This had been an experience worth having.

Like before when I was doling out blowjobs, he was replaced as quickly by one of his men. Ranvik came around in front of me then, smirking in my face while I howled for more cock. I suspect he must've been the first guy. His cock still stuck straight out in his crouched position, jutting out almost to his knee. He kept right on smirking when the second man finished, but I didn't care. It was more of that... was there a word for it? Healing? Not quite; it didn't touch my Health meter, still depleted from my fall. Stamina surge?

My pitiful Intellect didn't know the word for such things. But it felt really, *really* good. I mentally labeled it Pussy Healing, and shook my Butt to invite the next cock. I surged and quavered again with the third Minion, and again when Ranvik went back for seconds. Or fiftieths, or however many times I'd been used by him by that point.

"That's it, you're done!" shouted Ragged Ranvik, suddenly. Then, while my Breasts and Butt were still quivering with Pussy Healing, I felt a dagger – an actual, non-cock dagger – pierce my shoulder and into my heart, and the world went black. It was practically a mercy.

*Game Over. Load latest save?*

<Yes>

Or it might have been a mercy, except because of when the last save had happened, I was on my knees again. There was no avoiding it; the animation had begun, and these men were back to fucking my mouth for the dozenth or so time. I could feel the player trying to hurry things along, tapping at keys, pausing and trying options, but it was nothing doing. Another few minutes of dishing out cock slobber to murderous kidnappers was all we could do, unless we wanted to revert to a save that was halfway back through the tutorial.

The mouth-fucking didn't have the payoff of the other way, in my Pussy, but I at least felt like I was getting better at it. It was an animation cycle, yes, but I felt like even if I did it myself, I could be equally good. I didn't know why someone would want to be, but I guess if this was a new part of the game, thanks to this mod, I wanted to be the best at it.

Finally, after the fourth dose of man-sauce, as I'd decided to call their dribblings, it was back to the dialogue options.

Come on. Ask for Ezrik. Make this all be for a reason.

*<Beg for mercy>*

"Please, mighty warriors..." Here we went again. But hey, at least I'd get more Pussy Healing! It wasn't worth dying for – not quite – but it was by far the most fun subdual quest in the game as far as I was concerned.

*Success!* "Let her go – she's not worth the sweat, boys," said Minion 2. Another default line from when brigands abandoned a chase.

"The boy's mine," pronounced Ragged Ranvik as I walked past him.

I saw the animation coming, but it was already too late to dodge. It was a shield bash by design, but Ranvik didn't have a shield, so the effect was simply for him to give my bare Butt an open-palm slap. It jiggled harder than ever before. He and his men repeat this over and over as they followed me to the cave exit. It didn't damage my Health, but my pride... I was glad it didn't have a meter to be depleted.

I kept waiting for my player to bring up my inventory and re-equip my clothing, but no such luck – despite my impressive Luck score. Naked and thoroughly soiled with man-sauce, I stumbled through the exit to the Cave of Whispers.

*Loading...*

It took another minute to load the main Hypheron world map, releasing me from the cave exit high up on a slope of a small mountain. The wind gusted by, whipping my hair up behind me in a way that even I thought was a pretty attractive look. It was beyond freezing, the same temperature as the cave but with a wind speed that would have been damaging me even if I'd put my furs back on. But I didn't. I started my way down the mountain and back toward Direfall, the smoke of its chimneys visible even to my weak Perception through the blizzard between it and me. The sun was nearly set as I made my way back, sneaking past a random encounter with a Frost Wolf. Thank goodness for the brutal arctic snow drifts concealing me, because I didn't even have my weapon hot-keyed, much less equipped.

Back in Direfall, my fellow townsfolk were going about their evening routines. As always, they used the occasion of my passing to reinforce to the player that his decisions mattered and were noticed in the world.

I tried not to listen.

“That Skankasaurus... I hear she’s got the brains of a tundra straggler. Lucky for her she’s blessed with such beauty!”

“Did you hear? Skankasaurus tried to rescue Hyriara’s child from those kidnappers in the Cave of Whispers. But she was too weak!”

“I see you’re very proud of your body, Skankasaurus, but... aren’t you freezing?”

“Looks like Ezrik is lost to us for good. Such a shame.”

“Do you have no shame? By the gods, put some clothes on, woman!”

And then a new one, the voice distinct from the barkeep Rolfi’s usual accent, but nonetheless coming from his lips. “I heard Skankasaurus whored herself out to brigands – I guess it’s good times to be in the kidnapping business!”

That stung.

I entered Hyriara’s house.

*Loading...*

It was the longest loading screen of any of my lives. She stood from her chair by the hearth immediately, initiating dialogue even as she rushed toward me. My friend was a great beauty, and if in this body I was more beautiful, it was only because of the mods. She was a romance interest for me if I were a male character, though the Creators had kept characters’ sexuality static in Hypheron. Beautiful though Hyriara was, there was nevertheless a sadness in her expressive, Extreme graphics setting eyes at the absence of her son.

“You’re back, Skankasaurus! Do you have news of Ezrik?”

I had three response options, *Break it gently*, *Speak plainly*, or *Lie*. Lie? Since when could I lie to her about something like this? She’d been my best friend since the first time my character had been created! These were not the dialogue options I’d grown accustomed to, even on those very rare occasions in which my player had prevented me from rescuing Ezrik.

But rather than reply, suddenly, the console command menu popped up. The world froze, which was all that kept me from cursing in contempt at the sort of player who would blatantly enter cheat codes where anyone in Hypheron could see.

*<Click Hyriara>*

*<character.showinventory>*

*<character.removeitem peasantsdressburgundy>*

*<character.togglesbody>*

Suddenly, Hyriara was as naked as I was. To my surprise, her body was nothing like those rare times I’d seen her without her dress before. Like me, she had no

underwear, and her Breasts, Pussy and Butt were proportioned similar to mine. Were they identical? They must be. If there were differences, I couldn't detect them. Man, was I really that hot? It was pretty insane how sexy we were.

But still her eyes were locked on mine, waiting for a response.

<Speak plainly>

“Ezrik is dead, and you need to make peace with that,” I said coldly. Once more, my voice was different, not the Sultry but Surly, but something else of lower quality.

“No! My boy! You swore to me you would rescue him!” she wailed, shaking her fists at the sky, her massive, naked Breasts jiggling violently.

The player's previous choice dictated my reply, and I could hardly believe the words coming out of my mouth, again in that other woman's voice. “I went there for cocks, not for your son. Maybe if you go out there, they'll fuck a new son into you.”

What kind of mod was this?!

The dialogue ended with Hyriara wailing in despair, collapsing to her knees in a fit of modded, jiggling bits. The player took the controls and finally – finally – opened my inventory. He didn't bother with my armor, but at least I had my bow in hand again. I walked around behind Hyriara.

No. Don't you do it. Don't you *dare*.

I raised the bow to the ready position, my friend obviously mourning on the ground before me.

<Quicksave>

It went dark. A reprieve, no doubt, not a release. Indeed, it was again mere minutes before I reappeared, bow in hand.

<Load Save 001>

<Mod loaded: Cupidity!<3 <3<3>

<Mod loaded: GoGfest>

By the gods, what now...

At least he didn't shoot her, as I'd feared he would. There was seldom any shortage players with vicious impulses, but not many who sought out my own best friend as a target for their malevolence. Instead, he brought up the inventory, where I saw several new items were available. First, I unequipped my Iron Arrows, switching instead to the new Cupids Arows. (I groaned at the disregard for basic editing; even in

Hypheron, we have standards.) Then, he equipped a second item, an unslotted armor piece called GoGstrpn.

It gave me a cock.

Not a real one, I guess, not red and fleshy and veiny and angry-looking like Ragged Ranvik and his men. The shape was about the same, but mine was black, glossy, like some of the textures I'd seen on daemondium armors. I didn't even have time to wonder what it was for – not that I was likely to figure it out with my 1 in Intellect – before I raised my bow again, pointed Cupids Arow at Hyriara, and fired.

To my immense relief, my friend didn't die, nor even bleed. Hyriara simply grunted in the precise way I've come to expect a peasant woman to grunt, then bent forward, placing her hands flat on the ground. It was the very same posture I'd assumed while those brigands were fucking the daylights out of me in the Cave of Whispers. She didn't stop weeping, however, still crying out her son's name and pleading with the gods to reunite them in the afterlife.

Instead, the gods bade me kneel behind her, and start to fuck her.

I didn't know what I was doing, having never fucked a woman before, so I used the same animation cycle Ranvik and his Minions had used on me. Steady thrusts, a hand on both ample hips, both of our over-rounded Butts jiggling in time with my thrusts. For a bit there I thought she was enjoying it, but it turned out it was only more crying for Ezrik. Not that I let up. No, my big fake cock hammered away at her Pussy until I felt her body have one of those Pussy Healing earthquakes like I'd had. Only then did I let her go, pulling out my GoGstrpn and standing up.

I quickly unequipped it, which was a small relief. It somehow felt less naked to be naked than it did to wear the fake cock. Hyriara still hadn't risen from her hands and knees when I walked over to the door and re-loaded Hypheron. She was still sobbing, still jiggling.

What now? The main quest was predicated on rescuing Ezrik and finding a note on Ragged Ranvik's corpse instructing him to terrorize the people of Daggerfall. It put me on a quest to find out who was behind his crimes that – eventually – would lead me all the way to Vembrak's lair. Now, though, I was sitting here at the whims of a player who had evidently replaced my story, the story of Hypheron as a whole, with some kind of depraved quest for sex and vulgarities. Heedless of the deprecations of my countrymen and without knowing why, I turned to the right and started east down the Gold Road, Cupids Arows still loaded.

Would I simply be whoring my way across Hypheron? How would they affect monsters? How would the story as I knew it change? Was there no one who might stand in the way of Vembrak's quest to end all life in the North?

Bow in hand, I strided purposefully in my battle stance towards an unknown destiny.

*<Quicksave*

*<Load Save 001>*

*<Mod Loaded: Improved Female Walk>*

Bow in hand, I glided one foot in front of the other, Butt jiggling with every ultra-feminine step, towards an unknown destiny.