

Vice and Virtue

Chapter 2

By Draconicon

The first thing that Victor discovered when he woke up was that he was still in the game. The second thing that he discovered was that he had morning wood. The third - and by far, the most important - thing that he discovered was that he couldn't log out.

The black bear sat up immediately, his eyes wide as he reached for the Gamer Glasses. He got a grip on the frame, pushed up -

“NNNGH!”

Only to encounter a massive blast of pain as he tried to take them off. It was like a shock that went from the glasses, through his skull, across his brain, and then into the other side of the glasses. It was amped up, it was painful, and it was nothing more than a warning, the latter confirmed as the word ‘warning’ blared in bright yellow light in front of him.

Warning, Warning. Do Not Remove Glasses Without Logging Out. Permanent Brain Damage WILL Occur.

“Great. Just...fucking great.”

Shaking his head, Victor took a deep breath. He opened his character menu, checking the time. It was just past eight in the morning, which meant that he had slept through the night. School was taken care of, since it was the weekend, so he wouldn't get in trouble with his classes. That said...

Not being able to log out of a game hadn't happened to him before. He'd heard rumors of that sort of thing being possible, that there were those that had lost their ability to return to the real world, but this was something new. He flicked through the game's internal menu, going to some of the FAQ board questions.

Right at the top, regarding the new 18+ mode, was someone else asking the same question. ‘Why can't I log out in 18+ mode?’

Pretty damn good question...

He opened the tab, surprised that there was an answer. He skim-read it, grumbling under his breath.

In order to facilitate as realistic and consequence-rich gameplay as possible, a user activating 18+ mode will be forced to stay online for as long as they have enabled 18+ mode. Please do not activate 18+ mode without having a minimum of 24 hours in which to play Vice and Virtues, or without someone to care for you in the real world.

That was a thought that hadn't occurred to him until that moment. Stuck in the game, there was the issue of having to take a pee break or something else like that. Normally, the glasses turned off that particular function in the brain, neutralizing the body's ability to lose control. If they didn't...

Well, he would have a mess to wake up to, and at least his gamer chair wasn't too expensive. Victor shook his head with a grumble, pulling himself out of bed and equipping his clothes.

"...Are you kidding me?"

He had been wearing a leather skirt, hard sandals, and a leather vest, all of which had been specifically enchanted to make him do well in the game. What he had now was not that in the slightest.

The leather skirt had been replaced with something closer to a miniskirt, making him look like he was some sort of exceedingly butch and chubby sissy. Hell, his ass cheeks were just about exposed, and the tip of his cock *was!* Further up, his vest had been replaced with a harness that crisscrossed his chest, something that looked like it belonged in some sort of BDSM club. And as for his sandals, they had been replaced with ankle bands, like some sort of...fuck dancer or something.

"Where the fuck are my clothes?"

Opening his inventory produced no answers, and he glared at his menu with all the venom that he could summon up. The fact that he was fucked over like this was bad enough, but the fact that there was no information as to why it happened was something else.

Victor flicked over to the communication hub, paging James. The tiger answered a second later.

Hey, what's up?

I want to know what the fuck happened to my equipment.

Oh, you mean your stuff finally got converted? Awesome.

Not awesome. I am just about naked here.

That's part of the fun, though. Did you pick a class yet?

I'm not going to. I'm going back to standard mode as soon as I can.

Come oooooon, it's not that bad.

James. Where. The. Fuck. Are. My. Clothes?

...You can swear, too, you know.

JAMES!

Alright, alright, let me get over there. I'll just extricate myself from the whores. You missed out, you know.

Victor seriously doubted that, though there was nothing he could do to prove it. The bear looked down at himself, glaring at the way that his morning wood pushed the miniskirt that was his only covering forward. He pushed it down, grumbling to himself until his morning wood finally faded away.

The black bear made his way down to the front door of the inn, crossing his arms and leaning against the wooden pillars that supported the upper balcony. It wasn't a comfortable spot to rest, and he was all too aware of being barefoot now, as well as being so close to being exposed. He clenched his jaw, tapping his foot as he waited impatiently for the tiger to come by.

Finally, after nearly twenty minutes, James poked his head out of the brothel down the street. He was preceded by a dick that was half as long as he was tall, pointing the way as he whistled happily. The tiger didn't look at all bothered by the fact that he had kept the bear waiting, and didn't even show a hint of remorse until the bear fixed him with a stony stare, one that was improved by his class's intimidation abilities.

"...Whoa, you're really not happy, are you?" James rubbed the back of his neck. "Sorry, man. I just...I thought you'd find this kinda thing fun."

"You might have noticed that I don't go for the porn games. Now, clothes."

"Yeah, um...you can get skins that'll hide the naughty stuff, but, uh, the other stuff doesn't come back until you can switch back over. It's kind of two separate inventories."

"..."

"Hey, I didn't come up with the system! But the game doesn't punish you. It sets up a lot of loot for your new class, soon as you pick one. It adjusts to your current level and everything."

That wasn't ideal, but at least it meant that he wasn't completely fucked if he had to stick with 18+ for - he checked the countdown - another 15 hours. Not ideal, but not the worst thing in the world, either.

Looking down at himself, he could feel the weakness his 'new' character had. Despite having skills up at the same level that his SFW class had possessed, it was clear that he was underpowered. Most of his class abilities were not working in the same way, and he could feel that his attack skills would be far lower than the night before. Apparently, there was a slight mercy period, but he had slept his way through most of that.

The bear grumbled, kicking up a cloud of dust in frustration. James didn't say anything, which was probably for the best. He was still not sure if he could avoid the temptation to beat the crap out of him for getting him into this.

"Um, I can show you the starting area for it...if you want," the tiger offered.

"Why?"

"You're stuck in it for a while, yeah?"

Victor nodded.

"Well, you don't want to just hang around the inn all day, do you? You'll want to do something, so you might as well get into the game."

"...As annoying as it is, you're right."

"Right." James grinned. "So, follow me. I know the perfect place for every class."

"Yeah, just one question."

"Shoot."

"Did you know you couldn't log out of the game once you started 18+ mode?"

"WHAT?!"

Well, at least it wasn't just me, he thought, shaking his head as James went through the same, though far more pronounced, panic that he had just gone through. The tiger stared at his own menu, shaking his head.

"Okay, the fucking...that's not fair."

"You know, I've been thinking that the whole time. But, like you said, nothing we can do about it until we're out. So." He gestured. "Lead the way."

“...Right. Yeah. Right.”

The tiger shook his head, turning towards the edge of Sunrise Rock. The black bear followed, flicking open his menu and holding it at the side of his vision, starting to scroll through the different classes. There were just as many perverted ones as there had been SFW ones, and he didn't know which one he'd end up picking.

He honestly hoped for one that was reasonably vanilla, but knowing this game, he imagined they'd be underpowered. Shaking his head, he set to cross-checking them.

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By the time they arrived at the 'starting area' for most of the sexual classes, Victor was tired. Not from the walk, but from the tiresome way that the game demanded that he choose a class, and what the limitations on them were.

Sado-Master. Psycho-Controller. Bondage Expert. The hell is wrong with this? he wondered as he scrolled through the classes again and again, more on habit than anything else. He couldn't stop himself, almost fascinated despite himself as he looked at the different groups and abilities that they offered.

There was, as expected, a vanilla class, but it was as underpowered as one could have imagined. The only use it had was similar to the classes that started out crap in the old To Hardware games but allowed you more time to build up to the stats you wanted. That was the Vanilla Man class, allowing a few extra feats and choices at the beginning and as time went on, but no dedicated abilities.

The bear grumbled as he stared at his menu. He had been a shaman since the game started, and he'd been intending on getting a more magical class. It was just the way that he played, after all, but the different choices...

Psycho-Controller was basically a class that played against the Will saves of other players, turning NPCs and even PCs against each other with a variety of different perverted skills. It was something that would be useful for crowd control, but downright useless in 1v1 unless you massively outranked your opponent.

Fire-Hearts were not much better. While they didn't play with mental control, they played with 'heat' and 'rut', the things that made the characters more and more lustful, forcing them towards submission in most cases. That, in turn, had informed him of the lust bar under his health gauge, not something that he particularly liked seeing. Still, it was not a bad class, but not the one that he wanted to use.

The last one that he found was the one that was closest to his own class. It was called the Sinful Shapeshifter, and while it wasn't as flexible as the shapeshifting abilities of the shaman, it was better than nothing. Some of the feats further on allowed for shapeshifting others, too, which was a huge plus.

“So, you picked one?” James asked.

“Yeah. Guess I’ll go with the Sinful Shapeshifter.”

“Oooh, very good. Great for getting out of bondage, too.”

“You know that from experience?”

“No, but, you know, logic.”

“You actually use logic?”

“...Sometimes?”

Chuckling, Victor shook his head as he looked at the Sinful Shapeshifter class. It still wasn’t ideal, considering that it was focused at least halfway on giving oneself the sort of body that would appeal to another. That meant a lot of random chance with some of the abilities, but there was still enough control for him to be okay with it.

Just get it over with...

He selected the class. The menu closed, and he waited for the sudden flood of class skills.

The little squares at the bottom of his vision faded out, then faded back in. Most of the blocks were still empty, but he could see a few that were taking form. Shapeshifting was still there, allowing him to go from one form to another, as long as they were of a similar enough size. There was one that would allow him to disguise himself based off of the memories of the target of the spell, and there was one -

“Gender shifting? Are you kidding me? That’s a power?”

“Well, it’s not like it’s useless.”

“You kidding me? I still have my name above my head,” he said, pointing up at his username. “No PC will buy that I’m anything but me. It’s a useless stealth ability.”

“Well, um, it’s not really meant for stealthing. I mean, it is an ‘adult’ ability, so...”

“...”

“Yeah, you know what, I’m not going to take that further.” The tiger shook his head. “Anyway, this place has a basic arena set up. You just go down there and start fucking with stuff until all the enemies are dead.”

“And when you say fucking...”

James didn't say anything, and that was as good an answer as he knew that he was going to get. Sighing, Victor stepped forward and looked down at the 'starting area.'

It was little more than a sinkhole in the middle of the desert, a place where it was still warm enough, despite the early morning hours, to get him sweating right off the bat. The sand of the desert clung to his feet as they got damp, and he could feel some of the sweat drops running through his fur. Whatever else the 18+ mode did, it definitely made the body more sensitive in the simulation.

The arena had to be the large, flat part at the bottom of the sinkhole. A few glances around found the stairs down, and he went over to it, taking the long staircase in the spiral down to the bottom.

The further down he went, the more NPCs started popping up. Only a few, at first, but more and more, the little holes in the rock walls and the layers of seats along the rock crevices started to fill. Various species, most of them in various states of undress - with some actually naked - leaned forward as he walked down, eagerly watching his progress.

Great, exhibitionism as well as everything else, he thought, shaking his head.

By the time he reached the bottom of the stairs, the crowd was cheering for him, and there was another voice, almost like an announcer, calling out. Victor cocked his head to the side, curious what it might be saying.

"Welcome, welcome, welcome to the Fucking Grounds. We're proud to welcome a new Sinful Shapeshifter to our ranks, one with undiscovered power and great potential...not to mention a great ass, hahaha!"

"...Lovely," he muttered.

"As you all know, a Sinful Shapeshifter must progress through three tests to be given his license. Today, we'll see just how well he can do."

Knowing that it was probably going to be a hyper-sexualized version of the starting quests, Victor shook his head and set himself as firmly as he could. He clenched his fists twice, then waited.

Suddenly, two coyotes appeared at the far end of the arena, both of them dressed in no more than a loincloth. One male, one female, the latter bouncing a bit more as she stalked forward. They carried daggers, daggers that dripped with what could have been poison, but Victor imagined that they were directed towards that new bar just under his health.

Lovely...just...fucking lovely...

He waited, letting them come forward until they were at the halfway point of the arena. The two coyotes suddenly charged, lowering their heads and kicking through the sand as fast as possible. Victor activated his Shapeshifting ability -

POOF!

And emerged from a cloud of smoke in a new body. Strong, thick, powerful...

And too endowed for its own good, as far as he was concerned. He had become a warhorse, one that had a dick to match for the species, and he could feel it pushing forward under him, thrusting forward against his belly and getting bigger by the second.

Fucking - REALLY!?

Victor huffed as he charged forward, moving faster than either of the coyotes could. He charged between them, swung his hips out to the side, and then kicked. Hard. The feeling of the unshod hooves kicking into the face of an NPC was probably one of the more satisfying feelings that he had felt in the game.

As the male coyote went flying, the female darted under him. Her knife jabbed for his belly, and he barely avoided her by rearing up. He kicked with his forelegs, and she dodged...but she didn't dodge the unintentional attack of his cock.

It swung up and slapped her across the face, knocking her back a step, and her face burned red. She gasped, holding her hand over her cheek, and he saw a red bar appear over her head. It was about a quarter of the way filled, and was slowly going back down again.

...Fine. You know what, fine.

Victor turned to the side, deliberately showing off the huge horse dick that hung down from his sheath. He pulled one hind-leg back, letting his balls come into view, and the coyote female looked down despite herself. Her cheeks burned all the hotter as he showed off, and the red bar grew, particularly as he tensed his muscles and made the thick, bestial shaft swing up and hit him in the belly.

“Nnngh...”

She groaned, and he could see her juices running down between her legs, staining some of the sand of the arena. Every tease that he made seemed to build up her lust until it reached the three-quarters mark on the bar.

Even then, when the bar didn't fill out further, he could see her struggling to move. She stumbled as she came for him, swinging her dagger and missing badly. She tried to step back, but couldn't dodge as he swung his bulk around and hip-checked her, knocking her off her feet.

The more he 'fought,' the more that Victor realized that the lust bar affected the stats of the enemy. The hornier they were, the less effective of a fighter they became. They couldn't dodge, strike, or affect their opponents as well...unless they were using sexual moves, he supposed. He hadn't seen her do that, and he didn't want to see that start.

The problem was, nothing he did seemed to actually *end* the fight. She wasn't losing her last few health points, and the lust bar wasn't going up any further. What the hell was he supposed to -

“GAH!”

The next sweep of his hind-legs caught her by the loincloth, ripping it off. She hit the ground hard, her hips lifted up, her ass cheeks facing the sun and her pussy on display. She continued to hold that position, almost as if stunned, and he stared as he saw a red circle surround her pussy, almost like a target.

...You gotta fuck them to finish them off. God...damn...

But if it would end this, he'd do it. He trotted over to the female, keeping an eye on the still-stunned male, and wobbled his hips down until his cock touched her wet sex. He hesitated, having to remind himself that she was just an NPC, then finally thrust forward.

“Neeeehehehehay!”

The whinnying neigh that burst from his lips was one of complete and total surprise. The wet heat of her pussy surrounding his cock felt entirely too real, almost like he was fucking a real woman instead of just getting a digital simulation of it. His flare felt like it was caught right at the entrance of a real womb, and his cock was squeezed from the tip down to the medial flare as the coyote under him gasped for breath.

He looked down, seeing her lust bar finally increasing again. A new bit of information, and rather crucial information, at that. If he wanted to win this way, he had to get inside someone, had to touch their sexes to get them off. That was good to know.

Victor barely realized it before she suddenly screamed, cumming around his cock from penetration alone. She shimmered, then faded away, his cock left soaked. It bobbed up and down beneath him, begging for more attention. He huffed, turning his attention to the male coyote on the other side of the arena.

Before he could make a move, the menu popped up in front of him again. It showed a series of sexual orientations in front of him, labeling him as bisexual/pansexual, and asked him if it was correct.

How did it - yeah, fine, it's correct.

Acknowledging the menu, he darted across the field, charging as fast as he could with a hard-on from Hell between his legs. He mounted the male, popped his cock into the coyote's ass

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And just like the other one, it disappeared, leaving him blue-balled and annoyed. The horse whinnied in annoyance, and Victor had to force himself to change back. As soon as the black bear stepped out of the smoke cloud that the game surrounded him with, he felt the urge to fuck. Not any particular person, just the urge to *fuck*. It had never been that strong before, and it concerned him.

Not enough to slow him down, or enough to keep him from sporting the hardest erection that he had had for years. The bear groaned as he felt it throbbing up from beneath the leather skirt he wore, pressing out and up and nearly slapping against the bottom curve of his belly. He wanted to cover it, but...

Well, nobody else seemed bothered. The audience all around him were cheering, and some were whistling at him. Some men, some women were flashing themselves, mooning him and pulling their ass cheeks apart as if he was some sort of champion.

It felt...kinda good, if he was honest. The bear smiled at them, deliberately twitching his dick a few times -

“Excellent. Let’s see if our new Sinful Shapeshifter can keep up the pace.”

Right. There were two other events before he could leave the starting area. Well, if they were as easy as the first one, that shouldn't be a problem. Doing his best to ignore his hard-on, the bear set himself for the next challenge.

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He left the arena panting and sore, though thankfully not under his tail. He had managed to avoid that problem, though there had been a very amorous desert wolf that wanted to get down there after he changed over to a female sex. *That* had been beyond strange, particularly the weight in the chest. He would never be able to get used to that.

But his cock had managed to finally go down, and that was the important thing. His balls no longer felt like they were churning like mad, and he felt like he was actually *himself* again rather than the exhibitionistic sorcerer that the arena had been pushing him to be.

His cock had finally gone down, thankfully, but it had been used to fuck more holes than he had touched in the last month. *Vice and Virtues* was finally pulling out the vice part of its name, it seemed.

James was waiting for him on the top of the spiral staircase, the tiger actually dressed normally for a change. Victor cocked his head to the side, wagering a guess.

“Your timer ran out?”

“Yeah, um...I can log out now.”

“You better do that.”

“Why?”

“Because if you stick around, I’m going to have to keep fighting the temptation to fuck *you* over the way you did me.”

“...Fair,” the tiger said. “Uh, should I come check on you, or...”

“No.”

“You gonna be -”

“Log out, or get fucked.”

“Logging out.”

Victor was finally alone again, and the bear grumbled as he walked over to the edge of the arena. The last thing he wanted was to go on another set of quests to get more sexual rewards, but he knew that if he didn’t do something, he would go crazy with boredom. He wanted to be more methodical about this, but no matter how hard he checked the FAQs, there was no further information on the 18+ mode.

The only way to find out more was to do more. He sighed, tapping his map to bring up the local quest markers. Most of them were out of his level range, being too low level for his main class and too high level for his new one, but he marked out a few that were doable.

Here’s hoping that James was right about the equipment being leveled to me...

The End