

AnOtherWorld

Pretty Much Just Like Reality, Only Better.

Noah quickly closed the pop-up, glaring at it for being persistent enough to break through his adblocker. Again. This was probably the fourth or fifth time he'd seen it. He hadn't even played the first two *OtherWorlds*, nor *The Sims* or anything else in that life simulator genre. Apparently, though, whatever analytics google was using had convinced their server that he was dying to try the third installment in the *OtherWorld* series. Now that it had forced itself this deep into his sphere of awareness, he finally devoted some thought to the why of this.

These companies didn't just blindly guess. The ads they snuck through to him were pretty spot on in their relevance. Last year, his mom and dad had taken Kylie and him on a trip to Vancouver, then the ad wizards started hitting him with all sorts of travel promos. When he got his diploma spring before last, they'd blasted him with job hunting websites, even a few optimistic university ads that he promptly disregarded. Once he'd applied for a loan to get himself his first used car, it was car accessories, car insurance, enticements to buy a better car, and one public health service reminder after another about the dangers of texting and driving.

As for why they thought he was going to be interested in beta testing some new VR game when he didn't even have a VR system, he couldn't imagine. At least, not until that weekend, when the brand new DreamCore arrived in the mail as an early birthday present from his Aunt Olivia. Evidently she'd gone ahead and registered it to his email address, and so... mystery solved on the *OtherWorld* ads.

But better yet, he had a fucking DreamCore.

It only came with their flagship game, *Adrift*, which didn't even have multiplayer, but Noah was content to give his buddies rain checks for the next few evenings to check it out. It was definitely pretty solid, and he was especially pleased with the customization. The base kit contained a headset for audio/visual input and sensors that velcroed onto the arms and legs to interpret the players' movements; add the gloves and it stimulated your fingers to provide tactile input; or even go with the full body suit, a bulky and decidedly uncomfortable rubberish suit that worked like the gloves, but for everywhere. The base DreamCore only came with the headset. Luckily with only one niece, Kylie, and one nephew, Noah himself, Aunt Olivia tended to be pretty generous, and had tossed in the gloves, too.

Two days exploring *Adrift's* synthetic world sailing around on a virtual pirate ship, and he had no choice but to burn half his savings on the body suit, and even splurged on the two-day shipping. But it would be so worth it. *Adrift* wasn't the best game. The characters were cheesy; the voice acting was over the top and clearly only had

like half a dozen people doing all of their NPCs; and the game itself felt years behind in basic gaming niceties like menu management and control customization. The VR itself, however, of it was top notch. No, it wasn't quite as real as reality, but it felt more like that was a result of the designers applying an art style than a limitation of the system. But being able to feel the shock of vibration in his hand as he dueled a rival buccaneer, the stubble on his character's beard when he stroked his chin, the weight of his doubloons in his hand when he sifted through his treasure... it was incredible.

He found himself playing it most of his waking hours that week. If he wasn't working, eating, or sleeping, Noah was *Adrift*. He was already starting to dread his birthday party coming up Friday night because it meant he'd have to take a night off. Part of one, anyway. He could probably get in a quick quest before, and once everybody left after, maybe another before he was too tired to keep going.

Thursday afternoon, Noah was taking his mandatory break at the Shell Shack. The break room was one of his least favorite places in the world. Yeah, the kitchen was busy and loud and had a dozen smells constantly warring for his nose's attention, but it was busy with his coworkers, whom he mostly liked. Loud from the vulgar banter of the other line cooks. The smells were all good, fried fish and crisp veggies and steaks on the grill.

As usual, the shift manager, Cathy, was making sure breaks overlapped as little as possible – as if half an hour staring at paint was less than half an hour chatting with Kofi or Joanne or one of his other work buddies. It was practically silent down here, which meant one fewer distraction from the stench of congealed grease that somehow always permeated the space. There was next to no signal down here, so usually he spent his breaks scratching naked pictures into the surface of the plastic tabletop with a butter knife until he could get away with sneaking back into work early. Because Cathy insisted they take their full breaks, too, like she was out to punish them for having rights.

Today, however, Noah was willing to grit his teeth and endure the pathetic bandwidth that made its way into the Shell Shack's basement. After all, there was a chance his package could be delivered early. Or, and he tried not to consider it, the thing could even be delayed. It took several minutes before his phone loaded the email with the tracking link, then several more before Amazon timed out without loading the delivery info. Two more retries, and finally, it confirmed that the package was still at a depot in California, right where it had been three hours ago when his shift started.

And then the ad popped up again. Somehow, despite the trickle of bandwidth down here, the advertisement ran perfectly. Stupid thing was probably cached on his phone. He had the beginning memorized by now, a shot of a young woman sitting in her bedroom looking bored. Suddenly, a DreamCore materialized in the corner, and suddenly she's shitting rainbows, beside herself with excitement to strap on the headgear. The next shot was outside, her neighborhood suddenly rendered into a

cartoony 3D version of itself. Neighbors, then a mailman, then a beagle, all showed up one by one, and the girl waved her hands this way and that to turn them into characters in her little sim game like she was some sort of sorcerer. The neighbor lady suddenly turned into a soldier, snapping a salute to her husband, now a general. The mailman pulled a whip out of his bag, a circus costume spontaneously appearing on his round body, and used it to tame the beagle, which was now a lion.

OtherWorld 3: Pretty Much Just Like Reality, Only Better, it added at the end, then muttering in that ultra-rapid fine print voice.

TermsandconditionsapplyDreamCoreshouldnotbeoperatedwhiledrivingthosewithseizure disordersorothermedicalconditionsshouldconsultadoctorbeforeplayingfreeopenbeta avaiialbenow!

It was that last half second of information that caught his ear. Open beta, eh? Well, there were only like three games out so far for DreamCore, and Noah couldn't afford a one of them. Maybe he could snag a free copy? He'd never tried that sort of game, had never really wanted to, but the same could be said for pirate RPGs.

Four hours later, he plopped down in his bed and put the headset in its place. The download had finished during dinner, and once he spent a few final minutes registering his game account – the basic username and email, though these jerks wanted to spam his physical mail address too, he noticed with a grimace – he was good to go. He selected the game from the DreamCore's system menu, and settled into a comfy position while it loaded.

OtherWorld games were, he'd always believed, girl games. You set up characters, managed their silly one-note relationships, put them in scenarios, then mostly stood back and watched. It was people watching, but with fake people. His sister Kylie had loved 1 & 2 once upon a time, and used to bore him with stories about what she'd put her little characters through. Usually, Noah felt, you could summarize the scenario in a single word: tedium. She'd once felt the need to tell him all about a scenario in which somehow a seal had gotten into their swimming pool, and how it had all been way "harder" (whatever "hard" meant for a game like that) because one of her characters had been given a weakness where she couldn't swim, another was didn't like to go outdoors, and still another was afraid of strange animals. The story had dragged on forever, and he'd tuned out long before it was resolved.

Now here he was, booting it up. But hey, worst case scenario, *Adrift* was still there waiting for him, and he could go back to leveling up his ship, maybe do that quest for the legendary-grade pistol. *OtherWorld* was only for the sake of variety, and it was free to boot.

The game opened by playing that stupid ad again. He granted, it did look cooler when he was watching it in 3D all around him, but still, it didn't exactly curl his toes. It was a little jarring, that distinction between the sprites and the environment. The

former was very realistic-looking, even more so than in *Adrift*. The characters had hair that blew in a breeze he couldn't feel – but soon, once he had his suit! – and their skin even showed blemishes and featured textures that did a good job of replicating pores. The world around him, on the other hand, didn't even try to look real. The trees didn't have leaves, but rather, big round green balloon-like shapes where leaves should be. The sun was a pale yellow circle ringed by orange rays. The beagle-lion's art employed the fake style, with huge googly eyes and black pit of a mouth, uvula vibrating as it roared.

"All right. Here goes nothing," he muttered.

The ad concluded, and he was faced with the main menu. He was standing in the middle of the same street from the ad, the game options floating mid-air in front of him. *Adrift* had taught him how to move his legs to walk around while laying down in his bed, but in the menu, it seemed he was rooted in place. A lengthy user agreement floated before him; Noah swiped it to the agree side, followed by another page with some warning, then another that explained that their beta was testing various interactive features, and his data could and would be used by the company to enhance their product. He swiped to agree on each. Whatever. Same crap every game opened with, no doubt. *Adrift* hadn't been this bad, but he remembered there had been at least one disclaimer.

Finally, the game's main menu floated up, allowing him to adjust options (not available in beta), load a game (grayed out, since he had no saves), play a Custom Scenario (also not available in beta), or start a New Scenario.

"Gee, what to pick," he grumbled, already pondering a return to *Adrift*. He reached out and poked the option, *New Scenario*. A notification appeared to inform him that only the default scenario was available in beta. Then everything glowed yellow, then the whole thing faded to black.

Loading...

Loading...

Loading...

"I get it, I get it, it's loading! Come on already!" Noah clenched his fists, but the tightness of his grip produced no accelerating effect on the game's loading. Neither did flaring his nostrils, pounding his mattress, nor any amount of f-bombs. Just what he needed after a long shift at work, a game whose that seemed designed to bore him right off to...

Noah awakened some time later. It must have been quite a nap, because not only was it dark outside the window, but he couldn't hear the TV downstairs. If his parents were awake, the TV was on, and until their late night shows were over, they were awake. The only sound were crickets outside. He stood up, stretched, and looked around for his phone to see what time it was. After a moment of fumbling around in the dark trying to see where he'd knocked it in his sleep, he flipped on the light switch. Then he flipped it back off. On again. Once more off and on.

Nope, no matter how many times he flipped it, he was still standing in a digital cartoon of his bedroom. It took a moment to put it together (but long enough to be embarrassing) that he'd slept with his headset on and then had woken up still in the game. But what he couldn't figure out for the life of him was how in the hell this thing had scanned and rendered his entire bedroom while he slept. Was *that* why it had taken so long to load? No wonder!

First things first, he lifted the headset off to guide himself back to his bed. He had to be careful with this thing. It was as dark and silent out there in the real world as it was in the *OtherWorld*. There was his phone, right there in his real world pocket where he'd left it. Evidently the game hadn't included that. He slid the headset back on; it seemed to have paused when he'd take it off, because he was suddenly right back in the middle of the room. Noah restricted his movements so that he could explore the game without lumbering around his house in the middle of the night.

He stepped out into the hall. Still dark, though it was video game dark, where you could still see everything, just not as well. The elaborate floral pattern on the throw rug in the hallway was now a single bright yellow flower on a red background. The dimensions were right, as was the theme, but it had simplified the art. It worked, though. It kept the place looking a little bit silly, light-hearted and whimsical instead of the suburban museum of kitsch that it was. Not sure where to go, he cracked open the bathroom he shared with Kylie. There, somehow, were their toothbrushes, their hair gel, even the potted plant their mom had put in there to slowly die under the inadequate skylight. The stupid thing took up half the sink space. Since there were no leaves to pluck in this version, Noah instead simply dumped it in the toilet.

It seemed unfair that such a triumph shouldn't be rewarded with experience points, but so be it. He paused then and noticed his reflection in the mirror. It was completely normal, which was no doubt why he hadn't noticed right away. He was the only real thing in this house of fakery. The only real thing so far, anyway. Not like he lived alone.

The only other rooms upstairs were Kylie's room and the master bedroom shared by his parents. He supposed he could go downstairs, but he was already getting a feel for the novelty of being in a fake version of his house, and wasn't all that excited to see a cartoonified version of the kitchen and living room. No, he wanted to see what

OtherWorld had done with his family. He started with Mom and Dad's room, cracking open the door as stealthily as possible, then kicking himself for trying to sneak past two fictional characters. With a smirk, he threw open the door.

"Rise and shine!" he called in a near-whisper. Unfortunately, the only way to speak in game was to speak in real life, so the flourish with the door was where his grand entrance halted in its grandeur.

Only it didn't matter, because there was nobody in here. Instead, their bed was neatly made, and not a soul in sight. He checked the master bathroom and their walk-in closet, just to be sure, but nope. No parents.

Next up he headed down to Kylie's room, which was likewise unoccupied. Noah took a moment to inspect this one, though. Kylie's bedroom was a vault of girlhood, a space he rarely entered and only occasionally glimpsed. This version but it looked like what he'd seen whenever her door was open. Rose pink paint on the walls, a dresser and armoire she'd received after Grandma Lucy died, the mirror on the dresser ringed with pictures of her and her friends. Weirdly, the pictures looked real, or, upon closer inspection, the people in them did. Evidently that was the game rules, that people looked normal and objects looked cartoony, unless the object showed a person, in which case...

Whatever. No need to ponder it, it was what it was. Glancing around in case she was about to sneak up behind him, he slid open one of her dresser drawers. Finding only socks, he went down one more to find a stack of neatly folded t-shirts. The clothes were likewise cartoony, which was weird considering her clothes in the pictures looked normal, but whatever. He supposed in hindsight his own clothes wadded up on the floor of his room had been that way, too. The next drawer down he finally hit pay dirt – his sister's underwear drawer, stuffed full of all her bras and panties.

He'd never say it to her face – or anyone else's face – but Kylie was pretty insanely hot. Not that he needed to say it anyway; you couldn't be that hot and not know it. Hers wasn't even a subtle hotness, like one of those girls where you put her in the right light, cleaned her up and gave her a haircut and so on until you realized she made the transition from pretty to beautiful. Nope, Kylie was pretty smoking hot on first glance, and once one got that glance, her hotness only demanded more glances. She was a looker even if you only saw her from the neck up, with her thick honey blonde hair, bright blue eyes, straight white teeth, red lips between cheeks that never seemed to stop smiling.

Oh yeah, and the curves. Fuck, the curves. Tits and ass for days. For *years*.

What he wouldn't give to have a sister who wasn't an object of lust for every guy he knew. It was only his mother's incessant bitchery that kept his place from being the constant hangout spot, just so they'd get a chance to ogle Kylie. One time a couple years back she'd come downstairs in a swimsuit on her way out to a friend's pool party – and

it wasn't even a bikini, just a regular old blue one-piece – and he swore he'd literally heard a chorus of *cha-chings* as the image was locked into his friends' spank banks.

Noah had noticed, obviously, but still, it was his sister. Hot piece of ass or no, not like he could do anything about it, so he kept his distance and tried to maintain eye contact when she talked to him. He'd gotten pretty good about it, he thought. She still didn't ever leave the door to her room open though. Hell, maybe she was trying to do him a favor to make it easier on him. She wasn't a bad sort really, simply a girl coping with being crazy hot and trapped under the same roof as a guy.

This, however, was not technically Kylie's room, nor technically her clothes, so... what the hell. He plucked a pair of the latter out, holding it up for inspection, then another, then some others. Indeed, there were differences in style – one had little hearts on it, another was cut more daringly in the back, another had lace around the top. Was this what they really looked like? Or was it just generic stock images the game was using for female underwear? He had no idea. He tried to find a tag on one of the bras to check out her size, just to know, but that was evidently too fine a detail for this digital art style.

The floor was liberally decorated with scattered underwear by the time he got bored. Bras and panties were hot to think about, but the thoughts usually had a girl inside them to fill them out. But it did raise the question once again, namely:

“Where the hell is everybody?”

The moment he said it out loud, suddenly a block of text on a white background popped up mid-air, floating. Only after a moment did he realize the game had frozen, too; no matter how he shifted or turned, the camera angle did. He could still move his hands, but it was like his head was stuck in a vice or something, but without the pressure.

The text didn't take long to read. It said, quite simply, *Would you like to add an OtherPerson?*

“An OtherPerson, another person... cute.” He shrugged. “Yeah, sure. Kinda boring here with nobody else around.”

Nothing happened. He tried to tap the image, but there was no Yes or No button to touch, nor could he swipe affirmative. He'd definitely bit hitting the forums to bitch about inconsistent menus after he logged off.

“Yes?” he tried at last.

A soft *ding* sound emanated from the window, and then another opened on top of it. *Choose a character to add.*

Finally, a menu that actually had some interactions to it. There was a drop-down menu that seemed to be a long list of names, probably a hundred or more from the length of the scroll bar. They looked to be sorted alphabetically, but it seemed to have some filters, he supposed so experienced players could find the pregenerated sprite they were looking for. The names looked pretty typical, rather than the sorts of silliness he'd

expected. In fact, he even noticed one of his neighbors' names on the list, Mr. Haggquist. What a weird coinci-

Wait a minute.

He tapped on the name Dale Haggquist. In an instant, hovering before him in midair was none other than his cranky old neighbor. Every kid in the neighborhood bore a healthy fear and perhaps not so healthy contempt for the old bastard. Noah's last run-in with him had been a couple years back when he'd take a shortcut across the lawn of Mr. Haggquist's huge front lawn while walking over to his buddy Rob's house. The old prick must have some kind of sixth lawn sense or something, because the moment he was in range of them, on went the sprinklers.

But this bizarre video game facsimile was not Dale Haggquist. It was nothing but a sprite, a visual representation of lines of code. It hung in the air, walking in a determined yet merry way that decidedly did not belong to its real world inspiration. After a moment to wrap his head around what he was seeing (and wonder how in the hell the site had managed it), Noah turned his attention to the myriad menus floating around the man. There was one to adjust his relationship to the player (currently set to "antagonist"). Another one let him adjust his relationship to other sprites he selected, though there were no options, he assumed because he hadn't introduced any yet. One let him enter or remove traits and another drawbacks; by default, he had Frugal and Disciplined in the former, Cranky, Out of Touch and Homophobe in the latter. What a fucker.

Noah tapped the Drawbacks menu, then Add Drawback. A cursor blinked in the open box, but with no keyboard, he wasn't sure what to do. But when he tried to verbally ask for help, he found it transcribed his words as he said them. A little trial and error showed him how to delete the mistake, then give it another go.

"Micro penis," Noah said. When it prompted a confirmation, he said, "Yes."

Nothing seemed to happen, but once Noah recovered from his giggles, he wasn't about to pull the guy's pants down and check. He didn't have any real interest in further fiddling with Mr. Haggquist, so he tapped the button labeled Introduce Character. An overhead map of the neighborhood popped up, suggesting a default home location in what was the real Mr. Haggquist's house. Damn, whatever data-mining *OtherWorld 3* was capable of sure was next level. One final confirmation, and Mr. Haggquist disappeared.

Rendering... it read. Noah swiped it aside, hiding the notification. It was distracting. With a bit of an idea how it worked, it was time to really begin playing. He considered making a character from scratch, but it looked all manner of tedious. Way easier to simply use the copies of real people. But where to begin?

Maybe it was the scattered bras and panties all over the floor, or maybe the hyper-feminine environment of Kylie's room that sent his thoughts in that direction. Maybe it was just human nature. But he tried a name.

"Mila Kunis," he said, almost giddily.

Template not found. It may not exist, or may be outside the scanned area.

"Well shit. Can't blame a guy for trying."

A little fiddling confirmed the scanned area was pretty small, a little over half mile or so in a radius centered on his house. He could find his friend Jeff who lived the next subdivision over, but if he tried looking for Nick, whose folks lived on the north side of town, no dice. Hmm. Who lived nearby? Sadly, not Mila Kunis, but maybe...

Beth Reiter.

It took him three tries to spell the name right, but when he did...

Fuck, she was hot. She looked even taller, floating a foot off the ground, walking with the same goofy strut as Mr. Haggquist. She was dressed in a pair of bright yellow shorts and a black tank top, the effect being that those big perky tits he still occasionally beat it to were bobbling around like crazy. Holy shit. He tried to cop a feel, but his hand passed through her. Not even a fake sensation from the gloves. Damn. He'd gotten his hands on a few pairs in his life, but none as incredible as those babies looked.

So. What *could* he do?

He started by erasing her default traits. Good for her being ambidextrous and a talented violinist, but he figured she could owe him for letting her ditch her asthma. Not that she was real anyway. Sure looked it, but she was as authentic as Mario or the hookers from GTA.

Time to find out what he could do.

He opened the Traits menu.

"Nymphomaniac," he said.

Not available as a trait, it read.

"Fucking hell. OK, how about... All right. Restart. Totally obsessed with my cock." It automatically entered his name in place of *my*, but still, *Not available as a trait*.

"Whore?"

Not available as a trait.

"Cock-worshipping slut?"

Not available as a trait.

"Cheap easy piece of T&A who can't get enough of yours truly's spunk?"

It wasn't available, of course, but by now he was mostly saying stuff for the thrill of being able to say it right in front of her without her flipping out. He debased her a few more times, for kicks, when suddenly.

Confirm?

He shook himself. What? “Constantly horny” was a trait?! What the hell was nymphomania, then?! It hit him almost instantly, though, so he barked a quick “Yes” and switched over to Drawbacks. Could it be that simple?

He went back to basics. “Totally obsessed with my cock.”

Confirm?

“YES!” He hooted. He had no idea what, if anything, the game would make of this, but it was a thrill just entering it, looking at that crazy hot bitch he used to ride the bus with all grown up and desperate to rut. Not that it showed. Beth’s smile was as bright and vacant as a stock photo model. Those modifications seemed plenty good to him, so he moved on to the home location menu, only this time he shifted it from her actual house over on Klinger Street right over to his own address. No sense having to leave the house to see her. Shit, it even let him zoom in and appoint a specific room. Naturally, he chose his own.

Added to rendering queue, the game informed him. Shit. Oh well, whatever. Couldn’t take that long.

“Oh fuck yes!” He clapped his hands.

Suddenly, he heard a muted sound that stopped his heart. “Shut up in there!” There followed a few dull pounds. Shit. That was Kylie. Real Kylie. He’d gotten too loud. He hoped she hadn’t heard all the shit he’d been saying about Beth. Shit.

“Sorry, Kylie – my bad,” he said to what he thought was the wall of his bedroom. It was disorienting, being in VR.

There was a final thud, and she fell silent. Meanwhile, that certainly solidified who was next on his menu.

“Kylie Paterson,” he whispered to the pregen character listing.

And there she was. This Kylie wore a summery dress; it ruffled slightly in an unseen, unfelt breeze as she copied that programmed walk they all seemed to have. Noah smirked at it. She looked like something out of *Leave It To Beaver*, all wholesome and pretty and old-fashioned in her dress, her blonde hair in soft ringlets. Time to spoil that shit.

He knelt down, but that wasn’t enough. To look up that dress of hers, he had to lay all the way down on the floor. There was barely enough room beneath where her loafers were striding, but he fit. There they were, white panties with little red hearts, just like from her drawer. Except these looked real, clinging to an admittedly less than ideal angle on an ass with the sort of curves boners were born for. Shit.

First up, he changed the relationship. Sister was out. No, the digital Kylie was going to be no holds barred all the way. There were lots of options to choose from. Neighbor, classmate, nemesis, army buddy, friend of a friend, rival... on and on. He nearly selected girlfriend, but that would be too weird. Yeah, looking was hot, but if the sprite actually tried to do anything, that would be pretty fucked up. After some study of

his options, he identified her as his tenant. There. Cause for proximity, but she wouldn't try anything. Look but no touch.

Of course, she was sort of his roommate now, and he didn't get to look at jack squat. She didn't even walk back from the shower without a big fluffy bathrobe on. Hmm. He added *Nudist* to her traits. Would that be enough? He tacked on a drawback of *Insecure, desperately craves and needs my approval* for good measure. Perfect. He didn't want to turn her into a slut or anything, but it might take her down a peg in one-on-one interactions. Without the DreamCore's as-yet-absent suit, he couldn't feel his character's cock swelling, but he sure as hell felt his own in the real world.

He confirmed her home area as her bedroom, then added her to the queue.

Then waited.

And waited.

He yawned, enjoyed a nice long stretch, and...

Noah awakened to a sound that elicited an automatic groan of frustration. His alarm. His work alarm. Fuck! No time for a shower now. He threw on his dirty work shirt from the day before and hustled downstairs. He crashed right into Kylie, who yelped in alarm and glared hard.

“Sorry – late for work,” he explained as he brushed past her, shoving his feet into his pre-tied shoes.

Her hands were already on her hips, chest thrust out defiantly, her t-shirt distended across her breasts. “No wonder. You were up half the night with your stupid video game. If you’re going to keep doing that, take it down to the basement or something. Some of us actually care about getting a good night’s sleep. And do you know anything about the mess in the bathroom?”

“I haven’t even been in there today, Kylie. Now remember I’m having the guys over for my party tonight, so–”

“I’ll keep myself scarce, I promise.” She managed a smile at the reminder of the day’s occasion. “Happy birthday, baby bro.”

“Thanks, Kylie. Sorry again, about the bump.”

“Don’t mention it.” She jerked her head to the door, excusing him.

Work was the usual blur of drudgery. He didn’t put in enough hours to be forced to take a break, at least, and everybody was a little extra nice to him, which was cool. Even Cathy. The shift went by good and fast. After work, he took a moment to check on his package, but it still hadn’t yet arrived. Fuckers. He’d really been looking forward to that suit. If *OtherWorld* actually initiated anything with Beth...! But the game hadn’t even had an AO rating. No way.

Ah, well. He headed back home and went straight upstairs to take a shower. If the stench of grease was that offensive to his nostrils, he could only imagine how bad it’d be to his friends. Emilio and Biscuit had even promised they might be able to talk some girls into coming. Maybe he could even play the birthday game and talk one of them into a pity makeout or something. In the meantime, Noah took his time with a nice long soak. The shower had always been his refuge. Waking up abruptly always put him on the back foot for the whole day, but this shower was helping. His happy place. Hot, wet, and totally solitary.

Until he opened the shower curtain and saw a big round ass bent over the sink.

His towel nearly tore the rod off of the wall, he was so fast snatching it. What the hell did he say? Had Biscuit produced after all? He wouldn’t have thought he could score a girl with such a nice ass. Was she a hooker? Little early yet for hookers, wasn’t it? Not that he’d know. He wished the damn mirror wasn’t all fogged up so he could see her face. Asses were nice, but faces were the real dealmakers and dealbreakers. Only he realized, once he pried his eyes off that juicy round booty, that this girl was brushing her teeth.

With Kylie's toothbrush.

"Hey, what the fuck do you think you're doing?" he demanded. He didn't know why it bugged him so much to see this hooker using his sister's toothbrush, but—

But it was Kylie. Just like he'd been telling himself it couldn't possibly be. She turned, toothbrush still lodged in her mouth, leaving her reply barely intelligible.

"Bruh-huh muh tuh...?"

She went right back to brushing, like she wasn't flashing her brother her naked butt. "Oh, I, um, I thought you were someone else."

"Who'd you think it was?"

As she eyed him like he was the one acting weird, it finally dawned on him that he shouldn't be staring at his naked sister. He looked at the ceiling. Mostly. "Uh, Kylie, you're... you're..."

"I know, I know. I'll be out of your way in a minute. I'm heading out so you and your boys can have the place to yourself. Sit tight for a second."

He did actually need to use the sink. Would it be more awkward to ignore her and walk out, or stay and try not to gape? Holy fuck, she was even hotter than he'd thought she'd be. And the way that toothbrush somehow got her whole body *jiggling*...

He stayed.

Eventually she spit, rinsed. Then the flossing. Hell on earth, the goddamn flossing. She still had her back to him, but now that she was upright, those ass cheeks softly *clapped* rhythmically. What little he could see in the foggy mirror suggested a whole lot more of it was transpiring around the front. A final swish of water and she was done. She turned to face him, and he finally saw the front of her. Then the ceiling again. Then the top of her head, the ceiling, her lips, ceiling, holy god those big fat round juicy mother fucking *tits*, the ceiling...

"Is something wrong?" Kylie asked, eyebrow arched.

"Kylie, you're... you're..."

"My what?" She looked herself over. "Is something wrong?"

"You're *naked!*"

"Yeah...?"

It would be easy to fault him for not realizing the obvious right off, but had anyone been in a position to call him on it, he'd tell them straight off that it was a hell of a lot tougher to think clearly when you were faced with the red-hot body of your own sister. The ultimate forbidden fruit, peeled, sliced and sitting on a plate at his table. Still, as she stared at him questioningly, he did manage to remember what he'd done.

"So... you don't feel weird being naked in front of me?"

"What? Of course not, ya big nerd." She playfully punched his shoulder. More jiggle. "Who else is going to tell me when I'm having a bad hair day, or if I should wear cuter panties? Speaking of, how am I doing?"

He looked down. There it was, an intermixed field of blonde and black pubes in front of a thin slit between her legs. Christ on a cracker, there it was, Kylie's pussy. He couldn't see much of the cunt itself of course, but he thought he detected some bright pink in what he could make out.

"It... uh, yeah. It looks good, without the, um, p-panties," he stammered.

"Aww, thanks! But I was actually asking about my hair." She tossed her head to one side, then the other. "Does it look OK?"

"Oh, your hair, right, of course. Yeah, I mean, it looks really titty. Ack! I mean pretty! Shit, I wasn't..."

Except he was, and now that he'd said it out loud, it was like a verbal contract that prohibited him from looking anywhere else. Except instead of rebuking him, laughing at him, or even walking away, instead Kylie swept her hair back over her shoulders, then folded her arms behind the small of her back, showing them practically in his face.

"You want to look at my titties?" she asked. "OK. Do you like them?"

"What? I didn't mean... well, I did, I mean I am... But..."

She waited for an answer after she trailed off. "But...? Or are you saying you want to see my butt? I can turn around, if you want." When he didn't answer after a moment, she did just that, pivoting and placing her palms on the sink, arching her back to display it perfectly. He could see her pussy now much more clearly. Pink as her other set of lips. Her whole body glistened with the settling steam from his shower. Kylie twisted her head around to watch him for a reaction, looking for all the world nervous that what she was displaying wasn't to his liking.

"Come on, don't be like that," she said in a small voice.

"Like what?"

"Tell me if you like it."

But Noah could only stare. Stare, and take a step closer. He could almost touch it. Could he? *Should* he? Every instinct in his body told him she was offering it to him, and he'd wanted it for longer than he ever admitted even to himself. But surely there was a reason why he hadn't before today... right?

She took his silence for disapprobation. "It's really soft. You like that, right? Here, look." Kylie reached back and gave it a pat. No, a slap. She was slapping her ass to show how much cushion it had. For him. "Isn't that good? I'll hit the gym later, I promise, but for now, this is OK, right? Good enough?" When he still didn't answer, she rocked her hips side to side, waves of flesh rippling side to side hypnotically "Noah? I'm dying here! Say something!"

"Y-yes," he stammered finally. "Your ass looks good, Kylie. Super hot."

She heaved a sigh of relief. "See? What would I do without you? Look out world, here I come!" The girl stood back up with an excited bounce on the balls of her feet,

treating him to one last jiggle of those tits of hers before she opened the bathroom door and walked down the hall to her room.

Noah logged into *OtherWorld3* before he even took his towel off. He clenched his fists in impatience as he waited for it to load, but soon, there he was, back in his fake room. It was daylight now; apparently the in-game clock mirrored the real world. Kind of lame, but not really his concern right then. The first thing he did was storm down to fake Kylie's room, where he found the door had actually been locked.

He pounded at it. "You in there?" His sister Kylie might be terrifying him right now, but Kylie the digital tenant not in the least. He hadn't shied away from the Royal Navy in *Adrift*, and he wasn't about to show fear in the face of a copy of his big sister, naked or no. The only thing keeping him from actually shouting was not wanting real Kylie to hear him. The last thing he needed was to take off the headset and find her looming over him, her huge, incredible tits right over his face.

God damnit he was hard.

The door swung open. Again, it was Kylie, and again, she was naked. Her hair was even altered in that same subtle way, with the little curl to it. She arched her brow. "Yeah?"

"Uh... I just wanted to say hi...?"

"Oh. Hi then." As his stare lingered, she started to smile. There was a little glint to it and even a *ding* sound effect, reflecting the brightness of it. "Was there anything else?"

"Nope. Really kinda just wanted to stare at your boobs some more and not feel guilty about it." He sighed longingly.

"Oh yeah?" She put her hands on her waist, but the smile didn't fade. Holy shit, she was *posing*. "You like 'em, do you?"

"Like them? Kylie, they're – *you're* – perfect. You put just about any porn star I've ever seen to shame. Like, it's not even fair how hot you are. Not that I haven't always known, sorta, but I never *noticed*, you know. But fuck me, the nudist thing... it's a good fucking look on you."

She clenched her lower lip between her teeth as he babbled, clearly pleased. When he moved around behind her, she even shook her butt a little for him. "Well aren't you a sweetheart today! If you're going to be so full of sunshine, maybe I ought to leave the door open more often and let a little more of you in."

Emboldened by her acceptance of his ogling and commentary, he figured he may as well keep going. His hand reached up to grasp one of those scrumptious little spheres–

"Hey!" She slapped his hand away the moment it touched her. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Uh... squeezing your tits?"

“Noah, you’re my *landlord!* Do you have any idea how inappropriate that is?!” She folded her arms beneath her tits. Fuck, they looked even hotter that way, lifted and pressed together. “I think you should go.”

“But I was only—”

She stomped her foot and pointed to the door. “Go, please.”

It slammed shut almost on his heels. Shit. That hadn’t worked quite the way he wanted it to. So what now?

It was pretty weird, walking through the neighborhood with nobody in it. There were brightly colored exaggeratedly rounded cars parked along the street and in driveways, but none driving anywhere he could see. He could hear the occasional bird singing, the wind rustling the leaves in the trees, but no people anywhere, and as he began looking for signs of life in any of the windows, there was none. It felt like it would be more normal to see Tom and Jerry looking out of one of those things than an actual person. It sure looked like this world had nobody here but himself and the people he’d put here.

The Reiter house was as silent as everywhere else here. When nobody answered the door, he peered in windows, but that didn’t yield anything either. Where could Beth be? There were four people in her whole world! Oh, what the hell. Noah pried up a brick from the front walk (cool that it let him do that, really) and smashed in the sliding glass door at the back of the house. Inside, the place looked clean, but occupied. Dishes in the sink, jackets on the rack, clothes in hampers. It was pretty obvious which room was Beth’s, but he didn’t bother snooping around like he had in Kylie’s room yesterday. After getting an eyeful of his sister’s body, cartoon panties were pretty uninteresting, even if they were destined for his childhood dream girl’s ass.

Wherever she was, she definitely wasn’t here. He supposed he could go check out Mr. Haggquist’s place, which was decidedly inconvenient. He lived in the opposite direction from Noah’s home. Still, it was his only lead. It seemed like in Kylie’s stories of the old *OtherWorld* games, the characters seemed to naturally seek one another out and interact with one another, so maybe she was establishing her relationship with the old bastard or something.

He was most of the way there, wishing all the while that the game included some sort of fast travel mode, when he heard a doorbell ringing. After a befuddled moment, he realized that the sound was coming from the real world.

He took off his headset and hastily threw on some clothes, picking the least wrinkled things from his basket of unfolded clean stuff. On his way downstairs, he couldn’t help but notice the door to Kylie’s room was indeed open, quite unusual, but the room was also vacant. Must have already gone out with her friends.

The bell rang a second, then a third time before he got downstairs to answer it. This was all so trippy he almost wondered if it was going to be Beth Reiter. Instead it

was Emilio and Nick. A breath of fresh, normal air, that. After a quick chiding about how long they'd had to stand out on the porch, they came in, the latter with two cases of beer in tow. Noah might only be turning twenty, but it was nice to finally have friends old enough that they didn't keep having to jump through hoops to get their hands on alcohol. After the shit he'd just been through, he needed it.

Pretty soon the whole gang was there. They set up a table in the backyard for flippy cup, set up some speakers and got some good music playing, and indeed, Biscuit even managed to bring girls. It was only Nadia and Tracy, though, and he was nowhere near that desperate. Even with Kylie's tits still bouncing around his head. For his part, he still couldn't make any sense of any of it. A game couldn't affect the real world, except it had, unless he was still in the game, but he wasn't, unless he was asleep and dreaming all this, which would be an awesome ad for the DreamCore, except no lucid dream had ever been as banal as watching Jonesey throw his usual tantrum over the "bullshit physics" of flippy cup.

Maybe he was just going insane. He almost hoped so, because a breakdown full of Kylie's naked body would be a pretty sweet disorder.

Noah was almost back to living in the present when Nick went to make a beer run, the gathering having exhausted all of his cheap supply. Only a minute later, he came back around the front and approached Noah.

"Hey, brah? I'm blocked in. There's a moving truck at the end of your driveway or some shit."

"Yeah? Huh, guess the Mendezes are finally clearing out. Sold the place late last year, but it didn't ever seem like they're gonna leave. Way to move out at eleven o'clock at night, stupid a-holes." Nick helped him out of his lawn chair and up to his feet. "All right, I'll see if I can't get 'em to move it."

Nick trailed a short ways behind him as he went around front. Noah was a bit unsteady, but whatever, not like they were going to call his folks from wherever they were headed to rat him out for drinking. Besides, the blind eye his mom and dad were turning to his party was his birthday present. He hadn't heard a

He swaggered, or staggered, his way out to the moving truck, psyching himself up for the uncomfortable likelihood of confrontation with real adults. The moving truck was right there as the base of the driveway exactly like Nick had said, but even drunk as he was, it struck him right off that it looked really small to empty out a whole house. No way Mr. and Mrs. Mendez and their three kids were going to fit a house full of stuff in this thing. In fact, with the back end open, he could see it barely held anything at all. Just a bed and frame, a nightstand, some boxes, a dresser—

"Hey Noah!" came a voice from right behind him.

Noah nearly leapt out of his shoes. “Fucking fuck, Jesus—” But his expletives cut short when he whirled to find, almost – *almost* – unsurprisingly, Beth Reiter. She was smiling pleasantly at him, giggling at how she’d managed to sneak up on him.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you. At least not too much.” She couldn’t quite stop laughing. “I waved to you guys in the back yard from my window, but you didn’t see me. I figured we were bound to run into each other eventually though, right? And now here we are!”

His head downgraded from swimming to merely sloshing long enough to let him finally get a good look at her. He probably hadn’t seen her (not including the fake *OtherWorld* her) since she stopped riding the bus in high school, probably four years ago or so. She was a looker, all right, even hotter than he’d remembered. She didn’t have those braces any more, of course, which had been the closest thing to a mark against her even then. Long legs and a big pert rack, those big brown eyes and broad smile. He had no idea what her ethnicity was except that it lent her an air of the exotic, with olive skin and long not-quite-black hair. Presently she was wearing black shorts and a yellow tank top, the latter of which doing a bad job hiding two very prominent nipples behind it. Wasn’t that what she’d been wearing in the *OtherWorld*? He couldn’t remember, exactly, but either way, she looked incredible.

Was she as hot as Kylie? Maybe, maybe not, but he did appreciate how fucked up of a day he was having that he even had to ask such questions.

He remembered she’d said something. Oh yeah, about how he’d made an idiot out of himself. Right. “Sorry, yeah, I just didn’t think... anyway, wait, you were inside? Like, the house? Are you here for the party?”

She wasn’t, of course. He knew she wasn’t. He was the one who’d set this as her house, after all, and after Kylie, nothing could surprise him any more. (Except having Beth Reiter tap him on the shoulder with her nipples pointed at him like a pair of guided missiles.)

“Really? Sure! Yeah, I’d be happy to join you guys once I finish unloading what I can here. What’s the occasion?”

Beth was seriously moving into his house. She’d glossed over it like it was nothing, like of course he’d known that would be happening. “Uh, my birthday.”

“Well happy birthday!” Before he knew what was happening, her arms were around him, and her lips on his cheek. “How old are you this year, birthday boy?”

“Twenty.” She was still hugging him. It felt really good.

Suddenly her voice dropped to a whisper. “That’s an awful lot of spankings to deliver, but I’ll do my best.” Then she let go, smiling as wholesomely as before. “And who’s your friend?”

Noah was too thunderstruck to respond, so Nick stepped up to introduce himself. “Nick. Cipolla. We went to school together. You were a couple years ahead of us, I think.”

“Oh, cool. Well nice to meet you Nick. I guess if you’re a friend of Noah’s, I’ll be seeing you around plenty.”

“I hope so. I mean, yeah, that’d be cool.” As Beth excused herself and hopped up into the back of the truck, he elbowed Noah. That squatting position as she shifted around some boxes did wonders for an ass that had already needed no further wonders. “Dude, why didn’t you tell me you had *that* moving into your fucking house?!”

“Must’ve slipped my mind.”

“Damn, man. First Kylie, now this. I don’t know where you find these babes, man.”

“Well, one of them I was sorta born with.” Nick regarded him blankly. “You know. As siblings. My sister. Fucking Kylie my fucking sister. Why are you staring at me like that dude?”

“Come on, I know she’s rented from you since forever and you two get along, man, but get real. ‘She’s my sister,’” he repeated in a mocking voice. “As if *that* would ever come out the same vagina that spit your ugly ass into the world.”

All right, so Kylie wasn’t his sister, Beth lived with him and wanted to spank him, and Nick – and therefore presumably everybody else – didn’t question any of it. He repeated these facts of his new reality to himself, even if they didn’t seem real at all.

God, wait until Beth found out Kylie was a nudist. Wait until his parents...!
Hold on.

The boys offered Beth a hand, being as casual as possible so as not to tip their hats about how bad they both wanted to fuck her. She expressed her gratitude and handed off a couple boxes to each. Noah held the door, then trailed along behind her. Upstairs. Oh god. Upstairs. He didn’t have long to process what that might mean – *there’s only three bedrooms upstairs and you can’t fit this much shit in any of them oh god is she living in my room is she sleeping with Kylie that’s so fucking hot will Kylie even wear clothes to bed with her oh fuck I’d kill to see that or maybe* – and the *or maybe* he was only beginning to form as she walked right into the master bedroom.

Where none of his parents’ things were.

A stack of Beth’s boxes on the bare carpet were the room’s sole contents. Hastily he checked the bathroom and closet, as if his mom and dad were hiding in the shower or something. (They weren’t.)

What the fuck?! Had editing the occupants of the house deleted the people that used to live there? Was his family nothing more than default settings to this thing?! He calmed down once it occurred to him that he could still add them back in, but... shit, no

way he was going to be able to let them keep living *here*. Shit was too weird by an order of magnitude already.

Nick peered out through the blinds to where the party was hopping down below. “Hey, I told everybody I was gonna make a beer run. Beth, you mind moving the truck just a bit so I can squeeze out?”

“Oh! Yeah, sorry, I shouldn’t have parked there. I was hoping I’d be unloaded and gone before anybody headed out. Here, why don’t you take the keys and move it out of the way? Just close up the back end. Noah, I was wondering if you could actually stay for a minute and help me... unpack?”

Neither boy missed the suggestive tone. Oh god. He’d done it. The whisper in the driveway had been pretty hot, but there was no doubt about it now. She really was... Oh god. Nick had those keys and was gone in a flash – once he thumbs-upped Noah.

Noah had no idea what he was supposed to do. She hadn’t even used innuendo, but her tone had been crystal clear, even if everything else that had happened today hadn’t made it obvious that he was living in the *OtherWorld*. This was happening. The twinkle in Beth’s eyes, even with the room lit only by what filtered through the blinds from the bulbs and lanterns in the back yard, was unmissable. She wanted him. She meant to have him. This was happening.

“Oh hey, Noah,” came a voice from the hallway.

Noah was snarling as he whirled to confront his big sister – former, whatever – but only for a moment. She waved from the doorway to her room. Fully clothed this time, at least. Was that a relief? He didn’t know how to feel. “Beth, good to see you. I didn’t mean to interrupt, but... can I borrow him for a minute?”

Beth nodded. “Kylie, right? I thought so. Yeah, sure, take your time.” She walked near Noah, dropping once more to that throaty whisper. “But not *too* much time. OK?”

“You know it.”

It wasn’t easy, walking away from that. He wasn’t even sure why he was. Too drunk to think straight, he supposed. Beth pinched his butt as he walked out, but Kylie was already inside her room.

Sensing she wanted to have a capital-T Talk, he shut the door behind him. Here it came. Time to get chewed out for trying to grope his sister. “Look, about earlier today, I...”

By the time he turned around, she was already out of her shirt. She had a bra on this time, but she looked almost as hot with her tits bulging out of that thing as she did without one at all. “It’s OK, Noah. I forgive you. I felt just awful about the way I blew up at you over it. It’s been eating at me all day.”

Wait, that had been in the game, hadn’t it? He was pretty sure it had been. But what was even the difference any more? Noah couldn’t recall the last time someone had apologized to him, least of all Kylie. Her increasing nudity was only the second most

telltale sign right now that she had been altered by that game. “Thanks. But really, I promise—”

“Hush up and let me get this off my chest, will you? Pun intended.” There went the bra with a little laugh. God, how he wanted to suck those little pink nipples right off her tits. “I just wanted to say that your feedback means a lot to me. The fact that I actually found a landlord who doesn’t object to my lifestyle is a godsend. Heck, you were complimenting my body. I can’t even tell you how much I appreciate that.”

By that point, she was naked save for her socks, which she didn’t seem to intend to remove. “Kylie, you’re crazy hot. I can’t believe you even need me to say it.”

“I don’t *need*,” she corrected, sitting down casually on the side of her bed, one foot tucked under the other knee. There was that bright pink puss again, winking at him. “But you don’t know what it’s like being a girl. Sometimes I look in the mirror, and it’s like all I can see are flaws.”

“Flaws? What the hell flaws?”

“OK, sure.” She hopped back up to her feet and positioned herself in front of her mirror. It afforded him a view of both sides of her. Beth was 95% forgotten. “Take these, for instance. Totally lop-sided. The right one has always been just a hair bigger than the left.” She squeezed her tits, then hefted them back and forth. If there was a size difference, he wasn’t seeing it, nor would he have cared if he did.

99%.

“They look OK to me...”

“All right, but what about this. What about this.” With some effort, she managed to snare a thin sliver of baby fat around her middle. “Not so bad, right – but then watch when I do *this*.” She leaned hard to that side, her tits adjusting to their new gravity. “See, now look how big these rolls are. It’s like I can’t ever turn, or lean, without everyone seeing how close to fat I am.”

“Kylie, that’s called ‘having a stomach.’ The skinniest people in the world have that. Besides, you look good at your weight. If you made yourself skinnier, you’d lose some of that booty.”

“You mean this thing?” She pivoted so she could see her ass in the mirror, then gave it a hard slap. Then another. And another. “Look at that. The thing never stops wobbling around back there. I can *feel* it when I walk around, just shimmying back and forth like it’s trying to make the whole world notice my giant cow butt.”

Noah had a drunken moment of clarity. “Oh yeah? Show me.”

“Show you?”

“Yeah. Walk back and forth for me.”

“What, so you can laugh at me, too?”

“No, so I can see if your ass is too big or what. Come on, put up or shut up, Kylie. Strut that thang.”

“Fine, suit yourself. Try not to barf.” She sniffed haughtily, then did as he’d told her. Lord, watching his sister walk back and forth across the room was the most erotic experience of his entire life to date, and he wasn’t a virgin. She wasn’t wrong about the action on that caboose, except her response to his open-mouthed stare was a smug, “See? I told you so!”

“Kylie, I wasn’t staring because I didn’t like it! That thing is ridiculous. It’s like you’re in slow motion or something. Un-fucking-real.”

She finally stopped, turning to him with a grin. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

Kylie heaved a sigh of relief. “Thanks. You see what I mean though? I get in my own head, and you’re always there to help bring me back out of it. Thank you so much. Now that’s *not* to say you can try to grope me again. But I do appreciate the compliments. A lot. Sometimes I just get so... rrrgh! Down on myself, you know? It’s like the only thing that brings me back out of it.”

She was thanking him again and telling him not to keep Beth waiting with a knowing wink, but he was barely aware of it. Somewhere, his beer was in touch with his testosterone, and the two were having a hell of a brainstorming session. Their realization was, quite simply, that whenever he praised her, she stopped doing the thing that he’d praised her for.

Should he really...? *Could* he really...?

“What about your pussy?” he blurted. What?! To Kylie?!

She froze. “What do you mean? What about my pussy?” She looked down, but obviously couldn’t see much of anything past those titties of hers. “What’s wrong with it?”

“Well that’s what I mean, how could I know? You won’t show it to me. If you’re that self-conscious about your ass and your tits, I can only imagine how bad the pussy must be if you’re hiding it from me.”

“Hiding it? Noah, I’m naked.” She frowned, but there was something else in her eyes, too.

“Yeah, but you’re standing up. Can’t really get a good look at it when you’re standing up, can I?”

“Oh. You... you really think there’s... something *wrong*...?” She grimaced, but quickly made her way to the bed. Her legs spread instantly, and there was no hiding it now. Except...

“No, you gotta lift your knees, too. I still can’t quite get a good look at it. Yeah, just like that. That’s better.”

He paced back and forth, doing his best to look analytical rather than thirsty to slurp the shit out of that baby. “Well? How is it? Is it bad? It’s bad, isn’t it. Oh god, I can’t believe...”

But the moment her legs looked like they might intend to return to the mattress, he held up a cautioning finger. “Do you want honest feedback, or not?”

Kylie froze. “Well... yeah...”

“Then keep them up. In fact, spread them wider. Wide as you can.”

Kylie complied, even straightening her knees, nearly doing the splits in the air. Noah could pretty much guarantee nobody had ever gotten this good of a look at her snatch before. Fucking hell, this bullshit trick was working somehow. Time to experiment a little.

“You know, I can sort of see what you meant about the fat rolls like this,” he tried. Her tummy did have a few little bumps in it, but with her back arched, thrusting her pussy up for inspection like this, Gal Gadot would have had almost as much. “They’re not *too* bad, I guess...”

“Ugh, I know. I feel so embarrassed. Oh gosh.” Kylie’s pretty face wilted, but if she was embarrassed, she didn’t do anything to keep him from inspecting the slab of meat that was her body.

“It’s OK. The tits still look pretty good like that. Cute little asshole, too. Your butt might actually look a little less flabby like this. I can send you a pic if you want.”

“Oh god, please don’t!” She sounded more alarmed at having to see the evidence first hand, put in such deprecating terms, than at the thought of him taking a picture of her in this lewd pose. “But what about my pussy? Is it OK? I got a wax not too long ago, but I guess maybe I should check more often to see...”

Noah knelt down at the foot of the bed, leaning down on his palms to get within a foot or so. Kylie didn’t stop him. Shit, he could *smell* that thing from her, every bit as sweet as it looked. Apparently she was fine with any amount of looking, just not touching. God, he’d have to see if he could edit this crap out next time he logged in to *OtherWorld*, to get her horny and ready to fuck like Beth.

Well, maybe he could still do the former...? Time to see if her pleasure at his praise transcended mere vanity.

“You know, it’s hard to tell,” he said after some time admiring that sweet fuckable slit of hers. “Like, trying to separate your cunt from the rest of you, it’s tricky. Your tits are so amazing, and with them right there, it sorta makes the pussy a little sexier somehow. Seriously, can’t say enough how perfect your big tits are, Kylie. Fucking love ‘em.”

There. There it was. As she blushed at his praise, it wasn’t the only automatic reply. A twitch, subtle but impossible to miss when you were staring at it, and when her labia... unpuckered? He didn’t know how to describe pussy lips. But when the twitch was over, there was a little gleam to it that hadn’t been there before.

She was getting wet.

He continued the game for a few rounds, vacillating between effusive praise for some parts, in some positions, in certain light, while criticizing others. Kylie swore she was going to get that mole removed, that she'd do a hundred crunches a day until her tummy was up to his standards. She got wetter and wetter as it went on, a little trickle snaking down her taint and over her asshole. But finally, he went back to the subject at hand. Or very nearly at hand.

"I think what makes it so hard to tell is because while it's a very pretty little pussy, I guess it's tricky to think of it objectively, instead of as a man, you know?"

"As a man? What do you mean?"

"I mean, when I think of the perfect pussy, it's always stuffed with something. An empty pussy... I mean, it's like trying to judge a pizza with no toppings."

"I actually like cheese pizza."

If she was being metaphorical, he ignored it. "So like, when there's nothing there, nothing splitting it open and letting your pussy do what pussies are supposed to do... like, how do I judge?"

"Oh." She frowned, obviously disappointed. "Yeah. I can see that, I guess. Oh. Gosh."

Dare he suggest it himself? He thought he'd hinted pretty hard. Still, he wasn't about to try to pressure his sister – tenant – into finger-fucking herself while he watched. He wasn't a total–

"Would it help if I fingered myself?" she offered.

He was sweating when he left her room, and he hadn't done a single thing. She never did offer to let him take part, and even if she would have let him masturbate with her (who the hell knew what did and didn't fly any more), he still had the .01% recollection of what awaited him. Still, Kylie had positively gone to town on her pussy. One hand for the clit, the other with three whole fingers inside her, thrusting away. She said it felt too tight for three, but all he'd had to say was that he felt like three would be a better look and in went the ring finger. He rewarded her with a quick reassurance that it was indeed a much sexier little cunt than he'd initially thought. All the while, he made sure to string her along.

The closer you get to coming, the hotter you look.

I can hardly even see any of those rolls when you're fucking yourself like this.

The only thing hotter than the way you looked coming your brains out like that would be seeing you lick those fingers clean.

She had. Because she desperately craved and needed his approval. His sister-turned-renter had hugged him good night, then gave him a wink and told him to go see to whatever Beth needed. Which he sure as hell meant to.

The newest resident of the house looked to have all her boxes in by now, and had even gotten the bed frame in, and was on the ground setting it up when he came in, her ass greeting him as he entered.

"Welcome back," she said. "Get everything sorted out with Kylie?"

"Sure did. She just needed a little boost was all."

As he walked closer, Beth rose to her knees, but no further. "That was awfully nice of you. Is that a service you provide to all of your tenants?"

"I'm known to be pretty generous with my boosting. Why, you need a hand, Beth?"

"It's not your hand I'm interested in." The charade was abandoned that quickly. Her hands seized the fastenings on his pants, and had them down in seconds. He was already rock hard from Kylie, and as the removal of his boxers announced this factor to her, her eyes nearly bulged out of her head. She gaped. His cock was nothing all that impressive, either. Not shameful, but he knew he wasn't packing timber or anything. But to see the look on Beth's face, he ought to go into porn.

"I can't tell you how long I've wondered what this thing looked like."

I can, he thought. About twenty-four hours.

She stroked it gently, grazing it only with the tips of her fingers and a ghost of a graze from her nails. "I love it. I love it so much. Can I... Can I suck it? I promise I'll do a good job. Or do you wanna fuck me? Oh god, that would be.... I could come just thinking about it. I've been so mother fucking horny all day, I can't wait to get fucked, fucked by your perfect fucking dick, god..."

He fucked her. Oh, he let her warm him up with her mouth first, but largely thanks to Kylie, that lasted all of thirty seconds. He was fucking her right there on the floor of his parents' bedroom when his erstwhile sister stepped out of her bedroom. Oops, forgot to shut the door. Oh well. Kylie didn't even look in their direction, making her way to the bathroom and closing the door. When she left a few minutes later, he went ahead and wolf whistled the best he could. She turned and grinned, her body flushing with pleasure that he could be boning this gorgeous babe on the floor but still take the time to signal his appreciation for her. Beth seemed like she was about to try to follow his gaze, so he started to piston harder. Her screams of pleasure vibrated the house as she came, her whole body spasming in ecstasy.

A round of applause issued from outside; looks like he still had a few friends out there. The fact that she'd just orgasmed for the whole neighborhood to hear didn't seem to faze the new and improved Beth Reiter, though. Not at all. She had him back in her mouth and on his way to round three while her come was still hot and wet on his shaft.

All in all, a good birthday. He did eventually return to the party, where his friends had waited to congratulate him. Beth came with, delighted to remain at his side. She sat right on his lap, squirming happily. They never did get her mattress or box springs moved in that night, but she seemed perfectly happy to join him on his so long as he slept as naked as the girl down the hall.

Noah was usually a fitful sleeper, and having another body in the bed with him exacerbated that tendency. It was near dawn when he finally woke up sober enough to want to do anything more than fuck her again. Beth stirred but barely as he squirmed over her and out of bed. He slipped on the DreamCore headset and gloves, then loaded *OtherWorld 3*.

A slew of pop-up notifications came up immediately.

Dale is isolated and has grown BORED. (16 hrs)

Dale is isolated and has grown LONELY. (7 hrs)

Kylie heard Noah and Beth making love and is JEALOUS. (6 hrs)

Dale is feeling STRESSED because he has a MICRO PENIS. (4 hrs)

Beth had a dream about chicken and is HUNGRY. (1 hr)

But that was it. Beyond that, there was Beth sleeping in his cartoon bedroom. Sure enough, a quick peek in Kylie's room showed her doing the same in hers. Should he fix her? He didn't even know if "fixing" meant make her the way she was before, or make her like Beth, wet and ready all the time.

But it turned out to be nothing but a fool's errand; manually editing the sprites, once created, wasn't apparently enabled. There wasn't even a way to try. He could make another copy of them, but he wasn't about to go to the point of a kill-and-clone scheme on his first day. He'd be more careful from now on, he supposed.

Huh. He supposed he ought to be more upset about it all. Disturbed, maybe? But... oh well. So his sister was now his nudist tenant, and the hottie he'd used to leer at on the bus when he first hit puberty was now his live-in cock addict. Good enough. He made a note to re-create his parents – maybe he could assign them to the Mendez's house – and logged off. Then downstairs to grab some coffee and enjoy being alive.

Beth was still asleep, but he could hear Kylie in the shower when the doorbell rang some hours later. Who could that be? At the front door stood a uniformed woman standing there with a large parcel. She held out a digital pad for him to sign. "Morning, sir. Package."

His suit! Holy crap, he'd forgotten all about the thing. Noah signed hastily and exchanged the pad for his box. As he shut the door, he looked up to see Beth coming downstairs, woken up by the doorbell. She was wearing nothing but a pair of panties and a sports bra, definitely a good look on her. Everything would be a good look on that body. As would nothing.

"Whatcha got there?" she asked, snuggling in beside him and giving his crotch a few good morning caresses.

"Oh, nothing. Just a package."

"Only one package I'm interested in." She fished it out without further ado.

Beth's limited clothing was already gone, tossed across the living room in his haste to see her naked again, and his cock was happily back in the warm wet embrace of her mouth. He'd never seen a girl so happy to be sucking a dick before, not even in porn. Then Kylie came downstairs, naked and unashamed. She poured some coffee for herself, then stopped by the entry to the room.

Now that he'd gotten a chance to study her, he didn't miss the little glistening to the lips of her pussy. Jealous indeed.

"So what's that?" she asked, gesturing to the box, as if Beth weren't there.

"That? Oh, it's a... a..." His eyes slid closed as Beth's tongue did that incredible swirl thing she did sometimes. It very much disabled his brain.

Kylie got tired of waiting and came to inspect it for herself, plopping down beside him. "Hmm. 'DreamCore Exosuit. Vitalize your virtual.' Neat." She checked the label on the package, then went on a bit louder as to be heard over Beth gagging during her attempt at deep throating. "Little gift from you to you, huh. Looks like we're all gonna be in our birthday suits today, huh?"

That was funny enough he managed to laugh between panting and moaning. He didn't have any mental capacity left over for words, though, so she took a sip of coffee and went on. "You know, I actually heard they were doing a version of *OtherWorld* for that. They've been advertising for it like crazy. 'Like the real world, only better,' or something like that. I don't really do video games any more, but still, I heard it's

supposed to be pretty cool. You should check it out. When you're not..." She gestured to Beth guzzling his ball sack.

Noah never touched her. He merely waved his hand until she got the hint and spread her legs, giving him a good view of her moistening pussy. Without even being prompted, in went the fingers. He came so hard he was surprised Beth didn't wind up with an exit wound. Beth came when he did, and Kylie only a few moments later while they were both still panting, spent. He recovered first.

"I don't know, Beth. I feel like the real world is already so good, I'm not sure I can handle an OtherOne."