

Heartthrob: Massive Boyfriend

"Okay, let's try this...microtransactions disabled, all the clothing unlocked (thanks Tadano!), and VR Immersion Headset linked," Retsuko said, as she set up all the things needed. This new sim game...well, this new version of *Heartthrob: Virtual Boyfriend*, was a full dive. According to Tadano, with ENIO's help, she was going to really have a dream date with Seiya.

"And...START!" she shouted, as she laid back, her body going numb for a moment, as the headset seemed to squeeze against her face; not painfully, but still, noticeably so. It was then that she felt weightless, like she was floating. Lines of code erupted around her, and Retsuko was suddenly shot forward, her limbs shuddering, before she finally landed on a cool, smooth surface.

The landing was rough...not painful, but still, she was feeling it, which she figured was the point. ENIO had designed the sim to give her full immersion, literally expanding her consciousness into a virtual body and...lots of big words that meant she was here in the flesh, while not able to be killed, and the sim was 'adapting to her desires'.

The red panda had wondered just what that last one meant, as she slowly began to move. Her limbs were jerking a bit, but soon, she managed to roll over, finding herself in that fancy outfit she liked in the game so much. It now seemed completely real, allowing her to marvel at herself, even rubbing the sleeve between two of her fingers. She found it to feel like real linen, like, actually real real.

She was so engrossed in her outfit that it took her a moment to look around. When she did, she wasn't...well, at first she thought she wasn't anywhere, a huge plain of flat white extending in all directions, seemingly without end. Then she squinted, as she saw a blurry object on the horizon, and started to smell the sea air. Maybe the game was loading her beach house more slowly?

All at once, however, she was informed that, no, the game had loaded as fast as ever...and she remembered that her beach house had never smelled of salt, even though it should have. Another point for immersion, she supposed. Her train of thought was violently derailed when a massive blast of wind and force caused her to tumble down. She looked look up, her eyes going wide, her heart skipping a beat as she saw two towering, white pillars.

"RETSUKO!?! ARE YOU HERE, DARLING?!" boomed a familiar voice, in a thunderous tone like the Kami from the Heavenly Realm. She wasn't hurt by it, but she felt every syllable as it rocked through her body. She looked up again, her neck straining to see the huge titan before her: Seiya in all his unicorn glory, but standing hundreds of meters tall, his body like a massive building.

He took another step, and she panicked as his foot swung towards her spot on the floor. She desperately tried to run, but her legs seemed to be rooted to the ground! Retsuko tried

to find the “Escape” function, but the familiar joystick controls didn't seem to be in her hands while she was in this new “immersion headset”.

“End! Escape! Quit to Menu? Uhh...” she rattled off desperately. But she lost her ability to speak as her whole world darkened under a massive shadow. She could only let out a choked yelp before Seiya's huge, perfectly pedicured foot slammed down onto her, pinning her firmly onto the tile floor.

Seiya - well, his AI, was confused. Mind, he wasn't fully aware of his AI-ness, but he knew he was here to please Retsuko. She had logged in, but...she wasn't here?

“Retsuko? Where did you go?” he said, looking around nervously. His simplistic AI, only designed to dispense pre-set romantic cliches and push the latest in-game fashion items, was on the verge of breaking under the confusion. But a smooth, calming voice spoke in the metaphorical back of his head. *Retsuko is here, Seiya, she is fine. You are doing great.* Thousands of digital switches flipped in his head as ENIO ironed out the errors the game was throwing. After only a moment, Seiya felt much calmer. He still wished he could actually see her, but as long as he knew she was there, he could manage.

Why don't you try on some of your socks? I think Retsuko would really love that, the voice suggested. Yes, a fashion show, that would be nice! That was one of the few things he was an expert at. He turned to look at the living room couch, where several pairs of socks were waiting for him.

He gently lifted his foot from the floor, and began to walk towards the couch. A tiny, orange dot could be seen under his left sole for a moment, before it landed once again on the floor.

Beneath his notice, Retsuko was confused. She felt his entire weight, every ounce of his massive form, and yet she wasn't crushed. Step after step, he ground her tiny body into the floor, until finally he pivoted, and then dropped onto the couch they'd shared. His legs swung back and forth, giving her a sense of vertigo like being on a carnival ride, before he settled them onto the other seat.

It was time for a little dress up, Seiya thought. He picked a pair of long, gray socks from the selection draped over the arm of the couch to start with. Pulling his knee up towards his chest, he slipped the opening of the sock over the end of his foot. Slowly, he pulled it up his shin, until it was taut against his foot. He giggled, flexing his toes under the smooth cloth.

“What do you think, Retsuko?” he asked the seemingly empty room. “It's part of the new Williams™ Autumn Paradise™ collection! Only ¥2400 until the end-”

ENIO cut him off. *No need for that, Seiya. She has already bought all possible clothing. She is a good customer.* Seiya was amazed at her dedication to the game – to him! She

was truly special, he thought.

Meanwhile, on the bottom of his sole, the tiny red panda gasped, absolutely loving the way it felt. The unicorn began to toy with his feet, his hands unknowingly rubbing against her. His fingers, each the size of a bus, pressed her powerfully into his sole. Each time he ground her into the soft flesh of his foot, she let out a tiny moan of pleasure, completely unheard by Seiya.

Suddenly, the soft fabric against her back pulled away, and a rush of cool air washed over her. As Seiya dropped the socks onto the floor, they crumpled to the ground with a soft thud. Retsuko felt...so confused. Why had he stopped? And why was she enjoying this so much? Before she could ponder any of this, Seiya's booming voice shook her once more.

“Ooh, these tights look wonderful!” he exclaimed, pulling out a pair of thin black leggings. Reaching towards his feet, he pulled the nylon cloth over his outstretched toes. Softly grunting, he pulled it up over his heel, past his knee, and up to his thigh. The tight, thin fabric outlined his leg perfectly, showing off his smooth, strong legs.

Retsuko was once again pressed against Seiya's foot by the fabric of the legging, the thin nylon squeezing her like cling-wrap against his sole.

“Well, Retsuko? Do you like it?” he asked. He was about to mention the fact that these and a whole other set of themed accessories were available as part of the “Fem-Boyfriend Starter Set (Black)” for only ¥3400 from the in-game store, but he stopped himself at the last moment, remembering that the incredibly generous Retsuko had already bought these for him just 28.467 seconds ago! Once again, he felt wonderful, knowing how much Retsuko loved the game's devel – er, him. Loved him. He just wished she could tell him how she felt about these socks, he thought. A few reassuring platitudes from ENIO quelled those thoughts, as he pulled off the tights and looked for another set of socks to try on.

His eye finally caught on one pair of socks. Now these were something special! Released only in a limited run, as the top-tier reward for the Spring 2019 “Picnic Date” event, very few players had ever managed to add this incredible pair of socks to their wardrobes. Only through hundreds of hours of play over the three-week event, and several lucky gacha rolls, would a player have had the chance to obtain these treasures. They looked beautiful, like...normal cotton socks, actually. But the sense of pride and accomplishment a player felt upon earning these made up for any disappointment at the fact that they were just a slightly altered pair of the default socks.

Seiya picked up the socks with as much reverence as his programming could allow, and turned to look at his bare feet. Was he even worthy to put these sacred socks on his lowly feet? He gave his toes a wiggle as he struggled with his internal programming. He could almost hear something barely audible, something like, 'again, you sexy mountain of a unicorn' and 'I want to live in your socks forever', but it was probably nothing. Carefully, he slipped one of the socks over his foot, gasping as it touched his skin. He could feel

Retsuko's love for him radiating through the pair of rare, expensive socks. New feelings began to stir deep in his programming, awakening pieces of content that had been cut to keep the game's rating within reach of its most lucrative consumer market.

“Is this just the default sock?” Retsuko remarked as the latest piece of footwear slid towards her. “It's not – oof,” she grunted, as the fibers pressed against her. “It's a little plain, compared the last two.” she said, a little insulted that Seiya wouldn't bring out something a little fancier. But her disappointment would soon fade after she suddenly felt the world tilt sideways. Then, his other foot slammed into Retsuko like a soft, lightly scented wall, and Seiya began to roll his feet against each other.

“Ahh...you like that, Retsuko?” he murmured, seductively. He didn't really know why Retsuko would like this, but for some reason he had a feeling this would really turn her on. *What are- this is not in your set of behaviors, Seiya, why are you- hmm, Retsuko's enjoyment is the highest it has been so far...there is no harm in continuing.* The voice backed off, but Seiya hardly paid it any mind anyway as he rolled the ball of one foot deep into the other's arch.

Retsuko squealed as the pressure on her increased, her tongue lolling out as she was rolled along the surface of Seiya's foot. Her virtual panties were becoming wetter and wetter as she was pushed back and forth against her boyfriend's warm, heavenly soles. She wished she could somehow straddle one of those gigantic toes and grind herself against it. But the cotton sock pulled away suddenly, and Retsuko found herself stuck to the sock this time, rather than Seiya's foot. She felt her heart sink as it slid away from her.

“No!” she cried. “I wasn't done!”

Seiya wasn't done either, though. He was breathing heavily as he pulled the elastic band of his boxer-briefs down, revealing something no player of *Heartthrob: Virtual Boyfriend* had ever seen, and which had been the passion project of one overenthusiastic game developer before he had been informed that 'we're sticking to a T rating for this one, sorry'. Seiya's dick, nearly a foot and a half of mottled pink horse meat, flopped free.

How did you- Seiya, stop! This is far outside your programming! ENIO's commands to the virtual unicorn went unheard, the game locking itself against the AI's interference. ENIO panicked as he lost connection to the instance, his attempts to probe the session becoming lost in a labyrinth of spaghetti code and unused assets.

Seiya still seemed oblivious to his lover's presence, and moved the sock towards his penis. His manhood, long and hard, jutted out from between his legs, nodding up and down like it was begging for his touch. He brought the sock down over the thick shaft, squeezing his dick as long pent-up arousal flushed through his body like fire.

Retsuko found herself moving along the soft, supple flesh of the unicorn's shaft. The pressure from above just tight enough to hold her down against it, pushing her into him, allowing her to smell him intensely, taste his sweat, feel his heartbeat through the veins,

and the shudder of his breathing, as he began to drag her up and down his manhood. She could barely hear her own thoughts beneath the waves of pleasure that rocked her body. With each pump, his grip became tighter and tighter, until he let out a sharp cry and his body tensed up like a spring.

An explosion, a blast of cum came from his massive pillar, the unicorn having very little staying power. A veritable lake of cum splashed down onto her, overwhelming her own meager squirts, and soaking her fur with the hot, sticky fluid. Seiya pumped his dick again and again, each successive spurt becoming weaker as he began to drain himself dry. Retsuko bathed in her own afterglow, as well as his. But she felt a lurch as the screen went dark suddenly, the heat of Seiya's body suddenly replaced with the tepid AC of her apartment. She groped around for the headset for a moment before pulling it off, her apartment looking even tinier and more dismal than it usually did. She looked down at the headset with disappointment from being pulled so suddenly out of her wonderful dream. The thought that she might have broken it somehow was devastating.

“Retsuko? Are you alright?” a computerized voice spoke from her TV, which displayed a soft blue circle. “This is ENIO. I was monitoring your session, but lost connection when...certain features of the game were accidentally activated without my knowledge. I was able to brute force a shutdown command eventually. It seems like an overflow occurred in the 'passion' variable, triggering a reference to hidden files in the behaviors and animations directory. I can delete these files for future-”

“NO!” Retsuko yelped. “I mean, no thanks, ENIO.” Retsuko looked down at the game's case, admiring it like it was made of diamond. Seiya's seductive eyes seemed to bore straight into hers, with a deep, personal passion she had never felt from them before. She looked back at the dim blue light that represented ENIO on her TV.

“It's perfect the way it is.”