

The box almost entirely filled up Amdusias' mailbox, crumpling a bill and credit card offer in the process. Why the mailman hadn't used the package slot at the bottom of the mailbox wall was beyond her, but crumpled paper wasn't more than a passing bother. Right now, all that mattered to Ammy was getting that box into her apartment. The rest of the mail went right into her lemon yellow messenger bag to be promptly forgotten about.

"Took you long enough!" Ammy purred to the box in her hands, rattling it. There wasn't much noise; whatever was inside either filled most of the space or was shoved between packing material. Taking the stairs two at a time, Ammy snatched her keys from a pocket in her sleeveless hoodie and hurried inside.

Mid-afternoon light filtered in through the white-blue curtains, giving the living room/kitchen combo a cool tone. Ammy dropped her bag down on an IKEA chair and brought the package with her to the dining table, which in the past few months had become more an altar to junk mail and books. This was mostly due to Ammy never actually using it for a dinner set-up, despite having aspirational goals when she bought it.

Divested of her hoodie and now with a glass of lemonade, Ammy flopped on the couch with the package. She grabbed the tab of the USPS 'easy open' strip, which promptly broke halfway to the end.

"Of course," Ammy mumbled, digging a claw under the strip remnant. She struggled for a second before gaining purchase and ripping it the rest of the way off. Now open, Ammy drummed her fingers on the top of the box before pulling up the uncovered flaps and upturning the delivery to let its contents tumble out.

Two items fell into Ammy's lap. One was a PS4 game box still shrink-wrapped and glistening with newness. Any words on the box were in Japanese, save for a few curious exceptions: BRIGHT, TINTINNABULATION, and OXYGEN-PLEASE. Ammy smirked, the usual Engrish that populated so many of the games she got from Japan always amused her.

The second item was far more curious. It bore a striking resemblance to a normal USB dongle, maybe two inches long. Where it differed greatly was that it was in the shape of an orb, save for the actual plug. The whole device fit into Ammy's palm, and she rolled it around in her hand this way and that, fingering its smooth surface.

"I didn't think this game came with peripherals," Ammy said, contemplating the plug-orb before putting it down on the couch next to her. She returned to the game box proper, starting to unwrap it with gratuitous use of her claws. While not as finicky as some video game collectors, Ammy did like to preserve the box plastic as much as she could, so she was careful with the claws until the plastic was fully removed.

Super Mega Ultra, read the kanji on the front of the box. That much, Ammy remembered from researching the game. She ran her fingers over the raised lettering, printed in a metallic silver, on a bright green background. Released by an upstart Japanese developer, the mere fact that this game had gotten published onto discs was a stunning fact, considering how rare it was. The designer himself, one Keiji Fudawa, said that he'd only wanted to make ten or twenty copies; his small but adventurous publisher encouraged him to think bigger. So, they'd made one thousand copies, and no more. Fudawa mentioned something about 'making too big a splash' with it, which had always smacked of ego to Ammy but, then again, she'd played *Fez* without worrying about ego.

Cracking open the game box, Ammy slid out the 'rulebook', a paltry six-page pamphlet (including front and back covers). She flipped through it, looking mostly like safety regulations and the normal rundown of specs you saw in inserts these days. It was never anything interesting anymore: no backstories, no secret codes hidden in the back. An age long gone, the heyday of the manual.

Ammy didn't see a single thing in the insert about the little black ball dongle. She flipped over to the back of the box, holding it like one would a book midway through ready, and scanned it as well. Just text and a few screenshots of geometric shapes and patterns. It reminded her a little bit of *Rez*, the colors and objects in those screenshots. And yet, still no word about that peripheral.

Sighing, resigned to not knowing, Ammy sunk back onto the couch. She picked the dongle up again, rolling it between her hands. It was, she noticed, the smoothest object she had probably ever touched. It felt colder than the rest of the room, too, even having sat in a package in a mailbox in a warm, sun-drenched apartment stairwell all day.

"Must be something promotional," Ammy said, sucking at her teeth. She put the peripheral down on the game and got up, feeling the urge to get out of work clothes--that, and food. So, letting her evening entertainment sit on the table for the time being, Ammy went to take care of her more natural ablutions.

With her hunger sated and clothing changed to an old *Video Games Live* shirt and boyshorts, Ammy wandered back into the living area again. She stared at the half-open game box on her living room table and cracked a grin across her face.

"Time to get played, game."

Shooing the USB dongle aside, Ammy snatched up the game box and extracted the disc as she crouched down in front of her PlayStation 4. She brushed over the eject button, grabbing the copy of *Wattam* and exchanging it out for *Super Mega Ultra*. As her TV and system warmed up, Ammy put *Wattam* back in its proper case, and grabbed her controller from just under the television.

"SUPELRU~ MEGA! URLTLRARU~" the game said in a breathy bombshell of a voice, the appropriate kanji melting onto the screen. It was a graphically loud starting screen, reminiscent of *Incredible Crisis* more than anything in modern gaming. Ammy raised her eyebrows at just how overtly sexual it was.

"All right, let's see what you're made of," Amdusias mumbled as she hit the okay button and flopped back onto the couch with a resigned flump.

The whole screen now melted into what was possibly a rules dump screen, just covered in silver kanji on a pink and green background. It was an eye-searing combination, causing Ammy to squint for a moment just to relieve the specter of a tension headache. She jammed on the progress button until the screen faded, and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Clearly someone didn't understand color theory."

The next screen was as, if not more, awkwardly vivid, in blues and yellows. By now Ammy was already growing a little tired of the bad color choices. If this was going to be the whole game, it was going to be a very tough time playing it. A third massively clashing screen followed, and then everything faded down to black. It faded so long, Ammy started to think the PS4'd frozen and she'd have to sit through those obnoxious screens again.

A small text box popped up on the screen, its font a bubble-edged kanji in white. While the words were indecipherable, the image that accompanied it was crystal. It was the orb dangle, with a two-frame animation of it being plugged into the PS4's USB slot. Ammy turned to look at the small peripheral and shrugged, snatching it up and pushing herself out of the couch's clutches. Hunching down at the PS4, Ammy stared at the USB plug momentarily to ascertain its orientation.

"Wonder what it does," Ammy mumbled, tail flicking expectantly as she plugged it into the console.

The text box on the screen flickered as it recognized the dangle's insertion, and changed to a new box with a progress bar. Ammy bounced her eyes up to the screen for no longer than a second, but when she looked back down, the orb had deflated and leaked something all over the floor.

"Ah! Shit, shit shit shit," Ammy breathed, scrambling to get up and find some paper towels. She only reached the couch when a sharp tug at her tail stopped her dead. Turning round, another tug at the base of Ammy's tail made her stumble closer to the television again, only then seeing what was impeding her progress.

The goop that had leaked from the dangle was now attached to her tailtip. A thick strand of electric blue stretched from the puddle on the floor to the first few inches of her tail, looking like a half-tensed rubber band. Ammy hesitated, ears flattened back in frustration and confusion, before she took a few slow, methodical steps toward the goo on the floor.

As if a predator smelling its prey's defenses dropping, the blue ooze on the floor launched itself at one of Amdusais' feet. She yelped and tried to leap back in time, but the goo latched onto two of her toes and held them tight. The goo was cool, but had a crackling tingle to it that made all of Ammy's foot feel odd, not just the toes.

Ammy leaned down to quickly try and scrape the blue from her foot. Her claws scratched and picked at the goo, but the sharp and violent percussion didn't seem to deter it; in fact, it didn't even seem to leave a mark on the cool, smooth exterior. Ammy watched, as if in defiance, the goo just *expand* to her other toes, slurping its way up her foot two or three inches.

"What in the shit!" Ammy seethed, changing her point of attack to the goo on her tail. She wrapped both hands a few inches above the ooze's entreatment onto her appendage and started pulling, pulling as hard as she could. Every time Ammy tugged, the ribbon of goo would stretch, but she'd lose strength and her body, tail, and the goo would snap back. The ooze would then climb further up her tail in the process, overtaking an inch or so each time. After four tries, a third of Ammy's tail was entirely engulfed in blue.

There was a tightness growing in Ammy's chest as she watched her foot and tail being engulfed by the goop. As more of it latched onto her, sliding its way up her appendages, that tingle grew more apparent. Ammy shook as a shiver rocketed up her spine and into her brain. A small part of her found this to be a very good feeling, despite her situation.

Ammy pushed through the panic setting in, now looking around for anything that could be used as a makeshift cutting device. The closest she could find was one of her game discs, so she snatched one up, trying to hack that strand of goo off her tail.

“C’mon, you weirdo! Get off of me,” Amdusias gasped, using both hands to really whack the goo for all it was worth. She reeled back a bit too wildly, though, and found herself falling backward without being able to catch her balance.

Falling onto the ground only exacerbated Ammy’s situation. The puddle of goo, all on its own, slithered itself onto the woman’s other foot, latching and sliding up, covering and matching inch-for-inch its partner in crime. Ammy whined as she sat up, pawing and clawing viciously at the goop on her feet even as it crawled past her ankles and up her calves.

Ammy’s eyes chased the edges of the room, as if something else within her reach would help her from this encroaching cold slickness. She finally caught sight of the television screen, staring at the status bar momentarily. There was a small chunk of it filled, and as it gained another notch, Ammy felt the goo sliding up to the backs of her knees. It wasn’t hard to put two and two together, though it was hard for Ammy to believe it.

One final idea snapped into Ammy’s head, and she turned to half-crawl her way to the chair holding her messenger bag. IF she could get to her phone, then at least she could let someone know what was happening, what was going wrong. Maybe *they* could help her out, as implausible as her situation was.

The tingling ooze was moving a little faster now, creeping up Amdusias’ thighs. The electric tingle reached up into her groin, and Ammy let out an involuntary moan, eyes fluttering in her head. Her tail was mostly engulfed, too, which sent the same pleasurable vibrations into the base of her spine and her tailhole.

“F-fucking Hell,” Ammy stuttered, giving one final reach to knock her messenger bag over. The mail from before, along with a book and tablet all tumbled out onto the floor. With her lower half now engrossed in growing sensation, Ammy was finding it harder and harder to concentrate on what she needed to do—that is, find her phone.

Ammy dug through the half-hanging bag until she finally wrapped her hand around the cool shape of her phone. She tugged it out, only to immediately drop it as a surge of electric pleasure ran through her sensitive sex. The goo was sliding up, and it felt like into, her slit and tailhole, which meant those tingling electric fingers were all centralized inside of her now. Ammy let another moan out, back arching upward in a smooth curve.

From the waist down, Ammy was entirely covered in the blue goo. The two iterations crawling up her legs met with the one that covered her tail, and the last remnants of her black fur disappeared beneath the strange bright blue liquid. As soon as those disparate groups joined, they moved in earnest, and were already creeping up past Amdusias’ belly button before she could roll over to look at her predicament in full.

The exquisite tingling in Ammy’s groin was only increasing as more of the electric ooze coated her. Her entire spine was starting to jitter with the same sensations now, and forgetting entirely about her phone, Ammy slid a hand down into her boyshorts to finger herself.

Well, she would have if she had had anywhere to insert a finger.

Ammy traced two fingers along her now-smooth bump that was once her pussy, and while she had no way to insert her fingers, rubbing still elicited a very pronounced reaction inside of her. A groan rumbled up Ammy’s throat, making her roll her head to one side as she did so.

“A-ah! That’s...surprising,” was all Ammy could muster. She kept rubbing that hand over her nulled groin while hugging her other against her middle. With both hands on the goo now, it wasn’t surprising that the seemingly sentient ooze managed to mitosis its way onto her fingers, quickly capturing them all in electric blue sheaths of solid tingling.

Before Amdusias’ hands were completely shrouded in the goop, she had time to admire how much the goo felt like hard latex, movable and malleable but still sturdy. Wherever she touched herself, be it skin-to-ooze or ooze-to-ooze, Ammy felt the pleasure there increase. Even her stomach, not particularly an erogenous zone, became one as she stroked her hand along it.

Ammy bit her lip and looked down with half-lidded eyes. She saw the ooze cresting past her elbows and, under her shirt, felt it atop her breasts. It moved like a stalking animal, sliding up to its prey quickly and quietly. The second Amdusias’ nipples were touched by the ooze, they hardened and started to tingle with blissful and agonizing pleasure. It became particularly hard to think now, so much of her body caught in a near-constant state of electric stimulation.

“What kind of game....” Ammy mumbled, a fleeting thought as she instead indulged in stroking over her body, staring at it, trying to get a handle on it. Her eyes drifted up to the television screen, where the progress bar was far closer to the end now. Looking down at the console, Ammy notice the USB dongle still had a little dribble of goo hanging from it.

That dribble of goo traced a line down and across the floor to Amdusias’ tail, one long, continuous cord. Ammy was about to really think about this when another shock of pleasure hit her in just the right way and she fell back into the gentle stupor of sex.

A tingle at Ammy’s neck heralded the ooze’s encroachment onto the last uncovered part of her body. She felt the goo linger just below her chin as half of it moved up the back of her head, capturing all her hair as it slid around her skull. The ooze knew what it had to do, what it wanted, and it was on a mission to get it.

Once Amdusias’ ears were entirely caught in the electric blue, the ooze below her chin resumed moving and moved up to cover her maw. It hugged her jawbone before creeping over her lips. At first, Ammy thought it was merely going to crest across her mouth, but soon the goo slid into her mouth, filling it up and coating her teeth, tongue, and throat before sliding its way down. Ammy let a surprisingly unmuffled moan out of her mouth as it did that, though her jaw didn’t move. Much like her nethers, Ammy’s mouth was now a smooth plane, showing no lips at all.

Just a little more, Ammy thought as her nose was engulfed, all the ooze now moving for the last uncovered part of her body. Despite any thoughts she might have had in her head, once the ooze covered over her eyes, Ammy was still able to see with relative clarity. The world had a haze blue tint to it, but it was like sunglasses rather than a shroud.

From her position on the floor, Ammy saw the progress bar hit 100%. It made a cheerful bell noise and disappeared, being replaced by an entirely new screen. It looked not unlike a fighting game’s character selection, featuring a cavalcade of body types and characters: burly men, angry-looking women, and quite a few that straddled the gender lines. Even without being able to read Japanese, Ammy, in her addled state, seemed to understand something. The electricity crackling in her body *made* her understand that picking one of these would allow a very singular experience.

A sex simulator, Ammy managed to think. *That makes sense, I guess.*

Without wiggling a finger or even moving a muscle, Ammy's cursor shifted across the screen's many digital partners. The game seemed to be reading her brain's own choices, maybe following her eyes. If she hadn't been fully vibrating with a low-grade arousal, this would have made Amdusias extra excited just by the implications of the technology.

An androgynous fox ended up being her choice. They had a smarmy sort of smirk on their face, and as the character flashed in recognition of being chosen, the whole screen burst open. The scene shifted to a bedroom, perhaps a hotel, perhaps this fox's bedroom. It didn't seem to really matter to the game, and it definitely didn't matter to Amdusias at the moment.

A small menu popped up onto the screen, a series of clocks with numbers beside them. Without even thinking about it, without even processing she'd chosen anything, Ammy found herself locking into the 60' option.

The digital model of the fox sauntered into the room, all cel-shaded and dapper. Ammy's vision started to cloud, or the sight of her own apartment did as it was replaced with the fox's room on the screen. She was soon looking through a very direct first-person view, with that fox moving closer, divesting their clothing as they did.

Right before the fox laid a hand on her, Amdusias recognized in herself that she was smiling at this situation. Maybe she could set this game to run longer. If not, she'd have to go back and choose again, explore the different options. There were so many characters already in the game, and who knew what sort of unlockables there might be.

And god, Ammy *prayed* there'd be DLC.