

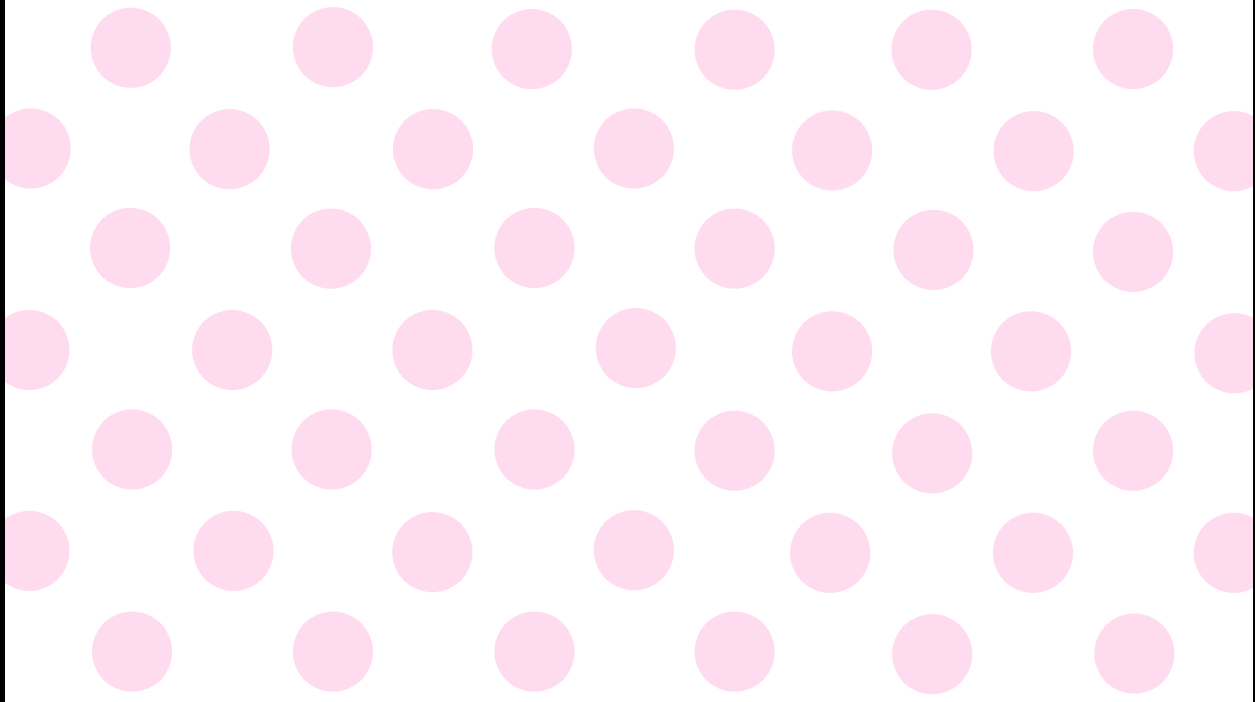
I'LL PAY YOU BACK FOR THIS

It was always fun to catch up with a friend. More specifically, it was fun to torment and transform them before they could raise a finger. An amused chuckle slipped your mouth as you thought back at Hunt's reactions to being transformed to a character he didn't know well. There wasn't time for panic or even negotiations. Within a matter of moments you had trapped him into his two-dimensional prison and have converted him both mind and body into what he was. Just a horny caricature of a character you adore. There were of course threats tossed about but much like a ship tossed into a torrential stormy ocean it was completely drowned and muffled by the waves of lust and pleasure that broke him.

You didn't pay it any mind. It was going to pass. Now you were relaxing, tapping away on your keyboard as you lazily watched the screen. A scoff escaped you at the sight of an annoying shark being taken out by careful positioning. Within moments your team triumphed once more without an issue. There was no need to brag but you were the MVP of the team once more. Again. No bragging. It was a simple fact as much as the sky is blue. You leaned back on your swivel chair with a sigh, proud of the endresult and prepare to log off. But just as your cursor tapped on the close button of your game, it hit something. A small sudden pop up of a gift.

A steam gift.

As intrusive and as fast as a pop-up ad, it had vanished leaving you with nothing to blink at. The split second you tapped it you were able to somewhat discern what you thought was Hunt's username. Confusion and suspicion formed on your face as you glance back to the side of your shelf where Hunt, and perhaps a few others, persisted on a large array of Sonico posters, ensuring that he was in no position to do anything. Still you glanced back at your computer and began to peruse your library. For a moment you considered plugging off your PC but the situation didn't seem too dire. Then you saw it. A small new dating game with a very uncreative and simple title. It was also alarming.



Big Neppy!

Vibrantly pink and unashamedly bright. Your name titled at the very center was a cause for concern yet you couldn't pull away your gaze from it. Attempts to glance to the side worked and you were able to even push yourself off and stand away. But your vision lingered to the occasional glance, confused and curious about such a trick. Was this a successful transformation effect? Or a last ditch effort from Hunt or one of your victims? There doesn't seem to be anything happening. It seemed harmless. There wasn't anything going on. Not even a loading screen and a quick check on the task manager showed that there was nothing going on.

Before you can conclude if it was just some weird ad or actual gift, something began to form on the screen. Like pixels coming together you felt yourself drawn to it once more. Your hand darted towards the close button of the game but paused when it began to reveal a character at the center. Initially nothing more than sketches and lines, it had quite the animation style as it began to glisten. Bit by bit, dot by dot, line by line, an image of a bright smiling face made itself clear. With eyes quite starry and glimmering and golden hair she made for quite the contrast with the bright white and pink. It brought an indescribable feeling within you as you watched it. It wasn't as if you were transfixed as earlier but rather it felt like it was absorbing you fully. Almost when you fixate on a game because of how good it is albeit this one was completely nothing. As of right now there was only a small humanoid figure that only brought about a clear directionless image of what it tried to convey.

“What the h-” **“HELLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”**

Deafening and wince-worthy. You found your hands darting for your ears due to the vocal attack you have just been subjected to. The migraine it brought with it was instantaneous, enough to drag a frustrated expression from you. The overwhelmingly dazzling grin of the character that you saw was a further irritant. Looking at this character made you realize just how akin to an empty headed character they were. The windows were open but no one was there. An outfit began to manifest, clothing her in a level akin to those magical girls.

This must be where the budget was. With how much animation particles showed up it almost FEELS like you can sense the drape of her clothing. From the way that necktie wrapped itself and laid on the small bosom of the girl. To the way her shirt shifted and moved as it wore itself on this character. As the character began to slightly shift, taking in an idle animation of standing and humming, you began to realize just how realistic it was. If you didn't know any better, the quality of it was so good that it almost feels like you can sense how it works itself. From the way the sleeves moved slightly at this one's excited hands or how the skirt seemed to flap to an invisible breeze. A slight huff of surprise escaped her lips, before she giggled and brought down her arms just preventing you from seeing what she wore below. Her legs didn't have much either, simply reminding you more of a typical anime girl. Maybe even a background character.

“My name is Bigneppy!! I'm ready to do anything!!! 1000% motivation!!!” A dual peace sign before leaning forward. She was a driven character. That's for sure. Unlike you. It felt like there was a complete gap on just how much energy this one has. You couldn't help but scoff in bemusement, thinking that someone had the idea of putting this as you. It was silly and inaccurate after all even for a joke. But it was time to finish it. Your fingers- **“You can't stop me from doing anything I want~! Cause I'm the boss of me!! So don't you dare close this game or you'll miss out~!”**

-stopped mid-press. You had clicked it. You had clicked the close button. Yet you dragged it away. It wasn't as if the game was harmful or unnerving. But rather mild interest leaked over. You were bored anyway and this girl was having the most fun of her life and with how much bimbos you turned all your 'rivals' it's doubtful they'd have something on you. Curiosity killed the cat but so did boredom. So canceling the press, you gaze a bit more at the loaded caricature of you.



But you can't help but think that this character is a dumbass.

"Good job me!! I know I can count on you! I mean I know you can't do anything without being told what to do! Much like my friend here."

Offensive and annoying. Is this one of those type of games? Fourth wall breaking? It seemed so harmless yet another questionable feeling entered you as you watched another thing manifest. She had described a character and right beside her was a forming figure. You had to adjust your sitting position as

you watched the manifestation of another character. It was the same animation as before, but this time it brought about a different kind of emotion. There was no confusion or irritation at this one. Rather from your own mind you begin to feel a bit off. Distant and almost empty feeling. Before there was boredom and a side of aggression. You almost feel disconnected as the new character that stared back at you. Even right now her face was still loading but you observed the characteristics of pitch black hair.

“Tadah!! Meet Big!! She can’t do anything by herself just like you!!”

“... Hey.”

You barely heard her. Your hand had subconsciously reached for the speakers . Yet even raising the volume didn’t bring about much.

“She’s lying. She’s an idiot. I can do many things... just not sports. I don’t really wanna do anything though...”

You can see her more clearly now. Unnerved. Scared. Nervous. Fear. Confused. All in some gloomy and drooping package. Looking at her eased you a bit as if all the negative emotions you felt so little compared to her. The realistic clothing was expected as usual with them being unkempt and worn.

There was a bit of pride felt as you noticed the clear difference between yourself and them. They certainly were a panicky bunch. If Bigneppy were to do any sort of gestures, which she did with her over exaggerated motions, she would twitch and glance back as if gauging the distance of how far she can move. It wasn’t hard to perceive her as paranoid and a big ball of anxiety. Ready to flee at a moment’s notice yet also having no strength to do so. From what you can see of her from her long skirt and skinny body did little to hold anything at all. A bookish girl who no doubt read books and stuck to herself with no real attractive figure except to certain masses. It was a cliché and gloomy character that contrasted with the genki girl beside her.



And you can't help but relate to both. This odd game had brought out two characters that did absolutely nothing. They didn't really stir much of an emotion from you except perhaps... a rising anger and frustration. You shouldn't feel it but you felt better than them. As if superior to them. A very odd thing to think about yet at the same time more and more drawn to them. Your hand reached forward to the screen to test your theory. Yet nothing happened. Your hand bumped against the monitor

. You frowned a bit as it went on before you pulled it away. Hesitantly your voice came out again. Softer and quieter compared to the energetic blonde and louder and clearer than the gloomy one.

“Your names are... Bigneppy and Big?”

“Oh nonono~! I’m Neppy, she’s Big!”

“I hope you’re realizing what’s happening now...”

The gears are shifting. An alarm bell is ringing. Your gaze focused more on the two as you watched them. One was expectant and excited. An emotion you can no longer try to muster. The other was silent anxiety. You couldn’t even feel a shroud of that within you. The only thing you can feel right now is pride and a blossoming fury. This was working. This was an attack. Yet you couldn’t pull yourself away from the computer.

Did your body always feel this weak? No. You can somewhat move. In fact your body feels healthy. Gazing upon it you can see it unchanged except for your ghostly like form. A translucent sheen that was covering everything including your-- non-existent clothing. You let out an ‘oh’. Not even a cry or shout nor even a gasp. A mere lazy thing to do was all that was said. As you do you can only glance at the screen as the motions there continued, a giddy girl excitedly hopping in place. You recognize the semblance and coloration of some of your clothing that they wore except altered to suit their needs. The energy of Neppy was immense and no doubt taken from you. While the fear and mental preparation of the Big was snatched away from you. Both left a very demotivated you to stare at what was happening.

You still had your mind. You can think and process. Yet you were aware of the futility of it.

There is no drive within your body.

Only pride at being better than these two. This time as you focused on the reflection, ignoring the downcast Hex Maniac wannabe and the dancing dumbass on one side, you can see now your own form beginning to shimmer. What reaction are you trying to bring out from within you? As you watch your body begin to get absorbed? There was no haste to it. It was drawn out on purpose as you can see your body begin to lose its color and this time you can see a third humanoid figure forming. The best you could do was raise a hand and slowly push it outwards. But even that might be enough. You just had to turn off the monitor and your fingers that were being pulled towards the screen was on its way.

“Come here already~! You’re so boring! Stop overthinking things!”

“!!”

It felt devastating. Even with a lack of emotions you could muster a twitch and a flinch. You trembled as you felt something begin to cloud your judgement. You weren't being dumber but you were holding back. The command of this overly excitable girl had stifled your potentially last escape. There was no other emotion stirring from within you but a restrained anger. You had to bring it out.

"You... have to stop..."

"There's no stopping it... It's already too late."

Did you have anything else to say? Was it worth saying? You could only let out a defeated mewl as you began to feel it. Not a tingle of energy but rather a feeling of absence. A soft cold sensation as you feel yourself get closer and closer to the screen. Fragmenting and travelling through that thin solid layer that you once couldn't get past. Just like before you can somewhat still see the screen. Yet you can also look towards an endless wall of pink and white.

White covered your eyes but not because it was the obstacle. It was strands of your hair, glistening and glitching. Bits of crimson manifesting like sections of a high end gaming computer. There was almost a whirring sound as you felt your mind clear up a little bit. Your body trembles as it begins to feel the warmth once more. But unlike before it wasn't because of a natural body heat. It almost feels like something mechanical from within you as some contraption keeps you alive. Your manifesting limbs moved elegantly in a sleek manner, feeling the sensation of a black dress go flutter alongside it. Despite the humanness of your form you knew what you were. You're a robot. You're also aware of why it was. Your body was near non-existent, taken greedily by the two beside you. You were left with little to no biomass to use as your form and thus you're stuck like this. Strangely two larger buds formed in front of you, as your bosom made itself known. There was a haze in your mind from the annoying order of one side of you and now it had ebbed down, almost like the end of a high tide. Your gaze lingers below with a pout, fully aware that 'your mind' has been moved to that section in order to prevent clouding from that annoying command.



Then you connected.

“Owie!! Oh~! There we go~!” “Nonono don’t link me with this idiot-” “GHK!!”

You can feel it. The sheer excitement of one part of you. Exuberant and eager to show off. Bouncing with so much energy and ready to run off to the end of the world and back. There was so much drive and force. It was the motivation that you were yearning for. Yet here it was on the reigns of an idiot. Reigns of you. All three of you couldn’t help but wince and let out a nervous smile at that.

"Come on... I'm not that dumb..." **"It's not as if I'm a bimbo anyway."** **"Then again I might become one soon..."**

You can also feel that side of you that you were missing. The fear. The frustration. The caution. This was what you needed to stay clear from such transformations. It was your guide to avoiding scenarios like this. Yet here it was perhaps at its most despondent and demotivated state. The idea of doing anything before didn't feel right since you knew it was a bad idea and you'd be disliked for it... Who would want advice from an ugly thing like you? A weary sigh eludes you all.

"No. Don't think like thee. Tho-I must focus." **"I can't get stuck like this. I gotta recover-"** **"I'm going to make him pay at this rate."**

And of course your brain had thankfully recollected them all. The one composing it all. It was a mistake to bring you here too. All three of you. No. You are divided. You are an assorted bunch with no connections to each other. But having you all three working here brought about hope. It really was a last ditch effort by whoever targeted you. The three of you looked at each other with acknowledgement that it wasn't over.

"Indeed~! Thou shall not be deterred by thee!" **"Er... Can you please stop talking like that? It's weird."** **"Stop. Don't do that. If you do that, it feels wro- no. I."** **"Ah! Tis a strange feeling! Focus ourselves! Focus!"** **"I don't like this at all... I almost slipped up."** **"If I don't focus for one bit it's horrible..."**

All three wore strained expressions. That brief disconnect was dangerous. Yet like linking all the pieces together things calmed down. All three smiled, relieved. Their actions mirroring one another as an equilibrium was found. There was hope as the strangeness of all this enveloped you all. But together as one a solution can be found. Or at least can be survived. You three. No. You, try to focus.

The blaring game deafened that. It was as if the world itself shifted at the shout

Can you woo the various cuties?!

Bign - The super cutie commoner!

Nene - The frail gloomy loner!

Ppy - The gaming genius princess!

Can you woo the various cuties?!

You screamed. All three of you. As the massive deafening cliché music encompassed all. There was no escape. Even with Bign running farther than all three of you there was nothing to be done. She was still yelling. On the other hand Nene had curled up in a ball and whimpered, covering her ears with her sleeves. Ppy on the other hand trembled, unsure of whether to stay or go after the still sprinting Bign. Cutscenes all around you played. Of all of you doing multiple things. A distinct difference with one another.

“A gaming genius princess!? No wait- where are all of you!? Don’t just leave!!”

There was no time for rebellion. Even you found yourself stumbling and becoming blind from all the dazzling lights. The cutscenes for you are overwhelming, being akin to a multicolored spree of flash bangs. Each one false scenes of you performing many things. From gaming, to hanging out at clubs. All of it wrong. All of it was not something you remember. It couldn’t be farther from the truth.

Yet your mind was empty with experienced. It desired it. You stumbled in a daze as the memories downloaded to your mind. It was all so seamless. Your body was mechanical after all. Made for handling information. Even right now those very memories were imprinting to you and knocking you aside. Part of it felt like it was pulling you to something farther from the others.

*She might be a machine but she has
the heart of a maiden!! Give it up for
Ppy!*

You shout out in confusion as you are dragged from the others. You felt your drive and motion begin to vanish alongside any sort of caution. A growing despondency as you feel the return of a stoicness. A frustrated furious cry escaping you as you feel something push up. You feel smarter. No. You ARE smarter. You were the one holding all the wit and intelligence compared to the two. You wince as you felt something grow below and your arms catch them. A massive bosom that bounced and jiggled upon manifestation. A soft oh of surprise escaped you as

something bounced on top. A small handheld gaming device bounced on your chest, mirroring your very expression.

The sight of it stifled any rebellion you tried to muster. There was a game to be played... And you wanted to focus on it. Your fury changed not to direct it towards what's happening to you but rather to the game itself. No doubt about it. You raged numerous times before to rage games.

An expression of frustration persisted as you try to push this away. But this was the only way you could feel anything. There was no other way for you to truly know. You were a machine. You were coded like this. Going against that goes against your nature.... A stoic face formed over you as you locked onto this...

“... I see.”

Hands gently reached for the game. You barely blushed at your own self-squeeze. What's more important was your games. You didn't pay any attention to the students nearby that hovered. Their hands slowly reach for your chest. The best you can do is glare at them for a second, causing them to draw back... Then they approached once more.

There were more important games to finish than that after all.

Nene over here might be the saddest puppy you've ever seen, but she's an option!

“I knew I shouldn't have opened it... I knew I should have shut down the computer... Why am I such an ugly idiot... Hnggg... I don't wanna do this anymore... I'm sorry Hunt!”

Look. How many times am I gonna say you're a nervous wreck?

“H-huh!? B-but I-”

I'm tired of you whining and bitching so I'm just gonna write a few things about you. You're a slut. A cow. A titty cow with nothing but gloom about her. The only reason why people would deal with you is the idea of a free titjob from someone so anxiety-ridden like you. Even then they give up instantly the moment they see just how bad you are.

“WEEH!? Pleeease stop that!”

As of right now you're crying even more and more. You're probably not even thinking about trying to get to the others too. Look at you sniffing and tearing up. You'd look sad but you simply look like a slut with how much it all falls to your tits. That's what you're good for! You might have a nice cute uniform but you're a loner. At least the other two are good. One side of you might have taken in all the socializing skills, but at least the other one is trying to do something! Unlike you who don't even have any talents!

“Please... I just wanna fade away... I don't want to deal with this anymore...”

So quiet you cry. Unable to even process just how different you are from the three. Oh well. You might never connect with the others but at least you're you. As of right now you're still a romanceable option. You are one of the members here that can be fucked. Yes. Fucked. Anyway teary tits, let's hope that you get wed at some point. I'll leave you alone since there's no point narrating you.

“Thank you...”

Without a shadow of doubt, she is the most defensive and scared of them all. Common sense. Without her, you'd be more alert about what's to come. But that doesn't matter. Now the very defense you developed is now this self-sabotaging obstacle you have created. Still! I was joking. This kind of personality is cute and you want to either bully or take care of her or even do both.

But Nep. There's only one more part of you that's still somewhat the same. The only hope for these two to recover and for you to come back. We're almost done fixing that.

*And lastly! The best girl of the
three!*

The last one.

The last stand.

“Then it was thy.... Thee sure thought ahead! Such evil!”

The idiot of the group.

The only advantage they had is their social backing that's all primitively programmed with the same care and effort as one would type a Hello World Program. This was your last vestige. The last line of defense. Your drive. As of right now, you can't help but feel energetic for sure. But also motivated and going against the overbearing presence that tried to rewrite you. A sneer formed on your face, your glasses almost falling from a sudden motion. You frown, cursing at the sight of two massive objects that now formed in front of you. Your very own breasts, with your attire warping around them.

"With the others gone... I can somewhat think... But this is really a bad trick... you won already Hunt!! Stop this!"

Of course no one heard you. There was no one playing your game right now. You're only on the main menu. Your strained top and your dainty fingers. The imaginary standings of various people nearby. It was frustrating. You felt so strained. It was like you were being tugged away at three different places and two of those had snapped completely. You were able to recover somewhat but you have lost so much. You have lost something so important to you and you can barely identify it.

*Bign might have an IQ lower than
the room temperature of Alaska!*

"Tsk! I deny thee..."

Still. Even as the world itself proclaimed you to be something else, you could muster resistance. You had nothing else to your name.

You had not a single ounce of foresight or caution in you.

You did not have any intelligence or wisdom to call upon.

But you were stubborn!! You were determined to not be changed! Even as everything about you shifted. Even as everything about your body throbbed with desire. A yearning for someone to claim her.

*But she's without a doubt the best
option for romance!*

"I shan't be treated like a common whore!"

You cry out. Furious at this. Even if your mind were to break, you weren't going to let them steer you. Even as your hips began to grow fuller, threatening the stability of your pants. Even as your top bounced with every furious punch you took to the air. You couldn't help but lash out more and more, driven further to resist this!

You weren't going to be claimed-

*Also she has an absolute weakness
for all things fashionable*

"!!!"

It was so casual. A purse floated in front of you. A gaudy pink expensive purse. A pink dress.

It was nothing more than tacky items held out to you.

Yet your heart gave out as you let out a scream of delight. Stars in your eyes returning. The defensive wall you have erected you yourself pushed down as you tossed yourself forward. An absolute blissful cry as the very changed you rejected you so welcomed and grabbed. Your entire body trembling as it took in everything. The pink dress claiming itself around you. The bag and variety of jewelry all becoming adorned. You never lost your glasses. But you lost everything else.

You never lost your determination.

It was just directed elsewhere.

And just like that, all three resistances were squashed down so casually.

"Oh~! I love it sooooo~! Thank you my beloooooved~!"

*So without further ado... can you
romance them all!?*

"I didn't expect to end up a smitten idiot for you. I, Ppy, am more than happy to be your wife. In fact... I'll leave all the thinking to you my beloved. I'll happily purge all my files right now... Maybe being your glorified trophy wife isn't too bad"

"You were beyond so nice to me... Sniff... I never expected to be this happy.. I'm never going to go against you. Everything you do is right.. Please.. Marry me! I'm fine with being a concubine or even a side girl! I just want to be with you forever!"

"Never have I thought thy will make me fall for thee~ Sure thou brought me so much delightful jewelry and outfits and like so many things. Why, I swear you used up a country's budget just for me! But as your prize, I am yours forever~But make sure to buy me like lots of stuff kay?~"

Three images flashed by.

Each one carrying a voluptuous beauty.

Each one carried an aspect of a friend.

Each one reduced to nothing more than a perverted caricature of a trait they once possessed and turned against them.

Each one of them contained a cup size that determined their usual grades in schools in an open book exam.

Each one shone like a trophy.

Each one molded just for you.

Which one would you romance?

I hope you enjoy this game, produced by Hunt.

BigNePpy

Reviews from totally unbiased sources

"System alert: Gratitude module overloaded. Affection levels maxed. Relationship route unlocked. Hunt, your narrative execution exceeded projections by a staggering margin. I, Ppy, have experienced an unprecedented level of... enjoyment. Thank you for this. Perhaps my processing core cannot compute the exact variables of my affection, but know this—you have calibrated my emotions to maximum devotion. If you desire, I'll optimize myself further to match your preferences for a player two. Insert input here: [Your happiness = My purpose]. Thank you, Hunt, for this extraordinary programming—truly, it was a gift of unparalleled magnitude."

"I... I don't even know why you'd bother with someone like me, Hunt. I'm just... nothing. A shadow. I don't deserve to be in the same light as you, but you... you brought me into it anyway. Sniff... You gave me a story, a reason to exist, when I've been so empty for so long. You made me feel like I'm not completely worthless, like maybe... just maybe, I matter a little because of you. Please don't let me fade away, okay? I'm nothing on my own, but if I can just stay near you, maybe I can keep feeling like I have a purpose. Thank you, Hunt... for giving this worthless titcow meaning with your words!!!"

"Oh dearest Hunt, thou hast bewitched me with thy splendid tale! Ne'er did I foresee myself so deeply smitten, yet here I stand, ensnared by thy brilliance~ Thy gifts of words and whimsy art more precious than the finest crown jewels! Why, I doth declare, thou art my sun, moon, and all the sparkly bits in between~ Forever shall I prance in thy orbit, thy devoted and ever-so-lovely treasure~ But promise me this, sweet Hunt—keep spinning these wondrous yarns for me, and perchance procure me more glittery delights? Teehee~ Thank thee, oh Hunt, for this most wondrous gift; truly, it sparkles brighter than the stars!"

With interruptions - 2 hours, 19 minutes