Updating the Firmware

Brandon waited patiently in the rather nice lounge area, sitting on one of the plush chairs and tapping his hands against his legs as he waited for the number on the screen to tick up. He was not alone; there were at least two dozen other men and women besides him in the somewhat large space and while some occupied themselves with their phones or magazines that had been provided most waited just like him. It was said that the less stimulus one had before they were called upon the better the experience was and since this was his first time trying out the services that were being offered by this company he didn’t want to do anything that would spoil the experience. It wasn’t every day that he was going to live the life of a hero, and that was exactly what was being promised by the advertisements that played next to the number that indicated who would be served next.

It had been nearly an hour since Brandon had first stepped inside the building and at first he had been almost rushed to and fro signing paperwork and doing a quick medical check-up to make sure that he was able to play in the first place. The company, Celedon Industries, boasted the latest and greatest in video game technology that they said utilized one of the most powerful and adaptive processors ever, the human mind. They had only been in business for a few months and there was already a year waiting list just to get in, but Brandon had been lucky and won a contest that gave him priority screening. After he had gotten everything done he had been led into the lounge and told to wait for his number to be called so that he could begin his gaming experience.

Finally the number once more moved and it was time for him to get up and go through the door on the other side of the lounge. He caught the envious looks of others that were waiting for their turn still but he just ignored them as he used the wristband with a matching number on the screen and used it to open the electronic lock. On the other side was a small reception desk that had several people behind it and as soon as he walked through towards it one of the people behind it ushered him over. Once she confirmed his identity the two walked over to one of the rooms and the receptionist opened the door, then told Brandon to step inside and wait for the technician.

The room itself was extremely sparse, as Brandon walked over towards the large white reclining chair he found that other than a stool it was the only real piece of furniture that was inside. The only other thing was a computer screen in the wall that had his name and identifying number displayed as he decided to sit down on the recliner and found it to be very comfortable, though he didn’t have much time to try it out as he heard the door open once more. “Good morning Brandon,” the older gentleman said as he tapped on the tablet that he had with him. “Hope the wait wasn’t too long for you?”

“Not at all,” Brandon replied as he felt his excitement rise with anticipation. “So am I really going to experience the video game world like it’s a real thing? I know the pamphlet made all these claims but it’s hard to believe anything like that could actually exist.”

“I assure you after having gone through the process myself that you will think that you are actually there,” the doctor replied as he went over to the screen and pressed it several times, then began to input commands that were too fast for the other man to see before a panel popped open in the wall behind the chair. “We use a special blend of IV drugs and hypnotic suggestion along with brainwave manipulation in order to create a blank dreamlike state in your mind, sort of like opening a new program in a computer, and once we do that then the hypnotic suggestion downloads the content that we know will work in order to create something that feels real but is ultimately under your control even if you don’t realize it.”

“That sounds really intense,” Brandon said as the doctor motioned for him to hold out his arm while he hung up a bag full of liquid and prepared him to administer the drugs. “So is there going to be any pain? This seems like a fantasy hack and slash game after all.”

“Let me ask you this, do you feel pain when you dream?” the doctor asked back, Brandon shaking his head after thinking about it. “That’s the best part of this program, you don’t feel or experience anything you don’t want too. While we build the framework in your brain the rest of it is supplied by you, so in essence you create your perfect gaming experience.”

“I see…” Brandon stated as he felt a pinch, then relaxed while the doctor put some sort of helmet on his head. “One last question… the program said that I’ll experience time dilation in the game world, what does that mean?”

“Well our brain processes things much faster then we realize, which we aid with the hypnosis and drugs,” the doctor explained as he secured the helmet onto Brandon’s head. “You sighed up for the eight hour session so in game time you’ll experience… oh, about five years or so.”

Brandon felt his jaw drop at that but it was starting to get harder for him to keep his eyes open as a pair of glasses were lowered in front of his eyes and he began to hear static. “Trust me, you won’t regret it,” the doctor said, his voice becoming distorted as he saw colors start to flash before his eyes. “Now just take a deep breath in… deep breath out… and in… and out…”

For a few seconds Brandon thought he closed his eyes as they were bombarded with a kalidescope of colors, but when he opened them again he no longer found himself in the white sterile room that he had laid down in. Instead he had found himself in a small shack, one that looked like no one had been in for ages as he realized that he was just standing there. Everything about his former location was gone, even the antiseptic smell that the area had was gone and replaced with the aroma of earth and plants. Above him there was a steady drumming noise and he felt his ears twitch as he looked up at the wooden roof and could hear the rain pounding down on it, and when he brought up his fingers to his ear he let out a slight gasp.

They were definitely not his old ears, Brandon thought to himself as he ran his fingers up and down the pointed length, and as he looked at his hands at the perfectly tan skin he saw that the slender digits weren’t human either. He remember briefly that he had chosen to be an elf in this new game, and much to his surprise he found that he actually was one! There was also a new name that he had picked as well but all he could do at the moment was admire himself, though the longer he stood there the more this felt like his own body. While he knew that the hypnosis was there to help him interact with the same world he didn’t realize that it would be altering his own thought patterns as well, making him less like a player in the game and more like someone who actually belonged in the world.

The elf took a second to make sure that he had all the supplies that he needed and despite it raining he decided to walk out into this new world while still marveling at the feel of everything. When he grabbed the wooden latch it was like he actually was touching it and as he stepped outside he could feel the rain on his skin and clothes. As he continued to walk out the rain slowed until it quickly came to a stop, the clouds parting in order to warm him while he listened to the sound of the birds and insects that belonged to the forest he stood in the middle of. Just as he was about to start walking though a wolf crossed his path and immediately bared its teeth at him, which prompted him in one fluid motion to grab his bow and an arrow out.

For a brief second Brandon leaked back into his consciousness as he told himself he didn’t know how to fire an arrow from a bow, but as the wolf approached he let the string loose and it flew effortlessly to its target. A few seconds later the animal went down with the arrow sticking out of its head and new information came into his mind, like how to harvest the creature for parts for trade and cooking. For a few brief moments it was like he was watching someone else control his body as the wolf was quickly skinned and harvested before being packed away. Even though killing the threatening animal felt like second nature he still felt his heart pounding in excitement and he couldn’t wait to see what else was going to come his way…

Almost a year passed and the elf had traveled far and wide since he stepped out of that old shack in the middle of the forest, eventually gaining the support and adoration of a kingdom by stopping an invasion of monsters from an old dwarven tunnel. In recognition of his efforts he had been given a title and a parcel of land to build on, as well as another warrior to act as his steward. To his surprise his steward was a green-scaled lizardman named Ralkos, his forked tongue flicking out as he swore his fealty to Andarial the elven archer. The two ventured out for a while more before Andarial had grown weary of spending day after day in inns and taverns and decided to take advantage of the parcel of land he had gotten.

While the hypnotic suggestion had completely immersed the elf into his role there were certain times that Brandon shined through, like when he started to build the house and he found that he actually would have to do it instead of flashing forward like in video games. There was something oddly appealing though about it and with the help of a few builders he hired from the town that he had saved from a vampire and Ralkos it only took a few months before the rather lavish estate was completed. The first time he had taken a step in once it was done he was surprised at how much it felt like home, even though in the back of his mind he knew that in reality he was a human sitting in a chair in the middle of a room. With the hypnotic programing though it didn’t take much for him to slip back into character and with Ralkos there talking to him everything felt even more natural.

There was one thing however that Andarial hadn’t quite addressed yet, something that had been on his mind ever since the lizardman had joined him in his travels. When he had a traveling companion it was more than just the simple conversations he had with the innkeepers or quest givers of the world, he found himself actually getting to know this person like he was a real creature. It definitely wasn’t like a video game and as they continued to travel and fight together he could feel his feelings for this imaginary lizardman deepen. Even though part of his mind knew that this was a game the hypnotic commands continued to tell him otherwise, to the point where most of the time he forgot about that fact as they settled into their new base of operations and homestead.

With both of them taking a pause on the hectic life of adventuring, Brandon knowing that he had at least a few more years before his time in the game came to an end, the elf in him wanted to see how Ralkos was adjusting and if he wanted to stay as a steward of a house or continue to be his companion. One of the things about the plot of land that he had gotten was that there was a hot springs conveniently located nearby so they didn’t have to wash up in the cold streams and lakes of the land, which he decided to do himself before sitting the lizardman down and asking him. As he got to the small fence that had been built though Andarial saw something that had caused him to stop in his tracks. Normally the two would coordinate their bathing times so that they could stand guard over their stuff in the wilderness but with this being their home was no need for such a schedule…

…which meant that the elf had walked in on the lizardman bathing in the springs himself.

While Andarial had seen himself naked on any number of occasions the gamer mindset had sort of just ignored the idea that he had something most games lacked, which was the ability to have actual sex. When he saw the scaled rear of the lizardman standing there washing his body though he felt his body flood with all new emotions. Desire, lust, everything that he hadn’t even realized he missed in the last year suddenly was felt all at once as he saw the other man turn slightly and expose himself even more. The elf felt his jaw drop slightly as his eyes went straight to the rather sizable member that was attached to the lizardman and didn’t even notice that the reason Ralkos had turned was because he had noticed the other man’s presence.

“Do you need me for something, my lord?” Ralkos asked, not even bothering to cover himself up as he continued to rub against the firm pectorals and washboard abs that belonged to a body of a warrior. “If it’s the hot springs you desire I will be done in a few minutes, otherwise I can wash off and join you in whatever you need doing.”

“Oh no, you’re fine,” Andarial quickly replied, though Brandon was quickly coming to the surface as he felt his anxiety peak suddenly. He was trying to process this new information as quickly as he could and almost as if a switch flipped he suddenly realized that he had always been interested in other males and his elven kind often regarded sex with other humanoid species as perfectly natural. “Do you… mind if I join you actually?”

Though the lizardman was slightly taken back by the one he served asking to bathe with him Ralkos nodded and said that was perfectly fine. Even though his mind was telling him that this was fine Brandon was still nervous, though that was quickly ebbing away even as he began to take off his clothes. When he saw his toned but still lithe elven body his inner voice told him that being naked with his companion was a completely natural experience. It didn’t take long before Andarial found himself just as naked and in the water with the lizardman who continued to show no semblance of modesty and prompted the elf to do the same.

 With the initial anxiety passing Andarial found himself becoming more relaxed around the lizardman, even having him take the soap to get his back. As he felt the claws touch him gently though there those new desires that started to rise up within him. This was more than just camaraderie and as without even thinking about it he felt himself press up against the scaled chest of the other creature. He could hear a soft gasp behind him and as the elf looked down in the reflection of the water he could see the slightly surprised look on the face of Ralkos but also couldn’t help but admire both their athletic forms, the bodies of the warriors, and when he happened to look downward he saw that the bright pink flesh of his cock had started to harden.

“I didn’t know you felt this way m’lord,” Ralkos said, and for a second Andarial thought that the lizardman might pull away before he put a pair of hands against his firm pectorals. “I have to admit that over time I came to know you I started to feel our bond deepen more, but I was worried that it wasn’t my place to bring such a thing to you as your servant and your companion. Now I wish to continue to serve you, but if you desire maybe it can be more than just as a sword arm or steward for your house.”

While Brandon wasn’t sure what to say in that moment it appeared his character did, the words coming out of the elf’s mouth unbidden. “I would desire nothing more than to have you become my lover Ralkos,” Andarial said as he turned his head back and kissed the lizardman on the muzzle. “I know that I am your lord but considering our position perhaps you will find a place to sheathe that sword of yours that I feel poking against my side.”

“As you wish, my lord,” Ralkos replied before licking and kissing down Andarial’s neck. Meanwhile Brandon couldn’t believe what was happening as he felt the amorous lizardman continue to press against him, his clawed hands groping up and down his naked body while he felt the tip of that thick cock start to shift and press up against his backside. This was crazy, Brandon thought to himself, even if he had known that he could do something like this it wouldn’t be what he would have wanted, right?

But elves were typically pansexual in nature, his own mind said back as Brandon felt a moan escape his lips. Being so in tune with the natural world the idea of gender and race meant little to the forest-dwellers and having sex with a male lizardman was just as natural as with an elven maiden. In fact Andarial found himself preferencing such things as his mind was filled with images of his time training with other warriors, often going out in hunting parties and finding their naked, muscular bodies entwined around one another by the campfire. Elf, lizardman, catfolk, dragonborn, they were all fair game and with most hunters being men Andarial had found himself becoming more attracted to the buff masculine form over the fair maidens that might be in the town.

Even with the new information swirling around in his head Brandon found himself hesitant to explore this new side of the game and himself, but Andarial had no such compulsions and had slid his hands backwards against the scaled rear of his traveling companion. This man that had served with him and saved his life was more than just a servant to him and he was ready to show it as he allowed the companion to start to take his cock and push it up into him. Just like with the many battles he had the pain that might have accompanied such an insertion wasn’t there, but Andarial definitely felt the cascade of pleasure as his own member throbbed in the water. This was it, Brandon realized as the haze of lust pulled him down and allowed Andarial to manifest even more, he was about to have sex with another man and a fictional lizardman creature at that…

…and he was loving every second of it.

With Andarial once more taking hold over the player the previous dithering of the elf evaporated and he slowly began to stroke himself as Ralkos slowly pushed in deeper. Despite the strength of the warrior he slid in so gentle that the elf could feel every inch push into him, feeling his walls push down in response and giving him even more pleasure. The water of the hot spring splashed slightly as the two men shifted their positions slightly with Andarial leaning forward and spreading his legs so that the lizardman had better access to the hole he was spreading open. Underneath the surface Andarial could feel the scaled tail slide up around his leg as he allowed the lizardman to keep pushing forward, hearing a growl of desire come from the other man as the elf looked back to see the scales of the creature glistening and his firm muscles tensing.

“I can think of no more beautiful sight than this,” Ralkos said as he pressed his clawed fingers against the back of Andarial before rubbing them down to his hips. “Never in my wildest dreams when I became your companion did I think that I would be inside of you in the middle of the woods next to the house we built. Do you wish for me to be gentle my lord?”

Andarial just responded by pushing back, the elven archer letting out a gasp of pure bliss as he impaled himself further on the cock of the lizardman behind him. The waves of pleasure made it hard for him to think and the elf found himself just enjoying the experience, not needing to think of anything other than his lover taking the hint and pushing his hips forward in response. The elf had to brace himself against a rock in order to keep himself steady as the lizardman showed off his strength and endurance with long and slow but powerful strokes that caused him to go from tip to hilt. With the warmth of the hot springs bubbling up around them Ralkos continued to have sex with his elven lover long into the night, switching positions eventually with Andarial on a flat rock near the edge of the water with the lizardman between his legs so they could see eye to eye.

As soon as Ralkos orgasmed inside of Andarial both creature panted heavily as the elf felt the thick cock inside of him throb hard with each jet of seed within him. Though he was as hard as a rock he didn’t cum himself though, and as the lizardman pulled out of him and left him a panting, quivering mess Brandon was finally able to think again enough to process what just happened. From the stars that formed above them he realized that the two must have been going at it for hours and since he had never had anything back there before the player wondered just how he knew what it felt like to have something inside him like that as he slowly got up and slid back into the water. All that came back in his thoughts though were that it wasn’t Andarial’s first time and once more Brandon saw images of his elf character in increasingly lewd situations, the sex that he had around the campfire now with two guys instead of one or with him tied up as he found himself taking a more submissive role in them.

Brandon shook those thoughts off and looked around to see where Ralkos had gone, only to see that he had sat himself on the other side of the hot springs with his legs spread and his cock once more fully erect. “I do believe that it’s your turn, my lord,” Ralkos said with a lewd grin as his tail stretched and exposed the hole underneath it. “Or perhaps you’d like another round and bury your head between my scaly thighs? I’ll leave your preferences up to you.”

At that moment the gamer once more emerged and the human within the elf had a clearer head to see what was going on. The game was truly adapting itself to what he wanted, even if it was a subconscious desires or more primal nature that it was drawing on. While he had never thought of himself as gay it did arouse him to see the naked lizardman, and while he could have just disengaged and the game would have went back to normal he chose to indulge in it and it resulted in new information about his character coming to light. As Ralkos continued to wait for his decision Brandon realized the game was still fine-tuning itself to his reactions and with what he already saw in his mind he was basically choosing whether he wanted to be truly submissive, which he had started when he allowed his servant to have sex with him first, or take charge and plow that tailhole being presented to him.

The thought of potentially leaving the hot springs and trying to reset the game back to its previous asexual state didn’t even enter into his mind as he got between the lizardman’s legs and got up close to where their chests were pressing together. This time as Brandon allowed Andarial to manifest within his actions once more, the human still a bit awkward at the entire thing, he knew that he wanted to at least be somewhat dominant still as he pressed his lips against the muzzle of the lizardman. Almost in response the elf remembered that times when he had taken other men and had their way with him, even burly orc men whom he had managed to convince or otherwise get to have in front of him. While the submissive state was still inside of him as well it wouldn’t completely define his personality as he took his own cock and slid it into the hole of the lizardman, and before he completely succumbed to lust he found this to be a bit of an experiment to see just how much he could consciously control his outcomes and how much was the game mesmerizing him to be this way.

There was no resistance in Ralkos as Andarial continued to push up inside of him, his erection still hard from their last encounter. The elf let out a muffled moan as their tongues danced in each other’s mouth as he felt those slick inner walls press against his sensitive flesh while he eagerly pushed himself inside. He could feel the lizardman’s cock pressing against his abs as he began to push the other man down until they were on the ground with his body sliding against those smooth scales while he rocked his hips back and forth. Ralkos let out a deep moan and bared his sharp teeth as his body shifted back and forth from being thrusted into as Andarial’s pace quickened.

Though this session didn’t last nearly as long as the previous once Andarial still found himself panting and groaning as he finished himself off, hilting himself and feeling those scaly cheeks against his groin as he came hard. He could hear scraping sounds as the claws of the lizardman dug into the stone and to the elf’s surprise he saw Ralkos orgasm once more, jets of pearly white shooting out and painting both their chests as their orgasm subsided. “My lord, you fuck like a lizardman,” Ralkos said with a laugh. “Most times sex with elves is like standing in a gentle breeze, but you are the wind of the storm.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” Andarial replied with a smile as he pulled Ralkos up, using the water of the hot springs in order to wash themselves off before hopping up and grabbing their clothes. “It’s a shame to cover that handsome body of yours with clothing, I do appreciate the view.”

“Then why not take it in even more?” Ralkos said with a smile as he just started to walk back towards the house with clothes in hand and his nude body swaying slightly in front of him. “There is no one around and we’re not expecting a missive from the king anytime soon, I would much prefer to see you as much as possible and I personally don’t find a need for such things as clothes. Now I know that creatures such as elves find such nudity distasteful so we can get dressed, but wouldn’t you rather just be wild and free in such a natural state?”

In the back of Andarial’s mind the player recognized this as potentially another game-altering decision he found the words leaving his mouth that he would be just fine with that as he gathered up his own clothing and followed behind. If his lizardman companion felt fine being naked there was no reason for him to reciprocate, Andarial’s mind told him as he caught up with the other man, and this was their property after all. Plus he got a chance to see those glorious muscles and thick cock of the other man whenever he wanted now, plus he had the feeling that not having anything between them would result in far more intimate encounters. They would still have to wear it along with their armor and such when they went out adventuring, but for the moment in those woods in their house they were allowed to be as free and wild as the lizardman had stated.

When the two got inside the warm house and started to make their dinner for the night the lull in the action allowed Brandon to once more assess what was going on, though it was hard to concentrate as Ralkos often bent forward to check the pot and gave him a superb view of his scaled butt. Part of him wondered if he was letting the game get away from him, letting it alter him in ways he wasn’t sure he wanted. The hypnotic effect was supposed to make him believe he was character but just how much was he willing to be molded by what the game thought he wanted? And if he really was interested in men before but didn’t know it he shuddered slightly as he wondered what else the game might dig up before his time within it was up…