

To Love RuPG (Digitization, TG, Expansion, Body Control)

The door creaked as Rito poked his head into the bedroom. “Laaalaaa?” he called, looking left and right in search of her. “Lala, are you in here?”

No one responded. Rito sighed and scratched the back of his head. Why was she never around when he wanted her? He felt like he’d been looking for hours.

With a sigh, he turned to go. But as he was about to close the door behind him, he noticed Lala’s television flashing. Had she left it on by mistake? Closing the door, he approached the TV.

For the first time, he noticed Lala owned a games console: bright white with colorful buttons, it was like none he’d ever seen. Maybe she’d made it herself? It looked as playful as the rest of her inventions.

Kneeling down, he picked up the controller and turned his attention to the screen itself. It showed two words, in a large, bold letters: INSERT PLAYER. In the background, a fantasy landscape flowed past, pixelated.

Rito squinted as he reread it. Insert...player? Shouldn’t that be ‘Insert Cartridge’? Or ‘Press Start’ or something closer to that? He turned the controller around—it looked a typical controller in shape, but there were different buttons, including some he’d never seen before. What the heck was the ‘Thrust’ button for?

Sure enough, however, one of them read ‘Insert’. With a shrug, he pressed it. The screen flashed, and the text and the background vanished, replaced by... an image of the TV. It wasn’t until he shifted on the spot and the image moved with him that he realized what was happening. Was there a camera in the back of the controller?

He spun it around, and sure enough, the image changed to a picture of him. He frowned in consternation. Why would Lala have built it this way? It was so awkward.

“I guess I just press Insert again and let you take my picture, huh?” He fumbled for the button. It was a pretty awkward way to create a character, but he supposed it was better than spending hours on a character creation screen.

“Here goes nothing,” he said, bracing himself for the flash. He thumbed the button. The controller’s camera flashed, a blinding light which made him instinctively close his eyes.

For a moment, he dared to think that everything was going as planned. Only when the light failed to fade did he realize it wasn’t. Eyes snapping open, he gasped to find himself floating naked in a void of blinding light. It surrounded his body on all sides, endless as a polar snowscape.

“Lala!” he cried, struggling to cover his body.

With a sudden flash of vertigo, he dropped, slamming into a tight pink box around the size of a bathroom cubical. The walls themselves were bright pink glass, though when he struck them they might as well have been made of steel. Around him, tens of little sliders with labels like 'height' and 'waist' and 'penis size' hovered in the void.

Looking ahead, he found a vast window, and through it: Lala's room. The controller he'd picked up lay abandoned on the carpet, and besides it: his empty, steaming clothes.

Realization struck like a punch to the gut. *I'm in the game?!*

Heart pounding, he thudded at the walls of the cubical, but it refused to release him. "Lala!" he called. "Lala, let me out of here!" He slammed his hands into the glass, but it didn't even shake.

Just as he thought his situation couldn't get any worse, he saw the handle of Lala's door turn. He blanched as a familiar face poked into the room. *Oh no.*

"Lala?" said Mikan. "Lala, are you in here?"

Oh no.

His younger sister looked left and right, but in the end she had no more success finding Lala than he'd had. With a shrug, she turned to go.

Rito released a sigh of relief. The last thing he wanted was Mikan finding him like this.

"Huh? Is that...?"

...!

Stepping inside, Mikan marched over, coming to a stop kneeling on the floor in front of the TV. Rito quailed as her giant body filled the window into the real world. It looked like she was going to swallow him whole.

"Is this a character creator?" she asked, squinting at the screen. "I guess Lala was trying to create Rito? That's so typical of her..."

Rito blushed, desperately trying to cover his groin. "Mikan, it's me! It's me! I'm the real Rito!"

She didn't seem to be able to hear him. "Hmm..." As he watched in terror, she picked up the controller herself and started to finger its buttons.

Rito froze in terror. "Mikan, don't! You'll be sucked in here just like—"

"I wonder if you can play as a girl," said Mikan.

Rito froze. “E-eh?” Trembling, he turned his eyes to the sliders. One of them was a switch with two options: a blue Mars sign and a pink Venus. He swallowed as he saw the future awaiting him. “Oh no. Mikan! Mikan, don’t—!”

Selecting the sex option, Mikan punched the button to switch it.

Rito screamed as if he’d been punched in every square inch of his body. A thousand intense impacts struck all over his form, making his body ring like a bell and his brain shake in his skull. He rippled, his entire body shaking.

Halfway through the scream, his cry became a squeal as his voice went through a swift reverse puberty. With a schlup, his balls shot back up into his groin and his penis swiftly followed them, swallowed whole and leaving only a plump slit in its place. His shoulders cracked in, and his hips cracked out, and his body lost about a foot of height as his spine collapsed in on itself. Down below, his butt swelled, his thighs fattened, and finally, with a tremendous *boing!*...

Riko squealed, struggling to cover her breasts, and they exploded from her formerly flat chest in a jiggly explosion. “M-Mikan! Mikan, switch it back!”

Looking in through the window of the screen, Mikan only smirked. “Heh. That’s much cuter. I wonder if there are any other changes I should make...”

Riko could only whimper as she fingered the controller. “M-Mikan?” What was she going to do to her next?

The answer was one she could probably have guessed: selecting the slider for Riko’s hips, Mikan forced it alllll the way to the right. Riko squealed as her ass and her thighs exploded in size, doubling to give her a ridiculous pear shape. “Mikan!”

Of course, Mikan wasn’t finished just yet. Grinning, she switched to the slider for bust size.

Riko screwed up her eyes and braced for impact. “M-Mikan!”

Boing!

She might as well have not bothered. In the end, all she could do was squeal as her boobs exploded like a pair of water balloons, growing so fat and full they practically tipped her over. Squealing, she struggled to hold them up—it felt like supporting two fat sacks of butter.

Outside, Mikan giggled. “Okay, that should be enough,” she said. “Let’s see what the actual game is like.”

Rito whimpered. She wasn’t going to make her *play* like this, was she?

Navigating to the ‘Confirm’ button, Mikan punched it, and with a flash Rito found herself falling through the white void again. She squealed as she dropped into the light. “Miiiiikan!”

Just as soon as she thought she'd fall forever, she struck a hard wooden floor. Lying there and groaning, she tried to push herself up, but her body refused to obey her at all. Instead, it moved on its own, slowly pushing her back up to her feet. She struggled inside it, but she couldn't regain control. *M-Mikan?*

Standing up, she looked around and found herself in the center of a busy tavern, her body crammed into a tight leather bikini that squeezed her ass and cupped her boobs as if it cared more about showing them off than concealing them. Squealing, she wished she could cover herself up.

Men and women surrounded her, flagons of frothing ale in their hands. Their outfits weren't much better than her own: in many cases, they were little better than strips of cloth. Others were outright sexual: she saw bikinis, bunnysuits, catgirl- and cow-costumes, even one woman in a dominatrix outfit. The men's weren't much better either: was that guy in a mankini?!

Riko blushed. *Wh-what kind of game is this exactly?*

Outside the TV, Mikan blushed. "Um, maybe I shouldn't be playing this..." She looked left and right and, when no one showed up to accuse her of being a pervert, bit her lip and tightened her grip on the controller. "A little shouldn't hurt though." She thumbed the thumb stick, and Rito found herself jerked forward, boobs swaying.

"I wonder what you can do in this game exactly..." said Mikan, wiggling the control stick in a circle. Rito found herself spinning on the spot, her boobs flung to the side from the force of it.

M-Mikan!

Just as she was about to throw up, a slender young blond in a tight-fitting leather outfit approached her. "Hey there," he said. "You're a new player, right? Want me to show you how things work around here?"

Mikan stopped spinning Riko around and turned her to face him. "Wait, is this multiplayer? How do I respond?" She gave the controller a closer inspection and finally settled on the mic button. She punched it. "Hi, um, yeah, I'm just trying it out."

Riko's lips moved on their own. Before she knew what was happening, she was parroting her.

The blond laughed. "Did you take the tutorial?" he asked.

Mikan cocked her head. "Tutorial?"

"Don't worry if you didn't, there's not much to learn. *Another World* is like any JRPG, but well, the focus is less on the fighting than on the..." He smirked.

Riko blanched as he realized what was being implied. Of course this was the kind of game Lala would choose to play. Of course it was.

Mikan, a little slower on the uptake, blushed a bright red as she realized what he meant. "You mean this is a porn game?!"

The young blond laughed. "Well, you could call it that. There's more to it than just the sex, of course. But the sex *is* the main appeal." He directed their attention to a board on the wall. "Why don't you take a simple quest to ease yourself in? You can use the gold to buy yourself some new equipment. Not that what you're wearing looks bad." He looked Riko up and down and smirked; Riko blushed.

With a laugh, the young man turned to go. "Send me a DM if you wanna RP later." He winked.

Riko and Mikan both blushed simultaneously. Biting her lip, Mikan lowered the controller, looking as if she were reconsidering her options. "I can't believe Lala was playing something so lewd..." It didn't take her long to turn back to the screen though. "Well, it can't hurt to play for a few minutes, right? It's not like I have to take part in all the super-pervverted stuff..."

Holding the young man's directions, she spun Riko around and marched her across the tavern floor to the job board. As she approached, a window appeared on the screen listing all the tasks available.

Mikan scrolled through it with a frown. "Hmm," she said. "What's the easiest task available? Hmm... Ah! This looks like it should be easy enough!"

She selected a mission: Slay 5 Slimes. "I shouldn't have any difficulty with this!"

Riko felt a strange sense of trepidation. Just what had she gotten herself into?

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The grass crunched under her leather boots as Riko marched, heart pounding, to the top of the hill. Though it had no health bar, the game *did* have a stamina bar, and she was really feeling the impact of being Level 1. Her lungs felt like they were going to explode.

Reaching the top, she came to a stop and looked down, breathing hard. She really wanted to lie down. Especially knowing what Mikan had in store for her.

"Where are the slimes?" asked Mikan, forcing her to spin. "The quest said they should be in this area."

As if on cue, the grass rustled, and a blob of something thick and gooey spurted out of the ground. At Mikan's command, Riko stepped back. If she'd been in control of herself, she would have been running for her life.

"Oh, there's one," said Mikan, punching the controller's buttons. Striding forward, Riko raised her default starting club high and brought it down with a smack on the slime's head (or at least the top of its body). It exploded with a satisfying squelch.

As the remnant of its body sank back into the ground, Riko allowed herself to release her breath a little. Maybe this wasn't going to be as bad as she'd expected.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

Mikan whirled her around just in time to see four more slimes spurting out of the ground. Flying high into the air, they landed in the grass with a series of loud plops and wormed their way towards her, leaving thick trails of ooze in their wake.

"This quest should be easy," said Mikan, punching another button. Riko raised her club again.

When she brought it down on the first slime, reducing it to a pile of gooey giblets, the second in line took the chance to fling itself at her. She squealed as it landed in her chest, instantly filling her cleavage. *G-get it off! Get it off!* It felt like being attacked by an octopus.

"It has a *grapple attack*?" asked Mikan. "How do I get it off?" She fumbled at the buttons, making Riko punch and kick wildly, but nothing she could do could get the thing off.

Meanwhile, the slime took the chance to extrude two long, thick pseudopods. One wormed its way down into Riko's engorged cleavage, making her squirm in disgust at the feeling of it between her breasts. The other slammed straight into her mouth, silencing her protests before they could even begin. "Mmmphf!" *Mikan?*

"Um... Um... Uh oh." Outside, Mikan wiggled the controls, making Riko's arms flail wildly. No matter how hard she struggled, however, she couldn't dislodge it.

As Riko fought to escape her slimy assaulter, the two remaining slimes slid slowly towards her. Drawing back, they flung themselves at her body: one slammed into her front with a squeal, while the ass smacked straight into her ass and oozed slowly between her cheeks. Riko squealed as the feeling of it sliding against her body like a jelly fresh out of the fridge. "Mmmphf!" *Mikan!*

Back in the real world, Mikan blushed, bit her lip, and released the joysticks. Riko found she could no longer resist at all.

As the first slime forced itself even deeper down her throat, the slime took the chance to slide between her legs and slip one of its insidious tendrils into her leather bikini. Forcing itself inside, it tickled her lower lips and made her want to scream in ecstasy. *Nn~!* She had only an instant of warning before it entered her. *Schlup!*

"Mm-mmm-mmphf!" Riko went a deep red, her eyes rolling back, as the slime forced its way deep into her sex. Pleasure roared through her lower body, making her legs tremble and tingle. Only sheer momentum kept her on her feet.

As she struggled to breathe, the third slime decided it had had even of watching its siblings work. Spreading her asscheeks apart, it slid deeper and deeper between them, making Riko

moan as the feeling of its cold, wet form washing against her anus. *No!* she cried, trembling in horror and lust both. *Not there too! Not there—!*

Schlup!

“Mm-mmmphf!” *Nnn~!*

The armor store’s bell rang as Riko pushed open the door and stepped, still trembling down below, into the shop. She could practically hear the *splat-splat-splat* of slime dripping from her nethers as she made her way across the floor, desperately hoping she never had to see another bowl of jelly in her life.

“Now, what should we buy you?” asked Mikan, bringing her to a stop in the center of the store and spinning her around to get a good look at everything. “What would be better? Something survivable, or something more...?” She bit her lip.

As she took in the types of clothing the boutique had on offer, Riko found her heart pounding in her chest. She’d thought the leather bikini she’d started in was bad, but it had nothing on some of the items on display here: she saw maid costumes; bunnygirl outfits; tight, glossy bodysuits made entirely of black latex. Hell, there was an entire wing dedicated solely to sexy lingerie.

Standing there, she trembled, wishing she could be anywhere else. *Aren’t you bored with this already, Mikan?*

Unfortunately, Mikan wasn’t. “I’ve already wanted to see big sis in a maid costume,” she muttered, face red.

Riko squeaked. *No, not the maid costume! Why can’t you just put me in a chainmail bikini?!*

Ignorant of her protests, Mikan marched her across the room to the maid outfits. As they approached, a window appeared listing all the item’s benefits.

“Cute Up, Sexy Up, Bottom Up, Top Down,” read Mikan, sounding unsure what any of it meant. “Adds the Obedient Trait? What does that mean?”

Oh no, thought Riko, who had a feeling she already knew.

In the end, Mikan simply shrugged and navigated to the purchase menu. “Well, whatever. It’s not like there’s much more I can afford anyway.”

With a click, she purchased the outfit. Rummaging in her inventory, she hurried to equip it. Riko braced herself.

Pop!

It was a little like being hit by a car, if the car's passengers swarmed out, stripped you naked, and dressed you in trashy cosplay to boot. If Riko had been in control of her body, she might have screamed—partly in shock, partly in delight. For some reason, it felt orgasmic.

When she regained the strength to open her eyes, she looked down and squealed in shock at what she found there. *M-Mikan!*

Mikan marched her to the store's mirror, which activated a free pose/photography mode. Staring into the glass, Riko could only moan at what she saw:

Before her stood a cute, young, and very generously endowed brunette, her curvaceous body crammed into a very, very frilly and very, very, very skimpy maid's outfit. Her top showed off so much cleavage it was a miracle her boobs remained inside it, her skirt was so high it hid barely a millimeter of her panties, and her socks seemed to be competing to emphasize her thighs.

Worse than the sexualization, however, was how blatantly submissive it was. Seeing her cute little headdress, and tiny, frilly apron, Riko could practically hear herself saying 'Okay, Master!' and hurrying to carry out their commands.

Blushing, Mikan bit her lip and spun her around, making her skirt swish and reveal even more of her tight pink underwear in the process. Riko wanted to melt. *Isn't this enough?!*

Mikan clearly didn't think so. "Let's see what everyone else thinks of your outfit, big sis." She giggled. "I'm really curious to see what the Obedient trait does."

Are we sure she doesn't know it's me? As Mikan led her out of the store, Riko shivered at the thought of what awaited her.

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It didn't take long for them to find out. Mikan had barely led Riko back into the tavern before someone approached them. "Hey," they said, "fetch me another drink, would you?" He handed her his flagon.

"Of course, Master!" Riko's feet started moving before she realized she'd spoke. "Wh-what's going on?"

As Riko and Mikan *both* stared in shock, Riko's legs carried her across the tavern to the bar, where she wasted no time in refilling the customer's flagon with frothy ale. Striding back across the floor to his table, she slammed it down and gave him a big grin. "Here you are, Master! Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Sure," he said, running a hand through his short brown hair. He looked like he spent his free time working as a lumberjack. "Why don't you take a seat...?" He kicked out a chair for her.

Riko's body hurried to plop her butt in it. Her boobs rested on the table like a pair of puddings, while her thighs, squished, spilled over the sides of the seat.

"Oh, I see," said Mikan, chewing a piece of pocky. "I guess it just makes you do everything anyone asks you to do? I suppose some people are into that, huh?"

Leaning over, the adventurer fixed Riko with a smile. "Why don't you scoot a little closer?" he asked, eyebrow bouncing up and down like a caterpillar on speed. "Y'know, so I can get a better feel for you~." He patted his lap.

"As you wish, Master!" With a giggle, Riko slipped off her chair and onto the adventurer's lap, where she wiggled herself egregiously into position. *F-fuck, I can feel his—*

"Mmm, comfy?" he asked, planting a hand on her thigh.

"Of course I am, Master!"

He laughed. "Then you won't mind if I do this, will you?" He grabbed a breast and squeezed. Hard.

Riko squealed as pleasure shot through her form. "Nn~! Of course not, Master! You can do anything you like with me!"

The adventurer chuckled. "I appreciate your enthusiasm." Slipping his hand inside her top, he cupped her breast and squeezed it even harder, wrapping his thumb and forefinger around her nipple and tweaking till she screamed.

"Nn~! It feels good, Master! I love it!" *Stop! Stop! Please, I've had enough!* Riko moaned as the adventurer's rock hard shaft poking her butt. "Nn~!"

Pulling one hand out, the adventurer slipped two back in. Threading them under her top, he grabbed both her boobs and smushed them together, making her wail in delight as he tweaked her nipples for good measure.

The adventurer laughed. "Why don't you bounce a little, slut?" He nibbled her ear.

"Whatever you want, Master!" Giggling, Riko bounced up and down on his lap, moaning a little louder each time his bulge impacted her butt. *N-no!*

Shivering in lust, he squeezed her even harder, before grabbing her chin and forcing it around so that he could kiss her. As his tongue wormed deep between her lips, coiling around her own as if planning to strangle it, Riko moaned in lust and kissed him back even harder. ...Even as her true self writhed in disgust. *Stop! Stop!*

Threaded a hand between her legs and two fingers into her pussy, the adventurer squeezed her tight against him and lifted her, holding her tight to his body. Riko moaned at the feeling of his muscles.

Pulling his lips free of her own, the adventurer smirked. "You're coming with me back to my room, understand?"

Riko could only giggle like the Obedient maid she was. "Whatever you say, Master!"

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Slamming the door behind him, the adventurer threw her onto the bed with a wild laugh. "Lie back and spread those legs," he commanded.

"As you wish, Master!" With a giggle, Riko wrenched her legs apart, exposing the pair of pink panties dripping between them.

Grabbing her by the thighs, the adventurer tugged her to the end of the bed and set about unbuckling his leathers. Riko moaned as they dropped to the ground, though her inner thoughts couldn't have been less enthusiastic. *W-wait—!*

"Hmm," said Mikan, "this seems a little unbalanced. Then again, I guess you could always just unequip it."

You're talking about balance now?! Take it off!

Mikan didn't hear her, but the adventurer clearly got the message, because the next thing Riko knew, his cock was out in the open. Flopping out of his underpants, it sprang to erection, long and hard and so veined it looked like it might explode.

On the bed, Riko gaped inside, wishing she had enough control left to plead for mercy. Unfortunately, her body chose to do the opposite. "Oooh, fuck me, Master! Fuck me!"

The adventurer laughed. "If you say so." Guiding his cock to her cunt, he grabbed her thighs, took a deep breath, and—

Pleasure ripped through Riko's body with the sharpness of a spear, stabbing straight into her brain and making her wail with ecstasy. She threw back her head in a wild moan of delight, shaking and sweated as her new master pulled back and thrust his cock inside her. She rippled with the impact, her whole body lurching, boobs bouncing in her uniform so hard they threatened to pop out. "Nn~! Master!"

Again and again, his penis crashed into her, and again and again she screamed in delight, mind exploding like a thousand tiny firecrackers. She screamed, eyes rolling back with the pleasure.

As she moaned, a pressure formed in Riko's gut unlike anything she'd ever felt. Growing stronger with the second, it tugged at her nerves and made her screw up her eyes, unable to bear it. *Nnn~! Make it stop! Please, I'm going to c—*

Finally, with one last intense thrust, the adventurer reached his limits. His penis slammed deep into the depths of her cunt, and Riko screamed as it twitched, getting ready to—

“Nn~!” The adventurer grunted as he came, semen splurging from his shaft in an endless deluge of semen. Riko could only moan as it filled her to the brim and then some, spilling back out of her vagina to pour all over the bed. With one last scream, she collapsed and lay there panting, chest rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath.

Ding! “Level up!” cried a cheery voice. “2 Skill Points Gained!”

The adventurer pulled out with a laugh. “Thanks for the RP,” he called, shaking his cock off over her. “Give me a call if you need someone to obey again.”

Riko could only manage a moan.

Outside the game, Mikan cocked her head thoughtfully. “Huh,” she said, looking in from the real world. “You can use the skill points to enhance your character’s body? That’s pretty interesting...”

Please say you’ve had enough, thought Riko, desperately. *Please*.

“That was fun,” continued Mikan. “But it was a little vanilla for my tastes. Let’s see if we can find something more extreme~.”

Riko could only shiver.