

# Vice and Virtue

## Chapter 3

### By Draconicon

He still had a number of hours until the whole thing was over. Victor checked to be sure how long it was, then grumbled when he saw that there was still a good ten of them to go. He'd used up five or so dealing with the whole starter area, getting 'certified' as a Sinful Shapeshifter, but that hadn't killed nearly as much time as he had hoped it would. The fact that he was still completely full of energy, on the other hand...

The black bear grumbled to himself, looking down at the crotch of his clothes. The miniskirt, harness, and ankle bangle that he'd had when he woke up had been changed, at least, giving him a thong that at least covered his dick – though it still looked painted on – and a bunch of body paint that ran across his chest and along his shoulders. It at least *looked* like armor from a distance, and it still function as it. He'd tested that with a few delayed actions in a minor encounter, and was pleasantly surprised to find that the body paint glowed with runes to knock enemies back when they hit him.

More than that, they seemed to give him a percentage towards an upgrade. Victor didn't know what it would end up being, but every time that he took an impact from an enemy, it seemed to go up.

However, he was still barefoot, and his weapons weren't exactly available, so he hoped that James was right about the first couple of quests. He needed a weapon, and soon, or he'd be helpless the next time someone playing PvP came after him. That last time against the bondage master, he'd been lucky enough to still have his stats more or less at full. Now...

Well, now he was dealing with cross-class skills, and everything he had been able to do in the base game was blunted. It wasn't a good feeling, at all.

The black bear felt all eyes on him as he walked back through Sunrise Rock. Victor swore that he had at least a half-dozen eyes on his ass the whole time, and most of them were probably people that weren't logged into 18+ mode. He felt like a walking billboard for it, and he blushed as he thought about how he must look with those big 18+ markers over his crotch and his ass.

*Better than what I probably look like to the people that **are** playing the game on this mode...*

Victor reached back, pulling at the top of the leather thong that was jammed between his ass cheeks. It felt like it was gradually wedging its way deeper and deeper between the cheeks, making him more and more uncomfortable. There wasn't much he could do about it, save to pull on it from time to time.

Shaking his head, he made his way past the brothels and towards the teleport station. Other players were waiting there, and he realized that more than a third of them were playing the new mode. He could see more T, A, and D than he had ever seen anywhere. Well, except for in porn, but that didn't count.

He got in line, slapping away groping hands that were going for his ass. Most of them were nice enough to take the slap as the gentle warning that it was, but there were those that tried to push further.

Victor did his best to ignore the ones that grabbed at his ass and the occasional rub along his crotch. There was some bumping and grinding that was completely unavoidable in the crowd that they were in, and he tried to remember that.

However, when someone actually reached down and slid a finger between his ass cheeks, rubbing it up along his taint towards his hole, Victor growled. He grabbed for the hand, pulling it out from under his tail, and turned –

Only to find himself face to face with a large, red-scaled dragon. A player, not an NPC, but still a big guy...and someone that was several times his level, for that matter, in both classes.

The dragon smirked down at him, the big beast wearing heavy plate everywhere but over his cock. The different pieces of armor were rune-marked, too, which meant that they were probably high-level and enchanted to boot. Victor bit off the groan that was rising to his lips, holding it back so that he didn't make himself look weak.

“Don't...touch me,” he managed to grunt out.

“Heh, what's the matter? I thought someone showing off that much skin was advertising what they wanted.”

“Yeah? You're letting your balls dangle. You advertising that you want a kick in the nuts?”

“You want to try.”

There was a pressure on his head at those words, just enough to make it clear that this wasn't just the average player. Victor grimaced, feeling his muscles tense before he managed to get hold of himself.

“Damn,” the dragon muttered. “Didn’t expect a Shapeshifter to have such a good will save.”

“Says the dragon that wanted to get kicked in the nuts...” Victor shook his head. “No, no you didn’t...you just wanted me to start the fight.”

“High will save, *and* smart. Heh. Looks like I’m not getting lucky today.” The red dragon nodded towards the grip that the bear still had on him. “Going to let me go?”

“...Sure.”

Letting the dragon free, he fought the urge to turn back to the teleporting circle. He knew better than to do that, now. If the dragon wanted him to start a fight, that meant that the big guy had been planning to loot him afterwards. You always got more loot when you beat the person attacking you than you did when you were the one that struck first.

Glancing up, he saw the dragon’s name. Orocard. Not someone that he knew too well, but he’d heard the name around campus. Probably one of the other students at the college, taking advantage of the weekend.

“What do you want?” Victor asked.

“Just testing out how well these powers work. It’s annoyingly random,” the dragon admitted, shaking his head. “Getting that army of minions is harder than I thought.”

“You’re working against players. That’s going to be harder.”

“The flavor text made it sound like it’d be easy to set up your own kingdom in a kingdom, but I guess I hoped for too much.”

“Probably. Anyway. Nice to meet you, Orocard, but I have somewhere to be.”

“Oh? And where’s that?”

“None of your business.”

He turned around, taking a few steps forward. The next burst from the teleporting ring would bring him to where he needed to go, and he wanted to get the hell out of here before the dragon got any pushier.

Didn’t help that the big guy was still following him, though, still pushing at him from behind and getting closer and closer to him. He swore he could feel the dragon’s dick nudging against his ass cheeks, and he made a mental note that he’d slap it again if it got any closer to his asshole.

“You know, you could always go sell that ass,” Orocard said. “I know a few places that’d pay good money for it.”

“I’ll pass.”

“You sure?”

“Completely. Besides, what are you after, huh? A finder’s fee? Are you a talent scout or something?”

“I get a little kickback, yeah. Is that a bad thing?”

“For me, it is. I’d read the fine print on that, if I were you.”

The ring opened up again, and he stepped into it. Orocard, however, stayed outside, standing just on the edge of the glimmering magic lines. Victor forced a smile.

“See you later.”

WHOOSH!

#

The bear reappeared, as he had wished, at the edge of the Nightsong Woods. For most players, it was a pretty basic area, far to the west of where Sunrise Rock was. He had gone there specifically to pick up the early quests that the game had offered him, then moved on as soon as he had been able to.

Now, he was back, and it was just as familiar as ever. The air was filled with the sounds of a harpist playing far in the distance, with a bit of flute to cover it and add a bit of birdsong. Low-leveled players that were just starting their *Vice and Virtue* experience were making their way into the impossibly-tall forest of willow trees, pushing past the low-hanging, whip-like vines and branches that the trees sported.

*Heh, probably doing the wolf-hunting thing, he thought, shaking his head. The game seemed so strange, back then...so impossibly real...*

A little shiver ran down the bear’s spine as he remembered the first wolf that he’d ended up fighting. It wasn’t anything like the cartoonish wolves that other games used for the early enemies in the game. No, these ones had been much more real, much more ferocious, and much, much more angry and rabid. If it hadn’t been for magical abilities, he would have died more than once.

He rubbed the back of his head as he shook off the memory, following the path down to the ranger station that was just outside of the woods. The sun was still somewhat low in the sky, not quite noon, but not so many hours before it would arrive. Enough light to see where he was

going and to burn off most of the mist in the air that wasn't magically enforced by the Wood itself.

And more than enough to see the rangers were...different. Not fully 18+, like some of the other areas, but enough for him to see bulges and boobs where they hadn't existed before. He slapped a hand across his face, muttering about how much he looked forward to going back to the other mode, before walking up to the squirrels that manned the station.

One of them, an NPC by the name of Nara, turned to him with a smile. She waved, gesturing him over.

“Victor, old friend. It's been a long time.”

“A very long time, Nara. What's going on?”

“A great deal, for one that is competent. As you ever are.”

“Of course. What quests do you have for me?”

“Just one, for now. There's been a lot of wolf-hunting going on, but today...well, I need you to hunt something a bit bigger.”

“No problem. What do you have in mind?”

The squirrel looked towards the woods, and Victor was once again impressed at the effort that had gone into the NPCs and other people in the game. They had genuine emotions on their faces, a look of worry, and a hint of fear, something that most MMOs wouldn't have bothered with outside of the PC models.

It sold it all the better as she turned back to him, the young ranger clenching her fists. She sounded almost angry as she spoke.

“One of our newest recruits took on a mission to hunt a rogue dryad, and he hasn't come back.”

“Is he a friend of yours?”

“Kind of. He just joined a few weeks ago, and he's been working hard to become one of the Shadow Rangers.”

*One of the prestige classes, then, he thought, shaking his head. And not one of the 18+ ones...*

Some of the players would join the NPC organizations for some reason or other. Usually, it was down to the lore that the game offered, wanting to have that 'coolness' that came with it.

Sure, there was some support from the organizations as well, Victor was aware of that, but most of the time it was just to say that you were one of them.

Still, a Shadow Ranger should have been able to take down a dryad. Even he shouldn't have too much trouble with that.

“Is there anything moving in the forest?”

“Nothing new,” she said. “At least, not that we're aware of. But there's rumors of something dark and shadowy in there, something new.”

“Something that's a bit...rape-y?”

“...Maybe. There've been stories, but nothing more than stories.”

He cursed under his breath. That would explain a few things. He just hoped that the shapeshifting would stand him in better stead than whatever the Shadow Ranger had used.

“What's the guy's name?”

“Peter.”

“Reward?” There was no point in roleplaying further, now that he knew what he was getting into. Might as well get all the information and go.

“Choice of a bow or a staff. Enchanted.”

As usual, the game adapted to his choice of how to play. The more efficient and to the point he was, the more the game responded in kind. He appreciated that.

After getting a good description of Peter – a meerkat that was equipped with gray steel armor and a pair of short swords – he left the outpost. The path into the woods glimmered as it always did, and he followed it beneath the willow trees.

It didn't take him long to reach the center of the woods. The path was direct when you weren't on one of the quests where it was supposed to fuck with you, after all. Victor still took it slow, keeping his eyes peeled as he looked left, right, and left again, always panning his eyes along the areas just off the path. Monsters loved to spawn in the bushes, just out of sight, but one could track them if one was paying –

He threw himself to the side, jumping into a bush off the path and crouching down in stealth mode. A split second later, a werewolf leaped from the greenery on the other side of the road, howling and growling as it flexed powerful, silver-furred arms.

However, Victor was far more attentive to the cock that was pointing straight ahead. The werewolf had leaped out completely aroused, knot already showing, and the idea of having that

rammed down either of his holes was not something that the black bear wanted to think about. Even though he had accepted more than his fair share of pleasure in the arena at the starting area, he knew better than to think he was ready for something like that.

Even aside from the sexual dangers, werewolves were hard enough to fight at the best of times. They were something that you tried to avoid – or failing that, run from – if you found them anywhere before level thirty. Past that, it was doable, but still not easy.

*Come on, come on...go somewhere else...*

The werewolf looked around, nostrils flaring several times as it tried to catch his scent, but it eventually gave up. The werewolf slumped down, looking almost frustrated, then trudged down the path in the direction that the bear had come from.

*Here's hoping that the rangers are willing to deal with that...*

Victor disentangled himself from the bushes, shaking his head as he flicked the worst of the leaves from his fur. He was in the center of the woods, now, but there was no sign of the meerkat just yet.

Hoping that the shapeshifting wouldn't come with a bunch of lust this time, the black bear pulled at his power and condensed himself down. The transformation happened instantaneously, and he poofed into a cloud of smoke.

What emerged was a grunting, stumbling bear. He was clumsy on all fours, his arms and legs moving in wild directions before he got them working properly. It wasn't easy to push himself along, feeling like he was waddling more than walking, but eventually he started to get the hang of it.

He lifted his head, sniffing at the air. He smelled the woods, he smelled the werewolf that had just left, he smelled a bit of his own sweat...

And he smelled meerkat. The scent was coming somewhere north of him, so he lowered his head to the ground and kept snuffling, dragging himself along as he followed the smell. Gradually, it got stronger, and he smiled to himself.

Finally, he reached a clearing, and he could hear the sounds that he had fully expected to hear. The sounds of moaning, groaning, even whimpering. The feral bear shook his head, trundling along towards the nearest tree before poking his head around the side of it.

There, in the middle of the clearing, was a meerkat, alright. He had been stripped down to nothing but the cape that came with his armor, his weapons and the rest of his garments thrown off to the different corners of the clearing. Unsurprisingly, he'd been straddled by the rogue dryad, who seemed to be riding him with everything that she had.

Victor shook his head. As a shaman, he'd known the hungers of dryads, but in the base game, it was nothing more than lore. Usually, they attacked through a life-siphoning spell, or trapped one in bondage before delivering a kiss of death if they were angry at you. This one, however...

The feral bear watched as the green-skinned, leaf-armed woman continued to roll her hips up and down, slapping her pussy down against the meerkat's cock. Every time she slammed down, his eyes rolled back in their sockets, and a bit more of his health dropped off his health bar. It was clear that she was sucking the life right out of him, and there was nothing that the ranger could do to stop her.

*Well, here goes nothing.*

As quietly as he could, he stepped out from around the tree. Victor lined himself up with the dryad, hunched his shoulders...and charged.

Barreling across the clearing at top speed, he slammed into the dryad with all the force that a bear could summon. She was knocked right off the meerkat, and her eyes were wild and wide as she went sprawling across the ground.

She had to be taken out, and quick. He raised his front paws, stomping them down. She screamed from the first blow, but rolled out of the way of the second. As he turned, trying to bite her, she gestured at him with a frantic hand, and the plants came to her aid.

Victor felt the vines running up his legs, slithering along his limbs too quick for him to stop them. They squeezed, pulling the feral bear off the ground and holding him spread-eagle in mid-air.

"Ha...ha...foolish...foolish creature," the dryad whispered. "To think that I'd have the luck...to find another male..."

She chuckled, reaching out again. This time, more vines came from the ground, more rising up between his legs. However, rather than binding him, they started to wrap around his sheath, pulling it forward and then massaging at the tip. The little nudges, the light rubs sent a shock of pleasure down his spine, and he let out a low groan.

"Yes, that's it. I'll be with you in a moment. For now..."

She turned her attention back to the meerkat. The poor ranger was still bound on the ground, held down and restrained by the different vines that the dryad had summoned. His cock stood up, reddened from overuse, and he wondered just how hard Peter had been used in his time here.

That was not important. He needed to get free, get himself out of this vine trap before she decided that it was his turn to suffer. Victor pulled at his legs, trying to rip free with the full power of bear strength...



And was shocked to find himself unable to pull free. He narrowed his eyes, glaring at the vines. They had to have a health bar, just like everything else in the game. Surely, he'd done a bit of damage, at least.

The more he stared, though, the more he realized that he hadn't. There wasn't even a light bit of damage done to the green vines, and when he tried to look at the numbers more precisely, he could barely make out the number of digits. There were twelve digits for the health points, more than any other creature in the game.

*Impossible...that...that has to be a glitch...*

But if it was a glitch, then it was a persistent one, one that made sure that he was trapped where he hung. No matter how he pulled, the damage he did to the vines was negligible.

That said, it wasn't helping that his cock was slowly sliding out of his sheath, either. With every inch that the spindly thing pushed out, he could feel the vines wrapping around it more and more, pulling at it, tugging it, teasing it. He shivered as it was forced harder and harder, letting out more low groans as the vines squeezed, stroked, coiled about him.

His balls weren't ignored, either, as they were pulled and tugged by other vines. He could feel a band of the green stuff wrapped around the flesh where his balls joined his sheath, and the vines kept tugging there, making his balls drop, then letting them rise again. Each time they did that, he felt a surge of pleasurable pain.

Up, down, up, down, up, down. His balls kept bouncing, and his cock kept rising. Soon, he was spitting pre at the coupling dryad and player, with no end in sight.

He looked down, panting as a flower started to rise from the earth as well. It had a vaguely pussy-like appearance, and he realized that the plant was meant to milk him. It was there to slide over his cock, to suck him off, to drive him mad with need before the dryad came to take what she wanted from him.

It hovered over his cock, and then...

The shapeshifting ended. He yelped as he went from feral to anthro again, falling out of the suddenly too-loose vines. Out of instinct, he rolled when he hit the ground, dodging the worst of the vines as they searched for him. The ones that did find him were too slow to capture him, unable to stop him from charging the dryad again.

He jumped over a lunging branch, turning the charge into a flying tackle at the last minute. The bear slammed into the dryad, knocking her flying once more, and he landed on top of her. His dick was barely restrained again, hard as hell inside of the thong and pushing the top of the thong forward.

But that was not his concern. Instead, he slammed his head down, cracking his forehead against the plant woman under him. She slumped back, dazed, stars spinning over her head, and he took advantage of the moment to look around the clearing.

*Can't be far from her tree...have to shove her back in before – there!*

One of the willows was sagging compared to the rest, the bark looking gray and weak rather than the healthy silver of the other willows around. He stood up, grabbing the dryad by the arm, and tossed her toward the tree. She spun, trying to grab something to stop herself, but it was too late.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!”

She screamed as she slammed into the tree, her other half pulling her back in. The black bear panted as he watched her sliding back into the trunk, the tree seeming to come alive like some floral jail cell, dragging its occupant back inside.

*Dryads can't die...not without killing the tree...and a rogue dryad...has a tree that won't let her go...*

He'd learned that as a shaman, and he was glad he had. He doubted that he'd be able to fight her properly yet as a player, and he didn't want to try.

With that done, he turned back to Peter. He expected the meerkat to be mostly okay, if shaken up, and thought that the vines would be gone.

Instead, the meerkat was still whimpering, still moaning, arching his back as his cock spewed pre through the air. Victor's eyes widened as he knelt down by the ranger, grabbing him by the shoulder and shaking him.

“She's gone. You're free.”

“I can – Nnngh! I can still feel it! It's like a pussy...pussy wrapped around my cock...it won't...stop!”

“But there's nothing there...”

“It doesn't matter! I can still feel it. It's still – oh god, oh god!”

The meerkat arched his back again, gasping and yelping as if –

“There's something in my ass!”

“What? But – but there's nothing.”

And there wasn't. Not even a hint of a root that might have been milking the meerkat during the whole rape that he'd been going through. Even as Victor ripped through the vines and roots holding the ranger down, Peter kept squirming, groaning, whimpering.

Even when the meerkat came, he kept gasping, even yelping and shrieking as if he was being ridden by some ghostly creature that wouldn't give him mercy. Shaking his head, the black bear pulled the meerkat over his shoulder and started making his way back to the ranger station.

*What happened to you...*

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Not wanting to risk another close call like that, Victor spent his remaining seven hours either napping or playing card games in the inn. He had gotten enough equipment for the moment, and he wasn't going to risk anything else. As soon as the timer counted down, he turned off the 18+ mode and logged out of the game.

He pulled the glasses off, groaning as real light finally filled his eyes again, and sat up from his gamer chair. There was...less of a mess than he expected, but he was still glad for the towel that was built into the base of it. He pulled that free, blushing hard, and tossed it in the dirty clothes.

He was on his way to his bathroom for a long shower when something caught his eye. The black bear paused by his front door, staring at it for a moment. Something was out of place, but it wasn't until he leaned closer that he realized what.

The door was unlocked. He'd made sure that it was locked tight when he went into the game, but someone had unlocked it, and had probably been in his apartment. Yet, nothing seemed to be missing...

*I did lock it...right?*

He wasn't sure which was more worrying. That he had been in an unlocked room for over 24 hours and had just been lucky enough not to have someone come in and rob him blind...or if he had locked the door and someone had come in and done...

Well, nothing that he had noticed yet, but his first priority before bed had changed from taking a shower to checking his whole apartment for anything missing or messed with. It was going to be a long night.

**The End**