

FLAVOR TEXT

Reality Reboot

Disclaimer: All characters are above the age of 18

“Luke, you know this will likely be the last time we do this.. So, I'd thought I'd make it special.” Miss Saito practically hissed into my ear, before moving in for a deep kiss and pushing me to the wall.

Miss Saito then proceeded to step back. Grinning down at me with hungry eyes, I could tell she was still nervous despite appearing extremely composed, thanks to my unique ability.

Lisa Saito:

Feeling shy and conflicted about the choices she's made over the last year, Lisa decides to end her affair with her student Luke Anderson with an intimate parting gift.

I held my breath, trying not to look dumb while sneaking a glance at the text box floating beside Lisa. Though she seemed preoccupied with unbuttoning her impossibly tight blouse. Slowly revealing a lacy black bra which contrasted nicely against her typically old fashioned, somewhat prudish attire. Despite the irony that it made her look even hotter, which I'm entirely confident is 100% on purpose. Lisa is the kind of person who loves to tease, and loves being admired. Though her strong convictions as a responsible no-nonsense adult seem to have kept her in check. At least until I finally figured out her one fatal flaw.

“Miss Saito you don't have to..” I muttered, trying my best to be polite, turning my head to look away from the older woman's exposed bosom.

“No, I don't.. But I want to..” She breathed in a moment of hesitation. The tone of her voice only further confirmed the text box's description, still floating before I closed it.

My next thought would have been to use my powers again to check if something changed-

“Look.” Miss Saito said firmly as she put her soft hands onto my face and gently guided my gaze back to her chest.

My jaw practically hit the floor, having missed the fact that she had stripped even further when I wasn't paying attention. Now entirely nude from the waist up, for the first time Miss Saito looked.. Vulnerable.

Her torpedo shaped breasts were softball sized at the thickest part, then from there, tapering off and curving up slightly to a point topped with puffy nipples that made my mouth water. “Luke, I know I'd never shown you my body like this.. but after everything you've done for me. I'd like to make it good..”

Before having the chance to think about it, my hands were on her tits. It took me a second to realize she'd put them there herself. Squeezing on impulse, Miss Saito squeaked and let out a gasp in response to the sudden stimulation. My free thumbs pressed on her puffy nipples, causing my teacher to let out a very loud and long moan. Which probably would have made both of us jump if we hadn't locked the library doors before moving to the back of the archives and into a small lounge. No security cameras, and very far from everything else in the school, a perfect location to have make out sessions with school staff.

Lisa Saito:

Feeling very aroused and conflicted about the choices she had made; Lisa has decided to commit herself to the affair she's been having with one of her students.

That was weird. I had only pulled up the text box by habit just to check, but something was off. Squeezing her tits shouldn't have changed her decision to end our 'fling', it just didn't make sense. Flavor Text didn't change too drastically unless something noteworthy occurred.. Meaning she must be really pent up this time.

"That feels so much better than I thought it would.. Luke, you can grope me as much as you want. Not too rough, but you don't need to hold back either."

Introduction:

Ok, so you're probably wondering how I ended up scoring up some serious sexual tension with my highschool English teacher right?

Me too honestly; It took a long time, careful planning, and luck. As well as my secret power.. Which yeah sounds dorky but I'm serious.

We call ourselves "Users", and there's barely a handful of us around the world. Meaning that all of this is totally underground information. If a national government ever found out? Geez we'd be in an FBI lab somewhere with those dolphins they gave LSD or something.

A few managed to find each other on IRC clients in the early 2000s, (basically Discord's primitive ancestor), and have been bringing in new Users every few years. As for me? I've only been in the group for about one and a half.

It's refreshing to be able to relate with others, and talk about the wacky shenanigans we often get into without sounding insane. Sometimes we have pretty deep discussions about our powers like how to use them, why we have them, the ethics and morality of it all.

Still, if anything, the group is typically just a big show and tell of our misadventures. Typically, these are the most common topics.

So, my power?

Flavor Text.

Literally.

Basically, I can select anything around me and get a general blurb of information about it.

A User's ability always starts off small but gets stronger the more it's used. For me, I've been training Flavor Text since I was fourteen.

It's the reason I managed to weasel myself into fucking around with my English teacher and family friend. After I turned eighteen last year, she started acting strange around me. (Don't tell anyone but Miss Saito also drives me to school, it's not like I can't drive, but seriously, who would pass that up?)

Nothing would have happened most likely, if Flavor Text hadn't told me that she's basically the horniest MILF on this side of town, and that she had been battling with her own ethical and moral standards in not trying to seduce me given our familiarity with each other.

So, I called her out on a whim, and somehow it led to the sexually charged affair you just witnessed.

Though she'd never taken off her bra until now.. and she'd made it very clear that we would never do anything *without* clothes on, that was her biggest stipulation for our 'arrangement' as Lisa called it.

—Anyway, long story short, my powers are pretty damn useful if used correctly. Nothing overpowered but definitely useful.

The perspective seems to be 3rd person omniscient, and the details it gives are often about the selected target's current status or a wider overview about it. Not powerful, but useful nonetheless.

That all changed after the 'Update'.

Chapter One: The Update

[Nancy]: I know your teacher is the ultimate wet dream, but you sure you want to keep this up till you get to college?

[Luke]: Not entirely if I'm being honest. I mean school is about to be out in two weeks, then three months later I'll be moving into my new dorm. It'll have to end at some point.

[Nancy]: Yeah that's obvious, but without your school's secluded hideaways it could easily turn into a whole mess. I've seen something similar with my boss and his secretary.

[Luke]: Aren't you his secretary?

[Nancy]: His last secretary. Anyway, enough about you, I'm finally at a point where I can flip three things at once!

[Luke]: Ayy good job. Took me forever just to get good at opening and closing text boxes without having to stare at them for 10 seconds like an idiot just to learn something obvious.

Nancy is also a User, her ability 'Binary' allows her to 'flip' things between binary states, like open or close. Off and on.

It's a lot more versatile than Flavor Text, but it's not as inconspicuous either. Users are forbidden by mutual agreement, to never expose our powers and never reveal our true identities to each other. That way if someone is captured or goes rogue, then no one else can get dragged under the bus with them.

Nancy and I had broken the second rule about 9 months ago, when she accidentally flipped her camera on while I was explaining how to 'select' things with our powers and... Well, I saw *everything*. Including her name, in big letters on the wall (apparently her dad's doing), so I told her mine in order to even things out.

I can only properly describe Nancy as 'that girl you can't stop sneaking glances at from across the room'. The screenshot of the memory is still burned into the back of my mind.. Black shoulder length bob, bright golden hazel eyes, her cheeks were spotted with sun kissed freckles, and-

Yeah, she was naked.

Nancy mentioned cheerleader practice for college at some point before then, though I always assumed the 'knock-out cheerleader' trope was nothing more than a cliché. And ok sure, it probably is.. but Nancy? I mean, she checked all the boxes. Anyone who caught her attention would have to be one of the luckiest people on the planet.

[Nancy]: Thanks, anyway I got to go. Talk to you tonight?

[Nancy]: Maybe we could voice chat?

[Nancy]: Maybe? No video of course, you know.

[Luke]: Oh, sure. If you're ok with that.

"Luke, don't tell me you have a girlfriend." A teasingly sultry voice cooed from behind me.

"Holly, what the hell!?" I half yelled, waving my friend's hand off my shoulder while spinning in my chair.

Holly Wolfe:

After skipping school to spend time with her girlfriend April Anderson, Holly attempts to tease her best friend, Luke Anderson, before going out with April.

"Wait, you skipped school?" I asked without thinking and hoped it didn't seem odd to say that.

"You only just now figured that out? Lemme guess, too busy drooling over Miss Saito to notice I wasn't even in class with you?" The blonde smirked, punching me in the shoulder a little too hard.

“Ow, sure whatever. Barely half of school even showed up anyway, but seriously, glad to see you're not dead.”

“Babe, we gotta go now. The alcohol is already in the car.” April sighed, folding her arms as she stood in the open door of my room.

I can't lie, it's not every day that your best friend is dating your sister, but for the last two years, that's exactly what's been happening. Of course, I had some hand in the way things turned out. Flavor Text made it way too easy to figure out they had feelings for each other. Actually, setting them up together was a lot harder. At least they both seem way happier.

Holly is basically my 'girl-next-door', except she's not into men and she's pretty much my equal when it comes to sexual deviancy. Which always made me wonder if that meant my sister is too, considering how well they matched with each other..

“Sorry Luke, but you can't keep her for yourself, *she's mine.*” April continued, sauntering in to wrap her arm tightly around Holly's waist, beaming clear warning signals with her smile.

“Yeah yeah.” Waving a hand dismissively before spinning back around in my chair to face my computer. “I won't tell mom you're drinking with Holly.” However, instead of putting my hand down I held it up, unable to resist my own smug grin as she forcefully shoved \$20 into my open palm. “You two have fun, and no sex before marriage.” I snickered after them as April immediately bolted and dragged Holly with her.

Glancing back to witness the departure of the duo from my room, I couldn't help but acknowledge that the two girls made an undeniably great pair, perfectly embodying the classic cliché of opposites attract. Holly, standing only slightly shorter than me at a respectable 5'8" (172 cm), loomed at least a head above April. Her body was bigger in more ways than one, complimenting the warmth of her unparalleled hugs. If she wasn't dating my sister and actually liked guys, then I definitely would have mustered the courage to ask her out ages ago.

April, in stark contrast, could easily be described as a petite, sassy brunette diva at her worst and a modestly protective, pint-sized big sister at her best.

“Oh, yeah dork. I got you a graduation present, you're welcome. I'll leave it somewhere before I leave tomorrow. I'll be back before then but I may as well. Later.” April popped back in to say, nearly giving me a heart attack in the process, though she was gone again before I had time to do anything but sigh to no one.

Home alone.
By myself.
Again.

If only-

knock knock knock

I heard knocking on the back door? Not the front door, that meant.. I quickly jumped up and rushed to the bathroom to make sure I didn't look stupid before making my way downstairs.

“Luke, are you free at the moment?” Miss Saito asked quietly after I'd opened the door to find myself staring at the woman who was clearly not wearing a bra.

“Oh, uh yeah, I am.. Do you need anything Lisa?” I asked, trying to play it cool. I could tell there was still some sexual tension in the air but that had to be leftovers from earlier.

“You.” she responded, looking me directly in the eye. “I'm home alone tonight, and I could use.. Some company.”

There was no way. I could tell my teacher seemed even more nervous than she had earlier in the afternoon but this went way beyond my expectations. This kind of situation came straight out of one of those really dumb “‘porn with plot’ videos.

I pulled up Flavor Text just to make sure this wasn't just a total misunderstanding on my par

REBOOTING...

Flavor Text:

An ability created through natural integration into this universe's software based reality system. Allows an individual to interface with a metacognitive user interface which displays information about selected items.

“This is your first project, so I've gone ahead and prepared some things ahead of time to make it really easy for you. Though if you need help after this, report to V'aquisa for advice.”

“Why? Unless... When a sentient entity manipulates a reality directly, they'd lose their ability to predict the path of that timeline due in order to prevent a paradoxical recursion event. Right?”

“Bingo, I have no way to know what will happen from here on out. If you do eventually need her help, the same thing will happen for her too. So, you better make sure it's something you can't handle on your own, but you'll be fine. You're a Goddess now after all.”

“Yeah, oh! Before you go, I've had one question on my mind for a while-”

“Why is everything so sexual? We'll for yourself, you're literally the 'Goddess of Tits' so that's obvious. The rest? That's actually a default property of void energy, void-beings don't reproduce normally, but our capacity for pleasure is a few infinities greater. Whatever leaks into the omniverse is just residual.”

“Huh, I never would have thought cosmic entities and mind bending pleasures would ever go together but no, yeah that makes sense.”

“Alrighty then, all good Alice? If so, I'll be on my way, it's almost time for a full scan.”

I blinked, something about hearing my name said out loud made everything feel so real all of sudden. I hadn't felt this since Elizabeth had first become me, when I was just a 32 year old PhD student on a date with her boyfriend.

Now I'm a 28 year old Goddess, with the most perfect girlfriend, and I have to come up with some kind of 'project' for my new job at PRIME.

Apparently I have to practice interfacing with and manipulating reality. The main goal is to either create more void beings or find a link to other universes that haven't already had PRIME OS installed. Supposedly the best way to do this is to lightly tinker with realities and just see what happens. How we do that it seems, has no limits, other than preventing reality from absolutely crumbling apart... Like mine had.

"All good **Sir!**" I cheered with a small jump, causing my massive pumpkin sized tits to ripple and-Fuck it felt way too good. My previous mortal mind would have been reeling for hours after even that small sampling of pleasure.

"Careful Alice, your bimbo is showing." Arc grinned with a low chuckle before waving goodbye and shoving his hands into his pants. The young black man turned and walked right out of this reality, eventually he was out of sight entirely.

Now I'm alone and it's still only my first day on the job. I was on my own. Great. Ok Alice, no time for bimbo brain, we need PhD graduate super genius right now.

Arc mentioned that this world should be easier to work with as its base DNA was already digitally inclined, whatever that meant.

"Oh woah, that's neat." I muttered to myself, as my mind interfaced with the new operating system which had just finished installing. Now I just had to figure out how to influence something... This was going to be a long first shift.

Editor:

An administrator class evolution of the ability 'Flavor Text' created when it integrated with PRIME OS. Allowing an individual to interface with and edit reality via a native metacognitive user interface.