

## Modder's Paradise

I handed the gold ring over to her, my eyes locked on to her chest as she leaned forward to accept it.

"Thank you, Hero!" The drow-elf said with a bright smile. "I thought I'd never see my grandmother's magical ring again after those bandits stole it. Here, as promised, your payment."

The ring in her hand vanished and, in its place, a small bag of coins appeared.

Without hesitating, I reached out and took it.

In the corner of my eye, I saw a number. The amount of experience I'd earned for completing the drow-elf's quest.

As far as NPCs went, this one wasn't half-bad. Whatever developer had programmed Viranna, they'd showered her with love and attention and detail.

Like all drow-elves, her skin was the colour of charcoal and her hair was a shiny, beautiful silver. But, where most NPCs had plain, bland faces, *this* one was actually *pretty*. A slender woman with long hair, a reasonably ample bust, and slender physique. Her violet eyes shone with a kindness not often found in other NPCs that shared her particular race.

Her simple, peasant clothing marked her as being poor. A heavy white blouse and a black skirt that reached right down to the floor. No cleavage shown, no legs, nothing. But still, I could tell this one must have a hell of a body beneath all that cloth.

On a whim, I set a save state, resumed my conversation with the pretty drow-elf woman.

"I thank you for the coin," I said, activating my speech and haggling skills, "but, for the trouble I went through to retrieve your precious ring, I'm afraid it is not enough."

*Persuasion attempt successful.*

"Oh," Viranna gasped softly. "I'm sorry! Name your price, Hero. I'm no wealthy merchant or noble, but if I'm able, I'll happily reimburse you for-"

"The only payment I want," I told the drow-elf with a smirk, "is to see those delicious dark-elf titties of yours."

Immediately, the NPC's facial expression changed.

Gratitude morphed into outrage faster than I could blink. And, where a moment before, the NPC had been all too happy to lean towards me, now she was backing away with her eyes wide and brows raised.

"My!" Viranna scolded. "That is no way for a Hero to speak!"

I sighed, opened my in-game menu, reloaded the save.

"I thank you for the coin," I repeated, smiling at the girl as pleasantly as I could manage. "But, for the trouble I went through to retrieve your grandmother's ring, I'm afraid the payment is not enough."

"Oh," Viranna gasped softly. "I'm sorry! Name your price, Hero. I'm no wealthy merchant or noble, but if I'm able, I'll happily reimburse you for your time and efforts!"

"No need for that," I said, once again activating the persuasion skills I'd need. "I'll take no more coin from a woman with none to spare. I ask only that you accompany me for a walk around the city tonight. That will be my boon."

The skill checks passed. And, just like that, the tedious process of courting Viranna had begun.

Neural-Link Virtual Reality. NL-VR. A technology that, paired with huge leaps and bounds in the areas of Artificial Intelligence and Procedural Generation, made for the most immersive gaming experiences imaginable.

Live a second life as a dwarf in a fantasy world, or soar the skies in realistic fighter-plane simulations, or travel to distant worlds and meet aliens and monsters and the like.

For me, I went down the fantasy route. Enjoying my time in a magical world called

Paradise; filled with elves and dragons and adventure. And, for the most part, it was everything I wanted. I got to be the hero, to wield sword and shield and spells, to feel like I was truly there – in the flesh. For the most part, it was everything I'd ever wanted out of life itself.

Only, there was one caveat. One failing that could not be overlooked.

No sex. No nudity.

I mean, sure. There were games that had that stuff. Were built around the concept of fucking virtual women. I'd seen and played *plenty* of those.

But for the one game I *wanted* to do it in, the one game I loved and lived in as much as I possibly could, I couldn't.

I wanted to fuck Viranna. I wanted to see the faces my drow-elf wife made when she had a cock inside her. I wanted to hear her moans of ecstasy, I wanted to ruin her drow-elf pussy with my huge, human cock.

But I couldn't.

Hell, in the game, I didn't even *have* a cock.

To say it sucked would've been an understatement. My favourite game; my second, better life. And I didn't even have a dick, couldn't fuck my own, beautiful wife.

That was, at least, until *it* happened.

The game developers released modding tools. Programs that people far more skilled and learned than I could use to alter the game's code. Add things that weren't in the base game, change things and make the impossible possible.

One of the very first mods for the game introduced nudity.

Another added sex.

And that was just the beginning.

The world, it turns out, is filled with people just as perverted and horny as me. And that, I must say, is a-okay with me.

I logged into the game, instantly went in search of my wife. Thankfully, it didn't take long to find her. She was in the kitchen, doing what a good NPC wife should – making me dinner.

The sight of her filled me with joy and lust in equal measures.

Her usual, bland dress had changed. The ankle-length skirt wasn't ankle-length any more. Now, it barely reached her knees. And her blouse! No longer was it thick and bulky and unappealing, instead Viranna's new blouse was thin and tight – clinging to her curves beautifully.

My mind filled with a flood of naughty ideas.

Quickly, I saved the game.

"Honey!" I said loudly, walking up behind my drow-elf wife. "I'm home!"

Before she could even turn to face me, I reached my hand out and struck Viranna's bubble-butt – gave it a nice, hard squeeze. I felt her freeze and tense under my fingertips, kept my hand there anyway – where it belonged.

"Husband!" Viranna gasped. "That is highly inappropriate behaviour for a hero!"

"It's inappropriate for a husband to appreciate his wife?" I asked, readying my skills to be used. My wife, for all her beauty, wasn't a particularly high-level. She was all too easy to Persuade. And, with the mods I'd installed... "Surely, my love, you must be happy that I desire you so."

*Persuasion attempt successful.*

"Well... I..." Viranna blushed, her dark cheeks turning a shade darker, her elven ears vibrating with embarrassment.

Her AI, not programmed for sexual encounters, knew only how to reject the player. But they didn't call it Artificial Intelligence for no reason. Unlike the rigidly programmed NPCs of yesteryear, the NPCs in NL-VR could truly learn and *adapt*. Viranna may not have been programmed with sexual behaviours, but her AI was more than capable of learning.

And computers learn *fast*.

"Yes," Viranna breathed. "Of course I'm happy..."

"Good," I grinned, squeezing her ass even harder – planting my second hand on her free ass-cheek and spreading the two apart. "I'm so glad you're happy, my wife. I'm glad I'm able to make you happy."

"Oh my," Viranna half-gasped, half-moaned.

"I'm wondering, though, if *you're* able to make *me* just as happy, Viranna."

My drow-elf wife's only reply was a soft, cute moan.

"Can you make me *happy*, like a good wife should?" I whispered into her elven ear. "Will you do your job, Viranna, and make your husband *happy*?"

"Yes," my wife breathed, her knees quivering.

"Show me."

I fucked the dark-elf slut and I fucked her *good*.

On our bed, in our small home, I pounded that shadow-coloured cunt with everything I had. Gave Viranna the fucking she so desperately needed.

Our bed-frame creaked and shook, the room filled with the sounds of moans and gasps and cries of pleasure.

The best thing, by far, about NL-VR was the 'N' part. Neural. The device that allowed me to exist in this fantasy world also allowed me to experience all the senses Paradise had to offer. Sound, smell, touch, taste. The pleasure of a tight, virgin pussy squeezing my cock. The feel of her tits under my fingertips. Her hot breath on my shoulder as I drove my cock inside her.

It was as real and intense as, well, *reality*.

Fuck. If anything, it was *more* real than reality. More pleasurable and enjoyable, at the very least

Viranna milked my cock dry and, within moments, I was ready to go again. I came and came and came again, more times than I could count. And still, I could keep going – my high Stamina stat finally finding a use outside of combat.

By the time I was done, many hours later, Viranna was a mess.

Her every orifice was leaking white, her tits and belly and face were coated in it. She lay there panting, eyes dazed. Her chest rising and falling slowly, dark nipples hard and swollen and surrounded in teeth marks. Bruises and scrapes marred her otherwise smooth skin. Her silver hair was soaked with sweat and cum.

For a moment, I considered drinking a potion – restoring and boosting my stamina so I could go at her even more. But I held back.

I stared at my handiwork with a grin on my face.

Now *this* was the kind of reward a hero deserved.

Pregnancy wasn't a thing in Paradise. Sure, there were probably mods that added it. And maybe one day I'd try those mods out, make a little mix-raced baby. But, for now, I was happy to pour copious amounts of cum into Viranna's tight cunt without consequence.

Paradise, thanks to mods, had become just that. My paradise.

Every day, I checked to see what new mods there were. What interesting alterations I could make to my perfect world.

A mod to increase the size of Viranna's tits? Sure.

Another that changed the basic clothing in the game so that regular peasant blouses and skirts became two-piece bikinis? Definitely.

Mods that added sexual items – dildos and butt-plugs and gags and bondage gear – to the game? Might as well.

There were so many. Countless options for me to choose from. Things I'd wanted for ages, like sex and nudity mods. To things I'd never even considered before – like mods

that'd turn goblins and orcs and other monsters into sexual deviants searching for women adventurers to prey upon. There was a mod that'd make female NPCs treat males ones as 'water fountains' so that whenever they'd get thirsty, they'd go in search of a male to suck off. Another one that added an option to turn your wife into a prostitute so that you could make some extra money on the side. Yet another one that added entire brothels to the game. And another one still that turned boss battles into massive he-who-cums-first-loses orgies.

The list went on and on. Countless new ways to experience a game that I already loved and adored. A whole new world of possibilities.

I didn't install all of them, of course.

For now, I was happy to have my fun with Viranna. I didn't need all those other things, though one day I might try a few of them out just for fun. My drow-elf wife was all that I needed.

Albeit, her with up-sized tits, down-sized intelligence, and a wardrobe that'd show off her body beautifully.

A perfect wife, if I do say so myself.

On a whim, while walking through the market with my wife, I set down a quick save.

My wife, as always, looked radiant. Huge, balloon tits bouncing wildly with every step she took. Wearing nothing more than a white bikini that contrasted beautifully with her dark skin, she strolled down streets smiling pleasantly at everyone she passed.

Few smiled back at her. Most avoided her outright.

Drow-elves weren't exactly *trusted* in human cities. What with their habit of being evil, monstrous sorcerers and what-not.

Despite not having an ounce of magic or malice in her body, Viranna was judged and treated harshly all the same. Distrusted and despised. Unfair, but true. There were quests, I knew, that would allow me – as the world's Hero – to mend the schism between the races, create a kind and compassionate world where all were treated equally. Likewise, there were quests that I could complete which would lead to all out war between the fantasy races.

I still couldn't decide which route I wanted to go down, and so I held back from doing either.

So, as unfair as it was to her, the human peasants all eyed my wife with distrust and hostility. Which, unfortunately for Viranna, gave me a wicked, cruel idea.

As we walked through a crowd, I activated one of my lesser-trained skills.

*Pickpocketing attempt failed.*

A small, heavy coin-purse appeared in my hand and, at the same time, a shout of surprise and anger sounded in front of me. Before the angry merchant had a chance to look around and find out who'd picked his pocket, I attached the coin-purse to the waistband of my wife's bikini and took a step back.

The scene that ensued was certainly amusing to watch.

Shouting and accusations thrown around, guards summoned, my wife escorted away while sobbing about how it was a 'mistake' and that she'd done 'nothing wrong'.

One thing that's great about Paradise – the legal system worked *fast*. Just minutes after she'd been arrested, Viranna had been tried, found guilty, and given her punishment.

I went to see her in the middle of town, not bothering to keep the amusement from my face as I stared at her – head and hands trapped in a stockade while peasants threw fruit and vegetables at her face. Still in her bikini, tits hanging down beautifully, she looked quite the sight.

Grinning, I walked over to the stockade, rounded it so that I was behind her, and dropped my pants.

There were, of course, mods that'd make it so male NPCs would take full advantage

of women in just this kind of situation. But, I didn't have that particular mod installed – at least not yet. So, as I yanked down my wife's bikini thong, there were more than a few gasps of shock and surprise.

I ignored them as I penetrated Viranna.

The stockade held her in place as I fucked her, wood creaking with every thrust. Probably wasn't very comfortable for her to be fucked like this, but what did I care? She wasn't a *real* person. Any humiliation or pain she felt wasn't real. Viranna was just a character in a game. No harm done.

Her tits jiggled free of their skimpy cladding, bounced majestically under her as I fucked her from behind.

Before long, the town-centre was filled with the sound of my wife's moans and gasps. Eyes watched from all sides as their Hero ravished drow-elf pussy for all to see. No guards came to stop me, no white-knights came to save the moaning bitch in heat.

A few of the NPCs even returned to throwing food at her and jeering.

"Viranna," I grunted, pulling out my huge, modded cock and slapping her round ass with it. "You've been bad. And bad sluts need to be punished. Don't they?"

"I didn't-" Viranna tried to say, but I cut her off with a harsh spank.

"*Don't they?*" I repeated.

"Y- yes sir."

"And how do bad sluts get punished?"

"They get fucked," Viranna gasped. "Hard."

"Correct," I grinned.

A truly wonderful thing about AIs – they could be *trained*.

I slid my over-sized cock back inside my wife, closing my eyes and enjoying the sensation of her too-tight cunt spreading open to receive me. Her pussy squeezing around me, practically choking my cock with its pressure.

Without a care in the world, I resumed fucking her.

It could have been minutes or it could have been hours. I wasn't exactly keeping track of time. But I pounded that dark-elf cunt for quite a while. Long enough to dump two full loads inside her for all to see.

When I pulled back, put my cock away, I couldn't help but admire my handiwork.

I took a quick screenshot – a little memento – then let out a little sigh. And, a few menus later, I was staring at the load-screen.

A hero didn't fuck his wife in public.

He certainly didn't do it while his wife was in the stocks.

And so, I *didn't* do it.

I reloaded the save I'd made earlier in the day, before I'd intentionally failed to pickpocket that merchant and framed my wife for it. Back before I'd given her such a thorough fucking.

A heartbeat later, I stood next to her in the market, walking down the street as she smiled happily.

This time, I didn't pickpocket anyone.

A huge list of mods sat in front of me. An endless stream of possibilities. Things I'd wanted to do for ages, things I'd never even dreamed of before. All just a few clicks away.

What should I download next?

The sex wars looked like an interesting mod. As did the female armour packs. Erotic magic might be fun to learn. And that sex slave add-on sounded like it could be entertaining.

So many options, so many different ways to play.

Did I want to become a sex god? Or add sirens and succubuses and other slut monsters to the game? What about the fuck-quests and sexy dungeons mods? Or the

'cum is needed for survival' mod?

So many things to try, so many countless ways to play.

Viranna. How could I improve her even more? Or did I even *want* to improve her? Why not get a new wife? Why not have an entire harem? Why trap myself with only the one drow-elf lover when there were so many other races I could fuck? Elves and faries and dwarves and sprites and all sorts.

I gazed at the huge list of mods and, after a few minutes of careful consideration, I started clicking. Downloads began.

And, just like that, my new adventures in the world of Paradise began.