

## Expansion Vignette: Ushironi Ranger

Jeanette wondered what glue huffing moron had conived to have this game put in her review lineup.

She was staring at the cover of “Ushironi Ranger” and scoffed.

It was your typical absurdly dressed magical girl, with large cartoonish features such as breasts, hips and legs that were biological impossibilities.

Jeanette was the only woman on the staff of Mashpad, a new publication for gamers, and had decided to represent herself and her gender strongly. She’d reviewed games only with female protagonists, both new releases and retro titles. Unfortunately since she started work six months before she’d started to run out of material, much to her chagrin. So she’d been forced to start reviewing games she ordinarily wouldn’t have looked at.

She’d found one or two gems to be sure, but the rest were just exploitive. Full of scantily clad or promiscuous females that did nothing but disparage her gender. She felt confident that Ushironi Ranger was going to be one of the same.

But she was a professional, and she would go into this with an open mind.

Jeanette popped the disk into her console and dropped into her beanbag chair. She received a notification that the game was accessing her camera to make a photo realistic player avatar, and told her to stand in front of the camera.

She rolled her eyes, set down her controller and stood in front of the small round eye in front of her TV. After following it’s prompts and waiting for any further instructions she sat back down to fill out her character creation.

The character model was actually pretty good. It was a kind of cartoonish likeness of herself.

Like her, the character had brown shoulder length hair, and looked to be on the shorter side. Even the chest and hips lined up, with what appeared to be a modest bust and waistline.

She explored the menus a bit looking for the sliders to change her appearance but found there weren’t any. Apparently the game only used photo detection to create characters.

“Well that’s kind of boring. What if I want to play a seven foot amazon?”

She sighed and readied her character creation screen, which resulted in her being taken into the first campaign mission.

The story was about as vapid as she could expect, typical JRPG save the world flair. The difference was the cell shaded graphics. They were very crisp, and even on an older console (She hadn't upgraded yet) the visuals popped enticingly.

"I just wish these flashes would stop."

It happened whenever her character took damage, there would be a large pink and white flash which seemed almost blinding.

"Guess I don't have epilepsy."

Even so, after the seventh or eighth battle she felt a little dizzy. She paused the game for a moment to clear some of the blurs from her vision.

"Uh, how could they release this? It's almost unplayable."

Yet something compelled her to pick the controller back up and resume the game. She probably wouldn't have continued if she'd been playing something else, but she almost felt compelled.

Her character on screen was now in a dungeon, trying to rescue some elf captives. It was so formulaic it almost made her gag.

Her character triggered a trap and the flashing occurred again. She blinked her eyes, trying to clear the after image, and paused.

She could have sworn the screen had said "thick" in pink letters. She shook her head.

No it couldn't have been, it was just her mind playing tricks.

Jeanette continued playing becoming more immersed in the game. It seemed to get a bit more difficult as one hour stretched into two. If she'd been paying more attention she might have caught on to some of the changes occurring.

The flashing screens when she took damage were using their brief moment to change Jeanette's mind and body. When she finally stopped after three hours of gameplay she was humming the battle theme to herself. She stiffly hoisted herself out of her beanbag chair.

Miraculously her hips and rear seemed to have increased in size slightly.

"Ugh, my head."

She rubbed her temples as she made her way to the kitchen, grabbing a cold slice of pizza and

a can of soda before returning to her entertainment system. After downing both she unpaused her game and continued.

She blinked after the next battle.

She could have sworn the game was acting strange, aside from the flashing. She almost thought she'd seen a picture of a pornographic nature.

"I should be running the capture on this. Some video of how weird this game is would be good for the article."

She decided against it however, she didn't exactly remember how to get the capture running. Besides she was too into the story now. It was after her character leveled up that something else happened. With each level occasionally a new career tree would open up. There was a new one for this level, named "Butt Slut."

She turned her head quizzically.

She HAD to be imagining that. She couldn't really-

Her hand seemed to move involuntarily and choose the Butt Slut career tree.

What?

She looked down at her hands. Why would she...well at least she'd really have something to write about now.

She kept playing. The butt slut career tree seemed to be nothing except a reskin and some stat buffs to her appearance and seduction stats. Her avatar on screen now sported a cartoonish posterior like the one on the cover, along with a skirt so short it might as well have been a belt.

Despite how offensive and sexist it was, Jeanette found herself giggling. It was kind of silly, and fun.

About thirty minutes later Jeanette decided to see how perverted the designers had been. She took whatever perks or items were obviously designed as tongue in cheek euphemisms; such as the "cucumber spear."

Jeanette giggled at the joke, and her pants seams gave an ominous creak.

*3 days later.*

It had been an interesting few days Jeanette thought. She was now in the hospital getting a complete assessment done by the medical staff. While no one had believed her at first, there was now reasonable evidence that Ushironi Ranger was capable of physical and mental alterations.

Thankfully the later seemed to only last a few minutes after playing the game. After a day of play she'd accidentally turned off her console while trying to kiss the screen. She didn't remember much, but knew it was horrifying in retrospect.

Not as horrifying as her physical changes. Her average hips had somehow ballooned over the last day. The hospital staff had been incredulous when she'd said she was not this big a day ago. But a public photo op on the Mashpad website from the week prior had finally gotten their attention.

She was seated in her hospital bed, and in turn seated on her rump which was now four feet wide, each cheek a jiggly globe of flesh that made her look like a strange fertility idol. The hospital staff couldn't even keep her in one of the regular rooms, she didn't fit through the door. She'd been forced to take up residency in a repurposed operating room.

Upon coming to her full senses she'd been scared, then horrified, then angry. Which was why she'd lawyered up as soon as she could. She had her first settlement meeting this afternoon. She was going to get her payout for this humiliation.

There was a polite knock on the double swinging doors to the room.

Jeanette covered her lower body as best she could, then the doors opened. Her shark of a lawyer walked in accompanied by two other men in suits.

"Ms Stevens. Good morning. I have some good news! Sentaicom has decided to pay."

Jeanette crossed her arms and kicked her feet, her legs a good two feet above the bed. Her legs were held aloft by her huge rear, giving her the appearance of sitting on a large cushion.

"They fucking better."