

# DIGITAL DICK

The FergCo box arrived in discreet brown packaging, and Mello carried it into his bedroom with both paws, holding it as if the contents were fragile, precious. His thick vulpine tail swished behind him in quick, nervous arcs. The red fox set the package on his bed, then stood there for a moment, staring at it, his chest rising and falling with quickened breaths. *It was here!*

He'd been waiting **three weeks** for this. Three weeks of checking the tracking number obsessively, of refreshing his email, of lying awake at night imagining what it would feel like to be whole again... or something close to whole, anyway. As close as he could get.

Mello's paws trembled slightly as he peeled away the shipping tape. The adhesive gave way with a satisfying rip, and he folded back the cardboard flaps to reveal layers of protective foam. Beneath that, nestled in a custom-cut cavity, sat a sleek white box emblazoned with the FergCo logo in metallic silver. The tagline beneath a winking green dragon's face read

## Digital Dick

*Feel Everything*

The fox lifted the inner box free and set it on his bedspread. He took a moment to smooth down the fur on his chest, a nervous habit, before opening this second layer of packaging. Inside, secured in molded plastic, were three items: the device itself, a bottle of lubricant, and an instruction booklet with a QR Code on the cover. He'd expected a charging cable, but then remembered: the device was autonomously powered, and *couldn't* lose power.

Mello extracted the device first. The chrome cap caught the afternoon light filtering through his bedroom window, refracting it into tiny pinpoints that danced across the walls. The device was smaller than he'd expected, roughly the shape of a thimble, but larger, with a hollow interior lined with what looked like soft silicone. Tiny sensors dotted the inside surface, barely visible unless he held it at the right angle.

He turned the cap over in his paws, examining it from every angle. The craftsmanship was remarkable. The chrome exterior was cool and heavy, substantial despite its small size. The silicone interior gave slightly when he pressed his finger against it, yielding and then rebounding. The sensors left faint impressions on his fingertip, little dimples that faded after a moment. At the center of the cap, there was a hole, which made sense - the Digital Dick was designed to be used for long periods. You'd hate to have to take it off just to pee, especially since it promised to let you *feel* it.

The simple act of feeling piss moving through his dick was one of the things Mello missed most.

The fox set the device aside carefully and reached for the instruction booklet. His eyes scanned the pages: charging instructions, frequently asked questions, cleaning instructions, safety warnings, terms of service. All in five different languages. Standard stuff, really. He'd already read through most of it online during his research phase, back when he was trying to decide if this was worth the investment.

'Worth it' was relative, of course. The Digital Dick cost more than his monthly rent. But what price could you put on feeling normal again? On experiencing pleasure the way he used to?

Mello's gaze drifted down his own body. He wore loose athletic shorts that hung low on his hips. His sheath, what remained of it, was visible as a small bump at his groin, more of a suggestion than a functional anatomical feature. The shorts draped around it without any of the telltale bulge that other males displayed. But lower, beneath that abbreviated remnant, his testicles hung heavy and full in their sack, fully functional and completely unused since... *the accident*.

He thought back to that moment it happened. Thirty one days of edging, of carefully cultivating the most epic ejaculatory blowout ever, and all of it leading up to one huge PLAP. And then, when he had finally crossed the edge into ejaculatory euphoria, his penis had *detonated like a cum bomb*. A massive plastering of semen coated himself and the walls around him, and his precious, beautiful fox penis, was *obliterated*. It had changed his life, and not for the better... but it *had* been worth it! The orgasm had been so overwhelmingly amazing that he hadn't even noticed that his dick had exploded until almost a minute after it had ended, when he had reached down to milk out the last of his cum and his fingers had swung through air.

It was the last time Mello listened to sexual advice from /r/toonphysics, *that* was for sure.

The fox shifted his stance, and his balls swayed with the movement, stroking against the thin fabric of his shorts. They were substantial, maybe a bit larger than average even before the accident, but without anything next to them, they *seemed* gratuitously large. They announced their presence with every step he took, every time he sat down or stood up. They ached constantly with a dull, insistent pressure. Without a shaft to release through, his body had been building up its reserves for **m o n t h s**. The doctors said his testosterone production was normal, that everything was functioning as it should. His balls kept making what they were designed to make, kept filling and filling with no outlet.

Mello hooked his thumbs into his waistband and pushed the shorts down to his thighs. His stub was fully visible now, a small pink nub, barely an inch long, where his fox cock used to emerge. The sheath that had used to holster his dick had been blown off in the seminal explosion, leaving him with just the root behind his knot sticking out of his groin like a stim toy button.

He touched the stub now, running one finger along its circumference. It was sensitive, not painfully so, but enough that the contact felt nice. The nerves were all still there, still functional. That's what FergCo's research had banked on.

The Digital Dick didn't replace the missing anatomy; it simply added sensation.

The cap would sit over his stub and read the nerve signals, broadcast them to the digital interface, and vice versa. Whatever happened to the virtual cock on screen would be transmitted back to his body, and whatever happened to his dick would be reflected on the screen.

At least, that was the theory.

Mello picked up the small bottle of lubricant and uncapped it. The liquid inside was clear and slick, coating his fingertip when he tested it. Medical grade, hypoallergenic, designed specifically for the sensitive post-surgical tissue that many of FergCo's customers were dealing with. He squeezed a pea-sized dollop onto the tip of his... nub, then worked it over the stub with one finger in gentle circular motions.

The sensation was strange, pleasant, but incomplete. Like touching himself through a thick glove. His balls drew up slightly in their sack, responding to the stimulation even though the stub itself couldn't do much with the arousal. He had tried, but there wasn't enough. It was like his body just wasn't willing to play along with the idea that he had a dick, not when it was so obviously gone. Anal hadn't helped either, and neither had any of the drugs or exercises that Mello had tried to do. Mello could feel the pressure building, the heaviness intensifying. He'd grown accustomed to that feeling over the past months. The constant, gnawing awareness of fullness with no release.

Once the stub was thoroughly coated, he reached for the chrome cap. His paws were steadier now, focused on the task. He positioned the device carefully, aligning the hollow interior with his stub. The silicone interior made contact first, cool and yielding, conforming to his shape. He pressed down slowly, and felt the tip of his nub push into the far end of the cap. There was a soft click, and something prodded against his dick in multiple places, like small metal nodules.

For a moment, nothing happened. Then Mello felt it, a faint tingling, like pins and needles, as the sensors came online and began interfacing with the nerve endings beneath them. The sensation spread outward from the stub, radiating down into his groin, into his balls, even along his inner thighs. It was intense but not unpleasant, like waking up after sleeping on his arm wrong.

The fox stood there, breathing through his nose, waiting for the tingling to subside. After about thirty seconds, the sensation faded to a low hum, barely perceptible. He looked down at himself. The chrome cap sat snugly over his stub, adding a small amount of size to his unit. It looked almost cybernetic, like some kind of high-tech prosthetic. The rim of the unit, just below the cap, glowed a pleasant, unobtrusive blue color.

Mello grabbed his phone from the nightstand and opened the FergCo app he'd downloaded earlier. The screen showed his chrome cap, with a cartoonish finger pushing down onto the top of it and holding. Magical energy beams bounced between it and a chibi phone, showing the connection. Beneath that, small text read out "First time? Press to begin pairing."

This was it. He reached down to where the chrome cap rested on his dick, and circled his finger over the smooth top. Three weeks of waiting, months of avoiding intimate situations because he couldn't perform the way he used to, all of it had led to this moment.

He pressed the button down, feeling it push against the tip of his penis, and held in place..

The chrome cap hummed slightly, vibrating against his stub. Five seconds. Ten. Fifteen. After an excruciatingly slow thirty seconds, the chrome cap made a pleasant bing sound, and the blue light shifted to a satisfied green color. Mello waited for the app to reflect the pairing, but it was still showing the same animation. Realizing that there was a 'next' button on the bottom right, he tapped that. The animation shifted to another animation - now the hand holding a phone zoomed in, and it showed an email popping up into it. The cartoon hand tapped on the email, and then white... liquid flowed down over the screen, resetting the animation.

Mello checked his email again, but there was nothing there. He checked his spam folders, then clicked "All Mail" to make sure the email hadn't been autosorted with the Papa Johns and Mattress Warehouse promotionals. Nothing.

Mello's ears flattened against his skull. He loaded up the FAQ in the app, trying to figure out what was going on. His device was apparently paired, but his app wasn't seeing it. According to the documentation, each Digital Dick device was tied to a specific user account, and that account was locked to the email address used during registration. He navigated to his account settings, checking the email on file.

*sam.brightwater@bigfatotterdick.com*

The fox stared at the screen. That wasn't his email. That was Sam's. His roommate's.

Of course. Mello was an idiot. When he had first signed into the FergCo website, he had used Sam's email, just like he did with all the other porn sites he used. Mello went to the settings on his app, trying to change the email that the device was registered to, but, of course, he couldn't. Mello tried logging out and back in with his own email, but the app wouldn't let him pair the device to a different account. The error message was clear: "This device is already registered. Contact customer support to transfer ownership."

His tail drooped. Customer support. That meant waiting on hold, explaining the situation, probably filling out forms. It could take days, maybe weeks. The thought of waiting even longer made his chest tight, made the ache in his balls intensify as if his body were mocking him. If he waited much longer, his balls were going to detonate the same way his dick was.

Then he realized what he needed to do. He could slide onto Sam's computer, log in, and change it from there - and Sam would never have to know. The fox pulled his shorts back up, the chrome cap still attached, a slight green circle glowing beneath the fabric.

He could do this, no problem! And then, he was gonna *cum*.

••(x 🎀 *Meanwhile...* 🎀 x`α••

Sam sprawled across his bed in nothing but boxer briefs, one arm tucked behind his head while the other held his phone above his face. The otter's sleek brown fur caught the yellow light from the window, and his tail hung off the edge of the bed, swaying absently as he tapped mindlessly on his post-apocalyptic gacha mushroom-farming game. A pop up notification took over the screen, *right* where he was tapping, and opened itself up before he even saw what it was about.

It was an email, some kind of promotional email about a free app subscription.

"Huh," he said to no one in particular. His room was a comfortable mess, clothes draped over his desk chair, empty energy drink cans on the nightstand, posters of beach scenes and surfing competitions covering the walls.

The email's subject line read: "Congratulations! Your **Digital Dick** One-Year Premium Subscription has been activated." Sam snorted, his whiskers twitching with amusement. Probably some kind of joke app, but the email looked legitimate enough. FergCo branding, professional formatting, a download link that didn't immediately scream "virus."

He tapped the link. The app store opened, showing a listing for "Digital Dick - Interactive Experience." The description was vague, something about "cutting-edge haptic simulation" and "unprecedented realism." The screenshots showed what looked like a customizable avatar system, but it was hard to tell, because it was all pixellated. The reviews were surprisingly positive, mostly commenting on how "responsive" and "realistic" the experience felt.

"Free for a year?" Sam read aloud, scrolling through the details. "Shit, why not?"

He would definitely remember to cancel the subscription before it hit his account in a year. Downloading the app took maybe thirty seconds, a small file that installed quickly. When he opened it, the interface was sleek and minimal, a black background with silver accents, very modern. A welcome screen appeared: "Welcome, Mello! Your premium subscription includes full access to all toys, customization options, and interactive features."

Then the screen changed, and Sam found himself looking at a 3D rendered fox penis.

It was incredibly detailed, rusty red at the base fading to pink toward the tapered tip, a subtle sheen suggesting moisture, even tiny wrinkles in the skin texture. The shaft stood at half-mast, pointing slightly upward against a neutral gray background. A small UI element in the corner showed an "arousal meter" currently sitting at 25%.

"What the fuck?" Sam laughed, tilting his phone to see if the model would react. It did, the dick swayed slightly with the phone's motion, as if responding to gravity. "This is wild."

He reached out with one finger and dragged it along the length of the digital shaft. The model

responded immediately, the flesh dimpling slightly under his touch, the arousal meter ticking up by a few percentage points. A small notification popped up: **+5 XP - First Touch!**

"Is this like... a fucking.. a dick Tamagotchi?" Sam asked himself, grinning. He stroked the shaft again, this time with more deliberate pressure, dragging his finger from base to tip. The digital penis visibly stiffened, rising to a steeper angle. The arousal meter jumped to 30%. Another notification: **+10 XP - Firm Stroke!**

"Dick-agotchi? Tama..crotchty?" The otter settled back against his pillows, getting comfortable. His tail curled around his thigh as he focused on the screen. He experimented with different touches, light teasing strokes along the sides, firmer grips around the middle, gentle circles around the tip. Each interaction was registered with little haptic buzzes from his phone and corresponding changes in the 3D model, and, most importantly, *xp*. The little serotonin centers of Sam's brain activated as he tapped the fox dick repeatedly, the dick wobbling back and forth, each tap giving him an additional XP. After quickly hitting it for a 'twenty tap combo', the dick sprung up to full arousal, and gave a leaking twitch.

"This is so fucking weird," he said, but he was smiling. "But like, weirdly addictive?"

~~Simultaneously~~

Two rooms away, Mello had been sitting at his desk, trying to distract himself with a video game. The controller sat loose in his paws as his character on screen died for the third time to the same boss. He wasn't really paying attention, his mind still circling back to the FergCo device and the frustrating email mix-up.

Then he felt it.

A touch, feather-light, down the length of a cock that didn't exist anymore.

The fox's entire body went rigid. His tail shot straight out behind him, fur bristling. The controller slipped from his paws, clattering to the floor between his feet. The sensation was impossible, a gentle stroke from base to tip, as clear and distinct as if someone had reached into his shorts and a fingertip down his length. BUT! He didn't have a cock to touch...

*Except the Digital Dick....*

BUT! He didn't have access to the Digital Dick!

*But Sam did...*

Mello's paws gripped the edge of his desk as the sensation came again, firmer this time. His stub throbbed beneath his shorts, the phantom length extending in his mind's awareness. He could feel a touch along every inch of the shaft he'd lost, could feel the pressure of fingers wrapped around it, stroking with deliberate intent. The arousal hit him like a freight train, months of pent-up need suddenly given an outlet, his body responding with desperate enthusiasm.

His balls drew up tight against his body, already aching with fullness. The fox's breathing came in short, sharp gasps. His hips jerked forward involuntarily, humping at empty air, seeking friction that his stub couldn't provide but his nervous system swore was there.

"Oh fuck," he whispered, his voice cracking. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh no, *Sam!*"

Another stroke, this time sliding from side to side, as if a hand was gripping and twisting along his dick like a doorknob. Mello's toes splayed as his shorts darkened with pre-cum leaked from his stub, soaking through his shorts in a small dark patch. The sensation was overwhelming, too much after months of nothing, his nerves oversensitive and screaming with input they'd been starved for.

Mello forced himself to stand, though his legs felt weak and unsteady, and turned to the door - towards where Sam's room was. His dick would be so hard right now, if he had one. He could almost feel the erection, could feel the throb of it. Every touch sent electricity racing up his spine, making his vision blur at the edges. His tail was thrashing now, knocking over a cup of pens on his desk.

Another stroke, slow and teasing. Mello bit his lip hard enough to taste copper, muffling the whine that tried to escape his throat. His hips were moving on their own now, making small circular thrusts. He needed to stop this. Needed to get the app away from Sam before...

*Before what?* Before he came all over himself? Before he made a scene?

**Before Sam figured out what was happening?**

His shorts were slightly tented from where his stub pressed against the fabric, the wet patch of pre-cum visible and spreading. He grabbed a hoodie from his closet and pulled it on quickly, tugging the hem down to cover his groin. His dick was being flicked, like someone was slapping it back and forth between two fingers, which would normally be insulting but at the moment was just making him constantly eagerly reminded that he *had* a dick. He could feel precum dripping down his inner thigh, and just prayed that Sam didn't notice.

He had to play this cool. Had to walk into Sam's room and casually ask what he was doing. Had to somehow get the otter to stop using the app without revealing the connection.

Mello took a deep breath, straightened his hoodie one more time, and stepped out into the hallway. Each step made his balls swing, heavy and overfull. The phantom sensation of Sam's touches lingered, keeping him at a constant low simmer of arousal. By the time he reached Sam's door, his face was flushed beneath his fur, his breathing carefully controlled.

He knocked twice, then pushed the door open without waiting for a response.

Sam was still sprawled on his bed, phone held up, one finger sliding across the screen. He glanced over at Mello, a lazy grin on his muzzle.

"Hey, dude. Check out this weird-ass app I just got."

Mello's voice came out higher than intended. "Oh? An app? Like, on your phone? What... what kind of app is it?"

"It's like a... digital dick game. Like a 'Tama-COCK-chi'," Sam smirked, and then turned his phone to show the screen. "It's super responsive. Look, "

He dragged his finger firmly down the length of the 3D model, and Mello felt the stroke echo through his entire body. His knees nearly buckled. He leaned, cool as a cucumber, against the doorframe, fingers digging into his sweatshirt and tugging it down over his groin. "C-cool."

"You okay?" Sam asked, tilting his head. "You look kinda flushed."

"Fine," Mello managed, his voice strained. "Just... just bored... You know, curious what you're playing."

Sam held the phone out, gesturing enthusiastically with his other paw. "Dude, it's wild. You can stroke it, and it like, responds. Look, I can do this this-" He swiped his finger quickly across the digital dick, sending it swinging wildly back and forth, and Mello felt a sharp slap sting across his phantom length. His tail went rigid again. "-And it jiggles! There's like, physics and shit!"

Mello's toes dug into the carpet, his ears folding back against his head. He shoved them into his hoodie pocket to hide the shaking. "Oh, wow, hey, that's... that's really something."

"Right?" Sam went back to stroking the shaft, his movements casual and exploratory as he farmed points by stroking a finger up and down the fox shaft. "And, this is what's weird, I got a *whole year* subscription for free. No idea why, but I'm not complaining. There's achievements and everything. I must have, like, signed up for this without even realizing it at some point."

Sam was jerking Mello off and he didn't even realize it. Mello felt like he had a dick, the sensations so realistic and natural, that he kept thinking that he was actually being jerked off as he talked with his roommate. His balls ached with the pressure of months of denied release, and his body was screaming at him that relief was so close, just a little more stimulation, just a little more!

"Cool," Mello said weakly, his voice barely steady. "That's... that's really cool, Sam. So, um, hey, could I try it?"

"Sure, when I'm done with it," Sam's finger continued its lazy exploration, tracing circles around the digital cock's tip. The arousal meter climbed steadily, 35%, 40%, 45%. Each percentage point earned him more XP, little notifications popping up and disappearing. The otter was clearly enjoying the simple satisfaction of watching numbers go up, a dopamine loop that every game designer knew how to exploit. "You know me, I'm probably going to farm the shit out of this for like a week and then forget all about it."

"Dear god no-" Mello said, then coughed into his hand, shuddering as his cocktip was being pinched and rubbed between two fingers. "That seems like such a waste, maybe you should, like, pace it out, like play with it in the morning before I go to work-"

"Oh shit, look at this," Sam said, ignoring Mello entirely as he sat upright in the bed. The arousal meter had just ticked over to 50%, and a colorful popup appeared on screen:

# CONGRATULATIONS!

*You've unlocked: **TOY BOX!***

*Explore new ways to stimulate your Digital Dick!"*

A row of icons appeared at the bottom of the screen, each showing a small preview image. Sam tapped the first one, and a description expanded: "FEATHER - Tease and torment with delicate touches. Increases arousal slowly but builds anticipation."

"Okay, this is actually kinda fun," Sam said. He selected the feather toy, and the interface changed. Now, instead of a digital hand, a large green ostrich feather appeared on screen, its tip following his touch. He dragged it along the underside of the digital shaft, the soft fibers bending and flexing with realistic physics.

Mello felt the sensation immediately, a whisper-soft touch that made every nerve ending sing. It was maddening, too light to provide real satisfaction but intense enough to make his entire body shiver. The phantom feather traced along the underside of his cock, right where the nerves were most sensitive, and his knees actually did buckle this time. He caught himself, making it look like he was just shifting position, leaning more heavily against the doorframe.

"Are you feeling alright, man?" Sam glanced over, one eyebrow raised. "You look like you're gonna pass out or something."

"Just... tired," Mello said, and his voice cracked halfway through. He cleared his throat to cover it. "Long day at the number mines, you know how it is. You know, I've been looking for a game to play, maybe you can let me see if I can 'refer a friend' or something...?"

"Well, pull up a chair if you want. This is *weirdly* entertaining." Sam went back to the app, dragging the feather up and down in long, slow strokes. "Look how the arousal meter barely moves with this. It's like, designed to be frustrating..."

It was working. The feather teased along his length, circled around the tip, traced down to the base and back up again. He tried to saunter into the room, his legs squeezed together, but that just put pressure on his balls which made the whole thing worse for him. He flopped down into Sam's office chair, watching enviously as Sam tickled the feather along the tip of his shaft.

"-but I just noticed, there's like this sensitivity gauge too, and I bet that like, makes the dick more responsive to whatever I do next, or something?"

Sam spent a good minute playing with the feather, clearly fascinated by how the digital cock would twitch and strain toward the touch, trying to get more stimulation. The arousal meter crept up to 53%, barely moving despite the constant attention.

"Alright, let's try something else," the otter said, backing out to the toy menu. He selected the second icon, which was of a green candle standing in a pool of melted wax. Mello read the pop-up out loud, with growing dread in his belly.

"Hot wax, intense sensation play for advanced users. Increases arousal rapidly but requires careful application. Uh, *advanced users*, Sam, I'm definitely not ready for something like that!"

"Pfft, no way, this one sounds hardcore," Sam said with a grin. He tapped to activate it, and the interface changed again. Now a green tapering candle appeared at the top of the screen, already lit, a bead of wax forming at its tip.

Sam tilted his phone, and the digital candle tilted with it. The bead of wax dripped, falling in slow motion toward the digital cock below. It landed just above the base, and the 3D model reacted, the shaft jerked, the surrounding skin reddened slightly, the arousal meter jumped up five percentage points.

Mello felt the heat lance through him like a brand. He yelped, his back arched involuntarily, pushing his hips forward. The sensation was intense, not quite pain but close, a burning heat that contrasted sharply with the cool air against his soaked shorts. "Jesus!"

"Whoa!" Sam laughed, delighted. "Did you see that? The dick actually reacts! Look, " He tilted the candle again, letting another drop fall. This one landed on the side of the shaft, and again the digital model jerked and twitched. The arousal meter jumped to 63%.

"That's way- that looks crazy, I dunno, maybe stop with the wax?" Mello tried to sound convincing, his eyes watering as the stinging hot wax dripped and teased over his phantom dick. It felt searingly real to Mello, as heat spread from the point of contact, radiating outward through the phantom flesh. His tail had unwrapped from his thigh and was now lashing behind him, completely out of his control. "Won't it hurt the penis? You'd hate to, um, reset the game because you burned the dick r-right?"

"Pfft, it's just a toy, it wouldn't allow that, would it?" Sam was getting more creative, tilting the candle at different angles to make the wax drip in different spots. "Besides, it's just a tamaCOCKchee, if it dies I'll just get a new one."

One drop missed the dick entirely, and a spot of steam came up from below the screen, and Mello whimpered, a small, choked sound bubbling out from between his lips as he felt wax land on his *scrotum*. The nerve interface was not only having him feel the phantom dick, it was superimposing feelings onto the rest of his groin, too!

"Dude, seriously, are you coming down with something?" Sam paused, looking over with what might have been actual concern. On the screen, the drop of wax, neglected, swelled up at the end of the camera, dangling just over the tip of the fox penis. "You sound like shit, dude."

"Allergies," Mello managed, his voice strangled. "Just... allergies."

"In December?"

"Yeah." The word came out as almost a squeak as the drop became comically large, the fox's eyes boggling wider and wider as he stared at the screen, his head shaking slightly back and forth. "Weird... weird winter allergies."

Sam shrugged and went back to the app. "Oh, oops." He tapped the screen, and the big blob dropped down. Mello screeched and slapped Sam's phone, sending it into the blankets. A split second, he expected to feel his entire dick engulfed in boiling wax.

"Dude, I'm still paying off that phone," Sam said, genuinely irritated. He recovered the phone, checking it for cracks of scuffs, and scowled at Mello. "What's getting into you, you're *never* this into games."

"I just, uh, I just felt sympathy pains for that fox," Mello forced a laugh, trembling visibly and shrugging as nonchalantly as he could. "Anyways, you should be thanking me, a blob that big probably would have... like... put it to 100% or something. Yeah."

Sam glanced at the phone, then back to Mello. "It's only at 74% dude, hardly about to cum."

"Yeah but look at the sensitivity meter, it's so close to zero, that... yeah... it's um, dumb."

"You're dumb," Sam snorted, then nodded his head. "Good point though. I didn't notice that the sensitivity meter was going down with the wax. Good eyes, sport." He tapped on the third icon, which was a picture of a large footprint. "Okay, last toy. Let's see what this one does."

They both read the pop-up explaining the icon:

**WOLF FEET -Deep pressure massage for serious stimulation. Use two fingers for maximum effect!**

Sam selected it, and the interface changed one more time. Now, instead of a tool, there were two large wolf paws hovering on the left and right edges of the screen, their supple pads thick and prominent, fur detailed and textured. Sam shifted to hold the phone in both paws, and placed both of his thumbs on the phone screen. When he did, the two feet shifted to center on the otter's fingertips, the big toes wiggling as they did so.

"Oh, this is cool," the otter said. He positioned his fingers on either side of the digital cock, and the wolf paws floated to mirror the placement. Then he pinched his fingers together, and the paws pressed in from both sides, squishing the shaft between them.

Mello groaned from somewhere deep down inside him. The pressure was immense, firm and unyielding, the supple paw pads gripping his phantom length with *meaty insistence*. He could feel every tender, smooth contour of those pads, could feel the heat of them, the roughness of the beans as they stroked against his slick, straining cock flesh. Sam started massaging, stroking one thumb up and the other one down, and the wolf peets rubbed and squeezed accordingly, kneading Mello's digital dick with a ruthless intensity.

"h-hey that's interesting why are you doing that-" he babbled, curling his knees up to his chest, his ears burning furiously as he felt himself getting the best footjob of his life. "Maybe not so fast right? i mean you know that that is probably rough, go slow dude-"

Sam was completely absorbed in the app, shifting the angle of his phone, his tongue sticking out of his mouth as he used both hands now to manipulate the wolf paws with more precision. He'd curled his fingers down, then stroked up firm and fast, then wiggled as he brought them back down, and the arousal meter climbed steadily. 78%. 82% 85%.

"This is wild," Sam said, his voice distant and distracted. "The haptic feedback on this thing is insane. My phone is vibrating when I squeeze it, but it's, like, *throbbing*, like the dick would be. Must be using some crazy algorithm."

Mello couldn't respond. His mouth was open behind his paw, breath coming in ragged gasps. Pre-cum was flowing freely now, soaking through his shorts entirely, pooling around his butt as he sat on Sam's beat up gaming chair. Fortunately, the chair already smelled like cum. The phantom sensation of those meaty wolf paws working his cock was overwhelming, pushing him rapidly toward a peak he'd been denied for months.

"Man, I bet I can get some kind of achievement for hitting 100%," Sam mused, still working the wolf paws up and down. "Wonder what happens when it maxes out?"

"I think you can guess," Mello's eyes were squeezed shut. He couldn't stay still, shifting frantically on the chair, trying to keep himself. The arousal meter on Sam's screen ticked up to 90%. The otter adjusted his grip, pressing the wolf paws more firmly together, really squeezing the digital cock between them.

"Almost there," Sam said, grinning at his screen. "Come on, you beautiful digital dick, give me my POINTS!"

Mello was making small, desperate sounds in his throat now, muffled by his paw but not entirely silent. His ears were flat against his skull, his fur standing on end. He was so close, teetering on the edge, his body screaming for release after months of nothing.

95%. Sam squeezed rhythmically now, a steady pulse of pressure. 97%. Mello chewed on his knuckles. 99%. Mello realized, at that moment, that he was about to cum - and realized that he was still sitting in Sam's chair, two feet away from the hunky otter, who had no idea what he was doing. There was no way that Sam wouldn't connect the dots when Mello started squirting jizz all over his room like a lawn sprinkler, though.

"Uh, so, um, uh-" Mello started, and then Sam's phone buzzed with a notification, and the otter paused to read it.

"Oh, wait, there's some kind of warning here," Sam said, his fingers lifting from the screen. "It says the arousal meter is nearly maxed and I should be *careful* or something. Huh. I wonder if, like, I'm not supposed to let the digital dick max out? Do you think that's like a reset or something?"

"Jesus Meesus rice and pieces-" Mello said, channeling the scream he wanted to scream into the inane babbling. The cessation of stimulation left him hanging, desperate, his body wound tight as a spring. He opened his eyes, trying to focus on Sam, trying to formulate words that would somehow convince the otter to either stop completely or finish the job.

Sam looked up from his phone, the warning notification still displayed on screen. His whiskers twitched with curiosity as he glanced at Mello, who was still gripping the arms of the chair like they were the only thing keeping him from being Raptured. The fox's chest heaved with each breath, visible even beneath the oversized hoodie.

"Look," Sam drawled, "It says here I'm at 99%, and I should be careful about overstimulation. Apparently... there's achievements for making it cum, but there's also achievements for *edging* it."

"Make it cum," Mello's voice came out as a strangled rasp. "I mean, are you... are you going to make it cum?"

"Oh, sure, *~eventually~*," Sam said with a casual shrug, dismissing the notification. "But check this out, there's an achievement for maintaining 95% arousal or greater for thirty minutes without finishing. It's called 'Master of Control', and it gives, like, 500 XP. That's like, *three levels*."

"Thirty MINUTES?" Mello's voice cracked completely on the words, shooting up an octave. Thirty minutes? Mello couldn't last thirty seconds, let alone thirty minutes. His balls felt like they were going to explode, the pressure built up over months now compounded by the intense stimulation. The phantom wolf paws had brought him right to the precipice, and now Sam wanted to keep him there, suspended in that agonizing almost-state for half an hour.

"Yeah, but that should be easy enough. I just gotta keep it right on the edge without tipping over." Sam grinned, clearly excited by the challenge. "Hey, maybe I'll paw off for a bit while I do it, so it's like I'm getting points for edging *myself*. That would make it even more interesting, you know?"

Mello's entire body was shaking now. His tail had stopped thrashing and was instead hanging limp, the tip only twitching sporadically. His face beneath the fur was flushed deep red, visible around his muzzle and the inside of his ears. The paw that had been covering his mouth had dropped to join the other in his hoodie pocket, both kneading on either side of his stub, desperately trying to force any kind of stimulation to get himself over the edge.

"I don't..." Mello started, then had to stop and swallow hard. His throat was dry, his tongue thick in his mouth. "I don't think..."

"Don't think what?" Sam asked absently, already adjusting his grip on the phone. His other paw had moved to the front of his boxer briefs, gripping his own bulge casually. Watching his hunky roommate casually fondling himself was not helping Mello's brain, which was currently poaching itself in its own horniness.

"Maybe..." Mello's voice was weak, desperate. "Maybe you should try one of the other toys? Like, to see what they're all like?"

Sam considered this, tilting his head. "I guess I should unlock everything before I start the edging challenge. Don't want to accidentally mess it up by selecting something new." He scrolled through the toy menu. "Oh, I didn't even notice that, but it looks like when I hit 95% it unlocked a couple more toys. Tentacles... that's definitely a butthole... and lips. Just lips. That seems weird compared to the other two. Oh wait, it's a *mouth*."

"The mouth," Mello blurted out, too fast, too eager. "You should try the mouth tool."

Sam's gaze flicked up to Mello, and the fox withered under his stare. For just a moment there was something in the otter's expression, a glint of amusement, maybe awareness, but it was gone before Mello could process it.

"What, you think that just because *you* love blowjobs that digital fox cocks do too?" Sam asked with a snicker.

"I just..." Mello scrambled for an explanation that would sound reasonable. "I just think it'd be interesting. To see how they programmed it. You know. Technically."

"Yeah, sure. *'Technically'*," Sam repeated, drawing out the word. His grin widened. "Sure, okay. Let me check it out." He navigated back to the toy menu and selected the mouth icon.

### **MOUTH - Classic oral stimulation.**

*Intense sensation, rapid arousal increase. Warning: May trigger climax at high arousal levels.*

"Huh, guess I should be careful with this one," Sam said. "It's already at 99%. But let's just see what the animation looks like." He tapped to activate the toy, and the interface changed. The wolf paws disappeared, replaced by a pair of canine jaws that opened wide at the bottom of the screen. The mouth was detailed, pink tongue, white teeth, even saliva glistening on the surfaces. It waited there, open and inviting, positioned just below the throbbing Digital Cock.

"Okay, so I just..." Sam used his finger to drag the tongue upward, attempting to lick along the straining pink fox shaft on the screen. Unexpectedly, the wolf's head rubber-banded up onto the screen, right over the Digital Cock, and closed the jaws around the digital shaft.

### **Mello's world exploded.**

The sensation of being engulfed in wet heat was instantaneous and overwhelming. After months of nothing, after the rubbing and the feather and the burning of the wax and the firm pressure of the wolf feet, all by his adorable otter roommate who had *no idea* that it was Mello's dick he was 'gaming', the sudden slick warmth of the digital mouth was more than his nervous system could process.

A sound ripped from his throat, high and desperate and utterly involuntary. It was part moan, part sob, *all need*. His hips jerked forward violently, humping at nothing, and his tail shot straight out behind him, rigid and trembling.

On Sam's screen, the arousal meter hit **110%** in an *instant*. The digital cock pulsed, swelled, and then erupted, thick ropes of animated cum spurting into the digital mouth. A fanfare played from the phone's speaker, and notifications began popping up rapid-fire:

**Achievement Unlocked: First Orgasm! +100 XP!**

**Achievement Unlocked: Overwhelming Pleasure! +50 XP!**

**Achievement Unlocked: Hair Trigger! +25 XP!**

But Mello wasn't paying attention to the screen. His entire body was locked in the throes of the most intense orgasm he'd ever experienced - even more than the one that had exploded his dick. The chrome device attached to his stub came alive, chiming with a pleasant notification tone that echoed through the room. Heat and pressure built in his balls, then released in a flood that had been building for months.

His stub pulsed beneath the chrome cap, and cum erupted from him in thick, powerful spurts. The first one soaked through his already-drenched shorts completely, darkening the gray fabric to black. It pooled, oozing out the legs of his shorts, drooling between his buttcrack, splattering against the inside of his underwear with thick heavy spurts and then running down his legs in heavy rivulets, matting the fur on his thighs.

Mello's mouth was open, tongue lolling, eyes rolled back. He came and came and came. Months of pent-up release flooded out all at once, painting the inside of his shorts, dripping off the edge of the chair and onto the carpet. The phantom sensation of the digital mouth was still there, still sucking, long tongue lavishing his dick with slick strokes, the tip of his dick being playfully tugged at by the wolf's throat. His balls were contracting hard, trying to empty themselves completely, and the relief was painfully intense. The chrome device kept chiming, a rhythmic pulse that matched each contraction of his internal muscles, each desperate pump of cum from his swollen balls.

"Holy shit!" Sam exclaimed, staring at his phone, completely missing the loud, graphic ejaculation of his roommate just behind him. "It's still going! Look at this animation!" He experimentally pulled down on the wolf's head, and the fox's dick jumped up, spurting seed directly at the screen of the phone. White seed coated it, drooling down over it like stage curtains closing a scene. Sam seemed transfixed by his screen, watching the digital cock continue to pulse and spray, his own erection jutting down the leg of his boxer shorts, the red glans peeking out the end.

Mello finally stopped, his body going limp. His shorts were completely ruined, soaked through with so much cum that it was visibly dripping from the hem. His legs were matted and sticky. The chrome device gave one final chime and then went silent, though he could still feel it humming faintly against his oversensitive stub.

His vision was blurry, his breath coming in huge, shuddering gasps. Every muscle in his body felt like liquid. The orgasm had been so intense, so all-consuming, that for a few seconds he couldn't even remember where he was, or *who* he was.

"Do you think-" Sam looked up from his phone, his eyes going wide as he took in Mello's state. The fox was flushed, panting, obviously disheveled, with cum drooling over the edge of his office chair, and staining the floor. Sam stared, processing, as on the phone screen, the white cum slowly trailed off the screen, leaving the Digital Dick visibly throbbing as it began to soften to a pleasant half-chubbed state.

"Dude," Sam said slowly, his grin turning wicked. "Did you just cum from watching me play with a digital dick?"

Mello couldn't speak. His mouth opened and closed, but no words came out. His face burned with humiliation beneath his fur.

"That's..." Sam paused, looking back at his phone. "That's actually kind of hot. In a weird way. I mean, I know it's hard for you to cum, now that you have no dick. Is that why you wanted to play with this? So you could pretend you had a dick again?"

Mello finally managed to push himself up out of the chair. His legs wobbled, barely supporting his weight. He needed to get out of this room, needed to hide, needed to figure out what the hell he was going to do about this situation.

"I gotta..." the fox started to say, but he couldn't come up with anything to finish the sentence with. Instead, he just turned and stumbled toward the door, moving as quickly as his trembling legs would allow. He felt a deluge of warm seed sluice down his legs as he did, leaving soggy footprints on the carpet as he did.

"Hey, wait," Sam called after him. "Check this out, there's bonus points for multiple orgasms!"

Mello heard Sam's fingers start moving on the screen again, just as he lurched through the doorway.

The hallway stretched before Mello like a mile-long corridor, though it was perhaps fifteen feet at most. Each step was a monumental effort, his legs weak and shaking from the intensity of his orgasm. His shorts squelched with every movement, heavy with cum, the fabric clinging to his thighs and restricting his gait.

Behind him, from Sam's room, he heard the otter's voice, getting quieter, "Oh man, there's like a whole progression system for this. Let me see if I can max out the multiplier..."

Mello's bedroom door was ahead, partially open. So close. He just needed to reach it, close it behind him, maybe barricade himself inside until he could figure out how to disable the device or convince Sam to delete the app without revealing the truth.

He made it three more steps before he felt the sensation returning.

The digital mouth was back on his phantom cock, and this time Sam wasn't being gentle or exploratory. The otter was working the toy with purpose, dragging it up and down the length in firm, rapid strokes. Mello could feel the tongue inside the mouth, feel it lapping at his sensitive tip, feel the suction as the lips sealed tight around his shaft.

"Oh fuck," he breathed, his legs nearly giving out again. "No no no no, "

His stub was overstimulated, the nerves screaming from being pushed to orgasm after months of neglect and then immediately stimulated again. It was too much, too intense. Every touch of the digital mouth felt magnified tenfold, pleasure bleeding into something that was almost pain. His balls, which had finally started to relax after emptying themselves, drew up tight again, protesting the demand for more.

Mello stumbled forward, one paw reaching out to brace against the wall. His claws left scratches in the paint as he dragged himself along, moving more by will than coordination. The sensations were building faster this time, his body already primed and sensitized. He could feel another orgasm approaching, inevitable and terrifying in its intensity.

Five more feet. His bedroom door was right there.

The digital mouth did something, some kind of special technique, maybe, because suddenly there was a swirling sensation around his tip, a focused suction that made stars explode behind his eyes. Mello's back arched, his hips jerking forward involuntarily. A strangled moan escaped his throat, echoing in the hallway.

Three more feet.

"Dude, this multiplier is insane!" Sam's voice carried from his room, enthusiastic and completely oblivious. "It says I can get like, *quadruple points* if I make it cum again within **sixty seconds!**"

The digital mouth was relentless now, bobbing up and down with mechanical efficiency. Mello could feel every detail, the textured tongue, the slick inner cheeks, the tight seal of lips around his base. His phantom cock was being worked with single-minded determination, and his body was responding despite his desperate wish for it to stop.

One more foot.

Mello's paw hit his doorframe, and he used it to haul himself through the opening. His legs gave out as he crossed the threshold, and he fell forward, barely catching himself on his bed. The chrome device was chiming again, that high-pitched tone that signaled approaching climax. His stub was pulsing beneath the cap, already leaking fresh pre-cum despite having just emptied completely.

He grabbed his pillow and shoved it against his face, biting down hard on the fabric. The sounds he was making were desperate, pathetic, high whines and muffled moans that he couldn't suppress. His hips were grinding against the mattress now, seeking friction even though his stub couldn't provide it, the action purely instinctual.

The digital mouth kept working, and Sam was doing something with his fingers, some kind of technique that translated to the toy moving in tight circles while maintaining suction. Mello's toes splayed and curled, splayed and curled. His tail was thrashing, beating against the bed in rhythm with the phantom blowjob.

"Almost there," Sam's distant voice announced. "Come on, ten more seconds for the achievement... What's this do?"

Teeth pushed into Mello's Digital Dick, right behind the knot, the firm and aggressively possessive bite of a predator making its move, and Mello's second orgasm poured out of him like a derailed freight train, even more intense than the first despite, or perhaps because of, the oversensitivity. His entire body went rigid, every muscle locked in place. The chrome device's chime became a sustained tone, and his stub pulsed with contractions that bordered on painful.

Cum erupted from him again, though less volume this time. His balls simply didn't have as much to give after the first massive release. But what came out was forced from oversensitive, protesting anatomy, and the intensity of the sensation was overwhelming. It was too much pleasure, crossing the line into overstimulation, his nervous system unable to distinguish between ecstasy and agony.

Down the hall, Sam cheered, "Yes! Achievement unlocked: Speed Demon!"

He bit down on the pillow so hard he heard fabric tear. His claws extended fully, digging into his mattress and leaving deep gouges. His hips jerked and spasmed, humping the bed frantically as wave after wave of forced orgasm rolled through him. The cum soaked into his already-drenched shorts, adding to the mess, creating a wet spot on his bedspread beneath him.

The orgasm seemed to last forever, each pulse wracking his body with sensation that was almost too much to bear. When it finally subsided, Mello collapsed completely, his face still buried in the pillow, his breath coming in huge, desperate gasps. His entire body was trembling with aftershocks, muscles twitching sporadically.

The chrome device gave one final chime and went mercifully silent.

Mello lay there, completely spent, utterly exhausted. His shorts were ruined beyond salvaging, soaked through and sticky. His legs were matted with cum. His bed was a mess. His body felt like it had been wrung out and hung up to dry, every nerve ending raw and oversensitized.

From down the hall, faint but audible, came Sam's triumphant voice: "Hey Mello! There's another achievement for making it cum three times in five minutes... This is gonna be a lot easier than edging for thirty minutes!"

Mello felt the wolf's mouth pull away, and began to feel slick wet cold noodles curling around his dick. *Tentacles.*

The fox's body responded with a faint twitch, his stub giving one weak pulse beneath the chrome cap. He was too exhausted to move, too wrung out to even consider trying to stop Sam. His paw reached weakly toward the device, considering removing it, but even that small movement seemed like too much effort. After three months... How bad could it be?

Mello buried his face deeper into his pillow, closed his eyes, and surrendered to whatever was coming. His body was beyond his control now, responding to stimulation his conscious mind could barely process. The chrome device hummed against his stub, translating Sam's casual gameplay into sensation that Mello's oversensitive nerves registered as somewhere between pleasure and torture.

From down the hall, Sam's voice filtered through: "Man, this is the weirdest game I've ever played. But I'm totally getting addicted to these achievement points..."

Mello's tail gave one last weak thump against the bed, then went still. He had a whole year subscription to deal with. Somehow, he'd have to figure out how to get through this situation.

But right now, with Sam's fingers still working the digital dick and his own body helplessly responding, all Mello could do was hold on... and endure.