Webgame - the End of a Cheater

Cheating in games will damage the fun of the games, and it will also affect the balance of the environment if the game is a webgame... Bark knew all this, but he couldn't help himself. The tiny golden puppy waited anxiously for a reply from the hacker he had hired.

-> Data changed successfully! You can now go to the data interface and see if all the attributes have reached their maximum value.

When Bark looked into the interface, he found that things were really just like the hacker said. 999999 Health, 99999 Attack, 99999 Magic Attack, 99999 Defense, 99999 Magic defense, 99999 Intelligence, 99999 Agility, 99999 Luck, and 99999 Alert. In the game of 300 per capita stats, those points could make him invincible. He quickly transferred money to the hacker, then put on his virtual device and logged in to the game.

What the hacker didn't tell him was that he had used an ingenious trick to bypass the system's anti-hacking barriers. In Fantasy World: New Era, in order to prevent hackers from invading, the character attribute value and the attribute value of all items in the game world are strictly controlled, so he thought of a method: he changed Bark's attribute to "item-ornament", so that he is neither a character nor an item in the game world, so that he can change his attribute at will.

The hacker hoped the attempt would succeed. When he saw Bark's feedback, he felt his ploy had worked. He did not think that the attributes of the jewelry will not affect the nature of the jewelry itself, and it will only make the person wearing it more powerful. He also did not know that the modeling scale of the “item” class is one-twentieth of the “character” class. As a result, Bark's ingame height has shrunk by twenty times.

When Bark logged into the game, he was surprised to find that the world had become bigger. The ankle-high grass where he had last logged out had become high grass up to his chest, and the narrow dirt road for the carriage had become a wide dry riverbed. He instinctively tried to exit the game, but in front of his eyes he receives an error message:

[DebugLog: The current class cannot perform this operation.]

Just when he didn’t know what to do, a black cat came along the road.

Blackie walked along the road bored, not knowing what to do. He is a native of this world - otherwise known as an NPC - and has no idea that this world is just procedural fiction. In appearance, he was a small black cat with soft fur, wearing a plain sorcerer's robe, holding an old staff in his hand, and a beautiful dried flower on his hat. He was a student at the School of Magic at Imperial City University and had not been doing well recently.

Since the appearance of the player, the world suddenly had a number of people who are extremely good at magic and can grow infinitely, and they shine in all fields with their powerful talents. As there are many players in the Magic Academy, they occupied the top of the academy.

Blackie's family was poor, but he studied really hard and had a strong talent for magic. He had been relying on scholarships to pay for expensive tuition. But since the player appeared, he was no longer a top student. If this continues, he would be kicked out of college because he can't pay the tuition, which makes Blackie very anxious.

He was wandering on the grass near the imperial city when he suddenly noticed a small figure. Is that a genie? No, he noticed, it was a shrunken people. There are some unique creatures in the world that can cast miniaturization spells, and it's not impossible to get miniaturized. He stepped forward anxiously, crouched down and said timidly:

"Hello, little fellow, if you are in trouble, may I help you? I can cast a reduced state disarming spell on you."

Blackie's huge figure is daunting, but having a gentle nature, his behavior is kind and caring, which make him very reassuring. Bark nodded and said:

"Thank you for your help. I would really appreciate a helping hand in such a terrible occasion."

Blackie casts a restorative spell on Bark, not as skillfully as the players, but he did the best he can. Bark felt a warm glow around him, but he was still as small. After all, he became smaller not because of the debuff, but the logic error of the program design.

"Strange, why didn’t you recover? Mind if I take a look at your properties panel?" Asked Blackie.

Bark hesitated because he knew his properties panel had abnormal values. But as he hesitated, the giant black cat had already used the viewing skill.

"Let's see, name Bark, status is normal, attributes are... WHAT THE FUCK -- sorry for the bad language -- your attack power is so high, like... 99,999, higher than the most frightening BOSS. And your attack, your defense... And, wait a minute." Blackie frowned at his surprise, "This is not a normal attribute panel at all, but more similar to the attribute panel of jewelries. For example, it doesn't show your current health, and the border is different. So, you're an jewelry? Can you explain?"

Hearing this, Bark was shocked, too. Blackie's quizzical face came closer and closer, making him feel threatened. He stammered and incoherently explained:

"Well, actually I... I actually cheated, and..."

"You cheated?"

Bark suddenly realized his gaffe -- telling the world's natives about things outside the game world had always been taboo. By procedural logic, NPCs will always try to understand something outside the game as that it exists inside the game. There was only one thing Blackie could think of that could be called "cheating."

"You say you cheated? You cheated? So you are shrunk because you cheated? I'm -- I'm so ashamed of you. " Blackie said a little hysterically, "So you suddenly get good grades by cheating, and a bunch of cheaters are trying to take away scholarships that belong to serious, hardworking students and take away our opportunities?"

"No, you misunderstood!"

Blackie took a deep breath and tried to calm down. Even so, the word "cheating" still reverberated in his mind, causing a nameless fire to rise in his heart. He was too kind, even in the face of a cheater, to want to pour his anger on him, but the unwillingness burned in his heart.

"Well, you say you're a cheater, and I guess being small is one of the punishments you deserve. I do not support cheating, but I will not leave a man in trouble alone, and I will send you to the Adventurers' Association in the Imperial City, where I trust you can get help from the staff. I hope you've learned your lesson from this experience." "Blackie said, forcing himself to calm himself by breathing deeply.

At this, Bark was slightly relieved. Although there were some twists and turns along the way, although despised, the giant was still determined to help him. He was picked up this tiny puppy rudely and put it in his pocket, and then he felt something strange. The huge black cat spoke:

"Ah, strange... My body feels weird. It felt so powerful and magical... Oh, I know."

Blackie suddenly understood. He glanced at his panel, only to find out that all the numbers had turned into stacks of nine. On the equipment interface, the name "Bark" stood out.

"I equipped you, so my stats become perfect?"

For Bark, too, this is an unthinkable scenario. No wonder he didn't feel any stronger after the increase, because the increase was meant for the person who "equip" him. He began to think that perhaps his cheating was not in vain - if he had become another player's equipment during the team battle, he could also play a role in the team. It was clear that he hadn't learned his lesson until he noticed the greedy look on Blackie's face.

Everyone can be selfish under certain condition, no matter how kind they nomally are. Blackie was under the exact same occasion. He knew it was unethical, but he couldn't help but imagine how great it would be if he could get those increases forever. He would have infinite power, infinite magic, a lifetime of admiration, and it was just too tempting.

No, he shook his head. It was a cruel thought. He can't let a person become an equipment forever, just for his own selfish power desires, even if that person is a cheater. But what if it's just a little bit? For someone at the verge of being forced to drop out of school because of poverty, it is a tempting option. After all, the whole point of an equipment is to be equipped, right?

"I have made up my mind: I will use you as my equipment for a month. This is the time for me to explore dungeons, challenge bosses, and earn all the tuition, living expenses, and materials I need for four years of college." Blackie said, "Don't blame me, blame you cheaters yourself. You took my life away in a despicable way and left me no choice."

Blackie had a misunderstanding - he mistakenly thought that the players who were on the top of the list in the academy were cheaters. This isn't entirely wrong, though, as players easily get to the top of the Imperial Academy based on the excessive ability assigned to them by the game's producers, which is actually unfair to these NPCS. His legitimate desire to reclaim his life from these people undermines the guilt that comes with using conscious people as accessories. But Bark clearly sees things differently.

"No, you can't do this to me!" Bark said excitedly.

"I could do that to you. Accessories are meant to be worn."

"I'm not an equipment, I'm a person. Even if you don't let me go, I will never be your equipment. I'll run away while you're asleep. Whatever package it is, don't try to trap me!"

Hearing this, Blackie's heart tightened. He knew that if Bark managed to escape, he would never have a chance to get him back, and all his imagined wealth and fame would go with it. He thought he was not such a philistinist, but in the face of such a precious opportunity, his moral integrity could not stand the test of desire. His mind was racing, and he came to a conclusion:

"It seems that I can only put you in one place, where you cannot escape, but can only be my equipment. That's in my boot."

In this world there are no paved roads or ergonomic sneakers. For travel, the most commonly used are high boots, which can also bring comfort. But no matter how good the quality of the boots, living in them can still be extremely painful, not to mention humiliating.

Bark certainly didn't want to be put in anyone's boot, and he wanted Blackie to put himself somewhere else, like in a pocket or a bag or something. And yet he himself denied them, just a few seconds ago.

"No, give me a break! Please, I'll do anything for you." He gave up his pride and begged desperately.

"You said you could do anything for me, so the first thing I want you to do is lie down in my stocking." Blackie said, "I'm sorry, but you leave me no choice. I don't think I’ve left you nether."

Bark really doesn't have a choice, does it? He was gently lowered into the damp, sour sock by the giant black cat's hand, and lay on the black marks made by the soles of the giant feet. Even with the same gentle movements, the movements of the giant black cat no longer seemed to him a gentle and reassuring protection, but a powerful and terrible threat.

Then, feet the size of mattresses reach through the opening of the sock. If it weren't for the situation, Bark would think the paw was cute. It is very tender, with delicate hair surrounding the pink pawpads, and pink skin showing on the soles of the feet and toes, like a small mangosteen. Up close, the smell and the dirt between the crevices were a little daunting, but the paws were beautiful overall.

Not just the paw, Blackie's overall image is gentle and lovely. His heart matched his appearance, being thoughtful and kind. If it had been even a little different, it wouldn't have happened this way. But Bark just stimulated his dark side, and was stepped by him.

Then, the sock goes into the boot, allowing the small dog to be squeezed tightly. He laid on the insole of his boots, unable to move. His head turned to the right to relieve pressure on his mouth and nose. His body made a small dent in the pink flesh, as if he were merging with his feet.

The sweat and heat grew stronger, and the sweat from the paw ran over his body, making him feel like he was in a hot bath, only the bath didn't make him clean but make him dirty. The great pressure repeatedly hit his body, and he could not rest for a moment.

For Bark, this had seemed like an eternity. But for Blackie, it was just a few short steps, and his return journey was just beginning. With each step he felt his step grow lighter and his mood more joyful. In order to prevent sudden attribute changes from impacting people's mental health, the bonus brought by the equipment will gradually come to be applied. The attributes of Blackie advanced by leaps and bounds.

At first, he stomped the little dog under his feet and made his pads a little rough. But with the rising defense stats, his pain is getting weaker and weaker, and it becomes a pleasant feeling like a massage, which makes his step more and more brisk. Blackie was overwhelmed by this sense of power, and he couldn't imagine how weak he would be without Bark as an equipment. His conscience is being interrogated, but no harsher interrogation is better than what Bark is going through.

The little world inside the boot remained the same, and when Bark opened his eyes, he could see in the darkness that the huge claws were firmly pressed against him, motionless. All senses other than sight told him otherwise: the roar in his ears, the muffled sound of his boots hitting the ground, separated only by a layer of leather, was like a great thunder, very clear; His nasal passages were occupied by sour air, and the constantly warming gas increasingly presents the odor characteristics brought by the vigorous metabolism of young men, making him feel that his personality was being suppressed and eroded by a male who is superior to him; part of the foot sweat trickled down his mouth and onto his tongue, making him taste the fishy smell. He knew it wouldn't taste like juice, but he didn't expect it is so disgusting.

His body grew hotter and hotter, and the inescapable heat from his skin mingled with the temperature on the soles of the giant black cat's feet. He felt himself sweating, but his own sweat was instantly drowned by the giant's feet. At the same time, the great pressure of time and again gradually brought a burden to his body. He felt his insides throb, but he didn't die - after all, equipment don't break until their durability reaches zero.

Because of the heat and pain, Bark's mind gradually began to trance. White light flashed before his eyes, as if it were transcendental heaven. He cannot realize that this is merely an illusion created by his brain to protect itself, indicating that he is in great pain. In the real world, he might have passed out under such pressure, but in this game world, it is only possible to lose consciousness when you are in hyponsis stats or lying in bed, and he is obviously not among them.

When Blackie got home and took off his boots, Bark thought he's been through a hundred million years of punishment. But in fact only a few hours had passed. His body was full of sweat and dirt, mixed in with his golden fur. No matter how much he tried to clean himself, the smell would not go away, and his body was full of the mark of the giant. As soon as he was released from the stress, he took quick breaths in retaliation, so fast that he even coughed.

Seeing the distressed Bark being trampled, Blackie could not help but sympathize. But before he could satisfy his conscience, he had to satisfy his livelihood, and he couldn't let Bark go easily. He had his own life plan, his own dreams. He's not planing to be forced out of school by people who use unfair means to step on other people's heads.

And, though reluctant to admit it, he was subconsciously overwhelmed by the bonus power of the equipment - Blackie didn't want to lose that power, to return to his old, weak self. Conscience is a yoke that helps people to keep their humanity, but it is very weak in the face of surging desires. Blackie hoped he wouldn't bully anyone, but his subconscious had other plans. He had not yet made up his mind to break his promise to "free him in a month's time," which was the last rebellion of his good sense.

If not to set him free, at least not to make his life too miserable - with this in mind, Blackie found a cardboard box in the corner of the room and planned to lock him in it while he slept at night. But the moment Bark left his pawpad, the black cat felt his power slipping away, like loose grains of sand slipping through his fingers and flying into the wind. He felt great panic. He had a feeling that if he didn't carry the Bark with him, he would miss this precious opportunity.

The risk of him suffering a little more is nothing compared to the risk I will take by not wearing accessories. He thought to himself.

"Sorry, change of plans." Blackie patted Bark apologetically on his head. "I'll take you with me, just to be secured. Better safe than regret, isn't it?"

As for Bark, stuffed into his sock again, he didn't feel safe at all. The only thing he regrets was that he put himself in this position by choosing to cheat. Blackie tied his body to his feet with ropes and put his socks over it. When the white socks were once again put on the giant black cat paws, the weak puppy was once again trapped. All he could smell was the air filtered by dirty socks, a faint fragrance wafting through the small space filled with foot sweat. It was not a comfortable night, but no one cared if he was comfortable.

For the next month, Blackie worked hard every day. He searches the most dangerous dungeons for treasure, fighting against the strongest bosses, thinking about the most difficult problems. These things he could never do in the past are easy for him now that his stats have greatly enhanced.

A month is not a long time, but it is long enough for a man to convince himself and change his opinion. On the appointed day, Blackie took off his boots and socks and lifted up his paws. He saw that Bark had been tortured beyond his form, covered with dirt and sweat from his feet, like a larger piece of lint. It was all the better -- no one thought of him as a human being, so no one could accuse Blackie of cruelty. It's just an equipment. Being trampled on is what it's there for.

At the same time, Bark felt the sun for a long time. His body had been destroyed so much that he almost lost his sense. But he could vaguely feel that the time limit of one month the giant promised was over - a month in the game was equivalent to half an hour in real life - and that according to the agreement, he would give him his freedom. He will ask the other players for help and let the game officials get him back. He could be sued, or his account cancelled, because he was trying to cheat. But it's better than being trapped at the feet of a giant black cat.

Then he heard the giant speak. His mind was too confused for him to understand the meaning, but a sense of fear came over him. His foreboding was immediately fulfilled, for the giant was putting on his socks again, and wrapping him in them.

"... So it makes sense for me to treat you like a trinket -- hey, are you listening?" Blackie sighed. He didn't know if his explanation was falling on deaf ears, but either way, it wouldn't change his decision. "Anyway, enjoy your life in my boot forever."

And so Bark's fate was sealed. He was trodden under the feet of the once good, docile black cat, and became his lowly, uncaring possession, helping him to become a god. He doesn't even know his owner's name, all he knows is that he's a God-like black cat, destined to rule his life forever.