

69 Hues of Game Industry Bullshit: Ubisoft Monetizes Sisyphus' Boulder

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*Summary: Having naturally been sent to Tartarus for perpetuating abusive treatment of low level employees in the workplace and covering up the actions of rapists in his employ, Ubisoft CEO Eaves Guillemot (Original Character: Do Not Steal) applies his skills of publishing the last decade's worth of Tom Clancy games by monetizing the monotonous grind of eternal torture. *Chapter 1*: Chapter 1*

669 Hues of Gaming Industry Bullshit: Ubisoft Monetizes Sisyphus' Boulder

Content Warning: Ubisoft has a rich and fulsome history of protecting and enabling workplace abuse of both violent and sexual varieties by Ubisoft Employees in leadership positions. It will not be portrayed, but you can bet your horse's bottom patoot that it'll come up in conversation.

About the Author:

Often referred to as the most emaciated looking fat person, or the fattest looking emaciated person, Buster Manwomb blackmails diet companies by threatening to credit their products for their physique. It's amusing how effective it is.

Watch them bare their majestic mental muses on Twitter at Bustermanwomb. You know you want to.

Chapter 1: Almost, almost, aaaaalmost.

Fuck it was hot today. Sisyphus had gotten used to the weather in Tartarus. Unfortunately, a couple cracks in the ceiling started leaking lava from Asphodel above them. The blistering heat combined with the natural swampiness of Tartarus' atmosphere gave Sisyphus an unreasonably accurate idea of how it would feel being the bench in an Olympian bathhouse right after the wrestlers fought.

"Don't gives Hades any ideas, Sisyphus." Bouldy said. "Just keep pushing me up the hill. That'll take your mind off things."

"I guess your right." Sisyphus said to his simultaneous torture tool and closest friend, Calvin and Hobbes-style. Pushing the boulder with the mindless Tenacity of Conan the Barbarian when he's still hooked up to the wheel.

"Who knows, maybe you'll get me to stay on top of the hill for good this time." Bouldy said.

"You know I hate it when you tempt me like that." Sisyphus said, pushing ever upward.

"No, it's true!" Bouldy insisted. "You know I have that bit that's slightly flatter than the rest of my surface. If you roll me to the top of the hill juuuust right, you could probably keep me up there!"

"You've said that the last seven thousand six hundred and sixty nine times, too."

"Yeah, but this could be the one!" Bouldy said. "Just one more push and the flat part'll be right under me!"

Bouldy was right. Sisyphus may just manage it if he pushed Bouldy just right. Did he dare to hope? He pushed Bouldy carefully.

He was still.

Seconds later, Bouldy was still still.

"You did it!" Bouldy said.

"I did it!" Sisyphus sighed with relief. "I can't believe it!"

"And it only took you two thousand years!" Bouldy cheered. "Now you can a long, well-deserved crap."

"...Sorry." Sisyphus was confused until Bouldy started rolling back downhill. "Ohhh, crap."

"Oh, bad luck!" Bouldy remarked. "Maybe next time, eh? See you at the bottom!"

Sisyphus sighed as he started walking back down the hill behind Bouldy. He noticed someone was waiting at the bottom. At first he thought it was the good Prince Zagreus, and his spirits lifted. That optimism soured like a milk fart in a broken elevator as he got closer and saw the figure looked far less attractive.

Sisyphus' frowned as he got even closer.

***Chapter 2*: Chapter 2**

About the Author: Buster Manwomb is collecting Cease and Desist letters from megacorporations, and would like to stress the importance of using VPNs.

Chapter 2: Econoerotic Incentivization

Sisyphus obviously had no frame of reference for it, but he was right to feel a deep, chilling dread as he saw gazed upon the hellish vortex that made the Ubisoft insignia on the fat man's suit.

The man had the look of the men of Gaul, if one had been lavished with the resources to grow soft and fat, nay lumpy. He stared at Sisyphus with an empty smile and eyes with the soulless depravity one can only learn from decades of protecting rapists and abusers in leadership roles in his company from encountering any consequences.

"Allo zer!" The man said as Sisyphus walked within earshot of the man.

"Hello there, stranger!" Sisyphus said, keeping a friendly demeanor despite the fact that nearly every aspect of the lumpy Frenchman made him want to gag. "Can I help you?"

"Mais oui!" The man said. "Allow me to introduce mahself! I am Eaves Guillemot, original character, do not steal. All likenesses to persons real or fake are coincidental, et cetera, et cetera."

"That is a very long name." Sisyphus said.

"It is less a name and more a teasing of ze fates." Eaves Guillemot said, his Parisian accent thick enough to concuss a mountain goat. "Ah have dezided to- how you say- relocate ze headquarterz of my companie to tartarus, here."

"Why on Earth would you want to do that?" Sisyphus asked. "That's like hosting a destination wedding in Winnipeg*."

"Tax raisons! Also, az it happens, a companie can only do so much to protect ze abusers and ze rapists in leadership roles once zey leave ze mortal realm." Ubisoft CEO and completely original character Eaves Guillemot explained. "Since most of the employees wind up en Tartarus anyway, we can keep zem employed long after zey die, and we can protect them from all ze sexual abuse zey can commit!"

"That's disgusting." Sisyphus said. "You fill me with disgust. I'd like you to leave now."

"Oh, but I have a reason to be here!" Eaves Guillemot said. "We've been contracted by Hades to take several of his ongoing projects in a new creative directions."

"Okay?" Sisyphus commented, still not understanding but anticipating a great dread in how this will relate to him.

"You see" Eaves said. "We av been looking at how you've been affecting our bottom line, and we are worried that your not... engaging with ze boulder enough."

"Pushing Bouldy is my eternal punishment." Sisyphus explained. "It's literally the only thing I'm allowed to engage with."

"Yes, but we are not making any *monnaie* from it!" Eaves capitalisted. "You can see ze problem zat brings us, oui?"

"Literally nothing could be less of an issue to me." Sisyphus said.

"Zat's okay, mon ami!" Eaves greased frenchily. "All zat you need to know is we will be adding lootboxes to your boulder!"

"I beg your pardon." Sisyphus said.

"Here!" Eaves gave Sisyphus a shiny box with the letters 'Press x to open' hovering in front of it.

"What is it?" Sisyphus asked.

"Touch it." Eaves insisted.

Sisyphus did so. A satisfying rumble emanated from the box as his finger neared it. As his finger made contact, the lid popped off in an endorphin-boosting spectacle of light, confetti, and loud cheerful noises. A ghostly image of bouldy hovered above the open box. "Okay, that was neat. What did it do?"

"It unlocked a new skin for your boulder!" Eaves promoted. "With this skin, you can now colour your boulder an ugly shade of lime green!"

"But boulders don't have skin." Sisyphus said. "That sounds horrifying."

"If you do not want it." Eaves shrugged in that way old pompous Frenchmen do in Hollywood movies. "Then eh, feel free to ignore it."

"No no, I mean..." Sisyphus thought aloud. "If I have it I might as well use it."

He touched the ghostly image, and with a loud *pop* Bouldy turned an unattractive shade of green.

"Interesting. Bye!" Sisyphus said as he tried to turn away from the greasy capitalist.

"Ah, but wait!" Eaves said, offering him a second box. "As part of a promotion, you get a *second* loot box!"

"Oh... okay." Sisyphus said as he touched the second box. This one gave off an even more enthusiastic purple explosion poofed out of it.

"Oh, wow!" Eaves exclaimed insincerely. "You got ze ultra-rare legendary elite tier top hat! If you are lucky, perhaps you can unlock ze whole five piece suit!"

Sisyphus poked the box, and with another pop, Bouldy was suddenly wearing a dapper hat that was very becoming of any Victorian gentleman.

"Oh, hot sweet *fuck* I love that." Sisyphus said. "How do I get more?"

"You can get more of ze lootboxes by pushing up ze boulder 10 times." Eaves Guillemot said. "Ah know what you are thinking. 'Sacre Bleu, zat is too much work!' well, just press zis button onze wall here, and you can pay to unlock more quickly!"

"Thhat sounds predatory as fuck." Sisyphus said. "Why can't I just buy the whole suit as DLC?"

"Non" Eaves Guillemot said.

"Why not?" Sisyphus asked.

"Fuck you, zat's why!" Eaves Guillemot, CEO of Ubisoft said as ghoulish shadowy creatures slithered up to Eaves and tugged him into the darkness. "Now if you'll excuse me, one of the Ubisoft project managers just molested a woman at a company party, and I need to promote him and silence the victim, hon hon hon! Enjoy Boulder version deux! Au revoir!"

"what a disgusting man." Sisyphus said of Eaves Guillemot: CEO of Ubisoft and well-practiced rapist coddler. He then looked longingly at Bouldy's nice-ass new hat. "Ah, fuck it. I should be able to get enough loot boxes to unlock the whole costume without paying!"

*Much love to both my Winnipegger fans but let's face it, any city that can be outcultured by fucking Edmonton, Alberta is not a good city. You either know I'm right or *REALLY* need to travel more.

***Chapter 3*: Chapter 3**

About the Author: Buster Manwomb goes on ONE fucking tirade about how there are theoretically an infinite number of universes where they were selected for Playboy's Playmate of the month for every month, including the months where they were not yet born. Now they're banned from hosting TED Talks. It's bullshit, I says! Bull. Shit!

Chapter 3: The Wreckoning

"Aaaand here we go again." Zagreus said, respawning in the palace of Hades.

"Heya, Zagreus!" Hypnos said as Zagreus walked pasted. "So you died from the suicide chariots again, huh? Have you tried NOT getting blown-"

"Have you tried not making me want to not feed you to Cerberus?" Zagreus asked, walking straight past.

"Boy." Hades commanded from behind his desk. "A word with you."

"Hello, father." Zagreus said, originally planning to skip his dialogue as it had been a tad repetitive his last few trips through the castle. "This is new. I'm usually under the impression you prefer to avoid speaking with me."

"You are correct." Hades said. "But if you insist on continuing to try and worm your way up to the surface, you may as well do something useful."

"Did a mouse make a burrow somewhere without the proper permissions?" Zagreus guessed.

"Spare me your insolence." Hades said. "I need you to check on Sisyphus. His behavior has been reported to be... erratic."

"This report here?" Zagreus said, grabbing the scroll from the edge of his father's desk titles 'on Sisyphus'. Unfortunately, it was written by Tisiphone, so the entire communiqué was the word 'murder' repeated two hundred times. "Ah, yes. Very concerning."

"I do not expect you to be able to understand it, boy." Hades grabbed the scroll back. "Sisyphus has averaged two trips up his hill with the boulder per day for the last two millenia."

"Did something change?" Zagreus said, his concern for the sweet himbo momentarily dulling his innate need to sass.

"He spent three days pushing it up twenty times per day, and has been dead still for three. Check on him."

"Alright."

After exploring all the new dialogue options in the castle and fighting through three rooms of Tartarus, Zagreus entered the room where Sisyphus was meant to be.

"The first thing he noticed was that Bouldy liked like it had been soaked in glue and rolled through a costume shop. It was covered in stupid hats and different shades of tan jackets. Even the stuff Bouldy was wearing that looked like it was meant to be vibrant just looked bland

and washed out.

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More importantly, Sisyphus was nowhere near it. He was sitting against a wall in the fetal position, muttering to himself and throwing money into a hole.

"Sisyphus, mate. Are you alright?" Zagreus asked. It worried him that a man whose built his physique pushing a boulder for two thousand years could look so emaciated and exploited.

"Prince! Hellooo!" Sisyphus said jerkily. "How do you like bouldy's new suit?"

"It's... eclectic." Sisyphus said. "Is everything alright?"

"No! It's not alright! I am TRYING to by bouldy a dapper suit but all I'm buiying are fuck mothering khakis!" Sisyphus said. "I need to spend all the money! I can't be satisfied until I get it!"

"I'm sorry, why are you buying khakis If you want a suit?" Zagreus asked. Being the protagonist of a Supergiant game, he was wholly unaware of the bullshit triple-a game publishers were pulling off to exploit their customers. "Why not just buy a suit?"

"Because the boxes won't let me!" Sisyphus said. "That Frenchman from Ubisoft put this here and it's the only way I can get the suit I want!"

"Sisyphus... for the last two thousand years, have your ever thought that Bouldy needed to change their appearance?"

"No" Sisyphus said. "But that was before I had the chance to try and get a new suit for him!"

"At what cost, though?" Zagreus said.

"Only a few tonnes of gold in the last few days." Sisyphus said. "I also got a lootbox for every ten rolls up the hill, but it took SO LONG!"

"Okay, intervention time." Zagreus said, snapping his own neck. Five minutes later, he walked back into the room. "Sisyphus, I spoke with the contractor. By my authority, I'm having the lootboxes removed."

"NOOOO!" Sisyphus wailed as the money dumping pit and the button to access the shop disappeared. "Now I'll never get that suit."

"Here's the thing, Sis." Zagreus said as he set fire to Bouldy to the chorus of Sisyphus' pain screams. "You never needed it."

"It's true, my love." Bouldy said, giving Sisyphus sexy eyes one all the ugly tat burned away. "Has my original design not been enough for you for all these years?"

"Oh, lord!" Sisyphus said, tears welling in his eyes as he realized how needless all the tantalizing crap was now that it wasn't torturing his addiction-prone brain, and that it was all only there to exploit that weakness for money. Such a fucking SHAME he could only have seen it after the fact. "Yes, Bouldy, I'm so sorry!"

"Come to me my love!" Bouldy said.

"That's nice, I suppose." Zagreus said, from his view only seeing Sisyphus talk to himself for a minute and then start sloppily making out with Bouldy. "You two have fun."

As Sisyphus and bouldy continued to make out, Zagreus found Ubisoft's headquarters, and grabbed every executive, abuser, and rapist in the company and fed them all to Cerberus.

THE END

Friends don't let friends buy lootboxes. If you suspect a friend or loved one is becoming addicted to loot box-based gambling, set fire to your local triple-a games publisher, then seek out an actual professional for help.