

...

Headache.

Backache.

Faceache.

Let's see...

I've been blackmailed into accepting absolute slobs into our VN group, forced to lift heavy stuff up three floors, and got punched in the face by an orc.

Yeah, that sounds about right.

And right now, I'm being held at clubpoint to make a dating game about these foul beasts.

Damn you, offline meetups!

*Vera: "Hey, less lazing around and more work. We have a deadline to catch."

*Ron: "Yeah, yeah. Are you done with the sprites?"

Vera: "Yes, but I want you to see which ones you prefer."

Ron: "I'll choose... when you get this damn fool to stop pointing that club at me!"

Vera: "Pablo, put the club down."

*Pablo: "Sure, boss."

(*Vera: green-skinned orc lady in secretary dress)

(*Ron: standard MC look, dishevelled)

(*Pablo: green-skinned orc guy in baseball cap and shirt, horns poking out)

An orc in a secretary dress... now that's the last thing I thought I'd see when I woke up this morning.

"Hey, friend! I know some people who'd be a big help in your next VN project! Do you want to meet up?"

Meet up, my ass... meet up, my ass...

Hey friend! How about I stick this damn keyboard up yours!? I don't want to make this crap!

Vera: "So, which one will it be? I personally like the black swimsuit, but the frilly one works, too."

Vera's got a massive underbite that looks like it could chew through bone. Of course, I don't say that to her. Do I want to be mauled to death by that damn bodyguard?

Ron: "Right... uhh..."

So... this is what Vivi looks like, huh?

An orc lady who the main character meets through Thinder, who's fun and vivacious and... who looks like she could snap the poor guy in half with a hug.

Look at how well defined those back muscles look! And with that green skin, I doubt it matters what kind of swimsuit you choose.

Ron: "I guess... the frilly one?"

Vera: "Hmm..."

"..."

Vera: "I don't like it. We're sticking with the black swimsuit."

Ron: "What!? Then what was the point of aski-"

Pablo: "You don't talk back to boss like that!"

"..."

The nerve of these... beasts...

Well, looks like she went to check on my "friend".

Vera: "Harmon, are you done coding the minigame?"

Harmon: "Sure I am! Here, check it out!"

Vera: "Hmm... I thought you said that this was a puzzle game."

Harmon: "...I thought you wanted a QTE."

Vera: "Hmm... we can still use this. But we need a puzzle game for the dating mechanic."

Harmon: "Right, right, on it! I'll give it my all!!!"

Harmon gave me a thumbs-up as he went back to his laptop. What the hell is wrong with this guy!?

How the hell did he find these orcs, and decide that helping them was a good idea!?

I went back to writing.

It's a generic-ass dating sim, but all of the dates are orcs. There's a jiu-jitsu orc, a teacher orc, a policeman orc, even a MILF orc.

They're all green.

They're all muscular.

They all love gingersnaps.

...I hate my life.

Vera: "Hey, Ron, are you done with Vivi's scenario?"

Ron: "Huh- ah, yeah. Here, see for yourself."

She took my mouse and began scrolling through the script. She leaned closer to the monitor, squinting at the screen.

...looks like those glasses aren't for show.

Vera: "I like it. It's got some spelling errors, though."

Ron: "Well yeah, it's just a rough draft for now."

Vera: "Good work."

All of a sudden, I heard a loud rumbling.

Like, loud. Really loud. Dead-ass loud. LOUD.

It's like when old folks play bingo and shake those bingo chips, but instead of bingo chips, they're all tiny microphones, and all of them are on loudspeaker.

It's like a drowning cat wrapped in a plastic bag, but in a fishbowl, and you have your ears pressed to the fishbowl.

It's like a statue of a dictator crashing down after a successful regime change, but it crushed a couple of people on its way down, and you can hear them screaming liberty all the way to their graves.

Ron: "..."

Vera: "..."

"..."

Vera: "I guess that's enough for now. Let's get some lunch."

...I never realized just how loud orc stomachs could be...

She immediately looks away from me. Was she-?

No, my eyes must be playing tricks on me.

...what does green and red add up to? Brown?

Yeah, must be brown.

...

...did she just blush?