

Simgirls: A Legacy  
by Dragonboy

Author's Note #1: This story tells the tale of Sim Man and his quest to create the greatest damn flash game in the world. You will witness this great man's life from his humble beginning (Well, not the VERY beginning, I can't write this thing forever) to the evolution of Simgirls, to the creation of his Sim-Kingdom, as well as looks into the lives of the people he's met along the way.

Note #2: The people in this story are real. Well, most of them anyway. ...Actually, they're just exaggerated characterizations of real people that I've taken out of context for the purpose of trying to add humor to this story. If you weren't mentioned in this story, it means that the story is getting too damn long and I had to shorten it (Or maybe I just don't like you or know you well enough. : p)

Note #3: The dramatization put into this story will result in vast amounts of silliness/stupidity. Under no circumstances should anyone take anything written herein seriously. It's all in a good jest, people. So don't flame me, or I'll flame you right back. : p

Note #3: Don't like/understand my humor? Well, you wouldn't be the first. : p

## Chapter 1--The Man with The Plan

There once was a Man from Nantucket, but he quickly grew tired of that joke and moved somewhere else at a very early age. This man's name was Man. Sim Man.

Now as the rather odd birth name might suggest, Sim Man was anything but ordinary. He had power. He had intelligence. He had looks. He had abilities that could reduce a majority of Norse Gods to sniveling little babies in an instant. And he had ambition.

Unfortunately, he had absolutely no idea what to do with any of it. He slowly gazed around his room, hoping for a bit of inspiration so as not to let all this excess energy simply seep out of him and float out the open window.

Laying on the floor next to the edge of his bed sat his almost complete paper on his Theory of Radiation-Induced Cellular Fission that he had planned to mail to the UN as his part in assisting with world progress.

"I don't have any stamps," Sim Man muttered.

Then he noticed the long, shiny sword resting against his television, a lovely little trinket that the local pawnshop owner insisted was really King Arthur's Excalibur. Maybe he could drive down to his parents place and show it off before hocking it for no less than twice what the man had offered. But then he thought-

"Gas prices are getting high."

So that idea was out, too. After a few minutes of deliberation, Sim decided to do what most people did when they're sitting at home with nothing better to do: check his e-mail for the third time that day.

What he saw wasn't so surprising; junk mail and plenty of it. Sim sighed, slowly browsing through the titles of 'SIGN UP FOR FREE XXX SITES' and 'RULE THE WORLD IN THREE EASY STEPS' and finally came to one that read 'OPEN THIS, YOU WON'T REGRET IT!!!!'

"Yeah right," Sim muttered. "How many times do they expect me to fall for that one?"

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"But then again...what if it's different this time? I'd hate to regret not opening it if it's really something great."

Curiosity soon waged war with Commonsense until something else caught The Man's attention.

"Hell-o, what's this?" He quickly opened the file and grew excited. "Neat-o! The Japanese imported dating-simulation game that I ordered is in!" Sim Man clicked the Download button and waited.

The next morning...

A loud 'Ding' roused Sim Man from his slumber. Looking up, he saw that his new game had finally downloaded, and silently vowed that he would be ordering high speed internet as soon as possible.

Undaunted, The Man settled in for a new type of gaming experience.

30 minutes later...

"Whew, exhilarating!" Sim Man stated as the game came to an end and the credits trailed up the screen. "Top-notch graphics, enthralling storyline, hot anime chicks with plenty of gratuitous fan service, of course there's always room for improvement in that area. Overall, a 9 outta 10, just because there wasn't an option to get with all of the girls at once, that would've made it perfect."

The Man leaned back in his chair and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Ya know, it's a pity there aren't more games like this out in America. Somebody ought to introduce the greatness of this fine line of products to the masses. Dating Simulation games should not be enjoyed by the Japanese population alone. If only some amazingly brilliant person, who could draw, design, write a decent story, and just plain knew what the hell he was doing, would do something about this. Hmmmm..."

The Man stared at his computer screen. After a few seconds, a smile crept onto his face.

He knew what must be done.

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Fukoma High School...

"Hey, Ami!"

Ami Kurimoto turned at the sound of Kotomi Takanashi's voice as the girl came toward her. "What's up, Kotomi?" she asked.

"Could you wait around after school for me? Someone sent me this letter that said to meet him in the gym after classes are over."

"You mean like this?" Ami asked, holding up a small white envelope.

The girls held the envelopes up together, noting that they both read the same thing:

"Please meet me in the gymnasium to discuss a very important matter at the end of class today.

Peace. ^\_^ v"

"What do you think it's about?" Ami asked as they made their way toward the gym.

Kotomi shrugged. "Beats me. Maybe it's from Junta?"

Ami frowned. "I doubt it. It's not his handwriting."

The girls walked in silence until they reached the gym doors where Tomoko Saeki was standing, apparently waiting for someone.

"Hey Tomoko, what's up?" Ami asked.

Tomoko shrugged. "I'm not actually sure, really. I just found this letter in my locker and thought I should see what it was about because it sounded important."

"You too?" they both asked at once. They each held up their letters again, staring between them in silent wonder. A duplicate letter sent to all three of them? As far as they knew, it could have been Junta, or maybe Ryuji, or...well actually, they didn't really know anyone else that it could have been.

"So, do we go in?" Kotomi asked.

The others were silent a moment longer before nodding. Slowly, they pushed the door open, and gasped when they saw-

"Karin?!" Ami gaped.

Indeed, the gym was occupied by none other than the purple-haired girl from the future, Karin Aoi, who was staring at them with as much shock as they her.

Karin chuckled nervously. "Uh, hey girls, how are things?"

"Are you the one who sent these?" Tomoko asked, showing her letter to the girl.

Karin shook her head. "Nope, I was just invited, apparently the same way you

three were."

Ami blinked. "Didn't you go back to the future?"

"Yep. Imagine my surprise when I got home to find a one hundred year old letter on my office desk telling me to come back. The fact that no one uses snail-mail in my time made it even more interesting."

"How many people do you think got one of these?" Kotomi asked.

In response, the door behind them opened and in walked Ryuji. The rich, arrogant jerk glanced around the room at its current occupants, and a wide, lecherous grin appeared on his face.

"Well, well, this is quite the pleasant surprise. Well, if we're all here, how about we get down to this 'important matter'. Who would like to be first? Or if you prefer, I'm sure I can handle all of-AUGH!"

(Scene deleted due to graphic violent nature, the author realizes how squeamish some of the readers can be. Needless to say, Ryuji was badly smited by the four ladies.)

"Keep it in your pants, pervert," Ami shouted, adding a final kick to the bloody mess that was the remainder of Ryuji.

"Well, since Ryuji was invited, I think we can safely say that whoever did it wasn't Junta," Karin muttered.

"Then who could it have been?" Tomoko asked.

"That would be me."

The four women turned towards the sound of the unfamiliar voice, and were positively shocked at what they saw.

It was short.

It was yellow.

It had a price tag attached to its head.

It looked like something that might have been painted on a computer, albeit by a very competent artist.

"What is it?!" Kotomi shrieked as she hid behind Ami.

Tomoko tentatively approached the creature. "It looks like one of those cartoon characters from one of those western kid's shows."

A drop of sweat appeared on the creature's head. He was about to set the girl straight when she reached out to poke him with her finger.

"Hands off the merchandise, babe," he said, causing her to take a few steps back.

The little creature looked around the room, happy that all of his guests had

arrived as hoped. "Well then, since everyone's here, let me get down to the point of the matter. Why is Ryuji unconscious?"

The girls glanced around with looks of mixed guilt and satisfied smirks at the question.

"Aw, never mind. I'll send him a memo later. Anyway, to business. Ladies, my name...is Sim Man." Sim Man power-posed as the wall behind him suddenly changed to a classic picture of a rising sun over a raging sea.

The girls stared in awe. "How did you do that?" Ami asked.

Sim smirked. "Never you mind, my dear. Besides, we have more important issues to discuss. Anyway, the reason that I asked you all here, is a matter of great importance. I assume you have all heard of dating simulation games, right?"

They all nodded mutely.

"Excellent, that'll make this easy. The thing is, even though Japan is chock-full of amazing dating sims, there aren't really any over in the US of A. As an avid lover of video games and hentai both, I simply can't allow this travesty to go on. So I stand before you four girls today, asking that you please assist me in bringing the first real dating sim game to the United States."

The silence that followed was thick enough to suffocate on. The only sounds that could be heard were the blinking of the four girls and the low whimpers of pain from Ryuji.

Ami recovered first. "You mean..."

"You want us..." Karin picked up.

"To be in a..." Kotomi added.

"..." Tomoko said. Karin elbowed her in the side. "Oh sorry. A dating sim?"

"Yes, yes I do!" Sim stated proudly. "Think about it: The four of you, one slightly attractive guy who starts out as a loser but slowly becomes the object of all your desires, Ryuji can be the superior rival-type guy who tries to get the girls but usually fails, throw in some interactive courtship sequences, becoming friends, dating, and top it all off with some hot steamy hentai lovin', and voila: The most perfect dating sim ever!"

The girls were still at a loss, not really knowing what to say. What would you say if a little yellow alien-thing asked you to star in an online video game?

"Can you even make a dating sim?" Tomoko asked. "You don't even have hands. And how are we to know that you're not just some alien here to abduct us and perform weird sexual experiments on us like that one anime with the-"

From out of nowhere, Sim Man produced a giant squeaky hammer and hit the girl over the head with it. It didn't hurt, but the sheer act of being hit with a plastic mallet was enough to shock Tomoko into silence.

"Now, just to rectify, my intentions here are completely pure, and the only sex to be had will be between you and the CPU character in the game, and only once the two of you have become lovers. ...And just for the record, I don't normally look like this. I am human, you know."

"Then what do you really look like?" Karin asked.

Sim Man idly scratched his cheek. "You sure you wanna know?" he asked with a small gleam in his eye.

All four girls nodded.

"Weeeeell...alright then." A blinding light filled the room, and when it faded, the little yellow creature was gone. In its place was a large, very muscular man with spiky silver hair, evil blue eyes, a purple, sleeveless vest and a long black cape that billowed in front of him, completely hiding his lower body behind it.

None of the girls even thought to question how the cape could be billowing with the complete absence of wind.

"So, what'd ya think?" Sim asked in a deep, booming voice.

The girls opened their mouths to speak, but all that managed to come out was a thin trail of drool. Sim Man took that as a positive sign.

Tomoko broke from her stupor and wrapped her arms around Sim's. "What do you say we forget this and we go make our own...personal sim game. No dating needed."

The other three girls shot daggers at Tomoko while Sim Man suppressed a mighty blush. "S-sorry, but I'm afraid I'm already spoken for."

Tomoko drooped and released The Man's arm.

"So," Sim said to the others. "What do you think? You stick with me, and I guarantee you'll be the biggest thing this world has seen since Dragonball Z."

"I'm in!" Tomoko said immediately.

The others held back a little more.

"Will we be paid for this?" Karin asked.

Sim thought for a second. "You will be.....compensated for your time," he told her.

Not totally sure if that was going to entitle, Karin eventually shrugged. "Sure, I'm game."

Kotomi and Ami glanced at each other. Ami looked uncertain, while Kotomi looked ready to say yes once she was sure that Ami would. Ami turned back to Sim Man.

"Will Junta be in this game?"

Everyone looked up at Sim Man, who frowned slightly. "Well actually, even though I'm basing this game off the lot of you, I'd still like it to be original, and that would mean not using the normal main character. But, I do have the perfect person in mind for the role, and he acts a lot like Junta would. Just think of him as a taller, blonder, not as likely to throw up if you get too touchy-feely with him, version of Junta."

That seemed to settle the matter for the two. "I'll do it," Ami said.

"Me, too," Kotomi agreed as they went to stand next to Sim Man and the other girls.

Sim Man grinned a mighty grin. All things considered, the hard part was done. He placed his muscular arms over the shoulders of the four girls (He has long arms).

"Then let's go make history ladies."

End Chapter 1

Dragonboy: Wai! Finished with chapter 1! Good for me! Tell me what you think, please! Post a message, send a PM, e-mail me, come to my house and punch me in the face if you want, ANYTHING! A writer like myself thrives on the 4 C's (Comments, criticism, compliments, and complaints, though the least amount of the last one would be great. ^\_^)

Next Chapter: Sim Man's dreams begin to flourish as he lays the ground for his masterpiece, while at the same time builds his new empire, recruits him some allies, and subsequently tries to keep said allies from destroying said empire. He's gonna be busy. ^\_^ '

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