Homem atleta que decide tornar-se um computador para farmar todas as possibilidades das odds da Eurovisão?

It was Summer when I saw your face. 🡪 dois rapazes atletas que um cai e o outro ajuda e apaixonam-se

História baseada no anime Shelter?

10 minutos de tempo de jogo

Sinopse:

Um rapaz que participa numa competição de atletismo ao fazer estafetas e acaba por tropeçar e cair enquanto corria, um elemento da equipa adversária vê que ele está aflito, olha para trás e para de correr, e vem ajudá-lo. Os dois entram numa ambulância e vão para o hospital e, apesar de primeiramente o diagnóstico ser apenas uma entorse, existe outro problema de saúde associado ao mesmo, não se sabe bem o quê, mas suspeita-se que esteja associado aos ossos: a sua perna fica imóvel como pedra, impossibilitando-o de continuar a competir.

O protagonista decide então desistir da sua breve carreira de atleta e, rapidamente, a sua saúde deteriora-se bastante – outras partes do seu corpo, nomeadamente os membros superiores, também endurecem com o tempo. O outro rapaz dá-lhe apoio e promete cuidar dele e os dois apaixonam-se.

Vendo que ao protagonista vai escasseando tempo útil em que vive independente de outrem, os dois aproveitam para aproveitar o pouco tempo que lhes resta para passarem o tempo juntos e procurarem um médico que impedirá o primeiro de ficar completamente paralisado.

Numa das viagens, o protagonista debilita-se ainda mais, e o namorado decide, em segredo, encaminhar ambos para um médico local que, supostamente, conserta todos os males e arranja tudo, porque há solução para tudo, exceto para a morte. Mas, lá está, a morte é o que lhe espera e não há nada que ele possa fazer. Todavia, e uma vez o mesmo, apesar de ser um homem da ciência, acreditar em fenómenos de carisma mais etéreo e sobrenatural, encaminha-o para um mágico do caos que mora bastante longe dali, num lugar afastado da civilização por ser considerado o mais perigoso dos bruxos de todos os tempos.

Ao chegar lá, o bruxo, transformado em comida, diz que só aceitará o serviço se encontrarem um artefacto especial, que se encontra no fim da “Rua dos Infernos Velhos” que o permita de voltar à forma humana. A entrada desse caminho está situada numa praia, acreditam eles, ao ler um pergaminho antigo que o mágico possui: “Abandonem todos os bens, pois ao mar todos lhe pertencem.” e outra pista que diz algo como “Ao sexto dia, Deus criou o maior bem de todos – uma cópia imperfeita dele próprio.”

No fim, o protagonista acorda num mundo virtual, tendo o mesmo tornado-se num computador no qual a sua mente fora incorporada; ele continua a falar com o seu namorado por terminal e a história acaba com o outro rapaz a colocar no monitor um post-it a dizer “quando morrer, que alguém tire da ficha este computador”, ele morre e o computador também morre a seguir.

Recorrer à síndrome do homem de pedra e miosite ossificante traumática.

It was summer when I saw your face for the first time. We were both competing in the Olympics. I was so nervous about all of that. And that reflected in my poor performance. But you helped me. And I’m thankful for that. Forever and ever.

Today is the big day. A day that will be remembered by a lot of people. Forever.

The athletics track is already signposted, with crosses drawn in white chalk on a tarmac floor dyed red, demarcating the positions of each element from all four teams that will compete. There will be four of us in total, and I will be the last one on the route to receive the testimony. I just hope I won’t disappoint anyone. Anyway, there's no point in daydreaming, I have to go inside.

I saw no one at the entrance door. I arrived earlier than expected, it seems. It’s probably because of the anxiety I am feeling right now. I must not disappoint my coach or my family. They are all believing in me.

The shower room seems empty at first glance. I don’t hear anyone – only the wind that makes the window shake before me, and that is probably why it still keeps judging me, even though abused by another entity. Please, stop it, ok, I trained so hard for this, it can’t be that bad. And I’m not alone, right? So get the fuck out and cease your assumptions and appraisals.

But, inside – deep inside of me, I understood its point. It makes me feel nauseous that even a fucking primaeval window, plenty of wounds that time made it possible to mask them a little bit, but not enough to forget the years of others that went by here, is mocking me. I’m surprised it still did not fall in pieces, due to all the scratches it possesses. And it fights and keeps fighting, against the breezy weather that is waiting for us all. It did not have knowledge of the verb give up. And it is mocking me – showing me that even an irrelevant piece of junk glass is still better than me. More useful than me.

You bitch! I’m gonna show you who is the junk when I and my team will win the race.

You better start blaming the sinking right under you, instead of me. From the looks of it, you should be such close friends.

I’m in the shower room hall and In my sight, and forgetting about the glass, I’m able to see the toilets, the urinals (finally!), the showers and a large room on the right.

* Walk to the urinal

My back teeth are floating, man! I’m so relieved! Now I can urinate in peace, without people noticing. I don’t understand how men may pee outside, it feels rude. What if a teenager girl passes by and then you are accused of child abuse? Don’t tell me I’m overdramatic! Unusual things can happen. They are unusual, so they might happen. At least once. And once is enough. So, now, the last part.

* Pee/urinate

Ah, that’s better. Imagine if I went straight to the sports track, my bladder would promote such a liquid diet for lots of blooders. Not that I care, to be honest.

Alright, now it’s time to get dressed – I’m not gonna run with these skinny jeans of mine.

* walk to toilets / walk to the toilets

I’m next to the toilets. Well, there are two – which one should I enter? 1 or 2?

* Enter toilet 1

Humm, it seems it’s locked. I did not pay attention to the smallest post-it that ever existed on Earth telling me that is out of order.

* Enter toilet 2

This one seems 100% functional. And so bright my eyes hurt. I barely am capable of seeing anything.

After a couple of seconds, something catches my regard – a small black square-shaped hole is on the bottom left corner of the left wall. Just like someone has broken the bright blue tile on the ground. After all, the window is not the only thing in bad condition right here.

I might exit or stay for a while.

* exit

I’m gonna exit. I need to get dressed. Time is ticking.

* Walk to shower / walk to showers

The showers look cheap. But they appear they are working fine. Despite I wonder why they did not separate themselves from each other. A translucent barrier, for instance. They could even manage to reuse that window – it’s perfect for this.

I just think it was better to have more privacy. I don’t know. We are all guys, all with the same genitalia. Just a matter of safety. I don’t want them to find out. It can be hard to hide it naked, under these circumstances. I may be hard on myself.

Let me look at them closely.

* Look at showers

Well, nothing special. But I never saw this kind of tap handle. Flawless cubes.

Oh, look – one of them is unidentical from the others. This one in front of me is black, despite all the others being blue. Life isn’t perfect, right? Not even I am. So, I should stop blaming this.

* grab black handle / take black tap handle

I could remove it without any resistance. It shows up this was made up to something.

* Walk to toilets
* Enter toilet 2
* Take black handle

I suggest this handle may fit in the black hole.

* put black handle in black hole

A small entrance near the ground on the left has opened. I crawl into the opening, and I’m inside the first toilet. Something is written on the wall.

* Look at wall

“Welcome to 4ever, a game made up by Anthony Pereira! I hope you enjoy it, and I’m open to all types of opinions! This is my first experiment on adventure games, so I still need to learn much more about it.”

* Exit / exit toilet 1

I leave the toilet and, soon enough, I’m on the other side of the door. Back to the shower room hall.

* Look around

In my sight, I’m able to see the toilets, the urinals, the showers and a large room on the right. And, of course, that shitty window with that sink below it.

* Walk to room

I’m entering the main room from the men's shower room, leaving the shower room hall behind.

It feels like they spend good times here. The area is huge. I wonder if I would feel alone in here.

A giant seat along all three walls under my nose, making a format of a U, looking at me. They look young: younger than me, hell yes. Their surface is polished and soft. A kind of brown tint which makes me feel warm. Relieved. Alive.

They used some ceramics next to some extremities, despite the wood being the main one. I believe it’s because it absorbs water. And is warmer than clay. Although I wonder why they did not just use it for everything. It would look perfect, resembling a sauna. Oh well, in practice, they’re not that different: closed hot spaces with naked guys. Just imagining it – makes my body heat under my belly…

Shit, dude. Stop with those thoughts. Are you crazy? No one can find out.

No one.

Or it will be the end. My end.

I have trained for this all my life. To become a professional athlete. I'm not going to lose this opportunity because of this, a mental problem. They would not accept me as I am if they knew. I'm about to finish university. This is really a competition between the best universities. This is the opportunity of my life. This is like a shop window. I need them to be proud. I need them to need me. To want me.

Alright, time to dress up.

* dress up

Right, but not here, standing. I should put my suitcase down first.

* Put suitcase down

Fair, but on which seat?

I have to pick one of the three seats and should be next to it.

* Walk to seat

Which one? Front, left, or the right one?

* Walk to front seat

The larger seat. I bet it could make room for everyone today. But I would have preferred a proper seat. People who come by are quickly presented with a bunch of dancing penises all over the place in front of their eyes, because this room has no door.

* Walk to right seat

The corner next to the entrance wall is already occupied.

* Walk to left seat

Great, the corner near the entrance wall is free.

* Put suitcase down

I put the suitcase on the seat.

And suddenly, I can no longer feel myself. My brain disappears and my body is controlled like a puppet by someone above me.

"I have dizziness", I think.

I should hurry and take a pill before someone comes.

It is in my front pocket.

* Open pocket

The good thing about sports bags is that they have lots of pockets. I don't think I have time to check each one. I feel like I know where the pill might be.

* Open front pocket

Done. The bag is open.

Holy crap! I forgot my water bottle...

What a great start.

Think.

Think.

Just calm down and fucking think.

Breathe in.

Breathe out.

It's all right.

I need to find a solution quickly.

* Look around

I am the only one here at the moment. Although there are other bags on the right seat.

* Walk to right seat

I’m now next to the two bags on the right seat.

Let’s take a closer look.

* Look at bags

Hum… From the shape, I don't think they have either.

I’m panicking.

Like a lot.

It has to be another way. Something where water could come from.

* Walk to shower room hall / walk to shower hall

I’m back in the shower hall.

* Walk to showers

There's water there, but it's going to be hard for me to drink it without getting completely wet.

* Walk to sink

Of course! This tap may supply water.

Let me turn on it.

* Turn on tap

Hum… It doesn’t work.

Time to give up.

It seems.

I’m back to square one. Literally and metaphorically. Back to the large room, without water.

Well, it could be worse. I have to keep a positive attitude.

No one arrived. Something’s off. It’s almost time to start.

I’ll get dressed.

* Dress

Right. But I still have this T-shirt and these jeans.

* Undress / take off

Done.

* Dress

Alright. But I have to get my tracksuit out of my bag. It is in the main pocket.

* Open main pocket

I’m glad I haven’t forgotten it.

I'm sitting in the corner and as I slowly take the T-shirt and trousers out of my pocket, slowly so as not to wrinkle them, a boy enters the room.

Wow.

I felt my cheeks burning just by looking at him.

Oh boy. Don't make me blush.

Caucasian. Medium height: I'd say somewhere between 5.6 and 5.8''.

Those dark brown eyes. The slight dark circles under them make them look darker. As if they were calling to me. I feel his penetrating gaze on me.

And that look - it conquered my heart.

Much like the wood among us, his hair fits a light tone. Curly. Slightly above the shoulders.

I fall into a spiral of thoughts, unaware that he is staring at me.

"Are you all right? Is there anything I can help you with?", he said.

And then I came back to myself. Blushing all over.

--> answer / talk

"Oh, I'm sorry, everything's fine" - I reply, trying not to focus on his regard.

I’m off the hook. That was close.

Considering also that I’m basically naked.

That was weird.

* Get dressed / dress

Which should I wear first? What a problem have.

* Wear trousers

Better to wear the shirt first. A shirtless barefoot guy with sporty trousers… Too masculine. Too erotic. Someone might catch me off guard.

He might catch me off guard.

* Wear T-shirt

While I'm wearing my shirt, the other boy starts to undress without me noticing. Or so I think. Because I did not even realise at what point I had started to look at him, so fascinated by his body.

Never in my life have I taken so long to put on a shirt.

My eyes are simply in a state of possession.

The clothes from his torso revealed a slimmer man. Almost scrawny, I would say.

Not the typical musculature of an athlete. But perhaps that's why he's here. Why he was chosen. Why he is good. Because everyone judges him by his cover, until he shuts them all up and surprises them.

And I like surprises.

And what a lovely surprise.

His pale skin looked even smoother. And bright, he makes my eyes dazzle.

His chest looks like freshly mown grass. There are only a few hairs here and there. Again the mesmerising brown.

And two dark brown spherical skin marks, side by side, barely in the middle of his chest.

I found that literally cute. It reminded me, I do not know why exactly, but it reminded me of pedestrian traffic lights. You know, when they change between red and green, between green and red. I'm imagining myself pressing these skin marks like the buttons they look like, and switching his inner traffic light. Turning his light towards me.

Looking down, my pupils realised that the lawnmower had not finished its work. There was a lot of body hair around the navel. They look soft – as they are usually unshaven. And flat, as if they were sleeping on his skin. With openness and delicacy.

Then he sits down and begins to remove his sockets.

"Hygiene at its best," I think to myself, and let a grin slip out of my mouth. I would never change my socks twice in one morning.

They revealed large feet, the pale tone is there too. Probably more striking - they seem... Dry. There is some peeling of the skin, especially on the soles.

I lifted my neck and somehow noticed that he has bunions on each foot. They look irritated because of the constant strain and pressure. He must be a hard working student. He would never give up. Unlike me.

“Oh dear, I've almost got my shirt on backwards”, I say loudly so he doesn't think I'm taking too long.

He stares at me and answers with a smile.

And that smile melted my heart.

And my head, it immediately got wet.

Finally wearing my shirt properly. When he takes his trousers off and shows his hairy legs. The body hair is not disordered or anything, it feels as if he has been brushed recently - it all follows a pattern, lying vertically on his light surface.

A surface that, at first glance, looks just as bright as the others.

Although this is not the case.

I noticed that he was trying to turn his back discreetly in my direction. I don't know, it seems strange. What is he trying to hide? He's still in his underwear.

I tilted my head to get a better view. I tilted so fast that my neck snapped.

"I hope he didn't hear that," I think.

He did not move his gaze in my direction.

I'm clean.

As I approached, I noticed that he had wounds on the front of his thighs.

They look recent.

And they look like they were made with a sharp object.

The cuts are mostly horizontal and vary in angle. And they are not clean at all. Not only is there still a lot of red blood showing his injuries, but the cuts seem to be irregular in depth: they were not made after a single blow. The knife made a couple of passes near the same area as the first cut, but not exactly along the path it must have followed. It is clear that other attempts not only made the first cut deeper, but also made it have more afluents coming out of its main blood stream.

"What are you looking at?"

--> say "nothing

"Nothing". I answer as quickly as I can.

I don't want him to know that I know he's hurting himself.

I don't want him to feel bad about it. To feel that I'm judging him.

Because I'm not.

Your secret is safe with me.

And not only that - I will help you.

I will.

I promise.

I pick up my tracksuit bottoms when he suddenly turns around and takes off his boxers.

What a good-looking grass. No wonder, with a hose like that. His extremity is wet and he greets everyone who passes by.

I have to talk to him.

--> talk

"You are beautiful.

"Handsome, mate. Don't you see my tail? My glande breathes even in pure air".

Cocky.

I like that.

"Oh, right. I'm not used to complimenting boys".

Holy cow, I'm blushing.

--> talk

“Those scars of yours…”

“Don’t tell anyone. They would not accept someone struggling with mental health. Please.”

“I won’t.”

I won’t. Trust me.

* talk

"Hey, you know what, this is going to look weird, but - do you want to pee?"

"Why do you ask?"

Should I tell him?

--> No

Yes, that would be the safest thing to do. But I really have to take the pill.

--> Yes

"I want to take a medicine, I'm not feeling very well today. "It must be because of the anxiety or something like that.

"So could you..."

"You want to drink my urine, that's all?"

Wow. He learns fast.

"I peed before I left home..."

"Oh, I saw a sink when I entered the men's shower room!"

"It doesn't work. The tap does not work."

--> talk

I don't think I'm going to suggest this.

"Did you know that sperm is mostly water?"

He nods. But I don't think he realises what I'm about to say. To explain. To achieve.

Oh. That's it. The look of surprise. I think he gets it now.

"Are you sure?" he asks me kindly.

If only I had another choice.

At least you're beautiful.

Handsome. I mean.

"So who's it going to be? I jerk off in front of you and..."

Take a deep breath. And just do it.

--> just do it

I put my trousers on the wooden seat and walk towards him.

And then I reach him.

* Just do it

I bow down to him, paying attention to his genitals.

My source of water.

Fresh new water.

Out of his fountain.

“Are you sure about this?”

Now it is my time to do it.

* Nod

“It is better to take your shirt off. I might get it dirty.”

“Good point.”

* Take off shirt

Done.

“Just do it.”

Now my time has come.

* Just do it

I show some resistance to getting his dick in my mouth. This could be due to lack of experience. I have never had intimacy with boys. Like this.

Let me follow my instincts.

All for that fucking pill.

All for the competition.

Anything for my team.

Anything for my future.

Even if it means losing my dignity.

I start blowing his cock slowly, in and out, in and out. It reminds me of hide-and-seek - now I can see him, now I can't.

I notice little tremors on his part. That's great. This shouldn't take long. Someone might catch us.

And that could be the end for both of us.

"Am I doing well?

He asks me out of the blue.

I think I should be the one to ask such a question. Anyway.

I notice that he is not feeling well. And so I started kissing other parts of his body; his chest, that sweet chest of his, while I tugged at his sparse hairs to make him feel pain, a horny pain; then I moved to his abdomen and licked the ones that were displayed with exactly the same tone as his voluminous brown beard.

Then I blow on his armpits and he begins to make tiny moans. His breathing gets faster and faster. His skin is burning, his blood must be boiling.

That's a good sign. Now make that blood go to a certain place, please.

I decide to make a long, slow lick from his bare neck to the end of his torso. And in the blink of an eye I start kissing and licking his penis, all over again.

I start to blow on his frenulum and all the surrounding area where it belongs.

He begins to moan louder and I catch him rolling his eyes.

That must feel good.

Let me go faster.

Let's finish this.

In no time at all he is making some strange gestures. I don't understand them at first, but then he looks at his own cock and I get it.

Even though I knew he was going to come in my mouth, I am still surprised when it happens. Suddenly I feel like a warm breeze, like you feel at the end of the day in summer. But this one told me it was going to rain. And it did.

It felt disgusting. The taste, the shape, everything. But at least, I have found water.

It was about time.

Good. I should hurry and get the pill from the front pocket of my bag before I swallow his cum.

--> go to the left seat

Done. I'm standing next to my bag on the left seat of this room.

--> Open the front pocket

The pocket is open.

I quickly took out the pill box.

Now it is time to take it.

--> Take pill / take pill box

And now the last part.

--> swallow

All this for a damn pill.

Unbelievable.

I look at the boy and somehow it feels as if he is no longer there. He's balancing his body, still standing, as he's about to fall.

"Are you all right?" I ask, walking towards him.

He turns his head in my direction and sits down, frowning.

"Yeah, that was great!"

"I'm Loan, by the way."

"Dave here," I reply.

"I just feel like you took my soul out of my body."

"I'm going to get some water."

I give him a suspicious look, which becomes clearer as I watch him take a bottle of water out of his bag.

I keep watching him as he refreshes himself.

I waited for him to finish.

"So you had water in your bag the whole time?"

"Yes, you're right", he answers with a smile.

"Then why didn't you give it to me?"

"You didn't ask", he says, blinking his right eye.

Asshole.

Not long after, the other three guys from my team arrive. They did not even say hello.

I feel like I'm a transparent window - an attempt to let others know that I'm here. That I exist.

That I'm important.

Or at least I wanted to be.

Others arrive as well. But I'm no longer in the room.

My head is somewhere else.

It's nine o'clock. I walk towards my team. They are on the other side of the room, talking frenetically about what is to come.

We all hurry to leave the men's shower room.

As I crossed the corridor again, I tried to think positively.

"You've worked hard for this."

Two minutes later, we all took our places on the track.

I finally noticed that there were four teams competing. Including mine.

I was going to be the last one to receive the baton from them.

And so will Loan.

Such a big responsibility.

The whistle blows.

I had not even noticed all the people who had come to see us.

I'm too worried about myself.

I'm feeling dizzy.

I can't see clearly.

I look behind me and see a humanoid figure approaching.

My time is coming.

For the final sprint.

"Here, take it, Dave!"

after 2 secs

"Are you crazy, dude? Take the stick, for God's sake!"

--> take baton / take stick / grab baton / grab stick

I take the baton and start sprinting as fast as I can.

Loan is standing next to me, on the track to the left of me.

He's smiling at me.

That cocky smile.

Suddenly I start to lose strength.

"Not now."

"You have to fight."

"Run."

"Run as if your life depends on it."

--> run

"Keep going."

--> run

"You're almost there."

"Only Loan is ahead."

* run

My eyes go blank.

Then a terrible blackness fills my mind.

I hear a loud bang next to me.

Has someone fallen?

Could it be me?

No. I don't think so. I don't feel any pain.

Oh. Wait. It's starting now.

Damn, it hurts. My leg, it fucking burns inside.

I can't feel it.

I try to move it to stop the tingling, but I can't. I can't move my leg.

And suddenly I realise that I'm not running anymore. The ground is rough, I can feel these little stones on my hands.

"Dave!"

"Dave, wake up!"

"Dave, can you hear me?"

I open my eyes and the smile is gone.

Asshole.

You could have won that race. Why did you stop to look for me?

"Because I was worried about you. And you're more important than this."

How did they know I was mentally questioning his behaviour?

Asshole.

"Somebody call an ambulance! Dave's just had a blackout!"

but there are at least three bags displayed in this spacious room that fills completely the right side of it. The ground is still wet, which is understandable for a place where sportsmen take a shower. But I do not remember being warned that there was another competition before the athletics one.

I think it’s better to check what time is it.

I’m on the outside of the sports hall.

KEY COLOURS CHALLENGE

The door opened, unveiling a long aisle. We were entering and, suddenly, a baby’s scream was heard.

“Wait, we are not alone?”, I say.

The gate goes down. And the scream, as well.

“Don’t worry, Dave! Whatever is waiting for us, I will protect you at all costs.”, reassures Loan, not realizing that, somehow, his voice shifted; it is the first time that I see Loan nervous, I can feel that he is afraid, although he is trying to hide it with that speech.

“I am still able to shield myself. C’mon, it’s just a child!”

“Now you’re one-legged. And you must be tired of walking with those sticks. You are really behind right now.”

“I lost a leg, not a brain. I’m not dumb.”

“I told you I could give you a piggyback ride. Let me do it for you. For your safety.”

“Let it be! I’m still worth it. I’m not an irrelevant piece of junk. I’m still useful. I’m much more than a one-legged man. So, please, let me prove to myself that I am right.”

* Traverse corridor

We both start to walk on this odd pathway.

“You know what, I thought about something kind of weird, even though it may have sense.”

“Oh, really? Go for it, Loan!.”

“Well…”

“Hum…”

“…”

“Nevermind.”

“Wait, what?”

“It was a joke since the beginning… How I did not get that.”

“No!”

“Then, go for it! It can’t be that bad. And no matter how much stupid it can be, I would never blame you. You did so much for me. And…”

“… I love you.”

“So, you know that child noise we heard?”

“Yes?”

“It is connected to the door. I’m sure of it.”

“Why?”

“Intuition. Just like a baby cries when they are woken up, the door cried because we ‘woke it up’. And after screaming, it came back to sleep. Just like a little one.”

“I have lost a leg, but it seems that you are the one with more after-effects.”

“It might be right. All that blood! I wonder who is gonna clean all that shit.”

“Hahaha! At least it was not during the running.”

Odd. Yeah. Because of its shape.

A perfect square. All along the way.

This has human hands. The walls – such a smooth surface that guarantees we are never alone.

TOXIC RAIN CHALLENGE / CAULDRON ROOM

* where he needs to spin around a small magic spoon with his nose that controls a big spoon on the roof that will protect them from the toxic rain.

CODE DOORS CHALLENGE

ONE\_OUT\_OF\_1000 OBJECTS CHALLENGE