

# Cyber Girl

For Roberto

By TheSpiralledEye

*A man makes a female avatar in the new MMO only to find himself transported into the game and her body!*

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I closed the front door behind me and sighed in relief; it felt like Friday night would never arrive. I kicked off my shoes, ripped the stuffy tie from around my neck and scrunched it into a ball and threw it through the air into the wash basket in the corner of my tiny apartment. Working the nine to five was about as boring as everybody said, but at least it afforded me my weekends to do whatever I wanted. Namely, try out the new game that had been sitting, pristine and unopened on my PC for the last week.

'Cyber' was the newest visual reality game that everybody was raving about. A MMORPG that could finally challenge World of Warcraft. As a long time WOW player myself I knew I had to check it out, anything that could challenge the king of all MMOs had to be good, even if science fiction wasn't normally my thing.

Beer in hand I sat down at my desk and opened up the game and immediately got hit with a wave of 80s nostalgia. Neon menu screens and synth music blared at the start up screen and I grinned; this was exactly the sort of cheesy, low stakes fun I needed right now. I hopped into the character creator eagerly and went about making my avatar. Immediately I realised the girl model had a lot more detail put into than the male; and it had sliders for everything.

After spending the last decade running around virtual worlds as a big tough orc man, why not try something a little different. I felt myself leaning close to the screen as I carefully sculpted my avatar's body, giving her the softest skin, and beautiful, almost glowing blue eyes. I picked the longest and palest hair style I could find and then added some cute little buns to her head to help her stand out. Then I selected the poutiest lips and turned the slides for hips and bust all the way to their max. She looked about ready to burst out of the skin tight bodysuit the character creator had her in.

I grinned; this was going to be so much fun. I already knew bike riding was a big part of this game, with a third person camera I was going to have a great view of my avatar's

tight, bubbly butt for the whole thing! I could see why the game was taking off. The graphics were so good she almost looked real.

READY TO PLAY?

The screen blinked and I eagerly put on my VR headset and gloves so that the words floated in mid air, just out of my screen. I hit the enter button and the synth blared once more as the neon lights flashed and almost blinded me.

There was a jolt of electricity that made me jump in my seat but...I never went back down. It almost felt as if I was floating and then suddenly I felt myself being pulled forward, chest first down a blinding light tunnel. I felt laughter bubble in my chest; this almost felt real!

That wasn't the only thing I felt in my chest either; no there was some sort of pressure. I looked down and felt the VR headset disappear in a shower of pixels, clouding my vision for a moment.

"What?!"

I reached my head up to my temples but didn't feel anything; no headset, yet all the tunnel of lights was still there and I was falling down it faster and faster as that pressure in my chest built. I looked back to it and saw that somehow my shirt and pants had been replaced with the game's signature black jumpsuit and that my chest was slowly ballooning underneath it.

"What's happening this can't be real!?"

I watched as what could only be a pair of enormous tits began to grow under the jumpsuit, even hurtling through this tunnel I could feel their weight as they grew to the same size I'd made my avatar's. I felt a similar tingle in my hips as they too began to grow full and wide to accommodate my rapidly swelling butt. I tried to reach around to grasp at the cheek and push them back in but floating in this void, flying down this tunnel it was impossible.

I tumbled ass over tit through the weightless void until I finally managed to right myself, just in time for a swathe of long, white blond hair to slap me in the face. It was the same colour I'd selected in the character creator; was I becoming my character!?

"Ow!"

There was a prickle on my skull as I felt the distinct buns form and those same blue pixels buzzed all over my body making tiny changes as they went; painting the nails on my hands

and toes a soft shade of pink, thickening out my thighs and cinching my waist. I was totally at their mercy as I continued to fall faster and faster.

“Let me off! Cancel! Exit! Escape!!”

But none of the command words, I twisted my arms around trying in vain to pull out the cords of my VR set but I couldn't even feel them. It was impossible for me to move this way with all of them hooked up which could only mean...I really was about to enter the game.

The light at the tunnel turned into an open, spinning portal and I felt gravity reappear all at once. The tunnel was gone and I was three feet in the air, unsupported.

“Uh oh.”

I fell heavily to the ground, thankfully, my new, plush ass cushioned the fall but not enough to stop me wincing and rubbing at my new cheeks to get rid of the soreness.

“Ow...Wha-hey my voice! Why do I sound all synthy and girly!?”

I went to raise a hand to my throat but instead they hit my new chest on the way up.

“Ouch! Ugh, these didn't seem so big from the outside.”

I picked myself up and looked around, I was standing on a peak overlooking what looked like a virtual sci fi style city. I could see neon cars and bikes everywhere, zipping from place to place, several of them with little names floating above their heads; players. Were they all stuck in here like me? There was a glass dome above my head, separating me out from the rest of the city and a tunnel leading down to the road. The whole area screamed 'tutorial zone' but how was I supposed to play the game without any controller? A chime played and a shiny silver motorcycle with neon pink wheels that seemed to float underneath the body appeared with a little arrow bobbing on top of it.

It was one thing to hop on a bike in game but I'd never ridden a motorcycle in my life! There was no way I was getting on that thing, I'd crash straight into a wall and who knows how this world worked; if I died in here did I die in real life? I wasn't about to test that theory. So Instead I tried to walk down the tunnel only to smack right into an invisible wall.

“Ow!” I rubbed at my chest, “Damn, these things are tender.”

I turned back to face the bike, little arrow still floating insistently above it.

“...Fine.”

Awkwardly I climbed onto the bike and found it was the kind where I practically had to lay down horizontal to ride it; chest crushed against the smooth metal and ass half in the air. I blushed a little as I revved the handlebars, remembering how I'd been looking forward to seeing that ass in just this position; it felt a little funny actually *feeling* it.

I revved the handlebars once more and all of a sudden the bike zoomed forward, neon lights spinning so fast I became a streak of coloured light. I was moving so fast I almost screamed, how was I supposed to steer!? But my new body seemed to know what to do instinctually. I glided down the tunnel out onto the road, among the other set dressing and players.

I could hear the low audio quality of voice chat and see words floating above a few players' heads as they used text chat. All of their avatar's faces were perfectly blank; it was obvious they weren't here in the same way I was.

“Hey!” I called “Has anybody else been sucked into this game?”

A few people on voice chat laughed.

“Yeah, dude!”

“Sexy voice babe!”

“I've been playing nonstop-ah wait a sec, afk, I gotta get my pizza.”

I pouted; I could even hear the sound of a headset being placed down and somebody walking away as one player got up. Lucky bastard. I needed to figure out what was going on here and how to get home, it wasn't like I could just press the escape key and close the game down. Right?

Feeling stupid, I concentrated on the exit menu as hard as I could but nothing appeared, in fact, the world looked a little strange without any UI to speak of. I was going to have to interact with this virtual world the same way I would the real one; which meant no way to close the game.

I zoomed along the highway, feeling the wind in my hair and electricity coursing through my veins until I reached what looked like the main hub city. All around me players

mingled and NPC's stood with little exclamation points floating above their heads. I could hear as other players chatted about quests and guilds and I felt a bitter taste form in my mouth; all week I'd looked forward to playing this game and now all I wanted to do was turn it off!

There was always the idea of...winning the game to escape. That's what people had to do in this situation in the movies. But this was a MMO, you couldn't exactly win it. But maybe if I completed a few quests. I looked around at the forest of exclamation marks; where to start?

I skidded to a stop in a plaza area, hopping off the bike and watching as it disappeared into thin air.

"I really hope I can find a way to summon that back..."

I gazed around the glittering metropolis with my mouth agape; were the graphics this good outside the game? This place looked so real; it was like stepping into a movie. I felt my feet start to carry me without thinking as I walked the streets, taking in the neon lighting; the cool little world building touches, and the sky full of rainbow coloured stars. A swirling galaxy covered one corner of the night sky and the sight alone took my breath away. If nothing else, it might have been worth getting temporarily stuck in here just for this.

"Hey girl."

The wonder was instantly shattered by a touch of the real world. The voice was crackly, coming from an male avatar with sunglasses, a black coat and a giant buster sword on his back.

"Uh, hi?"

"New to games, right? Here, I can show you around."

"No actually I-"

"No those marks above the guys heads are the people who give you quests, if you hit enter when you walk up to them you can see the loot, that's what we call the items you get from completing the quest."

I almost felt my eyes glaze over.

“Yes, I know how these things work, I’ve been playing MMOs for years.”

I tried my best to cross my arms but my damn tits got in the way.

“Yeah but Cyber is pretty advanced, if you were playing MMOs I am guessing your boyfriend did most of it-”

“I don’t have a boyfriend.”

“Great, do you want one?”

What the fuck was this conversation? If it weren’t for the bad audio quality and the quiet sound of something being munched on in the background I’d assume this was some badly written, buggy NPC, not a real person.

“No thanks,” I tried nicely. “Um, if you don’t mind I’m going to go do some quests.”

“I’ll come with you, I am already level 17, I bet I can get you some easy EXP.”

“I’m fine, really.”

“Geez I’m just being nice, why are you being such a bitch?”

“I just want you to leave me alone!”

“Why? I’m a nice guy who came here to teach you-”

“I don’t need to be taught!”

“Yeah well, good luck getting to level 2 you fucking loser. You’ll be back here begging for help from a real gamer in no time.”

The Avatar spun around and walked off, dematerialising as it entered one of the buildings.

“What the fuck...” I shook my head.

That was the single weirdest interaction I'd ever had with another person, in game or not. He did bring up an interesting point though, how was I supposed to interact with quest givers without a mouse and keyboard?

There was a small crowd of people all surrounding one NPC in particular with a golden exclamation point; that had to be the tutorial mission. If I was going to figure out how to survive in here, that mission was as good as any; normally the difficulty was low and there were even some measures to make sure you can't die during them. Which given that I had no idea whether that would actually kill me, was welcome.

The NPC was a man with slicked back hair and a greaser jacket lined with neon stitching, he grinned at me as I approached.

"First time in CyberCity newcomer? Care to test your your biking skills?"

"Um, sure?"

"I'll bet you fifty tex that you can't beat me out of the city and down to the salt flats."

Tex, that had to be the in game currency. I had no idea how to access my wallet but having money would probably be a good thing.

"I bet I can."

"Let's do it!"

There was a swirl of blue pixels and I found myself teleported back on my bike on a road leading out of town, several blue rings stood before me and there was the NPC on his bike, taunting as a giant set of floating traffic lights loomed ahead. There were several other players lined up with me, presumably playing the same mission. Idly, I wondered if they could see me. Judging by the way they were clipping into each other, it was pretty safe to say they couldn't. As far as they were concerned back in the real world, this was a one on one race.

Just as the light was about to go green though, I noticed something or rather, someone. A woman like me, though not quite as curvy, with a half shave and dark purple hair. Unlike all the other players around me, her face was static, she was glancing around nervously just like I was. Like she was a real person. Our eyes locked just as the lights were green and my bike revved beneath me, sending me speeding down the track toward the blue rings.

As soon as I passed through one I felt the speed double. My butt was jiggling with the vibration from the bike and my hair whipping out behind me. It was exhilarating, and slightly embarrassing. The woman with the purple hair pulled alongside me with wide eyes.

“Are you real?” She yelled over the roaring of the engine.

We swerved around a corner, hitting another boost as the NPC touted us with words neither of us cared about.

“Yes!” I cried, “Did you get sucked into the game as well?”

She nodded before swerving around an obstacle. Her bike peeled away onto a different road before rejoining and I did my best to stay in line with her.

“Let’s finish this mission and talk!” She yelled. “Get to the salt flats!”

Excitement buzzed beneath my skin, now that I wasn’t alone I could let myself enjoy this experience a little. I leaned in, feeling my breasts fall either side of the thin bike frame despite the tight bodysuit. The neon city gave way to silver salt flats and I could see a floating chequered flag not far ahead. I adjusted my weight and raced ahead of the NPC, then the other people playing the tutorial mission before siding across the finishing line. A second later the purple haired woman slid to a halt on her own bike.

The NPC materialised in front of us and transferred the 50 tex into our virtual wallets and continued to talk but I ignored him; I had much bigger things to worry about.

“You’re not playing at your desk, are you?” The woman asked. “You’re like me, I made my character and then-”

“You got sucked into the game? Me too!” I exclaimed. “Oh thank God I was beginning to think I was the only one.”

“Me too. I’m Jenna, by the way.”

“James.” I replied without thinking and watched as Jenna’s face screwed up in confusion.



“You’re a guy?” She looked me up and down and I felt my face turning red. Why did I make my character so damn sexy? She probably thought I was a creep.

“Yeah...”

“Well...you sound like a girl at least but that must be the game.”

I wanted the virtual ground to swallow me up.

“Anyway...any idea how we get out of here?”

“I have an inkling.” Jenna replied, “I was a beta tester for this game-”

“Holy shit, that’s so cool!”

“It’s less fun that you think, anyway, there was some broken code that was randomly messing with VR headsets of random players when we were testing, they couldn’t remove it, so they sort of gathered it in one area and walled it off to players. I am thinking that might be the cause. If we find the bad code and delete it entirely, then find a way to reset, we might be able to get back to our bodies.”

“Well, it’s better than my plan.” I admitted.

“Which was?”

“Walk around till I thought of a plan.”

Jenna snorted with laughter.

“At least you’re honest.” She chuckled. “Sorry, but I have to ask, why did you make your character look like that?”

I blushed, well, if she liked honesty...

“I like big boobs.” I said with a shrug as my face went beet red.

To my surprise, Sarah smiled and shrugged too.

“Hey, me too. Again, I like your honesty James, let’s go get you back into your proper self, eh?”

I nodded again and hopped back onto my bike, which thankfully hadn’t dematerialised again. As the neon lights of the futuristic city flickered and danced in the distance, I revved up my bike, feeling the hum of its engine beneath me. I could feel my whole body getting warm from the vibration, especially between my legs and I blushed; apparently the game was very thorough with its 3D models.

"Ready?" Jenna asked.

With a grin, I nodded, and we sped off back into the virtual city, our bikes leaving streaks of light behind us. The cityscape stretched out endlessly, its towering buildings reaching for the artificial sky above.

We zoomed through narrow alleys, darted between skyscrapers, and leaped over virtual obstacles, our laughter echoing behind us. With each jump and turn I felt hyper aware of my own body. How every turn caused my breasts to crush against the bike in new and interesting ways. I’d been so distracted by the strange situation before I was only just now starting to fully appreciate how this new female body felt. It was so sensitive; and the body suit was so thin I felt like I was practically wearing nothing at all.

"Come on, slow poke!" Jenna laughed, speeding in circles around me before darting forward.

I couldn't help but giggle; this was pretty fun! Together we laughed and raced one another all the while remaining vigilant, scanning every corner for signs of the rogue code's presence. We checked darkened alleyways, abandoned data hubs, and even ventured into the depths of the lower city which was clearly designed for higher level players.

After hours of searching with nothing to show for it we pulled up on a small city outlook, much like the one I’d first appeared on. Jenna sighed and shook out her long hair in frustration.

“Not a single sign, not even a glitch. What sort of game this size doesn't have any glitches?”

“We’ve searched half the map...maybe we’re going about it the wrong way?” I suggested.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, you said the shuffled the code off into an area players shouldn’t be able to reach, maybe we should check the edge of the map?”

For a moment Jenna just stared and I was afraid I’d said something stupid but then she grinned ear to ear and, to my shock, jumped right into my arms.

“You’re a genius!” he cried. “Why didn’t I think of that?”

I could feel out bodysuits pressing close together, my new nipples started to go hard no matter how hard I willed them not to. It had been forever since I’d had a woman hug me so tightly, I couldn’t help it and I felt Jenna stiffen as she felt them too. Thanks to my huge cup size, my nipples weren’t exactly hard to notice, especially when they were diamond hard against Jenna’s own breasts.

“S-sorry.” I stammered awkwardly, “I’m not used to how sensitive they are...”

To my surprise Jenna grinned and stepped back, slowly dragging her hands along the side of each of my huge tits before moving away entirely. A shiver went down my spine and I couldn’t stop a soft moan escaping my mouth.

“It’s fine.” She teased. “A perfectly normal response, I have to admit, I am a little curious just how far the change goes...from a programming point of view I mean.”

“Of course.” My whole body felt like it was on fire from that one touch.

“It’s going to be a long drive to the edge of the map...” Jenna continued, “We could always take a little break here, do some investigating?”

My mouth wet dry, was she insinuating...surely not. Girls never came onto me! In the few hours since we met I’d been nothing but awkward around her, she couldn’t possibly want to do anything physical.

“What do you mean?”

“Oh come on James, I’m talking about seeing just how real these new bodies of ours are? Come on, aren’t you curious to feel what a woman feels when she’s touched?”

I was; *very* curious in fact. Especially now that I could feel a need starting to burn between my legs. It was constant, insistent and somehow deeper than any kind of arousal I’d felt before. All that constant, low level teasing from the vibration of my bike had primed me perfectly for the touch of somebody else.

Jenna stepped close again and put her fingers to the top of my body suit before slowly dragging them down, taking the zip with them.

“Y-you’re very forward.” I murmured, too stunned to do anything but stare at her.

“I like taking charge, I like leading and not many men are willing to let me.” She muttered, pulling the zip all the way to my navel so that my tits basically fell out. “And...I like big boobs too.”

She slipped her hand inside the body suit and squeezed one of my nipples; it was like a bolt of lightning forking through my body. The pleasurable heat between my legs seemed to intensify in an instant and I gasped. Jenna grinned like the cat who got the cream and repeated the gesture, then again until I could barely string a coherent thought together.

Jenna seemed fascinated by my curves, hefting them up and down before squeezing them together. Now that the tight jumpsuit wasn’t supporting them I could really feel the weight. I couldn’t decide whether I’d been a genius or an idiot for making them this large. There was just so much of them to play with that Jenna didn’t seem keen to move on but the rest of my body desperately wanted her to. The teasing was about to drive me mad.

“Please...” I groaned.

“You can touch me too.” Jenna giggled, “that might help you focus.”

A hot chick was actually asking me to touch her tits, she was unzipping her own jumpsuit right in front of me. I didn’t even care that I was stuck in a video game anymore; this was the best day of my life.

With hands trembling in anticipation I reached out and ran my bare fingers over her soft skin. While they weren’t as big as mine, her breasts had an unnatural perkiness that only

existed in virtual reality. It was like playing with two bouncy beach balls. Except these beachballs each had a nipple that when squeezed elicited the most wonderful sounds from their owner.

I continued to play as Jenna pressed both her thumbs against my nipples before raising her hands back to my shoulders. With some hesitation I removed my hands from her tits and shook off the top half of my jumpsuit, letting it bunch around my hips before doing the same to her. Now we were both half naked, leaning against an invisible barrier for support as we felt each other up.

With a seductive wiggle, Jenna had her jumpsuit on the ground around her ankles so that she was fully naked and showing off her pretty, pale pussy. I tried to do the same thing but got nowhere, my butt was just too big and round. Jenna laughed a little.

“Aw, need some help?” Jenna teased, reaching her arms around me and running her fingers down my back.

Those deft fingers found their way into my bodysuit and then slowly, achingly slowly, pulled them down over the curve of my ass. I gasped as cold, virtual air hit my pussy for the first time. It felt so weird to have one, not bad, just different. I moved my legs apart, silently begging Jenna to touch me. She complied, with a wild grin she reached one hand around to cup my ass and let the other dive between my legs.

“Oh! Oh God yes, fuck!” The words just spilled out, I’d never been one for swearing during sex before but it just felt so good I couldn’t stop myself.

Jenna slid to fingers along my pussy lips, trapping my clit between them as she moved back and forth. I moaned, bucking my hips and gripping her shoulders for dear life and waves of ecstasy washed over me.

“Don’t be greedy now.” Jenna whispered, “Or I might not let you finish.”

She swirled around my clit once and I nodded. I reached a hand down to her own pussy and did my best to mirror the movements, copying every stroke that made me shiver right back to her. Both our hips began to buck and I noticed her smug taunts disappeared as her breathing turned short and sharp.

“W-where’s that confidence?” I stammered in my best teasing voice.

“Don’t get cocky.”

She bit down gently on my shoulder and I groaned, the slight pain only added to the pleasure as it continued to build. I felt her fingers slip inside me and it was all I could do to hold back a wail. The virtual buzz in my voice was near constant as I moaned; so close!

“That’s it, cum like a woman for me, James.”

I did. My hands spasmed, fingers flicking inside Jenna’s own pussy and making her follow me. We moaned, pressing our lips together for the first time as we rode wave after wave of bliss till our orgasms finally finished and our fingers withdrew.

“I’ve heard of cyber sex but that was something else.” Jenna giggled against my shoulder, giving my tits one last squeeze.

“Tell me about it...”

We stepped apart, still naked in our own little private corner of the virtual world and I took the opportunity to look over my body now that I wasn't covered up. The curves seemed somehow bigger like this, maybe the suit had been squashing them down. Instead of feeling embarrassed though, it felt oddly empowering. In just a few hours this body had given me more pleasure than my male one had in my entire life.

“What’s that?” Jenna asked, looking over my shoulder.

I turned just in time to see a small floating robot that I recognised from the box art of the game; a security drone?

“I REGRET TO INFORM YOU, BOTH YOUR ACCOUNTS HAVE BEEN SUSPENDED FOR LEWD BEHAVIOUR.” The robot buzzed.

“What?”

“YOU WILL NOW BE BOOTED FROM THE SERVER FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.”

“Wha-AGH!”

There was a blinding flash of light and my whole body went numb, then all of a sudden it was gone. I was sitting at my desk, booted back to the title screen of Cyber and blinking in surprise. Did that...really just happen or was it all some sort of weird dream?

I rubbed my eyes, half expecting to find I'd fallen asleep in my chair after a long day of work when I saw the message on screen. The same one the little robot had just delivered; I'd been banned from the main server. That wasn't the only thing I saw though, at the bottom corner of the screen, a tiny envelope; a friend request. I felt a grin spreading across my face, I had a pretty good idea who sent it.