

Bending Reality

Have you ever experienced VR gaming?

You know, putting on one of those really expensive headsets and immersing yourself in the video game entirely. No more staring at a TV screen or computer monitor, no longer having your home's walls in the periphery of your vision. You put on a Virtual Reality headset, and it's like you're *inside* the game.

See, the headsets have two little screens in them. Little, powerful screens. One for each eye. Each with an ever so slightly different output. Depth perception. Convincing enough to trick your mind into believing it's real. That what you're seeing and experiencing is real life.

Imagine it. Putting on a headset and suddenly you're somewhere else. Someone else.

One minute, you're nobody. The next, you're an action hero. Or a mystical mage. A medieval warrior. Or maybe you'll warp yourself into a much more mundane situation – golf or something. Likewise, you could boot up a game in which you're a literal god. An impossibly powerful being with control over an entire universe.

That, more than anything else, is why I spent a small fortune on a new computer and all the equipment I needed to run VR.

To become someone new. Someone interesting.

See, unlike most people, I'm willing to admit I don't lead a very interesting life. Hell, my life is boring as fuck. I wake up, go to work, come home, eat, sleep. Repeat that ad nauseam. Over and over, the same routine. A normal, boring life.

Sure, I could be going out on dates and 'live life', but what was the point? Date a guy, put out, get my heart broken again, then what? Try again? No. Fuck that.

I'm a realist. I know who I am, and I'm not the type of girl guys go for.

I was a 'girl next door'. Pretty enough, though not hugely sexy or anything. Small breasts and a regular butt. Not the type of girl guys fantasise about, that's for sure. I wasn't some bleach-blonde bimbo with huge tits and blowjob lips. I was just me. A plain, regular woman. The type of girl that guys 'settled' with once they realised the blonde bimbo was way outta their league.

How could I date a guy knowing I'd always be second best in his mind?

No, I think I'll stick with my fake VR worlds and their simple joys. Who needs a guy in their life when they can slay dragons and play with bazookas?

While browsing the interwebs for good game suggestions, I happened across a VR enthusiast website. There, I found a small group of friends that all shared my love of virtual entertainment.

One, a guy who went by the username 'MisterBates', seemed to know *exactly* the type of games I'd enjoy.

He gave me a ton of recommendations, even bought one or two of them for me out of his own pocket. And, sure enough, I loved all of them. Sank countless hours into these magical dream-worlds. Before long, me and Bates were talking constantly. Him giving me recommendations and intel on games that weren't even out yet, chatting for hours on end about Virtual Reality and all the endless possibilities the technology had.

Then, out of the blue, he sent me something I wasn't expecting.

Porn.

Virtual Reality porn.

When my shock subsided, I questioned Bates about why he was sending me links to pornography. It was, after all, more than a little weird. When he told me about how amazingly immersive some VR porn was, I was sceptical. Enough so that I didn't try it out for a long time.

One day, however, I was curious and bored, and my intrigue got the better of me.

I sat down at my desk, donned the VR headset, and booted up the file Bates had sent me.

It wasn't a game. But it wasn't a video either.

More like, it was somewhere in between the two. I could move my head, turn and look around. I appeared to be on a plain white bed with plain white walls all around me. I was alone and, when I looked down at my body, I couldn't help but snort at what I saw.

Two huge, mountainous, obviously-fake tits protruded from my chest. Monsters compared to my own modest bust.

Of course. Whatever model they'd used to make this game *obviously* had to have unrealistically huge tits. What else had I been expecting? Still, it was a little surprising. Not the huge tits so much, but the fact that I was viewing the scene from a woman's perspective. Most VR porn, I imagined, would be from the viewpoint of a male, right?

Before long, the virtual room's door opened, a naked man stepping inside.

Even knowing it was fake, that I wasn't really there, I couldn't help but blush and look away. The man was, after all, very attractive and very well-hung. After a moment of shyness, I turned my gaze back on the chiselled Adonis. Allowed myself to gaze shamelessly at his perfectly sculpted body – at the horse-sized cock swinging down between his legs.

Pretty soon, I lost myself in the fantasy. Let my mind forget about reality, as I'd done with countless VR games before. I wasn't me. Wasn't the plain girl with a boring life. I was a busty, sexy beauty about to be fucked by the perfect man.

Every now and then, the screens in front of my eyes would bug out, flash odd colours. But, soon enough, my brain learned to ignore the odd flashes.

And, for the first time ever, I lost myself in the sexual fantasy.

Bates seemed amused when I told him I'd enjoyed the porn he'd sent me. Was more than happy to send me more of it. Oddly, he'd told me I should only run the porn he himself sent – something about VR porn having a lot of viruses or something, and that the only way to keep my very expensive computer safe was to run the porn he alone sent me.

Before long, I was regularly receiving files from Bates. And, in each one, I took on the role of a busty bimbo. A horny fuck-doll that existed for no other reason than to be screwed senseless by whatever man came to her.

The men changed each time. At first, they were all handsome and fit, sexy. Then, as time went by, different men started appearing in the virtual fantasies. Middle-aged men, ugly men, some overweight, some skinny and nerdy-looking.

I didn't mind.

I should have, I know. If these were fantasies, why not have perfect men in them to complete the image? But, somehow, I knew that the girl I was taking the place of – the cock-loving bimbo – didn't care what a guy looked like. Only cared about the object between a man's legs.

And, in these fantasies, I was her. The bimbo.

I cared about what she cared about.

Cocks and being fucked.

What did it matter if the guy giving it to me wasn't handsome, wasn't athletic? Cock was cock. And I loved each and every one of them.

Slowly, VR porn replaced my wide collection of VR games.

No longer was I flying through cities with superpowers, or waving imaginary laser-swords around. Every free moment I had, my headset would be on and my life would be that of the bimbo.

I walked through the super-store, piking up bits and pieces for home. Toilet paper and

cleaning supplies, a few edibles. The usual stuff.

As I reached a beauty aisle, I found myself striding down it with purpose.

My shopping basket filled with products I didn't really need. An assortment of eyeliners and mascaras and lipsticks, lip-gloss and foundation and the like. For some reason, it just felt *right*. And, when I walked past hair-dyes, I couldn't help but reach for a particularly bright blonde dye.

I'd look good with blonde hair. A bit of extra make-up.

Like the girl in the porn Bates continued to send me.

Not *totally* the same. I mean, I'd still have my small breasts and she'd still have those mountainous melons. But I'd be closer to looking like her. And looking like her would make the porn better. It'd be even more *real*.

With what I'd bought today, the only thing that'd make the fantasy any more real for me was if I got a boob job...

For a long few moments, I actually considered the option.

Then, giggling, I shook my head.

No, that was a silly idea. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't afford it. That kind of surgery was expensive, right?

'How would you like to get paid to experience my VR porn?'

It was a question I hadn't been expecting from Bates. Until now, I'd never considered the possibility of earning real money through VR porn. Even after he explained it to me, told me about how the companies that made the stuff needed 'market research' and were willing to spend big-time for my opinion, I couldn't quite believe it. Still, this was Bates who was asking me. I could trust Bates. Bates was great.

So I agreed. How could I not?

A few days later, Bates sent me the first of the paid VR porn files. All I had to do was watch it, as I always did, and once it was done, I'd get paid. It sounded too good to be true, yet here I was.

I powered up my computer, slipped my VR headset onto my head, and ran the file Bates had sent me.

A plain white room appeared before me, simple white walls and a bright white bed. Again, I was in the role of my other self – the busty blonde bimbo. Huge tits bulging out from my chest, blonde hair flowing down my shoulders.

Within a few minutes, the room's door creaked open.

That sensation alone sent tingles through my body. Like a rush of cool air flowing into the room and over my skin. As the door closed behind the man, I could almost *feel* the vibration of it slamming shut.

Immersive. VR was so *immersive*.

The man approached me, not bothering with foreplay or teasing or anything. He walked towards me, eyes hard on my virtual tits.

When he put his hands on my knees, spread them apart, I felt my real body moving – my legs opening wide for the stranger. My body trembled with arousal, skin covered in goosebumps. Electricity flowed through me, little flashes of light appearing before my eyes every now and then. Words I couldn't quite catch appearing and instantly disappearing.

I watched as the virtual man pressed his cock against my crotch, could actually feel it on my body. My brain, so convinced by the illusion, could actually feel this virtual character's touch.

When he thrust forward and penetrated me,. My entire body shuddered in orgasmic pleasure.

So real.

It felt so *real*.

The man started thrusting, pounding his cock deep inside me. I could feel it there,

spreading me open – stretching me around itself. My pussy convulsed, another orgasm hitting me, then another. And endless string of pleasure and pressure. Heat coated my body in sweat, warm tingles jolting up my spine with every thrust.

The man gripped my thighs, pushed my legs wider apart – fucked me like an animal in heat.

I let go of myself, lost myself in the moment.

Screaming in pleasure, unleashing orgasm after orgasm.

Afterwards, I took my headset off feeling exhausted.

Amazing. That particular piece of porn had been utterly fantastic. When the developers, the people who made it and were paying me to experience it, asked me what I thought – that's exactly what I'd say. Amazing.

Though, of course, I'd never actually speak to them directly.

Bates - Master - was the middle-man. He'd ask me what I thought and then pass on my analytical critique.

Placing my VR headset aside, I stood up on wobbly knees.

Glancing down, my thighs looked a little red.

Were those hand prints?

I rolled my eyes, smirked. No, of course they weren't. How could they be? No, likely my body was just sore after sitting down so long. My pussy was sore, but that was nothing new. It always felt like that after VR porn.

With how much I'd soon be making off it, my pussy would be getting sore again very soon.

But it'd be worth it.

Soon enough, I'd be able to afford that boob-job I'd always wanted.