

## Peak Gaming

Imagine the most realistic video gaming experience imaginable.

I'm talking Virtual Reality headsets, environments that mimic the real world perfectly. The kind of fantasy game where you can be anything you want – warrior or mercenary, trader or bard, mage or cleric or *anything*. An MMO, only one where you *live* in the game. Where everything is so realistic and immersive, it's almost *preferable* over real life.

You get whacked with a sword in the game? You feel it. Not anything painful, mind. More like an electrical echo.

You eat something in the game? You *taste* it.

It's something to do with how the headset interacts with the brain's neural signals. Makes you feel and experience things in the virtual world as if they were real. Everything from warmth to sound to taste to touch. *Everything*.

I, of course, decided to make a warrior-class character for myself.

Too many of my friends – all girls like me – decided to go non-aggressive routes. Healers and stuff like that. They were too content to fit into roles that *guys* expected them to be in.

Not me.

While my friends were casting healing spells and buffs, I'd be swinging a giant axe and screaming at the top of my lungs. Did that makes me look totally insane? Sure. But it's hella fun. Unlike them, I actually got to enjoy myself and wreak havoc.

For some reason, me being a warrior also had the added benefit of turning a lot of guys off me. Probably something to do with me being able to wreck them in a one-on-one if I wanted to.

One of the only downsides to my chosen class was low magic resistance.

I was more susceptible to magic spells than most. And, for the most part, that was fine.

Or, well, it *was* fine. Right up until I realised just how immersive the game *truly* was.

I climbed into bed, slipped the headset on and booted up the game. A few seconds later, I was in.

The sounds and scents of a fantasy city filled my senses. Birds chirping and market vendors shouting out the goods they were selling. I gave myself a moment to adjust, to acclimatise myself to the sudden change in environments. Then, smiling, I left the inn I was staying in and walked out onto the streets.

As I made my way to the Quest Board, my eyes wandered to all the strange and wonderful sights the city had to offer. From people in beautiful, elegant armours to wizards performing fancy magic spells to brightly-coloured stores and shops displaying their goods for all to see. The city was alive and beautiful and filled with an energy that you just couldn't find in the real world.

Overhead, colourful birds and winged reptiles flew in dance-like patterns.

A few people looked my way as I walked through the city – mostly men running their eyes over my body, admiring everything that was on show.

For whatever reason, armours looked different on women than they did on men. When a man wore plain steel armour, it covered them from head to foot in steel plates – like a second, shiny skin. But, when a woman wore that exact same set of armour, it appeared as little more than a metal bikini.

The armour I was currently wearing looked like a black-metal bodice. And, given that the game used a person's real-life body to create their in-game appearance, my figure – mixed with the revealing attire – drew more than a few appreciative glances.

I ignored them, kept my eyes away from any of the lecherous stares.

Yes, I have a nice body. Yes, I have large breasts. Yes, they're natural. No, I'm not

interested in raiding some dungeons with you. No, I don't need your 'help' to level up. No, I don't have a boyfriend. No, I'm not interested in getting one.

Seriously, guys are so predictable and annoying. You'd think they'd realise when a girl is way out of their league, but no.

I was used to all the staring by now. In a game where I was forced to dress like a stripper most of the time, it was one of those things that you just adapted to. But, even if I was used to it, didn't mean I had to *like* it.

And so, I refused to meet the gazes of anyone who let their eyes wander my body.

The job was simple. Me and a teammate had to vanquish some monster that was terrorising a small village nearby. No problem, right?

Only all my friends were offline or busy.

Which meant, unfortunately, that I had to team up with a total stranger. Not the end of the world, of course. But it was very much a toss of the coin on if I'd end up with someone decent, or if they'd be a pain in the ass to work with.

When a skinny, weak-looking mage materialised in front of me – my temporary teammate – I suppressed a groan.

Mages were the *worst*.

Not that they couldn't do damage – fireballs were no laughing matter. But every mage I'd ever met always had this smug, arrogant attitude. They were the guys who thought of themselves as 'intellectuals'.

Still, I was stuck with this one until the job was done. So I did my best to put a pleasant smile on my face as I introduced myself.

"Hey," I said, back straight, giant battle-axe strapped to my shoulders. "I'm Beth, Second-Class Warrior specialising in Hand-to-Hand and Axes. My Sub-Class is Tank."

The mage inclined his head, a gentle smile curling his lips. Impressively enough, his eyes didn't roam my body as he spoke.

"Howdy," he said, eyes locked onto mine. "I'm Krathan, First-Class Mage specialising in Illusion and Manipulation Magics. My Sub-Class is Beast Tamer."

Illusion and Manipulation? Not very aggressive areas of expertise. No, they relied mostly on tricking your opponent or casting spells to make the enemy do your bidding. And Beast Tamer as a Sub-Class? That didn't fit for a Mage at all. Such an odd build for someone to pick.

Still, if he was First-Class then he *must* be good.

"Nice to meet you," I smiled.

"What do you know about Class Synergy?" Krathan asked me as we hiked through the wilderness.

I shrugged. "A little."

Some Classes and Sub-Classes worked very well together, giving the player special abilities and powers that couldn't be obtained anywhere else. I knew a few good combinations, but was by no means an expert.

"The reason I picked Illusion and Manipulation Magics, and the Beast Tamer Sub-Class," he said, "is because they have an amazing synergy."

Illusion Magic was all about tricking an enemy – making them see things that weren't there. Control Magic, which only worked on lower-level animals and monsters, turned enemies into allies. And Beast Taming allowed a player to tame animals permanently, keep them as pets and train them. Control Magic and Beast Taming certainly seemed like they'd have a lot of synergy, but to dedicate his entire build just for the sake of Class Synergy? Seemed unnecessary to me.

"Did you know," he stopped walking, raised his hands. His palms and fingertips began to glow with magic, "there's a special ability called Player Control?"

I glanced around, looking for enemies. Why else would Krathan be preparing a magic spell? There were no enemies nearby, however.

"Here," he said with a smile. "Let me demonstrate."

The entire world turned white. A blinding, brilliant flash of light. I felt my body tense, every muscle going rigid at once. The energy flowed through me, filled every inch of my being. And, a moment later, it was gone.

I blinked, stared at my mage companion.

"Control established," he stated confidently. "Beginning the Taming process."

I opened my mouth to speak, to tell this idiot that Control Magic didn't work on other players, that he couldn't 'Tame' me. But no words came out. I tried to move, but my body refused to obey.

"Pretty cool, huh?" Krathan smiled at me. For the first time, his eyes roamed my body freely. He took in my figure, my large breasts and slim waist, my revealing armour. "It doesn't work on every player. You need to find someone who has a low intelligence stat and, given most bitches play healers or mages with high intelligence, it can be difficult finding a nice catch. You, though, well..."

He reached a hand out, tried to grab hold of a breast. His hand passed through it harmlessly. Save for a slight tingle, I felt nothing. Krathan frowned, rolled his eyes.

"Enable 'Adult Activities' in your settings," he commanded.

And, to my horror, I was forced to obey.

I used to think the realism and immersion of this game was amazing. Being able to feel the breeze, smell the scents? Truly fantastical moments.

Tasting Krathan's cock? That changed my mind completely.

Skin. That's what it tasted like. Skin, and a faint saltiness.

It tasted like a *real* cock.

Why the fuck would the game's programmers add adult features to a fantasy role-playing game? Why would they *ever* go so far as to give virtual cocks a realistic texture and taste?

I bobbed my head back and forth, sucking the mage's cock with everything I had.

I didn't have a choice.

One simple command was all it'd taken. One whimsical order from him and my body had rushed to obey. I was a slave in my own, virtual body. And, worse than that, I was unable to leave. I couldn't even attempt to log out – Krathan had forbidden me.

"Usually," Krathan said, resting his hand atop my head. "Girls with big tits are shit at giving head. The smaller the tits, the better they are at sucking I find. But I gotta say, you're not half bad. Keep going, I'm almost there."

I downed his cock, felt it fill my throat and block all air to my lungs. Stupid, I know. My real body was laying in bed with nothing blocking its windpipe. I could breathe just fine. Yet, in that moment, it felt like I was suffocating.

"Here it comes," Krathan grunted, gripping my head and holding it in place. "Drink it all!"

A burst of flavour entered my mouth. Disgusting, unwanted flavour. And I had no choice but to drink every drop of it.

I took off the headset, blinked a few times. A few seconds passed before my body and brain adjusted to the real world.

A shiver ran through me.

Everything I'd done – all those things *he'd* made me do.

I felt dirty. Used. Part of me wanted to take a shower, as if that'd wash away the filth. But that was stupid. Wasn't like my real body had been sullied like that. Just the fake,

virtual one.

It wasn't real, I told myself. It hadn't *actually* happened.

My room was dark, pitch black.

I'd been in the game far longer than I usually was. What with me being unable to leave until Krathan said I could...

Another shiver shook my body, made me tremble.

I rose out of bed, not quite sure what I was doing or why.

Dazed, mind almost entirely empty, I walked through my home without a destination in mind. My feet didn't take me to the bathroom to shower, nor did I go to the kitchen to get something to eat – maybe wash away the lingering taste in my mouth. Instead, I walked to my computer and started it up.

My fingers moved without my wanting them to. Typed in the email address I'd been given by Krathan.

Only then did my eyes widened in pure horror.

The game - he was only supposed to be able to control me in the game! Why was I doing what he wanted now, when I was awake in the real world?

I sent the email – giving Krathan every detail about myself he could ever hope to know. Full name, phone number, home address. Everything.

A few minutes later, I got a reply.

Krathan commanding me to send him nudes.

And, body moving by itself, I pulled out my phone and began stripping. A minute later, I sent Krathan exactly what he wanted to see.