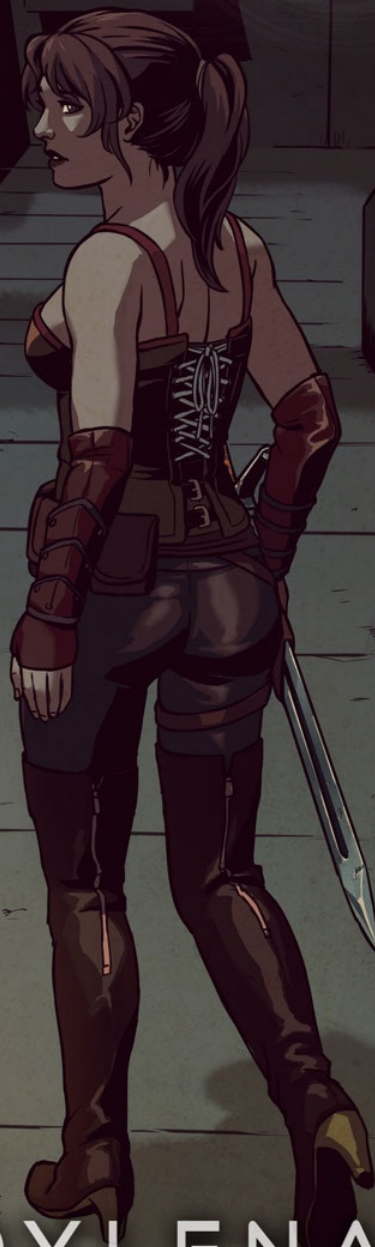


Log In



JOHN DYLENA

Log In



JOHN DYLENA

Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Log In](#)

[Afterword](#)

Log In

By: John Dylena

Wormwood Publishing and Editing

Copyright © 2017 by John Dylena

Smashwords Edition

a Pink Skirt Press story

Cover Art by: Flauschtraut

<https://flauschtraut.deviantart.com/>

All rights reserved.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Disclaimer:

This story contains adult material and was not suitable for readers under the age of 18. It also contains strong language and sexual situations. Most are of erotic nature and contain graphic and detailed descriptions of sex and/or masturbation.

If you, the reader, are of legal age (18+) and are fine with the previously mentioned themed story, then continue.

Enjoy.

Ted was a hardcore gamer, but he wasn't a thirteen-year-old hyped up on cocaine disguised as an energy drink whose vocabulary was 95% crude or homophobic insults. He wasn't a four-hundred-pound misogynistic neckbeard who slept with a body pillow that had an anime character on it. Nor was he some douchebag bro-gamer who bragged about his kill:death ratio for whatever was the most popular first-person shooter at the time.

What he was, was a little bit of everything. Ted was your very definition of average in height and looks—everything. He had brown hair and eyes and the body of a guy who'd spent most of this time seated at a desk in front of a computer and not enough time on a treadmill. He wasn't obese, but he wasn't thin either. He drank soda, but only the zero-calorie stuff. He had a fondness for pizza and beer, and extra slices of bacon with his breakfast. He had a collection of well-worn graphic t-shirts and a pet lizard named Wrex, named after one of his favorite characters from the Mass Effect trilogy, which in his eyes—as was true of his opinion of the Indiana Jones franchise—had ended with the third installment.

Ted was more at home at a comic book convention than at a music festival. He attended opening night showings of movies, and would stay up 'til almost dawn binge-watching a show on Netflix. He had a full-time job as one of three employees that made up the IT department for a modestly sized company; the other two being James, an elderly man who should've retired ten years ago, and Alexandra, who was secretly one of the few reasons why Ted continued to work there.

You know those workplace-themed porn videos, where the woman wears an outfit that straddles the fine line between appropriate and not? Imagine that being your actual coworker and supervisor, high heels, short pencil skirt, and all. He knew somewhere there was porn of her, and Ted had taken it upon himself to find it since he started working there just over a year ago. She may have been in her late thirties, but his boss was far more attractive than most women his age.

The more appropriate reason why he continued working there was that the company not only provided him with full benefits, but they paid him much better than what other companies would pay someone in his position. While on paper he worked your typical forty hours with the occasional bit of

overtime, in reality he spent about a quarter of that actually working.

The rest of the time, he watched “Let’s Plays” on YouTube, surfed the internet, play-flirted with Alexandra, listened to James’s too-crazy-to-be-real stories about “the good old days,” or worked on the epic fantasy novel he had been writing since he was twelve.

Since the company he worked for actually valued their IT team, Ted was able to have an apartment of his own. His first two years at college, he had been paired with horrible roommates. One guy smoked weed 24/7, and his half of the room was always messy. He never went to classes and just got high with his other stoner friends. Ted’s roommate sophomore year was your stereotypical frat guy. Like, a living cliché: a different girlfriend every week, constantly came back to the room black-out drunk on weekends, loud, obnoxious, and racist to boot. Fortunately, Ted only had to deal with that guy for one semester, as he was kicked out halfway through the year. His replacement roommate was this ultra-creepy anime-obsessed guy who had thankfully kept to himself.

Ted was a guy who valued his privacy. He liked being able to play video games whenever he wanted, and coming back to his dorm only to find the door locked because his roommate was “busy” had really aggravated him.

So naturally, he’d longed for a place of his own, a place where he could walk around in his underwear, where he could stay up all night watching TV or playing video games, and most importantly, was kept clean. No mountain of dirty dishes, no gross bathrooms, no trash lying around. Ted wasn’t a clean freak, but he was a human being, not some lazy creature who wallowed in its own filth.

With his job, not only could he afford a place of his own, but even after bills and living expenses, he had spending money. His place was, for the most part, “furnished,” with a bulk of the furniture a selection you’d find at an IKEA store, and not the high-end stuff either. Well, except for his entertainment center and computer corner; an island of luxury and extravagance in a sea of mediocrity. High definition television, several gaming consoles, and a library of movies in a bookshelf was the centerpiece of his living room. However, in his bedroom was his pride and joy: a custom built, multi-monitored gaming computer.

At least, until the arrival of what could only be called the true next generation of video game consoles. Its codename was Project: Infinity, with the actual console called the InfinityGear. Financed and developed by an eccentric tech billionaire, the InfinityGear wasn't just virtual reality; it was full-on immersion. Your consciousness left your physical body behind and you entered a fully rendered virtual world that was as tangible as the real one.

It wasn't cheap, that was for sure. It was more expensive than a top-of-the-line gaming computer that required a dedicated internet connection to the company's servers, which thankfully Ted already had, as the company behind the InfinityGear, Aurora, also operated as an internet service provider. Gone were the days of cable monopolies fucking customers over.

So now nearly every decently sized town in America had unfiltered, uncensored, unthrottled, truly unlimited internet access. And fast as fuck too. Ted could download 4k movies in only a couple of minutes where before it would take more than an hour. No more lag, no more buffering—it was bliss.

The InfinityGear had arrived earlier in the week, and Ted felt like a kid on Christmas morning as he unboxed it. Preorders went out for it six months prior, and Ted hadn't hesitated to put the money down, even if it meant living off of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and Cup Noodles for a month. Shipped alongside the console was the game Aurora developed, BladeStar Online, the first-ever "Full Immersion Massive Multiplayer Online Role Playing Game," or FIMMORPG for short. Forums, message boards, social media, and news sites everywhere were talking about it. Even so, it had its fair share of critics and cynics doubting the company's promises and lofty goals.

But you couldn't get to where Kase Netley was on false promises and failed ideas. He was this generation's Bill Gates or Steve Wozniak. He'd amassed a fortune building innovative technology, and oh yeah, he was a hardcore gamer and outspoken critic of the industry. He'd helped finance developers both big and small, from AAA studios to high schoolers building their dream projects.

Ted couldn't believe his luck when Aurora announced the date the servers

would go live for their flagship game. The scheduled launch date was the Friday before the two-week paid vacation Ted's company was providing for all its employees. All he needed to request off was that single Friday, which they had approved, no questions asked.

After unboxing the InfinityGear, he immediately began the lengthy setup and registration process. He created his account and filled out all the required information, including payment info. He uploaded his driver's license to show he was over eighteen years old, as BladeStar Online—or BSO—contained adult content. If anyone underage was caught using it, their accounts would be immediately banned and their devices confiscated.

Once your account was created and approved, a full body scan was required to create your digital avatar, which would be used to navigate the menu and library once the InfinityGear's library of games and software filled out. According to the developer, you could use your own body for the game, if you so choose. Ted knew that the only people who would elect to use their real life body models were those who already had amazing bodies and good looks. Ted, on the other hand, wanted to give himself the body he was admittedly too lazy to achieve; maybe go a few inches taller, among other things.

It was 8:59 am on Friday, October 20, 2023. The time had finally come. In the weeks and months leading up to this point, Ted had been all over the internet, searching far and wide for any and all information about the game, from the wildest theories to the videos and interviews from the developers. Ted wanted to know everything. However, the company provided only enough information to tease the players, critics, and journalists. Kase Netley had said that the game would be similar to, but at the same time different from, other online role playing games. There were no set classes that you had to choose from; players could mix and match and create their own based on how they wanted to play, or take inspiration from past games, movies, and television shows.

However, when it came to what races and genders the players could play as, Aurora was much more tight-lipped. They didn't say what the choices were exactly, just that they were all humanoid, and that each race had a male and

female option. This, of course, was met with some criticism from certain vocal communities who demanded more than the binary options. Aurora didn't give in to the demands. Instead, Kase issued a statement saying that "the character creator allowed for a vast amount of customization" and that "the two options were just a base starting point."

Ted couldn't sleep the night before. He was too excited. He was on his computer until his eyes couldn't stay open, reading up on any new last minute news or announcements. Despite that, as he laid on his bed with the helmet on, watching the countdown to server launch on the inside of the visor, he felt rested and ready. He had eaten a well-balanced meal for breakfast, then showered and locked up his apartment before lying in bed in nothing but his underwear and the helmet.

"Here we go," he said as the countdown reached zero.

Then the world went black.

The darkness lasted just long enough for Ted to doubt that the device was working properly. What he realized only a moment before being engulfed in what could only be described as the most vibrant, chromatic acid trip ever, was that he couldn't feel the bed on his back anymore. It was almost as if... he was floating.

All the rainbow-colored light show needed was some electronic music, but as quickly as it came, it vanished, and Ted was blinded by a bright white light. When his eyes adjusted, he found himself standing in a dimly lit square room, maybe twenty feet wide. The ground below his feet was hard, and looking down, he saw that he was completely naked except for a pair of gray boxer briefs. His entire body had been perfectly digitized down to the last freckle.

"Hello?" His voice echoed and he looked around, hoping to find some kind of light switch or button.

"Welcome, Ted!" a female voice said. "Please wait a moment while the character creator loads."

He shrugged. “Okay.”

“Congratulations!” The voice came so suddenly that it scared the crap out of him. “You are one of the f-first fifty to log in. You have been awarded a special item that y-you’ll receive upon creation of your character.”

Ted cocked his head to the side. The stuttering of the female AI did not go unnoticed.

“Character creator loaded. Place your hand on the scanner to begin.”

“What s—” A floating piece of dark glass appeared in front of him. It was around chest-high and was ringed in a flashing yellow light. He placed his hand inside the outline and a moment later, the flashing yellow turned solid green.

“Identity confirmed. Theodore Hayard. Age: 29. Gender: Male.” The scanner vanished, and on the wall in front of him, a large display appeared. “Character Creator initialized. You may begin when ready.”

A controller appeared in front of him, and upon grabbing it, the creator came to life. Displayed up on the screen was a series of still shots: front, back, and side of his full body and a close up of his head and face. His body was in a relaxed position and his face had a neutral expression that made him appear lifeless. It wasn’t flattering in the least bit.

“Fuck, is that what I look like?” he said as he looked down at his body. He took one hand off of the controller and grabbed at his belly fat. “Shit. Maybe I should start going to the gym. I mean, there is one in my building, after all.”

He sighed and got back to the creator. Time was precious. The longer he took, the more people would be in game, and the last thing he wanted was to deal with that swarm of players that filled the starting zones of every single online roleplaying game. Especially the new players who had no fucking idea how to play, not to mention the assholes who’d troll and harass other players.

Ted cracked his knuckles, rolled out his shoulders, and got to work. Even though RPGs were vastly different from one another in terms of genre, the

character creators for each were all structurally the same, like different dialects for the same mother tongue. With many roleplaying games under his belt, Ted was able to breeze through the highly customizable creator and sculpt a new form. It was himself perfected—tall, with the body of an Olympic athlete and a solid head of hair. He had a chiseled jaw with sharp features, a face that male models would be jealous of. He would turn the heads of women—and men—alike.

He didn't even consider the other race choices. You had your typical fantasy races: orc, dwarf, and elf—which was, of course, too feminine for his liking. There were alien races, anthropomorphic races—to appease the furies—and some kind of demonic race. They were all so cliché he had to roll his eyes. He was perfectly happy staying as a human, even if he would be in the minority. In fact, that made staying human even cooler. Maybe in the future he'd make another character of a different race, after he reached the top with soon to be named "Tedvara."

"The greatest player in BSO will not only be me, but a human to boot!" He laughed a quasi-maniacal laugh before inputting his character name and finalizing the design.

"Warning: design choices are final. Character cannot be changed once approved."

"Bitch, that is the pinnacle of humanity right there," Ted said as he confirmed the design.

"Design confirmed," the AI said. "Phase Two: Skills and Abilities."

Now that Ted's character was designed, the next step was to determine just what kind of character he'd be according to his overall playstyle—which, much like his design choice, was a no-brainer. Ted always played the badass warrior, the lone wolf mercenary whose skills were unmatched. He despised stealth and always opted for the "go in guns blazing" tactic.

"So strength first, and put the rest in constitution and dexterity," Ted said aloud, thinking as he tweaked the ability modifier. "Can't forget charisma. Won't be a caster, so I don't need intelligence or wisdom, just keep those at a minimum without getting to the negative modifier. Unless..."

He took his hands off the controls. One hand went to his hip while the other stroked his unfortunately smooth shaven chin. Any attempt to grow facial hair resulted in an uneven patchy growth that more closely resembled pubic or armpit hair. All the facial hair genes, as well as the high metabolism and good looks genes, had gone to his older brother, who was probably off on some tropical vacation banging his supermodel wife.

“I could min-max. That’ll get me more points for strength and dex, but it would turn me into a simple-minded barbarian, not the elite warrior I want to be.”

He tapped both his foot and his chin for a few moments, eyes glued to the screen. He had min-maxed before, and it almost never came back to bite him in the ass. However, those were disposable, experimental characters. This was something he wanted to be careful about.

Ted decided to keep his ability scores as they were and moved onto the skills page. He was provided with a list of generic skills and told to choose four. Additional skills would be unlocked through various methods like training, quest rewards, or simple discovery. The starter skills would improve with play time, and players would eventually unlock specialties. The four that Ted chose to start with were: heavy armor, one-handed weapons, survival, and persuasion.

He clapped his hands. “Alright, let’s fucking do this!” He typed in his character name and hit submit.

“Warning: all designs—”

“Yeah, yeah, I know,” he replied as he clicked on the final submit button.

Nothing happened for a few moments, and just as he was about to open his mouth to say something, the AI spoke.

“Character approved. Please enter the chamber to begin.”

Ted heard a noise to his left, and when he looked over, he saw the wall open up and a machine resembling a bacta tank from Star Wars slide out. Only there wasn’t any glass tube, just the metallic base and top.

“Please enter the chamber to begin,” the AI said once more.

Ted shrugged and stepped onto the platform. A moment later, the glass tube appeared from the base and rose up all around him. He rubbed his hands together excitedly, a wide grin plastered onto his face.

“Beginning transformation.”

A dark liquid filled the tank, rising to knee-height within seconds. The substance was pleasantly warm, which kept him distracted from the fact that he had no sort of breathing apparatus until it was up to his chest.

“Hey! Wait!” was all he could say before his head went under. His fingers searched the top of the chamber for a pocket of air, but found none.

He heard the AI’s voice through the liquid. “Do not panic,” it said in a calm, almost bored tone.

Ted was never much of a swimmer, so it was no surprise when he coughed and released the breath he was holding after only a few seconds. His digital lungs were flooded with the substance, and after a moment of awkward adjustment, he found that he could breathe.

“What the fuck?” he said, voice distorted.

But before he could revel in the fact that he could breathe underwater, pain filled his body as his bones and muscles were stretched and pulled. It brought back memories of growing pains when he was younger, but as quickly as it came, it vanished. The liquid drained out of the tank and Ted’s jaw dropped when he saw his body.

He was no longer the soft, out of shape man he unfortunately still was in the real world. Gone were the man-boobs and belly; he could actually see his cock and balls! Ted flexed his arms and legs, marveling at the visible muscle. He was as toned as an Olympic athlete, in even better shape than his over-achieving brother.

“Fuck me, this is amazing.” The glass tube vanished into the ground and Ted stepped out, inspecting every inch of his new form all the way down to the bottoms of his feet. “Ugly, fat Ted is gone.” He pounded his chest and let

out a joyful shout.

“Your starting items are now available to you. You may find them in the chest. You have been provided with a complete set of armor, as well as a weapon and items based on your skill set and ability scores.”

The wall opened up below the screen in a similar fashion as before, only instead of a transform-o-pod, a tiny footlocker appeared. It was maybe two feet wide and a foot tall and deep. Ted frowned. He’d expected an oversized treasure chest full of gear and items.

The chest lid popped open and he squatted to peer inside the box. It was, in fact, completely empty. However, a moment later a popup menu appeared in front of him with a quiet ping. The semi-translucent box startled him, forcing him off balance and onto his ass. Cursing under his breath, he stood and rubbed his now muscular behind. The menu remained in front of Ted, less than an arm’s distance away.

“Let’s see what I got.” Ted grinned, absently tracing the outline of his square chin and his lack of neck fat. I can’t remember the last time I didn’t have jiggly jowls.

He extended a finger and selected the first item called an “Adventurer’s Chestpiece” and frowned. All of the armor was given the same, generic as fuck name. In addition to the chestpiece, he was provided with greaves, gloves, a cloak, and boots. His starting weapon was a longsword and he was given five healing potions. The last item on the list was a ring called “The Jewel of Midarth.”

After receiving the last of the items, the submenu vanished with a dull blop. A moment later, the chest closed and receded back into the wall.

“To equip your items, open your inventory, select the item, and press equip. Warning: if the equip option is unavailable, then you cannot equip the item.”

“No shit, Sherlock,” Ted said. He stood, and with a swipe of his hand brought up his in-game menu. The options appeared in front of him in a single row, semi-translucent boxes with rounded corners, each with a simplified icon. He selected the treasure chest and a grid appeared.

“Oh, great, they actually provide me with plenty of bag space at the start. That’s a relief.”

Occupying a portion of the first row were his newly acquired items. Unlike the loot mini-menu, the icon for the individual items actually displayed what the item looked like, and upon selecting it, a three-dimensional image of the item floated in air in front of him, slowly rotating.

The entire armor set was dull gray. It wasn’t even in good condition. Every single piece had dents and scratches, buff marks and broken edges. It was thrift store armor. The kind of stuff you gave to the expendable soldiers that you later recovered from their corpses and handed off to the next batch of infantry. Not only did it look like the garbage, but the stats were garbage too in that there were no bonus stats. The only thing the armor did was provide a thin layer of protection between the enemies’ weapons and his body.

The ring, called “The Jewel of Midarth,” was the only item that actually provided Ted with bonus stats. Not only that, but it was listed as a legendary item. Its bright golden letters stood out in stark contrast to the dull gray that the “Adventurer’s Set” was labeled in. The ring was apparently soulbound and could not be traded, sold to a vendor, or deleted. It was a permanent fixture in Ted’s inventory.

It boosted his top two stats by an additional five points, and once equipped, appeared on the ring finger of his right hand. The Jewel of Midarth was an emerald-cut gem set in a thick gold band. The stone itself was a mix of blue and green in a swirling pattern that upon further inspection actually moved.

“Okay, that’s really fucking cool,” he said, holding the ring close to his eye. Ted normally would not be caught dead wearing a ring, even if it had some geeky significance like something from The Green Lantern comic series, or Lord of the Rings. But this ring... this ring, he’d be okay with wearing. Then he remembered that if BladeStar Online operated like other role playing games, there would be plenty of more rings he’d have to wear, if he wanted to get as much bonus points to his stats as possible.

“I’m sure there’ll be gloves that cover my fingers,” he muttered to himself as he let his arm fall to his side.

“Character creation complete,” the AI said. “Please proceed to the exit to enter the game.”

The paneling on the wall to his right slid apart to reveal a doorway, beyond which was nothing but an impenetrable swath of black. He rolled out his shoulders and neck, flexed his arms, and patted his new washboard abs before walking toward the dark doorway with an excited smile.

For several moments he was completely enveloped in darkness, as if he was walking around with his eyes closed. He stuck his arms out and fondled the pitch black void in front of him, hoping to find some sort of path to follow.

After a couple more steps, he saw a distant white light which replaced the darkness several paces later. When his eyes adjusted, Ted found himself standing at the end of an alleyway nestled between two buildings several stories high. He looked up and his jaw dropped at what he saw.

Beyond the rooftops was a glass dome, and beyond that was the infinite void of space.

Once the initial shock and awe wore off, Ted proceeded toward the alley exit. He then immediately bumped into another player.

“Hey, watch it!” the man shouted, his voice extraordinarily deep.

Ted said nothing, as he was once again left in a state of awe. While he knew for a fact that it was a player, what it felt like was a brick wall. It wasn’t until the player was several feet away from Ted that he realized why. The man was a seven-and-a-half-foot-tall orc whose shoulders were as wide as Ted was tall. The orc wore no armor above the belt, and all he wore below was a pair of armored boots and a loin cloth. Resting on his right shoulder was a giant axe that would easily cleave Ted in two.

He suddenly felt very self-conscious and his hand found his longsword sheathed on his hip. When the orc was out of sight, Ted withdrew the blade and held it out in front of him, looking it over to reaffirm that he’d made the right decision.

Unlike the armor he wore, the sword was in pristine condition, the silver metal polished to a mirror-sheen. He smirked at his reflection, winking as if hitting on himself. He sheathed the sword to keep himself from getting carried away and turned in direction the orc came from. As cool as this space city was, Ted needed to get out of it and into the game proper.

He had monsters to kill, quests to complete, experience to gain, and levels to climb.

The city already had a small NPC population, and Ted knew that with each passing minute, more and more players would flood the city. He had to get to get out of there fast if he wanted to get a head start.

Within minutes, Ted was completely lost. He scratched his head as he looked up and down the labyrinthine network of side streets and back alleys he'd somehow ended up in. This whole process would've been a million times easier if the game had provided him with a map, like very single other MMORPG he's played before. But it seemed Kase Netley didn't want to hold players' hands, so Ted added "finding a map" to his mental to-do list.

He turned the corner and stopped as he found himself at another dead end. However, unlike the previous dead ends, this alleyway ended in a small alcove, beyond which was a doorway. Thinking he'd found some sort of hidden treasure, Ted eagerly strode up to the door. He knocked, and after realizing the foolishness of the gesture, opened the door, and after closing it behind him, found himself standing in the lobby of a brothel.

"Why, hello, my good sir!"

Ted had to rip his eyes off the pantheon of beautiful women displayed in front of him to see the source of the voice. He spotted a long-bearded dwarf dressed in a suit walking toward him with his hands outstretched in a welcoming manner. The dwarf's name, Udin Longhammer, and the scene before him, had answered several questions that had lingered in the back of his mind, and across many forum posts since the first announcement of the console and its capabilities. Kase Netley had secretly programmed not only the players' bodies, but the nonplayer characters' bodies to be fully functional.

Ted wasn't disgusted. He wasn't ashamed or put-off. He just turned back to

the handful of incredibly beautiful women and smiled from ear to ear.

“Do you like what you see?” Udin said, clapping his hands together.

“That I do.” Carefully, Ted inspected each and every one of the women in front of him. Some were lounging on chairs and couches, others were leaning against the walls or standing in doorways. A couple were upstairs, looking down from the railing. There were maybe ten or fifteen of them. Each of the playable races were represented, and there were even a couple males off to the side.

“We’re having a special today, fifty silvers for time with each.”

Ted looked down at the dwarf who stood next to him. “Deal.” There was no way this was coincidence. It had to be deliberately programmed because while in some games players started with absolutely no money, in BladeStar Online, Ted was given a starting allowance of fifty silver.

Kase Netley, you wonderful, amazing pervert, you. Ted looked up at nothing in particular and said a silent thank-you to the eccentric billionaire and developer.

Udin looked up at him and smiled broadly. “Very good! Who would you like?”

Ted nodded toward the elf. She had golden blonde hair pulled back into a loose ponytail, emerald eyes, and ruby lips. She, like the rest of the women—and men—wore a gold collar around her neck.

“Liryia.” Udin clapped his hands together again and motioned for her to come.

The elf stood and smiled at Ted. Then she stuck out her hand for him. “Come with me.”

Ted’s heart raced as he walked up to her and took her hand. He heard the faint sounds of coins clinking, but he paid no attention to it as he was currently being led down a hallway by an incredibly beautiful elf chick wearing fishnet lingerie and thigh-high boots. He was focusing on not passing out. Ted wasn’t a virgin, but this would only be his second ever

sexual encounter. He'd lost his virginity in college to an overweight woman after having too much to drink. The sex was terrible, but she'd given him a really good blowjob.

Ted wasn't all that attractive, and he tended to be very shy and socially awkward. He wasn't what you'd call a nice guy; he just had his standards set too high and refused to lower them to a more realistic level.

Liryia opened a door for him, and he entered one of the several bedrooms that lined the hallway. The only thing in the room besides strategically placed mirrors was an oversized bed. She led him to the bed, and what followed was the greatest thing to ever happen to Ted. Everything was so real. He felt the warmth of her skin and the softness of her touch, her lips upon his and how she smelled like flowers.

He was on his back, looking up at her as she lowered herself onto him. "Jesus fucking Christ," he grunted as she gently rocked her hips, bouncing up and down, guiding him in and out. She threw her head back and moaned, her soft, airy voice pushing him further and further toward that delicious edge. He had never been so aroused before. His body was on fire.

They rolled over, switching positions, and Ted took her breasts in his hands and squeezed them as he thrust his hips, burying his cock deep into her. Holy fuck, they feel so good, so real! This is amazing!

He didn't want this to end, but being the inexperienced lover that Ted was, he felt his orgasm wash over him too soon. Liryia came with him, and both lovers were left breathless and panting.

Ted pulled out and fell back. He looked up at the ceiling, eyes glazed over and mouth curled in a most satisfied smirk.

After a few moments, the elf climbed on top of him and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek before leaving the room.

"I fucking love this game," he said aloud. He heard a knock on the door, and when he sat up, he saw Udin walking into the room. Right behind him was a very large, and very strong-looking male orc. "Oh."

"I do hope you enjoyed your time here, but unless you are going to pay for

another round, I'm going to kindly have to ask you to leave."

Ted stood. "Just out of curiosity, how much does it cost normally?"

Udin smirked. "Fifty gold."

"Hoo boy. Yeah, I don't have that kind of money." This caused the orc to squeeze through the doorway and enter the room. Ted put his hands up in the air defensively. "But I'll be sure to come back when I do!"

Udin followed Ted's gaze and spotted his orc bouncer. "Relax, big fellow. Go guard the front door."

The orc's eyes shifted to the dwarf. He nodded once, then left. Ted relaxed.

"For when you're ready to come back," the dwarf said.

Ted looked down to see Udin holding what looked like a business card. He took it, and when he brought it closer to inspect it, the card vanished and a message box appeared in front of him. Location saved. Udin's Resort added to map.

"If you'll please follow me," Udin continued.

Ted looked down to see Udin motioning for him to follow. He led Ted down the hallway and back out to the lobby where all the girls were moving about and relaxing. He spotted Liryia, who smiled and waved at him from the railing above.

"We hope to see you again soon," Udin said as he opened the door. "Say goodbye, ladies!"

"Goodbye, Tedvara!" They all said in unison. Ted's heart leapt and he felt like he was going to faint. Then he found himself outside the building, standing in the alcove at the end of one of the million back alleys.

He looked back at the well-camouflaged building. Priority #1: find a map. Priority #2: get fifty gold and get back here. But first, I have to find my way out of here.

When Ted did finally make his way back to the main thoroughfare, the first thing he did was ask one of the NPC guards for directions. He then immediately went back to the guard and asked where he could get a map.

Maps were sold by an old lady who sat behind a tiny table in the corner of one of the many marketplaces, where he laid his eyes on a wide variety of armor, weapons, potions, crafting equipment, and other items useful to adventurers like himself. He had a mini panic attack when he realized that he had no money, having spent all of it on a brief, but life-changing, experience with an elven prostitute. But relief calmed the fires of anxiety when the old lady told him that the city maps were all free for adventurers. She said this with a wink, which made Ted wonder if she was hitting on him.

“Uh, thanks?” he said as he took the map from her. It vanished in his hands and a message bubble appeared on his screen. Aldath City Map unlocked.

He opened up his map and the large screen floated in front of him. Ted frowned. The map was incomplete and only showed the parts of the city he’d explored. On the brightside, he could easily find his way back to Udin’s Resort when he has the money. Also marked on his map was a small swirling icon located in an undiscovered portion of the city. Knowing that was the way out, he made his way toward it.

Along the way, he saw swarms of other players finding their way out of the alleyway entrances and into the city. No two players were alike, but there was a huge discrepancy between male and female characters, like 80/20 in favor of males. In the thirty minutes it took him to get to the portal, Ted saw only three female characters, none of them human. In fact, Ted saw very few human players at all. Almost everyone chose to play as another race.

The portal to the planet below was maybe fifteen feet in diameter and generated by equipment you could find in the basement laboratory of a mad scientist. It was protected by a heavily armed security force. Pop-up shops were all over the place, vendors trying to sell their wares to players looking to venture down to the surface below, or buying the things that they brought back.

“You there!” Ted turned toward the voice and found one of the security personnel approaching. The man wore dark heavy armor and had a large

sword sheathed on his back. “Are you looking to get to the surface?”

“Uh, yeah?” Ted said. He looked around to make sure that the guard wasn’t talking to someone else.

“Good. We’re in need of people to go. We just got word of a village under attack by a pack of kobold bastards. How’d you like to go kick some ass?”

Ted blinked. Then he grinned. “Fuck yeah, I would.”

The guard nodded and handed him an iridescent business card which vanished once Ted took possession of it. Item received: Portal Access Card. “That’ll let you travel back and forth through the portal. Good luck, Adventurer!”

The guard turned and left. A different kind of message appeared in front of Ted. New quest received: Village Rescue! A village is under attack by a pack of kobolds. Slay them and save the villagers! Progress 0/25 slain. Reward: 15 silver and experience points.

“Neat!”

Ted looked over at the portal. There was already a steady stream of other players walking through the spiraling multicolored energy. He saw warriors, rogues, and casters; elves, orcs, demons, dwarves, and aliens alike. All wore some variation of that beaten, dull gray armor. Ted made his way into the parade. He nodded at the player next to him, who ignored him. Asshole, Ted thought. Then he closed his eyes and winced as he walked through the portal.

Ted felt the sun on his face and the gentle touch of a breeze. Then he heard the screeching of kobolds and screaming of terrified villagers. He opened his eyes and found himself standing in a small village square beside a fountain. There were buildings on fire, some completely destroyed as villagers and a small outfit of guards fought back against the reptilian invaders.

“Oh, fuck!” Ted fumbled for the hilt of his sword when he saw two kobolds charging his way, both armed with long knives. He got his sword out in time

to swing at the closest one, which the blade passed clean through as if he'd swung at a cloud. Floating red text appeared above the beast's head, signaling to Ted that damage had been dealt. He swung again and again, numbers appearing and vanishing a moment later. He swung once more, and the kobold let out a grunt before exploding into a million digital pieces like shards of glass.

Ted was so caught up in the spectacle that he totally forgot about the other kobold. Its knife slashed across Ted's waist in a wide arc.

"Ouch... Wait, what the fuck?" His hand instinctively went to his side where the knife cut. The wound drew confused looks from him in that there wasn't any actual wound. There was just a slight pinch of pain and nothing more. Except, of course, the notification in the corner of his vision that he lost health points.

"Ow!" he said when the little bastard stabbed him again.

The kobold cocked its gangly arm back, but before he could thrust his blade into Ted, Ted leaped back and the kobold stabbed nothing but air. Gripping his sword, Ted spun around and sliced cleanly through the unsteady beast, scoring a critical hit. It fell to the ground and vanished into digital dust.

Two small menus popped up in front of him and listed the loot he received from both. Ted sighed and dismissed the floating boxes. "Some copper coins and torn cloth. Great." He looked up at the scene surrounding him. "Just twenty-three more to go."

After what felt like several hours, the twenty-fifth kobold fell to the ground and disappeared. Ted received the usual loot of copper and torn cloth as well as a "quest complete" notification. He looked up and saw the remaining kobolds retreating—or as Ted chose to interpret it, running for their lives. He smiled and rested his blade on his shoulder.

"Thank you so much, Tedvara!"

He turned to see a couple of villagers approach him. They were battered, dirty, and covered in sweat. Some were wounded, while others had red eyes and tearstained faces.

Ted bowed slightly. “Glad I could help.”

From behind the group of villagers, a lone guard ran up to him. “Scouts say the kobolds have retreated to their caves. Looks like the threat has passed.” The guard nodded, then walked off. The villagers went about cleaning up the aftermath.

Ted stood alone. His smile vanished. “Well, now what?” He scratched his head. “Oh, right, my quest log!”

He motioned with his hand and the menu appeared in front of him. He selected the log and read the updated quest info. “But how am I supposed to get back to the moon?” he asked aloud as he glanced up at the moon just barely visible in the sky.

A few hand motions later and his inventory was open. He had seventy-one copper pieces, twenty pieces of torn cloth, some broken knives and rusted armor, a necklace made of bone fragments, the portal pass, and—

“Wait... what the fuck?”

Sitting in Ted’s inventory was a literal mystery item. The icon was blurred beyond recognition and its name was just a bunch of question marks. He selected the item and a submenu appeared with two options: inspect and cancel. Ted chose to inspect the item and received an error message.

Skill too low.

Ted chuckled. “Well, that’s fucking bullshit.” He looked up at the sky again, then back at his inventory. He selected the portal pass and a submenu appeared. Ted face-palmed when he saw the option: use. He used the item, and a moment later, a round portal appeared several feet in front of him. Ted sighed as he walked through the swirling energy.

Instead of appearing back at the staging area on Aelath City, Ted floated in a void. In the lower corner of his vision, he saw a flashing line of text that made his heart sink.

Error: character data lost. Retrieving character data...

Ted looked down to see his real life body floating in the darkness—his out of shape, overweight, unattractive self. But before he could even open his mouth to complain, the system alerted him.

Character data retrieved.

Ted blinked, and when he opened his eyes, he stood in one of the infinite alleyways of Aelath City, back in his “upgraded body.” He patted his physique and sighed with relief.

The alleyway spat him out onto the main street of the circular city. In what ended up being just over an hour and a half on the planet killing kobolds, the player population had grown exponentially.

He stopped to get his bearings and to figure out how he could identify this mystery item when he received a string of system and error messages all in that bright, alarming red font.

Character data retrieved.

Error: duplicate character data. Reconciling...

Reconcile complete. Updating character data...

Error: incompatible item(s). Retrieving new item(s)...

Ted felt twenty pounds lighter. He felt cold air on skin and the hard gazes of strangers. Looking down, he saw that other than the plain gray boxers, he was completely naked. “Oh, fuck!” Without hesitation, he turned and ran and entered the nearest alleyway, not stopping until the din of the crowded street was barely audible.

That, and his body started changing.

Updating character...

Ted pressed his back to the wall. His skin tingled. Pain came next, a dull, throbbing ache in his bones and muscles as his body shrank, followed by shortness of breath as his waist was squeezed inward, cinched by an invisible corset. Ted’s looked down at his arms and saw they were silky

smooth, completely free of hair. His six-pack abs had vanished, replaced by hourglass curves just like those he'd seen on female porn stars and adult models.

Then there was pressure. A strange sensation like something underneath the skin of his chest and ass was inflating. In fact, some things were...

Ted's hands went back and forth between his chest and his ass. Both of them were growing rapidly, much to his dismay. His butt stopped growing eventually, but his breasts didn't.

Oh my fucking god, please stop! he thought as he cradled them like a pair of basketballs. When they finally did, they were beyond double Ds. His butt was the envy of all socialites, porn stars, and reality TV stars across the globe.

Before he could properly lament the new additions to his body, his attention was drawn to his precious manhood, which was currently being absorbed back into this body in the most awkward way, like a snail retreating into its shell. The strange sensation made his knees weak and he shuddered. By the time he thought to bring his hand down there, the only thing that remained was a mound with a slit running down the middle.

It's gone. It's really gone.

His throat itched, and Ted felt the reshaping of his face.

"Oh, fuck." His hands shot to his mouth when he heard his new voice. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!" He hoped that the voice would go away, but it didn't. In fact, the sultry, feminine voice echoed in the alleyway.

Character update complete.

He looked down at his body. His hands were slender and delicate, fingers polished smooth. His breasts were heavy, and when he squeezed them, a chill went up his spine. There was pleasure there, strange, foreign, but tantalizing. He almost squeezed them again, but caught himself. He pulled his hands away and straightened up when he realized that except for a pair of gray panties, he was completely naked.

He looked around the alleyway and entered the first door he saw. The only occupants in the room were some crates, barrels, and a couple piles of canvas. Other than that, he was completely alone.

“Okay, Ted, think.” He cringed at the sound of his new voice. Not only did he look like a porn star, but he sounded like one too. He brought up the menu and opened up his character page. “Oh, you’ve got to be shitting me.” He rubbed his face as his eyes scanned the “updated” character profile.

Not only had his physical body been altered, but his character’s name, skills, and abilities were too. He was no longer Tedvara, but “Evaria.” Strength went from being his highest trait to lowest, to the point where the modifier was in the negative. His constitution was just as low, meaning he was not only physically weak, but he wouldn’t last long in a fight either. His dexterity and charisma were maxed out, with the remaining points distributed evenly between intelligence and wisdom.

The only change to his starting skills was light armor instead of heavy.

“So I’m flexible and charming, not all that strong, with slightly above average intelligence.” He paused. “Then combine that with this body and...” His arms fell to his sides and he threw his head back in disgust. “Oh my fucking god, I’m a prostitute.”

Ted’s—Evaria’s—thoughts drifted back to Liryia and the other women at the brothel. They lingered there for a few moments before she shook them away like cloud of dust. I am not a prostitute, she reminded herself. I’m just... a sexy adventurer. Yeah, that’s it.

“There’s got to be a way to reverse this,” she said as she glanced down at her body. Evaria scratched her head for a moment before the light bulb turned on. With a satisfied smirk, she brought up the game menu and navigated to the Player Help submenu. “I can just submit a ticket and say my character data got corrupted and they should be... able... to...”

Evaria threw her head back and audibly groaned. “Fucking figures,” she said, looking at the three day estimated wait time for support tickets. “Guess I’ll just have to make do with this body for now.”

A holographic keyboard floated in front of her and her fingers moved to

input the information. She filled out the form, stating how her character data got corrupted and loaded up a completely different one, forgoing the part about the gender swap.

Another swipe of the hand and the inventory screen appeared in front of her. “Let’s see what I got.”

The equipment was the same “Adventurer’s Set” she’d been provided with back when she was hunky Tedvara. She extended a finger and selected the first item: the chestpiece. A momentary glance at the preview showed that the new set of gear was identical in name and stats only.

“Chestpiece, my ass. That’s a fucking bustier.”

Instead of dull metal, the new chestpiece was made from well-worn and faded leather. Evaria begrudgingly pressed the equip button and felt her breath leave her for a moment as the garment appeared on her body without ceremony. The figure-hugging garment just simply winked into existence.

“Oohokay, that’s new,” she said, reacting as if splashed with cold water. Strangely enough, the garment was very flexible. However, the cups of the armor squeezed her breasts together, enhancing her already ample cleavage. “Goddamn, these mountains on my chest are going to make walking around hard. I can’t see anything!”

The leg armor was nothing more than a pair of tight-fitting pants with some hardened leather armor sewn on. The gloves were fingerless, the spandex-like cloth going up past her elbows, her forearms and backs of her hands protected by the same type of leather.

The boots, well... the boots were thigh-high with hardened leather covering her shins. But that wasn’t what upset Evaria. What made her groan and physically cringe were the platform heels that made her look more like a booth babe at a convention than a player in a fantasy-themed role playing game. This would work in an adult-themed game, sure, but this is just fucking ridiculous.

Evaria looked down at the footwear that made her almost as tall as she was when she first logged into the game. Ted had never worn a pair of high

heels. The closest he'd ever got was a pair of cowboy boots he wore for a costume in college that had like a one-inch heel on them. Never in his entire life had the thought of wearing actual heels crossed his mind, but he was a huge fan of women in high heels. Women like Alexandria, who always wore high heels to work. She walked in them so effortlessly she practically floated.

That was when Evaria realized that she seemed to have no problems wearing the stripper boots. There was no foot pain, and she had no issue keeping her balance, either. She knew that walking in heels wasn't easy. She had seen plenty of women complaining online about how awful it was wearing them, not to mention countless videos of women tripping and stumbling in the footwear.

Evaria took a step forward in the storeroom. Then another. This is too easy, she thought as her pace reached a brisk walk. The movements came naturally; it was practically effortless.

The swaying of her hips made her blush. She could easily picture in her mind how she looked. How seductive and sensual her movements were. This is fucking embarrassing.

Deciding to take things further, she started jogging around the perimeter. This brought up memories of all the times she'd seen comments about movies and television shows that depicted women running or fighting in high heels, and how "unrealistic" it was. Evaria knew that the game was helping her out. It must've programmed the muscle memory into her body, because she knew that if she even tried to walk, let alone run in footwear like this back in her normal male body, she wouldn't make it three steps before falling over and obliterating one—if not both—her ankles.

She stopped her experiment and got back to equipping what remained of her gear. While the rest of her gear was various shades of brown, the cloak was dark gray. Attached was a hood, which was large and loose, and when pulled over her head gave her a mysterious look. It was her favorite piece of armor, as it helped mask the porn star body she was given. She equipped the smaller, more manageable sword and gave it a couple test swings before returning it to its sheath.

Now that she was fully geared up, it was safe for her to leave this old storage room. Yet when Evaria faced the door, her feet refused to move. She bit her lip as she summoned the courage to step outside. A few moments later, her feet gave up their protest and she found herself back in the alley.

“Alright,” she said as she brought up the in-game map. “If I can just get back down to the planet’s surface and away from all these players, I’ll be okay. It’ll just be me and the NPCs and no one to judge me.”

When she finished planning routes away from the main thoroughfares, Evaria dismissed her map, pulled her hood over her head, and walked down the alleyway.

Several minutes passed as she twisted and turned through the maze of alleys, successfully avoiding only a couple of NPCs and players, one of whom looked so completely and utterly lost that Evaria almost took pity on the poor bastard.

Then she turned a corner and bumped into another player in a very similar fashion as she had the orc dude from what felt like forever ago. Except this time, they bumped into each other face on, and the player wasn’t some muscular orc, but a female elf—a busty one at that.

“Oh, shit, I’m so sorry!” Evaria said as she stumbled backward.

“Nah, it’s cool,” the elf said. “I wasn’t looking where I was going.”

Evaria looked up and the color vanished from her digital face. There was no doubt about it—the elf was none other than Ted’s real-life boss, Alexandria. Her elven form was almost completely identical to her actual body, the only difference being the pointed elf ears and snow-white hair. Even her name, Ralexia, was just a jumbled up version of her real name.

Ralexia cocked her head to the side. “Have we met? You look familiar.”

Evaria gulped. “No, I don’t think we have.” Get the fuck out of here, now! She turned and tried to walk her boss, but then she felt a hand on her shoulder.

“Hey, hold up.”

Evaria summoned as much strength as she could and faced her boss. From the looks of it, Alexandria was playing some type of warrior class. She was clad in armor, but it wasn't the boring, dull gray set Tedvara had worn. Evaria's eyes went wide when she realized her boss was already several levels above her.

Ralexia thumbed in the direction behind her. "I have a quest in the area and was looking to see if anyone else wanted in." Her eyes scanned Evaria and she smirked. "You look like you could use the experience."

Evaria's cheeks burned bright red and she looked away. She still had the experience she had received from the kobold-killing quest, thankfully, and the reward experience from turning in the quest would probably bump her up to level two.

"I'm good, thanks," she said. Then she turned to walk away, but was once again stopped by a hand on her shoulder.

"Hold up there, lady. You won't want to skip out on this one." Ralexia made a couple hand gestures, and a moment later, a quest appeared in front of her. "You'll get a nice chunk of XP and the armor reward is pretty good for a low-level quest."

"You weren't kidding," Evaria said, completely forgetting about getting the fuck out as she read the quest information. "That armor could last me until like, level five, maybe."

"Just gotta clear out a warehouse full of bandits. Easy peasy."

Evaria was originally just going to come up with some excuse as to why she couldn't partake, like maybe she was logging out for food—anything, really, to get away from her hot-as-fuck boss who was playing an even more attractive version of herself. But then she noticed how the title of the quest was writ in gold, and next to it in brackets and all caps was the word: [RARE].

Fuuuuuck, I can't skip out on this. Even with the body of a porn star, at Evaria's core was still Ted the gamer. I highly doubt I'll be able to find a quest this good any time soon.

She looked over at Ralexia, who even with the high-heeled boots was taller than her, and nodded. “Okay, I’ll help.”

Ralexia smiled. “Great I’ll send you a party invite.”

Evaria accepted the invite, and moments later, she was following the armored elf deeper into the increasingly seedy district.

Ralexia stopped and signaled for Evaria to hold. She watched as the elf squinted. Her ears twitched, and after a few tense moments, she turned to Evaria.

“We’re here.” She spoke softly, even brought a finger to her lips. “Here’s the plan: You go in and lure them out—”

“Wait, what?” Evaria blinked. “I’m not going to be your bait.”

Ralexia put her hands on her hips and looked sternly at Evaria. “You take off that sword and you’re indistinguishable from a hooker.”

Christ, even her mannerisms translate into the game. Ted had been in many meetings where Alexandria had taken on that same authoritative posture.

“Look, the second I walk in there, they’ll attack me on sight. Makes sense, doesn’t it?”

Evaria frowned and looked past the elf at the door to the warehouse. “How many are in there?”

Ralexia followed her gaze. She shrugged. “I don’t know, probably five or ten.”

“Five or ten?! I’m only level one. How in the hell do you think we’ll be able to handle that many when it’s just the two of us?”

Ralexia waved her hand and smirked. “Don’t worry, I’ll be right behind you.”

Evaria took a deep breath and moved toward the entrance. A couple quick hand motions and her sword vanished, leaving her unarmed. Ralexia

quietly placed her back to the wall beside the door and nodded for her to go. After a moment's hesitation, Evaria opened the door.

The inside of the warehouse was similar to the room Evaria had transformed in, only it was much larger and contained many more crates and barrels. It was also occupied with not five, not ten, but fifteen scarred, seedy, villainous ruffians, cutthroats and thieves.

Fuck.

“Well, what do we have here?” The voice was so weasely it was borderline cliché. The man it came from was lanky, with a scruffy chin and narrowed eyes. He wore ragged leather armor, and in his right hand, a knife twisted and twirled with practiced perfection.

Evaria looked to her right and saw three goons closing in. She looked to her left and saw two. She took a step back, her face a broken mask of confidence.

“Hello.” Her voice gave away just how timid and afraid she was.

She turned to go back out the way she came, but found that path was blocked by a man who cracked his knuckles and wore a grin that was devious and toothy. Where did that guy come from?! When she turned back around, the space between her and the thieves had shrunk to almost arm's length.

Oh, fuck.

They stopped and looked among each other. Then they parted as the man who first spoke stepped through. He sized Evaria up, then reached out and pulled open her cloak.

“Well, well, well. Looks like a little kitten has gotten lost. What do you say we show her some hospitality?”

Any fucking second now, Ralexia, Evaria thought as she looked around at the men. They licked their lips, grinned, and mumbled to one another; a pack of wolves eying a stray sheep.

“Get on your knees!” one of them bellowed.

“Hold on, lads,” the leader said as he raised his hand. They all went quiet. “She’s all yours when I’m done with her.”

Snickering filled the air around her as the leader took a step forward.

Then the door burst open and the man who’d cracked his knuckles lost his head. His body vanished and everyone, including Evaria, was stunned into silence. She blinked, cocked her head to the side, and then muscle memory kicked in as her blade appeared in her hand. She didn’t even remember going through the menu to equip it. She stabbed the man in front of her, earning a critical hit and he fell to the floor and vanished.

The rest of the gang got their wits about them and fighting broke out. They were weaker than she imagined they would be; the kobolds from her first quest had put up more of a fight. Ralexia killed most of them. Her large, two-handed sword cut through them like a hot knife through butter. By the time they had cleared the warehouse, Evaria was down to about a third of her health while her elf boss sat with most of her HP intact.

“Well, that was fun,” she said, flipping her hair back and letting out a satisfied sigh.

“For you, maybe,” Evaria said, looking around the warehouse. “I was almost gang-raped.” Evaria brushed off her cloak and armor and returned her short sword to its sheath. “So, what else do we need to do for this quest?” The loot screen appeared and she skimmed through it. “Didn’t get any quest items from the fuckers.”

“This is what we came here for.”

Evaria looked over her shoulder at Ralexia, who was squatting in front of a large chest. When she walked up to it, she saw that it was open and completely empty. Evaria opened her mouth to complain, but a loot screen appeared in front of her.

“Oh,” she said when she saw the items listed there. “Oh, shit.”

“Yeah,” Ralexia chuckled to herself. “Questgiver said that the necklace is

the only thing we need to turn in. The rest is our reward.”

“Reward” was a bit of an understatement. The list of items contained in the chest was a bona fide treasure trove. The quest item was listed first: a gem encrusted necklace that was also a family heirloom of sorts. Evaria didn’t really care about all that, because second on the list was three hundred gold. She could go back and have sex with...

Evaria frowned. Then she tilted her head back and sighed, which caught Ralexia’s attention.

“Something wrong?”

“Yes... no. It’s just... never mind.”

Ralexia squinted, shrugged, then turned back to her own list of rewards.

Evaria selected the gold and heard the rustling of a coin pouch as it transferred to her. Even with the sudden influx of wealth, a part of her was sad. She paused for a moment and lingering in the gloomy state. Then she shook her head, snapped out of it, and almost immediately cheered up when she saw what else the treasure chest had in store for her.

Also on the list were an assortment of gemstones that could be used for crafting, some metal bars, a short sword that was a massive improvement to the chipped starter weapon she had been given, and finally, a new piece of chest armor, the stats of which made her jaw drop.

“Holy fuck.”

“Get something good?”

“Yeah, some kickass chest armor.”

“Oh! Let’s see it. Can you equip it?”

“Oh... it’s for level three,” Evaria said, excitement vanishing like a deflating balloon.

“Well, you’re level two—”

“I am?” Evaria opened her character sheet and saw that she had in fact leveled up sometime during the encounter. She was also apparently halfway to level three. “Holy shit, I am.”

Ralexia stood and patted her on the shoulder. “You’ll get a good chunk of XP when you turn the quest in. You’ll be third level in no time.”

“I got this cool sword, though.” She navigated to the equipment screen and swapped out the old junk sword for the shiny new one. It appeared in her hand, and the two women marveled at it. The blade had a slight curve to it and the metal was polished and shone brightly, its surface flawless. The hilt fit her palm perfectly.

“That is very pretty.” Ralexia held her chin as she inspected the sword, nodding appraisingly. It was another all too familiar mannerism, Alexandria hovering beside Ted as they worked on something. She would be close enough for him to smell her perfume, and if she wore the right outfit, occasionally see down her top.

“Yes siree, Bob,” Evaria found herself saying as she gazed at the sword.

Ralexia, who was walking away, stopped. Evaria, who only now realized what she had said, froze. Her heart raced. In the corner of her vision, she should see Ralexia turn slowly toward her. She chanced a look, glancing over at the elf. Ralexia stared at her suspiciously. She squinted at Evaria, who remained as still as a statue, petrified with fear. Of all the responses in the world she could choose from, Evaria had chosen the one that she used often as Ted, at work, in front of Alexandria.

Ralexia’s eyes opened, and the most sinister, devilish grin appeared on her face. Then, like a lion in the grass, she pounced. In the blink of an eye, Evaria found herself pressed against a stack of crates, Ralexia’s arms on either side of her.

“Well, well, well. It doesn’t surprise me that you’re here, playing this game.” She brought her hand down and placed it on Evaria’s cheek. “But I am surprised to see you playing such a cute girl. Figured you’d see what life was like on the other side, Ted? Or is there something more to this?” Ralexia lifted Evaria’s chin so that she was looking up at her. “Hmm?”

Evaria's cheeks burned and she looked away from her boss. Jesus fuck, this game is too realistic. I must be red as a tomato.

"Cat got your tongue? That's okay. You don't need to do any talking." Ralexia's thumb brushed across her lips and Evaria trembled. "Do you know just how powerful a woman's orgasm is? It's quite powerful. Earthshattering, really."

Evaria gulped. She'd seen her fair share of porn. She knew how loud and how intense the female orgasm could be. Hell, a couple hours ago, she was a guy having sex with an elven prostitute who seemed to be really enjoying it.

"I—"

"Shhhhh," Ralexia said, placing a finger over Evaria's mouth. She brought her lips to her ear and whispered, "No words, just moans." She pulled her head back. "How about it? Want to know what it's like?"

Evaria opened her mouth to speak, but closed it. She bit her lip and nodded.

"That's a good girl." Ralexia smiled and took a couple steps back. "Now, take off that armor, but leave those sexy boots on."

Some part of Ted's brain was yelling at him, telling him to hightail it out of there, that this was wrong, that he shouldn't be doing this. This part of his brain also told him that he shouldn't mash up chips to put in his sandwiches or buy a Fleshlight to jerk off with. As it often had in the past, that side of the brain lost to the side that had been fantasizing about having sex with his boss since day one.

Sure, it wouldn't be the same since Ted was now Evaria and didn't have a cock to thrust into his boss, but lesbian sex was one of Ted's top fetishes, and never before in the history of mankind had the opportunity for a man to take on the body of a female, experience sex, then go back to being a man within the time span of an hour or so existed. Ted was a pioneer, going where no man has gone before, and doing it in the body of an incredibly attractive woman with an even more attractive woman.

Evaria brought up her equipment menu and unequipped everything but her boots. A few moments later, she stood completely naked in the warehouse,

wearing only a pair of thigh-high, high-heeled boots. Ralexia, on the other hand, remained in her armor.

“Spin for me,” she said and Evaria obeyed. “You really went all out, didn’t you, Ted? I didn’t realize you liked playing as female characters. It’s pretty pervy, when you think about it.”

Evaria yelped as Ralexia smacked her ass. “Such a nice ass. This technology is beyond amazing. It’s a total game-changer. Imagine what the porn industry could do with this tech. It’s so real, so lifelike. It’s on par with reality—no, it’s beyond that. Anything is possible now. You can experience anything. I wonder if I’ll be able to try out having a real cock.”

Ralexia laughed. Evaria wasn’t sure what to do, so she just remained there, silent. What her boss said did make her think, though. This technology was quite literally a game-changer. People could have sex with whomever they wanted, in whatever form they wanted, without the risk of sexually transmitted diseases. The possibilities were endless. Kase Netley could go on to become the world’s first trillionaire.

You smart, perverted fucker, you, Evaria thought. She was about to explore some more of the possibilities when Ralexia stepped up to her, took her head in her hands, and kissed her.

Evaria trembled. Her legs threatened to give out as pleasure flowed through her veins. It was all so new, so strange, so wonderful. Is this... is this what it feels like?

Ralexia’s lips moved to Evaria’s neck, her hands caressing her breasts. The elf gently squeezed and fondled them, circling Evaria’s nipples with her thumbs and causing her to let out a surprised moan.

“You like that?” her boss teased. “Feels good, don’t it?”

“O-oh! Fuck!” Evaria screamed and made fists with her hands when Ralexia pinched her nipples. This, of course, made the elf giggle and pinch them a second time. She moved her hand down between Evaria’s legs, and the intrusion of fingers made her body spasm.

“Oh! Oh!” Evaria closed her eyes and writhed as she tried to stay on her

feet. After only a couple moments of fingering, her legs gave out and she fell to her knees.

“Perfect,” Ralexia said. “Just where I want you.”

Through her partially cloudy vision, Evaria saw Ralexia bring up her menu. A moment later she stood naked in front of a kneeling Evaria. Her boss took a step forward, placed her hand on the back of Evaria’s head, and pulled her in. Evaria’s face was buried in Ralexia’s crotch and she breathed in deep the smell of hot, wet lust. As if trained, Evaria’s body moved on its own, her tongue rolling out of her mouth to find her boss’ slit. She knew she found it when the elf twitched, a satisfied grunt escaping her lips as she squeezed Evaria’s head tighter.

Ralexia breathed heavily as Evaria’s tongue navigated deeper and deeper. Her hand frantically reached out for the closest crate and pulled it in to act as an improvised chair. The elf sat down and wrapped her legs around Evaria, pulling her in even closer.

“Oh fuck! Fuck!” she gasped. “I... I didn’t realize you were so—oh!—talented...”

Ralexia squeezed Evaria’s head so tightly she thought her skull was going to burst. Then she heard the moans. Ralexia’s body spasmed and Evaria was doused in the elf’s juices. Ralexia’s legs fell to the sides and Evaria looked up her breathless, gasping boss.

“God fucking damn,” the elf said with a smirk. “I guess I should repay the favor.”

Ralexia climbed down from her impromptu chair and kissed Evaria. She continued to kiss her as she guided her onto her back. Evaria yelped when she felt the cold of the warehouse floor against her skin. Her boss’ lips trailed down to her neck and her breasts, where they lingered just long enough before moving on down to her stomach and finally settling between her legs. Evaria giggled with girlish glee at the new, powerful sensations that reverberated throughout her body.

It was her turn to writhe and squirm. She bit her lip to keep from moaning like a whore and her hands found her breasts.

This is... this is unbelievable. This is what a woman feels? It's... it's not fair.

Then it happened. Something Ted never in his wildest dreams imagined he would experience: the female orgasm. It shook her body to the very core, her senses overloaded, her mind awash with ecstasy. She couldn't hold back the moan that resounded throughout the warehouse.

When it was over, she was left breathless, exhausted, as if she had just finished a marathon, only there was no pain—just an overabundance of pleasure. She was still coming down from the high when Ralexia stood up, her lips curled into a pleased smile. Moments later, she was fully geared up.

“Looks like you enjoyed that, didn't you?”

Evaria could only nod.

“Well, I did as well.” She tapped on the screens that floated in front of her. A moment later, Evaria's screen indicated she had a notification. “I sent you a friend request. Let's do this again soon, okay?”

Evaria nodded again, still too out of it to speak coherently. Ralexia smiled, blew her a kiss, then waved goodbye before she vanished in a swirl of blue and white lights.

After what felt like hours, Evaria sat up. She rubbed her face and sighed. Then after another lengthy pause, she stood up, finding it surprisingly easy to do in the scandalous footwear. She glanced about before bringing up her character sheet and reequipping her gear.

You know what? I think it's time I take a break. Get up and stretch my real legs some. As if on cue, she yawned. Yeah, no idea how long I've been logged in. I need to set like a timer or something.

Evaria brought up the game menu, only she hesitated, her finger hovering just above the logout button. She looked down at her body and smirked. Then she pressed the button and her vision was enveloped in a bright white light.

Ted's body felt heavy, and there was a little bit of aching in his limbs. His mouth was dry and his stomach rumbled. How long was I in game? Must be

almost dinnertime.

He reached up and removed the visor, and that was when he felt it: hair. Hair that was much longer than what he normally possessed. He took a deep breath and noticed his chest was heavier. His hands instinctually went to chest where he discovered two new additions. He bolted upright and his breasts bounced.

“What... the... fuck...?!” The voice that rose from his throat was strikingly familiar. Too familiar.

In a flurry of motion, Ted climbed up off of his bed and ran into his bathroom. The fluorescent light flickered on, revealing what he hoped to not be true: Staring back in the mirror wasn't the overweight Ted he'd woken up as this morning.

It was a woman; a brunette with an athletic, dexterous body.

A woman named Evaria.

“Oh, shit.”

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading Log In, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena