TRANSNET | R

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TGCOMICS.COM
TG
GENDER-MIX COMIX

It wasn't so long ago that TransNet was merely a place to play games. Or socialize with friends for an hour or two. No one ever confused it with reality.

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT...

But as it developed, people began spending more and more time there. A few years ago we reached a critical mass, when some people began living the bulk of their waking hours in a virtual environment.

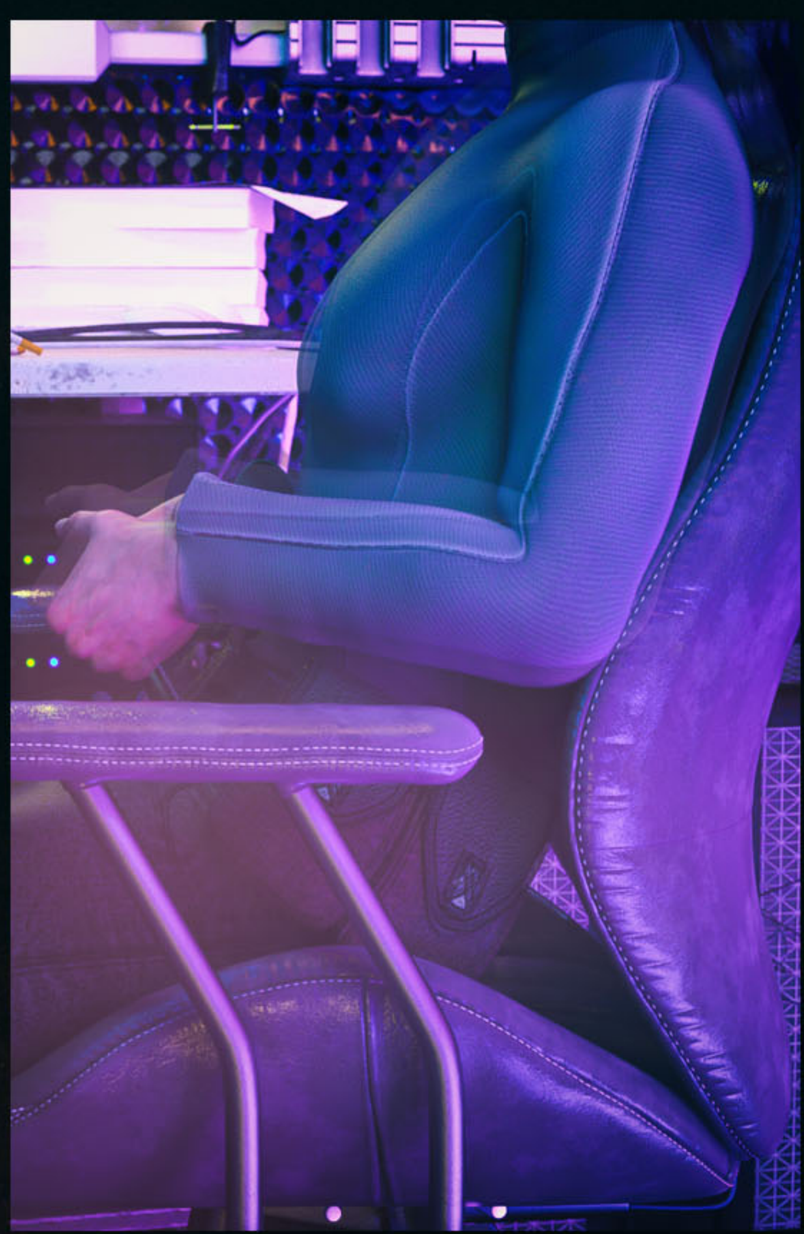
Before long, most of society was plugged in, preferring what TransNet served up to the mundane offerings of the real world.

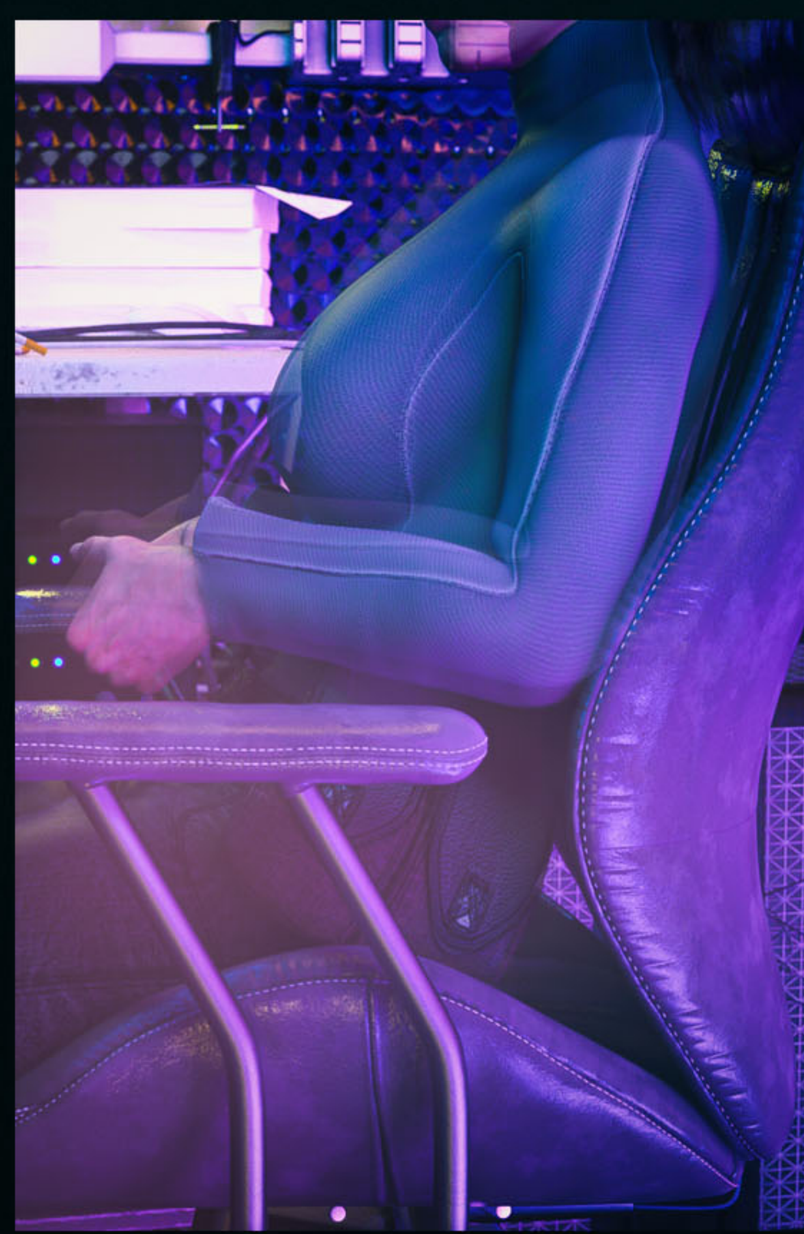
GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM...

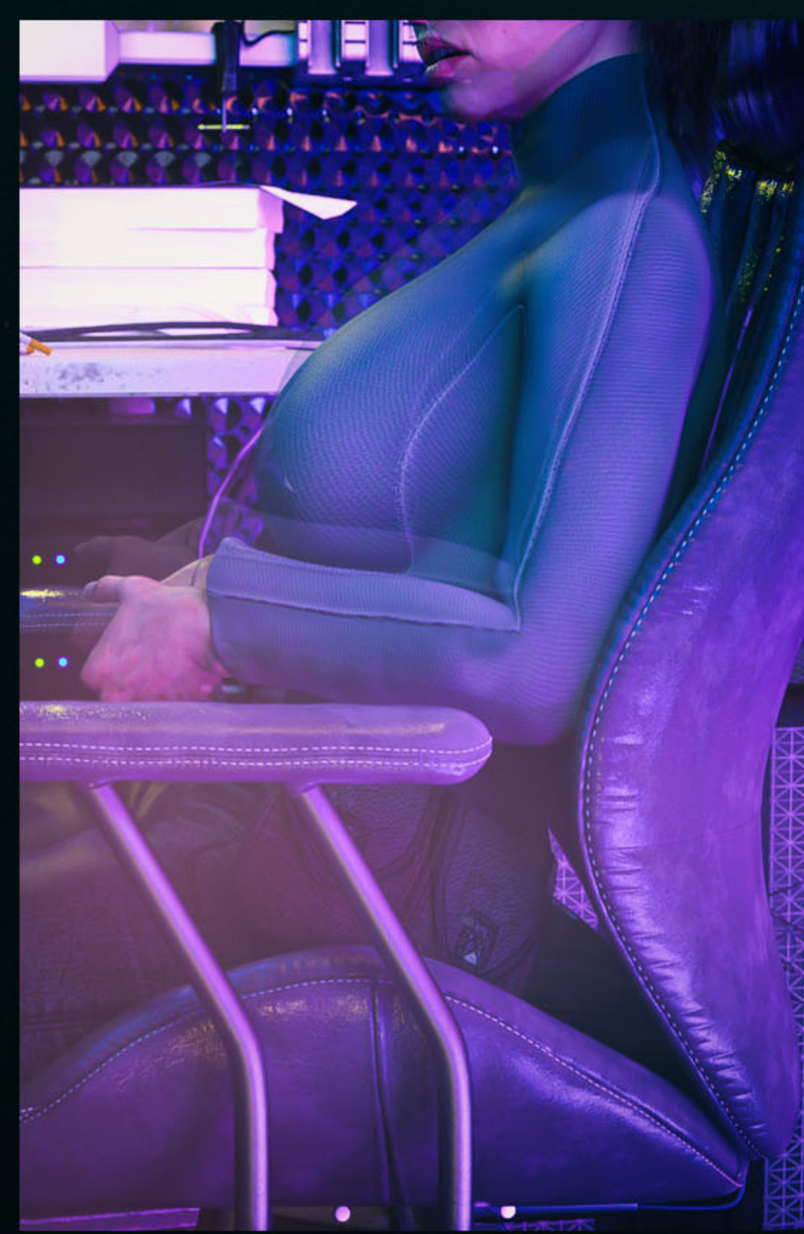
The criminal element were early and enthusiastic adopters. Men like **Jack.**

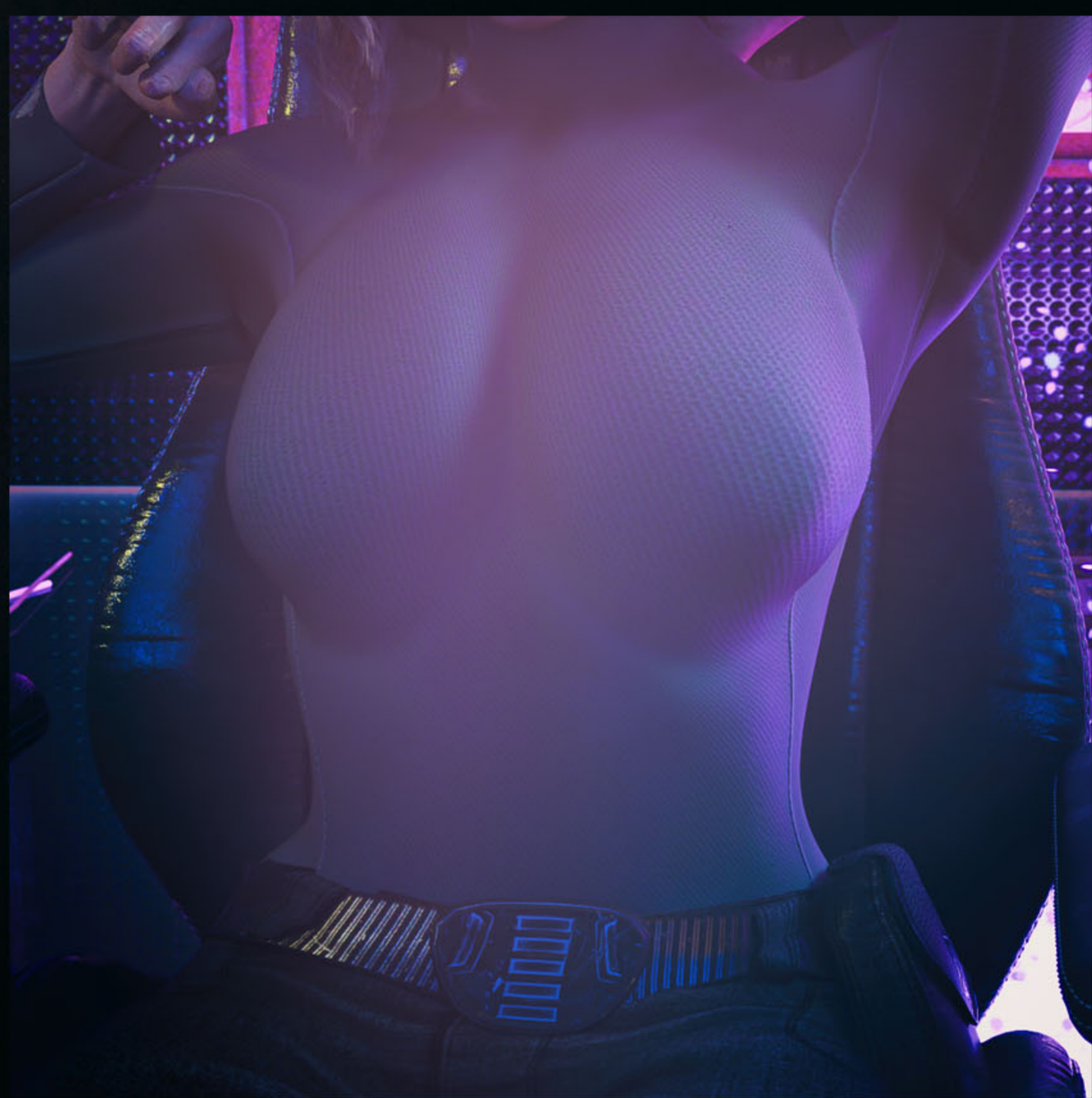
HEY, BABY.

TCHOOOOOO...









My name is **Robert Logan,** Lieutenant, TransNet Police Force.

Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Merrily...

This is the story of how I **lost** myself.

How I **found** myself.

DADDY?

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

It was only when the **barriers** to the virtual world broke **down,** that I realized...

I CAN'T BE THIS WAY... NOT HERE!

There **were** no barriers.

Life is but a **dream.**

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CHAPTER ONE

LOADING...

A few months earlier.

The **TNPF** recruited from police departments around the country, selecting the best and brightest from cities that started cutting back once virtual crime **outpaced** the old-fashioned kind.

TransNet's latest upgrade was **massive.** A game-changer.

FOLKS, THIS IS THE UPGRADE WE'VE BEEN ***WAITING*** FOR. WE'RE NO LONGER RESTRICTED TO FACSIMILIES OF THE BODIES WE HAVE IN REAL LIFE.

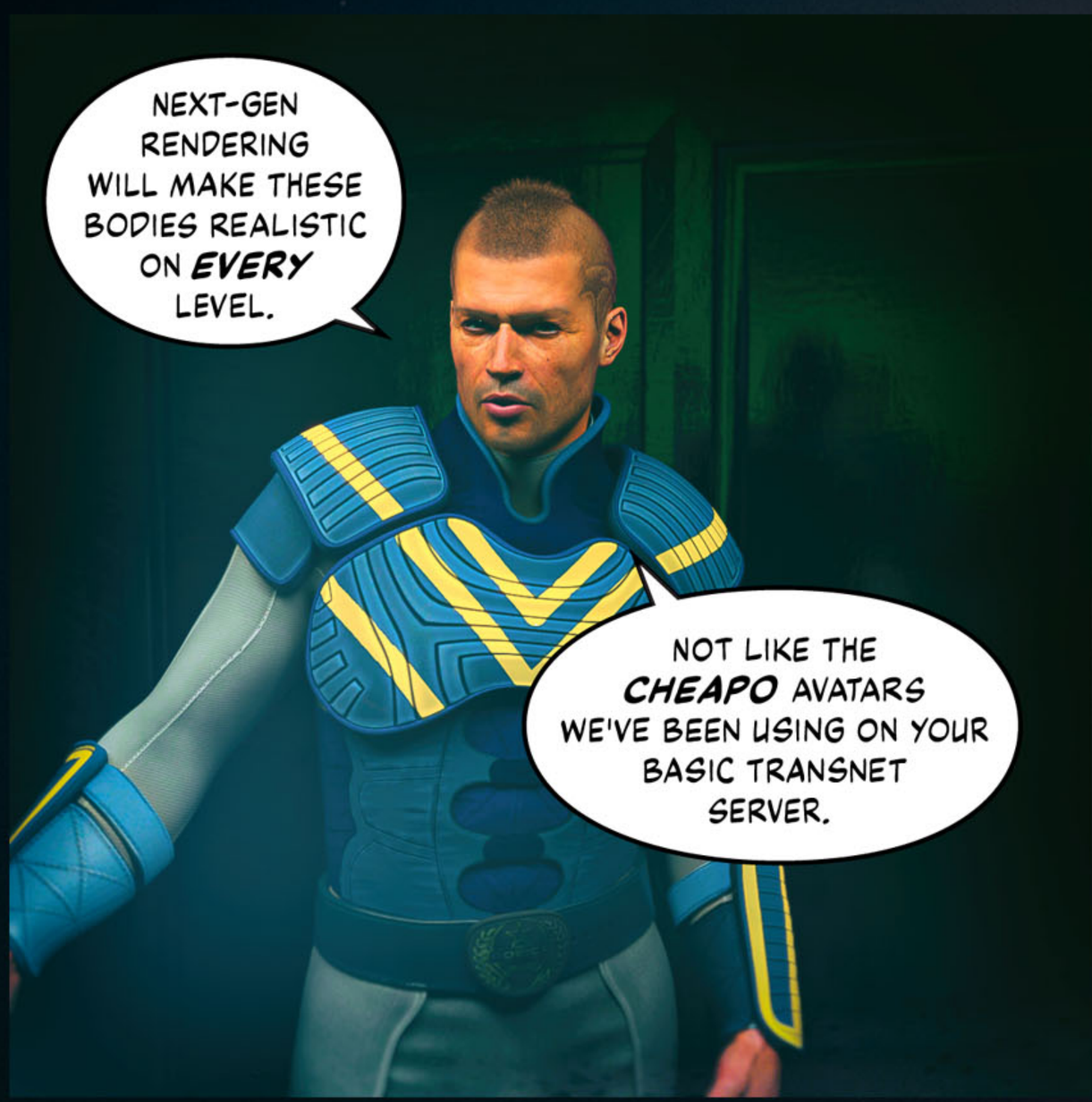
I'LL ***SAY!*** YOU LOOK LIKE YOU LOST A ***HUNDRED*** FUCKING POUNDS, CHIEF!

SINCE WHEN DID YOU HAVE HAIR?

YOU'VE NEVER BEEN THAT BUFF, EITHER.

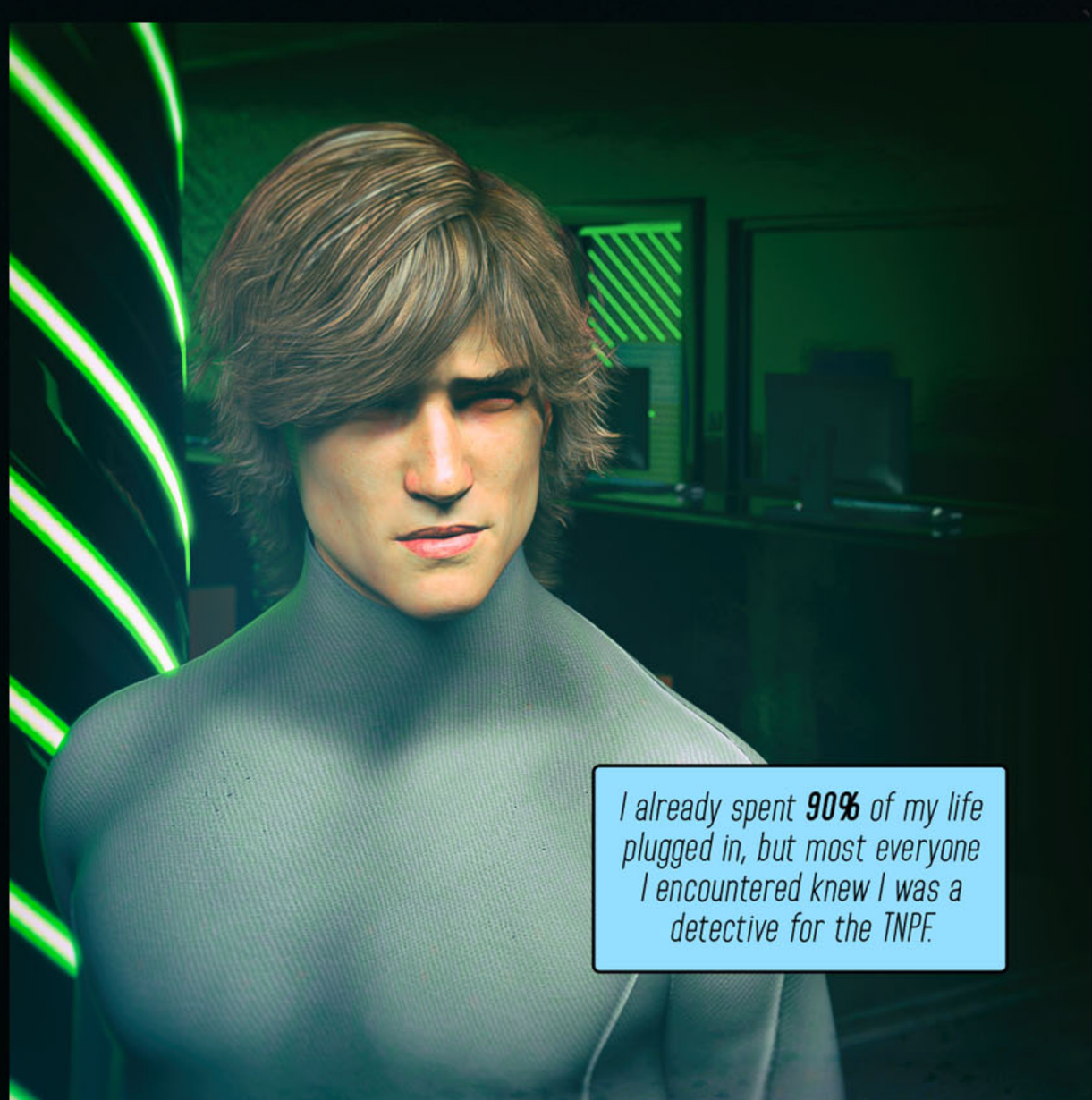
YOU WOULD NOTICE THAT, LOGAN.
POLICE

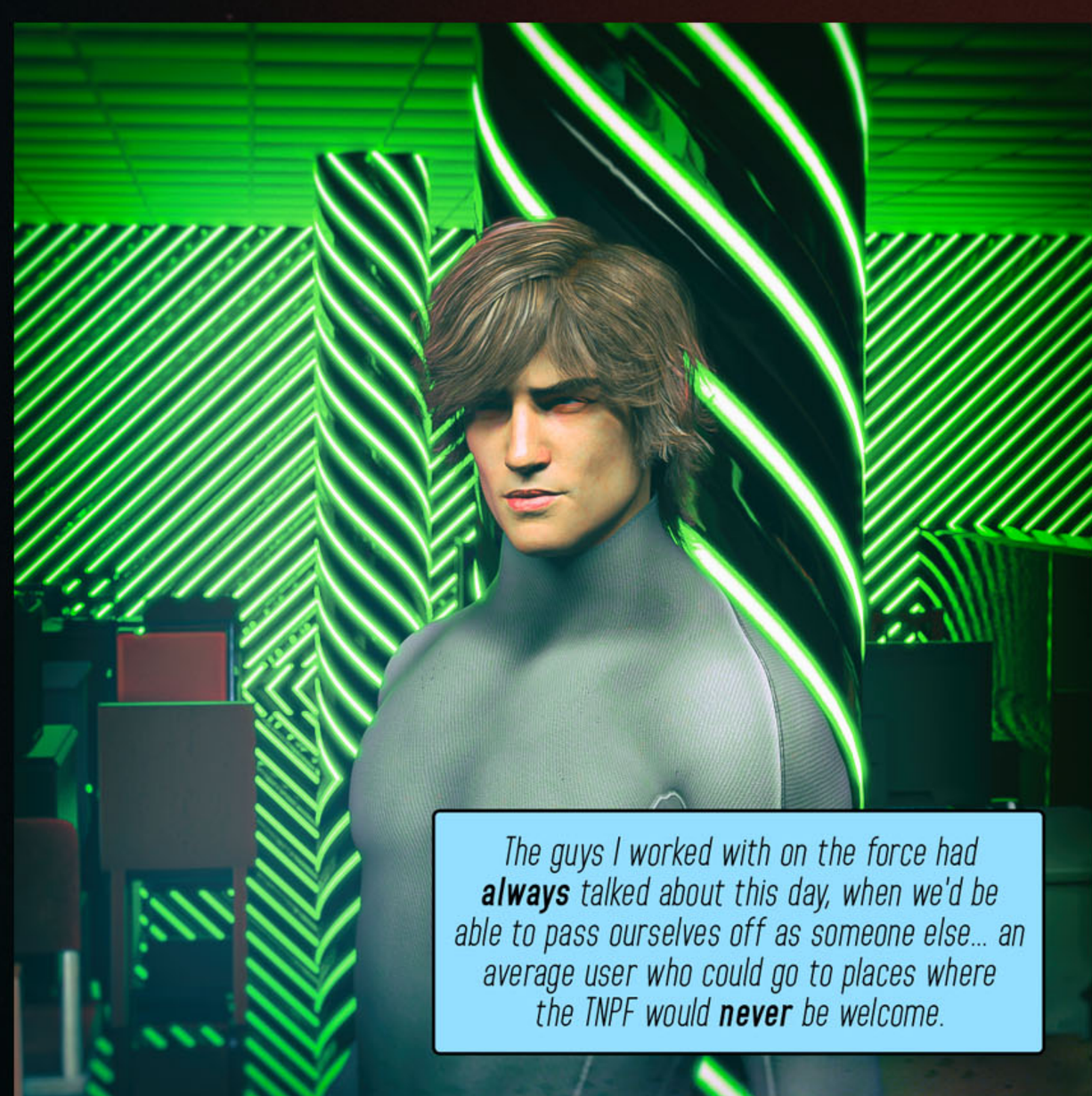
THE CHANGES THE AVERAGE USER WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE ARE SUPERFICIAL AT BEST, BUT THANKS TO THE HELP OF KIRA HERE, MEMBERS OF THE TNPF WILL HAVE THE ADDITIONAL ABILITY TO REWRITE THEIR CODE, THE SAME WAY THE CRIMINALS DO. YOU'LL NOW BE ABLE TO HIDE YOUR TRUE IDENTITY.
IT'LL BE A LOT OF WORK TO BUILD A CREDIBLE PROFILE ON TRANSNET, ONE THAT GETS YOU PAST SECURITY ON THE MORE SHADY SERVERS OUT THERE. BUT YOU'LL FINALLY BE ABLE TO BUILD A PERSONA THAT'S BULLETPROOF.


NEXT-GEN RENDERING WILL MAKE THESE BODIES REALISTIC ON EVERY LEVEL.
NOT LIKE THE CHEAPO AVATARS WE'VE BEEN USING ON YOUR BASIC TRANSNET SERVER.

LOGAN AND RICE, THIS IS YOUR MANDATE. I WANT YOU BOTH TO CREATE NEW AVATARS AND BUILD PERSONAS FOR THEM, ONES THAT ARE ROCK SOLID WITH NO TIES TO THE TNPF.

I WANT THEM TO BE GOOD ENOUGH WE COULD ALL BE IN THE SAME ROOM TOGETHER AND NOT EVEN KNOW IT!
POLICE
From the way the Chief described it, this upgrade would give us the opportunity to go deep undercover and tame the servers on TransNet where the criminal element ruled.


I already spent 90% of my life plugged in, but most everyone I encountered knew I was a detective for the TNPF.


The guys I worked with on the force had always talked about this day, when we'd be able to pass ourselves off as someone else... an average user who could go to places where the TNPF would never be welcome.

We plugged in from VR cabinets installed in our homes, so we could access TransNet at a moment's notice. Working in a virtual office was pretty much identical to the real thing.

I figured maybe now I'd be able to get a lead on Jack, the **notorious** hacker who'd made our department look **foolish** on numerous occasions.

I'd come **close** before. Once I even connected to Jack's source terminal for an **instant** before he beamed out.

With a different avatar and a new persona, I figured I might **finally** be able to **nail** the bastard.

Maybe.

Up to that point, my TransNet avatar had been a visual representation of my own self within the virtual world.

But all of that was about to **change.** Nobody would read me as Robert Logan if I didn't **want** them to.

I could be a different person. I had some ideas regarding the kind of profile I wanted to build. I knew I wanted it to be **realistic,** a part I could play without thinking about it too much.
I figured I'd create a persona for myself as a tech nerd. Or a gamer. Someone around my age, with a body that wasn't **too** dissimilar.

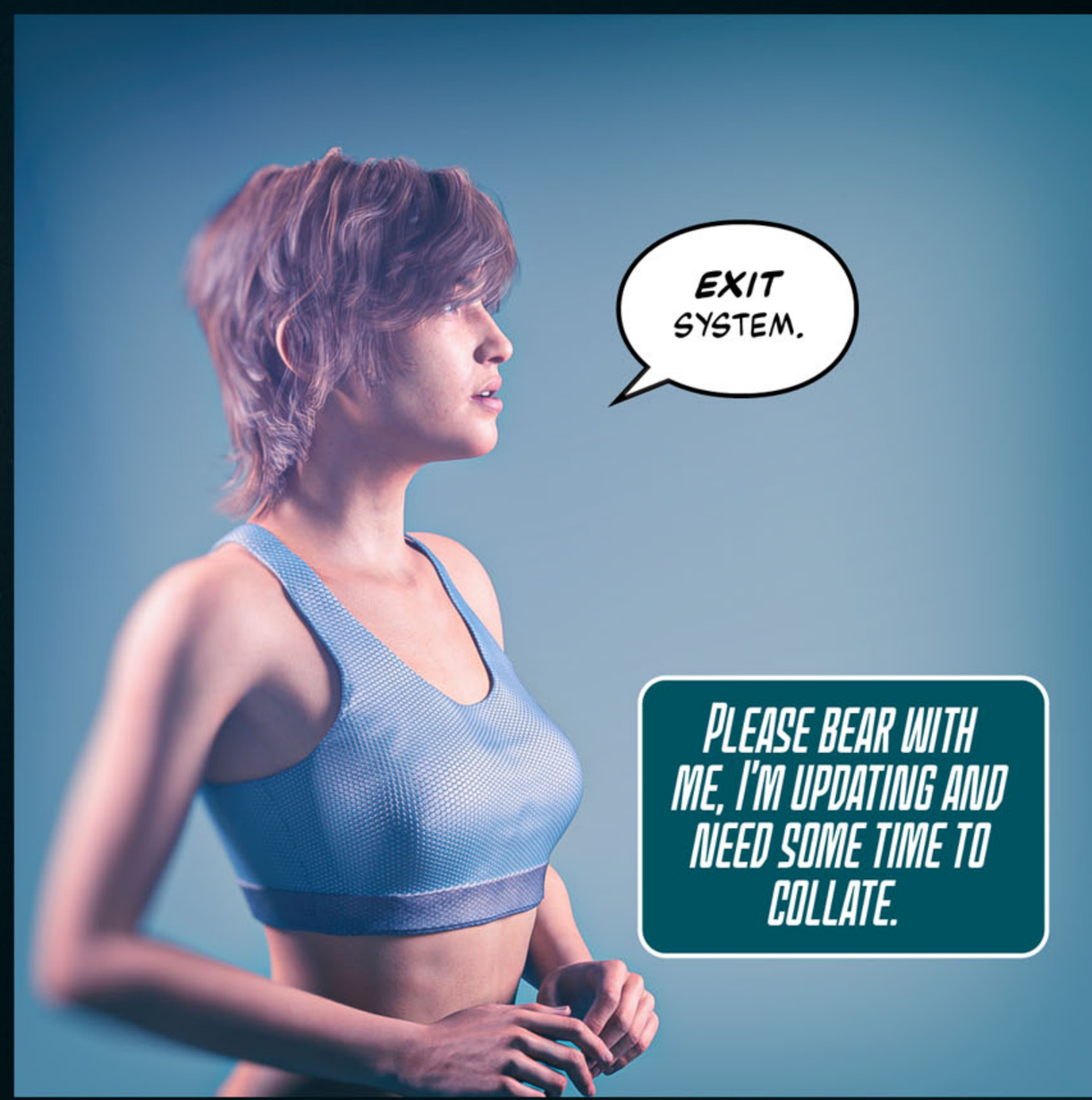
The idea was to be average. ***Blend in.*** *One of the countless professionals who worked and played on TransNet. One of the* ***many*** *who plugged in more and more with each passing month and year.*

TRANSNET NEXT LEVEL AVATAR DESIGN SUITE LOADING. 99%.... LOADING DEFAULT MODEL...

THANKS, ARIEL. SWITCH SEX TO ***MALE.***

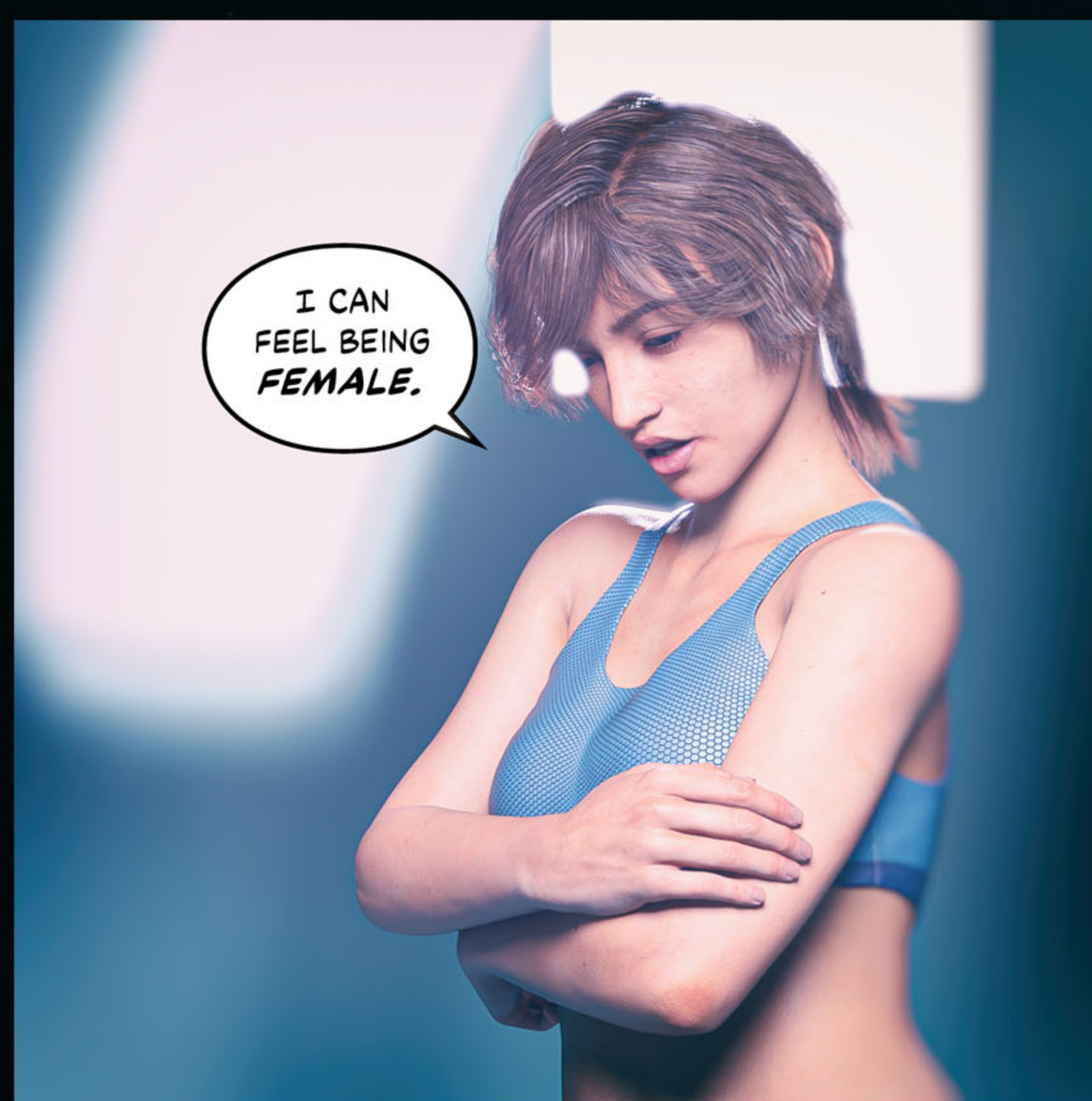
ARIEL?

ESTABLISH CONNECTION TO ARIEL UNIT.
ARIEL UNIT DOWN FOR MAINTENANCE.


EXIT SYSTEM.
PLEASE BEAR WITH ME, I'M UPDATING AND NEED SOME TIME TO COLLATE.

It was then that I became aware of how **different** this body was.

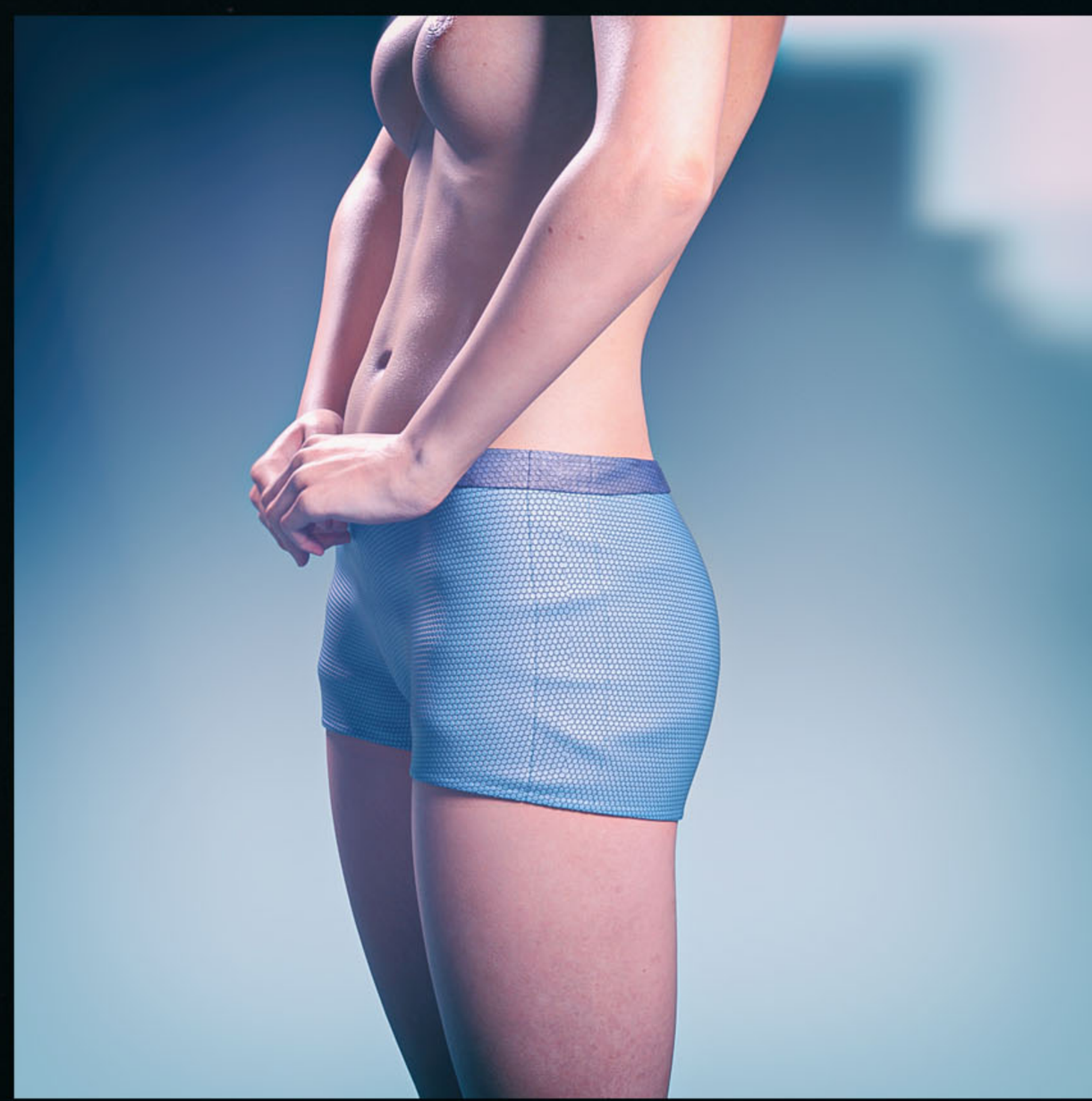
I'M FEMALE. I CAN FEEL...


I CAN FEEL BEING FEMALE.

THE WAY THE WEIGHT MOVES...

THE WAY MY SKIN FEELS...

BOOBS. HEAVIER THAN I THOUGHT.



AT **LEAST** THEY DIDN'T ADD GENITALS. THOSE DON'T COME WITH THE BASE MODEL, THANK GOD.

*I told myself I was **uneasy** about what had happened, but that wasn't exactly the **truth.***

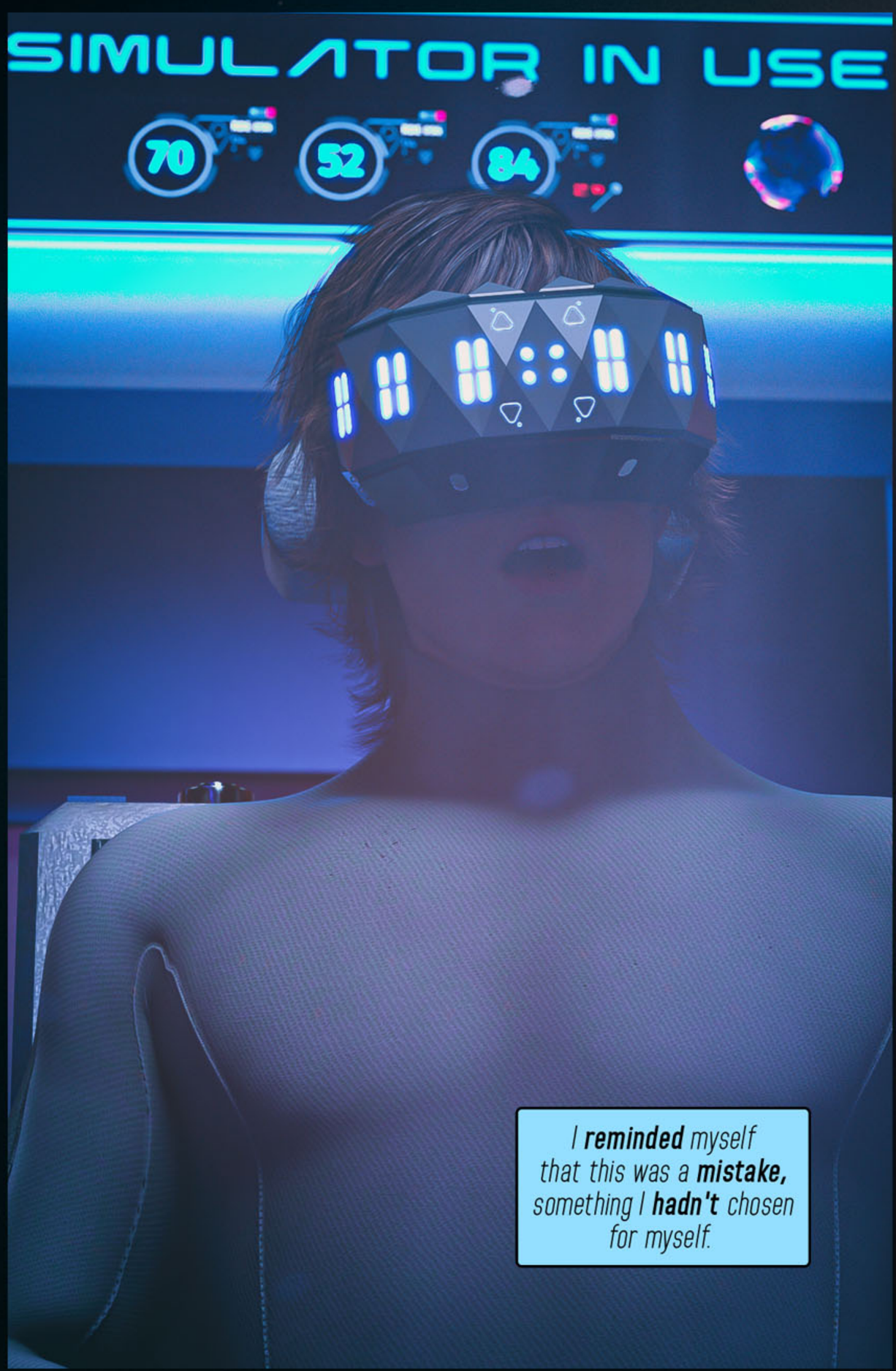
*I couldn't get over it, the way this body **made** me feel **so** comfy. So relaxed.*

*I felt so **right** this way.*

*Almost as if I didn't know what **right** had truly felt like until then.*

Like a calming, soothing harmony.

*It **troubled** me. It troubled me **deeply.***


SIMULATOR IN USE
70
52
84
I **reminded** myself that this was a **mistake,** something I **hadn't** chosen for myself.

Something I would **never** choose for myself...

...no matter how **appealing** it seemed to be.

After what felt like half an hour, Ariel rebooted and **released** me from the system. I didn't log back in for the rest of the day.

TransNet operates **weirdly** from a time perspective. You can dial up to about twelve times the speed of real life. An hour-long meeting can be five minutes that way.

Any faster and the human brain can't **manage** the flow of information, which is why dreams are so fluid. In reality, my time as a female had only lasted **two** minutes.

After exiting VR space, I found that I was **very aroused.** Both **sexually** and **not.**

It felt like I was **changed** by the experience.

Like **something** had **changed** me.

Or I had changed **myself.**

The feelings that followed were deep and **disconcerting.** I'd **never** felt that anything was **wrong** with my gender.

I'd always been just a **regular** straight guy. With a **wife.**

I didn't sleep that night.

The chief asked me what kind of avatar I was developing. I told him I was still working out the details.

I realized that I had this **opportunity** to do something I'd never even known I **wanted.**

It wasn't the kind of thing I could face **right away.** I tried to convince myself to stick to the **original** plan.

But **one** bite of the apple was really **all** I needed.

AVATAR SAVED AND UPLOADED TO MCPD SERVER. WOULD YOU LIKE TO QUIT PROGRAM?

My heart was **thundering** in my chest.

ARIEL...

CREATE NEW.

CHOOSE YOUR GENDER.

FEMALE.

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CHAPTER TWO

5% LOADED...

I began building a new profile for myself on my private server... One built on a **fever** dream.

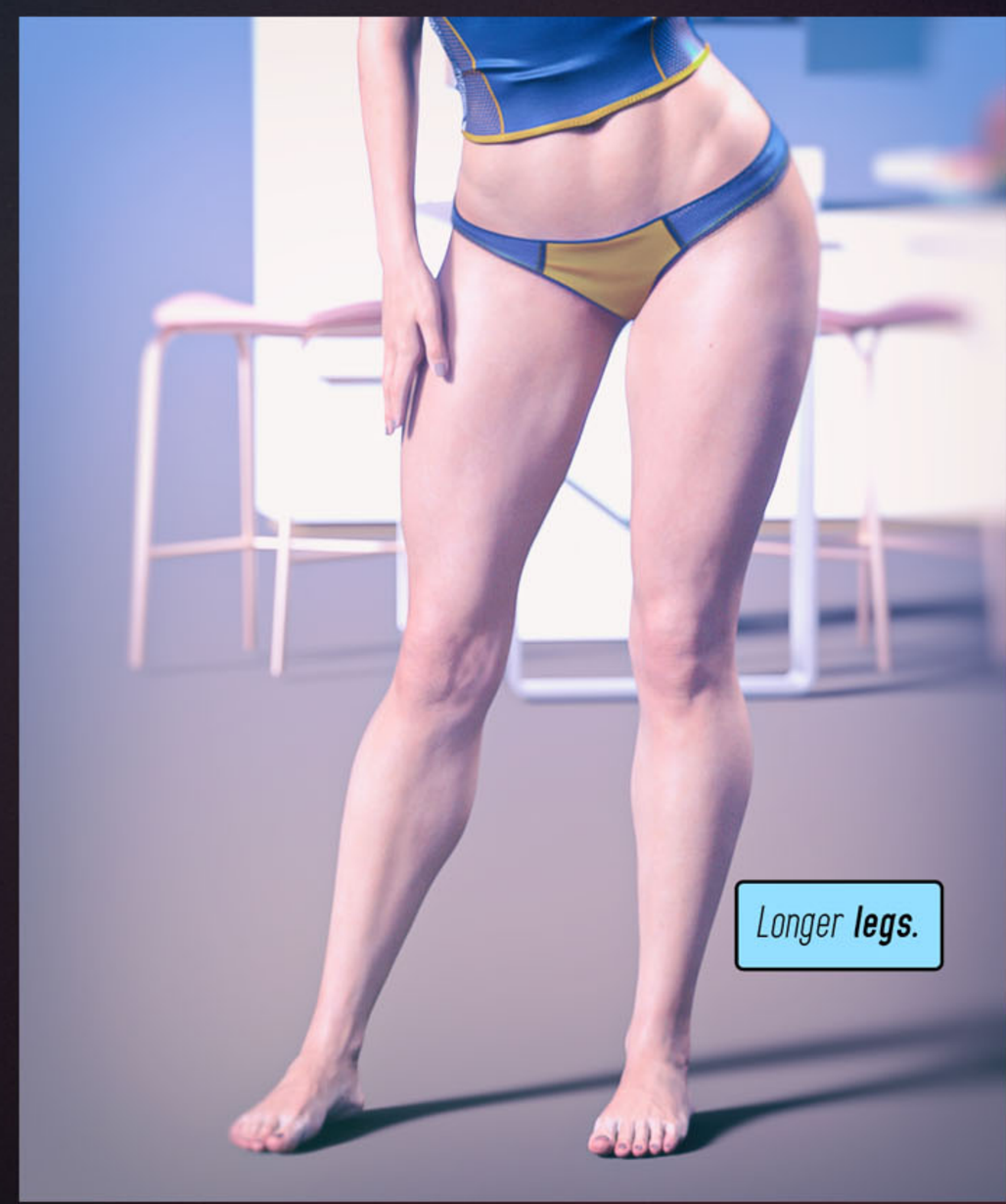
I told myself this was merely **one** path I was exploring, and that I could easily change it, reverse the gender, along with a thousand other details.

But instead I kept moving **forward.**

Looking for ways to **enhance** or **refine** the woman I was building.

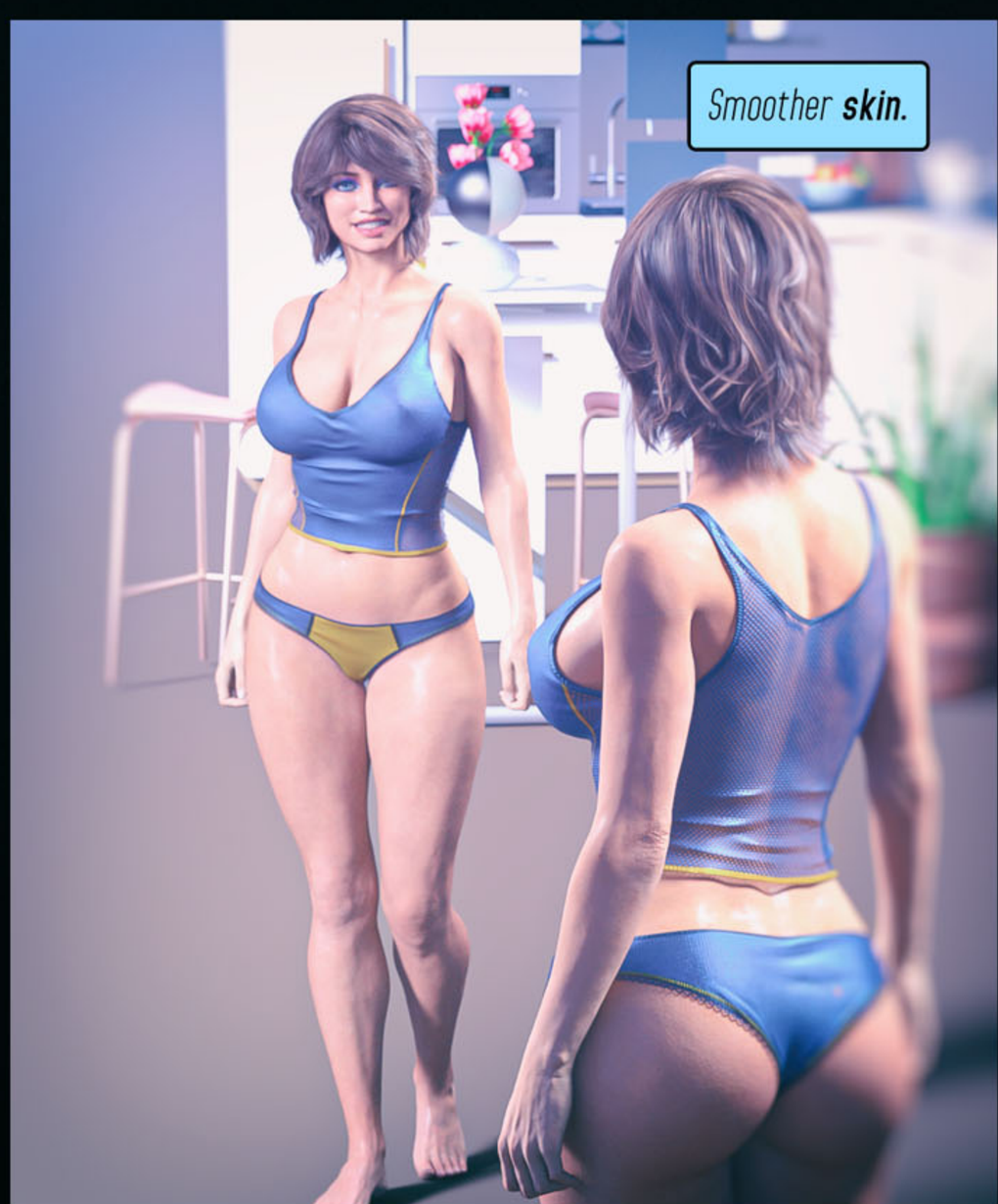
There was always room for **improvement.**

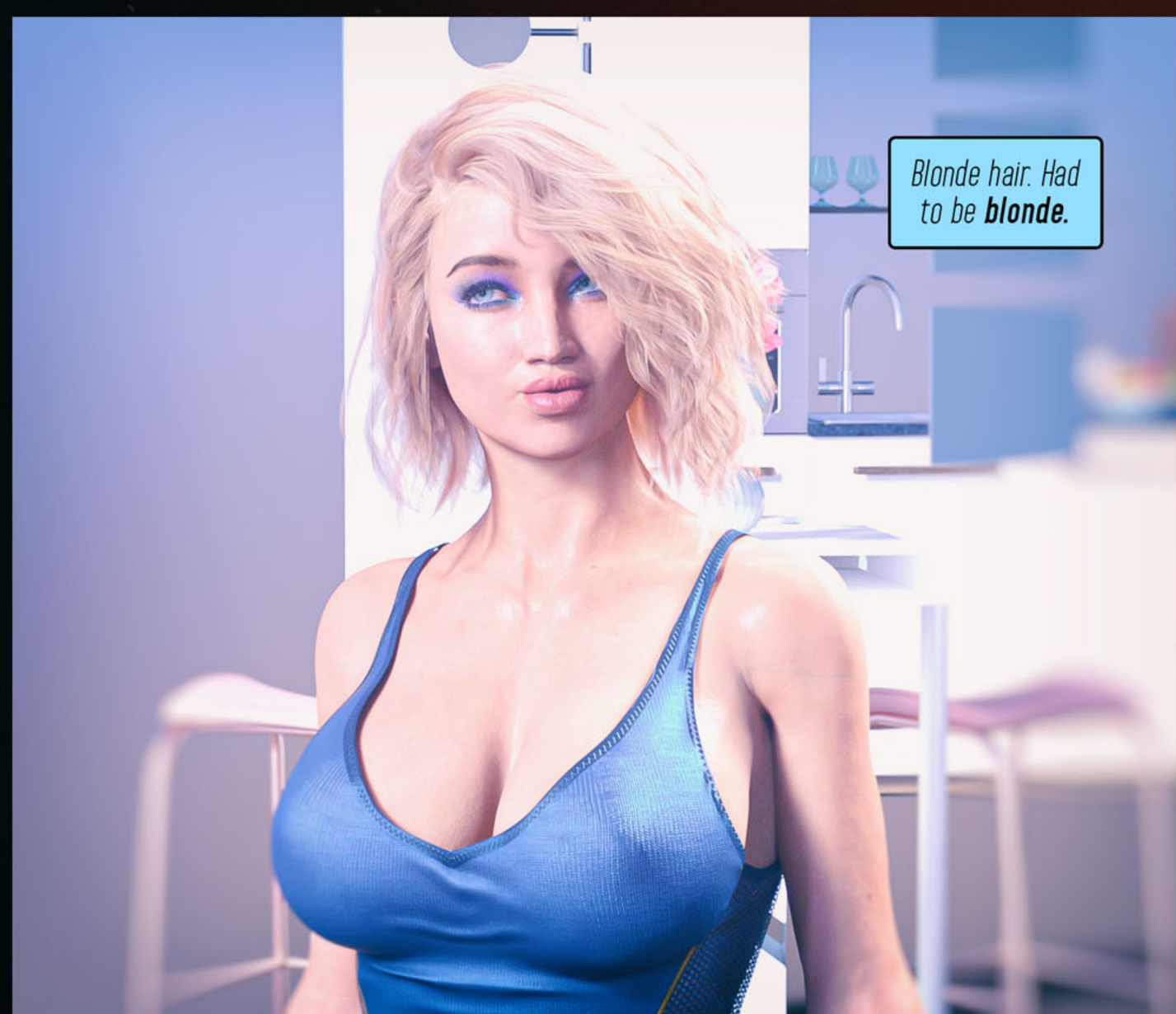
Bigger **chest.**


Longer **legs.**

Prettier **face.**

Bigger **butt.**


Smoother **skin.**


Blonde hair. Had to be **blonde.**

Soon enough, the avatar I had created bore **little** resemblance to the male one I normally used on TransNet... Or my body in **real life!**

The thing **was...**

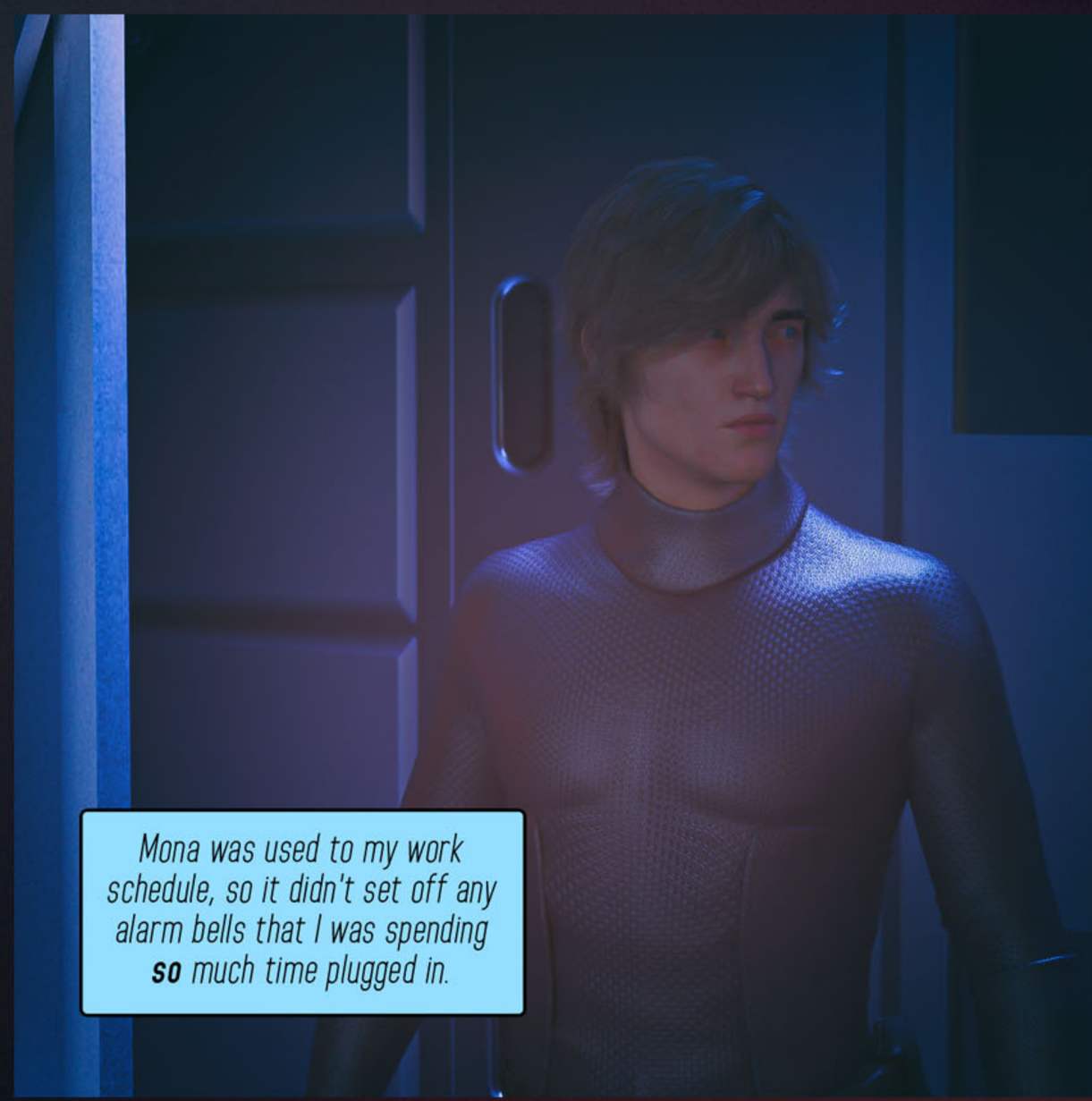
I **expected** the thrill to run out eventually.

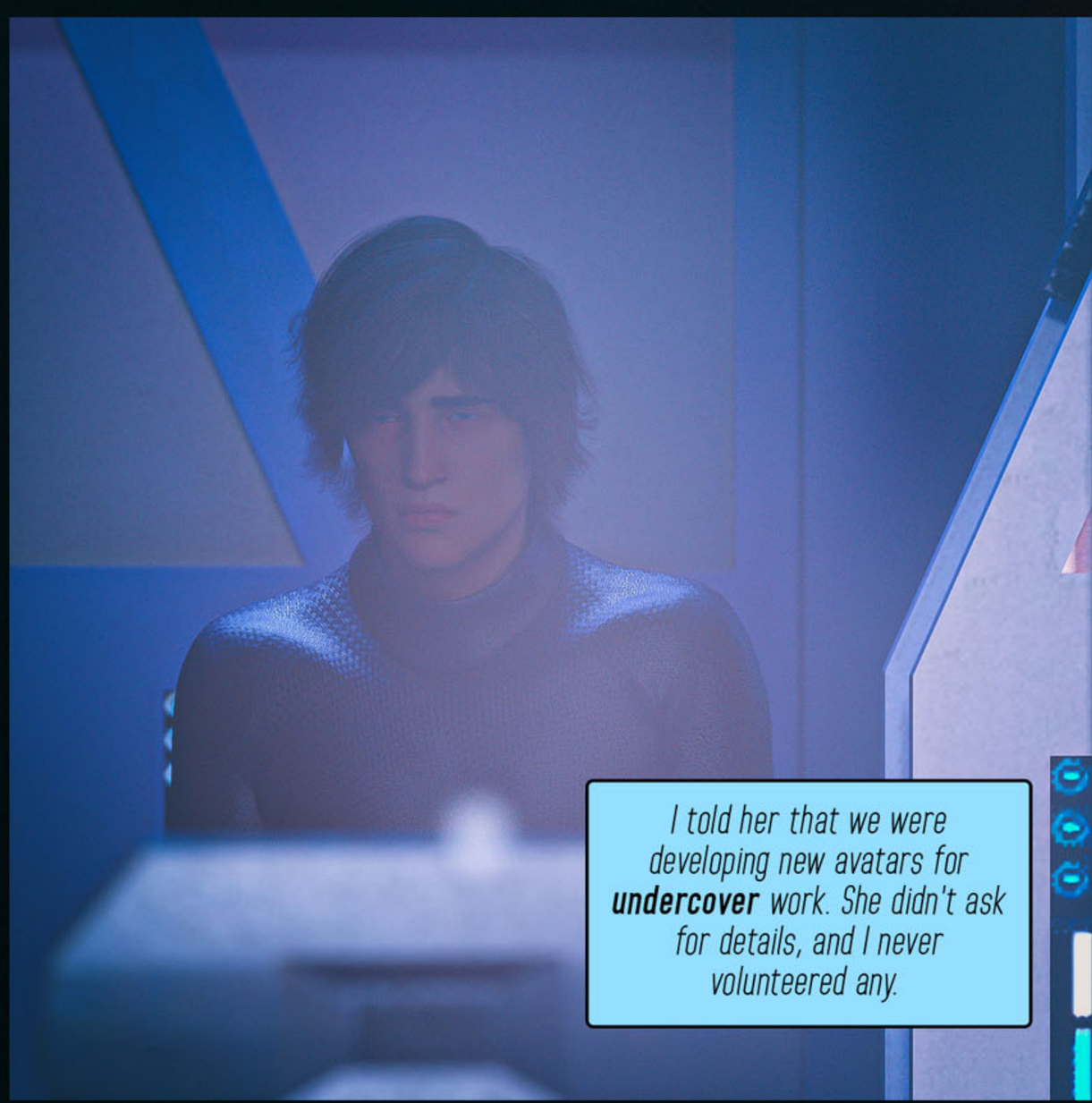
Like, there was a **limit** to how excited I could be.

Like getting sick of a game or hanging out with someone too long.

But the **euphoria** never **stopped**. Not for a **second**.

In fact, the **longer** I spent in a female body, the longer I wanted to **stay** that way.


Mona was used to my work schedule, so it didn't set off any alarm bells that I was spending **so** much time plugged in.


I told her that we were developing new avatars for **undercover** work. She didn't ask for details, and I never volunteered any.

I told the chief that I was having trouble nailing down my new persona. It turned out Rice was having similar problems, so he backed off.

Part of me felt like what I was doing was **wrong**...

...but I didn't know how to **stop**.

She was becoming more and more **real.** A person with her **own** history. Someone who could pass through most servers on TransNet and be **accepted** for who she was.

I needed her to be as realistic as possible, and that meant **upgrading** the avatar.

Functioning genitalia wasn't **required.** Many people chose to inhabit this VR world without it.

But after getting a **taste** of womanhood, I hungered to know more... To push things as **far** as I could.

SEXUAL ENHANCEMENT DOWNLOAD COMPLETED.

The extension gave my avatar a more realistic sheen. My skin would now feel as soft and delicate as a **real** woman's... I'd be able to experience that from the inside!

I now possessed **responsive** nipples that reacted to **stimulation.**

As well as an **opening** between my legs that could become lubricated when **aroused.**

I was **shaking.** My skin flushed with a **tingling** warmth. My mind was cloudy, yet **totally** focused.

I was **completely,** one hundred percent, **aroused.** This was to the point where I couldn't remember my name, **who** I was, **where** I was.

I forgot which way was **up.** I forgot none of it was **real.**

All I knew was the **heat** of my body as my fingers moved across my **skin.**

My nipples, rock **hard** against the sheets. Kind of uncomfortable, but also very alluring.

My body was a **woman's.** Fully.

The **shock** of actually playing with my nipples caused a **slight** hesitation.

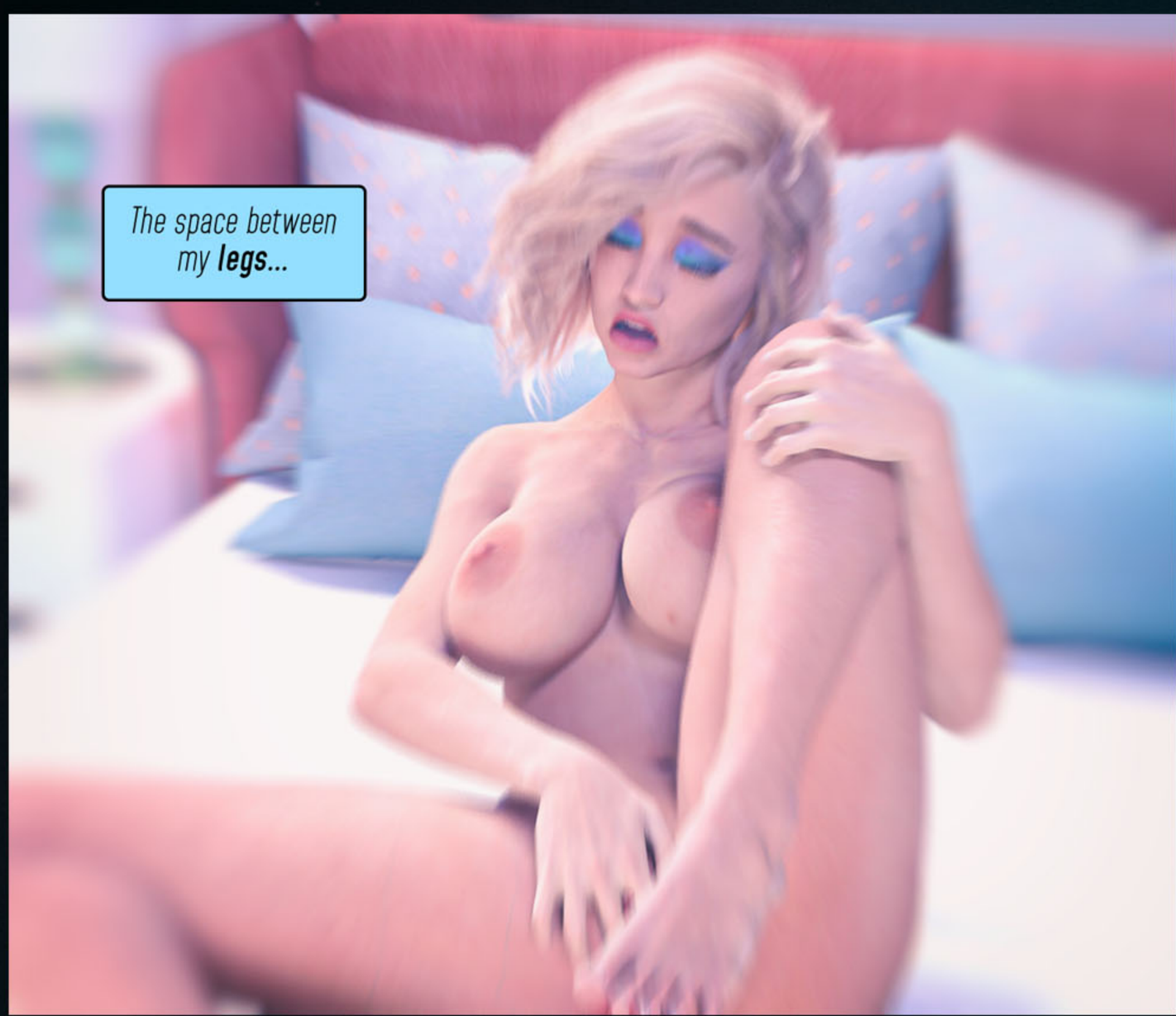
If it felt **this** good already, what was going to happen if I went **all** the way?

I was already so **close.**

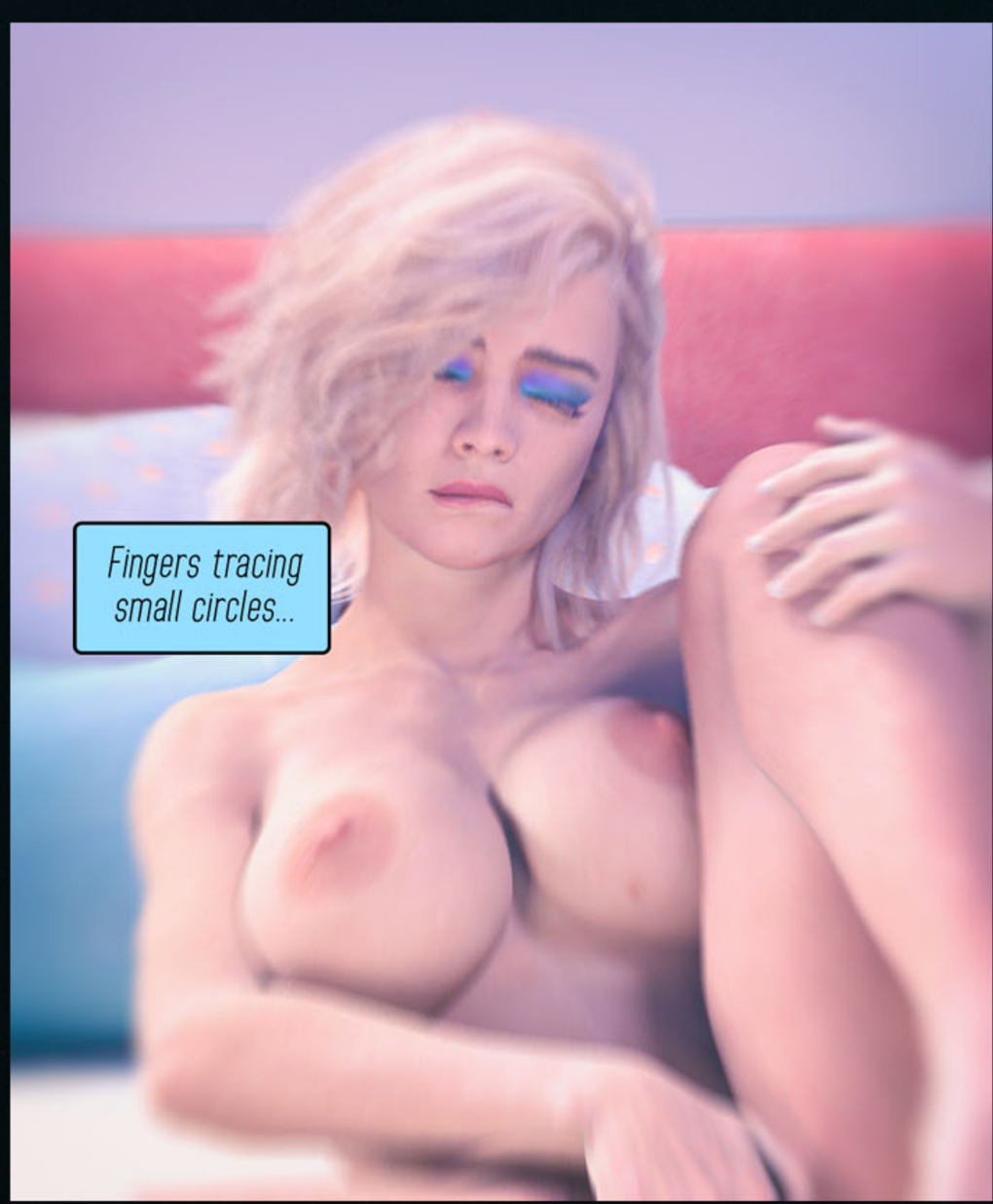
I couldn't stop.

I was familiar with a woman's sex. From an **outsider's** perspective. Only as a **visitor.**

I didn't struggle to find the clit **this** time.


The space between my **legs**...

A **desperate** need to fill it...


Fingers tracing small circles...

The feeling **building,** and **building,** and **building**...

Until!

Until... Until...
I was **cumming.**

It didn't stop **there.**

I **never** had to stop **again.**

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CHAPTER THREE

10% LOADED...

It was only masturbation, but it felt like I was **cheating** on my wife because this body wasn't mine. Everything I felt was new and different and completely **wonderful.**

It didn't take long before I started to feel feminine **all** the time.

My wants and needs were **stronger** every day.

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

I made numerous discoveries about myself... Learning how **different** a person I could be from the part I'd always played in life.

It felt like there was a side of me that had been lying **dormant** in my subconscious, and she'd finally been set free!

Discovering this female part of myself hadn't **changed** me.

But it **had** added more to me. I was **more** than Robert Logan.

From then on, I used the avatar for **everything** aside from in-person at work.

She was a **part** of me now... It was getting **difficult** to imagine ever giving her up.

I felt tired of **hiding** on my private server.

It was time to go **out...** Shake things up. Playing RetroFutureWarfare seemed like a good place to start.

I hit a bar after the game with some of the guys I played with. Testing the waters to see if anyone could read me.

Nobody saw past my avatar. Nobody **cracked** my identity.

They all read me as a **real** woman... Not someone who was just **pretending** to be blonde and beautiful.

It felt wonderful to be perceived this **way.** It made everything seem more **real...** Even if she was just an avatar.

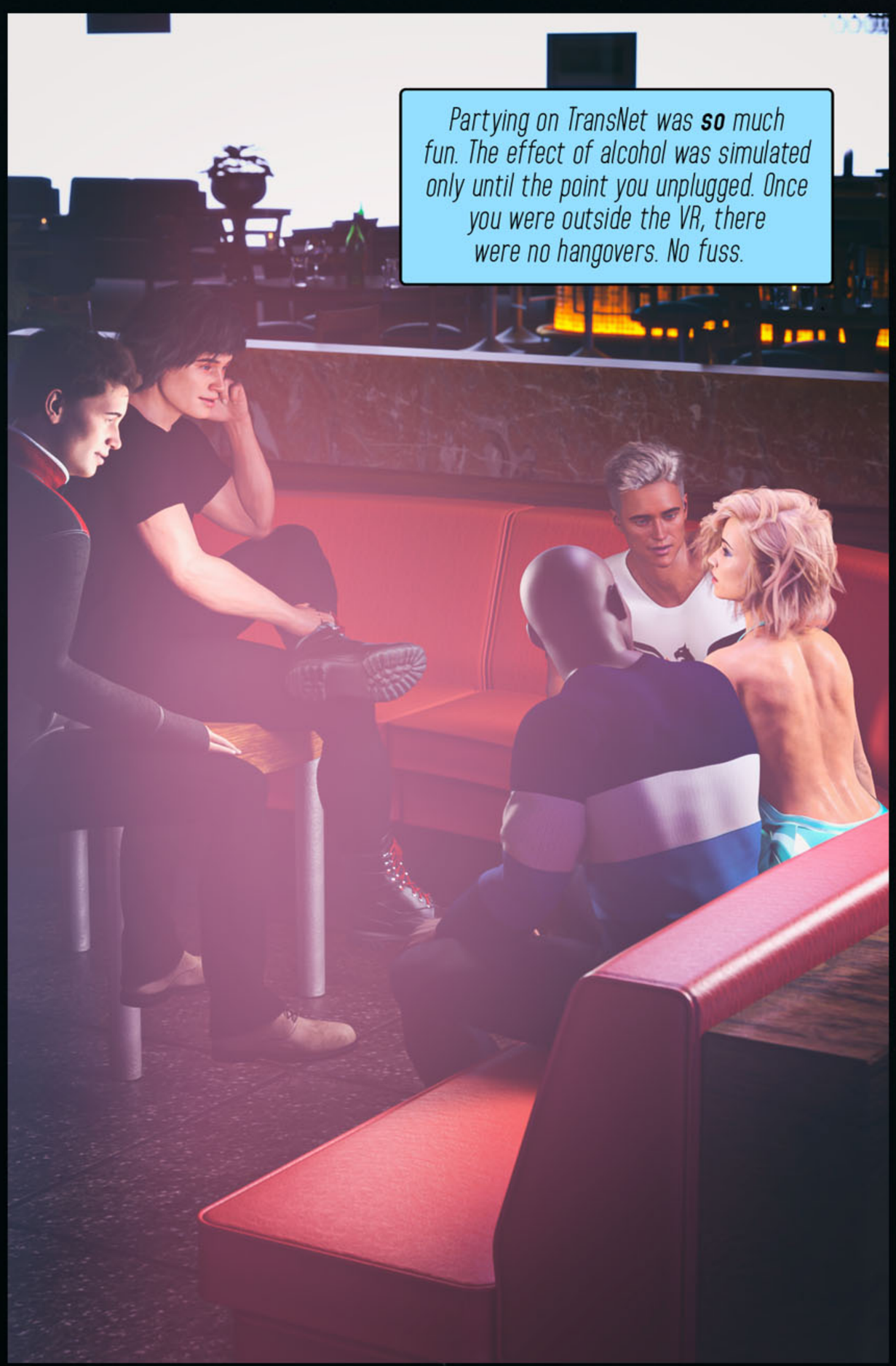
I got an **intense** and **secret** thrill from being a girl...

Flirting with guys...

I got off on knowing they were **attracted** to me.

I quickly became **addicted** to the kind of attention I received on pretty much **every** server I visited on TransNet. The notion that other people were sexually excited by my presence was incredibly **stimulating!**
It's **hard** to explain, but there was an **intense** sexual euphoria to being in that body, and being treated as if I honestly was a **beautiful blonde** bombshell.
My level of arousal had shifted to a whole **other** level, and I masturbated numerous times a day.

I kept getting more and more **daring.** After a few games of RetroFutureWarfare, I'd end up at a bar with a few of the guys... and some **handsome** strangers as well.



Yes, I **shamelessly** flirted with men.

I simply enjoyed showing off my newfound charms. I never saw it as **catfishing.**

More just playing **myself.**

It was getting **late.** I usually stayed **longer** than everyone else. By this point, I was spending **most** of my time in TransNet.

I was **waiting** around to see if there was anyone new to **flirt** with.

I **confess** that I'd started to let myself imagine what it might be like to **actually** invite a guy back to my server.

But as **appealing** as that sounded, I wasn't ready to cross that line.

It was getting more and more **difficult** to reconcile who I was on the outside with who I'd **become** on TransNet.

There was nothing the **least** bit masculine about my new persona. In TransNet, I was a young and vibrant **female.**

A girl who possessed **powerful** sexual urges.

I couldn't **actually** fuck a guy.

But it was fun to **consider** it. And **consider** it. And **consider** it again.

Pretend it **might** happen.

I kept thinking of how **fun** it would be to...

Let go and just...

Give in.

Creating my **perfect** body, dressing **sexy** and acting like a **woman,** it had all been such a rush. Such a **thrill.**
I was basically in a **perpetual** state of horniness. Masturbation took the edge off, but over time it became less and less **satisfying.** I craved new outlets for my pent-up **desire.**
BUY YOU A DRINK?
DETECTIVE.

It was **impossible.**

DETECTIVE? WHO?

NO... I'M...

There was **no** connection to my real identity in my profile. **None!** How could he know I was TNPF?

DETECTIVE ROBERT **LOGAN,** TNPF. WE'VE MET BEFORE, ACTUALLY.

He had my **exact** identity. Shit!

This upgrade was supposed to put us on **equal** footing with the criminals and hackers. There were only a handful of people out there with enough **skill** to unmask me. Someone like... like...

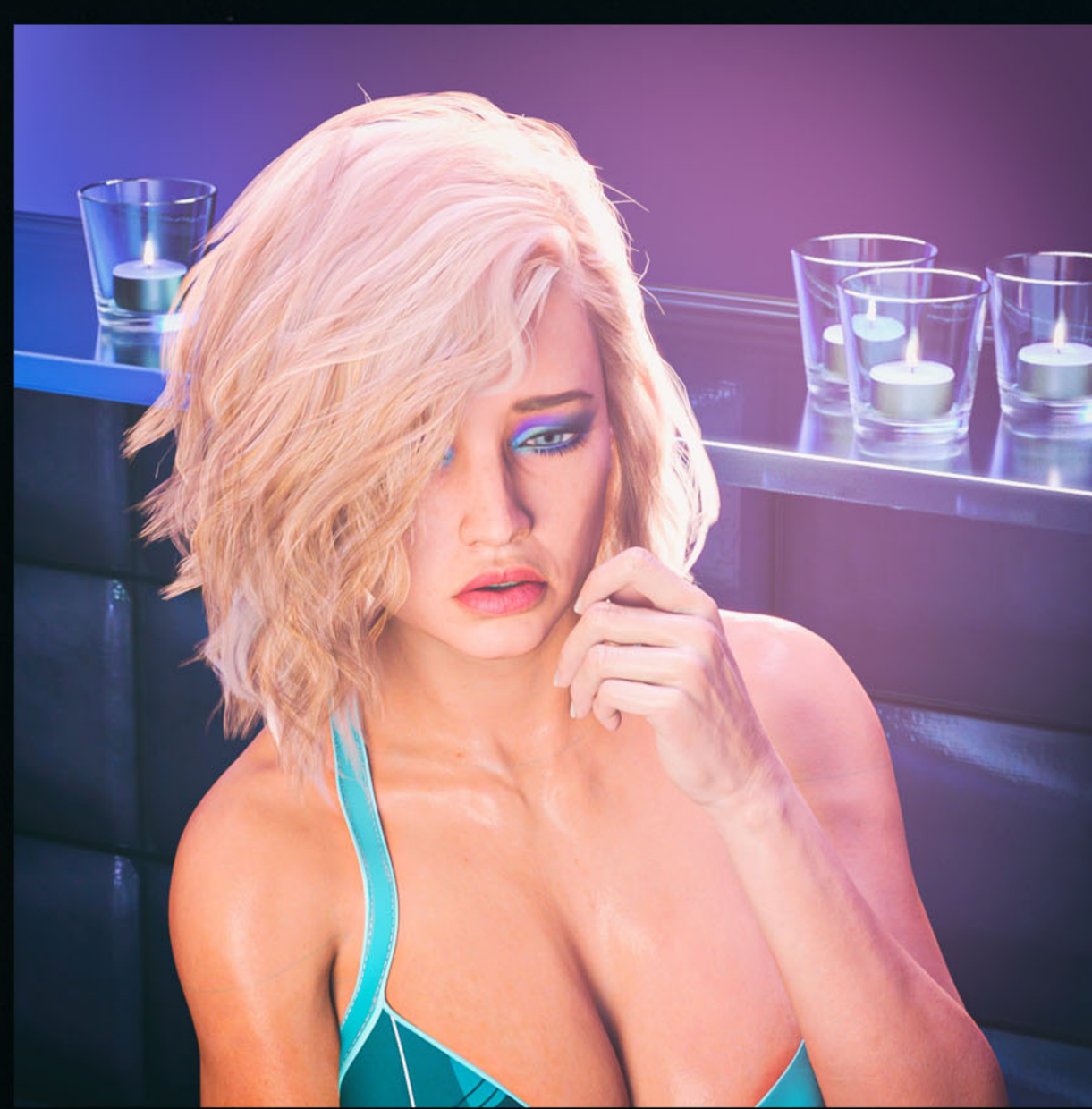
JACK?

IN THE FLESH. WELL, SO TO SPEAK...

I'M NOT... I'M NOT ROBERT LOGAN.

YOU'VE GOTTEN ME MIXED UP WITH SOMEONE ELSE.

IF YOU'RE NOT DETECTIVE LOGAN, THEN HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME?



IF I ***WAS*** LOGAN, I'D GET A ***HELL*** OF A PROMOTION FOR BRINGING YOU ***IN.***

OF ***COURSE.*** BUT THEN YOU'D HAVE TO TELL THEM ***HOW*** YOU FOUND ME.

I'M GUESSING YOU'D PREFER TO KEEP YOUR WORLDS ***SEPARATE*** FOR A LITTLE LONGER.

VODKA, ROCKS.

AND FOR THE ***LADY?*** SOMETHING ***GIRLY?***

MAKE MINE A ***WHISKY.***

IT'S ***FUNNY.*** IN THIS GAME, YOU GET USED TO WORKING WITH A **CERTAIN** TYPE OF PERSON. PEOPLE WHO ARE OKAY LIVING THEIR LIVES IN ***ANOTHER*** WORLD.

SO MANY PEOPLE SPEND THEIR LIVES ***RUNNING*** FROM SOME ASPECT OF THEMSELVES.

SOMETHING THAT ***SCARES*** THEM.

WHAT SCARES ***YOU?***

THERE'S A ***LOT*** THAT SCARES ME.

HACKERS. POLICE. WE'RE ALL ALIKE. THERE'S ***NOTHING*** FOR US OUT THERE.

SPEAK FOR ***YOURSELF.***

YOU SPEND YOUR DAYS CHASING AFTER ***GUYS*** LIKE ME. THEN SPEND YOUR NIGHTS... DOING ***WHAT?***

CHASING ***OTHER*** GUYS?

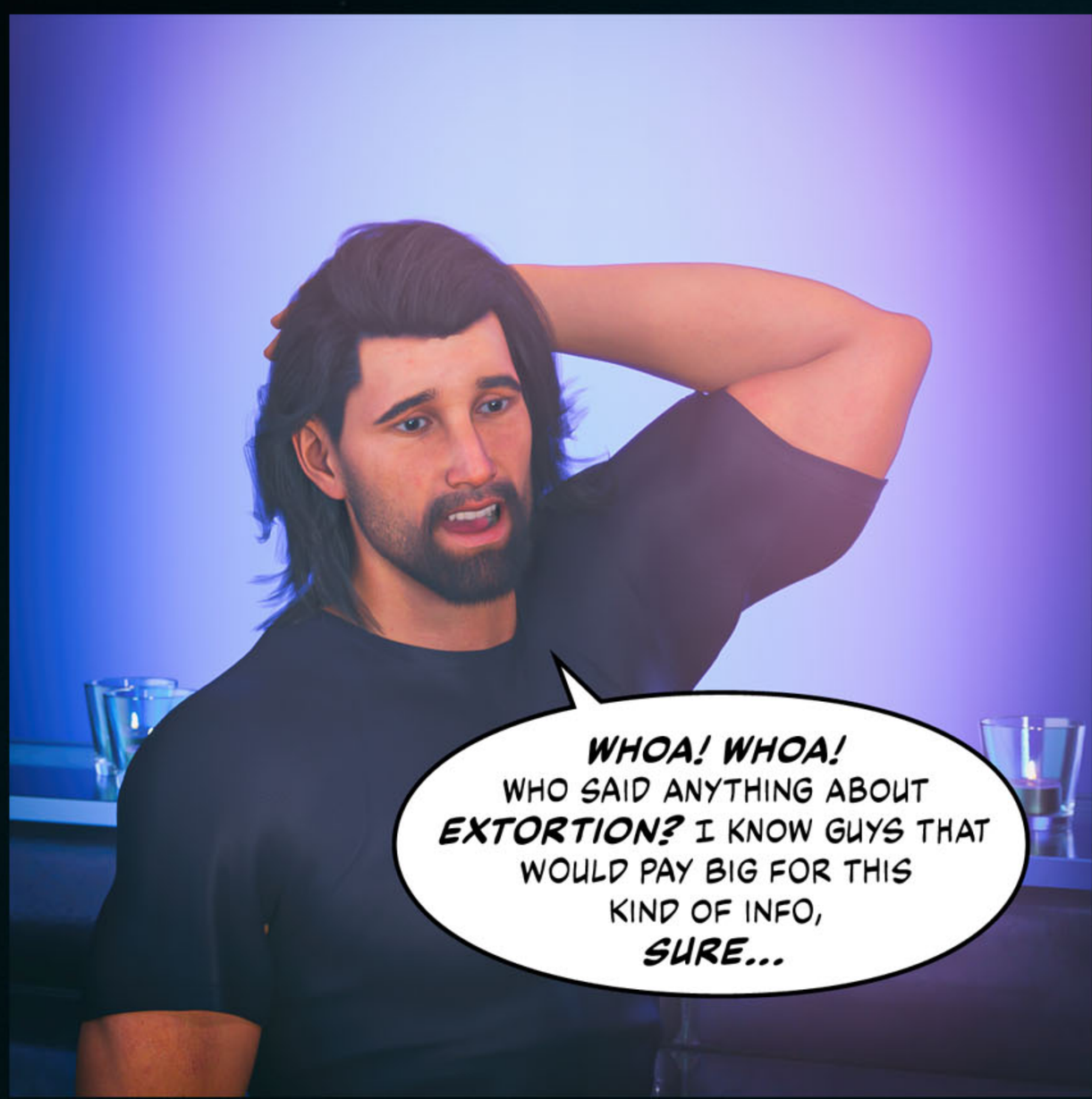
IT'S NOT LIKE ***THAT.*** I'M ***NOT*** CHASING--

YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY.

FINDING YOU *HERE,* IN *THIS* BODY, DOING THIS...

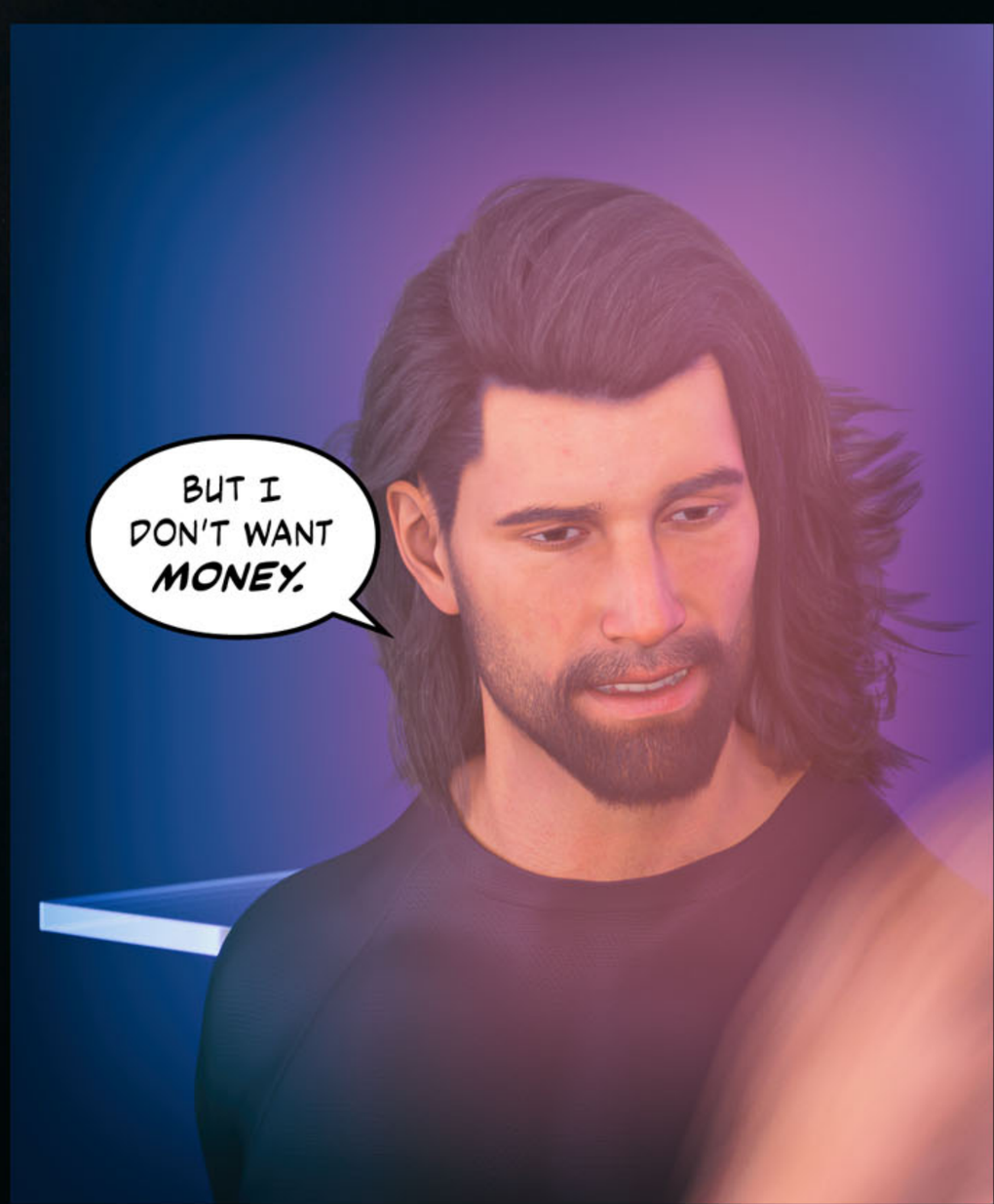
LISTEN, I KNOW EXTORTION IS YOUR THING, *BUT...*

I DON'T NEED THE FUCKING *LECTURE,* TOO.

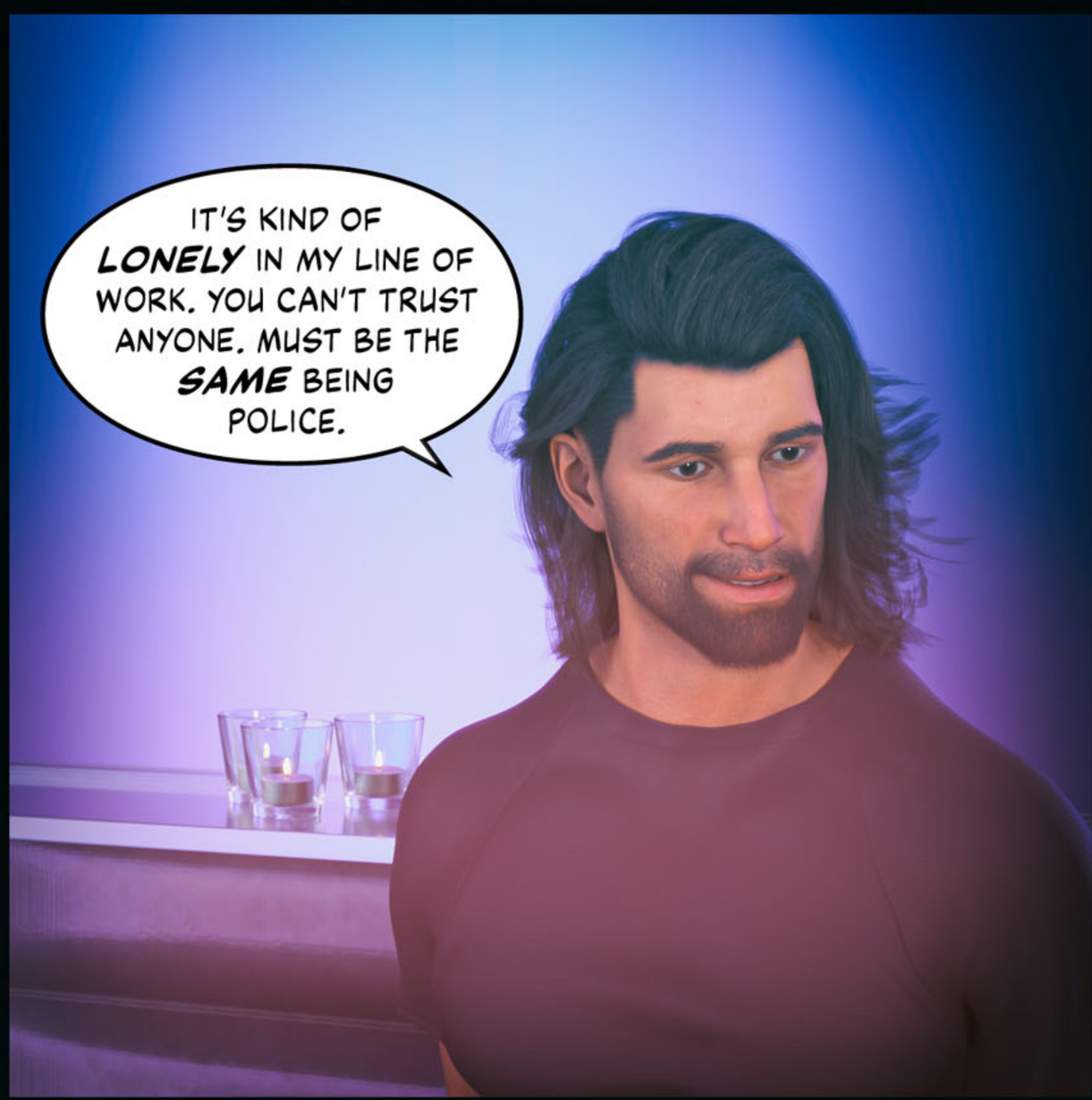

WHOA! WHOA! WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT EXTORTION? I KNOW GUYS THAT WOULD PAY BIG FOR THIS KIND OF INFO, SURE...

TRANSNET POLICE MOONLIGHTING AS A BLONDE BOMBSHELL EVERY NIGHT. USING THEIR UPGRADED, PUBLICLY-FUNDED TECH TO MAKE A HOT WOMAN'S BODY.

DOWNLOADING SECRET SEX ADD-ONS AND ENABLING THEM OUT OF YOUR PRIVATE SERVER.


BUT I DON'T WANT MONEY.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?


IT'S KIND OF LONELY IN MY LINE OF WORK. YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYONE. MUST BE THE SAME BEING POLICE.

I KIND OF GET IT. YOU SPEND ALL DAY WORKING ALONE...

WHEN YOU'RE DONE, YOU WANT TO BE SOMEONE ELSE, YOU WANT TO BE TREATED LIKE SOMEONE ELSE.

YOU DON'T GET CELEBRATED IN YOUR LIFE, BUT YOU GET FAWNED OVER IN HERE.

I UNDERSTAND. I MIGHT BE THE ONLY ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS.

TWO MORE, PLEASE.

TRANSNET | R

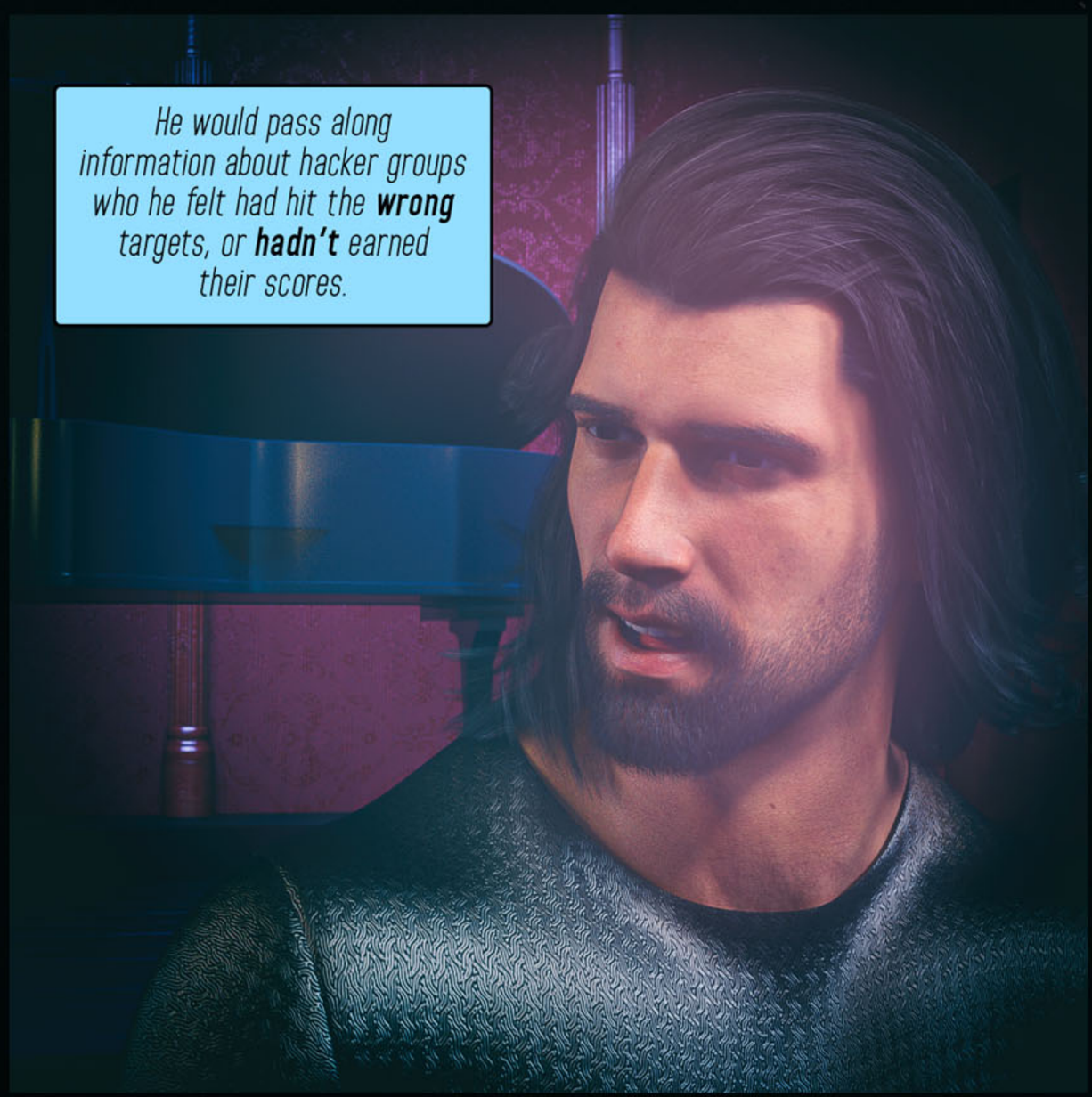
CHAPTER FOUR

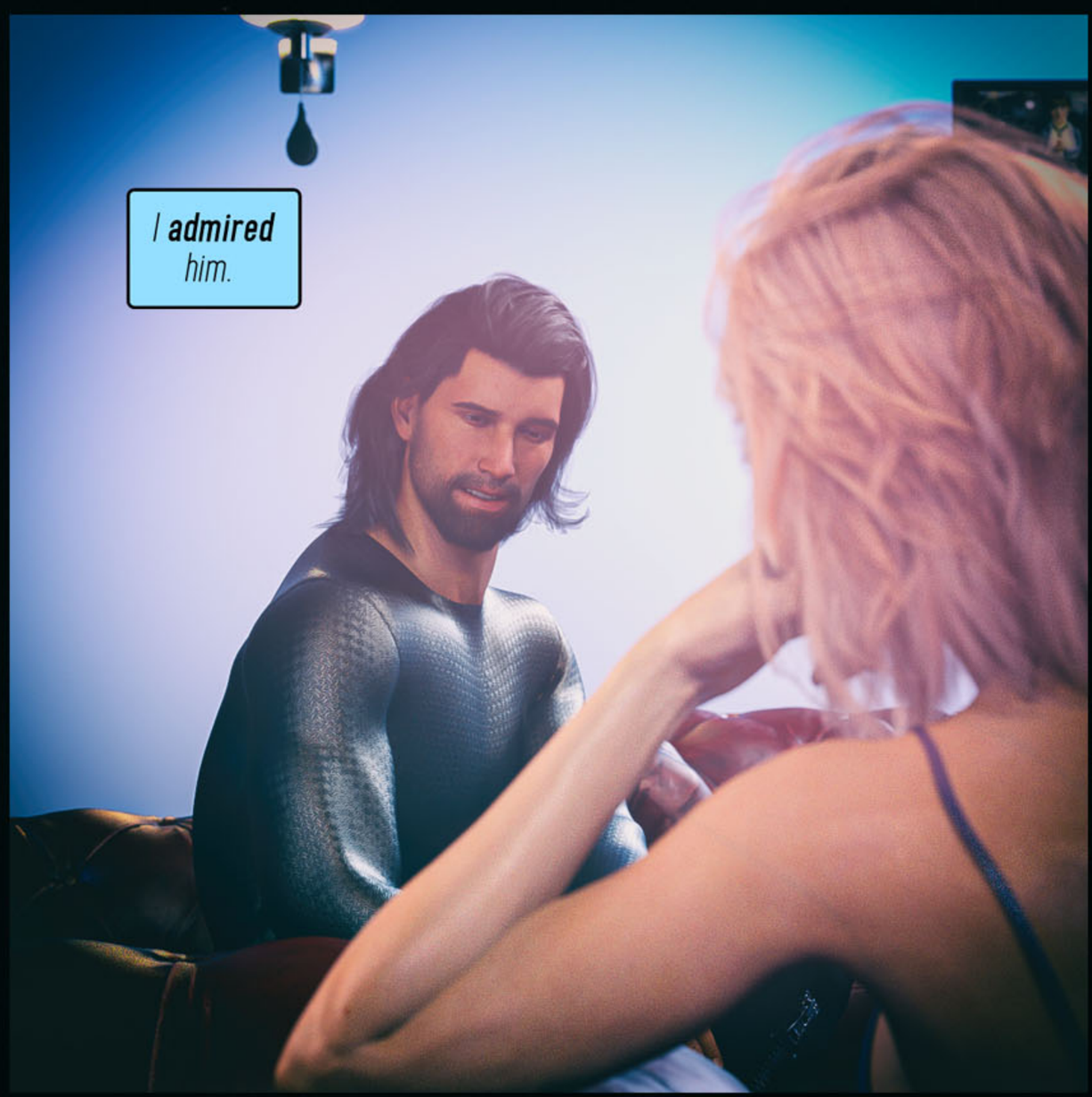
20% LOADED...

So, after that initial **terrifying** meeting, we struck up an odd kind of friendship. I don't want to say it wasn't **strange** to me, but after a while I got used to it.

We worked during the day, then we would meet up in VR and be **ourselves**.

He could appreciate **good** work, even good **police** work. He would listen to my perspective.





I would **never** share any police information, nothing **secret** at least, and nothing on open investigations.

There's **no** honor among thieves, but there was supposed to be **some** in the **police.**

I thought about Rice, Kira and the chief. I **wouldn't** let this whole thing go to my **head.**

But it sure was nice to have some **encouragement.**

And talk shop with someone who **really knew** my world.

Over the next few weeks, I settled into a new routine.

The **second** I logged into TransNet, I would **have** to **masturbate.** There was **no** way around it.

Trust me, I tried to go without, but I couldn't focus on **anything** until I gave myself at least **one** orgasm.

In other words, I was a very, **very** horny girl.

Plugging into TransNet felt like **waking** up in the morning. Like the **real** me woke up.

I would **tweak** my nipples, trace my fingers around in little **circles...**

Then I would push them inside, **slowly.**

I'd imagine myself having **sex** with a man.

I'd stopped denying this was my **deepest,** most **urgent** desire.

The notion of spreading my legs and taking a hard **cock** inside me.

I always pictured an anonymous man being the one on **top** of me...

Until one day things shifted, and the anonymous man was replaced by **Jack.**

My heart **thundered...**

My **pace** quickened...

My face grew **red** and **flushed.**

And I **didn't** stop thinking about him.

Was it wrong for me to have a **major** crush on the guy?

I had the feeling that Jack wasn't a musclebound stud in real life any **more** than I was a blonde bombshell.

We were both dreaming, living out our **fantasies** on TransNet.

Desires that were still so new to me... and so **very** powerful.

I'd flirted with lots of guys who had big, **strong** muscles and chiseled features.

But they weren't the ones I pictured **pounding** inside me, filling me over and over **again**.

Jack was the one who got my motor **racing,** because he was whip-smart. Driven. And **dangerous!**

Apparently, my **dream man.**

I loved how **small** and **sexy** I was compared to him.

Closing your eyes in TransNet was just like in real life.

I could still feel my hips **rising** and **falling** rhythmically...

The quiet sex noises of my fingers **sliding** in and out, faster and **faster.**

And in a world where **anything** was real, anything was possible, I felt myself hungering for **Jack.**

Starving for his **touch.**

The perfect object of my **desire.**

He had **everything** I wanted... All that I needed.

What I could no longer live **without.**

I was **ready** to let go...

And have him take **charge.**

Kissing my lips, my neck. Massaging my soft, heavy boobs. Sucking my **sore** nipples.

My breath **catching** in my chest...

Feeling him at my **entrance.** Feeling so wonderful. So womanly. So **female.**

Sliding his hot length in and then **melting** beneath him.

An orgasm **drumming** through me. Another. And **another.**

He's **barely** getting started. I needed it **this** much.

His weight **slamming** into me. His cock pushing **further** and **further** inside.

I can barely **control** myself. It's so intense, so **raw.**

Faster. Faster. Faster. I'm **cumming.** I'm **still** cumming.

He's **passionate.** Strong. He gasps and moans with the **pleasure,** too.

He's **enjoying** me.

He starts to **tighten.**

I'm lost, **washed** away...

He's getting close. I'm somehow building again.

Faster. **Harder.**

Harder. **Faster.**

More! More! More!

Until he **gives** me...

Until he gives me **everything.**

I'd let go of my inhibitions and gotten a **taste** of what my new body was truly capable of.

A kind of satisfaction I'd **never** thought possible.

This body... This life as a woman... There seemed to be **endless** depths to offer.

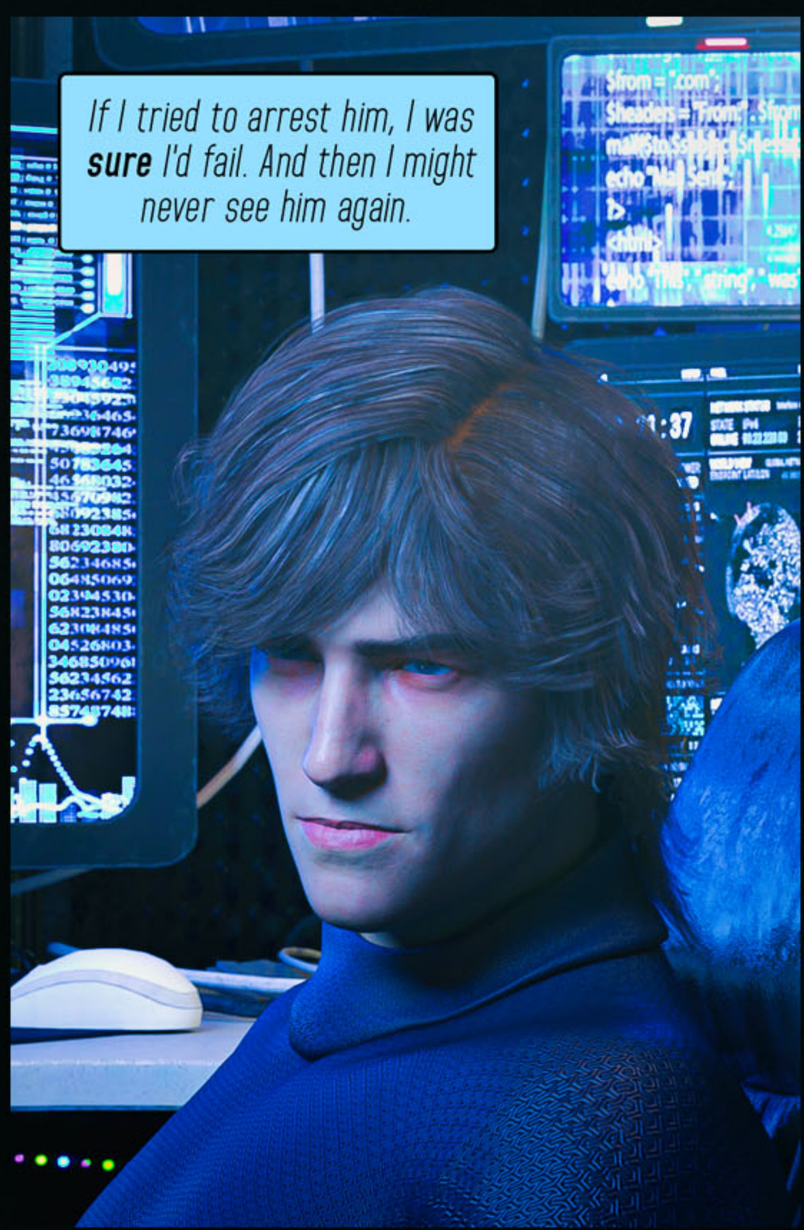
TRANSNET | R

CHAPTER FIVE

40% LOADED...

There would be no way to explain how a TNPF agent fell **head** over **heels** for a super-felon. Jack was one of our highest priority targets. We shouldn't even have been friends, let **alone...**

I couldn't decide what I **wanted** from Jack. To bust him... Or let him play with my **bust!**



And as fate would have it, I wasn't the **only** one who was **intensely** interested in that man.
OKAY, **LADIES.** LISTEN UP. OUR HIGHEST PRIORITY TARGET IS NOW THE HACKER KNOWN ONLY AS **JACK.**

HIS RAP SHEET'S A MILE LONG. HE'S ALREADY STOLEN CLOSE TO SIX HUNDRED **MILLION** CREDITS FROM THE ACCOUNTS OF A FEW OF THE CITY'S **RICHEST** CITIZENS.

HE **CONSIDERS** HIMSELF AN ACTIVIST, SHUTTING DOWN THE ACCOUNTS OF POLITICAL TARGETS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NORMALLY, I'D SAY **WHO CARES?** THE GUY'S NOT VIOLENT. BUT HE HAS COMPROMISED THE ENCRYPTION OF SOME OF OUR MOST **CRITICAL** INFRASTRUCTURE.

IF THIS GUY **WANTS** TO, HE CAN DISABLE THE **WHOLE** ELECTRICAL GRID. HE CAN SHUT DOWN A **HOSPITAL.**

HE'S ONE OF THE *BEST* IN THE BUSINESS. HONESTLY, THE GUY'S A *GHOST.*

HOWEVER, WE *HAVE* MANAGED TO SUCCESSFULLY RETRIEVE AN ENCRYPTED CODEX OF HIS *PRIVATE* LOG INFORMATION.

AGENT KIRA IS IN THE PROCESS OF DECRYPTION, WHICH COULD BE COMPLETED IN AS LITTLE AS A FEW *DAYS.*

IT LOOKS LIKE IT CONTAINS A LOT OF FINANCIAL ASSETS, BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT *ELSE* WE MIGHT DIG UP?
POLICE
MAYBE EVEN A FEW OF HIS *FRIENDS.*

AND MOST ***IMPORTANTLY,*** SOME SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL FILES THAT HAVE BEEN STOLEN IN A BREACH FROM ***CALLABS.***

THE CODEX ITSELF IS KEPT ON LOCAL STORAGE WITH ***NO*** CONNECTION TO THE INTERNET OR TRANSNET.

JACK WOULD HAVE TO WALK INTO THIS BUILDING HIMSELF IF HE ***EVER*** WANTS IT BACK.

FOLKS, IT'S ***ONLY*** A MATTER OF ***TIME.***

It seemed like it was only a matter of **time.** If there was any information on that codex about my **meetings** with Jack, Rice and the others would **soon** find it.

I was starting to feel very **guilty** about my late-night masturbation sessions.

Thinking about **him.**

Maybe it was time to **grow up.**

Maybe I needed to **stop** wearing that body.

Maybe I needed to **speak** to my wife, and be **honest** with her.

One of the **craziest** things about that time was that our relationship **hadn't** suffered. Mona and I hadn't had such hot **sex** since we were newlyweds.

But maybe that, too, was a **problem**.

Maybe it should have been the two of **us** hanging out in TransNet with my **sexy** body.

So that night, for the first time in months, I **didn't** log into TransNet.

Mona and I had a romantic meal at a fancy restaurant.

The kind we used to go to before I got so **distracted.**

We had sex all night, and I remembered how it felt to be close to someone in **real** life.

TransNet might have been **intense,** but I reminded myself it wasn't real.

We started planning a vacation.

I spent the rest of the week showing Mona just how **committed** I was to our marriage.

I didn't even think about **lingering** on TransNet once my shift at work was over.

But then, a few nights later...

I decided to log in after hours. I was **only** going to play a little RetroFutureWarfare in my male body.

Instead, I found myself **locked** out of the global comms system, and **transferred** to a private server.

ARIEL?

*Being turned into that body, **unwillingly**... I was terrified... But I was also **turned** on. It was so **sexy**.*

ARIEL, LOG ME OUT.
ADMIN PERMISSIONS HAVE BEEN REASSIGNED.

HEY, BABY.

WHERE YOU BEEN?

I thought he was after the **files** that Rice had taken.

But turns out he was after something else **entirely!**

WHERE DID YOU GO? I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

ARE YOU STILL RUNNING AWAY?

YOU'RE SO LOST. LOOK AT YOU. TREADING WATER.

His touch...

I THINK IT'S TIME TO SHOW YOU WHAT YOU'VE BEEN MISSING.

After I realized what was happening, a **shock** ran down my spine. But I looked... and I **couldn't** look away.

JACK, I CAN'T...

OH, ***PLEASE.*** YOU'VE LOGGED INTO THIS BODY OVER 500 TIMES IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS.

WHAT'S YOUR *PLAN?*

WE'VE FLIRTED WITH EACH OTHER FOR SO LONG.

I *KNOW* WHAT YOU WANT.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO STOP, YOU JUST NEED TO SAY *THAT'S* WHAT YOU WANT.

JACK, PUT SOME *PANTS* ON.

ARE YOU *SURE?*

WE'RE GETTING SO CLOSE.

WE GET EACH OTHER SO WELL.

I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU WANT TO...

TOUCH.

I was giving the whole game away without a **word**.

WHAT IF TRANSNET WAS *REAL?*

WHAT IF YOU COULD *BE* THIS PERSON? WHAT IF THIS WAS YOUR BODY *ALL* THE TIME?

TONIGHT. *EVERYTHING* OUT THERE... YOUR JOB, YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES, YOUR LIFE... *THAT'S* THE DREAM.

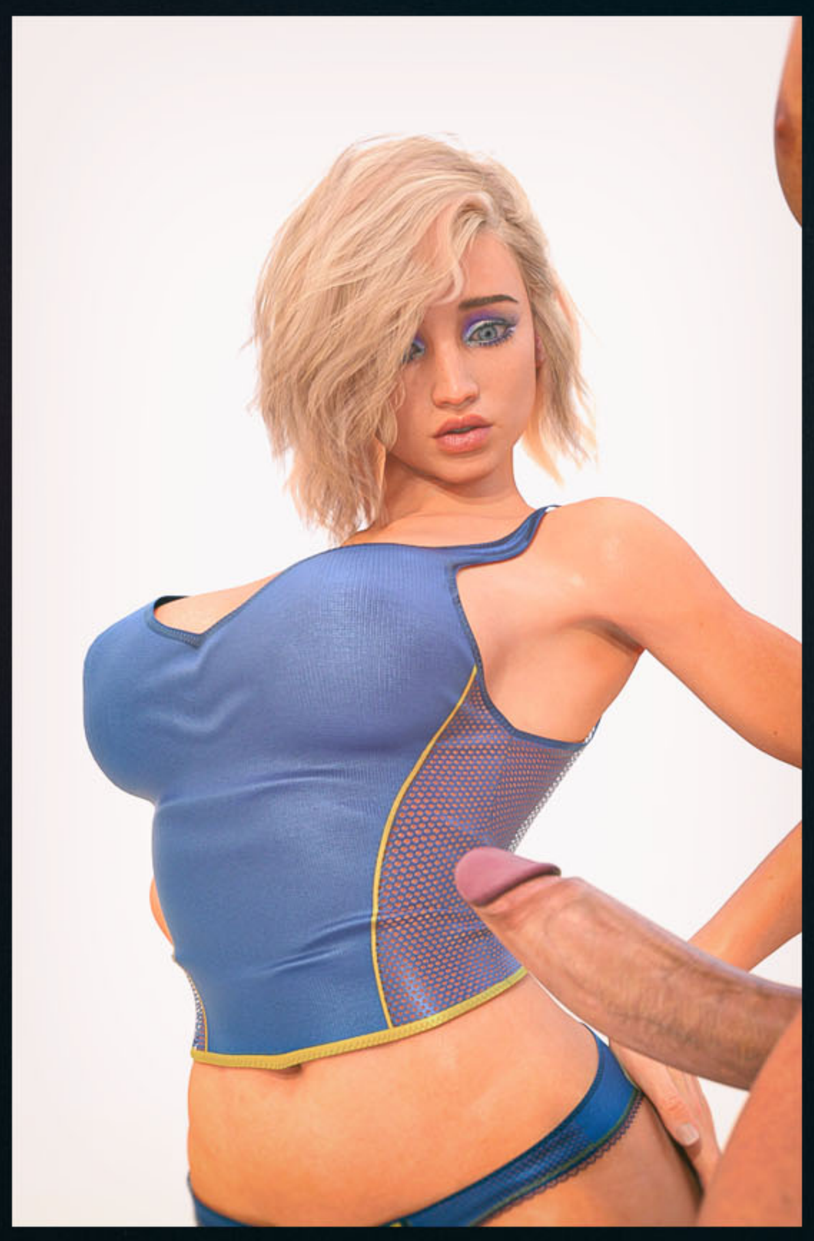
RIGHT NOW. *THIS* IS WHAT'S REAL.

I was trembling.

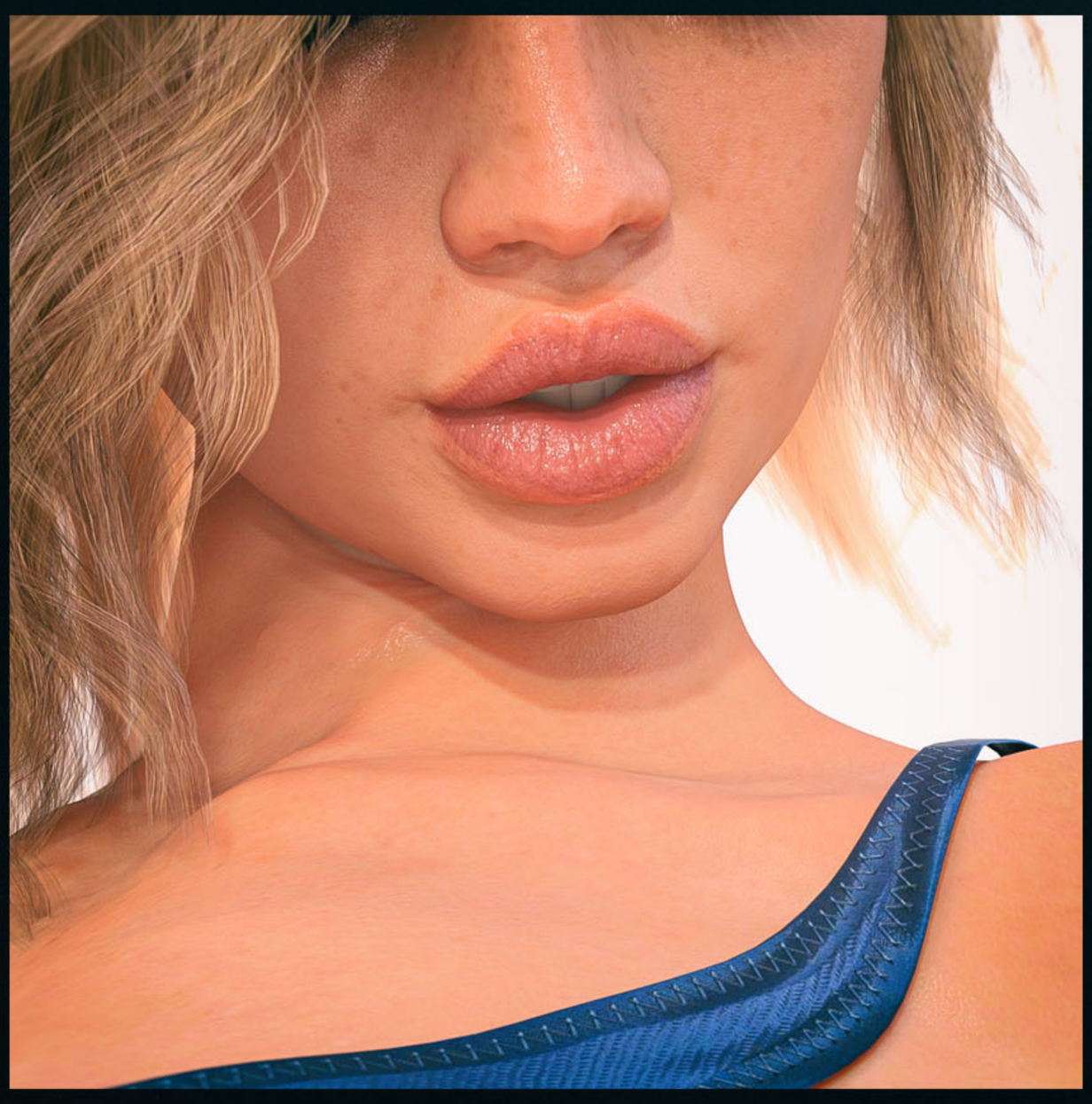
I... UH...

YOU CAN TOUCH IT. I KNOW YOU WANT TO. IT'S NOT GOING TO HURT YOU.

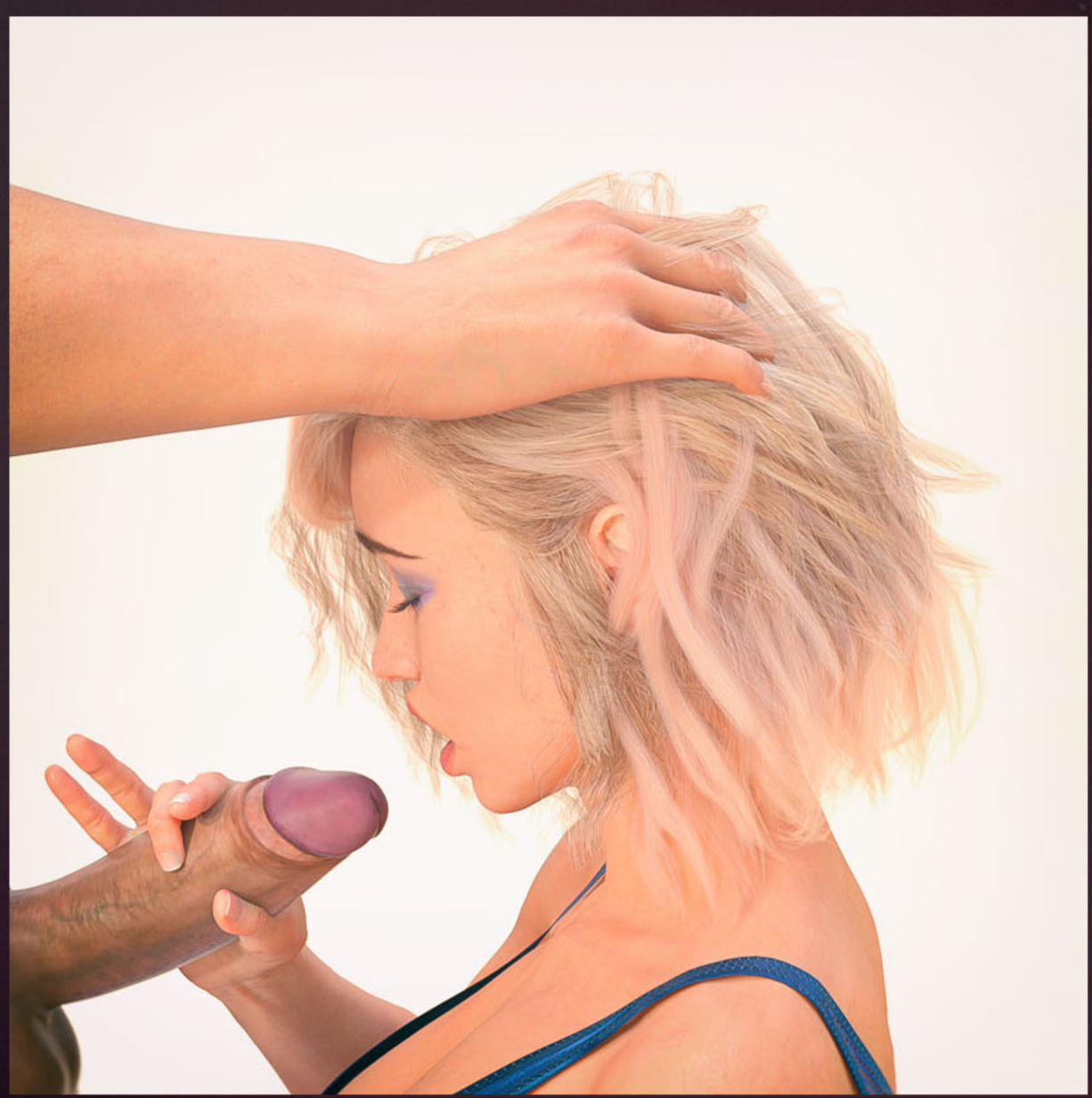
DON'T BE AFRAID. IT'S GOING TO MAKE YOU FEEL VERY GOOD.

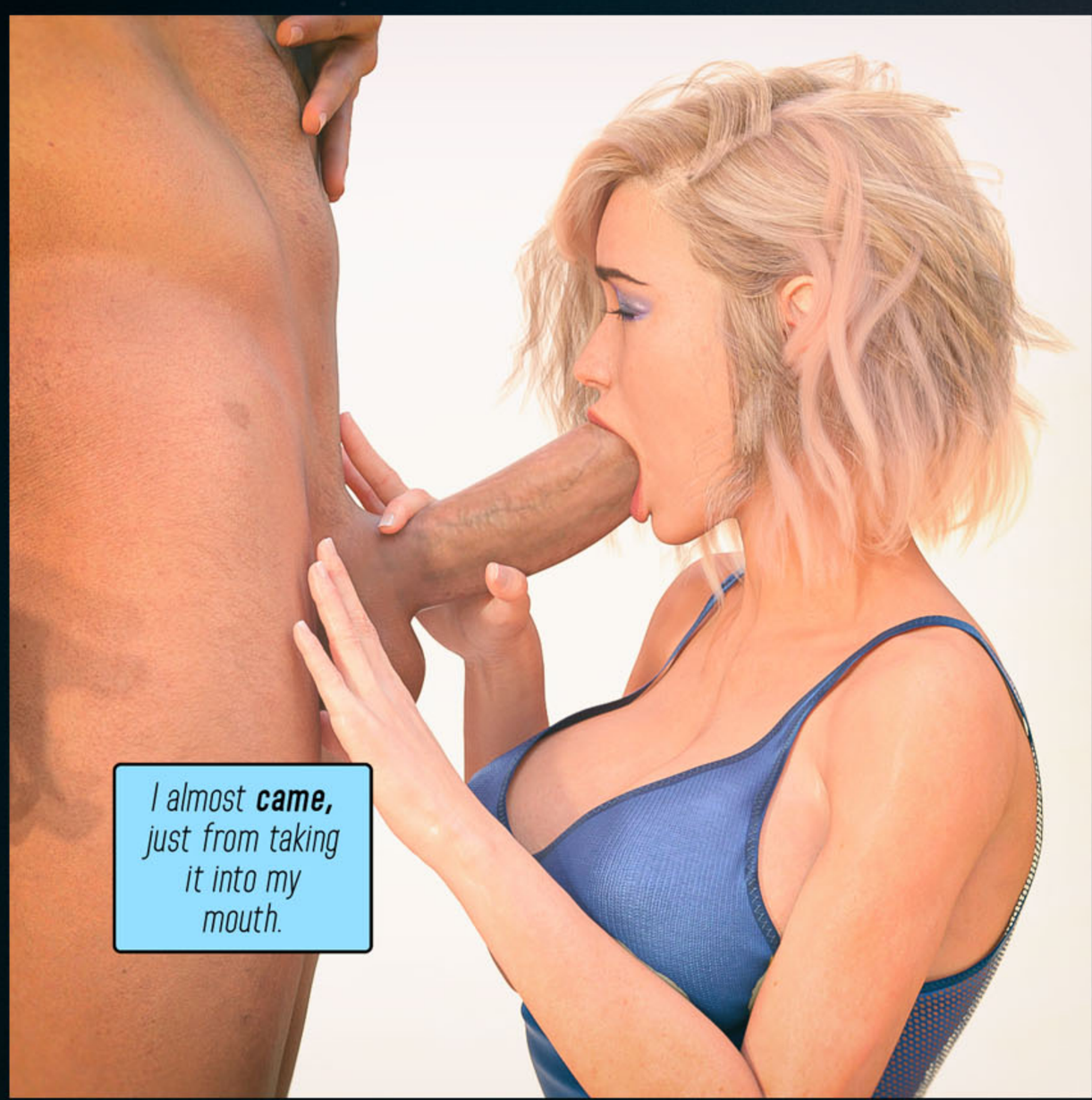


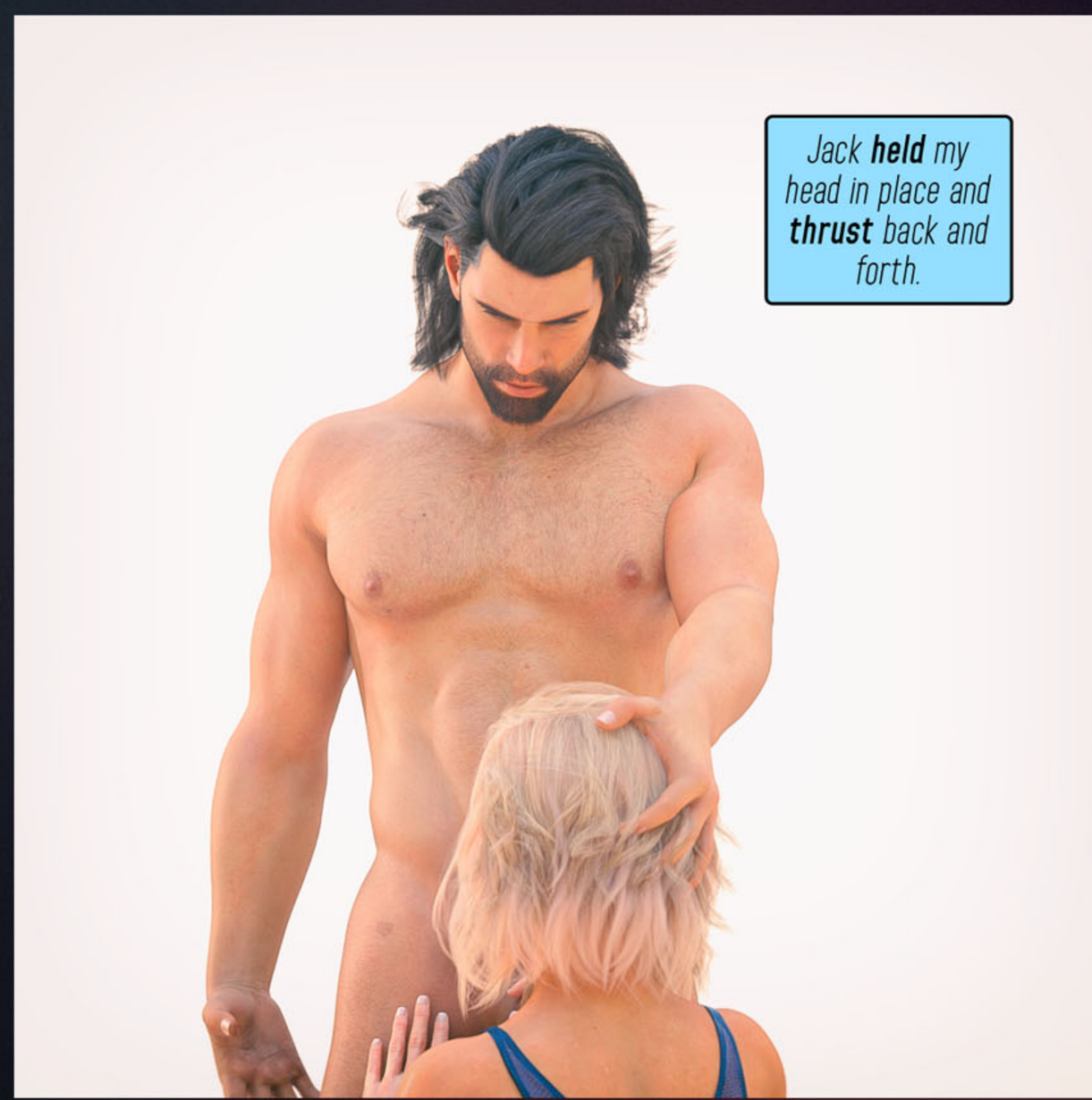
I didn't think I had the **nerve.**

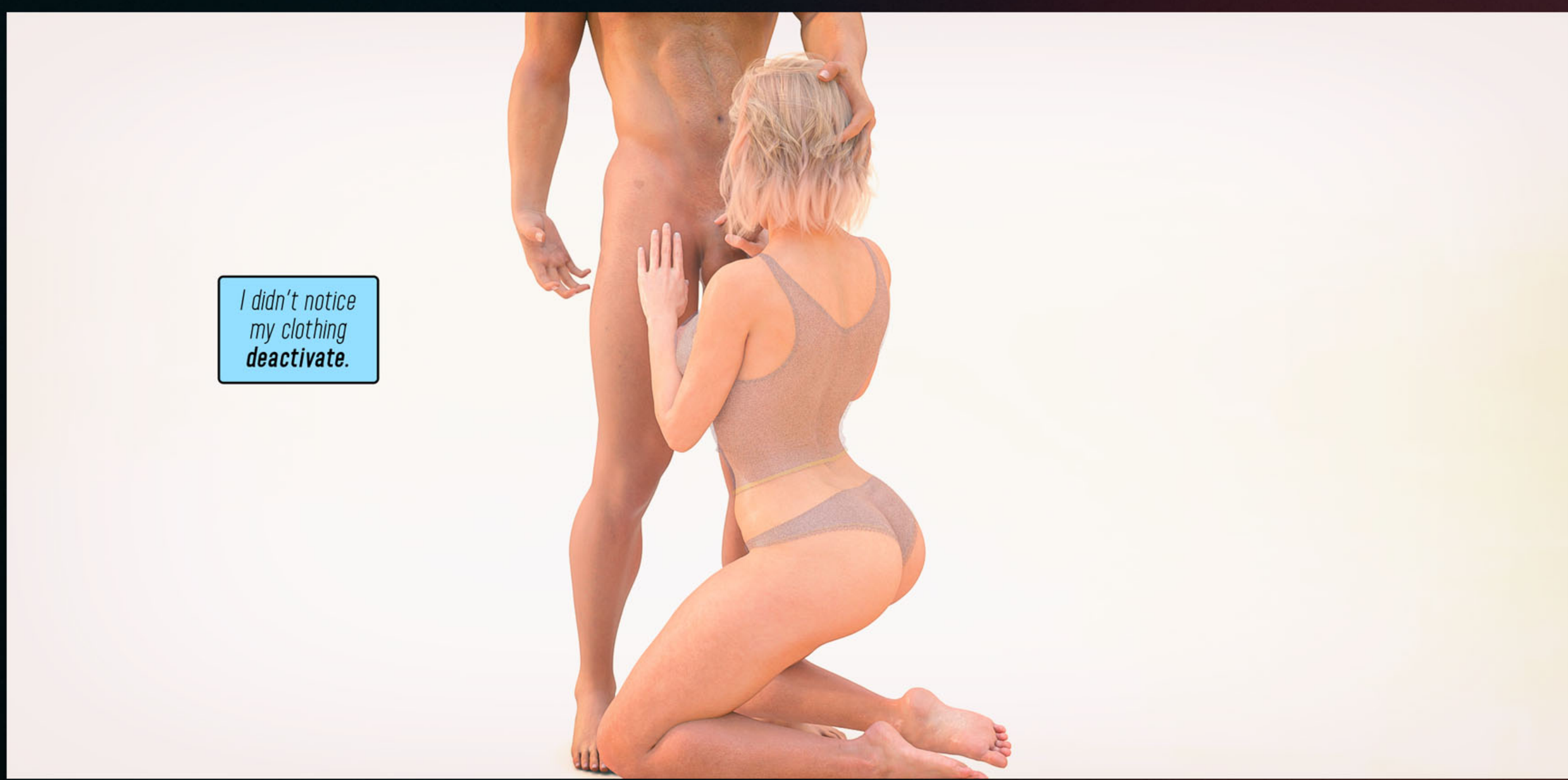


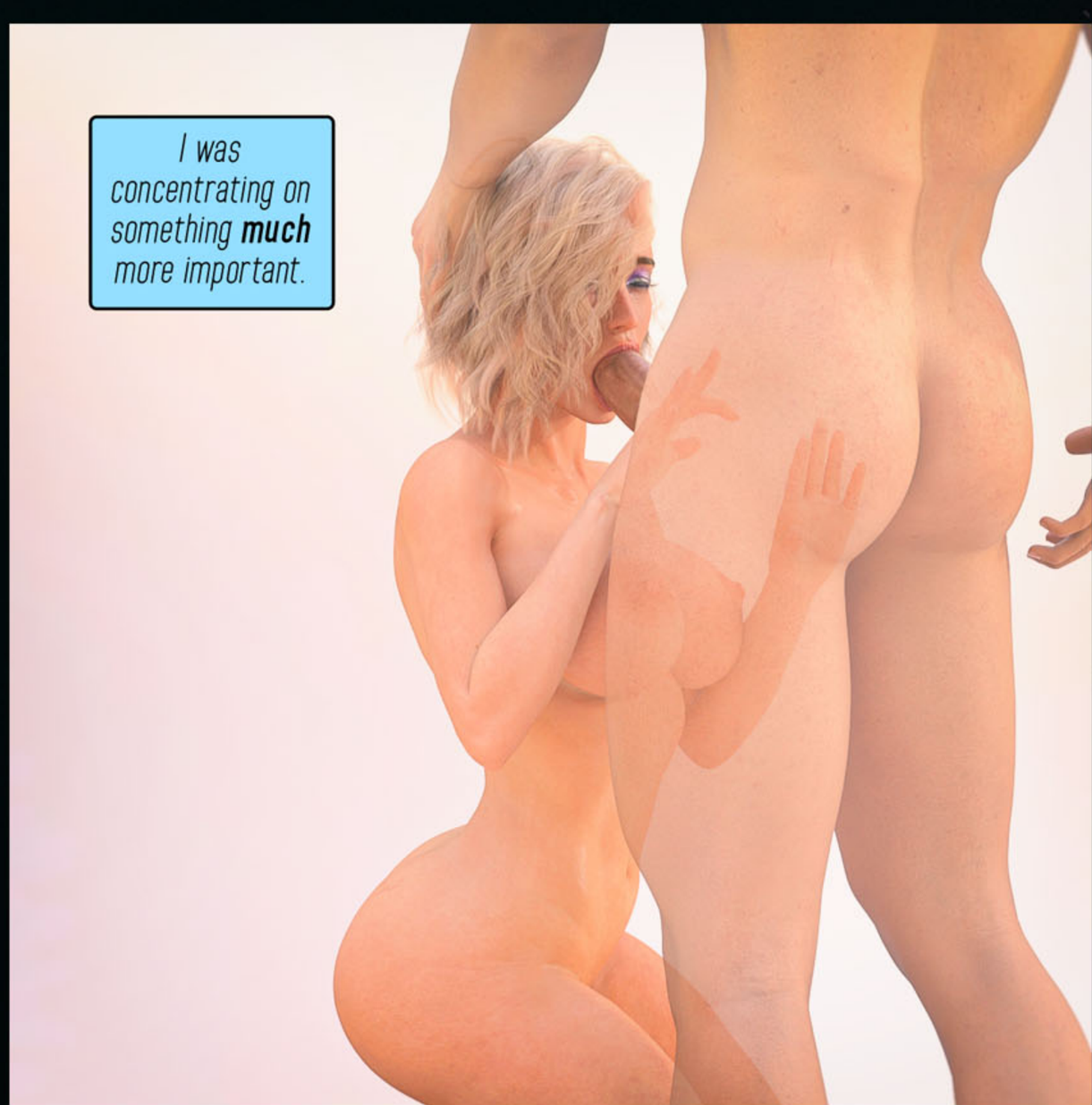
Time stood still.




I almost **came,** just from taking it into my mouth.


Jack **held** my head in place and **thrust** back and forth.


I didn't notice my clothing **deactivate.**


I was concentrating on something **much** more important.

It was so huge, so hot.

An **electricity** ran through me, utter **excitement**...

Such a **sexual** position...

I'd been **dreaming** of this...

Dreaming of doing **this** with him.

His cum came hot and shot **straight** down my throat.

I swallowed **enthusiastically.**

GET UP.

I WANT TO SHOW YOU HOW ***MUCH*** THIS IS GOING TO MEAN FOR BOTH OF US.

HOW IMPORTANT OUR ***PARTNERSHIP*** IS.

I couldn't wait.

TRANSNET | R

CHAPTER SIX

80% LOADED...

I THINK I KNOW HOW YOU WANT THIS TO GO, AND BABY, THIS ISN'T THAT.

HUH?

WE'RE ABOUT TO FUCK. I'M ABOUT TO MAKE ALL YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE. YOU'LL BE A REAL WOMAN.

BUT THIS IS SEX. AND REAL SEX ISN'T SOMETHING WHERE YOU JUST LIE BACK AND LET IT HAPPEN.

BABY, YOU NEED TO BE A PARTICIPANT.

YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING FOR A REAL ***LONG*** TIME, BUT YOU'VE REACHED THE ***END*** OF THE LINE.

IT'S TIME TO ***STOP*** RUNNING, AND START PUSHING BACK.

WHEN I SLIDE MY ***COCK*** IN.

YOU'RE GOING TO PUSH ***BACK.***

YOU'RE GOING TO ***FUCK*** ME BACK.

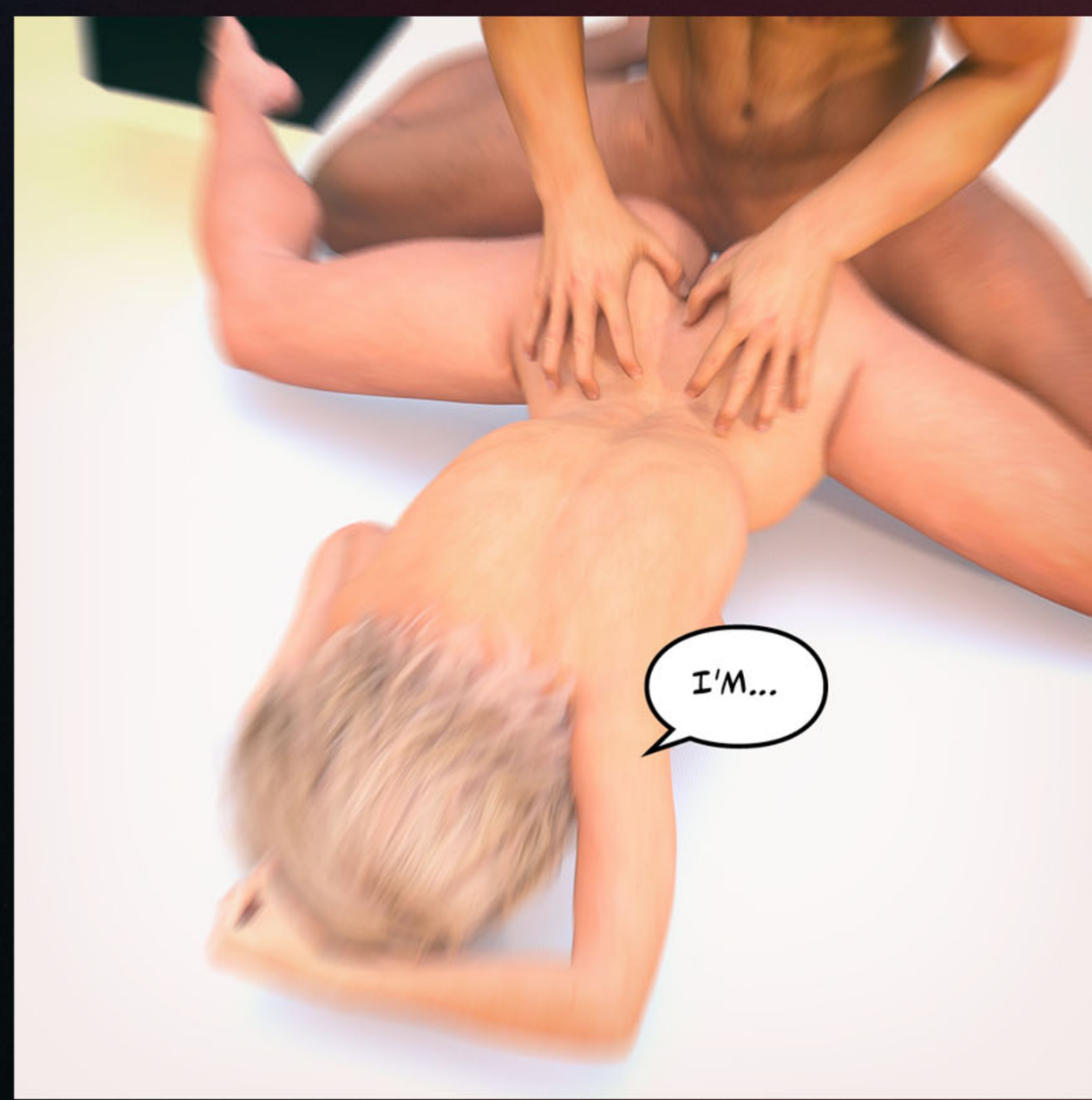
CAN YOU DO THAT FOR ME?

GOD!!!!

CAN YOU FUCK LIKE A WOMAN?

OH!
SHIT!
FUCK!

MMM!
SHIT!
SHIT!
OH!


I'M...

JACK. I'M
CUMMING!

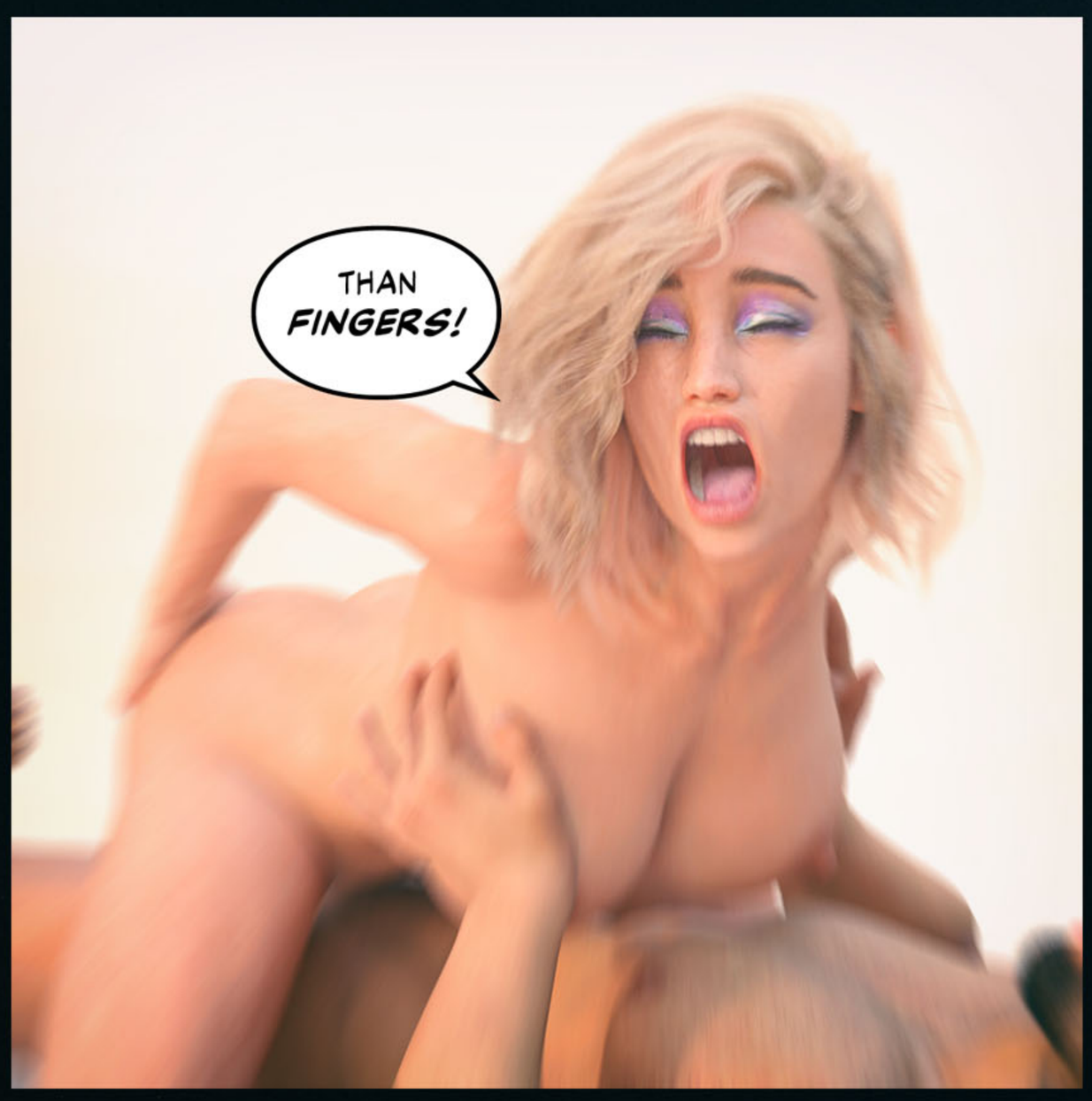
THRUST!

GOD, YOU'RE SO SEXY.

HOOOHH!!!

THRUST!

I could really **feel** it inside me. Boiling me. Roiling me.



He turned me this way and that.

I could **barely** hold it together.

I came so hard, so frequently, that I couldn't control my body.

All I knew was to push back, and shove that cock as far inside my pussy as it would go.

And **wave** after **wave** of orgasms would rise and crash down on me.

With **every** thrust, I would **cum.**

I have no idea how **long** we went.

But as I rode his cock, I knew I wouldn't **ever** be able to stop.

I'd be **back** for more. Again and again.

I **came** so much.

DADDY!!!

I'M SO CLOSE.

I'M GOING TO GO ***FAST*** NOW, BABY.

THUMP!

THUP!

THUM!

UHH!

GOD!

DUH-- DADDY... UH...
THAT GOOD, HUH?

It took me a while to come around, but he was still there when I woke up.

THAT WAS A **LOT** ROUGHER THAN ANY SEX I'VE **EVER** HAD.

I BET I'M A LOT ROUGHER THAN YOU IMAGINED IN GENERAL.

TRUE, BUT THAT WAS THE **BEST** SEX OF MY LIFE!

TRANSNET | R

CHAPTER SEVEN

100% LOADED...

We fucked **every** night after that.

I can't explain just how **right** this all felt.

How utterly **satisfying** this dirty, dirty sex was.

It was **all** I could think about, all day.

Dreaming of fucking.

Or was everything **else** the dream?

The **limitless** bounds of the TransNet world meant I could act out every **filthy** fantasy we could imagine.

One night I could be the French maid in a **wonderful** palace.

DADDY!

DADDY!

DADDY!

The next I could be an alien sex queen.

25

25

OHHHHHH!

I liked to play the **damsel** in distress.

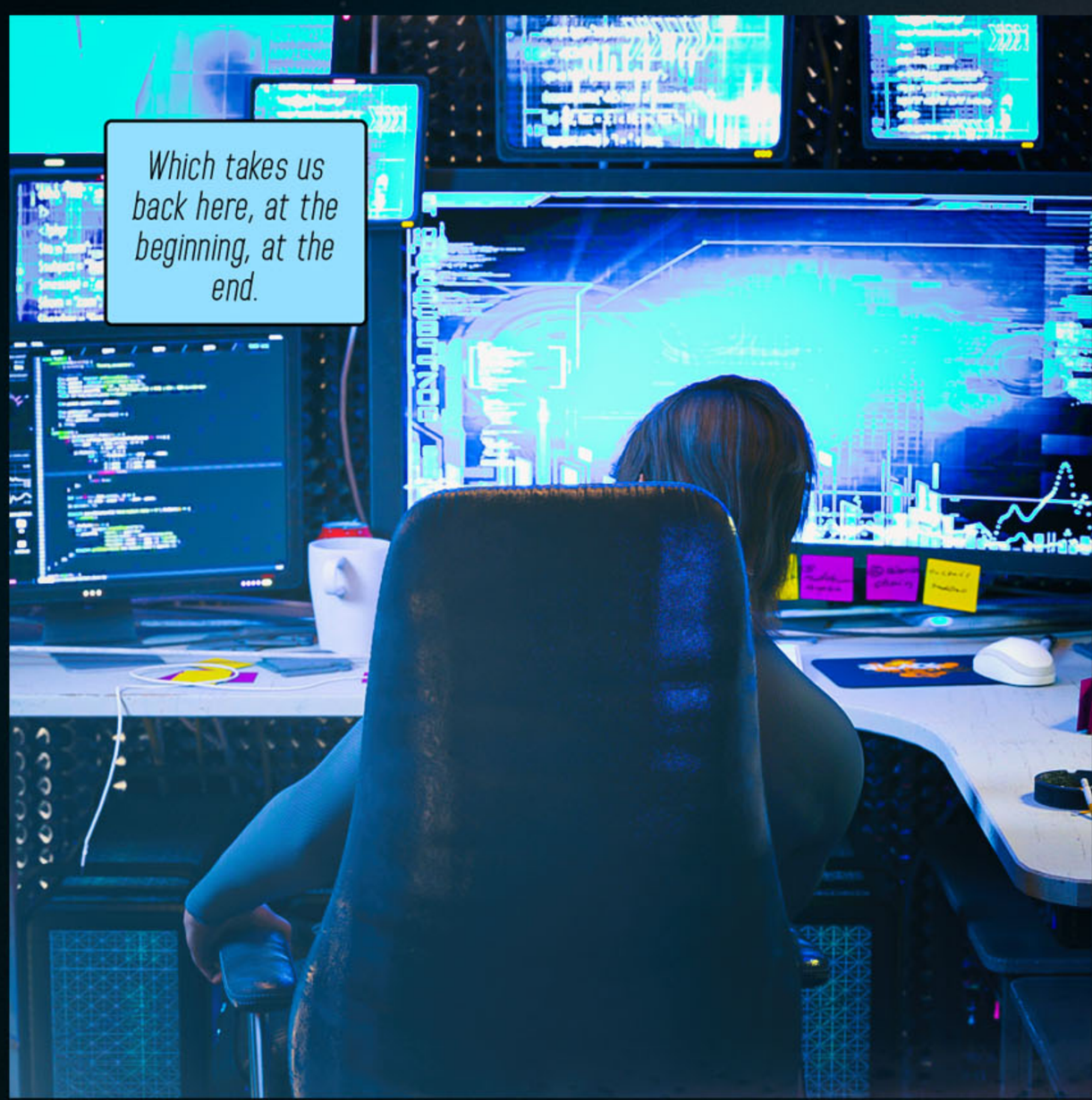
He was my **hero.**

The levee had **broken.**

And this was when I started to **forget** what was reality and what was **TransNet.**

CUMMING!

Sometimes in the middle of the night I would plug in for a **quickie.** Any time I wanted, Jack would **make** time for me.
He was incredible. My libido only **increased.** The amount of time I could be without him got shorter and shorter and **shorter.**
He took the time, every time, to make sure I was properly, roughly, **lovingly** fucked until I felt perfect and **female** and satisfied.
When I unplugged, I didn't know **how** to feel. I hadn't slept with Mona for a **while.** She assumed I was uninterested because there was something **big** going on at work.
I wasn't cheating in a **conventional** sense... but in many ways, fucking a guy in a female body in virtual reality felt a whole lot **worse.**


Which takes us back here, at the beginning, at the end.

I was working in my VR avatar, just as I always did for my shift.

And then a wave of **unending pleasure** washed over me.

I felt my body **changing,** just like it had the first night we...

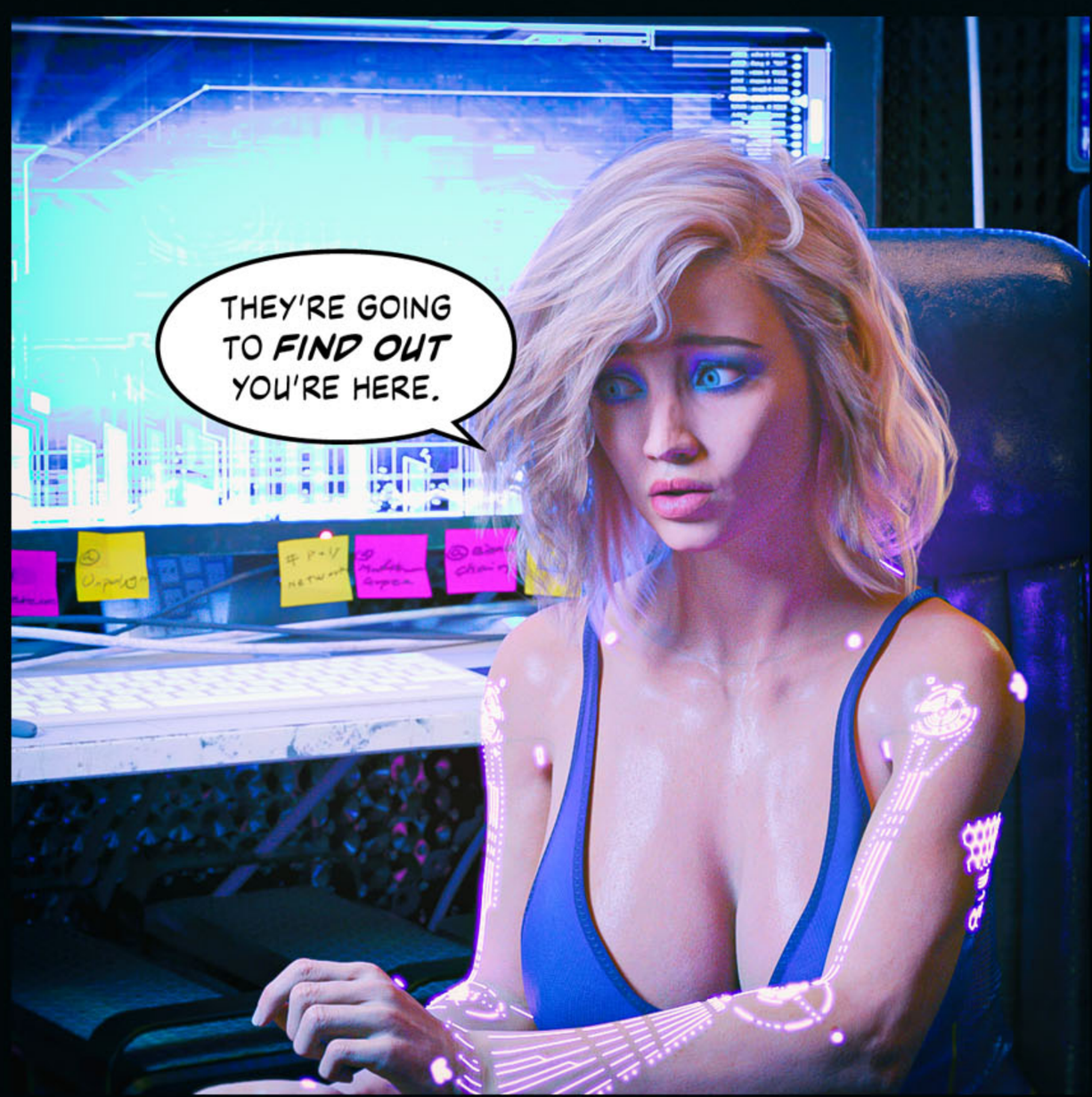
The night he made me a **real** woman.

HEY, BABY.
PRINCESS PROGRAM

JACK?! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?
AND WHY DID YOU CHANGE ME?

SOMEONE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT ME NEEDING TO WALK THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR TO GET ANY OF MY STUFF YOUR FRIENDS TOOK.
PRINCESS PROGRAM

BUT THEN I THOUGHT BEAMING RIGHT INTO YOUR OFFICE WOULD BE MORE FUN.


THEY'RE GOING TO FIND OUT YOU'RE HERE.

NOT IF WE'RE *QUIET.*

NOT IF YOU ONLY CUM *QUIETLY.*

BUT, I... I *CAN'T* DO THIS. I CAN'T BE IN THIS AVATAR! NOT *HERE!*

I THINK YOU *ENJOY* THE DANGER, *BABY.*

JUST GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES...

STOP. STOP!

WHAT IS IT? NOW WHO'S BEING LOUD?

JACK. YOU CAN'T BE HERE. THIS IS MY JOB. YOU'RE PUTTING ME AT RISK!

DON'T YOU GET THAT?

BABY.

THAT STUFF THEY TOOK. IT'S IMPORTANT.

I NEED YOU TO... GET IT FOR ME.

WHAT? I CAN'T!

10:21:37
YOU CAN'T? JUST LIKE YOU COULDN'T FUCK A GUY?

REMEMBER HOW MUCH I MADE YOU CUM?

DADDY.

LISTEN. THERE'S SOMETHING ***IN*** THOSE FILES. SOMETHING I TOOK FROM CALLABS. IT'S A DEVICE TO MAKE *THIS* ***BODY...*** YOUR AVATAR...

IT CAN MAKE YOU REAL. NOT JUST ***HERE,*** NOT ***JUST*** IN TRANSNET.

WHAT?

I WAS GOING TO KEEP IT AS A ***SURPRISE.*** I WAS SURE I HAD A COPY SOMEWHERE, OTHERWISE I ***NEVER*** WOULD HAVE COME HERE.

BUT I CAN'T...

BABY. YOU CAN.
ARE YOU READY FOR THE NEW CHALLENGE?
UIUX Designer
Email Marketer
Growth Hacker
Senior Java Developer

ARE YOU READY FOR THE NEW CHALLENGE?
UIUX Designer
Email Marketer
Growth Hacker
Senior Java Developer
FOR ME?

FOR EVERYTHING I'VE EVER DONE FOR YOU?

YOU'D NEVER NEED TO WORRY ABOUT WHAT'S REAL AGAIN. YOU'D KNOW.

IT HAS TO BE YOU. JUST THIS ONE LITTLE THING.

I'LL MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD.

I'LL MAKE YOU FEEL REALLY GOOD.

I CAN'T...

I CAN'T SAY **NO** TO YOU, DADDY.

GOOD GIRL.

GIVE ME A SECOND. I **WON'T** DELETE WHAT THEY HAVE ON YOU...

BUT I'LL SEND YOU A **COPY.**

IF YOU'RE ***PLAYING*** ME, YOU PLAYED ***REALLY*** WELL.

BUT I ***CAN'T*** DESTROY EVIDENCE FOR YOU.

TRUST ME.

TRUST ***EVERYTHING*** I'VE DONE FOR YOU.

THANK YOU, ***BABY.***

OKAY, I'VE SECURELY SENT THE FILES TO ONE OF YOUR DROPS.

LET ME GIVE YOU YOUR REWARD.

GUH-GOD!

OH, DADDY!

QUIET! BABY, YOU NEED TO BE QUIET.

I was so used to being **loud** with him.

GOH... GOD!

Row, row, row your boat...

Gently down the stream...

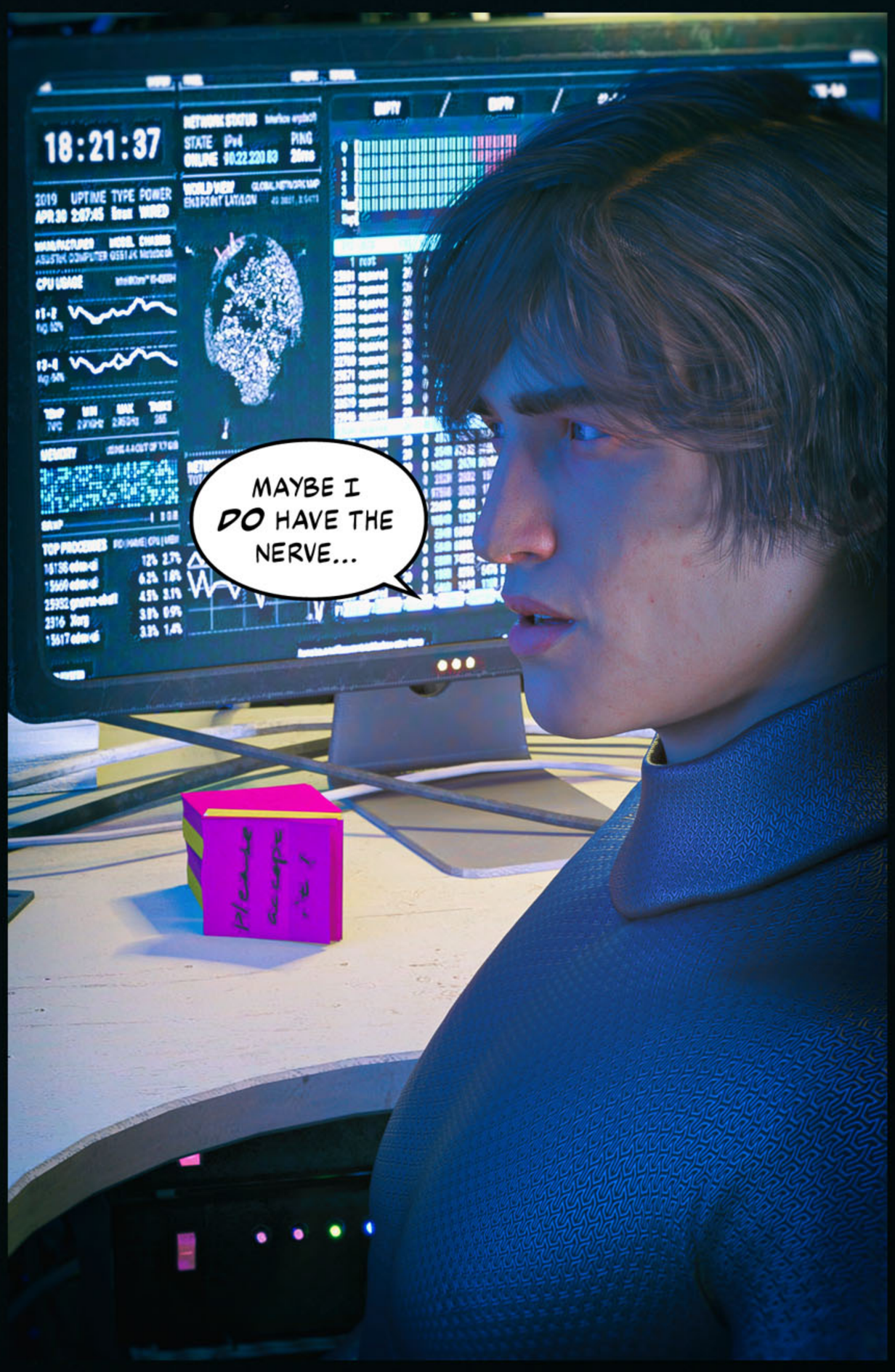
DO YOU HEAR...?

I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHAT I'M HEARING.

LOGAN'S OFFICE.

OH, FUCK!
DADDY!
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily...

LOGAN? EVERYTHING OKAY?


MAYBE I DO HAVE THE NERVE...

CHIEF?

Life is but a **dream.**

I QUIT.