



VIRTUALLY BUSTED

by
CBlack

HIS FINGERS FLEW furiously over the keyboard as he poured out his “heart” to her in their private chatroom. Well, not his “heart” so to speak. And truth be told, he wasn’t really “pouring” much either. “Shoveling” would probably be a better word for what he was feeding her.

Cyberstud: I’m sorry I’m so late tonight. I stayed longer at the gym than I had intended. Hope you’ll forgive me! ;-)

Cindi5: NP! I kept myself busy “listening” to others in some of the other rooms. If I were a psychologist, I could write a book on some of the stuff that goes on in there! :-p

Cyberstud: Tell me about it! If I spent as much time in here as those geeks, I’d deserve to be locked away. I can’t imagine wasting that much time when I could be at the gym.

Cindi5: From the looks of your pics, it’s obvious you spend a lot of time working out. I’m very impressed! ;-)

It was just getting deeper and deeper. If only Cindi5 knew the truth... she’d be wearing hip-waders. You see, “Cyberstud’s” real name was Jerry. And Jerry was a geek. Everyone knew it. Hell, even Jerry himself knew it. He was thin, lanky, clumsy, still had

bad skin, afraid of women, and had a love affair with his computer. He was the classic “techno-nerd”. He had been like that all his life. From grade school, through high school, through college, and even now, as an intern in R&D at Compubuzz. Even among other geeks, he was classified as a geek. He was the geek of geeks. His job didn’t help his image much either. Compubuzz specialized in cutting edge computer applications and Jerry’s current project, a virtual-reality communications system, kept him tied to his computer 24 / 7. Jerry preferred it that way, though. Since he had never really developed any social skills, he was most at home in the VR world of computers. Actually, he did almost all of his work from his home. His coworkers probably wouldn’t even know what he looked like if anyone asked them. He lived through his computer. All correspondences to his colleagues were through e-mail, all his entertainment was on the computer, and his only social interactions were through chat rooms.

When he wasn’t working, which was rare, Jerry spent his time in chatrooms as “Cyberstud”. Although he obviously didn’t have to exaggerate about his computer prowess, he did, however, go a little overboard in his physical description of himself: 6’2”, 220 lb., muscular... the whole works. His ruse had



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worked, though, because it got him the attention of “Cindi5”, who was his, for lack of a better term, on-line girlfriend. Cindy, as it turned out, was the female equivalent of Jerry... a computer geek, no social skills, and very, very plain. In fact, the only real difference between them, despite their opposite sexes, was the fact that Cindy was very forthcoming about who she really was. She even e-mailed a picture of herself sitting at her computer. Jerry had returned the favor with a picture of himself doctored to resemble his on-line description. Cindy was a very sweet girl, and Jerry knew it. But he couldn't bring himself to tell her the truth



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because he was sure she would bolt if he sent her a real pic. No one had ever paid this kind of attention to him before, so why should Cindy be any different, he thought. Although they had been “seeing” each other on-line for several weeks, Jerry was in no hurry to actually meet and spoil the relationship.

Meanwhile, Jerry's work at Compubuzz was heating up. He had made a major breakthrough. He had created a virtual chatroom that users could interact in. No keyboards were involved however. Instead, imprints of the user's thought processes were downloaded into the program so the computer could interact directly with the subjects thoughts through the headgear. His system actually tapped into the mind of the user and placed their consciousness in the computer. Jerry was ecstatic! He had

finally succeeded in creating a world in which he could not only tolerate, but actually thrive! He could actually be Cyberstud here! It was perfect! He knew, however, that the company would insist on major testing before going public, so Jerry decided to advertise on-line for some volunteers to help with the research. He quickly selected about twenty of the thousands of volunteers that offered to try out the new system and brought them to Compubuzz for testing. In the testing center, each subject was fitted with VR goggles that had built-in electrodes that allowed for the mental connection for each user. To the layman, it looked like twenty people in goggles sitting around doing absolutely nothing; no talking, no moving, nothing. From the participants point of view, however, it was totally different. They were all walking, talking, and living inside the computer system that Jerry had designed. To make it simple, their avatars were merely their own images. Each subject raved about the experience! The “suits” at Compubuzz had dollar signs in their eyes and it was all because of Jerry. One tech, who was monitoring the subjects, expressed some concern over the comatose-like state of the subjects during the test, but his worries were quickly brushed aside by the “suits”. They did, however, concede that further testing must be done before they released their new product on the market.

What Jerry hadn't told them, however, was that he had two systems at home. One for his own personal use, and the other one for Cindy. When he informed her of his invention, she was a little hesitant at first. But after hearing about the “extensive” testing that had been done (Jerry lied), Cindy was almost as excited as Jerry, especially when she found out that she was to be a proud owner of a new VR Chat (as Jerry had dubbed it). Jerry's personal system was a little different than the others, however. He had modified his and Cindy's system so that he could precisely define his avatar to whatever he wanted. His modifications also tapped further into their minds in order to establish a more personal and realistic link. He wanted to make damn sure that his virtual experiences with Cindy were as realistic as possible, and at the same time keep her believing that he was really a “Cyberstud.”

Jerry spent hours writing the program to define his avatar. He wanted it perfect. In order to do just that he created a digital image of himself and programmed the computer to alter it to his specifications. Since the computer “knew” Jerry, the avatar would subsequently respond more effectively to Jerry's thoughts, theoretically at least. When he was done, Jerry eagerly entered into VR Chat. The transition was flawless, and exciting, Jerry noticed. One second he was sitting at his desk looking at his computer screen, the next he was in a smoky bar (Jerry had seen them in movies). He was actually in a smoky bar! It was all around him, no matter which way he turned. Soft blues music filled the air from every direction and the only person in the room that he could see was a surly-looking bartender washing glasses behind the bar. Jerry could smell the smoke, he could hear the music, and he could actually feel the bar! He had walked across the floor and sat at the bar and actually touched something in his computer! It was incredible, Jerry thought to himself. He had also noticed that his body felt different. He felt bigger than he usually did... bigger and stronger. He looked across the bar into the mirror and saw exactly what he had hoped to see -- a 6' 2” muscular, stud-like version of himself! His avatar program had worked... and then some! Not only did he appear different, he also felt exactly like the person in the mirror! This was more than he could have possibly imagined.

“Amazing!” Jerry thought out loud. “Fucking amazing!”

“Tell me about it,” he heard from across the “room”. Jerry wheeled around and saw Cindy walking toward him. She looked exactly like her picture. Of course she did, Jerry had programmed her that way. She was about 5’5”, squirrely brown hair, and a little on the chubby side. But her smile was infectious. She was practically beaming at him.

“This is totally amazing what you’ve done here, Jerry,” she said. “Everything is so lifelike. I can actually see, hear, touch and feel everything in here. It’s great! You should be very proud.”

Cindy came closer to Jerry and gave him a huge hug to prove her point, and then smiled up at him. Jerry looked down at her sweet, but plain face and smiled back.

“I am,” he replied. “I still have a lot of kinks to iron out though.” One of the kinks he was already thinking about was how he could convince Cindy to let him change her avatar to something a little more racy without hurting her feelings. She was a great girl, and Jerry liked her a lot, but if he could be anything he wanted in here, then why couldn’t she be a knock-out, drop-dead gorgeous babe in here, too?

“Did I do okay on your avatar?” he asked slyly. “I can make any changes you want.”

Please let me make changes, he begged silently to himself.

“Changes?” she asked. “What kind of changes?”

“You can be anyone you want in here,” he explained. “I just used our own natural images at first because it was easier,” he lied. “But if you want, I can put you in any body you want in here, just name it.”

“Well, why would I want to change anything? I’ve always been happy with who I am,” Cindy replied cheerfully.

Jerry’s heart sank. Damn! There had to be a way to convince her. The whole point of his VR world was to create himself a perfect life and Cindy’s current appearance just didn’t fit in with what he wanted. He realized then that he may have to resort to more underhanded methods.

“Oh, I understand completely,” Jerry began. “I just wanted you to know the capabilities of this system and what it has to offer. I wasn’t trying to imply anything.” Jerry forced a smile from his flawless, virtual features. A smile that hid thoughts of reprogramming her avatar anyway and then blaming it on computer error.

They spent about an hour in their new virtual room sipping virtual drinks at the bar (Jerry could swear that he was getting a little tipsy) before Jerry claimed that he had work that he had better get back to. It was only a half lie, since he really did want to work on his system and on Cindy’s new avatar. So they logged off the system and returned to the real world.

Now, Jerry was a computer genius. But like most geniuses, he had a narrow vision. He had succeeded in separating the human mind from its body without even considering the effect that it might have. If he had used just a little of his genius in this area, he might have realized that the mind and the body are not separate, individual entities that can be wrenched apart at will. They're both created together, they both learn and develop together, the support and nurture each other. The mind requires the body for input. Without physical sensations, the mind has nothing. In a similar manner, the body requires the mind to interpret what it experiences. The mind and body define each other. If separated, each is suddenly faced with a gaping hole in its existence and reaches out for something, anything to fill the void. When Jerry's system separated his mind from his body, the body searched for something to replace it; something to give it definition, identity. And all it could find was the computer; a much more powerful "mind" than Jerry's had ever been. And the computer had its own, new definition of Jerry's physical appearance. With these new, overpowering descriptions, his body began to adapt, to fit the computer's idea of his body.

Getting up from his computer Jerry noticed that something was different. When he had entered the computer, his perceptions changed to fit his avatar. But now that he was out of the computer he expected to experience another change back to his real perceptions fitting his real body, and he hadn't experienced those changes. He still felt larger and stronger... just like he did back in the computer. He walked over to the mirror and his jaw fell. He still looked just like his avatar! Somehow his real body had been altered to the exact description he had given to the computer! Jerry double checked to make sure he wasn't still hooked up to the computer. He even shut it down and unplugged it (something he hadn't done since he moved in last year) and still he had the real-life body of "Cyberstud"!

He was mystified, ecstatic and in shock all at the same time. He didn't know how or why this had happened, but he didn't care! He was really a stud now and didn't need a VR world to hide in. He decided it was time the rest of the world should get a load of the "new" Jerry.

Jerry dug deep into his closet and pulled out his best duds -- his favorite "I Grok Spock" T-shirt, his white, polyester (high-water) pants, and loafers. They fit good and tight... all the better to show off his new, muscular bod with. Strutting down the street, Jerry felt like a god! He could feel every eye on him. He could only imagine what the babes must be thinking about him. Rounding the corner, he bumped into someone. Regaining his composure, he found himself looking down into the eyes of a very cute girl. He started to say something... anything... but all that came out was a gurgling sound. He had never been this close to a real cute girl before and it was too much for him to handle. Feeling nauseous, he spun around and hightailed it home.

Back in the safety of his apartment, Jerry slowly pieced together what had happened. Although the computer had changed him physically, he was still a geek psychologically and emotionally. That was, after all, all he had unknowingly told the computer to do... alter his physical form. He had said nothing about his mental state. Jerry began to wonder if he could make those kinds of changes also. Could the computer affect him mentally as well as physically? He decided to try it and see. He altered his avatar program to include behavior patterns befitting a stud.

“Hmmm, why not kill two birds with one stone?” Jerry asked himself. He then also altered Cindy’s avatar by replacing the pic she sent him with one he downloaded from Victoria’s Secret. After all, he’d need a babe to try out his “moves” on in the chatroom. Originally, he considered downloading his fantasy girl as her avatar -- a voluptuous, flame-haired bimbo with massive knockers he spotted on one of the porn sites. But he decided to make her a more demure, but still gorgeous blonde model dressed in something a little more conservative than the teddy in the original pic. He didn’t want Cindy going into shock or thinking he was a perv or anything like that. He figured he could explain her new form by claiming a mix-up in file folders, or something like that.

At their designated meeting time, Jerry eagerly hooked himself up and jumped into VR. Finding himself again in the smoky bar, Jerry was ecstatic as he witnessed the results of his “re-programming”. The “old” Cindy was gone, replaced with his “new, improved” Cindy!

She was gorgeous! Shoulder length blonde hair framed a model’s perfect face. Her long, slim legs peeked out from beneath a modest dress that stopped just shy of her knees. Modest as it was, it was still tight enough to show off her beautiful, athletic figure. Her gaze shifted as she saw him in the reflection.



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“Jerry,” she asked nervously, “What’s going on? I was so anxious to see you I got here a little early, and instead of my regular body, I look like this?”

Jerry saw an opening and took it.

“You got here early? Oh, man! That’s probably what did it! I hadn’t set up our avatars yet, so when you entered, the computer must have just created a suitable avatar from available files. I’m a little embarrassed to admit that I’ve downloaded a few pics of women from catalogs. If its any consolation, you look great!” Two truths vs. one lie -- Jerry figured he had come out ahead.

Cindy looked over herself in the mirror. “You really think so?” she asked, smiling a little now.

“Oh, definitely!” Jerry gushed. “Obviously, my computer has very good taste, if I may say so myself.” He was saying anything he could to try and convince her to stay this way, and it looked like it was beginning to work.

“It’s so weird!” Cindy said. “It’s not me, but it is! I’ve never been beautiful, and I didn’t really care, until now. But, now that I see myself this way, I think I like it. I think I like it a lot!”

Cindy was turning from side to side, checking her new body out in the mirror, and her smile was getting bigger and bigger. And so was Jerry’s! He had done it! He had tricked her into accepting a new, gorgeous body in their VR world. Now, Jerry wondered if her real body would adapt the way his body had. If it did, how would she respond to that? Would she accept this body in real life also? The more she liked her new body in here, Jerry figured, the greater the chances of her accepting in real life, if it happened.

Jerry walked up to Cindy, pulled her face up to his and gave her a long, sensuous kiss. After a brief moment, Cindy began responding... eagerly. She pressed against him, feeling her new firm breasts tingling as he pressed back. After what seemed an eternity, they caught their breath and looked into each other’s eyes, both smiling happily.

“I’ve been wanting to do that ever since we first met on-line,” Jerry whispered to her.

“Same here,” she whispered back. “This is all so incredible! Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine anything like this happening. If only it were real.”

“Let’s make it real,” Jerry said. “Let’s meet out there, in the real world. I want to take you out and show you to the world.”

“But out there, I don’t look like this,” Cindy replied.

“I don’t care,” Jerry lied. “Your body, this body, hell, any body... I want to meet you in the real world.” Now Jerry was hoping upon hope that her body really would adapt. He didn’t want to be seen with the original Cindy. She just didn’t fit in with the new Jerry, and that’s all there was to it.

Cindy’s gorgeous new face lit up like a Christmas tree and she wrapped her arms even tighter around him.

“Oh, yes!” she almost cried. “Of course I’ll meet you out there! Anywhere, anytime! You’ve made me so happy!”

Jerry held her close while she cooed into his shirt. Suddenly he realized something! He had been so preoccupied with Cindy that he hadn’t noticed how confident and at ease he felt with her. He was actually holding and kissing a beautiful woman... and there was no hint of the nausea that had always plagued him before. His new modifications worked! Besides altering his body, he could also modify his behavior! He was now a lean, mean Don Juan machine!

“Cool!” Jerry said aloud.

“What?” Cindy asked.

“Oh, nothing. Just this whole thing.” Jerry smiled slyly, almost smirking. Confident in the knowledge that he really was a super-genius.

After making plans to meet the next evening for drinks and dinner, Jerry and Cindy kissed good-bye and re-entered the real world. At his desk, Jerry wasn’t surprised to find that his new behavior modifications had carried out to the real world also. He had actually expected and anticipated it. He was a super-genius after all, why the hell wouldn’t it work?

With his new bravado, confidence and attitude intact, Jerry realized that he’d need new clothes to go with his new lifestyle. Donning the only non-geek wear he could find, jeans and a sweatshirt, he tossed the rest in the trash and headed out to previously uncharted territory -- the mall! Before, Jerry would never have even considered going to such a public place as the mall, but now, he was looking forward to it. Walking down the crowded corridors of the mall, Jerry was thrilled to discover that he could now not only look a woman dead in the eyes without vomiting, he could actually start up a conversation. In one of the trendier shops, a leggy blonde salesgirl was more than happy to help Jerry pick out a new wardrobe. Jerry explained that he had just arrived in town and the airline had lost his luggage and he had an important meeting that evening. Jerry was amazed at how easily he could flirt with this girl, and with how obviously taken she was with him. After paying for his new threads and making

a date with the salesgirl for later that week, Jerry happily headed back home to prepare for his date with the (hopefully!) new Cindy.

Jerry arrived at the restaurant that evening fashionably late. After all, he didn't want to appear too eager... real men like him had women chasing him, not the other way around. Stepping into the bar, Jerry looked around for both the old Cindy (just in case) and the new improved Cindy. At first, he saw neither. But then he heard a small voice call out his name from a table in the back. Walking back into the darkened area, he was surprised at what he found. Cindy had indeed changed physically. Her face and body were identical to what he had put into the computer, but something wasn't right.

Her clothes were rather mousy and didn't fit right. Her hair was unkempt and stringy. What little makeup she had worn had been smeared by crying. She seemed very uncomfortable and scared. She obviously had no idea how to carry the beautiful body he had given her. Jerry didn't have to feign surprise when he saw her.

"Cindy? Is that really you?" he asked. She looked up at him from the booth, trembling a little. "Yes, Jerry, it's me! What's happened? When I got off the computer, I looked just like my avatar! I've been trying to call you all day, but you've been gone! What's going on?" She looked like she was going to cry.

Jerry sat down next to her and wrapped his arm around her. "I don't know, babe. This has never happened before. But as far as I know, no one has ever had an avatar different than their original body before either. The computer must have done this while you were in there with me."

Jerry suddenly realized that in his haste to change her avatar physically, he had forgotten to modify her behavior to match. Outside, she had the body of a supermodel, but the old Cindy had no idea what to do with it here in the real world.

At Cindy's insistence, they left the restaurant and Jerry took her home. She was so shaken and confused that she didn't even kiss him good night when he dropped her off. Even after he had promised to "fix" everything for her... now that was gratitude! That ungrateful bitch definitely needed a major attitude adjustment, Jerry thought to himself. At home again, he set to work creating a more "well-adjusted" Cindy. One that knew how to appreciate and use those Jerry-given gifts.

When he finished, he looked over the new program and marveled at himself. She would be perfect! Her attitudes and behaviors would be precisely in tune with that gorgeous body he had given her, and it would all be for him. But why stop there? If this worked (and of course it would!), then why not create other scenarios, other fantasies for Cindy to fulfill for him? He suddenly felt himself getting rock hard at the realization that he could turn Cindy into any woman he wanted! Physically, mentally, emotionally... she was nothing more than clay for his genius to mold. He was up most of the night writing programs... programs that would create new, exciting Cindys. Each one fulfilling a different sexual fantasy for him. They ranged from sexy girlfriend

to stripper to cheerleader to easy slut to high-priced call girl and more. Jerry had only begun to explore the possibilities when he finally fell asleep from sheer mental exhaustion.

In the morning, he called Cindy and told her to go back into the computer.

“But are you sure its safe?” she asked him meekly. “Are you sure you know what it will do to me this time?”

“Trust me,” he assured her. “I’ve found the problem and corrected it. In fact, the modifications I’ve made don’t even require you to enter the chatroom. Once you’ve downloaded into the computer, I’ll hold you in memory briefly while the computer fixes everything. It’s foolproof!”

Cindy hesitated for a moment on the phone. After awhile, Jerry heard a resigning sigh.

“Okay! I trust you,” she said meekly. “If you’re sure this will work, then I’m sure.”

“I’m so sure you’ll be happy with the results that I’ve already made reservations again for tonight at the same restaurant. I don’t even expect you to call me when it’s done. Just meet me in the bar again tonight at 7, okay? Now, hang up, wait 5 minutes and then go back into the computer. I’ll see you tonight.”

“Okay,” she said nervously and hung up.

As soon as she hung up, Jerry immediately upgraded her avatar program with its new modifications and waited for Cindy to enter the system. When the computer notified him that she was there, Jerry suspended the chatroom program so she would be held in memory while the computer did its work on her. He wasn’t sure just how long it would take, so he held her there for the same length as their last rendezvous, about an hour. He then returned her to her unchanged, gorgeous body and began anticipating what he knew was in store for him later that evening.

This time, Jerry arrived early. Despite his overblown confidence in his abilities, he was still a little unsure and nervous about his latest effort. (But just a little unsure and nervous!) Picking a prime spot at the bar which afforded him an unobstructed view of the entrance, he ordered up a beer and waited. He didn’t have to wait very long, though. At exactly 7 PM, she entered. And she had obviously done some shopping.

Rising up from each 6-inch stiletto heel was a shear, silk nylon wrapped around a long, lean leg that stretched unobscured all the way to her upper thigh. Her legs disappeared into a skintight tube dress that hugged her body like a second skin, beginning well above her knees and ending tantalizingly close to her nipples. Her face and hair were made up to perfection. Her blonde locks just tickling her shoulders, her full lips pouting, her eyes masterfully seductive.

Her entire essence just oozed sensuality! This was not the same scared little girl he had comforted the night before; in her place was a cool seductress, with eyes only for Jerry. He had seen to that!

As Cindy strode confidently across the bar, every male eye in the room leered at her. Their hearts dropped as she stopped at Jerry and planted a passionate kiss on his lips. Jerry was in heaven! His genius had finally paid off. He had succeeded in creating a beautiful, sexy woman who was devoted to only him! Although it wasn't exactly what he had originally set out to do with his VR Chat, but he was more than happy with the eventual outcome.



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“It seems I didn't quite fix your problem,” Jerry said as they snuggled into the corner booth.

“No,” Cindy replied, smiling, “and I'm glad you didn't. When I returned from the computer I felt much more comfortable with my new body. So comfortable, in fact, that I've decided to keep it. So I went out this afternoon and did a little shopping. Do you approve?” Cindy stood up from the table and did a slow, sexy turn for Jerry who felt something growing in his pants.

“Oh, definitely!” Jerry smiled, reached out to her and pulled her back to him, kissing her deeply. He could feel her sensual body responding against his... her nipples hardening against his chest, her breathing getting heavier. “Let's get out of here!”

Jerry was driving like a man possessed. A lifetime of wet dreams was about to be realized, and he knew it. He wanted her bad! And it was obvious she wanted him just as bad! He had to get her to his place, and now! Cindy had other plans, however. As Jerry pulled up to a stoplight, she leaned down, unzipped his fly and released his straining cock! With a wicked grin on her perfect face, Cindy then wrapped her full lips around the shaft and proceeded to give Jerry his very first, and very best, blowjob! Even though he had suggested the possibility in her modified program, Cindy's actions still took him totally by surprise. As her head bobbed up and down in his lap, Jerry couldn't help but thrust himself deeper into her throat... over and over again until he finally exploded, filling her mouth with his warm fluid that she eagerly swallowed.

By the time they reached Jerry's place, he was hard again. They barely made it to his bedroom before they had ripped each other's clothes off. Standing before him naked, Cindy pushed Jerry down onto the bed, his cock reaching for the ceiling. She then impaled herself on him, riding up and down his shaft like a pogo stick. Neither one thinking straight. Before this day, they had both been social outcasts who only fantasized about sex. Now, they were both strong, sensual animals... releasing years of pent-up sexual frustrations in one intense evening. They weren't making love, they were fucking! Pure and simple, raw, naked, intense sex! And they kept it up for hours! First she was on top of him, then he was on top of her, then this way, then that way... All night long! Finally around 5 AM, they simultaneously collapsed.

Cindy awoke first, around noon. She tiptoed into the bathroom and took a long, luxurious shower. Wrapping herself in a towel, she went back to the bedroom where Jerry still snored loudly. She leaned down and kissed him on the back of the neck and he stirred slightly, grumbling.

"G'morning, lover," she cooed into his ear. "Do you mind if I check my e-mail on your computer?"

She was answered with another grumble.

"I'll take that as an affirmative answer."

Jerry's computer was already running since he rarely, if ever, shut it down. As the screen came to life, a list of files appeared before her... several with her name on them. Even though she was now a completely different person, part of her was still a curious, computer geek. She wanted to know more about this wonderful system that had given her this new life, so she began to open the files one by one. As she read through them, her eyes began to grow wide as she discovered the truth behind her transformation. Looking over her shoulder at Jerry still passed out in bed, Cindy continued to look deeper into his computer system... learning how it worked, how he had been responsible for changing her body and mind, and even learning why it had happened. That was something even Jerry hadn't figured out yet.

It was mid-afternoon when the phone finally woke Jerry up. Looking around, he noticed that Cindy was nowhere to be seen. Groggily, he picked up the phone.

“Hello?” he mumbled.

“Well, good afternoon, sleepy-head!” Cindy said cheerfully on the other end. “It’s about time you got up. I tried to wake you earlier, but you were so exhausted I decided to let you sleep.”

“Hmmm. We were great last night! When can we do it again?” Jerry asked.

“How about right now?” Cindy’s voice suddenly sounded very seductive.

“Whoa!” Jerry moaned. “As much as I’d love to, I don’t think I’m up to the challenge right now, babe.” For once, Jerry wasn’t lying to her. The previous night’s escapades had left him totally drained, at least for awhile.

“I was thinking more along the lines of joining me inside the computer for some virtual fun instead. I have a little surprise for you. Think you can handle that, stud?” Cindy already knew what his answer would be.

“A little VR nooner, huh? I think I can definitely handle that, babe!” Jerry was already pulling his naked, ragged body out of bed and toward the computer.

“I’ll see you inside, then.” As Cindy hung up, her smile took on a slightly more sinister tone.

As soon as he was inside, Jerry noticed that something had definitely changed. The bar was totally different. Instead of the quiet, smoky bar he had created, it was now a sleazy-looking strip joint. Loud music was blaring over the speakers and the stage/runway was surrounded by rowdy, drunken men.

“What the fuck?” Jerry said out loud.

“Hey! You Jerry?” came a voice from behind.

Jerry spun around and noticed that the same bartender he had created was still tending bar here, and he was looking directly at Jerry.

“Who, me?” Jerry asked, confused.

“Yeah, you! I got something for you.” The bartender produced a note and handed it to Jerry.

Dear Jerry,

I hope you don't mind, but I tweaked with your program a little to change the setting for my little surprise. Meet me in the dressing room before the show starts so I can give you a private preview. Enjoy the show!

Cindy

Jerry suddenly realized that this was all very similar to his Cindy/Stripper program. But he hadn't started the program. And if he hadn't, who had? Did the computer do it by itself? Cindy's computer didn't have the controls, so she couldn't have. Maybe, just maybe... Cindy had come up with this idea all by herself and the computer filled in the details! Jerry was beside himself! Whatever the case, he now had his own personal stripper (both in here and out there, he noted) and she was about to perform for him!

Jerry found his way backstage and knocked on the dressing room door.

"Come on in!" was the sultry response from behind the door.

Jerry stepped inside and found Cindy, wearing nothing but a sheer robe and stiletto heels, sitting provocatively on a lounge, looking over a rack of clothing. She looked slightly puzzled.

"I just can't decide," she was saying girlishly. "I want this to be perfect, but I just can't decide which outfit would make the statement I'm trying to make." She was teasing him now.

"And what statement would that be?" Jerry asked playfully.

"Sexy, of course," she said with a twinkle in her eye. "High-class sexy that deteriorates into slutty."



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Jerry was about to burst! That was the exact definition he had programmed into the stripper program! “Damn, I love my computer!” Jerry thought to himself, smiling. He knew exactly what he wanted to see her in and he knew it would be there. Just running his hands over all those sexy things was a perk Jerry hadn’t counted on, so he took his time finding what he was looking for. He finally found just what he was looking for and spread the ensemble out on the counter for Cindy’s approval. She looked



over the outfit and a very wicked smile spread across her face.

“Hmmm... is that really the outfit you want?” she asked slyly.

“You bet it is, babe!” Jerry drooled.

“Okay, then,” she whispered in his ear, “here we go!” With that, she pulled herself into him and kissed him passionately, pressing her firm body tightly against his. She was pressing so tightly that she pushed Jerry up against the wall and continued smothering him with her body. He was so wrapped up in the excitement of the moment that Jerry barely noticed that his clothes had disappeared from his body. Jerry again mentally patted himself on the back for creating such a marvelous machine.

She pulled herself into him and kissed him passionately, pressing her firm body tightly against his. He was so wrapped up in the excitement of the moment that Jerry barely noticed that his clothes had disappeared from his body.

Cindy was wrapped so tightly around him that it was tough telling where her body stopped and his started. So far, everything was exactly like he had programmed, except for one thing. In his stripper program (and most of his other “Cindy” programs), he had made further physical modifications to Cindy. In those programs, he had given her the body of his voluptuous fantasy girl. So far, she still had her model-like blonde features. She was still a total knock-out, but secretly he thought the other form would fit better in this scenario.

Just as Jerry felt himself about to burst with pleasure, Cindy’s nubile body relaxed its grip on him. Jerry opened his eyes to see Cindy backing away from him, wearing a devilish grin he had never seen on a woman before. She continued to back away from him slowly, still smiling in a way that was becoming somewhat unnerving for Jerry. As Cindy stepped back a little farther, someone else appeared just behind her. Jerry’s eyes focused on the new figure and was amazed and delighted to see that it was his fantasy girl—every voluptuous inch of her—there with Cindy! He had them both! He didn’t know how, but he didn’t give a damn.

He stepped forward and reached out for them... and the fantasy girl did the same... at exactly the same time. Puzzled, Jerry stopped and dropped his arms...



Cindy was wrapped so tightly around him that it was tough telling where her body stopped and his started.

and she did too... simultaneously. What the hell was going on? Jerry thought to himself. Looking closer toward the redhead, he realized that he was actually looking into the mirror on the other side of the dressing room. Not wanting to make any snap conclusions, Jerry slowly raised his arm and looked at it. It was long and slender with small, feminine hands with long red nails at the end. The other arm... identical. Taking a deep breath, he looked down at himself and gasped out loud.

“What the fuck?” he shouted. He could only see as far as his new, massive shelf would allow. Two large, perfect tits extending out from his chest each with a very erect nipple reaching out at the end. Looking over at the mirror, he saw that the reflection was mimicking his every movement. She even had a look of horror on her incredibly sexy face.



“What the fucking hell is going on?” Jerry demanded of Cindy, who was standing aside obviously enjoying the whole scenario.

“It’s part of my surprise, lover,” she sneered sexily. “I accidentally found your little “Cindy” programs you had planned for me. At first, I was furious! How dare you take those kinds of liberties with my body and mind like that? After looking at all the detail you went to however, I thought that the least I could do is run one

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or two before deleting them. Of course, I *did* make one minor change that you might have noticed.” She was now wearing a deliciously satisfied grin on her face.

Jerry kept staring at his new, incredibly sexy body in the mirror... hardly able to utter a word. Even though they were currently in the computer, he started to wonder what his real body must be going through. If the system was still working as usual, there was now a drop-dead gorgeous sexy redhead sitting in a comatose state at his computer. Cindy would pay for this, he thought to himself. Once he got out of this damn computer, he'd reprogram everything and everyone, putting everything back the way *he* wanted it. Then he'd get even with this bitch!

In the meantime, however, he was stuck here. And he felt very strange. Images started flooding his mind... so fast he couldn't keep track of them. He started feeling dizzy as the overtly sexual mental images bombarded his brain. He got dizzier and dizzier as the images came faster and with more intensity. Just before he passed out, he caught a glimpse of Cindy's Cheshire-cat smile mocking him.

Suddenly, he was awake! Looking around, the only change he noticed was that Cindy was gone. It felt as if only an instant had passed, but it appeared as if he had been out for at least a couple of seconds. He was still in a stripper's dressing room, the loud dancing music was blaring in from the next room, and (after a brief inspection) he was still wrapped inside a luscious body that any man would kill to fuck. Standing up and stepping over to the mirror, Jerry began to take stock of his situation. Cindy had him by the balls. Hell, Cindy had taken *away* his balls! He tried the voice-command that would release him from the computer, but, no luck. It looked like he was stuck here until Cindy's revenge fantasy had played itself out.

“Goddamn that bitch!” Jerry's new sexy, feminine voice didn't sound as pissed as he really was, which pissed him off even more. “When I get out of here, she is toast!”

Jerry glared at his reflection in the mirror. The flowing bronze mane framing those steely emerald-green eyes of the angry vision before him made him/her even sexier. (If that was possible.) Jerry noticed a sly, sexy grin begin to form in the reflection.

“I guess it's just you and me, babe,” Jerry and the vision said to each other. With that, Jerry started exploring his new (if only virtual) body. His hands immediately found their way to his massive breasts and began fondling and massaging them. A soft moan escaped from his soft, full lips. He hadn't expected it to feel this good! His/her body tingled all over in response to the treatment her ultra-sensitive tits were receiving. A strange, but wonderful feeling began to focus around her crotch and she was just about to divert her hand's attention there when a voice yelled in from behind her.

“Hey, tits! When you're done there, don't forget that you're on in about fifteen minutes!”

Jerry spun around to see the bouncer, with his head poking through the open door, leering at him/her.

“And if you’re that hard-up for a feel, come see me after the show. I’ll take care of you!” He flashed her a disgusting wink and disappeared through the doorway, leaving Jerry alone again.

“Is this what I’m reduced to?” Jerry asked no one in particular. “A stripping bimbo in a sleazy bar?” Jerry thought about it for a moment. He didn’t have much of a choice if he wanted to get the hell out of this fantasy. Cindy had to let him out sometime, and when she did, he could reverse all the physical damage this was doing to his real body. In the meantime, though, it looked like he’d have to play along.

“So, she wants to humiliate me, huh?” Jerry’s sexy lips exclaimed. “Well, I’ll show her! I’ll play stripper in her little fantasy, but I’ll be damned if I let her get the best of me by being embarrassed about it! I just might actually get a kick out of it. I mean, how many chances like this does a guy get?”

Feeling a sudden sense of purpose and titillation, Jerry stepped over to the counter where the outfit he had picked out for Cindy lay. He felt a slight chill, no, actually more of a thrill, run through his/her body as he looked it over. He picked up the tiny, black thong panties and stepped into them. As they slid up his long legs and tucked themselves between his tight cheeks, Jerry felt another, more intense thrill run through his body. Looking at himself in the mirror, and then the rest of the outfit, he decided to forego any bra... just because.

This was definitely beginning to feel *good!* Jerry thought to himself. He then slithered into the sheer, black, stretch fishnet dress and pulled it into place. The dress fit him like a second skin! It stretched from just off his shoulders to just below his crotch and hugged every possible contour of his luscious body along the way. That, in itself, would drive any man insane with lust. But the sheerness of the dress also allowed viewers a translucent peek at what lay just beneath its surface. The combination was devastating! For the final touch, Jerry stepped into a pair of black, strapped leather pumps with 4-inch heels. Checking the results out in the mirror, Jerry tousled her long, fiery locks to give herself a wilder, sexier look and smiled seductively.

“It’s show time!” her enticing lips bubbled.

As she made her way towards the stage, she wasn’t surprised to find that she had no trouble at all walking in the 4-inch heels. The computer program had taken care of everything -- the body, the sexy walk, the attitude, and, in a moment, the moves of a professional stripper. Jerry grinned from ear to ear as she walked toward the stage. She’d show Cindy! As she approached the stage, past the leering bouncer, she heard her name over the sound system.

“All right gentlemen! Put your hands together for our newest addition to Club Buff! She’s so hot, she’ll melt you and harden you at the same time! Let’s hear it for the luscious Geri!!”

As soon as the music started up, Geri strutted out onto stage -- her hips and tits swinging with the beat. As expected, the dancing came very easy for her... as if she had been stripping and loving it for years. She was good... *very* good! And she *knew* it! She oozed with a confidence she had never felt before... a *sexual* confidence. With every gyration and undulation, Geri slipped further and further into her new role... feeling the raw sexuality of the situation engulf her. She could *feel* the lust emanating from the crowd... mixing with the emotions she too was experiencing... desire, lust, passion, intense cravings to please men, to have them please her... it was overwhelming!

Somewhere deep inside, Jerry was panicking! His real body most certainly would have been totally changed by now and he was afraid of losing control. He wanted to stop this... and stop it now! But a smooth, sexy voice kept reassuring him that “it’s only virtual, lover. Enjoy!” Between the enticing voice and the overpowering feelings his/her body was flooding him with, Jerry finally conceded. This was an



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incredible experience that few, if any, men could realize, he thought. After all, he could always fix everything later when he got out of here. So Jerry stopped fighting it, deciding the best way to experience the fantasy was to just let it happen.

By the end of her first number, Geri had slowly and sensually peeled herself out of her dress, kicking it into the frenzied crowd. The tiny bikini top soon followed. As her second number began, Geri wrapped herself around the pole, sliding her tight, sweaty body up and down along it. She began imagining a real pole sliding in and out of her the same way and her dancing became

more and more erotic as she became hornier and hornier. She crawled to the edge of the stage and thrust her now moist thong out, inviting the reaching hands, and tips. The feel of the strange hands on her body pushed her closer and closer to the edge. Geri was on the brink of her very first orgasm.

Although he had quit fighting it, Jerry was still a little apprehensive riding shotgun while his/her body performed amazing sensual acts on that stage. It was like riding in a roller coaster careening faster and faster around the curves... he knew it was dangerous, especially if he lost control, but the thrill was intoxicating. The more he experienced, the more he wanted! And, to top it off, every little bit of self-control he relintquished to Geri resulted in an exponential increase in her



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sexual abandon. He had never felt sensations like these before... so intense... so sexual! What if... he thought. What if he completely let go? How incredible would that feel? It was the last rational thought he would have for awhile.

With Jerry's subconscious reservations no longer intact, Geri finally and completely submitted to her primal urges. She grabbed the closest strange hand to her... she didn't care which one... and thrust it inside her wet thong. The crowd went wild as she let out a loud moan and arched her back in response to the new sensations being administered to her moist pussy by the audience member. Suddenly, her thong was nowhere to be seen and she was being lifted off the stage into the crowd. She found herself straddling a man in the first row... her legs wrapped tightly around his waist and chair. Her hands began clawing eagerly at his fly... unzipping it to expose what she was seeking. Finally free, it sprang straight up between her legs. Without giving it a second thought, she raised and positioned herself and thrust herself down onto his engorged cock. The sensation of being penetrated sent a shockwave of pleasure coursing through her body! The crowd cheered as her eyes rolled back into her head and she mindlessly, cravenly thrust herself over and over again onto the stranger's throbbing cock.



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The intensity of the sensations pulsing through her mirrored that of the crowd's. The louder they cheered, the more intense it felt. She rode him faster and faster... harder and harder! And the crowd cheered louder and louder... until finally, both of their bodies went rigid, and hot, sticky fluid erupted from the nameless stranger in the front row deep into Geri's quivering, sweaty body as a violent shudder swept through her.

As she felt the cock within her go flaccid, one thought dominated Geri's animal-like behavior -- *more!* All rational thinking was still being suppressed by her primal urges which cried out for nothing more than pure, raw sex. She cast a fierce, lusty glance to a likely candidate at the next table who immediately began unzipping himself. Disengaging herself from her first victim, she moved to the next table, but this time she was grabbed and thrown on top of the table where she lay spread-eagle. Number two climbed on top and thrust himself into her eagerly. She welcomed him into her body by wrapping her long, sweaty legs tightly around him, pulling him deeper. Her hands were like claws, digging into his back, urging him to penetrate further and further. He pumped her furiously as the crowd continued its cheering and leering. Another tidal wave of pleasure coursed through her as he gave one final plunge and erupted inside her.

She was still purring like a tigress in heat with her legs locked tightly around his waist when he was suddenly, violently yanked away.

"All right gentlemen!" A voice boomed. "Entertainment's over for tonight! Everybody out before someone calls the cops!"

Geri looked up into the angry face of the owner who was pulling her up to her feet. Her still foggy mind couldn't grasp the specifics of what he was so pissed about as he hustled her into the back room. When they reached the dressing room, he slammed the door shut and began yelling at her. From Geri's glazed point of view, however, all she saw was a man... a very animated man who was obviously very stressed. Oblivious to his shouts, in one fell swoop she stepped up to him, dropped to her knees, unzipped his fly and pulled his cock out. Before he could respond in any way, she wrapped her lips around the shaft and began performing an expert blowjob on him. His shouts stopped dead in his throat as all available blood rushed to engorge his growing cock. Within a few minutes, she had licked and sucked every drop of cum and stress from his body... and without even breaking a sweat. Actually, it seemed to have almost a calming effect on her. Still a little dazed from the past hour's experiences, the owner watched his new star attraction crawl naked into the cot and fall asleep.



WHEN JERRY AWOKE, she didn't know how much time had elapsed. Except for her high-heels, she was still naked. As her mind slowly cleared she began to recall the events of the previous night. Feeling ashamed and disgusted, her first instinct was to find the nearest shower and scrub the layer of filth from her body. But as her mind cleared further, the memories became more vivid... the entire experience returning to her. She remembered how exciting it felt to be in the spotlight on that stage, to be lusted after by so many. She also remembered how *incredible* the sex had felt! Slowly her feelings of dread and repulsion at what she'd done were replaced by the same longings she had the night before. Before she knew it, she was horny again and rarin' to go. But now her rational thinking was back, and it was time to go home. As much as she fought it, she decided to get cleaned up, get dressed and find a way out back to the real world.

Whatever Jerry took away from this experience, one thing was certain... this program was a keeper! The computer had exceeded all possible expectations in creating an entire world around the "stripper" scenario. The crowd it had created, the desires and abilities it had endowed her with, and most of all, the physical sensations! All of it was so *real!* It was still hard to believe that this was all just a computer simulation.

Looking around for something to wear, Jerry noticed a videotape on the counter with the words "Watch me, Jerry/Geri" scribbled on it. Popping it into a small TV/videoplayer on the dresser and hitting "Play", Jerry wasn't too surprised to see Cindy's face smiling out at her.

"Hi, lover!" She started. "Sorry I missed the show last night. Heard it was a gas! I think you've found your true calling." Jerry started to say something back to the TV, but bit her lip in frustration instead.

"I suppose you're wondering why you're still there now that your program has run its course. Well, to tell you the truth, lover, what you went through was a little program of my own. After finding all the sexist, perverted programs you had in mind for me, I decided what better way to retaliate than to let you experience them yourself from a different point of view. What do you think so far, huh?"

So far? That caught Jerry's attention.

"Actually what I did was combine all the "best" parts of your sick little fantasies into one. And that's what you're in now." Her smile turned from sly to almost evil at that point, which made Jerry suddenly very nervous.

“You know, hon. I’m going to come clean with you and put all the cards on the table. Here’s how it is. While you were asleep the other night and I found your “programs”, I did some major reprogramming of your system and then downloaded most of it to my computer. I left just enough on yours to let you inside. Once I got you inside, I started up *my* program which started to change you both in the computer *and* out in the real world. What you *don’t* know, however, is that I pulled you out of the computer after you passed out last night in the dressing room with me. I kept you unconscious so the computer could finish “reprogramming” you. It also gave me time to get over to your place, dress you, and get you down to “Club Buff” for your grand re-awakening. In a nutshell, honey... everything you did last night was *real!* Nothing virtual about it. You are in the *real* “Club Buff” downtown and you have been since yesterday evening.”

Jerry felt a chill run through her body! Cindy *had* to be lying... she just had to be! But everything told her that it was the truth. It *was* just too real to be a simulation. She sat down on the cot, suddenly feeling very weak and afraid.

“But I haven’t even mentioned the best part yet,” she continued. “You did me a great favor. You made me a confident, beautiful woman. Something I couldn’t have done without you. So you can consider this as kind of a “thank you” as well as a “take this, asshole”. You see, I’ve decided that this system of yours, with my new refinements, can make me very, very rich. But it just wouldn’t do to have the original inventor popping up taking the credit, so I’m going to let you live the life you fantasized about. I’ve created a whole identity for you and even replaced everything in your apartment to suit your new life. Throughout this video, there have been subliminal messages triggering the new personality that I’ve created for you... or should I say, that you had created for me. You see, very soon, you will permanently become the sex-crazed bimbo, hooker, stripper that you were last night... both physically and mentally. You can probably already feel it happening... your sexual cravings building again... driving all other thoughts from your mind. Your computer knowledge is being stripped away to make room for all your new talents... dancing, sucking, fucking. Everything you wanted from me! But now, you get to live it instead, you lucky girl!”

“Well,” she finished. “I guess that’s about all I wanted to say. Have a good life, Geri! I know I’ll enjoy mine!”

The screen went dark and the tape continued to run in the player. Geri hadn’t noticed, however. In fact, she hadn’t heard anything for a couple of minutes because she started masturbating about half way through the tape. She was just so damn horny, she couldn’t wait for a man. She needed it now! After satisfying herself (at least for the time being), she decided to take a quick shower before heading home. Cleaned and refreshed, she looked for something appropriate to wear to get her from the club to her apartment.

A few minutes later, the back door to “Club Buff” swung open and out stepped the club’s newest star attraction. Her wild, fiery-red hair cascaded over her shoulders and down her back. A few lucky strands found their way down the front and disappeared between her ample cleavage which was being accentuated by the slick, silver push-up top. Atop matching silver thigh-high boots with 5-inch stiletto heels, she was a walking, breathing ad for sex. She walked slowly and deliberately, swinging her ass and tits with every step... just daring anyone to look. As she headed down the sidewalk, one thought, and one thought only, stuck in her mind... how was she going to keep herself busy until her next show? Eyeing a likely candidate parked at the curb in his Jaguar, Geri smiled seductively, sauntered up to the car and leaned inside the window...



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