

## Gamified (Nerd to Video Game Character TG)

By FoxFaceStories

### A Commission for SierraBravo33

*Sam is an avid video game nerd who engages in sexist behaviour on the internet. But when an event causes him and thousands of other players of the hit MMO Psychclone to be trapped inside the game as their custom characters, he is horrified to discover that he is stuck as his female avatar for good. And more than that, most of the other players are male.*

### Gamified

Sam grinned as the man in the chat took the bait.

*'Yeah, I'm just a really horny girl,' he wrote, 'I love it when strong men fuck me right between my titties.'*

*'That's so hot. Can you send me a picture?'*

*'Sure, so long as you call me all sorts of dirty names and put me down. I love being treated like the slutty whore I am.'*

He send a pre-prepared photo of some random girl giving a tittyjob.

*Hot. You're such a dirty slut.'*

*'I am. I'm a dirty whore of a girl. I love it when men degrade me like the slut I am. I love it when they play with my titties or slap me on the ass without permission.'*

*'Fuck yeah. Is that why your Psychclone avatar is such a fucking hottie?'*

He sent a wink emoji, followed by a smiley emoji. *'You know it! I want the whole world to know I'm a bad girl. Are you masturbating to me yet?'*

The man sent back a wink gif. Sam grinned wider, and unbuckled his trousers.

*'Take time to type while you do. I'll send more photos. I want you to fucking call me your nympho slut.'*

The man did, again and again, and Sam loved it. He barely managed to reach the wad of tissues by his desk in time before he came explosively.

"UUGnnh!! Yes! Fuck yeah, that was hot."

He signed off the chat with some excuse about needing to go *'fuck myself with a dildo hehehe'* and then went and cleaned up.

"He had no idea. God, it'd be hot to get to be a total slut like that for real, just for a day. I bet it'd be so much fun."

He washed his hands, changed, and then booted up *Psychclone*. It was time for his other kind of fun.

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Sam was a twenty-two year old geek who lived alone in an apartment filled with electronics. He worked in retail, but as far as he was concerned, that was purely to fund his gaming and internet hobbies. He used to play a lot of games, but for the past three years he'd been addicted to *Psychlone*, a sci-fi fantasy MMO set in an alternative world history where armoured samurai types with exaggerated weapons fought dark forces from an extradimensional void in order to keep the world safe, with multiple factions vying against each other for loot drops, the latest dungeon gear, upgrades to their existing equipment. It was incredibly addicting, and Sam had gotten in at the ground floor. He spent upwards of six hours a day or more playing the game, and was a high-level character too. However, that character revealed a lot about Sam's *other* interest: getting off on pretending to be a hot girl and getting degraded.

It had been a fetish he'd had for a while, probably developed after watching too much porn. He couldn't help it though: it was exciting to secretly roleplay as a hot woman behind his computer, send hot pictures to men who had no idea, and make them call him 'slut,' 'whore', 'breeder', and even get them to say disparaging things like 'TITS OR GTFO,' or 'I wanna fuck you in your tight pussy till you cry!' The taboo of them not knowing was rewarding, but he sometimes fantasised about literally becoming a woman, just for a day, in order to act those fantasies out for real.

The closest he could get was in *Psychlone*, when he played as Atheria, his custom-made character that he'd put a lot of work into designing. She was a short, pale-skinned woman with white blonde hair that was in a huge loose ponytail. She wore armour, but the kind of 'girl armour' that MMOs are known for: a black metal brassiere barely covered her tits, leaving half of them hanging out the bottom, and while her back and sides were also covered in those black plates, her entire midriff was pointlessly left bare. She wore an adorable battle skirt and black stockings that led down to a pair of impractical combat heels. Her collarbone was protected by a sci-fi looking guard that glowed with purple lighting, and the same was true of the hi-tech visor he'd attached to her after a successful dungeon loot mission: it had a cool see-through pink visor that matched her lilac eyes. Her forearms and hands had more of the black armour with purple lighting, in order so that she could wield the most ridiculous weapon in gaming: the Cross-Sword, a weapon that was literally a metal wheel with four enormously wide swords jutting out at ninety-degree angles, so that it formed a big 'X'. It was as tall as the character, and utterly, wonderfully ridiculous. It did a fuckton of damage in-game, though!

This avatar often got hit on, propositioned, or called dirty names. Gamers could be very misogynistic in online spaces, and Sam even sought out those spaces for the greatest

possible effect. It was awesome being the kickass girl on the team, but still being reduced by their comments. He knew that women complained about such things in real life, but he believed they were just whining and not knowing how to take it right. After all, *he* was receiving so much attention as a woman, right? If he was a girl in real life, he'd receive even more of it, and all the benefits that came with it!

"Girls are just whiners," he often said to himself when he thought of that. "Being called 'slut' is just hot. They should stop complaining and start enjoying it like I do."

That was his opinion, and what caused him to argue vehemently with the other women in the game, and on message boards. But all that was about to change, when one day he was sucked into the game for real.

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There was a new expansion coming out: *Armour of the Dark Horde*. All the *Psychclone* players were eager for it, practically drooling at the thought of what it might contain, including the new weapons and loot and maps. When it became active at midnight exactly, Sam was at his computer, his black hair a spiky mess, his slightly-chubby figure poised for the moment he could hit download.

But the moment he did, something strange happened.

*ERROR ERROR ERROR ERROR*

"What the -!?"

But he barely got another word in, before he was suddenly catapulted into the screen, *into the computer*, into the wild space of the online world, programs and code buzzing past him. He screamed, only to halt his voice as the scream that emerged sounded vastly different. He looked at his body as he hurtled through cyberspace, and gasped at what he saw. His body was being digitised! It was altering, taking on a new form, and this form was a lot softer. A lot more *feminine*.

"Holy shit!" he exclaimed. "Is this really happening? Am I - am I becoming a girl!?"

Sure enough, his slightly flabby limbs thinned, and his stomach pulled in. His stomach churned as an entirely new organ formed, one he already knew with a mix of horror and excitement would be his womb. As he was catapulted through this online space, he squirmed, writing in discomfort and pleasure.

"Ohhhhh, this is c-crazy! My hips! NGH!!"

His legs popped out at the pelvis, almost as if dislocated, but without the damage or pain. Then, his pelvis grew wider, and his hips expanded with them, until they were quite the wide pair. Quite the *female* pair. As if given the signal that they were now quite the set of babymakers, his legs reconfigured to his pelvis, just in time for them too to change shape.

Sam groaned in his strangely feminised voice, a voice that was only getting higher and sweet, as his thighs became soft and womanly, and his legs long and hairless. To his shock, a pair of black stockings wrenched into existence up his legs, covering them up to a few inches above the kneecap. It was an incredibly sexy look, and even more so when a set of impractical combat heels phased into existence on his newly daintified feet.

“Wait! I’m becoming Atheria? I’m becoming *my own character!*?”

Confirming this, his shirt pulled apart, thickening at the back and side and turning to a black metal substance made of interlocking plates. They clicked together, little panels glowing a vibrant pink and purple shade as they switched on. Sam shuddered as his form shrank again, leaving him with small shoulders and a slim neck. His Adam’s apple shrank away entirely, and his face began to rearrange. He tried to touch it, but shied away as his tight metallic gloves formed over his fingers. Instead, he could only whimper in response to the numerous transformations taking place over his expression. His whiskers withdrew, his nose reshaped to become cute and dainty, almost like a button. His cheeks shifted upwards, and baby fat pooled in so that his face had an adorable heart shape, especially once his jaw reshifted to become more gently sloped around his chin.

“Even my eyes! It’s - holy crap, even the goggles!”

His eyes burned for just a brief moment, and while he obviously couldn’t see them, he got the real sense they had turned that same lilac colour as his *Psychlone* character. A set of cyberpunk-style shades made of what seemed to be transparent pink crystals formed before his eyes, and information began to render in his upper right view, not that he could make it out in all the panic. His hair grew longer and longer, spiralling out and bleaching until it was the same white-blond as well. It whipped around as he fell towards a distant world, one that was rapidly coming into view. A science-fiction style black and neon purple-pink formed to make it into a loose ponytail, wings of sharp metal folding out from the sides of his head like a valkyrie’s helmet.

It was incredible. It was amazing. It was kind of terrifying, especially since - as his butt expanded subtly to become just that little bit more cute and pert - there were only two major changes to come. The twin pressures in Sam’s chest matched that between his thighs, and they were only growing.

“Oh, here we go. It’s happening. It’s h-NNGH!!”

They both changed at once. Sam arched his back as he descended down towards the fantasy world in the centre of cyberspace, groaning in unbearable pleasure. His nipples expanded, areolas too, and then two mounds began to form on his chest, gaining fat and tissue and noticeable weight. Even as they grew, his penis and testicles shrank, pulling back into his body in a manner that was utterly alien. And yet, despite how wrong and emasculating it was, it also felt goddamned *wonderful*.

“Oohhh! NNghh! Ah - ah - ahhh! Yes! M-make me Atheria!”

He cried out in orgasm at the very moment his breasts finished developing and his penis withdrew entirely, leaving him with a perfectly functioning vagina. A set of black panties covered his shame, followed by the same back skirt with purple-pink trim as Atheria. A ridiculous ‘boob armour’ formed over his chest, leaving the underside of his pert double-D’s uncovered in what had to be the most prominent case of underboob ever imagined.

“Holy shit, I’m here, and that’s the world of *Psychlone!*”

He entered the atmosphere of this strange world, descending down to a Japanese-style fantasy town below. He screamed, holding out his hands to save himself. And that was when the final change occurred, because the enormous Cross-Sword appeared in his left hand and cycled rapidly like an aeroplane propeller. It gave him the Slow Fall ability, he knew, and it was just that which allowed him to land softly.

“Fuck yeah!” he yelled - *she* yelled - jumping up and down on her heels. “I did it!”

It was then that she saw other people begin to fly in, phase in, teleport in, and use all manner of abilities to land in the town. In the face horizon, she could see others landing in the neighbouring town to the north, and then another to the south. A figure landed right beside her, male and dressed in the dark cloak of an elvenkind cyberfighter.

“Damn,” he said, looking her up and down. “This new DLC is amazing. How did they do it - your tits look so real!”

He reached out and squeezed part of her underboob, making the former male squeak and pull back.

“Dude, what the hell! I’m a . . .”

It was then that she realised. This was another *player*. That must be what was happening: numerous players had been sucked into the game just like her, and now were reflected by their characters. She grinned, deciding to play along.

“You’re a what?” he asked.

“I’m a girl, dude! Not an NPC!”

The man grinned, his red eyes gleaming. “A girl, huh? I guess there are some on the internet. Did you know we were gonna end up here, sexy?”

She bit her lip. It was like a dream coming true! She literally *was* her character, and she could show off her sexy body for real in front of players and enjoy being seen as a naughty girl. She cocked her hips to one side, put a hand on her skirt and lowered it to brush her delightfully bare thigh.

“No idea whatsoever. I’m just a dumb girl player who enjoys looking hot, especially with my avatar. Do you want to explore and figure out what’s going on?”

“Well, there’s probably higher level players around . . . you’d need to convince me, like showing me your hot tits and letting me smack that ass of yours.”

Internally, Sam was amused. She'd just happened to be near the kind of player that treated her just like how she liked to be turned on - as a sexy object to be degraded and commented on. She squeezed her breasts together with her upper arms, just like she'd seen some girls do.

"Oh, I can totally do that. But only if you treat me like a hot slut."

Even *that* was surprising to the man. "Well, okay then. I'm down with that."

Me too, though Sam secretly. This was bound to be a short, fun adventure.

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A few things became very quickly obvious to 'Atheria' and the others. One, everyone that had arrived was a player of the game, from real life, and the people already in the villages, towns, cities, and outlands were NPCs, though they seemed to genuinely have their own lives, like this was an alternate reality of some kind. Two, there were literally thousands of players in the world of *Psychlone*, all of whom had logged on at midnight and downloaded the DLC the second it had come online. No new arrivals had come, which made them start to realise the more dreadful Three: this wasn't regular downloadable content. Something had gone wrong, *very* wrong. They weren't meant to be in this world, stuck as their characters, forced to survive and play as if they were part of this world.

Of course, that last one took a couple of days to truly recognise. During that time, Atheria flounced her femininity, walking in her sexy manner and posing for the various male heroes that had entered the world. They may have looked muscled and handsome and powerful, but their minds were the minds of horny gamers, many of whom ranged from overly chivalrous to downright misogynistic. She lapped up their words eagerly.

"Hey hottie!"

"I'd like to fuck one of those please!"

"Nice ass! Need more girls here!"

"Show us your tits or get the fuck out of this planet!"

And she was more than happy to show them her tits. More than happy to press her body against them. Atheria couldn't believe it, but she was living her fantasy. She had the powers of her character, and was reasonably high-level, which meant that when she participated on a real dungeon crawl she could contribute to the team and earn enough loot to stay at an inn and eat good hot food. More than that, it meant she got to cross a wonderful threshold, something which made her nervous at first but entirely worth it in the end. The first man she'd met, Derek the elvenkind who had showered her with all sorts of crude come-ons, had not stopped dogging her. They drank together, her showing off her body and enjoying the way he looked at her like an object.

“We should totally fuck,” he suggested.

“Ha! Wait, are you serious?”

“Totally. You’ve got a hot body and I’m fitter than ever. You’re like the perfect gamer girl, and you know your place too. I want to take you upstairs and fuck your brains out while I suck on your tits.”

His words turned her on, though she was getting a *little* sick of the constant degradation. It was better in small doses. Still, she couldn’t deny her curiosity. “Okay, since we’ve been here, like, two days and are probably heading back soon. Just one fucking, okay?”

He smirked, grabbing her tush and squeezing. She groaned, partly pleased, but also a bit annoyed that he kept on doing that. “I bet a slut like you wants it way more than once. C’mon, let’s go.”

Just ten minutes later she was naked on the inn bed, her legs spread wide while he thrust his elven cock into her. Atheria whined in pleasure, shocked at the sensation of being filled. She still had her gloves, stockings, heels and helmet on - Derek had *demande*d this - and so she felt entirely in character, and utterly turned on.

“F-fuck me! Fuck your horny slut!”

“That’s right, you’re my slut. There’s far too few girls here, so I’m going to enjoy making you all mine, you dirty girl. I want you to cum for me, again and again, got it?”

“G-got it!”

“Call me master.”

“M-master!” she cried, and then it became all too much, especially because he squeezed her left tit while thrusting again. She came enormously, and not for the first time either - she’d ‘self-explored’ more than once. But this was the best, and the feeling of Derek’s hot, sticky fluid entering her was divine.

“Mhmmmm,” she moaned in the aftermath.

He turned her to the side, slapped her on the ass, got up and left.

“I’ll be back for more of those tits!” he said before heading down the stairs. “Next time go in front of the party on our dungeon crawl. Girls can’t play as well as boys so we might as well be entertained by you. I like to see that ass shake in your tight skirt.”

Atheria frowned, the pleasure dying away thanks to his words. “Well, that was fucking rude.”

It was just the start. Comments like that flew thick and fast as Atheria explored the world of *Psychlone*. It was becoming rapidly clear by this point that something was indeed very wrong, and that they may be trapped on this plane for a lot longer than they thought possible. Maybe, some suggested, it could even be forever. Atheria refused to listen to such claims: she was loving her short stint as a woman, and the fantasy of being treated in such

an openly sexualised manner, but she had no plan to ever, ever *stay* like this. She was starting to realise that the many women she had once mocked for being ‘whiners’ or ‘feminazis’ perhaps knew more of what they were talking about than he recognised. As hot as it was being catcalled and felt up occasionally, she wanted a damn break from it all, but a break never came. Even when she snuck away from Derek in the middle of the night and headed to a different Hub Zone, all she encountered were hundreds and hundreds of guys with only the occasional woman mixed in. Those poor women were fending off guy after guy, and often sticking together, but there was no room for someone like her whose reputation had spread like wildfire.

“Sorry, but we can’t accept you into our guild,” a powerful Amazonian fighter class said. She too looked incredibly hot, with a much larger bust, and she had several more modestly dressed female players alongside her. “No offence, but we’d like to avoid getting constantly catcalled and groped by shitty misogynistic gamers, and you’ve been inviting that shit from day one. You can enjoy it alone, because it’s hard enough for us regular gals to have twenty male players to every one female, let alone deal with that for potentially forever. Best of luck.”

It was like that with loads of groups, and Atheria only made it worse when she relapsed into her old ways and asked random players to treat her like she was the ‘hot girl on the online chat that they wanted to fuck’, an opinion many of them already held. But once more it became untenable: after several weeks it was clear that this gamespace was their life now, and despite all the fun of adventuring and grabbing new loot and costumes, every item she wore instantly became a sexy variation on her currently revealing clothes. Party members would deliberately set her up to die and respawn just so they could see her sexy wake up animation, since no one could truly ‘die’ anymore, as far as they could tell. Others would slap her on the ass before a raid for good luck, or refuse to give her a revive unless they could motorboat her tits. It was infuriating!

“Why can’t you treat me like a person just for one goddamn second!” she ultimately cried after a raid had left her with no new equipment since, according to the leader, she was “just a dumb thot type.”

“Please, everyone knows you’re a total slut who wants it, Atheria. Why don’t we go find somewhere private where we can fuck this out and I can make you moan like a total whore?”

To her great shame and embarrassment, she actually let him. For all that she was starting to really, really hate being constantly humiliated and given sexist commentary from these misogynistic gamers, her body still insisted on being irresistibly turned on by the experience. Her pussy became so damn moist when she was treated like that, and her nipples always stiffened, just yearning to be groped and squeezed a little *too* hard, the way



these sex-starved gamer types loved. She bent over against a tree, planting her Cross-Sword in the ground, and shivering in anticipation.

“Oh God, why am I stuck like this? It isn’t fair!”

“Life’s not fair,” the leader said, unbuckling his pants, “but one thing’s for sure: you love getting fucked like the horny slut you are, don’t you?”

He entered her, eliciting a gasp of unbelievable pleasure from her. She had already taken a cock in the morning, and was feeling under pressure to give her teammates a ‘good luck blowjob’ before the next raid, otherwise they would kick her. It was getting to be a sad pattern, but in moments like this, she couldn’t resist it.

“Oohhhh, yes! F-fuck me! Fuck me harder! Make me your naughty girl!”

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Sam was stuck as Atheria for good now, she knew that. It was hard to even remember when she’d been that slightly-tubby male nerd playing on her computer, fantasising about being a woman. It had been several years since that day, and there was no sign that they were ever going back. None of the players or NPCs had aged a single day, though the DLCs the company did roll out - presumably for ordinary players - did extend to their universe, giving them all more to explore and fight and win.

But for Atheria, it simply meant she would remain stuck in her horny hot girl body, potentially for centuries, if not longer. She was literally unable to cover herself, or not look totally scandalous and teasing, and the enormous male ratio of the player population meant that she was always hit on, flirted with, or simply catcalled or groped wherever she went. She had gone from initial excitement in those first few days, to regretting her life choices in the weeks and months that followed, until she had arrived at the point she was at now, years later: totally resigned.

Each day, Atheria went out into the world of *Psychlone* wielding her Cross-Sword. She had gotten good at cutting down the worst raging misogynists and forcing them to respawn. Most men knew not to step over the line. But there was no stopping all the sexism and chauvinism, and at this point she just accepted it. She was a scantily-clad female warrior whose body couldn’t help but be turned on by how it was treated, and so she succumbed to being fucked several times a day, even by two or three men at once sometimes. With only a few thousand players around, her reputation was fairly consolidated by this point, and the guys loved their pre-dungeon crawl ‘good luck charm.’

Sometimes she got angry about it. Some days she wished she was Sam again. Every day she regretted her attitudes towards women back when she’d been male, and how she had dismissed their concerns.

But it was too late now. She was Atheria, in her tight, black and purple costume, half her sexy body shown off, and she was here to stay and be ogled and groped and fucked again and again. There was no going offline and away from the computer to get away from it, and she would just have to accept that, for the rest of her long, long life.

**The End**