Virtual Punishment

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

It was a game, but this one was different. It was something like “The Sims” or “Secondlife” or some alternative reality-based scenario. It was just that his hands did not seem to be at work. It was as if the movements of his avatar were the movements of his body. His hands seemed to feel the texture of the bed he was lying on. This was entirely new. It seemed real. He said it would.

He swung around to sit on the bed, so he could look around. He moved his head, but it seemed a little constrained, as if instead of goggles he was immobilized, in a machine. He had put the module into his own system, so that was not possible, but that was what it felt like. Why would they add this feature.

Sensitivity. That must be the answer. He could feel a breeze coming in through an open window, when he knew he was really in a windowless basement. Maybe that was what this was about. Senses beyond sight and sound. He had promised something new.

He felt as if he had earned his place as the beta tester. He had done his hours on the violent games. But why a game like this? No weapons. Not close in adversary. This was like a game for girls. And the only other figure in the room was just that. There was a girl in the room. An avatar that he would probably term a bimbo. And extremely sexualized female – blonde and buxom. He could not help but give her a smile. It was in the nature of a leer.

He saw the expression on her face change. How clever! How detailed the graphics were. He had to admire this representation of a human figure. The background seemed rudimentary, but she was close to perfection. It was clear that the humans were the focus of this program. He raised his hand to look at the detail of his own form.

The hand came up and he recognized immediately that it was a woman’s hand. It was small and soft, and it had long painted nails. He disliked female characters. He needed to access the main menu to change avatars. But where was the menu? Where do you hover for a drop-down box? He used his hand to move about his field of vision. Nothing.

He did not seem to have either hand on the controls. He opened his hands and shook them. Nothing. He must be wearing gloves with sensors. Where is the menu?

He paused for a minute when he saw the woman on the other side of the room moving. Her hand in front of her face and then moving up and across while the head remained still. Copying him? Was it a delayed mirror image? Not quite. But she seemed to be doing the same thing as she was – looking for the exit icon.

“Hello,” he called out. “Can you hear me? Can you talk?”

“Yes,” she said. It was a feminine voice so high it was almost childlike. And yet the body was modelled of a porn star. “So, you are a player too? I am guessing you are trying to find the menu like me?”

“Yeah. Any ideas?”

“Maybe I started the same time as you. Just here, like in the same room,” she said. She stopped. She added as an after thought – “Is that you, Steve?”

“Holy fuck! Is that you Kel?” Steve stared at the face. Yes, in this avatar they had caught something of the face of his friend Kelvin, but it was a feminine face with a smaller nose and chin, bigger eyes and with lips that looked made to suck cock.

“Yeah. I can’t find a way to switch to another character,” said Kel.

“You make a hot chick, Buddy,” said Steve, standing up and walking towards his friends avatar without appearing to move his true body but responding only to thoughts. “Have you got the anatomy too.”

Kel stood up too. His hand went to his groin. He was wearing a short dress. He could feel the fabric of it and the lacy underwear beneath it. Under that, he felt a soft small mat of pubic hair and an opening.

“Oh my God,” said Kel. “Nothing! How are they doing this? Honestly, it is like I have no cock at all. It feels like a woman’s body. I can even feel these tits moving around. Looking at you I am guessing you are the same?”

Steve was also wearing something short. It was easy to reach down and grab his cock, but it was gone!

“What the fuck! I don’t like this, Pal. This is creepy. I though it was going to be like the others. A shoot ‘em up game, or possibly something competitive. That is what I am used to. That is what we are good at - right?”

“There is a mirror over there,” said Steve. “Do you think it will work?”

“Like a virtual refection? It might do.” Kel walked over. “It does. Wow – I look hot.”

“It is not real, Man,” said Steve.

“Get a load of this. I’m a knock out. Check out the hair! Look at my tits. Wow! And my butt. I am a dream girl. Stunning Kelly. That’s me. And you are Stevie. Come over here and check yourself out. Just make sure that you are seeing what I am seeing.”

Stevie stepped up to the mirror. “You’re right. I’m a babe too. Look at my eyes! Is this makeup … does it come off. Nope. These eyelashes are real. Even these shoes are stuck on. Just as well we seem to be able to walk in them.”

“I thought you said nothing was real. Not even these tits. Turn you on.” Kelly was cupping the breasts and bouncing them

“No. They don’t. They should but … maybe we just need to check out that PC on the desk over there.”

“Okay. Power up. But seriously, the detail here is incredible. Like I can feel my hand on my skin, and I can feel the smooth hairlessness. Hey, that hurt.”

“It did? Let me see. You’re right. We can pinch ourselves and feel pain. How is that possible. We have to be in some king of sensory deprivation thing. Like suspended in water and with electrodes on our skin of something. This is way beyond a game. This is serious technological shit that could allow this.”

“We have a screen. Here it comes. Fuck. Access denied. You try something. You are into this stuff more than I am.”

“Move that pretty ass of yours Kelly, and let me settle mine into that chair.” Stevie sat down to try to hack access. “I’ll reboot and try to open in another mode,” she said.

“Hey, this is not real,” said Kelly. “How do we even know that these virtual computers will follow cyber principles? They don’t have too. They are mirages. They are invented and so have no rules.”

“So what next?” Steffi leaned back and pulled a lock of chocolate brown hair forward. “This is all about sensation,” she said. The hair was visible in some detail in front of her face, but it was the feel of it that fascinated her. “Somehow they have introduced the sense of touch into our virtual reality. This is really clever. Who are these guys?

“So what is the object of the game?” said Kel. “I suppose that we should go outside? Maybe look around for a drop-down menu?”

“Okay – we can do that. You are right – the exit must be by accessing a virtual tool, because somehow our real limbs are not available. I put my hand to my face to take off the helmet or whatever it is, and I just feel her face. And how am I controlling this movement? Like walking over here and opening this door. I can feel the door handle, not any controls. Could this be brain sensor-based technology?”

“It could be,” said Kelly. “There is some of that around these days. Like you said – we must be suspended in a isolation chamber. Did that happen to us? There is a gap. Is that the way you feel?”

“Yes,” said Stevie. “You’re right. We have lost some time somewhere.”

“Not the same resolution with the background,” observed Kelly, now standing outside in a garden. He could smell flowers. It was as if the sense of smell was covered too.

“Have you tried voice commands?” asked Stevie. “Let me try – END SIMULATION. No. Nothing. STOP GAME. GAME OVER. Nothing like that seems to work.”

“We should just explore,” said Kelly.

“You are right about the background,” said Stevie. “It is pixelating a bit. But if you look at that structure on the hill up there, that looks familiar. Like I have seen it before. I remember - that guy Sam was working on it. Advance virtual reality simulations – right? Remember him? You know, the brother of that dozy bimbo we fucked a month or so ago?”

“I remember him. I remember her too. After the roofie wore off she went apeshit – remember that? Did she throw herself off an overpass after that? I heard that she might have done – anxiety and shit.”

“Whatever,” said Kelly. “Too weak to make it is the world – right?”

Stevie looked around, still trying to figure why a mask could not be felt but the image followed.

“Hey there are some more characters over there. A couple of other guys. See them? On the other side of that hedge coming towards the gate?”

Kel looked over. The figures were two young men who had not yet reached the gate. Again, when it came to the human image, the detail was startling.

“They are us,” squeaked Kelly

Stevie looked closely. Kelly was right. The two men coming towards them were Kel and Steve – their faces and their bodies, quite well defined. They could even see the look on the faces. Kelly looked across at Stevie, and suddenly it seemed that they both felt a chill. Not a virtual chill introduced by whatever means were at work in this simulation, but an internal sense of foreboding, something that was born out by the expression on the faces of the men that should be them.

“Well, well,” it was a familiar voice. It was the voice that Kel used, and was nothing like the high-piched voice that came out of the mouth of Kelly. “Two ladies alone in the garden. Two very sexy young ladies.”

“You’re not me,” Stevie said to the apparition that looked like Steve – what should have been a reflection. It seemed such a stupid thing to say. It was just an assertion to try to reassure Stevie that this was not going to happen.

“What are you talking about Girl?!” said this very lifelike simulation of Steve. “But if you are trying to say that you prefer my friend over here, then I am Okay with that, because I prefer blondes.”

He turned away and walked right up to Kelly and put an arm around her waist, pulling her towards him. She felt it. She felt this man pulling her towards his body, and she felt that hardness of it against her own soft flesh and the cushions of her breasts. Even more strange, she could smell him. It smelt of sweat and dirt and a musky smell that she could not identify, and perhaps only a woman can – the smell of a man in heat.

“Hey, who do you think you are?!” Beside her Stevie as in the grip of the avatar that looked the way she should look – hulking great Kel. The size difference was so clear. Stevie the female was like a rag doll in his grip.

“That hurts!” said Stevie. It did. How was it possible? This was a simulation effected by sight and sound. How could there be feeling? And yet throughout this there had been small sensations – not unpleasant ones. Now there was about to be pain.

“Don’t struggle, Bitch!” said Kel. He raised his hand and swiped it across. The agony she felt was real, but added to that was an unfamiliar feeling. It was helplessness. He was strong and she was weak. It seemed that the game was tuned that way. There seemed simply no capacity to resist. She collapsed under him and could feel the ground under her back – soft grass with hard dirt underneath.

He could pin her down with one hand and free his other hand to reach down. Surely not?

She turned her face away. She could see Kelly in a similar position not that far away from her, in the grip of the man who looked like she should, with his pants open at the front. An erect penis was visible.

“No. No!” It was more a whimper than a scream from Kelly’s painted lips, as that brute tore away fragile lacy underpants and cast them aside.

But she had her own brute to contend with. She attempted to struggle, but it seemed that arms and legs were pinned down. Wherever her body might be, it must be trussed up. All perceived movement must be simulated, or even imagined, but now the reality of Steve’s situation was made clear. He was tied up somewhere – a victim, just as must as the creature now occupied by him.

But what next? There was nothing to penetrate. What could a virtual penis do to this virtual body.

The slowly but surely, it seemed as if a blade was entering his perineum. Between his legs something was splitting him in two. The pain was incredible, but the worst of it was that he was now nothing but a vessel for this horror. The virtual Kel was fucking him like a girl, with rhythmic strokes, each one ending with a lunge to cause maximum pain and humiliation.

He was being fucked the way he fucked. He was being raped the way he raped. And as her turned away from the man doing it, the man who was the image of his friend Kel, he saw his new friend Kelly suffering the same fate, and her rapist was the image of him.

“This is not real! This is not real!” he heard her call out. “Why does it hurt? How can it hurt. And why do I feel so dirty and ashamed?”

The End

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