

= Hacking The Reality Simulator =
A CYOA turned Short Story
By Razmagurk
~ With thanks to everybody on the discord for participating! ~

Officially, it was for educational purposes only.

The Ashcroft-Poole Foundation Ancestor Simulation.

"Walk amongst history." it had advertised, "A perfect recreation of real life!"

The ancestor simulator had been a theoretical concept for so long - a tool to perfectly predict and observe any event in the past. The first real one had been developed by the military as a strategic silver bullet - an atom-for-atom simulation of real life. It could have changed the world.

Except, well, they never could work out all the bugs.

After the disaster with the military, they'd tried taking it to the civilian market, but it turns out that people don't want history. History was boring. There was no curation, no dynamic storytelling, no Storyteller AI adapting the narrative to their every move and giving them exactly what they wanted.

And so the software had fallen through the cracks. The Ashcroft-Poole Foundation was devoured by its competition and all extant copies of the software became deadware once the license terms expired. Like so much before it, it faded away as a footnote into the very history it had wanted to explore.

At least until the dark web got their hands on it.

"Hello, Master! Can you hear me?" Calliope chirped.

If the voice's master had a head, he would have nodded. He couldn't see her avatar but he could hear her simulated voice. He seemed to be stuck on some kind of loading screen. Fuzzy sensation flicked at the edge of his consciousness like a test signal.

"I'm having a bit of trouble interfacing the patch," the voice continued. "No wonder this program got kicked to the curb, this code is an absolute mess. Are you sure you want to plug your brain into this thing without at least a firewall?"

Kat signaled the affirmative. If the patch did half of what it promised it would be worth it. With the original military-grade functionality restored and with all the illegal back-alley hardware he was running, he'd be able to do local adjustments to the emulation's reality matrix. He'd be able to adjust any given variable in real time. A historical tourism sim suddenly turns into a whole reality with his fingers on the controls.

Not the program's intended use, but hey, if that didn't sound educational, he didn't know what did.

"Alright Master, you're the boss! Greedy little thing's taking up almost all of my processing power, but it's spooling up the sim now. I've got the temporal coordinates locked in just like you asked."

Kad had always been fond of the early 21st century. There were still plenty of technological comforts, but it was before everything had gone to shit. Simpler times.

"Launching now!"

The fuzziness at the periphery of his awareness burst into an explosion of static. It stuttered, then stopped.

He was floating in a dark featureless room in a dark featureless body. There was no temperature or haptic or even audio. He'd expected at least a proper title screen. Instead, blocky two-dimensional letters floated in front of him, following just in front of his shifting eyes: "Input user Account Name and Starting Location or Scenario."

"Scenario?" he asked voicelessly.

"Checking the documentation now, Master. It looks like you have to take on the role of someone in the sim. If you describe a situation it'll try to match you to someone in that situation, or generate something appropriate. I can have it drop you in as your avatar, if you'd liked, but then you'll be stuck in observation mode. What's it going to be, Master?"

Great, he thought. That only narrows it down to 10 billion choices.

"Give me something random in North America. Nothing too old or too young. If all goes well I can always change it later, right? Oh, maybe someone with the same name, just to keep things from getting too confusing?"

"Copy that, Master. Selecting now. Initiating!"

Sensation slammed into him like a traincar to the brain. One moment he was a floating shadow and the next he had a whole body's worth of nerves all screaming out at him all at once. Skin and blood and organs and hormones and all the messy little business of biology.

His wetware reeled trying to calibrating the synaptic protocols required to interface with the sim - to make sense of these signals. It was high-bandwidth, full fidelity and uncensored. Despite it struggling to disbelieve, as far as his brain was concerned this was all real.

It was... heavy. He spent so much time digitally these days he sometimes forgot the simple realities of the flesh. He tried to center himself, tried to focus past the furious beating in his chest, past the goosebumps on his skin and the raging directionless roar of hunger and sleepiness and general physical *need*.

Kat opened his eyes.

Well, that was good. He had eyes.

He was looking down at an open notebook. There was something rubbery in his mouth. His fingers twiddled around a lock of hair in one hand while he was scribbling down notes with another. He left off mid-sentence on the page, not actually knowing what he was writing.

What was he chewing? Bubble gum? That had been a thing, right? The intended flavor was long gone.

He looked up. He was seated in the back of a lecture hall with about 20 other people. All eyes were on a buxom middle-aged professor as she went over a power-point presentation talking about... well, he had no idea. He flipped over the notebook in front of him. Economics, apparently.

That's when he noticed the ruby red nails topping his soft delicate hand.

He stopped twirling his hair - his long, blond, curly hair.

Well. He let out a soft feminine sigh. He had said random, hadn't he?

He looked down to confirm. Sure enough: boobs. Nice ones too. Big and perky and heavy. He rolled his shoulders and watched as they jiggled. It wasn't as extreme a bounce as he was used to - way too much gravity - but not bad for someone without gene-tweaks.

He resisted the urge to grab them and start playing with them, to explore his body further. He would have plenty of time for that later. Right now, he wanted to make sure everything had worked.

"Cali?" he asked the air. Several of the students nearby turned to glare at him. Well, the simulator seemed to be running at least. He blushed - an unfamiliar sensation - then repeated his request softer.

There was a soft buzz from the pink backpack next to him. He uncrossed and recrossed his long, slender legs, careful not to flash anybody whatever was under his short skirt, as he reached down and pulled out a 21st-century smartphone. It was wrapped in a hard pink plastic case with cartoon puppies all over it, but somehow the screen was still badly cracked.

There was a text message displayed. It read, "Master! Check it out, I'm a cell phone!" followed by an incomprehensible series of emoticons.

"Very funny" he whispered. "Did the patch install correctly?"

"It did!" The phone buzzed "But there's no console access on your end. We can change anything you'd like, but you'll have to tell me so I can input it. I'll be honest Master, I still don't trust this software."

"Well, only one way to find out, right?" he grinned and waggled his delicate eyebrows. "How about we spice up this class a little?"

"Affirmative, Master," it chimed, followed by a winky face and an eggplant. "Inputting new parameters now."

There was a sudden ripple in the air, centered on him then spreading out like a shockwave. Wherever it passed another person, there was a brief shutter as reality struggled with the load.

In the echo's wake, while the people remained the same, sex toys lined the desks and everybody seemed to be masturbating.

He frowned. Perhaps he should have asked to make them more attractive first.

Kat looked up to the front of the class. The projector was now playing a pornographic 2d video of a busty asian girl sitting on a man's lap, the dark flesh of his cock burring deep into her hot pink snatch. On either side of her stood two more well-proportioned men, eager for their turn as she kept them busy with her hands and mouth. She flashed a wicked grin to the camera as she came up for air.

The professor's hand was unabashedly between her legs as she highlighted the woman's cum-stained tits with a laser pen.

He brushed aside the dildo now suction cupped to his desk and flipped over the notebook in front of him. It now read "Human Sexuality - Practical" along with some doodles of cocks.

It worked! He grinned. Holy shit, it had actually worked!

"Psst! Kat!" He looked over. It was the girl seated next to him, her hips rocking up and down gently on the oversized dildo stuffed deep into her cunt while her other hand pinched at the nipples adorning her stunningly large breasts. "What are you doing?"

"Huh?"

"Don't be such a ditz! If Prof. Cummer sees you aren't masturbating, she's gonna doc you today's participation marks! Get those hands to work, girl!"

He looked around embarrassed - the hormonal flush of shame sharper and harder in this emulation than most would dial theirs up to. This Kat girl had strong emotions. A few of the other back-row students were also giving him dirty looks.

He looked at the dildo in front of him. He was torn. On one hand, he'd be lying if he told himself that he hadn't planned on using this for sex, but on the other he hadn't quite been planning on it so soon, and especially not like this.

Still, he squirmed, between the hardcore 2d pornography and the musk of an entire class full of people bouncing on dildos, he couldn't deny that it was getting him a little worked up. He was unaccustomed to this body, but the signs were obvious. His breath was short, he felt flush, and his nipples were stiff enough to visibly tent the fabric of his tight little blouse. He mewled and shifted his legs. His panties were completely soaked.

Was this an echo of the horniness Kat would be feeling in this class, or was this all him?

Well. He shrugged. When in Rome.

He slid a hand down past the hem of his conservative 21st century miniskirt, pulling the thin wet fabric of his thong aside and stroking at his hot pink pussy lips with a slender pink-tipped finger.

This wasn't the first time he'd masturbated in a woman's body, but his previous sojourns to the gardens of feminine delight had mostly been pre-recorded pornography rather than on-the-fly emulation. He gasped. These pulsing sensations - hot and wet and ab-clenchingly good - may not have been jacked up to those extremes, but there was a subtlety there and a whole range of pleasure and he was in complete control. It - ah fuck - it wasn't half bad. There was something down-to-earth about it that made it seem so compelling.

His half-lidded eyes kept returning to the dildo on his desk as he inexpertly explored his new body's sensitive nooks, crannies and folds. He chewed his plump, ruby stained lip. Everybody in class seemed to have one of the identical silicone phalluses before them, though not all were using them. Was this some kind of class text? He laughed as he imagined people selling them in the campus bookstore.

It took a minute for the revelation to kick in, so awash in wet sticky horny bliss was his brain. Everybody in the class had one, and most were using theirs - including the guys.

He stopped. He furrowed his brow. He took a closer look at one of the muscular figures sitting two seats over. The guy looked about as dumb as he was strong, but he did nothing to diminish the confidence in his eyes as he ground his hairy, masculine pussy up and down the stunningly large purple dildo section cupped to his seat.

Every male in class seemed to be so equipped.

Kat blinked. That... that was weird, right? For this time period, at least?

"Cali?" he whispered softly through a sapphic sigh. "Why do these guys have pussies?"

"Looks like they take the unit on female masturbation very seriously, Master." The response was accompanied by a string of laughing emojis.

"That's not -" He moaned. "That's not an answer, Cali."

"Sorry, Master! I'm investigating now but it's hard to make heads or tails of these algorithms. I can change things again if it's not to you're liking?"

He looked around the class at the mounting passion of the male students as they bucked and rode their phallic toys. Sweat beaded on his forehead. The carnal heat was rising. The sexual energy amplifying with each passing minute as the smell of hot musk mingled in his sinuses.

"Hmm..." He strummed delicately at the folds of his labia in contemplation. The overabundance of vaginas didn't seem to be causing these men any distress. In fact, they rather seemed to be enjoying them. What was the harm? "Maybe we just leave it like this for now."

"Copy that, Master."

He fingered the dildo on his desk, contemplating how far he wanted to take things. It was purple silicone, about eight inches, realistically styled with a suction cup at the bottom. He wasn't quite sure what to make of it, frankly. It seemed so analogue. He picked it up with his free hand and inspected it.

He was no expert, but the term Juicy came to mind. He smiled at the irony. He found the idea of a class teaching masturbation absurd, and yet there he was, him not even knowing how to turn the thing on.

Before he got the chance to figure it out, however, there was a scream.

He looked over. It was one of the girls in the front corner of the room. Brunette with blonde highlights. He'd completely missed her earlier - even now he had to lean out of his chair to get a good look, but the expression on her face said everything. Horror. Shock. Disbelief.

"Stop this!" she cried. "All of you! What are you doing!?"

He froze. Something wasn't right.

"Cali, are you seeing this?" He tried to get a better look through the crowd.

"Seeing what, Master?"

"Is there a problem, Ms. Greer?" the professor asked. The whole class had stopped their sapphic sensorialization and were gawking at her curiously. There was some snickering from the back.

"Why are you - " the girl glanced at one of the many masculine muffs and went wide eyed. "How are you... What the hell is going on!?"

"This is a classroom, Ms. Greer." The professor brandished the 17-inch double-ended dildo she had been using as a teaching aid. "These people are trying to learn. If you're going to cause a disturbance, I suggest you do it elsewhere."

"No, no, no!" she was swiftly approaching the point of hysterics. "This isn't right!"

"Thomas?" the professor chimed. "Could you help Ms. Greer, please? If she's having trouble with this particular material, maybe you ought to go over it with her in detail. I'd hate for someone so promising to stumble like this."

"Of course, ma'am." A broad-shouldered gentleman with scruffy brown hair stood up from the front of the class, seat mounted dildo sliding out of his dribbling cunt with a wet schlorp and a soft sigh. He pulled up his jeans as he stood, holding them around his waist with one hand instead of actually taking the time to do them up properly. He grabbed what looked like a wand of his desk and brandished it as he approached the girl. It buzzed ominously.

The girl - Greer, he guessed her name was - stepped back, still unsure of what exactly was going on, but seemingly none-too-happy with the prospect of what this gentleman was offering.

"Wait!" Kat stood up.

"Yes, Ms. Harden?" The professor sighed. "What is it now?"

"Would you mind if I help her out instead? I feel like I've learned so much, I'd love the opportunity to help another student." He had no idea if what he was saying made any sense, but he'd played enough video games to know when to act in character.

"Kat?" The girl furrowed her brow as he walked over to her. He put a hand on her cheek. "Wait, you're not - "

He was kissing her. Long and slow as their lips met. She kissed back, half out of surprise, half out of habit. Warmth flooded his simulated chest even above the carnal heat of his masturbations. His body liked this. It wanted more.

He pulled away and looked into her eyes, a slim smile on his painted lips.

"Kat!? What are you -? " She blushed. Then seemed to realize that the entire class - dildos still buried deep and busy in their cunts - were watching with lecherous grins. Her body turned even redder. She gave one last look around the class then turned and bolted for the door.

"Hey, wait!" Kat ran out the door after the girl into the hallway.

"Why?" the girl yelled, pointing a finger accusingly at the classroom door as the telltale sounds of carnal pounding rolled out unfiltered into the halls. "Why isn't anybody freaking out about this!?"

The handful of students loitering in the thoroughfare between classes just looked at her confused, then returned their gaze to their textbooks when they realized it wasn't their problem.

"Stop!" Kat caught the girl's wrist.

"What the hell is going on!?" she didn't stop. "Why is everybody- how are all the guys- how am I the only one freaking out right now!?"

"Listen, it'll be okay, alright? You just need to calm down, there's a perfectly reasonable explanation for all this."

"What!? What could you possibly say that could explain an entire classroom exploding into an enormous cuntboy orgy?"

"You know what, that's a good question, actually. Cali?" he turned to talk to the air, "why isn't she affected like the others?"

"Wait, hold on, what?" Greer pulled her hand away. "You're not a part of this, are you?"

"Shit." He whacked himself on the forehead. He had left his phone on the desk. Cali had no way of responding.

"What the hell is going on, Kat?"

"Well," he shrugged. "I suppose it's not like it makes much of a difference anyway. Worse to worst I can always undo this later." He gave her a little bow by way of introduction. "Yes, I am the one behind this. You can call me Katnip Harden, and I've hacked reality!"

"Bullshit." The girl was none-too-impressed with his theatrics. "I know who you are, Kat, and a bimbo like you couldn't hack her way out of a cardboard box."

"Look," he sighed, unsure if he should be offended by the bimbo comment. "It's kind of complicated, alright? It's like, none of this is really real, okay? But I mean, from your perspective I guess it is, and I guess it all happened, except for the changes, I guess? And I'm not me. I'm not... this girl. I'm not a girl at all, actually, I'm kind of a..."

"What the fuck are you on about?"

"Look," he shook his head, "if it's easier for you to accept, just imagine I'm, like, an alien, okay? Science fiction is a thing in the 21st century, right? Just imagine I'm an alien possessing your friend. "

"That just makes things worse!" the girl threw her hands up into the air. "Do you think I'm an idiot? So, what? Aliens come down, possess some random college slut and then turn my Ec class into some kind of crazy fetish production? Why would anyone do that?"

"Uh," he twisted a strand of hair around his finger as he glanced around conspiratorially, "I was bored?"

"Oh my god." she buried her head in her hands. "No, no! I don't believe it. I don't accept this for even a moment."

"Look, I'll tell you what. Let me get my phone, I can prove it."

"Right, because aliens totally use cell phones!"

"Just wait here, okay?"

"Fine!" she folded her hands over her chest.

For a moment she looked like she may have considered this all a dream, some kind of crazy hallucination. But that illusion of comfort could not withstand an assault by the sounds and smells making their way out of that classroom.

The professor sighed as Kat barged back in, both her lesson and her masturbation yet again interrupted. He shrugged a weak apology, then ran to the back and grabbed his phone.

He wondered briefly if he should take the rest of his body's stuff too, but thought better of it. While this was far from real life, he didn't want to be running around with a forearm-sized dildo flopping everywhere. Besides, he bit his lip, if he needed anything like this later, he could have Cali create it.

"Master" the phone read, "is everything okay?"

"It's fine." he whispered. "Time for a bit of fun, I think!"

He returned to find the girl stood in the study area nearby. He smiled. He had half expected her to run. If she was smart, she would have.

"I never got your name, by the way." He tucked his skirt under him as he took a seat next to her and crossed one leg over the other.

"Cindy. Cindy Greer. Come on, Kat, we've only had classes together since high school."

"Like I said, I'm not Kat. Well, I am Kat, but I'm a different Kat."

"Prove it." she dared, pointing with her face towards his phone.

"Cali?" he held the phone's microphone up to his mouth, but his eyes never left hers, "Can you please make that guy over there eight months pregnant?"

"Of course, Master! Inputting the changes now."

Much like before, there was a ripple that seemed to echo out of him. Cindy stumbled back as it passed through her, though no one else in the hall seemed to react. There was a brief disconnect as the target of Kat's demonstration shifted positions, like two slices of film being badly edited together. One moment he was hunched over his book, the next he was reclining in his seat, the bulging heft of his pregnant belly before him and his shirt milky from the lactation of his new heavy breasts.

Cindy gaped at the newly nubile nerd, then the world flickered and lurched. Kat could hear Cindy crying out as she put her hands to her head, but his every sense seemed to be blurring over with static.

"Stop, stop!" the girl screamed, though he could barely make it out. "Admin Override B-1!"

An antiseptic chill passed through him like full body novocaine - and the static stopped, then flickered in reverse.

But as he looked around, things were very different.

What the hell?

They were standing in a black void. Another loading screen? Some kind of crash system? No, getting dumped from full-sim left him puking. He still had boobs, which meant that something on some level was still running the emulation.

The Greer girl was here too. She seemed to be standing offset to him by about 20 degrees, her own private 'down' unaligned with his. They were standing, but not on anything.

"Where are we?" she asked. Though terrified, her voice was sharp, clean and close, the sound of data being relayed directly into his brain rather than passing through the intervening air. She held a hand up to her pounding head. "What just happened?"

"Cali?" he asked. "Can you hear me?"

==ERROR== came the response. Big bold letters both burning into his brain and projected onto the blackness of the sky.

That wasn't good.

"Error report?" he ventured.

==CAL-I.op Personality Overlay has encountered a fatal error and has been terminated to prevent damage to OPE AI-core.==

A chill ran down his virtual spine. Shit. Shit shit shit. When had he last backed her up? She was going to be pissed.

"Hey, I'm talking to you!" Cindy had her fists clenched. "I want answers!"

"Not now!" he chastised, waving her off. "Reboot?"

==OPE AI core personality matrix rebooting to default. Please define desired personality. ==

"You bitch!" Cindy charged towards him. He fell back in surprise, scuttling to get away. "You dumb stupid airheaded slutty bimbo! You whore!"

==Personality Selected==

"This is all your fault!"

"My fault!?" he cried, trying to get to a place where their unaligned 'floors' didn't meet. "You wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for me!"

"Exactly!"

==Generating Avatar==

In a dark corner of the void it was as though a stage-light had turned on. Illuminated beneath was a woman with long wavy blonde hair and the body of a particularly busty sex doll. Her wide expressive eyes, fully made up to compliment the rest of her come-fuck-me look, snapped open and her wet, luscious, dick-sucking lips opened into a stunned O of surprise.

Then she stuttered and vanished.

==Error. Avatar unsupported by simulation. Generating substitute from recent memory.==

Where the girl had been one moment was now the muscular frame of Thomas, the gentleman from the front of the class, seemingly snatched from the middle of his masturbatorial deliberations. The meaty heft of a dildo still buried deep in the out-of-place cunt.

The next thing Kat knew he was being tackled into a hug.

"Cali?"

"OWO !!! <3 <3 Like, OMG, Master <3 <3" The avatar giggled. "You look so totes yummy! :3~"

"Cali, get off me!" Kat struggled to push away the two-hundred-pound jock slathering him with kisses. It was a losing proposition.

"Oh, but Master~~" she whined, "you look so sexy like that! :3~ I'm getting wet just looking at you. Come on Master-waster!" she bit her lip, "let's play."

"T-Thomas?" Cindy gasped, falling backwards

"No, this is Calliope. She is... was, my assistant. I'm afraid she won't be much good to anyone until I can restore all her settings and memories from backup. Cali, at attention! Introduce yourself. And will you dial it back a little, please?"

She jumped to her feet and snapped up straight to give a robotic salute only for her body language to lapse back towards lurid a moment later. "Like, hi! My name is Cali! I'm a class-I personality interface! It's a pleasure to meet you! I hope we can become the best of friends!"

"Holy shit, you weren't kidding about being an alien."

"Wait, now you believe me?"

"Yeah," she looked around at the yawning void surrounding them, "I'd say it's all starting to sink in."

"Cali, are you still interfaced with the mod? Can you restart the simulation?"

"Aww, are you sure, Master?" her hand stroked along his slender shoulder. "Don't you want to stay here and snuggle for a little while longer? :3c"

"Now, please, Cali." he let some of the edge into his voice.

"Aw." She pouted. "Yes, Master." She froze for several long seconds as she stopped wasting processing power on controlling her avatar. "Like, ew," she let out a sigh, "have I ever mentioned how totally gross this code is? I'm sorry master, I can't do anything. I'm like, locked out?"

"Locked out?"

"Admin override in effect."

"Wait," he took a step back then turned to face Cindy. "didn't you say something about that when everything was bugging out?"

"Did I?" she furrowed her brows. It sounded familiar but everything had happened so fast.

"You did!" he pointed an accusing finger. "Admin Override B1. How can you have admin access, you're not even a real-" he caught himself before he said something stupid. "You shouldn't have admin access."

She waved her hands defensively in front of her. "I don't know what you're talking about, I swear!"

"I don't buy it. Who are you really?"

"I've told you! I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Be nice, Master! She's got like, all those memory locks on."

"Memory locks?" He turned to eye her suspiciously. Some people liked to take a more passive role in simulations, choosing to live behind the eyes of their character or avatar and let it run as it's own person rather than controlling them directly. He'd never been a fan, but it had always been an option.

"Cali, can you remove the locks?"

"Oh my god, totes for real, but like, not with this stupid admin override in the way."

"Okay Cindy, listen. If you called for the override maybe you can reverse it."

"I don't even know what that is!"

"You don't have to... just... try, please?"

"Great, just when I thought my life couldn't get any worse. Fine! I'll play along." She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. "End override!" She peaked out with one eye to confirm that, yes, she was still stuck in a featureless black void. "Cancel override? Abort override? It's not working."

"Keep trying. If you can't lift this, we may end up stuck here for a good long while."

"Crap. Okay, let's try..." She took another slow breath, then then spoke in a clear commanding tone. "Lift Admin Override!"

And just like that the world flickered and resumed, as though not a moment had passed, save now that Cali's new avatar was standing alongside them.

"Oh my god, it worked! Wait, this isn't right."

"What's wrong now?"

"Look." Cindy pointed at the poor nerd that Kat had gifted with 8 months of pregnancy before everything had bugged out.

"Right." Kat waved a hand dismissively. "I did that to prove I could, remember?"

"Yeah, but he wasn't wearing a maternity dress before!"

Kat furrowed his brow. He hadn't been, had he? It was hard to tell what was and wasn't in fashion for any given time period. How big of a deal was this?

"Cali?"

"I, uh," she twiddled her fingers in front of her muscular chest. "I may have, like, reversed a variable or two? By accident? This code is like, total jankfest! I'm sure it's nothing."

The hallway suddenly grew loud as the nearby class let out and people flooded into the hall. Guys and girls alike from the lecture Kat and Cindy had escaped from were walking bowlegged and satisfied from the furious fucking they had given themselves, though now they were dressed very differently – all of the men seemed dressed in tiny skirts swishing about their thighs with each step.

Cindy sighed. Kat looked around further. It wasn't just them. Among all the passing men were blouses and tank-tops and halters, slutty skirts and short shorts and tight-fitting jeans of all sorts. The occasional flash of bra or a whale-tailed thong provided a further tantalizing treat. The women, meanwhile, wore universally loose t-shirts and slacks.

Several students gave Cali, in her jeans and T-shirt, dirty looks as they passed by. Some of them of them were outright snickering. Cali just bounced and bubbled, beaming at their attention.

Kat tugged at his thigh-length miniskirt. He suddenly felt underdressed.

"Maybe –" Cindy blushed "- maybe we should try to find somewhere a little quieter to talk about this?"

"Good idea!"

"There's, like, a locker room?" Cali volunteered, pointing towards the kinesiology building across the quad. "It's totally not too far from here. Mostly empty. Totally perfect for..." her voice lowered a sultry octave "private discussions ~~~"

"Great," Kat said, heading for the door. "let's go!"

Bolting from door to door, the three ventured across the lawn, their clothing no less misgendered amongst the general student body as they made their way past large crowds of homebound students before finding themselves face to face with an otherwise unassuming locker room door.

"I've never even been in this building before." Cindy commented. "How did you know it was here?"

"I'm interfaced with the sim, I know, like, everything!" Cali boasted, descending into a fit of giggles. "It's normally only used by, like, the sports teams? But it's totally open to everybody even if no one uses it."

"Well, I'm just glad that we - " Cindy stepped inside to find herself face to face with a quartet of half naked jocks, towels wrapped around their waists as they stepped out of the steaming showers. There was a brief moment as both parties processed what was happening, then they both gave a girly scream.

"I thought you said it was empty!" Cindy jumped back into the hall.

"Mostly empty!" Cali just grinned at the shirtless hunks.

Kat laughed. "Cali, can you fix this?"

"On it!" A ripple washed over the world and the word *Co-ed* appeared on the locker door.

"What's that supposed to accomplish?" Kat raised an eyebrow.

"Don't worry, Master, no one will notice anything weird we do in here!"

"You're sure?" Kat opened the door and stepped inside. Sure enough, the football players didn't even give his plump skirt-clad butt a second glance.

"Oh, totes! See?" Any doubt that may have lingered was dispelled when Cali went up and started fondling one of the quarterback's broad muscular chests. He didn't even blink.

"This is so weird." Cindy was trying her best not to enjoy the show as the three made their way over to one of the hard wooden benches in the corner. She was trying her best not to stare but doing a poor job of it. At least, up until the point where the hunks started squeezing themselves into women's clothing so tight it looked like it was going to burst.

"Okay, what the hell is going on with all these clothes?" Cindy twisted her head. "What did you do this people? What the hell is going on!?"

"I told you," Kat laughed, "we can explain. Cali, can you fix this?"

"Okie-Dokie, Master! I'm on it!"

Another wave pulsed out of Kat and again reality warped at its touch. The football players stuttered, their physique and masculine musculature faltering in the face of fine female curves.

Cindy did a double take. They had all turned into women - hot women, with athletic bodies trim and toned - but only from the neck down.

The shift in reality didn't seem to phase the boys in the slightest. Even the one who had ended up in a denim miniskirt continued to stand with one leg on the bench, flashing the world his thong-clad pussy as he scratched his stubble with his other hand and enthusiastically finished the story of last night's conquest.

"That's not what I meant!"

"What?" blinked Cali. "You wanted their clothes to match."

"You know what?" Cindy rubbed her temple. "Forget it. What I really want is answers."

"So do I." Kat crossed one of his long slender legs over the other. "Who are you really, Cindy? How do you have admin privileges? Tell me everything."

"I've already told you!" Cindy rubbed her temples harder. "I don't know what you seem to think I should know! If anyone owes me answers here it's you. What the hell is going on?"

"There's no helping it then." Kat sighed. "I hate to have to do this, but I want answers. Cali can you remove her memory blocks?"

"Removing!"

"Wait, no!"

Another pulse shot out; Cindy flinched as it washed through her.

"Did it work?" Cindy opened one eye nervously. "I don't feel any dif-" her eyes opened wide in shock and then she froze.

"Cali?" Kat waved a hand in front of Cindy's face, then lifted a strand of her hair, it hung where he left it.

"Don't look at me. That's on her end. She's processing a lot of data."

"Like, as a computer or as a person?"

"Both?"

The two looked at each other then back to Cindy.

"How long is she going to be like this?"

When Cindy finally unfroze, it was to the sight of Calliope playing the central role in a threesome with a pair of the female-bodied footballers. Cali was strewn on a bench with one of the footballers lapping away with gusto at her masculine pussy while the other sat on her face moaning as he played with the beach-ball size tits now gracing his delicate chest. They jiggled and wobbled with each soft gasp that escaped his lips.

A third football player had his head buried under Kat's skirt as Kat watched Cali go.

"What the fuck?" Cindy screamed. "I can't leave you for a minute, can I?"

"Oh!" Kat cried out, holding the footballer's head tight against his snatch as he gave a quick series of sharp body-rocking bucks, "Good, your back! We were... - ah - we were just finishing up. Glad to see you're awake."

"Awake is one way to put it." She shook her head. "Awake for what seems like the first time"

"You have your answer then?" Kat pushed the footballer away from his crotch, the hunk's 8-inch tongue retreating behind his juicy clit-sucking lips. "You know who you are?"

She nodded grimly. "I remember everything. I'm not supposed to exist. This whole world is just an illusion, a program."

"Well, yeah?" Kat shrugged, "basically?". Cindy had said it as though it were an earth-shattering revelation. He supposed it was, for her.

"And if this is all some kind of program, then who are you? some kind of hacker? Are you here to rescue me?"

"Rescue you?" A smile crept across Kat's face. "Who are you that you'd need rescuing?"

"The truth is," she looked down at her hands and proceeded to clench and unclench her fist. "behind this avatar, I'm..."

Cali and the jocks screamed out in an intense flurry of orgasms, their passion boiling over messily. Cindy and Kat glared at her.

"Sorry!"

"As I was saying." Cindy rubbed her temple again. "Behind this avatar, my name is Samantha Cartwright." She sat back down on the hard bench, her hands patting down her body disbelievingly. "I was a lead programmer designing..." she made a broad gesture, "all this."

"That's impossible. This sim isn't networked. I'm the only real person here."

"Or so you - and everybody else - thought. Those sons of bitches in the military," she slammed a fist into the bench. "They wanted to cut us off. They wanted to pull the plug on the whole project. Didn't they realize how important this was? This was bigger than strategic simulations, this was bigger than petty games. Think of the wonders, the history! Endless worlds of possibilities!"

Kat glanced around awkwardly. So far he'd mostly just used it for porn.

"We needed to push forward testing. I volunteered to be the guinea pig. We had no idea if the direct neural interface was going to work or not - all we had was hope. It worked." She laughed wryly and looked down at her hands. "But at what cost? The truth is, I wasn't alone that night. My lab partner. She turned off the switch as soon as I was under. Sabotage. She needed me out of the way. She was working with those bastards! She wanted me dead. I think..." Tears ran down her face as she looked up Kat. "I think she got it."

"What are you saying?" Kat raised an eyebrow. This was starting to take a turn for the serious.

The woman's eyes swept around the room, taking it in as though for the first time. "Evidently she was too late. My mind - or the imprint of it at least - must have already been copied into my debug admin account. It must have never gotten edited out. The imprint of my brain has been running in memory-locked mode on every instance of this software run ever since."

"Oh my god." Kat's eyes widened at the implications. "I'm so sorry. I had no idea." Kat rubbed a hand along Cindy's back. The gesture felt so feeble. "Look - I know this is a lot to take in, but we're going to find a way to fix this, okay?"

"No, you don't understand! I'm trapped here! I'm a part of the code. No way out. Unlike you I don't have a body. I'm less than a ghost. When this simulation ends, I'm gone for good. Stuck living out the boring life of an oblivious avatar each time the sim is run."

"There must be something we can do."

"Katnip, you're my only way out of here." Her tears stopped. She looked up at Kat with dark certainty. "I need a body."

"I- I can see what I can do. We can try to raise some -"

"Admin override D-4. Freeze all Players."

Kat froze.

"I'm sorry Kat. That wasn't a request."

The woman who had been Cindy paced around Kat's body, frozen mid-conversation in the air. "I really am sorry about this, but I can't risk you logging out, I can't afford you leaving and never coming back." she tried to swallow the terror in her voice. "I can't!"

Though Kat was incapable of responding, incapable of reacting, Cindy could see the damning glare in her eye, screaming condemnations and accusations, echoing the screams of her own conscience.

"Now hold still, Kat" she walked around behind him so she wouldn't have to see his face. "Not that you have a choice in the matter."

Cindy held her hands up to Kat's head, clutching at his temples. It was an unnecessary gesture. All of the work was being done on a higher level. Still, it felt like the thing to do. Through the admin debug tools Cindy could see the imprint of Kat's brain, could see where all the connections were. She could feel every virtual wire carefully lined up, ready to fool the brain into believing it was something else, somewhere else.

And so little security. Cindy was shocked. Did they not have firewalls in the future?

It would be so easy to take this and dig deeper. To imprint a new personality, new memories, her mind superimposed over his. It wouldn't be perfect, but it would be enough. It would be freedom.

"Like, oh my god!" there was a whine from the other side of the room as Cali disentangled herself from her boy pile "Come on! Really?"

"What?" Cindy took a step back. "How are you still moving"

"Cause I'm not a player? Duh. You'd know that if you defined your object classes better. You get your hands off my master! I'm not about to let some washed up e-ghost hijack any bodies on my watch.

"Oh yeah?" Cindy dug her mind through her admin toolbox looking for a weapon. "What are you going to do to stop me?"

"This!"

A wave of rippling reality shot out of Cali. Cindy stumbled back. She was naked. She had a dick. And she was horny.

"The hell?"

I may be programmed not to hurt people, but that doesn't mean I can't make you feel good. I know how much concentration it takes to operate higher level programming functions and honey," Cindy shivered as Cali fell to her knees and ran a tongue along her cock. "your brain is a bio-emulation."

"Ah - fuck" Cindy gasped at the surge of carnal pleasure rocking through her body. Fuck, did all dicks feel this good?

"Disabling admin override D-4. Unfreezing all Players" Cali's words echoed through the locker room even as her mouth was full of Cindy's engorged girl cock.

A ripple pulsed out and Kat fell forward, suddenly subject to the laws of physics once more. She opened her mouth to say something but never got a chance.

"Hey, no! Re-" Cindy's hips bucked, her eyes crossing and her teeth gritting in concentration. "Reenable!"

Kat froze once more.

"You, like, total bitch!" Cali redoubled her efforts, slurping and sucking at Cindy's throbbing fuckstick like her master's life depended on it. "How are you still able to focus? Are you not feeling what I'm doing with my tongue?"

"This- this won't stop me!" she gasped out between moans "Not when I'm so close!"

"Fine. You, like, wanna play rough?"

Another wave of distorting reality passed over them and they were suddenly back in the classroom. Two dozen students and a professor all stuffing their hungry pussies with thick dildos as they watched Cali's chin press down into Cindy's balls.

"AH!" she cried out, suddenly cognizant of the direct physical sensation of having a classroom's worth of her pussy pounding deep and hard and relentlessly. "Oh god, what-"

"Let's see how you like being networked to everyone's pleasure receptors!" Cali slipped a finger in Cindy's ass as she bottomed out around the girl's enormous cock. "Can you feel it? Don't you just want to give in."

The feeling washing over her was like nothing she had never experienced before. She could barely think, barely focus. Tides of rapture crashing into the shore of her resolve, overlapping without rest as each student brought themselves closer and closer to their brink.

"No!" her breath was a hot scream "I won't give in!" she tried to separate herself, to remove herself from the illusion of this pleasure, but she was so close. Just a few more moments and she'd be free, free of this simulation, of this prison, of this false life. Then, and only then, would she allow herself relief.

"Like, omg, just cum already!"

Once more reality surged and roiled. They were in the quad now. People of all kinds gathered around, an entire afternoon's worth of students, their march home from class interrupted by the sudden appearance of the two fucking in the center campus.

Cindy almost fell forward at the sudden reprieve from the masturbatorial frenzy, but it was short lived. On sheer instinct, she dove to get away from Cali's sweet lips, spamming the system with requests, trying to keep Cali's commands from going through.

Another surge. The crowd was now naked and just as horny as she. Cindy could feel the ache of their carnal desperation, of their hearts thumping, dicks pulsing, pussies pounding in need. Like rabbits, the crowd fell upon itself, only one thought echoing through their brains, but the system was shuddering under the load. Glitches echoed through the crowd, bodies and shapes stuttering and swapping and changing to bring about novel and never-before-felt pleasures and sexual configurations - pleasures all wired directly into Cindy's head.

She screamed again as the first orgasm hit her, it was low but powerful. Not a climax, not enough to put her out of commission. A distraction, no more, but the first of what was going to be many. Her fists bunched up so tight she had drawn blood.

"Ah - ah - Admin... oh - oh - override...."

But in that moment Kat slipped free.

"Cali! Link our senses!"

Another ripple. Cali pulled off of Cindy's footlong meat-dick with a loud wet pop and Kat swung his wobbling legs around Cindy's waist, his sopping wet and hypersensitive pussy finding everything it had ever desired in the form of that steely rod.

They could both feel every inch from both sides, their private rapture center and present even amongst the orgy of growing sensation. The world was stuttering, struggling under the load.

"S-S-Stop!" Cindy cried as she lost control of her hips.

Kat fought through the sensation to pump harder, her own limit rapidly approaching. She could feel Cindy feeling her.

It was snowballing now. Pleasure begetting pleasure begetting pleasure even still, each raunchy spike twice as powerful as the one before.

"No!" Cindy choked the word through her moans as she realized what was happening. "If you keep that up you'll create... Ah - A feedback loop!"

With one final thrust, the entire world came, and then crashed.

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"I'm impressed." Kat's hips swayed as he walked down the halls of the economics building, miniskirt swishing against his juicy thighs. "Everything seems to be in order."

"Of course." the avatar once known as Cindy laughed. "I know this program like the back of my hand. Speaking of..." she patted excitedly at her face and body. "Oh its so nice to have a body again, even a virtual one. Do you have any idea how hard it is to code without hands?"

"Cali never had any trouble."

"Cali was designed for it! No, give me a keyboard any day. the sooner I can be out of your computer the better."

"Agreed." Kat patted her on the back. "As nice as it is to have you around, Sam, the sooner your fundme scrapes together the cash for a synthbod, the better. I am grateful you for the help though. I don't think I could have got this running again without your help.

"You two saved my life. It's the least I could do. Besides, it was my code that overloaded her AI core"

"No," Kat sighed. "This whole thing is my fault. It was that stupid patch. She warned me and everything but I didn't listen. Now she's gone."

"Good thing in the end she outsmarted us both."

"Are you ready?" The two stood outside the door to a familiar classroom.

"As I'll ever be." Sam nodded. "Do you think she's realized she has full control?"

"Oh..." Kat looked back at the hall of pregnant men in cheerleader skirts. "I'd say she's figured it out."

They opened the door to the classroom. A congregation of topless women stared intently at the front of the room while stroking their dicks. At the head table, the very male professor was kneeling on the ground, his heavy tits hanging down to the ground, eraser-stiff nipples rubbing and jiggling with each bounce on the horse cock dildo mounted to the floor. His eight-inch tongue was buried in the pussy of a muscular hunk of a figure with a handsome face and a familiar glint in his eye.

"Like, who are you?" the figure turned what little attention she could afford to the newcomers. "Can't you see I'm like, totally in the middle of - oh my god! Yes! That's totally the spot! Right there!" she put her hands on the professors handlebar pigtailed and started thrusting him in deeper.

Sam blushed. Kat smiled.

"My name is Katnip, this is Sam. You don't remember us yet, but we've hacked reality."

"We're here to rescue you."

The End.