



HIGH-STAKES KOMBAT

On an arid summer afternoon where few dared venture out onto the sweltering streets, two university sophomores were hunkered down in their air conditioned rooms back in the dormitories of the relatively empty campus. While everyone else was out and about fully soaking in the holiday season, the young men were content with lazing about doing nothing besides playing games, occasionally scouting the nearby mall to resupply their ever dwindling supply of snacks and dietary supplements and watching television. After the first few hectic months as second year university students, they wanted nothing more than to kick back and relax, catching up on everything they had missed while they were busy devoting every single second they had to studies and project work.

Lying on the bed with a pillow on his face was *David*, the more easygoing of the two and a self declared master of video games. With a shared penchant for fighting games, it had been the glue that instantly made him mesh well with the blonde haired man currently fiddling with something at the foot of the bed. But fighting game enthusiasts would often hold friendly grudges with others of their ilk, and David was no different, dreaming about the bounty he would snag off of his friend once he won the match of Mortal Kombat they were about to play...whenever he was done doing whatever it was he said he was going to do...

Running wires back and forth between a strange device and the jailbroken console they had sitting on the floor capable of running a variety of games, *Jeremy* was obviously the more tech savvy one. But behind that nerdy exterior of his, a more daring, adventurous side existed, unafraid of the dangers posed by unprotected sites and hazardous digital realms like the dark net. Jeremy was an internet thrillseeker, looking for exciting finds not in derelict buildings or overgrown forests but the treacherous labyrinth of the web itself. Dancing with hackers and shady individuals involved in black market dealings all while consolidating connections with untrustworthy individuals, Jeremy had acquired a number of goods from such dives into the dark net and beyond, delivered by anonymous couriers at designated drop sites, these ranged from off the shelf prototypes by industry giants to more...shall we say, *unique* items capable of extraordinary feats. A hobby of his he hadn't let David in on until now.

And it was one of these fantastical inventions built by non descript madmen Jeremy was currently hooking up to the console, reading off a small computer of sorts with a stern look on his face until a positive blip turns his frustration into devilish delight.

"Hey David, get up! Think I got it working right!"

"What's up? Rigged up some sort of hack cuz you're not ready to fork over fifty bucks?"

"Hah! Dream on....Forget cheating, I've got something better...here, take a look at these babies!"

Passing what look like a wristband made of some strange glossy metal over to David, Jeremy spins his own one around his finger, throwing it up into the air before catching it without batting an eye, contrasting his

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excitement with his friends blank look of astonishment as he turns the shimmering black band over in his hand a few times before returning his gaze toward Jeremy, not a hint of amusement to be seen on his face.

"Seriously? You spent all that time hooking up...wristbands?! What, is this one of those punishment game knockoffs where you get electrocuted for losing?"

"C'mon man, this is some black market stuff y'know? Deep web shit! Of course this ain't some kids toy, here, I'll show you...watch!"

Raising the tiny band up to his broad neck, Jeremy's thumb depresses a hidden indentation somewhere along the inner length of the hoop, producing a paper thin needle while the once inanimate ring cuts itself in half, turning into a shiny black snake that instantly sinks its fang into the man's flesh, eliciting a groan of discomfort from Jeremy while David jumps in shock, eyes wide in mild terror at the sudden energy displayed by the moving band as it changes shape, widening its circumference until it was a perfect fit for it's host's neck.

"Holy shit! W-What the hell is that thing? That looked like it hurt dude!"

"Yeaap...the sting's only temporary though, and all I gotta do to get it off is to...there we go..."

Reaching down under the rim to trigger the same switch, the collar unfurls itself from Jeremy's neck, quickly assuming it's previous form as an inert band in the palm of his hand, leaving David stumped and Jeremy in triumph at having proven his point.

"So...what gives?"

"Ahah! Suddenly eager to listen huh? Well, it's got something to do with that you said earlier. You were right about one thing...this is meant to be used in punishment games...but one where the stakes are super high..."

"How high are we talking here?"

"Man, high as hell! To make it easier to understand though, the loser becomes the winner's submissive slave for about two to three weeks before the collar loses its power. But to make it more interesting, I've hooked up the biometric model readings to the co-"

"*sigh* In English please..."

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“Damnit David, Why you gotta keep busting my balls like that...ahh well...it basically turns the loser into the character they were playing without the fancy lines, they’ll be made to think and do whatever the victor wishes them to...but letting either of us off the hook so easily by deciding what we play on our own is a no-no, so here’s the rules; One round, I choose who you play as, And you choose who I play, that way if either of us lose...let’s just say the results will be equally beneficial for either of us. So? You in? Or are you *too chicken?*”

Putting a hand to his chin, David glances down at the innocuous band in the palm of his hand. A punishment game where the loser stood to lose it all while the winner could walk away with a bounty far greater than monetary gain for a period of a few weeks...he didn’t believe a lick of what Jeremy had told him about his deep web dealings but after watching that futuristic shizz with the band morphing into a collar, he could only assume his friend had to be telling the truth about the whole slave bit.

“When you say...*turn*...you mean like, a complete one to one?”

“Ohh, it’s thorough. I’ve seen what the full, unrestrained models can do to people so turning us into MK characters will be a cinch for these suckers. Gender, race, biology, irrelevant!”

With that knowledge ingrained into his mind, a wry smile breaks out across David’s face as his favorite character comes to mind, remembering just how provocative the older MK games were when it came to its designs for the female characters. At this point, any sense of self preservation went out the window when faced with the prospect of having a real life, flesh and blood replica of one of the hottest women in video games at his beck and call.

Confident with his flexibility in utilizing all characters in the vast MK roster to their utmost limits, David was more than certain victory would be his. Uttering a mental apology to his friend as he leans in to clasp hands with Jeremy, giving it a firm shake of agreement.

“Heh, I’m in...and for the record? You’re the one that’s gonna be licking my boots by the time I’m through with you.”

“That remains to be seen pal, now c’mon, let’s get this show on the road!”

Snapping their collars on with determination blocking out the pain of the stingers embedding themselves into their bodies, the two pick up their controllers before booting up the game already loaded into the console, speeding through the title screens at a rapid speed until they finally came to rest on the character select menu set for a one round, match that would decide their fates for the next few weeks, trading controllers for the moment as the two men got to choosing each other’s playable characters.

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"So? Who do you have in mind? I'm thinking Kitana...can't go wrong with those killer thighs of hers...once you're all good and babe-ified that is~"

"Not if I can help it...like I said, I'll totally own you...cuz I bet you didn't see *this* coming huh? Think you're still able to win?"

Passing controllers back, the two were left to stare at their own characters. For David, Jeremy had picked Kitana, the femme fatale famous for her fan blades and daring attire that left plenty of skin exposed with only a teasing loincloth to provide extra cover besides the thong she wore down over her toned, curvaceous form. Not a bad choice but also the most common if one were to ask a group of hormonal men to choose who they thought was the sexiest MK gal.

As for Jeremy, David had sneakily chosen Jade for him to play. Thinking he was playing smart by choosing what he saw as second best considering he too had been planning to pick Kitana. But after thinking things through, he realized that by choosing what was arguably agreed upon in the MK community to be one of the weaker characters in the roster, he stood a higher chance of coming out on top, especially when Kitana herself was almost always up there amongst the greats when it came to top tier characters. It was like being handed the keys to the kingdom right off the bat. To David, the game was already as good as won, snickering as he turned to glance at his friend while the game loaded up the match. He had been unusually quiet ever since they chose their characters, assuming him to be cursing his fate right about now.

But he wasn't frowning in anger nor was he panicking, instead, Jeremy was smiling, returning David's mocking gaze with his own smug stare, as if he didn't mind the fact that he was now going to play the game of his life with a metaphorical crutch. It was a look that served to answer his earlier question with a confident 'Hell Yes'.

'No....he couldn't be...he's just messing with me!'

As much as David wanted to confront his friend about his mocking stare, the blaring noise of the announcer counting down to match start took both men's attention away from each other, focused eyes returning to the screen as the countdown ends and the brawl commences, filling the room with the raucous clacking of controller sticks and the plastic racking of buttons being forced against their constraints as experienced fingers torment them into performing combos and rapid movement tricks, each one trying to get ahead of the other in a desperate fight that had them both playing cautiously, treating the digital avatars as carefully as they would their own meat suits.

But after a few seconds into the fight, David was beginning to sweat buckets in a fit of panic. Realizing that his speculations had come true after noticing Jeremy begin to counter his moves, interrupting combos all

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while keeping distance with cooldowns in mind. Eventually, the health bars at the top were beginning to tip to one side, and it wouldn't be David's.

“W-What the hell man?! You actually *play* that shit tier character?!”

“Hey! Jade ain't bad alright...it's just...people who don't...know how to play her...throwing shit against the wall! Sucks to be you though...”

Intensifying his assault bore no results, only opening himself up further to retaliation by Jeremy. And whenever an attack connected, his opponent's skillful combo break would devastate his assault, turning the tables on him instead.

It only took a few seconds for the pomp and cockyness David displayed earlier to come crashing down around him in a humiliating display as a final blow from Jade totally depletes Kitana's health bar, sending David's hopes tumbling to the floor in a heap as the victory screen rolls around, giving Jeremy the uncontested title of winner. Unlike David, who was a jack of all trades. Jeremy's experience with Jade had been the deciding factor in this outcome.

And as his collar pops off on its own while a steady, increasingly audible whine begins building up from the one still wrapped tightly around David's neck, the least Jeremy could do was wave his hands in farewell, shooting his wide eyed friend and soon to be slave a wink as a brilliant white aura of wicked energy flashes around David, producing a strong ashen odor as his clothes and belongings burn up into cinders so fine and thoroughly disintegrated they fade out of existence, leaving the stunned man to flop over onto the floor in a steaming heap as naked as the day he was born. Unable to move an inch after the energy blast saps his entire body of all its strength, keeping him splayed out on his back like a ragdoll.

Lying on the floor as the anxiety-inducing wind up continues to build once more for a second burst, David stares up in annoyance, burning holes into the eyes of Jeremy as he returns his mocking grin with a defiant frown. As much as he hated losing, he had to admit his friend certainly knew how to pull his punches every now and then.

“Sorry about that buddy, but a loss is a loss~ See ya in about...three weeks or so? Oh, and don't you worry one bit, I'll be sure to take good care of your body while you're gone! If you're interested I'll even share the pictures with you once it's over~”

“Go...F-Fuck yourseeelllff...hahh...”

Before David could finish spewing his final insult, the collar around his neck glows white hot, releasing a pulse of energy directed at his innards this time, forcing him to arch his back in convulsive fits akin to being

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electrocuted, drawing out half spoken words like a lisp before finally releasing its hold over the man, dropping him back down onto the floor with a final gasp of defeat, ghostly magenta glow now burning in David's glassy eyes.

"And so it begins, shit, gotta get the camera for this!"

While Jeremy rummages around the room for his phone, the collar around David's neck begins to burn with the same ominous pink light before it liquefies, extending in all directions across its wearer's trembling body in a pale blue web of animate steel that begins to take on a softer, silken quality akin to high quality fabrics and silks. Forming the visible outline of a cropped halter top with a revealing cutout running down the middle of it while the excess flow scurries on downward past widening hips to form an elastic thong that snaps tight against David's flaccid member, squashing it against thighs that were steadily growing muscular alongside a healthy growth of supple fat occurring all across the unconscious man's shifting form, disrupting a strictly gaunt silhouette with pronounced curvature, smooth indents and tempting mounds, eliciting a low whistle from Jeremy who had already begun filming the process right as his friends unshaven member begins to twitch, taking to a knee to film the process in detail as he watches the wrinkled thing peel itself, circumcising it for a moment before it rapidly recedes into a blanket of soft pink flesh set atop slick pink folds consolidated by smooth, beige colored labia lips formed from the wrinkled remnants of the former man's emptied out ballsacks.

Reaching out with a curious finger, Jeremy tickles the cute nub of flesh that had stopped twitching as if all resistance from the humiliated dick had ceased altogether, accepting it's new role as a sensitive bundle of nerves that would make its owner squeal in delight if it were to be stimulated while connected to a conscious mind. But even as he continues to play with it, the tiny urethra that had widened into existence below David's new clit expels a brief jet of precum mixed in with now useless semen, giving Jeremy ample time to back away as she begins to cum, spraying the floor with a liberal jet of lubricant and juices. Bucking broad hips while muscular yet curvaceous legs kick and spasm in the throes of a woman's orgasm.

Despite the evident resistance put up by David's body refusing to conform to the metamorphic webbing currently tickling sensitive skin stripped of body hair and other such blemishes, it was a futile effort that only served to delay the inevitable, choking for the last time in her baritone voice as the newly formed collar around her neck crushes inward, molding her trunk like neck into a thin, fragile pillar lacking the bulge of an Adam's Apple, altering her voice into a sonorous cry dripping with heavy sexual aftertones. Much like that of a husky vixen looking for her next lay as a flat moan escapes clenched teeth beneath pert lips, blushing furiously as her nerves reconnect to the nightly bits currently emptying themselves of their former produce into a mess on the floor. Scrabbling against the carpet with waifish hands cleaned of dirt and callused skin, leading up to slender branches connected to small, round shoulders on either side of a petite torso sporting the beginnings of what would soon become an immense pair of milk filled breasts filling in the empty space her ssexy halter top nicely as if they were made just for her, straining the ropes that bound

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them shut as her tits grew bigger and bigger until it looked like they would explode. Ending off right above a toned navel sporting a sexy belly button in the middle Jeremy immediately sets to teasing, gasping in shock once he gets a feel for the incredibly smooth skin his friend now bore, colored the same sun kissed beige her lower half had been consumed by only minutes ago, earning congratulatory whispers from her friend as he stared down at the still immobile David who no longer looked anything like her former self, leaking a trail of nectar from the corner of her lips as her firm lashes begin to slant into alluring almonds, framed perfectly by a growing fringe of dark brown silk to produce the visage of a wicked enchantress who could kill just as easily as she could seduce.

"Holy moly...I've never felt skin like this before...not even my ex was this hot...and she was a looker..."

Backing away now as her bodily trashing begins to intensify, Jeremy continues filming while his friend enters the last stages of her rebirth into his buxom servant as the final pieces of the collar move to wrap powerful legs in heeled boots while others form metallic shoulder cuffs above azure gauntlets, stifling the woman's erotic groans with a form fitting mask that conceals the lower half of her gorgeous face while flying strands of rope move to tie her long flowing mane into a high ponytail that extends out from beneath her like a mesmerising web of darkness, tickling her heart shaped derriere as it digs into the floor against the ear piercing ring only she could hear currently blasting her thoroughly stunned brain into submission, archiving everything related to David for future restoration while installing an undyingly loyal and obedient persona in its place, one that knew no shame if it meant accomplishing whatever it was her Master wanted out of her. A consort, a bodyguard, a dutiful cook, all possibilities were known to her, and disappointment was something she would not tolerate in her renewed drive to serve Jeremy, turning David from a loyal friend into a walking wet dream who wouldn't say no to a tussle in bed with who she now saw as her one and only...

With earrings clipping themselves into place within her soft earlobes and her signature fan blades that were just as authentic as she was, life returns to *Kitana's* amber brown eyes as she slowly awakens from what felt like an eternity spent asleep, rising to her feet to stand before her ~~friend~~ Master with a wry smile written over her face beneath the mask. Being so close to him was enough to stimulate her libido, cranking it slowly until her nipples were swollen and erect, pressing up against the stimulating cloth of her top while she had to clench her vaginal muscles in an act of self control. If it weren't for the loincloth hanging down between her legs, her eagerness to serve would have been laid bare for him to see, such a shame that would be, to show her hand so soon...

"Hot damn...you're even more sexy up close..."

"O-Oh? Thank you Master...it-p-pleases me...to hear your praise..."

"Hmm...Could you strike a pose for me? Just need a little-woah!"

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“Will this do Master?”

“Y-Yeah! Nice! And uhh, give me a stern look, yeah! THAT’S IT!”

“M-Master...your enthusiasm is...a little too much...”

It only took Kitana a second to strike a seductive pose despite Jeremy not specifying it in his request, crouching with her legs spread wide, making sure to arch her spine just a little so her bosom stuck out perfectly against the dim lighting, raising an arm over her head with fan blade open to cast a shadow over her



while she used her other unfurled weapon to hold down her loincloth, concealing the tiny little dribble of precum squirting free of her eager folds upon hearing yet more praise dumped onto her so unexpectedly. Doing her best to keep the stern expression her Master had asked her to wear for the moment as he dashed all around her, taking pictures from all angles, with each shot making her feel weak and tingly.

Although she might look like the Mortal Kombat character, the woman David had been turned into was Kitana in everything besides personality. Made to be the perfect servant, the new soul inhabiting the voluptuous form of the female fighter was programmed to be Jeremy’s ultimate fan. So to have this much attention showered on her by the man she quite literally loved with all her might was doing numbers on her mind as she struggled to hold it all back in fear of staining her pristine image as his servant.

But no matter how hard she tried, even a woman with superhuman abilities had her limits, and against the surging tide of sinful ire building in her loins and breasts, Kitana could not hold her pose any longer, collapsing onto all fours with a guttural moan as her spasming vagina unleashes yet another spray of fluids, this time catching Jeremy right in the face as he leans in close for a rear shot.

“I-Im so sorry Master...but it’s just...too muchhhh~”

Before he could react, the Amazonian beauty consumed by perverted lust spins on her heels, catching her man around the arms before flinging him over onto the vacant bed behind them, peeling off his shirt before

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planting her ass down over his groin, mounting a winded Jeremy like a horse with vapid eyes and a lolling tongue, unbuckling her loincloth while peeling aside her thong to show just how wet she was right now to an unsurprised Jeremy.

He'd seen the effects of the collar before so he knew it was only a matter of time before the resulting women pounced their Masters with an insatiable hunger for sex, but to experience it first hand, alongside the thrill of knowing said woman had once been his friend, was still exhilarating. Words would not convince Kitana to let him go, but neither did Jeremy have any intention of getting out of here without savoring this woman until he was content. After going so long without having felt the warm company of the opposite sex, having a half naked woman riding him as she unbuckles his pants with a gleeful smile on her face at the sight of his throbbing rod was a more than welcome event in Jeremy's books. Cupping his friend's buoyant ass cheeks the moment her steamy insides engulf his member whole, watching in awe as she arches her back in the throes of coital bliss, screaming her joy for all to hear.

'David's totally gonna tear my ass a new one if he ever finds out I screwed him like this...then again...he did sorta initiate it in the first place~'

Pushing aside the thought of his friend beating him up in a few weeks time, Jeremy devotes his attention solely to Kitana, intent on satisfying her just as much as she was right now with the two locking lips together, eager tongues intertwined around each other like snakes. Even though the scorching rays of the sun faded beyond the campus to welcome in the chilling air of the evening, this summer day was only going to get warmer from here on out until the passionate fires of love were finally quelled by the couple thoroughly enjoying every single moment of their romantic tryst. Jeremy enjoying the warmth of his temporary bedmate and Kitana, content with sharing this moment of harmonious copulation with her Master.

Until David would eventually unleash hellfire on his friend for taking his virginity...

THE END