



BUGGY THRILLRIDE

"Seriously? We waited years for this broken mess?! This blows!"

Tossing aside the controller he held in hand, the irate young man living alone in a cramped two room flat stomps away from the couch, whipping out his phone and barrelling through webpages to angrily type up a negative review on the courier site he had ordered the game currently running on the console humming silently below the television.

But he wouldn't just stop with one website, game journos, other storefronts, forums and even the social groups run by the developers themselves, he would make his dissatisfaction known. And judging from the enormous number of like minded negative comments that numbered in the thousands, the man was pleased to know that at the very least, he wasn't alone, grumbling under his breath as he strolled mindlessly through his home, barraging the net with his voice.

"Goddamn triple A gaming...don't know how to make a full proper release ten years after whatever it is they used to do...bugs leaking out the ass with this shit..."

One might wonder what game might make a man so upset as to begin ranting online while acting in such a 'childish' manner, fewer still could even understand what the fuss was all about when it came to the relevance of a video game. But to those who were in the loop, they didn't need to be avid gamers to realize that the release of this particular title was a massive screw up for the developers and a blatant slap in the face for their loyal customers, of which there were billions of after their recent release had caught the attention of the world for its storytelling and colorful cast of characters.

Except this latest one held none of that charm, being a mostly linear campaign set in a world that seemed...lifeless, empty, boring...And in the modern world of entertainment, boring was the last thing any competent development team wanted their product to be.

As bad as unfulfilled promises and falsified advertisement went, nothing could compare to the state in which the game was launched with that rendered it borderline unplayable on consoles, the crux of the problem that had the man furious, especially after all the time and effort he'd spent in working hard to ensure his schedule for today could be cleared for a leave of absence just so he could play this game, a game that the developers promised could let on fully immersed themselves in a science fiction, dystopian world.

And as a self proclaimed advocate for games, Shaun wouldn't let this lie go unheard. Born into a family with an inherent love for all things related to video games, the man was as gamer as one could be, and in his eyes, a broken mess like this needed to be removed from the face of the earth.

Unbeknownst to himself, the courier site he'd used to order the game with wasn't too 'clean' itself in more ways than one. For instance, the fingers it had dipped into the dirty black market and the terrible

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management of goods under their purview. And those two things made up a recipe for unpredictable tomfoolery.

And as it just so happens that a copy of the long awaited video game has been separated from its batch for one reason or another, ending up near a testing room company had loaned out to one of the many seedy groups they worked with behind the scenes whenever they wanted to field test one of their illegally gotten goods of a nature that no man on this planet had ever seen before. Thankfully (or not) for Shaun, his copy had been found by a sharp eyed employee and returned to the batch that had been shipped out to retailers before making its way into the hands of the red blooded game enthusiast.

But not before it had been exposed to a large amount of the strange radiation given off by whatever it was they had playing around with. And while the lifeless plastic casing had been untouched, the data stored on the disc had been...charged...with the alien energies that saturated the air within the testing chamber. Was it harmful? What would happen if we're out into a game console? No one knew...because no one had even thought an outcome like this to be possible in the first place.

"Damn piece of shit...no point keeping it going if it's gonna look like a-"

And Shaun was none the wiser to the danger lurking just a few inches away from him as he moves to eject the game disc from the console all while muttering expletives under his breath, causing a neon blue spark to leap forth from the warm casing towards his outstretched thumb, filling the room in a blinding globe of white akin to a flashbang being set off.

Once the light dissipates however, the room would fall silent, devoid of noise besides the faintest hum of still running electronics once the sole occupant of the apartment had vanished without a trace, not even a disturbance of air or dust where Shaun once stood. Spirited away in the blink of an eye to a place not even the almighty one knew of.

As if a trigger had been depressed, the once silent console begins emitting sparks from the ventilation slits before kicking violently, throwing itself onto the floor before combusting in spectacular fashion, popping the casing off while its internals reduce themselves to smithereens, choking the air with putrid smoke and the smell of burnt plastic. And in the middle of the mess, a molten lump of slag barely recognisable as a game disc remained slumped in on itself. Wherever Shaun had been taken to, his only way back, if it even had the capability of had been destroyed. Leaving him stranded on the other side.

"-walking pile of...play...what the hell?"

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Oblivious to his fate, Shaun would instead, finish his sentence with entirely different context once his eyes catch on to the fact that he was no longer reaching for a game console, but some sleek box that didn't seem to have any buttons on its polished surface. In fact, he wasn't even in his own home anymore.

Looking around, the man was stumped by the grandeur and scale of the new locale he had found himself in all of a sudden. Everything, like the box, had a polished sheen to it, contrasted well by matte smooth surfaces painted in glaring red primaries alongside ornate golden and brooding darkness. Reaching out a hand in curiosity, Shaun feels up the length of what he could only assume to be a sculpture of some sort constructed out of pure gold. Not the artificial stuff he'd seen in luxury goods stores but the real thing, stuff only celebs and important folk around the world had the privilege of calling their own.

Prying his fingers away, Shaun had been quick to pinch his wrists, slapping himself on the cheek, even kicking the foot of a coffee desk composed of a design he'd never seen before wincing at the ear grating sound it made, confirming to himself that this wasn't some sort of lucid dream he was having as a spur of the moment thing after feeling his blood vessels bursting a few seconds earlier.

Wherever he was, it looked like someone else's home, someone influential. And in order to avoid a potential misunderstanding, Shaun had thought it prudent to introduce himself. He couldn't just assume this place was sti his could he?

But in his hurried inspection of his immediate surroundings, Shaun's jittery eyes had missed the outside view of the posh high rise home showcasing the undulating peaks of a sprawling city doused in early evening blues with holographic displays rising high into the sky accompanied by air traffic consisting of flying cars zipping between buildings before vanishing down into the busy underbelly of the streets below.

If Shaun had spent time picking apart the clues behind the treacherous background of the world he'd been dumped into instead of raging over how NPC's were phasing through walls or teleporting cars, then maybe he would've tried to sneak out despite the high grade security system installed by an 'Arasaka' group. In this day and age, trust was a rare commodity, and even then, trust only served to get people killed in a hostile environment such as the bustling metropolis of the future Shaun had inadvertently ended up stranded in. A lesson he would soon learn the hard way as he hollers at the top of his voice, hoping to come meet the homeowner face to face,

"H-Hello! Is anyone home~?! Anyone?! I-I need help!"

No sooner after he had hollered at the top of his lungs, rapid footfalls could be heard from somewhere above him, drawing Shaun's gaze upward at the banisters on the second floor, immediately putting his hands up in the air once he could see the cold barrel of a gun pointed directly at him by a well dressed man with strange metallic indents tracing across the sharp contours of his chin all the way down the length of his neck.

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"H-Hey! I'm not armed! I-I just wanna talk! H-Hear me out would'ja?"

"I am already hearing you out stranger so speak, and be brief, I've little time to be dealing with intruders today..."

The man's voice was deep, an intimidating growl with slight hints of Mexican descent from the subtle accent that dropped from every word that slid out of his mouth. And the way he dressed certainly did fit the aesthetic; sharp coat, gun metal gray traced with golden accents with not even the slightest crease in the well ironed make and his mahogany hair had been gelled and done back in a sleek crest.

And even though he looked to be in his early forties and was clearly a high class citizen of whatever this place was, the gun, of a design Shaun had never seen before, was held in a steady, practiced grip. Index finger an inch away from depressing the trigger that would end his life for sure, feeling invisible crosshairs aimed right at the center mass of his face.

"M-My name's Shaun and I know this sounds s-stupid but something sent me here! I was just at home minding my own-"

"Something or Someone? Speak! Militech rats, scum suckers from Kang Tao, who sent you?"

"M-Militech...wait...this place...you're-argh!"

A blistering whizz of disturbed air was all Shaun could see before white hot pain streaked down throughout his body from where a sleek black dart had pierced his cranium. Sending the man toppling onto his back in pain and fright, crying out and whimpering in a humiliating fashion that had his assailant scowling in disdain as he holsters the weapon, bringing a hand up to his ears to depress a hidden switch connecting him to an indiscernible voice on the other side.

"You had your chance 'Shaun', if that even is your real name, but none of that will matter once the serum has run its course...low life spies...Ferdinand, tell security they aren't being paid to sit on their bums, find out where this rat came from! And reinforce the guards! I want no one else intruding on me, I've important 'work' to attend to."

Not moving an inch from his perch even after the conversation comes to a close, Shaun would take the opportunity to try and escape, fumbling his way out of what looked to be a lounge all while the stinging throb in his head began to grow stronger, cursing and mumbling incoherently as the nauseating pain gradually spreads all throughout his body with each passing second. A body that was beginning to ebb and flow like water as flesh bubbles while skin flexes and undulates, shedding hair follicles in a fine black must

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before they eventually disintegrate, leaving Shaun's gradually smoothening skin untouched by blemishes and unsightly hair as scars, wrinkles and calluses once prominent around his hands and feet fade altogether.

"Interesting...to think someone with no implants had managed to stealth their way into my home..."

Not understanding a word coming out the man's mouth as he slowly began to move toward the staircase, Shaun's slow crawl would come to an abrupt stop when a grumble in his stomach forces him to catch the wall, bracing himself against it while using all he had just to keep his quivering legs from giving out beneath him. It felt like someone had popped a mentos and coke trick inside of him, clutching his belly with a strained look of anger, pain and horror on his face once his sweaty palms felt how his own flesh was trashing and gurgling like a very angry snake, fighting against the pressure he was applying in a vain attempt to keep his innards from surging forth, forcefully filling his gaunt, skeletal figure with an abundance of curves in an evidently painful process that had Shaun throwing his head back in recoil, dislodging the dart while vocalizing a sharp cry of pain that gradually shifts in both tone and pitch alongside the disturbing biological changes racking his meatsuit. All while the mysterious man simply stood by the sidelines, watching intently with narrowed eyes and slightly bated breath.

First came the sickening sounds of bone breaking and reforming at blistering speeds, altering Shaun's skeletal structure with broadened pelvic bones and enlarged ribs, forming a template for warping flesh to follow after as what little muscle there was in his body melts into thick layers of warm blubber, slotting themselves into place all across his body, further accentuating the pronounced curves of an hourglass figure taking shape from his sweaty body pressed up against the wall, each haggard breath further worsening the physical changes as Shaun's weathered visage begins to fall to whatever the dart had injected him with.

A little slant and a gradual rising curve, and Shaun's wide, childish eyes were molded into sultry slits, fitted with clean lashes and healed of their heavy eye bags. An added pomp to his cheeks in the form of baby fat and pliable flesh, and the unhealthy gaunt was instantly filled in with pinchable, rose tinted bags. Minor adjustments alongside a reallocation of mass, and Shaun's cracked lines were revamped into kissable cushions colored a darker shade of strawberry red with a glossy finish to its smooth hide. By the time his oblong chin had been forcefully broken into a gorgeous peak, the formerly plain visage of the American man had been replaced by that of a mature vixen hailing from the Spanish community, panting in a voice that was already far removed from the raspy whine Shaun once spoke with

With the completion of his face, so too had Shaun's body completed most of its overhaul from that of a man in his early twenties into a motherly woman in her early forties. Sporting heaving breasts that had long since forced their way out from underneath Shaun's now suffocatingly small shirt, leaving a gorgeously plump belly exposed to the elements. The sight of which, clearly excites the other man still standing by silently, watching with the faintest smile on his suave face as he continues to observe Shaun struggle with the loss of his body, unaware of how erotic he was beginning to look.

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Vaguely aware of what was befalling him, the dwindling man remained clueless to the fact that he now looked like a woman in the peak of her matrimony; pressing her back up against the wall while eliciting soft sighs and heavy breaths that, if taken without context, sounded *very* wrong. Not even the sight of her served to fix that image when all one could see was a half baked woman wearing clothes far too small for her as evidenced by the half shredded cotton pants lying in tatters around her trembling legs, leaving long, curvy legs exposed alongside the morbidly curious sight of what once was a man's flaccid penis slotting itself back inside a dripping gash of sensitive folds and pink flaps. Letting loose its first load through the puckered hole that had taken shape where the shadow once cast by a now devastated pecker should've been; a newly formed urethra vomiting forth a spray of transparent liquid laced with Shaun's now useless semen, drenching the floor beneath her feet while a woman's unrelenting scream of pleasure fills the air much to Shaun's dismay upon the mind blowing experience of her first female orgasm as she cups a manicured hand over her mouth in shame and horror. A hand that was now both larger and smaller in many ways while a tear trickles forth from dull brown eyes diluting with a subtle auburn fire.

Milk filled teats dripped their bounty from the tips of painfully engorged nipples down the curved length of her pillowy navel, desaturated crimson pours forth from the roots of her now lengthened head of hair doing itself up into a frayed ponytail, overtaking a natural blonde crew cut. The ease of movement everyone once took for granted was now impeded by subtle aches in her joints and a throbbing pain from smaller shoulders forcing her to lean forward for relief, allowing her unsupported bosom to sag down her tummy, all while steam rises from her heated body from all the rapid biological changes she had managed to endure.

In the span of a few minutes, Shaun had been physically erased from existence, replaced by a nameless Hispanic woman standing half baked in a stranger's home, struggling against the surge of overwhelming panic she could feel in her throat once the sight of her torso fully registers itself in her tingling brain. She felt wrong, out of place, violated. And with gritted teeth and a clenched fist, she knew who to direct that anger on once her vision wrests itself free of her assets over toward the sneering man who had been standing still by the living room. Not moving an inch, simply observing.

"W-Why? I just wanted...to...oh god...M-My voice!"

"It's lovely my dear...just like your body...a definite improvement over the old, that's for sure."

Past the name calling, Shaun couldn't hear much else once her anger got the better of her, spurring her legs forward despite the pain streaking up her knees from the force she pushed them, ignoring the immense jiggling in her rotund body as she made a beeline for the stranger who had taken her manhood without even bothering to listen to a word she had to say, aiming to sock him in the jugular before choking him to death for this offense. Letting loose a guttural war cry that did not suit a maiden with her likeness as she charges him.

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The stranger however, was anything but helpless, even without a gun in hand, the man would prove himself a capable fighter as he bats away Shaun's incoming fist with a simple backhand before grabbing ahold of her other in a lightning fast maneuver that sends her cartwheeling backwards onto the couch. Knocking the air out of her while immobilizing the aging woman from the pain streaking up her arm from being treated so harshly, screaming in pain while clutching at her burning elbow.

"Don't bother fighting my dear, your body might have been improved but it's only a visual touch. I can only imagine what you must be feeling right now, inhabiting a vessel only meant to sire a worthy heir."

"P-Please...I just...want to go...home...please..let me go..."

"Excuse me? You intrude upon my home, attempt to assault me...and now you 'want to go home'? A pitiful excuse for a spy..."

"But I'm not...a spy!"

"Whether or not you are, my dear. I don't really care at this point...because in a few seconds time, it'll be a moot topic..."

Reaching out, Shaun winces, biting back an involuntary moan as the victorious man runs a greedy hand over her the slick skin of her right breast, tracing it with a finger, twiddling an erect nipple before suddenly grabbing hard without prior warning, twisting her mammaries with a trained hand that had the red haired Hispanic woman arching her spine in utter bliss, all ire in her eyes fading in an instant as they turn cockeyed, rolling up into her skull while her pert lips split open, wet tongue lolling in the air, sighing happily while her hips buck and thrust on their own to the feel of the man's other hand probing the void between fattened thighs, stimulating a tiny clit that was once the head of a penis with his thumb while using his index and middle fingers to finger her dripping vag, welcoming themselves inside of her as they push past moist folds of sensitive flesh, brushing up against squelching walls before knocking against the entrance to a humid chamber that wasn't there before, a small room that would house her children in the near future flanked by her former testicles, repurposed into egg making factories that wasted no time in pumping Shaun's body with the chemicals that were making it incredibly hard for her to do focus, losing herself in the pleasures of the female form despite the fact that she was currently being played with by the tormentor responsible turning her into a certifiable MILF. Climaxing for the second time, this time with another man's fingers lodged deep inside of her loins.

The shock of ending up in Night City of all places couldn't land, nor could the horror at the loss of her manhood process itself when stimulated synapses were firing off non stop, feeling a cold, mechanical

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presence creeping up on her psyche while she was at her weakest, taking hold of her mind while canceling out any attempts to resist.

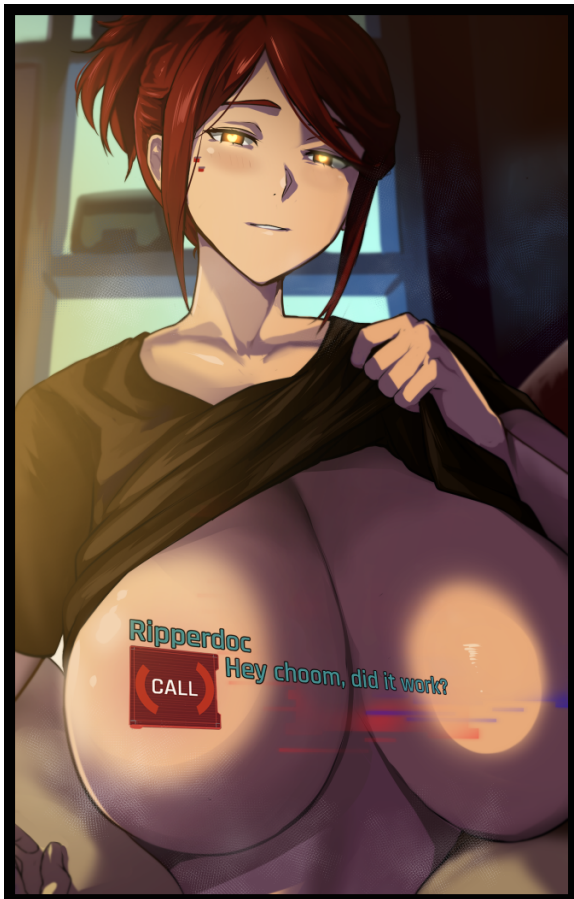
A trembling hand meant to sock the smug douche in the face found itself caressing his cheek, the leg she wanted to thrust out in a kick tightens itself in an effort to drive his fingers deeper inside herself. And the vulgarities she had planned for him came out as unintelligible moans and giggles. Oblivious to the way her vapid eyes were beginning to glow with the presence of newly installed ocular implants that manifest in cuboid nodes across her right cheek, akin to a beauty mark that compliments her warm, motherly gaze perfectly as she leans forward, planting her pillowy lips over the man's face without hesitation, halting his assault while his unmoving eyes slowly close, prying apart the woman's lips with his tongue, exchanging fluids while taking her tongue in his own, coiling like snakes in a ritual dance while extracting his hand from her breast and loins, exiting the latter with a wet pop that sends a shiver down Shaun's spine...

Or at least, the woman that was once Shaun. Because with the manifestation of cybernetics linking themselves directly to her nervous system and prefrontal cortex, her mind had been instantly subdued. Subverting her original persona for that of a loving matriarch who saw the stranger...no, *Carlos Martinez* as her handsome husband. Her protests, the disgust she felt amidst the arousal, the need to find a way to return to her old apartment back home in Toronto. All of it had silenced in an instant once fibrous wires and

nanites invaded her brain, quelling any resistance at the root while encouraging the growth of their master's ideal woman, reprogramming Shaun like a machine...

Until only *Gloria Martinez* remained. Parting from her husband with a ghostly yellow glow in her eyes while a trickle of saliva drips down onto her tiny black shirt from her lower lip, a symbol of her artificial love for Carlos as the man takes a step back to admire the dart's work, marveling at the buxom wife he had molded from the body of the would be spy employing theatrics in an attempt to escape with whatever he had learned. Not like that mattered anymore. Whatever he learned was nullified, and even if he had some sort of neural implant to store backups for future retrieval, the nanites in the dart had already made sure everything about him was thoroughly scrubbed down to his genetics.

But before he could enjoy the company of his new wife, an incoming call interrupts him, sighing as he answers it



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with a scowl on his face. Or rather, listens to the overly excited voice of a gravelly fellow simply called 'Ripperdoc' on his list of contacts. A label for the cybernetic surgeons responsible for implanting and replacing flesh with chrome, found throughout the decrepit streets of Night City from all walks of life. Keeping his voice steeled and razor focused despite the sight of Gloria teasing him with an unhindered view of her twin melons, tossing aside the last piece of clothing that was all that remained of her former identity before rising from her reclined position on the couch, enveloping Carlos' left arm in her cleavage before escorting him to their bedroom, intimately familiar with the layout of the house now that her brain had been reformatted with only the absolute essentials she would need serving as a loyal housewife. Moving with grace and finesse Shaun could never hope to display while she led her hubby every step of the way. Taking care to maintain silence during another of his important business calls.

"Hey Choom, Did it work?"

"For the last time, I told you not to call me that...as for the dart...it performed beyond expectations...you'll be pleased to know I've sent the sum we agreed upon to your account alongside an added bonus for your work. You've done well Ripper, I expect we'll do a lot more things together in the future, but until then, this is goodbye..."

"Wh-hey! Wait a sec! What about-"

"There we go...now...where were we?"

By the time the call was settled and he had set himself to be untraceable, Carlos was already back inside his bedroom, shutting off the display he had been working on before the sudden home invasion he was now thankful for as he turns around to look the motherly goddess lying on his bed with her legs unabashedly spread apart, ready and waiting to receive Carlos' pulsing rod, especially after how thoroughly he had teased her body earlier.

Gloria's nipples were twitching, rock hard nubs that needed to feel the brutal grasp of her hubby's firm hands. Her labia was a sopping wet mess, of scrambled folds of pink that were visibly sputtering as they flexed and stretched in need, staining the sheets with a sizeable stain in the short span of time she laid there. All while beads of sweat dripped down her lustrous tawny skin. And to think that she had been an ordinary white American man who couldn't take a simple jab in the forehead...fixed with a simple DNA sample acquired a few years ago from the parent of a notable figure that had apparently involved himself in a tussle between big players in the corporate field. A tussle so severe that Adam Smasher, the infamous cyborg merc under the employ of Arasaka's head, had joined the fray. Details of the incident were scarce, but if they were true, then the woman before him now was an almost identical replica of the same person who had brought the perpetrator into the world in the first place, and he could see it clearly in the sudden 180 shown by the preinstalled persona coded into the nanites; a subservient form of the original Gloria Martinez who saw

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Carlos as her true love without question. Truly a worthy template for a seedbed, especially when she shared the same surname he did, whether it was entirely coincidental or an act by the invisible hand of fate, the ruthless Corpo couldn't care less.

In place of the former Shaun's childish naiveté, Gloria exuded maturity from the way she moved to how she presented herself in bed, dripping with literal sex appeal, something Carlos could not hold back on as he enters the fray, undressing himself while kneeling over his wife's gorgeously plump form, erect sausage aimed and ready to insert itself into her untouched snatch...

For the rest of the night, the pair would make their love for each other known, filling the normally silent apartment with the raunchy sounds of a couple's furious lovemaking, testing the limits of modern construction as Carlos took his newly branded wife through every single sex move he knew, fucking her silly, pumping load after load inside of her, until eventually, both would retire, falling limp in each others embrace. Carlos, with a smile on his face and sores all over his well built frame and Gloria, exhausted from the ordeal with a never-ending dribble of spunk leaking from the loosened lips of her rosy vagina...

When she next awoke, it would be right on time before dawn's first rays broke the clouds above, rising slowly from bed while taking special care to avoid waking her husband before stepping outside, heading downstairs to clean up the stains left over from the metamorphosis she couldn't remember undergoing half naked, wearing a new shirt taken from her husband's wardrobe while depositing her old, wrinkled ones in the trash without a second thought. Humming an indiscernible tune in a lovely soprano as she made her way toward the kitchen, musing to herself about what her hubby would like to eat, wrapping an apron down her front, eager to get started.

Before a gruff hand around her ass forces a guttural moan from her mouth, leaning against the table once her strength suddenly leaves her from the sudden application of orgasmic pleasure coursing through her body, sighing as she allows herself to be spun around, wearing a coy smile on her face at the sight of Carlos, who had awoken without bothering to wear anything, reminding Gloria of an important part of her daily schedule once her wide eyes dilate at the sight of his engorged member pressing up against her stomach. She had forgotten to empty it out in the morning with a quickie! How forgetful of her~



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"Morning *papi*~ Would you like me to take care of that for you?"

"That's quite alright *mi reina*...I trust you can make breakfast while I see to things myself, yes?"

"Definitely!"

Grunting with a pecker up her snatch while beating a bowl full of eggs in hand, Gloria would engage in a slow dance with Carlos while she made breakfast for the two of them, moving in tune to her husband's thrusts without missing a beat thanks to the artificial memories telling her this wasn't the first time her horndog of a stud had taken her while she was busy doing household chores or cooking food. She had scolded him about it once or twice, but after the tenth time, she had grown used to it, he did make sure to be gentle whenever she was busy after all so it wasn't as if he was totally incorrigible...if only knew the truth behind her current existence...



In a way, Shaun's dissatisfaction with the buggy mess of a game he had received instead of the promised digital realm within which he could live out the life of a Cyberpunk had been more or less rectified. For one, he was now a permanent resident of Night City. And although she wasn't quite the outlaw, the perverse reincarnation of Gloria Martinez Shaun had found himself roleplaying might just wind up popping out a handful of potential candidates with the continued aid of her loving husband, who was starting to become enthralled by the beauty of his overnight wife as he lets loose yet another load inside of her to kick start the day, forcing her to put down the ladle she was using to stir soup with before turning to face Carlos, bracing her ass against the table in preparation for round two. Sighing wistfully amidst her stifled grunting once the knowledge of yet another mess she would have to clean up passes by in her mind momentarily..

THE END