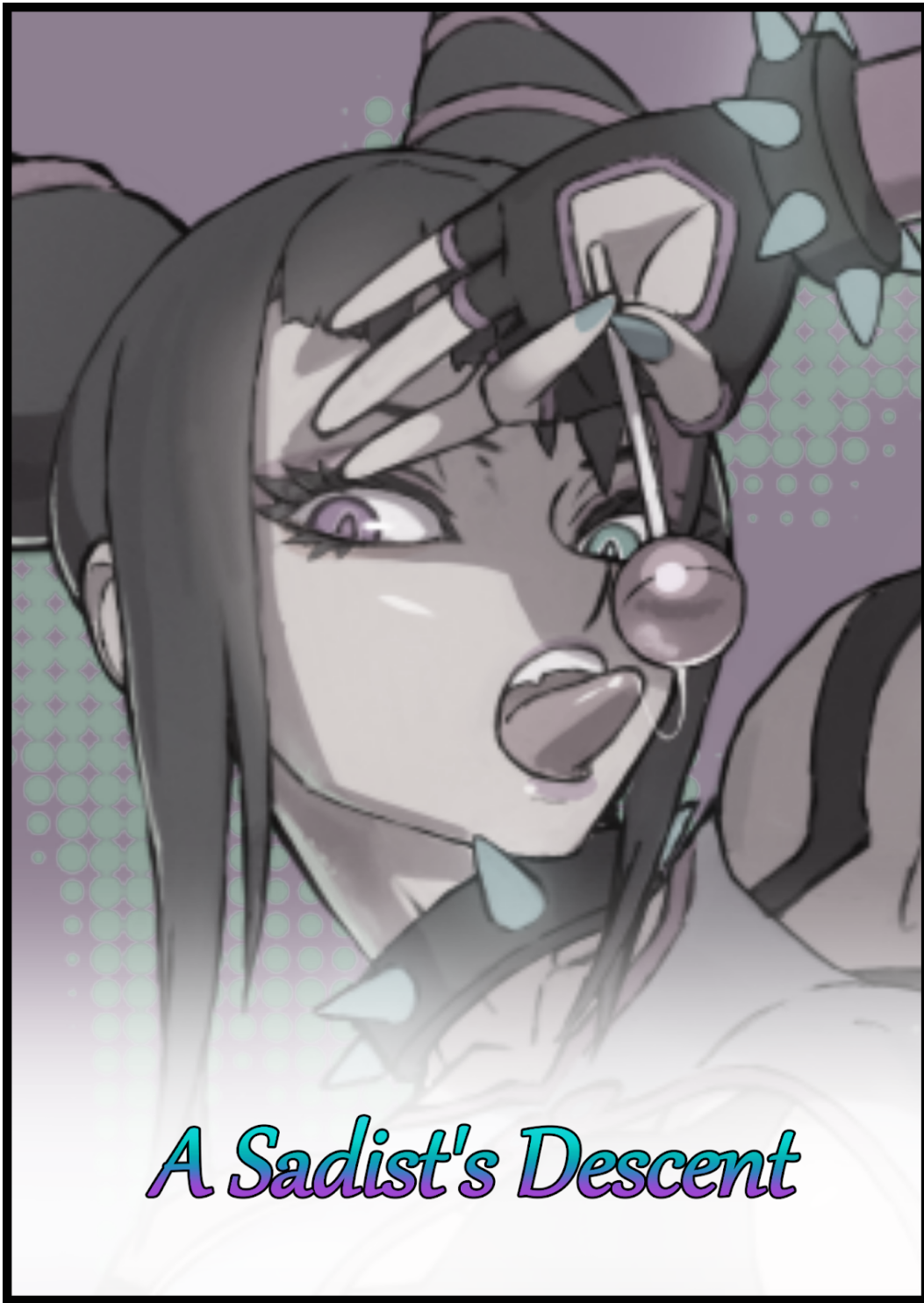




## *A Sadist's Descent*

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“Took it long enough, damn internet couldn’t have decided on a better time to crap itself...”

Frustrated murmurs echo within the cozy confines of a room small enough for the words to retain a modicum of sense even as they fade into silent whisper. Leaving only the subtle clicking of buttons and the racking of a joystick being put to the test by a flippant thumb belonging to the sole individual in the room as he navigates a bevy of menus flashing by on the widescreen monitor layered tethered to the wall, sporting proper cable management linking it up to the oblong box laid out beneath it with neon blue lights streaking across the various lines etched across its interior. A game console of the hard to come by sort, flashing as the screen goes dark for a moment once the software he had loaded up begins to play, easing the tension in his shoulders as they droop in giddy excitement. Wiping all hints of mild anger from a formerly creased set of fuzzy brows at the sight of logos fading before the title screen comes into view with a frenetic series of transitions and bold text splashes before settling on a climactic, punchy logo framing the name of the game with brooding energy in its presentation and an old-school announcer to say it out loud; *Street Fighter 6*. The latest in a game franchise the bubbly young man sitting cross legged on the floor was evidently a big fan of if his exuberant visage was anything to go by.

Exposed to fighting games at a young age, *Joel* was the sort of gamer who found no reprieve in anything else besides the first genre of video games he had ever laid his hands on. And out of the myriad franchises, spin-offs and one-shot titles there was to be sampled in existence, none had grabbed him like *Street Fighter* had. Especially when there were just so many fond memories to be had with the series stemming from his earliest childhood days. Duking it out with friends, finding interesting challengers through network play and of course; having serious discussion about who the best girl was when the time came for hormonal instincts to seed themselves post puberty when Joel had been a simple highschool student, living a life carefree of worry besides juggling studies, social life and perfecting his skills as a self-professed fighting game aficionado.

Years after and not much had changed for Joel besides a drastic shift in living environs and his status in society. After having dusted his hands clean of anything to do with studies in the foreseeable future and a well paying job tucked under his belt, Joel’s days were spent slaving away in the office only to return home in the evening with enough energy left to game it out until he would need to retreat back under the sheets in order to recharge in preparation to do it all over again come the next morning. And in this new stage of his life, socials had been reduced to swapping the occasional text message with distant friends and family living apart, giving the avid gamer all the time in the world when the weekends came to kick back and relax.

And when Lady Luck had seen fit to bless him with entry into the first ever closed beta test for *Street Fighter 6* via a code sent through email that almost had him screaming with joy right in the middle of his office last week, Joel couldn’t have asked for anything better to come home to on a Friday night, waiting with impatient fervor for the download to finish before he could lay his hands all over this highly

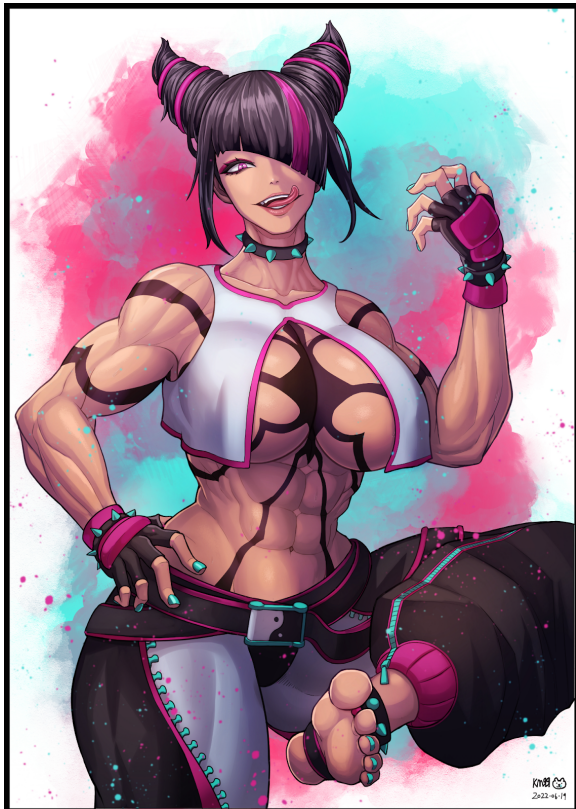
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anticipated title, especially after all the good word he had seen being passed around on the various forums he frequented.

But as Joel would soon come to realize, not everything was as peachy smooth as he had thought it was going to be, none the wiser to the 'problems' that had come bundled with this particular download of Street Fighter 6 when a stray bug flung through the net worms its way into the game's code, causing a variety of issues to manifest in the form of sporadic input lag and visual noise like screen tears and strange mosaic glitches that would crop up every now and then as the careful man scrolls through the various screens in an effort to fix up the settings to his liking. Creasing a brow a little at all the weird jank he was witnessing. "Strange...didn't anyone pick up on this? No one said it'd be this buggy..."

Hope would drive Joel forward however, and to his delight, none of the performance affecting glitches seemed to disturb his time in the training mode, pulling off the old combos he had learned to heart with what little of the colorful roster there was in the current build of the game they had made available in the beta.

Beneath all the pretty lights and dazzling visuals brought to the screen in stunning fidelity however, Joel would miss out on some very strange glitches affecting the bulky model of a muscular man he was testing out at the moment. Things like the tiny pixel that were his eyes shifting on occasion, not to look at the three dimensional ragdoll he was fighting but rather; out towards the screen. Almost as if something had



taken hold of the character Joel was piloting. An eerie show that quickly fades out once he was satisfied with what he had seen, ready to start the real thing with nary a clue to the peculiar oddities occurring behind the relatively normal exterior of his Playstation 5 and the unthinkable fate that awaits him as he jumps straight into online play with barely a half a minute's worth of wait time before the game had found an opponent, whose swift and unwavering cursor heading straight for the powerhouse whose thighs knew no equal painted them to be a fan in stark contrast to the character Joel would end up deciding on; a tall, imposing woman with a head of hair styled after a demon's twisted horns and a lithe, flexible body that combines the epitome of feminine allure with the dangerous lethality of a seasoned warrioress who knew every inch of her being and their respective use as offensive tools. Conveying said prowess through the sheer aura of a domineering persona radiating from

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her very being alongside a choice of attire doused in a color palette that serves to set the overall mood that was *Juri Han* in stone; sadistic, uncontrollable and ever the thrillseeker fans of the series had known her to be since her inception and a character Joel had grown familiar with since her introduction in the updated release of the series' fourth entry. Becoming an exceptionally skilled player with the powerful fighter stemming from a strong sense of favoritism that had established itself over all the others he had with series staples like Ryu. *'And with how good I am? Won't be long till I nab that first ever...what the hell is...my head...'*

With the character selection screen swapped over to a loading screen however, Joel's first taste of Street Fighter 6 would never come to pass as a dizzy spell soon overcomes the excited gamer. Passing it off as a side effect from all the blood rushing into his skull until he could no longer ignore it, not when the light headed haze weighing down on his head had escalated into a nauseating headache, causing his upright posture to break into a lethargic slouch from the building discomfort. Threatening to send him toppling right then and there as the controller slips free of his knee, clacking against the floor before being followed soon after by a weightier thump as flailing hands fail to get a proper grip. Landing on trembling forearms before they too give way once the last shreds of energy coursing through Joel's limp, paralyzed form are drained from his bones. Leaving the man helpless and confused where he laid on the floor like a mannequin with it's strings severed, blinded to the building light emanating from the center of the darkened screen while distorted audio crackles from the speakers, working in tandem with the cooling fans of the Playstation 5 whirring to life at incredible speeds. Giving the imperiled man only the vaguest of hints as to what was going on while he laid there without the strength to move and the brilliant pain of a throbbing mind to keep him nice and compliant. Even as the growing light from the television escalates into a sphere of unknown energy, pulsing with violent vigor before expanding in the blink of an eye to encapsulate the entirety of Joel's bedroom. Whiting out the man's vision before a feather light sensation overcomes him, eliminating the presence of weight as he feels himself whisked away by the unseen hands of whatever intangible force had caused all this to happen in the first place...

And once it subsides, not a single trace of Joel's being had been left in the silent bedroom. Spirited away to a place no one would ever be able to reach with only the belongings he left behind in the empty apartment to remember him by...and a now defunct Playstation 5 that could not be salvaged by the landlord who would eventually come on by to investigate the tenant's mysterious disappearance, only to find it wrecked beyond repair after some form of abuse or neglect had left the console inoperable with the complete desecration of it's internal components, toasted to charred junk by severe heat damage.

"G-Gahaaa! W-What the hell? Where...this isn't my home..." Far away beyond the fabric of Earth's reality in an entirely separate and distinct plane of existence however, Joel would snap to attention after the passing of an obnoxiously loud motor vehicle stuns him, fuelling his being with the adrenaline and panic he would need to return to full awareness in what looked to be a dark and rundown apartment unit

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far divorced from the one he had become familiarized with after years of living there. Instead, this place looked more akin to a druggie's den than a proper home for a civilized man like himself.

Dust particles hanging in the air like faerie wisps, shattered wood lying about as if many a scuffle had been had here, patchwork support struts keeping up the ceiling from collapse and tattered wallpaper...and that was only what his inadequate eyes could glean from the obfuscating darkness of the room. Illuminated only by the peering beams of searing lamp light coming through slits between floorboards that kept the windows barred, offering only the tiniest of glimpses at a typical metropolitan setting that would've easily been mistaken for a place like New York City to the untrained eye. "N-No way...that's not possible..."

But to an avid Street Fighter fan like Joel, the sight of a massive sign portraying a herculean man framing a name as generic as *'Metro City'* could not be easily dismissed for it served as an important clue as to his whereabouts. And after a few seconds of hurried eye rubbing and stupefied gawking through what else there was to see from his limited viewpoint, there was nothing else the stunned man could do but accept the truth; that he'd been sucked into a central location existing only within the world of his favorite video game through unknown means and without rhyme or reason that, in better circumstances, would've left him overjoyed had he not been in the middle of gaming before being rudely interrupted by this most unusual incident. A case that, as Joel would soon realize, was only just beginning as an unseen gust stirs in the tight confines of the dark room, curling like a phantasm's tendril around the unwary man's barefooted legs, masking an invasive entry with nothing more than a subtle brush against ankles...

Before the flabbergasted Joel could think to do anything else, an alien presence runs up the length of his spine. Causing an involuntary shiver to spread over shaken limbs and a stiffened figure as what could only be described as a biting cold reaches its destination after zipping up the length of Joel's frame, dispersing into a wave of peppermint chill that leaves the man feeling feverish and 'quirky' as he glances around with a look of panic on his face, twitchy and frightened by whatever it was that had gotten the drop on him once more, thinking it to be the same thing that had left him here somewhere in the rank depths of Metro City, muttering under his breath with chattering jaws and shifty eyes that begin to dilate, growing dull to mask the sight of smoky effervescence seeping into their core, staining amber irises in new colors yet to be decided on while the skin of his body, stripped clean of its fuzzy hair without Joel's notice during the first wave, begins to bubble and contort. Stretching and tightening under the influence of something that could not be felt even as the flesh beneath starts to conform, taking on slender shapes and dainty proportions the likes of which Joel had never expected to bear as he watches broad, stubby fingers shrink away into delicate digits from which lengthened nails would bloom. Trimming themselves into sharpened points with a polished sheen over their immaculate length...much like those of a fashionista after leaving the nail salon with a fresh mani pedi, oblivious to the same affliction going on down below as calloused soles heal over with firm hide toned from experience with flexible toes clad in the same pearly shells as the ones that tipped Joel's slender arms. Gasping in disbelief when the metamorphosis seems to

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jump and spread with renewed vigor. Filling scrawny forearms with supple flesh and ample muscle while a brand new shade of subtle oriental beige washes over his original waxen pallor, leaving toned manipulators in place of his original as droopy shoulders realign themselves before popping into a more compact configuration that further diminishes Joel's presence in the room. Overwriting it with someone else's altogether the further this sudden transformation continues, leaving Joel helpless to resist, rooted to the spot while his body continues to change. Holding back a full blown panic attack with little success even when strands of lengthened brunette begin to darken with a shade of raven mystique straight from the very roots themselves as they curl and arrange themselves in such a way as to bring attention to the pale, emasculated visage beneath...

“O-Oh god, what is all this? Just calm down...it's all...it's just a dream! It's got to be! There's no way this can all be happening in the first place right? Of course it is!”

Attention would be lost to the slightly airy tone in which he had used to vocalize those panicked mutters, nor would Joel notice the alluring pudge those lean lips of his had attained. Too rattled and overwhelmed to take note of it all as his own flesh and blood crosses the threshold into becoming that of a complete stranger with the sharpening of his mug, losing the last traces of his former, beady eyed face with the emergence of fuller cheeks, slant slits framed by alluring lashes telling of Asian parentage and lean brows that had lost almost all of their former fuzzy grandeur.

Joel would never consider himself to be a man among men, but even he could not dismiss the noticeable drop in height once his skeletal structure finishes rearranging itself. Leaving him a head shorter while the clothes that once fit him snugly now hangs off of his drastically changed body like the rags of a scarecrow, but even they would not be spared by whatever unseen force was affecting the changes as sweat soaked fabrics begin to unwind, loosening themselves into the minute threads that composed the two separate articles that made up Joel's casual evening attire until he was as naked as the day he was born, surrounded by weaving tendrils of silk and other miscellaneous materials. Although the masculine form of address seemed less and less appropriate with Joel in mind, for each passing second would see the confused man being nudged closer and closer toward the other side of the fence with the emergence of blooming nubs to go with a shapely figure formed from a cinched in waistline and burgeoned hips that had crunched outward beneath Joel's sleek little nose. And with all those undulating layers of muscle and well maintained meat, the notion of the changeling ever being a man was beginning to sound like a bad joke...for no man would ever sport a pair of firm, buoyant tits that weren't too large to sag like weathered melons or small enough to be neglected, lingering somewhere just below the D cup range to remain perky without betraying it's heft. Jiggling with lively energy as flustered steps with shapely legs leads Joel to brush against the crumbling wall with an ass that had likewise seen fit to balloon outward on its own accord, causing a high pitched gasp to fill the air and a subtle splotch of strawberry to paint rosy cheeks from how insidiously *good* that singular brush felt as a reactionary hand hangs in the air over a meaty derriere while the other moves to brush aside a stray lock of hair that had come loose from the sudden

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motion of arching a flexible back in response to the bolt of undeniable arousal that had shot through Joel's effeminate form.

“W-What was that feeling? A-And my voice! Don't tell me...*EEK??*” As much as he wanted to deny it upon coming to the realization of what was being done to him, the cramp centered around a throbbing core pulsing with newly seeded muscles stops Joel's protests short. Forcing him back up against the wall with enough force to make his newly acquired assets bounce with unabated restraint, clawing at disintegrating concrete with an unexpected display of overwhelming strength against the titillating feel of something pulling at his groin. Not outward where a fully erect phallus coaxed to full mast stands proud but rather, on the inverse end. With each tug diminishing the man's 'length', pulling the leaking rod into a velvety series of puckered flaps that had long since devoured the testicles that once hung where the opening once now laid. Nestled between thighs displaying a perfect balance between aggressive prowess and feminine perfection, all while droplets of precum oozing out the tip of Joel's pecker fall away to form a fast growing puddle of sexual fluids. Each drop becoming clearer and falling faster the shorter his length became until it could no longer maintain the stream as the urethral opening at its dulled tip seals forevermore. Replaced in function by a far more enthusiastic orifice that pops into existence atop the unmistakable opening of a woman's vagina, displaying it's functionality with a climactic finale that ends with Joel tossing *her* head back with a throaty scream of uncontrollable lust gleaned from experiencing her first ever orgasm as a full fledged female. Moaning in animalistic bliss with a sleek tongue lolling in the air while her snatch lubricates the floor in front of her with a ferociously strong spray of vaginal juices mixed with faint traces of milky semen drained from repurposed organs settled nicely around an incubator, pumping the newborn woman's body with a mix of estrogen and progesterone, vital hormones a young lady like herself would need from here on out once she catches ahold of herself with little effort thanks to her unexpecting arms packing the power of jackhammers each. Unintentionally punching handholds into the wall in her effort to recover.

There was no longer any sign of the frightened caucasian man to be seen anywhere in the room, replaced instead by an Asian woman who looked dazed beyond measure. Unable to find reprieve from the ordeal that had left her in the state she was in right now as the still bellowing torrent of winding material closes in on her nubile young body, latching on to dress her in new clothes of a far more simplistic yet detailed make in the form of a revealing Chinese dudou secured by teal buttons that does little to hide the majority of her gorgeous torso including the glistening orbs hanging proudly off the front, highlighted by magenta pink trim and subtle far-Eastern flair that lines up nicely with the emblem of Yin and Yang materialized around a belt that secures a baggy set of sweat pants to widened hips kept snug and warm in gray tights with an ample view of the innermost regions of her legs, reinforced by pseudo-underwear on the outside that forces the combined fabric against her soaked loins, brushed up with modern day stylistic flair in the form of futuristic design and an eye catching mix of colors that lines up well with the palette established beforehand by the skimpy top. A design that instantly resonates with Joel's addled mind as blurry eyes catch on to the sight of her new outfit and the character it belonged to.

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But before she could utter another exclamatory remark, a sensual *'Ugh!'* resounds from the forceful attachment of a heavy iron choker sporting a circumference of menacing spikes slamming shut around her petite neck. Blanking out her mind with another stealthy insertion of intoxicating energy riding the wave of pain caused by the choker as her head twists up in response with another flick of the air from a lashing tongue, finding the pain *oddly satisfying* as vapid eyes take on a goofy look of unabashed arousal while twitching arms become the next to fall to the sudden emergence of similar accessories; spiked bracelets linked to firm gloves built to withstand the brutal punishment that would no doubt be dished out by the hands they encased while bare feet would find some modicum of relief in the form of equally sturdy footwraps that were likewise, linked to metal anklets boasting spikes of their own. Each one capable of leaving a nasty wound on anyone unfortunate enough to feel their bite. A dangerous assumption wrought by sinister intent that gradually spreads from the virulent weed that had planted itself across the unwary synapses of Joel's dazzled mind as she glances over her stunning and highly sensitive form with a look composed of mock shock and a smidge of giddy delight flaring up within crazed eyes that had lost all sense of the former innocence and uncertainty that made Joel's presence within the curvaceous body of Juri Han clear. Returning the confident gaze of a seditious vixen that fits her cold demeanor that much more over the naive look of fear she had earlier expressed, riding the excitement derived from seeing her favorite character quite literally in the flesh alongside the ill-conceived notion that this was all just a lucid dream to trigger the last in a series of changes to complete Joel's transition, even if it meant the complete alteration of who he was at his very core. *'H-Holy crap...that was...that felt great! I'm a girl! I'm Juri!'*

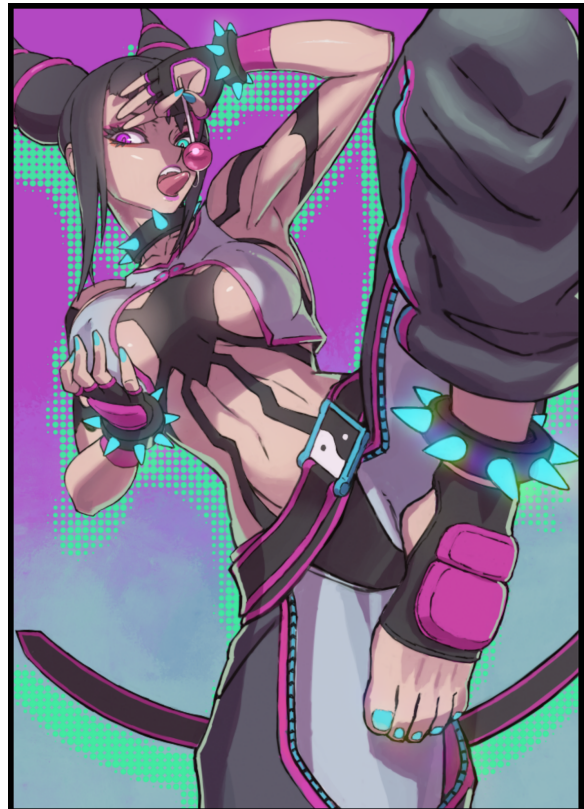
Locked within a mental prison of her own making, Joel would barely notice a thing with the way her mannerisms were beginning to take on a more flippant and dismissive air. Her thoughts once straight laced and level headed, now filled with garish vocabulary and a slightly muddled archive of knowledge that made it look less like a brain that belonged to a university graduate and more toward that of someone who couldn't be bothered about an education whether it be by choice or the circumstances they faced. All while Joel would continue to 'play' with her newfound physical prowess, finding satisfaction in the craters she could leave in the ground with a simple kick off the floor or the swift whistle of displaced air parting against the relentless strikes delivered by powerful arms whose movements would've been but a blur had she not the renewed eyesight to track each individual fist as they soar through the air a good distance in front of her, laughing with a distinct cackle as a wayward strike punches clean through the nailed boards barricading the windows without being halted whatsoever. Leaving a satisfying crack straight down the length of muddied glass...casting a shattered reflection that gives plenty of time for her to watch as unkempt hair styles itself into the signature 'horns' of the entity slowly taking hold of Joel's waning psyche...

All the worry that once weighed down on her chest about returning to a home she could no longer remember had been eliminated at this point, conquered by an irresistible urge to see her strength tested.

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Not against inanimate objects or mere weaklings like the man she once was but other potential fighters in her league. Not for any noble purpose of the sort but to serve a far more base instinct that affirms itself within a steadily damaged heart as the sole motivator behind her presence here in Metro City, if only to soften a side of her she wanted no busybodies intruding upon. Discarding the relatively fine memories of a nostalgic boyhood life amongst a happy family for a dark past and the events that followed after for equally forgettable moments in highschool and beyond, believing in the rapid surge of new memories to be the hand that had molded her into the ruthless sadist she now thought of herself as. Blinking in unwavering admission to these facts as Joel's left eye and the last remaining vestige of the innocent man who had found himself sucked into a video game world vanishes, replaced by a faux eye that shines with magenta malice upon its opening. Symbolic of *Juri Han's* complete and flawless take over of Joel's body and mind, usurping both in a seamless shift that leaves her clueless to her identity being a product of severe tampering and vice versa as a masterful pirouette on flexible legs ends with a violent, upward fanning kick directed at the sealed doors to the apartment she had awoken in. Smashing it apart with the force of a detonated explosive that sends debris and rebar flying out over the rank alleyway beyond. Reveling in the vague scream of terror vocalized by a drunk gangoon unfortunate enough to be loitering right outside, fishing out a lollipop from within the depths of her pockets before using gnashing molars to shred the plastic in one fell swoop. Licking with lascivious delight while the other hand moves to satiate her bodily urges, caressing an aching breast with sensual rubs and forceful pinches to coax a swollen nipple to hardened erection while a wanton song floats out from between glistening lips at how good such a display of power felt from time to time. Inviting curious eyes drawn by the commotion to peer and leer at the perverse showing as slow gazes lingered over the raunchy digits relishing in handfuls of her own bosom before drawing low past a pleasant tummy to take in the sight of a faint wet spot pressed up tight against a woman's snatch.

Confused yet aroused by Juri's display, the lowly thugs would remain rooted where they stood. Sensing the danger wafting off of the brooding female as her own eyes scan over each and every last one of them. Displaying contempt at what she sees before a lolling tongue slurps noisily to dissuade them from pursuing the path of the coward. Oblivious to what they were really creeped out by as an inky blemish between her bosom quickly grows into black body paint styled after a sleek, long legged arachnid. Spreading wicked limbs that curls and twists around her attractive figure until it came to encompass a majority of her body. With the last two limbs arcing in a not-so subtle



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gesture toward a freshly soaked vulva if anyone were lucky enough to catch Juri with her pants down , putting an end to this gratuitous show with a clean bite that crushes the solid sphere of compact sugar. Discarding the plastic stick that remained with an eagerness to get her hands dirty as the bored domineer takes the initiative, strolling toward her adoring audience with shameless aplomb in her pendulous gait...

“Mmnn~! It’s good to be back...the air still reeks...and the street’s are as filthy as ever~ Now then boys, don’t suppose you lot have what it takes to keep a girl like me all happy without breaking a bone or two would ya? I’m absolutely *dyin’* for a little company to pass the night with~”

With the sounds of a fierce, one-sided battle going unheard through the hustle and bustle of Metro City’s lively evening ambience, none would ever see a lick of the displaced man ever again. Forcibly converted into a denizen, born and raised in a distant world, thus bringing an end to those monotonous days as a wage earning fighting game addict. Becoming, quite literally, one with her former passions. Living each day not as an ordinary man named Joel but as the thrillseeker with a mean, sadistic streak to her name. A venomous title that struck fear into the hearts of those who knew of the feats that had given rise to such



a reputation while riling those on an even level playing field to do battle with her, for it was the one and only equalizer Juri Han would ever accept. Calling it quits only if her opponent could manage to beat her down into her utter submission, a rarity when it came to the long, decorated lineup of confrontations the boisterous S.I.N leader had cinched ever since she began this long vengeful journey of hers. Gloating in the suffering and abject humility she had made many the subject of...like the oafs unfortunate enough to be the only ‘competent’ souls nearby to let loose on after what felt like a millenia’s worth of rest. In any other case, she would’ve settled for opponents who weren’t drunk out of their minds but in the scum ridden alleyways of Metro City, that was all Juri had to play with, sighing to herself as she sits alone and dejected against a vandalized shutter, scrolling through her phone with a newly popped lollipop dangling between dexterous toes surrounded by the carnage wrought by her frenzy as the men who had thought it a good idea to ogle her instead of fleeing when they could laid still and motionless amidst fresh craters and wrecked dumpsters.

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**“Hahh...I know I said things just don’t change with Metro City but seriously? These bumbling losers are still as wimpy as ever...speaking of things never changing...I wonder where my number one fan’s lurking at~ Maybe I’ll stir things up abit...knock some heads around...bust a few malls...and if she’s really as dedicated as I remember, she’ll come running like a good little puppy...then we can really get this party started!”**

**THE END**

***Image Sources***

## SOURCE GLOSSARY

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