

OKAY CHOOMER

OCTOBER 2022 FIRST PERSON STORY

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In the age of the internet it didn't exactly take a lot to put something that had been lost in popularity back into the spotlight. There was no better example of this than *Cyberpunk 2077*. After having a *terrible* launch due to the game being rushed out before it was ready while breaking a number of problems that had been pitched by the developers prior to its release, the game had been trapped in a cycle of constant patching as they attempted to at least make the game even *functional*.

Because of all this the game had essentially fallen into obscurity for the better part of two years. Aside from its diehard fans, not many people wanted to touch it for reasons that were, well, pretty understandable. But just as it was about to fade into complete obscurity the game received something of a second wind thanks to a tie-in project. A tie-in *anime* done but STUDIO TRIGGER – a studio of great renown.

Of course the studio alone wasn't enough. The anime that was produced, *Edgerunners*, was amazing on all levels. Animation quality? Superb. Music? Bonafide bops. The characters? All fantastic. It had inspired even me, who definitely had his fair share of reservations about the game, to finally try it. And I wasn't the only one it seemed, because the game's concurrent player numbers *skyrocketed*.

And you know what? It wasn't *bad*. It was a fun game in its own right. I definitely wouldn't call it *perfect*, but games didn't need to be perfect to be worth your time. That said, I was only six or so hours in. Just past the meat and potatoes of the introduction (*and what a ride that was*). “**I guess I can play for a little bit longer...**” In fact I had been playing for a couple of hours by this point and had considered calling it a night. But what would one more mission hurt?

As I unpaused to jump back into Night City, however, I was suddenly greeted by a popup screen. **“Download the free Rebecca DLC? Huh?”** It looked like an ad for a new DLC piece. Maybe a cosmetic or something? Had it just come out? Because while the game had been given an ‘Edgerunners’ update already, there hadn’t been any news of anything aside from that.

“Uh... Well it’s free, right?” Was it foolish of me to click on the confirmation button to download it? Perhaps in hindsight, but from my point of view no real harm could come from doing it. Free DLC was free DLC, and I was just assuming it was a cosmetic item for my character or something. I *did* like Rebecca’s outfit, and it probably would have looked great on my V.

Except, as I soon realized, that wasn’t what this was. After all, I was
sucked up by my computer.

“Ow. What the hell?” The next I knew, I had fallen on my ass in a shoddy, worn down looking apartment. It reeked of oil, cigarettes, and alcohol, and it was dimly lit by lights that flickered on and off. **“I must be losing it, right? I was definitely just in my room...?”** So where the heck was this? It almost looked familiar somehow. From the ambiance to the tech scattered across a nearby kitchen counter, it almost seemed like... **“I’m not in the game, am I?”**

That was impossible. I must have been dreaming.

That said, I’d never known a dream to be so realistic. I struggled to pick myself up, nearly slipping on some sort of unidentified liquid in a puddle beside me. Slightly germophobic, I immediately shook the hand I touched it with, thinking I’d splashed it off. But it had actually been *absorbed*. **“It definitely looks like the kind of scene you’d see in Night City though. Maybe I’ve been playing too much...?”** Yet the uncertainty of whether or not I accepted this as reality, it didn’t change what was in store for me.

“OW!? WHAT THE HELL!?” I repeated the line I’d first uttered when I’d fallen on my ass here again, but this time there was a lot of fear, pain, and confusion in my voice while my hands reached up to cover my eyes. A sudden burst of *pain* had blinded me, creating the impression that something had just damaged my optics, and it sure hurt like a *bitch*. This pain was brief and went away after a moment, but even after I removed my hands and opened my eyes? I still couldn’t *see*.

Which meant I couldn't perceive what was actually happening to them physically, and they certainly didn't look *right*. After all, the whites of one's eyes weren't typically supposed to be *pink*, were they? Nor the pupils? Nor was one's irises ever supposed to be a glowing, yellowish green with a similarly colored speckle in the depths of one's pupils? Yet that was the color scheme my eyes had strangely taken. **"Why can't I see!? This is *fucked!*"**

I felt strangely aggressive, and that aggressiveness manifested in some cruder language than I typically would have spewed, but I was understandably upset by the fact that my vision hadn't been returned to me. I was practically stumbling around an unfamiliar room without any clue as to where I was going – which was hard enough as is, really, but unbeknownst to me there were forces at work making it harder.

Because my understanding was that I was a tall and chubby man reaching about for something to hold onto. Yet pretty much all of these adjectives were being challenged one after the other (*albeit not exactly in that order*). My weight was among the first, as I found it a little easier to fumble about without questioning just *why* that was so. But regardless, my gut was withdrawing and the excess weight in my arms and legs quickly became absent.

This *already* threw me off, but I was still mentally excusing it as a side effect of my blindness. **"Why am I tripping over my *fucking* clothes like some *gonk!*?"** It did little to ease my aggression, and my choice of words was similarly growing rather *strange*. If I was having issues with my outfit by *this* point in time though, it very quickly got *a lot worse*.

Soon my pants had fallen to my ankles, and I was struggling to kick them off, and it felt like maybe my boxers had too? But reaching down to make sure everything important was covered, I found my shirt seemed to be doing the trick... but I wasn't *questioning* it when I should have. In truth, this could only be possible if I wasn't *nearly* as tall as I should have been, and this was exactly the case.

My frame had quickly retreated in stature, and the fact that my shirt was covering my groin was a testament to that. I was around 5'10" under normal circumstances, yet I had rapidly lost *an entire foot*. Compared to how tall I was prior... I was practically a *goddamn dwarf!* That still didn't stop my from feeling about, hands eventually finding the counter I could see before going blind. But wasn't it a little high? **"This is *real goddamn* strange."**

And yet why did it feel *familiar*? The smells of this place that had been so pungent to me before almost felt *comforting*, and I was beginning to

crave the taste of a booze's nectar upon my lips. My body naturally shuddered, and as it did so? From head to toe, the skin on my now 4'10" frame all seemed to lighten in color to a porcelain white – which left my strangely colored eyes standing out all the more prominently.

“OW!?! WHAT THE FUCK!?! MY SACK!?!” Crudely once more I screamed out in pain, but this time it had jumped several octaves while my hands reached for my dick. But there wasn't a fucking dick there at all! Just a pussy with a bush of hair above it that my fingers slid into, but... **“Wait, sack? Why would I have a fucking cock?”** But hadn't I just... What the fuck was I even *on* about like some *joytoy*?

I breathed a goddamn sigh of relief as my vision eventually returned, cameras focusing and data streaming back to my cyberoptics. When they activated though, the shapes of my eyes rounded and enlarged *significantly* so that they were much more effeminate. Not to mention several glowing lines stretched down from their base, indicating that I had the chrome installed in the first place.

Part of a wider change, my face became smaller and rounder on the whole. Lips swelled contrary to everything else shrinking, and a blue paint spread across them even as I scowled to myself. A wriggle of my tiny nose and a raising of a thinned brow came as I scratched my head. **“I still don't feel right though. Did I drink too fuckin' much?”** Was I the type of person who even fucking drank? A part of me rejected the idea, but a much louder part of me thought ***HELL YEAH I DO!***

Turning my attention back to the bar in *my* kitchen, I gave my head a shake in an attempt to try and clear up whatever gunk had me feeling all out of it. Didn't even notice that my hair was growing as I did so, falling past my shoulders while a bright and vibrant blue lit up a once dark and dreary color. Even my bangs found themselves swept to both sides, longer than normal despite how I used to keep 'em short.

“Water... Fuck.” I felt like I was forgetting something important, but I couldn't piece together what it was. I just felt a little *drunk*, maybe? Or hungover as shit, who the fuck knew? I just couldn't think straight, and so I sauntered over to the sink. With each step I took, though? My rear end jiggled with a little more vigor. The pale cheeks of my ass were bloating, firming, and rounding all at the same time, and in the end they rose and fell with a bounce with each step. That was to say nothing of my thighs, which took on a roundness of their own.

I was clearly looking more like an *attractive as hell* woman as I approached the sink, and beneath the oversized tee I was wearing the *other* facet of that impression grew in. That is to say I was *growing fucking tits, bitch!* But not huge ones, which was fine considering I was

so short. Still, the firm B-cups that grew weren't to be scoffed at on my miniature frame. In fact it made them stand out all the more!

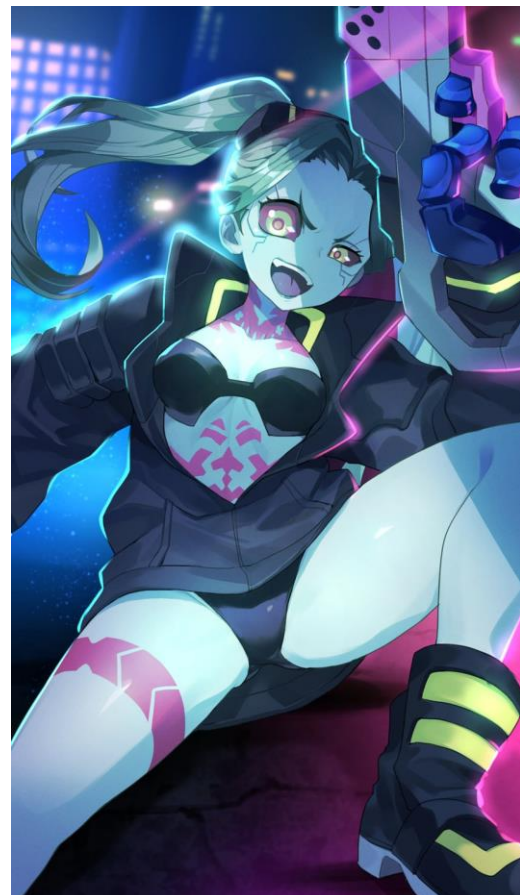
Reaching for a dirty glass off the counter with one hand, and the cold water tap with the other, the sound of glass shattering forced me to raise a brow and release a sound of surprise. "...*Huh?*" Had I underestimated my own strength? That'd definitely been the glass I was holding breaking, and I glanced over at the left hand just in time to see it... *grow?*

Maybe 'grow' wasn't the right word though? It looked more like metal, blue plating was *building* upon them, joints forged in between where my finger joints typically were while my pinkie and the finger beside it fused together. In the end it was like I had a gauntlet strapped to my hand... or was it *actually* my hand? Well fuck, it was obvs my cyberware! And it hadn't *just* been my left hand. 'Cause the right hand on the top had pulled it too tightly, forcing water to pour out beneath a matching hand that was painted red instead of blue.

"FUCK! KNOCK IT OFF!" Both hands slammed down on the sink, temporarily stopping the water flow by smashing it in completely. I'd have to get some bitch from downtown to look at and fix it later, and I was too fucking *hungover* to care by this juncture. The impact even seemed to inspire the emergence of a series of pink tattoos across my body. One around my neck, one across my stomach, and another around my thick thigh that read 'PK DICK'.

"Ugh... What kinda choom let's you get that drunk off her ass? Where was David in all that!?" I finally managed to put a finger on the pulse of why I felt so *hungover*. I'd had another successful gig with David the night before and we'd gone back to the usually spot to party where I'd drank my fill... and probably then some. I felt so off because I was hungover as *shit*. Still, I felt like I was forgettin' something important. **"Just 'cause he's turning himself into a chrome jock doesn't mean he shouldn't be lookin' out for me!"**

It was easy enough for me to blame David seeing as he not only wasn't here but was younger than me. Plus it wasn't all that much of a secret that I



wanted his dick something *bad*. What? I have good taste! Fuck you! **“That gonk! Not even a text to see how I’m doin’!”** I threw my oversized cyberarms about to stretch while I used my cyberoptics to remotely brew a cup of coffee. What time was it even? I had to sober up before anything else. That and change out of this shirt. The fuck was I wearing some dude’s shirt for? Had someone stayed the night? Couldn’t remember and didn’t care!

“Oh well, fuck him. The eddies we got last night should get me some preem addons for my rig!” Said rig being my arms, of course. Those puppies were practically my own children! And all the better, ‘cause I needed them to be as good as possible, so I didn’t get zeroed like my shitty brother.

Like hell I’d go out *that* pathetically.