



Reluctant Press presents:

AVATAR

Marrissa Greene



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Preamble:

This story is set in the not too distant future, when virtual reality worlds have become commonplace.

To get into any of these virtual reality worlds, your body would need to be placed in suspended animation and your mind transferred to an avatar within the world you wished to visit. The body you assumed would feel just as real as your own body resting back in suspended animation and it would appear to have all the biological functions of a conventional body.

Given it isn't your real body, you would be free to take risks you may never contemplate in real life. Since your real body is in stasis, you could stay in the world as long as you like. Time within the virtual worlds runs faster than the real world. Consequently, a month's holiday could feel like years in your chosen world.

You could assume whatever form you liked. You could change age, level of attractiveness, race, even gender; this capacity would naturally lead to lots of experimentation. Not only would you get the physical attributes of the body but also many of the skills associated with that persona. At the same time, you may not have access to certain skills and knowledge you had in the mundane world. The choice of body would therefore be very important in terms of the quality of the holiday you experienced. Obviously, certain bodies would be more highly prized than others and the competition for some popular avatars would be quite cut-throat. Future governments may choose to use some of those undesirable forms as a alternative to prison. Those occupying less desirable bodies as a sentence alternative would require a minder to ensure they didn't get into mischief. A corporation would clearly not want its paying customers at risk from felons.

Like all technology, there would undoubtedly be hackers trying to find there way in for free or cause mischief. Given that such environments would likely be run by large corporations, one can assume there will be cost cutting, profit gouging, cover ups and glitches and bugs.

“AVATAR”

AN UNEXPECTED EXCURSION TO A 1950’S VIRTUAL WORLD by MARRISSA GREENE

Chapter 1: GETTING READY TO EXIT THE GAME

John had been rather successful during his stay in the Arabian Nights virtual game world, chalking up many points. He loved that the macho character he had played was able to rescue a princess or two, win various fights and battles, accumulate a sizeable fortune. “He” had even ended up with his very own harem.

John smiled, quite pleased with himself, as he sat in his counting room, sorting out the points he had accumulated in the game. Not only had he been very successful in the game world, but due to a special promotional opportunity, he was collecting a small fortune in the real world. For the month he had been “inside,” his points translated to a considerable amount of cash in the “real world.” All he had to do to become a wealthy man was walk out of the portal at his assigned time, . Piece of cake, he cockily thought. He was looking forward to walking into his local dole office and ripping up the tedious paperwork right under his case manager’s officious nose.

John looked in the mirror opposite his desk, admiring his handsome face and masculine physique, wishing he had a body like this in the real world. He carefully considered the various options available to him and how best to make the most of his time left inside. After a moment’s contemplation, he grinned and decided that one last visit to the slave market was in order, not that he had plans to buy anything as that would only reduce his loot on the outside.

The slave market was a brisk hour’s walk from his harem, so he set off in cheerful fashion, armoured to the teeth, dressed in the richest robes, displaying his wealth and status to the world, as was his normal boastful style. No one could dispute that he looked quite dashing and was a commanding presence. He wished he could be half as successful in real

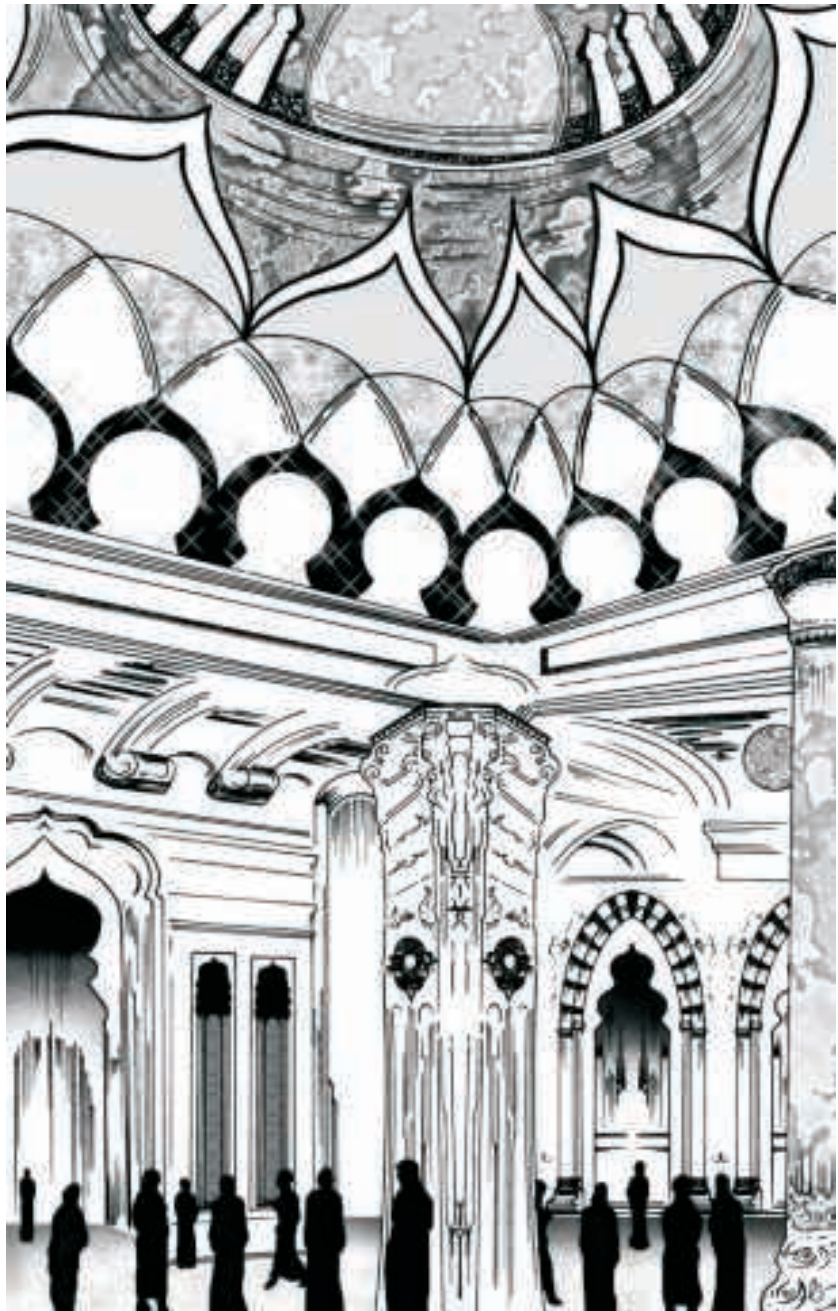
life as he had been online; in real life he had been feckless, unable to gain stable employment and was currently unemployed. He reached the market with out incident, almost disappointed that ruffians had not set him upon. He would have liked a good fight and the chance to cut and dice a few more constructs.

The Slave Market itself was housed inside an enormous cavernous chamber with the most magnificent domed roof he had ever seen. As well as being grand in size, it was also adorned with beautiful and delicately exquisite patterns. The walls were covered in the most delightful glazed tiles, making it a clear competitor in beauty for the city's Grand Mosque. John briefly reflected that commerce was worshipped as much in this world as in his own. He had noted the rivalry between the competing faiths in terms of grandness of constructed edifices.

Consistent with Islamic practice, all of these lovely artistic features were abstract. Beneath this domed roof, the enormous room was divided into several distinct sections. In the middle was a raised platform that contained the auction stand and viewing stadium. This was surrounded by a series of five separate specialty carrels.

Within each of these carrels were row upon row of little cages, most of which were occupied. The people caged within them were clearly designated as chattel and obviously considered to be of scarcely more value than domestic animals, possibly even less.

John had to admit to having a certain fascination with the bewildering array of specialty slaves on offer. These included dancing girls, sex slaves, personal attendant slaves, diaper girls and human pony slaves, to name a few. With the latter, the better trained, the more valuable



they were, particularly if they were pretty.

John decided it might be fun to look at the slaves on offer in one of his favorite novelty carrels. He slowly wandered his way to the ponygirl part of the market. Here there were girls dressed in amazing tack, some sported real tails, hoofs and a fine layer of downy fur. Whether modified or not, they had all been carefully trained to consider themselves beasts and behaved accordingly. Their tack consisted of a bridle, harness and arm binder and if they didn't have modified feet, strange looking pony boots. They represented a popular fetish in the Arabian Nights world. The girls were also a popular form of transport around the city; it was not uncommon to see ponygirl-pulled buggies tied up in front of the best clubs and cafes in town.

While he was admiring some beautifully formed beasts, one of the pony girl trainers came up to him, smiling pleasantly and gleefully rubbing his hands at seeing a clearly wealthy customer. "Sir, are you interested in an additional ponygirl or two? My stock make wonderful transport animals."

John smiled back at the proprietor and shook his head. "Not at this stage, as the stables in my harem are currently full, but I do have expansion plans. The town council has already given me permission to double the size of my stables."

The trainer nodded his head in acknowledgement, obviously disappointed in not getting a sale. Then he brightened up, thinking of future possible sales if he buttered this gentleman up. "Well sir, would you like to try out some ponygirls for when you do have some space in your stables?"

Normally John would have been interested in this man's offer but as this was his last day in the virtual world, he wanted to consider something even more exotic. "No thank you, at least not today."

As John walked away, the man called out, obviously disappointed, "If you change your mind, you know where to come."

John absent-mindedly waved back at him and muttered a noncommittal, "Yes, sure," as he walked away in search of a more exotic something. He chuckled, thinking how odd it was that something as weird as half-human, half-animal hybrids had become boring.

As he continued to wander the various stalls, he noticed a strange door in the southern wall he was sure he had ever seen before. The door was noteworthy as it wasn't the typical large wood or solid iron door preferred in this world; instead it looked like a modern grey steel door with a 21st Century handle on it.

Curious, John went up to it, tried the handle and found that it was unlocked. He paused a moment before opening it, remembering that the Arabian Nights game world was full of traps. The traps he had seen in the past, however, had always taken the form of something that fit into the genre. This door was completely out of place and piqued his curiosity.

"What the heck," John muttered to himself. He shrugged his shoulders, opened the door and stepped through it. No sooner had he done that than he realized the monumental blunder he had made. On the other side of the door was a long brightly-lit hallway with many other doors opening off it. With a sinking feeling, John realized that he had stum-

bled into a hacker's back door access port. John turned around just in time to see the door close. He couldn't reopen it. After a few minutes of fruitless effort, it disappeared completely. He looked down the corridor and noticed other doors appearing and disappearing in a most disconcerting fashion.

John had heard rumors of these doors popping up in games due to glitches in the system and about people accidentally walking through them. Some of these doors lead to other parts of the same simulation; others lead to different virtual worlds. That was potentially very bad, as John knew that if you stepped out into a world other than the one you had paid to visit, the system could lose your signal. If that happened, his mind could get stuck in the game world while his poor body would get moved to a hospital ward where it would be in a vegetative state.

Nervous, John looked at the shifting doors. They seemed to be color-coded and had various strange letters and symbols on them. Some doors were red, others yellow, some pink and some blue; there was an occasional green door. John tried to examine the letters and symbols written on them but couldn't make heads or tails of them. They were neither in English or Arabic.

After waiting half an hour without any sign of a programmer or hacker, John realized that he was on his own. Tentatively, he opened a pair of doors that were side by side and peered through them.

The pink one seemed to lead to a room full of mirrors, which held various female avatars in their reflections; the red one opened onto a street scene that didn't look at all like the Arabian Nights world he had just come from. At least it looked relatively benign. John stood looking at the two open doors, pondering the risks of entering either of them. He couldn't help but think of the horrible tales of gamers never waking up after getting lost in such programming corridors and new how dangerous some of the alternative worlds could be. What sort of living hell would he be in for if he got trapped within one of them? He cursed his stupidity for entering that damn door.

After agonizing several more minutes, he decided that opening and looking through more doors wasn't likely to reduce his risk of becoming a vegetable. It could actually prove lethal as there was an inherent risk each time he opened a door.

John decided against the pink door option as he suspected the room was probably a form selection area for female players. As he wasn't into gender bending, he thought he'd better give it a miss. The red door on the other hand opened onto a street scene which appeared to be mid to late 20th Century, probably American. This was a time and place he could probably live with. Having made his decision, John took a deep breath. Then, before his nerve gave out, he leaped through the red door.

Mid-flight, John questioned the wisdom of so doing and hoped this wasn't going to prove to be his second big mistake as he found himself sucked into a strange vortex. Just as he was about to give in to despair, he popped out the other end onto the road he had seen through the open door. He freaked out when he suddenly realized that he was riding a motorcycle.

Cycle riding skills were not among John's strong points, nor apparently those of the avatar he seemed to have been sucked into; he quickly found himself sliding across the bitu-

men, cursing the bike. He was glad that the body he landed in wasn't driving too fast and had been smart enough to wear a helmet and leathers.

Once the bike ground to a stop, John lay groaning on the road for a while, feeling a bit worse for wear. Eventually, he gingerly stood up and dusted himself off, glancing in the bike's mirror as he did so. John was no longer the handsome dashing figure he had been in the Arabian Nights world, but at least he was still a guy. The image reflecting back at him was that of a geeky-looking man of college age. A glance around the street indicated that he was in what seemed like a reconstruction of 1950's America, dull but probably fairly safe. John personally had only a passing interest in history and could not understand why anyone would want to spend his or her holiday time in such a dull place.

After dusting himself off, John pulled out "his" wallet, hoping to get some clue as to his identity. He discovered that his avatar was 18 years old and was living at 120 12th Street. He grinned, thinking that retaining the first name of John would avoid any unnecessary slip-ups on his part. He also found a student card so he guessed that he must now be a student at the local college, wherever that was. He groaned at that discovery, having never been the scholarly type.

He decided that the easiest thing to do was to walk his damaged bike to "his" residence and hope to get some more clues about whom he was supposed to be. Being a typical grid-based American city, it was easy to find 12th Street.

Chapter 2: FINDING OUT ABOUT THE Johnson HOUSEHOLD

To John's amazement, the house his avatar lived in turned out to be a magnificent Victorian mansion. It was one of those beautiful 19th Century follies, known as "painted ladies." This one was brightly painted in shades of purple and lilac and had a distinctly feminine air about it. Unlike the dull white most people painted their homes in the 1950s, this one stood out grandly. As he knocked on the door, he had high hopes that he owned it or at least stood to inherit it. A shrill girl's voice quickly dispelled that fantasy as she cried out, "Mom, it looks like our dopey boarder's smashed his bike again."

John couldn't help but wince at that harsh but apt judgment. Saying as little as possible, he quickly ascertained that he was staying with a widow and her four daughters. He sighed, realizing that the avatar he was stuck in belonged to a relatively low-status body in this world. Well, things could be worse.

He couldn't possibly stay in such a dull life forever; clearly he would have to devise some strategy to contact the system management and get out of this place. He had no desire to stay John the Geek.

The widow, Mrs. Johnson, was a handsome lady, very amply endowed in the bosom area. John had some difficulty taking his eyes her impressive breasts. While she was a widow and therefore technically available, the age difference was a barrier against forming a relationship, so he decided he had better cool his heels. Although older in the outside world, here his license declared that he was only 18; she was in her mid to late thirties.

At the same time, John realized that the daughters were all probably too young for him as well, except maybe the oldest. He concluded that there would be limited opportunity for romantic entanglements within the household.

John quickly found out that the girls were four years apart in age, 16, 12, 8 and 4. Each of them was pretty in her own right, and except for the youngest, they appeared to be quite bright. The four-year-old, however, seemed to be a little backward, particularly concerning toilet training. She still had to wear nappies, or diapers, as they seemed to call them here. This appeared to be an ongoing source of embarrassment for the rest of the family. The four-year was called Emma; John guessed she did not like the situation either. She constantly bemoaned having to wear diapers and spoke loudly of her wish to be toilet trained. Apparently, though, she just could not avoid having accidents during the day. She was also incontinent while sleeping and would nearly always wet the bed if not put in protective diapers.

Nothing seemed at all unusual to John about the household, except perhaps the strictness of Mrs. Johnson; he rationalized this was meant to be the 1950's, discipline was much more harsh in those days.

As John guessed from the lovely old Victorian house they lived in, the family was quite affluent. They even had servants, including a rather pretty parlor maid. The house was quite ornate and contained numerous architectural features, which John found himself admiring. The house was large enough that each of the daughters was able to have the luxury of her own room and still leave space for a guest or two. There was also a small servants' quarter although nearly all the hired staff chose to live off site, except for the maid just mentioned.

Early that afternoon, John was left to his own devices. He decided to explore the house and have a good sticky look at the bedrooms, hoping to find out more about the occupants. He felt a little guilty about such trespassing but his curiosity and need to know more about the people he was staying with far outweighed any moral qualms. He was careful not to touch or shift anything, which might give away his snooping.

Each room was reflective of the tenant living in it. The three older girls got to select all their own décor, while Mrs. Johnson was apparently responsible for the furniture selection in Emma's room.

Mrs. Johnson's room was quite large and set up in a late Victorian style. Her bed was an enormous four-poster mahogany affair with beautiful carvings and heaps of lace. Mrs. Johnson enjoyed dressing up in period costumes for various town re-enactments and was a stickler for detail. She insisted that even her underwear was authentic, right down to the bone corset. Her underwear drawers had the expected array of corsets, girdles and bras. John almost salivated on seeing them, having images of the well-endowed Mrs Johnson standing in them in his mind's eye.

Paula, the oldest daughter, had a rather conservative room. It was painted a light lilac and had tasteful moraine curtains with only a small flourish of lace. The walls were adorned with paintings of pleasant country scenes, which were clearly original paintings, not cheap replicas. Her wardrobe contained what you would expect from an affluent 1950's teenager, a collection of up-to-date and highly fashionable dresses, with the odd

pair of slacks thrown in. She was clearly a cheerleader from the two uniforms hanging in her wardrobe and probably also a Girl Scout as she had a Scout uniform hanging up as well.

She was the only daughter allowed to have a dressing table and to use makeup and perfume. Her dressing table was a lovely walnut affair, with an orderly collection of perfume bottles, brushes and makeup. To John's keen eye however, she had not yet perfected her techniques in that regard; when he had seen her earlier in the afternoon, she had looked somewhat over-painted. Her underwear drawer contained exquisite silken panty and bra combinations, stockings and suspender belts and some sexy-looking girdles. John was almost drooling when he glanced at them, hoping he might get a chance to see her in them one day.

Jenny, the second eldest daughter, was clearly something of a Tomboy. Her room was comparatively Spartan and painted a boyish blue. Her main ornamentation was a large painting of a horse, clearly a stallion from the large organ visible in its rearing pose. She also had a small collection of adventure type books, some for girls, but mostly for boys. As well as being a Tomboy, she was also clearly a horsy type of person; she appeared to have won many ribbons in competitive contest.

Her wardrobe contained only two dresses, she clearly preferred to wear jeans or slacks and had been wearing jeans when John first met her. John guessed that the dresses were probably only worn to church or special functions. Her underwear was plain, mostly cotton and rather boyish.

Anne, the second youngest girl, in comparison to Jenny, had a room that was very feminine, almost overflowing with lace. She had walls painted a pale pink and had an enormous dollhouse against one wall. She also owned a large doll collection and had adorned the walls with paintings of 19th century ladies. She clearly loved to dress up like her mother and participate in re-enactment days as John could tell from the photos of her so dressed, proudly displayed on her study desk.

She also had a small book collection; her books were primarily fairytales. A perusal of her wardrobe revealed that, unlike her older sister, she wore nothing but dresses; she did not appear to own any slacks or jeans at all. She had two period dresses and a Brownie uniform. John guessed she must be attending a private school as she had a uniform hanging in there as well.

John's inspection of her underwear drawer indicated she had a preference for vests and cute animal or mermaid themed panties and seemed to have a perchance for tights rather than socks.

Emma's room had been completely set up by her mother and looked like an infant's room. It included a cot, changing table, nappy pail, wardrobe, potty-chair, playpen and many juvenile toys, mainly stuffed animals. The furniture was all white with juvenile motifs of cute animals or fairytale characters on them. The walls were white and adorned with similar motifs.

His survey of her wardrobe revealed nothing but little girl dresses and a couple of what he guessed were punishment dresses as they had belts and restraints built into them.

He noticed that all the outfits she wore were very babyish; dressed in them she tended like a toddler rather than the four-year-old girl she actually was.

John remembered that she had been wearing a bonnet when he arrived and her dress had been so short that it ensured that her frilly plastic panties were on display whenever she bent over. In fact, John had first assumed that she was a toddler, until Mrs Johnson inadvertently told him her age.

He found lots of cloth diapers in her underwear drawer alongside plastic panties, many rather pretty and rhumba styled.

While she hated her restraints, Emma did not seem to mind her babyish clothes or showing off her plastic panties. Much to her mother's consternation she would often deliberately lift her dress to show them off. John could remember her doing exactly that shortly after his arrival at the house. He could recall her asking him, "John, do you like my pretty panties?"

John had not been sure how to answer but ended up saying, "Yes I do. They are very nice and you are a lucky girl to have them."

Much to his consternation, she then asked him with a grin, "You think so? Would you like to wear them instead of me then?"

John had been so thrown that it took time to answer, "No Emma, men don't wear panties."

"I suppose not," she pondered. "Would you wear them if you were a little girl like me?"

"If I was, I'm sure I would love to," he had responded.

Fortunately, she seemed happy with that answer and did not ask any more embarrassing questions.

The cot Emma slept in was old-fashioned, having bars and a locking lid; it looked a bit like a small cage to John. She also obviously often slept with night restraints. John speculated that that might be due to her tendency to remove her nappies when given the chance. He had heard Mrs. Johnson complaining about that and mentioning something about her wetting the bed. The restraints were set up so they were loose but kept her hands away from her nappies. Emma had been promised that her room would be refurbished once she was out of diapers. Mrs. Johnson strongly believed that Emma needed such incentives to stop bed-wetting. Emma's room made John feel terribly uncomfortable and he felt that her treatment bordered on the abusive.

With a shudder, John speculated about what the horrid-looking punishment dresses were used for.

John then snuck into the maid's room. It was very Spartan and not personally decorated at all. He had just opened her cupboards to look at her frilly dresses and uniforms when he heard the front door open and a chorus of feminine voices calling out to him. Sweating profusely, he managed to sneak back to his room without any one being the wiser, or at least that's what he hoped.