



Dream Dive Live

Just three words. Three ordinary words that probably everyone in our world knew by now.

"Dream. Dive. Live."

It was just a slogan from the advertising campaign for "Virtual Journey" by Big Evil Corporation LLC — which, from being just another fancy attraction for the rich, eventually became, like the internet once did, pretty much the main and most widespread way to escape reality. All you needed was a capsule, a connection, a couple of swipes on the screen. And you were already someone else — anyone, anywhere, anytime, and most importantly, for as long as you wanted. Time inside lasted exactly how long you wanted and programmed it to be, so you could live an entire life as a Pharaoh in Egypt, then come back and realize only an hour had passed in the real world. And the most important thing — once you dove in, there was no way to tell if it was real or not. The tactile sensations, emotions, the touch of the wind, the smells, and so much more — all of it was on a very high level. But, yeah, there was of course one "but" — all these features were only available in "premium" mode and for a limited time. So even though the tech had spread widely, full functionality still remained out of reach for most people.

— Jake, are you sure this is going to be safe? — Stephanie, my fiancée, asked, eyeing the immersion capsules nervously and adjusting the hem of her long, puffy wedding dress. — I mean... a year? That's... that's a lot, and... so expensive.

— Ha, a year — I grinned wide, stepping away from the capsule settings, then leaned in closer to Stephanie and whispered so the cameras wouldn't catch it — Actually... I hacked the system. We've got ten whole years. For free. With full premium. Stephanie gasped and fluttered her lashes.

— Are you crazy?! That could be dangerous! What if—



She didn't get to finish, because my lips were already on hers — warm, soft, almost pleading. I felt her tension melt for a moment in that kiss, felt how she was still hesitant, but... giving in. Because she knew: when I look at her like that, like everything's under control — I never back down.

— I promise, this'll be the most unforgettable honeymoon ever — I murmured as our lips parted, and gave her thigh a light slap. She giggled, still shaking her head in disbelief, and we both stepped toward the capsules at the same time. The program was already chosen: "Beaches of Ancient Atlantis — luxurious palaces, warm sea, exotic beauty." But I hadn't revealed all my cards to my beloved — I wanted it to be a surprise. The romantic in me demanded it. I would be a prince, coming to woo the princess of Atlantis, and she — she would have to recognize me, ha.

Overall, I can't say I used "Virtual Journeys" all that often, but from my experience — everything had always gone pretty smoothly. I tried a few simple tours: rode on a dragon's back, relaxed in the tropics, once even captained a pirate ship. So when the start interface loaded and the capsule hummed softly beneath me, I felt right at home.

A menu appeared in front of my eyes — semi-transparent, with soft neon edges. Standard settings: "Full Immersion," "Tactile Sensations: Max," "Connection to Reality: Off," and a giant button labeled "START ADVENTURE." But just below — another section I hadn't seen before. "Personalized Difficulty," "Engagement Level," "Role Randomization." I snorted.

— What the hell is that for? — I muttered, staring at the difficulty slider. — I already set everything up in the hacked file... Stephanie's the princess, I'm the prince — her future fiancé and husband, and then we'll throw a fancy-ass wedding. Not some modest crap like in real life — a real royal one, something Stephanie will remember for years. Ugh... Damn, looks like I gotta pick something for the load to start...

I grumbled, smirked, and without thinking much, selected "random," then lazily dragged the difficulty slider all the way to the end. A creepy skull icon even popped up, but I just leaned back, letting the capsule close around me completely, and then — total darkness.



A hum, noise, darkness. It all lasted longer than usual — probably because the ten-year span I chose required more precise world generation and, judging by the feel of it, was loading some particularly heavy data packages. For a second, the thought crossed my mind: maybe the whole thing had frozen?

But before real panic could settle in, something clicked in my head.

— Welcome to Atlantis. — A lifeless metallic voice suddenly said, sending a chill through my insides. Not out of fear — no. But because right after the voice came a sudden jolt.

I flinched like I'd just fallen. But it wasn't a fall — it felt more like waking up, because I opened my eyes and instantly realized I was lying on something hard and solid. A stone floor, covered with just a thin rug. The unfamiliar cold seeped through the fabric, but what threw me off even more was how I felt in my own body.

Something was wrong. Very wrong.

I tried to roll onto my side — and immediately felt something heavy and alive slide across my chest... my breasts.

The thing literally hung off to the side, pulling my torso along with it — heavy, firm, and completely impossible in terms of weight. It shifted, and I held my breath for a moment from the strange sensation — the weight of something that absolutely wasn't mine dragged the skin over my ribs and... triggered some involuntary, completely inappropriate response in my body.

I blinked and slowly propped myself up on my elbows — and immediately felt a pull down below, a tight rolling movement, as if there was some wide, heavy mass under my skin, reacting to every motion. Something long and silky slid softly down my back, wrapping around my shoulders and cheeks like a warm wave.

And in front... I couldn't see, but I could feel something massive, warm and soft pressed against my ribcage, swaying slightly, even drooping to the sides.

My eyes started adjusting to the dim light. I looked around.

I was in a long stone hall, covered in rugs and pillows, but clearly not meant for aristocrats' sleep — more like... a harem? About two dozen girls — half-naked, slim, flexible, each in a sheer, see-through outfit — some were still dozing, some already sitting up, stretching, fixing their hair or... wrapping their tits in silk ribbons.

I blinked — was this a sleeping chamber for concubines? Dancers?

And then it hit me...



— No. No-no-no. Not this! — I practically shouted when I looked down and... found myself staring at two heavy, full shapes swaying freely on my chest. With no support. No bra. Just a thin piece of cloth — or something resembling panties — covered my pelvis, and everything else... was out in the open. Huge, smooth tits — real, alive, dense, stretching the skin over my ribcage. It felt like they were about to slide off if I leaned forward just a little more. The nipples — dark, the skin — tan, and the voice... I could already hear it. It sounded way too feminine, too soft, and kinda sexy.

— Shhh... Arissa, shut the hell up — came a sleepy, annoyed voice from somewhere to my right. — Why are you freaking out? Like yesterday's training wasn't enough for you.

I turned sharply — or tried to — but my tits swung forward like heavy pendulums and I nearly fell off my rug.

Next to me, curled into a soft pillow, was a girl with short chestnut hair, squinting sleepily. Her curves were no less than mine. She winced, yawned, and muttered without opening her eyes:

— If you scream like that again, Madam Halarina's gonna rip your vocal cords out. Shut up and let people sleep, if you can't...

Arissa? That... was my name? They... called me that?

I felt panic clench inside me. But on the outside, I probably just looked like a slightly ruffled girl from this harem.

My whole body responded to every little movement: my breasts swayed like they had a life of their own, my hips — round, full — pressed tightly together as I barely managed to sit up. Under my fingers — smooth, velvet-like skin on my stomach. I ran my hand along my waist... so thin it felt like I could wrap both hands around it.

— Fuck... fuck, fuck, fuck... — I now whispered quietly, grabbing my boobs like I wanted to tear them off or at least check if they were... real.

But what my fingers felt wasn't an illusion — it was flesh. Warm, springy, almost pulsing under the skin. And worst of all, when I squeezed them, I felt it. Felt way too much. Like someone else's hands were caressing me. No... not me. Her. This fucking new me.

And then it rang — a gong, followed by a shrill, nasal, unpleasant female voice: — Wake up, you lazy sirens! We've got training today with Maestro Dal'Kiri. If anyone forgets the hip turn on the third beat again — you're doing another lap up the stairs! No breakfast!

And in the next instant, a wave of light swept across the ceiling of the hall, which until then had been dimly lit — not the warmth of morning sun, but a cold, surgical light.

Magical lamps embedded in the stone arches flared up one after another, blinding and forcing us to squint.



I groaned — no, more like a slow, feminine moan slipped out of me, so indecently playful it made my skin crawl. I slapped a hand over my mouth. Well, “hand”... thin, smooth, with pink nails — more like the manicured fingers of a salon girl than my old hand.

The hall instantly filled with a rustle — like hundreds of silk ribbons gliding over skin at once: the girls were waking up, getting up, stretching their bodies with lazy grace. The air thickened with the scent of sweat, incense, and something sweet, almost sickeningly so. The carpeted floor creaked under dozens of bare, delicate feet.

At the far end of the hall, on a raised platform, stood a figure — tall, lean, in a tight scarlet outfit that gleamed like lacquered leather. Heels impossibly high, hair — dead straight, black, tied into a high ponytail, and the face... cold, not a single wrinkle, eyes heavily lined with makeup. If the Snow Queen had ever decided to become a burlesque coach, this would’ve been her.

— Madam Halarina, — someone to my left whispered with such reverence, it was like they had just named a goddess.

— Line up, sluts! — she barked, snapping her fingers.

The snap sounded like a gunshot. A shiver ran down my spine — not just from fear, though yeah, fuck, I was scared — but because everything around me suddenly came to life. As if on cue, the girls who had been lying down, sitting, stretching lazily, scratching their perfect legs, suddenly jumped to attention, straightened up, and began lining up in rows. And I — me! — instinctively stood up with them. My bare feet touched the floor, surprisingly warm. My tits — those two heavy, lead-like crescents — dropped and tugged down hard. I tried to cover them with my arms, but it looked so awkward that the brunette next to me snorted.

— Oh, Arissa... playing the innocent farm girl again? After that little incident with Prince Dahren — don’t make me laugh.

I opened my mouth to protest... but couldn’t find any words. Prince? What fucking prince?! What fucking incident?! What the hell was she talking about?!

Inside, a chill ran through me. And at the same time — disturbingly — something stirred down below... as if this new flesh was reacting to what the girl said in a completely different way. Not fear, not anger — but something... alarmingly wet.

— Menu! Menu! Settings! — I blurted out, cursing the way I sounded, hearing my own velvety voice with that deep, sultry rasp like a cabaret singer. And right then I realized — nothing was happening. No interface. No pop-up. No settings panel. Nothing.

I was standing in the middle of a stone hall, surrounded by half-naked women, with heavy tits, a weightless, nearly transparent outfit, and the terrifying sense that this wasn’t some digital fantasy world — this was real.



— Hey! — I exhaled, a bit quieter, trying not to panic. — Pause. Exit. Main menu... Nothing. Only someone behind me yawned and murmured in a sultry tone:
— Arissa, you're kinda... turned on today. — the girl said, lightly nudging me and giggling.

"Fuck... this isn't possible," — I kept thinking, still trying to make sense of it. Where's the standard menu? Where are the settings? Usually, when entering a virtual journey, the interface always showed up — at least as a transparent overlay, or in your inner eye like a HUD. But now — nothing. Absolutely nothing. I quickly licked my lips — and instantly tasted lipstick. Real, sweetish, a little oily. My tongue moved differently now, more sensually. My lips were fuller, more sensitive. My hips felt heavy — a weight that was just there. And on my chest, those two unrelentingly heavy masses pulled and swayed with every breath, every step. And all of it was mine.

No, this is still a simulation. Stephanie's nearby, only a little time has passed, she... yeah, she must be the princess, and I'm the visiting prince here to propose in this scenario. I just need to find her and explain everything...

Um... why the hell is that bitch staring at me like that?

I mean Madam Halarina, of course. She stood at the very edge of the platform, her spine disturbingly straight, hands clasped behind her back, and in her eyes — that narrowed gaze that sent chills over even these new, smooth, clearly lotioned shoulders.

Her stare pierced right through me, like a blade — not angry, no. It was precise interest. Like she knew, could sense, that I... wasn't really me. That under this plush pair of tits, under this soft belly skin and seductive hips, someone else was hiding. Or, even worse — like she could feel just how much I wasn't me right now. How awkwardly I stood — my boobs swaying with every breath, my legs slightly trembling, hips subtly tilted forward like they were begging for... fuck, stop it! I turned away, but it was too late.

— Arissa! — Madam Halarina's voice cracked like a whip. — Front and center. I flinched, froze for a split second, and then realized: she was talking to me. To me! In front of this whole... crowd of swaying tits and flawless legs.

Goddamn it, I'm Arissa! Now I have to respond to that name?!

— What?.. — I breathed out, feeling my breasts bounce forward from the sharp movement, like they were announcing to everyone: "Yes, yes, I'm heavy, I'm sexy, I'm here and I'm... real."

— Center. Now! — Halarina snapped again, her fingers clicking.



I stepped forward, made one move — and almost fell flat, because the center of gravity was all wrong. Foreign.

I could feel how my hips rolled, how my tits pulled me forward, and how every step came with this... soft sway of the pelvis, like the whole body was begging for attention. The girls around me started whispering. I could even catch some words: “clumsy”, “weird today”, “maybe she’s doing it on purpose?”

— And now... — Madam’s voice turned thick like syrup — basic stance. Hip turn, pause, figure eight and twist. Show everyone, Arissa.

No! I don’t know how to do that! I’d only been to like, three Zumba classes in my life — and only because Stephanie made me! I... I...

I jerked my hips to the side and immediately almost went down — literally.

My hips, now so full, mobile, and wide, moved my whole body forward in a hypnotic sway, like they were in charge, not me.

My boobs — those two unbearably alive masses — bounced in the opposite direction, lagging behind the torso like they had their own fucking opinion.

The pull yanked the rest of me forward and I stumbled a step, landing heavily on my heels.

— Arissa... — Madam Halarina’s voice came out in a slow, warning drag. — This isn’t some tavern in the Lower Quarter. This is a stage. And you’re dancing like you’ve just seen your body for the first time. One more move like that and I’ll assume you’ve got amnesia.

"You have no idea how right you are," — flashed through my mind as I struggled to find my balance, throwing out my arms.

They were so thin now, delicate — elbows elegantly pointed, wrists so fragile.

Every awkward motion triggered a chain reaction through my body: my boobs swayed, nipples tingled from the draft, hips rolled like I was moving through water. Everything was too sensitive.

I tried again to do the “figure eight,” like Halarina had said. I think it had something to do with the hips.

But my hips had a mind of their own — stubborn, slow, and downright lewd.

Instead of a graceful pattern, I delivered something more like a wobbly wiggle, like I was trying to scratch my back against thin air.

The girls in line started laughing.

— Arissa, darling... — said that same chestnut-haired one with a mocking tone, leaning toward her neighbor, but I heard it all — Looks like she didn’t spend the night with pillows again...



The laughter grew louder. I clenched my teeth — and tasted something sweet in my mouth, like leftover wine or fruit.

Bending over slightly and clutching my absurdly wide hips, which were already starting to ache, I looked up at Madam Halarina — just as she stepped forward, her heels clicking sharply on the stone floor.

Her hair didn't move a bit, and her lips curled into a crooked smile.

— Since you want to joke so much, Arissa, — she said quietly, but clearly — then you'll do your joking outside the palace. At the Red Free Gates. Every evening. City stage. Sea salt, heat, and soldiers. Solo.

My mouth opened slightly, my face stuck in a dumb expression.

I... what? I didn't understand a damn thing. And then it hit me like a punch to the gut.

The city gates?! SOLDIERS?! — I screamed inside my head.

Now I'm supposed to dance in the open heat, on the dirty street, for a bunch of rough soldiers with sand between their teeth — not in this luxurious palace, with soft rugs, cool air, and at least decent food?

This... this is punishment? This has to be some mistake, right?

But judging by the reaction of the girls around me — I was right.

A few of them gasped at the same time, one raised her brows, another flinched like she wanted to say something but didn't dare.

— What?.. — I blurted out again, in that overly feminine voice, with a breathy tone, with trembling... and to my horror, with a hint of pleading. — But I...

But Madam Halarina had already turned her back to me, snapping her fingers sharply.

— Take her! Change her into street attire. And have an escort deliver her by sunset, — she tossed over her shoulder without looking back.

— Wait, I... I can explain! — I tried desperately, stepping forward — my tits, of course, bounced again, my hips nearly gave out, and I stumbled like an idiot. — I need to see the princess! She'll explain everything! — My voice cracked. Almost a scream. Almost begging.

My lips trembled.

My heart pounded between my boobs, and every beat echoed inside those damn swollen orbs that swayed with each breath.

It felt like they were laughing along with the others.

Madam Halarina stopped halfway to the exit. Her shoulders froze.

The thin hand in a black glove tensed — barely noticeably.

— The princess? — Madam Halarina said slowly, pausing, turning her head just enough for me to feel her stare — cold, heavy, like a dagger blade. — You, — and the word dropped from her lips like it disgusted her — think you're someone... important?

That you can just say Her name?

She spun around sharply, her heels ringing against the stone — now staring straight at me. The girls in the hall held their breath. One covered her mouth with both hands. Another bit her lip, like she was hungry for the drama.



— You, Arissa... — she continued, now softer, almost sweetly — a pathetic dancer with the manners of a village slut who can't even turn her hips without getting tangled in her own tits... — she smirked, but there wasn't a shred of warmth in it.

— And you, — she looked me up and down, lingering especially on my boobs — think you're worthy of saying "princess", like you're not the dust beneath her feet?

She burst into laughter. Loud. Hoarse. Sharp. That laugh cracked through the hall like the snap of a whip.

— HA-HA-HA-HA-HAAAAAAA! — the air itself seemed to tremble with her voice.

— Arissa wants to see the princess! — she shouted, like she was retelling some joke in a tavern. The hall froze. Even the guards at the doors — in their intimidating armor with exposed blades — lifted their heads and glanced at each other.

One of the girls hiccupped from trying not to laugh, then quickly covered her mouth.

And me... I stood there.

In the center.

Wearing nothing but a tiny loincloth, with tits that somehow felt even heavier now — like they were mocking me right along with her.

All the weight of this new female flesh — soft, full, put on display — had become a reminder: there's no way back. Only down.

I opened my mouth, tried to say something, to explain at least — but my tongue got twisted. Literally. It slid over my new lips — wet, soft, coated in some sweet-smelling gloss. Not mine. Not mine in any way.

— I said take her, what part of that is hard to get?! — Madam Halarina's voice tore through the air like a whip, and in the same instant, two guards in gleaming, ornate armor stepped forward.

— Wait, I... I can expla— — I tried, raising my hands, but the guards were already there.

One grabbed me by the shoulder — his glove smooth, warm, and firm — and the other around my waist.

Yeah. My waist. Like I was some trembling little maiden.

Their fingers wrapped around my body so easily, like I actually weighed what I looked — delicate, slender, soft. Their touch slid over my skin and... I shuddered. The contact was too real. Too intimate. As if they were really holding a woman.

— Don't squirm, Arissa, — one of them muttered. — The faster we go, the less your... assets will jiggle.

I wanted to spit in his face. I wanted to scream. I wanted to show him what real dignity looked like. But all that came from my lips was a thin, shaky exhale.

"You've gotta be fucking kidding me..." — I screamed in my head. "This is a game! It's just a fucking VR game, dammit! Stephanie has to be nearby, there has to be some kind of menu, goddammit!"



to be continued...?