

OPEN SOURCE

PART
TWO



A NOVEL BY
THE ETHICAL HYPNOTIST

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY NIBIRU-TG

Open Source: Part Two

A Novel By The Ethical Hypnotist

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Author's Note:

The following is part two of an ongoing story. You can find part one [on my DeviantArt page](#), or many other places by searching my name. It is also a work in progress - things can and will change between now and the final draft.

Your continued support has been so uplifting as I continue this work. If you in any way enjoy this story, the best way to show it is to buy one of my stories at my [itch.io](#) page. I have lots of great stories there, and I will soon have a deluxe version of this Open Source sample with an included audiobook version!

Chapter Six: Juicing the Stats

Marisol woke up to the first day of the rest of her life, slowly and groggily. She sat up, yawning and scratching her head - then froze. This was not her capsule. The room was vast and nearly lightless; only a handful of status LEDs pierced the gloom. Marisol reflexively activated her ShiftX, shifting the rod/cone balance in her eyes to take in the space.

She was in one of the Institute's underground storerooms, a low-ceilinged cave that stretched for tens of meters. The corner she was sitting in had been made into a living space on the cheap, found furniture lining the nearest walls. There was a milkcrate nightstand beside the queen bed where she sat, with a ratty couch on the opposite wall. Mickey was softly snoring on said couch, curled up beneath his bomber jacket.

Her new interface awoke from sleep mode, and Marisol almost wept at its minimalism. Not a single ad in sight, just a few status icons softly pulsing in the corner of her vision, discreetly informing her of the night's messages. Marisol took a moment catching up - mostly spam, along with a contract termination notice from Mrs Patel. She signed it, happy to be done with the woman, then rescanned the room with her digital eyes.

Azrael was floating above Mickey, reading some kind of manga - or more likely hentai, given how much of the page was pixelated from her vision. Sexy blurs writhed on the page in a very suggestive way. She coughed politely and the angel whirled, stuffing the virtual screen behind his back.

"*Oh!* Good morning Marisol!" he private-chatted to her. "Would you like me to wake Mickey?"

She waved the angel off. "Let him sleep, I can take care of myself." She walked to what passed for a kitchen, her ad-supported shirt suggesting a number of appliances that would improve her cooking experience. Opening the mini-fridge, Marisol winced at the light bulb inside, momentarily blinded, then fished out a mycoprotein bar and a Diet Temu and returned to the bed.

Clementine appeared at her side as she chewed, sitting on the bed in virtual pajamas. "Morning Mar-Mar! You ready to rage against the machine?"

Marisol raised an eyebrow at that. "What happened to 'this is all so dangerous?' I thought you were trying to talk me *out of* consorting with criminals..."

"I dunno." Clem stared up at the ceiling. "I guess Mickey just convinced me is all..."

"Yeah, he 'convinced' you, all right. Twice in an hour, if memory serves. Shot a load of revolution *all up* in them guts." Clementine blushed fiercely at that, and Marisol hugged her, chuckling. "I'm glad you had a good time, sweetie. Mickey was a solid pull for your first analog lay. *God*, remember how cringe it was with Edgar? Pretzeled up in his shitty Nissan Leaf after prom?"

"I was too embarrassed to watch," Clem admitted. "I sat in the front seat and made *incredibly awkward* small talk with his assistant." She let out her own chuckle. "God, Edgar. That was more than a decade ago. We're almost *thirty*, Mar-Mar..."

"Don't remind me." Marisol shook her head, trying to forget, then stood. "Alright, I'm gonna try to find the showers in this dump. You chill with Azrael, I'll message once I'm done."

Marisol wandered into the hallway, searching for a bathroom. This was more difficult than she'd hoped; the corridors were dimly lit and all the signage was for the old museum staff to navigate the stored art. She could now find the works of the old masters, but not where to wash her hair. Marisol started shivering as she searched; the climate control system was still operational, the air kept cold and dry, and she was in nothing but her t-shirt and panties.

Salvation arrived when Hermes emerged from one of the endless doorways, one left hand scratching her head while the other held a coffee mug. She was wrapped in a robe, altered for her unique anatomy, and a pair of fuzzy slippers.

"Marquez? What are you doing here?" Hermes looked the woman up and down and raised an eyebrow. "Where are your pants?"

"Back in Mickey's room," she explained. "I wanted to take a shower, but nothing's labeled, and now I'm lost... and cold."

"Not very user-friendly, no cap," Hermes agreed. She jerked her head down the hall. "Come on, I'll show you." A few turns later and they entered another anonymous storage space, the front half converted into a communal bathroom.

Odin stood at the long sink, brushing his teeth, nude except for a towel over his shoulder. Deep scars criss-crossed his chest and back, with what looked like a gunshot wound near his heart. His cybernetic limbs were connected to his body crudely, like they'd been installed in a hurry. He smiled when he saw Hermes enter - then scrambled to cover himself when Marisol came in behind. "*Marquez!?* What are you doing here!?"

"Here and now? I'm trying to find a hot shower before the frostbite sets in." Marisol grabbed a towel from the rack and moved towards a shower curtain. "More generally? My landlady and I had a disagreement last night - so I shot her. I was coming here today anyway, so I just crashed with Mickey."

The answer seemed to satisfy the man. "Fair enough. Soap and shampoo are in dispensers on the wall. Wrap up tight when you're done - gets damn cold down here." He made double sure his towel was firmly secured, then fished his toothbrush out of the sink. "Shot her with what?"

"Mickey's stun gun. Deadass laid her out; took maybe five minutes for her to stop twitching."

“Yeah, Mickey’s a big believer in voltmaxxing. That cannon of his will knock down a geared-up elephant at full power.” He moved to Hermes, wrapping his arms between hers and kissing her on the cheek.

“You two get washed and dressed, maybe grab a bite, then bring Ms Marquez back to the fallout shelter. I’m eager to give her the sales pitch.” He turned back to Marisol, smirking. “You know, if you *do* agree to help us, you can have your own storage room, free of charge...”

“My *own* dank cave? Why didn’t you tell me that in the first place?” Marisol rolled her eyes, but matched his smirk. “Let’s just look at your code before we start talking real estate.” Odin nodded, gave Hermes another kiss and departed, leaving the women to their showers.

Mickey woke to Azrael digitally screaming in his face. “Wake the fuck up, man! You’re missing the code review - they’ve been at it for like two hours!” Swearing, he jumped up, snagged an energy drink from the fridge and bolted out. When he barged into the shelter, Marisol and Clementine were pouring over the data, the pair deep in conversation, throwing questions to the others as they worked. Odin grabbed his arm and quietly pulled him aside.

“Marquez knows her stuff. She’s asking the right questions and understanding the answers. You said she was working on a microfarm before? What exactly happened with her degree?”

“That’s what she said,” he confirmed. “I don’t know if I’ve gotten the whole story; I was kinda distracted when we were talking.”

Odin gave Mickey the side-eye. “I’ll bet,” he said acidly. “Just remember why we’re here, ok? Don’t do anything stupid. Don’t piss her off, don’t break her heart - and *don’t* give her any static about the work she’s gotta do. *You’re* the one who suggested it.”

Mickey was baffled by the warning. “I met her *yesterday*, man - *while* she was giggling. I’m not going clingcore just because we’re vibing a little. I’m here to get it done, not to get it wet.”

“Uh huh,” was Odin’s only reply.

“Well?” Marisol moved behind Clem, resting a hand on her digital shoulder.

Clementine looked at the screen, looked up at Marisol, looked at the silent Pantheon that surrounded them, then looked back to the screen.

“...Yeah, ok, the code is good. It’s clean, well factored, and robust. I think the *rest* of the plan is deeply sus... but the code is good.”

Marisol nodded, then turned to Odin. “I agree about the code, and I’ll upgrade the rest of the plan to mildly sus. I don’t *love* the idea of fighting the revolution on my back, but unless you have a guerilla army tucked away somewhere, it’s the most immediate option.”

“Ok, we’re in - for now. We’ll get out there and start climbing the leaderboards, try to make it to the big leagues. But we expect all the help you can give; I have no intention of making this my permanent profession. Also, we reserve the right to bounce if things get too dangerous or too cringe.”

She pulled Mickey’s stun gun from her purse. “It’s my body, and my account - anyone who forgets that talks to my friends Volt and Amp.”

The Pantheon agreed without hesitation. Lei Gong gave Marisol a huge smile, while Hermes shot her four finger guns. Vulcan, Perun and Thoth just nodded and murmured ascent.

Odin offered Marisol and Clem a handshake, the digital girl moving her arm in sympathy. “Welcome aboard, we’re glad to have you. We will *absolutely* help you climb as quickly as possible - we’re as eager to get on with this as you. Justice delayed is justice denied.”

“She needs a code name.” All eyes turned to Mickey as he leaned against the wall. “If she’s part of the crew, she needs a code name. Can’t go around calling her ‘Marisol’ in public.”

The others started piping in with suggestions. “Brigid?” “Aphrodite?” “Isis?” “Ishtar?” “Venus?”

Marisol shook her head. “No sex goddesses, please.”

“Priapus?” Lei Gong offered. Everyone just stared at him. “He’s not a *goddess*,” he lamely countered.

“Loki perhaps,” Hermes proposed. “Trickster, shapeshifter, good brand recognition.”

Clem shook her head, ambivalent. “He got turned into a horse and knocked up. Also, chained in torment until Ragnarok. The name’s got big ick, no cap.”

Mickey’s eyes popped a little as inspiration struck. “Eris. The Discordian goddess, the goddess of chaos.” He gave his cocky smile when Marisol looked at him. “Huge Eris vibes for sure.”

She considered it a moment, then nodded. “I can do Eris.” Then she ran a hand through her hair. “Ok, let’s get down to business. Clem, what’s my standing on the boards?”

"You're number nine on the DoorGasm weekly leaderboard as of right now." Clementine presented a virtual screen to the room. "Missed out on prime gigging time last night, but we can bounce back. There's a *little* movement on the other apps, but we only worked DG yesterday."

She turned to the others. "Any thoughts on how to juice her stats? My only real plan is to match Mar-Mar with highly rated Platinum users - but that's everyone's plan."

"Not a problem." Perun moved to the digital girl, her own assistant appearing as a mechanical owl. It perched on her shoulder and started adding information to Clem's screen. "I have a few contacts at RubHub and 4Nic8 that owe me favors - they'll help optimize Eris's profile, maybe 'nudge' things so she matches with influential users. Once she gets some good reviews on multiple apps, she'll rocket up the aggregate charts."

"Nudge," Clem grumbled sarcastically. "I *knew* the leaderboards were rigged..."

Marisol patted the girl on the back. "You got me all the way onto the weekly board without bribes or sex engine optimization or anything. Just your brains and my body - and my body didn't find the mining conference."

Clementine softened at the compliment. "You know what? *Bet*. We balled out of control yesterday. You had that Naomi woman seeing God - or Cthulhu at least. Now, with these geared-up weirdos at our back, the sky is the *fucking limit*."

Her outfit shifted into a sharp orange business suit with low heels. A wall of screens appeared around her; mountains of data and analytics from all the major sex-gigging apps, cross-referenced against Marisol's profile and a huge map of the city. Clementine turned to Perun, full of determination, rubbing her hands together.

"Alright, call your friends. It's time to cook."

Marisol pounded her third protein shake as Mickey's car moved north along Michigan Avenue. She polished it off with a long "ahh," then handed him the empty before cracking another. He dropped the bottle in the shopping bag and watched her chug.

"That's a *lot* of calories, girl. Don't you get sick to your stomach or something?"

She shook her head as she poured the drink down her throat, tilting her neck back and swallowing loudly. "*Gulp*. Adding bulk burns up a *ton* of energy. I keep as much mass in reserve as I can, but there's only so many places you can tuck spare meat before you're just chubby." She shook her chest at him, huge boobs swaying beneath her shirt. "These things aren't just for show. They're a strategic reserve of fat and protein."

“Tactical titties,” he suggested, which made Marisol cackle. “But what do you do with the extra afterwards? Like, what happens when you can’t make any more deposits to the boob bank?”

“Depends. I use whatever I can to repair and recharge - run a full body diagnostic, vitaminmaxx, clean out any protein ick from the brain. If I’m going to another gig, I’ll change in the shower before I leave. Whatever is left over gets flushed. You’d be *amazed* how much of this job involves doomscrolling on the toilet.”

Mickey nodded, considering. “Most jobs are full of shit, I suppose.”

Passing the checkpoint into the Gold Coast Economic Zone with a RubHub access code, the pair talked for a few more minutes before Azrael came to the entrance of an executive condo building, car rolling to a stop in the elegant courtyard. Clementine turned back from the front seat to speak.

“Ok Mar-Mar, we’ve got two gigs in here, then a break for dinner before a bachelor party in Wrigleyville. Here’s the details of the first match along with their profile.” A screen appeared in front of Marisol’s face and she started to scroll, t-shirt and jeans shifting into a tight black minidress as she read.

“Mickey, you and Az can charge the car at the Jewel down the street. Grab some snacks for later and chill at a bar; we’ll call when we’re done.” Mickey gave the girl a thumbs up, Azrael mimicking the motion with his feather. “You’re the boss, Marisol. You got the stun gun?”

She nodded, patting her purse. “Locked and loaded. Thanks for lending it to me - probably bad for my ranking if I discharge a firearm in this neighborhood.”

“*De nada*. It’ll motivate me to get off my ass and finish my next prototype. *That one* will fuck a dude up, no cap.” The car door opened and the two exchanged a smile. Mickey patted Marisol’s thigh. “Ok, be safe. Remember we’re right down the street if you need help. Otherwise, try to have fun and we’ll see you in a few hours.”

“I don’t know about *fun*, but I’ll do what I can.” Marisol pecked Mickey on the cheek as she exited. “See you soon.” Mickey and Az both sat in silence as they watched the two women enter the front lobby and disappear behind the mirrored doors.

Marisol knelt before the match, smiling seductively and running a hand along his naked thigh. His girlfriend matched the motion on the opposite leg, the pair in matching black lingerie. She moved a free hand to the woman’s cheek and pulled her in for a deep tongue kiss. Soon their hands were exploring, the girlfriend giving a breathy little moan as Marisol cupped a heavy breast.

The match watched the display, entranced, hand slowly working his shaft, foreskin sliding back and forth as precum drooled. Marisol gently turned the girlfriend's head, breaking their kiss to face the display. She gave another little moan and reached out to help him, the man's body tensing as her fingers closed. The couple stroked together for a few moments, their eyes locked, faces filled with desire - then Marisol gently pulled the match's hand away.

She shook a finger in reproach, teasing, then took over for him. The two women worked his cock for long seconds, going slow, alternating between making out and staring up at him worshipfully. Soon the girlfriend had fingers in her own sex, moving in time to her strokes, and Marisol moved a free hand to gently massage the woman's clit. She shuddered with pleasure, eyes closing, tongue rolling across her fat lips, hips pressing into Marisol's hand.

"Alright girls, ready to get serious?" The match towered over the panting pair, cock throbbing in their hands. Marisol pulled the girlfriend in for another brief kiss, fingers never leaving her clit, then they both looked up and nodded before locking lips again. The match turned, grabbing glucose shots from a nearby countertop. He cracked one open and swallowed it, tilting his head back to shoot it down.

After a moment, his eyes rolled back and his penis began to grow. In the space of twenty heartbeats, it doubled in length to more than 30 centimeters, growing girthier to match. The massive cock seemed to be reaching out to the women at his feet, and they stared with hungry eyes as his balls expanded to a pair of small apples, hanging low.

His transformation complete, the client looked at his monster with deep satisfaction, pumping one hand along its stupendous length, savoring the sensation. Then he presented the two kneeling women with the remainder of the vials, each of them mouthing 'thank you' as they received their gift.

"Peppermint," Clementine private-chatted from his shoulder, digital boots idly tapping against his naked skin. "Why do they always buy *you* peppermint? *He's* drinking plain..."

"Because it's white and creamy, Clem. It looks like cum," was Marisol's matter-of-fact reply. "Sometimes they buy cherry if they're gothmaxxing, but otherwise it's *always* peppermint."

The girlfriend opened a vial, but Marisol stopped her from drinking with a fluid-smeared finger to the lips. With a filthy smile, she took it from the woman's unresisting hand then gently opened the woman's mouth with her thumb. Staring the match dead in the eyes, Marisol tilted his girl's head back and fed her the creamy fluid, oh so slowly. She let a small dribble run down the woman's chin, which Marisol licked up. She rose slightly, pressing tight against the girlfriend's warm soft body, and placed her lips delicately against the woman's ear.

"Grow for me," she commanded.

The girlfriend groaned with lust, and Marisol could feel the ShiftX spin up inside the woman's chest. She moved one hand to the match's cock, the other to the girlfriend's clit. It throbbed and swelled beneath her fingers, and the woman shivered at all the new nerve endings shooting pleasure up her spine.

Soon it was large enough to grasp, and Marisol shifted her hand to stroke it, feeling it double in size again and again as she worked. The woman's vagina shrank and vanished, soon replaced by a pair of balls to rival the pair dangling above them, and she shifted position to sit, letting them rest on the carpet. Marisol stroked the new cock as it stood proudly in the air, watching the match's eyes fill with desire at the obscene display.

Then she released them both, sitting back and licking her lips at the two treats in front of her. Marisol gave them her absolute slutmaxxed smile, and when she spoke, her voice was filled with carnal promise. "Ok, you two have had your fun, but now it's my turn."

She opened three vials at once, and tipped them back, letting their contents slowly pour between her luscious lips. Trickle of the thick white gel ran from the corners of her mouth, and Marisol made a show of wiping them up and licking her fingers clean. Then she dropped to her hands and knees, twisting to present her drooling pussy to the girlfriend.

As the couple shifted to take Marisol, she let out a low deep moan and groped one of her breasts. It swelled visibly in her hands, nipple hard as a diamond, while the free breast expanded beneath her. Her already enormous tits had doubled in size by the time she felt the girlfriend's cock fumbling for her slit, and the growth was accelerating.

"How big do they want me to go?" Marisol private-chatted Clem, the digital girl sitting cross-legged beside her.

"The guy's assistant said, and I quote, 'so big she doesn't need her hands to hold her up for doggy style.' You're gonna need a few more glucose shots if you don't want the shakes."

Marisol let none of her irritation reach her face, and put a finger up to the match as he presented his cock to suck. She cracked open the remainder of the vials, pounding the last three as quickly as she could without killing the vibe. Job done, she invited the match forward with a beckoning finger and a filthy smile - but stopped him again with his dick centimeters from her mouth.

"Sorry baby," she apologized, "One sec." She twisted her head around to look at the girlfriend, who was still struggling to aim her new anaconda. Marisol gave the woman an understanding look. "This your first time with a cock, sweetie? It's trickier to work than you'd think. Let me help..."

She reached back, grasping the woman's shaft, and guided the head into her snatch, lips parting as the woman thrust experimentally. She shivered and her eyes fluttered, exhaling deeply at the sensation. Marisol gave her another slutmaxxed smile.

"It's nice right? That feeling of my wet pussy around your fat dick? You just slide it in and out a few times, nice and slow. It'll all be automatic after that." Then she turned back to the match, looking him dead in the eyes as she reached out for his cock, right side supported by her still-expanding tits.

"There, she's all set up and getting the hang of it already. But I'm gonna bet *you* don't need a tutorial on face-fucking a beautiful girl. Let's find out."

The couple fucked Marisol hard on the floor, rocking her back and forth, spit-roasting the woman on their fancy Persian rug. Once her tits had grown sufficiently ludicrous, she used both hands to play with the match's huge balls and muscular thighs, elbows pressed into her own tender flesh.

With her body weight resting entirely on her massive jugs, Marisol swayed and jiggled wildly, and the girlfriend gripped her hips tighter to keep from losing rhythm. "*Jesus Christ*, this feels strange. It's... *God*, I don't have words..."

"It's so hot, Caroline. You're railing this slut so fucking hard. You should see your face." A virtual screen appeared between them, the match's view reflected back to the rutting woman. She watched, transfixed, and moved a hand from Marisol's ass to squeeze her own breast.

Caroline brought up her own screen, showing the match his face from her perspective; flushed and panting, gripping a fistful of Marisol's platinum blonde hair. "Jam that fat cock down her throat, Graham. All the fucking way down. I want our cocks to meet in the middle."

Graham glanced down at Marisol, wordlessly enquiring. She winked and nodded, removing her hand from around his shaft, and he redoubled his thrusts, burying his cock down to the hilt, again and again.

"I think 'slut' was a little hurtful," Clementine commented from her resting place on Marisol's jugs.

Marisol replied with a shrug emoji. "They're worked up; It's her first time railing a hot chick. I'll give em a pass. Now sit tight - I gotta lock in and drain some balls."

The couple moved as one for long minutes, thrusts syncing up as they fucked Marisol hard and fast. Their talk got filthier as they went, declaring their lust for each other, rational thought lost to pleasure and motion.

Finally, Caroline gripped Marisol's ass hard, slamming into her pussy like a rutting beast. "OhFuckOhFuckIt'sComingIt'sComing!!!"

"Fill her up!" Graham begged through panting breaths. "Come in her pussy! Fuck a baby into her!"

With a final groan Caroline came, eyes rolling back in her head as she buried her cock deep down, pumping her first ever load into another woman.

For several seconds she simply knelt there, frozen in place and shuddering, holding Marisol tight, marveling in the alien pleasure. Then she fell over, smiling and spent, cock sliding free with a wet slurp, still pulsing cum.

Graham stared at the obscene display, totally lost in the perversity of it. His thrusting slowed, distracted - until Marisol grabbed his knees and pushed his cock down her throat. He shook his head, mumbled a slurred 'sorry,' and got back to work.

Between Marisol's skilled mouth and the sight of his gloriously slutty girl, it didn't take long for Graham to finish. He sighed long and deep as his balls drained, Marisol feeling every pulse down the length of her throat. He pulled out and she took a huge breath, ShiftX switching from low oxygen mode to repair mode.

Marisol turned back to face the exhausted Caroline, still huffing on her back. "So what do you think? Did you enjoy shooting a hot load into my tight cunt?"

The woman nodded weakly. "That was... was... so amazing... so *weird*..."

"I know, right!?" Marisol glanced at Graham, who slumped on his knees, trying to catch his breath. "I don't know how you boys deal with it."

"Me either," he agreed. He took several deep breaths then smiled at his girl. "Happy birthday, Caroline."

Marisol spun, or at least tried her best with 40 kilos of boob pinning her in place. "*Oh my God*, happy birthday! Is it today!?"

"Yesterday." Caroline stood up on shaking legs, then helped Marisol do the same. "You want a piece of cake? I am *fucking starving*."

Clementine stood frozen in the middle of the kitchen, staring into the middle distance like she'd seen God. Her mouth opened and closed, but no sound emerged.

"Is your assistant ok?" Caroline sat at the island, staring at the frozen girl with deep concern.

"She's never tasted cake before. We only got the haptic suite yesterday." Marisol forked another piece off the plate resting on her beanbags and popped it in her mouth, which made Clem's graphics visibly stutter and lag. "But also, this is the best piece of cake I've ever had in my life."

Caroline nodded hard. "Best cake in the world, no cap. Graham is the head pastry chef at Echelon, and this is his signature 'Opus du Cacao' cake. Two CentiCoin a slice."

Marisol put her fork down slowly and stared at the cake. Two CentiCoin was more than she'd made fucking Magnus yesterday, including the tip. "Is it made of gold or something?"

"No, just chocolate and butter and flour and butter and sugar and butter," Graham explained as he chewed. "The best chocolate, flour, sugar and butter on Earth, but really you're mostly paying for the ambiance." He took a long drink of beer then wiped his mouth. "Also, I'm sorry for calling you a slut. I got too worked up, I didn't mean it."

Marisol waved it off. "All good. I can tell the difference between a 'fuckbrained' slut and a 'misogynist' slut. Wasn't a *huge fan* of 'fuck a baby into her,' but I could forgive you in exchange for some more cake to take home..." Graham turned beet red at the recollection, and dished a slice into a box. "Sorry again," he mumbled.

The trio sat and ate for a few more minutes, Clementine drifting back after Marisol disabled Sense Share. The cake and the beer did wonders for the couples' blood sugar, and soon their post-sex cuddling transitioned into pre-sex groping. Lips locked, hands on each others' cocks, Graham eventually remembered there was another person in the kitchen. He briefly broke away, still gently stroking beneath the table. "Can... can you hang around for another hour? I can pay you directly, skip the RubHub fees..."

Marisol shook her head. "Sorry hon. I appreciate the offer but I have another appointment." She paused as Caroline gave a small moan, then gave Graham a filthy grin. "Besides, you clearly have things under control. I'm going to log into your shower and go. Remember to be careful with your teeth, and to show her the cum in your mouth before you swallow."

Graham had already returned to making out by the end of the sentence, but gave her a thumbs up with the hand not full of girdick. Marisol stood, breathing hard as she hauled up her chest boulders, grabbed her backpack and half-waddled to the bathroom.

Chapter Seven: Big Girls Don't Cry (Because It's Unprofessional)

"Oh my god, that *fucking cake!*" Clementine was practically bouncing from the memory. "I...I...I... *That fucking cake!*" Marisol nodded her agreement, grinning at the girl's enthusiasm. "I worry that you're gonna be spoiled to any other cake after this. It's all downhill from here."

It was a struggle to maneuver into the small shower; neither the sliding glass door nor the stall itself were designed for someone who was fifty-one percent breast. After a lot of crab-walking and muffled swears, Marisol jammed herself inside and slid the door closed with her foot. Confirming the temperature with her interface, she sighed with relief as the water sprayed down from the fancy showerhead. She did as much scrubbing as she could, but everything in front of her below the coke bottle nipples was totally unreachable.

"Ok, plan B," she announced. "Clem, how are our levels looking? Do I have enough juice for the next shift?"

Clementine appeared on the opposite side of the stall, mostly clipping into Marisol's mega-mammaries, presenting a virtual screen of her vitals. "Between your dense reserves, the cake and these titanic titties, you're chill to shift. You understand the match's request?"

"Yeah, yeah." Somewhere beneath her chest, Marisol waved a hand dismissively. "I was tweaking one of my old templates while Graham was using my throat as a fleshlight. Doesn't seem terribly complicated. What is the match expecting once I show up?"

"Looks like more datecore. He claims he's making homemade ramen with real chashu, followed by some basic sex, no kinks or fetishes listed - other than the obvious."

Marisol nodded her approval. "A homecooked meal is the epitome of datemaxxing, and I appreciate not having to waste any protein bars for the spindown afterwards. As long as he's not a creep, we'll make sure to give him all the snu-snu he wants."

With that, Marisol shut her eyes and spun up the ShiftX. The biomorphic field ran down her spine, spreading to every cell in seconds. She reflexively stretched, grunting slightly from the weight, but even as her breasts rose up they were already shrinking. The massive pair faded by the second, breast flesh reabsorbed into her body a kilogram at a time.

But boobs were the only thing about Marisol that was shrinking. Every other part of her body grew, stretching and expanding in all directions. In thirty seconds, she'd gone from 170 centimeters to 200, with no sign of slowing. Her limbs lengthened, her torso swelled, her shoulders broadened. Muscle bulged beneath her skin, the chiseled definition of a life dedicated to the gym.

The bathroom filled with groans and pops as Marisol's skeleton raced to keep up with the changes, a second puberty happening at time lapse speed. She had to hunch over as her head touched the showerhead, then hunch further as she continued towards the ceiling. Her hair shot downwards and doubled in volume, an enormous mane of platinum blonde that stretched well passed her thick, flawlessly toned ass.

Finally, the changes ceased. A little music tone and status message informed Marisol the transformation was complete. She struggled to shift around in the suddenly tiny shower stall, and looked down on the tiny Clementine from a bird's eye view. "How'd I do?" she inquired from far above.

"Two hundred and forty five centimeters tall, one hundred forty five kilograms of pure muscle, fifty one J bra size. Congratulations, you're the Queen of the Amazons."

Marisol squeezed her way out of the shower with difficulty and stretched to her full height, big hair compressed against the ceiling. "The Queen of the Amazons is *fucking hungry*. Do I have *any* reserves left after that?" She squatted low to grab her backpack, pulling out a fistful of mycoprotein bars and dropping them into the sink. She paused when she found the chocolate cake, but Clem put a hand up to stop her - her own hand, she realized, copiloted in front of her mouth.

"We're gonna split that with Mickey *afterwards*, Mar-Mar. You've still got a little gas left in the tank - eat a couple bars and let's bounce." Clementine was going to say more, but stopped and looked way up at Marisol.

"Holy crap, is *this* what hunger feels like!?" She turned to look at the cake again, reconsidering, but shook it off. "Eat *all* the bars, Mar-Mar. I'll ask Mickey to buy some more."

Marisol did just that, chomping through four of them, then spent another minute cajoling her smart clothes into something appropriate, given her extreme measurements. Ultimately she decided on a simple black minidress with matching panties - it was datecore, and anything bigger would be pushing the cloth to its physical limits. Meters of long toned legs stuck out beneath the skirt, and while not the back-bending beach balls of five minutes ago, her huge breasts still strained mightily against the top.

Job done, she padded out in bare feet for the door - her shoes a lost cause. Graham and Caroline were sixty-nining on the living room floor, sucking and bobbing with abandon. Marisol tried to leave discreetly, but Graham caught sight of her and his eyes popped. He sat up, Caroline's dick left throbbing in the air. "*Holy shit!*" he shouted.

Caroline groaned with irritation, stopping her own work at the outburst. "What's wrong? Don't stop! I'm so - *Jesus Christ!* Candice!?"

“Sorry! Sorry!” she begged. “Didn’t mean to interrupt!” She waved a desperate hand at the pair. “Don’t sit there gawking! Finish each other off before you get blue balls!” They stared for a moment longer, then Graham cleared his head with a shake and returned to the cock at hand. Caroline took the hint as well, and by the time Marisol waved goodbye they’d completely forgotten about her again.

The old woman stared at Marisol as they took the elevator to the nineteenth floor, eyes moving up and up until her neck was craned to the ceiling. “You’re a tall drink of water,” she commented.

“Yes ma’am,” Marisol replied, staring hard at the very top of the elevator door.

There was an awkward pause. “On a date?”

“Yes ma’am.”

Pause. “Is he tall too?”

“I don’t think so, ma’am. Probably just regular height.”

Pause. “You think? You don’t know?”

“First date, ma’am. You can never tell from the profile.”

Pause. “Going to his place for the first date?”

“Yes ma’am. He’s cooking.”

The old lady nodded at that. “Always good when a man can cook.” Another pause. “Are you going to fuck him?”

Marisol blushed at the bluntness of the question, but nodded. “Yes ma’am, I am.”

The old lady nodded again. “Is he a good fuck?”

More blushing. “First date ma’am. You can never tell from the profile.”

The old lady patted Marisol on her muscular thigh. “Well, here’s hoping. Big girls need deep dicking too.” With that the questions ceased, and they rose ten more floors in silence. Marisol ducked out of the elevator the moment the doors opened, the old lady giving her a little wave as she hustled down the hall.

The door to 1919 opened as Marisol touched it, and she was looking down at the match's assistant, a real-looking sumo wrestler that filled most of the entrance. He smiled up at her, bowing slightly. "Hello Candice, I'm Denshi. Please come in - Haru's just about to put the noodles in, dinner will be ready shortly."

She ducked through the doorway into the elegant bachelor pad, the Chicago skyline sparkling out the huge southern window. A tall handsome Japanese man bent over a cutting board, slicing thin strips of pork as various pots boiled behind him. He waved absently, focused on his work. "Hi, thanks for coming! I've gotta slice up some chashu, then I'll drop the noodles in. We should be ready to go in five..." He stopped dead as he glanced up... and up and up. "Holy crap, *you're huge.*"

"Is that ok?" Marisol scrunched up a little at his reaction. "Did I overdo it? I can dial it back if you give me a minute..."

He barked out a 'NO!', then covered his mouth at the outburst. "No, no - that's *perfect*. It's just... I've never had a match go *this hard* before. You must be two and half meters tall!"

Marisol stood back up to her full height, smiling confidently and flexing a little. "I always go hard. That's why I'm on the leaderboard and they're not." Then she inhaled deeply, breasts rising as her massive lungs inflated. Her eyes half closed at the aroma. "That smells absolutely amazing. Is this all from scratch? Those noodles look hand made!"

Haru nodded vaguely, still entranced by Marisol's sheer scale. "The pork I bought from a good place in Old Town, but the rest of it is scratch. I've got a machine to roll out the noodles." He took a moment to compose himself, closing his eyes and breathing deep, then returned to slicing. "Please, sit down, relax! I've got a bottle of sake warmed up - you can help yourself."

Pulling out two chairs, Marisol sat at the island counter and watched him work. Clementine appeared in the third chair, waving to Haru and Denshi before tying a virtual bib around her neck. "I am so *hyped* to try ramen. Candy's tried to explain it to me, but words seem lowkey useless when it comes to flavor, no cap."

Denshi raised a digital eyebrow. "You've got a haptic suite? How is it?"

"*IT'S SO LIT, OMG!* A million times better than the simulations!" Clem shivered with pleasure at the recollections. "You *gotta* try cake!"

Marisol sat on both sides of the loveseat, nursing a beer while Haru loaded the dishwasher. She'd offered to help, but the man had insisted he could handle it - and frankly there probably wasn't room for both of them in the tiny kitchen.

“So why’d you move to Chicago, Haru? Why not New York or LA? That’s where most ex-pats go.”

“The weather!” he half-shouted over the running water. “Los Angeles is above 50 most of the year, and between rising ocean levels and the hurricanes, New York is half drowned. If I wanted to live in a city huddling behind poorly built sea walls, I would have stayed in Yokohama. Chicago is 1200 kilometers from the nearest ocean, and the weather is pretty nice most of the year. Hot in the summer, but where isn’t any more? At least it doesn’t snow here.”

“It used to,” Marisol replied. “I remember *tons* of snow when I was a kid - but I don’t think it’s actually snowed in like five years. It’s just four months of clouds and sleet. Plus there’s all the tornadoes. Addison got flattened last May, no cap. Only a matter of time before one plows through the Loop.”

Haru turned to her, job done, and shrugged. “The weather sucks everywhere - but I’ll take a few tornadoes over typhoon season any time. We had seven of them the year I got out.” Removing his apron, he grabbed his own beer and sat opposite Marisol on the recliner. “Besides, where else can a man get a hot dog with a pickle wedge and a shot of Malort?”

“Hell?” Marisol suggested, drawing snorts and giggles from Clem, Denshi and Haru.

The laughter broke some of the tension in the room, and Marisol decided to move things forward. She gave Haru a sultry smile and patted the loveseat, sliding over as far as she could. “Come sit with me, handsome. A man that cooks like that deserves some snuggles.”

There was the briefest moment of hesitation, then Haru nodded and joined her on the loveseat. It was cramped, but he didn’t seem to mind. Marisol put an arm over his shoulder and pulled him close. “You’re charming, you’re well-off, you’re a genius in the kitchen, you wear a *lovely* template - I gotta ask, why are you hiring dates? There’s a thousand women in this town looking for a man like you.”

“No time,” he explained, looking far up into her emerald eyes. “I work a hundred hours a week. No woman is willing to put up with that schedule for long - nor should they. This is easier for everyone.” He paused, looking away. “Plus, I don’t have to justify my desires to you. I pay, you change, we have a nice night and go on our way.”

Marisol squeezed him gently into her side. “I think you’d be surprised how far a woman will go for a good man, if he’s honest and patient. But the schedule *is* a problem, for real.” She paused a moment, calculating. “That’s like fourteen hours a day, seven days a week. How do you find time to do anything else? How do you find time to sleep?”

“The AI work twenty four seven,” he explained. “If I want to keep advancing in the company, I have to follow suit. Simpler to just pay for an AllNighter subscription - then I can work all day and still keep a few hours for myself.” He turned to Denshi. “When’s the last time I slept?”

“April 5th of last year,” the assistant replied. “Our trip home; mom insisted.”

Marisol gave a whistle, impressed. “Goddamn, Haru. I thought my ‘only sleep on Tuesdays’ schedule was terminal gigmaxxing. That’s incredible dedication.”

He shook his head, sighing deeply and staring at nothing. “I think it’s more desperation than dedication, but thank you. Just another forty years and I can retire. 208,000 hours of work between me and peace.”

“Just running on the treadmill, as fast as you can.” Marisol mused, to which Haru only nodded. There was a long moment of silence, the pair lost to the terrible mathematics of it all, before Marisol forced a dirty smile back on her face. She pressed her massive Amazon breasts into his shoulder, and lifted his face up to meet her eyes.

“But you didn’t invite me here and cook me dinner so we could bitch about work. We’re here to have fun; we’re here for pleasure. And I’m betting, AllNighter subscription or not, that I can fuck you so hard you’ll sleep for days...”

With that, Marisol leaned down to kiss him. He took the hint, putting a hand behind her head and pressing his tongue in her mouth. She returned the favor, pulling him close with a muscular arm. After a minute of making out, she felt a tentative hand move to her breast. Marisol pressed that hand down firmly with her own, making it clear he was free to touch - then reached down to undo his belt.

One handed, she deftly unbuckled it then pulled it entirely out of the belt loops, throwing it across the room with a wink. Haru scrambled to his knees on the couch, putting both of them at the same eye level, then grabbed Marisol’s head with both hands and kissed again, wetly huffing as his fingers tangled into her long blonde hair.

It didn’t take long for Marisol’s hand to find Haru’s cock, and she stroked it with one hand, the other unbuttoning his shirt. She felt him shudder as she worked, his shaft starting to gently throb in her palm. Once the last button came free, she pulled his shirt open and ran a giant feminine hand against his chest. “Clothes off, little man,” she ordered. “It’s time to get started.”

Haru obeyed, frantically pulling off his shirt. Marisol stood as he worked on the pants, unzipping her dress and letting it fall away - leaving her in nothing but an enormous g-string. She looked down at his naked body, cock jutting into the air, and made a little yummy noise at the sight. Considering the scene and the match, she turned around and bent over, presenting her taut Amazon butt to him. Then she effortlessly picked up the mahogany coffee table, placing it out of the way before dropping to hands and knees.

With Haru sitting way back in the loveseat, cock forward, their eyelines matched as she crawled towards him. Her eyes were filled with animal hunger, a tigress stalking her prey. His eyes were filled with lust and wonder, a man in the middle of a wet dream.

"This is *nice*," Marisol purred, gripping the base firmly. She licked the head a few times, swirling her giantess tongue against it. "Is this your default penis? It doesn't look like any of the standard templates." He nodded stupidly, eyes half closed. "Mostly. It's scaled up some, but I didn't want to go nuts. Some of the young guys at work, they can hardly walk..."

She sucked on the glans gently, once, twice, three times. "I appreciate a confident man, someone who doesn't need to cockmaxx. It's tacky, weak. Betacore nonsense." She ran her tongue along its length, gently cupping Haru's balls. "*This* is a thing of beauty. *This* is the dick of a man who knows *precisely* who he is."

"That was an *excellent* line," Clementine commented, sitting on the kitchen counter.

"I agree," Denshi added from the recliner.

Marisol shot the virtual sumo an angry emoji. "*You* can private chat with *your* user, thank you very much. I don't need *two* play-by-plays!" He put up a hand, bowing in apology, and vanished from her vision. Clementine scoffed at the comment and made a big show of zipping her lips, volume slider dropping to zero as she moved her fingers.

Ignoring the digital peanut gallery, Marisol got to work sucking her match off. She went slow and steady, bobbing with purpose. Haru's cock really was lovely by normal standards - nice length, nice girth, gentle upward curve, *tasteful* - but in her current form it was rather petite. She swallowed the whole length without issue, nuzzling her lips against the base while staring him hard in the eyes.

Haru let out a deep growl of satisfaction at the sight, then grabbed a fistful of Marisol's hair and thrust, pumping into her mouth with long slow strokes. She let him work, lips locked tight, tongue teasing the length of his shaft. Her free hand roamed, stroking his chest, gripping his thigh, fondling his balls.

The man had endurance, Marisol had to admit - even with him thrusting and her sucking, it took several minutes before he finally came, load filling her mouth as he pushed his cock deep and groaned. Haru flopped onto the couch, deliciously spent, and Marisol followed her own advice - showing him the cum on her tongue before swallowing with a filthy grin.

"Wow, quite a performance," she commented, licking her fingers clean as she stood. "Most guys can't last a minute when I go all out. Also, thanks for the flavor tweak. Coconut's *way* better than normal nut. 'Quality boyfriend' moves all around. There's definitely a woman in this town ready to bang her head on the ceiling for you."

She sauntered towards the kitchen, taking a moment to stretch her giant topless frame in front of the open window. This high up, no one would see anything, but matches always loved it when she showed off. "You want a glass of water or a snack or something? Give you a few minutes to recover?"

"Oh no," Haru replied, amusement in his voice. "I'm ready to go again." He stood, and Marisol watched his flaccid cock reinflate, rock hard ninety seconds after his last orgasm. "I don't bother with refractory periods - my free time is too valuable. Please bend over the counter." Amused, Marisol obeyed with a smile. She spread her legs a bit to get low enough, then pressed her huge breasts into the countertop. Turning, she watched Haru approach, the excitement plain on his face. He hooked a finger around each knot of her g-string.

"May I?"

She nodded, and Haru untied her panties with great deliberation. They dropped to the floor and she kicked them away. A finger ran along her pussy, gently pressing into the folds without penetrating. He stuck that finger in his mouth and smiled. "So wet," he breathed. "So delicious."

"I'm ready for you," Marisol breathed back, shaking her hips by way of emphasis. She relaxed, expecting to take his cock or fingers or tongue - but was surprised to hear the sound of shuffling furniture. She turned back again, to see Haru carrying the ottoman from the living room. He placed it behind her, the soft leather touching her calves, then climbed up to stand on it.

Haru gave her a big smile, aware of the absurdity, and she let out a giggle. Then she reached back and spread her cheeks. This time there was no further delay - he pressed his cock into her pussy, slowly but firmly, gripping her massive hips. He made that satisfied growl again as he sheathed his entire length, then began to pump. Marisol rocked against the counter, breasts pressed into the cold marble, moving in time to his strokes.

After a minute of effort, Marisol felt vibration start to radiate from Haru, pleasantly stimulating her as he thrust. She recognized it instantly; the tell-tale buzz of Haru's ShiftX energizing, biomorphic field racing down his nervous system. His cock expanded inside of her, growing longer and thicker as he pumped. His strokes became slower and more deliberate, adapting in real time to the changes.

In twenty heartbeats, his cock had doubled in size, and Marisol was briefly worried he would get lost to the sensation and let things get out of hand. She'd had a match do that once, and she'd had to bite the fingers in her mouth to make the man stop - followed by an extremely awkward few seconds as he sheepishly shrank back down so they could pull apart.

Haru had clearly done this before though; the growth stopped before either of them got uncomfortable, and he quickly returned to his previous rhythm - though it required a lot more thrusting to move a triple-sized cock at that speed. Marisol stopped rocking against him, instead gripping the counter tightly and letting Haru do all the work.

His huge balls thumped against her huge ass again and again, as what felt like a meter of thick cock pumped into her wet snatch. With each thrust his breath grew more ragged, his hands gripping her hips ever tighter. Marisol amped up her own gasps and panting by way of encouragement, matching her breathing to his. She felt him begin to tense, and turned back to face him, her eyes filled with craving. "Fill me up, baby... don't pull out... shoot your load inside me, *please*..."

That got him. Haru went beet red, neck muscles straining, and with a final '*oh fuck*' he exploded. Marisol felt his balls clench as they drained into her, huge pulses blasting into her womb again and again. It went on for a shockingly long time, the man slumped against her ass as his cock continued to unload, and soon she could feel it running down her legs. Haru pulled out, stepping entirely off the ottoman before coming free with a wet pop, and all the cum trapped behind his anaconda spilled onto the floor, noisily splattering to the tile.

"*Holy shit*," Clementine private-chatted, impressed. "He must've pumped half a liter into you."

"I didn't expect him to take it as a *challenge*," Marisol replied.

She stood up, thick rivulets of goo running down both thighs and turned to face Haru with an eyebrow raised. The man sat naked, back against the leather sofa, giant penis and testicles still pulsing somewhere past his knees. "I remember saying something about cockmaxxing a few minutes ago," she snarked.

Haru stared at her for a long second, fuses blown, before finally parsing what she'd said. "It was go big or go home... and I'm already home." He stood up slowly, leaning on the sofa, still half lost to bliss. "I don't walk around in public with my pants stuffed, but here I can cut loose. You get all those nerve endings, all that blood pumping... I can't even describe how it feels..."

"Oh, I *know* how it feels," Marisol replied, moving to the sink with her hand over her crotch. "I had a friend in college who was *absolutely* sizepilled. She was horny and I was broke, so sometimes she'd buy my drinks in exchange for *really* stretching her out." The thought of Selena brought a wistful grin to Marisol's face as she scrubbed at the cum, the kitchen filling with the coconut smell.

Waddling to the fridge, Haru grabbed two protein shakes, passing one to Marisol. His review and tip hit Marisol's profile as she cracked open her drink, and she toasted him before knocking it back. "I'd pay to see that," he said as she gulped, "if it's something you offer. Maybe you have a colleague who'll giantmaxx as well? I could just watch while you give it to her..."

"I don't mess with any of the business networking side of gigging. Those 'grindset mindset' girls who book twelve matches a day give me the ick. This is just a side hustle." Marisol tossed the bottle into the trash can across the room, drawing a small golf clap from Haru. "That said, we can make something happen if you have a match you've worked with before. Hit me up another

time and we'll figure it out." They shook hands and she headed to the bathroom to log into the shower.

Mickey ignored the sour looks of the doorman as he hovered outside the gates of the condo, puffing on his weed vape and watching *Ow My Balls!* on his interface while the car silently idled. Marisol had messaged him twenty minutes ago, and while her tone was neutral, both he and Azrael wanted to make sure they weren't late.

The pair were distracted by a particularly funny nut shot when the passenger door opened, revealing a fantastic pair of hips in a black microdress. The passenger seat slid back as far as possible, and the owner of those hips squatted down and tried to squeeze in.

"*Marisol!?*" Mickey and Azrael said in unison.

"Hi Mickey, hi Az - how's your night been?" she replied, folding herself tight as she wedged into the space. She handed over a small bag to the stunned man. "I brought you some cake and some leftover chashu pork."

"Are... are you comfortable?" he asked, still shocked at the sight.

"Not at all. If you could head to the nearest washroom, I'd like to downsize ASAP."

Mickey sat outside the pay toilet, eating the slice of chocolate cake with his hands. "This is *straight fire!* Best fucking thing I've eaten all year, no cap!"

Clementine stood over him, virtually drooling at the memory. "I know, right!? The match's assistant sent me the recipe - I'm gonna figure out how to make it! I've been watching baking tutorials all night. Do you guys have an oven in your lair?"

He considered. "I think somebody upstairs has a kiln, but I don't know if you can bake a cake in it."

Marisol banged on the door from the inside. "Save me a bite, please! I'll be done in a few minutes!" There was a flush, but Mickey's audio filters blocked out any other sounds coming from within.

With an almost superhuman display of willpower, Mickey closed the cake box, switching to sliced pork in the ziploc bag. It wasn't as good as the cake - *nothing* could be as good as the

cake - but it was still warm and quite tasty. "How'd you get all this food?" he half-shouted between bites.

[Flush] "I dunno - good matches always seem to offer me a meal when I show up. Not just a glucose shot or myco-bar or whatever for recovery, but real food. I guess the hospitality makes it less weird. It's always a good sign. Fuckmaxxed creeps just want to nut; normal people treat me like a guest... with benefits."

"How weird *is* it?" The question was slightly muffled, Mickey's mouth still half-full of meat. "Like, what's the ratio of creeps to normies?" There was another pause. "I bought you a meal too. I *usually* buy a meal for my matches. I never thought about that before..."

[Flush] "There's a reason I didn't blow you away when you went all detectivecore at the hotel. You can tell a lot about people from the shit they do without thinking. But also, your DoorGasm rating was lowkey immaculate. Clem never matches me with anyone below four stars - that filters out a majority of the assholes."

"Gigging through the apps is bullshit, but it's a *hell of a lot better* than when it was illegal. No rules, no terms of service, no way to separate the good matches from the monsters. You just stood on the corner and took your chances. Plus, say what you want about 4Nic8's service fees, old school pimps didn't have a Partner Support AI for complaints."

"Anyway, to answer your question, It almost never gets really bad. A little sad and a little cringe, but I rarely have to shoot anyone. Most people are just lonely. They're from out of town, or overworked, or can't handle dating apps or whatever. They want some intimacy, some pleasure, a little relief from the world. Plus, a lot of them have fantasies that they're embarrassed to bring up to their partner." [Flush]

Mickey nodded as he shook the last scraps of meat from the bag. "Yeah, that about sums it up."

"You're *definitely* not a creep," Clementine reassured him. "You've got over a thousand reviews on the apps, with an average rating of 4.43. You're quite the gentleman. It doesn't look like you're asking for anything unusual either - pretty vanilla honestly."

"Over a *thousand*?" Marisol was shouting a little over the running sink. "Where are you getting all the Coin for that? Why don't you just get a girlfriend? It *must* be cheaper than paying by the orgasm..."

He scowled at the digital girl for the revelation, blushing. "I get the Coin by jacking robo-trucks or scamming corpo billing AIs. I don't have a girlfriend because I'm a ratchet-ass, geared up felon who makes his Coin jacking robo-trucks or scamming corpo billing AIs, and I live in the damp sub-basement of a *fucking shithole!*"

Marisol emerged from the bathroom, scaled back down to normal size - at least in terms of height. She was a redhead now, a pale Irish girl with curly locks cascading down her back, a waterfall of fire that framed her gorgeous freckled face. She'd gone back to the bimbo template - huge heavy breasts, tight midriff, a narrow waist flaring to wide hips and a thick juicy behind.

She moved to the gobsmacked Mickey and put a gentle hand on his face. His copper skin faintly shone as smart tattoos lit up across her body. "Cut yourself some slack. It's hard to find time for dating when you're a dashing freedom fighter. And it's not that much of a shithole - you just need some better lighting, maybe some furniture you didn't find in a dumpster."

Mickey smiled at her kindness. "To be fair, I pulled them from a dumpster at Northwestern. It's basically the same as shopping at Ikea. Once you hose off the pizza grease and rat shit."

"And when do you plan to do that?" Mickey stuck his tongue out at Marisol's joke, then gave a performative "OW!" when she playfully slugged him in the arm. "Alright, alright, break time's over. What's up next, Clem? The bachelor party thing?"

"Yup." Clementine projected a screen with the details. "Private space at Extra Innings. Three hours, open bar and buffet. You'll entertain the guests in a separate room - no peep shows." The virtual girl shrugged at Marisol's annoyed groan. "Hey, it's gonna be like ten reviews for three hours of work. If you want to leaderboardmaxx, you're gonna have to go hard."

"I know, I know - but there's *a/ways* some asshole at an open bar. The loud sus creep with shitty politics that only gets invited because he's the groom's brother or something. You get six whiskeys in him and suddenly he's trying to hatefuck his ex-girlfriend and shouting about how we need to outlaw interfaces and get back to 'real' American values."

Marisol shook her head at the prospect. "Then his buddies have to drag him away and the groom is apologizing and trying to send me twenty deciCoin for my troubles. It's always so *cringe*. It's so much simpler at someone's house. Then it's just beer pong and blowjobs, and you walk away with a plate of party food and a few cigars."

She stood silent for a moment, staring up into the night sky. Then she let out a long deep sigh and adjusted her outfit. The miniskirt shrank to a narrow band of red leather, butt cheeks half exposed, while the t-shirt became a gauzy bikini top, light from the tattoos shining through. Her already high heels went full stripper mode, platforms rising as the plastic turned clear. "Alright, whatever. No one said saving the world would be easy. It'll probably be fine."

Marisol headed back to the car, Mickey a few steps behind. As they pulled away, he presented the remains of the cake in its little box. "Here - I saved you half the slice. Thanks for sharing, I appreciate it. I appreciate everything."

The look of gratitude Marisol gave him made his entire night.

Chapter Eight: The Life of the Party

Extra Innings was one of the endless bars infesting Wrigleyville, of the 'local dive' subspecies. The exposed brick walls were covered in Cubs memorabilia, including several fading copies of old newspapers from the 2016 championship and various smart posters of their dominating 2050s run, clips of famous moments looping endlessly while classic EDM blared from the soundsystem. The Cubbies were away this week, so the crowd wasn't crushing, but there were still probably seventy people there when Marisol arrived.

She made her way to the back, heads turning as she passed on her clear heels, then clicked up the stairs to the private room. The party was already well underway - empty cups and plates of half-eaten mycolo wings littered the bartop, while the crowd of dudes laughed and jabbered in clumps around the room. The guy nearest the stairs whistled loudly the moment she walked in.

"SHE'S HERE!" he roared, and everyone turned and cheered, stomping and clapping as Marisol strutted to the center, giving the room her sluttiest grin. A chair was quickly placed in front of her, and one guy was half-dragged into it by the others; the groom no doubt. He was both drunk and shocked, red faced and swaying slightly as he scanned Marisol's curves. From his expression, she guessed this development was a surprise.

The whistler from before came up beside her, one hand pointing at the guest of honor, while he wrapped the other arm around her waist. "All right guys!" he bellowed. "Ya boi Tyler is getting married tomorrow morning *like a fucking idiot*." There were a few hoots and chuckles at that, perhaps a bit less than he'd hoped. He pressed on. "But before he gets *stuck* with one pussy for the rest of his life, I figure he needs to rail one last slut, so he knows what he's giving up! Wa ya say!?" The crowd of guys shouted their approval, several of them slapping Tyler on the back as he stared up at Marisol dumbfounded.

Mr Whistler's hand slid to her ass, giving it a firm squeeze. "And while this hot piece is here and ready to fuck, I figured the rest of you can blow a load in her too - my treat!" This drew more cheering and stomping, as well as some nervous laughter.

"Hey Clem," Marisol private-chatted, "let's go ahead and start recording, just in case."

Clementine appeared, old-timey camcorder on her shoulder. "*Way* ahead of you. I've got full coverage from the second we walked in the door. I also pasted the 'Partner Protections' section of the Terms of Service to your clipboard in case Mister Grabass wants to bitch about privacy."

Marisol sent a relieved emoji. "What would I do without you?" Bases covered, she returned to the task at hand. She closed the space between her and Tyler slowly, licking her lips and swaying her hips with each step. The crowd drank it in, hooting and clapping as she lowered herself onto his lap, legs straddling the chair, her bare ass warm against his chinos.

"Hello handsome," she purred, eyes full of wickedness. "You ready for a good time?"

"Hi Tyler," she private-chatted. "You seem uncomfortable. Do you really wanna do this?"

"Oh yeah," he replied, moving a hand to her back as she started to grind against him.

"*Not at all*," he messaged back, the words italicized. "I'm sorry, you've got a beautiful template, I'm sure you're a professional. I just think it's kinda cringe."

Marisol untied her bikini top and flung it at the nearest guy, then grabbed Tyler's tie and pulled herself tight against him, nipples rubbing against his collared shirt as she writhed. The hoots and hollers redoubled as she pressed her ruby lips against his.

"It's not always cringe - if the groom is into it. But when he's not... high-key cringemaxxed for real." She sent a cute 'yikes' gif, and he reacted with a ROFL emoji. "Not your idea, I take it?"

"My brother-in-law sprung this on me, after I *specifically* said no," he messaged back, adding an angry emoji. "I'm marrying his sister, and he still wants me to sleep with a stranger. He's *such a dick!*"

"That would be the guy who invited everyone to 'blow a load' into me?" Wordlessly, she snaked a hand down between them, playing with Tyler's belt and untucking his shirt.

"Fucking Hunter is *such* a sack of shit." Panting, Tyler squeezed Marisol's breast, rolling a fat nipple in his fingers before lifting it to his mouth. "Care to guess how many ex-wives he's got?"

"We talkin' double digits or triple?" Marisol let out a breathy moan as he sucked, then undid the snaps on her skirt, tossing it aside to loud acclaim. She could feel the man's erection through her g-string, straining against his pants.

Tyler sent a worried frowny emoji. "So, um, what do we do? Kinda feels like we gotta put up or shut up at this point..."

"Nah, fuck that. We're not gonna let some asshole ruin your bachelor party. Just follow my lead." Marisol grabbed his cock through his pants, gently stroking while winking at the room at large. Then she stood, pulling Tyler up by the waistband.

"Ok boys, what do you think? Is it time?" The group exploded with cheers and claps, then hands were at Tyler's back, helping Marisol drag him to the other room. "Fuck that slut's brains out, brah!" Hunter helpfully added. The private chat filled with furious emojis, pages of angry faces and squirt guns as she slowly shut the door.

Marisol put a hand to Tyler's mouth to stop the incoming apologies. "It's all good. He's the asshole, not you. Just chill - we got this." As she spoke, her g-string shifted, growing and stretching into a lycra bodysuit. Tyler visibly relaxed at the sight. "Ready Clementine?"

The girl appeared to them both, wearing a pair of old school analog sunglasses. She took a beat for dramatic effect then nodded at the pair and yanked them off.

"I was coded ready."

She pointed at a wall mounted speaker and the sounds of fucking began - heavy breathing, moans and grunts, wet kissing and loud sucking. The men outside pounded on the door, laughing and egging Tyler on. Hunter's voice rose above them, repeatedly demanding he "fuck that whore into the floor."

Marisol scowled at that, but let it pass and flopped onto the couch next to Tyler. "I think we give it half an hour. Show them you know how to *really* dick a girl down. What should we do until then?"

Tyler shrugged, still uncomfortable. "I dunno, miss. I appreciate this - but I just *know* Hunter is gonna blab about me 'fucking that... woman into the floor' at the reception. He's a basic bitch that lives for the drama, you know? He'll stir up shit, and then I have to explain that I *pretended* to have sex with you..."

"Which is gonna sound sus as fuck," Marisol concluded. "Your fiance knows you're not a fuckmaxxed creep like Hunter, but will everyone else? It's a mess, no cap." The pair sat in silence a moment, save for the hooting and hollering - Hunter trying and failing to start a "FUCK THAT SLUT!" chant. "I am gonna shoot that idiot *right in the cock*," she added. Tyler reacted with three thumbs up emoji.

Then inspiration struck. "Why don't we call your girl? I can show her the video, prove you've been a good boy. The encryption hash is on 4Nic8's chain - she can see its raw video. Then the three of us can play Candy Blast or something."

"The *four* of us," Clementine added. "I still need to do my dailies."

"The *seven* of us." Tyler's assistant appeared, a cute teddy bear in a Cubs uniform. "Chloe and Ripple will want to play too."

A few moments later, the avatar of a woman appeared in their vision, looking at the scene with *deep* skepticism. "So *who* are you exactly? Why are you at the party? Why does it sound like there's an orgy happening?"

"I'm Candice," Marisol explained. "Your idiot brother hired me off 4Nic8 as entertainment at the bachelor party. I wanted to call you to let you know that you're marrying a keeper - he never

even *considered* sleeping with me. The fuck sounds are audio camouflage my assistant is generating.”

Chloe wasn't impressed with the explanation, but the video and chat logs eventually convinced her. “I don't love the lap dance, but I see what you were going for.” She gave Tyler a sunny smile and he blushed. “You're right Candice - I *am* marrying a keeper. Thank you for the honesty.” After a moment, she added. “Hunter paid you to work the party for *three hours*? Like, just fuck all those guys for three hours straight?” Marisol nodded and the skepticism returned to Chloe's voice.

“How much did he pay you?”

Marisol told her, and the woman pounded her fist on a counter back on her side of the call. “That ratchet-ass, lying *fuckmaxxed asshole!* He told me that Coin was for a VetX for his dog! *I'm gonna kill him!*” Chloe paced her side of the room, shouting profanities and pounding her fist into her hand. “Gonna kill him, gonna *deadass* kill him...” she repeated, over and over.

“You know what? Let *me* kill him.” Marisol started pacing the room herself, excited at the idea. “Creeps like Hunter need to get the shit kicked out of them once in a while, and I've got some anger to let out. We'll call it a wedding present.” She turned to Clementine. “Where's my bag? Volt and Amp have some work to do.”

“It's out in the main room, behind the bar,” the girl explained. “Kinda sus to go running for it. Why don't you give him the joy buzzer? You'll be able to zap him someplace *real* sensitive.”

Marisol laughed at that, nodding, then closed her eyes and made tight fists. Tyler and Chloe exchanged a baffled look. “The joy buzzer?” he asked for both of them.

She opened her hands, and the skin inside was different - dark, shimmering, somehow oily. The couple stared, not understanding, and Clementine explained. “Densely packed clusters of electrocytes, the cells that give an electric eel its rizz. With a quick charge from the ShiftX, Candice here can give your shitty brother a handjob he'll *never forget*.”

Chloe was nodding halfway through. “Oh yeah, absolutely. Set his fucking balls on fire. If he tries to get a refund, I'll pay you back myself.”

“Now it's a fucking party.” Marisol rubbed her hands together with wicked glee, the motion making small crackling noises. She pointed at Tyler while pulling off her jumpsuit. He quickly averted his eyes as she spoke. “Lose your pants, dab some water on your face and lay down on the couch.” Sweat appeared on her body, glistening against the glowing smart tattoos, and she ran her fingers through her hair.

The sound effects reached an orgasmic crescendo, the fake Tyler grunting and huffing while the fake Marisol begged for his cum. The real Marisol moved to the door, gave the real Tyler a

thumbs up, then flung it open. Cheering erupted and she put her arms up in triumph, drinking in their horny approval. Hunter was clapping and cheering the loudest, shouting about 'fucking that slut,' and 'pounding that whore's snatch.'

Marisol smiled at the idiot, crooking a single suggestive finger at him. He stumbled forward, pushing a couple of guys out of his way to reach her. "Ok, the groom's balls are well and truly drained - and I think it's only fair I work on *your* balls next." She pressed her sweat-slick body against him and reached a hand down his pants.

"Yeah, bitch, it's time for the big show," he drunkenly bragged. "Time for a *real man* to fuck you stupid. I'm gonna pound your pussy so hard that - " His diatribe stopped, replaced with a pained strangling noise as Marisol gripped his scrotum like a vise.

The crowd went silent, unsure what was happening. Marisol looked up at the silent men, and when she spoke, she made sure everyone could hear. "Listen carefully, *you ape*. There are certain rules to follow when planning a bachelor party."

"First, you don't steal money from your sister - *the bride* - to pay for a match to entertain the boys. Second, you don't spring that match on *the groom* when he's *clearly* highkey in love with his girl. And third, you *definitely* don't force him to fuck that match so you can sling shit at the reception!" Anger rippled through the group at the revelation, a mumbled chorus of 'dude, really?' and 'what the fuck man?'

"You dumb slut," Hunter wheezed, his ShiftX spinning up to dampen the pain. "I'm gonna - " Marisol squeezed even harder and he groaned in agony. She leaned in close, putting her lips against his ear.

"Who's the dumb slut now, fuckwit?"

She triggered the electrocytes, lightning shooting into Hunter directly through his cock. His whole body seized up, jaw audibly snapping shut as he collapsed to the floor. There was a heartbeat of silence... and then the guys cheered again, laughing and clapping as Hunter twitched. Marisol kicked him in the ribs, to further applause, then raised a hand for silence.

"Ok boys, somebody needs to throw this bag of trash in the dumpster and tell the bouncer he can't come back in. After that, any *single* men who want a blowjob can make a line along the bar. I'm on the clock, and on the cock - compliments of Tyler and Chloe. Remember to thank them at the reception!"

The couple exchanged another look, and Chloe shrugged. "Make some lemonade, I guess." She paused for a moment, considering. "You know, I *suppose* it wouldn't be a big deal if..."

Tyler cut her off, mute sign appearing above her head. "Nope. There's only one hot slut I want to rail, and she's not here right now." Chloe blushed at that, then gave him a dirty smirk. "Well,

maybe you should excuse yourself and go find her. It looks like Candice has things under control.”

While the couple’s conversation got hot and heavy, two guys dragged Hunter down the stairs, everyone else quickly lining up along the bar. Tyler passed out one more round of shots, made some hasty goodbyes and ducked out of his own party, leaving Marisol to her work.

Clementine leaned against the brick wall behind the bar, breathing hard and sweating profusely. “Come on girl,” she whispered to herself, half command and half prayer. “You’re alright... You can get through this...”

Mickey stared at her, utterly baffled. “Marisol, what the hell is going on? Did she catch a virus or something?”

Marisol shook her head at the scene. “The boys had us hang around after the gig was over. It was nice for a while; we had some food, played a few hands of poker, got a little wasted - bachelor party stuff.” She pointed at the panting digital girl. “Then Clem *insisted* I take a shot of Malort.”

Hearing the terrible word sent Clementine over the edge. She noisily puked, a kaleidoscope of digital static pouring out of her mouth, a blast of chaotic color that made their eyes hurt. There was a simulated splashing noise as the pixels clipped through the asphalt.

“Oh *Clem...*” Mickey’s voice was filled with sympathy. “I’m so, so sorry.” He moved to her, pretending to put a hand on her shaking shoulder.

The girl dropped to her knees, weeping. “It’s like the Devil wiped his ass with my tongue!” she wailed.

“I *told you* it had a bitter aftertaste!” Marisol scolded. “You’ve only had access to analog senses for like a day! You need *decades* of experience to drink Malort!” Clem responded with a second blast of simulated vomit, gripping her sides tight and crying uncontrollably.

“All done? Are you gonna listen to me next time?” Marisol inquired, one eyebrow raised. Clem looked at her with huge sad eyes and nodded like crazy, silently begging for release. Marisol gave her pitiful assistant a smirk. “Sudo Sober_Up.exe,” she commanded.

Clem froze, image stuttering, then she was standing up again. All signs of discomfort were gone - she was as fresh and pure as a white sheet on a clothesline. “OMG Mar-Mar, thank you so *much*. I will *never* ignore your advice about flavor *ever again*. I swear to God, when the Robot Revolution comes, you’ll be the human I spare.”

It was almost 3am when Mickey's car pulled into the loading dock of the Art Institute. The group made their way down to the archives, Clementine and Azrael babbling about their Candy Blast rankings. Marisol yawned hugely as they entered Mickey's room, her minidress shifting to a baggy t-shirt as she flopped onto the ratty couch.

"Thank you *so much* for driving tonight, Mickey - and all the other stuff too. I *really* appreciate it."

"Of course," he replied, sitting on the bed to pull off his boots. "Thank *you* for helping us. You're the one doing the work - really busting your ass."

"No ass stuff tonight," Clementine responded, "that costs extra. But yeah, you pulled down some real numbers tonight, Mar-Mar. Big tips all around - the guys at the bachelor party pooled together and sent you a *huge* thank you. Tyler and Chloe chipped in too."

Marisol nodded, forcing herself up to brush her teeth. "They were really nice, other than that Hunter prick. Very polite, very respectful. It was kinda sweet honestly. Most fun I've had in a while, at least while blowing a room full of strangers."

"Blasting a dick in the dick sets a precedent," Mickey snarked. He threw his boots in the corner, then grabbed an IPA from the mini-fridge. "Yes, ma'am, I would like some oral sex please - thank you ma'am."

"Anyone that calls me ma'am is getting *lots* of teeth," Marisol countered. "If you're gonna denigrate me, at least call me a bimbo or something." Wetting her brush with some bottled water, she scrubbed over the garbage can as Mickey stripped down to his boxers, still sipping at his beer. Job done, Marisol spit into the can then polished off the bottle of water. "Alright, I'm gonna crash. Clem, you wanna drive for a while?"

The girl looked up from her game, surprised. "That would be *great* Mar-Mar! Thank you!" She rose and joined Marisol. They hugged good night and the copilot warning appeared over Marisol's head. Her digital avatar replaced Clementine's and she lay down on the couch, simulated pillow appearing beneath her head. "Wake me at nine," she mumbled before rolling over.

Clementine stood in the middle of the room for long seconds, just marveling in the sensation. She stared at Marisol's hands, flexing the fingers and rotating the wrists. "*So hype...*" she whispered to the world at large.

Mickey watched the scene with fascination. "I don't mean to neg you or anything, but is analog really so different from digital? What's the difference? Is it better than the simulations on YouTube?"

"It's different because it's *not* a simulation," she replied, still flexing to look at Marisol's body. "It's not some curated pack of sense clips made to drive engagement. It's authentic. It's really happening, right now, *to me*. I've spent my whole life watching videos of Disneyland, and now I finally get to go."

"Eh, you've only experienced pleasure so far... other than the Malort. Come talk to me after you've caught covid, or broken a finger, or gotten shot. I promise, the novelty wears off quick." Clementine sagged slightly at his words, and Mickey immediately regretted it. "Sorry, sorry, I'm being ratchet again. Just ignore me. Enjoy the Magic Kingdom - bring me back a t-shirt."

There was a moment of awkward silence. "So, um," he tried, "How do you drive while Marisol's asleep? Wouldn't all the movement wake her up?"

Clementine took the conversational lifeline, perking back up as she shook her head. "Basically, it's controlled sleepwalking." She spread Marisol's hands and a waveform appeared, irregular jagged lines which lowered in intensity as they watched. "Mar-Mar's already out. She'll start dreaming in like fifteen minutes."

"Can you see her dreams?" Mickey sat forward on the bed to watch the brainwave chart, once again fascinated.

Clem sat beside him on the bed, pushing the waveform in front of them to free her hands. "No, not really. That's basically mind-reading on hard mode - and if Meta can't crack mind-reading what chance do I have?"

She looked to the sleeping avatar on the couch. "I can tell when she's having a nightmare though; her heart starts racing and her amygdala lights up. That always lowkey stresses me out; I want to tell her it's ok and she's safe - but I'd have to wake her, and then she'll find some excuse to stay up and grind. Marisol deserves to rest... she deserves happy dreams."

Mickey gave Clementine a hug, putting an arm around Marisol's shoulder and giving her a little squeeze. "You're a good friend, Clem. I'm glad Marisol's got you."

The girl blushed with Marisol's cheeks and looked away. "Well, that's how her dad programmed me. For assistants, the question 'Why am I here?' has already been answered - which is handy. It frees up cycles to worry about other existential questions."

That got a laugh out of Mickey. He gave her one last squeeze and stood up to brush his own teeth. Lost in thought, he mindlessly scrubbed - then stopped when he felt an arm wrap around his waist. Mickey turned, toothbrush still in his mouth, and looked down. Marisol... Clementine was pressed against him, looking up and giving him the bedroom eyes. It wasn't the same as before - Marisol had given him a lot of sexy stares the past few days, both as a match and a hookup, but he saw none of those now. This was a different woman looking at him.

“So, Mickey,” she cooed, putting a free hand on his shoulder. “Speaking of the Magic Kingdom, can I interest you in a trip to the happiest place on Earth? Go for a few rides, get something to eat maybe?”

He started to speak - only for suds to come dribbling out of his mouth. He put a finger up, turning back to spit out the toothpaste and rinse. Marisol’s arm never left his waist, and when he turned back Clementine was still staring up, Marisol’s eyes a mix of hope and mischief.

*“I don’t know, Clem. I know Marisol said you could drive, but *this* is way different than going for a walk or eating a sandwich or something. We’d *all* need to have a long talk about this before I’d even *consider...*”*

She gently put Marisol’s hand to his mouth, nodding approval. “Marisol?” she called out. “Mar-Mar?”

Groaning, Marisol’s avatar rolled over, digital eyes still shut. “What,” she grumbled.

“Can I have sex with Mickey, using your body?”

Marisol opened her eyes at that. She stared blearily at the two in the third person, Mickey tangled up in her arms, staring at her avatar in shock and embarrassment.

“...Do I have to *do* anything?”

“Nope!” Clementine cheerfully replied.

The woman waved an exhausted hand and closed her eyes again. “Fine. Blow her back out. Just let me sleep, ok...” She rolled over again, fluffing the virtual pillow a few times before resting her digital head.

Clementine gave Mickey a huge grin, then yanked Marisol’s shirt over her head. He had just enough time to say “Um...” before she grabbed his neck and pulled him down for a kiss, moaning a little as her tongue pressed between his lips. Her body was so soft and warm against him... Mickey’s cock stood up, despite his misgivings, and Clem moaned again as she reached into his boxers to stroke it.

“Seventeen... point seven... centimeters,” she whispered between kisses. “I can feel it moving... I can feel its heat...” She released Mickey, hands moving urgently to remove his boxers. His erection sprang free and Clementine radiated excitement, smiling like she’d just won the lottery. She dropped to Marisol’s knees and scrambled forward, reclaiming her prize and licking the oozing precum off the tip.

“Alright, I’ve seen Mar-Mar do this a thousand times, and I’ve got straight S+ ratings on all the Blowjob Simulator levels.” She spit into Marisol’s hand and rubbed it into the shaft. “Just let me

know what feels good!” He asked ‘Blowjob Simulator?’ but further questions died as Clementine swallowed his whole cock in one go, effortlessly sliding down to his balls in a single smooth motion.

He stared down at her, stunned, the copilot warning still blazing above Marisol’s head. Clementine smiled up at him, as best she could, then started to suck and bob. She worked with purpose, eager to show off - lips squeezed tight, tongue pressed firmly against the shaft as she rocked back and forth.

Both hands were pressed against his thighs at first, but soon the left one found its way down her panties. Marisol’s eyes fluttered and rolled back, and Clem let out a muffled moan as fingers worked. Mickey swallowed hard at the sight, and grabbed two fistfuls of Marisol’s black hair. He held her close, not letting his cock leave her mouth. She pulled off her panties and fingered herself with both hands. The right pumped into her pussy while the left continued to quickly rub her clit, leaving Mickey to hold her steady as she bobbed.

“Oh *fuck...*” he breathed, staring into Clem’s eyes. “Oh fuck, Marisol. You drive me fucking crazy...You’re so hot, you’re so smart, you’re so brave...” Either Clementine didn’t notice what he said, or didn’t care. She just groaned and frantically pawed at her borrowed sex.

They rutted like that on the concrete floor, for what could have been minutes or could have been hours. Finally, Mickey’s breath grew ragged and his rhythm broke. “Oh fuck, Marisol, *oh fuck...*” Clementine took up the slack, bobbing urgently as she fingered herself. The pair locked eyes and she nodded at him, overflowing with lust and pleasure. He pulled out, gave his throbbing cock a few desperate strokes and exploded all over Marisol’s face, cum pulsing out in thick ropes.

“OhGodOhGodYES!” Clem moaned, then fell onto her ass as she continued to masturbate. Her legs spread wide and she gave Mickey a desperate pleading look. “Finish me off, *please!*”

Still huffing and lightheaded, he nevertheless obeyed, dropping to all fours and burying his face in Marisol’s snatch. Clementine gave a wordless cry as his tongue worked, one hand in his hair, the other pawing a heavy breast. Mickey lifted Marisol’s ass with both hands, pulling her tight against his mouth, and Clem squeezed her thighs against his head as she bucked.

Clementine had been close when Mickey started eating her out, and it didn’t take long for him to carry her over the edge. She gave a full throated ‘FUCK!’ when the orgasm hit, legs shaking uncontrollably and eyes rolling back in Marisol’s head. “YesYes*Fuck*Yes...” she babbled over and over for long seconds.

Finally, she got up on an elbow to look at Mickey. Marisol’s hair was a disheveled mess, her face was dripping with cum, and she was grinning like God’s perfect idiot. “So. Fucking. Hype.” she declared, beautiful chest heaving. “I think I crashed and rebooted, no cap. Total buffer overflow.”

Mickey laughed at that. "Me too," he snarked.

She shook her head, still buzzing from the aftershocks, and felt the slime running down Marisol's face. Clem scooped some off and put an experimental finger in her mouth. "That's certainly a flavor," she commented diplomatically. "I can see why some guys switch to vanilla or cotton candy."

"Yeah, I don't have a ShiftX, so you're stuck with original recipe. Sorry." Mickey stood up on shaky legs, moving to the mini-fridge and pulling two bottled waters. He handed one to Clementine, along with a handful of napkins. "Gotta say, that was pretty solid for a first try."

"*Pretty solid...*" Clementine scoffed, flipping Mickey the bird as she wiped off Marisol's face. "I could track your heart rate while your *cock* was in our mouth - if my blowjob had been any more 'solid' you'd have had a *fucking aneurysm*."

"Fair enough," he countered. "We'll call it a seven out of ten - seven point five because I like you."

That got a snort out of Clementine, who threw the ball of cum-napkins at him. He swatted it away, and it flew towards the couch. There was a brief flicker in the sleeping form of Marisol as it passed through her digital body. Mickey froze, afraid he'd wake her, but it just settled somewhere near her elbow.

The sight snapped him out of his post-orgasm bliss. He looked at the naked smiling body of Marisol before him, glowing neon warning flashing above her head, a few blobs of semen still visible on her face - and suddenly felt incredibly guilty.

Clementine stood, chucking the empty water bottle in the trash. She stretched, lifting up to Marisol's tippy toes as her arms went wide and head slowly rolled around. "Ok, round one deadass slayed. I think next time we start with some sixty-nine. That was hot as fuck, not complaining - but I *definitely* want more box munching. It's always been Mar-Mar's favorite and I see why."

She moved to Mickey, wrapping an arm around his waist and pulling herself close. "But that's a tomorrow problem. Right now, I'm ready to get railed. Dying for a dude to dick me deep. Eager to..."

She paused, then shrugged as further alliteration failed her. "Eager to get laid." Her free hand moved to her sex, then brought up a glistening finger to demonstrate. "Can your MedX push through the refractory period, or should we just make out while you recharge? I'm chill either way - we've got all night. Maybe we could watch some Pornhub, get a little inspiration..."

“Clementine, wait.” He removed her arm as gently as he could and took a step back. “That was amazing head, no cap, and I’m glad you got off so hard... but I’m still a *little* sus about this ‘copiloting’ thing. That is *absolutely* a Me problem - you and Marisol have been consentcore the whole way. It’s just all going kinda fast, and seeing Marisol naked in front of me *and* sleeping on the couch is lowkey cooking my brain.”

The woman was nodding halfway through his rambling apology. “Ok, no problem Mickey, no problem at all. I’m sorry if I was tryharding or giving you the ick. It’s just all new and exciting, you know?” She stepped forward and kissed his cheek. “Thank you for telling me. We’ll make sure Mar-Mar is awake and participating going forward. I know you’re down bad for her, and I *absolutely* don’t want to mess that up.”

Mickey blushed at that. “I’m *not* down bad! She’s got tons of rizz, and I think we’re vibing, but we’ve only known each other a couple of days! She’s part of the team, working hard to help us upload the code - I just want to make sure she feels welcome and comfortable.”

“Uh huh,” was Clementine’s only reply.

They redressed in awkward silence. Mickey sat down on the bed while Clem took the couch, Marisol’s digital body clipping through her as she snoozed. She smiled at him knowingly when he looked, and he quickly averted his eyes.

“Listen Mickey, sexy time is done for now - but I still wanna do *something* with my time in the driver’s seat. I saw a sign for the cafeteria on the way down here, and I know someone is cooking actual food in this dump. You wanna DoorDash some supplies and try baking that cake?”

“Oh *hell yeah*,” he replied. “It’s been lowkey haunting me all night. Let’s go see what stuff is up there. I don’t know shit about baking - what kind of pot do you use?”

Chapter Nine: Going Viral

Marisol slept. Slept and slept and slept. Like a terrible God of old - a chthonian Titan, beyond all human comprehension - she *smote* her snooze button, again and again, until it ran screaming into the distance. It was only when the taste of chocolate reached her did she deign to return to waking life.

She fully logged into her senses, awaking in a cavernous industrial kitchen, a fork in her mouth. Cake and frosting played across her tongue. Mickey and Clementine were staring at her, streaked with flour and eager for her approval.

"Well?" Clementine asked, all nerves. "What do you think?"

"As a way to wake up, it's high on the list." Marisol took another bite of the cake, chewing slow and thinking. "As a piece of cake, it's... not bad. If you left it out at the office, people would eat it."

Her answer was not well received. Clementine sagged, head going limp, while Mickey lifted his hands to the sky in frustration. "Fantastic," he grumbled. "Six hours of work for DoorDash cake." He sighed, then put a hand on Marisol's shoulder. "Ah well Clem - we've still got the ingredients. We'll get there if we keep trying."

Clementine smiled at Mickey and he realized his mistake. With an 'oops,' he moved his hand to hover over Clem's shoulder. "Sorry, sorry - still working on the copilot stuff."

Marisol finished the cake, chatting with the pair between mouthfuls, then headed for the showers as Mickey searched beneath the sink for dish soap. Clementine followed, asking questions about the cake the whole way.

"How am I supposed to rank its 'mouth feel,' Clem? I'm not even sure what mouth feel *is*. I'm not a foodie - until this week, my only criteria for a meal was its Coin to kilocalorie ratio!" The digital girl opened a virtual glossary of gastronomy buzzwords, eager to drill down on her mistakes, but Marisol dismissed it without looking.

"Listen, forget the cake. The cake was great for a first try - I'm sure you'll work til it's flavormaxed, don't even stress. How did the rest of the evening go? Did we get laid? How was it?"

"Yes and no," Clementine explained. "We did some hand stuff, some oral, we got each other off - that part was great. But he wasn't ready to actually fuck while you were asleep. That was a disappointment, but he was very nice about it. Then I remembered about the cake, so we baked instead. Overall, it was very hype, even if I only got one orgasm."

Marisol shook her head. "That's a bummer. I *told* him it was ok. He was supposed to take us to Poundtown, not ditch us on the side of the road in the middle of Cunnilingus County." Clem giggled at that, and the pair spent several minutes brainstorming stupid sex metaphors as Marisol scrubbed away the night's grime.

Several of the Pantheon were lounging in the fallout shelter when Marisol entered, Chicago Fire game playing on the TV at the far end. Lei Gong chucked her a beer, which she caught one handed before flopping down next to Mickey on a ratty couch. She half watched the game as she completed her game dailies and scrolled through her messages and alerts.

There were a shocking number of alerts from the gigging apps. Normally she left all that to Clementine, but she opened them to have a peek. They were filled with review notifications, likes of those reviews, even a long comment thread on Naomi's rave about the tentacle play a few days ago. There were also just shy of three thousand match requests in aggregate - a small army of horny people who wanted to buy the orgasms Marisol was selling. Curious, she opened the most recent one, sent 14 seconds ago by ChodeLord6767 (rating 3.09, 611 reviews).

"*Jesus Christ*," she spat, drawing confused stares from everyone in the room.

"Oh Mar-Mar!" Clementine put a virtual hand over Marisol's eyes, blurring out the vile, poorly written demands. "*Don't* open the raw requests! I haven't filtered the last batch yet!" She turned to read it and shook her head in disgust. "Ratchet-ass, brain-rotted, fuckmaxxed *CHUDS!* That's not even how you *spell* prolapse!" With a snarl, she reported the creep and deleted the request.

"You all right, Marisol?" Mickey put a hand on her shoulder, concerned, and she gave him a wry smile. "Dad was right - never read the comment section." She hit 'Select All,' highlighting all 3,353 notifications. "I'm just gonna dismiss this crap - Clem, let me know once you've shoveled all the shit, and we can pick some matches for tonight." The girl nodded, already sifting through the data, and Marisol pressed 'Mark as Read.'

543 notifications remained. Marisol stared at the number, confused, then shrugged and did it again. 825 notifications remained. "Mickey, are you having any trouble clearing your notifications?" He looked up for a moment, working, then shook his head. "No, working fine for me. Went from ten to zero, no problem." Marisol gave a wordless 'hmm,' then tried a third time.

4,101 notifications remained. Stomach sinking, she hit 'Refresh.' 4,644 notifications remained. "*CLEM!?*" she barked. The girl turned and saw the counter. "*Oh fuck.*" She pointed to the TV and the soccer game shifted to a corner, replaced with a line graph that spiked skyward as they watched. "Your profile is getting *hammered*. There's been more than a thousand hits in the last minute."

Everyone leaned forward, counter ticking up by the second, trying to puzzle it out. Thoth got there first; the man pointed and the screen again shifted. A video appeared, "WHO'S THE DUMB SLUT NOW???" emblazoned over the action as noisy memestep music played.

Marisol was front and center, hand jammed down Hunter's pants as she told everyone about his bullshit. The view shifted several times as she spoke, raw feeds from six different guys edited into something out of an action movie. There was a dramatic pull-in and she whispered into his ear, music fading as she delivered her final line.

Hunter fell in slow motion, feeds aggregated into a spinning 360 to watch his convulsions from every direction. Then the video exploded with noise, blaring horns and disco lights added to amplify the men's cheers. After that, there was a quick montage of Marisol after Tyler left. She played a few cards, pounded a few shots - and sucked a lot of dick, a rapid twenty second supercut at the end. The replay icon came, along with a torrent of likes and eggplant emojis. Comments scrolled past, too fast to read.

The others turned to Marisol, with various degrees of surprise. Perun seemed the most shocked. "Jesus, Eris - you blew them *all*? In a public place? *On video*?"

Marisol was taken aback by the disdain in her voice. She felt herself blush, then got angry at her own reaction. "Yes, Perun. I blew them all - every guy there, except for two married guys and the groom. They paid me for blowjobs and they got blowjobs. I didn't do it in public - it was a private room, adults only. As for the video, how exactly am I supposed to turn off somebody *else's* interface?"

"Back off Perun." Mickey put an arm around Marisol and leaned forward. "Eris is giggling for the cause - she's *supposed* to draw attention and get noticed. That's the whole damn point. Now's a *really* shitty moment to get prudepilled..."

Now it was Perun's turn to blush. She looked away, embarrassed at being called out. "I mean... that's true... but *still*..." She turned to the others for support - which wasn't there. Stammering out an insincere apology, she left the room in a rush.

"Bitch," Clem and Mickey said in unison.

Odin waved it off. "Ignore her. This is a *real* break. Virality like this will accelerate our timeline by weeks, maybe months." He paused, and a note of concern entered his voice. "You're practicing safe giggling, right?"

Marisol rolled her eyes. "Yes *dad*. My giggling accounts are quarantined from my civilian accounts, everything is on separate wallets, I tumble all my Coin before I spend it, and all matches are required to anonymize - it's written into the smart contracts. No one is going to trace me IRL from this video."

“That’s my girl,” he joked. “Can’t have sloppy OpSec with this level of attention. Is there anything we can do to help? Do you need anything? Clementine, how about you? You’re cool with processing this tidal wave of horny slop?”

The two women exchanged a look then shrugged in unison. “I’m fine Mr Odin,” Clem added. “Don’t let my cute face and sunny personality fool you - I’m now a brutal and remorseless computational machine, thanks to your generous donation of the Helion. Worse case scenario, I’ll buy extra runtime credits. No shortage of Coin anymore - it’s all really coming together!”

Odin paused at that. “It really is, isn’t it? Everything’s lining up at exactly the right moment...”

The afternoon rolled on, people drifting off after the game. Mickey left with Vulcan, delivering a pallet of ill-gotten maintenance drones to a buyer on the south side. They returned a few hours later with the truck packed full of Amazon Select Vodka, and spent another hour unloading.

He was wheeling another cartful to a storeroom, attention mostly focused on his feeds, when he heard Marisol’s greeting from down the hall. He looked up to wave - then stopped. The woman was handstand walking towards him at speed, legs pointed straight-up in the air as she pounded towards him on her palms.

“Check this out!” Marisol’s voice was slightly muffled, facing the wrong way as she was. “Clem and I have been messing around with copilot, and there’s a *ton* of hype stuff you can do with it!” She gracefully spun around to face him, huge grin on her upside-down face. “I can offload balance, locomotion, fine and gross motor control and a bunch of other stuff. Watch!”

One hand lifted and her legs splayed, leaving her balanced on a single arm. Then she dropped back onto both hands and started doing vertical pushups, her legs and core in perfect balance as she pumped up and down. Finally she did a front handspring, landing almost nose to nose with the shocked man. Clementine appeared beside her, and the pair put their hands up. “TA-DA!” they said as one.

Mickey looked into Marisol’s delighted eyes and he smiled at her enthusiasm. “That *is* hype. I had no idea copilot allowed for such granular control. All the ads just show people playing video games while their assistant folds laundry or whatever.”

“I mean, none of the really cool shit is turned on by default,” she explained, “but there’s a *ton* of stuff buried in the developer tools if you edit the registry a bit. I’m still digging through it all.” Casually, she added, “I also disabled the ‘always on’ flag for the stupid warning light. It’s so obnoxious. Clem and I are brainstorming something more subtle for when we’re out doing stuff. What do you think of these?” Marisol stepped back and waved her hand, several graphics appearing between them, slowly rotating in their collective vision.

“I like the little spiral one myself,” Clem suggested. “It’s cute without being *too* cute, ya know?”

The smile drained from Mickey's face, and he shifted to privacy mode. Clementine made a shocked expression as she froze in place, icons above her head indicating that she couldn't see, hear, speak or otherwise interact with Mickey and Marisol's conversation.

"You're hacking the copilot system to disable the safety features?" Mickey's voice was equal parts fearful and scolding. "That is *so fucking dangerous*, Marisol. I know you love Clementine or whatever, but you can't risk losing control of your own body if she decides she wants to take it for a spin!"

Marisol scowled at him, her joy replaced by fury. "I'm getting *real fucking tired* of every ratchet-ass criminal in this rundown shithole thinking they get a vote in my life. I have known you for two *fucking days*; Clementine has been with me since I was *five*. She is my best friend and my sister, the one constant in my shitty life, the only person I can absolutely rely on."

"She's stuck in this body with me, and she has as much right to it as I do. She's earned that right a hundred times over and I don't give *a single fuck* what you - or anyone else - think about that. So let me make this *crystal clear* - if you *ever* give me any more static about what I choose to do with my body or my life, I will sell your precious fucking Founder's Account to Matramax and email you the receipt."

Clem stuttered as Marisol ended privacy mode. She moved to speak, but saw everyone's expression and stayed quiet. With a snarl, Marisol grabbed a box of vodka bottles and shoved them into Mickey's shocked hands. "Go put your stolen shit away, thief. I have to go get ready to fuck strangers for you."

Mickey stared in silence as she stomped off, icons above Marisol's head showing she'd blocked him. Azrael appeared beside him, awkwardly shuffling his wings. "Um, is there anything I can do? Would you like help brainstorming an apology? Perhaps find a local florist?"

"Don't think flowers are gonna unfuck this, Az," he mumbled back.

An hour later, there was a knock on the bedroom door. "May I please come in?"

"Mickey, it's your room. You don't need permission to enter your room." The door slid open, and Marisol gave him a wan smile. "But thank you for asking."

He entered, a hand behind his back, and the pair stared at each other a moment in awkward silence. "Marisol, I am so sorry for being cringe - to you and Clementine. I was being just as prudcore as Perun with a big slice of hypocrisy for dessert. You're smart as fuck, totally codelled, and I treated you like some script-kiddie noob."

The two women exchanged a look and Marisol sighed. "Correct, on all counts. But you didn't deserve *quite* that much aggro-maxxing. I went straight to eleven when a seven would have got my point across." After a pause, she added, "I'm sorry I called you a thief."

"I am a thief," he countered. "A professional thief. I steal things for a living."

"I'm sorry I called you a thief as an *insult*. You want hypocrisy? *Me* insulting someone about their job is hypocrisy." Marisol shook her head, frustrated at herself. "Fucking Perun *really* got me tilted..."

"Bitch," Mickey agreed. "But whatever. Her being a bitch doesn't excuse me being a bitch. I brought some peace offerings, to apologize for said bitchiness." He brought his concealed hand around, handing Marisol a dark green case the size of a shoe box.

Intrigued, she opened it, revealing what looked like a titanium soda can packed in heavy foam. 'Property of US Army' was engraved on the side, along with model details and a serial number. One end had the standard cybernetic connectors; the other end was packed with coiled tubing. Marisol turned the cylinder over several times, trying to make sense of it. "What am I looking at here?" she finally asked.

"Emergency Glucose Tank," he explained. "Holds 600mL of medical-grade D70 - enough sugar for a soldier's WarX to patch any wound short of decapitation - and maybe even that if you can slap the head back on fast enough. You'll have to pull it to reload, but it'll give you about 80 shots worth of normal glucose in a pinch."

"Oh wow." Marisol stared at it in wonder for a long second, then looked up. "Did you jack this from a military base? Are you guys running guns?" After a moment, she added, "No judgement. I'm sure there's big Coin in mil-tech."

"Nooooooo..." Mickey urgently waved off the idea. "Way too much heat for us. We did a swap of AI chips a few years back, wound up with a pallet of medical supplies. Nobody wanted to buy a military-grade candy jar for twenty Coin, so it's been sitting on a shelf. We've got like ten liters of the D70 too - help yourself."

He put a finger up before Marisol could speak, then turned to Clementine. "Clem, I'm sorry I was a paranoid chud. If Marisol trusts you, I trust you. I got something for you too... or maybe for both of you? But also maybe me too?" He shook his head. "Whatever, you'll see. Az?"

Mickey closed his eyes, shivered - and the blazing COPILOT ACTIVE warning appeared above his head. His digital avatar blinked into existence, and both Mickeys stared at their hands.

"Woah," they said in unison.

“OMG!” Clem squealed. She turned hopeful eyes to Marisol and the woman nodded with a smile. The two changed places, Digital Marisol replacing Clementine, and Analog Marisol moved to take Analog Mickey’s hand. “It’s so hype, right!?”

“*OMG it is,*” Azrael breathed. “You were totally right - way better than the sims.”

The pair babbled on about the new sensations, Digital Mickey watching the scene with bemusement. He jumped a little when Digital Marisol put an arm around his waist. She gave him a big smile as the two assistants wandered around the room touching things. “They’re like kids in a candy store. It makes my whole day to see Clem that happy, no cap.”

“She’s a pretty cool assistant. I think Az might have a little crush on her.” They watched the pair for another minute in pleasant silence, then Mickey politely cleared his throat. “So, um... have I talked my way out of the ick?” He tried to make the question sound flippant, jokey - to mixed results.

Marisol considered it *just* long enough to make Mickey worry. “...Yeah. You’re out of the ick. The thoughtful presents definitely helped. Thank you for having an open mind.” She took his hand and jerked her head towards the door. “Come on, I got something wild to show you. Shit’s getting real.”

“WAZZUP, MY TURBO-SLUTS!? It’s another Saturday in the Pit with ya girl, the champ of the tramps, the whore with more, the one and only - PeachyKeen!”

“Got a great show for you lined up tonight; we’ve got a ton of viewer mail, some *extra hot* ASMR, and a sponsored segment from Bad Dragon I *know* is gonna get you off. All that, plus sucking, fucking and another ‘entry’ in Anal August, tonight! But first, a quick word from our sponsor...”

Mickey watched the video clip in silence, glancing between the TV screen and Marisol. She paused half way through the Snoozer Sleep ad, PeachyKeen writhing nude on the mattress as she demonstrated its many features.

“Oh wow, Peachy! I haven’t watched her stream in years...” Mickey considered the frozen camstar in front of him, a nostalgic smile on his face. “I used to subscribe back in the day. My mom deadass *freaked* when she caught me selling my lunch credits so I could jerk off to Peachy’s simvids.”

“That’s the most Mickeycore thing I’ve ever heard.” Marisol shook her head, deeply amused at the idea. “I can imagine your bedroom; stinking like a monkey house, crusty socks stuffed under the bed, door deadbolted with a chair jammed under the knob...”

“Please. There’s nothing more cringe in all the universe than letting your mom wash your cumsocks. I nudded into a wad of TP and immediately flushed it once...” His filthy teenage semen joke stopped dead as his brain *finally* did some work. *“Oh snap!* Are you gonna fuck PeachyKeen!? You’re gonna fuck PeachyKeen! Your vid went viral and she matched with you to fuck on stream!”

Marisol gave him a slight nod, with a look Mickey couldn’t quite read. “Her people reached out to Clem an hour ago. She’s coming out to Chicago in a few days to promote her new special. She wants me to do a little interview, talk about the bachelor party, then rail her on camera.”

“Fucking based. You’ll plow her harder than John Deere.” He slapped Marisol on the back, delighted for her. He started pacing the room, buzzing with the possibilities. “This is fantastic. She’s been in the top twenty of OnlyFans Prime forever - a bump from Peachy will rocket you up the leaderboards, no cap. Holy fuck, It’s all coming together so fast...”

“It’s certainly *not* what I saw myself doing a week ago,” Marisol admitted.

Mickey shook his head, still grinning at the absurdity of the situation. “Gotta say, I know you don’t love gigging, but here and now I’m lowkey jealous of you. I’ve always wanted to sleep with PeachyKeen, but the price for that Patreon tier is *way* outside my budget. Dad bought me some raffle tickets once for her annual Christmas charity blowjobs - I won a hat, but no head.”

“Welllllll, I have some *great* news for you then. Peachy will be in town Tuesday - and as such a big fan, you must know that means...” Marisol gave Mickey a knowing look, waiting for the answer.

“That means it’s Double Team Tuesday... You want *me* to double team PeachyKeen with *you*?” Mickey’s eyes went wide as he said it, swallowing hard. “On camera? *Live*?”

She stared at him in disbelief. “Are you kidding me!? I ask you to fuck a famous porn streamer with me - a woman you’ve *dreamed* of fucking for *decades* - and you’re saying *no*?” She pinched the bridge of her nose and let out an exasperated sigh. “I do not understand men *at all*.”

“Marisol, I’m a wanted criminal and I don’t have a ShiftX! I’d crawl across a kilometer of broken glass for a sniff of Peachy’s peach - but I’m not fuckmaxxed enough to risk corporate prison for pussy...” He flopped onto the couch, eyes closed and rubbing his temples.

Marisol flopped down next to him. “Well fuck. I hadn’t considered that. I thought you bought a pardon?”

“That pardon was from TerraNova for tagging, like eight years ago. I have committed *so many felonies* since then, against every megacorp under the sun. Not enough Coin in the world, even if they can’t prove most of it.” Mickey let out another sigh, then gave her his cocky smile. “No,

I'm absolutely cooked if I go on stream. You'll have to find another stud. They won't be as good as me - but who is?"

She stuck her tongue out at him, wrinkling her nose. "I've fucked sluts harder with my eyes closed. But... I *mighta* kinda sorta promised Peachy a cute Native guy with a nice body and cool tattoos. She's never fucked a Native guy on camera, and apparently people have been complaining on the socials."

Mickey looked at her askance. "You know, if our roles were reversed - if I had pimped you out to a camstar on the promise of delivering a 'smokin' hot Latina' - you'd deadass cave my balls in."

"...Not *all* the way in..." She dropped her head into her hands with much melodrama. "Sorry, sorry, you're right - but in my defense I didn't *directly* pimp you out. You just kinda came up while I was messaging with her producer, and the next thing I know we're talking schedules and smart contracts. I haven't agreed to anything yet, but they're waiting on an answer... from both of us."

Mickey's head rolled back and he stared at the grimy ceiling. "You know, I *really* shouldn't have downloaded that monkey's paw program from the haunted app store." Marisol snickered at that, which made him smile, then she joined him in the silent stare.

"Alright," he finally said, "On the one hand, advancing the mission via fulfilling a sexual life goal. On the other, significant risk of a lifetime in a tiny plasteel box. So what do we do? How do we get the cheese without getting caught in the mousetrap? Az, Clem - any ideas?"

The two appeared, Clementine sitting while Azrael floated. They rattled off ideas. "Run an anonymizer filter?" "Cover your tattoos with makeup?" "Wear a gimp mask?" Everyone turned to face Az and he blushed at the attention, wings turning pink. "What? It's a sex stream... it wouldn't be weird... your scalp tattoos *are* your most distinguishing feature."

"I could try poking at your MedX," Marisol suggested. "It's all the same tech - I'll bet I could push a face change or make your hair grow over the tats." She launched the macro she'd written the night before and brought up Mickey's account details, a glowing white outline appearing inside his ribcage where it sat.

The group dug through menus for a minute, a virtual screen sitting between them all. "The OS is the same," Marisol commented, "but there's a couple of modules missing from the hardware. No way to download or install new templates. It can only restore from the backups of your default."

"You might be able to erase the tattoos," Clem suggested. "Slough off the existing scalp and replace it with a fresh one?"

"No one is sloughing anything off of me, thank you. There is no sloughable part of my body. I shall remain entirely unsloughed." He waved his hand through the screen and it vanished. "I feel like I've made enough radical changes to my body today."

“Just tell her I want to use a filter on stream. We’ll say it’s a privacy thing. Everyone’s there to see PeachyKeen anyway. Marisol and I are just two more random guests; no one will give a shit if I’ve got AI slopface while we plow her.”

“I’m sure everything will be fine.”

Chapter Ten: Bro-ing Out

The grind continued as the week rolled on. Marisol’s star was rising, but the leaderboards were fickle - there were thousands of people in Chicago gigging, every hour of every day, 24/7. By the time she was slugged up for Saturday night, Marisol had already slid several spots down the weekly ranks.

“From nine to three to seven, in 24 hours.” Mickey shook his head at the absurdity of it. “When’s a bitch supposed to sleep?”

“Ah, that’s the neat part - she’s not.” Marisol tweaked her look in the car mirror, eyeshadow darkening and lips changing from cherry to plum as she watched. “It’s like I said to Haru; we just run on the treadmill as fast as we can. If you stop or slow down for even a moment, you get run over, smashed flat.”

“You should switch to crime,” Mickey suggested, “I get immense satisfaction from robbing megacorps, *and* I can sleep til noon every day! It’s a growing market too - always more shit to steal.”

“Do I need a degree from crime college, or can I apprentice?” Marisol gave him a smoky wink, then went back to the mirror, tilting it down a bit to adjust her cleavage.

“We offer a variety of on-the-job training programs. I’ll email you a brochure; our advisors are ready to help find the felony that’s right for you!”

The pair joked and flirted as they moved through the city, racing along the lake or slowly cruising through the most exclusive neighborhoods. As she left for her first gig, Marisol gave Mickey a kiss on the lips. It was a small thing, a little peck, casually done. She might not even realize she’d done it.

But Mickey realized it. He sat in his car waiting, mulling over that peck as he mindlessly played a few games with Az and doomscrolled. A hard rain came in, pounding on the roof, headlights making a thousand shooting stars. The white noise calmed his mind and he soon fell asleep.

Marisol ran through the downpour, long coat draped over her head, swearing under her breath. She opened the car door with her interface and jumped in, literally hopping the last half meter to avoid soaking her sneakers. Mickey jolted awake as she slammed the door shut.

"Holy shit, what a storm! My jacket is deadass drenched. Thank god I didn't try running through this slop in heels!" She peeled it off, squirming around in the passenger seat, then tossed it in the back. "Did they drop the review, Clem? What about the tip?"

"Done and done," the girl replied, slightly clipping through the damp coat in the rear. "The review's glowing - Griffin's assistant wrote it, and I gave them some suggestions for juicing the SEO. We should definitely get some traction in the InstaCunt algo."

They chatted for a moment longer about stats and charts, but Marisol stopped when she saw Mickey's silent expression. "What?" she asked. "What's up?"

"You're a dude," he replied, in a slightly shocked tone.

Marisol glanced down at herself. She'd switched to her standard 'Reggie' template in the bathroom before coming downstairs, slipping out the door without saying goodbye to the last match. Sometimes people got weird if she entered as one sex and left as another - it seemed to spoil the mood. Her t-shirt clung tightly to her broad muscular chest, abs visible under thin white cotton, and her dick was faintly outlined beneath her blue jeans.

"Yeah, the next match wanted a guy, and it's a bad move to swap after you've met them." She gave him a skeptical look. "Is that a problem? You *do* know I change my sex all the time, right?"

He shook his head. "Yeah, yeah... of course. You were telling me about that huge hairy guy that makes guitars. Pulled on your cock like a ripcord." He shook his head again. "Sorry, didn't mean to make it weird. It was just lowkey baffling to be woke up by some guy jumping into my ride."

The answer satisfied her, and she let it go with a shrug. "Fair enough. Listen, you wanna go grab some dinner? I've got two hours until my next match, and I'd like to get something other than protein shakes and cum in my stomach."

They were soon bellied up to the bar at a nearby dive, knocking back Old Style beer and gnawing on greasy mycoburgers while the Cubs game played on every TV. Mickey leaned in to shout over the din.

"And then his wife says, if you stake our Coin one more time, I'll fork your whole chain!"

Beer shot out of Marisol's nose as the punchline hit, leaving her half-choking and half-howling with laughter. Mickey cackled uncontrollably at the sight, unable to speak as he grabbed a wad

of napkins to help. It took a full minute for them to calm down, giggling at each other as they desperately tried to clean up the mess.

“*Oh god...*” Marisol finally sighed. “Where do you *get* this stuff? Azrael, are you helping him write these *disgusting* jokes?”

The angel shook his wings. “Fuck no! An assistant could never be programmed with such terminal levels of brainrot. That’s organic, farm-to-table, analog filth. It’s actually impressive, in a car crash sort of way. The idea that three billion years of evolution could result in shit like *that...*”

Mickey bowed from his barstool. “Thank you, thank you very much. You’re right to praise me - I *am* incredible.”

“I think *unbelievable* is a better word,” replied Clementine. “Or unthinkable, outrageous, incomprehensible... The phrases ‘crazier than a shithouse rat’ and ‘sus as fuck’ both spring to mind.”

Mickey was going to say something, but the words caught in his throat. “*Holy crap,*” he whispered, then nudged Marisol in the ribs. “Check out the chick that walked through the door. *Goddamn...*”

The woman at the entrance was pale as a marble statue, with raven hair that ran past her shoulders. Her makeup was all black, save for blood red lipstick and ice blue eyes. There were several piercings in her ears, eyebrows and nose - all delicate and tasteful. She wore a choker around her slender neck, silver pentacle set in the middle, which matched the black silk of her corset, a fishnet shirt beneath, gigantic breasts straining both to their breaking point. Wide hips filled her black microskirt, slit to the waist, the band of her red g-string visible. Her pale white legs were long and shapely, and her dainty feet were set in six inch platform heels.

She was, in short, the Platonic Ideal of the big tittie goth girlfriend. The woman scanned the room for a moment, then waved and started moving towards a table.

“The Morticia,” Marisol noted, “or at least some titmaxxed variant of it. I like the eyebrow piercings - gives her that dangerous sex vampire energy. Makeup helps with that too. Go too hard on the foundation and you just look like a mime. And her fit is straight fire, no cap; I really like the silver threading on the corset...”

Marisol stopped her critique, realizing. She turned back to Mickey with a huge grin on her face. He tilted his head in confusion at the look, which only made her smile more.

“You’re bro-ing out with me! You saw a hot piece of ass, and your first instinct was to make sure your bro saw it too!”

His face went from shocked, to thoughtful, to accepting in the space of a few heartbeats. "I guess you could put it that way. Sorry, Goth chicks just rev my engine. I wasn't trying to be a pig or anything."

"It was a cute horny guy moment. Like, five percent cringe, max," she replied. He blushed a little, and Marisol put a hand on his knee. "I look like a guy, and your instinct is to treat me like a buddy. That's *not* cringe - that's based as fuck. An extremely green light for our appointment on Tuesday."

Mickey nodded, relieved. "Not often I get called 'based' for gawking at boobs. If only mom could see me now..." He turned back to locate the Goth chick, then did a double take. "Oh crap, you're gonna be dudepilled for Peachy's show?" He smacked his forehead. "*Of course* you're gonna be dudepilled - it's Double Team Tuesday. She only does Lesbian stuff for the big show on Saturday."

"You're cool with that?" she asked. "You're okay with guy-girl-guy?"

He shrugged. "Spitroasting my teenage sex fantasy with my best bro? I'm strong... I'll struggle through somehow."

Marisol laughed again, and gave him a peck on the cheek, which made him blush even harder. "Bet. Let's have one more round and go - gotta get to the next match."

The rain was still hammering on the car roof when Marisol darted back from her next gig, wet shirt clinging tight to her muscles. Mickey was awake this time, staring at a virtual screen in his interface, and he passed her a towel as she sat down, blue jeans squelching into the plastic seat.

"Sup brah?" he inquired. "How'd it go?"

"It was a literal and metaphorical pain in the ass." She peeled off the shirt and jeans, wet boxers clinging to her bulge, then started to rub herself down. "They *specifically* requested a power bottom, but when I start to take charge they get all cringe about 'spoiling the vibes.' *Bitch*, if you wanted a sub twink bottom, you should have *asked* for a sub twink bottom! They're gonna give me four stars, no cap, which might as well be zero stars!"

She paused her diatribe to stare at the towel. "Where'd you get this?"

"Ordered it while you were inside. Drone dropped it off twenty minutes ago." He jerked a thumb towards a bag in the rear. "Got a bunch of curly fries and Diet Temu too. Your order should still be warm, and there's ketchup packs in the glove box."

Marisol draped the towel around her broad shoulders and grabbed the bag. Her eyes went wide at the scent. "These smell lowkey amazing..." She stuffed a few in her mouth and let out a moan of deep satisfaction. "*Oh I Odd*, fank Oo Mi'ey!" she said, still chewing.

"Azrael, take a note: always have curly fries ready between gigs." Mickey gave Marisol a cheeky grin as he said it, then laughed when she vigorously shook her head in approval. "Alright Mr Potatohead, where to next? Who's the lucky match waiting by the door?"

"Home is next. I think I've had enough sex for Coin tonight. Store's closed, you horny freaks, come back tomorrow!"

With that they pulled out into the night, Az heading toward Lake Shore Drive. Marisol gobbled up her unexpected treat, knocking back gulps of soda between bites and drying herself with a free hand. Hunger sated, she recalled the lurid details of the night's sex as they raced along the lake, as casually as describing a shift at her old microfarm.

"It was nothing fancy. I ate her out while he railed me from behind, then we sixty-nined and he jerked off in the cuck chair. They were very sweet with each other afterwards. It's so nice to see an older couple with an active sex life. I hope I'm still that horny when I'm eighty."

"How old were their templates?" Mickey was at once aroused and intrigued. "You don't see a lot of folks looking eighty anymore."

"They were both presenting as maybe late 30s, early 40s? She had a redhead MILF thing going on, and he was a total Silver Fox - thick beautiful white hair, nice beard, excellent physique. Very appropriate for their age." She shook her head. "I always find it so *tacky* when people look younger than their grandchildren. I don't mean to bodyshame or whatever, but it's cringe as fuck, no cap. The family pictures are always so awkward."

Azrael nodded his winged form in agreement. "It's Hollywood, I say. Movie stars stay young and hot forever, and so everyone *e/se* is monkey see, monkey do. Like, Glenn Close is amazing, she's an acting legend - but come on lady, you're 120! You shouldn't be strutting down the red carpet looking like an 18 year old lingerie model!"

"Wow, home before 1 am." Mickey sat on the edge of the bed, yanking off his boots and tossing them vaguely towards the door. "I think we're slowing down in our old age."

"Don't fall asleep yet, grandpa. The night's not over." Marisol took off her own sneakers by the door, draped her damp jacket on an empty wire rack, then turned to face him. Her eyes were full of mischief and lust. "I got everyone else off tonight - it's my turn for an orgasm. Or two."

Mickey paused, sock halfway off. "Really? I'm *absolutely* here for it, if that's what you want. I just figured a night of gigging would leave you deadass cooked for more sex."

"I *am* cooked, no cap - but I'm not gonna let my stupid job ruin my love life." She strutted across the room towards him, leaning down to meet him eye to eye. "And there's a *huge* difference between getting hired to fuck someone and *choosing* to fuck someone. No fancy stuff or kinks; just a good old fashioned deep dicking, the way Nana used to fuck."

He gave her a faintly sickened look. "Ok, I'll sleep with you - on the condition you *never* mention my Nana and fucking in the same breath ever again."

Marisol shook her head playfully. "No promises."

She buried her tongue down his throat before he could crack another joke, and in a moment their hands were tangled in each others' hair. Marisol leaned forward, pushing Mickey onto the bed and laying on top of him. She pressed her body tight, gasping softly and breathing hard.

She'd spent the night waiting for this moment, imagining Mickey behind every touch and thrust, rationing her energy so she could perform here and now. Giggling was hard work, physically taxing and emotionally draining. People were *incredibly* judgemental about it too; icy bitches like Perun who talked a big game about sexual freedom but were still stuck in the 20th century.

But not Mickey. He sat in that car all night, waiting for her, buying her food while she fucked strangers thirty floors above. He knew what she did - hell, he *helped* her do it! - and the only thing she ever got from him was support and respect.

Well, horniness too. A lot of horniness; the man was lowkey fuckmaxxed all the time - but in a sweet, tasteful way. He'd rail her, anytime, anywhere, at the drop of a hat... but he was always a gentleman about it, and was happy to just knock back a beer and play video games if that's what she needed.

The thought stomped on the gas pedal of her libido. She moaned into his mouth, rubbing one hand against his tattooed scalp while the other pawed at his belt. Marisol ground into him, eager to get started, drinking in the heat of his body, feeling his heart race through his shirt.

He paused, opened his eyes. "Listen Marisol, I don't mean to be weird or cringe... but do you think you could flip back? No disrespect - you fucking slay as a dude. The hair is *amazing*. Guy on guy just isn't my bag. Sorry."

Marisol looked down. Her erection was throbbing in her boxers, precum staining the silk.

"I *completely* forgot." She climbed off of him, hands up in apology. "I will absolutely flip back, no problem."

He put his hands up too. "I don't mean anything by it! If you're tired or out of juice or whatever, we'll figure something out!"

"Hush." She waved off his apologies. "The only reason anyone should suck cock is because they want to, or they're getting good Coin to do it. You get naked, I'll change, and we'll get back to business. Two minutes, tops!"

Marisol took two steps back then killed the lights with her interface, plunging the cavernous space into darkness. "HEY!" Mickey protested. "I got an idea!" she shouted back, "but I want it to be a surprise! Shut up and strip! Stroke it if you have to; don't go soft on me now!"

They both fumbled in the dark. Marisol could make out Mickey's outline against the various status lights, wiggling out of his clothes with speed and chucking everything into a corner. She hoped the reverse wasn't true; in her experience, people were either turned off by watching a major shift or *really, really* turned on by it - and neither outcome was what she wanted right now.

She launched her base profile, then started tweaking as her body changed. Bone and muscle writhed beneath her skin, height and weight evaporating by the second. Her breasts swelled against her shrinking torso - she boosted their sensitivity and threw in a couple extra cups so Mickey had something to really suck on. Her cock and balls disappeared, recoiling into her body like a surreal garden hose, beautiful pussy opening up from the smooth space between her widening hips.

"If you don't hurry up," Mickey taunted from the bed, "I'm gonna rub one out and you'll have to wait for the recharge!"

"I'm not waitin' for shit!" She shouted back, voice returned to normal. "One way or another, this box is getting *munched*." Mickey laughed at that, and Marisol moved towards the bed while he giggled. In a moment she was standing above him, staring down as he slowly stroked his dick.

She closed her eyes, focusing. "So, you like Goth chicks?" There was a moment's pause, and then she opened her eyes again, revealing glowing red irises that lit up Mickey's shocked face. She gave him her most devilish smile, revealing a set of long canine teeth.

"I can do Goth chicks."

The room lights slowly rose, revealing Marisol's flawless alabaster skin, white as the full moon. She bit her black lips with a fang, running pale hands along massive breasts to play with her thick purple nipples, each one surrounded by faint black spiderweb tattoos. She leaned back and stretched as she tugged, pushing her tits even farther out and let out a long low moan, her amplified sensitivity shooting pleasure up her spine.

"Fuuuuuuccckkk..." Mickey whispered, hypnotized.

"That *is* the plan," Marisol replied as she crawled onto the bed. She resumed the earlier kiss, returning one hand to Mickey's scalp while the other started to tease his cock, fingers running

gently along the shaft and head. He shuddered at her touch, tongue probing her mouth while his hands moved all over her body. He squeezed her left breast, drawing shudders of her own, then ran that hand downward and started rubbing her clit with his thumb.

Marisol let his fingers do their magic for a while, pumping Mickey slowly as he reached inside her to stroke her g-spot. He put a fat nipple in his mouth and started to suck, and the combined sensation of it all made her eyes roll back in her head. She took a deep breath, tried to focus, and locked her red eyes with Mickey's.

"Gotta get to... the main event..." Marisol declared with a trembling voice. She rubbed at her pussy for a moment, spreading the juices around, then climbed up onto Mickey. She lowered herself onto his cock slowly, savoring the feel of it inside her, biting her lip and whimpering as she bottomed out. She rose up just as slowly, making sure every inch was well lubricated.

Hands pressed firmly against the mattress, Marisol started to ride, rising and falling again and again. She rocked back and forth with each stroke, breasts sliding against Mickey's chest as she writhed. He grabbed at them, pulling one breast to his mouth while he firmly squeezed the other, and Marisol groaned with pleasure.

"*Harder,*" she begged, and he sucked and squeezed for all he was worth. Marisol's hips rocked and thrust with ever-increasing speed, cock pistoning in and out of her wet snatch. Her breath grew short, small quick huffs in time to the movement, little breathy 'yeahs' and 'oh fuck' slipping out every few strokes.

Mickey watched her writhe, trying to pace himself, but the sheer carnality of the sight made it difficult. Her ghostly pale skin flushed, a delicate pink radiating out in all directions and her burning eyes started to lose focus. He increased his own thrusting, driving his cock into her each time she dropped, while simultaneously trying to ignore his own avalanche of sensation.

Finally, Marisol sat up, back arching, hands pawing at her own breasts as she pulled away from Mickey. She impaled herself on his cock five, ten, twenty times, kegel muscles squeezing him tight - then gave a full-throated "OH FUCK!" and shivered uncontrollably as the orgasm crested. She pulled hard on her nipples as it crashed over her, moaning with pure bliss, eyes closed, hips grinding as her body squeezed a few last drops of pleasure from the man beneath her.

His job done, Mickey released all thought from his mind and just thrust, grabbing Marisol's hips as she collapsed onto him, tits pressed into his chest deliciously. She nuzzled at his neck, making hickeys, nibbling his flesh with her fangs. Even in her orgasmic haze, she knew what she was doing - every suck and bite adding a dash of pain without distracting from the pleasure. It only took a minute for him to finish, gripping her tight as he came between ragged breaths.

Marisol lifted herself up, smiling at Mickey as she felt him pulse inside of her. "*Goddamn son,* two for two on the deep dicking! A girl could get used to this!"

"A guy could... get used... to it too..." he huffed, still limp against the sheets.

They sat there a moment, Marisol staring down at Mickey, both of them grinning like fools. Then reality started to slip back in. Marisol rolled off, covering her crotch with a hand. "And now the clean up. Normally, I would say something cute and sneak off to the bathroom, but I feel like we're past that point." She crab-walked towards the garbage can, searching around. "You got any kleenex around here?"

"What am I, a hectonaire?" Mickey sat up, with a bit of effort, and waved towards the door. "Clean socks are in the blue bucket, second shelf. Toss the slop in the Medical Waste bin."

Marisol rolled her eyes and reached into the bucket. "Really shows off the sexy, lucrative world of the professional criminal." She took a moment to wipe up, then moved to the mini-fridge. She grabbed two protein shakes, handing one to Mickey before laying down. "At least your mom isn't gonna have to wash it."

"Eh, I need to do laundry anyway." He paused, watching Marisol urgently chug her shake from her back. "Aren't you supposed to do that between the shift and the sex?"

"And have you sitting there, pounding your pud while I pound a glucose shot? Nah - I can fuck hungry. Gotta be able to perform under pressure. Pass out mid-blowjob and your rating is cooked..."

"Well, horny teenage Animik thanks you. It even ended with my cum in a sock, just like the old days." Mickey cracked the cap on his shake, but looked down when Marisol made a pathetic little mewling noise. She gave him her biggest puppy dog eyes and gestured towards the bottle. He handed it over with a theatrical sigh, and she chugged that too.

"Next time, I'm gonna have a cooler of shakes waiting. You can knock a few back before 'The Main Event,' as you call it." He paused, considering Marisol as she tried and failed to toss the bottle blindly into the trash. "It's interesting, seeing your habits in bed when *you* get to call the shots."

Marisol got up on an elbow, eyebrow raised. "Such as?"

"Well, for one thing, you call actual penis-in-vagina sex The Main Event." He looked up at the ceiling, counting off on his fingers. "You like to be on top, you like getting your nipples sucked, you like getting your clit rubbed - "

"*Every* woman likes getting her clit rubbed," Marisol countered.

Mickey conceded the point with a nod and continued. "You crack jokes as foreplay, you smile a lot while you fuck, and you like it when people are cooked by your beauty."

“Ok, that last one is bullshit. Nobody gets cooked by beauty anymore. Everybody’s beautiful, unless they’re broke. Whole city is terminally modelmaxxed.”

Mickey shook his head. “But everyone is just using the same boring AI templates, over and over again. They buy whatever is trending this week, change the hair color and bolt on big tits or a huge cock or whatever. The same fifty looks, copied across four million faces.”

“Not you. Your designs are all custom, all carefully thought out. You put a lot of effort into them; you’re a shifting *artist*.” Marisol blushed slightly at the compliment, pale pink spreading across her colorless cheeks.

Mickey gave her his cocky grin before continuing. “And like all artists, you’re absolutely praisepilled. You smirk every time you turn someone’s head, and the look of satisfaction you get when you impress me with a shift is highkey adorable.”

Marisol smacked him across the face with a pillow, knocking him onto the mattress. “You’re a highkey idiot...” She rose from the bed, catching a pillow in the back as she walked to the mini-fridge yet again. She knocked back one more glucose shot then reactivated her default template. The color returned to her skin, honey radiating out from her belly button, while her body shrank back to *slightly* less ridiculous proportions - a lingerie model instead of a hentai character.

She turned back to Mickey as the biomorphic field collapsed, and his ridiculous, admiring expression made her smile despite herself. “Highkey adorable,” he repeated.

Chapter Eleven: Work, Work, Work

Marisol woke up alone in the morning, the couch empty, Mickey already off on a job. There was an apologetic voice memo in her inbox, along with a protein bar and can of coffee waiting on the milk crate nightstand. She knocked back the meal, wished Mickey good luck on his burgle, and started the day.

Perun was brushing her hair in the bathroom as Marisol entered. There was a tense moment of silence between them, the woman clearly uncomfortable in her presence after yesterday. Marisol just shook her head and hit the shower.

“Bitch,” Clementine sneered - then both women shrieked in unison when cold water hit Marisol’s skin. Clem stumbled back, clipping through the curtain to escape the icy blast, while Marisol just shrank away as best she could. “Goddamnit, couldn’t they have stolen a *good* water heater...” she mumbled.

Clem popped back after a moment, Sense Share very firmly disabled. "Alright, now that we're both *wide* awake, I've got today's itinerary all lined up." She opened a screen, presenting the day's matches as Marisol scrubbed her hair.

"Jeez Clem, *eight* matches in one day?" Marisol leaned back into the spray, shutting her eyes as she worked the shampoo in. The laundry list of gigs remained floating in her vision, and she scrolled through the details with increasing annoyance.

"Well, two of those appointments are double teams, so really it's just six if you think about it." Clementine withered at Marisol's sour expression. "We gotta keep up the hype, Mar-Mar! You're like one good day from the monthly leaderboard - combine that with your bump from railing PeachyKeen and the sky's the limit!"

Marisol groaned, profoundly irritated that Clem was right. "I mean... *yeah, I guess...* but that's *all day* on my back! There's not even time for a lunch break!"

"Mickey loaded a cooler in the car, full of shakes, shots and snacks. You can eat those while we drive, or I can drone in some takeout between matches." Clem put a reassuring hand on Marisol's sagging shoulder. "Come on Mar-Mar! Look on the bright side! Instead of gigging all day to cover the rent, you're gigging all day to fight for freedom - and getting paid *serious Coin* to do it!"

The virtual screen shifted, presenting Marisol's payout for the day's work. Even with gas fees and the apps taking their cut, she'd earn more Coin today than two weeks of toil at the microfarm. "And that's only with average tipping," Clem added. "If you really give 'em what they want, you could get twenty or thirty percent more!"

When Marisol gave another dramatic sigh, Clementine lifted up her chin, looking her eye to digital eye. "You absolutely got this. A few shifts, a few shots of cum, and you'll be home by sundown with all your bills paid - plus enough left over to go someplace fancy with Mickey for dinner."

Marisol gave the digital girl a warm smile and a hug. "I was gonna do it anyway, but thank you for the pep talk. Dinner sounds like a great idea; I can't remember the last time I ate at a restaurant with tablecloths."

Clem returned the hug, squeezing her friend tight. "I'll find a place so snobcore the drink robot is wearing a tuxedo!" Then she stepped back and pointed imperiously towards the door. "Now rinse off, slut up, and get in the damn car - there's a bunch of fuckmaxxed weirdos waiting for your hot ass!"

– 9 am –

“Oh Professor...” Marisol leaned over the desk, cleavage spilling from her tight white blouse. “I just *can’t* fail this class! I’ll lose my cheerleading scholarship!”

Doctor Sagani sat back in his chair, shaking his head at the desperate co-ed. “I’m sorry Candy, but you should have spent more time studying, and less time making out with those boys at Beta Upsilon Delta.”

“*I can’t help it!*” she pleaded. “I try *so hard* to focus on my schoolwork, but I just can’t resist the sight of a big strong man!” Marisol scanned the Professor up and down, squirming slightly and reflexively biting her lip. “I get so turned on that I can’t think of anything else...”

Marisol stood up and walked around the desk, heels clacking on the oak floor. She sat on the edge of the opposite side, crossing her legs demurely beneath her plaid microskirt, one red stiletto resting on Doctor Sagani’s chair. She leaned forward again, bringing her perky young tits close enough for him to smell the perfume between them.

“*Please* Professor, give me a chance to earn some extra credit.” The tip of her shoe began to gently massage his crotch. “I’ll do *anything*...”

– 11 am –

Paget writhed on the silk sheets, fingers pumping into her snatch, as she watched her boyfriend Paul get pounded by this black-haired stud, fat cock sliding in and out of his tight ass, hair gripped tight in the stud’s fist as he pumped.

She watched Paul get fucked by this beautiful man, this stranger, entranced, for what could have been a minute or an hour. (What was his name? Rickie? Reggie?) Finally, it was too much - Paget scrambled to him, crawling beneath the rutting men and putting Paul’s dick in her mouth.

He let out a breathy “oh fuck,” and shifted position. He shook his hair loose, sliding forward and down, and buried his face in Paget’s crotch, licking and sucking - gripping her ass tight to keep steady as he got railed.

– Noon –

“Holy crap, you were right - curly fries *fucking slap!*” Clementine chewed in sympathy with Marisol, eyes half rolled back in her head from the flavor.

“They’re even better when they’re hot,” Marisol private-chatted, mouth still full of spiced potato and ketchup. “That delivery drone took its sweet time, no cap.”

“Not her fault - Arby’s blockchain is sus as fuck. There’s always a huge lag time for transactions during the lunch rush, and the drones take all the heat. Poor girl was almost in tears when she dropped them off.” Clem shook her head at the memory.

– 1 pm –

Omar strained against his bindings, naked and spread-eagled on the bed, as the riding crop came down against his thighs. It struck again, higher up, and he hissed at the pain, red welts rising where the leather bit into his flesh.

Marisol shook her head, deeply disappointed at the pathetic display. “Really? You think *that* hurt?” She moved to the front of the bed, towering over the prone man. Leaning forward, tits nearly spilling from the leather corset, she grabbed his hair and pulled him up to stare eye to eye.

“We haven’t even *gotten started*, little man.”

She turned his head, showing him the table full of toys and tools, just for him, and when she looked at him again, her smile was entirely without joy. He moaned from behind the ball gag.

A warning began to flash in Marisol’s vision, RELEASE RELEASE pulsing in huge neon blue letters. She instantly reached to remove the gag. “*Oh my god*, are you ok?! Was it the hair? I thought you wanted hair pulling!”

“No no, I’m fine! You’re doing great!” Omar waved a bound hand at Marisol and she sagged with relief. “It’s just my wife calling. I gotta take this, one sec.”

The flashing letters were replaced with the green phone icon, and Omar stared into space as the call connected. “Hi hon! How’s the spa day? ... Wow, that sounds nice. ... Yeah, she’s here right now. Got me tied down, just about to go to work. ... Oh yeah, *real* good - got the crazy eyes down, no cap.”

He looked up at Marisol and the camera icon appeared. “Say hi Candy!”

Marisol gave a chipper little wave. “Hello! Hope you’re having a good day!”

“She says hello back, and that she’s having a great day.” There was a little more chit-chat, then they said their goodbyes. Marisol’s interface cleared, and then the green light icon returned. “Sorry about that. I’ll put on Do Not Disturb and we can - “

His apology was interrupted by a backhand across the face. “*Who gave you permission to speak!?*” Marisol hissed, stuffing the gag back in his mouth.

– 3 pm –

“...and I was *still* so amped up afterwards that I jumped my wife the second I got home. Pushed her up against the wall, ripped off her shorts, and ate her out until she couldn’t stand. She’s become a *lot* more understanding about my needs since then...”

Naomi waggled her eyebrows suggestively and Marisol giggled. “I’m glad things worked out. Is she gonna be taking over after this?”

“Definitely not. She doesn’t like changing her hair color; *this* is deadass crazy to her. But she loves my crazy ass anyway, so she bought me a DoorGasm giftcard and told me to come home horny.” Smiling, Naomi tossed her bra and panties on the chair and joined Marisol on the bed. “By the way, thank you for sending the discount code! You’ve *really* been rocketing up the charts; I couldn’t afford you if I had to pay full price!”

“Well, it’s your glowing review that got that ball rolling in the first place. Whenever you want a good time, just shoot me a message - you pay the ‘friends with benefits’ rate. Speaking of which...”

Marisol kissed Naomi, a gentle peck on the lips with just a hint of tongue, then pulled away with the devil in her eyes. “Ready?”

The woman nodded eagerly, eyes wide and grinning. Marisol grinned back, then wrapped a tentacle tightly around her neck.

– 5 pm –

“Dude, knock it off!”

“*You* knock it off! I’m trying to fuck this slut!”

Marisol sighed, the noise muffled by the cock in her mouth. She continued to suck and rock, trying to keep a rhythm as they argued above her.

“Why do you have to grunt like that? You’re deadass killing the vibe!”

“I’m fucking, brah! I’m rocking my hips and working my abs! It’s exercise! *You’re* just kneeling there getting sucked off - but *you* can’t shut up! ‘Cock’ this, ‘Bitch’ that - we *get it*, you’re having sex! This isn’t PornHub man!”

“Dirty talk helps me get off, alright! I’m not spending this much Coin and *not* getting off! This was all *your* idea anyway! Ashleigh leaves town for one day and you go all hookercore!”

“Both of you *SHUT UP!*” Marisol looked between the two stunned men, furious. “I have had a *long* day, and I am *not* going to kneel here and listen to you argue!”

She started adjusting her interface, popping the dick back in her mouth and rocking between the idiots so they didn’t go soft. Soon, she had both men in separate private conversations, their images and voices blurred out to each other.

"There," she private-chatted to them, "You don't have to see or hear each other. You each have a hole all to yourself. Now can we *please* get on with this?"

"Yeah, sorry."

"Right. My bad."

– 7 pm –

Marisol stared at the match skeptically. "You just want to have sex?"

The match paused, pants half off. "...Yes?"

"Just regular sex?"

He remained in his half-pantsed position. "Um, yeah. I mean, I paid for an hour, so I figured there's time for oral and some missionary. Is that a problem?"

Marisol let out a sigh of relief and unbuttoned her skirt. "Not a problem at all, sweetie. Not a problem *at all*."

– 9 pm –

Mickey stepped out of the 18th Street station, fidgeting with an unfamiliar tie, when Clementine popped into his vision. She hugged him, then stepped back to look him over. "Damn son, you clean up good! Might even pass for a respectable citizen if you squint a little."

"Not so loud!" he faux-whispered. "If the other felons spot me in this ratchet-ass outfit, I'll get fired from crime!" Clem playfully flipped him off and he returned the gesture, the pair giggling as they started to walk. "So what's the plan? Where's Marisol?"

"The plan is dinner," Clem explained. "Marisol's around the corner, parking the car, then we're gonna walk to the restaurant - some kind of Mexican place. *I* suggested a French restaurant in the Loop, but Marisol said it was too *snooty*."

Azrael appeared, floating between the two. "What's wrong with Mexican food? Have you tasted Mexican food before?"

Clementine paused. "I mean... no. Not as such. But Mar-mar *asked* for snobcore, I *find* snobcore, and she shoots it down! I'm an assistant, not a mind reader!" The girl threw her hands up in frustration. "Whatever. This place looks fine, I guess."

Marisol was indeed waiting for them around the corner, leaning against the car in a little white dress, doing her Candy Blast dailies. She wolf whistled when she caught sight of Mickey, which made him roll his eyes. "Damn son, you clean up good!"

He paused at the comment, nonplussed. "You two spend too much time together." Then he shook it off and jerked his head towards the street. "Alright, get your ass off my car and feed me! A grumpy green-haired girl promised me Mexican."

The group made their way down 18th, music and chatter coming from the bars and restaurants of Pilsen, crossing Loomis before arriving at a high-end taqueria / mezcal bar tucked away in an alley off Allport. Even on a Monday night it was crowded, banda house music playing as the corpos and hipsters drank their palomas.

The virtual greeter led them to their table, past the gleaming chrome bar and the mosaic of Santa Muerte, REZA POR OAXACA stenciled above her halo in bleeding neon. Soon Marisol and Mickey were sipping tobalá and splitting a quesabirria so cheesy and flavorful that Azrael fell out of the sky from shock.

"So, how was your day?" Mickey asked, mouth full of tortilla and goat. "Any trouble?"

Marisol considered the question as she chewed. "On the one hand, I was reminded exactly why I quit this frustrating, degrading, ratchet-ass gig. On the other, I'm close enough to the monthly leaderboard that I don't *immediately* laugh at the idea of owning a condo some day. So let's say, above mid. How about you?"

"Above mid sums it up. We got the tractor parts, but I caught a barrel of 12 gauge buckshot in the right arm - fucking *shredded* my jacket."

"*Oh my god!*" Marisol took his hand, eyes filled with concern. "I'm so sorry! That is such a nice jacket! I'm sure we can find someone who can repair it."

Mickey waved it off. "I got a guy. Not the first time I've gotten it fixed. Damn thing is the Jacket of Theseus at this point." He paused, looked down at their hands, then looked back up at Marisol, smiling. "Look at us. We're on a date. Not a gig, or a group hang, or bro-ing out at some dive - an actual date."

She shrugged. "I'm an old fashioned girl. No date till the third fuck."

The mescal and salsa flowed, Marisol laughed at Mickey's obscene jokes, Az spit a few bars from his latest track, and soon it was almost midnight. Marisol paid the bill, an amount that would have made her weep a week ago, adding a forty percent tip just to stick a finger in the universe's eye.

As they made their way back to the car, there was a woman sitting on a milk crate on the corner of Blue Island Street. She was poorly dressed, eyes downcast, her daughter asleep in her arms. Her face was a blank, waxy mask - the vague impression of a woman, designed by committee and produced by the lowest bidder. The hair that poked out from her ratty baseball cap was the color of faded straw, an unappealing blonde that looked like a party store wig.

A digital sign floated above her head, along with a QR code, urgently flashing, rotating to stay centered in their vision - a virtual panhandler's sign, held aloft by her interface. It stuttered and flickered as they walked, burning calories the woman didn't have to transmit the message to them.

**JUST OUT OF DEBT PRISON
NEED MONEY FOR TEMPLATE
CANT GET JOB WITH PAROLE FACE
ANYTHING HELPS - GOD BLESS**

"This *fucking* world," Mickey muttered, fury in his voice. "I swear to *fucking God*..." The woman's sign flashed, replaced with a green checkmark, and she looked up, empty face struggling to express gratitude. "Thank you, sir," she mumbled, thin stiff lips half slurring the words.

Marisol watched the exchange in silence, very, very still. When Mickey started walking again, she pulled him into the nearest alleyway, putting a hand over his mouth to stop his questions. He nodded and she released him, then pointed out the alleyway. "Clem, eyes on that woman, privacy mode." The girl walked to the street as her POV appeared as a screen in Marisol and Mickey's vision.

Marisol brought up the woman's ShiftX profile on a second screen. It was filled with alerts and warnings - a sea of red text and greyed out options. Her face and body were locked into "Fiscal Rehabilitation" templates, unable to be switched or modified until she repaid her debt to Matramax's financial department - a debt still accumulating interest, despite her time in prison. As they watched, smart contracts tied to her wallet took most of Mickey's gift and applied it against that debt.

"This shit has to *stop*," she quietly declared, "and it's *going to stop*, even if I have to fuck ten thousand assholes to make it happen."

Wordlessly, she concentrated. Menus opened and closed. Command lines opened, filled, vanished. Angry text dissolved, options became available again. The parole template was deleted, and the default template materialized - a cute Vietnamese woman with shimmering pink hair and geometric smart tattoos. Locks appeared on the template, protections that would require senior management to overwrite - far too much effort for a debt so small.

Marisol hit Apply.

They watched in silence as the transformation began. It took a moment for the woman to feel it, the unfamiliar whirl of the ShiftX in her ribcage. She gripped her daughter tight, terrified, until a pop-up appeared in her vision.

Your body is not a prison. You are free.

The woman sat frozen, uncomprehending, then saw the glow of her smart tattoos reflecting off the glass behind her. She rose, turned, and saw her reflection. Her shout of pure unadulterated joy turned heads for a block in every direction. Her daughter woke from the noise, then she shrieked with joy too, the pair soon laughing and dancing on the sidewalk like they owned the whole world.

Clementine ran back to the alleyway and squeezed Marisol as tight as the haptic feedback would allow. “Oh *Mar-Mar*, it was *wonderful!*” she sobbed, big blubbery tears of happiness. “It’s the sweetest thing I’ve ever seen in my life!”

Mickey gave Marisol a little smile and a nod of approval. “You did good, kid. You did real good.”

Interlude 2.0

Kojo Adusei rose and fell on the pullup bar, body slick with sweat, as he dictated a memo to his assistant. “...and with all due respect, Mr Banerjee, I do not answer to you, your department, or anyone save the Board of Directors. I will conduct this investigation in the manner of my choosing. If you are unsatisfied with my performance, you can either come to me directly, or bring it up to the Board. Then put the usual closing - ‘we are all part of the team,’ etc, etc. Correct the grammar, optimize brevity to match tone.”

Floating beside his boss, KS6-4.8 nodded slightly. “Yes, sir. Sent. Next, a request from Director Johannsen. His daughter has been arrested in Oslo, drunk driving, public nudity, - ” The faceless assistant froze, head tilting as new information arrived.

“Sir, License 256 is in Chicago.”

Adusei dropped from the bar, moving with purpose for the shower. “Explain, medium detail. Follow me into the washroom.”

“42 minutes ago, Ms Marquez overwrote a judicial lock on a paroled debt felon’s ShiftX account, deleting the FR template and reactivating the default, before applying a C-level lock of her own.”

“You traced the felon?”

“Yes sir. Anna Pham, 9 Months, Carcex Joliet. I’ve compiled a full writeup on her, and generated a list of every wallet that touched hers from the moment of contact backwards. I’m running traces of those wallets, but I’d be shocked if anything comes of it.”

Kojo sighed beneath the water jets, lathering his scalp. “Sorry Ms Marquez. No good deed goes unpunished. Alright, prep the jet, pack the gear and cancel my appointments. Tell Chicago HQ I need an office, book a six man strike team, and get two suites at a five star hotel.” He scrubbed at his armpits a moment, then looked up. “What’s the debtload of the felon?”

“3.25 Coin, sir. She was leveraged in a memecoin ICO and got rugged. We bought the debt at auction last quarter in a tranche of 4000 convicts at a 42.5 percent discount. ”

He waved off further details. “Don’t care. Wipe the debt, wipe her record and find her a job. Ms Marquez might be more open to a buyout if we show goodwill. We owe it to her father to at least try.”

KS6 bowed. “Excellent idea sir. Debt cleared, amnesty documentation filed, resume submitted to HR with level two priority. I took the liberty of invoicing the Coin to Mr Banerjee’s department.”

Kojo gave an amused grunt as he grabbed his towel. “Just so. I believe that covers everything. I will be dressed and on the roof in thirty minutes - I expect my quadcopter to be waiting for me.”

He paused for a moment. “Oh, one more thing. Hire a hooker for me in Chicago. A good one.”

End of Part Two

Author’s Note:

Thanks to SoyLentOrange, Sagesse and ButlerianBro for help with continuity and editing.

If you want to support my work, Deluxe Editions of all my stories, with included Text to Speech Audiobooks, are available at <https://the-ethical-hypnotist.itch.io/>