

A Faster Hack

t'Sade

A Faster Hack

t'Sade

Curious Cabbit Press

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, and persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

This book contains scenes of graphic and explicit sex in a fantasy context. If you are someone uncomfortable with this, in a place where reading this would be illegal, or a minor in your locality and/or culture, then *do not read it*.

All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

Copyright t'Sade
All rights reserved

t'Sade (<https://tsade.com>)
Curious Cabbit (<https://curiouscabbit.com>)

Version 1.0.0

Budget Woes

1

Valia was bored out of her skull but her options to relieve the tedium were limited. Without liquid funds, she could whittle away the hours either by lying in a sleep coffin or she could spend the time window-shopping for things she couldn't afford.

Neither were appealing but fresh air would probably be better for her. With a groan, she reached up and brought up the weather and air quality reports. When she saw a screen of red and flashing warnings, she turned it off and decided to stay inside.

“Fucking acid rain,” she muttered. She had the equipment to handle the rain around the industrial city, it was just in a storage locker and seemed like a lot of work to get it out just to avoid the cramped quarters of her sleep coffin.

She tapped the sensor pad on her left wrist to work through the menus that were displayed on her cornea. It only took her a moment to check her account balanced, all helpfully collected on one display along with her budgets. She had reserved enough to make sure she had ten months of the sleeping quarters and a solid subscription to a cheap food delivery service. She had her basic needs for the near future: shelter, food, drink, and network. Her comfort, on the other hand, could be measured in cans of cheap beer. Enough to get drunk but then she would be sober for months.

It had been a dry spell for people who needed her talents. An unfortunate whistle-blower got on the news and triggered renewed scrutiny into her biggest client's use of individuals who specialized in breaking: places, privacy, and bones.

Valia stretched out her hand and pressed her palm up against the ceiling. Tiny sensors along her fingertips activated and set off a

custom program that caused hundreds of sub-dermal diodes to light up to create the illusion of fire rolling along her arms and shoulders. The light flooded the tiny coffin with ripples as she tapped her fingertips along the top and set off multiple ripples.

Underneath the glow, she could see the flex of metallic coils that enhanced her strength. With a stronger punch, she could easily dent the roof of the sleep cabin but repairing the coffin was not in her budget.

Instead, she was content to tap on the ceiling and let the programmed diodes flash up in various designs that coursed down her wrist, elbow and up to her shoulders. The flashes ended near her neck and along her chest where the bridge between machine and flesh separated the arm from her still-human ribs.

Her other arm and both of her legs were the same. Her first job was in a meatpacking plant. An accident left her a quadriplegic and in a constant pain. Now, after a midnight deal with Travin Corporation in the hospital room, the nineteen year old girl found herself wearing military-grade hardware with a steady drip of pain killers and a debt larger than most small nations.

Five years later, Valia had managed to pay off 2.4% of her debt and the corporation was using her for dealing with the endless runaway employees and whistle-blowers. "Dealt with" usually meant hunting them down and giving them an option to return to the fold. The ones who didn't were give a non-disclosure agreement. Usually one that involved sinking to the bottom of the acid-filled river or having their skulls caved in.

It had been two weeks since she was smashing in the rib cage of this pretty little secretary who thought she had something to sell to reporters.

However, other enforcer was supposed to stop the reporter the whistle-blower had contacted. Something had happened and both of the reporter and the enforcer had disappeared. The news got out and now Travin was being investigated which meant all enforcement contracts were on hold as they shuffled accounts and avoided the audits.

She considered bring up a computer game but that wasn't appealing. Neither was finding a new show to watch and sports never entertained her.

There was always masturbating. That was cheap and fun.

Valia grinned to herself and reached down. On her back, her breasts were flattened with gravity but her nipples were two little points already sticking up. She caressed them, enjoying the heat that teased her senses and the pleasure that came up.

With her other hand, she ran her palm down her taut belly. Hours of training and exercise had left her hard-bodied. She danced her fingertips along the ridges of her abdominal muscles and then down to the hairless mound of her sex. The familiar pleasure brought a low moan.

Five years of killing had not left her with a lot of lovers. Only a few one-night stands in a by-the-hour rental or furious fucking in an alley. She remembered a handsome wage slave who did something wonderful with his small hands along her pussy and her body responded with surge of heat and liquid pleasure.

Abandoning her nipple, she reached over and tapped the controls on her write. The skin around her fingers flashed in control mode. With practiced ease, she tapped and slid her way through the menus until she found the program she wanted. With one hand still cupping her sex, she activated the program just as her pussy grew slick with anticipation.

Immediately, all the sensation in her arm stopped. It was as if she no longer had her left limb. However, the fingers were still moving. The fingertips slid up one side and down the other of her lower lips, teasing each one. The middle plunged into her opening for just a moment before it slid up against her clitoris.

She could feel the tug and movement of her left shoulder as the arm fingered her but nothing else. It was as if another lover was touching her and doing an excellent job at that.

With a moan, she closed her eyes and thought about the wage slave. This program was based on his touches, a recording of his hands with a neural network to randomize the events. It had its own personality, thought it was purely limited by the source recordings: five minutes of mind-blowing fingering and touching leading to a mind-blowing orgasm.

Grabbing her nipple again, she squeezed and tugged at it as the hand continued to tease her. When two fingers plunged into her sex, she let out a quiet cry of need.

Raising her hips to give her disconnected arm and hand more access, she closed her eyes to enjoy every moment.

The display on her cornea flashed an incoming call. It was one of her contacts with Travin Corporation.

She fumbled to stop the program fingering her, but the system had just decided to shove two fingers deep into her cunt. The pleasure made it hard and her fingernails missed the controls. With a moan, she struggled between taking the time to stop the program or to answer the call.

The call disconnected.

“Shit!”

She continued to paw at her controls, looking over even as it started to do something pleasurable with the thumb. Without knowing what would happen next, it was sending her close to an orgasm.

The call came back.

This time, Valia answered it by tapping the side of her head. “Hello.”

“Answering this time?” It was the dour voice masked by a digitizer. The random fluctuations by that program gave it a quavering voice that somehow was more menacing.

Two fingers were twisting and curling up, searching for her g-spot. She fought back a moan as she nodded. “Y-Yeah.”

“Open for a job? It’s a rush one, a quick job.”

With her pussy clenching, she agreed. “Yes.”

A notice popped up with a request to download an image.

She accepted it without a second thought.

The download indicator said that she was getting an advertising for a bar about a mile away. It was a shitty place to say the least, but she was more interested in the large size of the image. Someone may have assumed it hadn’t been compressed correctly but she knew it contained all the details embedded inside the picture.

The call disconnected.

Valia stopped trying to stop the program and leaned back. Knowing she had money coming released the tension almost immediately and she melted into the expert digits that were touching and teasing. She shuddered as the fingers clamped over her clitoris and up against her g-spot at the same time. Their

attention was almost laser-bright as they brought her to a quick, powerful orgasm.

The afterglow as depressingly short, but it didn't matter. She let out a contented sigh and then focused on her job. A few swipes and controls brought up the stenographic program to separate the image from the file. A one-time pad that she had gotten five years ago in the hospital took the next shared code and decrypted it.

Soon, images and plans for her job began to flash across the displays in her eyes. She smiled and idly let the fingers strum against her sensitive sex as she prepared to brutalize someone.

t'Sade

Home Invasion

2

Two hours later, she was standing near a rusted fence and looking across the Sparkling Waters Marina. There was nothing about sparkling in the middle of the night but if she squinted, the rain almost made the waters flash as they struck the surface with the speed of a full-auto machine gun. She also doubted there was much water in the bay, judging from the freshly applied sealants and empty buckets near the end of the way.

“Why would anyone want a houseboat in this place?”

But somehow, there are easily a hundred boats bobbing in the water. Most of them had covers over them that occasionally flashed advertisement and boasted of being resistant to acid, bird shit, and pollution. Near the junctions of the walkways over the water, drowning sensors warned of high acid levels.

Valia shook her head. This city had been a major industrial mecca for decades and was exempt from regulation thanks to changes in the EPA that allowed Free Air Zones. Everyone knew the factories were poisoning the air and water but they would rather have the endless stream of cheap electronics that were shipped every day than worry about the workers that had to keep the production lines moving.

The boat owners had to be fools not to know they were bobbing in acid. They couldn't even dip in the water without worrying about their flesh melting off.

At least they didn't have to worry about plague or fish.

Her eyes scanned the line of bobbing boats until she got to one near the far end. The *Divide by Zero* was a good-sized boat that showed signs of being occupied. Lights blazed from the portholes

and she saw the occasional shadow of someone walking back and forth.

Lighting flashed a few kilometers away and her computer registered the distance. The storm may come in handy for breaking in.

The file on her target, a man name Jalen, was extensive when it came to his profession but said little about his environment. He had three houses around the town, which meant he had a fair amount of money. The houseboat was just a footnote on screen seven. She was more concerned that the reports didn't explained how he could afford three physical houses and a boat on a level six developer's pay. He should have been a wage slave, someone who worked all day and couldn't afford to move out of the company resident halls, but he was living a rich life.

Valia's right leg reported that the ground was shifting underneath her heel. She shifted slightly to the side, but when the warm rain splashed against her face shield, she moved the other direction to avoid getting sprayed by the acid while remaining on a solid ground.

The diodes on her limbs adjusted for her new position instantly, giving her near invisibility to anyone looking at her from the side. While her torso and head weren't artificial, she had a thin, matte material that performed the same function covering her. The tight fabric conformed to every curve of her body, from pressing her small breasts to her chest down to the steady pressure that cupped her sex.

As long as she didn't move or was viewed from too many angles, she was effectively invisible.

Without any information on the houseboat, she had to rely on passive sensors. It was frustrating to wait for her portable computer to analyze sounds in the acidic water, ambient light patterns, and a scan using an optical sensor on the fence above her. The faint whir of the servos as the computer looked over the boat was drowned out by the rain.

After what felt like hours, her computer flashed a display on her vision. She used her wrist control to bring it up. The boat was humming from the power it drew from the docks and there was a steady load on the wireless network that covered the marina.

The computer also had determined the floor plan of the boat. Fortunately, it was a simple design with only five rooms: two bedrooms in the back, a larger living quarter in the middle leading into a kitchen area with a small bathroom nestled into the corner.

Compared to the fortresses and safe houses she had to break into, it looked like a piece of cake. That also made her worry, if he was really on the run, he should have defenses.

The thermal scan showed there was only one individual on the boat, a male. The movement patterns, gait, and heat profile matched Jalen's from the company's records. There was no one else on the boat but she did see a great deal of heat coming from a bank of computers in the second bedroom.

Valia spent a moment planning her invasion. The skylight was an obvious answer but roofs were frequently monitored since there shouldn't be anyone on it. Even with the rain hammering down, there were too many risks. She decided on the bedroom. Her target appeared to be mostly hanging around in the center of the living room, probably watching videos. Hopefully he wouldn't expect someone to come in from the back of the boat. If he panicked, he would run out into the rain or panic and run for the bathroom. Both of those would give her the best opportunities to neutralize him.

A few more minutes and she had a plan in mind. Grinning to herself, she took a deep breath and prepared to strike. A quick set of commands turned the passive sensors into early warning systems. Another command activated her aggression modules. The comforting whine of capacitors charging always got her into the mood of hurting someone. When she punched flesh, they would discharge into whatever fool she struck. It was simple but effective.

Valia burst out of the shadows and into the rain. Her legs compensated for the slick ground and acid rain as she vaulted over the fence. She hit the ground running, sprinting along the piers as she first headed over to the two generators that supplied the marina with power. She tossed a handful of programmed grenades into the enclosure before aiming for the *Divide by Zero*.

The grenades came online and their sensors flashed on her display. She didn't know if she needed them, but it never hurt to have an unexpected darkness. She didn't want to use them though, since the company never paid for low-light or infrared vision. That

would require her to lose her eyeballs, something she didn't relish until it was absolutely needed.

As she approached the boat, her limbs switched to stealth mode. Her limbs started to move differently to reduce the impact of her footsteps and to avoid any sensors she had missed. It took her a second for her meat body to switch and the uncomfortable strain against her hips and ribs brought a flash of pain before she relaxed enough to let the computer control her movements.

When she landed on the back of the houseboat, it didn't even shudder. Pre-programmed, her right hand snapped out to catch the wall and cushion her impact. Faster than her mind could register, she was up to the window and suddenly still.

She held herself still, listening to splashing water and the patter of acid rain. Above her the storm clouds boiled with toxic chemicals and pollution.

Then a flash of lighting.

Her computer drew back her left hand, preparing to strike as the thunder rumbled past. She didn't have to do anything, just surrender to the surge of speed that would break the window in under the mask of noise.

The crack of thunder punched her even as her arm was moving forward. The sound of shattered plastic was masked by the rumble as was her vault inside.

Her feet landed on his bed before she made a slight hop to the ground. Crouching down, she stared at the dark door leading out of the bedroom and waited for him to come up with a gun.

Nothing.

The light under the door flashed through a bunch of colors.

He laughed.

Valia smiled to herself. He was watching a video. He would never see her coming. She clenched her hand tightly and felt the capacitors humming. One punch and ten thousand volts would drop him in an instant.

She wanted to find out what video he was watching so she could time her attack but couldn't resist connecting to the network. He may have monitors on net usage, he was a developer after all. She shook her head and crept forward, trusting her legs and arms to

keep her quite as she reached the door. Easing it open, she cracked the door enough to peer into the living room.

The living room was exactly what her scans suggested. A large couch dominated the center of the room, facing the wall on the other side of the door. A low table set in front of it, covered with snacks and drinks.

Jalen sat in the center, sprawled out in a bathrobe. He was naked with one hand idling cupping his balls while the other arm was draped over the back of the couch. Like his picture, he had short hair but his beard was a bit shaggier than normal. Three days of fleeing the corporation would have done that, he couldn't get any service without risking exposing his hideout.

She felt a sense of calm and anticipation. This was going to be a quick job. Within an hour, she was going to be getting herself smashed and maybe even laid. She clenched her right fist, took a deep breath, and burst out of his bedroom.

Jalen looked at her and then did a double-take.

In the time it took for him to look at her again, she covered the distance to the couch. Her arm came down and she smashed him in the stomach. His limp dick got caught in the electrical surge that tore through his body in a burst of light.

"F-Fuck! Mother!" His voice was high-pitched as he shook violently on the couch.

Valia hesitated by the strange response. Why was he calling his mother.

Her automated defense system suddenly kicked in, yanking her to the side as a stream of darts shot across the room. They pattered against the wall and shredded the plastic almost immediately.

Jalen threw himself over the back of the couch, his legs flying in two different directions as he tumbled.

She made a swing at him but missed as her arms twisted violently, straining the junction of flesh and metal, to avoid another burst of flechette rounds that ripped through the far wall, shattering glass and shredding plastic.

Valia spun around to see the attacker. It was a column of stainless steel with a grid of holes smoking along the bottom. A ring of black sensors ringed around the muzzles but there was no light to betray their sensors.

With a burst of speed, she leaped over the coffee table and smashed the pillar with both of her fists. Superhuman strength tore it completely out of the ceiling where it was mounted. Sparks burst out as wires were ripped out.

She didn't wait for it to hit the ground before she bounced off the far wall and then launched herself back toward Jalen.

He was sprinting for the second bedroom and computers. His loose robe fluttered behind him, revealing his hairy legs and dangling balls.

Valia hit the ground hard behind the couch and surged forward. The capacitors whined loudly, filling the room with their high-pitched sound.

"Father!" he screamed as he reached the door.

She brought her fist down, catching his hip as he tried to yank the door between the two of them. When her knuckles smacked against his hip, the capacitors weren't charge and the impact only spun him violently into the computer room.

A spray of flechette rounds peppered the wall next to her.

Valia spun and lunched herself at a second attack pillar near the bathroom. By the time she punched it out of the ceiling and spun around, he had managed to slam the door to the computer room shut.

"Asshole!" she screamed as she slammed her fist hard against the hinge. The metal bent from the blow and she saw light leaking out. "I'm going to rip your legs off!"

Furious, she hammered into the hinge again until the metal snapped. Then with the smallest of gaps, she forced her cybernetic fingers into the hole and began to tear the door open.

Warning displays flashed across her vision. At first, she thought she was hitting the limits of her limbs, but she wasn't pushing them at all. She shook her head to clear it and blinked to focus on the display.

It was network intrusion alarms. Thousands of machines from across the country were slamming into her public network connections, hammering at her status and service ports in waves that her IO couldn't handle. More processes were systematically probing the rest of her network.

Jalen was trying to hack her cyberware.

Furious, she attacked him the only way she could think of: she triggered the remote detonation of her grenades.

Even as activation code was sent off, she knew she had made a mistake. She had exposed her private network to his probes. It was less than a millisecond of exposure but that was all it took.

The flashes blinding as she felt her arms and legs shake. Desperately, she reached to her wrist for the controls to shut off network access.

Everything went white.

Then, she lost feeling in her arms and legs.

With a groan of discomfort, Valia dropped to her knees as her body shut down. The impact shook her body and she distinctly felt the strain of her hips and shoulder where the unresponsive limbs were bearing down on her.

She started to tilt forward. Desperate to avoid losing control, she strained her stomach and back to hold herself up. Despite her efforts, her shoulder smacked against the door that she was just trying to rip open seconds before.

Tears burned in her eyes as she struggled to reach the control on her shoulder and force a reboot, but she couldn't reach.

The houseboat grew quiet except for the buzzing electrical of the destroyed weapon turrets and the groan of the door.

She strained to move her body. Her limbs weren't just dead, they were locked in place. She couldn't even budge her body between the four dead weights.

"Still out there?" Jalen said in a gasping voice.

Valia clamped her mouth shut and continued to strain to do anything. Her vision was flashing with various warnings, mostly to tell her things she already knew. It was distracting as hell and added to her rapidly growing panic.

It took her a moment to remember how to use the fail-safe to disable the displays. It took her three tries to blink in the right sequence the disable the flashing.

When her vision returned to normal, it reduced her anxiety slightly. Of course, she was still in an unresponsive body only meters away from a man she was going to torture and maybe kill.

"Hello?"

Valia ignored him.

Jalen tried to open the door. It slammed against her knee and shoulder. Besides the shaking of her body, she didn't feel anything from the door.

His head stuck out and he looked down. His eyes grew wide and she saw flashes of his displays on his corneas. Then he ducked back inside the room and slammed the door shut. "Oh, crap!"

Valia's body tilted to the side. With a groan, she slumped against the door. She looked around while twisting her torso. She could feel her hips moving but nothing responded. The same with her shoulders and back. For all her effort, the only thing she got was slightly sweaty from the effort.

The door creaked open after a second. Jalen said nothing for a moment, and then peaked his head out. "You're it?" Despite the question, it sounded less like a question and more of a statement.

He pushed harder, forcing her body to slide across the ground. She felt the spent flechette rounds scraping against her knees as he levered himself out.

Up close, Jalen didn't look remarkable. He was about 1.7 meters tall with just a bit of a paunch but otherwise fit. She could see muscles flexing in his legs and just a hint of pectorals. His still naked cock swung back and forth as he pried himself out of his computer room.

Running his hands through his black hair, he chuckled. "You gave me a scare."

Valia felt the cold hand of death looming over her. She was utterly helpless at the moment. None of her body responded to pleas and and he had complete control over here.

"Good thing you haven't patched your operating system. Some of those holes have been in there for close to three months. Ancient. You should fire your handlers." With a laugh, he stepped over the flechette rounds on the ground and picked up a pair of slippers. As he pulled them on, his eyes flashed and there was a whirring noise.

Valia turned her head to look but she was forced to face the door. She could see movement in the corner of her vision. Knowing it was another weapon turret, she waited for the rounds to tear into her back.

The automated vacuum slid into view and began to happily grind over the flechette.

Jalen shook his head. "I'm not going to shoot you. I may be an asshole, but I don't kill helpless assassins sent to end my life." There was a sardonic hardness in his voice. He leaned forward and peered at her. "You are rather helpless in there, aren't you?"

She ground her teeth together. Fortunately, she still had her face covering so he couldn't see her expression.

Jalen leaned back. "Damn, that was the fastest hack I've ever done in my life." His cock twitched. "Oh, what a rush!"

Hopping up, he walked away. "Now if Travin follows their SOP, they only send one of you assholes for the initial visit. That means I have about six or seven hours before the second team comes. Those are the assholes who come in with guns blazing."

He stopped. "Damn, I'm surprised you found me here though."

Valia responded before she realized it. "It was in a footnote."

"A footnote," Jalen said slowly. "You went after... wait a minute, you're a woman?"

Something about his tone sent a shiver of fear down her spine. She twisted with all her might. With her torso muscles straining, she managed to inch her knee away from the door.

Jalen stopped in front of her, his half-hard cock bobbing centimeters from her face. Reaching down, he fumbled with her face covering before tearing it off. Peering down, he chuckled. "Damn, they sent a pretty one."

Valia glanced down to see that his penis was getting harder. She didn't like the idea of where his thoughts were going. She groaned and strained again.

The hacker stared down at her for a moment. The only sign of his inner monologue was the growing hardness. Soon it was standing on its end, a spear of angry red with a flattened head and an angry little opening.

She was going to get raped.

A sick feeling flooded her body. She tried to keep it from her face as she steeled herself.

"What's your name?"

Valia shook her head.

Jalen sighed. "Look, this will get a lot better if you at least work with me on this."

"Just so you can rape me?"

“Well... yeah. It’s been a long time and you have a very pretty face.” He stroked his hard cock. When he pulled his hand away, a few clear strands connected the cock head to his palm.

The sick feeling redoubled. Her stomach clenched and twisted painfully. “So that’s okay?”

He squatted in front of her. His face was serious as he reached out. “What were you going to do me? What was your job? I’m guessing you were here to threaten to me. If I go back, the company makes me disappear. If I don’t, you make me disappear in a much more violent manner. Right?”

She jerked away from his hand.

“I know the recovery procedures before I started this. As I see it, I’m willing to let you go but I’m going to get my rocks off. I mean, those lips of yours are begging to have something between them. I’m sure you aren’t above a bit of sucking to keep on breathing, right?”

He grinned. “After all, it was pretty much the same offer you were going to give me.”

Looking into the hard eyes, she knew he was just as ruthless as she was.

“So, start with a simple question. What is your name?”

She shook her head.

Jalen reached down to his wrist. “Now, this is the point where I demonstrate how poor of a position you are currently in.” There was something in his tone that seemed far more terrifying than just raping her.

“What are you going to do?” she asked with an embarrassing quiver in her voice.

“I couldn’t help notice that you have total limb replacement. Pretty advanced... five years ago. What do know is that those things are anchored into your bones and that those things are far more powerful than flesh.”

His eyes flashed rapidly. Then he reached down to his wrist control. With two fingers, he tapped the bone and then drew his finger up.

In response, her shoulders began to move beyond her control. It was a slow movement as her chest was thrust forward. The muscles along her neck and back began to stretch, and then strain. Within

seconds, the discomfort turned into serious pain as he continued to draw his fingers up his control.

A whimper escaped her throat as she felt her body being manipulated. The helplessness magnified the agony. Soon she was crying out as the joints in her ribs and shoulders began to separate. She fought against the inescapable strength of her limbs that were betraying you.

Jalen brought his fingers down and the pressure relaxed. He chuckled and then tapped his finger along his wrist. "Now, do you think we can have an intelligent discussion?"

She sobbed in relief.

"What's your name?"

Valia glared up at him, panting with the effort to breathe with her aching ribs.

Jalen sighed. "Here, let me make another point."

She cringed as he tapped his wrist. Steeling her shoulders, she tried to resist.

But it was her hips that were strained back as her thighs began to push and twist. Compared to her shoulders, having her groin pulled was excruciating. Unable to resist, she let out a scream. "Valia! My name is Valia!"

He relaxed her limbs. "Valia? After the *Perfect Sailor Scouts* anime series?"

Shuddering, she nodded.

Jalen chuckled. "Well then, there is hope for you. So, Valia, were you going to kill me tonight if I resisted?"

She nodded. "Y-Yes."

"Since the tables were turned and I've demonstrated that killing you is not only well within my ability but also something I won't hesitate to do, I'm going to expect you are going to be more responsive. I have a limited time to get out."

"Then why rape me?"

Jalen grinned at her and stood up. He patted the top of her head with his hand. "Because I'm horny, you are trying to kill me, and, frankly, I've never had a chance to do this."

His cock jumped and a droplet of clear fluids splashed down. Up close, she could smell his excitement. The musk hung around the

air, teasing her nostrils. It had been too long since she was near any man's cock but this was not what she had in mind.

She twisted and tried to pull away but her limbs were once again locked in place. She hated how helpless she was, kneeling in front of a man she was supposed to be torturing.

He brought his hand down from the top of her head to the side. His fingers cupped behind her skull and he pulled gently forward. "Now, this is how it is going to work. You're going to give me a nice, sloppy blow job. If I feel teeth, I snap your hips and shoulders. Do we have an understanding?"

Valia gulped as she look up at him. There was no shred of compassion or hope. He wasn't going to give her a choice. Her vision blurred as she stared at him.

"Open that pretty mouth of yours, Valia." He voice was low and husky.

Shuddering, she knew she had no choice. The feeling of helplessness and despair rose up, choking her. Blinking back the tears that threatened to fall, she opened her mouth.

He pulled her head close. The hot cock pressed to her mouth, painting her lips in salty pre-cum.

She gulped and opened her mouth wider.

Pulling her closer, he leaned into her. The hot girth of his cock slipped deep into her mouth. She could feel every millimeter as it bumped along her tongue and slipped up against the roof of her mouth. "There you go, you little slut."

Tears burned in her eyes.

"Oh, I like that view. Those tears are such a turn on."

He gripped her tighter and pulled her down until his crown kicked the back of her throat.

She gagged violently. She tried to pull away but he grabbed her head with both hands and held her still as he stabbed at the back of her throat with short, hard strokes.

Jalen moaned as he drove into her, leaning over her as his cock pumped in and out of her lips. "Oh, just a little tighter. There you go, suck on it, bitch."

Tears ran down her cheeks as she was unable to resist the cock that was raping her face. She gagged violently, her entire chest

heaving as she tried to except the cock that drooled pre-cum down her throat.

The sounds only seemed to encourage her as he pumped harder and faster. His balls smacked against her chin. The shaft felt huge as it slammed against her throat, which only made the wet choking noises escaping her throat even louder.

With a groan, he gripped her head tightly with both hands and began to fuck her face even harder. Soon, his belly was smashing against her nose and forehead with hard strokes. Wet slobbers ran down both sides of her mouth and dribbling off her chin.

Valia didn't stop struggling. Even with her head firmly in place, she tried some way of getting control of her limbs. If she did, she was going to rip the man's balls off. However, she couldn't do anything other than writhe helplessly as he raped her face.

He kept fucking her, stroke after stroke. His groans filled the houseboat as he continued to rid her face. Somehow, his cock started to sink deeper into her throat but she never stopped gagging. When he managed to get balls deep into her mouth, she could feel it scraping against the back of her throat and choking off her breath.

Every time he pulled his cock out, her lips strained around the girth of his cock. Her mouth was flooded with saliva and pre-cum. She hated how it poured out of her mouth and soaked her outsides. Her tears were nothing compared to the mess he was making.

It felt like forever before he finally let out a groan of pleasure. With a few ragged strokes, he jammed his cock into her mouth and began to spray cum against the back of her throat.

Defiled, Valia could only sob around the cock as her mouth was filled with his cum. Every hot jet of cum caused her to gag even more violently. She jerked and heaved as he gripped her head tightly.

When he finally pulled his dripping cock from her mouth, he finally released her head. "Oh, fuck that was hotter than I thought it would be."

Her stomach heaved as the wet slob of cum began to work its way down her throat. She strained to keep it going down but it was too much. With a disgusted noise, she heaved it back up and sprayed cum from her mouth.

It splattered all over her chin and chest. The feeling of the hot cum dripping from her mouth was more disgusting than anything she had experienced in her life. The humiliation only made it worse.

“Damn, you need to seriously practice more head. It’s hotter when you swallow.” Jalen laughed as he staggered back. His cock was still hard and bobbing with his excitement. Milky fluids splashed down to the floor as he walked out of her vision.

Coughing, Valia leaned over as much as she can. Streamers of cooling cum ran out of both corners of her mouth as she heaved helplessly against her frozen limbs. “Fuck you,” she finally gasped.

“Maybe. Give me a second.”

She glared at the ground, gasping for breath as she tried to calm herself. It was just a blowjob. A blowjob for her life. She could only hope that Jalen wouldn’t betray her and shatter her bones anyways.

The couch creaked.

Valia panted as she calmed down. Her tongue worked at the cum that still coated in the inside of her mouth. She had to swallow some of it, but the rest she pushed out to add to the mess across her front.

“You act like blowjobs are the worst thing in the world. Haven’t you ever gone down on someone when you didn’t have to.”

She shook her head.

“Damn shame. Giving head is one of the greatest pleasures in the world.”

That finally got her to response. “Like you’ve tried.”

Jalen chuckled. “I have and I do enjoy a bit of creamy taco myself.”

Creamy taco? Was he talking about pussy? She felt a little heat rising up from her sex but she couldn’t even press her thighs together.

Pressed her lips and returned to clearing her mouth out of his spunk. There was nothing else she could do besides wait and see if he was going to honor his side of the threat.

It didn’t really matter though. He could torture her with a flick of his finger and there was no incentive to keep her alive. It was the cost of being an enforcer.

That didn’t make it any easier with her death looming over her.

“You know what?” Jalen said suddenly.

Vaia didn’t move.

“Why don’t I show you?”

She gulped. “S-Show me what?”

“Hold on.”

She waited for her shoulders to snap.

Then, her legs started to move. There was no sensation of their movement but her body picked itself up. She smoothly turned around and headed for the couch where Jalen was sprawled out again, one hand cupping his balls with his hard cock still sticking straight up.

Fresh tears ran down her cheeks as she was helplessly forced to walk in front of him and turn around.

He looked at her as if she was nothing more than a whore to fuck. “Let’s see what you have underneath htat.”

She couldn’t resist as her hands moved beyond her own control. Her own betraying fingers grabbed the front of her camouflage covering and ripped it open. Her bra came a second later as she stripped herself violently.

Soon, Valia was standing naked in front of him. Her human body trembled with fear and loathing as he looked her over carefully.

“Not bad,” he said with a smug smile. Reaching out, he pressed his hands against her sex.

She cringed at the touch.

“Getting a bit wet, are we?”

“N-No.”

He smiled as he pushed his finger into depressingly moist slit. The touch of a stranger, the second in the night, was somehow more intense than the mechanical pleasure she had earlier. She could feel his pulse through the sensitive parts of her body as he pumped in and out. He looked up and his smile grew broader. “Liar.”

Tears ran down her cheeks.

“You are probably one of the most beautiful women I have seen.”

She glared at him.

“But, you really need to learn how to give head if we are going to continue this relationship.”

“What relationship?” she snapped. She tried to twist her hips away from his probing finger but couldn’t.

“Well, this one of course,” he said cheerful. “But right now, I want a better look at that little puss of yours. Why don’t you turn around and spread your legs.”

“Like hell, I’m—”

He tapped his wrist and her body obeyed his command.

Despair rose up as she turned around and spread her legs. Reaching back, she grabbed her buttocks and spread them obscenely apart. The air tickled her exposed pussy and asshole as she bent over. Even though her stomach strained at the position, the mechanical arms clamped tight and fixed her into place.

“Now, that is what I like to see.”

She let out a sob as she realized how exposed she was. There was nothing keeping him from raping her pussy or even ass. She was nothing more than a fuck-hole for him, a cock sleeve. Tears ran down her cheeks along with a few final dribbles of cum from her chin and mouth.

When she heard the creak of his couch, she prepared for the worse.

His hot breath caressed her moist nether lips.

Valia’s eyes opened widely. What was he doing?

Then Jalen’s mouth was against her sex. It was hit and firm as he lapped along the entire length of her slit. The feeling was incredible, nothing that her hands, a vibrator, or even half-remembered fingers could ever duplicate.

He grabbed her thighs as he jammed his face harder into her pussy. With wet strokes, he moved his entire mouth up and down the length of her cunt, going higher with every stroke. His tongue seemed to be everywhere, from slobbering at her clitoris before plunging into her opening.

Valia let out a gasp of pleasure. It was not what she expected when he forced her into the obscene position, but she couldn’t say she hated his current torture. Her inner muscles clenched as she rapidly grew wetter with every lap of his tongue.

Jalen chuckled before he moved his mouth up.

When she felt his tongue against her asshole, she shook her head.

He didn’t stop as he plunge it in and began to slather around, twisting and driving deep as he lapped at the opening. When he

pulled out, he started to lick harder and deeper with every stroke until she was writhing in pleasure and mewling with pleasure.

If she still had control of her knees, she would have lost her balance, but she couldn't. She was helpless as he assaulted her pussy and ass with relentless licks and slurps. The pleasure was almost too much. She cried out as she shuddered with one orgasm after the other.

Then Jalen added his fingers into the mix. As three fingers plunged into her pussy, he twisted and brought his fingers right up against her g-spot.

The sudden pressure invading her was impossible to resist. He spread his fingers inside her before pumping like a cock. But his fingers were curled, so every stroke tapped against the deep button of pleasure until waves of orgasms were crashing against her senses.

She didn't think it could get any more but then his other thumb pressed against her sphincter. The sensation of having both holes penetrated set her off and she let out as screaming pleasure as her aching muscles tensed up one more time in pleasurable agony.

Valia lost all track of time or space. Not until he finally pulled away and left her quivering with the afterglow of countless orgasms.

"Now, that is how you eat out a pussy."

Without any other choice, she remained in place, gasping for breath and moaning with every exhalation.

Jalen chuckled. "Nothing like a dripping pussy."

She closed her eyes, panting as her body trembled.

"I'm going to fuck you now. Are you protected?"

Dazed with pleasure, she could only nod.

"Glad to see we are coming to an accord, Valia."

He stood up. There was little warning as he sank his cock deep into her cunt. It felt good against her hypersensitive opening. Neither were going to last long as he gripped her hips tightly and began to pump deep into her now willing but no less helpless body.

Valia shuddered with an orgasm from just being filled to the balls by his hardness. She moaned and tried to push back against his cock to feel it deeper inside her body.

Jalen didn't last more than a few strokes before he was jetting inside her. "Oh, fuck."

When he pulled out, he slumped back and sat heavily down on his couch. "Well, didn't last long, did I?"

She smiled. "No."

He panted for a bit before speaking again. "Think you're up to giving me another blow job?"

Her eyes widened. "What?"

"Well, I am a bit sloppy right now. You also have the prettiest mouth I've ever seen."

Without any warning, she regained control of her limbs. She stumbled forward before catching herself. Standing up, she realized he had just given her body back. Turning around, she looked at him.

He had his fingers still on his wrist control.

She started to reach over to activate her own but then let her hand slump down. "Are you letting me go?"

Jalen shrugged. "Why not? I think we've come to a working agreement."

"You rape me and I let you go?"

He grinned broadly. "I don't snap your bones and you don't smash my face. I have no interest in going to back to the corporation."

"They won't accept me failing."

He nodded.

"I could leave you locked out of your limbs. At least then you'd have an excuse to how I got away."

"Where are you going?"

Jalen winked. "That is better if you don't know. This is the end of this for us. We go our separate ways and deal with the consequences of our actions."

Valia hesitated for a moment and then walked over to the couch next to him. Turning around, she sat down. "Are you really up to another round of sex?"

He stared at her for a moment. Then ran his hand through his hair. "No, I guess not. The mind really wants to, but this body can't handle it. A pity since I don't think I'm ever going to get this chance again."

To her surprise, she was saddened herself.

Jalen leaned back and rolled his head over to look at her. "Thank you, Valia."

Surprised, she could only respond with a “You’re welcome.”

“You have to understand, I need to disable you again. I can’t have you following me or knowing where I’m going.”

He reached over and tapped his wrist.

All the tension left her limbs as she once again lost control of her arms and legs. She settled back on the couch, comfortable even if she was dripping with cum and other fluids.

Jalen kissed her lips once and then he was up and packing.

t'Sade

Another Job

3

Valia was enjoying her final hurrah. It was one of those few days where the pollution levels were low and the sun came out to burn away the acidic fog that plagued the lower levels of the city. With her face mask in place, she strolled along the park trail with her hands in her pocket and her left palm holding a knife just in case.

In the corner of her vision, she could see a countdown clock running. She had less than an hour until the next payment for her limbs was due and there was no job in sight. She managed to sneak the last one in with only minutes to spare but she didn't have much hope to find a job when no one talking to her. As she learned two months ago, failing to pay meant that milliseconds later, her limbs would be shut down; she only got control since that job had paid twenty-seven seconds later and she was able to use her eye controls to transfer the money.

With a sigh, she looked at her balances briefly. She had enough for a beer. A single can. Knowing that it would be one of the last times she had functional limbs, she decided to splurge and headed for a nearby stall and sat down.

The Chinese old man behind the counter looked at her warily until she ordered in Cantonese. Then he smiled, treated her as an old friend, and poured her the last glass of beer she expected to have.

It was good, better than the cheap can stuff. She drank it slowly, savoring the flavor.

Behind her, children ran by laughing. Half of them were still wearing gas masks.

When she finished half of her drink, she found herself swirling it in her hand as she thought about the fateful job that had ruined her business. Jalen. There was no question he got away but there was no stunning news reports or revelations that destroyed the company. He just disappeared.

Her thoughts drifted to how he used her when she was at her most helpless. The touch of his tongue against her pussy, the way he brought her orgasm after orgasm. She clenched her thighs together as the heat began to redouble.

Valia needed to get laid, badly.

She shook her head and returned to her beer. Like Valia, her chances of having someone expertly bring her to an orgasm was gone in the wind.

Someone sat down next to her.

She gripped her knife tightly. The Travin technicians had disabled her shock gauntlets along with most of her combat hardware. It was one more surprise before they stopped talking to her entirely.

“Thinking about me?”

Valia almost dropped her beer. She gasped and turned to look at the stranger.

Jalen tipped his hat and grinned. He looked the same as he did months ago, but she didn't remember the red streak in his hair or the bruise on his cheek.

“What are you doing here?”

“Well,” Jalen said while dragging his hate down. “I was in town and thinking I was in the mood for eating out some pussy. I recall you had some of the tastiest cunt I've had in a long time.”

Her sex tingled and she clamped her thighs tightly together.

“To my surprise, I am walking past here and notice you thinking about me.”

A flush caught her cheeks. “I wasn't thinking about you!”

“Really? Because your thighs are grinding together, your pulse is speeding up, and I do believe your hormone levels have spiked in the last few minutes.”

Valia stared as she processed his words. “You hacked my hardware!?”

Instead of answering, he ordered two meals and two more beers.

“Jalen?”

“I never stopped, actually. It was easier to leave some tracers in your hardware to keep tabs on you.”

She sighed. “I reported the zero-day vulnerabilities you used on me. They said I was responsible for keeping up with patches.” Her thoughts turned sour. “I brought up the legal clause that said I wasn’t allowed to maintain my hardware and things got nasty from there.”

“Shut off your systems and ghosted you?”

She sighed and then drained her beer. “Yeah. Four months without a corporate gig. They must have blacklisted me.”

“They did. I saw it on the net.”

Valia set down her glass. “Well, that sucks.”

Jalen shrugged and then pushed the second beer over to her. “Here, you need another.”

She started to say she couldn’t afford it but he knew that already. “Thanks.”

They drank in silence for a long moment.

Valia had to break the silence. “What happened to you?”

He scratched his bruise. “Got into some scrapes while convincing Travin to leave me alone.” He chuckled dryly. “The things with corporations like them is that you have to prove that leaving you alone is more expensive than dealing with you. Took me a while, but one of the c-level suits decided to make it personal.”

With a groan, he turned his beer and drank from the other side. “Three months of running and hiding. Then one of Travin’s enforcer squads caught up with me just outside of Sidora.”

“Ouch. Did you fuck them too?”

He pressed his lips into a thin line.

She cringed, she said the wrong thing.

Then he smiled. “Na, none of them were as pretty. However, two had full limb replacements like yours and the same zero-days. I took control of their systems, killed their team, and then ripped their bodies apart. After that and the trojan I installed when they plugged your systems into their computer to shut you down, we’ve come to an agreement that I don’t mess with them and they don’t lose billions hunting me down.”

Somehow, knowing that he infected her limb control systems didn't surprise her. He was smarter than he looked.

He stretched and scratched his bruise again. "That was two days ago."

"Sounds like you could have used a bodyguard."

"Yeah," he sighed. "I thought about it. I just couldn't back in town to look you up. Plus," he said as he looked at her, "I wasn't sure how you were taking the entire raping your face thing."

Valia thought about it for a moment and then shrugged. "You made it up with the pussy eating."

"So, my tongue still getting you all warm and squishy?"

Rolling her eyes, she punched his arm painfully.

He chuckled. "Just curious, because I have a really nice room that I'd like to get you into. Hot water, big bed, and you can scream all you want."

Her thoughts darkened. "Why not? If you take your time, you'll get your fantasy of having me unable to move your limbs again."

"What? why?"

"Only have forty-three minutes left until my next payment is due. Then I'll be shut down and nothing but a fuck toy." She almost spat but decided to take a large swallow instead.

He turned to face her, holding his beer in one hand. "I mean, I do like it but I'd rather be in control of that. Rape is good for an ice breaker, but I'd rather you get down on your knees willingly the next time I fuck your face."

Her pussy grew slick with the idea. The neural net with the vibrations weren't doing anything for her anymore. "I'd like that."

"Well, then. We should get you your systems back, right?"

Valia started to turn toward him when she noticed his eyes were flashing. Then hers did too. It was a simple notice, informational only, that a local license had been installed.

Seconds later, the combat and stealth modules of her arms and legs fluttered to live as they were activated. She saw a notice that the license server wasn't available but that a local license had been installed. More modules activated including a few that she had never heard of.

Surprised, she stared at him. Her mouth opened in shock.

“Don’t worry about the loan either. I just sent the bill to Travin’s accounting department. Among two million other invoices. By the time they figure out the bug in their automatic payment system and unravel it, you’ll be long gone.”

As if waiting for his explanation, the countdown disappeared.

She took a long, shuddering breath.

Jalen turned and rested his hand on hers. “I need a bodyguard. Someone I can trust when I have my pants down. I can pay you, makes sure your hardware is kept up to day, and ensure you don’t ever have to stay in a sleep coffin again. What do you say?”

“What are you going to do?” Even as she said it, she knew she was going to accept.

“Fuck around with corporations and do stupid things. I’ve been a wage slave for most of my life and right now, I want to get even with the assholes who ruined my life. Spread the wealth and knock them down.”

Valia couldn’t help but grin. “And my pussy?”

“Lots and lots of eating you out. Seriously, you have the tastiest cunt I’ve had and I’m so hungry, I could throw you on the counter and dive right in.”

The stall owner glared at him. “Please, sir, don’t make me call the police,” he said in Cantonese.

Jalen grinned. “My place then?”

“I accept.”

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.