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Opening the Box

A Master PC Story

by The Sinner

[deleted email address]

Part One

\* \* \*

"Come in! Door's open!"

Kelly sighed heavily as she opened the door to her boyfriend's apartment. *He can't even bother to get up and come say hi to me*, she thought. Grunting with the effort, she carried her grocery-filled bags into the kitchen. After setting the paper sacks on the counter, she headed for Jason's room.

Predictably, Jason was sitting in front of his computer, his back to the door, hammering at the keyboard. A number of windows were visible on the monitor. *Why oh why, Kelly thought, did I ever start dating a programmer?*

Kelly sighed again as she ran a hand through her close-cropped brown hair. *Easy, girl, she told herself. He's probably working overtime on something for work. Probably not any happier about it than you are. Give him the benefit of the doubt.* Smiling, Kelly threaded her way through the messy room, placing her sneaker-clad feet carefully. She cursed her short, clumsy legs as she nearly tripped over a shoe lying on the floor. She made it to the desk without falling over, though, and stood behind her boyfriend, resting her hands on his shoulders and her small, pert breasts against the back of his head. "I went to the store on my way over and got ingredients for lasagna," she said sweetly.

Jason grunted in acknowledgement.

Kelly sighed. "You know, lasagna? Your favorite dish?"

"Mmmm, sounds good," Jason replied half-heartedly, not taking his eyes from the screen.

Kelly fought to control her anger. *He's probably stressed out, she told herself again. Give him the benefit of the doubt.* She crouched behind him, resting her chin on his shoulder, looking at the screen. One window seemed to be a control panel of some kind, featuring an image of a spinning human body. Another contained line after line of what looked like gibberish to Kelly. Her experience with computers was limited to spreadsheets and word processors at work. "Whatcha doing?" she asked.

That at least got a response. "Well, I'm working on reverse-engineering this 'Master PC' program I downloaded. See, there's a binary for Windows, but I want to write a Linux version."

"Why can't you just use the Windows version?" she asked.

Jason let out a frustrated sigh. "Because it's closed-source!" he exclaimed. Kelly groaned inwardly, realizing that a lecture was coming on. "You see," Jason began, turning his chair to face her and leaving Kelly to find another way to support her chin, "the software you get in shrink-wrapped boxes from Microsoft or almost any other software company is proprietary. That means they don't allow you to make copies for your friends. They also don't give you the source code, so you can't modify the program or even look at it to learn from it."

*Christ, Kelly thought, I should have seen this coming.* She'd heard this speech at least half a dozen times. It was one of Jason's favorite subjects and he usually managed to bore her to tears with it.

"Now open-source, or 'free' software," he continued, "is different because you're allowed to give it away to friends, and it comes with the source code, so people can hack on it in their spare time, like I'm doing now."

Kelly furrowed her brow. "Wait a minute. You mean this is something you're doing for fun?"

"Well, yeah," Jason replied. "You know how much I like to hack..."

"You mean you couldn't get up to open the door for me because you were busy with a hobby?" Kelly was sure he could hear the anger rising in her voice.

"Oh, look, I'm sorry, honey," Jason said, reaching out to rub her arm with one hand. "Look, give me half an hour and I'll have a simple version running that I can test. *Then* I'll spend some time with you, okay?"

Kelly stood, glaring at her boyfriend. "Damn it, Jason, it doesn't work that way!" She stabbed an accusing finger at the monitor. "I will *not* play second fiddle to that machine!" With that, she spun on one heel and strode angrily out of the room, headed for the front door.

"Aw, Kelly, I'm sorry. Please!" She heard him stumbling out of his chair and running after her. His voice had taken on an almost childlike tone. Kelly paused. Jason really was like a little kid sometimes. There was a boyish sense of wonder to him that she found incredibly attractive. When he got interested in something, he would get so wrapped up in it that he'd forget everything else. This wasn't the first time he'd ignored her because he was entranced by something else. She'd forgiven him for it before. Maybe this time...

No. Kelly stamped her foot and proceeded out the door. *He won't learn until he understands how much it hurts me.* "Sorry doesn't cut it anymore, Jason," she growled as she slammed the door behind her. *Let him cook his own damn food,* she thought.

\* \* \*

Kelly brushed her shoulder-length hair with her left hand as she knocked on Jason's door with her right. *I still don't know why I'm here,* she thought. She'd been relaxing at home after a long, stressful day at work when she'd felt a sudden need to see Jason. To apologize. *Why?* asked a small voice in the back of her head. *What do I have to apologize for? He's the one who was rude to me yesterday.*

She was startled when the door opened. Jason stood in the doorway, peering quizzically at her through his wire-rimmed glasses. "Hi," Kelly said cheerfully. Jason didn't respond; in fact he hardly seemed to notice that she had said anything. Rather, he continued to stare at her, an expression on his face that looked like disbelief to Kelly. "Uh... Jason?" she ventured.

"Oh! Um... yeah, uh... hi, Kelly!" he exclaimed. "Uh... come on in." He stepped aside.

"Are you all right, honey?" Kelly asked as she entered, closing the door behind her. "You seem a little distracted."

"No, no, I'm fine!" Jason responded hurriedly. "I was just playing around with the Master PC program."

"Oh, that's great, honey!" Kelly replied, smiling. "Is that the thing you were working on yesterday?"

"Yeah. I'm testing out the Windows version, and looking at the compiled program to see if I can figure out how it works. It's going to take a little while to reverse-engineer the thing and write an open-source clone."

"Oh. Um... that's actually kind of what I came over to talk to you about."

"Oh really?" Jason asked. Only it didn't exactly sound like a question...

But Kelly hurried on. She *had* to do this. "Yes, I... um.... I wanted to apologize for my behavior yesterday. I realize now that your hobbies are very important to you. It was rude and selfish of me to demand your attention like that. From now on, I promise I won't try to distract you when you're busy. I'll just be there for you when you want me, like a girlfriend should."

Jason smiled, which made Kelly feel all warm and tingly inside. *I love it when he's happy*, she thought. He stepped forward and planted a soft kiss on her lips, causing Kelly's pulse to quicken. *Maybe I shouldn't keep saving myself for marriage*, she mused as her tongue welcomed his into her mouth.

Jason broke the kiss a moment later, leaving Kelly flushed and feeling quite giddy. "Hey," he said offhandedly, "I saved all the stuff you brought over yesterday. Why don't you go make me dinner while I finish up some tests?"

"Oh, sure, honey, I'd love to!" Kelly gushed. She turned around and started off toward the kitchen, squealing as Jason gave her behind a quick squeeze. *I'm so glad he's not mad at me*, she thought.

\* \* \*

"Hi, honey," Kelly called softly as she stepped into Jason's bedroom. She had let herself in to his apartment, so as not to inconvenience him. She remembered how she had rung the doorbell the day before, when she'd stopped by to apologize, forcing Jason to come answer the door. She'd never waste his time like that again.

He turned briefly. "Hey, babe," he said before turning back to the computer.

Kelly stepped up behind him, resting her hands on his shoulders. Her soft, full breasts pressed through her fuzzy sweater, pillowing against the back of Jason's head. As usual, several windows were visible on the monitor. The largest one displayed a picture of a nude woman, her arms extended sideways and her legs spread slightly apart. As Kelly watched, the woman slowly rotated. "How's the program coming, honey?" she asked.

"Not so hot," Jason replied. He hammered away at the keyboard, the dense script of computer code appearing in one of the smaller windows as he did so. "I'm still trying to figure out the how the Windows version works. I can probably get that done faster if I'm not distracted," he said pointedly.

Kelly bit her lip at the mild rebuke. She deserved it, she knew; Jason's programming was very important to him, and she had no right to distract him with questions. Being a good girlfriend meant supporting his hobbies. *He feels so tense*, she thought as she began to massage his shoulders. *Poor boy.*

"Damn it!" Jason exclaimed suddenly. Kelly jumped, concerned. "Why the fuck doesn't this work?" he hissed, clenching his fists in frustration.

"Oh, honey..." Kelly cooed in what she hoped was a soothing voice. She didn't like seeing Jason upset. She began caressing his shoulders earnestly, hoping to rub the tension out of him. "What's the matter?"

"It's impossible to understand this program! There's no real structure to the damn thing. It's just a bunch of spaghetti code, and it doesn't help that there's no documentation." He threw up his hands in exasperation. "It's almost like whoever wrote this didn't want anyone to understand it."

Kelly knew she shouldn't distract Jason, but her curiosity got the better of her. "Jason... what does this program *do*, anyway?"

"Well," Jason sighed, "it lets you modify people."

"Modify *people*? What do you mean by that?"

"You can change people. How they look, what they like, what they think. Anything you want."

"Oh." That sounded odd to Kelly, but if Jason said that that was what the program did, she'd believe it. She was sure that a good girlfriend didn't doubt her boyfriend. She went back to massaging his shoulders, back, and chest, and he went back to typing.

Kelly watched the lines of code appear on the screen as Jason typed, and she wondered. How could a computer program modify people? Computers were just tools that did math and stuff, and showed pictures, and let you write things. She turned it over in her head for awhile. She opened her mouth to ask Jason, but closed it again, chiding herself for her foolishness. Jason didn't need to be distracted right now. At last, she resigned herself to simply taking Jason's word for it.

A few minutes later, though, something else was bothering her. "Jason... You said that after you finish this... um... reverse-engineering and put your version of the program out on the Internet, everyone's going to be able to download it and use it?"

"Yeah, that's right." He was distracted again, though. He leaned forward and begun to type again.

"So a lot of people will be using this program that lets you... modify people?"

"Uh... yeah, that's the plan," he replied, his eyes glued to the screen as new lines of code appeared, summoned by his dancing fingers.

"Isn't that kind of... um... dangerous?"

Jason sighed, turning his neck to glare up at her. "Kelly, will you please shut up and let me work?"

"I'm sorry, honey," she apologized.

He turned back to the monitor and resumed typing, talking softly to himself... The lines appeared more quickly on the screen. "If I can just pound out this next function..." he muttered.

*I've got something between my legs I wish he'd pound,* Kelly thought as she continued to massage Jason's shoulders. *Damn, just being around him is getting me hot.* Her left hand squeezed and rubbed Jason's still-tense neck while the right slid down her stomach and under the waistband of her skirt.

\* \* \*

It wasn't until three hours later that Jason paused and leaned back in the chair. "Damn!" he exclaimed, resting his hands in his lap and scowling at the screen.

"Does it work now, honey?" Kelly asked, trying to keep the fatigue out of her voice. She'd been standing behind him the whole time, watching him work and caressing his shoulders, arms and neck. Occasionally she'd slipped her hand down her skirt and rubbed her aching crotch furiously. Her feet were sore and her panties were soaked.

"No..." he replied, frustration evident in his voice. "The damn thing doesn't even make any system calls! How am I supposed to figure it out?" He leaned forward toward the computer again.

Despite her best efforts to be a good girlfriend, Kelly could no longer restrain herself. The heat in her crotch was too intense. "Jasonnnnnnn..." she whined, her hands sliding down to rub his chest.

"What?" he asked, annoyed, as he began to type again.

"Let's fuck..." Kelly had never used that particular word before, and she was a bit surprised at how easily it rolled off her tongue. Undeniably, though, it was the right word. She wanted Jason's cock. She wanted it inside her. She wanted to fuck.

Jason stopped typing and turned to face her. Kelly braced herself for a tongue-lashing. But when he spoke, he wasn't angry. "Oh, yeah..." he said, looking at her as though he'd just realized she was there. His eyes slid up and down her body as a grin spread across his face. "Sure, why not?"

Minutes later, Kelly was lying on her back on Jason's bed, her long blonde hair spread across the pillow and her long legs pointing up into the air as Jason slid his hard cock into her hungry, wet pussy. "Ohhhhh god..." she moaned as she felt his manhood penetrating her body. Slowly at first, Jason began to slide himself in and out of her.

"Fuck me... fuck me..." Kelly groaned, her voice raw. She'd never talked dirty before, but neither had she ever felt this sort of raw animal lust before. "Harder... harder..." she exhorted, her sleek legs wrapping themselves around Jason's pistoning ass, her toned thighs flexing as she pulled him down into her crotch. Sex had always been a soft, gentle thing for Kelly before. Now, though, she reveled in the roughness of it, savoring the feel of Jason's cock pounding into her again and again, the tightness of his hands gripping her hips, and the jiggling of her heavy breasts with each powerful thrust of his rigid shaft into her aching sex.

Jason didn't last long, but neither did Kelly. Three hours of pent-up horniness exploded into a frenzied orgasm when she felt Jason's cock throbbing inside her. "Yessssssss!" she hissed, her back arching as they came. The walls of her pussy squeezed him tightly as he spurted inside her, her body sucking hungrily at his hot cum. "Yes! Yes!" she shrieked.

Panting, Jason pulled his cock out and collapsed beside her with a grunt. Kelly lay there, dazed. "Oh, wow," she gasped. The exertion, the sheer pleasure, had made her dizzy. After catching her breath, she turned her head. "Honey..."

But Jason had just sprung up, pulling his pants back up and fastening his belt. "I've got it!" he exclaimed as he sat down in front of the computer again and began typing furiously. Kelly sat up, looking at him in disbelief, but he failed to notice her. "It wasn't compiled," he said to himself, "it was *assembled*."

Kelly fell back against the pillow, smiling as she heard her boyfriend typing happily away. *All he needed was some stress relief.*

\* \* \*

"Well that doesn't make any sense," Jason muttered. Kelly's eyes flicked upward to his face. He was frowning in puzzlement. "Why is it trying to access the video card?" Kelly knew that he was just talking to himself, and that asking him what was wrong would only distract him, and she knew she shouldn't distract Jason from his programming. Besides, talking to him would mean that she'd have to interrupt her blowjob.

Kelly moaned softly as she slowly pumped her head up and down Jason's semi-erect member. *If only I'd known how much I like sucking cock*, she mused. Rolling her tongue around the swollen head, Kelly savored the texture of Jason's manhood in her mouth. Having his dick between her lips felt almost as heavenly as having it in her pussy.

The urge to service Jason with her mouth had first taken hold the day after he'd fucked her for the first time. She had no idea where it had come from, but for some reason she'd found herself practically salivating when she came over to his apartment that afternoon after getting off work. It had taken her nearly ten minutes to screw up the courage to ask if she could suck his cock. He'd seemed unsurprised by the question, and his eyes had barely shifted from the monitor. But he'd spread his legs apart. Kelly had taken that as an invitation, gratefully sinking to her knees in front of him as he continued to work.

And that was where she'd spent most of her non-working, non-sleeping, non-cooking time over the last week—on her knees in front of Jason, her lips sliding up and down his prick. It was a pleasant way to pass the time, and she felt a little flutter of pleasure every time Jason moaned from her efforts. He never stopped typing, but every once in a while he'd bring one of his hands down to absently stroke her hair. Kelly always felt her pussy quiver when he did that.

Of course, there was a more tangible reward for serving Jason. Kelly remembered the first time Jason had come while she'd been blowing him. His cock had started to throb in her mouth, and Kelly had been scared half to death. Even though she'd never given a blow-job before, much less had a man come in her mouth, she'd heard plenty of locker-room talk through her years in high school and college. The general consensus seemed to be that semen tasted bad.

But at the same time, she knew that a good girlfriend was supposed to swallow her man's juices. That knowledge had also come from... well... no, it hadn't come from talking to her girlfriends. As a matter of fact, Kelly seemed to recall that other women considered it perfectly acceptable to pull away when a man came, and catch it in a handkerchief or something. But Kelly knew that wasn't right. She just *knew*. She knew that Jason would be upset if she didn't swallow, and that would only make him more tense, not less. So she'd steeled herself to accept his seed into her mouth, however bitter it might taste.

It had tasted *wonderful*. Kelly had never realized how incredibly delicious anything could taste until she'd felt Jason's cock explode in her mouth. It was so sweet, so thick and creamy. It felt like liquid sugar coating the insides of her mouth and sliding down her throat. The very taste of it had driven her to orgasm, her body shaking in ecstasy as she'd sucked down Jason's wonderful jism.

And so Kelly had spent much of the last week on her knees in front of Jason, savoring the feeling of her man's cock in her mouth, and climaxing every time he came. On a good night, Kelly could get him off twice in her mouth while he worked on his programming, after which he'd take her to bed and fuck her brains out. The only thing Kelly loved more than the taste of Jason's seed in her mouth was the feeling of it spurting into her hungry little cunt. (One evening she'd managed to get him off three times in her mouth, but that had proven to be a mistake; he'd been too worn out to service her pussy afterward. Kelly had gone to sleep next to him horny and frustrated that night, but she'd learned her lesson.)

"Oh my God!" Jason exclaimed. "This thing is crippled!"

Kelly shook out of her reveries and slid Jason's cock out of her mouth. More often than not, Jason didn't want to be interrupted in his work to answer her questions. At times, though, he actually *wanted* her to ask him things so that he could talk about what he was doing and show off his cleverness. This time belonged to the latter category. Telling the difference was one of many skills Kelly had acquired in the last week. She brushed a few stray strands of jet-black hair out of her face as she looked up. "Crippled?" she asked.



As expected, that was all that was needed to get him talking excitedly. "Yeah, whoever wrote this program designed it to only work on certain types of hardware. See the whole point of an operating system is that the guy who writes programs for it shouldn't have to worry about exactly what sort of monitor or modem or whatever you have. The operating system takes care of details like that. But *this* little piece of code"—Jason gestured at the monitor even though Kelly, from her position, couldn't see it—"actually checks out your graphics card to see who the manufacturer is and what model it is. It checks that even though the program doesn't need to know that to run properly. It also checks your sound card, and the damn thing doesn't even have sound effects! And if it doesn't find exactly the right sound card, or graphics card, or motherboard, it just refuses to run."

"Well, why does it do that?" Kelly asked. She wasn't really interested, but it was important to keep Jason happy.

"Well, sometimes companies do this to prevent piracy, so that an illegal copy of a program won't run on someone else's machine. But then, of course, it becomes a pain in the ass when someone who owns the software legally gets a new graphics card, or whatever and suddenly the old software won't run." He paused, a thoughtful look on his face. "Wow, I wonder what the odds were that my computer would match the exact configuration the program looks for? Man, I really got lucky. Anyway, I'm going to make sure my version will run on any computer. Finding this is a serious breakthrough."

Jason leaned forward again and began typing earnestly, which Kelly took as a sign that the conversation was over and that she should get to work again. That was fine with her; slurping on Jason's schlong was much more fun than listening to him babble on about computers. Moistening her lips with her tongue, she bent forward and resumed her blowjob. She brought one hand up to cradle his testicles, the source of the nectar she craved, while the other hand slipped between her legs. He'd only come once so far, and she was looking forward to milking a second load of his seed and feeling it spurt down her throat. Kelly sucked eagerly as she fingered her moist slit, anticipating the reaming that she was going to get later in the evening.

\* \* \*

Kelly set her latte down on the table as she slid her tight, round behind into the chair at the local Moonpenny coffee shop, brushing her long, curly red hair back from her face. A gangly young man was eyeing her from across the shop. She smiled at him politely, but not invitingly. After all, she belonged to Jason. There was no point in teasing the poor guy when there was no chance she was ever going to suck him off or take him up her cunt. It was strange, though, how much more attention she seemed to be getting from men in the last few weeks. Kelly brushed the thought aside and concentrated on her breakfast. She lifted the cream pitcher and began to pour the warm cream into her coffee. *Warm cream...*

Memories of the night before came flooding back. Jason had finished his program, at last. He'd talked on and on about how many people were going to use his program, and how famous he'd be. OpenMaster, he was going to call it. Kelly had sat there, patiently nodding and telling him how impressed she was for nearly half an hour before he'd finally ordered her onto the bed. She remembered how excited she'd been when his wonderful cock, more swollen than ever, had penetrated her needy pussy.

Kelly groaned softly, closing her eyes as she leaned back in the chair, mentally reliving the fucking she'd gotten the previous night. Jason had ridden her for what seemed like hours, his prick sawing in and out of her cunt relentlessly, driving her to countless orgasms. "You like that, slut?" he'd asked her, time and time again. "You like having my cock in your tight little snatch?" The verbal degradation had only served to further excite her, pushing her body into sexual overdrive, a string of incoherent grunts and moans escaping her lips as Jason fucked her silly in every position imaginable. And then...

Kelly ran one hand across her face as she remembered. After driving her to countless orgasms, Jason had pulled out of her pussy and ordered her to her knees in front of him. She'd eagerly complied, taking him into her mouth and sucking him for all she was worth. And then, finally, he'd pushed her head off of his cock just as he exploded. The warm, sticky liquid had splashed all over her mouth, with subsequent spurts landing on her nose and cheeks.

Kelly dipped one finger into the small pitcher of cream on the table and brought it to her mouth. Moaning to herself, she ran the finger over her thick, pouting lips. The feel of the warm cream reminded her of the other warm, white liquid that had splashed over her lips the previous night. The sensation of Jason's sperm spurting onto her face, running down her chin and dripping onto her tits had sent her over the edge into the most intense orgasm of her life. All that delicious cum... Kelly slipped her cream-coated finger between her lips, sucking on it, imagining...

"Excuse me, miss?"

Kelly jumped, looking up to see the waitress standing over her. She hurriedly pulled the finger out of her mouth, her face flushing as she wiped her hand with a napkin. "Y-yes?" she stammered.

"Are you all right, miss?" the waitress asked, her pretty face frowning in concern.

"Yes, I'm fine. Just fine," Kelly blurted, sitting up straight and rearranging her coffee cup.

"Okay, sorry to bother you." Kelly watched as the slim girl walked away, her blond ponytail swaying back and forth. She looked around the rest of the shop, wondering if anyone had seen her. No one seemed to have; the businessmen in the corner were still talking amongst themselves, as were the two sharply dressed women against the far wall. The gangly young man was typing furiously on his computer, stealing glances at the blond waitress.

Grateful that her reminiscing had gone unnoticed, Kelly wiped the cream off her mouth and sipped at her coffee. Still, her mind couldn't help but drift back to last night. It had been like a scene right out of an adult movie or something. And even more amazing, she'd played the part of the porn queen perfectly. It had to be like a fantasy come true for Jason. *Well, I guess that means I'm Jason's private pornstar then,* Kelly thought. *His little plaything to fuck whenever he wants.* She closed her eyes, sighing contentedly.

The ringing of a church bell in the distance shook her out of her daydream. Eight o'clock! She was almost late for work. Kelly stood up, gathered her purse, coat, and coffee and started for the door. She'd only taken a few steps when she saw the waitress.

The girl wasn't doing her job; rather, she was sitting on the lap of the gangly guy Kelly had noticed earlier. His arms enveloped her, one resting on her knee while the other caressed her flank possessively. The waitress giggled at his touch, her dainty fingers stroking his thin, bespectacled face. The hand on her side slid upward and across her stomach, brushing her breasts as it began to unbutton her thin white shirt. The waitress closed her eyes, breathing more heavily as the guy slowly worked his hand downward over her chest.

The most shocking thing about the scene, though, wasn't the carnality of it; it was the size of the girl's bosom. Each button unfastened seemed to release an inordinate amount of pressure, allowing ever-greater amounts of cleavage to escape the confines of the girl's uniform shirt. *Jesus,* Kelly thought. *I'm sure her tits weren't that big before. Hell, they're almost as big as mine! I'm sure I would have noticed...* The girl was panting huskily as the boy fingered the last button.

Suddenly, the young waitress jumped up, grabbing the scrawny young man's arm and pulling him across the shop. The couple disappeared into the single-occupancy bathroom, the door closing behind them with a loud click. Within seconds, a dull moan came from the bathroom, starting softly but quickly growing louder. "Ohhhhhhhh god... oh yes.... oh yes... oh.... oh!" The masculine groaning reached a crescendo, repeating the word "yes" over and over. Every person in the restaurant stared at the door.

Every person in the restaurant except one. Kelly was staring at the laptop the young man had left at the table. The portable computer was still running, its monitor displaying a single large window. Kelly's blood chilled as she saw an image of the waitress in one half of the window, her nude body turning slowly. It was Jason's program.

Just as she took a step forward to get a closer look, the bathroom door burst open, the waitress once again pulling the gangly guy by the arm. The couple lurched toward the exit, a goofy grin on the young man's face as his untucked shirt fluttered behind him. As they passed by his table, he slammed the laptop closed and scooped it up. The waitress ignored her manager's screams of anger as she led the guy out the door, a satisfied but somewhat dopey expression on her face. Kelly watched as she licked her lips absently, as though her tongue was searching for the last remains of a favorite treat. The couple lurched up the street, the girl giggling as the guy groped one barely-covered tit.

Some of the coffee shop patrons started laughing as the happy couple cavorted away, but Kelly wasn't one of them. She could feel the blood draining from her face as she stood there. *It's going to get worse, she thought. I've got to convince Jason this was a bad idea.*

\* \* \*

"That's great!" Jason exclaimed, diverting his attention from the syndicated sitcom he was watching. Kelly had been surprised not to find him in front of the computer when she arrived at his apartment after work. But Jason had been programming nonstop for weeks, so it was only natural that he'd want to take a break now that he'd finished the program.

"You're sure it was my program, right?"

"Well, I think so," Kelly said. "I mean, I didn't have very long to look at it before he picked up the laptop on his way out with the waitress."

"Did you see what operating system he was using?"

"Oh, I have no idea," the shapely redhead replied. "Does it matter?"

Jason sighed in exasperation. "Well, of course it matters! I'm interested in whether people are taking advantage of the source code and recompiling it to work on different operating systems."

"Oh, I'm sorry, honey. If it happens again I'll get a better look." Kelly chided herself as she reached over to give Jason a massage. How could she have been so selfish as to not think of that this morning? "But aren't you a little scared about what could happen?" she asked.

"What do you mean, 'what could happen?' What is there to be scared about?"

Kelly was a bit nervous about bothering Jason with her worries, but she was troubled by what she'd seen. "Well, I was just thinking that if you only released it last night, and I've already seen someone using it this morning, then a lot of people must have it already, right?"

"Oh, yeah," Jason said, grinning. "I put it up on Ed and Rod's FTP server last night. Ed told me about an hour ago that they'd already had several thousand downloads."

"Oh..." Kelly shuddered. "Well, if that many people have it now, how many people are going to have it in a month?"

Jason shrugged. "I don't know. Could be hundreds of thousands. Maybe millions. So?"

"Well... don't you think that a million people using that program could be a problem? I mean, you're giving people godlike power with that thing."

"Well..." Jason bit his lip, an expression of concern on his face. He remained motionless for several seconds before looking over at her and shrugging. "Look, sweetcakes, I'm sure these things will work themselves out."

"But..."

"I mean, the original program was already out there. If there was a potential for a real disaster, don't you think it would have already happened?"

Kelly thought. That argument kind of made sense, but she was convinced there was something wrong with it. "Well..."

"Listen, honey-tits, you need to stop worrying your pretty little head over this. Now I've been alone all day and I could really use a blowjob. So why don't you put that hot little mouth of yours to use, okay?"

Kelly grinned. *He's such a sweet-talker*, she thought as she reached down to unbuckle Jason's belt. Her worries about the program faded quickly as she extracted Jason's already-stiff cock from his pants. A string of drool fell from her mouth as she repositioned herself on all fours on the couch, her head over Jason's lap. Eagerly, she lowered her head and shoulders, taking his manhood between her pouting lips.

"Ohhh yeah, baby," Jason groaned. "That feels so good." Kelly felt him resting one hand firmly on the back of her head while the other squeezed her upthrust ass. The redhead squealed in pleasure as she began to pump her head up and down on her man's cock.

"... but first, we have some interesting news regarding a pair of prime-time stars. Carrie?" Kelly cocked her head a tiny bit so that she could see the TV while continuing to blow Jason's prick. The sitcom had ended and the local news had started. Carrie, one of the show's two anchors, was a perky brunette with a winning smile. "That's right, John!" she exclaimed peppily. "Tiffany Storm and Nicole Rydell, the stars of the nation's number-one-rated sitcom, *My Sister the Supermodel*, appear to be involved in a love triangle. Erica Wood is on the scene. Erica?"

The program cut to the porch of a small house, where an even perkier-looking blonde stood holding a microphone. "Thanks, Carrie," she exclaimed. "I'm here at the home of twenty-three-year-old Daniel Lundquist, a rather ordinary young man who tonight finds himself in the middle of a tug-of-war between two TV stars. Both of these beautiful women appear intent on winning his affections."

The reporter turned to the right, and the camera panned to include the two actresses, each of whom clung to one arm of a short, overweight young man. His T-shirt sported the phrase "Genius at Work," and was a few sizes too small for him, revealing several inches of his round belly. "Ms. Rydell," Wood began, addressing the closer of the two women, "how long have you known Mr. Lundquist?"

"Oh, we just met this afternoon," the willowy blonde giggled. "But I know he's the only man for me!" She looked longingly at the unkempt Lundquist, who leered back at her.

"Oh... uh... I see. And how about you, Ms. Storm?"

"Oh, we met him at the same time," replied the voluptuous brunette. "He came to a taping of the show this afternoon. We both noticed him right away. It was so sexy the way he just sat there during the taping, just typing away on his laptop. Nikki and I agreed that he was just the biggest stud we'd ever seen. So we went up to him after the taping and asked him if we could be his... um..."

"His lovers," Rydell finished. Kelly felt a cold panic rising in her stomach even as she continued to suck Jason's cock. This was only the beginning. She was sure of that.

"Yeah, his lovers," Storm agreed, growling lustily as she rubbed her curvaceous body against the obese young man. She gave him a kiss on the cheek as she ran her hand through his long, stringy black hair.

"Wait a minute," Wood said, looking confused. "You mean you're *both* going to go out with him?"

"Well, I think we were planning on staying in more than going out," Rydell remarked slyly, winking at the reporter as her hand rubbed the inside of Lundquist's thigh.

The newsgirl's mouth opened and closed several times. "Um... w-well... uh... are you two... um... bisexual or something?" she asked at last, all pretense of professionalism destroyed by the weirdness of the scene.

The two actresses looked at each other, giggling. "If Danny wants us to be!" the brunette tittered.

"W-well... um... Ms. Rydell, what about your engagement to James Stone?" Kelly vaguely recalled that Stone was a prominent—and very handsome—movie actor.

The blonde gasped. "Oh, my god! I completely forgot! Well, Jimmy is just going to have to understand. We've been growing apart recently, anyway, and..."

"You just got engaged last week," Wood interjected.

"Well, we've been growing apart since then, okay?" the actress replied testily.

"And you're breaking off a relationship with one of the hottest young actors in Hollywood to share... this..." the reporter gestured at Lundquist, "with another woman?"

"Danny is more than enough man to keep us both satisfied!" Rydell spat. "Just an hour ago I watched him give Tiff the ride of her life. And after he was done, she could barely walk."

"Oh, it's true!" giggled the brunette. "Danny reamed me soooooo good!" she cooed.

"But a stud like Danny needs more than one woman to satisfy his needs," the blonde continued. "When he was done with her, he told me to get down on my hands and knees." She was becoming visibly excited as she told the tale. "And then he got down behind me, and then he grabbed my hips and he f—"

The screen cut abruptly back to the studio, where the anchors sat, slack-jawed. The tableau remained frozen for several moments. "Um..." Carrie began finally, "we... um... we've had technical difficulties. Uh... commercial! Yes, we'll be right back, folks!" A catchy piece of theme music began to play as the studio faded out.

"You see that?" Jason exclaimed triumphantly as a commercial for fabric softener came on. "He used my program!"

*And what's going to happen when a million people are doing that?* Kelly thought. She pulled her head up to tell Jason about her fears.

"Not now!" he exclaimed, grabbing her hair and holding her head on his cock. "Keep sucking, bitch!" he exclaimed. Kelly moaned at his harsh language, feeling her pussy grow wet. "Gonna come soon!" he growled. The redhead forgot her worries and sucked for all she was worth, eliciting a series of increasingly urgent groans from Jason. Cum... she needed to feel him cum in her mouth. That was all that was important. Anything else could wait. Kelly redoubled her efforts, pumping her head furiously on his cock, her tongue twirling madly around the fleshy shaft.

Moments later, she was rewarded when Jason's cock began to pulse, sending warm globs of semen down her throat. "Swallow it, slut!" he moaned. Kelly's body shook with her own orgasm as she struggled to comply, sucking down as much of the fluid as she could, savoring its wonderful taste. When Jason had finished, Kelly rolled off of him, collapsing onto the couch, shuddering with the last remains of her own climax. She licked her lips, seeking any stray drops of Jason's seed.

A minute later, Jason gave her a slap on the rear. "Now go fix me some dinner, you little whore," he said. Kelly struggled to her feet, her mind fogged with post-orgasmic bliss, and hurried off toward the kitchen, humming happily to herself. If she made a good dinner, maybe he'd fuck her afterward! A part of her mind wondered if there was something she was supposed to be worried about, but she ignored it. She was busy serving Jason, after all.

\* \* \*

Kelly sighed, clinging to Jason's arm as they walked together through the park. "Let's go for a walk," Jason had said when she'd arrived at his apartment after work. Kelly had been agreeable; she found herself quite willing to accept any of Jason's suggestions these days. But she'd been more than a little confused. Jason was not in any way an outdoors kind of person. Indeed, Kelly couldn't remember any previous time in their relationship when they'd done anything outside.

But after a few minutes, Kelly had figured it out. *He's showing me off*, she realized, feeling more than a little bit of pride. She could feel the eyes of passersby on her as she strode confidently next to Jason, her translucent pink platform heels clicking on the concrete sidewalk. Her sleek legs flexed with each step as her taut ass swayed back and forth, its smooth curves tightly encased in a pair of shiny black leather shorts.

A teenage boy stared at her chest as they passed by him. Kelly favored him with a smile, tossing her long blonde hair over her shoulder as she did so. He blushed and averted his gaze. Kelly could hardly blame him for looking. The fuzzy, powder-blue sweater she wore left her stomach and arms entirely bare, while scooping low enough in front to expose the tops of her succulent tits. Kelly knew she looked like a wet dream; the poor boy would be fantasizing about her for weeks, if not months, to come.

Kelly was already fantasizing, herself. The supple leather of her shorts rubbed her otherwise bare pussy with each step, a sensation that was getting her more and more aroused as they continued to walk. The curvaceous blonde squirmed a bit, rubbing her body against Jason's. Maybe if she got him horny too he'd drag her behind a bush and...

"Look at that," Jason said, stopping and pointing across the park. A young man wearing thick glasses stood on a path, a thin black box in one hand. Just past him, a young woman in a T-shirt, shorts, and running shoes had fallen into the grass. She sat there, eyes closed, panting from exhaustion. Kelly squinted, trying to make out what Jason was pointing at.

Then she saw that the woman wasn't panting from exhaustion. While she leaned on one arm, the other one was thrust beneath the waistband of her athletic shorts. Under the thin fabric, her hand was moving furiously. The bespectacled man was tapping quickly on what Kelly now realized was a handheld computer. A grin spread across his face as the woman in the grass began moaning loudly.

"See! He's using my program!" Jason exclaimed. "He—or someone else—must have re-compiled it for that handheld he's got." Kelly was happy for Jason, of course, but she felt a familiar discomfort as she watched. How many other computer programmers were playing with people's lives like this?

Just then, Kelly caught sight of another young woman approaching the scene, gliding effortlessly along the path on a pair of rollerblades, her ponytail swishing rhythmically behind her. Kelly stepped forward, intending to warn the newcomer of the peril that awaited her, but Jason grabbed her arm and pulled her body tightly against his. "Shhhh," he whispered into her ear. "Just watch."

Sure enough, the man caught sight of the rollerblader. His grin grew wider and, in Kelly's eyes, more sinister. His fingers danced across the top of the small computer as the girl zoomed closer. Suddenly, she shrieked, swerving off the path and tumbling onto the soft grass. She rolled to a stop next to the runner, her hands already rubbing her chest and her crotch. Even as she watched the scene, Kelly was aware of Jason's rapidly-stiffening cock pressing against her ass.

The man with the computer was laughing aloud now as he watched the two young women writhing in passion on the ground. The sound of his amusement sent a chill down Kelly's spine. In her mind she saw this scene magnified a hundred times, then a thousand times, then a million times as more and more people downloaded and ran Jason's program, toying with the bodies and minds of others. And when there were no more toys left, they would start using the program on each other. Fighting. No one would be safe. "Jason, everyone's going to be using it soon."

He silenced her with a hand on her ass, squeezing. "I know, babe. I know. Isn't it wonderful?" The tension in the shorts pulled the leather up into her crotch, the smooth material sliding up into the cleft of her pussy. Kelly groaned in lust, her eyes still locked on the tableau of the two moaning girls in the grass, the young man standing over them, laughing as he manipulated them with the device in his hand.



"Everyone's going to be using it," Jason whispered, his voice full of wonder. "Look at the power I've given him." Kelly watched as the two women noticed each other for the first time, their eyes locking, their bodies freezing for a moment as they stared at each other. Then they embraced, kissing passionately, their athletic bodies sliding against each other as their hands explored each other's curves. "I gave him that power, Kelly. I'm a god."

*He doesn't see it, Kelly realized, even as she felt the warm lump of his erection pressing ever-harder into her ass. Against her own will, the sensation was causing her pussy growing moist. He doesn't understand what's going to happen when millions have that power. I have to make him understand. "Jason..."*

He cut her off, spinning her around to face him. Kelly could see the power-lust in his eyes. "Have you ever been fucked by a deity, Kelly?"

Kelly gasped, her eyes closing involuntarily as she felt her sex pulsing with need. *No... not now. She fought to keep her mind clear. I have to convince him.*

But then he was kissing her, his hands squeezing her ripe tits as he pushed her toward a stand of bushes. Kelly felt her mind being overwhelmed with lust, her hand reaching down to cup the firm bulge in his pants.

Barely a minute later, he was inside her, driving into her more forcefully than ever before, his lust clearly fueled by his perceived omnipotence. Kelly knew he was drunk with power. She knew it was blinding him to the dangers of his creation. She knew that that blindness would have disastrous consequences.

None of that stopped her from experiencing a mind-blowing orgasm when he came inside her.

## Part Two

\* \* \*

Kelly yawned, rubbing her eyes as she sat up in bed. Jason's bed, she realized. That was odd. Usually she went home at night after she and Jason spent the evening fucking. She blinked a few times. Jason was sitting at his desk, his back facing her as he typed away on his computer. She remembered now. They'd gone for a walk and encountered a man using a handheld PC to manipulate women in the park. Jason had been awe-struck by the sight, and had spoken with pride about how he'd given the man that power, how it had made him a god.

He'd taken her right there in the park, humping her furiously under the cover of a few tiny bushes. After that he'd dragged her home and they'd spent the evening fucking like animals. Kelly couldn't remember how many orgasms she'd had before Jason had fallen asleep, exhausted. And the whole time he'd talked and talked about his role as a creator, a bestower of power.

"Jason?" she asked nervously. *Please let him be a little more rational this morning, she thought.*

"Yeah, babe?" He didn't turn away from the computer screen.

"Umm... how are you feeling?"

"Never better," he said, still typing. "Why don't you get me some breakfast?"

"Okay, honey!" Kelly exclaimed. So far, he didn't seem to be thinking of himself as a deity. That was a good sign. Kelly crawled out of bed and walked out into the hallway. Something felt strange. She ducked into the bathroom, looking at her bleary-eyed reflection in the mirror. *I need a cup of coffee*, she thought as she pushed a few stray locks of curly brown hair out of her face.

She froze. *My hair was blonde yesterday. And straight. And longer.* She stared at her tousled chestnut-brown mane in the mirror. *And my boobs weren't this big, and I was taller, and my hips were narrower, and the day before that I was a redhead, with green eyes, not brown, and not blue, which is what I had yesterday.* Screaming, she ran out of the bathroom and back to Jason's bedroom. "Jason! Jason! Something's happening to me. My body is..."

He turned away from the computer, smiling like a cat who'd eaten the canary. "Of course it is, babe. I've been playing with it."

The program. She looked over his shoulder. There on the monitor, was an image of her body—her body for today, anyway—spinning slowly in three dimensions. A phalanx of fill-in boxes stood next to the picture.

NAME: Wright, Kelly Lynn

AGE: 24

HEIGHT: 5'8"

WEIGHT: 105 lbs.

MEASUREMENTS: 38-25-37

EDUCATION: B.A. History, Boston College.

MEDICAL COMMENTS: Good health. In excellent aerobic shape; capable of prolonged physical activity. Easily aroused sexually.

PERSONAL COMMENTS: A cock-hungry sexpot who lives to please her master, Jason Hoffman. Loves to show off her sexy body and prefers to wear revealing, provocative clothing...

For a moment, Kelly was struck by the sheer absurdity of it all. Surely there was no way that typing numbers and words into little boxes on a computer screen could actually change a person. Kelly knew she was more than just data in a computer. "Jason, this can't be real," she said. Jason's smile grew broader as he turned back to the computer. Kelly saw the mouse pointer move up to the "measurements" box. A cursor appeared, and Jason overwrote the "38" at the beginning with a "44".

The instant he tapped the "Enter" key, Kelly grunted, stumbling as a sudden weight pulled on her torso. She looked down at her chest. Her boobs had somehow... grown. They jutted obscenely from her ribcage, high and round, the nipples pointing forward like bullets. Kelly brought her hands up in awe, gasping as his fingers made contact with the sensitive buds. They were real, all right. *God, I must look hot with these guns. With a low-cut tank top and no bra, every guy who sees me will cream his...*

Kelly shrieked. The program! The program was making her think like this. "J-Jason! Why? Why are you doing this?" Her hands, seemingly with a mind of their own, began to pinch and rub her stiff nipples.

"Because it's fun," he replied, still grinning. "By default, the subject is unaware of the changes being made to her. She thinks her present appearance is the way she's always looked. That's the way you've been up until now. But I've decided to let you know what's been done to you. You weren't always a knockout nympho-slut. I made you into what you are now."

"B-but... why? Why did you want me to... to remember?" Kelly stammered, her hands caressing and kneading her queen-sized tits.

"Because I'm a god, Kelly," he responded placidly. "I have powers that mortals don't have. And in order for you to properly appreciate me, you have to understand my powers. I'm allowing you to remember, Kelly, so that you can worship me."

*He's gone off the deep end, she thought.* Her breathing came in shallow pants as one hand slid down her stomach toward her rapidly-moistening crotch. *I have to say something. Anything!* She opened her mouth to speak, but only a husky moan escaped as her hand found her dripping sex.

"Come over here and suck your god's cock, Kelly." Jason ordered. "Show your devotion by taking my tool into your mouth." Gasping in pleasure, Kelly raced over to kneel in front of him, her hands pulling down the boxer shorts he'd worn to bed the night before and allowing his rigid cock to spring free. *It's the program, she thought. That program is making me behave like this.*

But as she took his prick into her warm, wet, and willing mouth, Kelly realized that she didn't care.

\* \* \*

Kelly fished a glossy black compact out of her tote bag and checked her makeup for the third time in as many minutes. Everything seemed fine. Her jet-black hair set off the tanned skin of her face, with arching black brows similarly highlighting her deep brown eyes. It was the face she'd woken up with that morning. Jason was apparently in the mood to bang an Italian chick this evening. Or was she supposed to be Greek? Regardless, her face was, as always, gorgeous.

Ditto her body, although that didn't change all that much from day to day. Jason seemed to have settled on a figure he liked—wasp-waisted and sleek-legged, with large boobs jutting from her chest like the prow of a ship and a fleshy, inviting pussy. Kelly liked her body, too; to her, it seemed to be the epitome of female sexuality. Just looking at herself in a full-length mirror was enough to get her horny. She knew that her love for her own body was something Jason had put in her brain with the program, but she didn't care. Nor did she care about waking up with a different face every morning. She also knew that the fact that she didn't care had also been programmed into her, and she didn't care about that, either.

Kelly peered into the mirror. The lavender gloss on her lips was still perfect. *Yep, I still look dynamite*, she thought, sighing deeply. *I'm a gorgeous babe, and in half an hour I'm going to be getting royally fucked by the man of my dreams. So why am I so miserable?*

Kelly put the compact away and looked around the crowded subway car. As usual, two thirds of the men in the car were checking her out, while trying not to look like they were checking her out. She loved the attention, but she couldn't enjoy it. She pulled her black leather jacket tighter around her body.

It was Jason. Jason was the problem. Ever since he'd written that program, he'd become more and more obsessed with it. It wasn't really the program he cared about anymore, it was what people were doing with it that fascinated him. He spent nearly all his free time either watching TV or surfing the internet, hunting down news of his program.

As he'd predicted, computer hackers had taken his program and begun to tinker with it. Kelly didn't understand all the details, but from what she could gather from Jason's bragging, the thing was being copied and modified, mutating into an increasing number of forms. Hackers were transferring it from one type of computer to another, and modifying it to suit their own needs and desires.

Jason's original Linux program had first been translated back to Windows, and then quickly to the Macintosh and a few other obscure computers. *Then* somebody had written a version that worked on a PalmPilot, which had set off a flurry of attempts to implement the program on ever-more-obscure devices. Each announcement of success became a new challenge: The guy who wrote the Palm version had his thunder stolen a few days later by a guy who showed how to run it on a cel phone. The cel-phone hacker, in turn, was upstaged by a fellow who got it to run on his wristwatch. Home video games, fax machines, DVD players—anything with a computer chip in it became a piece of turf to be conquered, a territory of cyberspace to be claimed for the glory of whoever could get Master PC to run on it.

And within the already conquered territory, the program was being modified and adapted by its users. Kelly had watched the news roll in as a legion of sex-starved computer geeks had begun modifying the program to carry out their carnal fantasies. Within a few days of the program's release, a guy in California had proudly announced that he'd worked a version of the program into a screensaver. Any woman looking at it would feel an unavoidable urge to frig herself every hour, on the hour. The next day, Jason had received email from a guy who said he'd hacked into the Virginia Department of Motor Vehicles and uploaded the program to their computer system, configuring it to give every woman with a state drivers' license the urge to give blowjobs to at least three different men a day. And then there was the fellow who worked the program into an email virus that left every woman who read the infected email with cannonball-sized tits...

Kelly pulled a cell phone out of her tote bag, dialing quickly. Even as she brought it up to her ear, a part of her brain noted with pleasure that the phone's bright purple case matched her lipstick. Color-coordination was important for hot bitches like her. Kelly tapped her foot impatiently as the subway rolled on, listening to the sound of ringing.

At last it was picked up. "Hello?"

"Mom?" Kelly asked. "Are you all right?"

"Kelly? Is that you, dear? Of course I'm all right."

"Mom, this is very important. Have you used a computer since the last time I talked to you?"

"What? No, dear, you know how I hate those things. What is this all about, honey? Are you all right?"

Kelly breathed a sigh of relief. So her mother wouldn't have been affected by the screensaver and the email virus. And she didn't live in Virginia, so she was safe on that count. At least for now. "Y-yeah, mom," she replied shakily. "I'm fine. Look, do me a favor and just stay away from computers for awhile. I mean don't even go near one."

"Dear, you aren't making sense. Look, I don't know much about those machines, but I know enough to know that you can't catch a disease just from looking at one."

*You'd be surprised, mom.* "Humor me on this, mom, okay?"

Kelly heard her mother give her best indulgent-mother sigh. "All right, dear. Is it something serious? Should I warn the Johnson boy next door? He spends an awful lot of time on his computer."

"No, mom, I think he'll be fine," Kelly replied.

"Well, I hope so. He's such a sweet boy that I'd hate to see anything happen to him. There aren't many boys his age who'd bang an old lady like me."

Kelly sat bolt upright, trembling. "What?"

"I said there aren't many boys his age who'd fuck an old lady like me. Some days I get so horny I feel like I'm going to explode, but Billy always comes over after he gets home from school and pumps my wet little pussy with his wonderful cock."

"M-mom!" Kelly sputtered in panic. "You've got to get out of there!"

"Now dear, that's just silly talk. Why would I want to leave? I've got a nice house, plenty of friends, and a wonderful boy who fucks my horny cunt. Why just the other day, he was sitting on my chest, shoving his cock between my big boobies, and..."

Kelly switched off the phone, unable to bear it any longer. Her mother had always been flat-chested; Kelly didn't want to think about what else that little shit might have done to her.

She looked out the window, watching the lights in the subway tunnel pass by with excruciating slowness. She'd be at Jason's apartment in ten minutes. She had to *do* something.

\* \* \*

"Jason! Jason!" Kelly shrieked as she burst into his apartment.

Jason was sitting on the couch, remote control in one hand as the light of the TV screen played across his face. His eyes didn't leave the tube. "Calm down, bitch," he said sternly.

Kelly stopped, taking a deep breath and trying to subdue her panic. Obeying Jason was important. It felt *good* to obey Jason. Even in an emergency. "J-Jason, I need to..."

"Open the jacket, slut," he commanded.

Sighing with the pleasure of obeying Jason's commands, Kelly unzipped the leather jacket she'd been wearing on the subway. Purring softly to herself, she shrugged it off her shoulders, leaving it hanging on her arms. Underneath she wore a shiny, scantily-cut black top that just barely managed to contain her melonlike tits. The polished leather was liberally decorated with metal studs, large circular rings, flashy buckles, and shiny chains. The black leather top matched the tight pants she was wearing. Kelly knew she looked hot. Her own sexuality was the last thing she wanted to think about at the moment, but she couldn't help but notice her pussy warming up as Jason tore his eyes off the TV and looked her up and down.

As she had done every day for the last week, Kelly had gone shopping on her lunch break, heading to one of the seedier downtown neighborhoods. Two hours of scouring fetish shops and adult toy stores had yielded the outfit she now wore. She'd known just what to get—an outfit halfway between S&M-submissive and biker-bitch. She always knew when she woke up in the morning just what kind of look she wanted to have when Jason fucked her. She knew that Jason planted these daily clothing fetishes in her head, but that didn't bother her. She'd frigged herself to a mind-blowing orgasm in the shower that morning just imagining this moment, when she would show Jason her leather-clad, metal-adorned body.

"Very nice," he commented. "Now put on the rest of it."

Kelly opened her tote bag and pulled out the accessories one by one. A black choker, resplendent with metal studs, went around her neck. A pair of matching black cuffs fit snugly around her forearms. A pair of large silver hoops came last, dangling from her earlobes. When she had fully decker herself out, Kelly dropped the tote bag and looked up at Jason, her eyes hooded and her lips pouting seductively.

"Wow," he breathed. "That is fantastic. You look like a fucking wet dream, babe."

Kelly swooned, her pussy already moist. In her mind she could already picture herself lying on her back on the couch, her black spiked heels pointing at the ceiling while Jason rammed his cock into her pussy. She *loved* looking like some sort of motorcycle-gang slut. Just like yesterday when she'd been horny as hell about being dressed up as an overly-endowed lifeguard. Or the day before, when she'd gotten wet just from looking like a sex-starved librarian. Or the day before, when... *Damn it*, she thought. *Can't I keep my mind off of sex for just half a minute?* "Jason, please, there's something..."

"Not now, you little vixen," he snapped. "Now get over here and blow me."

Her whole body humming with carnal energy, Kelly walked over to him, feeling her hips swaying on the heels. Jason's crotch was already bulging obscenely as she fell to her knees in front of him. As her hands began to unzip his jeans, Kelly fought through the cloud of lust engulfing her mind. "Jason, p-please... there's someone using your program to change my mother..."

"Jesus Christ," he sighed heavily. Kelly felt immediately guilty for bringing it up—after all, a good slut wasn't supposed to be a burden on her master. "Look," he said, "that program is going to change things. It's going to change *everything*. Some people are going to have a hard time until things settle down."

He looked away, a gleam in his eyes. "Don't you understand, Kelly? This is bigger than anything that's ever happened before. This is bigger than the discovery of fire. I'm giving mankind the power to rewrite the fucking rules of reality." He was looking at something far away, as though staring into a dream.

"But my mother..."

He looked down at her. "No more about your mother, bitch," he reprimanded. "I'm a god, and gods don't concern themselves with what happens to mortals. Understand me?"

Kelly nodded. "Y-yes, Jason."

"Yes, master," he said sternly.

"Y-yes, m-master," Kelly repeated.

He smiled. "Good. Now give me that blowjob, slut."

Kelly returned her attention to Jason's fly, her body growing excited at the thought of sucking his wonderful cock. Her worries about her mother receded to the back of her mind as she pulled Jason's pants and boxers down, allowing his cock to spring free.

Kelly recoiled, giving a shriek of astonishment. The thing was huge! Kelly's wide eyes roved up and down Jason's length, her mouth hanging open in astonishment. His cock had grown somehow. Jason's massive member now looked to be nearly a foot long and almost as thick as Kelly's wrist. Kelly stared in disbelief and fear. Surely it could never fit inside her!

"You like it, bitch?" Jason asked. "I thought a deity with the power to control human beings like puppets should be appropriately endowed. Consider yourself blessed with the honor of being the first to take it inside you."

Kelly swallowed. A tiny part of her mind was begging her to do something to curb Jason's megalomania. But the fuck-lust ran too strongly in her blood. She examined the cock in wonder, her eyes tracing every throbbing vein along its massive length. Her mouth watered as she stared at it.

Jason laughed. "Well, don't just sit there, you dumb cunt. Suck it!"

Trembling, Kelly wrapped her hands around Jason's massive cock, feeling his pulse through the pink skin. Leaning forward, she licked the head with her tongue, tasting the pre-cum that already oozed from the tip. Jason groaned, leaning his head back.

Taking a deep breath, Kelly took him between her lips, struggling to accept the massive cock inside her mouth. She tried not to gag as the head brushed the back of her throat. Even then, a good five inches remained between her lips and his scrotum.

"That's it, whore," he moaned, his hands stroking her hair. "Suck your god's cock. Suck him good." Kelly struggled to comply, sliding her head up and down, the massive cock invading her mouth with each stroke. "Mmmm, that's good," he commended her. "You're really a fabulous slut. I think it's time you quit your job so you can serve me full-time. Yes, I like that idea. From now on, you'll be my... hmm, 'concubine' has a nice ring to it, don't you think?"

Kelly felt her pussy pulse at the word. The idea of being Jason's sexual servant added to her already feverish level of energy. "Yes, I think you'll be the first in my harem." Kelly groaned around his cock; even the fact that she would be one among many women to serve Jason only served to further excite her. "And now, my little suck-slut," he grunted through clenched teeth, "it's time for you to take..." his hips rose from the couch as his hands clenched her hair, his cock thrusting into her face, "...your master's seed!"

And with that, he exploded inside her mouth, his blood-engorged cock spilling torrents of semen into her mouth. Kelly choked and gagged as he spurted into her. The size of his ejaculation had grown with the size of his cock. No, it was even greater than that; Kelly felt like she was trying to swallow the water coming from a garden hose. She only managed to swallow a fraction of it; the bulk of it poured out of her mouth. Huge, thick globs of Jason's seed ran down her chin, spilling onto her big, round, impossibly firm tits.

At last his orgasm subsided, and Kelly leaned back, panting for air, her lower face and chest covered in jism. "Did you like it, bitch?" Jason asked, grinning down at her. "Did you like taking the nectar from your god's huge cock?"



"Y-yes, master," Kelly responded. And it was true. She had *loved* feeling his mighty member spraying down her throat. She felt so... so *blessed* to have been chosen by him to receive his seed. She knew, in the part of her mind that was still thinking rationally, that this was just feeding Jason's delusions of grandeur, but she couldn't deny that swallowing his nectar had felt so fucking *good*. She eagerly licked her lips, searching out the white fluid that had escaped her mouth.

"Well, I'm not finished yet, my little fuck-pet," he replied. Kelly looked down and realized that his cock was still rigidly erect. Jason smiled. "Naturally, a god doesn't get tired nearly as fast as a mere man. Now turn around and get down on all fours," he ordered.

Kelly complied eagerly, her pussy quivering. She had never felt such a need before. She lay there, her ass in the air and her legs spread, as Jason climbed down behind her, his hands caressing her ass through the tight leather pants. She was facing toward the TV now, and was dimly aware that the evening news was on. Kelly found her eyes drawn to the screen, even as most of her attention was focused on the feeling of Jason's fingers pulling on the zipper that ran down the crotch of her pants.

"And now it's time once again for entertainment news. Carrie?" The screen focused on the bubbly brunette anchorwoman. "Thanks, John! Victoria Vickers, the star of the highly-rated sitcom *I'm Not Your Friend Anymore*, has been a difficult woman to find since she started dating a computer programmer a week ago. But our own Maxine Chung has tracked down the elusive Ms. Vickers and managed to convince her to do a live interview. Maxine?"

The screen cut to a pretty Asian woman holding a microphone. "Thanks, Carrie! I'm here with Victoria Vickers. Victoria, can you tell us why you decided to leave your husband?"

The view panned a bit to include a stunning redhead sporting a sexy shoulder-length haircut. "Well, Maxine," she drawled in a deep southern accent, "I didn't really feel like Robert was meeting all my needs, if you know what I mean." She winked knowingly as she chuckled at the last bit.

"Um... and you feel like your new boyfriend does?" the journalist asked, somewhat taken aback.

"Why yes, Frederick does meet my needs very well," the actress replied, closing her eyes and sighing contentedly. "The way he wears those thick glasses with the tape in the middle, it just makes me get all gooey inside just looking at him."

"So, your new boyfriend is named Frederick?" the reporter pressed.

"Yes, yes. Hot, sexy Freddie. He knows how to take care of a woman. Why just the other day..." Victoria suddenly froze, a confused look on her face. "Um... um... no, no, I'm sorry, Maxine, I meant to say that Ernest is my new beau's name. Yes, yes. Ernest, with that greasy hair and that giant, hairy belly. Oh, I'm getting weak in the knees just thinking about him."

"Wait, wait, so now you're saying that Ernest is your new boyfriend?"

"Yes, yes, of course, darling," the redhead replied, nodding with certainty. "Ernest. I've never seen a finer specimen of manhood."

"Where did you meet him?"

"Um... well..." Vickers looked confused. "Well, I... I suppose I haven't actually met him in person yet, but... but I just *know* he's the right man for me."

"You haven't met him?"

"Well, no... no I haven't. But haven't you ever just *realized* that a certain man was right for you? Without even meeting him?"

"Um... n-no, I can't say I have."

"Well, trust me honey, I have, and Ernest is definitely..." She froze again. "No... no, wait, Frederick is definitely my stud. With that skinny frame, and those pens in his pocket, I just can't wait for him to take me." Kelly's eyes widened as she realized what was happening, even as she groaned at Jason's hand stroking her wet snatch.

"Wait... so now it's Frederick again?" Maxine was asking.

"Yes, it's... no, no, definitely Ernest. Wonderful Ernest... F-Frederick... n-no, Ernest..." The redhead began to shake, her face glazing over. "Ernest... Frederick... Ernest..." she muttered.

*The fighting*, Kelly thought, horrified. *It's begun*. Kelly watched the woman on TV start to shake, moaning herself as Jason slipped a finger inside her sopping wet cunt.

Then the actress turned and looked at the reporter, as though noticing her for the first time. "Why Maxine... Maxine, baby, you are absolutely gorgeous!"

"Um... wh-why thank you, Ms. Vickers, but that really isn't..."

"Oh, Maxine!" Victoria gasped, throwing her arms around the newsgirl. "I'm yours, honey! I'm yours!"

"W-wait, please, I'm not..." Maxine began, before her own face took on a distant look. "Um... V-victoria..." She refocused on the redhead. Then she was returning the embrace, kissing the actress passionately on the lips.

Victoria had just ripped Maxine's blouse open when the scene cut abruptly back to the anchor desk. "W-well," Carrie stammered, trying to compose herself. "Um... we'll get back to Maxine later. Victoria Vickers joins an ever-growing number of female celebrities who have recently begun steamy relationships with computer hackers. Some of these women have disappeared almost entirely from the public eye; others have been seen around Hollywood, escorted by the new men in their lives. The list includes the stars of virtually every prime-time television show on the major networks; the female leads of most of the major-studio films released in the last five years; and, apparently without exception, every woman to ever pose nude in Play..."

Carrie's face glazed over, and her sentence trailed off. Suddenly, her head jerked around to her left, staring at her male co-anchor. Then she scrambled out of her chair toward him, disappearing beneath the news desk. The co-anchor looked down in stunned disbelief as the sound of a zipper was heard. "Oh..." he gasped. "Oh my god, Carrie... wh-what are you... oh, god, that's fantastic!" His eyes rolled up in his head as his jaw fell open. The screen cut to black, followed a moment later by a "technical difficulties" sign.

"J-Jason," Kelly gasped, trying once again to penetrate the haze of lust filling her brain. "Did you see that? They're f-fighting over that woman..."

"Hush, whore," Jason replied, slapping her lightly on the ass. "That's not your concern. Your only job is to please your master." He withdrew the his finger from her slit; Kelly heard a wet sucking sound.

Fuck, she was horny. But still, she couldn't shake her fears. "Jason, it's going to get worse. It's going to be horrible. People are going to..."

Her ass stung as he slapped it again, much harder. "I told you, you uppity little bitch, that's not your concern. That's not your purpose." He grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled her head upward as he leaned down to speak in her ear. "You have only one purpose; only one reason to exist: to please me. You *worship* me. Do you understand, slut?"

Kelly shivered; she was frightened, but she was also incredibly aroused. Jason's rough treatment was getting her more excited than she'd ever been in her life. Unable to speak, Kelly swallowed as she nodded her head. He smiled and released her hair. Kelly looked over her shoulder and saw him positioning his massive cock in front of her pussy. "Now prepare yourself to receive your god's tool." With that, he pushed his hips forward, his prick sliding into her pussy.

Kelly shrieked as he entered her, his impossibly thick member stretching the walls of her pussy until she was sure she would be split apart. Her elbows buckled as she struggled to support her weight. "Ohhhh..." she wailed as he continued to burrow into her, his oversized phallus penetrating deeper and deeper inside her. *I can't take it all. There's no way I can take it all.* Kelly gritted her teeth, fighting back the screams. It was painful, but it was the most wonderful thing she'd ever felt. It was like she was getting fucked for the first time again.

And then it stopped. Kelly gasped in surprise as she felt Jason's hips pushing against her. Surely, it couldn't be... Kelly turned around to see that Jason's pelvis was indeed pressed firmly against her tight ass. "N-no..." she sputtered in disbelief. "It's t-too big... It couldn't possibly fit..."

"Well, there was no way your natural cunt could possibly have accommodated me now," Jason said. "So I gave you... let's call it an upgrade." He began to slide his monstrously huge cock out of her, smiling maniacally. Kelly's eyes fluttered closed as she groaned in ecstasy. "No ordinary woman could survive intercourse with me. You're special now. You're not a deity, but... well, you can think of yourself as a priestess. A high priestess of lust."

With that, he thrust into her, causing Kelly to scream in pleasure. It felt so fucking good to be fucked by a god! She felt her resistance, her misgivings, ebbing away under the tide of carnal ecstasy radiating from the elephantine cock in her pussy. Jason began to fuck her, sawing back and forth with deep powerful strokes that caused her whole body to shudder. "Y-yesssssss..." she moaned aloud, "Fuck meeeeeeeee!"

"You'll be my consort, Kelly," Jason grunted as he pounded into her again and again. "You'll be my bitch-queen. I'll mold you into a creature that embodies the very essence of lust. You'll be the object of every mortal's fantasies. But you will belong, heart, body, and soul, to your god. You will belong to me."

"Yesssss.... oh fuck, yes!" Kelly squealed as the tempo of Jason's strokes grew ever more furious. The pain was still there as his giant cock penetrated her again and again, but she no longer cared. She was going to be the sexiest woman on earth. She reveled in the image of herself standing at Jason's side as he ruled the world. She would be an ornament at his side, a loyal servant and plaything, always happy to serve him and eager to receive his seed. His seed.... "Master..." she whined plaintively, "Please... come in me... come in your bitch..."

Jason threw his head back, roaring in triumph as his cock throbbed inside her. Kelly's arms at last gave way, and her head and shoulders fell to the floor, her voluptuous tits pillowing against the soft carpet. The enormous cock inside her pulsed with power, pumping huge wads of semen into her belly, sending waves of pleasure surging through her body. Kelly exploded into a screaming orgasm, her eyes squeezed tightly closed as her pussy squeezed spastically, trying to draw as much of Jason's cream as possible from the massive prick buried in her abdomen. She could feel Jason's divine seed spilling out of her pussy and flowing down the insides of her legs, and knew herself to be the luckiest woman in the world.

After what seemed like an eternity of bliss, Jason's cock ceased its pumping, and he slid it smoothly out of her snatch. Deprived of her last support, Kelly slumped fully to the floor, lying dazed on her stomach. For all that she had feared Jason's oversized shaft, she now felt empty without it.

But as she lay there, panting, Kelly found that clarity was slowly returning to her mind as the fog of lust began to dissipate. Jason was crazy. He thought he was in control of what was going on because he'd set the whole process in motion. But he wasn't in control. No one was in control. No one *could* control what Jason had unleashed.

Her thoughts were interrupted when Jason rolled her over onto her back. "We're just getting started, slut," he said, grinning. He climbed forward on his knees, one leg on either side of her torso, his massive cock still fully erect and hovering over her ample chest. The entire length of it was coated with semen and pussy juice, much of which dripped obscenely onto Kelly's boobs. The fluid mingled with the load of jism that Jason had sprayed onto her chest earlier. "Time for some titty-fucking," he announced as he lowered his ass gently onto her stomach, the giant shaft making a wet sound as it nestled snugly into the cleft between her massive mammaries.

Kelly struggled against the arousal that once again seeped through her body at the sight of Jason's swollen cock. She knew that if she continued to submit to his sexual assaults, she would soon lose control of herself completely. There would be nothing left of her rational mind; only a lust-crazed succubus would remain. Kelly summoned her will to resist, opening her mouth to speak.

But just then, Jason began to fuck her tits. All that came out of her mouth was a long, low moan as his cock slid wetly through the deep valley of her cleavage. The purple head thrust forward, coming at her from between the tops of her boobs. Kelly arched her head up to give it a long, slow lick. She moaned louder as she tasted the unearthly sweetness of Jason's cream mixed with the heady musk of her own juices. Kelly brought her hands up to pinch her puffy, erect nipples and squeeze her enormous tits together around Jason's wonderfully divine cock.

The last island of sanity in her mind was swept under by the swiftly rising tide of lust.

### Part Three

Kelly sat down on the couch next to Jason, gasping as the tight denim fabric of her skin-tight cutoffs rubbed against her pussy. She sat still for several seconds with her eyes closed, willing her pulse to slow down, waiting for the surge of pleasure from her overly-sensitive crotch to wash out of her body. She had come to treasure these rare moments when her mind wasn't swamped by thoughts of sex.

It had been three days since Jason had ordered her to stop going to work. Three days of continuous sex. Three days of spending nearly every waking moment servicing Jason's elephantine cock. Three days of non-stop stroking, licking, sucking, and fucking. Every half hour or so, he would orgasm, bellowing loudly as he pulled out of whatever orifice he was using, his enormous prick spraying sticky white jism all over Kelly. Then, after a pause of perhaps thirty seconds, he would be ready to take her again. Kelly found herself in a near-constant state of exhaustion as she struggled to keep up with Jason's limitless endurance and his always-hard prick.

Not that she didn't like it; she loved it. That was the problem. Her appetite for Jason's cock had only become stronger with the constant exposure to it. Even seeing it was now enough to start her mouth and pussy dripping. And the lust that came over her was stronger than anything she'd ever felt. When she was horny, as she was for most of her waking hours now, she found herself so sex-hungry that she couldn't even think rationally. She was addicted, and it was destroying her mind.

It was only in rare moments that she could even think coherently. Jason no longer needed sleep—gods didn't need to sleep, he explained—but she did, and he allowed her to take long naps frequently while he watched TV and surfed the net, searching for more and more news of his program's spread. She was also allowed to eat when her hunger became stronger than her fuck-lust. It was the brief respites from sex that she had while she was eating, and just before and just after sleeping, that allowed her some degree of sentient thought.

Even these brief periods of lucidity were growing shorter and weaker. Kelly had found herself unable to keep from fondling her mammoth tits and soft, juicy pussy while eating. She could see that Jason's program, if left unchecked, would have catastrophic consequences, but she couldn't get Jason to understand that. Even if she could have pierced his megalomania, she had no idea what they could do about the program. The genie was out of the bottle, and there was no way to stuff it back in. Kelly inevitably got depressed whenever she was able to think straight, which only made it easier to slide back into the role of the cock-hungry fuck-slave. Why bother trying to think when there's nothing pleasant to think about? Each time, though, she found it harder to return to rationality, and she knew that it wouldn't be long before her mind and personality vanished forever, leaving behind a creature that only thought about, and only cared about, Jason's cock.

Kelly opened her eyes and looked around the coffee shop. Moonpenny's had turned into a very different place over the last few days. The place had always had a reputation as a geek hangout; that was probably a large part of the reason the shop had had pocket-sized PCs placed on every table. But these days very few of the compact computers were used for email, web-surfing, or any other such mundane task.

Most of the tables were occupied by young men. Some of them were typing furiously at the keyboards of the restaurant's computers; others were in more relaxed poses. Every single one of them, however, was accompanied by at least one fawning female, lavishing some form of attention on him and catering to at least one of his needs. These creatures varied rather widely in size, shape, and ethnicity, though there did seem to be a few popular themes. Most of the women had flaring hips and thin waists, and a large number of them sported impossibly large breasts. Kelly unconsciously reached up and began to rub her stiff nipples through the super-tight white T-shirt she wore.

Modesty had apparently been discarded some time ago. Right next to the couch on which she and Jason sat, Kelly saw a voluptuous brunette sitting on her lover's lap, moaning urgently as she slid up and down on his cock. The boy, who looked to be barely eighteen, was licking eagerly at her generous tits. Kelly stared at the lusty couple, her free hand beginning to slide down her stomach toward her crotch.

"What can I get for you today, miss?"

Kelly jumped, looking at the waitress. "Um... j-just a hot chocolate, please," she stammered. She didn't want caffeine in her system; she had enough trouble staying calm as it was.

"All right, then. And you sir?" she asked, turning toward Jason.

"Espresso, please."

"We'll have those right out for you." The waitress threw them a parting smile before hurrying off.

Kelly watched her go. Aside from having a perfect hourglass figure, a pair of succulently pointed tits, and a thick mane of lustrous red hair, the girl seemed not to have been affected by the most popular new geek hobby. In fact, Kelly noticed that all the regular waitresses seemed to be working as usual. "Jason, why isn't somebody... um..."

"Using her?"

Kelly felt her pussy clench at the words. She *liked* being used. "Y-yes," she replied, struggling to remain calm. "Why isn't somebody using her?"

"Somebody is using her, my little pet. She belongs to the store. They have a high-powered server in the back that protects the waitresses. You see, a more powerful computer can override a weaker one. In return, the store uses her to serve coffee to its customers. I expect the owner or the manager also gets to make use of her when she isn't waiting on customers."

"Oh," Kelly replied.

"You see," Jason continued, "that's the way the new world I've created will work. Those who can understand and use the gift I've provided will hold the power. Those without power will be ruled and protected by those with power. The weak will serve the strong."

"B-but Jason, that's cruel!" she protested. She knew in the next moment that that was a mistake.

"Cruel?" Jason asked, his voice rising. "Kelly, the world has always been cruel! The strong have always ruled the weak. Now, at least, those with power will be able to change their chattel to better suit their tasks. The slaves will have the pleasure of being good at their duties, and the masters will benefit from the improvements in their lifestyle. Everyone will be happier. After all, don't you get all excited every time I deign to let you service my cock?"

Kelly's eyes fluttered as she thought about Jason's cock. She struggled to stay calm. "W-well, yes, but..."

"Oh, just shut up, you uppity cunt," Jason sighed, turning away to look around the coffee shop. Kelly swallowed, stung. Jason's rebukes always hurt. As much as Kelly knew she had to make Jason see reason, she still wanted—needed—craved his approval. She needed him to be happy with her.

The waitress returned with their orders, and Kelly sipped her hot chocolate as she looked over the shop again. On the far side of the room, a bespectacled young man sat in a chair, smiling down at the two lovely young women sitting on their knees in front of him. The girls were taking turns sucking his erect prick, their long, thick manes of blonde hair swishing gently as their heads bobbed up and down. The display was turning Kelly on, as just about anything remotely sexual seemed to do these days.

Just as Kelly had begun to rub the thin layer of denim covering her crotch, the young man stiffened, lifting his ass from the chair as he panted quickly, his hand grabbing the blonde head buried in his crotch. Kelly began to pant with him, her blood pressure rising as she watched him come in the blonde's mouth. After a few moments, he slumped back into the chair. The girl who'd been sucking him off turned to face the young beauty next to her. They kissed, and Kelly got a good look at their faces for the first time.

The kissing beauties were a pair of popular singers, girls who'd built their success with flashy music, flashy dancing, and flashy clothing. Kelly watched as the two faces that had adorned album covers, magazines, and soft drink commercials sucked each other wantonly, white semen dripping from their locked lips.

Kelly realized that it was more likely that these girls weren't really the two singers they looked like, but rather that this man had modified them to look like the pop stars he fantasized about. That horrified her even more. The girls' personalities had certainly been changed, and perhaps even destroyed by the process of being transformed into sex dolls. Now their appearances had been changed beyond recognition. Was there anything even left of them? Even if someone wanted to return them to their old selves, was that possible? Was there any way of even knowing who they had actually been?

A woman stumbled up to the low table on which her cup and Jason's sat. She was panting with exhaustion. Her breasts, even by the standards of their current locale, were enormous, easily the size of soccer balls. Her blouse had been ripped open; tatters of white fabric hanging over her chest. The weight on her chest seemed to be causing her some trouble; she tottered unsteadily on her high heels. "W-would you l-like some..." She swallowed, her face flushed with humiliation, as she brought her hands up to cup her enormous tits. "...s-some m-milk in your coffee?"

The bedraggled woman looked pleadingly at Jason, who shook his head. She turned toward Kelly, a desperate look in her eye. "P-please, miss... th-the pressure h-hurts so much!" She fell to her knees, still holding up her enormous melons. Kelly nodded, eager to help this poor woman. The girl smiled weakly in gratitude and leaned forward, squeezing one enormous breast. A stream of milk squirted out, splashing into Kelly's hot chocolate. "Ohhhhh..." she moaned, a look of visible relief crossing her face. "Th-thank you, miss!"

"Good job, Bessie!" "That's what those udders are for!" "Good little moo-cow!" The calls came from a nearby table, where three young men chortled and slapped each other on the back as they watched the big-breasted young woman squeeze her mammary into Kelly's cup. One of them leaned forward and began typing furiously on the computer in front of him, a wide grin on his face.



"Ohhhh noooo..." the woman wailed as Kelly's cup filled up. "It's h-happening again!" Kelly watched in horror as the woman's breasts swelled, becoming even larger than before. "Oh god!" she screamed, leaning on the coffee table, trying to support the enormous weight on her chest. Her face was a mask of agony.

The cat-calls began from the other table. "Come here, Bessie! Farmer Bob wants his milk!" "Crawl over here, you little heifer!" "What kind of noise does a cow make?"

The girl struggled to turn and crawl toward them. "M-mooooo!" she called out in a trembling voice. Her boobs, now the size of beach balls, dragged across the floor, leaving streams of white milk on the carpet. "Mooooo!" she called, pain obvious in her voice. The boys helped her up to a semi-standing position, her massive tits resting on the table as her knees buckled. They began to play with her, laughing all the while at her predicament.

Kelly turned to face her master. "Jason! She's in agony!" she pleaded.

"No, she's not. She's serving her purpose in life. Look how happy she is."

Kelly looked. The girl's face looked calmer, perhaps even a bit happy, and her mooing had taken on a more aroused character. Perhaps that had something to do with the fact that two of the young men were using her tits as squirt guns, trying to see which of them could shoot milk the furthest. Or it might have had more to do with the third boy, who was now standing behind her, his cock sliding rhythmically in and out of her pussy. "Mooooooo.... mooooooo!"

"B-but Jason," Kelly pleaded, "this is wrong! Making her do that, it's..."

Jason slapped her. Kelly froze, emotionally stung much more than physically. "Damn it, bitch, stop your whining! One more outburst like that and I'm going to get rid of you!" Kelly trembled at those words. She couldn't live without Jason. Without his cock. "Now shut up and let me enjoy watching my new world unfold."

Kelly struggled not to cry as she nodded. She was at her wits' end. There was nothing she could say to make Jason see the truth of what he had created, and every time she tried he only got angrier. Perhaps it was best to just give up. Best to just surrender herself to the pleasure of being Jason's slave, live for the bliss of sucking and fucking his magnificent cock, and not have to worry about actually thinking anymore.

If the world was turning into a circus of carnality, who was she to stop it? Best to just give in. She looked around at the gorgeous, sexy girls rubbing, fondling, licking, sucking, and screwing their masters. Every man in the place had at least one eager filly servicing his needs.

Except for the one two tables over from the couch. Kelly caught him looking at her, but he quickly returned his attention to the computer in front of him. From where she was sitting she could just barely see the screen. She squinted. It was a difficult angle, but she thought she could make it out. The Master PC program was running, all right. Kelly leaned forward, trying to get a better look...

She jumped. The body spinning on the screen was all too familiar. "J-Jason!" she whispered hurriedly, grabbing his arm and pointing. "That man! He's..."

"Damn it, you ignorant slut!" he hissed. "I told you not to bug me with your whining."

Kelly worked up all the courage she could muster to continue speaking in the face of Jason's rage. "B-but he's using the p-program t-to..."

"To change you? Christ, you're a stupid bitch," he growled. "I told you that a powerful computer can override a weaker one, and my machine at home has four times the horsepower of that glorified calculator he's using. But you know what? I'm through with all your incessant simpering. If he wants you, he can have you!"

"B-but..."

"No, shut up! I'm through with you. Now go to your new master, tell him you're his new fuck-bitch, and suck him off!" Jason pointed at the man. Kelly swallowed. She couldn't disobey Jason's command. Defeated, she stood up and walked over to the lone hacker. She fought back tears. Maybe it was best this way.

The man looked up at her as she sank to her knees in front of him. "H-hello, master," she stammered. "I'm y-your new f-fuck-bitch." She reached up to unzip his pants.

"Oh, m-my!" he stammered. "W-well, that's very nice and all, b-but..." Kelly pulled his semi-hard cock out of his pants. It was nowhere near the size of Jason's. But she would have to adapt. Sighing, she leaned forward and took him into her mouth, sucking on the stiffening shaft. "R-really, I'm n-not... oh, my!" he groaned as Kelly swirled her tongue around his cock. "W-well, now I s-suppose that is good!" he exclaimed, pushing the computer back a bit as he rested his arm on the table. Kelly put as much enthusiasm as she could into the blowjob. She didn't feel the same electric thrill she'd felt when she sucked Jason off, but maybe in time her new master would give her the same level of pleasure.

There was a sudden crash. Kelly looked up to see her new master weaving unsteadily. Coffee was running from the top of his head down over the dazed expression on his face. As she let his prick fall out of her mouth, he slumped over sideways, falling out of the chair. Behind him stood Jason, holding the handle of a shattered coffee mug. He was staring at the screen.

Kelly rose to her feet and followed his gaze. The now-unconscious man had been editing the "Mental/Emotional notes" field of the program when Kelly's blowjob had interrupted him. The field read "Loves to suck Harold Dalton's cock. Loves the idea of being Harold's fuck-toy." A blinking cursor stood at the end of the line, awaiting a tap on the "Enter" key. Kelly realized that Jason had seen what was on the screen when the man had pushed the computer away from himself to enjoy her work on his cock. An image of Jason's own body was spinning in the program's main window.

Kelly looked at Jason. He was still standing there, breathing in quick, shallow breaths, his lower jaw trembling. She couldn't remember seeing him this scared. Kelly watched as he leaned forward, picking up the hacker's plastic coffee mug, and poured the contents all over the keyboard. The monitor flickered out as sparks began to fly from the machine. Jason stepped back a bit, still hyperventilating. Then he lunged forward, slamming the mug repeatedly into the hissing machine. Chiclet keys flew from the computer as the LCD screen developed a spiderweb of cracks.

At last he dropped the mug to the floor, his breathing slowing. "Come on, Kelly. Let's go." He strode past her toward the door.

"Jason! Where are we going?" she asked as she hurried to follow him.

He stopped in his tracks, turning to look at her. The look in his eyes was apologetic. "We're going to put the genie back in the bottle."

\* \* \*

"Who is it?" The voice was muffled by the thick wooden door.

"It's me, you paranoid freak," Jason hollered. He turned to Kelly, speaking softly. "These guys are a little wacked out, but they're the best hackers in the city." Kelly nodded, looking up at the towering bulk of the old townhouse. Clearly the "best hackers in the city" made a fair bit of money, if they could afford a nice place like this.

"I heard that!" said the voice from behind the door.

"Just open the damn door!" Jason yelled. "It's important!"

"Fine, fine," came the surly but resigned voice. Kelly heard a series of metallic clicks and scrapes coming from the other side of the door. At last, it swung open, revealing a portly young man in a T-shirt that wasn't quite big enough to cover his entire belly. He pushed his stringy brown hair back off of his pale face and squinted into the sunlight. "Hi, Jason. Come on in."

Jason stepped in, Kelly following him. "Rod, this is my girlfriend Kelly. Kelly, this is Rod McCaffrey."

Kelly smiled at him. Rod looked her up and down, nodding once before turning back to Jason. "Well, come on in. Ed's in the den."

"The house is looking nice," Jason commented as they followed Rod down a hallway. Kelly looked around at the well-maintained, tastefully-decorated rooms they passed by.

"Yeah, we put the bunnies to work on sprucing the place up a bit. It was Ed's idea."

Just then, they arrived at the end of the hallway. The room beyond bore almost no resemblance to the rest of the house. It was a mess. Several tables were arranged haphazardly around the walls of the room, each supporting one or more computers in various states of assembly. The floor was littered with random electronic devices, manuals, CDs, and scraps of paper. Underneath the debris, cables of all shapes, colors, and sizes snaked across the floor, connecting the computers to each other and to various outlets and plugs in the wall. What little sunlight got past the window shades was overwhelmed by the glow of dozens of monitors.

"Hey, Jason, how ya doing?" The greeting came from a wiry, bespectacled black man sitting in front of a glowing monitor. Two gorgeous and rather well-endowed blonde women stood behind him, massaging his shoulders, vapid smiles on their faces. A similarly comely brunette and redhead sprung up off a couch and hurried over to shower similar attention on Rod as he led Jason and Kelly into the room. A shower of giggles erupted from the women.

"I'm... well, I'm doing all right, Ed. At least now I am." Jason looked at Kelly, grinning wryly. Kelly's heart melted. It was such a relief to see him looking sane again. "How about you?" Jason asked, turning back to the black man.

He grinned broadly, motioning to the two girls rubbing his shoulders. "Can't complain!" The blondes giggled at that.

Jason's brow furrowed as he looked at the women. "Wait a minute. Is that who I think it is?"

Ed laughed. "Introduce yourselves, ladies."

The nearest blonde turned to face Jason and Kelly. "Hi, I'm Miss May!" she exclaimed in a chirpy voice. "I'm a blue-eyed blonde! My measurements are thirty-six "D", twenty-three, thirty-six! My turn-ons include being ordered around, staying indoors all day, and getting treated like the cum-thirsty slut I am! What I look for in a man is a sedentary lifestyle, an extensive knowledge of computers, and a willingness to let me suck his cock all day long!"

She turned back to Ed, resuming the sensuous shoulder massage, as the other girl spoke up. "Hi, I'm Miss March! I'm a brown-eyed blonde! My measurements are thirty-eight "C" ..."

"Wait a minute!" Jason exclaimed. You mean these two are the real thing? Actual Pl..."

"Absolutely bona fide, 100% real!" Ed chortled. "Rod's got this year's Miss January and February over there." He gestured to where his portly roommate was getting a similar massage from the brunette and redhead. "They're the real deal."

"Well, it looks like you did some work to reduce their intelligence." Jason asked.

"You'd be surprised," Rod muttered, rolling his eyes. "Anyway, we really owe you for putting your program on our FTP site. We got first crack at it, so we were able to grab the best ones before everyone else got the program."

"Actually, that's what I came over to talk about," Jason said, stepping carefully around the debris on the floor as he headed over to a free chair. Kelly followed him, placing her heels gingerly.

"Oh?" Rod asked. Both hackers were looking intently at Jason. "What's the matter? Our server shows over a hundred thousand downloads already. It's incredibly popular."

"That's the problem," Jason replied. "It's too popular."

"Too popular? What do you mean?"

"Have you guys been outside recently?" Jason asked.

Ed's brow furrowed. "Um... not since... let's see... a week ago last Tuesday, I guess. Why? What's going on outside?"

"It's pandemonium," Jason replied. "Everyone's got the program. Everyone is using it on everyone else. It's going to destroy civilization if it isn't stopped."

"Oh, come on," Rod said. "It can't be that bad. After all, the original version was already out there before you wrote your clone. Sure, it wasn't open-source, but it was still freely copyable. If it really had the potential to bring about the end of the world, it would have already happened."

Jason shook his head. "That's what I kept thinking while I was writing it. But I'm telling you, bad things are happening now that weren't happening before."

"All right, we'll take your word for it, Jason," Ed said. "But..."

"Now wait a minute," Rod interrupted. "I don't buy this at all. Why would Jason's program send everything to hell when the original version didn't?"

Jason sighed, palms upward in surrender. "I don't know. I just know that it *is* happening."

"Well," Rod huffed, "I'm not going to just..."

"Oh my god!" Kelly gasped. "I just remembered! Jason, that evening when you were working on the program and I was... well, you know..." She blushed a bit. "You said the program was crippled!"

"Crippled?... Oh... yes. Yes!" He exclaimed. "The original version was crippleware!"

"How exactly?" Ed asked.

"It took a hardware fingerprint. It would only work on a very specific hardware configuration. Of course! That's why it did that! That way, almost everyone who downloaded it couldn't get it to work, assumed it was garbage, and tossed it. Only a few lucky people could even use the damn thing!"

Ed leaned back, the blondes still rubbing his shoulders, arms and chest. "It makes sense, Rod."

Rod was scowling as his own admirers massaged him. "Oh, all right, I guess I'll believe it. But what the hell are we supposed to do about it?" All three programmers frowned in thought. The centerfolds continued to smile vacantly. The only sound came from the humming fans of the computers. The silence stretched.

Kelly finally broke it. "Well, can you send out a... um... whaddayacallit... a patch to the program. Tell everyone it's an upgrade, but really it stops the program from working?"

"No, that won't work," Ed sighed. "We could send out a patch for the executable, but since the source code for the program is right there, anyone could just recompile the old version. And if we sent out a patch for the source code, it would be trivial for anybody to see what changes we were trying to make just by looking at the patch." Kelly had the feeling that "anybody" in this case meant "anybody with a college degree in computer science", but she supposed the point was still valid.

The room lapsed into silence again. Kelly saw the blondes look at each other nervously. The sound of a chirping bird drifted in through the shaded windows.

"Well, okay," she said at last, "can't you make like a virus or something? Something that'll go to everyone's hard drive and delete every copy of the program?"

"No, that won't work either," Rod responded. "You see, the program's been out for several weeks now. People have made a lot of modifications to it. Some of the new versions are probably a lot different from the original. Even if we could write a virus that we could guarantee would get onto everybody's hard drive—and that's pretty much impossible right there—we could never get it to recognize all the different versions of the program. We probably don't even know what a lot of the versions look like."

Another period of silence ensued. Kelly heard a clock ticking from the next room. She chewed on an inch-long fingernail.

"Well, damn it!" she shouted, pounding her fist on a table. "Can't we just use the program to make everyone forget the damn thing?"

Jason sighed. "No, Kelly, that won't work either. First of all, we'd need to have access to an incredibly powerful computer to handle that many people. Maybe even a cluster of supercomputers. And then, on top of that, we'd need complete data on almost everyone on the planet, or at least all the people who could have seen the program. We don't have either of those things, do we, guys?"

No one answered. Kelly looked up to find Rod and Ed staring at each other. Jason looked up too, confusion evident on his face. "What?" he asked.

"Vanguard," Ed whispered.

Rod smiled wolfishly. "Exactly."

Jason threw up his hands. "Oh, for Chrissakes, you guys, I've told you it doesn't exist!"

"What the hell are you talking about?" Kelly asked.

"Vanguard," Ed said, swiveling to face the computer next to him and beginning to type, "is a covert electronic intelligence system run by the espionage agencies of the five major English-speaking nations: Us, the Brits, the Canucks, the Aussies, and the Kiwis. The Vanguard system is used to spy on all forms of electronic communication—phone, faxes, email, you name it. The ACLU has been trying to learn about Vanguard for years, and the European Parliament recently launched a major investigation, but nobody really knows the full scope of the system."

"Except us," Rod piped in as he hammered away at his own keyboard. "Through a series of cleverly-placed taps on major telephone switching stations and internet hubs, Vanguard is capable of monitoring at least 98% of the email and telephone communication in this country. Vanguard has a detailed file on virtually everyone who's ever picked up a telephone or logged on to the internet. And because of the vast amount of processing required to sort and catalog all this data, Vanguard is home to the world's largest and most powerful supercomputer cluster." The portly hacker broke into a smile. "That makes it ideal for our purposes." The brunette and the redhead swooned as Rod finished speaking, giggling appreciatively at his display of knowledge.

"It doesn't exist!" Jason insisted. "It's just a bunch of wacko conspiracy theories."

"It certainly does," Ed replied. "Otherwise, how do you explain JFK's assassination? He was killed because he was opposed to building the system in the first place. The CIA and NSA knew Johnson would be more pliable."

"This is what I'm talking about!" Jason yelled.

"Are you guys serious?" Kelly asked skeptically.

"Very much so," Ed said.

"All right," Jason said. "Supposing I accept that Vanguard actually exists, which I don't, but supposing I do, how do you actually plan to break into a top-secret government computing facility?"

"Oh, it's very simple," Rod said. "One of their sys-admins sent us the password a couple of days ago."

"What?" Jason asked incredulously. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

Rod smiled, clearly enjoying Jason's confusion. "It was a pretty lucky thing, really. For awhile now, we've been watching how IP numbers get allocated. There were holes in the distribution, and..."

"What's an IP number?" Kelly asked.

Rod sighed, annoyed. "IP stands for Internet Protocol. An IP number is a number used to identify an individual computer on the internet. When you want to connect a computer to the internet, you go to the authorities and they give you an IP number for the computer."

"Anyway, as I was saying, Ed and I watched how the numbers were allocated, and we noticed there were gaps in the distribution; some numbers just weren't being distributed, and nobody could explain why. So we started watching to see if anyone was contacting those IP numbers."

"Watching how?" Jason asked.

"We snuck little packet sniffers into some of the major ISPs. They watched to see if any traffic was going to the forbidden IPs. And then, just three days ago we found someone remotely accessing one of them. We traced it back and found it was someone using a laptop at a hotel downtown. So we broke into the hotel computer and found out his name."

"I see. And then you just waltzed down there and asked him to please tell you the password?" Jason asked sarcastically.

Rod scowled. "Don't be an ass. We used your program to make him want to tell someone. We made him feel guilty about what he was doing, spying on people and all, and gave him an uncontrollable urge to assuage his guilt by telling the next person he thought he could trust."

"What, and somehow you convinced him he could trust you?"

Rod snorted. "Not us." He jerked his thumb toward the two gorgeous models rubbing his shoulders. "We sent Mandy and Trixie here over to the hotel to fuck his brains out."

"His cock was so yummy," the redhead enthused, licking her lips in remembered lust.

"He came all over Trixie's tits!" the brunette exclaimed. Both girls giggled uncontrollably at that.

"Anyway" Ed said, "we were going to wait a few days before we tried it out, but from what you're saying, the sky is falling now."

Jason sighed. "Yeah, it's getting pretty close to that. Look, are you sure this is going to work?"

"Only one way to find out," Ed replied. "Have a seat, Jason." He motioned to a chair next to him, in front of which sat a monitor and keyboard. "Get the source code to your program off the server and start hacking at it. We need a version of the program that'll make the same modification to a huge number of people in quick successions, and you know that code better than anyone. Meanwhile, we'll try to set up a connection to Vanguard."

Jason opened his mouth to protest, but Kelly placed a gentle hand on his arm. "Please, Jason. This may be our only chance to stop it."

Jason looked at her, then closed his mouth and nodded. "Right." He shifted over to the chair Ed had indicated. Kelly got up and stood behind him, her fingers resting gently on his shoulders as he began to type. It reminded her of the long evenings she'd spent standing behind Jason, helping him relax while he'd worked on the program. She wondered if he might prefer she kneel between his legs and relax him that way, but decided against it. He needed all his concentration focused on the computer right now.



She remained there for awhile as Jason worked furiously. The room was largely silent, save for the stacatto clicking of three keyboards. Rod and Ed occasionally exchanged a few terse pieces of jargon. Jason remained silent, hunched over the keyboard. Kelly rubbed his shoulders gently, trying to defuse the tension in them faster than it was building up.

"Got it!" Ed exclaimed. "We're in!" Kelly and Jason both leaned over to look at his monitor. "Now let's see..." the wiry hacker muttered. "How do we access the files?" He tapped on the keyboard for a moment. Suddenly, the screen sprang to life. Kelly tried to keep up with the scrolling lines of text that appeared.

NAME: Hoffman, Jason Michael

AGE: 25

HEIGHT: 5'8"

WEIGHT: 185 lbs.

EDUCATION: B.S. Computer Science, M.I.T.

MEDICAL COMMENTS: Good health. Suffers from acrophobia, seasonal allergies. Has occasional bladder-control problems.

PERSONAL COMMENTS: Experienced hacker. Originator of OpenMaster, an open-source clone of the Master PC program. Dislikes seafood. In love with Kelly Lynn Wright. Likes Cinnamon. Enjoys...

Ed gave a low whistle. "Occasional bladder-control problems, huh?"

"Oh, fuck you!" Jason exclaimed. "I haven't had that since I was thirteen. You'd think a goddamn secret surveillance agency could keep their records up to date."

"Hey, it's not my business," Ed replied. "Let's see what they have on Rod..."

"Might I remind you that we need to hurry?" Rod called out. "I've tunneled our connection through four different sites, so we should be able to stay hidden for a little while, but we don't have forever."

"Oh, all right," Ed replied, a bit downcast. "Jason, how's the code looking?"

Jason returned to his workstation. "It'll work, but it's going to be slow. I don't know what sort of architecture their system has, so I can't optimize it."

"Well, start uploading it," Ed said. "I'll see if I can find an optimizer."

"Right," Jason replied. Both hackers went back to typing on their respective keyboards.

Kelly frowned, a bit disturbed by the ease with which these guys had broken into what appeared to be a highly-sensitive government computer. "Isn't it a bit odd that we were able to get in so easily?" she asked.

"Well," Rod said offhandedly, "you have to bear in mind that until recently almost no one even knew Vanguard existed. And even the people that did know had no idea where to find it. So they were relying on secrecy as their security. No one can break in to your system if no one knows it exists."

Kelly thought about that. She could see the logic in it, but something still bothered her...

"Got the optimizer!" Ed exclaimed, pumping his fists in the air. The two blondes cheered appreciatively. "It's called 'parallel-op', spelled parallel hyphen oh pee. Just pipe the source code through it while I set up a batch file for your program."

Jason nodded. "All right, guys, we're going to run this program on every single person in the entire world. What are we going to do to them, exactly?"

"Well, obviously we want them to never run the program again," Rod said, "so let's set it up so they'll be unable to understand or use the program. And they're going to forget it every existed."

"Or any variant of it," Ed interjected.

"Right, or any variant of it."

"Great. That was easy," Jason said, starting to type again.

"But that still leaves the program out there," Kelly pointed out. "What if a copy lies around for awhile and somebody we missed stumbles onto it?"

"Look, honey," Rod sneered. "This database contains the names and vital stats of every fucking person in the world who's ever touched any sort of electronic communication device. The only people we'll miss are the ones who spend all their time churning butter and building barns, all right?"

"And what about the ones who haven't been born yet?" Kelly replied. "We can't get *them*."

Rod was silent for a few seconds. "Shit. Okay, so... um... let's add in something that makes people think the Master PC program is garbage and they'll just delete every copy they find."

"And they'll all have a sudden urge to clean their hard drives," Ed added.

"What about that virus that's been going around?" Jason asked.

"So we'll also tell people not to be fucking idiots and open strange emails," Ed said. "That good enough?"

"It'll have to be!" Rod exclaimed, turning back to his computer. Kelly could see parts of it flashing in bright colors. "They've found our entry point!"

"Are they doing anything?"

"Not yet. They're trying to trace our connection back and find out who we are," Rod said. The brunette and redhead exchanged a worried look as Rod began typing furiously. "Hurry it up!" the pudgy hacker yelled.

"Okay, okay," Jason said. I'm writing in our modifications now. Let's see... Four hundred computers in the cluster... Each one can run a hundred fifty teraflops a second... About a megaflop for each person modified, so... um... it should run in fifteen seconds once we get it going."

"They traced our connection back to Microsoft headquarters," Rod reported. "They have to tunnel through three more sites before they find us."

"I've got the batch file set up," Ed said. "It's going to run on everyone in the Vanguard database, except for Ed Smith, Rod McCaffrey, and Jason Hoffman. Now I'm going to have to..."

"And Kelly," Jason interrupted. He looked up, his eyes locking with hers. Kelly could feel tears welling up. "Kelly Wright," he said softly.

"Jason," Ed replied, "this is not the time to be..."

"Put her in," Jason insisted.

"No time to argue!" Rod growled. "They've traced back to the International Space Station! Two more links before they find us. Hurry!"

"Put her in!" Jason shouted.

Ed sighed. "Okay, fine, whatever. Kelly's on the list now." The skinny hacker furrowed his brow, then turned to face the blonde rubbing his left shoulder. "Cindy, do you want me to write you in, too?"

The girl looked confused. "What do you mean?" she said in a high-pitched voice.

"Never mind," Ed replied, turning back to the keyboard.

"Okay!" the blonde chirped agreeably, resuming her massage of Ed's shoulder.

Kelly looked down at Jason, who was turning back to his computer. She was overcome with emotion. *He cares, she thought. He really cares. God, I'm so lucky! I'm so happy I'm crying! I'm so... Fuck, I'm so horny!* Kelly whimpered softly as she felt the familiar wave of lust rising within her. Familiar, yet different. More substantial... more *real*.

"It's compiled and ready to go!" Jason said.

"They've traced it back to the Nike factory in Vietnam!" Rod yelled. "Fuck, they're fast. One left!"

"It's loading up," Ed announced. "It's distributing across the network. It's running! We need fifteen seconds!"

Kelly trembled, fear and lust tearing her apart. It had to work. She felt Jason grasping her hand and looked down at him. *God, he's handsome.*

"Ten more seconds!" Ed announced, rising slowly from his chair.

"They've traced us back through the White House! WE have no protection left. We've got to cut loose! Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!" The rotund hacker jumped up from his chair, running toward one wall, pushing various pieces of equipment out of his way. The brunette and redhead stepped back carefully, frightened looks on their faces.

"Five seconds!" Ed was standing now.

Kelly clung to Jason, who had stood up to wrap his arms around her. She could feel his body shaking in fear, even as she felt his hard cock pressing against her hip.

Rod yanked open a panel in the wall and wrapped a pudgy hand around the large switch inside. He craned his neck to look at the monitor. "They've almost got us!" he screamed. "We've got to kill the network!"

"Done! It's done!" Ed leaped up from his chair as Rod yanked the switch. The lights in the room went out, leaving the monitors to flicker for a second before falling dark. The low hum of the computers ceased, leaving the room eerily silent. Rod and Ed turned to stare at each other. Jason looked at Kelly. After a long silence, he whispered, "We did it, Kelly. We did it."

Relief flooded over Kelly as she kissed Jason passionately. She was dimly aware of the other two hackers laughing and congratulating each other, the centerfolds jumping and cheering appreciatively. But she didn't care about any of that.

Panting with need, Kelly pulled a stumbling Jason out of the computer-filled room and down the hall. She spied a plush couch in one of the side rooms and dragged him into it, kissing him hard again and pulling him down to it. "I love you," she moaned as she kissed his neck. "I love you, Jason."

"I... I... I love you too, Kelly." he panted as he fumbled for her boobs. He had changed, somehow. The cocksure megalomaniac was gone, and the hesitant, slightly awkward young man had returned.

Kelly pulled back, spreading her legs and wrapping them around Jason's midsection. "Then fuck my brains out!" she gasped as she pulled open his pants. He groaned as she pulled his cock out. It was still monstrously huge, but she wanted it more than ever. No... she didn't want the cock, she wanted *him*. Kelly lay back, pushing her obscenely short denim cutoffs to one side, revealing her dripping snatch. Her hand pulled Jason insistently downward, guiding him into her. Kelly wailed in joy as he entered her. "Fuck me, Jason, fuck meeeeeee!"

He needed no encouragement, grunting with effort as he began to pound her eager snatch. "Fuck me, baby!" she squealed. "Harder! Faster!" He obliged, his thrusts becoming quicker and deeper. Kelly reached up to fondle her tits, massaging the erect nipples. Jason brought his head down to kiss her lips, causing her whole spine to melt with sexual pleasure. They lasted less than a minute before they came together, clutching each other's bodies, Jason's cock shooting wad after wad of his seed into Kelly's spasming pussy. They shuddered and slumped to the couch together.

Kelly opened her eyes to find Jason smiling down at her. For the first time in nearly a month, she smiled back.

Epilogue—

Kelly smiled slightly as Jason opened the door. "Hi," she said.

"Hi," he responded sheepishly. "Uh, come on in." He stepped back, allowing Kelly to enter the apartment. "You look good."

Kelly snorted, looking down at herself. She'd woken up that morning in her original body, the one she'd had a month ago—slightly shorter than average, perhaps a touch overweight, and clumsy as hell. Her current appearance could hardly compare to the sex-goddess she'd looked like twenty-four hours ago. But when she looked up at Jason, she found him looking at her in a way he'd never looked at her before. He wasn't looking at her body anymore; he was looking at *her*. Kelly smiled broadly. "Thanks, Jason."

"Look, I'm r-really sorry about everything that..."

"I know." Kelly silenced him with a hand on his arm. "But you fixed it."

"But Jesus, Kelly, I was going insane. Y-you saved me from that."

Technically, the guy who'd been trying to control Jason had saved him, by letting him get a look at the laptop screen. But Kelly didn't see any reason to point that out. "Well, sure. That's what girlfriends are for, isn't it?"

Jason blinked. "You... you mean you still want to be..."

"Yes, I do."

"But... even after I... I mean, I feel so awful about..." he stammered.

"I know you do. But you realized it was wrong." She leaned forward to kiss him before he could protest again. "Besides," she added, smiling as she pulled away, "if I leave you now, there won't be anyone to save you next time you get into trouble."

That got an embarrassed grin from him. "Thank you, Kelly."

"Sure." She reached up to stroke his cheek with one hand. "Now I'm a little tired, honey, so I'm going to go rest a bit while you make *me* some dinner, okay?"

He nodded. "Spaghetti or macaroni?"

*Pity I can't use the program to make him a decent cook, she thought. Well, no one's perfect.* "Spaghetti please, honey."

He nodded again before heading off toward the kitchen.

Kelly went into the bedroom, dropping her purse on the ground and slipping off her shoes before crawling onto the bed. It was unmade, as usual, but Kelly didn't mind. The evidence of Jason's shortcomings was a comforting reminder that things were back to normal.

Kelly had no idea how long she'd been sleeping when Jason's computer beeped. Kelly grumbled and turned to peer at the monitor.

New mail from unknown re: Intrusion.

A chill ran down Kelly's spine. "Jason! Come here!" she shrieked.

He ran into the room just seconds later. "What? What is it?" Kelly pointed mutely at the monitor. Frowning, he sat down in front of the keyboard and began typing. A moment later the message appeared in the window.

From: unknown

To: Jason Hoffman <jhoff@verinix.com>

Re: Intrusion

Mr. Hoffman,

It has come to our attention that you recently made unauthorized use of our computing facilities. While we understand that you were trying to rectify a problematic situation that you had created, we do not take kindly to being intruded upon. Please do not do this again.

During your intrusion, you uploaded a modified version of our reality-altering software. While we appreciate the improvements you've made (really, our engineers are rather impressed with some of your code!) we cannot allow you to continue developing or distributing it at this time. We have taken steps to ensure that you will be unable to continue your work.

Sincerely,

x

Kelly's jaw dropped. "So they... Vanguard developed the Master PC program?"

"Jesus, it looks that way. But what did they mean by... Holy shit!"

Smoke was pouring from the computer case under Jason's desk. The monitor flickered out as Jason dove to the floor, pulling open the grey metal box. A cloud of acrid black smoke wafted out, causing him to choke and cough. "God damn it!" he yelled. "My hard drive! They fried my fucking hard drive! How the hell could they do that? It's not possible."

Kelly sat back in her chair. "You know, honey, they could have just killed you instead."

Jason exhaled, sitting in the chair again as the smoke dissipated. "I suppose you're right. But damn, everything was on there. That was my only copy of the program!"

*Good*, Kelly thought, but decided not to say. Jason's shoulders slumped in dejection. "Oh, I'm sorry, honey. Let me see if I can cheer you up a bit." Kelly felt a wicked grin spreading across her face as she slid off her chair, gliding to her knees in front of Jason. His eyes bulged out as she deftly unzipped his jeans.

Kelly breathed a sigh of relief as she pulled out Jason's semi-erect cock. *Thank God he changed it back to a human size before his computer got fried.* She began to rub it gently, a thrill running up her spine as she felt it stiffening in her hand. She looked up at Jason, smiling as she leaned forward. Despite all the fellatio she'd given him in the last month, he was staring at her as though this was the first time she'd ever given him a blowjob.

It was several hours before Jason gave any further thought to his computer.