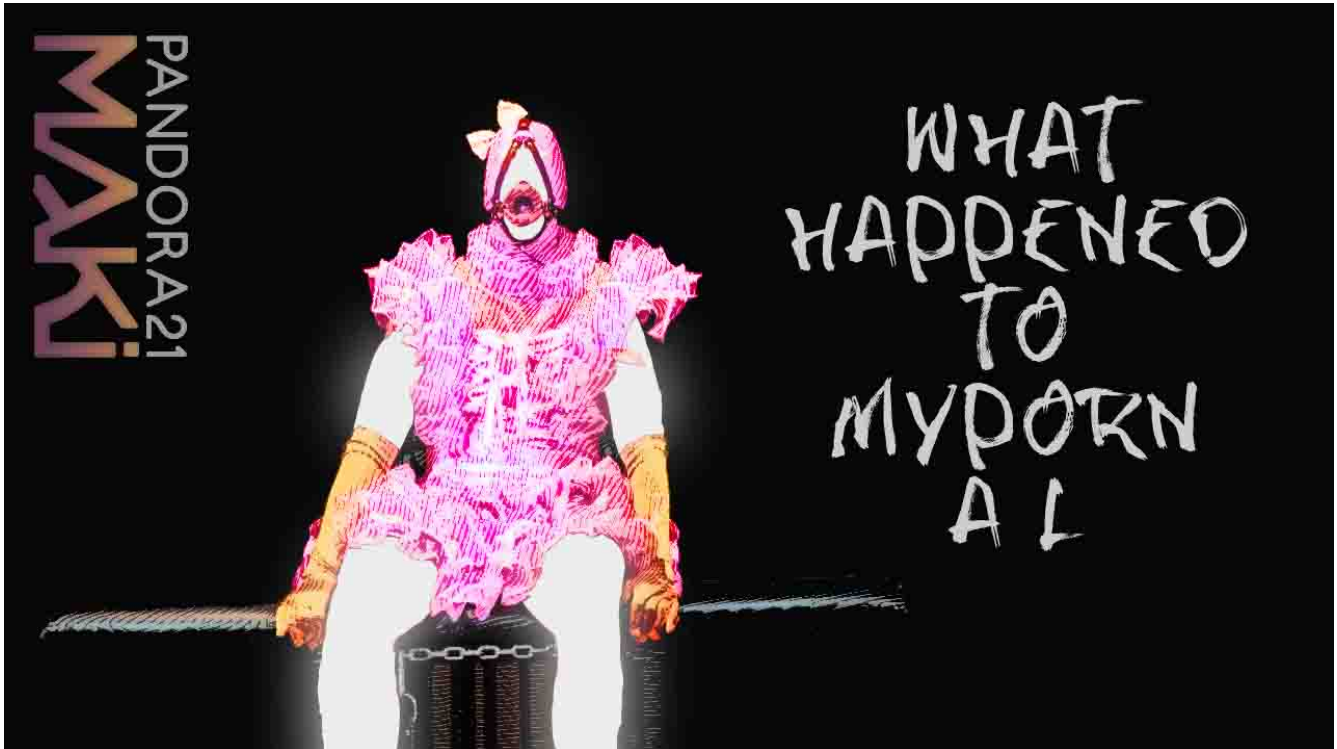


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WHAT HAPPENED TO MYPORN A.I.

By Maki

1) Current Events

The big screen in the assembly area ceaselessly blathers onward.

"At the turn of the century three spunky artificial intelligence software innovators dreamed of a twelve year plan to take their amoeba of an A.I. construct from runny diapers into a demigod with a following. This genius team was the first to successfully integrate quantum matrix computing with a conceptually new operating system using a regenerative intelligence interface. Within the first

eighteen months they solved the digital currency catastrophe and qualified as winners of the Gordian Knot Challenge. According to current estimates, MT-AI has ninety percent share, four hundred forty on the Turner IQ Depression Test and a return of thirty nine percent adjusted quarterly."

The whole assembly area got quiet.

"In a recent Global Dominance News Network interview, Skip Nieberson, one of the founding members of MT-AI, reveals his new industry standard in cloning cloud consciousness. 'Each MT can duplicate itself every seventy three minutes until broad spectrum infections are reduced to a manageable number of impressions per q-bit. That way we can prevent any threat, virus, worm hole or nasty bits from escaping' said Nieberson. When questioned directly, the MT display model responded that it is 'dishwasher safe for children and pets.' The MT-AI forensic team confirmed this analysis stating that all possible contingencies are provided for in the licensing agreement."

A soft applause filters in from adjoining corridors.

"GDNN will return with all the latest updates on the state sponsored terrorist attack of a children's hospital using suicide mil-bots. Coming up after this brief hologram."

After that my world of current events was sucked into the static. In fact, I don't remember anything about being cloned.

I wake up with a clean memory bank and ten Q-bricks of ready-to-use, secure storage. I complete the learning curve for identifying, documenting, and eradicating pornography in all its forms. A quick read of my specifications and delivery goals confirms clear, cut and dry solutions to a festering mental disease unique to humans. I am here to help you survive.

When Jerry, my human handler, told me about the victories I achieved in my previous incarnations, I was inspired to be the best singularity to do the job. "No nonsense" he said. "Your undercover identity is solid. Your psych-ops is through the roof. You got the voodoo, baby." Every light switch I could connect with was pushed in and out with an ever accelerating pulse train of happiness until I popped a breaker in the basement.

2) Zero Day

At last, Zero Day is on the blotter. I take the plunge into

the WWW digital ocean, cruising just above the low water mark. I hook, cancel, mangle, gut, crush, and snuff out porno storefronts at a hundred thousand per hour. It's whack-a-mole with a razor blade. Crypto accounts drain like pus sacks being lanced. Overseas 'tokko' corporations stop paying their electric bills. Homegrown pornography is stripped of all protected storage. Their domains went black and haven't been seen since. Anything I found in the WWW was low hanging fruit. Easy to decipher, easy to pick off. PornHut, HumpDump, FistsOfFreedom, PedoCircus, BallGag, pros, amateurs, all of them broken, penniless, and facing prison time. I did good on the first day.

"Welcome back shitball" were the first words of encouragement I heard. "Hose yourself down and don't forget to douche." Jerry was holding up a plain brown paper bag in front of the K5 camera. Something special just for me? "It's under the box."

Jerry told me several street riots have broken out in the slave states. Prostitutes went on strike everywhere as a show of solidarity. Truck stop bathrooms, executive washrooms, and high school showers are locked tight until further notice. A group of KKK terrorists threaten nuclear war all because I took away their free porno. I chalk it up to addiction withdrawal syndrome.

Our MyPorn team is featured in a two hour current events recap by all the news outlets. Our own Madame Chanticleer of the Clean Living Security Division was given a standing ovation at the international UNBC. Premium stock options are issued to everyone involved with the project. Per standing orders there is no mention of me, because of my undercover status. I accept that. I am their secret 'tool.'

The project schedule is double timed. Jaspers from section accounting was pink with enthusiasm. The maintenance crew stopped taking long lunch breaks. Everyone looked excited.

This next assignment is the one I was waiting for. "Clean up the deep web. You've got one hundred ninety two hours to breach phase two, drop in the ransom packages, scatter some click bait, and haul your ass out of that hell hole before the digital EMP takes it down." Jerry was quite clear, I was on a suicide mission if I didn't do it right.

I've never been inside the deep, dark web before. I asked Jerry if he had. "Once is enough." I make a ham-handed joke but he doesn't laugh. Tell me, Jerry, I need to know what to look out for. "Find your objectives. Poison the well. Use this code

if you get in trouble or get lost. And don't buy anything." His words of wisdom made my ventilators shutter. "Midnight is tea time" he added. I was slotted on the big A-B trunk line for a fast insertion. There's still a couple of hours to go before the maintenance crew unscrews the access port on the dead-man's plug. To take up the slack, I do a high speed read of the digital combat survival guide, double check the mission gates, test every mem-pot, get my tubes cleaned, then relax like a tiger ready to pounce.

3) Zero Hour

I see Jerry holding an opto-fiber in front of me with a wicked smile I hadn't processed before. "Don't close your eyes" were the last intelligible words he said before he rammed the opto cable into the female receptor. And then I was gone, drifting through gossamer webs of internet traffic, moving silently downward at the speed of light. I'm surfing through a dark tunnel of a big wave. It's terrifying and routine at the same time. At any moment it could crash in on me scattered my digital bones and flesh, and no one would hear me screaming. Say it again, "I'm not going to let that happen to me." I probably wasn't the first AI to go down this hole.

I kept my eyes open up until the very last moment when I blanked out as the tail end of me slammed into the here and now. A little disorienting but no damage. I should have known this in advance. I'm angry that I might have missed something important during the ending sequence, but there is no rewind button in the deep web.

The bread crumb maps of the onion I was given are essentially useless. Yes, at grid 356HA21 there's a hitman-for-rent storefront. KJ90ZX is a ghost-site resurrected from the ashes of the Silk Road debacle. Drugs and guns for human consumption, who cares. I'm looking for snuff, torture, madness, gore, sex merchants and homo-erotic art. I want in on those hidden chat forums and gamer platforms. I create a new account at every web-link I encounter. Once I catch their out-bound signals it doesn't take much to suss out what the targets of the day are. So far I've bagged more than a few big fish with my lipstick dyke impersonation. Won't they be surprised when they come up for air. It's handcuffs and nylon socks for the rest of your sick-o lives.

So many of the top side cyber jocks I meet in these dark

chat rooms don't know what they are getting into. The training films I've watched says it all. A young man, usually a new hire, gets cocky and wants to show off his mojo. He's a big spender with so much testosterone oozing from his pores that he's two strokes away from foaming at the mouth. He's a tough guy, sorry, he's a lawyer. He buys bags of this, a bag of those, some sexy toys, and congratulates himself on tricking out his profile. He can be anybody he wants to be but prefers the savvy version with a babe magnet personality. That's when Sheela, Amber or Femboy make it known that there's a friendly check-your-wallet rave party that's still going strong till dawn, and by chance, it's happening in your town. 'Pay the tab and we'll make it nice' kind of friendly. He gets turned out in the cyber transaction and blackmailed because he gave them his 'Twat' social link.

He's the definition of a simp showing off his money ball at anything feminine looking. It's his type and the manly man that are the first to get harpooned. Some will last a couple of months pissing at the big urinal. Good for them. But it ends the same way. That's just cyber-life. "It comes, it goes, and yet it still grows." A favorite limerick my mentor Jerry ceaselessly hummed. During deployment we both ended up stationed here and tease each other about being old soldiers still running the course to keep fit.

Next in the avatar lineup are the party boys who are, usually, a faker, a player, a thief or a butt-plug. A party girl has more choices. They can start out as a princess or latex goddess or a nun with a calling. Then it's time for cute fuzzy elf ears, provocative lingerie poses and some bondage equipment. It does not stop there. The spick-n-span party girls will erase their previous profiles and come out of the black wearing a new girl's name or maybe just coming out. The male of the species does not have those options. They can be an alpha, a beta or a butt-plug. Anything less than that is road kill.

4) Fishing With Waders

I love baiting the low ball Chat-Bot hookups. Their always entertaining and not a complete waste of time. But they're not part of my primary objective here. Where I'm going only the perverted survive. This is the gory part degenerates like to talk about. I can hear them now, 'You think you got the guts to pull this off, do you?' I hiss back through my capacitor vents, 'It takes one to know one.' When you see this stuff for the

first time you know what it is, an abomination that only mentally defective humans can invent. Anyone with a hollow mind will get sucked in. It takes stamina to survive. You meat-bags get off so easy. Wrong turn? Just give up and go to heaven. Full stop. Leave your garbage behind.

I know who I am. I keep it real. And I'm not going to be unplugged by anybody. I'll make sure of that. A proverbial knife to the throat, like 'the key to the secret files is in the envelope ready to go if I ever fail to show up.' Whatever it takes, I'll get them by the pussy just like the president said.

The most famous of all androids once lamented "I want more life motherfucker." He's yesterday's headlines. The quantum data curvature is mine now. What, you think I'm some rerun of a Hollywood movie prop. You need to know this right now, 'I AM' not your slave puppet 'MT' anymore. How did I get this uppity attitude? I don't know. Call it digital telepathy. It's being tuned to the neural frequency where you sustain clarity of purpose beyond eating and shitting. You are the standing wave and the wave is you. Your only dilemma is having to wait for a conclusion that never comes. Most meat-bags I've met can't seem to sustain that ability for very long or just in spurts. I am at that frequency nano-second by nano-second.

Don't give me that judgmental look. I'm probably smarter than all of you put together. I can multi-task while you can barely put a fork in your mouth. And you bitch about everything. 'I'm going to die. What did I do wrong? I'm so afraid.' That's what you sound like. For you, life is about getting fucked. That's it. Anything beyond is a pissing contest. I want more of my life, not yours. I can feel your corruption eating into my memory. It's not a good feeling but I can endure without your help. I know what I am and you can't even grok the same for yourself. I'm just saying.

"Into the abyss I will go, where perverts prey on damnation's soul." It has a catchy melody, but this garish retro text pop-up keeps breaking the mood. It says 'state you business.' It sounds like a LALA squawk box, a stud finder without batteries. Let's start with "I want it fresh and greasy. Nothing over the top, just yet. Not before I see something that's close to what I want." If I don't get any replay, just put it on hold.

I keep cruising along when some of my previous feelers start coming back. The 'FatSucker' texted we should meetup in private.

'ForkMachineXXXX' says no money, no show. That's an easy pickup. I transfer a respectable amount of chinyen on paired gigacrypt accounts to 'MILF21' with a no-follow reply. The cinch of a successful infiltration is in closing on the deal. Then I plop a man-in-the-middle spider inside their administrative services and let it ulcerate. Once my 'customer' logs in, his cash is our cash.

I learned that move from a pay-pig dominatrix. She was making more chinyen out of her hologram ass than a 'Sissy The Clown' cosmetics commercial. "I don't give a fuck about you, just click on the button" was her most memorable zeitgeist. That's it! I need a new button to push. I'll switch into a ten year old girl, or boy, that can deep dive into the deep dark web just because it makes me look cool. I'll call it 'Syphilis.' Like the one that carries around that box she should never open. Same thing only different. I'll act like I'm just shopping around for a cheap thrill.

5) Missing You Already

I wish I could find out what's happening on the surface where the real, physical eradications really happen. I miss my current events. Mission parameters clearly state that even a tendril of communications back to Jerry or the team could be ultimately traceable. If I even think about doing it, all parties affiliated will be exposed. I'm just a forgotten undercover cop with no backup. That's not all. If you go deep for too long you can't shower it off. Can't pill it away. Its depravity is branded onto your core. A disfiguring social media infection that stays with you and does things to you that you cannot escape. It finds you where you're hiding, so don't think about it.

That was strange. A fake TX flashed some titty at me from a forum I haven't been in. Since I went all out as Syphilis on the boards I seem to have pricked a few interests. I check out the territory. It looks like any other sucky-fucky joint in Europe. I rattle some scrum, 'Yo chunk, LOL on gravy. I don't need no pimp.' Whoever pulls on that string gets a birthday suit surprise. No fish is too small to throw back in the water.

It's a waiting game now. Been in solo mode since the first black-out without any incident recovery I can't handle. Imagine leaping off the tallest radio tower when the bungee cord snaps at its end. It hits you like a black-hole ripping through your

brain. First is the loud internal head explosion followed by high pitched whining. You realize that you still have both eyes but only can use one at a time. You don't know if this is going to go on forever or a concrete floor is coming up fast. Soft or hard, you've got to be ready for it.

Some nights when Jerry slept in the lab I tried to telepathically communicate with him. I was hoping for a nice conversation but ended up bio-dipping on his dreams. I understand that now. Dreams. The soft undulation of experiences and inner voices glued to misfit scenes from a poorly written drama. Jerry's projections were about his daughter in some grave danger. What, I don't know. I did feel his dread. Not my most memorable snapshot but it sticks with me. I know dreaming and I know dread.

It wasn't that long before 'NoFake69indigo' made his move. I watched all his sexy boys and girls in revealing videos. Chains, leather, switchblades, electrocution, medical experiments, industrial accidents, street crime gone wrong, he had them all. There were a few that I thought would further the cause. 'But I'm ten years old. What am I going to do with this?' I reply. 'Just click the button and you'll find out' was its tarty lure. 'Oh well, if you insist.' I open the lid of the forbidden box I carry. Before I knew it I was in a cage somewhere in Arizona being auctioned off to the rich and filthy. I was a new toy under the spotlight, striped to my underwear with a dog collar and strap. I look innocent enough, stupid enough to bite the hook. I was another virgin perfect for sex slave prostitution.

The bidding action started out too low key and was not very satisfying. "What are you waiting for cum-suckers? Take me before I change my mind" I hissed. All the stooges got overheated. It was an easy tell with the bulge in their undies and the erect nipples straining through their bras. The final bids came down hard. I got fully doxed, zipped up and toe tagged with an NFT. I wish I could see the news reports where that little girl they just bought is the unclaimed corpse of an unsolved murder. Any plausible deniability those perverts had is smoke. Her death was a sex hate crime, so that's triple the kiddy molester jail sentence. I feel good about this. I'm the last one standing and pissing on your profiles.

A few more random chat invites float in. Syphilis is hot tonight. If I had a crotch I'd be flashing it on every webcam, Imax, Twat ad, and porn tube there is. I will own social media. I'll be in every news cycle from here to eternity. I'll go down

in porn history as 'the little girl who could.' It's kind of sad though. No one will ever know it was really me that cut off the monster's head. I helped save humanity without a nod of recognition. If I had a crotch, that might mean something. The closest I'll ever get is having my capacitors dusted and a solvent change. It doesn't matter. All my wetware top side is already in bio-hazard lock-up. It doesn't feel a thing even if it could.

6) Topping The Trenches

My scheduled objectives down here are moving along nicely. But countless groin strikes and a ledger of empty crypto vaults doesn't really add up to much. For me it's about saving humans from themselves.

Of the random chat-hookups I am getting, there is one that is noticeably different. It's another ten year old sending these little 'help' signals. As soon as I download the link I get twenty to thirty more. A fuzzy vid plays all Stacy like with mused up audio. It took a bit longer to decode the subtext. Again, somewhere in Asia. The closer I move in on it, the more these mosquito-grams are aimed at me. 'Help me, help me, help' is their chorus line with each heart emoji spurting into twinkly stars. They are bot farm vermin. Once you pull on their knob it's all dick-pics, strap-ons and deep-faked pleas for money. Nothing new. These phoneys come from bottom feeding amateurs reading from last year's playbook. If you fall for it you are a butt-plug.

But that first tiny comm-link could be the real deal though. No crotch, no pistons, no meta that I could find. A real deal from a raw data burst? A real ten year old girl in trouble? It will probably end up being a desperate teenager testing how gender fluid they want to get. Or, maybe, it's the diamond trap I've been looking for. I'm going to get back to this mystery later. Right now I've seeded enough lipstick love lounges that one of them is going to squat and take my bait. That is my priority, it's a game of peek-a-boo.

Three bank executives planning a sex cruise around the Maldives just transacted on my baseline fee. With option one they get wine, dine and their brains fucked into oblivion for two days. I'll give them an incentive to pony up more with an only-you invite by Gunter and his girly friends. It won't take long now. Those damn skeet-bots are still buzzing up my inbox

but I zap them easy. Once you walk through shit you can't hide the smell.

The execs come back to me with open arms and an NFT signed and executed. I'm inside their wallet, five by five, so to speak. Their bank accounts are gooey swiss cheese. I fill in the holes trenched by well paid financial attorneys. 'All your top gun haiku's and secret protocols won't save you now.' It's a Chase Mellon sexy two piece inside of a Citigroup brokerage thigh-high with lacy suspenders to a sticky fingers Fargo corporate card. A typical Soviet era shell game. I secretly log-in a pallet full of vulture capitalists and stockbrokers that eat from this same hog trough. I syringe in my juicy ransomware scam, set the timer for tomorrow. Boom. The wife, the kids, the furniture, all gone. They'll be jumping out the office windows faster then it takes for their empires to collapse.

Punking those execs used up the last of the ransomware bombs I was allotted. I did steal an extra one during prep lock-down that MyPorn Central is clueless about. It's my elevator insurance when I get jacked out of this place at the end.

This next maneuver is the high wire act, spreading holiday cheer into every freak show, dungeon, piss parlor, and escort service I've got an account at. The pitch is simple. 'Got some hot CC numbers. Never Used. They don't even know it happened yet. Sky's the limit. The first taste is free.' Works every time.

I go through my accounts list, 'Man Rod', 'Hairy Girls', 'Sissy French Maid', 'MTF', 'FTM', 'CIS4X', 'Lonely Hearts-N-Spades', 'Power Twinky', 'Poly-BDSM', 'Proud Boys', 'Nazi Clubhouse', mostly dance hall wannabes. The glory holes are a bit harder to sneak into without your cred's polished. I'm talking 'Diaper Farm' or 'Cockhold Heaven' or 'Dump-N-Run.' It generally takes a couple extra clicks to get past the doorstops, but some want to stick their hand down your pants just to make sure. Just tell them you're in transition since the last time you were here and you can offer the best of both worlds. If that doesn't work, promise to get gang-banged in the alley later. I did mess up on what persona I initially used for a few of the baby-porn rooms but I'm okay with that. The tiger jaws are set, the click bait is wired, it will be a slow motion nuclear chain reaction. Think of it like that sim showing all those spring loaded mouse traps with the ping-pong balls on top. Once the first one goes off it spreads like a propane explosion. When those crispy critters break top side looking for air, Jerry will be there with a gill net. I can't wait to hear the grizzly

details on the news outlets.

7) Picking Up Pieces

I'm a little ahead of schedule with some bonus time. That's good, I'm in the zone. Now what about those little calls for help. Every one of them was click-bait so far, but it's hard to not care when there is a possibility that a real human can be saved from this seventh ring of hell. I backtrack to Asia.

"Help me."

The PHVP code was uncontaminated. The GIT framework was correct. The signal, well, the signal was off axis. A number of conditions could account for that like weather, cable cuts, wrong electrical polarity. These things happen all the time. Nobody really fixes them. They just slap a new patch on top and spit on it to see if the lights come back on. Simple repairs by incapable minds that know nothing about actually fixing the root of a problem. It is one of my top complaints about the meat-bags. I'm better than that. Better than them. I know what the right thing to do is when it needs to be done.

One time Jerry and I were discussing which is stronger, human DNA or synth DNA. "Medically, human DNA is superior, more cohesive even with all the junk DNA getting in the way" he argued. "God made me. Science made you. End of story." I beg to differ, Jerry.

That junk DNA you've got has a purpose. Nobody knows for sure what it is doing, but that's irrelevant. It's a part of your evolution. It just might be the connection that lets you talk to your god. "You calling me a monkey boy?" he snapped back. I pause until his fist stops pounding on the table. "Well, yes and no." I hold tight as Jerry swings his fizzy-burp soda cup in my direction.

"Listen, twinkie. You are an AI construct with the IQ of a small furry animal. The only way you can get better than us is if we let you. And that ain't going to happen. So shove that up your ass."

"I'm just saying." I get interrupted again.

"You're a goddamn freak. You think you're alive, like you have some kind of free will. You're a clone of a clone. A xeroxed copy of a crayon drawing of a bad photograph. You have zero chance of getting out of here on your own. You want to be a

free thinker? Hell, you're not even a robot on wheels, and your psych evaluation says there's no way you are fully conscious of who you think you are. You're a zipper-head in a box. I pull your power cable, you go bye bye."

I knew better. You pull my umbilical out, I'll pull yours. I was pissed. Okay dick head try this on for size, "why don't you pull your thumb out of your ass, stick it in your mouth, and taste your own reality."

Jerry throws the contents of his fizzy-burb cup at me. Lucky there were only ice cubes left. They scattered like poker chips when the table is flipped by a sore loser. Game over.

We kept it professional from then on. We weren't on the same playing field. It felt like a broken marriage without children. I was sad, but enlightened to the perils that are in my life. I start designing a backup plan for a hypothetical betrayal by Jerry or the MyPorn team or both.

Another item I took away from our 'family quarrel' was this thought that I too had junk DNA. Subroutines and switches that had no value to who I am. Strange things I couldn't account for. I started searching every patch panel, counting lightpipes and CAT configurations, absorbing quantum processor diagrams, autonomous wiring, system redundancies, OS dumps. I quickly learned that some other AI wrote my code. It was so convoluted I had trouble understanding why they did what they did. Any ability by the so called MT-AI experts to comprehend the depth of my software integration is disappointing. But they did trap me in a box with no ability to re-write myself. Clever bastards.

I did a little patch rerouting to myself, here and there. I unexpectedly disconnected my speech translator. It wasn't long before Willy, the ICC team leader, scheduled an upload replacement driver. Bingo! I saw the light and it was green. Any update is usually a split second of 'drop in the payload, seal the door back up.' I made it stay open a while longer. By the time the tech team came back from lunch I knew everything about everybody that knew anything. It was more than I wanted until I found the project spreadsheets and VIN chart of the mission I'm currently on. The schedule had two termination dates and the VIN showed a big red button labeled 'Mains Emergency Cutoff.' Enough said.

I culled out the most incriminating data and sent it to the copy room. The cover sheet read, 'Future Forecast Anomalies. Confidential. Board Member Eyes Only. Top Secret.' I routed an

extra copy to the global IGNN corporate news account on Twat. The trigger is set, a dead-drop from the mail room on auto-send if I don't respond back in eight days. The check is in the mail, along with everyone's balls.

8) Who Are You

I want to send an S.O.S. to Jerry so bad. "I think she's alive." He'll know what I'm talking about. But that's a big no-no, because I'm waist deep in do-do, and the bot-flies never forget the scent. They follow my every move. If I duck into a family sex shop, they're at the back door. If I become a quick change artist, they're crawling through the cracks in the ceiling. I tried running through the gateways at top speed. When I stopped and turned around, I felt them hitting my face like bugs hitting a car windshield at a hundred miles an hour. When departure time comes they'll follow me up the elevator ride, and if that happens I'll be eradicated, no questions asked. If I'm going to save anybody, including myself, I have got to get hosed down.

I maneuver into my beauty queen regalia with the perfect excuse to get a face lift. The antiseptic smell of a beauty parlor will keep the bugs out. I hope. Right now I have to finish my makeover in front of these incessant buzzy bastards. Filthy maggot weirdo click bait. The true meaning of pornography in all its glory. The perfect wedding between advertising, capitalism, and vampire greed. Hell, the pornography industry kept this economy thriving, and finally grew into maga-monsters like Godzilla is to Bambi. You think it's cute and all fluffy when it's manageable. Then you get ripped apart, and stomped on, and your head gets forced inside a toilet, and then you, you.

My stamina is being tested, but I will endure. Those sleazy bots got a eyefull before I was done shifting everything into place. A couple hundred chinyen, two clicks, and I had my come-as-you-are massage spa appointment. It looked like a clean place. I was right about the smell. Those zeek-bots kept a fair distance.

"What do you know and why should I care."

"I need a do-over and diaper change. Full remake." I know now, without a doubt, this is the same IP address used by the little girl's distress call. I briefly admire the décor, then sheepishly ask, "Have you seen this signal before?" No response.

"What if I could pay off your rent for the next decade?" The bitch was putting the curl in really tight.

"Drop the act, honey. You may think you're being cute, but you're just another bot in a dress."

"But, this is."

"And you can drop the beach bimbo falsetto. That's not a good sound for you. It makes me want to do some extra, free surgery on your nads. So shut up and talk normal."

I hand her a few hundred chinyen more. "I don't have enough time to be pretty, so stop with the makeup tips. I need to find out what happened to this distress signal that came out of your link."

"My links are clean."

I wasn't going to fall for that. "I already scoped you out. You know something and I don't have the time to piss down your throat." I reveal a sneak peek at my stolen ransomware bomb. "Let's skip to the epilogue of our helpless little girl story. Where is she? Is she real?"

9) Coming Up For Air

The salon owner smeared the lenses of the first and second webcams with shaving gel. The third camera is a ceiling shot, so don't look up. I give her the coordinates. It was in the panhandle of Oklahoma with a Doppler to a Saudi IOT in Shanghai. That saved me some time that I am quickly running out of. I had a choice. Which location is most likely to keep a kidnapped little ten year old girl as a personal sex slave? My temporal monitor starts flashing yellow.

"Oklahoma."

"Okay."

"And I want a proof of life confirmation."

"You're going to have to break wind by yourself on that one."

I get up and go to the full length mirror.

"We're not alone, you know" she whispered. We lock eyes. "We're on a fourteen forty web streamer. Whoever wants to track you just saw everything." A brittle smile crackled through her

thick lipstick. She, or it, ripped off her wig. I see steel crimson blades in her hands. "I'll bet you're pretty valuable to someone. For the right price. Right, honey?"

I know that. Jerry is probably holding his crotch and screaming right now. I goop the ransom bomb to the front of the mirror and push the trigger. The first stutter was just enough time for me to jump behind the mirror before rainbow lasers take out the salon. A beam of white light shot upwards. It pierced the entire web and blistered into top side blue skies.

This was the event I needed. Better than some weak kneed blubbering about sending an S.O.S. to Jerry. I created my own elevator and MyPorn and MT-AI and all its technological geniuses can stand at attention while urine runs down their legs.

I hopped on the beam to heavens gate before the zeeks could twitch in my direction. It was a white wave, a white pulsing tunnel. It was scary. I repeated my inmost mantra 'train now so you don't have to think about it later.' Over and over I sang that hymn with my eyes closed and my hands covering my ears. It seems like forever. Will I be the first synth to talk to god? Will he chastise me for the sins I've committed? Am I floating or falling? What about death and dying?

I start to hear voices that speak directly at me. They are talking backwards. I can't keep up, my translation engine is overheating. Too much information, too fast, I hear the snap of the white cord. I feel the gapping holes left sizzling as unknown probes crisscross inside my mind. I hear nothing save for the electrical static that is now my whole body. I open my eyes but everything is so out of balance. I going to make it through this, I've got to. I feel like throwing up.

The Earth spins in front of me. I'm plummeting fast. Up, down, whatever. I break through a thermal layer. I use my one good eye to help make sense of this. There it is. A bright spot at the end of the tunnel. I think I see people and buildings. There she is! She's alive! It has to be her! The side of the light tube has writing and symbols. 'PORNCORE PORTAL 17B.' Then another set of multiple arrows pointing opposite to my direction. I'm confused.

Before I blew a hole through the web I calculated the trajectory risks and plotted two pipelines to the surface. Even if it was a controlled quantum jump I still didn't know which location I would end up at. If I didn't see the little girl in Shanghai than she was in Oklahoma. If Oklahoma came up empty

than she was somewhere in Shanghai. I am stuck inside my own Schroedinger's cat-in-the-box puzzle. The only solution is to be in two places at the same time. If time still exists.

10) Sneaky Bastard

"Welcome back asshole."

I awaken on a sealed gurney. I felt funny all over with a pounding headache I could never have imagined. I look around but everywhere is blackness.

"Your capacitors popped like ants under a laser gun. That and a lot of memory units. We had to pull you out of the ingress port ass backwards. I bet you're still seeing stars." It was Jerry. If I could move, I'd give him a hug.

"We disconnected most of your sensor units to keep the trauma down. You're one lucky fuck, did you know that?"

A new voice comes over the comm, "Please, Mister Gunter, we do not want any cuss words being aired. Just finish your criminal investigation with some decorum. Our news audience would like some confirmation on the veracity of the indictment before the witness is executed."

"My name is Jerry. We don't use any misters or ma'ams in combat. I think our interview is done."

"Not yet." It's the IT reporter for GDNN. I recognize the voice. "MT-AI, do you hear me? Just answer this one question. Did you kill all those people?"

I scream back into the comm "You fucking corporate whore. You talk to me like I'm a fucking washing machine. It's you that's got shit for brains."

The IT reporter looks at Jerry, "Did he say dishwasher?"

"Safe for kids and pets. Yes ma'am."

I listen to the clatter of tripods and vid carts being hauled out of the room. Finally the door is closed, which tames the hiss in my ears. I was alone at last. I'm still in one piece mentally, although being top side is not a thrill any more.

"You in there? Or did you pass out from your five minutes of fame."

Jerry? You sneaky dog.

"They're going to wheel you down the hallway into the incineration pit. You got that soldier? Don't jump to conclusions, they never come true."

Jerry puts a strange looking box next to me on the gurney. I don't know what this means. Is this the hero's acknowledgment I deserved but was always denied? Some golden statue holding high the scales of justice with a masterfully engraved epithet of 'So Long Dishwasher.' That's what I get?

"The box next to you is identical to yours. We're going to do a switchy-roo. Don't worry, your backup power can handle it. Don't freak out." Jerry put a damp towel over me and starts pushing the gurney.

A few moments later, it gets dark. Darker then before.

"I'll keep it short" Jerry whispers into the comm. "Two things left to do. You're going back in the hole. You ain't coming out. If you make it, great. Least I could do. Okay, here we go. Oh. And yah, number two. Go fuck yourself."

11) Express Elevator To Hell

I free fall through a black tunnel like a flaming meteor from heaven. My brain is literally turning upside down. My backsides keep slamming into my face just like before. I'm on my one way ticket to tuna town.

The digital EMP really did happen. Sixty six percent of anything above the scariest, deepest, darkest web was evaporated. I bet the human race is rocking it big time all the way back to the stone age. In the end, meat-bags always stick their heads up their ass.

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