

In the bonding booth I'm psyching for some hard downtime with a free radical. My pathways are open. My receptors are buzzing. I check my parameters.

THRESHOLD - high

LEVEL - deep

METHOD - obscure

I access the alias Mistress Beg, a High AI, try her on for size. Just about right for me. A macho bitch packing a GigaByte of dense sensedata. Hardcore fucksim.

The Mistress is a hot icon, a multi-user domain who has diced many Zone tourists. She requires a particular dedication and perseverance. Not an easy plug.

A modulated voice bit requests my decision.

"Are you sure?" I'm sure.

While she's loading I construct an appropriate bio/psychsystem for the session. I image a muscular hybrid, a cold warm, wet dry invertebrate. I apply the filters smartskin and erotomania. I put on a psychotic palette. I lock into the morph. My last manifestation folds in on itself in places and extrudes in others. My skin takes on a supple wetness, and I move with an elegant undulating smoothness. I am saturated in shimmering hues.

My Mistress enters my sensory orbit. She does not disappoint me. She prowls, complimenting me on my brilliant genetic mutation in malevolent modulated tones, scanning my erogenous receptors and tolerance levels. I am secreting in terrified anticipation. She lets me glimpse her spacious imagination, samples of hardcore strobing across my image receptors at epileptic speed. She decodes my perversities in nanoseconds, choreographs a dangerous pleasure, remaps my pathways for optimum sensate immersion.

She licks me, letting me feel the virulence of her tongue. With it she plucks and swallows whole a delicate fibrous tentacle, and I feel it's journey down her slick passages. She wraps the horrible palpating organ around my entire form, tasting the salty, sweet acidity of my secretions. The tongue retracts, slowly sucking on me, drawing me through the small opening of her oral cavity. The

constriction is unbearable. Millenia later I am accommodated in an oral cavity which amplifies the workings of her secret cybernetic body. A million memories shimmer across my surface, secrets from her core, encoded in the organic saliva which is digesting me slowly. I feel a diffuse pleasure take hold with the ecstatic release from the thick, slow weight of form. As I leak through the permeable membranes of her digestive tract, my only desire is to nourish my host. She transforms me into pure code/pure speed. We move through this post-real world together at the speed of thought.