

ALL NEW GEN

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The Contested Zone : Scenario 1

A long wintered night in the Contested Zone.

Her biological membrane shivered as she multiplied through a posse of Virtual Activists, protesting the latest scam by some Euro Data Deviants.

She was late.

She was always late.

If she survived to be a Cortex Crone she'd still have trouble shifting from dormant to active modes.

She sensed some quivering data nearby and scanned a tribe of DNA sluts, her sisters in slime. A rapid alpha exchange and she was back on the look out for Circuit Boy, a fetishized replicant of the perfect HuMan HeMan, a dangerous technobimbo.

She self-replicated towards the banks of the Heavy Medal Boys - the Mbs. Minders of her arch enemy, Big Daddy Mainframe.

Her aim: to corrupt Big Daddy's data.

His mainframe.

His Hard On.

Oh, suck me off.

Get rendered.

Get real.

Get fucked.

The Contested Zone was pulsing out its hype spots - *There's no place like Zone . . .
Zone is where the data is . . .*

She was angry. She'd spent too long looking for that squirt Circuit Boy. It was rumoured that he'd been hanging with his Zoneboys - the Gene Pool Chameleons, a motley crue of genetic cretins. Suddenly she sensed his all too familiar architecture in the Zone. She challenged the datascape:

Circuit Boy.

I know you're here. I can sense you.

Let's strip you of your defenses.

Show me your algorithms now.

Circuit Boy. Come here.

Come here and let me buttfuck your cute little chrome-plated ass, honey.

I want you.

Circuit Boy.

I'm waiting.