

The Cynthia Pryce Hack

A brainchild story

By Isaac Byrne

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There was a time when I hated waking up in the morning. Get up, put on uncomfortable clothes. Go to an office that's always either too hot or too cold. Eat lunch surrounded by fellow drones, each more defeated than the last – except the ones who aren't, who are miles worse. Watch the clock until it's time to punch out, fight traffic to get home. Feed my ungrateful cat, watch some HoloV that's more insipid by the year. Choke down some frozen food and wash it down with cold beer – the first and final happy moment of my day. Then it's back to bed, all to wake up again tomorrow.

Then some clever bastard invented the interbellum, and now? Now I can't wait to get out of bed. See, I'm a brainchild.

I suppose I ought to explain – after all, a lot of people actually don't know people like me exist. They're happier being ignorant, no doubt. After all, the interbellum – IB, as it's more commonly known – initially flourished with the promise that it was tamper-proof, strictly one way, under the sole control of the person whose brain it's attached to. It was the only way. After all, who would surgically implant a microcomputer in their skull if they thought somebody could hack their cortex? They just wanted to sit back and browse neuroporn, install a tweak or two with personality augments, and download the obvious mental health software upgrades.

It was only a matter of time until somebody found a way to crack those first editions. I made an effort myself, at least enough to see where the cracks in the system were. Since the IBs are driven by neural and not computer activity, it didn't do much good just to hack the CPU. You might be able to piss somebody off by breaking their toy, but since none of the data was actually stored in the IB itself, it was otherwise useless. There was no way to get anything interesting until someone was able to record and transmit brain wave.

Unsurprisingly, now that a real incentive existed... someone did. Nobody's sure who (unless you buy the official story about that poor biotech “terrorist” who “confessed” under “enhanced interrogation” bullshit). But whoever managed it changed the world. It started a wave of hackers who began introducing brain wave patterns directly into the IB – what my fellow brainchildren and I call wavelinks. They were just more data to be transmitted as far as the IB was concerned, but the poor defenseless brains couldn't distinguish between their own waves and these new false ones stimulated by the IB.

It got ugly for a while there – the kinds of things you'd think would happen when some guy with access to the right files can put virtually any thought into virtually anybody's head. Some people in my line of work were at the forefront of it, the worst of the worst. I've actually met the guy who wrote the infamous NOode\$t wavelink (which, if you've been living underground, does exactly what you'd think it does).

Right quick, recognizing the existential threat the wavelinks represented, world governments did what they do when there's a problem they can't handle – throw money

at anyone offering to help. Sure enough, somebody found a work-around. I say “work-around” and not “solution” because the Authentication upgrade doesn’t actually stop people from uploading wavelinks. What it does do, however, is run brain activity past a list of recognized malicious wavelinks and disable anything it’s not sure is legit.

For example, say some brainchild’s face-rec augment spots some real money across the restaurant from them. Our guy blasts the poor tycoon with a wavelink that includes thoughts and behaviors to hand over access to their bank accounts. Before Authentication, he’d have been in for a bumpy ride through his bank’s reclamation department. After Authentication, the IB recognizes the thought as flagged and shuts it down.

If that sounds like a solution, let me explain why it’s not.

Another example: A pretty girl is out on a date with her new boyfriend. She’s super into him, and thinks tonight may just be the night. Then when he gets up to use the head, some other creep hits her with a wavelink to get her to hide under his table cloth and suck his cock. Her Authentication kicks in, says no way Jose, and she’s a free woman. Only then, her special fella comes back. Wild child that she is, she’s considered what a lark it’d be to crawl down under the table to give him a thrill. Her own idea, no tampering – kinky girl. Only Authentication doesn’t know the difference, so it squelches that brain wave pattern, too, and her new beau goes home hard and dry.

It’s still pretty new tech, and it’s evolving. The basics are covered, and it’s actually gotten pretty rare to hear of an IB being hacked for sex, money, revenge, etc. (People still like to blame their IB for bad judgment, though – interbellum corporations have liability insurance like you wouldn’t believe.) Of course, like any protection developed, predators up their game in turn. These days, most wavelink hacks target individuals directly rather than the old broad strokes approach. A wavelink that tells someone to transfer their savings to your credstrip is doomed to fail, but you might write one that tells a veteran of the Venezuelan War that you’re an old army buddy who just needs some money to clone a new kidney – then watch how fast that account opens to you.

It’s nice to see ingenuity being rewarded.

More and more these days, people are retrograding to pre-IB living. I can see how one could be paranoid, even if to the average person there’s minimal risk. (It can cost hundreds of thousands of credits to develop a single wavelink hack; it’s not really worth it to fleece Dave Higgins of Rock Springs, Wyoming out of his decade-old pickup hovertruck.) But for the rich, the famous, or the just plain paranoid, they’re willing to shell out top dollar to Authentication research companies like mine to keep their minds impregnable.

That’s where I come in.

The term “brainchild” was popularized by the media when IB hacking first started to describe anybody who was working with wavelinks. At the time, they were criminals,

lowlifes who used their fellow man as toys for their gain and amusement. Fast forward a few years, and I'm now a highly paid operative of one of the biggest IB tech companies in the world. See, I'm the guy who finds the gaps in your brain's defenses, keeping you good and safe. As safe as it can be, at least.

How do I do it? Well like they say, it's always better to show than tell.

[/IB-streamfeeding.cynthiapryce.ibs]
[t2trender=1]
[narrationenabled=1]
[tds: 14:24:58.08:19:2054]
[/play]

“Yeah, and just so you know, my daddy is Emrys Pryce. As in Pryce clothing outlets? Yeah. My family owns this chain, and when he hears about how long you made me wait and how filthy that dressing room was, you’re going to be out of a job, Little Miss Teri-with-an-i. So, enjoy your final hours here.”

I gave her a parting sneer and stormed out of the store, my family name emblazoned in blue-white holo above the door. I felt a little bad for Teri. She was a nobody, for one, and so merited pity by default. Worse, it wasn’t really her fault. I’d actually seen her entering the store just ahead of me, so she wasn’t actually responsible for the mess. (Which had really just been some tags and hangers lying around.) And the wait was just because the bitch in front of me had bought almost as much as I had.

Still. I was Cynthia fucking Pryce. If there was one thing I hated, it was not being recognized at my own family’s stores. After Teri got the hatchet, the rest of them would learn. Or if they didn’t, well, Teri could let them cut in the bread line.

I should note that I didn’t target Cynthia for my hack because she was such an unbelievable bitch. I just find the mall is a good place to scan for people who match the profile I’m looking for, and she happened to be the first one who did. It definitely gave me a little smile after, given what went down.

A full morning of shopping had worn me out, especially having to lug around my parcels myself given Daddy’s stupid prohibition of using our androids in public, what with the AI-rights controversy. (I didn’t personally give two figs if my android could think of its status as chattel slavery; it was all 1’s and 0’s to me, and I didn’t feel any worse for it than I did for my autoaster.) So I treated myself to a single origin red eye caffè latte au lait (with a naughty little spritzing of pumpkin spice just pre-season) and settled into one of those hideous faux leather couches in the thoroughfares.

I queued my book in my IB, sipping my coffee and trying not to attract attention. It wasn’t easy. I tried to project an air of elegance, patterning after one of my heroes, the classic beauty Ivanka Trump. One for the ages, she was. Mother had splurged on some top-shelf gene sequencing for me, and it showed. (And not in the way it “showed” in my cousin. Bucktooth Billy is the nickname he picked up at school, and trust me, it’s nicer than the one we use in the family.)

Right about here is where I spotted her. Our girl Cindy isn’t joking about her looks – I’d have given her a second glance even if my IB hadn’t recognized her as a Pryce. 5’10”, probably 130 lbs. soaking wet, with plenty of it in those spectacular tits

she was not quite failing to conceal. (EverRise brand DNA, if I don't miss my guess.) The kind of girl who'd look like a porn star if she wasn't flouting an outfit that probably cost more than some people's homes and a hairstyle to make sure you didn't miss that fact. And I am partial to blondes. Needless to say, I started my wavelink string post haste.

Sure enough, I didn't make it halfway through my chapter before some pleb tried to sit down next to me. I made short work of him, but I didn't make it to chapter's end before his dude-bro lackey came over to try to give me the third degree for the way I supposedly mistreated his friend. It was funny – I'd been just about to hold up a finger for the old, "hold on, somebody's calling via my IB" routine, followed by a prolonged silent phone conversation that (thanks to my sunglasses) he'd have no way of guessing when I was done. Only right then, someone *actually* called.

The excuse was no fun if it was legitimate. Ah, well.

Sadder still, my IB identified the call as Daddy. It was a little weird, since I had him saved under the name as Emrys Pryce, but this stupid IB is always trying to find smarter ways to identify my contacts. I held up a finger to the dude-bro as my IB transmitted the call, the MindLink software automatically translating the incoming thoughts into my father's voice, audible only in my own mind, and no doubt doing the same for him with my replies.

"Hi, Daddy." (No wonder the IB updated his contact info.)

"Good afternoon, Cynthia." (Uh, oh. I was never Cynthia unless he was cross with me.) "I don't have a lot of time, but I wanted to touch base with you about your little project. We've decided to scrap it. It's just not working out."

"What?! But Devotion hasn't even hit shelves yet – Daddy, you promised! You can't!" I rose to my feet in outrage, brushing aside the still-nagging peasant as I stormed across the thoroughfare. He followed, but if I was disregarding him before, I was flat-out oblivious to him now. Devotion was my signature scent – I'd even gotten Daddy to let me star in the commercials! All of that work, all that potential publicity, squandered! What about my brand!

"Don't take that tone with me," he said mildly. "The decision has been made, and it's final. Understand?"

"It's not fair!" I said aloud, stamping my foot in frustration. My voice went from my mouth to my ear to my brain to my IB and right out to Daddy. Impressive tech, even though it would hurt the sound quality a bit.

"Not fair? Bitch, after what you just said to my friend..." the guy rambled on.

"Are you alone, dear? I thought I heard a man's voice."

I resumed internal speech, rolling my eyes at the dude-bro's whiny boyfriend and shouldering past him again as I resumed pacing. "It was just some nobody, Daddy. I'm not 'with' anyone."

“Good. You have terrible taste in men. I’ve been thinking I might need to start vetting your potential suitors.”

“Again?! First you take away my dream, and now you want to lock me up like Rapunzel in her tower!”

I couldn’t help but laugh there. My wavelink – what she thought was her father but was actually just a simple AI my IB was broadcasting to her – was only set to look for segues to her love life and try to assert control over it. A simple Turing2 conversation grade, but as was so often the case, it was proving to be enough. Amazing how often my guesses about what will work against a profile’s subconscious wind up being spot on. The AI was masterful at being vague, letting Cindy make her own assumptions to fill in the blanks.

It was about here I decided to start making my move in person.

“I only mean to say that you’re too impulsive, and it leads you to make bad decisions. I know what’s best for you, Cynthia. Plus, I have an image to maintain. Now tell me you understand, and that you won’t jump into bed with anyone without my approval.”

I was fuming, perfectly sculpted nostrils flaring. Still, I knew better than to come after Daddy directly, especially when I was angry. He’d just invalidate my concerns and tell me I was being too emotional. For now, just agree – then get back at him later. “I understand, Daddy,” I grumbled in my mind.

“Good. I’ve got to let you go now. Try not to do anything too wild or stupid, all right?”

“I–” But the connection went dead before I could even express my outrage.

“Think I’m wild and stupid, do you?” I grumbled to myself.

“No, I said you’re bein’ a bitch, now fuckin’ apologize to my friend,” the man insisted. I turned to look at this imbecile who was still trying to cajole an apology out of me. How had he not given up yet?

Before I could issue a scathing rejoinder the likes of which I’d dealt his idiot friend, a third man showed up. Thankfully, this one didn’t seem to be in league with the first two, as he interposed himself between us with his back to me. “The lady doesn’t seem to want to talk to you, friend, so why don’t you let it drop, all right?”

“You ain’t no friend of mine. And this bitch owes my buddy an apology.”

“She doesn’t owe you anything. Now back off. Last warning.”

“Warning? Who the fuck do you think–”

And with that, the newcomer clocked him straight across the face. The jerk went down in a heap, toppling backwards over the couches and onto the floor. His friend, the one who’d done such a poor job of hitting on me earlier, rushed over to check on him, but was plainly afraid to tangle with this fellow. Now that I gave him a once over, I could see why. He was young, fit and well-muscled, and exuded a confidence that would make

any man flinch. Honestly, he was rather handsome, albeit not in the more refined way I usually preferred. He looked like he'd be more at home in a bar than a board room.

Ordinarily I would never risk legal trouble by getting in a fight to secure a test subject – and Cynthia Pryce was no exception. Those two boys had cost me an even five hundred cash to let me play hero with them, and I'd apologized in advance for not pulling my punch. I'm no choreographer, so I had to make it look real.

"Are you all right, Miss?" he said, turning to me, shaking out the hand he'd used for that impressive punch.

"Fine, thank you. You really didn't need to intervene." I walked past the semi-conscious man bleeding through his nose on the floor and his friend, retrieving my packages so I could get away from them before their courage returned.

Only then my savior rushed over to assist me. "Here, let me give you a hand with those."

He didn't strike me as the thieving type, but still. "I assure you, I don't need—"

"No, I know – but a girl as pretty as you shouldn't have to do her own lifting."

Used to be I could take cheesy compliments like those and send a little arousal spike along with them to help move things along, but sadly some of my fellow brainchildren helped iron out that kink a long time ago. As wonderful as IB tech was, I did miss living in a world where some flattery might be all it took to seal the deal. Still, like the lady said, I take good care of myself, and even a princess like Cynthia Pryce isn't immune to a compliment from a handsome stranger. Not every tool in my arsenal is cybertrickery.

"Oh. Well thank you then. I'm Cynthia, by the way, Mr..."

"You can call Brendan." He smiled at me. Good teeth. Good breeding in general, it would seem.

"So are you on your way out, or did I just unwittingly volunteer myself to be your vassal for the day?" he quipped, sounding like he might not mind if he did. As someone who was flirted with all too frequently, I could concede he had some skill at it, but that didn't mean I was going to fall for it. I could tell just by the clothes he was wearing that he was well beneath my station.

"I don't know that I'm done shopping yet, but we can drop those at my car. Then I will officially release you from my service." He smiled at my riff on his vassal joke.

"Sounds good. Not that I'm in a rush or anything. My pa always told me never hurry an act of chivalry or you subvert the gesture. Or something like that. Always full of good advice, he was."

It made me think of my conversation with my own father.

Obviously. My wavelink kept on doing its work.

"We've decided to scrap Devotion," he'd said. The audacity! "I have an image to maintain. You have terrible taste in men. You're wild and stupid." His words echoed

around my brain like rolling thunder, making me angrier and angrier with him by the second.

My whole life he'd been controlling me! All so I could be his perfect, beautiful little trophy child, someone his lecherous friends could ogle, an extension of his ego by exalting the prowess of his sperm. And he thought *I* was the problem! How dare he!

"Sorry, did I touch on a nerve there? Didn't mean to, if I did," Brendan said.

"Quite all right," I said, though I was still fuming on the inside. I bet Daddy would hate that I was letting Brendan help me, that I was letting him flirt with me. Even if it wasn't going anywhere. It was all about appearances with him, and to him it would appear as if I were flirting with a commoner. Which I suppose I was, if barely. Daddy would be livid. And good! Serves him right.

I felt myself getting angrier and angrier. My stupid IB was even starting to get concerned about it – the protections were set to recognize uncharacteristic thoughts, like the one I was presently having about slapping Daddy across the face the next time I saw him. I had to actively disable each warning as it came up just to allow myself the solace of being that angry at him. The damn software couldn't tell the difference between my entertaining a fantasy in anger and my actually plotting to do it.

Brendan made light-hearted chit-chat with me – at me, really – as we made our way to the parking garage. I was listening only enough to be polite; most of my attention was still on that dreadful phone call. How could he just meddle in my life so thoughtlessly? How dare he try to control me so overtly! Wild, was I? Stupid?! He said it as if I were some wanton hussy! For just a moment, I even thought of throwing it in his face, let him see what it would be like if I really were any of those things!

Oh, Cindy. You just go right on huffily dismissing those warning messages. That's it, don't waste time slowing down enough to process the actual content of them. What's really the difference between Code 318 and Code 022, anyway? Dismiss, dismiss, dismiss. Nothing to worry about – rage on, Little Cindy. Rage on.

It's probably not nearly as amusing to most people, but every time I replay this feed, I have to slow down and read the IB code, pared down to the highlights here.

[/t2trender: anger elevation at entity=Daddy]

[/warning: Code 318: Uncharacteristic anger detected]

[/toggle warning318]

[warning=0]

[elevated anger=1]

[/dl: revenge at entity=Daddy]

[/dl: resist control of entity=Daddy]

[/dl: lose control]

[/dl: give up control]

[/warning: Code 022: External behavior suggestion detected]

[/toggle warning022]

[warning=0]

[warning=1]

[/displayvis: IT IS STRONGLY RECOMMENDED THAT YOU NOT DISREGARD THE FOLLOWING: WARNING CODE 040: EXTERNAL BEHAVIOR SUGGESTION DETECTED. PROCEED WITH CAUTION.]

[/toggle warning022]

[warning=0]

[give up control=1]

God they make it too easy sometimes. With her override given, I started loading the rest of my wavelink in her brain while I loaded her packages in her car.

“Hot damn, Cindy – that’s a hell of a ride.”

“Thank you. It was a birthday present.” I didn’t like being called Cindy by strangers – but I was beginning to think that maybe the hoverconvertible wasn’t the only thing in front of me that had just fallen into my lap.

“You have some mighty generous friends, seems like.”

“Family, actually. You see, I’m Cynthia Pryce. You know, like the stores?”

I could tell Brendan was appropriately impressed from his tone, and smiled to acknowledge it. “Oh wow, here I thought I was helping a damsel in distress – didn’t realize my damsel was a princess.”

*He shut the trunk. There, he was done. My mind was racing. He was done helping me, and I was just beginning to see another use for him. Oh yes, Daddy would *hate* this. But he couldn’t control me. I was wild and stupid – right, Daddy?*

“Would you like to take a ride in it?” I asked.

It is definitely not safe to let someone operate a motor vehicle while her IB is processing a wavelink at 220Mbps. Lucky for me, a model like this would come with an auto-driver.

“You don’t have to ask me twice,” he said, opening the driver’s side door for me, then hopping over the passenger door, the repulsors adjusting with a soft hum as his weight hit the seat. “Where we headed?”

I wasn’t sure myself. I was having an idea, but it was still half-formed, and I wasn’t sure if I was just thinking it or if I was planning it. “What, you don’t like surprises?”

*So off we went. He turned on the radio, which suited me just fine. I wasn’t in the mood for small talk. Was I really doing this? I wanted to, definitely. To lose control, to show Daddy he couldn’t tell me who I could and couldn’t be with. To hurt him by sleeping with this handsome nobody. Even if Daddy wouldn’t know, *I* would know, and that knowledge was delicious. Wild and stupid, he’d called me. The more I thought about it, the more I was sure that was what I wanted to be. I didn’t know Brendan from*

Adam, but he was attractive enough, and more importantly he was here and interested and Daddy would *hate* him.

I could do this. No, I *should* do this. I owed it to myself. Wild and stupid – that was me. Daddy’s little hell-raiser. He couldn’t control me. I was out of control. (Brendan helpfully flipped the auto-drive switch on, as apparently my lack of control was extending to my driving.) I was young, and hot, and liberated. The freedom was making me hornier than I could remember being, and that felt amazing too. It was like my whole body had decided to throw Daddy’s bullshit in his face.

The warnings were popping up so fast now I could barely concentrate. The IB was the ultimate cock-blocker; I knew from past experience that they wouldn’t give me a moment’s rest until I confirmed I was intending to have sex. Turning on the sex protocols told my IB to ignore a lot of otherwise aberrant thoughts and behaviors, and instead made it useful for making the most of the experience. Mine was pre-set to play my favorite slow jazz, and simulate the feel of a beach-size breeze in my hair.

I loved the idea of sex on the beach, even if I’d never been brazen enough to try it. Not any more, though. I was wild, as of half an hour ago.

This was it. It was happening. I sent a command to the auto-driver through my IB, routing the vehicle for my penthouse’s private hoverpad. I was out of control, and it felt amazing. Daddy couldn’t tell me what to do. In fact, the more I knew Daddy would disapprove of something, would be repulsed and humiliated by it, the more I wanted to do it. I didn’t even much care if it humiliated *me* – this was to hurt Daddy, not to satisfy me, and certainly not to satisfy Brendan.

Though satisfying Brendan *would* hurt Daddy, so...

By the time we landed at her place, the first wavelink was done – the hard part. By now Cindy was shredding her own defenses so hard that the rest would be criminally easy. Literally – or at least it would be, if my employer wasn’t replete with get-out-of-jail-free-cards for its valued assets. Plus I wasn’t going to let her learn my real name, and thanks to my employer, my DNA wasn’t stored in the FBI gene archives.

“This is where you live, eh?” he asked as we landed. “Nice view from up here.”

“Would you like to have sex with me?” I asked, unable to hold it in any longer. I wanted it so bad I almost *needed* it, and I’ve never felt like that.

I guess that, having already driven him back to my penthouse, he was already half-suspecting it; still, I didn’t like the smug grin he turned on me. “Depends on how nicely you ask, Cindy.”

“Look, don’t play games with me, or I’ll find someone else to take your place.” How’s that for asking nicely, you half-witted peasant?

“Hey, I’m sorry,” he said quickly. “I guess I should have known the heiress of the Pryce family would be all class and snootiness – apple of her father’s eye.”

I gasped – he was right! Me using this idiot for sex would upset Daddy, sure, but that would be nothing compared to how disgusted he'd be if I let *him* use *me*. Use me like a little hussy. Like his neighborhood bicycle, as I believe the expression went. To hell with dignity – I was going to be a slut!

A bold-faced warning boomed out from my IB – it knew full well I didn't even like the word "slut" (when applied to me, at least). I paused for a moment. Was I going too far?

At that hesitation, my AI did its job.

Daddy would definitely think I was, so I must be doing something right. This was stupid, all right. Wonderfully, erotically, stupid.

I was tired of all these warnings nagging at me. I'd told it I meant to have sex, and still it worried I was being victimized somehow. Glitchy piece of junk. It was getting in the way of my revenge. My fun. Could I just shut it off? After all, my penthouse was proof against tampering with the thing, so not like I was in any danger. A thin layer of aluminum built into the floors, walls and ceilings – even traces of it in the window glass – and no outside signals could get in, even on the off chance some so-called brainchild was lurking out there just waiting for my defenses to drop.

It was just me and my lucky little idiot. I sent a command to my IB.

DISABLE ALL SECURITY PROTOCOLS

Right there, in green and black. (I'm old-fashioned in my text settings.) At this point, I could've uploaded anything I liked. However, as so often happened, I got so carried away writing the introductory phases of this wavelink, I'd decided to finish it out in style and just let the final portion of code run its course.

When I came to, Brendan was standing over me, looking concerned. I was still in my penthouse – that was good. I asked my IB for the time, but it didn't respond for some reason. As I let Brendan pull me back up to my knees, I saw on the wall clock that hardly any time had passed.

"Wh... what happened?" I asked woozily.

"Not sure – you just fell down. Low blood sugar or something, maybe?"

I accepted his hand and let him help me back to my feet. "I don't know. Maybe."

"Well maybe you should do something about that. And hey, while you're at it, I'm feeling peckish – you stumbled across my path before I grabbed lunch. Why don't you fix me something to eat while I get comfy?"

"What? Who do you think you're talking to?"

"Oh come on, Cindy, think how your parents would disapprove of his princess, waiting hand and foot on some veritable stranger. Practically a member of the servant class."

Well that was an interesting idea. I didn't know how he knew how much I wanted to piss off my father, but I was grateful for the suggestion nonetheless. "How do you like your sandwiches?" I asked as I made for the kitchen.

Brendan flopped down on my crocodile leather couch. I hoped he had mud all over those shoes. I hoped he ruined it, so I could make Daddy buy me another one. "Prepared by a gorgeous babe in an apron."

It was such a crude way to speak to me, I shuddered in delight. Daddy would positively *hate* that, hearing his daughter called a "gorgeous babe" by some stranger while she waited on him. I hoped he had more such talk in store. "I don't think I have... Wait!" I remembered that my housekeeper always wore one! Sure enough, there it was hanging inside the supply closet.

"Hold it," he said as I slipped it over my head. "I should have been more clear. I meant *just* the apron."

"Yeah, I'm not going to roleplay Susie Homemaker for you, sorry."

"Oh c'mon – it'd be so... domestic. That's hot, right?"

As I opened my mouth to tell him that my father Emrys Pryce didn't raise his daughter to be domestic... I found myself shimmying out of my designer dress with a wicked little smile on my face. No doubt this man thought it was at the thought of doing something so naughty. Let him think that.

So Brendan watched me make him a sandwich, dutifully asking for all of his little preferences. I don't think he really cared if his mustard was yellow or dijon so long as he got to stare at my bare bottom while I made it. I bet he was just drooling in anticipation to see my breasts; I'd changed with my back to him and even Rosita's apron only showed them from the side.

He walked behind me back to the living room, and once he was seated, I bent low to hand him the plate. "Your lunch, Brendan."

He took it from me and took a bite, eyes never deviating from the neckline of my apron. "Mr. Schaeffer," he said, mouth full.

"I'm sorry?"

"If you're going to be my servant girl, then you should call me Mr. Schaeffer. Or sir, if you like. Not a terrible sandwich, by the way."

He was so right, if unwittingly. I'd really lucked out to find a man who was so willing to condescend to me. Most men were always fawning and flattering, sucking up to me because of who my father was. They respected him by respecting me. Brendan – Mr. Schaeffer, that is – was exactly the opposite. Every time he slighted me, it was a slight at Daddy. I just had to keep him going, until father's humiliation was complete.

I curtsied, like I'd seen servants do in old holos. "I'm pleased you like it, sir."

I watched him eat it; Mr. Schaeffer took his sweet little time about it, as if there wasn't a "gorgeous babe" standing mostly naked right next to him. God, even the way he

ignored me was hot. I *hated* being ignored. I'd gotten people fired for not paying enough attention to me before. Emrys Pryce was a powerful man, and glad to please his only daughter. Every minute I stood here ignored was another admission that this man feared Daddy's wrath not at all. He was making my father out to be an impotent little chump.

Still, all this was turning me on rather incredibly, so the moment he swallowed the last bite, I blurted, "are you going to have sex with me now?"

My pussy was so wet it was trickling down my thighs. Only... "I'm a little thirsty, actually," he said, instead of the anticipated "yes."

"Oh. Of course, Mr. Schaeffer." So I scurried and fetched a bottle of wine, pouring for him and then standing to the side to refill as needed. But when his thirst was satisfied, instead of dropping his pants and dealing Daddy the ultimate insult, claiming his daughter's virtue, the man told me I had to see to my chores.

"Chores, sir?"

He gestured around at the apartment. "Yes. All these dirty dishes – and the floors are just filthy. You should be embarrassed."

Was I ever. Not because I cared about his opinions on my home, but because of the way he so casually dismissed my wants. Only someone with no respect for my family name would do that. So I did the dishes. I vacuumed. I dusted. I swept, then mopped. I crawled on my hands and knees to get at spots where I couldn't even see the mess, but was only too happy to scrub where Mr. Schaeffer told me to. Like a scullery maid.

I remembered as a girl, how mother would fire our maid practically monthly, always for some minutiae. Father never even noticed – that was how beneath him such people were. People like I was right this minute.

It was evening by the time I had cleaned things to his liking, and I'd had half a dozen or more orgasms in miniature just from the degradation Mr. Schaeffer was putting me through. Each time I finished a task, I asked again if he wanted to have sex, and each time, he instead gave me another chore, leaving my over-heated body woefully neglected. Finally, as I finished cleaning the last window pane, once more making my plea he at last gave me a different answer.

"How about a foot rub," Mr. Schaeffer said.

My eyes lit up – I was finally allowed to touch him! All my pleading was paying off. And it was pleading – I was a beggar now, a beggar in my own home. Daddy would be beyond disgusted. If he could see me now, he might never speak to me again. "Gladly, sir."

I knelt before him in my living room, kneading his feet in my best imitation of one of those Korean girls at my nail salon. I even nestled it in my cleavage, just to remind him that my breasts were there and he could touch them. After a while, he leaned his head back and sighed. "That was nice," he said dreamily.

I took that to mean he'd had his fill, and, stomach churning at the grotesquerie of it, kissed each of his toes one by one. "I am happy to have served you well, sir," I said softly. I'd begged him to nail me so many times by now that I was tired of hearing myself say it, so I made the offer more inviting. "Is there... anything else I can do for you?"

My heart leapt into my chest as he sat up, an interest expression on his face. "You know, maybe there is. Body like yours, I gotta say I'm actually a little turned on."

"You like my breasts, sir?"

He rolled his eyes. "C'mon, don't start talking like a princess again. You're my little servant slut, right?"

I groaned in delight at his condescension. "Yes sir. Such a little servant slut."

"So talk like one. Sluts don't have breasts, they have...?"

Dirty talk was always something I'd frowned on. It was so... common. Though come to think of it, I could probably count on one hand the number of times I'd ever heard my father swear. This was a weapon I simply *had* to add to my arsenal.

"We have tits, sir. Titties. Big jiggly fuckable titties. And hot bootylicious asses. And cunts a man could fuck for days."

He smiled and patted my head, like I was a dog who'd learned a trick. God it was hot. "Atta girl. So, speaking of..." I braced myself. This was it. I was finally going to have sex! No – I was a little slut, and sluts didn't have sex. They got fucked. They got bent over and had their pussies reamed. They spread their legs and took any old cock that wanted in. It was finally going to happen. I was getting fucked.

"Suck my dick, Cindy."

I came. Right then and there, I came.

I hadn't even finished recovering before I dove face-first at his cock. I'd never given a blowjob in my entire life – had always told myself I never would. That was what poor girls and ugly girls did so boys would like them. Not me. I had money, and celebrity, and prestige, and my father's name. I didn't need to get on my knees and polish cocks. I was a Pryce.

Like my Daddy. Who I wished to god could see his little girl slurping and moaning on Mr. Schaeffer's cock just then.

I had no experience, but that didn't wind up mattering. Whenever I wasn't being the dirtiest, sluttiest, trampiest little cocksucker I could be, Mr. Schaeffer was there to tell me what to do next. I licked his balls, even. (That was so debasing, I nearly came again.) At one point he said between moans, "I'd grab your hair like handlebars and fuck your face like a second cunt if you weren't a Pryce." That settled it. I put a fistful of my hair in each of his hands and didn't stop coming until he did.

"LOOK WHO'S WILD AND STUPID NOW, DADDY!" I shrieked as I was rewarded with one final spike of pleasure – beyond anything I'd ever known in my life – as he bucked me to the ground with his hips and painted my face and body with his

spunk. Mr. Schaeffer probably thought I was insane, but I didn't care. I lay there, panting, feeling each little blob cooling on my skin, my pussy still humming at the thought of being a human jizz rag.

Before you go getting all judgmental, all my code did was make her want to do things "Daddy" wouldn't like. She's the one who went to extremes. I'm just the lucky fellow who was there to help her work through it. For instance, it was right about here where I had to step in with this little emergency coding:

[/impulse=prolong memory]

[/impulse=get tattoo]

[checksum: Daddyhatesprotocol=1]

[/tztrender: get tattoo; Daddy's Little Cocksucker]

[/manualoverride=1]

[/impulsefirewall]

See? I'm not heartless. Of course, if I'd known about then about her intentions to get Teri-with-an-i fired, I might not have exercised my override so generously.

I was still lying there when he returned from the bathroom, and was genuinely disappointed to see he was dressed again. "Sir? You're sure I couldn't interest you in fucking one of my other holes?"

"Sorry, my cab'll be here any minute. I called it on my IB while you were having your fun."

"While I was...?!" Oh god, he thought so little of me and my prestige as a Pryce that he was telling me to my face that my best blowjob had bored him. Take *that*, Daddy!

Still, since he was leaving anyway, I took a deep breath to launch a tirade about his horrifying manners and disgusting chauvinism. It had served my purposes, yes, but now that it was over, he should know what a boor he'd been. Only as I went to do so, I saw a hovertaxi land near my car on my pad outside. "Oh. Well... this was just a one time thing, to be clear. You know that, right?"

"I sure do. You're not exactly my type, after all." That too was going to earn him a visit from the rougher side of my tongue when he stopped me by reaching for his wallet. As I watched in confusion, he withdrew a handful of cash. And dropped it on me. One of the singles hit me between the eyes, blinding me as it was held there, stuck to a blob of the man's jizz on my forehead.

"Hopefully that'll cover it," he said. "Have a good night, babe."

Then he left. Maybe he said more before he went; I wouldn't know, because when I thought about the look on Daddy's face at hearing his little girl had prostituted herself for a wad of small-denomination bills, I came so hard I blacked out.

Using the code provided by my employers so they could verify my work, I downloaded her recording of the encounter to my own IB and slipped out the door. She'd snap out of it soon enough – the wavelink had a proximity trigger keyed to my IB's freq, so by the time I was home she'd be in the shower scrubbing herself clean and trying to get her first-ever taste of cock out of her mouth. Vindictive as she was, I pitied any "Brendan Schaeffer" out there for when she tried to locate me. With luck, none of them would suffer much for my choice of alias.

Usually blowjobs don't wear me out, but that Cindy was wild with her mouth in more ways than just the one. Just watching her work had been exhausting, honestly – she'd been like a woman possessed. Which was apt, I supposed, as the one possessing her.

So there it was, another day in the life of a brainchild. Nearly two months spent writing a code, all the hard work paying off in a single evening's debauchery. Better yet, tomorrow I'd pass the Pryce girl's recording on to my employer and get paid, including the usual bonus for finding another hole in their security. They'd upload a patch with some bland bullet point explaining it – I pictured Cindy glossing over the words "security upgrade to prevent third-party uploads" – and nobody would have to be the wiser.

Some people might have felt guilty, but not me. People are going to be safer because of what I did today, and it just might be the most noble contribution to her fellow man Cynthia Pryce would ever make. I wasn't going to lose any sleep over it, that was for sure. I got work in the morning, after all, and I can't wait to get out of bed again.