**Scratch Where It Glitches**

In hindsight, Sarah supposed she should have known better.

Why on earth had she trusted that nitwit secretary Brittney? Just because she was practically a kid herself, she was supposed to know the insider scoop on technology stuff? She should have waited for the official patch for her implant like everybody else. But noooo, she’d had to be on the cutting edge, had to be able to brag on social media that she’d gotten it first and get the first word on its new features. For once, she wanted to be the cool one instead of that top-heavy bitch Brittey.

It was a damn shame, too, because the word on the latest patch was that it was supposed to be amazing. Sometimes, the patches contained nothing but bug fixes or cosmetic changes to existing features. This one, though, they were saying would be huge. “Revolutionize the industry” was the buzz. She’d gotten her implant years ago to help treat her anxiety, and when they released an upgrade that enabled it to treat broader physiological issues, she’d splurged for it and started using it to help clear up her skin. By now, like most people who had one, she’d been outfitted with the whole spread of applications, most of which sat dormant as a just-in-case. Sarah had indeed found that once in a while being able to rapidly treat a sunburn, settle humidity-frizzed hair, or even release hormones to help stay awake… well, it came in handy to have greater control over her body.

What was new in this release? Nobody knew. Most of the purported leaks sounded so sensationalized that nobody could believe them, but deep down everyone wanted to. The manufacturer had sunk millions into an ad campaign for this new patch, but there was nothing but vague hype. Until it went live next week, everybody would simply have to sit and wonder.

Except Sarah. Now, thanks to that stupid site Brittney had sent her to, she had too many problems to simply sit.

What all had been in it? The download had been enormous. Once completed, it did seem to have new functionality, too – or it had before she’d gotten locked out of her own interface. She’d been browsing a new branch of features under the Psychological heading, a whole host of disorders it purported to treat, most of which she’d never heard of. She’d gotten sidetracked browsing, and somewhere in the midst of it things had gone haywire.

Sarah hadn’t noticed anything off at first. She’d been sitting in the midst of a busy coffee shop when a woman asked if she was going to be done with her table soon. It had been somewhat passive aggressive, she’d thought, but before she could politely tell the woman to go away, the implant app on her phone had suddenly flashed some creepy animated face that giggled maniacally. Then the app shut itself down on its own.

“Of course! I’m so sorry. The table’s yours,” she’d said without thinking.

The woman had waited impatiently as Sarah gathered her things. She was in her car before she checked her phone again, but the app refused to open. She even uninstalled and reinstalled it, but nothing was working. Ah well, she’d thought, nothing to worry about. She went on to work.

By the end of the day, she’d agreed to join three project teams, plan Johnson’s retirement party, and go on a date with this greasy little twerp from the mailroom. People kept asking her for things, and she kept right on smiling and saying yes. On her way home from work, someone called her about her car warranty, and it was all she could do to decline from giving them her social security number. After providing her name, address and email.

And her mother’s maiden name.

And her date of birth.

Yet every time she found herself panicking, the familiar warning of her anti-anxiety function flashed. Normally, all it did was remind her to self-regulate and, if the implant detected that her stress levels were particularly high, give her a jolt of this hormone or that to help relax her over the next twenty minutes or so. Now, she could *feel* it working, like something was tickling her brain, and the relaxation slammed into her almost immediately. At one point she was pondering it so intensely she ran a red light and was nearly broadsided by a pickup truck, but mere seconds later, she was tapping her lip and pondering what she might do about this disturbing development, all the while searching for a radio station that wasn’t on commercial.

At least, she thought as she pulled into Matt’s driveway, she was cognitively able to recognize something was drastically wrong and take steps to fix it, even if she wasn’t capable of reacting with the proper levels of emotional turmoil. It was surreal, telling herself not to panic when she wasn’t actually panicking, all the while knowing full well she should be.

Modern-day implants were incredibly precise bio-tech, and if half the speculation of this new patch was true, it its nanites could regulate nearly every system in the body. It was rumored it could even mend broken bones in a fraction of the normal recuperative time, and results that once took an entire surgical team could be achieved in minutes, unaided. Or so said the rumors. Now, Sarah’s implant had been infected by a virus. What happened if it decided to release a lethal reaction, or alter her bone structure, or simply trigger an organ failure? It could kill her in a microsecond.

Which, she thought as she hummed a little tune on the way up to Matt’s doorstep, was objectively rather distressing.

“Matty!” she said, giving her old friend a hug as he opened the door. He stumbled a step back before returning it, caught off guard by her exuberance.

“Sarah! Hey, good to see you. It’s been way too long. Geez, probably not since last summer. How have you been? I mean, other than…”

She laughed, tapping the back of her neck. Her dark brown hair hid the surgical scar from where the implant had been inserted, but everyone knew that was where they were, right on the brain stem. “Yeah, aside from that, things are pretty good. Got promoted at work back in the spring, which has been really busy, but good busy, you know?”

Matt waved a hand. “Sure, sure. But hey, you didn’t come here to chit-chat, so let’s save the catching up for when you’re in a better place. You said on the phone you were having troubles with your implant. What’s going on?”

He showed her to the living room as they discussed and both had a seat. She couldn’t feel anxious, really, but her brain was at least whispering to be cautious. There was a reason she and Matt hadn’t seen one another in a while. The guy had a bit of a reputation, especially when he was drinking. Telling him everything might not be a great idea, Sarah thought, so she merely explained the basics. The tip about the early download; the way her app had shorted out and her best description of that laughing gif; how her anxiety functionality seemed to be a bit over-eager.

“Well, that’s why you don’t download pirated software without knowing how it’s done. You should’ve come to me first, honestly. I probably could’ve hooked you up with a more reputable torrent if you were that desperate. Thought about it myself, you know, but when it comes to modding your implant software, you really can’t be too careful. Remember that whole shabang with the Neon Hair extension went viral?”

“Um, not really?”

Matt had been going to explain anyway, and hadn’t really waited for her to respond before continuing. “Yeah, it was this whole thing where they found out nanite processes that reconfigured hair color were also leaching chemicals from the endocrine system. People starting getting all sorts of issues. A hyperactive pituitaries is a hell of a thing, it turns out. Took them weeks before they figured it all out, but by then… yeesh. My aunt was in the hospital for a week while they were reconfiguring her implant, getting things sorted out. Which is the ironic thing about implants, you know? They’re their own best fix for their own worst flaws.”

“Yeah,” said Sarah, hoping her tepid interest would impel him to return to the subject at hand.

Indeed, it took him a few more tangents, but eventually he remembered the real reason for her visit. “Sorry, I got excited there. Just happy to see my old friend, you know? And I guess with your anxiety function working overtime, you weren’t giving me the impatient look I probably deserved, huh.”

Sarah laughed. “Quite all right, Matt. That’s why I called you, after all. I know you’re the best of the best about this stuff.”

“Since you came to me for help, I won’t play humble. Best of the absolute best, at your service,” he said with a little laugh. “Now the good news is, I was reading an article about this very thing only a week or so back. That symbol you saw? It’s actually not so terrible. Sort of a hacktivist group, on behalf of hackers. It’s a whole thing, nothing you need to worry about. What they’re doing with this kind of tech, beats the hell out of me why. But anyway, the point is that they’re not like those anti-implant extremist asswipes. These guys aren’t trying to hurt anybody, just pull a stupid prank.”

“Well that’s a relief. I think.” Sarah wrinkled her nose. Thinking that someone was reaching inside her body, her brain, to “prank” her was not such a relief, in fact, but she supposed he was right, it could be worse.

“So, let’s get you fixed up, OK? First things first, I’ll need root access to your implant.” Matt crossed the room and picked up a toolkit stashed by the front door. From inside of it he produced a tablet. It looked well-used, the grip areas brownish-yellow from ample use. “I’m not supposed to take my kit with me when I leave the office, but from the sound of things when you called this afternoon, I wanted to be able to do you a solid. So just enter your password there for me, or hey, you can just say it out loud and I can enter it.”

Matt laughed, yet only after she’d told him her password did Sarah consider that she’d literally just told him how to manipulate her implant in perpetuity. What if he decided to…?!

No, nothing to worry about. If he abused his power, then she’d… well, not stop him. That would be rude. Maybe she could change the password later? There had to be some way.

For his part, Matt looked as surprised as she felt. “Oh. Well then. Looks like diagnostics are good and scrambled, no surprise there. First thing any programmer worth his salt does when making a virus, if that’s what this is, is make sure diagnostics go on the fritz. I bet the first thing you did was go online and see about downloading a diagnostics app, right?”

“Well, no actually, I–”

“Oh, sure, I didn’t mean it literally, but I’m sure you would’ve tried it before long. Heck, you were smart enough to do it one better and come to yours truly. Best of the best and all that. So, what we’ll do, since we can’t run diagnostics, is see how it responds to a few innocuous inputs. I always explain it to clients that it’s the biodigital equivalent of how when there’s a fire, you’re supposed to tap the doorknob with your hand instead of grabbing it right off. Make sense?”

“Sure.”

“Well really, it’s only got to make sense to me, so don’t you worry your pretty little head over it.” Sarah’s implant flashed quickly that it was reducing anxiety levels. She was remembering the other reason why she hadn’t spent time around Matt for a while. “So we’re going to start here with what I call the fingernail test…”

Matt busily tapped away at his tablet as he explained in excruciating detail what the fingernail test was, full of condescendingly simple metaphors for lay people. In essence, he was going to command her implant to hyperaccelerate the growth of her fingernails. Depending on how or if it worked, it could confirm she had indeed downloaded a version of the upcoming patch, rather than simply having downloaded raw virus.

Sarah’s fingertips started tingling almost immediately. It wasn’t painful, quite, but by the time Matt’s timer beeped several minutes later, they were easily a full inch longer.

“Well, the good news is, you have the new patch downloaded,” Matt said as she inspected his handiwork. “The bad news is, since it hasn’t been released yet, I don’t have a tool to remove the virus since nobody’s had the opportunity or cause to create one. Not to fret, though. I got all night, and I promise you, we’re going to you fixed. OK?”

“Thanks, Matt. Really.”

“All right. Now this is going to involve some guesswork on my part, so if something feels too uncomfortable, just say so and we’ll adjust course. I’ll try to explain things to you in the simplest terms I can while I go.”

Sarah imagined spending the rest of her evening her being mansplained at, and seized upon those few seconds of irritation before her implant erased them. “Really, it’s OK. You can just do what you need to do. I used to work as a computer lab monitor in college, so I know a thing or two about computer science. I can handle the basics.” Plus, she thought, even if she didn’t, she’d rather not understand him than be spoken to like an idiot.

“Oh hey, right, dealing with a pro here, eh?” Matt grinned. “OK, so let’s go ahead and see what happens if we goose the ITRM protocol, whether or not we get a neural subnet response. This could wind up going one of four ways – five, technically – but… Oh, sorry, there I go trying to explain things again. Here, let me just…”

Sarah was mildly relieved that, rather than chat her ear off, Matt began to direct his mutterings to his tablet as he tapped, swiped and zoomed through who knew what. The ITRM protocol, whatever it was, only succeeded in making her breathe a little harder. Reinstalling one of her drivers succeeded only in making her see inverted colors for about twenty minutes until he could lock down the problem. When that didn’t produce the results he was looking for, he tried something called the Higgins Workaround, which rather painfully forced her to straighten her arms until she worried her elbows might hyperextend.

“Oh gosh, I’m so sorry – that never should’ve happened!” Matt exclaimed, looking at her wide-eyed. “I can’t believe you didn’t scream – that looked crazy painful!”

It had been, in point of fact, though the pain had already faded by the time he made his adjustments. Still, through it all, her implant had helpfully minimized her stress levels. She’d been able to understand the impulse to scream, but really, there was no point in being melodramatic when he’d already seen what the problem was and was in the process of fixing it.

“Quite all right. You know what you’re doing, I’m sure,” she assured him.

Matt eyed her suspiciously. “You’re… taking that awfully well. The other week, Todd – he’s this total bonehead on our team, you’d hate him – he overloaded this poor guy’s amygdala dampener, and the dude went fucking *bonkers*. I mean, seeing things, throwing shit, random verbalization… I thought we might need a frickin’ exorcist. And yeah, I got in there and patched him up, but… well, let’s just say I hope the clinic’s malpractice insurance is up to date, for Todd’s sake.”

Sarah chuckled. “That sounds like quite a predicament.”

Matt made a face she couldn’t quite discern, but went on with his next test. “Yeah, see, this was what I was worried about. Whoever gummed up your implant is also gumming up some of its responses. I’m going to trigger a stack overload and see if we can learn anything. Sit tight, OK?”

Sarah let him go about his business, hoping this one wouldn’t hurt like the last. That would be bad, she felt sure. After a couple minutes, though, she did notice a slight change, and when it seemed to grow worse, she timidly spoke up.

“Um, Matt? It’s getting kind of… hard to breathe…? Not dangerous hard, but like… I dunno, like something’s standing on my chest.” She squirmed in discomfort.

“Hmm. I’m not reading any unusual lung activity here… nope, nothing in the diaphragm either. Weird. You said it’s like something standing on your chest, right? On a scale from one to ten, how big is the thing on your chest? One being, say, a bird, ten being an elephant.”

Sarah considered. It wasn’t all that bad. Just uncomfortable. “Like a two? One and a half, maybe. I only wanted to speak up early, in case something went wrong again. Wouldn’t do us a lot of good to wait until I suffocated before I reported a problem, eh?”

She laughed, but Matt didn’t. There was that suspicious look again. “Yeah, totally. Let's keep an eye on it, and if it gets worse than, say, a four, let me know. Meanwhile, I’ll keep digging.”

“Will do.”

Though it took a good twenty minutes, it was still a far cry from what she’d have called a four when Sarah at last realized what that weight was. The squeezing, crushing sensation was not, in fact, some sort of implant-induced asthma. No, when she realized her breasts were being pinched by her bra and reached in to adjust it, it was then she noticed what had happened.

“Can you excuse me?” she said politely.

Once he’d given her permission, she made her way down the hall to the restroom. There, she could immediately see some of the stack overload’s impact, but she needed to see it all. With fingers that she knew ought to be racing, she casually removed her blouse and folded it on the sink counter. The bra followed immediately, and with a sigh of relief she discarded it. A moment after, she tucked it into her purse.

She wouldn’t be needing it any more.

Her reflection gazed back at her, though it failed to make eye contact. And why bother? From the neck up, she was the same as ever. Short brown hair in a fashionable style; sharp brown eyes; a pretty face with freckles she’d been hoping the new patch might let her reduce in prominence. Below the waist, much the same. Slender hips, skinny legs, and if she bothered to pivot, a tight butt that bespoke her time on the treadmill. In between, however…

Her breasts were huge. Sarah wasn’t a pro at guessing cup sizes, but she’d walked into the house a B, and now… well, she didn’t know what letter they were, but she was pretty sure there would be two or three of them in a row. She’d gone from a modest bust for her frame to having gigantic fake boobs in under an hour! They looked… she didn’t know the word. Not pornographic, no. One of her ex-boyfriends had tried to get her into watching porn when they made love, and those girls always looked so fake, so cheap. These looked like… like the girls she’d envied in high school, when she’d been an acne-prone girl with far less self-esteem. Round, proud, symmetrical, gravity-defiant tear drops. From someone who was weeping like they’d just lost their entire family. And broken a leg.

Once she finished staring at her new self, she was pleased to find that her blouse still fit, albeit a great deal more tightly. From the side, it split the buttons enough to allow quite a glimpse of its contents. Hopefully Matt wouldn’t look.

She ought to be horrified, she thought as she returned to the living room. Or angry. Or frightened. But instead, she felt, at most, a bit pouty as she settled back onto the couch.

It ought not to have surprised her, but it took Matt mere seconds to take stock of the change. It made sense, big as they were, and that he was on the side the button problem was most affected by. Still, she didn’t approve of him immediately looking at her breasts. Not that she would be rude enough to say anything.

“Holy…! Sarah! Your chest!” he sputtered.

She nodded. “You noticed, eh? Yeah, the breathing problems were from my bra crushing my chest. I feel a lot better already.”

“I… wow. You’re so… so…” Slowly, he pried his eyes off her implant’s mischief and back to her face. He looked more suspicious than ever. “You’re not mad…?”

She shrugged. “Not really. You’re trying to help, and accidents happen.”

Suddenly, Matt pounced on his tablet, tapping with a frenzy. “No, not part of the stressor response… so maybe it’s in the… no… nope… no…” He went on for a bit, discarding whatever options he was looking through. Suddenly, seemingly in the midst of it he paused, then reached out toward her. Before she could react, he gave her a hard pinch on the forearm.

“Ow.” She looked down at it for a moment, rubbed at it. “That hurt.”

He watched her for a moment. “That’s it…?”

Sarah arched a brow. “You hurt me. I said ow. What more is there to say?”

Matt nodded. “And, if I said, ‘Sarah, your big new boobs look amazing,’ you’d…?”

She considered. “I’d tell you that was pretty inappropriate?”

“And if I gave those puppies a little squeeze…?”

“Matt, you probably shouldn’t grab my breasts. Not to be rude! I just don’t think that’s the best idea, considering I’m, you know, compromised.”

But her friend only scooted closer, stopping when their knees were touching. She pursed her lips, not liking where this seemed to be going, but there was no point in raising a fuss. He’d only been trying to help so far. Besides, she couldn’t really put up much of a fight, could she? That was why she was here after all.

Uh, oh. This should be very worrisome. If it wouldn’t be too combative, maybe she ought to consider leaving?

That’s when she felt Matt’s hands on her breasts.

It was a quick squeeze, not even a grope. More of a pat, really, and then he looked up into her eyes like he was expecting her to slap him. Which, she supposed, she might have, any other day. Instead, she frowned for a moment, but then smoothed out her blouse and waited. Calmly.

So very calmly.

When he grasped them again… *this* time it was a grope. A thorough probing that was almost as novel to her as it was to him. The growth had rewired her nerve endings, it seemed, because suddenly having her breasts manipulated felt… *good*. It usually felt nice, so long as guys didn’t try anything too weird, but more psychologically nice rather than physically, the way it was comforting to share intimacy with another person. This, though… this was *pleasurable*. Perhaps not mind-blowingly, but it certainly felt a good deal better than it ever had.

Enough that, when she was with a man she was actually attracted to, she would want to seek out more of it. Assuming she couldn’t make her implant reverse the condition.

“Well, well, well, look who’s down with a ride on the booby-honking highway,” said Matt with a laugh as he twisted her left nipple almost painfully hard. It had been hard already – what was the point? She filed it away as something to talk to him about some other time, once she was herself again.

“I prefer to call them breasts, actually.” Granted, these new things were certainly closer to “boobies” than her old ones, but still. She might let that sort of thing slide from a boyfriend, but not from some man who was only a marginal friend.

Matt gave them a few last appreciable caresses before his hands went back to his tablet. “Right, right. You’re so right, Sarah. Now where were we? Ah, yes. I was getting you fixed up. I think I’ve got a pretty good bead on the problem now, so let me see if I can’t start finding some kind of solution.”

“You found the problem?” she asked. When, before the “honking” incident? Had she missed it in all his muttering?

“Sure did. You see, it looks like your implant is treating you for a severe case of an HCP, or High Conflict Personality disorder. Looks like your implant’s inducing your body to release some very specific chains of chemical signalers that are making it all but impossible for you to, well, conflict.”

“So, what, I can’t fight back against what people are trying to do?”

“I’m not familiar with this particular mental condition, but the writing seems to be on the wall. They actually have a whole long article tagged, but given what I’m seeing, you big-titted tramp, I think the results speak for themselves.”

“Hey, I know we’re friends and all, but if it’s OK with you, could you call me Sarah? I’m not big into nicknames.” Especially not *that* nickname, but no need to call him out.

“Sure, won’t happen again, Sarahslut,” Matt said, looking back to his tablet, his fingers leaping into action. She frowned at his insistence on perverting her name, but no point making waves when he was so close to done. “So yeah, looks like this is where the epicenter of the virus is. Now they have all sorts of fingerprints on this here, enough that… Yep. Yep, knew it. Lots of little sub-protocols in here. Like they wanted this to be found. Like they wanted someone to…”

“To what? And what kinds of sub-protocols?”

“Oh. Well here. I’m not quite sure what we can expect, but… let’s try rooting out any dirty data in there. Looks like they have a whole folder of it? Who the hell IDs their dirty data and then sorts it into a folder? Let me see…”

Another long silence ensued, aside from faintly audible mutters from Matt. Sarah was done asking him what he was doing, though she was quite curious. With a condition that was rendering her so helpless, it was almost enough to worry that he might be taking advantage. Heck, he probably was. He *had* groped her breasts. After giving them to her in the first place.

Objectively, very distressing.

“All right, now we’re going to need to get you out of that top, Sarahslut,” Matt said after a while. “You mind stripping it off for me? Appreciate you getting a head start with the bra, Boobs McKenzie.”

“I didn’t want to, but I didn’t have much of a choice. That thing was squishing my huge titties like you wouldn’t believe.” Why did he laugh when she said that? What was funny about having her mega-boobs mushed? “But… that’s the only reason I let them jiggle and bounce around where you could see them. And… I don’t think it’s the best idea to take my top off for you. I’m probably being too open already.”

“Right, right. That’s a good sign! Imagine the state you and your huge titties would be in if you just did whatever someone suggested you do. Only, the thing is… if you don’t, I’ll be honest, I’m just gonna come on over and tear it off you myself. If you play ball and take it off for me, you’ll still have your buttons intact so you won’t have to walk home with your tatas flapping in the wind.”

She mulled this over for a moment, and decided he was probably right. She couldn’t do something as confrontational as stop him from ripping her blouse off. Of course, boobies as fine as hers didn’t exactly flap in the wind; that had been unkind of him to say.

Though she forgave him immediately.

Sarah didn’t rush through the process of unbuttoning, but neither did she dawdle. Once she’d agreed to his request, dragging it out would only be childish of her. It could even start an argument. She could be a little bit of a princess sometimes, but moping was beneath her. Her nipples pointed outward, little red bullseyes on the big white targets that were her big sexy nummy ummy titties.

Once Matt had taken a few minutes to play with them – including sucking on them now, which again felt enough better than usual that she was almost getting turned on at one point – he thankfully got back to trying to fix her implant. “Oho, what’s this? Looks like they set up a master/slave function. I wonder what… Hmm. Link it to… No. No no no no no.” Matt clicked his tongue reprovingly.

“What? What’s wrong?”

Matt was working feverishly, and even took a moment to connect another tool from his kit to the tablet with a thin blue cable. “Well you see, my slutty little Sarah, it wants to connect to my own implant. But since you’re infected and all, I want to make sure I’m not going to turn myself into a doe-eyed helpless titty toy like you.”

“But… you don’t have titties, Matt.” It was otherwise a disconcertingly astute assessment of her situation, though she was loathe to admit it.

“Yeah, but… you get my drift. Still, looks like we might be in the clear. I’ve inserted a man-in-the-middle here,” he patted his device, “that ought to make sure nothing gets uploaded into me. All right, so let's just…”

Matt soon finished the connection process, and then he simply set his device aside and waited, hands folded in his lap. With a last smile at her, and a second bigger smile at her boobies, he reached over and tapped one last command on the tablet. “Master/slave function engaged.”

Her body moved so fast it literally rattled her bones. Her arm snapped to the side, finger pointed down; her entire posture shifted to be sitting upright, hunched over a bit, her tits wobbling furiously at the sudden jolt; her legs uncrossed and threw themselves shoulder width apart at the knees. She tried to express her surprise, perhaps a small grunt of pain, but she couldn’t move.

At least, she realized, she couldn’t move herself. But when Matt took his right hand and touched his index finger to his temple, she performed exactly the same motion at exactly the same time. Not that she could see what he was doing. He was looking to his left, at her, so she was looking to her left, at the lamp on the end table. She only knew that suddenly, her arm moved itself.

“Yes!” she cried, her voice echoing his only a split second delayed. She suddenly took to her feet, twisting this way, then that. At one point, she was afforded a view of Matt behind her in the exact same pose. As he turned to face front again, she did the same.

“Look at this shit! This is fucking wild! You’re doing whatever I do. It’s like looking in a mirror, except I can only see the back of my head instead of the front. And, of course, I have a cuter ass. Little flat, but you keep it tight and I respect that. Let’s give that baby a few nice swats, shall we?” It was chilling, hearing her own voice speak in unison with someone else. Like they were in her head and knew what she was going to say next. Except instead, she herself was surprised by each new utterance.

She was also surprised when she bent forward, arched her back, and gave her right ass cheek three hard open-palm smacks. A moment later, she was upright once more, and her eyes widened – or would have if they could – as she started in on her pants. It was taking some time; she found her head awkwardly turned to the left, and realized Matt must be having a hard time seeing what she was doing and needed to directly observe.

“Hello, my name is Sarah and I like showing off my fuckable body,” they said. “I love to take my pants off in front of my friends and let them see me in my boring plain white panties.” They laughed at his joke together. She didn’t know why he thought that was funny, but it wasn’t a good idea to question him. Not that she could.

Her panties followed. Her she was, naked but for her socks in front of a man she only barely thought of as a friend. Why was he persisting with this function? Surely it had to be annoying, not being able to easily look at her as he undoubtedly wanted to. What was he trying to…

*Oh, right,* she thought to herself as they settled onto the couch beside one another, where her right hand reach to the side and grasped something that Sarah soon realized could only be a cock. *That’s what he’s doing.*

“Sure Matt, I’d absolutely love to jack you off! I love to jack off guys whenever I can!” they declared. She felt no such thing, but as she gave her hand a lick and resumed stroking his shaft in a gentle, no-rush handjob, it didn’t matter. He enjoyed it, and so she’d sound like she did too.

It was strange, caressing his cock so precisely while being unable to even see what she was handling. Matt, evidently, was looking to his left, where she was sitting naked beside him, so Sarah was in turn looking to her left, staring off at a random point on the wall. Nevertheless, he apparently knew exactly what felt good, because he had her working his cock like a pro. Slippery caresses, lubricated by regular applications of spit on her hand, ebbed and intensified at intervals as he worked himself up and eased back off, presumably to prolong it.

“You know, it would be nice to have you suck me off, and I bet I could lean over and make it happen. Just… I don’t think I want to pantomime sucking my own dick, you know? A little too real.” Her voice seemed to carry over his slightly, though maybe that was only because it was coming from her own mouth. “Oh well. Let’s finish things up – I’ll have way better stamina after we rub this first one out.”

Oh gosh, was she about to make him come? How unappealing. As if the handjob weren’t sufficient, he had her talking him through it, building him up to coming. “Oh yeah, that’s it, Matt. I love stroking your big fat dick, because I’m such a hot slut with great big amazing titties. Oh fuck yes, what the fuck lotion do you use, woman? Damn. Man, this sounds weird. Whatever.” He used her hand to give himself a few slow strokes, then resumed with the degrading talk, their voices slowly incorporating more grunts and moans until finally his cock spewed forth its load. At his manipulation, she covered it with her hand, thick globs of spunk piling up against the underside of her palm.

After a few moments of heavy breathing, Sarah reached over with her left hand and tapped awkwardly at his leg, and then–

She could move. Only after every muscle went slack and she almost oozed off of the couch did she even realize the return to normalcy, and then there was a moment where she had to remember how to manually control herself. Luckily, by the time that window closed, her impulse to scream in horror and outrage had dwindled into mere sulk.

A sulk which, when she realized she was doing it, she corrected by giving him a thin smile. “That was pretty… strange. Novel, I mean. If you don’t mind, I’m just going to go to the bathroom and clean up.” Her hand was still nearly overflowing with his cum, and she didn’t know where else to dispose of it without simply smearing it on the sofa or something.

“Wild, right? Kind of distracting, really – no matter how I tried it, I could always hear my own voice louder than yours. Still, pretty cool. Definitely the best handy I’ve ever gotten, though I don’t know which one of us I’m complimenting. We can split the credit, I guess.” He paused as she rose to her feet, easing toward the bathroom. “Nah, sit tight. There’s some tissues on the end table there – help yourself while I explore.”

“No, I really should–”

But Matt simply put a hand on her thick curly snatch and gently but firmly shoved her back into her seat. So there it was, no way to politely ignore a demand like that. While he began his next effort on his tablet, she wiped it off, wadding up an impressive pile of soggy kleenex. As a broad smile bloomed on the programmer’s face, she wondered if perhaps he was enjoying the side effects of providing this assistance for reasons that were not entirely altruistic.

Sarah crossed her legs, which was the best she could do to at least conceal her sweet pink pussy, and waited.

Some minutes later, he finally set the tablet down again. “All right, I thought we might go big and try out a few together here. I’m starting to get some guesses about the designers’ thought processes, but I’m curious to see if I’m right. We’re gonna give it a few here.”

“That sounds promising. It’ll be nice to get it all fixed, go back to having teensy little boring boobies, to not showing off my naked ass and my drippy pussy,” she said with a hopeful smile.

Matt parted her legs to see if it really was drippy, but didn’t seem to begrudge her use of hyperbole. The two settled in to wait for the results of this latest round of tests.

By the time Sarah realized it was taking hold, she’d forgotten what hyperbole was.

“Uh, Matt?” she said, scratching with one hand on her leg, the other on the inside curve of her left tit.

“Yes, Sarahslut?”

She laughed, but it wasn’t her laugh. It was something high-pitched, louder, less dignified. A giggle? “That’s a funny name for me! But, um, I think… yeah no, for sure, that my, you know, hair? Not my head hair but my other hair? See, here on my leg? See how it’s… wow, that’s really… but yeah, like–”

“Holy god are you going to babble all night or is there some point coming…?”

“Oh! Sorry. Just, like, I noticed my hair is falling out. It kinda itches.” She scratched some more. Everywhere she touched her body hair, it crumbled and fell off. The follicles were suddenly quite thin and brittle, like cobwebs that had lost their adhesiveness, and they were brushed aside as easily.

“I see that. I thought that was what the ‘yak shaving’ command might entail. Glad to see we don’t need a wig for you. Heck, pretty sure it’s already grown a couple inches. Thicker, too. But come on, let’s get you to the upstairs bathroom. I don’t want you making a mess of my living room, shedding like a mangy dog.”

Matt followed her up the stairs, mere inches behind her, drumming a weird little rhythm on her butt. It stung a little, but she just let him do it. He was helping her (wasn’t he?) and she could put up with a little booty drumming.

Without asking, he steered Sarah into the shower and turned on the stream. She softly pointed out that she could rinse away her own hair, but he seemed to want to be hands-on about it. Literally. He brushed them along every inch of her wet, naked body, chuckling with dude-ish glee as her snatch suddenly fell out in a single swipe, rinsing down the drain of his shower.

Meanwhile, the itch didn’t go entirely away. Where the hair fell out, yes, it subsided quickly. But there was one place where it didn’t at all, and without her even telling him, Matt seemed to notice.

“Got an itch between those titties, Sarahslut?” he asked smugly.

She nodded, scratching irritably. Her newly elongated fingernails were making the situation much worse. The itch was mild, but persistent; the scratch of a nail on such tender flesh was really too much. “It won’t go away!” she whined. “I’m sorry. I don’t mean to complain. It’s just *super* itchy. Like, hard to think, itchy? Or maybe hard to think in general. I dunno. Like I’m drunk, or something.”

“Yeah, that’s probably the memory leak flaw I exploited… I thought it might do something to cognition. Wasn’t sure if it would be literal memory loss or what, but I guess watching your pretty little IQ swirl down the drain with your cunt hair is an experience worth having.”

“Um, what?” Sarah asked, scratching away. He wasn’t making any sense.

“The virus. It’s making you dumb.” Matt seized her wrists, forced her hands to her sides. Oh gosh, that felt bad. She *needed* to address this itch. She didn’t like that it hurt, but it was beyond irritating. It was all-consuming.

Wait, what did he say?

“I’m a dummy now?” she asked. Had her voice always been that high, that breathy?

He knocked softly on the side of her head, clicking his tongue with each tap. “Sounds like nobody’s home to me, babe.”

“You made that sound with your mouth!” She giggled. “Right…?”

She wasn’t sad when Matt ignored her stupid question and addressed the more urgent concern. Who cared about smartness with there was all this itchiness? She could always get smart again later. She owned a lot of books. Assuming she could remember how to read them. But this itch was *now*, and no stupid book could help with that.

Matt, however, proposed a solution. It was *really* embarrassing, and she felt like such a huge stupid slut for agreeing so fast, but the simple truth was that Matt was smart and she was stupid, so if she was going to get her problems solved she was going to need his help.

Oh! When she finished titty-fucking him, she should ask about her implant! Or… was he still helping with that? It was very unclear.

Sarah groaned in utter rapture as his cock slid between her gigantic new jugs. Or, rather, her gigantic jugs glided around his cock. It was like his dick was made to scratch her special itch perfectly. His cock, even hard as it was, was way softer than her fingernails, and it hit every single part of the itch. The right side of her left booby, the left side of her right, and that flat space between them. The only flat space left on Sarah’s chest. It was as satisfying as any sex she’d ever had. More so, maybe. Kneeling on Matt’s shower floor, squeezing her firm, fat tatas around his cock, she forgot all about her stupid implant and whatever the heck was wrong with it and simply focused on how unbelievably awesome it felt getting her tits well and truly fucked.

Titty-fucking, she knew, was an awfully slutty thing to do with a guy who was only a friend, but it was nice of him to let her do it anyway. Maybe Matt wasn’t so bad after all.

“Gotta say, their man-in-the-middle definitely kicked the shit out of mine. Definitely meant what I hoped it would,” Matt said with a chuckle after he came all over her boobs, and some on her face. So much cum! How did one guy have so much, especially after the handjob? It was like he’d been saving it all up just for her. But it wasn’t only the quantity that impressed her.

It was the *sensation*.

It was like a salve, a healing ointment that washed away the rash between her titties as she rubbed the cum into her skin. It had a delightful side effect of prolonging her orgasm, as well. Matt was even nice enough to stand over her watching, blocking the shower stream from rinsing it away. She was careful not to dry her boobs when he helped her back out of the shower, one hand still fondling her cum-slicked tits and the other fingering her bare slutty pussy.

Was it weird that the first one felt better than the second?

For some reason the word “second” caught in her sparsely populated brain, only there, she spelled it secunt. Maybe that was how it was supposed to be spelled? Whatever. It was a relief to know she wasn’t such a dumb easy slut that she couldn’t even guess at smart stuff like spelling.

“What’re you giggling at, Sarahslut?” Matt asked as he hung up his towel.

“Secunt,” she said, then giggled some more. It was super embarrassing how her rockin’ titties bounced like crazy when she laughed that hard, but Matt seemed unlikely to let her put her blouse back on. She wasn’t even sure she wanted to. First off, who wanted a cummy blouse, and secunt – hee! why was that so funny?! –

Um, what was she thinking about?

“Oooook,” said Matt, steering her out the door and into the hall. “What say we give you a little test run on your p2p settings, eh Sarahslut?”

“I don’t even got to pee,” she answered, wondering why he’d be taking her out of the bathroom if that was the plan.

“What? No, I said… you know, nevermind. I won’t bore you with the details, seeing as how you worked as a computer lab monitor in college.”

“I did?”

Matt nudged open a door, and Sarahslut – no, Sarah, she was 90% sure – saw she was being lead into his bedroom. “You sure did, mastermind. So we’ll get that running… do you wanna wait until it takes effect, or should I just start fucking you now? I got the virility boost running on my own implant, so I’m good to go whenever you’re ready.”

Sarah paused. She didn’t want to be greedy, but it did seem like Matt was a little bit distracted with her giant tits and cumming on her and wanting to fuck her bare naked candy snatch. He asked, so maybe it wasn’t rude to answer…?

“Matt? Would you actually mind fixing my implant, and *then* fuck my stupid slutty brains out? Pleeeeeease?” She clasped her hands in front of her, squeezing her massive knockers together like she’d seen other stupid sluts do to guys when they wanted something.

Her old friend laughed and kissed her forehead. “Sure, Sarahslut. Why don’t you go ahead and blow me while I work? Put that pretty little mouth of yours to use doing something productive for once.”

She considered. Sucking dicks wasn’t something she normally liked to do, but then again, Matt was fixing her implant, which was his job, and who liked doing their job? It was only fair, Sarah supposed as she swept her hair aside, gave her tremendous titties a few final caresses, and crawled down to suck him into her mouth. By the time they confirmed the p2p protocol did ineed turn her crazy horny and make her pussy so wet it was dribbling down her sexy smooth legs and ache to be filled by literally any cock who wanted the privilege, she was pleased that her blowjob had succeeded in making him hard again.

It was late in the morning before Matt finally stirred the next day. Or was it afternoon? She hadn’t wanted to risk waking him, so she’d lain next to him in bed for hours now watching the sunbeam drift along the floor. She’d been trying to remember all the different failed tests he’d tried last night. Sarah was bad at remembering hard words, now, so some she’d gotten, some she hadn’t. It had been a long night.

Spam. She’d remembered spam. That one had given her a cock obsession. Matt had turned it off pretty quick; he’d already gotten off like three or four or five or six times, or something, and when she couldn’t stop begging for more, she felt bad for having gotten on his nerves.

Buffering? Buffer load? Buffer flow? Something like that. That had finally given Matt what he wanted, a girl with an oral fixation. He must’ve switched it off after she’d fallen asleep, still idly suckling at his cock, because when she woke up, blowjobs sounded kind of unpleasant again.

Especially after that one test that grew her butt super big and made her want him to do all kinds of butt stuff. Taking his cock up her ass hadn’t been enough. She’d begged him to spank her raw. Normally that would’ve been really bad, but the implant made her badonkadonk resilient to it, and had given it the same pleasure response her tits now enjoyed. Sarah had woken up with her own thumb in her ass. It felt so good, she’d left it there for a while before her orgasms started getting a little too squirmy.

Output optim… opt… something about output, or putting out. She remembered that, because it was her out hole. That was funny.

Matt smiled as she giggled at that memory, and rubbed a hand affectionately between her legs. “Morning, Sarahslut.”

“Good morning, sir.” She had no clue which test had made her start calling him that, but it was as hard-wired into her as her thick new mane of gleaming auburn hair. She wondered if he’d change the color some more, or if maybe he’d be OK helping her remove those freckles after all. Which reminded her of the question she’d been waiting all morning to ask, which she’d forgotten when she remembered he had a cock and how much she loved cocks. “So, do you think you’ll have time today to finish fixing my implant?”

Matt grinned. “I have good news for you, my little Sarahslut.”

“You can fix it?!” she exclaimed, clapping her hands together giddily.

“Actually, even better. I already did!”

Sarah squealed in delight and clapped even harder, but little by little the thoughts coalesced through the molasses clogging her head. “But wait… um, I’m still stupid, and have giant titties and a big fat fuckable ass that you should pretty please fuck when you’re ready, and I want to titty-fuck you and be mega-slutty, and I’m pretty sure I’m still a dummy, too.”

“That’s just it!” Matt said, hoisting her on top of him. Her pussy sucked his cock into itself as if by some new instinct, and she wailed in sweet release. “That’s what your new patch is supposed to do! It’s working exactly like it’s meant to. All those exciting new features? You’re living them!”

Sarah cocked her head to the side. “I… I am?”

“Well, sure you are. Here, look!” She sighed in disappointment as Matt tossed her back to her side of the bed and rolled to his feet. He summoned her to stand in front of him in front of the full-length mirror hanging on his bedroom door. “See? You’re a medical marvel! At the forefront of human self-evolution!” He patted her on the ass in congratulatory fashion, and she squirmed her bottom into his grip.

For the first time, Sarah saw the finished product. The hairless pussy over a narrow thigh gap between copper-toned thighs. Thighs which met at two wide, womanly hips, rendered all the more womanly by the presence of a man’s hand on the protruding butt behind her. Her waist was pinched in noticeably, though she’d always been slender, but between the fat yummy ass and the perfectly tanned complexion and bright blue eyes and thick mane of golden blonde hair and of course her great big giant huge jiggly wiggly wobbly bobbly titty-boos plastered on her front, she was… she… um, she…?

She lost her train of thought, gazing at her own vacant expression.

“You… you fixed me?”

“*We* fixed you. If you hadn’t been able to find that download, we never would’ve gotten to where we are! Great, huh?”

Gradually, a smile crept onto Sarah’s face. Her teeth, practically glowing white, beamed back at her as she considered all that her download had done for her. “I can’t wait to show it off to everybody!” She could only imagine the look on that smug bitch Brittney’s face when Sarah smothered her in acres of fuckable cleavage.

“Me, too,” she said, pulling her ass crack up against his rising cock. She wriggled into it, trying to suck him into her asshole, or at least her hot wet cunt. He obliged her by slipping himself into the latter and slamming her titties-first into the mirror.

Sarah looked into Sarahslut’s enraptured eyes as she let out what would assuredly be the first moan of many. “Best patch ever.”