

Broken Signals

When you think about it, all we are in the end is signals. Electrical currents passing through physical matter. That's all thoughts are. Electricity. And that's all people are, really. Thoughts with a fleshy coating.

Sometimes the flesh is nice to look at, sure. As introverted and unorthodox as I may be, I can certainly appreciate a pair of big, bouncy titties.

But, my point remains.

We are not the flesh, but the electrical signals underneath.

What makes me different from you? My intelligence, for one. My will. My thoughts. You can mimic another person in appearance, but you can't mimic their mind. You can *pretend* to think like someone else, but you can't *actually* do it. Intelligence, personality, passions, they're all electrical.

We are all, when you strip away the meat, simple electrical signals.

Some of those signals are more complex than others – not everyone can be an eccentric, peerless genius like myself. But, for all living people, those electrical signals determine everything. Who we are. What we do. Why we do it.

We are electricity.

And electricity can be manipulated.

Think about that. Really comprehend the possibilities, if you can. Try to see, with your limited vision, the endless potential of what I'm suggesting.

Our personalities are simple electrical currents. And electrical currents can be grounded, removed, broken. Replaced.

Ergo, personalities can also be replaced. Rewritten.

All you need is the right counter-signal.

Think about it. *Really* think about it. Close your eyes and imagine a world where altering another person's thoughts and identity is as simple as pressing a phone to their forehead. A typical mobile phone, after all, possesses all the charge and technology to create the signals required. Imagine a world where rewriting a person's mind is as easy and simple as that.

Now open your eyes and look around.

Because that is the world we live in.

People don't understand *true* intellects. Geniuses like myself are forever being set aside, labelled as crazy or kooky – an oddity to look and point at, but never to listen to.

It started at a young age. Playground bullies taking out their intellectual inadequacies on me, deep down knowing they'd never be my equal. And, from that young age, nothing changed. Not really. Rather than pushing my around on the playground, the world's morons disregarded my work and words – never giving me the time of day I deserved.

The world complained about its problems, I provided answers, and the world ignored me.

Worried about global overpopulation? Cull the stupid. An easy solution, and one future generations would benefit from. Global warming and climate change? Restrict the use of electricity and fuel to only the most intelligent members of society – those who would make the best use out of those resources. The rise in religious fundamentalism? Ban all religions world-wide under penalty of death. After all, anyone stupid enough to actually *believe* in gods and spirits and magic doesn't deserve the oxygen they breathe in the first place.

Solutions to all the world's problems. All ignored.

Do you see it? The issue? The one, *true* problem our world actually faces?

It's not overpopulation, it's not famine or rising sea levels or religious fools. It's not

anything so easily solved.

The real issue humanity faces is its own stupidity.

Stupid people outnumber the smart by a large margin. Which would be fine, if not the the fact that the moronic majority refuse to listen to the wisdom of their intellectual betters.

As long as stupidity is allowed to rule, humanity is doomed.

So that's what I came up with a cure for.

Not stupidity – unless *that* particular defect is removed from the gene-pole, humanity will always be cursed with morons and fools.

No, the *true* cure is rightful obedience and subservience.

The moronic majority doesn't want to listen to me?

Fine. I'll *make* them.

The landlady would make a perfect test-subject for me.

I rented an attic room from her, filled it with all the equipment and tools I'd need to make the first prototype device. The lady, Miss Roslyn, wasn't too keen on my scientific instruments, or the humming noises that'd often emanate from my rented attic room, but she put up with it out of necessity.

A beautiful, middle-aged woman. Not the brightest, but not a complete moron either. A divorced mother whose kids had recently left home for college. No one but Roslyn and myself lived in her modest home. Her kids barely ever called, too busy partying and wasting their time. And she rarely had visitors.

Ideal for experimentation.

Her attractiveness, as much as anything else, made Roslyn the perfect person to test the first iteration of my device on.

Long black hair, deep green eyes. Soft, pale skin. Full lips with cheek-dimpled smiles. Her body was what one would expect of a middle-aged woman approaching her golden years. She put a lot of effort into maintaining her beauty, preserving it while she still could. Working out, eating healthily, wearing clothes that complemented her lean body and large chest.

She never tried to seduce me. But then, beautiful women never did.

That would soon change.

In order to alter a person's mind – the electrical signals unique to them – I first needed to *know* their mind. I needed to know the pattern and frequency in which their specific mind operated.

Doing this took time.

I set up small scanners all over Roslyn's home – disguised as lamps and plugs and minor electronic goods. And, over the course of two weeks, I collected data. The scanners were constantly reading electrical data from their surroundings – fine-tuned to pick up on a human's neural activity.

Slowly, my small data-server collected and correlated the information.

Patterns begun to form, Roslyn's identity reduced to millions and billions of ones and zeroes. Her entire personality was laid bare in a computer language I'd created for this specific purpose.

Once I had all the data and knowledge I needed, I tweaked my prototype device. Calibrated it to my landlady's unique brain signals.

From there, all I needed to do was press the device to Roslyn's forehead and press the button.

It can't make a person more intelligent, unfortunately. Nor can it erase memories. Simply put, my device opens a person's mind. Deactivates the part of their brain that gives them

their free will, amplifies their obedience and desire to listen and serve.

When I pressed the prototype to Roslyn's forehead, pressed its single, red button, my landlady's eyes widened.

A moment of shock, quickly smothered by my first command.

"Relax," I told the middle-aged woman. "Everything is fine."

Immediately, Roslyn's shoulders slumped. Her eyes - a moment before filled with surprise - filled with confusion, then their usual tired pleasantness.

"Follow me," I ordered her firmly. "Do not speak until first spoken to. Do not ask any questions."

Roslyn was of, perhaps, middling intelligence. Not as stupid as so many people were, but neither did she possess a mind worthy of praise. Certainly, she didn't have a brain worthy of asking pertinent or relevant questions about what I was doing, so why let her waste both our times by asking any at all?

I led the woman to my attic room, had her sit down as I attached wires and machines to her head.

Instruments to analyse her brain patters, gathering more and more data for my research. I asked her questions; everything from how she was feeling and how her day was going, to mathematical problem-solving equations and advanced scientific theory. She answered what she could, apologised for the ones she couldn't.

When I'd asked everything I needed to, had all the data I required, I went to remove the cables attached to her head. I reached my hand outwards, paused, looked down at her.

She did have rather large breasts...

"When was the last time you had sex, Roslyn?" I found myself asking.

"Months ago," the woman replied, sounding wistful. "Too long ago."

Something stirred inside me. An animal's instinct.

My hands moved again. Not to Roslyn's head this time, but to her chest.

I'd created a device that would save the world.

Surely, all things considered, that fact should entitle me to some nice *benefits*, shouldn't it?

"Yes," Roslyn said, managing to sound fairly normal. "Yes, everything's fine here. How's college? Keeping out of trouble, I hope."

She pressed the phone into her cardigan-clad chest, muffled the microphone so that the person on the other end wouldn't hear her loud moan. Her eyes were dazed, pussy clamping down hard on my cock. We were in her room, on her bed.

"Uh-huh," Roslyn continued, lifting the phone back to her ear. "And how's your sister? I haven't... Yes, I'm fine. I promise. Just a little bit ill. Everything's fine... No, that's okay. I just need a little rest is all... Yes... Yes, okay. I'll call you again tomorrow. Yes, I promise I'll rest... Have a good day, sweetie. I love you."

When the phone slipped from her fingers, I knew the call was ended.

Two daughters. Eighteen and nineteen respectively. Young and just as beautiful as their mother. When they returned home for summer, I'd be sure to introduce myself - show them the device I'd created. Until then, though, I'd satisfy myself with their mother.

She jerked under me, a short series of spasms rocking her body. Letting out a high-pitched, loud moan, Roslyn's entire body seemed to tense for a heartbeat, then relax entirely.

I smiled down at her, my prize. Not as grand as the Nobel Prize I was sure to win with my world-saving invention, but a fine reward all the same.

And, when her daughters joined the mix, all the better.

I arrived home to the sight of my slave in a maid costume.

Black skirt that didn't reach her knees with a white, frilly apron. Her black and white blouse showed plenty of cleavage, a push-up bra giving Roslyn's large tits a well-rounded look. Around her wrists were two bands of white, and on her head rested a frilly black and white maid tiara.

"Is everything cleaned already?" I asked with mild surprise.

It was barely past midday.

"Yes master," my maid beamed at me. "Food is currently cooking, it'll be ready in an hour."

"Good," I nodded my head. "Very good. Accompany me to the bedroom."

Roslyn fell in behind me, a wide smile on her face.

Fucking me, I knew, was Roslyn's favourite part of the day. I had, after all, made it that way.

To think, just a few weeks ago, Roslyn had tried to keep a professional distance from me at all times – had often suggested she might kick me out of the rented attic room if I kept making strange, mechanical noises up there. Now, she was totally dedicated to me. Servant in body, slave in mind.

One day, hopefully soon, this would be all of humanity.

Obedient, subservient. Fools would fit into their natural place as servants while the wise and intelligent rose to govern over mankind. And I, being the brightest and best of them all, would rule as king over the new world.

Imagine it. A world ruled by me. How grand a place it would be. No more scientific ignorance, no more freedom and power for morons and idiots. A world led by the brightest humanity had to offer, with breeding programs set in place to ensure the next generation would always be more intelligent than the last. Sure, I and other intellects could have our sexual playthings. But, when it came to breeding, only the best would do.

In every phone, the technology needed to hijack its users mind without them ever knowing. Every time they raised their mobile device to their ear, they give unfettered access to the deepest parts of their minds.

Close your eyes and picture it. A perfect world, a utopia without any of the issues facing humanity today. With me at the top – guiding and dictating and commanding. A world in which everyone is under my control. Imagine it.

Now open your eyes. Because that is the world that's coming.