

Tomorrow's Hackers

It started off small. All things do. First, it was make-up and contouring. Then it was cosmetic surgeries, nose-jobs and breast enlargement procedures. Then came the final evolution of appearance altering. The culmination of mankind's desire to look its best.

Bio-avatar transference.

Quite literally transferring a person's consciousness into another body – one designed from the feet up to be perfect. Made in a lab to the customer's specifications, infused with that customer's memories and thoughts; their mind.

Scientists had cracked *that* a long time ago. The intricacies of consciousness. They mapped the brain, learned how to transfer the signals from one mind into a digital space. Some people, the filthy rich, lived entirely digital lives. No physical body, just data on the vast ever-reaching internet. Transferring a person's mind from their body into digital code was child's play, and transferring that code right back into their new, custom-made body was even easier.

But the process wasn't without certain... risks.

You can't hack a human brain. Too fleshy, too unpredictable. No way of properly interfacing with it without your target being fully aware of the fact. To access the information in a human brain, you needed to strap them down to a bed, put a helmet-like device on their head, extract every bit of information you wanted individually while that person was wide awake.

Hardly subtle, right?

But when a person buys themselves a new body, has their mind professionally extracted and formatted into computer-readable data, there's an opening. Get your hands on that data and you can alter it – alter the target's personality, memories, identity, you name it. And they'll never know their mind has been messed with.

Hacking physical brains was near impossible. But hacking a computer with mind-data already on it? Easy.

And profitable.

You'd be surprised – or perhaps you wouldn't – by just how much wealthy men are willing to pay for a personalised sex slave. The body-crafting company provides a sexy, flawless body. And the hacker provides a subservient, loyal, sex-hungry mind. The hacker's client gets a perfect sex-slave. And the sex-slave herself gets to live a life of luxury, smiling and happy – never knowing that the life they were living was one that'd never wanted before their body-switch.

Everyone wins. Everyone profits.

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"Her name is Dia," the rich man said. "Short for Diana. Never much liked that name. Would it be possible for you to change that?"

"In part, yes." I nodded my head. "I can't legally change anything related to the girl, I can only alter her mind. What is possible, however, is making Diana despise her name. Make her want to change it as soon as she can. Do you have any name in particular you'd like her to have instead?"

"Ruby," the man answered immediately.

A stripper name, to be sure. So he was one of *those*. The girl would be little more than a pet to this man, a toy to play with when he was bored.

"You mentioned you want to remove some of her intellectual capabilities?" I continued, making several mental notes. This job wouldn't be an easy one, but it'd pay well. "What did you have?"

"Not 'some'," my client interrupted. "I want you to take it all. Make her dumber than a

brick. A real bimbo bitch. So stupid that she can barely put her own clothes on without making a mistake."

Bimbo. That was a surprisingly common request. Men wanting their sex dolls to be just that. Dolls. Brainless, moronic holes for them to shove their cocks into. It was simple enough to do, and was yet another thing I could charge extra for. This one wealthy bastard was about to give me enough money to buy a small island.

"That will be difficult," I lied. "Removing a person's intelligence requires time and finesse. I'll have to-"

"Yes, yes," the man rolled his eyes. "Do whatever it takes, hacker. Take however long you need. Money is not an issue."

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Diana sighed, looked at herself in the mirror one last time.

Her body. Her first body. The one she'd been born into, the one she'd grown up in. Her *real* body.

Was she really going to give it up? Trade it for something 'better'?

This body – her body – wasn't perfect. She was a little on the chubby side, her face plain and uninteresting. Bland brown hair and ugly brown eyes. She had the face and body of someone unremarkable. A bland face in a sea of bland faces, destined to never stand out. But still, this was *her*. This was Diana. A nose inherited from her mother, her eyes a genetic gift from her father.

Was she *truly* willing to give it up?

What'd even happen to this body if she went through with the process? The pamphlets said her original body would be 'discarded', whatever that meant.

Next to the mirror – as if the company had anticipated their customer's doubts and second thoughts – was a full-body photo of Diana's new body in all its glory.

Nude, of course. With amazing breasts. Large and round and full. And a slender, lean waist. Hips for days, with an ass straight out of a man's wet dream. Fit and strong, healthy and amazing. If she had to sum up that body in a single word, Diana knew *exactly* what word she'd choose.

Perfect.

The kind of body most girls could only ever dream of having.

And it was Diana's, if she wanted it.

She could spend the rest of her life looking like *that*. Hott and sexy and beautiful. A body that'd turn every head in the room and a face that'd haunt the dreams of men with its unobtainable beauty. She could go from plain Jane to goddess of beauty just like that, all expenses paid for by her wealthy uncle.

He'd bought Diana's brother one of the most expensive supercars in the world, given Diana's parents a mansion to live in and a small staff of people to work for them and make their lives as comfortable as possible. And for Diana, he'd done *this*.

Bought her a new body. A better body.

When a person is as ridiculously wealthy as Diana's uncle was, she supposed, their gifts must also be silly expensive.

Looks were everything. Everything.

A good-looking person would succeed where someone less attractive would fail. Job interviews, dating, anything and everything that mattered in the world. Attractive people had an innate advantage. The more attractive they were, the better odds they had of succeeding in life.

That body, with its perfect figure and flawless beauty, could open so many doors for Diana. Offer so many possibilities.

She'd be an idiot to turn it down.

The process, they said, was simple. All she had to do was sit down while they put a metal, wire-coated helmet on her head. Then she'd close her eyes, and it'd be like falling asleep. Only, when she woke up, it'd be in her newer, better body.

She wouldn't remember the in-between point, when her mind and identity were digitalised and stored on a computer. That part would take anywhere between a few hours to several days. Her entire personality, everything she loved and hated, every memory she had, would be turned into ones and zeroes. Then, after the new body had finished being prepared, that computer data would be transferred into it.

And Diana would be made anew. The same person with a new body.

She sat nervously as the technicians and doctors did their thing, putting the helmet on her head and talking to each other softly. Lots of blinking lights and techno-babble.

When it was time, Diana inhaled a deep breath, closed her eyes. And, slowly, she drifted off to sleep.

Her new eyes blinked open, taking in her surroundings.

Everything seemed sharper than before. Crisper. Even the slightest, most unnoticeable blurs in her vision had vanished. She had perfect eyesight. Diana-

She cringed.

Diana? That was her name, wasn't it?

Why did it feel so...

Gross.

She hated it. Hated it! Ever since she was a little girl, she'd hated that silly, stupid name. It was so *ugly*.

And she wasn't ugly any more.

She was sexy. Hott.

A new name!

That's what she needed! A new name for her new body. A better name, not something ugly like 'Diana'. But something that matched her new, slutty face and her sex-on-legs body. Something like...

Ruby.

Yes! That was *perfect*!

She'd thought of it so quickly, too! Had the body-swapping thingy made her *smarter* as well as sexier?

A few of the doctor people raised their eyebrows at Ruby's little giggle of glee. More than one looked her sexy body over, taking in her huge, whore-y tits. Ruby let them look, pushed her chest forward for them, giving them a better view.

She felt free. Happy. She felt *amazing*.

Was this what having a new body was like? Was it supposed to make her feel so amazingly good? Was it supposed to feel so *right*?

She'd have to thank Uncle Daryl for giving her this. *Really* thank him.

Come to think of it, Daryl kinda sounded like Daddy, didn't it?

Ruby had always wanted a sugardaddy!

And, with the body she had now, she could actually have one.

Uncle Daryl. Yes. He was rich. *Really* rich. And he'd been the one who'd given her this gift in the first place. If anyone should be Ruby's sugardaddy, it should be Daddy Daryl.

Ruby hopped up and down, giggling gleefully.

Her boobies bounced like two giant bouncy balls. Bouncy melons! And not the small kind of melon either. The *big* kind. The kind that all the men and boys wanted to snack on!

Daryl watched the show from his office chair, a wicked smirk on his lips.

Ruby liked that smirk. The way her favourite uncle looked at her like he owned her. Like she was his property.

It was *hott*.

She stopped bouncing on the spot, smiled at her uncle behind his desk, folders of boring paperwork in front of him. He needed a distraction. He was a great man, so amazing and nice. He deserved someone to take away all of his stress and worries.

Someone who knew how to suck cock, knew that it was their *job* to suck cock. Someone who could ride dick for hours and never get tired. Someone who had a perfect body, a pussy worthy of Daddy Daryl's cock. Someone who knew her place.

Someone like Ruby.

Slowly, sensually, she reached for the hem of her low-cut shirt. It was stripped off her body in moments. She never wore clothes that couldn't be taken off in an instant.

"Uncle Daryl," Ruby whispered sweetly, softly. "Thank you for this body. I really like it. I *really* like it. It's so nice and sexy and amazing. I want to thank you for giving it to me."

Ravenous hunger entered her uncle's eyes. Animal lust.

Wetness trickled down Ruby's legs. If her uncle looked below her mini-skirt, he'd see the trail of moisture there.

"You bought it," Ruby breathed, a pleasant tingle running up her spine. "I think... Well... You should get what you paid for."

She stepped forward, big boobs swaying.

When she reached his desk, Ruby hesitated for a moment. A single decision entering her mind, the most important choice of Ruby's entire life.

Should she climb on top of it, straddle her new sugardaddy while he sat on his office chair? Or should she go down on her knees, climb under the desk, and suck on her uncle's big, fat cock like a good little princess?

Ruby smiled. She met her uncle's gaze, shivering at the heat and desire she saw there. And, slowly, she lowered herself to the floor in front of him.

Where she belonged.

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Another day, another innocent corrupted.

If I'd wanted to, I could've retired a long time ago. With more money than I'd ever be able to spend, why continue doing what I do? Why keep hacking minds and turning innocent girls into sex-starved sluts?

Because, quite simply, it's fun.

Some people think money is power. People like that rich bastard Daryl. They think numbers can buy them anything, happiness included. They think their wealth makes them powerful. But I know the truth. The truth that they'd *never* learn.

Power is the ability to alter minds, warp personalities.

And, in that respect, I was the most powerful man in this bold, new world.