

# Cyber Hooker

## Part 1



Breast expansion  
Cybernetic modifications  
Enhanced sensitivity



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Enhanced sensitivity

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A woman with dark hair and a necklace is standing in a futuristic medical facility. In the background, there is a large piece of equipment labeled 'MED-STERILISER'. The floor is made of light-colored tiles.

**Color Code:**

This story has color code that will help you navigate through most interesting parts.

**BLACK**  
History

**BLUE**  
The most important parts of the storyline and exciting action

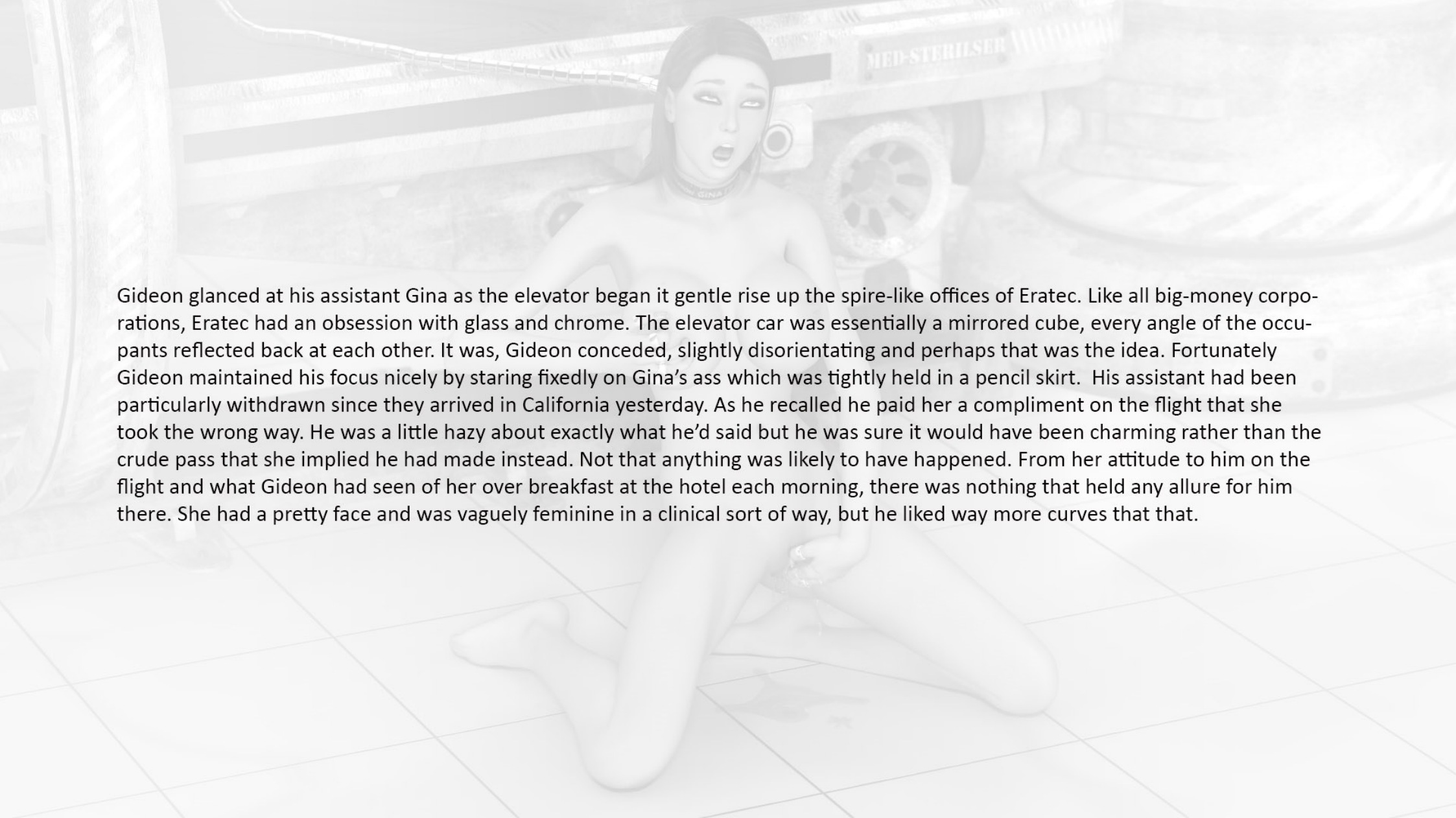
**RED**  
The hottest action or refined fantasies



Gina could feel his eyes on her as they stepped into the elevator. Ever since he had made an awkward pass at her after one too many drinks on the flight over, there had been an unspoken tension between them. Gideon was an attractive man, Gina freely admitted that, but she was married and he was her supervisor. Both were red lines she would not cross.

Of course that didn't mean she hadn't thought about it. No harm in that after all. She even allowed the occasional image of him to drift into her aroused fantasies when she was pleasuring herself. But what happened in her mind and what she would allow to happen in reality were two very separate things. They were entrusted by the state of New York to do a job and anything else would just complicate things. He could look at her all he wanted but there was no way she was going to allow it to be anything more than that.

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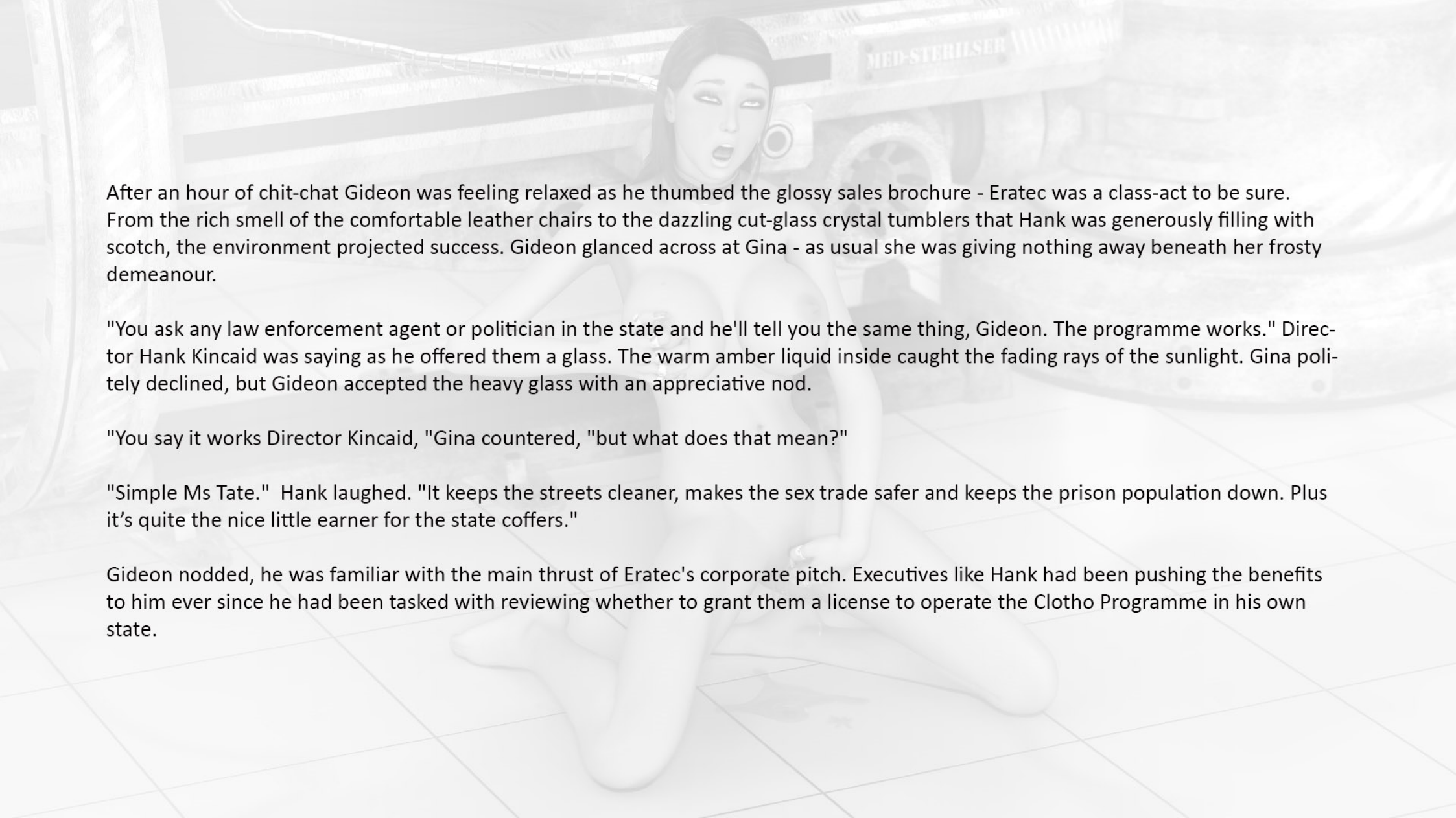


Gideon glanced at his assistant Gina as the elevator began its gentle rise up the spire-like offices of Eratec. Like all big-money corporations, Eratec had an obsession with glass and chrome. The elevator car was essentially a mirrored cube, every angle of the occupants reflected back at each other. It was, Gideon conceded, slightly disorientating and perhaps that was the idea. Fortunately Gideon maintained his focus nicely by staring fixedly on Gina's ass which was tightly held in a pencil skirt. His assistant had been particularly withdrawn since they arrived in California yesterday. As he recalled he paid her a compliment on the flight that she took the wrong way. He was a little hazy about exactly what he'd said but he was sure it would have been charming rather than the crude pass that she implied he had made instead. Not that anything was likely to have happened. From her attitude to him on the flight and what Gideon had seen of her over breakfast at the hotel each morning, there was nothing that held any allure for him there. She had a pretty face and was vaguely feminine in a clinical sort of way, but he liked way more curves than that.

Now his new secretary Tammy was a different creature all together. Her long wavy dark brown hair, luscious looking tits and a flirty nature made her a much more interesting proposition. Gideon remembered the first time he had slept with her, how warm and loving she was, how full her breasts. He remembered staring at her wedding ring as she slept, imagining how proud her now cuckolded husband must have been when he slipped the diamonds and gold onto her finger. Gideon was ashamed to admit it but when he ejaculated over her tits and face the next morning, he had made sure he had gotten some of his load onto her wedding rings. She was his now, both in and out of the office. His mind wandered to imagining about Tammy and Gina making love on his bed. As they explored each other's bodies with their soft tongues he imagined they couldn't look any different from each other. He had a thing for married women. The sense of power over them, of making them cheat on their husbands. Diamonds and gold on the ring finger was like a red rag to a bull for him. He was shaken out of his fantasy as the elevator slowed and the doors opened. Composing himself, Gideon made a mental note to get Tammy to come along next time he had one of this overnight assignments. At least his bed would be a damned sight warmer than it was with Gina's Ice Queen routine.

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After an hour of chit-chat Gideon was feeling relaxed as he thumbed the glossy sales brochure - Eratec was a class-act to be sure. From the rich smell of the comfortable leather chairs to the dazzling cut-glass crystal tumblers that Hank was generously filling with scotch, the environment projected success. Gideon glanced across at Gina - as usual she was giving nothing away beneath her frosty demeanour.

"You ask any law enforcement agent or politician in the state and he'll tell you the same thing, Gideon. The programme works." Director Hank Kincaid was saying as he offered them a glass. The warm amber liquid inside caught the fading rays of the sunlight. Gina politely declined, but Gideon accepted the heavy glass with an appreciative nod.

"You say it works Director Kincaid, "Gina countered, "but what does that mean?"

"Simple Ms Tate." Hank laughed. "It keeps the streets cleaner, makes the sex trade safer and keeps the prison population down. Plus it's quite the nice little earner for the state coffers."

Gideon nodded, he was familiar with the main thrust of Eratec's corporate pitch. Executives like Hank had been pushing the benefits to him ever since he had been tasked with reviewing whether to grant them a license to operate the Clotho Programme in his own state.

## ERATEC INC

Combining useful with sexy.  
Fulfill your erotic fantasies while  
helping the whole society!

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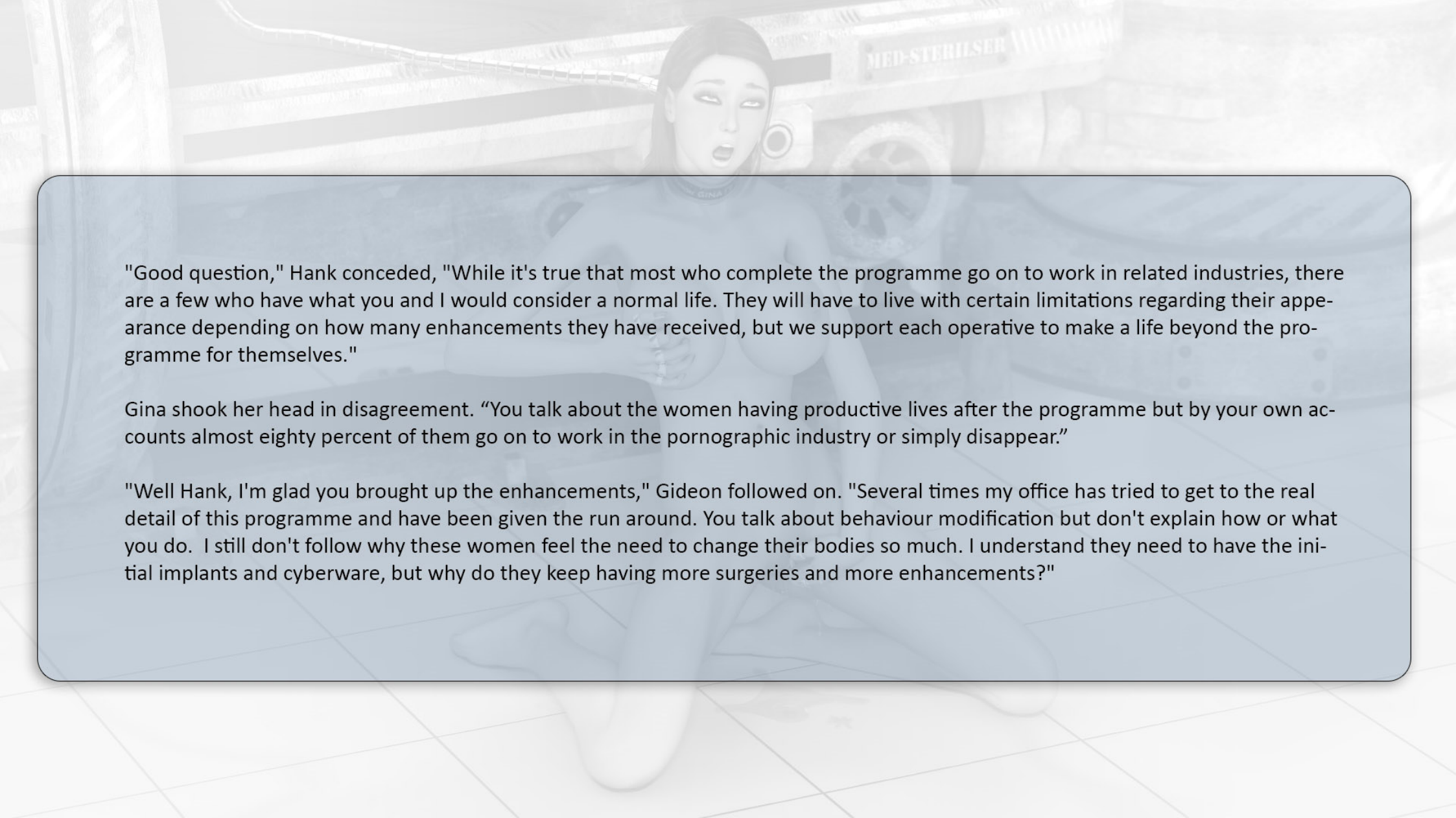


"I'm sure that your Cyber-Whores have been a hit with California but I think you'll find New Yorkers a harder sell." Gideon said deliberately. Gina went further, however.

"Some see them as nothing more than sex slaves." She said, bluntly.

Hank didn't even flinch. "Operatives in the programme, Cyber-Whores if you want to use the vernacular, are not slaves. While it's true that the process does involve behavioural modification, let's not forget that these women are criminals. The programme gives them an alternative to whatever punishment they would have otherwise faced. In the programme they complete their sentence and once they earn their freedom they can go on to lead normal lives.

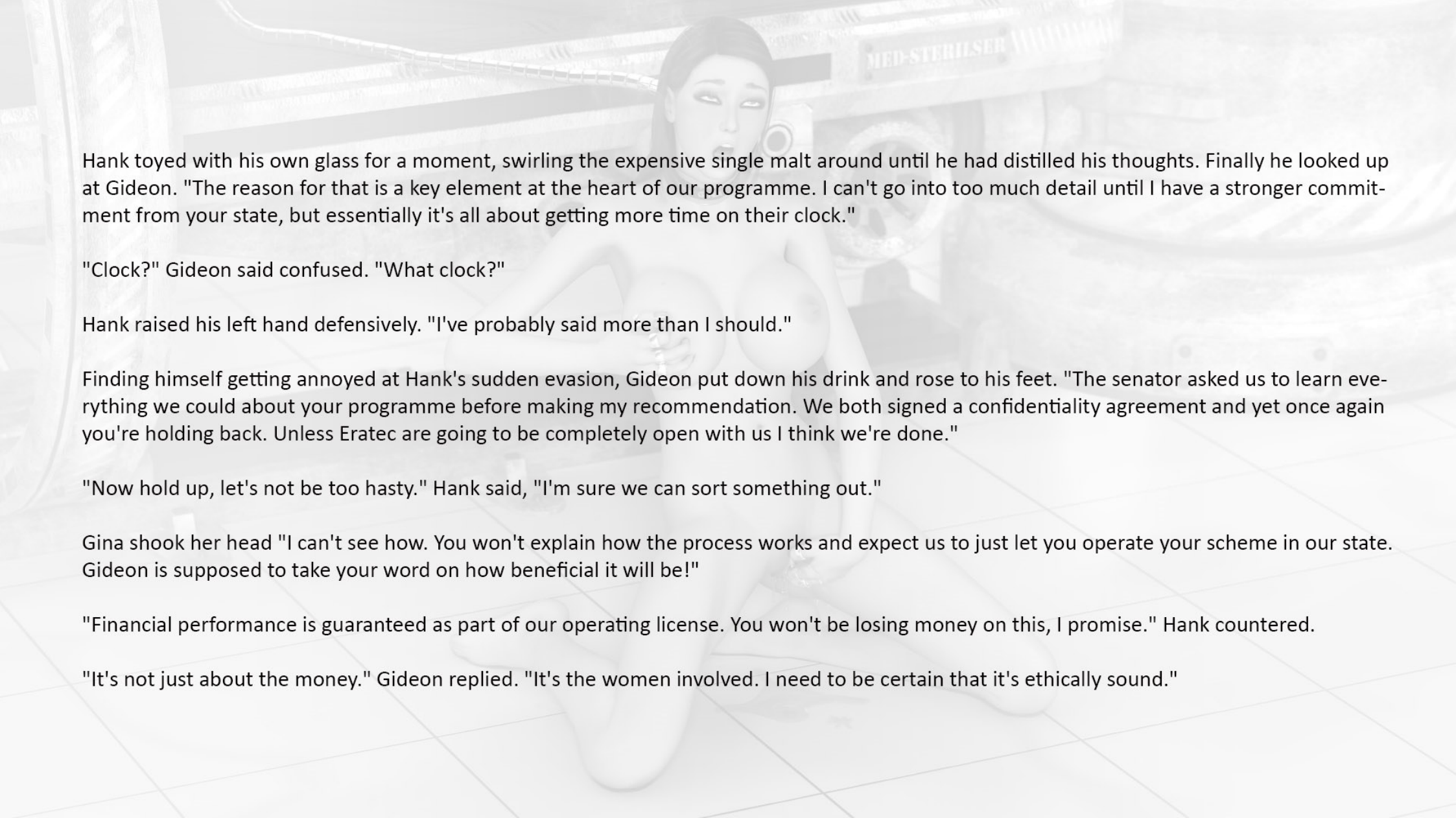
Gina held up a hand to interrupt. "But that's just it director, their bodies have been surgically altered and augmented. How can they go back to a normal life?"



"Good question," Hank conceded, "While it's true that most who complete the programme go on to work in related industries, there are a few who have what you and I would consider a normal life. They will have to live with certain limitations regarding their appearance depending on how many enhancements they have received, but we support each operative to make a life beyond the programme for themselves."

Gina shook her head in disagreement. "You talk about the women having productive lives after the programme but by your own accounts almost eighty percent of them go on to work in the pornographic industry or simply disappear."

"Well Hank, I'm glad you brought up the enhancements," Gideon followed on. "Several times my office has tried to get to the real detail of this programme and have been given the run around. You talk about behaviour modification but don't explain how or what you do. I still don't follow why these women feel the need to change their bodies so much. I understand they need to have the initial implants and cyberware, but why do they keep having more surgeries and more enhancements?"



Hank toyed with his own glass for a moment, swirling the expensive single malt around until he had distilled his thoughts. Finally he looked up at Gideon. "The reason for that is a key element at the heart of our programme. I can't go into too much detail until I have a stronger commitment from your state, but essentially it's all about getting more time on their clock."

"Clock?" Gideon said confused. "What clock?"

Hank raised his left hand defensively. "I've probably said more than I should."

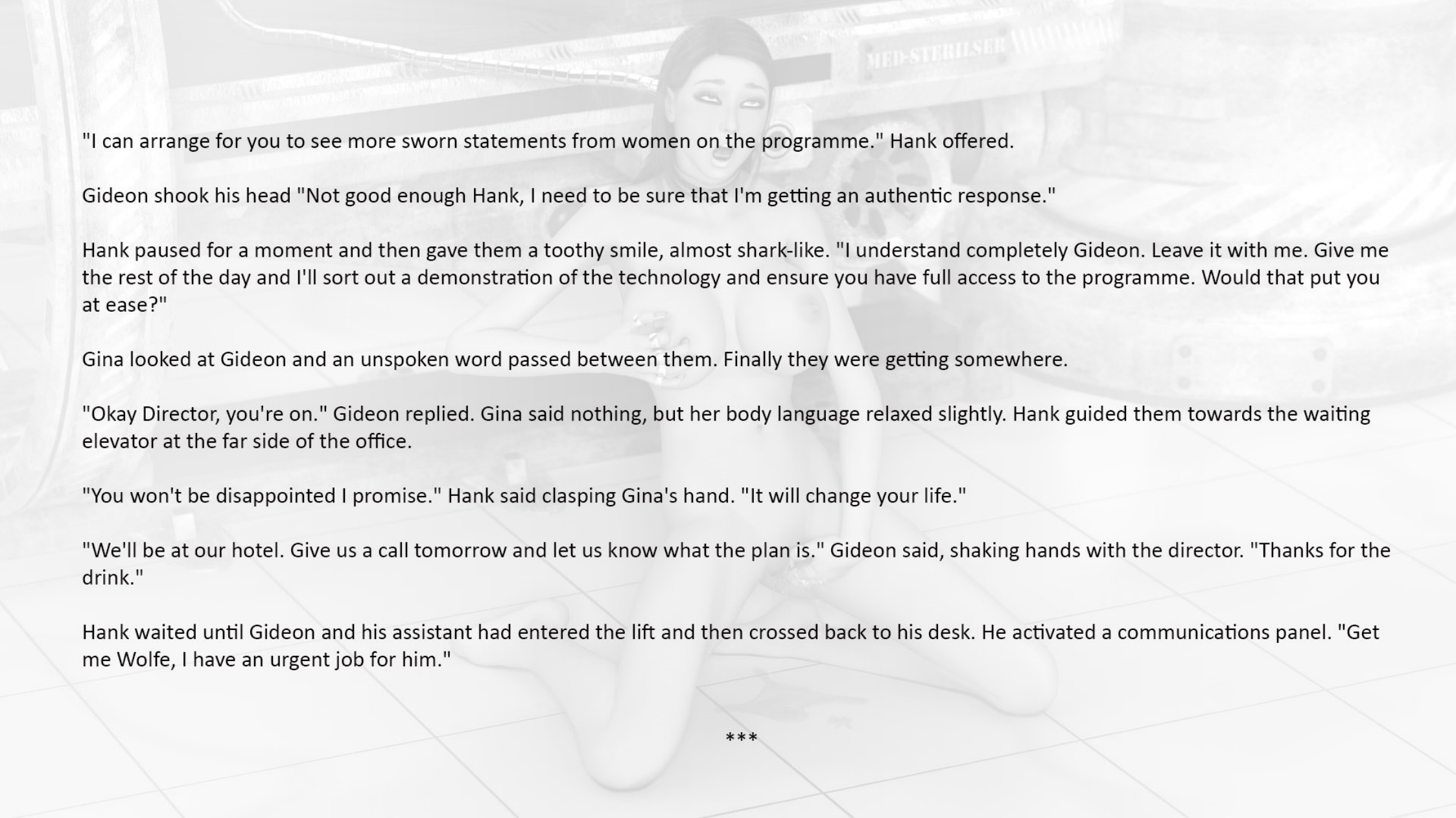
Finding himself getting annoyed at Hank's sudden evasion, Gideon put down his drink and rose to his feet. "The senator asked us to learn everything we could about your programme before making my recommendation. We both signed a confidentiality agreement and yet once again you're holding back. Unless Eratec are going to be completely open with us I think we're done."

"Now hold up, let's not be too hasty." Hank said, "I'm sure we can sort something out."

Gina shook her head "I can't see how. You won't explain how the process works and expect us to just let you operate your scheme in our state. Gideon is supposed to take your word on how beneficial it will be!"

"Financial performance is guaranteed as part of our operating license. You won't be losing money on this, I promise." Hank countered.

"It's not just about the money." Gideon replied. "It's the women involved. I need to be certain that it's ethically sound."

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white lab coat, stands in a medical or laboratory setting. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. In the background, there is a piece of equipment labeled 'MED-STERILISER'. The scene is brightly lit, and the overall tone is professional and clean.

"I can arrange for you to see more sworn statements from women on the programme." Hank offered.

Gideon shook his head "Not good enough Hank, I need to be sure that I'm getting an authentic response."

Hank paused for a moment and then gave them a toothy smile, almost shark-like. "I understand completely Gideon. Leave it with me. Give me the rest of the day and I'll sort out a demonstration of the technology and ensure you have full access to the programme. Would that put you at ease?"

Gina looked at Gideon and an unspoken word passed between them. Finally they were getting somewhere.

"Okay Director, you're on." Gideon replied. Gina said nothing, but her body language relaxed slightly. Hank guided them towards the waiting elevator at the far side of the office.

"You won't be disappointed I promise." Hank said clasping Gina's hand. "It will change your life."

"We'll be at our hotel. Give us a call tomorrow and let us know what the plan is." Gideon said, shaking hands with the director. "Thanks for the drink."

Hank waited until Gideon and his assistant had entered the lift and then crossed back to his desk. He activated a communications panel. "Get me Wolfe, I have an urgent job for him."

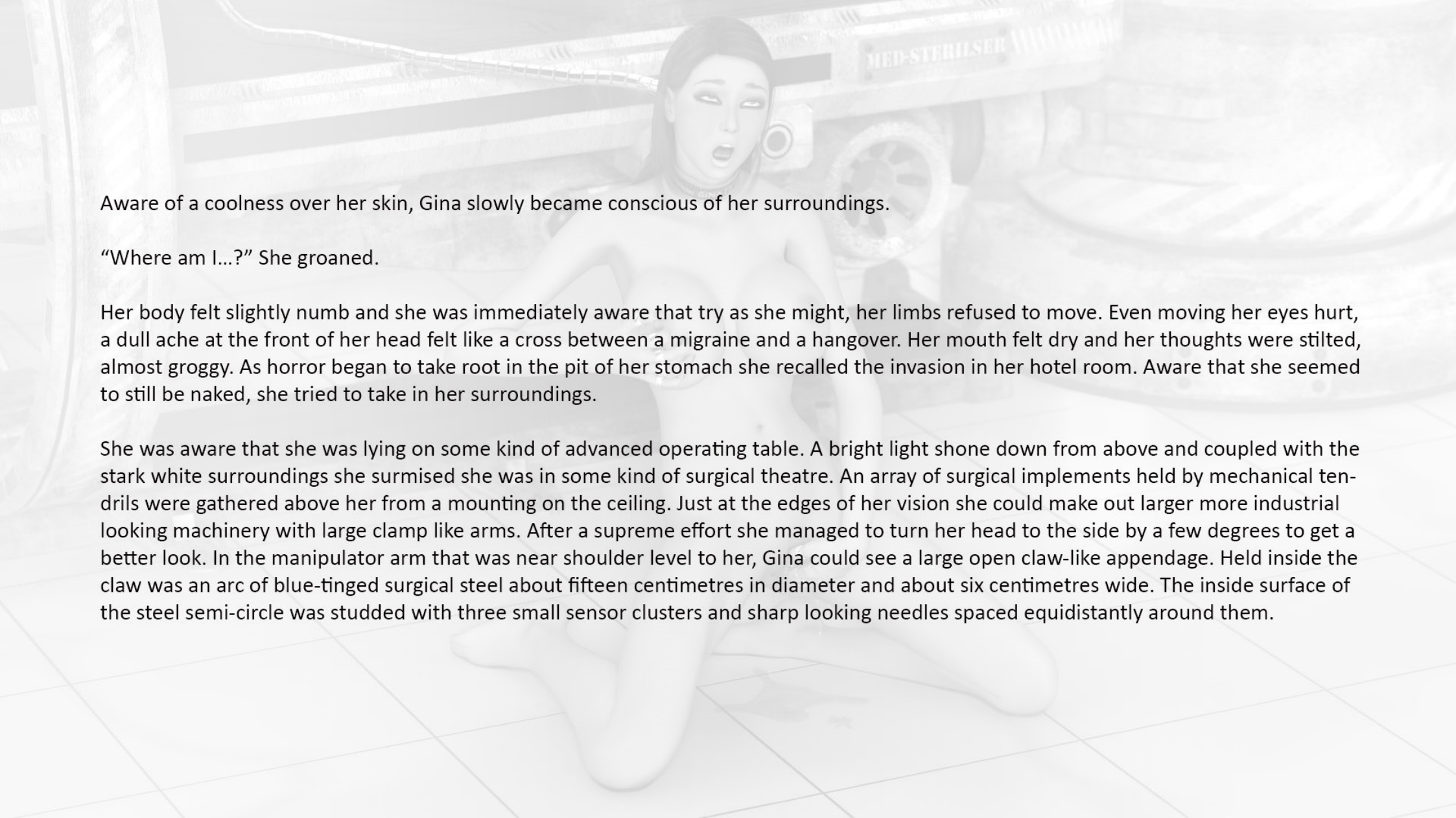
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With the water pulsing around her from the shower, Gina lost herself for a moment in the steam and heat. The tensions of the day melted away as her tight body was gently pummelled by the water jets. Once again she found her thoughts drifting to Gideon. She pictured him wrapping his strong arms around her, his cock pressing against her moistening pussy. Instinctively she reached down and began to rub her clit as the fantasy unfolded in her mind. Consumed in the throes of pleasure as she masturbated, Gina failed to hear the tell-tale click of the door to her hotel suite opening. As she reached climax, her eyes closed and she became blinded to the intruders that entered her bathroom at that moment. An orgasm pulsed up from her loins as her pussy play reached a crescendo. She stifled a cry of ecstasy by biting her clenched fist as she came.

The dizzying heights of the sensation shattered as suddenly she was seized by rough hands. Her eyes snapped open and she saw two men swathed all in black, their hidden faces giving nothing away of their intentions. A hypodermic injector was pressed against her arm by one of the intruders and immediately her vision filled with blackness.

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Aware of a coolness over her skin, Gina slowly became conscious of her surroundings.

“Where am I...?” She groaned.

Her body felt slightly numb and she was immediately aware that try as she might, her limbs refused to move. Even moving her eyes hurt, a dull ache at the front of her head felt like a cross between a migraine and a hangover. Her mouth felt dry and her thoughts were stilted, almost groggy. As horror began to take root in the pit of her stomach she recalled the invasion in her hotel room. Aware that she seemed to still be naked, she tried to take in her surroundings.

She was aware that she was lying on some kind of advanced operating table. A bright light shone down from above and coupled with the stark white surroundings she surmised she was in some kind of surgical theatre. An array of surgical implements held by mechanical tendrils were gathered above her from a mounting on the ceiling. Just at the edges of her vision she could make out larger more industrial looking machinery with large clamp like arms. After a supreme effort she managed to turn her head to the side by a few degrees to get a better look. In the manipulator arm that was near shoulder level to her, Gina could see a large open claw-like appendage. Held inside the claw was an arc of blue-tinged surgical steel about fifteen centimetres in diameter and about six centimetres wide. The inside surface of the steel semi-circle was studded with three small sensor clusters and sharp looking needles spaced equidistantly around them.



Gina realised she had seen the sensor clusters and needles before - she was looking at cyberware. The upper mandible of the claw had a matching arc of steel in exactly the same proportions. With a sickening sensation Gina realised she was looking at a collar.

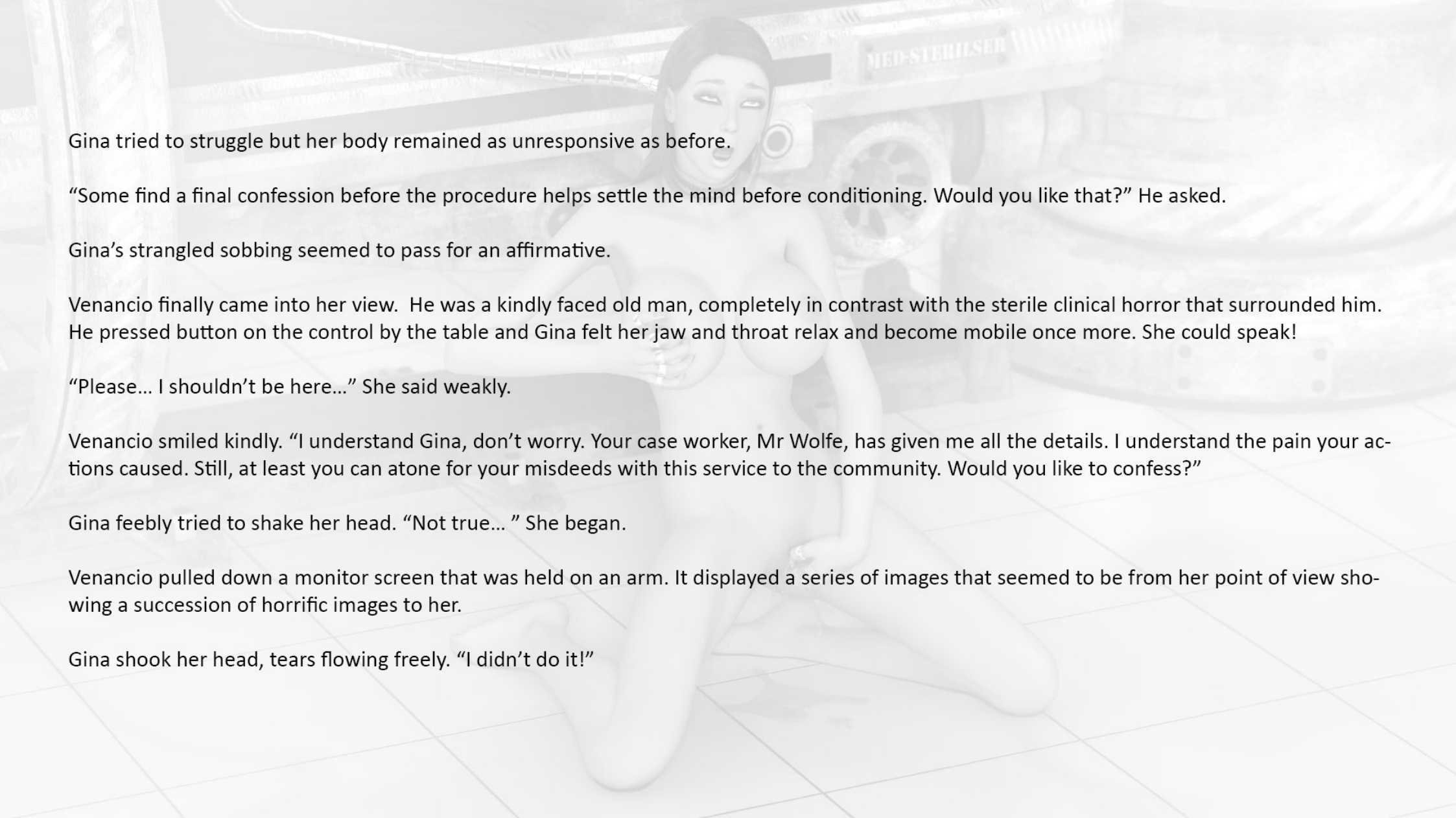
“Ah, you are awake Ms Tate. Or can I call you Gina?” A disembodied voice said nearby.

Gina tried to tell the voice to go to hell, but her jaw and tongue refused to cooperate. Instead she made a strained grunting sound. She thought it conveyed her meaning though.

“My name is Doctor Venancio,” the voice soothed, “I understand that instead of the lengthy prison sentence you would have faced as a drunk driver, you have volunteered for this process.”

Gina’s mind reeled. Drunk driver? What was going on?

Venancio seemed to take her muted responses as confirmation. “Try not to panic. I understand that in the final moments it can all seem overwhelming, but once the process is complete you’ll find a contentment that you never dreamed possible. In a few moments the process will begin. You will feel some discomfort until your collar is in place and then the neural processors will begin to control your pain receptors. After that it is just a matter of allowing the process to complete.”



Gina tried to struggle but her body remained as unresponsive as before.

“Some find a final confession before the procedure helps settle the mind before conditioning. Would you like that?” He asked.

Gina’s strangled sobbing seemed to pass for an affirmative.

Venancio finally came into her view. He was a kindly faced old man, completely in contrast with the sterile clinical horror that surrounded him. He pressed button on the control by the table and Gina felt her jaw and throat relax and become mobile once more. She could speak!

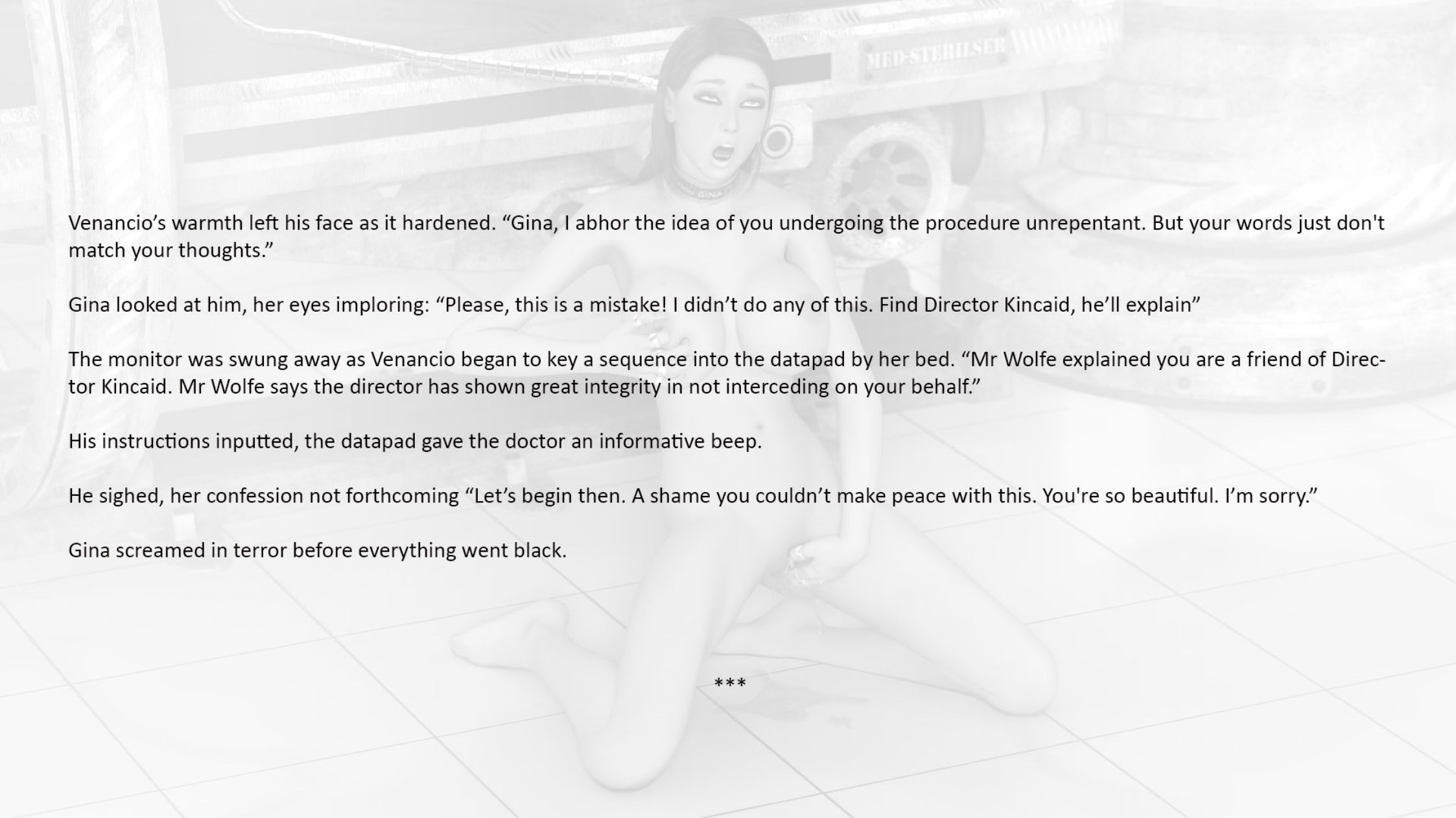
“Please... I shouldn’t be here...” She said weakly.

Venancio smiled kindly. “I understand Gina, don’t worry. Your case worker, Mr Wolfe, has given me all the details. I understand the pain your actions caused. Still, at least you can atone for your misdeeds with this service to the community. Would you like to confess?”

Gina feebly tried to shake her head. “Not true... ” She began.

Venancio pulled down a monitor screen that was held on an arm. It displayed a series of images that seemed to be from her point of view showing a succession of horrific images to her.

Gina shook her head, tears flowing freely. “I didn’t do it!”



Venancio's warmth left his face as it hardened. "Gina, I abhor the idea of you undergoing the procedure unrepentant. But your words just don't match your thoughts."

Gina looked at him, her eyes imploring: "Please, this is a mistake! I didn't do any of this. Find Director Kincaid, he'll explain"

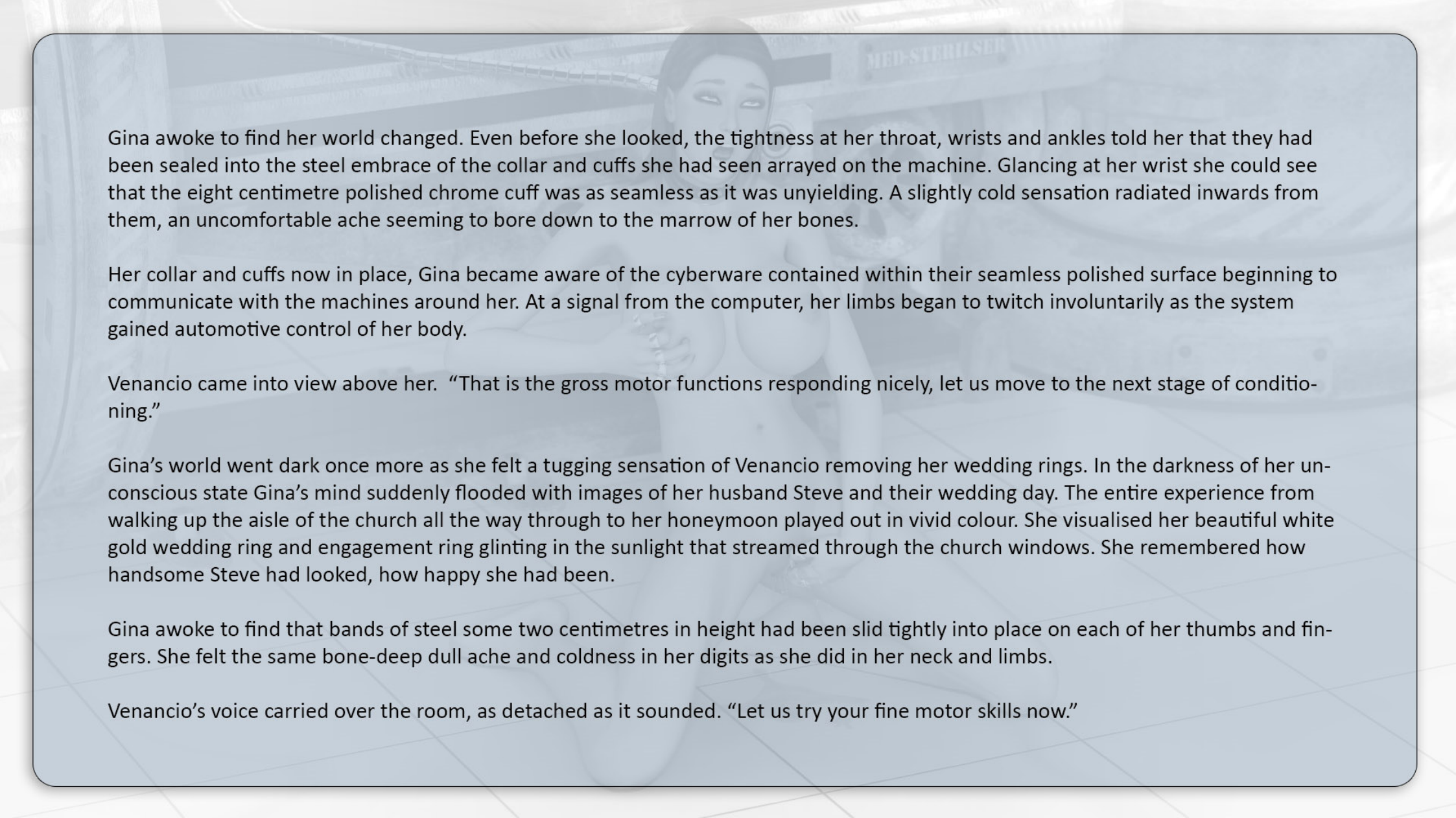
The monitor was swung away as Venancio began to key a sequence into the datapad by her bed. "Mr Wolfe explained you are a friend of Director Kincaid. Mr Wolfe says the director has shown great integrity in not interceding on your behalf."

His instructions inputted, the datapad gave the doctor an informative beep.

He sighed, her confession not forthcoming "Let's begin then. A shame you couldn't make peace with this. You're so beautiful. I'm sorry."

Gina screamed in terror before everything went black.

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A woman with dark hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a futuristic medical collar and cuffs. She is looking slightly to her right. The background is a blurred medical facility with a sign that says 'MED-STERILISER'.

Gina awoke to find her world changed. Even before she looked, the tightness at her throat, wrists and ankles told her that they had been sealed into the steel embrace of the collar and cuffs she had seen arrayed on the machine. Glancing at her wrist she could see that the eight centimetre polished chrome cuff was as seamless as it was unyielding. A slightly cold sensation radiated inwards from them, an uncomfortable ache seeming to bore down to the marrow of her bones.

Her collar and cuffs now in place, Gina became aware of the cyberware contained within their seamless polished surface beginning to communicate with the machines around her. At a signal from the computer, her limbs began to twitch involuntarily as the system gained automotive control of her body.

Venancio came into view above her. “That is the gross motor functions responding nicely, let us move to the next stage of conditioning.”

Gina’s world went dark once more as she felt a tugging sensation of Venancio removing her wedding rings. In the darkness of her unconscious state Gina’s mind suddenly flooded with images of her husband Steve and their wedding day. The entire experience from walking up the aisle of the church all the way through to her honeymoon played out in vivid colour. She visualised her beautiful white gold wedding ring and engagement ring glinting in the sunlight that streamed through the church windows. She remembered how handsome Steve had looked, how happy she had been.

Gina awoke to find that bands of steel some two centimetres in height had been slid tightly into place on each of her thumbs and fingers. She felt the same bone-deep dull ache and coldness in her digits as she did in her neck and limbs.

Venancio’s voice carried over the room, as detached as it sounded. “Let us try your fine motor skills now.”

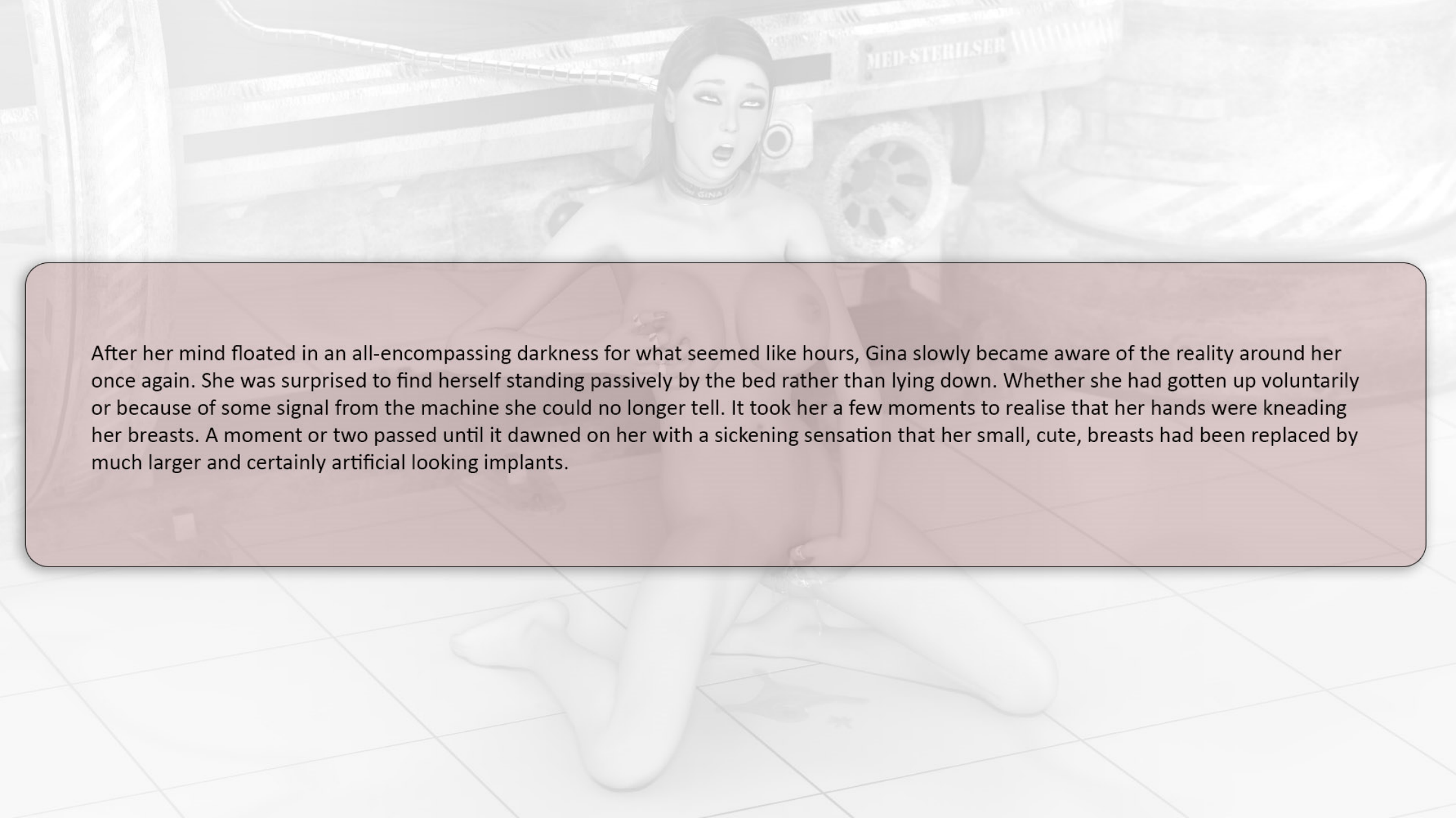
Gina watched in detached horror as her arms now rose up like she was a marionette having her strings pulled. Her fingers danced as though plucking at an invisible harp in the air.

The prickling sensation on her limbs was immediately pushed from consideration as images began to flash rapidly through her mind's eye. The images changed through the gamut of sadness, pain, loss, jealousy, rage and more. After what seemed an age, Venancio's machine clearly had the measure of her mind and every romantic liaison, every feeling of joy and contentment seemed to be stimulated and then erased.

"Please... stop... don't..." She cried out in her head, her voice sounding feeble. Gina felt a greater part of herself fade away.

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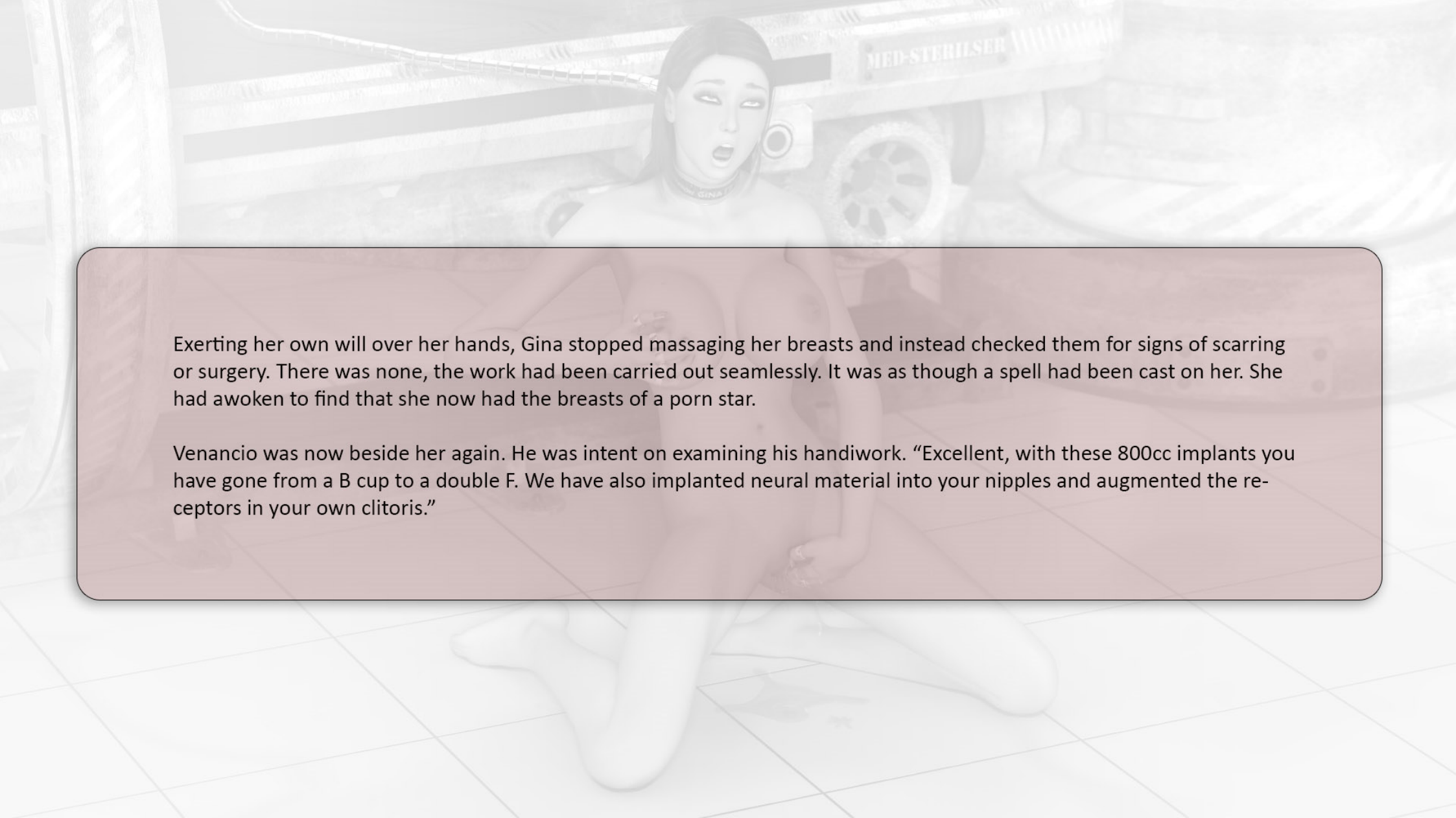




After her mind floated in an all-encompassing darkness for what seemed like hours, Gina slowly became aware of the reality around her once again. She was surprised to find herself standing passively by the bed rather than lying down. Whether she had gotten up voluntarily or because of some signal from the machine she could no longer tell. It took her a few moments to realise that her hands were kneading her breasts. A moment or two passed until it dawned on her with a sickening sensation that her small, cute, breasts had been replaced by much larger and certainly artificial looking implants.



She was horrified. She had never imagined getting a boob job. In fact she had often looked at the pumped up tits on the bimbos she saw in the media and thought they looked ridiculous. She couldn't imagine mutilating her body like that for a man. And now here she was, pumped up tits and all.

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a dark, form-fitting, sleeveless top and a choker with the name 'GINA' on it, is kneeling on a light-colored tiled floor. She has a surprised or shocked expression on her face. In the background, there is a piece of medical equipment with the words 'MED-STERILISER' visible on it. The scene is set in a futuristic or clinical environment with metallic surfaces and a grid pattern on the floor.

Exerting her own will over her hands, Gina stopped massaging her breasts and instead checked them for signs of scarring or surgery. There was none, the work had been carried out seamlessly. It was as though a spell had been cast on her. She had awoken to find that she now had the breasts of a porn star.

Venancio was now beside her again. He was intent on examining his handiwork. “Excellent, with these 800cc implants you have gone from a B cup to a double F. We have also implanted neural material into your nipples and augmented the receptors in your own clitoris.”

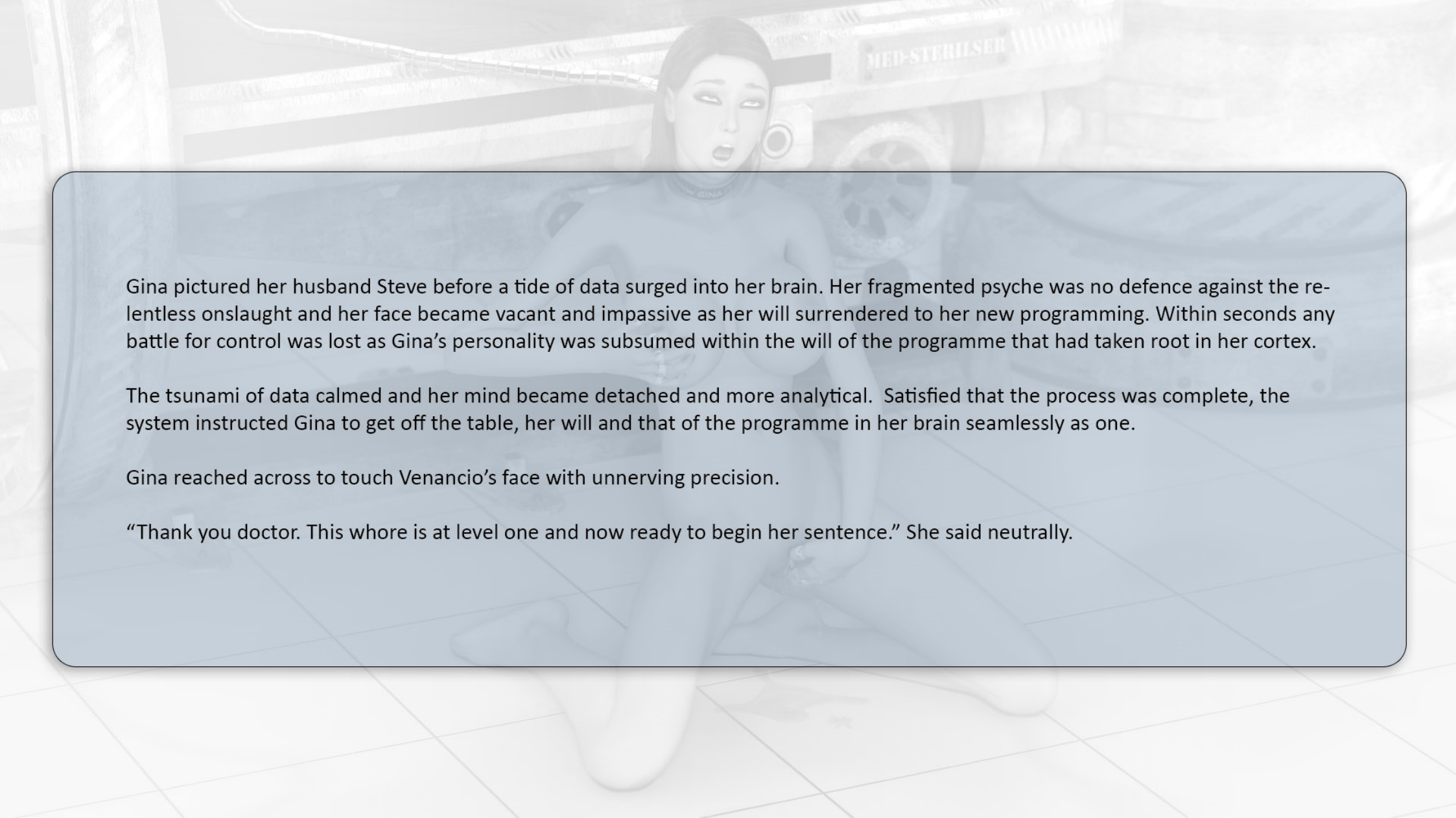
She felt heat and a swelling in the treated areas. Her nipples had swollen to twice their size, thickening and becoming incredibly sensitive. She could only imagine that a similar engorging had taken place with her clitoris too. Waves of stimulation began to emanate from between her thighs and out from her breasts. She felt arousal of a kind she had never experienced before. A deep longing that seemed impossible to imagine anything that might satiate it.





The sensation began to build and build until she was climaxing with incredible power. Regardless of any conditioning or trauma she began to moan loudly. The moaning became feral grunting as her hands began to play with her nipples and finger her pussy. The arousal and orgasms continued unabated, despite reaching a plateau several times. The heat and pounding in her head seemed to be unending. As amazing as the sensations were, it also felt dangerously out of control.

The computer monitoring her condition clearly thought so as well and she felt a mounting pressure in her head as the computer prepared to violate her mind and assert control completely.

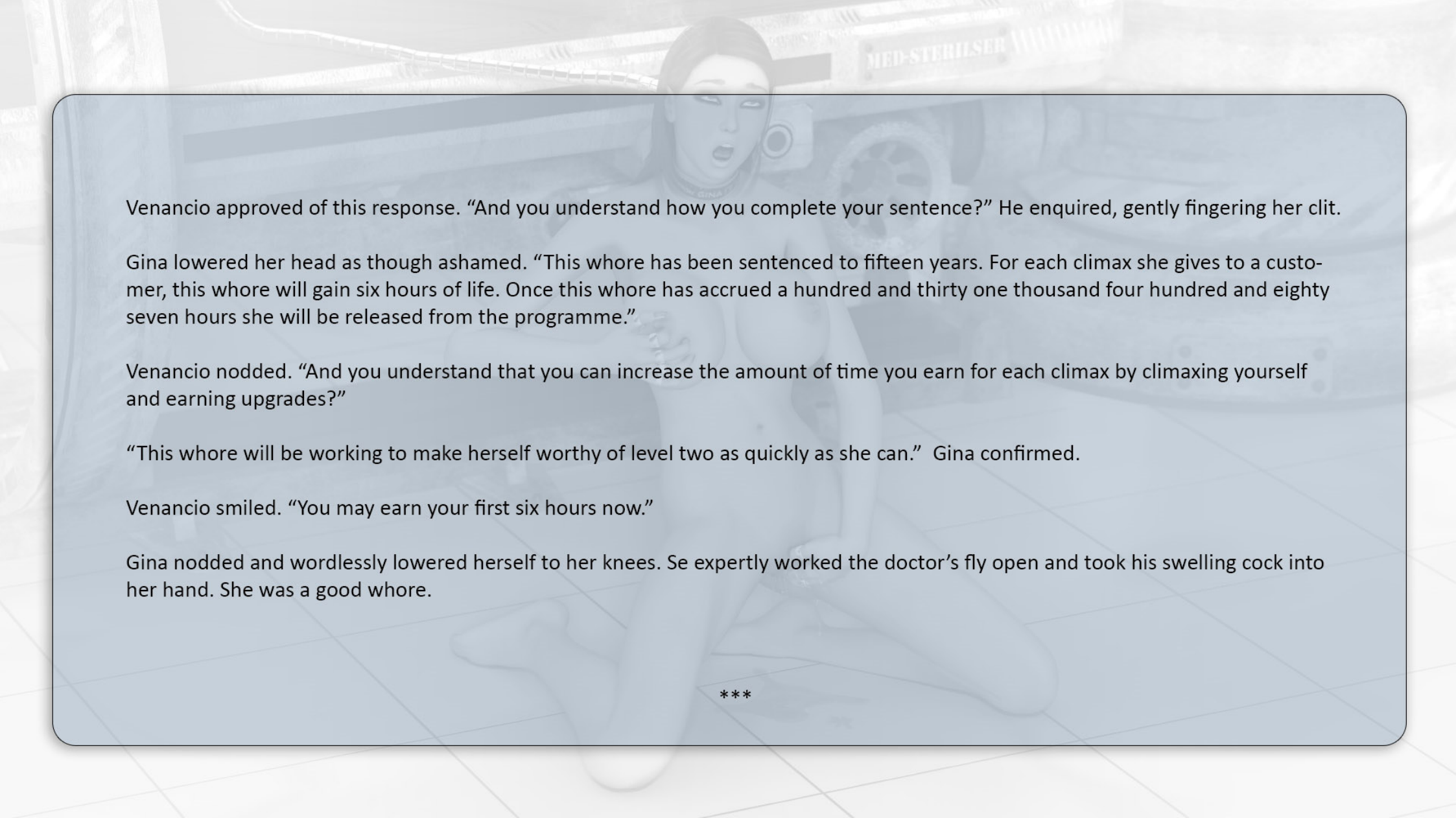


Gina pictured her husband Steve before a tide of data surged into her brain. Her fragmented psyche was no defence against the relentless onslaught and her face became vacant and impassive as her will surrendered to her new programming. Within seconds any battle for control was lost as Gina's personality was subsumed within the will of the programme that had taken root in her cortex.

The tsunami of data calmed and her mind became detached and more analytical. Satisfied that the process was complete, the system instructed Gina to get off the table, her will and that of the programme in her brain seamlessly as one.

Gina reached across to touch Venancio's face with unnerving precision.

"Thank you doctor. This whore is at level one and now ready to begin her sentence." She said neutrally.



Venancio approved of this response. “And you understand how you complete your sentence?” He enquired, gently fingering her clit.

Gina lowered her head as though ashamed. “This whore has been sentenced to fifteen years. For each climax she gives to a customer, this whore will gain six hours of life. Once this whore has accrued a hundred and thirty one thousand four hundred and eighty seven hours she will be released from the programme.”

Venancio nodded. “And you understand that you can increase the amount of time you earn for each climax by climaxing yourself and earning upgrades?”

“This whore will be working to make herself worthy of level two as quickly as she can.” Gina confirmed.

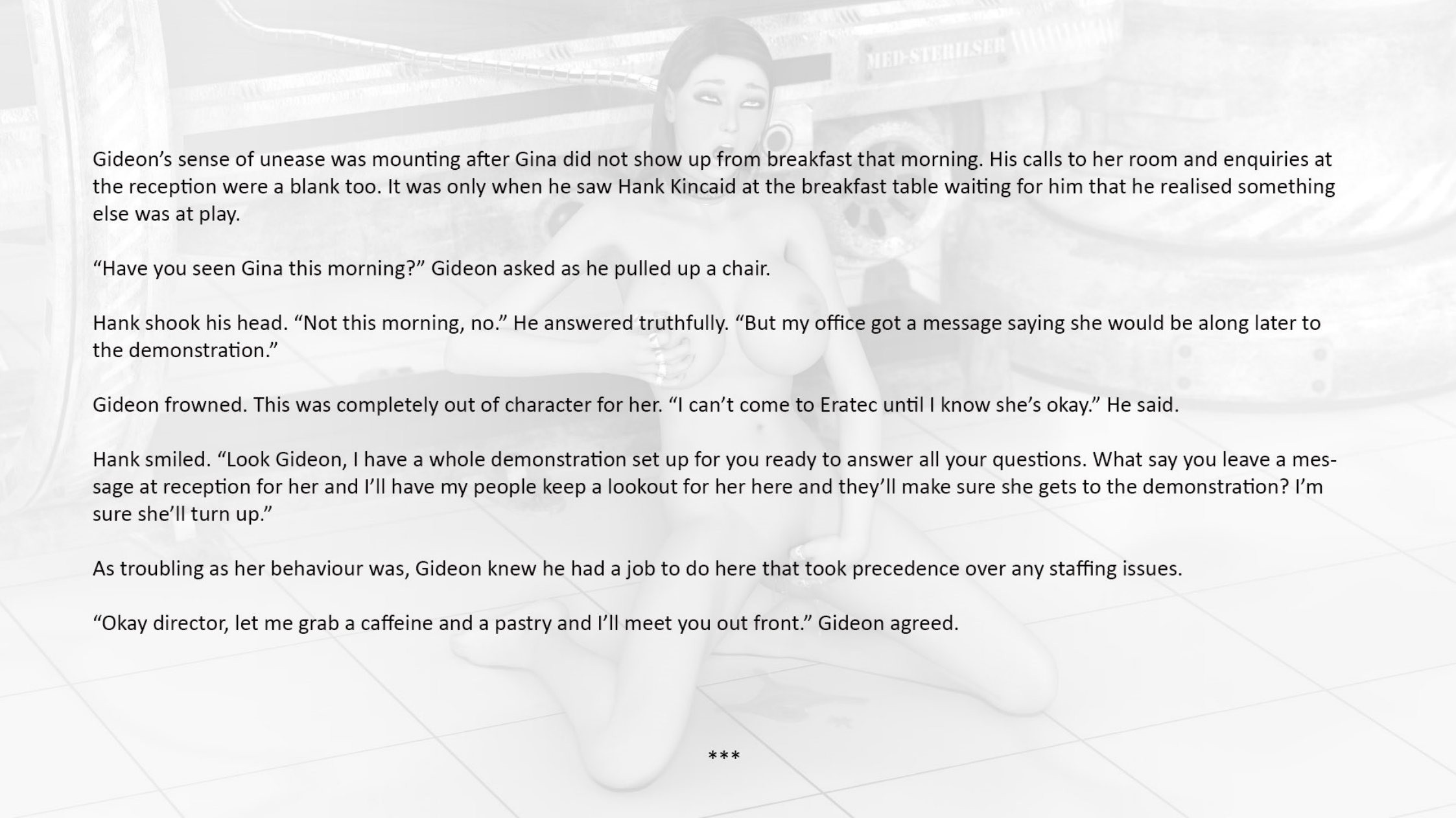
Venancio smiled. “You may earn your first six hours now.”

Gina nodded and wordlessly lowered herself to her knees. She expertly worked the doctor’s fly open and took his swelling cock into her hand. She was a good whore.

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*Before & After*





Gideon's sense of unease was mounting after Gina did not show up from breakfast that morning. His calls to her room and enquiries at the reception were a blank too. It was only when he saw Hank Kincaid at the breakfast table waiting for him that he realised something else was at play.

"Have you seen Gina this morning?" Gideon asked as he pulled up a chair.

Hank shook his head. "Not this morning, no." He answered truthfully. "But my office got a message saying she would be along later to the demonstration."

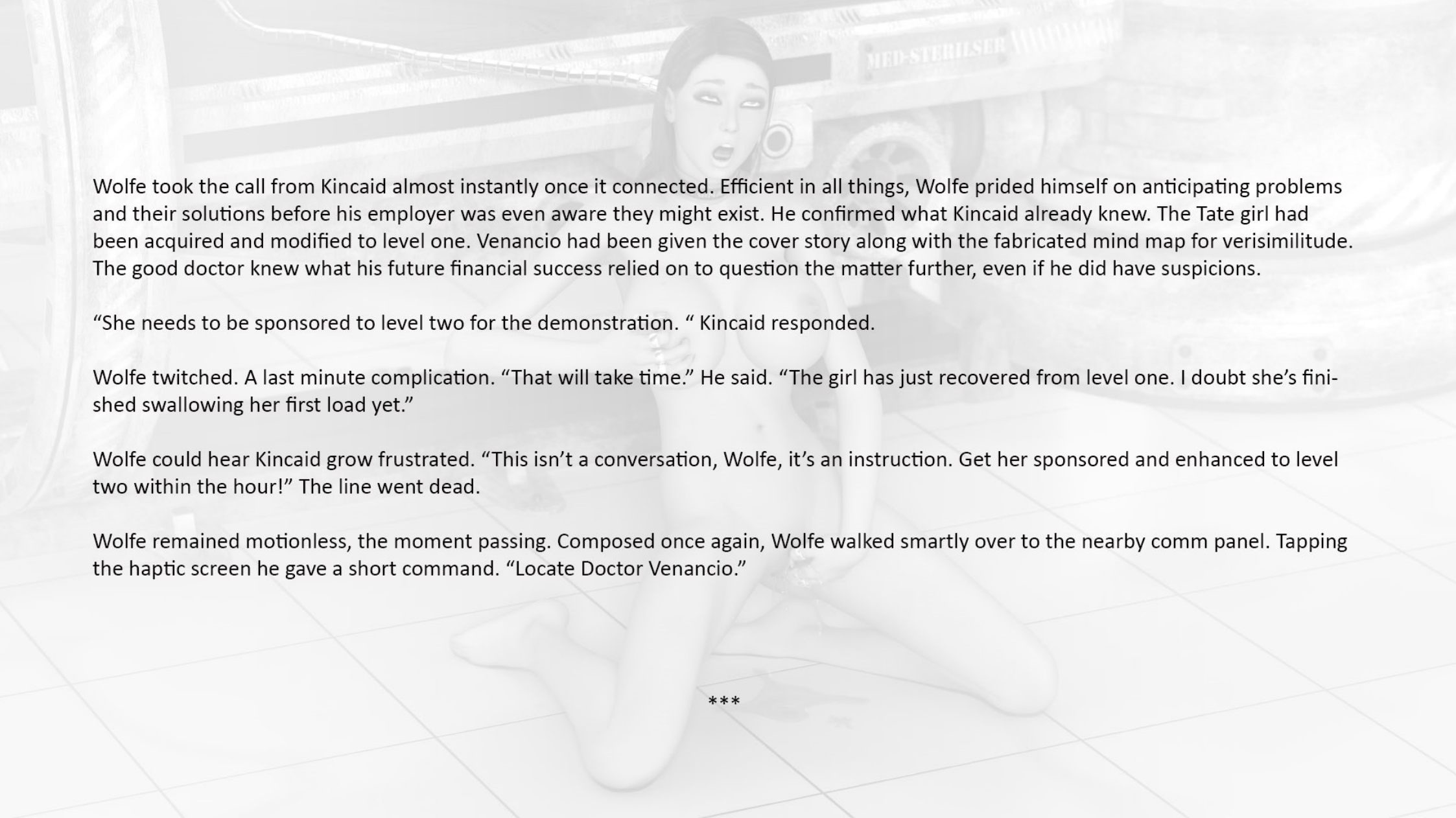
Gideon frowned. This was completely out of character for her. "I can't come to Eratec until I know she's okay." He said.

Hank smiled. "Look Gideon, I have a whole demonstration set up for you ready to answer all your questions. What say you leave a message at reception for her and I'll have my people keep a lookout for her here and they'll make sure she gets to the demonstration? I'm sure she'll turn up."

As troubling as her behaviour was, Gideon knew he had a job to do here that took precedence over any staffing issues.

"Okay director, let me grab a caffeine and a pastry and I'll meet you out front." Gideon agreed.

\*\*\*



Wolfe took the call from Kincaid almost instantly once it connected. Efficient in all things, Wolfe prided himself on anticipating problems and their solutions before his employer was even aware they might exist. He confirmed what Kincaid already knew. The Tate girl had been acquired and modified to level one. Venancio had been given the cover story along with the fabricated mind map for verisimilitude. The good doctor knew what his future financial success relied on to question the matter further, even if he did have suspicions.

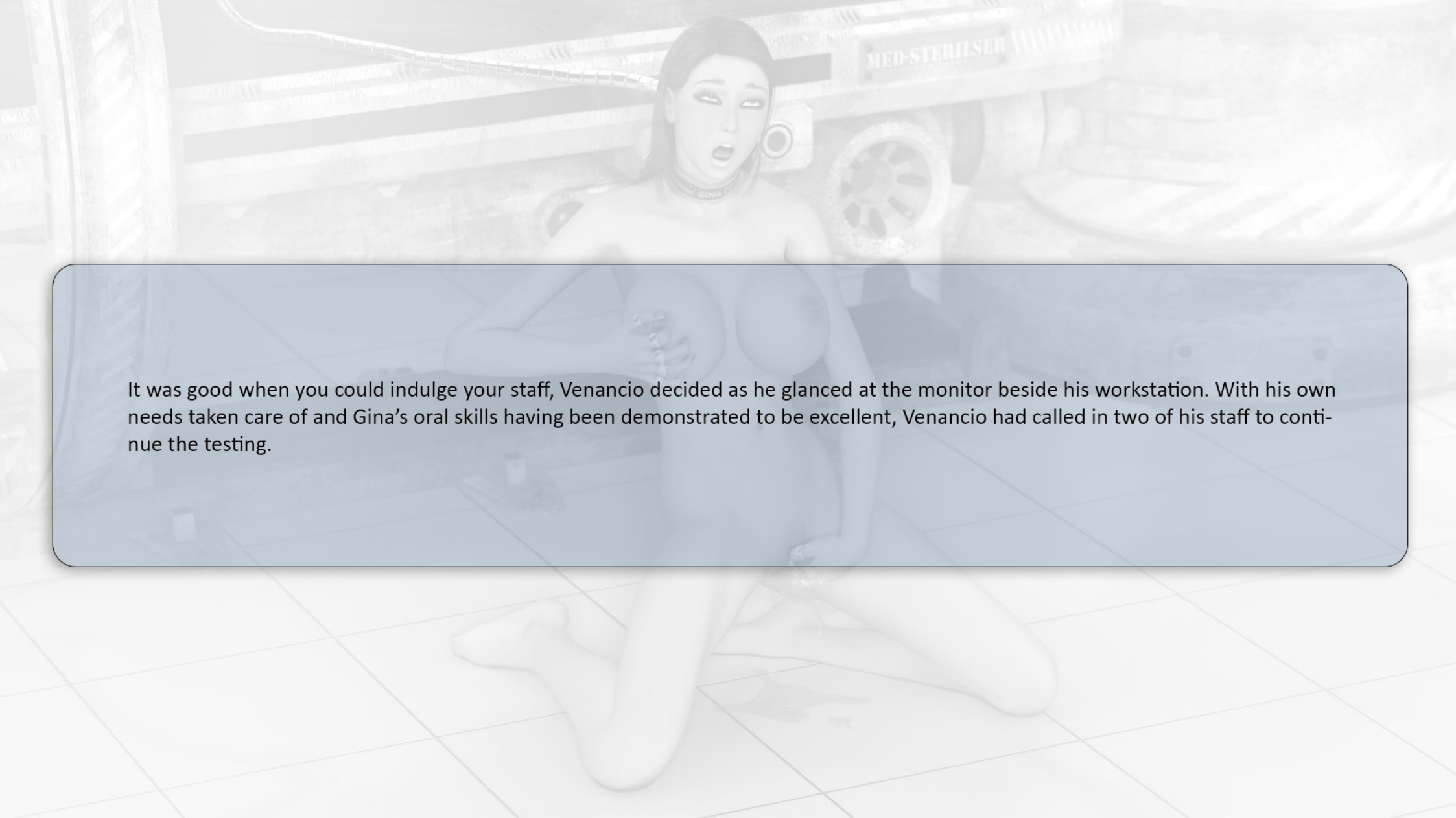
“She needs to be sponsored to level two for the demonstration. “ Kincaid responded.

Wolfe twitched. A last minute complication. “That will take time.” He said. “The girl has just recovered from level one. I doubt she’s finished swallowing her first load yet.”

Wolfe could hear Kincaid grow frustrated. “This isn’t a conversation, Wolfe, it’s an instruction. Get her sponsored and enhanced to level two within the hour!” The line went dead.

Wolfe remained motionless, the moment passing. Composed once again, Wolfe walked smartly over to the nearby comm panel. Tapping the haptic screen he gave a short command. “Locate Doctor Venancio.”

\*\*\*

A 3D rendered character named Gina is shown in a futuristic medical facility. She is a woman with long dark hair, wearing a black choker with the name 'GINA' on it. She is kneeling on a white tiled floor, looking up with an open mouth as if in shock or surprise. In the background, there is a large piece of medical equipment labeled 'MED-STERILISER'. The scene is dimly lit with a blueish tint.

It was good when you could indulge your staff, Venancio decided as he glanced at the monitor beside his workstation. With his own needs taken care of and Gina's oral skills having been demonstrated to be excellent, Venancio had called in two of his staff to continue the testing.

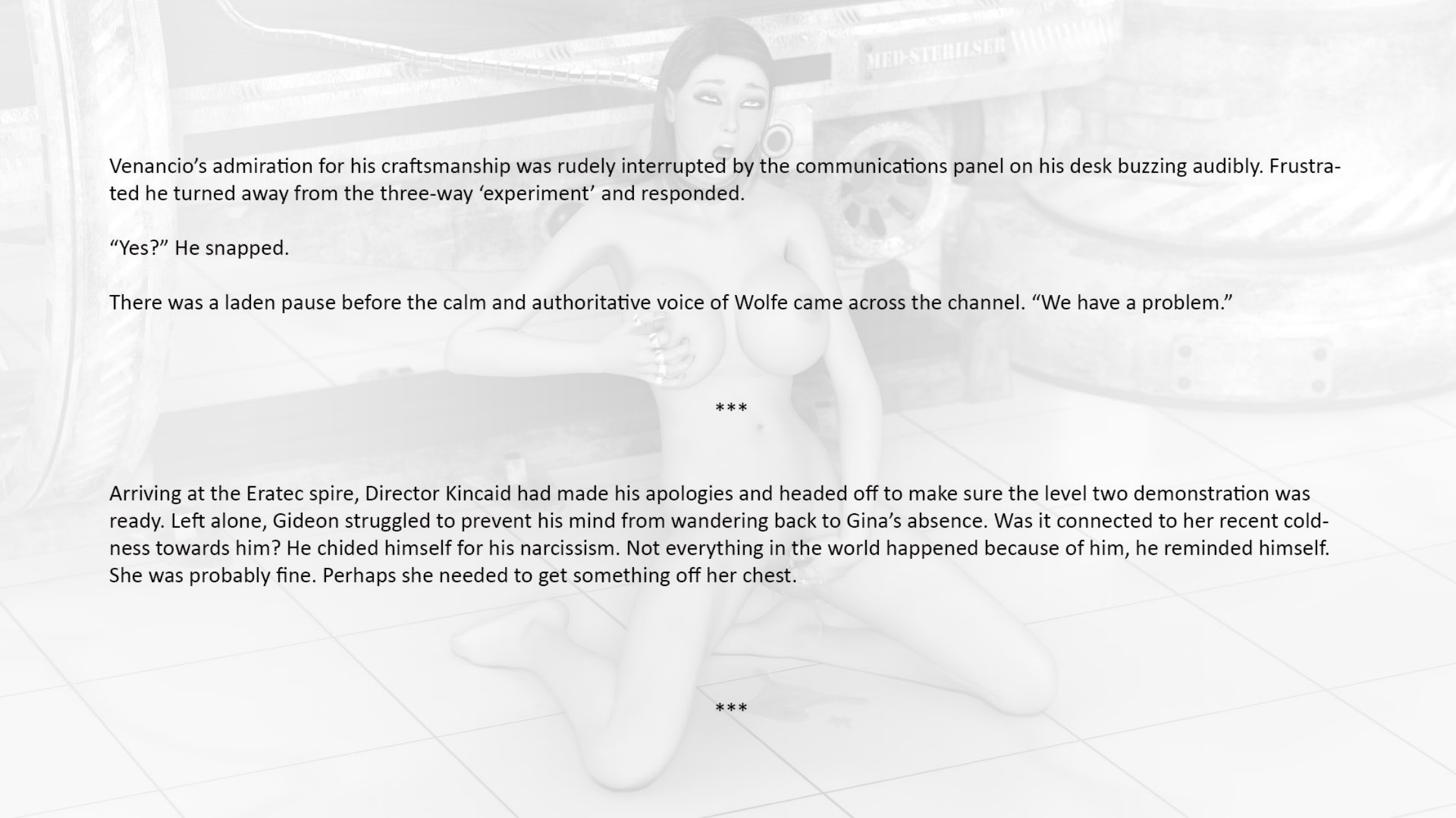
On the monitor he could see both the digital catalogue technician, Swanson, grinding his cock into Gina's modified pussy. Venancio checked the readings given by Gina's cyberware implants. They reported that her Oxytocin and Endorphin levels were rising in line with expectations. Of particular interest were the responses the cyberware were detecting in Swanson as well. Venancio had ensured that as part of the modifications he made to Gina's body, her pussy had been tightened and additional muscle fibres and glands had been implanted to make sure that any client fucking her would have the most incredible feeling science could produce.

In her mouth she was already swallowing another load of cum from Garret, Venancio's chief hygienist. Garret had eagerly begun to face-fuck the woman as soon as he had entered the surgical suite.





Though Gina had been initially caught unawares, she quickly responded by working his shaft and balls with her pre-conditioned skills. The bands of steel that she wore around her fingers and thumbs sent waves of arousal to her clitoris through her cyberware so with each hand job she gave, her own pleasure was magnified. Of course the low level static field that her rings generated only enhanced the service she gave to her clients too.



Venancio's admiration for his craftsmanship was rudely interrupted by the communications panel on his desk buzzing audibly. Frustrated he turned away from the three-way 'experiment' and responded.


"Yes?" He snapped.

There was a laden pause before the calm and authoritative voice of Wolfe came across the channel. "We have a problem."

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Arriving at the Eratec spire, Director Kincaid had made his apologies and headed off to make sure the level two demonstration was ready. Left alone, Gideon struggled to prevent his mind from wandering back to Gina's absence. Was it connected to her recent coldness towards him? He chided himself for his narcissism. Not everything in the world happened because of him, he reminded himself. She was probably fine. Perhaps she needed to get something off her chest.

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Wiping the sweat from his brow with a surgical cloth, Venancio looked at his handiwork and then at his watch.

“A Level Two upgrade in less than an hour? I am even more of a genius when under pressure!” He exclaimed to no-one in particular.

Sitting up on the table beside him, Gina looked at her brand new breasts. She couldn’t even see where the micro-sutures had closed at the base of her mounds. Her enhanced senses detected a thin scar under each but it was barely noticeable. Her 800cc implants, barely three hours old, lay discarded on the tray by her bedside. Sterilised they would be implanted into another cyber-whore before the day was over. Gina’s heavy new 1600cc implants had swelled her chest considerably.

Her skin felt incredibly sensitive and tight, stretched thin over these gigantic weighty sacs of silicone that had been forcibly bolted to her chest.

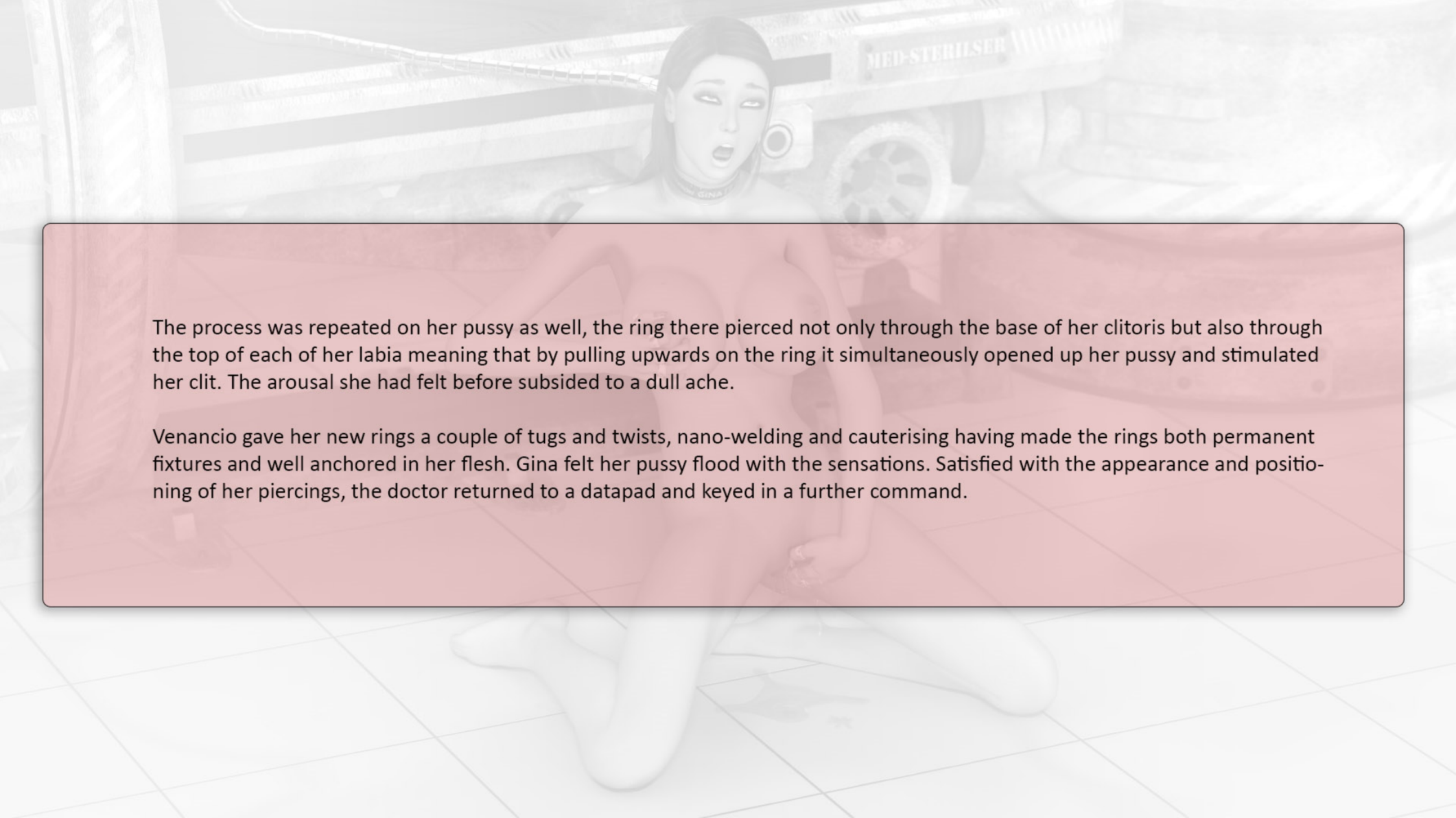
As she began tentatively to feel her melon-like breasts in her hands, her nipples felt incredible, like two clitorises on her chest. She began to stroke them with her long nails, longing building in her loins. The arousal was matched by her own engorged clitoris and she brought herself to gasping heights of ecstasy in seconds. Thick warm squirts of orgasmic fluid pumped from her dripping snatch as her pussy and anus gaped in longing for something to be stuffed in





"You need to control your arousal." Venancio chided. "Uncontrolled orgasms are a waste and will earn you nothing from your sentence. I will make a further modification to help you keep control."

Gina was only half-listening, the meaty tissues of her nipples rolling thickly between her thumb and forefinger. Venancio leaned over and Gina winced in discomfort as he used a device to pierce her nipples. Her programming took over once again and she was compelled to insert the heavy steel rings he gave her into her teats.

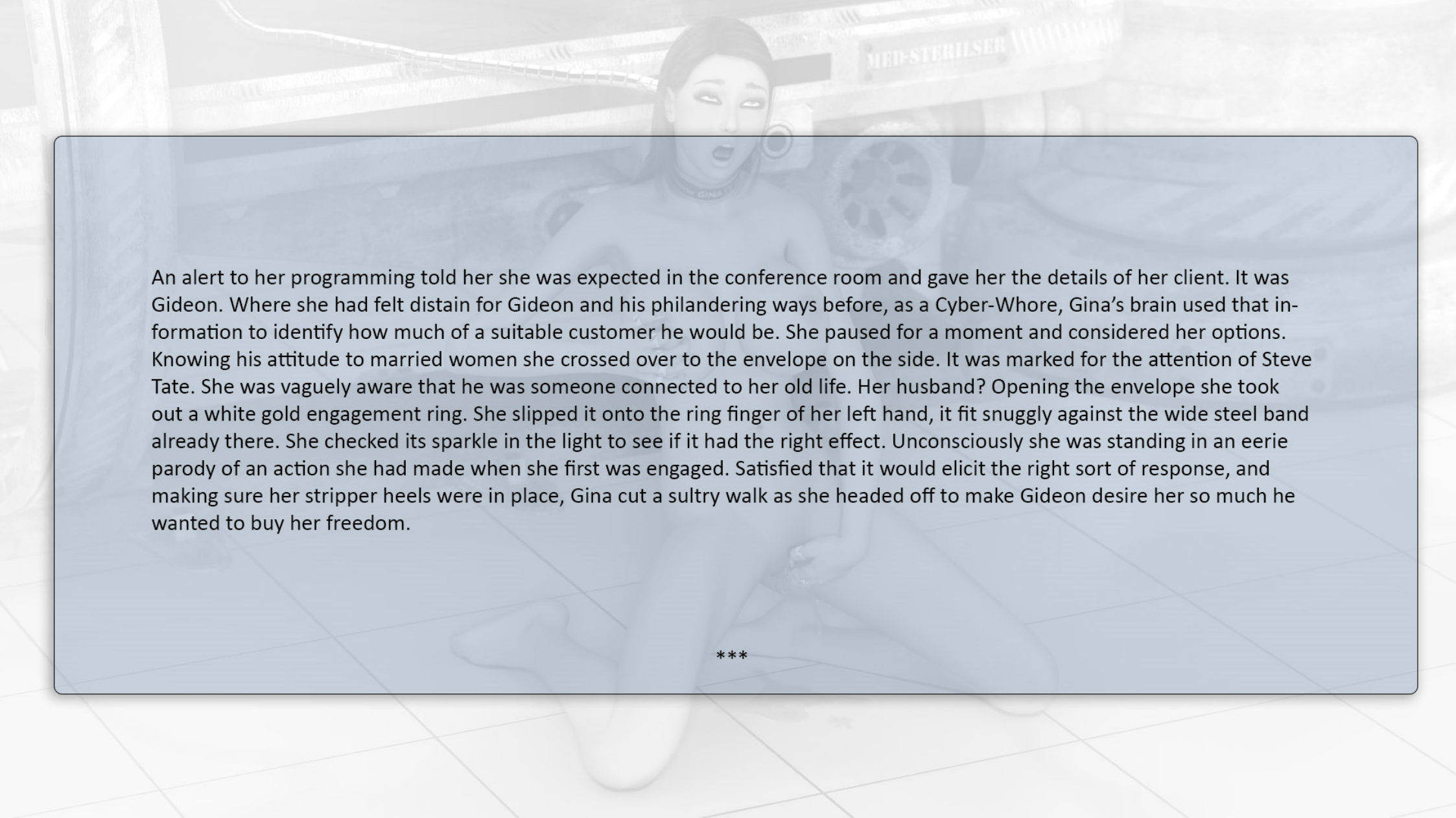


The process was repeated on her pussy as well, the ring there pierced not only through the base of her clitoris but also through the top of each of her labia meaning that by pulling upwards on the ring it simultaneously opened up her pussy and stimulated her clit. The arousal she had felt before subsided to a dull ache.

Venancio gave her new rings a couple of tugs and twists, nano-welding and cauterising having made the rings both permanent fixtures and well anchored in her flesh. Gina felt her pussy flood with the sensations. Satisfied with the appearance and positioning of her piercings, the doctor returned to a datapad and keyed in a further command.



Gina examined herself in the full length mirror. Her voluminous hair extensions and the rapid nail growth that had given her sluttish tresses and talons were small touches that further marked her out as a bimbo, a cyber-whore. In addition to a heavy gauge tongue piercing, the other real enhancement that would earn her rapid oral orgasms from her clients were her newly plumped lips. Twice the thickness of before, they would complement her reduced gag reflex to ensure maximum blowjob satisfaction.

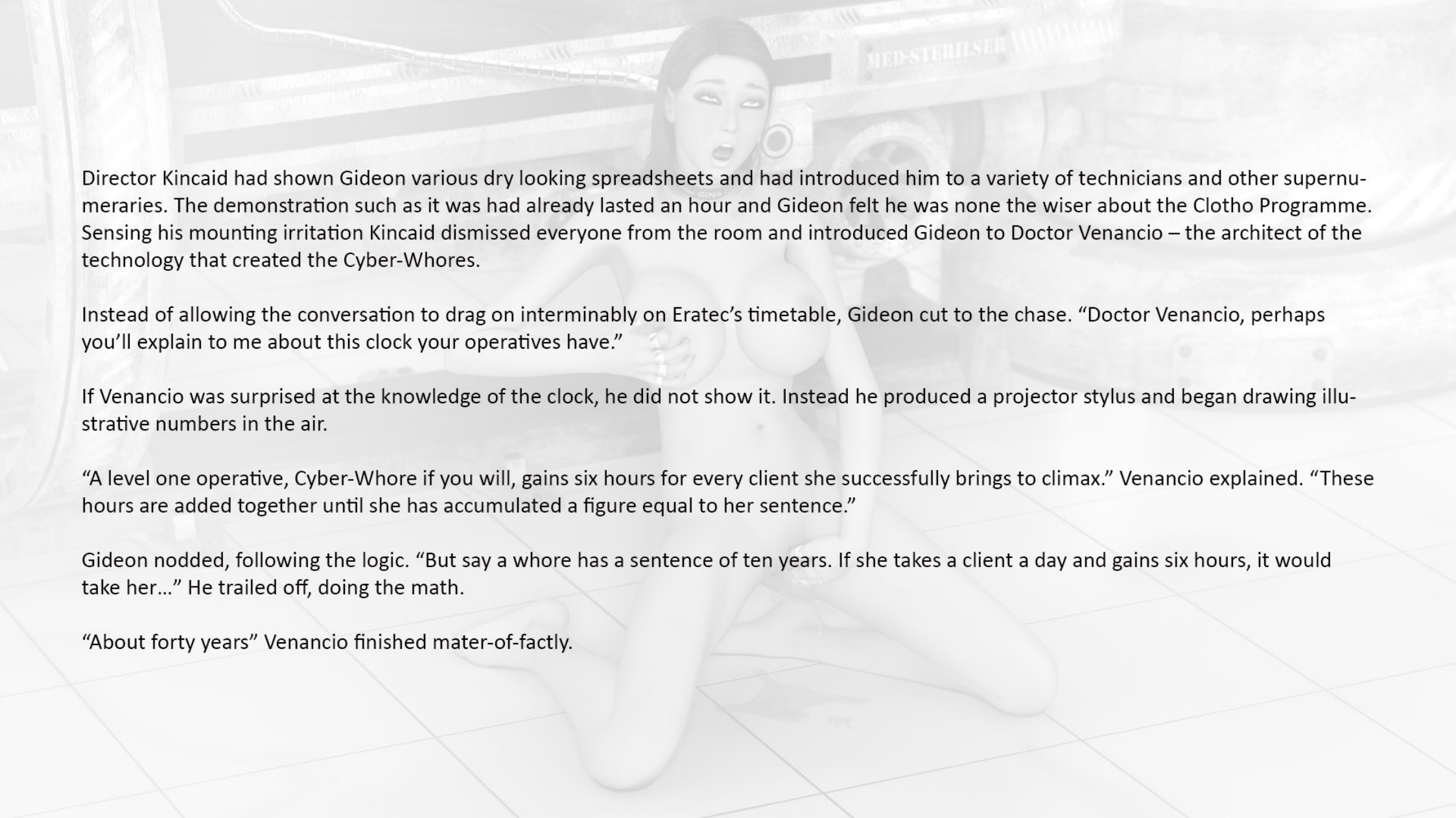
A woman with dark hair and a surprised expression is shown in a futuristic medical or laboratory setting. She is wearing a dark, form-fitting outfit. In the background, there is a piece of equipment labeled "MED-STERILISER". The scene is dimly lit with blue and white tones.

An alert to her programming told her she was expected in the conference room and gave her the details of her client. It was Gideon. Where she had felt disdain for Gideon and his philandering ways before, as a Cyber-Whore, Gina's brain used that information to identify how much of a suitable customer he would be. She paused for a moment and considered her options. Knowing his attitude to married women she crossed over to the envelope on the side. It was marked for the attention of Steve Tate. She was vaguely aware that he was someone connected to her old life. Her husband? Opening the envelope she took out a white gold engagement ring. She slipped it onto the ring finger of her left hand, it fit snugly against the wide steel band already there. She checked its sparkle in the light to see if it had the right effect. Unconsciously she was standing in an eerie parody of an action she had made when she first was engaged. Satisfied that it would elicit the right sort of response, and making sure her stripper heels were in place, Gina cut a sultry walk as she headed off to make Gideon desire her so much he wanted to buy her freedom.

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*Before & After*





Director Kincaid had shown Gideon various dry looking spreadsheets and had introduced him to a variety of technicians and other supernumeraries. The demonstration such as it was had already lasted an hour and Gideon felt he was none the wiser about the Clotho Programme. Sensing his mounting irritation Kincaid dismissed everyone from the room and introduced Gideon to Doctor Venancio – the architect of the technology that created the Cyber-Whores.

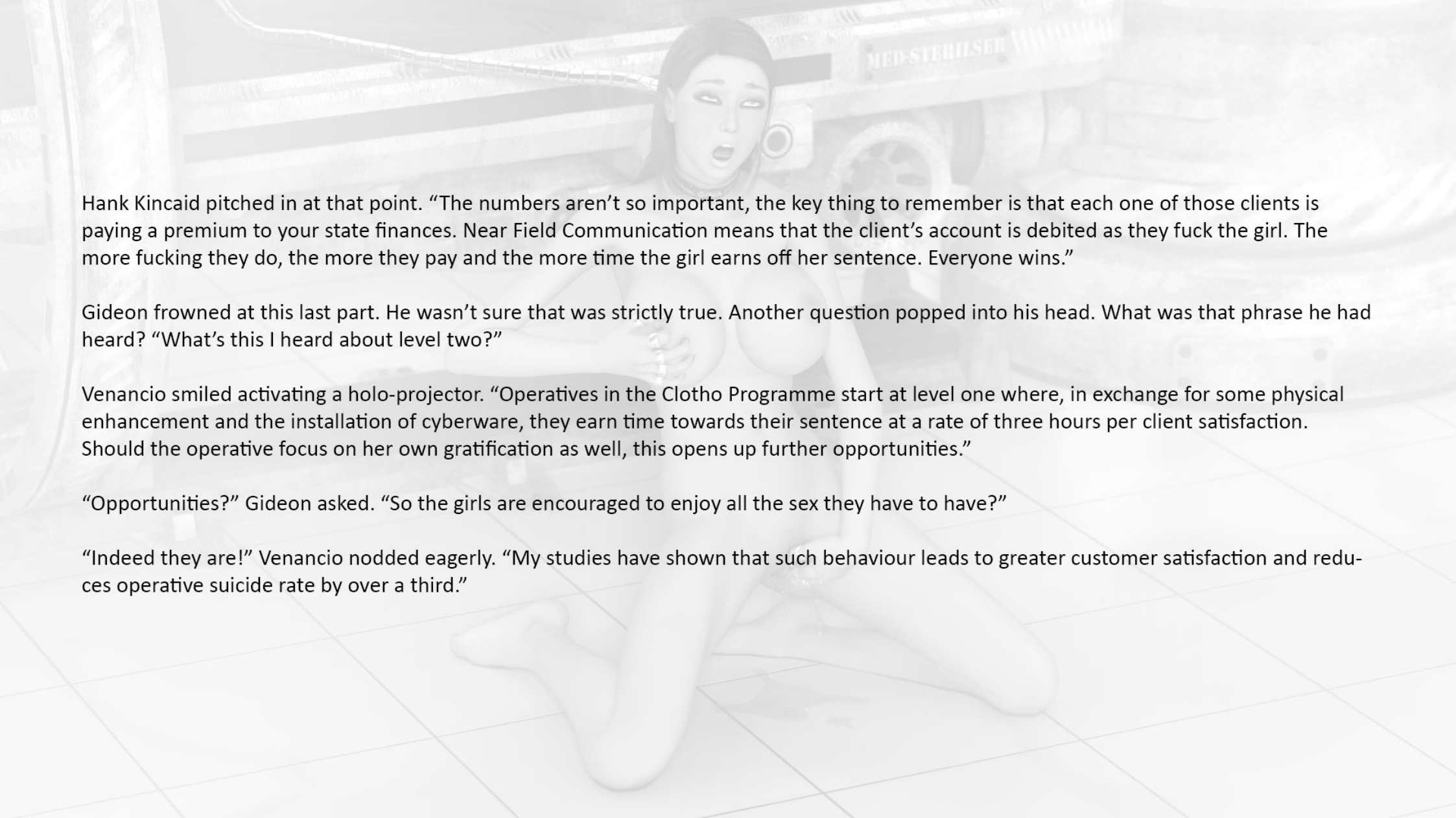
Instead of allowing the conversation to drag on interminably on Eratec's timetable, Gideon cut to the chase. "Doctor Venancio, perhaps you'll explain to me about this clock your operatives have."

If Venancio was surprised at the knowledge of the clock, he did not show it. Instead he produced a projector stylus and began drawing illustrative numbers in the air.

"A level one operative, Cyber-Whore if you will, gains six hours for every client she successfully brings to climax." Venancio explained. "These hours are added together until she has accumulated a figure equal to her sentence."

Gideon nodded, following the logic. "But say a whore has a sentence of ten years. If she takes a client a day and gains six hours, it would take her..." He trailed off, doing the math.

"About forty years" Venancio finished mater-of-factly.



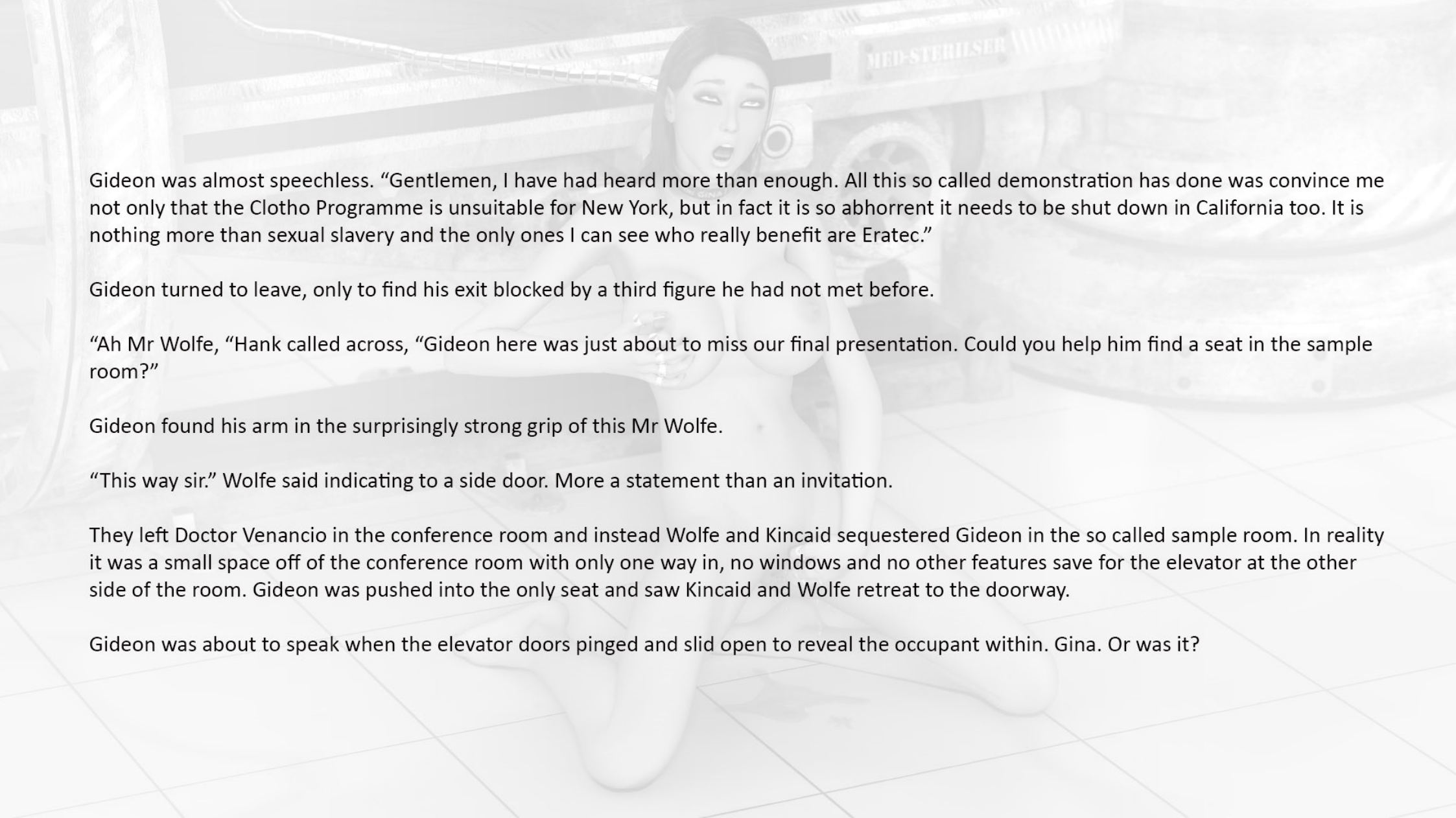
Hank Kincaid pitched in at that point. “The numbers aren’t so important, the key thing to remember is that each one of those clients is paying a premium to your state finances. Near Field Communication means that the client’s account is debited as they fuck the girl. The more fucking they do, the more they pay and the more time the girl earns off her sentence. Everyone wins.”

Gideon frowned at this last part. He wasn’t sure that was strictly true. Another question popped into his head. What was that phrase he had heard? “What’s this I heard about level two?”

Venancio smiled activating a holo-projector. “Operatives in the Clotho Programme start at level one where, in exchange for some physical enhancement and the installation of cyberware, they earn time towards their sentence at a rate of three hours per client satisfaction. Should the operative focus on her own gratification as well, this opens up further opportunities.”

“Opportunities?” Gideon asked. “So the girls are encouraged to enjoy all the sex they have to have?”

“Indeed they are!” Venancio nodded eagerly. “My studies have shown that such behaviour leads to greater customer satisfaction and reduces operative suicide rate by over a third.”



Gideon was almost speechless. “Gentlemen, I have had heard more than enough. All this so called demonstration has done was convince me not only that the Clotho Programme is unsuitable for New York, but in fact it is so abhorrent it needs to be shut down in California too. It is nothing more than sexual slavery and the only ones I can see who really benefit are Eratec.”

Gideon turned to leave, only to find his exit blocked by a third figure he had not met before.

“Ah Mr Wolfe, “Hank called across, “Gideon here was just about to miss our final presentation. Could you help him find a seat in the sample room?”

Gideon found his arm in the surprisingly strong grip of this Mr Wolfe.

“This way sir.” Wolfe said indicating to a side door. More a statement than an invitation.

They left Doctor Venancio in the conference room and instead Wolfe and Kincaid sequestered Gideon in the so called sample room. In reality it was a small space off of the conference room with only one way in, no windows and no other features save for the elevator at the other side of the room. Gideon was pushed into the only seat and saw Kincaid and Wolfe retreat to the doorway.

Gideon was about to speak when the elevator doors pinged and slid open to reveal the occupant within. Gina. Or was it?

Gideon couldn't believe his eyes. The transformation was incredible. Gina's slender, unimpressive figure was gone and instead she had become a vision of erotic beauty. Her lips were pumped up noticeably and were now full and inviting. Her hair was now a vivid blue and hung loose about her shoulders. The tell-tale signs of the blue-accented cyberware were there too as her neck was enclosed in a seamless polished steel collar which matched the seamless cuffs at her wrists, upper arms and ankles. Her large breasts were almost perfect spheres, unnatural and grossly inflated but no less breathtaking for it. Any trace of hair below her neck was gone and her skin almost glowed with an almost oily sheen. She was... stunning.





"I agree with you Gideon." Hank said. Gideon realised he had said that last thought out loud.

Gina walked towards Gideon and in the corner of her vision a small graphical representation of a clock appeared. It showed less than an hour remaining. Fear began to grip her as she realised that the time she earned counted down in real time too. So if she only earned three hours every three hours she would never complete her sentence! Such qualms were pushed aside however as instinctively her conditioning took over: she knew what to do.

"Let me taste your cock." She said to Gideon huskily.

*Before & After*





Gideon nearly fell out of his chair with shock. He realised that the transformation was supposed to be as much mental as it was physical, but to hear those words coming from his shrewish assistant was still unexpected. Before he could respond however, Gina had reached him and lowered herself to her knees in front of him. He could smell her, a heady mixture of perfume and ozone. Her engagement ring sparkled in the sun as her hands moved for his groin. His mouth grew dry at the prospect and he found his hardness reaching new levels as she reached forward and began to unzip his fly with her long dark nails. At her touch his meat swelled from his pants and engorged as she gripped it expertly. The blue steel band on her thumbs and forefingers scratched erotically at his shaft, the cool metal providing a contrast to the warm embrace of her expert hand. The rings seemed to trigger a sensation in his cock through some kind of static electrical charge as she began to sensually massage his balls and stroke his shaft more fully.

Easily the best handjob he had ever received, Gideon was so preoccupied with it that he took a sharp intake of breath as seamlessly Gina lowered her watering swollen lips onto his equally swollen member and took his length into her mouth. She gave him just the right amount of resistance to her moist lips before the warm softness of her mouth swallowed him up. Again, he felt a hardness scratch at his cock. She opened her mouth to show the large steel ball centred in her tongue as it swirled around his shaft. She closed her lips again and pulled his entire length into her. He felt the tip of his cock pass down into the tightness of her throat and without warning he came, ejaculating great hot gouts of thick jism down her throat. She continued to draw on his spurting shaft, draining every last drop from his member, sucking him clean. She withdrew from his cock with a satisfying gasp for air.





There were tears in her eyes as she stood up, a mixture of emotions washing over Gina. Any humiliation she might have felt did not seem to last more than a second as she looked at the clock superimposed on her vision. It now six hours forty seven minutes. Thanks to her upgrades Gina had earned herself six hours rather than the three she would have earned at level one for making her client cum. Her hand drifted to her clit ring and began to rhythmically tug it, arousal intensifying. She wondered what she could earn if she had the enhancements of level three...

A 3D rendered character with large breasts and a shocked expression, kneeling in a futuristic medical facility. The character is wearing a choker with the name 'GINA' on it. The background features a large piece of medical equipment labeled 'MED-STERILISER' and a tiled floor.

**END OF PART 1**

**Thank you for reading!**