

# **Transcendent Love**

**By**

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New York City was abandoned twenty-five years before it had become an Outlaw Zone; a quarantined city controlled by The Mara Salvatrucha Mafia (MS-13). Legal citizens live in the underground super-cities. Due to chaotic weather and lack of upkeep, the Big Apple is rotting away. Weeds and roots have devastated the streets and begun to damage the foundation of buildings.

Quinn Kalani's russet hair, cut in a surfer-style, blows riotously in the cool wind as he surfs through the wasted city on his Eureka ZeroGrav-Board, which utilizes anti-gravity propulsion-discs to propel him forward at speeds of up to sixty miles-per-hour while hovering one-and-a-half-feet off the ground. He mentally controls the board via a tiny transmitter plugged into his neural interface.

Quinn is a twenty-four-year-old urban-surfer of Hawaiian decent, tall and well-built. He's also a digital mercenary. Hacking skills are of immense value in a world where technology rules supreme and grants oneself a small degree of liberation from the oppressive presence of the totalitarian government.

His X-Pod jamming progressive trance, Quinn surfs over a rancid trash heap, which thankfully he can't smell due to his filtration mask, and into a twelve-story parking garage. He glides past a horde of homeless, who have grown to ignore his regular invasion of their improvised home, and up to the open, mostly barren, rooftop.

He halts to visually inspect his usual run. He needs to make sure that none of the roofs have caved in since yesterday. A severe lightning storm rumbled the night.

The afternoon sky is a daunting shade of gray, cold and heavy, threatening to strike with another storm.

As much of his zigzagging route as he can see from here looks intact. That doesn't mean a roof won't collapse under him. But it wouldn't be as fun without the risk of sudden death.

Surfing rooftops is extremely dangerous but well worth the risk for the hyper adrenaline rush and the awesome feeling of freedom. Without urban-surfing, Quinn wouldn't know how he could go on. It's his only source of joy that prevails over his constant tiring loneliness, even if it is fleeting. And unlike the vast majority of surface dwellers, he refuses to harm his body and mind with drugs and replay, so he doesn't have many options to alleviate his persistent depression.

Quinn hovers to the other end of the roof, to give himself ample room to gain the necessary speed for the first jump. He hunches down and pulls in a deep breath through his filtration mask to ready himself. What have I got to lose?

Quinn shoots forward across the full length of the roof and up over an old Acura sports car. With a thought command, he triggers his board's grav-booster as he reaches the edge of the hood, and leaps over the guardrail. He hoots with excitement as he momentarily soars like a bird through the sky, his feelings of hopelessness forgotten, and then lands on the rooftop of a neighboring ten-story building.

He surfs over the battered rooftop of the old building and leaps off the edge, twists in mid-leap, and lands on the protruding ledge of a skyscraper, sending pigeons into the air all around him. He cruises along the jutting ridge of the high-rise, disturbing the nesting pigeons, until he reaches the corner of the building and leaps into an adjacent apartment building through a set of shattered balcony doors.

He glides through the apartment full of rerun junkies laying about soiled mattresses, oblivious to his sailing through their home, and turns right out their front door into the hallway.

Shooting down the lengthy hall, he weaves around trash and sleeping homeless, and takes a left into the last apartment, where two corpses lay rotting.

He surges through the apartment and onto the balcony, surfs over a moldy couch and leaps with the use of the grav-booster, freefalling twenty-five feet before landing on the raggedy rooftop of a six-story building.

The remainder of the run is a straight shot, but he has to get up to max speed before the next to last jump, or he won't make it across the wide alley and will slam face first into a brick wall, before falling thirty feet to the jagged pavement.

Palms held out to cut through the brisk wind, Quinn sails over the rooftops, leaping from roof to roof, gaining speed as he zooms along. He grounds his teeth in anticipation, and triggers the grav-booster at the last moment, leaping over the wide alleyway with eyes closed and breath bated.

He lands on the roof of a three-story building, opening his eyes and inhaling a breath of relief with a wide smile, and zips along at his accelerated speed. He bounds onto the pointed roof of an old church, surfs over the shingles, off the roof, landing on crumbling cement stairs and onto the street.

Another successful run!

His emotional high dwindles as he cruises home to NYU in Greenwich Village Manhattan, where he lives so he can utilize the university's quantum computer array for his hacking exploits. From time to time, he lends his digital talents to the MS-13, in exchange for his small but clean and safe quarters within the university.

He hovers into his personal unit and the door sheathes closed behind him. With a thought command, his board lowers to the floor and releases the solid grip of his boots as it deactivates. He pulls the tiny transmitter and slips it into a pocket, peels off his filtration mask, and switches off his X-Pod, killing the blasting trance music. The upbeat melodies help keep his thoughts from plummeting into dark isolating voids of negativity.

Quinn lays down in bed, slipping on his Cyber-Shades, plugs the data-cable into the neural interface on the back of his head, below the occipital protuberance, and jacks-in to the Metaverse, slipping into a oneiric state of consciousness, similar to the lucid dreaming state. His mind disassociates from his body.

He opens his eyes inside his personally created world within his private server, and takes a deep breath of the fresh ocean air through his nose, enjoying the salty scent.

His digital home is high in the sky but overlooks a tropic ocean on all sides. A colossal tree that sprung from the blue sea, with massive spiraling branches full of luminescent green foliage, serves as his place of dwelling. Edible flowers and every fruit imaginable grow upon the branches, for both his satisfaction and that of the multitude of singing birds and joyous wildlife that lives within the tree.

A stunning sunset sets the sky ablaze with a conflagration of reds, oranges, and pinks. As exceptionally gorgeous as it is, he feels tears of loneliness welling up within him, rather than elated admiration. He longs more than anything, for someone to share himself and his journey with. He has never met a single woman that understood or appreciated him. He feels doomed to solitude.

As if in response to his silent wish, a four-foot-tall white lotus bud pops into existence before him.

His firewall array does not detect a breach. His counter-intrusion software does not detect a hack. His anti-virus does not detect an infection. This has to be the doing of an Elite hacker. But why?

The lotus blooms with a burst of white flames, revealing a robotic angel; magenta steel plates laced with liquid silver for flesh and a glowing cyan visor for eyes. A glimmering cyan jewel pulses as if a heartbeat, at the center of the angel's chest between a copious set of steel breasts, and metallic fuchsia wings jet from her back.

As she stands up and steps out of the lotus, the flower dissolves in a scintillating white light.

Quinn takes a cautious step backward, preparing to defend himself, and closes his eyes to access his Cyber-Shades' memory to load his avatar. The robotic angel has somehow blocked his access. Without changing into RainFire, he can't employ his malware. He will have to rely solely on his training in the ancient Hawaiian martial art of Lua to defend himself.

The robotic angel holds her palms out at her sides, and the pulsing cyan jewel in her chest begins to spin, shooting indigo sparks of electricity throughout her body and wings. Her metal flesh peels and folds in on itself, as if being absorbed by the spinning gemstone, until she is left naked but for a pair of white stockings, lacy garter belt and panties. Then the gem dematerializes. The angel is not robotic. She had been sheathed in armor.

She has almond-shaped oriental eyes of shimmering jade outlined in violet, which command his absolute attention with their piercing beauty. Shoulder length hair of deep-purple with matrix-green tips. Short pointed ears like an elf. A small faintly-upturned nose. Slightly puckered plump lips. And ethereal angel wings of sparkling emerald and amethyst. Her skin is a luminescent lavender. Her breasts are heavy but buoyant with small pink nipples. Her stomach is ribbed tight abs, her legs long and lustrous, though she is several inches shorter than he. You are a goddess!

She rotates, taking in her surroundings, and revealing her white panties to be a thong. Quinn is given a long look at her perfect little rump that he can't wait to get his hands on.

If this *is* a hacker, that is the most fantastic avatar I have ever seen.

A faint smile blossoms upon her exquisite face with an expression that seems to be an appeal for his acceptance.

Quinn asks, "Who are you?"

Her voice is as beautifully angelic as her appearance. "Divina."

Before he can ask another question, her delicate lips are pressed to his. The tip of her tongue caresses the inside of his lips, then twirls around the tip of his tongue, and finally she laps his tongue with her own. Her taste is that of the sweetest wine with a hint of vanilla. The finest nectar of the gods.

She places a cupped palm to his groin, cuddling his genitals as she continues to kiss him deeply.

Swept away by the angel's sweet kissing lips, Quinn hasn't even raised his hands from his sides, as she kisses him with incredible rising passion.

Just as he reaches up to place his hands upon her, Divina turns around and presses her tight little bottom to his groin. She gyrates her curvy hips, grinding her rump into his crotch, her sparkling ethereal wings fluttering beautifully as she does so, until his loins ache for her.

The setting sun has vanished, leaving a large sapphire moon in its place, which fills the starry night sky. The luminescent green foliage, pulsing ginger glow bugs, and blue moonlight set a most romantic ambiance.

Quinn grips Divina by the hips, and as he does so, he feels a spark of electricity shoot through him, and his clothing simply evaporates, leaving him stark nude. Her luminous bare ass cheeks now rub his naked half-swollen manhood.

He pulls her thong and one soft cheek aside, allowing his semi-engorged member to be swallowed by her gyrating behind. It is a heavenly sight.

Holding her swiveling hips, he humps her warm, silky crack with his thickening member. It feels incredibly wondrous. He then licks the inside of her pointed little ears, as he moans to let her know how much he is enjoying this exotic dance they share.

Quinn slips his thumbs under her lacy white garter belt to pull down her thong, about ready to take her from behind, when Divina turns around and begins kissing him again. As she does so, she gently strokes his manhood with one velvety hand, while caressing his bare scrotum with the other, until he stands fully erect. I want you!

This is the end of the free preview.

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