

Digital Journal of a Cyberpunk Pixie

By

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So I know it's April Fools' Day, but this is no joke. I truly and actually, okay so well I *think* anyway, I've met an Elite from Umbra Force. The most *insane* hacker collective ever!

But maybe I should back up a little since this is my first entry. It's just that I'm so excited, for the first time in my life, I think I should start chronicling a journal. I feel like I've just begun an incredible journey, and someday I'll want to look back and be able to remember every detail. You might ask why I don't just holo-vid record everything, but that would be mega-stupid because hacking's a crime of course. So only this well hidden transcendental-encrypted journal will contain my exploits, in which I will never reveal my true legal name.

Guess I should start with a physical description. I'm fourteen-years-old, four-foot-eight, and weigh seventy-five pounds. I'm half Chinese and half Spanish. My dad, whom I've never met, was a stud from Spain, according to my mom. My spunky pixie-cut hair is vibrant-peach and my almond-shaped eyes are burning-orange. I'd describe my complexion as toffee because that's the color of liquid cover up that best matches my skin. If I wore a bra, it'd be a B-cup. My bust is kinda big for my elfin frame; tight tummy, trim waist, slim legs, dainty little feet. My mom has no tooshie, so I must have my dad to thank for my soap-bubble. At least he donated some nice genes before he vanished. I also have a dynamic-tattoo of scintillating cyan faerie wings, from my shoulders down to the crack of my butt.

I live in Shanghai, the greatest of the four dominate super-cities, the others, of course, being Dubai, Mumbai, and Tokyo. All the most notorious of Elites reside within these four, and in response, so does the most skilled cyber-police force.

Like most people, I live in a capsule hotel. It's a fairly decent one. My mom's capsule is right next to mine, but when she's not working at the robotics factory, she's sleeping or jacked-in, so I rarely see her.

So anyway, yesterday I finally managed to hack my Metaverse registration, and I altered it to say I'm eighteen-years-old, so I can go wherever I please. And the first place I went was to have some *adult* fun. Can't stay a digital virgin forever. I've pirated sex-sims before, but I'd never been with a real person until last night. Of course, he didn't know my true age, and I was using my avatar as well.

When I activate my avatar my toffee skin becomes luminescent magenta, my dynamic-tattoo becomes fluttering etheric cyan faerie wings, my ears grow pointed, my hair becomes vibrant-peach wavering flames, and my breasts double in size.

I also loaded an adorable hot-pink lace teddy, that reveals much more than it conceals.

I was in this known hacker hangout on a guerrilla network. A club where illegal programs, amongst other things, are traded and sold. I was at the bar sampling my first liquid lightning lemonade when a barechested urban-samurai strolled over to me. And oh *wow* what a chest he bared! My eyes popped out of their sockets and slid down his manly chest, over his shredded abs, and attempted to squirm into his black hakama pants. With two fingertips, he lifted my jaw off the floor and I noticed his muscular arms and shoulders were completely tattooed with emerald dragon scales that matched his potent eyes, which gleamed from under a conical bamboo hat. A katana and wakizashi hung off his hip, but he wasn't Asian, instead, some elegant mix of black and white. He was six feet of deliciousness.

He introduced himself with a smooth, deep voice, and I stammered to do the same, my cheeks flushing red. For the sake of anonymity, I'm going to call him Eros.

He brushed his fingers over my burning cheek. “You sure are a cute little thing. How’d you slip in here? You can’t be of age.”

I gulped. “Um, I am, just barely. Birthday just passed. I appear younger than I am. I swear.”

He squinted at me in disbelief, and I squirmed on the barstool as I blurted out a nervous giggle, that caused him to arch a dark eyebrow with further skepticism.

I couldn’t help but give a guilty grin, then combed my fingers through my flames as I looked away uneasy.

He edged closer and whispered softly. “It’ll be our secret. I *swear*.”

I glanced at him anxiously and squeaked. “Thanks.”

“May I sit and share a drink with you, Pixie?”

I licked my lips and nodded, and he sat beside me and ordered sake. The bartender, with three pairs of arms, placed a tokkuri flask and ochoko cup before him and poured the sake into the cup with two hands.

“So,” Eros mused, “a hacker?”

A proud smile besmeared my face. “I’m no Elite, but I’m no script kitty either.”

He sipped his sake and winked at me. “Ahh, a neophyte. How long it take you to hack your credentials?”

I groaned. “Too damn long.”

He threw his head back with a chuckle of laughter.

I kicked his stool. “Don’t laugh at me. I did it all on my own.”

“Sorry, Pixie.” Slinging a warm arm around me, he gave my shoulder a comforting squeeze. “Perhaps I could be your guru. I’m an Elite, a member of Umbra Force, with no student. And hacking your registration is evidence enough that you’re ready for proper training.”

I was so astonished by his offer and his affiliation with the notorious collective, that my lips spoke without my brain filtering. “And I was just hoping to lose my virginity!” I slapped a hand over my mouth in embarrassment.

An alluring smile lit up his face. After removing his hat, he leaned in close and kissed my temple, before whispering into my ear. “It is not uncommon for a student to express gratitude to their guru with physical pleasure.” His free hand came to rest on my knee and began to slink up my thigh, further and further and further, as my heart exploded into a pounding hammering and my womanhood flared with desire.

Peeling my hand away from my mouth, I looked up into his gleaming emerald eyes, as his fingers slid into my panties and gently explored the petals of my feminine flower, and I whimpered. “Should I address you as Master?”

He gave a slight nod in reply, then sealed his lips over mine. As his hot tongue swooped into my mouth and caressed my own, one of his fondling fingers dove into my slit to probe my moist insides, squirming deeper and deeper and deeper, as I moaned into his kissing mouth with rapturous abandonment.

I reached up and gripped the back of his bulky shoulders to hold on, my fingernails digging into his flesh, as his forging finger worked faster and faster and faster, and his thumb rubbed gently pressured circles over my sensitive button, causing my mind to tumble into delirious ecstasy, as my body twitched and spasmed with the rising wave of an oncoming orgasm unlike any I’d ever experienced. And then I gasped and my eyes went wide for a moment, just before a firestorm of heavenly bliss roared through me.

When I surfaced from the tranquil chasm of euphoria, my eyes fluttered open as I panted against his masculine chest. He was stroking my back with one hand and pecking kiss after kiss atop my head. His other hand came up from my crotch, and his soddened finger glided between my lips. I stared up at him with adoration and admiration as I sucked his finger clean of my juices.

He kissed the tip of my nose, before pulling his finger from my mouth and pecking my lips with a soft kiss. He looked down past me and I followed his gaze to find Pandora's box set open before me. Heavy balls and a mighty erection worthy of knighthood frightened and enticed me at once.

The deity of love whispered. "Don't worry about the other patrons. No one will interfere."

I could only nod because I had been struck speechless by the length and girth of his manhood.

I slipped off the stool and laid over it on my tummy, so my head was between his legs. I had prepared for what I was about to do with sex-sims, but still, I was shaking with anxiety. I clutched his thick shaft around the base and squeezed gently as I pulled my palm up to the fat head, and then back down again, up and down and up and down with a deliberate pace. As I tugged his member, I kissed and licked and sucked at his bald nuts, moaning softly as I went.

Eros groaned and untied the top of my lace teddy. His strong hands reached under me and kneaded my exposed breasts, rolling them in his palms and pulling on them.

When I thought I had given his balls enough attention, I dragged the flat of my tongue up the underside of his shaft. Then twittered my tongue over the tip. I trailed kisses down one side and up the other, before pecking the head, again and again and again, like a goldfish kissing the surface of the water for food.

He pinched and twisted my stiff nipples as I teased his prick. And finally, he begged. "Please, Pixie!"

I stroked his shaft and tugged on his balls as I forced my lips over the head. His dick was so big I couldn't fit any more than the head into my mouth, and that was with my jaws wide and my lips stretched. Even so, he seemed to enjoy my attempt to gorge myself.

I was fisting his cock with both hands and bobbing on the head as I swirled my tongue around and around and around, when he released my breasts, and gradually massaged his hands down my back until he reached my bottom. He pulled up my teddy and pulled down my panties, and gave each cheek a slap. Then groped them desperately, squeezing and splaying them.

Soon he was fingering my fissure again. One finger then became two. They felt *immense* inside me. Then I squealed around the head of his prick stuffing my mouth, as a finger wormed into my rosebud three knuckles deep, and tears trickled down my cheeks.

I suckled him faster and faster, my head bobbing wild, and jerked him harder and harder, my biceps burning, as I moaned and groaned like a gluttonous harlot while he gouged both my nether orifices with greater and greater intensity.

What occurred next is kinda fuzzy, and it happened quite fast, but I think I've got all the pieces in the right place. Eros' throbbing shaft galvanized into folded steel on par with his katana, at the same moment that I reached a vaginal orgasm, then he pulled his finger from my rosebud, and the sheer relief combined with the vaginal climax caused an anal orgasm, and he palmed the back of my head and forced his sword into my throat as his balls pumped jets of hot goop, so Eros was ejaculating into my gagging throat as I was quaking from both a vaginal and anal climax at once.

It was clearly too much, because not only did I blackout, but it also triggered an auto-disconnect, a safety feature meant to protect users from suffering a Metaverse death, which can also cause physical death due to seizures and stroke.

When I awoke, I was drenched with sweat, though my capsule's temperature control was set to a cool degree, and my panties were soaked through with my own nectar. There was also a sweet message waiting for me from Eros.

I'm going to meet him in person tonight! I'm uber duber excited!

This is the end of the free preview.

To read the full story, purchase the erotica collection, *A Sensual Wonderland*.