

My rig starts to hum and the screen flickers to life. Patterns flash and lines of code fly across the screen as my computer prepares itself; I take a deep breath in through my nose, smile, and sink back into my chair with an immense feeling of self-satisfaction. Today is the day. The day that I, Kit Zovrin, go from simple programmer to hacker superstar.

I grab a handful of chips and scarf them down as I wait for everything to boot up. One thing I learned early was that you have to take every opportunity you can get to recharge your body's batteries. A full hacker is a prepared hacker, and a prepared hacker is the only kind you want to be.

My eyes drift across the home screen, looking at the various programs and files I've got strewn about. I can't help but smile as I see the little red and blue checkerboard icon in the corner with the word PSYCHE below it. The game that started it all, and helped me onto the path of programming popularity. Even now, even after everything, it's hard for me to believe that ARG (You know, the group of shadowy hackers pulling the strings in the deep web? Little hacking hot tip for you.) is using an unassuming computer game to find new talent. Especially one left in the recesses of a niche fetish archive website. I've always wondered if there were other copies strewn about the net. That's a question I'll ask when I'm in, I guess.

The training program starts up automatically, prompting me to put on my headset and gloves. I waste no time, because I've been waiting for this moment for what, weeks, months at this point? Hard to tell, since everything before my push to the top isn't worth remembering. As I put on the headset and slip my fingers into the gloves, I can't help but say it:

"I'm in."

"Yes, I can tell Kit," an all-too-familiar voice cooes in my ear. I look around the empty grid that surrounds me to infinity, only to see those tanuki eyes staring right back at me as I face forward again.

"Oh, hey Samp," I say, long since immune to being startled by his little trick. If anything, it's so familiar it's soothing at this point. The little tanuki giggles and flies a few feet in front of me, taking up a lounging position as he stares back at me.

"Hello Kit. Good to see you again," Samp's wearing that smug little smirk of his, like he always does. It's kind of cute, I have to admit. I used to think he was a bit weird, even a little annoying, but after all our daily training sessions together, I don't know what I'd do without the little sprite. He zooms his fat little tanuki body back towards me, putting his huge balls in my face. I sigh and turn my head away, trying to act like it's not turning me on. I mean, he has a read of my vitals, so he definitely knows, but it's the principal of the thing, you know?

"Good to see you too," I say with a sigh, after he zooms his crotch back into my vision, "Can we do this? I don't want to waste any time here." I adjust my pants in

meatspace, which means that my big fat toucan self (Hey, don't look at me like that, it was Samp's suggestion. All the cool hackers are horny on main 24/7, apparently.) adjusts them in netspace too. Samp giggles as he watches my avatar's foot long dong strain from within the confines of it's imaginary pants, and I wish that technology wasn't good enough to register the blush on my cheeks and apply it to my avatar's face.

"Depends," he says, moving into position so we can be face to face once more, "Are you ready?"

I roll the question around in my head for a moment. It's not like I'm having second thoughts about becoming what I always wanted to be, no no. It's just that there's something in the back of my head, some voice of concern asking me if I really want to take such a transformative step. Begging me to think this through. Is this really what I want? Samp suddenly grabs me by the chin and stares at me, his eyes flashing to grab my attention.

"Are you ready, Kit?"

All doubt leaves me, and I stand up straight to meet his gaze proper. My dick is hard as a rock and straining against my pants, which is strange, but I guess I'm just that excited. This must be the right choice.

"I'm ready, Samp."

"Good." The tanuki giggles and does a little somersault backwards, flying back forward to press his snout against my beak. His eyes are my entire vision.

"Relax, and sink."

His eyes burst into the most beautiful colors I've ever seen. Energy begins to leave me as the strobing rainbow of color pushes out from his eyes and directly into my brain, focusing all of my attention on him. No time for concerns or questions. I smile real big and begin to sink into my chair, because Samp has got this. I can trust him. It's time for training.

"Juuuusst, relaaaaaaxssss," Samp says in a soft, playful tone as he flies around, staring at me the entire time. I follow his gaze, because I have to. I want to be a good hacker, and focus is important. Every training session starts with testing my ability to focus on Samp, and I'm very good at it now. Our gaze doesn't break for a second, even when he flies backwards and I have to lean forward to keep staring at his beautiful eyes. It's exhausting moving my body that much right now, but I have to keep looking. I have to prove I'm a good hacker. And the colors are so pretty. They make my whole body feel good. Warm, soft. It's good to be good. I can hear him giggling, and it makes me shiver. My dick throbs against my pant leg, and after I reflexively moan my jaw doesn't close back up.

"Relax, and listen to me Kit. Everything I'm about to say is the truth. You know that, right?"

It's hard to talk right now, or do anything but sit and stare and smile and leak. But it's alright. He nods his head for me, and since I'm such a good hacker, I follow his eyes and nod as well. I think I'm drooling. That's okay. Samp has told me before how cute it is.

"We're going to rewrite your brain today Kit, just like you want. Just like you need. To help you feel good, and to make sure you're happy."

Someone without my resolve would probably freak out hearing that, but not me. I know what I need to do to be happy, and it's to let Samp do whatever he wants. All the training from the months previous is impressing itself upon me right now, and it almost feels like I couldn't say no if I wanted to. I don't want to. He takes my big smile as a yes, and reaches out to tickle under my chin. I'm not sure how I feel it, but it feels so good.

"Good boy," he says, smiling like a supervillain from one of my movies. I love when he does that. It means something pleasant is about to happen. And it is.

The colors expand from his eyes, surrounding both him and me. I feel like I'm being held very tight for a moment, like someone is wringing the last bits of... something, I'm not sure what, from me. It's a bit uncomfortable at first, but Samp warned me it would be. Can't make an omelette without breaking a few eggs, he always says. He's so wise, I'm so lucky we found each other. Everything feels like a pretty color. I can feel them moving around my brain like the coils of a snake. Squeezing, poking, and pushing things where they need to go. Stretching out the important things I need and expanding them. Swallowing up and crushing everything I don't. Everything's buzzing so pleasantly, but my mind has never been so clear.

I blink, for what feels like the first time in hours, and when I open my eyes, the zone we're in is nothing but color. The colors that were once in Samp's eyes are now shifting and strobing all around us, into infinity. Just looking around, I can tell something's different. I think I can feel it, actually. It feels good, like a wand massager on my frontal lobe. I don't remember taking off my pants, but I can feel and see my dong bouncing around as I wiggle my hips. It's for the best anyway, with the way I'm leaking I would have already ruined my underwear.

"You've done well so far Kit," comes Samp's voice from all around me. It's weird, because he's still in front of me, and smiling that big smile, but nevertheless his voice echoes in my head, like it's a part of my being.

"Your mind has been entirely altered, to the exact specifications we need."

"Has it? I don't know what's different."

"Well, you wouldn't notice much of a change yourself, but that's a good point. Let's test."

Samp grabs his chode and yanks on it, cartoonishly yanking it into an erect and throbbing position. If I wasn't already hard, I would be now. Watching that tanuki float just above my head, smiling all sly and jerking off right towards my face... it's

unbearable. My mouth hangs open both in net and meatspace, and I let my tongue hang out, desperate to feel him jizz on my tongue. I didn't think this was going to be a part of the training, but I'm not complaining. I'd never tell him this, but I don't think I can imagine a hotter creature than that little troublemaker in front of me.

"You want my dick cutie?" he says with a smirk. I nod enthusiastically.

"Mmmmmm, attaboy." He floats over, and forces his dick right into my mouth.

I don't know how I can feel it, but I can. It's not as strong as a real sensation, but it's real enough to enjoy. Hefty and thick, that tanuki dick swirling around in my mouth, filling it up. My whole body tingles with sudden, unrestrained pleasure, and I feel myself moan into his dong. My body's moving automatically now, up and down on it as he gives me breathy encouragement and pets my hair. After a minute of swirling his dick around with my tongue, he pops off, huffing.

"Mmmm, test passed. You're a very good hacker."

I'm not sure what the test was, but it doesn't matter. When he tells me that, pride swells up in my chest and blossoms across my body, tingling its way down every extremity, dick included. I'm shivering, and moaning, and touching my chest, because I can't help myself. He seems pleased, though, and that's how I know to keep doing what I'm doing.

"Your brain is ready, now just to fix that body."

"Huh?"

"Your body. You're cute as you are Kit, but there's lots of room for improvement."

"Wh-what do you mean?" I ask, feeling a tinge of embarrassment, "I've been resting more, eating a ton, and taking those dick pills, just like you suggested. I thought that was enough?"

"Hah!" the tanuki rolls through the air for a second, before hovering over to put his arm over my shoulder. His dick continues to throb and bob mere inches in front of my face; I lick my lips, god it looks delicious.

"That was just regimen prep, getting you into the lifestyle. You'll keep that up, by the way." He nods again, and I nod with him.

"I'm thinking something more drastic. Remember the box I had sent to your apartment a week back?"

"Yes, it's right next to my rig." Samp's eyes light up, literally and metaphorically.

"Oh really? Perfect placement."

"You said to keep it close." Samp smiled and pinched my cheek, floating around in front of me to give me a quick nuzzle.

"Such a good hacker," he murmurs, "standing" up straight and looking more business-like, "and about to be an even better one." He snaps his fingers, and "sits" back to relax.

I can hear an odd beeping sound. It's soft, barely audible through my helmet, but it's there. I want to ask him what's going on, but he puts a finger to his lips and winks. I shrug, and that's when I feel something really, really weird.

"Wh-wh-" I start up, but Samp is back in front of me, our eyes meeting. The colors start up again. There's nothing to worry about. I'll just enjoy it instead.

I can feel the nanite goo sliding up my legs, in big heavy dollops, weighing me down. It slides in between my toes, along every crevice, and leaves a coating that varies in thickness behind. My feet are big now, just like my toucan self's. It feels a little bit like I'm covered in latex or rubber, from my thighs down to my feet.

It doesn't stop there. It caresses my ass, and coats my dick, which throbs even more from the touch. The film it leaves there doesn't feel so thin. Very hefty, very heavy. My hand weakly moves, and I manage to brush the edge of it with my thumb. My brain shorts out briefly from the intense pleasure, making it even easier for the grey goo to climb up my body.

Coating my stomach, my chest, really accenting the big curves that're already there and making them bigger. I can feel the whole process, as what feels like a skintight suit becomes a second, much thicker, skin. It's moving up my neck now, around my mouth. Pushing out far in front of it, making my whole face a foot longer. My nose becomes a part of it, and before too long my eyes and head are covered too. I'm coated.

When I open my eyes again, the helmet, the gloves, all my clothes, all of it are gone. My second skin is shifting, and becoming a pattern of cream and purple feathers, just like my avatar self. My talons and dong are so colorful now, and gigantic on top of that. I can see and feel my huge beak. Within seconds, the transformation is complete, and there is no avatar self. No difference between the ideal in netspace and the self in meatspace. I look over my new, feathery body, and giggle incoherently.

A new pair of glasses sits on the table, and I know I need to put them on, which I do. As soon as I do, there's Samp again, floating in front of me.

"Cool AR glasses," I say, with my new and colorful beak. Does my voice sound more bird-ish? Awesome.

"Yeah, every good hacker needs them. Makes sure that they can be close to their AI at all times," Samp says, floating around my head. As he circles around, he gives my cheek a peck, and I feel it as if he's really there. Not like when I had the helmet on, and it was a shadow of the feeling. Samp is in my room, now, still hard as a rock and looking me over. I can feel his dickhead dripping onto my own, and it feels incredible.

"Ready for your first assignment as a master hacker?" Samp says with that knowing smile. What else can I say?

"I was born ready," I say with a smirk. He floats down to my massive dong and opens wide, immediately lavishing the head in slobbery licks. I let out a loud caw as I hump into that hot little mouth.

Mine name is Kit, and no one is a better hacker than me. And I'm prepared to prove it to this hot little tanuki for the rest of my life, if that's what it takes.