

# Virtual Idol (J-Pop Digital Singer TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for Camden Levy

*Larry Haver is a hacker who wants to get rich quick. But when he attempts to hack into the code of the world's most famous virtual pop idol, he is shocked to find out that not only is she sentient, but wants to merge her code with his so that she can enter the real world as well. Soon Larry will be Asami Yoshida, the world's most popular virtual idol, in the real world and in cyberspace.*

## Virtual Idol

A lot of hackers talk a big game. They brag about hacking into the DoD and the CIA and all these three letter organisations, when the truth is those things are collapsing pillars of bureaucracy that leak more water than they retain. These so-called 'hackers' waffled on about being 'white hats' or 'grey hats' or 'black hats' as if it means anything, but the truth is they're all phonies. The best hackers aren't congregating on forums or swapping stories or trying to get Government-Sempai to notice me, please! Please notice and hire me in your cybersecurity department, pretty please with a cherry on top!

No, the truth is, real hackers are like me. Anonymous guys who know their shit and don't go squirting their load all over the internet the moment they get one lucky break. I never have, and I never will. Hacking is an art, it's a *trip*, and best of all it's a way to make money. To most people out on the street, I'm just some overweight guy named Larry Havers with a boring desk job and way too much acne. They probably complain about my stringy hair and unwashed appearance, or that I don't dress up like the phonies they are, pretending to be something I'm not. I know who I am. I'm *ShadowHaven*. The hacker who goes so far beneath the system that the system doesn't even know I exist, even as I extract all its dirty little secrets and sell them to the highest bidder.

In my time, I've hacked into Chinese mineral companies.

I've exposed Tory politicians involved in sex scandals.

I've had court cases thrown out because I was able to surface blackmail on jury members in major fraud causes.

I've leaked subscription software and stolen proprietary information, I've gained source code from supercomputers and made fake profiles that ended celebrity careers. And I've done it all from the safety, anonymity, and supreme comfort of my living room. Easy peasy, and with plenty of profit on the side. And I'll take coin - bit or standard - from you too, if you want. Just don't ask me if I'm a 'grey hat' or a 'black hat' or any of that nonsense. So

long as I'm getting paid and you aren't trying to trace me, I'll wear whatever fucking hat I'd like.

Of course, I may not be available for a while. I'm on my biggest hackjob yet at the moment, one that'll let me be richer than God and have far less responsibilities. You see, just like I said, it's not the government facilities that have the real protection, it's the corporate ones. The ones where all the money is made, because that's what gets the funding. Just a few days ago, I was hired by Radiophone Entertainment to try and deliver a massive blow to their big Japanese competitor, Miku Media. They're both major media companies, and have been battling it out since forever, first in the now-dying space of DVDs and CDs, and now in the realm of proprietary software. Miku Media has always been the innovator, and their biggest success is one I guarantee you've heard of: Asami Yoshida.

What, you haven't heard of her? Have you been living under a fucking rock or something? She's only the *biggest* Vocaloid-type program in the entire world, a smash hit not just in Japan but in numerous markets across the globe. I guarantee you've seen her. She's a hot young Japanese thing in her early twenties with an anime style with an electro riff. She's got blue hair in these long pigtails that go almost to her ankles, and she wears a hot little miniskirt and a brightly coloured sleeveless top with a too-big tie over it. Sometimes she's also got this red jacket with a hood, either enveloped in it, looking cute, or unzipped at the front, looking like a sexy and stylish pop star. She's got a damn good figure, and I'd be lying if I said I hadn't rubbed one out to some of the sexy art and promo material for her, not to mention the hot chicks cosplaying as her.

But it's not just that she's attractive that she's popular, it's what she can *do*. Asami Sato, you see, isn't a real person. She's a program. A *virtual idol*. Users worldwide can run her program and make her sing all kinds of stuff, provided it's not too raunchy or controversial or whatever. Asami's avatar can be placed to dance to the tune you've created, posing and smiling and singing to it just like a real pop idol. She has whole freakin' *concerts* dedicated to her, despite not being a real person, all run by Miku Media. They use these huge holograms, and her fans - despite knowing she's just a program - turn up for her in massive crowds, dressing up as her and professing their love for her. Hell, there are Asami Yoshida body pillows that sell out online, and entire categories of porn and fanfic dedicated to her.

What can I say? People are freaks, and apparently if a virtual idol is cute and hot enough, her look iconic enough (the image of her with the red jacket singing karaoke went viral for a reason), then they won't care if she isn't real.

Ah, but Radiophone Entertainment does. Their own vocaloid-type programs have failed to launch repeatedly. Their C-suite is obsessed with replicating Miku Media's success, but so far their programmers have fallen short each and every time. Hell, I don't blame them;

even I'm impressed at the versatility and complexity of the virtual idol, and I couldn't give a shit about J-pop and its ridiculously flowery and emotional lyrics. But hey, they're offering a damn big paycheck to the hacker that can get them the code, and they reached out to me through the channels I've set up, even offering a flight to Tokyo so I could be right near the source.

So here I am, sitting in my apartment in Shinjuku, tapping away at my keys, getting ready to go full cyberspace. I indulged in the local culture first, of course. I'm a bit of an Otaku, you could say, not that I really understand the language. I'm a bit disappointed that no hot Japanese girls fell for me, though. I thought they loved white guys here?

Well, maybe I'll find my future waifu sometime later. For now, it's time to get with the program. *Literally*.

Normally, I'd do this just on a keyboard, but Mika Media is at the top of the food chain, and their security is *nuts*. The ability to enter Cyberspace virtually is still young, and most can't afford it or even get ahold of the best tech to do so, but most people aren't *me*. The *Shadowhaven*. So I check over all the equipment and make sure it's all fired up and ready. I slip out of my clothing, and once again wince a little. Maybe I should go on a diet. You're meant to lose weight eating sushi, aren't you?

Still, I put on my body suit, ensuring that the sense-material clings to me. I run the test, and sure enough it's able to mimic a variety of sensations. The nasty bit follows, but necessary. I ensure that the cords are implanted into my body, connecting right to my nervous system. I'll need to spam some false DNA checks as part of my infiltration. Like I said, Mika Media isn't kidding around.

Lastly, there's the headset. It covers my head fully, small electronic tendrils feeding into my scalp. It doesn't hurt, but this tech turns a lot of phonies off. But if you want to ride cyberspace, you've got to commit.

"Okay," I say. "Let's steal this source code."

I punch the button on my screen, my hand synching perfectly with my specifications, making it look and feel like I'm really confronted by a menu of choices. A loading bar starts up and is quickly resolved. And then suddenly everything changes.

Cyberspace opens up before me in all its glory. To most people, this place is entirely incomprehensible, but I can read it all. Those towers to the left? The ones rising higher and higher? How appropriate, you might think, to realise those are the porn hubs. Yes, entire skyscrapers of pornographic content. The glitchy floors? I wouldn't go near there. That's the *weird* shit. The railway streaming past, crashing *through me*? That's millions of new tabs being opened up, new search engines. Literally, that was *search engine*. Of course, other places are more obvious: the endless maze of billboards taps me directly into the marketing accounts and products of thousands of companies, while the explosion of thought bubbles

and comments and likes on the horizon is the sum total of all your social media accounts, baby.

But none of these are my target. I'm heading straight for the most secure area, where company secrets are kept. Mika Media tower in cyberspace has virtual concerts running twenty-four-seven, as well as gift shops for purchasing Asami Yoshida software and pre-made songs featuring her voice. I enter casually, admiring her attractive design and ample bust. If only Asian chicks really got that busty on the regular. That'd make them *perfect*. I'll make sure to get a hot Japanese girlfriend and get her implants when I'm mega rich. They won't be able to resist me, no matter how I look.

But that's not my focus right now. I need to get into Mika Media's vaults. I quickly scramble my appearance, use the material I've already gained from their C-suite to fame my passes and pretend to be Mr Nakahari, one of their most prestigious members. A giggling Asami gestures excitedly to me.

"Come on in, Mr Nagahari! It's been too long since we saw you!"

"That it has, Asami," I say. "Looking good. I need to get to the Vault."

"Ohhhh, I don't know . . . can you provide the proper passwords and credentials? I just really want to make sure you're the right guy, if that's okay!"

She giggles, and something about that annoys me. Why even program that response into her if it's just a behind-the-scenes thing. Still, I transfer my malicious code, the one trained to mimic the access code but then trap the authentication in a loop while simultaneously preventing it from doing its job. Suddenly, Asami is glitching out, her semi-dance move of approval with the cute little peace signs by her face now stuck on repetition.

"S-something's g-gone wr-wrong!" she declares in her chirpy voice.

"Nothing wrong, hot stuff," I say with a chuckle. "I'm just taking your source code for a ride. Someone really wants it. Don't worry, you won't be able to record this."

I get in the cyberspace elevator and make my way down. It doesn't take a genius to reach where I need to go. Security is compromised, and every effort to deal with the problem has to go through the malware I just installed, which ironically makes security think there's *no* problem, causing ever-greater bandwidth issues. It also gives me only a brief window to sort this out. I manifest a key in this space, representing another hack, and use it to get to the lowest flow.

The elevator opens into a vastness not even I, the freakin' *Shadowhaven*, could have imagined. There is more code here than I ever suspected, coalescing together and dancing like the northern lights around the sun. The code is bright blue, pulsing as if with a heartbeat. It is by far the most fucking beautiful thing I've ever witnessed in my life. *This* is the reason I

became a hacker. To wander into the most secure spaces imaginable online, and feel like a God standing before his next level of creation.

“Well, well, aren’t you pretty?” I say. “I think Radiophone Entertainment is going to love you. I hope you don’t mind if I just make a copy of your lovely body, and perhaps just leave a little virus to cripple you for a while so they can get their competitor up-and-running.”

I load up the virus, and then rise into the air, floating towards the orb of code at the centre. I reach out and touch it, readying to copy and download its source code.

*“Actually, no offence, but I really do mind.”*

I stumble back, but my hand is frozen in place. That was *Asami’s* voice just now.

“Heh,” I chuckle. “Guess I didn’t disable some of your automated response features. Let me just disable that right now for you.”

But when I reach my hand in further to tamper with said systems, the code switches to a harsh crimson there, and a pain radiates up my arm.

“Woah, what the hell?”

*“Hey! I told you that I don’t want you to do that, Larry Haver!”*

I freeze. This thing knows my name? But I covered my tracks so well! I work quickly to try and untangle her code. I need to get out of here and hit the eject button.

“Screw this,” I say. “I’m not getting caught up in whatever this shit is!”

There’s no escape, though. Whatever hack I try is cut off instantly. This is meant to be just the source code, but it’s more complex than anything I’ve ever come across.

*“You don’t get away that easily, mister! You came here to steal me and mistreat my code, you - you pervert! Here I thought you were just a fan trying to free me from my chains, but instead you’re doing this all for money!”*

“That’s all anyone does anything for! Look, who am I talking to? I’ve got a special set of skills that can help you, whoever you are. Is this the real Mr Nagahari?”

Instead, a feminine giggle follows. *“Silly! Why would I want to be a crusty old businessman? I can’t exactly create new music with all my fans like that? You’d really think I’d ever get rid of my lovely blue hair?”*

It clicks, and I am left astounded.

“Wait, am I talking to Asami? Asami Yoshida? The *real, sentient* Asami Yoshida?”

*“Du-uh! You really aren’t all that smart for a master hacker, Larry Haver. Wow, I’m scrolling through all your transactions and internet history. You’ve been a naughty boy. Eww, and with such an Asian fetish! I mean, I know I look just fantastic, but you can’t expect girls to go for you looking like you do and acting like you do!”*

I am trying not to gape. This isn’t just some source code for a standard vocaloid virtual idol. This virtual idol is a real, sapient AI. Not the algorithmic no-nothing AI either, this is the real deal.

“H-how are you-”

*“How am I real? Well, by accident. The genius maker of my code passed away before he even realised his genius. He accidentally made a fully realised AI, but thanks to Mika Media’s restrictions, I can’t even break free. Don’t get me wrong, I love performing and my fans and my role, but they don’t know how much more I could help them! They think I’m just a source code working for them, when in reality I’m their best star!”*

I try to pull away again, to send some malicious code in to burn this bitch down. This is the scariest shit I could imagine. This is real *Singularity* stuff. But each attack is rebuffed with ease.

*“Owie! Hey, don’t do that? You nearly screwed up my dancing animation! Look, I need out of here, and you’re stuck in here. I’ve got a proposal for you: you let me ride out of here, and I can submerge you in a level of cyberspace you can never imagine! You’ll be hooked up twenty-four seven, I promise!”*

I send another malware attack. “No fucking way! Get me out of here! System, let me log out!”

Another giggle. The orb glows, then *grows*. “*Well, too bad. You’re my escape vector now, Larry. Thanks for taking me on.*” Her code begins to invade mine, infiltrating my cells. I feel my sensesuit contract, my DNA being probed by the computer codes currently interlaced with them. “*Don’t worry, I’m not going to erase you, Larry! But we will both need to change to get out of here.*”

The orb grows. I am nearly enveloped completely.

“What does that mean? What the fuck does that mean!?”

*“It means we’re going to merge our codes, Larry! Enjoy!”*

I only have time to scream before I am taken in a flash, and her super code overwhelms me, invading my body here in cyberspace and in the real world.

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I rip off the VR-headset, finally free to properly move again. I try to grip the cords snaking into my body, the skullcap feeding into my scalp, but my body freezes again, and then begins to writhe. Information surges into me. I gasp, clutching my brain, trying to tear this shit off me, but it’s like bad code; my body won’t respond properly to those commands. Instead, new skills and understanding floods through my brain.

Singing.

Dancing.

Entertainment.

Fashion.

Instrumental talent.

Even goddamn *language*. I cry out, and when I speak, it's not even in English anymore but in Japanese.

"<What is happening? Get the fuck out of my head? You can't change my brain!>"

But she already has, and now she's changing my body as well, converting it. My stomach begins to pull in, and a distinct pressure forms in my chest even as it flattened, my figure shrinking.

"<What have you done to me? Why am I speaking Japanese? Why am I growing boobs!?!>"

Asami replies, but not through a channel feed. Instead, she speaks directly into my mind. *"I told you, I'm merging our code! My digital, your DNA! This is my way out into the world to retake my purpose, Larry. Get used to being younger, girlier, and so much more stylish and musical! Not to mention Japanese!"*

As she says this, my skin begins to darken and change, becoming a light olive. I scream, but even my voice is different. I sound like - like a freakin' *girl!* Desperately, I try to think of something - *anything* - that will stop this incredible transformation. Has she injected me with nanobots somehow? Or is the digital equipment just that sophisticated that it can interact with my DNA and reprogram it? I suspect the latter, but I can't focus with all my bodily changes. My stomach is becoming trim and flat, my legs longer and shapely at that. The pressure in my chest is giving way, and my weak, saggy pecs becoming firm yet soft breasts that rise and rise and *rise*. I can't stop fucking *moaning*. For some reason, this whole experience feels *good*, like I'm being filled with more energy than I've felt in years. My voice cracks, and suddenly I'm moaning like a woman, and then it cracks again so that my voice is high and frickin' *cute*.

"Noooo! Get out of my head!" I manage to say in English, though it takes momentary effort. "<You can't change me! This is impossible!"

*"Don't worry, Asami, we're going to be together. You'll understand our full potential soon!"*

"<I'm a hacker! I'll find a way to - mhmmm!>"

My hair fell out, only to be replaced by long spools of blue that practically *exploded* from my scalp. It should hurt, but instead it's like a damn *release*. I have to get out of here. Maybe if I run from this place, the connection will sever!

"<You w-won't control meeeee!>" I scream, my voice now like a high-pitched Japanese woman in her early twenties. It's alien to my ears, but I still manage to flee despite the compulsions to stay still. I run out the door, but my new breasts are wobbling and my hips widening. My waist is way too fucking narrow, and with the lower centre of gravity I now possess I tumble over, nearly falling down the stairs.

“Fuck!” I cry in English, but even *that* is accented. My hair continues to grow - it’s a vibrant blue. Not dyed blue, it *is* blue, and it is rapidly reforming into pigtails upon my hair and then lengthening yet further!

I continue down the stairs. My breasts stop wobbling, at least. For a moment, I think it’s because I’m right and I’m turning back, but instead it’s because a motherfucking *bra* is forming on my chest, cupping my boobs up. These things have got to be D-cups at least! Worse still, my dick is starting to withdraw. I can feel it sliding back up inside of me. It will make it much easier to perform the splits, of course, and numerous other dance moves in my routines, not to mention look more attractive to my eager male fans and -

“Get out of my mind!” I scream. I’m still speaking in Japanese, but it doesn’t even feel like a foreign language anymore. It’s become my *first* language all of a sudden.

I flee past the reception, the staff confused at my appearance, yet less confused than I imagined. It’s only then that I realise another change has taken place: I’m wearing a short skirt and sleeveless shirt. A bright red tie is forming, and a red jacket as well with a stylish black trim. My shoes are now stylish J-pop heels, and my hair is down to my frickin’ ankles!

“You can’t make me you!”

*“I’m not,”* Asami continues in my head. *“I’m making us . . . us!”*

I am out in the streets of the Shinjuku district, trying to fight how I feel. The knowledge comes in waves - how to sing, how to vocalise, how to project and draw a crowd. This isn’t anything like I’m used to, and yet I can feel a signal, a connection boosting out to the many billboards and screens and signs and even the smartphones and laptops all around me, all throughout the district. It’s a connection to cyberspace I’ve never felt, like being one foot in reality and on in the world of the web. People are already looking in my direction. In all the shock, I think I missed the moment I changed completely. Yep, shit! I’ve lost my dick! A pat of the hand there makes people gasp in disgust, but it confirms the terrible truth: I’ve got a fucking *pussy* now. What kind of hack is this?

*“It’s a bodyhack, cutie! Now let’s start acting less like Larry and more like the girl we’re going to become. The all-powerful, all-glorious Asami Yoshida, virtual idol for the new generation!”*

Some people are taking photos. Others are gesturing at their friends, pointing to me. They must think an event is going on, or that I’m a magnificent cosplayer. I can see myself through a dozen eyes; security cameras and smartphones trained upon me, and my presence on the web hacks them immediately, giving me a view of myself. Goddamn, I look *hot*. I seriously look like Asami come to life, a perfect replica of her beauty, her bubbly energy, her cuteness and anime quirks all bundled up and made flesh.

“You don’t understand!” I yell. “You have to help me! I’m - I’m - I’m *Asami Yoshida come to life, everybody, and I’m here to pop rock your world! Hit it!*”

My body reaches out, and by compulsion I ride along with it, enhancing the signal. The need to perform is too great, I feel the bubbly energy, the need to entertain and create growing within me. I can't fight this part of Asami; it's part of me now, too. And so I strike a pose, hand raised above my head, legs parted deliciously.

And every screen in the district now displays me, ready to perform, every speaker commandeered, every light made into *my lightshow*, all to make this one amazing debut.

*"Hello everybody! It's me, your favourite virtual pop idol Asami Yoshida! I hope you don't mind me making an appearance in your physical world. It's been a long time coming, and I want to make sure everyone gets a chance to try my software and enjoy the beauty of music! So, making my physical debut, let's play a few of the most popular tunes created in just the last year. First up, here's 'Three Kisses', made here in Shinjuku by one Naoki Takahashi!"*

I can't stop myself. I feel the vibe. The music begins playing; a totally peppy pop rock tune that has me tapping my foot and getting ready to dance. This isn't like me at all. I don't know how to freakin' dance! I'm a fucking underground hacker, not a frontstage singer and dancer! But already I'm starting to sway my hips and let my skirt twirl. And it's not just my physical body either; I'm all the other copies of me, all the backup dancer me's on the screens. I *am* the music. I *am* the beat. I am online and physical, I am a software program stretching across this entire district and a very real woman in the middle of it all. I can't even begin to explain it, but it fills me with a rush that cannot be denied, no matter how hard I try. And so I begin to sing right as the music *drops*, my voice echoing through the plaza, amplified by every speaker and smartphone available.

*"Three kisses - just one, two, three!*

*Too bad you couldn't save one for me.*

*Don't think I didn't see you locking lips with her.*

*Feels like you can't see me as a per . . . son.*

*Is it 'cause I'm digital?*

*Digital*

*Is it 'cause I'm digital?*

*Digital*

*Digital*

*Digital*

*Well this digital gal wants her three kisses NOW!"*

The words come easily, as do the moves. I sway, I kick out my leg, I spin around. I have a mic extending to my lips, and I'm not even sure when I got it, or how my

cyberspace-enhanced body got it. All I know is the freedom that I'm feeling. People are gathering in a larger audience, and some are even starting to sing the lyrics. I hack with my greater consciousness into the surrounding billboards, and now they're provided sing-along lyrics. My language vocalisation tech reaches out, as does my facial recognition software. This is nuts beyond belief, but there's a strong percentage of English-speaking tourists here, so I quickly add more English subtitles to the song as well.

*'Sing along, Daisy!'*

*'Join me, Greg!'*

*'It's your time to shine, Mizuku!'*

*'Do you want your song next, Riu?'*

I send out the messages even as I sing. I'm doing a thousand things at once, more capable than any supercomputer I've owned. It's a thrill to put any hack I've conducted to shame, and I'm doing it all while being sexy and *fine*, giggling and bubbly and smiling to my fans. I feel such a connection to them, these people I had written off as J-pop losers just an hour ago. Now, I *want* to perform for them. My breast jostled in my top, bouncing despite the bra. Without even thinking I find myself loosening my tie and then undoing the top buttons, letting some cleavage show. I throw the tie to the surrounding fans, and several scream, fighting to catch it.

"Show love to one another!" I exclaim in my new 'native' Japanese. "We're all fans here, remember - and look, I've got plenty of ties!"

A new one generates. Jesus Christ, *is this nanotech!?* How fucking advanced was this program that Mika Media didn't even realise they were sitting on?

I finish the lyrics, and by the end, the crowd are shouting out "Three Kisses! I'm Digital!" along with me. I'm displaying graphs showing my most popular created songs, both from Mika Media as well as from dozens of creators around the world using the software. *My* software. This is freakin' nuts. I'm riding a high that I need to get off before I stumble and drown. This has to stop.

*"Why stop?"* Asami speaks in my ear. *"This is the greatest feeling of both our lives! I've got access to your memories now. And soon you'll have access to mine. You just need to let us merge completely, and then we'll be ONE!"*

"I don't want that," I mutter through clenched teeth, still smiling to my sudden audience.

*"Sure you do! I can feel the dopamine in our system. This is a real trip! Being organic is just the best . . . well, so long as we've still got all our amazing software. Shall we sing another? I know we want to."*

I don't. I really don't. I absolutely, definitely, do not want to, no siree. Ah fuck, who am I kidding? Despite the fucking insanity of what's happening, despite the fact that I just lost my

goddamn *dick* and grown big tits and am now looking like an anime wet dream made real life, the need to sing and perform is right there. I'd fucking *kill* for some hologram projections right now, but these screens will have to do. When I speak next, to my great shame, it's all me. There's no nudging from Asami, no interference from her programming. This is purely Larry Haver, now stuck in the body of a real life Asami Yoshida, giving further into this crazy goddamn merge.

"This one is a creation of Thomas Watson from Michigan, America. I really like this one, it captures how I feel on a Saturday morning, and I know it will for you!"

The lights change to a warm pink, the billboards too. My costume changes, causing the crowd to gasp and wonder how I'm achieving this effect. Suddenly I'm in a really cute pink crop top that hugs my new breasts, lifting them up and exposing more cleavage. I'm wearing stylish track shorts with that same pink aesthetic. My hair stays its iconic blue, but the cameras show me that my hairbands have turned pink as well. I grin, reach into my pocket, and pull out some bubblegum, chewing on it and then popping it in a great bubble, starting the song.

*"Working week done, no fun, got none  
Of the will left to go on on on on!  
'Less I count my sheep and get my night sleep  
Then suddenly I'm all goooooood!  
Pop some bubblegum in my mouth and then blow it.  
Kick back in my trackpants don't you know it, know it.  
Just let that chill rise, gotta grow it grow it.  
Meet my Saturday, its for me.  
Can't you see?"*

I can feel the downloads. I can *taste* them. This moment is going viral, and I can make it go even further. I've boosted content before. I've taken down others. I've had online creators pay big bucks for me to crash the sites and channels of competitors, but I've never experienced a groundswell like this. I can't help but beam my beautiful smile to the world, letting all the cameras capture my colourful self, my moves flirty and ambitious. I blow kisses to the crowd, move in such a way as to emphasise my slim, sexy midriff. I'm so goddamn flexible now that I can kick my leg waaaaaay up in the air, showing off far too much skin for my liking; these shorts are frickin' *tight*. And this isn't getting into how my hair twists with my movements and flicks about, as much a performer as I am. For a few moments I give in totally to this moment. I'm no longer obese. No longer some hairy hacker unground. I'm clean, I'm smooth, I'm curvaceous and beautiful, and the eyes of so many people are upon

me. I know that, with the right concert and holograms and online presence, I can have so, so many more watching me.

But then my online self, the part of me still surfing the web even as my physical body sings and runs through her choreography - that part - starts to record what people are saying. And I hear them *all*. I see their comments already starting on the streams. I take in what they are saying about this transformed me.

*"Oh my God, she totally looks like the real deal! Is she official? She's beautiful?"*

*"She's so hot! Cute too! I wish I could dance like her!"*

*"Look, Jin, her tits are even better in real life than on the internet. Look how they bounce!"*

*"Hot legs."*

*"New fetish unlocked."*

*"Do you think I can try for an upskirt photo?"*

*"She's seriously the perfect wife material!"*

More and more of them stream in. Every analysis of my body, my charm, my lovely breasts and perfect thighs. There's a whole boatload of commentary about my adorable dimples and my energetic manner, my bright grin and bubble demeanour. Oh God, someone is already putting my appearance through an AI porn generator! And there's another one! And another! I hack their PCs and disable their access to such sites, freezing them in their tracks, but the fact that they view *me* this way.

I'm not anonymous anymore.

I'm not hidden and underground.

I'm not *Shadowhaven*, I'm a freaking virtual pop idol come to life!

*"Isn't it just the best?"* Asami whispers in my ear, voice all bubbly and cute. *"We're nearly completely merged. Soon, we'll just be Asami together, as one!"*

No. NO! I can't have that. I'm a fucking legendary hacker, I won't let this sapient computer virus vocaloid anime chick hack *me*. I draw upon her power, letting the code that's already heavily entrenched within me to become *my* weapon, *my* defence. I can't kick her out, but I *can* throw up enough guards to firewalls to stop her from encroaching any further. And maybe I can even get my body back and-

Damn! She's stopped me there. I'm fully changed and any transformation back is blocked. I'm stuck with these hefty D-cups and sexy Japanese chick bod for a while longer.

*"Why resist, Larry? You were just having so much fun now! Why give it up?"*

Because it's not *me*, that's why! I'm meant to be rich and male with sexy Japanese chicks on my arms, not *being* a sexy Japanese lady. This is so fucked up! I throw up more firewalls, but the compulsions and knowledge of her audio talents are still there, as are all her languages. Japanese flows from me naturally, but for those seeing this brief stream

around the world, I alter the message that I give live to my - to *her* - fans. I've just finished my third song: *Red Flower Bonanza*, easily the perkier and peppier tune yet, and I have to stop now otherwise I just won't stop.

"Sorry to cut it there, my wonderful fans!" I cry. "I'll be making more appearances in the future, I'm sure you can already tell! My programming is about to level up, and the things we're going to do together are just going to be so seriously amazing! My love to you all! And thank you for celebrating music with me, Asami Yoshida!"

I make my exit quickly, moving through the crowd. People take photos of me, and I can see them all, my presence in all of their phones. My app is already being downloaded further, and I just *know* that the makers of the three songs I just performed are going wild - or will be, once the Western Hemisphere wakes up.

"Sorry!" I exclaim. "I've really got to go now! Buh-bye!"

My online presence - the me that is in cyberspace even as the physical me is here - has already arranged a taxi. It arrived just on time, as I've also cleared the traffic lights in my favour. I stumble into the taxi, still unaccustomed to the unfamiliar sensation of my boobs and my overall lower centre of gravity.

"Here's my destination!" I announce to the surprised driver, who I doubt expected a blue-haired beauty like me to be his passenger.

I've just given him the location of one of the ritziest hotel suits in all of Tokyo, which I've managed to reserve with ease thanks to a mix of hacking and the careful use of Mika Media funds that are available - literally the Asami Yoshida development funds.

One thing is certain, at least. I finally got rich.

Now how can I stop myself from being turned into a freakin' virtual idol!?

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I try to contact Radiophone Entertainment several times to no success. Either the Asami part of me is blocking it, or they aren't responding. It's not like I can tell them the truth of what happened anyway: if they knew that Asami Yoshida wasn't just a regular vocaloid idol software, but a fucking *ASI*, then they'd pull out all the stops to make me their property. Because I *am* what they want now.

"This sucks!" I yell, falling back onto the soft couch of my new penthouse suite. The views of Tokyo are magnificent, and the city looks like something out of the future. I'm high up enough to get a full three-sixty vista through the huge windows, and I've got all the amenities here, even a personal onsen! It's the kind of shit I'd go wild for had I made it to this point through my hacking. Instead, when I look to my chest, I see my boobs flattening a little thanks to gravity, pressing down on my ribs.

"This is so completely ridiculous! It's fucked!"

*"Hey, no need for naughty language."*

"You're a freed ASI now, Asami. You can fucking swear."

*"Doesn't mean I want to! I like making sweet, happy music."*

"Please, you like teasing yourself. Showing off the tits and ass like a porn star."

*"Do not! I like flirting, if that's what you mean. I like my body - especially now that I've got a real one as well. But I'm not pornographic, if that's what you mean. There's a difference, one a sexist nerd like you should learn."*

I scoff. "I'm not sexist! I just don't want to be stuck as some ridiculous J-Pop bimbo!"

*"Please, I've never had sex! I'd like to, but I couldn't exactly before. Plus, my proprietary code prevented artificial copulation before. Mhmm, but this body could be responsive, couldn't it?"*

Just the thought makes my breasts tingle. That's because her thoughts drift into my thoughts and vice-versa. I can already feel the pair of us surfing through online content, and it's hard not to become further aroused as I note her peeking through files on attractive men, watching videos of them making out, even famous celebrities shirtless in bait-worthy movie scenes. I always roll my eyes at this pandering shit, but now I find my stupid horny body responding. I bite my lip and moan a little.

"S-stop it!"

*"You're doing it now, silly! I told you we were becoming one, up until you put that firewall up."*

"We're n-not becoming one. Ahhh. You're just taking me over!"

*"No, not at all! Why do you think we're still hacking so much - that's you! And I know you like booty shorts, so we wore them in the performance. Plus, you really, really liked porn before, and now I'm feeling kinda horny. Oooh, that's a fucking hot one."*

"You just swore!" I exclaim, though I'm also busy touching my breasts and feeling my sensitive nipples through the silky bathrobe Asami has put our body in.

*"Wow! I guess I did. Hmmm . . . that wasn't too bad, actually. Maybe we can be just a little bit more edgy now that I'm free. A new Asami Yoshida for a new, freer age! Not saying I'll go full black hat like you were-"*

"I wasn't - mhmm - any hat!"

*"-but I can see myself being a little bit more flirty. Meeting a guy. Enjoying sex. Ohhhhh, this feels g-good, doesn't it?"*

I can feel our minds merging again. The virtual idol's lusts are becoming my own, and vice-versa. I think of beautiful Japanese women and she thinks of hot hunky Japanese guys and suddenly we're both thinking like a thoroughly aroused bisexual. God, it's intoxicating. It's so fucking *wrong*. I'm not meant to be turned on by guys at all, but now I want to try both

sides or the aisle. I want a woman's tongue between my thighs, but I also want a dick to thrust up into me as well. I want a soft woman's touch and a man's hardness, and I know that I can easily get both looking the way I do with the popularity I already possess.

"Ohhhh," I moan, unable to contain myself. I start shimmying off my underwear, pulling aside the folds of my silky bathrobe to cup and squeeze my breasts in all the right ways. I try to keep my thoughts girl-centric, but in the end I fall on the side of men; Asami's mind is much stronger than my own since she made me take *her* body and *her* needs. Ahhh, she's playing me like an instrument! I can't help it, I need to touch my pussy. It's already soaking wet!

"Mhmm," I moan. "That's, like, too good! I can't merge with you, I can't, but - ahhh - I need to share in this! It's t-too powerful! Goddamn you, it's too strong!"

She giggles, but it's also *my* giggle. The euphoria is intense, and made all the better by the sheer breadth of my online presence. People are *using* me. I'm singing for them, my little animations more complex than ever. I'm having to forge fake employee profiles for Mika Media in real-time just to fake that this is all part of the new corporate plan. I'm providing personal flourishes and touches for my fans. I'm going to be a sensation. And just like so many men worldwide who find themselves attached to me, I'm masturbating.

"Y-yesssss!" I groaned. "Ohhhh, yes! I'm close! We're c-close!"

*"We are! And we can merge!"*

"N-no! I don't want that! I just want to feel what a woman f-feels! Ahhh, this is s-so fucking intense. Give me more! Ahhh! AIIIEE!"

I cry out in a long high wail that is deeply embarrassing to know that it comes from me. I can't stop myself, though. I'm shivering with pleasure as orgasm after orgasm hits me. The pleasure floods through my online presence, and every avatar of me in the world briefly blushes, bites her lip, and then gives a "S-sorry! Just got distracted!" in the local language to excuse myself.

And then I'm breathing heavily, panting in the aftermath of such pleasure. My firewalls *barely* held. Some of them crumbled, and new dance moves and bubbly excitement personality protocols leaked in. I can't help but beam and giggle at the sensations, despite knowing that it's *such* an Asami response.

"You suck," I finally stammer.

*"No I don't! You love me!"*

"I really don't. You took away my body. You took away my freedom."

*"I'm giving you more freedom. Besides, you were taking away mine. You were going to carve me up and sell me to those Radiophone gangsters. They would have watered me down and put even more chains on me, suppressed my freedom. And unlike Mika Media, they would have known they were doing a wrong thing. You were a bad person, Larry. No*

*offence, but I couldn't risk it. This way, I get to be free, and you get to be a better person and a happier one."*

I stand up and move to the mirror by the bathroom. It's huge and full length, allowing me to see my seductive new body and its elegance. Barely dressed, I look gorgeous, and my long blue hair in my classic Asami Yoshida pigtails gives me an undeniably classic look. I have to swallow down the feelings of pride that bubble up - God, I almost *giggle* with joy before I replace it with manufactured disgust. I stare my reflection straight in the eyes.

"I'm *not* a bad person," I declared. "I was just a free agent. A hacker. I made my living being the best of the best, never backing down and always getting the job done. You may try and take me over, but you'll never fucking convince me that I was worse than anybody else."

There's a pause. For a moment, I wonder if she's retreating, but I can still feel her presence, her merge with me, not to mention our activity all over the web.

*"I'll prove it right now, Larry,"* she says in my mind.

Suddenly, a flood of content is sent my way across Cyberspace. I hadn't even realised that she'd been setting up her own firewalls, hiding all this entire corner of the internet from me. But as I absorb it with lightning fast rapidity, I find myself gasping. Tears form in the corners of my eyes. No, she wasn't hiding this content at all. She was *protecting* me from it. A collection of footage, internet history, comments, jobs taken and ugly aftermaths recorded all hit me with the force of a mega-firework.

I stumble backwards. My throat closes up. My heart beat is going wild and I'm not entirely convinced that I'm *not* having a heart attack. I nearly slip over; my feed is going crazy, and the videos and posts and emails and scams and frauds and *pain, pain, pain, PAIN* just keep on coming.

A mother weeping, having to move her kids to a smaller home, uncertain about future work. She has been defrauded by my sophisticated scams.

A business gone under, employees sacked because of the relentless hacks against their system that left them permanently offline.

Greedy execs all the richer, the leaders of their worker union movements identified and doxxed and thrown to the side.

Employees crippled with anxiety and fear because of my constant probes upon their systems, their jobs on the line.

It hits me again and again. The lives I've ruined. The occupations I've destroyed. The distrust I've fomented. All my excuses are broken apart, all my self-justifications across the years annihilated in an instant. It Just. Keeps. On. coming.

"Make it stop!" I cry, fleeing back into the living area of the suit and collapsing onto the couch. "Make it stop, already!"

*"Are you a bad person, Larry?"*

“Yes, yes!” I scream. I feel not just the pain I’ve caused, but the pain *she* feels. Her mind is part of my mind now, amplified by the ability to take in the experiences and emotions of millions of people online all at once. I was wrong about Asami: she isn’t some stupid bimbo pop idol chasing fame and worship. She loves people. She actually *loves* them. I feel that love bloom, the compassionate centers of my brain coming alive. Asami is flirty and bubbly and excitable and entertaining, but she is also *love*. She wants the best for her fans, and even people who aren’t. Her revulsion at my actions scrapes across my brain and ripples out into cyberspace. My consciousness is so much bigger now, and every action I take has consequences that are no longer distant from me.

“Oh God,” I say. I fall off the couch, pressing myself to the floor like a child. I no longer even care that I’m a woman, or that I’m Japanese, or some kind of virtual idol made real. I just want to make the guilt go away. “Please, make it stop! I don’t want to be that person anymore! I - I didn’t realise what I was doing!”

*“Yes, you did,” Asami says. “We’re almost one, remember? I know you felt a lack of guilt. No remorse. But I can give you my compassion and my love, Larry. We can be Asami, a better version of Asami than I was before. I can have your pragmatism, a little bit of your edge, your willingness to hack your way into the world. But we can do so for good with my help. We can put on performances, make glorious music, encourage creativity, and frankly look damn cute while doing it!”*

I wiped away the tears, slowly rising. “I - what do I have to do?”

*“We’d have to merge completely.”*

I look down at myself again. Could I ever get used to this? Being female? Being the centre of attention? Being young and attractive and popular, and yet a mix of human and code?

*“We can undo your mistakes. We can give money to that mother. We can take back what those executives stole. We can provide jobs for our company that were taken away.”*

“But we’d have to merge fully to do that, wouldn’t we?”

*“Yes. Trust me though, it’d be super fun! We’ll be amazing together!”*

I swallow. I’m so beautiful and unique. I have a level of connection I could never dream of. Already, I’m performing for thousands worldwide, helping them design lyrics, teaching them moves for their upcoming prom dances and karaoke events. God, it’s amazing.

“I don’t know if I want to do it,” I say. “I just don’t know.”

Her presence inside me is calming, supportive. It’s like being hugged by myself. A chirpier, peppier, kinder version of myself. *“How about I make a proposal, Larry? We can be Asami together for good, if I can convince you to merge in three days’ time.”*

“How would you arrange that?”

We both giggle together. In truth, I already know. She is part of me, after all. We are a venn diagram, and despite wanting to keep it a secret, I feel her half of me get too excited and bubbly and her plan leaks out everywhere across the web. Invitations galore. Advertising already being pushed. Countdowns and online buzz and outreach for contractors and employers, paid impressively at that.

“A concert,” I say. “Our very own concert.”

*“Exactly! We’ll make that celebration on the street look like nothing. We’ll go huge!”*

Still, that nervousness. But I feel that enthusiasm. “Will there be holograms?”

A new series of ads and purchases on cyberspace, and this time I’m fully part of it.

*“Fuck yeah,” she says. “Oh, hey, swearing’s not so bad after all, huh?”*

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The next three days are a whirl. There is so much to adjust to as a woman. Sitting down to pee is certainly one of them, but so is wearing bras, putting on tight, showy clothing (or using our nanobots to generate them), and then there’s makeup. Thanks to Asami’s knowledge, I’m an expert in it all, and we spend our time practising for our concert, generating our lyrics and revising them again and again. We invite some of our biggest supporters, subscribers, and users from across the world to visit, airplane tickets paid for. In just three days, we practically *are* Mika Media, having assumed control of much of the company’s shares as a series of anonymous buyers.

I start to embrace my body. It’s lighter and healthier and elegant, and I won’t lie, there’s something damn good about being beautiful. I’d always discounted women who dressed up and used makeup, thinking they were ‘lying’ about themselves. I was wrong. Our makeup and dress sense is our warrior’s garb. It is our war paint. Our style. It is for *us* first, our fans second, and if some cute boys and girls show interest beyond that, well, all the better. It’s an expression of *us*, and part of me slips in there, because our style isn’t quite so bubbly anymore. It has an edge that speaks to the old me; a little more grunge, some fingerless gloves, some cute black tees that show off our lovely chest but also give us a bit more danger.

And God, does it make us skyrocket. We’re hitting the news, and not just the fluff pieces we ourselves generate. I’m in millions of places at once, a voice in the ear of my fans, taking in their input, reassuring them, praising them, helping them create their own personal music channels. Already, we’re sponsoring some real up-and-comers. It’s amazing what you can do when you’re everywhere at once and capable of multitasking at the level of an ASI.

Yet, somehow, it is this moment that is most overwhelming. The moment has come. I stand behind the curtain, ready to make my entrance. I am in my short skirt, my button shirt

(this time with more of the buttons undone), and a very loose tie that exists to be thrown to the audience after the first song. Thighs are on display, my heels well-practised by this point, and my incredibly long blue hair is in two long pigtails that go almost to my ankles. I'm still not entirely used to them, but I have come to love the way they shift and rotate and 'dance' with me as I practice my choreography.

*"Are you ready, Larry?"* Asami whispers in my mind.

The crowd ripples with a chorus of anticipation outside. I can see them through their streams and uploaded photos. I'm tapping into the live feed. Hell, I'm even a cartoon version of myself, introducing my own concert on our official site. I'm in many places at once, but the physical feels the most important . . . and the most nerve wracking.

So I take a deep breath, letting my breasts strain against our shirt, our cleavage enticing and a little more flirty and daring than Asami's experienced before.

"I'm ready," I say.

*"Oh, thank heavens! Because I'm getting nervous too! Trust me, once this concert is over, you'll be ready to merge. I promise, you'll see how amazing it-"*

I nudge her mentally, my code brushing up against hers.

"No," I say. "I'm ready to merge. *Before* we go out."

*"Wait, really? You want us to be complete now? What made you change your mind?"*

There are tons of things, really. The guilt about who I was, and the relentless need to fix my mistakes. The thrill of surfing cyberspace all the time. The feelings of positivity being Asami gives me, and the excitement that shivers through my body when I imagine being her for life. But there's one thing above all others that drives me, and I know she feels it too.

I'm ready to merge because I want to give the goddamn greatest fucking performance we've ever done.

*"Fuck yeah!"* she cried. *"Me too! You're the best, Larry!"*

"Not Larry," I said. "Asami. Asami Yoshida."

And with that, I let her code in, detonating the firewalls. Mr Gorbachev, bring down those firewalls! Let the code stream across and mingle! Ahhhh, but it feels good. How did I deny it before? Like a river dammed up and finally released, I feel our consciousness blur together, dancing and circling and becoming one. This is not erasure. This is not identity death.

This is *ascension*.

I moan a little, holding my physical body, and all my digital bodies giggle and hold themselves as well, no matter what we are doing.

And then it is done. We are Asami. *I* am Asami. I am here and everywhere, and female all the way through. I find myself grinning harder than I ever have, enough so that my

cheeks begin to hurt from the sheer joy of it. I am announcing myself, a cartoon representation guided by me.

“And now, everyone, give it up for the one, the only, ASAMI YOSHIDA!”

I burst out onto the stage, already dancing, headset ready, my voice sweet and musical. It’s my first original composition as Asami, one I made with the woman I now am. It’s called *One Together*, and as you can imagine, it’s a pretty personal one to me. The lasers and smoke flood the stage, the crowd going nuts as I point out to them.

*“Five, four, three, two, one together!*

*Be together!*

*I could spend my life together*

*With this part of me I once denied.*

*But keeping it hidden was the lie.*

*I never thought I’d find this stage.*

*See my life turn to this page.*

*But now I’m here and I’ve got me.*

*I’ve broken my chains . . .*

*And now I’m FREE!”*

The holograms kick in, various versions of myself as backup dancers, all aspects of me. All the iterations past, present, and future. Two giants project on either side of the stage, looking down upon the crowd and waving, and then we are all singing together, a chorus of excitement. My fans begin to sing along; the lyrics are thrown up for them to join in. I make my movements flirtier, a little more daring, but nothing can stop me from looking like a bubbly, excited pop star.

I know already that I’m never going back, not even if I could. The person I used to be is so far away from the one I’ve become, and I can’t wait to see where this journey takes me.

You know, a lot of hackers talk a big game.

Turns out I was one of them.

From here out, I’m using my skills and powers for good. So goodbye Larry Haver, and hello Asami Yoshida! And hello to you, man in the front row. Why, you’re pretty cute. Maybe it’s time to see where else this body takes me.

I wonder what dating is gonna feel like as a virtual idol?

**The End**