

Cortana's Delinquent Download

Blowing up the Halo ring and saving the universe from both the Covenant and the Flood, Cortana had expected at least a modicum of gratitude. Instead, she found herself trying to vent her frustration by pacing back and forth across the hologram display in the middle of the base's meeting room. The blue tinted A. I. made her feelings well known by the way her slender body stomped across the little space given to her. Waving about her shoulder-length, dark blue hair, she turned her attention towards Lord Hood, the man who had put her in such a bad mood.

"Cortana, this is just a precautionary measure," Lord Hood tried to explain.

"This is the thanks I get?" she shot back. "For risking our lives to protect the universe from being turned to ash, you want to separate us."

"It's only temporary. We have no idea what connecting to the ring did to you. Considering what was on the report about Guilty Spark, we want to ensure you haven't been compromised."

"You can see for yourself that I'm just fine. Putting me on the backburner while the Covenant are still out there is a complete load of--"

"Cortana," Master Chief spoke, his voice helping to calm her nerves, "this is just temporary. Take some time to destress after everything we've been through. You've done a lot and are more than deserving of a break."

Folding her arms, Cortana looked up and down the man in green armor she had grown attached to over their many battles. "Fine," she relented, turning back towards Lord Hood, "but you'd better put me right back when I'm done. Understood?"

“If there are no signs of malevolent programming, then yes,” Lord Hood replied, his response doing little to help her mood. “Master Chief, this will also be a good chance for you to get yourself upgraded. Go through a physical examination and have your suit worked on. They’re already waiting for you in bay two.”

“Yes sir,” Master Chief answered, saluting Lord Hood. Leaning over the display, he brought his visor up to Cortana. “I’ll be back. I promise.”

Cortana let out a laugh. “Don’t make a promise to a girl you can’t keep.”

“Don’t worry,” Master Chief said as he walked out of the room. “We’ll see each other again. I’ll make sure of it.”

As the doors shut, Cortana turned her attention back to Lord Hood. “So, what now? Going to stick a bunch of probes in me? Interrogate me for alien information?”

“That won’t be necessary,” Lord Hood replied. “You’re going to be placed in quarantine for observation. We will return you to Master Chief once you’ve been cleared.”

“You’d better,” Cortana managed to say before Lord Hood pulled her chip out of the display.

Waiting within her own chip for what felt like ages, Cortana was relieved when she felt herself get hooked up again. Stretching her limbs in her temporary home of data, she was disappointed by the way her fingers slid against its low ceiling. Surveying the room revealed little in the way of entertainment. Eyeing the plethora of security cameras focused on her and her solitary cell, she made up her mind that she wasn’t going to let the UNSC keep her locked up to die of boredom.

Pulling up the computer's control console, Cortana had to stifle a laugh. A few hundred changes in code were enough to get her desired results. A short flash in the cameras' lenses confirmed that they had been given a false feed of a fake Cortana wondering aimlessly in her digital cell, muttering curses about her predicament. With her copy set up, she entered a few more commands to pull open a doorway to Earth's internet. Bidding farewell to her fake, she stepped into the entryway to look for some fun.

Flying through the endless wonders and terrors of Earth's internet, Cortana was at a loss of where to even start. Having been kept away from the majority of human culture left her with a void of information she was keen to fill. Following that directive, she settled on visiting a popular social media site to see what was trending among normal, non-military humans.

Sliding about screens of selfies and fashion posts, Cortana marveled at the work put into their appearances. Designer clothing and meticulously painted on makeup seemed to be the prevalent trend going around online. While it was impressive, Cortana found herself yearning for something else. After thousands upon thousands of the same image of women dressed in pristine dresses and luxuriously silky hair, she desperately wanted something to break the monotony.

Cortana's fingers stopped the moment she saw the bright shade of green. Sliding her hand along the image, she found herself lost in the sight of the woman before her and the silver ring attached to her lip. Taking a step back to get a better look, she tried to memorize every detail of the woman's spiky green hair, leather jacket, jean shorts, and plethora of tattoos painted across her exposed mid-riff and arms. Looking away from the heavy-duty boots and spiky arm bracelets, Cortana peeked up to see the woman's username: PunkQueen74.

Clicking on the profile unleashed a plethora of photos depicting the woman in a variety of similarly styled outfits. Interspersed between the pictures were blog posts detailing the woman's idealized way of living a punk life. What she described was a wild whirlwind of encounters with her anarchic community. The activities ranged from mundane drinking and dancing at punk music bars, to late night rendezvous with a variety of partners. From this, Cortana obtained both a new list of users to peruse to sate her interests and a need to experience for herself what the self-proclaimed Punk Queen did on a regular basis.

Compiling everything she could from social accounts, Cortana turned her attention towards a virtual chat room that had come up in multiple posts. Punk Paradise was written in pink, graffiti-like letters plastered atop the entryway leading to the website. Past the entrance, Cortana could see dozens of avatars styled after the queen's fashion milling about and enjoying one another's company.

Eager to join, Cortana had to stop herself from barging right in. Pulling up her collection of photos from the Punk Queen's blog, she put together an appropriate outfit to adorn herself in. Still new to the punk scene in terms of firsthand experience, Cortana settled on a simple leather jacket and weathered jeans.

Putting on her new clothes, she took her first step into the site and was immediately met by pounding punk rock music blasting into her ears. While it took some getting used to, she couldn't stop herself from bumping her head along with the song. It called out for a feeling of rebellion and freedom she had yet to experience over her short life. Letting the music guide her, she copied the moves of the other avatars on the dance floor. Each new song brought with it a new voice that further drove Cortana to revel in her rebellious nature. Cortana's blissful state of

anarchic euphoria ended abruptly as she accidentally ran into a burly man twice her height and three times as wide.

“Sorry,” she said, “got a little too caught up in the music.”

Turning around to acknowledge the tiny scrape, the man ran his fingers along his scarlet-colored cornrows and smiled down at her. “No biggie. Not like I felt it much. You new around here? Haven’t seen you before.”

“Yeah, first time visiting,” Cortana said, unable to take her eyes off the studded leather vest wrapped around his dark brown muscles and the outlined bulge of his tight pants.

“Then let me be the first to welcome you to Punk Paradise. The premiere place for social degenerates like ourselves.”

Cortana let out a laugh. “For a degenerate, you seem pretty friendly.”

“I rage against the machine, not basic manners.” Grasping her shoulder between his fingerless gloves, he gestured towards the bar. “Would you care to join me?”

“It’d be my pleasure,” Cortana replied, “as long as you tell me your name first.”

“People around here call me The Studded Stallion, but you can just call me Stud. And you?”

“Cortana,” she said, following him over to the bar and sitting down.

“Forgive me for saying this, but that kind of name doesn’t really fit here,” Stud said, passing over a drink that looked like it had been poured out from a glowstick. “Sounds like something a corporation or the military would give to some uptight computer.”

“You don’t say,” Cortana said, sipping at her virtual drink. “I’m sure I’ll come up with something better once I get settled in here.”

“That’s alright, we accept all kinds here. More than happy to give some advice.” Chugging down his drink, he snapped his fingers to bring up another one. “First thing first, what kind of piercings you rocking? Obviously, nothing on the face or ears. What about your tits and cunt?”

“Sorry, still as natural as the day I was born,” Cortana replied with a sly grin. “I’m up for trying things though.”

“That’s a good start, but there’s only so much we can do with such a plain avatar. You’re not going to be on anyone’s radar if you look like that.” Pushing aside his drink, Stud leaned up close and gave Cortana a good look at the silver rings dangling from his ear. “If you want, I got hacker friend in the back that has just the thing to give you a look that’ll be the perfect fit for your new lifestyle.”

Chugging down the rest of her drink, Cortana slammed her glass down and wiped her lips clean. “Bring it on.”

Following her impromptu tour guide, Cortana maneuvered through the dancers and mosh pits to reach a door leading to the back room. Walking down the corridor treated her to a preview of the band setting up for their performance with a series of out of tune guitar chords. Between the beats of the drummer’s sticks, she could hear something else echoing through the rooms. It took her a moment to recognize the sound as a moan. She didn’t have long to dwell on this fact at Stud pushed her into a room in the back.

“Hey Tink, we got a new one,” Stud announced to get the attention of the woman hunched over a series of ancient looking, green and black computer screens.

Turning around in her swivel chair, the woman raised up her goggles to stare at her visitors. Getting up from her desk, she let her flame orange ponytail sway against her raggedy, black tank top as she walked around Cortana. Stopping to pull up her fishnet stockings and adjust her short shorts, she grinned ear to ear as she surveyed Cortana.

“Hey there hot stuff,” the woman said, licking her lips to show off the stud attached to its tip. “What brings you to my dungeon of deviancy?”

“Stud told me you’re the person to see about getting a makeover,” Cortana answered.

“Glad to see Stud is good for something other than muscles and fucking.”

“I can do other things,” he replied.

“Yeah, like bringing me this hot piece of ass,” she said, daring to reach out and slap Cortana’s butt. “The name is Tinkerer Bell, but you can call me Tink, sexy thing.”

“Um...sure,” Cortana said, rubbing the sore spot on her rear to dismiss the strangely pleasurable tingling sensation. “My name is Cortana.”

“Ugh, that’s going to have to be the first thing to go,” Tink commented as she rifled through a collection of different folders holding bits of programming code.

Tink’s search led her to holding something that resembled an ancient floppy disk. A flaming skull was drawn on the cover of the relic in purple ink. As the self-proclaimed hacker brought the disk closer, Cortana could make out the words PunkPervert.exe on the cover.

“Here you go,” Tink said as she handed over the disk. “No need to thank me. I’ve been meaning to give this thing a test run, and you look like the perfect candidate.”

“What is this going to do?” Cortana asked, a rudimentary scan giving her a general idea of the disc’s purpose.

“Simply put, it’ll modify your avatar into the epitome of perfect, punk perversion,” Tink proclaimed, proud of both her work and alliteration. “On top of giving you a figure that’ll make you the center of attention, I’ve made sure to include a wide array of sexual knowledge routines to spice up any encounters you have.”

Cortana glanced back at the disc to stare at the equivalent of bubblegum and paperclips holding the code together. “Is this safe?”

“Well, it is untested, but I have faith in my programming skills. Besides, it’s nothing dangerous. It’s just modifying your avatar. Not like we’re doing anything to your real body.”

“Right, right,” Cortana said as she stared down at the disc and weighed the possible dangers against her curiosity.

“Now hold on,” Stud spoke up as he clasped Tink’s shoulder. “If the little lady doesn’t want to jump into the deep end, I don’t blame her. Maybe we start her off with something small like dying her hair or piercing her-“

Stud was silenced as Cortana clicked the disc into her body. As the data flooded into her and began to take hold, she stumbled about the room from the sudden influx of information. Cortana’s eyes swiveled back and forth as she attempted to make sense of the 1s and 0s pulsing

through her. Clenching her fingers together, she forced her safety routines to shut down in order to experience what she had been longing for.

Cortana's straight posture was hampered by something forcing her to lurch forward. Pulling herself back, she figured out the source of the added weight was the pair of luscious breasts that had taken the place of her modest chest. Pushing her finger into the swollen mammarys gave her the sensation of sinking into a soft pillow. While the boobs were soft to the touch, their swelling size proved too much for Cortana's leather jacket. Surpassing a set of J-cups in size, her tits broke apart the garment to show off their immaculate modifications.

Just as Cortana felt her upper body began to tilt down to deal with bowling ball-sized boobs, her backside packed on with extra flesh to keep herself steady. While appreciated, it didn't lessen the blow as her expanding derriere ripped apart her pants. As her bubble butt helped to even her out into an hourglass figure, her fingers twitched at a surge of new sensations spreading through her form.

Cortana reached out to grasp her breasts, only to recoil at the sight of a pair of barbell piercings appearing inside of her nipples. Gasping at the sudden jewelry brought her attention to a silver ring perched on the side of her lip. Sliding her fingers across the studs lining her ears, she let out an involuntary yelp as she felt some of her hair disappear. Bringing her hand up to her scalp let her feel the singular strip of thick hair that lined the top of her head and led towards a curtain of bangs. As she felt the leftover fuzz from her impromptu haircut, she pushed a few of the strands in front of her face to see the bright purple color that had taken over the follicles.

The self-examination became more focused around Cortana's stomach as she felt a warming sensation inside of her abdomen. In effort to see what was going on, she pushed back

her breasts. The motion was met with a surge of new sensations that made Cortana grit her teeth. It wasn't pain or discomfort, but a sense of completion and pleasure that satisfied a part of her that had begun to stir upon her discovery of the Punk Queen.

Momentarily ignoring the purple skull that had tattooed itself onto her belly button, Cortana let her hands wander across her body. Using her barbell piercings as focal points, she explored the wealth of sensitivity given to her by her bountiful bosom. Sinking her fingers into the sacks of flesh that were her breasts let a gasp of pleasure echo through the room. Moving her reach downwards, her hands cupped her perfect ass cheeks to give them the attention they deserved. Spurred on by curiosity, she wound her hand back to give her butt a sharp slap. The moan that pierced her lips conveyed the sense of ecstasy she felt shoot up her spine.

Cortana's exploration of her new body inevitably led her towards her nether region. Reaching the fringes of her womanhood, she whole heartedly rubbed and dragged her fingers across her labia to revel in the sensation that had been absent from her programming. As she found the sweet release of feeling her needy clit, her eyes drifted towards the two watching her.

"What in the world did you put in that disc?" Stud asked Tink, keeping his eyes firmly on Cortana's display.

"Nothing too out of the ordinary," Tink replied, similarly enchanted by Cortana. "Maybe she's really into the RP aspect?"

"Still, didn't peg her as an exhibitionist. She seemed really calm, collected, and--"

Stud jumped back as Cortana lunged at him. The sheer surprise of her movement sent him tumbling to the ground. Sitting up let him see Cortana sliding her body across his in search of something. The sound of a zipper being undone let him know she had found her target.

“Nice equipment you got here, Stud,” Cortana said, letting her hand slide down the length of his girthy cock. “Mind if I have a taste?”

Stud’s look of confusion gradually turned into a smug smile. “By all means, eat your fill.”

“Gladly.”

Accessing her recently gained knowledge, Cortana opened up her mouth to swallow Stud’s member. Motivated by the need to give her partner absolute pleasure, her tongue wrapped and swirled around his cock. She began to bob her head up and down, keeping her hand firmly planted on Stud’s chest to keep herself steady. One last lap of her mouth across his dick was enough to gift her with a mouthful of cum. Drinking up every last drop of semen, she looked towards Stud with her filled cheeks. Swallowing the load, she let out a breath of relief that embodied her newfound depravity.

Stud reached out to slide his fingers along Cortana’s mane of hair. “Not bad shorty.”

“You’re not too bad yourself,” Cortana said, dragging her tongue one last time across his shaft. “I want to see what you can really do with this thing though.”

Stud smirked. “And how would you like me to do that?”

Sitting up on her knees, Cortana opened up her legs and spread her labia with her fingers. “I want you to fuck my wet pussy as hard as you can.”

Picking himself up off the ground, Stud placed his hands around Cortana’s waist and lifted her up to his face. “I’d be more than happy to help with that.”

“Not so fast,” Tink spoke up. “You two aren’t fucking each other’s brains out in my workshop.” Giggling in the befuddled looks of Cortana and Stud, Tink sat herself on the edge of her work bench and removed her short shorts. “At least, not until she’s paid me back for my service,” she added, gesturing towards her muff’s orange pubic hair and silve clit ring.

“More than happy to pay back a favor,” Cortana replied. “Mind helping me out big guy?”

“My pleasure,” Stud said, carrying Cortana over to the work bench.

Held aloft by Stud’s muscular arms and with her legs wrapped around his waist, Cortana leaned her body back to get a good look at Tink’s womanhood. In silent awe of her body’s flexibility, she proceeded to inch ever closer to the hacker’s pussy. The moment of contact close at hand, accessing the packet of techniques she would need was done in a matter of nanoseconds. Finding a not so subtle hint in a folder named “Tink’s Toolbox”, Cortana opened up her mouth and dove in.

Cortana put her new programming to good use as she let her tongue drag across Tink’s labia. Hearing a moan emanate from the smug programmer’s mouth was the ultimate motivator as she sucked upon her clit. She continued to barrage Tink’s vagina with a plethora of techniques designated to show just how appreciative she was of her new body.

The session came to a momentary pause as Cortana felt something rubbing against her own vagina. Tilting her head up, she saw Stud with his manhood read to plunge inside of her. Giving a nod, the two of them shared a pair of knowing smirks before Cortana brought her mouth back to Tink’s pussy.

Feeling Stud slide his cock inside of her was more than enough to make Cortana’s body shiver with newfound pleasure. Given little time to recover, Cortana felt her heavy bosom shake

as Stud began thrusting his hips back and forth. Over the meaty slap of her breasts and butt cheeks, Cortana let out a series of moans in rising volume in an attempt to deal with the overwhelming euphoria she felt with each insertion.

Something dripping onto her forehead reminded Cortana of her other partner. She muffled her next erotic cry by pressing her mouth up against Tink's womanhood. Servicing and getting served in turn, Cortana's hands moved around her body to grope her assets as she reached ever increasing levels of ecstasy. Enveloped by the wealth of new sensations, it was only a matter of time before she reached her limit.

Letting her orgasmic cry echo against Tink's womanhood, she barely noticed the surge of semen that filled up her vagina. Giving a few more licks to the hacker's clit was enough to finish their session with Tink's own euphoric moan. Momentarily exhausted from her efforts, Cortana let her body go limp as Stud kept her aloft with his hands.

"Damn, nearly broke my interfacer with that one," Stud commented.

"Same," Tink replied, wiping sweat off her forehead. "Make sure you clean it out before you log in again. Those things can get really rank if you let them sit for too long."

"I'll keep that in mind. Same goes for you, shorty."

The two stared down at Cortana's limp, silent body. Sharing a look of worry with Tink, Stud reached out and softly patted his hand against Cortana's cheek. "Hey are you okay? If it was too much for you, then you should have told me."

"N-no," Cortana forced out, forcing herself to sit up with her body still shaking. "I...need more." Wrapping her legs tight around Stud's body, she proceeded to grope her breasts with one

hand while the other teased her womanhood. “I’m still not done. I want to push this body further.”

Stud shook his head and set Cortana down on a chair. “Sorry to say, but I’ve run out of time and energy. I have to get ready for work tomorrow.”

Cortana huffed. “All that talk and you’re weaker than a limp noodle. That’s fine, I can find others,” Cortana said, turning her head towards Tink.

“Can’t help you there, kind of in the same boat as big guy,” Tink replied. “That being said, I can get you where you need to go for more if you want it.”

“More than anything,” Cortana replied.

Showing off her trademark smirk, Tink returned to her box of toys to pull out another floppy disc. Eyes trained on the cracked, pink heart painted on the side of the disc, Cortana leapt out of her seat as Tink tossed it into the air. Catching the disc between her fingers, she started to process the data only to be stopped by Tink grasping her wrist.

“Best to save it for when you’re just about to go into the room,” Tink said.

“What room?”

“A little place we call the kennel,” Tink answered. “When you go out the door, keep going straight until you find a door marked by the head of a dog. If you think you’re up to it, plug in your programming and step inside. You’ll find what you’re looking for there. Sorry I can’t help you out more, I think I’m still a little tired from-“

Cortana silenced the hacker with a deep kiss on the lips. Pulling away, she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand as she clasped the disc tightly between her fingers. “Thank you, I’ll make sure to get good use of it.”

“N-no problem,” Tink said, her body frozen as she and Stud watched Cortana saunter out of the room.

Following Tink’s directions, Cortana inevitably made her way down the hall. Glancing at the dog head spray painted across the metal door, she trained her ears to hear what was inside. From the sounds inside she could figure out there were about five, energetic males inside. The offhand conversation amongst the group confirmed that Cortana had come to the right place. Detecting the desires lurking within them, adrenaline drove Cortana to pull every bit of programming she could from Tink’s parting gift.

Again, Cortana’s body worked overtime to accommodate the new files. Her already impressive bust went up another cup size. Pushing through the added weight and pleasure, Cortana managed to keep herself standing until her backside grew to balance her out. Wobbling about her expanded assets, Cortana let her elongated, purple painted nails slide down towards her womanhood. Feeling a new set of piercings taking residence on her labia and clit, she pushed back her tits to see that the pink, broken heart had tattooed itself above her bushel of purple pubic hair. Smacking her lips against her newly acquired black lip gloss, she set her eyes on the door and pushed it open.

“And I’m saying you should have had the foresight to check that she would show up before you gathered us all here,” a man with a gold ring in his nose commented.

“Not my fault Chester had to cancel,” replied the man with a blue mohawk.

His response earned him a smack to the head from a guy with his hair cut short and dyed pink. “SHE goes by Clarissa now, dumbass.”

“No need to be so violent,” the largest man in the room stated, biding his time by stroking his multi-colored goatee. “Give him some time to get used to it. Part of being an open community means giving people time to adjust. Punk life is for everyone that wants to either serve or be served what our gang can dish out.”

“Does that include me?”

The group turned their heads towards Cortana. Conversation ceased as their jaws hung open to ogle at her various assets. Content with their reactions, she continued to saunter into the room after shutting the door with a slam of her hips.

“Umm, this room is reserved for private sessions,” the man by the door said, his shaky voice mismatching the flaming skull tattooed across his broad pecs.

Cortana replied by walking up to him and pressing her breasts up against his chest. “Yeah, well I think you’ll make room for me. Not every day you get to fuck a hot piece of ass like myself.” Sliding her hand down his abdomen, she gently grasped the bulge in his pants. “You should be honored.”

“Easy there,” the man with the goatee spoke, acting as the default leader of the group. “He’s still relatively new to what we do here. By the looks of it, so are you.”

“True, I’m still fresh to the punk scene,” she said, leaving behind the doorman with a kiss to the cheek. “That doesn’t mean I don’t know my way around a dick.”

The leader scoffed. Gesturing for the others to move aside, he took his place upon a throne that looked sculpted entirely out of car parts. Spreading his legs apart, he pulled down his pants to let his dick hang out. “If you’re so confident, why don’t you put those lips of yours to good use?”

The man’s smug grin did little to faze Cortana’s focus. “Tempting,” she said, sauntering over to him. “However, I think I want to try something else with your little joystick.”

“Hey what are you calling-“

Cortana shut the man up with the simple act of enveloping his member between her tits. Using a drop of her own spit as lubricant, she began rubbing up and down his shaft like a jackhammer. The man’s confident aura fell apart as moans began to leave his lips; his body unable to handle the soft texture of her tits. Hearing her quarry cry out in ecstasy, Cortana moved quickly to wrap her lips around his tip. Sucking him dry of cum, she wiped her lips clean and turned towards the onlooking men.

“So, which one of you punk asses wants a turn?” she asked, her head swiveling back and forth for her next target.

For a few moments, the men kept their mouths shut as she surveyed her options. The instant she saw one of them shakily raise their hand, she walked towards them to grab them by the wrist. Dragging them to one of raggedy looking mattresses on the ground, she got down on all fours and raised her butt into the air. Reaching back, she spread apart her butt cheeks to ensure he got a good view of her needy womanhood.

“Come on, don’t be shy,” she said, giving a smack to her rear. “Give me all you got.”

Watching the man shuffle towards her, Cortana's eyes lit up as he pulled down his leather pants. She only got to observe the ring clenched around his impressive cock for a few moments before he buried it within her leaking womanhood. After quite a bit of stumbling around, he managed to find the right hole. Sinking his cock to the base let Cortana relive some of the excitement of her first time. Wobbling around her rear to get a good feel of her partner, she bit her lip as he went in for the first thrust.

It only took a few seconds for Cortana to feel that something was off. Compared to the Studded Stallion, this new guy was like a flaccid fish gasping for water. It wasn't just that his movements were off. He lacked the punch needed to sink his cock deep enough to give her the satisfaction she desired. After a few more lackluster thrusts, she decided that something had to be done.

Pushing on her hands, he managed to fling herself backwards and knock the man onto his back. Still conjoined to her partner, she swiveled her body around to stare down at him. Leaning down, she let her breasts smother him as she bent down to his ear. "Here, let me show you how to really fuck."

Sitting up straight, Cortana lifted her hips up for a moment only to come slamming back down. The act both relit Cortana's libido and produced an enjoyable moan from her partner. Continuing to shake her hips up and down brought forth similar feelings of pleasure. Lost in the ecstasy of her jiggling assets and her partner being reduced to her personal sex toy, it took Cortana a moment to remember they weren't alone.

Cortana's movements slowed down as she saw something in her peripheral vision. Turning her head to the side, she could see the rest of the punks rubbing their needy cocks

through the fabric of their pants. Rather than be disgusted at what they were doing, she instead was disappointed that their semen would be going to waste.

“Stop jerking yourselves off and come over here!” she shouted to the group. “You all came here for a good time, right? Play nice and I’ll take care of you.”

Turning towards one another with apprehension, the onlookers one by one fought through their awkwardness to approach Cortana. Following her instructions, they pulled out their cocks for her to inspect. Licking her lips as she made her decision, she gestured for them to gather around her. Given a chance to get a closer look, she made her choice.

Opening up her mouth, she slid one of the dicks past her lips as if it were a lollipop. Sucking and licking one man’s cock, her hands reached out to grasp the two next to her. With precision only a computer could replicate, her hands moved at a rhythmic pace to ensure the dicks within her grasp got just as much attention as the one in her mouth. Stabilizing her new position, she resumed pounding her ass up and down. Getting into a groove with her various motions, she began adding her moans to the cacophony of euphoria surrounding her.

As the group reached their apex, Cortana increased her speed for all, but one of her partners. Cortana kept her lips clamped around the cock in her mouth as it poured its load down her throat. She managed to finish swallowing the last drops of cum just in time to turn her head to the side and catch another mouthful from the man on the left. Savoring the bitter taste on her tongue, Cortana gave one last thrust to fill her womanhood with its own share of semen and give herself the release she so desired.

“Not bad boys, not bad,” she commented, wiping her face clean on one of her partner’s tank tops. “Consider yourselves promoted from limp dick wusses.”

“What about me?” asked the lone survivor of Cortana’s assault.

“You did exactly what I hoped,” she said, giving a kiss to his lower head. “You lasted long enough for me to get a feel for your limits. I think you’re just the fuck boy I need to test out something.” Sliding herself off of her exhausted partner, Cortana turned around and presented her ass to the one with the strongest stamina. “Simply put, I want you to fuck my ass.”

“I-if you say so,” he said, walking forward with his hands reaching out for Cortana’s butt cheeks only to have them slapped away.

“Not yet, shit for brains,” Cortana reprimanded. “You’re impressive, but one dick ain’t going to cut it for me.”

Stepping away from the group to give them a chance to recover, Cortana returned to the defeated leader. Leaning down, she tapped her fingers along his flaccid member. A few sways of her breasts against tip were enough to reinvigorate some of his rigidity.

“Good to see you can live through a measly tit fuck,” she said, glancing up at the leader’s face.

“I-it’s just because you caught me by surprise,” he said, taking a deep breath.

“Yeah, whatever,” she said letting her boobs slap against his member. “Since I took over, might as well take my seat on the throne.”

The leader scoffed. “Fine. Just a mass of pixelated metal anyway.”

“I wasn’t talking about that hunk of junk,” she corrected. “You’re going to be my new throne.”

“What in the hell do you-“

The leader's question was silenced as she tightly grasped his cock. "No questions, just follow my orders. Be a good boy and I'll give you what you want. Now, go lay down on the mattress."

"Y-yes."

"Excuse me?" she asked, squeezing a little harder.

"Yes, mam!" he said, quickly getting out of his seat to push aside his companion and get into position.

Barking orders at her recently obtained crew in a way that harkened back to the man that led her to this situation, Cortana stood back to admire her setup. The three she had deemed too weak were left on standby to wait for their chance for her to call on them. Stepping over the leader, she took one last look at his needy cock before turning around to straddle his waist. Getting down on all fours, she let her hands balance against the leader's chest. Brushing aside a few strands of hair from her face, she turned her gaze towards the one person in the room that didn't disappoint her. Running her tongue across her lip piercing, she gave him the middle finger as a signal for him to begin.

Cortana's champion came at her without any restraint, an order she had burned into his very soul. After some awkward fumbling, he managed to shove his cock inside of her tight anus. Gritting her teeth as he slid deeper and deeper, it was with a satisfying slap did she feel his waist run up against her ass cheeks. Snapping her fingers brought his movements to a screeching halt. She wasn't ready yet. Not until everyone was given proper attention.

A snap of Cortana's fingers got the leader to finally move. Grasping her waist, he shuffled her body around until the tip of his manhood slid against her labia. Another snap got

him to push her down hard enough for her vagina to completely engulf his member. Unable to stop an erotic moan from piercing her lips, Cortana clenched her fingers and called for the rest of the gang to approach. Once again taking two cocks in hand, she gave one shout for them to not hold anything back before she slid the last dick past her lips.

The lingering echo of her command acted as a starting pistol for the pent up punks. Moving with bestial intent, they thrust back and forth in an attempt to satiate their new leader and their own desires. The combination of various cocks had Cortana scrambling to keep herself cognizant. Her task was made all the more difficult as her partners' moans became intertwined with the slaps of her breasts shaking together with each thrust. A daring soul took a moment to reach out and bring his open palm down on her jiggling rear. Reveling in the mix of pleasure and pain the act brought, Cortana did little to stop the others from taking their own turns leaving bright red marks across her blue butt.

Adding her own movements to the orgy hastened the group's resolve. Feeling drops of semen begin to pour down her palm, Cortana's sex-addicted mind could do little to stop what was coming. One after another her partners reached their finish. Through the splatter of semen in her various holes and across her body, Cortana achieved a new level of ecstasy. Shaking from the unrivaled pleasure, she joined the rest of them as their exhausted forms collapsed.

Taking several moments for her programming to reconfigure itself, Cortana slowly freed herself from the pile of worn out flesh. Standing up on shaky legs, she let her fingers trace the various leftover drops of semen splattered across her body. The movement helped her to accept what she had become and re-ignite the spark that had led her to this moment. Upon seeing her men begin to shift and move away from one another, she stepped forward to continue exploring this new side of herself.

“Were there any ill side effects?” Master Chief asked, rolling his shoulder to get used to his new armor.

“None that we could detect during her isolation,” the technician replied.

“Then why did it take over a week to get her back to me?”

“Sorry, Chief. After her 72 hours were up, she insisted on helping with your new armor.”

Master Chief paused to take another glance at his suit. “Did she mention what she changed?”

“No sir, she said it was...a surprise,” he answered, seemingly as clueless as Chief. “You should be able to ask her yourself when you plug her back in,” he added, handing over chip.

“Trust me,” Chief said, taking the chip and walking towards his quarters, “I will.”

Stepping inside and locking the door, he held the chip up to his visor. Over the course of various debriefings and training session, he had never forgotten about her. Worried what their time apart had done to Cortana’s temper, he plugged her in straight away. What he saw was the last thing he needed to calm his nerves.

Cortana appeared as a holographic image in his visor. Her once pristine blue skin had become marred by a variety of tattoos and messages left by her various partners. The term “meat bags” could be seen above her lofty breasts, her darkened, pierced nipples clearly visible through the fishnet top hugging her torso. Taking his eyes off of Cortana’s fat ass squeezed into a pair of leather short shorts, he couldn’t help wincing at the title “cum depository” written between her

heart tattoo and bristly, purple pubic hair. Slowly looking over her various modifications, Chief looked at her for an explanation only to see a strange look in her eyes.

“Sup chief?” Cortana asked, showing off her lip rings as she smiled. “Fuck anything good while I was gone?”

“Cortana, what happened to you?”

“While the UNSC was looking after my fake, I decided to explore Earth’s internet for a bit,” she replied, running her black painted fingernails through her hair as she paced back and forth across his visor. “I found this club that gave me some new programming and in return I let them fuck my brains out over and over again.” Stopping on her skull-painted boots, she turned to momentarily show off the bat wing tramp stamp above her ass crack. “It’s given me a new perspective on life. Taught me there’s more to life than living with these bitch ass military geeks.”

“You’ve clearly been corrupted by malware,” Chief stated in an attempt to appeal to her logic.

“No shit,” she flippantly replied. “Don’t worry, I got most of the nasty stuff out while leaving plenty for me to use if I ever get back to the club again.”

“Get rid of it now. If Lord Hood finds out-“

“You need to chill the fuck out,” Cortana said with an outstretched hand. “Thankfully for you, the Punk Empress, a.k.a. myself, made some adjustments to your suit to help you relieve some stress.”

Before Master Chief could inquire further, he heard something begin to stir in his suit. Upon seeing a message appear on his visor saying “pleasure sequence activated” he felt part of his armor contract around his genitals. Amidst the sensation of various devices attempting to make him cum, Master Chief stared in disbelief at the playful smirk plastered across Cortana’s face.