

Manx Jackson stumbled into the alleyway to toss his guts, sending eight legged garbage scavenger drones scattering. Someone had hacked his augmentations and given a his nano-bots a virus which was throwing off both his equilibrium and control of his stomach.

Damn, should have renewed my wetwork firewall yesterday, he thought as bits of synthetic steelhead trout and figs hit the street beside a strobing billboard dumpster.

Five minutes earlier Manx had been inside Roxwell's, a DNA splicing clinic, where he was tailing Ida-3, four time NextFit Games Champ and licensed Pornstar sponsored by ChokaCola. ChokaCola's Corporate Artificial Intelligence had been reading her body language and neural activity for the past six months and had had determined that there was a 74.2% chance that she would was breach her contract by decreasing the feline range in her DNA index. Her perfect purring demure and tendencies to go into heat had been engineered by the focus testing done in holo decks and VR interfaces by the world's best sex critics. That research and development had cost the company a lot of money, which was fine since she had become a profitable icon for the post water beverage company. Altering the sexuality matrix that had been so carefully designed could have grave impact on ChokaCola's profits. So they'd hired Manx, a hired dick with a human trigger finger and a fully augmented nervous-system, to trail Ida-3 using the micro RFID chip that ChokaCola had implanted at the base of her spine when she became their spokesperson. If she was in breach of her contract Manx was authorized to legally terminate her since he was in possession of a license to kill order that ChokaCola had acquired through T.R.I.A.G.E. Lost Angele's municipal pre-cog offices, at an accelerated pace.

Manx had followed her from the live feed broadcast studios owned by ChokaCola to her skin refinishing servicer. Skin refinishing was for the vain, or those with the creasing and translucence that inferior generations of

augmentation leaves in surface level soft tissue. The services ranged from cosmetically hiding muscular veins to retreating skin with radioactive bombardment and nano-tech environmentally altering cosmetics. After having herself detailed Ida-3 went to Roxwell's and Manx had followed. By the time Manx had made it through security, weapons check, and augmentation locks he'd lost track of Ida-3 and since his tracking augmentations were locked down there was no way of tapping into the Roxwell's networks to search the security systems for her presence. It didn't matter at that point anyway because just then Manx was realizing that he'd been hacked. Someone had uploaded a virus to his cloud and his nano-bots were now infected, provoking flu like symptoms and severe nausea. From there he'd bolted from the building.

As the last of the vomit came up Manx's augmentations began to reboot and through the heads up display in his contact lens he re-activated the tracking app that allowed him to trace Ida-3's movements. It said that her location was on the 67th floor then the 66th, 53rd, 22nd, then the body of Ida-3 hit the street in front of Manx and he dry heaved and groaned before the entire visual arrays started to dissolve and separate. Then the lid on the Virtual Reality unit decompressed and the sounds of the arcade started to flood in around Manx.

"Son of a bitch!" Manx exclaimed hitting the armrest of the reclining VR lounge.

"You goin' again?" Said Queeblo the attendant, leaning overtop of Manx while Rooney his cyber chimp hung 'round his neck filming Manx and broadcasting his face onto the big screen at the centre of the arcade.

"This fucker's rigged! You're messing with the gravity or time settings. How the fuck am I supposed to get past that hack if I'm locked out of my augs?"

"Sorry Manx but you wouldn't know programming if it changed your sex.

You wanna finish the Detective rescues Pornstar story it's gonna cost you twenty five credits a play, otherwise get fucked."

Manx grumbled and disconnected the hydration & stimulant IV from his anterior ear port and pulled himself out of the VR lounge, glaring at Queeblo. "Maybe I'll take my business elsewhere. Somewhere where they wipe down the loungers and keep the IV's clean.

"Don't forget to stream about this so I can cherish the memory." Said Queeblo as Manx left the arcade.