

Wicked Night Erotica Shorts



# In The Machine

Ashlynn Monroe

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There will come a time when the limits of morality are tested and the bonds of death will be broken. This age will be Golden and people will feel the invincibility of manipulating fate through science. Amazing improvements in medical science and technology will blend in a marriage beyond today's wildest dreams. Playing God will be the norm for healthcare providers. Decisions that today we can't imagine loom in this golden future. The Golden age won't last, the amazing wonders will fall to the side as war and vengeance grip the world. Peace brought progress but without the money and time, that progress crumbles and fades. Lost souls trapped in the long forgotten machines fad in a purgatory of forgotten Hell, a formless listless eternity, a gift or a nightmare, those in the machines wait, for a new golden age.

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Once it had a name. It had been a lovely name but it could no longer remember what it had been. It was a machine ghost. Decades had come and gone and yet time held no meaning or substance in the machine. Only a moment of memory remained. Only a snippet of the reason lived in the fading memories. There had been a boy and they had loved very much. They had a home and a life. His name was lost to it now. Whatever was left of its mind disintegrated with time, stealing the subtle nuisances of humanity. He was dead now. Maybe he too was a machine ghost. He would not remember it any better than it could remember him. It was a blessing really, the missing memories. Vaguely, it had the impression that before it had forgotten the memories had been distressing. Painful longing was something that it remembered the agony of experiencing.

The boy had become a man and they had aged together. There was a terrible accident. Its last thoughts in a mortal body had been of the anguished pain and terror of dying. The mortal body had shut down. By the time, those who loved it came to be there for its final moments machines kept it alive. Its love had to make a choice. Let the body die with its consciousness or try the new experimental way to cheat death.

He chose to allow the scientists to try. He tried to cheat death of the pleasure of its company, but he had lost. It had lost too. Waking from death to be without substance and trapped had been terrible for it. He had wanted to keep it, but now it was nothing but computer code. It was not the same.

At first, every day he came, he typed, and he communicated. Then he started to come less and less. One day he never returned. He had a living lover to replace it. It was a memory to him. He had cheated it of the peace of death. It lingered, wasting in the machine. The code no longer maintained. Those visionary men had died their work had been abandoned. Sorrow consumed it until the code unraveled further. It was no longer even sure if it had been a woman or a man. . It seemed that only the slightest hint of the soul remained in the machine, peace was coming. If it had had a body, it would have sighed with relief. Its long imprisonment would be over soon.

One day its code began to feel different. Slowly it noticed the other ghosts who had been fading also, rejuvenating. What was cheating it of a second death? Its old pain did not return but a new energy and need seemed to be growing. Whatever left wanted excitement and connection? Whoever or whatever was manipulating its code was creating needs and feelings that it had no memory of experiencing as a living person. Something wanted it to become something different. There was just enough of whatever had been human inside of the code for it to fear the unknown transformation.

Awakening was stark and the piece for her soul that had been human suddenly was alive. She knew who she was. The pain of the hole left by the man that she loved, by the children that she had never gotten to see grow up, was not part of what had been recreated. Someone was changing the program that the ghost lived in. Someone had found them. Shoshanah...that was her name...Shoshanah was who she had been. Someone was recreating her in the image desired of her rebirth. It was an amazing feeling. Perhaps the wonder came from her long period of disintegration and lack of emotion. Perhaps, forever programmed into her a reawakening spread across her consciousness. Shoshanah did not know and yet as she reveled in the wild abandon of life. A new purpose breathed into her whole being from the ashes of the ghost. It did not matter she just lived and even if she no longer breathed and no longer had a form she had life!

With life came passion and with passion came fire. She was burning with that fire. Something more awaited her, but without form, she could not exactly describe what she needed. Looking across the vast field of the ghosts, she saw the others seemed to be as she was. Awakening was universal in the field of the long forgotten ghosts. Pale forms writhed with awakening across the dark abyss of nothingness. Listening to the cries and moans of the others, she was still...waiting. She knew there was more to come. If she had had a body, hands, she would have let them roam across that form, reveling in being a woman again. It had been far too long since she had felt feminine, alive, or just happy. Now desire consumed her.

Patiently she waited in the darkness of the abyss. Shimmering forms stirring in the vastness of the electric field of ghosts seemed to be in agony.

Then the more came. Pale forms started to fade. One by one the dim lights went out until Shoshanah was alone in the dark. Was this death? Real death, or was it something more? Fear, she had not experienced true fear in a very long time.

Form and substance seemed to surround her. She was in a room, it was sunny and her new eyes burned with the brightness. For so long she had been in the dark that her mind struggled to comprehend the light. Soft breeze tickled the hair that hung down surrounding her naked body. Holding up her new hands, she marveled in their pale wonder. Those hands ran across her body; she reveled in feeling, sensation, as naked as Eve. Was this heaven or was it hell? What was happening to her? Looking

around she was in an open room, glass door let in the fresh air and sunshine. Smelling the freshness tears formed in her eyes and she wept.

His soft voice startled her and it was the first sound she had heard since her death. "Don't cry lovely. Come to me."

Shoshanah walked towards the voice. He lay naked on a large bed. Beautifully covered in plush white bedding that looked as fresh as the breeze felt, she was full of amazement. Her breath came out in little pants as she saw him. He was glorious. His large tan body looked sculpted of hard muscle and taut skin. Surreal and terrible in his beauty he lay naked waiting for her.

Shaking her words did not sound familiar to her own ears, yet she knew it was her voice.

"Where am I? Who are you?"

His warm masculine chuckle was like velvet as it rolled over her. Shivering, she marveled at the wonder of him, for the first time in a very long time she did not feel alone.

"Come to me lovely."

She did. Sliding into the bed next to the mysterious man, Shoshanah could not speak or think as what of that cock inside of her roared in her head. Her hands moved of their own accord. If this was heaven, she had been a very good girl. Taking the strange man into her hands, she marveled at the texture of his skin and the scent of his body. Her groan rumbled out of her, scaring her for a moment. It had been so very long since another being had touched her. He brought her lips to his. She tasted the spice of his breath as she threw her arms around his neck, clinging to him desperately.

It did not matter that she did not know his name. She knew that her body wanted him and that was enough. Her nameless lover pulled her effortlessly towards him. Something built inside of her and then her orgasm shook her until she was keening with a piteous wail. When she shattered, her soul blossomed. In that moment, she loved him in a way that defied explanation. It was an empty love that fulfilled her epically and completely. When the blinding pleasure subsided, she was changed. Shoshanah looked down at him. He looked up at her with a tenderness that touched her in a long cold place.

"Lovely, I want you to do that for me again."

She was eager to comply. In a swift movement, he brought her into his lap so that she was facing him and with a small jerk of his hips, she felt him enter her. Growling low in her throat, she cried out and arched her back as he slid entirely inside of her tight willing body. His eyes never left hers and she marveled at the sky blue depths. His expression was one of peace and acceptance and she felt fulfilled like nothing that she had ever imagined. Somewhere in the distance, she could hear the roar of ocean surf and it was musical against her cries of glory. With a wild need, she bucked

against him and it was then that she heard his soft groan. One word slipped out from his lips.

“Shoshanah.”

When she closed her eyes, she was afraid to open them. Would she open them to see nothing but the dark abyss with the dying ghosts?

“Look at me Lovely.”

His demand commanded her respect and obedience. She opened her eyes. He was still there. He pushed the tangle of hair off her face. When he looked at her, she felt beautiful and perfect.

“Lovely, you are mine. I’ll never let you go back into the machine. This is your body now. I’ve made it for you.”

His words confused her but when he pulled her to him and they lay back in the soft enveloping bed, she felt the contentment that only his arms could give her. He held her as if she was precious. In that moment, she loved him with all her heart and whatever soul she had left. Her memories of being a woman were all but gone. Images of the moment became her memories and he became her world. His lips kissed her neck and his teeth nibbled her ear. When he spoke to her, a deep longing was in his voice.

“I have wanted someone like you for a very long time Shoshanah and now you are mine. Lovely, look at me.”

When she looked at him, she knew that she would never be fading alone in the dark again. His passion had given her light.

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“CLEAR!”

A desperate paramedic shouted to the bystanders as he charged and readied the paddles of the lifesaving machine.

Realization came upon Shoshanah in stark painful bursts of horrifying reality. She lay somewhere that felt cold. She heard it again.

“CLEAR.”

Then she felt it again the excruciating feeling of electricity running through her body. A tickle on the side of her face and the metallic taste of blood in her mouth made it clear that she was bleeding heavily. She remembered driving, and then the pain of her heart being shocked back to life. In a daze, she was unable to move, she wanted to wipe the blood out of her eyes but she couldn’t lift her arm. A man leaned over and spoke to her, a paramedic, she saw his lips move but couldn’t hear him. Pain began to ebb leaving numbness in its wake. She felt dizzy, light; she viewed her death as a painful renaissance of birth. It claimed the last of her conscious mind. She knew that she wouldn’t make it home to her family. She knew that something awaited her in the lonely darkness that was dragging her into its abyss. Closing her eyes, she breathed a final breath in her mortal body.

