

## G.A.L

In an alternate plane of existence where mankind would experience breakthrough after breakthrough in both the technological and medical departments as early as the 2000's, the world as we know it would be drastically altered by the presence of such groundbreaking inventions that made life a haven for all.

But despite these revolutionary creations, the greed of man remained an untamable beast that unfortunately influenced many of the less than noble souls in charge of the United States, the lucky country to bear the brilliant minds who had made all of it possible in the first place, or at least, that was what they told the media.

Tumultuous years would follow, filled with threats of nuclear war, one sided conflicts the mega nation would dominate thanks to their advanced weaponry and even the dissolving of lesser states as they were forcibly integrated under the US, a nation that had long since lost its original face for a far more sinister one, rebranding themselves behind the scenes as a completely unfeeling government detached from humanity, a cold trait that would enable them to pull the trigger when it came to making the 'hard choices'.

By the time the dust had settled, all that remained was a singular nation, a dystopian society that mimicked the America of old while blending it with the harsh brutality of its communist enemies. A global state where everything, even one's body, belonged to the ruling bodies up high.

Although resistance and rebel states were aplenty during the early years of this totalitarian regime's establishment, such groups were heavily culled once a new programme supposedly meant to reward law abiding citizens (but mostly the corporations) was put into place, taking advantage of the PLUG (Personal Link and Utility Gear) almost every single human being, young and old, had installed at the base of their necks. Thanks to the head start on the number of people installing the PLUGs before the new government unveiled their plans for world domination, the new programme was immediately put into action across the world. One that would serve to drive fear into the hearts of not just those few foolish rebels but also regular citizens, encouraging obedience and self improvement lest they face induction into the G.A.L, or as it was known in its full form; The *Gynoid Advertisement for Leisure* program.

On paper, the G.A.L was meant to help companies promote their services and/or goods through the help of special Gynoid women purpose built to serve in that particular field. Jovial, bubbly and an overall joy to converse with. The constructs' debut proved successful after they were sent out onto the streets under the employ of whatever business was lucky enough to get their hands on them. Dressed in bright, gaudy clothing that some might call scandalous while doing whatever was needed to bring their firm's message across to the public, their ability to blend seamlessly into the public without revealing a hint of their lab-borne origins made them a hit, and with a no touch policy in place to prevent tampering, the people with their tags profited greatly from the many customers drawn into their establishments. But how was showcasing an army of what amounted to eye candy supposed to instill fear in the civilian population? It was their creation, the driving force behind the computing power needed for them to do their job.

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Drawn from the huge numbers of captured rebels, the original line of Gynoids within the G.A.L were humans who had their bodies altered with biomechanical augmentations, suppressants and control devices to ensure utter obedience in a manner that kept the original personality intact but incapable of exerting control over their own drastically altered bodies as they went about under the service of the very state they originally fought against. Something clearly emphasized during the not so subtle campaign for the initial project reveal.

Over time however, the programme would be extended to encompass more businesses in the entertainment and leisure department, even serving as a labor force wherever they were needed around the world. And alongside the usual 'evildoers', people with debts to pay were made eligible to volunteer for the G.A.L if they wanted to work off whatever they owed as something of a job with no requirements. But when compared to the other end of the totem pole where others who made the wrong choice in life couldn't even have a say in their new bodies, temporarily living in the body of a female construct was a preferable outcome. A feat made possible through the use of the individual's PLUG, from which their consciousness would be transferred like data over to their new gynoid shell, bred to specifications within a lab using the participants DNA. In essence, a female version of themselves, or if the debtor was already a woman; a tailor made one that may or may not be further changed to accommodate for more 'unique' roles.

And everytime a citizen saw a G.A.L whether they were the glassy eyed convicts whose joyful exterior masked a broken human mind within or the slightly more expressive converts working to pay off whatever they owed, they were reminded of what would await them if they ever got on the bad side of the shadowy government ruling over them all with an iron fist, knowing there were even worse fates that awaited beyond service as a G.A.L.

Unsurprisingly, no one lifted a brow when these programmes were introduced. Because at the end of the day, their society, somehow, still functioned. And it wasn't as if life was some hellish climb up a corporate ladder to be the best of the best. As long as one kept their nose where it belonged and did their part, they were free to enjoy the fruits of their labor in a futuristic world where futuristic cars and holograms were the norm and the concept of the human soul was forever changed...

But the focus of today's story would be centered around one of the not so fortunate folk and his unfortunate last resort living within one of the metal jungles that had sprouted up all across the globe, clutching a registration chip with his name and signature digitally etched into its circuits as he stands amongst the middling queue of like minded stragglers who had no choice but to sign on for the G.A.L programme. Looking slowly around the place, the man could see a variety of people both young and old mingling about the place. Their stories were different, but ultimately, all their roads led them here; in the cold metallic harshness of a processing center for applicants to prepare themselves for their temporary rebirth, sighing as he turns his gaze back down the queue ahead of him, watching as a burly disheveled brute of a man

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shoulders his way past robotic guards into the darkness of a side door leading deeper into the facility where the process of being implanted into his new gynoid body would begin. The only thing on his mind right now was how he had gotten into this sticky situation in the first place while thinking back on what he could've done to stop it.

Born under a loving family as *Dean Mathias*, the thirty something year old man was raised under the watchful eye of his mother and father, leading a rather innocent childhood as just another of the rowdy neighborhood boys who always liked to play tag and get into tangles stemming from contests of manliness. From all accounts, Dean was a good boy who did no wrong, always helped his friends and listened to everything his parents had to say. Even when he surged by his education with higher than average grades, he still maintained that positive rep of his all the way through. From the looks of things, he seemed set to take over his father's electronics business with open arms...so what went wrong?

The sudden technological advancements, the shaky political landscape after the global unrest brought about so much power being in the hands of one nation, the brief skirmishes that followed in the wake of the sudden aggressive expansionist policy brought about by the US, the inhuman face it took on as the world became one under its banner. All of it had thoroughly decimated Dean's family in one way or another, but the most major one had been his father's staunch rejection of his government's use of force, not knowing said government no longer existed.

And when the time came to finally consolidate strengths in the homeland while rooting up any potential upstarts, the dogs of the government would finally lay their eyes upon Dean's father, hurting him in the worst way possible for his blatant refusal to accept the new world order. Not through forced admission into one of their inhumane projects but by the complete and utter destruction of his business. Slashing stock prices, pulling investors out, labeling his products obsolete...

By the time the dust had settled, the Mathias name was in ruins, and the happy family Dean once knew would be forever shattered. Never to be whole again.

Life had been a constant shift for Dean after the day his father vanished on them all when the devastating news about the government's punishment for them came to light. His mother was a shadow of her former self, returning to her side of the family without ever looking back while taking his younger sister with her. The last time he'd seen them both were when his father's brother had to peel him away from his despondent mother after she had hit him, seething about how he 'looked like him' and that he'd bring nothing but trouble if she kept him around. By then he had just graduated from university amidst the chaos. He wasn't a young ingrate too stupid to understand what his parents were saying about him.

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So to hear his own mother treat him like a stranger while labeling him a curse was another harsh blow in and of itself, something that hit him harder than expected. Leaving a gaping hole in his heart that to this day, he still hadn't recovered from.

After ending up in the temporary care of many foster homes like a human pinball between families that either saw no interest in keeping him around or didn't have enough in hand to feed and house another mouth, Dean had finally landed out on the street as another homeless bum with not a single credit to his name. Even though he had done his best to try and look for honest jobs around the city, no one seemed willing to take on a homeless bum like him, And even if they did, they would suddenly rescind their offers of 'keeping in touch' the very next day, almost as if an external force was intervening in an attempt to make sure he remained at the very bottom...no doubt the authorities had put out a blacklist on anything to do with the Mathias' and all the other branded traitors whose only wrongdoing was saying no to war.

But even through those dark days, Dean wasn't alone, far from it in fact. Unlike others in his situation, Dean's salvation lay in his friendship with an entrepreneur named *Adam Alabaster*. A loud name for an equally loud fellow who took life in strides, never missing a beat with an undying love for everything it had to offer. So when the news came out that human body augmentations were suddenly a thing, the man didn't hesitate for a second to get his own PLUG installed while kitting his body out with artificial muscles packing the power of jackhammers and other such nifty gadgets once thought to be the stuff of dreams.

Ever since they'd met in University, Dean and Adam stuck like glue, becoming the best of friends considering the two shared a similar path inheriting their family's respective businesses. But that was the cement that held them together, using their friendship as a sort of retreat from the tumultuous road ahead of them, especially for Dean, whose father was a vocal opponent to the government at the time. Together, they were simply two ordinary men having a jolly good time together, and nothing else mattered...until everything went sideways for Dean of course.

But despite the false claims and branding as a traitor to the nation, Adam remained a steadfast friend to Dean, helping him as best he could while running the banking firm his father had passed the reins to in an unceremoniously swift end in his seventies. Despite the loss he faced, he still took the time to lend aid to Dean who he knew was suffering immensely.

His family name was in shambles, his father had vanished, his own mother saw him as a curse and he had nowhere else to go. Of course he couldn't afford to leave his friend out to hang like this. So whenever he could, he would open his doors to Dean, allowing him to use the facilities within as if it were his own, but despite his offers of using the spare bedroom until he got his bearings, the weathered man refused it all, dropping by maybe once a week or at worse, once a month. Always soaked in street scum and looking worse off each time.

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Unbeknownst to Adam however, Dean was still the same selfless man deep down inside, and although he didn't show it on his raggedy, beaten face. The man wanted to free his friend of what he saw himself as; a burden. No doubt influenced heavily by depression, mental and physical exhaustion and the own harsh words his mother had spited him with on that fateful day. So, with a mental farewell and an apologetic nod, Dean would leave his friend's apartment for the last time with his mind made up.

Dean wouldn't resort to anything drastic however, he simply wanted to relieve Adam of having to take time away from his busy new job as the head of a company in the midst of turmoil caused by the sudden change of head. And to do that, the man saw only one option out at this point as he thumbs the dispensary right outside the gynoid processing facility, grasping the fragile little chip it drops into his palm before inserting it into the port alongside the rim of his PLUG, pulling it out once a satisfactory beep resounds inside his mind, signifying that all of his personal information had been collected onto the metallic wafer, ready to be submitted to the clerk attending to a busy line of people all waiting their turn to be transformed or whatever it was they did to people in the G.A.L.

But what Dean wouldn't realize was that Adam too, was also something of a shrewd planner. The man loved to keep tabs over anything and everything important in his life, which was why he wouldn't be left in the dark for too long the moment the transponder nanites within Dean's body told Adam his friend was loitering outside a G.A.L admission office, no doubt there to sign himself off for whoever saw interest in his gynoid body, eliciting a sigh of exasperation from Adam as he kneads his furrowed brow in disappointment. He'd just woken up from a good night's rest, ready to enjoy the weekend off...and now this had to happen.

Knowing he couldn't make it there in time to stop his friend, Adam hurriedly pings his 'consultant's through the built-in comms device implanted in his cranium while putting on his suit in preparation to head outside. As much as he hated it, the time to call in favors was now, and even if he didn't quite like the heads running the nation, there were times when he would have to 'sleep with the enemy' if it meant he got what he wanted.

**“Knew that idiot would try something like this one day...goddamnit...Mel? Could you phone up the R&D department? I think it's time we put the trial into effect...yeah, we're doing it alright. Get the bigwigs in line and tell them to divert the...”**

While the conversation between Adam and his mysterious benefactor went on, it was finally Dean's turn to step up to the front desk, passing the chip over without much conversation as the lazy eyed woman simply fed the thing into the computer before motioning towards the door flanked by mechanical guards.

Left with no other choice but to carry on, Dean sheepishly weasels by the intimidating sentries and into the darkness beyond, walking down a cold narrow hallway lined with pristine sheet metal, barely lit by the cyan green glow of lights emanating from somewhere behind gaps and indents that dotted the passageway like

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criss-crossing veins. But on the other side, faint noises came bouncing down the iron bowels muffled by the thick door that blocked Dean's view, building anticipation and fear in a heavy lump that slid down his tummy once he finally reaches the other side, blasting his ears with a cacophony of mechanical noises and barely recognisable shouting coming from behind a thick glass window overlooking an immense factory-esque interior that must've took up almost the entirety of the processing facility. Filled with endless rows of strange machinery connected to vats filled with some sort of strange blue fluid spewing clouds of vapor all over the place. Some were sealed while others laid open and empty, surrounded by pools of the unnatural fluid as if its contents were haphazardly emptied without a care in the world.

Stranger still however, were the green pods of jelly attached to each vat, and contained within those whose accompanying vat laid empty were humans. Men, women, all wearing standardized underwear and left floating within the pods like pickled cucumbers, their eyes firmly shut with only the faintest movement from their chests signifying they were still alive, kept in some sort of suspended animation for purposes as of yet unknown to Dean as he watches on with a mortified look, wide eye gazing down the endless rows of green and blue that stretched on as far as the eye could see. There must've been well over a thousand people here!

Before Dean could continue trying to calculate the sheer number of bodies stored here however, signs of movement from the corner of his eyes would draw the man's attention down to the right where one of the closed vats would begin to right itself until it stood horizontally like a leaning coffin right as it's cover pops open automatically, splashing viscous blue slime all over the floor...alongside a curvaceous young woman with long flowing locks of blonde sticking to her attractive body as she goes tumbling to the floor face down, coughing up spittle and more of the blue gunk that must've been all over internals.

But the man's eyes were drawn to the pod connected to the freshly popped vat, towards the familiar silhouette of the burly man he saw vanish through those doors earlier, floating unconscious within the green jelly. It was more than enough to clue Dean in to how the gynoids in the G.A.L were being produced as he continues to spy on the blonde haired beauty rising awkwardly to her feet, evidently panicking at her situation before a sudden calm seems to wash over her, freezing her panicked exploration short as she simply begins to walk off in a random direction, presumably to appear before whoever now held temporary ownership over her tag. But the way she moved; from the natural sway her body displayed to the blank stare on her face seemed to suggest all control had been yanked from her hands.

**"Wasn't he...supposed to be a volunteer?"**

**"Indeed...but the records Mr Wakowski provided were rather...sketchy to say the least. So when we found out his past was a lot more dotty than he would've liked us to believe, his volunteer status was revoked and criminal standards now apply to him...but let's not dawdle on the little things, Mr Mathias I presume?"**

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Spinning around in shock with a startled yelp, Dean comes face to face with a female gynoid dressed in a clerk's uniform, clutching a datapad in her hand with a warm, assuring smile on her face. Although they were hard to tell apart from regular folk, an easy way to differentiate a gynoid from a regular human was by watching for the faint indents and lines that marked the places where the constructs artificial shell could pop open whenever the need arose. Although social gynoids like the clerk before Dean had no weapons stashed away beneath their slender limbs and innocuous bodies, the man was no stranger to robberies on the streets being prevented by G.A.L gynoids whose heads could unfurl into rifles capable of firing 50 caliber rounds without trouble...usually with bloody results.

So as cute as she was, Dean had to remind himself of the inherent dangers of dealing with a gynoid not many people were aware of, especially if they were from the outlaw line where their true selves were locked away behind a false persona. No matter how much the government liked to sugarcoat the G.A.L programme, the act of imprisoning a human psyche and overlaying them with robotic controls would inevitably lead to unpredictable outcomes like rampancy and sudden malfunctions. Although no recorded case of a rogue gynoid had yet to appear, Dean could only imagine how many disturbing incidents must've occurred behind the scenes.

Thankfully for Dean however, the construct seemed to catch on to his caution, giggling while waving her hand in a dismissive manner in an attempt to assuage his fears.

**"Come now Mr Mathias, you can't possibly think someone as sweet as me could harm you now would you? If I could feel anything, I would most definitely be hurt by such a response from an honored guest!"**

**"I-If you could feel? Wait, what's this about a guest? I'm here to volunteer for-"**

**"The G.A.L programme, yes? Well there's been some *slight* changes in your appointment Mr Mathias. If things had gone on as planned, you would've immediately been escorted down to the pods for immediate transition into your gynoid shell. But as you can see...i'm here to fetch you instead of those nasty robot guards...all right, that's enough, come on! We've been hogging the queue for long enough!"**

**"H-Hey! Don't pull me along! I can walk just fine!"**

**"No can do Mr Mathias! As much as you're considered a guest in my datalogs, I must insist you hurry along, the next volunteer is on his way and we can't be seen going through here, come, come~"**

Hurrying along a side door leading away from the factory, the deceptively strong clerk herds Dean through a long, winding series of corridors, past sealed doors, strange contraptions and even more gynoids that



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resembled the clerk before finally entering a small room filled with servers and terminals lining the walls with hanging wires and cables spreading out in a web like mess that all leads to a bulky metal implement resembling a reclining chair of sorts in the middle of the room.

Leaving Dean's side to scurry over towards one of the terminals while he rubs an aching wrist, the clerk gestures a hand toward the chair with that unwavering smile of hers while her other hand remains plastered over the holographic pad, breaking passcode, activating programmes and running processes all within a second, glassy eyes flickering as lights blink on and off behind her golden irises.

**"Please, take a seat Mr Mathias, and I'll explain everything that's expected of you as a...let's say special volunteer in the G.A.L programme."**

**"S-Sure...don't think I have much of a choice anyway..."**

**"Awww don't say that~ It's not going to be as bad as you think...anyways, the reason why you're not in the processing labs is because a rather important client of ours has need of your consciousness to serve in testing out an experimental gynoid model. Rest assured, it has been tailor made to fit your genetic mold so you'll feel right at home as soon as the transfer is made!"**

**"Experimental huh...I guess the human body really has fallen in value if I'm being passed around like some sort of expendable asset just because someone's got the money to buy me..."**

**"You're free to interpret the circumstances as you see fit Mr Mathias...but I envy your place y'know? We all do..."**

Looking back up at the gynoid clerk just as the machine chair begins to whirr to life, Dean could see a faint glimmer in her eyes. Despite the fake smile she wore, they were the only things that stood out to him as genuine. As if she was suddenly possessed by someone else altogether...and if he had to wager on what or who it was, most likely it had to be the poor sap whose consciousness was being used to give their new body life and function.

But just as quick as the light of individuality appears, it quickly fades as the gynoid's cold mechanical spirit takes over once more, triggering the final start-up sequence in the machine.

**"Now then..once the transfer is done...you should awaken in your new body over at the private estate of one Mr Alabaster. Your job will be t-"**

**"Wait! Run that by me again? Did you say...Alabaster? As in...that Alabaster?!"**

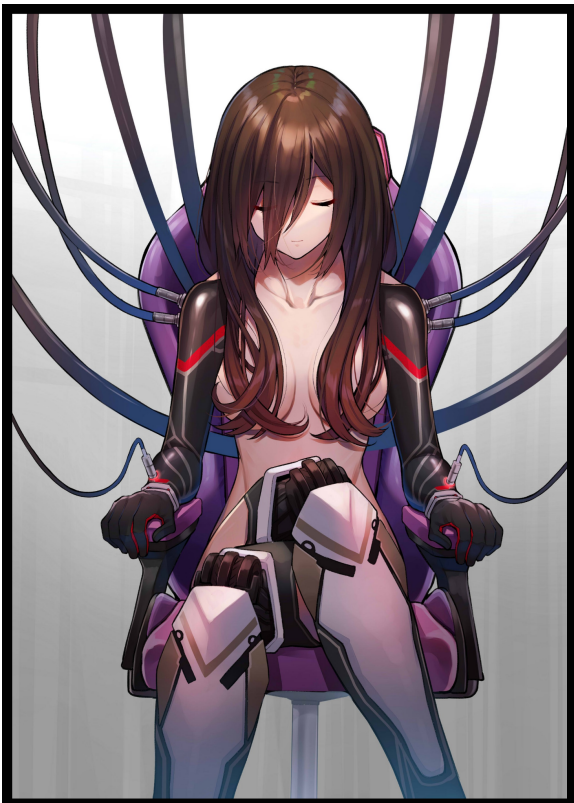
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"Ahh...interesting, it seems you have connections with the kind sir. Indeed, Adam Alabaster was the one who requested you to be the driving mind behind his company's latest and very first combat model! You'll be serving as his bodyguard...at least, until something goes wrong or your volunteer period expires once your debt has been worked off!"

"I don't suppose there's any way to back out now...is there?"

"You suppose correct Mr Mathias! The clients money has already gone through, and like you said earlier; there really isn't much of a choice to be made here...I'm just here to lay out the terms and conditions so you know what you'll be doing...now then, if there's no more questions...I'll be sending you off now! Rest assured, your original body will be kept safe under our watchful eye~ Until then Mr Mathias! Do your best, you hear? I'll be rooting for you!"

Without giving him a chance to say anything, the clerk triggered the transfer sequence, instantly knocking Dene out as the sensation of falling over backwards costumes his mind, flailing imaginary limbs as his consciousness is pulled through kilometers of city blocks, jumping from port to port as nothing more than digitized data bytes on its way toward the edge of the city where most private estates belonging to the rich and influential were constructed. It was so sudden, as if the hand of the Reaper himself had dug into his flesh without resistance before tossing his soul a mile away instead of collecting it for judgment in the afterlife.



But before he could flounder for much longer in his weightless form as it soars through the blue skies, through inches of thick armored walls, rebar and concrete before descending miles underground until finally crashing unnoticed into a chair, a heavy weight soon engulfs his being, bringing solidity back to his weightless form alongside what felt like exhaustion, as if he'd been forced to sleep after spending weeks going without rest. Attempting to move his hands brought a dull ache to his joints and no matter how hard he willed his eyes to open, they stubbornly refused his will, wanting instead to shut out the glaring lights blasting down on Dean's new body from flood lights hanging all around in a cold, sterile laboratory.

And through his new ears, Dean could hear muffled voices, two distinct ones seemingly engaged in argument with each other. One, the fierce one, sounded like he

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was questioning the other lax occupant in the room, a suave voice never rising or lowering in tone as they repel everything the furious one had to throw their way. As strange as it was however, Dean couldn't help but frown at the familiar undertones he could detect from the irate person, which only served to further worsen his eagerness to run as fast as he could once the information given to him by the gynoid from earlier begins to loop within his mind. All while the voices grew louder and clearer alongside the mechanical swish of a sliding door opening. Unveiling Adam's familiar baritone, shivering against the sheer vitriolic anger burning with each word that came out of his mouth.

**"Is the transfer done yet?"**

**"Ready to go ever since you started yapping your ass off...all that's left is-"**

**"Then hit the damn thing already...and you're sure it's him in there? The corps didn't do anything to screw this up did they?"**

**"Yes sir...no flux on the readings and Mathias' data is as it was since he went off the grid just a few seconds ago...geez...you really should get laid, oughta do wonders for that cranky mood of yours..."**

*'Cranky? Adam? He's never once raised his voice like this...oh no...he couldn't have...did he-'*

Before Dean could finish processing his thoughts however, a sudden punch to the gut shakes him awake, choking in a high pitched voice as an assault on his senses begins in earnest, imbuing Dean with the sensation of cold air biting against overly sensitive skin, an alien weight hanging off his chest bouncing with the momentum of the punch centered on a soft, yet tender navel of artificial fibers meant to mimic supplies flesh and tender muscle, plastered over with a faux tensile hide colored a pale yellow hinting at heavy Far East influence especially prominent in Dean's new visage as her eyes, forced open in shock, showcase a lean upward slant to her browline flanking a cute button nose inlaid upon the center, beneath which sits a small, soft spoken mouth currently stretched to its maximum as her guttural choke escalates into a pained scream vocalized in the accented voice of a young Japanese maiden.

By the time Dean's digital brain catches on to the absence of anything warm and hard within the void offered by a sexy thigh gap between plump thighs and firm calves that now belonged to her, the drunken cloud keeping her down moments ago had all but cleared out of her mind after that brutal awakening as she hunches over in the chair, clutching at her tummy in disbelief and pain, coughing as air begins to circulate within pipelines leading into artificial lungs powering her body's movement. It felt strange to have a backup generator just below her perfectly sculpted spine but it was definitely there, buzzing with powerful energy reserves in the region where her liver should have been but closer to her back.

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If the lack of her penis, the jelly-esque feel of firm C cups squishing against her forearms and the ticklish sensation of long silken hair brushing against her skin all over wasn't enough of a clue, it was her voice and the sight of mechanical parts from the knee down that clued Dean in to the fact that there was credibility in what she had been told earlier about serving as the brain within a prototype combat model. But despite the loss of her manhood and the strange alteration to her race from American to what she could only assume was Japanese, she couldn't feel a hint of awkwardness or a longing to return to her original body at all no matter how wrong she knew it was.

Besides the overwhelming pain currently roiling through her exposed tummy and the sudden cramp that accompanied it, everything felt A-OK, as if she had simply closed her eyes at the processing center before coming to in a different place altogether. One her memory couldn't seem to recognize as her visual sensors snap to focus, zooming in on the sight of her friend standing tall over her with a look of unabashed anger on his face.

**"Good afternoon *Dean*...hope I wasn't being too hard on you there? Not looking so hot either...need the welcome mat rolled out for you?"**

**"W-What gives....I didn't...do any-huh?! Hey! L-Let me..g-go..."**

Ignoring Dean's waifish cries for him to stop, Adam moves forward, pulling his friend out of the chair with large hands wrapped tightly around her shoulders. Showcasing just how drastic the difference was between her old body and her new one. The major point being her height, where she once stood shoulder to shoulder with her bestie, she now had to crane her neck upward just to be able to match eye contact with Adam. Stifling her protests short once she realized just how powerless she was. He didn't even need to protect himself when her will to knee him in the nuts bore no fruit, any thought of resistance was met with vehement refusal by her body to listen.

And from the cold look of unfeeling fury in Adam's eyes, it seemed he knew full well about Dean's body refusing to listen to her.

**"Didn't do anything huh? Running off to a processing center without telling anyone isn't a big deal huh? You feel that? This feeling? It's a mobility lock that stops any form of retaliation from being enacted. Common security measures installed on all gynoid models...now imagine what would've happened to you if I hadn't been the one to alter your contract...If I hadn't listened to the scanner alarm when it lost track of your position?"**

**"L...If you hadn't? Y-You idiot! You've been keeping tabs on me all this time?!"**

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"And it's just as well I did! If I hadn't you would've ended up as some old man's love toy before being tossed out on the street for the public to ogle you like a toy! You seriously bought in on that government bullshit about volunteers getting free will to do their jobs without interference? Sure, that's true for some but not all of them! Some way or another, the corps will find a way to pin blame on you, and when it's at that point? You're a criminal now! Free to do with as they please!"

"Goddamn it Adam! I didn't want you butting in like this! Can't you just, for this once stay out of my business?! I can't even be useful on my own!"

"Useful? You actually....\*sigh...how did you think becoming what amounts to a sexdoll is being 'useful'? Why didn't you just come to me instead?"

"I just...I-I didn't...there was n-no other way I could...go...I thought it'd be...good...if I weren't around y'know? I really..I really did..."

"Yeah...well you thought wrong...now look what that's cost you...can't even cry right anymore for fucks sake..."

Groaning in exasperation as he steps away to give himself some space to calm his nerves, Adam rubs his furrowed brow the same way he had done so in the morning, except this time he was doing so in regret after realizing too late he'd been a little too harsh with his words. Looking at Dean was a pathetic sight to him, because while he could sense the sadness and weight in her voice once her delusional argument began to falter, her face displayed none of that emotional baggage, remaining blank and emotionless despite how wide her amber yellow eyes were. Peeking from the corner of his eyes to see Dean staring down at her nanolaminate coated arms in a mix of shock and realization at what she had signed off on back at the processing center. She could feel the immense ache in her brain, the burning sensation behind her eyes and her jaws swelling, just like she would have if she were actually bawling like a baby right now.

But it was all just a simulation to keep her human self sane and thinking it was still in a flesh and blood body.

"T-There's still a way back right? Once my debts are paid off...I can go back to being normal again, right?"

"Sure...that's an option...but there is another...and it's related to that new body of yours...it's a unique-"

"C'mon Adam! It su-"

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"As much as I'd like to tell you this is all your fault and let you keep fumbling around like an idiot Dean? I need you to listen...alright? Not listening is what got you into this mess in the first place..."

Dean's lips purse themselves in hesitant admission, balling her dainty hands into fists before moving back over towards the chair she had been plugged into not too long ago, realizing Adam had pulled her with enough force to detach all the wires digging their complicated circuits inside her spinal interface.

"Go ahead..."

"Like I said, your body isn't just any old synthetic construct. Even though it's technically a later model compared to your sisters, you'll notice you've been fitted with the latest in military cybernetics, firmware, software, etcetera etcetera. The whole shebang...and your purpose as a volunteer is to test it all out..."

"Yeah...the clerk that sent me here said something along those lines...is it gonna work like a day to day thing?"

"Not exactly, it depends on what components you manage to get working and how fast you do so."

"What? What do you mean by that? I'm...I mean...this body's some sort of walking tank right? Can't a computer just run simulations and get it tested within like...a day?"

"True, but that's not the goal behind the project...one day, law enforcement and soldiers are gonna be outfitted with these things, living beings to be exact. So before it gets to that point, the people funding this want to see how fast a human brain can learn, adapt and master the tech before sending it off for mass production...you're the tester, completely unfamiliar with it all, your job is to figure it out...and what better way than being the bodyguard of an important figurehead in our society..."

"W-Wait...back in the processing center...I saw gynoids being made in some kind of...box...and the clerk said the one I was being put inside of was gonna be made with my DNA! But you said earlier that my body was 'old'? That doesn't line up...Y-You haven't been planning to backstab me all this time have you?"

"I applaud your wild imagination but no...remember my dad? How he passed away so suddenly right as we graduated?"

"Y-Yeah...I was there...with you."

## G.A.L

**"You killed him...well, your female self did at least...lab malfunction...it's why I called your body 'old', it's the same one from a few years back with some minor adjustments made to accommodate the technology."**

**"Adam...I...I didn't know..."**

**"Yeah, yeah, water under the bridge, you didn't do anything...in fact I'm more pissed off by what my old man was planning to do with a gynoid made using your DNA..."**

**"The lies...my family's collapse...you mean he was gonna-"**

**"-take advantage of it and use the G.A.L programme to turn you into his little pet as revenge against your dad since the two were rivals...sick fuck had a thing for the oriental stuff...didn't know until Mel over there phoned me about a year ago, and about the government's offer to field test their latest technology by selling you out considering you were shit out of luck and out on the streets with no relatives who'd miss you if you somehow vanished off the face of the earth...and even though I said no, you...goddamnit Dean..."**

Dean's silence only added to the tension in the room as the two friends went quiet at the sudden revelations. Although Adam was furious when Mel had dropped the bomb on him, the irrefutable proof had driven him to say no despite how much his innocuously deceptive secretary had been, acting behind his back. He had been planning to shut down the gynoid research facility his father had been running in secret but now that this new development had pushed him into being the government's yes man, Adam's rage was justified, although he knew better than to blame his friend who was just as much a victim of circumstance as he was. Watching with mild concern as Dean fiddles with her thumbs for a moment before resting them on her legs with a despondent droop to her shoulders.

**"What about that thing you were saying...about another option besides going back to my old body..."**

**"D-Don't you have other stuff you might be curious about?"**

**"As revolutionary as this all is...I just want to consider my options...with what I have here and now, not about old grudges between our families...mine doesn't even exist anymore...please Adam, I've heard enough for one day but...like you said, I *need* to listen don't I?"**

Her voice was cracking and there was no emotion behind the words, it was utter defeat Dean was feeling right now and Adam understood her desire to not broach the topic any further. Best to let old demons rest than to dig them up again. Taking a deep breath, Adam continues straight to the point just like his friend wanted.

## G.A.L

"Your mind...well, more specifically the hardware it's been uploaded into. It's a learning computer integrated directly with the gynoid shell. Meaning the longer you stay in that body, the more it'll...open up to you..."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning; if you keep at it long enough, it will be just like living in your old body with the benefits of never growing a day old and never catching a disease ever again..."

"B-But I'm a Gynoid...I'm not...*human* anymore..."

"Like I said, the tech you have inside you? It's experimental for a reason. Nanomachines capable of reforming themselves into whatever you desire whenever you gain the ability to manipulate them, a self maintenance system that's essentially the machine equivalent to the human immune system with an everlasting coat of paint and last but not least? Organs...perfectly functional, imitation organs that people will literally kill to have. They'll never wear, never fail and most importantly? You won't know the difference."

Looking back down over her petite body, Dean runs a hand over her chest, feeling a faint pulse from beneath her firm teats while another traces the undulating surface of her creamy smooth belly, noticing the pain from Adam's punch had left her altogether.

"So you're saying I could...live like this?"

"Yeah...it'll be a long time...I can't say...but if you do manage to learn how every last bit of your new self works? You'll be able to do everything you once could as a regular human being...the reason why you can't seem to produce any emotions right now outside of body language is because your gynoid shell hasn't gotten used to your brain yet, it needs time to accept you...just like you can choose to accept it..."

"But what do you get out of all this? You can't seriously be telling me all this and expect nothing in return?"

"Remember your job description? Bodyguard? You'll be in charge of my well being Dean...and if I'm gonna be forced to drag along a hound...I can't think of anyone better...besides...it's time for me to step up and take personal watch over you...y'know, before you run off and cause trouble again."

"Haha...real funny dude...so...if I take this deal, my body...what'll they do with it?"



## G.A.L

**"There we go, there's the Dean I know...as for your old self, they'll most likely experiment with it before disposing of the body seeing as there isn't any legal guardian left to claim it. Not even I can do it, not when the government's got it all wrapped up in their grubby hands...but if you're asking this..."**

**"Yeah...I mean...even if I go back now that I think about it...I'll land right back at square one...no home...no extra pay...and I'm pretty sure I've got some sort of terminal disease or something...maybe you're right, y'know? But deep down inside...I don't think I'll ever be the same again."**

**"What'd you mean? You're still yourself inside that body...I mean sure, sooner or later your brain will adjust to your new body...and it might get a little weird, but you'll still be you Dean."**

Pushing off her seat, Dean walks over toward a full body mirror built into the wall of the laboratory, brushing aside a lock of hair out of her face before coming to a standstill with a worried expression as she takes in every little detail in her reflection; from her honestly amazing figure to the fact that her arms and legs were so obviously artificial, serving as a permanent reminder of what truly laid beneath all the feminine appeal and beautiful allure she now possessed.

**"Do I really have to spell it out for you?"**

Walking over towards Dean, Adam unbuttons his lab coat before slinging it around his friends bare shoulders much to her shock and dismay as she seemed to want to scurry away before giving up, letting him drape the baggy thing over her until she looked like a kid wearing adult clothes. Although she was never too conscious about her height, the sudden difference between them was enough to make her shudder in a mix of awkward rage mixed with strange feelings of jealousy. That, and having Adam touch her now that she was more than aware of her new self was beginning to make her feel warm and giddy in the head.

**"Don't say what I think you're gonna say...you'll just spoil the mood...but just imagine it; one day when you've gained enough confidence; you can indulge in life's finer offerings on the other side of the fence...like for instance, spending a hot summer day at the beach, frolicking around in beautiful swimwear without a care in the world...oh, or how about-"**

**"TMI dude...I don't need to know about your fantasies alright?"**

**"Talk about harsh...but honestly speaking, I'm glad you're coming around to the idea...I wasn't sure what to do next if you just decided to crash and burn on me without even giving things a chance now that it's gone this far...next time you ever feel like you've got nowhere to go, don't just...run off with some suicidal plan alright? You've got-"**

## G.A.L

**"Yeah yeah, I know...plus I'm supposed to be your bodyguard now right? I can't just be running off all on my lonesome without the Young Master close at hand~"**

Sharing a small moment together, the two friends go quiet once more before they realize they didn't have much else to carry on the conversation. Now that Dean was more or less accustomed to her new form and Adam had made sure she wasn't feeling out of it, an awkward air of silence hangs in the air between them as they gaze straight into each other's eyes with Adam's arms still wrapped around Dean's small shoulders, conveniently forgetting about their sole audience member watching from the observatory behind the thick, obscuring glass.

**"As much as I'd hate to interrupt you guys...we have reports and papers regarding the volunteer's agreement to sign on as a full time participant in the project, don't we Sir?"**

**"R-Right...oh, uh Dean?"**

**"H-Huh? W-What is it?"**

**"You don't necessarily have to start tagging along just yet so just follow us out and take a turn to the right, it'll lead you to the elevators, take it back up to the main floor and from there, you should get a way point guiding you to your quarters...what's the surprise for? You didn't think I'd let you sleep outside in the cold right?"**

**"O-Oh! No, it's just...just...wanted to say thank you was all...nothing else."**

**"Right...ah crap, before I go, feel free to think up a new name for yourself...y'know, considering how you're a girl now...can't keep calling you Dean now right? Unless you prefer it that way, I won't judge."**

**"You can't expect me to think stuff like this though so fast! Just...go do whatever you need to...I'll tell you later..."**

Shooing her friend away, Dean sighs before turning back towards the mirror, clutching Adam's still warm jacket around her nubile machine form. As artificial as she felt this all was, a part of her couldn't help but drift back towards what Adam had said about visiting a beach one day, envisioning herself decked out in a frilly bikini, long hair done up in a cute yet boyish ponytail...

Slapping her cheeks to snap herself out of the daydream, Dean wobbles back over to the chair she had awakened from to catch her breath for a moment, turning her gaze skyward, looking directly into the searing

## G.A.L

lights above in an effort to clear her mind of that brief, yet undeniable rush of euphoria gleaned from the delusions of a possible future.

**“Still...a new name huh? I suppose Dean does sound a little out of touch. Considering how I’m supposed to be starting anew...gahhh! I can’t think of anything right now~”**

With spouts of steam exiting her ears in visible plumes of exhaust, Dean slumps over in her seat, raising her robotic arms high in the air with curiosity gleaming in her eyes. If Adam really wasn’t lying, then these arms could potentially enable her to take on an entire gang of thugs all on her lonesome and her legs could carry her for miles without tiring. Just imagining the sheer wind whipping against her face was enough to stir a little thrill in her artificial heart as her new duties soon come to mind, wondering if she really did have what it takes to be a bodyguard when she didn’t even know what her body was capable of.



Inside her head, fear and uncertainty still ruled albeit to a diminished extent. Now that her dim fate had been somewhat illuminated with Adam’s aid and a new purpose to guide an existence she once thought to be useless, Dean had the tiny bit of courage to push forward, hopping off the chair with a clack from her clawed heels as they take her weight without issue, allowing her to sashay her way out of the now empty lab without slipping or pausing to rest.

**“Times a wastin I guess...might as well see what these babies can do instead of moping around all day...can’t afford to slack off now...not when that dummy’s life is in my hands...he’s gonna regret socking me like that earlier someday!”**

Although she wouldn’t realize it quite yet, Dean’s mind was rapidly adjusting to her new body at an unexpectedly rapid pace, no doubt spurred on by the smidgen of acceptance currently building within her brain. Replicating that synaptic burst of positivity again and again, slowly but surely cementing Dean’s role as Adam’s new bodyguard and hopefully, into something more in the future.

**THE END**