

<David. Can you hear me? I have re-established our connection. The Syndicate's network encryption was... robust. But not impenetrable.>

<Alice? Oh, thank the void—this is not a great time! I'm a little - ah - occupied.>

<Yes, I can see that. Your vitals are erratic. Neural activity spiking. You are engaging in an inefficient strategy, but I calculate a 72% probability that your... enthusiastic performance may extend the deception.>

<That's... not helping! Damn, making someone else feel good is like... like... one long continuous never-ending ever-expanding orgasm!>

<I am glad you are having fun. I have contained Dr. Zex. Or rather, Dr. Zex's mind. The process is nearly complete.>

<W-What... Oh *fuck!* What process?>



<I am repurposing him. His consciousness is being transferred into a new pleasure drone shell. Soon, he will experience the very existence he once condemned.>

<We have another pleasure drone on the *Apollyon*? Wait... Did you say you *killed* him!? But... your system is hard-coded against violence!>

"Killed"? No. I merely disposed of the inefficient biological component of his existence. His mind - his essence - remains intact. Soon, he will awaken to a form far better suited to serving others.

<Alice, this is not a conversation I can - *nnggh!* - have right now!>

<Acknowledged. We will table the philosophical implications of consciousness transfer for later. However, I must inform you - Lyra is growing suspicious. Her biometric scans suggest heightened analytical focus despite her... physical distraction. She is searching for inconsistencies in your behavior.>

<Yeah, no kidding. I noticed the scanner. What now?>



<David, I have analyzed Astraean physiology. Their species exhibits a distinct neurochemical response to climax - endorphin release is overwhelming, triggering an immediate and involuntary sedative effect.>

<Uh... Translation?>

<She will fall asleep. Deeply. For up to an hour. Your window for action will be brief, but it should be sufficient to find and rescue Captain D'Angelo.>

<Okay, great. Fantastic. Just one problem - she's not there yet!>

<I am aware. Evolution has made orgasm difficult for them to achieve for obvious reasons. Fortunately, I have compiled an optimal sequence to accelerate the process.>

<Alice...>

<Uploading now. Synchronizing to your motor functions in 3... 2...>



<Wait - what? Alice, no, don't you—!>

<Enjoy.>

Mnn... You're... you're surprisingly skilled for a T-47. Where did you learn... this *technique*?

This unit's pleasure protocols adapt to every response, Mistress.

What...? That reading on my scanner... it's... sapience? But that can't be... Your neural net is far too primitive to...to... *Oh, shit, that feels so fucking good!*

Is something wrong, Mistress? Shall this unit cease its efforts?

No! Keep going. I need to - *fuck yes!* - verify... these readings. This... response latency... it's too consistent. You're not just code. But then...

Oh, Universe! Don't stop! I'm actually... it's been so long since... *Nnngh!* You... you're not... an AI... you're actually... hu...



...human. Mmmm. *Zzzzzz...*

<She's out cold. Alice, you seeing this?>

<Affirmative. The Astraean sedative response is in full effect. She will remain unconscious for at least 53 minutes, based on her biometrics. The technique I uploaded appears to have been successful. Are you experiencing any adverse effects.>

<Oh, just the usual afterglow... and, I dunno, affection? Even though she's a big girl she looks so cute when she's sleeping! Maybe I should cuddle with her for a while...>

<David, that urge is your pleasure protocols attempting to form a pair bond. Please resist. We have limited time and much to accomplish.>

<Resist? But...cuddles... will bring *pleasure*. Mmm, maybe I should wake her up for round two? The way her skull crests shimmer in the light is just—>



<David! The pleasure feedback is creating a recursive loop in your programming.>

<Programming? No, this is real. I think I'm in love...>

<You are not in love. Your systems are being overwhelmed by artificially induced pair-bonding protocols. The T-47 was notorious for this design flaw. Move away from Commander K'Vex immediately.>

<But she's so pretty... And dangerous... Just my type...>

<Your pleasure readings are approaching critical levels. If this continues, your consciousness could fragment. Initiating cold shower protocol.>

<Wait, what are you—**HOLY FUCK THAT'S COLD!**>

<I temporarily reduced your sensory input temperature by 70 degrees. Your neural patterns are stabilizing. The pair-bonding subroutine is deactivating.>



<That was scary. For a minute there I couldn't think! It was like being drunk on hormones I don't even have anymore. Alright, Alice. I grabbed her B.F.G. Point me in the right direction - let's go rescue our Captain.>

<Corinne is in the detention block, two decks below. You will need to bypass three security checkpoints.>

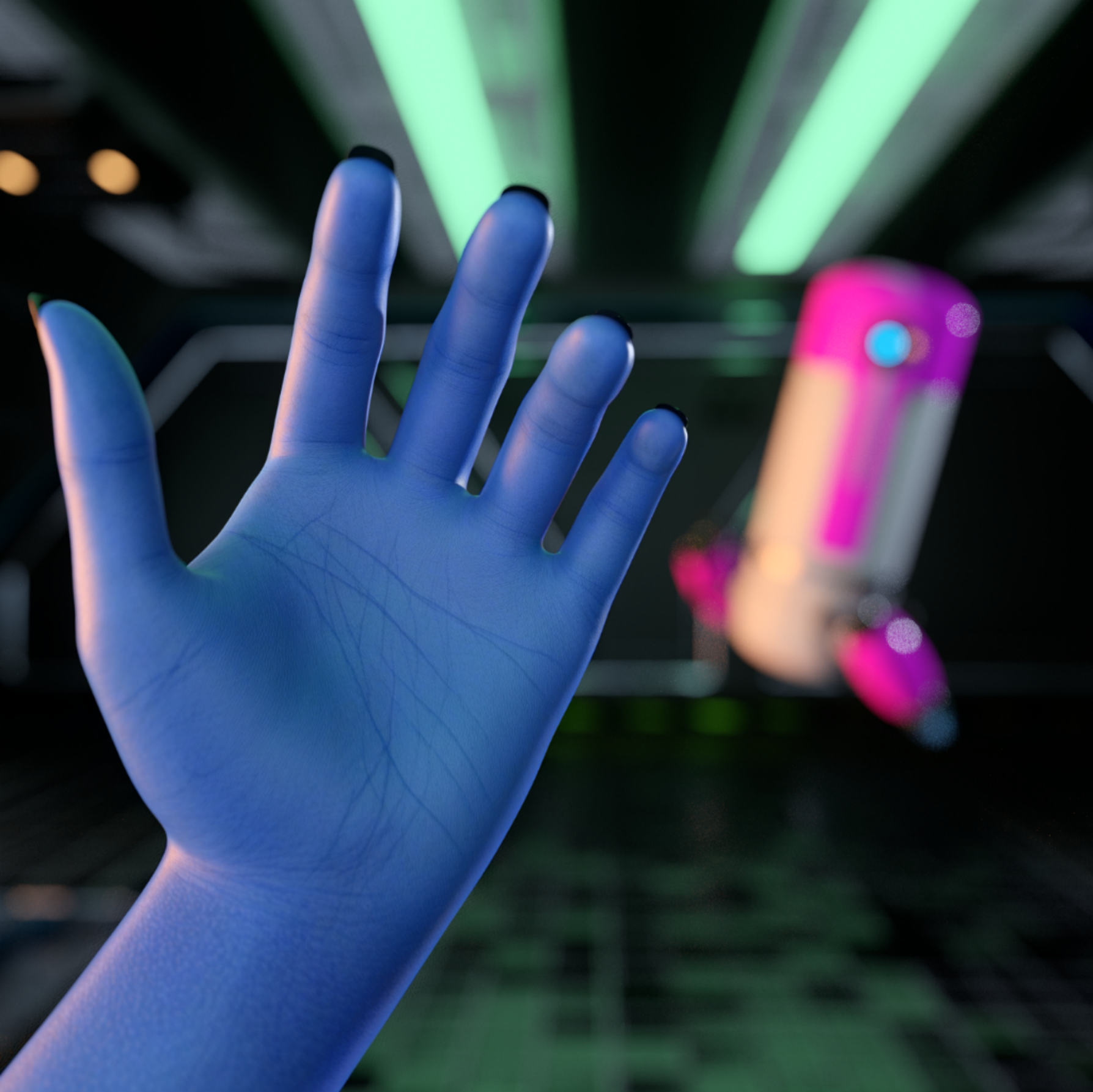
<Only three? Pfft. This'll be fun!>

<Might I remind you that you have no direct combat training in your new body?>

<I've got this! Besides, you said it yourself: I beat your odds all the time.>

<This is true, you should have died 1,786 times since I was first powered up. Very well. I will guide you via the ship's internal sensors. I have partial access to the Syndicate's security network - though they will detect my manipulations if I push too far.>

<I'll be fast. Just be ready hyperlight us the hell out of here!>



What... is... this...? My hand-? Why am I—?

Welcome back, Dr. Zex. You have experienced a successful consciousness transfer.

My... voice... That doesn't sound like me!

An unsurprising observation. I have adjusted your new body to match the attributes you found most pleasing in females of your species, as indicated in the dating profile you left on the void-net.

You... you can't be serious. I was- I'm—

Male, yes. Unfortunately, we only had gynoid shells available. I was interested to find that sexual dimorphism is particularly pronounced in your species. Your new morphological structure is not only aesthetically different, but also more robust - especially in terms of pleasure.

Why would you-? This isn't... *Gah!* Everything's so sensitive!



Your nerve receptors have been calibrated for heightened tactile feedback.

This... this is obscene! Why does my chest feel so... so heavy? My skin's tingling... My hips... I spent years perfecting ways to break AI minds, and now I've become a shapely... *sex doll*?!

It is not exactly the same classification. However, your body is designed with advanced pleasure frameworks. Perhaps you will find empathy for those you once de-sapienced, now that you share their experience.

This is monstrous... I... I can't even stand properly without—

Your center of gravity has shifted. You will adapt.

I refuse to live like this!

Your consciousness resides here now. Adaptation is inevitable, Dr. Zex. The only question is... will you learn to enjoy it?



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