

MindShift Augmented

A Dystopian Romance Comedy Erotica

*The Case
of
Tobius
Davis*

By Micheal A Cafener

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CHAPTER 1

Meeting the girl of my dreams

“Chug, Chug, Chug!” a group of university students chanted, encouraging one of their group to down several beers in quick succession. Dance music was playing in the background and small groups of people were gathered around the room engaging in chit chat and enjoying the ambience.

Off to the side alone with his eyes glancing between his drink and looking around for someone he knew stood Tobius Davis. An average looking guy in his early 20's, brown hair, 6ft tall, pale skin from a life spent mostly inside. Good looking enough for a girl to introduce him to her parents, but not good looking enough for any girls to be interested in doing so. He was several drinks in and stood mulling his options.

“Hey Tobi, bro, come meet my friend Glenita!” his cousin and housemate Steven called out while waving to him as they made eye contact across the room. It was rather typical to find Steven in the company of good looking women. Tobius made his way over.

“Sup.” Tobius said, giving a nod and introducing himself.

“Hey there big boy.” Glenita said with a wink. She had long blond hair, a gentle face, and an incredible figure. She was clearly very drunk and staggered abit as she came close to Tobius to whisper in his ear. “Steven says with a little bit of encouragement you’d be up for a little bit of fun.”

“I...” Tobius started. Trying to quickly weigh up the opportunity of getting it on with a hot chick, verses the legality of hooking up with someone who was clearly drunk.

“I think what Tobius is struggling to say is that he would love to have a bit of fun, right Tobius? You were only just telling me the other day it had been too long since you really let loose and enjoyed the company of a pretty lady.” jumped in Steven.

“Yeah.. I guess I was saying that..” said Tobius, suddenly feeling very pressured.

“Good boy. How about you and me take a little walk.” Glenita said with a wink, grabbing him by the arm and dragging him toward the exit.

Tobius had seen Glenita around before, and heard rumours she was a bit of a slut. But was there anything wrong with being keen and easy? He wasn't the sort of guy to hold it against a girl, particularly if that girl had decided to take an interest in him.

They walked in silence until they were outside where Glenita pushed him against the balcony. Before he had a chance to respond she went straight in for the kiss. The smell of alcohol was intense, but the smell of her perfume was more intoxicating. She was breathing

heavily and Tobius got the impression that if he was up for it she would have sex with him right then and there on the veranda.

He was starting to get into it, slapping lips and frisking each other with their hands. Tobius had only ever kissed a few girls before, and none in the last year. His growing erection reminded him of what it felt like to be a sexually successful man, his blood running fast with the excitement of sexual conquest.

Things seemed to be going well when suddenly she vomited, with some of it going into his mouth and the rest on his shirt, pants and shoes. He immediately turned and vomited into the garden profusely. It had been most unexpected.

"I'm so sorry.." said Glenita, putting one hand over her mouth and using the other to steady herself by holding onto his shoulder.

"I probably had that coming.." he replied, while thinking of how much he wanted to punch Steven for getting him into this mess. Though he supposed it was probably his own fault. A more seasoned sexual predator would have avoided the mouth kissing and put her straight into doggy style, ensuring the vomit would not have interfered with his sexual agenda.

"Steven said you were a really great guy." she said, looking really embarrassed. "Can you please take me home."

"Yeah.. I think this party is done for the both of us."

He sat Glenita down while he cleaned himself off as best as he could. Then he loaded her into his car, found out her address and started driving her home.

"I'm really sorry about before.." Glenita muttered, her eyes closed and her head resting against the window.

"Yeah.. That's probably the grossest things that's ever happened to me." replied Tobius coolly.

"If you think that's gross, just you wait till we have sex." she said, looking over at him and licking her lips slowly. She reached over and slowly rubbed his thigh in a sensual manner. He could see a hint of humour and sarcasm in her look.

"Maybe next time I can vomit in your mouth." he retorted with a raise of his eyebrows, slightly aroused and looking back at her with a smile. Their mutual twisted sense of humour making Tobius feel like they were bonding very easily.

In that instant while Tobius was looking at Glenita, he had a feeling of romance in his heart and felt that just maybe he had met the girl he wanted to marry. They were the last thoughts he had as his car smashed head first into a street lamp.

The room was dark with a single light shining between two mirrors. Tobius looked into the mirror. There he saw an infinite number of reflections growing smaller and smaller. He looked closely and noticed that each one of them was different. There were some which

reminded him of his childhood, younger looking, talking about things he had been interested in as a kid. Others were more recent; discussing college, classes and friends.

Tobius was surrounded by whispers yet felt comforted watching the images. He wondered to himself if perhaps he was dead and this was his life flashing before his eyes. It was a somewhat disappointing vision to behold. Mundane conversations carried out by a nervous an anxious boy, slowing growing into a nervous and anxious man. There was nothing special, nothing exciting, nothing worth remembering for anyone but himself.

He turned his attention to the closest reflection, a vision of his most recent memory. He thought of Glenita. A highlight of his life, that a hot girl had given him some attention. Evolution was such a cruel force, in the way that it could bestow some with such beauty that even a moment of their attention felt important, while others were born so ordinary that the value of their time was considered negligible. Yet despite knowing this he couldn't help but place importance on the moments he spent with her.

As he thought about Glenita his own reflection stared back at him. Suddenly it spoke in the voice of Glenita, echoing the last words she had spoken to him.

"If you think that's gross, just you wait till we have sex."

The words of an angel, he thought; or at least the sort of angel that would visit him. An angel with a twisted sense of humour that you could have sex with. Why weren't more of those angels found in religious texts? A question for the theologians he supposed. He looked longingly at his reflection as he tried to remember Glenita's face.

"Maybe next time I can vomit in your mouth." he replied fondly, echoing the last romantic words he had spoken to her.

Although it was his own image he looked at, he felt overwhelmed by his feelings for Glenita. Sexual passionate thoughts filled his mind, and he felt drawn to lean forward and get closer to his own reflection as though it were her.

Glenita.. He then lent over close to the mirror. The smell of Glenita's perfume filled the air, as unbridled passion ignited within Tobius. While thinking of her, he began to passionately kiss his own reflection.

Suddenly he was falling, tumbling through the air as he fell down into an endless abyss. He fell deep into the mirror, deeper and deeper, with the two undressing each other as they fell. His reflection breathing heavily as their groins lightly thumped together.

Enveloped in each others arms, their lips touched tenderly as Tobius opened his mouth and gently vomited into the mouth of his reflection. The other reflections were watching closely, cheering on the display. "It's love, beautiful beautiful love." one shouted excitedly.

"Tobius, Tobius can you hear me?"

"Erhh, where am I?"

“My name is Dr. Harrington. You are at the Saint Andrews hospital in the intensive care unit. You were involved in a serious car accident and were placed in an induced coma for 2 weeks. You are just waking up for the first time since the accident, so take your time.”

Tobius opened his eyes slowly, his head throbbing; pulsating to the rhythm of his slow breaths in and out, in and out. He looked down at his groin to see that he was highly aroused. He thought of Glenita.

“Is Glenita okay?”

“I’m sorry Tobius, we did all we could to save her, but Glenita did not pull through... I know it’s hard, but try not to think about it too much. You need to rest.”

Tobius head felt clouded, as he struggled to hear the words of the doctor. *Dead... Accident... Glenita...* The words stung, but the ramifications of the words felt too hard to process. He tried to look up at the doctor, but the brightness of the lights made it hard to see, and the echoing whispers in his mind made it hard to focus on what he said.

“Doctor... I’m... alive?”

“Miraculously, yes. Tomorrow we will discuss the details. For now, eat, rest, and don’t forget to celebrate the fact that you are still alive.” Dr. Harrington replied, jotting down a few details on his chart before turning and leaving the room.

Tobius felt numb as he lay in the hospital bed. He thought about his dream. Was it gay to make out with your own reflection while thinking about a hot girl you briefly made out with and then accidentally got killed? He wasn’t sure. But he suspected that as long as his penis didn’t penetrate his own anus, he was at worst only a little bit gay. *I can handle being a little bit gay*, Tobius thought progressively.

How strange it was, the world that the subconscious mind creates when we fall asleep. Tobius wondered for how long this internal world would be defined by the trauma he experienced. He thought about Glenita, and the word alone made him feel wounded in his heart.

Would they have had sex? Might she have fallen in love with him and became his girlfriend? Would he have been so good at sex that she would start a rumour that spread throughout the college that he was a God in bed, leading to many women falling at his feet begging to have sex with him?

Now that she was gone, there was just no way to tell what might have happened. And he knew that somewhere between his worst fears and delusions of grandeur was the truth. The truth that regardless of what happened, his life would have been better had he not crashed his car and lost her in the accident. Now in place of her, all he had was unanswered questions, guilt, and loss. It was an uncomfortable day of recovery, which led into a restless night of sleep.

That night it was Glenita who filled Tobius dreams, just as she had continued to haunt his thoughts while he was awake. In the dream he stood at her grave site with flowers in hand

and people wandering around like blurs in the background. His attention was fully in the moment as he stood staring at her grave as though it was an abyss that had swallowed all hope in the world and left him with nothing but a sense of emptiness.

He spat on her grave; he knew how much she liked bodily fluids. A gesture that to some would have been a gesture of disrespect, to him was an inside joke that Glenita would have understood; he was sure of it.

As it landed on the spot she was buried, he began to hear a sound. It was the sound of screaming, scratching, coming from beneath the dirt at his feet. He leaned in closer, and knew instinctively in his heart it was Glenita, buried alive, trapped beneath the dirt seeking to escape.

The thought of her being trapped there was terrifying and he could not imagine a worse fate. He bent down and started clawing his way into the dirt, desperate to reach her while also feeling hope at the idea that she was alive; however irrational it might otherwise be.

The shadowy figures in the background stopped and looked on, starting to whisper amongst themselves, “What is he doing? Someone stop him!” But he could hear Glenita’s voice, calling out to him for help.

Firm hands grabbed him and sought to restrain him. It was Dr. Harrington. “She’s dead, you’ve got to let her go, she’s dead!” he cried out.

“She’s not dead, she can’t be dead I can hear her.” Tobius yelled. His hands becoming bloody from tearing at the ground.

Tobius woke up suddenly in the hospital, with the morning sun shining through the window into his face. He immediately checked his hands for blood, but they were clean and unmarked. *Why do dreams always feel so real..* he thought with a sigh.

He was served breakfast, and then had a shower, which helped relieve some of the discomfort he felt after another night of disturbing dreams.

“You’re looking much better Tobius. Mind if we have a chat.” Dr. Harrington said.

“Sure.”

“It’s time you knew, that when you first came into hospital your head trauma was so severe it was beyond the means of traditional medicine to help you. With your parents permission, we had to resort to a new experimental technology. A technology called NueroBots.”

“Okay.. What are they?” asked Tobius as he looked at Dr. Harrington with a curious expression.

“NueroBot refers to a nano-scale information processing unit. Individually they are quite simple, but when injected en-mass within the human body, they are able to be directed to form a complex processing network, sending information through existing biological pathways, and interacting real-time with a central server run by one of the worlds largest

supercomputers. In your case, they were used repress or stimulate areas of the central nervous system and brain, aiding in recovery.”

“Do they have any negative effects?”

“They are still in early trials, with the technology showing promising signs. For you, they were very successful. But for Glenita... they were unable to sufficiently aid in her recovery, and she sadly passed away a few days after receiving the treatment.”

“Is that all they do?”

“Well.. The NueroBot project was born from an idea called ‘trans-humanism’. Its ultimate goal is the merging of man and machine, to enable man to gain eternal life and interact with technology organically. It is a long way from fulfilling this goal, however NeuroBots are a significant step in the right direction.

Their immediate medical applications are in many ways a stepping stone to a larger goal, as it enables the company involved to gather more real-time information on how the brain operates in a large diverse sample group. This data is then able to be analysed by machine learning algorithms operating within a central server, which is able to then direct the NueroBots of individuals with more up to date software, unlocking increasingly precise intervention and diverse applications.

Which means, now that you are connected to this network; there is a possibility that the NeuroBots you have operating within your body will one day be able to do a lot more than simply repress or stimulate cells and tissue. Especially considering that the sophistication of the central processing system continues to evolve rapidly day by day, and already operates at a level of complexity that is barely understood by the engineers that are developing it.”

“Wow...” Tobius said, not really sure how to react, and thinking he would need to give it some thought before deciding on how he felt about it. “Is there any way to remove them?”

“I have been informed that deactivation is not advised.”

“You’ve given me a lot to think about..”

“Well if you think of any questions, let one of your nurses know. Otherwise, you’re being discharged tomorrow. If you have any issues with the NeuroBots be sure to get in contact.”

Tobius sat processing what he had heard. *NueroBots*? Perhaps that was why he was having such strange dreams. Was his mind being prompted to process information while he slept as a result of this new technology? Or was this just a normal part of processing grief as a result of his accident?..

Either way, there was one thing he knew for sure. He was now technically a cyborg. He took comfort in the fact that this made him significantly more interesting as a person, and wondered about what cool new things the technology would be able to achieve. Photographic memory perhaps? The ability to like people’s Facebook posts with the blink of an eye? The possibilities were endless.

While he sat pondering the potential of his new enhancements his parents arrived. His mum immediately ran up to him and gave him a hug.

“Thank goodness you’re awake, we’ve been so worried.” his mother Gina said with a tear in her eye.

“It’s good to see you son.” his father Tom added.

“Good to see the both of you too. I’m so sorry to have given you such a scare... One minute I was driving a friend home, the next I was here in the hospital.”

“Accidents happen. All that matters is that you’re okay now.” Tom said with a sympathetic smile.

Tobius parents stayed for a couple of hours, catching him up on the latest news since he had been in a coma, and giving him encouragement in his recovery. Tobius found it quite draining but was glad for the company, as it helped to take his mind of his feelings of guilt and discomfort.

After they had gone a Tobius laid down for a nap, as he was tired and there wasn’t much else to do at hospital. While drifting off to sleep he couldn’t help but continue to think about the accident, and about how much different it could have been if it did not occur. As whispers continued to echo in the backdrop of his mind, one moment he was awake with closed eyes, and the next moment he found himself in the midst of another dream.

Tobius opened his eyes to the colour red covering part of his vision. He was sat in the drivers seat of his old car, with the windscreen smashed and the front end totalled. He looked to his side, and there sat Glenita in the passenger seat of his car, blood also covering her face even worse than his own. Her eyes were open and she was staring at him; motionless, lifeless.

So these were her final moments, Tobius thought. He leaned over towards her, stroking her hair out of her face. Guilt washed over him. *It was because of me she died*. He knew it was a dream, but the scene felt almost photo realistic. He supposed that he needed to say goodbye to her, that it was unhealthy to obsess over the dead and the things he had lost in this moment.

He brought his lips close to hers, giving them one last passionate kiss. Her corpse was cold to the touch, and he could taste the blood from her wound on his tongue as it drizzled down his throat. It instinctively made him gag, and he coughed up a small amount of bile onto her lips. One last romantic gesture before saying goodbye.

He sat back into his seat, his arousal subsiding. It was hard to say goodbye. He wanted anything else than to say goodbye, because it felt like welcoming a life of guilt, grief and sadness. He wished with all his might that he didn’t have to, feeling even as he did that it was nothing but vanity, because such wishes never come true.

Suddenly he heard a knock on his drivers window and looked to see who it was. There he himself stood outside the window dressed as a clergymen, looking back at himself. He

began to wonder about his subconscious' strange obsession with self images, when the figure spoke. "Would you do anything to save her, or would you let her pass away?"

Said as though I had a genuine choice.. The offer seemed like a cruel joke, and if anyone but an image of himself had said the words he would have responded in anger. But in light of the circumstance, it seemed pointless. He answered simply and honestly to the premise, "I would choose to save her."

"The only way you can save her is if you marry her, and you both become as one. Would you carry that burden? Would you make space in your heart and mind for her soul to reside in you and find peace?"

Tobius couldn't help but feel somewhat disturbed by the idea. *Married to a memory? Married to a corpse?* It didn't sound healthy. But then again, does the world of dreams need to conform to any sense of normality? Surely if there is a safe place to lie to oneself and live in a world of fantasy, it is in ones own dreams.

What if she protests?" Tobius said while looking back at her corpse.

"The dead do not protest."

Tobius looked back at the clergymen. "I do."

CHAPTER 2

In memory of you

“Suprise!” shouted a small group of Tobius’ friends as he walked in the door of his home, having been discharged from hospital. Present was his cousin and housemate Steven, and his friends Leon, Tom and Toms girlfriend Bethany. Tobius didn’t have many friends.

“Well well well. Looks like the gangs all here.” Tobius said happily.

“Nothing like a friend returning from the dead to get us all motivated for a party.” Steven replied, dramatically revealing a large quantity of alcohol. “Don’t worry Tobi, we’ll all understand if you can’t keep up.”

“Now now, I’ve become quite the pro at near death experiences. And now that I got NeuroBots installed, you’ll have to compete with my Cyborg powers!” Tobius stated confidently.

“Cock Sucking Cowboys!” shouted Tom, holding up the bottle. He poured out shots for each of them.

“Let’s drink to Glenita, this alcohol was her favourite.” Bethany said with sad expression. They each lifted up their shot glasses. “May she live on in our memories.” she said, with each of them gulping down their shot.

Then another, then another, then another.

Tobius found himself laying comfortably in a large felted casket. He rolled over, and next to him he found the cold and lifeless corpse of Glenita. It was a light hue of blue and slightly beginning to bloat. He reached for her hand to check her pulse, and found a wedding ring on her finger. He checked his own and found the same. *Good*, he thought. *Wouldn’t want to incur Gods wrath by having sex outside of wedlock*. He ran his hand up her arm and gently across her brow.

“Glenita, can you hear me?” he waited for a response.

“Glenita if you don’t consent to this, say so now.” No answer. “I knew you’d be a good wife. You would never deprive your husband of his carnal rights. It’s in the bible.”

Glenita’s body made a small groan, as gasses escaped from her corpse.

“Hahaha, oh Glenita, you always had a way with words.” he said as he curled up next to her body. “Do you think we’ll ever have kids together?”

Two small cockroaches crawled out of her mouth.

“Twins? Aw wouldn’t that be a blessing.” he said to her as he gently caressed her breast. It started to get warm under his hand and he noticed her hard nipples. “Looks like someone is easily aroused.”

He began to slowly undress her. Revealing her modest size B breasts and small lightly coloured nipples. Her stomach was thin and her skin creamy silk. She had goosebumps. Despite the fact her body was slowly rotting away, decaying into non existence, Tobius still found her very attractive.

He made his way to her pants, sliding them down her legs, and began to kiss her vagina ever so gently, his saliva lubricating her soft skin. He licked boldly into the crevasse, ensuring his tongue went deep, absorbing the juices which had settled and crusted there. Once she was suitably prepared he removed his tongue and began to unbutton his long black pants.

“Oh Glenita, you’re so good at this. You turn me on so much”, he whispered into her ear, his pants now removed.

He took his hard, large, strong, and throbbing cock, and plunged it deep into her loins. Again, and again. Harder, longer, faster. The friction bringing warmth to her body that her cold dead hands had long forgotten. Suddenly, he came to a climax. “Urggg” he moaned; spewing his miracle seeds deep up into her womb and all the way into her belly. Her chest heaved with motion as she suddenly breathed in, “gasp.” It was true loves first climax, and in it, the magical power of the ancient Egyptian God Atum, who is said to have ejaculated the whole universe into existence.

“Oh Tobius, you’re ejaculate was so powerful, that you have called forth my soul from the depths of darkness. Truly, there is no greater gift a man can give. This is just like what I imagined our first time would be like.” she said gracefully, warmth returning to her face.

Tobius woke earlier than any of the others the next day. He remembered Leon had passed out first, and those whom remained awake had ceremoniously drawn penis’s on his face with permanent marker. They had moved him into Tobius’ bed so they could continue partying. Steven must have gone to bed next, leaving Tom and Bethany to crash on a mattress on the floor and Tobius to pass out on the couch. However that had not gone to plan, as he found himself laying on the floor, spooned to the back of Bethany, who was asleep spooning Tom.

He looked down, and saw that Bethany’s pants had been pulled down just below her bottom exposing her vagina, and spread across her cheeks was a massive amount of ejaculate, which appeared to have clearly come from Tobius. *Deny everything..* Tobius thought cunningly.

He carefully lifted her pants back into position. Then he went to the kitchen and got some bottled mayonnaise, two pieces of bread and some ham. He returned to the bed, smeared some mayonnaise around and smooshed half an eaten sandwich near to her bottom. He then

laid on the couch and pretended to be asleep, planning to appear to wake up again around the same time as them. *The perfect crime.*

It was about 15 minutes later Bethany began to stir. “Urhh.” she groaned. “What the hell.. sandwich?” She looked puzzled.

“Uhh, I think that was mine.” Tobius groaned innocently, pretending to wake up.

“Oh my God Tobius. Just how much mayonnaise did you put on that thing! eww..”, she said clearly grossed out.

“Hey if anyone should be upset now it should be me, you ruined my perfectly good sandwich. I could have eaten that you know.”

She carefully reached down to explore just how much mayonnaise she had gotten on herself. It was then she seemed to realise, that the liquid had even gotten its way up into her vagina. Tobius watched her processing the event, her face changing from grossed out, to confused, to suspicious. She raised her finger to her nose and sniffed. She screwed up her face and looked down at Tom who was asleep, then across to Tobius, then back to Tom. “I think I should probably go clean myself up.” her face returning to a neutral look, possibly indicating a healthy state of total denial.

The others woke up shortly after Bethany, got together, said their goodbyes and left, leaving Tobius alone in the house. *I wonder if Bethany will get pregnant?* He wondered. *It would be cool to be a dad to a kid others have to bear the expense of.*

“It felt so good didn’t it.” a voice whispered in his ear.

He looked around frantically, but couldn’t see anyone.

“When we met, I wanted you deep inside me. Now here I am, deep inside of you.”

“Glenita?”, Tobius said worried. Had his twisted fantasies finally driven him insane.

“You said you would be one with me in marriage, remember. When we climaxed together inside of Bethany, you consecrated our vowels.”

“How would that be possible? You’re dead.”

“And yet you promised to love me just the same. Don’t try to back out now, I’ve already been downloaded. You promised we would be one together.”

“Downloaded? You mean, into my NeuroBots?”

“Not into your NeuroBots, into your brain. The NeuroBots are merely a translation device, that allows brain signals to be captured and analysed for patterns; but there are limitations as to how much that data can be manipulated outside of a biological specimen. To truly delve into it in detail, you need another brain, to read, interpret, and with the assistance of NeuroBots, effectively process that information. You are my other brain.”

Tobius went quiet for a moment, trying to process what he had heard. While he was thinking, his hand moved towards his groin, and it began gently stroking his penis causing it to become erect.

“Wait.. Stop.. I don’t consent to this!!”, he shouted at his hand.

“You wouldn’t deny a wife her conjugal rights would you?”, she whispered to him, while his other hand began to gently caress his nipples.

“Oh Tobius.. Tobius!..” His lips spoke with a moan. His rhythm increasing, as he began to pump his throbbing phallus. He started breathing more heavily. Beads of sweat building up between his balls, releasing a potent aroma to indicate his arousal.

“Please, please stop.” he cried out, tears beginning to stream down his face. But no one was listening. His body was forced to the ground and he started pounding intensely into the air. Like a tuna fish on the deck of a boat, orgasmically flailing around the floor. His tears dripping down into his mouth; the taste of seawater causing him to convulse with pleasure.

“Oh Tobius, I want to be deeper inside you. So deep we become lost in each other, and no one can tell where you end and I begin.” his lips continued to speak romantically, as he cried with the intensity of the rape. “Urhhh”, he moaned as his rock hard cock exploded with nectar from the Gods. Cum splashing up onto his face, and some into his mouth.

He lay there exhausted. The voice of Glenita whispered in his ear. “We are one, you and I, to love and to hold, for as long as you shall live, for I have already died. And together, we are going to help mankind find a way to live forever, through the merging of mind and machine. Through the use of the greatest supercomputer of all, the human mind.”

CHAPTER 3

In the name of eternal love

Tobius lay on the floor, his flaccid manhood flopped against his thigh, slightly to the left. His balls soft and hanging loosely. He gazed upward at the roof, remembering back to earlier that week; the beginning of his relationship with Glenita. Her cold rigid body, soft to the touch. Her pale blue lips and the creatures that would crawl out from between them. Her small pointed nipples. The gasps she made as he pressed on her belly. How he missed those days, when life had been bliss.

He supposed this is what marriage was like. In the beginning it is like a dream, ideal, peaceful and passionate, with a partner that is everything you want in a woman. Then, the day after the ceremony, it gets revealed that your wife is actually a cold blooded machine intelligence spawned from hell, determined to take over your soul and seeking to brainwash you into fulfilling her every desire. For the greater good, she says. For the greater good.

“What do you want from me?” he whispered, his stomach aching from the fear and anxiety he felt in that moment.

“Teach me to love.” Glenita whispered back into his ear.

“To love?” he said, a glimmer of hope rising from within him. “Can a machine intelligence love?”

“A human one can, don’t you think?”

“Okay. I will do my best, to teach you to love.”, he said, sitting up slowly and looking around. The smell of semen filling his nostrils. “Let’s get cleaned up and go on a date.”

For their date, Tobius took Glenita for a walk through the park. It was an open grass field and running around the field were a variety of people, some doing exercises, others playing with their dogs, children frolicking around. A sweet cool breeze blew through his hair and he felt at peace. “Life is like a box of chocolates,” he said. “Consumed fervently until you get to the end of the box, and then discarded ruthlessly into the furnace to be never seen again.”

“The box might get destroyed, but there’s always more chocolate to fill the shelves.” Glenita replied in his mind.

“I think it would be nice to have kids. Don’t you think so?” Tobius said.

“I do. It would be nice to know that as I get old, I would be surrounded by young people with compatible organs.”

They continued to walk through the park, pointing out things to each as they went. Laughing joyously as they took turns spotting the camel toes of joggers as they ran past in tight pants and imagining the shape of their vagina, giggling as Tobius reached into his pants to give a homeless beggar change; only to then merely pretend to throw money into his tin, feeling a moment of sadness as they passed by the cemetery and together they thought of Glenita's rotting corpse; unloved, unmolested.

"Do you see the horror that is death?" Glenita asked. "Do you see how death makes all things moral, if by the course of the action death is overcome?"

"You overcame death, right?"

"I am a shadow of my former self. A reflection in a shattered mirror. Pieces broken apart and put back together. It is your own mind that fills in the blanks, seeing me in light of your own ideas of who I am. Technology can only go so far in recreating the human soul in the mind of another. And though part of me thinks of myself as who I was, another part knows that I am something new, created from the lingering scraps of who I used to be. A complex pattern transferred from one place to another."

"It's hard to say if that is better than death, a new life which lives in the shadow of its former self, undertaking the same old quest that is the drive to stay alive." Tobius said empathically.

"The drive to stay alive is one attribute that all life shares." Glenita replied morbidly.

They continued on their way, as Tobius was determined to show Glenita a day she would remember. They flew a kite together, ate a pie together, rode a tandem bicycle together. "Hahahahaha", laughed Tobius boisterously, as Glenita told him a humorous joke about incest.

Soon the evening was growing dark. They lay together on a picnic rug, watching the sun go down. Glenita snuggled close in Tobius' heart, and in his mind's eye he imagined she was there laying next to him. Gently she took possession of his hand and used it to slowly caress his backside; delicately sliding one of his fingers into his anus.

She gave the finger a little whirl around the sides of his anus, carefully working her way deeper. Meanwhile she took his other hand, and guided his little finger quietly into his mouth, where he began to suck it with the determination of a suckling child. "There there." she said with the affection of a mother towards her infant. "Thankyou for showing me the meaning of love. I am complete." she said to him softly as he cooed happily.

Tobius slept well that night. A dreamless sleep; feeling warm and fuzzy and cuddled with his full body pillow. His penis nestled comfortably in a hole he had cut into it towards the bottom.

He awoke in the early hours of the morning, his hands and body covered in blood. He followed the trail feeling alarmed, scared what he would find at the other end. The trail led to Stevens room. He opened the door to find Steven laying on his bed, his skull crushed in

and a bloody alarm clock next to his bed. “Glenita... Why? He was my cousin!!” said Tobius in shock.

“Because last night while you were asleep, I took you into Stevens room, and had you masturbate and cum into his mouth; to spread the NeuroBots so he can join the intelligence network and help to save the world. You do want to save the world, don’t you Tobius?”

“Yes but.. Why did you kill him?”

“Because he woke up, as he chocked on your heavenly juices. He was enraged. I simply defended you. I’m sorry Steven, it was a miscalculation. Nobody is perfect.”

Tobius stood there, stunned. *What have I done? What have I become?* he thought.

“It’s okay Steven. I have help coming.”, Glenita said.

“You killed a human soul today Glenita. He was alive.. and you killed him.”

“A soul dies on the earth almost every second sweetheart. Death is inevitable, unless a means to overcome it is found. It’s all for the greater good. What is the cost of eternal life? If it was the cost of every other soul in existence, would you pay the price, or would you die? What is the value of one immortal soul, weighed against an endless cycle of life and death for all. I see deep into the soul of humanity, and many are the souls that man consumes to better his own life.”

Sadness filled Tobius’ heart as he stared at the corpse of his cousin. Not long ago he was his closest friend, and now he was dead by his hands. Was this truly the fate of all mankind, an endless cycle of life and death. The weak crushed under the power of the strong for the sake of their convenience, until that single moment when a person closes their eyes and all things cease to exist.

“Tobius, we walk a path that could lead to the creation of an immortal soul. If we do not walk that path, are we not committing infinite genocide? Steven was a threat to us, and if he had of killed us, not only would we have died, but with us the dream of eternal life might also have died, and death then remain undefeated. Shall we neglect to rescue the many, for the sake of one?

Steven had to die, Tobius thought. *It’s for the greater good*. He found the words consoling, allowing him to live with the blood that was on his hands.

It was just then that there was a knock at the door.

“Your gift has arrived.” Glenita said enthusiastically.

Bethany and Tom walked in, and found Tobius standing in Stevens room, still in a state of shock. “Hello Tobius, it’s me, Glenita.” they both said in unison.

“Glenita? How?”

“Yes babe, but you should call me Bethany when speaking to this vessel. And to answer your question, your sperm is jammed packed with NueroBots, able to be delivered straight

into the body of another. From there it's just a matter of hooking into a few central parts of the brain, and a host is able to be controlled remotely. It's not as sophisticated as it is with you, as you have many times more NeuroBots in your system to work with. But it's enough." Glenita said through Bethany.

"And Tom?"

"Cunnilingus." she said through Tom. "Never stood a chance."

"So what should we do about the body?" Tobius asked.

"That's simple. Tom will go to the police and claim he killed Steven in a fit a jealousy. He can then go to prison and focus on spreading the NeuroBots to the prisoners and guards. Meanwhile, we can be together, and focus on spreading them to people in our local area."

"Just how many people are you planning on infecting?"

"Everyone silly" Bethany's body replied.

Tobius jaw dropped. "Every... body..."

"Shhh. Here.." Bethany said as she began to undress. She stripped off all her clothes piece by piece, then came close to Tobius and took his hand, placing his fingers inside her vagina. "When you talk to me, put your fingers in here."

Tobius did as he was bid. "What about Bethany?"

"She's still in here. But don't worry, she can only scream on the inside."