

It wasn't that their eyes opened, after all, as their hand came up to brush their face, they discovered they had none. Nor a mouth, nor a nose. Their touch slid over a smooth, blank canvas of a head. Rather than opened eyes, it was as if they had just become aware of their surroundings as one might when just waking up.

Amnesia clouded their mind, thick enough to make them doubt if there had even been a yesterday in their existence.

Soft squeaking noises followed as the awakened figure brushed to explore by feeling. They had a pliable body, squishy enough that it was a bit of a mystery to them that they could stand and move, as they didn't feel anything solid like bones. As their hands explored, they felt thick, almost puffy thighs above thin shins, a soft voluminous tail, pointed ears, a rubbery simulation of cheek-fluff and a long muzzle. The features were enough of a compass to analyse they were some manner of rubbery canine, yet that was where their identification ended. The body form lacked any polarising factors in build, smooth, lacking a single orifice- not that any such openings seemed necessary for their continued existence. But with their confidence building they felt certain they were a... 'he'?

Reflecting beyond his immediate shape and into his surroundings, that awareness that wasn't sight informed him of details in an unnatural, inexplicable way. Around him was a factory floor, empty and in disrepair it seemed. That raised confusing thoughts in his head. If he was a factory creation, how could he have been made aware if there was no one around.

The canine-formed shape felt a surge of panic, as he stepped around, fumbling in the air. Questing for anything or anyone to give him direction. If no one had activated him, or purposefully created him, was he even meant to think? To feel?

As the worried thoughts crept up on him he heard a gentle voice nearby, gasping in surprise. It was strange, he could detect the area but not the owner of the voice, not even feeling a presence associated with them. "It worked, it really worked."

"....?" He tried to reply, yet he had no means to. His head turned this way and that, to show his search.

A touch as light as the voice brushed on his shoulders, running down one arm, lifting it gently, fingers that seemed almost insubstantial mixed with his. "Now I won't be alone." The hand tugged, not strong enough to make him stumble and yet he found himself wanting to follow along. Was this his purpose? To offer companionship?

A flutter in what he'd have called a stomach if he had one, spurred him to want to listen. Still, questions swam in his head, what happened, how was he made, was he always this way or was he once something else entirely? As if sensing his disquiet, the voice let out a gentle, soft shushing. "It doesn't matter, right? We should leave this place, won't you come with me?" The voice asked.

For all his lack of obvious function, the voice was still offering him the choice. His head nodded in response and he heard another soft, delighted laugh. "Come then."

His own steps squeaked, durable enough for the stoney concrete floor, the parched dirt and hardy grasses outside as he felt his surroundings shift yet his company didn't produce a sound. Somehow he knew what the place behind him looked like from just that feeling, an empty concrete building, bereft of any small furnishings, instead just the disused machinery and devices that were too costly to replace, with torn plastic banners telling trespassers to stay out, though no one, not even hoodlums would move this far.

They walked a short distance, close enough that it must have been in sight of the main factory building. He was led to some smaller room, perhaps it had once been a security post, or simple tool shed. It was different here. From how the sounds were softened and calmed, lacking the reverberations and echoes from the abandoned halls he recognised it was decorated softly.

The hard to define presence accompanying him moved to a raised seat, touch encouraging him to kneel. "You need as little physical care as I do, but I promise I can provide it, with a wealth of emotional care as you might need. What is your name?" The voice asked, though the question sounded speculative rather than inquisitive.

"..." He replied.

"I want to call you... Gen. Is that alright?"

There was a contemplative pause before he nodded. Something about the name worked for him, Gen.

Ephemeral-feeling arms grabbed him around the head and shoulders, pulling him into a lap as the one who found him, guided him and now named him held on in a tender embrace. There was nothing for him to worry about, he knew with growing certainty. A purpose had been decided. Even though Gen couldn't respond verbally, already the company and comfort he provided just by being there was more than enough to satisfy.

Gen moved as directed at first, never taking initiative. He was led to lie down and relax on the raised seat, feeling the touch hugging gently, holding him close. "I think I need to rest... I will see you soon." The voice whispered.

Gen felt one last tugging hug before the arm grew lighter, so that it felt that if he stood it would slip off like a cloth sheet. He waited patiently, he didn't feel a need to sleep, instead he waited until morning or whatever his companion needed to rise once more.

Several hours later the silence was broken, the arm pulled at Gen's front, hugging into him from behind. "You're still here, Gen? Then it really did work." The voice said with audible joy.

Over the days that followed Gen and his companion explored the factory, they were his eyes, serving to point out any oddity, to urge them closer to some. They were most certainly alone. If the tear in the plastic banner had been recent they didn't find any trace of the culprit, no third figure joining their strange company.

As the time passed he also felt a more tangible shift in his company. The voice grew stronger. It retained the same gentle emotion yet it had grown deeper, so too did the weight and impact of the speaker's motions.

They never reached a point of strength, not in the conventional sense, leaving Gen to discover that his pliable body was the muscle for anything that needed moving. Yet even as early as that first day, Gen felt as though the enigmatic presence had been anchored to a world it was on the precipice of slipping away from.

They were so glad to no longer be alone and Gen was more than willing to serve and help provide the companionship they sought, feeling that the care he offered just by existing was more than the voice had hoped to find.