

A little bit of trepidation, but more than a little excitement. Sure, it was always a bit spooky at first, getting a new upgrade, and this wasn't just a new hand or eye either. But he'd been waiting for something like this his whole life, he was not going to pass this up. New neural chips had just come out and had finally reached a level where the negligible risk was worth the incredible reward, as far as he was concerned. Every new body modification was another step forward, except this one was practically a leap. The only problem had been finding someone skilled enough to perform the modification with such new technology, but he definitely lucked out there. too. It's not everyday you get the modification personally from one of the people who pioneered it.

The clinic was relatively small, but that wasn't unexpected. From what Gabe researched, it was actually a fairly simple procedure. There wasn't even a need for an incision. Just a quick scan to ensure proper calibration, implant through Wicker's Receiver in the back, a few more tests to make sure everything went smoothly, and bam, done. The whole thing should take half an hour or so at most. And then the pesky problems of memory lapses and difficulty recalling information should disappear almost entirely. If nothing else, evolution did a fine job by giving humans the tools to do a better job than it did.

The receptionist, Donna, seemed nice enough. Gabe couldn't deny slight pangs of jealousy as he noticed her modifications. One eye implant, and what looked like ear mods, though he couldn't place the model. They were both probably very high end. Not really surprising though, of course the workers at a place like this are going to be customers themselves. They probably get pretty nice stuff and for cheap too. Even if we couldn't all move forward at the same time, no point being impatient. Besides, this was more than sufficient for now.

The waiting room seemed nice enough too, though he didn't really notice it, or the television, or the magazines, or anything for that matter. Gabe was too excited, mind all a buzz with the possibilities. Some studies were already showing that with this much neural function based entirely in non-organic material, the efficiency and processing power of the brain itself rose dramatically, even as high as forty-five percent in some subjects. He wasn't *that* optimistic, but still, the idea of his brain becoming even slightly as robotic as his arm or heart was awesome. He didn't care how much it cost (and good thing too, still slightly experimental technology wasn't cheap), this was worth whatever it took.

"Gabriel? The doctor will see you now."

"Thank you," he said, trying to hide his excitement even though he positively jumped from his chair and ran past her desk to the hall. Room four, room four, ah, there! He threw open the door, and though initially disappointed that the doctor was not already there and ready, Gabe was able to contain himself and sat down. After an eternity's worth of time (four minutes) an older gentleman in a doctor's coat pushed open the door, adjusting glasses that were obviously aesthetic as his mechanical eyes focused on Gabe.

"Gabe, was it?" He asked, looking at him, then the chart, then back. He looked up and down Gabe for a very long time--Probably looking for any implants or mods he already had, Gabe assumed--before being satisfied, smiling warmly in his direction. He held out a hand that gleamed in the fluorescent lighting, Gabe happy to shake it. He'd never not enjoy the cold contact of another's metal on his own.

"Yes Dr. Xelo, it's a pleasure to meet you."

"Oh, the pleasure's all mine my friend, it's so wonderful to meet people as enthusiastic about the future as yourself. I've done this quite a few times, but it never gets any less rewarding for me to do this." He laughed heartily, clapping a hand on Gabe's back as he walked past. Walking over to the counter on the other side of the room, he began pulling out tools, continuing in his affable tone.

"I won't lie to you, even while we were developing these things we didn't expect as good results as we got. But in the scientific world occasionally the discovery of a lifetime really just boils down to serendipity, hah! Don't tell any of my colleagues I said that though." Gabe couldn't help but chuckle, any last misgivings he had dissipating due to the doctor's disarming personality.

"What made you pick me, by the way?" the doctor asked, busying himself now with the handheld neural scanner.

"Well, you were involved in creating the implant. Besides, I've talked to a few people who have been here already. They all said you were the best." At this, Xelo just chuckled knowingly, making his way over to Gabe and pressing a sensor to his forehead for a moment.

"Oh, I don't deserve that kind of credit. I will do my best though, and give you exactly what you need, I promise you that." With a "Pop!" the sensor was pulled away, and more button pressing followed.

"If you don't mind me asking though," Dr. Xelo asked, moving behind Gabe to affix the sensor to his Wicker's and get some preliminary scans, "Why do you want this implant? I'm sure I can guess, but I suppose I'm just curious. It's my job after all." Gabe was thrown off-guard by his question at first, but this is something he had thought about many times before, so the answer came easily.

"The human brain is amazing, but undeniably has many flaws. I just want to do as much as I can to become as much as I can. If that makes sense." He felt an odd suction-y pop off of the metal in the back of his head, and the doctor stared at his handheld for a good minute or so once more.

"Hmmm? Interesting, I definitely know what you mean. Let me ask: You're not afraid of something like this changing you? Not that you should be, I just get that question a lot."

"If it does," Gabe said plainly, "I'm sure I'd rather be what it changes me into."

"Is that so?" Xelo looked incredulous for a moment, those robotic eyes staring into Gabe's. They gleamed, and Gabe felt not simply because of the glass they were made of, but Xelo pulled away, smiling once more.

"Well don't worry, I'm sure you'll be quite happy when you leave today. In fact, I guarantee it."

Gabe had never heard anything more reassuring in his life. His eyes caught the wall clock and he nodded to himself. Just a bit past one o'clock, good. Plenty of time to do this and even head to the lab after. He scooped himself back on the procedural chair, turned himself around, and fit his face into the chair's open headrest.

"I'm ready doctor."

“Good timing, I am too.” Another chuckle. Even with Gabe’s eyes back open the doctor quickly disappeared from view, but he could still be heard of course, getting his tools ready on the counter.

“Now, you seem like the kind of person who would have read the information I had mailed to you about the procedure, but just in case, here’s the rundown: I’m going to take this chip I just calibrated to your neural patterns, push it in through your Wicker’s, and then remotely turn it on. I’ll make sure it’s programmed properly, run a few more scans just to be careful, and you should be on your way in no time. It’ll feel kind of... “weird” when I first insert it, and during the programming phase you’ll likely experience a few synaptic misfirings here and there, but nothing major. Worse thing that ever happened is someone forgot how to talk for a moment, but the likelihood of any permanent damage, as I’m sure you know, is essentially zero.” Gabe gave an affirmative “mmhmmm,” every so often, but otherwise, just let the doctor go on with his explanation. He did know all of this already, but he appreciated the bedside manner. And also really hoped said synaptic misfirings didn’t lead to anything *too* embarrassing. Footsteps were heard, and looking to his left, Gabe saw a pair of loafers.

“Alright Gabe, are you ready?”

“Yessir.”

“Good, take a deep breath for me,” he said, watching Gabe’s body rise as the probe moved into position at the back of his head, “And relax. Soon your programming will begin”

Gabe’s body fell, and so did the probe, the sting of the cold metal into back of his head making him flinch reflexively. Though it did not hurt per se, there was suddenly a great pressure at the base of his brain. His body began to twitch for a second, though try as he might there was nothing he could do about it. Some nerves must be being fiddled with. Another bout of pressure, his whole body began to tingle, and then everything went black. He must have fallen unconscious for a moment, but even without a watch Gabe felt like it could have only been a few seconds. The pressure was gone, the probe was gone (he was pretty sure at least), and with some testing tenses of his muscle, it seemed his body was completely under his control once more.

“Doctor?” he asked softly, unsure if Xelo was even still there, “Was I out long? And may I sit up yet?”

“Oh don’t worry,” came that already very familiar voice, filling Gabe with ease instantly, “Only half a minute or so. That’s actually quite common. No damage or anything, just the electrical signals disrupted conscious activity for a second. And I wouldn’t sit up just yet. It’d be best to just continue to lay down and relax until the programming finishes.”

Gabe just nodded, another breath of relief turning into a big grin. That made sense. Even though he hadn’t been doing anything but laying here for a few minutes, he was feeling so tired. Sluggish really. Probably a slight side effect, nothing to worry about, he was sure. No, Doctor Xelo had it all under control. With every passing second Gabe became more sure of this fact, content to just lay there and let the doctor continue his work, only moving to check the time out of habit. Almost three o’ clock? Good, he had so much of the day left, there was nothing to worry about. Another deep breath, and his body relaxed so much he could swear he went numb for a moment. Oh well, felt kind of nice actually.

"You know, it's funny," Xelo was heard saying from above. Goodness, he had such a nice voice, "No matter how many times I do this procedure, I'm always a bit wary at first when my subjects first wake up, even if I know everything's under control. But when you make a hobby out of reprogramming people's brains against their will, I guess it pays to be careful, hah!" Gabe frowned, and turned his head. No, that didn't sound right at all.

"What do you mean doctor?"

"Hmmm? I'm not sure what you're talking about. Mean about what?" As soon as Xelo finished asking, Gabe twitched for a moment, then furrowed his brow, trying to ignore the tingling in his feet.

"Mean about... Hmmm. I think I zoned out for a second, actually." Gabe nodded, turning his head to relax it in the headrest again. He could have sworn he heard something a bit off there, but that would be silly. Doctor Xelo was here to help him, and he needed it.

"Hmmm, well that worked well. And don't worry Gabe, it'll all be alright. You're just tired from the procedure." A reassuring hand was placed upon Gabe's back, and he could not help but gasp. The feeling of the doctor's hand on his back felt electric, and not because of static shock from his hand. No, the physical gesture was nothing short of orgasmic. In fact, he caught himself grinding against the chair, the squeaking it was making giving him away in a second, so glad he was face down so the doctor would not see him blush. He wished the embarrassment would stop, but definitely did not want these sensations to.

"Exactly as expected, good. You know Gabe, there's still a few more things I'm going to do before I let you leave, but it seems like it was a complete success. Sit up now." The fact that it was a command and not an invitation did not even register with Gabe. The doctor told him what to do, and he did it.

"You know what the best thing about these chips is?" he asked, grabbing Gabe's chin. Gabe became flush in an instant once more, hands almost moving to cover his lap, but not. No time worry about such things, the doctor is talking, "I have been rewriting your brain for the last couple of hours, and you can't even tell. Even as I'm saying this and telling you this, you can't feel it, or notice it. In a few minutes, you won't even remember that I told you this." The doctor smiled and pulled away, the sudden lack of sexual stupor given by his grasp allowing Gabe's brow to furrow once more. Yes, this is not good. He trusts Doctor Xelo entirely, with his life in fact, but what the doctor was saying was not good. He thought. Any time he tried to associate the words "Doctor Xelo" and "bad," an imperceptible electric jolt disrupted the synapses in Gabe's brain, the thought never truly forming. After a minute or so of trying to puzzle this, a sudden rush of endorphins pushed through his body and he slumped, having trouble even sitting up. Who cares what he said.

"It used to take weeks, months, sometimes years to brainwash someone. Break their mind down into nothing and rebuild it. But that's when we tried to use the mind itself. Machines are much better. Your body and brain are nothing more than chemical reactions and electrical signals, and since I know which ones do what, I can do this," with a few more button presses, Gabe lost vision, and fear began to penetrate the fog of pleasure. But with the artificial hand soon on his forehead, he relaxed immediately, his eyes no longer frantically searching for something to see. He was safe. He was with the doctor. And the doctor knows best.

"You know best."

"Yes, that's right, I do," Doctor Xelo said with a chuckle, pushing a few last buttons on the handheld device. "I do know best, because I'm the doctor, and I care very much about making you feel very, very good, isn't that right?" His robotic hand pressed on Gabe's chest, forcing him back, as it forced his dick right up. No more embarrassment though. The doctor made him feel good, this was all natural. The chip continued its dark work, purging memories, creating new ones, and slowly crafting an insatiable addiction to the good doctor, Gabe blissfully unaware that it was happening. Or that it even could, after a few more well placed shocks.

"You always do what the doctor orders, because he knows best, and you love him desperately, isn't that correct?" Gabe nodded without hesitation, and the doctor's robotic hand caressed his cheek. The chip forced a sudden influx of dopamine, and Gabe's primitive brain easily bowed before the chip's chemical assault. Heavenly.

"In fact, doing what he orders you to fills you with pleasure. Coming to see him fills you with pleasure. Even thinking about him fills you with pleasure, albeit a bit subdued." Pulling out all the stops, Xelo deftly unbuttoned Gabe's pants, who could not even begin to notice. But he did notice the cold steel wrapping around his dick, giving a smooth stroke with every utterance of the word "pleasure." The chemical and electrical assaults intensified with the addition of the new physical and audio stimulations, by now Gabe's brain quite literally forgetting the meaning of the word resistance. And many other words, for the moment.

"In fact, you're addicted to him. You need his touch. His scent, his voice. Everything about him. Don't you?" Gabe was unable to answer the hissing whisper that tickled his ear so wonderfully, but he could only hope his animalistic groaning answered well enough. Such a brilliant doctor, he understood entirely.

"It is only with his touch that you may truly enjoy yourself, isn't that right my slave?" Yes, slave to the doctor, what he always wanted, what he needed, to be under such a brilliant and beautiful man's control, he couldn't even imagine what else he could want. In a moment, he never would again.

"And though I could hit the button and make this the truth at any time, I am a generous doctor. I'm going to make sure this programming is permanent right as you cum, isn't that nice? You'll experience the two greatest pleasures in the world at once, obeying me physically and letting me shape you forever mentally."

Though Gabe desperately wanted to answer, there was no need, and no time. One more click from Xelo's console and the switch turned off in Gabe's brain. Sure, there was still a Gabe in there, now cumming and gasping as Xelo told him what a good boy he was, but it was new, improved Gabe. One who knew his place, and that was at his doctor's feet. Mentally and physically superior now, just like he wanted.

"Check-in once a week, or sooner, so I can monitor your condition my robot. As time goes on we will perform more modifications for you to ensure proper functionality and usefulness," Xelo said as he cleaned off his new toy's chest, pulling his pants back up. Gabe nodded, and didn't say anything. The hormone high he just received from hearing Xelo saying "my robot" was making it difficult enough to not collapse, but he knew he needed to stand up straight like a good boy.

"You're free to go, but never free from me."

Gabe got up, smiled and said “Goodbye doctor,” and promptly exited the building without another word. Walking straight to the lab, he met his friends, and then proceeded to have an hour long conversation with them about the necessity of the newest brain implants and the genius of Doctor Xelo.