

Chay Chavil Order GIRLFRIEND

PART 1



EVAN CARTER'S LIFE WAS NOTHING IF NOT PREDICTABLE. LIVING ALONE IN A MODEST APARTMENT, THE MID-30S PROGRAMMER HAD CARVED OUT A SOLITARY EXISTENCE. SOCIALLY AWKWARD TO A FAULT, HE STRUGGLED TO MAKE FRIENDS AND HAD NEVER EVEN COME CLOSE TO HAVING A GIRLFRIEND. NOT THAT HE HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT IT - QUITE THE OPPOSITE. BUT HIS PARTICULAR TASTES MADE EVEN THE THOUGHT OF DATING AN INSURMOUNTABLE CHALLENGE,

LONELINESS HAD A WAY OF PUSHING PEOPLE INTO STRANGE CORNERS OF THE INTERNET. FOR EVAN, IT HAD STARTED INNOCENTLY ENOUGH - FORUMS, NICHE INTEREST SITES, THE OCCASIONAL LATE-NIGHT BROWSING SESSION. BUT AS HIS NIGHTS GREW QUIETER AND HIS THOUGHTS DARKER, HIS CURIOSITY LED HIM DEEPER INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE WEB. THAT'S WHERE HE STUMBLED UPON IT: A STRANGE, TOO-GOOD-TO-BE-TRUE ADVERT. "SHARE YOUR VISION," IT PROMISED. "YOUR PERFECT MATCH - GUARANTEED."



IT WAS FOR A MAIL ORDER GIRLFRIEND. THE DETAILS WERE VAGUE - A MIX OF TESTIMONIALS AND TECHNICAL JARGON THAT FELT MORE LIKE SCIENCE FICTION THAN REALITY. YET SOMETHING ABOUT IT CALLED TO HIM. MAYBE IT WAS DESPERATION. MAYBE IT WAS THE THRILL OF THE UNKNOWN. WHATEVER THE REASON, HE FOUND HIMSELF CLICKING THROUGH THE FORMS, READING THE FINE PRINT, AND FILLING OUT THE APPLICATION.

THE ORDER PROCESS WAS INTRICATE AND ODDLY PERSONAL, ASKING AN ENDLESS SERIES OF QUESTIONS ABOUT PREFERENCES: HOBBIES, PERSONALITY TRAITS, FASHION SENSE, AND, MOST INTRIGUINGLY, PHYSICAL APPEARANCE. THIS PART CAPTIVATED HIM THE MOST. A DETAILED INTERFACE APPEARED, OFFERING SLIDERS FOR HEIGHT, BUILD, PROPORTIONS, AND OTHER TRAITS HE'D NEVER IMAGINED COULD BE CUSTOMIZED. HE FOUND HIMSELF PUSHING EVERY SLIDER TO THE MAXIMUM. YEARS OF READING COMICS ABOUT AMAZONIAN WOMEN HAD SOLIDIFIED HIS IDEAL - TALL, STRONG, AND UNDENIABLY LARGER THAN LIFE.



BY THE TIME HE'D HIT "CONFIRM ORDER," HE'D DUMPED EVERY PENNY OF HIS LIFE SAVINGS - \$50,000 - INTO THE PURCHASE. THE MOMENT HE SAW THE CONFIRMATION EMAIL, A COLD WAVE OF REGRET CRASHED OVER HIM. WHAT HAD HE DONE? IT HAD TO BE A SCAM. NO ONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD BELIEVE THIS WAS REAL.

SIX LONG MONTHS PASSED. EVAN'S REGRET TURNED INTO SELF-LOATHING, THE MEMORY OF HIS IMPULSIVE DECISION GNAWING AT HIM DAILY. HIS BANK WOULDN'T HELP HIM. HE COULDN'T EVEN TRACK DOWN WHERE HE HAD SENT THE MONEY. HE'D RESIGNED HIMSELF TO THE FACT THAT HE'D BEEN CONNED, THE MONEY GONE FOR GOOD. UNTIL ONE ORDINARY AFTERNOON, WHEN A KNOCK ECHOED THROUGH HIS APARTMENT.



BY THE TIME HE REACHED THE DOOR, WHOEVER HAD KNOCKED WAS GONE. BUT THERE IT WAS: A MASSIVE BOX, RESTING ON HIS DOORSTEP. THE FRONT OF THE BOX BORE ANOTHER MARKING IN BOLD LETTERS: "SOLAR ORBIT LEAGUE" - SOMETHING EVAN HAD NEVER HEARD OF. HE STARED AT IT, CONFUSED AND APPREHENSIVE. BUT HIS GUT TOLD HIM THIS IS WHAT HE PAID ALL THAT MONEY FOR.



FOR MONTHS, HE'D CONVINCED HIMSELF THE WHOLE THING HAD BEEN A SCAM. NOW, FACED WITH THE REALITY OF THE BOX, HE WASN'T SURE WHAT TO FEEL. FEAR, ANTICIPATION, AND A DEEP SENSE OF UNCERTAINTY SWIRLED WITHIN HIM.

S.O.L.
SOLAR ORBIT LEAGUE

**TITAN FREIGHT
SOLUTIONS**

Evan Carter

154 Willowbrook Lane
Apt 3B
Oakridge City
NY 10932



TRX-84L9-756-20241214

THE BOX SEEMED TO STARE BACK AT HIM, HIS NAME CLEARLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL. BUT WHAT COULD IT BE? WHAT COULD THEY HAVE SENT HIM? WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE WORTH \$50,000? AND YET, HERE IT WAS. REAL. TANGIBLE.

AND WHATEVER WAS INSIDE... WAS HIS.



EXPRESS SHIPPING

S.O.L.
SOLAR ORBIT LEAGUE

EXPRESS SHIPPING

PULL TO
DEPLOY?
OKAY...

 **PULL TO
DEPLOY**



**CAUTION
HEAVY**



**CAUTION
HEAVY**

HERE GOES
NOTHING

 **PULL TO
DEPLOY**

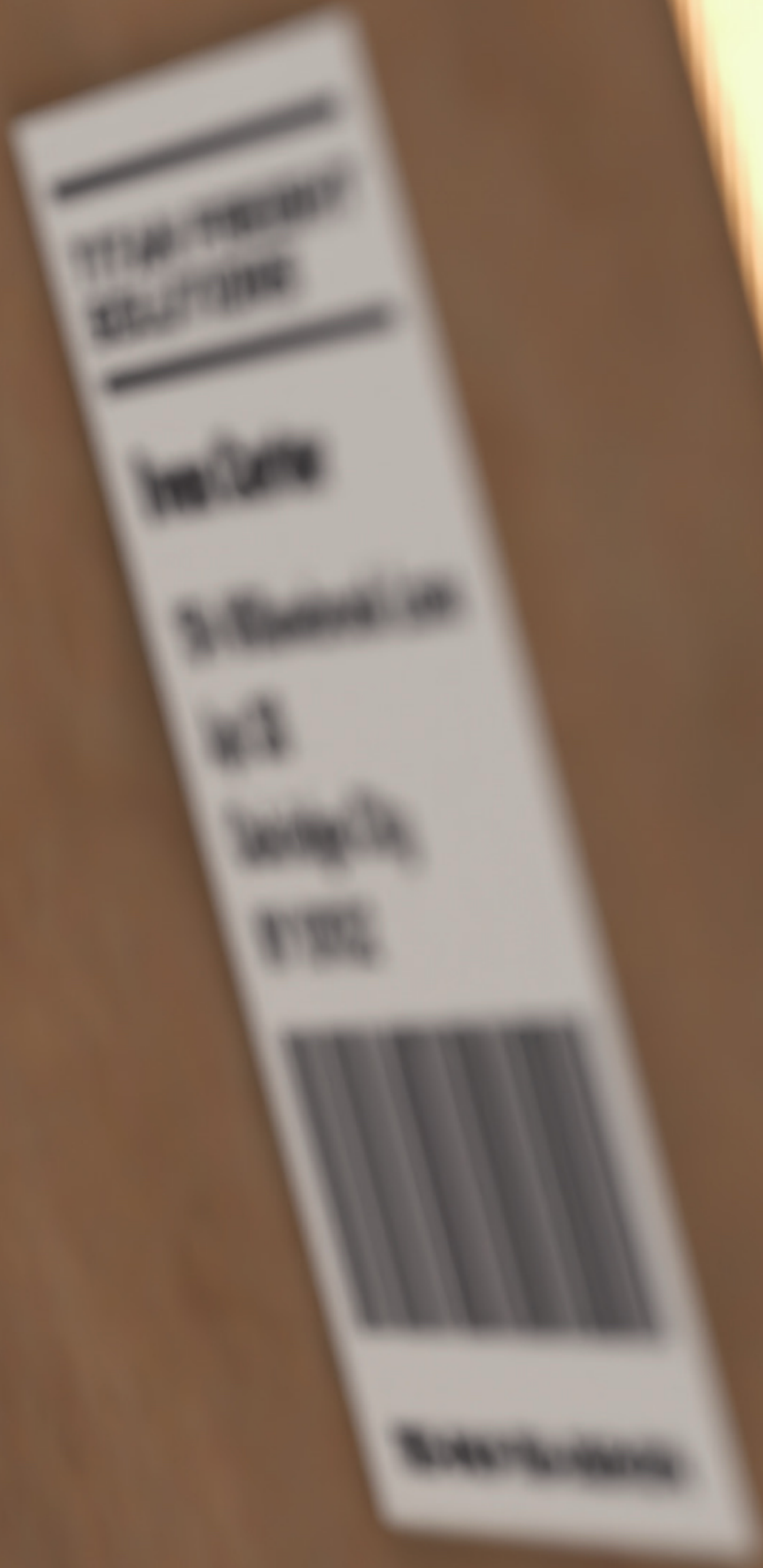


WOAH



THIS...

CANNOT...





BE REAL













DID...
DID I OVERDO
IT?

TO BE CONTINUED