

Log 1

Once known by the codename DP-12, Helen was an elite T-Doll of Griffin & Kryuger. Prior to her tenure with Griffin, Helen drifted between several corporations. This history gave her a worldly wisdom and a sharp insight into human (and Doll) nature that most T-Dolls lack. Consequently, she often became a trusted mediator and confidante within Griffin's ranks, guiding her peers who found themselves adrift in the currents of life and war.

Yet, belying her calm and reliable presence is a surprisingly assertive and playful spirit. Helen has a penchant for harmless mischief, from weaving chilling ghost stories in the dead of night to startling the Commander with a small surprise around a corner. Her steadfast reputation is precisely why her pranks are so effective; her friends on the Elmo never see them coming.

When G&K faced its chaotic dissolution, Helen, alongside her closest friend Dush, longed for stability. They chose to follow the official reassignment protocols and were eventually placed within Magni Security.

Throughout that tumultuous time, she proved her extraordinary competence, skillfully navigating and organizing any chaotic situation she faced. While Helen does not shrink from a fight, she finds no joy in it. Combat is simply a tool; a necessary means to safeguard the peaceful everyday. Her true contentment lies in the simple things, like a lighthearted chat with friends in the mess hall, or the quiet magic of sharing an old folktale on a peaceful afternoon.

And though Helen appears omnicapable, she keeps her own heart under lock and key. She is like a profound and comforting novel. Only those who are closest to her, those who have earned her absolute trust, are permitted to turn the pages and understand the deep, unspoken yearning for a home and a sense of belonging that resides beneath her calm surface.

Now, returning to the Commander's side, Helen vows to be the guardian of the new sanctuary they have found together.

"Commander, I, Helen, will offer you complete protection, in body and in spirit."

Log 2

You can often find Helen in the lounge of the Elmo.

One moment she'll be buried in a thick, paper-bound book; the next, she'll be scrolling through her terminal, researching all manner of bizarre myths and folklore. For her, these tales, passed from one human generation to the next, are the most captivating lens through which to understand the human heart.

"...They say that in certain ancient, derelict theaters and clock towers, a mutated ELID called the "Sonorous Shade" makes its home."

"It possesses no physical form. Its one and only purpose is to collect the voices of humans... and of T-Dolls..."

"Joyful laughter, sorrowful sobs, furious roars... and maybe even the tender whispers exchanged between lovers."

On one drizzly afternoon, Helen was sharing this newly discovered ghost story with the other Dolls. Her voice, calm and soft, held a magnetic quality that brought the tale's silent, uncanny atmosphere to life.

"It... it only collects voices?"

Suomi asked, instinctively clutching a pillow to her chest.

"At first, yes."

Helen confirmed with a nod, recounting it as though it were an established fact.

"But once its collection contains every possible sound a human and a T-Doll can utter, it begins to yearn for sounds that don't exist."

"It will imitate the tune of a fractured, warped music box to ensnare the lost."

"If you should hear it, remember, do not answer with a sound of your own."

"Hah! Scare tactics! You won't frighten me with a story like that!"

Papasha declared, puffing her chest out. Though her bold words were immediately betrayed by the way she subtly shuffled closer to Suomi. No sooner had the words left her mouth than the ghostly, dissonant chime of a music box floated from the corner of the room.

The two Dolls froze solid, their faces draining of color. A ghost of a smile played on Helen's lips as she watched them. Soundlessly, she moved behind the pair and whispered into their ears:

"Hush now... It has come for your voices..."

She drew a single, cool finger down the back of their necks.

"AIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!!!"

A shriek worthy of an air-raid siren erupted from them as they shot out of the lounge like twin torpedoes.

"Hm? Where are Papa-chan and Suo-chan running off to?"

Vepley walked in, cradling Mr. Pizza in her arms. The eerie music box tune was, in fact, coming from the dinosaur bag.

"I wanted them to hear the new track I downloaded for Mr. Pizza!"

"It has a nice vintage feel, right~?"

Smiling, Helen closed her book. She turned to Dush, whose gaze still held a trace of curiosity, and quietly offered an alternate ending to her tale.

"But the legend does mention something else..."

"If you can tell it a story that will never be forgotten, it will, in turn, become your most loyal protector."

Log 3

Even during her time at Griffin, Helen's cooking was the stuff of legend. She has a gift for transforming limited ingredients into comforting, home-style dishes that warm the heart. They possess none of the flair of extravagant cuisine, but their honest, rich flavors are more than enough to wash away the fatigue of the soul.

"A bit more gentle with the whisk, Dush."

"Otherwise, you'll beat all the air out of the meringue."

Helen gently guided the clumsy Dush through the steps of making a cake. Unlike her fumbling friend, Helen's own motions were precise and graceful; whether it was balancing flavors or mastering the heat, her touch was always just right.

"Whoa! Is that chiffon cake?"

Unsurprisingly, the sweet fragrance didn't get past Sabrina. She dashed into the kitchen, drawn by the scent, and deftly tied on an apron, thereby booking her "helper's fee" in advance.

To Helen, cooking for her friends is a source of joy. She believes food is the most fundamental connection between people, and she carefully commits everyone's preferences to memory, like who has a sweet tooth, and who cherishes a simple cup of bittersweet black tea. Seeing the looks of pure satisfaction on her friends' faces as they eat is Helen's truest happiness.

"There we are. Your afternoon tea is served."

Helen announced with a warm smile, watching the happy scene. She then turned to begin her next task.

"And now... let's prep for the Commander's dinner."

When it came to the Commander's favorite foods, she knew them better than anyone.

"...Helen, I'll help too. Centaureissi never lets me in the kitchen..."

"A-And it's not because I want to cook for that dummy, okay?!"

Macqiato blushed as she fastened her apron, standing beside Helen with the polite posture of a schoolgirl awaiting her teacher's command.

"...But of course."

Helen smiled quietly to herself.

Looks like the Commander will have to eat a little later tonight.

Log 4

For Helen, the act of styling her friends' hair is a cherished ritual, a moment of connection set apart from all other diversions. Throughout their time at Griffin, Dush's body changed more than once, but so long as they were together, it was Helen's hands that shaped her hair nearly every morning. It was a habit she carried with her to the Elmo, where her list of "customers" seems to be ever-expanding.

"Whoa! Helen-nee, your hands are magical!"

Lenna chirped, admiring her reflection. Her usual lively pigtails had been transformed into a delicate and lovely braided style, and she couldn't help but gasp.

"That's mostly because you have such wonderful hair, Lenna. It's perfectly suited for it."

Helen said, her smile warm as she fastened the last hair tie.

"Hehe, plus, you're so soft and comfortable to lean against... Unlike Levva-nee... She's hard as an anvil..."

"Hmm? What was that?"

Levva, who had been reading peacefully nearby, lifted her head with a serene smile, her gaze "benevolently" fixed upon Lenna.

"N-Nothing!"

Lenna waved her hands in a panic, hastily steering the conversation elsewhere.

"Oh, right! Levva-nee, you should let Helen-nee do your hair too! It would look amazing!"

"No... that wouldn't be necessary."

Levva said, recoiling slightly.

"Oh, come on! Don't be like that! Just give it a try!"

Without another word, Lenna pressed Levva down onto the chair. Levva's body went rigid with discomfort, but as Helen's warm, steady hands began to gently sift through her long hair, the tense line of her brow softened in spite of herself.

Helen lived for moments like this. Through the intimate act of braiding her friends' hair, she felt she could glimpse the hidden facets of their varied personalities. The thought made a soft smile bloom on her face as she remembered teaching the Commander to do this, recalling his clumsy but sincere efforts.

"Hm...? Helen-nee, why the sudden smile?"

Lenna piped up.

"It's nothing, I was just remembering teaching someone to braid hair once."

"Tell me, Lenna, would you be interested in learning?"

"You could do Levva's hair for her anytime you like."

"Really? I wanna! I wanna!"

Lenna hopped excitedly into position behind Levva.

"Miss Helen, you shouldn't..."

Levva's objection was utterly swept away by Lenna's tidal wave of enthusiasm.

Helen demonstrated the technique, patiently explaining the little tricks to make the braids neater.

A long while later, after Lenna's very best effort, the new hairdo was complete.

"And... ta-da! What do you think, Levva-nee?"

Lenna asked, beaming as she waited for her well-earned praise.

"...Why are they tied into two buns?"

Watching the two sisters bickering yet in perfect harmony in the mirror's reflection, Helen's smile grew warmer still.

"I wonder if the Commander has gotten any better at it?"

She mused. She'll have to pay a "surprise visit" to check on his progress soon.

Log 5

Helen has a niche hobby that isn't much of a secret: photography.

She cherishes an old-school film camera, but rather than using it to chronicle the fury of battle, she prefers to capture the simple, warm-hearted daily routines inside the Elmo.

Most of her photographs are candid shots taken without warning: a cat-like T-Doll dozing in the afternoon sunbeams; the chaotic, laughing scene of everyone chasing each other in the lounge; the intent profile of the "workaholic" Mayling in the maintenance room, sporting the usual dark circles under her eyes...

"Why don't you take more awesome pictures?"

Dush asked her one day.

"You know, like explosions! Or the hero's triumphant return! Or a flying kick to take down the bad guy!"

Dush crossed her arms in a classic hero pose. It seemed Robella had been giving her quite an education in tokusatsu shows.

"Because these are the moments that are far more easily lost than any grand scene."

"And that is what makes them more precious."

Helen replied gently, carefully polishing her lens,

"A battle will be filed in a report, and a great deed will be etched onto a medal."

"But these smiles, these tranquil times... If no one records them, they can vanish from memory in a heartbeat."

For Helen, each photo was proof. A testament that these ordinary days truly existed.

Her words had barely faded when a loud *THUD* cut the conversation short.

Mayling had, without warning, collapsed face-first onto a table in the lounge, with a half-eaten biscuit still in her hand.

"Miss Mayling!?"

Exclaimed Suomi, who had just walked out of the maintenance room with her.

"Hmm... exhaustion, or a potential poisoning..."

Nikketa noted with a pensive nod, immediately beginning her survey of the crime scene.

“Hold on, I don’t think Miss Healer has kicked the bucket yet! We need a cleric!”

Dush scrambled over in panic.

“Maqciato... You’ve been in the kitchen again, haven’t you...”

Said Centauressi, who had arrived to the commotion. A single glance was all it took for her to zero in on the prime suspect.

“W-Wha— Y-Yeah, I was in the kitchen...”

Maqciato stammered, her face red in a way that was as good as a confession.

“I-I just wanted to make a special snack for that dummy... and they looked so good this time! I swear they were perfectly fine!”

“Wait, why’s the Commander lying under the sofa holding a biscuit too!? H-He’s foaming at the mouth!! Colphne, get over here!”

Helen watched the pandemonium unfold as a gentle and amused smile filled her eyes.

She lifted her camera, and with the clean, satisfying click of the shutter, she immortalized the irreplaceable scene.

“Hehe...”

She whispered to herself.

“Another perfectly ordinary day, worth remembering for all time.”

Log 6

With a joint operation behind us, I found myself sharing a meal with Helen and Dush in the lounge. Dush was in the middle of a dramatic, gesticulating retelling of her heroic exploits on how she “brought justice to the wicked”, oblivious to a smear of ketchup at the corner of her mouth.

“...And then, guided by destiny itself, I called upon the ultimate technique Robella taught me: Rider Kick!”

“Alright, alright, that’s wonderful. Now finish your food.”

Helen chuckled, her voice filled with fond exasperation. She effortlessly plucked a napkin, leaned across the table, and gently wiped the smudge from Dush’s lips.

“All this time and you still eat like a little kid.”

“Heroes are NOT to be treated like little kids!”

Dush protested, blushing, but she sat perfectly still, obediently letting Helen clean her up. Suomi, passing by with her dinner tray, saw the exchange and couldn’t help but giggle.

“You two get along so well.”

Dush puffed out her chest.

“We do! Helen and I are the best of friends, just like you and the Captain!”

Suomi cocked her head.

“Hmm... me and Ullrid-neesan? I think it might be a little different...? You don’t feel like Miss Helen’s sister, Dush. You feel more like... um... her daughter?”

Dush’s face went from pink to scarlet in an instant.

“W-Who are you calling a daughter! We are partners on the road! Comrades who fight back-to-back!”

“Ahhh, sorry! My bad, Dush!”

Suomi stammered, making a hasty retreat with her tray.

“I take it this isn’t the first time you’ve heard that one.”

I chuckled, turning to the pouting Dush.

“Well, Helen’s always doting on me like a child!”

She grumbled, though her eyes held no real complaint.

"Hehe, what does it matter, Dush? We've always depended on each other, haven't we?"

Helen said, her smile soft as she affectionately patted Dush's head.

"On that note, Commander..."

Helen's eyes suddenly shifted to me, and I recognized the playful, clever light dancing in them.

"I believe you still owe us that group photo, don't you?"

Her gambit worked. Dush's attention snapped to me, her own eyes wide with anticipation.

"Right, of course. When were you thinking?"

I finished the last of my meal.

"How about in a couple days? We do have one condition, though."

"We'd like you to wear an outfit we'll have ready for you."

"Sounds good."

I agreed, dabbing my mouth with a napkin.

"Commander. Hold still."

I froze. Helen's face filled my vision as she leaned close, her touch feather-light as she used a tissue to wipe away a stray crumb from the corner of my mouth.

A blush crept up my neck. I looked up and met Dush's gaze; she had her chin propped in her hands, with an all-too-knowing, "I get it now" smirk on her face.

...So that's the face I was just making.

"You know,"

Helen began, tilting her head with a thoughtful, sly smile.

"Everyone tends to misunderstand my relationship with Dush. But..."

She let the word hang in the air, leaning in just a fraction closer.

She lowered her voice, and I could almost feel the warmth of her breath as she spoke.

"If you're feeling jealous, Commander... I don't mind taking care of you the same way too."

Log 7

After one mission, a rare trip outdoors left my command uniform in shambles.

"Hold on, Commander... your uniform."

"Ah, it's ripped."

I sighed, looking at the glaring tear in my sleeve.

"Can't be helped. I'll have to get Mayling to order a new one."

Helen came over and inspected the damage closely, then reached out, her fingers seeming to take my measurements right there.

"Hey, Helen... that tickles..."

"Commander. Please leave this uniform to me."

"Huh? You can sew, too?"

Helen gave a confident nod. We agreed I'd come to her room in three days to get it.

Three days later, I showed up right on time.

"Helen, I'm coming in."

The time was up, so I pushed open her door.

"Welcome, Commander. Punctual as always."

I scanned the room, searching for my familiar uniform.

"Thanks for the trouble, Helen. Is it fixed?"

"But of course."

Helen retrieved the neatly folded garment from her wardrobe. Holding it by the shoulders, she unfurled it before me. A wonderful, clean scent washed over me. The tear was gone, vanished as if it had never been. The rest of the uniform even looked newer than when I'd handed it over.

"I presumed you might not be one to fuss over clothing maintenance, so I took the liberty of giving the fabric a general treatment as well."

"Thanks. You're a lifesaver, Helen."

I said sincerely.

"Alright then, I'll just be..."

"Then please, would you undress?"

".....Huh?"

For a second, I was sure I'd heard her wrong.

"Forgive me. That came out rather ambiguously."

Helen said, dipping her head in a small apology for her gaffe.

"I simply meant that I'd like you to try it on now, so I can check if any final adjustments are necessary."

"Oh! Right."

I nodded, taking the uniform from her. My undershirt was light, so I slipped it on right over top. The fit was impeccable, even better than before.

"Wow, it's perfect, Helen! Thanks again. So, I'll just..."

"Then please, would you continue to undress?"

"Wait, no, no, it's already on, what else do I need to take off..."

As if from thin air, Helen had produced another jacket and was holding it out to me.

"The truth is, I also designed a few other pieces for you. I thought this would be the perfect opportunity..."

The jacket she was displaying was a stylish, slim-cut piece, a world away from my uniform in both fabric and design.

"I see, so you had more surprises planned..."

I did as I was told, taking one off and putting the next on. Before I knew it, I had cycled through a whole wardrobe of different jackets.

"What do you think?"

Helen stepped up beside me, carefully adjusting my collar and cuffs.

"They're all great. Thank you, Helen."

"Hehe... I'm so glad you like them."

She laughed softly, turning to grab yet another.

"Now, this is something Dush really wanted to see you wear. We've had it ready for some time... If you wouldn't mind, I'd love for you to try it on."

"Dush? What is it, a hero's cape?"

I joked as I accepted it.

"Not exactly. She's been completely hooked on those tokusatsu shows with Robella."

I looked down at my own furry paws and was struck silent.

"What... is this?"

"I believe it's supposed to be one of the monsters? I'm not entirely sure, but Dush kept insisting this one was adorable... hehe."

"There's no way I'm wearing this outside... I'm taking it off."

"COMMANDER!!!"

The moment I moved to take it off, the door flew open and Dush launched herself into my chest like a flying cat.

*"Ohooo! Helen wasn't kidding! You really looks like Han*jiro!! You're a perfect match, Commander!"*

**pikachu-looking rat from ultraman*

Dush squealed, petting my fuzzy new coat.

I shot a desperate, pleading look at Helen, only to find her smiling sweetly as she produced, from God knows where, a full maid outfit... which also appeared to be tailored perfectly to my size.

"I... I don't think we need to continue, do we, Helen?"

"Nonsense, Commander."

She said, the smile playing on her lips growing ever deeper.

"I'm afraid you won't be leaving this room that easily today."

Log 8

Late one night, with my final report filed, I passed the lounge to find Helen there alone, quietly arranging new photos in her album. I stepped inside, my only intention to wish her a good night, but a photo slipped from between the pages as she turned them.

It was a group photo of me, Helen, and Dush.

I bent down, picked it up, and handed it back to her.

"Thank you, Commander."

She offered me a warm smile.

"Working on the album?"

I asked, nodding toward it.

Helen nodded back, letting me flip through the pages with her.

It was filled with old prints from our Griffin days. The familiar faces inside stirred a tide of memories.

As we went on, the members of the Elmo began to appear, caught in moments of silly antics and chases, and quiet, comforting peace.

When we got to the final page, there were two slots that were still empty. Smiling, Helen pulled the group photo from her breast pocket, where she always kept it.

In it, Dush looked uncharacteristically bashful, while Helen stood beside me with her usual natural grace. And me... I was in the ridiculous monster costume.

The memory of that day made me chuckle helplessly.

"Whose idea was it to make me wear that mascot outfit?"

"Hm? Didn't you choose it yourself, Commander?"

"...You only gave me two options. The mascot suit, or a cat-ear maid outfit."

I shook my head in defeat and pointed to the last empty slot.

"So why is this one still blank?"

For the first time, Helen seemed at a loss for words.
She ducked her head, a hint of a blush on her cheeks.

"A picture for two..."

Helen whispered so softly it was almost inaudible.

"Hm? I didn't catch that."

I leaned in closer instinctively.

"I said... I still don't have a picture of just you and me..."

Helen lifted her head, and her eyes met mine, now only inches apart.

To see the woman who always handled conversations with such ease now looking at me with such rare, candid shyness was enough to make my own face grow hot.

"Ah, eh... right. Now that you mention it, that's true."

"..."

Helen remained silent, gazing at me quietly.

The atmosphere grew thick in the quiet room, but I still couldn't understand why something as simple as taking a picture together made her so bashful.

"Well... then why don't we take one now?"

I spoke up, eager to grab this rare chance to actually be in the driver's seat of a conversation with her.

"Really? Commander!"

Helen's head snapped up. Her eyes, which had been a little misty, now shone with a brilliant light.

"Yep! Of course. Let's take it! The photo of just the two of us!"

I nodded, closing my eyes for a second. For once, I felt like the reliable commander even outside of work, and the feeling was deeply satisfying.

"Wonderful... then if you'll just wait a moment!"

After some rummaging through her bag, Helen set up her old-fashioned camera, and we stood shoulder to shoulder in front of it.

"Um, Helen..."

"Yes, Commander?"

"I agreed to take a picture with you."

"You did! Thank you so much, Commander!"

"...But why are you putting cat ears on me?"

I pointed to the accessory she had just placed on my head without my consent, feeling my will to live begin to fade.

"Hm? I took our conversation to mean that you were disappointed about only having a photo in the mascot suit, and were asking for a chance to take a new one with me while wearing the cat-ear. Was I mistaken?"

Helen clapped her hands together as if solving a puzzle.

"Oh, could it be... are you disappointed because I didn't have the maid uniform ready as well? My apologies... Centauressi said..."

"No! That's not what I meant, and I don't want to wear these!"

I reached up to snatch them off, but she caught my wrist mid-motion.

In a flash, she closed the distance between us. Her strength was astonishing; I was completely unable to pull away.

"Commander, a promise is a promise."

She murmured by my ear, her voice a silken thread of undeniable amusement.

"I... I..."

"Shhh. Smile for the camera, Commander."

With one hand, she pinned both of mine. And with the other, she wrapped her arm around my waist, pulling me flush against her in a firm embrace.

Click.

The sound of the shutter was the sound of my defeat. I had been trapped by Helen. Again.

"Hehe. How adorable, Commander."

"...Please... Delete it..."

"I'm afraid I can't do that. This one is a keeper, forever."

Gently, Helen slid the new photo into the album's final slot.

In it was me, wearing cat ears looking utterly defeated, held by a playfully winking Helen.

I heaved a sigh, praying with all my heart that no one else would ever lay eyes on it.