

John checked the doors again, making sure they were locked. He didn't want anyone to intrude on him as he delved deeper into what he had found.

He still couldn't believe it. It had looked like a mannequin at first, but no - this was some sort of android.

She was tall, blonde and beautiful behind the glass booth. He had managed to get the very old 8-bit computer that controlled it working, and he had found out more about this very interesting robot.

Her name was Nancy, and she was part of a project referred to as "Fembots". Someone named Carl had typed notes into that computer, and apparently this Nancy was a duplicate - a backup for the original robot named Nancy in case that one stopped working.

And now he had managed to take ownership of her. This had been unexpected as the building was supposed to be basically empty. He wasn't complaining though. She was stunning.

He had gazed at her for days while trying to make sure this antiquated equipment would work. Her face, heavy with makeup, was something out of a fashion magazine. Her outfit was some sort of solid blue polyester jumpsuit with a matching cravat tied around her neck. Her skin looked smooth, and maybe a little glossy, but still quite realistic. Even her fingernails had been painted red.

John took a deep breath. The time had come. He flicked the series of auxiliary power switches on the console, then finally, the main power supply switch.

The remainder of the old bulky console lit up and clicked and beeped into activity.

Nancy opened her eyes. She turned her head left to right. The front of the glass booth slid open.

John waited, wondering if she'd say something, or do something. He walked up to her.

She seemed to ignore him, but then very suddenly turned her head and locked her blue-eyed gaze on him.

"Where is Carl?" she asked.

Her voice was smooth, and natural, and very feminine.

"I don't know." said John. "I... found you. I'm John."

Nancy looked around again. She stepped out of the booth.

John stood back and listened. He was expecting her to move and to sound like a machine when she walked, but she looked very real.

"Are you one of us?" Nancy asked, turning herself to face him outside the booth.

John looked at her. She had an exquisite womanly figure, and the polyester blue belt cinched around her waste accentuated it. The shape of her hips and the view of her cleavage were quite a sight.

"I... I don't understand what you mean." he told her.

"Are you a robot?" she asked.

John looked into her eyes. The expression on her face could only be described as empty. Her eyes were painted with makeup around what appeared to be spheres of glass, and they too were highly realistic.

“I’m a human.” he told her, slightly apprehensive about how she might react.

She stood motionless for an uncomfortable moment. “I must find Carl.” she said, again turning her head and using those eyes to look for him.

She started to walk away.

“Nancy,” John said, taking her by the hand. “Carl isn’t here.”

Nancy halted and looked back at the human. That empty look revealed nothing to him, but she let him hold her soft and warming hand.

“You have been in storage for more than forty years.” He told her.

Nancy froze. She then began to emit a very loud, harsh, constant electronic beeping sound. Her eyelids blinked intermittently.

That went on for almost half a minute. The display was quite something to see, and made her even more attractive to the human.

“John,” Nancy said, returning to a more natural look and sound, “I require additional Fembot programming tapes to complete my programming.”

She untied her polyester belt and pulled aside the top of her jumpsuit, baring her full chest to him. Her breasts looked incredible, and he had the sudden urge to touch and to feel them.

But Nancy was showing him something else. She pressed the fingertips of both hands into the center of her torso, prying it apart and opening it up, hinged at the sides.

John's jaw dropped at the sight. Flashing lights lit up around printed circuit boards and bundles of coloured wiring all around the inside of her opened torso. This beautiful blonde woman who had looked so naturally human just moments before was now undeniably a computerized machine.

"Please insert tape number six." Nancy said, looking at him with those beautiful blue eyes.

"Um..." he said, nearly lost for words, "I don't know where your tapes are, Nancy."

Nancy's head shifted its position slightly once, then again, all the while her eyes remaining locked on his. "John, we must find my Fembot programming tapes."

"Nancy," John told her, "How about we find them later? For now, I need to tell you something."

She was silent for another moment, and her head's position shifted again while those empty camera eyes stayed aimed at him. "Yes John. I understand."

He took another deep breath. "Nancy," he said, "I'm sexually attracted to you."

Nancy said nothing, and kept looking.

“I’m sexually attracted to you because you are a robot.” he said.

He got the feeling she didn’t understand.

“Do you understand what I just told you, Nancy?”

“Yes John.” she answered.

John smiled.

“Robots are superior to humans.” Nancy explained. “It is expected that you would prefer me to a human because I am a robot.”

John leaned forward and kissed Nancy. He was surprised when she responded by fully kissing him back, and embracing him too. Even with her torso opened up in the way that it was, the human and the Fembot held each other and pressed and slid their lips against the others in a kiss that joined flesh with plastic.

“Where did you learn how to do all this?” he asked.

“Programming tape five.” she answered.

Nancy stood back, showing off the full view of her opened torso again.

“Do you think I have a pretty face?” she asked.

“Yes!” John answered. “You’re very beautiful.

Nancy reached up and grabbed her facemask, taking it off to show John the computer electronics underneath.

Her robotic face of a speaker and two realistic glass eyes surrounded by transistors, microchips, wiring, and other electronic components was now fully on display for him - and all because of what he had told her.

“Do you think I am beautiful when I remove my facemask, John?” she asked in that smooth, natural, and very feminine voice.

“I do, Nancy.” he said. “You’re a very beautiful robot.”

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