

“Hey Chantelle,” he called, “get in here.”

He smiled at the woman-shaped robot as it walked with rhythm into the living room part of the suite. He had put her facemask back on, and all of her access panels were closed again.

She was wearing nothing but black high-heels, black satin panties and a black satin bra. The way she had been constructed, she looked good in anything, but she looked particularly nice to him in this simple outfit.

“Yes Master.” she said in the most mindless way possible as she stopped in front of him.

“Call me Mike.” he ordered, like flicking a switch.

“Yes Mike.” she said in her sweet digital voice.

“I’ve got something that will be fun for both of us.” he said.

“I am a robot.” she reminded him. “Robots do not have fun.”

He smiled and winked at her. He ripped the packing tape off the top of a brown cardboard box and started to unpack the contents. Sealed in their clear plastic and shiny cardboard shells were two oldschool video game controllers - the type you used with both hands.

“Sit on the couch with me.” he said.

“Yes Mike” she responded.

He let her go there first so he could have the pleasure of watching her mechanical hips sway in that womanly and

robot-like way. He stared at her round plastic ass for a while, then went to join her.

He put the box on the coffee table, shoving some things out of the way as he did.

“We’re going to play some old video games.” he said with a grin.

She looked at the box and its contents as he got those things out of the packaging. Her electronic eyes were no doubt helping the computer processors in her chest try to understand what he was talking about.

“I am not programmed to play video games.” she said.

“That shouldn’t matter much.” he said

She looked at him but said nothing. He smiled at her and passed one of the controllers over to her. She took a while to look down at it, and took even longer to compute that he was handing it to her, and that she should grab it.

Since the nights he had spent with her in bed, he had finally been able to hear that beautiful but faint mechanical whirring sound she made when she moved. He imagined and could almost hear the sound for himself as he watched her plastic hands grasp the controller.

She looked up at him again. He loved the way she looked - so completely empty and mindless. She made it impossible to forget what she was.

“So far,” he said, “I’ve been able to teach you how to have sex and how to kiss... and that’s been just by giving you

instructions. So I know you are capable of learning.”

“I am not programmed to learn.” she said.

He took a moment to stroke her soft cheek and feel the plastic imitations of skin and hair that made her look so feminine and so attractive.

“I know.” he said. “But in effect... you do.”

He got the other controller unpacked and plugged them both into his laptop. He fiddled around with some settings to get the display to appear on the TV properly. After a bit of that, he opened up an emulator program and readied it to play a fun game from before the turn of the century.

“Okay.” he said. He brought up the controller preferences for the program. “Chantelle, memorize this information.”

The Liaison turned her pretty head to look at the screen and said “Yes Mike. Memorized.”

He smiled and said “Look down at the controller and examine it.”

She did what she was told, and rotated and angled the controller in her hands so that she could see all of it.

“The numbers on the buttons correspond to the numbers on the screen that I had you memorize just now.” he said.

She looked at him.

“This is a motorcycle racing game, and the object is to fight and hit your opponents as you race with them.”

He pulled up a pdf file that contained the games instructions. He right-clicked on it and chose "Send to Chantelle". Just as he had set it up, the file went wirelessly from his laptop to the beautiful woman on the couch beside him.

"File received." she said.

"That file is the instructions for this game." he said.
"Memorize that please."

"Yes Mike." she said. "Memorized."

"Okay," he said, "I'll set up a race between just you and me."

He clicked and then used the controller to get into a multiplayer game. The screen split and he chose an appearance and a bike for his player.

"I need this for a moment." he said as he took her controller away from her.

He chose a female appearance and a different bike for her. He gave her back the controller and said "Ready?"

She looked at him.

"Okay, watch the screen." he said.

A couple of button presses later and the split screen showed an empty road. The racers on the TV started side by side and he said "Go!"

She looked at him again.

He saw that she was not doing anything, so he pressed one of the buttons on her controller. The bike on the bottom of the screen moved forward.

“You have to keep pressing that button to race.”

She was still looking at him.

“I am not programmed to play video games.” she said. “I am not programmed to learn.”

She abruptly stood and turned her back to him. “I must report to Robot Repair.”

“Uh oh.” he thought to himself. “Did I push things too far?”

Just as he thought about standing up to try to help her out himself, she started walking forward. Her motions started and stopped and started again.

She still held on to the controller in front of her navel. The cord from it became tangled around her left ankle. She kept walking just as his eyes widened and he saw what was about to happen.

Before he could react, she rotated slightly to the left and then toppled over onto the floor.

A loud, sustained beep followed the nasty sound of a plastic-covered metal machine hitting the carpet.

“Shit.” he said as he watched his laptop slide off the table and crash to the floor after her.

He put down his controller and rushed over to help his lovely

companion. Her facemask had come off again, and most of the lights inside were unblinking now and solidly on.

“Shit.” he said again as he turned her body over so that she was on her back.

He opened her chest panel and pressed her power button in until he saw the lights inside her head go off.

He sat down on the floor in front of her and thought about what he should do. He figured he should call the front desk and get her looked at by some of those technician robots he had heard about.

He sighed and went to go shut down his laptop. He didn't bother try to get to the shutdown menu, he just depressed the power button on this one like he had done to Chantelle.

With the feeling of remorse growing, he stood up and walked over to pick up the phone that connected the room to the front desk. As soon as he picked it up, he heard a dial tone.

“CyberFem Park, Front Desk.” the perky fembot voice said. It was spoken like a question.

“Uh, Hi.” he said. “This is room 2105. I have a Liaison robot here, a series 542. I think I just damaged her.”

There was a bit of a pause, and then the fembot replied “Yes, Mike. We have received an error and possible damage report from a series 542 robot in your suite.”

“Can you send some, uh, technicians up to fix her?”

“Technician robots are on their way, Mike.”

“Oh.” he said. “Okay. Is there anything that you, or the technicians need me to do?”

“The technicians will inform you if they have any requests.”

“Alright. Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.” she said.

The line disconnected and he hung up. Right away he heard the doorbell.