

KACHI

機能的・官能的・汝
Functional・Sensual・You





Asclepius

Healthcare Center West Boston

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2059-06-02

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Dear Amelia,

As we discussed last week during our appointment, I have procured the requested information about the newly available technology to combat your cancer.

Please carefully read and consider this brochure from Kachi Medical, the supplier of the necessary prosthesis. The women are universally satisfied with it. Of course, that pamphlet is a bit of advertisement; but I have personally investigated the German hospitals which already perform this kind of surgery. Both physicians and patients are enthusiastic about the results.

Amelia, your condition has gotten worse over the last few months. We are running out of time, and you are left with this one therapeutic option. I have read the brochure myself and I recognize it is a rather drastic change you would undergo; but with all the good results my German colleagues had, I strongly recommend it. Please trust my evaluation and expertise. It is really the best treatment I can offer you.

I have confirmed your medical insurance policy would pay for all the expenses except the cost of the flight. As soon you have decided to proceed, I will make an appointment for you at the University Hospital of Heidelberg, Germany for the actual surgery. Your stay there would be about 3 weeks. Further rehabilitation would take place in Boston. Please call me if you have questions.

Amelia, as always, I wish you the best of luck!

Yours Sincerely

M. Johnson



“ You wonder why I am this confident?”

Because at our company **KACHI-BUSOUKOSHI**, we excel in everything we do. Our medical division **KACHI MEDICAL**, based in Solingen/Germany, had developed the first subminiature power supply for artificial limbs already 19 years ago and builds ten-thousands of prosthesis parts every year. But while functional prosthesis technology is well-proven, existing full-body products in the market had been bulky and mostly immobile and applications for our products have been fairly limited because of that. That's why we at **KACHI** decided to create the world's first human-shaped full body prosthesis on our own.

Originally being developed as a treatment for paraplegia, our prosthesis for the first time also allows your doctor to give you a proper treatment when you are suffering from common systemical illnesses, like metastasizing cancer. This is achieved by replacing as much of the original body as possible, leaving only the patient's head and a minimal digestive system as the remaining biological tissue. The prosthesis itself is sized and shaped to resemble a human and has both the necessary drives and power supply built into its frame. It allows the patient to carry on with his daily routine as before, be with his family, go into public, meet friends, and work at his old job.

You may ask just why a woman writes about men only. Because there are ridiculously few women who take our offer to quit their illness and start a new, happy part of their life. Women seem to be more concerned about getting a full-body replacement and like to get input from other women instead of plain facts and figures. That's why we have put together this brochure which features women who made the step and like to encourage you.

You guessed it right. My own gunmetal rubber coating isn't just for fashion; it's functional clothing covering and protecting my very own mechanical innards. Please look on my chest. With the lid removed from my upper maintenance hatch, it is obvious that I'm a machine on the inside. It may look weird and feel eerie to you, but to me it's not like that at all. When I look at myself this way, I'm just very conscious of what I am now: a human woman amalgamated with a female robot.

Yes, I indeed said 'robot'. I don't feel uneasy about that word. It fits perfectly as the prosthesis is under full control of my precious human mind, like a good robot should be. And it provides all the sensations my mind expects from my body. I can't tell where my human self ends and where the robot in me begins. They both had fused together like I have never been anything else before. And don't be nervous because of the flashy look. This outfit is

our long-life, hard-wearing standard. You can choose from a variety of other designs or wear your usual wardrobe above it. But take it from me: those vanities are simply not needed anymore once you've gained the self-assuredness your new body is beautiful the way it is. My personal feeling is a robot woman should at least look as if she's entirely made of steel.

To me, showing my true self openly is a tribute to the various improvements my new machine body offers me. Starting from the fact I'm not aging any more, apart from human head of course, continuing with a better physique, improved and new senses, and when I told you about how my robotic body affected my sex drive, you'd sign up right away.

In my long-time occupation as a development engineer at **KACHI MEDICAL**, I always test the latest improvements to the prosthesis on myself. That way I can be perfectly sure you will not only use, but actually *enjoy* our product. I am very proud I can participate in the development of this life-enhancing invention and I'm happy I can revel in this pinnacle of both Japanese and German engineering.

It's functional. It's sensual. It's me.

Dipl. Ing. Mareike Reinhard
Deputy Manager Electrical Engineering
Kachi Medical, Solingen/Germany



“ Completely overhauled, works again!

That was, and still is my catch phrase when I'm done with my job. Which is repairing our **KACHI** industrial robots in the production facilities of our customers around the world. It's a demanding work. To identify the source of the problem, I most times have to dismantle the failed machine and put it together again, which is challenging both intellectually and physically. Well, at least the latter had become much easier since I became a machine myself.

But let me tell my story from the start. I was raised on a river boat and in this small world of mine, I had contact to mechanics all day. During my youth, my father taught me everything about how to fix our vessel so it felt right to me to start a career in that field. First I worked as a mechanic at a shipyard but after a while I'd wanted to develop myself and hired at the Wolfsburg branch of **KACHI ROBOTICS**. This has been nine years ago.

Since I started to work as a mechanic I really had muscular pain ever so often and was getting exhausted very soon. It was getting worse and worse with the years and I was on to quit my work though I love it. That was when my supervisor told me better to see an expert on fibromyalgia. I went to that doctor and her diagnosis was a shock! I had that illness. We tried some therapies but any of those only worked for a short while. It was only a matter of time when it would affect my whole body and the pain would become so intense I

couldn't even move a single muscle. I felt doomed from one day on another. The only way to heal me from that illness would be to replace my whole body, and that was impossible.

When I thought I had the last meeting with my boss before I'd had to retire, he told me he heard about a new product from **KACHI MEDICAL**, another division of our company. He made some calls and got me an invitation to their research centre. My mood was changing within minutes. Starting with a whining depression, I got curious by the things he'd told and the more calls he made the more I got intrigued by the idea of having my diseased body replaced.

As Dr. med. Rita Haase of **KACHI MEDICAL** explained it to me when I was at Solingen, the treatment was still experimental but I would qualify as a test subject and the medical division would bear all the expenses. So it was only up to me to decide which way to take. I was unsure about being a 'test subject' and the whole idea of being put into a machine shell made me feel uneasy, I can tell you! With all that pictures of the industrial robots I work on every day in my mind, I thought of myself becoming both some bricky, Transformers-like creature or a Darth Vader lookalike.

Dr. Haase introduced me to Mrs. Reinhard, I found it interesting to know she was working on the project as an electronics developer. We got along with each other after a few words as we both were women with a job in a technical field and had to overcome stereotypical behaviour – within ourselves and even more within

the people around us. She led me into her radio shack and explained the details of the electronics of the prosthesis to me, along with some basic facts about the mechanics. After lots and lots of schematics and animations, I got a bit tired and asked her whether the tour would continue at some assembly stage and whether she would give me a showpiece.

Never I would have guessed what happened next. Mrs. Reinhard, no, at this time it was 'Mareike' already, stood up and opened her white lab coat and below, a shiny, metal-coloured skin appeared. On her chest was a big, illuminated **KACHI** logo.

I was stunned! This had to be a joke. The intelligent, pretty, young woman I had been talking to for an hour about the details of a machine, that woman was that kind of machine all along? Gosh! I can vaguely remember I've asked her 'May I touch you?' and she undressed from her lab coat entirely and stood in front of me in her sleek, gleaming, gunmetal beauty.

While I was still thinking of making contact with her 'skin' she'd opened a service hatch on her chest with a short blink. The view really blew my mind! She smiled at me. 'Just touch me! You are into robotics, so I think you'd like to lay a hand into me instead of just onto.' She was right. Marveling at this mechanic body was nice, but I had to touch it. Like at work. Open the hatch. Read the meters. *Her* meters. Check her oil level. Inspect her piping. Make sure she'd be functioning well. Mind twister. She was a machine like the ones I usually take

care of. And she was a person I was already having a relation with. It was a pretty erotic feeling. I fumbled over her tubing, touched the filler necks and fondled the fuel tanks which acted as her breast globes. She was beautiful. Functional and sexy. Could it be I was turned on by her, by that ... robot woman?

An endless moment of silence, I was in shock and awe. Then, another smile, Mareike made me come to senses again: 'You really want to have this stuff inside yourself, don't you?' I blushed so much I could feel the heat in my face. She was right. I wasn't turned on by her, I was turned on by *the machinery inside her*.

And yes, I've wanted to have this 'stuff' inside me. Having hydraulic rams instead of muscles, steel wires instead of tendons, sensors instead of nerves would have made my pain go away. I had known that before I came here. But now it was more. My long relation to machines had been boosted to a new level. Seeing Mareike move in her prosthesis like it was her natural body, seeing her embracing it so much it became a natural part of her, seeing this alliance of woman and robot delight in her new life, it made me wanting this for myself.

I had to force myself into second thoughts. The pictures of industrial robots I had in my mind before didn't help anymore, Mareike's performance was too convincing. She and her colleagues had put the whole machinery needed for someone to move, to live independently, into that frame. A female, sleek, sexy frame which not only kept the woman in front of me alive, to live up to expectations, but made her appreciate her existence. Her new life.

All traces lead that way. Enjoy life. Sure, I wouldn't want to suffer from my disease until I die. That was a rational thought, like the one Mareike had. It was her idea the development of the female form of the prosthesis would need a female engineer as a test subject. To make it not only safe and comfortable to wear a prosthesis but a pleasant experience. No, not just pleasant but great. Dr. Haase, Mareike and the team at **KACHI MEDICAL** spared no efforts to make living with their prosthesis as enjoyable as possible. Now that I have fully converted myself, I have no more doubts. When I look into the mirror, I don't see a beautiful young woman versus a powerful, tough, female robot. That competent, self-reliant, gorgeous person is wholly me. And I love it. Me.

“ Mastering the Hard Hat Body Zone

Let me start with my work. At **KACHI**, it was never a problem I am a woman. In fact, my co-workers value my deep insight into our products and my knowledge of the various unforeseen failure modes I had discovered in the field. But with the factory workers at our customers I had different experiences. Often, when I came along a (male) colleague for training on the job they had joked around why he brought his private secretary with him. Or they had asked me whether I was the translator needed for the Japanese manuals. And when I've worked alone, they often offered to help me with loosening tight bolts or lifting the heavy machine parts. As if I hadn't got long wrenches and a crane for that with me.

Well, this has changed a bit. When they see how I remove the last tightening bolt of such an industrial robot's rotor head with one hand and untack that 40 kilograms steel lump with the other, they usually stop fooling around in an instant. Yeah, you need subtle fingers to do that, giggle.

Of course people are curious. I have to go to many many different customers and factories and it's always the same game. The old guys pry but they always send a trainee to inquire the obvious: 'Sorry, err ... are you a ... robot?' Okay, this is how I handle it: I simply take the impact wrench from my toolbox, push the strap of my bib aside and plug the tool into one of the Powercon sockets on my shoulder: 'You are in bad need of a drill, aren't you?'



Just kidding, I think I had become an ambassador for my company in addition to my actual work. Machines sometimes fail and when they do, people are bugged and upset. Being a 'fragile' woman doing the repair work had been of no avail before, and I carefully diminish that prejudice now. Beautiful and powerful aren't mutually exclusive when you are a woman. But people also realize I've laid my life into the hands of **KACHI**'s own engineers when I decided to become one with a machine they have built. How much more trust you can have in your own company's products?

It has to be more than the quality of my work when I leave and people whisper about 'the sexy robot woman who'd fixed our robots.' – 'Brought to you by **KACHI!**' I shout in reply.

“ Heavy Metal Highstyle Hotness Merger

Life isn't just work. And while I was often staying at home in my leisure time because of my muscular pain, I'm pretty much catching up on everything I had missed the last twelve years.

First I thought it was impossible to dance with those new, heavy, metal legs of mine but after some training and applying a more sensitive setup it was actually quite easy! But ok, they've told me I was a 'test subject' and if that was the only thing that needs some more tweaking, I was fine with it. Mareike came along for the real test run, going to a club and dancing 'til the music stops. She was in as the supervising engineer but I found out she had made the same adjustments to herself — to provide a comparative piece, she said, but I think she'd liked to dance and tease some guys as much as I did. So we both styled and dressed up real hot, with high heels and hotpants, as if this rubber coating alone is understated, and went to a club in Hanover.

If I had to explain what gives Mareike a kick, it was driving. She seemed to be in a hurry somehow and raced the Subaru Sports Tourer she brought at top speed over the autobahn. That would have been a mind-blowing commercial for Subaru, a fast black car and two latex-clad beauties inside. Well, the **KACHI** logo on the car's outside interfered a little, as did the glowing red ones on our chests.

We had no problems to get into the club of course, but I was really surprised how many other women had dressed up in latex. At least until Mareike told me she had selected that club just for its audience. It was good not being too eye-catching as our primary goal was dancing, remember? The test ran neatly. Well, aside the fact we both had to leave the club two times to refuel. It will take some time until they serve diesel fuel at the bar, huh? But the smoothies had been fine, our minds needed nutrition, too.

As said before, dancing was perfectly possible with my new body. Twirling my 190 kilograms around was easy for me, as it was easy doing the same together with Mareike. On the minus side: our shoes had been ruined already after only one hour. But of course the story doesn't end with worn-out shoes, we drew some attention with our dancing. Two handsome men first asked if Mareike and I were a couple and after we denied it with a laugh, they asked both of us for a dance with them.

Woo-hoo! First it was smooth but then my guy tried to hold me horizontally and failed miserably at the attempt. I couldn't support him in that position and dropped to the floor, with him following me quickly. The actuator in my neck automatically and immediately moved my head in a safe position. Would have worked with my old body the same way, I think. But another reflex movement was unseen for: my arms folded his into the space between us with sheer power and I caught him more or less gently. He was in a shock because of my strong grip, and so was I. It wasn't my idea, my body decided and carried it out alone.

And I had not planned to reveal my little secret to him. Mareike was quick on the uptake. She got his hand and pulled him after her before he could get his mouth shut. The other guy, obviously his friend, followed the two out of the club and so did I. We had run for minutes until Mareike stopped her race in an alley. The guys coughed, but this couldn't be the plan. But as

I found out in that moment Mareike had no problem disclosing our little 'secret'. Not just within a crowd of exhilarated people. She opened her blouse and lit up the logo on her chest.

'Wow, you are...' my guy goggled. 'Yes, we both are.' I cued from behind and did the same as Mareike. Well, I did a little more: I smiled at him, popped up my service panel and granted both fellows a full insight into my mechanized chest. 'Frank, these girls ... they are robots!' he frightened a bit. His chap Frank stayed cool. 'Yeah, read of them in the TechNew weblog. Full-body prosthesis, something like that.'

I knew we weren't out for dating someone but these guys had been nice and savvy enough to give it a try and hit on them. Mareike seemed to be a bit clumsy, quizzing Frank about that article which she had written for TechNew herself, but they seemed to have a buzz with each other anyway. In the meantime I prayed my guy wouldn't chicken out and just asked

him if we all should go dancing again. They both said yes, and to my luck, back in the club Paul thawed quickly. When my shoes finally broke into pieces, I had to take my chance, gave him my most seductive look and ... struck.

“ The Rising of the Mechanical Venus

Paul and I are a couple for a few month now. We go dancing ever so often, he just likes to hold me tight and feel my power, he said. But I had never expected he would someday invite me to the opera! How to style up myself for this? Well, my new body is sure is flashy but I'd felt I needed a more fashionable outfit than my usual steel-colored coating for this event. Okay, I had nice vests and shawls in my wardrobe, even a pleated skirt, but all blue and black ... sexy, but definately not festive. Too bad you cannot order a different skin color... wait, you can!

I browsed the web for a latex catsuit and yes, there are hundreds of stores who offer fancy designs but then I found a store who had designs especially made for us **KACHI** robot women. A hidden zipper over the chestplate to access the service hatch without undressing the whole suit, and a glued-in transparent acrylic stencil for the illuminated emblem. Neat!

What hit me most, they had my tattoo on some of the suits! A screwdriver, a wrench, and a gear. Yes, I had such a wacky tattoo on my arm before, got it when I had completed my basic training as a mechanic. Called it 'The Mechanic's Mirror Of Venus'. Now on my rubber skin it fits even more, it's 'The Mirror Of The Mechanical Venus'. I asked the shop owner and she said she had made a custom design with it a year before, so ... I told her that one had to be my original 'skin'. She was very surprised as she had not known the story behind it, just found it was very kinky ... female and mechanic ... and included it into her own designs. Maybe we should make it our official badge?

And you sure have noticed the most prominent change in my looks, don't you? Yes, these aren't my usual size. Mareike offered me to test these enormous ... 'cans' before but at work I have to crawl into tight spaces and they would be too impractical so I refused it. Refueling at a public event on the other hand ... In the end I found out Mareike always talked about configureable parts which are the newest development step of the prosthesis.

So nothing left what could have stopped me. But most important, I wanted Paul to attend my reconstruction. It turned out it was a good idea. He said, when Mareike had shutdown my body and I closed my eyes as the last part of the sequence, he was afraid I would die. And Mareike said, he cried when they were taking me apart for the upgrade. After the last integration tests, when I finally woke up, the first thing I felt was him caressing my cheeks, tears in his eyes. He was a good choice.

To conclude, my mechanical body not only has remedied my health problem, it has given me a powerful, sexy lifestyle, and a loving boyfriend, too. My decision to become a robot woman was the best I ever made in my life.

Saskia Kießling, Master Craftswoman
Field Service Technician
Kachi Robotics, Wolfsburg/Germany





“Papa, regarde donc, robofemme par là!”

Children and fools tell the truth, a proverb says. Well, it's not at all foolish to tell the truth in this case. Because for drawing looks on me and being recognized as a robot I am here. Spread the word, it's good for business.

My husband and I own two auto parts shops here in Liège; one for all kinds of cars where we also sell tools and other hardware, and adjacent a Mugen shop dedicated to the Honda tuning community. Until recently I wasn't too involved into the shops' customer affairs. I cared for my four year old boy and his seven year old sister and did the accounting work for our business in my home office.

Where to start? Hmm. My husband Pierre is a big fan of the Honda racing teams and Honda sports cars but he also likes the motorbikes, and so do I. That's the reason our pathways crossed somewhere. It was at a forest parking lot in the Ardennes which is a common biker's stomping ground. When I first saw him on his KSX I had to laugh a bit, he made some stunts over a big tree log. Well, he tried. The whole gang around him cheered when he skillfully fell from his bike but I found it especially nice he drew the attention of the other bikers on himself. When a girl on a motorbike arrives at such a spot, there are a lot of guys gawking at her and chatting her up. After a while it gets tedious. I've always tried to arrive with other bikers so the crowd on the lot would think my boyfriend is only a few metres away.

It's all different now. We often take a trip there with the family, the boy in the side car of Pierre's BMW —yeah, our eleventh bike, he bought it because of the side car— and my little poppet behind me on the Gold Wing. Wherever we go we draw attention on us, pleasant attention. The same crowd is always delighted to see fellows in family business. We stop for the unavoidable sausage and fries and let the kids play with our biker friends.

You sure ask why I am telling you all this. Because my love for motorbikes is why I have the opportunity to write here. It started with an accident, as you may have guessed. The car driver failed to see my bike coming when she made a left turn over my lane. Somehow I managed to pull the bike down to the ground so I had avoided the deadly flight over the car but the crash was still huge. My little CB500 smashed into it and I took a journey into the scrubs. I cannot remember how many times I bounced against another bush but I do recall how I crawled up back to the road. In retrospect, it was a questionable decision. When the ambulance arrived, they found me lying on my tummy, unable to move. Later in the hospital it came out the beating had given me a slight cervical dislocation and I had been squeezing my spinal cord when I crawled.

In result, I became tetraplegic, permanently paralyzed from below the nape of my neck. I tried a lot of conservative therapies and we even had some success with my own olfactory stem cells injected into the fissure but never got any lower than my neck muscles.

After half a year, I was sure it won't get better that way. But I didn't want to give in into that fate, being bound to a wheelchair not even able to hold, to hug my kids. That was when Pierre and I started to look for alternative therapies. You know, all that queer stuff. Electropuncture, homeopathy, radionics, aroma therapy, morphic fields and so on. I even tried some of those which didn't seem harmful.

Nothing. Of course. But one day Pierre came into our living room, almost hysterical. I was watching a crime thriller to kill some time when he slid his tablet computer into my sight. No chance to complain or to comprehend why he was disturbing me during shop hours, as he was constantly babbling. A loud 'Pierre, zip it!' was necessary to calm down his excitement.

'What is it, a new motorbike?' I asked him. He always was this way when he was up to buy the next crotch rocket for his collection. Fully aroused, like he wanna bang that thing any moment. The picture on the tablet could not have been a bigger contrast: a brawny guy in a steel blue catsuit? Huh? 'I didn't know you are secretly into men,' was my cheeky reaction, 'though I have to admit this hunk makes me nervous, too.' Pierre was still too excited to answer my mocking equally, 'No, look, there,' he pointed to the bottom of the page, 'also available as female model.'

'Yeah, such lingerie is usually women's business,' was my next comment and Pierre was completely confused this time. 'No, it's the guy,

not his clothing,' Pierre insisted and I was all in a tumble again. He silently pointed on the words *full body prosthesis* and *tetraplegia treatment* and I slowly began to share his euphoria: *I will move again.*

And yes, that's what **KACHI**'s prosthesis allows me to do. I can be a help for my family instead of a burden, can be a mother who takes charge, be useful in our business and a stimulating, delightful person in our family time. Of course in my leisure time, too. Pierre was a good father and husband especially the six months when I was disabled. He stuck by me, he was very near to me even then, I never knew before what friend I have in him.

Now I am so glad I'm back. It makes me happy to feel the humming inside me, to hear my fuel pump feeding the diesel from my breasts into the fuel cell inside my tummy. To feel my hydrolic pump building up pressure. Opening my valves gives me a shiver. Then I let myself feel the force the cylinders in my legs build up. I was so delighted when these machine parts

inside me made me stand up from the sick bed the first time and still feel that way now. This artificial body I got myself into makes me strong, resilient, capable. Alive.

Yes, I feel alive again. And I know it was the right decision, though it was a radical change.

“ A Look Into the Magical Mirror

I don't know how open you are when it comes to sex. But I think we are all girls here so I can share my very first experience with the prosthesis. I hear you saying: which sex? That woman is married, has two kids and maybe a dog, runs a business and so on. Who has got time for good sex then? Or the outline and nerves to cozen a man, let alone a husband?

Good news, this prosthesis only comes in one form —bombshell— though there are some tweaks you can choose to match your age and personal preference. But your general appearance will be that of a athletic, busy sex god-

dess. No matter how chubby or skinny you have been in your human body. I was in fairly good shape before thanks to my bike driving but one cannot deny carrying a child to term puts bloat into you hard to get rid of. The prosthesis doesn't care about that, it's from honest housewife back to siren in one day.

And this worked for me immediately. I vividly remember the day when I made my first steps in the prosthesis. Pierre visited me and I wished so much he would not only give me a loving hug but also acknowledge my re-gained sexyness. His body did me the favor, I clearly felt his bulge against my crotch. And the prosthesis reacted to it, flooded my brain with pleasure feedback. But no way to actually do it there, so I dismissed the idea. Still, the tension inside me remained. In the second week there was a female doctor on the ward round and I took all my courage, told her about the twitching I felt inside my crotch when I thought of my husband —or men in general, sorry, Pierre— and asked what to do about it. What she said then hit me like a ton of bricks: 'Uh, you still haven't played with your equipment yet?'

Well, no? Not the appropriate place for it? I knew the prosthesis was 'equipped' but I couldn't play with myself in a clinic bed, could I? When I told the doctor, her blunt diagnosis was 'your craving for sex wouldn't go away just because you actively inhibit the prosthesis. It just does what your mind wants and currently you send mixed signals. Just let go, don't suppress it. We have to test its sexual functions anyway as long as you're here.' I maybe already had if there wasn't another reason. The whole prosthesis was built to resemble an attractive human woman. It even had silicone hands to make a shakehands less awkward. But I knew under the cover, my new body was nothing more than an engine, metal beams, piping, cables and circuits. I had been afraid what I would discover between my legs. But it was no use, someday I had to face the truth anyway. I gave in into my sexual fantasies, and as soon I did, I felt the prosthesis reacting and saw how it slowly protracted some kind of interface onto its crotch. Wrong, onto my crotch. I could feel it come forth, see it emerging out of me. Hear it settle with a click.

Of course I hadn't expected the vagina I had given birth with. But when I stared down to that contraption between the legs I was moving as they were my own, through the cleavage of the fuel tanks I'd already accepted to be my boobs, I wondered why it was so easy for me to accept these parts of the prosthesis as parts of me. And why I had been such a wuss at the same time over that detail which was obviously meant to be my very own private parts. Maybe because it was by no means a replica of a human vulva designed not to scare an unaware partner? But instead a metal apparatus, specifically designed as the crucial component of a *female robot*?

I had enough of just marveling at that steel inset, I had to touch it. My silicone fingers slid over the rim and though that already gave me a pleasureable shiver, the real blow came when I touched the blueish cone on top of the main conduit. Yeaaaaah, that's the clit. And then I tried to clench on the fingers I had inserted deeply into the mechanism. The sensations it sent to my brain were not unexpected but the urge to touch myself was high as it was last time when I made my very first experiences.



Yeah, that's my tool. C'mon boy, I'll screw you! Stuff got real.

I was still excited by the sheer power of the mechanism when it, out of sudden, began stroking my fingers,. It pushed the silicone-clad rods out and pulled them in again, artificial fingers taking a ride inside an even more artificial slit. I tried to get control over the movement, played me as I had played myself before. But no chance to concentrate, to modulate it, the sensations *my tool* sent into my brain were too intense. Stop.

Whoever designed the prosthesis was a clever hack. I wanted to master that equipment of mine, and I felt I needed to adjust my own self-perception to do that. There was a tall mirror in the bathroom, long enough for people in a wheelchair. A last reminder of my former self, I thought. I posed on the opposite wall, spread my arms and legs, and made the interface retract into my tummy. Needed to gather myself.

I stared at the woman in the mirror. For minutes I did nothing, just gazed at my own reflection. Moved my head a bit but kept the prosthesis immobile like a puppet I can control. It felt very wrong. The head of a woman mounted on top of a full-body prosthesis, that wasn't me. The mirror showed a whole person, thorough, decent, unimpaired. My own image and my own imagination. It was an exhibition of what I already wanted to be. With one exception: that interface, I still had to claim it for myself. It was me who was a woman, not the prosthesis. I needed to have proper genitalia, that *other machine* didn't.

“T.r.i.g.g.e.r.i.n.g f.i.n.a.l c.o.n.v.e.r.s.i.o.n s.t.e.p

Slowly, this time at my free will, I made the apparatus reappear. Started playing with the tubing diameter and the movable lubricant nozzle on top of the structure. Made the motors inside it move. Controlling and feeling this thing was the right direction but I had been there already a few minutes ago. It wasn't sufficient back then and it sure wasn't now. I needed evidence and more than myself as the witness.

Browsing through my toilet bag, the deodorant spray was the obvious choice. Why did I ever bring that stuff with me, huh? I emptied the can into the sink and threw the plastic parts of it into the waste bin. Then returned to my display, the metal cylinder in my hand. Had to experiment first, made a lot of grimaces, even laughed at the funny faces I'd made. When I found my most cold-blooded look, I was ready to play with the toy.

'Inserting blank,' I droned. My voice felt still too human so I made a number of attempts of

ced on the floor with a tinny sound.

'C.a.l.i.b.r.a.t.i.o.n f.a.i.l.e.d.' I explained to her. The nurse wasn't in shock as I had expected, only slightly irritated. 'Mrs. Labiche, why did you pull the alarm? How can I help you?' the nurse asked, ignoring the odd details of the situation. 'C.a.l.i.b.r.a.t.i.o.n f.a.i.l.e.d.' I droned and smiled at her coyly. She called for the doctor.

The woman from half an hour ago brought a **KACHI** bag with her, obviously tools for tweaking the prosthesis. 'Mrs. Labiche, please open your upper service hatch,' she commanded, and I followed her order, as I did a number of times before. 'See, Michaela,' she showed the nurse my mechanical innards, 'the first thing to check on a **KACHI** prosthesis is the status display, you can see the fuel level, fuel cell output power and the core temperature. And this,' she tipped the display and Michaela took an eager look. 'Mode: Robo?' the nurse checked. 'Yes, and the question is how the prosthesis got into that mode by itself.' She pulled a tablet computer from the bag. 'Below the display she has an USB port, see? The app has a mode for nurses which starts the prosthesis' self-diagnosis, you can safely use that mode,' she explained, 'the other functions are for doctors only and locked.'

'Ahh, the log explains it,' the doctor breathed a sign of relief after a short while. 'Something wrong?' the nurse asked. 'Not at all,' the doctor turned to me, 'Congratulations, Mrs. Labiche,' she made a dramatic pause, 'you have mastered the prosthesis. In a narrow sense, within five minutes. You are a robot woman now.'

'C.a.l.i.b.r.a.t.i.o.n f.a.i.l.e.d.' I repeated my own uninspired diagnosis robotically, as if to acknowledge her finding.

'Hmm, on second thought, that's a bit odd,' she mused, 'how do you have started the calibration process without the gear?' The nurse picked up the scrapped can and showed it to the doctor. 'Huh, you are pretty hardboiled, aren't you, Mrs. Labiche?' the doctor added while she was examining my toy.

I followed her view and when she finally looked at me, I wanted to explain to her what had happened when I was alone.

'C.a.l.i.b.r.a.t.i.o.n f.a.i.l.e.d.' was the only phrase I could utter.

As if I was stuck in a loop. But I shouldn't be stuck somewhere, as I wasn't running some sort of program. This CPU of mine was the same self-organizing, extremely adaptable instrument it was back when I've been simply a human woman. The same it was minutes ago.

saying this more like a machine. And of course, I plugged and pulled the can each time. The repetition alone made me grow into the role; Making the sensory input bypass the animalistic part of my brain got easier on each retry and my voice gave a good feedback for this.

'P.e.r.f.o.r.m.i.n.g c.a.l.i.b.r.a.t.i.o.n,' the female robot exclaimed concisely and drew the can in completely. She made the mechanism move, push-pull, rotate and squeeze it. The rush of sensory input to the CPU was immense and when it examined the provisional results, each time it took a long while before she could pull the blank back in.

She needed more control. The hydrolic shaping process needed precise motions and the correct pressure profile applied at any moment. Though the CPU had already reduced the direct stimulus of the apparatus to its lust center, which was helpful, the automatic fine-steering from its cerebellum was still missing. Visual verification was slow and inaccurate and so was the learning progress.

I pulled the alarm string at the wall. The nurse found me still standing at the bathroom wall, arms and legs spread apart. In front of her, the robot pushed the dented can out. It boun-



My mind raved through the events of these last ten minutes. In fact, it was doing that since the moment I had started to use my pussy as a tool for metalworking. Something had changed, unmistakably. That was by no means normal human behaviour.

The CPU did not fancy a proof by proposition. It had to recapitulate the events that lead to its latest reconfiguration first. Suppression of excitement in direct response to sensory input: human behaviour. Repetition of actions in order to gather more sensory input: human behaviour. Having fun with own body: human behaviour. Thorough checking of bodily attractiveness: human behaviour. Building self-assurance from fulfilling preinstalled objectives: human behaviour.

I had to stop it. I wasn't going to hit the core of it through a journey into the past. At least not this way. Of course all I had done before half an hour ago was human behaviour.

My thoughts wandered back to the CB500 I had the crash with. The model doesn't exactly fit the definition of 'crotch rocket' but for an athletic 58 kg girl it definitely is. And I bought it exactly because of that. People often belittle motorbikers —only male ones obviously— that their machines are just a compensation for missing virility. **Wrong!** Yes, riding a motorbike is sexy. And yes, feeling yourself becoming one with the machine when you cling to it, when you switch the gears, when you steer it from one sloping position to the other, and accelerating out of the last curve gives your mind excitement and satisfaction as good sex does.

But the saying has a silly bias because women feel it, too. And believe me, I have no problem with virility. Everytime Pierre and I rode in convoy, I longed for the next stop to let *him* feel my arousal, too. The precision and power I had to exercise to steer the bike made me feel so hot, so dynamite I wanted him to touch my thighs and watch me dismounting my bike. Slowly, giving him a good view on my leather-clad rear. Let him paw it, pawed his butt in return and kiss, kiss, kiss. Gawd, I've always felt like I was the lucky heiress of a *vagina dentata* with my dark prince Pierre actually turned on by it. Turned on by my lucid female power.

The CPU came to a conclusion. Gaining full control over the prosthesis was desirable in any case. Becoming one with the machine was coherent with previous behaviour. Using the provided artificial vulva as a female power tool reflected its self-perception even before it had put the pieces together: *transition from heiress to mistress requires commitment.*

I had committed myself merrily. I had adopted my heir the only way I felt it was appropriate: exercising my remodeled womanhood at face value. As a machine, with a mind able to do that. Controlling my body like a CPU made of silicon would do, dismissing all the lust I felt by processing the can. It worked, it was rejecting the excitement coming from the sensory input of my mechanical cooch and also the lewdness I had surrendered to from being steely and motorized even at that core of my femininity.

It worked until the CPU had been frustrated by its own poor performance with the task I had given to it. It was stuck in frustration. It had yet to understand calibration had to be done with the appropriate gear.

“ Machine Mistress' Mechanical Proceedings

The doctor had handed said gear to the nurse in the meantime. 'Not so charily, Michaela,' she gave her assistant advice, 'Mrs. Labiche won't protest as long she is in robo-mode,' and Michaela crammed a wired, silicone-clad plug into me. 'You mean, because she is controlled by the prosthesis?' the nurse wondered. 'No, no, you got it wrong,' the doctor explained, 'it's the other way around. When the display says *robo-mode* it means her mind had put the prosthesis into a mode in which it has unfiltered access to all functions. In which she doesn't feel and steer the emulation of a human body.'

'So she currently feels like her own body is a robot?' the nurse dug deeper. 'She experiences herself as a robot woman now,' the doctor corrected. **'D.i.a.g.n.o.s.i.s c.o.n.f.i.r.m.e.d.'** I acknowledged the doctor's conclusion cheerfully. **'I a.m a r.o.b.o.t w.o.m.a.n.'** I addressed her, then the baffled nurse.

Accurately prepared, the mecha-pussy calibration procedure took only two minutes, with me constantly squeezing, clenching, rotating, push-pulling the plug, while I was monitoring my actions on the tablet the doctor handed over to me. I felt like a video game crack with two newbies right and left of me mesmerizedly watching me play while my built-in game gear was constantly maltreating a joystick.

'C.a.l.i.b.r.a.t.i.o.n s.u.c.c.e.e.d.e.d.' I droned again, but **'S.y.s.t.e.m n.o.t i.n.t.e.g.r.a.t.e.d.'** 'That's odd,' the doctor was curious, 'Mrs. Labiche, you can exit the robo-mode now, your prosthesis is fully calibrated and I would like to discharge you from the hospital.'

'S.y.s.t.e.m n.o.t i.n.t.e.g.r.a.t.e.d' My CPU still needed approval. It made me approach the mirror and carefully eyed itself. *Renée, are you really ready for that? Willing enough to live your secret dream in front of Pierre? And in front of Claire and Lucien, too? All day?* My CPU did not even blink while considering that. Its reconfiguration to my wish was well advanced already.

That reflection, calm and collected, it wasn't a faint echo of my previous self. I understood it had been always me who was looking into that mirror, and I liked what I saw. The urge for experiencing total control, that wish to command a powerful, potentially dangerous machine, it was always in me. And so was the insight I had to become one with it to master it.

'I love you, robotic Renée,' I whispered.

Pierre stood in the doorframe, for how long exactly we three hadn't noticed. I turned to him to hug him dearly but then I noticed ... I had the tablet still in my hand ... and the plug still inside my socket. 'Pierre, I ...,' I embraced him with my mechanical arms and rested my head on his chest, 'Pierre, this isn't just a prosthesis to me. I have become a machine, a ... robot woman,' I focused his eyes. '... and it turns me on, oh god,' I had to fight back my tears.

I had expected Pierre to be shocked and silent over my confession but he seemed to be over that step already. 'I know, I've been waiting on your bed since the nurse called the doctor. Came into the room shortly after her.' He kissed me dearly. 'Remember when we've first met?' he asked, 'When I asked you what you're finding in motorbiking, you said you ...'

'... are turned on by becoming one with the machine,' I completed his sentence. 'I had such a bulge in my pants when you'd said that,' he blurted out, 'a woman, that bold and cool, a sexy machine mistress, right in front of me.' In an instant, I longed for Pierre's crotch.

'S.y.s.t.e.m i.n.t.e.g.r.a.t.e.d.' I droned and smiled at him while I was feeling his erection, **'I a.m y.o.u.r r.o.b.o.t w.o.m.a.n.'** And then we ... kissed, kissed, kissed.

Believe it or not, my daily life had returned to the way it was before my accident. Lucien has no problem with his Maman being a machine now. Quite the contrary, he had been so relieved when I picked him up and hugged him the first time since six months. Claire was a harder nut to crack, she not even let me touch her. I had cried the whole night because of my little darling being so distant. And Claire had cried her eyes out, too, Pierre said.

But at breakfast she came to me: 'Maman, these gloves, that isn't you,' she pointed to my silicone hands. 'Should I take them off?' and when she nodded eagerly, I did and showed her my metal fingers. I was so happy when she allowed me to pet her, to caress her little cheeks and comb through her hair.

'Papa had explained it to me, Maman,' it bubbled out of her, 'are you really a robot now?' I was perplexed: 'Y ... Yes? Is it okay?' 'That's so coooool, Maman,' she took me by surprise, 'I wanna ride on the motorbike with you.' 'When do you wanna? Afternoon?' I cheered and when she nodded again I knew all had turned to good account.

Renée Labiche
Auto Parts Shop Owner
Liège/Belgium





“Konnichi wa, I am YK/1.
How may I help you?”

‘Perfect, Karen-san, err... YK/1. Now put yourself on display and open your service hatch like I did. Let our guest figure out you aren’t a mere receptionist but a high-end KACHI product who is at her service during her whole visit.’

Being a receptionist here at KACHI headquarters is a demanding job. We have a lot of business meetings with representatives of our partners from Japan and the whole world each day. The work with our guests from overseas starts as early as they arrive in Japan. We arrange their transfer from the airport to our headquarters, get them suitable accommodation and manage their appointment within the company. Their schedule is usually tight and they are very pleased when my colleagues and I take care of all the possible obstacles they may encounter in Japan. Our Japanese guests on the other hand are especially thankful for the convenience we offer them.

Our work is not ‘just phone and smile’, that’s only how it looks at a glance. Serious time-, space- and people-management skills combined with an ever-gracious radiation are needed here. Making people happy, productive and impressed by our company’s functioning from the very beginning.

Oh, I forgot to introduce us. I am Murata Aiko, the bronze coated woman on the left and that’s my colleague Yamada Karen. She volunteered

for the ‘WHAM Welcome’ project and has been turned into a robot woman as a part of it. As she came to us from another department, we practice the duties I have assigned to her.

“Huh, you may ask? I think I should explain what the ‘WHAM Welcome’ project is. And that’s my personal story, too. I’ve worked for KACHI since I was out of school as an OL—‘Office Lady’, that’s how we call clerks in Japan—and because I had the necessary skills, I got transferred to customer relations soon. Guest service at the front counter was my daily work and it would be today, I think, if I hadn’t read that article in our inhouse magazine. It was about a full-body prosthesis our German branch KACHI MEDICAL had developed. I was fascinated. In my wry notion, that prosthesis was effectively turning its bearer into a robot.

I think I should explain we Japanese are just crazy about robots, especially humanoid ones. Even girls. In highschool, I’ve devoured the *Ibara Frontier* manga series and Kanako, a female paramedic robot, was my favourite character. She was skilled, empathetic and bright. And people trusted her as honest.

Sorry I’ve wandered from the subject. What do you expect on display when you enter the headquarters of one of Japan’s leading technology companies to buy, for example, equipment for your car factory? Robots. Sure, we have exhibits here, but what if instead of just looking at some unmoving metal lump, one of our products could have been *at your service?*

That was my idea. I’d issued an official *idea for improvement*, ‘hiring someone who has received our full-body prosthesis and train him or her for the reception duty, to impress the guests of our company’. Several month of silence. That’s pretty normal in Japan so I wasn’t downhearted. When I had almost forgotten my suggestion the department head came and told me my idea had been accepted. He praised me as an attentive employee but much to his regret, there have been no candidates who are looking for the job. I got sad, but then ... I first thought he was only joking when he’d asked me: ‘Would like to do it yourself?’ He was really serious about this. ‘Upper management likes your idea very much and would like to see it implemented.’

In Japan that sentence alone is a tribute paid to you. A certain career boost. I only had to implement it somehow. Should I really become a robot woman? For career? I’ve thought about the other options. My ‘chance’ to become a housewife and mother had faded away with my 30th birthday, I thought. I wasn’t too interested in that before, and now every man thought of me as the ‘forgotten christmas cake’—that’s how unmarried women over 25 are called here—. Being stuck at the receptionist level wasn’t an exciting option either.

My night dreams the next days revolved around being a machine woman and when they’d finally hit my morning routine as daydreams I went to my boss and just said: ‘I do it. I am going to implement it myself.’

Knowing that I wasn't the first woman to undergo this transformation process made it much easier for me to volunteer. I only felt unsafe because my journey would lead me to someplace outside Japan. I know you won't believe me, it was my first time abroad.

The welcome at Frankfurt Airport made my worries go away quickly. They had sent a guide to help me find my way through the German maze, like we do it at the headquarters. And he even spoke Japanese! Wow! We rode by train to Düsseldorf, where I had a meeting with the surgeons team at the hospital next day. I'd expected someone from **KACHI MEDICAL** to be at that briefing but I was very surprised to find it was Mrs. Reinhard, the woman who was featured in the article I had read. She said she wanted to meet me in person when she heard I wanted to get the prosthesis without having a disease with no other treatment.

When I told her about my plan in English, it sounded incomprehensible and insane. Even to myself, so I had to stop. I was about to leave and return to Japan with my idea not put into practice. But Mrs. Reinhard told me her own story through the interpreter I had brought and that made me pluck up my courage again. I let the man translate her my idea of demonstrating the technical predominance of our company to visitors, that I don't want to end up as a housewife and how my idea was appreciated by **KACHI's** management.

Mrs. Reinhard still seemed to be unconvinced about my motivation so I whispered in her ear how I had fantasized about being 'Mecha Musume Aiko' in my youth. I blushed heavily, I've never revealed it to anyone before. Now it was out. But Mrs. Reinhard just smiled and whispered back how she had dreamed about becoming 'Maschinenmädel Mareike'. And now she was. I was speechless. And then I smiled back and we both laughed cheerfully. The poor man next to us had not clue what was that funny.

To make it short, my wicked dream had become true during the next days and when I returned to Japan three weeks later, it was only my updated passport and special permit which still declared I was Murata Aiko, 'with prostheses containing metal'. But I knew I had become **MA/1**, a robot woman made to demonstrate the technological leadership of my company. Yes, it's a bit of a role play. Our customers should recognize me as a high-functional robot, as an intelligent machine they don't know from any other company than **KACHI**. And when I'm going out with my friends, they expect me to be a person close to them, a cheerful and nice woman. Yeah, I need all the intelligence and understanding my human mind has to play both roles perfectly.

Back to my current work: yes, I have been promoted since then and finding and guiding volunteers for my project is a part of my new job. The other is contributing to the more general 'Office Lady Boost' project our management has started after we found my coworkers and I have increased our workplace's efficiency a great deal since we have been converted. As a result of that new project, **KACHI's** full-body prosthesis will be offered to other companies to improve the workplaces there, too.

MA/1 (Murata Aiko)
Assistant Manager Human Resources
Kachi Headquarters, Toyama/Japan

“ Why Me? ”

I'm pretty sure you have asked yourself: 'Why it has to be me to have an immedicable disease? Why do I have to think about a cure which would change me in such a drastic way? Why do I have to decide this?'

Because fate is what you are making of it. Simply that. Not drastic. This isn't the end of the life as you know it. But it sure is a start into a thrilling new part of your life. If you decide to have your body fully replaced by a **KACHI** prosthesis. I know it because I'm in for the thrill.

But let me give you a more elaborate explanation. I'm of Japanese-American origin and that mixed cultural background makes me see some things here in a much more critical way than Japanese people usually do. For example, I had chosen a career path in which I can make benefit of my language skills. I have a degree as a trilingual secretary and made my way through various departments at **KACHI**, for in-house training and refinement of my talents. People noticed my commitment for the job but in Japan it's still expected women are only in the office to hunt for a white-collar man with a good income, marry him and leave the company at age 30. That's some sort of common delusion here in Japan so I don't blame the company for it.

Don't get it wrong: I'm into men. I'm just not into men who want me as their housekeeper, as their personal cook or as their pet girl. And I want a man to be able to handle it when an experienced, self-reliant working woman wants him. A man who accepts a woman can choose any career and life path she wants, as he does.

That's the reason I engaged in Murata-san's 'WHAM Welcome' project. She is a great role model for me, I think she is for any woman who has a dream. It was courageous of her to close the chapter of her life when she was a plain human and start it over as a robot woman.

'Fine, but where's the thrill,' you may ask. Well, don't you ever wished your could be someone really weird and cool? And still be the intelligent and loving person you are?

Sure, at work I am now the diligent robot receptionist **YK/1**, that's my job and the reason I became the way I am now. Fully automated made by and for **KACHI**. On the other hand, I'm not switched off at 5 pm. I have a private life, like any other woman has. But I do not disguise as a human woman when I leave work. I continue to be the same robot woman when I am at home, when I meet my friends and even with the men I date. Yep, there are men who like to date 'Unit **YK/1**', and though they sure only expected to meet a woman who's into cosplay, or a fellow sci-fi and anime nerd, only a few freaked out when I revealed 'I really am a robot.' Funnily enough, I found it's mostly the members of the nerd party who can handle a woman at least as witty and smart as them. Hell yes, some of the older guys have been so attentive and courteous I first thought good conduct was their fetish. Still, for many I felt like I was the machine goddess they secretly worship. Not my cup of tea: 'I wanna be your crush, guy, not a celestial entity you don't dare to touch. I am real.'

For those who pass, my last selection criterion is whether he calls me '**YK/1**' after he earned his goodnight kiss. Each time my attentive coolness ends suddenly and I get so aroused I can hardly control myself.

When **YK/1** wants sex it's hard for anyone to hold her back. And though I like to be 100% efficient on this score, too, I always stop before I let him feel the benefits of my stainless steel cave. Because first I want to show him how I love to be the fully automated **YK/1** every second of my life.

So if you asked me why I had chosen to become a powerful, sexy robot woman I have to ask you in return why *you* haven't yet.

YK/1 (Yamada Karen)
Secretary
Customer Relations
Kachi HQ,
Toyama/Japan





“ Hit & Running

Now I'm glad I had asked **KACHI MEDICAL** for the reports the other women wrote when they pled me to tell my story, too. They are so serious, strong-willed about that robot thing. I first came up with a text which I now think of as ... inappropriate for this brochure, a text which was missing my motivation for becoming a robot woman, truly and for good.

Clearly because I hadn't decided to become one, as I hadn't the pluck the other women had. For me it wasn't pluck but pure luck I am still alive at all. I was a police cadet then and had a terrible accident at Heidelberg station when I was attending two senior officers on their duty. A drug dealer we wanted to arrest tossed me from the platform onto the rails and an approaching train ran over me. Slowly but deadly. My colleagues later told me, I was nothing but a mass of broken bones and blood when they pulled me from below the train. Horrible! To my luck, an ambulance was at the

train station right at that moment, originally called to help an old man who had sciatic pain. He waived the ambulance for me and they carried me to the hospital. At the clinic they tried to patch me up but it was no use, my lower abdomen was completely shattered and I had not woken up again if there wasn't another kind person to save me. It was a woman of fifty years who suffered from breast cancer, who had metastases nearly everywhere and was up to receive a full-body replacement. The one I got instead of her. Of course the surgeons came up with the idea to switch but that woman, Wiebke*, immediately granted the cure which was also her last hope, to me.

When I had regained my consciousness, I did not remember what happened due to the traumatic shock. And of course, it was another shock for me to find out my body was now metal and plastic instead of skin and flesh. I had cried my eyes out. After days of mourning and seeing no one, not even my parents and my boyfriend Erik*, it was Wiebke who made me come to my senses again. She dangled into my sick room with a rollator and I was up to roar

at her to get out when she suddenly revealed her own machinehood to me. Long story short: She told me I've got the full-body prosthesis originally meant for her, and she followed two days later, when another one had been prepared. The lesson she taught me was priceless, especially for a policewoman who often has to deal with the dark side of human desires and emotions: 'People wanted me to live, even those I've never met before!' That made my agony fade away rapidly.

“ I wanted to live,
I wanted to recover.

And that's my motivation. I think I have started my life all over and though Ute Schliemer* never ceased to exist, my view on the world has changed so much I can say I have become a new person since then. Out of necessity and out of comprehension. And you will have to become a new person yourself after your physical conversion, you cannot master the prosthesis without adapting your mind to your new body. I do see myself and you'll have to see yourself as a robot woman, honestly.

I'm writing this in certainty because I tried to get around the fact. I tried to see this machine body as nothing more than that: a prosthesis. An arrangement of motors that allows me to move again, to live independently and to work at my dream job. Like **KACHI** advertizes. I failed miserably. Early during the rehab, I once had to sneeze and wanted to move my hand before my face but because I hadn't enough control of it back then, I gave myself a slap in the face instead. Ouch, that really hurted, a metal punch right on my nose. So I concentrated on each of my moves from that on, it was really hard.

My walking was stiff and 'robotic' and I had a lot of problems not to overbalance, like a kid riding a bicycle for the first time. And this over weeks. Making the fingers of the prosthesis move the way I wanted them to do was a pain. Picking anything smaller than a basketball was almost impossible. All my attempts to get control of the prosthesis had been in vain. When my occupational therapist saw my distress, she told me 'it's a dance, your mind and your body have to move together. The mind takes the lead but you two have to move in harmony. As one.' I needed a while to make sense of her advice: when I focused on moving a single motor in the prosthesis or two I lost all focus on the other ones. It have been simply more concurrent tasks my conscious mind could ever handle. I had to let go.

Dancing this artificial body threw me back at day one. No, it felt more like day minus ten because I had to get rid of all the stupid constraints I had accustomed. But then, simply letting the prosthesis control the nitty-gritty helped amazingly much. I've relearned to comb my hair, within one day, yeah! And it was so easy, I just moved my hand roughly over the hairbrush and only thought about taking it. The fingers started to move quite randomly. They drummed on the table, sometimes with all their power, they clenched on the whole hairbrush and crumpled it into a mass of plastic shards. Before, I was always afraid of that 'result' and killed the perturbing movements with concentrated thoughts. Now, 'dancing it' I let them crush their toys and let my brain-prosthesis interface learn from it. It took only eight hairbrushes and two hours to get a tight and safe grip on the handle. And then it



worked again and again. Flawless. Effortless. Just like a baby would learn it, pure mind magic! I tried the same with my arm, to start combing. Got a clout. Twice. The third time my arm stopped exactly at the right position. It took me some more hours and a lot of pain from pulling my hairs until it worked but then, I could do it. Learning to control this prosthesis wasn't smooth but straightforward.

Walking, carrying something, having plenty objects to juggle from hand to hand, I had to re-learn it all. Handwriting took me a while but I am still fascinated how I've learned it a second time at all. And my writing is beautiful. Magic! Pushing a pen around both carefully and swiftly, I think that's the most impressive thing you can do with your hand. To settle it, I had been sportive before my accident and when I first heard the word 'prosthesis' in my sick bed, I thought I'd never been able to walk again, hence never being able to work in my dream job as a policewoman. But now these doubts have faded away. I feel more energetic and light-handed than ever. In fact, I'm enthusiastic about it. But it's not me alone, even my instructors and fellow cadets are exited and avid of my newly gathered toughness.

And yes, that's useful. It's true as a police officer you have to take a beating more often than it's good for you, but though I was in martial arts and endurance sports before, I've never felt more safe with even the biggest goons opposing me. There's honestly no defense against the hydraulics of my body doing their slow and steady work. With attackers wielding weapons I have to be as careful as before of course, though the steel web right below my latex skin offers good protection against knives. And those who like blunt force shouldn't even try it, let's put it simple: you just cannot impress a combat-ready robot with a baseball bat.

“ Invitation and Devotion Embrace Machinehood

Yes, I'm coming back the topic why I feel I had to become a robot woman. 'Dancing' the prosthesis made me finally master it, right? Wrong! You remember the rules of the dance? Move together, as one, the mind takes the lead? What do you do when you lose your mind?

That came to me as a shock when Erik made sexy moves on my new self for the first time. I hadn't full control of the prosthesis back then but at least I made good progress. I had recapped the slap-in-the face anecdote for him and he baited me if I would dare to put some moisturizer on my face already. I smiled in waggish confidence. Erik attentively observed the rubber-clad fingertips while they were carefully applying the cream. 'See, I tackle it!' But I found he wasn't out to annoy me. More to tease me. When I was nearly done nourishing my skin he grabbed the silicone-covered metal hand of the prosthesis with his own left hand, smiled, and caressed my cheek with his other. 'I love it when I see your steel being so gentle,' he whispered in my ear. I sparked, did he just said 'your steel'? Sure, who else could touch my face more gently than myself, but this was the dance, the prosthesis tried and tried again, and I gave it a 'yeah' or 'nay' feedback. In result, it was touching me the same way anyone else who cared for me would have done.

Erik showed me how wrong my observation was, wrong on so many levels. He bit on my

earlobe and played on the stud with his teeth. I pressed his hand in return, firm and softly and he went further. He did not miss my lips of course nor my affectionate look when our eyes met. His foray led him to my neck and then, onto the latex of the prosthesis.

If it was a dance between my mind and that machine, it clearly had to stop now as this was uncharted territory. It hadn't learned yet how to handle someone licking, kissing and biting its coating. I expected a jumble of sensations I had to categorize and evaluate first. And it was just that mess, the tactile sensors reported heat, coldness, prickle, cuts and tension.

But my mind did not evaluate; I was too curious of the sheer amount of sensations my brain received. So much tension. When Erik encircled the seam of the maintenance hatch with his fingers I just had to swap my line of sight between his eyes and his hands again and again. I was eager to know how far he would go. What came next was still unseen for. He encompassed and squeezed the globes which formed the machine's bust with his hands and I felt not only the plain pressure nor the common sensory chaos but ... arousal.

Technically these were the fuel tanks of the prosthesis but from what I felt it was my rack he was playing with, oh golly!

Can a machine get horny? Erik 'played me' I had described it before my change. Now he literally played an instrument and I haven't got 'perception' of what he have done to it. Instead, the gear supplied its own overall sensation to my brain. It already danced to Erik's music and craved for me to join. I did mate.

The surge was immense. The apparatus flooded my brain with sensations which triggered feelings of strength, skill, and invulnerability in me. It was the same as in my combat training at work, it wanted me to feel safe, powerful. Its excitement was just much higher than before. And I already knew what the sole function of my mind was in that scheme: analyzing the environment and locking on the target.

'When exactly I have decided Erik was my prey?' It was a futile question to myself. My mind had already indulged in the mission my body sent me on, decided not to pull the plug. And it consented to go for the big picture, not for the touchy details of the plan. I had to touch him in return, make him go further. I controlled the arms to embrace him and let the hands rest on his bum. The machine's fingers did their lusty work on him and I carefully observed his reaction. Erik noticed I was at peak attention. I think I saw him biting his tongue not to screw it up when I finally twisted his buttocks over his threshold. He gave me a shiver as he returned the mistreatment on my buns and when he moved on to massaging my back and arms, I followed him. We mirrored each other's sequeezing, patting, rubbing as our eyes mirrored in each other.

Kissing was part of the scheme. Of course I had kissed him before since my conversion. Even passionate kisses. But not in such an exaggerated state of arousal. I just *had* to kiss him. I wanted more. My body wanted more. This wasn't just a prosthesis at that moment. I could feel how it wanted me to drive it further, shift up a gear, get my mind in sync with it and then, execute total control.

I had to overwhelm it. Immediately. I am the woman in charge and it's me who enforces total control. I am the mind, crapes! Just thinking that made the prosthesis comply at once. It wanted control. What it did hadn't been a malfunction but rather an experiment to find out what's possible. What I now understand, from the machine's point of view it was always how to play on my brain's claviature. Let it be combing or handwriting or practising martial arts, the prosthesis just tried to find out if it had done it right by checking whether my mind was pleased. And it was pleased. Amused, delighted, all that. Certainly.

I didn't want the dance to be over yet; the wild ride stopped but the engine was still running. My engine. I knew I had to see it that way to keep being in charge. And Erik saw it this way, too: 'Are we gonna do it, sexy robot maiden?' he commented my stern, unmoving expression. 'C.o.n.f.i.r.m.e.d. P.r.e.p.a.r.e y.o.u.r.s.e.l.f f.o.r i.n.t.e.r.c.o.u.r.s.e.' I replied with a smile.

“ Mind and Machine: A Couple in Love

I had loved to fire you up with a detailed description but my occupation in public service requires me to be more discreet than I would be personally. I think I can safely tell my artificial body substantially outperformed all what my human body could ever have supplied. To me and to my partners. It's electrifying.

But most thrilling was the control I felt. I had this feeling before, everytime when I learned to do something new with my body. And then everytime I had to recall my knowledge. Everytime the machine called my consciousness for assistance. And it did during the whole ride with Erik, it was a continuous switch of who's in charge, mind or machine. I think I have to explain again why I am pretty laid-back on having the prosthesis controlling its actions autonomously most of the time. It hadn't be different with the human body I once had. I *know* it will always use my mind as its last resort of decision-making and even when it doesn't see the necessity I can regain the control whenever I want to.

Dr. Rita Hase of **KACHI MEDICAL** tried to explain it to me this way: 'Our awareness is only a part of our brain, it's mainly located in the cerebrum. But the prosthesis connects to the neurons in the brainstem and though most of the-

se are directly accessible from our thoughtful mind, its important another part of the brain, the cerebellum, is allowed to modulate them to get better results. This works unintentionally as soon you let go. It's not the prosthesis which steers you around fully automatical but your own cerebellum.'

Mrs. Reinhard, an engineer at **KACHI** who had herself converted into a 'robot woman', how she called it first, answered my question with her own insight: 'I feel this connection between mind and body the same way as you do, as a dance. But moreover I think my mind and body are *in love with each other*, cannot describe it other than that. They know they need each other and they want to be with each other dearly. I just know my body wants me to identify with it. And I want it, too.'

I think she is right. I had fallen in love with my new machine body, too, as I was in love with my old organic one. And though I've always felt able to work as a policewoman and to handle my personal affairs just right, the accident and its outcome made me even more tough, considerate and cool-headed. I feel boosted, refined, beautiful in a way only growing into an actual robot woman could have enhanced me.

**Ute Schliemer* B.A.
Police Detective
Germany**

* all names in this story are pseudonyms for security concerns.





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as Ute Schliemer

Source images by catsuitmodel.de

Valerie Tramell

as Mareike Reinhard

Source images by Raymond Kerrin Larum

Alexandra Corneille

as Saskia Kießling

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