

KACHI

機能的・官能的・汝  
Functional・Sensual・You





# Asclepius

## Healthcare Center West Boston

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Oncological Practise

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2059-06-02

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Dear Amelia,

As we discussed during your last appointment, I have enclosed information about a new, alternative, treatment for your cancer.

Please review the enclosed brochure from Kachi Medical, a supplier of full body prostheses. Women undergoing this procedure have been very satisfied with it. Of course, the pamphlet is an advertisement. I have investigated the hospitals that perform the surgery and found their results excellent. Both physicians and their patients are enthusiastic about it.

I recommend you give this treatment consideration. You have nothing to lose.

I confirmed your medical insurance will cover the expenses, other than the flight to Europe. If you decide to do this, I will make an appointment for you at the University Hospital of Heidelberg, Germany, for the surgery.

Your stay there would be about three weeks. Follow on rehabilitation can take place in Boston. Please call me if you have questions.

Amelia, I wish you the best of luck.

Yours sincerely,

*M. Johnson*



## “Don't you wonder why I'm so confident?”

Because at **KACHI-BUSOUKOSHI**, we excel in everything we do. Our medical division, **KACHI MEDICAL**, based in Solingen, Germany, developed the first sub-miniature power supply for artificial limbs 19 years ago. Today, we manufacture tens of thousands of prosthetic parts yearly.

Functional prosthesis technology is well-proven. But, existing full-body prosthetics are bulky and have limited mobility. As a result, the applications for such products have been limited. That's why **KACHI** decided to create the world's first human analogue full body prosthesis. It was originally developed for treatment for paraplegia. Our prosthesis give your doctor an alternative to treatment when you suffer from a systemic or terminal illness, like metastasizing cancer.

This procedure involves replacing most of your original body with a prosthetic. Usually, the patient's head and a life support system for it are the only remaining biological material. The prosthetic body is the size and shape your human one. It contains the mechanical systems and power supply in its frame to give you fully restored mobility. Patients can carry on with their daily routine, be with family and friends, move in public, and return to their former workplace.

Until recently, few women have taken advantage of our offer to end their illness and start a new, happy life. Women are concerned about what getting a full-body replacement means, preferring advice from other women instead of cold facts and figures. That's why we at **KACHI** have put this brochure together featuring women who made the change and would like to encourage you to do so too.

You might have guessed. My own gunmetal silicone coating isn't for fashion. It's a functional outer covering that protects my internals. Look closely at my chest please. When the cover is removed from my upper maintenance port it's obvious that I'm a machine.

That may look weird and give you an eerie feeling, but for me it's completely normal. When I look at myself, I'm conscious of what I am: a human woman and a female robot.

Yes, I said *robot*. I am relaxed using that word. It's what the prosthesis, under full control of my fully intact human mind, is. It provides all the sensations I expect from my body. I can't tell where my human self ends and where the robot begins. The two are fused together, and I feel like I've never been anything else.

Don't be nervous because of the sleek design. The skins are strong, durable, and come in a variety of designs. You can choose from diffe-

rent colours, patterns, shapes, and sizes. You can wear your same wardrobe over it.

Take it from me. When you've been converted a while, you simply stop needing other clothes. You gain a self-assuredness that your body is beautiful the way it is. In my view, a robot woman should look like she's made of steel.

Showing my true self openly is a tribute to the tremendous improvements my new robot body offers. Starting from the fact I'm not aging any more, apart from my human head of course, to my incredible physique, and the improved and new senses I experience. When I tell you about how my robotic body affects my sex drive, you'll definitely want one.

Today, I'm a senior development engineer at **KACHI MEDICAL**, and I always test the latest improvements to our prosthesis on myself. That way I can be absolutely sure you will want to use and thoroughly *enjoy* our product. I'm proud I participate in the development of these life-enhancing innovations, and happy I can use this pinnacle of Japanese and German engineering myself each day.

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

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



## “ Completely overhauled and working again!

That's my catch phrase when I'm doing my job. I repair **KACHI**'s industrial robots in production facilities for customers around the world. It's a demanding work. To identify the source of the problem, I often have to dismantle the malfunctioning machine and put it together again. It's challenging intellectually and physically. Well, at least until I became a machine myself.

Let me tell my story. I was raised on a river boat and I grew up surrounded by machinery every day. Growing up, my father taught me how to fix everything on our vessel. It was natural for me to get a career as a mechanic and technician. I started out as a mechanic at a shipyard and later moved to the Wolfsburg branch of **KACHI ROBOTICS** where I could expand my career. That was nine years ago.

Since starting to work as a mechanic, I developed muscular pain frequently and found myself getting exhausted quickly. It got worse and worse every year. I wanted to quit working even though I loved what I did. Went to a doctor and her diagnosis was a shock! She said I had fibromyalgia and should seek expert help.

I tried some therapies, but they worked only for a short while. It was a matter of time before it consumed my whole body and the pain would become so intense I'd be paralyzed by it. I felt doomed. The only way I could escape my illness would be to replace my entire body, and that was impossible.

My boss had been concerned about my frequent absence, and when I told him my story on the day I decided to quit, he said he heard of a new product which could help me, made by **KACHI MEDICAL**, a division of our company.

He made some calls and got me an invitation to their research center. My mood changed within minutes. I went from whining depression, to curiosity about the things he was saying. The more calls he made, the more I was intrigued by the idea of having my diseased body replaced by a machine.

As Doctor Rita Haase, of **KACHI MEDICAL**, explained to me when I was at Solingen, the treatment was experimental. I qualified as a test subject and the medical division would cover all the expenses. It was only up to me to decide which way to go.

I was nervous about being a 'test subject,' and the whole idea of being put into a machine shell filled me with dread all of a sudden. Let me tell you, my mind filled with visions of the industrial robots I worked on every day! I thought of myself becoming some clumsy Transformer-like creature or a Darth Vader lookalike.

Dr. Haase introduced me to Mrs. Reinhardt. She was working on the project as an electronics engineer. We got along almost immediately. We were women with jobs in technical fields and had overcome the stereotypical behaviour, both within ourselves and in dealing with the people around us.

She took me to her electronics lab and explained the details of the prosthesis to me. After reviewing tons of schematics and animations, I was getting tired. I asked her if the tour would include some actual assemblies and she could show me a working sample.

What happened next blew me away. Mrs. Reinhardt, no, by then she was 'Mareike,' stood up and opened her white lab coat. Underneath, her skin was a shiny, metal-colour, and she switched on a red-glowing **KACHI** logo on her chest right before my eyes.

I was stunned! This had to be a joke. This intelligent, pretty, young woman I had been talking to for over an hour about the details of a machine was a machine herself?

I remember asking her, "Can I touch you?" She removed her lab coat standing in front of me in her sleek, gleaming, steel-coloured body.

As I was cautiously going to touch with her "skin," she opened a service port on her chest. That blew my mind! She smiled at me. "Go ahead, touch me. You're into robotics, so I think you'd like to look inside me instead of just at me. Don't you like to check whether I need maintenance?"

She had that right. I marvelled at her mechanical body. I had to touch it. It was like I was at work. Open the cover. Read the displays, her displays. Check her oil level. Inspect her components. Make sure she was functioning correctly. It was a total mind twister.

She was a machine, just like the ones I took care of. And she was also a person I had a relationship with. It was a totally erotic feeling. I ran my fingers over her tubing, touched the wiring and motors, and fondled the fuel tanks her breast globes acted as. She was beautiful. Functional, and sexy. Could it be I was turned on by her, by that... *robot woman*?

There was a long moment of silence. I was in shock, and awe. Then, with another smile, Mareike made me come to my senses. "You really want to be modified like this yourself, don't you? Have this incredible stuff inside 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.

Yes, I wanted to that "stuff" inside me. Servos and hydraulics instead of muscles, steel wires instead of tendons, and sensors instead of nerves. My pain would go away.

I had known that before. But now it was more. My long relationship to machinery was boosted to a new high. Seeing Mareike move in her prosthesis like it was her own body, seeing her embracing it as a natural part of her, seeing this alliance of woman and robot delight in her new life, it made me long for it too.

What I found most convincing was her idea the development of a female prosthesis needed a female engineer as a test subject. To make it safe and comfortable to wear and to make it a pleasant experience for women. No, not just pleasant, but thrilling.

I forced myself into reconsidering. The pictures of industrial robots I had in my mind were of no help now. Mareike's performance was too impressive. She and her colleagues had put all the machinery needed for someone to live independently into her frame. A female, a sleek, sexy robotic frame that kept the woman in front of me alive and let her appreciate her existence.

Everything said "Do it. Enjoy life." I wouldn't suffer from my disease anymore. It was the rational answer, a body like the one Mareike had.

Now that I've reached my final conversion stage, I have no more doubts. When I look into the mirror, I don't see a pitiful young woman bound to a full-body prosthesis. I see a competent, self-reliant, gorgeous robot woman who is wholly me. I love it. **I l.o.v.e t.h.a.t n.e.w m.e.**

## “Mastering the Hard Hat Body Zone

Let me start with my job. At **KACHI**, it was never a problem that I'm female. In fact, my co-workers value my insight into our products and my knowledge of the troubleshooting I learned in the field. But, with workers with our customers, I had different a experience. When I came with a male colleague for training they joked about why he brought his secretary with him. Or, they had asked me if I was the translator for the Japanese manuals. When I worked alone, they often offered to help me with loosening tight bolts or lifting the heavy machine parts, as if I didn't have an impact wrench or a come-along for that.

Well, that has changed. Now they watch in awe as I remove the last stuck bolt on an industrial robot's tool rotor with two fingers while I'm balancing that 40 kilo piece in the other hand. They stop hassling me in an instant. Yeah, you need a delicate touch to do that, giggle.

Of course, people are curious. I go to many different customers and factories. It's always the same game. The old guys stare, and they always send a trainee to ask the obvious. "Sorry miss, err... are you... a robot?"

This is how I handle it. I take the impact wrench from my toolbox, push the strap of my apron aside, and plug the tool into one of the Powercon sockets on my shoulder. "You need power tools, right?" It's a great joke for me.



I think I've become an ambassador for **KACHI** in addition to my normal job. Machines sometimes fail, and when they do people get frustrated and upset. Being a "fragile" woman doing the repair work was a handicap before. Now I can erase that prejudice.

Beautiful and powerful aren't mutually exclusive when you are a woman. But, I've come to realize I put my life in the hands of **KACHI**'s engineers by deciding to become a machine they built. How much more trust you can have in your company's products?

It's 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 back.

## “Heavy Metal, High style, Hotness Merger

Life isn't all work. I was often forced to stay home in my leisure time because of my muscle pain. Now, I'm catching up on everything I had missed in the last twelve years.

I used to think it was impossible to dance with those new, heavy, metal legs of mine. But, after some training and a better configuration, it became easy! Okay, they told me I was a "test subject" and if that was the only thing that needed tweaking, I was fine with it.

Mareike came along for the test run. We were going to a club and "dancing 'til the music stops." She was the supervising engineer, but I found out she had made the same adjustments to herself to provide more than one set of data. That's what she said, but I think she wanted to dance and tease the guys as much as I did. We did our makeup and dressed real hot, high heels and hot pants. If our latex-covered bodies alone are understated, they weren't when we finished. We went to a club in Hanover.

If I had to guess what gives Mareike a thrill, it's driving. She seemed to be in a hurry and raced her Subaru Sports Tourer at an insane speed down the autobahn. That would have made an incredible commercial for Subaru. A screaming, fast, black car with two latex-clad beauties inside. The **KACHI** logo on the car's doors and the glowing red ones on our chests would have only added to that surreal scene.

We had no problems getting into the club. Inside, I was totally surprised by all the other women dressed in latex. Then Mareike told me she'd selected the club for its patrons. It worked not being too eye-catching, as our primary goal was dancing.

Our test ran flawlessly. Well, aside from both of us having leave the club twice to refuel. It'll take some time until they serve diesel fuel at the bar, huh? The smoothies we had were fine as our minds need nutrition, too.

Dancing proved perfectly possible with my new body. Twirling my 190 kilos around was easy for me. It was easy doing it with Mareike too. On the minus side, our shoes were ruined in less than an hour. Of course the story doesn't end with worn-out shoes. We drew attention dancing.

Two really cute guys asked if Mareike and I were a couple. We denied it with a laugh. So, they asked us to dance with them.

Woo-hoo! At first it went smoothly. Then my guy tried to hold me horizontally failing miserably. I couldn't support him and dropped to the floor, with him following. The actuators in my neck automatically moved my head to a safe position. But, another reflex movement my body made I wasn't prepared for. My arms folded his into the space between us and I caught him more gently. He was in a shock because of my super strong grip. So was I. My body decided to do that on its own.

I hadn't been planning to reveal my secret to him. Marieke was quick on the uptake. She got his hand and pulled him up before he could get his mouth shut. His friend, followed them out of the club. I got up and followed. We ran for several minutes until Marieke stopped in an alley. The guys were gasping for air.

To my surprise, Mareike had no problem disclosing our "secret." She just didn't want to do it in front of a crowd of people. She opened her blouse and lit up the logo on her chest.

'Wow, you're a...' my guy stammered. "Y.e.s, w.e b.o.i.h a.r.e.," I took Mareike's cue and did the same. Well, I did a little more. I smiled at him then popped my service panel open. Both guys stared into the machinery in my chest.

"Frank, dude, these girls... they're friggin' robots!" He exclaimed, staring at me. His friend Frank stayed calm. "No shit. I read about this in the TechNew weblog. Full-body prosthesis, or something like that."

I knew we weren't out looking for dates, but these guys had been nice and I was savvy enough to give it a try and hit on them. Mareike was a bit clumsy, quizzing Frank about the article as she had written it for TechNew. They seemed to have a buzz with going with each

other over that. I prayed my guy wouldn't chicken out. "So, can we go dancing some more?"

They said yes to my good luck. Back in the club, Paul thawed quickly. When my shoes broke into pieces, I took a chance, gave him my most seductive look and... Totally scored!

## “ The Rise of a Mechanical Venus

Paul and I have be couple for several months now. We go dancing occasionally. He likes to hold me tight and feel my power, he says. I never expected he would someday invite me to the opera! How to vamp up for that? My body is flashy but I felt I needed something more fashionable than a steel-colored rubber coating for this. Okay, I had nice tops and some lacy outerwear in my wardrobe, even a pleated skirt. But, they were all blue and black. They were sexy, but not festive. Too bad you can't order a different skin color... Wait, you can!

I browsed the web for a latex cat suit. There are hundreds of stores that offer fancy designs. Then I found one that had suits specially made for **KACHI** robot women. These had a hidden zipper over the chest to access our service port without removing most of the suit, and they even had a transparent acrylic stencil for the illuminated emblem. Neat!

What really got my attention was they had my tattoo on some of the suits! A screwdriver, a wrench, and a gear. Yes, I had this wacky tattoo on my arm from before. I got it when I completed basic training as a mechanic. I called it, "The Mechanic's Mirror of Venus." On my rubber skin it's even more fitting. Now it's "The Mirror of a Mechanical Venus." I told the shop owner and she said she had made a custom design with it a year before. She was startled as she didn't know it was my original "skin". She said she found it kinky. A female and mechanic, and included it in her designs. Maybe we should make it our official badge?

Have you noticed the most prominent change in my looks? Yes, these aren't my before size. Mareike offered to let me test these enormous "cans" before but at work I have to crawl into tight spaces and they'd be impractical. So I refused. Refueling at a public event on the other hand... In the end, I found Mareike always talked about configurable parts. These are the newest step in our development of prosthesis.

With no objection left, what was stopping me? More importantly, I wanted Paul to be present at my reconstruction. That turned out to be a good idea. He said, when Mareike shut down my body and I closed my eyes as the last part of the sequence, he was afraid I'd die. Mareike said, he cried when they were taking me apart for the upgrade.

After all the integration tests, I finally woke up, the first thing I felt was him caressing my cheeks, tears in his eyes. He was a good choice.

In conclusion, my mechanical body has not only restored my health, it has given me a powerful, sexy lifestyle, and a loving boyfriend. Becoming a robot woman is the best decision I ever made.

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 always foolish to tell the truth. For drawing looks and being recognized as a robot, here I am! Spread the word because it's good for my business.

My husband and I own two auto parts shops here in Liège. One is for all kinds of cars, and we also sell tools and hardware there. Adjacent to it is a Mugen aftermarket shop dedicated to the Honda tuning community. Until recently, I wasn't too involved in the shops' customer affairs. I cared for my four-year-old son and his seven-year-old sister, and did the accounting work for the business at my home office.

My husband Pierre is a big fan of Honda racing and Honda sports cars. But he likes their motorbikes most. So do I. That's the reason our paths crossed.

It was in a forest parking lot in the Ardennes, a common biker's stomping ground. I first saw him on his KSX. I had to laugh. He did some stunts over a big log. Well, he tried. Everyone around him cheered when he skilfully fell from his bike. I found it nice he drew the attention of the other bikers. When a girl on a motorbike arrives at such a spot, there are always a lot of guys gawking and chatting her up. It gets tedious. I always try to arrive with other bikers so the crowd will think my boyfriend is only a few metres away.

It's different now. We frequently go there with the family. My son Lucien in the side car of Pierre's BMW... Our eleventh bike, he bought it because of the side car... and my little poppet Claire behind me on my Gold Wing. Where ever we go, the attention is on us now. Pleasant attention too. The crowd is delighted to see people in family business. We stop for the unavoidable sausage and fries and let the kids play with our biker friends.

You're wondering why I'm telling you this? Because my love for motorbikes is why I have the opportunity to write here. It started with an accident. The car's driver failed to see my bike coming when she made a left turn in front of me. I managed to lay the bike down so I had avoided being thrown over the car. But the crash was still terrible. My little CB500 smashed into the car and I skidded across the pavement and into the brush. I don't remember how many times I bounced in a tree but I do recall how I crawled up back to the road. In retrospect, that was a questionable decision.

When the ambulance arrived, they found me lying on my tummy, unable to move. Later at the hospital, they found the beating had given me a cervical dislocation and I had damaged my spinal cord by crawling.

I was tetraplegic. Permanently paralyzed from my neck down. I tried many therapies and even had some success with my own olfactory stem cells injected into the fissure but never got anything lower than my neck muscles to respond.

After half a year, I was sure I wouldn't get better. But, I didn't want to give in into my fate. Being bound to a wheelchair, not even able to hold or hug my kids was not what I wanted.

That was when Pierre and I started to look for alternative therapies. You know, all the exotic stuff. Electro puncture, homeopathy, radionics, aroma therapy, morphic fields, you name it. I even tried some of the less dangerous ones.

Nothing. One day Pierre came into our living room, shouting hysterically. He slid his tablet in front of me. He was babbling on. It took "Pierre, zip it!" to calm him down.

"What is it, a new motorbike?" I asked. He got 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 surprise. It was a brawny guy in a steel blue cat suit. Huh? "I didn't know you were into men." "I'll admit though, this guy makes me a little aroused."

Pierre was still too excited to answer my mocking. "No, no! Look, there!" He pointed to the bottom of the page. "Also available in a female model."

"Yeah, lingerie like that is usually for women."

Pierre was completely confused. "No, it's the guy, not his clothes," he insisted and pointed at the words "full body prosthesis and tetraplegia treatment."

I slowly began to share his euphoria. I could move again. Take care of my loved ones.

That's what **KACHI**'s prosthesis allows me to do. I can be a help to my family instead of a burden. I can be a mother who takes charge, be useful to our business, and a stimulating, delightful, person in our family time. And, of course, in my leisure time too.

Pierre was a good father and husband especially for the six months I was disabled. He stuck by me. He was very near to me then. I never knew before what friend I had in him.

Now I'm glad I'm back. Hearing the constant hum inside me makes me happy. It's my fuel pump feeding diesel from my breasts into the fuel cell inside my tummy. Into the heart of my new body. To feel my hydraulic pump build pressure is a joy. The hiss of my valves gives me a shiver. I let myself feel the force in the cylinders in my legs build up. I am so delighted when these machine parts let me stand up from my sick bed the first time, and I still feel

that way now. This artificial body of mine makes me strong, resilient, capable. I am alive!

Yes, I feel alive again. I know it was the right decision, even though it was a radical change. Because I have become a robot woman.

## “A Look into a Magical Mirror

I expect a “What?” from you. Yes, it's true. I perceive myself as a machine, a robot. I first thought it was because my background, the motorbikes and stuff. Then I realized it is the most natural way of being when you have a full-body prosthesis as great as this one.

I don't know how open you are when it comes to sex. I think we're all girls here so I will share my first experience with my prosthesis. I can hear you saying, “Which sex? That woman is married, has two kids, maybe a dog, runs a business, and so on. Who like that's got time for good sex? Or, the figure and nerve to flirt with a man, let alone arouse her husband?”

Good news, this prosthesis only comes in one form. Bombshell. There are tweaks you can choose to match your age and personal preference, but your general appearance is that of an athletic, busty, sex goddess. It doesn't matter how chubby or skinny you were in your human body.

I was in pretty good shape before, thanks to my bike driving, but no one can carry a couple of children to term without some bloat and stretch marks you can never get rid of. My prosthesis doesn't care about that. It's from honest housewife, back to siren in a day.

This worked for me immediately. I vividly remember the day when I made my first steps in my prosthesis. Pierre visited me. I wished so much he would not only give me a loving hug, but would notice my re-gained sexiness.

His body did the favor for me. I felt his bulge against my crotch. The prosthesis reacted to it. It flooded my brain with pleasurable feedback. But, there was no way to actually do it, so I dismissed the idea.

The tension inside me remained. In the second week there was a female doctor on her ward rounds. I gathered up all my courage and told her about the twitching I felt inside my crotch when I thought of my husband and asked what to do about it.

Her reply 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?

Her blunt diagnosis was, “your craving for sex doesn't go away just because you actively override the prosthesis. It does what your mind wants and you're sending mixed signals. Let go, don't suppress it. We have to calibrate your sex functions anyway while you're here.”

I might have already if there wasn't another reason. The whole prosthesis was built to resemble an attractive human woman. It even had skin-colored silicone hands. But I knew under the covers, my new body was nothing more than a machine, a metal skeleton, piping, cables, and circuits. I'd been afraid of what I might discover between my legs.

It was no use. Someday I'd have to face the truth. I gave in into my sexual fantasies. As soon I did, I felt the prosthesis reacting and saw how it slowly projected an interface onto its crotch. Wrong, onto my crotch. I could feel it come forth, see it emerging out of me. It settled in place with a click.

I hadn't expected the vagina I'd given birth with. When I stared down at the contraption between the legs as it was moved on its own, through the cleavage of my boobs that were now fuel tanks, I wondered why it was so easy for me to accept these parts were now part of me. I wondered why I had been such a wuss over a detail that was meant to be my very own private parts. Maybe it was because it was not a replica of a human vulva and designed not to scare an unaware partner, but instead a metal and polymer apparatus, specifically designed as the crucial component of a machine meant to be “female?” A female robot?





I marvelled at that steel insert. I had to touch it. My silicone fingers slid over the rim and that gave me a pleasurable shiver. The real thrill came when I touched the blueish cone on top of the main conduit. “Yeaaaah! That’s my clit.” Then I tried to clench on the fingers I had inserted deep into the mechanism.

The sensations it sent to my brain were not unexpected, but the urge to examine myself were as high as my very first experiences. “Yeah, that’s my tool. Come on boy, I’ll screw you for real!” I was excited by the sheer power of the mechanism, then it all of a sudden, began stroking my fingers. It pushed my silicone-clad fingers out and pulled them in again. Artificial fingers taking a ride inside an artificial vagina. I tried to get control over the movement, but it played me as I had played myself before. I had no chance to concentrate, to modulate it, the sensations this thing, *my tool*, sent into my brain were too intense. Stop.

Whoever designed my prosthesis was really clever. I wanted to master my new equipment, and I felt I needed to adjust my own self-perceptions to do that. There was a tall mirror in the bathroom, low 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. I needed to gather myself. Who am I? What am I?

## “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

I stared at the woman in the mirror. For long minutes I did nothing. I gazed at my own reflection. I moved my head a bit, but kept the prosthesis immobile like a mannequin I can control.

It all 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. It wasn’t my image it was my imagination. It was an exhibition of what I wanted to be. The one exception was that interface. I had to claim it for myself. It was me who was the woman, not the prosthesis. I needed to have proper genitalia. Suited for my new self.

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

I dug in my toilet bag. Deodorant spray was the obvious choice. Why did I ever bring that stuff with me? I emptied the can into the sink and threw the plastic parts of it into the waste bin. I returned to my view in the mirror, the metal cylinder in my hand. I made a lot of grimaces, and laughed at the funny ones. Eventually I found my most cold-blooded look, and knew I was ready.

“Inserting probe,” I droned. My voice still seemed too human so I made a number of attempts to say this more like a machine. I plugged in and pulled the can each time. Making the sensory input from the various rims and the cone bypass the animalistic part of my brain got easier on each retry and my voice gave a good feedback of the change inside me.

“Calibrating sexuality,” the female robot I identified with exclaimed concisely and drew the can in completely. Her mechanism moved, pushed and pulled, then rotated and squeezed it. The rush of sensory input to her CPU was immense and when it examined the provisional results, each time it took a long while before she could put the “probe” back in.

She needed more control. Her CPU had blocked the direct stimuli of the apparatus to

its lust center. But the visual feedback from scanning the half-processed can alone had put her in a frenzy. She accelerated it inside her, pushed it halfway out and marvelled at her mirror image. The biggest dent was whipping her clit cone ten times a second. She moaned hysterically.

This had to be wrong. Robots do not moan.

I pulled the alarm string on the wall. The nurse found me standing against the bathroom wall, arms and legs spread apart. In front of her, I ejected the twirling can. It bounced through the whole bathroom with a tinny sound.

“C.a.l.i.b.r.a.t.i.o.n f.a.i.l.e.d.,” I droned. 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?”

“C.a.l.i.b.r.a.t.i.o.n f.a.i.l.e.d.,” I repeated, smiling coyly. The nurse called the doctor.

The woman from half an hour ago brought a KACHI bag with her. Tools for tweaking the prosthesis. “Mrs. Labiche, please open your upper service hatch.”

I followed her order, as I had 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 check the fuel level, fuel cell output, and core temperature. And here,” she tipped the display and Michaela leaned in to look. “Mode: Robot?” the nurse said. “Yes. That’s Mrs. Labiche’s current operating condition.” She pulled a tablet from her bag. “Below the display she has an USB port, see? The app has a mode to start the self-diagnosis. You can safely use that mode. The other functions are for doctors only and locked.”

“Ahh, the log explains it.” The doctor breathed a sigh of relief. – “Something wrong?” the nurse asked.

“Not at all.” The doctor turned to me, “Congratulations, Mrs. Labiche,” she made a dramatic pause, “Your sexuality has been calibrated. You’re fully robotic now.”

“C.a.l.i.b.r.a.t.i.o.n f.a.i.l.e.d.,” I repeated my own uninspired diagnosis mechanically.

“Hmm, that’s a bit odd,” she said. “And, how did you start your recalibration without the deformation feedback gear?”

The nurse picked up the deformed can and showed it to the doctor. “Hum, you’re pretty hardboiled, aren’t you, Mrs. Labiche?” the doctor pointed out. “Was it fun to feel your power?” she giggled.



**“Calibration failed,”** was the only phrase I could utter. As if I was stuck in a loop. I shouldn't be stuck like that. I wasn't running some sort of program. My CPU was the same self-organizing, extremely adaptable instrument it was back when I was human. The same as it was minutes ago.

My mind raced through the events of the last ten minutes. It had been doing that since the moment I had started to use my pussy as a metalworking tool. Something had changed. This was not normal human behavior.

My CPU wasn't taking proof by proposition. It had to recompile the events that lead to its latest reconfiguration first. Suppression of excitement in direct response to sensory input, a human behavior. Repetition of actions in order to gather more sensory input. Another human behavior. Having fun with one's own body, still more human behavior. Repeated checking of bodily attractiveness. That too was human behavior. Building self-assurance by fulfilling preinstalled objectives. Human behavior too.

I had to stop it. I wasn't going to get to the core of the problem taking a journey into the past. Everything I had done before half an hour ago of course was human behavior. Duh.

**M**y thoughts wandered back to the CB500 I had crashed. The model doesn't fit the definition of “crotch rocket,” but for an athletic 58 kg girl it can be. That's why I bought it. People often belittle male motorcyclists by saying their bikes are compensating for missing virility. Wrong! Riding a motorbike can be sexy. You can feel yourself becoming one with the machine. But the saying seems biased because women feel it too. Every time Pierre and I rode in convoy, I longed for the next stop to let him feel my arousal. 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 dismount my bike.

I wanted to give him a good view on my leather-clad ass. Let him grope it and squeeze his butt in return. Then kiss, kiss, kiss. God, I felt like I was the heiress of a *vagina dentata* with a dark prince named Pierre turned on by it.

The CPU came to a conclusion. Gaining full control over the prosthesis was desirable. Becoming one with the machine was coherent with previous behavior. Using the 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 willingly. I had adopted my heir in the only way I could. It was truly better than anything that I dreamed to be when I was riding my motorbike. I was powerful. Precise. Durable. Fatally sexy.

Minutes before I had wanted to prove it to myself I was the rightful owner of this incredible robotic body. I craved for it. I knew I had to act like a robot. I understood I had to think like a robot. I realized I had to feel like a robot.

I was meant to feel nothing. Or wasn't I? How aroused should a robot woman be during sex? It had turned me on to be able to deny the pleasure signals coming from my metal sex. It turned me on to be the CPU to my robotic body. Watching the can revolving in my sex, seeing it

hammer my metal clit and only feeling pressure impulses from it made me explode.

Was that alright? That's why my CPU was stuck in a loop. It needed external evaluation of its performance.

## “Proceedings of a Motorized Mistress

In the meantime, the doctor and the nurse had prepared the right calibration gear for women who had received the **KACHI** prosthesis.

“No need for caution, Michaela,” the doctor advised the nurse “Mrs. Labiche won't feel hurt or protest while she's in robot mode.”

Michaela crammed a wired, silicone clad plug deep into me. “You mean, she is being controlled by the prosthesis?”

“You've got it wrong,” the doctor replied. “It's the other way around. When the display says *‘Mode: Robot’* it means her mind has put the prosthesis into a mode where it has unfiltered access to all functions. She doesn't feel or control the emulation of a human body. Instead, she experiences things as a robot.”

**“Diagnosis confirmed,”** I acknowledged, smiling. **“I am a robotic woman.”**

**“Calibrating sexuality,”** I explained my next action. I was squeezing, clenching, rotating, and push-pulling the plug, while I monitored my actions on a tablet the doctor handed to me. It felt like an arcade video game with two spectators on either side of me mesmerized by my game play. After two minutes of playing, I began to score 100% each time.

**“My performance is perfect,”** I told the doctor, **“But that plug felt human. I feel human again too,”** I realized irritably.

“That's okay, you should adapt to your sex partner,” the doctor explained.

**“I have become a real robot at last,”** I wailed, **“I don't want to ever feel human again.”**

She held the spray can before my face. I took it from her, and seconds later its metal creaked under the pressure of my hydraulic vagina.

**“As a robot, may I feel sexual desire?”**

“It's not like anyone could hold you back,” she snickered.

I activated the data paths to my lust circuit.

My eyes widened in shock. I shed tears.

**“This is how I was calibrated before...”** I cried aloud, **“Before the accident.”** I gazed at the doctor.

Pierre stood in the doorframe. How long he'd been there I couldn't say. **“Pierre, I...”** I built up in front of him sturdily though I had tears in my eyes. **“... I am a robot,”** I pointed to the mechanism I was still scrapping the can with. **“I am a sexy robot.”**

**“I have always been a sexy robot.”**

I expected Pierre to be shocked and silent over my confession, but he was over that step. “I know...” He kissed me. “Remember when we've first met? When I asked you what you find in motor biking, you said you...”

**“... Were turned on by becoming one with the machine.”** I finished. “I got such a bulge in my pants when you'd said that.” He smiled at me. “Now a woman, that bold and cool, a sexy motorized mistress, stands before of me.” In that instant, I longed for Pierre's manhood in me.

**B**ack home, I still needed approval from my little ones. Lucien has no problem with his Maman being a robot. He was so relieved when I picked him up and hugged him for the first time in six months. Claire was a harder nut to crack. She ran upstairs and locked herself up. I had cried the whole night because my little darling became so distant. Claire had cried her eyes out too, Pierre told me.

At breakfast she came to me. “Maman, those gloves, those aren't you.” She pointed at my silicone hands.

**“Should I take them off?”** I asked her.

She nodded eagerly, so I did showing 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?” I was perplexed: **“Y... Yes. Is that okay?”**

“That's so cooooooool, Maman.”

That took me by surprise.

“I want to ride on the motorbike with you. Can we go this Afternoon?”

I cheered.

**Renée Labiche**  
**Auto Parts Shop Owner**  
**Liège/Belgium**





## “Konni chi 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 have. Let our guest see you aren't just a receptionist, but a high-end KACHI product which is at her service for her entire visit.”

Being a receptionist here at KACHI headquarters is a demanding job. We have many business meetings with representatives from our partners in Japan and the rest of the world every day. Working with our guests from overseas starts the instant they arrive in Japan. We arrange their transfer from the airport to our headquarters, get them suitable accommodations, and manage their appointment with the company in detail.

Their schedule is usually tight so they are very pleased when my colleagues and I remove all the obstacles they might encounter while in Japan. Our Japanese guests are thankful for the convenience we offer them.

Our work is not just “answer the phone and smile.” That's only how it looks. Serious time, space, and people management skills are necessary while maintaining an ever gracious demeanour. Making people happy, productive, and impressed by our company's products starts from the very beginning.

Oh my, I forgot to introduce us. I am Murata, Aiko, the bronze woman on the left, and this is

my colleague Yamada, Karen. She volunteered for the “WHAM Welcome” project and was converted into a robot as a part of that. She came from another department, so we practice the duties I have assigned to her together.

I should explain what the “WHAM Welcome” project is. That's my personal story too. I've worked for KACHI since end of school as an OL, or “Office Lady.” That's female clerks in Japan are called. Because I had the necessary skills, I got transferred to customer relations.

Guest service at the front counter was my normal job, and it would be today, if I hadn't read an article in our company magazine. It was about the full-body prosthesis our German branch, KACHI MEDICAL had developed. I was fascinated by that. It was so life-like. And... as far as I understood it, that prosthesis effectively turned its user into a robot.

In Japan we are crazy about robots, especially humanoid ones. In high school, I devoured the *Ibara Frontier* manga series. Kanako, a female paramedic robot, was my favourite character. She was skilled, empathetic, and bright. People trusted her honesty.

Sorry I've wandered of the subject. What would you expect to be on display when you enter the headquarters of one of Japan's leading technology companies? Robots of course. Most of those have exhibits, but what if instead of looking at some lifeless metal lump, one of those products could be *at your service*?

That became my idea. I'd submitted an official “idea for improvement”. I suggested hiring someone who received our full-body prosthesis and train him or her for reception duty to impress the guests of our company.

Several month passed. When I had almost forgotten about 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 were no candidates looking for the job.

I was saddened by that. Then he... At first I thought he was joking when he'd asked me, “Would like to take that job?” He was serious. “Upper management likes your idea very much and wants to see it implemented.”

In Japan that sentence is a tribute paid to you. It's a certain career boost. I only had to implement it. Should I really become a robot? For my career? I thought about the other options. My “chance” to become a housewife and mother had faded with my 30th birthday. I wasn't too interested in that, and now men thought of me as a “forgotten Christmas cake.” That's how unmarried women over 25 are called here. Being stuck as receptionist wasn't an exciting option either.

My nightly dreams began to revolve around being a female machine, a robotic woman, and when they finally entered my daydreams, I went to my boss and said, “I'll do it. I'll implement the idea myself.”

Knowing I wasn't the first woman to undergo this process made it much easier for me to volunteer. I felt uneasy because my journey was leading me to somewhere outside Japan. It would be my first time abroad.

The welcome I received at the Frankfurt Airport made my worries go away. The people at **KACHI MEDICAL** assigned a guide to help me find my way through the German maze, just like we do it at headquarters in Japan. He even spoke Japanese! Wow!

We took a train to Düsseldorf, where I had a meeting with the surgeon's team at the hospital. I expected someone from our medical division to be at the briefing, and I was very surprised to find it was Mrs. Reinhard, the woman featured in the article I read.

She said she wanted to meet me in person when she heard I wanted to get the prosthesis without having a disease.

I told her my plan in English. It sounded incomprehensible and insane, even to myself, so I stopped. I was about to leave and return to Japan, with my idea never implemented. Then, Mrs. Reinhardt told me her story through my interpreter and that made me pluck up my courage. I let the man translate for her my idea of demonstrating the technical dominance of our company to visitors, and that I didn't want to end up a housewife, and how my idea was highly appreciated by **KACHI's** management.

Mrs. Reinhardt seemed unconvinced about my motivation, so I whispered in her ear how I had fantasized about becoming the "Mecha Musume, Aiko" when I was younger. I blushed heavily. I'd never revealed that to anyone. Mrs. Reinhard smiled and whispered back how she had once dreamed about becoming "Maschinenmädel Mareike" and now she was.

I was speechless. I smiled back and we both laughed. The poor man next to us had no clue what was that funny.

In short, my wicked dream came true a few days later. When I returned to Japan three weeks later, my new passport and special permit now read that I was Murata, Aiko "with prostheses containing metal." But I knew better. I had become **MA/1**, a humanoid robot manufactured to demonstrate the technological leadership of my company.

Yes, it's a bit of role playing. Customers now recognize me as a highly functional automaton, an intelligent machine they can't see at any other company besides **KACHI**. When I go out with my friends, they expect me to be a person close to them, a cheerful and nice woman. It takes all the understanding my mind has to play both roles perfectly.

I was promoted, and finding and guiding volunteers for my project is now a part of my new job. My other role is contributing to the "Office Lady Boost" project management started after they found my co-workers and I had greatly increased our workplace's efficiency since we have been converted. That new project offers **KACHI's** full-body prosthesis to other companies to improve their workplaces too.

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

## “Why Me?”

I'm pretty sure you'd ask yourself, "Why is it me that got an incurable disease?" if you were in that position. What would you do? What if there was a cure but it would change who you are in a dramatic way? What if you had to make that decision?

Fate is what you make of it. It's that simple. It isn't the end of the life you know now. Instead, it's the start of a thrilling new part of your life when you decide to have your body replaced by a **KACHI** prosthesis. I know, because I'm in for the thrill.

Let me give you a more elaborate explanation. I'm of Japanese-American origin and that mixed cultural background makes me see some things in a much more critical way than Japanese people usually do. For example, I chose a career path where I can make use of my language skills. I have a degree as a trilingual secretary and worked my way through various departments at **KACHI**, to get training and refinement of my talents.

People noticed my commitment to my job, but in Japan its expected women are in the office to hunt for a white-collar man with a good income, marry him, and leave the company by age 30. That's a common delusion in Japan. I can't blame the company for it.

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

That's the reason I joined Murata-san's "WHAM Welcome" project. She's a great role model. I think she is for any woman with a dream. It was courageous of her to close that chapter of her life when she was an ordinary human and start over as an impressive female robot.

"Fine, but where's the thrill?" you ask. Have

you ever wished you could be someone really different and cool and, still be the intelligent and loving person you are?

At work I'm now the diligent robot receptionist **YK/1**. That's my job and the reason I became a robot, fully automated and made by, and for, **KACHI**. But, I don't get switched off at 5pm. I have a private life, like any other woman. I don't disguise myself as a human female when I leave work either. I continue to be the same robotic woman at home I was at work. I meet up with friends and go on dates with men. That's right. There are men who want to date "**Unit YK/1**." Often, they initially expect to meet a woman who's into cosplay, or a fellow sci-fi and anime nerd, only to be awed when I reveal "**I'm an a.c.t.u.a.l r.o.b.o.t.**"

I've found it's mostly nerds or otaku who enjoy a woman as witty and smart as they. Some of the older guys I've dated have been so attentive and courteous. As if good manners was their fetish. With others, they made me feel like a mechanical goddess they secretly worship. Not exactly my cup of tea.

For those who are serious, and don't fall to their knees in worship, I want to be **YK/1** let him a goodnight kiss. When **YK/1** wants sex it's hard for anyone to hold her back.

I prefer to be 100% efficient when I do it too. I always stop and show him how to profit from my robotic libido, my sexual programming, before I let him feel the multiple benefits of my high tech vagina. I want to show him how I love to be the fully automated **YK/1** and how he's going to get the most out of me.

If you were to ask me why I chose to become a functional, sensual, robotic woman, I'd ask you in return, "**W.h.y h.a.v.e.n't y.o.u j.u.s.t y.e.t?**"

**YK/1 (aka Yamada, Karen)**  
Secretary Customer Relations  
Kachi Headquarters,  
Toyama/Japan





## “ Hit & Run

I'm glad I asked **KACHI MEDICAL** for the reports other women wrote when they asked me to tell my story too. They're so serious, strong-willed about that robot thing. The first version of my text, I found inappropriate for this brochure, was missing my motivation for becoming a female robot. So, I revised it.

I didn't decide to become a robot woman, so I didn't need the courage the other women who had sent in stories have. For me, it was sheer luck I survived at all and got converted.

I was a police cadet and suffered a terrible accident at Heidelberg station while I was working with two senior officers on duty. A drug dealer we were arresting pushed me from the platform onto the rails and an approaching train ran me over. My colleagues said later, I was a mass of broken bones and blood when they got me out from under the train. Horrible! Luckily, an ambulance was at the train station at the time on a call to help an old man

who threw his back out. That ambulance took me to the hospital. There, they tried to patch me up but it was hopeless. My abdomen and spine were crushed and I was nearly cut in two. I would have died right there if another kind person hadn't saved me.

She a fifty year old patient fifty suffering from breast cancer that had spread throughout her body. She was about to receive a full-body replacement which she gave it to me instead. The surgeons had asked her, of course, but it was her decision to switch with me. Wiebke\*, granted me her cure which was also her last hope.

When I had regained my consciousness, I couldn't remember what happened. It was a massive shock for me to find my body was now metal and plastic instead of flesh and bone. I had cried my eyes out. After days of mourning and seeing no one, denying even my parents and my boyfriend Erik\* a visit, it was Wiebke who made me come to my senses.

She peeked into my hospital room and I started screaming at her to get out when she sud-

denly revealed her robotic conversion to me. She said I got the full-body prosthesis meant for her, and that she was converted two days later, when another had been prepared. She taught me a priceless lesson.

As a policewoman who often has to deal with the dark side of human nature, I learned from her that there were many people wanted me to live, even those I've never met before! That made my agony fade away.

“ I wanted to live, I wanted to recover.

That became my motivation. I've started my life all over and though Ute Schliemer\* never ceased to exist. My view on life has changed so much. I have become a new person, out of necessity and out of comprehension.

You too will become a new person after your conversion. You can't master your prosthesis without adapting your mind to fit your new body. I see myself, and you'll have to see yourself, as a robot woman. That takes being honest with yourself.

I'm telling you this because I tried to get around that fact. I tried to see my robot body as nothing more than a prosthesis. More than an arrangement of motors, pumps, and electronics that allowed me to move again. That would let me live independently and to work at my dream job, like **KACHI** advertises. That failed miserably.

Early in my rehab, I had to sneeze tried to move my hand to cover my face. But, because I had little control of my body and I slapped myself in the face instead. That really hurt, a mechanical punch right in the nose. I concentrated on each of my moves from then on and it was hard work.

I walked all stiff and robotic. I had problems with my balance, like a kid riding a bicycle for the first time. There were no training wheels. Making my fingers move the way I wanted them to do was a total pain. Picking anything smaller than a basketball seemed impossible.

Each attempt to get control of the prosthesis was in vain. My occupational therapist saw my distress, "It's a dance. Your mind and your body have to move together.

The mind takes the lead but you and your body have to move in harmony, as one." It took while to make sense of her advice. When I focused on moving a single component in the prosthesis I lost all focus on everything else. There were more simultaneous tasks than my conscious mind could ever handle. I had to let go. I had to give in to my robotics.

Dancing this artificial body put me back at square one. It felt more like I wasn't even at the starting line because I had to get rid of thinking like a human when it came to my body. By letting my prosthesis control the details I improved greatly. I learned to comb my hair in one day, yeah! It was so easy, I moved my hand near the hairbrush and thought about grasping it. The fingers move on their own. Before, they drummed on the table, sometimes with all their power, or they clenched on the hairbrush crumpling it into plastic shards. I was always afraid of those results and killed the movement with those conscious thoughts.



Now, I let them “dance.” I let them crush the hairbrush and let my brain-prosthesis interface learn from it. It took eight hairbrushes and two hours to get a tight and safe grip on the handle. It has worked flawlessly ever since.

It's like a baby would learn it. Pure magic from my brain! I tried the same with my arm, to start combing. Got a smacked, twice. The third time my arm stopped in exactly the right position. I could do it. Learning to control this prosthesis wasn't always smooth but it was straightforward.

Walking, carrying something, juggling objects from hand to hand, I had to re-learn it all. Handwriting took me a while, and I'm still mystified how I learned it a second time at all.

Now my writing is beautiful. Like magic I can push a pen around carefully and swiftly. I think that's the most impressive thing you can do with your hand.

What settle it for me was athletics. I had been active before my accident and when I heard the word “prosthesis” I thought I'd never be able to walk again. I would never being able to work at my dream job as a policewoman.

Those doubts have faded away. I feel more energetic and athletic than ever before. I'm enthused by it. And, it's not me alone. My instructors and fellow cadets congratulate me for my new toughness.

For me, that's useful. As a police officer you have to take physical punishment more often than it's good for you. Even though I was in martial arts and endurance sports before, I never felt completely safe facing some big goon.

Now, for them there's no defense against the hydraulic “muscles” of my body. For attackers wielding weapons, I still need to be careful, of course. But, the steel mesh and Kevlar under my outer silicon skin offers good protection against knives and even guns. Blunt force weapons are useless against me. It's simple, you just can't intimidate a combat-ready robot by attacking it with a baseball bat.

## “How I Embraced my Machinehood

I should get back the topic about why I felt I had to become fully robotic. “Dancing” with my prosthetics made me finally master of them, right? Wrong! Do you remember the rules of the dance? It's move together, as one. The mind takes the lead. What do you do when you lose your mind?

That shock arrived when Erik made sexy moves on the new me for the first time. I didn't have full control of the prosthesis back then but I was making good progress. I told him about my slap in the face. He dared me to put some moisturizer on my face. I smiled in waggish confidence.

Erik watched closely as my rubber clad fingertips carefully applied the cream. “See, I can handle it!” I discovered he wasn't out to tease me, more to test me. I was nearly done applying the cream when he grabbed the silicon covered hand of my prosthesis with his left hand, smiled, then caressed my cheek with his other. “I love seeing your steel body being so gentle,” he whispered in my ear.

I was shocked. Did he just say "...your steel body...?" It was a prosthesis, not my body!

Erik showed me how wrong my observation was, on so many levels. He bit on my earlobe and played on the stud with his teeth. I pressed his hand in return, firmly and softly. Then he went further. He did not miss my lips or my affectionate look when our eyes met. His foray led him to my neck and then, onto the rubber of the prosthesis.

If it was a dance between my mind and my prosthesis, it clearly had to stop as we were in uncharted territory. We hadn't learned yet how to handle someone licking, kissing and biting my coating. I had a jumble of sensations I had to categorize and evaluate. It was mass confusion. The tactile sensors reported heat, cold, pinching, cuts, and tension.

My mind couldn't evaluate all that. I was overwhelmed by the sheer amount of sensations my brain was receiving. So much tension.

Erik traced the seam of my maintenance cover with his fingers. I kept swapping my line of sight between his eyes and his hands. I was eager to know how far he would go. He groped and fondled the bulges forming the "breasts" of the prosthesis with his hands. And I didn't feel the pressure or the common sensory chaos but arousal instead.

Technically these are my fuel tanks but from what I was feeling at that moment it was my rack he was playing with... Oh my god!

Can a prosthesis get horny? Erik "played me." I knew how it felt before my change. Now he was playing the prosthesis like an instrument and I felt what he was doing to it. It supplied the overall sensation to my brain. The machine was dancing to Erik's music and desperately wanted for me to join. I did.

The surge was incredible. My steel body flooded my brain with sensations, triggered feelings of strength, skill, and invulnerability in me. It felt the same as my combat training at work. It wanted me to feel safe, yet powerful. The excitement was so much higher than before. I knew that the sole function of my mind in that scheme was analyzing my environment then locking on the target response.

"When did I decide Erik was my prey?" It was a futile question to myself. My mind had already indulged in the mission my body asked of me and I'd decided not to pull the plug. I had consented to go for the big picture, not for the minor details of the plan.

I had to touch him in return, make him go further. I willed my arms to embrace him and let my hands rest on his bum. My robotic fingers did their lusty work and I carefully observed his reaction.

Erik noticed I was at peak attention. I think he was biting his tongue wanting to not screw it up when I finally twisted his buttocks over his threshold. He gave me a shiver as he stopped the mistreatment of my boobs and moved to massaging my back and arms. I followed him. We mirrored each other's actions, patting, rubbing as our eyes locked on each other.

Major kissing was involved. I had kissed him since my conversion, even passionate kisses.

But never in the exaggerated state of arousal I was in now. I *had* to kiss him! I wanted more. My body wanted more. This wasn't a prosthesis any more. I could feel how it wanted me to let it drive further, shift up a gear, get my mind in sync with it, then establish total control.

I had to override it. Immediately. I was the woman in charge and it's me who enforces control. I am the mind here! Thinking that made my robotics comply instantly. It wanted control. What it did wasn't a malfunction. It was an experiment to find out what it could do to get away with. I understand that now. From a machine's point of view it was always testing how to play on my mind's character. Be it combing, handwriting, or practicing martial arts my prosthesis tried to find out if it had done things right by checking whether my mind was pleased. Boy, was it pleased. Amused, delighted, all that.

I didn't want the dance to end. The wild ride had stopped but the engine was still running. My engine. I now knew I had to see it like that to stay in charge. Erik saw it too. "Are we going all the way my sexy robot maiden?" He was gazing on my stern, unmoving expression.

"**C.o.n.f.i.r.m.e.d. P.r.e.p.a.r.e f.o.r i.n.t.e.r.c.o.u.r.s.e**" I replied. I halted for a moment, shocked about what I just said. And how. I talked like a robot.

It was a minor detail. The big picture was between Erik and me. I wanted to show him how I enjoyed what he did. What he said. I wanted to have sex with him, wanted to enjoy what my robotic body has in store.

A part of my mind had already given in.

I would love to fire you up with details but my occupation in public service requires me to be more discreet. I can safely tell you my new body substantially outperformed anything my human body could ever have done.

For me and to my partner, it's electrifying.

The thrilling part was the control I felt. Every few seconds my robotics calls my consciousness for assistance. Then it performs the task automatically and let me experience the result.

It did during my ride with Erik. It's a continuous switch between who's in charge, my mind or my robotic body.

I should explain why I am so casual about having my prosthesis controlling my actions autonomously most of the time. It really isn't different from the human body I once had. I know it will always use my mind as a last resort for decision-making, and even when it doesn't see the necessity, I can regain the control whenever I want.

“ So fire up your courage and start your new life!

Dr. Rita Haase and Dipl. Ing. Mareike Reinhard from **KACHI MEDICAL** told me I would have the pleasure to write the closing words for the brochure. Some words which should make you consider **KACHI's** full-body prosthesis.

I can safely say there is no competing product. Not if you insist to continue to work at your dream job, to have a rich social life and, to be an attractive woman in your new body.

I fell in love with my new robot body. I've always been able to work as a policewoman and to handle my personal affairs just right. My accident and the outcome made me tougher, more conscious, and cool-headed. I feel stronger, more refined, and beautiful in a way that only growing into a fully robotic woman could have done for me.

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

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





**KACHI**  
機能的・官能的・汝  
Functional・Sensual・You

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