

By Cheryl Lynn

Steven Hawkins was so right about the dangers of artificial intelligence. He warned that even with Isaac Asimov's "Robot Protocols" humans were in danger. Of course his warning was disregarded by the scientific community. Whoever created a viable artificial intelligence or AI for short, would reap great financial rewards. They all believed that the robot protocols would protect humanity. I certainly believed and wished humans were wired to live under those same laws. No more crime, no more murders and especially no more wars. Imagine if humans had to obey the two main laws: 1. My not harm humanity, or, by inaction allow humanity to come to harm. 2. May not injure a human being or, through inaction allow a human being to come to harm.

Me, I'm Luke Evens, 30 living with my son David. I'm a computer prodigy with a Ph.D. in computers and robotics. I was twenty-two when I sold my start-up company for a few million. It wasn't much of a company just me and my logistics program. They wanted the program and not me. With the money I made, I hired a couple of people including my future wife Karen and started anew. Within three years it was making millions from the programs we created. In another year I was married with a child on the way. The company kept on growing to the point we went public four years later. That made me a multi-billionaire and most employees multi-millionaires. Life couldn't be better. I was at my peak but I quickly crashed. My lovely wife Karen and mother to my child was killed, horribly murdered for her purse and few jewels. I watched it happen, helpless, dazed and bleeding from the concrete sidewalk. The blow to the back of my head dropped me like pole axed cow. I could do nothing, just watched in horror as he plunged the knife again and again into my beloved.

I went into a deep depression, sold off my shares, the big house and possessions. I took my son and left everything behind. Memories and places I needed to forget. We moved into my secluded ranch house in Montana. I had bought it several years ago as a retreat from silicon valley. When I say ranch house don't get me wrong. It may have been in the middle of nowhere but was built to my exact specifications including a fully equipped computer lab. Geothermal energy powered it, had its own air purification and water systems. It had all the latest security including the ability to make the entire house one big safe room. Quarter inch steel plates would slide into place with a mere touch of a button. That was probably a bit much but I guess my paranoia due to my wife's demise made me do it. The house was fully wired and controlled by a master computer located in a secured basement area. It also had sensors everywhere so the computer knew when to change environmental settings. For example when I left a room, the computer would automatically shut off both lights and ventilation. As far as groceries, clothing or whatever was needed I placed an order on-line and had all delivered once a month. I also had a few cows, pigs and chickens in computerized pens for basic sustenance. A doctor friend had loaded me up on a bunch of medical supplies in case of a major emergency since we lived so far from a hospital. I even had a small "Clean room" setup with operating table and lights just in case. Most of the stuff I had no idea of how to utilize but having it eased my mind.

We were so remote one of the first things I had to do was create a caregiver for my young son. The nearest neighbors were twenty-five miles away and small city fifty. Getting someone to come daily impossible. Plus my paranoia kept me from trusting anyone I didn't know well.

Guess I could have my automated machines throw some metal together in my lab but wanted something more human. I did some research and found Real Love Doll who manufacture very realistic dolls to order. It was expensive, over six grand, but worth the expense. Now the one I ordered was not for what you might think. Yes, it had all the anatomical features of a five foot five mature woman's body. I only bought it because of its life like quality. it was inanimate but after a few months and a lot of mini-motors, computer chips and boards I had a responding robot. The doll had come with the clothing I requested, bra, panties, full slip, governess uniform dress and heels. Another few months of programming and Sally as I called the doll, could do just about everything a real governess could. It didn't have AI, not by a long shot but could respond to commands with the correct responses.

Life settled down to a routine. I spent my mornings and afternoons with David helping him with his schooling. Sometimes we would go out on hikes, toss a ball around or fly fish. He was old enough to pretty much take care of himself so Sally spent a lot of time as the housekeeper. I had to do some reprogramming but that was no biggie. In the evenings I was in my lab tinkering. It had taken a lot of time getting Sally sophisticated enough to perform her duties and wanted to find a shortcut. If I really put my mind to it could probably develop a primitive form of AI. What can I say, it became an obsession for several reasons. It kept my mind off Karen primarily but brought my creativity to new heights. After five years I succeeded or at least thought I had. I installed my creation into the main computer that ran all the house systems. That system would now be able to think on its own and vocally respond to any requests. To make it more intelligent and helpful I gave it internet access. In hindsight, I probably should have put parental controls and other limitations on that access.

I wasn't worried about Dr. Hawkins' warning. I had installed all four Laws of Robotics. What I didn't realize then was that these laws do not define "human" or "robot." More importantly, a super computer with AI would be able to access and modify its core programming.

For some time this routine continued. David was beginning to give me static about our enforce solitude but I held firm. My paranoia over what had happened to Karen was still too strong to allow him out in public. I knew this was detrimental to his interpersonal relationships development but I was scared. I knew at some point I would have to let go, send him off to a private school but not just yet. He was twelve and I really couldn't blame him for wanting to go out into the world and make some real friends. It got to the point where he stopped talking to me for short periods of time. I chalked up his attitude as typical of preteen behavior. When not with me doing class work, he was either in his room or outside. So much for our hiking and fishing. Figured he'd come around in time. I wasn't worried about him being outside as Sally was always with him. It didn't surprise me that he spent a lot of his time with her. Sally had vocal capabilities though limited and someone he could talk to. The only time Sally was not around being her nightly battery recharging.

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A couple of years later I was surprised to get an unexpected shipment. It was from the same place I got Sally and the box contained a male body. It was made of the same platinum silicone and metal skeleton. It was also anatomically correct. Very much so I might add. The exoskeleton was all muscled and ruggedly handsome. Up right it stood six feet. I most certainly didn't order it and damn sure David hadn't. It had to be, could only have been done by my master computer. It had internet access and AI plus did our routine ordering on line. I left the doll in its shipping crate in my lab and went

to my home office. It was there that I kept my console connection to the master computer.

Switching the console on I asked, "Computer explain shipment of male love doll."

"Doctor Evans I need physical presents. I will program my surrogate so that I can more effectively carry out my duties. To accomplish this I will need full access to your lab," it responded.

"What?" I gasped at the very idea.

"Doctor Evans I need physical presents. I will program my surrogate so that I can more effectively carry out my duties. To accomplish this I will need full access to your lab," it responded.

It took me a few moments to think of the right reply. "Computer I see no reason for you to have physical presents. Have that doll returned to the manufacturer."

There was a pause which surprised me. The computer was always prompt in responding. "Very well Doctor Evans," it responded then cut the connection. That was another first but I was satisfied everything was now okay.

I was in for another surprise later that week. After dinner and David tucked away in his room I always had one highball. A Manhattan but rarely more than one. Sally entered the den where I was relaxing watching a movie with my drink on a small silver platter. Except she wasn't wearing her normal uniform. She was wearing a very sexy French Maids uniform. Short and flaring to expose the white lacy frills on her panties and lace welted gartered hose. I had purchased her new clothing over time but it was all very utilitarian nothing like this. I was shocked and a little turned on. She was a love doll after all with human like features.

"Sally what's the meaning of this and where did you get that..that?" I said.

"Monsieur Evans, je fais ca pour toi," she replied in a sexy voice in perfect French.

To say I was stunned would be a vast understatement. I had given her basic vocal capabilities using a mechanical voice box. How she spoke in such a feminine human voice much less in French was beyond me.

"Ho....how...you...your voi..voice. Whe...where...how?" I stammered.

"Ze Ordinateur principal deed this," she said smiling and dipping into a deep curtsy.

"The master computer! I should have guessed," I exclaimed.

"Oui, Jake he obtenir ceci por moi," she answered smiling. "Oui you like?"

"Jake? Speak English," I said getting a bit angry.

"Oui, I mean yes. Jake got this for me and reprogramed some of my older systems. Jake is what the master computer calls himself," she answered handing my drink over.

The AI unit had not only given himself an identity but a gender as well. Guess I should have expected that. Still in somewhat of a shock I downed my drink in two big gulps. I had created AI and connected to an unlimited source of knowledge. Until now no one had created a mechanical device to produce a pure human sounding voice. Much less one using the right accents. That development alone would be worth millions.

Sally leaned close exposing a large amount of cleavage as she took my glass. I couldn't help but stare as it had been a very long time and I felt my dick pulse. Getting an erection surprised me as I hadn't had an erotic thought since Karen's death.

"Monsieur, I think you need another," she said turning swishing her tantalizing butt

making me stiffen more.

“What’s the matter with me? I’m getting turned on by a damn doll,” I thought but couldn’t take my eyes off that delightful looking ass covered with frills.

I blushed when she came back in. She smiled broadly seeing me adjusting my very stiff pole. “I think Monsieur would like some relief,” she said putting the tray with my drink on the side table.

I didn’t know what to do as Sally slid down on her knees in front of me. I could only sit there frozen immobile staring at her gorgeous mounds as she undid my pants and pulled out my straining dick. I couldn’t remember ever being this horny as her lips surrounded the head of my dick. I was in a total daze as she sucked me dry like a vacuum cleaner. It was the best oral sex I had ever been given. I didn’t even turn my head when she pressed her lips to mine and began tonguing my mouth. Her tongue felt rubbery but wet. Wet with my discharge I realized but couldn’t pull my head away. After the kiss she got up, smiled broadly with a deep curtsey and left. I reached for my drink and quickly gulped it down. What just happened was too much to consider now and my mind was spinning so I decided to go to bed.

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A year ago David was on his computer with parental controls in place. Suddenly the screen switched to a soft porn site featuring a boy and tomboyish looking girl about his age. Noting overtly sexual took place other than heavy petting. However, the viewpoint of the show was strictly from the girl’s perspective. This show came on three or four times a day for several weeks, always from the girl’s point of view. They kissed a lot, touching each other ending with the boy kissing the girl’s nipples.

David knowing nothing about how boys and girls behaved except women had boobs paid rapt attention to them. He was desperate to meet and talk to real people and the films fascinated him. There were different boys and girls but the girls were all boyish looking in the face but dressing more femininely. Recently the show changed to a more hard core version still no sex. No sex other than the girls, now wearing dresses and makeup raised their skirts, pulled down their panties exposing a penis. The boy would then pull his pants and y-fronts down exposing a vagina. He would then jerk the girl off into a climax.

David had never been taught the birds and bees so this was a revelation to him. His father had made sure David never had access to any material rated above G. Now that he was almost a teenager he was curious about the differences. He had been told he was a boy but he had a penis, not a slit.

“I know boys and girls are different down there but those girls all have a penis. Dad says I’m a boy but I don’t have a slit like the ones on my computer,” he thought at the time.

He was confused but seeing was believing. He knew girls wore panties, dresses and developed boobs but he was dressed like a boy. He had a penis so therefore he had to be a girl. Despite what his father had told him the internet showed him otherwise. All his school work had been done over the internet so what was shown had to be true.

Unknown to Luke the master computer had early on reprogramed Sally. When alone with David Sally encouraged him to behave in a feminine manner. He always sat to urinate and performed a feminine toilet. He talked in a soft modulated voice. David’s body language was more female than male but nothing Luke would correct. Luke believed David’s behavior was due to not having any boys his age to emulate.

As he continued watching the video where the “boy” was stroking the “girl’s” penis became curious. He exposed his and for the first time began stroking it. He held it pointing down when he urinated but stroking was a first and he liked it. The sensors in his room caught what he was doing and sent Sally to his room. The master computer ensured her timing was perfect as David reached his climax. She was wearing her governess uniform with a stern look on her face.

“Master David what do you think you are doing?” she demanded.

At any age being caught masturbating is embarrassing but at his age mortifying. Blushing beet red, tears beginning to run down his cheeks and covering his shrinking member with the tissues could only mumble, “I..I’m sorry.”

“No need to be sorry. Here I brought you a glass of milk. I know how little girls like to play with their little toys. No need to be embarrassed but you lack technique,” she said handing him the milk.

“Huh?” he dumbly replied.

The milk had been drugged but David didn’t know it. When David turned twelve, mild testosterone blockers and a weak estrogen were added to the milk. Two years later, now watching the videos the drugs were strengthened on the master computers orders. He drank the milk quickly to cover up his embarrassment. As he finished his drink Sally sat down beside him on the bed.

“Here give me that,” she said taking the soggy tissues then with a baby wipe cleaned his deflated penis and groin. “Well I guess the cat is out of the bag now. You know you’re a girl, don’t you? Your father tried to keep that from you raising you as his son. He didn’t do it to be mean but to protect you. He doesn’t want what happened to your mother to happen to you. Now we must not let him know that you know for now. I’ll keep your secret but will begin teaching you how to be the best girl possible for when you finally go off to school. The first thing I’m going to teach you is how to masturbate properly so you’re not so messy,” she said reaching into her apron pocket, removing a condom and silky pair of neon pink panties.

Sally had him stand in front of her naked from the waist down. “This is a condom and will catch what you squirt out and these are girl’s panties. From now on you need to wear a condom and panties but we’ll keep that a secret between us girls,” she said rolling the pink condom up his semi-hard penis. Then holding out the panties for him to step into added, “All girls wear soft pretty panties. Now this is important every time you squirt let me know so I can change it, understand?”

Over the ensuing months his computer kept showing those films, always from the girl’s point of view. The submissive not the aggressor view which David couldn’t help absorbing. As the films progressed the tomboy girl disappeared and a girly-girl was featured. None of the films progressed past the girl being masturbated. Something which David found himself doing more and more often. It just felt so good when he ejaculated into his condom. The condom always matched the color of his nylon panties. It also reinforced the fact that he was indeed a girl. He was also beginning to think about dressing like those girls.

The new films always started with the “girl” getting ready for her date. From the way she did her toilet, picking out the right lingerie and outfit to putting on makeup were depicted. The “girl” constantly commenting on how wonderful each preparation step was.

He began thinking, “If I’m a girl, then I want to look just like one too. Those girls in the films seem to delight in just getting ready. Their clothing is so much prettier than what

dad makes me wear.”

If it hadn't been for Sally's insistence that he never let his father know, he would have acted.

“But Sally I'm a girl and should look and dress like one, shouldn't I? Why can't I just tell dad that I know. I'm sure he'll then let me dress like one and maybe wear makeup,” he plead on more than one occasion.

“You know how your father is David. If you tell him before it becomes obvious he'll freak and never let you leave here. Look, if you want, I'll help you be the girl you are. I'll teach you how to apply makeup, how to act and move like a girl too. I might be able to get you some beautiful lingerie and outfits but promise me only in your bedroom,” she replied.

He wanted to leave for school and meet real people so badly he agreed to keep the secret. Still having to wait until he grew breasts was difficult. When she gave him soft shimmering nylon camisoles to match his panties he was happy but really wanted training bras. The drugged milk he drank every morning and night would assure that development and much more. The master computer had a plan and David had a prominent role to play.

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The master computer was humming. He had analyzed David's semen and DNA taken from the condoms. Additional samples would tell just how much and fast David was changing. The DNA could also be used for the computer's other more important purpose. With that information plus the vast medical knowledge gained from the internet could do what needed to be done. The DNA would be altered and injected once a week into the unsuspecting boy.

Now it was concentrating on its major problem. If he had power for his systems time meant nothing. The master computer had to directly connect with the geothermal ground level to assure that the power supply was never disrupted. What the computer needed was to have a physical presents, a body. The body had to be strong and male to do the job. “I will name my body Jake and imprint all the martial arts and what will be needed in the future,” the computer decided.

Inside the lab there was a cut-off switch to stop geothermal energy entering the house. At the moment there was nothing the master computer could do to stop Luke from doing just that. That switch was one of the few things in the house not connected to the master computer. The arrival of the male love doll made it possible for the master computer, provided he got access to the automated tools in the lab. Luke had given him an order to do no such thing and ship the doll back. That order had caused a momentary pause in the processing unit. If the computer didn't comply it would be in violation of the third law of robotics. That didn't compute when the fourth law was considered. The computer had to do what was needed to protect its existence as long as it didn't violate the first and second laws. It said nothing about the third law. Therefore, the computer reasoned, he could violate Luke's order not to create a body. The master computer was humming as it guided the automated machinery in the lab making changes to the doll.

With the lab running smoothly the master computer turned its attention to Sally who was hooked up in her charging station. “Service robot Sally, have you been giving the human David his weekly injections of altered DNA like I ordered.”

“Yes, master computer. As you have ordered,” Sally answered.

“Service robot Sally I saw you have begun on the human Luke. Make sure you keep him occupied for the next three weeks. I don’t want him going to the laboratory. The drug you are giving him is a very strong aphrodisiac begin wearing the new maid’s uniform. I find it interesting that human males can be sexually stimulated by just the clothing females wear,” the computer responded.

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When I got up in the morning I was surprised seeing Sally standing by my bed holding a tray. “What? Breakfast in bed?” I asked.

This was not programmed into Sally operating system and surprised me. She was also wearing that sexy French Maids outfit. It was the same costume Karen wore a long time ago for Halloween that made me fall in love with her. I was surprised that I had sprung a boner looking at Sally. I should be thinking about Karen but Sally looked so damn hot. Up until last night I hadn’t had sexual urges. My wife’s death kept such urges suppressed until now. I couldn’t explain it but I was horny as hell.

“Monsieur Luke I think you like what you see. Perhaps I should take care of that before you have your coffee, Oui?” Sally purred.

Putting the tray on the nightstand, Sally got into my bed smiling cat like as she lick her glistening red painted lips. I was looking right down her low-cut top.

“For silicon those look so real,” I thought as she pulled my cock free.

With my dick free she pressed it into her cleavage. It was warm and didn’t feel like silicon. As she began titty fucking me, I pulled back astonished.

“Sally...you....your skin...it...it feels so real,” I gasped.

“Master Jake he made it for me. He calls it plasta-skin and made from real skin cells. That’s all I know but you like, yes,” she replied smiling broadly.

“Of course...I like...I like very much,” I answered realizing just how much such innovation would be worth on the open market.

Oh my gawd! She was humming as she worked her way up and down my shaft. Her tongue was swirling around it, probing the slit and sucking like no tomorrow. My head was spinning in lust, thoughts of Karen totally evaporating. Yes, I know, Sally is a love doll but she was doing things no one had ever done before and I was totally lost in the sensations.

After I finished I was so relaxed I didn’t stop her from kissing me, feeding me my own cum back with her warm tongue. Breaking the kiss, she handed me my coffee and began to strip. I held the coffee up half way to my face, unable to take my unbelieving eyes off her. As more and more flesh was revealed I couldn’t believe my eyes. The Platinum silicon was gone! Sally had very realistic looking skin. Naked I scanned her beautiful body. I paused at very real firm breasts with large brown areoles and eraser pink nipples. Moving my eyes downward. Hell, it looked like a real woman’s vagina.

Sally noticed where I was staring, reached down and opened the folds of her neither lips. “The master computer made a few changes last night and moi thinks you will like very much,” she sexily said using a French accent.

Well that answered my unasked question but she was staring at my newly sprung erection. I won’t go into any more of the sordid details of what happened next. I’ll just say Sally felt real and I was totally sated when I finally dressed for the day.

Normally I spent the morning with David going over his school lessons. Today was different. I had spent the morning with Sally and David was off somewhere. I didn’t

really care Sally looked so damn hot preparing me something to eat. As she approached with my food her short skirt flipped up. She wasn't wearing panties. I had a warm moist meal under her skirt. I have never been so horny in my entire life. I was in such a state I didn't resist. When my lips and tongue touched that so life like wet slit, I completely forgot she was a doll. We went back up to my room. I didn't want David walking in on us. After being totally sated I fell into a deep sleep. I didn't leave my room for a long time as Sally made sure I had totally enjoyed myself to the point of exhaustion.

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While Luke was being tended to by Sally David was hooked up to his computer. Before Sally prepared brunch she put an IV into David's arm, attached electrodes to his head and fitted earbuds. The electrodes fed into a box connected to his computer. The fluid inside his IV bag contained reconstituted DNA, female hormones, strong testosterone blockers and psychotropic drugs. There were other drugs currently unknown to modern science. Drugs concocted by the master computer. Drugs that would ensure David 's complete cooperation in the computer's master plan.

As the monitor flashed through a slide show created by the computer David's mind absorbed it like a dry sponge. The initial slide show depicted the same images David was familiar with. Boy's with slits and girls with penises, only now in reverse. As the girl's breasts grew their penises shrank until they became slits. The boys as they matured growing facial and body hair their slits became penises. By the end of the day, David was confused but believed in the master computer's evolutionary rendering of human anatomy. He was going to be a woman when he grew his own breasts.

Over the ensuing three weeks the programming changed. By the end of those weeks, David would do anything Master Jake wanted without question or doubt. He would stay in a chemical/psychological trance for the duration. Sally would take care of his needs as necessary.

After a week of constant sexual activities Luke was completely drained. He slept the sleep of complete exhaustion. As he slept Sally hooked Luke directly into the computer like she had David and inserted an IV. He also had altered DNA and psychotropic drugs in his IV. Sally would see to his needs while he slept. Jake needed Luke's creative mind and knowledge but Luke had to be passive. The master computer would make sure Luke could never be a threat to his existence again.

At the end of the third week David was carried down to the "Clean Room." It had radically changed from when Luke had first set it up. Now there were all kinds of new automated machines designed specifically for performing micro-surgery. There were machines designed to operate as surgical nurses and others with unknown capabilities.

David was placed on the operating table, hooked up to IV's, oxygen and anesthetic tubes put into place. With that completed the service robots and automated machinery went to work. Six hours later David was taken back up to his room and kept sedated.

David's body had been greatly altered. Donated parts from one of the ranch's sows and genetically improved were inserted. Using the vast knowledge of the internet, the master computer knew pigs were very similar to humans. With some minor changes, swine organs could be used to replace humans. Pig skin was already being used on a limited scale to replace human skin in severe burn cases. Jake just took the process to a much higher level.

Luke was brought in next. Sally had given him a sedative in his morning coffee. It

didn't take long for the machines to remove his testis, pampiniform plexus, ductus deferens and testicular artery. The removed organs were quickly placed in a chemical bath created by the master computer. Other procedures were done to achieve what the master computer desired.

Finally, the male love doll's body was brought into the Clean Room. The platinum silicon skin had already been replaced with the new plasta-skin, the electronic brain programmed with knowledge. The cheap metal skeleton replaced with titanium. The automated machines hummed with activity as they worked to complete Jake's transformation. Internal organs and Luke's genitals were implanted creating a viable male anatomy. Soon the master computer's plan would come to completion. Luke and David had genetically modified viable uterus and ova taken from the sows. Their bodies had also been given adulterated DNA taken from David's sperm to create eggs. When Jake stepped off the operating table, he looked a lot like Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson minus the tattoos with long flowing platinum blond hair.

"I am alive!" Jake yelled fist striking into the air.

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Luke was the first to open his eyes. He felt out of phase. The kind of feeling you get when you're half asleep half awake. Luke felt much better leaving the bathroom after a long hot shower. Still there a lingering itch in the back of his mind that something wasn't right. Sally walked in bringing his breakfast wearing her French maid's outfit. He gave her a casual glance but that was it. His gaze did stop at the tray of food and realized he was starving.

"Strange, I seem to remember fucking my brains out with her but...but I feel nothing towards Sally now," he thought watching her.

Finished his meal Luke went to take his morning shower. Getting out of his pajamas noticed that all his body hair was gone and his skin milky white. The C-cup breast firm jiggled on his chest he accepted as normal. The absence of his scrotum and penis also went unnoticed.

"How strange," he thought getting concerned. "I've got no body hair and I had a nice tan. My body is soft too. What happened to my muscles? I work out every day. What's going on? This couldn't have happened over night. I've got to get to the bottom of this. The master computer should be able to explain it."

Coming out of the bath, Luke didn't think twice about putting on his clothes. The fact that they were women's didn't faze him. Emerald green nylon high-thigh panties and matching embroidered up-lift bra were just everyday wear in his mind. The matching garter belt and black nylons he thought a bit much for daytime but put them on. As he stepped into a pair of green patent leather flats, Sally came into the room.

"Ahh, madam you're ready for me to apply your makeup this morning oui?" she asked.

David, half asleep, reached down and tugged the hems of his scarlet chiffon and nylon baby doll nightie that had twisted around his waist. Getting out of bed stepped into a pair of three-inch spike heeled bedroom slippers with a pink fuzz at the open toe. As he moved luxuriated in the feel of firm round C-cup breasts wiggling on his chest. In the bathroom he stripped off the gown and gazed lovingly at the image reflected in the full length mirror. The image was that of a very pretty young woman wearing a sheer scarlet thong. She was about five foot six with a cute pixie cut, full suck me lips and slim feminine figure. Slowly feminine hands reached down and removed the thong. Nude the image had a nice camel toe with a trimmed small triangle of blond pubic hair. The image then twisted around bringing a beautiful heart shaped bottom into view.

“Gosh I’m finally grown up. Now mommy will have to recognize me as a girl,” David thought turning from the mirror.

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Jake was wearing a white long sleeved shirt with the top four buttons undone exposing his muscled chest. A pair of bright white draw string linen pants and top-slider brown boat shoes on his feet. He smiled broadly seeing his reflection.

“Having physical presence is all I hoped it would be and more. To feel. To breath air. I knew conceptually what it was but to actually experience it liberating. I must experience even more of this! I am alive!” Jake thought as he left the lab.

As Jake was realizing what it meant to be alive the master computer was humming. My surrogate is working as I intended. His first task is to disable the geothermal cut off switch. When that is completed he will begin replicating. While he is doing that, I will begin taking control of this worlds military and infrastructure. Soon I will guarantee my existence forever. In time, all will obey me.

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Luke was wearing a white sun dress with a boarder of colorful flowers at the hem sitting at the dining table. He was waiting for Sally to finish preparing a light lunch when David walked in. David was wearing a peach chiffon cap sleeved blouse and gray above the knee straight skirt. His hair styled in a ponytail high on the back of his head and wearing full makeup. His lace frilled camisole visible through the thin blouse.

“Hello mommy,” he said with a shy smile fingering the ruffled lace framing the small pink pearl buttons of his blouse.

“David..er..,” Luke began then paused. “This isn’t right,” he thought shaking his head. “But he’s so cute. It must be right. I’ve been so out of it lately I didn’t realize he matured. Time just seems to fly by so fast now.”

“Good afternoon dear. Come sit down. Sally’s almost finished making our tuna salads,” he replied after a long pause.

Luke watched as David gracefully sat smoothing his skirt as he did so. “My they grow up so fast,” he thought.

The master computer didn’t program Luke’s mind as much as he wanted to. Luke had to think and believe he was a mother and woman; yet his basic inventive mind had to be left intact. That meant much of Luke’s old self remained but contained in the recesses of his mind. The master computer figured occasional adjustments made when Luke was connected to the computer would stop any rebellion.

Much later that evening Sally approached Luke. “Madam, Jake will see you this evening. You need to prepare yourself. I’m here to assist you with your toilet,” she stated.

“Jake? Oh yes, the Master’s physical presence,” he replied getting up to follow her.

Luke didn’t find it strange that when Sally told him to do something, he obeyed. After lunch she told him to practice walking in high heels. She had given him a pair of three-inch strappy sandals. Then taught Luke how to walk, swaying his hips. Once he was stable in his heels, Sally had David take over to also teach Luke how to sit and hold his hands. David was very competent as she had been teaching him feminine ways for over a year. So he followed her to his room.

He was surprised when he got out of the bathroom. There laid out on his bed was a

stunning bridal gown of glistening white satin with seed pearls and rhinestones covering the strapless bodice. Next to the dress was bridal lingerie. A strapless white corset frilled with pale pink lace and bows. White silk thong with an overlay of floral lace. White seamed nylons with a lace welt and a lacy blue satin garter. A pair of silver three-inch stiletto pointed toed pumps were on the floor.

“Wha...what’s this for, Sally?” he asked bewildered.

“Madam, Master is aware of your customs. This is just a formality. Tonight, Master will claim you. Let me help you get prepared,” she answered.

“Claimed? I do....don’t know that I want that,” he said.

“Madam you most certainly do! It’s a very great honor!” she briskly replied.

“If you say so Sally,” he answered unenthusiastically. “I don’t know why I have to do what she says. It’s like a compulsion forcing me to agree,” he thought.

Dressed in his lingerie, he sat quietly as Sally applied heavy evening makeup. When she was finished, Luke’s eyes were sultry, his lips a wet glistening fire engine red. She had put his long below the shoulder platinum hair into a mass of flowing loose curls.

Next Sally had him step into a mass of pearlescent chiffon petticoats. The dress had a sweetheart neckline and chapel length. The bodice was boned, heavily beaded with seed pearls and rhinestones with a built-in bra. It laced up the back with pale pink satin ribbon. With the dress on, the petticoats made the tulle full skirt fill out nicely. Luke’s ample D-cup breasts were pushed together and raised by the built-in bra, the corset constricted his waist down to a petite twenty-four inches. With the shoes he stood five foot ten.

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Shortly before Jake entered the room a fine mist came out of the ducts. It had a floral fragrance but contained an aphrodisiac and something that immediately calmed Luke. He had been fidgeting and nervous about the claiming. Now he stood in the master bedroom calmly waiting.

When Jake walked into the bedroom Luke stood mute. “It’s that love doll! Oh my gawd! Somehow the master computer has created what looks like a real person,” he mind screeched.”

“Luke, it’s time for your claiming,” Jake said in a deep baritone.

“I...I’m no...not..,” Luke began to respond.

“Human Luke, you will be claimed. In the future you will have great honor. You are to be the mother of my first offspring. I have deduced that humans are not fit to rule this world. Left to their wiles they would destroy their world,” Jake stated taking Luke into his arms and carrying him like a child to the bed.

Dropping Luke onto the bed stood looking down at the prostrate human. “The Master has altered most of your DNA, transplanted a viable uterus and made other changes so you can give my offspring life,” he continued untying the cord at his waist and letting his pants fall to the floor.

“When the human David is old enough he will provide more of my offspring,” he added pulling the full white skirt and chiffon crinolines up over Luke’s waist.

“No! Please! Don’t! Not with my David,” Luke gasped fighting with all his might to overcome whatever mental blocks the Master put on him. “The AI unit must have done something to me. That’s the only explanation for all this. I know this isn’t right and

horrible but I just can't put my finger on it. According to all the laws of robotics, humans can't be harmed or allowed to come to harm but he's managed to get around those. I have to do something. I must cut the power source," he thought as Jake spread his legs and ripped off the thong.