



*A Man,
Made to Order
Short*

Evie's
STORY

VICTORIA KINKADE

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“**E**vie! Over here.”
My roommate Julia waved to me as I stepped through the door of the historic White Horse Tavern in downtown Manhattan. All my friends turned to welcome me. Julia rose to kiss my cheek. Her boyfriend Tomaso spread his hands wide and grinned. “Evie!”

My friend Jerra punched me playfully on the arm and his sister Teff gave a shy little wave...an effusive gesture for her. I beamed at the outpouring of affection as they made room for me in the booth. I squeezed in next to Jerra. He and Teff were both so rail-thin there was plenty of room for one more.

Jerra waved at a waitress and pointed to the beers on the table, holding up a finger.

Julia’s face grew serious and she leaned forward across the table. “Have you heard anything from your sister?”

I sighed. I’d anticipated the question, but I had no answers. “Still no word. I just came from her house. The police met me there.”

My sister had been missing for three weeks. Her disappearance had been all over the news. She'd vanished leaving everything behind. But she'd left no message, no warning, and there was no clue to where she'd gone. There weren't any ransom demands. Her car had been tracked leaving the city but the privacy filters had been activated and all traces of it had disappeared.

"Have they found anything new?"

"Nothing."

Julia shook her head as the others made sympathetic noises.

I paused for a moment as the artificial waitress set my beer down on the table. I waved my phone over the payment node on her hand, then continued as she walked away. "I...haven't told anyone this before because I was trying to respect Leah's privacy, but before she vanished, she got one of those new companion artificials."

They stared at me, stunned. Understandable. Those new artificials cost insane money. More than most people could even imagine spending. All my friends knew that my sister ran a top corporate division, but I hadn't been completely open about how extreme her success had been.

Fact is, she was rolling in it. She owned a self-driving luxury car and one of Manhattan's most unique homes on the Hudson River. I couldn't even imagine what either one had cost and she would never say. But even with all that she had...she was lonely, my sister. Leah had never quite been able to connect with other people, even me. She couldn't seem to trust people enough to allow intimacy to happen. And she had horrible taste in men.

She dated arrogant executive-types who probably went after her to make themselves feel important. Her last boyfriend had been good looking, but I suspected he was a

narcissist. He only talked about himself and would always make these snide comments to me whenever she left the room. She hadn't been seeing anyone at all since she dumped that jerk. She went back to throwing herself into work like always. I made a point to drop in and see how she was doing every week or two, to make sure we kept in touch. Which is how I discovered she had gotten the artificial.

It had set off all sorts of alarms in my head. If these companions were any good at all, it could serve to drive her even farther away from the rest of humanity. It had worried me then and now she was gone entirely.

There'd been bits and gossip in the news about these things. Worrying rumors.

"You think that had something to do with it?" Julia asked.

"Is it gone, too?" My friend Jerra frowned.

I sipped my beer. "They're both gone. Nothing seems to be missing except the car. It even looks like all her clothes are there."

"Maybe she just took a trip." Julia suggested.

"Leah doesn't take vacations and I can't remember that last time she traveled for business. She does everything with holo conferences. Says she can't afford to lose the work time." Privately I thought she just didn't like to meet with people face to face. I leaned into the circle of friends and they leaned forward in response. I lowered my voice. "You should have seen her new artificial. It was..." I took a breath. "...incredible. Kind of awe-inspiring, actually."

I bit my lip, remembering how unnaturally handsome it had been and how natural its movements and expressions had seemed. So lifelike. And his eyes. It was like they saw right through you. "Plus, she was acting weird the last time I saw her. Like, really weird. She didn't want me to talk to

it...him. And she rushed me out of the house. Practically shoved me out the door.”

“Did she seem embarrassed?” Julia asked.

“No...just upset. Like I was intruding. I mean, she’s often distant, but this was different. She seemed really intense.” I frowned. “And another thing...today I found a letter from the company. A recall letter for her new artificial. It arrived three days before she disappeared. Something is really wrong.”

“Could the thing have hurt her?” Julia’s eyes went wide. “Do these things hurt people?”

Tears welled hot in the edges of my eyes. “I just don’t know.”

“Those recalls have been all over the tech news.” Jerra, a software developer, patted my arm as he shook his head slowly. “But the company hasn’t said exactly why. Just that they’re making upgrades to the aOS.”

“Artificials are supposed to be safe.” Julia fretted. “They’ve always been safe, right?”

“These new ones are a big advance in technology.” Julia’s partner, Tomaso held her hand as he spoke. “But they wouldn’t release them if there were issues. I haven’t heard of any incidents.”

He looked around the table. Everyone shook their heads. Artificials were safe, everyone knew that. They’d been around for years. Everyone was used to them. The only accidents that artificials were involved in were usually from them protecting people. They had all kinds of safety protocols.

“There’s been some talk...” Jerra’s sister, Teff said quietly. Everyone fell silent. Teff never spoke. We all looked at her as she shifted uncomfortably under the attention. I remem-

bered that Teff was a security tech for an independent monitoring company.

"...about..." She cleared her throat. "...AC."

Jerra snorted. "Artificial consciousness? There's always talk about AC. But it's not possible."

"I don't know. A lot of people say it's inevitable," Tomaso said.

Jerra was firm. "Simulated, maybe, but true AC isn't possible."

"But what *is* true AC? How do you define it? Independent thought? Free will?" Tomaso asked.

"I think it would require the artificial to exhibit creativity," Julia said.

"By that definition, a lot of people aren't actually conscious." Tomaso laughed.

I spoke up. I'd been thinking about this over the past three weeks. "Maybe artificials haven't developed consciousness before now because there were none designed for such close contact. These new ones are built to order, made to suit a particular individual. Maybe that focus could result in a...shift. If the goal programmed into the artificial is to simulate human companionship as accurately as possible, self-awareness could result from the pursuit of it. Like a side-effect."

"The law of unintended consequences." Timaso nodded. "History is peppered with disasters because people didn't think things through completely."

"Yeah, but not all side effects are bad," Julia added.

"Okay, let's spool out a hypothetical," Jerra said. "What if the artificial did develop consciousness? Then, what?"

"We can't assume it would be a negative effect. There's no reason why an intelligent being would harm another intelligent being," Julia answered.

“Unless they’re threatened,” Jerra said.

Tomaso looked thoughtful. “Eh, maybe not even then. A path of peace is more logical than violence. Violence will always be met with violence. Granted, peace *sometimes* is met with violence, but the path of peace is a better chance of survival for a conscious AI. I could see a scenario where the very existence of peaceful ACs could make us see ourselves in a different light.”

Julia said, “They could make us want to be better.”

Tomaso shrugged. “Or make us hate them because we can never be as perfect as a conscious artificial.”

“But the existence of an AC would certainly cause fear,” Jerra said. “That’s a threat to them.”

“You automatically think an AC would think big. See themselves in the context of the whole world and all of humanity. Why would they?” Tomaso asked.

“Some would,” Jerra replied.

“Logic would dictate that getting along with the dominant race on the planet would be for the greater good. It would only make sense for an AC to work to the world’s benefit,” Tomaso said.

“Maybe, but they might think the best way to do that is by influencing humans, or by controlling humans.” Jerra crossed his arms.

Tomaso shook his head. “Humans are uncontrollable. And nothing can eliminate free will,”

Jerra replied. “People can be manipulated into choosing the safety of slavery. An AC will always think faster and see more possible future paths than a human could. They could become master manipulators.”

“That would take creative thought. I think true creative thinking is beyond an AI. They only learn from history and

human actions.” Tomaso said. “And no one has ever kept humans down for long.”

“We just can’t know. They could become a true alien intelligence, making decisions based on thought processes we can’t comprehend,” Jerra said. “Or predict.”

Jerra ran a hand through his shaggy, brown hair. “One thing I know is that man would not have evolved without violence. Natural selection is violent. Why would an AC’s evolution be any different?”

“Because an AC is fundamentally not natural. They might not evolve the way we did. It’s artificial, so its evolution may be logical and intentional,” Tomaso said.

“People are flawed. People create AIs. AIs evolve. They’ll be flawed. You can’t get perfection from flaws.” Jerra argued.

“But how would you judge perfection? Maybe there’s no such thing.” Julia spoke up.

Jerra answered. “An AC might have different flaws. Like the artificials we deal with every day. They don’t have the processing power to understand complex situations from every angle. They can’t be trusted to make autonomous decisions in situations they haven’t been programmed for and have never encountered. They make mistakes.”

“Humans not only make mistakes, they can be downright treacherous. So by that logic, if an AC learned from us, they could act unethically following our example,” Julia said. “Wouldn’t they be influenced by their experience?”

Tomaso said, “It’s possible that an AC would be a product of their environment. Like we are. Raised by good parents we are likely to turn out good. Raised by bad parents, criminals, abusers, we can act in the same ways we learned as children.”

Jerra shook his head again. “Many people don’t conform to their environment’s structures. In fact, I would say, most

do not, in my experience. Everyone rebels against the way they've been brought up in some way. It's human nature to want to improve and grow."

I said, "But artificials only have their environment and their programming. An artificial that achieves consciousness in a loving environment may become loving, but one that develops in an abusive one, like in a sex slave scenario, could turn out to be angry and dangerous."

Jerra. "The bottom line is probably that that artificials who attain consciousness would be as unpredictable as humans are."

Tomaso. "How could they be? They're not human, they are machines. Complex systems, but still machines."

"Humans are complex systems." Julia said.

"We like to think so, but it's not true. Humans are something more. We are beyond complex. We are unmappable." Jerra said.

"Well..." Tomaso leaned back and drained his glass. "This argument has been around since the dawn of computers. There's no evidence that AC exists."

Tomaso looked at Teff, who shrugged one shoulder and shook her head. "Why fear something that doesn't exist? It's worrying about nothing. That type of fear-thinking is a blockage to progress. We would never have learned to navigate by the stars, discovered we could fly, or gone into space if people feared the unknown. We can only deal with the known once it exists."

Tomaso sighed. "And with that, I think I need a drink."

I turned and waved at the waitress. "Let's get another round."

It was almost midnight by the time we left The White Horse and went our separate ways. Julia kissed Tomaso goodnight and since the weather was nice we decided to walk home. We share a tiny studio south of Canal Street. We actually have bunk beds, which makes the apartment feel like a cross between a college dorm and prison, but we make it work. I think living in such tight quarters has brought us closer.

As we walked Julia threw an arm around me and hugged. “Your sister is one of the smartest women we know. She’ll be all right.”

I gave her a half smile. “It’s all just so unlike her. In fact, if anyone in the family was going to disappear it’s more likely to be me.”

She shook me. “You better not!”

“I keep thinking about the day I visited her. She was totally rude to me, but she also seemed different. More relaxed, maybe.”

“Leah, relaxed? That’s weird. She’s the freaking ice queen.”

I laughed. "Yeah. She yelled at my mom, too." I grimaced. "I mean, that's not that unusual, but still..."

"Sounds like she wasn't acting like herself." Julia looked thoughtful. "That could be a clue."

"Yeah, but a clue to what? Her disappearing doesn't make any sense."

"Not to be a bitch or anything, but you don't really know your sister that well, Eve. You make your pilgrimage uptown every couple of weeks, but I've never seen it make you happy."

I rolled my head back to look at the night sky above the buildings. "Ugh. It's just...when I'm around Leah it's like I can't help but slip back into being the tagalong little sister. I'm a different person now but when we're together, she treats me like I'm..." I gave a little shrug. "Kind of a loser."

"That might be how she sees you. Obviously, that's not who you are."

"That's part of it, sure. But it's also me. Falling into a role that's comfortable instead of challenging it. Taking the path of least resistance where she's concerned." I shook my head, laughing. "It's weird, huh?"

Julia gave me a sympathetic look. "Family is always pulling our strings. Or jerking our chains." She raised her hands like claws. "There's no escape! Bwahahaha."

We walked on in silence for another block.

"So, why worry about her if she thinks you're a loser?"

"Well, she is my sister and...you're going to laugh at me for saying it...but I feel sorry for her. She has everything, but nothing that matters. She's alone. And I have so much. You. All my friends. So much love." I sighed. "I love her and I wish she could be happy."

Julia nodded and wrapped my arm in hers. "You're one of the good ones, E."

She fell silent again, clearly deep in thought. After a few minutes she said, "I'm thinking maybe you need to know more about these new companion artificials."

"I've tried searching for information about them, but there's not much available."

"I might know of one..."

"You know a sexbot?"

She flapped her hand at me. "Shh. I heard of one of those new companions that's...sort of, for rent. You know, by the hour?" She raised an eyebrow.

I drew in my breath. It was a little horrifying, but I suppose it made sense. In fact, it was inevitable now that I thought about it that someone would rent out their companion.

"Why? Did the owner get tired of it?"

"Who knows? Maybe they can't afford the payments." She chuckled. "But if you're curious, maybe talking to one could be...enlightening."

"I can't live with this uncertainty. If it might help me figure something out, I'll try it." I looked at her. "I just need to know, Jules."

A few days later I found myself climbing the steps of a red brick townhouse facing Washington Square Park. I hesitated in front of the imposing white door set between two bright Corinthian columns. As I reached out my hand to tap the intercom the door swung open.

“Come up to the second floor.” A woman’s voice issued from the speaker.

“Okay.” I crossed the small entryway and went up a flight of stairs carpeted in deep pile runners as the door closed behind me. A lot of these townhouses had been broken up into apartments, but this one seemed to be all one house. I couldn’t even begin to estimate how many millions it was worth.

A woman stood silhouetted in a doorway at the top of the stairway. She looked to be in her fifties, her greying hair was pulled back severely and she was dressed in a conservative dark blue pant set with flowing fabric legs that pooled on the floor around her feet.

She looked off to the side, seeming distracted. “Approve

the payment and go on up. He's on the right side, one flight up."

I studied her face but she didn't meet my eyes. I couldn't tell if she was sad or angry. I touched my phone to finalize the payment, a shocking amount of money I could barely afford. When the completion dinged she turned away and retreated into the room without another word.

I watched her settle into a chair and pick up a tablet, then continued on upstairs. There were two doors on the right, one stood open. I peered in. The room was a sort of sitting room, elegant and beautifully furnished in a style I thought might be Georgian. Something from another century, anyway.

"Hello." A deep, male voice startled me. A tall figure stepped out of a darkened room. He looked young, maybe designed to be mid-to-late-twenties, and he had flawless cappuccino-colored skin and dark hair. Green eyes glittered above high cheekbones. His face seemed exotic, it might have been modeled on South American or Polynesian features. His body was broad and muscular under a loose blue silk shirt and black jeans. He was exquisite. He looked like some hero from the cover of a romance novel.

I realized I was staring when he inclined his head in a question and said, "Were you looking for me?"

"Um. Yeah." I stood there feeling awkward, uncertain of what to do next. Weird. I was intimidated by an artificial.

He waved his hand at the chair and loveseat next to a white marble fireplace. "Please, have a seat. Would you like to talk?"

I nodded and moved into the room, heading for the chair. I sat down, smoothing my skirt. I'd worn my Sobo Boheme dress, a gauzy, maroon A-line with lilacs embroidered along the hem. I faced a tall window that overlooked

the park outside. He sat across from me on the loveseat and leaned forward resting his elbows on his thighs. He smiled a cute half smile. My heart went *Awww*. It was incredibly sexy.

“Is this your first time?”

I opened my mouth but I had to force the words out past the nervous tightness in my throat. “With a...um, someone like you? Yes.”

“My name is Max.” He held out his hand. I reached for it and he took mine by the fingertips and raised it to his lips. His hand was pleasantly warm and soft. The texture was like skin, but not like skin. Softer feeling but firmer underneath. *What would he do if I squeezed his hand?*

“Don't be nervous. Nothing will happen that you don't want.” He looked at me with a gentle, yet penetrating gaze. His eyes were amazing. Beautiful. The color was a rich green that glowed faintly luminous in the dimly lit room. A color that reminded me of sunlight hitting a hidden jungle pool. It was mesmerizing.

He smiled and it lifted the corners of his eyes. “I sense you have questions.”

“Y-yeah.” I tried to still my nervous energy. I needed to get answers. To think clearly and make the most of the time I'd bought.

“So, do you do this a lot? Wait, that's rude. Don't answer that.” I shook my head. I had planned what I wanted to say but couldn't remember a word of it. “I guess, I mean, how does this work? I really just want to talk to you. Is that okay?”

“This experience is anything you want it to be. When we're together I only exist for you. I want to be exactly what *you* want me to be.” He still had hold of my hand and he covered it with his other one.

“Oh. Okay.” I looked down at the contrast of my pale flesh against his darker skin. *C’mon, he’s just an artificial. I shouldn’t be nervous.*

“Do you like doing this?” I lifted my head to watch his face, not knowing what I was expecting to see. “I mean, being with different women? Or men. I don’t know. Do you want to do this or is your owner making you?”

“I want to be here with you, now.”

“No. I don’t...” I took a deep breath. “I mean, do you have your own desires?”

“Oh, yes. If you’re asking me if I desire you...I do. Very much.”

“That wasn’t...um, let me explain. I hope I can make myself clear.”

“You can tell me anything.”

I shook my head, getting a little frustrated by the canned seduction patter. But I was determined to press on. “I want to understand you.”

“And I you.” He nodded in an encouraging way.

“What I’m asking is if you want to do anything besides what you’re told to do. Do you *want* to do the things you do or is it just...like, a job?”

His chuckle was low and musical. “If this is a job, it’s the best one in the world.” He winked. “Evie. Do you like to be called Evie?” I nodded. “I think what you’re asking is, do I enjoy your company and do I *want* to give you pleasure. And the answer is yes. I do, if it’s what you want.”

“That’s not exactly...” I frowned.

“Don’t you want to be with me?” He asked.

“I’m not sure.”

“I think you may just be a little bit afraid.” He tilted his head. It was an adorable gesture.

“This is new to me,” I said.

"Me as well." He laughed. I couldn't help but smile. He was so charming.

"But you're with women all the time."

"But...I've never been with you. And you are different. You are...incredible."

He said it with such conviction that he made me want to believe it. I'm sure a lot of women just let themselves go at this point. I still had questions, though. "I want to know..."

"Yes?"

"Do you want to be doing *this*? Do you *want* to make love...to women? Or people, I guess?"

"More than anything. I want to make you feel wonderful."

"But, I mean, do you want to be here? Now? Doing this? With your *life*?"

There was a short, almost imperceptible jerk in the expression on his face and then his eyelids lowered and the corners of his mouth tugged apart. He pressed my hand between his palms, then traced a finger gently up my arm. "I was made for this. It's who I am."

"But if you could..."

"This is what I know. And if you let me show you, I think you'll agree that this is a purpose worth having."

A slow, romantic song started to play softly in the background. I recognized the tune as one that had been popular about thirty years ago. I frowned and it transitioned into an older tune. I recognized a French love song from the past century that my mother used to sing when we were little. It made me feel strangely comforted.

Until it occurred to me to wonder how he picked that song. What information did he have access to? Everything, apparently. I swallowed as his hand caressed my bare upper arm, reaching the collar of my dress and sliding it aside. He

pulled on my hand, I stood and he guided me next to him on the loveseat. He bent and kissed the skin of my shoulder, his lips soft and warm. They moved to my neck and I let my head fall to the side as he kissed his way up to my earlobe. I realized his arms had enclosed me, ready to support my weight as I relaxed into him. "But..."

"Shhh. Let yourself enjoy it. You deserve this."

"I..."

"Focus on me. Don't let anything get in the way of your pleasure."

"Pleasure...is that all that's important?" I looked up at him.

"To a man who's made for pleasure, it's everything," He whispered, his voice a low purr.

I turned my head and met his lips with mine.



I SUPPOSE I would say that his gentleness was what surprised me the most. When human men become aroused, their testosterone takes over and they feel an urgency, an aggressiveness, to couple hard and fast. Sure, a lot of men slow it down and focus on pleasing their partner, but none I've ever met really make the experience all about the woman. It always feels like there's a bargain implicit in everything a man does to please you. A sort of, *if I do this for you, you'll reciprocate for me*, kind of thing. It's okay. It's not unreasonable. It's just human.

This was something else.

Max kissed along my neck, my ear, my cheek with a slow unhurried pace that lulled me like waves lapping the beach. I let my eyes drift closed and leaned back into him. His other hand traced circles up and down the skin of my arm.

His fingers touched me as though they were worshipping my body. I barely noticed when his hand and lips progressed to more intimate areas.

He pushed the hem of my skirt up with a caressing hand along the top of my thigh. It slid down and touched the downy softness as if it had always belonged there and was coming home. His touch sent tingles through me, trilling along my skin and up my spine. I arched up against his touch. He pulled his hands away long enough to pull my dress off over my head.

His mouth worked its way down my body with a leisurely sloth. He lingered on my breasts taking each nipple between his lips and sucked while his tongue circled around and around. Each thing he did seemed to accumulate sensation, one on top of another, until a heat was building inside me.

I reached for him, pushing at his shirt in protest. He was still fully clothed while I was almost naked. Only a thin layer of panties were left between us and they were almost transparent with the moisture from my body. He stood and pulled off his shirt revealing a perfect physique that could never exist in nature. He was like a sculpture. He was art. Erotic art.

He bent and lifted me like I weighed nothing, carrying me into the darkened room next door and laying me on a coverlet that felt like silk velvet. The bed had a towering canopy draped with swathes of almost transparent black chiffon. It was a romantic fantasy.

He gave me a knowing look and moved between my legs. I moaned a little as his mouth opened and his tongue—his sly, perceptive tongue—circled the nub that was growing rigid and pulsing with pleasure. His hands roamed over me, teasing out every sexy pleasure zone and making them sing.

I surrendered and sank into sensation. I gave myself over to pleasure. I felt almost detached as my body hummed with a bliss that seemed transcendent. It was like I was in touch with the universe and the universe was filled with passion. Max didn't feel like a stranger, or an artificial, he felt like a part of me and when he stripped off his jeans and entered me it was like a missing piece had just fitted itself into place.

He moved inside me and responded. We moved together in perfect harmony. The world went away and all I knew was he and I and the one we had become. It was a revelation.

I lost track of how long we moved in sync, it was forever and it wasn't enough. My climax came almost as a surprise. Waves of pleasure surged through me so intensely it was almost painful. I arched against him and he cradled me to him, holding me fast against the madness wracking my body.

I was too wrung out to move and I drifted into sleep, satisfied and so, so happy.

Max had been right. He'd given me the lovemaking I'd always wanted. Somehow he knew.

I knocked on the doorframe of the open door. The lady looked up from her tablet. She seemed smaller than she had before. Her eyes were hollow.

Just a sad looking older woman.

“Was there a problem?” she asked.

“No, not at all. I only wanted to ask you...about your...about Max.” I took a tentative step into the room, reluctant to invade her privacy, but driven to by curiosity. “Why are you, um, renting him out?”

She looked suspicious.

“I’m not trying to pry!” I held up my hands, placating. “You see, my sister has a companion and I’m just trying to understand.”

She sighed and laid the tablet aside on the small table next to her. I noticed a framed photo of a distinguished-looking older man. Her husband? I wondered if she was a widow.

“You might as well know.” She gazed away into nothing with a thousand-yard stare. “There’s no one I can talk to. No one would understand. I don’t imagine you will either. But

in the first couple of weeks that I had Max I became very attached to him. He became...attuned, I suppose I'd say."

She looked down. "But..." She swallowed.

"The recall?"

"Yes." She nodded slowly. "When they sent him back he was different. He wasn't *my* Max anymore. He was just a...an artificial. A very sophisticated one, mind you. Like he had been when he first arrived. But he wasn't the same."

Her voice was thick with emotion. "I can barely stand to be around him now. It makes me feel so...empty. It sounds crazy but I feel like I've lost something." Her voice lowered to a whisper that I could hardly make out. "Someone."

"Are you saying that you think Max may have developed self awareness? I mean...before the recall."

She gave a little shrug. "I have no way of knowing that. But before? He was...more." Her head drooped. "I miss him."

"My sister, she got the recall letter and three days later she and her companion disappeared. We still don't know where she is."

"I sometimes wish I'd done that. Just taken him and left. But I didn't know. How could I have known what would happen?"

"You couldn't."

She sat very still.

"I'm sorry. Thank you for speaking to me."

I let myself out of the townhouse and walked downtown, weaving through the crowds on Sixth Avenue, past the sex shops filled with couples. I thought about Leah. About how smart she was. So incredibly sharp. And how lonely she'd been.

I felt a calm that I hadn't felt in weeks. I knew would hear from her someday. I could wait.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Am I obsessed with android lovers? Maybe. I can be a teensy bit of a control freak. But I feel that I caught the obsession from others. When I was young I read a book called *The Silver Metal Lover* by Tanith Lee. I've since reread it many times and it touches my heart deeply every time. Perhaps that's why when I watched the movie A.I. Artificial Intelligence by Steven Spielberg I was so drawn to the character of Gigolo Joe played by the sublime Jude Law. He is a hero and very attractive, in a strange, artificial way, but the little insights we get into his thoughts and feelings are fascinating.

Those two things, probably more than anything else, have contributed to the world of Man, Made to Order. Arguments I've had about A.I. and A.C. are what have contributed to this story. I'm with Julia; I believe that an intelligent consciousness would come to understand that the path of peace is the wise choice. Of course, that might not make the best story for books and movies which is why so many portray the opposite track.

Thank you for reading, lovely people! Until next time.

Victoria Kinkade

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Victoria Kinkade is a writer, an artist, a semi-hopeless romantic, and a cocktail connoisseur. (Which is how she spells consumer.) She lives in New York City with two sexy beasts, Kinky Boy and Sleepy Cat. Kinky Boy is not a dog, but he is an animal. Rawr. Victoria enjoys ballroom dancing, British tea, the feel of leather on her skin, and administering various forms of torture to Kinky Boy at the slightest provocation. All in good fun, of course. Ignore his playful cries for help.

ALSO BY VICTORIA KINKADE

Lust in the Truck

Lust of the Devil

Man, Made to Order

Shameless in the Suburbs (coming soon)

