

This Is BioMorph

Fiction

Gary Ives

2017

Welcome to BioMorph. I'm Herb Fanley. You've read the brochures and watched our holograms I see. Please have a seat and I'll be happy to answer your questions." "Would you care for coffee? Good. We can relax a little before we get to your questions and take the opportunity to have a good look at a C-Drone."

"Have you any experience with C-Drones? No? Well, let me introduce you."

"Twenty-Seven, fetch a three coffee service, sales room."

"Twenty-Seven is one of our C-Drones we're currently using as a demo. Odd numbers are female, even males. You can have a good look at her; she'll be here with the coffee momentarily."

Just then a handsome young woman entered the sales room pushing a tea cart with a silver coffee service and an assortment of pastries. One could say her face was cherubic—rosy cheeks, blue eyes, a shock of blond hair covering her forehead, although the face was absolutely expressionless.

Twenty-Seven's eyes appeared to look past you as she deftly served coffee first to me, then to my husband and Mr. Fanley. She wore a one piece powder blue jumpsuit.

Once we had been served, she stepped back two paces and faced Mr. Fanley who ordered her to extend her arms and to turn around for our inspection.

Then, I was much taken aback and I'm certain I blushed when he ordered Twenty Seven to disrobe. The C-Drone unzipped and stepped from the jumpsuit completely naked exposing beautiful breasts, a flat abdomen, and pubic hair above shapely long legs.

"Oh please don't be embarrassed Mrs. Riley, C-Drones have absolutely no feelings. None at all, no, not a whit of feelings or sentiment. This may seem extreme, but there's extensive evidence supported by research that tells us that the more familiar a client becomes early on, the easier adaptability ensues. Stand easy there, Twenty-Seven."

Twenty-Seven took a place against the wall standing there lovely, beautifully proportioned, although completely expressionless.

Allow me to back up just a bit. Six weeks ago when I had received the diagnosis, Dr. Perriman asked that I seriously consider a head transplant to a C-drone.

"The prognosis in cases of this disease is always poor," he said, "which makes a head transplant a godsend and fortunately you have the means. Many do not." True, we had the means. My husband, Frederick Riley, is the Chief Financial Officer for Interstellar Mining and Transport.

You may be familiar with IMT's successful mining enterprises on our moon, Mars, and the distant Jovian moon, Io. The costs of a first rate head transplant could exceed a million Earth Credits, a sum easily borne by my husband.

The surgical process developed and perfected by the Fen Wa Corporation in Hong Kong thirty years earlier was now becoming routine among our class of people, Les Capitalists, never mind the yammering and howls from the undeserving lower classes, Les Proles, and Les Communes.

The process got better and better once Fen Wa laboratories merged with the French National Laboratory where successful Boning procedures had evolved into the full scale production of C-Drones. Fen Wa's C-Drones, Mu and

Nu versions, were in full production. With each new generation, the prices decreased. Original Alphas came at a staggering 30 million E-Credits.

Mr. Fanley went on to explain the procedure and answer our many questions. The operations were conducted by a team of three experienced surgeons aided by several robodocs. "Takes less than two hours," he said.

Mrs. Riley will spend a night in recovery, then transfer to Motor Skills Therapy where she'll get used to her new body. Within ten days to two weeks, most patients walk out of our clinic ready to hike, swim, bicycle and," he lowered his voice to say, "and to make love! Though, of course, you realize, while the pleasure of love making exists, C-Drone bodies are completely sterile."

Mr. Fanley went on to invite us to examine Twenty-Seven closely. "Touch the C-Drone if you wish; it's completely acceptable. Yes, it's recommended, actually."

Should I have felt the jealousy I did as I embarrassingly watched Frederich fondle the C-Drone. But then a C-Drone identical to this would become me with the head transplant, wouldn't she?

Just then a male C-Drone entered. "Here you can see I've asked Eighteen to come in also. I thought you might wish to see and inspect one of our masculine models; he's good looking, isn't he? Undress Eighteen! Go ahead, feel free to get personal," Mr. Fanley invited.

That afternoon at the contract signing, Frederich surprised me as he looked at Mr. Fanley, then at me, and said "Fanley, you're one hell of a salesman, you are. Yes, we'll take the two for one offer. Sign us both up."

"Splendid, splendid. Did you know that many BioMorph head transplant patients take advantage of our face transplant offer? Here's the brochure."

Gary Ives lives in the Ozarks where he grows apples and writes.

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