

ushered all the boys out, but mostly they didn't care. Reboots did almost everything they were told, except for this.

For a human, sex was connected to love. My mom wasn't much for talking about anything that mattered, but I vaguely remembered the conversation. Sex and love went together.

Not here. The teenage hormones were still there, but the emotions were gone. The general attitude was that none of it mattered anymore. We weren't even human.

The tile was slippery beneath my shoes, and I shuffled carefully past the closed curtains and ducked behind one at the end of the row, still fully clothed. That used to get weird looks, but now everyone knew. I didn't flit around in a towel. I didn't have any interest in sex. I certainly didn't want to be gawked at like some freak.

A few of the girls had scars from their human death, but not like mine. I was dead for so long that by the time they got around to sewing up my three bullet holes, my body thought that's what my skin was supposed to look like. The result was four permanent ugly silver staples holding my skin together in the middle of my chest, and two ragged scars shooting out in either direction. One stretched oddly over my left breast and had become even more misshapen as my breasts grew.

No one needed to see my horribly mangled chest. Not that anyone had ever approached me for sex anyway.

No one wanted to touch a One-seventy-eight. Mangled or not.

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