

A Science-Fiction Romance Novel

## **The Michael Collins' Anthology 2.0**

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Dedicated to all technosexuals, everywhere.



# Preamble

Preamble text is going to go here. Until that time, simply ignore this. This is a placeholder only.

Please also understand that this is a re-write of the original MICHAEL COLLINS' ANTHOLOGY, and is to be considered a *work in progress*.

For the original version, please visit [<http://www.asstr.org/~cyberczar/>](http://www.asstr.org/~cyberczar/).

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## **Part I.**

# **Introducing Michael Collins**



# 1. Y2K

It was a little after 9 o'clock in the evening on this an uncommon and bitter cold New Years Eve in a suburb just north of Atlanta. Michael Collins had picked up his girlfriend, Julie, from work earlier that evening; and the two had gone out to dinner, as they tried to do most Friday nights. This one however was even more special, as not only did it mark their two-year anniversary of being together, but it was also New Years Eve.

As they pulled up into the driveway, the only light visible from inside was a table lamp, left constantly burning in the front den.

"That was a good dinner," Michael said, as he opened the door for her and they both entered the dark, cold, house. He immediately turned on the heat, and lit the fireplace to quickly bring some warmth into their home. Julie immediately went upstairs to undress and change into something a little more casual, while he made his way into their kitchen to fix themselves a drink.

"We'll have to eat there again," she shouted from their upstairs bedroom.

Not long after, she came back down stairs wearing a t-shirt, and gracefully entered the room. "*Ta da!*" she proclaimed, as she pirouetted into the kitchen.

"Have I told you lately how pretty you look?" he asked, presenting her drink with a kiss.

"Yes," she replied laughing, "but you can do it again!"

With her drink in hand, Michael gently grabbed her arms, reached in, and with another kiss replied, "*God, you're gorgeous.*"

With that he set his drink down on the counter, and walked up the stairs, to get changed into

something more comfortable.

While he was getting changed, Julie headed into their living room, and put on a DVD. "*Michael,*" she cried out, "*when you come down bring a blanket, will 'ya?*" His acknowledgment, was barely audible over the sound of the movie starting.

A few minutes later, Michael came downstairs with blanket in hand, wearing his typical evening garb of boxers and a 'T'. As he handed her the blanket, he retrieved his drink from the counter, and joined her in the living room.

The wood floors of the main level creaked as his bare feet traversed across the cold planks towards his couch.

"What are we watching," he asked, reclining back, and setting his drink behind him.

"PRETTY WOMAN," Julie replied, positioning herself between his legs, as she reclined back on top of him, and pulled the blanket onto her.

For the next hour-and-a-half, the two snuggled up to each-other, his hands extending a warm embrace around her as the two watched Richard Gere and Julia Roberts in a movie which he had seen at least two-dozen times before.

"*God, that was good,*" Julie exclaimed, reaching up gently; grabbing his warm masculine face, while her hand slowly caressed his cheek, as her lips pressed into his. "*Wasn't Julia great in that?*"

The credits to the movie scrolled across the screen, as the two lay there on the couch, in the living-room of their modest home in a suburb of Atlanta. The crackling of the wood, burning in the fireplace, next to the television. A

light snow-shower was falling outside, blanketing their back-yard in a white moist cover, reflecting shimmering glows of white, blue, and amber from the lights and moon above.

“Yeah,” he replied, lying.

Michael wasn’t the biggest fan of Julia Roberts, as he preferred movies with a little more action than the one’s which she was famous for; but he knew Julie absolutely adored her, and since he had persuaded her to go and see *STAR WARS EPISODE I - THE PHANTOM MENACE* several weeks prior, the least he could do was reciprocate, and watch one of her favorite movies with her.

“It was OK,” he said, leaning his head back to rest it on the back of the couch, letting his hands rest on her stomach.

She scooted herself up on the couch letting her lower-back press into his hips while resting her head underneath his chin. Julie took her hand, and caressed his scalp, running her fingers slowly through, as her nails combed through his hair which sent a wave through his entire spine, and he moaned with delight as he could feel it travel from his head all the way down.

Michael took one hand and guided it slowly under her wear, while his other slipped up her shirt and gently caressed her unrestricted bosom. She gasped, and let out a slight moan, as his fingers glided across her loins, and he inserted them deep inside her.

Leaning back with unrestrained delight, she could feel his arousal grow as she pushed back deep into him, and her desire for him that moment grew ever stronger. The clock on the mantel struck eleven chimes, as she returned the favor by moving her hips and gently massaged him through his shorts until she was firm he was ready.

With anticipation, he tapped her on her shoulder motioning for her to get up, and as she did, he picked her up and carried her up the stairs

to their bedroom.

Gently, he set her down on the soft, king-sized bed, and lit the candles and incense which were set about the dark room on their dresser and night-stand. Once lit, he returned to her gazing up at him, with each hand gently massaging her chest and loins. Michael kneeled down, and began to passionately kiss her; letting his tongue explore her mouth, as did her’s his.

She loved to embrace his tongue with her lips since she knew this drove him wild, and with their tongues entwined, Julie reached down into his shorts and taunted him by gently stroking his unbendable flesh.

As he continued to kiss and suck on her lips, Michael brought his hands to her head and lightly caressed her face with his fingers, bringing them up, and lightly running his hands through her hair as he gently massaged her scalp.

Reaching up to take off his shirt, she tossed it on the floor, and the shimmering glow of the candlelight cast deep shadows onto the ridges of his smooth and defined, chest and stomach.

He sat there for a moment, on top of her legs, and seductively gazed into her blue eyes, reflecting the lights from the candles. As the moment passed, with each lover exchanging smiles; she brought her hands down to his shorts, and gently began to stroke him.

Bringing his hands back to her cheek, his lips traveled to her soft ear — a faint waft of her perfume tantalizing his nose — where he let his moist, warm breath flow, then softly ran his tongue around, resting his lips on her lobes so he could gently nibble and suck on its soft flesh.

Julie let out a slight moan of pleasure, and he could hear her breathing becoming deeper, as her arousal grew ever stronger. He was determined to make this night memorable for her, not leaving any part of her body untouched.

Pressing his flesh into her through his shorts,

their hips ground into each-other. She could feel him through the fabric, which made her want him even more. As he gently grazed her most sensitive regions, she let out gasp as her body quivered from the immense pleasure.

Michael's fingers softly caressed her collar, and he methodically guided them down her ribs, under her supple breasts, over her chest, and back around; as his lips traversed to her neck where he ever so lightly licked her flesh.

With his hands gently massaging her, his tongue sensuously excited her as he continued downwards.

As his lips journeyed down to her chest, they were greeted with delight with her nipples at attention. His tongue played lightly with them, and they glistened in the soft warm glow.

Julie's fingernails slowly ran down his back; as she brought them down to his waist, she reached her fingers into his shorts, and gently pushed them down.

Acknowledging, Michael stood up to pull them down, but his erect flesh caught on the elastic waistband, driving it to bounce back and strike his abdomen as his shorts fell to the floor.

Both he, and Julie, couldn't resist letting out a slight chuckle at this occurrence.

Gazing up at his member, her hands fell to her waist as he picked up her foot and began to massage it, rubbing her hands in and around. Her desire became more heightened as he inserted her big toe into his mouth and proceeded to gently suck on it, and started to fellate it.

Her fingers were moving more feverishly in and out of her warm, moist, loins as his tongue moved up her soft and smooth legs. With his fingers, he lightly tickled the underside of her knee, and as he moved closer up her inner thigh, he soon began to smell her sweet, womanly scent.

As his tongue reached her vulva and he began to lick in and around her, Julie brought her fingers to his head, and began to run her fingers

through his soft hair.

Michael's tongue parted her lips, and as they lightly grazed her folds he moved up and down her with passion. When he reached her crescent, she screamed with delight as he parted her shroud, and provided direct stimulation.

Further screams followed, while her fingers dug deep into his scalp, as he refused to move away from her loins. Michael drew his tongue over her several times, and inserted it into her, drawing it back out and over.

"Yes," she called out. "Yes!"

When Julie could take no more of his passionate actions, she gently moved his head away, guided it up to hers and passionately kissed him all over.

Her breath, still labored from her pleasure, and her body still tingling from arousal, could only allow her to say softly, "*Now it's your turn.*"

Julie then guided him to lay on his back, and stretched over him like a cat.

Kissing the top of his forehead, her lips swayed down his nose, and moved gently onto his.

As her hands lightly moved down his stomach, she gently rolled them around his erect shaft, while letting her lips depart his, she proceeded to concentrate on his chest.

Starting out at his collar, her hands traced the ridges of his shoulders and pecs, and kneaded his firm muscle, as her thumbs migrated down to his nipples, where she gently pinched each between her fingers.

Michael's hands grasped her buttocks, while he gently squeezed them, and he moved his thumbs in and around her inner thigh. Reaching up, he brought his lips to her neck, and gently grazed over it, and her cheek.

Taunting him, she reached down to insert his turgid flesh into her mouth, as her tongue teased and stroked.

His hips gyrated, pushing himself deeper inside her.

Julie's hands clutched his orbs, as her tongue continued to caress the sinew of his manhood; her lips moving up and down its length, bringing him to the brink of explosive ecstasy.

She continued to taunt him with her tongue and lips until he could take it no more, and he gracefully turned her back onto the bed, and placed her legs in his arms.

Gently, he inserted his taut muscle inside her, and as his flesh hit her tight, sensitive inner loins, her body quivered.

Michael began to move his flesh inside and out of her, like a piston; slowly at first, then moving faster and faster. With each thrust, her inner muscles took hold of him, as if not willing to let him leave.

*"Oh God,"* he shouted. *"I'm going to come!"*

As the clock downstairs struck twelve, he couldn't take it anymore, and with a last thrust — and last chime — he exploded with every ounce of being and ecstasy deep inside, and collapsed on top of her.

His body went limp, and the full weight of it quickly began to crush her. Thinking he was playing around, or at the very least exhausted from his climax, Julie rolled him off of her and onto the bed.

"That's not funny," she said, half-way joking but serious none-the-less.

But Michael didn't move. His eyes were still open, and he was not blinking. His face; motionless, and life-less.

"Michael?" she called out, slapping him on his face to try to wake him up. *"Michael?"*

But he didn't respond.

Scared that he might have had a heart-attack, Julie struggled to get to the phone, to call 9-1-1. As she started dialing, she was stopped dead in her tracks by an unusual, but muffled, sound coming from somewhere within their room.

*"Beep-beep-beep. Beep-beep-beep,"* she heard; the sound repeating every second or so. *"Beep-beep-beep. Beep-beep-beep."*

"What the fuck..." she said inquisitively, as she walked around their room to see where it was coming from. Outside, the sounds of fire-crackers filled the quiet air as neighbors reveled and celebrated the New Year.

The sound continued, and as she made her way back to her bed, it grew steadily louder.

Leaning next to his life-less body, bewilderment overcame her as she immediately realized where the sound was coming from.

Julie gently placed her hands on the side of his chest — her fingers resting under his arms — as she pressed her ear to his chest. There was no mistaking where the sound was coming from now.

It was coming from him.

As she pushed herself away, her hands triggered something, because a loud *"click!"* was heard, and a panel partially opened on his chest and abdomen.

"Holy fucking shit," she exclaimed, *"you're a goddamn robot!"*

## 2. Humpty Dumpty

Michael awoke to find himself laying on a workbench in his basement. He was cold, and naked. Inside his opened chest and abdomen stood an array of lights, cables, hoses, tiny switches, connectors, and circuitry. Several wires were attached to the connectors inside him, and ran down to the floor, where they were connected to several computers in the room.

As he tried to get up, he found himself paralyzed from the neck down, and he became frightened and anxious.

Desperately he tried to sit up, but his body was not obeying. His arms, draped at his side, refused to raise; his legs, slightly parted would not budge.

As his panick deepened, he realized he couldn't even feel the table beneath him.

"*Help*," he called out softly at first. "*Help!*"

Julie, who had spent the past 72 hours trying to bring her boyfriend back to life, was startled awake by his cries, and quickly rushed over to comfort him. "I'm here, baby," she said, stroking his cheek. "I'm here."

"What's going on?" he asked.

Her comfort quickly turned to anger as her emotions rushed to the surface.

Letting go, she moved to stand over him. "*What's going on?*" she asked rhetorically. "Why don't you tell me!"

"I don't know," he said softly.

Julie lifted his head, and he looked down at the wires coming out of his chest. He wanted to cry as he saw with horror what he had become, or rather what he always was.

"Do you remember anything," she asked,

moving back to one of the computers.

Sighing, he layed there motionless and replied, "Not much, only that we were making love, and then I woke up here."

"You went completely limp," she said, tapping away on the keyboard.

Upon pressing the `Return` key on the keyboard, his arms smoothly raised to the air, and then lowered, without him even realizing it.

"I thought you were dead," she continued while continuing to vigorously type away. "As I went to call 9-1-1, I heard this strange beeping, but it was coming from you!"

"I freaked out, Michael," she lamented while still feverishly typing. "I tried everything to wake you; from slapping you, to pinching you. Hell, I even squeezed your balls as tight as I could just to get some reaction or response!"

As she hit the `Return` key for the second time, Michael slowly pushed himself up, and swung his legs off the table. Pushing himself off, his feet landed firmly on the floor, and he rested, standing, with his arms at his sides.

"How... *how did you do that?*" he asked, nervously, startled at his body's motions without his control.

Julie got up, and walked back over. Standing in front of him with her eyes looking up at his, she replied with a wry smile, "Baby, there's so much more that I *could* do to you, now shut up and listen.

"When I stopped crying about an hour later, I went downstairs and turned on the TV. CNN was running these stories about how no planes were falling, and how everyone's fears of the

Y2K bug were turning out to not be true.

“Which got me thinking,” she said, as she caressed his face with her hand. “I wondered if something like that didn’t happen to you?”

“After all, you did freak out, right at midnight.”

“So, how did I get down here?” he asked. “Tell me you didn’t carry me down two flights of stairs.”

Giggling, she replied, “No, silly! I had some help.”

With that, the sound of the front-door slammed shut, and footsteps were heard coming down the stairs to the basement.

“*Oh fuck,*” Michael said, as he caught a glimpse of the figure coming down. “What are you doing here?”

“If it weren’t for Arnie, you wouldn’t be standing here,” she scolded him. “Arnie’s the one who helped me fix you.”

Michael and Arnie both worked together at Datatronics as developers for their Company’s financial systems software application, and he couldn’t stand him.

“Ah!” he exclaimed, walking over to Michael, firmly pulling on his genitals. “The *robo-cock* is alive!”

“*Fuck off Arnie,*” Julie said, shoving him away.

“When did it reboot?” he asked.

“It, is MICHAEL, and *he* rebooted about 10 minutes ago,” she replied, correcting him.

Arnie walked over to the computer, and tapped away for a moment. No one realized it, but when he finished, Michael immediately got a full erection.

He walked over to Michael, looked him straight in the face, took off his jacket, and promptly hung it off of him.

“*Arnie!*” she shouted, running back over to the computer and typing.

“What?” he asked, laughing. “*It’s not like you’ve got a coat rack down here or anything.*”

Arnie’s coat fell to the floor, as Julie redacted his commands, causing Michael to lose his erection.

Michael just rolled his eyes, still in disbelief at everything that was happening to him and around him. “So what happens next?” he asked. “Do I stay down here forever?”

“Nope,” Julie said. “Now, we put humpty-dumpty back together.”

He caught a brief glimpse of the clock on the wall which read “3:27.” Moments later he fell unconcious.

He awoke this time fully clothed, and again laying on his back on the work table downstairs. Looking over at the clock, it read “9:08,” and as he tried to get up, he was relieved that he could actually move this time, and hopped off the table.

Upstairs, the muffled sounds of talking and laughter could be heard coming from his kitchen as he just stood, thinking about all that was happening to him.

“*Maybe I was dreaming,*” he thought to himself. “But if that were the case, how did I end up here?”

Walking over to his computers, he soon realized that he wasn’t dreaming. Julie had taken copious notes, and it became quite evident flipping through the pages that what he thought was a dream was in fact reality.

He paused to look at one of the pages he was holding in his hand. On it scribbled were the words:

- (8) 64-bit RISC<sup>1</sup> CPUs
- (48) ASICs<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Reduced Instruction Set CPU. Typically found in professional computers, minicomputers, and mainframes.

<sup>2</sup>Application-Specific Integrated-Circuit. Specialized chip design for specific tasks.



- 8 GB RAM
- (32) 1" Hard Drives (16 TB)

"Wow," he thought to himself.

Setting the papers down, he proceeded up the stairs to his kitchen. As he opened the door, Julie and Arnie were sitting next to each-other at the bar.

Silently they watched as he strolled into the kitchen, retrieved a glass from the cupboard, and pulled out a bottle of whiskey he always kept under the counter.

Michael stood at the back of the counter in front of them, and started to pour the alcohol into the glass. As he picked up the glass, Arnie promptly took it from him, clutching it with his hands close to his self.

"What did you do that for?" Michael asked, with an irritated voice.

"It's not like you'll need any of that from now on," he replied.

Julie raised her eyebrows and cocked her head to the side in agreement with Arnie. "He's got a point, Mike."

"Fuck," Michael replied. "You're telling me I can't even have a drink anymore? After all I've been through?"

"You?" she replied sternly. "What about *me*? Besides, can you even drink? I mean, *where does it go*?"

Michael slammed his fists down on the counter in anger. As far as he was concerned, he was still the same person. "*In the fucking toilet, Julie*," he replied loudly, and sarcastically. "*I piss. I drink, then I piss.*"

"*Drink.*"

"*Piss.*"

"Or what else would you call the stream of fluid that flows out *my dick* when I'm holding it at the urinal? *Huh?*"

"Michael," Arnie said, trying to calm him down, "all we're saying is it's not like you

*need* alcohol. For that matter, this explains why you've always been able to drink like a horse and not get drunk when we go out!"

"Yeah," Julie replied, laughing. "I just thought it was because you were Irish!"

"I guess you've got a point," Michael said, stepping back to lean against the island.

The three just stood there, silent, looking at each-other for a couple of minutes, contemplating at all that's happened, when Arnie broke the silence with a rather embarrassing, and quite personal, question.

"I just thought of something," he said, looking at Julie. "Does he come?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You know ... ejaculate?"

"*That's none of 'yer fuckin' business, Arnie*," Michael said; uncomfortable at where this conversation was heading.

Ignoring him, Julie replied sardonically, "Um, *yeah. Why?*"

"Well, where does *that* come from?" Arnie continued. "I mean, last I checked, my microwave couldn't come."

Michael was growing visibly uncomfortable at the two carrying on about him as if he wasn't there, and proceeded to tap his foot on the floor nervously.

"Well, I found that out today after you went home to change," she said.

Michael was still uneasy at the conversation's new topic, but there *was* a growing sense of curiosity building inside of him.

"There's this white, one-liter, container inside of him, right above his hips," she said clinically. "It's got this white fluid inside of it, but it's almost empty."

"*Cool*," Michael thought to himself.

"A liter?" Arnie confirmed.

"Yep."

"And how long have you two been together?" he continued.

“Two years,” she replied.

“And how often would you say you guys make love?”

“*Arnie!*” Michael interrupted.

“No, follow with me on this. How often?”

“When we first started going out, probably every day for a couple of months, but then usually about once a week or so. Why?” she asked.

“Because, that explains it,” Arnie replied confidently. “There’s approximately 203 teaspoons in a liter, and since the average guy only shoots about a teaspoon, that’s about 200 or so squirts.”

“Arnie,” Michael said shaking his head, “you’re wierd.”

“I may be; but according to her, you’re almost out of cum.” he replied back with a giggle.

Michael picked up a magazine which was sitting on the island, and swiftly threw it at him.

“God, what the fuck am I going to do?” Michael asked with a depressive tone while he walked into the living room and plopped down on the couch.

Both Arnie and Julie followed, and she sat down next to him.

“We’ll get through this,” she said sincerely, clutching his hands in hers.

Michael squeezed her hand acknowledging her support, and sighed.

“So, can anyone explain to me what happened?” he asked, to no one in particular.

Arnie busted out laughing as he proceeded to explain. “You weren’t,” he said; with his laughter getting stronger. “*You weren’t Y2K compliant!*”

Arnie came over, and knelt down in from of Michael. In a more serious tone, he continued to explain, “Your MMR<sup>3</sup> rolled back to epoch<sup>4</sup>, but since you weren’t created then, there were

no files to access, so your kernel<sup>5</sup> panicked.”

This of course, made perfect sense to him, since the job he’s had for the past eighteen-months was to fix these exact same problems in banking software for some of the World’s largest banks.

“Oh, and Mike?” Arnie continued with a smile. “I’d stay away from any past-life regression therapies if I were you! You’d probably flip out.”

Michael was becoming more uneasy at Arnie’s presence, and his knowledge as to who, and what, he was. He knew that, if given the chance, Arnie would use the information to his advantage somehow. While the two sometimes went out for drinks after work, along with the rest of their office, he had always kept their professional relationship at at arm’s-length distance.

“Arnie,” Michael said, getting up from the couch.

“I appreciate everything you’ve done, but Julie’s got to be tired,” he continued, placing his hand on Arnie’s shoulder. “I think the two of us can handle it from here.”

The two walked to the front-door, and Arnie looked back at Julie for an intervention but received none, as Michael opened the front-door, and signalled for Arnie to leave.

As he stepped out onto the porch, Michael grabbed his hand, shaking it as he offered his appreciation, and told him quietly, “Listen, I’d appreciate it if you wouldn’t tell anybody what’s been going on,” he said. “Otherwise, I might have to let everyone know about *’subroutine 7A7F’*.”

“You know about that?” Arnie asked, a look of shock on his face.

“And *60EB*,” Michael continued.

“Damn,” Arnie replied.

<sup>3</sup>Memory Management Routines. Part of the kernel.

<sup>4</sup>January 1, 1970 00:00:00

<sup>5</sup>The master process which controls all others.

Michael waited for him to get in his car and drive away before shutting the door, and locking it behind him as he went back into the living room. Julie had a visible perturbed look on her face as he sat back down beside her.

“That was rude,” she scolded him. “If it weren’t for him, you wouldn’t be sitting here.”

“I don’t trust him, Julie,” he replied.

He slouched back on the couch, placing his hands in his lap, and sighed. “*Why is this happening to me?*” he asked, rhetorically.