

Author's Note: Originally written for the 3/26/13 Picfic challenge.
I see U.N.C.L.E. as possibly investigating using “robotic puppets” for various tasks after taking apart the Thrush technology used in the “fembots” of **THE SORT OF DO-IT-YOURSELF DREADFUL AFFAIR** and the dolls of **THE THOR AFFAIR**.



A perfection of means, and confusion of aims, seems to be our main problem.

Albert Einstein

MODEL BEAUTY

BY [LAH](#)

Autumn 1966

“Did you notice they actually gave her skin creases in her lips?” Napoleon asked of his partner.

“Section VIII wanted to make her look as real as possible,” Illya noted frankly.

Napoleon stared again at the life-sized mannequin, doll, android – he wasn’t quite sure what to call this creation. He tilted his head to one side as he again assessed the fake blonde femme fatale. “She does; yet she doesn’t... quite,” came his blunt evaluation of the designers’ art.

“It’s the eyes,” agreed Illya with a nod. “I told them that color wasn’t very realistic.”

“But it is arresting,” submitted Napoleon as he kept staring at the unreal woman.

“Napoleon, will you stop gawking at the Model X12-10 like that,” Kuryakin admonished his partner. “It’s disconcerting.”

“She’s just a dummy, Illya.”

“She is not just a dummy. She is a highly specialized robotic puppet meant to be able to provide a real-time video feed in places deemed too dangerous for a live human agent to enter.”

“Through cameras placed in those arrestingly colored eyes of hers,” stated Napoleon matter-of-factly. “I know the drill, tovarisch. What I don’t get though is why she was made in the image of such a seemingly glamorous woman. Just look at that flawless skin, those luscious lips, those perfectly arched brows, that lustrous pale blonde mane, those shell-like ears.” Solo’s tone warmed with each delineation of his description of the android. “Not to mention those absolutely fascinating eyes.”

“I am well aware of the Model X12-10’s less mechanically-necessitated... uhm... assets,” Illya declared a bit testily. “You don’t need to meticulously detail them one-by-one with such gigolo-oriented labels.”

“Gigolo-oriented labels?” queried Napoleon with a blink. Then he shrugged and continued undeterred, “My point is, won’t those particular assets get her too much attention when it would be better she went unnoticed?”

Illya fidgeted a bit at that inquiry. “Well, the problem has come up, yes.”

“It has?” queried the other man.

Kuryakin nodded shortly. “In test runs.” With a sigh, Illya admitted, “The... uhm... packaging will likely have to be redesigned to be less... uhm... conspicuous.”

Napoleon again looked over the Model X12-10 with an appraising eye. “Shame really,” he conceded. “She is quite the looker.”

Grinning a bit sheepishly, Solo then nudged his partner as he emphasized, “Quite the looker: get it?”

That pun elicited no more from Illya than the standard Kuryakin eye-roll.

—THE END—

