

# PART FOUR

Days turned to many before we could again cross paths with Liberty 5-3000, whom we've secretly named the Golden One. It was a peculiar day when the sky resembled a vast spread of flames, making the fields appear breathless under its eerie glow. On such an afternoon, as the women sluggishly tended to their chores, distanced from the road, we encountered the Golden One, solitary by the hedge as if awaiting us. Their gaze, ordinarily harsh and reluctant to yield to the world, softened upon meeting ours, revealing an unspoken readiness to heed any word from us.

With a newfound boldness, we confessed, "We have given you a name in our thoughts, Liberty 5-3000. You are the Golden One to us." Curious, they inquired about the name we've attributed to them and upon learning it, they disclosed they hadn't thought of us as Equality 7-2521 either but as "The Unconquered." This exchange left us momentarily speechless, for it was a forbidden pleasure to indulge in such personal thoughts.

Acknowledging the danger yet unable to refrain, we admitted to our forbidden musings and implored, "Our dearest one, do not obey us." This sentiment, so rare and taboo, stunned the Golden One, prompting them to request we repeat those words. Our declaration, "Our dearest one," symbolized an unprecedented breach of norms, never before had men addressed women in such a manner.

The Golden One's reaction was a solemn submission; they stood before us, tranquil and collected, their body language a testament to their acceptance and perhaps, a silent pledge of reciprocation. This moment marked a pivotal and personal revolution in our tale, as two beings dared to connect beyond the confines of their dictated existences.