

Morra pulled her cigarette case from her eye-popping cleavage and cracked it open. She slid out one of the tightly rolled Rigellian tobacco and Aural starblaze blends that she had come to love, and held it between her fingertips as she closed the case and put it back.

She produced a long and slender cigarette holder from an upper sleeve pocket. It was crafted from gleaming denatured Roentgenium, and its use marked her as a lady of extreme wealth and power.

She planted the smoke in the holder and held it in front of her exquisite face. Cybernetic implants in her big aqua coloured eyes shot a focused laser beam out to ignite the dried plant and paper at the tip.

She smiled and relaxed back in the hanging white oval chair and began to puff at the silky-smooth intoxicants. Morra sat there, looking like royalty in command of her court. The silver metallic bodysuit she wore was tighter than skin-tight, and the thigh-high black vinyl boots sported 8-inch heels. There were belts and holsters clasp ing daggers, guns and disruptors to her body, and she looked like she knew how to use them. She was a badass.

She did some people-watching as she waited for her “assistant” to show up. There were all kinds of men and women and aliens, and all sorts in between here at this place. It was a dangerous spaceport in a dangerous part of space, but everybody was safely armed to the teeth. Galaxy Command didn’t dare show up anywhere near here.

As she watched and listened to the various creatures and machines scurry noisily along, she felt the effects of the Aural starblaze start to kick in. It made her horny as fuck, and was just what she needed after the double cross she'd had to blast her way out of that morning.

She also got the attention of one of the bouncers. He was a ridiculously massive black stud with a huge afro and mustache. He was coming toward her with a scowl on his face and he was smoking a fat smelly cigar.

Morra leaned back in the chair and spread her legs apart. A little bit of showing off that perfectly enhanced body never hurt.

Then she realized he was a Leather Clone. That massive black cock in his tight leather pants wasn't going to get hard by looking at a woman. She'd have to get her way somehow else.

"You can't smoke in here, bitch!" he barked. His hand hovered over a pistol gripped shotgun.

Morra took the holder from her lips and held it out in front of her. "How much do you want?"

"The fuck?" he asked, surprised.

"Do you know who I am?" she growled.

She leaned forward while he used his own optical implant to scan her and find out.

He reached up and shifted the cigar to the other side of his mouth. He laughed. “Heh heh... Shiiiiit.”

“How much do you want?” she repeated.

“How long you stayin’?” he asked, sounding a lot nicer now.

“I’m just waiting for my Erobot to come and my ship to be repaired.”

He pulled his transaction card from a chest pocket and held it in front of her. “5000.” he said. “That’ll keep the other guys off you too.”

Morra unzipped her bodysuit to get at an inside pocket. Those perfect and gravity-defying boobs could have saved her this fee if this bouncer wasn’t queer.

“Here.” she said, sounding annoyed as she held her card just a few centimeters away from his. A beeping tone confirmed the transaction for both parties and they put those cards away again.

She brought the burning smoke and holder back to her face and took a long, satisfying drag. She held it and smiled, then puffed smoke rings at the bouncer.

“Don’t push yo fuckin’ luck lady!” he said.

Morra leaned back and smiled. “You wouldn’t know the good shit if you fell into it.”

He sneered at her and started to walk away. She stared at his ass and cursed him for not being her kind of man. She would have loved to climb all over that seven-foot mountain of muscle and make him cum like a volcano for her.

She smiled to herself and reached down the side of her bodysuit to find a small switch built into her satin panties. She flicked that switch and started the crotch-piece of her panties vibrating.

With pleasure, Morra looked up then and saw her Erobot.

Arlia was tall and voluptuous, just like her owner. But where Morra cultivated a high-tech look of synthetic sexuality in the way she dressed and by her choice of cybernetic enhancements, Arlia had been designed and manufactured to be overtly artificial and robotic since her date of activation.

And she was stunningly gorgeous, as all Erobots were. She sported a shiny mane of white hair, and the loose curls fell lushly around her glossy shoulders. Her face was as beautiful as could be mathematically calculated, and outlined by a visible seam of transparent skin that showed off some of the charged electronics inside.

The rest of her body was patterned like this too, with seams and lines of transparent skin highlighting the more interesting parts of her feminine figure. Her eyes were wide and blue, and her irises shone with a solid

bright violet glow.

She was dressed in a pair of boots that matched the ones her owner wore. The impossibly long heels clicked in perfect rhythm to the android's precise steps as she walked from the gate to the waiting area. The rest of her outfit consisted only of a black satin bra. That garment strained to hold breasts as realistic and yet as unreal as Morra's, and they caught many stares from the men, women and creatures in the spaceport.

Arlia's midriff, crotch and buttocks were beautifully naked to show off her plastic genitalia. She had a medium-sized clitoral unit and hood, with labia lips that were generously proportioned and just as glossy as the rest of her skin. The gap between her thighs allowed all who cared a nice look at what she had been built with, though Morra swapped out the robot's genitals frequently with a big hard penis and balls about half the time.

Arlia held a very new and very menacing bio-pulse disruptor in her left hand. That gun would painfully tear apart any meat-based organism that got in its firing path, and plenty of visitors around here carried something like it too. Arlia's right hand clutched the handle of a snake-skinned briefcase.

Morra was standing and watching her Erobot come near. She smiled as she looked at that briefcase, and thought about the financial rewards that it soon would reap. She looked at Arlia's beautiful plastic pussy as she walked toward her owner. Morra puffed some fragrant smoke

out and raised one eyebrow.

“My mission was a success.” Arlia said, her voice sounding as digital and inhuman as her settings would allow.

“Lovely!” Morra purred as she embraced and kissed the android. “Even better that you’re not covered in blood!”

Arlia handed the case to her owner, who glanced around her and over her shoulders as she took it. That bouncer was watching her again, and another had joined him.

“I’ve got a room here.” Morra told Arlia. “The ship’s being fixed, will be for the next few hours.”

“Should I activate my sexual subsystems?” Arlia asked.

Morra grabbed the Erobot’s naked pussy and fingered the plastic contours and folds. “I’m surprised you haven’t already.”

Arlia beeped, and the transparent seams along her body lit up intermittently with electronic light.

The pair walked out of the waiting area and into an elevator lobby.

There was a drunken couple fucking right in the way of the elevator button. A tall, muscular and obviously cyber-enhanced man had one of this station’s many whores bent over and was ramming her for all she was worth.

Morra didn't say a word, she just raised her leg and power kicked the man out of her way. He fell onto a holo-tree display and shattered it, and the space whore smashed her head into the next elevator over and knocked herself out.

"Wha?!" The man yelled; naked, jacked-up, stinking drunk and angry. "Fucking bitch!"

He set his sights on Morra and took a stance like he was ready to charge. Before he could even move, Arlia rushed out from behind Morra and gave him a spinning roundhouse kick to the head. He went flying, and was out cold from hitting the same elevator doors that his partner hit.

Morra smirked and tugged at her bodysuit to straighten it out. She glanced over at Arlia. "Thanks."

"You are welcome, Morra." the Erobot said.

The two of them got on the elevator that opened up just then. The interior of the elevator stank of piss and vomit. Morra's floor was just two away, so she didn't long have to stand it, but she was itching to get out of this hell hole spaceport.

When the door opened another drunk tried to rush in before they got out. This time it was a Dwarf, and he was comically drunk.

"Woah, fuck!" he said. "Sorry, ladies."

He spat as he talked, and Morra moved to get away from him and out of the elevator.

“Hey, where ya goinn?” he said. “You know what they say about Dwarves, mama!” He grabbed his bulging crotch and gyrated lewdly at them.

With mechanical speed and precision, Arlia pointed her disruptor at him. “You know what they say about robots.” she said. “I am not programmed for mercy.”

Morra grabbed Arlia by the arm and hurried her along. “Come on, let’s go.”

Unzipping her bodysuit again, Morra got out her transaction card and flashed it in front of the door lock. She walked inside and turned the lights on. Arlia followed and closed the door behind her.

Morra wasted no time in opening that briefcase to check out the contents inside. It looked like it was all there. Twenty pounds of the finest Solarix bliss powder in the galaxy. A small fortune for her when she would unload it to her buyer, but deadly addictive if she were foolish enough to try any. It was dangerous even to touch.

She closed the case and stowed it in the night table. Then she set her sights on the android.

“Arlia, come on over here.” she said with as much seduction and raw sexual energy as her voice could convey.

Arlia held on to that disruptor. “All sexual subsystems are fully activated, Morra.” she said. “How would you like to use me?”

Morra unzipped her bodysuit all the way and shoved her hand into her panties. She began to masturbate at the sight of her perfect electromechanical lover. “Turn around and take off that bra.” she said. “Let me watch your perfect ass.”

“Yes Morra.” the robot said. She turned so that her plump and perfectly round buns were in her owner’s full view, then reached up behind her back and started to unhook her bra.

With a lightning fast motion, Morra reached to her belt, drew her Penetrator pistol and blasted a hole into the robot’s torso.

Sparks flew everywhere as electronics shorted under Arlia’s shattered skin. She fell forward, glitching and trying to speak but malfunctioning.

Morra walked close and stood over the plastic woman’s body. She took aim for the main CPU cluster and shot again. Arlia’s voice continued to try to talk, but it didn’t even sound like words - only distorted phonemes and fragments of speech came out.

Acrid blue smoke rose up from out of the hole that had been blasted into that once perfect form. Morra took another tool from her belt and turned it on. It was an

electromagnetic pulse disruptor, and she used it to nullify any remaining active electronics inside the android woman's body.

The sound of crackling and sparks shooting out filled the room as the robot on the floor became dormant. Morra was glad now that this spaceport had rooms with soundproofed walls.

Satisfied that she had rendered this machine inert, Morra picked up the busted robot and laid it on its back on the bed. Those lifeless eyes caught her attention now. The incandescent glow had gone out, and the vibrant purple colour had changed to glassy black.

Morra collected her thoughts for a moment and then sat in the chair. Out came another blended cigarette to make herself feel better. She puffed on that for a while then pulled her arm in front of her and called up an encrypted communication on her video watch. It beeped as the signals locked and the transmission began.

“Arlia, can you hear me?”

“Yes, Morra.” she responded as the static went away and the picture became clear.

“Is your task complete?”

“Yes Morra, I am on my way back to you.”

“Good. Lock on this signal, that's where my room is.”

“Affirmative.”

“See you soon.”

Morra shut down the signal and waited. She looked at the impostor robot lying on the bed. It was an impressive duplicate, and it almost had her completely fooled. Of course since that “Arlia” was a fake copy, the bliss powder in the case was certainly not real either.

She continued to smoke and waited for her girl to show up. Soon, she heard a knock on the door.

She got up and accessed the cam view. It was Arlia. This time, Morra checked her watch and homed in on her location to make sure. The signal matched. It definitely was her this time.

She opened the door and smiled at the real Erobot.

“I’ve missed you!” she said as she took an identical snake-skinned briefcase from the pretty android.

Arlia closed and locked the door behind her, and then looked at the shot-up robot lying on its back.

“Why is there a facsimile of me on the bed?” she asked.

Morra looked at her and said “I don’t know who sent her, but I have a few ideas. Whoever it is wanted me dead.”

The two of them walked over to the non-functional robot.

“Scanning... scanning... scanning...” Arlia said. “It’s

not a very accurate copy. But a human like you would not have been able to tell, even with your cyber-enhancements. How did you know this robot was not me?”

Morra laughed lightly and kissed her companion on the cheek. “Remember last night when we swapped your vaginal unit for that nice big hard cock you’ve got?”

Morra reached down and grabbed a hold of the smooth, permanently erect penis that her Erobot currently had installed. It matched the glossy and sometimes transparent look of Arlia’s skin, and pointed straight out as she walked around, catching more than a few looks as she had made her way through the spaceport.

“I still have your vaginal unit packed in my bag over there.” Morra said. “When I saw this robot walking toward me without that android penis of yours... I knew something was wrong.”

“I may be able to find out who built this robot by inspecting its circuitry.” Arlia said.

She reached out and grasped the impostor’s face. Its blank expression remained static as Arlia removed the faceplate from the rest of the impostor’s head.

The complex and intricate array of electronic components, conduits and wiring inside that head showed signs of the electrical damage that the blasts had done.

Arlia looked at her owner and then reached up to remove her own faceplate. “This is not a genuine Erobot. Can you see how this robot was constructed with inferior materials based on inferior designs compared to me?” she asked.

Morra looked at her Erobot, and then to the impostor. She couldn’t really tell any difference, except that the Erobot was electronically active and full of light inside. Otherwise, both machines looked like complicated mazes of circuitry and cybernetic components.

Morra kissed Arlia’s neck under her facial opening as she played with her electronic penis and balls. Arlia started beeping from inside while electronic lights shone from inside her head and under those transparent seams.

“Shall I activate my sexual subsystems?” she asked.

“I’m surprised you haven’t already.” Morra said.