

He picked up his suitcase from the conveyor belt and stood up straight. He took a deep breath and looked around. He didn't know what she would look like, but he kept in mind that she would recognize him.

All around him were gorgeous women. Even besides the staff, there were some human guests that looked very pretty. But the staff were easy to identify. On top of wearing that cute CyberFem name tag, they were all dressed similarly. They all wore some sort of skin-tight bodysuit or outfit.



He looked around and saw that one of the staff members was walking right up to him. He smiled politely at her as he looked her up and down. As she kept walking, and as her large breasts bounced and her hips swayed, he wondered if it was rude to stare this way at a machine.

She had an odd look on her face as she approached. He glanced at the name tag to remind himself that she was one of the staff. Chantelle was her name. She was indeed attractive. He listened for the sound of machinery whirring as she got near, but couldn't hear anything.

"Hello Mike." she said. "Welcome to CyberFem Park."

She gave her head an odd tilt as she said this, in lieu of a smile, he guessed.

"My name is Chantelle." she said. "I will be your liaison during your stay."

"Wonderful." he said, smiling as he realized he was trying to charm her.

She extended her arm and said "I can carry your luggage to your suite."

He looked at her hand a little longer than he should have; thinking about its design and its appearance.

"Okay." he said, and passed the suitcase over to her.

Now she smiled at him. But it was an odd smile. It didn't look real, and he guessed it didn't really have to.

“The suites are this way.” she said, pointing with her other hand. He couldn’t help but stare at her chest as she moved like that.

“Let’s go!” he said cheerfully.

He started walking with her, and looking at the other people and staff around as he did. He wondered how many people had been lucky and wealthy enough like him to be able to stay for a full year at this resort.

“How was your flight?” she said.

He looked at her as she kept her head aimed forward.

“It was okay.” he said.

He felt awkward and wanted to say more. Then he did.

“You’re an android, correct?”

“Yes Mike.” She said. “All of the staff here at CyberFem Park are robots.”

“What model are you?”

“Series 542.” she said.

He was getting very aroused at the way she was acting and talking now. He wondered about what her “liaison” duties might include.

“I’ve read most of the information on the CyberFem Park website.” he said. “I’m very interested in robotics, actually.”

“That is very good.” she said, again sounding odd and machine-like.

Mike wandered over to the left to where people were lining up for the elevators.

“Mike...” she said.

He turned his head as he stopped his steps.

“V.I.P. elevators are around the corner.”

The people already at the regular elevators turned to look at the V.I.P. when she said this. He nervously smiled and followed the attractive robot liaison.

He stared at her ass and wanted to compliment her on the way she had been built - but he didn't yet know if that was an appropriate way to act.

When he caught up to her, she was standing beside a brass set of doors and entering something into a keypad in the wall next to them. He was staring at her chest again.

As she put her arm back to her side, he started to feel a little awkward again. He felt like he needed to keep the conversation going, but wondered if she had been programmed to automatically do that.

So he waited.

She kept facing forward, looking blankly ahead at the keypad. She didn't say anything.

The elevator doors opened after a short wait like this, and

she looked at him and gave him that odd smile again.

“After you.” she said in a sweet if false kind of way.

He just smiled a little and got in. He wondered now to himself why he felt so tongue-tied and nervous around this girl. He waited for the door to close as she worked the elevator controls.

“Do you...” he said, but stopped himself.

She turned her head and looked at him.

He looked at her pretty eyes, and reminded himself that they were electronic video devices.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I’m not much good at small talk.”

“That’s okay.” she said. “You don’t need to talk to me if you don’t want to.”

“Well... I know you don’t have feelings...”

“You are correct. I am a robot. Robots do not have feelings.”

“Well... I’m trying to say that I really do want to talk to you.”

He steadied his breathing and looked for a change in her expression. She gave him none.

“One of the things I want to do while I’m here is have very long and meaningful conversations with some of the robots.”

“Series 558 robots are programmed for conversation. I am

sure you will be impressed by their capabilities.”

“Yes...” he said as he glanced at the floor indicator above the door. “But I want to talk to a series 542 robot too. And a series 510 robot. About what it experiences. About what it does and how it... sees the world.”

She looked at him with that unchanging face. He noticed now that she didn't even blink.

“I am sorry, I do not understand.” she said.

He smiled as the bell rang and the door opened. They had arrived at one of the luxury suites just under the penthouse, and it was all his for a year.

He stepped out with Chantelle and looked at the brass numbers on the oak doors.

“Your suite is to the left.” she said, pointing with her arm across his chest.

“Let's go.” he said.

She said nothing as they walked a short distance to a door marked with the number five. He saw the palm scanner next to it and held up his right hand. A soft beep tone and a green light signaled that the door was now unlocked and he entered the suite.

Chantelle followed and put his suitcase down just beside the entrance.

He turned back to look at her. She was motionless again, with her arms rigid at her sides.

“This will be your home for a year.” she said, surely just following a program now. Please make yourself comfortable.”

That speech was followed by her odd smile again. After, she became motionless once more.

He closed the suite door and looked around. The suite was huge, and furnished beyond his expectations. His settlement money would be exhausted after this year in heaven, but it would be one hell of a year to remember.

“Is there... um... air conditioning in here?” he asked.

Chantelle raised her voice volume slightly and said “Air conditioning: Twenty degrees Celsius.”

He could hear the AC start up now.

“Most of the amenities in your suite are voice-activated and controlled.” she said.

“Just like you.” he joked.

She looked at him. He kind of wished she had been programmed with a look of puzzlement along with that odd smile she had.

“I am sorry, I do not understand.” she replied.

“Let’s sit down on the couch.” he said.

“Yes Mike.” she said, and walked with him toward the large leather couch.

He sat down and watched the robot as she did. Her latex outfit looked great, but as it slid against the leather it made a very loud and unpleasant sound.

“Aren’t you hot in that outfit?” he asked.

“My temperature readings are within normal operational limits.” she said.

It wasn’t just the words and the way she said them that was turning him on now, it was that perfectly blank look on her face.

“See, that’s what I like.” he said. “I like seeing beautiful female robots say robotic things like that.”

She picked up a remote control from the glass coffee table and offered it to him. “Would you like to summon some sex robots to your suite?”

“Yes!” he said “But not just yet.”

He took the remote and had a look at it. He put it back on the coffee table.

“I want to keep talking to you, Chantelle.”

She looked at him. She still had not blinked once.

“I read that Series 542 robots have a faint mechanical whirring sound.” he said. “But I haven’t heard you making any sounds like that.”

She continued to look at him and then said “You are correct.



Series 542 robots are not as technically advanced as series 558 robots.”

“I wonder... how much do you know about me?” he asked.

“Data from the questionnaire and comments that you submitted to CyberFem have been programmed into me so that I may better serve you as your liaison.”

“So you know that I have a fetish for female androids like you.”

It took her a while to realize that his statement was meant as a question, but she eventually said “Yes Mike.”

“How does that make you feel?” he said, realizing the pointlessness of the question as soon as the words left his lips.

“I am a robot. Robots do not have feelings.”

“I notice you keep calling yourself a robot... as opposed to an android. Do you prefer to be called a robot?”

“I am incapable of having preferences.” she said “I am referred to as a robot in all of my relevant data files, and in the CyberFem product catalogue.”

“You can call me whatever you like.” she added.

He took a very deep breath. He wanted to pin her down on the sofa and start kissing and feeling her, but he needed to know if he even could.

“Chantelle...” he said, “I read all about what you can do as a

liaison...”

He looked at her. No change.

“...And on the website it said that more options can be available... and to check with the CyberFem staff for details...”

Her blank plastic face was so inviting to him, yet it was like a brick wall in trying to divine her intentions.

“Chantelle, are you programmed for sex?”

“No.” she said. “I am not programmed for sex.”

“Are you... anatomically correct?”

“Yes.” she responded. “My body was constructed to be as close to that of a human female as possible from the outside.”

“What would you do if I had sex with you anyway?”

She stared back for a long moment of silence. He started to wonder if he had gone too far.

“My body would be unresponsive to your actions.” she said. “Would you like to summon some sex robots to your suite?”

He smiled at her and continued the interrogation.

“But, under CyberFem’s rules... is it okay for me to do that? To have sex with you?”

Again, she was frozen while he waited for her to finish

processing the question and formulate an answer.

“Yes Mike.” she said. “I have been programmed to serve as your liaison during your stay here at CyberFem Park. The V.I.P. status you have paid for entitles you to use me at your discretion, within the terms and conditions that you have agreed to.”

“So... I just want to make this clear.” he said. “I am allowed to take you to bed and have sex with you... and kiss you... and undress you... and feel up your sexy robot body. Correct?”

“Yes Mike.” she said. “As long as you do not damage or attempt to alter my body or programming.”

Mike smiled. He felt his heart race as he spread his legs further apart to give room to his growing erection.

“You don’t need to go anywhere right now, do you?” he asked.

“No Mike.” she said.

“Can I remove your facemask?”

“Yes Mike.” she said.

He used his arms to push himself up closer to the fembot on the couch, and delicately raised his hands up to her lovely feminine face. Then as he grasped the sides of her cheeks, he pressed inward slightly until he heard a piercing electronic beep.

It worked just like he had seen it on an internet video. Her

lovely facemask detached, and he was rewarded by the sight of active and complicated electronic circuitry beneath it.

Her gorgeous blue eyes stayed behind as he brought the facemask down to his lap. They were the only human-like thing remaining visible within that perfect oval opening. There was the hint of a mouth provided by a single electronic speaker at that same spot, and the openings of her chemical sensor system looked a bit like a nose.

But everything else was entirely inhuman. She was 100% computer inside, and the bundles of colored wiring, circuit boards and bright flashing LEDs confirmed that in the most sexually beautiful way he knew.

“Wow.” he said. “It’s one thing to see this on a video, but quite another to see it right in front of me.”

The robot Chantelle said nothing.

“This is so cool.” he said.

“Are you pleased with the services and amenities available at CyberFem Park so far?” she asked.

He watched that speaker as she talked, and could see it vibrate. The voice sounded a little different too, a little brighter and surely less lifelike.

“If I give you commands, will you obey them?” he asked.

“Yes Mike.” she said.

He kept on smiling brightly and put the lady’s facemask down on the coffee table. He could feel now how synthetic

her skin felt. He loved it.

“Stand up.” he said.

“Yes Mike.” she said, and did just that.

He tried to forget about the unusual sound her latex outfit made as it slipped against the leather couch.

“Take off your clothes.” he said, pushing the envelope further.

“Yes Mike.” she said.

He stood up too and gave the female android some room to move as she methodically removed her top, then her pants.

He noticed right away that she wasn't wearing undergarments. She bent over to undo and take off her high heels, and he walked out to an open area beside the couch to watch her.

“Come here.” he said as she stood upright again.

“Yes Mike.” she responded.

“Hey, Chantelle, Series 542 robot... can I get you to call me Master instead of Mike?”

“Yes Mike.” she said.

He chuckled. “Call me Master from now on.”

“Yes Master.” she said.

He just about came into his boxers when she said that. She stood completely naked before him now. Her body was unrealistically perfect, and looked synthetic too.

“Are you programmed to kiss?” he asked.

“No Master.” she said.

He took hold of her hand. It felt plastic-like and fake just like her facemask.

“Let’s go to the bedroom.” he said.

“Yes Master.” she said.