

Mike trotted over to the door and opened it. Two more robots stood in front of him - one blonde and one raven-haired. He guessed that they were here to fix his broken playmate Chantelle.

“Hello Mike.” the serious looking blonde said. “I am CyberFem administrative robot number 83. May we enter your suite?”

Mike glanced at the woman’s name tag. It said “Winter”.

“Yes,” he said, “yes, of course.”

He stood back and watched the two robots walk in. They both moved less like people than Chantelle, especially the dark haired girl dressed up in a low-cut black latex nurse outfit. The whirring and clicking sounds that accompanied her motions were as loud as those movements were stiff.

Winter was tall and gorgeous, even though she did look like she could be a real mean bitch. Mike wondered if that expression had been stamped onto her facemask on purpose. She didn’t appear to have makeup applied to it, but her hair was at least brushed nicely and framed that face well.

She was dressed in a two-piece business suit, but it was tight and revealing and made of latex. The pants were black and flared at the bottom. The top had been cut and patterned to resemble a vest with a plunging neckline, black collar and buttons.

The fembot pair wasted no time in going straight over to where Chantelle had fallen. Mike got out of the way. He closed the door and watched.

The nurse knelt down and added an extended and loud series of beeps and tones to those whirring and clicking sounds. Winter stood by like a mannequin and watched.

Mike walked over to her. “How does it look?” he asked.

The blonde didn’t respond. She kept her head aimed at what her partner was doing. That robotic lady was now connected chest panel to chest panel with the lovely Chantelle, and some flashing LEDs inside Chantelle’s chest showed that there was some activity inside.

“Winter,” Mike said, “how does the situation look?”

She turned her head slowly and deliberately to face him. He heard her whirring then. She stared into his eyes for a long while. It actually unnerved him.

“We can not yet determine the extent of the physical damage to this robot.” she said.

He looked at that name tag again and thought “Ice fucking cold alright.”

The nurse’s beeping became more urgent. She straightened her back with a snap and pivoted her head to aim it at Winter. The nurse’s pretty face then automatically opened itself and lifted up, hinged at the top forehead seam.

Instead of the complicated and delicately packed electronics and sensors that Chantelle had, the Nurse now showed off a square LCD display full of quickly changing graphs and data. That was the top half of the oval opening. Below were rows of physical buttons, switches and a few ports.

She appeared now to be more of a diagnostic terminal than a synthetic lady.

Winter's head snapped to face her immediately upon all that activity, and she watched the nurse with her own electronic eyes. The empty, dark pupils now flashed seemingly at random with pulses of laser red.

Mike walked around Chantelle's legs and stood on the other side of the pair and watched them work on his fallen playmate.

The nurse's beeps abruptly stopped, only to be replaced by similar beeping coming from Winter.

Her icy blue eyes stared out unblinking as electronic components underneath her hard looking plastic face emitted the kinds of sounds that only computerized things could make.

It was getting Mike turned on again. He looked this administrative robot up and down and wondered if he could have fun with her while Chantelle was being fixed.

His daydreaming was interrupted by the sound of whirring once more. The faceless nurse unit reattached Chantelle's facemask and picked her up. Then she made her way with Mike's robot toward the door.

Winter walked forward three steps and stood in front of Mike. "The Chantelle robot that you have been using must be brought to Robot Repair."

"I understand." Mike said. He knew already that he was not

allowed to follow them into that clean room - with his human propensity to exhale, shed hair, and shed dead skin cells. "How badly did I damage her?" he asked.

"Initial diagnostic scans reveal unseated circuit board assemblies and other possible damage."

"How long will it take to fix her?"

"Processing..." Winter said. "Processing... processing... processing... processing..."

Mike lusted after this robot more and more with every repetition of that word. He wanted to pin her down and make all kinds of man on machine love to her when she looked and acted so very synthetic.

"Estimated time to repair the Chantelle robot can not be determined at this time."

And as coldly as she had come in, Winter abruptly turned and walked away. She strutted in her obviously machinelike way toward the door.

He kind of stood there dumb for a moment as he watched her ass wiggle. But before she got too far he trotted to catch up.

"Winter," he said, "wait."

She halted and turned back around just outside his doorway. "Do you require further assistance from CyberFem's administrative robots?"

He smiled to hide the way he still felt intimidated by her

presence. That look on her plastic face seemed to tell him that she had long ago lost her patience with him. But he knew that was absurd. She was a machine. she didn't have patience to lose.

"I have some questions." he said.

Her gaze remained impenetrable.

"How did you and that nurse robot get here so fast after I called the front desk?"

"We are stored on this floor." she said.

He thought about that. It made perfect sense. "Oh." he said. He looked around at the other doors. His was the only one numbered, being the penthouse suite. "Can you show me where please?" he said.

"Yes." she said. "Please follow me."

Mike glanced behind him at the open door of his suite and decided to leave it open as Winter walked only a few feet down the hallway. She stood in front of a plain looking dark wooden door that didn't look too out of place.

The door opened automatically and she turned her head to look at him.

He approached as she gestured inside the barely lit room.

"This is where we are stored." she explained.

The room was tiny and cramped. Inside were ten of those glass cylindrical storage booths that he had seen from

images and videos of the robot labs here. There were four more Winter robots and four more nurse robots inside. They were all identical.

He also noticed the sign on the inside of the door which stated in bold black letters "ROBOTS ONLY BEYOND THIS POINT".

"Do you require any further assistance?"

Mike looked back and forth between the room packed with fembots and the pretty ice queen. He didn't quite know how to ask what he wanted to ask.

"You know that I have paid for VIP status here, don't you?"

"Yes Mike." she said.

"Are administrative robots like you included among the ladies that I can... play with sexually?"

"Processing..." she said again. "Processing... processing... processing... processing... processing..."

The more she mindlessly repeated herself, the more he hoped the answer would be yes.

"Yes Mike." she said.

"Wonderful!" he said as he took her hand.

But she did not move.

"I am sorry, I must report to Robot Repair to assist with the repairs of your Chantelle robot."

“Oh.” he said. He was only disappointed until he turned his gaze to the four identical Winter robots inside the storage room.

“Can you activate one of these Winter robots, Winter?” he asked.

“Yes Mike.” she said. “Would you like to use it for sex?”

“Of course.” he said with a smile.

“Processing...” she said. “Processing... processing... processing... processing.”

She turned and stepped inside. The space available left only centimeters for her slim body to turn and move, but she did so with shocking speed and precision.

She opened up one of the booths by punching in an access code to its keypad. A rather low-tech way of doing things, but the booth split down its front and slid open. The identical Winter robot she chose had its chest panel opened, and its power switch pressed.

“CyberFem Administrative Robot number 84 activated.” she said. The voice was a perfect digital match too.

Mike watched Winter #83 tapping very fast at #84’s chest panel keypad now.

“Setup mode.” announced #84.

Mike shuffled his feet a bit and waited for the robots to finish. It didn’t take long. Within seconds, Winter #83 came back

out of the tiny room just as quickly and deftly as she had entered. She didn't even stop to say goodbye as she turned and walked toward the elevator to catch up with the nurse robot that was carrying Chantelle.

The newly activated Winter came out of the room with a lot less urgency. Dressed the same and looking exactly alike, it was as if the previous version hadn't left the area.

Mike called out to Winter #83 "Thank you!"

She ignored him.

"Hello Mike." said this newer one. "I am CyberFem administrative robot number 84."

"Hello Winter." he said.

He started to reach out for her hand, but she began to turn around.

"Do you like my outfit?" she asked.

She showed off her tall and slender body to him.

"Yes I do!" he said, excited at the receptive way she was treating him. He figured that must have been the reason for the earlier "Setup mode".

"You should see my robot body in lingerie." she said as she faced him once more. "I am perfect."

Her face still looked quite cold and emotionless, but he much preferred the things she said now.

“I have been programmed to accommodate your sexual preferences for female robots.” she said. She reached up with her hand and inserted her fingertips into the seam that formed around the edge of her facemask. With a flurry of electronic beeping sounds and the prying sound of a seal releasing its grip, the front of her beautiful head came off in her hand.

“I look very beautiful with my facemask removed, don't I?” She asked.

“Oh my god, do you ever!” he said.

He almost trembled with excitement at all of the flashing coloured LEDs that dazzled around electrified circuit boards, sensory components and other computer parts packed efficiently and complexly into a shield-shaped opening.

Her electronics were very different from Chantelle's though. There were no human looking eyes remaining inside that head. They remained attached to the facemask itself. In place were two rectangular sensors and arrays of delicate wiring affixed to intricately constructed circuit boards and other parts.

And the electronic speaker that projected that soft, womanly voice was different and mostly obscured by other machinery and wiring.

“Let's go to the bedroom!” he said, taking her by the hand and leading her hungrily through the suite.

“Are you ready for sex?” she asked.

“Oh, fuck yes Winter.”

“I am always ready for sex because I am a robot.” she said.

As soon as they got in the bedroom, Mike took her facemask from her and checked it out.

“The design and construction of CyberFem’s Administrative Robot series is quite beautiful.” she said.

He looked into her empty but energized head and smiled.
“You got that right babe.”

He lifted the facemask up and fitted it back into place. It snapped back on and confirmatory beeps sounded when it had been properly reattached.

“Undress.” he ordered.

“Yes Mike.” she replied.

He did the same, and asked “So, how come you’re programmed for sex but Chantelle wasn’t?”

“CyberFem’s Administrative Robot series often serve to entertain investors and other important guests.”

He smiled and chuckled to himself about that. He watched her undress. She looked a bit odd and clumsy doing it. It wasn’t like the way the actual sex robots here did it. But it was even sexier to him when he thought of why that was.

“Would you like to dress me up in lingerie for sex? I know how much you like to see beautiful female robots dressed in black satin lingerie. The lingerie you have brought here for your Chantelle robot will fit my robot body as well.”

Mike grinned big. "I like you." he said.

He doffed his socks and boxers while she removed her high heels and neatly set all of her clothes folded on a chair. Mike opened the dresser drawer and got out a pair of black satin panties. He handed them to her.

"Here you go pretty robot." he said.

He got out some black thigh-high nylon stockings too, a matching garter belt with suspenders, a black satin bra and some accessorizing long black satin gloves.

He handed these to Winter #84 in turn and watched her getting dressed in her not-human way. His cock was hard and dripping pre-cum already.

When she was finished she stood up straight with that unnatural posture and said "How is my appearance?"

"Put on those high heels again." he commanded.

"Yes Mike." she said.

He watched her bend over and put those on again as he held on to his throbbing penis.

When she was all done, she asked again. "How is my appearance?"

"100%" he said.

She beeped once as he lunged in and grabbed her in his arms. She responded right away, and with just as much

passion. Only her passion was fake, simulated.

It made him want her even more.

They kissed as his now fully erect penis pressed up against her belly. His balls felt the warmth of her crotch as his lips tasted the wetness of her plastic lips.

He pulled his head back from the kiss while he clutched her perfectly round, firm ass.

“Identify yourself.” he ordered.

“I am CyberFem administrative robot number 84.” she answered.

He stood back and removed her facemask again. It was just as exhilarating for him to see that all again as it had been before, and she looked so stunningly synthetic and false again too.

He put the facemask with its never blinking eyes open on the dresser and ordered Winter to get on the bed on all fours. She obeyed and responded as usual. He got behind her and pulled the shiny satin gusset of her panties to one side as he slid his cock into her plastic vagina.

This robot woman was already very warm and very wet. Her mechanical whirring sounds seemed louder now with his closeness as he began to push in and out, a little harder and a little faster each time.

He felt the small of her back for a seam and removed the cover of her recharge port. It looked exactly the same as Chantelle’s, and he could see that she was 98% charged.

“Do you like to look at my internal electronic components while your genitals are inside my robotic vaginal unit?” she asked.

That sent him over the edge. He grabbed her hips tight and came. Waves of pleasure surged out of him, and through his body as beads of sweat grew on his forehead and ran down his face.

He finished and pulled out. He leaned over to the right and laid down beside her as she was still on all fours, and still with her lovely facemask removed.

She aimed her head at him and asked “Did you enjoy having sex with me?”