

After another few rounds of sex with Winter, Mike relaxed and laid next to the computer-like administrative robot in bed for a while.

She was still dressed in that full black satin lingerie outfit, but by this time all of her access panel covers had come off as well as her facemask. Her hair was also thoroughly mussed up from all the shagging too, and strands of the blonde synthetic fibers covered part of the electronics on display in her head.

He leaned up on his arm and faced her. “How can you see without your facemask on?” he asked her.

Through all the wiring, circuitry and flashing LEDs she answered “When my facemask is removed, my auxiliary cameras activate.”

He looked closely for anything that looked like video cameras inside that nearly tangled construction. “Point them out for me.” he said.

Without words she lifted her hand and pointed with her index finger. One camera was located at a spot behind where her left cheek usually was, and the other was up above where her right eyebrow would have been.

“Okay, I was not expecting that.” he said. He could now see the smallest of pinhole cameras where she had pointed.

“Which arrangement of sub-facial electronics do you find to be more sexually appealing?” she asked. “Arrangements present in robots like me or arrangements present in robots like Chantelle?”

Mike smiled and laughed a little. "That's a hard call to make, sweetheart. I think right now I'm in the mood for your more machine-like look."

She beeped in that lovely electronic way for him a few times. "Preference registered." she said.

He smiled again at her and brushed the hair away from that plastic and metal opening built into her pretty head.

"I'm going to have a shower now. Are you programmed to clean yourself?"

"No Mike." she said. "I must report to Robot Repair to be cleaned."

"Chantelle told me the same thing until I taught her how to clean herself. She does her own diagnostic scans here too, that's why she's able to live with me in this suite."

"I must report to Robot Repair to be cleaned." she repeated.

"Meh." he said. He got out of bed and stood up.

Winter whirred audibly as she sat up and did the same.

"I'll put you back together." he said.

He picked up her very lovely plastic face and reattached it to the front of her head.

She beeped again and said "Thank you Mike."

Her statement was empty of emotion, just like her expression. He kissed her.

He picked up the rest of her access panel covers from the floor - chest panel cover, crotch panel cover, stomach panel cover and recharge port cover - and pushed them back into place. After each one had locked into position, a satisfying series of beeps came from within the female robot's sexy body.

He stood back and looked at her for a moment. She stood unmoving, unblinking and unfeeling.

"I'll probably see you again soon." he said.

Those cold empty eyes stared back at him. She didn't respond.

"Goodbye for now CyberFem Administrative Robot number 84." he said

"Goodbye Mike." she said.

She turned around and left, still dressed in the Chantelle robot's lingerie. She left her uniform behind.

"No matter," Mike thought, "That's an excuse to get another fembot maid up here again."

He followed Winter out of the bedroom and watched her walk in her mechanized way through the suite and toward the door. He wondered what he could do to have one of these stunning blonde administrative robots living in his suite like he had gotten the Chantelle robot to do.

She opened the door and without another word, exited and shut it behind her.

But first he was off to have a shower.

He entered the glass, marble and brass finished bathroom and started running hot water. He thought about how this steamy place was essentially off-limits to his robotic lady companions. Just as he couldn't enter certain areas where robots only could tread, so it was with them in this area. The steam and sources of water were too much of a hazard for their electronic parts - especially the way he usually had them flaunt their opened heads and access panels.

While he was soaping up, he had an idea. And he turned it around in his head and wondered about the logistics of it. He was sure he could afford it, considering the sheer amount of money he had come into recently. That was not a problem.

The only problem he saw would be the automated fembot staff here at CyberFem park not understanding what he would be proposing and not seeing how wonderful it would be for their technosexual guests.

He smiled to himself as he rinsed off. Had he not taught Chantelle to do things that she was never programmed to do? And the Administrative robots were far more agreeable when they had the right settings made to them, so he was sure he could "convince" them too - given time.

He got out of the shower and toweled himself dry. The more he thought about his idea, the more he liked it. But first he needed to get a maid up here to clean up after him and Winter #84.

He trotted back out to the living room area of the suite and

picked up the phone. After dialing the front desk, he heard the perky voice of the pretty receptionist robot.

“CyberFem Park, Front Desk.” she said.

“Hello lovely robot.” he said.

“Hello Sir, how may I help you?”

“Can you send a maid to room 2105 please?”

“Certainly, Sir. Will there be anything else?”

“Yes.” he said. “I’ve been talking to some of the Winter robots... the Administrative Robots... Can you send another one to my room please?”

“Is there a problem with the service you are receiving from CyberFem Park, Sir?” she asked, her voice sounding digitally concerned.

“No, no, not at all!” he assured her. “I’m having a wonderful time with you machines. No, I have an idea and I want to talk to one of the Administrative Robots about it.”

“Processing.” said the voice on the phone. “Yes Sir. A CyberFem Maid Series Robot and a CyberFem Administrative Robot will be sent to your suite right away.”

“Thank you, darling.” he said.

“You are welcome sir.” she said. “Do you require anything else?”

“No, that will be fine.” he answered.

“Thank you for calling.” she said, synthetically cheerful.
“Have a nice day!”

He put the phone down and heard the doorbell right away again. That confirmed for him that the maids were stored nearby on his floor too.

As he turned and walked to answer, he heard a lovely sing-song voice call out “Room service!”

He hopped up the two carpeted steps to the foyer and opened the front door to see a very different robot maid than the ones he had seen before.





She smiled seductively at him and said “Hi. I’m Lana. Am I here for cleaning or sex?”

He stood and took her in with his eyes for a long moment. She was one of the more voluptuous and plump fembots he had seen here. She twirled her feather duster in her hand as he stared at her.

“Well, I just had sex, but damn... you are one attractive machine!”

She smiled at his compliment and said “Thank you! May I come in?”

“Of course...” he said as he got out of the way.

She stood aside too as her automated maid’s cart moved

into the room by itself.

“Which rooms need cleaning, Sugar?” she said as she entered after it.

He closed the door after her and looked at her backside for a while. He couldn't keep his hands off the machinery, and clutched those big round buns in his hands.

“My god, I like the way you're built!” he said. “How come I haven't seen you before?”

“I have insufficient data to answer that question, Sugar.” she cooed. “Which rooms need cleaning, Sugar?”

“The bathroom and the bedroom.” he answered.

She beeped from inside her beautifully padded plastic body. Her automated cart beeped in response as its sides rolled up to expose purpose-built cleaning robots that activated with whirs and rolled out. They rolled and crawled across the carpet and tile on their own and did the actual cleaning. The humanoid maid robot was just for the guest's sexual enjoyment.

He walked back around to her front side. “What model are you? Wait... don't tell me...”

She looked blankly at him as he reached up to feel for the edges of her facemask. He found the seam and pulled off that human-like façade so he could have a look at her electronics.

Mike was getting good at telling model numbers from the arrangements of electronics inside access panels. And the

way she looked to him now, he could tell she was a series 558. Her clear brown glass eyes were visible, as was the round electronic speaker that projected her sweet sounding voice. All around them were complicated electronics in a distinct pattern that was the hallmark of this type.

“I didn’t know CyberFem made series 558 maid robots.” he told her.

“Oh, yes.” she said. “Series 558 robots like me can be programmed to be anything you desire.”

He put her facemask back on.

“Have you changed your mind about the sex?” she asked.