

“It’s so tempting.” Mike said as he beheld the curvy robot maid.

“I was manufactured for sex.” she told him.

“I was just thinking the same thing.” he said. “I’m actually waiting for one of those pretty administrative robots. I’m actually surprised I haven’t seen one yet.”

Mike opened the front door again and walked a short distance down the green-carpeted hallway to the storage room where Winter #83 and #84 had been stored.

He couldn’t open the door. He should have figured as much.

The elevator came up to his floor behind him, and its doors opened. Mike turned around, still wearing only the large white bath towel around his midsection.

He watched yet another Winter step off the elevator. This one was dressed in the exact same blue latex uniform that Chantelle had originally greeted him in. It was one of the standard CyberFem uniforms for their numerous staff of fembots.



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She walked up to him with the same stiff gait and lightly audible whirring sounds.

“Hello Mike.” she predictably said. “I am CyberFem administrative robot number 31.”

“Hello Winter” he said after a glance to her name tag. “You are just as lovely as the other administrative robots I’ve met.”

She looked frozen a long while, then said “The CyberFem series of administrative robots are identical.”

“Come into my suite, Winter.” he said as he turned and headed that way.

“Yes Mike.” she said, coldly and precisely.

Lana was still looking horny by the entrance. Mike looked at her plump, perfect boobs and said “Lana, please seduce Winter and kiss her while I put some clothes on.”

Lana’s head pivoted fast to face him. She beeped loud enough to startle him and said robotically “Protocol error 2a-143.”

Winter simply came to a stop and stood like a soft-skinned mannequin next to the door after she closed it.

Lana appeared more human again and said to Mike “I’m sorry Sugar, I’m not programmed to seduce and kiss the administrative robots.”

“Ha...” Mike exhaled “it was worth a try.”

He headed for the bedroom and undid the towel. Lana

followed him.

“I can’t believe you’re not ramming my robot pussy from behind yet!” she said, obviously still running her seduction programming on him.

He dodged one of the robot vacuums as it methodically cleaned the carpet and got some clothes out of the dresser. He pulled up a pair of boxer shorts and sat down to put on some socks. He looked up at the black-satin clad maid robot and said “How many copies of you did Cyberfem build?”

“Fourteen.” she said with a purr in her voice.

“Well, pretty fembot, I’ll have no trouble getting a hold of you or one of your duplicates when I’m in the mood for your... wow... your amazing curves.”

She giggled and stroked those satin-gloved hands down her hourglass hips. “Act now while supplies last.” she said with a wink.

Mike finished dressing in some jeans and a t-shirt. He grabbed Lana’s ass and gave her a quick kiss as he made his way past her.

“I’ll have my fun with Lana the series 558 maid robot soon.” he promised. “I hope I’m not hurting your feelings.”

“Hm hm... robots don’t have feelings.” she said as she blew him a kiss. He was hoping for just such a reaction.

He left her in her pre-programmed seduce-and-clean mode and walked over to the tall and slender blonde android woman by his front door.

She was standing perfectly still, of course. When he got to a certain distance, she turned her head in an overtly mechanistic manner and asked “How may I assist you, Mike?”

“I have an idea.” he told her. “It’s actually a few different ideas, but it involves setting up some of CyberFem’s conference rooms in certain ways and stationing female androids to operate inside them in certain ways.”

She kept looking at him with those clear as ice blue eyes. There was no response or reaction.

He took her by the hand. “Let’s go for a walk.” he said.

He grasped her plastic covered mechanical hand, and felt it grip around his own in almost the same way that a real woman’s hand would. The differences made him tingle and smile.

Side by side, they walked out of his suite. He locked the door behind him with his keycard and led her to the elevator again. He listened to her whirring sounds as she walked. She even made faint beeping sounds intermittently from under her synthetic skin covering.

He pressed the down button for the elevator on the wall. “I really like the sounds that a girl like you constantly makes.” he told her.

She turned her head to aim her cameras at him and said “CyberFem is aware of this. We have monitored and registered your sexual preferences for female robots.”

He just smiled at her, and relished the previous experience of his sexual activities with the perfectly identical Winter #84 robot.

The elevator arrived and the pair got on. Mike pressed the button to take them to the lobby. And as the elevator started to take them down, he just stared at Winter's face. He wondered how CyberFem came up with the designs for their robots. He wondered if Winter realized just how stunningly gorgeous she was, or if she could calculate such a thing.

And he thought of the rules of this place. He wasn't allowed to do too much kissing in the elevators or hallways here. Sex in any place but private rooms was strictly forbidden, of course. And even access panel opening and facemask removal was discouraged outside of the guest's rooms because some guests found it distasteful.

Mike could abide by that, he guessed. Though he'd much rather have this lovely blonde by his side holding his hand showing off some of her sexy internal electromechanical systems.

"So..." he began, "my idea."

She looked robotically at him again.

"You know how guests are not allowed to visit Robot Repair?"

"Yes, Mike."

"And you know how guests are constantly asking to visit robot repair anyway, even though CyberFem will never allow it?"

“Processing... processing... yes Mike.”

“My first idea is to turn one of those unused conference rooms into a fake Robot Repair.”

He looked into her empty eyes, waiting in vain for a sign of understanding.

“That does not compute.” she said.

“I didn’t think you’d quite understand my words alone,” he said, “that’s why I’m going to rent out a conference room for a while and show you my idea.”

The VIP elevator came to a soft landing on the main floor and opened its doors in a restricted area of the lobby. As the two exited still holding hands, Mike noticed another Chantelle robot in the same blue latex uniform that Winter #31 was now sporting.

“Hey,” he said to Winter, “is that my Chantelle?”

“Processing...” she responded, “No Mike, Chantelle 68394 is currently located in Robot Repair.”

Mike watched the other Chantelle greet another new guest. The man looked as blown away and excited as Mike must have looked when he had first laid eyes on his Chantelle. Mike wondered though if this man would claim that robot as his own like he had.

“Let’s go.” Mike said to Winter as he led her around the corner to the front desk.



The main lobby was a busy place right now. Plenty of guests were checking in and out, and Mike had to wait in line with Winter before he could talk to one of the pretty robot receptionists.

Those receptionists were of course identical and dressed in the same blue latex uniform as most of the staff. And immediately Mike found himself wondering about their sexual capabilities and their electronic and mechanical systems.



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Their voices sure sounded familiar. These were the machines he had talked to every time he had called down to the front desk. He made another mental note to add one of these ladies to his list of future sexual conquests here.

But in the meantime, he stood hand in hand with Winter #31 while some guests complained, some guests argued and some guests requested certain things.

One man was embarrassed and apologising profusely to the smiling girl behind the desk for spilling his drink all over a pleasure unit in one of the lounges here. She was politely accepting his apologies, but insisting that repairs to the android would be charged to his bill.

One woman was showing pictures of her girlfriend to a receptionist, and trying to find out how much it would cost to build a robotic replica. She wasn't happy to find out that CyberFem would not duplicate living or dead humans in android form.

The guest in front of Mike was asking a question that Mike had wondered himself. This man wanted to take his favourite CyberFem sex android home with him after his stay was over. The answer was a polite if mechanized "no".

When Mike's turn at the desk came, he approached the smiling fembot and read her name tag.

"Hi Jennica." he said with a smile.

"Hello Sir." she responded. "How may I help you today?"

By watching and listening to her closely now, he figured she was a series 558. It made sense to have one of the most advanced type of android serve as this frequent and direct interface with the customers.

"I'd like to rent one of your conference rooms for two days, please." Mike stated.

“Certainly, Sir.” she said with her fake smile. “May I see your keycard please?”

He took it out of his pocket and handed it over the counter to her. She flipped it in her hand so that the back of it was facing her. Red laser light flashed out of her eyes as they read the 2D bar code to collect his information.

“Thank you Mike.” she said as she smiled and handed the card back to him. “You have several rooms to choose from.” she said as she turned the computer monitor so that he could see it.

He knew this already, of course. CyberFem had not expected that the many conference rooms it had built and furnished would go mostly unused. That was one of the things that made Mike wonder if the whole company was run by AI. Any real person could have foreseen that people only wanted to visit CyberFem so they could fuck androids.

Mike watched Jennica #12 talk. That number was on her name tag behind her name, and it made him wonder how many Jennicas there were. He wasn't really listening as she spoke, he was enjoying the sensation of listening to her speech and knowing that it was digital - coming from behind a soft plastic doll face from an electronic speaker.

He chose the largest room available as he had intended, and was told that his keycard would now let him access it.

“Thank you, Jennica.” he said at the end of the successful transaction. It felt like he was finishing up with a bank machine.

“You’re welcome, Mike.” she said. She settled into the uncanny valley for a moment as her movement stopped and her face stayed aimed forward.

Mike led his gorgeous blonde sidekick Winter #31 out of the line and around a corner to where the conference rooms were.

They passed another Winter robot on the way. She was dressed in the black and white latex business suit uniform that the administrative robots on his penthouse floor were wearing.

Mike said Hi.

She ignored him.

“So,” he said to Winter #31, “Do you understand any better what I’m attempting to show you?”

She replied in her machine-like way: “Processing... processing... no, Mike.”