

Through the carpeted corridor Mike led Winter #31 until he found his conference room. His keycard unlocked it and he opened one of the large heavy double doors.

The lights inside were already on, and they lit a very spacious and mostly empty room. Mike assessed the layout and thought about his plan for a moment.

Winter stayed by his side holding his hand. She remained still as if she were a mannequin.

“This will work perfectly.” he said to her.

She simply turned her head with a motorized sound and showed him her perpetually blank expression.

He left her standing as he turned and closed the door behind him. He inserted his keycard into a wall-mounted computer terminal on the wall next to it.

The interface on the screen allowed him to set up whatever options he desired for this room. The first thing he did was to make it “private”. This way, he could do almost whatever he wanted to any and all fembots he brought here. He still wouldn’t be allowed to have sex with them though. That often messy function was still restricted to the comfortably furnished rooms and suites here.

But now that everything else was possible, he brought up the menu for summoning pleasure androids. He had browsed this system before a few times and seen many of the gorgeous mechanical ladies on offer. CyberFem made them in every height range, every body shape, and every colour one could want.

And these synthetic party girls could be customized in many ways too. Eye colour was changeable with the touch of a button in the 558s, and a quick swap of hardware in the 542s and 510s. Hair length, colour and style were also available in a wide range of options, though changing out that bit of skin-like covering was done by other robots in one of the prep labs below the resort.

It occurred to Mike that he had never interacted with an actual sex robot during his stay so far at CyberFem. He had sampled pleasures from fembots that were not specifically meant to be used for sex, and he had gotten a very satisfying experience from it. The thousands of actual sex androids here seemed to him to be not enough of a challenge, and not robot-like enough for his tastes.

But for his purposes now, he needed a whole bunch of them. The inventory of female robots on the screen seemed overwhelming, so he just scrolled and tapped more or less at random to choose ten very pretty plastic women. He was informed of the charges to his account, and verified that he was okay with that.

He then looked at the options to set up the conference room. He needed tables. He looked around in the menu and got 24 of those selected.

Once he entered those requests, he turned back to Winter. She was still facing the inside of the room and hadn't moved. He couldn't resist her like that, and he approached her from the side and cupped his hand on one of her round fembot buns.

Some internal beeping sounded from within her, and she turned her head again mechanically to look at him.

“I am not currently configured to engage in sexual functions.” she said.

He smiled. It was too easy to forget that though identical, this wasn't the same girl he had just had amazing sex with in his suite.

“I know.” he said. “I have enjoyed the pleasures of the Winter series though.” he told her.

She continued to look at him with those icy blue eyes while he walked around to face her front. Her head pivoted to follow while he listened to light motorized sounds.

“I spent over an hour today having sex with CyberFem Administrative Robot #84.” he said. “I must say I'm quite impressed by the capabilities of your series.”

She remained silent, unblinking.

“What would it take to have an administrative robot like you permanently stationed in my suite?” he asked.

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

She repeated that a few more times while he casually reached up and removed her facemask. She didn't seem to mind, and only kept saying “Processing”.

He looked at those charged electronic components packed so closely together inside her synthetic head. It was such a completely inhuman display - all those lovely flashing LEDs and bundles of coloured wiring around all the many circuit

boards and specialized computer components. Only a hint of a sort of human face remained behind in the shape of the underframe, the placement of the nearly obstructed speaker, and the rectangular sensors that powered her eyes.

“I am unable to answer your question at this time.” she said.

He showed his disappointment by half-smirking for a moment.

“Well, I’ll figure out a way.” he told her. He held her blonde hair out of the way and placed her emotionless face back where it belonged.

The tables started arriving at that time. The double doors swung open and some familiar looking fembots started rolling some large carts into the room.

Mike got out of the way and pulled Winter aside by her waist. The fembots who brought the tables looked exactly like the nurse robot he had seen earlier that morning. Except they weren’t wearing sexy black latex nurse uniforms. These girls were wearing drab looking beige one-piece long-sleeve coveralls. They had matching ball caps on too, and each one had a ponytail of shiny black hair pulled through the cap’s opening in the back.

And they looked as plastic and obviously mechanical as the nurse robot in his suite had. And of course he couldn’t help but wonder what lay underneath the coveralls and inside their access panels.

Four of these fembots each pushed a cart that carried six heavy looking folding tables. They lined up perfectly in the center of the room and stood at attention. They awaited

orders.

Mike went over and checked out one of the plainly-dressed cuties. There was no name tag on her uniform, and no number either. Up close she looked even more artificial than any other girl he'd seen here.

“Okay pretty robot,” he said to her. “Line up those tables along that wall there, starting in the corner.”

The mindless and nameless robot did not respond. Mike heard Winter whir into action and approach from behind.

“Mike,” she said, “these robots do not possess AI sophisticated enough to understand human speech.”

He looked at her as she stood again by his side.

“Tell me what you want.” she said. “I will transmit commands to these robots.”

He smiled at the helpful hot girl. “Alright. I know your AI is pretty damn sophisticated.”

He walked over to an area just beside the main entrance. “I want these tables set up against the wall, lengthwise.” he told her.

He stood still and pointed down to the floor. “Put the first one here.” He walked along the wall and said “Put the second one here.”

He made his way around three of the inside walls like that. That left eight tables. He walked around to an area near the first corner but about a dozen feet away. “Make two aisles of

tables. Four tables here...”

He walked and pointed to the floor, watching to make sure Winter was following his gaze. “... and four tables here.”

He finished up his little tour and came back to approach the administrative robot.

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

By the time he got to standing in front of her again, she had turned her head to look at one of the waiting servant fembots. Winter started to beep loudly in different tones, times and pitches. Her pupils flashed bright red intermittently while an antenna inside her head transmitted his orders.

The servant fembot beeped, and eventually started to push the cart toward the wall. Winter pivoted suddenly and stiffly to face the next servant robot. More commands were relayed, and this female machine sprang into action too.

The main entrance opened once more, and in came some of the pleasure androids he had ordered. They were dressed in various sexy outfits and all acting like party girls ready to have a good time.

They acted very realistically human, and Mike smiled and watched them all approach him.

“Hi handsome!” some cooed. “Let’s party!” one said. The others talked with the same pre-programmed fun-talk and hung around him like they were his harem.

All of the ten pleasure androids came in and the last one closed the door behind her. They were all making a loud racket now with their seductive words. They were crowding him in rather tightly too by pressing their sexy curves up against him. Each one was asking to be the first fembot used by him.

“Winter,” he said with his head turned back, “How do you get these girls to stand still and be quiet?”

She responded “These pleasure robots will remain motionless and silent if they are placed into diagnostic mode.”

“How do I do that?” he said, raising his voice over the cacophony of sultry fembot babbling.

“CyberFem Pleasure robots can be placed into diagnostic mode by having code 4539 entered into their chest keypads.” she said.

“Hm hm hm...” he chuckled. “Okay, you first.” He grabbed the pleasure android in front of him by her big round tits.

“Oh!” she exclaimed with perfectly programmed excitement. “I like it when you do that!”

Without another word to her he felt up the area of exposed synthetic skin above her cleavage.

“Mmmm... that feels so good!” she said, pouting her lips at him.

He got distracted for a bit by how real this synthetic skin felt. Chantelle and the Winter robots had skin that was much

more plastic-like.

He opened her chest panel and spotted a familiar keypad right away. Next to it were some connection ports and some buttons and some indicator LEDs.

This pleasure robot had stopped moving around so much as soon as her chest panel had been opened. But she was still babbling to the point of bother.

His fingers pushed “4-5-3-9-ENTER” into that bit of exposed machine, and she immediately dropped her arms to her sides.

Her expression was now as blank as could be. “Diagnostic mode” she said in an unexcited and nearly monotone voice.

Mike looked back at the administrative robot again. “Winter, can you help me put these robots in diagnostic mode?” he asked.

“Yes Mike.” she said.

Her mechanical whirring was barely audible over the sound of nine pleasure androids trying to seduce Mike now. He moved on to the next nearest one while Winter spun one around behind him.

He repeated the same process he had done on the first one. Winter did so too, only faster and more efficiently - of course.

“Diagnostic mode” each one said after it had been properly dealt with. After a couple of minutes, the sexy party girls had all been made to stand at attention in a circle with their chest panels open and their synthetic personalities deactivated.



“Thank you, lovely lady.” he said to Winter after they were finished.

“You are welcome, Mike.” she rotely responded.

He took a deep breath and looked around. By this time, those four servant droids had set up all the tables exactly like he had wanted them. They now stood at attention too, each beside its cart.

He spotted one of the pleasure androids wearing nothing but a white lacey lingerie set and heels. “Alright...” he said, “You, come with me.”

He took that rather short and very busty redhead from the cluster of pleasure robots and led her by the hand.



“Yes, Mike.” she responded.

He led her over to the nearest table in one of the newly formed aisles. “Get on this table.” he told her. “Lie on your back.”

“Yes, Mike.” she responded again.

She put one knee up on that sturdy table and pulled the weight of her robotic humanoid body on top of it. The motion was only slightly less graceful than if a real human would have done it.

She took some time and positioned her body the way he had instructed.

Mike looked to the left at the administrative robot. “Winter,” he called, “come here.”

She strutted robotically forward to meet him. “Yes Mike.” she said.

“Okay,” he explained, “This is what I have in mind. This robot... um... what’s your name, robot?” he asked the redhead.

“My name is Penny.” she said in diagnostic mode.

Mike continued “Okay, Penny is playing the role of a robot being repaired. And this whole room is a simulation of Robot Repair.”

Mike watched Winter. Her unblinking eyes remained aimed at him.

“Processing...” she began to repeat again. Her head tilted and aimed lower as she stared at Penny and computed. Her head snapped back and aimed at him as she said “processing” a final time.

“That does not compute.” she told him.

Mike looked at the cluster of pleasure androids. He walked over and took one by the hand. She was a petite and slender cutie with big blue eyes and long dark brown hair. She was clad in tight black stretch pants, a black strapless satin corset and glossy black high heels.



“What’s your name?” he asked this machine.

“My name is Anastasia.” she said in her diagnostic monotone.

“Come here...” he said as he led her by hand over to the table where Penny was laying.

He got her in position more or less, then got behind her to push her forward so she was standing right up against the side of the table.

Then he walked around and started to open access panels on the Penny robot. He took off her facemask first, and laid it next to the android’s head on the table. The inside of Penny’s head looked a lot like what Chantelle had displayed to him. Two glass eyes and a speaker were surrounded by an array of electronics that were lit bright by LEDs and the electricity they contained.

Mike then removed her still open chest panel cover. He opened her stomach panel and put the cover aside too. Then he reached into Penny’s panties and did the same to fully expose her crotch panel.

“Okay,” he said to Winter again. He paused for a moment and thought about how to explain this. “CyberFem should set up this room like a simulated version of Robot Repair.”

Winter looked at him, then at Penny, then at him again. He could hear her beeping again from under that lovely covering of plastic skin.

“Right now,” he continued, “Penny is simulating a robot being

repaired.” He pointed to the brunette. “Anastasia is simulating the role of a robot technician.

Mike looked at those vacant, cold eyes and waited for a glimmer of understanding.

“Anastasia,” he said to that fembot, “tell Winter that you are a robot technician repairing the Penny robot.”

“Yes Mike.” she said. “Winter, I am a robot technician repairing the Penny robot.”

Winter looked at Anastasia, then at Penny, then at Mike. She beeped loudly a few times.

“Is this a sexual roleplay fantasy?” she asked.

Mike thought about that for a moment. “Sort of.” he said. “Yeah, it’s very much like a sexual roleplay fantasy, only it’s not intended to be part of an actual... uh... sex session.”

Winter remained still and beeping while her processors sorted through his syntax.

“I am not currently configured to process sexual roleplay fantasy information.” she told him.

Mike looked at her with disappointment. His mind raced, trying to salvage this idea and make it real.

“Would you like to have me configured for sexual activity so that my AI will be able to process sexual roleplay fantasy information?”

“What?” he said

“Would you like to have me configured for sexual activity so that my AI will be able to process sexual roleplay fantasy information?”

He hesitated until the meaning of her words hit him like a smack to the forehead.

“Yes!” he told her.

“I am not able to alter my configurations and settings. Would you like me to summon another CyberFem Administrative Robot to this conference room so that I can be configured for sexual activity so that my AI will be able to process sexual roleplay fantasy information?”

He stared at her vacant eyes while he thought about that oddly-worded question. “Yes, yes of course!” he said, enthusiasm renewed.

She looked at him with her static doll expression, open eyes and a closed mouth. A prolonged and different sounding set of electronic beeps then came from out of the same speaker that produced her soft voice.

The pupils in her glass eyes flashed red briefly again. “I have summoned another CyberFem Administrative Robot to this conference room so that I can be configured for sexual activity so that my AI will be able to process sexual roleplay fantasy information.”