

Mike hugged the unmoving and emotionless administrative fembot. "You're wonderful!" he told her.

"That does not compute." she replied, her arms rigid at her sides and her lifeless eyes staring out at nothing.

"Ha ha..." he laughed. "While we're waiting for the other Winter to swing by, let's get some more of these pleasure units set up."

He walked over to where the remaining eight sex robots were standing. He took one by the hand and she turned her head to show him her perfectly empty expression.

The door opened again and another one of the extremely efficient blonde administrative robots entered. This one was dressed in the same black and white latex business suit outfit that most of them wore.

She approached him and said "Hello Mike. I am CyberFem administrative robot number 109."

He smiled at this identical lady-shaped machine. "Hello, Winter" he said. "How many administrative robots like you does CyberFem have?"

"Processing." she said in her professional and predictable way. "CyberFem has constructed 256 administrative robots. 137 administrative robots are currently operational."

"Wow." he said. "I'd love to see where the rest of you are all stored."

"CyberFem's robot storage facilities are off-limits to humans." she reminded him.

He nodded and followed the curves of her sexy body with his eyes.

Abruptly she pivoted in place and started walking toward Winter #31. Mike followed and took a look at their interaction. They did not speak. Winter #109 made quick work of her job here, and opened up the chest panel of her sister unit.

With many more enjoyable computer sounds and beeps, #109 reconfigured #31. Her fingers danced fast over the keypad as they entered numeric commands in sequence.

In a blaze of machine-readable communication, bright coloured light flashed from Winter #31's eyes and opened chest. Mike watched it too, and enjoyed it for its aesthetic beauty. These plastic and identical women were engaged in an activity that real women could not perform, and it was one of the wonders of this place.

Almost as soon as it had begun, the reconfiguration was completed. Winter #109 closed up her sister's chest panel and then stood still and mannequin-like herself.

Winter #31 abruptly pivoted to face Mike. "I have been successfully configured for sexual activity so that my AI will be able to process sexual roleplay fantasy information."

Mike savoured the mechanical flavour of her speech. He wondered if she could talk any more like a machine.

She walked stiffly forward. Her movements seemed jerkier, more mechanical. Her servo motors seemed to whirr more loudly. Or maybe it was his imagination.

“We should go to your penthouse suite and have sex.” she said.

Mike was turned all the way on again by Winter #31 now, but this isn't what he had intended. He looked over at Winter #109. She hadn't moved at all since she had put her arms down. She remained standing at attention and staring out at nothing with those vacant camera eyes.

Winter #31 put her arms on Mike's shoulders. Her hip servos made a pronounced grinding whir as she swung her hips all the way to one side.

“How can you resist a robot as beautiful as me?” she asked.

Mike laughed through his closed smile at the direction things were moving now. He delicately grasped her mechanical arms and slowly lowered them down off his shoulders.

“Winter, we have work to do.” he told her.

“I am a robot.” she reminded him. “I can multitask.”

He laughed out loud at that one. She stepped back and strutted around a slow and sexy and very robotic 360° turn for him.

“I know how much you want me.” she said. “I know that you are attracted to my appearance, and to the way my body moves. I know that you are attracted to the sounds that my electromechanical body makes when it moves, and to the computerized character of my voice.”

She reached up to her head and removed her facemask.

She stepped close in that stiff and robotic way to make sure he got the best look he could.

“I know how much you like it when I remove my facemask.” she said. “I know how much you like it when I tell you that I am a robot.”

Mike sighed. He was getting too distracted now. He wanted to finish setting up his grand idea, but Winter was making him want to carry her back to his suite and fuck her processors into overload.

“I am the ultimate woman.” she said. “I am programmed to seduce you. You can not resist me.”

“Winter #31,” Mike ordered, “stop seducing me.”

“Yes Mike.” she said.

Mike looked at her and waited. She was almost uncomfortably close to him, with the LEDs flashing inside her head reflecting off his own face.

He stepped back and took her facemask from her and reattached it for her. And for a while he looked at those icy blue eyes. “What an incredible woman.” he thought.

He walked over to Winter #109.

“Hello, CyberFem Administrative Robot Number 109.” he said to it.

Her head turned slightly with a quick whir and she answered “Hello Mike.”

“Do you have to go anywhere right now?”

“No Mike.” she replied.

“Good.” he smiled. “Is it alright if you stay here and watch my, uh, demonstration?”

“That does not compute.” she stated.

“Well, stay here.” he said.

“Yes Mike.” she answered.

He walked back over to Winter #31 and took a deep breath. It flashed across his mind for a moment to feel sorry about shutting down her advances. But he smiled at that silly thought and took her by the hand and led her back over to where the two pleasure androids had been set up before.

“Come this way, Winter.” he said.

“Yes Mike.” she said.

They stood in front of the table again

“Okay...” he said, “You can... uh... understand role play scenarios now?”

“Processing...” she said. “My artificial intelligence includes subroutines, algorithms and modules which allow me to process, validate and codify structures, settings and parameters that summate role play scenarios and events.”

He looked back at her with a dumb look on his face while he parsed what she had just said.

“Okay...” he said again, “Penny is role-playing as a robot being repaired.”

Winter beeped. He saw her eyes flash red too. That was encouraging.

“Anastasia is role-playing as a technician robot.” he said.
“Anastasia is repairing Penny.”

Mike watched Winter #31. She beeped again as her eyes flashed. She studied the scene, and whirring sounds came from within her delicately crafted neck as her head swiveled from left to right and back again.

Winter said “Processing... processing... processing... processing...” She pivoted and looked at Mike. “Would the role play not be more realistic if the Anastasia robot were to engage in simulated repair functions on the Penny robot?”

Mike’s eyes went big. She got it.

He grinned and said “I could kiss you! In fact I will!”

Mike embraced the perfectly made administrative robot and gave her plastic mouth a rather long kiss.

When he pulled himself out of it, he looked into the robot’s eyes. She said “Would you like me to begin seducing you again Mike?”

“No.” he said. “Not right now.”

“You did not answer my question.” she told him. “Would the role play not be more realistic if the Anastasia robot were to

engage in simulated repair functions on the Penny robot?”

“Oh, you’re right.” he said. “Yes, that is exactly how to make the role-play more realistic. And that is exactly how I want this room to be set up.”

“Processing... processing... processing...” she said again in her lovely way. “You told me that CyberFem should set up this room like a simulated version of Robot Repair. Is that assertion still valid?”

“Yes!” he told the newly clever fembot.

“Processing... processing... processing... processing...” she said, repeating that word several times while remaining still and producing an electronic sounding beep every now and then. When her computing had completed, he saw another pattern of red flashing LEDs shine from behind her glass eyes.

“I have established with 72.263% probability that I have formulated a computational strategy for logistical realization of the role-play scenario that you have described.” she stated.

“Wow!” he said “Um... can I see your strategy anywhere?”

“Please follow me.” she said.

She turned stiffly and started to walk around the tables and led him back toward the main entrance and over to the computer panel where he had ordered the first batch of pleasure androids. He was seriously impressed by her AI right now, and he really hoped that this particular Winter

wasn't needed elsewhere after he was finished in this room. He just had to get one of these robots permanently stationed in his suite, and #31 would be a great choice.

Winter opened a small panel in the wall below the touch monitor. From that opening, she pulled a retractable cable. She opened her chest panel and let the hinged cover rest on her soft plastic tits. She plugged the cable into her chest panel and announced "Connection established".

Mike watched the monitor as it came to life and displayed a window showing "CyberFem Administrative Robot #31" and a large terminal window full of fast scrolling binary code.

That went away rather fast, and was replaced by an eminently readable list of things that his simulated "Robot Repair Lab" would need. It included some more pleasure androids, many real diagnostic machines, real diagnostic tables, other real diagnostic equipment, tools, cabling, lights, and of course - actual repair technician robots.

The list was itemized and priced for rental for the two days that he had rented this largest of unused conference rooms.

"That's amazing!" he told her.

"There is more." she said.

She beeped and the screen displayed an overhead rendered view of the room as it would appear with all of that gear set up. It looked absolutely incredible. Every detail had been included, and some pleasure androids were partially disassembled in the image as well.

Mike studied it for a long while. It was based on the layout of

his tables, but it used the real repair and diagnostic equipment that CyberFem actually used. It looked wondrous, even in a rushed 3D render done in under a minute inside Winter's chest.

"You're amazing!" he told her.

"Are my computations similar to what you would like to do with this room?" she asked.

"They match exactly!"

"Shall I revise my estimate of 72.263% probability to 99.999%?" she asked.

"Ha ha," he laughed, "sure." He kissed her again.

"Shall I order the robots, parts and components necessary to fulfill your role-play scenario?" she asked. "The rental value of these items will be charged to your account."

"Yes, yes!" he said.

"Processing." she said. Her chest panel LEDs flashed with activity.

He leaned back on his heels and folded his arms. He couldn't believe how she had gone from stubbornly unable to understand what he had in mind to knowing just what to do - down to the last detail. He looked her body up and down and started to think about what kind of sexy outfits he could buy her.

When she was done, she returned the retractable cord to the wall and closed both panels. "I have ordered the robots,

parts and components necessary to fulfill your role-play scenario.” she reported.

“Thank you so much, CyberFem Administrative Robot #31.” he said. He kissed her again.

He let the kiss last longer this time, and she responded automatically. His hands felt up her perfect synthetic body as he clutched her closer to him, and her plastic pink lips slid across his mouth tasting only like wet plastic, making him hard and ready to bend her over and ram her hard.

But he pulled away and cooled himself down. He looked into her eyes. He just loved how they always looked as empty as could be, her gaze as blank as ever. Chantelle had that same look, and it made him wish they would hurry up and fix her too.

“Would you like me to begin seducing you again Mike?” Winter asked.

“Mmmmmm...” Mike moaned, trying to get focused again.
“Not quite yet, beautiful thing.”

He stroked her plastic cheek and smiled. “Since you know exactly what I want out of this conference room now, can you start setting up the other eight pleasure androids?”

“Would you not rather wait until the repair tables arrive?” she asked.

“Oh, that’s right.” he said. He looked around. He didn’t fully realize that all of these folding tables would be taken away soon.

He looked over at Anastasia and Penny. He looked over at Winter #109. He had an idea.

“Come here.” he said as he took Winter #31 by the hand.

“Yes Mike.” she said as she whirred and followed him.

He walked to the middle of the room again and approached the identical administrative robot. She had not moved.

“Hello Winter #109.” he said.

“Hello Mike.” she said.

“Can I use you for the next two days?”

“Processing...” she said. “Processing... processing... processing... Yes Mike.”

“Wonderful!” Mike exclaimed. He turned to Winter #31. “You were going to set up the room and all of the robots and coordinate all of this, correct?”

“Processing...” she replied, “Yes Mike.”

Mike looked at Winter #31 and said “Can you, uh, program all of that information into Winter #109 so that she can do it instead?”

“Yes Mike.” the hot blonde replied.

Winter #31 opened #109’s chest panel and started entering numbers. That was over rather quickly, and #109 started repeating the word “Processing”.

Mike guessed that the bulk of the information must have been transmitted wirelessly, because the two of them stood there for a rather long while with their eyes flashing red.

But eventually it was complete, and Winter #109 suddenly turned and strutted over to Penny. She told that robot to get off the table, and Penny did.

As if on cue, the generic servant robots returned to the room to take those tables away. Winter #109 walked around and pivoted, no doubt transmitting orders to those robots just like #31 had done earlier.

Mike smiled at the scene. He stepped closer to #31 again and raised his voice above the din "How long can I use you?"

"You may use me for as long as is required, Mike." she replied. Her voice was louder, but merely amplified in volume - not the way a human would have raised their voice.

He smiled at her and gave her a quick kiss.

"Let's go to my suite." he said.

"Yes Mike."

He led her hand in hand through the working table bringers and out the door. The hallway was full of similar fembots bringing some actual repair tables. They looked very heavy.

Mike waited until he had led Winter out of the noisy area before he started talking again. "So, Winter #109 has the situation under control then, right?"

“Yes Mike” she answered “Our systems are identical. CyberFem administrative robot #109 will process the data in exactly the same way as I would have.”

Mike led the tall and slender android through the lobby again, and made his way with her around the now shorter lines of people waiting to talk to the cute fembots behind the front desk. He had one more thing to tell her, but he wanted to wait until they were in more of a private area.

He noticed again that some of the guests looked at him and her while they made their way. It was the same look that he surely gave her series when he saw her. “They all look so ice cold.” he thought. “Feels good to have captured one.”

They turned the corner to the VIP elevator area. It was clear, as it usually was. Not many people came into such cash as luckily as he had. He pushed the up button.

“Winter,” he said, “my simulated robot repair lab is an example.”

She stared back blankly at him.

“I want CyberFem to see how much fun their guests can have visiting it, and I want CyberFem to consider keeping it set up like that as an attraction.”

The elevator doors split open and he led the robot lady onboard. He selected his floor and watched as the doors closed again.

“Do you understand?” He asked.

“Processing...” she said. “More data is required.”

“Alright.” he smiled. “It’s not even set up yet.”

He took her other hand and leaned forward to kiss her. Her automatic responses kicked in and she began to match his movements in intensity and duration. All of the whirring sounds that her servo motors made were loud and clear when he was this close to her, and he loved it.

The elevator bell sounded and the door opened once more.

He walked out and led her with him. “Winter,” he said, “Can you please begin seducing me again?”

“Yes Mike” she said. “Would you like to caress my perfect robot body?”

“Ha ha ha.” he said. “Hang on, let’s get inside the suite before we get carried away.”

He fished the keycard out of his pocket and unlocked the door. With haste and a stiffening erection, he got himself and the fembot into the suite and closed the door behind him.

When he turned around, he saw that Winter #31 had wasted no time in going straight for what turned him on the most. She reached up to her lovely head and removed her facemask again.

“I am a very beautiful robot.” she told him. “Do I look pretty with my facemask removed?”

“Oh fuck yes!” he said.

“Shall I remove my uniform?” she asked.

“Yes, but let’s go to the bedroom.”

“Yes Mike.” she answered.

She walked ahead in her robotic way while servo motors whirred to her unnatural steps. Mike picked up her shield-shaped facemask and smiled at its perfectly blank stare while he followed behind her. He gently flicked her long synthetic eyelashes and tapped the hard glass eyeballs built into the facemask. He marveled at the realism and the unrealism that sat together there.

Such meticulously patterned eyes framed in eyelids that were not capable of blinking. He entered the bedroom and turned the facemask over to enjoy the look of all the complicated electronics that were crowded onto the back of the device. All the systems that made her mouth move when her speaker emitted her digital voice were here, as were the latches that could extend to keep this mask attached to the rest of her head.

Winter was undressing. And just as Winter #84 had looked a tad odd and clumsy undressing, so to did winter #31. But it only served to underscore that she was a machine and not a person.

“Would you like to open my access panels?” she asked. “I know how much you like to see my internal electronic components.”

Mike smiled at the familiar sounding fembot sexy talk and walked up to her again. He waited until she was totally naked and then clicked her facemask back into place.

“Put on your high heels again and then sit on the bed. And then tell me what you are.”

“Yes Mike.” she replied.

She walked over to the chair that held her neatly folded and piled uniform and bent over to pull out her shoes. She stepped into them and bent over to strap them around her ankles.

Then she stood up with her inhuman posture and walked in that mechanical gait over to the bed. She sat down on the edge and looked up at him.

“I am a robot.” she said.

He just smiled as he started to undress. He kicked his shoes off and got his pants and shirt off quick too. Then he trotted over to the dresser and got Chantelle’s vibrator out of the drawer.

He rushed back over to the pretty android lady on the bed and sat down beside her.

“Have you ever masturbated?” he asked.

“No Mike.” she answered.

“Have you ever had sex?”

“No Mike.”

“Have you ever processed a digital orgasm file?”

“No Mike.”

Mike looked at her, momentarily surprised. “You are programmed to have orgasms and masturbate and have sex, right?”

“Yes Mike.” she said.

He remembered what Winter #84 had told him. The administrative robots were indeed programmed for sex. But it wasn't their primary function, and not even their primary mode.

Mike felt up Winter's thigh. He loved the silky smooth and soft way her artificial skin felt. It was so very much more like plastic than it was like real skin.

“Do you like the way my skin feels?” she asked.

“Yes, I certainly do.” he said.

“My skin is made of plastic.”

“Yes, I know.” he smiled.

He stroked her crotch and found that she was already moist. Her vaginal lubrication system was working just as Winter #84's had worked.

He looked into those vacant blue eyes as they stared back at his.

“Winter, what kind of vaginal fluid do you have flowing out of your pussy?”

“Standard CyberFem formulation.” she replied.

“Is that the same as Chantelle has?” he asked, “The same as the pleasure androids?”

“Yes Mike.”

He smiled at her and got up. He held out the vibrator to her. She turned her head to aim her lovely eyes at it.

“Turn this on and start stimulating your electronic clitoris with it.” he ordered.

“Yes Mike.” She replied.

He grinned with hunger and got on his knees between her perfectly sculpted legs. The vibrator sounded and she pressed the tip against the perfect pink folds of her electronic pussy. The clitoral hood and the labia were already glistening with CyberFem’s delicious synthetic fluid.

It was an addictive concoction, loaded with synthetic pheromones to make sure it was as close to the real thing as possible. And it poured faster now from this soft plastic fountain as Mike pressed his lips and tongue against her android genitals.

Her AI adjusted her use of the vibrator so that she kept it out of his way while he worked on her pussy. She tasted just like Chantelle and just like Winter #84. The assembly-line, robotic sameness turned him on even more.

“Open your crotch panel. Remove the cover.” he ordered.

“Yes Mike.” she said, and did as he commanded. The

flashing LED indicators around the controls were beautiful to him, and he felt a surge of fluid come from her plastic flower when she opened that panel. He wondered if his pleasure levels were influencing hers.

“Open your stomach panel. Remove the cover.” he ordered.

“Yes Mike.” she said. She removed that panel cover too, and the same thing happened. He could see some of the flex tubing that conveyed this creamy fluid down to his lips from the canisters in her back amid all the wiring and visible machinery.

“Open your chest panel. Remove the cover.” he ordered.

“Yes Mike.” she said. She reached up and opened up her chest panel.

“Remove your facemask.” Mike ordered.

“Yes Mike.” she said again, and reached up with her free hand to pull that beautiful face once more off of her electronic head.

“I am a very pretty robot.” she told him. “I like showing off my electronic circuitry for you.”

The fembot juice flowed fast out of her vagina now, and Mike licked and sucked it up just as fast. He knew that those synthetic pheromones affected him just as strongly as the sight of a female humanoid robot with her face removed, and he loved it.

He was losing the ability to give her coherent instructions, but her synthesized speech was still clear and steady.

“Oh!” he said, breathing fast.

“I am the woman of your dreams.” she told him. “I am perfect because I am a robot.”

“Let’s finish.” he said under a heavy breath and stood up.

His penis was rock hard and dripping pre-cum. He swung himself around and moved a pillow so he could sit against the headboard.

“Turn your body to face me.” he ordered.

“Yes Mike.” she said. She kept her legs open and somehow swung herself around a quarter turn in one smooth motion while laying those shapely legs flat to lay on the bed alongside his legs.

She kept the vibrator at her clit while a new wet spot grew on the sheets below. Flashing coloured LEDs continued to blink amid all the wiring and circuit boards inside the opened access panels she displayed.

Mike grabbed his cock and started to masturbate at the sight.

“I am beautiful on the inside as well as on the outside. Do you like it when I show you what I really am?” she asked.

“Oh yeah...” he groaned in pleasure.

“I like to remove my facemask because it shows that I can’t possibly be a human.”

“Mmmmmmm!” he growled.

“I am not a person, I am an electronic device. I do not have wants or desires. I do not have feelings or emotions.”

“How are your pleasure processors doing?” he asked under heavy breath.

“Pleasure processor status report: 0x00000000-0x00000CF7 at 76.2%. 0x00000D00-0x0000FFFF at 76.9%. 0x00000A79-0x00000A79 at 78.2%. 0x00000279-0x00000279 at 81.7%. 0x00000274-0x00000277 at 99.8%. 0x00000060-0x00000060 at 99.8%. 0x00000064-0x00000064 at 99.8%. 0x00000080-0x0000008F at 99.8%. 0x000000C0-0x000000DF at 99.8%. 0x00000378-0x0000037F at 99.8%. 0x00000778-0x0000077F at 99.8%. 0x00000040-0x00000043 at 99.8%. 0x00000050-0x00000053 at 99.8%. 0x00000020-0x00000021 at 99.8%. 0x000000A0-0x000000A1 at 99.8%. 0x0000D000-0x0000D00F at 99.8%.”

By the time Winter #31 had gotten through reading off the report for her 16-core pleasure processor, Mike had ejaculated voluminously onto the sheets and her legs. He sat unmoving while he caught his breath. Sweat dripped down his forehead.

Winter continued to work the vibrator against her clit. “Shall I continue masturbating Mike?” she asked.

“No, you can stop.” he said after a smile and a long deep breath.

She turned the vibrator off. “Are you finished using me for sex?” she asked.

“I am for now.” he said.

“I must report to Robot Repair to be cleaned.” she said.

“Ah, shit.” he said.

He got up as she started to whirr and robotically swing those sexy legs over the edge of the bed again. He reached into her chest panel and shut her off.

“I’m going to clean you up myself and see what happens.” he said.