

"Now," he said after setting a few more things up, "I need you to masturbate for me."

He felt a little embarrassed to tell her that, as refined and proper as he was, but he was still surprised when he saw that familiar look of embarrassment again show so plainly on her face as well.

"I don't know how." she said.

She looked at him with those clear brown eyes of hers, that pretty face looking vulnerable and lost. He looked down at the exposed electronics in her chest, then at her breasts with those perfect nipples, then at her soaking wet crotch with its neatly trimmed patch of artificial hair.

"How do I explain this?" he thought to himself. He thought for a while about this new problem. Her lack of knowledge in that regard made sense, of course, even considering her new and extensive digital library of sexual data. Why would a fembot need to stimulate itself that way anyway?

Byron tried to explain. "Um... take your hands, and..." he stopped. He didn't really know how to work a clit like that either.

He turned back to his laptop while Heather looked at him, like a computer waiting for him to finish relaying his command.

Byron opened another window, another diagnostic display. This one displayed data specific to her artificial vagina. Together, they would figure out the right way to operate her complex vaginal unit.

He reclined on the floor beside her, facing the same way as she but with his legs off to the side. He turned the computer around so they both could see it.

"Okay Heather, touch your crotch." he said.

She looked at him quizzically, then moved her right hand down and placed it over her vagina. Status and level indicators inside a window shot up momentarily on the screen, then fell gradually down again.

"Keep moving your hand around." he suggested.

She was still looking at him, and now moved her hand around in perfect circles.

"Look at the monitor." he said as he pointed to it. "You see the way the sensor activity changes with the way you touch yourself?"

The fembot studied the computer screen as it displayed data that was already available to her CPU. The way it was isolated and separated on this other computer gave her a new and different way of seeing it though.

"Is this how I masturbate?" she asked as her hand went pointlessly round and around.

"Almost." he said, trying to give her encouragement. "Watch the levels as you move your hand now." he explained. "Pay attention to the clitoris in particular. The higher the levels, the more your sensors are working, and the more pleasure you are feeling."

Heather kept rubbing circles on herself and watching the screen. "I'm not programmed to feel pleasure." she said.

"Well, you're programmed to act like you do, right?" he said.

She kept watching and stroking. "Yes, when you touch me, I activate my sexual subroutines."

"Now you can activate your sexual subroutines for yourself." he said. He put his hand on top of hers. "Stop for a moment." he said.

She looked up at him as he held her wet hand. He felt the urge to give her a kiss, but didn't want to distract her processors from their current task.

"Follow my lead." he said as he lightly clutched her hand and moved it up and down over her pussy. He pushed her fingers into the folds and against her labia and her clit. "Look at the monitor." he instructed.

The android turned her head again to the computer screen and watched the fluctuating coloured meters inside the window.

Byron led her hand over and over the right spots to make those meters jump and fall back again until they got into a rhythm. "This is more like it." he said.

"Now, keep moving your hand like this." He took his hand slowly away and wiped the excess juice on the blanket.

Byron watched his robot companion rub herself, and tried to keep his own thoughts focused on teaching rather than getting horny. It was hard.

"Now, activate your sexual subroutines." he said.

"Which ones?" she asked.

"Activate the ones you would activate if I was touching you." he told her.

She rubbed and rubbed as the graphic meters on the monitor went up and down. "I can't." she said after a while.

"Why not?"

"Because it's not you touching me."

"I know that, but you have to activate those subroutines."

Her processors were having much trouble, and getting near their heat limit. "I..." she said, then went silent for a while, "But you're not touching me..."

"Activate those sexual subroutines. Tell yourself that your hand is a separate system that can get you aroused."

"How?"

"Change your pattern and outside system interaction settings. Override the values in the abstract reciprocation algorithms."

The fembot stroked a steady rhythm as she computed that last instruction. "I can do that?" she asked as she looked at Byron. The revelation was important enough to cause her facemask to configure itself in a look of surprise.

"Of course you can do that. Do it!" he said excitedly.

Heather looked back to the monitor while her system made the adjustments he had suggested. Almost immediately, her whole body shivered and twitched.

"Ohhh...." she said loud. Her eyelids opened wide. She pushed harder, and Byron could see the graphic meters in the display push higher and higher. Her sensors were being worked to their limits.

He could see her getting wet by herself now. The strongly aromatic fluid was being pumped fast enough to make the darkened spot of fabric underneath and between her legs grow.

"Byron!" she exclaimed as she twitched her way into a strong synthetic orgasm. "Aughhhh!" she screamed as she brought herself her system's maximum allowable pleasure - for the first time all by herself.

The coloured bars on the computer screen fell slowly as her hand came to a halt. She looked up at him, her face reflective with artificial sweat. Her mouth hung open as she appeared to breathe very deep. Before he knew what was happening her arms went toward him and pulled him fast down on top of her.

She bombarded him with an electrified frenzy of deep wet kisses as she moaned excitedly and clutched his clumsily falling body tightly against hers.

Apparently, his lesson had been successful.