

The two lovers finished off their sex then finished off their shower. She cleaned his body and he gladly returned the favour. His hands were so very close to her circuitry during that process, but fooled completely by her synthetic skin. He let himself forget his anger for the moment too and kissed her deeply on the lips as he shut the tap off.

As the sound of water drips echoed off the brightly lit tile, he stepped out and reached for a bath towel. He gave it to her and got himself another one.

"Let's go for another round when we're dry." she said.

He laughed lightly. Her libido was incomparable. "Sure." he said. "You're like a machine, you know that?"

She just smiled at him and patted down her plastic covering while her system diagnosed itself for possible damage from all the moisture. They looked at each other as they dried. Brad was getting horny again as he watched his woman pat down the area between her legs. The plumpness of her parts looked very inviting to him. Nothing sagged or hung out too far on her body.

He started to smile in a more relaxed and easy way as she wrapped the towel around her hair. She tied that up in itself and offered her manicured hand to him. He hung his own towel up on the door hook and grabbed her hand. The heat generated by the operation of her electronic and mechanical systems came through her flesh and seemed like natural warmth to him.

They smiled coyly at each other and experienced expectation in their own different ways. Together they walked hand in hand and naked to the bedroom. Her processors sifted through some complex binary functions while he closed the door. He looked at her beautiful body from behind while she finished off a particularly complicated batch of data.

"How do you want it?" he asked.

She computed and turned to face him. The look configured on her facemask was Fembot Command's default sexually playful look. Without a word, she crawled on to the bed on all fours and arched her back in to stick her big round butt out.

He took one look at that sight and knew exactly what she 'wanted'. Her silicone genitalia were pink and swollen with simulated arousal. The cool breeze that blew through the open window caressed her naked plastic, and the sensors embedded into it caused it to show little goosebumps.

Brad hardly noticed. He was more focused on the overall position of her body now, which was both welcoming and submissive. Her absence the night before was far from his mind as he got behind to mount her.

With her speaker producing realistic moans and panting sounds, he began to slide in and out of her vagina with the aid of her scented, creamy lubricant. They sweated while he let his mind wander into that zone of pleasure and she continued to diagnose her sealing systems. As the heat and the passion in the room rose, her humidity sensors indicated that it was safe to once again open those previously sealed compartments.

The sound that came to her microphones was now clear, and her nose could now draw air directly to her chemical sensors. New calibration settings were registered and the newly available data analysed - all while she made every effort she could to appear like a real woman in heat.

Her overall temperature rose, with hot spots on the areas of artificial flesh that were now most active. Sweat came from fluid canisters in her chest, through the complicated circulation system, past the nanoscopic sealing technology that kept her facemask on and finally out of the pores built into her skin. Along with it came more chemicals to influence the human.

They had their effect, as they always did. The room was soon filled with the smell of sex, and the human was soon dizzy with intoxicating pleasure. He channeled his energy into his oncoming orgasm as it grew and finally burst into being. His hips stopped pumping back and forth as he held on to the fembot and let his semen fill her tight hot pussy.

They came down from their real and simulated pleasure together. She got up off the bed while he sat down and caught his breath. She recalculated some values and wrote to some log files on her hard drives as she went to sit beside him. She leaned past him momentarily to glance at the clock, even though the exact time was always displayed digitally in her field of vision for her cameras to see.

"I should make breakfast." she said. She kissed him. "What do you want?"

"Bacon and eggs." he said, deciding to treat himself to something greasy.

"You trying to catch up to me?" she said tauntingly as she grabbed on to his slight belly.

"Hmmm....." he said, being cut off by another kiss on the lips.

He was going to say that her belly wasn't very fat, but he told her that often enough. To be perfectly accurate, of course, there wasn't a gram of fat in her body. It was all silicone padding. After spending a whole year with that android he might have noticed that her body had never once changed. He hadn't.

The two of them turned in fully to face one another while she shuffled variables about and extrapolated them to arrive at tentative probabilities. He interrupted her processing by grabbing and playing with her hairless pussy again. She generated a groan of girlish glee with her speaker and leaned back on the bed as he kept on playing with her labia and with her clit.

Those devices returned controlled flashes of electrons back as data to her processors while her cameras watched him lay down and prop himself up on his elbow beside her. His other hand reached out and lazily stimulated the stiffening nipple on her nearest breast. Warnings flashed by quickly in her field of vision as he increased her digital pleasure.

She immediately stopped her most recent series of calculations and put all her CPU's power on processing this new round of sexual activity. Her hand reached down under his arm and grabbed his penis. The metal fingers inside received signals to move together as the gears and flexors in her wrist and elbow did their part.

He looked into her eyes and thought to himself that she was now 'under his spell'. Her empty eyes looked back into his, and saw that he was being manipulated as planned.

