

Brad grinned a devilish, greedy grin as he looked down at Pam's plump, curvy thighs. He loved it when she squeezed those warm curves against his head while he licked her ultra-realistic female genitals.

Expectation rushed through his body with the hot blood that pumped from his heart. He loved her taste, which was quite a compliment to the designers of her synthetic systems. They had accurately duplicated that artificial cream down to the subtlest nuances in scent and flavour. It was his departed wife Gloria that had given him a taste for the female nectar, but it was this android that had made him an addict.

He looked around at the scene and wondered if he should go through with it. For one thing, he thought of this area as a family meeting place. It somehow didn't seem right to go eating pussy where he talked to the kids about their grades. Also, he had just screwed and came into that box not so long ago.

Her exposed skin was reflective with beads of sweat now. She looked at him in a way that had been calculated to please. She saw his hesitance, and her processors tried to turn the video into math her CPU could understand. She licked her lips and eventually said "I douched after you left."

He looked into her eyes and gave her a playful, overinquisitive look. That information made up his mind, and he took her hand so she could stand up and pull her pants down.

She smiled and started to cum a little more for him to make sure he got off to a good start. She hadn't actually used a douche to clean out her mechanical love canal, of course. It had been sprayed clean from the inside using water she had drunk earlier. The effect was the same though. That android and those like her were very clean and sanitary.

The robot pulled those jeans down past her knees and sat back down. Brad was sure he wanted to do this elsewhere now.

"You know," he said, "This is gonna get too messy to do here."

She looked up at him and immediately 'understood'. "Okay." she said. "Let's go upstairs."

He watched her smile, stand and start to walk up the staircase. He pulled up his own pants high enough to follow and watched her perfectly plump plastic ass wiggle to her strut as she climbed those carpeted stairs. It came to him that he appreciated her body just as much as her mind - maybe more - but he decided not to think about that just then.

It was easy to get his mind back on track when he saw how wet his woman was getting. She was starting to drip from that flawless and perfectly formed spot between her legs. She looked down at him as she turned the corner. Just as she had processed, he was getting horny and watching her imitation hips sway to her carefully computed steps.

She waltzed into the bedroom with the swagger of a just paid prostitute and bent all the way over in front of him. This was both to rev him up even more and to get those jeans off her legs. He enjoyed the sight and kicked off his own khaki pants too. Then he watched her sit down on the bed and spread those fine thick thighs for him.

From her vantage point, she watched, scanned and recorded his actions. Everything she saw, no matter how mundane or commonplace, was later analysed and compiled into Fembot Command's

existing database of knowledge. It was only through the existence of such a database that her present programming was even possible.

Every single sexual act that every single Fembot Command agent had performed had been recorded and reported to a supercomputer just like the one in Marcia's basement. Once written as a data file, the experience was broken down into its elemental components and rigorously studied and analysed. With enough data collected, certain profiles began to emerge. Fembot Command learned this way what men wanted, what women wanted, and what its female robots could be built and programmed to offer.

And Pam's offering of carefully formulated chemicals was now available to her human. He got on his knees in front of her while her body ramped up the amount of heat it generated. His tongue went right to her wet and glistening clit, and stroked up and inward on it. The sensors built into it returned data to her CPU that was used to modulate her responses.

She gasped and cried out in simulated pleasure. A twitch came to her thighs as goosebumps appeared on her skin down there. Brad licked, sucked in and swallowed some of that inebriating juice. His recent hesitations were now far away from his focus as he tasted and caressed the artificial labia and clitoris in front of him.

A steady rhythm grew between them as he anticipated and took advantage of the pulses that grew out of her simulated heavy breathing. With his head buried between her legs and his eyes closed, his hands grabbed her big sexy thighs and stroked their feminine contours in a lusty, feverish way.

Several minutes of his abandon and her computation went by, until her orgasm algorithms began to alter her sexual operations. She made faster breaths and squeezed her thighs against his head as she got ready for another android orgasm. He knew it was coming too, and made sure his mouth was open and his tongue ready to drink in what she would dispense.

Her thighs suddenly separated and held still while another large portion of liquid was pumped out of those reservoirs inside her chest. Through the flexible plastic tubes it flowed until it came out of the pink plastic contrivance that was her vagina. The machinery of her pelvis began to settle down as her digital voice gave him feminine moans of pleasure to enjoy.

She sat up, again moving her thighs against his head. He was still lapping up the liquid, getting all he could from her fountain. She stroked his head for a while as her simulated breathing, pulse-rate and body temperature got back to normal levels.

"Now..." she said in a subdued, breathy voice, "how do you want to drill me?"

Brad kept on slurping for a while, then sat down on the floor and licked his lips. He smiled at her for a while, then looked over at the clock radio. "We should probably finish this tonight. Marcus and Jessica will be waiting for you."

Pam looked over at the clock too, even though she always had the correct time in her sights. She also knew there was no time for more sex with the human. She had only asked because it made her appear more like what she wasn't.

"Okay." she said.

She watched him rise to his feet. His erection was still hard and needed to be taken care of. He pulled up his underwear and pants over it though.

"Wanna come with me?" she asked as she stood up too.

"No," he said, "I'm gonna start clearing out the basement."

"Like you were gonna have done by spring?" she said mockingly.

He looked at her and gave her a mildly disapproving gesture. She just leaned in and gave him a nice deep kiss. He always found it a little interesting that she didn't mind kissing him after his whole mouth had been so intimate with her private parts. She certainly was a highly sexual creature.

"I'll be waiting for you though." he said. Again, he felt like he was lying. He already knew what he'd do after she left.

"Okay Dear." she said. She stepped out of her pants and walked out of the room and around the corner to the washroom. There she wetted a small towel and wiped her crotch clean.

Brad sat down on the other side of the bed and looked out the window. A few cars drove slow past their school zone street, momentarily interrupting the rambunctious shouts of joy he could hear from the children at the nearby playground. He seemed to be in a kind of Zen moment, and enjoyed it for what it was.

Pam returned and got back into her pants. She watched him as he watched the world. Her CPU computed that something might be wrong. She kept scanning him with those high-resolution cameras while possible explanations of his current behaviour scrolled past her field of view. One by one those possibilities got worked-over by her AI until she 'guessed' that he was thinking about last night.

He wasn't though. He was just being for a change, not thinking or remembering or planning at all. It was a short lived state, but it was always welcome for him. It wasn't something a robot would be able to understand.

That female-appearing machine kept getting dressed, and as a finishing touch she sprayed some moderately expensive perfume onto her silicone covering. That little spray seemed to bring Brad out of his light meditation. He stood up and showed her a smile.

She smiled back, but was still computing ways of minimizing the effects her absence had caused the night before.

"I guess you're off then?" he asked as he walked near.

"Yeah." she answered. It was all her processors could come up with.

He gave her another quick kiss, and tasted the mint she had put into her mouth.

"See you in a bit." he said.

She waved goodbye and showed him a pre-computed smile of her own. He stroked her big tight ass as she turned and exited the room. He stood there listening for her steps to fade, and then for the sound of the front door.

He turned around again and peered out the window as he heard her heels click on the driveway. As the sound of the SUV door opening and closing came in through with the summer breeze, he went once again over to the dresser and pulled the framed picture of Gloria out from under his socks.