

The replacement Rochelle robot arrived punctually at the office the next morning. She made her usual greetings with the help of her advanced feature recognition software, and made her way to the elevators.

For the last three weeks or so, Rochelle had been working as a personal secretary for Thomas King. This man was the regional vice president for a major software company. Rochelle had been manufactured, programmed and placed for the purpose of espionage. No heterosexual man could resist her factory-standard charms, especially not a pig like Mr. King.

Rochelle got into her shared office, hung her coat and sat down at her desk. While her machine body moved along according to the dictates of her lightning fast CPU, She chatted with the slightly more senior receptionist, Kim.

Kim was blonde and also very pretty, but a little ditzy. That served to show Mr. King's hiring preferences. There was only enough work for one person, so the two women often had nothing to do. Those were the situations when Rochelle's software really shone. She could out-test Turing himself with her conversation skills and highly articulated facial expression capabilities.

During all the time they had chatted and talked, Kim had never been given any reason to think that Rochelle was anything more than a pretty and intelligent young professional woman with exquisite manners and impeccable taste. She had even become fond of Rochelle as a friend, though of course Rochelle's robotic nature prohibited any reciprocal feelings. To Rochelle, Kim was just one more human, the likes of which she had been programmed to deal with efficiently and effectively.

About an hour into the morning, Mr. King arrived. He was late and a little drunk, as usual.

"Miss Prantov, I need to have a word with you." he said to Rochelle as he bypassed Kim and walked quickly toward his office. The door was shut firmly behind him.

"You're in trouble." Kim half-whispered.

Rochelle rolled her eyes using a predetermined subroutine with semi-randomly selected parameters. "What else is new?" she said to Kim as she got up and straightened up her clothes. The appearance of a deep breath before she went into Mr. King's office was another nice touch, courtesy of her sophisticated programming.

Upon her entrance into the boss's office, he pressed a button on his expensive looking phone and said "Kim, hold all my calls and meetings please." He got up and took off his finely tailored jacket.

"You needed to speak with me Mr. King?" Rochelle said, her face projecting a look of innocence.

"Mr. King?" he said as he approached her. "What happened to Tommy?"

Rochelle's facial expression mechanism changed to indicate slight puzzlement.

"After what we went through yesterday, babe, you should be calling me Daddy!" he said as he swooped in to hold her in a lustful embrace.

In an almost unmeasurably small fraction of a second, Rochelle's processors had compiled the available data from the day's events so far and extrapolated several situational possibilities to explain her boss's behaviour. Her probability algorithms had determined that the untransferable

files held within the original Rochelle robot must have included data referring to a sexual experience between that robot and Thomas King.

So she immediately began returning his advances. Mr. King must have gotten quite intimate with the other Rochelle the previous day, because within minutes he had this one sitting up on his desk with her skirt up and panties down. Her hardware worked flawlessly in this mode as she emitted sounds of heavy breathing and moaning while her body temperature raised to appropriate levels. Fluid reservoirs within her abdomen kept her artificial vagina lubricated while Mr. King's greedy tongue flicked playfully at her electronic clit. He rubbed her sexy nylon covered thighs while he drank in her realistically tasting and smelling juices.

Her camera eyes and microphone ears recorded all the passionate goings on between the two while her processors sifted rapidly through gigabytes of data to compute her every move. Servo motors, actuators and artificial flexors worked under increasing pressure to carry out the myriad instructions flooding from her CPU. The grand cascade of complex computations finally coalesced into a perfectly executed electromechanical orgasm. All of the robot's sexual systems functioned in unison to give Mr. King the gratifying flood of sensuality he had been waiting for.

Next, with almost no time to let her electronics cool down, she was bent over his desk while he pushed his little executive prick in and out of her tight plastic pussy.

"Yeah. This is how you like it, isn't it?" he said.

"More, Tommy, more!" she gasped, trying not to be too loud. The data she was collecting now would be very valuable to Robot Control.

Thomas King was quick to come, so Rochelle was too. He bragged like a complete fool about his prowess as they wound the session down and made themselves look professional once more. It was a good thing Rochelle was not programmed to experience shame.

He gave her a quick kiss and a slap on the behind as she walked toward the door. "Back to work, Toots." he said with a wink. From within her computer brain was formulated a fitting response. She blew him a kiss.

She exited with a down look on her face, as if she had done something wrong. This was for Kim's benefit. There were few human expressions that her facemask couldn't mimic.

"How'd it go?" asked Kim in a hushed voice as she leaned forward.

"He really chewed me out." said the robot.