

Rochelle walked up the long path to Mr. King's door. She rang the bell and waited. It was 9:01.

After a short wait, Thomas answered the door. She scanned his face and fed the data through her recognition algorithms to confirm that it was him. They both smiled.

"Hi." he said as he stepped out. If he had been drunk enough last evening to get a hangover, it had now been cured by that trusted medicine - more liquor.

"Hi." she said, using her most seductive tone of voice. She moved to embrace him, but he nervously looked around and quietly said "Not here."

Rochelle understood. It was simple enough for her to compute that the neighbors shouldn't see them kiss.

As far as the mission was concerned, things were going well. In his left hand Thomas clutched his briefcase. Rochelle would keep a close eye on it, waiting for her chance to open it.

"Ready?" she said cheerfully.

He nodded and gestured her to his car. He was already getting aroused. A quick thermal scan had shown Rochelle that the temperature of his crotch was rising due to increased blood flow. She walked in front of him, and swung her hips a little more than usual for him. This machine was programmed with a bag of tricks that could have him on his knees and drooling in two seconds. She would wait until they were alone before she brought out the big guns.

They chit-chatted on some inane topic until they were both seated in the car. He would drive this time. A short silence fell as the doors were closed. They looked at each other.

"Ready for work?" he said.

"Always." she said, and it was no word of a lie.

"Great. This shouldn't take too long. I really must thank you for coming."

"It's the least I could do." she said. More data from thermal scans showed that he was very horny now.

"Well," he said as he started to back down the driveway, "time to hit the road." He checked the rearview and looked behind him as the car came onto the street. From then on it was a smooth ride in the luxurious German auto. The traffic on the roads out of town was light. Saccharine sounds from the light rock radio station filled the background as they flirted and talked about the day's schedule. They were headed up to his exclusive property in a very scenic part of the province. He told her how much he liked the scenery, but in reality he didn't really care. The property was a pricy status symbol, and that's what he liked most. For her part, Rochelle hadn't been programmed to hold an opinion either way.

About twenty minutes into the trip, Rochelle started asking about the car's cruise control. This clever segue had been formulated in advance by her processors. When Thomas answered her questions, she leaned his way and used her most seductive voice again to say "Then, how about a blow job?"

Thomas was surprised, but in a good way. He smiled broadly as he looked at her beautiful face. "Sure." he said.

Rochelle leaned her head all the way down onto his lap. Her right hand gently unzipped his trousers and pulled out his ready penis. He spread his legs a little and tried to keep his eyes on the road. Rochelle's other hand was resting on the briefcase behind his seat. This was the main purpose behind her actions. With Mr. King sufficiently distracted by the robot's felatio, her left hand found the briefcase's combination lock. Her fingertips began turning the wheel while the sensitive electronic sensors built into them alerted her to the slightest of clicks or vibrations. Using this method, with enough time she could determine the combination of digits that would unlock that important case.

Performing these tasks at the same time would have been a considerable feat of coordination for any woman, but for an android it was nothing out of the ordinary. Her processors were the finest available as far as multitasking was concerned.

Thomas began to make excited exclamations as the mechanisms of Rochelle's mouth, tongue and throat worked to stimulate his member. The sucking sounds that her action produced were augmented by additional sounds from her speaker to make the experience that much more realistic. He would never believe that he was being sucked off by a robot. "The best blowjob known to man" would surely make an appropriate slogan for anyone selling synthetic girls like her.

While she kept sucking and licking, her left hand kept turning the wheels of the lock. This task was finished with a little time to spare, and the best part was that she couldn't leave behind any fingerprints. She quickly interpreted the data received by the sensors and came up with the combination that would open the lock: 0 0 0. The spoiled twit hadn't even bothered to change the combination set at the factory. So much for high security.

With this useful information now written as data on one of her hard drives, her hand just rested on the case as she finished up with him. When he came, she sucked every last drop out of his balls and swallowed it all down. Her speaker produced gleeful moaning sounds as his cum was collected into a fluid reservoir inside her body. She breathed in deep as she licked the tip of his cock clean. He breathed deep too, and took the car back to the speed he had been cruising at before this nice distraction.

"Wow." he said as she tucked the now flaccid shaft back into his pants. "You're good at that."

She slowly pulled up the zipper, being careful not to catch any hairs. "Thank you Tommy! I'm glad you liked it!"

Rochelle sat back up in her seat and licked her lips. Thomas pulled out a cigarette and a lighter from his suit pocket. "Smoke?" he said as he held the pack her way.

"You can just pass that one honey." she said as she stroked some of her hair out of her face.

Thomas took a long drag and let the window down an inch. He blue out the smoke and passed the lit cigarette to the fembot beside him. She took it between her dainty fingers and had a drag from it too. The smoke cooled within her plastic esophagus and was forced back out as she opened her window a bit. They went on smoking and talking for the rest of the trip. Mr. King sure wasn't looking forward to the work, but he couldn't wait to get his secretary on to the floor in front of his fireplace. As for Rochelle, she was functioning near 100% efficiency, carbon monoxide tank and disc reading capabilities at the ready.