

Soon, the car pulled up the very long, well hidden dirt road that snaked its way through tall, snow covered evergreens to Mr. King's cabin.

Cabin wasn't really the right word for the stylish, new looking abode. It was bigger than most people's houses, and with more and better amenities. It was the perfect setting for a romantic getaway or a corporate espionage mission.

After the car had been parked, the pair made their way to the front of the house. Thomas unlocked the door and disarmed the security system. With a proud smile he invited Rochelle in after him.

She made it look like she was impressed by the size and decor of the cabin. The look on her face was just one of thousands she had been designed and built to make.

"Wow! This is nice!" she said, stroking his ego.

"Yeah," he said "It's great to come here and just unwind."

He took her coat and hung it in the nearby closet while she took in the surroundings. Outwardly, this was to show how impressed she was. The real reason was to make sure she could instantly recall the necessary spatial data during the next stage of her mission.

She walked over the genuine and large bear skin rug on the floor to the massive stone fireplace along the wall. She computed that it was probable that they would copulate here, man and imitation woman.

"I'll get us some drinks." he said, barely containing his excitement. As he trotted into the kitchen, she turned her head to spy the whereabouts of the briefcase. It sat on the hardwood floor beside their shoes. Now was not the time to look inside, but she would keep herself aware of its location.

The expertly assembled and reliable mechanisms in her neck turned her head smoothly back to face forward. Her eyes zoomed in on the framed photos displayed on the mantle. Apparently Mr. King didn't have any kids yet, just a pretty wife. There was no obvious reason why he would choose to jeopardize that marriage by having an affair, let alone one with an electronic humanoid robot. If the Kings only knew...

Thomas emerged from the kitchen with a bottle and two champagne flutes in hand. He stood in the doorway as Rochelle turned around and put a smile on her face. He wasn't too keen on the fact that she had been looking at those photos. Lucky enough for him though she hadn't been programmed with anything like a conscience.

"Well," he said as if to change the unspoken subject, "let's have a seat and relax before we get to work."

He put a smile on his face too as they both walked toward the big leather couch in the middle of the room. He put the flutes on the classy, all glass coffee table and started to work on the cork.

Rochelle sat down in such a way as to show off her sexy curves. She looked at the bottle as Thomas tried to gently work the cork free. "Moet & Chandon!" she said.

"Good stuff," he said. "We'll save the great stuff for a little later."

The bottle let out a sigh as Thomas relaxed and put it on the table. He sat down and took hold of Rochelle's glass. He filled it to the proper level and handed it to her. They shared a longer than usual moment of eye contact. The seductive look she gave him had been programmed into her even before she had been activated. It was the result of much study, and had been analyzed and broken down into its elemental components in order to be codified and stored within her memory. He really fell for it too.

He returned a look of pure lust to her. He wanted to kiss her right now, but he thought he'd let the alcohol rinse out her mouth after that delightful blowjob. He thought of that while he poured his own glass.

"I forgot the ice," he said. He stood and rushed back to the kitchen to fetch a bucket and some ice.

Immediately, Rochelle's processors juggled countless bits of data around in a flash and sent instructions to her hands to unbutton her cardigan enough to reveal the lace of her bra. He noticed right away when he returned. The bottle went into the bucket as he made his way to the fireplace.

"You know," he said "there's nothing I like more than relaxing in front of a fire with a drink and a beautiful lady." He looked back to see Rochelle's face as he prepared a pre-packaged log to light.

Her facemask blushed slightly and smiled even more. She took a sip of champagne and leaned forward to show him some cleavage. "Well," she said "looks like we're all set for a good time.

The fire grew strong as they drank and flirted. The fembot swallowed the alcohol a little bit faster than he did, in the hope that he would subconsciously try to keep up. As the time went by and the bottle was emptied, her calculations were proved correct.

She carefully watched his increasing level of drunkenness, and subtly changed her behaviour accordingly. The same champagne that thinned his blood and relaxed his body just went down her throat into a rubber-lined bladder made for collecting what she swallowed. There it would sit, inert until she emptied it into a waiting toilet.

With the task of drinking out of the way for now, she made her internal components ready for intercourse. Thomas was more than ready too, and even willing to engage in a little foreplay. Rochelle formulated the excuse of being overly warm to remove some of her clothes. Thomas followed suit. Not long after, they were in a reclined position on the couch. He kissed and fondled the attractive robot, not in any way aware that she wasn't flesh & blood. All of her parts and programs acted in concert to maintain that crucial illusion.

Her fluid reservoirs were now pumping their precious juices at measured rates through connecting tubes to be gradually secreted from her body. Little beads of synthetic sweat appeared on parts of her skin, pushed out of artificial pores. The pheromones in her sweat and her other secretions got him even harder for her. Her speaker produced moaning and panting sounds as her air pumps made her simulated breathing deeper.

They paused for a bit and stripped down further. He got down to his boxers while she showed off the beautiful lingerie to him. Rochelle got on her hands and knees on the rug in front of the fire. Previously stored data from her memory indicated that Mr. King enjoyed doing her doggy-style. She had the programming and the electrical power to satisfy his needs in many positions. They got to some of those one by one between many more glasses of champagne.

For hours longer, the pair fucked and drank. They kept it up as long as Thomas could, but eventually the alcohol got the better of him. After a particularly strong ejaculation, he exhaled deeply and smiled a drunken grin. He rolled off the robot and onto his back. Rochelle had been constantly updating and analyzing data the whole time. She deduced that now was the time to start filling the room with carbon monoxide.

Acting just as drunk as he, she layed down beside him, propped up on her elbow. She stroked the hair on his chest with her fingertip and asked him how he liked the last round.

His eyes had trouble focusing on her. His mouth had even more trouble forming the words that tumbled out. He was already in an extremely relaxed state, but he hadn't drank enough to make him pass out quite yet. Things changed when he started to breathe what she was exhaling. She kept talking to him, but only to gauge his ever more slow and incoherent responses. She kept her body close to his, snuggling up to him as he lost his tenuous grip on consciousness.