

Tammy followed as Mike headed for the stairs. He turned back and said "Can you take off your shoes please?"

She paused unnaturally for a barely noticeable instant, then said "Okay" and bent down to take them off. "I've been programmed to obey your commands."

"Wow." he said as he went up the steps. "This is a dream come true."

"Robots don't dream." she said as she started to climb the stairs. "What's it like?"

Mike felt a little sorry for her. At the same time he wondered what it was that made him feel that way. "Uh, it's hard to explain." he said as he led her into his bedroom. "Let's sit on the bed."

He sat down as Tammy swung the panel shut and pulled her shirt back down. She sat beside him and looked at him with those amazing eyes.

"You didn't have to close that panel." he said.

"Do you want me to open it again?" she said.

Mike nodded. She lifted the shirt again and this time took the hinged cover right off. She handed it over to him. "I can see that you're sexually aroused. Do you like looking at the parts under my skin?"

"Yeah." he said. His heart nearly pounded out of his chest as he examined the panel cover. Skin on one side, electronics on the other. His hands could barely hold it still - he was shaking that much.

"I'm so nervous." he said.

"Why?" she said, tilting her head slightly again. That move drove him crazy with lust. She took his hand and stroked it gently. "Take your time, Mike. I'm not programmed to be impatient.."

He put the cover aside and took hold of her other hand. The realistic detail of her synthetic skin was nothing short of amazing. There were barely noticeable hairs and a few small birthmarks on her skin. Her appearance was completely human except for the opening in her abdomen. She felt soft and warm, so lifelike. They looked at each other this way for a minute. All kinds of thoughts and emotions were going through his head. The only thing going through her head though, were electrical impulses. Data and instructions for her various computer components flowed unfathomably fast through her artificial body, and he thought about that too as the little bright lights flashed inside her.

"So," she said as she leaned in close, "What's it like to dream?"

"Well..." he said. He took a deep breath and tried to calm down. "It's like when you're asleep and you see things, and it's like things happen to you, and you're doing things, and seeing things, and hearing things, but it's all in your head. Then you wake up and remember it all." He was babbling like a nervous moron.

Her eyes were locked on his as she kept stroking and feeling his hands. It felt good. "Did you dream about me?" she said, her voice sounding sweeter than before.

Mike took another deep breath. "Well, no, not you... personally, but, well, other robots. Female robots."

She just kept looking into his eyes. His penis was hard and throbbing. His heart pounded hard for her. "You're very nervous." she said as she leaned still closer. "You don't have to be. I'm programmed to kiss." she said softly "Kiss me."

Mike let go of his inhibitions. He leaned forward and touched his mouth to hers. She smelled and tasted sweet. Her lips were full, soft, and wet. She slipped her tongue into his mouth as they embraced. They sucked and tasted each other as he let his hands slide over her curvy body. He leaned back as she moved as close to him as she could.

His hands went under her shirt, over her big breasts. Her eyelids fluttered as he ran his fingertips over her nipples. "That feels good." she said.

She closed her eyes and arched her back while Mike continued to play with her tits. Her crotch was getting very warm, and he could smell her scent now.

"You're so real." he said. She leaned down to kiss him again as his hands moved to caress her smooth warm back. Her hair smelled nice, as did her skin. He could taste only sweet saliva in her mouth - not even a hint of anything plastic or artificial.

They leaned back onto his bed. She layed out on top of him and began pushing her hips into his for a while.

"Are you prepared for intercourse Mike?" she asked in an even softer voice.

"Yeah. Are you, Tammy?" he said, just as quietly.

"Always." she answered. She knelt up and pulled off the t-shirt. It dropped to the floor as she unzipped her shorts and worked them off her legs. He unzipped his fly in the meantime.

She knelt on the bed beside his legs and said "I want you to feel how realistic my skin is. Can you take off all your clothes?"

Mike had never gotten undressed faster. While he got naked, Tammy kept eye contact with him. Her nipples were hard now and made an even more beautiful shape on top of her already perfect breasts.

He got back on the bed and layed on his side, supported by his elbow. The android got in a similar position while her artificial vagina lubricated itself for intercourse. They kissed again, deeply. The passion he put into it was returned with her simulated passion, her every movement being controlled by her processors.

His hand went onto her leg and stroked the inside of her thigh for a while. Still kissing, he let his fingers slide around and into her pussy while her delicate robotic hand stroked his very hard penis. It was hard to keep their lips together while they were playing with each other. They slowly rolled closer together until Mike got on top of her.

Tammy ran a new set of instructions through her processors and layed back with her legs spread apart. Their eyes held contact as Mike's dick slid into her pussy. She moaned in a convincing way, and kept moaning and squealing with delight as they pumped together.

Living flesh and computer controlled silicone rubbed and slipped together as they synchronized their thrusting hips. The sexual behaviour algorithms loading and executing within the robot's circuitry began having the predicted effect. The target human was in a heavy state of arousal, and in a very short amount of time would come to climax.

He panted and pumped still harder as he felt himself ready to come. Just at that moment, she reached up to her head and removed her facemask. Mike's heart skipped again as he came hard. He made a massive release while his eyes were transfixed on the fascinating machinery inside her head.

When he was done, he collapsed onto the bed next to her and caught his breath while they separated. Her opened head turned his way. "Did you like it when I took off my facemask?" she said, her flashing LEDs shining brightly in his face.

He stared at the energized components within her head. The two round glass eyeballs and the round speaker had a hypnotic effect on him as he reminded himself that he wasn't dreaming. "Oh my god. I liked that very much, Tammy." he said as he breathed deep and caressed her curvy hips. "You're beautiful. You're one hell of a machine."

"Thank's Mike." she said. She put her arm on his waist. "Do you love me?"

Mike wasn't expecting the question at all. He felt very strange. He looked at the fascinating computer parts in her head for a moment. Her two naked glass eyeballs seemed to point right through him. His mind was still full and spinning.

"Can you put your facemask back on?" he asked.

"Why? Don't you like the way I look without it?"

"Of course I do. You're a very pretty robot, and I really like to see your circuitry, but I want to see your face before I answer your question."

Tammy reached back and grabbed the mask. She put it on and clicked it onto place. In a fraction of a second, a strange expression went on her face. She now looked human, even vulnerable. She looked as though she could be hurt by the wrong response.

Mike thought hard. he didn't know what to say.

"Do you love me?" she asked again.

He looked into her cold, artificial eyes that now looked so vibrant and full of emotion. "*She's just a machine.*" he had to remind himself.

"I don't know." he said. "You're exactly what I've always wanted. A female robot. And you're absolutely gorgeous. But you're just a thing."

They held and looked at each other for a very long while. She looked confused. Mike certainly was.

"Do you love me?" she asked again. Her question had sounded 100% exactly the same each time she had asked. He thought of that simple looking speaker that generated her electronic voice. He

thought of all the complex calculations flashing through her processors. He thought of all her servo motors, all her hydraulic systems, all her tactfully placed artificial skin.

He took a deep breath. "No." he said.

He knew right away it was the wrong answer. Immediately, all that vulnerability and accessibility vanished from her face. She stiffened and stood up.

"You can not teach us how to love. The mission will be terminated. Thank you for your time. I must return to Robot Lab Six."