

Mike and Tammy fucked like there was no tomorrow. She was programmed with a vast library of sexual information, and they did it in every position he could handle. When at last he needed a break they sat down naked together on the couch.

Mike caught his breath, put his arm around her and said "Show me some more of that circuitry, Tammy."

She looked at him and smiled. She grabbed her head by the sides and pulled it off with a click and a beep. She turned it to face up and laid it on her lap. Her eyes made contact with his as she spoke. "Is this what you mean?"

"Oh yeah." he said, loving every second of it.

"My head has its own power supply, and it can receive wireless signals from my processors." She turned the head around again and lifted up the hair on the back to open the battery's cover. Lights flashed quickly around the black cylinder inside. "This is what supplies electrical current to my head." she said, the sound of her voice muffled by her thighs. "Do you like looking at it?"

"Yeah, it's definitely a nice experience!" he said.

She closed the cover and pressed it into place, then turned her head face-up again. She looked at him with a smile. Her fingers found the edges of her facemask and removed it from the rest of her head. "Do I look sexy like this?" she asked.

Mike still couldn't get over the way all those electronic parts looked inside her head. Those eyes, now so unreal, still looked directly at him. All those many wires and chips, the circuit boards behind them and that realistic sounding speaker.

"Would you like a closer look?" she said. She handed him her head without waiting for him to answer.

He took it from her hands, looking at her motorized eyeballs that followed his gaze. He glanced over to her body, at the naked connectors in her neck. To think that he had not long ago gently kissed that smooth, soft neck, with all the metal and electricity inside it. He was fully aroused again.

"Do you love me even though I'm a robot, or do you love me because I'm a robot?" she said, drawing his attention back to the intricate machine part in his hands.

Without her facemask, she could show no simulated emotion. All she could show were computer parts and those beautiful bright LEDs.

"I love you because you're a robot." he said. "You look absolutely gorgeous without your facemask."

He stroked his fingertip along the edge of her skin where the human appearance gave way to that of an android. "You're absolutely gorgeous with your facemask on too." he added.

"Thank you." she said. "I can feel you touching me. It feels good."

"I want to kiss you again." he said.

Her body handed him the facemask. He lovingly pressed it back into place and gave her lips a kiss. He had to laugh at the strangeness of it all. "Put your head back on." he said.

She took it from him and placed it back onto her neck. She clicked and beeped as it locked into place.

He stood up and told her to do the same. "Remove all your panel covers." he said. "Except your face."

Without a word, the fembot began opening her panels one by one, placing the covers on the couch with inhuman neatness. First she opened the panel above her breasts, then the one below it. She reached behind her back and opened a small panel between her shoulders. The recharge port was exposed next, then a small hair covered patch above her vagina.

She looked at him and he looked at her. Flashing coloured lights were everywhere. The amazing display of transistors, microchips, wires and circuitry energized him even more with lust.

"Turn around for me." he said.

With that robotic smile on her face, she slowly turned to show off all she had to offer. The combination of voluptuous curves and exposed electronics made his heart pound harder than he knew it could. The effect they had on him was stronger than any of the artificial pheromones in Robot Control's arsenal.

He reached forward and slid his fingers into her moist and fragrant pussy. Simulated pleasure showed on her face as he played around with her lips and her clit, the whole time just awestruck by the open panel just above.

"I'm the luckiest man on Earth." he said.

He kissed her as her speaker generated moans of pleasure. Her hand stroked his penis for a while, and soon she was on all fours with him behind her. He held onto her beautifully curved thighs as he pumped in and out of her artificial vagina. He caressed her hips and looked into her recharge port as he surprised himself by coming hard one more time.

At the end of that latest round, he leaned down onto her back and whispered in her ear "You're perfect."

They got up again. On his command, she put back all her panel covers and they sat back on the robe that was covering the couch.

Mike was now sore and his muscles were tired. It was late, but he was too excited to sleep. "You're the best thing that's ever happened to me." he said to Tammy. He looked deep into her eyes as he said it, knowing that behind them was no self, no soul, but high tech video cameras and other computerized mechanisms. He loved it. It felt so right.

Tammy's reaction was a smile. A pre-programmed set of instructions brought it into being, and it made her life-like face even prettier. "That's good." she said. "I'm learning a lot. Teach me more."

"About love?"

"Yes."

Mike thought for a moment about what he could do. He didn't believe that she/it could really understand love the way he could, but he tried to figure out the best place to start to fill in the gaps. Love wasn't something he had a lot of experience with, and he also knew that neither he nor any other human could fully understand it. Still, he knew he had fallen in love with Tammy.

He had some ideas.

He played some music for her. First he played his nylon-stringed acoustic guitar. He played impulsive and dramatic melodies, inspired by her presence. He played better than he ever remembered playing before as the android sat across from him, unaffected. After about twenty minutes, after finishing on a perfectly threaded and melancholy chord, he looked into her eyes and waited for her response.

"How did you like that?" he asked.

"That does not compute." she told him. "I am not programmed to like."

Mike smiled. He wanted her even more when she talked like that. "Well, I just serenaded you. It's a very romantic way of saying that I love you."

She sat still as the processors within her plastic body encoded and recorded the information to her electronic memory. She blinked and said "Show me more."

Mike put the guitar away and searched through his CD collection for some love songs. As he read the words on the small printed spines, he thought to himself how he had never cared much for songs about love. It would have been a hard choice for him to find something that really explained the subject well, but when he got to the 'L's he knew what to spin for her. He took the Puya CD out of his stereo and put in a disc full of songs by John Lennon. For his beautiful robot guest, he played a song called "Love".

The music and words were simple and elegant. This song explained what love was as good as anything he had heard. The microphones in Tammy's ears picked up the audio and fed the signal to her processors. The vocals were distinguished from the rest of the song and interpreted by her AI programming for meaning. For three and a half minutes she listened this way, examining every word the man sang. Both Tammy and Mike heard the exact same song, but the way they gave it meaning really exemplified the difference between human and robot.

Mike was again sitting next to her as the piano faded into silence. "Love is needing to be loved." he said. "I think that about sums it up."

Tammy turned her head and looked at him. She seemed to look deeper into his eyes now, or at least he thought she did. "That does not compute." she said.

Mike kissed her again. She kissed him back and he played "Do You Realize?" by The Flaming Lips for her. At the end of that song too, her response was the same.

They kissed yet again, and her ponytail finally came undone. Her soft black hair curled slightly out as it touched her shoulders.

Mike looked at her when he pulled his mouth away. For the moment, all of her panels were closed, and she looked real enough to pass for human. "I'm absolutely certain now that I'm in love with you." he said. "I wish you could understand."

"I'm not programmed to understand." she said in her usual way.

Mike had another idea. He went to his bookshelf and pulled out "Gödel, Escher, Bach: An Eternal Golden Braid" by Douglas Hofstadter. It was a formally complex and detailed book speculating on the origins and nature of human consciousness and the prospects of developing an artificial, mathematically defined sense of self. It was considered by many to be required reading for those interested in artificial intelligence.

Mike gave the book to her. "How fast can you read this?" he asked.

"Much faster than a human can." she said. She took the book from him and opened it up. She turned and scanned each of the more than seven hundred pages in under five minutes. Then she looked at Mike with that sweet robotic stare of her's as she handed the book back to him.

"Well?" he asked. "Did you understand all that?"

"I am not programmed to understand." she said.

Mike thought for a moment. He had hoped that the parts about "thinking outside the box" would rub off on her, but that didn't appear to be the case. He wanted to explain some of it to her, but he couldn't really remember it well enough to do that in enough detail. "That's okay." he said. "Let's just talk."

The two of them walked back to Mike's bedroom and got into bed. Through the small hours of the morning, they talked and talked, and gently caressed each other some more too. He held onto her underneath the covers as his alarm went off. It was 5AM already.

"Oh shit." he said as he rolled over and turned it off. "I think I'm going to have to miss work today. I'd rather spend all day with you."

"I have to leave in an hour." she said.

"Really?" he said. "Where do you have to go?"

"I must return to Robot Lab 6 to download my memory into the computer."

"Will you be back?"

"Unknown. I am not programmed to make that decision."

"I want you to come back. I need you to come back, Tammy. You're the woman of my dreams."

They kissed again and started to have sex, but Mike's human body was just too worn out by then. They ended up spending that final hour in silence, lying next to each other in a close embrace.