

## **Tiffani**

He watched her walk toward him. She was magnificent. Fully feminine and fully mechanical.

Tiffani was a chubby female android, and her synthetic body was plump in all the right places. Her beautiful face was placid and serene, and as emotionless as can be. Her long black hair was full of body and shine, and as synthetic as the rest of her.

As she walked, her servo motors whirred in a delightfully loud and mechanistic way. The movements they produced were thoroughly inhuman too. She looked extremely artificial and extremely robotic when she moved. And of course, her soft chubby curves bounced right along to her steps.

This gorgeous robot had been dressed in its standard issue black satin bra and panties. They clung tight to her curves and reflected the cold fluorescent lighting of the robot lab even more than did her glossy plastic skin. Her big soft breasts bounced in perfect rhythm to her steps, and her hips swung out mechanically to the left and then to the right as she approached.

She was looking straight ahead, her vacant electronic eyes focused nowhere in particular but aimed at the center of her destination. Mike stepped close and smiled. He put his hand at crotch level and waited for Tiffani's warm synthetic pussy to meet it.

When the android touched him, she stopped. She beeped. Inside her chest, her computer components calculated the meaning of this sensory input. Her sex programming started and she prepared her lubrication systems for sexual intercourse.

She stopped walking and stood still for a long, beautiful moment. Then her pretty head turned machine-like to look at him. Her blank expression remained and the sound of electronic beeping from within accompanied the sound of the servo motors in her neck.

"Hello," she said, her full plastic lips synchronized perfectly with her digital voice. "My name is Tiffani. I am a robot."

"You're so hot," Mike said. He was already rock hard for this android and was enjoying every sound, sight and smell that came from her electronic and mechanical body.

He reached around her wide hips and stroked his hand down the contour of her backside. This robot had an incredible ass. It was big and soft and round - perfect for fondling, watching and fucking. As he touched her, more of her software systems came online and she started to make more of those cute electronic beeping noises.

He kissed her then. His body was now facing hers and his arms were pulling and turning her body into the kiss. Her kiss was automatic and rigid, devoid of emotion or life. But she was the finest kissing machine ever manufactured in his estimation.

Her plastic tongue and her plastic lips were soft, and tasted very sweet. He could hear fluid

pumps starting up and working inside her as he groped her very large and extremely sexy buns. The motorized machine sounds that spun and whirred from inside her arms and legs began a loud and attention-getting pattern as her arms moved automatically to hug him and caress his body.

The sensation of her mechanical arms and hands holding him gave him a surge of hot lust that felt urgent and electric. The moves and turns of her robot head to follow his kissing made him want to thrust his penis as deep as he could inside her tight and warm android vagina.

Now almost ready to explode with desire, he pulled back from the deep wet kiss and beheld the beautiful chubby electromechanical woman in his arms. Her eyes had remained open and static the entire time, and shone with artificial light from within.

"Do you like the way I kiss?" she asked, in the preprogrammed way she always asked when he played with her this way.

"I sure do Tiffani." he said, following along with what she was programmed to expect.

He slid his hand down into her panties, reveling in the sensation of the warm satin and skin against his hand. He opened Tiffani's crotch panel and felt for the familiar location of her vaginal activation switch. When he flicked it to "high", he was rewarded with bright red LED flashes inside her electronic eyes and the electronic flutter of more female robot beeping sounds.

Tiffany became instantly wet between her thick legs. Her synthetic vaginal fluid had a strong scent, and was laced with synthetic human female pheromones. He loved the smell of her pussy as much as he loved the taste, and her manufacturer was well stocked with these vital juices.

He gazed at her lovely face again, and lust made him want to see deeper inside of her. He reached up and took hold of her elegantly crafted facemask and removed it from the front of her electronic head.

With the facemask off, she was even more of a machine and even more desirable to him.

"Do I look pretty with my facemask removed?" she said, like she always did when he did this.

"You're so fucking beautiful." he said, catching his breath as he stared.

His fingers now stimulated her pink plastic labia and clitoris. He thought of the electronic sensors built into that synthetic skin, and how her computer systems were going into overdrive to process all of the pleasure data he was generating for her.

He thought of how perfectly emotionless she was as he gazed at the bright quickly flashing coloured lights dancing patterns around the complicated looking electronics in her head.

Her silver eyes were painted on spheres of glass, and plugged into electronics and circuit boards. They stared back at him, mindless and vacant. Those digital video recorders were not windows into any soul, but elaborate sensory devices hooked into the "brains" that worked deep in her

chest.

He looked at the coloured wiring that led from parts to other parts, supplying controlled dosages of pure electricity to all of the inhuman systems that made her look so wondrously false.

"My name is Tiffani. I am a robot." She said again. Her electronic speaker vibrated to her voice, and sounded clearly digital to him now. He held her tight and continued to masturbate her as her pussy got warm and soaking wet with fembot juice.

## Tiffani 2.0

Mike stood patiently in the lab. His lovely full-figured robotic toy Tiffani was lying on the table in front of him. She was naked and had just been deactivated. Mike watched as the technician Maria - also naked and also a robot - started to work on his lovely chubby Tiffani unit.

Her extremely beautiful curves were nicely displayed as Maria clicked, beeped and whirred into action. Maria was a lot like Tiffani. They weren't quite the same model number, but the technicians shared much hardware and software with girls like the lovely Series 510 on the table.

Mike reached out and stroked Tiffani's thighs. Her glossy and unnatural-looking skin was very smooth and very soft. And the curves and silicone padding built into her were a very potent aphrodisiac for him. He simply could not get enough of Tiffani's figure, and in fact he had been enjoying the look and feel of her wonderfully wide hips from behind as she started to malfunction and shut down.

He knew he had made her overheat again, and he knew that she would have to be repaired yet again too. He didn't like the thought of having such a beautiful android sex partner out of commission for so long, but he had faith that Maria and her synthetic assistant Laurie could fix this lovely chubby lady and have her functioning just the way she was built to function.

Maria emerged from a trance-like state of downloading repair instructions from the Main Computer and began to do her work. Her not-quite-human body moved in rhythmic and jerky ways - like an industrial assembly line robot - to begin the task of opening beautiful Tiffani 510 up.

The access panels built into that robot BBW were like little gateways to a pleasure paradise for Mike. Maria opened up the robot's chest panel, and removed the cover. Mike looked at the computer connection ports, the numeric keypad, the inactive LED indicators. Framed as they were by her synthetic skin - her neck, her shoulders, her breasts - they were a potent image of artificiality juxtaposed with classically rubenesque feminine beauty.

He glanced to Tiffani's gorgeous and quite vacant eyes. He loved the way she would look at him with those electronic video cameras. It was all so close to human but yet so artificially unreal. Her mindless gaze was constant and cold, and he knew from inspecting her software and settings that she was not programmed to blink. Her programming made her flaunt her artificiality. Her lady-like eyelashes framed those painted glass spheres, and the shape of her eyelids contributed much to her stunning beauty as well.

Mike felt the smile grow on his face as he watched that petite robot Maria reach out with her mechanical arm to Tiffani's face. While Mike had been gazing at his lover's beauty, the technician had completed the task of uncovering Tiffani's stomach and crotch panels.

But removal of the facemask was what excited Mike the most. As he watched Maria grasp Tiffani's exquisite facemask, he thought of how near-perfect that plastic visage was, and how only a series of metal, electrically controlled clips kept it attached to the machinery that made up

the rest of her head.

The oval facemask came away with the usual clicks, and the fluorescent lights shone down on the exposed electronic circuitry that gave the Tiffani robot her simulated "senses".

Her big round eyes were most noticeable like this, followed by the plain-looking speaker that produced her soft and feminine digital voice. How he loved to hear her pre-programmed vocal patterns as he let her artificial eyes stare seemingly through him. The passion it aroused in him when he held her big, soft and luscious womanly curves, and listened to her electronic beeps and mechanical motor sounds as he himself removed her facemask.

She wore her robot face as elegantly as she wore her human face. The complex layout of all the many circuit boards, capacitors, microchips, resistors and transistors was a work of art in itself. The way her video camera eyes, her gaseous chemical sensor, and her speaker mouth suggested the underlying structure of a "face" was also thrilling to the extreme.

Although Tiffani could not be kissed on the lips when she was like this, Mike still got immense pleasure from viewing all the neatly traced bundles of multicoloured wiring and all the bright and colourful flashing LED indicators. It was the very essence of sexual arousal for him to see this - whether he was holding her in his arms, mounted on top of her and fucking her in bed, or waking up to her serving him breakfast in a French maid outfit and no facemask on.

He stood there mesmerized by her electromechanical inner beauty as Maria used tools to dismantle what lay between Tiffani's ultra-sensitive electronic microphone ears. No doubt the overheating had caused some of her delicate sensory equipment to fail or even burn out.

Mike noticed again that he still held one of her big sexy thighs. He stroked fully up the length of her thigh, from her masterfully articulated and constructed knee all the way up to her extremely realistic and still synthetic vagina. The crotch panel above it was usually open when he put his head between her legs. The "girl juice" that her manufacturer filled her with was sweet and addictive, and he loved to watch her strut mechanically over to a bed or a sofa and get into position so he could kneel and give her cunnilingus.

This was "kneeling at the altar of Technology" he thought, but it was so rewarding and satiated his lust in a way that kissing, licking and sucking on a human woman's pussy just couldn't match.

He took a deep breath and sighed. Tiffani would be out of commission for at least a few hours - longer if Maria needed to request parts from Robot Lab 0. There were many other attractive ladies here in Robot Lab 64, but none of them was as much fun to play with. This particular Series 510 robot had the plumpest figure, the widest hips, the roundest ass, the chubbiest thighs and the fullest bosom of all the others. She also had a stunning and luxuriant mane of black hair, that was "cut" and styled to match her beautiful facemask in a most agreeable way.

Her soft skin - soft too on her facemask - was the perfect container for her silicone padding, her high-strength titanium skeletal structure, her electromechanical systems and her programming. She was the ultimate android and the ultimate woman.

He sighed again. Maybe, he thought, he shouldn't play with her so often and for so long. But he dismissed that thought. There was no other fembot he had seen that could remotely compare to Tiffani. He pressed his hard-as-wood and upright erection with his hand, and daydreamed about bending her awesome wide ass over the steel table to get his throbbing penis into her tight and hot electronic vagina.