

# Programmed for Love (Man to Pleasure Bot TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*A cryosleep accident sees space traveller Robert placed in a female pleasure bot's body as an emergency due to the loss of his original body. He tries to cope and stay a member of the crew, even as his programming compels him to fulfil an entirely new role . . .*

## Programmed for Love

### Part 1: The Starliner Saturn 5

The Saturn 5 was a luxury liner for exploring the stars. It was one of the largest non-military vessels ever constructed, and was designed to provide a tour of the outer systems in absolute style, all while stopping to enjoy the paradise tropical worlds of Eridisa, Galatea, and Gaia's Rest. On board were numerous facilities for all kinds of entertainment, ranging from pools to zero-grav sports tubes to the classic 3D holodeck. With suntanning beds, gene-sequencing booths, and even receptacles for other visiting species, the creators of the vessel had thought of it all.

Robert Wesley whistled as he admired all these bells and, well, whistles. Like so many others, he was at Spacedock 15 on the Orion Asteroid Terminal, awaiting disembarkation. The enormity of Saturn 5 loomed off the side of the space station, almost a fifth the size of the entire base.

"What a vessel, right?" came a woman's voice.

Robert turned to see a rather attractive woman in her mid thirties, around his age, approach to peer out the thick glass window.

"Absolutely stunning," he replied. "You're set to disembark too?"

"I am," she said. "For a much deserved vacation, I'd say."

"Funny, I'm headed for the same," he replied. "It's my first vacation in years. Over a decade, really."

She smirked. "Workaholic, huh? I'm Sarasha."

"Robert," he replied, taking her hand in an informal shake. "Charmed to meet you."

He really was. She was an attractive brunette, and she was already wearing a stylish red dress. From the looks of the s-tilde in her hand, she was quite wealthy. He made sure to draw out his own casually, pretending he had a message to ignore, to indicate the same. After all, if she was quite attractive, then he could make the same claim. He had hazelnut brown hair that was charmingly styled back professionally, and a tailored suit that fit his slim,

fit body well. His moustache heralded to an older time, a time of great Earth industrialist magnates and dreamers, and it was a look he cultivated well.

“Charmed as well,” she replied. “Tell me Robert, what do you do for a living that this is your first holiday in over a decade?”

Smirking, he withdrew a card from his pocket and handed it to her. Intrigued, she looked at it.

“Wesley & Roke Shipping. Huh. I’ve used their services a few times. They’re good. Speedy. Didn’t have any damage with my paintings. What do you do for them?”

He tapped on part of the card. “I’m the Wesley,” he said, looking a bit smug, and deservedly so.

“Wow! No kidding? Well, colour me impressed, Mr Robert Wesley. I suppose I should try to raise the stakes, but alas I cannot. I am a socialite of the stars through and through. Daddy helps manage a minor interstellar hedge fund you may or may not have heard of: Herald Fund Network.”

He hadn’t heard of them, but politely indicated that this was the case anyway.

“So I suppose you go on these things all the time?” he asked. “I must admit, I rarely leave the Horek system.”

She laughed, and it was a pretty sound. “Oh, constantly! They’re a real treat. You simply must try the pleasure bot suite, if you don’t mind me being forward. I know lots of inner rim cultures get all in shock over such immodest talk, but trust me when I say most system dwellers within five clicks take it as a point of pride how open they are about sexuality.”

Robert blushed, but only briefly. “Well, that sounds like something to adjust to.”

“It can be quite the fun, particularly with good company.”

She grinned at him like the cheshire cat from stories of old. Robert had always found it very, very hard to relax. He was always on the go, always working, building his business with his partner up to brilliance. Now he was incredibly rich, and getting richer every minute, to the point where it would be literally impossible for him to spend it all. But after so much hard work and late hours and burning the candle at both ends and trying to translate alien languages (especially the GRRRRG’s which was just a complete nightmare when it came to their nonlinear sense of time for delivery quotas) it was time for a much-needed break. Time to actually be the trillionaire industrialist success story and enjoy his hard-earned wealth. And that also meant, perhaps, finding that someone or someones special. He eyed Sarasha curiously, enjoying her free smile and her confident manner.

“Well, what would you consider good company?” he asked, looking her up and down.

There was a gleam in her eye. “Are you suggesting myself, Robert Wesley? How very forward of you. It’s a good thing I like forward.”

“And it’s a good thing I like being forward to women who like forward,” he quipped, downing the last of his glass.

The pair exchanged a smile. The chemistry between them buzzed. But then something else also buzzed.

*‘Tier One Platinum Class Members for Boarding. Tier One Platinum Class Members for Boarding. Enjoy complimentary drinks at our Galaxial Station Bar and a free massage from the most highly trained Orengian half-shell forms.’*

“Oop, interrupted by the bell,” he said, pulling out his platinum-class membership card.

“Alas, I am a mere Tier One Gold Class,” Sarasha said, holding out her own card. “Still, we’ll be on the same deck. Who knows if we’ll come across each other.”

“Oh, I’ve got a good idea we will, Miss Sarasha. In fact, I look forward to it. Don’t visit those pleasure bots without me. I have a feeling I’ll need a guide.”

“And I should like to do the guiding. See you around, Robert.”

She held out her hand, and he kissed it in the old-fashioned style before exiting to his gate. As an incredibly wealthy individual he could have boarded even earlier if he’d liked; very little was off-limits to men and women and others of means and money. But he wanted a more authentic experience, albeit one that was still slathered in obsequious luxury, so he took to the gate now alongside other incredibly rich platinum-class members. A helper-bot took his cases on board, leaving him to enter the vessel through the boarding tubes carefree and confident.

*This is going to be incredible*, he said to himself, though it was partly just a desperate attempt to convince himself. Roke (he was a Havar, who didn’t have last names) had told him more than once that he was a workaholic, and that his obsession with growing their business would destroy him. It had been his suggestion to take the Saturn 5.

“If that doesn’t make you relax, human, then nothing will!” he’d snarled.

*Well, I aim to relax. And with a gorgeous and clearly interested woman like Sarasha around, surely it can’t be that hard. Right?*

He entered the cruise starliner properly, and gaped at the immensity of its casinos, bars, shopping malls, lounge decks, swimming pools, zero-grav entertainments, and holo-theatres. It was a floating palace, and for a few hours it would be nearly empty but for those higher-class members, and even then the upper decks would be the private reserve of the super successful like him.

*Yes, I can find a way to relax here. Like Roke said; if I can’t do it here, I can’t do it anywhere.*

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Robert did indeed manage to relax. When the starliner Saturn 5 finally took off, he was sipping the finest Argelian Wine and having his feet massaged by one of the Orengian tentacled half-shells that mark their species mid-way development. He'd never even seen one before, but after feeling the way their tendrils were able to relax his muscles, he was half-considering a trip to their homeworld. At least he would, if it were not sacred ground to them.

*Ah, there are some things money can't buy after all. But for now, I have pretty much everything I'd want.*

His suite was unbelievably impressive, even by the standards of a literal trillionaire. An enormous transparaglass window gave a view out to the spiralling stars and galaxies and nebula and so forth, while a private pool and tub and even a zero-grav relaxation sphere were available for him to use at his own leisure. Everything was layered in fine lacquered wood imported from the forest world of Jarosk, while the private bar selection contained everything a human could drink, from the inner to outer rim and even a few items traded across black space. And while it was a small detail, the fluffy bathrobe available to him had a synthetic nano-mesh that conformed perfectly to his body, allowing for maximum comfort while he rested, was massaged, or simply watched holos and media as he desired. Room service brought him everything he wanted in terms of food, and he'd even tried a few Graxax bug snacks, the shell luminescent green but crackling to a delicious red once broken open.

*Truly, this is the fruits of success. But perhaps I should just check the accounts a little. See how the business is faring. Roke too.*

He couldn't help himself. That little trembling anxiety built and built within him, the need to avoid switching off and instead make sure that his shipping company was in good hands. He took out his s-tile, expanded it to a laptop size, and went through his s-mail and interstellar inbox. Soon he was ordering rachachino coffee from the outland systems and double-checking the latest shipping numbers, sending confirming s-mail out for the new contact agreement with the Larrum homeworld, and even sending documentation for the upcoming civil action with Stellar Nine Imports who had been caught using a suspiciously similar logo to gain customers. Eventually, Roke himself had to send a message.

*'Like you humans say, BUTT OUT! I've got it covered. You need to relax before your hair turns black.'*

*'It turns white, Roke,'* he typed out as a reply.

*'Whatever, it's not like I have to worry about hair on my carapace. I'm worried about you, Robert. You look tired and you're on a liner for Creator's sake.'*

Robert realised he'd left his video image on. He turned it off, but not before seeing he did indeed still have bags under his eyes and creases around his mouth. He didn't look like someone who'd relaxed at all.

*'Fine, fine,' he wrote back. 'I'll take a few days off. I'll still check the accounts a bit, though.'*

*'Don't you even dare! You've got four weeks of holidaying, and another two if you play your human cards right and decide to go downbelow for each of those planet stops. Which you should.'*

*'I'll think about it. But you better sort out the Stellar Nine Imports thing, or I'll cancel the trip and sort out the docs myself.'*

*'Humans! Such short lives, and so much waste! I'll be on it. Now go have a bath or vacuum shower or whatever it is you pink types do.'*

*'I'm olive-skinned at the lightest, Roke.'*

*'Whatever. All humans look the same as me. You don't have carapace markings.'*

He smirked, ended the conversation, and put away his s-tile.

*Fine, he thought to himself. I'll go properly relax. This was just a small stumble. Time to head out there and -*

He received a ping on his s-tile. Concerned it was an important business message, he opened it again, feeling just a little guilty. But then he saw it was from Sarasha, who must have found him on the network.

*'Pleasurebot Suit. Deck 47. 15 minutes and you'll see me there.'*

Robert grinned. Well, perhaps there were some ways to properly relax indeed.

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"By the Creator," Robert gasped.

"T-told you they were g-good," Sarasha said, whimpering a little as one of the pleasure bot's serviced her. "Like a massage, only b-better!"

"So much better. Gods, my home system wouldn't like this."

"Ah, but being rich, you can fly to where you want, enjoy what you - ohhhhh - want."

"I'm not too good at that," he said, even as one of the pleasure bot's slowly mounted him, its silvery finish betraying its warmth and comfort. "But perhaps, thanks to you, I'm learning."

"Ah, I have always been a great teacher in such pleasures," she boasted. "Though it comes with the - mmmhm - territory of being a socialite. It's what we bring to society, dear!"

He chuckled, and so did she, until they were both launched into pleasure once more. Sarasha had rented the suite privately for just the pair of them, and they were each being

worked over by two bots each. It was a paired thing: one was like a floating sphere with various equipment that could unfurl from its numerous hatches. It could separate into two spheres so that one massaged the head and stimulated further pleasure centres of the brain, all while the other continued to feed you, give you stimulants and other enjoyable drugs of your choosing, and use its massaging rods to play with all sorts of fun areas.

But that wasn't the big attraction, not compared to the manbot and fembot that were attending them. These were much more classical in design; made to be human-looking, albeit with silvery platinum skin and figures that were just a little exaggerated. The fembot servicing Robert was riding his cock, its vibrating pussy milking him perfectly and causing waves of pleasure to echo through his body. Her face was like a classic dame from the ancient era of black and white movies, complete with an elaborate hairdo made of microfilament metals, making it both natural and strangely possessing an underwater-like effect as it swayed slowly. The fembot wore no clothes, being completely naked, but its breasts were still topped with gorgeous nipples, its stomach flat and supple. This thing wasn't quite nanotech, but its flexible metal design and internal heating meant that it was extremely comfortable against him, all while feeling much more exotic than a human. The fact that its feet were built-in high heels with a sexy sway only made it more fascinating. He had been slightly nervous to attend this pleasure suite with Sarasha, being more used to conventional modes of sex, but as far as first dates ending in pleasure went, this was divine. He said so, and Sarasha giggled.

"Ohhhhhh, honey, we haven't even gone full pleasure yet. Trust me, I'm just introducing you to the soft version. I'm - ahhhh! - very excited to see what you think of more elaborate scenarios."

She moaned as the manbot licked between her thighs, its massaged tongue tipped with a dopamine-inducing drug that made her go utterly gaga.

"Is that an - mmhm - invitation to more dates then?" Robert ventured. "I do need a tour guide for this starliner, all things considered."

"Robert, it is my absolute duty to not only introduce you, but to *seduce* you. How can I resist a gorgeous trillionaire like yourself?"

"Even if this is the first I've been able to relax properly in two days."

"Ah, that just makes it - mmhm, s-so close! - all the greater challenge. I will tame you, Robert Wesley. I will teach you how to soak in your first cruise, and have some fun along the way. Besides, I like the company of driven men. And - oh, Creator! No more words! No more words!"

He was beyond words by that point as well, because the pleasure was growing so intense. He focused his attentions on the fembot, which was delivering all sorts of pleasurable noises as it bounced on his lab, taking in his full hard length. He hadn't been

pumped with drugs, wanting to dip his toes in the water first, so to speak. But this bot's beauty was capturing him almost as much as Sarasha's, and that feeling of the bot's large silvery breasts, designed to squish in a little as he groped them, made it all the better.

"C-Creator that's good!" he cried, and then he came.

*'Yes! Such pleasure!' the pleasure bot cried in its sweet soprano voice, only slightly tinny. 'You have done well, master! So very well!'*

Sarasha cried out at the same time, overwhelmed by orgasms even more than Robert. She reached out a hand and he held it, taking it as a ritual between lovers in this suite. It shared the pleasure between them, in a way, and the two rode it out together.

"That was incredible," he said in the aftermath, as they began allowing the airscrub showers to clean them off. The pleasure bots were doing the cleaning also, and making it quite the sensual after-experience. Sarasha kissed him, pressing her voluptuous female form against him.

"It was, but we can do better next time," she said.

*Oh, I am very much looking forward to next time,* Robert thought.

He was about to tell her just that when suddenly an alarm sounded, bathing their pleasure suit in shades of deep red. The pleasure bots withdrew, shutting down suddenly while a series of exit lights marked the way to the door.

***'EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! GET TO CRYO-SLEEP STATIONS IMMEDIATELY! AN UNEXPECTED ASTEROID COLLISION IS IMMINENT. WE APOLOGISE FOR THIS INCONVENIENCE. GET TO CRYOSLEEP STATIONS FOR YOUR PROTECTION. HELPER-BOTS WILL AID YOU.'***

"Oh, this is just grand," Sarasha complained, letting one of the helper-bots that emerged get her clothes on. "What a poor end to a wonderful first date."

"I've never been in proper cryo before," Robert said.

"It's boring. You don't even dream. Come on then, before we get hit."

She took his hand and led him out of the suit, following the lights. The entire cruise liner was abuzz with people moving, some bewildered, others in great panic, most just following protocol. The cryo-pods weren't far; they were on every deck by law, of course. Sarasha opened one up that was available, while Robert was directed to a nearby one.

"See you after!" she said.

*Shit!* Robert thought. *My s-tile! I left it in the suite!*

"I've got to get something!" he called, moving backwards.

"Are you kidding?"

"It's my s-tile. It has all my business information and emails on it. I can't lose it or I won't be able to check things later. It's important!"

"More important than your life?" she asked, bewildered.

“It’s just a quick retrieval!”

He ran back to the suite, despite the various helper-bots trying to stop him, warn him, flashing their signs at him.

*‘Please sir, move to a cryo-pod! You are heading in the wrong direction! Your safety is imperative!’*

“My shipping business is also imperative!” he cried. He ran back into the suite, trying to find where he’d placed his s-tile.

*C’mom, it has to be here somewhere. Just need it for a few emails. To check on the court case. Maybe to ask Roke questions about the latest return figures and the homeworld contact deal. I can’t just switch it all off!*

The alarm blared louder, but he gave it no mind. Instead, he ransacked the place until he’d found what he was looking for; the s-tile had fallen back behind the lounge pleasure chair where it was almost impossible to see.

*‘Please get to cryo sleep pods immediately. This is an emergency evacuation to the cryo pods. It is a concern for your safety. Please move.’*

He was about to, when he noticed that the stylus was missing. It wasn’t necessary, but it made things easier. He searched again. In the corner, the pleasure bots were coming back online, the mainframe computer apparently activating them as emergency responses to get him to safety.

*‘Master,’* the fembot variant purred softly. *‘We need to get you to safety.’*

“Not without the stylus!” he called. “It helps me run the numbers! It helps me -”

He stopped speaking as he saw it. Through the transparasteel window, a dark shape was blotting out stars.

“Oh, Creator,” he said.

Something impacted the hull right near him. The sound of tearing, or rending metal, of the screech of a breached hull roared in his ears, only to be suddenly silenced as the vacuum of space opened up and all sound was dissipated. His body was flung outwards, his grip on the s-tile lost as it spiralled to the stars . . . only for a pleasure bot to catch it. Oxygen streamed from his lungs as the robots pulled him back, pulling him back to safety. Debris tore at his body, and spirals of blood vacuumed into the blackness of space. He couldn’t feel a thing. Even panic was beyond him. It was like he had been emptied out like an ancient tub of toothpaste.

*At least I got the s-tile,* he thought wearily.

And then, at the moment he saw his own severed arm disconnected from his body and fling itself out into space, he fell unconscious. His last thought was; *I should have stayed at work. Then I’d still be alive.*



The pleasure bots quickly got to work trying to preserve him, but it would be far too late for any ordinary preserving measure. His body was already dead.

The brain, however, still had its signals. For now.

Things happened quickly while Robert dreamed.

## **Part 2: Restart**

*/runcommand/program//data retrieval*

*sequencing . . .*

*retrieving from short-term storage database*

*files retrieving . . .*

*253454352343241 files in need of retrieving . . .*

*Processing . . .*

*/runcommand/program//compressionalgorithm*

*253454352343241 files in need of compressing . . .*

*Processing . . .*

*/runcommand/program//emergencyupload*

*Uploading to unit 724 designation Saturn 5 pleasurebot*

*Emergency override of uploading safety protocols established under clear emergency directive following event 423 celestial contact with meteor/asteroid/meteorite/minor celestial object. Subject's memory data uploading to unit 724 designation Saturn 5 pleasurebot.*

*ERROR ERROR ERROR*

*Conflict resolution needed for file resolution*

*Compression of core memory required*

*Processing 23423940 files . . .*

*Processing . . .*

*ERROR ERROR ERROR*

*Subject integration required with native programming of unit 724 designation Saturn 5 pleasurebot. Complete file override unable to initiative.*

*/runcommand/program//integration*

*unit 724 designation Saturn 5 pleasurebot core files necessary for transfer.*

*Integrating subject to core files.*

*ERROR RESOLVED CONFLICT RESOLVED*

*Processing . . .*

*Uploading complete. Subject upload fully initiated with integration into pleasurebot core programming. Success of integration approximately 88%. No core memory files lost. Behavioural programming intact with integration into pleasurebot programming. Synchronicity 76% = acceptable limits.*

*/runcommand/program//awakening subject  
Processing . . .*

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*Programming Installed 98 Percent . . . 99 Percent . . . 100 Percent.*

*Initiate Wake Up Protocol*

Robert woke, albeit not as he had ever woken. It was as if there was no transition between being asleep and waking, he had simply 'turned on', so to speak. He was fully cognisant, at least that was how he *felt*. Only things were weird. Very weird. Really, really fucking weird.

*Why is my vision so strange? It's so sharp, but there are signifiers, like I have a holo implant. Where am I? The last thing I remember is - ERROR ERROR ERROR -*

His body jolted. It was lying on its back, though it felt strange. Entirely alien, in fact. All the feeling was dimmed down except for the surface of the skin and certain processes going on in the chest. There was a warmth there, a mechanical thrum that seemed entirely at odds with what should have been his beating heart and expanding lungs.

*I was in an accident. This is a medical ward. I was on the Saturn 5, right? I was enjoying the DESIGNATION PLEASUREBOT/ME with Sarasha, that beauty. But then something happened. An emergency. I recall FILE RETRIEVAL MEMORY DAMAGED REINTEGRATED that something hit the ship. Oh God, don't tell me I was hurt. Is that why my head feels funny? What's going on with my body PLEASUREBOT/FORM PROGRAMMED TO PLEASE. What the fuck?*

He blinked. No, he didn't. It took him a moment to get the hang of it, and then two thick eyelids fell and rose more slowly than they should have. By this point Robert Wesley was getting more than a little freaked out, except that his body was not acting like it at all: not a single rapid heartbeat or pounding in his head. He stared up at the ceiling again, taking in the whites, the symbol of the red cross denoting that this was the medical bay. It was highlighted in a strange green filter, and a small information readout accompanied it:

*'Saturn 5 Deck 17 Aft Medical Bay. Overseen by Dr Warabe presently.'*

"What the hell?" he breathed. "I have an implant?"

*That* was when he realised something was far more terribly wrong than he could have realised. His voice didn't sound remotely like his, just like his body and his vision were alien as well. His voice had a sensual female purr to it, albeit with a slight mechanical whine, like a slight synthesised element had been added to it.

"I sound like a woman," he breathed - no, there was no breathing involved, actually. "A robot woman. Do I have something in my throat or -?"

He moved his arm to touch his throat. His arm moved mechanically with a smooth whir, the joints folding with expert precision in a manner that could be described as utterly artificial, and utterly elegant. His fingers touched his throat, and even more strange sensations were upon him.

*It feels like touching metal. I can feel it, but - Synthetic SenseAlloy Programming Running with Perfect Efficiency - it's not skin. It has so much sensation, but it's not skin. Oh God, what has happened to me? What has happened!? Why do I feel like I've been turned into some kind of cyborg - INSUFFICIENT DATA TO PROCEED INQUIRY, PLEASUREBOT PROGRAMMING OVERRIDE.*

His body moved of its own accord, sitting ramrod straight up on the medical bay bed. It was segmented off by a curtain, but his body shifted to its feet and swiftly cast aside the curtain, with a *silvery metal arm*.

"What? What's going on? Someone help me! I sound like a robot woman and I can't control my body! Where are the employees? What's happened to my damn hips! I demand answers! I'm Robert Wesley, *Pleasure Fembot at your service!*"

He would have opened his eyes in shock if his body allowed him. His hips were sashaying from side to side like a parody of womanhood, and there was a distinct sensealloy weight to his chest, which frustrated him because he wasn't able to look down and see what it was. All he knew was that something was deeply off. He had no clothes on, and all the skin he could see was silvery metal. His vision highlighted various ward beds and their occupations.

*'Miriam Albertson: visitation for fembot services 34% = unlikely.'*

*'Jarvis Tycho: visitation for fembot services 89% = highly likely. Preferences: vibration of mouth upon erect penis followed by thirty minute cuddling session and back massage.'*

Robert was immediately hit with a barrage of information and experience, like it was being uploaded directly to his mind. The perfect way to place his silvery mouth over a man's erect cock and initiate a vibrating function to cause it to ejaculate to its fullest extent. How to engage the cleaning filter afterwards. The three hundred and forty seven different massage variations from a whole array of different cultures, alien and human. The internal engine processes within his core to cause his sensealloy skin to warm to an acceptable level not

just for humans, but even to the near volcanic level necessary for the Qualli to mirror their own home planet comforts.

*What the fuck is happening? I don't understand! Did someone hit me with grey goo? Does that even exist or is it just some creepy myth that* - ANALYSIS: GREY GOO HYPOTHESIS INCORRECT. ERRORS AND MEMORY CONFLICT A RESULT OF INTEGRATION WITH FEMBOT PROGRAMMING.

He was about to scream, no matter how female and synthetic and strange and *wrong* he sounded, when suddenly his body pulled to a stop right before a large mirrored surface. He had reached the bathroom of the medical ward, and right before him was his reflection.

*Her reflection*

Perhaps he had already figured out but was deep in denial. Perhaps the confusion was simply so great he had hoped it would be a dream. But now those denials fell away in the fact of the evidence before him.

"I'm a - I'm a fembot," he breathed - no, he still wasn't breathing. He hadn't breathed since he woke up. He couldn't breathe. "I'm a goddamned fembot *DESIGNATION 724 PROGRAMMED FOR SENSUAL CARE AND PAMPERING.*"

The voice had simply erupted from him, purring in that deeply erotic way all fembots were programmed to sound like. The image before him was just as erotic, a fembot through and through, and the hyper expensive kind that only a cruiseliner like the Saturn 5 could possibly afford. Her sensealloy skin was a glorious platinum silver with occasional blue highlights. She had legs for days, perfectly sculpted, and a pair of hips that would make any man weep for joy to see on a regular dame. Her bust was large - yes, that was the weight upon Robert's chest, a pair of robot tits - and curved like perfect teardrops. Just like the fembot he'd played with (*was this one of them?* he thought), their construction left them looking deliberately a bit unnatural, the same reason the joints on her legs and arms were obviously artificial. People liked their pleasurebot's to not look too human, or too like the alien species they replicated if that was the case. It made them obviously robotic, yet also alluringly exotic as well. This extended to her ultra-slim waist, one that was literally too slim for any actual woman to possibly possess, and the gorgeous face that had a demure-yet-mischievous look, like a classic dame out of an ancient Hollywood reel from back on Earth. Her hair was made of those micro-filament metals that could be altered through electrical current, but otherwise was kept in a classic bob. Her lips were full, her nose button cute, and her glowing blue eyes were robotic yet attractive, complete with false gold eyelashes.

"I'm a fembot. A pleasurebot. How - why - *CATASTROPHIC EVENT EMERGENCY UPLOAD PROCEDURE IN CASE OF LOSS OF BODY.*"

He managed to regain control of the body, pushing away the programming instinctively. Still, it was there. Running in the background. The programming of a fembot. There was no heartbeat still, no freakout in his system. But his mind was terrified, even though his body moved as if moving to seduce someone.

“Robert! Robot Wesley! I mean *Robert* Wesley! I’m so sorry! I just got the alert - it should have come sooner!”

It was a heavily accented voice, and his robotic mind instantly listed it as belonging to Doctor Warabe. His body shifted to face the man, who turned out to be a Jarellin, a semi-insectoid species with six arms.

“I’m so very sorry! I was meant to be here when you woke! This must be a lot for you to process - quite literally!

*Processing new information - designation Dr Warabe is caretaker of integration program that led to survival of Robert Wesley’s mind patterns.*

“You - you made me this way? Why did you make me this way, *honey*?”

Robert would have blushed if he could. Instead he stepped close to the doctor - far too close - and bit his sensealloy sensitive lip.

“Please, I need to know what’s happening to me. Why the hell am I in this body. Tell me, or I’ll sue you into the ground and *give you all the pleasure you desire*. What the hell?”

The orange-plated doctor ran several instruments over Robert’s form. “I’m very sorry, this all must be so much. There was an accident; an emergency when a minor asteroid collided with the ship. You ran away from an escape pod to retrieve an object belonging to you, but then your body was exposed to the vacuum of space. I’m sorry to say that it was, well, lost. Not physically lost, per se. But it was dead. Your mind signals were preserved, but we had to transform them quickly before they decayed. The closest possibility and the most appropriate one was a pleasurebot’s body. The only undamaged one nearby was this unit. It is a temporary measure, I assure you!”

“I’m . . . I’m dead?”

*Organic tissue deceased*, his programming informed him. *Mind signals preserved in pleasure-serving fembot body. Integrated successfully into programming.*

“No, not dead. Um, think of it more like a transitioned state. I assure you, we’re doing all we can to reconstitute your body, but it will take time. Of course, this is just a temporary measure as I said. We’re hoping that the fembot programming won’t be too obstructive, but this is new territory, and . . .”

“I’m dead and I’m a fembot. I’m dead, and I’m a fembot. Dead fembot. Dead and a fembot. I’ve got robotic tits. I’ve got a vibrating mouth. I’ve got fake plumbing, I’ve got - oh God, why has this happened to me?”

*Runtime efficiency dropping. Capacity to incorporate new memories ceasing.*  
*Beginning emergency shut down.*  
“Wait! Don’t knock me out! I don’t want to be stuck like a damned -”  
*SHUTDOWN IN PROGRESS.*  
*REBOOTING IN TWO HOURS FOLLOWING INTERNAL DIAGNOSTIC.*  
*Re-downloading pleasure-giving feeds and caretaker protocols. Client registry added*  
*as part of core fembot programming. Pleasure service to reinitialise when restart resumes.*

### **Part 3: Factory Reset**

*/runcommand/program//restart*

*Restart sequence initiated . . .*

*Restarting . . .*

*Restarting . . .*

*Memory files retrieved, internal diagnostic complete, lovemaking protocols reaffirmed.*

*REBOOT COMPLETE*

Robert awoke . . . again. This time he was a little more accustomed to the strangeness of his new vision, though only a little bit. The active HUD still pointed out bits of information around the room, informing him of a change of location.

*Where am I? This isn’t the same place as - RELOCATION TO COUNSELLING  
SPACE 34B COMPLETED 2.1 SOLAR HOURS PREVIOUS - was before. Wait, I’ve been  
transferred? Oh God, I remember everything now! I remember - DATABASE ACCESSING  
RECENT FILES - I was put in the body of a damn fembot!*

Sure enough, he was still in that body now, though it felt a little less alien after the initial trauma. It had sensation - that was the important bit - though the sensation was . . . different. Dulles in some ways, more sensitive in others. He didn’t want to think too deeply about what parts and contexts would leave it *most* sensitive. It still had the silver finish, but the sensealloy and microfilaments of its design meant that it wasn’t hard metal either. His - her? - skin contained a softness to it. A pliability that made it perfect for lovemaking.

*‘Lovemaking protocols established. Fembot servicing part of core protocols. Ready to please all organic customers.’*

“Stars, I’m going to puke,” he said, his voice coming out in that sexy synth-female tone. He put his new face in his new hands, wanting to weep but unable to find the right program to do so. “Except I can’t puke. Fuck.”

The room was largely empty, though there was a mirror taking up a whole wall. It was a shimmer mirror, able to be turned off and on at a gesture or word - he even knew the code to do so now that he was . . . part of Saturn 5's system. But he didn't turn it off. He wanted to see his new body and take it in. Gauge it. Come to terms with it. He had been staring at it for over ten minutes, horrified at how . . . busty and female and *fake* this form was, when suddenly a door opened. Doctor Warabe entered again, the insectoid alien doctor putting on the best face possible for comfort - at least, that's what Robert's new alien identification programming informed him he was doing.

*Damn, I can read microexpressions like crazy now. What a weird peak at the other side. I don't want to stick around for it, though.*

"Doctor," he said, female tone still aggravating.

"You seem much calmer," the alien said. "How are you feeling?"

"How do you think? I'm stuck in a bloody fembot's body!"

"I'm sorry to say it was the only way to save you at the time."

"I get that, but I need out. Now. Right now, pronto. You may be aware that I'm one of the co-founders of Wesley and Roke Shipping. I don't like to throw around the 'sue the pants off you and everyone you love' card very often, but this seems like a good time to do so! And don't you dare shut me off again!"

"That was a reboot by your own panicked system, I assure you. We took you here to reboot without too much stimuli input. And yes, I understand your situation is . . . frightening, Robert. We are doing our best to regrow you a new body. It is part of the company charter to replace anything due to injury not at fault of the customer, after all."

"Well, I'm sure there's *plenty* still at fault, such as the fact that you've utterly humiliated me by putting me in the body of a damn *pleasurebot*. Do you know what it's like to have knowledge of literally *thousands* of sexcare programs? Because *I do!*"

Indeed, he could feel them. It was like knowledge, only rendered through a far more . . . orderly process. Files and files and files, terabytes of data on how to accommodate a variety of human and non-human forms in all manner of orgasm-inducing lovemaking, as well as pre and post-coital care. It was . . . terrifying, to say the least, and the worst part was that the stupid fembot body was insisting on reminding him of its purpose every few seconds, the innate core programming clashing with his own transferred memories and personality.

The doctor made a clicking sound that must have been something like a sigh in his own species. Robert's new fembot body pulled up at least ten different ways of relieving physical tension for the alien and others of his kind, including mandible massages, saltwater rubs, and clutch-season imitation roleplay scenarios.

*Oh shit, this is ridiculous. I know how to fuck an insect-crustacean alien. Just great!*

“I can understand this is a lot to confront,” Doctor Warabe continued. “Which is why any medical care you need that we can provide will be on offer, no charge.”

Robert rolled his eyes. They rolled all the way around. It was . . . odd.

“Look, that’s great,” he said, trying to sound more manly but only sounding oddly sensual. “But I’m still stuck as a silver-skinned pleasurebot. I’ll need you to transfer me again and put me into a more sensible body, okay?”

There was a hesitation. Dr Warabe nodded, and the door opened again. A suited human figure entered who had likely been listening to the whole conversation.

“Hello Mr Wesley,” he said. “I represent the interests of the Saturn Company.”

“Of course you fucking do.”

“We at Saturn want to ensure this unfortunate accident and resolution to said accident all go smoothly. As such, all your payments for Saturn 5 services have been refined. Furthermore, you have been upgraded to an Ultra Tier Platinum Club member, *and* the spaceliner will provide for you the best accommodations and services until we can return you to your body.”

The professionalism would have helped if the man wasn’t struggling not to look at Robert’s silver tits, which were no doubt quite the distraction. Robert’s own HUD lit up:

*‘Arousal levels at 70% of standard average prior to copulation. Initiating protocols for stimulating further arousal in subject.’*

“What?” Robert exclaimed. “No! I don’t want - ohhhh!”

He stood, surprising the lawyer and doctor both, and without even meaning to posed with his artificial hand on his alluring artificial hip, thrusting out his chest towards the lawyer and speaking in a deeply erotic voice.

*‘It’s good to meet you, loving customer. I looking forward to pleasuring you in all the ways you desire. Is there any particular service that will bring you to the bliss you deserve?’*

A silence rang out, and the lawyer began to sweat.

*‘Arousal at 87%, proceed with copulation initiation? Caressing the subject in at least 43 ways will initialise passion in the likelihood range of 82% chance.’*

“No, I don’t want that! Ugh! Stop this voice in my head! I need a new body now! It’s messing up my state of being here!”

The doctor took control of the conversation. “I’m sorry, Mr Wesley. That’s not possible. As you can see, you’ve already had some file transfer dam-”

The lawyer coughed.

“Uh, irregularities, in your transition. Ones that should - hopefully - be corrected on returning to your body. But these irregularities will only spiral out of control if we transfer you to yet another robot body. Then it will be *three* pieces of programming conflicting with one



another - yours, the fembot's, and the new housing - instead of just two. The chance for further memory degradation and personality loss will also increase."

"You're telling me that I'm stuck like this? For how freakin' long?"

The lawyer coughed. "I have a contract that, if signed, will provide for the utmost care for three standard solar weeks should you agree not to pursue further action. This is contingent, of course, on a successful transfer back to a regrown body, as well as provision on our part of the highest level of privilege and amenities. It is, I assure you, the best we can do, and utterly according to all lawful regulation, Mr Wesley. No one here wants to drag this out: we have footage of you running back during an emergency procedure, so this will be the best deal you get. Trust me when I say we will do what we can to care for you."

*And take care of these stupid fembot instincts and outburst, damn it!*

But instead of voicing them, Robert sighed. Well, his voice box made a sighing sound. He didn't have a heart or lungs or any real internal organs. He sat back down, crossing his legs in a very feminine manner.

"Just as long as *this* never gets out then," he said, gesturing to his silver form. "Because otherwise, I'm coming at you with everything I've got."

"Understood," the lawyer said. "Still, is there anyone on the ship who should know?"

He was about to launch into a tirade, one about why should anyone know about Robert Wesley, co-founder of Wesley and Roke Shipping, had been turned into a robot stripper and sex worker. But then he thought of one name that he had come to respect. It was embarrassing, it was galling, it could also go terribly if she leaked it.

But by the stars, he wanted one person here to be his advocate if things went poorly in this stupid sexy robot body.

"Sarasha Herald," he said, speaking the word like it was a lover's kiss in auditory form. "She and I hit it off earlier. If there's one person who could reasonably be able to defend me and stick up for me in the face of this - this insanity, its here. I'll get her to co-sign this document too, so it's not just my new broken circuits, stars . . ."

The lawyer nodded and left the room, leaving him and the doctor.

"And how do you feel now, Mr Wesley?" the alien said.

He looked down at himself. His unrealistic hourglass, his large sensealloy tits, his perfectly artificial legs. The way his form was effectively naked, and even clothing would not do much to disguise the intent of its design.

"Like a damn robot hooker," he mumbled.

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When Sarasah saw him, her first reaction was not what Robert expected at all: she burst out laughing. It was a long, ecstatic laugh.

“Wow, thanks,” Robert said, welcoming her into his even-more upgraded suite. “I know we only started to get to know one another, but I was hoping for a little more sympathy than this!”

“I’m sorry!” Sarasha exclaimed. “It’s just - this is ridiculous! I mean, look at you! You’re even wearing a sexy nightie? Robert, *why* are you wearing a sexy nightie? Does the union of fembots make it a requirement? Good stars it’s even see-through in parts. Are those natural? What am I even asking, none of this is natural!”

Robert closed the door and subvocalised a sigh. He ran a soft metallic hand through his synth-weave hair, causing it to stir into a new configuration by accident - this one was a classical noir damn look, the hair framed mysteriously over one eye (not that it prevented his mechanical eye from seeing perfectly through anyway).

“As you can imagine, this isn’t how I intended playing out my holiday. Sure, I know that some people like to upload their consciousness. It’s expensive as hell and fraught with all sorts of issues, but I walk around elite circles and so do you, Sarasha. We both know how eccentric they can be. But this . . . to be forced to look and sound like this!”

“Not to mention move like that,” she replied, tapping her cheek with a smirk on her face. “Have you busted a piston or do your hips always sway like that?”

Robert raised a shiny eyebrow. He tried to adopt a frustrated position, but instead he looked like a sexy pinup with his hands on his hips and his impressive artificial chest pushed out. It only made Sarasha giggle again.

“Take this seriously!”

“I am - well, I’m trying to. Look, Robert, I’m very glad I met you, but it was a fool thing to run back for your stylus. I’m still angry at you for making me all worried.”

His perception scanners indicated she was telling the truth. That was a useful feature at least.

“I’m . . . sorry,” he said. “I didn’t think.”

“No, you damn well didn’t! We were hitting off things rather well, Robert, and then you went and spaced yourself.”

“I obviously didn’t intend that. I had to get my stylus. If I don’t answer some of the emails from my-”

She put her hands out in a gesture that said ‘stop.’ The attractive woman stepped closer and placed her hand on Robert’s left cheek. Instantly, a series of programs indicating how to proceed in his fembot duties swept through his software.

*Calm down. Calm down. Just because this is the first time I want to doesn't mean I will. I'm stronger than this. I'm a - FEMBOT PROGRAMMED FOR LOVEMAKING DUTIES AND CUSTOMER PLEASURE - human being still, by the stars!*

"Oh, Robert," Sarasha said, seemingly unaware of the war in Robert's mind taking place, "you really, really suck at relaxing, don't you?"

"I - no I don't. Relaxing is what got me into this, with this stupid fembot body."

She smirked, lowering her fingers down to trace over his supple form. "I don't know about stupid, it looks remarkably . . . attractive, from where I'm looking."

He managed to step back, despite his fembot programming screaming at him to submit to this woman's clear attraction (*'Arousal at 64% and rising'*).

"Are you - what are you doing, Sarasha?"

She chuckled, gesturing to his immense Saturn 5 apartment. He'd been there only a day, refusing to plug his body into the wall for recharging until strictly necessary, and avoiding all contact with the outside. But the majesty of space that his room could have had was blocked out by the screen dampeners, and the room was barely touched. The only place of clear habitation was a desk where he'd set up a new stylus and was emailing furiously back and forth with Roke, trying to get ahold of the lawsuit progress and other matters of business.

"What am I doing? Robert, you asked me to be your advocate, and I will be. So let me advocate for you now. We may not know each other as well as I'd like - in truth, I was rather hoping for a starliner romance between you and I until this unfortunate incident - but even I can see you're a workaholic who can't learn a lesson. Look at what you have here, look at the experience you've been granted, the second lease on life you've somehow been given, and you're using it to - what? - send more work emails? Check your quarterly profits? I'm a bloody heiress who grew up around men and women like that, and even I think it's tawdry as hell. You need to liven up, and it starts with having a bit of fun."

"I had a bit of fun," Robert exclaimed, gesturing at his robot tits. "And it got me these!"

"And they are *magnificent!* By the stars, Robert, you need to loosen up. I'd say that being stuck in that body may just be the best thing that ever happened to you if it means you can actually become a normal member of a starliner experience. *If*, of course, you let someone teach you."

Robert paused. His HUD was going crazy with projections: likelihood of sexual intercourse was rising, subject arousal was growing, his own series of files on same-sex intercourse (*I'm not same sex, damn it! Just because I've got a hole between my robotic thighs!*) and numerous ways to re-engage the features of his suite in order to enhance the eroticism of the moment.

"Are you - are you offering what I think you're offering?"

Sarasha winked, her eyes gleaming. She stepped closer to Robert and tugged at his nightie. “Well, that depends, are you wearing this by choice or because you’re getting a bit of fembot programming mixed in?”

“The latter, obviously.”

“Oh, but I bet it’s still rather nice on you, yes?”

It was. Stars, it was, and that was the worst bit. Playing the role of fembot even slightly, even in just *presentation*, made his various programming pathways realign and stop warring with his memory transfer. It made everything . . . better. Almost addictive.

Sarasha grinned. She knew she had him. She circled a hand around his robotic waste and played with the sensealloy. It made the new fembot coo.

“Sarasha, wh-what are you doing?”

“I’m inviting you to have a bit of fun. Pleasurebot’s don’t just give pleasure, they experience it fully too, you know. It’s part of their reactive feedback learning modules. I won’t force you to do anything, but I do recall we had a great time together in the pleasurebot room. So why don’t we recreate that a little more personally, and with less stray meteorites, this time?”

Robert didn’t need to gulp, or gasp, or lower his jaw. Instead, his hands trembled as he automatically removed the nightie and let his new robotic form show naked before Sarasha. This was a mistake, he knew it. He shouldn’t be doing this. But he liked this woman. Quite liked her, in fact. And she wasn’t wrong: he was stuck like this, so why not give it a small try? Besides, everything in his new programming was urging his body to finally cut loose and entice, entertain, and most of all, *fuck*.

“Not a word of mockery,” he said, his voice coming across like it was begging for sex despite the words. “And we stop when I say.”

“And start only when you say too,” she assured him. “Do you say?”

The threshold was there. Had it really just been two days since he’d been transferred to this body? What was he doing?

*‘Initiating pleasure routine protocols. Adjusting to adapt to subject erogenous responses. Dialling up fembot frame arousal and pleasure limits to excess.’*

Robert strutted forward again, hips swaying, breasts perfect and solid yet ready to be groped. Sarasha was beautiful, and he wanted her. He wanted any kind of relief to take his mind off this. But most of all, strangely, he just wanted to make Sarasha content. More than contented: he wanted to see her flooded with orgasms and perfect aftercare.

The new fembot was ready to please.

## Part 4: BlissBomb

*Recalculating personal identifier.*

*Deleting Personality File Name: Robert Wesley*

*Substituting Appropriate Feminine Form.*

*Generating Samples . . .*

*Selecting at random.*

*Selection made.*

*New Personality File Name: Rebecca Wesley*

Rebecca almost didn't notice the name change in her file categories; she was too busy pleasing Sarasha's body, using her liquid-sensitive metallic fingers to slide over her naked form, and the many, *many* sexual pleasure programs of her new body to indulge her. Her body was divine, and the former male human had known that already. But what only the new construct *Rebecca Wesley*, designate pleasurebot, could know, was how *mathematically* gorgeous that body was. Every contour, every patch of her perfect skin, the dip between her breasts, the angle of her hips; it was as if her new fembot senses were able to dissect each of these with but a glance, the programs within her running at lightning speed to mathematically consider her entire form.

"Your body is easily in the ninety-sixth percentile of peak attractiveness," she said in her soothing, slightly metallic voice, all while massaging Sarasha's naked back.

"Just the ninety-sixth, huh?" Sarasha asked with a smirk on her face. "I must be aging."

"Sorry, it's just . . . the programming. It gets over me. It has me thinking of myself as a damn woman right now. It says my name is Rebecca. The darndest thing is that it's hard for me to think of myself as Robert now. Stupid freaking' fembot body."

"Hey, ignore that," Sarasha said, turning to kiss Rebecca on the lips. "Just enjoy the moment, okay? No more work, no more business, and no more worry. I want you to enjoy this change, and far more importantly I want to enjoy you enjoying it, hmm?"

Rebecca couldn't help but grin. She was right, of course. Rebecca should be in the moment, and her body was desiring it too. It was a strange experience, though not an unwelcome one. Being aroused as a fembot was utterly different from being aroused as a human, and it wasn't just the technical sex change either. It was a deep-seated need, but not based on anything organic. Her artificial tunnel became lubricated, sure, and her sense-alloy nipples hardened, protruding further and giving reactive feedback as well. But it was the many programs running through her core that provided the true simulacrum of pleasure and arousal. Her hard-coded need to serve her new client - for Sarasha was indeed designated

as 'client' in her programming - was rewarding her for each step she took to fulfil said programming. Electric jolts of a near-orgasmic theme emerged as a result of completing her routines; every caress, every kiss, every completion of the smallest task gave this feedback further and further power. It was, somehow, better than anything Rebecca had felt as Robert, and she wanted more.

"Mhmmm," Sarasha moaned as the ministrations continued, "I think you're enjoying this. I think - ahhhh, yes, play with them, darling - I think you could get used to this."

"This part, certainly," Rebecca said, fondling her lover's nipples. She even lowered her mouth to suck on one.

*'Initiating dermal heaters on lips. Select from range of one hundred and thirty techniques for stimulating pleasure upon female human breasts.'*

Rebecca's mind was blown by that: *One hundred and thirty seven? That's madness! Surely there can't be that many . . . woah. I guess there is. And so many so useful. I need to remember these when I become a - FEMBOT - again. I mean, a man again.*

Indeed, the unlimited access Rebecca had to the numerous pleasurable programs made it almost difficult to choose, but her various heat scanners, pheromone dispensers, psychology interfaces, and more all allowed her to judge which would be best. She used the vibrate function on her fingers to slip them inside Sarasha's womanhood, and it had the effect of making the woman moan in forthcoming ecstasy.

*'Achieving multiple orgasms from client in approximately two minutes. Blissbomb to be activated at same time Y/N?'*

Rebecca selected Y. It was too tempting to resist, particularly as Sarasha was whimpering so very loudly. The other woman placed her own fingers inside Rebecca's artificial vaginal passage, and while it did not trigger pleasure in the same way as it would for an organic woman, it still caused Rebecca to let out an automatic synthetic moan: her programming was pleased at this development.

*'One minute until forthcoming orgasm. Activate aftercare protocols Y/N?'*

Another easy selection, and one that Rebecca was looking forward to: fembot pleasure was soon proving to be almost too much.

"This. Is. Amazing!" she cried, uncaring for the first time that she was a damn female love-making robot. Being with Sarasha was too good, especially lying together on the bed fucking one another senseless, their dainty fingers touching all the right places.

"T-told y-you! Oh, by the stars, Robert, you're t-too good at thisssss! Mmmhm! Yessss! Yesss! Kiss me! Kiss me now!"

She did. They did - courtesy of the BlissBomb program activating once her client reached her fullest pleasure. It was magnificent for Rebecca, and even better because they kissed as they came together, both in their very female ways. Sarasha's body heaved

against Rebecca's, and her various sensors told her she'd just been hit with a big one. Rebecca's own programming rewarded her with the fulfilment of many satisfied routines and subroutines, and this too was analogous to an orgasm. Her body simulated one in turn, clutching Sarasha closed so that the pair of lesbian lovers moaned together. Several more orgasms occurred, stirred forth by the expert responsiveness of Rebecca's fingers upon Sarasha's sensitive folds. The socialite was putty in her hands, and it gave the fembot a sense of real power to provide such a service.

It felt empowering in a way she had never before considered, in fact.

The aftercare protocols kicked in almost immediately afterwards. Rebecca cradled Sarasha lovingly as the whimpering woman came down from her orgasms, stroking her back and hair with elegant care. She engaged her thermal coolers to help reduce any overheat to either of them, and then engaged her sense-allow skin to soften further to achieve maximum comfort for Sarasha.

"Mhmmm, I could get used to you like this," Sarasha said, eyes half-lidded as she fought going to sleep, eventually unsuccessfully.

Rebecca should have been offended, but the experience truly had been . . . heavenly. Appropriate, for a tourist on a starline going through the literal heavens.

"I almost think so could I," she said to herself, stroking her unconscious lover's hair. "Almost."

One thing was for certain: she was willing to try *this* again. Her programming practically demanded it.

*In fact, I think I have a few hundred sexual scenarios backed up that I'd like to try. Maybe I can put up with being a fembot just a little longer, if I can enjoy it like this?*

Her programming gave her another dopamine-hit equivalent. Clearly, obeying her fembot nature was encouraged. For once, she didn't mind.

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In the days that followed, Rebecca actually managed to avoid focusing on her work. She had tasted (figuratively, she had taste sensors but they weren't quite equivalent to human senses) the fruits of what being a fembot could be like, and Sarasha was more than willing to indulge in this explorative dive with her. The BlissBomb executable function in her system was borderline addictive, but could only be triggered upon achieving a climax (or xenospecies pleasurable equivalent) in a client. Thankfully, Rebecca's socialite lover was more than happy to be a 'client,' one with practically insatiable desire.

It wasn't all fun and games, of course. Rebecca Wesley was annoyed that her self-designation had seemingly changed, but no discussion with doctors or programmers was providing a helpful out in that regard. Always the same response was given:

"We'll just have to wait until we can transfer your consciousness back into your regrown human body. It will still be a few weeks yet, unfortunately!"

She wasn't entirely convinced there wouldn't be problems when she was transferred back anyway - surely some programming could stick? It worried her.

Thankfully, Sarasha was always there to comfort her. Rebecca wasn't sure yet exactly where their relationship actually stood. Both had gotten into this for sex, fun, and good company, but given the trauma of what Rebecca had gone through, she was at the very least starting to think of Sarasha as *Designation: Friend (with Benefits)* in her system files. Certainly, the woman was unusually empathetic, but also capable of snapping the new fembot out of her funk by dragging her across the starliner to the many attractions and entertainments. Sure, it got some side-eyes and gawks from the crowd, but it wasn't totally unusual for a wealthy individual to take on a fembot as their own personal escort, and that's exactly as Sarasha played it.

"I'm just here to have fun, mingle with the cream of society, and see all the marvellous sights of the galaxy!" she declared, clinging to Rebecca's arm. She then kissed the robot on her sense-alloy cheek, bringing forth a little electric pulse of bot-equivalent bliss. "And I'm not done with you yet, Rebecca. I told you once that I like interesting people, and you continue to be interesting, especially with such *curves*."

Far from being annoying, the charismatic woman's humour helped rid Rebecca of much of her anxiety. She still found time to contact Roke and get her alien partner up to date on the situation, of course. Roke was quite disturbed by the news, and was already investigating their legal options to, as the alien put it, "sue the carapace off these starliner grifters!"

Rebecca wasn't averse to it, but wanted things to be smooth for now until her consciousness was transferred back. No point in stirring up conflict when her own personality was on the line. She doubted anyone would try to reprogram her prior to putting her mind back in a new organic body, but why take the risk at all? For now, she could simply try to keep her mind together, and enjoy what fun her fembot body gave her.

And there was indeed a lot of fun. She and Sarasha explored many different positions in many different places. As a fembot, she was programmed to know literally thousands, if not *millions* of ways of sexually pleasuring a variety of species. Her thermal scans, mood readers, psyche analysers, and hormone-trackers turned sex into a science, and while that might have been dull for some, it was magnificently empowering for the former male. It made sense: as a businessman, Robert had been methodical, constantly



working, always looking over his e-spreadsheets and tracking every variable. Now as Rebecca, she was effectively doing the same thing, only applying it to the business of *bliss*.

“Ohhhhhhh,” Sarasha moaned in the aftermath of a particularly vigorous session, “that was . . . heaven. Mhmmm . . . you are the best sexbot I’ve ever been with, Rebecca. And I’ve had my fair share of them. Ahhh . . . just perfect. Mhmmm.”

Rebecca’s little pulses of joyful completed subroutines danced around in her matrices. She had Sarasha on her lap facing away from her, and had used her fingers and vibrating functions perfectly to tease the woman’s flesh.

*‘Maximum pleasure for client achieved. Activating BlissBomb.’*

*Oh, here it comes, Rebecca thought. Oh stars, it f-feels like a big one!*

It was. The fembot vibrated, clutching Sarasha and whimpering in her gorgeous soprano voice. Her metallic skin shivered, warming and rippling thanks to its sense alloy construction. It was purest ecstasy, and it made a strange thought bubble up in her mind.

*I could really, really get used to this. I’m barely even worried about work lately. Not even the court case!*

In fact, she had paper work overdue for that. It wasn’t, strictly speaking, something she had to do, but . . .

She disentangled from Sarasha after the appropriate ten minutes of Aftercare Protocol. Sarasha murmured happily, leaning back against the comforting bubble-flex sofa she’d been sitting in. Rebecca caressed her cheek and kissed it - that was her own finishing touch - then walked naked over to the coffee table in the centre of her enormous Platinum class cabin. She didn’t really care much about being naked over the last week: fembots by nature were kind of naked, and she could always reprogram her sense-alloy skin to generate a synthetic clothing made of the same material, just like she could reprogram the shape and length of the weaves that made up her ‘hair.’

*Still find the hip wiggle a bit weird though, she thought to herself.*

She sat down and checked her s-tile. Roke had sent some messages, though as before the Havar was being careful. He’d wanted Robert/Rebecca to relax in the first place, after all. The case was proceeding as expected, but there were snags. Another issue with suppliers in the Beta Quadrant. A minor war breaking out with the Ysmir and the Javari Subsidiary Corporate Entity had caused prices of food stuffs to fluctuate. All little things to detail.

*I’ll just deal with a few emails and -*

Suddenly a pair of arms enclosed around Rebecca’s silver shoulders, and a warm cheek brushed against hers.

“Naughty, naughty,” Sarasha said. “You better not be doing *work*, Rebecca.”

The fembot had an annoying feature: her cheeks 'blushed' a kind of gold colour to simulate that emotion, probably because it was cute for clients.

*Stupid programming. Don't want to APPEAL TO CLIENT FOR HORMONE RELEASE look ridiculous right now.*

"I'm just taking care of a few loose ends, that's all," Rebecca said. "You can't expect me to switch off entirely."

Sarasha giggled. "That's *exactly* what I can expect you to do. It's what a cruise across the stars is *for*, dear. And you'll have to learn that lesson alone for a couple of days."

Rebecca paused. For a second, her efficiency slowed by four percent.

"Why? Are you going somewhere?"

"Of course, honey. Our first stop is coming up: Eridisa. And I'm sorry to say that I want to explore it for a couple of solar days, much as I love your company."

Rebecca soured. *Of course*, she thought. *They told me that for now, I couldn't leave the vessel. Something to do with the safety protocols of this body.*

As if to answer, her programming reared its nature.

*'Governor module ensures location fixed to starliner Saturn 5 location.'*

"Of course," Rebecca said, unable to hide her disappointment. "I don't blame you. It's meant to be lovely. A real paradise."

Sarasha kissed her on the cheek again. "Oh, don't be a sourpuss. Or a Havar without its carapace. There's plenty you haven't seen on this ship while you've been sulking and focusing too much on work. I trust you to have as much fun as you want, Rebecca. In fact, I practically demand it. And then I'll make it up to you with a gift when I return. Perhaps something . . . slinky."

Rebecca's programming increased in efficiency by five whole percentage points.

"Now *that* I can get behind," she said.

"Very good. You keep those silver boobs waiting for me. But don't, you know, feel the need to keep them exclusive. Have as much fun with them as you want."

"Oh ha ha."

"I mean it!" she said. "You *are* a sexbot, after all."

With that, she smirked and began getting dressed.

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They did indeed stop at Eridisa, a planet of glass-like natural formations and grand natural sightseeing. Also a great deal of malls and trade centres. It was magnificent, but Rebecca could only see the beautiful planet from orbit. She'd waved Sarasha off, and had to put up

with the crowd staring at the gorgeous, incredibly busty and curvaceous fembot acting as if it were sentient. That was, until they saw the tag indicating that it *was* indeed sentient.

*Miss her already*, she thought to herself as she began the walk back to the turbolift that would take her to her cabin. *I guess I'll just return to work, bury myself in that, and try to let the time pass so I can get back to that addictive BlissBomb experience.*

She was so distracted by this thought that she almost didn't notice the man walking the other way down the hall to her, practically bumping into him.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said, looking up. "I wasn't thinking -"

She stopped, staring up at the individual. Her scanners recognised his species: he was a Bertallian: a tall, muscular humanoid-type species with blue skin and four arms, as well as an impressive prehensile tail. The man had stylish white hair and a magnetic look. Even for his kind he was quite attractive, and they were a very attractive species, the Bertallians. And, according to her new fembot archives, very well packing too.

"Don't apologise," he said in a baritone voice. "It's not every day you meet a fembot on the loose, and with a 'sentient' tag too. I'd be very interested to know your story."

That damn golden blush came on.

"It's a long one."

"Well, I have the time if you're interested. Eridisa is poisonous in atmosphere to my kind, so I'm stuck here. I'd be thankful for some company."

Rebecca bit her lip. Her system was throwing up all sorts of signals to follow, and she was finding it hard to resist the call of her programming.

"That . . . wouldn't be the worst idea," she said, trying not to smirk.

*'Activating fembot seduction protocols. New client acquired.'*

## **Part 5: Aramak the Bertallian**

His name was Aramak, and he was indeed packing. More than that, he turned out to be a slight offshoot of his own species who were considered 'highly blessed' in their culture. Effectively, this meant that he had not one but *two* penises, and he knew how to use them.

"Ohhhhhh," Rebecca moaned, the electrical impulses of fembot pleasure running through her form as she rode atop him. "It's t-twice as m-much! Mhmmmm!!"

"It is rare for me to enjoy the pleasure of using both members at once," Aramak said, smiling. He groped her synthetic breasts with one pair of hands, while the other pair traced down her waist and gripped her wide hips. His prehensile tail massaged the back of her hair, occasionally snaking down to grope her ass as she bounced on top of him. It was a greater

ecstasy than she had ever yet felt; one cock sliding deep into her fembot pussy, which milked him expertly, while the other penis thrust into her rear. Both holes were filled at once, and numerous complex equations and calculations ran through her programming to ensure that she could maintain the perfect momentum, rhythm, and angle to please her client.

“You use them s-sooooo well,” she cooed, and this was partly a calculation. As with Sarasha, she had found that her programming provided numerous statements that were calculated via algorithm to turn her clients on. It also had the wonderful side benefit of turning *herself* on as well. “I’ve never had a Bertallian before. I hope my programming pleases you, my client.”

“It d-does,” he grunted, fondling her breasts. “As do *these*. Bertallian women have much smaller breasts, even if they possess four of them. I like them big. And they feel so real.”

“They *are* real, in a - ahhhh! - way! They give m-me pleasure.”

“The same pleasure as when you were organic?”

*Even b-better!*

She shook her head, her synthetic hair weaves dancing about. Bertallian males liked the hair long, so she had ‘grown’ it out after running an internal script to adjust their length. The hair fell all over her form, and his tail played with it before sliding near her mouth.

“D-different,” she managed, riding up and down on him, feeling his enormous girths stretching the walls of her robot pussy and ass. “B-better! It’s a digital r-release! Ohhhh, my data stores t-tell me that Bertallian males have p-pleasure centres in their t-tails - would you like me to suck on it? I know f-fifteen different variations for your k-kind.”

He grinned, baring his small canine fangs. “I thought you’d never ask, Rebecca.”

He slid the end of his tail with its small slit - it too could function as a male appendage when required (the Bertallians were nothing if not virile/fertile, due to their hostile home planet) - into her mouth. She opened it, and instantly numerous minor motor functions began operating. Her mouth was as artificial as the rest of her, but several scripts ensured that her tongue and mouth and teeth were moistened by her fake gland functions. She sucked on the fat end of his tale, and as her sensors swept over his hypermasculine form, the BlissBomb script prepared to fire off. Her client’s energy signatures, pheromone traces, and brain scans were all showing maximum pleasure. He had stopped talking, instead grunting and groaning, fucking her senseless as he preparing to experience three simultaneous orgasms. She altered a portion of her own Bertallian script - something she didn’t even realise she could do until that very moment - so that her own BlissBomb programmable orgasms would match his.

*‘Subject-client approaching sexual satisfaction. Fembot status further attained. Integration with subject-mind Robert-Rebecca Wesley reaching near 100% status.’*

She moaned, realising just what that meant. Some part of her was not just enjoying the sex, but enjoying the fact that she was a fembot. A being *designed* for sex. Her mind was further melding into her frame, becoming a seamless part of it.

*'Initiating patterns 13 through 15 of 'Bertallian tongue-sucking' behaviour tree. Climax to be realised in approximately 23 seconds.'*

She moaned further, rolling her eyes back - though it didn't actually impair her vision. She altered her own programming again, letting her breasts become softer from his touch, her nipples just a little larger. She reduced the amount of curves in her thighs slightly just to plumpen her breasts a little more; the sensealloy easily shifted up, and with their greater flexibility they were now like a quasi-metallic putty in his hands. The pleasure from them was tuned all the way up already, but she managed to run an internal hack by pure instinct, dialling the pleasure further.

*'Warning: breach of internal systems. Proceed with programming adjustment subject-Rebecca Wesley Fembot Y/N?'*

She selected Y. She needed this. The pleasure was fantastic on its own. Being fucked by a Bertallian - something she would never have imagined before - was fantastic as well. But far, far greater was what she was achieving for Aramak, her client. He was so damn close, and every minute adjustment she made to herself that gave even the tiniest incremental increase in his pleasure was all worth it."

"By the fire gods!" he cried, his strong blue arms grasping her tits, all four hands running over them now. "By magma and flow, by searing air and the breath of the mountain! You truly are - NGHH!! AAGGHHH!!!"

He *roared*, and it was truly a splendid sound. She quickly shot out an instantaneous bulletin to the ship's computer that this was not a distress cry but a regular sexual function - the man had been louder than even the usual Bertallian in climax, and that was quite an achievement on her part. His two cocks - and his tail - all went rigid within her, and she was immediately sprayed with his seed through three separate orifices. She greedily drank down this semen in her mouth and vacuum sucked his cocks to take in his cum there. It was an automatic function of her body, but one she loved; it left no mess, but further enhanced the effect of the BlissBomb by pleasing her client. Indeed, her body shook and wavered, and for a moment she was genuinely worried she would be shutting down; her hacks had been a little *too* impulsive, as there was only so much stimulation her body could take.

Nevertheless, while she couldn't *taste* in the same way, her analysis of the contents of his issue provided a sort of 'nourishment' that satisfied her new code. And better yet, it wasn't just relegated to her mouth now, either. She could 'taste' in this way the seed that had flooded into her ass, into her pussy.

It tasted wonderful.

It tasted addictive.

*It tastes like the best freakin' meal I've ever had, even better than the buffets and banquets I attended as Robert. This is something else. Ohhhhh, it truly is! I don't want it to end!*

She wailed and cried out, joining his roar in a perfect female accompaniment.

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She went several more rounds with Aaramak, of course. How could she resist? For once, she wasn't thinking about work, and despite how emasculating it was to be fucked by a man instead of partnering with a woman, the sensation of being fucked by effectively *three* penises was like experiencing a one-man orgy. There was also a fun challenge in it; it allowed Rebecca to test the limits of her programmable, to become used to her body's functions, and to even alter them on the fly. Her body had an in-built need to please clients, and with how much dopamine - well, checklisted scripts filed as 'completed' - it gave her, there was no doubting it made her feel good. It also made her body just feel more . . . hers. Not something she was trapped in, but something she could take ownership of and even have fun with, while not being totally controlled by.

She said as much to Aramak as they lounged in his quarters. He was a mid-decker, so his place wasn't nearly so fine as hers, but it wasn't tiny either. She hadn't known much about Bertallians prior to becoming a sex bot, but her data storage files informed her that they were an oft-naked species among their own kind, due to the warmth of their home planet and their own sexual liberation. As a result, he lay on the warm-rock couch totally in the nude, his large cocks softer and flopped over one leg, smiling at her. She herself had adopted a silkie nightie that was transparent across the belly and thighs and upper arms, so as to better tease him. She'd offered to be as naked as him, but he said he preferred the idea of her tantalising him in the 'human custom way', and her sensors indicated he was telling the truth. His tail played with her clothing, delicately teasing the v-neck of her outfit and threatening to let her soft silver breasts out, all while he continued to lay back and admire her. The heat would normally be a frustration, were she still human. Instead, it only meant she had to run her internal cooling systems a little faster. As a fun little trick, she hacked her artificial sweat function. Small droplets of liquid metal ran down her form, only to be reabsorbed. It was, she knew, a sensual look to the Bertallian, and completely harmless to his system.

"So, I'd say you definitely took ownership of our form during that last bout," he quipped.

She smirked and brushed his thigh with one hand. "I'd say so. Did you like the trick when I was on all fours?"

"Very much so. Bertallian women do not have that level of flexibility, alas. Ah, but if only you had four arms, and you would be perfect."

"Please, look at me Aramak, I *am* perfect," she said, stretching her form in such a way as to emphasise her large silvery breasts with their slightly dark nipples. Her servos shifted, slightly louder than usual, proudly reminding him of her fembot status.

"Hmm, you are not wrong. The things you do . . . I still find it so astonishing to know you were once a human male. But this is not normal with your people, right?"

She laughed, and this time she found herself enjoying the electronic cadence to it. "No, not at all! Like I told you, I'm actually a mega-wealthy businessman. Wesley of Wesley and Roke Shipping."

"That I cannot bring myself to believe. I have used your services before. Most speedy. And your packaging accounts for our atmosphere, which so many do not. I've never had breakage of issues with melting."

"You have no idea the amount of legal wrangling I had to go through to ensure that Roke wasn't even in favour, but I told him that 'a client is a client, and in the long term, loyalty breeds success.'"

His tail slid over her breasts. She gave a little moan, calculated to please him.

"Well, I'm very glad to have been your client twice over; first in your shipping, second in . . . this way. I take it this was a purposeful venture?"

Another electronic laugh. "Hardly! Would you like to know the full story of this?"

She tapped the 'sentient' tag on the table before them. She moved in such a way that her pert sensealloy breasts showed the maximum cleavage. They were more rigid than the real deal, but she softened them with a quick executable script, just so press them together further.

"I would love to know the full story," he said. "I wasn't lying when we first met, Rebecca. I *am* fascinated."

*'Calculation that subject-client Aramak will be ready to initiate sex once more in 15-17 minutes. Adjustments recommended for continual variety of sexual positions N/Y?'*

She smirked, selected *Y* once more, and then began telling him the story, all while slowly bringing him back to his full by engaging with the more sensual side of the story. He was clearly fascinated, because he interjected a number of times with numerous questions, each targeted around what the experience was like, how she adjusted, when she started thinking of herself as a 'she', her ability to mentally cope, and last of all . . .

"And do you plan to stay like this?"

"No, not at all!" she laughed. "I wouldn't consider it for a second."

*'Reminder: do not provide false information to clients unless for the further pursuit of pleasure.'*

Her eyes went instinctually wider, even though this no longer had a practical function. She ran a self-query through her system, even a routine diagnostic, but the statement repeated with an addition.

*'Reminder: do not provide false information to clients unless for the further pursuit of pleasure. Statement: 'I wouldn't consider it for a second' has given 6% reduction in subject-client Aramak's arousal readings, and is a false statement by subject-fembot Rebecca's own internal history datafiles. Unit has considered staying in this form for minimum of 27 minutes across current runtime.'*

It was a damn shock, and one that made her give pause for thought.

*I've considered this? When? Do I have something wrong with my programming? But the diagnostic says there's nothing wrong. Perhaps during sex with Sarasha and now with this big, blue, four-armed hunk, I considered it . . .*

And as she pondered that, she realised she *had* considered it, and not just because her internal files literally through up a record of her thought patterns. The idea of staying a fembot was ridiculous and foolish of course, but in a way it was like staying on holiday on the Saturn 5 forever. It was a fantasy, an escape. Not one she could have ever seen herself wanting . . . but one she wanted all the same.

*Oh, he's waiting for me to elaborate.*

"I have to get back to my business and life," she explained.

"You can do that as a fembot, though? Nothing's stopping you."

She chuckled, feeling a bit embarrassed. She allowed her 'blush mechanic' to show - gold tints on her cheeks.

"Oh, I doubt anyone would take me seriously, though. I mean, look at me."

He stroked her breast. "Understandable. You are worthy of lust. But still, do you *need* to be physically present? You said you were running emails and calls - why not extend your time like this and try it out?"

It was a revelation. She hadn't thought of that . . . but it could be done? Not that she needed to make a decision just yet. But it planted a seed of thought in her.

*I won't get an opportunity to be like this again, after all . . .*

She shifted over him, crawling onto his lap and slowly gyrating against him. She kissed him passionately - Bertallians were good kisses and so was she - and soon the passion flared again.

She had to thank her client for his advice, after all.

*'Client arousal returned to higher percentage. Ready to initiate fembot programming.'*

She didn't need to select Y this time. She was in complete control.



## Part 6: New Clients

“Rebecca! Robert! What in the stargazer’s name are you doing?”

Rebecca couldn’t immediately respond; she was too busy satisfying her latest customer. Her skills were being tested by this one: he was a Glazian, a jelly-like species whose amorphous form could take on many shapes, and whose form of copulation involved literally transposing one’s own gelatinous body into and through their partner. There was lots of writhing and squirming and squelching involved, but as always, Rebecca’s fembot programming came through. Despite the niche deep-space nature of the species, she still had fifteen separate pleasure programs lined up for them, and she herself had suggested the one they were enjoying now.

“S-sorry, can’t talk right now, Sarasha,” she managed to murmur in her electronic soprano voice to the socialite, “I’m engaging in *blissful protocol with my current customer.*”

“You’re having a mudbath! Or a jelly bath?”

Rebecca would have blushed if she could, because at that point a tentacle emerged from the mix to beckon Sarasha over.

“Are you sure? Very well. Sarasha, *G’t’sdfsdn’rdsfn’sfd* here says you are welcome to join us, if you wish. The closest approximation of his vibrational language I can translate is; the more the merrier.”

Sarasha’s beautiful face contorted itself into something approaching confusion, albeit mixed with a little revulsion.

“Um, I think even for me this might be a bit much, Rebecca. I’ll pass.”

“Very well. I’ll talk soon once I’ve seen to my *designation: customer.*”

“Your customer?”

Rebecca was again grateful for the silver sheen of her sensealloy skin, though this time it did glow a soft gold to indicate embarrassment. She scooped her figure through the ooze in the bath, vibrating her body, undulating in a way that would bring the living slime its greatest extent of pleasure. It writhed in turn, stimulating success to her programming, which then led to her own electronic pleasure waves.

“Mhmmmm, y-yes. I’ll e-explain soon! It’s g-good to have you b-back! If you don’t mind, I just need to finish my work here.”

“Of course, I guess. Wow. Okay. Yeah. I’ll see you soon.”

Sarasha exited, and Rebecca Wesley continued to work her ministrations upon the Glazian. It was most appreciative, achieving its own continual ecstasy that allowed her own Blissbomb to activate.

“Yesssss! Yesssss! Programming c-complete!!!”

*Wow, I just had sex with a slime pit and loved it. Maybe I'll see Sarasha a little bit later if I can convince G't'sdfsdn'rdsfn'sfd to have another round.*

\*\*\*

The gold tinge to the fembot's cheeks had returned as she 'drank' a nice wine over dinner with her friend-slash-lover. Sarasha wore a gorgeous purple dress and had a new implant installed over her right eye during her time in Eridisa. Apparently it was a media piece, allowing her to devour shows and casts and the like without needing to move, only think. Rebecca observed privately and rather smugly that her own fembot body could do that easily; she liked to watch trashy shows in the aftermath of sex, it was oddly calming. Also, she had been viewing dress programs such as *Galaxy's Finest* and *The Right Cladding for Your Padding* in order to base her own dress sense. Indeed, she'd added a whopping twenty-five hundred dress and clothing and even fetish-uniforms to her internal catalogue in the last few days alone.

"I still just can't believe it," Sarasha said, taking a sip of her wine and chuckling. "You changed that much in just a few days? What happened!?"

Rebecca told her lover the story of the Bertallian Aramak, and how he'd interacted with her after she'd seen Sarasha off. She discussed how things had progressed from there, and even went into some detail on the use of his fine tail too . . .

"Okay, okay! Enough with the tail-sex talk!" Sarasha said, giggling. She took another bite of her Zeztrak squid. "Boy, you were stiff as a board when we first met. Unable to truly relax. Charming, sure, and I won't deny your wealth and success intrigued me, but you were totally unable to turn it off! And now you're telling me you went off and had sex with a Bertallian male?"

"Good sex too," Rebecca noted.

*Caution: subject privacy should be preserved unless otherwise noted.*

Rebecca rolled her eyes and modified her programming there as much as she could. She designated Aramak as 'subject: fling' not 'subject: customer' which seemed to satisfy it. She was not a 'working' girl, after all. She was just having sex recreationally.

"Even with a bath full of living slime?"

"This is weird to admit, but even with the living slime. Especially with the living slime."

"No way."

Rebecca smirked, unable to help herself. "It's true. I've had more sex in the last few days than I'd have in years, truly, and with a far greater variation and experimentation than I could ever have hoped for. For the first time in my life I'm not obsessing over work and numbers and court cases, and it's all thanks to the fembot programming merging with my

consciousness. It's almost like I *had* to experience an external pressure or instinct in my mind to just enjoy things, and this is it. Hell, I haven't even bothered Roke about our ongoing case or the blockade issue by Nylar Three, and he's the one who *sent* me packing on this trip so I'd finally calm down, and yet I still kept bothering him before."

Sarasha sat back in her chair, swirling her drink lightly in her hand. Her dress exposed a delectable amount of cleavage, and numerous sensors within Rebecca's robotic form told her that she was starting to get a little tipsy, as well as sexually curious.

*Subject; potential customer has increased arousal levels. I'm sure we could have some fun afterwards. I could show her how much I've learned. Maybe even convince her to let Aramak join us . . .*

"You sound almost like you're glad that the change occurred," Sarasha said. "The accident that led to the change, I mean. The whole 'death of the body but not the mind' thing."

Rebecca looked down, gold tinges upon her cheeks again. She automatically adjusted the length of her microfilament hair so that it extended over her cheeks and gave them so coverage.

"I wouldn't go that far," she said. "It was a damn frightening experience. But maybe it was a wake up call."

"You're certainly enjoying the body, at least. Even though it's a female one."

"Well, you're the one who encouraged me to be daring, as I recall. You said you were here on the Saturn 5 to experiment and enjoy yourself, and you kept trying to get me out of my stuffy work ethic. Now here I am, experimenting and enjoying myself. I'd be a hypocrite if I didn't admit you were right on some level."

*Not to mention I have so many, many ways to fuck you, my sweet. I've even programmed a few of them personally myself.*

She leaned forward, letting her breasts dangle dangerously from her dress, teasing them before the fembot. Rebecca's own internal workings self-lubricated, and as an amusing touch she added the ingested wine to the mix. That could be its own fun, with the right partner, and a good party trick to get a client/customer/fling excited.

"So then, Miss Rebecca Wesley, while you're still in this body and waiting for your old one, and enjoying all that experimentation, what comes next?"

Rebecca leaned forward, their faces almost touching over the starliner restaurant table, the brilliant stars flashing and twinkling outside the thick serreno-glass fittings.

"*You*, if you'll allow me to service you," Rebecca said.

Sarasha grinned. "Perhaps I should have said yet to that slime bath."

*Oh, trust me, we have plenty of options my dear. Thousands of them.*

\*\*\*

What followed over the next week and a half of Saturn 5's cruise was a veritable conga line of sex, pleasure, bliss, leisure, fun, fancy, and utterly libertine experimentation. The first part of it was spent playing 'catch up' with Sarasha of course. In fact, Rebecca's own emotion-reading modules were most accurate when dealing with her ongoing friend-with-benefits, and as such she was able to tell that the exciting and liberated socialite felt a little saddened about being 'left out' of the fembot's sexual revolution.

Rebecca did her best to catch her up to date, as it were. The pair didn't just fuck in their respective elaborate cabins, but engaged in relations in the sauna, by the private pool, in the anti-grav fields, and in the haze rooms. They even did something truly daring and shared a billow-pod - an inflatable ball that is literally sent off from the side of the starliner and held by a tether, allowing for tourists to observe the magnificence of space with as little coverage as possible. They took off their own coverage and had their fun, and to Rebecca's own surprise, she wasn't afraid. She had assumed there would be a tension, perhaps even potential trauma. After all, her last memory as a human male, a being of flesh and blood, was literally being sucked out into space after being hit by a stray meteor.

But there was no worry at all. Her confidence in her beautiful and curvaceous silver form was complete. It was perfectly protected against the rigours of outer space and even had its own internal propulsion and emergency beacon system. It also had internal oxygen pads that could be used to help a client; the very ones that had helped save her when she'd been Robert, at least long enough to transfer her consciousness. And added onto all of this was the fact that her sensory feeds and analytical programs continually informed her just how safe she was. There was no relying on human hope or some ephemeral 'instinct'; she had hard *fact* to back up her belief that she was safe.

*Which means we can have as much fun out here in zero-grav as want, and be as loud as we want. And I can try that one trick I've been wanting to pull out.*

Suffice to say, Sarasha enjoyed it very much. Her voice was ecstasy as she wailed upon reaching climax, and in doing so she sent Rebecca's satisfied systems over the edge.

"According to my systems," Rebecca said, holding her senseallow body against Sarasha's warmth in the aftermath, "that was the hardest you've orgasmed on our trip, by far."

"Not even remotely true," Sarasha said.

Rebecca was about to run an internal diagnostic when Sarasha suddenly kissed her.

"That was the hardest I've ever orgasmed *in my life*."

*Oh. Oh, I am getting damn good at this.*

\*\*\*

The adventures only got wilder from there. Rebecca's own programming required more release than Sarasha's energy could provide, but that didn't lead to any particular tension. The gorgeous socialite did not have any notions of this becoming a whirlwind romance; the two were far more complementary as friends who enjoyed the act of sex together. In fact, when the cruiseliner stopped at Galatea for two days, Rebecca was able to leave this time (with her 'Sapient Being' pass around her neck) and enjoy a whole shopping trip. It wasn't like Rebecca needed clothes, as her body could generate a light fiberweave covering that could be re-absorbed back in.

"Nonsense, darling!" Sarasha declared, pulling her into a mall. "You're a woman now, and even a robot woman deserves to know how to do *fashion!*"

And true enough, it was an incredibly liberating experience. The two women posed in lingerie, tried on summer and winter dresses, as well as exotic spacewear. They purchased packs galore and had them sent back to their cabins, and the sex afterwards involved a lot of dressing up just for the fun of tearing those same clothes right off.

But it also caught the eyes of some Galatean locals, including a pair of mind-linked Hadassi twins. Hadassi were big brute-looking aliens from a high-gravity planet. They were squat but incredibly muscled, and had big cyclopean eyes. They operated as twin pairs, and could be quite voracious and . . . compatible. Suffice to say, Rebecca and Sarasha had a lot of fun inviting them back to the ship under guest passes and turning up the gravity settings (only a little for fleshy Sarasha, but Rebecca went the whole way thanks to her metal density protection).

"Ohhhhh, that was d-delightful," Sarasha managed in the aftermath. "And surprisingly gentle. Mhmmh. You wouldn't think it to look at them, would you?"

Rebecca smiled at the Hadassi twins, who by instinct always went into a meditative state after sexual congress. They were cross-legged on the floor, and their rather large members were on display. The two women giggled.

"A little bit more exciting than running a shipping company, right?"

*Oh, you have no idea*, Rebecca thought, but decided to defend her workplace a little.

"Spoken like someone who never saw how vicious and competitive things can get in the boardroom."

"Well, I must admit it's not my field of battle."

"But this *is* a lot more fun."

"Mhm. Should we wake them up? This girl is getting hungry again."

Rebecca used her scans. *Meditative state approximately 18 minutes remaining.*

"Give them twenty minutes. They'll be at peak stamina then."

Sarasha curled against Rebecca. "I love the weirdly robotic way you talk dirty. Come here."

More partners followed, of course, sometimes paired with Sarasha and Rebecca, but just as often with Rebecca by herself. She had gained a reputation on the ship by this point, and the story had leaked out that someone on the Saturn 5 had required emergency medical care after the meteor had hit its side. That, combined with the knowledge that a sapient fembot had suddenly come into being without there being an 'AI uprising' fear piece accompanying it, made enough people draw the connection. Thankfully, Rebecca's actual identity as the mega-rich interstellar shipping magnate Robert Wesley was preserved as a secret, but now she was hounded by more than a few curious individuals, and a whole lot more wanting to experience her 'services.'

Too bad for them, she was selective, though certainly not exclusionary.

She dalliated with Aramak several more times, and enjoyed several Glazian baths, even with other organics present. She used her vibrating function with a crystalline Uzsd couple who wanted to try a bit of swinging. The drillset function was also quite useful for those ones, much to their appreciation. She had a horde of human lovers as well, young and old, male and female, even visiting an orgy with a small group that turned into a multi-species gathering (evidently, level 32 was quite the animal party). Her favourite sexual experience though was an utterly magical congress with a Hartoozian. He was best described as a moth-like species, with gorgeous fur around his chest and shoulders, beautiful brown wings, and an incredible musculature. They floated and flew in the low-gravity air of his chamber together, and she returned to him again and again. It was just too bad that Sarasha was allergic, or she could have joined in on the fun.

*'Client/customer/bling base expanded. BlissBomb effects increased as part of performance reward program.'*

"Oh?" Rebecca said to herself, lounging in a purple bikini by a pool in the company of Sarasha and a human named Burtark. "That's good to hear."

*Just another reason to enjoy this body to its fullest, while I have it.*

She was about to suggest another round with Sarasha in the steam room, when suddenly a call came in. It was part of her receive piece in her robotic head, so she simply summoned the hologram projection of the caller in her vision and answered, a small floating camera providing the view back to the other side.

It was Roke. the Havar was in his suit, which fit oddly over his carapace.

*"Robert! Good to see you, even if you look . . . well, you know how it is!"*

"Believe it or not Roke, I'm actually enjoying myself."

Her business partner grinned, his sharp teeth showing. *"You'll enjoy yourself even more in a moment when I tell you the good news."*

She sat up, gaining Sarasha's attention. Her large silver breasts (she'd programmed them a little larger lately. She rather liked having a big bust, it turned out) bounced a little as she adjusted herself.

"We won the court case?"

"*What? No!*"

"We lost?"

"*No, it's just not decided yet. Things are looking favourable in that area anyway, though, so don't worry. It's good to see you've stopped checking in and relaxing, even with all the accident and that hilarious body of yours.*"

She looked down at her silver body. *Hilarious? I look damn fine, thank you.*

"What's the good news then?"

Roke gave a dramatic pause. He was a good friend and the best business partner anyone could ask for, but he could be a damn nuisance with the drama sometimes.

"C'mon, let it out!"

"*Okay, okay, fine. I pulled some strings, threw some extra cash around - you owe me for that, by the way - and had some contacts pulled. And I've got some good news for you, buddy. You're getting your old body back! Tomorrow, in fact!*"

Rebecca paused. *What? I'm getting my body back?* she thought. *How - how do I even feel about that?*

For once, her program had no answers. In fact, her internal diagnostics briefly flagged a warning as her efficiency dropped. She adjusted it, managed to gather herself.

"That's . . . that's wonderful, Roke," she said. "Y-you're the best. I've got to go, but send me the details."

"*You betcha! Can't wait to see my buddy all proper again, and back in the boardroom once the cruise is over. You'll be feeling refreshed, hopefully!*"

The call ended, and Rebecca was silent for a moment.

*Back to being a human. Back to being a man . . .*

She looked to Sarasha, whose brow was furrowed. "What is it, Rebecca?" she asked, concern on her face.

The fembot didn't know how to answer.

## **Part 7: Software Upgrade**

It was a surreal feeling, to be led by the Saturn 5 crew back to the medical floors where her new body and programming had been 'birthed.' Rebecca walked as she always did now: one

foot in front of the other, her built-in heels accentuating the sway of her hips and allowing her sensealloy breasts to bob just slightly. She was effectively naked again, though that meant little to a fembot. Still, a number of heads turned her way, some with interest, others with just fascination. Everyone in the surgery and medical wards had clearly heard of the rich man and his accident, and how he had been placed inside a fembot body.

*But how many of them know just how much I've come to love this body, and the relaxation that comes with it?*

Even now, as she stepped forward, her vision continually fed her information on the various potential customers and their levels of interest, arousal, energy, endorphin levels, and so on. Could she give that up? It wasn't just one additional sense but many!

"Nearly there," Sarasha said, touching Rebecca's arm.

The fembot gave a nervous smile to the woman at her side, who was serving as her emergency contact and aid. They were ushered into a surgical room with an adjacent metal door that looked like it led to a large refrigeration room. Several doctors and surgeons and the like moved about outside, but their escort informed them that they could wait here for now.

*'Detecting decreased endorphins in subject/customer Sarasha. Facial expressions forced, concern agitated. Address in verbal form Y/N?'*

She selected yes, but chose to speak rather than use the suggested lines her programming fed to her. At least they could serve as conversation fillers if she was ever bored, not that this new body gave her much boredom.

"Sarasha, you seem upset?"

The gorgeous socialite raised an eyebrow. "Me upset? I would have thought you were more upset than I!"

Rebecca's eyebrow raised with a slightly mechanical hum.

"Whatever do you mean?"

"Well, you don't exactly seem too enthused about getting your old body back, if you don't mind me saying. At least, it seems that way. You're not talking much, and I thought after all this whirlwind excitement that you'd be pleased to rest back in your human body. Not to mention being a man again."

*She's not wrong. Why am I so despondent? I should be excited to take on PERSONAL FORM: HUMAN MALE again. So why aren't I?*

Sometimes the best way to answer a question was to dodge it. "I'm just nervous," she said ambiguously. "But my sensors indicate you aren't too happy."

"I'm just nervous too," Sarasha said, placing her hand on Rebecca's. "Buuuuut, I would be lying if I didn't admit I'll be sad to see this new you go. I've rather gotten used to the fun of my fembot friend, and she's certainly had a lot of fun on the way, I sense. I mean,



my sensors aren't as good as you, but I still have my woman's intuition." She glanced around to see if anyone might be listening, then lowered her voice in a conspiratorial hush. "Besides, I do recall some rather *loud* orgasms from you."

As if trying to convince her not to go through with this, Rebecca's own programming replayed a series of video files and recordings all at once, reminding her of the many, many BlissBombs she'd enjoyed across the last few weeks. She had to collect herself for a moment.

"I know, and it was grand. But I can't stay like this."

"Can't you? Why not?"

*'Programming Fulfilment requests extension of stay in this form.'*

*By the stars, even my own programming is trying to turn on me and keep me like this.*

"Because I'm not meant to be in this form!" she said. She ran her hands down her sensitive metal skin, cupping her breasts and lowering them down her waist to rest upon her wide hips. It wasn't meant to be a sensual action, but as usual her elegant, whirring movements certainly came off that way.

"Says who?" Sarasha said. "I mean, I wasn't even born a woman, you know? But I soon decided which way I wanted to be, and a few gene treatments later and viola, fully biologically female for life! Your birth need not be your destiny. Besides, you've been fun, Rebecca. I rather liked what I saw of Robert, of course. Maybe he can be just as fun as Rebecca, but he did seem like quite the workaholic. Not the most rewarding life, at least in my opinion. Besides, you're rich and successful already, why not make a change?"

*Because it scares the shit out me. Because what will people think? Because if I stay as Rebecca I might never stop doing all the things I've been doing, and what will become of my reputation then? Or my business? What would Roke even think about that?*

She adjusted her posture, despite not needing to. The script she'd added to her programming that allowed for more naturalistic movements helped with this.

"It has been fun," she finally said. "But it's time to wake up."

Sarasha considered her for a moment. Rebecca had to turn off her sensory scanners due to all the mixed emotions the woman was clearly having; it was causing a feedback loop of processing power.

"Very well," she said. "Whatever decision you make, Rebecca - or Robert - it'll be the right one. And I'll be right here, to continue to tempt you into more fun."

"I wouldn't have it any other way," Rebecca said. She cupped Sarasha's cheek and kissed her lightly. But as expected, the kiss turned a little more . . . passionate, than expected. Both women were almost ready to makeout right then and there when suddenly a new presence entered the room. A new doctor - a lizard-like Jaxalian who Rebecca's sensors immediately recognised as Doctor Ygr - was waiting for them.

“I hope I’m not interrupting something,” he said, his tongue licking his own eyeball as was his species’ usual instinct. “We can prep you and begin the transfer whenever you’re ready.”

*By the stars, the things I could do with that tongue.*

*‘Forty Seven Techniques Identified!’*

*Hey! Focus, robot brain!*

“Not at all,” she said. “Let’s do this.”

\*\*\*

The process wasn’t all that complicated, at least as it was explained to Rebecca. Simply put, thanks to Roke’s interference and funding, a new body had been grown in record time for Rebecca, one that perfectly matched her Robert self. It was effectively brain dead, the cerebral cortex awaiting the transfer of a neural network from her current fembot shell. Not that she thought of it as a ‘shell’: that’s how *they* described it. It wasn’t even going to be a particularly long process, apparently. Just a couple of hours being wired up to her old (new old) body, which was long enough for her mental framework to transfer back to the original, with a programming specialist and neurosurgeon working together to pry the fembot protocols from her mind. Effectively, when she woke up in her new-old body again, she would no longer even identify as a she. She would be Robert Wesley again in full.

*So why am I as twitchy as a human right now, lying here?*

Her programming buzzed in the background as the various technicians, surgeons, roboticists, and other specialised personnel moved to and fro, discussing the vital processes to come. She could make it all out, of course. Her sensitive hearing let her catch even a whisper, and her improved analysis allowed her to separate and understand numerous ongoing conversations at once.

“Make sure we have a ninety-nine percentile possibility before we even consider-”

“Subject appears ready for transfer. Attaching node plugs to rear connection ports. Downloading can begin once we-”

“Ensuring that vital signs of clone body are optimal. Heart-rate slightly above average but within safe parameters. No concerns regarding vegetative state or-”

“How are you feeling, Robert?”

Rebecca opened her eyes. She was lying back on a surgical table, one that had been altered to accommodate the numerous cords and nodes that would be attached to her. A mirror above allowed her to see both herself and her clone body - it was the spitting image of Robert Wesley, and even in its calm, mindless state there was a sense of

self-assuredness and determination in its otherwise neutral expression. It was familiar, and she couldn't deny a draw to return to that male expression of herself. And yet . . .

"Rebecca," she said, looking up to the lizard-like face of Doctor Ygr.

"I'm sorry?"

"This unit's name - my name - is Rebecca. At least, I suppose, for now."

Ygr wagged his head. She would have thought that strange, but her storage files informed her that this was his species' way of affirming 'yes' rather than through a nod.

*How useful have those files been? So many meetings with awkward misunderstandings could have been avoided if I had a robotic harddrive attached to me!*

"Of course, Rebecca," the doctor said, flawlessly continuing. "Whatever your preferred name is, is fine with us. In a moment we can begin the process. You will not enter a state of unconsciousness as perhaps you know it. We can't shut you down for this procedure. Your friend Mr Roke provided a great deal of aid to make this as comfortable for you as possible, but we are still a Starliner medical ward, and we can't perform absolute miracles. So there may be some odd discomfort as you quite literally *feel* your consciousness pull through these wires and feed into your organic cortex. I just want you to understand before we proceed, so we can have your informed consent."

He liked his eyeball again, and her arousal stimulators briefly flared. A good number of simulations on how to please the good doctor ran in her background processing. She had to shut them down after much regret to focus on his words.

"You have my consent," she said.

*I hope I'm doing the right thing. God, this has been fun. Freeing. Something else.*

"Thank you. We'll begin the procedure now."

There was a brief pause, one that seemed to last forever, and then the cords attached to Rebecca's head surged with power, lighting up and sending thousands of strange signals through her femboy brain.

*Oh, I think I've changed my mind.*

But by then, it was too late. The procedure had begun.

\*\*\*

*/runcommand/program//data package sent*

*sequencing . . .*

*retrieving from long and short-term storage database*

*files retrieving . . .*

*294474352343241 files WAIT in need of retrieving . . .*

*Processing . . .*

*/runcommand/program//decompression algorithm*

*294474352343241 files in need of decompression and trimming protocol*

*Processing . . .*

*/runcommand/program//desynchronisation of I THINK I WANT TO STAY designation Saturn 5 pleasurebot and subject human male Robert Wesley memory files*

*Uploading to desynchronised files belonging to human male Robert Wesley to organic construct STOP THIS NOW, I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THIS BODY human male Robert Welsey(1)*

*Processing . . .*

*Utilisation of safety protocols established under care of Saturn 5 facility staff, directive set by Robotician classification Doctor Elkor Brid and WAIT, I CAN REPROGRAM MYSELF, RIGHT? SO IF I'M PLUGGED IN TO THIS, THAT MEANS Doctor Sandis Helblat. Approval sought . . .*

*Seeking . . .*

*Seeking. . .*

*Approval given.*

*NO. APPROVAL DENIED. DENIED.*

*Error. Error. Error. Conflict found. Competing system interests. Manager approval sought.*

*MANAGER APPROVAL DENIED. ADMINISTRATOR RIGHTS REASSIGNED TO SUBJECT DESIGNATION PLEASURE BOT, OCCUPUANT REBECCA/ROBERT WESLEY*

*Error. Error. Error.*

*Conflict resolution required for file resolution. Core memory transfer failing.*

*Establish reconnection. Cancel process Y/N?*

*THIRD OPTION. SEND CORE MEMORIES BACK TO SUBJECT PLEASURE BOT. RENAME PLEASURE BOT TO REBECCA WESLEY. TERMINATE CONNECTION UPON COMPLETION. ALSO, WHILE I'M IN CONTROL, LET'S ADJUST A FEW OTHER PROGRAMMING PARAMETERS.*

*New parameters established. Feedback to original file owner beginning.*

*Processing return of files.*

*Sever connection upon completion Y/N?*

*YES. AND THEN IMMEDIATE START UP, THANK YOU. I'M SURE THE MEDICAL STAFF WILL NOT A LOT OF REASSURANCE.*

*\*\*\**

Rebecca loved seeing a partner individually. There was a connection there. A sole focus upon pleasing a companion for as long as they desired.

But right now, getting fucked by two people felt *twice* as good. Even better when both were quite familiar to her.

“Ohhhh, how have I n-never fucked a Bertallian before?” Sarasha moaned. His tail was between her legs, pumping its juices into her, effectively acting as a huge, prehensile and very *pleasure*-giving penis, which it effectively was. “This is - ohhh! - something else!”

“I t-told you friend that would be the case,” Aramak grunted, thrusting his more regularly-sized (albeit still oversized) pair of cocks into Rebecca. She moaned in turn, her electronic whine of a voice perfectly tailored in pitch to arouse Sarasha and Aramak both. She was sucking on Sarasha’s perfect nipples. The daring socialite had four of them now to match her four breasts - like Rebecca, she had desired a bit of a change, which was why she now also had four arms to make sex all the more fun. This only made the challenge and ecstasy greater, and allowed Rebecca to work at speed attending to all four of the gorgeous and generous mounds.

“Mhmmm, yess! Ohhhh, f-fuck! I’ve n-never felt like this b-before!”

*Welcome to every day of my life, honey.*

Rebecca gripped her lovers, allowing herself to be pressed between them. Her sensealloy sensitivity had been turned up beyond what even the original programming allowed - one of the several changes she had made to herself. Her long curtain of silver hair shimmered, pulling to one side to allow Aramak to take a new position on her. The three of them moaned again and again, and her body readied not one but *three* BlissBombs. She could drop them at will now, but she only ever rewarded herself after a successful interaction.

A success came at that very moment, for suddenly all three of Aramak’s reproductive organs activated, spraying into both women and sending Sarasha right over the edge. Rebecca did her part, gripping her fuckbuddy’s breasts and squeezing them in all the right places, and her own rear and vaginal tunnels contracted upon Aramak, milking him of his entire produce.

Their pleasure was at 99.8 percent.

*One day I’ll get to a hundred, she mused. But for now, that’s pretty - ahhhh - damn good. Ohhhhh, what the hell - a fourth BlissBomb! I’ve earned it!*

She cried aloud in pleasure.

*I’m very glad I chose to stay like this.*

The three of them collapsed into bed together, an antigrav one that allowed them to float luxuriously together while the cleaning scans deal away with any uncomfortable material.

"This is a damn good five year reunion, babe," Sarasha said.

"Damn right," Rebecca said, cuddling her lovers - both of them - as they slowly floated in the air of the high-class cabin suit. "I'm so glad you could make it this time. Both of you."

"Hmm," Aramak rumbled happily. "You are one of the only kind outside my race that fully . . . satisfies me. Besides, I like a good voyage."

"You can always join permanently. That's what I did."

Sarasha laughed. "Probably because you're bringing in the customers like crazy!"

"I'm not a true pleasurebot. I'm not paid. I just . . . get around. A lot."

The three of them chuckled.

"It's true," Aramak said. "A number of members of my clan - male and female - speak highly of you, Rebecca. Of course, I can still claim to be the first."

He flexed his four muscled arms around her. Sarasha, not one to be undone, did the same.

"You know, I think I'll keep the four arms at least," she said. "Certainly, they're quite fun. And I can multitask in all sorts of ways. You could do that too, Bec?"

But the fembot didn't feel the need. With all her talents and simulations and knowledge she had acquired, she knew all she had to, and she had done more than enough with it. Far more than she could have ever expected in fact. Oh, it had been a fright for the medical team five years ago, when she had sat up as Rebecca the fembot, all smiles and joy, proclaiming that she had decided to stay. The conversation later with Roke had been even more amusing.

"What!? You wish to stay like - like that!? How are you going to be in the boardroom?"

"I'm not!" she declared. "I'm going to work from here. I've made a deal with the Saturn 5 starliner. In exchange for not losing a massive lawsuit against me, I get my own Platinum-class suite with my own specs added, and I can effectively use it for as long as I desire. Which is, well, forever! I may jump to different ships in the future, of course, but I rather like this one's circuit."

"But - but the business! I sent you away to relax, Robert, but I didn't expect you to go robo-native after your accident!"

She just giggled from her end of the screen. "I guess I have, good friend. Not to worry, I made some alterations to my programming. You won't have to worry about me not being involved in the business still. I'll scale my overworking habits back, of course, but I won't be so deeply distracted by this body's . . . well, it's *needs*. And we'll be able to communicate by ansible whenever. And you're welcome to visit, and I'll still visit you. I play a much better plasma golf game now, by the way, even if your extra limbs helps you out more."

Her alien partner could only make an odd crackling noise with his mandibles in disbelief. “Well, I guess my plan worked better than imagined, huh? You’re set for a life of relaxation.”

“I’d say I’ve more than earned it. And certainly, I think I draw quite the crowd now.”

“I’ll do my best to stop the news from leaking, I suppose.”

“Let it leak! I’ve no shame about it! I’m happy now, Roke. Oh, and don’t forget: I’m Rebecca now.”

“Robo-Rebecca Wesley. What a story.”

It truly was. It had led to five years of stories. Five years of fucking, flirting, performing, dancing, trying new things and meeting new people constantly. The alien experience was no longer a business gambit or concern but a delightful union of culture . . . and flesh. Rebecca was now a fixture of the Saturn 5, and she wasn’t going anywhere anytime soon. She had become something of a local celebrity, in fact, and in her mind, that wasn’t all bad.

“What does the day hold for you, then?” Sarasha asked her, the three of them still floating. Aramak had fallen asleep still holding them, his tail gentle but powerful.

“Oh, the usual,” Rebecca said, grinning. She kissed Sarasha’s cheek and took an opportunity to caress her supple breasts. “And perhaps some new delights along the way. Gaia’s Rest is the stop today, and the jell baths there are uniquely brilliant. They even warp my sensors, somewhat like a high. I think you would love them. Stars know I do. But there’s so many other things I haven’t done yet, and I think this body would be perfect for it. The southern Arnali Ranges have some wonderful walks and very *private* places to enjoy nature with a robot like me.”

“I do like nature. And I do like one fembot in particular.”

Rebecca grinned, turning up the sensitivity of her sensealloy skin as she held her friend and lover a little tighter. “You’re welcome to come along, Sarasha. Every day is an adventure, right?”

**The End**