

CHAPTER 1

JOY'S JOY: Computer Sex
ROMANCE EROTICA SHORT STORY 6K
Romance Science Fiction Short Story
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6,124 words

Description:

Joy finds the joy of life in dating a machine for sex exhilarating, except for the lack of love. But can she find it?

SEX CORP, INTERNATIONAL
60 CHROME PLAZAS
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA
Afternoon, Saturday, June 14, 2015

Joy Held on tight as the silver chrome mechanical man plunged inside her hot sweaty fuckbox again and fifteen in-and-out cycles. She sighed in relief. Thadd McDermitt, his official name, but better known as Chrome by the women subjects, worked his ass cheeks to churning inside Joy's joy. Chrome was all business now. Joy shuttered her blue-flecked with gold eyes closed as another orgasm threatened to roll over her entire being. 'This was it, this was it, this was it, the big multiple orgasms, they always happen when he holds me close, and doesn't withdraw his lovely smooth mechanical seven-inch fuck tool.'

Joy's golden-blond long hair splayed over the pillow in the Sex Corp International lab built like a hotel room with several rooms. "That's it, Chrome," she cooed. Joy hoped Thadd wasn't staring with his cow blue eyes like the last ten times they fucked. That unnerved her. Joy reached back and hugged Chrome's neck close to her body. For a few times, six in fact, she ignored his green-cow eyes data collection facts. Libby insisted he needed this data to understand better how to make Joy come in a multiorgasmic orgasm. To Chrome's credit, he did have an attractive, innocent-round face.

Even as Chrome orgasmed, he stayed hard. These little preorgasms as Libby called them, served to keep the woman subjects lubricated. So Chrome did not worry. He kept his eyes fixated on her form, reading in all the sexual cues. Thadd, Chrome, didn't want to ignore any data facts. Data facts helped him to do his job. His purpose, to make the women come, in this he proved his validity to Libby Isben his creator.

"You like it close and personal. I do, too. You smell so good, Joy. Ravissant Belle, affascinate Bella, Arrebatadora Hermosa." For a second, Thadd, saw Joy's eyes, her pupils in particular dilate, go big as the moon. She's enjoying my work, my fucking. He watched her forehead puckering in sexual tension. One of the sure signs Chrome recognized in Joy.

Capable of recording even the minutest or fleeting skin temperature or organic occurrences and watching a woman's individual reactions, Chrome built-up an impressive list of cues to measure his performance by. Where a human male failed to see the sexual cues, and a human failed to remember the cues when going from woman to woman, and the tendency of human males to categorize women into one group, one set of reactions, Chrome's data banks kept each woman separate and unique as she was. This was Chrome's major advantage over human males. Most human males thought it was Chrome's ability to keep up longer, than a human or even a male dog. But simply memory won the day for Thadd McDermit.

Fearing the multiple orgasms threatening to overwhelm her but welcoming it all the same and being totally disappointed if it did not happen, Speech Pathologist, Joy Held held onto Thadd. Fluent in French and Spanish, Joy understood most of Thadd words, except the Italian ones. Probably meant something similar, ravishing woman. Thadd was mechanical after all. He repeated, patterns, and only when he decided to, serenade her in Chinese, Hawaiian, or some almost dead but reviving Native American languages did Thadd's allusions to her desirability escape her. Five-feet, nine-inch Joy forced her legs to lock higher on his silvery hips.

Slim male hips any girl admired as they contrasted against the sexual polarity of her slightly flared hips in her rectangular woman frame. His masculine name Thadd McDermitt worked its magic on her psychology. It didn't matter he was a machine, a woman designed him. "I'm coming! I'm coming multiple times! Oh, Thadd! Say those lovely romantic words to me again."

Thadd shifted his hips higher, making sure his padded pubic bone massaged Joy's clit. "Vrwirrend, Eblouissant, Splendente, Desumbrante."

"Oh, wow! German is such a naughty language. Everything sounds like fuck cursing, mmmmmmm."

Chrome knew the peak peaked in her sexual curve. She was a thin woman, one of those built like supermodels. He wanted to lift her legs up high over his shoulders, but this never made the thin-type women come. Joy's body started trembling deep inside her womb, and he and his steel dick noticed it before Joy noticed it. He was on the ground floor of her orgasms, buried

between her long-extended clit muscles running under her major lips and his soft rubber-like balls.

Thadd rocked his hips to the four corners of the compass. Several times, he curved the corners, but always, always, he returned to the most erotic design in the universe, the circle. Libby Isben designed him with a round face and green eyes and white hair. He was attractive thirty-five-year-old Libby told him. And what Libby, his designer told him, was universally true. Chrome didn't know what body Libby got her inspiration from, but his six-pack abs and slightly bulging chest drew a gasps from the women sex subjects at Sex Corp International. He nibbled on Joy's neck. He rubbed his hands up-and-down her sides; Joy loved him when he did that, especially after she started to come.

Joy's fought off the impending multiorgasms. She often fainted afterward from the sheer joy of it all. This was what she always wanted. Now that Sex Corp International moved away from machines looking like fucking machines to humanoid-fucking machines, Joy became their most loyal customer. Whenever she wanted, she volunteered to test the next sexual technique Thadd learned. And even though it wasn't always obvious what she helped Sex Corp International perfect, every experience led to her paradise in the center of her lower core--her cunt, clit, and vulva.

"Fuck harder, press harder. Stay close! Auuuuuggguuuuuuu you're so good."

Thadd had no doubts of quitting. He never pulled out before his woman came. It was unmanly; a cowardly act and his programming specifically went against coward behavior. No, Thadd kept his sex spoon buried in the sex bowl of Joy Held. He stirred up every sexual dormant nerve in her twenty-nine-year-old body. He made sure not one sexual nerve went untouched. Even his feet softly caressed, Joy's bottom feet. Splendid, as a musical conductor, Chrome tuned Joy's body to begin buckling. She raised her hips in a high arch. She lifted his mechanical hips and Thadd allowed this a little. Her sexy plump-pink lips dropped open; his ears heard her sigh as she pressed his neck and head beside her own. 'I must remember to close my eyes after the sixth time, Thadd reminded himself. I acquired all the sexual cues for the woman I needed by the sixth fuck.'