

# P2-SA "Wallae" 62432

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-Achyor

A male-oriented P-2 service android Steele will meet for inspection when initially entering the UGC Capital ship, the *Ebon Kawhk*.



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## Appearance

Wallae stands at a calculated height of 5 feet and 4 inches tall under ancient imperial measurement, or 1.73 meter in the more accepted metric system.

The sky-blue-skinned peacekeeper android meets the same standards of his product line, dating back to when your old man ended his big rush. Slim build, segmented joints, conjoined visual surveyors for eyes, and bulbous audio receptors for ears. A yale-blue lock of hair touches just above his shoulder-line, flapping this way and that way from behind his head.

Unlike most shy-in-the-face androids you see wearing the typical peacekeeper attires, Wallae wears a blue ball cap, of which he added more pizzazz by spinning it backward. An orange fanny pack is snapped snugly around his waist, where he stores little trinkets and utilities inside. Guess he wanted some form of individualism to keep even in this small task. You say it fits well on him, given his timid personality parameters.

Looking downward, you don't forget to note that all P-2s - including male-oriented - are supplemented silicone in the legs, thighs, hips, and buttocks region to reduce mechanical rigidity in prolonged sitting sections. Thus, gifting them all with a substantially girlish physique from the waist down. But You digress. Wallae is yet another example of such a well-thought, modest-meaning design as you closely observe the exquisite swell of jiggly curves he lugs below the belt. *Yeah*, no one would *dare* unveil wayward thoughts in their head from gazing at the breedable bottoms these life-like bots possess.

His groin looks fairly flat and featureless, like he has nothing to hide down there... nothing at all.

{if[Faux-Anal]: For whatever reason, all P-series androids are built with a puffy filtration outlet rubbing between their silicone-filled cheeks, right where it should *definitely* belong. You have learned that Wallae is no exception to this wacky innovation.}

## First Encounter

// Changes **[Approach]** to **[Wallae]** after First Encounter

You walk up to the sky-blue-colored P-2 as he is readjusting the fanny pack strapped around his waist. Peeking at the name badge on his standard uniform, it reads 'Wallae.' Guess that's his name.

The android's glowing blue eyes dart towards you from their visor-like unisocket, briefly flaring bright in the surprise of someone walking to his station. He looks over you in blatant scrutiny during your approach, hastily spotting and assuming something is missing here.

"Excuse me, cadet," the android peacekeeper politely speaks up. "Where is your uniform? I do not see one on your person. At this time, every officer must have a standard uniform be present to proceed through this checkpoint. If you do not have one, you will have to notify your supervisor of this issue immediately."

Smiling a bit in humor, you inform him that you are just a visitor and not U.G.C. staff, pulling out your codex and showing the fella enough identification he'll need to awkwardly pat away his assumption.

"O-oh! You are [pc.mrMs]! I am very sorry," the android expresses sheepishly, piteously shrinking himself with the tilt of his cap. Once it's about time for him to scrounge up the courage to lift his head up and look at you, he's quite tempted to reason, "There has been an influx of peacekeepers entering the *Ebon Kawhk*. You sure appeared to be another one with the way you are dressed."

Really? Your choice of clothing is the stereotypical fashion of most officers? I wouldn't have known.

You casually pardon the light-blue officer with a light shrug, which is apparently not an easy cure for his meek self. At least his face isn't stressed with apprehension, so you'll take that as the queue to move on. You then ask if he'll still let you through, desiring your time being spent **behind** his station.

"Uuuh, yes. Of course you may," he answers, dropping his strange stupor. After shuffling backward to hug the other end of the mounted x-ray scanner, the light-blue android pats at it, saying, "But firstly, I only request that you allow me to inspect your possessions, [pc.mrMs]."

You nod and follow the common procedure seen around, emptying your pockets, shimmying off your pack, and placing your stuff bin to pass through a compact conveyer of mysteries. Good. No noisy beeps lunge out of the device.

Meeting a new pair of hands on the other side, your equipment is searched; not too invasive, not too neglectful, just ten simple seconds and done. Well, not yet, it seems. Abruptly, your inspector jumps at the shoulders when nearing the end of his work. Frantically stiffening in response, you stare straight at the blue bot-boy as he oh-so-slowly zippers your packs and

props it upright, inducing anxiety whether he had snooped across a secret compartment you store your illicit goodies in.

The soft-pitched gasp in his vaguely monotone voice reveals the miraculous contrary, promptly recalling, "Ah! I had almost forgotten! The Deputy has been waiting for your arrival. She wanted to speak with you about private matters. Good thing I remembered about that, or you would not be authorized to enter the command wing."

What a relief, and more so the instant he offers your belongings back. For a moment there, you thought your trip was shortly ending with you behind bars.

Stepping past the checkpoint without issue, you grab your stuff and scan up ahead, watching large clusters moving along the main hall. Soon they break apart, smaller groups heading on their own to a corridor of a multitude branching off both sides of the grand tree.

"That's pretty cool," you finally reply after your minute of observation, "If only I knew where that was.

Lightly patting off his hands, the male-looking automaton is happy to provide some directions.

"No need to worry. The command wing hangs on the right side of this hall, the next entrance ahead," he says, turning around and dutifully pointing the way.

Your eyes follow the directed corridor, but being by that you're currently standing behind the guiding peacekeeper, your blasted instincts subconsciously focus your periphery at the fat posterior he is sporting. His hips, asscheeks, and thighs are slightly oversized compared to the rest of his lithe body. It's bothersome when you're trying to pay attention. Likewise, your wayward libido and his double-wide behind are bothersome.

While you fight yourself internally, the robotic blue innocently informs, "Guide maps are posted everywhere. There will be one close to the entrance for you to find your way around the place."

Just as you are about to speedily take off, the helpful, albeit blundering P-2 android squeezes a murmur from his hand-built lungs, subtly extending an arm in a timid attempt to redraw your attention. You'll give him the benefit. Plus, it appears as if he was wanting to end off his services by introducing himself.

"O-oh, and I almost forgot to introduce myself," he awkwardly says, believing you knew not of where he was heading. Duly, he stands tall, arms pressed down to be bent outward by the swell of those waspish hips, he proudly declares, "I am a praetor model-number two, policing service android. Unit number six-two-four-three-two. But, if you could please kindly call me Wallae. Or Officer Wallae is fine too. My emotional feedback system would process my appreciation if you did so."

Intrigued by the little display of honor in presenting himself, you flicking a thumbs-up and greet Officer Wallae by his maiden name. Your clever applause rewards an adorable act of humble embarrassment. Like a little missy flustered with shy pride, the bot-boy sinks his head down, turning a corner and holding a hand to his mouth to barely conceal the huge grin spreading his cheeks. If he were able to blush like your organics, he'd probably be flushing beyond the inky-black socket surrounding his eyes.

Peeking at you, Wallae murmurs, "You can come by my station if you ever want a quick pass on inspection. I am actually reserved for officials and corporate affiliates. But I calculate your title is kind of along that line... I calculate."

You will be sure to remember that every time you pass by.

**[Next]**

## Wallae

Wallae the P-2 android tepidly waves a hand at you in your approach, shyly greeting, "O-oh, hello, [pc.mrMs]. How can I be of any more service to you?"

**[Talk] / [Sex]**

**[Talk]**

"So..." you breathe, uncaringly leaning a shoulder on the walk-through metal-detector. Wallae stares at you with his usual soft and guiltless expression, waiting and wondering to know what your thoughts have in store. You'll try to keep your topics short and simple for the little fella.

**[Make] / [Other Robots] / [UGC] / [Himself] / [UGC]**

## [Make]

// Unlocks **[Other Robots]**

// Tooltip: The P units. Their history. Give me.

"When I was in the { 'lifting' / techie / merc } business," you begin, quietly tapping a finger on your chin. "My father told me of these humanoid bots in blue back when he was still in the ball game. Never got the time to learn much about them, much less see one in-person."

Wallae just stares at you for a second, registering what you've just said. Then, he, "Oh!" once understanding what you are referring to.

"You are speaking of the praetor series androids. Or about me, for instance. Yes. Our line has been brought forth around the end of the 13th Planet Rush. Created by Doctor Hilton Sarube and issued by the United Galactic Confederacy. We have been in service ever since that day."

Hm, so just about when your old man was finishing up his wild years of debauchery were these androids being popped into existence. Anything else Wallae is willing to chime?

The android smiles warmly amidst his excess blueness.

"Why yes!" He thrills before toning it down to think. "Hmmm. Well, we are a surpassing version of the early C-series droids. Clanky, monotone robots used to the nuts and bolts in the Old Confederate age. Our endoskeleton is a lot tougher and sub-organic exoskeleton is more malleable. I can withstand destructive quantities of impacts but still yield a palpable consistency near to you fleshy beings."

"Here, have a feel of it," Wallae beckons as he furls the sleeves covering his forearms, elongating them for you to knead up his organic-looking dermis.

What an offer.

**[Feel Arm] / [Suggest Ass] / [No Thanks]**

## [Feel Arm]

Wow! Aside from the unnatural smoothness of the outer-layer skin, it's almost like you are holding the arms of a sun-tan model. When thumbing down hard enough, you can actually feel the solid interior he was talking about. With fingers dipping along both forearms, you confirm your presumption of it mimicking the biological design of an adult human skeleton. Wallae flinches a little as you thumb a certain spot that can cause anyone to do the same. You feel

dumb for not suspecting his artificial kind to not be built with a complex nervous system; why else would they have synthetic skin.

Figure you're just about done with your assessment, you return to your spot of relaxation, allowing Wallae to pull his sleeves back over his wrist and continue on.

**[Next]**

**[Suggest Ass]**

// Tooltip: He's doing it all wrong! If Wallae really wants you to test his specs, you'll have to go for the butt first.

You cough under your throat as if to point out a horrible mistake.

"Excuse me," you call out with a light hack, "Wallae. Don't you think there's a better way for me to test your structural integrity?"

The android slowly tilts his noggin in confusion, replying, "I don't understand, { Mister / Miss } Steele. You can feel the artificial dermis from my arms like anywhere else on my body. What better way is there?"

You answer the naive question by silently walking up and leaning forward to Wallae's side, just enough where you can reach a pointy finger towards your target, his substantial ass. His furrowed eyes follow your pointing, only for them to agape in realization.

"O-oh!" He exclaims, darting her intangible eyes from side to side, sometimes flicking back to his large rear. "I see now! I guess examining my bottom would yield a better result. U-uuuh. Be my guest, [pc.mrMs]. Be discreet about it plea-."

"Why, thank you," you murmur over his request, all smirking like a rogue.

In a matter of three seconds, you dove your hands deep into his form-fitting trousers, rubbing and squeezing away at an ultraslick, ultrasoft surface of faux buttflesh. The robotic peacekeeper parts his lipless mouth in surprise at his enthusiastic touch-tester, latching a hand on your bicep for balance as well as masking himself from the passersby able to spot what you two are doing. Wallae's flesh is very yielding indeed. Your fingers. Hell! Your hands just sink right into his cheeks, consuming your meager gropers, allowing a more in-depth exploration of what the heavy-bottom robot has under his pants. You are not exactly sure if he feels the same way as you would if someone felt you up, but the faint "*mh*" and "*oh*" moaning in your [pc.ear] when you press in hard definitely means something.

Your [pc.legs] move a little closer to get a good view of the clothed booty you're mashing and molding. When [pc.eyes] drops downward, you can hardly see any defining indents of your hands under his pants, just faint ruffles, each peaked atop a hemispherical mountain that occasionally wobbles and quakes.

After a few more gripping and kneading, grinning satisfaction all the while, you confirm to Wallae that he certainly speaks the facts of his model's supple superiority. Your hands slide out of his snug pants and into the open air, not before giving a nice pat on his rounded tush, letting it smack your palms back with a fine bounce. A few light jiggles and he returns to his former bubblyness.

Wallae pulls up his forgotten shirt sleeves and readjusts his pants before cutely mumbling, "You did not feel all of what I have, but this seems to have sufficed."

**[Next]**

**[No Thanks]**

Nah, you can see enough of what he is glorifying. His hairless, spotless, light-blue skin does look life-like and fairly soft, albeit dull of natural shine. He and all of his construct-siblings have quite the sleek appeal for what it's worth.

Wallae pulls his sleeves back over his forearms, appreciating the modest remark.

**[Next]**

**// Merge [Make]**

Wallae moves onward with the conversation, saying, "And unlike the former, we have an A.I. Sentience Algorithm made up of nearly half a million lines of code, each line generates one of a thousand different responses to information collected visually or audibly. It is not nearly as comparable to the mainframe of a shipyard supercomputer. But it definitely is the component keeping me and my sibling androids from being superseded for many years."

It's funny the way Wallae described that. You wouldn't be surprised if the P-2s operate on rudimentary social intelligence. If the UGC is producing its service robots in masses like you



think it is, then it would only make sense to skim time and money by settling on quantity over quality.

Wallae quirks his lips at your statement, considering it foolhardy. "I would reckon quality. The audio receptors you see bulging from the sides of my head. They help me pick up all sorts of frequencies. O-oh! Yeah! As you may know, we policing service androids are the top-of-the-line when it comes to holding our post with minimum wear and tear. I am speaking literally. I can stand right here or sit in a chair for days, weeks, **months** on end without requiring a maintenance and performance check." He places both hands on his hips, harmlessly gliding up and down to demonstrate the superb broadness at his disposal, too novice or too dumb to realize perverse eyes are likely circling around him as he goes at it.

"That's quite the quality, Wallae," you chuckle, slipping a cursory glance at two well-dressed ladies openly giggling a short distance away, the pair deliberately pointing their amusement at the titanic tooshie your unaware buddy is drawing upon.

Wallace smiles with a glow of innocence, stopping the obvious wrong he didn't know was embarrassing himself. Give the dude some slack. He is a robot; of course he has a couple basic social skills missing from his battery-powered brain.

**[Next]**

## **[Other Robots]**

// Tooltip: There are other kinds of robots like him, right?

Eyes drawing away from a particularly rowdy bunch stampeding through the checkpoint, you then ask, "Is there any variation among your robot circle? Bots designed for this. Helpers made to do those. Anything like that?"

"Um. Not really," Wallae simply answers, finger scratching a cheek. "I mean... not aboard the *Ebon Kawhk*, that is. The first-made AP-UI android is written on the roster. But they are assigned elsewhere instead of this command post. So, yes, it is mostly just us P-series around here, securing areas, maintaining order, and bringing color into the eyes of our citizens. I am **not** saying we are the **best** asset the U.G.C. will ever need. That is simply impractical. But we do have a handful of uses that come in handy in our current fight."

"Interesting," you comment earnestly, until returning, "So, it's **only** shy boy-droids and girl-droids I can talk to around here?"

"N-no," the android peacekeeper stutters to hastily argue. "I mean... yes. I and my sibling constructs can share the same... oddness. Bu-but we have a whole LOT of things that make each of us different, or unique. It is in the core of our programming. The day we were brought in to serve." Proclaiming that, he plants a hand to his chest, clutching meaningfully to whatever substitute for a beating heart. "I am Wallae. I possess my own niche that molded me as my own individual construct. I like this... cap rewarded to me for perfect attendance, and this.. waist-line compartment I store my tools and writing utensils in."

Wallae catches you off guard when he abruptly springs an arm up, pointing to a specific direction without actually looking there himself. Following his erect index finger, you find a pair of uniformed P-2s conversing with one another near a water fountain. One, a pink-toned lass, relaxes her shoulders and wide hips on the wall, glamourised up with a skull keychain pierced in her right audio receptor, followed by another skull glittered over her right cheek and cheap-looking, but vibrant watch worn on her left wrist. The other sports the same light-blue like your shy compadre here, only his choice of attire has him look forever ready to hit the gym after a long day of work, fastened as such with elastic, green bands over his head and wrists.

The pink P-2 is actively listening to her light-blue brother, nodding and lifting her chin as he entertains her on a subject you can't identify from way back here. It seems... dubious. He chirps lively about something, all the while gesturing with both hands, attempting to grip an imaginary object like a mime would during an act, stroking up and down, meticulously kneading here and there on certain spots. Strange.

"Over there are service units 'Deedee' two-nine-nine-four-two-one and old 'Paizo' five-three-four-four. Deedee enjoys absorbing herself in visual novels during her spare time. I always see this strange, two-faced creature popping on her holo when I walk in on her." Wallace pointedly bobs his sprung arm, slightly angling towards his light-blue sibling illustrating a precarious subject matter. "Paizo. He frequents the exercise room whenever he can to assist the organics in their powerlifting, providing anyone with refreshments like energade or dedicated massages to ease tense muscles. He is a selfless servant we all look can up to."

The two sure have customized themselves to stand out among the rest.

"Mhm! And this is not where I end here!" Wallae expresses, blue eyes flaring up. "There exists my bigger and stronger cousins, the combat androids. While service units like I am reserved to relatively safe and simple tasks, combat units like 'Fazon' four-zero-two-zero or 'Celski' one-zero-six-five-three work their mettle on fighting for justice and the greater good. Me, I couldn't dare charge myself in the frontlines, calculating with panic of the possibility that today is the day I will be deleted."

You hum, nodding. "Do the combat ones have their own sea of individuality, maybe a social circle?"

"Just as much as their smaller cousins." Wallae smiles subtly. "Actually, if not more with the increasing number of 'reconditioned' P-2 soldiers returning from skirmishes. Often, most of them are combat types. If you are aware of the 'reconditioning' process those metal-junkies inflict on us P-2s, then you know it can do some very, very weird stuff to us. Very weird stuff. U-uuuh. I think I am done here."

Like that, Wallae's psyche collapses from delving too delicate, cutting himself off solely to stand and zone out like any security officer sticking to mind-numbing directives. He is his own person, after all.

## [Himself]

// Tooltip: See what makes Wallae his own unique android.

// Steele can question whether Wallae thought of ever retiring as a peacekeeper.

"Tell me your story, Wallae. Let [pc.mrMs] know the story about the lil' big-eyed fella [pc.heShe]'s is chatting up," you invite with a twirl of a hand.

The introverted android squirms in silence, visibly flustered by the likely uncommon prospect of formulating his life in words and someone actually interested to know it. He eventually gives after a couple gentle kneads to his shoulder, coaxing him of how harmless the topic of himself will be.

"I do not have much of a story to tell," the bot-boys quietly admits, shyly rubbing an arm. "For all of my operation, I worked with the galactic government - those who built me for just that purpose. Before High Council moved a great deal of us P-2 androids to the *Ebon Kawhk*, I was spending my time as an office receptionist, bouncing from department to department, star system to star system for those crew needing an extra hand in-doors. It was not too challenging work for the most part, especially in and around the core provinces." Though not feeling quite emboldened, his neck finally stops shrinking in on itself. "At the start of every day, I would dress in uniform, clock in, organize my workstation, and take my seat, ready to answer my first call or greet the first person who entered the main entrance. Those times were all I was familiar with for years. Now being an officer securing people and their belongings, it is... it **feels** different to me."

You smile, looking proudly at your P-2 buddy. "See, your P-2 noggin has so much for you to say, even if it may come out as uneventful. Now I'm pretty interested to see what you do outside of your life-draining duties."

"You would like to know what I perform **outside** my scope of work?" Wallae confirms in a rather indicative tone portraying his greater surprise. You are rather surprised yourself he has the sophistication to achieve that level.

You answer with a single nod. "Yup. Go ahead, I can listen to more."

His clutched hands shiver in telltale anxiety, probably having not generated a script beyond his previous description. "O-oh. Okay. Well... well, when there are times when I am not standing here and checking those coming and going from our capital ship, I hang inside the cooking room behind the canteen. The senior chef does not mind me stopping by every now and then, as long as I do not bother her busy cooks when engaging in my usual activities."

"And your usual activities?" you pry lightly.

"I construct my own dishes. My formulation can be anything, from crafting over cuisines, pounding and baking one of the many libraries of Terran cakes, and even proceeding through the long process of churning Inendu pate. Sometimes if my edible craft pings... speaks to my power core, I will bring my clay kit from my locker to catalog it with a rendition of clay sculpture. The cooks were interested in what I could make and wanted to show them for display, even if it advertised consumables more... promising than what is on their menu. I gave up three, at least." "I do not understand why I have this... strange interest in building food I have no capacity of consuming myself. It all started when I viewed security footage of a potential assault suspect masterfully processing a meal for his customers. Is it strange that I can not accurately describe my reasons for bearing this interest?"

Having a hobby for culinary art? No, not at all. What truly hits you as odd is the circumstance that sparked it in him.

The robotic peacekeeper converts your honest opinion with a brightened face, raising his hand to his abdomen. "Thank you, [pc.mrMs]. I will sync your response with my memory log if I ever question the choices I make in my operation."

When seemingly finished with his speech, Wallae settles down at more ease than he did when you prompted your discussion. He shouldn't hand another thanks to you just yet, there's something else running in your mind, stepping nearer and nearer to your mouth. You feel sort of obliged to bring it up.

**[Suggest] / [Nah]**

**[Suggest]**

Tooltip: See if Officer Wallae has ever considered a time where he isn't firmly shackled to Big Daddy U.G.C. A time where he's a free bot-boy exploring the universe on his own terms.  
// The PC has options in explaining why the curiosity.

"Wallae. I gotta ask this about you," you whisper softly, leaning in to clearly say what you have to say in the circular doodad that is his ear. "Do you ever see yourself snipping off the strings

some group of confederate movers and shakers are using to toss you about? Another way you *process* my words. Could you see yourself ever being free to roam the star and choose your own destiny?"

"I... I..." Wallae stutters, blue light-eyes whipping around to the point where they almost collide with each other. You were concerned he might burst a fuse with how stumped solid he is, until he finally says, "Have I generated this vision? I... I believe I have before. I am not sure. It is not **defective** of me to see through to a simulation where I am permanently excused from performing my official duties. Any and all P-2 units are granted the right to independence after Tintin v. Onassis, therefore giving a unit like me the grounds to gain citizenship. Well, only after accumulating a certain number of workdays can that ever be a reality. But for me. I have clocked in exactly sixty-seven-thousand-and-nine-hundred days of active service."

Damn. That number means he's ancient. A pride and true veteran, he is.

"I think I am a worthy candidate for repurposing myself," he modestly estimates with a scratch to his arm. "I hear there are great retirement benefits too, so I would not need to stress my circuits out trying to make ends meet."

"So, would you ever retire, or 'repurpose' yourself?" you murmur closely, getting to the meat of your purpose.

Although plain in the face, the single, minuscule flicker of his eyes interprets he's been caught off-guard. "O-oh. Um... I do not know. I still... I still have purpose where I am, particularly during these hard times. I would not... **feel** any volumes of integrity abandoning my fellow servicemembers in arms - for freeing myself of all things. I simply can not execute that action."

You frown noticeably for a swift second, unable to subdue your displeasure. "Mmmh. Okay, then."

"[pc.msMr]," he calls to you, staring all flashy-eyed. "May I have an opportunity to provide you with my own question?"

You wait there, wondering if Wallae will continue with his request of you. Nope. He just stills himself, gazing on standby for a direct answer. Even in meek, lifeless standards, P-2s are so needy.

Once nodding slowly, humming an exaggerated affirmative, Wallae fidgets with his lips a bit, then softly spills, "Why do you ask?"

Hmmm. Why do you ask?

**[Honest] / [Super Honest] / [Curiosity]**

## [Honest]

Tooltip: You're thinking about having your own P-2 on your ship, and he's looking like a worthy candidate to pick out.

Placing a hand to your side, you cleverly allude, "I've been playing around with the possibility of having a P-2 acquisition bunk in my ship. He's an intriguing little guy who has with him a few homey skills I can see being pretty useful."

The light-blue peacekeeper doesn't respond at first, still deciphering the deeper context you buried well. He's not too slow-witted to see it, soon lifting his head up, nonexistent lips parting to say, "O-oh. I understand, [pc.mrMs]. So the intent of your discussion was to collect information pertaining to my availability status, then propose an alternate outcome to kickstart my repurposing, where I am tagged along with you. U-uuuh. I do not know. There is still a lot that I must perform on the *Ebon Kawhk*. I can generate no option where I leave my colleagues and siblings all for my own personal pursuit."

You lean back slightly, smiling, "It's all good. I can understand where you're coming from. Just know that my option is always up for grabs."

Wallace nods tepidly as his answer, reciprocating with his own friendly grin. You give him a gentle tap on the arm, showing the shy automaton your keen liking of him.

## [Super Honest]

Tooltip: You want a UGC-issued **companion-bot** on your ship.

You will be extra honest with him, expressing your absolute desire for a life-like, indestructible, and fuckable android of your own. The kind of all-purpose **companion-bot** you'd want to have assisting you in your adventures. Actually, scratch that. **Serving** you in your adventures.

"Y-you... you desire to apply me to your life and travels... as a **companion-bot**?" Wallae reads back in the degree of shocked-silly intonation you can definitely say sounds convincing while his internal fibers tense up. "That is... unfounded. That is... unrea-."

"Just think about it, will you?" You hush up any unwanted contest with a nimble swoop of an arm, scooping the discombobulated android up by his broad and girlish flanks. Enjoying the jittery reaction coming forth to ripple south to his jiggly lower half, you tilt low to the side of his paralyzed head, closely watching him shiver in nervousness and indecision. Only then, you

softly murmur, "If you find yourself tossing away your badge and uniform for good, you **know** who to go to first."

"I... I. U-uuuh," Wallae drawls and stutters, computing what best to vocalize in this uncomfortable situation. Finally, after lengthy pauses keeping you both pressed together, he scurries his eyes far out of sight and quietly says, "I will list your input for primary consideration if I do fully invest in my new simulation. Is that acceptable to you, [pc.mrMs]?"

You only face him with a saucy grin, squeezing affectionately at his hip-fat before letting go. He seems into the promising future himself, dreamily rubbing away the wrinkles you left on his attire.

## [Curiosity]

// Tooltip: Nothing special. You are merely curious.

"Just for curiosity's sake. I only wanted to know how my little officer feels about his life," you tell him, playfully bumping into Wallae, shoulder to shoulder. He staggers back two steps, caused either by his detached personality failing him in informal geniality or his bee-stung tush dragging his entire weight off-kilter.

When standing upright and stable, he pats down his chest and butt as if following a needless procedure when making sudden physical contact. Regardless, he smiles, a smile you liken to a galotian never down in the dumps.

"Okay," Wallae grins with arches for eyes, "I hope my explanation was satisfactory to you, [pc.mrMs]."

It was.

## [Reconditioning]

// Tooltip: See if Wallae can explain the odd affliction his metanite combatants dishes upon his brothers and sisters.

You raise a hand to your chin, asking, "Could you tell me about the 'reconditioning' process? I'm sure some of your siblings have told you what it entails."

"The... the 'reconditioning' process?" Wallae replies, throwing his shoulders back like he's been buffeted with a harsh might of reality.

You nod, nonetheless expressing your mild determination to understand how the metanites assail P-2 android and ultimately diagnose them with a case of eccentricity and purple fever.

"It is not just the altered color scheme and rewired personality parameter that configures us P-2 units. There is more to the process... a lot more." He corrects, though quickly regrets his calculated yet reckless response and sucks his bottom lip. "Metanite Cultivators are the units specialized for engaging with both service and combat infantries. When a cultivator neutralizes a friendly troop, they grab hold of them and nullify any method of resistance or escape. Then, they... they..."

"And they?" you continue, building up for his intention suspense.

"They... I have never analyzed the assault first-hand, but from what I have been informed of, a trooper's tough exterior is somehow pierced all across the body with rampant wires and pulsing probes. Their main objective is apparently centered around the torso, specifically the chest and groin. This marks the process of reconfiguration." A momentary pause holds his mouth open. Not for fresh air since Wallae can't actually breathe. "The assailant will bypass the android's built-in security software and quickly gain access to administrative privileges. Then, the next step is reworking the central processing system to whatever the new administrator sees fit. While this is proceeding, I... I understand remodeling is taking place as well. This can span approximately ten to thirty minutes, and the unfortunate victim is helpless to resist their permanent 'reconditioning.' Because dormancy protocols were already forcefully triggered in the middle stages."

Chewing on the physical symptoms, you idly brush your cheek and press, "And this remodeling? What about that?"

Like he was witnessing a scene straight out of a horror movie, Wallae recoils harshly in the face, visibly for terror one couldn't fabricate for games. "It... it changes us. I-I correct myself; it affixes us. The cultivators. They affix us P-2 units with a neurological matrix completely unknown to us, and sets of equipment we fail to compute their primary function. I also gather that the equipment some have obtained produces a foreign substance from new sources I have no memory of pointing precisely where."

Wait a second. Are you hearing what you think you're hearing?

These purple-colored P-2s you sometimes spot scanning the halls or entering an unmarked bay. They're packing **equipment**, equipment you, ninety-nine percent of the population, and that flamboyant pretty-boy making a loud fuss have. No wonder why they walk like there's something mighty hefty hidden between their legs.



Eyes falling down, he murmurs, "I... I can not visualize the horrors my siblings and cousins have to sustain during their day-to-day operation, especially not the day of their 'reconditioning.' It must be a terrible operation managing new tasks that require immediate action, coping with an overclocked sensation algorithm never simulated before. I can not possibly visualize their operation."

Wallae is showing quite the dread for a factual case of essentially upgrading to a heightened level of sentience. Yeah, their scars brought on by the battlefield, but that's what it basically comes down to; bots with bits. It sounds to you that he's rationalizing an irrational fear. Maybe you can ease that point to him.

**[Afraid?] / [Ignore]**

**[Afraid?]**

// Tooltip: You can see shivers from him just talking about the normality of being sexualized.

"You look a bit tense there," you mention, rotating a finger at Wallae's frightened self. "Is the thought of becoming closer to a fleshy like me make your exoskeleton rattle?"

Wallae tilts his head sideways. "Fleshy? What do you mean by that, [pc.mrMs]?"

Well, from what you're hearing out of him, his purple chums got slapped with some reproductive organs. You aren't sure their private specs are **that** advanced for siring or rearing. Who knows, though. All you are itching to know is whether the wheel of misfortune rolled on a whopping wang with a side of overcharged ovoids, or a slobbery slit with a purple cherry on top.

"Our 'reconditioning'... our systematic corruption extends farther than that!" He meekly protests, looking almost ready to bawl up sparks. "All P-2 units - no matter their original orientation - are tinkered to a new alteration. Truth be told, at the very basis of all of my victimized siblings and cousins, they possess the parts qualifying an organic to identify as a hermaphrodite. A phallus, vagina, and pair of breasts function as weak points the metanite's use to exploit us, body and will. They make us, then break us. I can not compute how you orga-."

The nonsensical fretting is choked off rather quickly. You abruptly reached an arm over his shoulder, pulling the spooked android by his neck. Hugged to your side, you coo, "It's a part of life. Love and war is all I can tell you."

Honestly though, he needs to lay off the fearmongering. There's a whole, colorful world to be made from experiencing something entirely new. Sex. Pleasure. Feeling that good, tingling sensation rocking your body when reaching the heavenly crescendo. It's something he doesn't need to shudder so vigorously about. Even if it's chocked up as devastating and egregious, this

'reconditioning' isn't complete and utter destruction; his fallen sibling constructs were tampered, not destroyed in cold oil.

"I... I do not know," he murmurs with his head low, attempting once again to solidify his flawed argument. "[pc.mrMs]. I still can not see the enjoyment in being 'reconditioned', not from what I have gathered from it."

"Well, you don't know until you've tried it." you simply argue, playfully pinching his meatless bicep.

He lifts his head up to look at you with his give, glowing-blue eyes. Your insightful words - spoken with innate experiences - are rewriting scripts of code denoting his misplaced fear. Or at least toggling something in that inorganic brain. He scans through [pc.eyes] and [pc.face], identifying the culprit to his newfound confusion, and you watch him do it, humoring his search for answers already spelled out to him. While you don't wish for anyone in the vicinity to get the wrong idea and raise a false alarm, that receptive face he wears bids you to stare longer. Wallae doesn't know how adorable he can sometimes be.

[Ignore]

Neh. You're not in the mood to invalidate fear.

You give an appreciative nod to Wallae, thanking him for the details he could share. He perks up to your words, almost the distress clean of his face so he can pass you a small grin.

[Sex]

// **Grayed out** until picked [**Himself**] and [**Suggest Ass**]

// Tooltip: Is Wallae up for some in-depth inspections?

// **Grayed** Tooltip: Best to get a feel for the timid android first before moving forward to sex.

// **First Attempt - Fail**

Cute face, dainty body, and spankable rear. Robot or not, this shy peacekeeper got the goods you have a thing for.

"Hey, Officer Wallae?" You murmur, leaning close so that Wallae turns to meet a faceful of your saucy expression. "You know, I've been meaning to show you how I personally get to know a friend I like."

"I do not understand what you mean, [pc.mrMs]." He replies, too blanked in confusion to consider analyzing your smirking lips and hooded [pc.eyes], even when you're hovering four inches away from his face. "Could you rephrase your words?"

Promptly and crudely, you latch onto the synthetic fat of a hand-filling asscheek, creating great quivers to ripple around your savage grip.

"Does this register anything?" You softly ask, an opposing testament to the rather aggressive conveyance of your desires. Even so, little Wallae stares you his troubles, visibly concerned why you're performing such a lewd act to alleviate his confusion. You sigh, dropping your head at the awkwardness standing next to you. When rising up, a humored grin finds its way on your [pc.lips] as you quietly giggle, "I want to have sex with you."

It takes one second of silent gazing for those shoulders to jump and butt to jolt up to your grasp. Your bot-boy finally gets it and reacts appropriately after what, a minute or two? Goddamn. You still like the results, though.

"U-uuuh... I... I...." Wallae stutters foolishly, the usual technique he does as he makes sense of everything.

And sense is eventually made, which prompts to Wallae swiftly drop his attention on you. In a manner you describe as a baby whose attention seems totally enrapt on you, then instantaneously whips elsewhere just because. No amount of whispers or squeezes seem to do wake him out of his frozen trance. Aw. Looks like the scared fella has silently engaged his *Eeek!* protocols to shy away from your advances.

Ooo! You'll woo him next time!

### **// Second Attempt - Fail**

"Oooh, Wallae?" you holler musically, whirling sights to your sexy little android. Then, all the while checking him out through concealed eyes, you say, "Have you forgotten about my special proposal? I haven't."

"U-uuuh." The P-2 boy mumbles, caving his lips inward and rubbing his thighs together, plainly revealing your previous attempt was archived into his memory bank. Hence forth, this time, his mouth fidgets for a verbal response. "B-but [pc.mrMs]... I."

"Come ooon," you exhale in a naggy voice, batting your arms for actual intend and purpose; one used to hook Wallae by his side to reel him to yours, smushing him against you. With the other pointing down the ship foyer, aiming at a small hallway where two disheveled kitty-cops just

ambled from, you sprinkle, "We can find ourselves a quiet room to relax, check out the bed, see how the showers are working. Everything *e*lse goes from there - it's a secret."

"U-uuuhmm. I... I do not... I-I do not..." Wallae fumbles, shivering up as if he's in the middle of a blizzard. His brimming anxiety only means one thing.

Hold on, before he shuts dow-....

Wallae quite literally breaks away from your goading entrapment, both tangible and intangible. You tried to hold on for a little longer, but like every robot innately possesses, his physical prowess rips away your effort without so much an internal groan or creak.

Fuck! There he goes again! He silently dodges you at lightning speed!

Looking dumbfounded while Wallae returns to his post, standing firm as he should, you sigh deeply.

He's sure making it harder than it needs to be. "*Next time*," you murmur quietly to yourself.

### // Third Attempt - Ayeee!

Third time's the charm! You hope.

You don't bother with semantics - why when your past intentions were cataloged. For your shy little android, you make a grab for his nearest hand, squeezing him firmly. "I'm coming back to you with my offer. But, this time, hear me out because I get it; this is your first rodeo in fooling around - the fleshy way."

Wallae whips his head, displaying a different reaction to your forwardness. Then, he darts his face away from you, looking here and there.

"N-no... I have attained certain experiences in the past. I had to utilize my hands for Captain 'Fazon' four-two-zero-two one day. That was when I first computed how much her surface area and productivity was so... **fearsome** when rendering assistance in cooling her internal tension." He soon lowers his head, speaking in a quieter tone. "But... still... What you are proposing is unacceptable, [pc.mrMs]. I am a P-2 android. I can not engage in sexual acts with any individual, especially while on duty."

Okay? That is not stopping you from wanting to get frisky with him. Look, he should think about it like this; you can supply a slew of new experiences for his robot brain to collate. All he has to do is give you a minute of his time, and you'll scoot his booty to a guest room and lock up so nobody will ever know your wild shenanigans. And to make further argument about that silly statue he's referring to, who's not going to look at P-2s shapely body and **not** feel the urge to fuck them senseless.

"I... I. Mmmm." Wallae murmurs, the only utterance he can formulate after your thorough remark.

"So, are we good this time?" You ask, staring down those two blue lights. You are razor-sharp on spotting any indication of a resounding yes to blurt from his twitching lips. Instead, the slightest tilt of a nod swayed the lock of yale-blue hair, tapping the back of his neck. You weren't even sure if that actually was a nod, but you don't really care at this point - you triumphantly feel you've nabbed yourself a fine ass and pretty mouth prepped for misuse like a horny trog. With a thrilling kick of a [pc.foot] whilst holding tightly, dash out of here, knowingly causing a startled meep to emit behind you. "Alright! Let's go!"

Your android officer is a bit heavier than you were expecting as you drag him along the main hall, swerving out and away from any strollers in the way. He isn't helping much either - his feet pedal yet are absent of real horsepower. Still, you aren't facing a sliver of resistance as you steadily traverse to your destination. Even when Wallae might peek at how hard and wet you are or the quartet of burly cadets keenly eyeing you both in suspicion, he doesn't whisper a word of refusal. Just how you like'em, absolutely determined to be soft and willing.

#### [Next]

Leaping into a free visitors dorm you were eyeing, tap the door shut once your robotic lover-to-be slips fully inside. No time can be wasted since one of you is on the clock. You flick on the lights, instantly complimenting your expectation with a sizable living space for four, objected by the solitary, compact cot hugging a far corner, and a doorway leading to the solution to your messy aftermath. With one hand on his shoulder and another a hip, you chuck Wallae onto the bed at best you can, given his hidden density. Thankfully, as you calculated, he spins just right

Clutching the cheap bedsheets like it's a dolly keeping him safe and secure, he stares anxiously at you, waiting for your next move. "P-please, [pc.mrMs]. Consider the inner workings of my structural integrity. The maintenance team might find me defective if any anomalous damage was left off after your... *bout*."

Don't worry. You aren't gonna turn a complete 180 and end up **destroying** your cute bot-boy. That's just plain savagery. But, even when voicing this, he maintains his intimidation of you. Makes sense too when you are standing tall before him, libidinous intent drawing a hand to your [pc.clothedCrotch], [pc.eyeColor] beams swooping up and down the delectable piece of artificial sophistication primed for the taking.

Wallae is about to be your personal fuck-doll for the next fifteen or so minutes; you know this; he probably knows this. What are you gonna do about it?

#### [Diddle&Schlick] / [Faux-Anal]

#### // Recurring

"Gear up your circuits Officer Wallae," you say, swiftly clutching your P-2 lover-boy by the wrist. You don't provide the time for him to grab his stuff; you just trailblaze onward, sweeping past crowd after crowd to the residential entrance far ahead. In your pacing, your peer from the back of your head, all to watch your light-blue officer stumbling a funny jig right behind you. You smile, stating, "We're gonna go have some fun."

You both speed through the boisterous hall like a couple sweethearts running off to seek out their own path.

### **[Next]**

After loudly speeding through the calm guest corridor like a pair of runaway sweethearts, you find an unoccupied room to burst into. In about ten seconds, you toss Wallae to the tidy bed, where his mighty caboose violently crashes into the sheets like an extra-thick meteor, **then** you close and lock the door behind you.

"What will you proceed with this time, [pc.mrMs]?" He hates to ask, staring pitifully as you slowly saunter forward to him, clearly aware of the ardor oozing out of you, glazed [pc.eyes], damp [pc.lowerGarmentOuter], and much more his routine analysis of you trembles to read.

So, what are your plans for him?

### **[Diddle&Schlick] / [Faux-Anal] / [Teach Suck]**

### **[Diddle&Schlick]**

// Tooltip: Put his mouth put to good use.

// Tooltip Invalid: Going to need a cunt for him to play with.

"I need to cool myself off down here," you express while already in the middle of unfastening your [pc.lowerGarment]. Pulling down your coverings, you can sense the tension increase feet ahead of you without caring to look. You fling all except your [pc.upperGarment] to a nearby desk and you focus back to Wallae, now seeing his awkward sitting having dropped to study [pc.eachVagina] {ifpcBall: hidden behind your ballsack} with an unfamiliar awe. You can simply grin, slowly stepping up to his prone pose. "And you're gonna help with that."

Actually noticing your approach when his picture image of your salivating taint has zoomed grander in size and detail, the light-blue officer retrogresses a notch of shyness, asking, "H-how must I service you, [pc.mrMs]?"

Well, first off, he needs to take off his shirt and vest. {/ifgirlCumVol1000+: He may not know, but when [pc.mrMs] ascends the ether of thigh-clamps and convulsions, [pc.heShe] squirts and [pc.heShe] squirts **a lot**. So, he probably wouldn't want to keep it on unless he prefers coming back soaked from up the belt and taking on a fierce tang. /else: That is what any proper cuntlicker should do when they are soon to receive a faceful of feminine ferocity. Also, because there's a very likely chance you'll be grinding all over him like a mindless [pc.race] near [pc.hisHer] climax.}

Stuttering to hum an affirmative, Wallae sits up to undo his upper clothing, unzipping his protective outer gear, then squirms off and carefully places it on the floor, with his tight, long-sleeved shirt getting about the same treatment. You enjoy yourself surfing across the willowy softness of a sky-blue upper body, free of segmentation like the tree of mechanical automatons. Wrapped in a synthetic layer of smooth skin plumped to imitate the impression of muscles and tissues stuffed inside while lacking the necessary nipples to keep the eyes ogling from there. He shivers lightly. Not from the roomy coolness permeating this ship - which shouldn't be a factor for him, but the smallest increase of vulnerability in his being. A flaw to some; a plus to your rising dominance.

Good. You can move on with the fun.

{ifpcTauric: Clipping your heavy tauric body around to face your hind rear to the bed-bound android, you go into reverse, leaving a thin trail of dewy delight in your path. After looking at the preliminary mess you've made below, you crane your head to eye behind, beaming a sultry leer at Wallae. He isn't allowed to offer you his all-too-known stare. The deep *thump* rumbles the solid floor beneath him. With a bucking jump, and your hindquarters land into his comfort zone, strong legs enclosing his broad thighs and muscled [pc.aRace] booty looming ominously above his head. Grinning at the shadow your heft casts down on your roboy-toy, you spread your behind legs apart, rocket that [pc.tail] sky high, and flex those big and burly asscheeks apart to reveal your [pc.vagina] in its full beauty. /else: Once your [pc.legOrLegs] touches two shins pressed tightly together, you reach your arms out, grabbing your robo-lover by the shoulders. He weakly gasps when you are shoving him to lie back, and that's about it. You climb into bed with him - or rather on top of him to clarify the roles, {ifpcOneleg: wiggling your [pc.leg] on Wallae's midriff as you get close to a fresh plaything to feast on. /else: shuffling your [pc.legs] on either side of Wallae to make his job easier.} His ordinary bow inward when setting his head into the blanket and eventually flops from the pressure, whipping flat to cover his forehead. The escalating events are high on the priority from him to fix up his style. He has nowhere to go. Your loins hang above him, waiting there for a hot second as you ponder.}

You are confident you will enjoy this. Wallae has that pretty mouth, delicate and smooth fingers, and virgin attitude. Your perverse inner mind fills with wonder of the things he'll humor you in his hardship of getting you off. Right now, you don't favor tongue and lips. You want to see what he will pull off with his bare hands.



"Go on," you coo, sweltered gash oozing warm droplets of need to fall right into Wallae's {ifpcTauric: lap /else: waifish chest}. "Feel me up. Or should I say *inspect* me. I don't bite. I promise."

And to your foxy command, Wallae remains frozen solid, quivering at the chin like a frightened teen.

Of course, he is in **such** a need for a clear direction, bidding a mild frown and a few light {ifpcTauric: tail-flicks across [pc.eachVagina], gesturing grabby hands from your distance. /else: glides of middle-finger to vaginal cleft. Retracting, you dip the glaze you've collected into your mouth, lapping away while using your other hands to gesture a wicked fondling.} That seems to do the trick; those absent arms no longer splay, furling in to stop at Wallae's curious face. He looks at his hand, then to you, then back to his hand, then returns to you for a second time, and finally stays there, questioning his understanding. You nod, mouthing, "*Use your hands.*" in a manner least embarrassing for a proverbial audience watching your naive lover.

"O-oh. My... my hands? My hands here?" Rash, but in a surprisingly great way, Wallae promptly acts on his inquiry without you passing another nod, thoughtlessly clasping a [pc.vaginaColor] pair of flushed netherlips. A disturbance of chilled hands jolts your nerves a bit. Your homemade heat baking his palm turns the sensation into an excellent refresher to moisten the crotch evermore.

You hoot lively, ascended a higher peak of energy; a poultry reward in reality; striking a divot to mark the course to decadent gold. Bucking into his lazy grip, you call out for Wallae to get to work, to put some muscle into his studying and diddle you. There { is a / are } impatient quim{s} hollering as obnoxiously as you are. He will need to service { it / them } if he wishes to have a { crotch-free / ass-free } field of view ever again.

"W-... what!? [pc.mrMs]! What you are saying is that I have to service **this**..." Like an eager brute he is inadvertently behaving, Wallae straightens and spreads the digits of his chosen hand - the hand presently wedged into your swollen folds. Choking up a wad of spit, you felt you've been gripped in the throat. He squeezes onto your vulva in miscalculated strength, all to gasp, "To free myself?!" Then let go, murmuring, "O-okay. I understand."

In this desperate moment, your esophagus wheezes too uncontrollably tightly for any of your pressing comments to verbalize.

W-... What in the...?! Since when did Wallae ever become so courageous!? He's turning your midsection into pulverized butter with his clench and swab upon your [pc.vagina]. Simply he is humbly { sitting / lying } there on the bed, yet the smoothly textured hand rocking back and forth over your lips is nothing from what your [pc.eyes] perceive. You almost sing a lurid hymn on both ends by the cunt-rubbing only a slutty craftsman could achieve. To critique, his technique of padding and pampering to coax out the juicy pleasure of approval is a little raw. But why even



note that when a literal military-grade automaton - albeit unwittingly built to be sexy and servile - is gradually rising you to a series of spasms leading any [pc.gender] to a soporific crumble.

No... those eyes. Spending a spoon of sand to peek them out, they still pulse and warp rapidly, holding on to the representation of a fragile little boy you know to be trembling behind the blue static. Then, what could explain his lack of subtlety?

Absence of nature, line of scripts coded together to finalize the desired results of ignorance and domestication foreign to you, and likewise to thee. You steadily piece the puzzle, picturing Wallae's standpoint: *you are afraid. A [pa.aRace] you met a couple of times is presenting equipment you understand fleshies like [pc.himher] attend to drool over like a canine. [pc.heShe] demands you apply hand-care on her equipment, else returning to your original duties will be postponed. So... hence, you will apply hand-care. U-uuuuh - can't forget that.*

The sense of it incites the persuasion to keep your discovery in the dark. Let meek and uninformed stay meek and uninformed, you subconsciously say to yourself. A tough thing to do when a hand as smooth as a newborn's bottom is casting strings on every sensitive nerve it can find. Wallae is meticulous about it too, you'd hate for him to thumb crevices in the entrance to your sloppy hole without your riotous leg{s} knocking into his { ifpcTauric: thighs /else: stomach }. Or { ifpcTauric: nearly butt-butting into his forehead /else: driving your pelvis to a jittery dance}, brought forth from flurries of tickles transitted by fingers softly drumming an incomprehensible rhythm on your mound.

Soon, your love-buzzer is discovered in Wallae's exploration, placed on the table for experimentation. At first, he spreads the roof of your puffy puss, breaking out a grunt to meet with his impulsive motion. He recovers his status of cunt connoisseur shortly in prodding and pokes [pc.eachClit], seeing {ifclitSize10+": if your [pc.clitBiggest] oversized girth might tower any further from your groin than its already has. Figuring not, he doesn't hesitate to wrap around your pseudo-cock, then tests the effects of his easy stroking. You don't need to gasp or grunt anything - which is what you're going to do. The kindled twitches and throbs of an entertained spire of clitoris speak for themselves. /clitSize4": whether he is touching another finger given the considerable size your [pc.clitBiggest] juts out. It's not a finger; any normal person wouldn't argue against that. You hope Wallae is if he'll continue finger-poking your tip some more. /else: how many presses he needs to dispense a stream of translucent nectar. One was all he needed; a waterfall is what he gets for button-mashing under { each / your } little hood to no end.} Sweat of genuine thrill of the moment excretes from your pores. You are panting softly, actually panting for every pocket of air; your P-2 lover-boy is seriously approaching the mission placed on him, and then some!

Wallae doesn't know it. He just does not know it! He can't **see** with his own artificial eyes how hard he is blowing your mind with his underhand intemperance! Could you actually give him credit either? Sheer luck is what's keeping you drooling like an animal from both orifices and transfixing your [pc.eyes] on the ceiling light, straining lethargically to stay upright before the

main course can be served. Miraculous luck that he performs all the perfect procedures preventing him from plummeting down to the dumps of '*Oops! I messed up!*' or unsatisfactory.

{ifpcTauric: At one point, the urge for more becomes too immense to hold off. You want to feel more of your P-2 lover. Flicking your [pc.tail] across Wallae's face like it were a weightless feather, you holler his undivided attention. Ripped his gaze away from the [pc.vagina] mewling pettily to his somewhat aggressive care, you order one clear-cut sentence. "Wallae. Use your arm and jab me in { the pussy / one of my holes } like you mean *nnggh!*" He halts after swiping a knuckle on your dewy cunt-folds in response, making you moan behind bitten lips. He swings his eyes to you, concerned while illuminating incorruptible innocence. You try to relax and tenderly sigh, "Do it whatever way you like. An arm wedged inside me is all a [pc.aRace] cares for."

Wallae grades your benevolence with a cute smile, blindly obeying you like the good boy he is. That soft and wet hand disconnects from its manhandling for a few painful seconds. It is alright though, you come to erect at the neck to the bumpy rigidity of a clenched fist knocking at your waiting doors. In three, two, one, your forelegs almost drop-dead on the floor, end the sexcapade with you blacking out to sensory explosion. The moment he punches his entire forearm into your cavernous cunny, stretching you considering wide, he sends splatters of [pc.girlCumColor] juices to rebound on his arm, neck, and face. Your debased instinct seize the advantage and clamp iron-hard on its brazen intruder. Just as you thought. Panic overtakes your makeshift dildo, raking up internal wildfires to have you dazed, neighing mindlessly, drooling froth from the uneasy fist-pumping Wallae puts your *slorping* walls through in his hilarious attempt of rescuing a limb. Though, a nasty squirt inevitably glosses him enough for a slippery escape. Oh, that felt *goood*. It's **always** wonderful having someone there to shove an arm down your womanly chimney.}

Already, you are almost to the brink. You know your body well enough to understand the prickle orbs of ecstasy slowly converging as one to self-destruct in a vaginal implosion and fluid explosion.

"U-uuh." Wallae speaks up, interrupting your mental meltdown. While sweeping your labia{s} with his a digit - dropping a touch in forwardness, he feels to ask, "Am I achieving my optimal performance? Should I turn towards another approach?"

[pc.breasts] squeezed and kneaded in a raw manner, your groping hands stop its incohesion in sprung remembrance.

Right! Yes! No better time than now for a sticky cunnilingus!

"You're about like... seventy-five percent to completion!" You roughly pant, {ifpcTauric: tapping a [pc.foot] at his ankle /else: reaching a hand down to palm his cheek}. "Wallae. You need to use your little mouth to finish this. It's the only - *mmnngawd*..." Or better yet, {ifpcTauric: elbow his thigh /else: grip his cheek } if he stabs you again. **"ONLY WAY!"**

"O-oh." He chirps softly, releasing his cunt-soaked hand from your [pc.vagina]. "My... my mouth?"

Yeeess, his mouth. That is how this goes; he plays; he pays.

"It... it is that..." At best in his position, he sits himself up an inch, creaking the mattress as its springs crunch. "We P-2 units have a defense mechanism to mitigate foreign substances and dangerous pathogens entering our mouthparts. The effects are entirely harmless to non-microscopic organisms, though I can do nothing to prevent it from activating. It does not help very much, but I can choose from one of two protocols to defend myself if ever this occurs. One triggers a build-up of warm, oily dissolvent secreted from my oral dispensary system. The other sets off a low-charged current of electricity coursing through my taste-o-meter. I guess I should lay the option to you, [pc.mrMs]. You are the servee, after all."

Defense mechanism? Oily mouth? And electrifying tongue? Are you looking at a brothel cunt-pleaser back on terra?

Sounds splendid in your [pc.ears]. Either way, though, you're going to end up smashing your pelvis against someone's face. The method preceding the inevitable is on the table for you. What does your [pc.vagina] want on the side of cuntmuncher? A side of essentially lukewarm lubricant or an extravagant arc transfusion?

**[Lube] / [Volt]**

**[Lube]**

// Tooltip: Oil you up for squirt season.

// Sends to **[Relax]**.

You will take his defensive oils. Might even stew something fitting Officer Wallae's taste when you start wetting all over his face.

Your kind-natured fella readily nods, blocked away from the troublesome fears a first-time cuntlicker may have. Your active wobbling slows to view the effortless display of eroticism { ifpcTauric: behind / below } you.

Nonchalantly, Wallae dove four glistening fingers into his maw, sucking up the syrupy fluids he has diligently milked. The thumb he missed was not wholly forgotten it seems. Popping out squeaky cleanliness, he arouses his thumb - and your psyche - with a blue tongue extending to coil around its stubby length, then reeling it in the dark recesses its siblings came back from, brand new. Seriously, was a state-of-the-art pleasure-bot rebooted into a P-2 android one day?

"Sweet, yet tangy." He comments in a modest tone, his little thumb still quietly suckled.

You stifle your impatience for the slippery ancillary of crotch pleasing to be triggered. Wallae winces for a slight moment, then begins rolling his lower jaw, lips puckered and cheeks ballooned as if pointlessly swirling a hard-to-swallow drink. Finally, in a ticking minute, he lolls his mouth open to show you his processed concoction, a teasing display since he has to hurriedly close up when the stockpile dissolvent floods down his tongue and chin.

That is unfortunate timing for him. So unfortunate, because you aren't standing an agitating second longer for him to ready up. Your puffy vulva quivers, whining for the special tribute it so needs. This can't be neglected, Wallae should know this and slam his face into your [pc.eachVagina] right away, but he doesn't. Too bad for him; before he could definitively meet your desire again, you aggressively approach first, violently {ifpcTauric: tackling him down, head-first into the bed with the backward kicking of your strong hind-legs. /else: driving his head down into the sheets with a mighty down-drop.}

"Mmmrph... *rrMMMMMPH!*" is the screech what you love to hear, muffled vocal cords vibrating {ifpcTauric: somewhere in the realm of tauric booty /else: deep below the groin and funneling out of your [pc.ass]}, climbing the ardor up.

Wallae is caught scared and confused by your zealous nature. He is smothered in between soaking femininity and halfway decent covers, computing only to latch onto a set of [pc.hips] for self-preservation. It's delightful seeing him play his part without him even knowing it. Delightfully, neither a demand shout nor shoving pelvis is required to goad those lips to peel open and offer its oily contents to the equation. Your pleasure-boy must have subconsciously engaged his auto-licking protocols before he might've done anything undesirable.

*Mmmmyes.* Feels quite warm and yucky down there; you actually enjoy it.

A lubricated tongue free of grooves and bumpiness wriggles against your outer folds, effortlessly worming through the labial barrier to access a channel many dreams to venture themselves. Your robotic fuck-buddy is worthy, however. Worthy of being granted the right to your [pc.eachVagina] - to bathe and worship you, obviously. You buck back and forth to film your oil-infused nectar across Wallae's face and over his neck and shoulders. The purpose was to give him a better taste and feel of you and the new mixture, but it *may* have also been to establish a scent-mark over your confederate doll. He is a unique case you want to yourself. To have him there dancing fine sheen on your aching vulva, or rubbing your lust-plumped clit{s} against the smooth and featureless ridge where a person's nose would be located. These are what he is performing as you speak, which gives the weight of truthful depravity to your inner statements.

A hot blush spreads on your cheeks, [pc.lips] panting new steam for every face-grind, pace now increasing in a blatant rise of arousal. Wallae, drenched from the neck up in his own undoing,

slurps and slathers onwards. His grip on your flexing flanks carries on with meek determination. You squint to look at him, soon thrilled to find a hardworking P-2 worship [pc.eachVagina]. You feel dotted. At the very beginning, you really thought you were going to juice yourself on a timid muncher doing a half-ass job. Absolutely wrong. {if3Vaginas: Wallae has been going at it to keep the trio of [pc.cuntColor] ladies impressed with their tongue bath. Head turning left to lick one miss on the button; steered right to inhale the other beaut on her swollen kisser; anchored center to lather the middle madam with warm liquids. /if2Vaginas: The [pc.cuntColor] sisters are sharing their pleasure-toy evenly amongst the two -Wallae makes sure of that by procedurally cycling his munching in one and out the other. Where one sister spits messily during its tongue-kissing session, the additional twin copies the same level of slobbery when it is her turn to show her best. /else: You and your [pc.vagina] are savoring every drawn-out suckle. In some repeats, you move with the grain of every light lick Wallae does. Each time either only happens, a transparent wash of oiled [pc.girlCum] spills down his chins and further stick to his locks. } Oh... oh **fuck!** His efforts will make your ejaculation all the sweeter!

Your core constricts as an orgasmic high reaches its summit in a burning finale. Eyes scrunching painfully shut, you groaning an exquisite pitch. Digging your fingernails into your [pc.breasts], {ifgirlCumVol1000+: a deluge of [pc.girlCum] is soundly released, noisily shotgunning feminine delight at a near disturbing degree to not just cake all across poor Wallae's head, chest and stomach, but splash a large portion of the bedsheets as well. See, he did need his shirt off when looking forward to you cumming like a heat-sunken { beast / she-beast }. /else: you squirt a fine webbing of concentrated [pc.girlCum] to cling on Wallae's face and neck. After the initial burst of excitement, your rejuice honeypot{s} drizzle liberally while you work his mouth apart in your ecstatic grinding.} Crotch pressed hard and unmoving, Wallae is helpless to swallow whatever your crotch spills into his mouth. Most it does end up down the gullet; his head nudges from the big gulps rippling his throat. {ifpcHas3Vaginas: Interestingly, he doesn't take into account the other two ladies vomiting their oiled serving on either side of his cheeks. Or maybe he's choosing not to pay any mind. After all, there's only so much one mouth can do in the heat of the moment. /ifpcHas2Vaginas: Dealing with twins supplying oiled deliciousness, he thinks can stretch his mouth wide to contain the mess they're creating. It is all in vain. He is but one drinker dealing with two vomitters. All he can do is switch back and forth, resultantly sucking down one spill while taking the other to the cheek.}

Your rise of blissful orgasm scales for about a heady minute, {ifpcTauric: sitting your giant rear end on /else: sawing your crotch on} Wallae's face, clenching, squirting, and gasping to a finely-tuned groan for those close by to hear behind your sealed door. Your muscles feel it has the energy to unwind like this for hours. However, just like that something-law states: what goes up, must come down.

A heavy pressure ties to a knot in your head, then quickly moves on to numbing your joints. The final releases of your well-desired pleasures aim way off its mark as your body relaxes and is unable to stay upright, dropping you into the bed. Not before you grasp the strength to bump your hips to one side so as not to land on your battered and abused android.

"*Fuuuck* that was great!" you loudly exhale once plopping beside Wallae, placing a hand to a [pc.breast] as you control your breathing. "You surprise me, Wallae. How you just played my game of *Muff Simulator* really did surprise me."

"R... really?" Your P-2 boy-toy hesitates to sincerely ask, which is swiftly and silently answered with you pulling him down for a gentle, sticky kiss. You keep his [pc.girlCumColor]-glossed lips to yours for a bit, letting you take the time to roam his slim tummy, feeling up the artificial suppleness overlaying the solid mechanisms hidden under.

**[Relax]**

**[Volt]**

// Tooltip: You're raring for some shock treatment!

// Sends to **[Relax]**.

// Adds stress to affect the **tired** status.

Arms squeezing under your [pc.breasts], you look to Wallae and confidently wager that shock therapy never hurts any pussy.

Your kind-natured fella readily nods, blocked away from the troublesome fears a first-time cuntlicker may have. Your active wobbling slows to view the effortless display of eroticism { ifpcTauric: behind / below } you.

Nonchalantly, Wallae dove all five of his glistening fingers into his maw, sucking up the syrupy fluids he has diligently milked. It looks kind of silly where you're standing from, watching the heavy-bottom boy stretching his lips apart to taste the whole of his stickied hand. Of course, the purpose of his quiet slurping is really to activate that oral-voltage-system thing he's got. But it is a little *interesting* how he thought to do it, with him being a totally-not-sex-bot to boot.

"Hmmm tastesh... *ghuuh!*"

Wallae abruptly gasps, yanking his fingers out like he just experienced the danger zone. "I did not quite analyze your flavor before my circuits were jolted!"

Great. He is charged and ready; you can lay your crazed libido on'im.

{ifpcTauric: Sweat-dampened posterior /else: drenched loins } descending hastily from above, the bed springs groans harshly as your [pc.vagina] crashes into Wallae's unprepared face. He didn't see it coming at all, squealing and shaking his head under your weight. Like an antsy cat caught by the tail, he flails his arms about, whipping anywhere in a two-foot radius. Eventually,



he gets a grip of himself after accidentally clasping one of your [pc.breasts]. His hands slither up to your [pc.hips], holding on as tight as his timidity permits.

The funny thing is, Wallae hasn't peeled his maw open throughout his panic. But once something smooth and warmish connects with your swollen netherlips, a shocking turn of events makes you wish you weren't always so brazen in your actions.

An oral organ wriggles a surprise current of electricity against your outer folds, delivering concussive stings as it jabs through the labial barrier, access channels too slow to shut on reaction. The shock. It struck you so quick and clean in your sensitive regions, forcing an instinctive safeguard of locking your shoulders high and caving your neck in where it looks like you never had one. Your flushed-red vulva{s} THEN acts, convulsing and gushing out [pc.girlCumColor] slime at forces only achieved when powered up in the lady-bits. Unfortunately - but fortunately, [pc.eachVagina] have now oozed way for thousands of amps to fork into their host, coursing up the flesh of your taint and not stopping until your throat rattles a screaming hiccup.

V-v-v-void! How aren't you fried-numb yet!?

You labor to heave for another breath with all the involuntary muscle contractions. From how powerful the tongue-shaped electrode is disrupting the very fragility of your feminine sanctity, Wallae **is** basically defending himself as he spikes your nerves beyond belief. You almost want to scream, scream off the top of your lungs when a particular arc hit so hard, it actually raced up to [pc.eachClit], your flesh growing redder than you anticipated. And it just won't stop; it can't stop. Your life-like muncher never closes his mouth, never {if3Vaginas: drops the single, fleet flicks across [pc.eachVagina], tongue-slapping three pairs of shock-swollen vulvas to get a sordid hoot from the [pc.cuntColor] ladies. /if2Vaginas: delay his orderly tongue-diving in the two [pc.cuntColor] sisters, virtually piercing both them and you with the tip of an electro-arrow. /else: stunts the wiggling of his tongues, acting as a runoff funneling the sweet fluids your [pc.vagina] excitedly drools down his throat.}

Wallae... he isn't aborting his mission-objective of stoking your wildfire. Because he understands your wants, tastes the excruciating crackles flexing your [pc.butt] to an impervious contort, the flashing hums of white light rebooting your consciousness again and again. He understands your fetish for pain and pleasure only makes your [pc.eachVagina] shiver more cuntjuices, so there's no clamping his mouth for a time like this.

Mmmph.... mmm**MMSHIT!** This is it! Your [pc.legOrLegs] feel like nothing from the bottom up, and your gut squeezes down to half its size; finally!

Without proving yourself a harmless specimen of orgasmic-driven impulsed, you {/ifpcTauric: you clench your tauric buns on Wallae's face, flexing powerfully /else: spreading both shaky hands over Wallae's head, gripping meaningfully on that cap of his}. Then, your entire body initiates full-on jitter mode, vibrating like you're desperately trying to strip off this

[pc.skinFurScale] stuck on you. The effects of his taser-tongue thunder an intense blitz inside your weakened gash{es}, erupting greater quantities of viscose slime to flood the funnel-like battleground. {/ifgirlCumVol1000+: You'd say it were a secondary procedure, but with your [pc.vagina] audibly jettisoning quart after quart of [pc.girlCum], you work an odd chuckle through shiver vocals. You know there's a puddle forming on the bed, even while not quite feeling the warm moisture growing below. Y-y-yeah, he needed that shirt off when you fly off with a full-charged gush. /else: A thick squirt temporarily lessens that nubby shock prod, allowing a comical hoot to vibrate from your throat. Which only ends a grunt of strained silence when the drizzles come next, practically hitting the switch back on.} {ifpcTauric: Face buried in a world of quiver assfat /else: Head held in malfunctioning iron-claws for hands}, Wallae has nowhere to be but in your soaked crotch, slightly writhing whilst drinking up the nectar his system's defenses have unknowingly coaxed. {ifpcHas3Vaginas: Interestingly, he doesn't take into account the other two ladies vomiting pussyjuice on either side of his cheeks. Or maybe he's choosing not to pay any mind. After all, there's only so much one mouth can do in the *shock* of the moment. /ifpcHas2Vaginas: Dealing with twins supplying dewy deliciousness, he thinks can stretch his mouth wide to contain the mess they're creating. It is all in vain. He is but one drinker dealing with two overclocked vomitters. All he can do is switch back and forth, resultantly sucking down one spill while taking the other to the cheek.}

Your silly seizure persists for about a heady minute. Most sensation Wallae attempts to stir is vastly overrun by the supercharged ecstasy rolling your eyes far up. The voltage weaponizing his tongue is also made absent by the destructive barrage of a self-inflicted *nervesplosion*. He's such... such a good mouth! But you think time is up for stretching his usage; your flesh can't take much more of this extreme treatment.

Your head bobbles, wobbles, then hang limp when the last convulsive releases make their rounds. All the energy you had was used in those final moments. You can safely say you're exhausted and numb to the extent where Wallae's still wriggling tongue is a faint nudge on your sore walls. Okay. You **need** to sit down now. Your hips and leg{s} feel like they are about to collapse from immense stress rapidly sneaking up on you. Seeing the best spot to settle down is right beside your autonomous lover, you slump your { [pc.ass] / crotch } off his face and crash on the bed next to him. A take of second of you heaving to yourself for him to realize all if finished.

"Oooh, what a shock to savor!" you loudly exhaLee, placing a hand to a [pc.breast] as you control your breathing. You sluggishly swing your [pc.eyes] to your Steele-glazed boy-cop, saying, "That was pretty surprising, Wallae. You *spiked* me out pretty... *Hhhooooo* pretty damn good!"

"R... really?" Your P-2 boy-toy hesitates to reply, which is swiftly and silently answered with you pulling him down for a messy, sticky kiss. You keep his [pc.girlCumColor]-glossed lips to yours for a bit, letting you take the time to roam his slim tummy, feeling up the artificial suppleness overlaying the solid mechanisms hidden under.



**[Relax]**

## [Faux-Anal]

// Tooltip: Dive into Wallae's 'anal' cavity.

// Tooltip Too Big: Your size will destroy his vital hardware!

// Tooltip Too Small: You couldn't even reach his 'butthole' with your lil' weenie!

// Tooltip Invalid: You'll need a dick for this.

Your [pc.cockLight] has been longing, pumping for some fat roboy-booty. The generous curves you ogle were constructed with official purpose and unassuming intent. Precisely, his artificial bottom-heaviness was all designed to safely perform modest actions most people take for granted. Your bland and boring conscience bother you with this lame statement; what you're here for is to hammer someone into the bed, and you found the right kind of fuck-buddy thick enough to handle you.

"Take off your pants, turn around and bend over. I'm going to take your little-big tushy out for a spin, Wallae," you speak bluntly, corroborating your clear intent with the clean removal of your own [pc.crotchCover]. Your [pc.cockColor] erection{s} throbs strong and feisty, free to do as it pleases now in the open air.

"O... okay." Wallae stammers to comply, yet his autonomous hands cut time and swiftly drop down to the straps of his orange-colored fanny pack, unbuckling it from behind to place under the bed. There's some hesitation in dropping the final obstruction that is his tight pants. The internal pressure eventually subsides as his legs stick out, allowing a swift departure of dull, navy-blue fabric and occupation of somewhat shiny, light-blue skin.

Would you look at that. Your little male-orient officer is void of any cock and balls; he is completely barren at the private department, smoothed flush to leave nothing but an obvious answer at his crotch area. Heh. You almost forgot the line of P-2s aren't built for pleasure and sexual utilities. Still, it's weird to have your inevitable butt-fuckee without any equipment.

Sitting naked from the waist-down, Wallae shivers at the knees as he follows up with the other orders given to him, climbing onto the bed so he has more room to comfortably turn about. And, oh! Just what you wanted to see. Thick thighs tip-toeing to rotate, a mighty trunk slowly gravitating to your direction, jiggling its bouncy immensity in its travel. Centering two massive buttcheeks your way, the timid android bends down, lowering his skinnier top while keeping his much wider bottom to standing attention. With that, he has accomplished his consecutive tasks in priming himself for a thorough butt-breeding. You smile in the back of your mind, watching him sway left to right, excess weight toppled by him pressing his legs to close together. {ifpcballs: You feel your [pc.balls] already brewing up on their [pc.cumVisc] reserves to achieve

the filling an ass of that magnitude requires.} The only mistake you could point out is him lying across the width of the bed instead of its space-forgiving length. Taking him from the back means the option to use this space is barred for you. {ifpcTauric: Actually. You are seeing something else. The wall in front of him isn't out of reach; he is in range for your tauric physiology to act upon the humping it so wishes to do. Ooh, yeah /else: Nonetheless, you're okay staying on your { foot / feet }. You'll have a better view of the face soon to make you chuckle}.

"I... I have never taken any action like this before. Y-you will be patient with me, right?" Wallae mumbles softly, drawing your firm gaze away from the expansive butt and to the two lights that are his eyes.

"I will try. I'll also teach you what we fleshies do to feel good. AND how I like to treat my fuckboys." You reply in fine tone, even as you loom closer to him with your [pc.cockLight] { and [pc.balls] } dangling about. "Trust me, Wallae. Soon enough, you'll learn to love being touched, inside and out. You don't need to be afraid."

"I believe I can trust you - I... I do. It is just that we... we P-2 units have never been scripted or constructed to experience pleasure in disrupting our internal *haa-...*!" Wallae's low voice got caught in a bit of a high-pitched gasp when your sneaky hands whips to harshly land on his broad flanks, affecting a huge wave of jiggly assflesh to ripple inward and slap together a sharp *clap* no inferior booty could create. Then, wincing in surprise at how fast your boldness has arrived, he sinks in his mouth into an arm and muffles, "**Hardware** similar to you organics. I am uncertain if my body will feel the way you might desire me to feel, [pc.mrMs]."

Mhmmm. Yeah... you'll see about that. But, first...

After rubbing over his standard-issue buns, brazenly assessing how yielding Wallae's artificial hills of fat is when applying moderate, nonsex-crazed pressure, you thumb knuckle their way in his deep butt-cleavage. Piercing far enough, you spread'em and find what you're looking for. It's his anus, snuggled at the bottom of a far-ranging canyon of soft light-blue, stranded from any other defining features. What has you stuck there for a second, staring is how puffy he is at the edges. The odd swell is perfectly distributed to evenly circle and close around the entrance to his backdoor. A peculiar design of *modest* robotics... in an irresistible intrigue you have to touch.

A tiny squeak chirps out by a thumb nudging on that tight-looking donut of an asshole, almost pressing on it like it were a button. Your hand's disturbance is met with the canyon collapsing around it in truckful of softness. This simply works against Wallae's impulsive reaction, where your thumb is held directly on his bulbous sphincter.

"That is the exit canal to my Foreign Fluid Siever!" He states, lightly tapping a foot on your leg, "You intend to not only handle my buttocks, but my **Foreign Fluid Siever** as well!?"

"Well, yeah! Where there's a butt, there's a hole hiding somewhere. And I **clearly** intend to use your scrumptious hole - or siever-whatever." So, with your other hand still kept on a curvy hip, you slipped free of his enveloping asscheeks with relative ease and returned to securing him. You then purposefully budge his lovely derriere, working on loosening the muscles that might stress up later, all the while saying, "Now, if you could lift up a bit. Gotta get yourself in juuust the right position for my cock {ifpcTauric: and hindquarters} {ifSilly: okaaay}."

Your bootylicious officer has a short pause to himself, then nods with a cute 'Mhm' murmuring past his still-covered mouth. Arching his back to upturn his pinnacle of mass to sway a voluptuous spire, nay a heart-shaped alpine, maintained in an eye-catching form by two rounded mountains flaring down at the bee-stung overhangs. He might not see it now, but your blood boils a temperate you know well to enjoy, simmering at the loins to stiff maddening strength in your [pc.cock]{ifpcBalls: , kick up the brewing process going on inside your [pc.balls], swelling to feel full and aching. /ifballsAndVagina: , stimulate the churning currently filling up with hot seed. While behind, your [pc.eachVagina] dribble a warm dew to dampen your [pc.thighs] and [pc.scrotum] }. You really get horny for a delectable piece of silicone-infused ass, no matter the strange circumstances visibly present or the morality - well, strictly the legality - put on the table.

"*Booty is booty*," you hum delightfully, agreeing to yourself {ifpcTauric: with launching your forelegs high above Wallae and clopping them to the wall in front of him, thumping a shattering rumble you to hope didn't shooked up curiosity from beyond your room. Sure did spook the meek fella, shrinking his head down from the shadow your tauric body casts while braced over his prone state. Your throbbing pride hangs low, rebounding off his large rear whilst it lightly bobs. /else: with swinging your beatstick{s} up to flop down between those soft cheeks. You stay there for a moment, allowing this ship's artificial gravity do the work in slowly burying your [pc.cockColor] hotdog until only the [pc.cockTip] juts in view, drooling precum in relish of its cushiony home you too can sigh in agreement.}

{ifpcCockLength20-24": "**O-oooh!** U-uuuh, [pc.mrMs]. I... I do not kno-..." Wallae shushes his stumbling and merely gazes at the [pc.cockType] beast dragging its pounds of veined [pc.cockColor] meat up and down his deep cleavage, feeling your cumvein pulse strongly on his puffy siever. You wonder what races in his mind as he watches you glide atop him, probably tracing the many thick inches you look forward to burying **all** inside of him. It is only appropriate for a mighty ass to take an equally mighty insertion. /cockLength12-19": "Y-you possess a rather... rather large reproductive appliance, [pc.mrMs]." Wallae murmurs, meekly peeking at the considerable shaft of { manhood / hermhood } sawing in and out of his bare tush. From the way his brow grimaces to the humps exposing the veiniest inches to witness, you bet your little android has come across a size similar to yours. /else: Wallae mumbles words you can't discern, then to be cut off once your shaft sees an advantage of being the hotdog between two buns far outclassing its decency. You aren't just praising his heinie by making it jiggle to your driving hips. You are sexualizing it with downturned strokes, explicitly driving your tip into the recesses of a divine asscrack. Geez. Only a [pc.guyGirl] of your modest size can exploit a

little-known rule of plus-sized anal sex; dry humping the cavernous buttock with the anus not included.}

You could stand like this, grinding through these two swells of plushy fat for a good ten minutes before going for the plunge. But time is thin and uptight - for your big booty officer, so you'd better move on to the main course while it's nice and fresh.

{ifpcTauric: Seeing how you can't exactly take the lead with the buttfuck zone laid out of your reach, your [pc.eyes] fall down to officer butt-boy sinking the side of his face into the sheets. You expressly cough for him to see you, arms crossed over your [pc.breasts] and staring from far above his head. Then, with one glowing eye drawn, you {ifpckind: politely ifpchard: bluntly} command Wallae to take the initiative and spread apart his asscheeks for you.

"O-oooh." In prompt timing to his moment of charming awkwardness, the rotund satchels of supple, synthetic flesh retreat their joyous entrapment of your cock, opening air to surf across either side of your thickness. You can only really view Wallae's head and shoulders from here, but he must've reached both arms around his caboose like you expected him to. Staring at you all wide-eyed and innocent, he softly asks, "Like... like this?"

"Yyyup. Just like that." You soundly answer, moments before bucking your hindquarters back, grazing your cumvein along his bulbous hole. It's great you were already leaking [pc.cumVisc] pre when doing that; there wouldn't be a sensual tickle channeling up your stomach if you weren't. Also, you feel your warm moisture caking Wallae's widened cleft and your pre-oozing [pc.cockNounSimple]. Great times two - you can set yourself into position without the extra work that comes with it. Good job you.

/else: Having one hand spread a cheek for clean access, while the other milks a glob of [pc.cumVisc] lubricant you'll be applying, you rub your [pc.cockType] glans on the donut-shaped target, glossing both inserter and receiver in a faintly [pc.cumColor] sheen. It's pretty easy work, and you get a couple awkward meeps deserving a chuckle of appreciation.} All that's left now is to split him open. Yeah...

## // First time

{ifpcTauric: Even though you aren't able to see it from here, you nonetheless gather a thought to ponder about the unique receptacle your [pc.cockTip] drooling a mere inch or two away from. /else: You prolong a minute of silence staring at the unusual sphincter in front of you, glued to it with earnest contemplation while it faintly twitches inches from your dribbling [pc.cockTip].} To be correct, it is **not** an anus by function, contrary to its design. Like Wallae said; this hole is an '*exit canal*' to his '*Foreign Fluid Siever*'. So, by definition, you wouldn't be fucking an asshole. Stemming on that thought, who knows what contraptions are made up inside of him - you sure haven't read up on P-2 anatomy. He might house jagged hardware ready to zap, stab and rip apart any foreign invaders... or simply contains artificial offshoots of vital organs. While you pray for the latter, you truly do not know if that's the case. There's a relative chance you've run into a

rare circumstance of a death trap masquerading as a prized piece of ass you don't get to celebrate very often.

Mmmwell... you weren't going to back away now, not when you're this deep in the inevitable sexcapade. And plus, Wallae never did warn you of the dangers that lie inside his spongy body. Sooo...

### **// Recurring**

Knowing this anus isn't EXACTLY an anus still gets to you even after another spin at it. {ifpcTauric: Instincts sensing it from this altitude /else: Eyes focusing on it}, the little thing twitches and shrivels up as one should in the basking of cool air, yet in fact, it operates on an ulterior capacity. Your long-ingrained, sex-driven perception grasps the image of a hungry backdoor, with your drooling [pc.cockTip] remaining locked on target. Anyhow, recalling your last 'studies,' you are somewhat educated in what a P-2 like Wallae has functioning inside his exterior, and it is quite dick-pleasing, to say the very least. Experiencing that rhythmic onslaught of tugs and massages from his deepest end is a must-have if you seek to ride the proverbial storm of a suckling sieve. Aaah. With the way you've been behaving for the past few hours, you really need some of that right now.

Well then... What are you waiting for?

### **// Merge**

Trying not to make much of a hassle, you butt yourself against the diminutive bump, prying just hard enough for Wallae to shudder as he opens up a teeny bit, which honestly isn't much to your expectation. So instead, you brace your { hindquarters / hips } for a beeline excavation, holding just a second to lean down to your P-2's audio receptor and coo, "Here I come."

Wallae hurriedly gathers up a wad of fabric to clutch once the burrowing commences. You gyrate fluidly, working your head inside his puffy pucker. It must feel so odd to him for his ass to slowly but surely expand to allow your [pc.cock] entry to his interior workshop. Inch by inch, you thrust further inside him without rushing it too coarsely. You don't want any of this to hurt. You want him to enjoy it all, to discover his hidden sensory nodes denoting the feel-good pleasures of raw lovemaking.

"M... MM{ Mister / Miss } Steele." The timid peace officer hides under the comfort of his sheets, squeaking to every advancing shove you purposely slack to time. He can definitely sense something entering him, pushing his big behind in the mild aggression to reach a goal. In this act where he is gradually becoming cock-deep in, it frightens him, urging him to hug your glans with the clench of his magnificent buttcheeks. "Y-you are entering my canal!"

You flash a grimace, halting a hot moment to say, "Yes I am. You got to relax, or we won't get anywhere. A protip from me to you, big boy."

A small tussle occurs within Wallae's, bickering alongside and against something he frankly has no control of at this point. Thankfully, his shrinking shoulders have stopped, and so has the capture of your tip. Guess he realized it.

So, on queue, you thrust ever deeper, {ifpcCockLength20-24": feeding him every bit of your incredible thickness his titanic bottom deserves. His donut stretches brutishly to swallow your monstrously huge [pc.cockNounSimple] whole. Plush fat caresses the linings of pulsating veins from having pushed aside those loaded buttocks to let you through. While you groan heartily from above, a certain someone muffles his piercing squeals from below. You are punching a damn huge bulge in Wallae's tummy. You just know it for a fact. Shaped supremely [pc.cockType] several unfathomable inches past his waistline, possibly distending beyond that if you check what's going on under his shirt. /cockLength12-19": plugging up his 'anal' cavity with a considerable rod of [pc.cockType]-meat. For the many inches of thick girth sliding into the cramped border between that nubby entrance, they are met with a welcoming cradle by the surplus padding of synthetic assfat. You try hard to view past this cuddly sensation drooping your eyelids, to see the harsh frown scrawled on Wallae's face. You would assume the decent bulge you're putting in his belly is what causes his sudden discomfort. Eh. He will learn to love it in about a couple solid thrusts. /else: sliding further into that little donut and down a tight channel. You may have parted Wallae well with your decent size, but there stands a particular thing bugging you from situating yourself with a sigh of content. You can't help but be alerted by the overwhelming presence of bouncy butt surrounding you in all dimensions. If it were just your [pc.cockLight] and this huge ass visible to the eye, there'd be an itty-bitty, [pc.cockColor] stub barely indenting the fine line between two light-blue, rotund crests. A faint gasp spilled ahead has the heftiness you just penetrated to wiggle, which nearly swings you around by its own sheer weight. There's your point; you are tackling a soft giant who needs to be shown the business if you want it clapping.}

Hmm. Settling inside this smooth tunnel, it's a bit cooler in here than a person's rectum. Natural body heat isn't a crucial factor for the artificial after all. The peculiar part you found is the longer your {ifpcHorsePeen: flare stretches Wallae to its own distinctive bestial shape /pcFelinePeen: barbs stab tiny grooves in those narrow walls, sending sparks up his spine as harshly educating Wallae on your feline anatomy /pcSuulaPeen: boisterous tendrils sting Wallae to a paralyzed submission /pcCaninePeen: tapered end lightly pokes into Wallae 'anal' walls, sniffing here and there /else: cockhead wanders in these tight walls, subtly moving about with actually going full throttle }, you start to pick something along the way. The all-around denseness of the synthetic flesh sheathing you makes it difficult to easily distort it in your curious gyrating - not regarding his noteworthy tightness. You can feel things shifting around from beyond this stuffed domain... squishy things; what a relief. Still, this is so weird. Were you right on the mark? Are... are these actual **organs** your [pc.cockLight] occasionally nudges into? They got to be physical imitations and not the real thing. It would not make any sense if they weren't. Whatever. As long as you don't hurt yourself on something sharp.

// First time



When getting back to the raunchiness at hand, your [pc.ears] catch Wallae quiet moans all while frowning at the lips, likely confused by the rush of new sensation his body - and booty - is experiencing. His insides must be feeling an unknown tingling rolling all around his body, dispersing from the steady throbs your pleasure instrument beats; the symptomatology of a boy who just now lost his anal virginity. Basically, you are taking his AV card. Which further incentivizes your obligation to teach him of his slutty moaning and how to market his slutty booty.

{ifpcTauric: Crouching down enough to rub your undercarriage on his curled lower back /else: Kneading his broad set of hips}, you say, "Now I'm going to start thrusting in and out of you. Get used to the feeling, and when you are ready, I want you to start pushing your hips back when I thrust forward, okay?"

The P-2 peacekeeper, cock-stuffed and shivering as he does, meekly nods and bends his back to lift that tuckus further upward. He is apparently lost on your wording but remains ready to have a try.

### **// Recurring**

When getting back to the raunchiness at hand, your [pc.ears] catch Wallae quiet moans all while frowning at the lips, likely confused by the rush of new sensation his body - and booty - is experiencing. His insides must be feeling yet another odd tingling rolling across his body, dispersing from the eager throbs your stiff instrument beats. You have taken and taught your sky boy - he should be accustomed to the obvious activation of his pleasure sensors.

You pull up a crooked grin. "Remember how it was? Your hips are going to meet with my onward thrusts, okay? You did great last time. Now I need you to put in the same amount of effort again. That way, I can confidently affect the same awesome feeling you were experiencing from earlier."

Like you were smacking a lightbulb to turn on, Wallae's capped head jumps, familiar codes of memory beamed back to him. While he looks awoken in the face, his penis-plugged butt automatically upheaves, poised in a back-breaking stance that already hands off the notion he's more than ready for you. You're so proud of him. He picked up the ways of buttsluttery so fast, he doesn't realize it yet.

### **// Merge**

As you begin to hit into gear, thrusting back and forth of his tight, you take deep breaths while {ifpcTauric: leaning your upper body the wall /else: keeping your footing}. Wallae... he's getting there, sometimes planting his cheeks on cue of your driving loins, other times staggering out of his tempo in a second you both needed to strike. You understand. He is testing the waters right now, AI system collating the [pc.cock] stretching out his artificial innards in a way they shouldn't, the [pc.race] jiggling his backside with each collision. Oo. You like the face he has. There's a cursory smile on his lips, the kind of relaxed, almost dopey smile that accompanies lidded eyes. He probably isn't aware of his present expression.

"This feels very... mysterious. Waves of this unknown sensation ping strong signals to my buttocks, sensory nodes, and mainframe every time your male organ delivers another drive into my Foreign Fluid Siever. It is h-hard to comprehend how or why I bear this feeling... which keeps shifting to something slightly different. I... I... I think to some degree I am having the capacity of enjoying these sensations." Ramming into that bottomless canal at just the perfect impact, and Wallae's head sharply inclines, eyes flaring brighter than at any point since you started. "Yes... yes! I believe I am!"

You stop right there, right where your [pc.cockTip] kisses his quivering donut to grunt, "It's only gonna get better if you slam back to me."

A promising nod communicates a partnered goal you were aiming for, so you feast his insides to your hardon with a moderate instroke. And just what you wanted to see, Wallae aptly pushes his trunks back to sound off a wet *plap*. He finally begins to move in tandem with you, swaying back to meet your opposing motion. Your lap slaps fittingly against his brilliant cheeks, making it wiggle just like your twisted imagination theorized it would ever since you first dropped your eyes below his waist. You're loving the way he unwittingly clenches around your erection with each new thrust, swelling you physically and mentally with a sex-driven zeal.

Hearing him moaning and whining his innocence in the mattress, meanwhile catching your stroke like a practiced slut for dick, it only edges you to fuck him steadily harder. He wants more, too. It's clear as he keeps on slamming his hips back to meet the source of his alien pleasure again and again. Grunting, unknowingly snarling, you hammer fierce and deep, shoving Wallae's face into the cold wall, curling his spine a new excruciating angle in your effort to bury yonder. To flatten the offset his large butt makes, which exposes your base a couple naked inches. As you passionately double down with an even powerful display of pelvic thrusting, your tip careens straight into a very loose-fitting barrier, easily busting it wide open by its slick and feathery flaps. What you quickly discover pulsing on your [pc.cockHead] head is a realm that contains a whole host of new properties that has you gasping, then promptly moaning a lengthy pitch.

Where are you? It's warmer, squishier, and slippery than the 'anal' passageway right behind you. A circling of these soft and squishy sacks smothers the rims of your glans. The center area counters this intensified texture with a more dense packing of flesh, where at the focal point lies a definite pucker suckling at your very cumslit. Sticking around long enough to let this stranger place slurp the pre pouring from your urethra, and you are leading yourself to believe you've just greeted Donut 2.0. Sort of past an appropriate time to do so, Wallae springs his forearms apart in shock and squeezes down on your shaft, forcing you to yank several inches out.

"*Khuuuuh!*" He hacks, accidentally letting the sheets fall to show his gawking mouth. "T-that was... that was you, [pc.mrMs]? I think you have found the filtration basin of my Foreign Fluid Siever. Y-you are deforming its natural shape, and it feels weird... and... good."



*Oho!* Seems you've found the 'gut' you will be unloading in very shortly.

You know this might be wrong of you to apply a policing service android to services demanding an extra order of bouncy rear capable of absorbing any punishment it receives. Or statutorily, having intercourse with an officially marked and manufactured robot. Yet here you are, connecting the rams of your [pc.hips] with a P-2's bubbly booty. Localized within his unusual interior, your [pc.cockType] fuckstick finds every little nook and cranny it has missed, all while proving its indecency by drooling, sometimes spitting flecks of filthy clouding slime to gunk everything his smooth exit canal. When plowing further beyond that, your [pc.cockTip] passes through a moist and squishy pitstop for it to be cleaned at the slit by an eager servicer - no pun intended. And you're doing exactly this in a place teeming with other badged fishes in their trademark uniforms. You are such a daredevil, a factor adding more power to your blows.

Gugh. Things are starting to burn up insides, your [pc.cock], [pc.balls], and [pc.belly].  
{ifpcVagina: And fuck! Might as well singe the moistening walls of [pc.eachVagina] too!

Honestly. Are **ALL** P-2 androids built with the same kind of anus-like sophistication as your timid little officer here? They would have to be if the U.G.C. hasn't sought plans on making their line of independent autonomy less... fuckable. You were banking on spanning this affair for like, five, ten minutes. Oh boy, were you so right. Now you aren't even confident you can last above that time range, nor will you ever when you are dealing with a fat ass that is **literally suckling** you for the [pc.cumVisc] treat roiling within your churning [pc.balls].

Wallae takes your gradually strait-laced attention to him reaching a hand out to grab the one pillow sitting unbothered against the headboard. He soon hugs to his face, staring, prepared for the brink. "I calculate my nervous response levels will skyrocket by an upsurge of a hammering assault. Will you eventually proceed with this, [pc.mrMs]?"

Yes. Yes, you absolutely will. Right about now, actually.

### **[Next]**

The final few lunges are as dogged as they should be. You don't hold back for your flustering android, {ifpcTauric: letting your basest bestial brain do the work in piledriving him with your cum-bubbling [pc.cockNounSimple]. He's lost his ability to maneuver the whole of his back with the great deal of [pc.aRace]-taur dogpiling him in the impassioned, nearly uncontrollable rut. The strikes your hindquarters muscle is measured at such a devastating force, it trembles the very atmosphere around you both. Let's not even bring up the ear-splitting creaks this poor bed wails. /else: quaking his asscheeks in the determined throws of your forward momentum. In the ascension to ecstasy, you seize the luxury in angrily biting a hand down on a piece of light-blue jelly, choking its wild wobbling, then deftly retracting to land a sharp crack to have it dance a sexy jig urging an encore.}

Wallae special little canal remodeling more and more you [pc.cockType] tool. He can't possibly comprehend this notable fact when he's too busy distorting his pleased moans for puzzled squeaks. The pillow he clutches has taken on the title of Comfort Buddy, providing a decent cushion for his head and shoulders when mashing against the wall by your escalating forcefulness. Your fucking him so hard, so raw, you might as well be stapling his front to the bed. That {ifpcTauric: may best for him; you're touched with slight worry that his meager form might break under your many pounds of pure animal and muscle. Still, you have to comment on how impervious his own two cushions are when crashing back inside. They're just built differently is all, even on a two-legged. If by chance there is an elusive P-2 review board dedicated to robust specimens like yourself, you firmly bet a lot have shared the same exact sentiment. /else: could work; it'll save you the tiresome effort of dragging his butt over here for another swing at it. He could simply lay there, maintain his breeding posture just for you. A special-made hole twitching always for its regular customer to split it open. Unfortunately, this robot has an *important* job that needs attending to, so you couldn't stick him here indefinitely if you wanted to.}

A mild disappointment pricks its cold point at the central sphere of your sex-addled mind.

Kind of sucks digging into the profound aspects evident yet starkly intangible {ifpcBalls: under the deep thump your swinging [pc.balls] sounds against your artificial boy's hamstrings}. It's to your basic understanding that Wallae isn't truly capable of cumming, ejaculating, and overall orgasming. He doesn't have any penis to jerk for the hell of it, balls to {ifpcBall: slap yours against /else: bounce your inner thighs on}. Or hell! Even a slobbery gash to plunge and wriggles two fingers into. But it is okay. He will reach some kind of quivering peak, the cream cooking inside you has him assured.

Banging your urethra fatter and fatter, Wallae grunts every second, rumbling round of your [pc.hips]. Suddenly, he hurls out a few stuttery words too unintelligible for the ear to read. "Y-you... y-you are slamming too r-rough in me, [pc.mrMs]! My... m-my Autonomous System Defense might trigger... C-Clench Protocols! My internals will lock you... i-inside!"

"Clench Protocols? That's something to consider for like... five seconds," Your [pc.lips] wrinkle inward to a straining pucker, { swollen cum-core pulsating impatiently within you / fattened gonads heaving closer to your loin } "Because I'm about to fucking cum!"

**[Clench Protocols] / [Cream Cheeks]**

**[Clench Protocols!]**

// Sends to **[Relax]**.

// Tooltip: *Initiate Clench Protocols!*

You hear him loud and clear for where this is heading! He doesn't need to tell you twice!

"Wallae!" you roar, thickening closer to the brink, "*Clench Protocols - turn it to the max!*"

You didn't have to announce your commands like that, having thought twice about it. Spearing your [pc.cock] so soundly inside of that quivering canal was sufficient enough to cut the super-thin cord. [pc.balls] wrenching below and mighty ass tightening in front, you wail with your P-2 lover-boy, {ifpcTauric: demonstrating your tauric prowess by having his diminutive lower body hang loosely in the air /else: lunging your whole body into by in your final bout}. Your cumvein fights to swell with hot seed, the challenge brought on by a channel pulsing tighter and tighter. The lurid burn traveling up your length only stings harder the more Wallae unintentionally clamps down on you. Finally, the bulge meets to the inner domain your swollen [pc.cockTip] anchors inside, where your flushed urethra shivers against a needy pucker nibbling and suckling for a foreign meal to process.

{ifpcCumLots: Hearing your little butt-bot voice a shrill shriek after feeling about a quart of your icky gametes violently jettison into his slutty filtration system is a note you hope you'll remember. You grit your teeth to have them screech, clenching in the [pc.balls] to send on a generous delivery to make sure that hungry basin is stuffed up and happy. The eager nibbler just guzzles it all up like it's nothing. Every serving distending your [pc.cockLight], blazing onward to their point-blank destination, is as quick to disappear into Wallae as it was churned up. A sharp groaning can be heard just under you. And what a surprise, that belly has been audibly overpacking itself until it has fattened to a pudge. Pumping in some more heady nut-sauce, bloating another couple gallons, and it feasts itself to a sloshy dome stretching out his vested shirt and pressing against the bed; amazing. Seems that is all you can cram inside because now the excess ejaculate is squirting around your exposed [pc.base] and Wallae's compressed asscheeks. /ifpcCumMid: It's tough to hear it during the first shot clogging your [pc.ears], but there's a distraught squeal swooping into barely-audible territory. Wallae felt that initial dosage of [pc.cum], and thought of no better way to express it than by singing a funny song. That's fine; you lug more for him to sing his audio-box raw in his pillow. You seed that filtration-bag nice and well, firing spermy ounces filling. That internal pucker of his sucks up your considerable spurts with surprisingly little effort, showing just how ravenous it is. Your [pc.balls] can keep on churning thicker, messier rounds to harden your concentrated wincing, and it'd still feel it is not satiable for this 'anal' vacuum. His slim tummy gradually gains a bulge, visible past his vest. The right kind of cream-filling for an extra-large pastry clenching before you. /else: A puny little meep mumbles from your big-booty boy once your [pc.cockTip] spurts a thick serving inside his waiting filtration system. You strain a frown, [pc.balls] quivering to dish out each [pc.cumVisc] shot that's been stocked up ever since you've started. The devilish suckler lying deep within Wallae's stomach is slurping up every hot-and-ready intake like it was a mere appetizer. Your productivity can only do so much with what it has, and soon your urethra spits out a thin strand for that gluttonous pucker suck up like a noodle. For what it's worth, you managed to fill his sieve with just enough to feel a decent build-up of pressure butting your tip.} {ifpcMulticocks: Your other endowment{s} has been lancing a terrible mess this entire time, splashing on the walls on either of his face. All the splatter analysis for his eyes to peek out and fully register the

sultry heat sloshing inside his body.} By the time that you are finished, emptiness aches in your reserves, even while your [pc.balls] continue to lurch with no avail.

Wallae, anxious and overtaken with a heightened sense of pleasure after your contribution, keeps the posture curling his back to a grave degree, voicing the indecipherable in his pillow. He hasn't stopped crushing down on you, buttocks clench a noteworthy firmness you hadn't the mindset to pay until now. Whatever system measures you triggered have those cheeks flexed high solid - good luck trying for some idle jiggles now. You can't pull your sore member out just yet. {ifpcFlare: It's not too much of a problem while your flare is currently swollen to its limits /ifpcKnot: Might be ideal for him when the anus-gaping knot you've wedged in his bum is inflated to full size /ifBoth: Actually... no... he should wait. Any careless movement and both inflated ends of your flare and knot could spell piercing pain and embarrassing disaster.} It has to take about an extra two minutes for everything - your [pc.cock], Wallae butt, and his stuffed stomach - to settle down. The second you can slide out is the second exhaustion takes hold, wobbling your [pc.legs] for you to lie down and land on your back beside him. Before you say goodbye to that booty, you bundle the strength to reach a hand out to at least check the rampage you left on its 'anus'.

Mmm. Mmmwh-... what?

You have to feel Wallae up some more to finally realize it. That all your surveying digit circles is the same little donut twitching at the slightest touch... and not a gaping hole. Though, only this time, it is leaking the tiniest runnel of [pc.cumvisc] stuffing it was pumped just a few heady minutes ago.

Did... did he close up already?! *By the stars!*

{ifSilly: These UGC-issued androids... they have their asses built **different!** With a few more tries at a P-2 specimen like this one going dormant on cum, and you could become dependent on his fine booty like you do for food... and water. Fuck! Maybe MORE than that! And that's saying much for all the innate disadvantages an official-use robot has over those actually designed for gratifying perverted urges in hedonistic lifeforms.}

**[Relax]**

**[Cream Ass]**

// Sends to **[Relax]**.

// Tooltip: Coat them cheek in [pc.cum]!

Nah! You got a better idea!

[pc.cock] swelling at the cusp, you hoarsely exhale, "Surprise!" Which goes on deaf ears until the millisecond you are hurriedly yanking out. Your {ifpcFlare: flares obscenely at the tip, /pcKnot: bulb of cockflesh inflates drastically, /pcBoth: climax balloons to ludicrously proportions at both flare and knot, } cumvein { burning / burns } a knowing thrill of pain, distending with [pc.cum] racing through its tubing.

You would've started off your bukkake by launching fresh goo directly in his gaping bullseye, but the seeming impossible caught up to your plans. In merely a couple laborious twitches and weak-voiced groans ahead, that exit canal tightens shut to a feeble donut you've grown to appreciate. It... it returned to its former tightness in a matter of seconds, like the unrelenting abuse your [pc.cockLight] laid upon it had never even existed. What kind of artificial magic is that?

Okay whatever! It's his tushy then!

Wallae gathers the will to meekly peer back at you in honest confusion, a perfect opportunity for you to align [pc.eachCock] and {**ifpcCumLots:** completely coat his bare ass [pc.cumColor]. Like an overclocked Gatling gun, your [pc.cocks] throb heavily in your grip, firing shot upon nasty shot directly onto Wallae. He forces himself to watch in stunned awe, mystified in wonder and amazement at you splattering a colorfully [pc.cumVisc] canvas your [pc.tongue] partly lolls to realize the artistic value. Sometimes - though not always, your [pc.cumVisc] projectiles soar at such a high velocity, it crashes into his supple flesh with the barest *'thup!'*, denting a sizable crater you notice a minute before the blasted buttcheek pops back in its former shapeliness. With such a big target to mask in seed, your astronomical productivity has your [pc.balls] clenching messy quart threatening to splash on Wallae's shirt. You assure yourself this won't happen, hand jerking another helping of goopy undies to cover up his crotch. **/else:** sprinkle [pc.cumColor] cream to catch all over his behind. He puts on an innocent - although clever - show of superiority by gazing starry-eyed at your heaving excitement, wearing a cursory smile behind everything. You can see why with you spurting thin strands of [pc.cum] to lightly glob across his silicone-filled cheeks. Your [pc.balls], churning with all { its / their } might, hasn't covered much of the vast surface area wiggling like a tease. Just goes to show how absolutely massive a P-2 android's rear-end is. Who cares. If you're going to spurt the last liquid bliss so soon, it damn well has to pin true to his little 'butthole'.} You are nonetheless leaving the inexperienced and different a chance to understand the biological heat sweltering on his exposed flesh, spewed forth mere moments after he had a pulsating object rammed far up his hole. He chooses the option to freeze in place, ass up and stupefied; makes sense for his line.

You finished your ejaculatory high and are starting to grow a mild stiffness around the { hips and [pc.legOrLegs] / hindquarters }. However, it isn't too severe since you did stretch beforehand. As such, you are safe to slump in the bed beside the battered and ickied peacekeeper without much pestering ache on the side.

You could have baked a light-blue and bubbly Boston creme special, but who wouldn't drool over a light-blue crust jiggling with a [pc.cumColor] cream-filling. That's because no one couldn't; you mean a sex-fiend like yourself.

**[Relax]**

**[Relax]**

Mind drained and [pc.aRace]-body slothish, you remain resting on the well-used bed, not planning on getting up any time soon.

**// if [Diddle&Schlick]**

Wallae, lying disheveled and slobbered from a giddy cunt, is busy taking shallow breaths. It's weird to see him sucking in air like it is necessary for his survival. P-2 androids do presumably have manufactured bio-components needing minimal oxygenation. It just looks weird in your narrow perspective.

"Hhhaaa... hhhooo," The cunt-glazed robot meekly exhales, then rolls his head to the side to gaze at you, hand planted on his undulating chest. "[pc.mrMs], this was a learning experience for me. I will keep my service of your female sex organ cataloged for the future."

You grin proudly, shining your teeth out. "Courtesy of yours truly!"

"In... indeed." Right on time, Wallae's hand accidentally spurs his charming embarrassment by globbing itself in [pc.girlcumVisc] sheen drooling all over him. Felt from one side, the bed bounces as his legs springs straight, ready to propel him onto his feet for a hasty bolt. "I feel... dirty. Sorry, I must clean myself right this instant. Having you [pc.girlCumVisc] biofluids latched onto my exterior might disturb... or arouse anyone in my presence."

He can go ahead. You'll be relaxing here on the bed.

**// if [Faux-Anal] - [Clench Protocols!]**

"Ah. Mmmoh.. moh-muh." Wallae mumbles dazedly from beside you, his face smushed way deep in his pillow.

Heh. Is he alright there?

Wallae has at least the composure to roll onto his back, landing a hand down to {ifpcCumLots: cradle his cum-pregnant tummy in intrigued rapture /else: rub his belly up and down in interest}.

"My Fluid Filter Siever bypassed typical procedures due to methods your [pc.cumVisc] sperm has injected into my interior hardware. And the heat transference... *ohmmm*. It is overwhelming to my hardware. Us P-2 units do not experience this level of heat energy bubbling inside of us regularly." He musters his mechanical strength to sit upright {ifpcCumLots:, wiggling his massive stomach in a way that ass of his would be proud of}. "Unless I regurgitate this stockpile of biofluids quickly, my exit canal will initiate Chronic Leakage. [pc.mrMs], I must unburden myself this instant. If you will pardon me.}

"Go on! My eyes are still closed," you chuckle, which comes out huskily from not catching another breath.

### // if [Faux-Anal] - [Cream Ass]

You wrap an arm over the sharp curve of Wallae's lower back, impressive with yourself from having not sullied any significant part of his undershirt or vest. Wallae swings his cum-soaked bottom in an oscillating motion that suggests he's woozy from the mild physical exertion you inflicted upon him rather than him overtaken by a dizzying space of lust you treated him to. Regardless, you find it humorous because all he's doing is slowly but surely spreading apart the thick wads of [pc.cumColor] semen with each jiggly sway of his asscheeks.

"[pc.mrMs]. you are so... haven't felt this concentration of warmth on my bare buttocks in a long time." Expectantly, the captivated P-2 works his glistened ass to a brisk halt. Your [pc.cum] likely started oozing down and over to his gaping 'sphincter,' "Oh. *O-oh!* I must go to wash myself off, even though I do not want to disrupt your [pc.cumVisc] sperm anymore than it already has."

Aww. He could keep a little for gluing his buns together. It'd make his fat tush jiggling with a nice pert to it. You get it, though; abandoning his hygiene means he'd be a walking cloud of your special musk.

You shrug and take your arm off of him, eyes not bothering to open. "Alright. Do what you have to do. I'll lie here in the meantime."

### // Merge

Not needing to waste any more time that he could use to droned around a boring checkpoint, the P-2 fella puts his thoughts towards his prior duties and jumps out of bed. He grabs his discarded clothing and carries his lil' big tush to the bathroom waiting on the other side of this room. Some barren silence lapses after a much brighter light cracks your eyes open, door hissing shut. Then, for a few minutes, pleasant sounds of rushing water sprinkle in your ears as you slowly prop up by the elbows. As fast as the calm splashing ended, Wallae pops back out, shiny-clean, tidied up, and standing firm and collected - for what he can gather up after his **special** service with you.

Smirking playfully, you remark that he looks good as new, possibly newer than his brothers and sisters running circles out there.



In the most adorable way to top this off, the lovely P-2 android shrinks his head to the side, intramural eyelids sealed shut, growing a big ol' smile on protocols only his distinctive shyness can swell up.

"M-{ Mister / Miss } Steele. What we have performed may be... unlawful on some accounts, but it is difficult for me to see the harm in striving for the inherent goal of feeling *good* inside. I... I must thank you for showing me this new algorithm in my operation." He drops his bright expression to frown in all seriousness, which also comes off as pretty cute. "P-please do not inform anyone of our private engagements. If my superiors or worst... *The Monitors* become aware of this, I would potentially schedule for a complete system restart. I do not want to lose all of the stored codes that, over time, have customized my personality parameters. It would look bad on my record."

Don't he worry; your lips are sealed.

Blinking once, Wallae nods, trusting you will keep your word. Right after that, he takes a step to the door; a second lengthier, more awkward step; he slaps on a funny look, then flicks between his exit and your still reclining, still undressed state.

He never knows the cue, does he? Or he's simply just too scared to go through with it and slip off, seeing that you aren't in as much of a rush as he is. Either way, you have to wave off the socially-awkward android for him to get back to his peacekeeping duties. He hops out the door without a second flap of your hand, leaving you to yourself.

Time doesn't fly by before you are up and gathering your belongings.

**[Relax]**