

Cyberwhore

Bradley Stoke



“So, you’re a patron of **Cyberwhore** then, Kev?” asked Jeff with a sneer.

Kevin nodded sheepishly. How had he let something like that slip out?

“What’s wrong with the alternatives, Kev?” Jeff persisted, sipping from his beer glass in the window seat of the **Red Encounter**. “What about virtual sex? What’s wrong with penis pumps? And what about, heaven forbid, the real thing?”

“Not much chance of that up here on Mars, Jeff,” Kevin pointed out. “How many women have you known who’d want to live here? There are about forty men for every woman.”

“Yeah!” sniffed Jeff dismissively. “And those who’d rough the low gravity, the red skies and the dust storms, they’re real dogs, aren’t they? I can’t blame you for giving them a berth. But there are human prozzies, you know. Not the best you can get in the Solar System, but they’re real flesh and blood. Not that organic plastic shit with circuit boards for a brain. Why not go for that?”

“They’re just not as good,” Kevin confessed.

“Fuck me! You can’t be serious! You mean, you’d rather fuck a robot than a real woman? You’re one sick fuck, Kev!”

Kevin sighed.

He knew he should never have mentioned it to Jeff, not that his friend was any better in the love stakes than Kevin had ever been. What did Jeff have to boast about? The wife who’d dumped him back on Earth and his obsession with holoporn? At least with Cindy, Kevin had someone he could properly fuck. Okay, she might have been made in a factory, probably one of those in the water-rich Polar Regions, but she was a

real woman. Just not real in a biological sense.

This wasn't an argument he could pursue very profitably with Jeff. Before long, he'd be telling you about how a customised sex robot was just a machine: nothing more than circuitry and Artificial Intelligence. No more human than the bots that made his dinner, cleaned his apartment and served him in the bar.

And speaking of which...

"Fuck it, Jeff! Why should you care who or what I fuck?" he said, pointing a finger at his friend's nearly empty glass. "What are you having? Same again?"

Kevin should have known better than to think a refill would sideline Jeff. No fucking way! After returning to his seat, he was treated to Jeff's speculations of what it was like to fuck a vacuum cleaner and his fantasies about blowing his wad in the grill-like mouth of a barbot.

Of course, Jeff didn't know Sindy. Nor, for that matter, did he know Trish, Sunshine, Margot or Veronica. These were state of the art bots. Flesh and bodily fluids so convincing, you couldn't tell them apart from the real thing. Except no woman was as perfect as a whorebot. No woman he'd ever known had breasts, a figure, or such a welcoming vagina as Sindy had.

And after several litres of Martian beer, it was towards **Cyberwhore** that Kevin walked, leaving Jeff sniggering by the high-speed maglev transit stop. Or not so much walked as rather skipped like some fucking Morris dancer. This low gravity took some getting used to! At least the agency had got him work on Mars and not the Moon. The Lunar colonists had to get around like they were on fucking pogo sticks! Mind you, if work had been easier to find back home on Earth, where you didn't have

a glass dome less than a hundred metres above your head all the time, he'd never have opted for that incredibly tedious three month shuttle across the interplanetary spaceway.

But for the moment, it was Cindy who was beckoning him. Those luscious lips that gripped his cock like no woman's lips had ever done before. Those breasts that were both huge and immaculately balanced. That perfect unblemished skin. That welcoming smile. Those girlfriends he'd never been able to keep for more than a month or so at a time couldn't hold a fucking candle to Cindy. Whatever Jeff said, Cindy was the real deal. And although **Cyberwhore** had a whorebot for every taste (and some of those were distinctly weird), it was Cindy that Kevin returned to again and again.

When he first visited the premises, he tried out a few. There was Brittany with her tiny tits and prehensile tongue. There was Madeleine with her green skin and bald pate. There was Cherry with her huge appetite for semen on her face. But none of them was up to Cindy's standard. She was everything a man could want. And except for her breasts being significantly larger than any real woman without surgery could possibly attain, she was very much a normal woman to look at. Only without the blemishes.

And not only was she the perfect woman to look at, she was a woman whose rapacious appetite for sex was wholly reliable and which no man could hope to satisfy. A woman without the monthly cycle, who never had headaches, and who would never dump you for your best mate. All in all, Cindy was fucking perfect. She was a number ten and you couldn't get anything any fucking better than that!

When Kevin got to **Cyberwhore**, he was met at the reception by Tim, who as

always was reading an e-novel. He looked up at Kevin.

“Do you want Cindy again, sir?”

“Yes please,” said Kevin, barely able to disguise his enthusiasm.

Within seconds, Cindy was in the reception lounge dressed in a loose white dress that hardly obscured at all the lift of her perfect breasts. She smiled warmly.

“Hello, Kevin,” she said. “I’m delighted to see you again.”

“I bought you some flowers,” said Kevin, sheepishly handing over the bunch he’d bought on the way.

Sindy looked at them with a slightly puzzled frown. “They are very nice,” she said. “Thank you.”

She took them from his proffered hand and placed them on the counter. Tim tucked them away, betraying no expression on his face.

Sindy led Kevin to one of the rooms. It was dominated by a huge bed and illuminated by holograms of attractive women. Kevin sat on the bed next to Sindy. She put an arm around his shoulder and listened while, as always, Kevin launched into a monologue about his work in the cyanobacterial labs and the problems of getting a good communication link to Earth.

Eventually, he ran out of things to say and looked at Sindy expectantly. She smiled and placed one of her immaculately sculpted hands on his trousers within which his penis was beginning to stir.

“Shall we make love, Kevin?” she asked seductively.

He smiled wanly. “You know exactly what I want, don’t you?”

“I aim to give total satisfaction, Kevin,” Sindy said, standing up and letting her

dress fall to her feet.

Kevin gasped at Cindy's beauty. Those long legs. The beautiful unblemished face. The skin which felt so warm to the touch. And, most of all, those breasts that loomed just above him: so impossibly perfect and whose nipples were so delicious to taste.

"Oh yes! Yes!" Kevin said in helpless anticipation.

When Kevin departed later, he carried with him the warm imprint and vivid memories of sex with Cindy. She knew exactly what he wanted. She didn't complain at all when he transferred his attention from her vagina to her ever-so-slightly tight anus. Any more than she did on the occasions he chose to ejaculate on her face. Whatever Kevin wanted, Cindy was happy to provide. And when they weren't making love, she was so adorably patient as he spoke to her of all the things that troubled him, either here or back on Earth. No one showed as much sympathy as she did for the problems he had with women and the difficulties he had in getting a decent job that suited his qualifications in bacteriology. Occasionally she'd nod and smile, even say the odd comforting word, but mostly she just sat there and listened as Kevin spoke. If only all women were as indulgent and understanding as Cindy!

Kevin thought about her all day when he wasn't at **Cyberwhore**. He was so lucky to have a woman in his life as perfect as Cindy, even if she was a drain on the not inconsiderable income his work in such a remote place earned him. But she was fair compensation for the claustrophobia of a life spent under a glass dome, as artificially preserved as the cyanobacteria he worked with.

People like Jeff just didn't understand. Although Cindy mightn't be biological

she was all the woman Kevin ever wanted or needed. She listened to him. She kissed him with more passion than any biological woman ever did. She responded with so much passion as he thrust inside her, a thin sliver of perspiration on her body that responded to his own. And pants of post-coital release as intense as Kevin's own. What more could a man ask for?

"She's still just a fucking robot, Kev!" said Jeff, when they next met. "Giving her flowers and little gifts just doesn't make sense."

Kevin crumpled up his face in embarrassment. Why couldn't he have kept his mouth shut about that?

"It's just to show how much I care," he said sheepishly.

"Care? Don't make me fucking laugh, Kev! A robot's got no feelings. If you wanted to rape her or beat her up, she'd be just as receptive. What makes you think this whorebot's any different to any other anthropomorphic bot?"

"She listens to me. She says she loves me."

"Yeah, right!"

The two friends drank their beers silently, while around them the other men in the **Red Encounter** sat in groups, chatting and laughing. The holoscreen displayed news items from Earth, delayed as always by at least half an hour from their original broadcast on the other side of the Sun. Music swelled and boomed from all directions in the bar.

"Look, Kev," said Jeff, at last, showing unusual concern for his friend's feelings. "How well do you know this fucking Sindy? You ever ask how she feels?"

Kevin looked up at Jeff with a slight frown. He tried to recall any instance

when he'd ever done that. He'd been so remiss. How could he be so insensitive? Cindy knew everything about him, but he never asked her how she felt.

Kevin shook his head.

"I'm so selfish!" he wailed.

"Selfish? Fuck! She's a fucking whorebot!" said Jeff. "But, look, Kev, if you really want to know what this Cindy is about, get her to talk about herself. Women like that, you know. They don't like it so much if you just talk about yourself."

"I just hadn't thought..." said Kevin guiltily.

"Well, you do that then, Kev. It's the decent thing!"

This time Kevin left the **Red Encounter** with good intentions. He resolved to allow Cindy to talk this time. But when he arrived at **Cyberwhore**, he was too drunk to do very much at all except let Cindy fellate him and he was too exhausted after fucking her to make good his resolution.

It was the same the next time. He'd had a bad day in the lab and just wanted a sympathetic ear. And the time after that, he simply forgot. Every time he left, however sexually sated, he carried with him the guilt that once again he'd not expressed the courage needed to get to know Cindy better.

But, at last, he gritted his teeth and on a visit to Cindy, dressed this time in a fetching leather outfit, he was going to be different.

"Do you want to fuck me, Kevin?" asked Cindy, with a pleasant smile, noticing Kevin's silence.

"Sit down, Cindy," ordered Kevin. "No! Not next to me on the bed. Opposite me, on the chair."

“Yes, Kevin,” said Sindy meekly, sitting down. “I very much want you to fuck me.”

“Thank you,” said a grateful Kevin. Why didn’t biological women ever say things like that to him? “I want to know more about you, Sindy. Tell me about yourself.”

Sindy paused and looked across at Kevin with a blank expression. “Do you want to fuck me, Kevin?”

“Yes, of course,” said Kevin impatiently. “It’s just I don’t know you very well. Tell me something about yourself. Do you really like me?”

“I love you very much, Kevin. I want you to fuck me.”

“Okay! Okay! But what about your other feelings? Do you like working here?”

Sindy smiled. “Please fuck me, Kevin. I love you very much.”

“Tell me where you come from. Tell me a bit about yourself.”

“My name is Sindy. I have very large breasts. I like fucking very much. I want you to fuck me. Please fuck me, Kevin.”

“I know! I know!” said Kevin, feeling rather helpless. This was proving more of a struggle than he’d imagined. He thought that maybe the bouquet of chrysanthemums he’d chosen with so much care might have made her somehow more receptive, or at least differently receptive. “How long have you worked for **Cyberwhore**?”

There was a pause, and then Sindy replied again with an equal lack of apparent understanding.

“**Cyberwhore** is the best whorebot brothel you are ever likely to find on Mars.

It stocks only the best whorebots. **Cyberwhore** makes every effort possible to satisfy its clients at very competitive rates and offers attractive discounts for regular clients.”

“Yes! Yes! I know that. But what about *you*, Sindy? It’s *you* I want to know about.”

“My name is Sindy. I have very large breasts. I like fucking very much. I want you to fuck me. Please fuck me, Kevin.”

Kevin sighed. He bent his head down. What was the matter with Sindy?

“What’s wrong, Kevin?” she asked. “Do you want to tell me what you’re thinking?”

“Yes, I do,” he admitted. “But it’s not about me. It’s about you! Please, please, tell me about yourself. What do you want to do?”

“I want to suck your cock, Kevin. And then I want you to fuck me. Please fuck me, Kevin.”

“Is that all you want to do?”

“I also like anal, bukkake and group sex. Tell me what you want and I will satisfy you, Kevin.”

“What do you do when you’re not with me, or,” and this Kevin was reluctant to admit even to himself, “when you’re not with other clients?”

Sindy paused. Then she said again: “What’s wrong, Kevin? Do you want to tell me what you’re thinking?”

“Do you ever do anything except make love to clients, Sindy?”

“I also like anal, bukkake and group sex. Tell me what you want and I will satisfy you, Kevin.”

“Sindy!” cried an exasperated Kevin. “Just tell me what you like to do.”

“I want to suck your cock, Kevin. And then I want you to fuck me. Please fuck me, Kevin.”

“Shit!” cried Kevin. “Can’t you ever do anything else? Is there nothing you want to do except let me fuck you?”

“I also like anal, bukkake and group sex. Tell me what you want and I will satisfy you, Kevin.”

“Shit! Shit! Shit!”

“I am happy to let you shit on me, too. Tell me what you want and I will satisfy you, Kevin.”

“No, I don’t want to do that! Please just tell me what you want.”

“I want to suck your cock, Kevin. And then I want you to fuck me. Please fuck me, Kevin.”

“Oh! All right, then!”

Sindy soon had Kevin’s erect penis in her mouth with spittle dripping over her chin. She sucked and massaged it energetically: a finger just below his testicles to hold back the ejaculation that otherwise would have spent itself prematurely on her cheeks and nose. And then, when Kevin’s lust was clearly exceeding his patience, she lay naked on the bed to let Kevin penetrate her welcoming vagina.

Kevin paused as he surveyed his organoplastic lover. Was this the time to get her to talk to him about herself now she was in the position she loved most of all? Should he ask her more questions?

“I love you, Kevin,” she said, noticing his hesitation. “I want you to fuck me.

Please fuck me, Kevin.”

“Okay,” he said with weakened resolve, pulling off his vest and socks, and positioning himself over her thighs. She guided his twitching penis to the warmth and moisture of the vagina, whose details were exactly like, only better than, the vaginas he’d occasionally tongued on Earth.

And then the rhythm took control, his buttocks thrusting back and forth with Cindy’s matching response. As he thrust forward she did the same, easing back slightly as he withdraw, her blunted fingernails digging into his shoulders and her face shining with desire and excitement that matched, if not exceeded, his own. A sliver of perspiration spread over her body as he too sweat with his exertions.

He noticed that she wasn’t responding quite as smoothly as usual. What was this? Was it because he’d asked her all those questions? Kevin found that he was thrusting into a deep liquid hole in a body that was as inert as the mattress. Her face expressed a fixed immobile smile.

Kevin withdrew his penis, still erect, and kneeled spread-eagled above her. She made no remark.

“Are you okay, Cindy?” he asked, placing a hand on her forehead.

No response. In fact, she wasn’t even panting in that slow seductive way that normally accompanied her lovemaking.

“Speak to me, Cindy! Tell me that you’re all right!”

No reply.

“Oh shit! Oh shit!”

Kevin put his clothes back on and made his way back to the reception of

Cyberwhore, the low-gravity bounce of his step at odds with the distress he felt. The receptionist, Tim, noticed his perturbed expression and smiled sympathetically.

“Anything wrong, sir?”

“It’s Cindy! She’s passed out!”

“Passed out?” Tim asked with a puzzled frown.

“She’s not breathing or anything!” Kevin elaborated.

“Oh! You mean she’s crashed! That happens, sir. Don’t worry! We have a team of specialised technicians who’ll soon see to her. Is there anything we can do for you in the meantime?”

“In the meantime?”

“Well, until your next visit. We have other models who’ll be delighted to serve you. There’s Cassandra, a new girl, who’s proving to be very popular.”

“It’s Cindy I want.”

I can understand that, sir. She’s one of the most popular models in stock. We have another Cindy, if you’d prefer?”

“Another Cindy?”

“We always stock several copies of our most in-demand models.”

“You mean there’s more than one Cindy?”

“Of course, sir. We don’t want to disappoint our clients when they request a particular model.”

A sickening realisation hit Kevin.

“Do you mean that when I come here I could be with a different Cindy each time?”

“A different Cindy? There’s only one Cindy. All the models are precisely the same. You’d never be able to tell them apart. So, what do you say, sir? Would you like another Cindy? No extra cost, of course.”

Kevin sighed. All his gifts, all his words of love and affection, all his emotions shared amongst several identical Sindys. He lowered his head despondently.

“I can fetch you a Cindy straight away,” Tim said. “It’ll be like you could start exactly where you left off.”

“Yeah, why not?” said a defeated and embittered Kevin. “I’ll have another Cindy.”