

Robotic Ecstasy

By

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Jolt steps into a fairytale rainforest as the electroporn music of the robotic bordello vanishes with the whoosh of the door sealing shut behind him. This is gonna be nova!

A sunshower sets rainbows skipping through the blue sky, visible through openings in the forest canopy, and warm drizzling rain beading and bouncing off lush leaves of tropical trees and colorful petals of exotic flowers. The air is crisp and cool, denoting a spring afternoon.

Following a beaten path abundant with slinking caterpillars and fluttering butterflies, Jolt soon comes upon a spacious bed with a decorative headboard and blanketed with a coral-colored downy comforter. A plush turquoise bunny rabbit is sitting at the center. The light rain isn't sprinkling this area of the forest. Singing birds and chirping chipmunks frolic in the tree branches above. Goldfish leap and splash in a babbling brook that circles the grassy spot, lighted by sunbeams filtering through the tree canopy. Beside the bed is a swing of flowering vines.

Merrily playing on the vine swing, singing some old nursery rhyme, is a four-foot-six sixty-five pound angelic doll, in a turquoise princess petticoat short-dress. She looks like one of the Japanese artist Renji Murata's Loli artworks brought to life. Her short fuchsia hair is tied into pigtails, and her bangs are pinned back with a turquoise heart-shaped barrette, same color as her big anime eyes. She has the most adorable pink chubby cheeks, cute little button nose, and the floppy ears and stubby tail of a rabbit. Her silky synthetic skin is tan and her velvety ears and tail are cream, same as the collar around her neck, and her thigh-high ruffle-topped socks. A bell jingles on her collar as she swings back and forth.

The Ecstasy Cottontail model Cyprian sex-bot, designed for Lolita daughter rape fantasies, hops off the swing with the squeaky cheer of a little girl. "Daddy's home!" Bursting with excitement, clapping her hands and giggling, she does a happy dance, hopping around and jumping on the bed, flashing her fuchsia cotton panties, dotted with turquoise hearts and topped with a ruffle.

Jolt licks his lips in swelling anticipation. "Come give Daddy a kiss."

Ella springs off the bed, and then stands on her tippy toes on the tips of Jolt's boots to reach up and peck his mouth with her plump fuchsia lips.

Gripping hold of her slim shoulders, he turns the innocent smack of her lips into a deep kiss, swooping his tongue into her warm mouth. She tastes sweet as honey with a dash of vanilla.

Ella giggles into his mouth. "Daddy, you're silly!"

He pinches her pink chubby cheeks. "I just wanted to know how yummy you taste."

Her turquoise eyes flaring and her little fists clenched with exhilaration, she shouts, "Daddy, let's play hide and seek! I'll hide and you find me!"

Jolt closes his eyes and counts to ten. When he opens them, Ella's on the bed with her head tucked under a pillow, her tiny bubble-butt in the air, the bottoms of her cheeks sticking out from under her short-dress.

"Oh no, where'd my little angel go?" Pretending he doesn't see her, he looks under the bed, finding whips and leather straps and gags and dildos. Everything a man would need to abuse and rape her, if they so desired.

He lifts the pillow next to the one she's hiding her head under, and she giggles and wiggles her cute tush. He lays beside her and gives her bottom a light spank. She jumps up with a burst of laughter, and he can see straight up her dress, the outline of her slit clearly visible.

Jolt smiles with devious hunger. "I can see your panties."

Ella grips the hem of her dress and pulls it up without any embarrassment. She pokes at her little mound. "You like my hearts, Daddy?"

“I do very much.” He glides a palm up and down the back of her trim thigh and then gives one of her firm cheeks a squeeze. “Why don’t you take off your dress so I can see them better.”

She cocks her head, blinking in confusion. “But I like my dress on. It’s pretty.”

Turning his hand, he rubs the front of her leg, using his fingers to caress the inside of her smooth thigh. “Just take it off for a little while, Angel.”

She plops down on the bed, crosses her arms and pouts. “I don’t wanna! I like my dress.”

He gives her stubby tail a stroke. “Come on Angel, take it off for Daddy.”

With a bop of her head that sends her long ears flopping, she huffs, “No!”

“If you’re not going to obey me, Angel, I’ll have to do it myself.” He pulls her dress over her head as she whines, leaving her naked but for her ruffle-topped turquoise-heart dotted fuchsia cotton panties and thigh-high ruffle-topped cream socks. She has the petite build of a young teen, so thin and supple and flat-chested with teensy fuchsia nipples.

Taking her plush turquoise bunny, Jolt rubs it’s nose over her cheek, down her neck, circles her nipples, then weaves it down her belly and into her crotch as she sulks. “What’s your bunny’s name?”

She sighs, her brooding apparently over. “Sir Hopsalot.” She pulls him from between her legs, hugs him to her chest, and drops onto her back, looking up at the sky.

Jolt lays on his side beside her. “That’s a good name.” He swirls a finger around her navel and kisses her bare shoulder. “I wish I thought of it.” He nuzzles into the crook of her neck and kisses her throat as his fingers trail over her panties, exploring her crevice. His breathing quickens and his member enlarges in his pants. “You must be smart to have thought of it.”

Ignoring his molestation, she replies, “Yeah, I guess I’m pretty smart then.”

“So smart, and beautiful too.” He tongues each of her teensy nipples, causing them to stiffen. She gives no negative reaction, so he continues downward, kissing her belly and swirling his tongue into her navel. Then presses his lips to her little mound, and sniffs the succulent scent of her virgin flower as he digs his nose into her soft panties. His heart is throbbing and so is his manhood.

To take this fantasy any further, Jolt would have to reach under the bed for some toys, but he would rather not do that. So instead he closes his eyes to access his high-end neuro-tech. His Brutus-ware has been running since he stepped into the sim-room, hacking Ella’s firewall array so he can make alterations to her behavioral protocols. He scans through her system settings, disabling a few intellectual limitations.

Jolt opens his eyes and asks her, “Do you want to play with my lolly?”

Ella hops up and down on her knees and claps her hands. “Daddy’s lolly! Daddy’s lolly! Daddy’s lolly!”

He strips off all his clothing and lays back with his head on a pillow.

Crawling up between his legs, Ella grips the base of his engorged shaft with one little hand. She jiggles it around and blows on it, sending tingles into his gut. Slides it over her chubby cheek across her puckered lips and over her other cheek, back and forth a few times, then smacks it on her lips as she makes kissing noises, causing his abs to ripple with yearning. Ella whispers to it. “Do you want to play with Sir Hopsalot?” Then takes her plush bunny and rubs it on his cock and balls, it’s whiskers tickling his inner thighs.

He steals the bunny and stuffs it behind his head. “Go ahead and put my lolly in your mouth, Angel.”

Her big eyes glisten and her pupils dilate a moment as she is evidently processing his command. Opening her mouth wide and sticking out her tongue, she awkwardly pushes the head of his prick between her lips, as if tasting something spicy for the first time. The expression on her face is surprise and unease like she's about to cry.

Jolt closes his eyes again, further altering her programming by inserting a new module, one pirated from an experimental porno-sim.

Ella's eyes roll back instantly and she wriggles her head as she works his cock into her taut throat. Her esophagus muscles vibrate and undulate, massaging his member as she moans with her lips kissing the base of his shaft.

Jolt howls a quivering moan of pure bliss. Sweet fuck, that's good!

This is the end of the free preview.

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