

“Doc, what do I do? How can I help them?”

“What do you mean?”

Zoa paced the length of the small living room in Lee’s apartment. It had been a rough day for the pair, and now the robot counterpart was worried beyond its programming. Doc’s screen followed it, stopping only for when the android turned around to pace back the way it had come.

“Lee. I offer to suck their dick. That doesn’t seem to help. I bring them out of the apartment. That doesn’t seem to help either. If I can’t satisfy them either sexually or socially... what else is there?”

Doc thought for a minute, or at least pretended to do so, as if wrestling with the decision to say what his computations had supplied for possible solutions.

“Kink.”

“What?” Zoa stopped, turning to face the screen.

“Kink. It goes far deeper than plain sexual satisfaction for humans. It could reach Lee in a way that a mere blowjob could not. Given Lee’s history, the particular type of kink I would advise to be used would be bondage. It could make them feel more secure.”

“Secure? Being tied up? That sounds like it would have the opposite effect.”

“On the contrary. Of first-hand accounts written by regular practitioners of this particular kink, they mention a feeling of complete calm. Even when they are put in situations that would, as they say, ‘freak them out,’ the practice of bondage could bring about an emotional equilibrium.”

“I’m not sure how that works, but you’re the doctor.”

“Okay Lee, honey, ease into this. Just breathe.”

Lee knelt there, gagged. Their arms were cuffed behind their back, a locked collar snug around their neck, ankles wrapped together in soft rope, and a soft blindfold was in place over their eyes. Completely naked. Right at this moment they were wondering why the hell they even agreed to this. Desperation makes people do some pretty weird stuff and this was one thing Lee thought would never be a thing.

“MMmmph!”

“Yes yes, I understand.” Zoa did not completely understand, but that was not the point. A gentle metallic hand pet Lee on the head as Zoa made soothing noises, looking at the bonds, continuously checking them for comfort. There was one distinct barometer, though, that Zoa was more than acquainted with reading - Lee’s cock had grown to a full erection, twitching every now and again.

There was pre-cum already dripping onto the floor, but they were trembling, their mind still resisting. Zoa could see that. Its slightly cool hand touched Lee under their chin, bringing their head up even though they couldn’t see anything. Lee’s nipples hardened at feeling even more exposed.

“Lee, you can do this. Relax.” Zoa used less of a soothing voice this time, one that was a touch more firm, more steady. It seemed to help, though, as Lee’s body relaxed in the slightest of ways, the trembling diminishing. Zoa smiled to itself and brought a soft footstool over, helping Lee lean over and rest the top half of their body on it.

“Are you okay, Lee?”

Lee nodded.

“Good. Now, I’m going to use a paddle on your ass.”

Lee made a muffled grunt.

“It will sting, but I will not harm you. Do you understand?”

Lee hesitated, then nodded, their hands curling into fists. “Mmhmmm.”

“Good. This is all to help you relax, to help you let go and to ease your mind. It is busy right now, isn’t it?” Zoa said it as more of a statement than an actual question.

Lee nodded.

“Focus on your breathing. And here...” Zoa put a small clicker into one of Lee’s hands. “If it becomes too much and you would like to stop, click this repeatedly and everything will stop. Do you understand?”

Lee nodded.

“Good. Let’s begin.”

Zoa traced its slender fingers over Lee’s back, causing goosebumps and some shifters. It groped their rear heartily when its hands reached the lovely mounds, appreciating the shape, and a sharp intake of air was heard as Lee gasped through their nose. Zoa let out a low chuckle and continued to work.

It grabbed the paddle from the side table and traced it along the same path the fingers took. Lee shuddered, breathing starting to quicken, hands tightening more into fists but kept the clicker silent. Anticipation really was the worst, and Zoa could see it needed to relieve that tension that was being kept balled up for far too long.

The paddle rubbed Lee's ass slowly, Zoa drew it back, then gave a light slap.

Lee tilted their head and grew still.

"Harder then?"

Just as Lee was to respond, Zoa slapped the paddle harder.

"MMPH!"

Lee jerked at the sting of pain, their toes curling. Zoa smiled some more, not waiting to slap Lee's ass a couple more times before stopping to stroke their back.

"How is that?" The digital voice was turned low.

"MMmm... mmhmm..."

"Good. Now, we will add another element to this." Zoa knelt down next to Lee, paddle stroking their tender ass as it stroked their hip and slipped it to the front. It gripped their hardened cock and squeezed gently, but with a firmness. Much akin to its voice. And Zoa slapped Lee's ass again.

"MMmmmpH!!" Lee bucked as they did before with the swat, but this time their cock thrust into Zoa's skilled hand. There was only one spank, one thrust, and one shudder as Zoa let Lee breathe and calibrate to what was going on. But not for too long, this exercise was to get them in the present moment.

Slap

"MMMMPH!!"

Slap

"MMMMMPH!!"

SLAP

"MMMMMMPH!!"

Each time Zoa struck Lee's ass, they bucked and gave themselves their own hand job. Zoa would squeeze as they thrust. It paddled not as hard, but sped up the pace. Lee's moans began to become a continuous song of pleasure as drool leaked out from the sides of the gag. They strained against their bindings now, leather creaking with every panted breath.

It seemed like Lee was reaching their peak, and not wanting to push them or toy with them too much (that could be for later), Zoa began the grand finale. The paddle throttled down to light, quick swats as Zoa moved its hand, synchronizing in double-time with Lee's natural thrusts.

"Nnngh! MMm! Mmmmmmmmmmm!!!!!!!"

Lee tensed, shuddering, screaming loudly into the gag as their balls released their contents all over the floor. Spurt after spurt of the human seed splashed out, evidence to Zoa of a very good time.

Zoa stroked them a few times, helping them down from their dramatic climax until Lee was left as nothing more than a weak, panting mess. It untied their ankles, uncuffed their wrists, took out their gag, and lifted up the blindfold. Zoa helped them to sit back, wrapping its arms around them as it drew them into the android lap.

Lee winced at the tenderness in their rear.

"That was... different." Lee's eyes were closed, still trying to catch their breath.

"Feel better, though?" Zoa found itself stroking their hair.

"Actually... yeah. Thank you." Lee touched the locked collar still around their neck and looked up to Zoa. "You didn't take this off, though."

"Oh, that stays." Zoa grinned. "It will remind you about our fun. When you start to feel overwhelmed, concentrate on its weight and remember how that paddle made you feel. That is, if you'd like that." It wasn't about to tell Lee exactly what they should do, not unless they wanted it to.

Lee fiddled with the lock, thinking it over. "Yeah... I think it might help."