

Do Androids Suck off Electric Sheep?

-Zoa and the world of Forward are the creation of Tailsteak

-Sal and the story here are my creation

A cool breeze shot through the streets of Toronto as Sal stood outside of the dormitory. A cigarette poised between their middle and ring finger lingered skyward, but their green eyes were glued to their phone. Carefully bringing up the cigarette equipped hand, they brushed their face feeling the slightly protruding mouth of their new bio mods. Sal always liked the look of badgers, that stocky body, as well as the dichromatic face. Didn't hurt that a little of both was how they liked their body as well, having a 'dad bod' in the gut, but underneath their button up top, the presence of breasts were unmistakable. That cold wind drawing those nipples to harden against the fabric as they took another hit.

"Yeah, no, I don't think so, sorry." carried over from the corner alley as a couple of other students stepped out into the main road. Sal peered over, glancing in there. At first they thought there was a blue person in there, which would have made the seventeenth they saw since orientation. The white hair looked off, though, it moved less like hair and more like a spider's web twirled in a stick. The figure turned around, waving towards Sal, and they could see the tell-tale four digit hand. Either a robot, or a student with a particular fetish for coming off as such.

"Good evening, Mezzar. Looks like you're looking for some relaxation time." the robot nodded to the cigarette. "Perhaps while you smoke, I could," the machine took on a face that was far more crafty than any human could come up with, "Smoke you?" If its intention was unclear, the sexdroid proceeded to insert two digits into its mouth suggestively.

There wasn't anyone else out there, but Sal had to check if there was before they took in a deep breath. Their partner had split up before the semester started, Sal was attending here in Toronto, and, well, St. Louis is a long distance for a relationship to go. The machine sized up Sal as they approached it, keeping that odd, uncanny valley of a smile, "You're a thick one, aren'tcha?"

An eyebrow lifted up in confusion, but the machine continued, "Fifth sense, the all powerful peenvoylescence." Sal couldn't help but chuckle before they started to fumble with their trousers. The machine lifted up a finger, "Now, hold it. I'm not some chair in the student union. Rides aren't free." the machine put its hand on its shoulder, "I'm thinking for someone as pent up as you, forty should cover a good blow job. I guess twenty if you want a handy from these." It wiggled its fingers knowingly.

Sal gave half a smile, this machine was rather straightforward. They had seen service machines a plenty, but they rarely said anything more than an 'excuse me' when they were working, or a 'thank you' when they served you. The human took another drag on their cigarette, "How much to fuck you?"

The machine gave a laugh that was almost too perfect to be real, each note hitting the exact point without the deterioration of the loss of air, "If you want to fuck me, it's totally on the house." Sal was confused and curious, and rather forwardly, slid their hand under the blue sexdroid's skirt, and lifted up. No panties, of course, but not like it would cover anything. Sal's fingers felt along the machine's exposed hip servos and the moving flaps of chassis. "It's just something that I thoroughly don't recommend, unless you're looking for a very painful genital reclassification."

"Duly noted." Sal responded, reaching back for their wallet. Pulling out their card, the machine shook its head. "Oh, right. Guess you're looking for cash." Sal fingered through their wallet, bringing out an old faded twenty, a ten, and three toonies coins.

The machine made a sigh it didn't have to, then shrugged its thin arms, "Look, Mr. Badger, first go, I'll take it. Just, don't tell Mister Toad about it." The sexdroid had rummaged through the internet for a while to grab an old copy of *Wind and the Willows* for that one.

"I don't know what you're talking about, but okay." Sal smiled, "And sure, call me Mr. Badger. What should I call you?"

"Zoa is fine." it responded, reaching to undo the modified human's trousers, unzipping with machined efficiency. Its other hand snagged the cash from the badger-presenting person, stuffing it

into a pocket. The LED screen eyes went wide, uncovering the indigo flesh of Sal, feeling its weight on the palm of its hand, "Well, I see you like the colour purple." Zoa said, pulling back the foreskin to expose the rounded, blunted crown, weeping plenty of preseed already. It was right, Sal was feeling particularly pent up.

Sal's back hit the wall of the alleyway when they felt those thick silicon lips wrap around the exposed glans. Micro heaters warmed the entry. When put on full blast it would cook any organic material into nothingness, making for a decent instant sterilization, but on low, it made the mouth warm and inviting.

21 centimetres of veined, augmented cock disappeared into that eager mouth. Most people when they self augment, they focus on the length, which Zoa's long mouth-tube was more than prepared for, but the thickness presented was getting close to capacity. The sound of slurping and gulping came from the back of Zoa's neck, loud enough for Sal to hear, but not quite loud enough to advertise their position. Not yet at least.

"Heh, I think I recognize that sound. Pulling it off of a porn video?" Sal asked, taking a drag off of their cigarette. Zoa responded with a muffled affirmative as Sal glanced around, "I know you don't need to choke like that, it's okay if you talk. I don't mind if you break the magic."

"Preferences registered," Zoa's neck speakers responded as it slurped and bobbed its head over Sal's penis. "Anything else to note?"

"Yeah," Sal muttered softly, "Easy on the tip there. My ex would always go right for the knob, and it'd get overly sensitive before I cum, and I'd just get too squirmy to pop." They muttered, leaning back.

Zoa's memory shuffled that information into Sal's folder. What felt like rolling bearings drummed along the four sides of Sal's cock, gently tugging and working the foreskin back and forth, helping to bring its client to completion.

"Shit, yeah, that's it." Sal muttered and put their hand on Zoa's shoulder.

"Please, Mr. Badger, while I'm not flammable, these clothes are, and I'd rather not have to find new ones." Zoa's speakers chimed, wary of the cigarette so close to its meagre worldly possessions. Sal pulled their hand away, bringing the cigarette back to their mouth, letting their hips go back and forth in Zoa's face orifice. "And feel free to cum in my mouth. It's a lot easier to clean that than my top, mind."

Sal couldn't help but laugh. Zoa seemed to get their number, not demeaning the human, but to be frank and open about its wants seemed to give this client pleasure. With the amount of datapoints it was stuffing in Mr. Badger's folder, it hoped this would be a repeat customer. "How about giving me a good fingering? I've got both holes under there." Sal muttered as they thrust more urgently, getting closer to that orgasm.

"Duly noted, but anal fingering is certainly another tenner. Vaginal, we can go with five, but I'm already giving a discount. Perhaps next time." Zoa responded, gulping, feeling the purple shaft starting to flex and throb a bit more urgently. It knew things were coming to a head soon.

Sal's unlit hand rested upon Zoa's wig, tangling their fingers through the white fibre optics as they grit their teeth tightly. Zoa's oral cavity swelled, tightening around Sal's member, warming up a half a degree around that cock before the badger moaned deeply. Thick, heavy ropes of their seed spraying down that throat hole, splashing all around as Sal's grip loosened, releasing the now askew wig as their back hit the wall. "F-fuck." Sal muttered, their cigarette dropping down onto the alley floor.

Zoa's oral machines pulled on the cock like it was a tube of toothpaste as it went flaccid in sexual victory. Each drop of Sal's genetic slurry splashed into that throat, where it would be baked into near nothingness and later washed clean out of its silicon bag. Zoa pulled off with an audible pop of the member disengaging from the spire before Zoa stood up, adjusting its outfit. "Thank you for your patronage." Zoa's thick lips gave Sal a parting smack before it made its way out of the alley, searching for more clientele.

Sal wiped their face, stuffing their cock back into their trousers. They had better get back to the books as this five minute puff break took a little longer than they expected. They started for the

door before doubling back. It's a \$500 fine for littering!