

Title: Katie's Tale

Codes: Mg, sci fi

This is erotic fiction for adults only, and only in locales where such fiction is legal.

N.B.: This is a complete reworking (and the completion) of an earlier story, "After the Revolution," that I abandoned as beyond hope.

Copyright 2017. Posted to ASSTR.ORG

By A.Muller (a pseudonym)

Ain't the modern world great? Thanks to robotics, artificial intelligence, and other technologies, I can check out the cyborg sites from anywhere I happen to be, and -- bingo! -- have just about any desires satisfied in 24 hours or less.

This time I've ordered a 15-year-old blonde cygirl modeled on teens from the countryside between State College and Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, USA. That's the nice feature of Cyndy's Cygirl of the Month Club: You can choose not only age and looks, but also how she'll act. Want a Southern belle? Order a cyborg from Cyndy whose accent and mannerisms, and knockout body, mimic a beautiful young woman from Savannah, Georgia, or maybe from Charleston, South Carolina.

Want someone sassy? Order one of Cyndy's New Yorker cygirls or, for a special treat, one seemingly from Montreal or Quebec City with an oo-la-la Frenchie accent. The possibilities aren't endless, but new locales are being added monthly. African, Asian, Eurasian, Icelandic, Argentine, slut, madonna, girl next door: the choice is yours. I like central Pennsylvania teenagers. When I've traveled through the area, I've noticed that they aren't slathered with makeup, and typically they are both friendly and polite. A winning combination, in my opinion, and one that Cyndy's cygirls imitate quite well.

Other cygirl clubs are a bit less expensive, but you can't really predict what kind of behavior you'll get with one of their cygirls, and if at the end of the rental period she's a bit tattered, they'll bill you big time. I have no idea who Cyndy is -- probably some 70-year-old Chinese guy with an engineering degree from M.I.T. -- but Cyndy delivers what she promises, and she understand that if you're having sex with a cygirl for 30 days straight, the cygirl might not look her best when returned.

Damn, I wish the self-drive taxi would deliver my "package" soon. I'm getting horny thinking about her. Oh well, she'll be here soon. I'm expecting something really, really great this time. Cyndy just released a new generation of cygirls. They're so advanced, they don't have batteries. Instead, they actually eat and drink, and get their energy from processing food -- "biologics" in the cyborg world.

Cyndy promised I'll enjoy having meals with my cygirl. Time will tell. I'm skeptical. It's gotta be cheaper to plug a cygirl into the wall socket than feed her hamburger. I'm already spending big bucks on the rental; I'm not thrilled about having to feed her, too. But Cyndy's updates have never failed to impress, so I'll suspend judgment for now.

Ah, I see the taxi pulling up. Yep, here it is, and a bipedal delivery cyborg is almost instantly carrying a suitcase to my front door. But where's the cygirl? Then I see her as she smoothly opens the car door, steps onto the sidewalk, and walks sensually up the sidewalk.

I open the door. "Please come in," I say to her, and to the delivery cyborg I say in a commanding voice, "Put the suitcase down over by the couch."

"Of course," the delivery machine responds, its voice oddly human. Who expects a walking forklift to speak like some Hollywood actor? It drops the suitcase by the couch and heads out the door to its niche at the taxi's rear. It climbs aboard and off goes the taxi, its pimping mission successful.

A couple of years ago my new sex companion would have been delivered in a standard cygirl container: a coffin-sized box. But this advanced model simply smiles at me and walks inside.

She's damn near perfect: dirty blond hair, tits sized between B and C cups, light-pink skin with a few "pimples" to look the part of a 15-year-old, a slender but not-too-slender booty, and a midriff with just a few ounces of "fat" showing between the halter top and the cut-off jeans she wearing.

She looks inquiringly at me, smiles and says, "I'm so-o-o-o glad to meet you," then leans forward to kiss me on the cheek. "What's your name?" she asks.

"Call me Mike," I reply.

"What's my name?" she asks.

"Your name's Katie."

She smiles again. "Katie's a nice name, Mike. Thank you!" She looks around, then tilts her head slightly and asks, "Where's the bathroom? Absolutely gotta go after being cooped up in that taxi thing for hours."

Of course! Processing biologics leads to waste products. I just hope she doesn't fart, too! Once Katie's done in the bathroom she asks for some water. Geesh. I'm really not sure getting rid of batteries was such a great idea. I wait a bit impatiently while this stunning young woman drinks some water. I haven't been laid for four days, not since returning my last rental from Cyndy, and I wanna shoot my load.

"Come on, Katie," I say, and point to the hallway leading to my bedroom. She smiles at me and starts walking down the hall. "Wiggle your ass." She wiggles it as she heads down the hall. It's sexy as hell, and my dick, already hard, gets hard as a rock.

Let's face it, real live 15-year-old girls aren't exactly thrilled to be fucked by much

older guys, especially given possibility of an STD, emphatic “ewwws” from their peers, or even pregnancy. If I looked like a 17-year-old surfer dude with a six-pack belly and sun-kissed hair, I’d be outside scoping out the real babes. But I’m well passed the six-pack stage, my hairline’s receding, and the first gray hairs are sprouting around my temples. But Katie, being a cygirl, could care less. She’ll sleep with me any time, day or night, till the rental period is up.

I start by introducing Katie to the bedroom. “I love it!” she exclaims, and sits on the bed, bouncing up and down as if a 6-year-old, and then pats an area right next to her. “Come here,” she beckons, and curls her finger. I walk over to her; she motions for me to bend down. “I’m going to tell you a secret,” she says. “I’m a virgin, but I don’t want to be.”

She’s not lying about the virgin part. Cyndy fits replacement cunts into all the returned cygirls, unlike some other vendors, before sprucing them up and renting them out again. Cyndy’s girls all come with brand-new hymens, guaranteed. Of course, with her being a latest-generation model, it’s possible, even probable that Katie’s never been rented out before and actually is a virgin.

I smile at Katie. “I had heard you were a virgin. Can I see?”

She frowns. “I’m shy,” she says. If she wants to play the coy maiden, all the better.

“I’m shy too,” I say, lying. “How about if you take off a piece of my clothing, and let me take off one of yours?”

“OK.”

“You first,” I say.

She smiles that melt-your-heart smile, her slightly pouty lips glossy with artificial saliva, and reaches around to untie her halter top.

“No, no,” I say. “I want you to take off something of mine.”

She kneels on the floor and unties one of my shoes and starts pulling it off. I lean forward, reach around her, and untie her halter top. I gasp as her tits are revealed. They are perfect, absolutely perfect, and at that moment I almost I lose it. I want to immediately pull off her cut-offs and cum in her then and there. Or that’s why my small head and throbbing testicles want. My big head urges me to go slow and to savor the moment. There’s plenty of time for wham bam, “Thank you, mam,” fucking later today and for the rest of the month.

I pull her up next to me on the bed, and we both lie back. I kiss her gently on the cheek, then the lips. She’s warm to the touch and her silicon flesh responds like real flesh. My left hand lightly caresses a breast and teases the nipple. Katie has small areoles, and the one I’m playing with puckers up nicely as the nipple engorges and rises. I give it a lick, and Katie moans. I’m still dressed, except for one shoe, and my dick is straining to get out of my pants.

“I need to get comfy, Katie. Why don’t you help me out of my clothes?”

“Glad to,” she says.

I stand up and play with her tits as she starts undressing me. She playfully bats my hands away, but I return them to her tits. “Men!” she says.

When she’s almost done, I knell and pull her cut-offs down; she steps out of them, grinning and giggling. She’s not wearing any panties, and I see a glint of moisture seeping out of her cunt. Her mons has a shaven look, though of course no hair ever actually grows on a cygirl’s mons. Apparently Cyndy had gone to the trouble of implanting razor stubble, to give this cygirl an authentic vulva!

I pull back the bedspread, then sit down while guiding Katie to follow suit. Picking up a brush and comb from the nightstand, I comb her hair from behind, then

brush it. It falls about four inches down her back. "Turn around," I say, and she turns on the bed to face me. I start to brush her hair in front, but she gently stops me.

"I want you to make love to me," she says. "Please. I've never been with a man before, and I feel this incredible itch to get laid. Really I do. I'm not making this up."

I've heard lots of cygirl patter before, but this is different, as if Katie really means it, really feels it. Usually cygirls talk like telemarketers reading from a script, but Katie's plea sounds like it's from the heart, if only she had one.

The time has arrived. I'm determined to go slow, despite my almost painful erection. What I really want to do is cum, and quickly, but I want Katie's first time to be wonderful, even though she is a cygirl, even though she might not really be a virgin. A newly replaced silicon vagina doesn't make a virgin out of pro, after all. Now here's a question for you: If Cyndy erases a cygirl's memory before renting her out again, does that make her a virgin? I don't know the answer, and my little head doesn't care. It is screaming at me: Do it! Do it! Do it!

So I proceed. Putting the comb and brush aside, I again lay her back on the bed and lie at her side. I kiss her softly, and then deeply, and she responds, moaning for all the world like a human teen-ager. She breaks for air and gasps softly. "I love you," she says, and grabs my head and pulls me to her mouth again.

She loves me? That's a first for a cygirl. "You love me?" I ask softly. "That's nice, Katie."

"Oops," she replies, and giggles. "I'm not supposed to say that. Sorry."

"Don't be sorry. It's nice to be loved, all the more so when it is totally unexpected." She smiles and kisses me again.

Another first is that I hear nothing mechanical from inside Katie, nothing whatsoever. After more deep french kisses, I move my mouth to her nipples. After a few

minutes of playing with them, teasing them, licking them, sucking then, v-e-r-y gently chewing them between my teeth, I playfully press a nipple to my right ear. I distinctly hear the sound of a heart beat. A heart beat? That too is new. Cyndy is getting very creative, or something very odd is going on.

Time for an experiment. I gently pucker some skin at the side of one breast, then pinch hard. “Ouch!” Katie cries. “Why’d you do that? I have feelings, you know!”

“Heat of the moment,” I reply, and kiss her where I pinched.

I’m going to have to be very careful with Katie; she’s more like a real girl than some real girls I’ve known. She’s almost too real to be real, but she’s in bed with me and I’m about to pop her cherry, so what’s wrong with me? That’s my little head talking to me, and I listen to it. My hand moves lower and grazes her mons, then gently strokes the inside of her thighs, top to bottom, then bottom to top, just barely touching the slit to heaven on the upstroke.

Shifting downward on the bed, I open her legs and settle myself between them. I start kissing her thighs at the knees, then gently make my way upward. Slowly, carefully, the target comes into view. Her labia are slightly swollen and a dab of the white cream of girly anticipation has formed at the bottom of her slit.

I shift my hands off her thighs and onto her cute, almost perfectly flat belly, and drift them upward to the base of her tits, my fingers swirling as I go. My tongue, meanwhile, circles the target, then dips low and starts spreading her cunt lip. Gawd, she tastes wonderful, heavenly, as if the nectar of a dozen virgins has been concentrated at the opening to her vagina. My tongue digs in, poking, prodding, circling, lapping. Katie’s moaning, her hips rising off the sheets in a dance of desperation as my tongue and lips find her swollen clitoris.

“Shit, shit, shit!” she mews softly, her hips pressing her sex against my mouth as my busy hands play with her nipples. I pull my hands down to her mons and spread her

lips apart. Her clit is standing quite proud now, nature's own ecstasy button, or rather Cyndy's version of it, ready to be pushed. I nibble it every so gently between my lips, brushing it with the tip of my tongue.

Katie explodes. "Awwww awwww awwww!" She bucks, her tummy and hips jerking repeatedly, a red flush visible in the bedroom's soft lighting. Then suddenly it is over. She pushes my head and hands away. "I need a break, lover," she says, and pulls me up the bed. We cuddle for a few minutes, then her hand moves down to my groin and begins to toy with my parts. My balls already ache, and my dick almost instantly regains its former iron hardness. She bends down and begins licking my shaft and balls, and gently takes my little head into her mouth, swirling her tongue and sucking.

"Be gentle with me," Katie says as she climbs up and sits on my thighs cowgirl style. I don't need to be asked twice. I reach for her shoulders and pull her forward a bit. My penis finds her cleft, and Katie reaches down and puts it at the entrance to nirvana. She lowers herself slowly, slowly. My shaft bends a bit, and I reach down and pull my foreskin up, so it covers my little head, and reposition myself at the entrance. There's no friction now, just my penis riding smoothly inside my foreskin as it pushes aside Katie's vaginal walls. Pressure builds as my head passes the ring of artificial muscle guarding her entrance and then -- suddenly -- I'm past her hymen and into the inner recesses of her cunt.

A lot of guys would have devoted minutes to opening Katie's cunt with their fingers, maybe even probing it with a dildo to stretch it out. Not being circumcised has definite advantages. I've learned that by pulling my foreskin over the head of my dick, I can slide my dick into any cunt, no matter how tight the opening. Thanks to pre-cum, my foreskin acts like a super-lubricated launch tube.

Now that I'm inside, the feeling is intense, and I pause and ask Katie to be still. Her muscles, or whatever cygirls have, squeeze me rhythmically, as if out of her control. After 30 seconds or a minute, but what seems like an eternity, I start gently pushing,

humping, thrusting lightly. She humps back softly, as if she's worried about breaking me.

I have to cum. I simply have to cum. I can hold back no longer, and I'm horny as I've ever been. I roll Katie onto her back and begin thrusting away. My humping is vigorous and quickly reaches a crescendo as I explode into her, spewing cum deep into the recesses of her sex. My prick, for that's what it is, having pricked its way past Katie's maidenhead, softens slightly, but we remain coupled.

"That was nice, my sexy lover," Katie says, and kisses me on the nose and cheeks, and then straight on the lips, her tongue swirling in my mouth. "Will you fuck me again soon?"

"Absolutely!" I say, "But first, how about something to eat? And I don't mean sexual organs."

She wiggles her hips, grins, and asks, "So I'm not good enough to fuck twice in a row?"

I feel my balls and dick responding, and so I answer her with a thrust, and then we're fucking again, like two wanton dogs by the side of a road, thrusting and fucking and not giving a shit about anything else. I'm sweating heavily by the time I climax again, and Katie's hair is a mess, and the bedding is a jumble. As we pull apart, semen leaks out of Katie and soaks the sheet.

That's pretty much the story of the following 30 days. I fuck Katie often, kiss her and play with her tits. She fucks me, sucks me, blesses me with a few incredible rim jobs in the process. You name a position and we try it. Missionary, cowgirl, reverse cowgirl ... and on and on, until we work our way through the Kama Sutra. I am fucked dry. The last few days, when I cum, not much shoots out of my pecker into her cunt or mouth. My balls are empty, even a bit sore, but my mind is filled with glorious memories.

The rental period is up, and when it's time, another auto-cab appears, with another

delivery cyborg to carry Katie's stuff to the taxi. I'd bought her a few outfits when we went out to dinner, so there are two -- no, make that three -- suitcases for it to carry outside.

Yep, I took Katie to fine restaurants. What guy wouldn't want to be seen with a girl like Katie? I always make sure to pat her ass and kiss her when we're in public, just to enrage the Puritans. Once a cop even interrupts us, thinking he's caught a pedophile. If I'm not mistaken, his dick is hard when he walks away. He'd asked me how to contact Cyndy. No doubt he is dreaming of hiring Katie for himself!

A few minutes after seeing Katie disappear in the auto-cab I get a call from one of Cyndy's employees.

"Is this Mike?"

"Sure is!"

"I'm Michaela from Cyndy's Cygirl of the Month Club. We are so-o-o sorry about the mix-up!"

"Huh?" (Sometimes, words fail me.)

"Didn't you order a cygirl last month?"

"Yep."

"Well, something really odd happened to our systems, and we just discovered that we never dispatched your cygirl." Michaela paused. "You've been such a great customer the last few years, we don't want to lose your business. So Cyndy personally authorized that we send you not one but two cygirls for free for a whole month. OK if we send them along now? They'd arrive tomorrow about noon."

It's a great offer, but I can't accept it. I'm fucked -- fucked out, that is. My balls are drained and need a respite. Besides, and this is the important point, eventually the mix-up will surely be straightened out, and Cyndy would be personally pissed at me, seeing as how I'd been fucking his Katie for a month.

"Uh, that's a great offer," I say, "but you did send a cygirl last month. Matter of fact, she left my house in the auto-taxi you sent about an hour ago."

"We didn't send you a cygirl last month," Michaela says emphatically, "and we don't do this week's pickups until tomorrow. I don't know what's going on, Mike, but trust me, whoever was at your house wasn't one of Cyndy's cygirls."

"Are you sure? What if"

She interrupts me. "100 percent sure, Mike. You think we just let our cygirls wander around the world? They're money machines, and Cyndy keeps a tight rein on 'em."

"OK, I believe you. But I'm kind of drained after all the, uh, activity for the past month. Can I get a rain check on the twins?"

"The twins? Oh, you mean the twofers. How about if I send them over the first of next week? That'll give you time to recover."

"Works for me."

"Done," Michaela says, and hangs up.

What the hell is going on? Damned if I know, and I decide I don't care. I got to enjoy a great cygirl for a month, and since I don't owe Cyndy for the rental, I'm even-stein considering all the dinners and outfits I bought Katie.

+++ +++ +++

It's been eight months since my fuckfest with Katie. As beautiful and young and flexible and enjoyable and imaginative and desirable as she was, she's now ancient history, and my mental images of her are starting to dim. I'm lying on my couch, getting a deep-tissue massage from my latest rental from Cyndy's Cygirl of the Month Club when the security system chimes and throws images of my walkway on the nearest wall.

What the ... ? Walking up the walkway, or rather, kind of waddling up the walkway is a very pregnant-looking Katie. She comes to the door and whispers, "Let me in, Mike." The security system amplifies the whisper and it echoes through the house.

"Door, open," I command, and the door swings open, and Katie walks into the vestibule and into the living room. She's looking at me and the nude cygirl straddling my back and still massaging away.

Katie laughs. "Glad to see you still got it, Mike."

I start to say something, but Katie leans down and kisses me. "Shussh," she says. "Let me explain."

Katie sits down on the edge of the couch, and starts playing with my hair as tells her tale. "When you lived on the other side of town in that apartment complex, one of the neighbors living behind you had a 6-year-old, very shy daughter who had a major crush on the backyard neighbor, especially when he took off his shirt and went a few rounds with the punching bag under an overhang. You probably never even saw that little girl, as she hid inside and stared and stared at the hunk in the other set of apartments.

"That little girl was me, duh, and I've never, ever, ever gotten over that crush on the love of my life. One day when you were out I peeked in your mailbox, and I nearly peed in my pants when I finally knew your name. I was especially excited to see a 'Dear Customer' flyer from Cyndy's Cygirls in your mail, as my mom is a freelance

programmer and occasionally works for Cyndy's company.

“Occasionally my mom leaves the house while her laptop is connected to Cyndy's servers, and earlier this year one thing led to another, and I caused a slight glitch that screwed up your cygirl order, and you know the rest.

“School was out for the summer, my parents were going on a month-long tour of Asia, and I talked them in to letting me stay by myself. You'd think they'd know better than to trust a teenage daughter, but parents can be silly!”

I'm smiling as Katie tells her story. “Are you really pregnant?”

“Of course I am,” she says. “Don't ask how, but I got ahold of a fertility drug before I starting fucking you. I wanted to make good and sure you knocked me up. And boy did you knock me up. I'm carrying triplets.”

I'm struggling to sit up, as Cyndy's cygirl is still straddling me and still massaging my back. Half of me is pissed at the deception, half is worried about how much this is going to cost me, half is worried about going to jail for the rest of my life on a child-rape conviction and half of me is proud of my little spermy guys for doing their job so well. That's too many halves, but you get the idea.

Katie giggles at my struggles. “Don't worry about me and your kids. We'll be fine. My parents finally calmed down and are cool with the situation, and I'm going to a magnet school for pregos.” She leans down, a conspiratorial smile on her face, and whispers: “Wanna fuck a preggy bitch for old time's sake?”

“Get lost for a few hours,” I say to Cyndy's latest rental, and I grab the back of Katie's head and pull her close for a nice french kiss. It's not easy, what with the massive baby bump getting in the way, but we manage. And then we head to the bedroom.

FINI

Any comments? Email me at: Angler77@Safe-mail.net