

The sound of that slap reverberated in that small room, and the polar bear quickly reached up to rub the side of his face. The vixen eyed him angrily for a moment before she barked out her annoyance.

“That’s so offensive! I thought you’d be different, but you’re a total jerk, Justin.” It was obvious more than that was just simmering below the surface, but on some level, his reaction wasn’t un-expected.

He hiked up his boxers, covering himself up too late to make any difference. “All I said was I can’t believe I’ve been dating a Plastic. You could have said something before we...”

Julianne narrowed her eyes. “Before we fucked! Look who gets all prudish the second you find out you’re dating a SynthTech, Mr. Leather Shorts in the dresser.”

“It’s starting to feel weird down there,” Justin grimaced as he shifted his legs. The sensation begged him to investigate, but maybe by putting it off it would just go away by itself. The bear covered himself with the bed-sheet as he sat up in the bed.

Julianne sighed. “I knew this was too good to be true. Cute guy. Open minded. Glasses... I’m such an idiot.” The vixen had her legs huddled up to her chest, her face against her knees.

The room was quiet as they stayed there wordlessly. Rain pattered on the window and he noticed the photos taped up around the frame. Candid photos with friends, Christmas photos with family, and her in graduation robes a few times.

“Why didn’t you say you weren’t interested in upgraded girls on the site?” Julianne asked as she lifted her head.

A tingle had reached his thighs, making him dread what he’d find when he pulled his shorts down again this time. He dug his fingers into the coverlet, trying to will it to slow down. “I just hit the pansexual option. I didn’t even think synthgirls would come up. Big mistake.”

She fought a cheap lighter until a flame licked the air, then brought her cigarette towards it with 2 fingers. The vixen took a long drag on it, letting her legs slide down a little until she lowered them and crossed them.

“You still smoke?”

Julianne laughed. “Yeah, I still smoke. I did it before and I still like it. Personality emula-.retention was like 98.3 percent back then. It’s right over the 99 percent line now,” she said as brushed her fingers against her tail. It was a darker shade than the fur on her body, most of it except the tip dyed to match her hair.

Somehow it was reassuring just to watch her. She had quirks and tics that made her seem more real the more he observed her. Julianne casually searched between the white and dark orange sections of fur on her tail, finding a seam and widening it with her fingers. The sheathing pulled apart smoothly to show the segments under it. Bare metal lined with separate plates to allow movement and flexibility. She applied some pressure to bend one of the stubborn joints back into place.

His mouth felt dry as he watched, acutely aware again of what was happening to him. She was in no hurry to hide her body's artificialness. Why would she be? Part of Justin wanted to see her slip out of the simulated fur completely and let him touch the places where her housing joined. Where different panels that made her up met in lines he could run his fingers across.

"At first, when you were freaking out, I thought that was like your thing. Getting to act out some fantasy about some evil android making you her lovebot," Julianne said as she stubbed out the cigarette.

"Gynoid," the polar bear said as he felt some stiffness above the waist and tugged the sheets a little further.

"What?"

"A guy robot is an android. A girl is a gynoid. It's Latin."

Julianne scowled. "You're completely wrong! It's *homo* in Latin. You're totally *homo*."

The vixen started to giggle, then bit her lip. Her whole body shook with mirth before it exploded into a long laugh he had to join with his. The tension diminished as the absurdity of the situation crested. By the time the minutes of laughter faded, it was okay to joke about it.

"I still think you're cute, you know."

"Me? But I really pissed you off there," Justin said as he felt some delayed shame for what he had called her.

"Yeah, but you're a cute bigot," Julianne smiled.

He felt something like stirring there under the sheets again, still hesitant to give his lower half another opportunity to get involved. Feeling flustered now by her come on, the bear tried to change the topic.

"So did it cost you a lot to go synth? I mean, get upgraded?" he stammered.

“That was like 5 years ago, right? There’s no way I could have paid for it. But I was still in college and one of my sorority friends did it.” She looked over and saw him tenting the sheets now. “Seriously? What is it with men and the lesbian fantasy thing?”

Justin blushed so hard he swore the frames on his glasses were heating up. “If you didn’t notice, I’m not exactly in control of the situation right now...”

“Whatever. If you grey goo my mattress, you’re paying for a new one. So try not to jerk off during the tale of the sexy sexy lesbian robot sorority sisters.”

“I’m not going to...just tell me about the upgrade, jeez!”

Julianne smirked. “Okay, so my friend’s dad was totally loaded and she said she needed to borrow some money for MCAT tutoring for medical school. One on one tutoring. And he starts to see these charges on her card for a few months. And it looks like some really expensive tutoring.”

The distraction was almost working, keeping the polar bear’s mind off what was going on as the changes progressed. He nodded. “And?”

“So she flies home for Thanksgiving when her dad goes to meet her at the airport, she’s not at the gate. And it turns out she’s getting head-to-toed by security in a special screening room because the scanner’s going haywire. He goes over there and she tries to explain, but just ends up yelling that she got upgraded.”

“What did her dad do?”

“Her dad says, ‘But did you get into medical school?!’”

The polar bear groaned. “No way. That did not happen.”

“It did! And she does the medical consults for SynthTech stuff now, for her dad. Until she pays him back.”

Justin shook his head. “None of that story was sexy.”

The vixen glowered at him. “I’m not done. But if you want to hear the rest of it, I want a peek.”

“No!” he shrieked as he pulled the comforter over himself. Julianne pried at his fingers slowly to loosen his grip.

“I bet it feels really good right now, doesn’t it? Kind of a little electric buzz everywhere?” Julianne teased as he looked away when she pulled the sheet aside to show his transforming body.

Metal reached as far as his abs and almost reached his knees. The alloy looked polished as it accented his body, and when he tried to recoil from her touch, his reactions were stiff and robotic. Servo links were still forming, panels incomplete as they merged with fur and warmth at a certain point.

With an admiring whistle, Julianne grinned. “You were cute, but you’re getting hot.”

He gulped, excitement starting to show in his pale blue eyes alongside the nervousness. “Don’t say that.”

The vixen bared her teeth when she smiled, a singularly predatory look on her face. “Why not? You know those weird people I mentioned, who get off on that evil gynoid stuff? Yeah. That’s me.” She stopped simply touching his chest and pushed down with surprising strength, pinning him against the piled pillows with little apparent effort. “So for weeks I kept bothering her. Asking for her to slip off that fur just a little bit and show me. I think I memorized where the diodes lit up on her new body. She looked amazing...”

Julianne’s eyes lit up, casting a soft glow across the polar bear’s face as he imagined her then. Admiring the exquisite effect of that transformation and deciding she wanted to feel that same sensation as silver worked its way over her body, resculpting her figure in polished perfection.

“Was it an accident, too?” the bear asked as she held him down with a finger while his pectorals started to get covered by metal, feeling like a solid plate from the socket of his arm up to his neck.

“Definitely not. Well, except, I asked her to pretend it was. She came into my room with just that bare metal chassis and those red eyes glowing. We even found a way for her to disable the voice sampling...**SO SHE WOULD SOUND RO-BO-TIC...**” the vixen echoed.

Justin struggled against her for a moment, reacting instinctively to her teasing.

“LOOK AT YOU, ORGANIC. PATHETIC CREATURE OF FUR AND...”

”Oh my God, you suck,” he said. “What happened?”

“Sorry,” Julianne giggled as she restored her normal voice. “She acted like she was programmed to be a sexbot and I’m like her evil owner. So I make her trundle into my room and tell her to kneel and bow to her mistress and undress me. Then I’ve got her right between my thighs with that synthetic NuTex tongue driving me wild. I think she could have plucked guitar strings with that thing.”

The polar bear could feel the chrome conversion seeping into his limbs faster now, without the complex organs and systems that had to be preserved in the earlier stages of upgrading. His fingers twitched as mechanical joints and circuits replaced the muscles and nerves while he stared up at the vixen.

“Then, she had the great idea to do it like there’d been some short circuit and suddenly she was in control. Staring me down with those glowing red eyes until I was her organic slave. Making me kiss her until I couldn’t think. Then she made me sink to my knees and start to lick every drop of those sexbot fluids...” Julianne moaned at the memory as she stopped pinning him down.

“She kept you there while you were going **SYNTH**?” asked Justin as his voice warbled while the final phase of the upgrade surged forward. The mind had a way of hiding the extent of the transformation from itself, making it hard to digest the fact that the tingle around his ears was metal engulfing most of the polar bear’s head as his future inched closer towards the inevitable conversion of his thoughts.

“No, we played it out like she was. We both knew the second the nanofluid got into me, I’d start to upgrade. But she was first generation, so it took hours...” she purred with recalled fondness. The vixen felt her mood rising. “She did such a good job. Kept telling me I’d be her obedient little slave unit. Just a kinky organic slut who was going to get what she wanted...ohhhh...”

Justin heard a whirr when he turned his neck, taking a moment to process this. Her body heat was elevated, and her voice resonated with lust every time she spoke about that experience. She’d enjoyed herself completely, losing herself in the fantasy of that transformation. In reality, it would have been a seamless transition the moment her last neuron copied over into a micro-circuit.

“SO I WANT TO DO THE SAME FOR YOU,” the vixen proffered as she disabled her voice enhancements and slipped into the role. **“YOUR TIME AS AN ORGANIC UNIT IS OVERRR.”**

The sensation of micro-servos under his metal skin was unreal. He knew the last stages of his contagious upgrade were all but over. As of now, there was no way to reverse the process. Each and every one of his cells was being replaced by a synthetic counterpart, linking together in chained reaction as that poly-steel alloy washed over him. The stiffness he felt earlier had grown to become pleasant, like his body was tightening as it transformed. Julianne clearly loved the sight of him, looking like he’d been dipped head to toe into liquid chrome that left him with a quicksilver countenance.

His back arched as she drew her soft fingers, sheathed in synthetic skin and warm fur (NaturalVix 16-1255 TPX) across his member. It was smooth and sculpted, perfect dark NuTex simulating what it had changed for the better. The threshold for sensitivity had been boosted beyond his wildest dreams. If the polar bear ever planned on covering his new body up with clothes, she would have to teach him how to dial down that cluster

of artificial nerves. It reminded the vixen of trying to put on her bra after Diana shared herself with her, and she grinned.

“Why...ohhhh...are you smiling?” came the curious voice of her multiple-night stand.

She was teasing him and getting a response. It had to be that, Justin thought. He’d been tricked into her kinky game and now his body, altered and upgraded though it might almost be, was giving in as easily as before. The polar bear couldn’t deny there was something incredible in the way he felt. Her breath, huffed out slowly above him, felt like it crashed and rolled over his body like a wave washing away all his preconceptions. There was nothing like someone simply taking you and changing you for her pleasure...

His eyes opened wide as she tugged him gently into position. The next time he blinked, they opened to an artificial view overlain with more than the occasional stray eyelash.

“ALL ORGANICS MUST BE CONVERTED INTO SUPERIOR METAL LIFE. REPEAT.”

His ears burned, and he couldn’t tell if it was from the slight humiliation of being pinned beneath a sculpted metal goddess or the transformation reaching its final stages. Justin wondered if some of his thoughts, the things he didn’t need at this very moment, were being sharpened into their binary equivalents and stored in the circuits and solid state memory that might comprise the processing unit replacing his mind.

“Julianne, I want to, but...”

The synthetic vixen’s eyes were different from the mild green he’d mistaken for hazel. They became luminous, brilliant green orbs that uncovered their artificial nature brazenly. He knew what was coming and gulped.

“YOU ARE A ROBOT. A THOUGHTLESS MACHINE PROGRAMMED TO PLEASE YOUR MASTER/MISTRESS. YOU WILL SERVE...ME,” she droned. His mind fell to the spinning circles of glowing green irises that gave him something hypnotic to distract his brain from its growing irrelevance. She bit her lip as she delivered her evil sexbot patter, stifling her instinct to cackle evilly and reassure him. Diana had committed to her role and she still got chills thinking about the contrast between the friend she called every weekend and the unstoppable mechanical mistress who’d turned the tables on her.

Justin confused the 2 states, just like Julianne had. The flux of his mind and thoughts being adapted to this enhanced form fit so well with the suggestion of calm. Choice was being stripped away from him twice tonight as those artificial emerald pools beckoned him to stare deeper. He’d already blinked and given the technology a chance to work through him. Too raw to cope with a thousandfold increase in sensory input, he

stumbled over simple concepts. His eyes fluttered, delicate servos winking for longer and longer as he slipped into what he believed was a slave state. "I'm...a thoughtless robot..." the polar bot slurred.

The vixen cupped his metal face with her hands as she gave a practiced smile she hoped looked malevolent enough for this. His member throbbed as she ground against him, leaking some synthetic fluid that probably carried a nanite pay-load like hers. She shared with her slave in silver, stroking him for a few moments before fingering herself deeply. Her voice trilled digitally as she moaned, hungry to see what the relentless stamina of that transformed polar bear could do...

"TESTING IN PROGRESS," she announced as she hilted herself on him. If there was anything artificial about this coupling as Julianne welcomed that thick bear boy into her pussy, the only giveaway was how much more intense it all felt. The vixen felt like she would short out her tail with how hard it waved behind her...