

A Few Nights at Fuckington's : First Night

Written By Klesk Vadrigaar

Taking a deep breath, Michelle stretched the button as far as she could towards the matching hole on the other side of her new work shirt. Part of her still clung to the argument that this was a pointless task, seeing as she was to be working alone and it was unlikely that anyone would actually be stopping by at any point during her shift to check she was properly attired, but still, the German Shepherd girl had always prided herself on being a professional. Even during her stints as a fry cook at the local fast food joint, and then the tech consultant at one of the many big box retailers around her town, she'd always made sure her outfit was pristine and properly pressed and that none of her accessories violated the dress code. It was part of her efforts to see that these mundane occupations were only the starting point of her career, and that once she found her true calling she would be recognized for the model employee she strove to be. As such, the canine struggled on to get the blasted button fastened across her immense chest, adamant that she was going to make the best first impression possible at her new job.

As if to further encourage her, the phone in the security office behind her began ringing insistently, drawing Michelle to glance first at it and then the clock on the wall in the locker room. 11:00 pm, time for her to get out and get to work.

With a grimace and a defiant intake of more breath, the shepherd wrenched the button as far as it would go without ripping off, jamming it through the little slit in the fabric and giving a triumphant exhale as she checked herself out in the mirror. Her grey guard outfit had made for a very tight fit around her voluptuous body, no small feat considering that it was the largest size the company had available. That said, with a gentle flex of her arms, the canine sensed she could still manage. Being one of the more generously blessed specimens of society made for a hell of a time when managing a wardrobe, but for Michelle that was just more incentive to make things work. If she had a job to do then she was going to do with the resources provided, not beg for special treatment just because she happened to be exceptionally big in certain areas.

Putting on the cap and adjusting it to the perfect position, Michelle walked briskly into the security office and checked the phone. She'd been told that she could usually just let it go to voicemail, seeing as the business was now closed for the day, but the number flashing on it was ID'd as her new manager so she decided that qualified as an exception.

"Hello, this is Michelle."

"Hey, Michelle, good to hear you there on time." The voice on the other end said. "Find everything okay?"

Getting herself comfortable in the office chair, the canine looked around at her new place of power.

"Yeah, everything seems to be well organized. I'm sure I'll have no problem if I need anything."

“Excellent, okay now that your paperwork has been processed and you’re present I can go over a few final things.” The crackle of paper being shuffled was heard. “You are of course aware that Fuckington’s is one of the world’s prime innovators and manufacturers of erotic premiums?”

Michelle nodded, and giggled slightly at her manager’s complete lack of shame. “I’ve read up on the company history.”

“Good, then you’ll know that we recently got in the first models of the RGSM-69 Doll series, a new line of sentient sex bots designed to be the perfect artificial lover.”

“Yes, your web-site has been hyping them up quite a bit for the last few months.” Michelle replied.

“Right, well the lab folk apparently have already unboxed them, switched them on and have been testing them for the last few days. According to them, they’ve been performing...quite optimally. You can have a look at them on the cameras if you wish.”

Michelle reached for the tablet she’d been issued and accessed the CCTV network. Flipping through the feeds she found one focusing on four figures standing perfectly to attention in their respective charging capsules. She hummed thoughtfully at how life like they all appeared.

“Well I’ll make sure they remain safe and as well guarded as any of the other material here.” She proudly proclaimed. The voice on the phone respectively let silence fall while it collected its thoughts.

“Yeah, that’s not quite what I was getting at. See the thing is, the designers gave specific instructions not to switch them off at any point once their activated. It’s imperative for the development of the A.I. programmed into them that they receive an uninterrupted stream of data. As such there’s a high chance they won’t actually stay where they are over the course of the night.”

Michelle looked up from the tablet. “I’m sorry?”

“It’s nothing to worry about, just you’ll probably notice them turning up in several locations across the building. The boss has already stated to just let them do as they please so...yeah, if that happens just do that.”

The canine arched a querying eye. This had definitely not been brought up at any of the interviews or the training.

“Ummm, but you just said they’re nothing more than robots. Basically just really sophisticated toys, right?” She asked.

“Indeed, but ones with the ability to learn and programmed with a vast array of know how on sex. Look I didn’t have any paw in building them, I’m just reading what’s on the page in front of me.” The voice said. “If you feel uncomfortable there’s a panic button on both doors leading to the security office. They’ll drop a blast shield that can only be open from the inside so you’ll be perfectly safe in there.”

Michelle looked behind her and noted the big red emergency panels sitting nicely beside the apertures leading out into the other parts of the building.

“Oooooo-kay. Is there anything else I should know?”

"No that's about it. The morning crew comes in at 6:00 am so be sure to let them in and log their names before you go home. Other than that, if you want to play music or watch videos just keep the volume down. There's coffee and snacks in the kitchenette by the warehouse entrance. Any other issues just send me an email."

Glancing again at the camera feed, Michelle shrugged. "Alright then, see you tomorrow."

The call was ended and the shepherd sat back in her chair. Presently she checked the cameras again and studied the four figures. One was a female black crow with a wild mess of feathery hair and endowments that appeared to have been designed to cater to those with a liking for the large. Glancing down at her own impressive rack, Michelle gauged she and the robot were probably about the same cup size, a thought that made her hmm even more as she checked the next figure. This one was modeled like a kangaroo, a very pretty, golden furred herm to be precise. Hir brown hair had been styled in a glitzy pony tail, held in place by rings that appeared (to the shepherd's untrained eye) to be made out of gold. Shi also had earrings lining the underside of hir long slender ears and hir face was perfectly made up with eye shadow, lipstick and blush. Looking down, Michelle saw shi likewise boasted a fine pair of huge tits to compliment the big meaty sheath and balls hanging between hir legs.

Glancing to the computer on her desk, Michelle put the tablet aside for a moment and logged onto the company network.

"RGSM-69....uh...sex bot....ah here we are." She read the page that popped up, moving the keyboard aside so she could rest her tits on the desk.

"Sabrina, Lizzie, Lotus, and Marie. 2nd generation cyborg constructs...advanced prototypes....customized features.....huh..."

The canine picked up the tablet again and studied the remaining two figures. Lotus was a very exotic looking red panda, also a herm, with Japanese kanji tattooed on her thighs and a rather strange mane of blonde hair. Quite unusual given her Asian heritage but it appeared shi'd been tailored to cater to the anime crowd so it made sense. Marie was the biggest departure from the lot: a six foot black bunny with quite the muscular build and wearing a pair of full length black latex gloves with spikes lining the hem. Zooming in, Michelle noted she also had been given a short crew cut and dark sunglasses, clearly intending for her to suit those with a need to be dominated. She snickered softly that the designers had chosen one of the female models to be the boss type, especially with two such gifted herms in the mix.

Finally deeming she'd done enough leering, Michelle switched through the other camera feeds, familiarizing herself with what areas were covered and where any potential blind spots were. That done she pulled up a map of the building's floor plan and printed out a copy before checking on the four characters again. They still showed as much sign of life as a brick, and indeed the LCD displays on their charging stations were putting on a more entertaining show of activity.

"Won't stay where they are? Seriously?" The canine pondered as she kept staring at the feed. The moments ticked by and, as she'd expected, nothing happened so finally Michelle had to just shrug and head out on her patrol. It felt so odd being in a place that was so blissfully dark and quiet compared to the chaotic mash of public that her previous occupations had drawn in. Not that the shepherd was complaining, just it would take some getting used to. She walked the length of the warehouse back and

forth, checked all the office doors were locked and secured, did a quick sprint around the outside of the building then returned back to the security office by way of the testing area. All the while the only disturbance on the otherwise still air was the click of Michelle's shoes, a sound that quickly grew unsettling when nothing else cropped up to join it. Yeah, this was definitely going to take some getting used to.

Telling herself to calm down, Michelle paused to examine the other products that were laid out on tables for the employees to try out. Most of them were along the normal fare: dildos, vibrators, fleshlights, and ecstasy inducing body oils, edible undergarments, everything one would expect to find in a place that catered to the carnal desires. Michelle sensed seeing such naughty toys available for free use should make her feel excited, but honestly the canine found it rather dull. She'd seen this type of stuff in sex shops before, heck, she OWNED several similar versions of many of the products displayed. They served their function well, but really it was all known to her. There was nothing really new or attention grabbing here...well...except....

Michelle turned to the door leading to where the dolls were stored. With a hesitant paw she reached for the handle, and took a shallow breath when it swung down under her weight and the door thus swung open.

Promptly she let her breath out upon seeing the four figures were still where they should be.

"Mmmm, move about, riiiiight." She felt strangely disappointed than relieved that that which had been promised had yet to transpire. Flipping on the lights, she stepped in and beheld the dolls properly. In fairness, the work done on them was top notch. The artificial fur and skin on their bodies looked practically indistinguishable from the real thing, and save for one or two spots where the seams between joints could just be glimpsed there was nothing to indicate they were anything other than actual living morphs. Stepping closer to Lotus, Michelle reached out and ever so lightly touched the robot's arm. It felt warm, as it should, and there was the faint smell of a rich, flowery perfume wafting up from the fur.

"Well someone's still going to make a fortune off of these." She mused. Switching off the light, she headed back to the security office and began reading the file on them again.

"Advanced A.I. capabilities, able to accommodate any desired kink or fetish....best results if used on a regular basis..." The canine folded back her ears and scratched her head. "Well machines have been able to pass the Turing Test for almost ten years now, but I don't see how...."

She pondered and pondered, till finally she sensed her mind was getting sore. Deeming it was time for a break, Michelle went and made herself a cup of coffee, adding in a heaping amount of cream and stirring it thoughtfully.

"Eh, pity. Guess it's just me alone with myself then." She mused while sitting herself down again. Balancing the coffee on top of her boobs (their size and firmness made them great for acting as an easy reach table) she reached for the tablet and began scanning through the camera feeds again...

Which in turn lead to her getting rather literally hot under the collar when she saw there were now one fewer figures in the testing area than there had been before.

“What? No way....” She quickly checked the other areas, seeing nothing aside from empty lifeless rooms and hallways everywhere.

“They can’t have...” She held the tablet closer, peering intensely at the images on its screen. Scanning the feeds again she stopped at the one focused on the cafeteria. There, the shadows, she swore she saw the faintest outline of what could possibly be an anthropomorphic form. Zooming in, Michelle scrunched her eyes up as close to the tablet as she could....only to then pull back when she nudged her cup again and spilled more coffee on herself.

“Ow! Dammit!” She dropped the tablet on her desk and forcefully set the coffee down on the opposite side. A still steaming brown stain slowly bled out over her shirt, bringing more stings of agony as she ran out to grab napkins and soak them in the kitchenette’s sink.

“Next time, remember the value of lids.” She muttered while dabbing at the stain. It was going to smart for a while but fortunately the coffee hadn’t been hot enough to do any further damage. She’d just have to make sure she washed her uniform once she got home. Frankly neither of the above really held up anyway in comparison to what she’d just glimpsed. It had been quick, but she’d glimpsed the ragged mess of what had clearly been feathers against the darkness of the shadows, meaning that had indeed been Sabrina covertly hiding in the cafeteria.

Returning to the security office, Michelle flipped back over to the test area and gasped at seeing Marie was now gone too. Hurriedly she switched feeds and her jaw dropped upon finding the rabbit was standing perfectly harmlessly in the middle of the reception area. Aside from the abrupt relocation, the two dolls looked as undisturbed as before, leading the shepherd to swap between them and the test area several times to make sure her eyes weren’t playing tricks.

“Well....I’ll be darned.” She finally said. Idly dabbing at the cooling stain, she looked up at the panic buttons by the two doors. This was definitely not what she’d expected when she signed her contract....but then again, her manager hadn’t sounded all that worried when he described this over the phone...and likewise the dolls had just moved to a different area. It wasn’t like they were doing anything that’d suggest they were dangerous, right?

Right?

Michelle checked the time, seeing it was well on its way to 1 am, too late for her to contact her manager now.

Picking up the tablet again she gave each of the dolls another look, then reached over and pressed both panic buttons. Immediately a solid metal shutter slid down into the doorways, promising nothing was going to get into the security office till she hit the buttons again. She felt wrong, somewhat, for doing that, but this was all new to her and she sensed it’d be better to play it safe for the moment. If the dolls proved her fears wrong well she’d deal with that when and if it happened.

After all, she still the rest of the night, and tomorrow night, and the night after that, and the night after that to deal with this....