

Chapter 1 – Test Run

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Timeline Note: This story occurs during the climax of the Lencist Department plotline, spoilers may follow!

The pair of Lencist engineers stood by and watched as their creations stepped out of the charging bay and advanced on the volunteers. The Figura model robots had been designed to imitate their namesakes, and as their designers looked on, they began picking out partners from the engineers before them. The robots began to loom over them, their multicoloured hair barely reaching the waists of the lifelike automatons.

One of the Lencist engineers standing near the back of the room - Lycara - whispered to her workmate. "Pure! Th-they really are... just..."

"Going for it?" Celan replied, eyes wide as he took in how quickly the robots had brought the Lencist engineers near half their size to compromising positions so quickly. "I can't even tell which is the real one."

Lycara pointed to a slightly lighter toned Figura whose mouth was firmly attached to a Lencist breast, its owners' red and black hair thrown back in ecstasy as the poor female experienced such intense stimulation for the first time. "That one, I reckon." The Figura had to kneel to be at the right height, and even then he was hunched over as the diminutive Lencist held his head at her chest.

Celan loosened his jumpsuit, "Did they make it warmer in here?" He unzipped down to his waist, what was left of his modesty stopping his hand there. Looking over to Lycara he could see she was just as affected as he, sweat bearing on her brow as she had become mesmerised with the display.

Lycara placed a hand on her breast, gently kneading it as the other found its way sliding down her body. Celan stared at his colleague then traced her gaze. The male Figura - bot or no - was ravishing the Lencist woman's breasts with its mouth, while sliding its fingers into and out of her vagina. Looking back at Lycara, Celan put two and two together; his own member getting harder as he observed the display.

"Here," Celan said softly, stepping over to Lycara, before kneeling "Let me..." He knew it was very much against the Purity code, but given this entire experiment was being waived Celan assumed any effects of the experiment during its observation would also be waived. At least that's what he assumed as he caught - from the corner of his eye - the colourful hair of his boss thrash around within the sexually-charged throng.

Lycara was too engaged with the display to notice Celan's advances until he had his hand on her jumpsuit's front zipper. She was about to protest, but as he looked up at her brushing the green & blue striped hair away from his bright turquoise eyes, her voice became silent. As he

slowly pulled the zip down, she released the firm hold on her breast, pulling the jumpsuit to the side. What lay beneath the fabric was a moderately sized - for a Lencist - pair of breasts, with large and puffy areolae.

Celan wasted no time descending upon the revealed skin, his tongue tentatively prodding the thick and erect nipple before licking up and around it. He seemed to be less tasting than measuring the nub before a firm hand at the back of his head guided the male's mouth firmly onto the bosom. Lycara moaned, her senses doing a backflip as Celan's tongue took on a mind of its own. It lashed the nipple with broad strokes before pulling back to suck on the sensitive tip.

The Lencist pair was indeed making a scene, but the other engineers' attention seemed to be firmly placed on those in the ring; the Figura pounding away or being ridden by coworkers and assorted volunteers. Meanwhile Lycara, still watching the action between bouts of eye clenching pleasure, needed to take it further. Unzipping the rest of the way, her jumpsuit slid off, a mechanised arm quickly reaching out to Celan to place his fleshy fingers against her nethers.

Celan was lost in the moment as well, but for other reasons. He took great pleasure in performing such a lewd act and as his fingers were placed at the very wet entrance to Lycara's womanhood, he did what he felt was right; sliding two digits in to the knuckle. The move elicited a squeaky moan from Lycara, her body unused to the feelings and sensations flooding over her, and not knowing what the building tension in her gut meant. As a lust-fuelled scream from the floor indicated the first engineer reaching their orgasm, so too was there a stifled gasp from the back of the room as Lycara's muscles clenched down on Celan's fingers.

It was several seconds of pure bliss before she opened her eyes, Lycara amazed and grateful to find Celan still sucking and fingering her. However, looking back over to where her gaze had fallen before, she could see the Figura had now mounted the red & black-haired Lencist woman. He was taking her from behind as she was down on all fours; the knee pads on her bionic legs magnetically clamped to the ground. The Figura's legs spread wide as he made up for the height difference, his oversized cock stretching the Lencist's pussy just enough to ensure pleasure rather than pain.

As Lycara pushed him away, Celan followed her eyes again and saw the new position. She got to her knees before her colleague, and he knew immediately what had to be done. Quickly removing his jumpsuit, Celan got behind Lycara and giving her one last thrust with his fingers he pressed the head of his short but thick member against her entrance. "I'm not sure it will -"

"Just try!" Lycara all but shouted, as she gyrated backwards, the head of Celan's cock popping into the warm embrace. The two shuddered at the rush of sensation as they let the feeling pour over them. It did not take long, however, for Celan to begin pushing forward, his cock stretching Lycara far more than his fingers had. "AAAhhhnnnnn..." she squealed, earning the attention of several bystanders. Some returned to watching the robot test before them, while others continued to watch the Lencist pair. But all of them were groping, fondling or otherwise playing with themselves.

After near a minute, Celan had impaled Lycara to the hilt, his throbbing member felt almost as if it were roasting inside his workmate's hot body. Lycara meanwhile felt oddly full in a way she never thought possible. Observing the rough slapping of hips going on a stone's throw from the 'observers', Celan began pulling out, eliciting a whimper from Lycara. The whimper was short lived as Celan pushed his turgid length back into his partner, faster.

Back and forth, Celan's hips built up speed, and his own gut tingled as his balls felt heavy and full. His strokes became more rhythmic, set to the pace of the red & black haired Lencist out on the testing floor they were both staring at voyeuristically. As the Figura picked up his pace, so too did Celan as the Lencists' hips met with a glorious splash of natural lubricant, their legs drenched as they continued fucking to the sounds of the experiment.

Lycara was barely holding on, the second climax of her life she could feel building quickly within her. She tried to hold out, but was driven over the edge as the woman she had been focusing on began to spasm from the waist down, screaming in ecstasy as her body was claimed by the Figura still pumping its possibly real seed into her. With a moan that built to a yell, Lycara's silky passage clamped down on Celan's cock.

With his attention drawn by the screaming and shuddering from the test floor, Lycara's orgasm came as a complete surprise to her partner. Celan felt his member suddenly go from fitting snugly within her tight passage to being wrung for all it's worth by an incredibly sensual vice. His libido stood no chance. With one more withdrawal and thrust he felt his nethers tense as the first blast of cum painted Lycara's insides. The shock of that and the already tense leg muscles left over from her climax caused Lycara to pull forward sharply, sending the second shot of cum across her arse and back, the pearlescent fluid coating her alabaster skin as another rope of jism struck the dimples at her hips.

Celan was almost lost for words, his eyes lazily blinking open after being clenched through the orgasmic crescendo. "That... that felt-"

"Unimaginably splendiferous!" Lycara moaned, out of breath. She could feel the fluid on her back, and the dribbling between her thighs. But instead of feeling dirty or impure, the sensation only made her crave more.

Some murmuring and voices rose up from the testing floor. Celan, his mind still coming down from his climax, tried to make sense of it. "I think the boss just said something about extending the testing period."

"I was gonna skip lunch anyway!" Lycara moaned, pulling herself up dizzily before pushing to the front of the crowd, intent on trying out one of the bots she helped create. Or possibly the Figura volunteer, at this point she didn't much care.

Celan was only a few steps behind. "Me too." He muttered, grinning. "Me too."