

Robo-Mom

Chapter 2: Robo-Mom's design and production

By Klrxo

"Ready when you are," Ivy said, sitting behind a control panel.

Amanda stepped out from behind a partition, with only a white towel draped around her sexy body.

The old doll-maker immediately spotted Amanda's necklace. "Sorry, I forgot to mention the jewelry. It'll need to be removed also."

"Oh, um, no problem," the mother responded, removing her necklace, earrings and wedding ring and setting them aside.

Ivy always seemed a bit timid when it was time for a client to get naked, especially when it was one as beautiful as Amanda. "Excellent! Now, if you just wanna remove the covering, and step up onto the scan platform, we'll get started."

Amanda unfastened the towel, revealing her voluptuous naked body. Her 38 G cup tits shimmied on her chest as she stepped up onto the metal platform on bare feet.

Ivy struggled to act as a profession, tearing his eyes away from her extraordinary breasts, and making a few adjustments on his control screen. "Alright, um, we're just about ready here. For all the scans, you'll be keeping your hands at your sides, in a natural stance."

"Will I feel anything?" the nervous mother asked.

"It's a Laser, so you won't feel a thing. Just make sure you remain completely still during the scan."

Nancy fed her sister an exaggerated look, as she stood nearby observing. "Or the laser will liquefy your insides!" she joked.

Amanda spit her tongue at her. "It will not! Shush!!" she said back.

"Ok, starting the first scan now!" Ivy said. "Remember to be completely still."

A thin pink beam of light slowly drifted up Amanda's body, from her toes to the top of her head.

"Ok, now one of your backside, so if you could just turn completely around," Ivy directed her.

The busty mother did as he instructed, turning around on the platform, so Ivy and Nancy now had a view of her thick luscious buttocks. It was the most extraordinary ass the doll maker

had ever seen, and he had seen many. For just a moment, his eyes remained transfixed, until Nancy cleared her throat, and snapped him from his trance.

"Ok, um, proceeding with the second scan," he said.

Again the thin pink beam of light traveled up the beautiful mother's body.

"Now we'll need one from the side," Ivy said.

Amanda turned so they could see her in side profile. Her big breasts sloped down wonderfully, capped with wide puffy areola, and thick protuberant nipples. From the side, her ass looked like a perfect half-moon of unblemished flesh.

"Third scan proceeding. Remain perfectly still please," Ivy instructed.

"What do these scans do exactly?" Nancy asked curiously.

"They provide me with the perfect digital curvature of the model's body. That way, I know exactly how to form the synthetic muscular and fatty tissue over the metal endoskeleton, and robotic hardware, before I apply the sleeve."

"The sleeve?" Nancy asked.

"Yes, I'm sorry, that's what I call the outer layer of skin. Once completed, the robot's physical shape will be in the EXACT likeness of Amanda, right down to the tiniest detail," Ivy explained.

"Is it ok if I move now?" Amanda asked, still frozen in place.

"Oh, yes, sorry. The scanning is all complete. We just have one more procedure, and I'll have all the data I need to complete the physical form of the robot."

"Another scan?" Amanda asked.

"No, I'm afraid this one's a lot less technically advanced, and a bit more intrusive," Ivy said, his face already turning a shade of red. "My equipment is perfect for achieving accurate EXTERNAL body data, but internal precision can only be achieved the old-fashioned way, by a the use of a mold."

"A mold? What does that mean exactly?" Amanda asked.

"Well, I do have what I call 'stock' vagina and anal parts, that we could equip the robot with, but if you indeed want the machine to be a true replica of yourself, then I'll need to apply a mold...to your vagina and your anus, so we can replicate their exact form."

Amanda's mouth fell open. "Ohh!" she muttered, "I see."

Nancy just giggled. "In other words, Chad can get the standard base model pussy, or his mom's platinum cunt and ass, with all the upgrades."

Amanda looked at Ivy with steadfast determination. "Well, if we're doing this, let's do it right," she said. "Let's do the molds."

"Alright then," Ivy said, "if you could just lay down right here on the table. This'll only take a minute."

"I think I'll excuse myself for this part," Nancy said, walking away. "Maybe wander out her and have another chat with my new friend Louis."

Still naked, Amanda climbed onto the stainless steel table, that was only a couple feet off the floor, and sprawled onto her back. Ivy couldn't help but gaze over at the gorgeous mother, as he prepared the molds. There's no denying that Amanda was build like a brick shit house. The way her tit-mounds spread out, and slightly hung off the sides of her chest, made the doll-maker's eyes widen with desire. She was easily the most beautiful model for a Robot doll that he had ever worked with.

"Alright then, um, I can either do this, or you can do it yourself, if you'd feel more comfortable," Ivy said.

Amanda looked at the cylinder-shaped mold in his hand, which looked remarkably like a glossy corn-dog, with Ivy holding the stick portion. "I'll just uh, let you do it, so it's done right," she said.

Ivy was hoping she'd say that. "Ok then, if you could just bring your knees up. Think of this as kind of like a gynecologist exam."

Amanda giggled. "Well, I hate those exams, so I'd probably rather not think of it that way," she said.

Ivy's heart pounded excitedly in his chest as he watched the hot mother splay her thick thighs open, drawing her knees back as he requested. The dome of her clitoral hood protruded from her slighted-slitted outer labium. Amanda's genitals were crown by a tiny patch of neatly trimmed pubic fur.

The doll-maker leaned forward slightly and inserted the mold-stick into her vagina. "Ok, um, just tell me when you feel it hit your cervix," he muttered.

"Alright, um...keep going," she sighed.

Ivy slid it in deeper, until he met some resistance in her vagina. "Ok, there, you're hitting it," she said.

"Alright, now all I need YOU to do is clench your vagina slightly, so the mold can capture every detail of your inner lining."

"Got it," Amanda nodded, then did what was asked of her, flexing her strong pussy-muscles slightly, so her cunt-tube hugged the mold tightly.

"That should do it," Ivy said, pulling the stick out. "If you ever wanted to know what the inside of you lady parts looked like, well there it is," he said, holding it up for the mother to see.

The mold was in the shape of her cunt-tube, with every tiny ridge of her inner-lining showing up in perfect detail. "Fascinating!" she giggled.

"So now it's the same process, with your anus," Ivy said. "Are you still feeling OK with that?"

Amanda nodded. "Yes!" she said without hesitation. She was determined that everything about her son's custom sex doll was going to be in her exact likeness. "As long as it's well lubricated."

"That it is, and the easiest way to do the anal mold is with you on your hands and knees," Ivy said.

Amanda smiled, trying to be as professional as possible about all this. "No problem," she said, then climbed up on all-fours.

Ivy took a quick look at her hanging tits, formulating in his mind just how much synthetic fatty tissue he'd need to use to replicate such enormous melons. He moved around to her backside, and struggled to control his aroused breathing, as he saw Amanda's thick round mommy-buttocks sticking out. Never before had he felt so jealous of a customer, than he did at that moment, for Amanda's son Chad. Once he finished the doll, he knew the boy was in for a real treat.

"Ok, are you ready?" Ivy asked, studying the crinkled ring of her butthole.

Amanda nodded cutely. "Ready!" she answered.

Ivy slipped the tip of the mold inside her, watching her anal ring stretch around it. "Unless you're uncomfortable, and tell me to stop, I'm gonna try to fit the whole mold inside you," he warned her.

"Thanks. If it gets too uncomfortable, I'll tell you," the mother answered.

Ivy pushed the mold forward, and it sank into Amanda's ass with relative ease. "Ok, we're all the way in. Now, just like you did with the other one, gently squeeze, so we can capture all the details of your orifice."

Amanda clenched her ass, tightening her sphincter muscles around the cylinder-shaped mold.

"That should do it!" Ivy said, watching her butthole clench closed as he slipped it from her ass. "Just a hair and voice sample, and we'll be all set."

Amanda got her clothes back on, then provided Ivy with the other things he needed.

"There's only one other thing we need to consider," the doll maker said.

"What's that?" Amanda asked.

"Come this way, and I'll show you," Ivy said, leading Amanda and Nancy to a different area, where there were a line of human-sized wooden crates. "The endoskeleton and hardware for the dolls are made by a larger robotics manufacturer. My specialty is the exterior, and software installation. Go ahead, the crates already open, just slide the lid off," he said to the sisters.

Nancy moved the crate lid aside, revealing a human-sized metal endoskeleton.

"There she is! Your son's soon-to-be sex-doll," Ivy said.

"It's horrible looking!" Nancy said with a scowl.

"You would be too if we stripped you down to just your skeleton and internal organs," Ivy said.

"No I wouldn't. I'd still be beautiful," Nancy joked, fluffing her hair.

"I'll add the other parts, based on the data I retrieved today, but like I said, we have one other thing to consider, and that's her programming," Ivy explained.

Amanda smiled. "Her programming? She's made for sex. Isn't it pretty simple what her programming should be?"

"Yes, but she's also a custom doll, and should be programmed based on the owner's likes," Ivy said, then handed Amanda a large envelope. "I know your son's sexual preferences probably aren't something you're too familiar with, but without giving too much away, you should probably try having him answer these questions. Once you have that questionnaire back to me, we can build a program to his liking."

"Got it!" Amanda said, wondering how she would approach her boy with such personal questions. She knew she would also have to break the news to her husband that she was spending a good chunk of money to have custom sex doll manufactured for their son.

Before they left, Nancy fed Ivy a sweet smile. "So um, can we talk about Louis for a minute, and when I might get to take him home," she said, eager to get some private time with her promised new toy.

Jake had just gotten back home from his trip to Tokyo, when his wife Amanda arrived back at the house. He greeted her with a big hug, flowers and some of her favorite sushi he had purchased earlier in the day. "What a crazy trip!" Jake said. "My flight was delayed almost an hour, which pretty much threw the whole day off!"

"I'm sorry, honey, you're probably exhausted," she said sympathetically.

"How was YOUR day?" he asked.

"It was good. I um...I made a purchase, for Chad's graduation gift."

"Excellent! What did you end up getting him?" Jake asked.

"Well, we both know Chad doesn't have a girlfriend right now, and he's at the age where sex is kind of a big thing, right?" she asked awkwardly.

"Well, as long as it's done safely. At least that's what we as parents hope for."

"Exactly! Which is one of the reasons I decided on this gift," his wife said.

"Ok, well the suspense is killing me! What is it?" Jake asked.

"Well, don't freak out, but...I'm having a custom sex doll made for Chad."

"A custom sex doll?"

"Yes, a robot, that's made for sex, that way he can cope with those adult urges...um, privately, you know?"

Jake was somewhat open-minded, and trusted his wife's judgement, so it didn't take much for Amanda to sell him on the idea. "Well, robots are the big craze now. You see them everywhere. So why not in the bedroom too, right," he said. "As long as it's just Chad's bedroom though. I wouldn't be too happy if I was replaced by a Robo-husband," he joked.

His wife hugged and kissed him. "I wouldn't think of it," she said. "I have to go over a questionnaire with Chad tonight, so the doll can be programed based on everything he likes."

"Hm, well that's a scary thought," Jake joked.

Amanda playfully jabbed him in the ribs. "Stop! I really think this'll be a great gift for him, but it's a surprise, so not a word," Amanda said.

"My lips are sealed," her husband promised.

Strange-looking alien creatures floated through Chad's bedroom, in holographic form, as he lay on his bed playing one of the newest high-tech video games.

His bedroom door chimed. "Chad, it's mom, can I come in?" Amanda asked from outside the door.

The boy paused his game and all the creatures froze in mid-air. "Sure, Mom," he answered.

Amanda stepped into the room with the questionnaire in hand. She paused, as she came face

to face with one of the ugly alien images hovering there in her son's bedroom. "Yikes! He's a real looker that one! she joked, making her son laugh.

"Well they don't make the aliens appealing, mom, otherwise we players wouldn't wanna kill them so bad," Chad said, watching his beautiful mom sit on the edge of his bed.

"I suppose. Do you mind taking a break from the game, and helping me with something?"

"No, I don't mind. What is it you need help with," he asked.

She had rehearsed her answer a dozen times over the last hour, hoping to explain her purpose, without giving too much away. "Your Aunt Nancy and I are working on a project, but we just need a man's opinion on some things," she said. "Your father's really busy with work stuff, so I thought I'd ask for your help."

"Ok, um, sure," he muttered.

Amanda looked at the questionnaire. "So, the questions are all sexual in nature, but promise me you won't be embarrassed, and that you'll give me your honest personal preference for each answer," she said.

"Ok, I can do that," Chad said, happy to engage in any type of sexual discussion with his hot mom. He noticed she was wearing a shirt with a low cut V-neck, showing off a lot of creamy cleavage.

"Ok, first question... If you had a willing partner, how often would you have sexual intercourse with her, in a day?"

Chad did his best to fight off his timidity. It was cool that his mom was asking him 'adult questions,' so he wanted to give her a true honest answer for each one. He just hoped he wouldn't shock her too bad with his responses. "If I could do it as much as I wanted, in a day?" he asked, repeating her question.

"Yes."

"Probably at least four to five times," he said honestly.

"Four to five times...A DAY?" Amanda asked, her mouth hanging open in disbelief. She'd been getting sex four to five times A WEEK from her husband, and that was only on those weeks where he wasn't traveling like crazy. The idea that a guy would be willing, and physically able to have sex that many times in one day boggled her mind.

Her son gave her a confused look. "Well, yeah, that was your question, right?" he asked.

"Yes...um, yes it was. I just wanted to make sure I heard you correctly," she said, then wrote down his answer. "Alright, next question... If you had a willing partner, how would you want her to wake you up every morning?"

Chad thought about it for a moment. His mom wanted honesty, so he held nothing back. "I'd want her to suck on me, like a blowjob, you know what I mean?" he said.

Amanda giggled. "Yes, honey, I know what a blowjob is," she said, writing down his answer.

"But then I would do her too, you know, to make it fair," he said.

Amanda peered over at him. "Do her too?" she inquired, even though she had a pretty good idea what he meant.

"Yeah, um, give her oral sex. To make make it fair, but also because I like doing that a lot, just being honest," the boy confessed with a bit of a blush.

"Ohh," the mother muttered, staring back at him. Oral was always something she had to ask Jake to do, so to hear her son say that he liked eating a woman's pussy 'a lot' caught her completely off guard.

"Is that a bad thing?" Chad asked, noticing his mom's blank stare.

"No honey, of course not," she said, suddenly embarrassed by her long silence. "Sorry, I was spacing out there for a minute. Ok, question three... If you had to pick a favorite sexual position, what would it be?"

Chad was amazed at how personal these questions were, but it excited him that he was sharing this information with someone who he'd lusted after for years. "Doggy style," he candidly answered.

Amanda fed him a quirky grin, raising an eyebrow. "Really?" she asked.

"Yeah, why?"

"Well...I don't know, I guess it seems like doggy is usually a woman's favorite position, not a man's," she said.

"Oh, so are you saying it's YOUR favorite also?" Chad bravely asked.

His mother blushed a little, jotting down his answer on paper. "We're not talking about MY preferences right now, young man," she answered, but then surprised herself by adding, "but if you must know, then yes, doggy IS my favorite position."

Chad's cock hardened at his mom's admission. "Oh, wow...cool," he muttered, picturing his mom's big busted body kneeling on all-fours while getting hammered from behind.

"Moving on to question four... When it comes to 'pubic' hair styles, which do you prefer, a natural bush, a thin triangle, or completely shaved?" Amanda asked.

Chad thought about it for a moment. "Wow, well, they're all sexy, but if I had to choose one, I'd



say shaved. No hair down there at all," he said.

"Um, ok," the mother muttered, writing down his answer. Personally, she had always kept her pubic hair neatly trimmed, either in a triangle, or sexy thin landing strip. For some odd reason though, hearing her son's answer, made her wanna bust out the razer later, and shave her coochie bare.

"Can I ask what YOU prefer?" her son bravely asked, making his mom giggle.

"I told you, these questions aren't about MY preferences, they're about yours," she said.

"Ok then, how bout if I ask you 'off the record' which one you prefer?"

She fed him a reluctant smile, but then decided that since her son was being so cooperative with all this, that she would be too. "I keep a neatly trimmed triangle," she answered.

"Oh, cool, me too," Chad confessed, but then realized what it sounded like. "I mean, not in a triangle, but I keep it neatly trimmed."

Amanda smiled at him. "That good, honey. Women like men who are neatly trimmed down there," she said, then moved on to her next question. "When you're in bed with a partner, do you prefer soft sensual sex, or do you like it hard and rough?"

Chad wanted to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming all this. He never imagined being asked such intimate questions by his own hot mother. "Well, I feel there's a time for both, I mean, depending on the mood, right? If I had I to choose one though, I'd pick hard and rough. What about you?"

His mother gave him another stern, but playful look. "This isn't a two-way questionnaire, young man," she said.

"I know, but I was just curious. We never really talk about stuff like this, so it's kinda cool."

"Well, I feel the same way you do actually. There's a time and a place for both, but if I had to pick a favorite, it would be hard and rough. I'm no sweet gentle angel when it comes to sex," the mother admitted. "Now, on with the questions..."

Chad was turned on as hell thinking about the fact that his mom liked rough nasty sex. He could only imagine what it would be like to be engaging her in such a way. He didn't hear his parents going at it very often, and when he did, it didn't seem very 'hard and rough.' This meant that his mom wasn't getting her cunt pounded in her 'preferred method' on many occasions, which seemed sad to him.

Amanda read the next question. "What is the ONE thing a girl can do to you," she said, then looked straight into his eyes as she finished her sentence, "that turns you on the most?"

Chad gave it some thought. Of course there was of long list of kinks he had, but one thing

stood out above all the rest. "I like it when a girl kneels beside me, then leans over, so that her boobs are against me, and licks my neck," he confessed.

"That's interesting," Amanda said, a bit turned on herself at just the thought of gentle licks.

Chad noticed how fidgety his mom seemed. It was like she was extremely turned-on, like he was, and couldn't sit still. He glanced at her tits, and noticed that her nipples had hardened beneath her top, so that they protruded out beneath the fabric.

"I mean, I like licks too...alot... but you like a woman ABOVE you while you're getting licked huh?" Amanda asked.

"As long as she has her boobs on me, yes," her son said.

"Well, of course," his mom giggled.

Amanda peeked over at the bulge beneath her son's sweatpants. She could tell it was erect, and her eyes lingered a moment, trying to assess just how big it might be. She quickly looked away, reminding herself of how inappropriate it was to be wondering about her son's cock.

Chad decided to ask another gutsy question. "Where do YOU like to be licked?"

His mom looked up into his eyes with a sly smile, carefully formulating an answer in her mind. "Let me just answer that by saying, WHERE DON'T I LIKE TO BE LICKED?" she said with a sexy wink, then looked down at the paper. "A couple more questions for you."

"Ok," Chad muttered, wishing she had a hundred more.

"Do you like a girl that squirts on you, or is that a turn-off?" she asked.

"Squirts on me?"

"You don't know what female squirting is?" his mom asked.

"Well, yeah, I've heard of it, but I've never had a girl squirt ON ME, to be honest," Chad admitted.

"Does the idea gross you out at all?" the mother asked, curious to know, since she herself was such a huge squirter, when worked the right way.

"Well, a guy usually squirts his stuff all over the place, and women don't seem bothered by it. So why should it bother guys if women squirt all over them?" he answered.

"Very true!" Amanda giggled, writing "he likes it" as an answer on the questionnaire.

Chad decided to continue his pattern of turning the question around, and posing it to his mother. "Do YOU squirt when you have sex?" he asked.

Amanda giggled like a bashful schoolgirl. "What do you think?" she asked.

"My guess is, you probably do squirt, am I right?"

She looked into his eyes. "If it's done the right way, yes!"

"What way is that?" her son asked with excited curiosity..

She raised an eyebrow teasingly. "Well if you have to ask, then maybe you should learn," she said.

Chad laughed. "I'm trying to learn. That's why I asked you," he said.

Amanda stood from the bed, realizing that her questions had led her to a dangerous path that she probably better not go down. "This isn't sex-ed class, young man. Read up on the G-spot," she said, then winked, "and that's all I'm sayin'," she told him, leaning down and giving him a peck on the cheek. "Thanks for your help on our project."

"Anytime!" Chad said.

The mother could feel her boy's eyes on her swaying buttocks as sashayed to his doorway. She paused before leaving, and looked back at him curiously. "Can you really do it four to five times a day, or were you just telling me that to impress me?" she asked..

"Well, if you remember right, I didn't say I could do it four to five times a day," the boy answered.

"Yes you did."

"No, I said I could do it AT LEAST four to five times a day. There's a difference," Chad said. "And.."

"And what?" his mother asked.

"And maybe I was saying it to impress you also," he confessed.

She fed him a teasing smile, unable to stop her eyes from glancing down at his cock-bulge. "Well if it's true, then it worked. You did impress me," she said, giving him a wink before leaving his room.