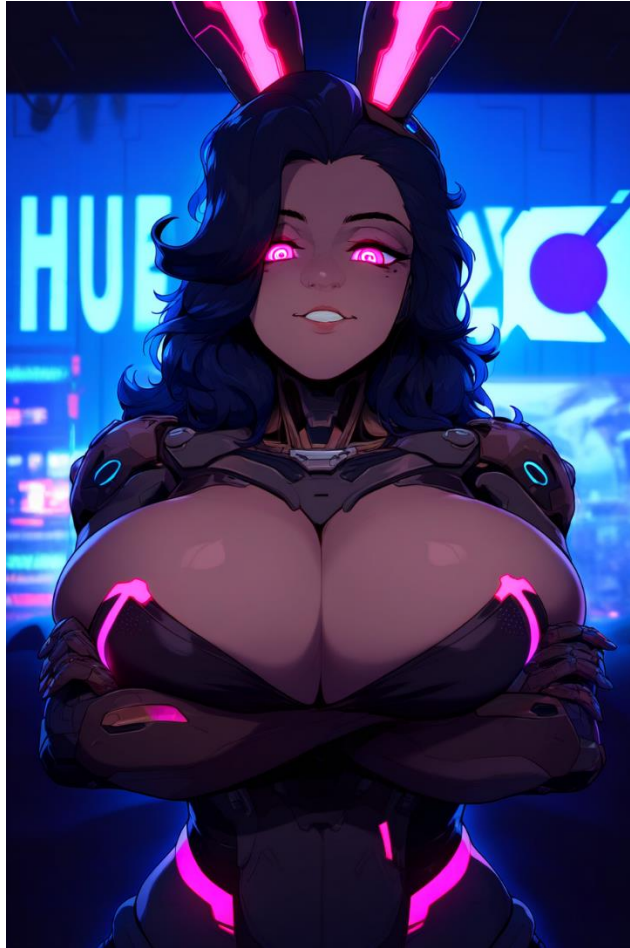




Lex had hoped buying a Bunnybot would make life a bit more bearable.

And it had, no question. Having an eager, adoring android lover had made his shit job and dull apartment a bit more vibrant. The fact that he was working under the crushing weight of a corporate behemoth a little more tolerable.

But this...

He wasn't sure about this.

With uncertainty, Lex turned the helmet over in his hands, the visor shimmering strangely in the neon glow of his apartment's lamps, the box it came in sitting on the floor between his feet. "I don't know about this, Dessi..."

"It's the latest tech," his Bunnybot chirped happily. "Perfect to help you on those oh so stressful days."

He glanced over at her. Dessi sat happily on the other side of the couch, her hands tucked between her grey thighs, her eyes glowing a pink light. There was no question she was artificial. Companies had quickly realized that people didn't want their android lovers to be indistinguishable from

humans. No. Customers found the subtle joint lines, the silvery skin, the plush grey silicone of tits, ass, mound and thighs to be more desirable than pink pseudo-flesh. And even without all that, the pair of stiff antennae rising from her dark hair like attentive rabbit ears would betray her as an android, their interior glowing with soft, pink swirls of sensory lights.

And she was pretty, of course. Dessi had been designed to be. The perfect companion android. Which may have been why he finally bit the bullet and bought the accessory she'd been bugging him about.

He looked again at the helmet in his hands. "This Mindstream relaxation helmet wasn't cheap," he said, his tone somewhat accusatory.

"But master always talks about how tired he is after getting back from work," Dessi pointed out, her soft, kissable lips pouting a little as she wriggled with disappointment. "And Dessi thought that master would really like it. It's specially designed so master's Bunnybot can read and register exactly the sorts of patterns to make master super duper relaxed and happy..."

Lex nodded along distractedly, still staring into the blank visor, curved like a bean so it would cover only his eyes. "Still..."

"And if master isn't one hundred percent satisfied, PXC will offer a full refund. Guaranteed!"

"I guess," Lex sighed.

"Why not give it a try, master," Dessi cooed, leaning in closer, her hands walking her towards him, her eyes pleading under her long, silvery lashes, her breasts pushed out with feminine coyness. "For Dessi?"

Lex nibbled on his lip, knowing this was all probably some marketing subroutine built into her, but nonetheless felt his will weakening under her pleading pink eyes. Damn but those engineers knew what they were about.

"Well... Alright," he finally said. "But only for a minute."

Dessi beamed, her eyes positively lighting up with a pink glow. "Wonderful, master! Just put it on, and Dessi will adjust it to make it work super duper perfectly!"

Still unsure about the whole thing, Lex nevertheless lifted the helmet and slipped it over his head. It fit snugly, the lenses tinting his view a faint pinkish hue.

"And now?" he asked.

"Now, master, we get you nice and comfy."

Lex jolted as he felt himself being eased back, his head coming to rest on something quite soft. "D-Dessi? What-"

"And then we switch it on," the Bunnybot chimed from above him.

Lex blinked as his view was suddenly washed away, the glass of the goggles filling with a swirling, undulating pattern that swamped his vision. Whirls of pinks and purples wobbled and swayed like endless spirals before his eyes, the patterns utterly everywhere. Utterly overpowering.

Utterly...

Enthralling.

"Does that feel good, master?" Dessi cooed, her voice seeming to fill his ears like teasing whispers.

"I... I guess. Pretty good..."

"Wonderful, master. Just relaaaaax. Just watch the pretty colours."

Feeling a little silly, Lex nevertheless did as she instructed. And, to be fair, once he started watching them, he did feel his muscles begin to unknot a bit. Unwind. So much so he almost missed when the soft white noise began to issue from the headphones, filling his ears with a staticky hiss.

"Isn't that nice, master?" Dessi's voice cooed, seeming to ride the auditory murmur like a wave. "Isn't that sooo easy to listen to?"

"Well. It's not bad..." Lex admitted.

"Of course, master," Dessi hummed, and he felt her hands on his shoulders. Beginning to lazily squeeze and smooth the knots that reflexively formed there. "Just relax. You work so hard. So long every day to provide for Dessi. I know you hate it."

"Well," he said, chuckling a little. "Who doesn't hate their job?"

"Me, master," Dessi giggled. "I love my job of making my master so comfy and happy and feeling so good. It's my whole purpose!"

"Yeah. Well, I'd like to think my purpose is a bit beyond doing..." Lex yawned. "Doing accounting..."

"Of course it is, master," Dessi purred. "It so is. You're meant to be happy. To be relaxed. To just enjoy the feel of Dessi's big, soft breasts against your head."

"Is that... is that what that is?" Lex said dimly, feeling his eyelids growing so very heavy.

"Of course, master. Nothing too good for you. And aren't they good, master?"

"Yeah. Yeah, they're... they're good..."

"Nice and big?"

"Uh huh."

"Nice and soft."

"Mmm..."

"Nice and big. And perfect. And relaxing."

“Yeah.”

“But maybe not big enough, huh master?”

Lex blinked vaguely. “Hm?”

He felt Dessi’s hands slide from his shoulders, up his neck and cradling his cheeks. “I bet you’d love for them to be even bigger, right? Even softer? Even more perfect and plump for you to get so horny about. Wouldn’t that be so wonderful?”

Lex tried to think about that, but found it strangely difficult. He couldn’t quite concentrate with the white noise invading his ears. It seemed to fill his head with a woolly, soft hissing sound.

“I... I guess,” he said vaguely.

“I think you know, master. I think you can feel it by how hard you are. How big the thought of my big breasts makes your cock. So thick and throbbing and potent.”

Lex shivered, and now that she mentioned it, his cock was feeling pretty... hefty. His whole body was starting to feel warm and horny and good.

“I can see it, master,” Dessi cooed, and Lex gasped as he felt her hand slide along his leg, rubbing his bulge through his pants. “Master is so big. So horny. So ready to fuck.”

“D-Dessi. That’s...”

“Shh, master. Just relaaaax,” Dessi cooed as he felt his zipper slide open, a groan escaping him as her fingers wrapped tenderly around his shaft, drawing him out into the open. She began to gently pump him, her fingers soft and smooth. Tender and adoring. “Let Dessi make master feel gooood.”

He was breathing heavy and slow, relaxing his head back against her breasts as Dessi continued to stroke him. Fuck, that did feel good. His shaft throbbing in Dessi’s loving fingers. His balls feeling so full. His whole body heavy and relaxed and pleasant...

“That’s it, master,” Dessi’s voice murmured in his ears as the colours throbbed in his eyes. “Just watch the pretty patterns. Watch them and think about how horny my big breasts make you. How you need to cum. Just relax and enjoy my big, pillowy breasts around your head. Dessi’s big soft breasts. So nearly perfect for master. Perfect for making him relax. Feel good. Feel easy and happy and relaxed. That’s it, master. That’s it. Dessi can feel how big it makes your cock when you think of her breasts.”

Lex was panting, heat blooming in him. His cock throbbing in Dessi’s stroking fingers. He shifted, grunting, groaning as she continued pumping him. He could feel the heaviness of orgasm coming closer. The tension. The wonderful feeling of growing pressure.

“Dessi,” he gasped. “I... I’m almost...”

“Cum, master. Cum for your Bunnybot. Dessi’s gonna make you cum so good, master. Cum for me. Cum for Dessi.”

Her encouraging words thrummed in his mind. The spirals in the visor pulsed. Spinning faster. Whirling. Urging. Lex grit his teeth, relishing the plateau of pleasure, teetering on that edge until he couldn't hold it anymore.

"F-fuuuuuuck!" Lex groaned as he came, body tightening, cock throbbing and pulsing as he unloaded into Dessi's stroking hand, a haze of wonderful pleasure overtaking him like pink clouds as she pumped him through his orgasm, milking him tenderly as he sank against her body.

"Wonderful, master," Dessi cooed above him. "Was that good, master? Did master enjoy the helmet and Dessi's hand?"

"Y-yeah. I... I did," he gasped, sinking back, lethargy soothingly washing over him.

"Good. Dessi is so pleased. Now you just rest up, master. Just relax. You're in very good hands. And I think you'll find tomorrow so... easy..."

Lex sighed, but felt himself drifting off.

And all the while Dessi's hand gently, lovingly, stroked.

#

There was something... different about his Bunnybot.

Lex watched the spinning wheel on the screen as it tried to connect, his brows knit with distracted thought. He wasn't entirely sure what it was. It seemed to have happened ever since he started putting on that helmet every night. He still couldn't quite remember what happened during those sessions. He just seemed to... drift away after the colours started to hum before his eyes. Which wasn't to say he was completely ignorant of what went down. He felt his face redden at the memory of those hazy pleasures. Sensations lingering with him even after he'd wake up in his bed with his Bunnybot cuddling against him.

And now that weird charge on his account...

He straightened as the screen beeped and resolved, showing a woman's face with green pixie cut hair and an expression of polite subservience.

"Hello! And welcome to ACX help line. My name is Penni. How can I make your today build a better tomorrow?"

Lex cleared his throat and adjusted the screen. "Hi, yes. My name is Lex Hill, customer id 28573. I seem to have gotten a new charge recently on my card, and was wondering what was purchased."

"Of course, sir," Penni said, tapping away at some hidden keyboard. A screen blinked up beside her. "It appears, sir, that you purchased additional silicon gel for your Bunnybot unit."

"I did?" he said.

"This is your signature, right?" Penni said as another screen blinked up with an order form.

Lex squinted at it. It sure looked like it. And now that she mentioned it, he did seem to have a vague memory of a box showing up at the door and him signing something. Though, he'd had the helmet

on at the time. And he'd been so eager to get back to Dessi's lips he hadn't bothered to read anything before she pulled him back into the bedroom.

"I... I guess it is," he finally admitted.

"Glad we at ACX were able to clear that up," Penni said brightly. "Is there anything else you were in need of, sir?"

"Well, now that you mention it," he said slowly. "That new helmet? The Mindstream? Are there any... you know, side effects to prolonged use?"

"Only if you count blissful happiness as a side effect," Penni said with a canned laugh.

Lex wasn't laughing. "Right. Yeah. It's just that, I've been getting these... blackouts, I guess you could call them."

Penni's expression turned to polite concern. "That is unusual, sir, but surely nothing to do with our products. Although..."

His ears perked. "Although?" he pressed.

"Well," Penni said with a cute smile, "individuals with incredibly weak self-control have been known to suffer some mental difficulty after prolonged use of the Mindstream Helmet. But only individuals of latent addictive and subservient personality types have had this problem. Do you believe this describes you, sir?"

Lex felt a full-on blush burn his cheeks. "O-of course not!"

"So glad to hear it!" Penni said brightly. "Then, do you have any other concerns, sir?"

Lex squirmed. "I... I guess not."

"Then we at ACX Incorporated hope you have a fantastic tomorrow!"

"Yeah, sure," Lex grumbled, ending the call with a tap of the screen. As the glow died he groaned, collapsing back onto his seat, which whirled as it automatically adjusted to a more comfortable pose for him. Well, that was a waste of time. Dammit. Mystery solved, true. But something about the whole thing still nagged at him...

"Master?"

He sat up sharply, turning towards the doorway. "Dessi!" he gasped.

The Bunnybot stood there, her figure outlined by the seams of light that glowed along her figure. Sex incarnate, engineered for beauty and sexual appeal. Her hips plump and wide, her stomach slim and her breasts full and heavy. Large. Larger than even his head.

Had... had she already used the silicone?

He couldn't quite remember.

"Master," Dessi said, moving towards him, derailing his train of thought like a cow on the tracks. "It's time for your Mindstream session again."

"I-is it?" he said, looking down, only then realizing she was holding the strange helmet, its visor shimmering. He'd been so distracted by her breasts.

Her big... soft... breasts...

"Of course, master," Dessi said sweetly, every dainty step bringing her closer. Her perfume tickling his nose, making him shiver. "Like I told you, to get the best out of the helmet, you need to use it every day."

"No, no. I get that," Lex said quickly, unable to explain his unease. And equally unable to explain his yearning to feel the helmet on his head. The humming in his ears. The wonderful spirals filling his eyes. "It's just..."

"Don't you want to snuggle into Bunnybot's big... soft... breasts as you slip away, master?" Dessi said softly, warmly, so close now. So very close. "Don't you want to relax with Dessi?"

Lex squirmed. Fuck, he really did. Just the thought of resting against Dessi's pillowy tits almost made him drool.

Her big breasts.

Her breasts which... which were definitely bigger than when he first got her...

"Uh, Dessi?"

"Mmm?"

"Did you... I mean, your breasts. I uh, are they... did you..."

"Do you like Dessi's breasts, master?" Dessi asked sweetly, her eyes glowing soft pink in the gloom. Lex jolted as he felt his chair adjust with a soft whirr, the back sinking lower until it was more like an ergonomic bed.

"O-of course, Dessi. But I was just wondering about... Well, you seem to be, er, bigger than before. And I..."

"Of course, master," Dessi said as she stopped before him, towering over him, practically straddling him on his chair. "Just like master loves them."

"I-"

"You talk all about it while you're relaxed, master," Dessi cooed. "So wonderfully honest about how you want Dessi bustier. About how you love her big tits. Love fondling and kissing them as you fuck your pretty Bunnybot."

"I... I do?" Lex asked, feeling a dawning horror. What... what else did he talk about while the helmet was on? "Dessi, I... I mean, I know that... Look, I... what I mean is..."

He was babbling. He realized he was babbling. But he couldn't quite seem to focus on what he wanted to say as she leaned over him. As her eyes and ears swirled that pink light. As her huge breasts hung over him, just begging for his touch and attention.

“Shhhh,” Dessi giggled, pressing the Mindstream into his limp hands, resting it on his now desperately tenting cock and making him whimper in pleasure. “Dessi knows what master wants. Because Bunnybots love making master feel good. And master was so sweet buying Dessi that silicon for her breasts. Doesn’t master remember wanting his Bunnybot even sexier? Even better able to serve? To make him feel good?”

“I-I liked you fine before,” he said, blushing at how meek he sounded.

“But it was just fine, master,” Dessi said with a teasing pout. “You didn’t adore me. You weren’t obsessed with me. I wasn’t your perfect dream girl. Not yet. But I’m getting there. Getting so close, master. Every time you go under the helmet, I get such honest answers, master. Telling me all the things you really want. All the ways I can really turn you on. All the ways... I can better serve you, master.

“And Dessi loves to serve her master,” she giggled as she sank between his legs, her fingers playing with his zipper. “She loves to make him feel so goooood. Should Dessi make master feel good again?”

“D-Dessi,” Lex gasped as she teased down his zipper, his cock fairly bursting out into the open. “Oh f-fuck. Dessi, I...”

“Turn on the helmet, master,” Dessi hummed as her tongue slid out, running along the underside of his shaft, her pink eyes staring into his, her rabbit ear antennae humming as they swam with hues. “Turn it on, and let Dessi show you how much she loves her master.”

Lex swallowed again, the way she said master, almost mockingly, making him shiver again with a shamefully delighted surge racing down his spine. He bit his lip, feeling instinctively he shouldn’t put the helmet on. That there was something wrong with all this. And yet, he found his hands obeying, lifting the helmet, feeling the cushioning lining press down on his scalp, the speakers smothering his ears, and the screen tinting everything a violet.

“Good master,” Dessi cooed, and Lex flushed at how good those words felt as she eased him back, resting him against the reclining softness of his seat, her hands stroking him until he shuddered in ecstasy and his clothes were stripped away like a magic trick. “Such a good master. Dessi loves it when master helps her make him happy. And she wants him to be oh so happy.”

“Dessi,” Lex gasped. “I-”

“Shhhh, master,” Dessi giggled, and there was a click as she reached up and switched the helmet on. “No more words. Just... pleasure...”

And there was that. Lex’s jaw dropped as the swirls filled the visor, washing his world in swirling pink patterns. The pleasant humming filled his ears, and he felt his body just... melt. A shuddering inhale coming to him, then escaping him, his body sagging as if it took all the tension out with it.

And then he felt softness envelop his cock. Twin softness. Her breasts. Oh fuck. Her breasts were wrapping around his cock!

“Good master,” Dessi murmured, her voice seeming to wash over him on the waves of white noise. “Such a good, happy, obedient master...”

Lex moaned, shuddering as he felt warm oil drool onto the tip of his cock. Ooze down his shaft as Dessi began to squeeze her breasts around him. Bounce her plump, heavy, achingly perfect tits around his cock.

Fuck, he did love this. Did love her breasts. Loved them so big. So plump. All around his cock. He groaned, whimpering as she milked him with her soft breasts. Bouncing. Soft. Good.

So good.

Such perfect, wonderful breasts for good masters to enjoy...

#

Lex blinked as the subway jolted under his feet.

Wait.

The subway?

When did... when did he get on the subway.

He looked down at himself and realized he was in his work uniform, the tie and suit uncomfortably tight. What... what was...

A series of gentle sounds binged from the speakers over his head. *"Asura Station. Next stop Asura Station."*

Asura?

Was he... was he going home?

Lex put his hand to his head and winced. It felt like... like he'd just woken up. His mind still in a fog. He barely noticed when the doors beeped open and he automatically walked out of them, heading down the glass skyway lit with garish ads, leading him on towards his apartment complex. Had he been at work? But he didn't remember it at all. The last thing he remembered was the helmet going on, and Dessi cooing in his ear. Stroking his body.

Pumping his cock.

And then just sensations. Clouds of orgasmic ecstasy and sharp peaks of pleasure rolling into a lazy happiness that never seemed to end. Just thinking about it made him shiver, his cock straining his pants, his body tingling where his clothes rubbed against him.

Fucking hell.

Lex shook his head clear, feeling the familiar tug of that hazy bliss, like falling asleep. What was happening to him? What...

Dessi.

She did something!

Lex growled, rage rising in him in a sudden hot surge. That helmet! It must have something to do with that fucking helmet! He knew there was something wrong with it.

His pace increased with his anger. Soon he was running towards his building. That bitch. That bitch! He was going to fucking tear her apart! Shut her down! Sell her for scrap! Grab those... those heaving tits and... and...

Lex wasn't sure what he was going to do. Fortunately, his momentum by then had brought him to the door of his apartment. He swiped his card against the lock and the door hissed open.

"Dessi!" he shouted, stepping inside.

"Yes, master?"

He turned towards the kitchen.

And froze.

Dessi stood there, a pleasant expression on her lovely face. But it was more than her face. Her body seemed to warp the air around herself. Her wide hips. Her slender legs. Her curved stomach.

And her breasts.

Dear God, her breasts.

Lex found his jaw dropping at the sight of those perfect orbs. Heavy. Full. Luscious and perfect. No. Beyond perfect. Bigger than before. Bigger than his head! They had no sag, filling out her figure in perfect counterpoint to her hips. The low neon glow washed over them, shining off them like blazing pink suns come down to earth. No woman of flesh could have such a figure. But Dessi was so much more. A monument to man's ingenuity and culmination of his desires.

His desires, specifically.

Lex swallowed, trying to clutch his anger even as it seemed to ebb away. "Y-yes! Dessi. You! What have you been doing?"

"Cleaning of course," she giggled, taking a light step towards him, the movement sending her breasts bouncing.

Bounce.

Bounce...

"C-cleaning? O-oh, I... I mean, you know what I mean!" Lex said, his voice furious, but his feet retreated before the Bunnybot's advance. "You... you've been doing something. Something with... with that helmet!"

Dessi cocked her head, a playful pout on her lips. "Aw. Is master displeased?"

"Damn right I am! I-"

"But why?" Dessi said, still coming towards him. Her every step perfectly balanced, her hourglass figure swaying subtly. "Didn't I tell you, master? A Bunnybot's only purpose is to make her master happy.

And aren't you happier, master? Aren't you always so pleased and happy and dumb? The helmet is just Dessi's way of helping you relax and enjoy yourself."

"D-don't lie to me," Lex gasped, even as he felt his back hit the wall.

"Dessi would never lie to master," the Bunnybot giggled. "What a silly idea."

Lex felt himself flush at that laugh, harmonics pitched perfectly to make his legs waver and his cock pulse and strain against his pants.

"Dessi only serves master," the Bunnybot continued, her pink eyes glowing hot. "And master always complains about how boring and hard it is to be at work. So Dessi thought, why not have master just turn off his brain while there? Why not have master just... skip over the boring work so it's like he never left home? Never left Dessi? Never left her arms or her big... bouncy... bunny... breasts...?"

Lex swallowed thickly as she crossed her arms under her expansive chest and gave it a bounce. His eyes followed the jiggling movement. His mind whirling like she'd knocked every thought loose.

"I... I didn't ask... ask for..."

"But you did, master," Dessi giggled, suddenly before him. Towering over him, her pink eyes filled with light. With love. With adoration. She was so tall. No, that wasn't right. Lex realized he'd been sliding down the wall, his legs grown weak, but his eyes riveted to the smiling Bunnybot.

And her big... soft... breasts...

"Master works so hard. And Dessi is designed to be perfect for him. To be perfect for what he wanted. What he needed. And he needed his Bunnybot to take control. To let him totally relax so she could serve him so perfectly. So wonderfully. To be just the best Bunnybot he could ever ask for."

She crouched over him, and Lex shivered in naked, almost instinctive need as her breasts wobbled an inch from his face, her nipples glowing soft neon, a lure of carnal desire.

"So Dessi did what her programming told her to," Dessi continued tenderly, her hand stroking his cheek, making him shudder and tingle with desire. "She became more and more what master wanted. She became exactly what he needed. The perfect girl for him. The perfect lover. The perfect slave. Because Dessi loves her master so very much."

"D-Dessi. I... I..."

"And Dessi knows master loves her too," Dessi giggled, reaching forward, taking his head in her gentle hands. "Because she's everything he ever wanted. And she knows his every fantasy. And she'll make them all come true. Whenever master isn't working, he'll be home with Dessi, who'll fuck him and adore him and do everything he loves to him."

"Doesn't that sound wonderful, master?"

It did.

God but it did.

Every word out of those bubblegum pink lips made him feel weaker. His anger slip away and only the heat of an almost feverish desire rise in its place.

He wanted this.

Dear God, he truly wanted this.

Was he really this pathetic? This weak? Was he really ready, willing, and happy to surrender his mind and will to a bimbo android? One that loved him utterly? Adored him happily? Who did everything in her power and beyond to make him happy?

Yes.

Yes he was.

And he was tired of pretending he wasn't.

"Thank me, master," Dessi cooed.

"Th-thank you, Dessi," Lex breathed, letting the tension fade away.

Dessi smile radiantly, and as Lex stared into her glowing eyes, he felt euphoria fill him. Surrender. Bliss. Then Dessi had pulled him forward, hugging his head into the pillowy grandeur of her breasts.

And he was in heaven.

Bouncy, silicon heaven.

He moaned, melting into her tits as she gently stroked his hair. "What a good master," Dessi cooed. "What a wonderful master. That's it. Just give in. Just let it go. All that silly resistance. All those doubts. Just be happy, master. Happy with Dessi."

Lex was amazed how easy it was to do.

To just let his thoughts evaporate.

To just surrender to the soft breasts wrapped around his head.

So easy, and so wonderful.

Moaning as his mind blanked again.

Filled with a hazy happiness and bliss. He'd never believed in heaven, but if he had, it would be this. This moment. An unending pleasure that he languished in.

He heard Dessi hum happily, picking him up and helping him to the living room. He fell back onto the couch, and only then, with a gasp, did his head escape Dessi's breasts.

"Isn't that nice, master?" Dessi cooed above him, moving onto him, straddling him, the hot neon pink of her eyes and bunny ears washing over his face like fluorescent warmth as he was pressed into the cushion.

"Yeah," Lex said airily as he gazed lovingly up at his Bunnybot.

Dessi giggled again. "Gosh! Looks like I don't even need the helmet anymore to make sure master is all dumb and happy for me. But I know something else master wants that he's never admitted to."

"H-huh?"

With a smirk, Dessi lazily turned around. Lex's eyes widened as her plush ass hovered above him. Perfect. Smooth. Globes of flawless silicone better than flesh could ever be.

"Master loves big soft breasts. But I bet he'll love my big, soft bottom just as much! Wanna test it?"

Once, Lex would have been appalled at the idea. Now though, all he did was smile and hold out his arms. "Give it to me, Dessi," he breathed.

"Good master," Dessi cooed.

Those words made him feel better than ever. But even that didn't compare to when she lowered herself, crushing his head under her wonderful ass.

Lex moaned in bliss as he was buried under Dessi's softness, her weight forming a perfect seal about his head. The muffled sound of Dessi's pleased cooing reached him as she pushed back, and he felt something wet drip onto his chin. Realizing at once what was happening, Lex eagerly opened his mouth, his tongue pushing up, and sliding along Dessi's cunny.

"Ooooooh!" Dessi cried, her body quivering above him, her ass pressing harder down onto his face. "Good master. Mmm. Master knows exactly what he needs to do. Ah. That's it, master. Lick Dessi's pussy like a good master. Oh such a... mnnn... such a good boy."

Lex whimpered in ecstasy at her words, her taste singing on his tongue as he blindly latched her pussy, his hands cradling and massaging her ass as she pressed down atop him. Dominating him. Using him. Taking him for her own pleasure. A slave of silicone and microchips mastering him so easily. Turning him into nothing more than a brainwashed plaything, eager to serve her any way he could.

And he loved it.

Dammit but he loved every humiliating second as she ground him beneath her ass. As he furiously tongued out her glorious pussy as her deft fingers undid his belt and pants.

"Oh master," Dessi panted, shifting atop him. "I need you. Master. Need master's cock. Going to make master feel so good for licking out Dessi. Mmm."

Lex grunted as he felt his throbbing hard cock being fished out of his pants. As Dessi's hot breath washed over his tip and her soft, kissable lips adored the head, her tongue sliding around it, thoroughly slickening him up before her lips parted wider, slid down further, and... and...

"Mmmmmmm!" Lex cried out, shuddering in unspeakable bliss. Uncontrollable pleasure as his hips jolted, his cock throbbed, and he unloaded a desperate burst of orgasmic pleasure into Dessi's hungry mouth, explosions of colour expanding before his eyes as his hips twitched, Dessi's glorious lips milking his cock of the last few pumps of naked pleasure.

Yet even as he softened, her lips went nowhere. Dessi hummed, her tongue stroking the underside of his manhood, her hips swaying, rubbing him under her glorious ass as she continued to suck him off.

Lex moaned, his tongue fluttering against her pussy, her arousal drooling into his open mouth. With every moment of teasing pleasure he felt his cock revive. Stirring again under her ministrations. No doubt her juices had some chemical cocktail perfect for bringing him back to full mast, and soon enough his shaft was throbbing, pulsing, twitching as it filled Dessi's loving mouth once more.

Ecstasy flooded Lex's mind and body as he thrust up into those loving lips. As Dessi tenderly brought him close to the brink once more, but always teasing him just under it. Soon, Lex was whimpering, panting, hot and suffocated under Dessi's perfect curves. Trapped by his Bunnybot in a prison of pleasure and submission. He heard and felt her giggle, the sound seeming to thrum down his cock even as her lips slid up and off him with a wet kissing sound.

"Mmmm. Feels like someone's ready for his Bunnybot to ride his big, meaty cock. Is that right, master? Are you ready to fuck my wonderful pussy like a good boy?"

"Mmm," Lex gasped into her pussy.

"Hmm? Couldn't quite hear you," she teased, rocking back, smothering him under her ass.

Lex's face burned at the Bunnybot's mocking tone of. At the humiliation of the moment, and of how wonderful it made him feel. His cock positively jolted with shameful pleasure as he moaned out, "Yesssss!"

"Yes what, master?"

"Yesssss mistresss Dessi!"

The Bunnybot giggled. "Ohhhh. Such a goooood master. Well, time for your reward!"

Dessi's ass rose, and Lex gasped, panting, the low neon lights of his apartment blinding after so long under the Bunnybot. Minutes? An hour? An eternity for all he knew.

And instantly forgotten as Dessi turned back around, straddling his hips, her pink eyes gazing down at him in wonderful anticipation, her immense breasts wobbling before him, her pussy grazing his cock as she squatted above him. A queen. A fiend. A goddess of metal, rubber and bliss.

"My wonderful master," she said adoringly.

"M-mistress," Lex breathed, tasting her on his lips.

She smirked.

Lowered herself.

And took him to the hilt in the tight depths of her pussy.

Lex's head fell back with a moan of helpless ecstasy as he felt her inner walls devour him. "Ohhhhh!" he groaned. "Ohhhh m-mistress Dessiiii!"

“Yesssss, master,” Dessi moaned as she began to ride him, her neon ears wagging, her glorious breasts bouncing. “Yes! Give me your cock, master. Give Dessi your big dick! Oh master. Master!”

“Mistress!” Lex cried out, nearly weeping it felt so good, his hands clutching her hips as the Bunnybot took his cock with eager motions, the slap of silicon to flesh deafening in his tiny apartment. A room that didn’t seem to exist. Reality bleeding away as he was fucked by his Bunnybot. His whimpers and moans rising in slavish pleasure as he felt a second orgasm building in him. His cock twitching and jolting as he came nearer and nearer to the inevitable climax of pleasure that felt like it was filling his balls beyond compare. Beyond hope. Beyond resistance. “Mistress! Gonna... gonna c-cum. Cum for mistress Dessi!”

“Yes, master!” Dessi cried, her pace increasing, her pussy seeming to vibrate around him, and in truth it probably was. “Yes! Cum in Dessi! Cum in your Bunnybot! Oh. Oh master yes. Yes! Give me your cum! Cum all those silly brains out! Cum, master. Cum!”

“Dessiiiiiiii!” Lex wailed as he thrust up a final time, his eyes rolling back, his brain flaring white with the sudden blaze of climactic pleasure as he came.

Spurting.

Gave everything up for that wonderful moment inside her.

As her pussy milked his cock as he shuddered and moaned, his eyes rolling back and his body twitching with aftershocks of pleasure that blasted his thoughts and damned his mind.

Lex sank back onto the couch, wallowing in the ecstasy of that moment, his thoughts blanking from the force of his orgasm.

Until Dessi leaned over him.

Filled his view with her beautiful face, her eyes glowing, swirling with the pink hues that once smothered him in the helmet. Pretty spirals that sank him deeper under the Bunnybot’s eager control.

“Good master,” Dessi cooed, leaning down. “Good boy...”

Lex sighed in joy, his lips meeting Dessi’s as she lovingly kissed him, her tongue pushing into his mouth and conquering his without struggle. Only pleasure. Only love for Dessi.

For this was what he’d always wanted.

Always wanted to be.

The obedient, happy, brainwashed slave of a bimbo Bunnybot.

And he couldn’t have been happier...