

In the not-too-distant future, with the advances of brain-scanning technology and robotics, life insurances started offering so-called Download packages. With these, in the event that your body was fatally injured, they would attempt to download your consciousness into an android body. Of course, as with any insurance policy, the exact type of coverage tended to vary. And it was not too uncommon that with cheap policies, you have no control over what kind of body you end up with.

Felix was in possession of such a cheap policy. But he was not thinking about this right now. Neither did he pay attention to his surroundings as he crossed the streets. He did also not see the speeding car coming his way. The last thing that he remembered was the sound of screeching tires and then ... darkness.



Felix slowly woke up again. He felt himself lying in a bed wrapped in soft sheets. Doing a small stretch before opening his eyes, Felix mumbled sleepily: "What a weird dream, I dreamt that I was hit by a... wait!" It was only now that he realized that his voice was different. It sounded higher-pitched and extremely sultry.



With a start, he opened his eyes and was greeted with an HD image of a hospital room. Normally, Felix had to wear glasses, but now the image was as clear as if it had been captured by high-definition cameras. Looking down, he tried to inspect his body, but his view was obstructed by two massive breasts on his chest. "No, that can't be!" he screamed while getting out of bed. In the corner of the room was a large mirror which he walked towards. His body felt weak and he could only move slowly, but when he finally reached it he was greeted with the image of a stunning woman.





The woman in the mirror had long black hair, a thin waist, and huge tits. Her skin was flawless and looked more like silicone than *skin*. She was completely nude except for a thin black choker around her neck that looked like it was molded into her skin. "This can't be. I must be dreaming..." Felix said out loud. Unexpectedly, a voice behind Felix answered him: "I am sorry, but I am afraid this is not a dream." A doctor had entered the room. Quickly, he explained to Felix what has happened: He was in an accident and they had to transfer his consciousness to a surrogate body in order to keep him alive. However, the android body that the insurance provided to them was a repurposed sexbot. Even the doctor was outraged by the obvious attempt of the insurance company to save some cash by using cheaper androids. "Anyways, we deleted the hard drive before downloading you into that body. But it could still be that some residual programming remains in the base firmware," the doctor explained. "Residual programming? What do you mean by that?" Felix asked confused. "Well, like certain sub-routines and behavior patterns. But they should fade away after a few weeks of suppressing them. However, if you give into them, they might become permanent." "Great," Felix replied bitterly while not trying to think too hard about what kind of programming a sexbot might have installed, "and I thought my day couldn't get any worse." "I am sorry, but I have one more piece of bad news for you: None of our standard-issue outfits will fit your *extreme* measurements. So you will have to check the lost-and-found desk for something to wear."

When Felix finally arrived at his front door, he realized that his keys and phone were still on his old body. So he knocked on the door, hoping that his roommate Greg was home. When Greg opened the door, Felix watched how his mouth fell open. His eyes roamed all over Felix's new body before they got glued to his cleavage. Felix felt himself blush when his roommate so obviously checked out his new body. He kinda wished that he found something else to wear other than a black oversized sweater with a deep cutout.





"You done staring, you perv?" Felix got tired of being ogled on, so he pushed Greg aside and walked in. "Who are you? What do you want from me?" Greg asked confused while closing the door behind Felix. With a deep sigh, Felix told him the story about his accident and how he ended up being stuck in this sexbot body. Greg didn't seem to believe the story: "Bullshit! Anyone can claim that. Do you have any proof that you are really Felix?" Felix rolled his eyes before answering: "And how should I prove it to you? I have no fucking ID anymore. Maybe I should tell you my day of birth? First of June. Or should I tell you my mother's maiden name? Collins," Felix became more and more annoyed by having to prove that he was really himself, "Or... should I tell you the story of how I caught you masturbating to furry porn? TWICE." Greg threw his hands into the air, trying to get Felix to shut up. "Fine, fine. You are Felix, I get it." With a victorious grin, Felix continued: "So there is no need for me to fire up Super Smash Bros and wipe the floor with your face to really prove it is me?" Greg smiled back at Felix, "Oh, now you are pushing it too far. I am curious if you are still as good in that game as you used to be. Let's Smash! The winner decides if you are really Felix!" "Let's smash," Felix tried to say with the same enthusiasm as Greg, but his words came out sounding seductive as if he was flirting with Greg. Automatically, his body bends forward a bit to give Greg a better view of his cleavage.



Felix was thankful for the gaming session. It helped him feel a bit more normal after all that has happened to him today. He didn't even mind losing to Greg because of his slow movements. He still had fun. Greg on the other hand was overjoyed with his victory and jumped up to do a silly victory dance, "Ha! I won! Now, I get to decide who you really are: You are Felicia the suck-bot because you suck at gaming!" Something in the back of Felix's head clicked. He felt how a bunch of memories got installed into his subconsciousness. Suddenly, he knew more than a dozen different techniques for oral sex. Additionally, he instinctively knew that his base personality had been adjusted. However, most surprisingly to Felix, he was not alarmed by any of that. He remained calm during that procedure and smiled back at Greg: "Sure thing, I am Felicia the suck-bot." Calling himself Felicia felt pretty natural to Felix and he decided that he liked it a lot more than his old name. Looking up at Greg, he adjusted his posture to push his boobs out more to give Greg the best possible view.



Not surprisingly, it worked like a charm. Greg's victory dance quickly came to a stop as he noticed the massive cleavage being presented to him. This time, Felix didn't mind him staring. Quite the opposite actually: He wanted him to look! "So, what did you have in mind to do next?" Felix asked Greg while wiggling a bit to make his boobs bounce. It took a few seconds for Greg to register that he was asked a question: "Sorry, what were you saying?" Felix gave him a sultry smile before answering: "You seem distracted by my tits. Do you think you can focus better if I show them to you?" Somehow in Felix's mind that was a perfectly normal proposal. "Y-You would show them to me?" Greg stuttered, not believing Felix. "Of course, here... look." With that, he pulled down his sweater to let his boobs pop free. "You like 'em?"





Felix loved how Greg reacted to his boobies being on display. He even squished them together to show him how soft and bouncy they were. Felix had Greg's full attention now. He looked at them closely for a solid minute before asking: "They are so shiny and smooth. Are they made out of silicone? C-Can I touch them?" "Sure thing!" Felix answered both questions at once with that. Greg didn't waste another second before his hands greedily groped Felix's breasts. While the touch itself didn't give Felix any physical pleasure, he felt incredibly happy for being used like a stress-relief toy. "So soft!" Greg beamed, "and so squishy and smooth. Is your entire body like this?" Felix giggled. "From head to toe. Here, let me show you." With that, Felix got up and started doing a strip tease for Greg. The strip tease was, however, pretty short as Felix was only wearing a single piece of clothing: The oversized sweater. Which he tossed into the furthest corner of the room. Standing there, fully nude, Felix presented his sex doll body to Greg.



"You look so hot! Your body is simply perfect," Greg practically drooled while watching Felix show off his body. "Haha, thanks!" Felix took it as a compliment and encouragement to show it off even more, "But it is not entirely perfect, sadly." Greg looked at him in disbelief: "What do you mean?" While showing off his butt, Felix explained: "Doctor said that it has some residual programming left in it. Like, I have to be careful not to give into some embedded sub-routines and forced behavior, or they might become permanent." Greg raised his eyebrow questioning: "Like posing nude in front of your roommate?" Felix thought for a moment before answering: "Yeah, exactly something like that. You know, stuff that you expect to be programmed into a sexbot." Greg was speechless. He waited for a few moments, to see if Felix connected the dots. But he just kept on posing for Greg as if it was the most natural thing to do. "Erm, Felix..." Greg started to talk but was immediately interrupted by Felix: "Felicia. My name is Felicia now, remember?" Greg just looked at him in disbelief: "Anyways, *Felicia*, I wanted to ask you if you have noticed any residual sexbot programming." "Sure thing," Felix answered quickly, "like when you told me I am a suck-bot I suddenly knew how to give amazing blowjobs." Greg carefully continued: "And it would be weird to give me a blowjob, right?" Felix nodded in response. Greg carried on: "And the only reason why you would blow me would be because of the sexbot programming, right?" Felix didn't understand why Greg was suddenly talking to him like he was stupid: "Makes totally sense to me. Anyways, all that blowjob talk made me wonder if you want me to suck your dick." With that, Felix knelt down in front of Greg waiting for a reply with his gaze fixed on his crotch.



Greg facepalmed while pressing out a sarcastic: "Yes, that was totally the point that I was trying to make." Felix's eyes lit up and he answered in his super sultry voice: "Then you should have just told me. I LOVE sucking cocks." The last part of that came kinda automatically out of Felix's mouth. He wasn't sure if he really loved sucking cocks (in fact, if he had been asked that question, he would have denied it), but it felt like a normal way to continue the conversation. His hands quickly unbuttoned Greg's pants and pulled them down, letting his hard cock spring free. "Hehe, already hard, I see," Felix giggled, "Next time when you are horny, just tell me earlier. I don't want to give you blue balls." With that, he grabbed the dick, opened his mouth, and started kissing the tip.





Greg contemplated if he should stop Felix from going any further, but once he felt his soft silicone lips on his shaft, he knew that he would not have the strength to stop him. Felix expertly wrapped his lips around the cock and pushed it down his throat. He found that he had full control over his 150 artificial mouth muscles and used them to massage the dick in a pulsing manner. In the meantime, his tongue swirled around the shaft looking for especially sensitive spots. Felix also found out that he had no gag reflex anymore, and since he was now in an artificial body, there was no need for him to breathe. So he could easily deep-throat Greg's entire cock, which he did. Felix didn't really know how long he was blowing Greg, his body was kinda on auto-pilot the whole time. Suddenly, Greg pulled Felix's head off his cock as he was about to cum. Just as his soft lips left his dick, Greg came. spurts of white fluid landed on Felix's face. The silicone-like skin was so smooth that the cum didn't really stick to it, so most of it just dripped down onto his boobs.



"Why did you...?" Felix was about to protest about getting his face covered in cum when he realized *why* he was getting an involuntary facial: He was blowing Greg! "Why did I blow you?!" Felix shouted angrily, "This is exactly the kind of pre-installed programming that I have to avoid!" Greg tried to defend his actions in front of the cum-covered Felix: "Hey, I am the victim here. You practically launched yourself at me." "Bullshit! You encouraged me to blow you. You should have stopped me," Felix was still extremely pissed off, "Listen, next time you see me do something sexbot-like you have to stop me, okay? I don't want to have any of that programming stuck with me permanently." While Felix was talking, he used his fingers to scoop up the cum from his breasts and move them to his mouth to lick it off.





"Sexbot-like behavior like licking cum off your breasts?" Greg asked. "Yeah, exactly stuff like that..." It took Felix a second to realize why Greg came up with such a specific example: "I am doing that right now, am I? Goddamit! This body sucks!" Greg chuckled: "Oh, believe me, that body really sucks well." Felix only glared angrily at Greg while licking up another fingerful of cum.