



In 2120, humanoid robots were widespread, and integrated into human society. B57-426-XJ9 (Otherwise known as Jacky) is one of those robots, and he lived in the futuristic city of Neo-Chesterfield, Neo-Virginia. Life had never been boring for Jacky, especially considering the fact that he worked as an assistant for the terror of Neo-Chesterfield. The immortal and crazed **Dr. Franky J. Fontaine**.

Sometime around 2077, Franky had *discovered a cure to ageing*. The only side effect was that it not only cured ageing, but also reversed it. Leading to a complete physical, and somewhat mental, regression in the subject. For most, it led to a regression mentally and physically to about 18 years of age. After selling this cure, she became the wealthiest scientist this side of the Northern Neo-Canadian Climate Refugee Zone.

Of course, her newfound boundless energy, and her annoying almost child-like personality, was too much for any human assistant. Jacky is just the latest in the long line of robotic assistants working for the scientist.

One day in mid-summer, Jacky was working in Franky's laboratory, tending to various chores that the lazy inventor never did herself. While dusting some chrome-plated machinery, he noticed that he could see his own reflection quite well in it.

"Well..." Started Jacky, quickly taking a look around, making sure no one was watching. "I might as well take this time to do a quick self-inspection. Haven't gone to the shop for awhile."

Nothing seemed out of the ordinary as he looked at his reflection in the chrome. The pure white skin of his body almost seemed to glow in the reflection. His hair piece

was styled short, and colored blue. His eyes were still the typical bright and vibrant blue they always were, and the seams along his face and body where the skin plates met were free of dust or particulates. His body was still androgenous (to his disappointment), and despite being made of metal and plastic, his body appeared somewhat soft. "Why couldn't they have made me a **D46 type?**" He wondered aloud. "At least those guys have some *muscle definition...*"

"Ohh **Jackieeeee...!**" came a voice from behind him. Jackie froze up in fear. He recognized that deranged voice anywhere. A beep was heard, and in the reflection of the chrome he could see Franky appear, turning off her stealth field. "**Time for another experiment!**" she excitedly screamed, as she pressed a button on her wrist.

"**W-wait!**" Jacky stammered as his operating system started forcibly shutting him down for maintenance. "**What experiment?!**"

"**You'll see! Hehehe!**" she giggled as reality faded from his visual sensors.

"**Ugh... where am I...?**" Jacky wondered aloud, as his systems restarted after an unexpected shutdown. Opening his eyes, he saw Franky staring down at him with glee in her eyes. He was lying on the lab's operating table.

"**Good morning sleepyhead!**" the red-headed scientist exclaimed, her face hovering 5 inches above his face.

After a moment of them staring at each other, Jackie spoke up "**...Can you please give me some space?**" Jacky requested whilst she backed up, fulfilling his request. "**And did you get smaller somehow?**" he asked, noticing that she was in fact slightly shorter than he was, even though normally she towered above his 5'6". "**You look like a childish version of yourself...**" he teased.

"**I am NOT a child! I'm a young prodigy like Purah! I just had to shrink myself for today's experiment!**" she explained while very annoyed, putting her hands on her hips and sticking her tongue out.

'Oh great...' he thought. 'She has a shrink ray now too!' he sighed within himself, imagining what hijinks she'll be up to with a shrink ray of all things. "**You don't seem too young to me, you're referencing a character from a video game from the early 21st century, after all...**" he teased again, pushing his luck.

“**Grrr! I’ll show you! Have you even NOTICED what today’s experiment is yet!? I’ve modified your body in a very ‘special’ way...**” she grinned as she wheeled around a full-length mirror for Jacky to inspect himself.

“**Uhhh... nothing seems any different?**” Jackie said as his eyes scanned his body. Self diagnostics reporting nothing out of the ordinary besides new parts. “**Did you upgrade my parts again without my permission? You know I hate it when you do that.**”

“**Hehehe! If you can’t see it, I’ll just have to show you! Now stand up!~**”

“**Alrighty then.**” Jackie stood up and watched in the mirror as Franky walked over to him and pressed a button on the back of his neck. “**That button wasn’t there bef-!? What the heck!?**” Jacky exclaimed as his body started hissing and popping. After a moment of clicks and whirrs, his body opened up slowly, revealing his new hollow interior. It appeared as though his body had been modified for someone to reside within, like some kind of suit. There was even an included cup holder! “**W-what did you do to me!?**” he screamed, in shock at the changes.

“**Oh nothing special, just shrunk your insidey parts a bit. But hey, can I get a ride?**” She asked, even though she wasn’t asking because she jumped into Jacky as soon as she said it.

“**What are you doing!? G-get out!**” begged Jacky as she aligned herself within him, unable to move. She placed her head within his, her arms within his, and she pulled her legs inside his, before pressing a button inside his open hand. He was not able to stop it as his body started closing up again, with Franky inside.

His body slowly closed up as Franky grinned wildly, immensely pleased with herself. “**Just a little something I thought of last night, hope you enjoy it!**” she stated, as his face plates slid back into place over her face.

After 15 seconds, he was fully closed up and control was returned to him as he tested himself. He walked closer to the mirror, and partially in disbelief, he asked “**A-are you inside of me... Franky?**” There was no response from within him as he flexed his fingers, sure, there was a little more resistance in them but... did that really just happen? He wondered to himself. Maybe this was just a simulation to see how he would react to something like-

Suddenly, his eyes turned a pink color, and he jumped into a double peace sign pose with his hips cocked to the side “*Yep~ Franky the annoyingly cute mad-scientist here! Glad you let me along for a ride!*” He cheered aloud, except his voice had a feminine lilt to it, making him sound like a cute and girly version of himself.

His eyes turned back blue and he straightened up in shock at the girly pose that he’d been forced to do. “*Haha... v-very cute! Now could you get out of me?*” he pleaded as he started moving his hand behind his neck to the button that opened him.

“*Glad you thought it was cute, but I think we can be cuter!*” He exclaimed, his body striking another peace sign pose while sticking his tongue out. This time, control of his own body wasn’t returned to him as he was forced to skip over to a nearby closet. Control of everything, even his eyes, had been stolen from him.

“*Hmm...*” he hummed. His eyebrow cocked as he femininely bent over into the closet, examining the contents within. “*Aha! Here we go!*” He exclaimed as he pulled a box from the top shelf. Walking back over to the operating table, he gingerly set it down on the floor in front of the mirror and opened it.

Within the box, to his surprise, was girly clothes... and a long synth-hair piece? “*Y-you can stop the joke now... I-I told you I never wanted to do something like this!*” he begged within his own mind.

“*Don’t worry Jackie, you’ll be fiiiine, I just wanna have some fun in your body!*” he said aloud, the girl within him seemingly able to hear his thoughts. Picking up a pair of light pink and white striped knee-high socks from within the box, he started putting them on, slowly. He seemed to revel in the softness of the socks as he pulled them on. Jacky tried to deny that the fabric felt nice on his synth skin, but it was really soft. “*Doesn’t that feel good, Jacky? Don’t lie to me, cause I can feel it too!*”

For a moment, control of his face and his face alone returned to him as he stared down at the socks “*N-no! It’s terrible! These are girl’s clothes, I-I shouldn’t wear these! You’re gonna make me seem like a pervert!*”

Control of his face was stolen back again as he said “*Oh come on, Jackie! Those kinds of norms went out of fashion back in the 2020s! You’re making me feel old!*” he exclaimed, his hands on his hips and pouting in the mirror. Bending back down, he grabbed the hairpiece from the box and held it in front of him. It was pink, with a flat hime cut just above where the eyes would be, and flowed down to where his butt would

be. Reaching up, he removed his own hair with a click, and plopped the new hair down on his head, clicking it in place.

His eyes blue, he stared at himself in the mirror. If it weren't for the flat chest, and bulge at his crotch, he'd easily be mistaken for a girl. "T-this... this is... *this is me?*" he approached the mirror, carassessing his own face. He never noticed how feminine he was, he always just wished to be stronger and more masculine... but he almost looked... cute?

His eyes flickered back to pink as control was stolen from him yet again. "Yep! I always told you that you could be the cutest liiiittle **robutt!** You just never believed me!" Suddenly, seemingly realizing something, he stood straight up in shock. Looking down, he stared directly at his crotch plate. A smug grin crossed his face. "Oh ho ho... what do we have here...?" he smirked, hands reaching down to the crotch plate.

'N-no! Don't touch that!' Jacky begged in his head as his hands removed the plate with a click. Tossing it aside, he could see that his "son" was disturbed. Slowly, it was getting hard. 'This is the one time I regret the fact that I was originally a sex bot!' he complained.

"You dirty boy Jackie... I'm not the one doing this hehe! You enjoy looking like a girl don't you, **pervert!**" she teased.

'N-no! It must be you! Y-you're the one enjoying this!'

"Well I was enjoying it, just not in this way... I am now though! Let's have some **fun then!**" he seemed to harden even faster now, maxing out at an impressive eight inches, his face blushing. Grabbing the mirror with his left hand for support, he grabbed his member with the other while staring directly into his pink eyes.

Slowly, ever so slowly, he started stroking. The pleasure was slow to build at first, but it steadily got better and better as he stroked. 'S-stop! **Stop it!** T-this is workplace sexual h-harassment...'

"Ohhh... this feels... **surprisingly good** Jackie... ahhh... I'm glad I added a neural link so I could feel what you feel..." he stared into his eyes, his gaze turning lustful. "You're so... so cute! I love it! Look at this face!" Jacky stared as his eyes turned blue and his facial expression turned from smug enjoyment to a shy and lewd expression. His arms remained out of his control though as the stroking started getting faster and faster.

“N-nooo! I-I can’t take much more... you’re going **too fast!** Ahnnn...”

‘**That moan sounded like a girl’s Jackie! You’re really getting into this!**’ Then, he started to feel something rising up, coming from within. The expression on his face wasn’t Franky’s but his own, evident by the color of his eyes remaining blue. He denied it of course, that must be Franky, right? That shy girlish face, in pure bliss, about to... about to...

“**Ahhhh! I’m CUMMING!**” He screamed as his pleasure sensors peaked, ejecting synth-sperm all over the mirror. “**Ahhh... ahh...**” he heavily breathed, coming down from the high. He stared into the mirror, the face of pleasure slowly turning into shame. “**W-why did I...?**” he stammered, unable to fully comprehend what just happened.

“**Oh my... just look at the mess you made!**” He nagged, as his pink eyes scanned the strings of synth-sperm on the mirror. “**We’ll just have to clean that up, won’t we!**” he exclaimed, as he brought his face to the mirror, licking up the ejaculate.

“**E-ewww... sdop... I dun wanna bick it!**” he begged as he was forced to lick up the mess. He’d never tasted his own spunk before, even though he’d considered it. He read on his model’s description it was cherry flavored, and they weren’t lying. It was sweet, and surprisingly good. Why’d cherry have to be programmed as his favorite flavor too?

After a few moments of licking, control was relinquished back to him, as he fell backwards on his butt, sitting against the operating table. Still blushing, he stared up at the ceiling, unable to believe what just happened. He sat there, panting heavily for a moment, regaining himself.

Suddenly, he jumped back up to his feet into a double peace sign pose, even though he wasn’t fully recovered yet. “**Alright! Time to complete the outfit then!**” His pink eyes stared at the mirror again, with a gleeful expression on his face, even though inside he was still reeling and ashamed of what just happened.

Bending down, he picked up a pink bra and a pair of cute white panites with pink hearts. He was unable to even form a resistance in his mind as he put on the panties, sliding them up over his softening member. The bulge still apparent through the soft fabric. The bra was pulled over his shoulders and clipped behind his back with experience and skill he didn’t have. The cups of the bra somehow managed to pull his pecs together, leaving a small, but noticeable “cleavage”.

“There, need to cover up the naughty bits don’t we! A cute **GIRL** like us needs to be **prim and proper, after all!**” He nagged at himself again.

‘I-I’m not a girl...’ he whimpered in his head, finally able to have a coherent thought again.

“Still in denial huh? Don’t be such a **sourpuss!** Anyone can be a girl these days if they’re **cute enough!**” Bending down yet again, he grabbed the rest of the outfit. A short bright pink pleated skirt with white stripes on the bottom, and a white top with pink and white collars with a long tie. It was undoubtedly a sailor uniform. Another fashion trend from the early 21st century.

The fabrics were soft and cool to the touch as he put them on, first the skirt and then the top. The top was short enough to expose his navel, while the skirt was juuuust long enough to hide the bulge in his panties. His pink-eyed face struck another double-peace sign pose and grinned to the mirror “**Cutie-pie Fembot Sailor Jackie here to steal your hearts! Hehehe!**” He giggled at himself proudly, apparently proud of his work. “Time to go for a walk outside I think! We need to show the world how cute we are!”

His eyes blue again, widened in shock at the suggestion. “**N-no way! I can’t go outside like this! I-I look like... like...**” he trailed off again. He was really looking at himself in the mirror now, and he looked exactly like a girl. He couldn’t believe that the short, cute pink haired girl in a sailor outfit in the mirror was him. He caressed his face, even pinched it and flinched at the pain. He turned around, and looked at his backside, watching as the long pink hair lagged behind him. “**W-wow... I’m...** “

“**Cute? I know! I can do wonders in any body, can’t I!?**” Spinning around into a double peace sign yet again, he took one last look at himself in the mirror. Eyes pink, and face smug. “**Let’s go for that walk then, shall we?**” He walked himself to the door, sashaying slightly as he went. “**Lookout world, here comes Jackie!**” he exclaimed as he opened the door and crossed the threshold.

“**Franky please... stop... I don’t want other people to see...**” complained Jacky as he sashayed up the alleyway from the laboratory.

“Who’s Franky? I’m Jackie! Hehe! Don’t be so shy, ‘I’ know I look great after all!”
Great. She was impersonating him now. Could this day get any better?

“Today can always get better! Always have pep in your step, and hope for tomorrow! Let my cuteness fill your heart!” he exclaimed to himself, jumping into a double-peace sign. He almost died from his own cuteness, it was honestly hard to swallow.

Continuing the walk, his skirt swished from side to side as he was forced to effeminately walk to the entrance of the alleyway. Stopping at the opening to the street, he looked from side to side at the streets of downtown Neo-Chesterfield.

The crowded city streets of the city were no different today as they were yesterday. Humans, hybrids, mutants, robots, all kinds of beings crowded the street. It was late afternoon, so most people were heading home. Cyclo bikes whirred by, floating on magnetism. Automated flying shuttles above darted through the megabuilding laced sky. He always hated this place, how crowded it was. He also hated that his creators coded him with agoraphobia.

‘Please... can we just go back? I’ll wear anything you want!’ he pleaded.

“Tempting... but crowds are no match for Jackie! Here, I’ll show ya!” he exclaimed to himself as he reached up and tapped the shoulder of a random minotaur man who was walking by. Turning around, he towered over the small robot, making him feel like a small rodent about to be stomped. Jackie’s face however, showed no lack of confidence. Pink eyes grinned up to the man who inquisitively stared back. ‘Oh great... now she’s done it, we’re done for!’

“Umm... what do you need, girlie?” he boomed down at the bot, trying not to be intimidating, but that was impossible given his stature. If Jacky had control of his bladder, he’d probably have pissed himself.

“Howdy there mister! How’re you today? Isn’t today such a nice day?” Jackie greeted the cow-man.

“Well... uhhh” the minotaur man was confused. It was rare for such politeness in the city. “Y-yeah... I guess it is! It’s always a good day when a cute girlie like you approaches me! Now, are you a **sexbot** or somethin? Usually sexbots start with askin for sex so...”

“Nope! I’m just a cutie, trying to make everyone feel better!” He exclaimed as he did a twirl for the man, his hair flowing behind him.

“Wow! An actual conversation with a stranger, and a cute one at that! I can’t believe it. You’ve really made my day girlie. Here, have some change, go buy you somethin.” he said as he handed him some dollars from his wallet.

“Gee thanks mister! I’ll be sure to buy a new outfit with this!” he jumped into his apparently signature double peace sign pose and smiled widely at the man, his cuteness apparently too much as the minotaur had to shield his eyes.

“Ahhh! God Damn you’re cute!” unshielding his eyes, he turned to walk away. “Well, I’ll be off then. The missus will be wonderin’ if I’m not on time.”

“Alrighty then, see ya later mister!” smiled and waved Jackie as the minotaur walked away. Jackie turned the other direction and continued walking.

‘What just happened...?’ Jacky was immensely confused, he was hardly even able to follow the short conversation with the man.

‘I’m a cutie, that’s what happened!’ Jackie responded to himself mentally. ‘You know exactly what happened. Sides, you enjoyed it. Look!’

Looking down, Jacky could see that there was in fact a bulge in his skirt. The weight of the skirt itself managed to keep it from being too noticeable, but it was still there. You might confuse it for another fold in the skirt, if you weren’t the one feeling just how hard you were.

‘W-whaaa what? N-no! I can’t be hard in public...W-while dressed as a girl!? With everyone staring at me!? You’re turning me into a **pervert** Franky!’

‘While I’m inside you, I’m you! Didn’t think I had to spell it out! Besides, I’ve not done anything, you’re the one who’s hard.’ “Hmmp” Jackie grunted aloud, crossing his shoulders in contempt.

“But you’re not me! You’re **FRANKY!**” Jacky screamed aloud, stomping his foot on the ground in anger. The crowd around him stopped and turned to stare at him. The pizza delivery man in front of him in particular was surprised the most.

“Uhhh... you okay miss? My name’s **Johnny...**” He responded, confused.

“Oh yeah... uhh... uhhhh... **SORRYEXCUSEMEBYE!**” yelled Jacky as he ducked into another alleyway.

Sprinting down the alley, his feet suddenly came to a stop as his eyes returned to pink. Leaning against the wall, he looked down and grabbed his own balls through the skirt. “Listen to me, **Jacky**. While I’m inside you, I’m you, and you’re me, **got it? If you don’t get it, I’ll do much worse than embarrass you publically, okay?**”

“*But Franky-!*” The grip on his balls tightened.

“...*But J-jackie... why are you doing this?*”

“**Because I wanna have fun as a cute little robutt of course!**” He jumped back into a double peace sign pose, the serious tone gone from his voice.

The crazed mad scientist inside of him, who apparently wanted to be him, was quite serious. Jacky knew he was in deep now. “Jackie” was here to stay.

“**Haha! What a show! Do I gotta pay for this one?**” Bellowed a voice from behind a trash can. A hobo stared at him from behind it.

“**Oh sorry mister, I just got in a little argument with myself is all. Here, have this!**” Said Jackie as he handed the downtrodden the money he got from the minotaur.

“**Oh wowie! That's enough to pay for my groceries for a month! Thanks missy!**”

Jacky was amazed at how two-faced “**he**” could be...

The sun had long set by the time Jackie was done with his little “shopping spree”. He had worn out the first outfit he put on. A high-leg cut pink Cheongsam, otherwise known as a chinese dress. He’d also fashioned his new hair into twin-tails, and made another “mess” in the changing room. Which of course, he was forced to lick up **like the naughty little boy he was**. The dress was tight enough, and thin enough, that it pushed his pelvis forward at all, his bulge was visible. Forcing him to arch his back and keep his shoulders up, even when he was in control to hide it. The rest of the clothes he had sent back to the laboratory for later. **He was gonna enjoy trying them on again later!**

It was even starting to get hard to distinguish between himself and “Jackie”. As he had started injecting CUTE thoughts into his head. Things were quickly turning into more of a double-personality disorder instead of a forced hijacking, and it was really confusing. But also fun at the same time! Was that even him? He wasn’t sure anymore. Jacky just wanted to be alone with his thoughts, but not even they were safe. He’d ordered a cab ride to a nearby club, even though he begged “himself” not to.

‘Oh come on Jackie! I know you’re having fun! So am I! Look, the feeling of this dress on your flat chest as I caress it is making “me” hard again~’ Jackie thought to himself. ‘Please... I don’t wanna do this... You’re gonna do something to me and I won’t recover from it at this rate...’ Jacky begged himself. ‘Nonsense! You love it! All “I” need is one. More. push.’

The cab arrived at the neon-lit street of the Chesterfield Companion Club. An uninspired name for a club, so it was always shortened to the “Triple C”. The company themselves had given in to the nickname and had “Triple C” emblazoned in neon lights upon the facade of the building. The building itself had been salvaged and air-lifted from the location of the original Chesterfield, in the Appalachian desert. So it still had early 21st century architecture. It reminds me of my childhood! Ahhhh the memories! Alright, that one was definitely her.

Getting out, Jacky stared up at the sign. *Gulp* ‘A-are you sure I’m g-gonna go in there J-jackie?’ ‘Yep! I need to make a good impression, so I should be on my BEST behavior hehe! Also, time to change personality again! I’m gonna be a sexy *seductress* in there!’

Pulling out a compact, Jackie stared at himself, doing his best to make a sexy, seductive face, practicing for the club. “Hey there cutie, wanna spend the night with me? Buy me a drink, will ya?” came a haughty seductress version of his own voice from his mouth. Jacky was almost seduced by himself. In fact, he was, considering the blush appearing on his face and bulge growing below. “Stop that! It’s not time for that yet! I need to learn some damn self-control...” Jackie complained lightly smacking his own crotch, as if to punish it.

Despite the somewhat high-class nature of the club, it was still mostly just a hookup place for the affluent. Dr. Fontaine herself owned half share of the club, and was there half the time she WASN’T being completely sane and adorable in her lab!

Although Jacky had never been to the club himself, the bouncer at the door apparently knew to let him in. Franky probably arranged this ahead of time. *Doesn't she just think of everything? She's sooo smart!*

The inside of the club was laid back, and relaxed. People hadn't really started drinking too hard yet. Everyone was on their first shots or mixes. *Things usually don't get too active until everyone's drunk, the nobility of this city like to pretend they're civil until they get a few drinks in them. Then, it all goes wild.*

'C-can you stop injecting your thoughts please? It's getting really hard to concentrate on who I am... *is that not the point? We're one, aren't we? Just one "Jackie". Isn't it great?*' The struggle inside Jacky's mind was becoming even harder, and it was even difficult to tell if it was "Jacky" or "Jackie" sashaying across the club floor, towards the VIP section. Arriving at the bouncer, Jackie gave a seductive wink while the bouncer rolled his eyes, and moved aside.

Entering through the archway, Jackie entered a hallway and immediately turned left. Three doors down, he found a doorway marked "Lover's room #3". Apparently this club doubled as a brothel for the high-class... *Yeah, prostitution is technically illegal, but whoring yourself out for a few drinks never hurt anyone!*

Inside the room was a girl with long white hair. She sat down at a table in the corner of the room, in a bar seat, nursing a cocktail. She looked like she hadn't been there long, and was surprised to see Jackie enter the room. She was the prettiest girl Jacky had ever seen, her crimson lips almost begged for a kiss, and her cocktail dress was high cut up the thigh. You could almost see her-

"Uhhh... *who're you?*" She asked, confused by his presence.

"*Oh! Sorry, excuse me, I forgot my manners. Your beauty had me awestruck, my dear.*" Both Jackie and Jacky had been distracted, neither one in complete control for a moment.

"*Oh wow, a flirt are you? Hehe... Are you the one Dr. Fontaine said would be here?*" She asked, the depth of Franky's future planning seemingly endless.

"*Yes mam, I'm B57-426-XJ9 otherwise known as 'Jackie'. Who do I have the pleasure of making an acquaintance?*" He said, bowing as if before a princess.

“Oh drop the act already, don't have to act all fancy around me. Dr. Fontaine calls me her 'toy', but you can call me Josie. Short for Josephine.” She motioned over to the bar seats, asking Jackie to sit beside her. ‘You have “toys”!? Of course Dr. Franky has toys. I'm one of them after all! What did I think she did at the club anyway? I dunno... drink? Well... she does that too. Wait! I'm a what now?’

“Josie, what a pleasure it is then. Shall we get the drinking started?” asked Jackie as he sat down beside Josie.

“Drinking? But you're a robot!?” she gasped in shock.

‘Drinking? But I'm a robot!? Don't worry about it Jackie, I've got a liver now, after all! Hehe!’ he thought to himself. ‘Well I guess you're right... I do technically have one now... Wait... what happened to my cum from earlier? Did you eat that-’

“Don't worry, I've got a synth-liver for just this kind of occasion. I can even simulate being drunk almost indistinguishable from a human!” Jackie remarked, interrupting his own thoughts. Proud of his apparent ability to “simulate” drinking. Taking a cocktail from the table, he lifted it to his mouth, and downed it in one go. It tasted sweet and fruity, with a hint of something bitter. He'd never drunk before, because he had nowhere for drinks to go.

“Impressive. Just like how Dr. Fontaine drinks. Quick and fast. So you're her assistant? What's it like, working with Dr. Fontaine?”

For a moment, Jackie said nothing, then his eyes turned blue and he turned to her. “Well... it's never boring, I'll tell you that. She can be mean, and even downright abusive sometimes. But I always felt like in the end she had everyone's best interests in mind. Even if I didn't understand it.” What was he talking about? Here he was, slowly being turned into a **pervert** by his boss, and yet he was *singing her praises*!? What was wrong with him? *I'm really sweet, that's what's wrong.* Jackie wiped a tear out of his eye.

“Wow, you just poured your heart out, after one drink? Just like Dr. Franky too. Are you **sure** you're not her? Haha!” She laughed, not knowing just how right she was. ‘Wait. Am I actually getting drunk?’

“I need another drink. Hit me.” Josie slid another cocktail down the table to Jackie. He took it and downed it in one go as well.

“What’s with the eyes changing color? Your tone of voice keeps changing too... Are you okay? Do you need some air?” Josie seemed genuinely concerned for Jackie’s well-being.

“Hehe... I’m fine... how-re you? E-enough about me... I wanna hear about Josie...” ‘Wow... she’s so cute. I-I think I love her. Now I see why Dr. Franky comes here so often.’ Jackie slid in closer to Josie, their shoulders touching.

“O-oh! W-well not much to tell honestly. Just a pretty lab assistant who got lucky way back in 2077... I live with Dr. Fontaine. We’re... close.” She seemed somewhat uncomfortable with the question. “She... really wanted me to meet you! She said we’d have fun together. Isn’t that what you’re here for?”

“F-fun? W-what kinda fun?” asked Jackie. Too drunk to distinguish between himself anymore.

“Hehe... well...” she pulled aside her cocktail dress to show that he was fully erect at around five inches.

“W-well... isn’t that a cute little... WAIT! You’re a GUY!?” Exclaimed Jacky, snapping out of it. Taking a look at her again, he noticed the lack of any breasts filling her dress, and the fact that she was a he!

“Y-yeah! I thought you knew! Did Dr. Fontaine not tell you!? Ugh! That’s just like her!” Josie exclaimed, upset at his partner’s apparent carelessness.

‘I can’t have sex with another guy! What the hell did you get me into Franky!? That’s it I’m outta here.’ Jacky split himself away. “N-no! I had no IDEA-” Jackie’s arm took another cocktail off the table and made him down it in one go.

“*H-hic* Wow... it doesn’t really matter t-though. You’re still the prettiest g-girlie I-I’ve ever seen...” Jackie leaned back into Josie’s embrace. Josie’s chest was soft, despite being completely flat. He could hear his heartbeat, smell his scent. Lavender. It was intoxicating on top of being intoxicated.

“It’s like... L-like I’m meeting you again for the first time.” Jackie stared up into Josie’s eyes. Jackie’s eyes were no longer a pink or a blue. They had turned a vibrant purple.

“Haha! But this is our first time meeting, silly. You’re too drunk already!” He jokingly pushed him off and he fell over into the seat, the slight push enough to send him falling down in this state.

“B-but it feels like we’ve spent a I-lifetime together! I-I think... I think I love you...” They stared into each other’s eyes for what seemed like an eternity. Before Josie took a cocktail and downed it in one go.

“Well. Let’s see how much you love me then, eh?” Then Josie pounced. They entered into a deep embrace and kiss. Tongues twisting and hands groping. Jackie groped Josie’s chest, feeling the soft squish of chest fat despite it not being a girl’s breast. The smell of lavender filled his nose while he tasted remnants of the cocktails in his mouth. Their saliva flowed freely between them. Pink and silver hair dancing around them as they embraced.

Josie reached around and grabbed Jackie’s rear, eliciting a girly moan from him. Then he reached around to the front to finger- grab an erect member!? “Wait!? You’re a guy too!? Looks like we’ve both kept some secrets!”

“Y-yeah. Well, s-since we’re both guys, d-doesn’t that meeaannn we can make each other feel... really good?” Jackie explained.

“Is that right? Well you’re drunker than I am, so I’m going to be the top today. Why don’t you put your money where your mouth is, lover boy?” Josie sat Jackie down, before grabbing his head by the pink twintails and forcing him to suck his cock. “Ohhhh... you’re pretty good aren’t you? Almost just like Dr. Fontaine...” Josie moaned as Jackie sucked on the member in his mouth. Making sure not to grate the cock with his teeth, and making deft use of his tongue, as if he’d done it thousands of times before.

Josie stuck her fingers in her mouth, lubing them up before reaching around to Jackie’s butt. Sticking them inside. “Hahhh... It’s already wet in here? Self-lubricating then? N-nice. Ahhn...” Jackie continued sucking absent mindedly acknowledging Josie’s comment. ‘Yeah... perks of being originally manufactured as a sexbot...’

The fingering of his rear was almost enough to send him over the edge. He reached down to touch his own member, intent to climax before Josie slapped his hand away. Pulling out of his mouth, he chastised Jackie. “Nope! That’s not how we’re doing it today lover boy, you don’t get off that easy.”

“B-but... I almost...” Jackie panted.

“Nope! Now turn around.” he twirled a finger in the air and demanded. Jackie turned around and raised his backside to Josie, who was now standing behind him. Grabbing Jackie’s ass with both hands, Josie prepared to mount him.

“Are you ready, lover boy? Cause here. It. comes...” he paused for a second, time seemingly frozen to Jackie as he waited for him to make a move. Then, he thrust into him, and Jackie screamed as he instantly came when Josie went all the way into the hilt.

“Hooo... damn? One thrust and you’ve already cum? There goes my attempt to make this last for you... unless... unless you can cum more than once like a bitch?” He asked.

“I-... I...” Jackie couldn’t form a sentence, in his mind nor his mouth. He was drooling from the aftershocks.

“Well, I guess we just have to try!” Then Josie started moving. Slow at first, and then in and out- rhythmically. Josie’d done this before, and Jackie was gonna break from her skill.

“W-wait! You’re gonna- You’re gonna break me! I- I can’t!” Jackie begged, screamed and pleaded for her to stop, something was gonna break! And he wasn’t sure what!

“Well, let’s hope you’ve got an extended warranty!” Josie reached around, and in the middle of Jackie’s astronomical pleasure, started jacking him off while fucking him.

“Noooooo! You can’t! I-I’m gonna... I’m gonna!” Something was welling up from within him. The first time he came, it was like a surprise, a bug in the system, but now... Something was coming, and it was coming fast!

“What are you gonna do!?” screamed Josie.

“I’m gonna CUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMM!” Jackie screamed as he came onto the barseat, his vision going pure white, his sensors overloaded. He felt Josie cum inside of him as well. Spurt after spurt of jizz onto the barseat sent him reeling. He’d never cum like this before. It felt like he was losing his life force through his dick, that he was gonna die from the pleasure.

Then, the two collapsed into a heap on the barseat. Barely able to pull each other into an embrace, much less a very comfortable one. Not that they were in any mind to care. The white slowly faded from his eyes as he slowly came back into reality. Both of them were still panting, they were about to fall asleep together there. Before Jackie picked up Josie and threw both of them on the heart-shaped bed in the corner. Somehow he managed to do that, despite himself.

“Haaa... I think I love you, Josie.”

“Haaa... *you're not bad*, Jackie. A true contender for Dr. Fontaine...”

Doctor Franky J. Fontaine was within her study, going over her notes from her experiment.

EXPERIMENTS ON PHYSICAL REPROGRAMMING OF AN INTELLIGENT AI

1. Turn Jacky into a suit
2. Wear Jacky as a suit
3. Neurally link with Jacky
4. ??????
5. Profit?

It appears that it is indeed possible to reprogram an intelligence without physically hacking them. After observing my assistant, Jackie for several months, I determined him to be the perfect candidate. He consistently asked for me to upgrade his body to a more masculine model, to help better around the lab, despite the fact he's just as strong as any other robot. He just needed more confidence in his own appearance.

Hence why I started calling him “Jackie”. Instead of his real name “Jacky”. The difference in the two names is basically just spelling, but “Jackie” is a more feminine name. That seemingly had no affect, other than annoyance. I tried appearing more “cutesy”, going as far to artificially change my personality to that of a cute high-school girl. In an attempt to try to become a sort of “role-model” That also seemingly had no effect.

It was then I determined that to actually have any success with this experiment, I would need to connect with Jackie on a deeper level, therefore the plan was developed to

turn him into a sort of “living exoskeleton” and to wear him. Then, I could manually induce a change by forcing him to experience what he was actually capable of.

After one of the best nights of my life, at least since 2077, it has been determined that through this method I was able to change the life of my assistant. And by extension, my own. Now if I ever wanna be a super cutie-pie, I can just jump inside Jackie and we can have a great time with Josie, together! Hehe!

Oh! Speaking of a cutie-pie, “Ohhh Jackieeeee! Where are you?”

“Right here, Franky. Do you want to be ‘together’, again?” Jacky stood in the doorway to her study, looking down at her. He was wearing one of the outfits they’d bought that day. A shoulder-cut dress with a skirt that flared out just above his knees. A belt on his waist and bra straps visible over his shoulders. His pink hair flowed down to his lower back, and was styled curly today.

“Of course! Who wouldn’t wanna be a cutie-pie like you?”

Jacky blushed. It was always uncomfortable linking with Franky, but somehow... he felt more complete with her inside him. Stripping the clothes off, he reached around and pushed the button on the back of his neck, causing his body to open up once again. “H-hurry up! You know I hate being in this ‘open’ state!” he begged.

Jumping inside, Franky aligned herself. While Jacky started closing, she started yelling “Watch out world!” Then Jackie closed up, with Franky inside.

“Because Jackie’s here to stay.” Jackie said, his eyes turning from blue to purple again.

THE END.