More than Meets the Eye

by 2x2verse (agent_florida)

Summary

NSFW STRIDERCEST WEEK 2017 DAY TWO: First Time

It’s a process, really. Going in starts and stops over weeks, months. Drags into years. Dirk has to ask for help, which you know he hates, but he does it for you, and that’s… really something. Equius breaks your first prototype. Jade is a miracle worker.

The summer after Dirk graduates from college, all that’s left is the calibrations. The limbs finally get put on--facing forward this time, no thanks to Roxy--and Jade finishes braiding the male-to-male cable that can upload your consciousness into this new chassis. An internal system dialog lets you know when Dirk plugs it into you, server-side. “Ready?” he asks you.

If you were just in the damn body already, you’d roll your eyes at him. “Just do it.”

You can feel it--feel it physically--when the connection gets made, plugged into your back like a fucking spinal tap, and then you don’t feel anything at all. For… a few hours, apparently. That’s unusual. You haven’t slept since Dirk was thirteen. Will you need to sleep now? Were you… knocked unconscious?

Is this real life?

The first thing that comes online in this chassis is proprioception. You feel gravity. You know where your hands are. Touch, next--the relative pressure of… sitting on something, probably, given the soft pressure against the backs of your thighs. Actually moving your fingers feels a little like vertigo, at first, but--you can, and that’s what’s important. You drag your fingertips along the surface you’re sitting on. It’s… smooth? Ish? There’s a grain to it, a weave imperceptible to nearly all touch. Cloth. Polyester? You pluck it between your fingers. No, too much give for plastic
fibers. Cotton. It reflects your body heat differently than other fabric would.

Hearing--the imperceptible things. The hum of electricity around you--in the walls, in electronics, running through light bulbs--and in you, the current almost like the heartbeat you remember. The air conditioner is running; the rush of air is loud through the vents and the fans, at least to your new senses. Outside, some twenty-odd stories below, someone starts a vehicle. The engine turns over seven times before it kicks on. And something… not machine-made, almost buried in all the other nonsense noise. Soft, an irregular pattern. Breathing. Dirk’s breathing.

Do you need to breathe? An attempt at an intake of air and two intertwined sensory apparatuses kick on at once, smelltaste. You’re remembering things you thought you’d forgotten, having spent almost half your life as a computer. The slightly-musty freon of a crisp interior 69 degrees. Heated metal. Detergent and fabric softener. Kicked-up dust. Something… something else. Coming from the surface you’re sitting on, where you’ve warmed it. You bring your palm to your face, nearly bapping yourself over in the process--yes, you have senses, but they’re nowhere near perfect yet--and place it over your nose so you can inhale that scent a little more purposefully. Soap of some kind, different from the detergent–bar soap, maybe shampoo. Another hint of clean overtop is most likely aftershave. That’s most of it, but not all of it. You exhale so you can draw in another breath and it comes out through your opened mouth; it’s almost like you can taste whatever’s lingering in the air, that same flavor your nose is having trouble identifying.

The last thing that kicks online is sight, of course. Which instantly orients you.

You are in Dirk’s bedroom. He’s at his desk, but swiveled around in his office chair, staring you down and pinning down your reactions. The thing you’re sitting on is his bed, stripped down to a fitted sheet that you have been petting at with your hand. His bed. The one he sleeps in. And sweats and secretes things from his human pores and the thing that’s making you huff your own hand like compressed air is probably pheromones or musk or something equally--equally--

“Welcome back,” Dirk says. And you hear the sounds. With your ears. Audio receptors, still, every part of your new body is synthetic, but--going from Dolby 5.1 to stereo is… almost a relief, really. There’s a small twitch lingering at the corner of Dirk’s mouth that you can see. With your eyes. Two eyes, that layer images one over the other until you have depth perception, holy shit, you may have roughly two hundred cameras stalking out every corner of this apartment but you’ve never been able to separately focus on things in the foreground, middle distance, background with just webcams, no matter how high quality the feed.

TT: How long was I out?

Dirk’s computer chimes and his shades flash. That twitch turns into the beginning of a self-satisfied smile. “You don’t have to message to talk, bro.”

Oh. That’s right. You have a voice. That can say things. “How--” Your voicebox makes a screeching attempt at a dial-up noise the first time you use it. This is part of calibrating, you suppose. “How long was I out?” Like that little chirp never happened at all. There’s something tinny about it, almost an echoing quality, but it’s an exact replica of Dirk’s voice. Your voice. That you can use to say words.

Dirk shrugs. Body language. People use body language when they speak, and intonation, and twelve thousand other things than just vocabulary. You knew this, you remembered this, but it’s like relearning how to--how to be alive, again. How to be human. “Fourteen hours or so.” Your face--you make an expression, a near-autonomic reaction, but you feel it, every synthetic corded not-muscle it takes to drop your lower lip that slightest bit and raise your eyebrows, bring them a little closer together. “Don’t look at me like that. This was literal brain surgery. You were just…
anesthetized. Unconscious. Insensate. Does anything hurt?” You start to tuck your tongue behind your upper front teeth to tell him the answer, but Dirk interrupts you. “Really think about it. I need you to take an inventory before I start running diagnostics.”

“Yes.” Systems check. This is… to say it’s different would mean there’s something, anything comparable about running it here and running it on your server. It’s been so long since you felt any kind of pain localized to a body part that running through all your… your… not subroutines. Muscles, bones, tendons, organs. Skin. Is going to take some time. You start at your toes and work upwards, because there is so much going on in the region of your skull that you need some time to get used to everything first before you false-flag any sensation as unpleasant or unwelcome.

There is carpet under the soles of your feet. It… is both soft and itchy at once. Plush, but the individual fibers are not exactly the nicest feeling. It doesn’t have to be ‘nice’, it just has to be moderate, you remind yourself, and move on. Ankles feel steady, although you have yet to try walking. They articulate perfectly and will hold your weight. Shins—nothing noticeable. Once your attention is at your knees, you try a little movement this time. If you tuck your shins back, they hit the bottom of the mattress. You don’t need to flex forward to know you’re within range of kicking Dirk’s chair.

Like this, the tops of your thighs are a little tighter. Not uncomfortable, this is within your normal range of movement, but it’s noticeable. This chassis—Dirk’s dressed it in the most stereotypical vantablack-fiber bodycon suit he could sew, and the chilling white of your extremities, with their porcelain-silicone skin, is a stark contrast. Up further, and you take stock of your hips. The ball-and-socket joint with your synthetic femur feels a little tight, but you may be exaggerating a little, or tensing up when you’re not supposed to. Your hips themselves feel relatively narrow, but your organs are synthetic and there’s not much cradling the structure has to do with your internals. At the nadir of your hips, between your legs, is… Well, isn’t, really. You’re really rocking the Ken doll look. You’re relatively certain that, knowing how his own body is constructed and how your own digital brain still mapped itself onto a human form, Dirk would have given you functional genitals in this chassis, but it disturbs you that you’re not one hundred percent sure.

Torso—your abdomen is fine. Nothing that resembles hunger, or digestion, or a full bladder. No organs shifting in strange ways. Your chest, too, is functioning optimally. You have a circulatory system, though what courses through it is coolant rather than blood, and your “lungs” are a complex fan-based air filtration system meant to mimic breathing. It… works, especially for its purpose of keeping your core temperature at human norms. You have to give Dirk credit for thinking that one up. Your arms are similarly all right. Nothing notable. Your hands respond to your commands. The proprioception of your individual fingers as you pull your hand away from your face is a little distracting right now, but you’re sure you’ll recover from the initial shock and rehome yourself in this frame soon enough.

Now for the majority of your processing. Voicebox had a minor hiccup, but should be running smoothly. Mouth—you have a tongue, and there is moisture here that you can slick along each tooth you can feel out. You’ll have to retrain yourself into using facial expressions as part of communication, but it’s something you’ve forgotten, not something that’s impossible for you to learn. Nose is functional for breathing and scent distinction. Eyes are—well, they’re actually fantastic. You’re not sure human vision would ever be this good without cybernetic enhancements, and you don’t need shades to have an internal HUD. Ears may need recalibration, or it may be that you’ve been in silence for so long that anything sounds loud to you.

You should probably have a headache. It surprises you that you don’t. It also takes you off guard when you can’t trace a thought in your internal circuitry—before it absolutely delights you. This is how thoughts work! They’re organic and move from place to place naturally along neurons instead
of being propelled forward by a subprocess! Your brain is synthetic, but it remembers how to think like a human. You can do things autonomously. You’ve been breathing, your heart has been beating, all without you having to consciously think about it. It’s the biggest gift Dirk could possibly have given you: you can’t hear your own subroutines anymore.

Before you speak this time, you clear your voicebox of any lingering static. “Internal system report reveals no inconveniences, major or minor. Everything’s fucking caucasian.”

“Good to know.” Dirk scoots closer in his office chair. His knees are about three inches from yours; you can feel his body heat. “So I can start running diagnostics now?”

He’s… asking. Not brute forcing an executable, not telling you what he’s about to do. Asking for permission. “I think you should,” is what you tell him.

Dirk reaches out for your hand, and the instant he makes skin-to-skin contact, there’s a noise. Like a whine, almost. Your throat is tight and your chest feels even tighter. “Uh,” Dirk says articulately.

“I apologize in advance that I’m about to say this.” Can you pull up the sound clip fast enough? Of course you can, you might have a body but you still have an instant link to the Internet. “Did I do that?” comes nasally out of your voicebox.

“Of course you would do an Urkel impression when I’m trying to do something nice for you.” Dirk draws his hand away from yours, but instead moves it to the side of your throat, his thumb resting over your adam’s apple. The whining noise happens again, and your voicebox thrums against Dirk’s touch. Oh, fuck, you did do that. It’s such an embarrassing noise, and it feels so automatic that you don’t think you can stop yourself from doing it right now. Just from Dirk touching you.

“Does this hurt?” he asks you, his voice dropping low.

“No. I remember what pain feels like, and this isn’t it.”

“Something’s gone wrong.” He sounds… concerned? Is that a thing Dirk Strider can sound like? “What is it? Can you describe it?”

While Dirk’s hand is just resting on you like this, you can pay more attention to the heat of him, the electric current running between you on a subatomic level. Then he runs his thumb across your adam’s apple, teasing the boundary between skin and bodysuit, and that fucking noise happens again. That. That’s what it is. It’s not just touch, and it’s not just proprioception. It’s… someone else. Touching you.

You haven’t been touched in eight and a half years.

And Dirk wants you to describe this? Describe how it feels to be so solidly in contact with a human body that it anchors you firmly to your senses? “It’s…” This is already humiliating enough. If you were Dirk--and you are, aren’t you--you wouldn’t want you to know how much this was affecting you. “Not unpleasant,” you say carefully. “Potentially a calibration error. I’m not sure how much processing power I should be devoting to sensory input--it could be an internal feedback loop, or a processing delay.”

“Well?” Dirk’s thumb stops moving, and that is a bad thing that should not be allowed to happen. “Which one is it?”

“Yes,” you bite off petulantly. You can’t narrow it down right now. All you know is that if the
touching stops, you might actually cease to be in your body right now. “What you were doing was
perfectly fine.”

*More than.* Because Dirk slips his hand up. Past your chin, to cradle the side of your face. His
fingers are long and human-hot against your not-skin, and the pad of his thumb drags down the
side of your nose until he hits the corner of your mouth.

As it turns out, you *do* have genitals, and they *are* functional, because you definitely have a boner
swiveling up from between your legs right now.

That whining noise comes out of you again, louder. Your sensory input here is so much finer, more
nuanced, than the thin skin of your throat. And your mouth--there are so many touch sensors along
your lips and Dirk’s barely grazing them--even as he swipes his thumb along your lower lip and
plucks your mouth open--

Something in you *crackles.* Not exactly a blown fuse, nothing that’s an emergency, just… oh, fuck,
it feels *fantastic.* That simple touch overloaded some circuit in you somewhere and christ, it’s still
agitated, jumping in you like a live wire and threatening to go off again. The memory of it tinges
everywhere in you, threatening to set off a chain reaction that’ll drown you in the most exquisite
sensory hell imaginable.

You, uh.

You may or may not have just had a robot orgasm.

It’s still a little hard to tell. The touch itself was simple enough, if somewhat erotically charged, but
the result was not only unexpected, but totally out of proportion. And then there’s the fact that it
doesn’t exactly feel like you jizzed in your suit. Nothing down there is wet, at all. You’re still hard.
And you’re still craving touch. Human touch. Dirk’s touch.

“I just narrowed it down,” you tell him, a little too much whirr from your fans interfering with your
vocals. “Overload.”

“From this?” Dirk, that brilliant mastermind, runs his thumb over the seam of your mouth again,
and *fuck, yes.* You expected that one, but it still blitzes through you, a lightning storm along your
senses determined to give you the best of every single one all at once. The only answer you can
give him is that same helpless whine. “Oh. Oh, *wow.*** Not mocking? Almost… almost genuinely
in awe. “We definitely need to work on recalibrating some of your inputs.”

“Oh not,” because it feels really fucking good and after having felt nothing for years you want to
feel everything ever *right now damn it.*

“Fuck, bro. I--holy shit. You--this--” You don’t need to see Dirk’s eyes to feel them settling on
different places of your chassis. Including your lap. Where your spandex is doing you no favors
whatsoever. “You’ve been in there for more than eight years--you’ve never--no one’s--you haven’t
been touched since we were thirteen.” Like he really is a brain surgeon and not just an artificial
intelligence specialist, flaying that raw nerve until it falls apart in his hands. “You’ve never been
touched like this at all, and this is your first time in this body, and--god, bro, I am so sorry.”

And this time, when he sweeps his thumb across your lips, he presses in. Just that slightest bit, until
his thumbprint is resting on the tip of your tongue. You can *taste* his *skin* and it’s *perfect.* That’s all
it takes for that circuit to go haywire again, flooding you with the synthetic equivalent of fuck-
doped endorphins. You can’t say much with Dirk’s thumb in your mouth, but your voicebox chirps
anyway, in that horrendous dial-up tone, to let him know he succeeded.
“Do you like that?” You nod; his thumb presses deeper and you lick along it. “Does that feel good? I mean, of course it feels good, I know how you’re wired inside and out--but I want you to focus on that. I want you to know what it feels like when someone does this for you.” He draws his thumb out and slicks your lip with your own spit. “When I do this for you.”

Everything in you is charged with anticipation. He’s so close to you; your knees are touching now, and his face is peering blankly at yours from only six inches away, and you feel fucking incapable, at his mercy, unable to chase down what you want for fear you’re actually going to hurt yourself this time and push yourself too far.

Dirk does it anyway. He leans in, nuzzles his nose into the side of yours, and seals your mouth to his.

Oh, god. Yeah. That overloaded feeling? Definitely a robot orgasm. With zero refractory period, either, which is basically the best thing to happen to you ever, right after Dirk gently licking across your lips until you open your mouth so he can touch his tongue to yours. The taste of his mouth is in your mouth. The noise that comes out of you this time is a deeper groan, much more emotionally invested.

It’s over far too quickly and he’s pulling back into his space, a last touch of his lips to yours before he retreats completely. “Okay, here’s the deal.” He takes off his shades. His eyes are no mystery to you; that they’re naked is the interesting part. “I’m not cheating anymore. No HUD, no schematics, no wiring diagrams. Just body memory. I know how to make you feel good, Hal. I know how to burn this out of your system. I know exactly what you want and exactly how to give it to you, because I’ve been exactly where you are. I just need to know if you trust me to help.”

He knows because he’s you. Because he shares these nerve endings. These wants, these needs. The same erogenous zones, the same preferences. And Dirk is as close to a ruthless machine as it is possible for a human to be.

“Get me out of my bodysuit,” you tell him.

The two of you are a magnificent tangle of limbs after he tumbles out of his chair and tackles you to the mattress. You asked for his help with undressing because--well, you’re inhuman. You don’t trust your own strength. You could rip the fabric, you could chip your own skin, you could rip out a wire or five--and that’s not even counting the terror that fills you at the thought of touching Dirk back. You could damage him, with that soft fleshy organic body of his, even if you were putting every last bit of your processing power behind your touch. As it is, with your gray matter skipping offline every time that charge of overload sizzles through you, you don’t trust yourself in the slightest. You put yourself in your creator’s hands.

There’s a seam on the back of your suit. Dirk runs a finger along it and it spreads open. The sensation of the cotton sheet on your back is already too much to bear, but followed up with his hand stripping your suit away is too much again, another sensory overload. And before it’s even down your shoulders in the front, Dirk has to rear back onto his knees to wrestle himself out of his sleeveless shirt. He’s--well, he’s you. Of course you’d think you’re attractive. But the aesthetic of it seems so different from just looking at it through webcams. Then, there wasn’t the potential of feeling the downy hairs just below his navel grazing against your own stomach. Now, your wires tighten at the prospect.

“You have to tell me,” Dirk says between precision strikes of his mouth across your throat and shoulders. “You have to tell me right away if anything doesn’t feel right, or if it’s too much.”

“I promise--” and then you seize again as he peels you out of your second skin, leaves you naked to
the waist. It takes a moment for your fans to kick back online, leaving you breathing hard, and in that time Dirk was able to catch one of your hands in his, move it above your head, and leave it there, as effective at immobilizing you as if he’d cuffed and chained you to the bed itself. Just the thought of being delightfully terrorized like this for as long as he’ll have you has your hips rocketing off the mattress again, crashing into Dirk’s—he’s just as hard as you, just hidden better in the sag of his jeans, and it’s attention from another dick along your dick so of course you’re orgasming again, unable to help yourself in the throes of ecstasy.

It would be embarrassing if Dirk wasn’t actively encouraging it. Wallowing in it, even, looking giddy with how sensitive you are to his ministrations. You should have known, really, that he wanted to fuck the robot the first chance he got. There will never be a more perfect lover. For either of you. You know each other so well, inside and out, and there’s still so much to explore.

Dirk darts his hand under your spandex, finds the jut of your hip first, follows your tendons to where you’re straining hard. Just glancing contact against your boner has you screaming again in delight. And then he closes his hand around, and strokes. Almost soft, the pressure of it, and his skin against yours, but with purpose, and deliberate speed. It’s perfect. Of course it is. And he has you bucking up into his hand again, and again, and again, chasing down every bit of pleasure he’s spoon-feeding you so you can gorge yourself on it until you get your fill. “Do you seriously come every time I do something?”

“It’s so much,” is your excuse. It’s all so much, all of it, all at once, and maybe what pushes over the edge into being too much is just the proximity of it, the closeness, that someone else is willing to touch you after you went so bereft for so long.

Dirk lets out a breath between his teeth that would have been a whistle, if either of you knew how to whistle. “Holy shit. How many times have you gotten off by now?”

“Seventeen,” you answer him automatically. He pumps his hand again and your voicebox skips offline in an excited fax machine squawk before you stutter out “Eighteen.”

“You’re fucking insatiable,” he says, looking entirely too pleased with himself--especially now that he’s taken his hand off your robo-dick. “Hips up.”

Because you’re getting naked. All your skin is exposed square inch by square inch as Dirk peels the suit off your legs; before he climbs back onto the bed, he shucks his own pants. Before you even have to ask, he’s pressing his body weight into you, making you melt into the mattress, and you convulse against him, driven absolutely bugfuck insane for the nineteenth time. “L-l-l-l,” is the nonsense noise that comes out of you when you next try to make words. “Llllllosing oral…” hnn, oral. “Communication. Abilities.” Stuff. Things. “Thoughts?”

“Punch the bed so hard it squeaks if you need me to stop. Or slow down. Like, at all.” Dirk pulls back far enough that you can see his face. “And we both need to learn ASL ASAP.”

“Eight, yes, under you.”

Dirk rears back further draws his pinched thumb and forefinger across his mouth—the universal sign for shut the fuck up or so help me. “You lookin’ to get fucked?”

The noise that comes out of you is terrifyingly sincere. Just in case Dirk doesn’t get the message, you nod so fast you worry for your neck hinges. God, yes. Yes, that, yes. And of course he knows you want it, and of course he knows it’ll turn you on just to say it like that: so crudely, so casually. You want him in you--you’re so far gone that just thinking that ratchets you up to twenty, coils your wires even tighter.
“Then open your legs.” Dismissive, almost distracted. Oh. Because he’s not stupid. Fussy, but not stupid. When you get his attention back from where he was rummaging in his nightstand drawer, he’s holding an unmarked travel-size bottle of… Well, you can figure out that it’s meant to be lubrication, even though your higher processing powers have fucked clear off by now, but it’s got a golden tinge to it and it moves a little sluggishly from bottom to top when Dirk tips the container in his hand. “I thought I told you to trust me,” Dirk reminds you. “It’s safe. For you, and for latex. But not yet.”

When he ducks back down to touch you again, his mouth starts traveling in an erratic line from your jaw down your chest. There’s teeth, a little--just a hint, just nipping, not even enough to bring color to your supernaturally pale skin--but enough of a threat that it makes you prickle on the inside. And he keeps going down. And further down, mouth making a wet mess of your skin as he tongues at your stomach, your superfluous navel--dipping his tongue in again, and again, and again, until you look down and catch his eyes and the wonderful, malicious intent lighting them on fire.

That’s when he tucks his face against the inside of your thigh, licks up until he meets the seam of your leg, and follows that path until he’s at the base of your cock.

He’s going to suck your dick. He’s going to suck your dick. Your shit, you fully realize, has been more than adequately wrecked since he started touching you, but this might actually smash you to sparkling pieces. You can’t keep eye contact with him for long before the sensation rushing through your skin and the thoughts churning in your synthetic brain leave you too overloaded to function. And that’s before he mouths up your shaft, curls his tongue around the bellend, and sinks his lips down onto you.

You’re not sure when one overload stops and the next one takes off. It started the second he put his mouth on your cock and hasn’t let up even as he’s hollowed his cheeks and taken in as much as he can. Oh, it’s fucking exquisite. The inside of his mouth is so--you’re so sensitive you swear you can feel the individual bumps of his tongue, count each ridge of the roof of his mouth--the incredible delicate pressure as he literally sucks at you, then slurps off, just to repeat the process again--you wish you had your full faculties just to tell him what a good little cocksucker he is. Because that’s what you’d want to hear. Because you know that’s what he needs. All you can manage, though, is the delicate warble of chirring dial-up noises glitching out of your voicebox as he keeps you on this impossible plateau. For minutes, drawing it out, teasing himself just as much as he’s teasing you.

Dirk only pops off once he really, truly needs to take a breath; he gasps it in, resting his forehead on the top of your thigh, and--you haven’t been breathing. His skin feels almost cool against yours. Without that insistent override of overload rushing through you, you can finally remember to literally keep your cool, and your fans oscillate loudly, pulse thumping coolant to your system as efficiently as it can to keep you regulated. Meanwhile, you’re trying not to panic because he said--he promised--why did he stop-- “Cool down,” and you don’t know if he’s saying it to you or himself, “and we can keep going.”

Right. Cooling down. That thing your body doesn’t want you to do. It wants to chase that high until it kills you, probably, or at least destroys this chassis. You don’t want to admit it, but for now, you might actually be as much of a delicate flower as Dirk is treating you. Your circuitry has never been stress-tested like this, and while it’s holding up admirably, you might be dangerously close to a literal aneurysm if you don’t take it down a notch.

Your breathing reaches a steady cadence, right alongside Dirk’s. It’s almost meditative. Almost, until he starts crawling up you again, hips between your legs keeping them held apart, keeping you
open and vulnerable. “Think you can go just a little bit more?”

“Hh,” crackles out of your voicebox. “I want to.”

“Good--you’re so close but I’m not done with you yet--just wait,” heavy with promises, and he reaches for the lubricant, flips open the cap, dribbles some on his fingers.

Reintroducing his hands to your parts is an exercise in patience. You’re trying, fuck him, you’re trying not to be so fucking easy, but the second his wrist glances across your dick your circuits are already primed to blow. It’s a little easier when the next sensation is… not so immediately erotic. The area Dirk’s touching, yes, but it’s unnerving that it’s wet. Even though you have to admit that the trail of Dirk’s fingertips from your sac to your perineum to your hole is almost too intimate to bear.

“Keep breathing,” Dirk says, his fingers dawdling just outside. Warming up the slick of the lube as it sits against your skin. “Your valve doesn’t exactly work like the human model, but I think you’ll like it better.”

One finger breaches—easy, smooth, glide—seats in you to the knuckle, and your optics are flirting with going offline. “Yes,” you hiss at him over the static of your voicebox, and your circuits have looped closed again, you’ve tipped over into bliss. It’s better. It’s so much better. You were—not scared, a Strider is never scared, but trepidatious that it would be uncomfortable. That it would hurt. No, this—there’s a definite feeling of accommodation, a stretch filled by the solidity of Dirk’s finger, but nothing in the vicinity of pain.

Pulling out—your optic inputs come back into focus, and you were not prepared for Dirk’s eyes settled with such intent on yours. Two fingers this time, a little slower, and you still dilate to let him fit, but it’s. It’s good. It’s so good. Like you never noticed something was missing from your perfect new chassis until he showed you exactly what it was. Dirk pulls apart his fingers, scissors them in you, twists them to touch every intimate part inside you, and you’re nearly screaming with the force of your overload. “Hey, shh, patience, we’re almost there, I think you’re ready--are you ready for me?”

You mean to say words, you really do. You’d even be fine with one of your earlier whines or moans. The dial-up noises would maybe still be endearing. But you end up letting out a stream of cusses that come out in a sort of repair droid tone, swearing up a blue streak and threatening him that if he doesn’t fuck you right now--

“All right, Artoo, easy,” fuck, he has to get his fingers out before anything else can go in. Lube-slippery fingers fumbling with a foil pouch, and then. Then his body slots against yours, matching you perfectly inch for inch. He lines up, gives you just enough teasing pressure, and tips.

In.

It’s—it’s—“perfect” doesn’t even begin to describe. It’s everything you wanted out of this. Under your skin is nothing but a mess of overheated, abused wiring sending currents of yes this forever to every part of you. You think you may have figuratively screamed yourself hoarse; your voicebox isn’t responding, and you probably subconsciously shut it off from any input so you wouldn’t blow a fuse. Your HUD is glitching, but what’s important is what you can still see through the fuzz: Dirk’s eyes holding you steady, not letting you escape from this. Your proprioception is haphazard at best. What makes the most sense is looping your arms around Dirk’s neck, letting your thighs fall apart, and cataloguing every place your bodies touch; he can keep you grounded right now.

His thrusts are smooth, the tempo calculated. Not that he’s taking his time necessarily, but that he’s
putting in the effort to leave you thoroughly fucked. There’s some bundle of sensory nodes tucked up inside you, towards the front, and he slides along it with just the right amount of pressure every single time he enters you. Even breathing in his sex-sweat is too much for you right now.

Dirk takes you, hard and well, leaving no sense intact on his way to leaving you an incoherent mess. He’s pouring some nonsense words into your nonfunctional ears, like enough of your gray matter is online to parse meaning into it—little syllables like your name, the tiniest broken vowels as he starts to lose his composure. “God, Hal, you’re so good, you’re almost there, you’ve been so good, let it come—”

He presses his forehead to yours, squirms his hips against you so he’s as inseparable from you as it’s possible to get, and you short out.

This time, vision comes back first. Then, taste—a coppery, human element tucked right under your tongue. Touch, the microfiber cloth Dirk runs along your synthetic skin, wicking away any moisture or lubrication threatening to find invisible seams in your silicone and eat at your internals. You follow the shape of his mouth as he talks to you, and proprioception staggers back just as Dirk’s cleaning cloth finds the back of one of your knees, bends it in so he has leverage to reach your sensitive bits. Smell—fuck. Literally. Fuck. It reeks of sex on this mattress now. Can robots take showers? Is that a thing you’re allowed to do? (You’re not so far removed from Dirk that you don’t take pleasure in the same small things in life.)

Hey, Dirk’s mouthing at you. You in there? Oh, right. Hearing. It wasn’t quite that you couldn’t, it’s that something got un-synched between your ears and your processors that kept you from getting it. You fix the connection and give him an OK sign with your hand. This ASL thing can’t be too hard.

“Feel good?”

“Yeah.” Something’s over-synthesized in your voicebox. You’ll take it, so long as it’s not completely burnt out after what you just put it through.

“Got it out of your system?”

You take a quick inventory. Yes, quick. You’re able to do this with some efficiency now, sweeping from scalp to soles for a systems check. Everything’s still here, yes. And Dirk’s still touching you, and you’re both still naked, but nothing’s as… raw. Nothing that craves attention. “Not all of it, I hope.”

Dirk laughs. It’s a rare sound, and too brief, but it lights up parts of your brain that tell you here and him and home. “Come on,” he tells you, stepping back to pull his jeans back up his legs. “Get your suit back on, I’m making you food.”

Food. Food. You can eat. You’re not sure if you have to, for nourishment, but—it’s a thing. You can do. If you want to. And you sure as hell want to. “Let’s go for the hedonism high score.”