

ANDROID BEDMATES FOR SALE

Shirley viewed the hollosign skeptically. 3,000 new dollars was awfully high, even for the new generation mandroids.

This droid, standing nude before her on its display stand, watched her in turn. It said, "I can give you a first class fucking."

She smiled wryly. "Can you?" She handled its 7 organ. "Get hard."

The artificial, realistic flesh firmed dramatically. It warmed nicely in her hand.

A redheaded Helen came over from inspecting a nearby display of mantoys. She said to Shirley, "Get the D-9 model. They have marvelous depth control and very sensitive feedback."

Shirley said, "I don't like extreme penetration." Helens were notorious for liking all-out 9 fucking.

The Helen shrugged and walked away to merge with a small crowd of women---mostly Anns and Barbs---at a Lez boutique showing a fisting technique holo.

An old Patricia sales girl came to Shirley. "This one has a working life of twenty-five years. He knows all the positions and techniques."

"I'm looking for companionship as well as sex."

"Aren't we all." The Patricia stroked the android's wonderfully muscled back. "It can be instantly conditioned and instructed to suit you. It becomes as much a man as we can create. He'll love you and need you for all of his life."

The droid said, "I dislike being here, waiting for a beautiful woman to want me. Please take me."

The Patricia asked Shirley, "Will this be your first owned mandroid?"

"Yes. I've about decided to settle down with one for a long time. I'm tired of renting."

"Good. "I've outlived two of them, and if I was free and wealthy enough, I'd buy one of these. I've studied the historical records and the ancient vid dramas and the books. These new ones, with their layered plasma brains and high empathy levels, are marvelous creations. Almost as good as..."

The women's thoughts focused on what had happened to the real men in the past---the man-killing virus that had swiftly wiped out all men on the

planet, leaving the women to die off until a few scientists had perfected parthenogenesis.

Now 19 woman types populated the planet in a peaceful civilization with a warped culture of lesbians and lonely women using artificial men.

Shirley sighed. "All right, I'll try it. Are there warranties?"

"Of course. Five years on body functions and two years on mind fixes. There are mandatory instruction classes you must attend. In a few weeks you'll have a loving, attentive man in your home, no longer an it. Start thinking of a name for him."

"I like Steve."

The mandroid said, "I am Steve."

END FLASH FICTION #1