



Vanessa bit into the last cold grape on Venus Space Station One. Her mind was not completely fixated on the juice filling her mouth. She found herself wondering if she would ever be with a man again. A flood of emotion passed through her. Feeling suffocated, she opened the window shield of her lab. For the first time in five years, being surrounded by colorless sulfuric acid clouds filled her with dread.

Stepping into the crisp, simulated winter air, she took off running through the station's jogging tunnel. That familiar runner's high filled her senses, lifting her spirits. She plunged her legs forward, feeling every muscle. For too long she had been absorbed in her work. Robots! How had she become so obsessed with metallic men? Especially Primo!

Primo was by far her favorite Robot. He had been her first creation, and she was forever changing his parts. As for Primo, he always made sure he was in Vanessa's vicinity of the station. She designed him to always know when she wanted him, or wanted anything at all. She never had to say a word, he knew her every thought. He obeyed her every whim. But lately, Vanessa felt as if Primo didn't have everything she desired. He was, after all, a robot. Not a man.

Vanessa stared at the row of motionless robots standing like chess pieces up against her lab wall. Their personalized faces made each one look different. She had won umpteen awards for the facial designs and unique personalities she gave her robots. But now, their metallic expressions seemed too cold for her, even Primo's.

Primo was the only robot she had activated at the moment, so she pulled out a cloth and shined his faceplate. As she did, he closed his eyes. She rubbed his cheeks until light beamed off his metal. When she looked into his face, she wondered what was missing. He turned away and walked out of her lab.



Written by Diana Kaaha

Vanessa felt restless, and she had the urge to let loose. Standing next to the metal island in the middle of her lab, she whirled around, wondering where to start. First she grabbed loose equipment, piling it on top of the island. She didn't care that in her frenzy she toppled the deactivated robots, tipping them over like dominoes along one of the metal walls, crashing onto the floor.

What kind of craze was she going through? She didn't know, but she couldn't stop the flow of energy as she pulled awards and diagrams off the walls. The robots were another story. She activated them all, and when they were all standing again, she told them to go to the other side of the station and shut themselves down.

As the robots filed out, Primo stepped back in. He quietly moved the rest of the contents of her lab to one corner. When he was done, Vanessa scanned the space with new inspiration.

"Warm Red walls," she said out loud, wrapping her arms around herself. "I should have been stationed on Mars."

Primo followed her as she made a beeline down the long silver hall to the station's storage unit. Together, they searched the décor bins embedded in the walls for crimson red paint. When they came upon the perfect color, Primo carried back enough of the red paint for Vanessa to cover a rocket ship.

Back in her lab and still on a high, she painted her lab, while Primo painted the walls of her connecting private room. By the time all the metal tables, walls, and ceiling were red, the sky peering through her lab window had darkened. She barely waited for the paint to dry before rearranging her lab. Two hours later, it looked as if she had stepped into another world.



RED PASSION

THINKAHOLICS STORY

Surrounded by red, a longing feeling overwhelmed her entire body. A hot shower did nothing to ease the desire she had buried for so long. She rubbed lotion all over, until every inch of her skin felt moist. The towel fell from her head. She shook her hair free, letting its wetness fall down her back. As it did, five years of loneliness came rushing over her. She looked up. Primo came in and stood against the wall. How she longed to have a real man's arms around her.

She slipped into a silky black slip, feeling its softness slide down her skin. Her body ached. Primo turned on the radio to soft, synthesized Reggae. Vanessa moved slowly as a long mirror slid down the red wall from the ceiling. Lush-lashed violet eyes stared back at her. Sleek strawberry blond hair framed her porcelain face. She let her hips sway to the music, her hands pushing her hair up. Stirrings from long ago welled up inside her. She felt Primo's eyes on her, making her quiver unexpectedly.

Closing her eyes, she ran her hands over her breasts and down the curve of her hips. She felt wild, crazed. A wave of panic shot up her spine. Had she waited too long? She brushed her fingers against her lips, letting her desire consume her. She opened her eyes, determined to do something about it.

Quickly, she sorted through her email, looking for the invitation to the New Year's Eve party on Venus Space Station Nine. Upon finding it, she stepped into her private room to her clothes cubicle to look for the black dress she'd designed herself. When she got there, Primo was already waiting with a bottle of champagne and her dress draped over his metallic arm.

Vanessa sipped champagne as she dressed for the party. She felt Primo watching her slip into her dress. Something came over her as the sheer fabric draped along the curves of her body and down the side of one leg. Never had she felt this way before, but then she'd never gone five years without a flesh-and-blood man. Primo sprayed rose perfume in the air. Time seemed to slow down.



RED PASSION

THINKAHOLICS STORY

The scent of roses fell lightly over her loosely pinned hair and bare shoulders. She stepped back into her lab, feeling the silkiness of her dress sliding over her hips and thighs, all the way down to one ankle.

Escorted by Primo, she glided down the softly lit halls to the transport deck. Primo stood to the side as she slipped into her vehicle. Revving it up gave her a chill of excitement, and before she knew it, Primo was far behind and she was flying towards Space Station Nine. Alone!

When Vanessa arrived on the landing deck of Station Nine, she gave her vehicle to the valet, feeling his eyes on her. She smiled at him, walking up the narrow silver steps slowly, knowing he was watching. Once at the party inside the main deck, she looked around for someone she might know. There wasn't a person who looked familiar. Robots of her design served appetizers to a crowd of men and women dressed up in an array of space attire. Sultry music filled the room, caressing her from the inside out. Champagne flowed from an oblong fountain. She picked up an overflowing glass. Cool bubbles spilled over the sides and onto her fingers.

A dark, warm hand suddenly appeared beneath hers, holding a white linen handkerchief. She stood still as the stranger dabbed champagne off her fingers. Tingles ran up her spine. She looked up. A tall exotic man, with piercing green eyes, held her in his gaze.

"Our secret," he whispered as he tucked the handkerchief into his sleek black jumpsuit.

"Thank you," Vanessa replied, her face flushing. She felt a pull towards this handsome man, but she held herself back.

As she tried to compose herself, a busty blond woman in a tight red bodysuit wrapped her arms around the man's arm. The busty woman looked at Vanessa and moved closer to the man. Vanessa stepped back, sipping more champagne. Feeling attracted to a man she knew nothing about suddenly felt foolish. Pretending to see a friend, she slipped away through the crowd.



RED PASSION

THINKAHOLICS STORY

Vanessa stood alone next to an ice sculpture, wondering if she had kept to herself for too long. Being alone had at least allowed her to become one of the most sought after robot designers in the galaxy. Few women had ever earned the prestige she had. But tonight, robots were the last thing on her mind.

Lost in thought, Vanessa was startled when she noticed the exotic man staring at her from across the room. He lifted his glass, once again holding her with his green-eyed gaze. The crowd of people between them looked a blur. He began moving through the haze, closer to her, until he stood with his hand on her shoulder and leaned in close.

“Come with me,” he said softly, his lips brushing against her ear.

The warmth of his mouth against her ear sent quivers down her neck. “Okay,” she managed to say.

He took her hand in his and kissed her fingertips. “Good,” he murmured, lifting her hand to his cheek.

Time suddenly had no meaning. He leaned down and pressed his mouth lightly on hers. Her head fell back, and the rest of the universe seemed to disappear.

As he led her to his vehicle, she realized she did not know his name. She had no idea where he was taking her. She dared not break the spell with questions. By the time they were flying away from Station Nine, the intoxicating scent of his maleness swept her away.

Upon arriving on brightly lit space station, he leaned over, softly kissing her mouth. He slid his hand along her arm and up her neck to her cheek. Then he pulled away. Why did he stop? Didn't he feel her heart pounding? Her whole body was in a visceral state of shock. Five years was a long time to make up for.



RED PASSION

THINKAHOLICS STORY

The night felt charged, as if she was on a magical trip. She felt as if she had known this man all her life. When he slipped his arm around her, she put hers around him. They walked beneath the translucent ceiling beneath the darkness into the glow of a nightclub. Candlelight and a blazing fire lit the place. He took her hand and led her to a red velvet loveseat by the fire.

A bottle of champagne seemed to appear out of nowhere. He held her glass, looking at her while a robot waiter poured champagne into it. He lowered it to her lips and watched her take a sip. She could feel his eyes sinking into her. She felt magnetized to him when he put his hand on hers. Their fingers slipped through each other. His smooth dark skin melted over her pale hand, like chocolate over powdered sugar.

“I want you,” he said, pulling her so close that her lips felt the heat from his. His hypnotic gaze made her want to give in and never stop. “Dance with me,” he whispered.

He swept her onto the luminescent dance floor. Their bodies came together like pieces in a puzzle. She never wanted this man to go away. Their hips pressed close as she wrapped her arms around his neck to a slow song. The warmth of his body spread through hers, and she closed her eyes.

As their bodies moved together, the room lit up. Silver and gold confetti fell from the ceiling. Cheering voices filled the nightclub as robots melodically synthesized the “Old Ensign” song. They fell into a deep kiss as the New Year rang in 3003. A flood of emotions that she had not felt for eons surged through her.

The song came to a stop, but the pull of desire kept her in his arms. All she could think about was being alone with this nameless man. He escorted her off the dance floor, her hand in his. He glanced at her, his eyes melting into her very being. Where they were going she did not care. The warmth of his hand consumed her, and she wanted to feel the heat of him all over her.



RED PASSION

THINKAHOLICS STORY

The man led her back to his vehicle, and once inside, he pressed his mouth firmly on hers. She felt his need for her. The world slipped away, her body going limp as their mouths merged. She never wanted this feeling to end. She dared not tell him how long it had been since she had felt the lips of a real man. Would it scare him away? A shudder of fear rushed down her spine.

His lips left hers, and he pulled back his gaze far enough to see her whole face. "Let's go," he said, pushing a strand of hair off her face. "Your place?"

"My place," she whispered, feeling breathless. She looked at him, realizing he wanted to go back to her lab. She was not going to be alone with cold metallic men tonight. "Station One," she said, pressing her dress over her thighs.

He booted up his vehicle. They flew downward, below the clouds into the hazy yellow glow of Venus and back up and into the dark sulfuric atmosphere. Not another word was said as they eased onto her station's landing deck.

Primo greeted Vanessa and the man as they stepped out of the vehicle and then he quickly disappeared. Vanessa could only think of one thing - getting this man into her private room. She reached for his hand as his reached for hers. They stepped off the landing deck and walked down the long silver-walled hall.

The door to her lab slid open as they approached it. The light automatically turned on, and she pressed her hand over the control panel to soften the brightness. Her lab glowed a warm red, seeping inside her cells and unleashing her longings like an avalanche of comets. She felt the heat rise between them, and from the squeeze of his hand she knew he felt it too.



Vanessa felt so drawn to this exotic man that she could hardly believe he was actually inside her lab. Never had a man seemed so alive. Never had she felt so alive. How she wanted him. How she feared he might go away before she felt every inch of his warm flesh pressed against hers. The rush of emotion was almost too hard to take.

Inside her lab, she studied the man's broad shoulders and toned physique, while he looked at her robot diagrams on the computer screen. When his green-eyed gaze fell back onto her, she wanted to pull him into her private room and let her dress drop to the floor. She imagined his eyes on her nakedness, feeling overpowered by the mere thought of it.

"So," he said, looking slightly amused. "You're the famous Dr. Vanessa Sloan."

She was taken aback, afraid that her illustrious reputation had broken the enchantment. "Just Vanessa, tonight," she said, moving close to him and sliding her hand up his chest to the back of his neck. She hoped he'd forget who she was and kiss her.

But he didn't kiss her. He ran the palm of his hand over the smoothness of her cheek and smiled. "I knew there was more to you than this sexy exterior." He leaned back and admired her slowly. His hands cupped her whole face and he kissed her lips softly. "I want more than just one night," he said in a sultry voice. "I want to know you."

Vanessa wanted to know him, too, but she wanted to know him now, tonight. She needed one endless night of passion. "I want to know you too," she managed to say. Her body tingled in all the places she longed to be touched.

"I'm going to go now, before I can't tear myself away from you," he said. "But I'll be back."



No! How could he go! What if she never saw him again? “Please stay,” she pleaded, wrapping her arms around him and kissing him so passionately that she was sure he would change his mind.

“Soon,” he said, catching his breath as he moved towards her lab door. “I promise.”

“But I don’t know your name,” she called out, not afraid to break the spell anymore.

He stopped in the doorway, gave her a longing look, and came rushing back to her, pressing his lips full onto hers. He pulled back, as if he had to force himself to do so. “My name is Brolin,” he said. “And you should know that I could become very obsessed with you.” He stepped away from her, holding the tips of her fingers a while before letting go.

Vanessa stood in the doorway watching Brolin vanish down the hall. She wanted to run after him, but she held herself back. As she stood there, feeling the swell of desire swirling inside her body, Primo tapped her on her shoulder.

“Deactivate yourself,” she said without turning around. “You should’ve known that.” She wondered if that was what she really wanted. No wonder Primo was confused.

The only sound she heard was Primo situating himself against the wall, and the down whir of his deactivation panel. She wished she could turn around and see Brolin’s face, not Primo’s cold metallic one. Somehow she had to get Brolin off her mind.

Vanessa waved a hand over the main control panel, and her computer console rose from her design station. Heat vibrations from the red walls pulsed inside her brain. She sat down, letting the silkiness of her dress send quivers over her skin as she stared at her latest robot design on the screen. Pressing her fingertips on the iridescent sketchpad, she began chiseling a new faceplate.



RED PASSION

THINKAHOLICS STORY

Brolin's features suddenly took shape right down to his green eyes, but his human warmth was absent. Still, she set the new faceplate printing on her robotic printer.

The Brolin-etched faceplate rolled out of the printer. She picked it up while it was still warm, but it cooled much faster than she wanted. Laying it on the table, she looked into its still green eyes. Without the real man behind them, nothing was there.

A thought came to her. Primo automatically appeared at her side. She glanced at the faceplate on the table and then at Primo. He stepped in front of Vanessa and closed his eyes. She peeled off his faceplate and replaced it with the metallic Brolin face. For a split-second she almost believed Primo was Brolin. But Primo's metallic coolness shone through, making her body ache for Brolin's warm touch.

Vanessa went into her private room, knowing Primo would follow. She let her dress fall from her body as a padded table rose from the floor. Lying face first on the table, she was ready for Primo's smooth hands to massage her with warm rose-scented oil. The tension melted out of her muscles. But, all the while, she longed for the feel of Brolin.

The water was ready and hot when she got to the shower, and Primo was waiting with a towel and a red silk robe when she got out. She wrapped the towel around her body, letting down her hair and shaking it free. Dropping the towel and slinging the robe over her shoulder, she went into her lab, naked. The ventilator breeze blew lightly on her bare moist skin. The red surroundings penetrated her every cell, sending her into a frenzy of desire that she was not sure she could control.

"Primo," she called out. He stood in front of her with his Brolin face and the robe held open. She slipped into it, and he closed it around her body.



RED PASSION

THINKAHOLICS STORY

A signal from the landing deck sounded. The hum of her lab suddenly seemed louder, and her entire body tingled. Primo took her hand and led her to the landing deck as a vehicle set down. He turned around and walked away. When the vehicle door swung open, Brolin stepped out. He held out a bouquet of glowing red roses in one hand.

“All the way from Mars,” he said, stepping close to her.

Vanessa could hardly breathe. Brolin was back, and with red roses from Mars. She took them, letting her hand touch his as she inhaled the rose’s intoxicating fragrance. “Thank you,” she said, as she moved into his embrace.

His mouth found hers, crushing with such overpowering passion that the roses fell out of her hands onto the floor. Without a word, they headed to her lab, kissing as they walked pressed together. Once in her lab, Brolin lifted her onto a table and wrapped her legs around him. He kissed her face and neck, easing the robe off her shoulders. The robe slid off her breasts, and he followed with his lips. Her head fell back, and he slowly lowered her back until she was lying on the table. Her robe slipped off her arms, leaving her naked. He ran a finger lightly down the center of her body and then back up to her lips. He kissed her chin and neck, down the smoothness of her skin to her navel and kept going, stopping just as she was about to let everything go.

“Not yet,” he whispered. He returned his lips to her lips, kissing them as he carried her to her bed.

Brolin stood above her, looking at her as he unzipped his black jumpsuit. Vanessa watched his every muscle move as he undressed. His skin was dark, and he did not have a hair on his body. He was every inch a physical man, and she could not take her eyes off him. He lowered himself onto her and she felt her body merge with his. Long forgotten waves of pleasure engulfed her as he moved into her, and she felt her body explode with his. But she needed more. She wasn’t sure she could ever get enough of this man, Brolin.



“More,” she whispered into Brolin’s face. “More.”

“Yes, Vanessa,” he said, as his desire rose with hers. “More.”

She sank her cheek into his chest, exploring him as he had explored her. Primo quietly came in and stood against the wall. Vanessa felt his presence, knowing she had called him into the room for the night. Moving slowly, she kissed her way down the heat of Brolin’s torso, dizzying herself with the taste of him. He rolled her onto the middle of the bed and kissed her mouth, plunging into her until her body arched against him, releasing years of ignored needs. All night long, their bodies intertwined until they both fell limp from each other’s arms.

When she awoke, Brolin was gone. Primo immediately appeared by the bed with a gold mesh bag filled with red grapes. Where had the grapes come from? Primo handed her a gold note. Vanessa sat up, aching for Brolin’s body.

The note was from Brolin. “I want to know you more,” she read out loud. She held the note to her breast as Primo sat down on the bed next to her. She slid her hand down his arm, clasping his hand with both of hers. The note floated to the floor.

Primo’s metallic skin felt cool and smooth. She looked at his Brolin faceplate, and the urge to design something new overcame her. She went into her lab and sat in front of her console. Primo followed her. He hooked the bag of grapes to his belt and stood behind her, massaging her neck and shoulders. As his metallic fingers sank into her muscles, she thought of Brolin. She put her hand on the sketchpad, moving her fingers slowly as she methodically captured Brolin’s maleness in a new full-bodyplate design. She leaned back to look at her full frontal creation, and then she looked at Primo.



Primo waved his hand over the main control panel, and a man-sized table rose from the floor. He climbed onto it and lay down, while Vanessa set the new metallic bodyplate to print. She gently pulled off Primo's bodyplate. Then, while the new Brolin-styled bodyplate was still warm, she pressed it onto Primo.

Primo swung his legs over the side of the table and stood in front of her. She touched his broad chest, feeling the smooth metallic skin that she wondered if she could ever make warm. A surge of heat suddenly passed through her, sending Primo out of the room. A moment later, he returned with a container. He held it out, his Brolin green eyes fixed on her.

Vanessa took the container and looked inside. "You always know what I want," she said, dipping her fingers into the creamy red paint and looking at Primo.

Primo moved close to her. She dipped her fingers deeper into the paint, and then rubbed its redness all over Primo's chest. He closed his eyes. She rubbed paint on his metallic arms and legs, and when his entire body was crimson red, he turned around slowly so Vanessa could look at him. He was still wet, but she wanted to touch him. He moved closer. When the palm of her hand met his metallic red skin, it felt warm. But something was still missing.

"Brolin," she whispered, her body aching for his warm human touch.

Primo walked out of Vanessa's lab as the landing deck's arrival signal sounded. She was lost in thoughts of Brolin and wrapping her arms around the silkiness of her robe when Primo appeared in the lab doorway. Brolin stood at his side. She felt the heat of him. Primo moved aside and stood next to Vanessa.

"I see you've missed me," Brolin said, his green eyes admiring Primo's new look, and then admiring her.



RED PASSION

THINKAHOLICS STORY

Vanessa glanced down, not knowing if she should feel embarrassed or not. A magnetic pull swept over her, and she rushed into Brolin's embrace. His body melted into hers, his mouth crushing over her wet lips. Primo lowered the lights, turned on a soft song, picked up the bag of grapes, and stood alone in the hall.

Vanessa opened her eyes as Brolin kissed her neck. Through her lab door she saw Primo open the gold mesh bag, pull out a cold grape, and slip it into his mouth. When he bit into it, she saw a look she had never seen before on any of his metallic faces. He seemed completely absorbed by the juice of the grape filling his mouth. He looked at her, and their eyes met. She felt the heat from his green-eyed metallic gaze, and she suddenly felt the warmth she had been waiting to feel from him for so long.

Primo stepped back into the lab. As he did, Brolin turned Vanessa around and led her into her private room. She felt torn, not wanting to part with Primo. As she went with Brolin, she knew Primo was following them through the doorway. During those torturous moments, Vanessa's mind went back and forth, wanting Brolin and then wanting Primo. What was happening to her? As her thoughts oscillated, Primo stepped in and out of the doorway of her private room. Brolin tugged on her, pulling her with more force than she wanted.

Primo suddenly came into the room. Brolin untied her robe, pulled it off, and laid her on the bed. While Brolin kissed her neck, circling his mouth around her breasts, Vanessa could not take her eyes off Primo's broad shoulders and toned physique silhouetted against the soft light glowing around his manly presence.



A heated spark from his green metallic gaze held hers. He lowered the lights, turned on a slow, slow, slow song, all the while his green metallic eyes watching Brolin slowly kiss the curves of her naked body. She wanted Primo, not Brolin.

But how could that be?

Brolin's mouth sliding down her body momentarily swept her mind into a place she could not control. Brolin's body came down onto hers. She thought of Primo, not Brolin. As her body merged with Brolin's, her mind merged with Primo's. Her back arched beneath Brolin, again and again, how long she was not sure. Waves of pure ecstasy flooded the base of her spine, the center of her being, and once again, she let herself go.

"Primo," she cried out as Brolin's mouth covered hers. Primo moved closer to the bed. Vanessa's arms fell limp from Brolin's muscled back.

Brolin rolled off her and sat up, his chest glistening under the soft lights. "Primo?" he questioned, his face looking hurt. "You called out your robot's name? I don't understand."

"I'm sorry," she said, feeling both ashamed and elated at the same time. "Primo is more than just a robot." She looked into Primo's warm gaze. "We have a connection I can't explain. He knows me."

"I wanted to know you, too," Brolin said, as he stood up and brushed his hair off his face.

"How can I make it up to you?" she said, as Primo sat by her side. How she longed for Primo to touch her as Brolin had, every inch of her. She took in a deep breath to compose herself.



“You can’t,” Brolin said, sounding angry as he zipped up his jumpsuit. “I can see that you want to be alone with your robot.”

Primo put his hand on Vanessa’s thigh. The heat from his hand quivered through her, and she kissed Primo for the first time. How warm his lips felt – as warm as Brolin’s had been a moment ago. She had to struggle with an overpowering urge to fall back onto the bed, and let Primo take over her body. She forced herself to stand up and face Brolin.

Brolin stood in the doorway, his eyes downcast. She could not end it like this. As thoughts swirled through her head, Primo wrapped Vanessa’s robe around her. She held it closed. Primo walked past Brolin and left the room.

She took Brolin’s hand. “Please, let me do something for you,” she whispered to him as she led him into her design station.

“I don’t need you to do anything for me,” Brolin said, his voice not entirely convincing.

Vanessa sat down at her computer and a diagram of a female robot appeared on the screen. She sketched a new frontplate and full-bodyplate. Brolin stood by her side, watching, his arms folded across his chest. A moment later Primo walked in with a slim female robot.

Vanessa quickly sketched the final details. When she was done, the robot diagram had her strawberry blond hair, her lush-lashed violet eyes, her porcelain face, the fullness of her breasts, and the softness of her curves. Brolin’s breath quickened as he leaned closer to the screen. He did not utter a word.

In silence, Vanessa’s metallic likeness rolled out of the printer. Primo waved his hand over the main control panel and a woman-sized table rose from the floor. The slim female robot lay down, and Vanessa pressed the new faceplate and bodyplate onto her. When she was done, the Vanessa-cloned robot stood up and stood by Brolin’s side.



“She’s designed to always know what you want,” Vanessa said. “And she can learn to be just like me.”

Brolin looked at his Vanessa robot curiously. He put his hand on her arm, and pulled it back right away. “She’s cold.”

“I’m not done yet,” she said, as Primo held up a can of red paint. Vanessa put her fingers into it. She rubbed red paint on her new creation. “You can help.”

Brolin looked back and forth between Vanessa and his new robot. The look in his eyes told her he was definitely intrigued. He dipped his hand into the can, raising his fingers slowly, dripping red drops onto her smooth metallic skin. The creamy liquid slid between the robot’s breasts, and down to her navel. Brolin put his hand on her metallic skin, stopping the paint from dripping further as he rubbed its rich redness all over the robot’s body. Together, they covered her in red paint, just as Vanessa had done to Primo.

Vanessa stepped back as Primo pulled out a red grape from the gold mesh bag and slid it into the robot’s mouth. She bit into it, her eyes glistening as the juice ran down her metallic throat. Brolin reached in the bag and took a grape, pressed it into his robot’s mouth, watching closely as her violet eyes slightly rolled back.

“Touch her,” Vanessa whispered to Brolin.

Brolin put his hand on the robot’s red metallic arm as he had done before. This time he did not pull away. “She’s warm,” he said, moving closer to her.

“She’s yours,” Vanessa said. “Take her.”

Brolin nodded, his eyes on his robot as he led her through the lab door and down the long silver-walled hall.



RED PASSION

THINKAHOLICS STORY

Vanessa turned around. Primo stood in front of her, and she fell into his arms. She closed her eyes, letting his warmth encompass her. Their hips pressed close as she wrapped her arms around his neck as his lips met hers. His mouth felt warm against hers, sending a powerful surge of energy through her that no man had ever done before. Primo picked her up and carried her to her bed.

Vanessa sank into the bedcovers as he moved down her body, his mouth melting into all the places that even Brolin had missed. "Yes," she whispered. His warm metallic body moved over hers. She closed her eyes, knowing he would not stop, not until she wanted him to. He kept going, his body plunging again and again into hers. Don't stop! Not yet! She moaned under the heat of him, a flood of emotion overwhelming her. He was more than a man or a robot, and she knew down to every cell in her body that they belonged together.

When Vanessa awoke the next morning, Primo lay next to her. He kissed her mouth lightly, and her body was ready for him again. Before he gave in to her passion, he slipped a red grape between her lips. She bit into it, letting the juice run down her throat. He fed her another grape, and another, and another, before their bodies were lost again in the warmth of each other.