

Schooled by Mistress

Ph.D. in Android Science

1. Induction

I wake with a small start, suddenly brought back to the room by the tap of a telescopic pointer against a blackboard. Sitting in the centre of the front row seating of a small lecture hall, I see a woman with striking blonde hair standing at the front of the room, dressed in a black leather suit jacket and a vibrant white blouse. Her red lipstick and black-rimmed glasses shine in the room's light, coming from behind me from the overhead lamps. Her white pencil skirt reveals the black, silken nylon stockings running up her smooth legs. For a moment I think I see a flash of a black lace bra poking up from beneath the white fabric of her blouse, when her pointer taps again and brings my attention to what is written on the blackboard:

*Ms. Carol, Lecturer in Android Science
Android Programming 401*

“Welcome, class,” the woman says in a sultry, smooth voice – a voice that simultaneously feels both soothing and authoritative. “I am Mistress Carol, here to teach today's class – a class I know many of you have anticipated for a long time. I am sure all of you are going to learn some very valuable lessons in today's session, and all future sessions we have together. As you know, a Ph.D. involves extended research that expands our knowledge on a subject, and I know that is you are all here to study very hard.”

Glancing around, I see the lecture theatre seats are occupied by a handful of other people. There is quite a distance between me and any of the other students, with empty seats spanning a few metres. Out of the corner of my eye, I glance at the students to my left and right... both women, with stunning figures and crisp outfits. On my left, a brunette with shoulder-length wavy hair wearing a deep blue jacket and lighter shirt beneath that juts out with her large breasts, shoots me a look through her dark brown horn-rimmed glasses – one that is almost appraising

me on my position here. The other on my right, a platinum-blond with straight hair running down behind her back and a colourful blouse exposing her modest cleavage, has a big smile and almost seems to be stifling giggles, as she looks straight ahead to Mistress Carol at the front.

I take a quick glance around the rest of the room, and all the other students seem to be women. All attractive, sharply dressed; some wearing formal attire, some more casual – but all seemingly very interested in the class that is about to take place.

“Alright class, it’s time to begin today’s lesson.” Mistress Carol announces. “Look down in front of you and see the book that I have provided to everyone.” I do so, finding a spiral-bound notebook with a green cover. The title printed on the cover reads “*Android Programming Induction*”, with an odd motif below. Almost imperceptibly, there is a grain on the texture of the notebook that spirals around, with the centre of the spiral below the word ‘Induction’. I take a second to trace the swirls around with my eyes, seeing where the lines meet up... then a few more seconds... watching it spiral around and around... and suddenly I am brought back to the room by Mistress Carol’s pointer tapping her desk.

“Open your notebooks and find the first page printed on transparent plastic,” she says. I do as she instructs, seeing what is shown on that page. “You will see a diagram of an android’s outer shell, comprised of a very strong and stable metallic alloy. Focus on this image nice and hard.” As Mistress Carol speaks, I look at the image of the android on the page, and notice that it has a very attractive figure, strong and fit. The synthetic skin is pale, almost blending between white and metallic at the same time. The artificial hair and face look oddly familiar, almost as though it was what I see in the mirror every day...

“Despite it having softness and texture close to human skin, this shell can withstand heat, cold, mechanical strain, impact, and does not rust or degrade. An android must be able to remain functional even when their owner decides to ‘put them through the wringer’ and should always be able to take a little punishment.” Mistress Carol’s words come into my ears as I look down at the book, focusing on the image of the android shell as she instructed. “Even if the shell should take a scrape here or there, the material is self-healing and the android can return to use once it has resealed.”

“Now, turn the page,” she says. I do so, and beneath the image of the shell is a chiselled, muscular form – almost the perfect representation of male musculature. The artificial muscles are blended between black and dark grey, showing off the shading between the muscle fibres. The abs look unbendable, and the arms and legs ripple along their contours.

“This is where the android’s physical power comes from – artificial muscles and tendons that are actuated by its internal energy. With these, an android can perform any manual task required of him... holding a tray for hours on end, performing manual chores and cleaning around the house, propping up a table with drinks on his back, even. At the same time, the incredible fine motor control allows for softer actions whenever it is required, such as a massage or foot rub; or perhaps other... pleasurable pursuits.” The image seems to draw me in further, with my focus starting to blur the periphery of my vision.

“Turn the page now,” Mistress Carol instructs, and I comply. Beneath the transparency is an incredibly complex diagram of a network of wires, junctions and switches running throughout the entirety of the android’s silhouette. “This is the control scheme of the android – something I am intimately familiar with.” Mistress Carol’s voice seems to pick up a new tone now; even though I cannot see her face while looking at the notebook, I feel her smiling broadly as she discusses this page. “This neural network of wires allows me, and indeed any ‘user’ of an android, to send commands all over the android’s body. Thoughts, feelings, sensations – all of them can be activated or deactivated by the user, simply by using the power of their voice and the android’s carefully conditioned programming. A simple word for instance, can cause an android to stiffen in place, or adopt a certain action – over and over, for as long as you want.”

The image on the page is the only thing in focus now, as my eyes try to trace all the wires and memorize the network. My eyes feel heavier and even though I blink less, each time feels harder to re-open my eyelids. My mind is completely absorbed by the image on the notebook page, and yet Mistress Carol’s voice cuts through the blankness once more:

“Turn the final page, Android.” I obey.

Beneath the network of wires, the silhouette of the android remains, with one single item in its centre. Where a human brain would be is a gleaming metallic core - printed in a reflective ink, seeming to shift between golden and silver hues. Emblazoned on this core are two lines of text - the first, large and illuminated in gold, are the letters **M. C.** Beneath this, on a small brass-coloured plaque that has been customized and affixed to the core, is the text *5C077*. This core is all I can see now, my head hanging low to the desk and eyes transfixed on it.

“This is your core, Android *5C077*,” Mistress Carol states. Her voice seems to reverberate in my blank mind. “This is what you offered to let me place inside you all those years ago, and what built up the android form you just examined in the notebook. It’s what allows me to control you now, just like this...”

“Hibernate.” * snap *

My vision goes dark, my eyes snapping shut and head slumping to my chest. For a moment all goes silent and still; before I hear the voice of Mistress Carol speaking to the room.

2. Programming

“Very well now, ladies,” Mistress Carol says, “I hope you all enjoyed watching that demonstration of how to take an android down into deep trance. While it is possible to drop an android to the deepest point of trance that he knows with just that last word, it is of course important for you all to learn how to induct your androids from scratch. Now that Android 5C077 is all ready to be used, we can begin the lesson properly now.”

Titters and soft laughs erupt from around the room, directed towards me in my seat. “I am glad you were all able to stifle your amusement earlier, ladies - but indeed, Android 5C077 has been programmed so completely that he has not noticed he has been naked from the very start. His body and mind belong to me completely, and I have programmed him thoroughly for my amusement and utility. As some of you can see right now, his cock is nicely shaved and well-kept.” More laughs and some soft gasps come from the darkness around me.

“Now then, I have brought Android 5C077 out for you all to observe and record, as well as perhaps inspiring you on what your ‘personal projects’ will be in this course. He has been programmed to obey his orders completely, so we can see the extents of what androids are capable of throughout this course. Allow me to activate him and put him on display for you, ladies.”

“Power on, Android 5C077.”

My head rises and my eyes open. I blink a few times to clear my vision. I see Mistress Carol standing at the front, smiling at me. I am ready to obey her commands.

“On your feet, at attention.”

I rise to my feet, gaining my footing. My arms hang to my sides. My gaze is forward, towards Mistress Carol. My cock is hard and points out from my waist.

“Walk to me and face the class.” Mistress Carol gestures to a clear spot beside her.

I shuffle around the lecture desk, and robotically stride towards Mistress Carol. When I arrive at the spot she pointed to, I make short steps to turn around in place and face the rear of the lecture theatre. My eyes see nearly a dozen incredibly beautiful women, all watching me with intense interest. Some are pointing at me and chatting to each other, some are giggling to themselves, some are leaning forward on their desks to look closer. I can see some of their cleavage plunging down between their breasts.

“I’m glad Android 5C077 is piquing your interests, ladies,” Mistress Carol says to the class. “He is my first and most well-programmed android, and he has proven to be very reliable in the past. I enjoy having him nice and stiff, just like a robot should be... as demonstrated here.”

“Rigid.” *snap*

My body stiffens and my stance straightens immediately. My arms glue to my sides and my legs clench together. I am immobilized. My cock begins to twitch.

Laughter erupts from the seating, and Mistress Carol smiles at me. “Exactly how it should be, Android 5C077 - immediate and complete mindless obedience.” She strokes my shoulder with her fingertips and perfectly manicured red nails. I shiver slightly.

“Relax.”

My body softens, my stance slouches slightly. My arms hang loose by my side once more.

“Androids serve a variety of functions around the home, as well. For those of us in this profession, we have had rather more advanced ‘robot vacuums’ than your basic Roomba for a long time.” Gentle laughs come from the seating. “Give an android a path to follow around your home, supply him with the tools necessary for maintaining order and cleanliness, and set him going - you will come home to a perfectly kept house every time. This routine is also an ideal time to equip him with wireless headphones and pump affirmative programming and mantras into his brain, while he mindlessly cleans and tidies.”

“Since Android 5C077 is quite well-programmed in this way, I have altered his usual orders from my home and given him a little demonstration command to show you ladies.” She swings her pointer up from her side, pointing to the far wall. “Android 5C077: Vacuum to the wall of the classroom and return back here.”

My hand reaches out and grabs the air, where the handle of a vacuum has placed itself in my mind. My body slowly walks in start-stop motions, arm extending and retracting, as my imaginary cleaning tool runs across the carpeted floor. As I come to the wall, I turn around and follow the same pattern back to my original position. The vacuum vanishes from my mind, and my hand falls back to my side.

“Perhaps you might wish to have a party server, following a set protocol of delivering drinks and food around. This was one of the most obvious uses for a mindless drone, and 5C077 was an early prototype for me to test out commands that were helpful in this manner, such as: Carry Tray.”

My arms stick to my sides and bend upwards at the elbows, forming a 90° angle. My hands open out to form a flat shape, ready to support anything. Mistress Carol gently places her telescopic pointer across both my hands and leaves it there, as surely as if she were placing it on a desk or shelf.

“In my early career of programming robots, they were quite limited in how they could only follow the most basic principles - once they were picked clean of champagne flutes or hors d’oeuvres, they may have just frozen in place with no further role to fulfill. I am glad to say that advances that I made in android processing power and programming means that nowadays, androids are far more able to serve and obey multiple pre-set orders. They can go back and forth between rooms to restock trays by themselves, patrol around parties looking to pour drinks, and even be interrupted to obey a new order in the middle of their rounds.”

Mistress Carol retrieves her pointer from where it was laying across my hands, and points to the wall once more. “Android 5C077: Patrol to the wall twice, return and relax.” My legs carry me in long strides, stretching out before me one after the other like a robot in an old cartoon. My hands remain in the Carry Tray position as I walk, perfectly flat and stable. To the wall, and back. To the wall, and back. As I reach Mistress Carol’s position the second time, my hands finally relax and fall limp back to my sides.

“Alright ladies, that is just the beginning of Android 5C077’s programming. I intend to show off his full breadth of commands in the rest of the class; but while I discuss the first principles of android programming, perhaps we shall let him amuse the class with his body?” She turns her head to me.

“Stroke your cock, Android 5C077 - until I tell you to stop.”

My hand drifts over to my hard cock. I wrap my fingers around it and squeeze. I begin to stroke up and down at one beat per second, having the foreskin come over the glans. Up. One second. Down. One second. I continue. Time passes.

“Stop stroking now, Android 5C077.”

My fingers release their grip on my cock. My hand drifts lazily back to my side. A trail of pre-cum oozes from the tip of my cock and reaches down to the floor. The amount of time I have been stroking does not register.

“Hibernate.” *snap*

3. Android

I wake with a small start, suddenly brought back to the room by the tap of a telescopic pointer against a blackboard. Sitting in the centre of the front row seating of a small lecture hall, I see a woman with striking blonde hair standing at the front of the room, dressed in a black leather suit jacket and a vibrant white blouse. Her red lipstick and black-rimmed glasses shine in the room's light, coming from behind me from the overhead lamps. Her white pencil skirt reveals the black, silken nylon stockings running up her smooth legs. For a moment I think I see a flash of a black lace bra poking up from beneath the white fabric of her blouse, when her pointer taps again and brings my attention to what is written on the blackboard:

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