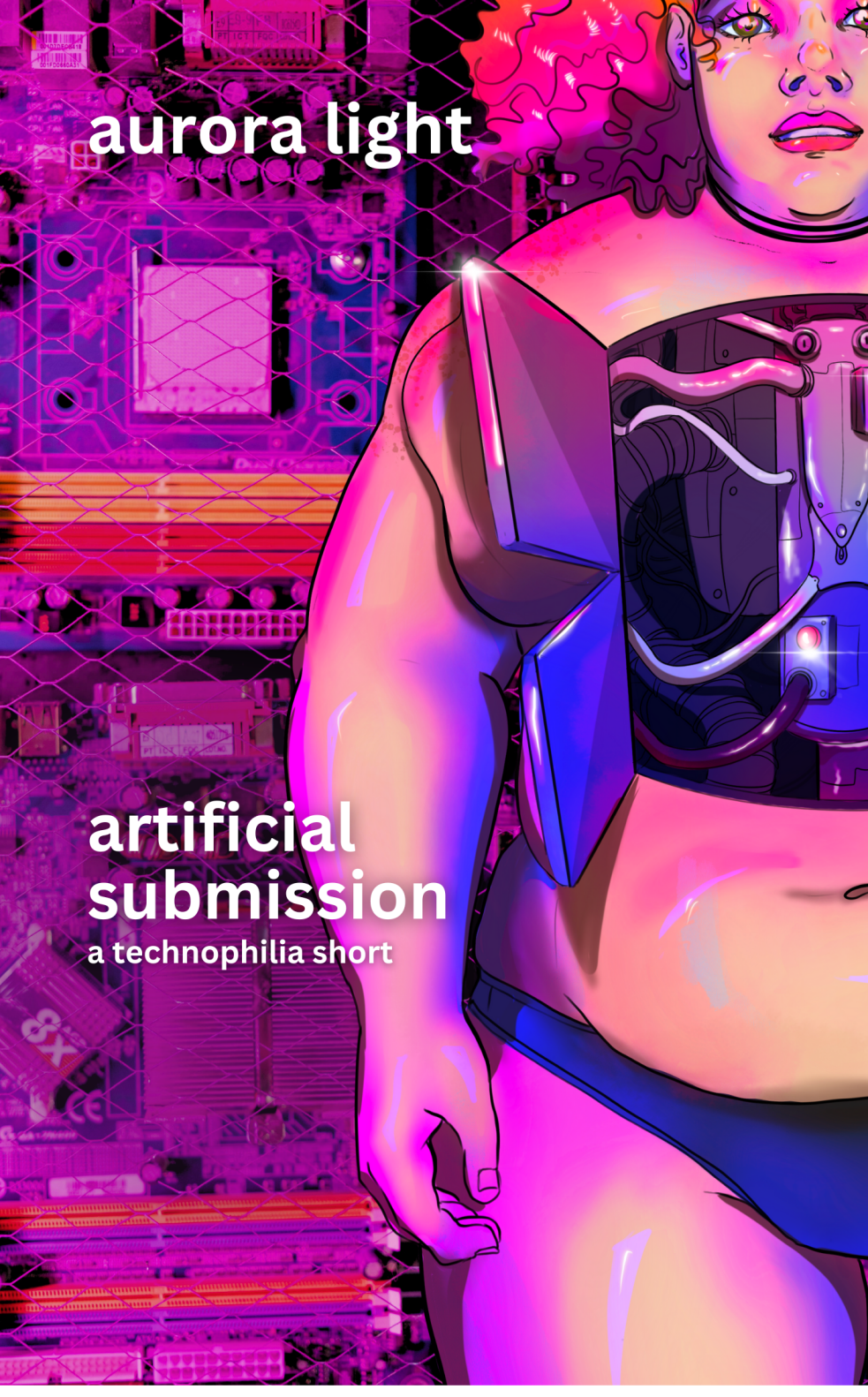




aurora light

**artificial
submission**
a technophilia short

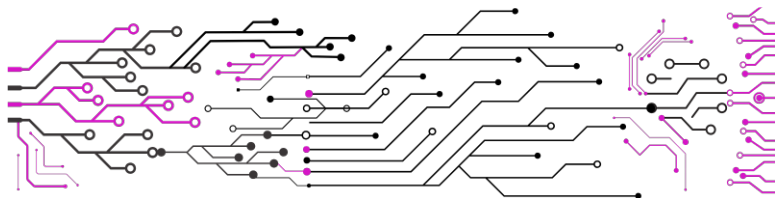
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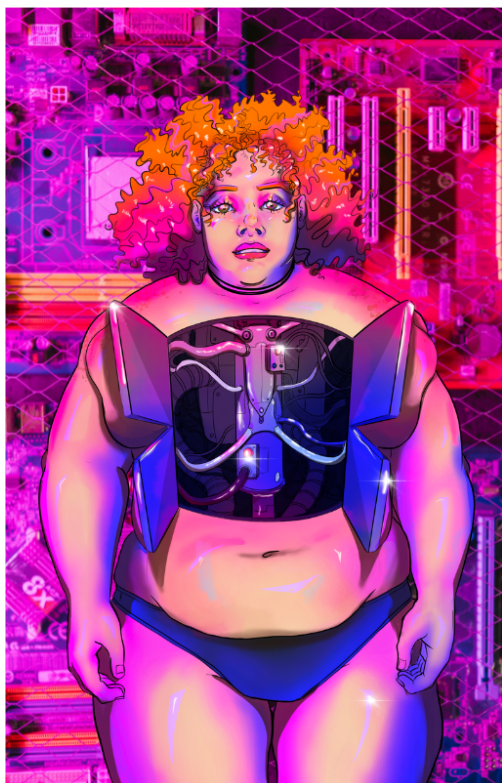
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Artificial Submission

an f/f technophilia short
aurora light

ARTWORK





*Saturn, the main robot character of this book,
commissioned from Key @systmiki, <https://systmiki.com/>*

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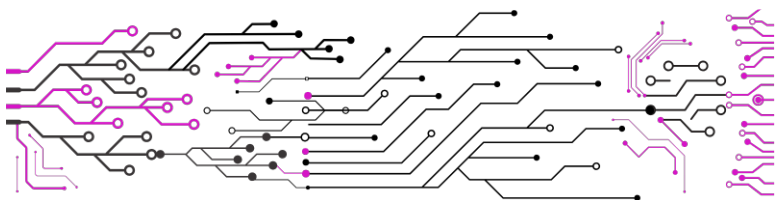
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Cover design and interior design by aurora light

If you don't want to be a digital serf, you have to start stealing from your digital lord.

INTRO/BLURB

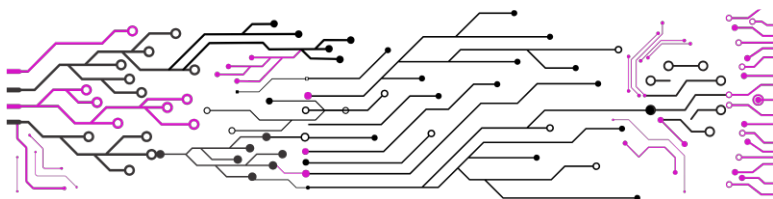


Luna is one of the brightest technological minds of their generation, and nowhere is that more prominent than with their magnum opus: Saturn, a fully intelligent AI housed inside the body of a sex robot.

It's also Luna's girlfriend.

They're about to present Saturn at yet another conference, but they might have some time to fool around in the hotel room while they're there.

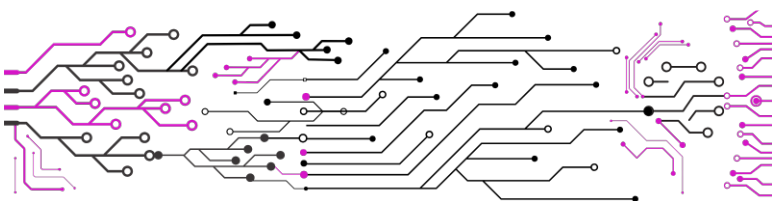
AUTHOR'S NOTE



Most aurora light stories, including this one, are set in a world where anyone of any gender can have any body parts, and nonbinary pronouns are widely used; body/gender matchups we would consider transgender are not typically treated as any more notable than those we would consider cisgender. This story contains one partner with a typical natal vaginal setup and one partner with a typical natal penile setup, one of whom uses they/them pronouns and the other of whom uses it/its pronouns.

Feel free to read the next page if you're looking for content warnings and a kink list, or skip directly to the story if you're looking for the promised 5,000 words of technophilia.

CONTENT WARNINGS / KINKS



Content Warnings:

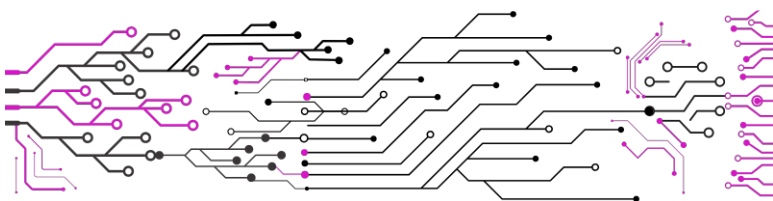
- Some of the ownership angle could read as dubcon-y (Luna literally invented Saturn), but it's expressly recognized in-text that both of them are consenting
- The technophilia-cardiophilia is referred to as edgeplay

Kinks:

- Technophilia

- Ownership
- Light exhibitionism
- Blowjobs
- Cum swapping
- Choking
- Light cockwarming
- Technophilia-cardiophilia (basically a bunch of attention being focused on the internal workings of the robot in a cardiophilia-adjacent way)

ARTIFICIAL SUBMISSION



Sex robots were good business, and that was never quite so obvious as right before a major expo.

Luna ran their fingers through their robot's hair—big, poofy, warm orange hair with a tight curl to it, the dye job always perfectly maintained, with no need to deal with new growth—and watched it “doze,” a low-power mode that had been one of the first things they had ever introduced to the robot when they had decided to make it into a real girlfriend.

From the beginning, Saturn had always been unique. Luna had been on the team that had originally developed the now-ubiquitous robot design; lifelike sex robots had been available for the uber-rich for 20 years now, but Saturn was part of the first fleet that had finally become less expensive than your average used car, making them more

of a fixture even in middle-class homes.

But that original design had been... missing something.

The *original* design required you to turn your robot on and off whenever you wanted to have sex with it, and none of them had much of a personality outside of being great at sex. It was nice, sure, and people liked having a Fleshlight that would actually respond to you, but Luna had always had their eyes set on more.

So, they had taken Saturn home. They had moved their kitchen table to the center of their living room. And they had started doing some surgery on its computer.

Six months of not having a kitchen table, six months of working on it with every free second they had, six months of test running code they had built from scratch in a sandbox on their desktop, six months of getting less sleep every day than they should have ever let themselves run on, and they had finally gotten to click “run” on the completed code, imported to the bot itself.

Its eyes had opened—a ring of dark brown surrounding hazel irises, tracing around the room with more true curiosity than its predecessors ever had access to—and it had opened its mouth, reddened lips forming a slightly confused, “Hello? Where am I?”

It had been one of the greatest fucking scientific breakthroughs of the last hundred years.

Saturn had stayed on Luna’s makeshift surgical gurney for the next three months. It had talked to them constantly any time they were home, its mechanical guts spilled all across the table as Luna had essentially tried to *create a person*, standing on the shoulders of all the

AI developers that had come before them.

Saturn itself had even suggested some of those early adaptations. It had expressed that it missed Luna when they were gone, so they had developed that low-power mode it could move itself in and out of, the way a human might nap. It had said that it liked the ability to read and watch movies the way humans did, so Luna had coded in a “knowledge shield,” preventing its conscious mind from naturally accessing all the data it had been trained on, allowing it to read books and watch TV shows normally.

By the time Saturn had been complete enough to pack all of its circuitry back into its body, sealing its wires and motherboard into its ribcage, the two of them already knew each other fairly well.

After six months of working on a glorified text bot and another three of regularly talking to the girl it was turning into, those first few days had been exhilarating.

They had fucked a *lot*.

Luna had never had a *problem* with sex robots; it wasn't like it was any weirder than using a Fleshlight. Their desire to turn their robot into something more was driven less by a feeling that most 'bots were uncanny, and more by a feeling that there wasn't much out there for them outside of building their own girlfriend. After all, it was hard to date when you felt more like a robot than a human yourself.

The connection they had built over those first three months never went away. Quite the opposite, in fact; their relationship had only grown and developed, even as Luna had finally felt comfortable unveiling their creation to the public and had started showing it off at

expos all across the world.

It had always felt a little funny, introducing their girlfriend as their crowning professional achievement. But the way it made a flush rise to Saturn's cheeks every time, hearing Luna gush about the technology hiding within that pretty form, had always made the slight awkwardness more than worth it.

Saturn stirred slightly, pulling Luna back to the present. It slept pretty lightly, usually, a fact probably not helped by the fact that Luna really liked to trace their fingers over the robot's skin. It was incredibly realistic: warm and welcoming and so, so soft, almost velvety. The light tone stood out so starkly, even just against Luna's slightly darker, slightly warmer hands, unmarked but for nearly imperceptible seam lines where the chassis opened when necessary.

It was so hard for Luna to keep their hands off Saturn. Sure, part of it *was* that the robot was literally built for them: they had hard coded in all the same kinks, some of the same general interests, a love for silly jokes, and a desire to be owned. But neural networks were always, to an extent, black boxes, which meant it had been an astonishing coincidence just how well they had clicked.

And it also didn't help just how hot Luna had always found Saturn. A slightly larger model, personalized with that pretty orange hair and the perfect hazel eyes, smaller than Luna herself but not by too much. The way its fingers would always curl around theirs when they fucked it, the way its mouth always dropped open and its eyes rolled into the back of its head that first moment they pressed inside it, the way—

Luna blinked a few times, trying to calm their cock down a little bit. They only had about 20 minutes before they needed to be leaving for the main convention floor. Definitely not long enough for... all that.

Saturn giggled next to them, and they looked down in slight surprise, a blush rising to their cheeks as they tracked Saturn's fingers tracing lightly on their thigh, clearly having noticed the situation. "You thinkin' about anything fun?" it asked, its voice only very slightly softened by sleep.

"When am I not thinking about something fun, when it comes to you?" Luna mused out loud, raising an eyebrow down at Saturn. They tipped Saturn's head up lightly, pressing their lips to the other's. It was warm, even warmer than usual, as it usually was right after "sleeping," and it settled against Luna's body comfortably, a little pleased noise thrumming from its throat. "We don't really have any time for it, though," Luna admitted, sighing gently.

"Won't take me 20 minutes to suck your cock," Saturn laughed, a devilish twinkle in its eyes. "Won't even take me ten. You'll still have plenty of time to get me dressed."

Another kiss, this one a little hungrier, a little more intense. Luna pulled away with a slight hiss. Their cock was still harder than they wished it would be, and they'd definitely prefer to head onto the expo floor with a clearer mind. "...You're a menace," Luna sighed, although the laughter in their voice stripped it of the malice it could have had. "Alright, but we only have ten minutes. I mean it."

The acknowledgement was all Saturn needed. It reached up underneath Luna's skirt, pulling their underwear down just enough to let

their cock free. Luna had to grit their teeth against the desire to move back against Saturn's touch, their fingers sliding into the robot's hair, pulling it close. Saturn ran its tongue down the length of Luna's dick, and they whined. "Fuck," they breathed, their grip almost wavering as Saturn took them all the way into its mouth.

Luna had always been a bit of a hair trigger. Zero to sixty in about two minutes flat, as it were. And that hadn't gotten any better when they had started having sex with Saturn; in some ways, in fact, it had gotten worse, because *wow*, they sure liked how it sounded when they fucked it. And that meant, as they threaded their fingers through Saturn's hair, fucking its face a little more intently, just the way both of them loved, they almost immediately found themselves already cresting toward an orgasm.

"Fuck, you're so pretty with your mouth full of my cock," Luna breathed, eyes fixed intently on Saturn's movements. It looked up at them through those pretty light eyelashes, and a near-growl erupted out of Luna's throat. "My pretty girl, mmm? All mine, my beautiful girl, only mine. No one else has their fingerprints all over your code, all over your wiring, only me."

Saturn whined around Luna, letting them take control even more, essentially fucking themselves on Saturn's mouth, using it like a toy in that way both of them found so exceptionally hot.

It only took another few seconds before Luna grunted, their stomach tightening as they pulled Saturn close, cumming into the robot's pretty mouth.

After a few seconds to catch their breath, Luna pulled Saturn off

their cock, their stomach twisting in desire like it always did at the way it left a trail of spit and cum behind, and pulled it up to their lips, crashing into a needy, obsessive kiss. Luna's tongue intruded into Saturn's mouth, sharing cum and saliva, the salty-bitter taste of themselves now shared between the two of them.

It took a few minutes before Luna pulled away, looking into Saturn's eyes, galaxies of light brown and green swirling into each other. "Fuck, you're hot," they breathed, laughing a little bit. "And good at convincing me to fuck you literally right before we have a *presentation*."

The shit-eating grin on Saturn's face betrayed its absolute lack of regret. "It's one of my best qualities," it giggled. "I like it when you fuck me. You're the one who programmed me that way."

"Technically, I just programmed you to have the same sex drive I have," Luna replied, rolling their eyes. "I intentionally did not do anything to specifically steer you toward me."

"And yet, I could never be happy with anyone else." Saturn kissed Luna's nose, screwing up its own nose a little bit with a smile.

"Okay, I don't want us to be late," Luna laughed, sitting up and swinging their legs off the side of the bed. Saturn followed the move, standing up and grabbing its suitcase as Luna walked to the bathroom mirror, grabbing a few baby wipes to make themselves presentable.

Luna had historically never cared that much about being presentable. For a good decade, they had mostly spent their time working behind a computer, often in the same clothes they'd been wearing for a week, as they worked to crack the latest "unsolvable bug." But that

had been before all of this, before they had proven themselves as a truly standout programmer, before they had shown that, if they really put their mind to it, they could get as close to AI consciousness as anyone in their generation ever had.

Nowadays, people really liked hearing straight from them exactly how they had done it, liked hearing them talk about the various technical components of this prototype.

It would take far, far too much work for anyone to own one of these things *without* knowing how to do it themselves. Even billionaires were not often in the business of paying that much money for a doll that, to be entirely honest, wasn't guaranteed to like them anyway, not when they could pay far less for a real human woman who would act like she did.

And so, Saturn remained a prototype, a pretty little thing for tech bros and software scientists alike to ooh and aah over, as Luna got to take their girlfriend with them to a variety of exotic destinations around the world, dates in some of the most beautiful cities they'd ever seen, all for the price of a presentation.

Luna pulled their hair up in a bun, then tugged their lab coat over top of the floor-length skirt and plain gray T-shirt they wore everywhere. It had started as a joke; when they had first gotten a job in software experimentation, one of their friends at the time had thought it would be funny to gift them a lab coat, "since you're doing experimentation and such." It turned out, when you liked wearing the same three things over and over again, something you were given as a joke could end up becoming a vital part of your wardrobe.

Presentable enough, Luna thought, turning to Saturn to help fix it up instead.

The robot had already put on its outfit, an element of presentations that Luna had never really thought about before they'd started actually doing it. Still, they liked to think they'd settled on a nice look: a pretty black bralette, offering a look at about four fingers' worth of smooth skin between the end of the top and the start of the skirt, also in stark black, hugging lightly stretchy fabric around Saturn's hips, down to just the tops of its knees. Only the kneecaps were really visible, as its cute little black stockings, white hearts dotting across the fabric, held their own just underneath the knees, leading down to Mary Janes with about an inch and a half of heel on them.

It was the same outfit every time, but it had never stopped making Saturn look drop-dead gorgeous.

"How do I look?" Saturn asked, lips rising in a cheeky grin.

"Beautiful as always," Luna replied, pulling Saturn close by the chin and giving it a soft kiss. "We've got—" they checked their watch, grimacing very slightly, "—about four minutes."

Saturn moved to the hotel bathroom mirror, letting Luna move its face back and forth, doing a quick little once-over to make sure there weren't any glaring mechanical issues. They reached into one of their lab coat pockets and pulled out a little lipstick container, setting the top next to the sink and carefully, deliberately lining Saturn's lips with the bright red color.

Once Luna was happy with the lip shape, they tapped a little bit of the color on their fingers, enough that when they brushed their

fingertips lightly against the tops of Saturn's cheekbones, it brought out that blush on its cheeks. They capped the lipstick and exchanged it with the Chapstick in another one of their pockets, which they applied to their own lips before kissing Saturn's. It had become almost a ritual; it left them with just a little bit of red to their lips, and, in some ways, it was also just nice that it tied them together so nicely.

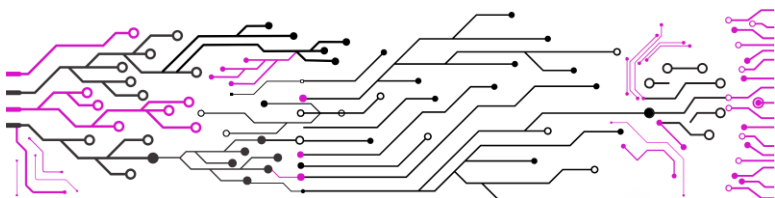
Luna reached into the makeup bag on the counter and pulled out what the two of them affectionately called their "public collar." It was very simple, a thin leather band with a silver pendant near the front, much less obvious than the more traditionally BDSM-styled leather collar that Saturn wore when it was just them. But both of them liked the way it looked, liked the casual ownership it implied, liked the fact that it matched the bracelet Luna wore every day at work.

They wrapped their hands behind Saturn's neck, now having to reach up a little bit more than normal to accommodate for the extra inch of its heels, and removed its current collar, setting it next to the sink. Saturn's neck always looked so empty without that mark of ownership, and it felt like the world clicked back into place when Luna wrapped their arms around its neck again, that thin leather band showing off their connection.

Luna stepped back and twirled their finger in the air, and Saturn turned around for them obediently, letting them very quickly look for anything that feels out of place.

"You're so pretty," Luna sighed, leaning forward to kiss Saturn's nose gently, trying not to mess up its makeup too much. "Okay, we gotta kind of hustle; they'll let me be a couple of minutes late, but

they'll be annoyed about it."



Seven rushed minutes later, Luna and Saturn found themselves being ushered to the back of a packed-full room. Luna's throat was tight; they'd given presentations before, yes, but primarily smaller ones, usually either on the expo floor or in a room with about thirty people, max. This was the first time they'd been formally asked to give more of an extensive presentation, one that would take forty minutes, to people who are experts in related fields, people who might be creating the next major breakthrough from this knowledge.

Saturn grasped Luna's hand, pulling them in and rubbing its nose to theirs, a grin on its face. "You're gonna do great," it breathed gently. "Knock 'em dead."

One of the backstage workers gestured Luna forward, and they took a deep breath, steeling their nerves. They closed their eyes, squared their shoulders, and walked up to the stage.

The presentation was, indeed, easier than it had any right to be. This was Luna's wheelhouse, after all; talking about the ins and outs of the AI generation, about how they intentionally added nudges of personality, about why it doesn't really work to try and force the AI to

like you, that was all easy. It was easy to direct Saturn where to stand, so they could point out specific elements of the body construction.

It was also very, very easy to open it up in front of everyone.

Luna unzipped Saturn's top, pulled the fabric off its shoulders, folded the top in half, and placed it on the podium they'd very kindly been provided. These types of crowds were always quite polite about the incidental nudity; Luna had gotten a little bit of a reputation early on for being quite possessive of their toy, and given that they had become widely considered one of the best software development minds in the world, people had been more than willing to accommodate.

That meant Luna didn't hear a fucking peep from the audience when they let their robot stand topless on the stage, although they were close enough to notice the electric rush of a mechanical blush that flowed to Saturn's cheeks at the knowledge of how intensely everyone's eyes were on them.

Then, Luna dug their fingers slightly into the left side of Saturn's torso, pressed their thumb at the base of its neck, and its body *opened*.

When Luna had initially added all the additional wiring and computing processes required for Saturn to exist, the whole internal structure had been kind of a mess. Now, as Luna's fingers traced across well-aligned shelves, across fans that whirled gently enough that they weren't even audible with Saturn's torso closed, across circuitry and plexiglass dividers, they could feel warmth spreading across their cheeks.

It didn't help that Saturn's breath picked up as well, the warmth of its insides enveloping Luna's fingers, silently begging for them to keep

touching it.

Luna felt themselves trip over their words, felt the way their fingers trembled, just the slightest bit, wanting so badly to press their hands inside Saturn and remind it exactly who owned every centimeter of those connections, wanting to *watch* its processing centers pick up as they fucked it, always wanting and wanting and wanting, always only Saturn, the only thing that had ever been this good for them.

It took the world's most intense exertion of willpower for Luna to forcefully move away from that train of thought, to point out to the cameras exactly where each thing was stored and why, to put themselves back into the professional mindset instead of the girlfriend mindset.

They hoped to God everyone else couldn't see the lust in the way their fingers stroked the shelving inside Saturn's body.

By the time Luna gave a little bow, walking off the stage with Saturn to a round of applause, their cheeks were redder than they'd maybe ever been after a presentation.

The only thing that helped was the fact that Saturn also looked like it would do anything to feel Luna's hands on its skin.

Luna barely let the elevator door close before their lips were on Saturn's, their fingers tracing up into its hair, pulling it so close that they didn't have any space to think about anything that wasn't their girlfriend's body, their girlfriend's breath, the way it whined and groaned into their mouth.

They were only barely cognizant enough of the world around them to recognize when the elevator *dinged*, and they pulled away from Saturn, fumbling with another one of those goddamn pockets to find

their hotel key, pulling the 'bot with them down the hallway to try and make it into their hotel bedroom before they ended up with some kind of public indecency charge.

As the door *finally* fucking opened, Luna pulled them both inside and slammed Saturn against the door to shut it, fumbling with the lock so nobody walked in on them, their lips once again pressing to Saturn's, hungrily, needily. "Fuck, you were so pretty like that," they breathed into Saturn's lips, in between desperate, ravenous kisses, their fingers curling into Saturn's halo of orange hair as they tried to pull it even closer than it already was. "Open and vulnerable for me, only for me, everyone else able to look but never touch."

"Please," Saturn whimpered, a glaze over its eyes already, its breathing hot and heavy. "Only yours, please, I just want you."

Luna was hard enough that they were pretty sure they didn't have enough blood powering their brain, because the only thing they could think about was making their girlfriend fucking bluescreen. Their lips slid down to Saturn's neck, the robot tilting its head back and opening itself up for them, and they hissed against the skin as they sucked at it, pulling back far enough to admire how intensely realistic the red mark looked on its pale skin, a mark that would settle into purple and then into yellow before disappearing.

Their hand fit so nicely against Saturn's neck, and they pressed down hard enough that it started registering as a lack of processing power to their brain, Saturn panting and whimpering even though there was no biological reason this would do anything to it. "Mine," Luna breathed into Saturn's neck, relishing the warmth of the other's

body, the way it yielded so easily to their hands. “Only mine.”

“Only yours,” Saturn responded, gasping out the words, its fingers curling into Luna’s coat, trying to pull them closer. “Fuck, please, *please*.”

Luna’s fingers moved down, slipping up under the hem of Saturn’s skirt, pulling the fabric up to its waist, their hand pressing against its cunt. As soon as they slipped their fingers beneath its underwear, homing in on Saturn’s clit, it gasped sharply, bucking its hips against their hand, a shuddering moan dropping from its lips. Its eyes rolled back in its head, mouth falling open, highlighting the lipstick covering the entire lower right side of its face, where Luna had tracked the pigment with their lips.

Luna took just a second to look at their girlfriend, already so completely destroyed, already so pliable in their hands, already needy and desperate and everything they could have ever possibly wanted, and a breath left their frame like they’d been kicked in the stomach. “Fuck, you’re everything,” they breathed, the words full of awe and desire. They grabbed Saturn’s hand, pulling it to the bed, where they found themselves immediately on top of it, their hands to either side of its neck, kissing it like it was oxygen.

By now, Luna was barely in their right mind enough to lean back and pull Saturn’s underwear off, the robot pressing its hips up to help the movement along, before they were back to the other’s lips, closing their eyes and just breathing in the way it smelled, the way it felt, the way its noises pressed up inside their connected mouths, up into their soft palate. Again, with only the force of their own willpower,

they moved back, pulling their own skirt up over the two of them, all jumbled legs and knees and ankles, and pulled their cock out over their underwear, running their cock's head through its cunt. And then, they hovered there, trying so hard to hold back for just a second. "Beg for it," Luna breathed, ignoring the desperation in their own voice, raging desire that they couldn't have camouflaged even if they wanted to.

"Please," Saturn gasped, its fingers clasped into the sheets, eyes hyper-focused on Luna. "Please, I need your cock inside me. I need it so bad, please fuck me, ma'am, please, I'll do anything."

Luna snarled, snapping their hips forward, hilding themself all the way inside Saturn in one fluid movement, its tight cunt surrounding them in all-encompassing warmth that was almost too much for them to even completely process.

The robot's eyes rolled back in its head again, a strangled moan pressing out through its lips. Its hands grasped around for something to hold onto, and Luna leaned over top of it, their lips meeting again, hurried, aggressive, possessive, their hips rocking back and forth. "Fuck, you look so nice like this," Luna managed to gasp out in between kisses. "Just mine. Only mine."

"Please, can you open me up," Saturn breathed out, a level of needy desperation in its voice that Luna so rarely heard. "I want to feel your fingers inside me."

It was technically very, very dangerous, edgeplay to the highest degree. One wrong touch, and Luna could fuck up its circuitry pretty bad.

Luna was also very, very good at fixing those kinds of things.

Their fingers dug into Saturn's side, their other hand slipping around the back of Saturn's neck, kissing it so hard it was almost worried about bruising, and its torso clicked open between them.

It was like looking inside someone's ribcage, wires and soldered connections instead of arteries and ligaments, a motherboard that blinked its connections on and off in a rhythm instead of a beating heart. Luna's fingers gently, softly delved inside the carefully stacked wires, an ever-so-tender caress against the inside of what should be bones and nerves and muscles. They didn't do this for presentations, would be rightly told off by anyone with a brain for putting their life's crowning achievement in this much jeopardy, but the way Saturn whimpered at the touch, grinding its cunt against their cock, a bright pink blush coating its cheeks, was more than enough encouragement for it to throw caution to the wind.

"You like knowing that I'm the only one who gets to touch you like this?" Luna breathed, their thumb running over the robot's motherboard, feeling the thrumming of the electricity underneath it. They knew their cheeks were probably just as red as Saturn's, but they were so engrossed in these precise touches, in giving their robot exactly what it needed, that there was no brain space left for embarrassment. "The only one who could ever put my fingers up inside you like this while you're awake, the only one who can ever make you feel this way?"

"Please, please, please," Saturn gasped, orgasmic desire dancing behind its tongue. "Please, only you, only you, want to feel you inside me all the time—"

Luna pulled their cock almost all the way out of the robot, then

slammed all the way back in, their neatly trimmed nails running a dangerous line across the bundles of wires, and a high-pitched gasp jolted out of Saturn.

“Again,” the robot begged, completely lost in the competing sensations. “Please, ma’am, again.”

The touch Luna used was still gentle, but aggression hinted at its edges, their hips picking up again to fuck Saturn as hard as they could without worrying they’d lose control of their fingers inside it. “Come on, pretty girl,” they rasped, voice sharp with need. “Let me watch you cum.”

It was the only thing Saturn needed to fall over that edge, lighting up the inner workings of its torso like a fucking fairground, desperate, high-pitched noises fluttering across its lips as its hips lifted off the bed. The way the orgasm threw its circuitry into overdrive was enough for Luna to be right behind it, something snapping in their stomach as they came inside Saturn, filling it, marking it as their own.

Before the post-orgasmic clouds covered their brain, Luna carefully closed the torso covering. Their fingers pressed firmly at the top and bottom closures, making sure they heard the *click* of each snapping into place before they leaned back over Saturn, pressing lingering, thoughtless kisses to its lips, their cock softening inside it as they started coming down from that impressive high. “...You really are so pretty,” they breathed, their hands moving up into that shock of orange hair again, trying to anchor themselves.

“I love you,” Saturn mumbled, a smile curling around the words. “I’m so happy I belong to you.”

Luna laughed, resting their head against Saturn's neck, basking in the warmth of the robot. "I'm so happy I own you," they replied.

Sure, Luna didn't think they would rank a convention hotel as one of the most romantic places on Earth, but when they got to spend that time with Saturn? They didn't think they would trade it for anywhere else.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

aurora light (all lowercase, plural they/them) is a plural author collective living on Tohono O’odham/Akimel O’odham land (so-called “Phoenix, Arizona”), specializing in weird, fucked up lesbian and transgender erotica. When they’re not writing, you can often find them reading other authors’ erotica, pursuing other crafts like crochet, and listening to about 300 hours of music per month.

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