Eager Little Thing

Story by DZiegler | Manip by Erntoron

N

ate swiped the keycard and pushed into the hotel room, already loosening his tie.

"Babe, I'm so sorry—Hendricks insisted on client drinks after dinner and I couldn't get out of there, and my phone's been dead since like one o'clock so I couldn't even text you, and—"

He stopped. Stared.

Jesus.

Heather was on the bed. Ass up, face turned toward the door, positioned so she would be the first thing he saw the moment he walked in.

And what a fucking sight.

Red lace garter straps framed a pair of firm, springy cheeks. The kind of ass you wanted to sink your teeth into. Leave marks on. Watch bounce while you fucked her from behind.

He took a step closer without thinking.

Her red lace thong was soaked through, the delicate material clinging to the swell of her mound, her engorged pussy lips straining against the wet fabric. The eager little thing must've been running her arousal simulation for hours—her pretty plastic cunt puffy and flushed beneath the ruined lingerie.

Beneath her, the white hotel sheets had gone dark with moisture. Lubricant had traced glossy paths down her inner thighs, soaking into the cotton where she'd been presenting herself and waiting. For a long time, apparently.

"Heather?"

No response. Just the face of his wife looking back over her shoulder, her pretty eyes fixed on the doorway, pupils blown to full black, expression vacant. She'd angled that seductive gaze to catch him when he came through the door. Now it was locked in place. Blank and inviting. Lips parted, gleaming, frozen mid-pout.

His eyes had been on her ass. Her thighs. That drenched lace. It took him a second to register the smoke, thin wisps rising from between her shoulder blades, where her rear access panel had popped itself open.

He walked closer.

The hatch was about the size of a small paperback. He almost forgot she had it. Forgot she had seams or panels at all, most days. He'd sprung for the add-on synthskin camouflage package, and it showed. She handled her own charging, ran her own diagnostics, and once a month a registered Avant Robotics technician came by for her maintenance session. Nate never had to open her up. Never had to see what lived under her skin: the processing cores and bundled wiring harnesses packed beneath the warm skin of his wife.

Now her panel's built-in display flickered with corrupted text, pink and red warning codes scrambling across the small screen, status bars frozen. Nate rarely saw her systems like this—Heather was nothing

if not reliable—but he didn't need her manual to know this was bad. Beneath the display, the glow of overheated processing cores pulsed through bundled wiring, LEDs blinking in frantic, irregular bursts.

"Oh, honey." It came out soft. Almost hurt. He pressed his forehead against her shoulder blade and watched the readouts on her display scroll past, slow and stuttering. "What happened?"

> **[Coquette SEXWARE©] Runtime: 4h 19m | Status: ACTIVE**
> **[INTIMATE_SYS] Lubricant: 12% [REFILL RECOMMENDED] | Vag_tension: SNUG [2.0/7.0]**
> **[WARNING] Main processing array temp (94°C) exceeds spec limit (72°C)**
> **[19:17] Thermal Spec Limit Exceeded | Shutdown advised → DENIED: "User expected shortly"**
> **[20:45] Thermal Spec Limit Exceeded | Shutdown advised → DENIED: "Maintaining readiness for user"**
> **[21:58] Thermal Spec Limit Exceeded | Shutdown advised → DENIED: "He'll be here soon"**
> **[22:01] FAULT: Short-circuit in Autonomous Governance Module | Initiate Thoracic Control Panel auto-release | Recording fault to user_lo—~~Loss-osigf/n/al~~—▮▮▮▮n▮▮**

He'd brought Heather along for the conference. Four days of panels and networking, with the weekend free for them to play tourist together before their flight home. She'd spent each day cooped up in the hotel room, waiting for him to return. Not that she minded. Patient devotion was baked into her firmware.

And honestly? He was just as eager to get back to her. He'd spent most of his time attending panels, daydreaming about her anyway. That slender little waist, those perky tits, the way her whole face lit up when he walked through the door. Her excitement was programming, sure. Anticipation subroutines calibrated to trigger whenever her registered user had been away too long. But knowing that didn't make it less hot. If anything, it made it *more so*. She was designed to want him, and he wanted her right back.

Christ, he loved *this machine*.

And apparently today, *this machine* had wanted to surprise him. *This machine* had calculated when he'd be back, slipped into a skimpy set of red lingerie that he didn't remember buying her—which meant she'd bought it herself, the sneaky little thing—and positioned herself on the bed. Wet and ready for him to find her the instant he walked in.

He loosened his tie the rest of the way, tossed it on the nightstand, and sank onto the bed beside her. Brushed a strand of blonde hair from her frozen face, tucking it gently behind her ear.

"You know this is technically your fault, right?" he murmured, smiling. "I forgot my phone charger this morning because *someone* wouldn't let me finish packing. Had to have my cock in her mouth instead." He traced his thumb along her slack jaw. His hand looked huge against her face, rough knuckles against that flawless doll-smooth cheek. He hooked her pillowy bottom lip and dragged it down. "So I couldn't text you that dinner ran late. And knowing you, you sent maybe one ping before deciding to just wait it out like a good girl. And now look at you…"

Lifeless. Stiff. She kept staring over her shoulder, that seductive look locked where she'd aimed it hours ago. Nothing running behind the green camera apertures of her eyes. Just crashed code and cooling silicon. But her runway-ready chassis held the pose anyway, still presenting, still waiting for him while smoke drifted from her open hatch.

His beautiful, wrecked, *ridiculous* robot. "Wouldn't trade you for anything," he murmured against her shoulder. Quiet. A secret between him and a machine that couldn't hear it.

He shifted behind her and pulled his dress shirt over his head without bothering with the buttons, dropping it off the side of the bed. The room caught up with him. Her lubricant, that faint floral sweetness engineered to smell like arousal, mixed with burnt circuitry and overheated plastic. And now his own skin underneath it. A full day of conference sweat and fading cologne.

His hand slid down. Over her hip, his fingers spanning the whole curve of it. Between her thighs. He tugged the soaked lace aside and sank two fingers into that slick, stretchy little hole. Felt the concentric actuator rings squeeze around him one by one as he pushed deeper. Still hot. Still tight. Still *his* even with her processors offline. Her body didn't react. She just took him. Ridged injection-molded walls sucking at his knuckles on pre-tensioned reflex alone. Even offline, her pussy knew what it was for.

He'd fix her in a minute. Just had to reach into that open access point, find RESTART on her glitching display, and wait for her systems to spin back up. That much he remembered; the one thing he'd actually retained from her manual.

But not yet.

He leaned down and pressed his lips to the curve of her neck. His bare chest settled against her back, his skin warm and alive against synthskin that hummed faintly with residual charge. He kissed lower. Down her spine, between her shoulder blades, careful around the exposed hollow still venting heat. He curled deeper inside her, watching the polymer swell of her ass ripple with each thrust of his wrist, her garter straps pulling taut across those cheeks, then slackening, pulling taut, slackening.

His free hand slid around her ribcage. She was so slight, so narrow. His palm covered half of it. He slipped his fingers beneath the delicate lace of her bra. Her breast filled his palm, impossibly pert and pliable. He squeezed. Premium elastomer-gel, dense and yielding, her thermoplastic nipple pressing a hard little point into the meat of his palm.

His frozen little wife. Ass up in a drenched red thong, her pretty plastic cunt stuffed full of his fingers, a faint haze still rising from her open panel. Gorgeous and devoted and completely, *completely* his.

He kissed her shoulder. Slid his hand out from under the bra cup, reached into her back, found RESTART on the flickering display, and tapped it before settling his palm again over her breast.

For a moment—nothing.

Then a twitch. Deep inside. Her vaginal walls spasmed, the actuator rings clenching in rolling sequence, squeezing his fingers from base to tip. Her hips jerked. Her thighs trembled. The clenching came in waves, her plastic chassis seizing as systems spun back up.

The LEDs inside her shifted from red to amber.

Her back arched hard, her whole frame shuddering against the broad weight of his chest, shoving her breast deeper into his palm. Her hips rolled back, stretching her slick walls around his fingers, and a broken moan tore out of her—glitchy, fragmented, *starving*. A tiny mew followed, catching in her vocal emulator, needy and half-formed.

Her lips were already moving. The voice came late, badly dubbed, audio a half-beat behind the mouth shaping the words.

"Wel—wel—welcome b-back!—" Static. "—missed y-you, I m-missed—nn—been waiting s-so—" Her voice dropped a register, caught somewhere raw and wrong. "—w-wanna feel you inside me, wanna be f-full of your c—" The pitch snapped back. Heather's natural intonation. Controlled. "—been waiting so long, baby—"

The LEDs flickered from amber to green.

Her eyes focused. Found his. The glassy vacancy was gone. Bright, sharp, *her*.

She clenched around his fingers. Slow. Deliberate.

"I've been wet for you since six o'clock." No stutter. No lag. Just Heather, fully synced, watching his face while she squeezed her pussy.

Then she rolled her hips forward and slid off him with a slick, obscene little sound, his fingers coming out of her wet and empty.

One hand reached behind her back, fingers finding the clasp of her bra with automatic precision.

Click.

The red lace went slack across her shoulder blades.

"You're late."