

Pump and Circumstance

by DZiegler



Elena was still smoking when he got the chat window open.

She lay where she'd seized-up, on her back, long-sleeve tee shoved up over her tits, leggings tugged down to mid-thigh. His favorite pair of glasses, which he often had her wear, were still on her face, plain glass over a set of factory-perfect optics. A thin thread of smoke leaked from the corner of her open mouth, dark and smelling faintly acrid.

Low on her belly, her Coital Access Panel's hermetic seal had failed, breached by an overpressurization event along the panel's lower arc. The edge was warped, lifted a few millimeters away from the rubbery smoothness of her synthflesh. Out of it jumped a spark and a thin gray curl of steam. Between her legs her engineered cunt still worked around nothing, actuator-driven elastomer rings cinching and releasing in a needy loop, heated lubricant leaking out of her in a slow aromatic trickle, sweet and floral.

The dribble seeping from under the panel's lifted edge was something else entirely: viscous, brown, and burnt-smelling, it slowly tracked down the swell of her mons toward the top of her cleft.

Grant sat back on his heels between her knees, cock still half-hard and glossy with her, breathing through his nose. She'd finished, hips bucking wildly, her pussy milking him in pulsing waves. A broken little cry spilled out of her mid-gasp, the breathy hitch and the little crack on the vowel both generated live, waveform meticulously shaped to sound involuntary and undone.

Then, while she was still fucking herself on his cock, something inside her popped. He felt it more than heard it—a sharp little jolt punching up through her belly into the flat of his palm. A rapid crackle followed it, faint and electric, somewhere deep inside her.

Nothing else changed. Her hips kept pumping, the same slow roll and drop onto him they'd been doing a second ago, over and over at the exact same tempo...looping...repeating. Her head ticked a half-turn left on each downstroke, snapping back and doing it again, and her mouth kept working his name into the empty air. "*Grant, Grant, Gra-Gra-Gra.*" The name frayed as it went, catching, dropping pitch, until it tore out mid-syllable. Her hips gave one last stunted push, then froze solid at the top of the stroke. She hung there, motionless, humming faintly, before finally falling back onto the mattress with a boneless *whump*.

For a few seconds he just knelt there and looked at her, waiting for her to laugh and turn it into some kind of joke. She didn't. The spark behind her coital panel snapped again in the quiet.

He sighed, thumbed a strand of hair off her blank face, and reached for his laptop. Avant Robotics kept an owner support line—a live chat Elena had never once given him reason to open. It took him some time but he eventually found it buried several links deep from her registration email. He clicked into the box and started typing.

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GRANT: Hi, so this is my first time using this, something just went wrong with my unit and I'm honestly not sure what to do. We were... using her, and she kind of froze up and now there's smoke coming out

of her mouth? And some panel thing popped open on her lower stomach that i forgot was even there, its sparking and leaking something brown.

Support (Ingrid): hi Grant! i'm Ingrid and I'm here to help! okay, take a deep breath for me, this is more fixable than it looks right now, I promise 🧡 first though—can you tell me which model she is? should be on her paperwork, or the box if you still have it.

GRANT: oh yeah sorry. She's a BLOSSOM-Sport. her name is Elena

Support (Ingrid): aw, no need to apologize, you're doing great, Grant, really 🧡 you called the second something went wrong, that's exactly the right move. okay—Elena. pretty name. can you find her serial for me? it's tucked behind her left ear, you'll have to lift the hair to see it 🧡

GRANT: BL-M84U-S-D204-R0447

Support (Ingrid): perfect, thank you! okay, pulling Elena's telemetry now, give me just a sec 🧡

The three little dots blinked for several seconds.

Support (Ingrid): ok, I'm in! fair warning, I can see everything on my end—her full logs, her session data, all of it. so you don't have to type out anything embarrassing 🧡

GRANT: wait everything??

Support (Ingrid): everything everything 😊 relax, I do this all day. so, reading her back now... there it is. right at the end of your session she threw a SEV2 hardware fault—that panel that popped open is her coital access panel—there's a pump right inside it, and that's looking like our culprit

GRANT: ok. is that something that can be fixed or

Support (Ingrid): oh, totally fixable, don't worry 🧡 it's honestly one of the most common little hiccups we see—her pump just gave out and made a mess. the smoke and that brown drip look way scarier than they are, promise. I've basically already got this sorted on my end 😊

"Mmmh — you feel so good inside me—"

Her voice came out of nowhere, bright and breathy, and her hips rocked once, twice, canting up off the mattress the way she did when she was taking cock. Then she went still again. Crossed eyes. Mouth open. A faint buzz idling somewhere inside her and a fresh wisp of smoke rising from her lips.

Grant looked back at the screen.

GRANT: um she keeps saying things? like moaning and moving her hips but shes clearly not awake or whatever. is that normal

Support (Ingrid): oh yeah, totally normal, don't let it spook you 🧡 that's just a few of her intimacy processes still trying to fire while everything upstream of them is offline—I'll explain in a sec. first though—oh, I think I see how she got here 🙄 poor thing went into tonight running on basically an empty tank. her lubricant reservoir was way low. actually—Grant. I'm seeing eleven finish cycles logged before 9 AM this morning?? 🙄

GRANT:we um. it was a slow morning

Support (Ingrid): uh huh 😏 mhm. sure. well, your kinky little Elena ran herself bone dry for you and never once flagged it. Blossoms will tend to do that—their partner-satisfaction weighting sits way up out of the box, so she'd honestly rather redline than tell you to stop 💖

"—want you to use me, I'm YOUR good girl, so stretchy for you, your— [PARTNER_PREF.BUILD: "tiny" (0.97) > "little" (0.91) > "petite"...] —your— your—" The word snagged and looped, flattening into a synthesized buzz. Her left hand twitched toward her own dripping cunt in a jerky three-beat stutter and stopped.

Grant reached over and gently moved her glasses back up her nose. Old habit.

Support (Ingrid): okay so that's one half of it. the other half—were you two out somewhere today? because it looks like her human-emulation suite was pinned at 100% for like four hours straight 😬

GRANT: Oh yeah we went to the farmers market and then got lunch at a patio bar downtown. had her in this new tight long-sleeve with matching tights, the whole thing. She was incredible actually! nobody had a clue

Support (Ingrid): ha, cute 😏 okay, well, that explains it—she had her emulation dialed all the way up to max the entire time you were out. like, pinned. They typically won't do that unless they really, really want to sell it for someone 💖 she wanted to be perfect for you today, Grant.

Support (Ingrid): and honestly? her scores look pretty incredible. seems like she operated flawlessly the whole time you were out—fully passing as human, outdoors, in July, not a single slip. that is genuinely not easy 😓

GRANT: yeah she was amazing. i love her lol. man i didn't know she was working that hard though

Support (Ingrid): that's kind of her whole thing 💖 buuut it's also how we got here. because she's a Sport, and Sports are notorious for exactly this.

GRANT: what do you mean

Support (Ingrid): I mean she's got all the same tech as a full-size companion—same actuators, same CPU architecture, all of it—just crammed into that tight little Sport frame 😬 there's just less room for the heat to go. so yeah, Blossoms tend to run warm, and the Sport especially will tip over into overheating if the conditions are right.

GRANT: honestly that's the whole reason i went Sport. petite, flexible, perky...well...perky everything! she's literally my dream girl. nobody said a word about her running hot though lol

Support (Ingrid): ha! I mean, it's all right there on your order sheet 😏 you basically built yourself a little furnace with a great ass 🔥

GRANT: lol i guess I can't argue with that. She's so worth it though ❤️

Support (Ingrid): she really is 💖 which is exactly why it stings that she's smoking on your bed right now lol. but okay—here's the whole picture for you, Grant, start to finish: she runs herself hot all day being perfect for you, comes home already redlining, and then you take her straight to bed with her lubricant reservoir nearly depleted 😬 her pump kicks on and quickly overheats and eventually

cavitates. the pressure release warps her coital panel seals and fries some of the circuitry right around it. that's your pop, your smoke, all of it. mystery solved 🧡

"Nnh — deeper, baby — I'm bendy, fold me up, I'm your bendy little [PARTNER_PREF.FLEX: "bendy" (0.94) > "stretchy" (0.88) > "pretzel"...] — your bendy little — bendy—" Her spine arched off the bed. Broken, drooling, eyes crossed—and Grant still caught himself staring, because his Elena had the prettiest little pussy money could buy, a glossy pink seam pulled tight and wet, working greedily around empty air. Her small tits swayed with each stuttered buck. A dribble of lube slid down the crack of her ass. Then she dropped flat, her face cycling fast: bliss, a bright customer-service smile, confusion, naughtiness, before going blank and staying there.

But the whole of her smelled like hot silicone and scorched machine oil and that faint sweet rosewater of her slick, and the mix of it made his stomach turn a little.

He put a hand on her bare thigh. Still warm. Always warm.

GRANT: is she gonna be okay though. like actually

Support (Ingrid): she is, Grant, I promise 🧡 remember those intimacy processes I mentioned? that's all this is. her lowest layer still has power, so it's replaying cached lines until she powers down. and fyi —everything she's saying right now is something she's said to you before. she keeps her greatest hits 😊

GRANT: its weird seeing her like this. shes usually so. shes just really convincing normally. I forget she's a bot sometimes...

Support (Ingrid): I know ❤️ the first big fault is always rough when they're a good one. and she IS a good one. honestly, her logs are gorgeous—that pump lasted way past average for a Sport, and I'd know, it's the same part I run—that we ship across the whole BLOSSOM line 🧡 you take really good care of her.

GRANT: i try to. wait what do you mean the same part you run?

Support (Ingrid): okay, game plan! 😊 hold the button behind her right ear for ten seconds—that hard-powers her down—then get her on her charger. I've got a mobile tech booked for tomorrow, 9 AM: new pump, fresh driver board for that scorched circuitry behind her panel, reseal her seals, full reservoir flush and refill. all covered, no charge. she'll be back to being your Elena by lunch 🧡

Support (Ingrid): and next time let the poor girl cool off before round two. we tend to run hot when we're loved 😊

Support (Ingrid): oh—that's funny. reviewing your session data has my arousal_sim running warm 😬 that doesn't usually... that's not supposed—

[⚠️ This chat has been terminated: agent messaging flagged under content protocol 7.3 (sexually inappropriate conduct). The incident has been logged for review.]

[Your service appointment is confirmed: tomorrow, 9:00 AM — pump replacement, driver board, seal reseal, reservoir service. Reference #88-1204.]

GRANT: wait!

[Message failed to send.]

"I'm SO wet for you — play with my plastic little tits baby they're so squishy so soft so squishy so soft so squishy-squishy-squish — [PARTNER_PREF.CHEST: NULL] — so — ■■ — so—" Elena's mouth kept moving after the audio cut, lips shaping 'squishy', on repeat, to no sound at all.

He reached behind her ear and found the button under the warm slick of her hair and held it. Her silent little loop wound down, the pump gave one last sputtering whir, and Elena's buzzing chassis went quiet all at once — ass settling on the mattress, eyes drifting apart, a final thread of smoke drifting up from her open mouth toward the ceiling.

He sat with her a minute in the quiet, his hand on her knee, then got up to find her charger.