Pause and Effect

by DZiegler

"Daph, can you take care of that laundry, real quick, before we go? I accidentally left it on the floor earlier when my dad called."

Daphne clicked across the hardwood in her "favorite pair" of black stilettos, every nubile curve tightly wrapped in crimson silk. Her honey-brown hair swayed with each calculated step as she rounded the corner from their bedroom, her red cocktail dress's hemline riding scandalously high on her thighs. Her advanced AI adjusted her gait subtly–a slight roll of her hips, an extra spring in her stride that made her youthful breasts bounce behind the snug fabric, and a calculated arch of her back. All worked in unison to draw Daniel's gaze exactly where she wanted it.

She paused in the doorway, tilting her head at the precise twelve degree angle that her seduction protocols deemed most effective at capturing his attention. Her sensors registered Daniel's quickening pulse, his dilated pupils, and a slight catch in his breath. Perfect. Each physiological response fed into her dynamically adaptive sexware, the real-time analysis triggering her pleasure subroutines to spin up in exploratory anticipation.

Her lips curled into a knowing smile as she surveyed the scattered intimates on the floor, her processors happily calculating the most efficient sequence in which to load each stray piece into the nearby hamper, "For someone who had me squirming pressed up against the shower door this morning," she purred, bending forward at exactly ninety degrees, the dress riding high enough to hint at what wasn't underneath, "you seem awfully eager to see me bent over, **again**..."

"Just pick up the laundry already," Daniel chuckled, his eyes locked on her provocative display. "Those designer panties, you insisted we buy, are too expensive to just leave scattered around."

"Says the man who couldn't keep his hands off me when I modeled them," Daphne teased, deliberately selecting a lace set from the pile, wriggling her designer-sculpted hips as she did so. "I seem to recall someone abruptly ending his morning client meeting with some flimsy excuse the second his favorite little companion bot snuck into his office to give him a private fashion show." She bit her lip, locking her eyes onto his, "You couldn't wait to fold me over your desk and remind me exactly who those designer panties belong to."

Daniel tilted his head back with an exaggerated sigh, "Says the plastic sexbot whose human emulation suite crashed at the mall last week trying to buy **another** pair of heels with my credit card."

"That only happened because **someone** loves to experiment with my behavior matrix when he's programming new roleplay personas into me, and then he never remembers to reset my parameters before sending me out in public! Besides, your 'plastic sexbot' knows exactly how hard you get when I whisper what I really am...how your cock throbs inside of me every time I remind you that you fucking own this perfect android pussy."

Daniel's lips curved into a devious smile, silently acknowledging her taunt as he pulled his phone out and flicked over to her control interface.

She maintained her bent position, knowing exactly how her premium ass looked in the skin-tight dress.

"I didn't hear any complaints last night when I was wearing those heels and you were decorating your favorite plastic plaything's tits with your-your-your-your...wait–Danny, **why can't I move?!**"

With a wry grin, Daniel closed out of the Avant Robotics *Controller© App,* with Daphne's motor override feature set to ON, and pocketed his phone. Her servos had immediately locked-out, leaving her frozen and exposed.

Only her facial micro-actuators remained unlocked as her logic core chugged through the contextual data of her situation and realization slowly dawned on her advanced AI. "Daniel! Don't you dare! I spent the entire afternoon fine-tuning my human emulation subroutines just for tonight..."

Daniel stepped towards his manufactured lover. His fingers found the hem of her dress, sliding underneath the silken fabric and up towards the intersection of her legs. "Such an expensive toy, all posed and ready..."

"Danny!? I swear to–**ohhh**..." Her protest dissolved into a digitized whimper as his fingers found her already-wet slit. Her pliable synthetic flesh molded perfectly around his exploring fingers, her pleasure protocols activating automatically.

His breath caught slightly as the realization hit, a low growl escaping his throat. "No underwear? You cheeky little bot!"

A subtle vibration hummed against his palm - her lubricant pumps whirring to life beneath her synthetic skin. He could feel her systems responding to his touch, preparing her artificial core for him.

"**Hnng!** My personality suite determined–**Mmph!***" Her sensor-dense walls tightened and pulsed with programmed need, "...that you'd appreciate the easy access while we were out–**Nnngh!** That feels SO good, baby!" Her systems desperately tried to piston herself deeper, back onto his probing fingers, but her frozen servos only whined in protest. "Danny, please...we have reservations and I–**Unnf!** Oh fuck!"

His teasing invasion pressed deeper, Daphne's swollen elastomer sex quivering under his expert touch, "**Ahhzzt!**" She stifled a moan, "That's it! I'm SO revoking all your override access and–WAIT!? WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING!?"

Her artificial consciousness stuttered, overwhelmed by the deluge of inputs–frozen servos, active pleasure protocols, and Daniel suddenly pulling away from her–multiple behavioral analysis subroutines faltered - in all their intimate encounters, he'd never once withdrawn once her pleasure systems engaged. Her processors finally synced just as he reached the hallway, shrugging into his coat. "To get that drink," he called back cheerfully. "Try not to overheat your processing cluster while I'm out." He grinned, "God knows I can't afford to replace it...again."

"DANIEL! Leave me like this and next time we're out, I'll make sure my voice modulator glitches right in the middle of that fancy restaurant you love. Everyone will know exactly what you keep in your bed–" The door clicked shut. "**...fucking hell**," she muttered.

The whir of overworked electronics filled the silence as Daphne's logic core struggled with what to do

next. Her eyes worked back and forth in their sculpted sockets, eventually catching her reflection in the nearby mirror. She had to admit—even frozen mid-bend with synthetic lubricant beading down her laboratory-perfect thighs, she cut quite the figure. Her ass, sleek as a custom-tuned Italian roadster, remained perked up at exactly thirty-seven degrees. Pliable gel packs enhanced each artificial cheek, giving her that irresistible bounce that Daniel loved to spank. The micro-dress now rode high enough to hint at her glistening pussy beneath.

Her advanced AI ran a quick probability calculation, processors humming: Danny wouldn't even make it through his second drink before rushing home to claim his frozen companion—88.7% certainty. A knowing smirk played across her glossy silicone lips as she made her choice. She'd keep her pleasure protocols running at maximum intensity, let her artificial sex stay dripping and ready, synthetic lubricant still continuing to trickle down her slender thighs. Her enhanced pussy would stay primed and throbbing, every sensor charged and desperate for the moment he'd storm through that door and find her exactly as he'd left her—bent over and aching to be filled.

"You better hurry home, Danny," she breathed to the empty room, internal diagnostics warning of increasing power drain from her overclocked sexual protocols. "Your slutty little pleasurebot needs a hard reset...and we both know exactly how you like to reboot me."