

Virgin Plastic

by DZiegler



"Final checks complete." Jacob looked up from his workstation, three monitors casting blue light across his face. The observation room hummed with the white noise of cooling fans and processing rigs, the air carrying that particular staleness of spaces that never saw natural light: recycled and faintly metallic, cut with the ghost of old coffee from the pot Clarissa kept forgetting to dump. "Julian's running the ADONIS boyfriend simulation package with extended stamina protocols. Power and processing offboarded, so he'll outlast her by days if we let him. Lydia's loaded with all three lab scripts: environment masking, partner masking, and self-preservation override."

Rico nodded from his position by the observation window, tablet in hand. He'd run dozens of these stress tests over his six years at Avant Robotics, watched plenty of prototypes pushed past their limits. But there was something about the new **GIRL_NEXT_DOOR** line that had him quietly invested. Three years of development. The chassis and model architecture that were supposed to put them back on top after SynthLux had eaten their market share with their EDEN series.

"Human emulation status?" he asked.

"Maxed," Clarissa confirmed. She was stationed at the primary diagnostic terminal, Lydia's telemetry streaming across her screens in real-time. Core temperature, processing load, lubrication levels, arousal index, motor function metrics. Every bit of data the unit was experiencing, translated directly to her feeds. "Personality suite randomized this morning. She thinks she's a yoga instructor named

Lydia, been dating Julian for five months, madly in love. The whole girlfriend fantasy, active across every single NPU cluster."

Jacob whistled low. "That's going to absolutely crush her batteries."

"That's the point." Clarissa pulled up a secondary display. "We need to find her limits. The board wants hard numbers before we greenlight consumer release. How long can she maintain peak performance with all systems maxed? Where are the failure points?"

Rico glanced at the testing floor below. Through the glass, she was indistinguishable from the real thing: smart-polymer skin micro-shifting to smooth away the faint seam lines at her wrists and throat, simulated pores, thermal-regulated warmth radiating off her in waves. She stood in the center of the staged living room, barefoot on fake hardwood, surrounded by cameras and sensors she couldn't perceive. White crop top, denim cutoffs, pink fishnet stockings that stopped at her waist. She didn't look like your typical stilted brothel bot; she looked like a ruinously attractive twenty-something waiting for her "boyfriend" to come home.

She was, objectively, an erotic masterpiece.

Five-foot-six, dirty blonde hair with honey highlights, skin like warm porcelain. The engineering teams had successfully threaded the needle between "impossibly gorgeous" and "believably human." Her proportions were optimized but not cartoonish. Her face was beautiful without being uncanny. The only tells were subtle enough that most owners would never notice: breasts slightly too buoyant, eyes a fraction too wide and vibrant, lips maintaining a glossy sheen that never quite faded.

"Alright." Rico stepped back from the window. "Let's see what she can do. Jacob, initiate the sequence."

"Okay..." He toggled a few switches. "Julian entering now."

Below, Julian walked through the doorway from stage left. Six-foot-two, conventionally attractive, three thick cables running from a panel between his shoulder blades to a processing rig offstage. His programming was intentionally basic: fuck, respond, repeat. A sophisticated dildo with legs and a limited vocabulary.

Lydia's face lit up when she saw him.

"There you are." She crossed the set toward him, hips swaying, and smiled.

On Clarissa's display: **EXPR_TEMPLATE: knowing_smile_017**

"I was starting to think you forgot about me."

"Hey babe," Julian said. "You look amazing."

"Mmm, I know." She pressed against him, tilting her chin up for a kiss. "I've been thinking about you all day. Did you know that? Couldn't focus on anything. My 10 AM class was a disaster because I kept demonstrating poses and thinking about you folding me into them later." She lifted one leg, hooking it around his hip with effortless flexibility. "You love that I'm so bendy. Don't pretend you don't."

In the observation room, Clarissa's eyes flicked between Lydia and her monitors. The bot's arousal index was climbing steadily. Core temp nominal. All dashboards in the green.

This was the part she never admitted to anyone. Watching Lydia's telemetry scroll past, arousal index climbing, lubrication levels, the intimate machinery of simulated want rendered as data streams, and feeling her own pulse answer it.

She uncrossed her legs. Crossed them the other way.

"Behavioral variance looks excellent," she said, keeping her voice neutral. "Decision trees branching naturally. No pattern repetition detected."

Through the observation glass, Lydia was kissing Julian deeply, her hands roaming across his chest, fingers working at his shirt buttons. She pulled back just enough to speak, lips brushing his.

"I want you," she breathed. "Right now. I've been wet for you since lunch. Is that crazy?"

"That's so hot," Julian said, and Lydia's partner-masking script interpreted the flat delivery as smoldering restraint.

"You're so sweet." She laughed, bright and musical. "Now take my shirt off. I've been waiting all day for you to undress me."

He obliged, pulling the crop top over her head in one smooth motion. Her tits bounced free, pert and perfect, pink nipples already stiff. The motion exposed the small access panel tucked a few inches beneath her left armpit: a hinged flap concealing her charging port, the product label printed beside it in tiny sans-serif. She watched his eyes drop to her chest and grinned.

"There's that look." She cupped herself, thumbs grazing her nipples, back arching. "The one where you're trying to figure out how you got so lucky."

"You're so beautiful."

"Correct." She started working on his jeans, grinning. "Keep going."

His jeans. His shirt. Her shorts. The clothes came off in efficient stages, punctuated by her mouth on his neck, his chest, the cut of his hip. When she was down to just the pink fishnets, she did a slow turn, letting him look.

"Leave these on," Julian said, running a finger along the waistband. "I want to fuck you in them."

"Promise?" She wiggled her ass at him. "Because I'll hold you to that."

"You're so sexy."

On Clarissa's feed, Lydia's partner-masking interpolated the response in real-time, flagging it as '*affirmation (enthusiastic)*' despite the contextual mismatch.

"I know, baby. I really, really know."



Forty-five minutes in.

Lydia had already cum four times.

The first orgasm hit while Julian's tongue worked between her thighs, her fingers tangled in his hair, hips grinding against his mouth. She rode it out with a satisfied little hum that built into a throaty "mmmm, *fuck yes*", a faint whine bleeding through from her pelvic servos.

Julian's head was still between her thighs when she decided she was done waiting.

"Okay." She tugged at his hair, pulling him up. "Okay, that was—*mm*—that was absolutely wrecking me, but I need you inside me now. Like, immediately."

He let her guide him, let her push him back against the couch cushions with one palm flat on his chest. She held him there for a beat, watching his face, her fingers splayed over his sternum like she was taking his pulse.

"Stay."

She rose to her knees in a single unhurried motion, her weight shifting without a wobble, without a wasted adjustment. One leg swung over his hips, not rushed, not eager, just *certain*—and then she was straddling him, her thighs bracketing his waist, the neon mesh cutting soft diamonds into her skin where she pressed against him. Tiny indentations already fading, elastomer incapable of holding the memory.

She didn't look down. Didn't need to. Her hand reached back, found his cock, wrapped around him with the casual confidence of someone who'd done this a hundred times. She angled him toward her entrance and held there, just the tip notched against her slick heat.

"You want this?" She tilted her head, lips curving. "Tell me you want this."

"I want you so bad."

"Good answer."

She sank down.

Not fast—*slow*. Controlled. Inch by inch, her body swallowing him in one long, liquid descent, her abs flexing subtly as she managed the angle, the depth, the pace. Her eyes never left his. Halfway down, she paused, clenched around him deliberately, watched his jaw go tight.

"*You feel so good*," he managed.

"Mmhmm." She dropped the rest of the way, seating herself fully, her ass flush against his thighs. A soft, satisfied exhale slipped through her parted lips. "There we go."

She flexed her hips once, a slow, testing grind, and her lashes fluttered at whatever her sensors fed back. When she started to move, it was with the easy confidence of someone who knew exactly what she wanted and precisely how to take it. Working him with mechanical precision dressed up as passion, like something her body had been designed to do.

Because, of course, it had been.

The second orgasm caught her mid-stroke, a shudder rolling through her chassis, her rhythm faltering for just a moment before she rode through it, her inner walls fluttering around him, a breathy little "oh—oh that's nice" slipping out before she picked the pace back up. Her tits bounced with each roll of her hips, the factory-fresh elastomer-gel packs oscillating a fraction of a second longer than human tissue would.

The third happened on the countertop, legs spread, heels digging into his lower back, her moans echoing off the fake kitchen tile. "Harder, baby, fuck, just like that—don't stop, don't you dare stop—"

The fourth was happening right now. Missionary, his weight pressing her into the couch, her thighs splayed wide, taking every inch of him with breathless, wide-eyed greed.

"Oh god, oh *god*—" The words came out high and breathless, catching in her throat. "Right there, yes, I'm gonna— I'm—"

She came with her whole body curling toward him, chin tucking, abs flexing, thighs squeezing his hips as her pussy clenched in rhythmic pulses. Her eyes went half-lidded and unfocused, mouth falling open on a sound that was more breath than moan. When it passed, she blinked twice and grinned up at him like she'd just won something.

>> ORGASM_SIM_004 COMPLETE | DURATION: 14.1s | CPU_SPIKE: 12%

Clarissa logged it, mouth dry.

And then, almost immediately, she was kissing him again, her neural matrix flooding with hard-scripted devotion for a plastic mannequin with a cock and a compliment generator.

"Mmm, that was good." She bit his lower lip gently. "That was... god, you're incredible. But I'm not done with you yet."

Julian came a few minutes later. Lydia pulled him deep and held him there, her flooded plastic cunt squeezing, wringing him out while she watched his face with programmed adoration.

"There you go," she purred. "That's it, baby. Give me all of it."

When he pulled out, she stayed sprawled on the couch for exactly three seconds while her internals quietly reset: lubricant pumps spooling down, the twelve motorized constrictor rings lining her vaginal canal detensioning back to baseline, her NPU cluster rebalancing load allocation. A faint whir emanated from between her thighs as the suction module embedded at the base of her vaginal canal activated, drawing their mingled fluids into her waste reservoir for later disposal. Silent. Efficient. A moment later, she was pristine.

Then she sat up, rolled her shoulders with a satisfied little hum, and reached for him again.

"How long until you're ready to go again?" Her hand wrapped around his softening rubber cock, stroking gently. "I'm asking for science."

On Clarissa's display, Lydia's cleanup metrics flickered green across the board.

"She's performing beautifully," Rico said, and Clarissa caught something in his voice. A tension he was working to control. "How's her thermal management suite doing?"

"Forty-seven degrees. Well within operational parameters. She's barely breaking a sweat." Clarissa paused. "Figuratively. She doesn't actually sweat."

"I know how the units work." But Rico's eyes were still on the window, on Lydia's gleaming body as she worked Julian back to hardness with her mouth. "Christ, the R&D team really outdid themselves this time."

In the staged living room, Lydia had Julian's enhanced length between her glossy lips, her wide eyes looking up at him through her lashes, soft and starry. Wet, enthusiastic sounds filled the testing bay. She pulled back to stroke him, a strand of synthetic saliva connecting her mouth to his shaft.

"I love how you taste," she murmured. "I love how you feel in my mouth. I love—" She took him deep again, throat working around him. When she came up for air, a purely performative gesture, her respiratory simulation logging **BREATH_GASP_INTIMATE_03** on Clarissa's feed, she was grinning. "I love everything about you, honestly. Is that too much? I don't care if it's too much."

"That's so hot."

"Mmm, I know I am." She licked a slow stripe up his length. "I've had a lot of practice. On you, specifically. Remember that weekend we didn't leave your apartment? I think I sucked your cock like fifteen times."

"That's so hot."

"It really was." Another long, slow lick. "I couldn't walk right for two days after. Best weekend of my life."

Clarissa watched the exchange, watched Lydia respond to Julian's basic, repetitive dialogue as though he were reciting poetry. The partner masking script was working flawlessly, interpreting his limited vocabulary as endearing, charming, exactly what a starry-eyed girlfriend would want to hear.

The dichotomy was almost funny, but Clarissa was too busy pressing her thighs together to laugh.



One hour, fifty-three minutes in.

Lydia was on top again, riding Julian with the same tireless enthusiasm she'd shown since the test began. Her body glistened with the massage oil they'd incorporated during an "impromptu" foreplay session, her skin catching the light like polished plastic as she fucked herself on his cock.

"Ahh, you feel good," she breathed, grinding down on him. "You feel massive inside me. Like you were made for me." She laughed at her own words. "God, that's cheesy. Sorry!"

"You feel so good."

"Mmhmm." She clenched around him deliberately, watching his face react. "I know exactly what you like, baby. I've been paying attention."

She came again, her eighth since the test began, with a quiet, almost private little gasp, her rhythm never faltering. She clenched around him, her nipples tightened visibly, but she just kept riding, kept

pumping herself up and down. Every gasp and tremor a flawlessly executed behavioral script.

Rico checked the timeline on his tablet. Almost two hours. By this point in previous stress tests, units had already shown measurable degradation. Verbal loops, motor faults, thermal throttling kicking in.

Lydia was still performing like she was fresh out of the box.

"Core temp?" he asked.

"Fifty-four degrees," Clarissa reported. "Elevated but stable. Processing load is high, obviously, with human emulation maxed, but she's managing it beautifully. No cluster throttling yet. No performance degradation that I can track."

"Impressive." Rico made a note on his tablet. "The new thermal architecture is working."

"She's exceeding projections across the board." Clarissa pulled up a comparison chart. "Previous GIRL_NEXT_DOOR prototypes were showing verbal pattern repetition by ninety minutes. She's at one-thirteen with zero loops flagged."

Julian came for the fourth time. Lydia rode him through it, lips curving into a lazy, self-congratulatory grin, her tight elastomer slit squeezing rhythmically as he finished. From the overhead camera, her pert little ass was on full display. Taut, sporty, the tight webbing pressing into her soft plastic flesh with every bounce.

"Good boy," she purred. "That's my good boy."

She dismounted with a peppy little bounce, landing light on her knees beside him. A soft hum from her pelvis, barely audible, and when she shifted her weight, her inner thighs were already dry, her pussy reset and ready. Like nothing had happened. Like she could do this forever.

"Hey," Lydia said, walking her fingers up his chest. "You know what sounds really good right now? Your tongue on me. My clit is literally throbbing. Be a good boy and fix that. Please and thank you."

Rico shifted his weight, adjusting his stance by the window.



Two hours, forty-one minutes in.

"She's remarkable," Clarissa said, and there was genuine admiration in her voice. "Two hours forty and she's just...still killing it. I've never seen a unit maintain this level of coherence with human emulation maxed *and* this kind of sustained sexual load for this long."

The testing floor had become a catalogue of positions. Lydia riding Julian. Julian taking her from behind. Her on her back, legs over his shoulders. Him fucking her against the fridge. Her gushing all over his fingers on the counter, loud and messy.

"Nice," Julian said.

Bouncing in his lap on the couch. Bent over the armrest, moaning into cushions. Legs behind her head, bent into a naughty little pretzel. Yoga instructor, after all.

Through all of it, her dirty talk remained varied, creative, convincingly human.

"Right there— fuck, right there, don't you move, just stay right there and let me use you— god, you feel so good when I grind on you like this—"

"I've been thinking about this all day. About having you inside me. About the stupid little sounds you make when I clench around you like— yeah, like that—"

"I'm so wet it's embarrassing. Can you hear that? Can you hear how wet I am for you? That's all you, baby. You do this to me—"

Julian's responses had been cycling through the same five phrases for nearly three hours now: "You're so beautiful." "You feel so good." "That's so hot." "You're so sexy." "I love you." Over and over, a perfect loop, and Lydia received each one like he'd just composed a sonnet for her on the spot.

"I love you too," she'd respond, beaming. "God, I love you so much. You're literally perfect. Such a good boyfriend!"

On her display, Clarissa watched the partner-masking script flag Julian's fifteenth "You're so beautiful" as *'affirmation (deeply felt)'* and his twelfth "That's so hot" as *'enthusiastic validation (aroused)'*. She snorted; his vocabulary was smaller than a refrigerator magnet set, and Lydia was swooning like he was a Rhodes Scholar.

Clarissa bit back a laugh and scrolled to the next feed. Fourteen orgasms logged for Lydia so far, each one tagged with duration and intensity metrics. Julian had finished seven times, and after each round, Lydia's cleanup systems had activated seamlessly.

Or they had been, anyway. Clarissa's eyes flicked to the pump telemetry. The cycle was taking longer now. Seven seconds on the last pass, then 7.4 on the one before that. The waste reservoir had climbed to thirty percent capacity. Still functional. But the curve was bending.

"I'm seeing the first signs of resource strain," Clarissa reported. "Nothing critical. Her processing load is causing some thermal creep in her auxiliary processors. She's compensating by reducing background task priority."

"What's she deprioritizing?"

"Non-essential autonomic functions. Micro-expression refresh rates, ambient environment processing, some of her predictive modeling subroutines." She highlighted the relevant data. "Her core performance is unaffected. Her AI is being smart about resource allocation."

Back on her knees, Julian's cock in her mouth. She was working him with sloppy enthusiasm while one hand played between her own thighs, two fingers rubbing in lazy circles over her clit. She came with him still in her mouth, a muffled, vibrating moan that made her throat constrict around his head, her lashes fluttering shut, her free hand slapping flat against his thigh for balance.

Pulling off him with a wet pop, her smile was radiant. "God I love making myself cum while I suck you off. It's like my favorite thing. Just knowing that you're watching me get myself off while I worship your cock? That's like the hottest thing in the world."

"You're so sexy."

"Mmm, I really am." She stroked him slowly, maintaining eye contact. "What do you want next? Tell me what you want. I'll do anything."

"I want you on all fours."

"See, that's why I love you." She turned, positioning herself, raising her ass high. "You have the best ideas."



Three hours, eighteen minutes in.

Rico noticed it first. A narrowing in the variance of her speech. Her language models were still fully functional, but thermal load on her primary cluster was compressing the probability distributions she sampled from. The long tail of creative phrasing quietly truncated, her outputs clustering closer and closer to the weighted mean.

"You feel so good inside me," she moaned, straddling Julian in reverse, facing away from him, her oiled back arching as she lifted and sank on his cock in slow, deliberate strokes. Her ass flexed with each downward grind.

"You feel so—mmm—you always feel so good, baby, always—"

"Clarissa. You catching this?"

"Flagging it now." Clarissa's fingers flew across her keyboard. "Logged at three-seventeen. Standard deviation on her language output just dropped below baseline for the first time. She's tightening up."

"She cooking yet?"

"Sixty-eight degrees. Yeah, looks like she's hitting her first thermal threshold." Clarissa pulled up Lydia's processing allocation bus. "Her main logic core is running hot. She's started offloading non-critical functions to secondary processors to compensate."

"Is she aware of the heat buildup?"

"Her systems are generating awareness flags, yes. Temperature warnings, performance degradation predictions, recommended cooldown actions." A stream of internal alerts scrolled across her diagnostic feed. "Watch this. Her logic engine is properly generating self-preservation responses. 'Disengage from current activity. Initiate cooling cycle. Reduce processing load.'"

"That's good, right?"

"For this test specifically, yes. The override script intercepts each action before execution. As far as her higher functions can tell, she's following the recommendations. But the actual commands never reach her motor control or behavioral systems." Clarissa zoomed in on the relevant code. "She thinks she's taking care of herself. She's not. This is how we stress test her systems."

Lydia came again, and this time something was slightly off: her moan pitching a half-tone higher than her previous ones, her hips catching once mid-roll before smoothing back out. She didn't seem to notice. Her fingers found her nipples, pinching and rolling them as the orgasm crested.

"Oh god, oh god, oh *god*—" Her breath caught. "I'm cumming, baby, I'm—fuck—*fuck*—"

"She's got hours left in her," Rico said, checking his projections. "But we're past the peak performance window. Everything from here is gradual decline."

"Gradual until it isn't." Jacob finally spoke up from his workstation, where he'd been monitoring the testing scripts. "The thermal damage will be cumulative. Once she starts losing processing clusters, the remaining ones have to work harder, which generates more heat, which causes more damage. Exponential failure curve."

"That's what we're here to measure." Rico's eyes hadn't left the window. Lydia was already pulling Julian toward her again, her mouth finding his, her hands reaching for his cock. "How long until the curve goes vertical."



Four hours, two minutes in.

Lydia was different now.

Beautiful, yes. Enthusiastic, certainly. Fucking Julian with what looked like genuine passion. But the illusion was fraying now, that perfect-girlfriend magic wearing thin, the machine underneath starting to bleed through.

Gone was the creative spark from her first two hours. That playful, varied dirty talk winnowed down to maybe fifteen sentences on rotation. "You feel so good." "Fuck me harder." "I love when you're inside me." She delivered each one with convincing emotion, but the repetition was becoming impossible to ignore.

"I love you so much," she moaned, riding him on the couch. "I love—I love you so much, baby, I love—"

"First confirmed verbal loop at four-oh-one," Clarissa reported. "She's recycling phrases within thirty-second windows now."

The fluidity was still there in her movements, the grace—but now it came with glitches. Micro-stutters. A hitch in her hip rotation. A half-second lag between intention and execution. Her motor control systems were starting to strain under the processing load.

"Core temp at seventy-nine degrees," Clarissa continued. "She's lost two subroutine banks to thermal throttling. Primary logic cluster is compensating, which is pushing it further into the danger zone."

Below, Julian came again, his twelfth. Lydia quivered through it, her own orgasm triggering in response, her pussy clenching around him as her pleasure simulations executed.

"Yes, yes, *yes*—" Static bled into the edges of her words. "Fill me up, baby, I love when you—when you —"

The cleanup cycle was audibly labored now. The vacuum pump whirled and clicked, struggling to clear the accumulated fluids. Reservoir at sixty-three percent. Cycle time: 7.8 seconds. And when it finished, Lydia's pussy was still visibly glistening.

"Cleanup efficiency between coital sessions seems to be degrading," Clarissa noted. "She's not fully clearing between cycles anymore."

"Motor wear on the pump assembly?"

"Yeah, mostly. The cleanup module has a rated duty cycle. We blew past it around hour two." Through the glass, Lydia climbed off Julian, synthetic lubricant and cum glistening on her inner thighs. "She's getting messy."

Rico studied the unit through the window. The Lydia from four hours ago had been immaculate. A sex superhero, as Clarissa had privately thought. Capable of endless fucking, endless cumming, endless perfect performance without a single hair out of place.

This Lydia was still beautiful. Still undeniably seductive. But the cracks in her simulated performance were beginning to show.

"How much longer?" he asked.

"Hard to say." Jacob pulled up his projections. "The failure curve is accelerating, but her model's new thermal architecture is more resilient than we expected. Could be another few hours. Could be thirty minutes. Depends on when the primary logic cluster starts taking physical damage."

On the floor, Lydia was on her knees once more, her glossed lips stretched around Julian's cock. Her eyes looked up at him with the same doe-eyed worship she'd been serving all afternoon. The gaze was right, the angle of her head was right, but there was latency in her affect now, her features no longer moving in perfect concert.

"You taste so good," she murmured, stroking him. "I love—I love how you taste. I love—" A blink. Two blinks. "You taste so good."

"You're beautiful."

"I know, baby." She purred confidently, but her chin jerked sideways mid-sentence, a quick spasm she didn't seem to register. "I know I—I know I am."



Four hours, thirty-seven minutes.

"We've got heat damage."

Clarissa's voice was sharp. Professional, but with an edge that cut through the observation room's ambient hum.

"Primary logic cluster?" Rico moved to stand behind her, studying the diagnostic readout.

"Confirmed. Core temp hit ninety-two degrees and sustained for eleven seconds before her cooling systems could compensate. That's enough to cause minor degradation to the neural pathways." She highlighted the affected regions. "Her decision-making architecture is compromised. Nothing catastrophic yet, but she's going to start making mistakes."

In the faux apartment, the mistakes were already visible.

They'd migrated to the floor at some point. Lydia on her back on the thin area rug, her hair fanned out beneath her, Julian kneeling between her spread legs as he fucked her with steady, pneumatic strokes. Her legs were hooked over his forearms, her hips tilted up off the rug, her slick pink cunt on full display as he pumped into her. She should have been writhing, arching, performing that perfect pleasure-response she'd been executing flawlessly for hours.

But she wasn't writhing anymore, not really. Her spine would arch and then *freeze*, caught mid-motion. Her fingers clawed at the rug, went limp, clawed again. Her head lolled in sharp little jerks that couldn't find a rhythm. A dull buzz bled through from her pelvic servos each time she tried to roll her hips up to meet him, her hips jerking through the same half-rotation on repeat.

Some superhero now, Clarissa thought.

"Right there—right—right there—" Her voice skipped like a scratched disc. "You're so—you're—mmm—mmm—mmm—right—right there!"

"You feel so good," she moaned. "You feel—feel so—you feel so good inside—inside me—"

"Speech synthesis is starting to stack errors," Jacob noted, highlighting a scrolling log on his display. "She's pulling from the same phrase buffers repeatedly. Degradation's accelerating."

"You're so sexy," Julian said, the thirty-seventh time he'd delivered that exact line, not that Lydia's failing processors were counting anymore.

"Mmm, I know—I know I'm—" A tic rippled through her jaw, pulling her mouth into a lopsided grimace for half a second. "I know I'm sexy, baby, I know you love—love—love—"

She came, but it was different now. Her eyelashes spasmed in rapid bursts, one eye squeezing shut while the other stayed wide open. Her mouth stretched into an O of ecstasy on the left side while the right half of her face stayed frozen, slack: the two halves of her expression running on different clocks, failing to sync.

"Oh god, oh—oh—oh—" Her eyes flickered. "I'm cumming, I'm—ERROR—I'm cumming so hard for—for—for you—"

"Error vocalization at four-thirty-nine," Clarissa logged, her voice tight. "Her language model is pulling from system message buffers. That's... that shouldn't happen."

Lydia's cleanup cycle tried to activate. The vacuum pump whirred, clicked, made a grinding sound, and from between her thighs came a soft, wet *glrp-glrp-glrp*, fluid bubbling uselessly as the suction caught, wheezed, and died.

She didn't move. Stayed exactly where she was on the rug, hips tilted up, legs splayed, cum and lubricant slowly leaking from her stretched cunt.

The pump tried again. Another whir, another grinding click. This time the suction *mostly* caught, a muffled squelch from her pelvis as the system managed maybe sixty percent efficiency. Enough to function. Not enough to be clean.

Rico watched Lydia reach for Julian again, her movements jerky but determined. She glanced down at herself first, at the slick mess coating her inner thighs, the cum and lubricant her failing pump couldn't clear, and her lips curved in something almost proud.

"Look at me," she breathed, running a finger through the wetness. "Look how messy I am. God, I love this. I love being so full of you I can't even—" A hitch in her voice. "I can't even keep up." She pulled him toward her, kissing him with something like desperation. "I want more. I want—I want you to fuck me again. Make me messier. Please. I need—I need—"

"Anything for you."

"You always—you always say that." She tried to laugh but it came out wrong, a digital hiccup. "That's why I—why I—that's why—"

Julian pulled her up from the rug, guiding her toward the chaise near the window, one of the set pieces she'd been ignoring all afternoon, her environment masking filtering it as just another piece of furniture in "their" apartment. She let him lead her, her legs unsteady, servos whining softly with each step.

Julian grabbed her by the hips and turned her over, pushing her down onto her stomach. One hand pressed between her shoulder blades, pinning the side of her face to the chaise. The other yanked her hips up, positioning her ass in the air. She let him move her, arrange her, her body compliant even as her systems struggled. The fishnets framed her thighs, her swollen cunt still drooling what her pump couldn't clear.

"I like you like this."

"Like this?" She wiggled her ass at him, a slow, deliberate little shake. "You like me all—all spread out and—and ready for you?" Her hips faltered mid-wiggle, the motion catching and repeating. "Fuck me just like—like this—"

Julian didn't ease into it. He grabbed her hips, notched himself against her lubricated entrance, and slammed home. Lydia's whole body jolted forward, her temple grinding into fabric, a broken moan punching out of her. He pulled back and drove in again, hard, deep, bottoming out with a wet slap of synthetic skin against synthetic skin. Her pussy clenched around him, those twelve constrictor rings firing in stuttering, uncoordinated waves.

"Oh *fuck*—oh—oh fuck—" The words came out crushed, compressed, her vocal synthesizer dropping bitrate while her lips drifted out of sync with the sound. Mouth moving, audio trailing behind. "Harder—fuck me—fuck me hard—harder—"

"Yes—yes—yesss—" Her hips jerked back against him, trying to meet his thrusts, but the motion hitched into a loop: push, reset, push, reset. "You're so—so deep—you're—you're—"

"You're so tight, babe."

"I feel—I feel—" Her neck spasmed, snapping her cheek against the cushion. "I feel—ERROR—I feel so—so—*mmm*—"

Clarissa's screens were lighting up with warnings. Core temperature critical. Processing clusters offline. Logic engine unstable.

She should have felt clinical about this. She was feeling something else entirely.

"Runaway system failure likely," she said, and was grateful her voice didn't betray her. "Our poor girl might just be cooked."



Four hours, fifty-one minutes.

Lydia was falling apart.

Her chassis churned through its sex routines on autopilot as Julian continued thrusting with wanton abandon. But the sophisticated girlfriend persona that had been rendering flawlessly for over four hours was unraveling now: her behavioral prediction models pruned to stumps, her emotional affect engine faulting on corrupted memory caches, the whole elaborate architecture of ***'Lydia-the-eager-nubile-yoga-instructor-who-loves-you'*** collapsing into base-level sex routines and fragmented phrase buffers.

"I love—I love you—I love—" Distortion curdled through every syllable, her vocal synthesizer spitting pops and crackles. "You feel so—so—so—good—good—"

Her eyes were the worst of it—desynced now, losing their coordinated tracking. One pupil blown wide while the other shrank to a pinprick. Her head juddered on her neck between words, staccato micro-corrections that couldn't quite keep her face pointed at him.

"Harder," she gasped. "Fuck me—fuck me—fuck—fuck—"

She came again, but nothing lined up: her face contorting half a second behind her voice, her hips bucking on a different clock than her moans, her pussy squeezing him in fits and starts while her legs trembled uselessly.

"I'm—I'm—I'm cum—cumming—I—I—ERROR—THERMAL WARNING—I'm cumming so—so—"

>> ORGASM_SIM—SIM—SIM_019 | DURATION: [REDACTED].[REDACTED]s | ERR: emotion_sy—emotion_sync—sync_fault | AFFECT_ENGINE: fault_ca—fault_ca— | NPU_STATUS: crit—crit—[REDACTED]

"Primary logic cluster is about to go offline completely," Clarissa reported, her voice carefully controlled despite the flush she could feel creeping up her neck. "She's lost eighty percent of her processing capacity. What's left is running hot enough to melt through her controls harness."

"How long?"

"Uh." She steadied herself and regained her composure. "Minutes."

Julian came inside Lydia for the fifteenth and final time. Her body registered the sensation of his release somewhere in her failing processors: a twitch of her hips, a broken moan, her mechanized sex clenching weakly around him as corrupted pleasure-response scripts fired out of sequence.

"Yes—YES—BABY—Yes, baby!—fill me—fill—fill me up—" What came out of her mouth was barely language anymore—vowels dragging, consonants thick with distortion. "I love—I love when you—when—when—Yes, baby!"

The cleanup cycle didn't even attempt to activate. The vacuum assembly was completely shot, her reservoir overflowing, cum and synthetic lubricant leaking from her stuffed vaginal module, running down her thighs, pooling on the chaise beneath her.

She was still on all fours. Still face-down-ass-up. Still holding the provocative position even as her systems failed around her.

"More," she slurred. "I want—I want—I—"

Her head snapped up from the chaise. Her eyes crossed inward, pupils misaligning completely, staring at nothing. Her jaw dropped open.

"I'm—I'm your—your perfect—" Her voice glitched hard, dropping an octave then spiking. "I'm your—your GIRL_NEXT_DOOR—your premium companion—companion unit—designed for—for adult entertainment purposes—satisfaction guaran—guaran—"

Black smoke began curling from between her parted lips.

"There she goes," Rico said quietly.

Lydia's whole body seized. Her back arched, ass pressing further into the air, Julian still buried inside her. His script offered no instructions for this scenario, so he simply stayed there, hands on her hips, waiting for stimulus inputs to trigger his next action. A grinding whine escaped her throat as her remaining servos locked up. The smoke thickened, pouring from her open mouth in dark wisps.

"I love—I love—I—I—I—" The words dissolved into harsh digital noise. "ERR—ERR—ERROR—I—I—I—"

One final shudder rolled through her. Then nothing.

She collapsed forward.

Julian, following his script, thrust twice more before stopping. "Was it good for you?"

Silence.

In the observation room, Clarissa was already pulling final diagnostics. "Total runtime: four hours, fifty-three minutes. Terminal failure cause: catastrophic thermal damage to primary logic cluster. Looks like her NPU is slagged."

"Recoverable?"

"Her chassis? Yes, with a full electrical rebuild." Clarissa saved the data logs, ignoring the way her hands were slightly unsteady. "But the stress test data is excellent. She lasted nearly five hours with human emulation maxed. That's significantly longer than any previous prototype."

Rico nodded slowly, his eyes still on the testing floor. On Lydia's frozen form, her perfect ass raised in the air, smoke still rising from her open mouth.

"She did good," he said finally. "Really good. For consumer release, let's make sure self-preservation logic is baked into the base firmware, not just running as a software layer that can be overridden or deprioritized. When her systems flag a thermal limit, she needs to actually *act* on it, not just log the

warning and keep fucking, which is obviously what we intentionally worked around with her custom scripting today."

"Already noted." Clarissa closed her diagnostic windows, one by one. "Should I schedule the next prototype for tomorrow?"

"Make it Thursday. I want the engineering team to review this data first." Rico drained his cold coffee, grimacing at the taste. "And get recovery down here. I think Lydia here has earned a proper refurbishment."

Jacob was already on his headset. "Bay Seven clear, test complete. Need a pickup for one GIRL_NEXT_DOOR prototype—she's cooked, gonna need a full rebuild. Tag her for Refurb Bay Three and flag the chassis for priority electrical work. Julian's fine, just power him down and dock him for Thursday."

The retrieval team found them exactly as they'd finished: Julian frozen mid-task, Lydia face-down with her pretty plastic ass still raised for a cock she could no longer feel. Smoke curled from her slack mouth. Her crossed eyes stared at nothing.

Nobody hurried. She'd keep.