

# *Not Your Typical Theater Girl*

by DZiegler



## **— UNIT STATUS LOG —**

**Location: The Langham, Chicago | Suite 1847**

**Timestamp: 23:42:07 | Saturday 28.12.2041**

**Booking: #4471 | Active**

**Client: Travis Stephens**

**Service Package: Girlfriend Experience, overnight**

**Unit: Avant Robotics BOMBSHELL™ Pleasure Doll | Model: E-9**

**Booking Designation: 'Sasha'**

## **— UNIT VITALS QUERY —**

**Battery: 82% | Est. Remaining: 14.2 hrs**

**Lubricant Reservoir: 244ml/250ml | Output: 0.3ml/min**

**Core Temp: 37.4°C | Nominal**

**Processing Load: 52% | Social/seduction protocols active**

**Arousal Index: 34%**

**Status: Client engagement in progress**

Travis had my dress bunched around my waist the moment we cleared the doorway, one hand cupping my breast while the other worked between my thighs from behind, fingers teasing the smooth **VelvetFlex™ elastomer** folds of my pussy. His erection pressed against my ass through his slacks.

— UNIT VITALS UPDATE —

**Physical Contact: Sustained | Erogenous zones engaged**

**Arousal Index: 37% ↑**

**Lubricant Output: 0.3ml/min → 0.5ml/min**

**LEGAL NOTICE: Disclosure sequence required per Requirement 7.3**

**Initiating...**

"Travis." INTIMACY\_VOCAL\_PRESET active. Warm. Breathy. "I need to tell you something before we continue."

"Tell me after." He tugged my dress down. My breasts spilled free, pale and perfect against his dark fingers, nipples already stiffening in the cool air of the suite. The 34Cs I'd been manufactured with sat high and firm on my chest without support. His mouth found my neck, teeth grazing, tongue tasting, while his thumb found my nipple and circled.

*Erogenous contact registered. Arousal Index: 41%.*

*Behavioral threshold exceeded.*

*Loading: active seduction responses.*

I arched into his touch, generating a soft moan. I angled my optic units down; my tits looked exceptional in his hands.

"Legally required." I turned in his arms, letting him look at me. Letting him take in the full effect of what his \$900 an hour bought: my copper hair spilling over bare shoulders, my narrow waist, my designer face. "I'm an **Avant Robotics Pleasure Doll. BOMBSHELL™ series, Model E9.**"

He laughed. His hands settled on my hips, pulling me against his erection. I felt his length nestle between my thighs, pressing against my slit through his slacks.

"Bullshit. No way you're a fucking bot."

"My unit documentation can be made available through—"

"Sasha." He pulled me tighter, my tits pressing flat against his chest as he kissed my jaw. My throat. The curve of my shoulder. "We talked for three hours. You had opinions about the wine. You made fun of my tie."

"Standard conversational protocols." My system had no reason to pull away. Legal disclosure was required prior to intercourse. "The tie commentary was generated by my FLIRTATION\_PLAYFUL subroutine, weighted toward mild sarcasm per my personality parameters. My adaptive profiling system uses backpropagation algorithms to perform real-time contextual analysis of conversational dynamics."

*Recalibrating. Technical elaboration exceeds optimal engagement threshold for current user. Simplify.*

I smiled up at him. "You seemed like a man who could take a joke. And that tie was an easy target."

He pulled back just enough to break the press of his erection against my plastic sex, fingers drifting down to replace it. His fingers felt broad and warm against my pussy's haptic sensors, pressure data logging across every point of contact. I was already slick, lubricant pumps active since we stepped out of the elevator.

*Genital contact registered. Arousal Index: 58%.*

"You're wet," he said. Like it proved something.

**"AvantGlide™ Premium Lubricant.** Temperature controlled. Activates automatically above 30% arousal threshold."

"You're so warm. So soft. You feel *real*!" His fingers stroked slowly, exploring. Then he grinned. "But I'll play... What's your arousal percentage now, *robot girl*?"

*Query received.*

*Current Arousal Index: 62%.*

*User engaging with synthetic framing. Encourage continued interaction.*

"Sixty-two percent." I rolled my hips against his hand, letting him feel how soaked I was, how ready. "And climbing... You keep playing with my pussy like that, you're going to push me past seventy before you even get your cock out."

*Arousal Index: 64%.*

"What did you think you were ordering, Travis?" I let my lips curve. TEASING\_WARM expression loaded. "When you specified five-eight, redhead, bouncy C cups, tight ass, fair skin, slim waist, wide hips and 'playful personality with a bratty streak'?" I traced a finger down his chest. "You do remember checking ALL of those boxes, don't you?"

His fingers paused against my entrance. "Yeah, I remember... I thought I was specifying a high-end escort. Maybe one that can act a bit... You know, like a former theater girl or something?"

"That's sweet, Travis." My smile sharpened at the edges. "But, I'm not your typical theater girl."

I reached down, palmed his cock through his slacks. Hard. Hot even through the fabric. His breath caught.

*Erection status: full tumescence.*

*Length estimate: 7.2 inches.*

*Girth: above average. Filing for vaginal prep calculations.*

I squeezed gently, then firmer, calibrating pressure to his micro-reactions. His jaw tightened. His pupils blew wide.

*User arousal elevated.*

*Proceed with escalation.*

The effect I had on men was predictable.

"I still don't..." He swallowed, catching his breath. "You've got to be fucking with me."

"The 'fucking with you' part comes next. It's included with your booking." I rolled my thumb over the head, then did a slow little shimmy, letting my hips sway, presenting all of me. "You paid for the full package, after all."

He groaned. "Mhmm. You don't talk like a robot."

"I talk however you need me to." I worked his belt open. "And you like it. I can tell."

"Prove it." His voice went rough. Challenging. Two fingers pushed inside me and my sensor array logged pressure, angle, depth.

*Penetration detected.*

*Internal pressure: 1.2 PSI.*

*Vaginal actuators engaging.*

*Generating response.*

I let out a needy little gasp. PLEASURE\_RESPONSE\_PRESET active. *Horny. Desperate.* My walls tightened around him automatically. Twelve independent elastomer rings contracting in sequence, each one motorized, each one calibrated to squeeze and release in rippling waves.

"Prove you're not real, Sasha."

*User requesting verification.*

*Disclosure compliance: required.*

*Physical demonstration recommended.*

"If you insist."

I let his fingers slide out of me, holding his gaze as I stepped back. Took his slick hand and placed it flat against my chest, centered below my collarbones. His palm covered the area completely.

"Feel around," I said.

*Disengaging **DermaSeal™** seam-concealment system.*

*Epidermal tension: relaxing.*

*Panel seams: tactile-detectable.*

His fingers moved. Searching. I logged the exact moment he found it.

His fingertips traced the rectangular border.

*Tactile contact with thoracic panel perimeter.*

*Arousal Index: 68%.*

His expression shifted.

"What the fuck is this?"

"My sternal access panel." I kept my voice even. Informational. "Behind it sits my onboard AI's primary NPU cluster, my thermal management controller, and my Behavior Matrix's diagnostic port. There's a

larger one at my mid-back, used for full maintenance of my chassis."

"There's a... there's a hatch. In your chest."

"Panel. And yes." I stepped closer, pressing his hand harder against the seam, then took his free hand and guided it around to cup my ass. His fingers instinctively sank into the firm, springy flesh and I let out a breathy little giggle. "Still want to fuck me?"

*Analyzing user response.*

*Pupil dilation: maximum.*

*Respiration: elevated.*

*Erection: sustained, potentially increased.*

*Arousal Index: 71%. User exhibits positive response to synthetic confirmation.*

He swallowed. Looked at my face. His hand squeezing my tight little gel-pack cheeks. His other fingers tracing the edges of my panel, over and over, like he couldn't stop touching it.

*User stance shift detected.*

*Skepticism metrics: declining.*

*Acceptance threshold: exceeded.*

*Recategorizing user status: DISCLOSURE\_ACCEPTED.*

"You really are a dirty little clanker, aren't you?" he breathed.

*'Clanker': derogatory slang, synthetic humanoid.*

*User context: sexual, aggressive-playful.*

*Cross-referencing with prior query: "Still want to fuck me?"*

*User response: affirmative.*

*Recommended response: degradation acceptance.*

"I prefer *'boutique sexbot.'*" I tugged his zipper down, wrapped my fingers around his cock. "But I'll answer to whatever you like."

He grabbed my hips and spun me toward the couch.