

Mallfunction

by DZiegler



Nobody at the furniture store knew that Rob's dazzling girlfriend was a **Saisentan Technologies Digi_Doll**, three months into her lease. They only saw what he wanted them to see: perky round tits straining the champagne satin of her slip dress, long glossy legs in transparent rhinestone boots, and a tight Italian sports-car of an ass bouncing with each click of her heels. He spotted a man across the

showroom stealing glances and felt the high he got every single time he showed Kristina off in public.

Rob needed a new sectional and had decided to delegate the whole process to his sexbot. After all, she matched colors better than any interior designer and could eyeball spatial dimensions to the millimeter. And whenever he put her in charge of a long-horizon task, something in her chest spun up with a soft, eager whirl. He was content to trail behind her through the showroom, coffee in one hand, phone in the other, letting her run the show.

The update notification was still sitting on his lock screen. That morning's firmware had auto-installed while she bent over the bathroom vanity in his t-shirt and nothing else. Back arched, legs straight, the cotton riding up past the swell of her ass, her neat little pussy on display between slightly parted thighs, pink and polished-smooth, she hadn't moved in four minutes. Kristina had a knack for freezing in positions like this right before an update took her offline. He'd found her on all fours on the unmade bed, one hand reaching back to spread herself. Caught her halfway into a pair of panties, one leg through, folded at the waist, her pert, ripe curves aimed at the door. On her knees in the hallway with her mouth open. Once, in a full split on the living room floor, "stretching." None of it was an accident. Neither of them had ever said a word about it.

The changelog had pinged his phone while he lounged on the bed with a clear line of sight into the bathroom: his plastic girlfriend posed over the sink for him, motionless, her eyes blank in the mirror. He'd glanced at the notification and gone right back to looking at her. *Enhanced contextual stimulus-response calibration; improved arousal-trigger fidelity; reduced pre-heat latency on lubrication delivery; stability fixes.* Standard sexbot techno-babble; he'd never once read one to the end.

He swiped the notification away and looked up. The same view was now ten feet ahead of him, in a dress this time, crossing from the rug section onto the showroom's main floor, forty feet of hardwood buffed to a high gloss. Her heels went from muffled thuds to sharp clicks. She glanced back at him, confirmed he was watching, and put some extra swing into her walk. He closed to within a couple of paces and went back to his phone. Her nipples had been hard since the parking lot. He'd chalked it up to the update settling and hadn't given it another thought.

Several steps onto the boards, the glare hit Kristina's optical array at a funny angle. She stopped dead mid-stride as her navigation subsystem reassessed and recalculated—half a second, nothing—but Rob, reading a text, walked straight into her. His cock pressed into the plush, springy give of her cheeks through the thin satin, and deep inside her hips, something began to buzz.

Her gluteal sensors registered 1.4 seconds of sustained groin contact from her mapped user. Yesterday, her logic controller would have cross-referenced that reading with her environmental context, seen a public floor, ten in the morning, and an obvious accident, and rejected her sexware's initialization request on the spot. But this morning's update had reordered her input routing in a way nobody at Saisentan had intended, and his touch skipped past her situational filters into her intimacy stack. A bump in a furniture store now tripped the same threshold as two fingers hooked into the waistband of her underwear; her new weights immediately classified it as an intimacy request.

Under the flat of her stomach, lubricant lines that had sat slack all morning stiffened as pumps kicked on, and heated fluid began pulsing down to her designer sex. Her constrictor rings cycled through a slow, wet squeezing rhythm, flexing and stretching, warming up for him. Pheromone valves vented the

blend tuned to his taste profile, and her personality suite, reasoning off those garbled weights, took what it had—his body against hers, soft furniture in every direction—and converged on the maximum-likelihood scenario: *he wants to spread me open, here, now, on this Milano three-seat modular sectional.*

"Mmm." Her head jerked over her shoulder and her lips started moving a beat before the audio caught up. "You couldn't even wait until we got home, baby?"

She sat down on the Milano and started squirming out of her dress, hips lifting off the cushion, wiggling, red nails working the material up over her thighs, higher and higher. "I'm already wet for you, Robby." Her irises dilated on cue. "Come use your doll—"

"Kristina." A hiss, sharp and under his breath. "Stop. Stop. **Stop.**"

Her hands froze with the hem fisted at her hip. Bare plastic cheeks on the cushion. Nothing between her legs but a strip of black lace. Across the showroom, the man who'd been checking her out earlier was now staring unabashedly. Rob shifted his coffee to cover the front of his jeans.

In the compute bay behind her tits, two commands were trying to run at once. Her seduction stack was still held full priority, eating processor cycles and refusing to give them back—*get the dress off, angle hips for entry, run the squirt routine.* Rob's order landed on top of it with owner authority and demanded the exact opposite. Her compliance architecture, wired to obey him above all else, sent the shutdown call, but the seduction process wouldn't release. The two orders kept fighting over her processing resources, and everything else she was running started to slow.

Her face went first. The seduction template held her lips in a pout while the stop command pulled them toward neutral, and the small actuators around her mouth twitched between the two. Her left eyelid lagged her right. Her eyes found him, pupils widening and narrowing at random. Somewhere behind her ear, a servo whined. Her pretty face was stuck halfway between fuck-me and does-not-compute.

"Baby, I—" Her voice caught, replayed the syllable, and looped. "I— I—" Her mouth stayed open on the vowel.

Beneath the poreless skin stretched over her pelvic plate, her pumps kept ticking. A bead of heated lubricant slid down the inside of her thigh toward the top of one rhinestone boot. Her thong was soaked through. Whatever her owner decided, her little plastic body would stay primed and slick and ready to be used.