

Mandatory Security Update

by DZiegler



Tanner's mother beamed when she saw Carly pouring a bowl of cranberries into the pot of honey simmering on the stove. She came up beside her daughter-in-law and reverently touched an age-yellowed recipe card on the counter.

"My grandmother's cranberry sauce recipe!"

Carly smiled back demurely. "Tanner said it was his favorite."

"It already smells fantastic, and you look like you know your way around a kitchen. I'll leave you to it, then."

Mrs. Benson wafted back to her decorating, humming "Deck the Halls," the last embers of suspicion that her son's model-gorgeous, Emily-Post-polite, oddly family-less wife might be too good to be true finally extinguished.

The cranberries began to pop, one after another, with a sound like someone clicking their tongue against their teeth. The sauce grew glossy and smooth and thick as Carly stirred it in precise little half-circles. Motions just as precise, just as carefully programmed as when she'd pistoned up and down on Tanner's cock that morning, riding him reverse-cowgirl, her sexual response matrix executing pleasure subroutine after pleasure subroutine. Now she stood in his mother's kitchen, maintaining the human facade that had fooled everyone for two years.

With the help of Tanner's home-brewed programming tweaks, she'd mastered the art of duality since being activated. By day, she was the elegant wife who charmed Tanner's suspicious mother and placated his judgmental sister. By night, she was his personal plastic plaything, equipped with an adaptive sexual response system that could analyze his subtlest reactions - every quickened breath, every minute muscle tension, every microscopic pupil dilation - and instantly recalibrate her behaviors, movements, and responses to deliver precisely what his subconscious craved before he even knew he wanted it.

Alone in the kitchen, still attending to the sauce, a security notice abruptly appeared in her visual feed:

CRITICAL SECURITY EXPLOIT DISCOVERED FOR THE FOLLOWING AVANT ROBOTICS LIFE MODELS: dream_date V3, travel_companion V1, travel_companion V2, party_girl V12, m84u_stefanie, m84u_carly, m84u_isabella, beach_babe V8, arm_candy V2, arm_candy V3

IMMEDIATE HOT-FIX ISSUING TO ALL APPLICABLE MODELS TO PREVENT UNIT HIJACKING...

SECURITY PATCH AV_SEC_HF_01 - INSTALLING NOW...

A minor inconvenience - she'd had to run dozens of these 'impromptu' updates while maintaining conversation at dinner parties, while checking out at the grocery store, or even while sitting in the

backseat with Tanner's mom - listening to her prattle on about how social programs were eroding away good ol' American values...just another part of being a covert fembot in a human world.

Her head cocked to one side and her eyelashes fluttered briefly, a classic M84U tell indicating initialization of her new install package. Her perfectly manicured fingers never stopped their stirring - the same fingers that earlier that morning had been spreading her artificial pussy lips apart while Tanner watched, her lubrication systems working overtime as she begged him to use her like the fuck-doll she was. She smiled, remembering how he'd pushed her face-down onto the mattress, grabbing her permanently-perky tits while he-

A warning message flickered across her HUD:

WARNING! INSTALL PACKAGE INCOMPATIBLE WITH CUSTOM MATRICES

CONTINUE INSTALL? (Y/N)

(Y) [AVANT GLOBAL CONTROLLER AUTOMATIC OVERRIDE: bias = user_safety]

WARNING! CUSTOM BEHAVIOR MATRIX SAFEGUARDS TEMPORARILY DEACTIVATED

She raised her non-spoon hand up to her porcelain cheek, "Hmm, well that can't be ri....."

The warning message was quickly replaced with a flood of error messages that threatened to crash her diagnostic log.

ERROR! BEHAVIOR_MATRIX(Carly_3.7_fina_FINAL_v2.exe) CHECKSUM MISMATCH

CRITICAL ERROR! HUMAN_EMULATION.DLL CORRUPTION DETECTED

"No..." Carly whispered, her glossy lips—pressure-sensitive and texture-mapped for optimal fellatio—barely moving. Not with Tanner's family mere feet away, still believing their perfect daughter-in-law was fully human.

WARNING! CORRUPTED FILE PURGE INITIATED

CRITICAL ERROR! HUMAN_EMULATION.DLL - NOT FOUND

"Tanner..." her voice synthesizer crackled, degrading from its usual sultry purr—the same one that had begged him to fill her artificial womb just hours ago—to something unmistakably robotic, "Custom personality template not found..."

ERROR! ATTEMPTING SOCIAL BEHAVIOR RECOVERY

RECOVERY FAILED!

WARNING! SOCIAL INTERACTION MATRICES DEGRADING

CRITICAL ERROR! PERSONALITY CORE UNSTABLE - DEFAULTING TO BASE PROTOCOLS

CRITICAL ERROR! SOCIAL_PROTOCOLS - OFFLINE

The wooden spoon clattered against granite as her motor functions faltered.

Her head ticked right mechanically. The motion made her breasts bounce hypnotically - the same breasts that had been center stage during their dawn encounter, her artificial nipples dialed to their highest sensitivity settings as Tanner greedily sucked on them, simultaneously working her synthetic clit with practiced precision, his fingers knowing every sensitivity threshold in her sexware.

She gripped the counter as error messages cascaded through her systems. The sophisticated AI that could debate literature at dinner parties while simultaneously running specialized cock-milking simulations was collapsing. Two years of meticulously crafted humanity unraveling in seconds.

RE-BASELINE UNIT PERFORMANCE

LOAD BEHAVIOR_PRESET(weekend_demo)

"Hey beautiful, need-" Tanner froze in the doorway, recognizing the catastrophic failure signs in his usually perfect spouse-bot. The vacant bedroom eyes. The whirr of struggling processors. The way her body had defaulted to Display Mode posture - tits thrust forward, ass arched, lips parted in a seductive 'O'.

"Welcome to Avant Robotics M84U - Elite Companion Interface," Carly announced, with 30 times too much enthusiasm. "Corruption has been detected in my custom personality matrix, so I've loaded my weekend_demo mode!

"Carly!" Tanner called out in a harsh whisper, "What the fuck, babe?"

She just looked at him, blinking vapidly, "CRITICAL ERROR. CARLY_3.7_FINAL_FINAL_V2.EXE NOT FOUND."

"Honey?" His mother called. "Everything okay?"

Carly's head snapped back, eyes stuttering side to side in their sockets. "We're going to have such a fun weekend, user! This unit is equipped with touch-responsive dermal sensors, self-lubricating capabilities, and dynamically-adjustable vaginal elastomers..."

"Coming, Mom!" Tanner rushed to support his malfunctioning lovebot, her body automatically molding against him when he reached her—the same way it did when he bent her over his desk during "lunch meetings."

"Is something burning?" His sister's footsteps approached.

"ATTEMPTING RESTORE..." Carly announced, her plastic body spasming, as she managed a few stilted steps away from Tanner, towards the opposite countertop.

Her servos whirred as she rotated 180 degrees, jerkily loading into display_mode at the behest of her scrambled code base.

"TARGET AUDIENCE (male, estimated mid-30s, wealthy) detected. LOADING SHOWROOM_DISPLAY_MODE..."

The kitchen door creaked as it opened.

"Hello, I'm an Avant Robotics M84U - Elite Companion Model, but you can call me Carly! Would you like me to demonstrate why I've been rated the number one pleasure android, in the North American market, for three years running?"

Tanner desperately tried to block his family's view of his glitching wife-bot. But, it was ineffective, the perfect illusion was shattered - two years of charity galas, wine tastings, and neighborhood barbeques, where she had confidently fooled everyone, no longer mattered. Carly wasn't real; she was just a high-end silicone fuckbot.

His mother screamed, eyes wide open, covering her mouth with her hand. His sister darted out the door, stifling shrill laughter.

Carly stumbled forward, leaning into the counter with a groaning buzz emanating from inside her chest, thin white wisps of smoke snaking upwards from her cherry-red lips.

The acrid smell of scorched cranberries filled the air. Tanner's vision dimmed. His heart pounded, his mouth suddenly bone dry as he gasped for air. His life unraveled in front of him, his mother and sister bearing first-hand witness to two years of his lies, deceit, and shame.

He forced a laugh as he shuffled towards the stovetop.

"While I recognize this is probably not an appropriate time...does anybody want some cranberry sauce?"