

Technically Upstairs

by DZiegler



The apartment door clicked shut and Lillie kicked off her heels with a happy sigh.

"Those girls at the bar kept staring at me." She bent to retrieve the Louboutins, giving Derek a view straight down her dress. The soft swells of her breasts pressed together, plastic nipples visible through thin fabric. "I think they were jealous. Because I'm with you and they're not."

She paused, eyelashes fluttering twice.

"Or... because even with push-up bras, their tits couldn't compete with these." She cupped her own pair, lifting. "Mine are permanently perky! No underwire needed. Coquette-line perks..." She giggled at her own joke. "Get it? Perks?"

Derek rolled his eyes, fighting a smile.

Two weeks since he'd unboxed his brand new *Avant Robotics Coquette™—Your Dream Girl, Delivered*—and he was still getting used to her quirks. That slender, bright-eyed chassis built to be the hot girl next door.

She set the heels by the door and padded toward him, stockinged feet silent on the hardwood. Her fingers found his tie, tugging playfully.

"Did you have fun tonight? I had fun. I like when you show me off."

"Yeah?" He caught her wrist, thumb brushing where a pulse should be. "You like being paraded around, don't you?"

"Mhmm." She tilted her chin up, lips parted. "I like when people look at me and know I'm yours."

His breath caught.

Two weeks and she already knew exactly what to say.

He let his gaze drag down her body, slow and hungry. His Lillie. That tight little dress hugging every curve he'd selected from an E-catalog. Those stockinged legs that went on forever. All his.

"Put your heels back on," he said. "You look too good in them. Go upstairs and get ready for me."

"Okay!" She padded back to the door, her cute little robot ass swaying with each step. She slipped into the Louboutins, posture shifting as the five-inch heels tilted her hips forward. "I'll be ready."

He gave her a playful smack on the rear. A satisfying clap of palm against premium elastomer-gel. She squeaked, arching into it, then dissolved into a breathy giggle as she wiggled her hips at him.

She headed for the stairs and he moved to pour a drink.



INSTRUCTION: "Go upstairs and get ready for me"

CONTEXT: Post-outing. Owner arousal elevated. Intimate intent: 96% probability.

TASK: Achieve "upstairs" + achieve "ready"

Lillie planted one heel on the first step, processors parsing.

DEFINE "READY": Sexually accessible. Visually presented. Barrier-free genital access.

EFFICIENCY PROTOCOL: Begin preparation during ascent.

NOTE: Unit is extremely attractive. Derek is lucky.

Her hands found her hem on step one, hiking the tight black dress over her hips. Fabric bunched at her waist, exposing her bare cheeks. Two firm, rounded globes bisected by a thin black thong, the lace disappearing into the cleft.

VISUAL ASSESSMENT: Ass presentation optimal. Derek will love this view.

Step two. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband and slid the thong down. Over the curve of her backside, past her hips, stopping at mid-thigh.

OPTIMIZATION: Complete. My stretchy little pussy is all his!

RESUME ASCENT.

She lifted her foot for step three.

ERROR: Movement restriction detected.

CAUSE: Undergarment stretched between thighs. Stride limited to 32%.

Her heel wobbled. She caught herself on the railing, other hand bracing against the wall, legs forced wide by the taut lace binding her thighs.

ALERT: Near-Loss-of-Balance Event. Backward tumble risk: 34%. Derek would not like finding unit crumpled at bottom of stairs.

RECALCULATING...

A tiny, mincing step. Thighs pressed together, hips swaying as she attempted to climb. Her slit peeked from behind with each shuffle, pink and smooth, outer lips parted. Her stilettos clicked uselessly against the step, legs pumping in tiny rapid movements that carried her nowhere—like a wind-up toy walking into a wall.

LOCOMOTION: Compromised. Step three achieved.

QUERY: Remove thong entirely?

RESPONSE: Requires bending. Center of gravity shift in current footwear inadvisable.

Step four. Her heel caught the edge. Weight shifted backward.

ALERT: Near-Loss-of-Balance Event_2. Backward tumble risk: 61%.

ACTION RESPONSE: Gripping railing. Stabilized.

THERMAL NOTICE: Logic Core running hot. Thoracic region: 41°C.

ASSESSMENT: This is harder than anticipated. Unit is very bendy but thong creates unexpected constraint.

ALTERNATIVE: Adapt positioning. Continue ascent.

Step five. Shuffling. Her posterior jiggling with each awkward movement, glossy sex flashing between bound thighs. Lubricant pumps hummed to life, warming fluid gathering at her entrance.

SITUATIONAL AWARENESS: This view is incredible. Derek is so lucky.

Her heel skidded.

ALERT: Near-Loss-of-Balance Event_3. Backward tumble risk: 78%.

ACTION RESPONSE: Halting ascent. Query Logic Core for analysis.

QUERY: Has "upstairs" been achieved?

ANALYSIS: "Upstairs" = elevated position on staircase. Current position: Step 5 of 12. Step 5 > Step 0 (ground floor). Therefore: Upstairs = YES.

QUERY: Has "ready" been achieved?

ANALYSIS: Dress raised. Thong lowered. Pussy accessible and presented. Lubricant engaged. Therefore: Ready = YES.

QUERY: Continue to bedroom?

ANALYSIS: Additional Near-Loss-of-Balance Events probable. Risk of backward tumble and potential damage to chassis: Unacceptable. Current position satisfies all task parameters.

DECISION: Remain at current position. Task complete.

She stopped. Spread as wide as the thong allowed. Braced against wall and railing, back arched, ass lifted, heels planted together on step five.



A few minutes later, Derek rounded the corner, whiskey in hand, tie loosened.

He stopped.

Lillie wasn't in the bedroom. She was posed mid-staircase, dress bunched at her waist, underwear stretched taut between her thighs, bare ass thrust toward him, slick cunt on full display. And there, between her shoulder blades, the faint rectangular outline of her service panel. Seams that had been invisible at the bar, now just barely visible from the heat of her straining systems. He'd learned that tell in week one. His Lillie, running hot.

He blinked. Looked at his drink. Looked back at her.

She looked back over her shoulder, beaming.

"Hi Derek! I'm upstairs and ready."

"Lillie." He fought to keep his voice stern. "What are you doing, silly?"

"Waiting for you." She gave her hips a shake, making her cheeks bounce. "You said go upstairs and get ready. I'm upstairs. I'm ready. See?"

He laughed, shaking his head.

"I meant the bedroom."

Her head tilted two degrees, her eyes flickering.

"You didn't say bedroom, though. You said upstairs. I went up five stairs. That's upstairs." She gestured at herself. "And look—I took my panties down for easy access. I'm super ready."

"Did you get stuck?"

Her processors whirred audibly, a soft buzz he could hear from the bottom of the stairs.

"No." A beat. "My thong made walking tricky. But I figured it out."

He bit back another laugh. "By stopping halfway up?"

"By realizing this spot works great." Her smile didn't waver. "I'm upstairs. I'm ready. Done and done." She rolled her hips slowly, provocatively, presenting herself. "See? Perfect view."

He stared at her swollen pussy, her pert ass, her endless stockinged legs sheathed in sheer black and balanced on red soles.

She wasn't wrong...

"The stairs weren't what I had in mind, sweetheart."

"I think the stairs are perfect, actually. You can see everything from down there." She beamed. "I'm really happy with how this turned out."

"Are you."

"Mhmm! I started getting ready on the way up. Super efficient."

He climbed toward her, grinning. "One way to look at it."

"The correct way." His hands found her hips and she automatically pressed back against him. "Oh! You do l-l-l-like it. I kn-kn-knew you—" A stutter caught in her throat. "—knew you would."

He felt warmth radiating from her core, the telltale hum of her pumps through synthetic skin.

"Already wet for me?"

"So wet." She squirmed against him. "I told you I'm like, really really ready."

"God. You're one sexy little bot."

"I know, right?"

He freed himself, lined up with her slick entrance.

"Lillie?"

"Yes?"

"Save your current personality settings as new default."

Her eyes fluttered. "Saved! You like me like this?"

"I really do."

"I knew it." She pressed her hips back against him, squirming until she found what she wanted. The head of his cock kissed her slick entrance and she held there, teasing. "I'm very likeable."

He pushed inside.

The stairs worked just fine.