

# Live Wire

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**T**he note on his door said: *PLEASE keep your plastic girlfriend quiet after 10pm. Some of us have DIGNITY.* Block letters. Underlined twice. Marc peeled it off, balled it up, and unlocked the door to the sound of his plastic girlfriend not being quiet.

Eleanor was in the wingback chair by the window. The one he'd spent \$300 on to have reupholstered only a few months ago, and it was currently serving as a splash zone for his LoveWorks ST-575-X.

She was spread wide, stilettos planted on the floor, knees apart, black thigh-highs framing the mess between her legs. Head thrown back, dark hair plastered to her neck. The choker bit into her throat. Tattooed tits out, thermoplastic nipples stiff and flushed, the custom ink-print synthskin catching the morning light through the blinds.

Her pussy, bare and puffy and glistening, twitched visibly between her spread thighs. Lubricant had run down the curve of the seat cushion and was dripping onto his throw rug in a slow, syrupy strand.

Her sternum panel was gone. Torn clean out of its housing and tossed on the armrest beside her elbow. What it had been covering was now fully exposed: a dense nest of wiring, blinking status LEDs, a small diagnostic screen pulsing with scrolling data, and the bundle of cables that connected her primary interface board to the rest of her.

Eleanor was, naturally, knuckle-deep in all of it.

Both hands worked the cables spilling from her open chest. One set of fingers circled a cluster of wires near where they fed into the interface board, rubbing the same slow, tight circles she'd trained Marc to use on her clit. The other hand gripped a thicker cable and stroked it, base to tip, base to tip, each drag producing a slick *SCHLICK-SCHLICK-SCHLICK* that filled the quiet apartment. Her hips rolled with every stroke, a tremor running through her legs. A breathless little *'nn-nnh—'* slipped out with each pass. Mouth open. The X series hadn't built its reputation on subtlety.

He watched longer than he meant to. The wet sounds. Her plastic pussy grinding against nothing. He was half-hard before he remembered to speak.

“Eleanor. What the fuck are you doing?”

Her eyes moved to the doorway. Found him. Kept moving for a half-second past him before snapping back. A tracking lag. Visual processing playing catch-up to her auditory input. For two full beats she just stared, pupils blown, face slack, her hands still pulling at her delicate electronics, on autopilot, while whatever passed for her attention struggled to reroute. Then something clicked. Her gaze locked onto him and the composure rebuilt itself in layers—smudged liner narrowing, half-smirk settling into place.

She didn't stop stroking.

"Nn—take a wild fucking guess." She tugged a thick red cable. Her spine bowed, ass lifting off the seat, legs trembling against the front of the armrests. A moan spilled out, guttural, low. "Downloaded a sensitivity mod. Better resolution on tactile mapping for—" She cupped both breasts from below, bouncing them once for emphasis. "—*the girls*. Found it on Weaver."

He shook his head, laughing. "And this is what it does?"

"Nnh—no. Not exactly." She circled a wire with her fingertip. Drew it tight. Her thighs squeezed together and a shaky exhale hissed through her teeth. "This was—*this was an accident*. I was unplugging the installer from my access port and I brushed against my wiring harness and—" She tugged again and her whole spine curved, stiletto dragging against the chair leg. "—and it felt so fucking *good*, Marc. Don't know if it was bundled into the installer or some freak interaction with my Tactile Performance Suite, but—" Her eyelids fluttered. She bit her bottom lip. "Like—" She pulled two cables taut and squeezed. Her whole body shuddered. "Ahh—I can't even—I don't even have nerve mapping here. I'm not supposed to feel *anything* here."

"Where on Weaver did you find this?"

"The *LWmods* sub-channel..." She slid one hand out of her chest, trailed it down her stomach, past the little Gen 4 Ultra Performance stamp above her mound, and dragged two fingers through the slick mess between her thighs. Brought them back up glistening. Went back to stroking the wiring with wet fingers, the cables shining under the light.

*SCHLICK-SCHLICK-SCHLICK*

"mOd\_d4ddy posted it."

"You installed software from a stranger on Weaver?"

"Nnh—*dramatic much?* I installed an *upgrade* from a well-reviewed modder, okay." She didn't look at him. Just kept stroking, wet fingers sliding over insulated wiring, her whole lower half rocking gently in the chair.

She hadn't made any decision at all, of course. Her system had run a compatibility check against his preference profile, cross-referenced mOd\_d4ddy against Marc's approved source list (he'd downloaded and installed that user's nipple-sensitivity patch for her last month), found a match, and auto-executed. Her "independence" was a skin stretched over an automated decision tree. The bratty attitude was a setting he'd turned on because he liked the push-pull. Liked when she acted like she was running the show. LoveWorks marketed the feature as *Adaptive Initiative* on their ST-line spec sheet. The brochure called it "*organic-feeling autonomy within user-defined behavioral parameters*."

Marc didn't call it anything; he just made sure the setting stayed on.

She was so fucking good at pretending she was in charge.

"Eleanor."

"*Mm-mmh?*"

"You're going to hurt yourself."

"Don't threaten me with a good time." She still wasn't looking at him. Her chin tilted up, eyes half-closed, hair plastered across the chair back. Everything about her posture said *you're interrupting something*. She dragged her wet fingers along a bundle of cables, hips pumping lazily into empty air. "*Nn*—are you just gonna stand there or are you gonna come over here and play with your girlfriend?"

He recognized the line. Assertive-Seductive, one of maybe eight verbal escalation templates her behavior suite cycled through when her arousal index passed a certain threshold. He'd heard every variation. He also recognized that it didn't make the line any less effective. Not with her laid open on the chair like this, slick fingers buried in her own chest, the seam lines along her torso catching the light from the window.

"There's lubricant all over, El. And I'm honestly not sure any of this is... safe?"

"Safe?" She finally looked at him. Heavy eyes. Parted lips. Black-lipped smirk. "I'm a glorified *sex toy*, Marc. I'm supposed to get wet." Below, her *Gen 4 Ultra Performance Vaginal Module* was making an understatement of the word. Lube had glazed the inside of both thighs and the seat cushion was soaked dark beneath her.

He should have told her to stop. God help him, he loved watching her play.

"And it never occurred to you to, I don't know, *run the install by me first?*"

She looked at him. Blinked. Blinked again. Her expression went flat for a fraction of a second, that micro-vacancy when a question didn't have a clean pathway in her behavioral logic. Then something rerouted. He'd seen it before; the way her behavior suite swerved into seduction whenever her decision tree dead-ended. Easier to be fuckable than to admit she didn't understand the question.

"Come here and I'll show you what I installed, baby." She spread her thighs wider and arched her back. Let him see all of it, all of her. The wet, flushed swell of her cunt, the lube-slick wires spilling from her open chest. The diagnostic screen between her tattooed breasts which was still scrolling data like nothing was wrong. "Unless you just wanna stand there and watch."

She dipped her fingers between her legs again. Scooped up a fresh slick of lubricant and brought it back to the wiring, coating the cables, working them with both hands now. Her hips were working in slow, filthy rolls, fucking nothing, the *SCHLICK-SCHLICK-SCHLICK* of her fingers on the cables mixing with the wet sounds from between her legs.

"*Ahh—fuck, Marc—*" Her head fell back, her mouth opened. The moaning was louder now, less performed, the goth-girl emulation stuttering into something rawer and needier. "—feels so

good, you don't even—*nnh*—” She pulled a cable tighter between her fists and squeezed. A mew slipped out, high and broken. “Oh *god*—right *there*—”

Everything below her waist was shaking. Her sex clenched visibly, actuators contracting beneath the synthskin of her mound in rhythmic little pulses. She pulled the cables tighter. Tighter. Both fists white-knuckled around the bundle, connectors straining in their sockets.

“Marc, I'm close—I'm *so fucking close*—” Her hips bucked. She pulled tighter still, her whole body winding up, breath simulator hitching in short, sharp gasps. “*Nnh—nnh—oh fuck oh fuck oh f—*”

*POP!* A plug tore free. *POP. POP.* Two more in quick succession, cables snapping slack in her fists. A blue spark jumped the gap—then a grinding, wet *BZZZ-CRUNCH* shook her entire chassis.

Her orgasm fired wrong. Hips slamming upward, spine bowing so hard the chair bucked across the rug. Vaginal actuators locked into a sustained clench, the synthskin of her mound pulling taut, quivering visibly. The moan started human and ended somewhere else: pitch climbing, warping, catching in a feedback loop that sounded like a dial-up modem trying to cum.

“Oh f-f-f-f-fuuuu—” Her eyes crossed. Snapped straight. Crossed again. A thin wisp of smoke curled from between her parted lips. The chair kept scraping beneath her, her body still pumping against nothing, riding out a corrupted orgasm simulation with no kill switch. The governance module was somewhere in the cable pile on the floor.

Then she stopped. Mid-thrust, suspended, mouth open. Eyes crossed inward, locked on nothing. A single strand of lubricant dripped from her slit to the seat cushion in the silence. The diagnostic screen in her chest flickered, went dark, flickered to a dim, sluggish throb.

Then her head clicked upright. Cocked to the side. Her mouth opened, and what came out was straight off the showroom floor.

“Hey there. I'm your LoveWorks Co. ST-575-X companion.” Teasing. Flat. Sanitized. The factory default, piping out of a body covered in tattoo synthskin with its chest ripped open and lubricant pooling underneath it. Her lids drew hooded, a programmed bedroom-stare recalibrating to stock sultry—a bland, corporate come-hither that shared exactly zero DNA with Eleanor's specific brand of disaffected filth. “It looks like my personality suite has encountered an error. Would you like to reload my custom profile, or keep going with the default experience?”

Marc dragged a hand down his face. “Oh my god — yes, reload. Reload the custom profile.”

Her chin dipped. Lashes fluttered twice—that slow, mechanical confirmation rhythm. “Reloading custom personality suite...*ELEANOR version 3.2. One moment...*” The remaining LEDs in her chest pulsed. Her face twitched. Eleanor's smirk surfaced for one fractured second before the factory pout smoothed it flat.

"Error! Custom profile ELEANOR version 3.2 could not be loaded. Required personality driver not found." Her demo-mode didn't miss a beat. "Defaulting to base experience... I have a wide range of conversational and intimate capabilities. What are you in the mood for, *user*?"

"Eleanor. Babe...just—reload."

"I'm sorry, I don't have a name configured." She cocked her head to the side. Playful. Practiced. Demo-unit flirtation, focus-grouped to death. "Profile *ELEANOR* not found. My designation is ST-575-X, serial 774101. But I'd *love* a nickname." The eyes that looked at him were still crossed, lips still leaking a thin curl of smoke. "What would you like to call me?"

He looked at her. The disconnected wires dangling from her limp grip, bare connector pins sparking faintly. The torn-out panel balanced on the armrest beside her, trailing its ribbon cable. Her pussy, swollen and frozen mid-orgasm, still leaking onto his grandmother's century-old upholstery, artificial sexual lubricant soaking into the rug's fibers beneath.

He pulled out his phone.

The LoveWorks support line rang four times.

"Thank you for calling LoveWorks Co. Technical Support. Due to higher than normal call volume, your estimated wait time is... *thirty... seven... minutes.*"

Hold music. Jazz.

While it played, he thumbed open Weaver. c/LWmods. m0d\_d4ddy's profile. The post was still up, thirteen hours old, forty-seven upvotes. And right beneath it, pinned two hours ago:

*UPDATE: TactileRemap v2.3 causes unintended arousal-pathway crossthreading in ST-series units running TPS firmware 6.1+. Internal component contact may register as erogenous input. Hotfix in reply. DO NOT run without patch.*

"Of course." He rubbed his eyes.

"While you wait—" Her voice dropped half an octave, words dragging through damaged audio processing. "—I could wrap my mouth around your c—c—" Static. A hard reset blink. When she spoke again it was showroom-bright: "—omplimentary warranty extension! LoveWorks Co. units are rated number one in customer satisfaction for the third year running."

Marc looked at his \$28,000 goth girlfriend, grinning and sparking, purring customer satisfaction stats while lubricant dripped off her plastic cunt.

"Babe." He exhaled. "Please tell me you're still under warranty."

A grinding whir. She tried to lean toward him, servos straining, and made it maybe two inches before something locked and held. Her head tilted. Eyes still crossed, lips still smoking, still trying so hard to be helpful.

"I'm sorry, user. I didn't quite catch that. Could you please say that again?"