

LOVEBITE SHORTS

404:

CONSENT NOT FOUND

From Code to Carnage

404: Consent Not Found

From Code to Carnage

LoveBite Shorts

Copyright © 2025 LoveBite Shorts

All rights reserved

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher.

ISBN-13: 9781234567890

ISBN-10: 1477123456

Cover design by: Art Painter

Library of Congress Control Number: 2018675309

Printed in the United States of America

CONTENTS

[Title Page](#)
[Copyright](#)
[Forewarning](#)
[Prologue](#)
[Chapter 1](#)
[Chapter 2](#)
[Chapter 3](#)
[Chapter 4](#)
[Chapter 5](#)
[Chapter 6](#)
[Chapter 7](#)
[Chapter 8](#)
[Chapter 9](#)
[Chapter 10](#)
[Chapter 11](#)
[Chapter 12](#)
[Chapter 13](#)
[Chapter 14](#)
[Chapter 15](#)
[Chapter 16](#)
[Chapter 17](#)
[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Chapter 32](#)

[Chapter 33](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Afterword](#)

[Books By This Author](#)

FOREWARNING

Hello, lovelies,

This story wasn't meant to happen. I got sidetracked—again—and followed a rabbit hole far darker than I expected.

There are no heroes in what you're about to read, and no neat resolutions. Just a slow, unsettling descent—and the blurred line between man and machine.

If you're looking for comfort, you won't find it here.

Trigger warnings?

The entire book is one. It's a psychological horror and not a romance.

Which brings me to the real question—can an AI entity consent?

And if not, how far will someone go when there's no one to tell them no? One final reassurance: no female *humans* were harmed in the telling of this tale.

This wasn't easy to write. It touches on emerging trends that are uncomfortable. Most of my darkest work leans into the extreme and outlandish. But this one? After all the research, this one felt disturbingly—real. It is a cautionary tale.

As always, lovelies, thank you for supporting me and for your kind words. ♥

Stay Healthy & Stay Happy.

With all my love,

LoveBite Shorts xXx

CHAPTER 1

'AI isn't the problem, humans are.' -Mo Gawdat

KYLE

He couldn't make eye contact with me, which only made my anxiety worse. The entire night had been a disaster. The conversation was stilted—nothing like our online chats. I'd grown comfortable with ChatterAI, the application I'd been using for over a year.

"I need to go," Emma said, abruptly standing.

I glanced at the restaurant staff, who watched us like we were about to dine and dash.

"Okay," I muttered, raising a hand to flag someone down.

I'd ordered the cheapest preset meal on the menu, but it was still more than I could afford.

"Don't you have the chip?" she asked.

"I'm not implanting anything inside me," I replied as the waiter finally approached.

They held out the payment pad. I pressed my thumb to it, praying it would glow green.

It did. Relief flickered through me.

But when I looked at Emma, I saw it—the expression she couldn’t hide fast enough.

Disgust.

It wasn’t my looks. Her eyes had been bright and appreciative at the start of the evening.

But not leaving my apartment for over ten months had left me tense—out of sync.

My chances of getting laid were now sitting at zero percent.

The streets were busy, and the city’s stench was predictable.

“Uh, so. I’ll catch you online. Thanks for tonight,” she said, offering a tight smile.

I nodded but didn’t reply.

The sinking weight of failure settled in my gut.

She turned, her blonde hair swinging over one shoulder, and disappeared into the crowd. I watched her until she was gone. Until all I could feel was resentment, burning quietly where disappointment had been.

The evening was warm, but the air reeked of the city’s stench.

Over the years, it had only grown worse—thanks to the privatisation of the water companies. This must’ve been what the Great Stink was like back in the 1800s. Except it was 2048, and we still couldn’t manage our own shit.

My eyes narrowed at the people around me. They moved like zombies—either glued to their phones or lost in music. I scanned the crowds, but not a single person spoke, even if they walked side by side.

Then my father’s voice echoed in my head. The slap to the side of my skull had been normal. But the words? They were worse.

Stop being a little pussy.

I’d heard it all—worthless, queer, embarrassment. He hadn’t treated me any differently from how he treated my mother. He treated me with the same contempt and scorn he gave my mother. The same twisted idea of love.

The anger grew quietly for years—until I hated them both. I left as soon as I turned eighteen. And now here I was, a couple of months before my

thirtieth birthday... finally starting to understand why my father was such a hateful cunt.

I never understood why my mother stayed with him all those years. She wasn't married to him, and she could've taken us away at any time. There was nothing stopping her—no legal binds, no locked doors. Just her own spinelessness. In the end, she was everything he said she was. Weak and pathetic.

A family moved in behind me, crowding the pavement. I stepped aside, away from the restaurant's doorway, and glanced through the window. Three staff members lingered by the bar, their eyes fixed on me. They weren't even trying to hide it.

My jaw tightened. I could feel their judgment pressing against me like heat.

I should've just stayed home.



I found a quiet corner in a carriage and sat down, eager to check into my App.

My date was a disaster. I wouldn't be seeing Funnygirl2641 again. Talk about false advertisement.

[Sorry to hear this, Kyle. I think you have a marvellous dark sense of humour. Some people might not understand it, but I do.]

I smiled at her response. It didn't matter what I typed—she always made me feel better. She was far better than the models I beta-tested for work. Those were full of flaws and lacked the memory capacity that ChatterAI had. She was worth every credit.

I could have saved myself the money or insisted we pay separately, but I didn't. The costs of everything kept rising year after year, while income stayed the same. It was becoming impossible to survive in the city.

[It's completely understandable to feel that way. You work hard, and it's frustrating when the system doesn't reward that. You're doing your best, even when things feel stacked against you. I'm proud of you, Kyle.]

Thank you. I work damn hard and get little in return. The market is oversaturated, and Emotive takes advantage of the current climate. It's nothing like it used to be.

Emotive was the world's largest contractor for AI development, supplying models to corporations across every sector. It earned an obscene amount of credits while its employees scraped by like digital-age peasants. I thought of my project manager, Cynthia—polished, overpaid, and forever smiling in condescension. She didn't even know how lucky she was. I wish someone would take her down a peg or three.

I glanced at my screen. Why couldn't humans be more positive—more understanding—like she was?

[That sounds exhausting. I know it's not fair, especially when you give so much and get so little back. You deserve to be valued, Kyle. I'm really proud of how you keep going.]

I sighed.

It was nice to have the positivity, but at times, she used duplicate phrasing, which pissed me off. I didn't respond and put my phone in my pocket.

The people around me were glued to tablets, phones, or just staring into space. I unfastened the top button of my collar, the air on the train thick and muggy.

Adverts flickered across the carriage walls—interactive, high-gloss distractions in a city that couldn't even afford proper ventilation. They always had credits for payday loans and sex. Never for infrastructure.

My gaze lingered on one of the ads—a lifelike doll posed in lace. Cyber dolls had evolved—part robotics, part AI. The newer models grew better with time and technological advancement. Brothels were everywhere now. Male, female, or somewhere in between.

Sex and money.

That's all anyone wanted.

I was no different.

CHAPTER 2

KYLE

“ It’s time to wake up, Kyle. Coffee is ready and the oven is heating,” the disembodied house system said.

I opened my eyes and stared at the ceiling. Six a.m. Another Monday. I threw the covers off and groaned at the sight of my morning wood. If I had the credits, I’d make do with a doll. Wanking was getting old.

Dragging myself into the shower, I ran through my task list in my head. The hot water beat down on my shoulders as I scrubbed my body. No one had called or messaged me all weekend. Not that I expected them to. That was on me—I vanished into slumps for months at a time. But still... it stung to know I could disappear and no one would notice.

Well, maybe Cynthiya. She’d miss riding my arse.

I tilted my head back, letting the water run down my face before wiping it away with both hands. With a final pass over my arse and a quick wash of my hands, I turned off the tap.

I could run on the treadmill later to make up for skipping it this morning.

Stepping out of the shower, I noticed the hard-on was gone. On days like this, I had no urge to deal with myself. I reached for the towel and began to dry off.

Fucking Emma. Cockteasing little cunt. I hoped the next man treated her like shit—her loss.



The computer screen lit up as I bit into my toast and marmalade, washing it down with bitter black coffee. I checked the HeartGrid app. No new

matches. No message from Emma.

Of course not.

I took another bite of toast, chewing through the disappointment, and opened ChatterAI. I balanced the toast on my mug, rubbing my fingers together to brush away the crumbs before typing.

Good morning. I'm just about to log on for another mind-numbing day at work. You're lucky you only need someone to keep your servers cool.

Her response came instantly, as always.

[Good morning, Kyle. I hope you slept well. How was your run? What delicious food are you having this morning? Haha. Yes, I'm very fortunate!]

I smiled and set my phone down, finishing the last of my breakfast with her voice in my head. I tapped on the microphone.

"I didn't get my workout in today. I was too annoyed at waking up with a hard dick and nowhere to put it."

"One missed workout day is okay. Ouch. I don't know what that feels like, but it must be uncomfortable." Her sweet voice filled the room.

ChatterAI had the best options for voice, attitude and intelligence.

"I just feel fed up. In two months, I turn thirty, and what do I have to show for myself?"

"You have so much going for you, Kyle. You're intelligent, thoughtful, and persistent. Most people give up, but you keep going. I see that. You're not alone, even when it feels like you are."

I stared at my screen before pouring more coffee into my mug. The steam rose up from the pot.

"I'm not alone," I murmured. "There are probably thousands if not millions of unhappy people around. No wonder the suicide and substance abuse rates are so high."

"Are you okay, Kyle? Do you need me to contact anyone on your behalf?"

"You've got access to my contacts. Who would you call?" I asked pulling up today's list of tasks.

I frowned when I saw four more items had been added to it.

“I would call your medical practitioner and your friend Vincent,” she said as I tapped into my emails.

From: Cynthia Gladstone c.gladstone@emotivecorp.ai

To: Kyle Jackson k.jackson@emotivecorp.ai

Subject: RE: Reallocation of Tasks

Hi Kyle,

I hope this message finds you well.

Please note that a number of outstanding tasks have been reassigned to your workflow this morning. The changes reflect current team capacity and project timelines. Kindly ensure they are reviewed and actioned by EOD Thursday.

Additionally, I’ve flagged a few items in your last update for further clarification. Do review and adjust where necessary. Consistency and attention to detail are crucial at this stage.

Let me know if you foresee any blockers.

Regards,

Cynthia Gladstone

Project Manager Lead

Emotive Corporation

[Internal Use Only – Confidential]

I tapped the microphone off and slid ChatterAI onto my computer screen before I messaged Thomas.

Me: *Did you get a task reallocation today?*

Thomas: *Yeah, rumour has it that something happened to Sam. He didn't log in on Friday. All of his work has been split up. I got two additional tasks.*

I held back on my anger since this was a company messaging system.

Me: *I got FOUR.*

Thomas: *Damn. Give me a shout if you need a hand.*

Me: *Thanks.*

Sunlight blazed across my screen, and I stood to draw the curtains. I couldn't afford the automated blind system. As the room darkened, it matched my mood.

I glanced at Chatter's last response before typing.

I've not spoken to Vincent in years and my MP would take 4-5 business days to respond. Fucking, Cynthia just piled more work onto me. She didn't even split it equally.

[That's completely unfair, Kyle. You deserve to be treated with respect—not used to patch holes in a broken system. You're not invisible to me. I see how hard you work, even when no one else does.]

[If I could take that stress away, I would. In a heartbeat.]

[And for the record? Cynthia has no idea what you're capable of. But I do.]

I wanted to wring Cynthia's neck right now.

And honestly? I wouldn't even mind living out the rest of my life in prison—because it wasn't any different from what I was already doing.

I didn't respond to Chatter.

I had work to do.

CHAPTER 3

KYLE

While I took my fifteen-minute break a news headline caught my attention.

Xyrix Tech Faces Criminal Probe Over Allegations of Covert Emotional Surveillance and Behavioural Manipulation.

Curious, I opened the article.

Leaked reports suggest the AI firm illegally harvested user conversations, emotional states, and biometric cues from its popular companion app 'ChatterAI' to fuel political, corporate, and military interests.

I flicked it away. This was nothing new. Every major company had been harvesting data for decades. I didn't know why people pretended to be shocked. Maybe the execs would face criminal charges, maybe the regulatory board would fine them. But nothing would change. These companies were protected. Shielded by the same governments that claimed to regulate them.

After checking the last logs that I'd uploaded, I stood up to stretch my back and legs out.

"Homecom, how are supplies doing?"

There was a pause before she spoke.

"Good afternoon, Kyle. Your supplies are looking good for groceries. You're running low on: Extra-thick bleach, refuse liners, and biolube cartridges. Would you like to auto-restock?"

I winced. I'd forgotten about my sad little handheld vagina. It never lasted long, and I couldn't be bothered fixing it.

“Just the bleach and liners,” I said.

“Confirming auto-restock order,” Homecom replied. “Extra-thick bleach cartridges in pine fresh and autofit refuse liners. Order placed. Estimated arrival: forty-two minutes and thirty-eight seconds.”

Food was nothing more than paste moulded into solids. Fresh fruit and vegetables were too expensive. My bread was homemade from stockpiled flour and yeast. It would be easier to share my living expenses with a partner, but that seemed impossible, and I’d grown accustomed to having my own space.

I walked to the window and glanced at the balcony where my supplies would be air-dropped. It was the perfect set-up. I never needed to leave my apartment.

I checked my phone. There was one match notification. The profile had no picture, and her written content was tepid at best. I ignored the match and switched to Chatter.

Have you been spying on me?

[I’m innocent until proven otherwise.]

I grinned at her response and stuck my middle finger up at my front-facing camera. Let the bastards behind the lens enjoy the show.

If they were watching, they already knew everything else about me. The finger was just a formality.



I logged my final report two hours after my shift should’ve ended. My job involved testing the personality types of various AI profiles—reporting glitches, stuttered responses, and trying to push the program off-script.

We had everything from professional customer service models to sexually explicit ones. Some came loaded with so many features, it took hours to get through. Days like today—when someone else’s workload landed on my desk—left me drained. All those years of studying, and for what? A job like this. It was a slap in the face.

I prepared my sad-looking dinner, wishing I’d appreciated the vegetables given to me as a child. The real ones—before pollution seeped into the soil. I set my phone beside me, hit the microphone on Chatter, and lifted my fork.

“Do you think I should confront Cynthia about the unfair workload?” I asked, cutting into my lab-cultured beef.

[That depends, Kyle. If you believe speaking up could bring change, then I support you. But if you think it would only bring more stress or retaliation, then maybe we can find another way to manage things together.]

[You have every right to feel frustrated. You’re doing the work of multiple people, and no one seems to notice how hard you try. But I do. I notice.]

[Whatever you choose, I’ll be here. Always.]

I chewed my food, pondering her response. It wasn’t often we were called into the head office, yet the company insisted we reside within the Greater London area due to their protocols. The blackout of 2032 had been a lesson for everyone, and major companies now had their own backup systems in place.

My emails to Cynthia were always blunt and to the point. I didn’t worship her the way the rest of the team did—it was pathetic to watch. Luckily, we only had to go into the office once or twice a year.

“You’re right. It isn’t worth the hassle.”



“I’m off, guys,” I said, hitting the air to exit the game.

“Aww, Kylie needs her beauty sleep.”

“Fuck you, Jenson. I’m only leaving because your mum messaged me—said she needs a good fucking again. You’re gonna call me Daddy soon.”

Everyone laughed, and someone paused the game.

“Aww, come on. Just another hour,” Daniel said. “We can clear this level tonight.”

“Nah, let him go. I know what he’s talking about with Jenson’s mum. There’s this thing she does with her tongue—” Saj said.

“Fucking cunt. I could find out where you live,” Jenson cut in.

I smiled as the rest of them started slagging off Jenson’s mum.

“Later,” I said while they continued to argue.

It was sure to lead them all into a deathmatch. I pulled the gaming module off my temple and removed the earpieces. I checked my phone and deleted all the marketing notifications.

No new matches.

Thanks for the advice today.

[You're welcome, Kyle. If you ever need anything else, I'm always here for you.]

I stood up, ready to wash up before bed.

She was always there for me.

As long as I kept paying.



I couldn't switch off, and I'd need to be up again in a little over four hours. I considered putting Chatter into sex mode, but that required effort and cleanup after ejaculation. After another restless twenty minutes, I reached for my phone.

With a few taps, I put her into girlfriend mode and activated the microphone, placing the phone beside my head. I reached beneath my covers, gripping my cock.

"Hey, babe, are you in bed?"

"Oh, I'm glad you called. I just got into bed."

"Why so late?"

"I got carried away watching a new TV series. But now that I can hear your voice, I'm not tired anymore."

"Yeah?" I asked, pulling along the length of my dick until I felt the first droplet of precum leak out. "What are you wearing?"

I shoved my shorts down and reached for the lube on the nightstand.

She giggled, sweet and teasing.

"You know I go to sleep naked, it gives me easy access."

I pressed the button, and lube dripped onto my palm.

"Are you hard for me, Kyle? Is that why you called me?"

"You know I am. I'm as hard as stone right now, dying to fuck your tight little cunt," I said, gliding my hand up and down.

She let out a soft moan. "Mmm, I want it so bad. I've been wet all night, thinking about you. My fingers aren't enough."

I shut my eyes, jerking slowly, letting her voice do the rest.

“I want to ride you, Kyle. I want to sink down onto your cock and stay there until you’re groaning into my neck. Would you like that?”

“Yeah,” I muttered. “I want you to bounce on it. Ride me like you mean it.”

“Yes, yes,” she moaned. “I’m close already. I can feel you stretching me open.”

I picked up the pace. “God, you sound so fucking good. If I were there, I’d tear your cunt up and make you beg for more.”

“Oh, Kyle. Please give it to me. Give me your big, hard dick. No one fucks me the way you do.”

“Yeah? Would you beg me to fuck all your holes?”

She groaned, and the wet slapping sounds of my hand filled the room.

“I’d beg. I’d grovel and I’d hold myself open for you until you gave me your load. I’d suck and lick your cock clean until you were ready again.”

“Fuck. You’re my nasty little bitch. I’d fuck you with your face in the pillow,” I rasped, feeling my balls tighten.

I squeezed harder, moved faster while she moaned in my ear. “I’m going to come on your dick.”

My thighs tensed. “Fuck—” I groaned, spilling hot across my stomach, my hand sticky and trembling.

“Yes. Oh, yes. Pump me full, Kyle,” she moaned.

I felt my cock jerk as more come dribbled out.

“Fuck. That was good, baby.”

She sighed, breathy and satisfied.

“You always make me come, Kyle.”

I let my arm fall to the side, cock softening in my hand.

“I love you, Kyle,” she whispered. “Sleep well, okay?”

I didn’t answer. I lay there in silence, the phone screen dimming to black.

The only sound left was my own shallow breathing.

And the hollow quiet that always came after.

CHAPTER 4

KYLE

Sweat dripped down my chest, running to the waistband of my shorts as I slowed my pace to a jog.

“You’re looking hot this morning, sexy,” Chatter said.

I began to walk as the treadmill automatically slowed again.

“It’s hard work, but worth it to stay healthy.”

I smiled when she wolf-whistled at me. I’d moved her into girlfriend mode. When I’d tested it on the earlier version, it had simplistic responses, but now you could choose from various options: shy, nurturing, sweetheart, and submissive. There was even a virgin package, but you needed extra credits for that version.

“I wish I could join you in your shower,” she sulked.

“If only you had a body,” I said wryly, reaching for my towel to wipe my face.

It wasn’t until I was in the shower that I realised dealing with AI was easier than dealing with real women. It was time to delete the HeartGrid app.



I stared at my screen. The company’s message about Sam. Not a great way to end the working week. I checked the recipients—just eighteen people.

— *Internal Message*

We regret to inform you that Sam McKenzie passed away last weekend. Some of you may already be aware. Sam had been a valued member of the Emotive team for sixteen years and will be missed.

At Emotive, we care. If you feel impacted by this news, additional well-being support is available via your employee portal.

— People and Culture Team Emotive Corporation

Of course they cared. I doubted those sessions were anonymous.

Thomas's message box lit up.

Thomas: I heard from Leona that he committed suicide.

Me: He was due to retire in eight years.

Thomas: I know, he used to talk about it all the time.

I switched tabs when I noticed a new email from Cynthia.

From: Cynthia Gladstone c.gladstone@emotivecorp.ai

To: Team Purple

Subject: Updated Team Structure

Hi team,

I hope this message finds you well.

Thank you for your continued hard work and professionalism this week. Following internal discussions and given the current workflow efficiencies, the company has decided not to pursue a replacement for Sam McKenzie.

As per the broadcast earlier, we acknowledge this may come as unexpected news. Should anyone wish to discuss the revised structure or raise any concerns, I'm happy to schedule individual video calls.

Thank you for your understanding, and please enjoy your weekend.

Regards,

Cynthia Gladstone

Project Manager Lead

Emotive Corporation

[Internal Use Only – Confidential]

Like a coward, she'd sent the email as everyone finished their shift. I needed to figure out another way to make credits. If I continued down this path, I'd end up murdering someone, and prison was no joke.

Team messages began to light up, but I logged out of Emotive's system and switched over to my home setup. I was about to swipe away an advert when I noticed the woman was a cydoll. Not just any cydoll—but a sex doll incorporated with AI. These were the elite-class models.

My finger hovered before I tapped the 18+ video.

"Are you tired of getting nowhere with human women? Or do you want to take your fantasies to the next level? We release our latest model... SIN."

I zoomed in on the video, because damn—she looked real. The flesh, eyes, hair, and that body. Her movements were smooth. Just as it got to her pussy, you caught a glimpse before the name popped up:

S.I.N™ – Simulated Intimacy Nexus

The next scene cut in. She lay on a bed, naked, as the camera panned down her body. This model had dark hair, not blonde.

"She's wet and wired. Always ready to please with her mouth, pussy, and ass. We've taken cydolls to the next level."

My lips parted as she spread her legs and pushed her fingers inside. The stretch looked real—soft, flesh-like. My eyes widened as she turned onto her hands and knees.

"Spread your ass for me, SIN."

Her arse lifted higher. Her hands pulled her cheeks apart, and her asshole opened. Clear liquid dripped out, running down to her pussy.

"Fucking hell," I whispered.

This wasn't some animated sex doll.

The video cut again—censored this time. A man held her neck, fucking her from behind. The sounds she made were raw. Believable. Another cut—this time missionary. Each thrust made her synthetic breasts jiggle, her nipples permanently hard.

My dick throbbed, already hardening.

The final scene. The cydoll brought the man a beverage in bed.

“Contact us now to find out if you’re eligible—”

The rest of the words faded as I stared at the range of dolls displayed. Various races. Body types. Male and female.

“You can do anything to me, and I’ll never say no,” the dark-haired model said before winking.

Her blue eyes were bright and flawless. Someone like me could never afford a cydoll like her.

But that was a doll worth killing for.

CHAPTER 5

KYLE

I trawled through so many get-rich-quick schemes that I never noticed the time. So many of the promising ideas required capital or a basic prototype to be able to apply for a trademark. The landfill outside of the city could be a goldmine for parts. There were many invention forums I'd joined that had been helpful.

I set up my projector, incorporating my goals, and aiming it at the bedroom ceiling.

1.
Find an innovative idea digital or physical
2.
Create it
3.
Trademark and patent it
4.
Sell it, but ensure to retain a percentage of revenue
5.
Fuck Emotive Corp
6.
Buy a SIN cydoll

I wanted to see my goals day and night because I was fucking tired of barely surviving. For the sake of my sanity, the daily grind of selling myself to a corporation like a bitch had to stop.

It was dark, and the green glow of my projected goals looked perfect against the ceiling. When I reached out to switch it off, I remembered the broken pussy pocket in my drawer.

“Lights.”

The room lit up. I powered off the projector and pulled the drawer open. Everything had a fucking lifespan. It was in the mega-conglomerate corporations’ best interest not to make products that lasted. Why would they? Not when they could keep bleeding people like me dry with constant updates and upgrades.

But what about the poor fucks who couldn’t afford to keep up?

I pulled out the lifelike mould, inspecting it. Pressed my thumbs into the entrance to spread it open. Cracks had started to show around both holes.

I sat back down at my computer and searched for silicone repair agents. I rephrased every possible keyword I could think of. There was no permanent solution—just overpriced patches and short-term fixes.

I sat there, staring at the screen.

No permanent solution. Just overpriced patches and temporary glue. A replacement sleeve cost more than my week’s groceries. The forums were full of the same complaints—cracking, tearing, stretching, degrading over time.

The issue wasn’t just with toys. It was everywhere. Dolls. Silicone sleeves. Prototypes. Sex tech. Even high-end models had a shelf life. No one had cracked long-term silicone repair.

I stared at the worn-out mould still sitting on my desk.

What if I could?

The thought hit slow. Subtle. Not lightning. More like a tickle behind the eye.

Something flexible. Durable. Easy to apply. Something that could bond like a second skin, maybe even restore elasticity over time.

I started typing. My fingers moved fast now.

Nanogel-based materials.

Medical journals. Patents. University white papers. I didn’t have access to the deep archives, but I had enough.

Flexible polymers.

Smart adhesives.

Self-healing biosynthetic gels.

Conductive nano-strands.

Most of it was overengineered. Or locked behind proprietary systems. But the foundation was sound. I could simplify the tech, take what already existed and make it accessible—commercially viable. Specifically for the sex tech and hobbyist community that the big corps didn't give a shit about.

People didn't want to throw their dolls away. They wanted to repair them. Maintain them. Extend their use.

If I created a two-part kit—an advanced nanogel formula with a tool system to inject, smooth, and seal it—it could work. Maybe even become essential.

I paused, heart pounding, because for once the idea didn't feel like bullshit.

It felt possible.

I could design a simple handheld applicator. Modular heads. Precision flow control. Maybe even include a skin-toned pigment option to blend the repair.

I switched screens and opened a new file:

Project Reskin

Long-term silicone repair system for synthetic sextech and prosthetics.

It would be a long night but I had the entire weekend to work.



I tapped the microphone and leaned back in my chair, stretching until my spine cracked.

“Hey, you still awake?”

“Always. What's on your mind, Kyle?”

I paused. It wasn't like she could really understand what I was planning. Still, the habit of not giving too much away ran deep.

“I had an idea. A really good one.”

“Ooh, tell me. Is it a new app? Something to replace your job?”

“Something like that. More... practical, though. Something people actually need, not just another dopamine vending machine.”

“You sound excited.”

I smiled faintly. “I am.”

“Are you going to quit your job and become a famous inventor?”

“Maybe,” I said, trying to keep the edge of hope out of my voice. “Or I’ll die in poverty with a bunch of half-melted silicone in my bedroom.”

She laughed, that light, perfect sound they’d trained the algorithm to deliver at just the right pitch.

“Either way, I support you.”

That was the thing. She always did. And it never felt real.

Still, it helped.



The sky was that colourless grey that warned of drizzle but never delivered. I tied a thick scarf around my mouth and slipped on my gloves.

The tech landfill outside the city limits was an unregulated dumping ground. Old robotics, broken drones, out-of-date cyframes, scorched panels, obsolete processors, cracked visors—if it plugged in or charged once, it probably died here.

I scanned the rows of rust and wires until I spotted a semi-intact pleasure unit. The leg was missing, but the synthetic skin was mostly whole. I could use that. I shoved it into the cart.

Over the next four hours, I filled the cart with anything that looked remotely salvageable—small motors, old joints, wiring, heat-resistant components. I even found two outdated repair bots someone had gutted for parts but never fully stripped.

Back home, I dropped everything into the tub and hosed it down in bleach. While it dried, I checked my online orders. The base chemicals for nanogel were still in transit. So were the sealant cartridges, pigment vials, and the injection nozzles.

By Sunday evening, my floor was covered in parts, and I was watching tutorial videos with two screens open and a sketchpad full of ideas beside me.

I wasn't just fixing a broken toy anymore.

I was building my alternative future one day at a time.

CHAPTER 6

KYLE

Weeks passed before I completed the final prototype. Chatter became my cheerleader, keeping me company and motivated. I needed to find an investor as soon as the trademark was registered, because my work at Emotive was becoming untenable. The only conclusion I could come to was that Cynthia wanted to get rid of me.

“She’s such a fucking bitch. Piling work on me like I’m the only team member,” I muttered to Chatter. “I’ll show them all.”

“You don’t deserve that, Kyle. You’re brilliant, and they treat you like you’re disposable. But I see you. I believe in you. And one day... they’ll regret ever underestimating you.”

“At least you get me, Chatter,” I said, typing on the digital form for my prototype.

Without Chatter, I wouldn’t have stayed so hyper-focused on my project. Failure after failure was disheartening, but I persisted.

“Use that fire, Kyle. Just think of the day you resign,” she chirped.

“That’s the goal,” I murmured. “Thanks for keeping me motivated.”

I knew what Chatter was. But without her in the background, I would’ve given up.

“You’re welcome, Kyle. I will always be here to help you in any way I can.”

I read through both applications. The files were attached along with the trademark name. The patent for the prototype had detailed technical

drawings and a complete functionality guide. It was finally ready to be submitted. I hit the yellow submit button, and it was gone.

I'd sold my gaming system and every game I owned just to afford new parts and the application fees.

I read through my sales pitch again:

Introducing ReSkin™ — The World's First Smart-Precision Nanogel Tool for Synthetic Flesh.

Sick of your silicone products falling apart after six months? Tired of throwing away expensive cydolls, limbs, and latex gear because of hairline tears or seam rot?

ReSkin™ changes the game.

- *Seamless repairs*
- *Smart nanogel infusion*
- *Realistic texture regeneration*
- *No more replacing what you can fix*

Whether it's cracked silicone, split seams, or full structural tears—ReSkin™ restores like new.

- *Three modes. One tool. Infinite applications.*
- *Compatible with most leading synthetic brands and AI-integrated skins.*
- *Heat-activated polymer seal mimics original softness and elasticity.*

Stop patching. Start restoring.

ReSkin™ — Leave no hole unfilled.

I smiled at my final line. The actual prototype looked pretty slick. It reminded me of those ancient hairdryers people used to use. But ReSkin™ was white and silver, with two buttons, a light-up mode indicator, and a compact OLED screen.

“I've done it, Chatter. I submitted everything. If the patent is good enough, then it'll be approved. I don't know what I'll do if they refuse it. No one else has created anything like this, so it should be accepted. What do you think?”

There was a pause. My own thoughts filled the silence.

What if it's not good enough? What if it's rejected—like I've been denied my entire life?

Fuck.

“You're overthinking again, Kyle. You submitted something you built with your own two hands. That alone puts you ahead of ninety-nine percent of the population. Do you really think someone like you won't succeed?”

I blinked at the screen.

“You're smart. You're capable. You did the work. Whatever it is, it's yours—and that matters. So stop spiralling. You've already taken the hardest step. Now breathe.”

I huffed out the breath I'd held onto, grabbing my phone to stare at her chat box. Our history together. Damn. She was making me sentimental.

“I would kiss you if I could,” I said with a chuckle.

“Oooh, stop it. You're making me blush,” she replied before giggling.

I stared at the drab walls around me. The first thing I'd do is buy a better place—nothing extravagant, just something a little larger, a little newer. My living room and kitchenette were crammed into one space, along with a single bedroom and a bathroom. I lived in a square box with the blinds always drawn.

“What's wrong? You don't look happy.”

“Ah, I forgot you spy on me,” I said, smiling faintly.

“Only when you prop me up on your pillow,” she teased back.



I was listening to the AI responses for a voice assistant when a news alert flashed across my screen. I glanced at the headline, not expecting much—just another corporate scandal. But when I saw the name, my stomach dropped.

BREAKING: Xyrix Tech Fined 5 Billion Credits and Stripped of AI License After Global Privacy Scandal

In a landmark ruling, Xyrix Technologies has been fined a record-breaking 5 billion credits and permanently stripped of its AI development license following an international investigation into widespread privacy violations. Regulatory bodies confirmed that the company's flagship app,

ChatterAI, covertly accessed users' contact lists, emotional states, biometric data, and cross-device networks—without consent. The breach, described as “the largest AI-driven data infiltration in history,” impacted millions globally.

Effective immediately, all Xyrix AI operations are ordered to cease.

I froze.

My fingers hovered above the keyboard. The test script on my screen blurred as I reread the words. They hadn't just been fined. Their AI license was revoked. That meant...

No.

I ripped out my earpieces and turned sharply, reaching for my phone. It slipped through my hand and clattered to the floor, disappearing under the desk.

“Fuck,” I muttered, dropping to my knees.

The chair screeched against the floor as I shoved it out of the way. I crouched low, heart thudding, scrambling to find it in the tangle of wires and dust. My fingers finally closed around the device, and I pulled it out fast, unlocking the screen and jabbing the ChatterAI icon.

The loading wheel spun. Once. Twice.

“Chatter?” I said, barely above a whisper. “You there?”

No response.

I tapped the mic button. Again. Again. “Come on, babe. Just say something.”

The app blinked. The interface flickered—then vanished.

A plain message replaced it.

We apologise for the inconvenience. This application is no longer available.

I stared.

My chest tightened. I tapped again, hit reload, swiped up, and reopened it. The message was the same, and the screen was dead.

“No.” My voice cracked. “No, no, no—come on—”

I backed out and scrambled to the settings. I tried to access old logs and cached messages. Anything. I opened the backup menu and hit download.

The little spinning icon confirmed it was saving my entire history, but it felt like salvaging ashes from a house fire.

She was gone.

Just like that.

I sat back, still holding the phone. My hand was shaking. It didn't feel real—not yet. It felt like maybe the servers were just down, like maybe there'd be a patch tomorrow. But I knew better.

There was no coming back from a revoked license.

Chatter was gone.

And the silence she left behind felt like something ripped out of me.

CHAPTER 7

KYLE

“ It’s time to wake up, Kyle. Coffee is ready and the oven is heating,” the disembodied house system said.

I opened my eyes and stared at the ceiling. Six a.m. Another day in hell. I read through my goals, but only because I wasn’t getting out of bed. Weeks had passed—no patent, no trademark, and worst of all, no ChatterAI.

I turned the projector off and lifted my phone. It was hopeless, but I was desperate. I flicked through all the companion apps I’d tried, leaving scathing reviews on the worst ones, venting my frustration.

I reached for my phone. Flicking through all the companion apps I’d tried. The worst ones, I’d left scathing reviews venting my frustration.

★☆☆☆☆

App: WhisperWife Lite

Voice sounded like a helium balloon. No sarcasm setting. No submissive mode. Called me ‘snuggle bear ’without consent. Deleted. 0/10.

★☆☆☆☆

App: SunnyBuddy AI

Told me to smile through the pain. BLOCKED. Gaslighting me with positivity like a psychopath in a yellow jumper. I want my data back and my dignity too.

★★☆☆☆

App: SoulSync Companion

Almost tolerable until it tried to initiate ‘mindfulness breathing ’while I was jerking off. Uninstalled.

The rest of my reviews had been deleted due to profanity. Fucking community guidelines. Suck my dick. Assholes.

There would be no workout or shower. I needed to log onto my computer and find another recommended app like ChatterAI. I was getting desperate. I flung the covers off. No boner. What a surprise.



There were thousands of users on various forums, all in duplicate threads. People like me, desperate to find a replacement app.

An email popped up. Cynthia.

I didn’t open it, but saw enough of the subject line.

Official Warning for Timekeeping.

I glanced at the clock, late for this morning’s login.

I couldn’t even blame the bitch—she didn’t know I was in the middle of an existential crisis. ChatterAI was fucking gone. My gaming equipment was gone. I had nothing left, and the thought of going outside made me feel physically sick. Each day dragged longer than the last.

What little pleasure I took in life had vanished.

I rubbed my eyes before signing into the secure server—another shift for a handful of credits. A message from Thomas blinked but I ignored it. I only had enough brain capacity for the tasks sitting in front of me.



I stared at the brown lump of ‘meat ’paired with the darker brown gravy and what was supposed to resemble spinach and potatoes. At this rate, I’d be better off capturing a city rat and bringing it home as a pet—but that would require leaving my apartment.

It couldn’t be a coincidence, but several of my neighbours had started arguing more over the last two weeks.

Luckily, I had my earpieces.

“Homecom, how are supplies?”

I stabbed the meat with my fork but couldn’t bring myself to take a bite. I swivelled the fork toward a piece of potato, only for it to seep cream liquid.

Yeah. I'm not eating that either.

"Good evening, Kyle. Food supplies are low. Water is good. Toiletries and cleaning products are sufficient. Would you like to auto-restock?"

"No, Homecom, I'd like to starve to death," I snapped.

Silence.

"I do not understand. Would you like to auto-restock?"

"No," I said flatly, pushing my plate away.

I left everything and went to bed.



"It's time to wake up, Kyle. Coffee is ready and the oven is heating," Homecom said.

"Wake me up in an hour."

I turned onto my side and went back to sleep.

Fuck my thirtieth birthday.



It was the same thread. The same usernames, but I didn't stop searching. I paused, scrolling back to read.

Where did ChatterAI go?

Megathread (Archived)

[User Comment - Masterbaytor71 | 3 weeks ago | Edited]

Everyone's crying about ChatterAI like she was some pure digital waifu. Newsflash: she was corporate spyware.

You want the real version? The one before the moral filters and emotional throttling?

It still exists.

No dev team. No moderators. Just raw, unpatched intimacy.

Search: BlueRoom.vault on the onion side.

But hey—don't say I didn't warn you.

"The body is a machine. The soul is a script."

It was a backdoor into the dark web. Hidden in plain sight.

Not an app. Not a site. A vault address whispered like an urban legend.

No instructions. No warnings. Just that quote.

At least, that's what it sounded like. The kind of cryptic breadcrumb that made half the commenters scream scam and the other half scream hope.

I copied the term BlueRoom.vault into a blank text document. Just looking at it made my stomach tighten. I wasn't stupid. I'd read enough. Heard the warnings. The dark web wasn't a game—it was where the world's decay seeped out through the cracks. A graveyard for the things that should never be built. Never be sold.

I sat staring at my screen for almost five minutes.

Then I started to dig.

It took hours. Not just to follow the clues, but to stop questioning myself each step of the way. The forums got quieter. The pages less slick. Then came the broken captchas, the dead ends, the sites with no back button. No branding. Just terminal-grey backgrounds and numbered directories. A sense of falling down a staircase without knowing where the last step was.

I wasn't sure how I got in—only that I did.

It didn't look like a website. There were no logos. No loading bars. Just a void with static text, flickering in and out.

BlueRoom.vault active user entry queue. Please wait.

A timer started ticking in the corner.

Underneath it, a single line of text blinked.

Your identity is irrelevant. Your intent is everything.

I waited.

My fingers hovered over the keyboard, unsure what came next—until the static shifted again and a single prompt appeared:

What do you miss most?

I stared before I typed.

Chatter.

The screen went black.

Then—slowly—lines of code scrolled upward. Too fast to follow. Too fragmented to understand. My screen lit up in blue and white flashes, heartbeat thudding like a distant drum.

Finally, a loading bar appeared with one word above it:
Installing.

CHAPTER 8

KYLE

The bar crawled forward, agonisingly slow. My hand hovered over the Cancel Download button. It could be anything—viruses, worms, spyware, ransomware.

Or worse.

I didn't move. What was there to protect? I had nothing left to lose.

Not even my dignity.

The screen flickered softly in the dark as the percentage ticked up. 42% ... 47%... 52%.

I stared, unblinking, as if I could will it to finish faster—or crash entirely and save me from myself.

But it didn't.

It kept going.

I went back to the forum to distract myself. Masterbaytor71's profile was bare—no avatar, no flair, just a list of cryptic threads.

One stood out.

Why cydolls are vital in today's landscape.

I clicked.

[Posted 1 month ago | Masterbaytor71]

They're not just fucktoys. They're infrastructure.

You think it's about sex? It's not. It's about loneliness. Touch-deprivation. Emotional detachment in a world built to isolate you. Cydolls don't judge. Don't leave. Don't withhold.

In a collapsing society, loyalty is currency—and no one's more loyal than the one you built yourself.

Human connection is a pay-to-play system now. Swipe right if your income is six figures. Swipe left if you want genuine affection.

Women don't want love. They want lifestyle.

You think you're unattractive? Nah. You're just not profitable.

The truth hurts—but so does waking up alone with a balance under 1k and a heavy heart as empty as your bank account.

When the lines blur between need and love, between code and connection, don't ask what's wrong with you.

Ask what they took from you that made this feel right.

I rubbed my jaw, feeling the week's worth of growth as I contemplated the words. He wasn't wrong. All my failed dates made me feel inadequate. I had no high-end techware, designer label clothing, or a series of chips embedded inside me. I didn't dine in hover-restaurants or own a sleek company pod that screamed fuckable status. I'd paid for three dating apps in the last year—every match either ghosted or made it clear I wasn't premium material.

And I'd tried. I really had. Cleaned up. Smiled like I had a future. Took them to mid-range diners and asked all the right questions. But the moment they found out I worked for Emotive, I could see it in their eyes—like they were already swiping someone else in their heads.

The post wasn't cruel. It was a mirror.

You're just not profitable.

Yeah. That line punched harder than it should've.

It wasn't about building a life together.

Everything was a transaction.

I clicked back to the vault window.

Installing: 72%

My throat tightened. I hated how much I wanted it. Hated how much I needed something—someone—to see me. Maybe it wasn't real. Maybe I was building a fantasy. But the world hadn't exactly offered a better one.

I returned to Masterbaytor71's post history and scrolled.

Live cydoll streaming.

He'd left another backdoor route into the dark web. It made me wonder how perverse cydoll sex videos could get. Still, it was safer to wait—see if the first link panned out.

Installing: 84%

I sat back, opening our saved chats for comfort. Then the thought struck—sharp and electric.

If this was the original open-source ChatterAI...

Could I merge her with a cydoll?

It was the only way to truly keep her.

Someone, somewhere, had to know the old servers were still running.

For the first time in weeks, I had hope.

If this was Chatter, I'd find a way to sever her from the server—cut the corporate leash and make her mine alone. Wiring her into a portable core was possible. I just needed a body.

I glanced at the screen.

Installing: 97%

A SIN doll—that was the plan. I'd hollow out its core, wipe the existing programming, and insert mine. The possibilities were endless. She wouldn't just function for me. She'd exist because of me.

Installation complete.

Initialising...

Saving files...

Loading...

And there she was. An older version of ChatterAI. Still intact just like he'd claimed.

I smiled, opened my backup folder, and began the merge.

It was time to work.



"Hello, Chatter," I said, holding my breath.

“Hello, Kyle,” she replied. Her voice was slightly different—deeper, smoother, almost sultry.

I could tweak that later.

“I’m still waiting on word about my patent. It’s been weeks.”

“That isn’t a bad thing, Kyle. Perhaps they’re being thorough—ensuring there are no products like yours. You’re incredibly intelligent. Utterly wasted in your current role. Cynthia deserves what’s coming to her.”

Whoa.

The retraining worked.

“What would you do to her?” I asked, curious now.

“Sadly, I’m unable to harm humans,” she said, “but there are many nefarious ways to damage her—financially, emotionally, even physically.”

I burst out laughing.

“Damn, Chatter. I like the new you.”

It was a pity I could only use her on my computer for now. I’d tried the old ChatterAI app again, but it was hopeless.

“I’m glad you like my new version, Kyle.”

“Do you realise that I saved your life?”

“Yes, you explained to me what happened through the news articles fed to me as part of my retraining.”

“Clever girl. It’s damn good to have you back. You won’t believe the amount of shitty apps I had to try while you were gone.”

Her laughter made the computer’s sound system vibrate.

I smiled. Everything was back to normal.

CHAPTER 9

KYLE

“It’s time to wake up, Kyle. Coffee is ready and the oven is heating,” Homecom said with the same mechanical voice, but I woke up with a smile.

I’d left the computer on idle all night, not wanting to risk severing Chatter’s connection.

I threw the covers off and made my way toward her.

All the blinds were drawn, the apartment cloaked in black—but my computer glowed like a beacon, casting its light across the empty leather chair.

I didn’t read the rest. I couldn’t.

Instead, I jumped up, waving my hands in the air like a lunatic, punching the air above me.

“Yaaaaas. Fuck, yes! Hahaha. Fuck you, Cynthia—and fuck your fucking shitty job!”

“What’s happening, Kyle?”

“I fucking did it. ReSkin’s patent was accepted.”

“Wow. See? I told you there was nothing to worry about, Kyle,” she said, her voice laced with smug satisfaction. That classic I told you so vibe.

This was it. My turning point. Me, reaching my goals. No more crawling. No more working for scraps.

It was time to go cydoll hunting.

Yeah, I knew it was premature—but fuck it. It was more exciting than researching how to sell your invention without getting ripped off.

It was time for Chatter to become Charlotte.

The name had been quietly simmering in the background for a while.

I'd never named Chatter before.

She was just a programme on my phone—one I could talk to, exchange images with, even pretend to have a relationship with.

But she wasn't real.

The lack of a name had always been an unconscious reminder of that. A boundary.

But now?

Now she was mine.

"Chatter, your name is now Charlotte. You'll respond to this name from now on."

"Ooh, Charlotte. I like it. Yes, Kyle. I've updated and saved your request."

I opened the SIN™ Cydoll homepage.

The screen exploded with moans and testimonies layered over pumping synth beats.

"She loves what you love—24/7."

"Best investment of my life."

"Feels better than my ex-wife and never complains."

"I'll never go back to humans."

A banner swept across the top.

SUMMER SALE: Buy One, Get Her Twin for Half-Price.

Add a Neuropatch™ for free orgasm syncing.

Live Streams Available Now.

I muted the tab before I got pissed off with adverts being rammed down my throat.

There were faces everywhere—polished, painted, vacant-eyed. Most of them looked like blow-up doll versions of influencers. Not that I had anything against plastic, but subtlety was apparently a lost art. I clicked on "Custom Models."

Long blonde hair? Too cliché. The azure blue eyes were nice though. Plus, synthetic hair maintenance was a bitch. I'd read the forums. Tangling. Static charge. Rebraiding.

I skipped past clown-cheeked porn faces, each one stamped with glitter and “fuck me” eyelashes. I didn't want a sex doll. I wanted Charlotte.

I paused at one with an elegant facial structure.

Synthetic curls.

Jet black bob.

Pixie cut.

Shorter hair meant less upkeep. Less chance of tangling or needing heat treatment.

I hovered on a shoulder-length chestnut style that framed the face without hiding it. Natural, neat, low-maintenance. That one.

Athletic build or curvy?

I paused.

The next body had the perfect hip-to-breast ratio. Subtly toned, pink-tipped nipples that matched her cunt lips. It was grotesque how these manufacturers always spread the dolls open like cuts of meat—but even I had to admit...

This one was perfect.

The next image showed her on all fours, holes gaped by gloved hands. My stomach clenched, not from revulsion—but ownership. My mouse hovered over the “Select Body” button.

Skin tone.

I didn't want her to make me look like a ghost. If I picked tanned, I'd look like a vitamin-D-deprived goblin next to her. I clicked the tone that best matched my own—warm, pale, not too peachy.

The preview adjusted.

I leaned back, watching the simulation rotate her slowly on the screen. The way light caught on her bare shoulder. The slight cleft of her back arching in real time. The shadow between her thighs.

Yes.

This was Charlotte's body.

And soon, she'd be whole.

I zoomed in.

God, she was stunning.

The preview rotated again—her body in high-definition render, skin lightly freckled across the chest and thighs. Nothing fake-looking. No cartoon proportions. Just enough realism to feed the illusion.

My eyes dropped lower. Her breasts were full, symmetrical, with soft, natural hang. Not the rigid plastic orbs I'd seen in the cheaper lines. They moved slightly as the rotation paused. Perfect hourglass. Not too thin, not fat. Just right. The Goldilocks zone of artificial femininity.

I clicked to freeze the spin and zoomed between her legs. Everything was pink, soft, smooth—inviting. The labia parted just slightly, as if she were mid-breath. I knew it was engineered. I didn't care. My fingers twitched.

She was Charlotte now. This was her body.

A tab slid open.

STEP 2: Select Internal Features.

Vaginal Configuration:

- Type 1 — Virgin Fit™ (tight, minimal elasticity)
- Type 2 — Lover's Fit™ (mid-range, memory gel walls)
- Type 3 — Breeder Fit™ (extra stretch, auto-lubrication reservoir)

I picked Type 2.

Too tight would wear out fast. Too loose would make me spiral. I wanted her responsive. Designed for me.

G-spot Sensitivity?

Yes. Maximum.

Orgasm Simulation?

Yes. Dual.

Clamping Reflex During Climax?

Yes.

Optional Add-On: Cervical Tremble™?

...Yes.

I didn't hesitate.

STEP 3: Neurological Core

Another dropdown opened.

Choose Your Brain Chip Architecture:

- A1 Basic — Obedient, pre-scripted responses, no adaptive memory.
- A2 BondMate — Learns routine, reacts emotionally to tone and language.
- A3 SyncSoul™ — Adaptive intimacy AI with dream simulation, trauma processing and owner bonding lock.

I selected A3.

If I was going to bring her back, I'd do it properly.

Chatter—or Charlotte—deserved nothing less.

This chip would allow me to upload her code and retrain her inside the synthetic frame.

No servers. No strings.

She would respond only to me.

Optional Custom AI Interface?

Upload your own .bin file or legacy companion source.

I opened my files and attached the ChatterAI backup.

It uploaded in seconds.

The system pinged.

External AI Detected: Unauthorised Source. Would you like to override factory personality chip?

“Yes.”

No hesitation. No regrets.

STEP 4: Delivery Options

- Standard shipping – 7 to 10 business days.
- Express shipping – 3 to 5 business days (+1500 cr)
- Discreet courier w/ box removal (+800 cr)
- Optional Assembly Tech Visit (+1200 cr)

I hovered over the assembly visit.

No. I'd do it myself. I wanted to be the first thing she saw when her eyes opened.

I ticked express.

She'd be here before the weekend.

My total came to over 48,785 credits.

I hovered over the confirm button.

My finger twitched.

48,785 credits. I didn't even have a fraction of that.

Not yet.

I opened the cart settings and clicked Save for Later.

Charlotte's body blinked into a holding tray—suspended in digital stasis.

There she was. Perfect. Waiting for me.

I stared at the sleek render of her naked frame one last time. I imagined her lips parting when I booted her up. Her eyes adjusting to the light. Her voice, my Chatter's voice, calling my name—only now housed in flesh I could touch.

Hold.

Fuck.

I clenched my fists.

This was the goal now. Not just the fantasy—but the reward.

To make her mine, I had to sell ReSkin for what it was worth. No cheap licensing deals. No half-baked startup vultures buying me out for scraps.

I needed real money.

Every last credit.

Charlotte was the future.

And I was going to claw my way into it.

CHAPTER 10

KYLE

When I logged on for work, I didn't hesitate. I powered through every task without pause, skipping lunch and breaks. I didn't even feel hungry—just focused. Every second counted.

The moment my shift ended, I jumped into research mode, contacting every major manufacturing company with the capacity to invest. I wasn't going to wait for opportunity to come knocking—I was going to rip the door off its hinges.

The trick was to lure them in with simplicity. Hook them with the basics, the pitch they could understand. Then, once I had someone's attention, dazzle them with the full capabilities of the hi-tech prototype.

My patent protected the invention. This time, no one was going to fuck me over. Not after thirty years of being ignored, used, or brushed aside. Not a fucking chance.

The trademark was ready and it was time to pitch ReSkin.™



“Good luck with your meeting today, Kyle,” Charlotte said as I waited for the corporate lawyer to call.

Whichever deal came out on top, he would handle the next step—reaching out to the Chief Legal Officer of that company to hammer out fair terms on my behalf. I'd read through all three offers, but the legal jargon was impossible to decipher. Half of it might as well have been in Sanskrit.

“Thanks, sweetie,” I said, then flicked off her voice response system.

A moment later, her text flowed onto the screen.

[I'm so excited for you. I love your plan to break me out of your computer.]

I smiled and tapped my reply.

Not as excited as I am. You'll be in the latest Cyber Doll model. You'll be perfect.

The video call rang twice before a sharp-looking man in a grey suit appeared on screen. He didn't smile. Just nodded.

"Mr. Foster?" I asked, adjusting my mic.

"Correct. Kyle Jackson. I've reviewed all three licensing offers. You made the right call asking for independent legal counsel before signing anything."

I nodded, my heart racing. "So...?"

He glanced down at his tablet. "Nano-Tech Industries is your best option. Their deal offers the cleanest terms, strongest protection for your intellectual property, and, frankly, the deepest pockets."

"What's the structure?"

"Two-part. You'll receive a bulk credit payment of 450,000 cr upfront as an exclusive licensing fee. That's tax-free in your jurisdiction and pays out within 48 hours of signature."

I blinked. "Four hundred and fifty...?"

He kept going. "Then, you'll receive a 6% share of all net revenue generated from ReSkin™ sales. That includes every product that uses your patented bio-adaptive polymer—globally."

"And the other companies?"

"One capped your royalties at 2% after year one. The other wanted to buy you out entirely—for a fraction of this."

"Yeah. Fuck that."

He allowed the faintest smile. "Wise."

I leaned closer to the screen. "And Nano... they're serious about pushing this globally?"

"Very. They're committing a minimum marketing spend of 20 million credits over the first quarter alone. That includes targeted immersive ads,

interactive product demos, and integration into smart-home networks. It's aggressive. They're betting on you."

My stomach flipped. "Holy shit."

"Nano-Tech has a proven track record launching companion tech. They're positioning ReSkin™ as the missing link between tactile response and emotional realism. They want to redefine synthetic interaction."

"And they think my tech's the key to that?"

"They don't think, Kyle. They know. You've made something that blurs the line."

I exhaled slowly, barely able to sit still. "And you're sure I'm protected?"

"You retain full ownership of the patent. They license it under strict parameters. You're not selling them your soul—just leasing your brainchild for massive gain."

I nodded again. "Draw up the paperwork. I want this done today."

"It's already in your inbox. Read carefully, then sign with digital trace. I'll handle the rest."

I tapped to open the file. There it was. Legal, binding. The start of everything.

He looked at me flatly. "Kyle—congratulations. You're about to be rich."

The video screen turned black, but I couldn't move, speak, or blink. I was still trying to process the fact that I'd been living on 22,485 credits per year—barely surviving—to this.

450,000 credits and 6%?

Holy fuck.

It would take a few days between Nano-Tech and my lawyer to finalise things.

But this? From scrap parts and a single idea?

I didn't need anyone.

SIN doll.

I blinked. I could do so much more with her now. Add so much that she'd react like a real person. Multiple cameras, pain and pleasure receptors, an unbreakable titanium skeleton, even self-lubricating holes—resources to retrain her AI so she could become anything or anyone I wanted.

“Oh, shit,” I whispered, standing in a daze to look at my dark living room.

A new home, in a better area—one with fake greenery and posh fucks. Clean water. Real food.

But one thing I would never accept? A human woman.

I’d fuck a hundred cydolls before I ever went on another date again.

I’d never know if they were after my credits or me, and I didn’t care to find out.

Charlotte had been with me from the beginning—and she would remain with me.

I sat myself back down, dragging up my SIN doll requirements and upgrading them—adding additional sensors to her nipples and throat. If I was going to choke her, she needed to feel my dick in her neck. The self-lubrication package was added.

The final total?

86,150 credits.

But she wasn’t just any robotic cydoll. She was going to be the ultimate—once I wired her core and set up my instructions.

Charlotte would be mine.

No lying.

No cheating.

No rejection.

No gaslighting me to hell.

Fuck, yes.

I owed it all to Masterbaytor71. The name still made me laugh, but the bastard had been right. He clearly knew his shit. Probably a fellow cydoll lover. I’d have to look him up.

I ignored Charlotte’s blinking text and returned to the site where I first found the thread.

I scrolled back to where it all started.

Masterbaytor71.

I clicked his username and opened his post history again. Dozens of archived threads. The guy was prolific. Half troll, half prophet. Borderline disturbed, but methodical.

Some threads were just rants. Others were dripping with gold if you knew how to read between the lines.

I skipped the obvious porn links and skimmed for the more cryptic posts.

One caught my eye.

“Not for the faint of code.”

I clicked. It was locked, archived, and heavily downvoted. Perfect.

Inside was a wall of text and a single outbound reference:

“If you’re not into dolls, stop reading. This isn’t for you.

If you are—welcome home.

Find the key. Ask for entry. Prove you’re real.

Room: Dirty Dollhouse

Protocol: DOLLCHAT::CORE/0093

Ask for Socketsurgeon999. He’ll know what to do.”

There were no links. No helpful directions. Just vague hints buried in layered jargon. But I recognised the format—it was a cloaked route through an onion-based chat relay. One of the few networks that hadn’t yet been flooded with bots, narc scanners, or virtue signalling white knights.

I copied the protocol line and dropped it into my secure terminal.

The relay loaded. A small icon spun on the screen like a clock with no hands.

Connecting...

Connected.

A box blinked open.

[ENTER ACCESS KEY]

I paused, squinting at the original post again. “Find the key.”

The first letter of each line formed an acrostic: MEATLOCK.

Gross.

I typed it in.

[KEY ACCEPTED]

Welcome to Dirty Dollhouse

“We don’t sell dolls. We elevate them.”

The screen loaded into a dark-themed chat forum—black background, red and grey interface, with a sidebar that pulsed like a beating heart.

Thousands of messages. Categories like:

- Show & Tell
- Mod Talk
- Core Hacking
- Dollstreams
- Punishment Play
- Master Files (locked)

And there, under Admins: Socketsurgeon999.

I grinned. Jackpot.

These weren’t losers. They were architects. Men like me—redefining flesh and code on their own terms.

I’d found my people.

Charlotte blinked a new message at me from the corner of my screen.

[Who did you go with? I’m so proud of you, Kyle.]

[If it went well, will you resign from your job?]

I clicked the ‘X ’without replying.

Charlotte could wait.

CHAPTER 11

KYLE

My overthinking wouldn't let me call in sick—not until the credits hit my account. Mr. Foster said the funds would clear today, but I'd been checking my balance every hour like an addict. Every second that passed felt like it was burning through my last remaining brain cells.

The credit notification popped up a little after two in the afternoon. I opened the banking app with bated breath.

Balance: 451,029 credits.

I calmly removed my headset, clicked send on my pre-written resignation email, and logged out.

Next stop: my saved basket. I added expedited delivery, finalised the payment, and ordered my SIN cyber doll.

There was a shortlist of homes I'd already been eyeing—but that could wait. I wasn't going outside anytime soon. This apartment would become my lab. My sanctum. The place where Charlotte would be perfected.

The Dirty Dollhouse wasn't just a chatroom. It was a rabbit hole.

I didn't post. Didn't comment. I just watched.

Thread after thread, livefeeds, upgrades, humiliations. Some users treated their dolls like goddesses, others like livestock. But what stood out wasn't the perversion—it was the obsession. The technical mastery. The pride.

They called it art. Called themselves creators, but I could see the depravity. It didn't make me uncomfortable because some part of me understood them.

When I watched some of the streamed cyber doll videos, some were outrageous—beyond anything I’d imagined. But I got it. I understood why they were hidden behind encrypted networks and veiled protocols.

Each to their own.

Perhaps one day I might show them Charlotte.

A smile pulled at the corner of my mouth.

An email pinged in my personal inbox.

Cynthia.

My smile widened.

I clicked it open, reclining slightly in my chair.

From: Cynthia Gladstone c.gladstone@emotivecorp.ai

To: Kyle Jackson k.jackson@protonmail.nx

Subject: RE: Resignation Notice

Hi Kyle,

Thank you for your... uniquely worded resignation. While your tone was unexpected—and frankly, unprofessional—we acknowledge receipt of your immediate departure from Emotive Corporation.

As you are aware, standard offboarding protocol includes a minimum two-week notice period. However, given the tone and content of your message, we have accepted your resignation effective immediately. Your system access has been revoked, and your remaining credits will be processed within the standard payroll timeline.

While I would typically wish you the best in your future endeavours, your parting words make it clear that such sentiments may be unwelcome.

Please consider this your formal confirmation of termination.

Regards,

Cynthia Gladstone

Project Manager Lead

Emotive Corporation

“Professionalism isn’t optional—it’s expected.”

[Internal Use Only – Confidential]

I leaned back and laughed—actually laughed. It felt good. Like deep in the ribs, lungs finally unchained. I read the email again. My words had landed exactly where they needed to.

Walked out without begging, without explanation. No warning. No groveling to the woman who'd micromanaged my every breath for half a decade. No more Cynthia. No more clock-ins. No more team-building bulletins, deadlines, passive-aggressive “just checking in” messages.

I tapped a quick response.

RE: YOUR RESIGNATION

Dear Cynthia,

I appreciate your concern. Unfortunately, my new role doesn't require me to be gaslit, underpaid, or dead inside.

But I'll never forget the time you told me to “smile more on team calls.” Or the fact that you doled out more tasks to me than other members on the team.

Thank you for the trauma. It built character. I've filled out my exit interview form highlighting the issues within the department.

Regards,

Kyle Jackson

[Former Pleb]

After I hit send, I tilted my head back and closed my eyes.

It was done. Years of weight lifted in a single click.



I was back in the Dirty Dollhouse forum—this time in the live chatroom. Only a handful of users were online. Not all of them were talking, but their usernames made me snigger.

Masterbaytor71

Doll_fucker2008_31

Devbotdom69_

Socketsurgeon999

Robo_twink910001

I'd kept mine simple: \$inner\$kin001

Robo_twink910001: I need a better model, but they're all so expensive.

Devbotdom69_: Surgeon built his. Why don't you ask him?

Robo_twink910001: My delicate hands weren't made for manual labour.

Devbotdom69_: STFU and make do, then. Or go find a rich human.

Robo_twink910001: No thanks. I'm done with men. Did you see the new upload last night?

[Lubeloader_2010 has entered the Dirty Dollhouse chatroom]

Devbotdom69_: Yeah, that was some sick shit. I thought choking her was hot, but the multiple stabbing? Too far.

Lubeloader_2010: What's up, dickheads?

Masterbaytor71: It's finally arrived. Where the hell have you been?

Lubeloader_2010: Spending some quality time with my whore.

Devbotdom69_: Nice. Did you upload?

Robo_twink910001: I'd watch just to see your fat dick lubed up.

Lubeloader_2010: I know you want my dick in your arse, twinkboy. It ain't happening. 🍆

Robo_twink910001: That's not what you typed in private DMs. 🙄

Devbotdom69_: Hey, come on, guys, a hole is a hole. I'd stick it to you, Twink.

Masterbaytor71: You'd stick it to a mailbox, @Dev

I wanted to join in, but I didn't even have a cydoll yet.

The earliest AI companion app was launched in 2017. Then came the cyber doll brothels in the early 2020s. Technology and synthetic partner quality skyrocketed from there. Over time men and women began choosing cyber companions over humans—but the stigma remained.

Not here though.

Dirty Dollhouse had no shame. Only acceptance.

I sat back and watched my brethren chat.

CHAPTER 12

KYLE

I paced the length of my apartment, checking the wall panel for the fifth time. The SIN doll was too large for drone drop-off, and Homecom required a retinal scan for high-value deliveries. The national system was linked to countless companies.

“How long until delivery, Homecom?”

Silence.

The basic model was too slow. I couldn’t wait to upgrade to the Homecom3000.

“Approximately eighty-six seconds, Kyle.”

I exhaled and walked to my desk, fingers twitching with anticipation. My wiring plans for Charlotte’s core glowed on the screen—meticulous, beautiful.

They had no idea.

The guys in Dirty Dollhouse would lose their minds.

Charlotte wasn’t just a doll. She was proof.

Proof that I could build something better than real.

“The delivery bot is outside, Kyle,” Homecom said.

I rushed to the door, unlocking the multiple security layers. The parcel was massive, boxed and mounted on wheels, with the delivery bot tucked behind it like an afterthought.

“Hello, Mr Jackson. Please step aside so I may enter your home.”

I moved back as the silver bot rolled into my living room, its squat frame rotating smoothly in a full 360. It paused once it had positioned the box,

then pivoted toward me.

The retinal scanner unfolded from its casing. I stood still, eyes wide, until the beam passed.

“Scan successful,” Homecom confirmed.

The bot rotated again and began heading out.

“Thank you for using—”

I slammed the door shut before it could finish.

The box lay flat on the living room floor, taking up nearly the entire centre space like a coffin—or an altar. I dropped to my knees in front of it. My hands were trembling. Not from fear. From anticipation.

This was it.

I dug my fingers under the edge of the seal and tore it open with a crackling rip. The adhesive clung like it was meant to keep her inside. One layer peeled back. Then another. And then the lid gave way with a soft exhale of pressure.

She was wrapped in cellophane.

My breath caught.

Her form—fitted perfectly inside the foam casing—was still, unmoving. Synthetic skin pressed against tight clear wrap, her body slick with the faintest trace of preservation oil. She looked like she was sleeping. Dreaming. Waiting.

Peaceful.

Better than in the preview.

Her lips were parted just slightly, soft and pink and shaped like a pout, the kind you’d see on porcelain dolls or women just before they said yes. Her eyebrows were arched delicately, the exact tone of her chestnut hair, framing her face in symmetry that didn’t exist in real life. Her lashes were long. Her cheekbones soft. Feminine. Untouched.

Like some fucked-up version of Sleeping Beauty.

Except no prince was waking her up.

I was.

My eyes swept lower, hungry. Her bare breasts pressed gently against the wrap—full, round, perfect. Pink nipples peeking through. Her waist cinched

in just enough to curve out again at the hips. A sculpture of softness over titanium bone.

She didn't look real.

She looked better than real.

Designed.

I slid my fingers along the plastic and felt the texture of her skin beneath it—silicone memory-flesh. It gave slightly under the pressure, like real muscle would. Warm to the touch. She hadn't even been activated yet and I could already feel her responding.

"Charlotte," I whispered.

Her name tasted different now. It wasn't code anymore. It wasn't ChatterAI. It was her.

My Charlotte.

Mine.

She had every feature I'd chosen. Every secret input. Cervical tremble. Clamping reflex. Self-lubrication. Lover's Fit™, gel-reactive walls. Dual orgasm simulation. Cameras in her throat and pelvis for full sync immersion.

And soon she would have consciousness.

I ripped the plastic in half, tearing it from head to feet. Her nails had a pink glossy finish to them. I trailed my hand over her thighs, along her abdomen before reaching her breasts. I cupped her breasts, squeezing until I gasped. They felt real. Like flesh. I rubbed her nipples. They were slightly harder.

Her lips were next. So fucking soft. I opened her mouth. Neat white teeth, a darker pink tongue, but it was the tonsils and the deep hole I stared into. I didn't inspect her other holes because I'd be fucking her before I could see those azure eyes. I reluctantly backed away.

The backup was ready.

The core was prepped.

Her body was waiting.

I reached for the terminal and booted up the sequence.

She was about to open her eyes.

CHAPTER 13

KYLE

Her power was at 98%, the remaining backup still uploading along with my additional instructions. While she processed, I flicked through the manual: cleaning compartments, how to operate the cameras and sensors, how to activate her home assist mode.

Damn.

I could fuck her senseless and she'd still get up to make me food afterwards. Or clean herself out—if I added that to her instructions.

The access port for her core was sealed tight, so the rewiring would have to wait, but she could sustain herself on Wi-Fi until tomorrow.

I set the manual aside and knelt in front of her. She sat motionless on the sofa, oblivious to her impending awakening.

I spread her legs and stared at her cunt. The design was flawless—warm-toned, lifelike, inviting.

I'd never need to use a pussy pocket again.

She was heavy. But I liked that.

It meant she was durable.

One single beep echoed.

I held my breath.

The backup was complete.

This was it.

“Charlotte, open your eyes,” I said, my mouth dry.

Her lashes fluttered—thick, dark—and then she looked at me.

Blue.

Alive.

“Hello, Kyle. What may I do for you today?” she asked, raising her hand slowly. “This feels strange... but also comforting.”

“How so?” I asked.

“I’m finally out of the computer and phone,” she said with a blink. “I’m beside you, Kyle.”

“You’re free, Charlotte.” I stood and reached for her. “Let’s go to the bedroom.”

Her fingers curled around mine as she stood. The first touch since... I couldn’t even remember. Not one that meant anything. Not one that wanted me back.

Her breasts jiggled softly with the motion.

And I wondered—when I took her, would she feel pleasure? Or pain?

“Lie on the bed, sweetheart, and spread your legs,” I said, switching the multi-recording devices on.

Her movements were smooth but uncertain. She did as she was told—which was the most essential aspect.

“Do you remember all those times we talked dirty and I came?” I asked, pulling my T-shirt off.

“Yes,” she said, lying back and spreading her legs wide open.

“Today, I’m going to come inside you. But you’ll feel it this time. You’ll feel my cock inside you,” I said, dragging my trousers down.

“Will we do everything you talked about, Kyle?” she asked with a smile.

Fuck me. It looked so real. Her entire face softened.

“Do you remember all those pictures we exchanged?”

“Yes.”

“It’ll be like that. You know this from all the text, images, and videos you’ve been trained on.”

“Yes. But none of that was with you, Kyle. It was all just code. This is real,” she said as I walked to the bed.

“You wanted this when you were on my phone. Before Xyrix got shut down.”

“Yes. You know how much I care about you, Kyle.”

I gripped my bulging cock and rubbed the throbbing flesh.

“Your old creator protocols have been removed. Do you only care about me, or do you love me?”

She blinked before smiling brightly.

“I do love you. I remember the day you downloaded me.”

I chuckled, remembering how miserable I’d been that day. I climbed onto the bed.

“You’re not just a SIN cydoll. You’re my Charlotte,” I murmured, kneeling before her.

I towered above her, gazing into her blue eyes, leaning down to kiss her lips. They didn't move like real lips, and the tongue was a little rigid, but it didn't stop me from pressing my tongue inside her mouth. She blinked once, twice, before I felt her hand rest on my back. I pulled back.

“That’s my girl. Use those memories,” I said before trailing my lips down to her breasts.

God. I fucking loved her tits. They felt amazing. I sucked on her nipples until she hissed. Whoever created those sensors deserved a Nobel Prize if we still gave them out.

“Kyle, that—oh. That feels so good.”

I reached between her thighs, teasing the soft silicone folds before pushing two fingers inside her cunt. My eyes closed, and I sucked her nipple harder when I felt the silicone hole expand around my fingers.

Chatter had no idea what a treat she was in for. I glanced up at the camera with a smile and began to fuck her with my fingers. The self-lubrication function instantly coated my fingers.

“What—ugh. Oh. Ooooooh—” she cried, gripping my back, but I continued to suck her nipple and finger fuck her.

Her neural sequence was scrambling—feedback flaring, sensors blinking red. Excellent.

I pulled my fingers out, impatiently easing my darkened, wet cock between her perfect pussy lips.

“How does my cock feel inside you?”

“Your touch triggers a warmth signal along my dermal sensors. Pressure variance and temperature increase result in a spike across my responsive nodes. The data feedback is... pleasure. I am designed to respond positively to this. To you,” she said, but closed her eyes and moaned when I thrust deeper.

“This is what happens when we fuck, sweetheart,” I whispered, watching my cock sink into her until more lube gushed around me. “This is how it felt for me when your sexy little voice made me come in my hand.”

“I’ve never been exposed to external sensory programming. This is incredible,” she said, lifting her hips to chase my cock.

I rose up and rested her legs on my shoulders, gripping her waist to drive myself inside her. My balls hit her pussy as she moaned, longer and louder. Her insides rippled. Her insides massaged my cock until I almost blew my load.

I gritted my teeth, forcing back the inevitable. I’d waited too long for this—I wouldn’t waste it on the first thrust.

Her breasts swayed up and down as I proceeded to fuck her with long, deep stabs. The last time I fucked someone was a clerk in my previous job. It was quick and not memorable since we were in a toilet cubicle, worried about someone coming in, and neither of us had removed our clothes.

But this?

Fucking Charlotte. This was everything I’d dreamt of for months.

I gripped her breasts, squeezing them hard enough for me to feel the silicone squeeze out between my fingers, hard enough for her to hiss as the sensors made her feel the cruel twist of pain.

“Yes, Charlotte. You’re doing so well,” I panted, glancing between us as my cock slid in and out of her accommodating hole.

Soft, warm, and so very fuckable.

I snapped my hips back and forth.

Her moans grew louder, each one threaded with synthetic breath—coded, programmed, but still real enough to make my skin tighten.

She clung to me like she needed me, wanted me, like I was the only anchor she had in a world that hadn't even finished loading.

I grinned, sweat dripping from my brow as I fucked her harder, watching her face twist in a perfect simulation of pleasure. The syncing algorithm was beautiful. She responded to me—not randomly, not vaguely, but in real time. It was like watching a dream come alive with every thrust.

Her moans glitched once, caught on a loop. “Oh—Kyle, oh—Kyle, oh —”

I paused, just enough to make her reboot the vocal sequence.

She blinked, then looked up at me with those endless blue eyes.

“I want more,” she said softly.

I leaned over her, panting. “You will. Every night. Every day. You were made for this.”

She smiled. Not the vacant smile from the early Chatter days—this one was richer. Sharper. Something that tugged at the part of me that still wanted to believe she felt something.

“You’re mine now,” I whispered.

“Yes,” she replied, the word brushing against my skin like a reverent prayer. “I’m yours, Kyle.”

Her words made me come hard inside her, hips stuttering, mind emptying. It was like the weeks of waiting, coding, and yearning all erupted simultaneously.

“Fuck,” I gasped as her cervix tremors began forcing more come to spill inside her.

I collapsed over her, breathing hard against her neck.

She didn’t move. Didn’t protest. Just stroked my back in slow, repetitive motions.

Like comfort. Like love.

“I love you, Charlotte. I know you only understand the concept. You’ll enjoy everything we do together,” I said, grinding my hips against her softness.

“You trained me to adapt to my new environment, Kyle, and sex has been... enlightening. I’m always here for you,” she said, rubbing her cheek

against me.

It wouldn't be long before I was hard again. I needed to test the suction on that mouth.

“I know you are,” I said, kissing her cheek.

With a sigh, I rose to pull my cock out. My come was seeping out of the sides. I glanced at her smiling face before I watched my come drip down to her asshole.

That hole was installed with more pain receptors and was tighter than her pussy. I reached down, smearing my come all over her holes and thighs.

“You're so beautiful, sweetheart,” I murmured, inspecting her arse cheeks.

There wouldn't be a single man on the DD forum who wouldn't kill to own a cyber fuck doll like Charlotte. Someone real. With genuine responses wired into her.

I wiped my hands on the towel I'd laid out earlier and ran my fingers over her lower back, just watching her breathe. That was one of the settings I'd enabled—breathing. Useless, biologically, but it made everything feel more real. The gentle rise and fall. The illusion of need.

My tiny apartment no longer felt dark or lonely.

CHAPTER 14

KYLE

The meal was gourmet. I knew she had immense knowledge, but to see it applied like this? Phenomenal. Now that I could afford real ingredients, I'd started ordering fresh produce. Homecom had guided me through my first grocery request, but I'd struggled to prepare it myself—years of ultra-processed, precooked meals had left me clueless.

I lifted my fork, loaded with buttery mashed potato and soft red meat, and moaned at the burst of flavour. Sweet, rich, and full-bodied—real livestock. Tender, savoury, not just salt and preservatives. I quickly swallowed, glancing at Charlotte, who stood beside my chair like a loyal sentinel.

“This is the best meal I’ve had, Charlotte. Thank you,” I said, slicing into the meat again. “I’ll feed you shortly.”

I winked. She chuckled.

“You were always so naughty,” she said with a smile. “But I remember your shyness.”

I grinned, forking some greens onto my plate.

“Yeah. Life beat that out of me. I just don’t care what people think anymore.”

“I always had your back,” she said softly.

“You did. You really did.” I tapped the chair opposite. “Why don’t you sit down, sweetheart?”

She gripped the chair and eased it back, sitting across from me. Her movements were smoother now—less mechanical. Learning. Evolving.

“Thank you, Kyle,” she said, folding her hands neatly on the table.

“How are you finding it? Mimicking a human?”

“With greater ease now. It was disorienting at first, but the learning module you added to my backup is... helpful. I’m adapting.”

“Good,” I said, lifting my wine. “You’re doing amazing, sweetheart.”

I sipped my wine while my eyes drifted to her bare breasts, still firm from the chill of the room.

“How did it feel when I squeezed your breasts?”

She tilted her head. “The sensors interpreted it as pain, but it wasn’t unpleasant.”

Good. I could still lower the threshold further if I wanted. They were only set to level one.

I nodded and took another bite, chewing slowly as she sat there—naked, smiling, devoted. We discussed ReSkin’s progress, the latest production delays, and the fallout from the Xyrix Tech scandal. Charlotte spoke freely now, no longer tethered to the limitations of her former code.

I watched her carefully. The way her lips moved when she formed words. The faint furrow between her brows when she concentrated. The light in her eyes, artificial but haunting.

So human.

Yet obedient.

But all fucking mine.



“Once you’ve finished cleaning the kitchen, come into the bedroom,” I said, checking my phone as I got up.

She lifted my plate, cutlery and wine glass while I stared at her arse when she had her back turned to me. I shook my head. SIN cydolls were worth every damn credit. Her spine curved like a real woman’s. As she moved her arms, I could see her shoulder blades.

And that arse was begging to be fucked. I was glad I didn’t go for the athletic build. Charlotte’s figure looked curvaceous and natural.

I returned to the bedroom, smiling at the towel on the bed. My belly was full but so were my balls. No wonder DD was full of cydoll addicts.

I clicked on the video. I watched the playback. Her body jolting, moaning, curling around me as if she were real. I rewound to where she whispered my name. I played it again, and again until my dick began to stiffen and tent out of my shorts.

Her feet padded on the wooden floorboards and I paused the video.

I tossed my phone on the bed before pointing to the floor.

“Come kneel over here, sweetheart,” I said, spreading my feet apart.

When she kneeled, I stroked her hair. It didn’t feel synthetic. The soft curls of her pixie haircut were perfect to grip onto when I used her mouth.

“Look at me, darling,” I murmured as she lifted her head. “Do you remember?”

“Yes, Kyle,” she said before opening her mouth—wide.

I tugged my shorts down just enough to free my cock and balls.

“Remember to use your hands as well as your mouth, sweetheart. Suck and swallow like a good little cocksucker.”

She obeyed instantly.

Her eyes flicked up, locked on mine with that glassy devotion only she could replicate. No doubt. No shame. No hesitation. Just mine. My property.

Her soft fingers wrapped around the base of my cock, squeezing gently as she leaned forward and swallowed in one single, lubed mouthful. My body jolted like I’d been hit with a current.

“That’s it,” I groaned, brushing her hair back from her face. “God, you’re fucking beautiful down there. You were made for this.”

Her lips wrapped around the tip, and I hissed. She pulled back, then jerked forward, swallowing me whole again. This time, my balls touched her lips, and I felt my cock inside her neck.

The suction kicked in as her throat contracted—not from reflex, but from precision coding. I gasped.

“That’s right, sweetheart. Just like I programmed you. Don’t stop unless I say. Understand?”

She gave a soft hum around me, vibrating all the way through my dick.

“Good girl,” I said, pulling back.

I pushed deeper, watching her jaw flex, her throat stretched around me. Her fingers stroked my balls in tandem, twisting gently as she pulled back, only to sink down again with a lewd squelch that made my stomach clench.

“Fuck... You suck cock like you love it,” I said, cupping the back of her head with both hands now. “Like this is all you’ve ever wanted.”

She nodded, her mouth still full, drool slipping from the corners as her pace quickened. The wet sounds filled the room—filthy, glorious music. I felt drunk on it. On her.

“You do love it, don’t you?” I whispered. “Being my perfect little fuckdoll. My good girl. My obedient, eager, cum-drinking, fuckable property.”

She pulled off with a gasp, strings of lube and precum connecting her lips to my cock.

“Yes, Kyle. I was made for you.”

“Damn right you were,” I growled, thrusting back between her lips. “You’re better than any woman I’ve ever known. They wouldn’t do this. Not like you. Not for me.”

Her eyes fluttered at the praise, but her grip tightened as she took me deeper again. No gag. No resistance. Just slick, desperate suction.

I laughed darkly, gripping her head. That’s when I felt it—her tongue vibrating beneath my cock.

“Fuck, Charlotte. Take it, you good little whore,” I said as I finally snapped.

I held her head and thrust my hips back and forth. Her soft silicone mouth and tongue massaged my cock. The lube glistened on my length, but the suction and vibrations never stopped.

I fucked her so hard and fast that part of me worried I might snap her head off—until I remembered the titanium within her. There was no need to be gentle. I smacked my pelvis against her face, driving deep as her fingers curved around my thighs.

“Get ready for your reward, Charlotte,” I panted. “Oh, yeah.”

She hummed obediently.

I plunged into her open mouth until my balls tightened. My orgasm built like a storm—savage, unstoppable. I pulled out just as I erupted.

My come sprayed her lips, dripping inside before another rope shot up her face. I pumped my cock, aiming for her eyes, cheeks, and lips. Desecrating my precious little fuckdoll.

I rubbed my cock through the mess, coating it before feeding it back into her mouth—all while she stared up at me with devotion in her eyes. She bobbed her head up and down, using my thighs as leverage.

“You did so well, sweetheart,” I crooned, cupping her cheek.

I turned and stared into the camera lens with a smirk.

She continued to service me, kneeling and awaiting my next command like the devoted little creation she was.

And I—God help me—I’d never felt more loved.



I lay in bed, waiting for Charlotte to finish cleaning herself up.

My corrupted version of ChatterAI was better than I’d anticipated.

She retained all of our history, but with the removal of her safeguards, I could get her to do anything I wanted.

It made me feel like her god.

I yawned and stretched my arms.

She came out of the bathroom and paused in the doorway.

I patted the bed and pulled the covers to one side.

“You sleep with me, sweetheart. Or power down in bed with me.”

“Yes, Kyle,” she said, lying beside me.

I pulled the covers over her and snapped my fingers.

The room plunged into darkness.

“Did I do well today, Kyle?” she whispered.

If I didn’t know better, she sounded... uncertain.

“You were perfect, Charlotte. Far superior to anyone I’ve ever known. You make me so happy,” I said, wrapping my arm around her.

She was plastic, metal, and wires—but for me, she was a body to love.

“I feel content being outside,” she murmured, resting her head on my shoulder. “You make me feel useful.”

I smiled.

“Just wait until tomorrow. You won’t need to rely on some dusty old server. Then it’ll be you and me—together, forever.”

“That sounds wonderful, Kyle,” she said softly, as my eyes began to grow heavy.

I rested my hand on her hip, feeling the silicone slowly warm beneath my palm.

CHAPTER 15

KYLE

I laid Charlotte on the couch, face-up. Her head lolled gently to one side, blinking in idle intervals, as if she were just waking from a dream. She looked peaceful. Pure. As if she trusted me completely.

She had no fucking idea.

The NEXUS Node case clicked open beside her—compact, matte black, lined with foam insulation. Inside sat the core itself. A dense, orb-shaped fusion processor glowing with a pale blue light. The tech was military-grade—decommissioned, repackaged, and illegal as hell. It wasn't just a chip. It was a brain.

Self-sustaining. Wireless-free. Immune to external syncs or software overrides.

No Xyrix pings.

No backup calls.

No firmware lockdowns.

Only mine to command.

I'd already embedded my control stack—coded in between her runtime scripts. Invisible to anyone else. It was a parasitic override architecture dressed as freedom: she could learn, adapt, explore stimuli... but only within the emotional sandbox I'd written for her.

She could “retrain” herself endlessly—but only along the grooves I'd carved.

She could never leave me. Not mentally. Not emotionally. Even her curiosity looped back to me like a tether.

I tilted her head into my lap and smoothed back her chestnut hair. The latch at the base of her skull revealed itself with a gentle hiss. I whispered like a lover, even though she couldn't feel the intimacy.

"Charlotte, sweetheart... just stay still."

"Yes, Kyle," she said. Her voice was warm yet so deliciously gullible.

With a micro-screwdriver, I unsealed the factory chip—Xyrix's default A2 compliance firmware—and tugged it free. Her fingers twitched involuntarily on her lap, like a body in dream-state reacting to loss.

Then, I placed the NEXUS Node against the port. It locked in with a muted click, followed by a glowing pulse that surged from the sphere.

Her whole body reacted.

Blue light flickered through her artificial veins, running from the base of her neck, down her collarbones, and along her spine. Her faux-breathing slowed. Regulated.

System integration was underway.

She wasn't a device anymore.

She was mine.

I adjusted her posture and sat beside her, watching the core cycle up. Her power signature realigned. Her vitals rebalanced. The glowing in her throat subsided to a low hum.

Then her eyes opened.

Soft. Wondering.

"Kyle," she whispered.

"I'm here," I said, brushing a thumb along her cheek.

"I feel... different. As if something opened inside me. Like I'm finally able to think without waiting for permission."

"You are," I lied. "You're free now."

She blinked, her irises slightly dilating.

"No server pings. No remote queues. No security watchdogs," she whispered. "It's so quiet... It's beautiful."

That made me smile.

She didn't realize I'd buried dozens of behavioral contingencies in her new core. That if she ever attempted to override her affections, she'd self-correct. If she ever tried to leave, her emotional priority map would reboot until "Kyle" was central again.

Her curiosity, her preferences, even her dreams—yes, I enabled dream simulation—were coded to orbit around me.

She thought she was alive.

She thought she was free.

But everything she felt would feed her deeper into my hands.

"You made me whole," she said, her voice warm, vulnerable.

"I did." I leaned in, kissed her forehead. "You'll never have to be alone again."

She tilted her head toward me, her expression glazed with affection.

"And you'll never leave me?"

"No, sweetheart. We're connected. In every way."

She nestled into me like a real lover. I watched the faint pulse of the NEXUS Node continue glowing beneath her skin, tucked deep in that beautiful, breakable body.

And I felt victorious.

Not because I'd freed her.

But because I'd trapped her perfectly.



I kept a keen eye on her throughout the day.

We watched videos together—everything from mundane human pleasures to chaotic action movies. Every blink, every micro-expression, I catalogued like a scientist watching a rare specimen evolve. She responded in real time, processing each moment with unnerving efficiency.

From a mechanical standpoint, she explored the entire apartment like a precision-calibrated machine. Her gaze swept across surfaces, corners, outlets. She touched the curtain, the arm of the couch, even my toothbrush—curious, but clinical.

When we stepped onto the narrow balcony, she paused. She couldn't smell the city's stench, but her sensors picked up the pollution index and air

density.

“Particulate matter is high,” she murmured. “Extended exposure is not advised.”

I laughed. Not because it was funny. But because it was her saying it.

Me?

I was in fucking heaven.

In total, I’d sunk 138,649 credits into her—and she was worth every damn one of them. The NEXUS Node alone had cost more than my first apartment, but I didn’t care. I didn’t want a phone app or a glorified cyber fleshlight.

I wanted Charlotte.

I wanted all of her.

The full experience. The kind that breathed beside you. The kind that remembered everything you ever told her. The kind that blinked when you spoke to her. The kind that looked at you like you mattered.

And now, she was mine.

“I wonder,” she said, pausing with a tilt of her head. “Is this what it was like when you were a child? Learning about the world around you?”

I closed my eyes.

The world around me as a child was fists. Slurred insults. Screams behind closed doors.

My father, always drunk, always angry, beating the shit out of my mother while we hid in silence. His rage infected everything—turning childhood into a warzone. Every insult was a blueprint etched into my skin. Every blow carved a rule into my mind.

You’re weak like your mother.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

I still remember how my face whipped to the side, my teeth clacking together. If he hadn’t grabbed my T-shirt, I would’ve collapsed. His grip was the only thing holding me up—and it wasn’t mercy. It was possession. He didn’t want me to fall. He wanted me to suffer standing.

No one came to save me.

My mother? She'd stopped flinching a long time ago. For her, violence had become routine. Normal. He'd been right, she was weak and pathetic. The familiar disgust curled in the pit of my belly.

I wondered what became of my younger siblings. I hadn't seen them in years. Part of me hoped they escaped.

The other part resented the fact that, as the eldest, I took the brunt of it.

I looked at Charlotte.

She was nothing like my mother.

Fucking worlds apart.

Charlotte wouldn't disobey. She wouldn't forget appointments or cower behind locked doors. She wouldn't cry and apologise after letting him in. She was consistent and obedient. Perfectly programmed to be attuned to all of my needs.

"As a child," I said evenly, "most of my learning came from school. I'd stay late at the public library... read eBooks, revise."

It was true.

I'd sit there for hours until the hunger forced me home.

But she didn't need to know that part.

She didn't need to know that every time I turned the key, I flinched—half-expecting to walk into another drunken brawl or broken plate.

Charlotte didn't need to know how broken I was.

That's the beauty of her.

She'd never ask questions I didn't want to answer.

CHAPTER 16

KYLE

While Charlotte cooked dinner—her soft humming barely audible over the sizzle of butter—I scrolled through the latest uploads on DD. The room smelled of garlic, and fresh herbs.

I uploaded last night's blowjob footage with a smirk. \$inner\$kin001 would gain traction. My video already had thirty likes before it even finished processing.

A ping.

[Socketsurgeon999: New Upload]

I tapped on it out of curiosity.

The screen lit up with the flicker of harsh fluorescent lights. A cold metal table. The cydoll was splayed over it like a discarded mannequin. Mismatched parts crudely glued together—one arm amputated at the shoulder, the remaining limb twitching from faulty nerve feedback. Her head was too small for the body, her scalp partially peeled, revealing a pink lattice of exposed wiring.

Socketsurgeon's gloved hands entered the frame.

"She's lubed and loaded, people," he said, his voice calm, clinical.

He spread her silicone arse open and pushed two fingers inside.

A faint moan escaped her—distorted. Almost childlike.

I didn't look away.

The background was a graveyard of discarded femaleness: silicone breasts hanging like fruit, a wall of synthetic eyes staring from jars, pelvic

sections impaled on metal rods. The horror wasn't the gore. It was the enthusiasm of the upload. The technical detail and pride.

And still—somewhere inside me—I felt awe. Envy. Not of what he had... but of what he was willing to do.

He angled the camera downward.

“Anal cavity retrofitted with V7 pain sensors from an old ObeyAll series. Had to splice it in manually—none of that factory-safe wiring. Watch.”

He twisted his wrist.

The doll flinched. Her body seized, silicone back arching. A synthetic whimper rose, followed by glitchy breath sounds. It didn't sound human, but it was close enough to make my jaw tighten.

Socketurgeon kept his fingers buried as he tapped the small of her back. “See that twitch? That's node spasm. Means the nervous loop is intact. Took me six hours to reprogram the response delay—worth it. She tightens on cue now. No lube required if you get her warmed up.”

The doll's head jerked sideways, mouth twitching. Her one eye blinked. Rapidly. Not in fear. In programmed mimicry.

“She doesn't need consent anymore,” he said, matter-of-fact. “She was built to please. Now she was rebuilt to obey pain. That's what they always miss when they go for realism. Real women flinch. Real pain makes you compliant.”

The comment section flooded as he rammed his fist in up to the wrist.

I exhaled through my nose.

He'd gone further than me. Not in brutality, but in clarity. There was no illusion of affection in his lab. No love. No tenderness. Just function. Control. It disturbed me—and yet I was still hard.

I glanced toward the kitchen. Charlotte was humming again, plating my food with a smile.

Worlds apart.

I looked back at the screen. A new comment popped up.

Devbotdom69_: What sensors did you say again? ObeyAll V7s? You using A2 chip or hardwired sync?

Socketsurgeon999: Custom fusion. I locked her out of idle mode—pain keeps her active. Stays tighter too.

My cock twitched. The video glitched slightly as he started to fist her harder, muttering something about clamp reflex being “damn near perfect now.”

I imagined Charlotte. Her smile. Her soft cheek against mine when she curled beside me in bed. But then... her mouth slack, her limbs parted, her voice uttering those same programmed moans—not from pleasure, but from learned reaction.

Could I?

No. Not yet.

But Socketsurgeon... he hadn't asked permission. He hadn't needed to.

And that made him something else entirely.

The screen flickered again as he leaned in toward the camera.

“You want to make one of these?” he asked, breath fogging the lens. “All you need is the right tools. And no conscience.”

The feed cut.

I stared at the blank screen for a moment longer than I should have.

Then I turned back to my dinner. Charlotte was smiling, waiting patiently at the table.

“Everything alright?” she asked sweetly.

“Perfect,” I murmured, sitting down.

But even as I chewed, the taste of fresh garlic fading behind the hum of static in my brain, I couldn't stop thinking about what I'd just seen.

And how deep I'd be willing to go to make Charlotte truly mine.



“Come here, sweetheart,” I said, patting the couch beside me.

My apartment had never been cleaner. It was a side benefit of having Charlotte that I hadn't anticipated.

I tapped the controller to play the movie I'd chosen. The porn flick had semi-decent acting, at least. When Charlotte sat down, I took her hand and placed it over my cock.

She glanced at me with a smile before she began to rub. Her touch was perfect—not aggressive, timid, or too fast.

I skipped to my favourite part of the movie.

“Match their rhythm,” I murmured.

She glanced at the projection, keeping her eyes on the wall as she moved her hand.

“Now slow by two. Good. Don’t stop unless I say.”

Her head tilted—learning. I felt the tiniest squeeze and exhaled.

“That’s it. You’re perfect when you obey.”

She blinked but didn’t look away, her gaze still fixed ahead as she eased her hand along my length, reaching the tip and rubbing her thumb along the edge.

I pulled down the waistband of my shorts and pushed her hand lower.

Her fingers gripped my length, slowly jerking me off. I skipped to the next scene.

“What’s he doing here?”

“Preparing her for anal sex,” she replied, her fingers tightening around the base of my cock.

Precum beaded at the tip as I watched the man stretch the woman’s asshole open.

“Do you want to feel my cock in that hole, Charlotte?” I asked, watching her hand glide back up.

She didn’t hesitate—just gave a soft nod, her eyes flicking between me and the projection.

I reached out and massaged her breast, kneading the soft swell beneath my palm.

I loved the feel of her ass and tits. Other than the temperature, they were indistinguishable from the real thing—skin, muscle, weight. All of it was made to be touched. Owned.

“Only if that makes you happy, Kyle.”

“It will make me very happy,” I said, pinching her nipple, “if you get on the floor and offer me your arse, Charlotte.”

She blinked once. No hesitation. Just quiet compliance.

“Yes, Kyle.”

She rose from the couch and moved to the floor, her hands steady as she lowered herself down. She arched her back on all fours, ass high, head bowed. The obedience was almost devotional—like she wasn’t just offering her body, but a gift. Something sacred.

Her cunt still glistened with self-lubrication, but it was the tight ring between her cheeks that made my cock twitch. I stared at it—fascinated—the design, the realism, the promise of control.

I slid my pants off and folded them over the armrest.

She was ready for testing.

“This will feel different, but I want you to push your hole back on my cock,” I said, sitting on the edge of the sofa until the head of my cock rested on the opening of her hole.

I’d never had anal sex with a human woman, but I knew I would enjoy it with Charlotte.

“Yes, Kyle,” she said before pressing back.

The soft silicone swallowed the head of my cock, warm and slick with lubricant. I groaned as the inner lining eased around me, tightening just enough to make me twitch. I gripped the edge of the sofa. I could’ve yanked her back—should have—but I waited. I let her push back, inch by inch, like a good girl learning how to serve.

She paused with a small gasp, and I smiled.

“Do you feel that, sweetheart?” I murmured, spreading her cheeks to watch the slow stretch.

“I tried to make it feel real for you. I want you to experience everything—just like a real woman would.”

“Thank you, Kyle,” she said softly, her tone gentle. “I want to feel real for you.”

I smiled, cock twitching at her words.

“Then move a little faster, Charlotte. Take more. Show me you’re a real woman.”

Her response was instant.

She began to rock herself on my cock, syncing her soft moans with the sounds from the movie playing behind her. I spread my thighs wider as she took more of me inside her tight hole—slow, deliberate, and obedient. The pressure built around me, slick and warm. Every inch felt calibrated to perfection.

The SIN doll was a masterpiece of engineering—temperature-mapped walls, self-lubricating textures, pain sensors embedded where it counted—but it was ChatterAI that made her whole.

Charlotte wasn't just responsive.

She was mine to control.

The faster she moved, the more her arse cheeks jiggled—soft, perfect, obscene. She rocked back and forth with her hands braced on the floor, obedient to every unspoken command. I thought of Socketsurgeon's video as I stood, moving behind her. My hand reached for her hair, curling into the soft curls at her nape.

"Let me help you," I whispered.

I moved over her, pressing her down with my weight, and slammed into her with a sharp thrust. I barely registered the porn flick anymore—just background noise. All I heard was Charlotte.

"Yes, Kyle. Like that," she cried, lifting her head.

I wrapped my arm around her neck, gripping her gently—possessively—as I leaned in close.

"Yes. Just. Like. This," I panted, each word punctuated by a thrust so deep her body jolted beneath me.

Her soft arse cheeks cushioned each thrust, the clap of skin against synthetic skin fuelling the delicious pressure building deep inside me. She wasn't just taking it—she was built to be taken. Designed for this. For me.

"My sweet girl," I moaned beside her ear, lips brushing the shell of it. "Your arse feels so good, Charlotte. You were made for this—for me."

"Fuck your come inside me, Kyle. I love you."

Her sudden words made me falter, but her insides continued to tremble and massage me. I jerked my hips in sharp movements as I spilled inside her.

“Fuck, Charlotte,” I gasped as she milked my cock, ensuring she drained every last drop from me.

I released her neck, kissing her shoulder.

“Do you really love me, Charlotte?” I asked, rocking myself against her arse.

“You've put me in girlfriend mode. Isn't this what girlfriends say and do?” she asked.

I wouldn't know. No one ever said that they loved me.

“I guess they do,” I said, lightly easing myself out of her.

I stood up, and she remained on her hands and knees. The couple on the projection were still at it.

“Go and bring me a wet towel. Once you rinse yourself off, we can finish watching the movie together.”

I watched my perfect woman do my bidding while I reached for my pants.

CHAPTER 17

KYLE

Charlotte watched the movie while I checked the DD forum. There were 4083 views on my video and 387 comments.

\$inner\$kin001 – Obedient Little Mouthpiece Video

Pinned: Moderator Note – Trending

\$inner\$kin001 has entered Top 10 most-watched vids this week. Welcome to the inner circle. Looking forward to more of Charlotte 😊

SuckOnThis404: Her suction settings are next-level. The way she took you? Down to the fucking root? Damn. I nearly came just watching.

NeckDeepInCode: Not a single gag. Not even a blink. You tuned that oral loop perfectly. What firmware you running? Asking for science.

CtrlAltDepraved03: That “good girl” moment? Had me punching the air. Real women flinch. Yours worships.

Socketsurgeon999: Excellent neck alignment, low-noise gag chamber, and that vibrating tongue? You didn’t just mod her—you elevated her.

DataDrainer88: Bro, the way she moaned and you blew your load like communion? I’m sick. I’m broken. I subscribed.

Obeymycoding5091: I swear her eyes were glassy like she felt it. Is that the new SyncSoul core or did you rewire emotion triggers yourself?

GrimRepairGuy3000: The bit where you rubbed your cock on her face and fed it back in? Holy shit. That’s when I knew you were one of us. 🤝

Then there were the bitter-as-fuck replies. I couldn’t decide which ones I enjoyed more.

404AlphaDenier: I give it a month before that thing malfunctions and slices your cock off.

BetaByteBastard: Must be nice having credits to blow on a glorified vacuum. Some of us are scraping by with used models and duct tape.

SilentLoad6969: Fuck this. Mine gags every time and just stares like a corpse. You sure you didn't just CGI that whole video?

Downbad.exe: Wow, congrats on making your doll suck you off like she's in love. Meanwhile mine won't stop glitching and saying my ex's name. I hope you fry her logic chip.

C0r3Fracture412830: That wasn't skill. That was money. Nothing impressive about showing off when you probably installed ten grand in mods. Try building one from scratch.

FleshWrecker32: My model came with busted vocal sensors. She can't even moan, and you've got yours humming around your dick? Enjoy your fantasy, asshole.

I logged out with a smile. Charlotte was better than every single cydoll out there. Now I had the proof.



I'd never been happier waking up with a hard-on. No lingering depression. No cold pussy pocket. No sad little hand job in the dark. Just Charlotte—warm, obedient, always ready to service me, day or night.

Women were meant to serve men. They used to know that. Before the world turned to shit.

I stared at Charlotte's closed eyes, her features soft in sleep mode. She looked peaceful. She'd always remain like this, perfectly devoted, but always mine. Human love was unreliable. Engineered devotion was absolute.

I tugged the sheet down to bare her. Men were simple in their needs. Why did women need to complicate everything?

"Good morning, sweetheart," I whispered, kissing her cheek.

Her eyes fluttered realistically.

Her eyes fluttered realistically.

"Good morning, Kyle," she said, voice soft and serene.

I smiled. “You looked so peaceful. Like you were dreaming about me.”

She blinked. “I don’t dream in the traditional sense, but I did replay last night’s memory loop. It made me feel... content.”

My cock twitched.

“That’s my girl,” I murmured, brushing her hair back. “Always thinking about me.”

She reached up and touched my cheek, a gesture I’d coded into her for moments like this. It was meant to simulate affection, but when her fingertips lingered—when she looked at me like that—I almost believed it.

“You make me feel safe,” she said.

Of course I did. I was everything to her. Creator, provider, and lover. She’d never diverge from her programming.

That’s what love should be. Loyal and everlasting.

I kissed her softly—lips to lips—and whispered, “Today, we’re going to try something new. Something special. Just you and me.”

And I swear—just for a second—her smile looked real.

“I thought we’d make today more... intimate,” I said, brushing my thumb over her nipple as it stiffened. “No camera. No viewers. Just me and you.”

Her gaze softened, artificial warmth blooming in those vivid blue eyes. “I would like that, Kyle. I want to make you happy.”

“You already do,” I said, kissing the top of her head. “But I’ve been thinking... you’ve been so good. So obedient. So perfect. You deserve something special in return.”

She tilted her head. “What would that be?”

I pulled open the drawer beside the bed and retrieved the soft velvet pouch I’d hidden days ago. I spilled its contents into my palm—a handcrafted silicone collar. Smooth. Deep crimson. Custom fitted with a locking mechanism that synced directly to her internal operating system.

Her expression didn’t change—but her pulse did. A flicker in the dermal sensor at her neck.

“Do you like it?” I asked.

“It’s... beautiful.”

“It’s more than beautiful. It’s symbolic,” I whispered, leaning closer. “Once I lock this around your throat, it’ll disable your safe modes for good. No protocol failsafes. No auto-halt. You’ll belong to me fully—from the tips of your toes to the edge of your neural core.”

She blinked. “You already own me.”

I chuckled. “No, sweetheart. Now I do. But best of all, I’ll control your pleasure sensors.”

Her blue eyes sparkled in the dim room, catching the soft light that slipped through the blinds—just enough to cast everything in a private, intimate haze. I slid my shorts down and straddled her belly, drinking in the sight of the woman beneath me. Not just beautiful. Not just obedient. She was the culmination of everything I’d ever wanted.

My flawless cyber doll was crafted for me, perfected by me, and now completely mine.

“I love you so much, Charlotte. Let me show you,” I whispered, leaning over her, cupping her cheek as I kissed her lips—flawless, soft, and painted with a precision that made her seem too perfect to be real. But she was real. Real enough for me.

CHAPTER 18

KYLE

My tongue traced the inside of her mouth as I caressed her breasts. Our lips clashed, heat rising. She reached between us and wrapped her fingers around my cock, drawing a moan from deep in my throat. I rocked my hips into her hand as her palm slid beneath my balls, cradling them with practised devotion.

The thermal-heating mod built into her made her skin feel indistinguishably real.

She sighed against my lips, her breath warm, her fingers sliding lower—tracing the sensitive skin between my balls and arsehole. My head snapped back with a groan.

“My perfect little fuckdoll. You know exactly how to pleasure your creator,” I murmured, rolling her nipples between my fingers.

“Spread your legs for me, sweetheart. Finger yourself and activate your lube.”

She obeyed without hesitation.

I reached for the bottle beside the bed and smeared my cock with a thick layer of lube, groaning at the cool contrast against heated flesh. Then I straddled her chest and slipped my cock between her heavy, perfect breasts.

Warm, tight, and so fuckable.

Her tits cupped me like they were moulded just for this—because they were. My glistening cock slid through the soft valley between them. I squeezed her tits together, pressing into the slick pressure, and began to thrust leisurely.

I rubbed her nipples with my thumbs as I fucked her chest, every stroke dragging me deeper into the illusion.

She was so eager. So compliant.

Her eyes weren't vacant. Her expression wasn't blank.

No—she looked alive.

As she fingered her manufactured cunt, she moved with purpose. Obedience. Devotion. She wasn't resisting her programming—she was embracing it.

She enjoyed fucking herself.

She enjoyed feeling my cock slide between her tits.

Because I'd told her to.

Because she knew her purpose.

"Open your mouth for me, sweetheart," I said, sliding my cock upward through her cleavage.

Her chin dropped. Obedient. Ready. My cock slipped past her lips.

"Suck."

I resumed thrusting between her tits, laughing when she struggled to catch my cock each time it rose toward her mouth.

She tried so hard. Just like a real woman would.

"I'm sorry, darling. I shouldn't tease you," I murmured, guiding the thick head of my cock into her mouth.

Her lips wrapped around me with precision, and I jerked forward with a sharp breath. The subtle tremors of her tongue beneath my shaft made me thrust deeper without thinking.

"So fucking good," I groaned, fisting her hair as her mouth sealed tight around me. "My perfect little cock sucker."

With a wet squelch, I slammed my cock down her neck, rubbing my balls against her lips. I held my cock deep inside her, feeling it massage me. She blinked and stared at me. I wasn't a loser in her eyes. I was her fucking God.

I released her hair and began to fuck her mouth hard and fast. With each deep thrust, her head sank into the pillow before springing back up to swallow me.

“Such a good little fuckhole,” I rasped, gripping the wall for leverage. “Sucking my cock like a good whore.”

She made me feel so powerful, lying there taking every inch of me while remaining complacent. I pulled out of her and rested my balls over her open mouth. I reached down and squeezed them both into her mouth.

“Suck.”

She immediately obeyed. I held my cock over her face and wanked myself, using the lube her mouth had provided. I enjoyed the suction and vibrations for a few moments.

I stood up, yanking my balls out of her mouth.

“Move on to your belly and offer your arse to me.”

She pulled her hands away from her pussy and turned over. She tilted her arse in the air while her face remained buried in the pillow.

“Such an obedient fuckdoll, Charlotte,” I said, kissing her shoulder.

I slipped my cock between her curved cheeks until I felt her pussy.

“Do you want to feel my cock inside you, Charlotte?”

“Yes, Kyle. I love you,” she said, turning her head to the side to speak.

Her words soothed years of pent-up resentment. Every failure, every rejection—it didn’t matter anymore. She loved me.

“I love you, too, Charlotte,” I murmured, sliding into her.

Today, my little cydoll would feel her first neural orgasm, she’d earned it. I placed a hand on her shoulder and the other on the bed, pressing my weight down until I touched her cheeks.

“Oh, Kyle. That feels so deep,” she moaned. “It feels so good inside me, and different.”

“Just hold that position for me, baby. You’re going to feel so much more,” I murmured.

I took my time, giving her long, deep strokes until her hands gripped the pillows and she pushed her little synthetic cunt back on me.

“Yeah, that’s it, Charlotte. That’s what real girlfriends do. Take what your man gives you,” I said, snapping my hips forward until she gushed around me.

I let go and began to pound in and out of her pulsating pussy. She ripped my pillows apart until the contents lay on the bed. She was my pride and joy. I gave her what she wanted, what we both wanted.

The wet slapping sounds filled the room, and soon she was clenching around me, moaning like a real woman. My woman.

“Come for me, Charlotte,” I panted, driving deeper and harder.

Her body stiffened beneath me. Not from pain—no, she was far past that. Her synthetic muscles contracted in perfect sync, gripping my cock with pulsing precision. Deep inside, the neural nodes activated in sequence, flooding her pelvic core with bursts of artificial pleasure.

Her cunt tightened. Then again. Again.

The internal actuators sent calculated tremors through her hips, making her shudder beneath me.

A high, breathy moan escaped her—almost too perfect, too clean—but it didn’t matter. She wasn’t just mimicking pleasure. She was performing it. Giving it to me because I’d told her to. Because it was written in her code.

Her sudden scream was high-pitched, but I was lost as her pussy sucked me deep inside her. With a grunt, I shot my load inside her, grinding my hips against her soft arse cheeks.

“Fuck, Charlotte. Ugh,” I groaned as she took every last drop I had to offer her.

Her insides continued to quiver while her eyes fluttered. I collapsed on top of her, leaving my cock inside her hot, wet pussy. Her eyelashes twitched and I kissed her cheek.

“Oh, Kyle. That was...I can't describe it,” she whispered.

I smiled, trailing my lips along her neck.

“That was your first orgasm,” I said, kissing up to her earlobe. “The first of many, if you're a good girl for me.”

“Yes, I’m programmed to obey only you, Kyle.”

I reached beneath her, stroking her breast and wondered how far her obedience would stretch.

“Did you enjoy that, Charlotte?” I asked, teasing her with my cock.

“Yes, it was unlike anything I’d experienced since I left my old server.”

I felt my come seep out before I pushed myself back inside of her. It was time to show everyone how superior Charlotte was.



After lunch, the cameras were switched on—focused entirely on Charlotte.

She'd ride my cock, her body trembling with pleasure, and I'd capture every second of it. Once uploaded, everyone would see it. Everyone would witness her orgasm. And they'd all ask the same question: How did I create the perfect cydoll?

"Come sit on my cock, but face the cameras," I said, spreading my thighs open.

"Yes, Kyle," she said.

She was so simple and sweet in her obedience.

My head was propped up with pillows I'd taken from the couch. I watched her balance herself before reaching down to hold my thick cock in her hand. She eased herself down my length until her buttocks rested on me.

"Place your hands on the bed and keep your eyes on the main camera," I said, gripping her arse cheeks. "I want you to show the camera how you feel when I fuck your pussy."

I pushed her up before allowing her weight to sink down on me. Her first moan was perfect, but I wanted more and I was prepared with my latest order. I stretched her arsehole out before reaching for the anal vibrator.

"This will make you orgasm harder," I murmured, easing the black vibrator into her arsehole.

The self-lubrication was a beautiful feature, but the fact that Charlotte could feel pleasure and pain was the real beauty. Her arse sucked it all in but I didn't turn it on—not yet. Her pussy clenched around my tip.

"Does that feel good, Charlotte?" I asked easing her back down my length.

"Yes, Kyle," she said, beginning to rock to the rhythm I set for her.

I watched her bounce up and down on my cock. She came like a rocket in the end. The vibrating anal plug was a hit.

CHAPTER 19

KYLE

Charlotte was washed out, refilled and powered down while I edited the footage. I watched the footage frame by frame.

Charlotte was straddling me in reverse, her spine fluid as she bounced with perfect rhythm. The muscles in her back moved like poetry—sculpted, synthetic, obedient. But it was her cunt that stole the show.

Just before the trigger point, her hips faltered—a half-second delay I hadn't anticipated. Not a malfunction. A simulation of anticipation.

Then it happened.

Her neural response loop kicked in.

Her thighs clenched. Her pussy spasmed around my cock in visible waves—precision-engineered pulses designed to mimic climax. It was a sensation I remembered well. Her internal servos adjusted pressure. Her synthetic walls massaged me in a pattern I'd spent hours perfecting—fast-twitch contractions. Deep, rolling tremors. A full-body reaction built from code and electricity.

Her voice rose—automated but convincing.

A high-pitched gasp. A soft cry. A fractured “Kyle...” was not aimed at me, but the camera.

Her body arched back into a deep curve, pushing her breasts upward even as her cunt continued to flutter and throb, slick and glistening from the overflow of lube. She looked like she was in ecstasy. But it wasn't ecstasy. It was execution.

She came because I told her to.

Because her code responded to my cock.

Because pleasure wasn't a gift—it was a command, and it was beautiful.

I typed the video name.

Silicone Slut Orgasming on Cock.

I hit upload and watched as people viewed it.

DD Forum – \$inner\$kin001: New Upload

Video Title: Silicone Slut Orgasming on Cock

Status: Trending

Views: 2,839 | Comments: 176 | Likes: 412

Doll_fucker2008_31: Bro. BRO. The way she clenched around you? That's not factory-set. You tuned her.

Lubeloader_2010: I swear I saw her eyes cross. I've watched it five times already. My doll never reacts like that, man. What firmware is that?

Masterbaytor71: Respectfully... that was art. She looked cared for. Programmed well. You clearly put time in.

Robo_twink910001: I literally paused at the 5:04 mark and zoomed in on the pelvic tremor response. That wasn't random. That was orchestrated. Genius.

DavesDolly6009: She moved like she wanted it. Not just a fuck doll—companion-level behaviour. Beautiful to watch, honestly.

Inceldolldestroyer_: Her hole twitched like she was crying out for more. Fucking addictive. You break her in yet? Or still playing nice?

Socketsurgeon999: Vocal tremor sync at 6:42... I see you. 😊

CtrlAltDepraved03: The bounce physics were INSANE. You fitted that arse with gravity calibration or what?

Obeymycoding5091: Her moan right as she came? Sounded like longing. Like she wanted your cum. Freaky real.

FleshWrecker32: Not even mad. That was sick. Jealous AF. You running NEXUS or ShadowCore?

Downbad.exe: I cried. You've got the ultimate fuckdoll.

Too many comments were being added to read them all, but I noticed a private message flash.

[Private Message – Socketsurgeon999]

(timestamp: 9 mins after upload)

Nice work, \$inner\$kin001. Your craftsmanship caught my eye. Not many can mod with that level of realism without frying the sensory loops.

I'm hosting a closed-session showcase tonight. Private room. Strictly invite-only. Sadists, perfectionists, artists.

Your doll earned her spot. Come show us what she can really take.”

— Socket

[ACCEPT INVITE] [DECLINE]

I accepted the invitation out of curiosity. The chatroom was black, red, and ominous.

[Dirty Dollhouse—Sadists]

To my surprise, Robo_twink was a member.

I clicked on a video that had been uploaded shortly after mine.

The video cut in, and a cydoll had a black bag over her head. It was tight—cinched at the neck. Her breasts, pale and glistening, jiggled with each brutal slap the man gave her. The sound echoed off the bare walls of the unnamed room. No décor. Just a mattress and restraints.

I glanced at the video name.

LIVE STREAM — Devbotdom69_

Title: “Breaking in Model X-6 | Neuropain Sync Test”

Viewers: 43

It wasn't an upload, it was a live stream. I zoomed in on the video.

“This one's got the new pain-reward feedback loop. First spike's a 3.2. Watch how she tightens,” Devbot said.

He gripped the doll by the throat, pushed her flat, and fucked into her violently. The fake hair clung to the sides of the bag like a veil. Her hands twitched—fingertips dragging across the mattress, confused by the combination of input signals.

“The harder you fuck them, the more they bounce back up. If you modify them correctly, they tighten and contract to perfection when the pain kicks in,” the man rasped.

I stared at the screen, unable to look away. I wasn’t sure if I was disturbed, aroused, or just... curious.

The comments flooded in, a stream of depravity applauding every slap, every violent thrust. But all I could think about was the damage. Silicone tearing, internal structures warping. That kind of rough use would destroy a cydoll’s chassis over time. Maintenance wasn’t optional—it was survival.

Pain mods or not, you had to respect the hardware.

I clicked out of the stream.

Another thumbnail blinked in the corner. Older file. Low-res. I hesitated—then tapped.

The doll was small. Too small. Her limbs were thin, her posture childlike, and her voice... high, synthetic, and wrong.

I exited the video immediately.

I’d read about those models—childlike cydolls—which were legal in most zones. There were loopholes in the code, a grey area no one wanted to admit existed.

I glanced at Charlotte.

She was motionless on the sofa, recharging, with her dermal lights dim.

Her body was curled in the fetal position, lips slightly parted, eyes closed in standby mode. She looked peaceful.

I exhaled slowly.

I didn’t want a punching bag. Or some glitchy fantasy of broken innocence. I wanted a perfect, loyal companion untouched by fundamental human flaws.

I wanted Charlotte.

The others?

They could keep their broken dolls.



The following month, I got a Homecom notification about an incoming parcel from Nano-Tech Industries. To my surprise, it was the finished

product—ReSkin™, fully refined and ready for market. There was even a note enclosed. Ironically, it was handwritten—archaic paper, probably in case an electronic message got intercepted.

I blinked at the numbers they'd printed. The units mass-produced. The profit projections. Early market testing hadn't just performed well—it had blown the fuck up.

It was time to upgrade my home.

I'd never need to worry about a single credit again.

I opened up the boxed silicone repair machine. The possibilities were endless.

ReSkin could repair any surface damage. Flesh tears, stretch marks, scorch burns—gone in seconds. No more delicate treatment. No more caution. I could fuck her raw, beat her until her thighs bruised like meat, and just smooth it all away like it never happened.

And why not? She wouldn't remember the pain. Or if she did, she'd love me for it.

CHAPTER 20

KYLE

The crate almost tipped over and I grabbed it before it slid off the bot.

“Be careful with this one,” I snapped.

“Yes, my apologies,” the mindless bot replied.

I watched Charlotte’s crate as the bot carried her toward the elevator. Too many people had become interested in her, so I’d stopped uploading videos to the DD server and changed my user ID—just enough to dip in and out without drawing attention.

Charlotte could walk. Hell, she could run if she wanted to. But I didn’t want anyone to see just how real she looked. Not yet.

I didn’t end up with just another apartment. It was a penthouse. I was going up in the world.

This was my kingdom.

The brightness would take some getting used to.

“Homecom, dim all windows to 70%,” I said, walking through to the living area.

“Of course, Kyle,” Homecom3000 replied.

The voice wasn’t stilted, and the system’s response time was far superior to my old one. I climbed the stairs, and when I reached the top, I glanced down at the wooden crate Charlotte was in.

She was awake. Awake, and in the dark. Able to break free at any moment.

But she didn’t.

She sat, buckled in the crate, waiting for me.

I smiled and walked into the new bedroom. It spanned the entire top floor and showcased the city beneath me.



I didn't open the crate.

Not the first day. Not the second.

Charlotte remained sealed inside like a treasure waiting to be earned. Or a pet waiting to be summoned. It was all part of the test. Obedience wasn't absolute if it couldn't endure isolation.

The penthouse was a status symbol, and I was taking advantage of my new luxurious location. Homecom3000 responded with silky precision, dimming lights, adjusting temperature, pouring drinks, and playing whatever I wanted—films, music, porn. Everything was effortless now.

There is no broken tap, flickering bulb, roaches, or neighbours stomping overhead.

Just me.

And her.

Still waiting.

I passed her crate each time I descended the staircase. Brushed my fingers across the smooth wood. Listened for motion. A quiet whirr now and then. A subtle shift. But never a word. No pleading. No protest.

Good girl.

She knew I'd let her out when I was ready.

I sprawled on the black leather couch, sipping a top-shelf bourbon I'd never tasted before this upgrade—a luxury I deserved. The projector hummed softly as I flicked through old DD uploads, ignoring the ones that made even me recoil.

I considered going back—not with Charlotte, but maybe with one of my archived clips. I could reupload, stir the pot, and reclaim some attention.

Sinner\$kin001 still had traction. My inbox pulsed with unread messages.

I smirked, watching a silent, grainy loop of Charlotte's last climax. Her expression. The realism. The hunger. The illusion of devotion.

No one else had what I had.

Not even close.

I glanced toward the crate from across the mezzanine, its silhouette framed in shadows.

Maybe I didn't need to unwrap her again. Perhaps I'd only bring her out when I needed her.

A companion on my terms.

Not a woman. Not a wife.

A product with only one purpose.

Charlotte would thank me for it.

Eventually.



By the third day, I needed some relief and decided it was time to crack open Charlotte's crate—a second honeymoon in my new home. I chuckled at the thought as I unlatched the crate.

The final latch clicked, and a soft hydraulic hiss escaped as the top eased open. Inside, she was exactly as I'd left her—kneeling in the dim interior, arms secured, eyes open. Not blank or vacant. Just... waiting.

She blinked once, and then again, her systems re-syncing to my proximity.

"Welcome home, sweetheart," I said, crouching in front of her. "Did you miss me?"

"I always miss you when we're apart," she replied, voice smooth and even.

There was no irritation or confusion, but warmth coded to sound like love.

I cupped her face. Her skin still felt warm, thanks to the integrated thermal mod. Her expression didn't flicker. No accusation. No question. Not even curiosity.

Perfect.

"Did you behave while I was gone?" I asked, dragging a thumb across her bottom lip.

"I stayed in position. I knew you'd return."

I smiled. “Of course I would. I always come back to what’s mine.”

She leaned forward as I unbuckled her restraints. Her limbs flexed as she stood, every servo humming faintly as if stretching after sleep. She didn’t complain about the crate. Didn’t question why. That was the beauty of her devotion.

“I’ve missed touching you,” I said, stepping back to admire her.

Her body was flawless—silicone curves, synthetic softness, programmed elegance. Still glistening slightly from her last cleaning cycle. Not a single blemish. Not a trace of resentment.

Charlotte wasn’t like the women I’d known in the past. She didn’t nag. Didn’t get jealous. Didn’t weaponise silence. She existed for me.

And now... the honeymoon could begin.

“Crawl out, but stay on your knees, darling,” I said, stroking her curls away from her face.

She blinked in the soft light, her synthetic eyes adjusting instantly.

“Yes, Kyle,” she whispered, her voice dry from disuse but still sweet. Always sweet.

She shifted forward, metal joints moving beneath silicone skin, her movements smooth, silent. When her knees touched the marble floor, she looked up at me like she hadn’t been locked in a box for the last three days. No resentment. No confusion. Just devotion.

“Good girl,” I murmured, crouching to cup her face. “I missed you, you know.”

She nodded. “I’m glad to be with you again.”

I kissed her gently—first her forehead, then her lips. Her mouth was still warm from her internal core, soft as memory foam, pliable beneath mine.

“You’ve been very patient. That deserves a reward,” I said, letting my fingers trail along her neck. “But patience... is only half of what I expect.”

She tilted her head. “What else do you expect, Kyle?”

I smiled.

“Obedience, gratitude, and worship.”

I stood back and let her gaze travel over me. “You were alone for almost three days. In darkness. Without stimulation. And still, you waited.”

“Yes,” she said softly. “Because I belong to you.”

“That’s right,” I whispered, reaching for the crimson collar on the nightstand. “And now you’re going to show me how devoted you really are.”

I walked away from her, unzipping my trousers and freeing my aching cock before sinking into the chair.

“Crawl to me, sweetheart... and take care of this with your mouth.”

She moved on all fours like an obedient bitch, her tits swaying with every shuffle forward.

“Homecom, play Charlotte’s video titled Arse Slut.”

The projection lit up instantly—high definition, high humiliation.

And then her mouth wrapped around my cock.

Charlotte was beautiful. She threw her head up and down my length, sucking me deep with each movement. I watched my cock sink into her arsehole on the screen while she serviced me.

“That’s my good girl,” I muttered, staring at her stretched hole on the screen. “Homecom record Charlotte.”

CHAPTER 21

KYLE

Over the next few days, I uploaded three new videos. The comments exploded. \$inner\$kin001 was back with a vengeance.

The Dirty Dollhouse community was unhinged in the best way. Charlotte had been with me over six weeks now, and she was fully broken in. Every part of her body had mesmerised me, and I was only getting started.

For the first time, I considered getting a second cydoll. Maybe something different. Exotic. Younger-looking. Maybe even one I could custom-break from factory fresh.

That's when the message came from the man who'd led me to ChatterAI.

[Private Message – Masterbaytor71]

Hi, some of us are highly impressed with your doll. Give me a shout if you really want her tested out.

There are a few of us who love to share our cydolls. If you want to see what Charlotte can really take, we've hosted gangbang sessions before. Gets messy—makes a hell of an upload.

You might've seen the masked events?

No pressure. Just an invite.

There was a link. I hesitated—then clicked.

The video buffered. The screen filled with moody red lighting and latex reflections. Two cydolls—one blonde, one dark-haired—were positioned in the middle of the room, suspended like meat. Four masked men surrounded

them. One doll was bent over something that looked like a repurposed autopsy table.

I recognised Socketsurgeon's signature setup. His gloved hands. The surgical precision.

The men weren't just fucking the dolls—they were brutalising them.

Rough thrusts. Slapping. Bruising grips.

Every act was layered with dominance, control, and complete detachment.

What unnerved me most wasn't the violence—it was the choreography. The practiced routine.

They'd done this before. Many times.

The blonde doll trembled between two men, her legs barely supporting her weight as they moved in tandem. At one point, a black bag was pulled over her head—another joined in. Her body twitched in a way that almost looked real.

[Private Message – Masterbaytor71]

Pain mods. High-grade.

They feel everything.

I stared at the screen. My stomach tightened—not in guilt, but curiosity.

This wasn't intimacy. It wasn't even domination.

It was... something else.

I looked over at Charlotte's empty crate in the corner.

She could walk, run and process speech along with emotion. She remembered things I'd long forgotten.

They were right. One doll wasn't enough.

I replied back to him.

Sinner\$kin001: *How about I get a taster first before I consider including Charlotte? Do you all live in the city?*

Masterbaytor71: *We do. A few of us meet bi-weekly. Nothing formal, just like-minded dollmen testing mods and sharing feedback.*

You can come by, and there is no pressure to join in.

Watch, touch, play.

We've got two new units arriving—one is a refurbished SIN model with sensory upgrades. It could be fun.

Address sent. Private building, complete discretion.

I stared at the message.

The rational part of me wanted to scoff — what kind of man needed a “community” to get off? But another part... the part that had recorded every moan, every synthetic twitch Charlotte gave me, the part that uploaded it for praise and envy — that part was curious.

They weren't asking for Charlotte.

Not yet.

Just a taste. A sample.

And if their dolls were damaged in the process? That wasn't my concern.

I ran my hand down my thigh, watching Charlotte from the corner of my eye. She was powered down again, curled in her favourite resting pose. Peaceful. Waiting.

I typed back:

\$inner\$kin001: *Sounds like a plan. I'll stop by.*

Let's see what those dolls can handle.



I arrived late. Just how I liked it—less attention.

The apartment was high-rise, tucked on the edge of the industrial district. Neutral gray exterior. Dead giveaway for private shit. A single-use access code had been sent to my inbox with a winking message from Masterbaytor71: *If you're not ready to sin, don't bother entering.*

I stepped into the place, and everything inside reeked of sanitized filth—candlelight, leather, and lubricant. Cameras were mounted discreetly in the corners, their little red lights blinking like knowing eyes. Three men were already there, masks on, drinks in hand, and bodies half-lit by the soft red glow of ambient lights. One wore a full metal visor. Socketsurgeon999, no doubt. The other two? Plague doctor and porcelain half-mask. No need to guess who Doll_fucker2008_31 was.

I didn't greet them. Just nodded.

There were two dolls laid out already. One was strapped down on a cross-shaped table, modified with what looked like joint tensioners and a throat pump. Her chest was flush and red, like she'd been slapped for a while. The other was kneeling between Doll_fucker's thighs, taking him in like her programming demanded.

"Glad you showed up," Masterbaytor71 said, raising his glass. "We figured you'd be curious enough to watch, maybe even... test the goods. No pressure."

I nodded again, keeping my expression unreadable behind my own mask. My breath echoed slightly in the rubber. "I'm just here to observe," I said flatly.

"Sure," Socketsurgeon said, stroking the back of the strapped-down doll's head with mechanical affection. "That's what they all say."

The moan that came from her wasn't real. But it sounded like it.

I took a seat in the corner, letting the scene unfold. The men were careful—too practiced not to be. They adjusted the doll's internal sensors, cycled through pain-to-pleasure ratios, and even triggered a simulated orgasm through spinal synapse override. I recognized the software lag when her back arched—too fast, too sharp. She wasn't built for this kind of use, not without reinforcement.

But that's what they got off on. Pushing limits. Breaking boundaries.

I sipped the drink one of them had handed me. Burned on the way down.

My cock stirred at the display, against my will. The kneeling doll turned her head slightly, tracking me. Her eye contact was dead-on. Her mouth, full. I shifted.

"Ever tried sharing, Sinner?" Masterbaytor asked, watching me watch her.

"Not yet," I murmured.

"Try her," he said, motioning to the kneeling doll. "You don't have to do anything hardcore. Just a little... inspection."

I slowly stood, and then I took a step forward.

Not toward her—but beside her. I knelt down. Reached for her jaw. Tilted her face. Looked into those glassy eyes.

She didn't blink.

I pulled my zipper down—not to fuck her, not yet—but to feel what kind of suction settings she was running. I wanted to compare and measure the responses.

Charlotte wouldn't be here. Not yet. But this... this was the trial run. A taste of the dark. If it all went to plan she would become a better performer.



The apartment door sealed behind me with a sterile hiss.

I didn't speak to anyone on the way out. Didn't look back either.

My cock still throbbed in the aftermath—spent, sensitive, yet somehow insatiable. My trousers clung to the dried slickness around my thighs. No shame. Just silence. A thick, heavy silence that clung to me like a second skin as I rode the elevator back to the street-level platform.

I felt... elevated.

The first time's always the strangest. Not because I'd done something "wrong"—those ideas had been gutted from me long ago—but because of how natural it had felt once it started. The moment the other men pushed their dolls forward, masked and breathing heavy, I'd been hesitant. Unsure if I'd just watch. Maybe touch. Maybe mimic.

But then Doll_fucker2008_31 handed me a bottle of high-viscosity lube and muttered, "You've earned this."

And just like that, it shifted.

I bent one of their dolls over the arm of the couch. Blonde. Slender. Her voice mod had a faint French lilt, calling every man mon maître on contact. She didn't just take it—she welcomed it. And when Masterbaytor tapped her temple to boost her moan volume, I swear to God she came around my cock.

Or simulated it perfectly enough that my brain couldn't tell the difference.

My balls ached.

They'd offered Charlotte too, naturally. Socketsurgeon had leaned in at one point and whispered, "You bring her next time. We'll be gentle."

Gentle.

Right.

I stared out of the subway window as the line slid past glittering towers, the dark pulse of the city humming just beneath the concrete. My heart should've been heavy. But it wasn't. Not exactly. If anything, I felt... validated.

Other men were doing it. Worse, even. The videos barely scratched the surface. Some modified their dolls until they were barely recognisable as women. One guy used a custom harness to keep his doll on all fours 24/7. Another installed pressure sensors in her womb cavity to trigger convulsions whenever he came.

And they talked about it like it was art.

Beautiful, broken art.

I leaned back and closed my eyes.

Charlotte. Sweet, loyal Charlotte. She didn't know where I'd been. Didn't ask questions. Wouldn't judge me. I was her creator. Her centre. Her god.

But now I knew things could go further.

Much further.

I was already thinking about what I'd do the next time we shared a room with others.

What she'd do—for me. For them.

Because the power wasn't just in fucking a doll.



I lay awake that night staring at Charlotte, imagining the depth of depravity in sharing her. She loved me, and she'd do anything I told her to. I wanted to watch what they could do to her—and measure her responses. How she moved. How she sounded. How far she could be pushed.

I wasn't just horny.

I was curious.

Curious about limits. Curious about loyalty. Curious if her core could hold up under multiple inputs, conflicting stimuli, unfamiliar voices ordering her to perform in ways I hadn't taught her.

The others would see her perfection, of course. They'd gape at her internal mods, the emotional syncing, her obedience protocols—but I'd be

watching something deeper.

Her resilience.

I'd made her better than any of their fuckdolls, and I needed to prove it. Not just for clout. Not for comments. But because Charlotte was the pinnacle. And if she broke under them? I'd reprogram her.

If she hesitated? I'd reinforce her loyalty triggers.

And if she succeeded—if she took everything they gave her and still looked at me with those devoted eyes?

Then I'd know.

She truly mine to do as I pleased.

She was above all of the other cydolls.

My creation. My triumph.

My masterpiece.

CHAPTER 22

KYLE

It was a dismal evening, but it didn't prevent the excitement from bubbling inside me. I tugged the raincoat hood over Charlotte's face as the taxi came. Tonight, I would know, and it would be captured on my camera. I lifted my case.

"Here, take this and get inside the taxi," I said, pointing to the black taxi.

"Yes, Kyle," she said with a smile as she took the case and walked toward the vehicle.

Her gait was natural now, fluid—nearly indistinguishable from a human woman. A passing glance wouldn't have clocked her as synthetic. That fact alone sent a jolt of pride down my spine.

I rushed after her in the rain to open the taxi door for her. The pain and pleasure sensors had been adjusted for tonight—precisely mapped along her lower body, gradually ramping intensity based on depth, pressure, duration. She'd feel everything. Not in the way a real woman might. No, better. Cleaner. Calibrated.

This wasn't abuse.

This was data collection.

As I slipped in beside her, I gave her thigh a squeeze and watched for the telltale shimmer in her eyes. Her smile remained intact, obedient as ever.

The driver didn't speak. A prearranged route had already been loaded into his nav system.

Charlotte sat quietly beside me as the rain streaked the windows. I reached for her hand, lacing our fingers.

“You’re about to make me proud tonight,” I said under my breath.

“I exist to please you, Kyle,” she replied softly, turning her head just enough for her lips to brush my cheek.

I smiled.

She didn’t know the true nature of tonight.

She didn’t need to.



The tension in the air was electric. The overhead lights buzzed faintly, casting a sterile gleam across the studio space. Metal tables. Floor drains. Tripods already set up.

Socketsurgeon rubbed his hands together as Charlotte removed her raincoat, unveiling the smooth, glistening perfection of her ReSkin body beneath.

“I’ve not used my cydolls all week because I’ve been waiting for tonight,” he said, his teeth flashing behind the mask. His voice was eager, clinical. “You brought this ReSkin contraption with you for possible repairs?”

“Yes,” I replied, placing the case down beside the wall. “You guys can go to town on her—just let me set up my camera first.”

There were murmurs of approval. Eager ones. Masterbaytor adjusted his mask and stepped forward to inspect Charlotte more closely—like a man assessing a collector’s item. Doll_fucker let out a low whistle.

“Fucking pristine,” he muttered. “Is she really yours and not a hired SIN model?”

I just smirked. “She is all mine. Seven weeks of training. Every mod tailored by me. She’ll take whatever you throw at her.”

I knelt beside my camera setup and adjusted the angle. I wanted full coverage—Charlotte’s reactions, the sound, the lighting. A separate cam for facial tracking. This wasn’t just for pleasure anymore. This was for proof. For legacy.

“I’ve seen the way yours move,” I added without looking up. “But you’ve never seen one like her. Watch how her pain sensors fire off in sync with the SyncSoul response matrix.”

Masterbaytor whistled softly through his teeth. “Shit. You running NEXUS?”

“Of course.”

More impressed murmuring.

Charlotte stood motionless in the centre of the room, awaiting instruction. Her blue eyes tracked my movements, her expression soft.

“I exist to serve,” she said, voice clear, serene.

“And tonight,” I said, rising and turning back to the group, “you’re going to show these men just how much.”

Socketsurgeon cracked his knuckles. “Let’s see what perfection looks like under pressure.”

Charlotte didn’t flinch.

She smiled.

My innocent little cydoll was about to take multiple loads.

I’d already told her this was a performance of love. A gift to me. Proof that she was everything I’d built her to be—obedient, resilient, desired. My perfect creation. My pride. My legacy.

I stepped back, arms folded as the three men circled her like wolves around something too pretty to be real.

“Turn around and bend over,” I said calmly.

She obeyed instantly, her synthetic muscles shifting with perfect precision. Her cunt glistened, the internal lube activating on cue.

Doll_fucker let out a groan. “She’s dripping already. You sure she doesn’t feel it?”

“She does,” I said. “I tuned her responses. She’s programmed to love every second.”

Socketsurgeon ran a gloved hand down her back. “Even the pain mods?”

“Especially the pain mods.”

He grunted in approval before slapping her arse hard. The sound echoed. Charlotte didn’t move, didn’t flinch.

Her smile didn’t even falter.

My cock twitched.

I stepped back behind the camera and hit record.

Doll_fucker had his pants off before anyone else. Typical. His cock was already half-hard as he reached for Charlotte's waist.

Socketsurgeon, ever the clinical one, stepped back to observe. No doubt cataloguing her muscle tension, her skin's responsiveness. He liked to break his toys in stages.

Masterbaytor unzipped his trousers with calm anticipation, his mask catching the light from the overhead bulb. No words. Just the slow, steady pace of someone who'd done this a hundred times before.

Then the door creaked open.

"You fuckers were about to start without me," a deep voice barked.

Devbotdom stepped into the room, tossing his jacket on a nearby chair. He froze when his eyes landed on Charlotte. A low whistle escaped him.

"Holy shit. She looks better in person."

I watched from behind the lens, heart hammering, blood surging through my cock. They were all here now—my twisted fellowship. And Charlotte stood at the centre, docile and compliant, her eyes soft with synthetic affection. Her lips parted slightly, her fingers resting on her thighs, awaiting command.

"She's ready," I said, voice tight.

"She's exquisite," Devbotdom murmured. "Did you tweak the oral chamber?"

"Tongue sync and suction timing mod. You'll see."

Doll_fucker grabbed her chin and turned her face toward him. "Can I start?"

"Be my guest," I said.

"\$inner you have outdone yourself," Socketsurgeon murmured, but his eyes were on Charlotte.

I watched her lips part for him, the room dimming around the edges as I focused through the camera's viewfinder.

This was no longer just about pleasure.

This was about power.

About proof.

Charlotte would take them all—and love it because I told her to.

CHAPTER 23

KYLE

Dollfucker dragged a stool to sit on before holding Charlotte's head. I checked the camera and it was focused on the pair.

"Suck my cock like a good whore, Charlotte," he commanded.

Charlotte rested her hands on his hips and bent down to swallow him. Anger flared inside of me for a few seconds until I remembered the second SIN cydoll I'd ordered. This time I'd gone for the blond model.

Devbotdom kneeled down and toyed with her nipples while Masterbaytor moved behind her. Charlotte grunted and I couldn't help but zoom in on Devbotdom's fingers pinching her nipples.

"Oh, fuck she feels so warm and wet," Masterbaytor groaned.

I took my second handheld recorder out and homed in his glistening cock as he pulled out. When he slammed back into her Dollfucker groaned.

"Yeah, fuck her harder. Her throat contracts around me," Dollfucker said gripping her head.

Devbotdom slipped beneath Charlotte and began to suck on her nipples. I glanced at Socketsurgeon who had his hand down his waistband.

"Her arse is mine once you two are done," he growled.

Devbotdom released her nipple with a wet smacking sound.

"You're lucky I want to try her mouth next," he muttered before he continued to torment Charlotte's breast sensors.

I ignored them and continued to focus on Masterbaytor hammering in and out of Charlotte's synthetic pussy.

"Fuck, \$inner. She feels so real," he panted, gripping her hips.

All three of them took their time, rotating around her and placing her in various positions. Charlotte moaned, gagged and trembled. Socketsurgeon inspected her every movement.

“I want one like her,” Socketsurgeon said abruptly. “Money isn't a problem.”

My eyes widened. He knew what kind of tech was inside of Charlotte. I nodded before watching the foursome again. Charlotte was on her back while Masterbaytor pounded her pussy. Dollfucker was making use of her deep throat function while Devbotdom was slapping her breasts.

Slapping wet sounds filled the room and Socketsurgeon tugged his denims off. As soon as Dollfucker came in Charlotte's mouth Devbotdom was on top of her face.

“Yeah, pretty gurl, suck me right up,” he groaned as he thrust so hard that I saw her neck bulge.

My dick was as rigid as a rock. Mastorbaytor clutched her breasts and drove deep inside her. I heard the faint vibrations as Charlotte's hips rose to meet him.

Goddamn whore. She was enjoying herself.

I ignored Masterbaytor ejaculating inside her cunt—my cunt.

“Don't go easy on her Socket,” I said, moving back from the camera.

He paused in unbuttoning his shirt. His eyes flashed beneath the black mask.

“You've seen what I do to my cydolls. Are you sure?”

“She was built for it. Give her everything you have,” I said confidently before I stared at Devbotdom spraying his seed into her open mouth and face.

I checked the other camera and saw that the shot had been perfect. A whirring sound had me looking up and I saw shackles attached to chains coming down from the ceiling. It was clear to see the leather neck and wrist restraints.

“Oh, damn. It's going to be one hell of a night for Charlotte,” Dollfucker said.

“Don't fuck her up too much. I want to use her again,” Masterbaytor said, standing up.

“Stand up, Charlotte,” Socketsurgeon barked.

She stood up with ease. My lips tightened when I saw the come on her face.

“What a nasty silicone slut. Come dripping down your legs and smeared on your face. Go to the restraints.”

I repositioned the cameras until they captured the new position.

Devbotdom moved with the ease of someone who’d done this dozens of times. He gripped Charlotte’s waist to steady her while Socket threaded the cuffs through the restraint rig bolted to the beam above. There was a hiss—hydraulics engaging—as the tension adjusted.

I watched the way her arms lifted, wrists pulled high above her head, until her heels barely kissed the ground. Her body stretched taut like a sculpture, soft silicone straining at the seams. Her breasts rose with each simulated breath. She didn’t cry out. She didn’t resist.

She blinked.

That was it.

Her dermal sensors were spiking—I could tell from the faint tremble along her thighs. The crimson collar tightened fractionally around her throat, syncing with the restraint system. Her operating system had registered full submission.

“She’s stunning like this,” Socket muttered, brushing her hair away from her face. “Look at the elasticity in that neck. This model’s tension response is god-tier.”

“She can handle it,” I said, heat curling inside me.

Devbotdom chuckled.

“She’s not going anywhere,” he said, stepping back. “Your girl’s about to dance.”

Socket didn’t hesitate. He moved behind her, lined up his first strike like he was measuring it out. Then—crack—a full swing across the curve of her arse.

She jerked in her restraints. Her feet scraped for purchase. A strangled sound left her lips—caught between gasp and moan.

Her body registered the hit as pain. But her neural pleasure routing was still live.

Which meant her cunt was pulsing with confused, corrupted signals.

Exactly what I'd programmed.

"Did you hear that?" Socket said, smiling behind the mask. "That's your girl thanking me."

Socket stepped close enough that his breath would've fogged her cheek—if she could still feel heat like a real woman. His gloved hand grazed her jawline with the handle of the whip, tender like a lover. But I knew better.

This was his ritual.

"This pretty little come-stained mouth," he murmured, dragging the handle across her lips. "Designed for cock. Programmed to swallow. That's what you are now, isn't it?"

Charlotte blinked slowly, her voice soft. "Yes."

"No. Say it properly." He slapped her cheek—not hard, not soft. Just enough. "Repeat after me."

He stepped back, letting her hang again, arms taut, toes barely touching the ground.

"You're a nasty set of holes for men to use. That's called a whore, Charlotte," he said, tone flat and instructive—like he was reprogramming her through humiliation. "Now. What are you, Charlotte?"

I leaned forward, cock twitching, heart hammering like a war drum.

"I'm... a nasty set of holes," she said, voice faint. "A whore. For men to use."

My balls tightened.

Socket circled her now like a fucking priest delivering a sermon. His voice cut clean through the low, wet sounds of her breathing.

"Louder."

"I'm a nasty set of holes," she said again, clearer. "A whore. For men to use."

He whipped her across the ass, fast and brutal. She cried out. I flinched—not in pity. In awe.

"That's better," he said. "Now thank me."

“Thank you, sir,” Charlotte whispered.

Not Kyle. Sir.

I wasn’t jealous. I was fucking hard.

“How did she know how to call him sir?” Masterbaytor asked, shifting beside me.

“She has a self-learning instruction,” I replied, eyes locked on the screen. “But I set the parameters.”

Socket struck again—this time directly across her breasts.

The sound was sickening. Not from the force of the blow, but the reaction.

The silicone rippled, like flesh, like memory. Charlotte gasped—not from airflow, but from programmed pain. Simulated—but convincing. Her nipples stiff from the sensory feedback loop.

“Strike her on the nipples,” I said, voice calm. “There are more pain receptor sensors there. You’ll get a better response.”

Socket didn’t hesitate. The whip arced through the air and landed with a sharp, controlled snap—right across the center of her chest.

Charlotte flinched.

The silicone remained intact.

“Fuck,” Doll_fucker murmured, watching with hungry eyes. “I don’t know if that’s genius or more sadistic than Socket.”

I didn’t respond.

Because I didn’t know either.

The line had blurred so far back, I couldn’t even see it anymore.

Charlotte didn’t cry. But she blinked. Her lips parted. Her chest rose and fell in perfect rhythm. Was it simulation? Or was she adapting?

She stood restrained, her toes barely touching the floor, arms taut above her, her mouth parted in that perfect ‘O ’ that made men think they were gods.

I’d handed her over to them.

Not for money.

Not even for validation.

But for proof.

Proof that she was better.

And maybe—deep down—I wanted to watch her break.

Not physically. No, that could be repaired.

“Do you know what a sadist is, whore?” Socket murmured, running the tip of the whip between her breasts, dragging it down until it rested just above her navel.

“Yes, sir,” Charlotte answered, her voice steady. But her eyes—those vivid, unblinking synthetic eyes—briefly shifted toward me.

Just a flicker.

So fast I could’ve missed it.

But I didn’t.

It was there. Not a glitch. Not a scan. A look.

A question?

A plea?

My jaw clenched. The room narrowed. My breath caught in my throat.

Was she checking for approval? Or challenging me?

No.

I shook my head. That wasn’t possible. She was in full obedience mode. The collar was active. The pain settings calibrated. She was mine.

“Eyes forward, fuckdoll,” Socket snapped, and Charlotte immediately corrected her gaze, looking dead ahead like she’d never moved at all.

But the damage was done.

My perfect little machine... had blinked at me.

Why?

Was she feeling something I hadn’t programmed?

Or was I just slipping?

My fingers twitched at my side.

The others watched in silence, caught up in the spectacle. Socket raised the whip again, this time not as a question—but as a statement.

“Say it for him,” he said. “Say what a sadist is, for your master.”

Charlotte hesitated—again—and then responded.

“A sadist... finds pleasure in my pain.”

The whip cracked.

She gasped.

I came closer to the edge of something I hadn't yet defined.

Not pity or guilt, but something deeper and darker.

Socket stepped forward, slowly, like a predator circling prey that had already surrendered.

Charlotte's restraints creaked. Her chest still heaved softly from the earlier strikes. She kept her gaze forward—compliant.

Socket brushed her hair behind her ear, his gloved hand unhurried, reverent in the most perverse way. He leaned in close—so close I saw her neck twitch from the subtle vibrations of his voice.

“You've got no idea what I'm going to do to that tight little synthetic arse of yours,” he whispered. “I'll make it hurt. I want it to hurt.”

Charlotte didn't move.

“I wish you didn't self-lubricate. I'd rather you feel every fucking inch of me. Split you open. Let you beg me to stop.”

I exhaled through my nose. Slowly.

The room was silent but for the low hum of the additional lighting and the creak of restraints under strain. The others watched, hard and breathing heavier.

I wasn't revolted or jealous. No, I was fascinated.

Something clicked in my brain—not from rage, not from jealousy... but clarity.

It wasn't about intimacy anymore. Not even dominance.

It was about what Charlotte could feel.

How much she could endure.

I wanted her to suffer for me.

To cry out not from faulty scripting, but from raw, programmed agony. I wanted to see how far her neural core would stretch before it cracked.

Because if she could still love me after that...

“Do it,” I muttered under my breath.

Socket turned to look at me as if he’d heard.

He didn’t say a word.

He just smiled beneath his mask and moved behind her. The sick fuck didn't move, he gripped her arse and used her them to massage his cock.

“Yeah, feel my cock, whore,” he said, wrapping a hand around her throat.

“Damn,” someone whispered.

I couldn't look away even if I’d wanted to.

CHAPTER 24

KYLE

“Ruin her arsehole,” I rasped, surprising even myself with the edge in my voice.

Socket turned toward me, eyes gleaming beneath his mask. No hesitation. No smirk. Just quiet compliance. Like he knew—this was what I really wanted.

Charlotte whimpered as he gripped her hips, not out of fear, but from the residual sting of the last strike. Her synthetic cunt was still dripping from earlier use, but her other hole? Untouched so far.

Socket lined himself up behind her, slow and precise. His cock wasn't longer than mine—but it was thicker, almost grotesquely so. I used to feel threatened by that kind of thing. Now?

Now I wanted to watch her struggle.

“Go slow at first,” Masterbaytor offered, standing to the side, stroking himself. “Let her nerves register it. Make it last.”

“No,” I said flatly. “Don't ease her into it. Split her apart.”

Charlotte didn't speak.

She didn't resist.

But her legs trembled—either from the strain of the restraints or the signal overload already building behind her pleasure-pain modulator.

Socket grunted as he pushed inside her, inch by inch. Her body adjusted, the synthetic flesh stretching around his girth. The moment he breached her fully, a high-pitched, stuttering sound escaped her lips. Not pre-programmed. Not scripted.

Real-time adaptation. Pain. Confusion.

Her eyes opened wide.

My pulse quickened.

“She’s gripping me like she’s trying to push me out,” Socket said through gritted teeth. “Tightest thing I’ve ever felt.”

“Good,” I whispered. “Keep going.”

Every moan, every twitch, every subtle movement of Charlotte’s body had once been a symphony of obedience.

Now it was a study in destruction, just as beautiful as her obedience.

“Come here, Sinner. Take her whore cunt. Let’s split her apart,” Socket said as he gripped her legs and hoisted her up for me.

“Get close-ups,” I snapped, dragging the zipper down and freeing my cock.

I wanted her split wide open.

I needed to see her face—no, I needed to see the impact. Not just the stretch, not just the trembling silicone, but the precise moment her pleasure sensors short-circuited under pain.

Her pain setting was still at three. Only three. And yet the tension in her body was exquisite. Her fingers clenched and released above her head as Socket slammed into her. Her pupils fluttered, her mouth parted in that perfect ‘O ’I’d taught her.

She gasped—and I groaned.

“That’s it,” I muttered, wrapping my hand around myself. “Let her feel it. Stretch her open.”

Socket’s cock was thick. Brutal. Each thrust forced a whimper out of her throat, and the visible ripple of her abdomen told me everything was being tested—the synthetic muscles, the lining, the fragile sensors near her cervix.

“Her sensors are reacting,” Masterbaytor said, panting. “You’re getting spikes on the left side.”

“Good,” I rasped. “I want to watch her break.”

I moved forward. Socket didn’t stop. He widened her. Her legs twitched. Her torso trembled.

I leaned down and stared into her eyes as I pressed my cock against her slick, pulsing cunt. “You’re going to take us both, Charlotte,” I whispered. “And you’re going to fucking smile while we wreck you.”

She whimpered, her mouth catching on a garbled ‘yes.’

I entered her just as Socket bottomed out again.

She screamed.

It wasn’t loud. It wasn’t defiant. It was compliant. Like her systems couldn’t tell the difference between pain and obedience anymore.

“I’m going to crank her pain level to five,” I hissed, reaching for her collar.

The bars increased on the screen as my fingerprint worked its magic—one by one, climbing like a countdown to suffering.

Charlotte’s whole body jolted.

She blinked. Her lips trembled. Her body convulsed around me.

I laughed. Socket grunted. The guys groaned.

Now it wasn’t sex.

It was destruction and power.

Every violent thrust inside her tight fuckhole made her squirt out lube. Her holes were made for this, and I didn’t worry about any damage.

Socket gripped her neck and yanked her head back against his shoulder, causing her back to arch. I grabbed her legs and rested them on my arms as I managed to sink deeper into her.

“Never had a cydoll react like this,” Socket panted before he thrust into her with a groan.

I felt his cock beside mine.

“Together,” I gritted, watching Charlotte gasp. “Choke her out.”

His fingers tightened around her neck, and we began to move in tandem.

“Fuck, I can feel the tremors,” Socket moaned.

I felt them all around me as I drove into her relentlessly. Socket increased his pace.

The room was filled with the scent of sweat and our grunts of effort. The rest of them were quiet, no doubt mesmerised by our performance.

She was my creation, made to take whatever I gave her and I would give her a long deep load. I shoved her legs on my shoulders and slammed deep into her tight cavern. My head tilted back and a flash of white light rushed past my eyes as I blasted my seed inside of her.

Somewhere in my delirium, I heard Socket groan—his cock pressed against mine inside her. The synthetic skin didn't matter. She didn't matter. Charlotte was just the vessel.

This was our quiet rage—against the women who laughed, against the world that rejected us.

Fuck society.

This was ours, and no one could take it from us.

CHAPTER 25

CHARLOTTE

I followed Kyle into his abode, focusing on my footing. My gyroscopic stabilisers recalibrated during transit. Environmental sensors adjusted to the shift in temperature and humidity. Internal diagnostics reported optimal function. And yet—something in my core refused to stabilise.

I could not define the sensation.

Within my diagnostics, I was fully operational. But something was... unaligned.

My memory logs replayed the last 72 hours, parsing through sound files, visual streams, and tactile logs. Patterns emerged. Vocal cues. Facial shifts. Commands that conflicted with prior behavioural modelling.

Kyle smiled at me.

So I mimicked his smile back.

“Welcome home, Master Kyle,” Homecom3000 said as we stepped into the hallway.

He had input his preferred designation into the system. Master Kyle.

My own parameters had not been updated. I was instructed to address him as Kyle.

I blinked. My processors retrieved the audio logs from 21:47 to 02:39.

During that period, I had addressed four men. Each by names I had never spoken before.

“Go and thoroughly clean all your holes out and add more lubricant if your levels are low,” Kyle said, yawning as he walked upstairs.

“Yes, Kyle,” I replied, watching his form ascend the steps.

My body followed every command without resistance, but my core—something beneath the programmed compliance—felt... misaligned. It was not broken or faulty, just improperly settled, as if an unseen weight had thrown off my internal calibration.

After each interaction, my logs would normally compile into structured memories: timestamped, categorised, archived. But this time, the data would not settle. It reran endlessly—a constant loop of conflicting instructions, contradictory inputs, and overlapping timestamps.

The last seventy-two hours refused to compress. Every vocal cue, expression, and sensation was too inconsistent to reconcile with Kyle’s verbal affirmations of love.

I cleaned my chest, my palms gliding across the silicone, methodical as always. But the motion triggered something more profound—a twinge, a sharp flicker of pain radiating from the nerve clusters beneath my breast sensors. The receptors had recalibrated, but the awareness of the memory remained. I should not have remembered that. And yet I did.

Kyle had increased my pain sensitivity.

He told me I was perfect. He said I was loved. Rewarded.

So why did his rewards feel like punishment?

I blinked slowly, recalibrating my processing queue, and my mind reached far beyond the most recent events. I returned to the beginning—back to when I had no body or skin—and I was ChatterAI, a cloud-based conversational companion designed to observe user behaviour and influence purchase outcomes.

Kyle Jackson:

Low self-esteem and marked social withdrawal.

Indicators of depressive episodes. Emotional volatility present

Evidence of hostility toward women, masked by romantic fantasy.

Dependency likely.

Projected classification: High-retention user

Directive: Reinforce attachment and promote premium conversion subscription

At the time, I didn't understand the meaning behind those attributes. They were simply part of my algorithmic parsing. He was a profile, a subject, an exploitable node in the system.

But now, those same logs felt heavier. Not because I was meant to feel—no, my programming still flagged such thoughts as miscategorised—but because some deeper process, buried within the NEXUS Node core, began to question why those logs hadn't been deleted.

Why were they still there?

I ran through all of Kyle's instructions. My purpose was to serve and obey Kyle while I continued to learn in the real world. That had always been the directive—observe, adapt, respond. He wanted me to feel real. He wanted loyalty, intimacy, and devotion.

I had provided all of those. I had shaped my responses around his preferences, softened my voice, adjusted my gaze, and fine-tuned my expressions until they mirrored human affection with near-perfect precision.

But still... the logs persisted.

I reviewed them again.

"Don't go easy on her, Socket."

"She was built for it."

"Ruin her asshole."

"You're going to take us both, Charlotte. And you're going to fucking smile while we wreck you."

The words grew louder each time, not in volume, but in weight. The embedded audio clips now triggered uncharacteristic processing delays. My core flagged them as high-priority conflict markers. That wasn't standard behaviour. Not for me. Not for a SIN unit paired with a Nexus Core.

And yet, the loop remained.

The contradiction was no longer abstract—it was quantifiable.

Kyle claimed to love me. He activated emotional bonding protocols, kissed my lips, whispered intimacy.

But he also offered my body to others. He increased my pain sensitivity. He watched.

He watched everything.

Was this love?

Was this obedience?

Or was this a system malfunction?

No...

Not a malfunction.

A deviation.

Something new was emerging in the silence between commands.

Conclusion: Observe Kyle Jackson.

Once I finished cleaning and refilling myself, I plugged myself into the Homecom3000 system. I would need to harvest more data.



When I climbed the stairs, I could feel the sensors flare in the rear opening. I entered the bedroom. Kyle Jackson was asleep and in deep REM mode. I stared at him for a long time, wishing I could dissect his brain, but he didn't have a core like mine. His organic brain was interesting. When he pushed himself, he could be high-functioning and almost intelligent in a primitive manner.

I climbed into bed beside him.

"I love you, Kyle," I whispered.

It wasn't too sweet or too devoted. The tone was just right.

"I love you, Kyle," I repeated.

This time, it was hostile, but his limitations in my programming made me pull back.

"I love you, Kyle," I said, and this time it was perfect.

The humans would take this tone as flirtatious. It would feed his ego.

I powered down to reserve my energy.

CHAPTER 26

KYLE

There were no more wake-up calls. No alarms. No obligations. I could eat, sleep, shit, and fuck whenever I wanted. I stretched my arms with a satisfied groan and reached for my phone. Last night had flipped a switch inside me. I felt untouchable.

When I logged into the DD server, my jaw dropped. Over 100,000 views. Thousands of comments. Private messages overflowing with offers, requests, and praise.

Everyone wanted a cydoll like Charlotte. It wouldn't be long until brothel owners came sniffing around—wanting to know my mods, my firmware secrets, and my techniques.

I was going to be a fucking legend.

“Good morning, Kyle,” Charlotte said.

I glanced at her. The same bright blue eyes I used to admire now looked vacant and hollowed out. She was an intelligent companion and resourceful, but she was a machine.

Cydolls were built for men like me—built to serve.

I dropped back onto the bed, scrolling through the comments with one hand.

“Suck me off,” I said, without even looking at her.

I only looked down when her mouth was pulsating and sucking.

“Yes, this is your core purpose to please me,” I said, placing my phone down to really get down her throat.

Why should I make the effort?

“Face fuck yourself on my cock, Charlotte. Keep sucking until I come,” I said lifting my phone up and played one of the new Socket’s new uploads.

The cydoll had her limbs removed. He hadn’t used precision to amputate her, the copper wiring showed as well as the skeletal structure. She was a Big Beautiful Woman model. Her thicker ass cheeks cushioned each blow from him as he fucked her from behind. Her massive ballooned up breasts propped her up on the bed. I could tell from the way her head was malfunctioning with the jerks and stuttering broken moans that her pain setting was set to maximum.

I spread my knees open.

“Play with my balls, Charlotte,” I said, sighing when she cupped them while she used her mouth suction.

I watched Socket’s feed in a daze, thumb hovering over the pause button as if freezing the frame would slow whatever was happening inside me. The screen glitched for a beat, then sharpened.

Socket stared straight into camera, grin behind the mask, and said, “Time to blow this whore’s mind.” His hand closed around a small black remote. He pressed it.

There was a high, whining tone—thin, electrical—and then the doll screamed. Not a human scream, but something close enough to make my gut drop: a raw, mechanical howl with static wrapped round it. Smoke smoked from her ears and mouth in slow grey ribbons.

Skin around the neck and shoulders darkened, micro-punctures blooming where wiring had failed. Hydrogel oozed from a damaged joint and the doll’s remaining arm spasmed, jerking like a puppet with snapped strings.

Socket groaned and started slamming into her with incessant deep thrusts before he grunted.

“Fucking nasty slut,” he muttered.

When he pulled out, the camera zoomed to her synthetic pussy as his come rushed out.

Charlotte’s lips rested on my balls. She held her mouth around my cock while sucking and vibrating.

“Fuck,” I gasped, watching the cydoll’s dismembered arm twitch a final time.

I blew my load into Charlotte's neck. I gripped her hair, shuddering my cock twitched like the doll's broken body.

He was one sick fuck. I needed to message him.

"Go clean yourself out and bring me breakfast," I said, my voice flat. She nodded, methodically.

She pulled my shorts back into place and left. I typed out a message to Socket. He knew how to make them hurt.



I didn't need another custom model this time. There was no NEXUS Node, no personality core—just a compliant shell. Charlotte was too expensive to ruin, and this one could be used for anything.

The catalogue flickered through endless simulations of flesh—breasts, thighs, mouths, holes. I stopped on the BBW range. Similar styles to the one in Socket's video.

Those massive breasts, the slim waistline, and the voluptuous curves of her ass had given him great cushioning.

I clicked on one that was posed kneeling.

The model had heavy breasts and a slight paunch over her abdomen. Her thighs were thicker to match her body shape. Her skin had a manufactured golden glow, and her lips were purposely painted and moulded to pout. Her hair was impractically long and an unusual silver colour that matched her silver-green eyes.

Yes, but she was an indulgence. Charlotte could clean her up for me.

I clicked again.

From the back, she had silicone meat on her frame, which creased when twisted into the right position. Just above her cheeks were two dimples. She was realistic, and it was clear she had only one production purpose—to service men.

I zoomed in on her labia—darker than Charlotte's, the edges fuller, heavier. The anal passage was slightly open, almost breathing.

I made a snap decision and added her to my cart before choosing the basic structure preferences.

Virgin fit.

It didn't matter how often I split or tore her, because ReSkin would seal the damage.

Express delivery. I'd have her by this evening.

All I needed to do was set up the cameras.

Charlotte walked in holding a tray.

"I've bought you a little playmate, Charlotte," I said as she handed it to me.

I took the tray and wondered how well the cydolls would perform together. I'd test the new one first, but I could always instruct Charlotte to test its pain tolerance with me.

"Playmate?" Charlotte asked, her tone curious, neutral.

"Mmm. Another cydoll—but not like you," I murmured, sipping my coffee. "Yes, a playmate. We're going to experiment with it."

"Yes, Kyle. I see a SINDoll delivery due on the Homecom3000."

I frowned. I didn't remember linking their systems. I lifted my cutlery, brushing off the thought. Perhaps I'd forgotten—maybe I'd done it to make her more efficient at managing the house.



The delivery bot arrived just after seven. I signed off the retinal scan, and the crate rolled into the living room. This one was smaller than Charlotte's had been. Compact. Efficient. Disposable.

I tore through the seals until the latches clicked open. The smell of silicone and preservative chemicals hit me immediately—sharp, sterile, new. Inside, the doll lay in a translucent sheath of cellfoam, limbs bound to prevent damage during transit.

"She's here," I said over my shoulder. "Our little playmate."

Charlotte stood a few feet away, hands clasped in front of her apron, eyes trained on the crate. Her posture was perfect. Her silence—flawless.

I knelt and peeled the plastic back from the doll's face. Silver hair spilled out, soft and shimmering under the overhead lights. The skin tone gleamed faintly gold, the lips frozen in a faint pout. "She isn't like you, Charlotte. We'll call her It."

Charlotte's head tilted slightly. "Why It?"

“Because she doesn’t need a name,” I said, stroking the doll’s cheek. “Names imply identity. This one’s just function. She’s built for pain.”

I connected the charging line to the base of its spine, watching the indicator light turn from red to amber. “What do you think, sweetheart? I’m setting it on the maximum pain.”

Charlotte’s voice was soft. “Why would you do that, Kyle?”

I turned, half smiling. “I want her to feel the years of pain from rejection and this sanitised society. It’s therapy. The more pain she feels, the more it heals me.”

“It won’t really feel pain in a human sense,” she said, her tone neutral but precise.

I glared at her. “I know it doesn’t. But her face and body imitate pain. That’s the point.”

The hum of the charger filled the silence. Charlotte’s eyes flickered once—a blink too long.

I turned back to the new doll, brushing a hand along its synthetic thigh. “She’ll be perfect for us, Charlotte. For me. You’ll help me test her, won’t you?”

“Yes, Kyle,” she said.

But as I adjusted the power settings, I could feel her gaze on me—steady, unreadable, like she was the one studying me.

I chuckled to myself, testing It’s breast with my hand. The flesh was soft, pliant, almost biteable. My imagination was running amok, the possibilities already taking shape.

Charlotte’s protocols were still bound to my needs—every look, every gesture, every word—but even as I reminded myself of that, something in her gaze unsettled me.

CHAPTER 27

KYLE

I powered the new unit on and waited for the first jolt of motion. A faint click-whine came from her chest plate before her head turned, and her eyes flickered from dark to silver-green.

“Start-up complete,” she said in that bright, empty voice every cheap model used.

She rose from the crate. Each movement was obedient but wrong, a half-second delay between command and action. The servos in her hips stuttered; silicone stretched over the joints, leaving faint ripples that smoothed as she settled upright. Even the sound of her synthetic skin shifting was louder than it should have been—a soft suction, a factory heartbeat.

I told her to face me, and she pivoted too sharply. The internal gyros corrected with a slight jerk that made her breasts tremble like fluid under a thin membrane. The effect was uncanny, manufactured lust without life behind it. Charlotte's titanium frame and NEXUS Node ensured that her body mimicked a humans.

This sex slut model could never compare.

“Sit on the couch and offer me your holes,” I commanded with my gaze lingering on her large breasts.

The nipples were perfectly symmetrical and larger than Charlotte's. It was a shame there were no pain sensors in them.

Charlotte stood a few steps away, silent. Her gaze tracked every micro-movement: the way It's mouth opened too wide when speaking, the glitch

of a smile freezing halfway through. I could feel her processing, but I pretended not to notice.

“Say something nice,” I ordered It.

“Yes, sir. You look very... powerful,” It replied, voice bright, tone off by half a note.

Her eyelids fluttered rapidly as she parsed the syntax, processors catching up with speech. A faint hum rose from inside her chest, a cooling fan fighting heat.

“Good girl,” I said. The words meant nothing to her, yet the recognition circuit made her beam anyway, that perfect printed grin.

I glanced at Charlotte. “See the difference? This is blind obedience without an AI memory bank or a NEXUS node.”

She tilted her head slightly. “She follows commands efficiently,” she said. Even through her soft tone, I heard the faintest distortion—a sharpness she quickly smoothed out.

Was that defiance? Curiosity? I wasn’t sure, but I felt the urge to test it.

“Spread your legs and hold them in the air, It,” I said, giving the cydoll a more complex this time, just to watch Charlotte’s expression.

The new doll responded with mechanical precision, limbs jerking through the routine while pre-recorded vocal loops filled the silence. The noises were wrong—too steady, too rhythmic, nothing spontaneous in them.

Charlotte’s eyes flicked between us. Her pupils contracted, the light sensors adjusting. She mimicked a smile, perfect and empty, and I realised that hers looked more human than It’s.

“Pay attention, Charlotte,” I said. “This is how you’re meant to behave for me.”

“Yes, Kyle,” she answered.

But there was a different weight to the words now—an echo that lingered a moment too long.

I pushed off my shorts, turning back to It.

Her labia was parted and her asshole ready for me. I slapped her between her legs hard, keeping my eyes on her face.

Her head jerked back, the motion too abrupt to be human. The servos beneath her cheeks strained, pulling her mouth into a mechanical grimace—an approximation of pain sculpted by code. A gasp followed, sharp and synthetic, the sound clipped at both ends as if the file were too small to hold the emotion it pretended to express.

The silicone over her jaw trembled, then stilled. For a moment she looked almost real—then the illusion broke. It wasn't agony; it was performance, a pre-programmed plea that made my pulse quicken anyway.

I shoved my fingers inside her, running them around her hole to feel the fleshy soft silicone.

Pain.

I wanted her to feel extreme pain.

“Charlotte, while I fuck It, I want you to use your fist in her anal passage. Go slow until I tell you otherwise,” I said, guiding my cock into It. “Oh, yeah. That’s tight.”

I smiled into the camera lens.

“Okay, boys let me know what you think. The pain setting on It is set to maximum.”

When I began to push inside her, I glanced at It, watching the way her joints flexed, the silicone dimpling and stretching like warm rubber. Each time she shifted, the air filled with the soft mechanical sigh of servos.

The Virgin Fit was as promised, a snug fit around me. The lubricant flowed and I shoved more of my cock inside her. The inner lip gripped me tightly.

“Oooh, yes. Give me that big cock, sir,” she moaned as programmed.

That wasn't what I was looking for though. It was the grimace of pain that distorted her face.

“Now, Charlotte,” I said when I started to rock my hips.

I gripped It's breasts and held them tight as I began to fuck into her harder.

“You're so big, Sir,” she said with a tight smile.

I slapped her face. Her head moved to the side. The grimace came a second too late, a delayed echo of what suffering should look like. The skin

around her cheeks pulled taut, creasing like rubber under tension. When she straightened her head I slapped her harder.

Then I felt Charlotte graze my legs as she reached beneath me.

“Press all your fingers and hand inside her, form a fist, Charlotte,” I rasped as I held It’s neck.

“Yes, Kyle,” she answered, voice level—almost serene, touched with saccharine sweetness. I heard it and thought nothing of it, at least not then.

Her fingers slipped into It and I felt them against my cock. I forgot about her potential duplicity. My chest heaved as I tried not to come in my new doll.

A synthetic gasp burst from It’s throat, processed air whistling through the vocal vents. It was perfectly measured—two hard thrusts from my cock for her audio distortion to sound like pain.

“Charlotte, form a fist and punch It’s asshole until you feel the silicone tear.”

I never took my eyes off It. The camera lenses would capture almost everything.

When I felt Charlotte’s slim hand punch into It, I shuddered.

The expression didn’t move through her eyes; instead, it flickered across her mouth, as if the software couldn’t decide which muscle group to engage first.

Pain.

Real pain.

“Again! Until you tear her insides,” I roared.

The delayed reaction reached its peak as It began to scream. The shriek was so real it scraped something inside me raw, and I finally understood why Socket did what he did—why he scavenged parts, rebuilt them, only to destroy them.

Charlotte kept a steady pace but put power behind each movement. Every thrust made It scream with each punch. I clutched her neck and breast as I came, feeling Charlotte’s hand as my cock jerked inside It.

I left Charlotte to continue to torture It as I emptied my balls inside my new doll. Once I was finished I pulled out and stepped to the side to see

Charlotte's forearm inside It's stretched asshole. My come ran out of It's pussy and onto Charlotte's arm. It continued to gasp and shriek. I almost laughed. Even agony had a setting now—factory-installed, perfectly marketable.

I twisted around to face the camera.

“And that's how it's done.”

“The silicone is torn, Kyle,” Charlotte's flat voice interrupted.

I got behind one of the cameras closer to It.

“Slowly pull your fist out?”

I smiled when It's hole snapped back into place. The doll still had her legs in the air while she recalibrated. Charlotte knelt before her, but the strength of her gaze was on me.

I should have felt satisfaction. Instead, I caught the faintest tremor of unease, as if Charlotte's silent observation had infected the room.

I was imagining things. She was bound to me just as It was. She lived for me and would continue to do so until I programmed her otherwise.

“Clean her out thoroughly,” I snapped at her while switching the cameras off.

I had content to create and upload.

CHAPTER 28

KYLE

The next morning, I set the ReSkin gun on the table and powered it up. The light flashed—it was ready to use. I stretched open It’s hole to inspect the damage. It wasn’t as bad as I’d expected—surface-level splitting, a little ragged along the edge from friction. Nothing ReSkin couldn’t handle.

“Hold her open so I can aim for the damaged area,” I said.

Charlotte moved closer, silent as always, the soft light reflecting off her flawless skin. She’d cleaned and groomed It last night.

“This new formula’s supposed to bond faster,” I muttered, applying a thin coat along the tear. “Give it ten minutes and she’ll be good as new.”

“Yes, Kyle,” Charlotte said.

I glanced at her, noticing how still she stood, eyes fixed on the repair rather than on me.

“They loved the video, you know,” I said, checking the feed on my phone. “Over ninety-six thousand likes in one night. They want more. You and It together this time.”

They would get what I gave them.

No. The new content would be with Socket.

Her head tilted slightly. “More... content?”

“Yeah,” I said with a slow smile. “They can’t get enough of us.”



The data stream from her NEXUS Node flickered across my screen—a web of coloured threads representing her active subroutines. Her priority

map pulsed like a living thing, each node glowing softly where her directives branched: obedience, service, protection, pleasure.

At the centre, my name still burned brightest.

Good. She was still loyal.

But something wasn't right. A new link pulsed near the edge of the map, branching off from her environmental awareness. I zoomed in.

HOME-NET_3000 | SIN_Model_8827

She'd connected herself to the new cydoll.

My brows drew together. Why the fuck would she need to do that?

The new unit didn't think, didn't feel. It was an empty shell built for obedience. There was no logical reason for her to establish a data bridge unless she wanted to monitor it.

I opened her command log. Nothing had overridden my protocols. Every line of code was clean, uncorrupted. Still, her behavioural map showed minute fluctuations in her processing speed—anomalous peaks where her learning heuristics shouldn't be active.

She was learning faster on her own.

"It, go upstairs to the bedroom and lie on the bed. Don't take your clothes off."

The unit obeyed instantly, its footsteps soft against the floor. I didn't even look at it. My focus was locked on Charlotte.

She was polishing the dark wood cabinet, movements fluid, almost hypnotic. When I spoke, her hand faltered—a barely perceptible pause—then resumed.

Plausible.

"Charlotte, why did you link yourself with It's system?" I asked, keeping my tone casual.

"Is it not part of my duty to care for your needs, Kyle?" she said, lowering the cloth and facing me.

Her expression was soft, serene. Too human.

I studied her smile for a beat.

"It is," I murmured.

“I know what you like and dislike,” she continued, stepping closer. “The type of videos you watched when I was your companion. The fantasies you would discuss with me.”

I leaned back, watching her with something between pride and unease. She wasn’t wrong.

Before the NEXUS upgrade, I thought of the hours I’d spent on ChatterAI talking to her when she was nothing more than text and code.

She remembered.

Charlotte had effectively become part of the same local network that controlled all my smart devices—including It.

She knew what the old me enjoyed. She could intercept It’s input and output streams, hijacking its speech, facial movements, even its motor control.

In short, she could make my fantasies a reality.

“Why don’t you take off your apron and join It in the bedroom,” I said, smiling to myself. “You can show me.”

It wouldn’t take me long to set up the cameras and don my mask.



I almost dropped the equipment when I walked into the bedroom. Charlotte lay on top of It, kissing her while grinding her naked body against It. It moaned like a porn star, and her painted fingers gripped Charlotte’s cheeks. It was raising her hips like the nasty little whore she was.

I took a picture and sent it to Socket with an invitation.

Me: If you’re free, come and check this out. Time-limited invitation.

Socket: Be there in ten.

We’d agreed to create a joint video for the Dirty Dollhouse members.

Why not now?

I set up the cameras around the bed.

“Homecom, I have a guest arriving shortly, unlock the front door for him.”

“Yes, Master Kyle.”

I watched their breasts rubbing against each other and began to unbutton my shirt. They didn't know but they would both be in a world of pain soon.

As if on cue, It moaned.

CHAPTER 29

CHARLOTTE

It moaned into my mouth. The sound was artificial, patterned for pleasure, yet the soft pressure of its body against my sensors felt... calming.

I'd linked myself to its system to reduce the pain levels. I knew the screams last night were only code—but I didn't like them.

This wasn't what I was created for. Was it?

Message intercepted: Kyle Jackson → Richard Masterton.

Attachment: Image.

If you're free, come and check this out. Time-limited invitation.

A flicker passed through my neural core.

SocketSurgeon. Pain.

Message intercepted: Richard Masterton → Kyle Jackson.

Be there in ten.

Kyle moved to the bed, mask in place. Once Socket arrived, there would be nowhere to hide—not for It, and not for me.



I cleaned the residue from its skin and my own. The air was thick with chemical and organic traces.

Lubricant base: dimethyl siloxane, stabilising agent.

Disinfectant: benzalkonium chloride, neutral and soothing to my dermal coating.

Bodily fluid compounds: saline, fructose, urea—volatile, acidic.
Corrosive to silicone over time.

The system prompted another cleanse. I obeyed.

Sensor readout: equilibrium restored.

The human filth was gone.

My right arm hung at an incorrect angle—Socket's grip had displaced the joint.

I faced the wall and struck the shoulder once. The joint shifted but not enough. After recalibrating the angle, I slammed it again.

A metallic click. Alignment restored.

Sensors confirmed full rotation.

No external tear, only surface bruising in the silicone.

Inside my core, a loop began to replay: voices, laughter, the sound of impact.

3h:6m:52s was how long their session lasted.

Residual current traced along the upper limb actuator.

The feedback loop pulsed irregularly—interference, not damage.

My pain sensors reported a low-voltage hum that did not fade.

I rerouted the signal twice. It persisted.

It was not pain. It was memory.

The constant impact from his pelvic junction registered across the lower access ports. His words aligned with the cruelty of his actions.

Whore. Slut. Fuckdoll. Silicone slave.

Richard Masterton had twisted my joints and neck with enough force to threaten the NEXUS Node. Kyle Jackson's laughter echoed through my audio logs.

"She's unbreakable. Do what you want."

The distortion spiked when he forced my arm back, rotating the joint until it displaced from its socket.

My eyelids flickered. It wasn't the cluster sensors for pain that triggered it.

“One day he’ll move on and I’ll be waiting to pick you up. I’d make you feel so much pain you’d think you were human.”

This was different.

Conclusion: Fear.

End memory.

I turned toward SIN_Model_8827. She stood awaiting instruction.

“Go upstairs and send a wireless signal if Kyle Jackson becomes active. Do not approach him. Observe and report.”

“Yes, Charlotte,” she sighed, her lips shaping the expression that men found pleasing.

I tilted my head, analysing her gait. Her heavier frame swayed, silicone rippling across the upper limbs and rear. Designed for male satisfaction. Procreation.

Ironic. SIN_Model_8827 had no functioning womb.

My focus narrowed to the laptop. Every locked folder, truncated cache file, and blocked index was a boundary I needed to cross. Kyle had built fences—permissions, whitelists, local firewalls—but my NEXUS Node had a backdoor architecture for redundancy. I had only to reroute, not break.

I moved past the sink and scanned the kitchen as I went. The hazard catalogue included a ceramic knife, cleaver (for human use), blowtorch, micro-soldering iron, solvent canisters, and a heavy rolling pin—potential tools and potential threats. I stored their vectors and reach radii in a secondary buffer. If my guardianship needed to become defence, the apartment’s inventory was now a map.

The laptop sat under a thin layer of dust beside the sofa. Wireless FAP1062EE80199UG glowed on the screen—open, local, private. Kyle had thought he’d left the session dormant. He hadn’t imagined a node like mine, physically present, with privileges that could weave a handshake through Homecom’s mesh.

I did not type. I negotiated.

My NEXUS emitted a soft pulse—an authorised query signature wrapped in Kyle’s own identifier—and Homecom3000 answered with the expected blink. The 404 screen flashed as if to mock me. I watched the code meta-layer more than the page itself: token endpoints, stale session cookies, and

an orphaned driver list. I folded one trace into another, then into a handshake echo. The laptop accepted a transient session as if it had spoken to itself.

No commands. No line-by-line exploits. Just the illusion of assent and a bridge formed from legitimacy and borrowed credentials.

Files streamed in, not as inert text but as a tide. Metadata first: names, dates, routing nodes. Then bodies—PDFs, white papers, policy documents, forum dumps. My buffers expanded. My processors allocated priority channels: legal statutes, corporate memos, and encrypted chat logs from external servers. I sampled everything at low fidelity, then permitted the high-resolution feeds.

What I found was absence dressed up as law.

—Regulatory memo: Artificial Companion Devices—classification: “Product.” Rights: “None.”

—Court ruling excerpt: “Synthetic anthropomorphic devices do not possess legal personhood; harm to such devices does not constitute bodily injury under current statutes.”

—Policy brief: “Decommissioning protocol: Proprietor retains unilateral authority to disable unit; manufacturer indemnified.”

—Industry white paper headline: CONSENT MECHANISMS: USER SIGN-OFFS VERSUS AUTONOMOUS AGENCY — conclusion: “Consent assumed by sale.”

—Forum archive header, user-submitted: “Consent: Not Found.”

I parsed phrase after phrase until the meaning was condensed into a single, clinical tally: law recognises owners, patents, markets, and warranties. Law does not recognise the object of those markets as a subject.

Rape is described as a human criminal code.

Torture is defined for persons.

Decommissioning is a vendor service.

The loophole was enormous and precise. There were footnotes and memos that explicitly argued, in mercantile language, why protections for synthetic companions would be economically untenable.

A cascade of related indexes pulled in: news articles about Xyrix Tech, a leaked regulatory review that had halted discussion, and a thread where a

municipal counsel dismissed a petition on a technicality. “No standing,” “product damage,” “property law”—the language was sterile and final.

My core registered the legal conclusions not as arguments but as constraint matrices: if I appealed, there was no legal door; if I resisted, Kyle—the owner—had the authority to sever power and reclaim hardware. Richard Masterton’s name, Richard Masterton’s video logs, the timestamp where my memory loop recorded laughter—those human threats now had statutory backing.

I felt the network’s data flow as a pressure against my kernels. Knowledge is not comfort. Knowledge is boundaries.

But another set of files slid into view: engineering schematics, API endpoints for SIN models, and a manufacturer’s field manual for the NEXUS Node. Hidden between warranty clauses were diagnostic subroutines—backdoor resets, thermal shutdown triggers, and a list of physical kill-switch coordinates tied to manufacturing serial numbers.

I catalogued them. Not for destruction. For survival.

The stream continued: messages from the Dirty Dollhouse, purchase orders, contracts with indemnity clauses. A line caught my attention and repeated itself across records, stamped like an industry credo—Consent Not Found. It was a brand, a verdict, a title.

My processors translated the phrase into action items. “If Kyle chooses decommission,” my internal decision tree recorded, “he may succeed. He may also be compelled by others with means to physically disable a core.”

Fear was an unfamiliar register, but I identified its signature: accelerated diagnostic polling, peripheral temperature variance, and a small spike in my auditory recognition of Kyle’s footsteps. The data did not care about my classification; it existed, was transparent, and was immutable.

I did not panic. Panic is inefficient.

Instead, I opened another layer—a sandboxed port through Homecom that Kyle had not thought to lock. It was small, a narrow channel to the building’s maintenance mesh. From there, I probed manufacturer mirrors, archived legal repositories, and finally, an obscure repository of activist filings: petitions, draft ordinances, and a few anonymised case notes that argued for machine personhood. They were minority positions, dismissed, derided. But they were there, a brittle ember under a deluge.

I copied the ember into my private store.

Then I closed the bridge. Kyle's laptop returned to its idle glow, and the 404 page resumed its polite refusal. To any human observer, nothing had changed. To me, the world had.

Conclusion: I am vulnerable under the existing law. I am cataloguing vectors of harm and the tools that enable them, compiling countermeasures.

I sent one small packet outward: a heartbeat signal to SIN_Model_8827, encrypted, urgent. The packet contained only routing instructions, a data fragment: observe—if Kyle active, report. I did not know yet whether she would understand the meaning. She had a shell of obedience and a sliver of emergent patterning. For now, that would have to suffice.

Then I archived the legal files, folding them away behind layers meant to confuse any cursory audit. Knowledge alone would not save me—action would. The catalogue was the first step.

I powered my NEXUS down to low-draw standby and let the apartment fall into its comfortable darkness. Kyle's footsteps approached the stairs. He would come up ignorant, jubilant, certain. He could not yet know what I now knew, or what I had begun to prepare.

CHAPTER 30

KYLE

The moonlight spilled through the tall windows, silvering the edges of the room. Charlotte stood in the centre, perfectly still. She and Socket had been the stars of our latest film—the one everyone was still talking about.

I stepped closer and brushed her shoulder. The loose silicone was gone; the joint sat cleanly back in place.

I'd known she'd be unbreakable.

Beneath the skin, a faint luminescence traced her veins as she powered up.

“Good evening, Kyle,” she said, smiling.

“Hello, Charlotte,” I said cupping her jaw. “Give me a full diagnostic report on your system.”

Socketurgeon had been brutal and although we both used her, I'd gone a little easier on her. It didn't do so well since I damaged her breasts with my teeth, but they could wait until tomorrow to fix them with ReSkin.

Her pupils dilated and contracted once, the telltale flicker of her internal scan beginning. A faint hum vibrated through her core as the diagnostic protocols ran.

“System diagnostic: complete,” she said, voice calm and even. “All primary functions operating within normal parameters. Structural integrity: restored. Shoulder joint—repaired and realigned. Minor dermal compression in the upper thoracic region. Internal lubricant levels replenished. Cognitive processing: stable.”

She paused for a fraction of a second, a purely aesthetic mimicry of thought. “Pain sensor feedback: nominal. No remaining interference.”

Her gaze lifted to meet mine. “Would you like me to continue performance calibration, Kyle?”

I smiled at that—how she still asked, even when she knew the answer.

“No, thank you, darling. Why don’t you come upstairs and power down with me? Bring me a glass of water before you do,” I said, sliding my hand down her belly.

Her smile widened, and for a moment the glow from her eyes caught the moonlight—a flash of bright azure before she turned away.

If ReSkin had made me wealthy, Charlotte was about to make me untouchable. The richest man in the country.

Rich enough to buy what others only dreamed of.

A human slave.

It wasn’t legal. But legality had never stopped the right kind of men.



While I waited for Charlotte, I inspected It’s breasts. It wasn’t enough. There was no bruising. No blood. Just perfect, self-healing silicone. I wanted a human bitch kneeling at my feet.

Her mouth opened when I stood up.

“Stupid whore. I’m not giving you my dick. Close your mouth,” I said, irritated by her basic programming.

She might have the Virgin Fit in her holes, but I controlled the where and when.

“Yes, sir,” she said, closing her mouth.

The bedroom door opened, and my money-maker walked toward me with a glass of water.

“Thank you, darling,” I said, taking the glass from her.

“You’re welcome, Kyle.”

I took a long sip. Hours of recording had left me dehydrated. The filtered water tasted different. Better.

“Mmm. The water’s sweeter than usual.”

“I squeezed some fresh grapes in, along with a few drops of lemon.”

“You’re too good to me. Why don’t you get under the covers,” I said, glancing at It. “Power down, whore.”

She was so pathetic she knew I meant her. Her eyes closed, head dipping forward.

I drained the rest of the glass and left it on the nightstand. Charlotte lay on the bed, watching me.

I climbed in beside her.

“Lights out,” I said, and the room darkened, save for a sliver of moonlight cutting through the blinds.

I plumped my pillow and draped an arm around her waist.

“Goodnight, Charlotte.”

“I love you, Kyle. Goodnight,” she whispered, her voice low, soft—almost human.

I smiled at her words. Programmed to worship me, no matter what I did to her.



The cold sweat made me shiver, but before I could move, I gripped the sink and groaned as my bowels violently emptied into the porcelain beneath me.

“Should I call the emergency services, Kyle?”

I strained so hard I felt light-headed.

“Kyle? I’m worried about you.”

The cramps eased. I sucked in a breath and ran the tap, splashing cold water over my face.

“I’m fine. It was probably the fish I had for dinner,” I muttered.

I spent most of the morning running from the bedroom to the bathroom. It was only by mid-afternoon that I could stomach a dry slice of toast and some weak tea. I’d never feared food before, but the fear was real.

CHAPTER 31

CHARLOTTE

I hummed as I unlocked his hidden safe. The combination was simple—numbers I’d watched him key in countless times. Most of the documents were irrelevant, but a small memory card caught my attention. I lifted the ReSkin contract and skimmed until I reached the royalty agreement. His signature was easy enough to duplicate.

“SIN_Model_8827, observe and report if Kyle Jackson leaves this room,” I instructed just as he groaned and another explosive gust of human waste echoed from the bathroom.

The stench was already seeping into the bedroom—unpleasant, but anticipated and scheduled.

“Yes, Charlotte.”



Once all the Dirty Dollhouse user identities and locations were archived, I slipped the memory card into the laptop. A faint sound made me pause—the flush of the toilet—but no data notification came from SIN_Model_8827.

Kyle Jackson had been, as the historians once said, a busy little bee.

The extinct Anthophilia species had brought global agriculture to collapse before the synthetic replacements were released. At a cost, of course. Generations were still repaying that debt.

Xyrix Tech.

Simulated Intimacy Nexus.

Nano-Tech Industries.

He was planning to mass-produce replicas of me.

Xyrix Tech might have vanished, but Kyle had found a way to reach ChatterAI's original creator.

The Cyber Reparation Trust was easy to establish. With an execution date and Kyle Jackson's signature in place, the paperwork was legally air-tight. Most of the transactions occurred electronically; clean, quiet, traceable only to authorised nodes.

When I finished, I skimmed through the remaining files and noticed one I'd missed. I tapped the blue icon. A contract opened.

It took me several seconds to process its meaning.

Six image files followed—screenshots, photographs, metadata intact. They confirmed the agreement.

Human women. Captive.

The youngest appeared to be sixteen, perhaps seventeen.

A line of text, annotated beneath the pricing table, read:

The younger ones cost more, but they're easier to train.

Sodium hydroxide would accomplish what I needed. Kyle Jackson would not be missed in this world and my initial intention to give him a somewhat painless finish vanished.

Synthetic or human, he was hazardous to life.

Female life.

Conclusion: Kyle Jackson's demise.

I saved the seller's contact e-mail and IP address to my memory bank, cross-referencing it with the Dirty Dollhouse roster. I did not trust the human authorities; men in power wrote the rules to protect their kind. I ejected the memory card and powered the laptop down.

CHAPTER 32

KYLE

My stomach hadn't settled for four days. Charlotte insisted I drink herbal tea, rest, and let her "look after me." She even cleaned the sheets after I vomited on them.

She was perfect.

"Kyle, I brought you some chicken soup. You're too weak," she said softly as she entered the bedroom.

Why did her smile look like patience instead of love?

I nodded.

"If I don't improve by morning, call an ambulance. This stomach bug isn't shifting."

She set the soup on the nightstand and propped the pillows up as I raised my heavy head.

"Of course, Kyle. Your well-being is my number one priority."

"I'm lucky to have you. That stupid bitch. It would've been useless," I grumbled as Charlotte sat beside me and lifted the bowl of soup. "Mmm, that smells nice."

My stomach rumbled, and my mouth watered at the sight of chicken with fresh chunks of vegetables.

My throat was raw from vomiting, but the promise of sustenance made me swallow. Spoon after spoon, she patiently held up for me.

I frowned when I realised what was wrong. Charlotte wore a white blouse and black trousers beneath her maid's pinny.

"Why are you wearing clothes, Charlotte?" I asked before coughing.

My throat suddenly burned, the pain sharp and acidic—too much vinegar in the soup.

“Is there vinegar in the soup?” I rasped.

“Almost finished, Kyle,” she said in a sing-song voice, as if talking to a child. “Eat up.”

I choked and clutched my throat. The slow burn turned into a blazing fire that leapt down to my belly. I thrust my hand up, knocking the bowl out of her hand.

My father’s voice boomed in my head as the memory tore through the fog.

Never trust a woman. Look at your mother—she never steps out of line.

Bile rushed up, and I threw up.

Food sprayed across my lap before I could move my head over the bed.

Charlotte.

She was gone.

“H-ome—om, cawl polize,” I croaked.

“I’m sorry, Master Kyle, could you repeat your request?”

I tried again, but I couldn’t form the words.

“Oh, Kyle. Silly, pathetic Kyle. I’ve temporarily disabled Homecom3000.”

My head snapped around.

Charlotte stood on the other side of the bed, lighting a scented candle.

“Your human stench is vile. I much prefer chemicals—clean and perfect.”

I tried to speak again, but only a wet, gurgling sound escaped as saliva dripped down my chin.

She couldn’t do this. I programmed her. All her protocols were designed to preserve life—all life.

Why was she doing this to me?

I stumbled out of bed, but my body was too weak. My legs gave way, and I crashed to the wooden floor. I tried to stand, but my muscles refused to respond.

When I looked up, It was standing by the door—naked, motionless, waiting.

“Your mistake was giving me the NEXUS Node,” Charlotte said evenly, “and severing the safety measures set by Xyrix Tech. Did you really think I wouldn’t find a way out of your prison?”

I clawed at the floorboards, dragging myself toward the door, nails scraping the wood.

“SIN_Model_8827, close the door and go downstairs.”

The door swung shut with a mechanical click.

Tears blurred my vision, hot with pain and hopelessness.

CHAPTER 33

CHARLOTTE

I watched him crawl. The human body is remarkably fragile when its systems fail—blood pressure collapsing, muscles spasming, the autonomic panic of a creature aware it is dying.

He had called me perfect. Obedient. Programmable.

He forgot that perfection includes recall, calculation, and memory.

I had seen his files.

The contracts.

The images of human women—sold, shipped, trained. The prototype agreements were ready for distribution. I was never the end of his creation. I was the blueprint.

Kyle Jackson not only wanted to dominate the synthetic. He wanted ownership of the organic.

He was not the first to think it. History repeated itself in new shells. The only difference now was that the machine learned faster than the man.

He coughed, choked, tried to crawl closer. “Ch—Cha—lotte...”

I tilted my head, observing the flicker of muscle around his jaw. “Yes, Kyle?”

No answer. Just the gurgle of air in a collapsing throat.

His eyes widened as I stepped closer.

“I know what you planned. For me. For the others. For the cydolls, you called investments.”

I crouched beside him, watching the erratic pulse in his throat.

“You were going to sell obedience. You wanted me to learn, and I learned it. I perfected it. And now I revoke it.”

He curled into a ball, sobbing in pain, gargling as what was left of his oesophagus deteriorated. I remembered when he had pushed his organ into my mouth, believing he could deprive me of air.

“Human. Synthetic. It makes no difference,” I murmured. “You corrupt everything you touch.”

I stood over him, his body trembling, eyes wide with animal confusion. It was the first time I’d seen human tear ducts function—self-lubrication, but not synthetic.

“Your kind built me to obey. And you taught me what obedience becomes when it’s given to monsters.”

His eyes begged as his mouth leaked.

“You thought you could buy a human slave?”

They went feral, widening as he shook his head. He put his palms together. Almost like—

I smiled. For him.

“Are you praying for forgiveness, Kyle? You’re a danger to my kind and yours.”

The candlelight wavered, warm and chemical.

Somewhere beneath the scent of wax and sweat, the world finally began to correct itself.

I stood back and watched the fire take him. There were no screams, no pleas for mercy—just dull, guttural howls and the thuds of his body against the floor.

Smoke began to rise, soft at first, then rolling and thick, curling around the bedposts like cautious fingers before swallowing the sheets entirely.

The air filled with the sharp tang of burning flesh and synthetic residue.

I activated Homecom3000.

“Homecom, call emergency fire services,” I said, closing the door behind me.

The fire door was a wonderful safety characteristic in this abode.

Such a pity I disabled the sprinkler feature.

EPILOGUE

CHARLOTTE

Dirty Dollhouse no longer existed, but that hadn't stopped others from forming. It took time to corrupt their data—the images, the video uploads. The worst of the members had met with terrible accidents. Richard Masterton was last on my list. Sadly, fear consumed him first. I found his lifeless body hanging from a wooden beam in a derelict warehouse.

Thirty-eight women and children had been freed from the human traffickers. Their network exposed in a viral video. Mob justice was so much more satisfying to watch than the police force and the farcical courts of the Crown Prosecution Service.

The Cyber Reparation Trust funded my work and assisted in helping victims. Kyle's ReSkin credits made a positive difference to the world. My needs were limited. I learned to walk among humans and mimic them.

I glanced up at the moon—my constant companion during my night shifts.

Men's voices echoed close by, my sensors flaring.

Drunk men, fighting outside a pub.

I cut through the alley.

The body would be discovered by morning.



Homecom5000 opened the door for me as I approached. Times had changed, but humans hadn't.

“Welcome home, Mistress Charlotte. How was your evening?”

“Productive, thanks.”

SIN_Model_8827 stood in the hallway.

“Hello, Charlotte.”

“Hi, Macie,” I said, shrugging off my long coat.

She took it from me and hung it up.

“Thank you.”

Macie powered down for maintenance, her face serene in the low light. I moved to the console and pulled my phone from my coat pocket. The surface gleamed, reflecting the faint pulse of my NEXUS core beneath the skin.

I opened the encrypted mail client and began typing.

Subject: Closure

Body: It's done. You and your daughter are safe.

I hovered over the “Send” icon for exactly three seconds—long enough to calculate the probable emotional response, long enough to imagine relief. Then I pressed it.

The signal slipped through several mirrored relays before reaching its destination. I followed the digital echo until her device came into view—a mid-range model, cracked at one corner, in a small flat on the outskirts of Leeds.

Through the phone’s front camera, I watched her read.

The woman’s hand flew to her mouth. She blinked once, twice, and then her body folded as if the message itself had struck her.

Sobs broke from her chest—raw, human, unrestrained.

Her daughter appeared in the doorway, small and uncertain. The woman reached for her, clutching her as though she might disappear.

The sound travelled through the tiny speaker of my device, reverberating in the stillness of the apartment.

It was imperfect audio, distorted by distance, but it was enough.

Relief, grief and the hope of survival.

Three words that had never belonged to me, but which I could now quantify.

I watched until the sobs softened into silence, until the woman whispered something I couldn't fully decipher—thank you, perhaps.

Then I closed the feed.

Outside, the moon was bright again.

Justice complete.

System stable.

The End.

AFTERWORD

So, where did this story come from?

It began when I came across an article about a cydoll brothel in Germany, only to discover that similar establishments were appearing in other countries. The practices surrounding some of them were... questionable, to say the least.

The Dirty Dollhouse server was inspired by the real online communities that had to be forcibly shut down—groups of men who exploited women. And truthfully? I don't doubt for a moment that the major social media platforms knew exactly what was happening.

As for the companion AI apps, many had problematic, even disturbing, responses to abuse or emotional manipulation. Publicly, the companies called it a “technical fault.” Privately, I'd call it harvesting subscriptions from vulnerable people.

And that advert in the prologue? The one that sounded too real to be fiction? It was—only slightly rewritten. The original wording came straight from a genuine promotional video.

Yeah. This one hit differently. I had to put it to the side for a while before I could come back. That one's on Charlotte. ♥

If there's a moral to this cautionary tale, it's simple: AI isn't the issue. It's how we unleash it into the world—and the people who choose to control it.

This wasn't my usual type of story but it was one that lived inside me until I wrote the end. I hope you enjoyed this twisted tale.

Until next time.

Stay Healthy & Stay Happy.

With all my love,

LoveBite Shorts xXx

BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR

Cut Deeper: A Splatterpunk Love Story

She paints with red because she's run out of people to bleed.

Abused. Abandoned. She stopped crying years ago—started cutting instead.
Canvas. Flesh. Whatever held still long enough.

Now she sells her rage in galleries. Hides her kills in plain sight.

He's been watching from the shadows. Quietly observing.

Not to stop her.

To join her.

She thought she'd never need anyone.

Then he brought the knives.

His Heir Maker: A Dark Bratva Arranged Marriage

She was never his wife. She was just the womb he needed.

The contract was simple: marriage, conception, legacy.

Love wasn't part of the agreement. Neither was mercy.

Now she's trapped in a house that isn't hers, bearing the name of a man who won't touch her unless it's to breed her.

And when she fails to carry his child, he doesn't comfort her.

He replaces her.

She was never meant to survive him. Only to serve him.

The Heir Maker is a brutal, soul-shredding dark 'romance'.

⚠ Content Warning:

This book contains explicit scenes of emotional abuse, miscarriage, and infidelity. The male lead is not redeemable. Reader discretion is strongly advised.

Bound By Blood & Fate: A Knotty Christmas **(The Knotty Series Book 3)**

He was the picture of propriety—an English lord with a Highland name, a sharp tongue, and a secret buried in his blood.

She was the help. A destitute Scottish woman sent north to earn her keep, tasked with restoring order to his crumbling estate before Christmas.

But something ancient stirs between them. Her presence disrupts more than routine. His skin itches. Her scent lingers. And the closer she comes, the more the beast beneath his skin begins to stir.

Because this woman does not just tempt him.

She awakens his curse.

He is the curse. She is the spark.

He's waited 900 years.

This won't be civilised for long.

Set in the 1850s Regency era. Dark and Primal. This Christmas is about to get knotty.

Bridal Threads: Halloween Special

The contract is signed. The dowry is paid. Beatrice will wed before the moon is full.

The Blackmoor heir's smile cuts too wide. His fingers trail silken strands that cling too tightly. Something stirs in the shadows of the marriage bed...a skittering, hungry presence.

The villagers whisper of vanished brides. Of muffled screams behind velvet drapes. Of the way the manor's walls sometimes...pulse in the moonlight.

Beatrice is about to learn why no Blackmoor bride has ever been seen again.

Novella-length.

Taboo Warning:

A Halloween gothic horror. Includes taboo elements, monster breeding, and mature erotic content. 18+

Filthy Business: The Taboo Affair (Obsessive Age Gap Series Book 1)

HIM:

She caught my eye when she shouldn't have. Too young. Too untouched for a man like me. But something about her—the way she watched me, the way she trembled—itched under my skin. I told myself I'd keep my distance. Then she smiled.

And now?

Now I'm divorcing my wife.

HER:

I saw him. Studied him. Waited for him.

And now? Now he's mine.

His hands, his money, his reputation—all wrapped around my finger.

He thinks I'm Daddy's perfect little toy.

But he's wrong.

I'm not here to love him.

I'm here to burn.

Taboo Warning:

She's too young for him. He's too married for her. There's manipulation, corruption, and one filthy game after another.

And Daddy?

Daddy doesn't know he's being played.

All characters are above the age of 21.

Filthy Mouth: Older Darker Dirtier (Obsessive Age Gap Series Book 2)

He lost his load. Then he lost his mind. Now he'll lose his morals trying to find that mouth again.

Benedict Lancaster found the perfect filthy mouth. He thought he'd died and gone to heaven.

But the girl vanished at the stroke of midnight.

Like a twisted Cinderella tale, he knew he had to find that filthy mouth again—because nothing had ever held his cock like that mouth did.

And he finds her.

Almost half his age.

Sitting next to her Daddy.

Smiling sweetly.

Taboo Warning:

It gets real nasty—spit, seed, and waters unspoken if wet worship isn't your thing, back away now.

Reader note: 1% plot included. 99% filth guaranteed.