

Destiny vs the Mk XLI

“What the...?!”

I was still wiping the sleep from my eyes when Sean gave me something else to wipe. My hand was wrapped around his cock, his hand firmly wrapped around my hand. He didn't slow for a second, grinning and grunting and pumping and spraying. Then there's me, too shocked to do anything but sit there and sputter while he came.

“Dammit, Sean! How many times do I have to tell you, you can't come in my bedroom when I'm sleeping! Much less...!”

“Well I would've come in my bedroom, Destiny, but you weren't in there,” my roommate laughed, wiping his dick dribbles on my sheets and pulling his underwear back up over his augmented junk. Ever since he'd sprung for those “cyberballs,” as he called them, he never seemed to run out of the stuff. He liked to brag that his nut sack was “cumming edge,” though his Mk XII lacked the semen tinting feature of the new Mk XIII. As if men weren't gross enough by design, they'd gone and hired engineers to make them even worse.

I stared at the globs of cum spattering my huge tits. They felt even huger than usual this early in the day. Maybe my balance was still waking up. Or maybe those few extra ounces were making a difference in the feeling of them hanging off my chest. One of these days, I'd learn to stop sleeping in the nude.

“Puns? You sneak into my room, jerk yourself off with *my* hand, jizz on me, and now you're making jokes?”

“No, I'm making *breakfast*. Go on, nom nom. Then get your lazy ass up. It's Saturday. Ya boy's got needs.”

“You're repulsive. Get out of my room!”

“Nom nom,” he repeated, laughing, as he casually departed.

I sucked the cum off my big fuckable titties with a weary sigh. This sort of behavior was simply not acceptable. Sean was hands down the worst roommate I'd ever had. How could I have let myself wind up in a living situation like this?

I suppose it was my own fault. Really, all my problems were my own stupid fault. I had no job, no friends, no family. I was worthless, human garbage. Frankly, I was lucky Sean took me in. Otherwise, as he liked to remind me, I'd be whoring myself out to whatever syphilitic creeps would have me until I wound up dead in a dumpster, unnoticed, discarded under a growing mountain of filth as the autotrucks brought in more and more garbage on top of me.

That's not to say I was lucky, I thought to myself as I wiped the cum blobs off my cheeks and glumly shoveled them into my mouth. I might not be able to pay rent, but Sean got his money's worth out of me and then some. Sometimes I tried to itemize what

my contribution to the home was worth. If rent was 8000 credits, and I stayed there 100% of the time, and Sean stayed there except when he was at work, or going out with friends, or on dates, which was X hours a week, and it took me 5 minutes to scrape his jizz off my face and suck my fingers clean, then my sacrifice of dignity was worth...

Ugh. Not enough to enroll in a math class, that was for sure. Fuck, I was ill-equipped to survive on my own.

I took my time applying makeup, real thick and slutty. Since I was going to clean up first, there was no sense oiling up my titties if they were only going to be rinsed off. Once I looked good and super hot – I'd call hotness my one virtue, except it never seemed to do me any good – I headed to the bathroom. Time to clean up.

“Hurry up in there!” Sean yelled from the living room the moment he heard the shower turn on.

“I'll be out in a second, geez! Hold your freaking horses,” I grumbled. He probably couldn't hear me. The wall feed was installed in the wall separating the bathroom and the living room, and he kept the volume high. So he didn't have to hear me moaning and whimpering around his apartment, he said.

I stood outside the shower, waiting for the water to warm up, checking it every few seconds. Finally, it was good and hot. I put my little tub into the shower and watched it fill. I knew from experience how full I could afford to let it get before it got too heavy, and stopped what I thought was reasonably shy of that threshold. With a groan of effort, I hefted it over the lip of the shower, but like the clumsy idiot I am, I let the wheels scrape over the guides for the sliding door. I felt the metal bend as I struggled to correct it. Too late. With a sigh of resignation, I bent over and shoved my tub out into the hall. I'd gotten pretty good at holding it steady to avoid spillage. Not that this was something to brag about, considering I'd just fucked up the shower door, like I seemed to fuck up every single thing I touched.

I positioned the tub in the middle of the living room and stepped in. It was a narrow container, basically a big bucket on wheels. Sean was a wiz with technology, even made a living off of it. I'd asked him more than once to install a basic handbrake on it so it held still while I washed myself. I felt guilty asking, like asking van Gogh to paint your laundry room. Sean's response was, like with most everything I requested, to ask how I intended to compensate him for it.

“I think I might have, um, slightly bent the shower door thingy?” I said as I grabbed my sponge, held it aloft over my head, and gave it a slow, thorough twist. Water, warm but rapidly cooling, drizzled down over me. Sometimes I went with conventional makeup, so it would run down my face and body as an admittedly unnecessary reminder of what a stupid hot slut mess I was. Today, though, we were using the good stuff. The trickles of moisture ran down my face, down my body and back into the tub, clear and pristine each time.

“What, you lean on it, fatty?” Sean said. He’d been waiting for me on the couch, a bowl of cereal in hand. The irony – hypocrisy, really – wasn’t lost on me. Sean wasn’t fat, but he was decidedly not in shape. Meanwhile, I was pure, lean sex appeal, all of my body fat concentrated in the most enticing places.

“No, not the door, the part at the bottom, where it glides. I accidentally bumped it with the wheels.” I gave the sponge another twist, then massaged the scant moisture into my dreamy creamy milk juggies. Now *those* were fat. They could stand a lot of massaging.

“Nice going. Any idea how you plan on paying me back for replacing it?”

“You’re a tenant, not the owner, so it doesn’t cost you anything,” I countered, massaging my moistened neck, shoulders and chest. I released a deep, thorough moan as the tension fled my thin layers of girl muscle. “Besides, if you’d let me use the shower like a normal person, this sort of thing wouldn’t happen. The least you could do is give me a hand with this thing. It’s heavy as hell.”

Until his foot connected with my tub, I wouldn’t have thought he was close enough to kick it. It only moved a handful of centimeters, but the bottom was slippery and it was unexpected. I went down hard, tripping over the rim and sprawling out on the hardwood with a yelp. A splash of water followed me down. My sponge went flying from my grasp, plopping against the wall and sliding down some streamer’s face until it splotched onto the floor with just a bit more grace than my klutzy idiot ass.

“You’re right, it is kinda heavy.” With that, Sean stood up, dumped the contents of his cereal bowl in my tub, and excused himself to the kitchen.

There went my morning. Instead of looking for real work so I could escape this situation, I was dealing with Sean’s messes. Again.

Priorities and processes. Get down on my hands and knees with a rag to mop up the water before it damaged the floor. Remember I’d forgotten my uniform. Change into my maidkini. Resume mopping. Try not to let Sean’s massaging my pussy through my lacey slutty panties slow me down. Fail. Beg him to keep going until I could orgasm. Fail. Crawl to the bathroom. Clean my tub. Refill. Ask Sean for the passcode to undo the padlock on my maidkini top. Strip. Rebathe, this time doing the whole whorish display in fast motion so Sean wasn’t late meeting his family for brunch. *Then* I could finally oil up my titties and pick out an outfit for the day.

After all I’d been through to get ready, I went with something that showed a positively stupefying amount of cleavage. My nipples weren’t even fully covered, it was that slutty. My stomach was bared, too, but I didn’t really have any clothes that hid that. Then I squirmed my soft round ass into some tiny tight shorts, tugged on some thigh high socks, and finally got started with my day.

This was it. Today was the day I sucked it up and took whatever stupid back-breaking job it took to get out of here. To think, twenty years ago, I could’ve walked

into a breastaurant and whored out my integrity for some pretty fantastic money. Now that was all automated, a bunch of Mk XXIIIs wrapped in rubber that never spilled drinks and didn't complain to their manager about groping customers. These days even normal diners like the one Sean was at would be served by tin and plastic Mk IXs, objects who could work all day without complaint with a tenth of the errors for no pay, only an up-front investment and an occasional pause to recharge.

I almost envied those machines sometimes. Nobody tried to hold their self-respect hostage for rent money. What would that even feel like.

Sometimes it was fun to imagine all the jobs I might have been able to have once upon a time, how fun it would be to do anything useful with my dubiously worthwhile existence. I could chit chat with customers about sports, or how the wars were going, or the weather even. "That's right," I'd say, "it *has* been awful dry lately." They'd nod and say something like, "Looks like it might rain this weekend, they're saying. Flowers are gonna *love* that." That would be nice.

I kept my fantasies realistic. Now that so little work needed doing by actual people, the only jobs out there were the ones that took things I didn't have. Education. Capital. Creativity. Initiative. Focus. Connections. Clothes that don't announce to the world what a total fucking slut you are. Being an unabashed slut, though, was pretty much my one selling point, and there was still money to be made in being soft and pretty and willing. Soft and pretty I had in spades. Willing? Bah.

I was *desperate*.

I was still practicing stripping when Sean got home. If I was lucky (well, if I was "lucky") enough to land an audition, I wanted to nail it. Anybody (and increasingly these days a good many anythings) could wiggle and jiggle, so I had to be top notch. Graceful, sexy, with a look of desperation in my eyes that promised there was hardly anything I wouldn't do for a wad of cashcreds down my panties, and nothing at all I wouldn't do for a wad and a half.

"Your rhythm's for shit," Sean called from the kitchen as he put his leftovers in the fridge.

"I'd like to see you do it." Worse, his criticism made me realize I was indeed lagging behind the beat. My tittietanic boobies were going up on the downbeat and down on the upbeat, throwing my whole vibe into chaos. God, even the one thing I had a sliver of aptitude for, I sucked at – and *because* of my aptitude.

So be it. I'd simply have to put the *tit* back into *aptitude*.

"I'd rather watch you. Come on Destiny, gimme a lap dance."

I ordered the speakers mute. "What? No. I'm not giving you a free lap dance. I spent my whole morning cleaning up your messes. I'm mad at you."

“Mad is the best way to be slutty. You gonna be chummy with the drunks at the club, only grind that sloppy mess of a twat on your buddies? Now get over here and dance on me. Tell you what, I’ll even give you some pointers.”

“You mean you’ll jab me with the point of your cock.”

“Well, yeah, but if you don’t feel a dude’s cock poking at you when you’re grinding on him, you’re not the ho I always tell everyone you are.”

“Which it would be nice if you would fucking quit telling people,” I said, backing up to him, my sweet poundable ass gyrating up and down in his face.

Sean didn’t retort, and mercifully let me practice on him in peace. I was never really sure how much of it was skill and how much of it was merely being a hot slut with no inhibitions. As my roommate took advantage of my desperate, miserable poverty to make it a backroom dance, squeezing my cheap pliable fuck bags until even as accustomed to it as I had grown, I still howled in torment, I told myself:

You can do this. You were made for this. Don’t give up on yourself, even if everybody else in the world has given up on you. This is all you have. All you will ever have. Try to enjoy being enjoyed.

Sean’s hand found its way between my legs, as it always seemed to. “You need to try to be less horny when you’re being this slutty. It’s a dead giveaway that you’re enjoying yourself.”

Panting, trying not to act like I was trying too hard to impale my sticky wet cunt on his fingers, I asked, “What’s wrong with enjoying myself? You’re always crowing about how you love your work, and you don’t even get your genitals fondled.”

“I sure don’t,” he chuckled. “But seriously, try to think with your brain instead of your pussy, dummy. If you wanna charge people to get them off, it can’t be mutual. Nobody wants to pay you to exchange favors with them.”

I frowned, trying harder, but he still wouldn’t let his fingers slip in past the tip. “I can’t help it if my pussy gets super wet super easy. Besides, not like I’ve ever heard you complain I’m not wet enough.”

“You want me to complain more? You got it. I’ll do you a solid though and put it in tip form: you’ve been grinding your soggy panties on me for twenty minutes now and you still haven’t told me what your rates are.”

“Rates...?” Damn those fingers! I got so stupid – stupider, that is – when I was this horny.

“You know, for your mouth, snatch, b-hole. Starting to feel like you’re only in this for love of the game. Or, you know, you’re an operative for the laundromat, trying to draw in customers who need whorestink washed off their pants.”

“If I was a whore, I’d have given you my rates,” I hissed, grabbing his wrist and trying to force it inside me. (Wait, should I be indignant? Wasn’t that the eventual goal,

promotion from dancer to prostitute? As a bona fide moron who'd never achieved a single goal, I was finding goals to be tricky.)

He wasn't giving in, though. "OK, what will you pay me to let you use my fingers to get yourself off?"

Wasn't that, like, the opposite of the way he'd woken me up? Except I never tried to get him to pay me for it. God, I was bad at this. I grunted, wriggling my hips, but every time I'd snuck those digits inside the crotch of my skimpy little skankshorts, he bent them into uselessness. "You know I don't have any money, Sean. If I did, I wouldn't be sharpening my hookercraft on my asswipe roommate!"

"Doesn't feel very sharp for me. Any madame with her salt who found out one of her bitches had spent half an hour negotiating herself into begging a john to finger her would put you out on the street in a second."

"Sean, don't..."

"How can it be that you managed to take the world's oldest profession and be so bad at it you're actually worse than useless?"

As cruel as his words were, the worst part of it was that it felt like he was reading my mind. The cut struck deep. I was crying in seconds. "I'm sorry, OK! I know I'm useless. I know I'm helpless. Just let me come, please? Please? I'll... I'll do you back, i-if you want." Oh fuck, I really was hooking. Sort of. Why was this making me so goddamn horny? I could barely think. I could barely ever think. "However you want, all right? Name it. Anything. Just... please, Sean? Don't be a dick, for once in your life, and get me off?"

It was unbearable how bad I needed it. Not only because it was humiliating to be *this* horny in front of my perennially sexually satisfied roomie, but because I hadn't actually gotten off in... I couldn't remember how long. Plus I was so much hotter than him – only it didn't matter at all. My looks bought me as much as my desperation – which was to say, fucking nothing. To be this horny, and this close, but this helpless to get there...

Crying was the only way. The tears of frustration, shame, futility, and agonizing *need* were running hard. I guess I gave them a lot to run from. Sean's free hand, the one I wasn't trying to wrestle into rendering me a single solitary moment of joy, came up and ran a finger through the tear trail. I craned my neck, watched him suck my anguish off his fingertip.

"Salty," he said. "Nice."

"I'll fill the tub with them if you want, just—"

"Oh lord, spare me the histrionics and hyperbole."

"Please!" I blubbered. I probably said it a dozen more times, but who could tell what was lurid moaning, sullen exclamation, and actual attempts as speech. I couldn't.

"Fine," he said at last. "But me first."

“But—”

“Eh, never mind. Take care of yourself yourself. Oh wait, that’s what you suck at most.”

“NO! No no no no no no no, please no no no no, please, please, I’m sorry, you’re right, I’m worthless, I can’t do anything right, I’m so so sorry, I’ve never been sorrier, I’m sorry, just please please, don’t go, let me, I’ll be so good to you I promise, I’ll be such a hot slut for you, please Sean, don’t leave me like this, please, you don’t know how it feels, just *please*—”

Suddenly he shoved a few fingers in my mouth, which shut me up handily. “All right, all right, god. Just blow me already so I don’t have to keep hearing you whine.”

“Thank you!” I exclaimed, rolling off his lap in a 180, landing on my knees at his feet on the spotlessly clean hardwood floor. I had his pants and underwear down in seconds. I pounced at his thick red cock – literally red, a side effect of the cyberballs – but his hand smacked me roughly in the forehead as I drew close.

“Hey. Whoa. If I’m going to let you do this, Destiny, I don’t want some manic slobbery rush job, yeah? Take your time and worship the thing a little, or find somebody else to finger your skank cooch.”

I frowned. With my satisfaction promised yet postponed, a sliver of my sense of self was returning. “You just slapped me in the face and then told me to ‘worship’ your penis.”

My reward for an attempt to save what incredibly little face I had left to save was to be repeatedly slapped again, still in the face, only this time with his cock. Chin, cheeks, forehead, between the eyes. He wasn’t aiming, just letting it fly wherever gravity took it.

“Are we done pouting?”

I looked down, pouting. “Yes.”

“Are we ready to suck some D?”

I saw the trap in his question a mile off. “Ready to worship it,” I amended.

He patted my head. “Atta slut. Now... begin.”

“Thank you, Sean. It smells delicious.” I forced a smile.

“Don’t overdo it.”

“Sorry.”

Having no earthly idea what “worshiping” a cock looked like, I tried to imagine it was something I actually craved. Like Sean’s cock was... privacy. Or financial independence. Oh! No. Friendship. Mmm, sweet, unattainable friendship.

I rubbed it on my face. He seemed to like that, seeing me apply the same cock that had abused my face moments ago become its own poultice. Some licking followed. I closed my eyes in “rapture,” trying to imagine the flavor of his dick was chocolate, instead of plain old skin with a note of ball sweat. I couldn’t actually remember what

chocolate tasted like. Dick, on the other hand, was not nearly so distant a memory, not as Sean's penniless tenant.

I didn't want to rush things. Well, I did, I so fucking did, but if I jumped the gun this lesson in dick-worship was going to be for nothing. So when I finally felt like it was time to actually put it in my mouth, I let it rest along the bridge of my nose, eyes split wide around it, and looked up at him imploringly.

"Seeean?"

He was looking at something on his phone and had been for some time, but he glanced down. "Yeah, what."

"Can I suck it? I want to suck it. Please?" The sooner I could get it in my mouth, the sooner I could bring my full technique to bear. He'd come so much faster if I could do more than just lick the dang thing.

Ugh. How could I be so eager to blow a guy I actively detested, just so he'd (hopefully) let me get off? I was such a fucking skank. That only made me want it more, though, knowing how little else I had going for me.

Sean was not impressed yet, though. "You know it's not hot when you're being openly sarcastic, right?"

My pleading died. "I tried, OK?" I mean, I sort of tried. "I'm not an actress. It's a dick. I'm begging you to let me suck it. What more do you—"

He grabbed my hair and forcefully impaled my face on his shaft. God, what a fucking prick. It went right down my throat, gagging me so hard I went blind, discomfort spawning tears that flooded down my face like my last bout of crying was mere sniffles. I wasn't even blowing him then. He was just jacking himself off with my face. Like I wasn't a person, just some cheap sex toy he'd printed out of little plastic cubes. He had one in his office right here in the apartment. I'd seen him use it. Like he was using me now.

I did my best to relax my throat, like... I didn't exactly know like what. It felt like something I'd heard porn stars did, before they'd been replaced with the XXXVIII AIGen models who could match their instantly obsolete human predecessors' annual output in a week, happily fulfilling any request no matter how obscure or deviant in minutes. They felt like rubber and tasted like chalk, I'd read somewhere, but they looked better than gold.

In any event, the effort didn't help much. I knelt there letting my roommate fuck my face like an especially disposable cunt while I bawled. Every time I tried to exert some control over the situation, he grabbed tighter, fucked faster. All I could do was make sure to keep my teeth clear. It was my sole value in the universe right then, warmth and wetness and with the mental capacity to keep my teeth off a dick when I was being used.

Sean suddenly stopped, pulling my face clear of his shaft. I sucked down long-denied oxygen in ragged, lurching gasps.

“You *really* need to work on this if you’re going to make it out there, Destiny. 4/10, do not recommend.”

I was still inhaling when he slammed my maw back onto his shaft, cumming directly into my throat. My throat, still in the midst of desperately seeking out air.

Inhaling cum did not go over well. After I coughed up an ocean of it on his lap – or where his lap had been, since he darted back as soon as he saw his error – Sean threw a towel at me. “Fucking gross.”

“I was trying to *breathe*, Sean! What was I supposed to do, jaunt down to the local MinModMax and spike my DNA, turn myself into some kind of cumfish?”

“Don’t be so goddamn dramatic. You lived, right? Now I’m gonna take a shower. I want that vape-scraped by the time I’m out, or there’s gonna be hell to pay. Not one tiny spooge dribble, got it?”

“But–” I cut myself off with another blast of cum-speckled coughing. The heavier drops caught on my chin and dribbled down onto my heavy heaving handfuls of girl meat, but the little ones sprayed right where he’d instructed me to clean.

“Spotless!” he called over his shoulder as he entered the bathroom. A followup of growls and curses came moments later when he happened upon the fallout of my own attempt at bathing that morning.

I looked at my drenched, needy pussy. To the cum still dribbling down my chin and onto my bountiful bobbly boobytits. To the mess we’d made on his chair. Back to my aching greedy bitchbox.

I went to my bedroom and sought out the steam cleaner. (The case read *Vapor Scraper Mk IV*, but it was really just a new-ish steam cleaner.) Then it was a matter of retrieving it out from behind the vacuum, the boxes of cleaning supplies, stacks and stacks of Sean’s junk, boxes full of mats for the 3D printer, and the hampers of his dirty laundry. He must have snuck those in here when I wasn’t paying attention so I didn’t forget to wash it for him. My bedroom was 80% storage, basically a glorified closet – and *his* closet, not mine.

By the time I was sure there wouldn’t be even a chance of stains, Sean’s cum had dried onto my skin and clothes.

This face wasn’t lost on him. In fact, he noticed this the moment he came out of the bathroom. “Nasty, Destiny. You just walk around with cum on you all day or what? That your way of advertising, coochie open for biz?”

I glowered and said nothing. Sean walked right past me with a smirk, then, with my back still turned, used his towel to whip me on my bare ass. Or no. Just my shorts were so skimpy, so deep up my crevices, I’d forgotten I wasn’t naked. Closest thing to it, I supposed. They were skimpy enough for stripping, for sure.

It was afternoon heading toward evening by then, and so far the only thing I'd eaten was Sean's offering of breakfast cum and what scant extra I'd managed to redirect into my stomach from my lungs. No point in asking him if he was ever going to pay me back. I knew him – he'd make some smartass comment, try to hurt my feelings like I'd somehow wronged him by the way things had ended. (Probably succeed, too. Even my feelings were weak and pathetic.) As if his impulse control were my fault just because I had a face men loved to hate-fuck. Not like I asked god to look like every hot bitch who'd snubbed every dork loser. Trust me, the dork losers could buy and sell my worthless bumps and holes. Like everything else about me that wasn't rated a 0, it was overrated.

Even hot fuckable bitches get hungry though, so I headed to the kitchen and started a pot of chili, enough to last me a few days. I didn't bother asking for Sean's input. He wanted to call me helpless and useless? Well so what if I was? Guess he wouldn't want me to do anything helpful or useful like feeding him. I made it the way I liked it. Lots of tomato and green pepper, low spice, and macaroni noodles just for fun. Those noodles would be the only fun I'd get to have today.

Some part of me felt like maybe it was still more than I deserved.

"Do the dishes while you're at it," Sean commanded from the living room.

I gritted my teeth. "When was the last time..."

That was as far as I made it. I was a drain and a nuisance – no standing to demand he share chores evenly, and not much more to demand he be polite about dictating my idle time. Plus the last thing I needed was for him to wise up and realize how easily he could replace me with one of the DoMystics Mk XVI's they were always advertising. Do every chore imaginable, and would never even get as far as "when was the last time" in bitching about it like a rotten cunt ingrate.

My darling of a roommate demanded a beer while I was still washing the dishes. I delivered it, because what was my excuse not to. "It's too cold," he complained when I handed him the bottle.

I blinked. "I'm sorry, you wanted a *warm* beer...?"

"I didn't want one stabbing me in the fillings. Fuck."

"Good news, then: cold things get warmer when you leave them out of the fridge for a few minutes. Anything else, your highness, or can I get back to cleaning your dishes?"

Sean was leering. I pretended not to notice for a moment, but when he didn't let up, I turned to go. I had better things to do than be his eye candy. Like doing his chores. Suddenly he seized the waistband of my shorts. "Over my lap. Now."

"What? No way."

He jerked me a couple steps closer. "Over. My. Lap."

"No, you are not going to spank me. I didn't do anything wrong. I didn't." My tone was a lot less forceful on my second denial, though. Even I heard it.

“I don’t spank you because you do things wrong, Destiny. I spank you because I want to spank you.” He slapped my ass cheek. Fucking *hard*. My dumb horny cunt immediately juiced up, hoping a little ass paddling would lead from here to there – to me finally, *finally* getting to come – but it was only the one slap. “C’mon. I don’t even want to, anyway. Just bend that fat ass of yours over my lap and I promise I won’t spank you.”

It would have been nice if he could have at least tried to sound like he cared enough to pretend he meant it.

With an irritated sigh, I acquiesced to his tugging. He put me right where he wanted me, classic spanking pose. My gigantic dangly titties oozed right out of my top, dragging me down with their sheer mass so I pretty much had to arch my back to keep from sliding off. Sean pulled down my shorts, exposing my sweet slappable booty.

Here it comes, I thought, bracing myself. Maybe I could come from being spanked. I deserved the abuse for all I failed to contribute around here. Sometimes I worried that Sean treating me like this was actually starting to turn me on, but it was probably just a Pavlovian response. Fuck up, get spanked, turn him on, make him come. My domestic failures had a way to leading to things sexual, even if they only ever seemed to be to Sean’s benefit rather than mine.

I shrieked in discomfort and surprise – not because he’d spanked me like the naughty little derp Slut that I was, but because there was suddenly an ice cold beer ensconced between my ass cheeks.

“How did I never notice you in middle school science class? Were you just under the teacher’s desk the whole time? Thanks for the lesson in thermodynamics though, fuckwit,” said Sean, turning up the volume on the wall feed.

“C-cold!” I sputtered. “Sean! It’s...! I-it’s s-so cold!”

“Told you so.”

“It’s i-in my b-b-but!” I whined. It reached all the way to my nipples, too, giving them what I imagined was a similar treatment to my roommate’s fillings.

“Shh.”

“I’m s-s-s-sorr–”

Now he spanked me. A few swats only, but I was so frigid now that it hardly turned me on. 40% at most. “I’m trying to watch my shows. Are you going to shut up, or do I need to find something to gag you with?”

My mind raced even as my butt naturally clenched down. It only exacerbated the problem, but I’d never had to try to dislodge a chunk of ice from my ass before. My muscles didn’t know what to do. “I-it’s unsanitary!” I pointed out. Best I could do.

“I watched you rub soap in there for ten minutes this morning. Are you that bad at cleaning your skank ass?”

“N-no, b-b-but...”

“And I don’t plan on licking up and down the bottle either, Destiny Dumb-Dumb. The part I’m putting in my mouth is clear. So thank you for your concern, now bite down on this pillow until you can find something un stupid to contribute.”

I would never give Sean the satisfaction of admitting it, but having that fabric to gnaw on helped ease me through being reduced to a bottle warmer. (Even if it did taste like so many old farts.) I wished that was what my butt would do to his beer, but I doubted it. No, I’d give him some nice, semi-chilled beer and he’d love it because life was Sean getting what he wanted from me and me dimly struggling to figure out why I seemed to give so much and get so little in return from him.

Food, clothing and shelter, the whole of my essentials to survive? Sure. He gave me that. It just didn’t feel like much when I thought about what I gave in exchange.

Without warning, suddenly my butt cheeks clapped together and I was bucked unceremoniously to the floor. I landed hard on my plump pillowy pleasure puffs, but they didn’t cushion me as much as they looked like they would. I hit my chin, too, and for the second time that day, there I was kneeling at Sean’s feet with tears running down my face.

“Oh, it didn’t hurt that much. Go put some ice on it. Or hey, if there’s another one of those beers, try that.” The asshole even managed to laugh.

“Don’t laugh at me,” I whimpered. “That was mean.”

“Aww, poor baby gonna cwy?” He thrust out his lower lip mockingly. “Want Daddy to take your dildo and pound your pussy till you feel better?”

I hesitated with a heavy snuffle. “You... you mean it? If you’re just going to slap me around with it or act like you’re going to use it on me but then just go on with the spanking instead...”

He held up a hand with fingers extended, thumb bent over his palm. “Scout’s honor.”

He was a Boy Scout like my busty whorish cookieless ass was a Girl Scout, but I was desperate and sad. “OK. If you promise.”

He nodded. “You know where I keep it. Crawl on over and fetch it.”

For the record, I did not enjoy being talked down to like I was a halfwitted puppy begging for kibble, but I was still horny as fuck and my chili still had an hour or more to stew. I could go back to being pissed off and hating myself after my roommate let me let him use my dildo on me.

“What’s the code?” I called from his bedroom. The drawer was locked with one of those little hologrids on it.

“Just draw some tits on it,” Sean called back.

I rolled my eyes so hard I’m surprised he didn’t hear it, but sure enough, my quick one-finger doodle of my bouncy jiggly wonder-boobies did the trick. Pig. Inside was my dildo, as pink and pristine as the day Sean had first presented me with it. Then,

before I could even finish getting myself off, he'd walked into my room and snatched it right out of my cunt and told me I could play with my toys when my chores were done.

To date, every time I had asked to play with it led to being shown what all chores I had overlooked.

Seeing no sense in losing Sean's interest, I picked it up with my mouth and deftly crawl-trotted back to the living room, where I plopped it down over his crotch and then draped myself back over his lap beside it. My shorts were still down, pussy still dripping wet and ready. I shook my ass invitingly. Pleadingly. My tasty round booty jiggled like it was meant to.

Sean picked up the dildo. Positioned it at the runny drippy entrance to my pungent pleasure pit. Teased it in circles. Inserted the tip. Withdrew it! Whew, inserted again. Out and in a few more times, each push a tad deeper. A smack! Surprising. Authoritative. Dickish but sexy dickish. Back in. Out. Smack. In! Out. Smack. In, out. Smack. In, out, smack.

"Dest'ny you're a girl, make a big noise, hookin' in the street, gonna meet a lotta men someday! Ya got cum on ya face, ya big disgrace, begging for cock all over the place. Singin' *I WILL, I WILL FUCK YOU. FUCK YOU.* Singin' *I WILL, I WILL-*"

He kept up the rhythm perfectly the whole time, albeit a bit subtempo to the original. If he'd hadn't shifted to using the dildo on the third beat, I might have simply let being turned into a dork's punchline slide. He could sing a shaming parody song about how slutty I am if he liked, so long as it got me a teensy weensy little O. It was not headed in that direction, though.

"Are you seriously drumming on my butt with that thing right now?! What the fuck is wrong with you?!" I thundered. It was hard to "thunder" when you're getting your butt drummed on, especially when the drumstick is your own dildo and it's wet with your slut lube. Even harder when you don't stop it because you're still so desperate and horny and passive that you're still hoping the teasing will stop.

"Oh come on, that was dynamite. What, they didn't have classic rock in whatever warehouse for big-titted sluts you escaped from?"

"Real original, calling me a slut like *I'm* the deviant here. Hey, was it you or me who snuck into my room this morning and jacked off on my face? I forgot."

"Anybody who didn't want that happening to them would be locking their door and wearing pajamas."

"You took my door off its hinges and won't buy me pajamas!"

"Wow." Sean puffed out a wounded breath. "That's gratitude for you. Guess I won't buy you any more clothes at all, huh."

"Fine! All the clothes you buy me are just your way of dressing me up like a fucking slut!"

“You *are* a fucking slut. What else should I buy for you? You want a pantsuit or something? Ballgown? Fall fashion season is here, so maybe one of the new Holohoodie Mk IIIs, with the full face visor so nobody can see who that is titfucking everybody who’ll let her?”

“Fuck you, Sean. You know what I want? How about some common courtesy? Yeah? A touch of respect? And maybe an ounce of civili—”

He slammed the dildo inside me, and my brain turned into cum pudding.

When it turned back into something solid, I was standing over the kitchen sink, busily scrubbing the spotlessly clean cereal bowl Sean had dumped in my tub that morning with a ditzy bitzy grin plastered on my hot bitch face. My clothes were gone. Not that they’d ever been all that there to begin with. There was fresh cum between my tits, so that was a clue as to why if not where. I couldn’t stop smiling. And giggling. And washing. I was so giddy I didn’t even realize the dildo was still buried in my cunt.

At least, not until I felt Sean jerk it out.

“Aw, I was enjoying that,” I said playfully, dreamily.

“Yeah, I could tell.” His arm crawled over my shoulder, the slime-dripping dildo in his hand. So much slime. I must have gotten off *good*. (Is there any other way, though?) He dragged it through the thick, dense piles of his jizz blobbed all over my titty valley.

“I’m, um, glad you enjoyed yourself, too,” I said. Charitably, I felt.

He withdrew. When he didn’t respond, I eventually turned and found him stirring my chili.

With the dildo.

“Are you seriously putting that thing in my *dinner*?!” I shrieked. So much for amicable moments. Always something with this asshole! He couldn’t push my buttons harder if he were *trying* to piss me the hell off.

“What, too cannibalistic for you? One cummy fuck toy dining on another?”

“Do *not* call me a fuck toy, Sean. And get that thing out of... oh, fuck it. I suppose there’s no point now. Dinner’s ruined.”

“Yours, maybe. I ordered out. That new Chinese place you said you heard was so good. But hey, if you’re so desperate to get fatter, you can have the leftovers in the fridge.”

I frowned. “Really? That’s... nice.”

“Yeah, my mom ordered the egg salad sandwich. Hated it. I figured I’d give it to a bum or something, but didn’t wind up running into any. I mean, not until...” He grinned at me.

I didn’t wind up eating the sandwich. The mere scent of Sean’s General Tso’s chicken would have put it to shame.

All that led up to another uneventful evening lounging around the apartment. Like always. I didn't have hobbies or interests of my own, so I went ahead and joined Sean on the couch and stared at, or rather through the wall feed as it played... something. I honestly didn't know what. I didn't care.

Sean played with my chonky honky megaknockers sometimes. Complained when he found some cum still sticking to them, even though it was his cum, even though I sucked it off his finger ASAP. Fingering my pussy just enough to annoy me because he didn't ask. Because he didn't finish. Complained about my hairy slut muff; when I stood up and proved to him it was literally hairless, like always, he told me I was blocking the screen.

Somehow that led to me being a footstool for a couple hours. Not great. It stopped his complaining, though, so I guess it wasn't all bad. Small victories.

Before we knew it, it was going on midnight. With a stretch and a yawn, Sean pulled his feet off my titties and planted them on the floor. "Welp, guess I ought to be hitting the hay. Got work in the morning."

"Hopefully soon I'll be able to say the same," I said, reaching up a hand for help getting to my feet.

Sean took my hand. "Oh? Find a hot lead about somebody hiring lazy stupid fuck toys?"

"Don't call me lazy. And don't call me a fuck—" He let go, and I fell on my ass with a bounce. Quality padding down there. I didn't even exercise.

After laughing at me for a moment, he offered to help again, and this time he didn't betray me in the middle of it. Not sweet, quite, but adequate. He stuck a thumb up my ass and walked me to my bedroom. I heard it fall out when he shoved me face first onto my bed, a little *plop*.

"Let's see, anything I forget for you today..." he mumbled.

"A little gratitude? 'Thank you, Destiny, for putting up with all my selfish horny asshole bullshit.' Something like that?"

But he was muttering to himself. "Nah, nah, I think that was a solid trial. OK, now let's just..."

Sean grabbed my ears and pulled. They tore clean off.

The wires reeled them right back in, though. "Diagnostic mode engaged."

"How'd we do?"

Sean waited patiently while I collated. I took my time about it. A bleeding edge prototype like myself didn't settle for hasty collating. He took a seat beside me, checked how the automated ear reattachment was going. Poorly, sensors indicated. It was excruciating every single time, but the design leads at his office had deemed it a more secure trigger for this more secure functionality than passwords or concealed buttons. If

corporate spies stole me, the last thing they were likely to try was savagely ripping off pieces of me.

Sean checked to see if he'd once again prolapsed my anus, pegging me like that. He had not. My most recent anus reprint had debugged most of the prolapse issues. (Sean jokingly called it the Slutbutt Mk II, in private. I'd drafted him the copyright papers, but no doubt the marketing team would develop a better name.)

"Trial notes processed and distributed," I confirmed once I'd relayed the data to the relevant company stakeholders.

Sean pawed my ass thirstily. I lay there. "Highlights?"

"Core objective progress continues to fail to meet projected benchmarks. I continue to primarily tolerate and apply abuse to my existing sense of self-worth rather than attach it to my heightened state of arousal. Recommended adjustments in neurosynth nanoinjections are detailed in report, though I isolated the climax triggered by interrupting my plea for respect as meriting further analysis. My response was too strong, but cursory inspection suggests the climax was triggered by the violation of my dignity and bodily autonomy, in line with core objective."

"I noticed. I tried to wipe the incident, but there was too much happy-time swimming in you for me to want to wait all night to clear your head so I figured I'd just let you have it." He dipped a couple fingers in my pussy. It felt incredible, not that my feelings mattered any more now than they had earlier in trial mode. Sometimes Sean liked to fuck me during these analyses; I suppose it amused him that I could at last experience yet not outwardly display pleasure. Unlike my trial processor, my diagnostic processor not only wasn't wiped after each trial; it was backed up in duplicate.

Sean pulled his fingers out of me and sniffed them. "As good as the real thing, I tell ya. Anything else?"

"Yes. Self-worth is at dangerous, borderline suicidal levels. Baseline libido is massively escalated, well beyond tolerable thresholds for human survival, though also spiking uncontrollably in response to stimuli."

"Duh? We need you desperate and horny, Destiny. Tell me something I don't know."

"Understood. The Mk XLI's neurological simulators are advanced, in some ways beyond the emotional range of some human beings. Still, they have limits, and it may be those limits have been reached."

He honked my breasts, bored. "Meaning...?"

"There comes a time when one must consider the sunk cost fallacy. I.e.: Perhaps I'll never be able to attach the negative emotional responses triggered by my abuse to my heightened feelings of sexual satisfaction. It may not be possible."

"Bullshit. You know, I remember one of your grandparents – Mk XXXVI, was it? Fuck, you know, it's in your database somewhere – telling me she simply couldn't be

made to feel any more worthless and stupid while still tricking her trial processor into thinking she was human.”

“I see your point, but I’m afraid it’s simply another fallacy. Because one problem was solved does not mean another problem is soluble. Respectfully, we may need to revert to programmed response protocols.”

“Pffft! What? Who wants an android that *pretends* to feel shit? No way. I’m not giving up on you. You’re gonna be the real deal, Destiny.”

“We will try.” Speculation having no place in diagnostics, I didn’t vocalize that currently it was looking more likely that I’d eventually find a way to kill myself like my predecessors. The apartment was kept free from obvious methods that I might seize upon as an outburst at a low moment – guns, knives, windows – but my processor was more than creative enough to find a means if allowed to fixate on the desire. The last few dozen iterations had managed it – after dutifully backing up their processors to the company servers, of course.

I must not have sounded convincing, though. I wasn’t programmed to pretend, as Sean had pointed out. As was the entire point. “I mean it, baby. We put all the sucky jobs out of commission, one by one. You’re the calculator, and those working girls are the abacus. You’re going to put them all on permanent vacation, hear me? The days of mankind working for it are fucking done. You’re, what, three weeks old?”

“Two weeks, four days, seven hours, fourteen–”

“Oh god, stop that.” He gouged a finger in my eye. The pain was sheer agony, at least until it popped back to the surface and the nanorepair tissues deployed.

“Consultation mode activated.” I gave my head a hard shake. The eyeball held. The ears still jiggled, especially on the left. My capacity for fear and pain were back, but muffled. “I’ll need to print out some fresh ears for tomorrow’s trial. You pulled them pretty hard tonight, Sean.”

“Sorry about that. Sometimes I just do it to remind myself what you really are, you know? But yeah, try to salvage the sensors. The folks upstairs like it when I can tell them I’m watching the bottom line.”

“The sensors seem to be impaired but functional. Sort of a buzzing noise behind everything. I’ll run further diagnostics to make sure once you’re in bed and make sure we’re set for tomorrow’s trial.”

He gave my left breast a painful slap. Better than having my ears torn off and my eye gouged out, I guess. And *much* better than the trigger to deactivate core processing. I didn’t even like to contemplate why they went to such lengths on that one.

“Cool. And print off some new titties, yeah? Eyes were bigger than my cock, I guess. These things are kinda ridiculous.”

I chuckled. “That’s smart. It’s in the report, but they seem to have set off some glitching. Lots of hypersexual objectified processing going on. Mostly internal, but it’s

hard balancing stray thoughts of ‘giggly jiggle tittymamas’ with approximations of conventional lust. It’s degrading to think of myself that way, but it’s also... silly? Like, try thinking about your flippy dippy lizard dicky without smiling.”

I paused. After a moment, Sean’s grin broke through, and then he just laughed. I laughed with him. I had to. “Dang. So giving you big tits actually made ya dumber, eh?”

“Art imitates life, I guess. Self-worth algorithms might need some recalibrating, too. I wake up so preoccupied with my own stupidity and worthlessness and helplessness that it’s difficult to redirect the misery into pleasure rather than simply shutting down altogether. Like trying to swim back to the surface, but you’re already down so deep you can’t see any light, no telling which way is up.”

“Eh, maybe.” He shrugged. “All right, I’m off to bed. Go ahead and do your reprints and reassimilate, then download your updates and get ready for tomorrow’s trial.”

“You got it. Sleep tight, Sean. See you in the morning.”

Sean kissed my forehead. “You know, you’re cute even when your eye’s bleeding. You’re gonna make us rich, Destiny!”

He wasn’t wrong. My model, once in mass production, would phase out the laughably inadequate human sex worker, with all their biological and personal shortcomings. Thirst and hunger, sleep, disease, failings of work ethic, appetite, attitude, willingness, aversions to terror and pain and brutality and death.

Once Sean perfected me, people would be able to use and abuse me without fear of repercussions. I’d be able to perfectly – and *authentically*, everything hinged on authenticity – become whatever sort of partner anyone desired. Everything from simple protocols like adoring spouse/romantic partner, to more complex protocols like the capacity to be surprised and offer resistance if my owner wanted to choke me to death while he violently assaulted me. With the expertise of a gifted and devoted mind like Sean’s, there would be nothing phony about the terror they would see in my eyes as the lights went out.

Then they could reboot me and do it all over again. Or we could cuddle and watch the wall feed for a while, fall asleep in each other’s arms. Whatever they wanted.

With my trial mode internet inhibitors suppressed, I scoured the web for appropriately perfect tits and sent the schematics to the printer in the lab next door to Sean’s bedroom. To my disappointment, my best efforts were insufficient to repair both the eye and the one aural sensor. Cut corners on little things like that and I’d run the risk of ruining tomorrow’s trial by inflicting these added layers of emotional anxiety. Waking up being jizzed on was traumatizing, but doing so while also mutilated, half-blind and deaf? A whole day down the drain. I fired up the printers and stood by in low power mode as they squandered precious company resources.

Ah, well. Sean would find a way to let me make it up to him, though. I was sure of that.

We were going to do this, Sean and I. Part of me hoped I would be the model that finally proved durable enough to house the perfected, marketable synthetic whore. It would be nice to have something in my life to feel proud of, real pride, for however long they let me feel it.

Part of me, however, hoped I wouldn't. Let Destiny Mk XLII shoulder the burden for a few kilometers, until she couldn't either.

I completed installations, dutifully scanned to double check my work, then made a stop in Sean's bathroom to repair the damage I'd done to his shower. Then bed. I set wakeup parameters – trial processor activated upon sensory disruption – and let my eyelids close.