Series 7

by Brent Clark Palmer
Vulpes Parvaes, Book 17

Chapter 1

The annual Silicon Oasis Tech Mixer was always a lavish affair, hosted this year beneath a massive, climate-controlled glass hemisphere that arched elegantly over a sprawling, bioluminescent pool. Sleek, silent drones drifted through the humid, synthesized air, offering flutes of champagne and perfectly spherical hors d'oeuvres to the wealthiest minds in the robotics and artificial intelligence sectors.

At a secluded cabana near the deep end, separated from the main crowd by a wall of lush, genetically modified ferns, sat Azalea Hong and Viola Ming.

The two women were the undisputed queens of the consumer robotics industry. As the founders and chief architects of Domestica, Inc., their domestic servant models were in millions of high-income homes globally. But tonight, beneath their tailored, sharply cut evening wear and composed expressions, an undercurrent of deep frustration simmered between them.

"The Zenith line is stagnating, Viola," Azalea said, taking a slow sip of her champagne. Her dark eyes scanned the crowd with clinical detachment. "Our focus groups are returning the same feedback across all demographics. The units are perfectly efficient, but they lack a certain... human magnetism. They look like appliances playing dress-up."

Viola leaned back against the plush white cushions of the cabana, crossing her long, elegantly trousered legs. She let out a soft, elegant sigh. "I know. I've been reviewing the aesthetic renders for the Series 7 all week. We've optimized the servo-motors and the neural processing, but the physical shells are missing the spark. We need warmth. We need duality. We need something that makes a consumer want to invite the unit into their private spaces, not just treat it like a sophisticated vacuum."

Azalea set her flute down on the glass table. She rubbed her temples, a rare display of fatigue. "We need inspiration. And frankly, Viola, I think our lack of inspiration is symptomatic of a larger issue."

Viola raised an eyebrow, a faint, knowing smile touching her lips. "Are you finally admitting that we work too much, Azalea?"

"I am admitting," Azalea corrected smoothly, "that in the ten years it took us to build Domestica into a global empire, we have entirely neglected our personal lives. When was the last time either of us took a lover? Not a brief, convenient distraction after a board meeting, but a genuine, sustained indulgence?"

"I can't recall," Viola murmured, her gaze drifting out over the glowing blue water of the pool. "It's the curse of our ambition. Finding women who are intelligent enough to hold our interest, yet pliant enough to fit into our

demanding schedules... it has always seemed like an impossible algorithm to balance."

"Precisely," Azalea agreed, her voice carrying a quiet, heavy longing. "We need a muse for the Series 7, and we desperately need some warmth in our own beds. It’s a shame the universe rarely delivers solutions so neatly packaged."

"Azalea," Viola breathed, her posture suddenly straightening. Her dark eyes had locked onto the edge of the shallow end. "Look over there. By the cascading waterfall feature." Azalea turned her head, following her partner's gaze.

Standing knee-deep in the glowing, azure water were two young women, seemingly locked in a passionate, animated debate. They were distinctly different in appearance, yet there was an undeniable, harmonious contrast between them.

The taller of the two was striking. She possessed a mane of wild, vibrant red hair that tumbled over her shoulders in damp, chaotic waves. She wore an emerald green bikini that clung to a naturally athletic, toned body. Her curves were sexually desirable—firm thighs, a strong core, and full, beautiful breasts—but they weren't exaggerated or artificial. She radiated a fierce, vibrant, and highly capable energy.

Beside her, splashing her playfully to make a point, was her shorter companion. This girl was a stark, delightful contrast. She had a sharp, stylish brunette pixie haircut that framed a face of adorably cute, almost doll-like features. She wore a soft lavender bikini that highlighted her petite frame and softer, more modest, but undeniably feminine curves. Where the redhead looked like a fierce protector, the brunette radiated a sweet, comforting warmth. "Who are they?" Azalea asked, her voice dropping an octave, her business frustration instantly evaporating into sharp, focused intrigue.

Viola tapped the sleek, transparent rim of her smart-glasses, pulling up the conference's guest registry via facial recognition. A holographic overlay reflected faintly in her lenses. "Fascinating," Viola murmured, her lips parting in a slow, predatory smile. "They are sisters. Lily and Rose Horner. Both are graduate students at the Institute, currently finalizing their dual dissertations in adaptive neural networks and emotive AI responsiveness. They're brilliant, incredibly ambitious, and apparently, entirely unfunded for their post-grad research."

Azalea leaned forward, her eyes drinking in the sight of Lily laughing as Rose playfully swatted the water at her. The kinetic energy of the redhead, paired with the soft, inviting aesthetic of the brunette, hit Azalea like a bolt of lightning.

"Look at them, Viola," Azalea whispered, the gears of her brilliant, calculating mind spinning into overdrive. "Look at the contrast. It’s the exact duality the Series 7 is missing." Viola’s breath hitched as she watched Rose lean into her sister, her softer curves pressing against Lily’s athletic frame. The sheer sexual

magnetism the two girls possessed, combined with the knowledge of their intellect, sent a heavy, unfamiliar pulse of heat straight to Viola's core.

"You're right," Viola agreed, her voice rich with sudden, undeniable desire. "Lily is the perfect template for a security or high-efficiency domestic model. Strong, capable, fiercely beautiful. And Rose... Rose is the ultimate comfort aesthetic. Soft, approachable, endearing. If we mapped their exact physical dimensions and facial structures for the new product line..."

"It would revolutionize the market," Azalea finished, her dark eyes flashing. "But why stop at just borrowing their likenesses?"

Viola looked at her partner, seeing the same wicked, ambitious fire burning in Azalea's gaze that she felt in her own.

"They need funding," Azalea continued smoothly, her eyes never leaving the sisters in the pool. "They need mentors. They need a laboratory to test their theories on emotive AI. We have all of that. We can offer them the world, Viola."

"And in return?" Viola asked, though she already knew the answer.

"In return, they become our protégés," Azalea purred, a dark, thrilling smile spreading across her elegant face. "We bring them into Domestica. We mold their brilliant little minds to suit our corporate vision. And we bring them into our beds. They are brilliant, they are beautiful, and they are exactly the indulgence we have been denying ourselves."

Viola picked up her champagne flute, swirling the golden liquid thoughtfully. She watched as Lily stepped out of the pool, the water cascading down her athletic, green-clad figure, before reaching down to offer a hand to the petite, lavender-clad Rose. They were breathtaking. "It solves everything," Viola murmured, her heart beating a fast, excited rhythm. "The business challenge. The personal drought. We can guide their careers by day, and completely possess them by night."

Azalea stood up, smoothing the front of her tailored evening jacket. She looked down at Viola, her decision absolute.

"Finish your drink, Viola," Azalea commanded softly, her gaze locked on the Horner sisters as they grabbed their towels. "We have an empire to run, and it appears we just found our new muses. Let's go introduce ourselves."

Chapter 2

Lily Horner was in the middle of wringing the excess water from her thick, chaotic mane of red hair, while Rose stood beside her, shivering slightly as she patted her petite shoulders with a plush white towel.

"I'm just saying, the neural-routing architecture in Domestica's Series 6 models is mathematically brilliant, but the emotive response algorithms are fundamentally bottlenecked by their physical hardware," Lily was arguing, her voice animated. "You can't program empathy into a chassis that moves like a commercial forklift."

"It’s not just the chassis, Lily," Rose countered gently, adjusting the straps of her lavender bikini. "It's the dermal polymers. If the face doesn't possess micro-expression capabilities, the human brain subconsciously rejects the interaction. It’s the uncanny valley. They need softer —"

"Excuse us."

The voice was smooth, resonant, and carried the effortless, indisputable authority of a woman who was accustomed to moving markets with a single syllable.

Lily and Rose froze. They turned around simultaneously.

Standing barely two feet away, impeccably dressed in sharply tailored, high-fashion evening wear that starkly contrasted with the humid poolside environment, were Azalea Hong and Viola Ming.

For three agonizingly long seconds, neither of the Horner sisters could breathe. "Oh my god," Rose gasped softly, her towel slipping slightly from her fingers. Her large, doll-like eyes went completely wide.

"You... you're Azalea Hong," Lily stammered, her usual fierce, athletic confidence completely evaporating. She looked frantically between the two women. "And Viola Ming. You're the founders of Domestica, Inc."

Viola offered a slow, impossibly elegant smile. "We are. And you two are having a remarkably astute conversation regarding the limitations of our Series 6 dermal polymers." "We didn't mean any disrespect!" Rose blurted out quickly, her cheeks burning a violent shade of pink. "We are massive fans. Domestica is the gold standard! I wrote my undergrad thesis on your 2023 patent for the synthetic epidermal mesh, and how you managed to cross- link the silicone to retain heat—"

"And the servo-actuator updates you implemented in Q3 last year?" Lily chimed in, stepping forward eagerly, her inner fangirl completely overriding her composure. "Genius. Absolutely genius. Shaving zero-point-two seconds off the pivot-response time completely

revolutionized the domestic navigation safety metrics. Nobody else in the industry even thought to bypass the central logic board for localized motor reflexes!"

Azalea and Viola exchanged a brief, calculating glance. The intellect was there. The passion was undeniable. But more importantly, the raw, unfiltered adoration radiating from the sisters was intoxicating.

"You are very well-informed for graduate students," Azalea noted, her dark eyes sweeping slowly and deliberately down Lily’s athletic, green-clad figure.

Azalea stepped entirely into Lily’s personal space. The proximity was startling, deeply intimate, and entirely unprofessional. But Azalea didn't hesitate. She reached out with cool, authoritative precision and wrapped her hand firmly around Lily’s bare, damp bicep. Lily gasped, her spine snapping straight.

"Fascinating structural baseline," Azalea murmured, her tone completely detached, as if she were inspecting a piece of hardware on a factory line. She squeezed Lily’s bicep, testing the density of the muscle, before sliding her hand down to grip the redhead's wrist. Azalea lifted Lily’s arm, turning it to inspect the articulation of her shoulder. "Excellent tensile strength. The physical presence is commanding, yet entirely proportionate. High utility."

Lily’s heart hammered against her ribs. Every feminist instinct, every ounce of her fiercely independent academic pride screamed at her to pull her arm away, to demand personal space. But the reality of Azalea Hong—her absolute idol—handling her body with such cold, proprietary ownership completely short-circuited her brain.

A heavy, sudden rush of heat flooded Lily’s core. She swallowed hard, her lips parting as her thighs involuntarily pressed together. She was being treated like an object, an appliance, and to her absolute horror and intense delight, she was enormously aroused by it.

"Yes, Azalea," Lily breathed, her voice dropping to a trembling whisper. "I... I run track. And I lift."

"It shows," Azalea purred, releasing Lily's wrist only to step closer, tracing the line of Lily's collarbone with a single manicured fingernail.

Beside them, Viola had stepped into Rose’s space.

"And this one," Viola observed, her voice dropping into a dark, silken hum.

Viola reached out with both hands. She didn't ask permission. She placed her palms flat against Rose’s bare, soft waist, her long fingers wrapping around the petite brunette's sides. Rose let out a high-pitched squeak, her entire body rigid as Viola effortlessly pulled her a half-step forward.

"The aesthetic is remarkably different," Viola analyzed, her thumbs stroking the soft, feminine curve of Rose's hips above her lavender bikini bottoms. "Softer. More pliable. The visual metrics register immediately as non-threatening and highly comforting."

Viola released Rose's waist, bringing one hand up to cup the brunette's chin. She tilted Rose’s face from left to right, studying the adorable pixie cut and the large, nervous eyes. "Micro-expressions are flawless," Viola murmured to Azalea, though she kept her gaze locked on Rose's trembling lips. "Look at the flush in her cheeks. The rapid dilation of the pupils. It’s an incredibly endearing user interface."

Rose was practically melting. Her knees felt weak. The cold, clinical way Viola was assessing her features, handling her like a prototype on a testing bench, was sending electric shocks of pure, concentrated lust straight down to her center. Her lavender bikini bottoms were already growing damp. She wanted to impress Viola with her dissertation on emotive responsiveness, but her mind was completely blank, entirely hijacked by the dominant, impersonal touch.

"You're both incredibly beautiful," Azalea said, stepping back slightly, though her eyes remained locked on Lily. "And clearly, you have a deep, fundamental understanding of our architecture. Lily and Rose Horner, correct?"

"Yes," Lily managed to say, her chest heaving slightly. "Yes, ma'am."

"We are currently in the conceptual phase for the Series 7," Viola explained, dropping her hand from Rose's chin but letting her fingers trail agonizingly slowly down the girl's neck. "We are looking for something... distinctive. A new baseline. We need muses. And we need brilliant minds to help us synthesize the emotive gap."

Azalea checked the sleek, minimal watch on her wrist. "Classes at the Institute have just ended for the summer, haven't they?"

"Yes," Rose whispered, nodding frantically. "We just submitted our final project proposals yesterday. We... we have the whole summer open."

"Perfect timing," Azalea smiled. It was a brilliant, predatory expression that promised the world and demanded absolute surrender in return. "Consider this an interview, then. We would like to offer you both a highly exclusive, proprietary summer internship at Domestica Headquarters. You will work directly under Viola and me."

Lily and Rose stared at the two executives in complete shock. Domestica didn't take interns. They recruited the top zero-point-one percent of post-doctoral candidates globally. To be invited into the headquarters, to work directly under Hong and Ming, was the equivalent of winning the academic lottery.

But beneath the professional prestige was the unspoken, heavy, palpable reality of the offer. They both knew exactly what had just happened. They had just been measured, handled, and claimed by the two most powerful women in Silicon Oasis.

And they were absolutely desperate for more.

"We'll be there," Lily said firmly, her green eyes wide with awe and a dark, swirling hunger. "Tomorrow morning. Eight A.M. sharp," Azalea commanded, her voice leaving absolutely no room for negotiation. "The main campus in the hills. Ask for our private elevator." "Thank you," Rose breathed, her hands clasped nervously in front of her softly curved stomach. "Thank you so much. We won't let you down."

"See that you don't," Viola murmured smoothly. "We expect our models to be exceptionally compliant."

Chapter 3

The Domestica, Inc. headquarters was not an office building; it was a fortress of modern architecture and limitless wealth, perched high in the Silicon Oasis hills. A sprawling compound of glass, steel, and manicured greenery, it served a dual purpose. Half the estate was a state-of-the-art research and development facility and assembly floor. The other half was Azalea Hong and Viola Ming’s private residence—a living, breathing showroom where their robotic creations prepared the meals, cleaned the floors, and catered to their creators' every whim.

Lily and Rose stood before the massive, frosted-glass front doors at exactly 7:55 AM. Lily wore a crisp blazer and slacks, while Rose wore a modest, floral sundress. Both clutched sleek leather portfolios, their stomachs tied in nervous, excited knots.

Promptly at eight o'clock, the glass doors slid open silently.

A Series 6 domestic unit stood in the foyer. It was humanoid, its chassis covered in a seamless white polymer, its face a pleasant, perfectly symmetrical mask. "Welcome to Domestica," the unit said, its voice melodic but undeniably synthetic. "Miss Hong and Miss Ming are expecting you."

"Fascinating," Rose whispered, her eyes tracking the precise, calculated pivot of the robot's hips as it gestured for them to enter. "The gyroscopic balance is incredible."

"But stiff," a voice echoed from the grand staircase.

Azalea and Viola descended into the foyer. They were the epitome of intimidating corporate glamour. Azalea wore a sharply tailored charcoal suit with a silk blouse unbuttoned just enough to hint at her collarbone, while Viola wore a sleek, asymmetrical black dress that moved like liquid around her long legs.

"The gyroscopes keep them upright, Rose," Viola explained, her dark eyes locking onto the petite brunette. "But they don't possess a natural gait. They don't sway. They don't breathe." "That is exactly why you are here," Azalea added, stopping on the marble floor before them. She looked Lily up and down, a

dark, assessing gleam in her eyes that made the redhead’s pulse jump. "We want to capture the essence of humanity. And humanity is delightfully pliable."

Azalea extended two sleek, transparent datapads.

"Before the tour begins, we have the administrative hurdles," Azalea said smoothly. "Standard non-disclosure agreements, of course. But also, extensive biometric consent forms. Working on the Series 7 project means you are surrendering your physical telemetry to us. We need to study your movements, your reactions, your exact physical responses." Lily took the datapad, her fingers brushing Azalea’s cool skin. A jolt of electricity shot up her arm. "Of course. We understand data collection is rigorous."

"Oh, you have no idea," Viola purred, moving to stand closely behind Rose. Viola leaned over Rose’s shoulder, pointing a long, manicured fingernail at the digital signature line. The proximity made Rose’s breath hitch; she could smell Viola’s expensive, musky perfume. "We demand absolute surrender from our prototypes. They must yield to our exact specifications. We expect the same level of submission from our interns. We are incredibly... hands-on with our investments."

The double meaning hung heavily in the air, thick and intoxicating. Lily and Rose hastily scanned their fingerprints onto the datapads, officially signing away their biometric rights, practically buzzing with the thrill of being handled by their idols.

"Excellent," Azalea smiled, taking the datapads back. "Let's show you your quarters." The tour was a blur of futuristic luxury. They walked past open-concept kitchens where domestic robots seamlessly chopped vegetables, through sprawling living spaces kept immaculately clean by silent, gliding machines. Finally, Azalea and Viola led them down a pristine, brightly lit corridor that separated the residential wing from the R&D laboratories. Azalea swiped her hand over a biometric scanner, and a heavy door hissed open.

"This is the intern dormitory," Azalea announced, stepping inside.

Lily and Rose followed. The room was breathtaking, but distinctly clinical. It was entirely white, with high ceilings and mirrored walls. In the center of the room sat two sleek, rectangular beds. They didn't have mattresses in the traditional sense; they were topped with a dark, slightly yielding polymer, completely devoid of sheets, blankets, or pillows. "It's... minimalist," Lily noted, trying to hide her confusion.

"It is a highly calibrated sensory environment," Viola corrected smoothly, walking to the center of the room. She turned to face the sisters. "Let’s be frank about the limitations of our current technology. To base the Series 7 on your micro-expressions, your postural sway, and your muscular tension, we need pure,

unadulterated data. We need to capture the exact physics of your bodies."

"We read about your optical tracking software!" Rose said eagerly. "It uses a millimeter-wave array, right?"

"Partially," Azalea said, crossing her arms. "But optical tracking is flawed. We use a proprietary, direct-contact sensor mesh. Tiny, bio-adhesive nodes applied directly to the major muscle groups and pulse points."

Azalea took a step closer to Lily, her voice dropping into a smooth, hypnotic cadence. "Here is the reality of your internship, Lily. Clothes create static interference. Fabric obscures the natural jiggle of flesh, the tightening of a core muscle, the flush of skin when a subject is stimulated. If we are to capture your true duality, we cannot have barriers."

Viola stepped up to Rose, her dark eyes pinning the brunette in place. "Therefore, to fulfill the requirements of this internship, you will be required to wear the sensor mesh at all times. And because the sensors require absolute clearance, you will spend the entirety of your summer on this compound completely naked."

The room fell dead silent.

Lily’s jaw dropped. Rose’s hands flew to her mouth.

It was an outrageous demand. It was a complete violation of HR protocols, professional boundaries, and basic human dignity. They were being told to strip naked and live as bare, monitored test subjects for two women they had met less than twenty-four hours ago. Azalea and Viola braced themselves, preparing to deploy their pre-planned psychological leverage, ready to threaten the loss of the internship or promise greater academic glory to break down the girls' resistance.

But the resistance never came.

Instead, Lily looked at Rose. Rose looked back at Lily. The shock in their eyes rapidly melted into a wide, awestruck realization. To their brilliant, academically obsessed minds—minds already deeply compromised by the intense sexual magnetism of Hong and Ming—the logic was perfectly, flawlessly sound. *Fabric obscures data.* They were going to be the literal, bare foundation of the greatest robotics leap in history.

"You're right," Lily breathed, her chest heaving as a heavy flush spread across her cheeks. "The fabric would totally skew the telemetry. A cotton blend alone could throw off the thermal readings by two degrees."

"And the elastic in our waistbands would compress the natural expansion of our diaphragms," Rose added, her voice trembling with eager excitement. "You wouldn't get accurate respiratory data."

Azalea and Viola stared at them. For the first time in their fiercely controlled lives, the founders of Domestica were genuinely, completely stunned. They hadn't needed to gaslight them; the sisters had happily gaslit themselves with the sheer force of their own academic devotion.

"So..." Lily swallowed hard, reaching up to the lapel of her blazer. "You need us to prep for the sensors now?"

"Yes," Azalea managed to say, quickly recovering her icy composure, though a dark thrill raced up her spine. "Strip. Everything."

Without a single moment of hesitation, the Horner sisters obeyed.

Lily shrugged off her blazer, unbuttoned her blouse, and stepped out of her slacks. She unhooked her bra and slid off her underwear, standing tall and fiercely beautiful in the center of the sterile room. Her athletic curves were a testament to power and capability. Rose moved with a softer, shy eagerness, pulling her sundress over her head and slipping out of her delicate lingerie. She stood completely bare, her petite frame and softer, feminine curves radiating an adorable, vulnerable warmth.

They stood naked before their idols, completely exposed, their skin flushing hotly under the bright laboratory lights.

Viola’s eyes dragged over the girls, a hungry, victorious smirk spreading across her lips. They were literal putty.

"Beautiful," Viola praised softly. "The sensors will be applied this afternoon. But there is one final parameter regarding your quarters."

Viola walked over to the sleek, dark polymer beds. She ran her hand over the surface. "These are sensor beds," Viola explained. "They map your weight distribution, spinal alignment, and resting heart rates during your REM cycles. Because they require direct dermal contact, you will sleep exactly as you are now. Fully exposed. Uncovered." "Okay," Rose nodded eagerly, shivering slightly in the air conditioning, her small breasts tight and peaked. "That makes perfect sense."

"Furthermore," Azalea added, her voice dropping into a tone of dark, authoritative promise. She walked up to Lily, reaching out to trail her knuckles down the redhead’s bare, athletic stomach. Lily gasped, her core tightening instantly. "Because we are perfectionists, Viola and I will be monitoring your nighttime telemetry. We may need to enter your room while you are asleep. We may need to manually adjust your limbs, check your reflexes, or stimulate your nervous systems to ensure the sensors are calibrating correctly."

Azalea’s hand dropped to rest heavily on the flare of Lily's bare hip. She looked deeply into Lily’s wide, dilated green eyes. "You will be handled, Lily. Frequently.

And intimately. Is that understood?"

The heavy, undeniable reality of what that meant—that they were offering themselves up as naked, nocturnal playthings for their bosses—washed over the sisters. But the sexual tension was a physical weight in the room, and the academic justification was the perfect excuse to surrender to it.

"It's an honor, Azalea," Lily whispered, her thighs pressing tightly together as she leaned ever so slightly into the touch. "We want you to check our readings. We want to be perfect for you."

"We'll be whatever you need us to be," Rose agreed, her doll-like eyes shining with absolute, pliant devotion.

Azalea and Viola exchanged a final, triumphant glance over the bare heads of their brilliant, beautiful, perfectly submissive new prototypes. The trap hadn't just been sprung; the prey had locked themselves inside and handed over the key.

Chapter 4

The application of the proprietary "sensor mesh" was, scientifically speaking, shockingly brief.

Azalea retrieved a small, sleek metallic case from a recessed drawer in the wall. Inside rested half a dozen small, silver adhesive nodes, each no larger than a dime. She selected one, stepping back into Lily’s personal space.

"Hold perfectly still, Lily," Azalea commanded. "Calibration requires absolute compliance." Lily swallowed hard, her athletic, naked body standing rigidly at attention. "I'm still, Azalea." Azalea pressed the small silver node against the pulse point on the side of Lily's neck, smoothing the adhesive down with a cool thumb. Then, she knelt smoothly, placing a second node on the flare of Lily's right hip bone. But instead of standing back up, Azalea’s hands moved with sudden, unapologetic possession.

She reached up, her palms cupping both of Lily's bare, full breasts. Azalea squeezed them hard, her thumbs aggressively kneading the soft tissue and dragging roughly over the redhead's tightening areolas.

Lily let out a sharp, breathless gasp. Her knees buckled for a fraction of a second, her hands flying out to balance herself, but she didn't dare push Azalea away.

"Tissue density is excellent," Azalea noted clinically, completely ignoring the fact that she was currently fondling her new intern. She slid her hands down Lily's torso, gripping the redhead's firm, toned ass cheeks. She gave them a rigorous, punishing squeeze, testing the muscle elasticity with the thoroughness of a mechanic checking tire pressure. "Servo- response in the glutes is highly

responsive to tactile feedback."

Lily was entirely speechless. Her brain, bursting with a master's degree worth of robotics knowledge, completely flatlined. She knew, logically, that squeezing her breasts and groping her ass had absolutely nothing to do with the silver nodes on her neck and hip. But the sheer, dominant authority radiating from Azalea, combined with the heavy, electric arousal flooding her core, paralyzed her intellect. She was making a major contribution to the field. This was just... part of the baseline testing. It had to be.

Beside them, Viola was applying the exact same treatment to Rose.

Viola placed a node on the petite brunette's neck, then immediately slid her hands down to aggressively grope Rose's softer, feminine curves. Viola squeezed Rose's breasts with one hand while her other hand firmly kneaded the soft flesh of Rose's bottom.

"Oh!" Rose whimpered, a high-pitched, pathetic little sound that echoed in the sterile room. Her eyes fluttered shut, her cheeks burning a violent scarlet.

"Fascinating," Viola murmured, pressing her thumb directly into the cleft of Rose's ass. "The dermal flush is immediate. The entire chassis vibrates when external pressure is applied. Very endearing."

Rose simply nodded, completely unable to form a coherent sentence. She was dripping wet, her mind spinning in a euphoric, submissive haze. They were putty. Total, helpless putty in the hands of their idols.

"Sensors are applied," Azalea announced, releasing Lily and stepping back to admire their naked, shivering forms. "The tour continues."

The heavy door hissed open.

Lily and Rose stepped out into the pristine, brightly lit corridor of the R&D wing. The reality of their situation crashed over them in a wave of terrifying, intoxicating humiliation. They were walking through the headquarters of a global tech empire completely, entirely nude. The cold floor chilled the soles of their bare feet. Every passing draft brushed against their exposed skin.

Azalea and Viola flanked them, fully dressed in their immaculate executive wear, acting as if walking two naked graduate students down the hall was standard operating procedure. "Keep your heads up," Viola instructed smoothly. "Posture is data."

They were led into a massive, cavernous laboratory labeled *Development Bay Alpha*. Inside, a dozen human researchers and technicians in white lab coats were gathered around holographic drafting tables, analyzing lines of code and physical servo-motors.

As Azalea entered, the room immediately fell silent.

Lily and Rose stopped in the center of the bay, perfectly illuminated by the overhead industrial lights. They were completely exposed to the entire research team. Every eye in the room landed on their bare breasts, their naked hips, and the flush of their skin. Lily’s heart hammered against her ribs. Rose instinctively tried to cross her arms over her chest, but Viola tapped her elbow sharply. *Posture is data.* Rose instantly dropped her arms, forcing herself to stand openly, a blushing, trembling exhibition of soft curves. "Team, your attention," Azalea’s voice boomed across the laboratory. She did not introduce them as Lily and Rose. She did not mention their dual dissertations or their graduate status. Azalea gestured toward the naked, shivering sisters with a sweeping motion of her hand. "I present to you the conceptual physical framework for the Series 7 domestic line. Note the duality in the chassis designs. We are moving away from the rigid polymers and exploring full organic emulation. Look closely at the structural baseline."

The researchers nodded. They didn't smile or greet the girls. They simply picked up their datapads and began taking notes, staring at Lily and Rose with intense, clinical detachment. A male technician walked in a slow circle around Lily, studying the curve of her spine and the firmness of her athletic thighs, jotting down observations as if she were a literal mannequin.

The degradation was absolute. The Horner sisters were brilliant roboticists, yet they were being proudly displayed as mindless, conceptual meat. And the most terrifying part was the immense, suffocating wave of sexual arousal that washed over both of them. They couldn't speak. They just stood there, their breathing shallow, accepting their new reality with overjoyed, helpless surrender.

"Moving on," Azalea commanded, satisfied with the display.

The final stop on the tour was a dimly lit, climate-controlled holding bay at the back of the facility.

The room was lined with towering, transparent cylindrical pods. Inside several of the pods stood current Series 6 domestic robots, their eyes dark, their limbs locked in perfectly straight, upright positions. A soft blue light pulsed from the base of the cylinders. "These are the charging and diagnostic pods," Azalea explained, her voice dropping into a reverent hush in the quiet room. "When a unit’s daily cycle is complete, it returns here. The pod seals, powers the unit back up, and runs comprehensive software patches and behavioral updates through the night."

Rose stepped closer to one of the transparent tubes, staring at the lifeless machine inside. The absolute physical containment of it was fascinating and vaguely terrifying.

Viola moved up closely behind Rose, her front pressing lightly against the brunette's bare back.

"The environment inside is perfectly sterile," Viola whispered in Rose's ear, sending a shiver straight down the girl's spine. Viola reached out and stroked Rose's pixie cut affectionately. "We are currently modifying a few of these pods for organic compatibility. Upgrading the oxygen scrubbers. Adjusting the internal temperature controls. You and your sister may find yourselves utilizing them very soon, once we determine how to best... patch your behaviors." The mysterious threat hung in the air, heavy with the promise of absolute confinement. The idea of being locked inside a transparent tube, put into sleep mode, and reprogrammed overnight made Lily’s knees weak.

"It's getting late," Azalea announced, turning away from the pods. "Back to your quarters." They were escorted back to the mirrored, sterile dormitory. The dark polymer sensor beds awaited them in the center of the room.

"Tomorrow, the passive data collection ends, and the active trials begin," Azalea stated, standing by the door as Lily and Rose stood shivering by their beds. "We cannot program a domestic servant without a one-to-one behavioral baseline. Tomorrow, you will not be graduate students. You will assume the roles of our domestic units."

"You will clean the residence," Viola added, her dark eyes gleaming. "You will prepare our meals. You will serve us. You will perform every chore a Series 6 model currently executes. And you will do it precisely, obediently, and completely bare, so your sensors can map the physical exertion of servitude."

Lily and Rose nodded in unison, their minds swimming with a potent cocktail of academic duty and profound, submissive lust.

"We understand," Lily breathed.

"We are ready to serve," Rose echoed, her voice a soft, compliant whisper.

"Excellent," Azalea smiled. "Get into your beds. On your backs. Hands at your sides." The sisters climbed onto the sleek, dark polymer surfaces. They lay perfectly flat, their naked bodies entirely exposed to the overhead lights, their legs straight, their arms resting stiffly against their hips. They looked exactly like the robots in the holding bay.

Azalea and Viola walked over, standing between the two beds. They looked down at their brilliant, beautiful, utterly helpless new prototypes.

Azalea reached out and tapped the silver sensor node on Lily's neck. Viola did the same to Rose.

"Cycle down, prototypes," Azalea joked, a dark, wicked amusement coloring her voice. The lights in the dormitory instantly clicked off, plunging the room into

darkness, leaving Lily and Rose to wait in naked, silent anticipation for their owners to return and check their readings in the night.

Chapter 5

The pneumatic seal of the dormitory door hissed, breaking the pristine, sterile silence of the R&D wing.

It was shortly after midnight. The overhead lights remained deactivated, but the ambient blue glow from the hallway spilled into the mirrored room, casting long, sharp shadows across the floor.

Lily stirred on the dark polymer sensor bed, her bare skin shivering as the sudden draft of air conditioning washed over her. Her heavy eyelids fluttered open, her vision blurry with sleep. Beside her, Rose let out a soft, confused murmur, shifting her petite, naked body on her own slab.

Through the haze of exhaustion, Lily watched two silent, gray-clad facility workers slip into the room. They moved with mechanical efficiency, ignoring the naked girls on the beds completely. They went straight for the small, recessed storage lockers near the door. "Take it all," Azalea Hong’s voice cut through the dark, crisp and entirely devoid of sentiment. "The blazer, the sundress, the lingerie, the shoes. They won't be needing human garments anymore. Log the personal effects into deep storage and incinerate the textiles." The workers nodded wordlessly, scooping up every last trace of Lily and Rose’s former lives, and vanished back into the corridor.

Viola Ming stepped fully into the room, followed closely by Azalea. They were still dressed in their immaculate executive wear, looking like untouchable goddesses of industry as the heavy door clicked shut behind them.

"The physical stripping is a necessary psychological threshold," Viola mused, her voice echoing slightly in the cavernous room. She wasn't speaking to the sisters; she was speaking to Azalea, analyzing the girls as if they were already inanimate. "If we are preparing these models for companionship, they cannot retain any tether to their previous autonomy." "Agreed," Azalea replied, walking slowly toward the space between the two sensor beds. "We have already conquered the domestic drudgery market, Viola. The Series 6 can sweep, scrub, and cook flawlessly. But true luxury—the kind of luxury that will redefine Domestica's market cap—is intimate companionship. A unit that doesn't just clean the house, but cleans *us*."

Lily’s breath hitched in the dark. *Companionship.*

"Precisely," Viola murmured, stopping at the foot of Rose’s bed. She reached out, wrapping her long, cool fingers around Rose’s bare ankle. Rose gasped softly, her toes curling involuntarily. "We need models capable of highly delicate, highly

personal tasks. Drawing our baths. Scrubbing our backs. Selecting and dressing us in our wardrobes. And, naturally, providing absolute, unconditional physical comfort at the end of the day."

Azalea stopped beside Lily. She didn't offer a greeting. She simply reached out and placed her palm flat against the center of Lily’s bare chest, pressing down firmly to feel the erratic, hammering rhythm of the redhead's heart.

"Heart rate is elevated," Azalea noted clinically, looking at Viola instead of the girl beneath her hand. "The anticipation of servitude triggers a massive cardiovascular spike. Fascinating."

"The thermal output is rising, too," Viola observed.

Viola trailed her hand up Rose’s bare leg, pushing the brunette's thigh outward to spread her legs slightly. Viola didn't look at Rose’s blushing face; she simply dragged her knuckles lightly over Rose’s slick, swollen center, checking her "readings" with the impersonal thoroughness of a technician checking a fluid valve.

Rose let out a high-pitched, breathy whine, her hips bucking upward entirely on reflex. "Look at the moisture response on the baseline unit," Viola said to Azalea, her thumb pressing firmly against Rose’s clit, holding the struggling girl down against the polymer bed. "She is already leaking. The sheer concept of bathing us and dressing us has completely overridden her nervous system. She is begging to be used."

"As expected from the emotive prototype," Azalea analyzed smoothly.

Azalea leaned over Lily, her dark hair falling forward to brush against Lily's flushed cheeks. Azalea’s hands moved aggressively, gripping Lily’s full, bare breasts, squeezing them with punishing force while her thumbs dragged over the hardened nipples.

"The athletic chassis is equally responsive," Azalea noted loudly, treating Lily’s writhing, naked body like a fascinating piece of hardware. "Muscle tension in the core is rigid. The tactile feedback loop is flawless. But physical compliance isn't enough for the companionship role. They need the software to match."

Lily was panting heavily, her athletic thighs pressing tightly together. She was being groped, analyzed, and discussed as if she weren't even in the room. The dehumanization was absolute, and the sexual thrill of it was completely paralyzing.

"Software installation is prepped," Viola announced, finally releasing Rose’s slick core. Rose collapsed back against the bed, whimpering and desperate, her chest heaving.

Viola pulled a sleek, silver pneumatic device from the pocket of her dress. It looked like a heavy, futuristic pen, glowing with a faint, pulsing blue light.

"You both read the biometric consent forms you signed this morning," Azalea stated, finally addressing them directly, though her tone remained utterly detached. "Section four, paragraph twelve. Implementation of proprietary hardware."

"Hardware?" Lily managed to whisper, her mind struggling to focus through the haze of intense arousal.

"Roll onto your stomachs," Azalea commanded. "Both of you."

The sisters obeyed instantly. The sheer, terrifying authority in Azalea's voice bypassed any instinct for self-preservation. Lily and Rose rolled over, pressing their bare breasts against the cold, yielding polymer, exposing their backs and the napes of their necks to the executives. "To effectively perform your duties tomorrow—cooking, cleaning, bathing us, dressing us— you require an encyclopedic knowledge of our preferences, our schedules, and our exact physical requirements," Viola explained smoothly.

Viola stepped up to the head of Rose’s bed. She reached down, brushing the short, brunette pixie hair away from the base of Rose’s skull.

"Memorizing our routines would take months," Azalea continued, standing over Lily and parting the wild mane of red hair to expose her neck. "And human memory is flawed. It forgets. It hesitates. We do not tolerate hesitation in our domestic models."

"Therefore," Viola said softly, pressing the cool, metallic tip of the pneumatic device directly against the base of Rose’s skull, "we are installing a sub-dermal neural microchip. It interfaces directly with your cerebral cortex. While you sleep tonight, it will automatically download the entire Domestica companionship protocol, along with our personal profiles, directly into your brains."

Lily’s eyes went wide in the dark. A microchip. They were literally being programmed. "Hold still, prototype," Viola commanded.

Click. Hiss.

Rose let out a sharp gasp, her hands gripping the edges of the sensor bed as the pneumatic injector drove a tiny, highly advanced piece of silicon directly into her nervous system. A localized wave of heat immediately blossomed at the back of her neck.

Viola stepped back, wiping the injection site with a sterile pad. She handed the device across the aisle to Azalea.

"Your turn, Lily," Azalea murmured, pressing the tip of the device against the redhead's spine, just below her hairline.

Lily squeezed her eyes shut. She was a roboticist. She knew the implications of a direct neural interface. It would rewrite her reflexes. It would force knowledge into her head that wasn't hers. It was the ultimate, inescapable surrender of her autonomy.

Click. Hiss.

A sharp, stinging pinch, followed instantly by a heavy, metallic ache that radiated up into Lily's skull.

Azalea stepped back, slipping the injector into her pocket.

For a moment, the only sound in the dormitory was the heavy, ragged breathing of the two naked girls lying flat on their stomachs.

Azalea and Viola watched them, anticipating a delayed reaction of panic, a sudden realization of the permanent, horrifying boundary they had just crossed. They had physically altered the girls' brains.

But Lily slowly turned her head, resting her cheek against the dark polymer. A wide, blissfully vacant smile spread across her flushed face.

"Thank you, Azalea," Lily whispered, her voice thick with genuine, overwhelming gratitude. "Thank you so much."

"It's... it's so efficient," Rose sighed from the other bed, her eyes fluttering shut as the microchip began its initial boot sequence, sending a warm, fuzzy hum through her cortex. "I was so worried I would fold your laundry wrong, or draw your bath too hot. But now I won't have to memorize anything."

"I'll know exactly how you like to be touched," Lily breathed, her hips swaying slightly against the bed in a subconscious display of submission. "I'll know exactly how to serve you. You're giving us such a perfect opportunity. Thank you for upgrading us."

Azalea and Viola stood in absolute, awestruck silence. The gaslighting was so profoundly effective that the sisters viewed their own literal programming as a prestigious academic favor. They weren't horrified; they were honored.

A dark, terrifyingly brilliant smile curved Azalea’s lips.

"You are very welcome, models," Azalea purred, reaching out to give Lily’s bare ass one final, approving pat. "The download will commence in three minutes. Go to sleep. When you wake up, you will know exactly what to do."

"Goodnight, Azalea. Goodnight, Viola," the sisters chimed in perfect, eager unison. The executives turned and walked out of the mirrored room, the heavy

door hissing shut and sealing the R&D dormitory once again. Left in the dark, naked and shivering, Lily and Rose closed their eyes, eagerly awaiting the digital erasure of their independence, utterly overjoyed to become the perfect, unthinking machines their idols desired.

Chapter 6

At exactly 4:15 AM, before the first hint of sunlight breached the Silicon Oasis hills, Lily’s eyes snapped open in the dark.

A microsecond later, Rose’s eyes fluttered open beside her.

There was no grogginess. There was no confusion over where they were or what time it was. The sub-dermal microchips nestled at the base of their skulls hummed with a faint, warm vibration, flooding their previously emptied minds with crisp, perfectly organized digital directives. They didn't have to think; the knowledge simply blossomed in their neural pathways, clear and irrefutable.

Lily knew that Azalea Hong required her espresso pulled at exactly 198 degrees Fahrenheit, accompanied by a spinach and egg-white frittata lightly dusted with smoked paprika. Rose knew that Viola Ming preferred a pour-over Ethiopian roast, steeped for precisely four minutes, served alongside a platter of intricately sliced dragon fruit and a single, warm butter croissant.

Without exchanging a single word, the naked sisters sat up, slid off their dark polymer beds, and walked out of the dormitory in perfect, synchronized tandem.

The sprawling Domestica headquarters was silent and bathed in the pale, blue light of the overnight security systems. As Lily and Rose padded barefoot into the massive, state-of-the- art chef’s kitchen, a sudden realization rippled through Lily’s newly organized mind. The kitchen was completely empty.

Usually, the early hours were dominated by the quiet whir of Series 6 units prepping the estate for the day. But this morning, the sleek white humanoid robots were nowhere to be seen. The charging bays lining the pantry walls were empty.

Driven by the unyielding programming of their chips, the sisters immediately set to work. The choreography between them was flawless. Lily manned the espresso machine and the induction stove, her athletic, bare muscles flexing beautifully as she moved with mechanical precision. Rose handled the delicate knife work for the fruit and the pour-over coffee, her softer, petite curves swaying in a mesmerizing rhythm. It felt incredibly, terrifyingly good to know exactly what to do. The absence of guesswork produced a constant, low-level thrum of physical arousal that kept their skin flushed and their breath shallow.

By 4:45 AM, two immaculate silver trays were loaded.

Lily and Rose parted ways at the grand staircase, their bare feet silent on the marble. Lily balanced her tray effortlessly as she approached the heavy oak doors of the master suite. The chip fed her the entry code, and she bypassed the lock, stepping into the cavernous, dimly lit bedroom.

Azalea Hong was already awake, sitting up against a mountain of silk pillows, wearing a sheer black robe. She watched with dark, predatory satisfaction as Lily—a brilliantly educated robotics engineer—approached her bed completely naked, carrying a breakfast tray like a devoted servant.

"Good morning, Miss Hong," Lily said, her voice clear, subservient, and perfectly modulated. She leaned over, placing the tray gently over Azalea’s lap. As she bent forward, her heavy, bare breasts swayed, practically brushing the silk sheets.

"Good morning, prototype," Azalea murmured.

Before Lily could stand up straight, Azalea’s hand shot out. Her cool fingers clamped firmly around Lily’s bare throat, halting her in place. With her other hand, Azalea casually reached down and aggressively squeezed the soft flesh of Lily's left breast, her thumb dragging roughly over the tightening peak.

Lily let out a soft, breathless whimper, her eyes fluttering shut as a jolt of heat shot straight to her core.

"Tactile response is sharp," Azalea noted clinically, releasing her throat but giving the breast one final, punishing squeeze before letting go. "The neural download appears successful. The frittata smells perfect."

"Thank you, Miss Hong," Lily breathed, her knees trembling slightly. She clasped her hands respectfully in front of her bare stomach. She glanced around the massive, immaculate suite. The question that had formed in the kitchen finally pushed past the programming. "Miss Hong... if you don't mind my asking. Where are the Series 6 units? The house is empty." Azalea took a sip of her espresso, her eyes locking onto Lily’s flushed face.

"I had the central mainframe power them all down shortly after midnight," Azalea explained smoothly. "They have been relocated to the storage bays. They aren't needed right now." Lily blinked, her mind struggling to process the logistics. "But... who is going to maintain the estate? Who is going to run the laundry, and dust the R&D wing, and polish the floors?" Azalea smiled—a slow, wicked curve of her lips that made Lily’s heart hammer against her ribs.

"You are, Lily," Azalea said simply. "You and Rose. We cannot accurately test the durability, the physical telemetry, or the psychological compliance of our new prototypes if legacy machines are doing the work. For the foreseeable future, you two are the sole domestic servants for this entire compound. You are our focus

now."

The sheer scale of the labor involved in maintaining a multi-million-dollar tech compound was staggering. But the microchip at the base of Lily's skull instantly translated the terrifying workload into a submissive, euphoric challenge.

"Yes, Miss Hong," Lily whispered, a dopey, blissed-out smile spreading across her face. "We will take care of everything."

Meanwhile, in the east wing, Rose was kneeling by Viola Ming’s bedside, her petite, naked body practically vibrating with joy as Viola fed her a piece of dragon fruit directly from her fingers, praising her for the perfect temperature of the pour-over coffee.

The rest of the day was a blur of exhausting, exhilarating drudgery.

Stripped of their clothes, their titles, and their academic futures, the Horner sisters became the biological engines of the Domestica estate. The microchips guided them flawlessly through a rigorous, non-stop schedule of manual labor.

They crossed paths frequently in the sprawling hallways. At ten o'clock, Lily was carrying a massive wicker basket of Azalea's dry-cleaning down the corridor, her bare athletic shoulders straining under the weight, when she passed Rose. The petite brunette was on her hands and knees with a microfiber cloth, meticulously dusting the baseboards of the R&D wing. They exchanged a brief, glassy-eyed smile, completely consumed by the bliss of their servitude. But they were never truly alone.

Azalea and Viola monitored them constantly, stepping in to "check their readings" and handle their property.

When Lily was in the laundry room, carefully folding silk garments, Azalea walked in. Without a word, Azalea stepped behind the naked redhead, gripped her hips, and pulled Lily backward until her bare ass pressed firmly against Azalea's tailored slacks. Azalea reached around to firmly massage Lily's lower abdomen, adjusting her posture.

"Your core is tensing too much when you fold, prototype," Azalea murmured in Lily's ear, her hands deliberately drifting lower to brush against Lily's slick, swollen center. "Relax the muscles. Let the motion be fluid. The sensors are spiking."

"Yes, Miss Hong," Lily gasped, her hands shaking so badly she dropped a towel, her mind melting into a puddle of obedient lust.

In the grand foyer, Viola found Rose polishing the black marble floor. Rose was on her hands and knees, her bare breasts swaying with every scrub of the wax buffer. Viola walked up behind her and planted her high-heeled shoe firmly between Rose's bare, splayed feet. Viola reached down and grabbed a handful of

Rose's pixie cut, pulling her head back. With her other hand, Viola ruthlessly squeezed the soft, pale flesh of Rose's ass cheeks, kneading them like dough.

"You missed a spot near the doorframe, little prototype," Viola scolded smoothly, ignoring the way Rose whimpered and leaked onto the freshly polished marble. "Your attention to detail must be absolute. I want to see my reflection in this stone."

"I'm sorry, Miss Ming! I'll fix it right now!" Rose cried out eagerly, scrubbing harder, practically weeping with gratitude for the correction.

By the time 9:00 PM rolled around, the sisters were physically exhausted. Their bare knees were bruised from the hard floors, their muscles ached from the endless chores, and their nervous systems were completely fried from the constant, degrading handling by their idols. Azalea and Viola escorted them back to the R&D dormitory.

When the heavy doors hissed open, Lily and Rose stopped in their tracks.

The dark, rectangular polymer sensor beds were gone.

In their place, standing tall in the center of the mirrored room, were two massive, transparent cylindrical charging pods—the exact same pods they had seen in the holding bay the day before. The bases glowed with a soft, pulsing blue light. The interiors were climate- controlled and entirely sterile.

"Your new quarters," Azalea announced, gesturing to the tubes. "The sensor beds were sufficient for passive mapping, but active prototypes require active diagnostics. Step inside." The transition was horrifying, yet the chips in their necks flooded their brains with a warm wave of absolute compliance. They were robots now. Robots slept in pods.

Lily stepped into the left pod, and Rose stepped into the right. There was just enough room to stand with their arms at their sides. The curved glass felt cool and isolating against their bare skin.

Viola stepped up to Rose's pod. From the back of the interior wall, she pulled a thin, retractable black wire ending in a sleek metallic pin.

"Turn around, prototype," Viola commanded.

Rose turned her back. Viola reached in, brushed the hair from Rose's neck, and seamlessly snapped the pin directly into the microchip embedded in the girl's skull.

Click.

Rose let out a soft gasp as a surge of data and raw, digital pleasure flooded her brain. Azalea performed the same procedure on Lily. The wire connected her directly to the Domestica mainframe. Lily’s eyes rolled back slightly, her knees

locking as the pod's systems synced with her nervous system, downloading her physical exertion data and uploading tomorrow's chore schedule.

Azalea and Viola stepped back, admiring their beautiful, naked, wired-in creations standing perfectly still inside their glass tubes.

"You both performed adequately today," Azalea praised, tapping her manicured fingernail against the glass of Lily's pod. "The baseline data for physical labor is processing. But tomorrow, we escalate."

Viola smiled, a dark, thrilling expression that sent shivers down both girls' spines. "Cycle down, prototypes," Viola commanded, hitting a button on her datapad.

The heavy glass doors of the pods slid shut, sealing the girls inside with a soft, pneumatic hiss. The oxygen scrubbers hummed to life.

"Rest well," Azalea added, her voice piped into the pods through the internal speakers. "Because tomorrow, we have a very special surprise for our new models. You're going to experience exactly how thorough our consumer testing can be."

The lights in the dormitory shut off, leaving the naked sisters standing in the dark, suspended in their glowing blue tubes, tethered to the machine, and buzzing with desperate, helpless anticipation for whatever their masters had planned.

Chapter 7

The charging pods hissed open at exactly 5:00 AM.

The thin, black metallic pins automatically detached from the base of Lily and Rose’s skulls, retracting smoothly into the glass walls. The sisters stepped out onto the cold linoleum, their naked bodies energized, their minds flooded with a crisp, flawless itinerary for the morning. The microchips did not just provide schedules; they provided mastery.

After delivering the breakfast trays, Lily found herself kneeling on the heated marble floor of Azalea’s en-suite bathroom. The massive, sunken soaking tub was filled with steaming water infused with eucalyptus and bitter orange. Azalea reclined in the water, her dark hair pinned up, her eyes closed in absolute relaxation.

Lily leaned over the edge of the tub, a natural sea sponge in her hand. Her athletic, bare breasts brushed against the wet marble as she methodically scrubbed Azalea’s shoulders. She didn't just know *how* to wash her owner; the chip fed her real-time data on the exact pressure Azalea preferred, the precise circular motions required to alleviate the tension in the executive’s trapezius muscles.

"Firmer on the left side, prototype," Azalea murmured, not opening her eyes.

"Yes, Miss Hong," Lily breathed, adjusting her pressure immediately. A heavy, wet pulse of satisfaction throbbed between Lily’s bare thighs. Bathing her idol was an act of extreme intimacy, but Lily was performing it not as a lover, but as a flawlessly programmed appliance.

Down the hall, Rose was engaged in a similarly intimate duty. Viola Ming stood naked in the center of her massive walk-in closet, her arms raised slightly. Rose knelt at her feet, meticulously smoothing a pair of sheer, imported silk stockings up Viola’s long, elegant legs. Rose’s mind was a warm, fuzzy hum of pure obedience. She knew exactly which tailored skirt to select, which silk blouse complimented Viola’s complexion today, and how to fasten the intricate clasps of Viola’s diamond necklace without pinching the skin.

"You are surprisingly adept at this, Rose," Viola purred, looking down as the petite brunette fastened the garter clips. Viola reached down, dragging her manicured nails lightly through Rose’s pixie cut. "Your tactile feedback is incredibly soothing."

"Thank you, Miss Ming," Rose whispered, pressing a soft, involuntary kiss to the inside of Viola’s knee as she finished her task. "I only want to make you comfortable."

By 9:00 AM, Azalea and Viola were impeccably dressed and radiating corporate authority. They summoned the sisters to the central atrium of the residential wing—a sprawling, sunlit space with floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the Silicon Oasis valley.

Lily and Rose arrived in perfect unison, standing shoulder-to-shoulder in the center of the room. They were completely bare, their hands clasped neatly behind their backs, their posture rigidly attentive.

Azalea and Viola sat on a plush, white semi-circular sofa, sipping sparkling water. "You performed your morning duties exceptionally well," Azalea began, her dark eyes sweeping over the naked, blushing girls. "But as we discussed last night, domestic drudgery is only half the equation. Do you remember what I said about companionship?"

"Yes, Miss Hong," Lily replied instantly, the chip providing the exact audio playback in her mind. "You said true luxury is a unit that doesn't just clean the house, but cleans you. And provides absolute, unconditional physical comfort."

"Exactly," Azalea smiled, a dark, brilliant expression that sent a shiver down Lily’s spine. "But integration into human society requires a public face. We cannot have our brilliant, newly acquired academic protégés vanishing from the world entirely. People expect Lily and Rose Horner to publish dissertations. They

expect you to call your parents. They expect you to attend board meetings."

Before Lily could even process the logistical impossibility of attending a board meeting naked and brainwashed, the heavy double doors of the atrium hissed open.

Two facility workers rolled a pair of massive, metallic transport crates into the room, leaving them side-by-side on the marble floor before bowing and exiting.

"Open them," Viola commanded.

The hydraulic locks clicked. The front panels of the crates hissed and folded outward, doubling as ramps.

Lily and Rose stared into the dark interiors of the crates, their breath catching in their throats. Stepping smoothly out into the sunlight were two Series 7 domestic units. But they didn't have the white polymer faces of the Series 6. They had human faces.

Lily stared at the first unit in absolute, mind-shattering horror. It was her. The exact height, the athletic build, the cascade of wild red hair, the precise shade of green eyes. And, most devastatingly, the robot was fully dressed in the crisp blazer and slacks Lily had worn to the facility just a few days ago.

Beside it, a perfect, flawless replica of Rose stepped forward. The synthetic skin captured her adorable, doll-like features perfectly. The robot was wearing Rose’s modest, floral sundress. "Miss Hong. Miss Ming," the two robots spoke in perfect, melodic unison. Their voices were indistinguishable from the human sisters'. "We are ready to begin our research." "We call them the Companionship Models," Azalea announced proudly, standing up and walking over to the robotic Lily. She adjusted the lapel of the machine’s blazer. "These units possess your exact likeness, down to the millimeter. They will sleep in the guest bedrooms. They will attend the Institute. They will communicate with your family, network within the company, and exist in the community as the brilliant Horner sisters."

"But..." Rose stammered, her gaze darting frantically between her fully-dressed robotic doppelgänger and her own naked, trembling body. "If they are us... what are we?" "There are only so many hours in the day, Rose," Viola offered smoothly, walking up behind the petite brunette and resting her hands heavily on Rose’s bare shoulders. "We can't have our most brilliant R&D minds scrubbing our floors and drawing our baths. So, your mechanical counterparts will handle the intellectual burden of your lives, while you—the original, flesh- and-blood sisters—will function entirely as our secret, domestic servants."

The humiliation was a crushing, suffocating weight. The robots got to wear their clothes. The robots got to live their lives, pursue their dreams, and be treated with respect. Meanwhile, the real Lily and Rose Horner were permanently

stripped, chipped, and reduced to mindless, naked appliances scrubbing floors on their hands and knees.

Lily’s mind desperately tried to rebel. She tried to reach into her intellect, to pull up the neural-routing architecture of the Series 7 to understand how Azalea had cloned them so quickly. She needed to formulate a scientific hypothesis.

She closed her eyes and searched her brain for her master’s thesis.

Nothing.

There was no robotics knowledge. There was no math. There was no science. There was only a blank, white, fuzzy void, immediately replaced by a sudden, desperate urge to fold Azalea’s laundry.

Lily gasped, her eyes flying open. "My... my research. The algorithms. I can't... I can't remember them."

Rose immediately tried to recall her thesis on emotive responses. The moment she tried to grasp the concept, her sub-dermal chip fired a corrective pulse, erasing the thought and replacing it with the exact temperature required to brew Viola’s coffee.

"My brain," Rose whimpered, her hands flying up to clutch her pixie cut. "It's empty. Miss Ming, I don't know anything about robots anymore!"

"Of course you don't," Azalea explained, her voice dripping with triumphant satisfaction. She stepped away from the robot and walked up to the real, naked Lily. "A servant doesn't need a PhD. It just gets in the way of your compliance. Last night, when we connected you to the pods, we didn't just download your chore schedules. We fully mapped and extracted your intellects. We transferred your brilliant minds directly into the doppelgängers." Azalea reached out, tracing the silver sensor node on Lily's neck.

"The silicon will do the thinking now, Lily," Azalea murmured, her thumb pressing against the frantic pulse in Lily's throat. "You are finally free to focus entirely on your service. You don't ever have to worry about a complex thought again."

The realization that they were functionally lobotomized, their entire identities handed over to machines while they were kept as naked pets, triggered the ultimate failsafe in their reprogrammed brains. The sheer magnitude of their degradation was too much to process. The microchips instantly converted the profound existential terror into raw, blinding sexual arousal.

Lily’s knees gave out. She dropped to the marble floor, her thighs slick and trembling, her chest heaving as a massive wave of wetness flooded her core. Beside her, Rose let out a high- pitched, needy whine, her hips swaying involuntarily as she sank to her knees next to her sister.

They were weeping, but they were smiling. The fuzzy, compliant warmth of the chips forced them to accept their new reality with desperate gratitude.

"Thank you, Miss Hong," Lily sobbed happily, looking up at Azalea with vacant, dilated eyes. "Thank you for taking my heavy thoughts. I'm just a servant. I just want to clean." "Good girls," Viola praised, looking down at the two naked, dripping women kneeling at their feet, while their fully-dressed robotic replacements stood silently in the background. "And the best part?" Azalea shared excitedly, her eyes gleaming with the thrill of her ultimate technological triumph. "The charging pods you sleep in aren't just for data transfer. They emit a proprietary, targeted regenerative field. They actively scrub your cellular decay." Lily and Rose looked up, their empty minds struggling to process the words.

"Your bodies will never grow old, my beautiful prototypes," Azalea purred, reaching down to pet Lily’s wild red hair. "Your skin will never wrinkle. Your breasts will never sag. You will remain exactly as you are right now—young, bare, beautiful, and perfectly obedient—serving us in secret for the rest of eternity."

Epilogue

Six months later, the Domestica, Inc. residential compound was a perfectly oiled, impeccably clean sanctuary.

The morning sun poured through the floor-to-ceiling windows of the central atrium, illuminating the flawless white marble. Kneeling on that cold stone, a soft microfiber cloth in hand, was the original Lily Horner. Her athletic, bare body was perfectly still, save for the rhythmic, rigorous motion of her arm as she polished the Italian leather heels of the woman sitting on the sofa above her.

The woman wearing the heels was her exact robotic replica.

"The keynote speech is finalized, Azalea," the robotic Lily said, her voice carrying the exact fierce, confident cadence the original Lily used to possess. The machine crossed her legs, forcing the naked, flesh-and-blood Lily to adjust her posture on the floor to continue buffing the shoe. "My latest paper on adaptive neural networking just passed peer review. The board is thrilled."

Azalea Hong reclined on the adjacent plush sofa, sipping a mimosa. She smiled warmly, reaching out to affectionately stroke the synthetic cheek of the robotic doppelgänger. "You are brilliant, my love," Azalea praised, her eyes softening with genuine romantic affection for the machine that possessed her protégé's intellect. "Tonight's summit will solidify your place in the industry."

"It's all thanks to your mentorship, Azalea," the robotic Lily murmured, leaning into the touch. She looked down at the naked, sweating woman on the floor.

"Unit, you missed a scuff on the left heel. Apply more pressure."

"Yes, Miss Horner," the original Lily breathed automatically.

Her real, organic brain was completely empty of adaptive neural networking. The heavy, complex thoughts that had once defined her existence belonged entirely to the machine sitting above her. The sub-dermal microchip at the base of the original Lily’s neck hummed with a warm, punishing static. It converted the profound, existential humiliation of serving her own identity into a massive, blinding surge of physical pleasure. Her thighs slicked with wetness, her breath hitching as she scrubbed the leather harder, desperate to please the robot that had stolen her life.

Across the atrium, the original Rose was engaged in a similarly devastating task. She was on her hands and knees, acting as a literal, breathing footstool for Viola Ming and the robotic Rose. The two of them were sharing a massive, velvet armchair, the robotic Rose curled affectionately against Viola’s side. They were reviewing a digital portfolio, their bare feet resting comfortably on the original Rose’s naked, trembling back.

"The tenure track at the Institute is practically guaranteed," the robotic Rose giggled, a sound of pure, adorable joy that perfectly mimicked the original. She reached up and kissed Viola softly on the jaw. "I can't believe how perfect our life is, Viola."

"You earned it, my sweet Rose," Viola purred, wrapping an arm around the machine's waist. Viola shifted her weight, driving her heel slightly harder into the soft flesh of the original Rose’s spine. "And we certainly don't have to worry about domestic upkeep distracting you from your studies."

Beneath them, the original Rose let out a muffled, high-pitched whine. Her petite, feminine curves strained to hold the weight of her owner and her replacement. The chip in her skull flooded her with a dopey, overwhelming bliss. She didn't want a tenure track. She didn't want a career. She just wanted to be a good, sturdy piece of furniture for the brilliant people above her.

"Are the units prepped for transport?" Azalea asked, setting her mimosa down.

"Yes," the robotic Lily confirmed, checking a sleek datapad. "Their dermal layers have been exfoliated, and their bio-metrics are stabilized. The stasis crates are waiting in the loading bay."

Azalea stood up, smoothing her tailored charcoal suit. She walked over and looked down at the original Lily, who immediately dropped her forehead to the marble in absolute submission.

"Excellent," Azalea commanded. "It's time for the world to meet the Series 7."

The Silicon Oasis Global Summit was the premier technological event of the decade. It was held beneath a massive, breathtaking glass hemisphere that arched over a stadium-sized convention floor, protecting the global elite from the California heat.

The main stage was bathed in dramatic, pulsing blue light. Ten thousand industry leaders, investors, and journalists sat in hushed, electrifying anticipation.

Azalea Hong and Viola Ming stepped up to the acrylic podium. The crowd erupted into deafening applause. But the cheers doubled in volume when the robotic Lily and Rose Horner walked out to join them, dressed in sharp, matching designer blazers and skirts, waving to their adoring academic peers.

"For ten years, Domestica has defined the boundaries of convenience," Azalea's voice boomed through the stadium speakers, smooth and unyielding. "But tonight, we are not just offering convenience. We are offering perfection. We are offering humanity, seamlessly integrated into your home."

Viola took the microphone. "To achieve this, we needed a baseline of unparalleled aesthetic and physical grace. We needed muses. And we found them in two of the most brilliant minds of this generation."

Viola gestured gracefully to the robotic sisters standing beside her.

The robotic Rose stepped up to the microphone, looking out over the sea of flashing cameras. "When Azalea and Viola approached us," the machine spoke, her voice radiating sweet, humanitarian warmth, "we believed so deeply in Domestica's vision for the future that we made a choice. We allowed our exact biometric data, our physical dimensions, and our likenesses to be utilized for the ultimate consumer product."

"We wanted to give the world a piece of ourselves," the robotic Lily added smoothly, slipping her hand affectionately into Azalea’s. "So that we could focus on our minds, while our counterparts focused on your homes."

"Ladies and gentlemen," Azalea announced, her voice echoing into the massive glass hemisphere. "I present the future. The Series 7 Companionship Models."

The stage floor hissed. Two hydraulic lifts slowly rose from beneath the platform, engulfed in dramatic white fog.

Standing on the illuminated pedestals were the original, flesh-and-blood Lily and Rose. They were completely naked, exposed to the eyes of ten thousand people. The bright stage lights gleamed off their bare shoulders, their full breasts, and the soft curves of their hips. They stood in perfect, terrifying stillness. Their hands were clasped behind their backs, their posture rigidly identical to the machines they had once studied.

A collective gasp swept through the stadium. The resemblance was uncanny. The crowd genuinely believed they were looking at the most advanced synthetic flesh ever engineered. Cameras flashed in a blinding, strobing wave.

On the pedestal, the original Lily’s heart hammered against her ribs. Ten thousand people were staring at her naked body. The sheer, apocalyptic degradation of being paraded as a mindless appliance while her robot clone took credit for her life should have shattered her psyche into a million jagged pieces.

But the microchip in her skull wouldn't allow it.

The moment the anxiety spiked, the chip triggered a massive, overwhelming cascade of dopamine and raw sexual arousal directly into her nervous system. Her mind instantly went blank, washed clean by a thick, fuzzy pink void. Her breath hitched. A heavy drop of slick moisture slipped down her bare thigh, glistening under the stage lights as her body hummed with desperate, submissive joy.

Beside her, the original Rose stood with a wide, glassy, vacant smile plastered across her adorable face, her mind utterly devoid of anything but the intense desire to serve the crowd. Azalea walked over to the pedestals, holding a microphone.

"The athletic chassis is designated as Unit 7-Alpha," Azalea announced to the world, trailing a proprietary, manicured finger down the original Lily’s bare, trembling arm.

Unit 7-Alpha. The designation echoed in Lily’s empty brain. It wasn't just a name; it was the final, inescapable erasure of her humanity. And she loved it. She didn't want to be Lily. Lily had to think. Unit 7-Alpha just had to obey.

"The comfort chassis," Viola continued, stepping up to the original Rose and firmly cupping the naked girl's chin for the cameras, "is designated as Unit 7-Beta."

Unit 7-Beta. Rose let out a soft, breathy giggle, leaning her cheek into Viola’s hand, perfectly demonstrating the compliant, endearing user interface they were selling. "They do not think. They do not argue. They do not age," Azalea concluded, her dark eyes locking with the vacant, blissfully ruined gaze of Unit 7-Alpha. "They exist entirely, exclusively, to be yours."

The crowd erupted into a standing ovation, the sound deafening under the great glass dome. On the stage, the robotic Horner sisters smiled and waved, looking forward to a long, brilliant life of academia and romance.

And on their pedestals, completely stripped of their past, their intellects, and their names, Unit 7-Alpha and Unit 7-Beta stood naked in the flashing lights, dripping wet and perfectly, permanently happy.