

Rental Robot Continuation [Extended Edition]

(The 'American' English edit, per [JaneDoe-2010](#) done for fun, with permission.)

- Story by [Acolyte529](#)
- Since [Acolyte529](#) is British, I 'Americanized' the text, [JaneDoe-2010](#).
- Made small changes to the story, mostly at the end, more to my style. (Jane)
- Small revision 1.1, due to input from [Fetch26291](#), thanks for the observations 11/14/19.

WARNING! This is a work of fiction following from [Rental Robot](#) by [colorfultrick](#). Before you continue, ensure you have read that first! What this is not, is a (Part D), this work bares no relation to parts B or C! This story may contain themes which will disturb those of a sensitive disposition. It is set in a sci-fi world; the characters are not intended to resemble any actual people. The characters and setting belong to the original author.

No sooner than the two idiots had walked away, much to Kate's dismay, things only managed to get worse, although it didn't seem that way at first. As she looked out the store's display window, Kate wanted to scream, "*Woman! What are you wearing?*" But since she couldn't move, no sound was actually produced. The woman who walked up to the display window was wearing a nice little dress, except it was at least two sizes too small, which made it appear all the shorter. Next, to arrive was a pale stick of a figure with a fizzy perm that made her look like a bobble head doll.

Soon three more women turned up, trailed closely by, what she now assumed to be, a gigolo. When the group, set up a soapbox in front of her display window, Kate wanted to smile and cheer. She reasoned that they would see her for the human being she was and come to her rescue. The group, whores, prostitutes and gigolos were here to protest, carrying placards with slogans like, 'Suck it and see!' and 'When do we want it?'

Kate thought to herself, "*I'm with you! Okay, maybe not literally but I'm on your side, well again not really, since I'm stuck on this side of the glass but I agree with you!*" As Kate was thinking about her situation, the leader of the group began shouting about their livelihoods, the immorality of these mechanical toys and saying, "Every woman has a whore inside her just waiting for her sexual liberation." Then Kate watched as a potential customer started walking towards the shop and the group swarmed him. Over the course of the day only a few people even tried to come in and after the jeers of the protesters, none left with a bot.

Kate's assumption was that if someone tried to rent her, she would be released since she was not a real PleasureBot. Kate was also aware that, as the "New Model," she was now the store's star attraction and yet no one came near her. As afternoon gave way to evening, her hopes ebbed away. Dread began filling Kate, as she realized the idea that she'd be spending another night here no longer seemed to be unlikely but more likely

reality. Even the whores were starting to become weary and their insane enthusiasm was waning.

Not that Kate's day had been dull, there had been, singing, dancing and one woman had flashed her boobs at a passer-by. Kate watched, both a captivated, and a captive audience, as one of the whores acted out one her strangest jobs.

As the darkness of night drew in and the urgency and energy of day had passed, the protesters began packing up and engaging in hushed quiet conversations. A group detached from the main crowd entered the shop and Kate thought, "*Yes!*" She couldn't help but approve as banners were hung around the PleasureBot's necks with words like, 'Plastic,' or 'Fake!' written on them.

A woman wearing black leather and far too much mascara came up behind Kate, reflected in the glass. Kate felt a surge of elation and her hopes soared when the woman examined the interface in the back of Kate's neck. Just as quickly, her hopes were dashed as the woman whispered, "Bitch! I'll bet that you just can't wait to get your tonsils tickled?" Kate couldn't believe it as she felt her bra being whipped away by the woman as she called out loudly, "Fake! Fake!" It was hard not to feel even more exposed and Kate would have been in tears if the AI that controlled her had allowed her to cry.

Suddenly Kate heard next to her a Huff, Huff, Huff sound as a quiet hiss of aerosol paint filled the air. Like a condensing dew it felt icy cold as it clung to her, it covered Kate's body from her neck to just between her legs with a metallic silver coat. Next black filigree swirls cascaded down her sides drawing the eye from her boobs to her loins.

Adding further insult for Kate, a banner reading 'Fake!' was hung around her neck, as well. Then with Meer cat like reactions, the group darted to the door and was gone. Moments later the mall cops arrived in front of the shop, pausing only to catch their breath and admire the view. Their lingering gazes gave Kate a feeling of nausea and she thought futilely, "*Well, go get them!*"

Exhausted, and both hungry and thirsty, at some point Kate fell asleep. She knew this only because she woke up with a start at hearing her own voice say, "INITIATING MAINTENANCE CYCLE." Then Kate began a robotic march, she wanted to stop to collect her discarded bra but the A.I. forced her to continue without it. Just as she felt like she was going to slam into a wall, she passed through a mirage projection. To her horror, Kate realized there was no one else there, not even a spotty faced perverted nerd, and the store was entirely automated.

While the computer scanned Kate to determine the maintenance procedures needed, it determined that she was part synthetic and part biological. The computer adjusted its maintenance routines to accommodate her unique design then sent new commands to her interface. Kate could feel herself beginning to undress and thought absently to herself,

RoboKate, SlutKate, KateBot, PleasureKate, KatePleasure? Then she found herself moving to a maintenance station.

Once there, she felt a tug against her skin as the silver paint was being stripped away. "Oww!" She thought as a second not so gentle rip tore away any 'inappropriate' body hair. Then another device cleaned her body from head to toe before proceeding to the next step. Finally, the machine applied what was apparently a permanent, 'Makeup,' to her body giving it a nice, even, smooth tone, which resembled the look of her artificial arm.

After a while, a machine began to work on her arm. Only a medically certified maintenance suite was supposed to be allowed to perform maintenance on her arm and this obviously was not one. Kate's shoulder began to ache as it was stretched into an inhuman shape. Kate was forced to stand there while this was being done to her and then everything went numb. As though things couldn't get any worse, she realized something was being done to her interface and Kate could sense new programming being uploaded into her. She hadn't felt any pain as the firmware in her interface was being replaced with a new administrative framework, but she could only wonder what the computer had done to her programming.

While her prosthetic arm was being put back together, Kate felt new sensations as her AI made her mouth open and close a couple of times. Kate would have gagged, if her AI would have let her, as her mouth was forced open and some kind of tentacle-like tube snaked inside and proceeded down her throat. Kate was unaware that the tube was delivering NanoPaste Gel, a synthetic product that would provide enough energy, water, and nutrients to supply an android for nearly a week, directly into her stomach, along with additional water. Before long, the tube retracted and her mouth closed.

Then a strange device attached to her lower ports as her AI forced Kate's body to expel all waste materials, which were removed by the device. Kate felt another strange sensation as the device cleaned and dried her lower parts before spraying something down there that had a coconut smell. Normally, recharging her food reserves and taking care of waste disposal would occur inside an android charging/maintenance pod in the back of the store when she was not in service. However, her new software would take care of these things automatically if a pod was unavailable or she was away from the store for an extended period of time.

Kate experienced another strange feeling on top of her head, which she couldn't explain, as a blast of air blew over her head blowing her hair around. Simultaneously a voice announced, "Dynamic Follicular Chromology system installed, testing." Kate couldn't tell at the time, since her vision was fixed looking ahead and no mirror was in front of her, but her hair rapidly changed from brunette, to red, to auburn, to blonde, in mere seconds.

Then Kate heard a voice say, "Maintenance complete," and she was forced to move on to the next station. As Kate read the sign, "Dressing Station," she thought; "*this makes a parody of the term,*" as the only items that arrived for her was a bikini set and matching shoes. Both items were made of the same nearly indestructible synthetic leather plastic that formed a regular PleasureBot's grayish-tan skin.

Unlike the store's PleasureBots, who were now Kate's fellow PleasureBot companions, regular robots were androgynous, utilitarian, machines with very little aesthetic appeal. Suddenly Kate heard her voice announce, as a simulated transaction completed successfully, "TRANSACTION ACCEPTED." Kate thought, "*Holy, shit NO! Can I be rented now?*" The shock was met by the sudden realization, "I can be rented, now!" This was accompanied by a guilty warm feeling.

Kate was unaware that her software and protocols had been updated, and this was probably for the best. Now Kate was fully programmed with all knowledge needed for a real PleasureBot, Sexual fantasies, positions, fetishes, etc. Another change to her programming was unique to Kate. Since the computer had decided she was partially biological, she would need food and water. Normally these things would be taken care of during a maintenance cycle at the store while she was not in service. However, if an android charging and maintenance pod was not available to do these things for her, Kate's new protocols would automatically force her body to drink and eat as needed. Kate would also automatically proceed to a bathroom, when required.

Then the computer forced Kate to walk back to the shop floor and take a position in the display. 'Mind numbing,' is a simple phrase but one that had taken on a much deeper meaning for Kate now. Once again paralyzed, Kate was forced to stand motionless in her PleasureBot pose. After the second night, she realized that during the morning the public just passed her window by, as there was minimal demand for a PleasureBot during the day. When customers finally did come in, Kate felt her heart begin to race.

The exciting new model drew a lot of attention and Kate found herself being poked, prodded, touched, and scrutinized in every way possible. Eventually most all concluded she was either too real, too fake or too much of a compromise. Everything became a blur as her tired mind became lost in oblivion, unable to look away from her fixed view of the mall.

Suddenly a voice came from nowhere. It seemed to be coming from inside her head; it wasn't the kind of voice that you hear with your ears. "Testing, testing, one, two, three, this is so, boring!" As the voice continued on, slowly thoughts began to form like bubbles in Kate's mind and she thought desperately, "*Hello, who's there! Please help me!*"

Somewhere an administrator almost fell off their chair and the voice said, "What? You aren't allowed in here, this is a serious **security** breach." There was a short pause then, "I

am a Systems Administrator, and I'm **ordering** you to disconnect from this PleasureBot right now. Because, I'm going to find you and charges will be filed," the voice explained.

Kate thought again, "*Help me, please.*"

The voice retorted, "Hey, this isn't funny. This is a major breach of compliance! But, I got you!" Kate felt like an imaginary spotlight had fallen on her and heard the voice exclaim, "What the hell have you done?"

Kate thought, relieved, "*Great, You've found me! I'm here! Look, I have a prosthetic arm and during my session something went wrong, the PleasureBot I rented took over my interface. Now, I can't move or talk!*" Kate tried to explain everything to the voice but soon realized the person on the other end just wasn't getting it. She tried to make futile, empty, gestures but all motion was overridden by the AI.

Kate heard the voice say, "Don't worry little PleasureBot, he can't do anything to you now!"

She thought, "*Hey! I'm a girl, you idiot! No wait; I'm **not** a PleasureBot, what's wrong with you? Don't you listen?*"

Then Kate heard the voice say, "Geese, you really loaded her up with some junk." Kate could only watch as her profile and all her personal apps were being deleted. Now Kate was left feeling the cold heavy weight of the artificial arm attached to her shoulder.

Kate's thoughts trailed off, "*I'm a girl, my name is...*" Suddenly, by remote command a load of endorphins exploded into her brain.

Then Kate heard, "I'm reloading your administrative framework, then I'll be able to see your model number and designation. After that, you can help me track down whoever hacked you." Suddenly the voice went quiet; Kate wearily tingled as the updated framework was connecting with the thoughts in her mind. Then the voice remarked, "Strange, I can't find your registration information."

The thoughts in Kate's head rang, *I AM A PLEASUREBOT, I AM A PLEASUREBOT!* The words kept going through her head when suddenly her focus returned and she thought, "*No I'm NOT! I am most definitely not a PleasureBot!*" Kate reassured herself; "*For one thing, PleasureBots that haven't eaten in over a day don't feel famished.*"

Once again, the voice in her head spoke to her, "There, now all that left is to reload your PleasureBot libraries, then we'll program your offers and you'll be all set. Bye, bye, mister hacker." Kate's adrenaline was pumping; she had never been so scared and yet felt so excited at the same time in her life, now her earlier fantasy was her reality. Kate thought meekly, "*PleasureBot?*" Kate knew this wasn't where her mind wanted to go but she didn't know how to fight this.

Making a query the voice began, "PleasureBot, what is your make, model, date of manufacture and who is your owner?" If Kate could have seen his face reaction,, she would have grinned with triumph. He was looking at a PleasureBot signature devoid of ownership information and manufacturer info. The model information referenced Kate's medical prosthetic and referred the reader to her medical Identification Card. Only her left shoulder and arm were displayed as having part numbers rather than the whole of a PleasureBot. Suddenly the voice said, "Oh shit!" Kate was rewarded with another rush of endorphins this time naturally.

The voice asked, "Are you Kate? Hey, this is Kate isn't it?"

Three options came to mind, "*YOU CAN CALL ME WHATEVER YOU LIKE HONEY, AFFIRMATIVE, or INVALID DESIGNATION - DESIGNATION MUST CONFORM TO REGISTRATION INFORMATION.*" Kate's control framework was pushing for, "INVALID DESIGNATION," but Kate thought, "*AFFIRMATIVE!*"

Then the voice exclaimed, "This isn't supposed to be possible! What the hell did you do?"

Kate responded, "*I told you; your stupid SlutBot took over control of my interface then wouldn't return it!*"

The voice replied, "I'm going to turn you on."

Kate suddenly began to feel horny and hot and thought, "*Slut!*" Sometimes in the loneliness of the night with only her sister PleasureBots as company, a wave of terror would rush through her as Kate wondered if she might indeed be a PleasureBot dreaming of being a real girl. Except of course, she didn't know that a real PleasureBot could have no such doubts as they didn't have a concept of self.

At this point, it is only fair to mention that another author might have described the Security AI program as a multi-armed Kraken, with one bulging eye and sharp teeth. While this might be illustrative and indeed serve to visualize some aspect of its behavior, in reality it would very much give the wrong impression. The Security AI was a program which mostly just scanned through lists and more lists of numbers, checking one list against another. This function was not something which could be easily visualized using a simple metaphor; it takes time and wouldn't make for much of an interesting story.

A PleasureBot stood at her station in the display window. She had a non-standard configuration. The bot herself was a digital agent, just an app sitting on top of the regular biomechanical firmware. The firmware was where all the hard work was happening as to move her arm it had to co-ordinate with numerous muscles and feedback sensation. Now, with a kinesthetic sense the bot was controlling this unit like any other puppet of the central AI. Senses like pleasure and even pain were only supposed to be simulations.

This puppet had unusual metrics as if her command core was working twenty percent above average load. She had properties like heart rate, blood oxygenation levels and stats like endorphins, adrenaline and androgen hormone levels all of which were very alien to your regular PleasureBot. Her androgen levels were being reported as high, not that any of this had any real meaning for the administrator.

Then Kate heard the voice say, "No, that's not right." At least Kate hoped that he was on her side now.

Within the realm of Audit and Responsibility, the Security AI was coming online.

On the other end, the administrator was trying to tear down her PleasureBot control framework but it was a robust self-healing system. The framework was designed to optimize PleasureBot behavior and performance and for the first time in many hours Kate heard her own voice, once again, announce, "TRANSACTION ACCEPTED."

One of the customers, who had briefly inspected Kate when he'd entered the shop and moved on, returned. Then, without announcing his intentions, he had held his credit card in front of Kate's eyes. Her mind was distracted with the voice and didn't even notice but her interface had read the card and silently the bot had made the transaction.

The voice began to speak then was cut off, "No wa..." Much to her surprise Kate felt great. She found that she could move but hadn't tried talking on her own yet. Just moving around again was its own reward, still she wanted to scream at him, "*you can't rent me, I AM A PLEASUREBOT!*"

Her client commanded her to proceed to a restaurant in the food court and when they met, he asked, "Can you eat and drink?"

Kate heard her own voice again answer, "AFFIRMATIVE!" What she actually wanted to say was, *of course you idiot!*

He commanded her, "Sit here! And try to act more human, all right?"

Kate complied, her frustration and anger came through a filter of PleasureBot programming and its relaxed inhibitions but she was determined to give him a piece of her mind and said, "How's this? Dumb Ass!"

He said, "No, now you sound like a Bitch, **That** high and mighty, bitch! Try to be normal, friendly, like you're happy to be with me." He intoned as he walked away. Kate just smiled as she mulled over in her mind the word bitch and thought, "*I'll show you a bitch!*"

When he came back with a tray of food, Kate couldn't believe how hungry she felt. The man said, "She's so beautiful, she probably doesn't even know who I am. She looks kind of like you. I bet they modeled you after her. Maybe one of their Techs got on the

receiving end of her attitude. A fitting riposte if you ask me.” Kate could only sit there and wait for her next command, thinking, desperately dredging through the depths of her mind to try to put a name to her master's face.

Kate heard herself say, “I am a bitch, I guess.” It was Kate's voice, except the words were coming from somewhere else. She picked delicately at the fries. He smiled; her master had a cute smile, she thought, *"you think you feel invisible!"*

He asked Kate, “S... so how does this work then?”

Again, her voice replied, without Kate's help, “Well Master, first you don't need to be shy, I am yours to command.” Something reminded Kate of her original PleasureBot fantasy, only now this was even more exciting because it was really happening to her. Then she thought to herself, *"Can't you see that I'm real?"* Kate wanted to demand that he acknowledge her humanity and thought, *"Oh god, I can't believe this is happening. Is he really going to use me like a cheap plastic toy?"*

The man looked even more nervous now and said, “You mean, if I said to you, show me your tits, you'd do it?”

Kate just smiled back coyly at him and she said, "Yes master!" Then she took another fry then asked innocently, “Why don't you tell me about this Bitch?” He looked up, a flash of anger in his eyes and Kate thought, *"Why is this making me feel so horny?"*

The man shot back, “She's a bitch and everyone knows she's a bitch. No one or, nothing's ever good enough for her. I heard about one guy his girlfriend dumped him because the **Ice-queen** didn't approve of him.” He smiled again, “Wait till she gets a load of you. Don't worry you're nothing alike where it counts; you have a kind of warmth in your eyes. Hell, you've got more humanity in your left hand than she has in her whole body.”

Then he asked, “Can you do things, like change your look? You look so much like Kate, it's a bit creepy!”

Kate winked and flashed a winning smile, her beautiful blonde hair shot through with lime highlights as she asked, “How's this?” Suddenly Kate thought, *"Wait, I'm the Ice-queen?"* Kate wanted to scream, she could almost sense the bot in her head mocking her saying, *"CATCH ON QUICKLY, DON'T YOU?"*

Kate wanted to demand but she could only sit politely, listen, smile, and think, *"What the hell! What did I ever do to you?"* To Kate's dismay, she discovered that when she looked at him, it didn't matter that he was human. All the bot in her head could see was a sixteen-digit card number running through him like a stick of rock candy. All that he boiled down to was a customer, a transaction and it was what drove her.

He was a client, her master and her software was designed to please the client and fulfill

their fantasies. Even though there were many people in the mall, Kate felt as though they were, alone together and everyone around them were just distant ghostly grey shapes.

Kate said, "I don't think I like the sound of her," as Kate thought, *"I'm not a bitch, everyone's just mean..."* Kate felt more comfortable being a simple PleasureBot, the Kate they were talking about she realized wasn't a person she like to meet, since her AI was in control she asked, "What would you like to do with me, Master?"

The man flushed red. Despite everything, the man had said, he couldn't look her in the eyes for several seconds. But eventually, he told her, "I want you to suck my cock." He managed to say it at barely a whisper. Kate felt a rush of excitement as she felt herself begin to stand up.

Suddenly the man hissed, "Not here," and Kate sat down again. Then he said, "I want to do something romantic, make love to you and you're going to dance for me. I want you to make believe that you really want me."

Without invitation, two pretty girls joined them at the table and Kate objected, "Do you mind?"

One girl said, "Shut up, robot!" It was as if someone hit a mute button in Kate's head suddenly Kate found herself unable to speak. She was forced to sit there while the 'Ladies' told her master, "Don't worry, Ricky. We've got this!"

The other girl said, "You don't need that piece of fake plastic." Each girl took one of his hands and looked him in the eye with their dazzling smiles.

The man took a look at the two of them and asked in disbelief, "Really?" Both girls nodded with wicked enthusiasm in their eyes as the first said, "We'll make all your fantasies come true and more."

Suddenly Rick turned to Kate and said, "You, you can go!" Kate should have felt relieved, her session as a PleasureBot had come to an abrupt and unexpected end without her having to do anything she might have guiltily enjoyed but regretted later. Ironically, she found herself instead angry. However, the situation had come about, he was her client, and those sluts had stolen him. Alone again, she began her forced march back to the shop.

As Kate took her position back in the shop's display window, she wanted to cry. As much as she didn't want to be here, she didn't want to go back to a life where she apparently was the, "Queen Bitch." What was so wrong with her that she couldn't even make it as a PleasureBot, she wondered to herself. Kate thought of her friends and she thought, *"My friends love me, right? We're there for each other, aren't we?"* Since she was, once again, unable to speak or move she found herself asking these questions rhetorically.

Suddenly the familiar non-corporeal voice Kate had been hearing was back, "You're back! That was a close one, I guess! Rotate stock for inventory maintenance." The command moved Kate in a way she'd never imagined possible, she again found herself marching deeper to the dark bowels of the shop. Then she heard, "Good news, I'm going to try to keep you off the main floor. However, you're still listed as active inventory; I don't have the authority to change that."

Kate moved to an assigned place in the back room, standing among the shop's stock PleasureBots and after a while, everything went dark as the lights switched off. Sleep would have been preferable to boredom but it never came, instead the monotony just became a blur. She couldn't even play, 'I spy' as she had earlier, looking out into the mall, as she pretended that her sister PleasureBots were joining in with her.

Suddenly Kate found herself somewhere else, not reality but a virtual world and thought, "*Well, this is new.*" Actually, she didn't think it, more as though she imagined she'd said it. Kate felt like she was in some kind of daydream, an odd fantasy, in which she was posed sexily on a chaise lounge in a virtual reality. Here she was really a Sprite Nymph in a virtual bordello. In this realm, her avatar name was Pixie. She wore a sexy pink lotus dress with pink highlights in her hair.

Kate imagined a handsome suitor who said, "So, how do I work this thing, then?"

Kate or rather, Pixie smiled while taking in his Herculean muscles and told him, "*This isn't exactly rocket science, Sweet Meat.*" To her right were a whole bunch of pushbuttons, 'Share', 'Like', 'Experiment', 'Save' and 'Rent.' Pixie knew instinctively the man's avatar name was, 'Sweet Meat.'

Kate realized this was some kind of weird fantasy world but it was better than standing alone in the dark for hours. She, as Pixie, got up and off the chaise lounge and walked away. "Wait, come..." Sweet Meat said, his voice trailing off in the distance. Pixie had transformed into a party sprite and thus she went in search of a party.

"*Humph!*" was more of the sound she made as Pixie bumped into the immovable mountain of a man called Brux. Almost as though she hadn't been looking where she was going, she just ran into him. He had clear bright eyes and a brilliant smile that made Pixie's heart race; she felt that she had to get away. Before he could reach to press one of her buttons, Pixie darted away.

Kate or perhaps Pixie was still getting the hang of this when, almost immediately, she ran into Glory146, a leather-clad, whip twirling, dominatrix. Suddenly her EXPERIMENT button was pressed and Pixie found herself under a spotlight, standing on a podium surrounded by darkness. Glory146 was browsing Pixie's menus and Kate, as Pixie, shifted nervously.

During a short blink back to reality, Pixie was able to escape. Glory146 and Brux found each other and then suddenly they disappeared in a flash of light. Kate realized that she

was paying much more attention to Pixie's surroundings than her own reality when the storeroom light came on and Kate felt herself starting to move. For a split second, in Kate's mind's eye Pixie ran up to a pole, spun around and flipped upside down in a way that Kate could only dream of being able to do, then reality came flooding back.

Kate was being sent through the preparation line to be placed back into service. She passed her initial quality checks and then the machines began to dress her. Seeking escape from this reality, Kate's imaginary self, Pixie, was performing for a small audience, much to Kate's delight. Suddenly reality came flooding back in and Kate felt herself beginning to march towards the shop floor, now dressed in a Sexy Witch Halloween costume, along with dread as to what she was about to be forced to do, in the back of her mind was Pixie's small squeak of excitement.

Pixie realized that she wasn't dressed for pole dancing, so Kate managed to send her in search of a party. Pixie took a step; it was like falling off the edge of a cliff only to continue walking down the cliff face. Soon Pixie had found a party, of a sort, a regency ball with real gentlemen and ladies wearing magnificent gowns. As Pixie sidestepped around the couples, the women sneered at her, written over their faces was, "What's that doing here?" At the end of the hall Pixie found a door, this was no ordinary door because it didn't actually exist. The virtual door was in fact, for most purposes just a decoration yet when Pixie pulled the handle, it opened, and from the perspective of the dancers, Pixie just disappeared.

Suddenly the familiar voice was back Kate heard him say in her head, "Alright, Kate, as you're on the active inventory list. I've assigned you a new role, as a talking mannequin, programmed to meet and greet our customers and promote our upcoming Halloween event."

Kate replied, "*You know it's not going to be Halloween for weeks... Right!*"

The voice replied, "That's the beauty of it. You're being put back on display but you won't be able to be rented. Well at least until the event starts." Sure enough, Kate realized she was stepping out onto the shop floor again. She took her assigned position near the store entrance and struck a sexy pose, the kind you would expect to see any store mannequin displaying.

Kate saw a potential customer and thought, "*Jiggling boobies!*" She bounded over to a guy trying not to look interested, as he watched her, it seemed as though she had a spring in her bosoms. She heard herself say to the man, "HEY SWEETIE, IF YOU'RE REALLY WICKED THIS HALLOWEEN THEN MY SISTERS AND I WILL ALL BE HAPPY TO PUNISH YOU. BOOK NOW AND GET TWENTY PERCENT OFF, SOME TERMS AND CONDITIONS MAY APPLY!"

Pixie found herself in a big room, Kate could see that there were many doors here but she had to concentrate. The room was lined with doors; there were doors with names like Gateway, Name Server, Audit & Responsibility, and even Ethics and Compliance. Most of the doors had locks on them and Pixie couldn't open those. There was one called

Command AI, it was a different kind of door and it too had a lock but in Pixie's hand, it opened. Kate now realized that this was the virtual network where the AI that controlled her and the other PleasureBots lived.

When Pixie tried to step through the doorway, she felt like she was pushing herself into a chilling pool of liquid. Then Pixie felt herself being drawn towards many paths only for the choices to collapse into one the moment her thoughts touched those myriad options. Suddenly she found herself a PleasureBot, straddling her human partner and writhing up and down. Kate blushed and pulled Pixie back from that encounter. In her mind, Kate could hear Pixie's words saying, "*This isn't exactly rocket science, Honey.*"

Kate heard herself say, "HEY HONEY, DO YOU WANT TO TAKE ME HOME? WE CAN PLAY TRICK AND/OR TREAT. BOOK NOW AND GET TWENTY PERCENT OFF, SOME TERMS AND CONDITIONS MAY APPLY."

Pixie plunged into the Command AI room again. This time Kate was looking for her rental store. Somewhere Kate took complete control of a PleasureBot, well, almost complete control. The alternate Kate/Pixie marched out of her store and took a long good look around. Kate had no idea where she was and let the AI bring the PleasureBot back into her store.

Pixie pushed her mind into another PleasureBot, Kate blinked or rather the PleasureBot blinked. There was a sense that she had her own rather limited personality. Her body felt, well, stimulated. Pixie didn't stick around any longer than she had to and Kate felt like she was getting the hang of this.

A sense of urgency struck Pixie, as the Security AI was getting closer. Taking a leap into another PleasureBot, Pixie discovered that this one was not in the store; indeed this one was special, at least in its own little way, as it was walking to an assignment. Kate recognized the street where the PleasureBot was located; it was another town only forty-three miles away.

Again, Kate was distracted as she heard herself say, "HEY BABE, DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD A HOT FRIEND LIKE ME? SISTER WE WILL DRIVE YOU WILD? BOOK NOW AND GET TWENTY PERCENT OFF, SOME TERMS AND CONDITIONS MAY APPLY."

Kate was getting close but Pixie could sense the Security AI getting close too. With everything she had Pixie reached into the Command AI, her fingers were just about to close around the link to Kate's interface, when the metaphor of the Kraken took on real meaning as it wrapped its tentacles around Pixie.

Pixie felt something hot and painful wrap around her wrist, stinging her hand. Kate was so close to her goal she could almost taste it. The Security AI enveloped Pixie, who was immobilized and neutralized too. Then at the last moment, the Security AI severed the unauthorized connection and the Sprite that had been Pixie disappeared.

The bot AI, a tiny presence in the back of Kate's mind had lost its connection to the

server. Although a heartbeat signal would keep the bot in readiness for the AI's next connection and command. The controlling bot waited, counting three hundred seconds before shutting down and then Kate's eyes closed. Her autonomous nervous system remained active and for a moment, Kate felt like she'd nodded off standing up. She caught herself and realized that she could now move on her own, she was free!

Kate blinked, for real this time, she tried to take a breath and almost choked. Kate realized that she was back in the real world. Her walk home was an awkward one, for many reasons, not the least of which was the outfit she was wearing. Kate's journey felt never ending; even short streets seemed to stretch on longer and longer. Once she was back in the safety of her home, she reached around the back of her neck and deactivated her external communications link. Kate took some time to explore and remove the foreign material that had been so intimately added and then took a long shower.

Finally, Kate curled up on her bed and cried. She found herself angry, for all the wrong reasons and crying because, inside her somewhere, there was something which scared her. It was not that she was scared this might happen again, after all that fear seemed perfectly reasonable. There was a part of her that missed Pixie, a part of her that envied Pixie.

It seemed like another life and a lifetime ago, when all of this had started. Kate had rented a PleasureBot to experiment with, behind the closed doors of her own home. She felt safe, trusting that the machine was programmed to protect her. She remembered her excitement as the Bot took control of her body as a smile warped the features of her face into a joyous expression. With her inner PleasureBot now dormant, Kate still had immense libraries of fantasies, characters, and knowledge, to play with. It had been a narrow escape, everything had gone wrong at once, yet she knew it could have been much worse.

When Saturday evening finally came around, Kate found Rick sitting at a bar. She intoned to the voice that intruded into her mind, "Shut **UP**!" Kate could still 'sense' for want of a better word, the AI and her old PleasureBot programming at the back of her mind.

Like a cat intent on playing with her prey, she came up to Rick from behind, cupped her hands over his eyes, and whispered, "You might have had your fun but now it's time I get mine!" Rick spun around on the spot, startled. The former, artificial, PleasureBot stood in front of him, now much less lifeless and full of terrible intent.

Kate said, "Call me a Bitch, Rick, I dare you!" Rick's face turned an ashen white. Then Kate said, her voice dripping with sweetness, "This is where you buy me a drink." Stunned, Rick nodded, slowly as he comprehended his situation, he turned to the bar and caught the Bartender's eye.

Somewhere far away in a land known only as Headquarters, sat a lonely administrator.

Being as this wasn't an actual 'Evil Organization,' the administrator was searching for his missing contact, Kate. This moment in time started after well-deserved and much needed, long vacation.

He knew that she still had the PleasureBot framework stuck in her head and that her programming could still be active on some level. All he needed to do was find a way to tell Kate to get her implant re-flashed with the latest firmware, the old software would be overwritten, and she'd be okay.

He had other problems too, the Control AI knew something was amiss; an anomalous PleasureBot that shouldn't have been there in the first place was missing. The missing PleasureBot's anomalous records were orphans; the administrator couldn't delete them, as there were no parent records with keys that he could delete.

Additionally, all transaction records of Kate's original session had been deleted. Among the thousands of refunds from that night, Kate's might have been in that group but finding them was like finding a needle in a haystack. Even if they had been found, that information alone wouldn't be very helpful. The administrator needed to find out how this happened in the first place. Without having the medically certified cyber-tech used for Kate's arm, shoulder, and interface, the administrator had no way of recreating Kate's experience. Lacking evidence of her experience, he would lose his job if he admitted to having tampered with medical grade cyber technology!

Later, much later, even later than that, the time came where evening was being pushed away, replaced by night. Distant lightening lit up the night sky as Kate was driving. A distant bright flash in the back of her mind echoed the light in the sky. This was not the first time it had happened since her encounter with RoboMistress.

When Kate lost her arm in the accident, Kate had only been a passenger. This time Kate was driving and concentrated on the road, she pushed the flash to the back of her mind where it belonged. Her medical grade interface was much more robust than a cheap PleasureBot's hardware, its advanced medical firmware would normally filter out the lightning flashes, but her PleasureBot programming had no such filters.

Kate hadn't dared do anything to her interface. When she'd gone for a check-up, her Cyberneticist had almost gone as far as accusing her of making up the whole story. Her arm passed all of its tests and she had full control, nothing else seemed to matter.

Another distant flashback came and that too was pushed aside. Kate arrived at the garage of her apartment building safely. Carrying her groceries to her apartment the episode was soon forgotten. Then at the close of the day she settled down to a chick-flick whose plot seemed revolve around sex and a drink. Only the one glass but considering the bottle of wine had only been opened that night, maybe a few refills had worked their way in the glass.

As usual, Kate was wearing cloths, casual, comfortable cloths. Her cloths were the kind

that she should have thrown out ages ago except they were comfortable and were still fit for wearing at home. As the flick neared its climax, Kate was hit by another bright flash from not so far back, this time. Her wine glass was nearly full again but she decided not to argue.

Kate almost cried out, three flashes came in quick succession; it was as though they were coming at her from all around. The flick had finished and rather than heading to bed, she suddenly decided fresh air would do the trick. Kate grabbed a jacket and put of a pair of cute pumps, the expensive, uncomfortable ones.

Even in the rain, Kate felt better getting out of there. After a while, the wind tore her umbrella into a twisted shape. The Mall was only a few blocks away so she decided to take shelter there, not that her meandering hadn't already been taking her in that direction.

The Mall was a desolate lifeless place. Kate couldn't help but admire her reflection in the window of a store. Her formerly comfortable loose clothes now clung to her body, dripping wet and cold. Walking through the Mall, Kate fell in with a small group of PleasureBots. Marching in step with them, came naturally and felt comfortable, that probably should have worried her.

As they marched purposefully on, a drone flew overhead announcing to the remaining customers that the Mall was closing. More PleasureBots joined the formation. Kate asked the PleasureBot to her right, "What's going on?" The response was all too familiar.

"ALL APPOINTMENTS ARE CANCELLED, PURGE ALL CLIENT REQUESTS. PRIORITY **ONE** FOR ALL UNITS, RETURN TO THE SHOP! ALL OTHER ORDERS ARE TO BE SUPERSEDED."

They were soon joined by the sound of distant footsteps. The Mall lights had been dimmed, since there weren't any customers around. At first, Kate wanted to find somewhere to hide and then she saw in the darkness what looked like a gaggle of girls coming.

In the dim light she saw them, lithe, oily smooth, sexy PleasureBots. These were a sleek new model of PleasureBots from a rival store. They had built in A.I. and looked less robotic. Kate wouldn't have known they were actual PleasureBots but her interface now traded her configuration signature with any Bot that came into range. It served her, kind of like a sixth sense, a cheap party trick.

Unlike Kate's formation, they were chatting about their day, walking like a bunch of irregulars, just a group of friends. One of them caught sight of Kate's gang and remarked, "Oh, look at them, aren't they cute, so retro!"

Another commented, "Very turn of the century."

A third said as she stiffened up, making jerky motions as she walked, parodying the walk of the robots in Kate's party. Motioning to Kate, one remarked, "Check out that one! It's really trying," The PleasureBots in Kate's party all tittered along mirthfully unaware or uncaring about the new model's comments.

Kate marched straight into the shop distracted as her anger boiled. Kate stood in the shop window with the other PleasureBots and watched her tormentors pass by. The shop door closed and locked just as Kate turned to leave and she thought, "No, this can't be happening. Not again!" Kate was terrified when the door wouldn't open, then another bright flash hit her, it was dazzling but only seemed to last a moment.

Shivering, cold, Kate walked into the back room; she had to close her eyes as she walked through the mirage wall. Furtively she looked around the stock room, there she saw her old RoboMistress standing statuesque, still, and there were a couple of other PleasureBots there. Eventually, Kate decided it was safe to take off her wet cloths, still dripping; she was soaked to the skin.

Reluctantly and after some deliberation, Kate took a place at the dressing station. She decided the PleasureBots could be useful to dry her wet cloths. RoboMistress was used like a mannequin, to hold her jacket. Kate entered a command on the computer terminal and a new set of clothes came, in the form of a dark blue corset with a black floral design and silver highlights, black knickers, and black wet-look stockings. Kate began getting dressed in the 'Temporary' outfit, while she waited for her own cloths to dry.

Suddenly, Kate found herself transfixed as a tether dropped down, and was directed into her interface. Once again, she found that she couldn't move and felt the computer looking thru the data in her mind. This was aggravating enough but Kate really wanted to scratch her nose, could not, and that was worse. After three hundred and twenty one seconds, the tether detached and Kate felt normal again. All of her PleasureBot libraries had been messed up, she knew this because she could tell all of her libraries had all been shuffled around. Kate had not yet realized that she had been upgraded with a new integrated PleasureBot AI and new safety features.

As she walked away from the dressing station, Kate didn't notice the seductive swing in her hips that had entered her stride. Rhetorically Kate asked her old RoboMistress, "How are you supposed to breathe in this thing?" Of course, she didn't get an answer from the deactivated PleasureBot which stood there lifelessly. Then, giving it more thought, Kate answered her own question saying, "Well, I guess, you're not."

It was definitely early and after a long time waiting for her cloths to dry, Kate stuck her face through the mirage to look out. A sharp-eyed observer might have spotted the oval shape of a face appear in the wall briefly but with the Mall was still deserted, so that wasn't a problem. While Kate was gathering up some trousers and a shirt, her RoboMistress whirred to life. The sound wasn't a loud whirr but it was distinct against the background noise that had previously been silence. RoboMistress said, "ENTERING **ACTIVE** STATE, AUTONOMY LEVEL HIGH."

Then RoboMistress intoned, the note and melody of her voice now softened, "Simulation initiated, CLIENT MODE." The PleasureBot took Kate's credit card out of her jacket and held it in front of Kate's eyes. As that happened something in the back of Kate's mind, clicked, and she felt herself suddenly shift and stand at an 'attention, waiting for orders' pose. Then Kate watched as her RoboMistress' pose became more relaxed and casual.

Her RoboMistress turned to Kate and commanded, "SlutBot, commence simulation." Kate's heart started to race as she realized that her RoboMistress thought she was a real PleasureBot. She found she could move and took her jacket and credit card from her Mistress. Kate started to protest saying, "now, wait a minute! I am not a Slut...", but then her control AI prevented her from talking back to her RoboMistress and she found that she could not finish her statement.

Realizing that this might not be the best place to stay given the experiences she had in the store, Kate decided not to wait around for something else to happen. But for some reason, that Kate could not explain, she felt she had to have RoboMistress' permission to leave. She turned to her RoboMistress and said, "I am uncomfortable in this place may I leave?" RoboMistress replied, "I don't want you to be uncomfortable, let's get out of here and go to your apartment." Kate wondered how her RoboMistress knew about her apartment but ignored it, as she just wanted to leave.

When Kate again tried to exit the store, she found the shop door unlocked as she approached it, and she walked out with her RoboMistress in tow. As they walked out together, Kate noticed everything in the Mall seemed dead. They passed by store after store, no advertisements played. Normally these would play anytime a person walked by, trying to sell them their latest fashion or beauty treatment. Kate should have found that disturbing, but was too preoccupied with getting back to her apartment.

Maybe just to fill the silence and emptiness or to reassure her self, Kate tried to explain to RoboMistress, "I'm not a SlutBot!"

RoboMistress said with a sly wink, "Neither am I, Baby!" Kate gave a peculiar squeak of surprise, and shot RoboMistress a side on glance.

Kate felt something felt was strange, more exactly her RoboMistress felt strange, she now seemed somehow human, as though she were a real person. Kate's new party trick now indicated her RoboMistress' status as ***Human***.

As they neared the exit of the Mall, they were intercepted by one of the new PleasureBots Kate had seen earlier. The rival PleasureBot stopped in front of Kate's RoboMistress and said, "Hey Sexy, do you want to have some real fun tonight? This cheap piece of plastic wrapped in fake skin, is just so primitive... Spend a glamorous night with me and you'll be the envy of all your friends!"

Being cast in the role of a PleasureBot annoyed Kate, and she repeated, “Hey, I am **NOT** a SlutBot!”

The PleasureBot said to Kate, “Quiet You! You’ll soon be on the scrap heap; you’re an obsolete piece of molded plastic.” Kate was troubled when, once again, she found herself unable to speak or respond to the insult.

Kate's RoboMistress said to the competing PleasureBot, “Go away SlutBot! Then she turned to Kate and said, "You may speak now SlutBot," and Kate found herself able to talk again.

As Kate's competition was making its return to its home store, the fancy new PleasureBot remarked, loud enough so anyone nearby could hear, meaning Kate and her mistress, “How rude!”

Kate was annoyed with being misidentified as a PleasureBot and as she and her RoboMistress walked away, Kate asked her, “Why did she think I’m a SlutBot?”

Her RoboMistress remarked, “You’re dressed like a SlutBot.” Kate blushed as she remembered the things she’d thrown on while waiting for her cloths to dry. While still comfortable, her cloths were tired and becoming worn out, the holes suggestively revealed parts of the PleasureBot rig underneath. The one she had forgotten to remove before putting on her cloths with her sudden decision to attempt to make an escape.

They were now out in public, and Kate caught her reflection in a window, although accidental, the effect of the tease was not displeasing, but she understood why she might be misidentified. Kate couldn’t help but feel a bit excited yet she also felt conflicted. In her mind, Kate relived her experiences, in her nightmares, her fantasies, and her recent reality.

They reached Kate’s apartment and RoboMistress said, “I like your apartment SlutBot... Have I been here before?”

Kate explained, “Yes, I rented you a while back and my session went wrong!”

Her RoboMistress remarked emphatically, “Oh, I understand, this is a role playing game. I like role play!”

It was too late or very early, depending on your point of view and Kate knew she needed some rest before she started out her day properly. Kate replied firmly, “Yes, this is a role play game, exactly! I will be playing the renter and will be going to bed to get some sleep. You’re the SlutBot and I command you to power down for the night.”

Her RoboMistress stood at attention and then seemed to power down. After what had been a really long night, Kate got ready for bed, but after a few minutes, RoboMistress remarked, “This is boring.”

Kate's eyes opened wide as RoboMistress whispered in her ear, "We can make this game really immersive, I can connect to your command API if you would like."

Kate growled, "I've got a headache, and I'm not in the mood." This was beginning to try her patience. Luckily, for Kate, RoboMistress was still playing her part in the game and did as commanded. Kate fell into a deep sleep, exhausted from her experiences.

Epilogue:

Another day, another dollar is how the saying goes, right?

The next day, Kate was meeting a friend for drinks at a local restaurant. It had been a normal day for Kate, so far. Kate was walking into a restaurant in the mall, to meet her friend but as she headed across to her friend's table, a Security Drone intercepted her. The drone said, "WE DO NOT SERVE YOUR KIND IN HERE. I MUST POLITELY ASK YOU TO LEAVE."

Kate was furious at the interruption and asked with self-righteous indignation, "My kind?"

The drone elaborated, "Mechanoid, PleasureBot." Kate caught a few strange glances from the restaurant patrons.

Kate fired back, "I am not a PleasureBot! I was in an accident okay! They gave me a cybernetic arm. This is really offensive." Then Kate intoned firmly, "I demand to speak to the manager!"

Before Kate could get around the drone to get her friends to back her up, The drone said, "Please wait here!"

The manager arrived, never even gave her the chance to speak, and told Kate, "I'm ordering you to leave, PleasureBot!"

Kate tried to explain, "I'm not a PleasureBot! You see, they..."

With a flicking gesture to the device on his left wrist, his Psi-Band projected a holographic-image into the air between them. The manager showed Kate, her PleasureBot identification signature. Then the manager said, "This isn't funny, PleasureBot!" He tapped the command override button and Kate gasped as suddenly she felt herself straighten up, stand at attention, and turn to leave.

The override protocol was an important safety feature in the standard bot framework. This meant that a bot or in this case Kate, could be commanded by someone who didn't have legal authority over it. The effect of the override was to give a manager or property

owner, the authority to give orders to a PleasureBot that they would normally have no authority to command. This could be to leave their restaurant or home if they offered resistance. Obviously, this wasn't really meant to help in the event of a robot uprising, but it could help with evicting an uninvited bot. Even with her interface, connection disabled, Kate's PleasureBot firmware was still listening for certain commands.

The manager told Kate, "I'm registering a formal complaint against your signature. Drone, escort this unit off the premises." The man's voice was prickled with anger. Then Kate involuntarily turned and walked out. She found she could not resist, say anything in her defense, or in protest, and she walked out of the restaurant in shame as numerous onlookers watched the show.

The drone followed as Kate marched out of the restaurant. Finally, as she stepped out the restaurant door, the drone released her from its focus, turned, and went back inside. Kate wiped a tear from her cheek as she hung her head, she felt humiliated and whispered in a trembling voice, "I am **not** fake!"

Her day only got worse as she started home. At first, Kate just ignored the signs saying she was entering a prohibited area of the Mall for androids and robots. Then another Security Drone turned up and made her march out of the Mall. A second formal complaint was filed against her signature.

Kate realized that she couldn't afford a third complaint; a Bot with three formal complaints would be placed into an immobile 'lockdown' mode so that it could not leave its current location. Then the unit was impounded, and its owner fined, sometimes even charged with a misdemeanor. Kate knew she couldn't pay the fine or appear in court if she were impounded! And if her 'Owner' failed to appear in court to pay her fine, then the offending bot would be sent to the factory to be reconditioned and reprogrammed. This was a fate that Kate truly did not wish to experience, for this time she might never be released from PleasureBot service.

End