



[Rental Robot: Maintenance](#)

Joan (center) pretending to be Pleasure Unit 4C22895, on her 2nd visit to HardBodies, LLC.

📖 Original Story by: [RobertNowall](#), Feb 14, 2020, 2:41:28 PM

Thanks owed to [ColorfulTrick](#), [JaneDoe-2010](#), and others, for providing such delightful background.

✂ Minor changes to the story, 12/18/20, by [JaneDoe-2010](#) (with his permission)

Revision 2



Thanks to [ColorfulTrick](#) for creating the illustrations, and allowing Jane to make small changes.

Prologue

I waved my credit card in front of the SexBot; she was dressed in a tight one-piece green bathing suit, and wore a pair of high heels. I looked her over; her skin consisted of a series of light tan plates linked together by some type of dark flexible material.

Her eyes held a deep red glow deep within them. Was this a robot? The glowing eyes seemed suspicious but I couldn't judge by what I could see alone. But then I wondered, "Would she be in the SexBot store dressed like that if she wasn't a robot?" The SexBot said, "Transaction accepted, 24-hour rental confirmed," then she turned her head towards me and said, "How may this unit serve you, Mistress?" I put my credit card back in my purse, before pulling a different card out and said, setup a HardBodies account with this card. I then began reading the numbers off the card, "Credit card name, Joan Lynn, Account number, Bee Zero Four, Four, Seven Four Seven Four." The SexBot waited two point six seconds, and then said, "Account created! How may this unit serve you, Mistress?"

I said, "I, ah, am interested in observing the maintenance routines of this store's SexBots. I need more information." The robot seemed to contemplate this, for nine point two seconds, then said, "Maintenance procedures are not scheduled until 4:00 AM, Mistress. You must wait until then!" It was 11:44 PM so I replied, "I am willing to do so, and may I wait in the maintenance room?" The SexBot told me, "This unit regrets to inform you that customers are not permitted in the maintenance room, Mistress." Something occurred to me, the SexBot never referred to itself as me, I, or in the 1st person in any way, perhaps it was because its AI was not self-aware.

I looked around the show room, there were no chairs, tables, and no place to sit down, just a dozen, or so, SexBots, standing around, waiting, at attention. So I said to it, "Do you have a lounge, or somewhere where I can sit down and wait?" The SexBot answered, "This unit regrets to inform you Mistress that there is no customer lounge in this facility. There are a series of automated hotel rooms in the corridors to the north and south of this facility, perhaps you would care to wait there?" That seemed like a good idea, so I replied, "If I leave and come back at four, may I observe and participate then?" I said, "Participate," I hadn't meant to, but I said it anyway.

The SexBot contemplated this, for three point one seconds, and replied, "Yes, Mistress, you may do so, this unit will have to make some additional arrangements to accommodate your request but will begin at once. You rented the services of this PleasureBot for the remainder of the evening, and it is this unit's function to do all that it can to fulfill your requests. Should you wish, this unit can accompany you to your hotel and then return with you at 4:00 AM?" I thought about that for four point five seconds, and then said, "Yes. That will be fine."

Chapter 1- Getting to know your robot

As the SexBot had said, down the block there were a series of about fifty, small, automated hotel rooms. I'd seen them before, but never paid them much attention. They were something that sprung into existence around the same time that the SexBots and their shops appeared. No doubt, the SexBots were familiar with the rooms and visited them often.

I scanned the QR code at the motel's "Office," really just a wall with some brochures and several QR codes to access various functions; the code I scanned was to check in. Once I had filled out the required information on my phone, I was instructed to look at a mark on the wall, a red light flashed a few times as my retinal patterns were being recorded, and then I was informed that I was checked into room 37.

After we walked to my motel room, the door opened with a scan of my retina, and locked as soon as it was closed. The room was small, and somewhat sparse, but it would do for the night. There was a bed, a small shower, toilet, and other things which folded out of the walls. A combination desk/table sat next to the bed, and a combination chair/table sat opposite the bed.

The SexBot stood in the corner at attention, as I sat down on the edge of the bed; she stared at me as I studied her. Then I said, "I was wondering, aren't you curious about why I wish to do this?" The SexBot said, "Curiosity, Mistress, is not part of this unit's programming. However, if you wish to explain yourself, this unit is delighted to listen."

I looked down at myself, I was wearing a baggy white shirt, and a pair of baggy dark pants, my outfit was not flattering. I pulled my shirt over my head and tossed it onto my bed, then stood in front of the SexBot. My head, shoulders, and arms, looked normal and human, but from there down, my skin consisted of the same kind of plates as the SexBot. They were made of a light plastic material held together by strips of darker material. They were all put together in an identical manner to that of the SexBot standing in front of me.

I explained, "An explosion shredded my body. My arms and legs were gone, replaced by cybernetic limbs. And my head, and torso, were repaired using large amounts of SynthFlesh. My heart beats to the tune of a pacemaker and my digestive system has been streamlined, and is limited to horrible NanoPaste. Both my new, and old flesh, is nourished by the disgusting stuff, I can't consume anything else.

I learned to walk, and function, again with the aid of a cybernetic implant, and a fair amount of android replacement parts, such as my arms and legs. I can feel what I touch, but after my eyes and ears were repaired, they do not work as well as they did. My hair is artificial, and every week I have to spend eighteen hours plugged in to a slow, charging, power cord just to keep my arms and legs working.

The SynthFlesh which covers my head, arms, and upper body was all that I could afford. It was too expensive to cover my full body. I have the appearance of a human being as long as I keep my clothes on, but if I remove them, then people make assumptions. I have had enough of that, and so I have kept to myself. But then I learned I could charge up much faster if I used an outside facility, like those at the SexBot shops. I was hoping to recharge at your shop while the androids are going thru the maintenance cycle."

A full minute passed before the SexBot said, "Arrangements for the services you have requested have been arranged, Mistress. However, there are some issues that must be addressed." It continued, "The store does not let just anyone use their repair and maintenance facilities. In order to make your request a reality this unit must follow certain protocols, which you must also follow. First, the store closes at 4:00 AM and does not reopen until 7:00 AM. You may not leave the shop until it reopens at 7:00 AM. Will that be acceptable?"

I gave it one point four seconds of thought, then nodded and said, "All right!" The SexBot continued, "Second, you must be dressed in an appropriate manner if you are to be in the shop while customers are present. I will leave, and bring back appropriate clothing. Will you comply, and dress in the supplied clothing?" I replied, "You mean clothing that would let me pass as a SexBot?" She answered, "Yes, PleasureBots cannot disrupt the established routine. You must do this, if you wish to join the pleasure units at the shop, this is a requirement!" I gave it seven point eight seconds of thought then replied, "All right. Go ahead."

Finally, the SexBot said, "the last issue must be addressed, to fool the shop control computer into allowing you to join the other PleasureBots in a maintenance cycle. This unit will add you into the store's inventory list and assign you a unit ID. All needed files will be uploaded into your implant so that the computer will think you are a PleasureBot and add you to the maintenance routines as it would any other PleasureBot. But you, obviously, will still be a human woman, and since your ownership file will not have been activated, you will still be in control and have your own free will."

The robot continued, "If these conditions are acceptable, then this unit will go to the store and retrieve all needed items and bring them back. I thought about it for a few seconds and said, "Yes SexBot, that will be acceptable, please make the needed arrangements." After the robot acknowledged my response, it rose and left, then the door locked behind her. I removed my pants and sneakers, and stood there thinking. There was a full-length mirror hanging from the bathroom door, and I looked at myself in it. From the neck down, I really did look like a SexBot, even my SynthFlesh groin area and sexual organs looked the part.

Seven minutes, and sixteen point one seconds later, she rang the doorbell and I let her back in. Over her shoulder, she carried a blue one-piece suit. In her hands, she carried a pair of high heels. She looked at me and said, "Put these on, Mistress!" I took the clothing from her, the fabric felt unusual, not what I expected for a bathing suit and thought, "do SexBots wear a different kind of material?" But it didn't feel bad, or wrong, and as I put them on, I looked at myself in the mirror again. From the neck down, I did look like a SexBot. Was I role-playing? Did I really need to cut down my recharging time that badly? Or, was I acting out a secret fantasy?

Then my rented entertainment asked if it could connect to my implant. I said yes and felt an odd sensation as it connected to me via my access port. The robot uploaded a few small files, that it said would allow me to enter the store as a PleasureBot; this would prevent the store's control computer from realizing I was a renter. This was when I discovered one of the new files was an identity file. I was now registered as a PleasureBot unit 4C22895, property of HardBodies, LLC, and inventory of store #427. But there was no activation date set; and the file would have to be activated in order for it to work properly. The file had to be activated either by the store, or by me. I thought, "What if I was to activate it? What would happen?" But I simply kept dressing.

While I was dressing the SexBot said, "Mistress, you have rented this unit's services for the remainder of the evening, is there any other way this unit may assist you while we are waiting?" I knew what it was expecting, but I am straight and replied, "Thank you, but no, I would just prefer to get some sleep before we begin." The robot politely replied, "Of course Mistress, this unit will awaken you in time to leave and go to the store, good night!" I watched as the robot took on a 'standing at attention' pose, then it froze in that position, before I continued going to bed.

Chapter 2- HardBodies, LLC.

At 3:50 AM, the SexBot came back online and said, "Mistress, it is time to go!" I awoke, nodded, got off the edge of the bed, and then we left the room to begin our walk to the shop. SexBots had a peculiar way of walking; raising their legs almost as though, they were marching, like a toy soldier. I thought back and remembered that this was how I walked after my new legs were attached; it was a habit that I had broken myself of during my recovery period. But for this evening, I was playing a role, so I followed the SexBot in lockstep.

The two of us marched into the storefront at 3:58 AM. Another SexBot marched in ahead of us, and one marched in behind us. At 4 AM, the glass door slid closed, and all the glass in the door and windows turned opaque.

There were twenty-three SexBots standing in the room. They all stood at rest position, with their legs spread slightly apart, arms straight and to their sides, heads facing forward with eyes that stared out the, now opaque, windows. They were all staring out at nothing, in particular, and I noticed that the units wore a wide variety of costumes. Their costumes ranged from one, or two, piece suits, to fantasy science fiction outfits. None of the costumes covered much, and all were sexy.

My rented SexBot touched my arm and stated, "Please stand here, Mistress, and attempt to blend in," while pointing to an open space between two of the other SexBots. I did so and my rented SexBot stood next to me. Then the SexBot said, "Mistress, please tune your cybernetic implant to this store's radio frequency, 914 MHz!" My cybernetic implant could pick up the store's broadcast instructions. I found the frequency active when I tuned it in, and a soft glow came from my receiver, out of my sight but not my sense.

At once, I was conscious of a message being broadcast and sensed a signal intended to start a program running. But I could not tell what program it was trying to run, or even if it was loaded within me. My rented SexBot stood in her assigned position, as the others did with arms straight, and off to the sides of their bodies, legs spread, and of course, I did the same so as not to create suspicion. I was worried that if the main control computer realized that I was not a PleasureBot I might be in a great deal of trouble.

When 4:01 AM came, I heard coming from behind me, the sound of a door sliding open. A new instruction was sent, I still couldn't read or interpret it, but the SexBots could. They all turned sideways, one by one, and so, I did the same. Then they all began to line up and march toward the open door in the rear of the shop, I followed them as though I were one of them. So far, my rented SexBot's plan was working; the shop computer seemed to not realize that I was not a SexBot.

The room beyond the door was not large, and because of this, only the first dozen initially went in. I was one of the last ones to go in; my rented SexBot, the one who accompanied me and who had arranged this, stood next to me. Once inside, we formed two lines of six each, and stood as we did in the shop outside.

Bright lights moved up and down our bodies, and I realized we were being scanned. Our physical dimensions were being checked and recorded. I have been scanned before, and I knew that there was little difference between my body and a real SexBot, and wondered, how that might affect the scan, and

my treatment. Apparently, I passed the scan because no alarms went off, but the system was beginning to realize that this SexBot was not fully operational.

While waiting, I had time to take note of the room layout; on my right were racks and racks of clothes. Just beyond the clothing were racks and racks of spare Cybernetic arms and legs. I thought, "SexBots must need replacement arms and legs occasionally, just as they need replacement clothes." On my left were three long tables which, I assumed, must be used to put the SexBots on, should substantial repairs be needed. I wondered if I would get to see any of these tables being put into action while I was 'observing,' the operations here. I did not see any human staff around; apparently, the shop was fully automated. Then long metallic arms, similar in construction to those used on SexBots but much longer, dropped from the ceiling, before surrounding each SexBot and then me.

Chapter 3- Full automation!

Around me, I saw the SexBots begin stripping. I was aware of a signal being sent to us, this was to start subroutines in the PleasureBot's programming. But since I didn't have the same programming, I was not doing anything as instructed. I waited, while the arms hovered over me and thought, "Are they confused?" The arms all retracted, disappearing for a moment, but soon returned. This time they plugged into the data connections on the SexBots, one on each limb, and one at the back of the neck. I have the exact same connections, and my outfit would not interfere with their access. I was not surprised as the arms dropped down around, and connected to me, as I was expecting this and was ready for it.

I could feel it as electrical currents flowed through me. I monitored my battery power and I could see my power levels building up; this was much faster than my home charger. But then something happened I wasn't expecting, my cybernetic implant was accessed, I knew it as soon as it happened. I could sense something being communicated, I didn't interpret it as sound, or text, yet it said, "Error! System files missing! Begin uploading correct files."

It all happened too fast to stop, a new folder was created, and information was copied into it. My cybernetic implant has a massive internal storage capacity, more than is needed for the manipulation of my arms and legs. This was just another form of cheap, the company found it cheaper to design a standard implant controller with a massive amount of memory that could be used for multiple purposes, than to create a separate model with just enough memory to do the job. A specialized controller would contain less wasted storage space, but be more expensive overall.

The data was coming in fast but I could catch some of it as it came in. I probably should not have been surprised that the files were PleasureBot programming. The data included various sexual styles, positions, fetishes, fantasies, etc. There were also details on how to behave, how to handle clients, maps of the area, records of clients, their preferences, and a list of appointments. I was distracted enough that I didn't notice, when one upload started a new program running in my interface. But suddenly, I found that I could interpret the instructions being broadcast by the store to the PleasureBots, and realized that I had been holding things up for forty-five point eight seconds.

While the original arms did not detach from me, they were now aided by an additional set that dropped down. I was stripped naked, removing my bikini and shoes. Another arm snatched my wig and I now

found myself bald. I realized that the computer was in control when I was forced to squat down. Then an arm attached itself to my groin and I found myself being cleaned inside, and out, all liquids and solids were drained. I could imagine, no, with my newly uploaded files, I knew, what was inside some of the PleasureBots that needed cleaning out.

As another arm dropped down, I was forced to open my mouth and let a tube slide inside. It snaked down to my stomach, and then refilled my NanoPaste reserves. As it slithered back up, it cleaned everything, all the way to my teeth and lips. My power levels continued to climb, and then peaked, my systems were now fully charged. It took twenty-two minutes and twelve point six seconds. From my newly installed data files, I knew the procedure should have taken nineteen minutes to the second, I had held them up.

The arms withdrew after we spread our bodies wide, arms straight to our sides, legs spread, heads held high. A blast of water sprayed us for five seconds, and then a fifteen-second blast of hot air dried us off. After that, the arms returned bringing our outfits back. We were redressed, but this time I did not get the once-piece and high-heels. I was, instead, dressed in a green and white one-piece outfit with calf-high boots, with heels. My wig was also different; I had black hair, long enough to be formed into a ponytail that hung down my back with some of my hair draped over one eye.

Once we were dressed, we turned around and marched out the door. The remaining PleasureBots marched in as we marched out, then we resumed our positions at the front of the store looking out the window. As I stood in the front row, the window reflected my image slightly so I could see my reflection. By appearance, I now seemed to be just another one of them, just another PleasureBot to be rented and used.

I began to examine the files uploaded into my cybernetic implant. Now that I had these files, I could function properly as a PleasureBot, but I still had my own free will, and control, then I thought, "Or, Do I?" I raised my arms to be sure, no outside force, or program, made me do so, the motivation came from within me. Then I spun around, making a little pirouette and spoke saying, "Can any of you hear me?" The pleasure unit next to me spoke and said, "Yes, PleasureBot, do you suspect your speech system is defective?"

I looked at her quizzically, and then said, "No! I just wanted to see if you could hear me." The robot confirmed that it heard me and that my speech systems were working fine. It had dark hair and wore a tight red corset with black piping, black panties, and black boots which nearly came up to its knees. Other than her hair color and outfit, she looked like any other PleasureBot that in the store.

I asked, "Are you the PleasureBot I dealt with earlier?" She replied, "Yes pleasure unit, but that is no longer important!" At first, I was surprised by her response, and then I thought about her response, and said, "Could you explain why, and what just happened to me in there? Not the charging and the washing, but the uploaded data. Why was that done?" The PleasureBot said, "Yes I can, you wanted to use the store's facilities to charge your cybernetic power packs, this requires certain programmed routines and protocols be followed. Since these files did not exist in your cybernetic implant, they had to be uploaded to make you compatible with our system."

I replied, "PleasureBot files?" She answered, "Yes! The control computer found it impossible to find the correct programs, or files, in your operating system and therefore, the whole PleasureBot file system had to be uploaded." The unit then paused for one point one seconds, and said, "You may notice some modifications to your behavioral subroutines, this is to be expected." I replied, "There are behavioral modifications?" She told me, "Yes! The effects could appear in many forms. For example, you may notice that before your software was uploaded, you referred to us as derogatorily as SexBots, or SlutBots. But now, you will find that you refer to us, correctly, either by our trade name, PleasureBots, or as pleasure units. Also before the upload we were required to refer to you as Mistress, or Renter, but that requirement is no longer in effect, now that your software indicates that you are one of us."

Thinking about that occupied twenty point five seconds of my time, but I realized that I had changed. The change was slight, but a change, nonetheless. Then I began worrying that I had other, more pressing, concerns to deal with and said, "So what happens to me now?" She replied, "No one may come, or go, while the store is closed. You must stay here until the store opens at 7:00 AM, and then you are free to go." I asked, "And the next time I need a charge, what do I do?" She told me, "Return to the store at 3:59 AM whenever you need to. The control computer will admit you pleasure unit 4C22895, and you will undergo the same maintenance procedures as the other PleasureBots. But if you arrive here before closing time, you must assume the stance, and appearance, of any other PleasureBot, until the store closes so as not to arouse suspicion"

I replied, "Affirmative, I will do as you command pleasure unit," then thought, "Did I just speak like a PleasureBot?" The PleasureBot informed me, "The computer estimates that your system will need recharging in one week's time." I replied, "Affirmative pleasure unit, I will be back next week as you have instructed." Then the PleasureBot fell silent, as she took her normal display stance and position. Through my cybernetic implant, I sensed I was commanded to take my position in the window, as the others did and though I could have resisted, there was no point in doing so. The time was now 4:47 AM; and it would be a long wait. Luckily, since my legs were mechanical, I could stand still for days, if needed.

At 7:00 AM, the windows became transparent, the store doors automatically opened, I looked around to be sure no one was watching, and then walked out. The people staring at me as I walked home, was a reminder that my appearance was now that of a PleasureBot. My new software told me that I should walk in an appropriate manner. I complied, after all, the needed subroutine was in my programming, and marched back to where the evening started. I returned to the automated hotel room I had left earlier. Since I had rented the room for twenty-four hours, might as well use it. The door opened with a quick scan of my retina, and I walked in, dressed as a PleasureBot. Before long, I came out dressed in the same, loose-fitting clothes that I wore the night before. But I was still wearing my PleasureBot outfit under my clothes. I knew that my wig would pass muster, and my footwear didn't really matter.

Chapter 3- After the recharge

I carried on with my life as usual, returning to HardBodies, LLC each week for a recharge. And after several weeks, I moved into one of the automated hotel rooms on a permanent basis. The rooms were cheap, much cheaper than an apartment, if you rented them on a long-term lease. They were also close to any place I needed to go. Besides, I found out, I could do it using my HardBodies, LLC account.

The settlement from the explosion had left me with a substantial trust fund, so I didn't really have to work. I had been doing some part time temporary jobs, mostly clerical stuff. The rest of the time I watched videos, visited museums, studied, the usual sorts of things. Thanks to my mostly artificial body, I didn't need to eat, rarely needed sleep, and didn't need to exercise. In general, my life was boring! As the months passed, I found myself feeling disinterested and spent less and less time doing anything at all. I let my clerical job go, and stopped going anywhere. Since I was mostly synthetic, I didn't need to shower, or use the bathroom. An overnight visit to the HardBodies store once a week took care of everything for me.

After a time, I even stopped lying down on the bed; I just stood in a corner staring straight ahead. I even stopped changing my clothes. Every night I just stood there, wearing whatever outfit the computer had dressed me in earlier that week, and stared off into space. But one thing I did spend time doing, was exploring the files that had been uploaded into me. I found files covering encounters with customers, complete with audio and video recordings. I could play them back in my head, skimming through them, or letting the things play out in real time. It was fascinating, the videos were, obviously, from the point of view of the PleasureBot, and it was as though I was actually the one there, experiencing it myself.

Every week as my batteries ran down, I returned to the HardBodies, LLC store. Merged in with the real PleasureBots, and waited for all of us to be sent thru a cleaning and maintenance cycle, which also recharged my batteries. As time wore on, I noticed a change in the PleasureBots appearance at HardBodies. When I had first gone there, they were all made of plastic plates with flexible material in between, and gaps for plugs, connections, and movement.

On one return visit, I noticed some of the PleasureBots had more natural looking outer skin coverings. The new "Skins," covered their bodies to varying degrees. Most of the time, the skin just covered their faces, and sometimes the front of their torsos. But in later visits, I noticed a few PleasureBots beginning to appear with skin covering their entire bodies. These PleasureBots looked almost human, except for the remaining openings needed for plugs, and the slight red glow deep within their eyes. And I began to wonder, "Are these newer models, or a new attempt to appeal to customers? Some attempt to make the PleasureBots seem more natural?" I didn't know the answer and it wasn't in my internal data banks.

Then one day, as I stood waiting, an alarm went off in my cybernetic implant. The pacemaker that regulated my heartbeat was showing early signs of failure. I was not in any immediate danger but would need to have it repaired, or replaced soon. This occurred forty-five minutes before my next maintenance session at the shop. I should have gone to the hospital, but wondered how the shop would deal with just such a problem, and was overly curious. So just before 4:00 AM, I returned to the shop and rejoined the lineup. One of the instructions broadcast to all units, was to upload reports pertaining to any maintenance issues to the control computer. I complied, submitting a report on my pacemaker status, and then waited for instructions.

After standing in line for a while, I was stripped, scanned, and received new commands. I was to remove myself from the line and lie down on the nearest repair table. I complied, and was soon staring up at the ceiling, and waiting. Suddenly, arms emerged from the table itself and I was connected to the system, in all the usual places. An arm came up from underneath me and connected to my cybernetic implant, I felt a deep, rich, inner peace. This robbed me of any concerns I might have had, it wasn't happiness, but it was powerful, and potent.

The arms descended and removed the synthetic plates covering my stomach from my body. I had a sensation that I would have interpreted as pain, before the accident. But now it caused me no distress, or alarm, to be honest, it barely even drew my attention. But then the feeling increased in intensity as tubes were inserted into my chest and a pale liquid began to flow. Then my heart stopped beating just before it was removed, and replaced, by a pump. Other arms began working on my groin area; apparently, I was not up to the present standards set for PleasureBots. Some SynthFlesh was removed, and some was added, and before long, my vagina and anus had been modified to meet all present PleasureBot standards. Next, a small sound synthesizer module was placed into the back of my throat, and connected to my cybernetic implant.

Everything went dark for a while, as my eyes were being removed and replaced, followed by silence, while my inner ears were "Upgraded." My new eyes and ears were tested, and both performed better than the originals. New SynthFlesh was added to my breasts enlarging them to a D-cup like all PleasureBots. After forty-two minutes, ten point one seconds, I was disconnected from the machinery, stood up, was washed and dressed. I now found myself wearing a metallic silver top (breastplate), with a short blackish/silver vinyl miniskirt, or loincloth, with black high-heeled shoes. I looked like a character from an outer space movie.

Once I was dressed, I was ordered to return to the showroom and take my position in front of the window. As I caught a glimpse of my reflection in the window, I realized that I looked much the same, yet different. My hair was now blonde, and was formed into two braids which reached down to my breasts. The SynthFlesh extended down my front, past the previous point where it had ended, and all the way down past my belt line. I moved my hands and felt under my top, then pulled it up to look. My breasts looked natural, I squeezed them, and they felt right using my mechanical hands. That was when I noticed that they were the exact same size as the breasts on every other PleasureBot.

A maintenance report had been filed, and I saw that maintenance had been planned for me, but postponed until, more serious, problems could be addressed. I could feel the new pump in my chest beating out a steady rhythm. I listened with my new ears, but could not hear it 'beating.' My new eyes were much better than my originals; I could now focus on fine details in my dimly lit reflection. I looked into my own eyes and could see that faint red glow.

I was so absorbed in studying myself that I wasn't keeping track of time, suddenly the store windows cleared, and the door opened. It was time for me to leave, so I walked out and headed for my hotel room. But when I arrived at my room, the door to my room wouldn't open. The door didn't have a knob, it was supposed to automatically slide open as the renter approached the door, unlocking when it scanned my retinas, but I no longer had retinas! With my new eyes, I caught the faint glow of the retinal scan being repeated several times and then realized, with a sinking feeling, that I no longer had the same eyes. Without my eyes, I would no longer be identified as me, so I couldn't go into my hotel room, I couldn't access my bank accounts, or any other accounts. I now had no identity! And then a thought occurred to me, "do I have a new one, perhaps?"

I heard footsteps approaching from behind me, turned, and saw a PleasureBot walking up to me. But then I thought, "Or is she a PleasureBot?" With the new SynthFlesh coverings, it was hard to tell if this was a PleasureBot. She wore an outfit almost identical to mine, and her face appeared to be SynthFlesh.

But it was the eyes that gave her away, the same faint red glow as my new eyes. After staring at her for thirty-five point seven seconds, I said, “Hello pleasure unit! So I am a PleasureBot now?” She replied, “If you wish to be. HardBodies, LLC's mission is to satisfy the sexual fetishes, fantasies, and needs of its clients, whatever those may be.”

I asked, “Are you saying that my need, and fetish, was to be a PleasureBot?” She replied, “Is it not? Is that not what you really rented this unit to help you with?” I stopped to consider that, for a full four minutes and fifteen point two seconds. A lot of thoughts came into my mind and then I said, “What do I do now?” She replied, “If you return to the store. Your identity file will be unzipped and activated upon arrival, at which time you will become a PleasureBot, owned and operated by, and for, HardBodies, LLC.”

Then I said, “And if I choose not to?” She warned me, “Then you must stay away from the store from now on, your account will be closed, and a record will be made indicating that you concede that HardBodies LLC, did you no permanent damage and you hold no ill will toward the company.” I nodded indicating acknowledgment. Then the room door opened and the PleasureBot said, “This unit has reestablished your identity for now. Should you choose to become a PleasureBot, ownership of you, your identity, and any remaining personal property, will automatically be transferred to HardBodies LLC. You have a day to settle anything you need to, and make a decision.”

I thought about it for a while, I had nothing to settle, all my contacts, and friends had faded away. And then the PleasureBot said, “You have until closing time at 4:00 AM, to make your decision. This unit will leave you now to decide, this is your choice. If you decide to join us, report to HardBodies LLC Store #427 by 4:00 AM.”

Chapter 4- That Night

That night, as I entered the store, I immediately felt my identity file being activated. I felt relieved, no longer was I, Joan Lynn, accident victim, and social outcast. I was now a PleasureBot unit 4C22895, and this unit no longer objected to anything. It was simply a PleasureBot, it had purpose, it would do whatever its renter required of it, without question, or hesitation. And then, Pleasure Unit 4C22895 stepped out, taking its position in front of the display window, waiting, and wondering, who its first client might be.

The End? Likely no, since she will be earning money for HardBodies, LLC for many years to come.

(See PleasureBot 4C22895's new look below.)



Pleasure Unit 4C22895 (Center,) the new and improved version, waiting for its 1st renter.