



Imogen, PleasureBot Unit 342A78GDE just before being sent to storage.

Imogen PleasureBot

By [JaneDoe-2010](#), September 28, 2024, Rev. 1.2

NOTE: I don't own any part of the images used, and will remove them if anyone asks me to. If not, thanks for the inspiration, Jane.

Note 2: original story was inspired by an image by, [HypnoDolls](#) on Deviant Art, and I recommend checking out their works.

Imogen was a normal young woman; bright, inquisitive, fun to be around, yet somehow a bit shy and introverted; cute with amazingly dark hair, and a beautiful figure. Fiercely independent, Imogen had few friends, but since that didn't really bother her she never truly tried to make any. One day Imogen and one of her few close friends; Nancy, were exploring the city where they lived. The two came across a factory owned by a company whose name was MidNight Entertainment. The girls had heard of this place before, apparently the factory made super realistic PleasureBots for its parent company. MNE was a PleasureBot rental company known worldwide for its exceptionally realistic robotic SexBots.

The two girls just couldn't help themselves and wanted to get an inside look at the plant; but when they asked about a factory tour at the front gate they were told that the company didn't do that. Undeterred the two decided they would sneak in that night thru a hole they found in the security fence surrounding the plant. After nightfall, the two returned and entered the grounds via the hole in the fence. Imogen and Nancy were careful to keep quiet while they carefully approached the large building.

The two were surprised when they didn't see the usual security cameras everywhere that they were used to. But then again, it was the 22nd century and crime was not nearly as bad as people had to deal with in the past. Advancements in robotic police officers and security personnel had assured that most criminals were quickly caught and dealt with. Even though trespassing was a minor crime that would at most get the girls a short stay in jail, they were still being careful and did not want to get caught.

The two found an unlocked door marked, 'maintenance,' and carefully opened it, making sure that no one was looking before entering. To their surprise there was no one there, at all, the entire plant seemed to be running fully automated; perhaps that explained the empty parking lot that the girls had noticed on their way in. The only guard they saw was the man at the front gate, and he didn't seem too alert. Slightly more confident, the two began looking around while being wary and looking for security cameras. Strangely the two didn't see anything that they would recognize as a security camera anywhere.

As they were looking around the two separated, Nancy went one way and Imogen the other. Nancy headed out toward the storage and shipping area of the plant, to see what that area looked like. Meanwhile, Imogen went to the production line, she was fascinated by the line of realistic looking PleasureBots that she watched moving toward the end of the line, soon to be joining Nancy in the storage area. As she was approaching a point about 1/3 of the way from the start of the line something interesting caught Imogen's attention. She realized that the basic metallic framework that made up the 'skeleton' of the units was covered with something resembling SynthFlesh, a synthetic flesh like substance often used to help victims of horrible accidents recover more quickly. SynthFlesh was bio-compatible and looked just like real skin, but Imogen quickly realized that this was actually something else, similar but different; this stuff was not Biological in nature.

Intently watching the skinning process, Imogen was too focused on what was happening in front of her and not focused enough on the overhead cart that was speeding her way. The overhead cart hit her squarely in the back of the head, knocking her unconscious. The computer system running the plant detected the unconscious woman lying on the floor and tried to respond appropriately. Since the computer records showed no human workers as being within the building at the moment, the control computer decided that this must be a PleasureBot unit which had, somehow, fallen off the line.

A pair of robotic arms quickly arrived, moving down the same overhead track that the cart had just passed by on, and picked up the unconscious woman. Imogen was then carried to a rework station, where all her clothing was removed and she was scanned. Many anomalies were detected, not limited to her strange costume, lack of identifying markings, missing control collar and status indicators, and finally no emergency shutdown button, in case an owner or renter needed to forcibly shut the unit down.

The computer quickly designed a rework plan that would bring the unit up to specifications. First the unit was fitted with a new, fully functional and up to date control collar, but there were just too many other issues found with this unit and much more work was needed. So Imogen was injected with a serum containing trillions of microscopic nanobots, these units would correct any anomalous problems with the unit's internal hardware, while its collar would direct the unit's actions once all repairs had been made. The nanobots quickly began transforming Imogen's entire body from biological in nature to mechanical, quickly converting each system into its mechanical equivalent. Her entire body, even her skin, was soon replaced with the stuff she had observed earlier, an unbelievably durable and tough synthetic material; waterproof, chemical resistant, and even fairly fire resistant.

The nanobots replaced everything and before long all that remained of Imogen was another mechanical android body, just like all the others. The computer saw no need for the primitive biological systems used in her former frame; such as a need to convert 'food' into energy. And before she was complete, the nanobots had completely removed her digestive, pulmonary, and respiratory systems. These were replaced with a modern power unit and all needed hardware to allow Imogen to be recharged in a pod whenever needed just like every other android the company made. Imogen would never eat, breathe, or speak the way she had previously; now the unit had an internal speaker like all other androids. Unlike the previous form that this unit had, she could now replay any sound that she recorded perfectly, or synthesize any tone or sound that was needed; she now had a 'perfect' singing voice.

Then, because company research had determined that most of their clients wanted a more exotic look from their PleasureBots, the computer changed her hair color to an almost white and her eyes to an artificial blue, sure to excite any renter she would have in the future. When it came to her brain, the nanobots made an unbelievably faithful equivalent to the original, which included all data and thought patterns from the old biological unit. Now, like her body, Imogen's mind was fully synthetic, an elaborate computer, and her entire sense of self was simply a program running within it. Before the process was complete, Imogen even sported a touch activated emergency shutdown button on the back of her neck; this was so her owner could suspend her ability to move should they desire it or the need arise.

It wasn't long before Imogen was placed onto the production line with the other units, there she traveled the remaining length of the line; being properly clothed, marked, inventoried, etc. Before she reached the end of the line, additional programming and data was added into her 'mind' before she passed thru the final quality control scanner. Then, once she had passed Q.C., Imogen was booted up and sent onward to shipping. When she first regained consciousness Imogen was fairly hazy; as though she were in some sort of weird dream. Everything looked and sounded different, and her vision was really weird, there was all kinds of data appearing in the periphery of her viewpoint as though she were wearing some kind of high tech augmented reality glasses, but she couldn't feel any.

It was only when Imogen felt a strange feeling inside as though someone were giving her an order, a command to walk to shipping, and her body began to obey those orders that the sudden shock caused her to really 'wake up,' so to say. Imogen tried to stop herself, but found that no matter how much she

tried to stop walking she simply continued moving onward. As she was walking, she passed by a reflective surface on a machine and saw the reflection of a sexy PleasureBot walking, Imogen would have screamed both in surprise and terror, if she had been able to. The reflection was of a sexy female PleasureBot which looked a lot like Imogen, even though its eyes and hair were differently colored. The unit was wearing an embarrassingly skimpy outfit consisting of blue one piece bodysuit with a company logo and QR code printed on it, fishnet stockings, high heels, and a control collar. The PleasureBot even had the standard LED status indicators in its temples which indicated the current operational state of the unit; functional and ready for commands.

Imogen also noticed that the unit was marked with identifying markings that showed its ownership, ID, and function. But the worst shock was when Imogen realized that the PleasureBot she was looking at was Imogen herself! Having some basic familiarity with the now commonplace android servants; like PleasureBots, MaidBots, etc., Imogen realized that her status LEDs indicated that she was fully operational and ready for service, this meant that she could now be rented! Imogen was still reeling from the shock and realization that she was a PleasureBot. She certainly didn't feel that way herself; she didn't want to be rented! She would have fainted had she still been human, but Imogen would never do that again thanks to her now fully mechanical nature. Imogen certainly didn't want to be a working PleasureBot and she most definitely didn't want to be rented. But the experience only got worse when she tried to think of her name but all she could think of was PleasureBot unit 342A78GDE; the unit was shocked, she couldn't remember her real name anymore!

342A78GDE had no idea how she had come to be a PleasureBot, she was sure she was supposed to be human! The last thing she remembered was walking around the plant with Nancy, the two separating, and her following the production line from the end toward its beginning. Oh yeah, and a massive headache which she now realized she no longer had. When 342A78GDE arrived at shipping she automatically stopped on an unseen mark and essentially froze there. She could still move her head to look around, but could not move in any other way. But before long the unit would not even have the luxury of that.

Worse still, for 342A78GDE, she found that she could not speak, scream, or make any kind of sound; and was forced to simply wait for something new to happen to her, or for someone to find her. 342A78GDE knew she was in deep trouble, although she didn't realize how deep she was in. The PleasureBot that stood there waiting to be found and rescued was no longer human, in any way, and therefore had no human rights or privileges. And the biggest problem for 342A78GDE was that she no longer looked much like herself, her old self, so no one would recognize her anymore anyway? Still not realizing that she was now simply a mechanical device, she then thought to herself, "Well, like it or not, I guess this is myself from now on, I am a PleasureBot until someone rescues me!"

While standing there waiting for her orders, or worse yet, to be rented; and still hoping that someone would come and rescue her, 342A78GDE looked around. The unit was desperately longing to find Nancy, or better still, for Nancy to find her. After all, 342A78GDE realized, even if the unit had seen Nancy walking around she couldn't wave at her or yell out for help. 342A78GDE knew that her friend had previously walked toward the area where she was currently stored when they split up, and she hoped that Nancy was still in the area somewhere. She hoped that Nancy would come in, find her, somehow recognize the PleasureBot, and somehow rescue her. But until that time, 342A78GDE was forced to stand there quietly and wait, and that was when things became even worse. Now the PleasureBot received new orders from the control computer and was forced to face forward, head, body, and even her eyes, and then everything locked in place.

This really was alarming as now 342A78GDE couldn't even look around for her friend; the PleasureBot was stuck looking at a blank wall in front of her; unmoving like a store display dummy. But alas it didn't really matter anyway, Nancy was nowhere to be found! It turned out that the plant really did have security, in the form of an android SecurityBot; who found Nancy, stunned her, and then arrested and turned her over to the police. Nancy was now safely, and securely, stored away for a few nights in a downtown holding cell. It was a Friday night and there was no one available to interview Nancy, ask why she had been inside the plant that night, or if she were alone; and there she would remain until Monday morning before being interviewed.

Meanwhile, after standing there motionless and silently in storage for several hours, growing very tired of the view of that wall, and hoping all the while that someone would walk by and realize that she should not be there, 342A78GDE received her first orders from her new owner, Midnight Entertainment. Not being able to remember her former name was bad, having orders was even worse, but what came as the worst major shock when a realization hit her. 342A78GDE now had an owner, she was a real PleasureBot, someone's property, and about to be sent out to pleasure her new renter and do as commanded, no matter what she was told to do, or how much she didn't wish to comply.

342A78GDE's orders were to exit the plant, go to her renter's apartment, and once there she was to confirm his identity using the code with which he had been supplied when he rented her. That code had now been uploaded into her storage unit for comparison and verification and she could feel that this was true. Once the PleasureBot had arrived and verified its renter, 342A78GDE was to obey her renter's orders and wishes, without hesitation, until her twenty four hour rental period was up. At which time, her renter could either extend his rental time for the PleasureBot or she would be required to leave and return to her new permanent 'home,' the MNE PleasureBot rental store downtown where she would be prepared for her next client then put on display in their front window.

Once she had arrived back at the store, 342A78GDE could expect a full cleaning cycle, recharge of her power cells, and being forced to dress in a new set of skimpy clothing; designed to attract another horny renter. She could also look forward to the embarrassment of being put on display in the front window to entice new renters. Add to that, the fact that she was now unable to do anything to lessen the embarrassment of being seen as nothing more than a common PleasureBot, forced to stand there on display, while waiting for some horny person to rent and use her as they pleased; and her new life as a PleasureBot looked bleak. Unfortunately for 342A78GDE this would now truly be her life, for however long she continued to function, or until her owner sold her to someone else for some other purpose. 342A78GDE would never be able to go anywhere again without her owner's permission, and she could never speak her mind again period; nor do anything that she personally wanted to do.

342A78GDE was now simply property, destined to be used to make her owner wealthy and forced to try to make her renter's happy no matter what twisted thing they ordered her to do. As the PleasureBot walked thru the dark alley on her way to her first renter, she endured the embarrassment of being a conscious android hooker, dressed for the job and forced to walk in public to her first client. But it was about to get worse, 342A78GDE was about to feel even more embarrassed when a police drone flashed some sort of light on her which forced her to freeze up in an 'at attention' pose. She was then forced to wait there and listen to some jerk hoot at her and make cat calls from a nearby window, while the drone scanned her ID and determined that this PleasureBot unit was OK, before releasing her from the beam's effects and allowing her to continue on.

342A78GDE could once again move, just not by choice; and she still could not speak or cry out for help and assistance. Once again, her programming resumed controlling her actions and forced her to

silently begin walking again onward toward her destiny, her first client, and soon her permanent new job and ‘life,’ as a PleasureBot for rent.



PleasureBot Unit 342A78GDE on her way to her first renter.

You may be wondering why Nancy never rescued 342A78GDE, well that is a bit of a sad story. At first, Nancy didn't want to get her friend into trouble by saying anything. She had assumed that 342A78GDE had escaped without being caught. Nancy was given a couple months in jail for breaking and entering, and criminal trespass. When she was let out of jail, Nancy went to 342A78GDE's apartment to see why her friend never came to visit her while she was in jail. Nancy was dismayed when she couldn't find 342A78GDE there, or really anywhere else when she looked for her, in fact, the landlord told her that 342A78GDE had not paid her rent in over two months and had been evicted more than a month ago.

When she finally did go to the police, Nancy told them that she had not been alone in the plant, she had a friend there too. They asked her a bunch of questions, but since there was no indication that anyone else had been there, and no complaints about any other trespassers from MNE, they dismissed her claim. Also, while Nancy had been stuck in Jail, 342A78GDE was shipped to another city by her owner to serve them in their local rental store there. Nancy never did find 342A78GDE and eventually had to give up trying.

Unfortunately, life as a PleasureBot was anything but pleasurable for 342A78GDE. She immediately discovered, after her first rental, that PleasureBots do not have any circuitry devoted to feeling

pleasure themselves, only simple touch, sight, sound, orientation, pressure, etc. Therefore, 342A78GDE never got any kind of sexual stimulation from the countless times she was used for sex. Like it or not, the PleasureBot simply performed the duties that it was designed for and then moved on to her next renter. Since most PleasureBots are repaired over and over and the average unit lasts for centuries; it is very likely that 342A78GDE is still out there somewhere serving her current owner, or renters.

The moral of the story is simple, stay out of places that you are not supposed to go it can be very dangerous, you could go to jail! Or worse, you might find yourself in a situation that you could never have imagined could ever really happen, or less would want to happen. In short, urban exploring and trespassing is dangerous so don't do it! **You might regret the results for the rest of your existence, and depending on what those results are, that could be an extremely long time!**

The End