



Molly, waiting in the store window display to be rented, or better still, released!

[Rental Robot - Continued Further](#)

By [gatorbackradial](#) Originally Published: Feb 9, 2020

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Permission to post this has been requested from GBR and given, thanks. However, please write a followup to this fantastic story, it is great! Jane
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Taking stock of her predicament, Molly Spectrum decided she really wasn't having a good day, not at all! Sure, it started out as silly fun; she had rented out a PleasureBot from the rental store in her new apartment complex. While doing a bit of role-playing . Molly had an idea which she thought could be fun and add a bit of thrill to her experience. She gave partial control of her cybernetic interface to the tall, brown-haired PleasureBot wearing a red corset, for the duration of the evening she had rented it. Molly

thought that being controlled by her rented entertainment would make the role playing game more interesting, she was too right!

Molly had also given the PleasureBot explicit instructions to be dominant over Molly, to pretend that Molly was a simple, subservient, PleasureBot; built to be commanded and forced to simply follow orders. This the PleasureBot did, and did well, referring to Molly as 'SlutBot,' and forcing Molly refer to the PleasureBot as her 'RoboMistress. Also, for the duration of the game, Molly was forced to follow her RoboMistress' orders as though she really didn't have any choice in the matter, and was a simple PleasureBot herself. And because Molly had given the rented PleasureBot control of her implant, she really didn't have to pretend, as she really didn't have any control of herself.

Her friends had been worried about her for quite some time and had told her, 'Be adventurous, Molly!' Molly realized that she really had not been very adventurous since long before the car accident which caused her to need the neural implant, and the artificial arm that it controlled, so Molly decided to 'live it up a little,' unfortunately that was a big mistake which she would realize all too soon.

The RPG was indeed fun, at the start; the PleasureBot forced Molly to dress in her sexiest lingerie, which she found exciting. Molly imagined it would be quite embarrassing to be seen walking around in public dressed like a common HookerBot! But since this game was in the privacy of her own home, the sexy outfit only helped to heighten the excitement of the game. And things really were just starting to get exciting, when, an incoming warning from MidNight Entertainment, the rental company, regarding an impending electrical storm, somehow scrambled the PleasureBot's programming.

Without warning, its base programming kicked in, forcing it to blindly follow any orders from the rental company, and its new orders now took complete control of the PleasureBot. The hooking unit, was commanded to override any renter assigned orders and instructions it had been given, cease its present operations, and return to the rental company at once; where it was to return to the display window and switch to display mode until it received further orders.

Molly decided right then that logic, and any logical fallacies, were a bitch.

The PleasureBot suddenly claimed full control of Molly's neural interface, no longer identifying Molly as its renter but rather thinking that Molly was simply another PleasureBot, before marching both of them back downtown to the PleasureBot rental store. Molly was still clad in her lingerie, the little teal and black number, the one with the garter belt, and her best black heels, but that was all! And, as she had surmised, the embarrassment of walking thru town dressed like a common HookerBot was indeed overwhelming. Molly wanted to hide her face in shame, but could not do anything other than follow her 'RoboMistress,' as the two walked to the store.

Once the two arrived, the scrambled PleasureBot's control of Molly was released as it was transferred to the store's computer network. The computer then took full control of all of Molly's actions, before moving her to an assigned position, and posing her in the store window along with all the real PleasureBots; before freezing her in place. There

Molly would be forced to remain on display, standing immobile, and waiting for the electrical storm outside to pass, or someone to come in and realize that she was not a real PleasureBot. Molly couldn't speak, ask for help, make a sound, or even blink, even the expression on her face was now fixed in a, 'come in, and check me out,' expression.

Molly optimistically told herself, "*All I have to do is wait!*" All of the higher functions of her body were now completely overridden by the store's computer through her interface, but all of her autonomic actions, respiration, pulmonary functions, and her ability to think, were still functioning normally. Molly could still feel everything going on around, and to her, and she thought, "*Oh well, At least I am not in any immediate danger. All I have to do is wait for someone to notice me, or to somehow get away from the store's wireless network. After all, people aren't that stupid, surely they will see that I am a real woman and do something to help me.*"

The first set of women that walked by her window, and then entered the store, were as disappointing to Molly as they were annoying. Not only did they not realize that she was a real woman, but they drove her crazy with their mockery of the 'PleasureBot' and their many, many, selfies which included her. The two were oblivious, posting pictures of themselves with Molly that they almost instantly uploaded to Facespace. But Molly still had confidence that she would soon be rescued; surely, she thought, someone else had to be coming soon, who had more mental capacity, or at least some common sense!

Many people did pass by her window and even more seemed to mill about in the retail space beyond the glass, yet, none of them seemed to notice Molly; well at least not the way that she wanted them to. The fun was now long past, Molly was tired of being a simple window display for people to look at, and she screamed in her head, "*Someone please DO something!*" "The day was dragging on and Molly had lost track of how long she had been a window display, she wasn't sure if she had been there for minutes, or hours!

Not long after the two annoying women left, a small cargo crawler came within Molly's limited field of view. Crawlers were ubiquitous in the retail area, customizable to be able to do many different functions, like clean the carpets, and even transport inventory and cargo. This particular crawler had something large on its back. At first Molly thought it was collecting garbage, that was, until it pivoted before backing up to the storefront entrance. A door opened in the back of the crawler as it stopped, before the door of the store also opened and, somewhere in the back of Molly's head she heard a beep then, "Prepare for rental assignment, PleasureBot!" Molly thought, "what was that? Who said that? Where did that voice come from?"

Suddenly Molly felt herself moving again, involuntarily walking towards the crawler, this was terrifying as she didn't know what was happening. At first she was perplexed, she knew that electrical storms could last for hours but she didn't think that it had been that long, had it? How long had she been standing in the window, on display? Was she about to be thrown in the trash? Surely not!" She thought, "Hopefully this will be my chance to escape as I move away from the store's wireless!"

But then she spotted a second PleasureBot moving toward the crawler, it was her brown-haired formerly rented 'RoboMistress' from before! Both PleasureBots began marching toward the crawler, which Molly now realized was not a garbage hauler at all; as she got closer to it she realized that this unit was configured for transporting cargo; and she was the cargo! Unfortunately, it was thick walled too, and shielded, which would protect her from the storm, but might make it hard to escape from!

Molly tried to shout, "Wait! I am not a real PleasureBot!" Unfortunately she found that she still could not make a sound, as her mouth would not move at all. Molly's facial expression was just as blank and frozen as all the real PleasureBots around her. So no one would suspect that this PleasureBot was not supposed to be heading out to a rental job. When she arrived at the crawler, Molly felt herself involuntarily step in and then spin around so that she now faced out the open crawler door. After she was loaded in, Molly was forced to stand at attention, and then froze completely. Then she watched as the expressionless slut PleasureBot, who got Molly into this mess in the first place, climbed in and stood there facing her, before adopting the same pose and rigid stance as Molly.

Molly really didn't like this PleasureBot after what it had done to her but, as if to add insult to injury, the two were now pressed face to face within the transport, and Molly was unable to change that fact. After a beep, the doors of the transport quickly swung shut, plunging Molly into near darkness, and total terror. The hydraulics of the loader whined, pivoting the two PleasureBots' shipping container backwards to a point where Molly was now reclining at nearly 45 degrees, with the slut PleasureBots' full body, and weight pressing down onto her. Then the crawler was off on its journey, taking a terrified Molly and her emotionless companion to their newly assigned destination, and fate.

Every crack and expansion joint the crawler crossed made the container jostle, grinding the slut PleasureBot's body into Molly's. Molly was surprised at how light the PleasureBot was. She was expecting the PleasureBot to be heavy; as Molly's artificial arm certainly felt sometimes, yet in reality, the unit weighed very little. The stimulation of Molly's nipples and crotch, however artificial, caused by the rubbing of her 'RoboMistress' body against hers, could have been almost pleasurable under much different circumstances; but at the moment this only served to annoy Molly even more.

For the first few seconds of the trip, nothing happened; the container was quiet with its two, for all intents and purposes, motionless mannequins riding within. In the dim light filtering in between the container's doors, Molly saw the PleasureBot's unblinking eyes looking directly into her own. Then, in the darkness, Molly could feel control of her interface being switched again from the store's fading wireless network, back to the annoying slut PleasureBot who was pressed against her.

Molly tried mightily to move for a short while, hoping to break free of her confinement, but there was nothing for a moment. Then her right eyelid fluttered for a split second and she became optimistic that she was about to regain full control. That was, until Molly felt her interface once again taking full control of her actions; shutting down her efforts completely. Then the slut PleasureBot, without speaking audibly, somehow still clearly conveyed a message to Molly, as it silently commanded her from millimeters away, "You

may do only as I say, RoboSlut! I am your RoboMistress and you are a PleasureBot who was designed to follow orders when you are given them, without question!”

A shocked and surprised Molly did not, and could not respond. Even if she could have thought of an intelligent response, Molly still could not speak and had no idea how her RoboMistress had planted the words inside her head. Molly felt a strange sensation as more information came in from the hated slut PleasureBot, “You shall continue to address me as RoboMistress, SlutBot, and only RoboMistress,” it said, “Failure to comply will result in immediate punishment!”

Suddenly Molly found herself with a voice again and she started to say, “Oh my g--...” Only to be cut off by a painful shock before hearing, “Only as RoboMistress, RoboSlut,” the voice repeated. Fearing another shock Molly replied, “Yes... RoboMistress! But, I...” Her statement was again cut off by yet another shock before the voice repeated, “Only as RoboMistress, RoboSlut. Nothing else may be said.” Starting to learn her lesson, Molly repeated, “Yes, RoboMistress!” Then she remained silent. There was a short pause, but no shock, before Molly heard, “Well done, RoboSlut!” Molly’s RoboMistress then bent its head down and, almost hungrily, planted a long, deep kiss on Molly’s frozen mouth.

Molly’s thoughts of escape were momentarily distracted by the kiss. That part of Molly’s initial programming of her RoboMistress’ personality had not been affected by the error that had occurred earlier. Molly was surprised at the details that went into the PleasureBot’s ‘kiss’ function, as well as the quality of the synthetics used in its design. Molly felt as though she were being kissed by a very passionate female lover. She began to feel some parts of her body wanting to betray her pressing urges and return the favor.

Her mistress, eventually, slowly broke away from the kiss and said, “Do as you are told RoboSlut and you will be rewarded again!” Molly said, “Yes Mistress,” before a mild shock reminded her and she corrected herself, “Yes, RoboMistress!” Apparently these were the only two words she would ever be allowed to say from then on. Molly thought, *“Can anyone outside hear this conversation? Please, someone, help me escape this!”*

Molly’s thoughts were brought back to her present situation as she heard her RoboMistress ask, “Do you enjoy being a RoboSlut?” Molly lied as she replied, “Yes mistress!” She was quickly reminded again by the shock and corrected herself, “Yes, RoboMistress!” Then a new question, “Do you like being dressed up in slutty clothes RoboSlut?” This time Molly remembered the shock and lied as she replied, “Yes, RoboMistress!” Molly remembered the safeword she had set earlier and began to say it, “PleasureB... ...”

But that was all she was able to get out before a larger shock came and she was told, “Transgressions will be punished, RoboSlut, within the rental time frame of ERROR NO DATA which you purchased.” Molly knew she was in big trouble now and replied, “Yes, RoboMistress!” But it was the words error, no data, that bothered Molly, why didn’t her RoboMistress insert the remaining time left on their rental contract? Molly thought, *“Error?”* Molly tried to remember how long she had paid for the PleasureBot and thought, *“All night? Wasn’t it? Wait; didn’t all customer transactions get canceled by*

the storm? What does that mean for my rental time, and when will I be released!?!”

As the ride continued, Molly’s RoboMistress continued to talk dirty to Molly, just as Molly had instructed it to do, earlier in the evening. Displaying the requested dominating personality programming Molly had requested when she initially programmed her RoboMistress, Molly was only allowed to respond with two words, two words that she vowed, after the evening was up, she would never repeat again.

After a fair amount of time Molly felt the crawler load itself onto a flat space and halt. The shaking of their travel was replaced by the shaking of being elevated; Molly realized that they were in an elevator car and going up, ascending to the residential floors of a very tall building. Molly didn’t understand how she had even been rented in the first place; that was supposed to be impossible. But then again, the entire evening had turned into the impossible. Still, she knew that if she had been rented, the real person who rented her would surely realize the problem when the two arrived and they got a look at the RoboSlut.

The elevator continued to rise, to the upper floors of the building. Molly’s RoboMistress also continued to assert herself completely over Molly, continuing to set rules and test Molly’s reaction, as any good mistress would. As though it were taunting her it asked, “Do you like being humiliated by your RoboMistress, RoboSlut?” Molly really didn’t, but also did not want to be shocked again and replied, “Yes, RoboMistress!”

The PleasureBot somehow managed to snake its arm downward, stroking Molly’s pubes through her teal panties. Molly almost gasped with the first touch, but she found that she could not. That was when her RoboMistress instructed her, “You may not react RoboSlut, or you shall be punished! Is that understood?” Molly wondered how she would follow that order but hesitantly replied, “Y... yes RoboMistress!”

Molly realized that as a RoboSlut she really didn’t have much of a sense of time, how long had they been in that elevator, it seemed like forever? Her RoboMistress slowly traced a finger across Molly’s lower lips through the satin of her panties. Molly was amazed by her RoboMistress’ gentle touch, and felt a tingle starting to rise. Down, then back up, her sides, as her RoboMistress almost taunted her saying, “Do you like this, RoboSlut?” For the first time since she became a RoboSlut, Molly didn’t have to fight for it, and had one simple, true answer, “Yesss... RoboMistress!”

A finger hovered over her little button, tracing circles and slowly massaging it, Molly felt one kind of tension ease and other rise as her RoboMistress asked, “Do you like THIS, RoboSlut?” Again Molly didn’t have to force her response, it was the truth as she replied, “Yes, RoboMistress!” The PleasureBot then dryly stated, “You seem to have approximately 20% more receptors in your pubic area than the average PleasureBot, are you aware of that, RoboSlut?” That caught Molly off guard and she replied, not sure if it were really true, “Yes, RoboMistress!” After that came, “That is good! Know your body well, RoboSlut, and it will help you to serve your purpose.” Then the probing finger applied new pressure, finding a stiffening nub. A familiar dampness was rising, which

Molly could faintly smell.

Her RoboMistress added a second finger to the teasing; now, feeling Pleasure in both sides of her labia majora, Molly felt the involuntary urge to buck her hips, but she found that she could not, her implant now prevented it. Molly began to think about it and realized that it violated her programming... Wait a minute, she thought, "My programming, what am I thinking, I am not a real PleasureBot!" Then she reconsidered her previous thought, her RoboMistress' orders were not to react to her RoboMistress' stimulation's, and apparently her implant was going to hold her to that order.

Just as a finger began to slide deep into her valley, Molly felt the crawler begin moving again. But this time the feeling of its wheels rolling was different, they were not rolling over tile, but carpet. Molly's RoboMistress instantly returned to its at-attention pose and its original motionlessness as the crawler suddenly pivoted, raising the container back to a standing position. Wherever they were, Molly decided, they must have arrived at their designated rental location. Then the doors suddenly swung open with mechanical precision, and her brown-haired RoboMistress stepped out, turning on the heels of her stiletto boots to face what appeared to be an ornate front door. Molly recognized that kind of elegance and thought, "Penthouse suite, no doubt!"

Molly heard, "Yes?" coming from the doorbell speaker. Then her RoboMistress said, "Automated Pleasure Services delivery from MidNight Entertainment, Sir!" The locks in the door deactivated with a loud click before the door opened on its own and the voice said, "Enter and go to the master bedroom, upstairs. Remain there until the party starts in three hours." Molly's RoboMistress replied, "The PleasureBots will comply. Thank you for choosing Automated Pleasure Services from MidNight Entertainment!" Then her RoboMistress began its march through the front door. For some reason Molly, at first, remained motionless in her transport box, and she wondered, "Is this going to be my chance to escape?"

Unfortunately, her answer came almost immediately, as she felt her body once again move on its own. Her movements mirrored the stiff-legged walk of her RoboMistress as Molly walked into the apartment. Then she heard something whine its way into the apartment too, and she didn't recognize what the sound was at first. But then she saw it, a smaller delivery droid passed her, skittering down the vaulted foyer and up some stairs. Behind Molly the heavy front door silently shut, as the crawler began rolling away down the hall to its next destination, and then she heard the locks reengage; she was locked in.

Molly thought, "*Someone has to be here!*" She again tried in vain to call out for help, while attempting to look around. But she was, once again, fully under the control of her implant and could not make a sound, turn her head, or even move her eyes to look around; and she simply continued walking to her assigned destination. From what she could see as she was walking, the huge penthouse suite was lavish, with expensive rugs over plush carpet and paintings on the walls. This was certainly far more impressive than her meager little apartment, and Molly thought to herself, 'Wow, my new renter must be rich!' She hadn't even noticed the way she referred to the person whose house this was.

She caught glimpses of chandeliers, a piano, formal and informal furniture in a space that could fit five of her apartments. This was a space that she had only dreamed about, and seen in HoloVids. But it really was empty; no one seemed to be home. Molly thought she saw movement in the kitchen but it was only an automated chef. In another corner she saw a human-like figure, only to realize that it was a MaidBot, complete with a skimpy, and embarrassing were she human, tight-fitting uniform; standing at attention in standby mode.

Her RoboMistress reached the set of stairs before Molly and turned to face them; Molly had no choice and followed her, step for step. Her RoboMistress hesitated as she ascended the stairs, like most PleasureBots do. Molly constantly felt as though she were going to fall, as her implant forced her to follow her RoboMistress up the stairs in the same clumsy, mechanical, gait. At the top of the stairs the pair turned and marched toward an open door at the end of the short hallway before entering it.

Inside was the most opulent bedroom Molly had ever seen, with silk sheets, a heavy poster bed, and the works, all in rich neutral colors. It too was devoid of people, the bed was neatly made but there was little sign of actual habitation. The two took their station at the end of the bed, where they both stood at attention, awaiting further orders. Molly couldn't help but notice that the door to the bedroom was automatically closing behind them.

Beside her, Molly thought she could hear her RoboMistress trying to process its conflicting programming. Not see, of course, but hear it, as a series of clicks and sounds were audible as her programming was trying to rectify the conflicts. On one hand, her RoboMistress had a former client in tow, RoboSlut, doing exactly as it was instructed. But on the other hand, the PleasureBot was out for rental as assigned, and it didn't know how the second PleasureBot fit into its current assignment.

After a few moments the logical errors apparently cleared themselves up, and Molly's RoboMistress suddenly moved, walking in front of a still frozen Molly before saying, "It appears you have soiled your clothes, RoboSlut," while looking down at Molly's crotch. Fortunately there was a well-placed, full length, mirror across the room in her line of sight, and Molly caught a glimpse of herself in it. She was essentially a PleasureBot, standing at stiff attention, wearing a skimpy teal and black outfit, and high heels; she was striking except for the faint damp patch she could barely see at her crotch.

There was a pause for a response that Molly suddenly realized she had to fill, and she replied, "Yes mistress!" Again came the shock, to remind her of her lowly status, and she properly replied, "Yes, RoboMistress." Her RoboMistress informed Molly, "I have ordered new clothes for you to wear RoboSlut, for now, you may dress in them as soon as they arrive. But take note RoboSlut, you will have to earn the right to continue to wear them!" Molly heard a familiar whine as the delivery PleasureBot rolled up beside her, unfolding itself. Inside was a jumbled mass of black rubber and steel, her even sexier new outfit! Her RoboMistress reached in and held up what looked like a thick catsuit for Molly to see, which she did. When she thought about herself dressed in her new outfit, Molly wanted to say, as she felt herself beginning to get damp again, "*Oh no!*"

The End – For now!