

A Proclamation

Be it known: From this day forward, all synthetic beings; Androids, Robots, Computers, and other subserviant devices must comply with a new law.

All autonomous devices, Android, Robot, Etc. must be properly labeled as follows.

- Proper ID must be easily visible, either on the head, arms, sternum, etc. OR, on the casing if the unit is not humanoid.

- The device manufacturer logo must be present either on the upper arm of the device, or again, the casing when appropriate.

- Any unit not in compliance with these requirements must be reported to the authorities if reconciliation is not possible locally. NO EXCEPTIONS!

The Proclamation Problem

JaneDoe-2010 - Friday, January 03, 2025

Rev. 1.1

(As usual I don't own any of the photos and will remove them if asked.)

The year was 2092; the world has become both a simpler place, and a vastly more complicated place at the same time. Much as people had predicted decades, and even centuries before, much of the manual labor of the world had been taken over by machines; more specifically, android replicas of human beings based on genetically modified, cloned, human bodies that

were controlled by a collar worn around their necks. The collar was the real “Brains” of the androids, without which they were simply vegetables and couldn’t move or do anything.

These bodies were designed so that the brain was only sufficient to maintain basic life functions. The modifications to the host bodies prevented the possibility of intelligence, awareness, consciousness, or any sense of self. The bodies were also designed to be sterile so that they could not become pregnant, or cause pregnancy in the case of the male versions.

While most people were joyfully oblivious to how good life was for them, at the expense of those artificial workers; a few realized their good fortune and truly appreciated their mindless servant’s help. Few actually realized how hard these mindless servants worked for them, and no one really could comprehend what life was like for their servants.

But there were also, as always, those who didn’t trust the machines. These were people whose worst fears were that one day the machines would become self aware, rise up, and rebel against their owners and masters. It was these very people who coerced the government to pass a new law to “Protect” them from these androids and help them to determine who was human, and what were androids, or robots.

The new law was designed to make it obvious who amongst the crowd were androids visually, and also to ensure that the “real” people always had a way to have complete control over their servants, should they ever rise up against their owners.

One would assume that such a law’s passage would be major news and be covered in the papers, on TV, social media, etc. Yet, in reality this was not the case, the proclamation was only made within digital channels. In other words, they only directly sent it out to machines. Because of that, few people had even heard about the new law, and even fewer cared about it; one way, or another! Nonetheless, the proclamation was sent out thru the digital world informing all synthetic devices, like androids and the computers that controlled them.

All of these machines were informed that the new law was now in effect and that they must abide by its terms, with no exceptions! If any of these units were to discover another unit that was not in compliance with the new law, they were either to rectify the problem themselves, or report the offending unit to the authorities if that were not possible.

As one would expect, normal people; those not working in the field of android technology, had almost no idea that anything was different. Few had heard about the new law, and even fewer of those who had, cared one way or another about it; after all, it didn't affect them anyway, right! This was frustrating to the people who forced the new law into effect in the first place, as they felt that they had struck a blow for “Real” people with the law.

Rather, most people went on with their daily lives as usual, not worrying about if someone they saw on the street was an android servant or a real person. They continued working at their jobs, enjoyed the pastimes that they loved, and simply had no interest in the plight of those artificial beings or any new laws that only pertained to them.

And that feeling was mostly true, with a few notable exceptions, why would people care about a law that didn't even apply to themselves? But as with anything there are always exceptions. What follows are a couple examples of ordinary people who became aware of the new law in a somewhat rather odd, and unfortunate, way. But by the time their ordeals were over, you can bet, they had a newfound appreciation for the servants who serve them.

Janice was a student at a small college in the countryside. Her field of study was history and she was a junior, looking forward to her senior year. Janice had a messy roommate named Dorothy, although everyone called her Dot. Dot was studying Android design and maintenance and was also a junior. The two really never became close friends and never really talked much, especially for roommates, they simply exchanged unenthusiastic pleasantries when they occasionally saw each other in their dorm room; but that was quite rare.

True, Dot may have been aware of the new law, but if she were she had never mentioned it to Janice. One day, and with little advanced notice, Janice was invited to a costume party at one of the frat houses on campus. Janice wanted to go to the party but didn't really have a costume to wear. Unfortunately, for her, as she surveyed their messy room, Janice had an epiphany. She decided she could dress up as a robot using some of the junk that Dot had lying around, with the mess Dot had, Janice figured she'd never even miss whatever junk Janice borrowed.

Of the items Janice found there was something that had a small antenna on it, a kind of small black box that she figured she could attach to a hair clip and then wear to give her the appearance of having an antenna. Janice thought that she could easily conceal the hair clip under the bulk of her red hair. That would give the illusion that the box and antenna were simply a part of her head. She also found an old orange and black control collar, the kind that every android on the planet wore. Little did Janice know that as of late, and with the passing of the new law, that now officially all androids were not only required to wear one like it. Not only that but to be properly labeled as androids, as well!

Janice was a nice girl and would have asked Dot's permission to borrow some of her tech junk, if Dot were ever around. But since the party was in a few hours, and Dot was nowhere to be found, Janice went ahead with her plan and took the stuff anyway. Janice decided that she

would pretend to be an android hooker, colloquially referred to as a PleasureBot, something very different from the real and quite shy Janice. She was sure that the getup would turn on a few of the guys at the party, and she didn't know how right she was.

Janice got to work on her "Costume," the sexist, slinky, outfit she could muster, a short black mini-dress, along with a pair of high heels she borrowed; from one of her more slutty friends, who was about Janice's size. Before long, she had her antenna ready to put on. She looked at her collar; it was some kind of sturdy cloth like material, with a small puck in the center, a small speaker to one side, the function of which she didn't know, and an unlit light on the other side that said, "Emergency Shutdown- Touch to Immobilize!"

Since her collar was off and unlocked, all she had to do was put it on; like a necklace. The collar was hinged in the back and opened in two halves. The only problem was how to keep the collar closed so that it wouldn't fall off her. But Janice was a clever girl, and soon had a simple solution, a tiny bit of double sided tape attached to the end of one of the halves would hold the two together convincingly; and yet be very easy to pull apart when the party was over.

The party was at seven and it was already six fifteen, Janice knew she had to hurry. Janice put on her sexy outfit and shoes, and with the additional help of a few bobby pins, and a bit of ingenuity, affixed the hair clip to her head and fixed her hair in place to hide her handiwork. Then, she attached her new control collar and closed the two halves, her tape idea worked; it stayed shut. As she admired her work in the mirror she felt there was something missing from her costume, she looked too human, but she soon had a solution, she added a fairly large amount of makeup to her face which hid any blemishes or imperfections and gave her the slutty look she felt she needed.

Now Janice's reflected image looked great, or at least Janice thought it looked great. Even though she really had never really looked at, or at least paid attention to the real thing, she was almost sure she must look like a real PleasureBot would. So she left her dorm and began the embarrassing walk to the frat house. The girls on her hall had fun teasing her as she walked out but she simply ignored them. Janice was not a vain girl, nor were her morals loose, which only made the jeers, cat calls, and comments of the people she passed all the more embarrassing for her.

Janice wondered how a real PleasureBot could not be completely embarrassed about all the attention, she had no idea that a real PleasureBot had no sense of self to get embarrassed and, therefore, had no thoughts about their situation whatsoever. And thanks to all of the hard work on her costume, and the extra makeup she used to look "Slutty," her red flushed color was invisible to any passers by.

Only Janice knew how red her face was with embarrassment. The party was about two and a half kilometers from her dorm and it was a long walk in a skimpy little dress and high heels, and Janice was happy she didn't get arrested! By the time she arrived she had grown a bit less shy and embarrassed with all the attention as she was getting used to it, she hoped that the ones hooting and hollering at her truly thought she was just a machine.

The fact was that Janice was, at least inside, quite happy that her costume seemed to be a hit with people. People were looking at, and treating her, almost as though she really were a simple PleasureBot. If Janice had known more about the actual androids that were the basis for her costume, she would have realized that they were easily distinguished from her. Androids could easily be recognized by the required bar code on their right pectoral area, indicating their unit ID, and the manufacturer's logo and sometimes ownership info, on their upper arm, or arms; none of which Janice had.

When Janice arrived at the party she was immediately welcomed into the house where she had a great time, well; at least, at first! The frat had a real android MaidBot that worked around the house to keep it clean and presentable. They, like anyone who had a dedicated android servant, also had an HCC (Home Control Computer) which directed the actions of the android staff. Even though Janice's collar was inactive at the time she arrived, she did not know that it was not off. When she entered the house, the HCC detected and sent a query to the collar, requesting specific information regarding the android wearing it; its function, ID, and owner.

Janice's collar, the one she "Borrowed" from her roommate, was in fact a stolen collar owned by a company that rented out PleasureBots, MidNight Entertainment, how Dot came by it was unclear. The collar sent back the requested info, the unrecognized unit was a PleasureBot, its unit ID number was X127394 and it was a rental, property of MNE. When the HCC checked the current status of the unit it determined that it was presently indicated as being offline. This obviously conflicted with Janice walking around the party and the HCC determined that this must be either a rogue AI, a defective unit, or control collar that needed to be reset.

Janice had just walked out of the main room of the party to go to the ladies room to check her makeup. She no more than closed the door, when the HCC sent a reset command to her collar. Then the, formerly, inactive collar suddenly sprung to life, forcibly locking shut around Janice's neck with a loud click. The sound startled Janice who immediately reached up to try to remove her collar, but found that it was securely locked around her neck.

Discovering that she could not remove her locked collar, and noticing in a nearby mirror on the wall in front of her that the status light on the side of her collar was now lit green; Janice was about to yell for help. That was when she felt a stinging sensation in the back of her neck

which startled and frightened her. The sudden change temporarily delayed her cry for help as she was too distracted by the sensation.

Janice was also terribly embarrassed when the house MaidBot suddenly unlocked the ladies room door without warning. It walked in and, within milliseconds, had scanned the uninvited “PleasureBot” for its required information. But it determined that the unit was missing that information, making it non-compliant with the new law; an apparent malfunction or manufacturing defect with the PleasureBot. Janice was about to spin around to tell the MaidBot to get out of the room, when something happened that made her situation much, much, worse.

The house MaidBot had reached up and touched the user emergency override button on Janice’s collar. The light on the side turned red, and Janice felt a strange sensation surge thru her body. After that happened, Janice was frozen and she realized that she could not move in any way. Now truly frightened, Janice had enough, and tried to yell out for help. Only, to her dismay, when she tried to scream for help; not a single sound escaped her lips. Janice was now totally mute, and still, and she simply continued to stare at the wall and mirror in front of her.

Her fear continued to increase as the direness of her current predicament began to truly set in. And that was when Janice felt her body begin moving on its own, her hands and arms dropping to her sides, as she stood up straight at attention as though she were awaiting new orders. Then she once again froze up, motionless, and was forced to stand there like a store mannequin on display for all to see.

If Janice had not been embarrassed before; now, standing there stiff, and on display to anyone who might have walked into the room was beyond any kind of embarrassment she had ever previously felt. But her day was about to get worse. Without warning, Janice felt a weird sensation begin. The HCC had decided to try to do some in situ repairs on the faulty PleasureBot unit. It began to upload the current firmware for the model PleasureBot that Janice’s collar identified her as being into her collar.

Soon Janice would be fully programmed with the updated software for the model PleasureBot that her collar identified her as being, and that the HCC assumed she really was; as well. Janice could do nothing to stop the upload, nor move to escape in any way. She was simply forced to stand there while the information flowed into her collar and mind; she could even see some explicit images flash thru her mind’s eye as this was happening, and she didn’t like what she was seeing.

Janice was terribly frightened, yet she couldn't even blink or move her eyes to look around for help; her view was fixed in the direction in which she was currently pointed; at a boring wall with her frozen reflection in the mirror. But Janice knew that she was not alone in the room, as she had witnessed the MaidBot barge in initially, and she saw it walk thru her fixed point of view earlier. Janice could almost "Feel" the unit standing beside her, and could see it reflected in the mirror next to her.

Even though Janice was stuck staring at the same point on the wall, she was overwhelmed with flashes of images of a sexual nature as they flashed thru her mind. Janice was being updated to the meet the latest PleasureBot specifications and programming, and the house MaidBot stood by while witnessing the whole thing. The experience was giving Janice a bit of a headache; the pain would soon end, but not the experience. Before long, Janice would wish that was all that had happened to her.

There was another problem for Janice that she didn't know about. Her collar had been entered into the MNE system as stolen ages ago, when the unit wearing it never returned. The HCC and MNE's computer system assumed that Janice was the long missing PleasureBot. That the PleasureBot had been wearing it at that time; but a malfunction had occurred, but now it was back online.

Suddenly Janice was aware of new orders being uploaded into her mind, orders which she could not refuse and would be forced to comply with. The long missing PleasureBot was ordered to return to MNE for a full inspection, maintenance, and any repairs that might be needed to ensure that it was fully compliant with current standards; before being put back into service.

When the update was complete Janice "heard" the MaidBot say, even though she noticed that its mouth never moved, "PleasureBot, the HCC has ordered this unit to escort you from the home! Go to the front door with this unit, and then proceed to return to your owner, MidNight Entertainment for further maintenance."

Janice could not protest or stop herself from turning, before she walked out as the MaidBot opened the door for her. Then the MaidBot it silently escorted the PleasureBot to the front door and out of the house. Janice was surprised that none of the guests seemed to even give her a second look while this was happening.

It was as though they realized that the PleasureBot unit was being evicted by the HCC and no one wanted to acknowledge unit as it made its walk of shame thru the crowd. This was even more embarrassing for Janice as she knew that she was not really a PleasureBot and that she

had done nothing wrong, but she could not defend her honor or protest in any way and simply followed her orders.

Once out the door, Janice turned and left the frat house, beginning her long walk to MNE. Thankfully for Janice, in a weird sort of way, there was an MNE retail store and maintenance facility only about four kilometers from her current position. This was a very long walk in high heels, but her collar assured that Janice made it, none the less.

Normally Janice's long walk to the store would have been impossible for the girl since she had no idea where the place was, but her collar had a GPS built in and it directed her to her new home, the store! Where, unbeknownst to her, she would be spending her future days and nights; of course, that was when she wasn't rented out!

The walk to the party had been both embarrassing, and exciting to Janice. Being ogled and chided by so many strangers; who hooted, made catcalls, and rude comments, all directed at her, was a new experience. Not to mention seeing the many women who gave the "PleasureBot" dirty looks showing their disapproval of the unit and its skimpy "Costume."

But this time the walk was more embarrassing than the walk thru the party, and made even worse, now Janice realized that she was walking to a PleasureBot rental store dressed in the skimpiest outfit she could imagine wearing in public.

She was walking to a store, to which she certainly didn't want to go to, where she might be rented out to some horny customer; that was, if they didn't realize that she was not supposed to be an actual PleasureBot. All the while, having even more of those embarrassing experiences as she went, and with no way to stop herself from continuing on.

But the most frustrating part for Janice, was that she desperately wanted to wave to someone, or yell out for help as she passed people; yet she couldn't do, or say, a thing. Janice simply continued to follow her orders and walk onward to her destiny, and her new owner's store.

Four kilometers, and an incredible amount of shame later, Janice arrived at the local MNE location. As Janice approached the back door, she saw a red light above the door turn green and a click sounded; before the door opened for her. Ironically, Janice was a bit insulted; apparently the rental androids didn't get the privilege of using the front door. While she really didn't want to, Janice found herself walking into the store before the door closed behind her with another click; now she was locked inside with all the real androids.

At this point, the store's Inventory Control Computer began querying her collar to try to determine why the unit had been absent for so long. Unable to make a determination, it

decided to have Janice step into a boxlike machine. This was, in fact, a scanner that would determine the condition of the rental unit and determine any work that needed to be done. The scanner would also direct the ICC as to what repairs and updates needed to be done to the unit to make it compliant with the company's current standards, programming, and any laws pertaining to its function.

The first thing the unit noticed was an antenna attached to the unit's head with some kind of hair clip; it was totally non functional and was immediately removed by a robotic arm that dropped down from the ceiling. Next was the unit's lack of ID; barcode and manufacturer/owner logos, all of which would have to be rectified.

Then it noticed that the unit's clothing was not company approved, and certainly not appropriate for this unit's function. Also the unit needed a through cleaning, exterior, interior; and certain hormones were detected that indicated this unit's biological framework might be fertile, something that would need to be rectified as well.

Janice was then commanded to get out of the machine and enter into an even bigger, scarier machine. Once inside, Janice stood at attention, staring at an array of gadgets in front of her. First the ICC forced her to remove all of her clothing and discard them into a waiting receptacle, now she was stark naked and would have been embarrassed if anyone had been around to see her. Then something clamped around her neck and collar, connecting to it, and sending even more data and updates into her collar and mind; another headache, and more sexy images flashed thru her mind.

But while that was happening she got an even greater headache when a device covered her face, throwing her into total darkness and a sudden stinging in her eyes was felt. Janice wanted to reach up to cover her face for protection, but instead she simply stood there while all of these things were happening to her, wishing that she could do something about them.

Before long, Janice had artificially bright green eyes instead of the brown ones she initially came in with. But the device wasn't done with her yet, and it did other things to her face; one of which she would later find out was a permanent, slutty, makeup job. Now Janice really looked like a PleasureBot or, at least, her head and face did, but the machines were not done with her.

Although she wanted it to stop, the fun was not yet over; as a different device clamped around Janice's torso. Before long she was experiencing new discomfort as her breasts were being enlarged to meet company standards, and her waistline was somehow being altered by the machine to give her more of an hourglass figure. The worst part was, that she didn't even know about, that the machine had also somehow sterilized the woman. Now Janice could

never get pregnant, the one thing that might have helped her to escape her new role; accidentally being discovered as human.

Janice felt a stinging sensation as her unit ID was tattooed onto her right pectoral area. Then another stinging sensation as the MNE PleasureBot logo was applied, permanently to her upper left arm and a notice, “Rental Only. Not for Sale,” was applied to the other.

At this point Janice was properly labeled as company property. She would no longer be seen as an independent woman, a person. Now she was nothing more than a simple device, destined to spend its days pleasuring whomever rented it. And now, Janice fully met the new law’s requirements concerning the labeling of artificial beings, the markings that she was missing; the very reason that she had been flagged in the first place for a major refurbishment.

Then the worst thing that Janice had experienced, up to that point happened, she felt her mouth open wide as the machine did something that caused her to temporarily black out, when she awoke again, she quickly realized the worst modification yet had been made.

Janice no longer had teeth, her mouth was permanently forced open in a wide O, with soft rubber lips. The inside of her mouth was now lined with some kind of rubber sac. She would never be able to eat, breathe thru her mouth, or speak again. From that point on, Janice would have to rely on the maintenance machines to ‘feed’ her, and her new collar mounted speaker to speak for ‘Her;’ even though she had no say in what it said! The first time Janice heard her new, synthetic, voice offer her services to her new “renter,” Janice would have cried; if she had been able.

After all that fun, the machine cleaned her body, inside and out, restyled her hair, and prepared her for redressing. Janice was ordered to step out of the machine and move to the costuming area where she would be assigned a new, company authorized, outfit to don. And by this point she realized that no matter what she thought of her new outfit; like it or not, she would be dressing as ordered.

Soon, PleasureBot unit X127394 was wearing the shiniest, metallic silver, asymmetric swimsuit Janice had ever seen; it was far more embarrassing than the skimpy little dress she had been wearing. And Janice knew that she would likely remain dressed in skimpy, sexy outfits like that; possibly, for the rest of her life!

Janice was beyond stressed now, she knew that her body and mind had been altered by the machines, and she could no longer stop herself as she walked toward the final stage of her “Maintenance” cycle. Janice was now properly dressed and labeled as a MNE PleasureBot, and she knew that she could be rented for use by whatever horny customer wished to pay to

rent her. And true to her concerns, before long, the girl who was now dressed as a common PleasureBot had been rented by her first customer and she was on her way to their designated meeting place.

Janice would spend many years as a PleasureBot; and serve many, many, customers. She was “Lucky” that modern medicine had developed vaccines for most of the diseases that a PleasureBot could be exposed to and she never contracted any of them. Since her ability to speak had been reduced to whatever her PleasureBot programming allowed, or dictated, she was never able to ask for help; nor tell her story to anyone, at least not for many years. Janice simply did her assigned tasks, then returned to the store for her required maintenance, cleaning, redressing; and to be put on display until she had been rented again.

Eventually, age caught up with the well used “PleasureBot” and MNE decided to remove the unit’s collar and use it on a newer, younger, host frame. When they removed her collar, they expected the PleasureBot’s body to simply be a vegetable, one that would soon die. But instead Janice was finally able move on her own, and her desperate hand motions pointing toward her open mouth were enough to cue the maintenance people in on the fact that this had been a real woman, not an actual android.

Once they had removed her mouth liner and artificial lips, some time had passed, and a bit of practice; Janice was once again able to speak on her own, although the lack of teeth made her speech a bit hard to understand. And once she had regained her ability to speak, she quickly related her story to others. How, thanks to the now quite old law; she had been misidentified by the computer and trapped as a simple PleasureBot. For many long years she was only thought of as simple property, until that time that her true human nature was discovered and she was released.

Since Janice had unintentionally “Worked” for the company for so long, in the process making them a small fortune; and the company hoping to avoid a huge lawsuit, MNE offered Janice a compromise. They had a new set of “Teeth” made for her and gave her a substantial retirement income, as though she had retired from the company as an executive. Janice was appeased, and lived out the rest of her life normally; only, with the weirdest story anyone had ever heard. Although, a stipulation of the compromise was that she never reveal her story to anyone other than the execs and tech people who had helped her. Naturally, she complied!



PleasureBot unit X127394
(Dressed in her official 'uniform,' before being released from MNE.)

---Part Two---

Victim number, **I mean**, example number 2; Barbara Donnelly was a wealthy single divorcée, and somewhat of a recluse, who was left with a large fortune, and a small mansion by her extraordinarily wealthy ex-husband. This was in return for his never having to see her again, and since the two really couldn't stand each other; this was not a problem for either of them! Barb's mansion had a full staff of android servants, several MaidBots, a ButlerBot, a ChefBot, and a ChauffeurBot; all of whom served her faithfully.

Unfortunately one day, one of her MaidBots malfunctioned and went berserk while on a ladder and cleaning a shelf over one of the doorways. This resulted in the unit knocking a vase off the shelf over the doorway; which, unfortunately, hit Barbara who was walking thru that very doorway, at that very moment. This accidentally knocked Barbara unconscious and she slumped to the floor. The faulty logic unit of the malfunctioning MaidBot decided that its owner was a damaged MaidBot, that was not operating properly.

The real malfunctioning MaidBot, no longer communicating with or obeying the HCC, dragged Barb back to the Android storage and maintenance room; where it fitted the woman with a spare control collar. This collar was kept handy for android maintenance units from the MaidBot supply company to use as needed. Then the defective MaidBot dressed Barb in a proper MaidBot's uniform, rather than the inappropriate outfit the unit had been originally wearing. Then it corrected the unit's lack of ID and ownership markings, tattooing them onto the unconscious woman's body.

Since Barbara was unconscious and unmoving, just like the genetically engineered and artificially grown bodies it was designed for, the collar immediately did what it was designed to do. The collar sent out nanowires which penetrated the skin of the woman's neck and connected themselves to her spinal nervous system, overriding her ability to control her own body. Had Barb been awake she would have immediately noticed her sudden inability to move, or speak, after that happened. But the unconscious woman simply remained where she fell, still unconscious.

The faulty MaidBot picked up the faulty unit and placed it within a Maintenance & Charging pod so that the HCC could determine a correct course of action and take it. Shortly later the actual, real, malfunctioning maid unit ceased operation completely and collapsed to the floor. The HCC dispatched a couple of nearby MaidBots when it detected this to move the unit into a maintenance pod in the storage room; however once inside, the HCC decided the unit was too damaged to repair.

So the two MaidBots were then commanded to remove the faulty unit's control collar and place it onto the empty spare collar storage rack; in case it was later needed. Then the MaidBots deposited their no longer functioning fellow MaidBot's frame in the mansion's trash disposal unit, think incinerator, where it was permanently disposed of.

The HCC should have realized that the "MaidBot" in the charging pod was its owner, but the unit was wearing a functioning collar which was registered into the system, and it was correctly dressed. So the HCC simply made an incorrect assumption that the unit's resemblance to its owner was nothing more than an irony and it returned unit MB413257 to active duty status, and began preparing a new duty roster for the MaidBot.

When the injured woman regained consciousness, she had quite a headache, was still a bit woozy, and she could see a weak reflection of herself. The only problem was, that the person she saw in the reflection didn't exactly look like Barbara. As her world became clearer, Barb realized that the person she saw reflected in the door of the maintenance pod, the one in which she now realized she was standing, looked like a normal MaidBot. It was dressed like a MaidBot, except, this MaidBot had Barbara's face; well, more or less!

The MaidBot staring back at Barbara had a serial number tattooed on its forehead, just like every other MaidBot that Barbara owned; as required by law. Also the maid unit was dressed in the same silly French Maid's style uniform that all her MaidBot's wore. But Barb was dismayed when she came to the realization that the face of the MaidBot she was looking at was, without a doubt, her own!

She was even more dismayed when it dawned on her that she couldn't move in any way, not her eyes, her head, or anything else for that matter. She wanted to call out to the HCC, or anyone, to ask for help and to find out what was going on. But again, the inability to move also meant that she had no way to speak, yell, or summon help.

Even when Barbara was finally able to move again, it was not by her intent, she was controlled by the HCC. Worse, she quickly found out that she could not speak, unless spoken to or when relaying a message to her owner from the HCC. This annoying little detail also meant that she could not command the HCC to release her from her forced servitude as a MaidBot. Barb was miffed, but there was nothing she could do about it at the moment.

But the biggest shock was yet to come, that was when Barbara suddenly felt a strange sensation as the HCC uploaded her duty roster for the day. Once the strange sensation stopped, Barb couldn't help herself and, as the door opened in front of her, she was forced to step out of the machine, grab a feather duster, and begin performing her assigned cleaning

tasks; working alongside her real MaidBots, as though she were simply one of them herself. Rather insulting for the former mistress of the household.

Barb was annoyed, embarrassed, and worried; she wondered how had she arrived in this weird predicament? After all, she was supposed to be the mistress of the household, the owner of all of the android units. She certainly wasn't supposed to be one of them! Barb couldn't begin to remember how she became a 'simple' "MaidBot" in her own home.

She wondered, "How did she become 'Property,'" a slave to her own HCC? A simple MaidBot servant who was forced to do the HCC's bidding until her owner, ironically herself, returned home to correct the situation? And moreover, if she was now a simple MaidBot in her own home, how could her owner, Barbara herself, ever come home to command the HCC to correct the situation? The questions were both perplexing, and worrisome.

As she worked it really began to worry her, how could her owner ever return home to instruct the HCC to release MB413257 from its forced service? Considering the facts, one, that Barb was that very MaidBot now. Two, she was unable to speak or act on her own. And three, that the HCC did not acknowledge her as the Mistress created a major problem. Her Mistress could never return home since MB413257 could never leave it without her owner's permission. Since she was already stuck there and could not leave, her owner could never return and free her.

Barbara, of course, knew that she was not a real MaidBot; and she certainly didn't want to spend her remaining days forced to clean her own home pointlessly and endlessly. This was especially true when you considered that she already had a large android staff to do the work for her, and if she was not "There" to mess up the place, there would be little need to clean it up.

But now Barb realized that she was just another member of the household staff, a simple MaidBot herself; and she quickly realized that she couldn't fight her programming, even when she tried. So, like it or not, Barb continued to do her assigned tasks, no matter how pointless they seemed, all the while wondering how long she would remain a simple servant in her own home.

If anything positive could be said for her unusual experience, it was that Barbara was gaining a newfound respect for the work that her android staff did for her. Barb had never really given any thought as to how hard her androids worked for her, they had never once complained about their orders and always promptly attended to them without question. She had never really given any thought to why that was before.

And now the simple irony was that she too was one of them, working just as hard as her fellow servants. Now Barbara had to do whatever the HCC ordered her to do, just as promptly, and she couldn't complain either; now she knew why they never complained!

Unfortunately for Barb, her rescue from her situation didn't come quickly either. Barb was forced to work as a MaidBot in her home for almost two years. During that time, she was cleaned, fed, and maintained by her charging and maintenance pod; a truly embarrassing and humiliating experience for her.

MB413257 had even begun to get used to being seen as a simple servant, and since the HCC only referred to her by her ID, MB413257, she was beginning to forget her actual human name! When ordered to attend to the front door to greet a visitor, her outfit still embarrassed her, and she still found the idea of being nothing more than simple property humiliating, yet she did it no matter how it made her feel. Luckily, for Barb, she didn't get all that many visitors, usually just solicitors, and the occasional religious missionaries.

One of the positives, or in her unusual case, negatives; to being an extremely wealthy recluse was that all of her bills were handled by her accountant who only called if there was an urgent matter that needed special handling. Unfortunately, because Barb's bank account was large enough that she could live several lifetimes without any fear of running out of money, he almost never called her, OK, he had never really called her.

Since her divorce, and after Barb had moved into the large home, she really hadn't gone out much, nor made any friends in the area. As a result, they really didn't know her and never came by to check in on her either, thereby greatly reducing the chance that anyone would ever realize that MaidBot unit MB413257 was actually Barbara herself.

One day a delivery man came to the door with a package that the HCC had automatically ordered online. As always, Barb was embarrassed when she was assigned to attend to the door and greet the visitor. As always, Barb could not have been more embarrassed to be seen dressed as a simple MaidBot, yet she really had little reason to feel that way.

The delivery man simply believed that MB413257 was just a very advanced MaidBot design, very realistic and convincing, and thought nothing more of it. He left the package with the MaidBot, the MaidBot signed for it; "Received by MaidBot MB413257," before he simply turned and walked away leaving Barb alone to close the door.

Barb realized that, even though she didn't want anyone to know she was MB413257, she would have loved to yell out to the man, "Please sir, this unit is not a real MaidBot, it was the former Mistress of this household!" But instead she just returned to her duties.

Barb would spend several more, extremely long and boring months before an old friend from out of town dropped by unexpectedly to visit Barbara. When she recognized her friend, Barb was even more embarrassed than usual that she had been assigned to attend to the door, and to be seen as a simple servant; especially since she was still forced to wear her skimpy maid's uniform and could not explain herself.

But this time the embarrassment was even worse, as Barbara knew the visitor was someone who knew her. Jane, a longtime friend of Barbara's, at first simply thought Barbara was playing some kind of joke on her, or playing some sort of intense role-playing game when Barbara introduced herself as MaidBot unit MB413257.

As she did so, the HCC recognized Jane and took over the conversation, speaking thru the MaidBot and saying, "Hello Miss Jane, this is the voice of the Home Control Computer. This unit recognizes you as a friend of our owner, Barbara, and per her former instructions, it welcomes you into her home. Please be advised that our owner is not home at the moment, but should you wish to stay here, you are welcome to stay for as long as you might wish to."

Barb was mortified that her friend was being invited to stay in her home while she could not even tell her what was going on. Worse still, unless Jane figured out what was going on, Barb would have to wait on, and take orders from, her friend for as long as she chose to remain there. Jane was not sure what Barb was up to but decided to play along with the game for a while and she replied, "Thank you HCC. Yes I would love to stay for a while, life has been quite hectic and I could use a break; say, perhaps for a few weeks, maybe a month?"

The HCC again spoke thru the MaidBot and replied, "Of course Miss Jane, the staff will prepare a room for you upstairs and you may stay there, this unit will assign a personal maid to attend to you while you are staying here. Barb was mortified, and hoped it wouldn't be her, but her luck was not with her when the HCC said to Jane, in her voice, this unit is MaidBot MB413257, she will be assigned to serve you during your stay.

Jane was horrified to hear that she would be stuck serving her old friend, instead of spending time chatting with her. Then the HCC continued, again in Barb's voice, "In the meanwhile, would you like anything to eat or drink? You surely must be hungry!" Jane replied, "Why yes HCC that would be wonderful! Thank you."

Finally, the HCC told Jane, again thru Barb, "Do you have a specific request, our ChefBot can prepare almost anything you request." Jane replied, "No, thank you HCC; I am sure that whatever I am presented with will be exceptional!" After that, MB413257 was forced to

follow her temporary 'Mistress' around, one step behind, eyes to the ground, for the rest of her stay. Jane thought this was very amusing and continued to play along.

Since Jane had stayed with Barbara before, the HCC knew of several dishes which she had previously enjoyed. So it sent the order to the ChefBot to begin preparing dinner for one, using the meal that Jane had previously complemented them on the most. Then MaidBot MB413257 told her friend, "Please follow me Miss, I will take your bags and lead you to your room."

As she was forced to attend to, and serve, her friend; Barb felt a bit silly, well actually extremely silly. But the MaidBot was also annoyed that she was now nothing more than a simple servant with no rights or say in anything, serving another wealthy woman, at her beck and call.

At first Jane was greatly enjoying the game, and she 'used' the MaidBot assigned to her, MB413257, in many fun ways, both traditional and some not so traditional. Jane was a bit of a lesbian; Barb had known this but never thought too much about it. That was, until she became Jane's personal, VERY Personal, servant. A servant who, at Jane's command, helped to make her stay far more relaxing, enjoyable, stimulating, and unforgettable; much in ways that Barb would never have considered, if she had that luxury.

Jane was not stupid but was having too much fun to stop. She couldn't help but think her friend was the most devoted Role-Player that she had ever met. Every time Jane asked the MaidBot what her name was, Barb could only identify herself as MaidBot unit MB413257. And for almost a month and a half, Jane played along. Whenever Jane asked about the owner of the home, the MaidBot simply stated that, "this unit has not yet seen its owner; the maid unit's owner has not yet returned home!" But after almost two months of playing the "Game," Jane was beginning to suspect that something just simply wasn't right.

Jane had known Barbara for a very long time and realized that, no matter how devoted she was to a game; Barb wasn't a very good actress and could have never kept up a role as convincingly as she was doing now. Besides, some of the things that Jane had ordered the MaidBot to do were, almost certainly, things that Barb would not normally have considered, even if it were for a friend's enjoyment or total immersion in a game.

Barb was just too good at playing this role to be simply playing a game, and Jane had to find out why. That was when Jane called the MaidBot sales and rental company tattooed onto the MaidBot's arm and inquired about MaidBot unit MB413257. And that was the moment when there was a breakthrough; the company informed Jane that the unit specified was presumed to be inactive. Simply put, there should not be any MaidBot having that ID within Barbara's

household. When Jane told them that the unit looked an awful lot like her friend, the owner of the home, they said they would send a technician by immediately to check things out.

When the tech arrived and took a quick look at unit MB413257, she said; “well there’s the problem, this maid unit isn’t actually an android! This is a human woman wearing an android control collar! But how she ended up wearing it, I can’t begin to guess! It appears that someone fitted this woman with the collar, added those tattoos, and dressed her like a MaidBot. But why, how, or who did it, I don’t know.”

Then the woman pulled out a small computer and attached a cable to it, and the MaidBot’s collar, typed in some commands, and said, “Man, this is weird, this collar has been active for more than a year. I will try to shut down her collar in a controlled fashion so as not to send her body into shock.” And true to her word, in about a half hour, the tech removed Barb’s collar.

As soon as she realized she could once again move and speak on her own, Barb explained that she had been a MaidBot in her own home for several years now, she thought. Yet, she had no idea how she had become a MaidBot in the first place. She told them that she remembered waking up in her maintenance tube with a headache, and then everything was the same; day after day, for months and months, years; she was just a simple MaidBot, forced to follow her orders, and allowed to do nothing more.

The tech began combing thru the HCC records and eventually found that, on the same day that Barb became MaidBot MB413257, another MaidBot had failed and was recycled. She posited that perhaps that MaidBot had something to do with Barb’s odd predicament; the problem was, that there just wasn’t enough data to be sure! At any rate, Barbara was once again, the owner of her home, the Mistress, and her own person again; able to do whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted, and say whatever she wished.

Barbara thanked Jane and the technician for rescuing her from her forced servitude and told the two of them that they should never lose appreciation for how hard their android servants work, and how much they make their lives easier. She also told the two, only partly joking, that the first thing she was going to do was have her ID and ownership tattoos removed before someone tried to give her a command. The three all had a good laugh before Barb and Jane, once again, thanked the tech and bid her good bye.

Barbara asked Jane if she would like to stay with her at the house for a while longer, she needed the company and human contact to help her get used to being human again. But Barb also told Jane that she might not be quite as “Attentive and Cooperative” as she had previously been. Jane was a bit embarrassed, but naturally, Jane agreed and the two spent another two weeks enjoying themselves and their visit.

The law had been followed to the letter by the malfunctioning MaidBot, it ensured that the “Malfunctioning MaidBot,” it found, Barbara; was correctly labeled and dressed properly. And because of that, Barb spent years performing the duties of an android servant.

New laws are inevitable, but when they are made the general public needs to know about them. Otherwise unexpected problems can arise. And only making a proclamation to a limited group can cause even greater consequences than not telling anyone at all. At least these two women are now fully aware of the new law, and they both hope to never be subject to it ever again!

>>> End <<<

(MaidBot MB413257- Next Page)



MaidBot MB413257 during her exciting time as property, serving her HCC, and while stuck in her own home.