



The waiting is always the worst part.

The Waiting Game

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Image by: [Gordon Gontaro](#) (Thanks for the base image, and the inspiration for this story)

The PleasureBot formerly known as Amy Jones, sat there in the chair. She drastically wanted to fight her forced conversion, to yell out at the people responsible and, perhaps, to add a bit of violence. But try as she might her captors had placed her in standby mode, which meant that she could not move in the slightest. Obviously, this also made speech impossible, even though any sounds she made no longer emanated from her mouth anyway; they came from the discretely hidden speaker inside her sternum.

As she remained there, still as a store display mannequin, the former woman thought about her day. It started simple enough, got up, had breakfast, dressed in her running clothes, and took off to go for her daily run in the park. What she could never have expected was that she would get mugged, but not for money, but instead, her muggers wanted her mind. She didn't know who they were but the men worked for MidNight Entertainment, a sex robot rental company who had recently developed a better PleasureBot, one that had a human consciousness; and she was about to be one of those conscious SexBots.

Now, as a self-aware and conscious SexBot, Amy, now unit GG75739 could only remain where she had been placed, alone in a chair, staring across the room and wondering how long she would remain that way before someone returned and began working on her again. She was acutely aware of the fact that her arms and legs had not yet been installed. So even if she had been able to move on her own, she wouldn't have gone very far. Most likely she would simply have fallen off the chair and onto the floor, perhaps breaking something.

While stuck there thinking about her new existence and form, GG75739 was also thinking about the new "Features," that had been included in her design. Even though she couldn't move in any way, she could "Feel," that her mouth was no longer designed for the use that it had been when she had been human. Now she could tell that her mouth was simply a soft silicone tube surrounded with ring actuators that could compress it in waves, to please her renter or owner. The tube extended almost to the back of her head and was designed for ease of cleaning, and maintenance.

GG75739 wondered how that was even possible, shouldn't it have been skewering her brain? What she didn't realize was that, since she was now a machine, her mind was no longer located inside her head. The head unit of a robot is already crammed full of sensors and actuators; there to animate her realistic face. The designers realized years before her conversion, that a robot didn't have any organs in the torso like a human. This freed up lots of space for things like her power supply unit, CPU/Memory unit, etc. The SexBot's mind was literally in her chest, behind her synthetic breasts.

GG75739 could also tell that her former sex and anus were designed just like her mouth, providing her user easy access and ease of maintenance and cleaning, as well. The SexBot was feeling a range of emotions, rage - about being forcibly converted into a machine, fear - what was going to happen to her and what would she be forced to do, and confusion - the new SexBot programming integrated into her systems, meant that she was incredibly horny and felt the need to be used ASAP!

While she couldn't see the displays around her, additional programming was still being added to her "Mind." The longer she sat there, the more she wondered how long it would be before the techs came back and finished assembling her. GG75739 was getting impatient, and although a part of her still objected to now being an object, her programming was winning the fight and she was becoming more, and more, anxious waiting to be rented, or purchased, and used by her new owner, or renter.

But the fight would never totally end for the unit, within her old human mind still resisted her new fate.

The former Amy had been an independent woman, she worked for a living, and had a nice home of her own. As she thought about her new situation she realized that she would still be working for a “living,” even if it meant simply being recharged and maintained from now on. No longer would her hard work be to better her own existence, but rather to enrich her owner’s pocketbook.

But then an even more distressing thought occurred to the unit when she began to reminisce about her life as a human women. Only when she tried she had a disturbing realization, she could no longer remember her human name! All that she could think of when she asked herself, “Who are you?” was, “This unit is a Model 107 PleasureBot, unit ID: GG75739.” The SexBot was both mad, and sad, that she could no longer remember her human name, she used to be someone.

But now the SexBot realized that she was no longer a person, with human rights and privileges, rather she was now simply property, an object to be owned and used; over and over again. As a formerly independent, and somewhat feminist woman, she hated that fact that she could tell, somehow, that from this point on; her preferences didn’t matter. She would have to accept her orders, no matter what they were, or how much she despised them; even if they were disgusting.

The only good thing she could think of, regarding her new form, was that she could never get a disease, and she would never have to eat, or go to the bathroom ever again; a plus considering what she might have to do. Safe sex would never be a problem for her again, the only kind of virus she would need to worry about was a computer virus. Now she would simply need to be recharged periodically, and have occasional maintenance performed. She wouldn’t even need to sleep anymore, she could work 24 hours a day, 7 days a week; “Oh goody!” she thought sarcastically.

More distressing was when she was, is the proper term daydreaming when it applies to a synthetic life form? Thinking about running away from the factory and going home, but when she tried to think of where she lived, there was nothing, a complete blank. GG75739 would soon find out that this missing piece of data would soon be replaced with her new owner’s shop location, MidNight Entertainment; a SexBot rental store downtown. That was truly when the PleasureBot realized that, even had they been able to return her humanity, she no longer knew who she was, or even where she was from.

But the time for daydreaming was over as she could hear the technicians returning from wherever they had gone. Soon they would attach her new legs and arms, finish up her programming and preparations, and then she would be shipped to her new owner; to begin her new life as a rented sex toy, a servant to her renters. But as much as the SexBot’s human mind was fighting her fate, a part of her still looked forward to being rented and used, after all, wasn’t that why she had been built in the first place? And despite how much she had wanted to add a bit of violence to her captor’s day, she now instinctively knew that her programming would never allow it; she would simply have to accept the fact that she was now a PleasureBot, and always would be.

And it wouldn’t be long before she would get her “Wish?” Very soon GG75739 would be shipped to the rental store where she would be put on display in their showroom window, advertising her “Wares” for any interested customer to see. Sure, the human mind within would be forever embarrassed at being displayed like a simple product, for sale or rent; especially considering the skimpy outfits they would dress her in. But like it or not, that was the SexBot’s future, and it would be for a VERY long time!

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