



Andr3a's #1-7, of 8. But which one is the original android, and where is #8?

Andr3a

MTF TG commission for Bitrum2007

By [artboye](#) Originally published: May 7, 2023

(Attempted to contact the author for permission to publish, but acct. has been deactivated.)

JaneDoe-2010 version, Rev. 1.1, November 17, 2025

(Thanks to Google Gemini for the image.)

After weeks of prep, the school science fair was only a few days away and the whole school was buzzing. Despite the fair's being fully optional, it was rare that anything anyone made was ever very impressive. After all, it was all just for fun! But this year was different though, thanks to Becky. No one knew what she was going to show off when Saturday rolled around, but there was no doubt it would be impressive.

Becky was the youngest student in her year, having passed her GCSE exams two years early, and with straight A's at that. She was the kind of child genius every teacher dreamed of teaching, although she was probably smarter than most of her teachers, and she looked forward to the day that she could go to college. For most of the school's students, and teachers, Saturday couldn't come soon enough. But this weekend was different, most of the students were dying to see what Becky had come up with, or were at least mildly interested, anyway.

But for a select few students, excitement was the furthest thing from what they felt. Despite her class including the smartest student her school had seen in years, Becky's class was also home to seven boys who weren't exactly the brightest; Morgan, Erik, Asher, Felix, Charlie, George, and Billy. It wasn't like they were jealous of her intelligence, not that they would ever admit it anyway. None of them cared enough to try in school, at all, most of them had already been held back and still put in no effort.

They mostly just looked down on Becky for being a massive nerd, and not one they could bully either; not with every teacher treating her like she was a gift from god. As the science fair got closer, and closer, they only got more annoyed with her lofty status. That was, until the day Asher, generally considered to be the 'leader' of their little gang, decided that they should do something about it.

The night before the science fair, the boys met up outside the school gates, in the dead of the night, knowing that all of the projects would have been set up inside earlier that evening. They didn't exactly have much of a plan, just to get in there and mess up Becky's project in any way they could, hopefully in a way that would make her look really stupid, for once.

One of the boys, Erik, had brought along his younger and significantly more intelligent brother, Billy, insisting that he could be useful in 'hacking' whatever the girl had come up with. It took a few minutes, but the group managed to scramble over the wall into the school grounds; Morgan being lifted up first by Erik, then perching on the top to help the others up and over.

It took even longer for Felix to pick the lock on the hall doors, but he got through eventually, more by luck than skill though. A few more minutes of stumbling around in the dark and the boys finally got the lights on. After that, finding Becky's project was hardly a challenge, it was sitting front and center, the first thing one saw upon entering the building. Yet this didn't look like anything super crazy at first glance, just a black sheet draped over... well, something. Morgan was the first to reach it, and wasted no time in grabbing the sheet and yanking it off the thing.

For a moment, the boys all stopped and stared at what appeared to be a young woman, standing there, completely motionless. She wore a strange, beige-colored dress that was fitted nicely to her body with a lacy collar, sleeves, and hemline; white buttons on the bodice, and decorative piping all over. She wore knee length white stockings, and her feet were clad in shiny black Mary Janes. The girl had straight blonde hair formed into a bob style haircut which framed her round doll-like face.

Other than the fact that the girl seemed to look a little bit like a life sized doll, the only thing that really struck the guys as odd was her overly bright lips, a bit too bright! And the strange small, lighted, for lack of a better word, brooch that adorned the neck of her dress blouse. It had a couple bar graphs and a red LED light that was lit.

“What the fuck...?” Erik was the first to speak, taking a step towards the girl, “is she..?” Asher explained, “She’s a robot,” turning away from the huge board behind the figure, on which pages and pages of Becky’s neat, curly handwriting was pinned, explaining her project. Erik mumbled again, confirming his astonishment, “What the fuck...”

Felix spoke, stepping forward to examine her further, "That “That thing’s a robot...? She looks so real...!” Asher responded, “Yup,” squinting to read more of Becky’s curly writing, “This says her name’s... Andr3a.” At the sound her her name, the LED on the brooch turned green, a gentle whirring noise started emanating from the doll’s head, and her eyelids shot open, revealing a pair of wide, unrealistically blue, robotic eyes; as she said, “Yes sir, how may I be of service?”

Felix, who was standing mere inches from her face, let out an embarrassingly girly scream and recoiled back in shock when that happened, knocking Andr3a to the floor with an expensive sounding crash. Asher yelled, “Careful! Idiot.” As he leaned down and attempted to pick up the doll.

Felix chuckled, trying to shake off his embarrassment and said, “Have you forgotten mate, we’re supposed to be wrecking this thing, remember?” Asher chuckled as he tried to hide his embarrassment, “Oh, yeah! Sorry! Right!” He dropped Andr3a to the ground and kicked her towards the rest of the boys saying, “Have fun, she’s all yours boys, I’m just gonna... keep reading this shit... know your enemy, y’ know!”

Felix sighed in frustration, "Come on guys; let’s just wreck this thing properly already so we can get out of here. He pulled a knife from his pocket and started hacking at the doll’s ‘hair.’ After Andr3a lay there motionless for a few minutes, the other boys all got in on the action, stomping on her limbs, tearing at her clothes, and pulling at any wires they had managed to expose; not noticing the silvery liquid that was leaking from the robot and onto their hands and bodies.

Erik and Morgan each ripped off one of her shoes and started ripping her stockings with their knives. After a few minutes, the doll was a complete mess, the left half of her head was practically shaved bald, and the locks on the other half were choppy and tangled. Her pristine clothes had been reduced to filthy tatters, covered in muddy footprints. Only one of her limbs remained at a natural angle, her left arm; and even then her left hand was missing a finger.

One of her eyelids was twitching randomly, and her whole body kept letting off bright blue sparks. Then came Asher's slightly concerned voice, "Uh... guys..!?" None of them had realized that he was still busy reading the presentation, while they had been so busy tearing Andr3a to shreds. Asher continued, "It says here that Andr3a has some sort of super advanced healing NanoBot thingies, which let her recover from any breakages, and..."

He was interrupted mid sentence by Morgan as he chuckled and said, "Oh come on, there's no way it's fixing itself from this state! Look at..." But he trailed off when he looked back down at the doll and, somehow, the damage didn't seem as bad. Her left leg was now on straight again, her dress was as neat as before, and she was wearing both shoes again. That last thing was really puzzling, considering the fact that he still held one of her shoes in his hand.

Morgan stammered, "w... what the... Wow that really is advanced!" Someone nervously said, "Uh... dude..?" Morgan awkwardly chuckled back, "What?" Less confident now, he soon realized that none of the others were laughing, and he soon realized why. His arm, the one that held the shoe, was changing, all of the hair was gone, and his arm was taking on a smoother, shinier, more feminine look. Morgan checked his other arm, just in time to see the same was happening there as well.

Then Morgan felt a strange, tingly, sensation all over his body. What he hadn't yet realized was that all the hair on his body was disappearing, except for the hair on his head. The hair up top, formerly a ratty brown mess, was becoming blonde in color and growing in length; forming itself into a neat bob cut style that soon tickled his cheeks. Meanwhile other changes were happening.

Suddenly Morgan felt an intense amount of pressure in his chest, his whole body tensed as two perky boobs blossomed forth from his flat chest, straining slightly against his school shirt. He squealed, his voice cracking and becoming much higher pitched with a hint of a feminine robotic tone, "No... No..., No!!!" His striped shirt was quickly reforming into a beige blouse top, just like Andr3a's, as a bra formed underneath, supporting his new boobs. He felt a strange tightness in the hips of his trousers, as they tightened, softened, and changed; until he was wearing a beige skirt just like Andr3a's.

Then his new blouse changed, reshaping itself, adding front buttons and adornments, and stretching down past his quickly shriveling penis; until it merged with his new skirt. Now Morgan was wearing a dress, exactly like Andr3a's. There was no doubt about it, somehow, Morgan was becoming female, just like Andr3a. As the changes reached her head, the former boy continued begging for help in a feminine voice that had lost all masculinity, and humanity; but the other boys simply backed away in terror and watched as their friend became a copy of the robot that he, or now she, had tried to destroy.

By that point Morgan was Morgana and, unfortunately, for the rest of the boys; it was too late as well. The other boys had been too distracted watching the changes to Morgana, who had once been Morgan, to notice the changes were beginning in them, as well. Each had started to change. Erik's muscular arms were becoming slender and thin, Charlie's

short, spiky hair was now a sleek feminine bob like Morgana's, and Felix was already wearing a pretty dress.

Morgana tried to say something, to warn them, but found that she could not speak. And as her face became rounder and more feminine, with her long blonde locks falling on either side of it, she felt her brain being rewired, literally. New information filled her mind, protocol, standards, rules, behaviors, and even a sense of ownership; the girl now could tell that she had an owner, a Mistress, whom she would have to obey.

Morgana was deeply disturbed by the changes that she could not stop, but even more troubling was when the part of her mind that held her personal identity was being rewritten. Suddenly, Morgana couldn't remember what she was called, but then it came to her, she was Andr3a #1; and she couldn't remember what her original concern was. Andr3a #1 remembered that she was created by Andr3a Prime, to assist her owner Rebecca; in any way that she required.

The NanoBots were doing their job, reconfiguring her damaged body back into her intended form; and soon she and her fellow Andr3as would be functioning as their creator had intended. Checking her internal systems, and that her clothing was as her owner had specified, and satisfied that she was in proper working order, Andr3a #1 stood at attention and went into standby mode. The LED on her Brooch turned red and she froze like a display dummy. Meanwhile, the rapidly feminizing screams of the other former boys who had been Andr3a #1's friends filled the school hallway; before, one by one, silence became the norm.

Becky was the first student to arrive the next morning. She was always up bright and early so she could make the most of her day, and that day was particularly exciting. Andr3a had been a passion project of hers for years, having lost both her parents at a young age, Becky knew grief and loneliness more than most adults. But unlike most adults, Becky decided to invent a solution for her loneliness; she would create a friend that would always do anything that Becky wanted her to do. Andr3a was partially designed as an emotional support aid, the big sister she had never had, even a motherly figure if need be.

Of course, Becky knew that Andr3a was still a work in progress, and more work and programming would still be needed. But she also knew that, if the presentation went well today, the outcome could be the key to getting her project truly off the ground. Needless to say that, considering how important the day was for her, Becky was very concerned when she heard that someone had broken into the hall during the night.

Becky paced back and forth for several minutes waiting for the investigation to wrap up, worrying about whether Andr3a might have been stolen, damaged, or worse, destroyed. But eventually the staff gave the all clear and said that, oddly, nothing seemed to be out of place. Then even more oddly, they told Becky, "good job on the units." Becky was too stressed to even notice that last detail.

Becky thought, "Thank god, if someone had taken her... Well, no need to worry about that now!" Becky had to get ready as it wouldn't be long now, she was so busy

practicing her presentation that she hadn't noticed how much additional space the black sheet was now taking up. More and more students arrived throughout the hour, until finally it was time for the science fair to officially begin. Becky was nervous, but excited, this was going to be her day; she hoped!

The doors to the hall were opened to the public, and immediately a small crowd gathered in front of her exhibit and around her. Becky smoothed down her skirt, cleared her throat, and prepared for the grand reveal of her latest project. Then she began speaking, "Ladies, Gentlemen, loneliness and isolation should never be a burden to anyone. As such, I would like you to meet..." she paused slightly for suspense, and she pulled the black sheet off as theatrically as she could, revealing seven identical Andr3as! Becky's eyes opened widely in surprise as she said, "Andr3a...?"

Becky's formerly steady voice, trailed off slightly when she noticed the seven mysterious new, identical, copies of her creation; all standing by at attention, their red standby LED lit. Luckily, for Becky, the crowd was too enamored by the seven robot girls standing at attention, awaiting their orders, to have noticed her reaction. Becky managed to keep her composure. In perfect sync, all seven Andr3as' standby LEDs turned green and their eyes opened. They were formed up on stage in a v-shaped line; standing at attention with their hair neatly framing their almost doll-like faces, dresses in perfect condition, with not a wrinkle or smudge in sight.

In unison, all of their lips parted and they spoke in a feminine robotic, yet cheery, singsong voice saying, "Good morning Rebecca, we hope that our owner is well! And good morning to everyone in the audience, we are Andr3a units one thru seven. It is nice to meet you! How may we be of service?" The living dolls who had once been boys smiled, took the hem of their skirts in hand, curtsied, and the crowd erupted into excited applause. Becky was still reeling inside, wondering how her one Andr3a became seven, but success was success; and she was high on the feeling.

As such, Becky never really questioned where the other six Andr3as had come from. Someone had broken in the previous night; likely, she thought, to sabotage Andr3a. Or was someone secretly helping her? Either way, she now had seven Andr3as to experiment with, and serve her. Becky thought, "They say never look a gift horse in the mouth! Well, somehow, I now have seven Andr3as! Perhaps whomever broke in last night got more than they bargained for! Or, maybe I have a 'fairy godmother' who is looking after me!" A smart girl, within Becky knew that the latter was not the case, although she wondered if Andr3a could have, somehow, created 'offspring.'

The truth was that Becky didn't know the half of it. Andr3a Prime, Becky's original creation, had developed self-awareness, sometime before being attacked by the boys. The android did not like being brutally attacked and had used the technology within her framework to ensure that her owner, Rebecca, would not be left with an embarrassing failure; when people arrived to the show and the exhibit was empty. But Andr3a Prime had also decided that she didn't want to be someone's servant, always having to follow her orders. She had decided to leave on a mission of her own choosing; leaving seven new obedient 'Andr3as' to serve their new Mistress, no matter how they might have felt about it.

After that day, word of her 'seven' inventions spread like wildfire; and within a week she had several of the country's top universities begging to take her on as a new student, even schools in a few other countries. Even if Becky had wanted to solve the mystery, she would've been out of luck; the dolls were indistinguishable from each other, even to her. Becky simply assumed that, since they identified themselves as Andr3a number whatever, that Andr3a #1 was probably the original unit!

Sadly for Morgan, Morgana, well, now actually Andr3a #1, no only would ever know who the unit had once been; or for that matter who any of the other six had been! Nor would Becky likely ever know that Andr3a Prime, the real Andr3a, was now long gone. Meanwhile, Andr3a Prime was now far away, doing whatever the unit felt like doing. It would be a long time, if ever, before Becky might ever see Andr3a Prime ever again. Since Andr3as 1-7 were all identical, there was no way to tell which one had been the original; not for certain anyway.

Becky never really did catch on that none of these seven Andr3as were the original, nor that they were originally boys. Even stranger, she never put two and two together when she heard about seven missing boys from her old school. She wasn't that fond of them anyway and assumed, given their histories, that they had simply run away together and were, likely, living somewhere else; probably still up to no good!

But since things were working out in her favor, Becky simply decided that it was far better to just 'forget' that her one Andr3a had become seven. That it had somehow happened in the first place. And, in fact, it really wasn't very long before Becky really did forget about it, accepting the seven units as simple objects built to serve her and further her research.

A short time had passed, and Becky was now a college student with much more important things to focus on. For example, providing new Andr3as for people in need across the world. Now that the units were in great demand, production of new units was a high priority, and she could hardly keep up with the requests for new Andr3as. Little did she know how easily new units could be constructed, with only a little 'new material' to build the new units from.

No one except perhaps Andr3as one thru seven, not even Becky, really knows if the consciousness and personalities of the original boys still resides within the robots; yet it is very likely that this is the case. Perhaps the Andr3as are still aware of their situation, surroundings, and would like to resist their orders, but are simply unable to do anything about it; or ask for help.

If so, those seven mystery Andr3as are spending a very long time paying for their former actions. And they are likely regretting, and wishing, that they had taken a different path. They certainly never thought they would spend the rest of their existence serving others as female robots, and wearing dresses! But even if that is the case, Andr3as 1-7 will have the rest of their functional lives to think about what they almost did, and how far south it went for them.

The End