



The PleasureBot twins, waiting to be shipped

PleasureBot Mistake

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One of my girlfriends gave me the idea when we were talking one day. She had rented one of the new PleasureBot android units for her and her husband to enjoy one weekend from a company who both rented and sold these units. She told me she had one of the most enjoyable times in her life, the sex was great, her whole weekend was a delight, and she would be renting another one again very soon. She also quickly followed that by recommending that I do the same for me and my husband on our upcoming anniversary, she said she was sure that I wouldn't regret it!

I decided I would take her advice and treat my boyfriend, and myself, to an indulgent weekend of pleasure. I looked up the company that supplied the PleasureBot to my friend, and discovered they were a local company, in my area. When I spoke with them, I was told that it would be best to come to the showroom to deal with my unique requests, as I had asked whether our new PleasureBot could be customized to look just like me, as a fun surprise for my husband! They said they would need to do a full scan of my body before making the new unit, but the request would not be too hard to fulfill and they thought I would be amazed at the results.

When I arrived at the showroom to order our PleasureBot, I was told that they had a package deal that enabled someone to temporarily experience what it would be like to be a PleasureBot themselves, and I thought, why not! That would be a wonderful surprise for him, having two identical females to use and give him pleasure, and an unusual experience for me, as well. The saleswoman then informed me of added benefit of the deal for me.

Being programmed, commanded, and used by my husband, or would he be my new Owner, Master, whatever, as his PleasureBot; would prevent me from being distracted by everyday mundane things like household chores, etc. While acting as a PleasureBot my only priority would be to serve my owner, all my other concerns would be of no concern to me. As I thought about it; those things often did distract me, and besides, the thought of being able to enjoy pleasuring my husband, fully at his command, forced to do his bidding in any way he ordered me to, without any guilt on my part sounded like a lot of fun. I decided, then and there, to take them up on the offer! Unfortunately for me, a major detail regarding my experience was missed as the order was being entered.

My weekend was fast approaching, I was looking forward to our new experience, and I decided I would like to give my husband his surprise early. I called the company and arranged to get my order processed right away. I had to be 3d scanned in order to make the replica of me, after my naked body had been scanned into the system, I was directed to come back the following day and my custom PleasureBot would be ready. Then, all that would be needed would be to prepare myself by dressing up so that I would look identical to the real PleasureBot unit and being fitted with an android control collar like the real PleasureBots all wore.

Upon returning the next day, I found that they had already configured the new PleasureBot to look like me. I was asked to look over the unit, and be sure that I was satisfied with the appearance of my new artificial twin. What can I say; I was totally flabbergasted, as she not only looked amazing, but she looked just like me, and both of us were currently naked. But I knew that soon the two of us would be dressed in the skimpy, sexy, purple latex outfit which I had picked when I made the order up as I was sure that it would blow my husband's mind.

Then it was my turn to prepare, I was asked to sit down where I was fitted with a control collar which locked when it was installed. The technician helping me said this was to prevent it from being taken off in an uncontrolled way, which could damage my nervous

system. Now my collar could not be removed by anyone other than the technicians at the company, not even by me! Once my collar was connected it was then connected to their system. It felt strange as my body was being taken over. I was now unable to move on my own, yet I still was able to think independently. Since I could no longer move, I just sat there as I was being programmed with all the information needed to allow me to function as a PleasureBot.

The information was coming in so fast that I didn't realize half of what was being implanted into my mind, although I caught images of some of the things. I wondered if we'd really be able to use all that programming, or even very much of it, for that matter. As some of the images flashed thru my mind, I also couldn't help but wonder if people actually really did some of those things and thought, 'weird!'

Before long, the process was completed. Now that I was fully programmed as a PleasureBot, I was commanded to undress right in front of the factory workers; I was terribly embarrassed, but forced to comply. Next, I was commanded to follow my custom PleasureBot; we both walked, naked, in unison to the processing area. There I watched the real PleasureBot enter a large machine looming before us. The doors of the machine, closed before I was able to get a good look inside. But before long, it was my own turn and, even though I was a bit frightened, I entered the dark interior of the machine as commanded.

As the doors of the machine closed behind me, I fully realized that I was now truly stuck with my choice; there was no going back now. I was forced to stand there in the darkness, unable to move until the machine did whatever it planned to do to me. Suddenly a light scanned me from top to bottom, I thought, "Well that wasn't so bad!" When the scan was complete, the computer determined this new PleasureBot was missing its barcode and manufacturer's logo, a situation that was soon rectified. I was mortified as I felt a barcode and logo being tattooed, indelibly, into my skin, that certainly wasn't mentioned in the brochure! And soon, I sported my own identification code and logo, just as any other PleasureBot which had ever been manufactured did. I was now marked as a device, someone's property! Suddenly I was very worried, this was supposed to be a temporary situation, a sort of game, but now I was permanently marked as a PleasureBot, what was going on?

Then, I was showered with what I assumed was probably just some sort of soapy water; the machine washed every part of my body thoroughly. Unfortunately, it turned out that the spray also contained a powerful disinfectant, so powerful that it removed all of my body hair, even the hair on my head. I was forced to stand there and watch in horror as all the hair was being washed from my body. By the time the rinse cycle had finished, I was completely bald and hairless, from head to toe. Something I didn't know at the time was that while my private parts were being washed the fluid also rendered me sterile, which would prevent me from ever getting pregnant, as this would be a major inconvenience for my new owner, or even Master or Mistress, if I were rented out rather than simply being sold.

Then the computer that controlled me forced me to move onward into the next machine. As I approached it, I could see my twin PleasureBot exiting, dressed the way that I had previously requested and I knew that, before long, I too would be dressed the same way. But before being dressed, my body was sprayed once again, this time with a sweet-smelling, wax-like liquid that was used to polish the PleasureBots. After the spray had been applied to me, several arms with soft buffers began running over my body, polishing my skin to be smooth, with an almost artificial sheen and not a blemish to be seen. The polish was designed to simply shine and protect real PleasureBots, but I later discovered that in my case it gave my skin an artificial even color, texture, and sheen. Now I truly looked more like a real PleasureBot than the human woman that I actually was.

The machine also applied, what I didn't know at the time was a nearly permanent makeup. I thought to myself, "It's lucky that I can't move, as I'm sure I would be injured if I were able to move and flinched in any way!" The make-up was all but permanent, it was designed to last until my next maintenance cycle, and it could not easily be removed, or damaged. Luckily, for me, I had stipulated the same eye color for the PleasureBot as my own; otherwise, my eyes would have been re-colored at that point to match my twin PleasureBot. Then, as had been done with my twin, some type of essentially permanent glue was applied to my bald head, followed by the short, blond, wig I had picked out when planning the surprise. Now, with the exception of our ID barcodes being different I physically looked just like my rented PleasureBot, we both looked artificial, and not quite like real human women.

My next experience was not unexpected, the sexy, slutty, clothing that I had requested for me and my twin were now applied to me. As I still could not move I was dressed by the machine, somewhat like a store mannequin, stockings were pulled up my legs while my body was lifted into the air by the arms of the machine. I was dressed in frilly underwear matching the tight vinyl corselette which was placed onto my body. The corselette was designed to hold my body rigidly, shaping me and accentuating my natural curves; it constricted my waist and held it in quite firmly. Then, the stockings were attached to my corselette. Finally, a set of high heels was placed onto my feet, as the machine finished dressing me it completed the overall look I had requested.

If I hadn't been doing this for my husband I would have been extremely embarrassed as I looked like a common hooker. Then I was lowered back down to the ground, and was now ready to serve my new purpose as one half of my husband's harem of custom made PleasureBots. As I walked out of the final machine and took my assigned position next to my double, I could see our reflection in a nearby mirror. Looking at the reflection, I realized that we truly looked identical in every way; no one would be able to tell which PleasureBot was the human, and which was the real PleasureBot. While standing there waiting for our next instructions, I really hoped my husband would appreciate the gift, one for which I had gone to so much trouble and effort to give him. I was quite excited to find out what he thought, see his reaction, and how he would use the two of us.

At this point, we were both considered to be "Ready for shipment," and were sent to a storage area to await our final inspection. Once that was completed, and we had both

passed; we were commanded to stand by and await further instructions. The system instructed us to walk to a storage location where we then took our assigned poses, like a pair of mannequins. I could do nothing but stand there in that pose, unable to look around or even blink, as the system still had full control of my motor functions, all I could do was watch the workers as they walked by my fixed point of view. A few of the workers, usually the women, looked us over as if they were judging the work on these two new units. But most of the male workers gave us much more lustful looks. While somewhat embarrassed, I realized that my mind was still free, free to enjoy the experience, just as the saleswoman had told me it would be and the excitement was killing me, how long until we were shipped home to my husband, our new owner?

Soon we received a command instructing us to begin walking to an awaiting transport vehicle which the company used to deliver new PleasureBots to their assigned destinations. We were each instructed to enter the transport, enter our shipping containers, where we would be locked in and the door in front of us closed, sending the two of us into darkness, and finally we would be ordered to go into standby mode. We began the walk to the transport when, just as I was about to follow my PleasureBot doppelganger into the vehicle, someone walked onto the loading dock and halted the process, stopping us in our tracks. We were forced to stand there, waiting, while I heard from behind us what the holdup was.

Apparently, a very important client wanted to purchase two identical PleasureBots urgently and could not wait for them to be made. The client was a regular customer, and a very important client, so the executives decided these two newly minted identical PleasureBot units would be shipped to him rather than whoever had originally ordered them. I overheard the guy say the order would be reentered into the system using the same physical design as these two units, and then two new identical PleasureBots would be assembled and delivered to whomever these two units were supposed to be shipped to, thereby fulfilling the order, hopefully without the original customer ever even knowing what had happened.

Upon hearing this I was terrified, this wasn't what I signed up for, I didn't want to be actually sold to some stranger, to be used by my new owner however they wished, this experience was supposed to be for my husband! Yet, as commanded, I resumed following my sister PleasureBot and before long we were loaded into the transport, and locked into the storage lockers within. As the vehicle took off, I wondered what had just happened; surely, they weren't actually selling me to someone, a different "Owner," than my husband! After all, didn't they realize I was actually a human woman and not a robot! I wasn't supposed to be able to be sold to anyone, I was a person, or at least I had been a person.

But then the terrible realization hit me, for all intents and purposes, I was indeed now just another PleasureBot, a product, currently owned by the company, able to be sold or rented, and at their command. Once my barcode and logo had been applied, I was registered into the system like any another new PleasureBot, and because of this I was now being sold to my new 'Owner.' Due to the fact that I looked identical to any real

PleasureBot, it was very likely that no one would ever be any the wiser and I might be stuck like this forever, I couldn't even cry out for help as I could not speak unless commanded by the computer, or in response to a question or command from my 'Owner.'

The ride took hours, was quite long and bumpy; and it gave me far too much time to think about the dire situation I was now in. Wherever we were being sent to was obviously very far from where I was supposed to be. We were delivered to a very posh mansion where we were both destined to be used as entertainment for the owner's son, and his friends. In all, there were six guys all eager, and waiting, for the PleasureBots to arrive and the fun to begin. Once we had been delivered and signed for, the home control computer took ownership of us and our fate was sealed. I was now someone's property, I couldn't deny it! I was even more horrified when I heard myself, and my fellow PleasureBot, speak for the first time since my transformation and we said in unison to our new owner, "PleasureBot units awaiting commands, Master!"

It didn't take long before our new masters read our identifications and began giving us individual orders, which we were forced to follow without hesitation, even though I certainly tried to resist. We were both thoroughly used by all of the guys over the course of the weekend, plus a couple of their friends who turned up later to join in the fun. I had never previously experienced so much sex, in my entire life. Although I quickly realized that this would likely no longer be the case from then on, this was my new life, a sexual plaything for anyone whom my owner allowed to use it.

The guys even forced the twin PleasureBots to make love to each other while they watched for their own entertainment. I had never previously made love to another woman, but soon discovered that our programming allowed us to supply the guys with a good show, one which the guys seemed to approve of greatly. While I couldn't express or share my feelings of enjoyment with anyone, I realized that my fellow PleasureBot lived up to her description when she expertly serviced me.

In the meantime, far from us, and while I was being used, over and over, by my new masters; two more, identical to me PleasureBots, were being delivered to my husband at our home address. The note that arrived with them, from me, said 'happy anniversary from your loving wife, enjoy using these PleasureBots in whatever way you wish.' Of course, my husband was thrilled and amused with his new harem.

My only hope was that my husband would quickly figure out that I was not one of his two new PleasureBots and come to rescue me soon. Even worse for me, would be if he did realize these were both real robots but preferred their company and willingness to follow any of his orders without question, to mine. If he never realized, or worse chose the latter, my intention to enjoy a little role-playing game as a PleasureBot for a while with my husband, might be my permanent new function for the rest of my life.

True to her word, the saleswoman who talked me into trying the role-playing scenario was right. All of my senses were still working, I could see, hear, and feel everything that

I was doing, or was being done to me, yet I had no choice in any matter. I simply had to follow whatever orders were given to me by new owners without question or complaint.

Eventually I realized that, apparently, when the order was initially entered at the factory, the person entering it must have missed the part where my conversion was to be temporary. Because of that simple oversight, I was now simply a device, property built to serve its new master, or mistress, in whatever fashion or service they wished. To this day I keep thinking about how very differently this experience turned out from my original intent, and wonder how long I will continue to be forced to serve my owners in this manner. So the moral of the story is, 'be careful when you try something new as you never know when it might just become a permanent change.'

The End

See Next Page for additional insight.....



The PleasureBot twins
(Which one is the human?)