

Kaitlin The Phonebot - 01 - A New Device

Cold fluorescent lighting shone down over the basement computer lab. The light coming from the weakly but constantly buzzing bulbs was of an appropriately icy hue. The entirely unnatural scene down there was about as artificial as one could want.

The rows of big metal computer consoles made aisles through which two pretty naked women walked. They were youthful in appearance, almost vital except for the fact that they were obviously not human. Stiff movements, jerky steps and awkward poses showed instantly that they were mechanical. The uncovered rectangular areas above their attractive round buns showed off electrical connection ports and a few bright LEDs.

Electricity made their metal and plastic parts move, but the flesh-coloured silicone covering that encased them made them look very attractive indeed. Both of these technician robots - Series 032 in the terminology of Robot Control - were sexy and beautifully curvaceous. Both had luxuriant synthetic black hair, and both displayed the exact same lack of an expression on their pretty faces.

Maria was the primary technician unit. She had been constructed to look half Caucasian and half Oriental - just like thousands more Marias in similar basement labs throughout the world. The glass eyes that covered her high-resolution video cameras were a lovely brown colour, but upon close inspection they were obviously fake. The solid perfect circles and lack of tiny red veins were a sure giveaway.

But those eyes were framed by lovely Asian eyelids with perfectly spaced and curled eyelashes. Those eyelids had never once blinked, but had the capability to do so should the right bit of software reach their electronic controllers.

Maria's equally pretty and equally fake helper was Laurie. Her most distinctive feature was the beautifully full set of perfect pink lips built into her facemask. The technology that allowed those lips to move in time with her digitised speech also enabled those lips to kiss. They had never done that, but there might be a first time for everything.

As the sexy and always naked technicians walked stiffly around from task to task, one of the less advanced androids lay motionless but activated on a stainless steel examination table. This robot was dressed in a skin-tight black spandex bodysuit. The arm and leg cuffs left only her finely articulated feet and hands exposed, and the high zippered collar covered most of her silicone and steel neck.

This particular fembot was a Series 510, serial number 7102936A. For ease of use, the name "Kaitlin" had been assigned and programmed into it. Right now, this robot was about to receive a minor hardware upgrade from Laurie.

That technician walked over in her steady, rhythmic way, then halted and pivoted to face the electronic woman lying on the table. Laurie aimed her video cameras at Kaitlin's head, then grabbed the sides of her very pretty face. After a light tug, a click and a series of beeps came from beneath the device. It was lifted away from the rest of her head to reveal electronic insides - lots of quickly flashing LEDs, bundles of coloured wiring weaved through complicated circuit boards, and of course two realistic brown eyes and a round speaker.

Laurie put the rather heavy plastic and metal facemask down beside Kaitlin's now opened head. The oval, circuitry-filled opening was framed nicely on the top and sides by Kaitlin's attractive

mane of dark brown synthetic hair. Blonde highlights at the front had been installed rather than dyed, and they gave that opening full of electronics a lovely feminine look.

Laurie started laying out some tools and new hardware on Kaitlin's satin-covered stomach. With most of the other robots here, the technicians could lay out their tools and parts on those ladies' chests. This couldn't be done with Kaitlin because her perfect breasts were so big. Laurie managed though, and with her usual speed and efficiency she got some of the internal electronics partially disassembled.

The new device being installed today was something like a voice modem. It would sit within an empty space just behind and below Kaitlin's right "eye". The reason for this hardware upgrade was that Kaitlin would soon be taking telephone calls from humans. In return for a small fee paid to Robot Control, these lucky human beings would get to interact with a genuine female robot. Their words would reach this new device in her head and be converted into the binary code that her processors could understand.

But first, the hardware had to be physically installed. In Laurie's capable artificial hands, the task was completed quickly. Various parts of Kaitlin's inner workings were temporarily removed, including the glass eyeball and its receptacle on that side of her head. Her left eye continued to record a constant video stream to match what the microphones in her ears recorded. She continued to lay completely motionless while Laurie inserted and plugged in the new modem.

Laurie's fingertips reached down to the new device. From her index finger extended a heated applicator tip, and from her thumb extended a portion of previously coiled solder. That Swiss Army knife style hand soldered some wiring into place while blue-grey wisps of smoke floated up from the tips of the wires.

Laurie's pretty face looked down, her mouth still in its factory-set position, her eyes unblinking and equally void of expression. Those eyes recorded video of what her hands were doing to make sure they were moving and operating as they should. With no errors or unexpected problems, the new hardware was quickly installed, and the inside of Kaitlin's head reassembled.

Inside Laurie's own head, a transponder device started receiving new instructions from the Main Computer. This supercomputer existed as the sum of all the electronic parts in all those big metal consoles. It coordinated the actions of Laurie and her friend Maria down to their smallest movements. It also came up with every last bit of software that sat used or unused on the hard drives of the 30 other fembots in the lab. Nothing went on down there without the aid or knowledge of the Main Computer.

Now Laurie stood with her back turned to Kaitlin. She was mindlessly entering impossibly long alphanumeric strings into a keyboard built into one of those consoles. Her glass eyes pointed to a row of monitors attached to the ceiling above - recording several fast streams of binary code at once. The processors and other electronics in her chest that constituted a kind of electronic brain were now busy with data analysis.

Maria marched stiffly up to stand next to Laurie. Both of them stood naked with unrealistically perfect posture while the supercomputer around them finished up with its preparations. Upon receipt of a batch of wireless digital commands, Maria pivoted sharply around to face the android on the table.

"Kaitlin," she said in a friendly, vacuous semi-monotone "please sit up."

The shapely android in the tight black satin bodysuit beeped once in acknowledgement. "Yes Maria." she said.

Her voice was a gorgeously stiff and rhythmic monotone. That was part of her appeal - along with the stiff movements she made and the light sound of whirring servo motors that accompanied them. For the technosexuals who would be calling to speak to her, she was a dream come true. Robot Control had discontinued the 510 series, but no other model had that perfect mix of realism and artificiality like they did. The more advanced models - the 542s and the 558s - could operate in society undetected as androids, but a girl like Kaitlin would be spotted right away.

Of course, she had no idea she was so sexy. She had no idea of anything that hadn't been directly programmed into her. She had been constructed only to obey commands. The computer brain behind her massive, perfect breasts just didn't have the capacity to reason or to imagine or to desire. It was in that vacant state that she now sat on the metal table, staring directly ahead. Maria got some more commands from the Main Computer and verbally gave some more orders to the sexy 510.

"Kaitlin, please run diagnostic scans on your new hardware." she said as her realistic plastic lips moved in synchronisation to the voice coming out of the speaker behind them.

"Yes Maria." Kaitlin said as she initiated the programs that had been requested.

Laurie had finished up at the console then and now turned and walked stiffly back to the table, on the side opposite Maria. Laurie's neck slowly rotated 28° so that her eyelash-framed optical sensors were pointed at Kaitlin's opened head. The technician then made detailed scans of the electronic parts in ultraviolet and infrared wavelengths in order to check that all the connections had been made properly and that nothing was overheating.

All the bright coloured LEDs built into that circuitry continued to flash while Kaitlin checked the status of her new parts. After a few minutes of that, the flashing pattern changed and slowed slightly. This indicated that her processors were no longer so busy, and that the hardware scans were done.

"Diagnostic scans complete." Kaitlin said. "No errors found."

"Very good." Laurie said, her statement empty and meaningless.

Maria picked up and held out the 510's pretty face. "Kaitlin, please reattach your facemask." she said.

"Yes Maria." Kaitlin responded. She took the intricate covering from that technician and positioned it the right way in her hands. Then to the faint sound of whirring servos, she lifted it stiffly to her head and pressed it back into place. Another beep followed a few clicks to indicate that the device had been properly reintegrated into her system.

Now she sat unmoving on the table while the technicians prepared to transfer new software into her. Maria unzipped the front of her shiny satin bodysuit while Laurie went to go get a long black cable. As she returned to the 510 with it, Laurie opened up a rectangular panel built into Kaitlin's chest just above her amazing breasts. Inside that panel too were several brilliant flashing lights amid some more exposed circuitry and a few connection ports. Into one of those ports went one end of the cable. The other end got plugged into the nearby computer console.

"Kaitlin, begin download of program NHDM4-8c.T83." Laurie ordered.

"Yes Laurie." Kaitlin responded in her sexy digital monotone as the innumerable ones and zeroes blazed through the wire into her chest. For a few moments, the only activity in the room was the constant flash of console lights while the three ladies remained absolutely still.

Laurie kept watching the changing pattern of blinking LEDs in the 510's chest, and when she saw that the transfer was finished, she said "Kaitlin, please install and execute program NHDM4-8c.T83."

"Yes Laurie." came the 510's predictable response. The LEDs in her chest turned off for a brief moment, then came back on unblinking while a few loud computerised beeps came from inside her sexy satin-sheathed body. When the coloured lights visible once more began to flash, Kaitlin announced "program NHDM4-8c.T83 installed and executed successfully."

"Very good." Laurie again said in that empty-headed way. She disconnected the cord while Maria reached out to close the robot's chest panel and zip the bodysuit back up.

"Kaitlin, please stand up and walk over to the empty area past examination table 15." Maria ordered.

Kaitlin turned her head to look at the pretty technician. "Yes Maria." she said yet again. She got her legs off the table and stood herself on the cold cement floor, then walked in her stiff mechanical way over to the corner of the lab. Her womanly hips swung with robotic rhythm to her steps while her boobs and buns jiggled slightly inside the reflective fabric of her tight black fembot uniform. She stopped in her assigned place and remained facing and staring at the wall as the lights above continued to cast down their icy glow.

Kaitlin The Phonebot - 02 - Initialisation

Mike was one of the lucky ones. As a man who loved fembots for what they were, he had been given a small key to unlock the gates of heaven - a chance to talk to a real female android.

The software he had received and installed let him know the status of this synthetic woman. He could see now that she had been activated and was ready to take his calls, but he really had no idea just what to expect. He was nervous as hell. His stomach seemed knotted and full of butterflies as he mentally prepared himself for this plunge into unknown bliss.

On his computer screen was a remarkably user-friendly status interface. He would have never believed that it had been designed and created without human input, but it had. Robot Control had dreamt up this software in seconds after it had set itself upon this revenue-generating scheme. By using that software, he could see not only details as to the status of this robot "Kaitlin", but a graphic layout of the lab in which she stood waiting. He could also see that there were two robotic technicians and 29 other ladies in booths along the walls.

Images had been provided with the software so he could see just what he would be talking to. Kaitlin was sexy, and he had already gotten off to looking at her pictures on his screen. He hesitated as he held his phone though. His nerves were a jangled mess. He was over-excited and trembling, but he forced himself to point the mouse over the "call" button on the screen and make that final click.

The short seconds that followed took longer than seconds should have, but soon enough his phone rang. He smiled uncontrollably as he thought of what he was about to hear.

"Hello my name is Kaitlin." came the ultra-sexy feminine monotone over the wire.

His mouth dropped open while he thought of something to say.

"I am a series 510 robot." she added.

"Hello Kaitlin." he said, still trembling."

"I am programmed to obey your commands." she said.

"Wow." was all he could say. He thought fast. He had only a vague idea of what to do.

"I've never talked to an android before." he said.

"That does not compute." she said.

He was getting very horny now. "You really are a robot?" he asked.

"My name is Kaitlin." she said in that seductive machine monotone. "I am a series 510 robot."

He looked at his computer monitor for a moment and read the detailed descriptions of the scene in that basement lab. "Kaitlin, confirm that you are wearing a black stretch-satin bodysuit."

"Confirmed." came her response - simple and accurate.

He smiled even more brightly. "Awesome." he said. He read some more of the descriptive text on his screen. "Confirm for me that your name is printed on it above your left breast, along with the words 'PROPERTY OF ROBOT CONTROL'."

"Confirmed." she said again, sounding exactly the same.

He began to unzip his fly. Her voice could make him come even if she wasn't talking like an emotionless machine. "Kaitlin, confirm for me that below that there is a barcode of your serial number below that text."

"Confirmed" she replied.

Mike looked at the image displayed next to all the text in that window. The image of Kaitlin showed her standing perfectly still and stiff, wearing that same bodysuit. She was quite a sight. His next idea came as no surprise.

"Kaitlin, please remove your facemask." he ordered.

"Yes Master." she said. "Facemask removed."

He had no pictures of this yet, but his imagination filled in the blanks. This was amazing for him to hear an actual fembot tell him that her facemask was currently off.

"Confirm for me that all the electronic circuitry inside your head is now exposed." he said.

"Confirmed." she answered. "My electronic circuitry is exposed."

"Awesome." he said as he started to jack off.

"Kaitlin, confirm for me that you are a robot." he said.

"Confirmed." she said. "I am a robot."

He smiled and thought of what to do next when he heard her repeat those last four words.

"I am a robot..... I am a robot..... I am a robot..... I am a robot..... I am a robot..... I am a robot..... I am a robot..... I am a robot..... " she repeated.

Mike was stunned - but in a good way. This sounded so excellent to his ears. He listened to that super-feminine voice as she kept on repeating and repeating that phrase. He could just imagine that exposed speaker pumping out that phrase over and over again while the flashing LEDs around it kept right on blinking.

"Kaitlin, reboot please." he said, remembering some of what he had read earlier.

She stopped her lovely little loop and then said "Rebooting.... rebooting... rebooting... rebooting..."

"That sounded great!" he excitedly told her.

"That does not compute." she answered.

"Kaitlin," he said as he thought of what was between her legs, "unzip the front of your bodysuit all the way."

"Yes Master." she said.

Mike waited until he thought the job was done then said "Reach down to your crotch and open your vaginal panel... then remove the cover."

"Yes Master." she repeated.

The instructions and descriptions from Robot Control had come in handy for this. Thanks to them he already knew a little about this series 510 robot. He had read those words so often that they were as good as memorised.

"Kaitlin robot," he said grinning and still jerking off, "please set your pussy flow to high."

"Yes Master." she replied. "Pussy flow set to high."

He thought about her plastic vagina now. "Confirm that your synthetic pussy is getting wet." he ordered.

"Confirmed." she said blankly. "My synthetic pussy is wet."

"Kaitlin robot, begin masturbating." he commanded.

"Yes Master." she said.