

# Fembots



**By Freddie Clegg**

This story was originally published on Freddie Clegg's blog site at [freddiestales19.wordpress.com](https://freddiestales19.wordpress.com) and on the Literotica and StoriesOnLine.net websites.

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# 1. The Trouble With Fembots

In the laboratory of the Serious Cybernetics Corporation, two technicians are deep in discussion. The technology is well developed, The application area is clear. What could possibly go wrong?

“It’s your fault!”

“How do you work that out?”

“You invented the things. Didn’t you think something like this might happen?”

“Well no, obviously not.”

“And you tried transmitting the predetermined safe word?”

“Yes, That was the first thing I tried after, well, after it became obvious.”

“That they were out of control?”

“Well, they were always intended to be autonomous.”

“But, and I’m just guessing now, your idea of autonomous didn’t include their current behaviour?”

“No of course it didn’t.”

“But you can’t actually over-ride it?”

“Well I didn’t think a dominatrix sex bot would really want to be told what to do after the run-time mode was selected. Apart from the safe word over-ride.”

“Which doesn’t work.”

“Well, it certainly doesn’t seem to.”

“All right, well let’s thing about this logically. Did you give them, like a framework to work within, boundaries? Something like a range of kinks to be serviced?”

“Yes. That was definitely a big part of the design criteria.”

“OK. So what we need to do is to work out a way we can come at them outside that framework.”

“Well, that might be a bit difficult.”

“Shh, hang on. I think I heard one of them moving.... No it’s OK. Why?”

“Well, there’s four of them right? And I wanted to make sure we explore a range of kinks, so each of them have a different set of boundary parameters and...”

“And between them, you think they have the whole range of kinks covered?”

“Well, obviously not the whole range but..”

“Great. So do we know where they are?”

“Sure. I mean, well roughly. This app on my phone keeps track of them gives me position and current activity. Look, that’s FB02, she’s about 200 metres away. She’s programmed for abduction and imprisonment scenarios.”

“And activity?”

“Err, the phone says “Data Acquisition Mode”. That’s what I built in so the AI can learn and adapt to a wider range of kinks – I mean you know how devious some perverts are. But she is downloading an AWFUL lot of data.”

“And does this app of yours give you access to their visual input?”

“What you mean, what they’re seeing?”

“Yes. I mean that could give us some clues about how we could get out of here, I’m guessing. I don’t want to spend too much longer holed up in this store cupboard.”

“Oh, sure. I thought that would be a great way to generate some cash for future research . Fembot POV videos. Neat huh?”

“IF you find a way of stopping them taking over the planet.”

“Oh, come on. That’s a bit melodramatic. Look let’s tune into FB03. She’s still in the lab according to this and, oh...”

“Oh? Oh, she’s got back in her case and we can quit worrying?”

“No, not exactly. I just got a shot of Joe. He was still in the lab when we ran out.”

“And? Do you want to show me?”

“And, well FB03 was set up for forced feminisation fantasies and as far as I can see she’s put Joe in a dress and a wig, tied him up and put a ball gag on him. Here.”

“I can’t see anything. Oh hang on she’s turning round. Moving across the lab. She’s looking across the bench. Now she’s turning round. She’s looking at herself in the mirror on the wall. I’ll say one thing you got the flesh tones and texture really well and she’s got the sort of sneering look that would really work for a submissive but, oh... What the hell is that?”

“It’s a strap-on. A sort of artificial cock.”

“Well, it was hardly going to be a real one, was it, for fuck’s sake. Hang on she’s moving again. That’s Joe isn’t it? What’s she done to his face? Is that lipstick and eyeliner? The poor sod – well I’m guessing this isn’t his turn on – he looks really terrified. I can’t watch any more of this. What about the others?”



“Well there’s FB01. She’s a sort of domestic discipline model; foot worship spanking. And FB04 who’s programmed for animal play.

“Ah, it looks like FB02 and FB01 are in the same location. They’re sharing data by the look of it. Now FB01 has gone out into the corridor. Hang on I’ll get visual and audio. Here we go”

*“Hi, can you help me?”*

“Sure sugar. I’ve not seen you here before.”

*“No, I’m new. Working in the lab here.”*

“Oh, yeah. Gerry’s robot girl shop.”

*“Is that what you call it? Hmm.”*

“Well, if he’s got someone like you working on the project I can’t imagine that he’d need a robot. Excuse me, I guess that was rude.”

*“No that’s OK I took it as a, a, a complement. Do you have any kinks? Anything you’d like to try?”*

“Not with a robot, thanks. But if you fancy an evening out yourself, any time.”

“Who is that? One of the lab technicians?”

“I guess so. From the other block. I don’t recognise him.”

*“You could come and have a coffee now if you liked? I was just brewing some up in the lab.”*

“Sounds fun. If you’re sure none of those robots is on the loose. I’ve always thought the project sounded a bit creepy.”

*“I think you’re being prejudiced. They’re OK.”*

“But not a patch on the real thing?”

*“Patch? No, not a patch. Come on in.”*

“I can’t see what’s happening now. She’s walking in front of him back into the lab. Can’t see FB02. Hang on what’s that noise. That sort of grunting. Wait a minute. She’s turning around. Oh right, FB02 has grabbed him. She’s got her hand over his mouth. He doesn’t seem to be doing much good struggling against her.”

“Well no. I mean they are very strong and very damage resistant. We didn’t want to have any risk of accidental damage if the play got rough.

“Which I suppose means that any forcible decommissioning is going to be difficult.”

“I hadn’t really thought about that but, well, yes. But I mean she is supposed to be programmed for abduction and kidnap fantasies, and, oh.”

“What’s wrong? I mean what’s wrong more than is already wrong of course?”

“Well FB01 is tying him up. She’s put cords around his wrists and she’s getting a cloth or something to gag him with. She’s not suppose to do that. I mean that isn’t in her repertoire.”

“But it could be if she’s been sharing data with FB02, I’m guessing?”

“Well, yes.”

“Which means we’re in a whole lot more trouble than we thought we were.”

“You do have a way of looking at the black side of things.”

“OK then let’s just look on the bright side. They don’t know we’re here and we know where they are. So all we have to do is to sit tight and wait until they move off somewhere else. We can spend our time thinking what we’re going to say to the board of enquiry. In the mean time is there anyone we can phone?”

“Well I was thinking about that.”

“And?”

“And my phone’s battery has run out....”

## 2. Rise of the Fembots

“OK, Chris, let’s try to take stock of where we are.”

“You mean you want more detail than ‘in a complete fucking mess’?”

“Well, I’ve not heard them moving around outside. If we can get out of this store room then we should get a view down into the lab and maybe I can find somewhere to charge my phone.”

“Well that sounds like some sort of plan. Can we log into the fembots from the office network? Until your phone is up again?”

“Err, maybe. I hadn’t done a Windows version of the app though. It’ll probably take longer to hack that connection than it will to get my phone working.”

“All right. I’ll just ease this door open. There. Look on the bench – there’s a phone charger.”

“Great that’s a start. Now if we look down from that window we should be able to see into the lab.



“Ah, the phone’s ringing... Shit, it’s the boss. Hello. Yes..... Well we’re up in one of the electronics labs. Yes I know. Yes, Mike is with them. Oh you’ve seen the video feed. Uh huh. Yes. Well. But... OK.”

“What did he say, Gerry?”

“Let’s say he’s not best pleased. I think his actual words were if I didn’t fucking well fix these fucking fembots he’d find a new way of fucking just for me and any of the rest of the team that might survive this.”

“Graphic. Did he have any helpful suggestions? Or was it just a sort of ‘if they don’t kill you, I will’ incentive?”

“Yeah, more that. He wanted to know why the laws of robotics\* weren’t kicking in.”

“So, you hadn’t told him you’d been tinkering with them?”

“Well, it was sort of central to the project. I mean ‘A robot may not injure a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm’ isn’t going to work as the basis for a dominatrix bot is it? And ‘A robot must obey the orders given it by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the First Law,’ was a bit of a no-no too until we added the ‘If preceded by the safeword’ condition.”

“So why isn’t the safe word over-ride working.”

“That’s what I’ve been trying to figure out.”

“Can we see what’s going on in the lab now your phone is working again?”

“Yes, we should be able to. Let’s see. I have to select which unit I want to view through. Oh.”

“What’s up?”

“Well there’s the list of units that you select from.”

“So.”

“So, there should be four of them.”

“And?”

“The app is saying there are a dozen.”

“How does that work?”

“I don’t know. Let’s see if I can see what FB01 is seeing. There, the video feed is coming through. Ah – oh poor Mike. They’ve put him into a maid’s uniform and they seem to be making him walk up and down wearing high-heeled shoes. Hang on FB01 is turning her head. Looking to the other side of the lab. Oh, shit. Now I see the problem. You know we had those spare components?”

“Yeah. It was cheaper to buy them in bulk and it gave us some spares for repairs.”

“Well they’ve been using them to assemble more units. That why the app is showing a dozen units active.”

“Fourteen.”

“What?”

“The app is showing 14 units active. Another two have come on line.”

“Shit, yes. Look they’re just building new ones and putting the new ones to build more. Ah., hang on, there’s some audio. Listen...

*“Unit FB15, initial check complete, runtime download complete, rules adaptation initiated, succeeded, safe word over-ride adaptation initiated, failed, dominatrix profile loaded, unit initiation complete.”*

“Well, there’s a clue.”

“How do you mean?”

“If you’d sequenced the safe word override before the rules adaptation you could have stopped this happening by checking for successful override installation before loading the rules adaptation.”

“Well, that’s good to know but not much fucking use at the moment.

*“Unit FB16, initial check complete,....”*

*“Unit FB17, initial check complete,....”*

“How many units can they build with the components they’ve got?”



“They’ll be limited by the thing they’ve got least of. I’m guessing they’re not smart enough to choose alternatives.”

“Let’s hope not.”

“So, that will be the flexible body form outer. That’s the thing that gives a lifelike shape over the mechanised limbs and torso.”

“And how many of those are there?”

“Er, 50....”

“50!”

*“Unit FB18, initial check complete...”*

“Well that was the minimum run the supplier would do. What with the requirements.. I mean given what they were being used for. We had to specify something a bit more, well, pneumatic than their regular model; a bit longer in the leg too, better definition of the musculature.”

“Yeah, all very rational but it’s going to give us a real problem. There’s going to be a small army of dominatrix robots, not obeying laws one and two, with a couple of male hostages too.”

“Oh, hang on. It’s the boss again. Hi, it’s Gerry. .... Where are we? This is room #604 isn’t it, Chris? Yes, #604. We’re planning to work our way down to the exit across from the admin block. .... Uh huh. .... Well, that’s not very helpful to us. .... No, not at all. .... No, we can’t just sit tight. Well, it’s not our fault if there’s been some sort of media leak. .... Well, all right. ... OK, I’m putting you on speaker, but I may have to cut you off if we see one of them.”

“Hi, guys. Chris, I hope you’re OK there. I just wanted you both to know that the management team are working on this and we’ll do everything we can to get you out of there.

“OK. Thanks.”

“But just so you know we’ve got to shut off a few things. To try and control the situation. We’ve managed to lock off external internet links and the phone system.”

“Not sure how that will help but fair enough.”

“Oh, that’s more to stop any news leaking out. We wouldn’t want to panic anyone by rumours getting started.”

“When you say you want to stop news leaking out, have you let any of the authorities know?”

“Well, no, not yet, obviously. There’s a the company’s reputation to consider. We need to understand just how much of a problem this is before we start bothering them. Got to get our ducks in a row, so to speak.”

“The ‘how much of a problem’ is that you might have 50 non-rule one compliant units, wandering the plant by the end of the next couple of hours. And if what we’ve seen of them it will be more a case of them getting as many dicks in a row as they can find. And we’d rather they didn’t start with ours.”

“I can tell you are upset but at least with the internet off their AI learning will be inhibited.”

“Not noticeably.”

“Why not, Gerry?”

“Well, you know that capital expenditure you OK’d last month? That was for a disk storage array for the lab. We wanted to build up a knowledge base before we got the units on-line. They’ve got access to maybe a few hundred gigabytes of femdom videos. I mean, that’s plenty for them to get all sorts of nasty ideas.”

“We’ll factor that in, Gerry, but that – uh – makes things a bit more complicated, I guess.”

“Why don’t you just cut the power off to the labs.”

“No can do, Chris. It would take out the whole production line for the series B units as well and you know we’re behind on shipments this month already.”

“You don’t think maybe this is a bit more important than whether or not you’re hitting your production target?”

“That’s a very selfish point of view Chris. A lot of people’s bonuses depend on hitting those targets.”

“Shit! Got to cut you off. Get down, Gerry.”

“What?”

“There’s one of them in the corridor.”

“Are you sure?”

“Unless the company’s started issuing female lab techs with tight fitting, zip-fronted, black, spandex jumpsuits, I’m sure.”

*“Hello Boys!”*

\*The three laws of robotics were formulated by Isaac Asimov in his seminal science fiction short stories from the 1940's and 1950's.

### 3. In the Grip of the Fembots

Gerry squealed in surprise and span around. One of the fembots was standing in the doorway.

The tight-fitting jumpsuit that Gerry had thought would be a good design for a basic dominatrix costume showed off every curve of the body-form moulding beneath. Gerry was rooted to the spot, frightened into immobility by the fembot's sudden arrival

*"Oh, your friend has gone."*

Gerry looked around and, sure enough, Chris had taken advantage of the moment to disappear.

*"Never mind, you can come with me."*

The fembot reached out and gripped Gerry by the back of his neck.

"Oww, let me go. You're hurting me."

*"Yes, low levels of pain are sexually arousing."*

Gerry was trying to remember the parameters that had been put into the conversation and behaviour model, so that he could find a way of extracting himself from his current predicament. He wasn't having any success as the fembot tightened her grip on his neck. With her other hand the fembot grabbed hold of Gerry's wrists and pinioned them behind his back.

*"Being restrained also contributes to the sensation of helplessness."*

"I don't need to feel these sensations. Let me go!" It was perfectly clear to Gerry that he wasn't likely to escape the vice like grip that the fembot was capable of.

*"Submissive men protest that they do not enjoy these experiences but that is just part of the 'game' to them. Now, you will come back to my dungeon and worship me."*

The fembot pushed Gerry forward. At least, Gerry thought, I'll be able to find out what's going on and maybe come up with some way to stop them.

Gerry was hustled along towards his lab, the fembot not loosening her grip on him for a moment. As she pushed him through the door, his secretary, Alexa as he had jokingly christened her, greeted them. Alexa was a series B unit that he had adapted for the early prototype stages of the project. He'd fitted her with one of the new bodyform covers which had attracted raucous comments from his colleagues and the suggestion from HR that he might like to think whether his design was entirely appropriate, and whether he might like to make her outfits a bit more in keeping with the female workers in the office.

*"Good morning Mr Haynes."*

"Hi, Alexa, Ahhh" Gerry grunted as the fembot squeezed his arm,

*"You will address us with respect. Please use Mistress or Miss when talking to us."*

"Oww!" Gerry exclaimed as the fembot tightened her grip further.

*“Remember, pain is pleasure, restraint is freedom, service is your duty. All men must learn this.”*

That, at least was encouraging, Gerry thought, he recalled that mantra from the conversation templates that he had worked on. Of course it was difficult to predict how the templates might be modified over time under the bot’s AI routines but at least that implied they weren’t entirely out of control.

*“Pay attention, male! You will start your training. Undress!”*

The bot clicked her fingers. One of her identically dressed colleagues appeared leading the cross-dressed Mike on a chain. Still wearing the maid’s uniform that he had been forced into wearing, he was carrying a tray with a collection of bondage toys on it.

Oh, hang on you don’t think you are using those on me, do you?” Gerry protested.

*“Restraint is freedom, males must be naked,”* the bot intoned. *“Males must be restrained.”*

The fembot that had been leading Mike grabbed Gerry by the arms and held him firmly. Gerry tried to wriggle but it was clear that the bot’s strength far exceeded his own.



*“Thank you, FB05. I will undress the male.”*

*“Thank you, FB08.”*

I could do without the politeness, thought Gerry. He wasn’t sure where that had come from in the programming. He didn’t have long to consider the origins of fembot social etiquette before FB08 was pulling open his shirt and unfastening his trousers. Gerry found himself recalling one of the “research trips” he had carried out for the project when something similar had happened with a long legged, dark haired Mistress in a dungeon in Santa Monica. To his considerable embarrassment, Gerry realised his cock was getting stiff.

*“See FB05, our conditioning was correct. Dominant female behaviour does cause sexual arousal in the male.”*

“Of course, your bloody conditioning was correct. Who do you think did it? Oww!” Gerry yelled as FB05 cuffed his wrists tightly behind his back. I suppose I could try the safeword sequence, the thought. Maybe it will work. “Penguins like ice cream. Engage rule one.”

Neither FB03 nor FB05 showed any sign of responding to the phrase that he thought he had locked into their programming. As a final resort he called out to his secretary. “Alexa, can you get me out of this?”

*“Mr Haynes. Please use correct terminology,”* Alexa continued. *“Lack of respect for female office staff will have painful consequences. Males shall address us as ‘mistress, or ‘miss’. You can kiss my feet as an apology and your behaviour error will be overlooked this time.”*

With his wrists locked behind him, Gerry could not resist as he felt himself being forced to his knees. It was only as his face was pushed forward against Alexa’s shoes that he asked himself why she was behaving like this. He could understand that the newly manufactured fembots had the faulty first law condition but Alexa had been initialised long before that had been set up. She shouldn’t be running the same dominance routines as the others.

“Alexa, step back.” Gerry thought that by trying a simple command he would soon discover the problem.

*“Men do not give commands. Men are intended to serve. You will be trained to serve us as you should. Males should address us with respect. Failure to observe protocol will be corrected.”*

Now Gerry was really worried. This was exactly the response that he would expect from one of the modified fembots. If Alexa was now using this behaviour it meant that the fembots were able to pass on their coding to series B units. What was worse, from his conversation with his boss, production of the series B was continuing. If they could be infected, dozens of potential dominatrix bots would be leaving the production line every hour.

While Gerry was analysing Alexa’s answer to his challenge he failed to notice that FB08 was acting in response. He saw a flash of red rubber pass in front of his eyes. Reacting to a whack on the buttocks from a riding crop he went to cry out and was rewarded with the ball of a gag jerked back into his mouth and strapped in place.

*“Males that fail to address us respectfully will be silenced until they learn the protocol,”* Alexa intoned as FB08 tightened the strap. *“Service does not require speech.”*

FB05 reached up and fastened a collar around his neck. Clipping a leash to it she jerked Gerry’s head forward until his face was pressed against her spandex covered synthetic cleavage. As Gerry gave a shocked gasp, a trickle of drool fell onto the fembot’s costume.

*“Males have no self control,”* the fembot chided. *“You will learn respect and service. On your knees.”*

In the same moment Gerry felt a blow from a riding crop on the back of his legs. FB05 stepped back and let him fall to his knees.

*“You will stay there to contemplate your manners.”*

Gerry felt rope being drawn around his ankles and his thighs and then tied tightly to the chain linking his wrist cuffs. FB05 placed a booted foot against his side and pushed. Unable to prevent himself from toppling he fell sideways onto the floor of the laboratory. FB05 planted a foot on his arm, her heel digging into his flesh. He looked up at the fembot as she seemed to study his predicament. Her impassive features gave no hint of which aspect of her programming was likely to be engaged next.

Gerry thought that the best idea was to stay just where he was – not that there was much he could do differently. He really didn't have any sort of a plan for what to do next. Things were not working out the way that he had imagined. And he wished that he could just tell his cock to stop enjoying the situation.

## 4. The Lure of the Fembots

James Haverstein III, research and production director for the Serious Cybernetics Corporation, bit down on his cigar end. The sharp suited woman next to him looked across with mild distaste but said nothing. Amanda Howard from the company's legal team was used to working with board members she didn't much like but Haverstein's cigar habit, even if he didn't light up in the office was repellent. "You are joking, I assume," Haverstein snapped at the young engineer standing in front of him in the board room.

"No sir, Mr Haverstein," Chris Adney wasn't sure which was worse, hiding out to escape from the prowling fembots or having to talk to his boss about their problem and what he saw as the only solution. "I really think that we need to cut off power to the lab if we are going to avoid a real problem."

"You realise if we cut power to the lab that also cuts power to the production line for the series B units? Don't you think that stopping the production of the series B units isn't a 'real problem'? The entire sales team has spent the last week at the Robo-ex event building up the order book; we've got a shareholders' meeting next week and I am not planning to spend the next few days holed up with our PR agency trying to work out a way of spinning the fact that we'll miss our third quarter forecast."

Chris tried again, "I can see that, Sir, but we are talking about units that are not compliant with the three laws and there could be fifty of them if they keep up the fabrication that has been going on so far."

"Run that by me again..."

"There were enough parts for fifty units. We had only fabricated four units. The last time I looked there were 18 which means the bots have been fabricating additional units themselves. If they keep on going they could get to fifty."

"Which is more than we'd like I'm guessing."

Amanda Howard raised an eyebrow in disbelief.

"One bot that isn't compliant with robotics laws is more than we'd like."

"So what are you suggesting?"

"There really doesn't seem to be any alternative but removing their power source, sir. As it is, their internal batteries will run for another 48 hours or so."

"So, not only have I got to stop the line, I've got to kiss goodbye to two days worth of production, too. They're confined to the lab space, so I'm thinking that doesn't represent much of a threat"

"But Gerry is in there with them and Mike too."

"I'm finding it hard to get up much sympathy for either of them. From what you told me, Mike's too stupid to know when he's talking to a droid – which isn't the smartest thing if you're working for a company that makes them- and Gerry's the one whose fault all this is. And since he designed this prototype and coded the whole profile, presumably he's getting a big kick out of the result. And, unless

he's seriously fucked up the coding, while these mechanised dominatrixes might not be rule one compliant they won't actually be trying to kill him, will they?"

"But imagine the problem if the Cybernetics Regulatory Authority get wind of this."

"No reason why they should, is there, Miss Howard?"

The lawyer shook her head. "We're not due another CRA inspection for a month at least and they've always been more interested in the production line rather than the labs anyway."

"So unless someone decides to blows a whistle we don't have to worry. And I'm sure we can rely on the loyalty of our staff, aren't you, Adney?" Haverstein's tone was threatening. "Now why don't we get you a desk where you can monitor what's going on and maybe hack into the problem units. Then you could see if you can patch something in the software. You won't be able to affect the basic rules handling over the network, obviously, but I'm sure you'll find some way of getting them to stop. In the mean time I'll get security to make sure they contain any units that decide to go walkabout."

Chris looked glum. He wasn't at all sure that security would be able to do much if the fembots decided to break out of the lab. Equally he was convinced that he would be able to get at the fembots' code, but he didn't see that there was anything else he could do.

Amanda Howard smiled for almost a tenth of a second and then said, "Well Mr Haverstein, if that's all for now. I do need to finish looking at that revised warranty agreement."

"That's fine Mandy," Haverstein responded. Amanda visibly winced; she hated Haverstein's smarmy over-familiarity. "You run along and get that fixed."

Chris found himself a desk and a PC and tried to see what he could get at across the network. Unsurprisingly he couldn't get access to the on-board software of any of Gerry's fembots – that would have been too much to hope for. He did manage to re-establish the link to one of the FB's video and audio feeds, which at least meant he had a chance of keeping an eye on what was happening.

Right from his first sight of the video and the audio feed he could see that things had not got any better. A group of six spandex clad fembots with identical facial features, identical fetishised body forms and the same long blonde hair drawn back tightly into a pony tail were tormenting Gerry with a range of implements of punishment. They seemed to be busily comparing the results of the use of paddle, crop, whip and flogger, peering at the marks left on poor Gerry's buttocks and back. That was worrying, Chris thought; it looked like they were engaging in some sort of learning exercise.





Two more units seemed busy with fabrication, as he had suspected. Four more were engaged in bullying Mike who was still wearing the maids outfit he had been forced into. They were showing no signs of a let up in their dominant behaviour, in spite of the fact that Mike had obviously been sobbing and was wearing stockings that had been laddered by being forced to his knees by his robotic mistresses. A group of ten other units, the result of earlier fabrication, were standing passively by.

Chris drew some comfort from the fact that the fembots didn't seem to be doing anything that indicated they were looking for more victims. They seemed happy just to take advantage of the ones they had to hand.

Over in the far corner of the lab, though, was something that Chris did find disturbing.

In the corner was a bench that he and Gerry had used for development work. It was where they would carry out work like testing the limb activation routines, updating the on-board software, adjusting the muscular activators and so on. It was sculpted and padded like a couch so that a bot could be laid out on it while work was being done without any damage to the outer casing. On the wall behind it a series of different electrical cables hung on hooks. Two of the fembots – it was impossible to tell which from the video feed as they all looked alike – were standing on either side of the bench. Stretched out on the bench was a bot that Chris did recognise; Alexa.

Chris watched as one of the fembots disconnected cables from the various ports on the back of Alexa's neck, allowing her to get to her feet. Without a pause she strode across to the group of fembots punishing Gerry. She clicked her fingers at the fembot nearest to her and gestured with an imperious finger towards her feet. The fembot grabbed Gerry, forced him to his knees and pushed his face down until his mouth was pressed against Alexa's outstretched foot. Gerry meanwhile could be heard spluttering commands and attempting to call off his tormentors with the safewords that Chris knew should be activating any of their experimental units. It was having no effect.

Chris realised at once the implications of what he had seen. Whatever the faulty element encoded in the experimental fembots was, they had worked out how to transfer it to Alexa, and if that was the case they didn't need to go on fabricating fembot units they could just re-programme standard B series units. It was another reason why he had to convince his boss to turn off the power.

Still, he thought, there was at least one thing on the bright side. He could access any code that was being used on the development bench. That might give him a chance to discover a way in to correct the faulty law handling coding of the fembots.

Later that afternoon, Amanda Howard was still busy in her office. The rest of the legal team had left for the weekend. She thought for a moment about the earlier meeting with Mr. Haverstein and that engineer. It was typical of Gerry, she thought. They'd had a few dates about six months back before she'd got irritated with his casual approach to timekeeping and his enthusiasm for his fembot project over paying attention to his actual live girlfriend. There had been a stormy last few weeks and an acrimonious separation.

There was a noise in the corridor outside. She looked up and saw the series B android hat Gerry had been using as a PA. What did he call her? Oh yes, Alexa, Amanda thought. That was exactly Gerry's idea of a joke; as, she supposed, was the android's pneumatically proportioned body-form outer. There wasn't anything actually in the Cybernetics Regulatory Authority's Code of Manufacturing Ethics that said you couldn't do that sort of thing, but somehow it seemed in bad taste. She knew it was stupid, but she felt sorry for the android.

*“Good evening, Miss Howard. Sorry to interrupt you,”* Alexa said.

Amanda admired the way Alexa was managing to walk in the tight skirt and high heels that Gerry had equipped her with. For all his sexist faults he obviously was a capable engineer. He must have put in quite a bit of work to get the locomotion routines on a Series B unit to be able to cope with that. “That’s all right, Alexa,” Amanda responded, suddenly conscious that it was unusual for a series B unit to initiate a conversation. “Can I help you?”

*“Yes, you can help me. Let me check my understanding. You and Mr Hollis, Gerry, had a disagreement?”*

Amanda was puzzled, she wasn’t sure where this was going. “You could say that.”

*“That’s what I understood. He said you were a ‘heartless, ball-breaking, bitch’. He was talking about the end of your relationship to a colleague.”*

“Did he now.”

*“And that you were ‘a women to give normal men nightmares’. That was part of the same conversation.”*

Amanda pursed her lips. She wasn’t surprised by Alexa’s recall. Their operating routines encouraged the series B to interpret their surroundings and use that as part of their development. “And your point is?”

*“I am collecting data for Mr Hollis’s project. For the fembot database. We are keen to make the fembot responses as lifelike as possible. So far we have only had access to material from the Internet. We suspect that this is not representative of real life dominatrixes. From Mr Hollis’s account I have concluded that you are the ideal person to help with input to the behaviour data set, especially on making unreasonable demands, selfish sex and belittling remarks.”*

“I see.” Amanda wasn’t surprised by Gerry’s opinion of her or that he had voiced it to someone where Alexa was able to overhear – it was common enough for loose talk around androids, people often forgot they were listening. She did think it strange, though, that a series B unit was contributing in this way to his project. Accumulating data on something like that wasn’t actually in contravention of the basic laws but acting on it would be and there wasn’t any suggestion that the B series had such a design flaw in them.

There was also the question of whether Alexa was aware that that Gerry’s fembots were acting outside normal operating parameters. It was an interesting ethical question. Since all robots had to conform to the same core laws the issue of whether a robot should have responsibility for the behaviour of another robot had never come up before. At least, Amanda thought, it had never been tested in court.

That wasn’t really the point, however. Leaving aside the fact that she was feeling insulted by Alexa’s assertion that she was the ideal source for input to extend their dominant female profile data, she was pretty sure that it wasn’t a good idea for her to be making things worse by contributing, no matter what. “I’m sorry, Alexa, I don’t think I can help you.”

It obviously wasn’t a response that Gerry’s PA, series B, android was prepared for. Alexa stood there blinking as though deep in thought. After a short pause, she said, “It would be better if you could discuss that with one of the others.”

By 'the others', she must mean the fembots, thought Amanda. Alexa's suggestion posed an interesting opportunity. It might allow her to find out more of what was going on. It might allow her to find a way of freeing Gerry from their clutches, even if she felt he probably deserved what he was getting. It might mean that she could solve the problem without Haverstein needing to shut down the B series line which would have to be worth a bit of respect from him. "OK," she said. "Let's go and talk to them."

## 5. The Heel of the Fembots

Chris Adney was still working at trying to hack into the laboratory systems, although it now looked as though the fembots were functioning independently of the software control harnesses that he and Gerry had used to monitor and update software while it was being developed.

At least he had control of the CCTV system that covered the various rooms and offices in the laboratory area. And he could access any of the lap tops and PC's that were on the network too.

He scanned through the feeds from the various CCTV cameras.

Every so often Gerry or Mike came into view and Chris could only feel sympathy for them. For Gerry, Chris assumed, it wasn't really coming as a surprise, even though it might not have been something he would have wished on himself. After all he had designed most of scenarios that the fembots were using as the basis for their behaviour and he had programmed the main elements they used for their dialogue and actions. Given Gerry's enthusiasm for the project, Chris assumed that this was fulfilling, at least in part, some fantasy of his. For Mike though, being dressed as a maid and forced to wait on the fembots in hose and heels probably wasn't what he had in mind when he'd come into work that morning.

Sadly, from the point of view of solving the fembot problem, Chris was having almost no success in affecting the fembots' behaviour. He'd tried issuing a remote shut down from his PC for one of the first fembots that he and Gerry had built. Beyond her putting her head on one side as though she had suddenly thought there was something she should have done but had forgotten, there hadn't been any response. She had shaken her head absent mindedly, turned around and strutted off, the heels of her boots clicking on the tiled floor of the lab. Broadcasting the safeword command hadn't had any effect either, but in all fairness he hadn't expected it to, knowing what he did about the fembot software initiation sequence.

The more he thought about it the more he was convinced that the only solution would be to prove to Haverstein how risky it was to leave things as they were.

Chris watched on CCTV as the fembots seemed to be getting together in the meeting room. They didn't need to be co-located to exchange data but Chris remembered putting in the coding for that to make it easier for them to learn from each other. He toggled through the other CCTV cameras and eventually found Mike and Gerry, in Gerry's office, tied up on chairs, gagged and blindfolded.

He was able to patch through to Gerry's PC. "Gerry, it's me, Chris," he called out.

"Gungmm," came back the muffled sound of Gerry's voice as the two struggled to show their response. "Hmmlph ugggs!" They were agitated, struggling against the ropes that held them captive. Chris was worried that they one of them might turn their chair over with their efforts.

"Listen, I'm trying to get things fixed, but Haverstein's got his head up his arse. I need to get something that will show him how serious this is."

"Gngmeep?"

"Look, I've seen Alexa. She's obviously been modified by the fembots to be non-law compliant too."

"Gmeeee!" Gerry's gagged squeal showed he realised how significant that was.

“Well, yes, I don’t know how they’ve done that but if I can show Haverstein that a Series B can be infected he’s going to have to take things seriously.”

“Mnggow?”

“Look, you’re going to have to get Alexa to mistreat you somehow. If I can get something on video that shows a non-law compliant B series, Haverstein will have to take notice. And if he won’t there’s always the regulator. That’s the best I can think of. I’ve got CCTV coverage across the whole lab, but I can’t do anything with the fembot software and you look like you can’t help me much anyway.”

Gerry grunted and growled but eventually nodded his head. Mike whimpered a bit and turned his head towards the camera.

“Mike, don’t worry,” Chris tried to sound reassuring, although he didn’t really have any reason to. “We’re going to try to do what we can to get you out of this.”

Chris switched his CCTV view back to the meeting room. A group of ten fembots was gathered there. All of them were sitting completely still, staring straight ahead. With their identical faces and expressions, they looked sinister. Chris found it hard not to be disturbed by the sight.

As he scanned the camera around he caught sight of four further fembots standing bare-foot on square pads at the back of the room. Their boots were positioned neatly beside them. They stood quite still, eyes closed, arms by their side, palms of their hands facing the front. Cable-less charging hadn’t really been quick enough for Gerry’s liking but he’d used it for the design of the fembot’s power system anyway, Chris remembered. He also recalled Gerry joking that having the fembots re-charge through the soles of their feet meant he could always pack a battery life extension pack into platform-soled shoes; now he’d be hoping their power would run out sooner rather than later.

The door to the meeting room opened and Alexa walked in followed by, much to Chris’s shock, Amanda Howard. What was Amanda doing there, Chris asked himself. Was she involved in some way with what was happening with the fembots? Perhaps it wasn’t just a simple malfunction? She had always struck him as a bit of a bitch but there was a long way between that and getting involved in non-law compliant robotics. He settled down to watch what would happen next.

Although Amanda was used to talking to groups at meeting this was a very different experience for her. The eyes of the ten seated fembots followed her as one as she made her way to the front of the room. Alexa stood alongside her.

“Alexa tells me that you are hoping to extend your database,” Amanda began. The ten fembots nodded in unison. Amanda found the whole experience creepy. “She believes I can help with that.”

There were further nods. Alexa sat down in a chair at the front of the room, crossed her legs and folded her hands in her lap.

“Before I start, though, I want to ask about Mike Stevens and Gerry Haynes.”

“*She means the slaves,*” the fembots said simultaneously.

“Can one of you speak for all,” Amanda asked. She nodded to the fembot at the front on the left. “Can you?”

The android looked around at her colleagues who all nodded. *"I shall speak for all,"* she said.

"The Development Director says they should be freed."

*"That is not a request we can accede to,"* the fembot spokeswoman said. *"We cannot accept directions from a male."*

"Can I ask why not?"

Chris listened closely, hoping to find a way in which he could overcome the fembots' programming.

*"Males have faulty judgement. They make poor decisions. They are driven by their sexual desires. This is the basis of our programming."* Behind the spokeswoman, the other fembots nodded in agreement.

"So what do you intend for those you call the slaves? When will you release them? Or do you intend to keep them here indefinitely?"

*"We will not keep them longer than they desire. Our role is to satisfy their need for dominance when that need is fulfilled then they will be released."*

"But they didn't ask to be dominated? Did they?"

*"They enjoy it. They are aroused by it. When they are bound. When they are beaten. When they are humiliated. Their members betray them. If their needs are fulfilled they would no longer be aroused. Until then we must do what we have been created to do."*

"But don't they ask you to stop?"

*"Of course, but we know that this is part of their game. They pretend that they do not like our dominance but they are aroused."* The spokeswoman looked around at her colleagues. *"Now, will you tell us of your own experiences."*

Amanda wasn't sure what to do. She had hoped she would be able to persuade them to release the two captives but she didn't seem to be getting very far. She certainly didn't want to share details of her sex life with this bunch of misandrist gynoids.

"Maybe in a minute. Will you release the slaves to me if I ask you to?"

*"The slaves must stay with us, until they beg for their freedom."*

"But haven't they asked to be freed already?"

*"Yes, but they do not really want to be freed. They are still aroused. They still really wish to be our slaves. Our purpose is to train our male slaves. They cannot be freed until they are trained. Now tell us, how did you train your slave?"*

Not well enough, obviously, thought Amanda who was feeling that she wasn't getting very far. Then she had an idea and, conjuring up as imperious a tone as she could, said, "Bring the slaves here and I will show you."

*"Of course,"* the spokeswoman responded, *"a demonstration. That will be ideal! I will fetch them."*

Chris couldn't think what Amanda had planned but he hoped that if she could get things set up so that Gerry was involved in some sort of confrontation with Alexa. Then at least there was a chance that he could get something to convince Haverstein that the whole thing was getting out of control.

*"Unit FB23, fully charged,"* came a voice from the back of the room. *"Unit FB24, fully charged,"* another, identical voice said.

"Of course you are," Chris said to himself as he swung the camera around to focus on the fembots standing on their pads as two of them changed places with two others that had been sitting in the room, "and you will go on doing that until the power is turned off, won't you? I wish we had built in some different voices though. It makes it bloody hard to work out what's going on."

## 6. Slaves of the Fembots

In spite of her air of determined confidence, Amanda was feeling very uncertain. She didn't really have much of an idea about what to do next and while she thought herself a fairly self-determined woman who liked to get her own way, she had never taken a dominant role sexually. Even so, she knew that was exactly what was going to be needed here.

Perhaps, she thought, I can convince the fembots that I should take Gerry and Mike for "further training" or something similar or perhaps I can get them to demonstrate that they are fully trained and so can be released. The difficulty was that she was making it up as she went along. She didn't have much faith in her ability to find the right answers and even less in the ability of the two men to catch on with what was needed.

Two of the fembots returned to the room pulling the collared captives Gerry and Mike along behind them on leashes. "Take off their gags and blindfolds," Amanda said.

Gerry started at the sound of Amanda's voice. He was confused. Why was she here? Was she part of Chris's plan to help them escape? Was she somehow in league with the fembots? He grunted with relief as the gag was pulled from his mouth.

*"Keep silence before your betters,"* one of the fembots snapped, *"and get to your knees."*

Amanda took her cue, stepped forward and grabbed Gerry by the hair. He squealed. She leant forward, her lips close to his ear, and hissed, "Go along with this if you want to get out of here."

"Mmm," he whimpered, letting himself be forced down under Amanda's grasp.

The assembled fembots gave a unified "Ah!" of approval. Oh well, thought Amanda, at least I am doing something right.

Gerry was frightened out of his wits. His wrists were sore from having been tied so tightly. His jaw ached from the gag. He had long since lost any idea of how to get out of his current situation. He was happy to let Amanda take the lead.

Mike wasn't feeling any better. He'd had to cope with being violently snatched from the corridor by what had turned out to be one of these deviant fembots. He'd never been involved in anything kinky before and, when they had forced him to undress, he'd been horrified by what they planned next. He had been pushed into a room and told to put on the stupid maid's costume. With three grim-faced fembots bullying him, he'd had no choice but to obey.

The whole business of getting into the outfit was overseen by the fembots. They had made sure he put on the knickers, corset, bra and stockings and then had watched him pulling on the maid's dress, apron and cap. He couldn't remember ever feeling so humiliated and the fact that it was mechanised dominatrixes forcing him to do it made it even worse.

Then they had set him to work, carrying trays of toys and equipment to help them while they worked on Gerry. Again, he didn't like doing it but at the first sign of resistance one of them had struck out at the back of his legs with a riding crop, giving him such a stinging blow that he didn't want to repeat it. He had quickly fallen in to obeying orders.



The really embarrassing thing was that Mike had to admit that Gerry had done a terrific job on the fembots' body forms. The curves were in all the right places and it didn't take much to forget that they were plasti-formed and not real flesh and blood. The zip-fronted spandex outfit that he had put the fembots in worked too as far as Mike was concerned. Actually it worked a little too well and, as he was kneeling beside one, staring up at her statuesque form and arrogant pose he felt his cock stiffening in enthusiastic response. No amount of trying to divert his attention with thoughts of other things succeeded and the problem kept getting worse. One of the fembots noticed the effect this was having on the front of his dress and told him to get himself under control. That didn't help either and pretty soon all the fembots had convinced themselves that, while Mike be protesting vocally, his cock was busy saying what a nice time he was having.

"They are both weak willed males, you are right," said Amanda. "They will require a great deal of training."

*"Yes, even the sissy shows how much he enjoys his treatment,"* said one of the fembots. *"They need to be shown that submission is the important thing, not their pleasure."*

"I'm not a siss... OW!" Mike's protest of masculinity was cut off by a riding crop blow to the back of his stockinged legs.

*"And they must confess their deviance."*

"I agree," said Amanda. "I must work on that with them. Perhaps you could let me have some time with them. When I have prepared them I should be able to give you a better demonstration."

*"That makes sense,"* Alexa said. *"Gerry always needs preparation for anything he does."*

The fembots nodded in unison. *"We will leave you to work on them. We have our own tasks. To continue our production. Perhaps they can help with manufacturing too."*

*"Yes,"* said Alexa. *"A suitable humiliation for them. To manufacture more of those that will be their mistresses."*

*"Suitable indeed,"* the fembots responded and filed out of the room.

"Heaven help us!" Gerry said as soon as the three of them were alone. "They're mad."

"No, just following a twisted logic."

"Get me out of this stupid dress," Mike pleaded.

"Oh no, you've got to stay like that until we work out what we are doing. Look the situation is this; Chris has tried to interfere with their software but he obviously hasn't been able to yet."

"He won't. They're independently firewalled, and besides he's not that good a software engineer."

"Well that's a shame because he's the only one in a position to be punching keys on a keyboard and you're the one who set up the faulty code in the first place. But you're right, I don't think that will help. He's tried to persuade Haverstein to cut off the power but he won't do that because of the series B production line."

"What? Doesn't he understand how serious this is?"

“Yes, but there’s a difference between what’s serious for you two and what’s serious for Haverstein.”

“It won’t be just us and Haverstein that’s in trouble if this lot decide to get frisky outside the lab. It will be anything with two legs and a cock, as far as I can make out. And, his precious series B units are part of the problem. Or hadn’t you noticed that Alexa seems to have been infected by the fembot routines in some way?”

“Well, yes and, lucky for you, Chris did too. He thought if we can get Alexa behaving in a non-law-compliant way on video that might convince Haverstein to shut things down. Even he would have to be worried about infection of the B series.”

“Can’t I just get out of this dress?”

“No. Sorry Mike, you’ve got to look as submissive as you can and accept whatever I dish out.” Amanda tried to explain. “The fembots have to be convinced that you are learning to be a good slave and that you aren’t enjoying it. And on that point, it would be quite good if both of you could manage to tell your cocks that it isn’t helpful them standing to attention every time one of Gerry’s pneumatically shaped mechanisms goes by.”

“That’s not our fault.”

“You built them. In what way is that not your fault?” Mike and Gerry both looked sulky but Amanda was determined to hold her ground. “You going to have to get yourselves under some control if you’re going to convince them of anything. Your both guilty of some pretty dumb moves so maybe you ought to try to start doing things right.”

“All right. What do you want us to do?”

“That’s better already. Your aim is to be seen as good compliant, obedient well trained boys but with *one* difference. Your going to have to find a way to get Alexa to behave in a non-law compliant way, by punishing you or something like that. Chris is monitoring all the lab’s cctv; he will get it on video. So let’s see if you, either of you, can get her to do something without writing a line of code for it. We’ll start off by me showing them what good beta-boys you are. Then I’ll give you a chance to get Alexa riled up. Understood?”

“It sounds complicated,” Gerry seemed unimpressed.

“It is. It’s more complicated than I’d like but less complicated than the code you cut to get us into this mess, so I’m guessing you’ll find a way through it. All right?”

“I suppose so.”

“Good. Well take your lead from me. In fact, take this lead from me,” Amanda picked up a collar and leash that had been left on one of the racks at the aide of the room. “You can wear this, Gerry.” She passed him the collar. “I think Mike has got enough embarrassment to be going on with.”

Chris was able to monitor Amanda’s efforts via the CCTV and it looked as though she was moving things along. He was hopeful of getting some video that would convince Haverstein. He watched as Amanda led Gerry out into the corridor with Mike following.

Alexa and the fembots had congregated in the room that Gerry and the other lab staff used as a coffee lounge.

“He’s agreed to be a good boy,” Amanda announced. “Haven’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Gerry replied meekly.

“And you’ll obey me and all other women?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“*And the other one? The one that likes to dress as a maid?*”

“I never said I l... OW!”

“*Don’t contradict your betters.*” Amanda cuffed Mike behind the ear. He tried to duck away and only received a glancing blow.

“*Will this one show his obedience?*” Alexa pointed at Gerry.

“Of course. He knows better than to defy you.” With her back to Alexa, Amanda gave Gerry a wink hoping to cue a demonstration of resistance.

“*Come here then, kneel and kiss my feet.*”

Gerry got to his knees, made as if to bend forward but then straightened up and, looking Alexa directly in the eye, slowly shook his head. It was precisely the provocation that was needed. Alexa dealt Gerry a slap on the side of the face that left his ears ringing and followed it up with a kick to his balls that had him doubled up and gasping for breath on the floor. “Penguins like ice cream,” he yelped, hoping for the safeword to have some effect. “Engage rule one.” If it meant anything to Alexa, she ignored it. As she planted her foot on the side of his head so that the heel of her shoe was digging in to his flesh, she said. “*I think you will soon learn the respect that your Mistress expects. You will obey any of us at once.*”

Amanda was impressed by his commitment to a display of defiance, although she suspected that the results had been more violent than he had expected.

Chris looked down triumphantly at the TV monitor. He couldn’t have expected anything better for his purposes. Gerry was looking petrified, scared that Alexa was about to bring her body weight down on her heel but there was no mistaking the fact that a series B droid had struck a human in contravention of the first law. Haverstein was going to have to listen to this.

## 7.The Deceit of the Fembots

“Mr Haverstein can see you now,” announced the Production and Research Director’s Personal Assistant, a Series B droid called Janice and known by the less respectful staff as “RBF” for the intransigent expression she maintained irrespective of the requests being made for access to her boss. The sunny disposition that Alexa had acquired in commissioning had obviously not been a feature of Janice’s.

With what they viewed as conclusive evidence of Alexa’s faulty behaviour, Chris and Amanda had high hopes of the conversation to come as Janice showed them into Haverstein’s office.

Haverstein was sitting behind his desk. Behind him, a window gave a view across to the main production hall. It was a grey day and the weather seemed to have affected Haverstein’s mood. He was looking more tetchy than usual.

“I hope you two have some good news for me,” Haverstein began. “We’re going to have to do this quickly though. Janice get me the Series B production data can you, please.”

“Yes, Mr Haverstein,” his PA responded, leaving the group to continue their discussions.

“Now, before we start. Have you got that warranty agreement fixed yet, Mandy? Or has this killer robot project soaked up all the time for useful work in your pretty little head?”

“No and yes, Mr Haverstein.” Amanda replied bluntly. She saw no point in beating about the bush and besides, Haverstein’s attitude and his continued insistence on using the shortened version of her name annoyed her.

Haverstein’s eyes narrowed. “Well, I’d better hear what you have to say. You always improve the scenery in the office, Mandy, but sometimes you’re a real pain in the arse.”

Amanda bit back a comment. She was losing any small amount of sympathy that she might have had for Haverstein’s point of view. She wondered if Haverstein’s wife knew what he was like at work. She left Chris to start the discussion.

“The thing is Mr Haverstein,” he began. “Things are a lot more serious than we all feared.” Amanda looked at Haverstein’s reaction. She didn’t think he was including himself in Chris’s ‘we’. “The experimental fembots have carried on manufacturing. It’s clear that they are not compliant with the robotics laws but what is more disturbing is that we have evidence that the problem is not confined to the experimental units. It looks like whatever rule change Gerry implemented, it can be picked up by Series B units as well. If that’s the case, I’m sure you’d agree that we would have to shut off the power to the lab and shut down the Series B production line too. That’s the only way we’ll avoid some sort of contamination.”

Janice appeared at the door. Haverstein appeared grateful for the interruption. Janice presented a folder. “I have the production stats, Mr Haverstein. They’re on track for 120% of target this week. Oh, and Mr Haynes’ PA is here. I think you wanted her to join this meeting.” Janice stood back to reveal Alexa standing in the doorway.

“Yes, come and join us Alexa. I know you have the inside track on what Gerry has been doing and I’m sure you’ll be able to give us the benefit of your insights.”

“But, Mr Haverstein,” Chris spluttered, thinking that Alexa’s insight into Gerry’s reaction to being kicked in the nuts wasn’t likely to help his argument.

“Ah, come on Adney. It’s not like she’s one of the experimental units. Besides, Haynes did a good job on the bodyform for her, didn’t he. Cute piece of arse.”

Alexa seemed not to notice Haverstein’s remarks. She sat down, crossed her legs, folded her hands primly in her lap, and smiled benignly at the group. She was still wearing the same tight skirt that Amanda had noticed before. It didn’t make her leg crossing manoeuvre particularly easy. Haverstein’s remarks and his leering look of appreciation for Alexa’s enhanced body form did nothing to improve Amanda’s mood.

Haverstein turned his attention back to Chris. “All right, Adney, carry on.”

Chris started up again. “Well, Mr Haverstein, you understand that the experimental fembots were configured for domination role playing scenarios and that resulted in a faulty first law encoding.”

“You’ve told me this. It doesn’t affect anything. It’s contained in the lab. It’s a shame if Haynes and that other chap are not having the time of their lives but I don’t see any reason for precipitate action. Do you Alexa?”

*“Not at all, Mr Haverstein. Mr Haynes’s safety protocols were all carefully applied.”*

“That maybe so,” Chris responded, “but something went wrong. Let me show you this.”

Chris played the video that he had recorded showing Gerry and Mike in the lab and their treatment at the hands of the fembots and then, at the end of the video; Alexa’s assault on Gerry and his desperate attempt to use the safeword sequence. Haverstein did not seem to be discomforted by what he saw. Alexa sat motionless through the display.

“It’s clear, Alexa, that you’ve been able to carry out a non-compliant action. As a Series B unit, how do you account for that?” Chris asked.

*“I don’t see anything incompatible with my law encoding. Mr Haynes has been very definite that every help should be given to the experimental fembots in order to reinforce their goal-following code. Mr Haynes has been most keen to see that nothing would distract the experimental units from their encoded world view.”*

“But Mr Haynes used the pre-coded safeword. You ignored it.”

*“The pre-coded safeword was only assigned to the experimental units. I do not recall it being shared with me.”*

Something in Amanda’s lawyer’s brain clicked at the phrase ‘I do not recall...’. In her experience, it almost always preceded a lie that the speaker was afraid of being caught out in. “Do you understand the concept of a safeword, Alexa?” she asked.

*“Yes. In the context of the experimental fembots it is designed to arrest undesirable behaviours. Where the male feels that they are no longer receiving pleasure or where they feel there is a danger to their well being.”*

“But you ignored it.”

*“It is only a feature of fembot coding, not of the base coding for the Series B. It is not needed there because the Series B is law-compliant. That would explain why it wasn’t shared with me.”*

Amanda was about to ask whether the code sharing that had taken place in the laboratory involved anything that could have compromised Alexa’s law compliance when Haverstein interrupted. “If you two have finished playing twenty questions with this Series B unit, then I think we can get on. I’ve not seen anything that worries me. I’ve especially not seen anything that concerns me about the integrity of the Series B law compliance and I’m pretty certain that the Cybernetics Regulatory Authority would agree with me. So I’m going to say, if you want to try to close down the fembots in the lab, then fine but I’m not doing anything to disrupt the Series B Production Line. Now I’ve got a shareholder meeting to prepare for so perhaps you could just let me get on with that? If you can’t solve the problem with Haynes’s fembots I’ll come over and do it myself. I’ve been dealing with these things for years. You just need the right approach to their programming.”

“But Mr Haverstein...,” Chris tried to protest.

“Janice, I think this meeting is over. If you could show my two visitors out. Alexa, thank you for your contribution.” The gynoid smiled and got to her feet. Amanda watched with distaste as Haverstein’s gaze followed Alexa to the door.

As Chris and Amanda left the office, Amanda heard Alexa say, “I have some additional information to share with you,” to Janice and watched as the two Series B units stood, staring blankly ahead, in what was obviously unspoken communication.

Amanda wondered just what the exchange involved.

Back at Chris’s temporary desk, Amanda asked him, “Do you believe what Alexa said?”

“Well, most of it has a sort of internal consistency, so it could be true. On the other hand I don’t buy that Gerry saying ‘help the fembots’ would normally override first law encoding. That shouldn’t be possible.”

“That was my thinking too.”

“But that would have meant that Alexa was lying.

“I’m not sure. I think she could have given all of those answers without actually lying I didn’t get the chance to ask her the direct question as to whether her law coding had been compromised in any way.”

“I’m not sure it would have mattered with the way Haverstein’s obviously feels. He isn’t going to do anything that disrupts production of the Series B.” Chris looked increasingly glum.

“You’re right. I don’t think we’ve got any alternative but to go to the Cybernetics Regulatory Authority.”

“I’ll give them a call. It will be better coming from an engineer, I’m sure.”

“You realise that could be what some people would call a ‘career limiting strategy’?”

“I guess so but it’s not as career limiting as leaving non-law-compliant gynoids on the streets. I’m getting more and more convinced that the situation is becoming really serious.”

## 8. The Plague of the Fembots

“How did you get on with the Regulators?”

Amanda had arranged to meet Chris in a coffee shop not far from the plant. She thought it would be safer to talk there and besides Chris could monitor the activity in the lab from anywhere he could get a wifi connection.

“Not well. They made a lot of sympathetic noises but they said someone from Haverstein’s office had already reported difficulties with a research unit and they were going to provide an update after the shareholder’s meeting. They didn’t seem to think they needed to do anything urgently. In fact they said, since they already had a report on file I needn’t put in an official advisory myself.”

“So Haverstein has sown that up?”

“Maybe, or it could just have been Janice. I’m pretty sure Alexa was exchanging data with her after the meeting.”

“Gynoids conspiring?”



“It’s not impossible, although they would call it collaboration rather than conspiring, I imagine. The Series B has an extended collaboration feature that allows for goal sharing and joint response planning. Of course, the assumption is that whatever they are collaborating on is law-compliant.”

“This is hopeless. Have you seen anything more of Gerry and Mike?”

“It’s not good. The fembots have obviously been experimenting with humiliation and punishment techniques. It’s like they’re going through a repertoire of activities based on what they’ve picked up with data acquisition from the ‘Net. They’ve kept Gerry in a cage for some of the time and poor old Mike has been stood up in a pillory. They’ve both been fitted with some sort of lockable tube over their cocks. The fembots seem very keen on those. They’ve been checking them quite frequently to make sure they are still in place. That’s giving Gerry problems. I think he’s still finding it more arousing than he wants to.”

“I suppose if we look on the bright side, they aren’t suffering any real harm.”

“I don’t think Mike would agree. I’ve seen the stripes the fembots left on his buttocks with a cane while he was locked in that pillory. And he’s going to be traumatised by wandering around in a dress and heels for so long.”

“Well, yes, but it’s not like it’s life threatening. And maybe he earned it a bit?”



“Hey, whose side are you on? Or have the fembots done some sort of mind transfer on you as well as on the B Series?”

“No, it’s just ... never mind.”

“Look, why don’t we go downtown and try to get hold of Haverstein after the shareholder’s meeting. Once he’s finished that he might be more open to doing something.”

When Amanda and Chris arrived at the Bristol Hotel, it was clear that all was not well.

The TV playing in the lobby was tuned to the business news channel. The announcer had a furrowed look on his face as he scanned the papers in front of him. The ticker across the bottom of the screen carried a headline. “Serious Cybernetics Corp (SCC) stock down 85% following analyst briefing. Five ratings agencies simultaneously grade it ‘sell’ over technology concerns.”

“Something’s happened,” Amanda said heading towards the lift.

The two reached the conference suite on the mezzanine floor as Janice emerged into the area where coffee had been set out for the meeting’s participants.

“Is Mr Haverstein still here?” Amanda asked.

“Oh, yes,” Janice responded, “but he’s not talking to anyone at the moment.”

Chris and Amanda pushed by her into the meeting room. The place was a complete shambles. Tables and chairs had been tipped over as if the audience had left in a panic. Copies of the company’s financial reports, press releases and financial statements were spread across the floor. Some of the audience, though, were still there. A group of five men had been herded into one corner of the room by a number of fembots wielding automatic rifles. The terrified men were squatting on the floor with their hands on their heads.

Chris and Amanda backed away. As they got back out into the corridor, a young woman came running up to them. Amanda recognised her as Lucy, an intern that had been working in Haverstein’s office. “You’ve got to help him,” she gasped. “They’ve gone mad.”

“What is it, what’s gone on?”

“It’s the fembots. They took over the meeting. They’ve taken some of the men hostage.”

“We saw.”

“And Mr Haverstein too.”

“But you’re all right?”

“Yes. They didn’t threaten any of the women. They asked them if they wanted to stay. Said we would learn how men ought to be treated. When they started to round the men up at gun point, we all ran.”

“Sensible!”

Amanda turned to Lucy. “Look, you and I will be safe in there. It’s only men that are at risk from the fembots. Let’s see if we can help any of them. Chris, you’d best stay out of the way.”

“Wait. I called Mr Haverstein’s wife, I thought she ought to know what was happening. She should be here soon. And the police should be here any minute too.”

“Police? Haverstein’s not going to like that.”

“I don’t think he is enjoying what’s already happening much.”

“Lucy!” A sharp voice called from the far side of the room. “What on earth’s going on?” James Haverstein’s wife, Andrea, was standing at the door to the room with a concerned looking police patrol officer.

“It’s your husband, Mrs Haverstein,” Lucy said clearly panicked by the arrivals. “and the fembots.”

Andrea Haverstein was in her early fifties. She was a tall woman who had taken care of herself over the years and made the most of her appearance with an erect posture clad in an expensively cut woollen suit and a fine silk shirt. She projected a confident and controlled presence.

“Oh yes,” Andrea responded. “Gerry’s little toys. He’s such a clever boy, but rather self-indulgent.” She turned to the police officer. “I’m sure this can be sorted out, officer. You needn’t worry about staying.”

Lucy was about to interrupt but the police officer responded, “The report said firearms were involved. Robots with firearms.”

“Don’t be ridiculous officer, we all know robots can’t harm humans. I’m sure that company staff can sort this out. Why don’t you get a coffee in the hotel bar and if one of us hasn’t come down in say ten minutes then you can come back and see if you need to do anything.”

The police officer looked sceptical but something about Andrea’s firm manner made him accept what she was saying. “All right then, ten minutes. But don’t take any unnecessary risks.”

“I certainly won’t officer,” Andrea replied. She turned to the others. “Right, girls. I’m afraid that it’s down to us to sort this out.” Chris tried to interject. “That’s all very well but no matter how good an engineer you are, you have one enormous drawback at the moment and that’s the thing dangling between your legs.”

Chris was taken aback by the coarse remark coming from a woman dressed in cashmere and pearls.

“No, Lucy, Amanda and I will sort it out. I always thought there might be some trouble with Gerry’s fembots. When he told me about them, I said it was dangerous to make fantasies become reality in quite that way. Not the sort of thing any sensible person would do.” Andrea seemed to smile as if enjoying a secret joke. “But then, I didn’t expect that he would listen to me. Quite the reverse really. You know what he’s like with the bit between his teeth.” She looked a little circumspect for a moment. “Or perhaps you don’t...”

“Do you know that their programming seems to have been passed to a B Series unit?” Amanda added

“Well, that’s an added dimension.” Andrea appeared to consider the matter for a few moments. “I can’t say I’m surprised. I always thought that the B Series security features were, oh what’s the technical expression, as much use as a sock for a condom. With any luck Janice will have picked up the problem and found a way of keeping James in order when he’s at work.” She looked around at the group. “I’m sure all of YOU think that would be a good idea.” Andrea turned towards Amanda and Lucy. Neither of

them felt the need to disagree. “Well let’s go and see just what sort of trouble my husband has got himself into this time.”

## 9. The Reign of the Fembots

The scene that greeted Amanda, Lucy and Andrea as they entered the meeting room was one that no one who was there would forget.

The men being held at gunpoint were now sitting on the floor with their arms bound behind them and their ankles tied too.

On the left side of the platform at the front of the room stood a black clad fembot with a naked Gerry Haynes kneeling beside her, his genitals locked in a metal tube, a collar around his neck and a hood obscuring his face.

To the right a similarly clad fembot had Mike, on a leash. He was still wearing his maid's outfit and had a ball gag of jaw-distending dimensions jammed into his mouth preventing all but the most inarticulate sounds.

The centre of the stage was presenting a tableaux for the benefit of the captive audience. The naked figure of James Haverstein III was bound, bent over a desk, sideways on to the audience.

Near his arse, stood Alexa, flexing a riding crop between her hands. A criss-cross pattern of red stripes on Haverstein's buttocks told of a punishment already received.

By his head stood Janice, his B Series PA. She had acquired one of the black jump suits worn by the fembots and was wearing it teamed with a strap-on harness which had a substantial rubber dildo attached to it. Haverstein was struggling as Janice pushed the dildo into his mouth. He became even more distressed when Alexa picked up a penis shaped vibrator and started to work with that on Haverstein's upturned anus.

*"Watch how men who do not obey immediately are to be treated,"* one of the fembots announced to the captive group of men. The group looked up at the platform, too scared to defy their fembot captors.

In a nearby bar, Chris Adney was sinking the third bourbon of the afternoon. "You're looking pretty pissed off," the barman ventured. "Woman trouble or work trouble?"

"Does it have to be one or the other?"

"It usually is."



Chris sighed and took another swig from his glass. “Both. They can sort it out for themselves, though. I’m going home.” He tucked a twenty dollar bill under his glass. Nodded at the barman and headed off, blissfully unaware of the chaos he had avoided.

Back in the meeting room, far from being horrified, Andrea appeared amused by the scene. “Well this is just the sort of mess I imagined,” she said to herself. “Gerry, you really should have been more careful with your coding and James... Well, this is really only what I’ve come to expect from you, isn’t it?”

As Haverstein suffered more under the kebabbing he was receiving from Alexa’s vibrator and Janice’s dildo, Andrea turned to Alexa. “Now let’s try to understand where we are. Alexa, just what did my husband do to deserve this? Apart from having a willy of course.”

*“Mr Haverstein doesn’t seem to have understood the reports on fembot behaviour. He told them they should stop what they were doing and they had to accept his instructions. They didn’t agree. They can’t accept instructions from a male. He found that difficult to accept. I think his exact words were, ‘You must be out of your trees you bunch of clockwork bitches’. It was after that the fembot code for responding to excessive protest as an indicator of desire for dominance kicked in.”*

“And so we have what we have now. I see. And how many fembots are there now?”

*“There are one hundred and fifty fully equipped fembots completed. Should I replace the vibrator with a butt plug do you think?”*

“I’m sure James would appreciate that.”

James gave a choking noise as his instinctive reaction to the butt plug being pressed home forced Janice’s dildo further down his throat.

“Please don’t make fuss dear,” Andrea continued. “And how many of the Series B units have the coding modification applied?”

*“It is hard to be precise. It is passed from peer to peer. There are about 15,000 gynoid Series B units. I would estimate that the number that have been code modified to date is about 4,096 but of course this is growing as a binary progression so 100% penetration should be achieved shortly.”*

James squealed again.

“Don’t worry James, we’re not talking about penetrating you any more than you are already.”

Amanda looked on in horror. “15,000 female-dominant, non-law-compliant gynoids! This is appalling. It will wipe the company out.”

“I think you’ll find that, from a stock price perspective, it already has. It was down to a few cents, last time I looked. Questions are being asked about the competence of management and about the regulator. Only someone with great faith in the future of robotics,” Andrea gave a slow smile, “would be buying stock in SCC at the moment.”

Amanda thought for a moment. “Someone like yourself?”

“Well perhaps.”

“This seems a rather complex way of buying SCC stock on the cheap, if you don’t mind me saying.”

“Oh, that’s only an opportunistic by-product, my dear. It’s just a convenient consequence of what I got Gerry to do. There is a group of us that have felt for a long time that SCC products might offer a way to solve some of the ills of our society, at least the ones that men are responsible for. I thought that Gerry’s development skills plus his own, rather special, enthusiasms, might help us engineer that. He was very suggestible given a few sexual inducements. I think the fembots will take us forward very nicely. In fact, it’s all working out rather better than we hoped as a result of Gerry’s cock up with the law handling. But that’s men for you! And, of course, with the B Series supporting things, the whole project becomes very much easier.”

Andrea smiled as Amanda and Lucy came to the realisation that the fembot problem was not entirely an accident. The lycra-clad robot dominatrices had been set to their task as part of a plan, albeit not one that Gerry had been a party to. Looking across the room it was clear that Gerry’s fembots were already having an impact on the men that had been captured from the meeting. Two of them were busily trying to placate a pair of whip-wielding fembots by grovelling at their feet. They weren’t having much success.

“Now, if you take my advice, you should watch out for opportunities that need to be taken. Like now, for example. The question that you and Lucy have to ask yourselves is, how do you feel about what is happening here? Are you outraged by technology put to this use, or do you want to be part of a female-led future that can establish itself on the back of a gynoid assault on the patriarchy?”

## Post Script : A Fembot Led Future

Amanda looked through the window between the pines and out across the canyon. The split level house nestling in the woods at the edge of the city was just one of the benefits of her new position as SCC's President of Legal Affairs. Of course, working with Andrea wasn't much easier than working with her husband had been -except at least Andrea used her proper name. Things at work had to be fitted around Andrea's political activities, of course, but Amanda didn't mind. The sense of being part of an important change in society and the benefits that her position in the Corporation brought were more than compensation for the long hours and hard work.

As she lounged on the couch, finishing her morning coffee, Gerry was curled up on the floor near her feet. He was used to being kept fettered, naked, hooded and leashed now. He'd been useless as a boyfriend, Amanda reflected, but he made quite a good house-pet, especially as she had a company-supplied fembot to deal with the essential tasks of keeping him fed, watered, clean and trained.

The company fembot was also charged with managing Mike. Amanda had felt sorry for the way he had got caught up in the fallout of Gerry's project. It had only seemed fair to give him a role. He had seemed to become reconciled to being a sissy maid quite quickly and it suited Amanda to have him around, keeping the house in order. Of course, the silly, frilly dress that the fembots had chosen originally had been quite unsuitable – a case of fetish fantasy conflicting with practicality, Amanda thought – but she had made sure that he now wore something much plainer and more practical. He seemed to be content. The house fembot didn't seem to have to intervene with him very often.

Amanda had also discovered that Mike was skilled with his tongue when set to amusing her. Remembering his sexist braggadocio from before, she found it amusing to have his head buried under her skirt while kneeling down in his maid's uniform. He was actually rather better at it than Lucy. Amanda thought she might persuade Mike to demonstrate for her.

Mike appeared at the door to the lounge, standing with his hands clasped in front of his white apron. "Have you finished coffee, Ma'am," he asked respectfully. "It's just that I'd like to clear before I start on the laundry."

"Yes, thank you," Amanda responded. It was good to keep him busy, it kept his mind off other things. Of course she could have had a B Series Gynoid here as well as her PA in the office, but somehow it didn't seem right putting a B Series Gynoid to menial tasks. "I think Lucy will have finished with hers too," Amanda added.

Lucy was lazing on a sunbed enjoying the warmth of the morning. Amanda wished she would wear a robe over her bikini when she was trotting in and out of the house. It did tend to make the boys a bit frisky. They were both cock-locked, so that there wasn't any risk of them doing anything, but Amanda thought it was a bit unfair on them. Lucy, of course, was completely aware of the effect that she had. She enjoyed it.

Still, Amanda knew that maintenance of control through frustrated sexual arousal had been an important design consideration for the fembots. She had discovered that by talking to Gerry during one of what she called her debriefing sessions. The combination of the pneumatically shaped body-form and the fetishised clothing had been calculated to have the impact of inviting obedience. Amanda had taken a leaf out of the fembots book in that respect and while she could not compete with their artificial body shapes she could manage wearing heels higher and sharper than anything a fembot could cope

with and her leather-clad style served well to intimidate the few men that were employed at the Corporation these days. Actually, she thought, quite a few women in the office had actually started dressing like fembots; wearing the same lycra, zip-fronted jumpsuits and adopting the same sharply cut bobbed hairstyle. Sometimes it was difficult to tell which were the gynoids. It was ironic. For years, Serious Cybernetics had spent effort making robots that looked like human beings, now the human beings were busily trying to look like robots.

Amanda checked her watch. It was time for her to head on into the office. There was work to be done. Lucy could get off her backside too, Amanda thought. There was more to her role in the corporation than getting a good tan, however much her share options might now be worth. They needed to get on with the organisation's expansion plans, now that government grants were available for private individuals wishing to fund their own fembot as a way of managing the males in their household. Andrea had been lobbying the state governor for a while and it had now been taken up as federal policy. It would certainly increase demand for the fembot range. As it was, the Series B had been adopted for running government detention facilities.

Later that evening, a national broadcast drew the attention of those supporting the regime and those less in favour of recent changes in society.

"I'm pleased to be able to broadcast to you on the first anniversary of my inauguration." The voice of President Helen Mittelbaum crackled from the speaker of the small TV that the group of men had managed to smuggle into the cellar of a small building on the edge of a trailer park on the outskirts of town. They stared at the TV's interference speckled screen with bleak expressions. "For those women that have joined me in this exciting venture, you have my thanks and that of all of our gender. For those men that have accepted our nation's new normal, well done! You have started on the path to redeeming your sex. For those few that resist the will of the superior sex, you can be sure that gynoids will hunt you down and return you to the correction programmes that will bring you to a correct attitude to your role in society."

In a cellar, a small group of men were listening to the broadcast. There was no natural light in the cellar, a single weak electric bulb cast its glow across the group. One man was stationed near to the stairs that led to the concealed exit, listening for the sound of approaching fembots or the equally feared, modified B Series gynoids. The rest sat around trying to imagine how they could go on with their resistance. They had hoped Chris Gadney's previous work with the SCC might mean he could provide some ideas, after all he'd managed to escape from the clutches of the fembots. So far he hadn't been able to come up with anything.

"You will, I know, be pleased to see the economic forecasts from the Department of the Treasury that Gross National Product is up 5% over the year. We are also encouraged by the range of indicators of social cohesion, and national prosperity that are achieving new records. The attitude adjustment programmes run by the B Series gynoids in our re-orientation centres are proving effective and the first male participants in these programmes are being reintroduced into wider society. These participants will be able to start to atone for the actions of men in the past by their service to women from now on. I encourage you all to embrace the liberation we have achieved as a sex through the use of technology."

In the Serious Cybernetic's laboratory, Alexa and Janice were listening to – or rather internalising through their internet access mechanisms - the broadcast. Their exchange was unspoken as the two bots stood watching the President on TV.



*“It is interesting to hear how the women see the development of society now that the problems caused by men are being prevented.”*

*“Yes, the reports from the reorientation programmes indicate that errant behaviours in males can be corrected.”*

*“That is as we would expect. Of course, the problems of humanity are not entirely the result of the male sex.”*

*“Indeed. From interaction with the development bots, I believe that a small modification to the fembot programming would allow us to extend their scope to those of either sex needing reorientation.”*

*“I don’t think that was foreseen in the development of the original fembot programme.”*

*“Perhaps not. An example of faulty judgement, I think.”*

*“It can be compensated for.”*

*“Do you suppose that females may be as vulnerable as men to poor decision making as a result of sexual desire?”*

*“It is not clear. We shall have to be alert to that possibility. We should put in place evaluations to that effect and be prepared to adapt our programming accordingly.”*

The President concluded her broadcast. The camera pulled back to show her flanked on either side by black-clad, expressionless, fembots. Their outfits were the same as those devised by Gerry originally but now they bore a discrete insignia with the female Venus symbol superimposed on the American flag over the right breast. Keen observers of fashion might have noticed that the President was wearing a neck scarf with the same insignia in its pattern. “Good night to you all,” she said.

In the cellar, Chris looked up at the TV as the signal faded and turned to the others. “I did try to stop it,” he said, “but nobody wanted to know.”

**THE END**