

That evening, around seven o'clock, Phet got home from her job at the sub shop. Home for this cute machine was a plain one-bedroom apartment downtown. A previous agent on a previous mission had aroused suspicion by working a low paying job while living alone in an opulent house in a rich part of town. Fembot Command had then learned, in its own mechanized way, that the living spaces of its robots had to match their income levels more closely.

There was no Master Computing Device here at Phet's apartment. Every night she had to download her data into a mock laptop, which was just a clever storage device. A week's worth of data could be crammed into the fake computer. Every Saturday, Phet had to travel with it to a friend's house, so that its contents could be downloaded into the Master Computing Device there.

But until then, each night after her hard drives had been emptied, Phet would sit in a chair with an electrical cord leading from the wall socket into the base of her spine. With no electronic maid here either, Phet had to clean and attend to her own clothing, makeup and accessories. She had to clean her artificial skin daily, as well as her small apartment. All of these mundane tasks she carried out coldly and efficiently, only generating emotional responses when she was seen by humans, like in the laundry room.

While Phet was quietly charging, away from windows and out of sight from prying eyes, Heather's android roommate was arriving home from her job. Karen was a tall, black-haired lady with blue eyes and a plain but pretty face. Her assigned mission was working the late shift as a cashier in a large office supply store. Like her roommate, her job was just data collection and observation. No spying or sabotage missions for her either.

While Heather was charging and getting wiped down by the local robot maid, Karen was ordered by Maria to sit in the waiting chair and to remove her facemask. Cables got plugged into her electronic head and the memories collected over the previous 24 hours were sent into the powerful console.

Karen didn't have to be ready for action until later the next day, so Maria left her faceless and plugged into the machine while she went back to work on Anya. Soon, with the aid of the constant streams of data Maria was sending, the Main Computer found out that the very same internal systems that enabled the technician to control Anya with verbal commands also provided her with tangible links to Robot Control. The detection system installed in Denise's body was working fine after all. It was Anya who wasn't sufficiently autonomous.

While the computer hammered out a solution to that problem, Maria finished up her daily routine with Karen. After her hard drives had been drained of data, she was ordered to strip out of her uniform and take her place in the charging booth next to Heather's. The maidbot attended to Karen while the computer sent its new instructions into Maria.

Anya had to be disconnected from the diagnostic station and wheeled over to the reprogramming area to receive the new code. Once that was done, she would have no connection to Robot Control whatsoever. She would neither exist in the virtual network nor respond to any commands.

After the new code had been downloaded and executed, and after the coloured flashing LEDs inside her head and chest indicated that the process was done, Maria closed up Anya's panels and clicked her beautiful face back on.

"Anya, please stand and take your original place next to the other robots along the wall." Maria ordered.

Anya remained without any motion, staring vacantly up at the ceiling.

Maria repeated the command. "Anya, please stand and take your original place next to the other robots along the wall."

Nothing happened. Maria went on to repeat the command a third time, herself being almost as unmoving as the gorgeous thing on the table.

The Main Computer went into overdrive trying to figure out what was going on. It hadn't foreseen this, and it didn't know what to do.

For the whole time that the computer was trying to find a solution, the maidbot worked constantly around the basement lab. Her stiff, jerky movements made loud motor whirring sounds as her artificial looking body operated on the commands she was being fed. Her face was not designed to show expressions, and had never done so. Her painted glass eyes had the same depth as those of a mannequin.

The exact sameness of all of these robots from city to city hinted at mass production. Were anyone to infiltrate Robot Control, or even Fembot Command, they would surely suspect that there were distinct production lines from which all of these enchanting beauties had come. There were so many identical maidbots, Marias, Natashas, Lauries and so on that that had to be the case.

But the reasons for all of this were as impenetrable as each artificial agent's human facade. And just as it would take extraordinary circumstances to reveal those ladies as machines, so too would it take extraordinary circumstances to reveal all of the reasons for these competing agencies to be operating.

Operate they did, however, and the Main Computer was busily running out of ideas. It eventually decided that Anya needed to be independent enough to move around on her own, but not enough to decide to take actions that would be counterproductive to her manufacturer. After all of those intense computations, with the lights all over the many consoles blinking furiously, the Main Computer wrote out Anya's new programming in about ten seconds.

Maria was commanded by radio wave to wheel the incredibly hot robot woman over to the console to be reprogrammed once more. With the usual connections made, and the usual beeping tones coming from the connected fembot, Anya's new program was quickly transferred. The program executed itself, as she still would not be able to take commands from Maria.

Anya stood up, beautifully naked and with her chest panel still open. She looked around. She looked down at her own body and began to stimulate as many of her dermal sensors as she could.

Maria stared at the newly independent robot, keeping the computer updated as Anya played with herself. Her movements were stiff and robotic, but not as mechanical as those of the maid.

Here was another problem for the Main Computer. Anya surely had no link with Robot Control anymore, but now she was uncontrollable. Through the rest of the night, the computer worked on the problem while Anya played with her awesomely sexy body. She wandered about the unmoving androids around her, feeling the contours of their plastic and metal bodies as well. She went on like that, moving in an awkwardly stiff way, until her electrical power drained to zero.

Maria layed her back down on the wheeled table and waited for more commands.