

After her Friday evening shift at the sub shop, Phet got on the post rush hour bus as usual and rode it over to her apartment. Getting quickly inside after that short trip, she changed her clothes, grabbed her laptop in its carrying case, and headed right back out the door. A later and longer bus ride would take her to her friend Melanie's house.

On the way over, Phet looked casual and relaxed - as if she was heading out to a friendly dinner party, albeit with her notebook computer in hand. Not many people shared the bus ride with her, and those that did had no reason to pay any attention to the pretty young Vietnamese lady. Everything went smoothly, and Phet got off at her regular stop. She zipped her coat up all the way as her mouth pumped out vapour that appeared similar to human breath in the cold air. After a short walk through quiet, softly lit suburban streets, she got to Melanie's place.

Melanie had just gotten home about twenty minutes before. Since she had to receive her fellow agent on Fridays, she had stood completely motionless just behind the door from the time she came home to the time that Phet's plastic finger pushed the doorbell button. When that happened, Melanie activated certain subroutines of code that made her wait a few seconds before opening the door. That was to make things look more natural.

"Hi Phet!"

"Hi Mel!"

They smiled and chatted like close friends up until the point that the door closed again. Then the simulated emotion vanished as they fell silent and walked more like machines down to the basement scanner.

In turn, each of their static plastic faces was scanned by laser grid and approved for entry into the lab. Natasha stood naked over by the waiting examination chair, her slender but still voluptuous body waiting to spring into action. As Melanie approached, they made their mindless greetings and began their session.

The skinny blonde that had so far been monitoring the future programming prodigy at the tech institute sat in the high-backed chair and took off her facemask upon hearing the command come from the speaker behind Natasha's full pink lips. Her hands moved up to her expressionless head and lightly clutched the silicone cover while the mechanical locking parts underneath released their hold. The face came off and rested in her hands on her lap while bright coloured lights flashed amid the circuitry in patterns only Natasha could decipher.

The connection and download procedure was standard for all of these ladies, so Melanie was worked on with the expected quickness and efficiency. The whole time her data was being transferred, Phet stood completely unmoving in one spot to the side, still holding on to the storage device that was shaped like a computer.

The Fembot Command version of the sexy and inhuman robot maid worked in the background. Her taller build, her cropped blonde hair and her stern but pretty face were the only distinguishing external features from the Robot Control model. This one was just as artificial in appearance, and just as loud as its cheaper motors whirred and its mechanical parts clicked to the constant stream of loud synthesized beeps and tones. The inexpensive plastic used for its skin coloured covering was unrealistically glossy, and gave off a smell like vinyl. The robot not only moved stiffly and jerkily like the other maidbots, but it was dressed in a similarly slutty see-through French maid costume.

Her sexy plastic body continued to move stiffly about the lab as Natasha finished up with Melanie. The digitised memory files of Melanie's slight malfunction as Byron drove away were a cause for concern. The Master Computing Device made careful but still ultra-fast calculations on the exact nature of the malfunction, and what had likely caused it. Within less time it would take Melanie to blink her pretty mechanical eyes, the Master Computing Device scheduled her for a full diagnostic session.

That would have to wait, however, until after Phet had her turn in the chair. Natasha emotionlessly ordered Melanie to reattach her facemask and wait off to one side. Phet was then ordered to sit down and show the technician the vital connection ports within her own head. The maidbot had earlier taken the laptop, and was busy at another workstation unpacking and setting it up. The Master Computing Device then simultaneously downloaded data from Phet's head and her laptop-shaped mobile storage device.

Natasha diligently watched several monitors at once, reading all of the fast flowing data and looking for anomalies or errors. After a longer than usual time, the information in Phet's electronic head had been transferred into the console next to her. The download speed from laptop to console then increased to the full rate, and for the next three hours, the Fembot Command supercomputer drew bit after bit, memory after memory out of the ingenious device.

The female robots in the lab all were models of perfect patience as the computer did its thing. None of them so much as twitched while they waited. At the end of the process, when the whole week had been downloaded, the task of sorting and analysing was begun.

It was past midnight before the Master Computing Device was finished, and by that time the maidbot had plugged Natasha in with an extension cord to recharge. Electricity flowed once more into the gorgeous long-haired brunette's sexy thighs as they supported and balanced the weight of all the skin-encased machinery above. Those bright, pale blue glass eyes stayed locked on the monitors above the console, watching constantly for anything that seemed out of place. Processors inside her chest - just behind two of the most beautifully shaped breasts around - worked non-stop to categorize and interpret the ones and zeroes on those screens.

Then, in the small hours of the morning, the supercomputer finished its tasks and had one of those moments when a human would have exclaimed "Eureka!". It had found an incredible and very important coincidence buried inside that whole mass of downloaded binary information. Judging from recorded video and audio streams taken from both android women, it found that the Robot Control agent that Phet had discovered was in daily contact with the target human of Melanie's mission.

The consoles in the room would have leaped for joy if they had been equipped with legs. Fembot Command couldn't have asked for a more convenient situation than this.

Quickly, it began to sift through thousands of variables, probability factors and extrapolations of known values in order to devise a plan. If all went smoothly, Monday would bring big changes and rewards.

But for now, the Melanie and Phet robots were to undergo complete diagnostic scans and maintenance sessions as needed. In order to fix the flaws that had caused Melanie's previous malfunction, she would need to have some wiring and a couple of circuit boards replaced. Not much else really could be done. Little malfunctions like that were just part of what it meant to be a woman made of electronic and mechanical parts.

Natasha worked for the next few hours connecting and disconnecting the agents, plugging and unplugging cables and moving them back and forth to different workstations in order to perform the necessary operations. The blonde maidbot assisted the way she was built to, by moving her clunky motor controlled chassis around on the orders of the massive computer intelligence that ran things down there.

By sun-up, the trio of more human-like fembots were naked and recharging in their booths, having their smooth synthetic skin cleaned expertly by the cute machine dressed in that lace apron and those see-through panties. The stage was set for Monday's important projects.