

"Rochelle, please give me your facemask." Maria said. Rochelle's artificial eyes stared out blankly from the patterned mess of electronic components inside her head as her arms extended with the mask to Maria. She took the intricate covering from Rochelle and brought it to another work table along the wall. This workstation was set up specifically for changing the makeup on those removable faces.

Maria glanced at one of the many monitors flashing fast streams of 1s and 0s. From this, she found out which pre-set makeup pattern to apply, as determined by the main computer. With an expert's touch, Maria quickly and carefully removed the current layer of cosmetics. Rochelle's vacant and eyeless face pointed toward Maria as her hands flew about it with damp sponges and cloths.

Once the silicone part had been wiped clean, Maria set to work colouring the lips, eyelids, eyelashes and cheeks. She finished quickly and without error. The Rochelle robot would look very pretty indeed once its facemask had been reattached. For now though, it would remain at the workstation as Maria walked elsewhere to further prepare the robot for her mission.

Inside a plain looking cabinet were many small tanks full of compressed gas. Some were benign, others not. Maria's hand grasped one of the CO canisters and removed it from the cabinet. She closed the door again and brought the can with her over to Rochelle.

"Rochelle, please stand up." she said.

"Yes Maria." Rochelle said. She stood up.

"Rochelle, please remove your clothes."

"Yes Maria." Rochelle said again. She began to undress. Her expensive garments were dropped one by one to the cold clean floor as they slid off her plastic limbs. The sight of such a beautiful body as Rochelle's would certainly arouse any straight man, and make many straight women turn gay. Maria's expression, however, was perfectly blank as the curvaceous, sexy redhead robot got naked in front of her.

Another pretty female came walking toward them at that time. She was quite obviously a machine. The sound of her motors whirring and hydraulics pumping could be heard as soon as she entered the room in her ultra-stiff mechanical gait. A strong smell of plastic wafted around her like strange perfume. An endless series of audible computerized tones came seemingly at random from within her body. These were punctuated by the occasional loud beep or two. She was a very cute curvy thing with short, light brown hair. Her body was dressed in a see-through French maid outfit that showed off all of her well-built frame. The sounds she made, the way she moved and even the unnatural look set on her face revealed with stark clarity the fact that she couldn't possibly be a human being.

The other girls paid absolutely no attention to this other robot as she moved stiffly and methodically to pick up the clothes that had been dropped. Passing by the disassembled body of her deactivated twin, Rochelle walked over to lie down on the table while the cute mechanical maid draped the clothing over her arm and slowly strutted out of the room. Her robotic sounds faded as she exited the lab.

"Rochelle, please detach your torso panel connectors." Maria said.

"Yes Maria." Rochelle said. Three loud clicks sounded out as Maria grabbed the sides of Rochelle's upper body. The entire front section of the robot was removed - perfect breasts and all. Maria

turned and hung this part on a waiting rack made for that purpose. Rochelle's inner workings were now exposed to the room. Only her arms, legs and pelvis remained covered by realistic synthetic skin. The rest of her was all blinking LEDs, wires and computer parts bolted and bonded to a strong plastic skeleton.

Maria held back a bundle of multicoloured wires near the middle and fitted the gas canister into an empty receptacle. It locked into place, the nozzle fitting into a hose connection that ran to her air pumps.

"Gas canister connected." Rochelle's speaker announced.

Maria walked over to another, smaller cabinet. Inside were many large cartridges, all the same. These were multi-chambered fluid reservoirs, containing all those specially formulated liquids that the robots secreted from their bodies to appear more human. She fitted this inside Rochelle, who announced the connection to the brunette technician. Maria returned the empty cartridge back to a compartment within the cabinet so it could be cleaned and refilled.

The third and last cartridge to be replaced was full of subtle fragrances and synthetic pheromones. They gave Rochelle her own individual scent, and help her continue to attract her male human target.

Rochelle announced this connection too, marking the completion of this process. Maria fitted Rochelle's chest cover back on her and ordered her to stand up and walk toward her charging station.

Rochelle replied in the usual way and did as she had been told. Her recharge port opened up at the base of her spine, just above her pert round buns. As she stepped onto the platform in the open booth, a small arm extended from the back wall at exactly the same level, with three small holes made to fit into the exposed electrical plug-in. Maria fetched the waiting facemask and walked over to Rochelle. The face went back on with a click while her unblinking eyes stared vacantly ahead. Maria slid her index finger underneath the open chest panel cover above Rochelle's inviting breasts and swung the hinged flap closed. Standard household electrical current started flowing into Rochelle's body, recharging the large batteries located in her thighs, and the auxiliary battery in the back of her head.

Maria walked over to one of the main computer's consoles. She worked for a few minutes pressing buttons and typing in long strings of code, then walked over to the empty booth next to Rochelle's. Maria stepped up on the platform and turned her naked body around while the booth made its connection to her recharge port, which had no cover and was always exposed.

Electricity flowed into her too as the clunky maid robot returned. Her loud robot sounds blended in with the constant clicks and beeps coming from the many huge consoles around them. The flashing lights of the consoles and the flickering data on the monitors nicely complimented the stiff, graceless movements of the robot maid as she stared straight ahead and cleaned the skin of the two charging robots.