

Without so much as the slightest movement, Maria and Rochelle recharged through the night. Each fembot had a digital clock readout displayed among other constantly updated data in its field of vision. When that clock hit 8AM, the charging arms simultaneously disconnected and retracted from their connection ports. Each gorgeous android performed a routine system check on itself then stepped out of its booth.

The cover swung back over Rochelle's recharge port. She headed straight to the door while Maria went back to work on the original Rochelle robot. That charming beauty was now in dozens of pieces, some connected to hardware for testing. A small probe was now being held by Maria's finely crafted fingers to the inside of the first Rochelle's facemask. The probe checked for differences in electrical resistance among the various connections and circuitry. It was a laborious task, but Maria was incapable of becoming bored. This was the kind of thing she had been built for.

Meanwhile, Rochelle walked out of the lab and up the stairway to the main floor of the house. She headed straight to the bedroom to retrieve the clothing that had been assigned to her. She pulled garments out of the closet and out of the chest of drawers, laying them neatly on the bed that had not once been used. The black satin lingerie, trimmed with lace, that she pulled over her silicone skin was a perfect fit, and made her look even sexier than she was in the nude. Thomas was in for quite a treat.

Rochelle pulled up the pair of fine nylons and connected them to the satin suspenders as her processors computed the next step. Her hands, with their exquisite, permanent manicure took hold of a grey knee-length pleated skirt. She pulled it over her mechanical but womanly hips, then reached for the clingy, black cashmere cardigan. That was buttoned up to the v-neck and given a light tug from the bottom. These clothes could be considered professional dress, but they were tailored for revealing and accentuating a woman's figure. They worked just as good on the artificial variety. She put on black suede heels and some jewelry, followed by her overcoat. The task of dressing had been completed. Now she had to phone a cab.

Thanks to the many complex sensors in her skin, she had no need to look in the mirror that she passed on her way to the phone. She also passed by that ultra-robotic maid that went into the bedroom to clean up after the nicely dressed fembot. The beeping, clicking and whirring sounds it made were safely out of earshot when Rochelle picked up the phone and dialed the taxi company. She did those things without even glancing at the phone.

Her personality had been fully activated by the time the dispatch operator answered the call. In accordance with her mission and in response to his speech, the right string of words was chosen by her AI software and formed by the high definition magnetic speaker behind her painted facemask. Through her mouth the words passed, speaker to microphone, into the phone and into the dispatcher's ear. After that flawless display of simulated humanness, she hung up the phone and went to the door.

Vacuum cleaner in hand, the pretty robot maid stiffly inched its way closer to Rochelle as she watched for the cab. There was nothing unusual about the common vacuum cleaner, except that it was plugged into an outlet in the maid's recharge port. Rochelle ignored her, as always, and gazed idly outside. She acted and appeared fully human now.

Seeing the taxi slow down and pull in to the driveway, the redhead grabbed her purse, exited the house and locked the door behind her. She walked confidently to the waiting car, gently tossing back her head to get the hair out of her face as she reached for the door. She got in and sat down. She told the driver where to take her, and they were off.

Her conversation skills were better than those of some people, and she showed them off to the human behind the steering wheel. When he told her of his days playing cricket in Pakistan, she made use of her undetectable wireless internet connection and engaged him in a friendly, in-depth conversation about the sport. He was pleasantly surprised that she knew so much about one of his passions. Of course, it could have been any subject. She could instantly become an expert on fly fishing or banjo making if the situation demanded it.

The cab got to Mr. King's house at 8:47. She made the driver wait until 9 o'clock. Their chat went on for another thirteen minutes while she downloaded and analyzed more information to talk about. When it was time, she thanked him and left him a good sized tip. He cheerfully drove away to pick up his next fare, not at all suspecting that he had just been talking to a plastic and metal marvel of technology.