

For the next several hours, Rochelle's air pump forced the room's air in and out of her body at a slow steady rate while her chest expanded and contracted slightly in synchronization. Her eyelids were in a closed position. To all appearances she was asleep. The processors that made up her electronic brain were just as active as they usually were though. Her stereo microphones picked up the sound of Mr. King's breathing. Those collected sounds were interpreted by her software and complex circuitry to indicate that he was still asleep. Infrared thermal scans through her closed eyelids also revealed body temperature patterns akin to those of a human male in sleep mode.

She monitored him like this as he slept-off the effects of the alcohol and the carbon monoxide. Her many sensors were sensitive enough to detect and filter out the vibrations caused by his heartbeat. Compared to previous measurements, his heart rate was also normal.

Things were looking good for Robot Control. Their beautiful electromechanical agent had gained access to "Project H" and copied all the precious code to its internal hard drives. All that was left was for her to return to Robot Control to download the data into the main computer. Rochelle Prantov would no longer be necessary after that point. The sexy device would then be dismantled, its parts used to build other robots for other missions.

But for the moment, she had to act as if she was a real woman. This meant staying with Thomas and complying in a natural looking way with his requests until the adulterous executive brought her back into town.

Long after the sun had set, he suddenly awoke. He looked at the nearby alarm clock and got up as fast as he could. Rochelle computed that his actions would have roused a sleeping human, so she opened her eyes and sat up.

"SHIT!" he said as he turned on the lights.

Rochelle yawned quickly and said "What's wrong dear?"

"I'm supposed to be having dinner with my wife right now!" he said.

His agitated state had him flushed with adrenaline. He almost fell as he rushed downstairs to get back into his clothes. The fembot acted quickly too. She got out of his bed and went to the washroom. She rinsed out her insides with water and flushed the waste down the toilet. She rushed downstairs too and got dressed in her clothes.

They didn't speak much more as they got presentable and ready for the trip back into town. Thomas ushered his guest outside and locked up. Quickly, they walked in the dark to his car as he pulled the keys from his pocket. The doors unlocked and they got in. Tires squealed as the car darted out of the driveway and made for the highway.

Mr. King turned the radio down, almost off. "Don't make a sound." he said, talking to but not looking at Rochelle as he pulled the phone out of his jacket pocket. He pressed a few buttons and swallowed hard as the phone went to his ear. He watched the road carefully as he waited for an answer.

"Honey? It's me." he said.

Rochelle looked silently at him.

"I know. I'm sorry. I went to the cabin and got drunk. I passed out."

There was a long silence. Thomas was sweating.

"I know. I'm sorry. I really am sorry."

After a shorter silence, he shot a glance up and took a deep breath.

"I have to drop some stuff off at the office." He steered the car around a gentle turn in the road as he listened. "I don't know. Two hours? Two and a half?"

Rochelle logged every word and action he made. His wife's voice was filtered out from the background noise. It was amplified and recorded as well. With great probability, none of it mattered for the mission now, but she dutifully executed her programming down to the last binary instruction.

"I'll make it up to you. I promise." he said "I'm sorry. Bye."

He hung up the phone and let out a deep sigh. He turned the radio back up and looked over to Rochelle. Her perfectly realistic facemask showed him a look of simultaneous understanding and innocence.

"I'll drop you off downtown. I'll call a cab for you a few minutes before we get there." he said.

"Okay." she said.

"This day didn't exactly go like I hoped it would go. Let's try & do something on Monday, shall we?" he said.

He could make his eyes look very sincere if he wanted. So could Rochelle. "Okay. Whatever works for you dear." she said with an understanding smile.

The car zoomed into town as fast as Thomas could drive it. A speeding ticket was the least of his worries now. He silently shared two more cigarettes with the sophisticated android until they were at long last entering the city centre.

"I'll call that cab now." he said.

She watched and recorded while he made the phone call. He drove her through dark deserted streets to the front of the office building and waited for the taxi with her. His awkward attempts at small talk were met with similar speech put forth by her speaker, generated by her AI programs.

Both of them spotted the taxi as it rounded the corner ahead of them. "There it is." he said.

The robot grabbed her purse and opened the door. "See you Monday." she said.

Thomas waved and waited until she was in the cab. He sped off quickly and was soon out of sight.

Rochelle told the driver where to take her. Her electrical power was almost used up. Only 5% of a full charge remained in her batteries. To conserve power, she leaned back and shut down whatever systems she safely could. The driver could smell a whiff of alcohol on her, and didn't press his conversation much. To him, she looked in need of a little sleep.

To her, the dangerously low level of power indicated itself with warnings in red flashed in her field of vision. Along with the warnings were scrolling lists of systems and programs shutting down or going into standby mode. There was no chance she could get away with plugging herself into this car's electrical supply.

In time however, the taxi brought her back to Robot Control. The car entered the cul-de-sac and stopped in front of the address she had given him. She was now appearing to be more or less alert, but she was losing power fast. She was at less than 2% when she lowered her head to look through her purse for payment. Just then, her math co-processors shut down. She couldn't add 2 and 2. With the little bit of juice still running through her wires, her AI took over and determined that a twenty dollar bill would probably cover the fare. Wasting no energy, her fingers pulled out a bill and handed it to the cabby.

"Keep the change." she said. Her voice came out in a dull monotone. He didn't notice. He thanked her kindly and kept his headlights on as she exited and walked up the path to her door. Her simulated breathing had shut itself off too by this time. There wasn't even any power going through her audio and visual systems now. She was able to open the door and walk into the house based only on the position of her body and her limbs.

Shutting the door behind her drained her of her remaining useable charge. The taxi driver drove away, big tip in hand, completely unaware that the pretty woman was stone still and deactivated behind the door.