

No lights were on in the house. All was silent. Maria had entered her charging booth and was being supplied with electrical current through the port at the base of her spine. Her eyes were pointed at some point in space ahead of her. Her mind was totally blank. The cute and sexy robot maid that had no name was standing in a charging booth of her own situated along the adjacent wall. Rochelle Prantov version 1.0 was now in even more pieces strewn about various workstations in the lab. Rochelle Prantov version 2.0 was standing unmoving and with locked joints just in front of the front door on the main level of the house. Through the rest of the night, nothing at all moved.

Rochelle #2 was supposed to have entered the basement lab when she got home, but the sudden drain in power had stopped her in her tracks before she had even alerted the main computer to her presence. It would be many hours before she was found.

At 5 AM the nameless robot maid was activated. The charging arm disconnected from her port and she whirred, clicked and beeped into action. The erotically dressed machine moved her glossy plastic limbs with the truest mechanical motion one could imagine. Her lifeless, vacant eyes methodically scanned her surroundings as her programming booted up. She robotically strutted over to the doorway. The door slid open as she passed out of the main room. It slid closed behind her as she made her way up the stairs, looking and sounding anything but human.

As soon as the maid turned the corner, her cameras detected and zoomed in on the figure of Rochelle. Acting according to her programming, the maid sent a wireless signal to the main computer. Her current objective was now given pending status, so she came to a halt, still loudly beeping random and different tones, and waited for her next instruction.

In an instant, the main computer processed the information sent from the maidbot and relayed the appropriate instructions to both her and Maria. The maid returned to the basement lab to fetch an extension cord. Maria's recharge session was cut short so she could be activated and booted up.

The fluorescent lights flickered on over the lab as the Maria robot stepped out of the booth. Her programs loaded in quick succession as she retrieved and interpreted the new command from the main computer. With the usual blank expression on her pretty face, she walked over to one of the consoles and began making adjustments to its settings.

The maid was walking with jerky, stiff steps over to a cabinet where neatly coiled cables and cords were stored. The loud sounds of her motors and hydraulics were constant as she reached for the proper cord and took it off the hooks. She then closed the cabinet and made her way upstairs to where Rochelle had come to a stand-still.

The electronic French maid plugged one end of the cord into her own recharge port. She approached Rochelle in almost complete darkness but she didn't need much light to see and had no trouble in moving the dormant robot's garments aside so she could open her recharge port and plug the opposite end of the cord in. Once the connection had been made and electricity had started flowing, Rochelle's inner systems came back online one by one.

"Rochelle robot number 729011B activated," she said. Upon completion of the re-booting process, she knew what to do. She followed the plastic maid into the basement, stopping first beside the door to be scanned before she entered the lab. The two fembots walked toward Maria.

"Hello, Rochelle. How was your day?" she said once again.

"My day was fine. Thank you."

"Were you able to copy the 'Project H' discs?"

"Yes."

"Very good. Please remove your overcoat."

Being careful of the extension cord, Rochelle took off the coat and let it fall to the floor. Maria reached behind her and unplugged the cord. The maid coiled it up and held it while she bent over and picked up the overcoat. She returned the cord to its place and walked out of the room with the coat.

In the meantime, Maria had uncoiled an electrical cord connected to the console and plugged it into Rochelle, who was now seated in the chair, ready to unload her data.

Maria began the session in the usual way. "Rochelle, please remove your facemask." she said.

The pretty redhead complied with the order, resting her detached face on her lap to give the robot technician access to the connection ports amid the wires and circuitry in her electronic head. In just over an hour, a digital rendition of Saturday's events was transferred from the fembot into the computer, with Maria watching the whole process and scanning the data on the monitors for errors.

When that part was complete, Rochelle obediently exposed her chest panel to Maria so she could connect her hard drives to the console. Bright coloured LEDs flashed intensely inside Rochelle's opened parts as the information flowed in a fast stream of electric binary pulses.

All of the long weeks of preparation, construction and programming culminated in this event: the transfer of "Project H" from fembot agent to the main computer. All of the feelings that would have gone through the minds of real people at this moment were absent from this mechanized affair. There was no one to feel the anticipation of success, the satisfaction of accomplishment or the pride of victory in outsmarting the corporations myriad security precautions.

None of these beautiful artificial ladies could feel anything. No fear or worry of being deactivated existed anywhere within Rochelle's software mind. The attractive brunette that had overseen all the many transfer sessions was similarly devoid of any notions of camaraderie or kinship. All that was there were electronic signals - structured and given meaning within the context that they were sent and received.

The pair was without motion as both scans of each disc were transferred, checked and stored within the massive console. It was all over very quickly for something that had taken so much time and effort. As the final chunk of data was downloaded, the supercomputer began reading, analyzing and evaluating :Project H".

Something was wrong.