

The main computer again sifted through all the freshly transferred data, coming up with the exact same results as before. Lights flashed all around as the computer ran itself through a series of tests to see if it was working properly. As far as it could tell, it was. The problem was surely with the data.

Strings of 1s and 0s scrolled quickly by on several monitors. Maria read these instructions and set her sexy humanoid body to work on the newly assigned task. She plugged a different set of cables into different connection ports in the agent's chest. "Rochelle," she said, "enter diagnostic mode."

The continuously blinking coloured LEDs in Rochelle's openings turned solid as her system reconfigured itself to allow the main computer to check her components and programs for errors. "DIAGNOSTIC MODE," she said. The words coming out of that electronic speaker were now in a metallic sounding robotic monotone.

With the artificial secretary properly set up, the comparatively basic technician model turned her soulless gaze back to some of the console's monitors. After a very thorough scan the coded results came pouring onto one of the screens. Rochelle robot number 729011B was 100% free of errors.

The computer ordered Maria to transfer the data a second time. She took Rochelle out of diagnostic mode, switched cables and sent the information into the console again. That was followed by a second round of data analysis, which in turn was followed by more diagnostic scans of both the main computer and the fembot connected to it. At the end of the many tedious processes, the situation turned out to be the same as before.

The data Rochelle had copied from the three DVD-Rs was not 'Project H'. It was junk data - nothing but randomly generated gibberish.

It was now up to the main computer to figure out the next step. In a burst of processor activity, it formulated several hundred possible steps that Robot Control could take to ascertain what had gone wrong and gain access to the real 'Project H' discs. Each of these steps was then studied one by one to determine its desirability and feasibility. Within seconds, all but one of these possible actions was determined to be superfluous or impossible. The course of action that remained was for Rochelle to go back to work on Monday and try to find the real discs.

The main computer then wrote this plan into a self-contained program that could be transferred into Rochelle's memory. The computer instructed Maria to prepare the agent for reprogramming. Maria took her out of diagnostic mode a second time and connected her chest to the console for data upload.

The pretty brunette pushed a few buttons on the console, then turned to the still charging robot and said "Rochelle, begin download of program MU548.T85."

"Yes Maria," she said as LEDs flashed quickly in her exposed parts.

Rochelle took in the new program from the main computer and wrote it to one of her ever-spinning hard drives. After a good seven minutes, the transfer wrapped up.

"Download of programming complete," the faceless android announced as her lights flashed in a different manner.

The technician robot disconnected Rochelle from the console and made some more preparations for a while. She then turned back to her and said "Please install and execute program MU548.T85."

"Yes Maria." Rochelle replied. Her internal components assimilated the new code into her system with the customary speed and accuracy. When that task was done, her speaker once more generated a human sounding voice, saying "program MU548.T85 installed and executed successfully."

Maria looked at her with her cold glass eyes and said "How do you feel Rochelle?"

"I feel fine." Rochelle replied.

"Very good." said Maria, who's signal receiver was busy accepting more transmitted instructions from the main computer.

Rochelle #2 now had to be prepared for Monday's shift at the office. Maria's next tasks would be to apply a more appropriate and conservative style of makeup to the facemask and exchange Rochelle's spent fluid cartridges with full ones. While Maria took Rochelle's facemask and strutted over to the makeup workstation, the electronic maid was instructed by the computer to set aside the assigned clothing ensemble upstairs in the bedroom closet. Rochelle sat in the chair recharging the batteries built into her human-looking body while the other two machines worked.

Maria was soon done with the facemask, and left it at the workstation while she went back to make some adjustments at the console. She ordered Rochelle to stand and disrobe. The secretary followed the technician's instructions, again being careful not to unplug herself. The two of them then walked over to an examination table. Maria ordered the fembot to lay on top of it and removed the front of her torso. With that skin covered apparatus out of her way, Maria exchanged the fluid reservoirs one by one with full ones. The tank of carbon monoxide was exchanged for a full one too, just in case. In addition, a tank full of a fast acting nerve agent was installed next to it and connected to Rochelle's air circulation system. The use of this sleeping gas hadn't been fully specified in Rochelle's new programming, but after the setback with the false discs, more direct measures might be needed.

At the end of the preparations, Maria reattached Rochelle's torso cover, then ordered her to unplug herself and enter the recharge booth. The long electrical cord that had supplied the redhead with power was removed from its socket and fell to the floor. She walked over to the booth, stepped in and turned around. The stiff connector in the back wall of the booth found its way to the open recharge port and pushed itself firmly into position. Maria retrieved the facemask from the makeup station and latched it back on to Rochelle's head.

The sexy mechanical maid returned from upstairs to pick up the long cord from the floor and put it neatly in its place. She cleaned up the lab after Maria while the efficient brunette took her own place in the recharge booth next to Rochelle. The 60 Hz hum of electricity was barely audible over the loud beeping, clicking and whirring of the robot maid as she moved over to the more realistic androids and began the task of cleaning them. Her plastic arm - marked with gaps in the skin where parts could disconnect - moved a sponge moistened with mild detergent over the flesh coloured curves of the two beautiful women. Upon completion of that job, she finished up in the lab, collected her things and stiffly walked back upstairs to begin the remainder of her assigned tasks.