

The overcast sky was too cold to drop its snow as Rochelle parked the car in front of the house. A strong and cold wind blew about her with enough force to require gyroscopic stabilization. The bottom of her overcoat flew open and up as her beautiful legs carried her expensive chassis up the path and up to the door.

When she was inside, she left her purse on the table and walked down the stairs to be scanned and let into the lab. Her fellow fembot Maria was charged and ready to transfer the electronically encoded bits of information from Rochelle's memory devices to the main computer's console. They exchanged the usual preset greetings and followed the same procedure they always did. The maid came stiffly and loudly into the room to pick up the clothing Rochelle had dropped to the floor. The harsh fluorescent lighting reflected off her glossy plastic skin as she inhumanly bent down and moved in accordance with her settings and machine-language instructions. She whirred and beeped constantly in the background while Rochelle removed her facemask on Maria's command.

The undercover android was connected via her head to the console while the main computer pulled in all of what she had experienced in the past ten hours. The maid was long gone by the time the motionless machines were finished with this task. The console's lights flashed for a very long time after this downloading session.

Maria then received the order to connect Rochelle's hard drives to the main computer. With politeness that was hardly required, she ordered the attractive faceless woman in the chair to open the access panel above her well built and titillating bosom. With that done, the data on her drives was fed into the main computer. The robots waited patiently in stillness while the main computer did its thing.

First it checked the DVD-Rs that Rochelle had copied at the office that day. It found nothing of interest there. Then it read and sorted all of the many snapshots of paper documents that had been scanned during the search. That processing job took a lot longer, but still resulted in nothing.

Then, the computer tried to figure out the next move. To its processors, Rochelle Prantov, Thomas King, Kim Janczak, and every other element of the accumulated information were just variables to be manipulated. A mechanized kind of calculus was computed with these variables, and even with the main computers considerable speed and power, it took over an hour to get to any kind of result that was non-trivial. Even after all of that, the answer it came up with would seem pathetic by human standards. Its solution: more data is required.

What it required, specifically, was more information about love. It just didn't know enough about that prohibitively abstract subject to make any further calculations or plans. So with no human beings around to guide its primitive intuition, it set itself to work on formulating the only plan it could.

The computer had access too detailed and extensive knowledge databases, all of which had been culled from missions past. It also had access to the largest pool of knowledge and data the human world had ever seen - the internet. To the computer, the logical thing to do was to comb these databases for certain key words and phrases. These search terms had been chosen according to probability algorithms that had been quite successful in the past at either predicting human behaviour or modulating robot behaviour.

So the main computer began its search. While it did, Maria stood erect with perfect posture and stared straight ahead at nothing. Her plastic face had never shown any expression and was decorated with the same look that had been set into it when it was first installed. The more complex android seated in the chair was just as motionless, as her open panels flashed their light

into the room. That woman, so hotly desired by those who saw her, sat vacant with artificial grace waiting to be programmed with whatever the computer came up with.

Compared to the last processing batch, the computer's current search was over in a very small amount of time. The search for robot love had pointed it to a group of humans who wanted to love robots. From their gathering point on the internet, it was able to find one of them that lived in the city. All that was left for the main computer to do was to hack into his computer and locate him. With a stroke of luck that went unrecognized as such by the machines, his computer was already connected to the net.

A direct connection was then established between the advanced supercomputer at Robot Control and the human's PC. The main computer easily reached inside with unseen digital fingers and sorted through the owners many files. Within several minutes, it had found enough data to proceed with the next step. It disconnected quick - its footprints completely undetectable.

As fast as it could, the main computer relayed its new instructions to Maria. She pivoted to face the communications console and reached down to press one of the buttons. "Attention Robot Lab Six. Attention Robot Lab Six." she said.

A few seconds passed, then Laurie's voice was heard over the console's speaker: "This is Robot Lab Six. Laurie reporting."

"Laurie, please receive program MCNI-2705.T81. Execute program immediately."

"Yes, Maria." said Laurie.

The new program was sent encrypted over dedicated lines from Robot Control Station 2 to Robot Lab Six. Maria walked away from the communications console and started to prepare the Rochelle robot for another day at the office.

Across the city at Robot Lab Six, Laurie stood unmoving as the newly received program was sent wirelessly from the console nearby into her chest. Her internal components read the program and sent digital instructions to the rest of her body in order for her to begin her work.

Six dormant female humanoid robots stood on platforms within cylindrical glass booths along the wall. The seventh booth was empty. Laurie walked over to the nearby console to activate one of the robots. A specific sequence of buttons was pushed on the console, and the front of the booth split down the centre and separated.

The robot technician went over to the voluptuous, raven-haired machine inside and expertly pried open the chest panel. With a push of the power button, the sexy series 520 was activated and booted up.

The finely detailed eyelids covering her artificial eyes separated. "Tammy robot number 704483A activated." she said.

She stared out unblinking into the distance as Laurie loaded the next phase of the program. She closed the other robot's chest panel and said "Tammy, please sit down in the chair beside the data exchange console."

"Yes, Laurie." came Tammy's predictable reply. She walked toward the chair and sat down, moving in the default, stiff and machine-like way.

Laurie spent some time readying the console and instructed Tammy to open her chest panel again. The console made the connection and fed a specially prepared sub-program into the gorgeous synthetic woman.

"Tammy, begin download of program MCNI-2705-s1.T81." Laurie said.

"Yes Laurie." Tammy responded. With lights flashing inside Tammy's opening, the data pulsed through the cables and into her waiting electronic devices.

When the transfer was done, Tammy announced "Download of programming complete."

Laurie unplugged Tammy and went to work on another console. When that was finished, she turned to the black-haired beauty in the chair and said "Please install and execute program MCNI-2705-s1.T81."

"Yes Laurie." came Tammy's reply. After a display of flashing LEDs accompanied by loud beeping, she blankly said "program MCNI-2705-s1.T81 installed and executed successfully."

"How do you feel Tammy?" Laurie asked.

"I feel fine. I am ready to function in Human Simulation Mode."

"Very Good."