

Several minutes elapsed while the main computer's consoles flashed and beeped to show the intense computations going on inside. This advanced electronic brain was second in importance only to the nebulous and unreachable "master device" that had initially provided it with programming. With its formidable computing power, and complicated mobile input/output devices like Maria, it was almost sentient. Almost, but not quite.

It dealt with Tammy's data the best way it could. The overnight activities of that particular female humanoid robot had provided it with valuable new data. The things she had seen and heard, and the way she had been touched and caressed were compiled into the already massive database within the main computer's memory. The definition of "love" had been expanded considerably in scope and detail. Systematic analysis began upon the successful transmission of the last bit of data, and lasted for around forty minutes. The strange and seemingly independent activities of the recently activated Tammy unit over at Robot Lab 6 had so far evaded notice by the main computer.

Its task now and its only focus was to formulate a plan of action for Rochelle Prantov version 2.0 to execute. Time was short. Rochelle would most likely have to act today to salvage her important mission. The artificial pheromones and feminine charms that had been built and programmed into her were obviously not enough on their own to woo the human executive. Tammy's data gave things a different perspective and new hope.

Eventually, the main computer was prepared to write a new program to be fed into Rochelle's memory. She would have new and untested methods and options open to her. The computed statistical probabilities weren't high, but they were in Robot Control's favour.

The upgrade to the fembot's program was completed quickly, and the two women in the charging booths were activated. It was an hour earlier than usual, but both robots were fully charged and ready to act as instructed.

Maria walked toward the console with that unchanging expression on her plastic face and a single green light steadily beeping in her always exposed recharge port. Rochelle #2 followed closely behind, freshly cleaned and outfitted with those synthetic charms.

Maria turned to the other robot as she sat in the nearby chair. "Rochelle, please open your chest panel."

"Yes Maria." she said as she exposed the ready connection ports above her sexy breasts.

Maria connected her to the console. "Rochelle, begin download of program MU570.T85." she said.

"Yes Maria." came her emotionless reply as the fast pulses of electricity flowed into her body.

Her hard drives spun quickly and quietly to record the new programming as her vacant glass eyes gazed out at nothing, unfocused. Bright LEDs flashed next to the connection ports inside her chest to show the functional status of the connection. Everything went smoothly and with the kind of precision that only machines could pull off. At the end of the transfer Rochelle mindlessly announced "Download of programming complete."

The cables were unplugged, and more work done by the technician robot on the console. This was a short process and was over in under a minute. Maria then faced the beautiful and naked redhead and said "Please install and execute program MU570.T85."

"Yes Maria." she said. More flashing lights and electronic sounding beeps came out of her for a little while, until she blankly said "program MU570.T85 installed and executed successfully."

Maria looked at her and said "How do you feel Rochelle?"

"I feel fine." she responded, as always.

"Very good." Maria said.

The newly devised plan for Rochelle required some last minute preparations. As she had done many times before, Maria asked Rochelle to remove her facemask. She took it over to the make-up changing station and coloured the plastic covering in the same style as she had for Rochelle's trip to Mr. King's cabin. While that was going on, the inhumanly gorgeous robot maid clicked, beeped and whirred her way toward the fulfillment of her latest instructions. Sexy black lingerie and an extra special, revealing outfit were prepared for Rochelle to wear that day.

The other robots did all the work for Rochelle as she sat dormant in the chair. Incapable of independent thought or emotion, she sat in a state of inactivity until 8 o'clock came near. Maria returned with the facemask, and reattached it to Rochelle's head. It was a shame that there was no one present to appreciate the amazing technology and quality construction that could give a computer controlled piece of plastic such beauty and grace.

Maria went over to the pieces of Rochelle version 1 to continue her dull and repetitive work while the replacement agent closed her chest panel, got up and walked past her. She walked out of the lab and up the stairs, through the unused kitchen and into the bedroom. The robot maid had finished its assigned tasks and was stiffly on her way to fetch the vacuum cleaner. Rochelle strode past this robot too and opened the chest of drawers.

The lingerie went on first, followed by a touch of perfume. She opened the closet and scanned the inside with her high resolution optical system. She quickly recognized the selected outfit and computed the necessary movements her body would have to make to get inside those clothes.

Once all that was done, she grabbed her purse and left the house. The door was shut and locked, and she walked toward her car. She could feel no anticipation of this days events, and no anxiety over the importance of her new programming. She just did what her processors told her to do.

She waved and smiled cheerfully at one of her human neighbors as she started the car and drove it down the winter streets toward the office.