

Acting in what was now the routine way, Rochelle drove into the parkade and brought the car to a stop in her spot. She got her things out and locked the doors. She made greetings with the other people arriving at that time, and chatted with a few of them on their way to the elevators. So far so good.

Nothing yet had thrown any curve balls at her AI. Her new programming hadn't had its chance to shine, but it was ready. It could be loaded into her memory by her processors in a flash when the right moment arrived.

The elevator pulled its human and android cargo up the long shaft to one of the top floors. Rochelle got off and walked toward Mr. King's office.

"Hi Rochelle, how's it going today?" Kim said with a smile as she saw the redhead enter.

"Good so far. Can't believe it's only Tuesday though!" she said. They shared a little laugh. "How was your evening?"

Kim talked with the fembot in light conversation, like they did every morning. They kept talking as Rochelle hung up her purse and her overcoat. Kim stopped her chit-chat when she saw the other woman start to remove more clothing. Rochelle calmly took off and hung up her blouse, then her skirt. She was now down to her sexy lingerie and black satin heels.

"My god girl, what are you doing?" Kim said, looking with a confused expression at her synthetic co-worker.

Rochelle just smiled that default blank robotic smile. The electronic hearing system installed in her head had detected footsteps approaching. She heard Thomas coming long before any human could have.

Mr. King entered the office with his briefcase in one hand and a coffee in the other. He nodded at Kim and was barely able to say "Morning, ladies..." when he saw Rochelle standing by her desk wearing that seductive lingerie.

He immediately turned red with a combination of embarrassment and ire. He was flabbergasted.

Before he could scold Rochelle, she reached up to her head and removed her facemask. "Tommy, " she said as she laid it on the desk without looking away, "I love you."

Thomas gasped. He dropped his coffee, let out a fearful scream and ran out the door.

Rochelle's processors computed the situational data and ordered her body to run after him. "Tommy, wait!" she yelled, the digital voice coming loud out of her exposed speaker. "I love you because I'm a robot!"

Thomas ran scared down the stairs. Rochelle ran after him as soon as her mechanical legs could carry her.

Kim picked up the facemask and ran after Rochelle.

At that very moment, over at Robot Control, Maria was finishing up the task of re-assembling Rochelle Prantov version 1.0. All the hours upon hours of testing her individual components had finally showed the technician exactly what the problem was. With that known, the original

Rochelle robot could be pieced back together again and safely hooked up to the main computer to finish that aborted download.

This is the story that came out of her hard drives:

On that Thursday morning, Rochelle and Thomas had first started to flirt, then kiss, then screw. That was all part of the mission. The problem that would make a replacement Rochelle necessary came just after noon.

Thomas had just left the office to go for lunch. Both Kim and Rochelle had stayed behind, claiming to have too much work to do to take a break. After a few minutes, Kim wordlessly stood up, grabbed her purse and walked up to Mr. King's office door. Positioning her body so Rochelle couldn't see what she was doing, she expertly and swiftly picked the lock and entered.

The original Rochelle sat looking at the door as it closed behind Kim. Some emergency processing was needed for this unexpected development. Within a very short amount of time, Rochelle decided to follow the blonde into the office to see what she was up to.

The now unlocked door opened easily as Rochelle stepped forward. The scene caught by her visual system was bad news for Robot Control. Kim had unlocked and opened Mr. King's briefcase, and was holding three disc cases in her left hand. She immediately froze and looked up at Rochelle.

"Kim? What are you doing in here?" Rochelle said as she made a couple of steps forward.

Moving very fast, Kim dropped the discs and took off her right hand. She lunged forward at Rochelle, holding out the arm and aiming it right at the other woman's face. A strong burst of electricity flowed out of Kim's arm and into Rochelle's head. The precisely measured charge was strong enough to temporarily disable many of Rochelle's higher cognitive functions. It made her facemask come off too, and fall to the floor while the shocked android began endlessly repeating "doing in here...doing in here...doing in here...doing in here...doing in here..."

Kim turned her attention away from her malfunctioning friend and back to Mr. King's briefcase. She reattached her hand and again picked up the three discs. From her purse she pulled three identical DVD-Rs filled with junk data. She pulled out a felt pen and copied Thomas's writing exactly on each one. Then she replaced each disc inside its case and placed them back in the briefcase. She closed that up too and put it back in the exact same place and condition she had found it.

Kim now had to deal again with the agent from Robot Control. Rochelle #1 was still repeating those three words as the lights around her exposed circuitry flashed like a clock blinking 12. She was also repeating a head-turning motion and a forward movement of her arm. As advanced as she was, Rochelle was like a wind-up toy compared to an android like Kim. The technology developed and used by Fembot Command was years ahead of anything that Robot Control could muster.

Rochelle hadn't even the slightest clue that Kim was also a robot. She was even more at a disadvantage because Kim had been programmed with detailed knowledge of some of Rochelle's weaknesses. She knew exactly what kind of voltage would disable Miss Prantov. She also knew how to make her little act of sabotage almost undetectable.

While Rochelle continued to malfunction, Kim bent down and picked the facemask off the floor. She brushed away some dirt and fastened it once again to her friend's head. Rochelle's speaker kept generating those words through the unmoving mouth while Kim unbuttoned the other robot's

blouse part way. She opened up Rochelle's chest panel and pulled another device from her purse. A small black cube was pushed into the exposed connection ports in Rochelle's chest. Soon after, she fell silent and stopped moving.

"Rochelle," Kim said, "sit down in the chair in front of your desk."

Moving very stiffly and mechanically, Rochelle turned her head to look at the blonde. "Yes, Kim," she said, and followed her orders.

Kim followed her out and locked the door behind her. Rochelle moved in that stiff, jerky manner until she was seated in front of her desk again.

"Rochelle, delete the previous 253 seconds from your active memory. Remain inactive and do not record new memory for the next 20 seconds." Kim ordered.

"Yes, Kim. Deleting.....deleting.....deleting....." Rochelle responded, repeating the word deleting until the job was done.

Then she stopped moving while Kim unplugged the small black cube and put it back in her purse. She closed the open chest panel and buttoned up the inert robot's blouse before hanging up her purse and sitting back down at her own desk.

After 20 seconds, Rochelle and Kim picked up their office-work exactly where they had left off. Rochelle had no way of accessing the last five minutes of data, and would not be able to transfer it into the main computer either. It was only when she returned to Maria at Robot Control Station 2 that any kind of problem was detected.

Now with all of that missing data retrieved from the original Rochelle robot, the main computer knew that it was too late for Robot Control to stop Fembot Command from getting "Project H".

Things looked very bad indeed.