

The way Rochelle ran in lingerie and tall heels down the concrete stairs looked awkward, but it was effective. She was able to keep up with the Rockport wearing and frightened Thomas King. Kim ran in a way similar to Rochelle, and was able to keep up with her too. Thomas still had several dozen stories to run down before he could escape to street level, and his body was in danger of slowing down a lot more than those of the two androids behind him.

Kim's AI software computed the situation while her motors and flexors worked to propel her electronic body forward. She knew she couldn't outrun a frightened human, nor could Rochelle. The running abilities of the two fembots were after all, roughly the same. She would have to get the jump on Rochelle by doing just that.

On rounding the next corner in the stairwell, the Kim robot used the power in her strong legs to leap down on top of the faceless Rochelle unit. The sound of crashing metal came as they tumbled down the steps toward the wall ahead. The realistically textured and coloured silicone skin that covered Kim's knees tore apart as she skidded on the hard cement floor. Rochelle received the same kind of damage to her arms as her body collapsed under the force of the other's attack.

Kim dropped the facemask she was holding while her sensors and stabilization systems worked to get her on top of the other robot. She violently pulled Rochelle's hair up and forward and yanked out the head's power supply.

With only the sensors in her body to relay information to her CPU, Rochelle flailed desperately in an attempt to overcome the other machine. Kim had the advantage though, and used it. Sharp steel blades popped out from under the fingernails in her hand, and with one powerful swipe, she made a deep cut right down the middle of the redhead's back. The severed satin strap of her bra fell away as Kim quickly ripped the artificial skin away from the machinery inside.

In a tiny fraction of a second, Kim's electronic eyes scanned the exposed inside of Rochelle #2's back and identified the vital connections between the central processing unit and the main power supply. At once the blades in her fingertips retracted and she made a fist around a bundle of coloured wires. With Rochelle struggling to stand, Kim tore the connecting wires right out of her friend's body. With a bright burst of sparks and a final spasm of her servos, Rochelle went limp and still.

With no time to waste, the blonde worked to make things look slightly less strange as they now appeared. Mr. King's frantic echoing steps faded into nothing as Kim folded the ripped silicone into place along Rochelle's back. She sat her up and reattached her facemask, which was still showing her blank robotic smile.

To leave no trace behind, Kim picked up the cylindrical battery along with loose bits of wiring and shards of artificial skin from the floor. She stuffed these into the purse slung around her back and hoisted the broken fembot over her shoulder. She walked hurriedly down the remaining flights of stairs and into the parkade.

Luckily, the attendant security guard was facing the other way as the damaged and intermittently sparking fembot came through the door. Before he could fully turn around, Kim took off her hand and rushed forward to send the poor human into unconsciousness. She put the part back on and headed for her vehicle as he slumped to the floor.

Thankfully for them, no one else was in the parkade at that time. Kim's car, oddly enough was right next to Rochelle's. Kim opened the trunk and dumped the other robot inside. With haste she got behind the wheel and left skid marks as she sped out of the building.

Her destination was Fembot Command Centre 4.

Thomas had ran through the lobby and out the front doors onto the street. He was of no concern to Kim. He kept running though, scared out of his wits. Startled people watched him as he sweated heavily and frequently looked behind him. He would make it all the way out of downtown before slowing to catch his breath.

Long before he did, however, Kim had reached the suburban house that was Fembot Command Centre 4. The way this place was set up was almost identical to Robot Control Station 2. For all their destructive rivalry, the two automated organizations were more or less the same.

Kim's car entered the attached garage, and the door closed behind it. This scene wouldn't be good for the neighbors to see. Kim got out and opened the trunk. Acting with care, almost tenderness, the blonde-haired robot scooped Rochelle #2 out of the trunk and carried her down to the basement lab.

Following a similar face scan by laser grid, Kim walked into the familiar lab setting and layed the badly damaged robot on an examination table.

"Hello, Kim, how was your day?" said a cute slender woman with light brown hair and beautiful light blue eyes. She was another of those naked, emotionless technician units, anatomically correct and attractively built.

"My day was fine. Thank you." said the Kim unit as she laid her purse on the table beside Rochelle's head. She walked over to the chair next to the data exchange console and sat down.

The beautiful technician robot, Natasha, made the connection cables ready and said "Please remove your facemask, Kim."

Kim detached and removed the apparatus from her head. Natasha plugged the cables into the connection ports and watched the monitors as information flowed into Fembot Command's own supercomputer. The master computing device worked the same way as the main computer over at Robot Control, and used Kim's downloaded memories to formulate its next move.

While it was doing this, another excessively cute and stiffly moving maid robot entered the lab. It could have come off the same assembly line as the ones operated by Robot Control. This one was blonde, with a cropped haircut. Like her ultra-mechanical counterparts, this one was inhuman in appearance, with glossy skin that had gaps where the moving parts separated. She too smelled obviously of plastic, and made constant loud beeping and clicking sounds to go along with the loud whirring of her motors and hydraulics.

She worked in the background, picking up after the other androids while Natasha walked over to the damaged agent on the table. She completed full spectrum scans on both sides of the robot, rolling her over in between. The data her eyes collected was wirelessly transmitted to the master computing device. It was still busy devising new activities for Kim, so for the next several minutes Natasha stood stiff and unmoving, her face set the usual way.