

The statuesque Natasha robot walked over to the captured agent. She was in bad shape. Her sexy body was lying face-down on the examination table. The silicone skin on her back had slipped away again to reveal her electromechanical insides. Natasha diligently scanned Rochelle to find out what needed to be done to get her information downloaded into the master computing device. She turned Rochelle over to face up again and completed her scan. She streamed the results into the master computing device and stared out vacantly while it made its calculations.

It was still busy figuring out what to do with Kim, and that was no small task. Fembot Command already had Project H, which was its primary objective. Now it had one of Robot Control's androids. This was more than it could have asked for.

Odds were very low that any version of Rochelle Prantov would make it back to the office. Things there had ended in such a mess that it would be better if none of Fembot Command's agents returned. The risk of discovery after what Rochelle had done was too high.

So after more than an hour of processing, it was decided that Kim Janczak was no longer needed. After her last bit of data had been transferred, she would be erased, shut off, cleaned, and stored. Only if that particular fembot were to be used again would she be repaired and given a different facemask.

Once Natasha had done her thing with Kim, the cute blonde maid robot received her instructions and started her tasks. The computer then sent out a long stream of 1s and 0s that got Natasha to work preparing the Rochelle robot. Natasha walked over to one of the supply cabinets and pulled out a little black cube. It was the same type of device that Kim had used to gain control of Rochelle's core programming. The technology was exclusive to Fembot Command.

With the body, face, and movements of a professional model, Natasha strode over to Rochelle and opened her chest panel. The cube fitted snugly into the connection ports. Next, Natasha started to reconnect Rochelle's torn-out wiring. A long metal soldering tip extended from Natasha's index finger while a length of solder was pushed out of an opening in her thumb. She reattached whatever connections she could and used new wiring on the rest. Rochelle's power system came back on line as soon as enough connections had been made, but that little black box made sure she would be under the proper control.

A couple of sparks came out of Rochelle's back as electricity flowed through her parts again. While her systems booted up, Natasha sealed up her plastic skin with a strip of duct tape. The technician then plugged the head's power supply back where it belonged and turned Miss Prantov to face up.

"Rochelle robot number 729011B activated." she said.

Natasha wheeled the table over to the data exchange console. She reached over and got some connecting cables ready.

Rochelle turned her head and looked at the naked robot technician. "Hello, my name Rochelle is... Rochelle is.....What is your name?" she said.

Natasha didn't answer. She kept on working.

"You are very beautiful." Rochelle said. "I love you because I am a robot... because I am robot...because I am robot..... love am beautiful... am robot I... love... beautiful am robot... love... robot... love... robot... love... beautiful... robot..."

Natasha made no response to the long string of jibberish. She made preparations at the console for a minute then turned back to the redhead on the table. "Rochelle, please remove your facemask." she ordered.

Rochelle's damaged arms sparked as she reached up and exposed the needed connection ports to Natasha. Rochelle awkwardly held her face by her belly while she continued her electronic babbling.

the technician plugged her into the computer. With the aid of the black box, Rochelle's experiences for the day zoomed at high speed into the console.

The next step was to copy her hard drives. Efficiently as always, Natasha unplugged Rochelle's head and packed those cables away. Another set of cables was plugged into the black box. Through them flowed all the information that Rochelle Prantov version 2.0 had to give. The master computing device sorted and examined the data as it came in. The console's lights flashed furiously while it clicked and beeped its way through the calculations. Bit by bit, the exact nature of Robot Control's systems was revealed to Fembot Command. All of its vulnerabilities were exposed.

Even before the transfer was done, the master computing device had started making its plans. The elimination of Robot Control had been hardwired into the computer's circuits from the start, but now it could do something even better.

Natasha downloaded fresh instructions and walked over to a series of round glass booths along the wall. In a short time, three identical female robots were activated and brought before the console so that they could be programmed with the master computing devices latest machinations. While that was going on, the blonde maid walked in her loud and jerky way upstairs to prepare clothing for the trio.

One by one, each tall pretty blonde android walked upstairs and dressed in black. Their panties, bras, stockings, slacks, suit jackets and shoes all matched. Their hair was tied back in tight, slick ponytails and they put on identical black sunglasses. On their way to the door, each triplet picked up a purse containing a little black box and a pistol.

Now fully programmed and prepared, and with ice cold robotic efficiency, they exited and got into a black sedan with dark tinted windows. They pulled out onto the street and headed straight for Robot Control Station 2.