

Earlier that day, as Heather had left the old building and walked down its well worn steps, she looked around and scanned her surroundings. The raw data that was fed into her processors was used to make all those small decisions that she was designed to handle by herself. What would she do with the whole afternoon off? The pretty plastic and metal woman had no such thing as wants or desires flowing through her computer core. No processor time was given to any possibility but returning to her basement lab.

She downloaded the correct bus schedule while she walked to the stop a block away. The information - consisting of times, stop numbers and such - was whittled down to give her an estimate of 443.4 seconds to wait. While she passed the time, she carefully and methodically milled about and fidgeted slightly, so she would look less like a machine. Each movement she made was predetermined and contrived. Something as simple as a glance in another direction was performed within certain boundaries, the range of movements based on long strings of numbers generated randomly using the minuscule fluctuations of heat produced by her CPU.

None of the humans around her could possibly suspect such a perfectly functioning simulacrum to be anything other than what she appeared. They themselves acted much like she did, only without the intense and constant calculating of movements by their own brains. She was even an object of mild desire for some humans, who checked out and admired the cute fembot butt visible below the bottom of her jacket. Her brown gabardine slacks were tight enough in the right places to show off her finely manufactured padding and curves.

With the posture of a model and a face that looked placid and serene, she was definitely a beautiful woman, android or not. Her light brown hair was cut and styled in such a way as to highlight the round shape of her face. Blonde highlights in the front danced in the light breeze around her dark eyebrows, which raised with the slight smile she generated when the bus rounded the corner.

With her delicate mechanical hands, she opened the top flap of her purse, which had a rectangular plastic sleeve that held her bus pass. She held it in an open position, ready to show it to the driver when she stepped on to the bus.

A gust of cold air blew past the half dozen or so people on the sidewalk as the bus stopped and opened its folding door. In a flash, Heather scanned the area in front of her and computed her position relative to the doorway and the two people in front of her. She had to figure out when to cut in and step into the vehicle herself. This was a very complex series of calculations for her processors to make, and the fact that she did it twice a day didn't make it any easier. Some bodily systems had to be put on standby while her high-speed chips were busy getting her inside the bus. If anyone had watched closely enough, they would have noticed that her facial expression didn't change at all while she was navigating the entrance. Her facemask held a frozen look on it until she was in front of the driver, showing him the cardboard pass inside the clear plastic pocket.

He nodded slightly as she showed him a little smile, and she went to sit down. This required a whole new series of intense computations. First she had to visually scan the seats, seeing which ones were vacant at the same time that the people ahead of her were sitting themselves down. Not only that, but she had to keep moving forward at the same time. The same freeze came upon her attractive face while a blaze of controlled electron pulses flashed at near light speed inside her chest.

Finding an appropriate seat at last, she executed sitting down procedures. Her purse was closed and held on her lap while she settled the lower half of her body into the vinyl covered bench. More of the same style of calculations for small and mostly unnoticeable movements began and continued throughout the half-hour commute.

The bus ride to and from work was often the hardest part of her day. Robot Control was always looking for ways to simplify the operations of its gorgeous agents, but the way that things were now was pretty much the best its Main Computers could come up with. The whole notion of common sense, as opposed to tested and effective sets of rules and meta-rules, was still mostly unknown to the mass computer intelligence.

With so much going on inside, but looking so inactive from the outside, Heather pulled the cord for the next stop and got off the bus after it crossed the intersection. Her house was three blocks away, and the short walk gave her hard working electronic brain time to cool down some.

Arriving at Robot Control Station 17, she performed the usual routine of unlocking the door and stepping inside. The automatic household was mostly dormant, with no TVs or radios on, and the plastic-skinned mechanical maid standing upright in a booth downstairs.

While Heather walked down the stairs and was greeted by the synthesized female monotone voice of the laser scanning grid, one of Robot Control's many Maria units was working on a project of her own in the lab. She busily walked around the lab from console to console, with no one but the charging maid and a bunch of dormant fembots in glass booths to appreciate the sight of her beautiful naked body, with that ever-exposed and lighted recharge port just above her sexy buns.

The half-Asian, half-Caucasian looking robot technician was in the middle of reassembling a cute blonde lady when Heather walked in. The two fembots exchanged the usual, pre-programmed niceties, with Maria ordering Heather to sit in the vacant examination chair.

In short order, the information written on to Heather's hard drives that day was transferred into the Main Computer. That information was checked for errors, analyzed and stored, but wouldn't be thoroughly indexed until later. The project Maria was working on was much more important right now.

After Maria had completed all the tasks involved in preparing the Heather robot for the next day's work, she sent the obedient brown-haired beauty to recharge in her booth, and returned her processors' attention back to the beautiful short-haired blonde lying partially disassembled on the table.

Denise was already activated while Maria worked to put her back together. She stared with her beautiful and vacant eyes at the ceiling, waiting with eternal patience while the pretty brunette snapped and bolted various electronic components back into place.