

If things were off to a rough start for Byron, they were coming apart at the seams for the Main Computer at Robot Control Station 17. Problem piled upon problem while the exceedingly complex machine rebuilt itself from scratch. With no one to guide it, the system was reassembled in a haphazard and almost random way. Files were read and copied where they didn't belong, and much important data was either corrupted or accidentally erased in the process.

The female humanoid robots down in the basement weren't doing a whole lot better. Heather's synthetic roommate Karen, already low on power at the time of the crash, was now completely drained of electricity and standing with locked motors and joints just a few feet in front of her empty recharge booth. Even the still open recharge port on her backside was devoid of the usual indicator lights. The friendly and helpful looking cashier's smile she usually wore had vanished hours ago upon her entry into the house, and she now looked as emotionless as the rest of the fembots down there.

Across the room stood five of the androids on loan from Robot Lab 40. These plastic and metal ladies had not moved at all since taking their place in that line-up. They were set to low power consumption, but were quickly running out of juice just the same.

The sixth robot from Laurie's lab was still lying face-up on an examination table. Her unbelievably sexy curves were on full display, as was the inside of her chest through the open panel.

By circumstance, Anya now had the most electrical power remaining of all the fembots still in the basement. Her exposed LEDs still flashed as bright as ever while the occasional beep and tone came from inside her sexy body. The blinking lights that shone out of her chest were bright enough to reflect off her smooth and perfectly shaped plastic breasts. Her curvaceous and soft mechanical thighs were spread apart just enough to expose her beautifully constructed electronic vagina to the room. No one could see or appreciate it though.

As for Denise, that sandy blonde unit with the cute pixie cut was lying on her back next to one of the many consoles. Her facemask was off too, and her chest and stomach panels were open. Many specialised tools lay beside the opened android, awaiting the technician's touch to be used on the woman's internal circuitry. Because the crash had occurred during a diagnostic scan, connecting cables were still plugged into her open chest.

Her lifeless glass camera eyes stared up at the ceiling and recorded the unchanging view in front of her as her power levels drained and drained to almost nothing. She waited in vain for commands to be relayed from Maria's speaker to her electronic ears.

The beautiful half-oriental robot technician was in the worst shape of all the humanoid units. At the time of the crash and for the whole time since, she had been receiving incomplete and nonsensical commands from the Main Computer. Being just a machine with no will or judgement coded into her software, she had no choice but to obey.

The faulty supercomputer had sent her back and forth, this way and that, over and over until she ended up walking right into one of the tall data storage machines along the wall. She kept on walking when she hit it, even though that action sent her physically crashing backward to the floor.

Her facemask had come off during the collision, and bounced once on the ground beside her as she continued to make useless walking motions while in a horizontal position. The battery packs inside her thighs were sapped of energy with every repeating and pointless flex of her artificial limbs as she scuffed up her plastic skin on the hard concrete floor.

Much later, into all of that mess reemerged the Main Computer. Over eleven hours had passed, and most of the fembots had ran out of electricity. Karen was a no-show for her shift, and would likely be fired. Maria, without her cute face attached and lying in an awkward position on the cold floor, was out of power and not responding to commands.

Denise was nowhere to be found. Or so the Main Computer concluded. Because the sandy-blond robot had been connected for diagnostic scans during the crash, the now extremely buggy and addled supercomputer calculated that she was just another part of it - another appendage. Without the capacity to know any differently, Denise layed on the wheeled table, now being just an extension of the mass artificial intelligence that was the Main Computer.

The seemingly missing Denise unit presented the computer with yet another huge problem, but at least the prototype renegade robot detection system had not been lost. The computer could easily find that hardware, installed as it was inside a woman-shaped peripheral device. But try as it might, it couldn't find Denise.

Now operating very slowly and far from efficiently, the Main Computer hatched a plan. It needed to have Maria up and functioning again. Luckily, the sexy ultra-robotic brunette maidbot was still in relatively good shape. The maidbot series were stronger and had more battery power than the humanoid agents or even the technicians. The maid had gone about its preprogrammed routine for the last several hours, blissfully unaware of the digital turmoil in the basement.

After a couple of hours of just standing out of view in a bedroom waiting for more commands, the signal receiver in the maidbot's head was again activated. The encrypted signal was barely coherent, but was nonetheless 'understood' by the scantily clad female machine. Her extremely loud servos whirred as her plastic body clicked and beeped its stiff way down to the basement lab once more.

The comparatively basic cameras in her head located the Maria unit almost instantly. Running off her newly downloaded instructions, the electronic maid walked slowly and jerkily in her inhuman way over to where the sexy technician had fallen. With her strong metal arms, she grabbed and lifted the petite droid off the floor and dropped her damaged body on a wheeled examination table. The fallen facemask hadn't enter the equation, so it remained where it was.

The maid wheeled poor Maria over to one of the consoles so the Main Computer could reboot her and give her the required diagnostic scans. After plugging the brunette robot into the console, the maidbot went to fetch a long electrical cord. One end got plugged into the technician's readily exposed recharge port while the other end got plugged into a wall socket.

Lights flashed furiously all inside Maria's body as electricity reached her circuitry once more. Her android chassis twitched and jerked all around while the computer tried to set up the diagnostic process.

Now the simply designed maidbot acted as the Main Computer's eyes and ears. She relayed binary data quickly through her wireless transmitter as she watched Maria flail and fall down off the table. The thumb on the technician's right hand broke almost completely off as the silicone covered metal woman hit the ground. Sparks came out of the damaged part as she kept on wildly flexing and turning her motors and limbs.

The maid watched and waited for more commands. The supercomputer struggled to keep up with the worsening situation while it devised new sets of instructions for the robot in the French maid

outfit. After successful transmission of the latest batch, the maid got to work. She stopped Maria's twitching by disconnecting the electrical power supply.

The faceless technician came to a halt. Then, being instructed by the slow and uncertain supercomputer, the robot maid performed emergency repairs and modifications on Maria. First, she was hoisted back on to the table. Then her synthetic skin was opened and mostly removed by the maid's sharp and tough plastic nails. The soft, perky breasts that came standard with these Maria units retained their shape as the silicone padding came off with the skin.

Now with most of her vital machinery and circuitry out in the open, Maria was altered by the hands of the maid. The internal cables that supplied energy to the technician's limbs were gently disconnected one by one. Next, the processors and CPU inside her chest were disconnected from the audio and visual input devices in her head.

After some more disconnections and modifications, she could once more be connected to the wall outlet. When the maid finally turned her body over and plugged her in, she simply rebooted.

"MARIA SERIES 032 TECHNICIAN ROBOT SERIAL NUMBER 00208 ACTIVATED." she said in the metallic and monotone sounding version of her voice. The maid scanned and recorded the patterns of flashing LEDs and the streams of computerized tones coming from Maria's uncovered head. She relayed the data to the console as she watched the displays run their course.

"DIAGNOSTIC MODE." Maria said, as data in the form of pulsating energy charged through the still connected cables that ran from her chest to the console.