

Natasha received and processed a batch of commands from the Master Computing Device. She picked up the disembodied forearm from the cart and turned her naked android body around. As she walked steadily forward she recorded the image of the blonde enforcer droid sitting up on the examination table. She held the arm out to the droid and ran the necessary software procedures to generate the orders she would relate.

"Unit E3976C," the pretty technician said, "please reattach your left forearm."

With her facemask still off, the blonde fembot turned that head full of electronics to look at the other woman. A stiff servo motor whirr accompanied that motion, barely audible over the constant beeping, clicking and buzzing of all the imposing looking metal consoles around them.

The golden yellow hair built into the woman's scalp was tied up in a tight, straight ponytail as usual, and her partial uniform of a black bra and panties were also still on. Unit E3976C was one of three identical machines here. She and her 'sisters', E3976A and E3976B, were of the Enforcer Droid series. They were all identical, just as the Natashas were. Fembot Command had built thousands of them to be that organisation's synthetic defense and offence.

Emotionless, strong and durable - they had before been responsible for terminating the operation of many other fembots... and some humans as well. This particular lady hadn't yet done anything of the sort, but she was always ready and able.

Except for right now, that is. Natasha watched the shapely, fit looking fembot stick the end of the plastic and metal appendage back to where it belonged. She made some calculations then plugged the blonde into the nearby console through her already opened chest.

"Unit E3976C," Natasha said, "Please test and examine the functionality of your left forearm. Run diagnostic scans on the device and upload the results to the Master Computing Device."

"YES... NATASHA..." she replied in her thoroughly mechanised monotone. No one could mistake that sound for something lifelike.

Natasha mindlessly watched as the robot began to flex and turn its newly attached arm. All the motors, gears and flexors were worked to all their limits and positions, and the data collected by the arm's many sensors was sent through the black wire that remained plugged into her chest. The diagnostic scans processed by the buxom blonde's CPU then transmitted similar data from their digital, binary point of view.

The door to the lab slid open with a swish sound. Pam entered looking as mindless now as she really was. Her large tits bounced to her rhythmic walk as she went to go stand in the usual spot.

Natasha turned to look at the full-figured beauty as new instructions came wirelessly into her head. Once her chest had finished processing those commands, she walked over to Pam.

"Hello Pam," she said. "How was your day?"

"My day was fine," Pam replied. "Thank you."

Her face now looked static and lifeless. She had stopped running many of her human emulation algorithms and subroutines upon entry into Marcia's house. That was standard procedure. It didn't make sense to appear lifelike when nothing that lived was around to appreciate it.

"Please remove your clothes and sit next to the data exchange console." the technician ordered.

"Yes Natasha." Pam said, and began to undress.

Natasha's light brown hair bounced about her shoulders in an oddly out of place, feminine way as she turned around to go finish up with the Enforcer Droid. As Pam got naked and sat down in the padded high-back chair, she passively recorded the view of Natasha's sexy plastic ass as it wiggled to her steps. Under her normal operating conditions, Pam would have begun to process a few sex-related calculations and probability factors at such a sight. But here in the lab that functionality was temporarily disabled.

Natasha entered some things into a keyboard on the console and turned to face the blonde. "Unit E3976C, please finish your current batch of examinations and diagnostic scans. Await further commands."

"YES... NATASHA..." she said as bright LEDs in red, green, yellow and blue flashed fast and in complicated patterns around the exposed wiring and circuitry in her head. She kept on with what she had been doing before, and flexed her fingers methodically as Natasha walked back over to Pam.

"Pam, please remove your facemask and open your chest panel." the technician ordered.

"Yes Natasha." Brad's fiancée said as she reached up to comply with the orders. That crucial few centimeters of silicone and circuitry that separated Brad from the truth about her came off first. She now looked as unmistakably false as the blonde machine on the table across the room.

That facemask went in her lap, and her hand reached up to nonchalantly expose another twelve square inches of android technology to the room. Fembot Command had also recently learned the shortcut of downloading from both the head and the chest of its agents at the same time.

In quick succession, the right series of cables got plugged into Pam. They connected her hard drives and her audio/video/sensory system to her true master - Fembot Command's basement supercomputer.

The transfer of data began. All the experiences of this synthetic wife-to-be were sent as strings of 1s and 0s at near light speed to the ever blinking and flashing consoles around her. This is where the real thinking would be done. The Master Computing Device set to work right away at Pam's issues and problems. Brad, Marcus, Jessica, Charlie, and everyone or everything else she interacted with got converted to complicated equations and numbers.

While the gorgeous plump Pam unit sat naked and partially revealed in that chair, Natasha watched and read every last digit as it was transferred into the big machines. Several monitors were attached to the ceiling above those terminals, and they flashed the data at impossibly fast speeds as massive swarms of binary code.

Since the processors connected to her electronic eyes could focus on her entire field of vision, Natasha could watch it all at once. She spotted no errors or anomalies in the code. While that happened, Unit E3976C lowered her newly repaired arm and halted all activity while she waited for her next orders. Things were going as planned.

Now the time came to get Pam's hair replaced. Natasha walked behind the woman and held up her index finger to the back of Pam's head. From the tip of that finger extended a small but strong pry

tool. The technician used it to break the seal between the scalp and the skin of Pam's neck, then lifted enough of the silicone to expose a series of circular holes.

Natasha poked the tool into the holes and used it as a screwdriver. One by one the screws in the holes were set to the right position. When that was accomplished, the entire locking mechanism that kept the ingenious hair system attached to the robot released its hold. The rest of the scalp peeled away easily, revealing the cold looking metal of Pam's cranium.

Pam's glass eyes continued to stare out blankly through it all. She would have known exactly what was happening had she given it any thought, but there was no thought at all going through her processors. That functionality too had been temporarily deactivated.

While she sat there in a perfectly empty state, Natasha got a new scalp and a new hairdo unpackaged for her. The underside of the silicone apparatus held excess hair neatly tucked away so that it could be gradually pushed out and extended over the next three weeks or so. It fit neatly exactly where the old scalp had been, and clicked into place along the perimeter and some spots in the middle.

After it had been attached, Natasha used her fingertip pry tool to set the screws in those holes back into the locking position. Through structures that were nanoscopic in scale, the edges of the scalp came into a tight seal with the surrounding silicone and brought the replacement piece into perfect alignment. The seal was so tight and flawless as to be waterproof.

A few minutes after Natasha had finished that, The Master Computing Device had finished analysing and computing Pam's data. One major problem was apparent right away. The amount of control that the fembot held over the human was diminishing. This had been anticipated after the previous evening's repair session, but not to this degree. It appeared that not even sustained maximum secretion of her artificial sex hormones and pheromones could sway her biological target enough.

It took the supercomputer a little more processing to find a solution - almost an hour. In the meantime, Natasha prepared the android agent for her eventual return to the world of people. The pretty mask that was her face got reattached, and the new mane of long black hair styled to look like it hadn't just been encased in cellophane.

The stiff moving, ultra-robotic blonde maidbot came around to, and beeped and whirred as she picked Pam's clothes from the cold clean floor. She set those neatly on the table nearby and stood at attention, still making lots of unnatural computer noises as she stared out with unblinking glass eyes.

When the newest plans and programming were ready for Brad's woman, they got sent immediately into her chest. Newly streamlined and automated procedures had been developed, so the new programming would simply load itself into her current software configuration once the transfer was complete.

Another transfer went on between the pretty technician and her console-encased controller. Natasha went over and got a small fluid cannister from out of a cabinet along the wall. With it she returned to Pam's naked seated body.

"Pam, please extend your right arm and detach the bottom cover of your forearm." Natasha ordered.

"Yes Natasha." Pam said as she held out her arm, underside up.

A click came from the part as a seam appeared just below the elbow. Natasha pulled away and removed the lower half of that forearm, and inserted the small tube of liquid into an empty receptacle. The ends were clamped by some of Pam's machinery, and the technician put the bottom cover back where it belonged.

"Pam," Natasha said, "please exchange your spent battery cartridges with fresh battery cartridges and return to your mission."

"Yes Natasha." the robot said.

She got out of the chair while some of her new software began to install itself. Her plump buns jiggled nicely to the sway of her wide hips as she walked over to get new batteries inside her. The undersides of her thighs came off then as she began the process. The old cylinders came out of her left leg first, and were replaced by ones that were fully charged. The same thing happened inside her right thigh, and the covers of curvaceous flesh went back into place again. That was the fast way of doing it. Having Natasha take care of that would have added precious minutes to the process.

Pam sorted through her new instructions and loaded the software that would allow her to dress herself. She walked past the short-haired maid in the see-through uniform and began to put her clothing back on. She wasted no time and was soon looking like she had when she had entered the lab.

Without words of parting, she left and climbed up the stairs to the kitchen. Marcia was waiting there, unmoved since she had let her friend into the house. She activated her motion systems too, and led her fellow fembot on her way out. It was only when the two got to the door that their human emulation software booted up once more.

Marcia immediately unpaused their previous conversation as Pam got her handbag over her shoulder. The two traded comments and smiles like real women would, and kept on talking that way as Pam stepped out of the door.

"I'll call you later then." Pam said with a cheerful smile as she turned one last time to face Marcia.

"Okay," that robot responded, "let me know how you like the recipe!"

"Okay, bye!!" Pam said with a final wave. She walked over to her vehicle and disarmed the alarm. She unlocked the door and got in.

Colin was in his parked car a few houses away. He snapped pictures through a remote control that led to his camera. Its zoom lens would pick up what he couldn't get close enough to see. He watched her through the rearview as she started the engine and backed the SUV out of the driveway.

She drove up toward him on her way. She didn't even glance his way as she passed, but he had come prepared - he was busily studying the map he had unfolded over the steering wheel.

With a quick look up at the road a few seconds after that, he blithely folded up the map again and took his time going the long way around back to his office.

