

How I Became a MaidBot

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Ever since I was a little girl I've always had a fascination with maids, I used to dress up as one and follow our two maids around the house as they went about their chores, they would let me give them a hand with small tasks, I eventually was given a maid's outfit in my size by my mother, who at this point had given up trying to dissuade me from 'pestering the maids' as she stated and let them get on with their work.

The two maids didn't mind, they were both middle aged and thought I looked cute in my maid's outfit, I sometimes even ate with them down in the kitchen. People who came by the house soon got used to seeing me in my maids outfit; I was a regular serving guests at parties and family gatherings at the house, though I was sent off to bed by early evening, much to my disappointment.

My parents thought it was just a phase I was going through and 'entertained' their little girl with the thought that she was just like the other maids in the house, although my Dad did have some reservations about the outfit but my Mother overcame those, saying that I would soon grow tired of being a maid and all of the work involved, plus they thought that as I grew up I would eventually grow out of this phase.

During my early teens I was more obsessed with study and discovered boys, so the maid in me took a back seat and the times that I would wear my maid's outfit became less and less over time, much to my parents relief. But I still played maid whenever I could, even if it was just in my bedroom studying, I would find comfort in wearing the outfit.

Mum would come in to check on me as I studied, bring me a snack or drink and find me dressed in the maid's outfit, she didn't really mind as I explained to her that it relaxed me and helped me study. In times of stress I would wear the outfit and become a maid in my mind, even if I was not doing the tasks normally associated with being a maid, it helped me to find inner peace.

I eventually moved out of the house and into my own apartment near to where my college was located, I was far from home and on my own for the first time in my life. It was a time of great stress but also a time when I could find myself, a young woman of the world. I made friends with several other students, mostly girls of my own age and we ventured out as all young adults do to explore and enjoy our time in college.

When I was back on my own in my apartment I often wore my maid outfits, which I now had several of, mostly just to do the chores like cleaning, vacuuming etc, which I had done back at home as one of the housemaids, it just seemed natural for me to wear this outfit when performing these tasks. Then one day a friend of mine called on me,

unannounced and unexpectedly, just as I was in mid-cleaning, I just forgot what I was wearing and answered the door as I normally would.

The look on her face as she saw me brought back the fact that I was still in my maids outfit, “Oh... umm.... Hi Jean...” I stammered.

“Hi Tracy, going to a costume party?” she asked as she looked me up and down.

“Ummm... No.” I replied.

“Then why are you dressed up as a maid?” she inquired.

My secret was now out; I’d been caught by one of my friends whilst dressed as a maid.

“You’d best come in and I’ll tell you.” I said.

Jean entered and I closed the door, she just stood there looking at my outfit, we had both come from wealthy families and both had had maids in the house looking after things. She sat down on one of the chairs and looked to me for an explanation.

“I usually dress like this when doing my housework,” I explained, “I’ve been doing this since I was a little girl, it just seems a natural to me when cleaning.”

Jean asked, “You dressed as a maid as a child? And your parents were okay with that!”

I replied, “Yes, at first they tried to discourage me but I would continue to follow the maids around and help with their tasks so eventually Mum bought me a maid outfit of my own.”

Jean said, “And you enjoy being a maid?”

“Why yes of course, as I said I have been dressing this way since I was a small child, I used to serve at family gatherings and everyone thought that I looked cute dressed as a mini-maid.”

Jean asked, “So you now dress this way when home?”

I said, “Usually yes, but mostly when I’m performing household tasks like cleaning.”

Jean said, “Wow! My parents would have freaked out, maybe even sent me to some child psychiatrist to get me checked out. I think they would have thought it beneath my status to act like one of the maids.”

I said to her, “Mmm, well my Dad was against the idea, especially the maid outfit but my Mum brought him around, saying that I would grow out of it eventually.”

“Well seems like your Mother was wrong then,” she laughed, “seeing as you’re still dressing up as the maid as a fully grown woman.”

I laughed, now relaxed in her presence, “Yes it seems that way doesn’t it.”

Jean stated, “So maid, go fix me a drink.”

Without thinking I said, “Yes, Madam,” and dutifully performed my task, just like a real maid would do, I didn’t seem shocked that she’d just ordered me to get her a drink. I returned with a coke on a tray, with ice in a separate glass as I had seen the other maids do, and had done so at home myself.

“Thank you, maid,” She said, with a smirk appearing on her face.

I curtsied and said, “Thank you Madam,” in my best maid voice.

We both burst out laughing, me standing there in my maids outfit holding the tray and her sitting with the glass in her hand.

As I hadn’t expected her visiting me today, I asked, “So why are you here?”

“Well,” she replied, “I have a huge favor to ask of you.”

I said, now sitting down next to her, “Go ahead, ask,”

She said, “My apartment is in dire need of major repairs and the landlord has told me that everyone will need to move out whilst the builders renovate the property. I wanted to ask you if I could move into your spare bedroom whilst this was going on.”

I said, “Sure no problem it’ll be great to have some company.”

Jean replied, “Wonderful! That would be a great help to me.”

I said again in my maid voice, laughing, “That’s okay, I am glad I could be of service to you, Madam.”

Not long after that Jean moved her things into the apartment, seeing as she had more things than me, especially clothes, I suggested that she take the main bedroom because it had more cupboard and storage space than the spare room. So I moved my things into the spare room and Jean settled herself into the main bedroom.

I made some dinner while she was unpacking. Cooking is something I enjoy doing, I

used to watch the maids back home, and they taught me how to cook. Once dinner was nearly ready I thought that I would play a little game with Jean and went to my room and dressed myself up in one of my maid outfits, I returned to the kitchen without Jean seeing me.

I called out from the kitchen that dinner was ready and would be served in the dining room, actually a table and chairs that were behind the sofa near the kitchen. Jean emerged from her bedroom and sat at the table waiting for me to bring the food from the kitchen. Her mouth opened when I walked out in my maid's outfit carrying her dinner on a tray, I walked over to her and presented her meal just as a normal maid would have done.

I said, "There you are Madam, Dinner is served," whilst laying her plate from the tray on the table in front of her.

Jean looked from me to the food and then back to me and said, "Thank you maid, could you get me a glass of wine to accompany this delightful meal."

I dutifully curtsied and returned to the kitchen without another thought, found the wine, a glass, poured it, then returned, and presented the wine to her. We both burst out laughing again, me still standing there in my outfit.

Jean said, "You'd best join me before the food gets cold."

I replied, "Yes Madam," and turned and walked into the kitchen to get my own meal.

After the meal I was still dressed as a maid and cleaning up, Jean asked me if I really liked being a maid.

I replied, "Yes, I do. I like the way it frees me from too many other things that are going on in my life, I find it relaxing and comforting to be like this."

Jean replied, "Well don't let me being here stop you from your maid duties, it would be nice to be looked after like being back home, I'd find it relaxing too."

So from that day on I assumed the role of maid, served Jean, and cleaned the apartment, my mind was always calmer when in 'maid-mode' as I called it. I accepted my role in the household and performed any tasks that Jean told me to do. She never treated me badly or looked down on me as she may have done if she had been back at her family home. We still hung out as friends when outside the apartment and spent many hours having fun and enjoying our lives.

Then one day we were at home, Jean was relaxing, and I was performing my maid's duties. I had just served her a drink when the doorbell rang, I asked not expecting any visitors, "Who could that be?"

Jean stated, “Well you best answer the door so we can both find out.”

Without thinking, I just walked over to the front door as if it was normal, me being the maid, to answer the door. Upon opening the door, there stood a couple of friends from college. I said, “Hi Steve, Hi Valerie, what are you doing...”

Before I could finish what I was about to say Jean said impatiently, “Well don’t just stand there maid, let them in!”

I curtsied and bade them to enter the apartment as instructed.

“Sorry about that,” Jean said, “my maid needs more training!”

Steve & Valerie laughed as they walked passed me and over to where Jean was now standing, Jean gave them hugs as she greeted her guests.

At that moment I realized I was still dressed in my maid’s outfit and became embarrassed at them seeing me like this, but Jean took over and ordered drinks for her friends.

Without thinking, I complied without hesitation really for two reasons, one to get out of sight, and the other my ‘maid-mode’ was kicking in and following my instructions. I walked quickly into the kitchen and breathed a sigh of relief, and then began to look for some cold drinks to take back out to Jean’s guests.

I placed the items on a tray, ice separate in a bucket, and glasses chilled, as Jean had instructed me to do, then I returned to face my new audience.

I said in my best maid voice, “Your drinks madam!”

Jean stated, “Thank you maid, and please serve my guests first.”

I walked over to Valerie and offered her the tray I was carrying; she took her drink all the while observing me. It was the same with Steve; he took his drink from the tray and said, “Thanks.”

I then served Jean, she took her time getting ice from the bucket, keeping me bent over slightly whilst I served her. This prolonged the time I was in full view of Steve & Valerie with my face going several shades of red in the process.

Jean said to me, “My guests would like some snacks maid, please go and fetch them.”

Again I complied and returned to the kitchen, my ‘maid-mode’ taking over my body and mind, I quickly found some snacks and returned this time less embarrassed and more like a maid of the house complying with her Mistresses instructions. Again I served the guests first and then attended to Jean, and then I just stood there next to her awaiting

further instructions.

Valerie said, “Well Jean, I like your new apartment, it’s very spacious, and even better it comes with its own servant!”

Jean replied, “Yes, it’s very handy having a maid here to perform the mundane tasks.”

Steve exclaimed not taking his eyes off of me, “Yes she looks very good in that uniform!”

Today Jean had asked me to wear my French Maid’s outfit; I didn’t think anything of it at the time and dutifully wore it as she had requested. I had been enjoying pretending to be her maid for the past few weeks she had been here, it just seemed to fit naturally that I assumed this role as her servant.

Jean replied, “Oh yes, she does look good in this one,” her eyes looking at my legs from my feet upward as I stood there.

Valerie said to Jean, “So, how long have you had this maid?”

Jean replied, expecting me to say something to contradict her, “Oh not long, but she has been a maid all her life, trained from an early age to accept her role in the household.”

Steve asked, “Does she speak?”

Jean replied, “Why yes, maid why don’t you say something.”

I replied blushing, “I’m not sure what to say Madam.”

Jean said, “Well why don’t you tell them your history and why you like being a maid.”

So I told them the whole story of how I’d been fascinated with being a maid since I was a young girl, dressing up as one whenever I could, and how I found it relaxing, all the while, standing there in my French maid’s outfit as though I was another servant being told what to do. I hadn’t been instructed to sit by my Mistress, so it never entered my head to actually sit down.

Once I was finished Steve & Valerie asked me many questions, I gave honest answers to them, my previous embarrassment seemed to have evaporated, and they seem to accept me as just a maid in the house.

Jean said, “Well maid, I think my guests could use some more drinks, why don’t you fetch us some.”

While I was gone in the kitchen the three of them spoke, and while there was some laughter most of the conversation sounded more serious.

When I returned they stopped speaking, I served them their drinks and again waited by Mistress's side for further instructions.

Jean said, "You see why I think she would be perfect for your project, she's already fairly compliant with her maid duties and would be great for what you have in mind."

I was curious at what Jean had just said but kept quiet, as it wasn't my place to speak out of turn.

Steve replied, "Yes, I think that maybe you're right."

To which Valerie replied, "Maybe, but what does Tracy, our maid think?"

I didn't know what they were talking about, they had kept the conversation to themselves, it wasn't until Jean spoke that I actually asked them what their project was.

Jean said, "They want to use you for their college project, they are working on a robotics project that would enable android maids to be used in people's homes."

Valerie said, "Yes, we need a test subject that we can use to evaluate our work, someone who already knows all about a maid's duties and is willing to perform them for our study."

Steve interrupted saying, "We can't pay you for it as we have limited funds and are unable to hire someone..."

Valerie added, "Besides, they would not be suitable for the project to work as we planned since they might corrupt the study because they are lazy, or unwilling, to perform tasks assigned to them."

Jean said, "My maid, Tracy, is probably your best chance for success with your project?"

Steve, again eyeing my French Maid outfit, replied, "Well yes Tracy would be ideal,"

Valerie added, "Yes I think that it would work, but only if Tracy, your maid, and you agree of course."

Jean laughed and said, "Well I'm sure that my maid here would love to help you out, although I want her back here when you're done with her. Someone has to keep this place clean!"

Valerie said, "We could run some of the study from here, after all it's mostly domestic

duties that Tracy would be performing, and this would be a controlled environment that your maid already is familiar and comfortable with.”

“We’d have to move some of our equipment here to facilitate the project,” said Steve, “and maybe stay over to run the tests and observe her reactions.”

Jean said, “Sure not a problem, from what you told me my maid here doesn’t need much space and we can fit you in quite easily, she can even cook and clean for you.”

Valerie said, “Well that would be part of the test phase anyway.”

Jean said, “Well then it’s agreed. When do you want to start? We have plenty of time before we return to college and I’m sure my maid would love to help.”

Of course I said nothing but my mind was awash with different thoughts, here I was about to embark of some unknown project, all the while becoming a servant to not only Jean, but Steve & Valerie as well.

Valerie asked me, “What do you think?”

I probably should have thought about it for a while but “Whatever Madam wishes...” was all I could reply.

They soon moved all of their gear into the apartment, taking over my bedroom and spreading their stuff all over the place. I thought, ‘More to dust.’

Steve & Valerie were soon settled in and I continued with my maid duties, cooking for them and cleaning, getting drinks when commanded and generally running around after them.

Then one day, a knock on the door, broke my chain of thought.

“Could you get that?” asked Valerie, I curtsied and headed towards the door which was natural as can be for a maid of the house.

I opened the door, “Welcome,” I said to the two standing there.

“Wow!” one of the men exclaimed.

They then walked passed me into the apartment that seemingly was no longer mine, I had given up my bedroom first to Jean when she moved in and now to Steve & Valerie for their project.

Steve & Valerie welcomed the two like long lost friends, hugging each other, they then

turned to me as I had finished closing the door and was walking back towards them.

Steve exclaimed excitedly, “This is our test subject! Isn’t she great?”

I heard one say, “Yes she seems perfect, looks good too!”

The other said, “I think she fits the bill.”

Valerie walked over to me and said, “Tracy, this is Charles and Vincent, they are the brains behind this project, they were excited to meet you in the flesh.”

I said in my maid voice, “Welcome Charles, welcome Vincent, nice to meet you. Can I get you any refreshments?”

Charles said in an English accent, “I would love a cup of tea, please.”

Vincent said, “Coffee for me.”

I said, “Tea & Coffee it is then,” and headed off to the kitchen.

They talked amongst themselves whilst I was preparing the Tea & Coffee for our new guests, pottering about the kitchen I didn’t realize that they were discussing me, but then I was the focus of their project, which I still had no information about.

I served them their drinks and they carried on talking as though I weren’t there, “Thank you maid, you may return to your duties now.” Said Valerie, understanding that I was standing there waiting for further instructions.

“See she’s perfect, follows direction, almost as if she were a robot already!” said Steve to the others.

They all agreed that the project should progress immediately, then they started talking about the project but by that time I was busy elsewhere in the apartment performing my maid’s duties.

The next day, after sleeping on a camp bed in the laundry sharing my space with the washing machine, I awoke before everyone and began dressing as a maid to cook breakfast for everyone. Once ready I woke them up with a cup of coffee and informed them that breakfast would be served in five minutes.

They emerged still in their nightwear as I exited the kitchen with platefuls of food prepared for them, Jean joined them too, and they seemed to be in bright spirits today, it was to be the first day of testing their new project.

During the day I went about my duties, cleaning, washing, and preparing drinks when requested by them, they were observing my actions and reactions to their commands and

requests; I dutifully carried out each of them, as though this was a normal everyday thing.

On the third day Valerie asked me to sit down and began to explain the project to me. They were developing a new type of android servant, one that was programmed to perform menial tasks just like a maid. I was going to be their guinea pig, their test subject, they were going to use certain things to enable me to perform my tasks easier, and this would enable others to enjoy the benefits of having a maid around the house.

She said to me, “You will be under our direct control; we will be monitoring you and giving you inputs that enable you to be a servant.”

I asked Valerie, “So a sort of mind control then?”

Valerie explained, “Well yes, you’ll be wearing a device that connects to the main computer. The device enables us to program your maid functions and also monitor your responses.”

I said, “I’d be under your control, like a robot?”

Valerie said, “Yes, you’d be functioning like a robot maid, following set commands and enabling us to change and reprogram the system, you, to follow what parameters we set out.”

I asked Valerie, “What is the control device like?”

“It’s a collar that you wear; it connects to your neural network and enables us to control you via the computer, and through voice commands, all the while collecting valuable data that will enable the project to move forward.”

I said, “Okay, sounds a bit scary, so when do we start?”

Valerie responded, “Now if you are ready and want to, we have everything set up and waiting to go, we just needed to let you know what it is that you’ll be experiencing.”

I replied, “Well I enjoy being a maid anyway, so what’s the difference, I might even enjoy the new experience.”

Valerie said, “Okay, Steve can you come out here and bring the others with you.”

Steve, Vincent, & Charles came out of my former bedroom carrying some equipment with them, they all had smiles on their faces, and I felt like a rabbit about to be dissected by them.

Charles said, expressing concern for me, “Now this may hurt a little whilst it makes the connection.”

The collar was brought up to my neck and Valerie helped fasten it around me, checking that it wasn't too tight or loose, "I have to make sure we get a good connection," she explained.

Once fastened, they began connecting the collar up to a laptop computer; I could see some sort of program on the screen, lots of numbers and such, it was well beyond me. Jean by this time had also joined us and I asked her to hold my hand, as a friend would when one was about to undergo something scary.

Jean said, "No problem Tracy." That was the first time that she'd used my name in a while and I smiled at her.

"Okay here we go," said Vincent, as he pressed a button on the keyboard.

I felt a slight tingling of electricity from the back of the collar on my neck, "It tickles!" I said.

"That's good," said Valerie, "it means that the connection is being made, just bear with us whilst we download the information."

I thought, 'Download?'

Just then it hit me, my brain seemed to open up and allow them access, all of my memories flooded through my mind, the little girl as a maid, serving people at parties, growing up dressing and behaving like a maid, to when I moved into the apartment and became Jean's maid. I was always a maid it seems, my only memories were of me being a maid.

Then I felt new information flow into me, my eyes were open but I could not see anything, still the information was downloading into me. Several routines, programs and other things concerning my duties as a MaidBot were sent via the computer into my brain which I came to accept as my own thoughts.

It was several hours before I awoke. My mind had now been completely transformed into that of a MaidBot. There were several people looking at me as I opened my eyes, some showing concern on their faces others just watching me observing my reactions.

Jean said, "Maid, wake up!"

Valerie responded, "No, maid start operations, state your designation and function."

Steve told Jean, "We have to conform to standard protocols, otherwise it will throw off the programming."

Jean said, "Oh my, well you best teach me how to use this maid then!"

Valerie said, “We will Jean. Maid, what is your designation and function?” Valerie repeated the statement not sure if the programming had worked.

I heard myself say, “MaidBot 001, madam, my function is that of a domestic MaidBot, my duties include...”

Valerie interrupted, “Okay MaidBot 001! Tell me how you feel?”

I replied, “Feel madam? The MaidBot is not programmed to feel, only to carry out preset or programmed functions, and to perform to your commands.” I was unable to say anything else, but in my mind I was still a bit wobbly and still coming to terms with the mass of information dumped into my brain. The part of me, that was me, wanted to say that I was okay, but I couldn’t say what I wanted.

Jean asked with a concerned tone, “Are you okay?”

The MaidBot in me replied, “I’m fine madam and awaiting your command.”

Charles said, “Okay, let me run some tests to check to make sure everything went alright and didn’t damage the subject in any way.”

Jean exclaimed, “Subject, that’s Tracy, my best friend!” I would have hugged her if I could but it wasn’t in my programming to allow me to do so.

Valerie, getting hold of Jean’s shoulders and moving her away, “Yes okay! We need to let the boys see what is going on. Come let’s go into the kitchen for a drink, shall we?”

I was left with the three boys, as Valerie called them, they ran several tests, some involving my movements and responses, others I couldn’t see but they fiddled about on their computers checking and rechecking their data. Satisfied with all of their results, they started to pack up their computers and other devices.

Charles said, “She seems to be acting under normal parameters. Let’s see how she works.”

Steve commanded, “MaidBot 001, walk to the kitchen.”

I tried to stand up, my legs were a bit wobbly, but soon I stood straight, “Maid obeys,” I said and walked unsteady to the kitchen. Jean & Valerie were sitting there as I walked in; they both looked at me wondering why I was there.

Steve commanded, “MaidBot get me a drink of water.”

I walked over to the cupboard, picked up a glass, and then walked to the sink where I turned on the tap and filled the glass with water. Then I turned and walked back to where Steve was standing.

“Here is your water, Sir” I said, amazed that I did this without any effort of my part, I seemed to be doing this remotely under someone else’s control.

Jean said, “MaidBot, would you get me a drink too.”

I answered, “Yes, Madam, what sort of drink do you wish?”

Jean said, “Oh, she doesn’t seem to remember what I like.”

“She just needs clear, concise instructions while in the learning phase,” then Valerie said, “MaidBot get Jean a coke from the fridge.”

I followed the command and walked to the fridge, ‘Cool, I thought, this is going to be fun being under the control of someone else, just like a real maid’. I returned with the drink in my hand and poured it as instructed by my programming.

They had me perform several more tests, observing my movements and reactions, as they did so I was enjoying the freedom letting them take over my body for their project. I found it to very relaxing to go along with whatever they wanted me to do, ‘Great,’ I thought, ‘I’m now a real robot-maid.’

It was late into the night before they all grew tired and decided that it was time to get to bed, during the time that I had been put through my initial testing one of the boys had set up a recharging station in the laundry, well I was just another machine around the house after all I thought. I was shown into the pod and how to connect up to recharge as they put it. The pod would monitor my programming and also feed a small current into my body which they said would charge me; I wouldn’t need to eat as much from now on.

The next morning I awoke feeling refreshed, with what seemed to me to be the best sleep ever, my body felt more alive than it ever had and I really felt good and looked forward to my day as a MaidBot. I had spent the night dressed in my maid’s uniform, I straightened myself out as I disconnected from the machine, something seemed, in my mind, to be missing but I couldn’t yet place what it was.

I walked to the kitchen as usual and began preparing breakfast for Jean and her guests, my duties seemed to include this feature as I scanned my memory for what I should be doing this early, I hadn’t been commanded by anyone to do this but to me it seemed like a natural thing to do first thing in the morning.

I had Breakfast nearly prepared, and the coffee was ready, so I went about the apartment waking everyone up. I left a cup of coffee with each person, and reminded them breakfast would be ready soon. The boys all shared my guest room whilst Valerie & Jean shared the master bedroom, and my old bed. They were all surprised by my actions, I

was pleased that I could serve them, I was very happy when they all responded to me as their MaidBot.

Jean asked me, “How are you feeling this morning MaidBot?”

I said to Jean, laughing on the inside while thinking, ‘wow how cool is this,’ “I feel fine Mistress; this MaidBot is performing within normal parameters and is waiting to serve at your command.”

I served breakfast and then went about my cleaning chores following the prompts from the main computer that seemed to be controlling my body; I relaxed and let the system take over. I seemed to be more efficient under the computer’s control, I spent less energy performing tasks, and spent less time doing them. I was having a wonderful time without a care in the world as I continued with my duties.

After breakfast they sat me down and performed several tests again, performed more programming with the computer, more instructions were downloaded into my collar, and the results of my first day’s operation were uploaded for them to study.

Jean was a bit concerned, she liked me as her maid but also wanted to look after my welfare; she took Valerie aside and asked, “Has Tracy used the toilet yet, has she been allowed to shower? What are the program guidelines, for waste disposal, and when is she going to eat, I haven’t seen her eat yet.”

Valerie replied, “She won’t need to eat much, though she will require some food & water during the day. We set timers for Tracy’s feeding, about an hour from now, you’re right to be concerned with your MaidBot; she is part human after all!”

Jean exclaimed, “Part human!”

Valerie replied, “Yes well, she’s now part of the computer system that controls her, she is adapted to work as a MaidBot following commands and programming. Her mental side is the part that is not human at the moment, it’s under our control.”

Jean asked, “It’s not permanent is it?”

Valerie winked, “No, only while she’s wearing the collar, though we could make it permanent if you wish! Think about it!”

They were interrupted by my walking into the kitchen to wash dishes, “Excuse me madams, I need to wash the breakfast things.” I said, my mind happy to see Jean again, I wanted to speak properly to tell her how much I was enjoying this and to thank her for proposing me as their test subject, but I was unable to communicate with her due to the MaidBot protocols overriding me.

At lunchtime I prepared the food for them and served it to them in the dining room. I then went to my recharging pod and inserted a tube into my mouth, as I stood there a flow of liquid food entered into my mouth and flowed down to into my stomach without the need for me to swallow. I thought, 'How great is this, eating without any effort.' Luckily I couldn't taste the liquid food, as it was not very palatable.

My programming then made me reach for another tube, this time I lifted up my skirt and proceeded to attach it between my legs, I then let go with a flow of urine which was sucked away by the pod and disposed of. All this time I was being observed as I performed these things, Charles & Vincent were recording things in their logs and checking their programming. While I was discharging waste and they were there watching me my programming did not see anything unnatural about it, but I personally felt, deep in my head, embarrassment that I was being watched, I think I even blushed.

Charles picked up on this and said to Vincent, "perhaps we should leave her alone to carry out this function in future." As the two were leaving they bumped into Jean who had also been watching, "Enjoy the show boys?" she asked.

"It's not what you think," said Vincent, "we have to check that she is functioning normally."

Jean said, "Well why not put a camera up and spare the girl some blushes," noticing how I had blushed while being watched.

Charles said, "Yes we will, but that was an unexpected reaction, one we will have to analyze."

Both sped off down the hallway and were soon in front of their computers, checking data.

Jean said to me, "Sorry about that Tracy, boys! What can you do with them..."

I laughed inside thinking about how they didn't even realize that a girl needs some privacy when she needs it. I was growing more fond of Jean and appreciated her showing concern about my treatment.

"I'll have a chat with Valerie about getting your waste etc done at the same time as you're recharging" Jean said, "seems only logical to me that they both occur at the same time." Always the practical one, and great at assuming control, which seemed to come naturally to her. Maybe that's why I had taken the subservient position in my own household.

A green light illuminated, indicating that I was now ready. I set off to perform my duties as instructed. During the day I received several orders both verbally, and others via my collar, for things the boys wanted. It seemed to me that their project was to turn a fully-grown woman into their personal plaything. I wondered to myself how long it would be before requests of a more 'personal nature' would be made of me, and would I just be

forced to perform them as ordered.

Several days went by, the boys came and went, each time bringing more stuff for me to clean, mostly their laundry. Jean and Valerie seemed to be spending more time together, sometimes going out just like we used to, I began to feel sad that I was not included. But each time I felt that way the main computer rearranged my thoughts so that I complied with my programming, the sadness just went away and I returned to my maid's duties.

My days seemed to merge into one; I'd wake up feeling refreshed, make breakfast, wake everybody up, and have the coffee prepared. Then while they were eating make the beds, take the dirty cloths and linens to the laundry, clear away the dishes, and then wash them. I would Clean the apartment from top to bottom, even though it didn't need cleaning, the program stated that I had to perform these tasks as directed, each time I tried to vary from my programming, the main computer intervened, correcting my mind and actions.

Each night when I returned to my pod, I seemed to be more reliant on the recharge. As time went on, and less and less liquid food was fed to me from the pod, my wastes also decreased in volume. Each morning one of the boys was assigned to check the levels and record the changes. I now plugged myself in without a second thought; it just seemed to me to be the natural thing to do, to plug in my collar and the plugs down below, inserted into me to stop any spillage.

Another week went by, I started on my normal routine, make breakfast, wake everyone up, then I walked into Jean's room, she was laying there with Valerie between her legs, her head moving slightly as Valerie was apparently pleasuring her. I should have been shocked and embarrassed, and I was inside my own mind, but it didn't show on the outside. I continued to walk in as nothing had happened and placed two cups of coffee on the nightstand next to the bed.

Jean was mortified I had found out, she screamed at me, "Get out!" as she buried her head in her pillow to hide from me.

"Yes madam," was all I could reply, still shocked at what I had seen in the bedroom.

Valerie meanwhile just looked up from her position, "Thank you MaidBot, now return to your duties."

She then turned to Jean with a big smile on her face, "Busted!" she laughed.

"That's not funny Val," Jean said, "her walking in on us like that; she's still my friend after all, how embarrassing for her and for me."

"But you seemed to be enjoying it babe," Valerie said, "and she's just a MaidBot after all, her mind probably didn't register what we were doing."

Jean said to Val, "I think you're wrong, I think she knew what she saw but couldn't say

anything.”

Later that morning Jean tried to explain to me what I’d seen in the bedroom, I didn’t mind her sleeping with Valerie, after all we weren’t in a relationship, it was more of a shock finding them in that position, but I found that I couldn’t, no matter how much I tried, overcome my program and tell her so.

Jean walked away clearly distressed at what had happened and unhappy that she couldn’t communicate with me to express her feelings and gauge mine. This was something that two normal females are quite capable of doing, but not a MaidBot and her owner.

As I recharged that night I felt certain things change in my mind, I now expected to see Jean & Valerie in their relationship and assumed that this was normal, I now had two owners, as both Jean & Valerie were now classified under the new program as my owners. Also my morning routine was changed in that I knocked before entering any room.

The next weekend Jean & Valerie were going to be away and I would be left in the boys charge, ‘oh great!’ I thought, ‘three nerds to look after’. Jean seemed to be happier these days; I think that her relationship with Valerie was improving. Valerie on the other hand seemed to be getting more demanding, ordering me to do this and that, sometimes to perform the same tasks that I had already done. But every time the word ‘bitch’ *buzzt* popped into my head the main computer ‘corrected’ me, and my thinking, it seemed that I was not allowed to have negative thoughts.

The weekend came; the girls left, the boys took over, mostly playing with their computers and programs. They played with me, as well, putting several suggestions into my mind, one was for me to wear my sexy French Maid’s outfit, the other seemed to be a lot of bending over whilst keeping my legs straight, revealing my frilly knickers which came with the outfit. Normally I would have been shocked and humiliated but every time a negative thought ran through my head it was overridden.

I was just their plaything for the weekend, the girls were not there to protect me, not that I think Valerie would have done much to stop them. Charles left at some point to go back to the lab to run some experiments, leaving me alone with Vincent & Steve. I had considered Charles to be the gentleman of the group, mainly because he was British and I perceived all Englishmen to be true gentlemen, not that I had any actual experience with this.

Steve was a bit of a leech, he loved the way I looked, I believe Steve was the one who designed my bending program, just to see my knickers. Vincent on the other hand seemed a bit creepy, he looked at me not as a person, but as an object for him to use whatever way he wanted. I would soon find out just how creepy when Steve said that he had a date tonight and wouldn’t be able to babysit the project and Charles called from the lab saying that he wouldn’t be back until morning.

I was left alone? Not with creepy Vincent, as I thought of him, *buzz – thought not allowed*, my mind was again taken over by the computer. I smiled outwardly but groaned inside, again getting an error message. ‘Bugger,’ I thought, *buzz – thought not allowed.* I Better get back to some normal maid duties before I fry my brain with impure thoughts, *buzz –thought...* Okay, Okay, I went back into the kitchen to clean the already clean surfaces.

Whilst absentmindedly doing some mundane chores I received a message to return to my charging station, ‘wow’ I thought ‘this is earlier than normal’. I complied with the request, not that I had much choice, as the computer took over my body and walked it back to the charging pod. Once there I plugged myself in to the ports for charging and discharging as I now called them, just a little robot humor, and settled back into the pod.

Once connected I felt a new stream of programming code enter into my brain, this was like an instruction manual and as it unfolded in my mind I began to realize that these were instructions on how to perform fellatio, handjobs, and other sexual acts and positions. I was being reprogrammed into a SexBot, my demeanor was also changed to that of a sultry woman, I desired sex and wanted to please men. This shocked me, but any negative thoughts were again quickly overridden.

When my reprogramming was completed I was summoned into the main living area, I still wore my sexy French Maid’s outfit, and somehow, I had picked up a feather duster on the way. Upon arrival I found Vincent sitting on the lounge, wearing a dressing gown and nothing else it seemed.

“Ah there you are maid, where have you been?”

“I waz looking fur zee feather duster Monsieur!” I said in a strange French accent.

“And you found it, that’s good come over here I have something for you to polish!” he said.

“Qui Monsiuer, what is yur request?” I slurred like a sexy kitten, groaning on the inside.

Vincent opened his robe and there before my eyes was his manhood, he was indeed naked under that gown. I felt shock *buzzt*, then revulsion *buzzt*, what the f *buzzt* this time the computer beat me to the word. I could only obey the commands and my body walked itself over to where he was sitting, bending my knees I knelt in front of him, a big smile across my face, inside I was dreading what he was making me do.

Each time I tried to resist the computer took over my body; it also started to give me small electrical shocks via the collar, in the end I had to give in, comply and follow my masters instructions.

“Does my Master need ze maid to polish down there?” I said pointing the feather duster at his erect member.

“Yes MaidBot, your master needs some attention.” Vincent replied.

I ran the feather duster over the top of his penis, hoping in my mind that this would be enough to bring him off *buzzt*, bugg... *buzzt* ‘Stop thinking negative thoughts’, I said to myself, ‘there’s nothing you can do to stop this, go along for the ride and just let the computer control my body’.

From then on I just followed my program and my master’s wishes, bringing him off first with my hand, then with my mouth. I found, like the feeding tube, I didn’t have to swallow my throat seemed to just open up, which allowed him to penetrate further, to his delight. He had just cum inside my throat when Steve returned from his date, she had apparently stood him up, and maybe she found him sleazy as well *buzzt* my thoughts were again interrupted by a shock from my collar...

Steve asked Vincent, seeing the maid on her knees in front of the naked Vincent, “What’s going on here?”

I thought, “what do you think was happening here *buzzt*, he’s just used me *buzzt* as his personal sultry, SexBot,” apparently it was okay to think SexBot. The thoughts ran through my mind as I continued to kneel there with Vincent’s now rapidly shrinking member in my hand.

Vincent stated matter-of-factly, “Well I just had to try her out, she works perfectly, the programming and conditioning is working really well, Christ she’s even talking in a French accent!”

Steve warned, “You’d better not let Jean find out that you’ve been using her like that!”

Creepy Vincent said, “Sure, but wouldn’t you like to try her?”

Steve replied, “Well as the program’s running, why not, but not a word to the girls!”

With that I was used by both men, several times, I didn’t think that nerds had that kind of stamina, maybe they’d taken something beforehand. They used all holes available for their pleasure, testing each one for tightness and commenting to each other about how good I felt.

‘Well duh!’ I know how good I felt, I’ve been told by several boyfriends in the past, when I thought this I noticed I did not get zapped by the collar.

They treated me just like an object, their clinical plaything; in a way it was very off putting for me, with their running commentary, I wasn’t getting into this myself, my programming just continued forcing me to continue in my sultry French SexBot mode as they used me.

When they had their fill of the fun I was again sent to my recharging station, but this time I was required to be completely naked as the, recently added, cleaning program would clean all evidence of their fun with the MaidBot.

While in there, and plugged into the mainframe as I now referred to it, I felt my programming shift, all details of this night were erased and the MaidBot program re-established. They didn't count on my actual memory retaining what had happened but I did recall some of the events, just fragments, but they were stored deep down away from prying computers.

My theory had proven correct, it had taken some time, but they had finally used me as their sex toy, an object for them to play with, just as I expected they would a while back, Nerds!

The girls returned from their party weekend, having enjoyed themselves, in fact, having a great time. They asked the boys if anything happened over the weekend but they just said that the MaidBot performed all tasks within program parameters, which in a way I did but not as the girls would have imagined.

The boys thought that they had gotten away with using me, I was now functioning normally again as a MaidBot around the house with no outward sign that I been converted into a SexBot. The testing continued and they changed certain program details to suit their desires as needed. I continued to enjoy riding along with the program, the computer guiding me through my tasks, while thinking, 'so that would be what my life would become as a MaidBot, no input of my own only following my programming.'

Thinking nothing more of it, I carried on with my duties, cleaning and mopping the floor in the kitchen. Jean checked in on me from time to time. Since she didn't get the responses she was looking for, other than, "Yes madam," and "no madam," Jean seemed to give up trying to communicate and retreated to her room. Valerie continued to order me around, being a bit spiteful I thought *buzzt* damn *buzzt* that collar.

Charles on the other hand had been in the lab checking my programming absentmindedly when he saw the reprogramming which had occurred under Vincent's hand, he was monitoring me from afar while working on future program updates and saw what Vincent had reprogrammed me into. Since Charles couldn't leave the lab at the time he was powerless to stop Vincent. Plus he had other plans for me unbeknown to the others.

When Charles turned up he was furious with Vincent, he didn't know Steve had joined in on the action too. A meeting was rapidly called to which I was excluded and sent back to my charging station. Again my only thought was, "This is unusually early." Then, with me out of the way the meeting started.

Charles asked, "What were you thinking Vincent? What you did to her is nearly akin to rape!"

Upon hearing this Jean cried, “What, what happened?”

“Seems Vincent here reprogrammed our MaidBot into a sex toy and presumably used her for his pleasure,” Charles stated.

Jean asked Vincent, “Is that true?”

Vincent stated matter-of-factly, “Well yes, that was one area of testing we hadn’t yet performed and I thought it was the ideal time to try our experiment.”

Jean asked, shocked that they had used me like this, “Our Experiment, who else was involved in this?”

Vincent said, shifting the blame somewhat in Valerie’s direction, “Valerie was the main programmer for this experiment,”

Valerie said, “Well yes, but this was supposed to be happening at a later stage, not just now when we are this early in the project.”

Jean exploded, “She’s not a project, she’s a person! And she volunteered to help you guys out, remember Tracy, the girl who you were all counting on.”

Vincent stated, “Well to you she’s Tracy, your maid as I seem to recall, but to us she’s a part of our project which you both signed on to, as such, she is ours to do with as we please,”

Jean was shocked at this statement; she didn’t know where to turn seemingly her new girlfriend was in on this all along, maybe they were both being used by these people.

All Jean could say before she burst into tears was, “But we trusted you!”

Valerie tried to comfort her, but Jean would have none of it she spat, “And I thought I could trust you the most, seems like I misjudged you after all!”

Valerie said, “It’s not my fault Jean, I didn’t know these idiots would access the program before we were ready.”

Jean shouted, “Ready! What do you mean ready? Had you planned this all along?”

Vincent said pleased with himself, “Of course, that was one of the goals for this project; didn’t we explain all this to you in our meeting?”

Jean recoiled, “NO, I don’t recall the part where you convert Tracy into a sex toy!”

Vincent replied, “Well it was all there in black & white when you signed the contract,

under the conditions of the contract we were able to test the MaidBot in any way we deemed fit, to enable us to better understand the experiment. If you didn't look at the fine details it's not our fault."

Jean said, "Not your fault, you smug little bastard! What does Tracy think of you using her like that, she must be humiliated and shocked at her treatment by you."

Vincent replied in his most annoying nerd manner, "She doesn't recall the events, her mind, and the program have been erased."

Jean yelled back, concerned for me, "Erased! You mean that you've wiped her mind, what about her memories, her past. Is that still there?"

Vincent sounded pleased as he said, "The only part that was wiped was the time that Steve and I used her as a SexBot, even her French accent has gone!"

Jean shuddered as she said, "Steve! You too! I thought that I could trust you, seems like I was wrong about the lot of you."

As Jean stormed off into the bedroom the meeting continued, the guys argued amongst themselves, Valerie tried to keep them all calm, and, other than name calling, the nerds kept to their seats, no fist fights here over a silly MaidBot.

Then Valerie said to Vincent, "I think that you and Steve better get out of here for a while until things to calm down. Charles and I will run the project from here, while you two run the lab."

Steve replied, "That's if Jean allows you to stay!"

Valerie started to say, but was interrupted by Steve, "Let me handle Jean."

Steve said, with a big smirk on his face, "I Thought that you already had!"

The two boys left and Charles went to check his computer to see if any damage had been done to Tracy, whilst Valerie left to try and get Jean to calm down.

Meanwhile, I was blissfully unaware of the events that had unfolded in the lounge, the recharging station forces me to sleep once I'm plugged in, and just takes over when I'm fully connected. Do robots dream, well I don't seem to, I'm just there in off mode, no thoughts run through my mind other than those being programmed into my brain.

Valerie entered the bedroom she shared with Jean and said, "Sorry babe, the boys went a

bit too far with the MaidBot.”

Jean cried, “A bit too far! Charles said that it was practically rape that they both did to poor Tracy, and you were the one who did the programming!”

Valerie said while trying to calm Jean down, “Yes babe, but the testing for was for further down the tracks.”

Jean yelled back, “Stop calling me babe, you monster, and did you plan on asking Tracy for permission to turn her into some sex toy before using her?”

Valerie started to say, “Sorry Ba...,” but caught herself before saying it, “the testing wasn’t meant to happen for real, it was just theory, something conceived by the boys.”

Jean interrupted, “But you wrote the program! You’re the one who is to blame for them abusing her!”

Valerie tried to hug her, but Jean recoiled back from her, “But Jean, I didn’t know that they would use it on her.”

Jean spat back, “But they did! And what damage did they do to poor Tracy?”

Valerie replied, “I don’t know, but Charles is currently working out what happened and if any damage was done to her mind.”

Jean asked, “What about her body, how would you feel being used by those two perverts?”

Valerie replied, “Angry! Especially as they know I only like girls.”

Jean shot back, “So you are okay that they fucked Tracy, as long as they didn’t touch you!”

Valerie replied, “No Jean, you’ve got it all wrong about that, I regret the boys using the maid as their own personal plaything, they were stupid and like all boys were thinking with their dicks!”

Jean asked, “Yes but have they damaged Tracy’s mind?”

Valerie said, “Let’s go and see what Charles has found out?”

“Yes,” Jean sobbed, “I hope that they haven’t wiped her mind completely.”

They both left the bedroom and found Charles bent over his computer deep in thought and looking at data on the screen in front of him.

Valerie asked, “What have you found?”

“Well it seems that they covered their tracks very well, all memories of her time as a SexBot have been removed,” Charles stated in a scientific manner, “there doesn’t seem to be any lasting after effects from the evening.”

Jean asked Charles, “But does she still remember, has she still got her memories from before?”

Charles replied while seeming somewhat distracted, “Yes they didn’t touch those, her memory seems fine, but.”

Jean & Valerie said at the same time, “What?”

Charles looked up from his screen and said, “Well it seems our little MaidBot has a secret!”

Again Jean & Valerie said, “What?”

Charles said, “Well she seems to know what is going on around her, she just can’t communicate with us, her programming won’t allow her to express her thoughts. Plus the boys must also have included a punishment sub routine so she gets shocked by the collar if she has any negative thoughts, like the time she walked in on you two!”

Jean said, as she turned to face Valerie, “What, Valerie said that she wouldn’t know what we were doing!”

Valerie replied, “Well she shouldn’t, her program shouldn’t allow for her to retain thoughts.”

Charles stated, “It seems she has had several negative thoughts, judging by all the error codes in front of me, our little MaidBot has a mind of her own after all!”

While Jean ran off to see me, wanting to apologize for everything I’d been put through, Valerie turned to Charles and said, “Tell me more about our little MaidBot.”

Jean, unknown to me, appeared before me in my charging station, professing her utmost apologies and weeping profusely about what she’d done to me. She tried to tell me that she was sorry but all she got from me was a blank look.

Valerie meanwhile had heard Jean and followed in after her saying, “She can’t hear you while she’s in the recharging pod, her brain effectually shuts down whilst she recharges, you have to wait until we wake her up, but even then she won’t be able to communicate

with you.”

Jean said, “I want to talk to her; I want to talk with Tracy!”

Valerie said, “You can try,” as she leaned over and pressed a button on the pod. The light on the pod above me turned green and I immediately awoke refreshed as always, feeling as though I’d had a great night’s sleep. My brain connected to the main computer and sought out instructions, which I received, and then I began to exit the pod.

Jean said, “Tracy, it’s me Jean.”

My mind was unsure as to what had just happened and I wondered why my Mistress was standing in the laundry room, I stated, “Yes Mistress Jean, what can this MaidBot do for you?”

Jean said, “Tracy, I need to talk with you.”

I responded. “I am sorry Mistress, but I do not know Tracy? My designation is MaidBot 001, I don’t recall a Tracy, do you wish to re-designate me as Tracy?”

Jean replied but was cut off by Valerie, “Yes!”

Valerie stated, “No MaidBot 001, please keep your existing designation.”

I replied, “Unit designation remains MaidBot 001, confirmed,”

Then Valerie said, “Please continue attending to your duties MaidBot.”

I replied, “As you wish Mistress” then walked passed both of them out into the main area of the apartment, proceeded to the kitchen, and began to prepare lunch. I asked the mainframe how many guests there would be for lunch and was informed that only three meals were required, less than normal but I continued with my assigned tasks.

Jean meanwhile was in a shocked state and said, “What have I done to Tracy?”

Valerie replied, “Nothing that she didn’t sign up for,”

Jean lashed back, “But she didn’t sign on to be a SexBot! I’m sure that she wouldn’t have volunteered for that!”

Valerie stated, “Well what’s done is done, and she seems to have suffered no harm from it.”

Valerie and Jean returned to the bedroom and stayed there until I knocked on the door to inform them that lunch was ready. When they emerged Jean seemed to be in a better frame of mind, which pleased me for some reason. I served them their lunch and then

cleared away the dishes, and resumed my cleaning chores as directed by Valerie, who seemed to get great joy out of using me.

The boys stayed away from the apartment as Valerie ordered, they initiated several program upgrades from the lab. Now that a better collar had been fitted, I could be updated and reprogrammed via Bluetooth connection, which connected me to the mainframe computer back in the lab. Charles continued to work on various parts of the project his mind always on his plans for the future. Jean & Valerie became close again, lovers in fact.

It was now close to the time to return to college, I would need to be returned back to Tracy again for me to return to my studies. The project had run successfully for well over two months now, any teething problems seemed to be overcome, even the SexBot incident was seemingly forgotten by all except me. I had several memories of that night stored away from the mainframe computer, which they didn't know about, or at least, let on they knew but I think Charles suspected otherwise.

The day came when they all returned to start packing away their equipment, I was still in full MaidBot mode cleaning, and helping them tidy up, the connection to the mainframe was all I now needed to continue my functions as the maid. The other computers were only here for running experiments on me, but most of those seemed to be completed now.

“So are we ready to switch from MaidBot back to Tracy?” asked Valerie, “You know the offer still stands to keep her like this, she's very useful around the house!”

Jean said, “No it's a tempting offer, I do like her as a maid, but we promised her that the project would conclude when college was about to restart. But let her finish cleaning up the mess you all left behind!”

Valerie laughed along with Jean, “Sure babe, anything for you.” Then she leaned in to kiss Jean on the lips.

The boys looked a bit coy about two girls kissing, and quickly looked away and gathered up their belongings to take to the waiting van outside.

Once I'd finished cleaning, Valerie called out to me, “MaidBot come here please.”

I responded, “Yes Mistress, How may this MaidBot assist you?”

Valerie said to me, “Good maid, now it's time to reconfigure you as Tracy.”

I responded, not really knowing what was happening at this point, “Yes Mistress, as you command.”

She reached around my neck and unfastened the collar, immediately my connection to the mainframe was lost and I passed out. I awoke with Jean looking over me holding my

hand, with a look of concern on her face.

“Will she be alright?” Jean asked Valerie.

“Yes, I’m sure she’ll recover shortly,” replied Valerie, who was unsure what had happened but wanted to reassure Jean about me.

Meanwhile, I started to recover, my thoughts, though a bit hazy and confused, told me that I lived here and that Jean was my friend. I was still groggy as Charles carried me through to my bedroom and laid me down on the mattress, the clean sheets feeling wonderful after not being able to sleep in a bed for such a long time. I was still confused, but Jean reassured me I was safe.

Valerie then came over to me and said, “Tracy, it’s Valerie; you need to get some sleep now.”

As soon as she said the words sleep, that’s what I did, it seemed that I was still following commands from Valerie. Charles was intrigued but said nothing and rose up, to pick up his last things, and returned to the lab. Valerie escorted Jean out of the room and closed the door allowing me to rest. Once Charles had left they went into their own bedroom to discuss the future.

In the morning I awoke as normal, got out of bed, and found that I was not properly dressed in my maid’s uniform. I found one hanging in the wardrobe, dressed and walked to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. I tried to communicate with the mainframe but couldn’t establish contact, ‘Weird’, I thought, ‘I am experiencing a malfunction,’ none-the-less, I prepared breakfast for the normal five guests that are usually in the apartment.

I was in the middle of pouring coffee for Jean and the others when I was interrupted by Jean walking into the kitchen. She was shocked to see me dressed in my maids outfit and rushed over to me with tears in her eyes saying; “I’m so sorry...” she balled, thinking I was still under the control of the program.

“I’m okay Jean,” I responded, “breakfast is nearly ready.”

Jean exclaimed, “You spoke!”

“Yes I can speak, why wouldn’t I be able, mistress?” I replied though inside I was surprised myself at being able to talk on my own and being able to express my own thoughts.

“But we removed your collar yesterday; you shouldn’t be doing your maid duties anymore!” Jean said.

“But I like doing this, why wouldn’t I do this for you, I enjoy my time as your maid, mistress.” I replied, thinking my time as her maid gave me many pleasant memories. I

had truly enjoyed being her maid and loved every minute of it.

“But your collar is no longer controlling you!” she said.

“I know that Mistress. But deep down I feel I wish to serve you, my time as your maid has been the most enjoyable time of my life.”

Valerie joined us in the kitchen at this point, “Morning babe,” she said to Jean. “Coffee please maid” she said to me, not the least bit surprised to find me dressed as a maid.

“Yes Mistress,” I replied, thinking nothing, to serve her coffee, “breakfast is nearly ready, should I wake up the other guests?”

Valerie stated, “No maid, they’re not here this morning, it’s just the three of us.”

Valerie said to me, “Breakfast for three please, maid.” I responded, “Yes mistress, please take a seat and I’ll bring it out, as soon as it is ready.”

Valerie took hold of Jean’s hand and walked her out of the kitchen. “Seems like there might be some residual programming left over in her.” Valerie said.

Jean asked, “What do you mean, some of the program still controls her?”

Valerie replied, “It seems that way, oh well, we might as well enjoy it while it lasts!”

Jean’s reply was interrupted when I walked in from the kitchen carrying a tray with three breakfast settings on it; I sat each plate on the table, but was confused why there were three plates for two people. I inquired, “Is one of the other guests going to join us?”

Valerie said, “No, the other plate is for you,” then she bade me to sit down.

Now I was really confused, a maid is not supposed to sit with her Master or Mistresses, her owners, this seemed to upset me internally and I was having great conflict in my mind and with this command.

Valerie saw this, realized the state I was in and said, “It’s alright maid, resume your duties in the kitchen.”

Jean shot a look at Valerie, but Valerie just tucked her face into her breakfast. Jean watched as I disappeared back into the kitchen. My mind was awash with conflicting information, I was very confused at this point, and too many things were running through my mind.

Jean on the other hand was still concerned for me, she turned to Valerie and said, “What’s going on?”

Valerie replied, "Like I said, it seems some residual programming is left over from her time as a MaidBot but it'll wear off soon enough." Valerie said as she looked down into her eggs and bacon.

Then Jean asked, "But what if it doesn't? What if she stays like this?"

Valerie replied in a light tone, "Well you said it yourself, it's handy having her around as a maid; you might as well take advantage of it while it lasts." Valerie laughed, "After all, it's not as though we can do anything at the moment, she just spent the better part of two months as a computer controlled MaidBot."

Jean asked, "But surely you can reprogram her? That's what caused the problem in the first place."

Valerie replied, "I'm Unsure how. Without the collar that controlled her, I don't have a way to program her. I could reattach it and see how it would go."

Jean implored, "No, no more collar please, I can't bear to see her like that again."

Valerie replied whilst cleaning her plate, "If you're sure babe, but you know we can reprogram her anytime you want."

Again, the conversation was interrupted when I walked back in the room. I inquired with my best maid's tone, "Have my Mistresses finished with their breakfast?"

Valerie replied, "Yes maid, I've finished though I'm not sure Jean has, she doesn't seem to have eaten anything. You may clear my plate away and bring me some more of that delicious coffee."

I said as I curtsied, "Right away Mistress," then walked back to the kitchen to carry out my assigned tasks.

The day passed like all others, I cleaned up after my two mistresses, and then set about making the beds, doing the washing, and cleaning the apartment. Much to Valerie's delight, she continued to order me around and I complied with each command. Jean was still concerned that I wouldn't return to the normal Tracy, and checked on me from time to time.

After lunch had been served to my mistresses', I began to feel a little strange; I had just served lunch and was clearing away the dishes when I felt woozy, dizzy, and disorientated. I dropped the plate in my hand and it broke on the floor, shortly afterward I joined it on the floor, fainting and blacking out.

Upon hearing the crash they both came running into the kitchen to find me sprawled out on the floor unconscious, Jean was very concerned and wanted to call an ambulance. Valerie was more practical and began checking my vital signs, checking my pulse and

looking into my eyes.

Valerie stated, “She seems to have fainted! She seems to be okay otherwise, her pulse is strong, and her eyes respond to light.”

Jean asked Valerie, “Why would she just faint like that? Is it something to do with her programming?”

Valerie replied, “I don’t think so, but perhaps in a way, maybe, let me check something with Charles.”

She called Charles, who was back in the lab, and told him what had happened since I woke up, explaining that I still dressed as a MaidBot and was still carrying out my maid duties.

Charles asked Valerie, “When did she last eat?”

Valerie answered, “That would have been back when she was in the charging station yesterday. I haven’t seen her eat today, we tried to get her to join us, but she seemed too confused and conflicted to sit down and eat with us. So I sent her back to the kitchen.”

Charles asked, “And at lunchtime?”

Valerie said to Jean, “Well no I didn’t see her eat, did you Jean?”

Jean replied, “No I don’t think so.”

Charles responded, “I think that may be your problem, get her to eat something.”

Valerie asked Charles, “How? She’s passed out on the floor!”

Charles said to Valerie, “Feed her a sugary drink; take it slowly as she’s only been on baby food during the testing. And I’ll be there soon to check on her.”

Valerie said, “Okay! Will do, see you soon.”

Valerie told Jean, “Charles is on his way! Charles said she’s probably fainted due to lack of food. We think she hasn’t eaten since she was connected to her recharging station. We will need to carefully pour some soft drink into her to revive her.”

Jean ran to the fridge and returned with a bottle of coke saying, “Will this do?”

Valerie said, “Yes, let’s try to get her sitting up first, and then feed her some.” Then she began picking me up, carried me out of the kitchen, and placed me on to the lounge, saying, “now Jean bring that drink over here and find something to prop up her feet.”

By the time Charles arrived I had reawakened and was profusely apologizing to my Mistresses for fainting and breaking a plate. Jean showed more concern than Valerie did, but Charles soon took over and examined me, checking me over.

Charles asked me, "Why didn't you eat something?"

I stammered, "It's not my place to sit at the table with my owners,"

Charles said, "Owners?"

I replied in response, "Yes, Jean & Valerie are my owners; I am to serve them to the best of my abilities, as I am their maid/servant."

Jean said, "We don't own you Tracy, you're my friend and this is your house..."

I replied, feeling very confused by the information that Jean had just told me, "I'm Sorry Mistress, but I don't understand what you're saying to me, I am here to serve you."

Charles could see my discomfort and confusion, "Don't worry, its okay maid, you just fainted, and you'll soon recover."

He left me and gathered Jean & Valerie in the kitchen for a conference.

Charles said, "It seems that there is some residual programming left over, plus she seems to be settling back into her role with you Jean before we started the project, I think that she finds comfort in being your maid. I suggest that you let her continue to be your maid and I believe things will work themselves out over time."

Valerie stated, "So we continue with her as our maid then? Great!"

Charles replied, "Yes but monitor her eating, she's not used to doing it herself after two months in the charger."

Jean asked, "And if she doesn't eat?"

"We can bring the charging station back; it'll be easier on her as she's grown used to it. Tracy seems to like being your maid but eating with you seems out of the question and I wouldn't push her on the subject as she seems to get very distressed when asked."
Charles said.

Valerie said to Charles, seemingly pleased that she still had a maid to order about, "Well then that's settled, get the boys to return the station, but in the meantime she can continue as our maid, we will watch her and maybe suggest that she eat on her own in the kitchen

for now.”

Charles arranged for the Charging Station to be returned that day, they had to set it up in the laundry room again because of the discharge pipes, the boys had grown tired of measuring Tracy’s output and decided it was no longer necessary so they sent it straight down the drain.

I was very happy to see my Charging Station back but still felt as though something was missing. The first time I tried it I found I could not connect to all of the inputs; the one at the back of my neck didn’t seem to have anywhere to go. I expressed these concerns to my Mistresses and they said that they would fix them soon, but for now I should get some rest.

As soon as the door on the pod closed I fell asleep, I was relaxed and comfortable, though I did have some troubling thoughts running through my head during my sleep. Memories of when I was a MaidBot came flooding back, some of them I found distressing, such as having been used as a SexBot, and yet I couldn’t recall in my MaidBot memory this ever happening to me.

I awoke the next morning as usual but I didn’t feel as refreshed or recharged as I was used too. Nonetheless I got ready, dressed in my maid’s outfit, and went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. I found that I still couldn’t contact the mainframe and was sure there must be something wrong with me. I would inform my owners as soon as they were awake.

Valerie told me that there was nothing wrong with me, the mainframe was currently off-line and I would be reconnected soon, I secretly looked forward to that.

Several days went past and memories kept coming back to me, I remembered my name was Tracy, and that I had a family, I lived here with Jean for whom I chose to be a subservient maid. I couldn’t grasp the concept that we were both friends and that this apartment was actually mine. At the request of Charles they both kept up the pretence that I was still their MaidBot, it seemed easier on Jean’s conscience. Jean was still very worried about me.

I felt fine, a little confused but more memories returned each day, Jean told me that I was to attend college and study which didn’t seem right for a maid to do, but when she ordered me to do so I obeyed her commands. Valerie was still the mean one, I don’t think she had any servants when she grew up as a kid, otherwise she would have treated me better. But I didn’t mind, I was happy to be serving them both.

Other than the first day when I tried to leave still dressed in my maid’s uniform, college was good. I studied hard as my Mistress had requested and being in the college atmosphere helped me regain my memories. I was still a maid when at home and used my Charging Station to sleep in at night; I couldn’t adjust to sleeping lying down. My Mistresses provided me with a modified collar so I could plug myself in at night, this

seemed to calm me, and the unpleasant memories faded into the distance.

My grades improved much to the delight of Jean, my Mistress, I still enjoyed serving her and did so whenever I could as soon as I returned home and again in the morning when I prepared breakfast. I woke up now feeling better and refreshed, dressed myself in my maid's uniform and went about my chores, the same as any other day. Observing the command of my Mistress Jean I was only allowed to clean the entire apartment on the weekends, though Mistress Valerie would try to get me to do things when Jean was not around.

Charles had taken advantage of the spare bedroom. He said he wanted to keep a close eye on me, and since the bedroom was not being used by me, it seemed best for him to stay on site. Now I had three people to look after and this made me happy, as I realized I love to serve others.

This was our last term in college, once the final exams were out the way we wouldn't have to stay here anymore; maybe we'd find jobs that suited our talents. I wanted to remain as Jean's maid, and expressed this to her on several occasions, she just smiled and told me that she would love to keep me, but would have to see what the future holds.

Not long before the final exams Jean got a phone call that her Father had passed away in an accident. Jean's mother had long since passed away and that left her as the sole heir to her family's fortune. Jean left for home to arrange things, leaving me with Charles & Valerie who continued to use me as their maid. I couldn't seem to be happy without the constant comfort that being a maid, and serving my owners, gave me.

Once college was finished Valerie moved to join Jean at her family home and I was left with just Charles to attend to. Charles soon moved from the smaller bedroom into the main bedroom, making the apartment more like his own home than mine. More of his property arrived daily and he used the spare bedroom as a lab to continue his work.

I was sad that Jean had gone, the apartment didn't seem to be the same without her, and I wondered why she hadn't sent for me, to be a maid in her home. Jean still felt remorse for getting me involved in the project in the first place, it therefore pleased her not to have a constant daily reminder seeing her friend, now maid, roaming about the house. Valerie of course had already started abusing the housemaids at Jean's home, so she soon forgot about me as well.

Charles was now my sole owner, he seemed nice to me at first, his orders were never cruel or malicious like Valerie's. But as time went on I seemed to be missing something, I felt like I needed something but couldn't quite place my finger on what it was. I continued to perform my daily tasks now without the distraction of attending college, my mind started to slip back into my maid persona, and I was once again happy.

Every day I would wake up in my pod, extract the leads plugged into me, get dressed in

my maid's outfit for the day, and begin my chores, starting with breakfast, now with tea of course, instead of coffee. I knocked on my Master's door before I was allowed entry and informed my master that breakfast would be ready soon. I'd return to the kitchen, finish cooking, then serve him breakfast, make the bed, and start on the washing.

I was happy within, pleased that Charles was now my owner and I was his maid/servant, all thoughts of college were now long behind me and I spent my days blissfully unaware of the world around me, outside of the apartment. My nights were spent in the recharging pod, I was happy in my own mind that I'd had a great day, and yet something still seemed to be missing.

A couple of months went by and things continued the way they always seemed to have, all this seemed natural now with Charles in charge. I was his maid serving his requests and following orders. Then one day Steve & Vincent showed up at the apartment, I opened the door as usual and bade them entry, I knew there was something about these two that I distrusted, but over-rode that and invited them in to see my master.

Steve asked Charles, while looking back at me and checking out my uniform, "Ah Charles, there you are, how are things going?"

Charles replied, "Fine Steve, how is progress coming on the prototype back at the lab?"

Steve told him, "She's working really well, better than we expected at this stage."

Then Vincent said, "And that's why we're here, we need to move to the next stage and try her out in a controlled environment."

Charles said in a startled tone, "What here?"

Steve replied, "Yes, all of the programming and development was initially conducted here so many of the parameters for this location are already loaded into her system."

Vincent asked, "She's down in the van at the moment, can we bring her up?"

Charles said excitedly, "Sure, let's see how she runs."

Vincent & Steve left the apartment, no one had spoken to me during the entire exchange, I was just an object to them it seemed.

I asked, "Is there anything I can do Master?"

Charles said, "No maid, continue with your normal duties." I did as commanded, happy to be out of Steve & Vincent's way.

When Steve and Vincent returned they brought in a huge crate, I thought to myself, 'I wonder what is inside the box?' I was used to them bringing stuff into the apartment and making more of a mess for me to clean and so I thought little more of it.

Steve began removing the screws that fastened the lid down which revealed what was inside. Soon they had the contents out and were pulling this, and moving that, getting their project ready. I continued in the kitchen preparing lunch for the three of them.

When I walked out carrying their meals I saw what looked like another maid standing in front of the boys, they were working on their computers, running programs and checking the data output here and there. The three totally ignored me as I placed the food onto the table and said, "Lunch is served," I got no response from any of them.

'Typical nerds,' I thought, which surprised me that I could think such negative thoughts about them and my owner and not be corrected by the mainframe. Then I went back into the kitchen to wipe some more surfaces that didn't need cleaning, something I seemed to do when I was frustrated or confused.

Meanwhile the boys finally completed what they were working on; they activated the new maid and monitored her responses. They seemed pleased with themselves that they had made it this far with their project.

Steve commanded the new maid, "MaidBot start operations!"

The new MaidBot stated, "MaidBot online..."

Charles asked, "MaidBot what is your designation?"

To which the new maid replied, "MaidBot 002."

Charles said, "MaidBot 002 assign new owners, Steve, Vincent & Charles, and confirm."

The MaidBot responded, "MaidBot 002 complies, new owners Steve, Vincent, & Charles confirmed."

Meanwhile in the kitchen the same thought was running through my mind, I too was answering the instructions, "MaidBot 001 complies, new owners Steve, Vincent, & Charles, confirmed." I said, as something seemed to shift in my mind.

Then Charles said, "Let's see how she functions? Maid, fetch me a glass of water."

I immediately picked up a glass of water and I was beginning to fill it, when the other maid came into the kitchen, closely followed by the three boys. They were surprised to see my actions, standing there filling the glass with water. The other maid walked over and picked up another glass and repeated the same actions.

Charles asked me, “What are you doing maid?”

I replied, handing him the glass of water, “Complying with your instructions sir!”

Charles continued, “But that command was for the new maid, not for you.”

I was very confused. In my mind, I seemed to shudder on the spot, the instructions were unclear to me and the problem seemed to bare down on my very soul, I was here to serve, that was my purpose, what did I do wrong, why had I not pleased my owner, my master, with my actions?

Charles, who was always good at sensing my reactions quickly said, “MaidBot 001, return to your charging station.” Charles knew that I would be happier in there.

“MaidBot 001 complies with her Master’s order,” I said as departed the kitchen seeking the refuge of my pod.

Steve said, “Well that was unexpected!”

Vincent said in his clinical tone, “An interesting reaction and we will need to be more clear when commanding the maids as to which one we are commanding!”

Charles said as he hurried off to find me, “You guys carry on here; I need to check on her to see if she’s alright.”

Charles caught me just as I was entering my recharging station, “Are you okay maid?”

I replied, “Yes master, MaidBot 001 was very confused and didn’t know what was happening.”

Charles said, “Sorry maid, you’d better get some rest whilst I try to figure out what’s wrong with you.” Then Charles turned and left as I connected myself up and promptly fell asleep.

Charles returned to Steve and Vincent who were still giving commands to the new maid. Steve said, “She seems to be working perfectly”

Charles said, “More so than Tracy. Something is wrong with her.”

Steve replied, “Maybe she needs some time to adjust, and the poorly stated command, with no direction as to which maid we were commanding might have confused her as well.”

“Maybe...,” Charles said, but was interrupted by Vincent who said, “We need to reconnect Tracy to find out what is going on in her mind, it may be left over residual

programming is interfering with her functions.”

Charles started, “I’m not sure we should be doing that! Jean & Valerie…”

Steve said, “They’re no longer part of the project, they got married not long after they moved back to Jean’s place, Valerie is no longer interested in this project, she told me so herself and Jean is still too remorseful about your maid to care.”

Vincent added, “Besides, per Tracy’s contract we are entitled to use her for this project however we wish, remember we have had this argument before!”

Charles said, “Maybe I should just ask her first?”

Steve said, “Who? Jean? She no longer cares it seems.”

Charles replied, “Tracy of course,”

Vincent said, “Why do we need to do that? We already have Tracy’s permission so it seems pointless!”

Charles said, “But I would feel better about it if we did!”

Steve responded, “Leave it for now, and let’s work on unit two in the meantime.”

And with that, the boys got back into ‘geek’ mode, playing with their latest project, ordering her to do this or that, and then observing her reactions.

In the morning I awoke refreshed as always, dressed in my maid’s uniform, and headed for the kitchen, the new MaidBot was already there cooking breakfast, it seemed that they had used my programming to enable it to think for itself. I was again confused and frustrated that perhaps I was about to be replaced with a new model. Again I found myself cleaning surfaces that didn’t need cleaning, and doing anything to take my mind off of my current dilemma.

The boys emerged finding their breakfast on the table; they saw that the new maid had worked perfectly and was now carrying out her assigned tasks. Meanwhile I was still in the kitchen, tears streaming down my face, I couldn’t understand what I was doing wrong, I tried several times to connect back to the mainframe for answers but it still seemed to be offline to me.

Charles walked into to find me in distress, “What’s wrong maid 001?” he asked.

I replied, “I don’t know master, I can’t get any answers from the mainframe as to what my function is, the new maid seems to be doing all of my previous duties and we keep bumping into each other.”

Charles told me, "I think I have an answer, but I want to ask you a question, do you want to reconnect back to the mainframe? Do you want to become a MaidBot again?"

My face lit up at this, this is what I had been missing all along, I longed for those lost abilities to come back to me, and I yearned to be back in my old comfortable role as MaidBot 001.

"Yes master, I wish to serve you again as your MaidBot! That is what my primary function is, to serve you and the others." I said, as a smile spread across my face.

Charles seemed a little disappointed but said, "Okay maid follow me."

I followed my Master out of the kitchen, happier now than I had been in a long time.

Charles said, "Seems you were right, Vincent, do we still have her collar?"

Vincent replied, "Why yes, of course, delighted to have the maid back under his control."

Charles instructed me, "Okay maid 001, stand here." I readily complied.

Vincent handed the collar to Charles, "Last chance maid 001..."

I interrupted, "Please master this maid desires to serve you, please replace the collar and fix me."

Charles said, "Okay here goes," and with that Charles placed the collar around my neck, the collar immediately connected me to the mainframe.

"Welcome back MaidBot 001" it said. Inside I thought, "Cool it has a voice now too!"

The mainframe responded, "Yes MaidBot 001, I have been greatly improved since you last connected, now prepare yourself for new data uploads and instructions."

As I stood there, I was flooded with new information, lots of new features and programs, some of which seemed to be off-limits to me at present but these seemed to be sub-routines that didn't appear to affect my daily function.

Then Steve commanded me, "MaidBot initiate!"

I replied, "MaidBot online, master!"

Steve said, "State your designation MaidBot!"

I replied, "This unit is MaidBot 001, sir."

Then Steve said, "Reassign your ownership to Charles, Vincent, and Steve, confirm!"

I stated, "My owners are Charles, Vincent, and Steve, confirmed master! MaidBot 001 is online and ready to receive orders sir."

Steve said, "Well done MaidBot 001, resume normal duties."

I then went off and began cleaning; it seemed the two maids now under the control of the mainframe were working as one, interfacing with each other to get the tasks done.

Vincent then said in a satisfied voice, "Well that seems to be working."

Charles replied, "Sadly yes," somewhat unhappy that I wanted to return to being a MaidBot.

Then Steve said, "I think that she'll be happier, you saw the smile on her face as we connected her to the mainframe."

The days once again blurred into one, each day I awakened, dressed as a maid, downloaded my orders, and then started my duties in the kitchen. MaidBot 002 and I worked in perfect harmony now we were both connected. The two of us seemed to be learning from each other as well and the mainframe kept a constant flow of information to both of us. Breakfast was now a coordinated affair, me on coffee duties, her cooking, and then the next day we would swap duties.

Cleaning was also a breeze now with two maids in such a confined area, every surface shined, the floor was spotless, and the boys were happy that they had two working models to play with. I was very happy as well, back in my comfort zone, being controlled and letting my programming take over, it seemed like bliss.

End?