



A Vacation Maid in England

By [JaneDoe-2010](#), July 18, 2024, Revision 1.5a

Comments and suggestions would be appreciated as I often make a couple revisions before settling on a “Finished” version.

Please Note: I have no idea who owns the base photo used here, I slightly modified it to reflect the character in the story, but will happily remove it should the owner mind my using it. Someone sent me the base image and suggested it would work well for this story but did not know who the owner was.

Amy Johnson was an average American girl, 22 years old, attending a prestigious university, and planning for a big future. She liked science and electronics and had moved out of her parents house her sophomore year and rented an apartment near the university campus. Her family was fairly wealthy, Amy’s father owned a chain of banks, and her mother was a socialite. Amy loved her parents but was not terribly close to them since they were rarely around when she was growing up. Amy was also frustrated that neither of her parents could understand her insistence on going to college.

Both of her parents had Amy’s life all planed out for her, practically from birth. Amy’s father had already picked out a ‘nice young man’ who was on his way up the ladder at his company for Amy to get to know. Amy’s mother felt that Amy’s father had the right idea; no self-respecting woman of privilege should need to consider getting a job. Instead, she felt Amy’s time would be better spent finding a husband who could afford to keep Amy in the life to which she was accustomed. Obviously, both her parents were quite old fashioned.

Amy did not like the idea of becoming a trophy wife for some rich, ladder climbing, yuppie who only saw her as a womb in which to carry his progeny, and someone to great him with a drink and his dinner when he returned home from work. Amy knew too many alcoholic women like that who could not stand staying home all day, decorating, and socializing with other women like themselves. She knew that she had to get away from home, go to school, and try to make her own life, although she didn’t mind the large bank account that her father had set up for her.

During her senior year at the university, Amy met a girl named Sarah from England with whom she became good friends. The girl was a sophomore who had come to the U.S. because she wanted to get away from her very traditional, stodgy, upper class, British parents and come to America where she could, ‘be herself,’ for a while. The two girls talked throughout Amy’s senior year and by the end of that year, Amy had decided that she wanted to travel to Great Britain and see the castles and countryside.

When she did, some research Amy found a castle that had been there for 800 years, it was situated in the English countryside in a fairly remote part of England. The castle was now used as a fairly high-end hotel for international guests and Amy thought this would be a perfect place to stay for a while. Her plan was to use this as her home away from home for a couple weeks, and central base for excursions into other parts of the country.

Her research indicated that the castle had been brought up to modern standards and that, much like a bed and breakfast, the guests were treated to a restful, relaxing, vacation in which they could be treated like ‘Royalty.’ Even though Amy would normally have balked at the idea of living in the manner that her

parents would have chosen, she realized that this would be a nice way to treat herself as a, 'congratulations you passed,' gift to herself.

Amy's parents, of course, came to her graduation and, at least, pretended to care about her new degree in electronics. Amy knew, in her head, that both of her parents thought that she should forget about trying to get into a position at an electronics company and should have, instead, been looking for a husband. Her mother always told her if she wanted to go to university, it should be to get her MRS. Amy was a modern woman and felt her mother's attitude was demeaning to women, 'women weren't put on the earth just to serve men and make them happy,' she tried to explain.

Being a woman who was well organized Amy had done her research before she graduated and had her European vacation well planned out. She had already booked her flight to England, where she would hire a taxi at the airport to take her to her hotel. Amy thought, once there she could have the concierge arrange a car rental for the duration of her stay to use to go exploring. The hotel was, after all, famous for the way they accommodated their guests.

Her parents stayed in town for the weekend of graduation, but rather than stay at their daughters, 'too small,' apartment, they stayed at a hotel. That Sunday evening, Amy's parents said goodbye and told her to be careful while exploring Europe. Then at 8 PM, after taking them to the airport, Amy watched as her parents walked away to board their flight home. Amy felt exhilarated as she drove back to her apartment, her trip was to begin Tuesday, and she had a lot to do. Packing her stuff, ensuring all her documents, and tickets, were in order, etc.

Tuesday morning at 8 AM, a cab arrived at the apartment to pick Amy up and take her to the airport. Amy had already paid the rent for her apartment, in advance, for the next year, after all, who knew what she might find and how long she would want to stay in Europe. Luckily, for Amy her apartment had a parking garage where she could leave her car in safety so she wouldn't have to worry about it while she was away.

Amy had even thought ahead and sent her luggage ahead of her to the hotel so it would be there when she arrived, little did she know it would get lost along the way. Then her cab started driving and Amy's 'Vacation in Heaven,' as Sarah had described the English countryside, was about to begin.

Her flight went smoothly, first to New York with a short layover, then onward to England. When Amy arrived at Heathrow Airport she, naturally, had to take a bunch of selfies and call her parents to let them know she had arrived safely. Once she finished her call, Amy felt it was time to get going. She hailed a cab and asked the driver if he would take her to her hotel in the countryside. The driver was thrilled to help, this would be no small fare, and asked if he could help her with her luggage. Amy told him that it had already been sent ahead to the hotel and should be there when she arrived, "even better," he thought, "less work for me."

The cabbie turned out to be a very nice fellow and acted as more of a tour guide than a simple driver. During the trip, he pointed out various interesting facts about the areas they were passing thru and the buildings and towns they saw along the way. When they arrived at her new hotel/castle away from home, Amy paid the man and thanked him for his kindness and the tour, and left him a nice tip.

Then the cabbie opened the door for the young woman, and as she exited his cab, he welcomed her to England and told her he hoped she would enjoy her stay in his country. Then Amy's new friend drove away and she wondered if she would be able to procure his services again when she was ready to leave the country at the end of her, as he referred to it, 'Holiday.'

Since she was already scheduled to arrive, her room had been booked and paid for, and there was no required check-in time, Amy decided to walk around the estate for a while and explore. She began with a walk thru the castle's formal gardens, quite lovely, and then began exploring the castle itself. Amy was impressed by the size of the castle and wondered how many people it took to maintain such a large building and grounds, she didn't have to wonder for long.

While she was walking the halls of the castle and exploring, Amy noticed something. All of the Maids and Butlers had a bar code on their forehead and upper arms. That was when she realized that all the butlers and maids were, in fact, androids. This intrigued Amy, partly due to her love of science and electronics, and partly because she had never really been exposed to these robotic servants.

Service androids were a relatively new luxury, one only recently available in significant quantities and prices that the average consumer could afford. This is what made them, finally, somewhat remotely practical for real consumer use. Previously these machines were merely a curiosity displayed by universities and research corporations to generate research funding.

Initial work had focused on building true machines, fully mechanical from head to toe. But researchers soon realized that trying to reduce the mechanical systems to a point where they could be packaged in a form the size of a human body, not to mention the weight problem, and power longevity issues, just made a fully mechanical humanoid robot impractical.

However, is often the case, medical research provided the solution, although a somewhat controversial one at first. Much research had been done over the years in genetic research, first just figuring out how DNA worked, then later how to customize it to do our bidding. At first, there was tremendous opposition to the subject by virtually all the world's religions, but over time that began to wane as the scientists convince people that these bodies were neither conscious, aware, or really anything more than vegetables.

The final thing that helped the researchers convince the public was when they developed a way to clone body parts for use as replacements for those in need, such as a replacement heart that was grown in a lab. Now it was possible to grow a new organ, or limb, etc. that was grown from the patient's own DNA. Doing this prevented rejection since the DNA donor was also the recipient of the new replacement part.

Naturally once this was possible it was only time before someone had the idea to try to clone a complete animal. Initial research was successful on lab animals; however, the government and religions both agreed that there was a moral problem with replicating a human being. If one believes in a soul which is divinely created, as most religions do, then scientists would be creating a soulless being since we could not create a soul.

This was again thwarted by the researchers when they proposed creating a complete human body, but by editing the DNA turning off development of any higher brain functions. Now they could create what was essentially a carrot with a face, arms, legs, and hands. This vegetable of a body could then be animated via electrical signals generated by a computer. What remained of a brain would only control automatic functions such as heartbeat, breathing, digestion, and well, waste management.

The scientists reasoned that there could be no controversy if the body was nothing more than a simple robot, or animatronic, lacking in higher thinking, a sense of self, or its own free will. How, they reasoned, would this unit be any different from any other mechanical robot that was controlled by a computer? There were some protests from the moralists but in the end, the courts sided with the big corporations and this was what allowed the creation of service androids that looked and acted much like real humans. The beginning of the service android era had begun.

At first, these units were very expensive since growing the cloned host body took nearly a year and was still relatively new technology. But as usual, economics of scale prevailed and before long, there were whole companies that specialized in creating these host bodies, most of them subcontracted with the service android companies, creating custom ordered bodies that the customers had requested.

An additional advantage to these new biologically based androids was that they ran on the same basic food based power that normal humans ran on. Admittedly, this was usually provided in the form of a super concentrated food paste product called NanoPaste. An android 'fed' a portion of this product could operate for nearly a week without being refueled. Another plus was dealing with waste products; this was nearly eliminated since the NanoPaste was nearly 100% consumed.

There was still one problem the company researchers had not yet figured out, it dealt with the lifespan of the host bodies. Like any biological being these bodies aged, could be injured, and eventually wore out. The solution they came up with was quite ingenious, the control computer, AI software – think brain, and data storage, was integrated into a control collar which was locked around the neck of the host body.

Once attached, gold nanowires fed out from the collar which penetrated the neck of the host body and attached themselves to key points on the 'brain' and spinal cord of the host body, thus providing a method of controlling the host. Since the technology in these collars was even more expensive than creating the host body, the collar could simply be moved to a new host body once the old one wore out.

Amy was fascinated by these MaidBots, and ButlerBots, and watched them for quite a while. She even went so far as to follow one of the MaidBots around the castle to observe its routine. The MaidBot looked like a normal human girl, dressed in a skimpy maid's uniform, and bearing the two things the government, and courts, decided was a requirement for these artificial beings. All of these units were required to have a bar-coded serial number somewhere that was easy to see, and a company logo somewhere else that indicated that this was an artificial being, and often its purpose.

Amy had completely forgotten that she had yet to check in with the front desk, as these androids were too amazing. She followed the MaidBot around for nearly two hours observing the way it moved and, rarely but occasionally, talked to guests. As for Amy, the MaidBot seemed to be oblivious to her

presence, except when Amy was in its way. Then it politely, but in a very mechanical sounding voice, asked Amy to please change positions as the MaidBot needed to move to where Amy was standing.

Amy watched as the MaidBot cleaned one of the, now vacant, rooms. Tidying up, emptying the trashcans, removing the bedclothes and replacing them with fresh ones, and even cleaning up the bathroom. Once the MaidBot was done, it politely asked its watcher to please vacate the room, as it needed to exit and move on to its next destination. Of course, Amy walked out as requested and then followed the MaidBot as it pushed its maid's cart along until it reached a door marked staff.

Amy knew she wasn't supposed to enter this room but, since there was no one around to see her, she followed the MaidBot inside out of curiosity. Once inside the room Amy realized that this room was the MaidBot storage, charging, and maintenance room; the sign was just there to keep nosy guests from walking in. Around the periphery of the room stood several pod-like machines, which Amy realized were the storage pods where the maids spent their time when not in service. There were also several wheeled maids' carts, which carried all the supplies needed for the maids to do their work, and several maids' uniforms hanging on a rack on one wall.

Amy had heard of these pods before. While inside the pod the androids were 'fed' the NanoPaste fuel needed to keep their biological components alive, cleaned, and their control collar electrically recharged and, if needed, reprogrammed. Apparently, the uniforms Amy saw were replacement uniforms which hung neatly along one wall. These could be used to replace a damaged or dirty uniform should the MaidBot control computer send a command to do so.

Amy was amused by the embarrassingly skimpy uniforms and thought back to her university days. Her sorority had thrown a party for the football players and all the sisters dressed as French maids, serving the players, in more ways than one. She remembered feeling rather embarrassed in that silly outfit, but since all the sisters were doing it, she did it as well! It was at this point that Amy saw a control collar hanging from a hook on the wall, it seemed to be off as none of the status lights were on, and the display was blank. The collar was just hanging there, open and inviting.

Amy knew she shouldn't even be in this room, and felt a bit turned on by the, "What if I get caught," tension. But nevertheless, she couldn't resist her curiosity and walked over to the wall with the collar. Looking around she realized that the MaidBot she had been following had completely ignored her and was now in a pod with its eyes closed, a tube sticking out of its mouth, and some other kind of device had snaked up its skirt. And that was when Amy could not stand it any longer, and her curiosity got the better of her.

Amy reached up and took down the collar for a closer inspection. The first thing she noticed was the weight of the collar. Indeed, the lights were all off and the collar was unlocked and open. Amy spread the two halves of the collar apart so she could inspect the inside; there was a fine pattern on the surfaces which looked like the face of an ink-jet printer head. Amy assumed that was where the control wires would connect to the host body, but there were no wires visible, could this one be broken, perhaps that was why it was hanging on the wall?

The collar was heavy, but then again Amy thought, "I suppose a body with no consciousness, or sense of self, wouldn't think about how much the collar weighed!" Curiosity was not Amy's friend, and soon

she just had to know how heavy the collar would feel if she hung it over her neck. Amy was not worried as the collar was off and she could just take it off quickly if she heard someone coming and say she was looking for the ice machine.

Amy hung the collar over her neck with the open end extending around the front of her neck, she was careful not to fully close the collar as she was unsure how the locking mechanism worked. This would have been good thinking, except she was about to find out. There was a sudden noise from one of the pods behind her and Amy spun around to see what was happening. When she did, she inadvertently let go of the collar and the two halves of the open end touched, there was a beep and suddenly a sound like two hammers hitting together.

The latching mechanism of the collar was an electromagnetic system which was activated once the two halves came into close proximity of each other. Try as she might Amy could not remove the collar and was sure someone would be there any moment to arrest her, which would have been preferable if she had known what was coming next. Amy was about to give up and go for help, knowing that she would probably be in a lot of trouble, when she felt a pain like a bunch of tiny bee stings at the back of her neck, she would have screamed, but instead, blacked out.

When Amy regained consciousness she felt weird, she couldn't move and felt as though something was sticking down her throat. She soon realized why she felt that way when she saw herself weakly reflected by something in front of her. In the reflection, Amy could see that there was a tube sticking out of her mouth; just as she had observed earlier while watching the MaidBot standing in its pod. She could also see that she too was now wearing a control collar, just like the one she had been examining earlier. The collar was attached to something with a wire, although she couldn't see where the wire went. As her mind cleared Amy came to a horrifying conclusion, she was now standing inside one of the maintenance/storage pods herself. The reflection Amy was seeing was being provided by the window on the door of her pod!

But Amy realized, as bad as those problems were, they were not the worst of her problems. Since she could not move, Amy had a very limited view of herself in the reflection, but what she could see was a barcode on her own forehead. She also realized that her eyes and lips were now an artificially bright color, just like the MaidBot's. Amy also noticed that she was now wearing the same style of hair band as the MaidBot she had been observing had been wearing. And although she wasn't sure, she thought she could even see a bit of a maid's uniform in her reflection. But the worst part was that she felt like something had invaded her private parts down below; however, since she couldn't look down she couldn't tell what; although she had a pretty good idea.

By this point Amy was really scared, and wondered what happened to her, and how she got into that pod. And then Amy came to an even more troubling realization, since she could not move, she could not remove the tube, therefore she could not yell out for help. What Amy failed to realize, at the moment, was that once the two ends of the collar had touched the collar automatically activated, locked in place, and did what it was designed to do. The collar inserted its control leads into what the collar assumed to be the neck of a host body, taking control, and rendering Amy unconscious.

Once the AI in her new collar assumed control of Amy's body, it proceeded to prepare the new unit to function as a hotel staff MaidBot. It announced her presence to the hotel control computer before re-

registering her into the system as a, once again, active unit. It was at this point that the hotel's central MaidBot control computer had determined that this must be a replacement body, since a former MaidBot had been assigned this collar before it went offline. Noting the MaidBot's lack of the required serial number and logo data, the C.C. sent her to the maintenance bay for a full diagnostic scan to determine if anything else needed to be done to this unit before returning it to service.

Once the scan was completed, the old MaidBot's serial number was permanently tattooed into Amy's forehead, and upper right arm. On Amy's upper left arm the name of the MaidBot collar's manufacturer, MaidTech Industries, Inc., was tattooed, this was a kind of stylized silhouette of a maid holding a feather duster with the slogan, "A MaidTech, MaidBot," below it. Now the MaidBot was properly labeled as hotel property and its identifying information could be easily checked should it, for some reason, be found away from its owner.

The system also noted that Amy's eyes and lip color, along with her makeup, did not meet MaidTech standards. The system automatically applied a kind of permanent makeup to her face and lips which made her look somewhat artificial, and injected a colorant into the irises of Amy's eyes turning them an artificial blue, good thing she was still unconscious at that point. Once all the procedures were complete, the MaidBot was sent to a pod to recharge. After a short while, Amy regained consciousness, and stood there pondering her situation for an indeterminate amount of time, "How did I get into this tube, and more importantly, how am I going to get out?"

Amy could see her reflection, at least from her shoulders up, on the window of the pod door in front of her. While obsessing about her new bar code, Amy had an awful thought, "to be considered a piece of property, a device owned by someone, with no rights or freedom is terrible. Will someone think that I belong to them?" Since she couldn't move, Amy assumed that the collar must have taken control of her nervous system; she wondered how long she would be stuck in this pod with that thing down her throat, and something else she could feel that was invading her private parts.

Amy didn't have to wait long for an answer; suddenly Amy felt what could only be described as a cross between a headache and a flash of inspiration. Words, pictures, sounds, and more seemed to be flooding into Amy's head and there was nothing she could do to stop it, after 45.2375 seconds the headache stopped. Amy wondered how she knew how much time had passed, and to that level of precision. When the headache stopped, Amy realized she now knew everything, regarding cleaning and maintenance, that any MaidBot would know. Then something new happened, Amy heard, or maybe felt, someone say, "MB63342, activate and prepare for data transfer."

Amy could not describe the feeling, but if she had tried, it was something like apprehension. She felt as though she were waiting excitedly for something to happen, and before long it did. A new flood of information began, along with another headache, and once it was over Amy now felt compelled to proceed to room 1000 and begin cleaning it. She thought, "Wait...! What??? No!!! I don't want to go and clean someone's nasty room!" Nevertheless like it or not, agree to it or not, Amy felt the tube retract from her throat, and something pulling away from her lower region, before the door of her pod opened automatically.

Once the door opened, Amy could not resist her new orders and felt herself step out of her pod. She felt oddly compelled to walk over to a nearby maid's cart that was sitting, along with others, against one

wall of the room near the door. She took hold of it, left the staff room, and began walking to her assigned room, and away from the privacy of the storage room. Amy was unbelievably embarrassed to be walking in public dressed like a MaidBot, yet had no choice but to continue on to her first assignment. When Amy reached room 1000, the door automatically unlocked, and she was forced to enter with her cart.

Amy's first task was to empty all the trashcans in the room and bathroom. This was followed by ensuring that anything which was not supposed to be on the floor was picked up, followed by changing the bedclothes. Using her iconic feather duster, she dusted the room. Finally, she vacuumed the room. Up until this point Amy, while not wishing to do any of these things, didn't really mind her tasks too badly, but now it was time to do the bathroom. Amy hated cleaning her own bathroom at home, and now she felt herself being forced to enter this bathroom, used by who knows whom, and begin cleaning it.

Amy cleaned the shower/tub unit first, removing all the hair caught in the drain, eww, and then proceeded to clean the sink and wash basin area. After that she cleaned the toilet, a bigger eww, and the floors. Finally, Amy changed all the towels and washcloths, replaced the nearly empty roll of toilet paper, and put out new soap and shampoo. At first, Amy wasn't too bothered by the experience but the more she thought about it, the more Amy realized she had hated every minute it, being forced to clean someone else's room with no say in the matter.

But Amy was about to find out that her day was just beginning. Amy felt strange as her collar forced her to say out loud, "Room 1000, Complete!" Her collar sent a confirmation of completion to the central MaidBot control computer. She felt herself take her cart, and begin walking to her next assignment, room 1001 as Amy wondered how many rooms this hotel/castle had.

Twenty-five rooms, and eight hours, two minutes, and 43.2235 seconds later, she heard herself announce, "Room 1025, Complete!" Amy felt the, now familiar, headache as new instructions were being pushed into her head, and again, felt herself begin walking with her cart. But this time, Amy realized she was walking back to the staff room, her new home, which she now realized was just a polite way of labeling the MaidBot storage and service room.

When Amy arrived, she pushed her cart into its assigned position, Amy really didn't know how she knew where that was. But she proceeded to restock the cart as her programming dictated; preparing it for the next MaidBot that needed it. Then she moved the soiled laundry to a chute marked laundry and sent it on its way. Amy would have died of embarrassment, figuratively speaking of course, as she felt herself strip naked then place her uniform into the laundry chute.

Amy desperately wanted to run for clothes, then help, even more so when the door of a nearby pod opened automatically and she felt herself being forced to enter it. Once inside Amy felt herself turn around, face the door, and stand at attention. She felt her mouth open involuntarily and would have gagged, if her AI would have let her, as the feed tube snaked down her throat to 'recharge' her.

Amy was about to have an even bigger shock. She had felt something attached to her lower ports when she first became aware in her pod, the first time. But now she found out what the lower mechanism's real purpose was. Without warning, the unit attached itself to her lower region, a rather stimulating

experience to be sure. Then Amy's AI forced her to release any bowl and bladder contents, which were removed by the device. Even when Amy had finished, the unit did not disengage but remained there ready for any required use later.

Again, Amy would have screamed, if the tube in her throat, or her AI, would have allowed her, but she was stuck there, unable to move. She felt new commands being uploaded into her collar followed by blackness as the control computer placed Amy's body into a sleep mode. While her body was forced to sleep, Amy's mind, the one that a normal host body wouldn't have, continued running. Since her eyes were forced closed, Amy began dreaming, a weird dream wherein she was an android maid in a large British castle and hotel. The MaidBot's days consisted of cleaning the rooms and standing by, stored in a large pod-like device.

The next day, the computer sent an activation signal to Amy's collar reactivating the MaidBot. As Amy began to wake up she thought, "Wow what a strange nightmare!" Unfortunately, for Amy, once she fully regained consciousness she realized that her nightmare was actually her new reality. Amy felt herself begin the routine all over again and reasoned that if no one realized she was supposed to be a guest, and not part of the "Staff," she would be replaying this horrible day for the rest of her life.

Amy stepped out of her pod, walked over to the spare uniforms and got dressed, then she picked up a cart and started out into the hotel. Every time Amy walked past a guest, or a guest waked past her, she wanted to scream out, "Please help me! I am not a MaidBot!" But since her AI was in control, she could only watch them pass. Amy noticed that the guests, as soon as they saw her barcode, didn't even bother to say hello to her but just kept on walking. Even when they blocked her way, she found that she could only ask them, in a very mechanical sounding way, to please allow her to pass.

Days became weeks, which in turn became months. Amy had lost hope that anyone would figure out her situation and wondered why no one had come looking for her. Thankfully for Amy she had realized that if she just accepted commands and data from the C.C., and didn't fight it, the headaches no longer were a problem. Unbeknownst to Amy, when she failed to check in, the hotel decided that she had canceled her trip without giving them any notice, thinking, "Those rude Americans!"

Since Amy hadn't canceled her reservation properly, the hotel was under no obligation to refund her money and was able to rent out her room. Ironically, Amy found herself cleaning the very room she was to have stayed in. Amy's parents figured she found some European guy she liked and ran away with him. They didn't worry too much since they not received any bad news and just assumed that one day she would come crawling back to them wanting money.

Then one day, nine months after her life as an servant began, Amy was cleaning room 1022 when something strange happened. In the middle of dusting the vanity, she just froze up; she couldn't move a muscle and was forced to just stand there, like some kind of sexy, conscious mannequin. Before long, the MaidBot control computer realized something was amiss; MB63342's collar had not checked in for over an hour and it sent for a technician to access the problem.

Amy was, to say the least, more than distressed; she was dressed like a slut, stuck in the same pose, forced to look at the same thing, for over an hour. Before long, she heard someone waking down the hallway toward the room she was in and was not sure what to think, would this person take advantage of

her situation? Amy could hear someone enter the room and a pleasant male voice say, “Blimey, what’s this?”

Then she heard the man approach her and felt him do something to her collar. While he was working, she heard him say to himself, as he assumed he was working on a simple android, “Now why couldn’t I find a real girl that looked like this! The DNA donor for this frame must have been amazing!” While Amy couldn’t move or respond in any way she thought, “Wow, what a nice thing to say. I am a real girl mister, not a MaidBot! I wish you would realize that I am human and help me escape, I am not property I am”

Suddenly Amy felt a surge go thru her and she stood up at attention saying involuntarily, “MaidBot unit MB63342 online, emergency maintenance mode, awaiting your command.” The man said, “Nice to meet you MB63342. Please proceed to the MaidBot storage and maintenance area, enter your pod, initiate a recharge cycle, and await further instructions.

While Amy desperately wanted to cry out, “No! Please, No! Please don’t send me back into storage. I’m a human being, not a MaidBot! Please help me!” Instead, she merely replied, “Command acknowledged, proceeding to storage!” Then Amy turned and began walking back to the “Staff Only” room. Once inside she did as she was commanded, entered her pod, and initiated a recharge cycle.

The recharge cycle connected Amy to the, now all too familiar, tubes and wires then forced Amy into sleep mode. When she was reactivated, Amy received new commands, exit her pod, skip dressing in her uniform, and move to the maintenance scanner at the far end of the room. There was a small shop in that corner of the room which Amy had never noticed anyone using, until that day. Seated at a workbench in the small shop was the man who had come to her rescue the previous day.

Amy was beyond embarrassment as she walked, naked, across the room in front of the man to the scanner. The man looked up from his computer screen when he heard the pod door open and said, “Hello MB63342,” as he watched as Amy’s naked form walk across the room, Amy was terribly embarrassed at her nakedness but could not do anything about it. She was forced to obey her instructions, and stepped into the scanner where Amy felt herself being forced to stand at attention, Amy then became rigid. This was followed by a strange sensation, as the platform she was standing on slowly rotated, this was accompanied by a fairly loud hum, as the machine did its job.

Amy stood there fully aware of her situation and surroundings. All of the while she could hear the man thinking out loud as he reviewed the scan data. “Um Hmm. Yes. OK, What!?!” It was the ‘What’ that got her attention and suddenly her hopes were boosted by the single word. Did the man see something in the scans that led him to conclude that this was no ordinary MaidBot? At first, she was ecstatic, unfortunately, her hopes were quickly dashed when he said, “This collar was marked defective and supposed to be replaced almost a year ago, what idiot used it on a new frame?”

Amy’s heart sank as she realized that he believed her to be nothing more than an ordinary MaidBot. Then the man said, probably more to himself than to the MaidBot standing in the scanner, “Well here’s the problem MB63342, your collar was supposed to be replaced ages ago, but not to worry I have a new one I keep, for emergencies. I’ll copy your data to the new one and have it installed in a jiffy.” Amy

was crushed, the man had not realized she was a real woman as she had hoped, and rather thought she was just another mindless 'Frame.'

Amy felt an odd sensation as the man, whom she thought seemed rather nice; that was, if he weren't about to force her to continue her new life of servitude, copied the data from her current collar into the new one. Then she blacked out as he sent a sleep command to the old collar and then commanded the collar to retract its interface wires and disconnect from the frame. One would think that once the technician had removed the old collar Amy would have awakened, but the sleep signals sent to her hypothalamus actually put Amy into a, sort of, trance-like state.

When she next awoke, Amy was once again, standing at attention, fully dressed in her uniform, and awaiting new orders. The man said to her, "congratulations MB63342, you have a new collar, and I updated all your programming, that makes you our latest model!" Amy was less than thrilled, yet the MaidBot showed no change in expression. Then the man said to himself, "Kevin you really need to get some real friends and quit talking to the androids."

Amy was amused that the man was talking to himself rather than her but she realized that, to him, she was only a mindless android servant programmed to take orders, and was not self aware. Then the man said, this time louder and with more authority, "MB63342, resume normal function, download new duty list, and begin your assigned tasks."

Amy could 'feel' her collar connect to the MaidBot control computer and her new orders being uploaded into her command buffer. Then her AI placed Amy back into "normal" operation, Amy heard herself say, "Commands accepted sir, beginning assigned tasks." Then she turned and walked out, grabbing a maid's cart along the way. Amy didn't even have a chance to say anything to the man before leaving. If her AI would have let her, she would have at least said, "thank you for helping me," but instead she just turned and left. Amy was sad to think that her only opportunity to be discovered had been missed, and that she would remain a MaidBot, perhaps for the rest of her life.

Six more months passed, Amy lost hope of ever being released from her MaidBot existence when, one day while working in room 1014, she passed out. Unlike her previous malfunction, this time Amy's body slumped into unconsciousness, lucky she did not hit her head on the way down. As before, the control computer realized that the MaidBot was not responding to commands and sent a technician, luckily for Amy it was the same man who had come to her aid previously.

When the man entered the room he found the MaidBot lying on the floor and, 'unconscious.' As he thought about it he realized that this might not be the right word to describe the state of an android, who has no consciousness in the first place. The procedure he used the previous time this android had locked up, to put the MaidBot into emergency operation mode, did not work and he feared there might be a greater problem. The tech called one of the other human staff members to help him move this unit back into the maintenance area. Once there, the two were able to prop her up inside the scanner, for further analysis.

The second man left, leaving the tech to his work. When the technician ran a diagnostic scan of Amy, he discovered an anomaly. This oddity had been detected during Amy's first scan, and he probably should have noted it the first time, but he had overlooked it. This Frame had a fully developed brain!

This was nothing like he had seen with other cloned frames; this girl appeared to be a real human, not a clone, the man almost passed out when he came to that conclusion.

The technician was terrified, his head was spinning, and he thought, "How did this happen? How long has this poor girl been like this? What do I do? Should I take her collar off? If I do, and something goes wrong, will she be brain damaged, or die? Should I call management, and will they fire me for not figuring this out sooner?" There were just too many questions, the man had to think about it for a bit. Thankfully, he came to the right decision, "I have to remove her collar, then call a doctor and find out what is wrong with her." Before long, the technician had managed to move Amy's body to a nearby table and placed her on top. Then he carefully removed her collar, this time not putting Amy into sleep mode first. Once the collar was removed, Amy still did not visibly wake up and the man was worried.

Before long, the doctor arrived and asked what happened, by this point Amy was groggy and starting to come around. She could hear the two men talking but remained quiet, afraid she would get in trouble. Afraid that he would get into trouble, the technician lied to the doctor telling him that this was his girlfriend Jane, after all he had to have some name to tell the doctor. The lie continued as he told the doctor she was one of the few actual human female maids that the hotel employed, and that she passed out while cleaning a room. He explained that he was very worried about her, and was there anything the doctor could do to help?

The doctor began looking over the 'unconscious' girl and in less than a minute came to a conclusion, this girl is sick and has a 101 degree fever, you need to get her home, to bed, and give her lots of liquids. Then the doctor said, "Why is she tattooed like a MaidBot?" To which Amy heard Kevin say, "Oh that, well some guests don't trust real human maids very much these days, you know security and such, so the hotel uses these temporary tattoos so that the guests will won't be able to tell the difference.

Amy also heard the doctor say, "That is kind of strange, and possibly illegal, but I guess if it works for the hotel, then OK! I must say that she has an amazing work ethic to put up with that kind of requirement, and to keep working with such a high fever; she couldn't have been feeling very well." In truth, Amy did feel off that day but her AI ignored her symptoms and forced her to continue with her duties.

As soon as she heard the doctor leave the room, and hoping to avoid getting into quite as much trouble, Amy pretended to be just coming around and weakly said, "Where am I? How did I get here? Who are you?" The technician, whom Amy decided had a very kindly voice, replied, "Lie still miss, and try not to talk. You are in a staff area at a resort in England, and are sick. The doctor wanted me to ensure that you get rest and fluids. What is your name?"

Amy almost replied, MaidBot unit MB63342, before realizing she could now speak on her own and told him, "I'm Amy Johnson, who are you?" The man replied, "I'm Kevin Brown, I am an android repair technician for the hotel, but I'll explain more later, for now you need rest. Do you feel you can walk safely?" Amy told him she thought she could, and he said, "I live here in the staff wing of the hotel. I know you don't know me, but would you mind coming back to my flat so I can take care of you until you are better? Then we can figure out what is going on here."

Normally Amy would have balked at the idea of going to a strange man's apartment, but she had a good feeling about this man, he had been kind to her, even when he thought she was just a machine. Amy still dressed in her uniform, which by this point she was used to, and Kevin walked back to his flat as he called it. When the two arrived, he told her he lived alone and thus only had one bed, but if she would sit down for a few minutes and try to drink some Gatorade, he would change the bedclothes and she could rest there while he slept on the couch nearby.

Amy was amazed by the man's kindness and consideration, and agreed to his proposal. True to his word, Kevin took care of Amy for days until she was feeling better. In all that time, Kevin never once bothered Amy by asking how she ended up a MaidBot, or asked her to recount her story; he just tended to her needs while he was home. When Kevin had to go to work, he left her there to rest and recover. On the forth day, Amy was feeling much better and when Kevin arrived home, he was thrilled to not only see her out of bed, dressed in her maid's uniform, but she had also made dinner for him.

The two started talking over dinner and Amy decided it was time to 'come clean' with Kevin. She began telling him the story of how she came to England, fresh out of school. How she began exploring the hotel when she arrived, before checking in, and how she got herself into trouble. She admitted to him that she had no idea how she got the tattoos, or why her eyes were now artificially blue. Kevin sat there amazed as he listened to her story, spellbound. Suddenly something flashed in his memory, he thought back to their first encounter and asked, "The first time I worked on you, were you aware of what was going on around you?"

Amy replied, "Oh, yes! But I couldn't move or speak to you." Then Kevin said, "You didn't hear me say anything did you?" Amy laughed as she said, "Oh, like how you wished I were a real girl?" The man turned a bright red, and Amy laughed even harder. Amy reassured Kevin, "Don't worry Kevin, I understand, you thought I was just a mindless android, and yet you were still kind to me."

Kevin was greatly relieved that the "girl of his dreams" was not ready to kill him for not figuring it out sooner and he asked her, "What do we do now, Amy?" Amy replied, "well the first thing I would like to do is get some normal clothes. While I have grown used to wearing my uniform, I'd still prefer to dress like a normal woman! I have been gone for over a year, and in all that time no one came looking for me, so it seems that I am not too terribly missed. Besides, I really did want to see England, although not just 25 rooms of a hotel serving there as a MaidBot! May I stay here for a while with you? Perhaps, if you don't mind, you could show me your country when you are not working."

Kevin couldn't believe his luck! The girl of his dreams was asking if she could stay with him in his flat for a while, as though she were his girlfriend. Naturally, Kevin was more than thrilled by the prospect and said, "Of course! YES! Absolutely! I would love to have you stay here." Kevin helped Amy get her tattoos removed. Thankfully, by those days this was much easier to do than it used to be. However, Amy was stuck with her artificially blue eyes; as no doctor knew of any way to put them back to normal. Still, on the bright side, Amy never had to worry about applying makeup again thanks to the permanent makeup that had been applied to her, a definite plus and time saver for Amy!

Nearly a year had passed and Amy was still in England with Kevin, he had proposed to her, and she had given him a resounding, "Yes!" She was now working at the hotel alongside her husband maintaining the hotel's staff of androids. Since Amy had firsthand experience with life as an android maid, she

proved to be one of the best techs the hotel had ever seen. In addition, she and Kevin had made many improvements to the android software, and hardware, which they patented making the two of them a great deal of money.

While they now could have easily afforded to move out of the hotel to a large house in the country, considering their newly made fortune. The two continued to live in, and work for, the castle for a few years; until their first child was on the way. Now, Kevin and Amy live in a modest estate in the English countryside where they have their own company, designing new android systems and hardware. They have two lovely children and couldn't be happier. Sometimes, the way we arrive at a destination is stranger than the destination itself. But at least, now when Amy talked to Sarah she could admit that, while it didn't start out that way, indeed this had been a vacation in heaven, which became her new life.

THE END