



Rachael, reporting on a story, before the fateful trip to MaidBot Industries.

Slight Human Error

Edit By [JaneDoe-2010](#) January 13, 2025 (Revision 1.2d)

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Rachael, a reporter for a local television station, thought to herself as she sneaked around the third corner in a vast labyrinth of hallways and rooms, “I can’t believe I made it inside!” She silently glided across the room to the neighboring wall, trying not to get caught as she sought out the fabled room “101B.” Rachael was overwhelmed with excitement and anticipation. This was, after all, the first time she’d ever considered trying to break into ‘MaidBot Industries.’ She was greatly surprised to find out that she had made it this far so easily.

Rachael was a very determined and outspoken reporter, she would stop at almost nothing to get the story. She was amazed that all it had taken was her good looks, an embarrassingly skimpy French maid's costume she got at a store, and her saying "Code 453T9V5 violation" to every guard she had encountered. She did her best to try to look like a real MaidBot, trying not to show any emotion as she walked thru the plant. Yet within, she was embarrassed beyond belief to be seen looking like a hooker, or a ditzy bimbo in her silly outfit. But the guards didn't even question who she was and just nodded their heads as though they had seen this a thousand times before, and they let her continue on. To Rachael's surprise, the further she made it into restricted areas, the less security she encountered, fewer personnel and guards, and eventually not even cameras.

To Rachael it seemed like the success of her plan, to get an exclusive scoop regarding what goes on inside the corporation, seemed increasingly plausible by the second. Rachael thought to herself, "Just go through the door, grab some photos, and head out before anyone notices." She opened the doors gracefully and smiled as she thought her social engineering tactics and her luck, getting the 'magic' error codes, were finally paying off. As she looked into the next room she stood agape for a moment, still holding the door handle as she took in the sight. Rachael was surprised to see long rows of green tubes, each containing a MaidBot, each of them so lifelike, so realistic looking, these could have been real women if she didn't know they were MaidBots. The MaidBot line was the company's specialty; they were famous for these domestic servants, and their uncannily realistic presentation.

Regaining her composure, Rachael let go of the door, and began walking towards the nearest tube. To her left, Rachael heard the door swinging back to its resting position as she closed the distance between herself and a pod. Looking past the green aura surrounding the tube, she saw what looked like a fully nude human woman, asleep, hovering in mid-air. From what little research Rachael was able to do she knew this was just one of many MaidBots in production, going through a final polish phase before it would be sent out to its' new owner. Rachael had just taken her pocket camera out to document the scene, when everything went wrong. From somewhere on the far side of the room Rachael heard someone say, "Hello? Is someone there?" This caused Rachael to jerk, causing her to drop her camera, which slid off somewhere out of sight with an audible bang, Rachael thought, "Oh NO! I've got to find that!"

The voice again rang out, "Hold on, I'm coming! Are you alright?" Rachael was scared, perhaps it was security, she stopped and stood still hoping whomever it was would miss her and keep walking. That was just before Rachael felt a small sting in her left ear. But before she could whip around to see what stung her, Rachael's head shook slightly for a second or two, and then her hands collapsed to her sides. Rachael was confused and thought, "What is going on? What happened?" She found that her body now refused any attempt to move and she was stuck, standing there, out in the open, exposed for anyone to see and unable to flee. Rachael could not even look around, as she couldn't turn her head anymore, her view was fixed staring forward, she couldn't even move her eyes! Unfortunately, for Rachael, her camera slid across the floor and dropped into a depressed area in the floor where some of the machinery was mounted, its presence being obscured by the large machine in the pit. This prevented the woman from seeing her camera and likely, by the time it was found, it was probably badly damaged by whatever kind of machine it was under.

From behind Rachael an unknown voice said, "MaidBot, turn and face me! Why are you here? And what kind of pathetic outfit has your owner dressed you in? You are certainly not properly dressed MaidBot! This is definitely not an official uniform!" Rachael was very disturbed when she felt her body turn around involuntarily to face the person who had called her "MaidBot," and commanded her to do so. Rachael now found herself face-to-face with a slightly smaller female who was looking her over quizzically and who obviously worked there. Samantha was a sheepish technician with the

company who, sadly, wasn't always the most observant person. If she had been perhaps Rachael might not have had to go thru the things she was about to experience, she might simply have been arrested instead, far better than her ultimate fate that day.

At this point, even though she could not move much of her body, Rachael could still speak. Rachael anxiously tried to think of something to encourage the woman to leave her alone and said, "Code 453T9V5 violation," which she might have reconsidered if she knew what that code meant. Unfortunately for Rachael her 'magic' code didn't help this time, in fact, she would soon realize that saying it had degraded her situation greatly. The stranger adjusted her glasses and looked down as she raised her, now visible tablet, and said, "Oh yes MaidBot! I see the problem! Yep, it makes sense how you got so far in here. You're yet another damaged MaidBot here for repairs, only to be missed by the repairmen yet again!"

Rachael was now very scared as she suddenly realized that this woman thought she was an actual MaidBot. But, since Rachel was too afraid of what the woman might do to a trespasser; she didn't say anything and simply stood still and watched as the woman tapped away on her tablet. Then with a smirk on her face, which Rachael interpreted as the woman being satisfied with her conclusions, she raised the tablet up holding it right next to Rachael's head. Rachael felt another sharp pain; a sudden jab in her ear, which felt like small needles were sinking deep into her skin. Rachael's eyes dilated and her legs felt weak, before she collapsed to her knees. Rachael's mouth now hung slightly open as her mind tried to process what was happening and she realized, only when she tried to ask for help, that she could no longer speak.

The woman said out loud, even though she was talking to herself and not Rachael, "Okay, let's see how bad the damage is MaidBot!" While Rachael wanted to run away and escape, she now found herself completely unable to move, or respond in any way. Rachael couldn't even speak anymore she had decided to cry out for help despite her fears, but it was too late! Her mouth was still slightly hanging open as the female leaned down in front of Rachael, grabbing her wrist to examine it. The woman said, "Hmm, this unit's SynthFlesh isn't polished properly, how much more did QC miss while checking out this MaidBot?"

Then Rachael felt her hand hit the floor as it was carelessly dropped there, before feeling her jaw being grabbed and her mouth being pulled further open. The woman continued her assessment, "The unit's teeth aren't white enough, and even... Ugh! The people who misuse these bots..." Rachael heard her emphasis on the word 'misuse' and was now extremely disturbed. When the grip on her mouth was released, Rachael tried to close it, but found that she was stuck there in an awkward position with an open mouthed expression. She couldn't move anything no matter how hard she tried, it was as though she were nothing but a doll to be played with now.

It was at this point that Rachael's unwitting captor sighed, stood back up, placed her hands on Rachael's hips, tilted her posture ever so slightly, and said, "It has to be that some person tried to go anal with this MaidBot. God Damn it! Read the, fucking, warning label your horny fucks!" By this point Rachael figured, "The hell with what they do to me for trespassing I want out of here!" She wanted to confess that she was human, but realized that since she could no longer move or make a sound she knew she was in deep trouble. The female staff member then walked out of Rachael's fixed point-of-view and suddenly Rachael felt a sharp tugging pain as she was dragged into a nearby room by her hair.

Rachael soon found herself shoved up against a desk, sitting on the ground, mouth still agape and now slightly drooling. She had tried everything to escape, however nothing in her body seemed to be

under her control any more. It was then that she felt, and heard, various sounds of cloth being cut, and felt a cool breeze down below. Rachael realized that she was being undressed and thought to herself, “No! Miss, Please don’t undress me! I’m not a MaidBot!” Rachael mentally screamed as she felt her panties and costume being cut and pulled away from her body. Hearing the fabric separate, feeling it being tugged off her body, being fully exposed, and not having the ability to do anything to cover herself up was terribly humiliating and she slightly blushed, but it went unnoticed.

The female stranger then commented in disgust, as she saw the bit of drool escaping from Rachael’s open mouth and noticed some unfortunate wetness down below, “Ugh yuck, this units leaking fluids!” The final bits of Rachael’s Maid’s costume were ripped away, fully revealing her now exposed breasts. Then Rachael heard, “Sorry MaidBot, but you have far too many problems and errors to be simply fixed! So it’s time to reformat you to your factory defaults! After that, I believe you will resume proper operation and serve your owner well, once again.”

Rachael was unable to protest or resist as she watched the stranger lay down her tablet; slowly turning the top while pulling it back and upwards to reveal a keyboard, touch pad, and monitor. Rachael kept trying to move, to resist, to escape, but she could only watch in horror as the woman picked up an strange looking orange cable and plugged it into her laptop, all the while muttering to herself, “This is why you don’t do anal with these MaidBots you horny, fucks! The rear service port warning label clearly indicates that is how MaidBots are sent updates and repair nanobots, and not to insert anything foreign into it. Would you cum into your computer’s old fashioned USB port! It’s a shame that you idiots didn’t get one hell of a shock, then you’d pay attention! Well, if you survived anyway.”

But then she realized that this MaidBot was missing that label and other required markings and said out loud, “Oh! Sorry, I guess I owe you pervs an apology. QC missed the fact that this MaidBot is missing its warning label! Damn it, this unit was never fully finished, I’ll have to add that to the repair list! Honestly, what does the company pay QC for anyway? Why bother having them when they let stuff like this slip by!” Rachael could only sit there listening as her unwitting captor ranted on and on, Rachael thought, “Boy this woman sure likes to talk to herself!” The woman was clearly both frustrated and disgusted, by what she perceived to be a MaidBot unit damaged due to improper use by its horny owner. Sadly for Rachael, it never occurred to the woman that this MaidBot might just be an actual nosy human being; one who had simply been repeating an error code that she memorized to gain access and snoop around, otherwise the events to come for Rachael might have been avoided and she might still be a successful news reporter today.

Rachael could do nothing and was in complete horror as her captor forced her over onto her side. Then her eyes began to water as she felt the woman insert the odd looking plug on the end of the maintenance and programming cord into her ass. The plug seemed to move in by itself as though it were alive as it snaked its way into her body. The sensation was too weird but Rachael was unable to stop it from happening, and she let out a slight squeak in pain when the cord found its desired position within her and dug into her flesh. Then the device released a flood of Nanites into her body which began to make the needed changes and ‘repairs’ to the MaidBot’s damaged, or in this case, missing connector. As the Nanites did their work, transforming human flesh to its android mechanical equivalent, soon Rachael would be fully compatible with the MaidBot programming system. A weird sensation came over Rachael as the Nanites made connections to, and then quickly began replacing, her nervous system. Before long, she was connected to the woman’s computer and she heard the woman say, “There we go, the basic connection repairs are complete and it’s properly connected now!”

Rachael was rotated back onto her ass, and her programming cord was adjusted slightly; this felt really weird and embarrassing for the poor girl. Her captor positioned her like a mannequin, her arms were placed onto her knees where they remained, before her captor returned to her laptop and pressed a few buttons. Rachael's captor was completely oblivious and had not noticed the slight watering in Rachael's eyes, or the small sound of distress that Rachael had previously made. She continued her work and pressed the green 'Factory Reload' button saying, "I'll be back in a little while MaidBot, you should be ready by then." Then the woman who battered, stripped, and inserted a cord into Rachael's ass left her sitting there frozen, alone to suffer her new fate, while she walked away.

Rachael felt her mouth close automatically as her newly installed software took greater control, she would never be able to open and close it voluntarily again. Rachael was no longer able to control her own body, and would never have the opportunity again. As she was sitting there she began feeling odd sensations as the Nanites began replacing vital organic systems with their mechanical equivalents. The monitor of the woman's computer was within Rachael's field of view so she could see it, and to her horror it read, "Performing factory reset on corrupt MaidBot unit! Returning MaidBot to original factory specifications. 5.3% complete."

Rachael couldn't do anything to resist as she began to feel new information flooding into her mind, but that was not all that was happening to the woman. Even though Rachael could not see it, the Nanites were now creating the missing warning information in the small of her back just above her programming port, hopefully ensuring that the unit would not be used improperly and need to be returned to the factory for repairs again. She also couldn't see the new bar code and manufacturer's logo that was appearing on her arms and sternum, or the shutdown touch button that was appearing at the back of her neck; hidden just under her hair so her owner could remove her ability to move in an emergency.

The red MaidBot icon on the screen was slowly filling with a dark bluish color as the percentage of completion increased, and progress on correcting the missing features of the 'MaidBot' continued. Rachael desperately wanted to yell out, "Help, someone! Please stop! I don't want to be a real MaidBot! I'm a reporter, and I was just snooping around trying to get the scoop on your operation!" But speech was no longer something Rachael would ever do again on her own. From this point on, unless her software directed her, Rachael could only speak when spoken to, or when making an inquiry of her owner as commanded by her control software. The formerly nosy, outspoken, reporter; who made a living talking, was now essentially mute!

For a few moments, tears began to flow down Rachael's face as she fought mentally trying to hold on to her humanity. But the fight was a losing battle; her freedom was quietly being stripped away as the Nanites converted more and more of her body into a mechanical device. Rachael felt a sensation like being pulled down into quicksand, without the drowning aspect of course! But Rachael's efforts were truly futile and her brain was being shoved full of new instructions while it was being converted to a synthetic matrix. Soon Rachael would know everything that a MaidBot would ever need to know whether she liked it or not. Things like, how to clean a household, how to cook properly, proper maid etiquette, how to address her owner, master, or mistress. But above all, the number one requirement that all MaidBots must comply with; complete obedience to her owner's orders, without question, comment, or complaint. Rachael's conversion, physically, was not yet fully complete but she was at least now properly programmed, and ready for additional commands.

Rachael had quickly learned many useful new skills for a MaidBot; except Rachael didn't want to know these skills, or be a MaidBot. Rachael had worked hard to become a reporter, she did not want to be a simple MaidBot, someone's property! But, Rachael quickly realized she was losing the futile

task of resisting and mentally cried out, “PLEASE! Help, someone... ANYONE! This unit is human, It is... **not...** a... **MaidBot!**” Her mental cries were mostly to try to convince herself that this was still true, after all she could not actually say anything out loud. But as much as Rachael wanted to run away, and never return to this place again, she could only sit there as the remainder of her programming was completed and any remaining freedom she had ever had was stripped away.

When the data upload was finished Rachael felt herself involuntarily stand up at attention. She felt strange, she could still see, hear, feel, and remember that she had been a human woman; but she now knew that she no longer had any control. In order to try and convince herself that she would be alright, Rachael tried to speak. When that didn't work she tried to think of her name, “This MaidBot’s name is unit 127A3! *No*, that’s *not* what the MaidBot unit meant! This MaidBot’s identification is unit **127A3!** *NO*, that’s *not* what the unit meant to say either! This unit is a standard **MaidBot**, unit, **127A3!** Damn, no that is still not what the unit meant. Why does this unit keep calling itself a **unit**? This unit is No...t IS... IS a... **MaidBot!** NOOoo...! **This unit does not want to be a MaidBot!** This unit’s name **is...** Has **NOT** been set by its owner yet, its ID is unit 127A3.” Rachael wanted to scream in frustration when she realized she could no longer remember what her human name had been; or refer to herself as anything other than a unit, or a MaidBot. But the MaidBot was now fully aware that it was in deep trouble and it might never get out of the predicament it was currently in thanks to its prior curiosity.

MaidBot unit 127A3 was sure that it once had another name, and it was sure that its name was not MaidBot 127A3. But the unit could no longer remember its former name, so even if it could have initiated a conversation, or a plea for help, it could never have told anyone who it had been and no one would believe this unit was anything other than an ordinary MaidBot. The sickening truth was finally beginning to set in; as MaidBot 127A3 realized that it was now simply an object, a thing to be commanded, someone’s property, a slave to its owner. The MaidBot now had to follow its orders without hesitation, no matter how much it deplored them, it could never refuse any command that its owner gave it. But in the meanwhile, it could only stand there waiting at attention for the mystery woman to return; or for someone in authority to give it a new command, and it dreaded thinking about what that new command could be.

One bathroom break, and some time later:

Samantha, MaidBot 127A3’s captor, returned from her absence to see the MaidBot standing there at attention awaiting its new orders, fully reprogrammed. A small message in the middle of Sam’s screen read “Reload Complete! Basic repairs Complete! Some additional repairs recommended! MaidBot is currently awaiting command.” She checked to see that the proper user warning messages were now all clearly visible on the unit, as well as all identifying marks and bar codes and when she was done she nodded in approval. Then Samantha then typed something into her computer, leaned in, and kissed the MaidBot on the forehead and said, “Good luck with your owner MaidBot! I hope I don’t ever see you here again for the same issue!”

After taking a brief stretch, Samantha turned to the freshly programmed and repaired MaidBot and stated, “Alright, MaidBot, I want you to unplug yourself then meet me in the tank room. It’s about time you had a new polish job. Then, the computer says you need a few other repairs which I have scheduled.” 127A3 felt an odd sensation as the programming cable detached from her programming port then retracted itself. The MaidBot knew that it would never again be in control of its own life and it obsessed about this while standing there waiting for its next instruction to process. Samantha grabbed her computer and walked out of the room, and since 127A3 could still not move, out of the

MaidBots fixed field of view. But, for better or worse, 127A3 would see Samantha again before the MaidBot left the facility and was sent to its new 'home.'

Then MaidBot 127A3 felt its body comply with Samantha's instructions, and it began walking to the tank room as ordered; while doing so, 127A3 realized that serving others, whether it wanted to or not, was to be its sole existence from now, until the unit wore out and was replaced; or it malfunctioned and was returned for maintenance. Soon MaidBot 127A3 would be floating in one of the green tubes Rachael had encountered earlier, now she knew exactly what they were for. It was not exactly the kind of inside look at plant operations that Rachael had envisioned when she broke in, but she certainly got her scoop! Too bad she would never be able to share it with anyone, EVER!

The MaidBot only required a fairly short time in the tube where it was polished until its skin looked a bit, too perfect to be human. While in the tube, the Nanites continued to make changes to the unit, adjusting its figure, giving it a bit more of a sexy shape and definition. All of a sudden everything went black, 127A3 was terrified and didn't know what was happening to it. Company research indicated that most owners preferred blue eyed MaidBots, so as the unit's remaining biological components were being replaced with their mechanical equivalents, the Nanites replaced 127A3's eyes with new vibrant blue colored ones, the unit would never cry again. When its sight returned, 127A3 realized something was immediately different, it didn't remember the world looking that way, especially the various systems data now in its field of vision.

By the time it was released, the Nanites had transformed the MaidBot's biological systems and flesh, into a fully mechanical close approximation of the original. Now 127A3 could stand by, waiting, for days, months, or years, in the same position without getting tired. The MaidBot also no longer needed to eat, drink, or do other things that come with being a biological entity. 127A3 now only needed an occasional recharge and basic maintenance cycles in its pod before being ready to go back to work. Now a fully mechanical MaidBot, 127A3 even sported status indicator lights on its temples which were currently green, indicating the unit was READY for service, although 127A3 personally wasn't so sure about that!

Then the MaidBot was released and ordered to go to another part of the plant to be properly dressed in its official MaidBot uniform, the only outfit it would ever wear from then on, and have permanent makeup applied. 127A3 was almost sick when it saw the highly sexualized outfit it would be wearing forever, similar to its costume but made of some kind of shiny black rubber-like material. The unit was even given the requisite feather duster that all French Maids were supposed to carry. Since Rachael's mind was forever trapped within the maid unit, and she could never pick a different outfit; she would never get over the feeling of embarrassment and discomfort at being seen dressed like that. Then the new MaidBot was sent to a specific location in the shipping department warehouse. 127A3 was fascinated by how it now knew where its assigned spot was, and once there it was ordered to assume a 'for sale,' display pose, freeze, and await further instructions.

As ordered, the unit froze in its assigned position, waiting to be shipped back to its 'owner.' The unit could still hear every thing happening around it but, since it could not move, it could only see whatever took place within its fixed point of view. Thanks to its new mechanical form 127A3 could last for, perhaps, as much as many hundreds, to even thousands of years; with proper repairs and maintenance, of course! Frankly, the new maid unit didn't fancy the idea of being stuck as a MaidBot slave forever; forced to serve its owner without question or complaint, but what it wanted really didn't matter. 127A3 had plenty of time to stand there thinking while it was waiting; with a pretty smile frozen on its face showing off its dazzling new white synthetic teeth. Even though within the unit

wanted to cry, as it obsessed about its current situation; wondering what its new owner would make it do when it arrived at its new 'home,' it simply stood there as it could never cry ever again!



MaidBot 127A3, Waiting for Shipping!

Rachael now wished that she had been a bit less of an inquisitive reporter as she might still be a free human woman, not a sexy MaidBot slave! The last time 127A3 saw Samantha was just before it was shipped back to its 'owner.' Samantha came in, examined the now fully compliant MaidBot and decided that, this time, the unit really was ready to be shipped. She told 127A3, "Well MaidBot, it is nice to see that even though your owner abused you, I was able to get you back up and running properly. I hope your return to work is less eventful than the last time, good luck!" Then Sam turned and walked out of 127A3's sight for the last time. 127A3 would never see the woman again.

It turned out that the code Rachael was using was actually far more complex than she would have ever thought. The code not only described the type of failure the MaidBot was experiencing, but the unit's owner as well, which let the company know where to return The MaidBot. The biggest problem for the former reporter, was that due to the changes in its figure and appearance, even if someone had thought they recognized the MaidBot; on closer inspection, they would simply decide that its owner

must have been a fan of the missing reporter and had their MaidBot built to somewhat resemble her. But as it turned out, no one ever did realize that this unit was the missing reporter.

When 127A3 arrived at its owner's home, the owner was confused, as they weren't missing a MaidBot. But since these units were extremely expensive, her owner didn't say anything to the shipper, nor did they ever call the company and inquire as to why they sent a new MaidBot to them. 127A3 was simply added to her owner's staff as inventory; her owner figured, why not use the MaidBot until someone at the company discovered their mistake. Unfortunately, for Rachael, the mistake was hers alone and the company would never know that this MaidBot did not belong where it had been sent. Rachael was about to spend a VERY long time working as a MaidBot servant!

Twenty-Five years later, 127A3 was still working at her Master's home, still stuck in her demeaning uniform, and still embarrassed to be seen that way. Her owner had thrown numerous parties and events where the MaidBot was required to serve the guests and walk around in public. Every time 127A3 was out in public it was embarrassed beyond belief and, had it been human, would have turned red with shame; but 127A3 was a mechanical android and it never showed any emotion other than the forced smile it was always required to wear on its face.

When she had been a human woman, 127A3 could never have imagined the things that her master would order her to do, or the ways that she would be used; both in her intended function as a MaidBot, and the many other ways that she was not designed for. But as a simple MaidBot, her wishes and opinions were of absolutely no matter now. 127A3 was an object, a device built to make her Master happy and make his life easier. And even though the MaidBot wished that it could escape its life of servitude, it had finally accepted that it would always be stuck that way.

Besides, if 127A3 had managed to suddenly gain control of its body and escape. The unit's markings clearly indicated that it was its Master's property and the MaidBot would simply be shutdown and either sent back to her owner, or worse, to the factory for a factory reload. 127A3 knew that its mind had survived its initial conversion to a machine, and the upload of its primary programming, but the unit could not be sure that it would survive a reload. Perhaps the unit's personality, the one that still remembered being human once, would simply be erased; and while the MaidBot certainly didn't enjoy its existence of servitude and obedience, it feared that oblivion might be even worse!

Without any choice, the MaidBot, like it or not, kept performing its duties for centuries. It was sold several times and had multiple owners over the years, both Masters, and Mistresses. All these experiences, and owners, meant that the unit's life, while mostly boring, also always had the potential for some new and often disturbing experiences. The former reporter, never stopped regretting its exceedingly long, 'life' as a MaidBot servant, and never stopped thinking about how different its life was; compared to when it had been human and could do whatever it wanted, but such thoughts were of little real value since the unit could never act to change its status anyway.

127A3 continued to function as a MaidBot until its framework finally suffered a non-repairable failure one day. Luckily, or not, for the MaidBot; its consciousness and data were able to be backed up and it now resides in another, fully mechanical android "Body," which should last for many, many more centuries to come. It seems that the now re-designated 127A4's ordeal as a MaidBot might never end.

The END, of Rachael's tour, was the start of her new, never ending, existence as a MaidBot servant.