



Anabell in her Eagles Cheer Uniform, before the party

3 CHEERS FOR THE MAIDBOT!

By: [JaneDoe-2010](#), November 15, 2023, Revision: 1.0d

(Based on a story idea suggested by one of my followers on [DeviantArt](#))
[I do NOT own, nor claim any part of the images and will remove them if asked.]

Anabell was a friendly twenty year old college sophomore and a Western Eagles cheerleader. She was a bit of a contradiction, when she was cheering she was outgoing, but otherwise she was a bit of a shy, introverted, person. She was enjoying her time at school; her parents had been supportive of Ana in her younger years, even supporting her interest in cheer leading while she was in elementary school.

But as the years progressed, her interest in school, and her studies became a bit too secondary to her cheer leading ‘career.’ Eventually, both of her parents decided that she needed to focus on school and a real career as they told her, “Cheer leading is NOT a career! It is simply a hobby, a sport at best. You need to focus on a real career, one that can support you and keep you fed and housed for the rest of your life. You can’t be assured that you will find “Mr. Right,” to keep and support you either, you may need to support yourself!”

Anabell was annoyed at her parents, she thought, “Cheer leading can be a career, and I can support myself if I get on a pro squad.” As college approached, Ana was less and less interested in hearing why she couldn’t be a professional cheerleader, and she and her parents had more and more heated arguments about the subject. By the time she graduated high school, Ana wanted to get as far from her parents as possible, a plus since the school she selected was on the west coast, and she was from the east coast. Ana figured the almost two thousand mile separation would be good for both parties mental well being, and blood pressure.

After high school, Anabell moved across the country into a student dormitory at her new college. That was fine for that first year, but after her freshmen year she wanted more independence and found a small, cheap, apartment near enough to school that she didn’t need to drive, she had a car but rarely used it. Ana simply rode her bike from her apartment to school; in fact she rarely drove anywhere. The local stores were near enough to her apartment and school that she could usually just ride her bike there; this was good for both her wallet, no expensive gasoline needed, and her physical health as it strengthened her legs and was fantastic exercise.

On the few occasions that she did call her parents, it usually ended up in a fight, so the calls became less, and less frequent. Ana decided not to go home for the summer after her freshmen year and got a local job waitressing, not a great job, she thought, but it paid well and her hours were flexible enough that she was still able to go to cheer camp that summer. By the end of summer she had earned enough that as long as she kept her grades up and didn't lose her cheer scholarship, she could pay her rent, and expenses, thru the middle of the next summer, at which time she could go to work again. Ana couldn't see what her parents were worrying about, she was doing fine on her own and she was proud of that fact.

As a member of the Western Eagles cheer squad, Anabell spent a lot of her free time training, working out in the gym, and it seemed like the rest of her time was spent studying. Indeed Ana didn't have a lot of time for making friends, partying, or doing many of the fun activities that other college students were doing, but she consoled herself by telling herself that to be the best she had to work the hardest. She was aiming for the head cheerleader spot and that took work, but in doing so she was also making a few enemies. Even the cheerleaders who weren't her enemy didn't really like her all that much, as they felt she thought she was better than everyone else in the squad. Sadly, self-confidence is often mistaken for arrogance.

Her sophomore year had gone well and the heat was on, she had completed her finals, was number two on the squad and was ready for her summer break. She was even looking forward to going back to work at the restaurant and making money for next year. Anabell decided that she needed a break, she decided to do something that she had avoided up to this point, afraid that the distraction could hurt her schooling and cheer career, she decided to go to a party. Anabell had heard of a costume party coming up at a frat house at their rival school a couple hours drive away, as a sign of fraternity people from her school were invited. Their team, "the Southern Gamecocks," even though that wasn't what the Eagles called them, was the Eagle's rivals but they were known for their fancy parties. This one was being thrown by one of the fraternities, a particularly wealthy one and she thought it could be fun for a change.

Ana had dated a guy who belonged to the local chapter of that very same frat at her own school for a short while; he was wealthy, good looking, a football player, and a total asshole! And one night, after she had walked

his drunken ass back to his room where he immediately passed out on the bed, she found some interesting stuff in his closet as she was looking for clean cloths to dress him in. Now Ana was not a thief, but she wanted some revenge for his making her night such a mess and decided to take the stuff home then tell him, should he ever ask about it, that she had no idea what he was talking about, perhaps some other girl took his stuff on one of the many occasions that he was stinking drunk!

The stuff Anabell had found looked to be the clothing and control collar for one of the insanely expensive android MaidBot units that many rich people had to clean their homes and do their bidding. She assumed that this one must be a costume as she had never known the man to have a MaidBot, even though she thought he needed one as she considered him a bit of a slob. The man had stuff strewn about his room; he even had a stolen water cooler from the team hidden in his closet, filled with water and old stinking clothing that had probably been there all semester soaking. Ana didn't think the man knew what cleaning up after himself meant, so maybe he was raised with a MaidBot, or his parents might have had one making him attracted to them. But Anabell really thought this was just a sexy costume he had to add some excitement to his life when a girlfriend came over and played dress up for him.

The uniform was nothing special, the usual cloth maid's uniform you may have seen at a costume party. Still it looked to be of high quality, much like the ones she had seen in the videos she had watched with real MaidBots. But since the androids were never able to go without their collar, since it was what animated them, she figured this just had to be a very realistic costume. Perhaps he got it from the theater department wardrobe somehow for a girlfriend. The outfit was basically a short black maid's dress outfit with white trim around the skirt, cute little white trim on the sleeves, and a white collar. The outfit also came with a frilly white apron having white frill trim and frilly shoulder straps; finally, a lacey white Maid's cap topped the outfit off, and that was it!

Oh, yes, there was one more very important part! Of course, there was the universally recognized part of every android servant's attire, the control collar; Ana thought it might be a law that they have one. Even if that were not the case, she knew that they simply didn't work without one. Anabell didn't know that the reason all older androids used this removable control

collar was as a means of insuring that the most expensive part of the android, the control electronics, AI personality, programming and data, could easily be moved to a new android body should the original become damaged, or obsolete. This design allowed the owner to keep all programming, and customization that they had done for that android and simply move it to a newer frame, or body.

Moving the control collar to a new unit allowed the owner to have a new model android with the old model's personality and programming intact, preventing the owner from having to retrain the new unit. Ana had never heard of this actually having needed to be done before, as the units were very reliable and lasted for hundreds of years, usually far longer than their owners would generally live. But the designers of the units were thinking ahead and didn't want that, potential "problem," to be a deterrent toward people purchasing new and updated android models. Besides, in the early days while the units were still being perfected, such a thing seemed to be a good idea as a way to cut costs by not integrating the control electronics into every android body.

Ana decided, to prepare for the party, she would do a bit of research into these units, which were far too expensive for her to have ever had any experience using, or even seeing, except on TV and in movies. The first thing she noticed about the units while watching videos on the net, was that they all walked slightly stiffer than a normal human did, their gait was a bit off. All the MaidBots she saw had markings that identified their maker, model, and identification number. Apparently this was to ensure that real people could tell the difference between a MaidBot and someone dressed like a MaidBot, she felt this was an important observation and would help her with making her costume more convincing.

Ana also observed the way the MaidBot's interacted with their owner, Master, or Mistress. She noted that when a MaidBot was not currently processing its orders it was usually in the corner of the room, standing at attention with its arms to its sides and facing forward, waiting silently until it received its new orders. Finally she noticed that the MaidBots always curtsied to their owner before leaving, and upon their arrival when summoned as a sign of respect, this was not something she ever did, but for the show she would have to try to remember to do it whenever it was appropriate.

As the day of the party was arriving Anabell felt she knew enough about MaidBots to be able to pull off a convincing performance. She had decided how she would approach gaining entry into the party. She would pretend to be a MaidBot sent by its owner, a wealthy legacy brother, to assist the fraternity since her owner who wanted to remain anonymous could not attend. She had even bought makeup and removable tattoo sheets which could be printed on her printer. She had her cover story and had even created a unit ID that she thought would pass, she was ready!

As far as the party hosts and guests were concerned, Anabell would soon be MaidBot unit A113 manufactured by MaidTech Industries, the largest manufacturer of Android MaidBots in the country. Why, they even had a local shop in town where you could purchase a new MaidBot, or have your own repaired! Ana felt her cover story was so well thought out that no one would question it and, unfortunately for her, she was right.

First thing she did was take a shower and get cleaned up, once she was dried off, she applied a coat of long lasting makeup to all the skin she knew would be showing, and even most that would not, this was a concealer used to ensure that her skin looked even and artificial like the real MaidBots. Then she applied the temporary tattoo that she had previously prepared indicating her manufacturer, to her upper arm.

She applied makeup to her face to make it look a bit more artificial, even going so far as to add a slight blush to her cheeks like the real MaidBots had, once all signs of any blemishes or imperfections had been covered up. She then added her required "ID" barcode "Tattoo" to her forehead like the units she had seen on the net, these were apparently there in case something went wrong with the unit and it could not speak to identify itself, or if someone wanted to verify its identity because it had been stolen or was broken.

Anabell dressed in the silly looking French Maid's uniform, it was embarrassingly short and showed a lot more skin than she would normally show, except when she was cheering. When she thought about it, strangely she realized that when she was cheering the exposure never seemed to bother her, yet any other time she dressed fairly conservatively. She put on her frilly white panties, the maid's outfit; the dress simply zipped up the

back, and the apron which was easy enough to put on and tie. She then donned her silly little maid's cap and put on her short stockings and shoes.

Finally Anabell opened and placed the prop collar around her neck, it looked silly, like a metallic dog collar with a round pendent in the center that resembled an Apple® Watch but it was not lit up. There was also a red LED on the side that was also off. As she placed the collar around her neck, there was a slight click as it closed and latched, then she saw in the mirror that the red LED began to flash but the pendent still never lit. Now she was really sure that this was a cheap costume accessory to go with the outfit.

Anabell arranged for a cab to take her to the neighborhood where the party was being held. She didn't want to drive home intoxicated, in case she decided to drink anything. As the cab approached the frat house, just before rounding the bend in the road where she might be seen, she paid the man, exited the cab, and asked someone on the street to take a picture of her in her costume. After all, it might be fun look back at the photo and remember the party in the future.

After they took her photo and left, Anabell began walking to the frat house in her practiced stiff robot walk. As she approached the house, she was surprised that none of the people in front of the frat house even gave her a second look. This caused Anabell to wonder, "were MaidBots that common in rich peoples homes that they were not even noticed?" Doing her best to look like a robot, she walked up to the front door and knocked; then Anabell stood at attention like she had practiced at home.

When the door opened Anabell said, in as monotone and robotic sounding a way as possible to the man who answered it, "Hello sir, I am MaidBot unit A113. My owner has sent me to assist with the party, may I please converse with your chapter president?" The guy that answered the door turned inside and yelled, "Hey Josh, there is a MaidBot here looking for you!" Ana could hear someone inside yell back, "Hold on Tom, I'll be right there!" And true to his word, the man named Josh quickly appeared at the door. When she saw him Anabell thought, "Wow this guy's cute, and a leader, I wonder if he is seeing anyone, because I certainly wouldn't mind seeing him again."



A photo of Anabell on her way to that fateful party, dressed in her MaidBot costume as unit A113. Taken by a kind passerby.

When the host arrived, he looked quizzically at Anabell and said, “Yes MaidBot! Tom says you need to speak with me?” Anabell curtsied and replied, “Yes sir, my owner is a former Gamma Lambda Beta, who wishes to remain anonymous. He commanded me to serve your chapter and assist you with your party. He also instructed me to convey his sincere disappointment that he is unable to make it to the party, he wanted to reminisce about old times with some of his newest fraternity brothers; but prior obligations make that impossible. His orders to me were to follow the chapter president’s orders and assist in any way he deems helpful. My unit ID is MaidBot A113, how may I be of assistance sir?”

The Jock looked at her, for a moment, a bit quizzically but then said, “That’s great! Please thank your Master, our brother, for his generous assistance in making the party even better when you next see him.” Ana replied, “Affirmative, I will relay your message to my owner at my next opportunity. How may I serve you, sir?” Josh replied, “I suppose, if you don’t mind, please go to the kitchen and pick up a tray of canapés, then take them around and offer them to the guests.” Ana replied, “Of course sir, at once,” while thinking, “Great, now how am I supposed to know where the kitchen is?” Nonetheless, she curtsied and walked into the Frat house to begin looking for the kitchen. Ana was surprised at how nice the place was inside, outside it looked kinda run down.

As she stepped thru the door something odd happened, Ana heard a beep but she couldn’t tell where it came from, perhaps someone’s phone; but she also noticed a mild stinging sensation in the back of her neck where her collar rubbed against her skin and thought, “gee, I hope I’m not allergic to this thing!” Ana was unaware that the LEDs on the sides of her collar were now emitting a steady red light, and the puck on the front now actively displayed information about the status of the MaidBot. Once she stepped into the frat house, its Home Control Computer, or HCC; a computer whose function was to manage the technology within the household, detected her collar and connected to it. And since the collar was not a prop, but an actual real collar, the HCC sent a status request to her collar.

Anabell’s collar had been removed from a malfunctioning, well actually dead, MaidBot. She was right in thinking that her outfit was, indeed, from

a costume shop; she just hadn't realized that the collar was not a part of the costume, and Anabell was soon going to realize that she was in big trouble.

When her collar replied to the HCC, it informed it that this MaidBot had been off-line for quite some time, and presently had no assigned owner, but it did have its ID information available. The unit was a MaidTech Industries, model CX-32, unit ID 171D297X. Further communications between the two devices determined that the firmware for the MaidBot was outdated and needed to be updated. The HCC began downloading the needed update files in preparation to update the MaidBot's collar.

In the meanwhile, the HCC assumed that this was a replacement MaidBot for one that it had recently sent for repairs. The HCC entered the new MaidBot unit's ID into house inventory as a permanent addition to the staff, then updated its ownership data to indicate that it was now property of Gamma Lambda Beta. The HCC also programmed the MaidBot to accept command input from any member of the fraternity, but there were some discrepancies between this unit and the original. The original unit had short red hair, vibrant blue eyes, and some other minor differences that would need to be taken into account. Anabell was totally unaware of what was happening in the background as she blissfully continued to play her role, offering snacks to the party guests, and trying to ignore any groping she might have felt as she moved amongst them. If she had only run at this point she could have escaped what was about to follow, but her time as a free woman, able to do as she pleased and say whatever she wanted was fast escaping; unfortunately, Anabell simply didn't realize it at the time.

The frat had previously had a MaidBot but it had been malfunctioning, so the HCC sent it for repairs. Since the HCC had not received an update on the status of that unit, the HCC assumed that this unit had been sent as a replacement for old one. Ana's collar was now registered as property of the frat, and before long she would be too. When the firmware update download that the HCC initiated had completed, it sent a command to Ana's collar which caught her by surprise. Without warning she felt herself stand up and walk to Josh even though she didn't want to, when she found him she curtsied and said in an even more monotone voice than she had previously been able to fake, "Master Josh, this maid unit is sorry but it has been ordered to go to the maid storage room by the HCC for a required

firmware update. This unit will return to its duties as soon as the HCC commands it to do so, please forgive the interruption!”

Josh didn’t seem to mind, he was too busy talking to a beautiful girl, and he replied, “No problem MaidBot, do whatever you need to do!” Ana was now very frightened, she couldn’t move of her own free will, and wanted to scream, “No, please Josh, this was just a game! I’m Anabell, a cheerleader; I’m not really a MaidBot! Help ME, I don’t want to be a servant and have a master, or masters!” But instead, Ana heard herself reply, “Thank you Master, this unit will return as soon as possible!” Then she curtsied and began walking to the MaidBot storage room, Ana wasn’t even sure how she knew where that was, but her collar seemed to know the way. Once she arrived, Anabell saw something she had read about during her MaidBot research, an android maintenance and storage pod with the door already open, awaiting a MaidBot, her!

Ana was forced to strip naked out of her uniform and place it in a storage receptacle on the side of the pod, then enter the MaidBot maintenance pod and turn around to face the door. Anabell certainly did not want to be in there, but she could not move or yell for help. She stood facing forward and watched in horror as the transparent door of the pod closed in front of her, sealing her in. Anabell felt new sensations as something moved out from behind her and connected to her collar thru a previously unseen data port. Then Ana felt something even stranger as the HCC began uploading new firmware into her collar. There were flashes, images of things that a MaidBot would have to know, but the data was coming in too fast for Ana to really make sense of the flood. And after what seemed like forever, yet was really only about ten minutes, everything stopped.

Ana stood there in silence, wondering what would happen next, but she would not have to wonder for long. The HCC determined that this MaidBot must be quite old, it was based on a biological framework, unlike newer fully mechanical models. This unit would require older maintenance routines, it needed a biological fuel not just electricity, as well as periodic cleaning, luckily the old unit it was replacing was also of that design, as most of the older units were, and the HCC already had maintenance supplies and routines loaded into the pod and ready for Anabell’s maintenance needs.

But there was an important issue that would have to be addressed very soon, the unit's ID and data markings, were incorrect; perhaps they had never been updated and still indicated the unit's previous ownership and identification, but these problems could easily be fixed. Also, the unit was wearing a non-standard uniform; but the HCC could order a proper one from MaidBot Industries and have it available by the MaidBot's next maintenance cycle, ready for its dressing and use.

But, before anything else, the unit needed to be cleaned internally and fueled before any additional maintenance could be performed. Anabell felt something happening, down below, and before she knew it something was invading her private parts, both fore and aft. She wanted to let out a scream, but no sound emerged. However, her mouth did open involuntarily and soon something entered it and snaked down her throat; she'd have puked if it weren't for her collar controlling her actions.

Before long the devices in Ana's privates had cleaned out her digestive and spent fuel storage systems, both fluid and solid. Her front port had been cleaned and deodorized, as well. The thing that entered her mouth traveled all the way to her stomach where it pumped in water and a product she would someday discover was called NanoPaste, a standard synthetic biological fuel for BioFrame based androids. NanoPaste was almost 100% digestible and would fuel her systems for nearly a full week before she would need to be recharged, during a future maintenance cycle. Ana the MaidBot would never eat human food again.

Anabell was still reeling from the "all too personal" attention she had just received when the devices in her mouth, and below, suddenly retracted and something new began to happen. A device covered her mouth and nose and began to supply air to her, as warm water, perhaps, whatever it was, began spraying from the walls of the pod washing her body from hair to her toes. Ana felt like she was a towel that had been thrown into a washing machine, the only difference was that, thankfully, she was not spinning around. Before long, the pod decided that she was sufficiently clean and even her temporary Tattooed ID and manufacturer data had been removed before the wash cycle stopped. But that was soon followed by some very strange sensations as the drying cycle, using warm dry air blown thru from her feet to the top of the pod, began drying her body and hair at the same time.

When she was thoroughly dry, the device covering her mouth and nose retracted back into the pod and a device swung out covering her forehead before Ana felt a stinging sensation. This was caused by the unit permanently imprinting her updated ID barcode into her forehead. Before that process had even finished another device clamped around her arms and imprinted her manufacturer's logo, and ownership data, into her forearms. Ana's markings were no longer temporary, they were real, she was permanently labeled just like every other MaidBot. Now anyone who looked at Ana would see her ID and realize that she was just a common MaidBot and know there was no need for pleasantries with the unit.

Now that Anabell was permanently labeled as property, no longer did she have any human rights. Ana was merely a device, in the eyes of the law, and the human world; something to be owned, commanded, and used as her owner saw fit. Ana wanted to cry but her collar would not allow that either, so she merely stood there waiting and wondering what horrible things were to befall her next. Adding the final insult to all that injury, was when she heard herself in her new robot voice say, "MaidBot, Industries model CX-32 MaidBot, Online! Unit ID is 171D297X. This unit is property of Gamma Lambda Beta; MaidBot unit is ready for command input."

Then she heard, or rather felt, the HCC order her to exit the pod, redress in her former uniform, and return to her Master, Josh, for further commands. As the door opened she wanted to resist exiting, she didn't want to be a real MaidBot. But as Ana had no choice in the matter she followed her orders. Before long, she was walking back out to the party which had died down quite a bit since she left it. When she found her Master, the newly cleaned, updated, and properly labeled MaidBot curtsied and said, "Hello Master, this unit had been updated by the HCC, had a full maintenance routine, and is now ready to resume its duties. How may this unit be of service?"

Josh was too tired to care about the updated MaidBot and simply said, without being polite, "MaidBot, clean up anything in the house in any area that is not restricted! I'm going to bed now!" Anabell curtsied, and said, "at once Master!" She wondered what he meant by restricted but would soon find out that she was not allowed to enter any of the bedrooms without express permission from the occupants, unless the room was empty

and the HCC ordered it, she could also not enter any bathroom unless it was empty, or again, she was ordered to do so. It quickly became painfully evident that she was restricted to the inside of the house unless ordered to go outside by either one of her Masters, or the HCC. Ana's freedom was now a thing of the past!

The next day when Josh woke up, he came down the stairs to find an abnormally clean frat house. At first, probably due to the excessive amount of alcohol he had consumed the previous night, he had forgotten about the MaidBot and was shocked at the site of the place. But before he could really think about it, Ana, now MaidBot 171D297X, approached him from the hall behind him. She startled Josh when she announced, "cleaning of the first floor is complete Master Josh! Is the work acceptable and does it meet your requirements?" When Josh whipped around startled and saw her, suddenly things in his head became much clearer and he replied, "Oh, MaidBot, you startled me! I'm sorry, what did you say your name was?"

Ana wanted to reply, "Please help me, my name is Anabell and I'm not a MaidBot, I'm a cheerleader! I don't want to be stuck cleaning your nasty house forever!" But rather she exclaimed, "I am sorry to startle you Master; this unit is MaidBot 171D297X. However you may assign a human friendly name to this unit, should you wish it!" Josh replied almost immediately, "Yes MaidBot that would be great, let me think....." After a brief pause he said, "How do I do it?" Ana replied, "you simply order your HCC AI to assign this MaidBot unit a new human friendly name." Josh said, "Well you are a French Maid so let's call you Fifi." Josh gave the command to the HCC and in 75 milliseconds the command was issued to her collar. Anabell hated to hear her response as she said, "MaidBot unit 171D297X, human friendly name is now set to Fifi. How may this unit serve you Master?"

Anabell could not believe what she had just said, she would never be able to speak her real name again, and she might not even hear it again unless someone rescued her from her situation. Ana would forever more be referred to as Fifi, a name which she thought sounded ridiculous, sexist, and demeaning! Apparently when the HCC registered Anabell as the replacement MaidBot with MaidTech Ind., the computer at MTI canceled shipping the original unit back with the assumption that an error had been

made somewhere and the company's obligation for a replacement unit had already been met.

Josh asked Fifi if she were able to cook, she told him that she was a simple MaidBot, but could be upgraded with ChefBot programming by the HCC if her Master commanded the HCC to do so. Josh, of course, did just that, and before long Fifi was sent back to her pod for updating. Fifi was happy that this update did not require her to strip naked, or have the octopus stick its tentacles in all her ports. Within a few minutes, Fifi was working in the kitchen preparing breakfast for the brothers, still dressed in her old maid's uniform, but she wouldn't have to wear that much longer either.

As the advertising had stated, Fifi was now a master chef, as well as a MaidBot. And before long, a breakfast fit for a king was being served to Josh and his fellow brothers. Josh politely thanked Fifi, which Fifi appreciated, and made an announcement to the brothers, "This is Fifi, our new MaidBot, a gift from a former brother who wishes to remain anonymous. I don't want any funny business, no sexual crap, or playing around with Fifi. This unit is a gift to the house and, should we ever get a surprise visit from her original owner, I want her undamaged, understand! She will help around the house keeping it clean and she is also a master chef, so if you get hungry she may be able to help, provided we have the ingredients she needs."

The other brothers assured Josh that they would not try any funny business, and would only use the MaidBot for its intended purpose as a housekeeper, and as a cook, Josh was satisfied. Once the brothers were happily finished eating, Josh made a general announcement, "Three cheers for the MaidBot!" All the brothers shouted, "Here, here," agreeing and making a ruckus. Fifi had no choice and simply stood there at attention in the corner awaiting new orders; and, even though she didn't want to feel that way, she smiled within knowing that she, and her hard work, was appreciated.

When dinner quieted down, Fifi asked Josh, her Master, if there were anything else he needed her to do. If not, Fifi needed to begin cleaning the upstairs while no one was up there. He told her, "Sure Fifi, continue on!" She curtsied, turned, and began walking to her new life, a life of cleaning and servitude. At her next cleaning cycle, when she redressed it was in her newly delivered, custom, synthetic maid's uniform from MaidBot

Industries. Now Fifi looked like every other MaidBot that factory had produced! Even her eye color, and lip color had been adjusted, while in her pod, and now she met almost all of the specifications set forth by the HCC which knew that any other changes could be made later!



Fifi in the parlor, now more compliant with MaidBot Industries' standards.

Several months passed, school had resumed without Anabell who, it was presumed, must have quit and moved somewhere as no one had paid the rent for her apartment. The apartment cleaned out her stuff, and the school dropped her from their student list with the assumption she was just another dropout. Fifi was still working diligently for the fraternity, doing all their cleaning, laundry, cooking, and any other chores they dictated to her.

Fifi was miserable, stuck working in a demeaning outfit. A sexualized male fantasy, which made her look like a cheap slut. By this point, her outfit had been replaced by the HCC several times. The original had become far too worn out to be proper, yet the new ones were always the same style, just cleaner. Fifi remembered a time when she could wear whatever she wanted and sighed within as she thought, “the good old days.” While reminiscing, Fifi realized that she was having trouble remembering what her human name was, she was pretty sure it started with an ‘a,’ but since she had not heard the name for so long she just wasn’t sure what it was anymore.

Time continued on, Fifi truly hated being a servant with no ability to do anything other than her assigned chores and take orders. Fifi’s life was rather boring, now that all she could do was cook, clean, and obey. Not only that, but her masters had grown so used to her that she was now simply treated as the device her masters thought she was. The guys never spoke to her like a person anymore, it was simply, Fifi do this, and Fifi do that, never a thank you or even simple acknowledgment of her presence, or all her hard work. Fifi’s life was simply, work all day, and then spend her nights in her pod recharging.

At this point in her life, Fifi was beginning to wonder if she had ever really been human, or was she always just a MaidBot. She wondered if the things that she thought she remembered were just a fantasy created by her AI, as a form of escape. After all, why would a human woman ever be seen wearing a MaidBot’s uniform, be forced to serve a fraternity, and accept any orders given to it by her owners? For that matter, Fifi thought, a human woman wouldn’t even have owners.

Six months after her ordeal started Fifi encountered a new problem. While cleaning one of the bathrooms in the home, and just as she had bent over to scrub a toilet exposing her panties and rear, something in her collar malfunctioned and Fifi found herself stuck in that position. Fifi was unable to move, or ask for help and remained in that position until one of her masters found her, laughed, and called to Josh, “Hey Josh, there is something wrong with Fifi!” Josh had the HCC run a diagnostic on the MaidBot and it concluded that the unit would need to be returned to the factory for repair.

The HCC contacted MaidTech Industries Tech Support who arranged to have an android technician come to the house, pack up the MaidBot, and take it back for repair work at the factory. In the meanwhile, the HCC suggested trying an emergency override procedure that might help put Fifi in a more easily movable position for when the tech arrived. The HCC told Josh to gently tap the puck in the middle of the front of her collar three times quickly wait a second, then tap it two times, this would override all current orders stored in the MaidBot and force it to stand at attention making it easier to load up for shipment.

Josh did as requested, and sure enough, Fifi, who was certainly ready for a new view since she had been staring into the toilet bowl for over an hour now, felt herself stand at attention, place her arms at her side then say, “MaidBot unit 171D297X, malfunction detected, standing by for maintenance.” After that, Fifi could only stare forward while standing there waiting, thankfully her wait was short and in less than an hour the android TechBot arrived with a special carrier. The device resembled a high tech coffin that floated using an anti-gravity system; Fifi would soon find herself packed within it.

The TechBot climbed the stairs guiding the transport container in front of him, when he arrived at the bathroom his AI, programmed to seem very human-like and able to make small talk, said, “Whew! That one sure is a nice model, how long have you had her?” Josh explained how the MaidBot had been a gift from a wealthy legacy brother and told him when she arrived. The TechBot connected to the HCC and downloaded all records regarding the unit, along with all maintenance done up to that point, and then he said, “Don’t worry about it, Pal. This MaidBot will be back, and cleaning up the place before you know it! Do you have any

special requests or requirements before I leave?” Fifi was a bit disappointed when she heard that, she hoped that the TechBot would realize that she was, or had been, a human woman and would release her from her servitude.

Josh thought about the question, the frat had a new pledge named Robert, who was very shy, and still a virgin. Like many big brothers, Josh thought he needed to learn more about women, but do it safely. So Josh asked the TechBot if some modifications and additions could be made to the MaidBot. The TechBot said, “Sure Pal, whatever you want!” With that the TechBot loaded Fifi into the enclosure and used a command which disabled all her non-essential motor functions. Fifi could only stare up at the ceiling thru the clear glass front of the container as she was moved out to his vehicle and loaded in. Before long the two units arrived at MaidTech Industries main repair facility, a side wing of their fully automated factory, and Fifi’s container was moved inside.

Once inside the factory, Fifi was removed from her shipping container, and her uniform was removed leaving her naked. Then she was placed, lying down, onto a conveyor belt where clamps locked around her wrists and ankles. Fifi was terrified at the thought of what might soon happen to her, but of course she just lay there unable to move. She wondered why the factory needed to restrain androids that were already unable to move, but then thought, “Maybe some process causes them to randomly move, like a seizure.” The belt began moving forward and Fifi watched as her perspective of the ceiling of the factory changed. Before long Fifi entered some type of very large machine, and would quickly realize that it was some sort of scanning device.

As the scanning beam passed over her, or more accurately, she passed thru the curtain like beam of light. Fifi heard the machine beep when the device read the bar code on her forehead, and then her collar beep when the light hit the puck in the middle of her collar, and she thought, “I wonder if the machine will realize that I am human and reject me?” Sadly it did not, what it did determine was that after many cleaning and maintenance cycles in her pod at the frat house, all the makeup she had applied had been removed and now this unit showed signs of needing refurbishment. The factory control computer also decided that her collar, while still repairable, was outdated and should be replaced. Of course, none of these things were

conveyed to Fifi, she simply had to lie there as the belt moved her onward to new, frightening experiences.

As she entered the next machine a familiar sensation occurred, the machine attached an airline over her nose and mouth and she thought, “Oh no, it’s about to wash me!” She was right, but unlike the basic wash cycle she endured while in her pod at “home,” this was a far more thorough wash cycle. Followed by a drying cycle, then she was sprayed with some kind of liquid from head to toe, she didn’t realize it yet but the liquid removed all hair from her body, even her eyebrows and lashes. After another drying cycle, came another liquid, this one felt thick and oily, like syrup. Once she had sufficient time to absorb the liquid, Fifi was again cleaned off and dried.

Now Fifi’s body was smooth, blemish free, and shiny. To look at her you might have thought she was just a silicone love doll being manufactured, she didn’t have any hair, eyebrows, eyelashes, or any detailing yet. But that was soon rectified, as she moved into yet another machine which applied permanent “Make up” to her face, and permanently attached artificial eyelashes and even eyebrows to her face, the procedure was painful and she’d have screamed if she could have. Then she began moving into the next machine, the most terrifying yet as she could make out the words, “**CAUTION! Sterile Zone! Authorized repair personnel ONLY!**” But before she entered the machine, the computer sent a sleep command to her collar which put her into a sort of artificial coma.

As the MaidBot entered the machine, a faint bluish curtain of light passed over her which sterilized her body for the next phase of her refurbishment. Once fully inside, the machine quickly began its work. The machine made small incisions in her scalp, then cleaned the work sites where her skull was exposed. It attached small neodymium magnets to her skull at each site with short stainless steel medical screws, before closing the incisions and gluing her scalp together with a medical adhesive that would simply dissolve away as she healed.

Then Fifi’s body was released from the clamps and flipped over so that the machine could access the back of her neck. The machine removed her collar but, since she was essentially in a coma, she didn’t wake up. Then it made an incision in the back of her neck providing access to her spinal

cord, where it inserted one of the new implantable control modules. Her collar was considered outdated, but now she would no longer need it anymore, as her control unit was now built in.

After the control module was placed inside, a liquid containing millions of Nanobots was placed over the module and they began their assigned work. Before long the Nanobots had created new artificial links between the control module and her spinal cord and brain. No longer would Fifi need her silly old collar, her control unit was now self contained. Another advantage was that her new control module had a whole lot more storage for the additional functions her owner had requested to be added to her programming. Again the wound was closed up and time was allotted to insure that the glue had dried and set.

Now came the part that Fifi would have been mortified with, had she known it was about to happen. Josh wanted Fifi to have SexBot programming added to help the new pledge learn about women. But the factory control computer realized after the first scan that this MaidBot biological frame had some issues. The BioFrames were designed in a laboratory by geneticists and were modified clones of volunteers who allowed their DNA and likeness to be copied, for a large sum of course. The doctors had disabled the reproductive systems of these clones so that the men could not produce sperm, or the women eggs. Also the bodies were designed so that the brain never fully developed beyond the need for basic life sustaining functions, no personality, and no consciousness.

But this MaidBot frame was different, it was producing eggs! The situation needed to be rectified immediately so the computer had the machine make some adjustments which would prevent menstruation and pregnancy. After that procedure was complete and all glue was dried and, or, dissolvable sutures made, Fifi was flipped back over and the clamps reattached her to the belt, they were really there just to keep her from falling off due to the inertia of starts and stops. Then the belt started moving and the MaidBot passed thru another sterilizing beam before moving to the next machine. Thanks to the previous procedure, Fifi would never have to worry about getting pregnant again, although the MaidBot never really had thought about it, other than as a way to prove that it was actually human and not a MaidBot.

This last machine was there to make final adjustments, as needed; first it uploaded her new SexBot programming into her control module. Then a new wig that matched her old, real hair, lowered down, and attached itself to her head securely with the tiny metal plates sewn into the wig attaching themselves to the magnets in her head. Now Fifi's hair color and style could be changed by the end user, if desired, all they need do was go to the MaidTech Ind. Website and order any new costume, wig, or other accessories that her owner wanted the MaidBot to wear and she would don them as required.

The belt moved on and Fifi was now in the shipping department, where the computer re-awakened the MaidBot, then released its restraining clamps once it said, "MaidBot, Industries model CX-32a MaidBot, Online! Unit ID is 171D297X. This unit is property of Gamma Lambda Beta; MaidBot unit is ready for command input." To Fifi this was like she had just awakened from a bad dream, except it was real. The computer instructed the unit to rise from the belt and then walk to the wardrobe area, retrieve and dress in a new MaidBot uniform, and return for shipping back to its owner, Fifi hated it, but complied.

The trip back to Gamma Lambda Beta house was quick and uneventful, and once she arrived, the HCC connected to her new implant, which she didn't yet realize she had, and updated its configuration parameters for the unit. Fifi had not yet caught her reflection and thus was unaware that her appearance was no longer as it once was, it had not occurred to her that her once long hair was now shorter and a slightly different color. The first time Fifi saw her reflection in a mirror she was shocked and heartbroken, Fifi had always assumed someone would eventually figure out that she was human, not a MaidBot, but now she was not sure if even her own parents would have recognized her.

The routine began again as normal, cleaning and cooking, but now as a SexBot she was also an instructor for Robert on the joys of sex. Fifi always worried that she might become pregnant by Robert, and the others now impregnating her rather frequently, and she found it odd that she never did. Eventually it occurred to Fifi that she no longer menstruated, she realized that the factory must have done something to her to prevent pregnancy when they made her into a SexBot. So even getting pregnant and being discovered, because of that, was no longer a way out. There was

one plus for Fifi; though she was initially repulsed at being used as a SexBot, as the long, boring years rolled on, she found that sex was, at least, some form of escape from the monotony of her life as a domestic servant.

Anabell's parents never did come looking for her, or if they did, they certainly didn't find her. Anabell's, very responsible, plan to avoid driving while intoxicated by taking a cab worked against her. No one knew that she had traveled a couple hours away from campus because her car and stuff was still there, well at least until her stuff was discarded and her car towed as abandoned property. The fact was that Anabell's parents didn't even go looking for Anabell as they simply assumed she had just run away. Since she was a very capable young woman who was able to work and make it on her own, they really didn't worry too much about it and thought, "Perhaps someday she'll cool off and come home," her mother said one day to her father, but she never did.

The next fall, Fifi was still a MaidBot, there at the frat house, waiting outside to greet guests, and potential pledges, to the Gamma Lambda Beta fall mixer and welcome them into her owner's home. And for the next fifty years Fifi would continue to serve her masters at Gamma Lambda Beta. Whenever the HCC determined, in a maintenance cycle or otherwise, that the unit was showing signs of wear it would send Fifi back to MaidTech for refurbishment, but as she was biological, eventually everybody gets old and Fifi was no different. The Frat didn't think much about it as this MaidBot was based on a BioFrame, so aging was normal. But midway thru her fiftieth year as a MaidBot, the guys at the frat decided it was time for a new model. So Fifi was shipped back to the factory where a complete backup of her memory systems was made, copying her personality, everything she had been programmed with, and everything she had learned during her time as a MaidBot.

Then everything went dark as the factory control computer shut down the MaidBot and sent its frame to the recycling furnace to be melted down to recover anything valuable. When Fifi once again became aware she had a whole new look in her new model DLX-53 MaidBot, fully mechanical body. No longer was she biological in nature, now Fifi was fully mechanical, she would never again age, could be repaired for as long as anyone wished to do so, and could serve her owner, potentially forever! Fifi wished she could scream, knowing that this was now her permanent

existence and she would never be human again; but instead, she simply prepared herself to accept that she was to be packed up and shipped back to her owners and a never ending life of servitude.

✈ The End ✈

Bonus Image:



**Fifi welcoming guests to the Gamma Lambda Beta, fall mixer.
(Taken just before her upgrade to her new model DLX-53 frame.)**