

How I Became a Maid-Bot

by Gromet

Woman to Maidbot TF

Part 1: Maid-Bot 001

Ever since I was a little girl, I can recall that I've always had a fascination with maids; I used to dress up like one and follow our two maids around the house as they went about their chores. They would even let me give them a hand with some small tasks, though nothing too hard or heavy. After much pleading and begging on my part, I was eventually given a proper, matching maid's outfit in my size by my mother, who at this point had given up trying to dissuade me from 'pestering the maids' as she frequently had told me and let them get on with their work. I loved the black dress with a white apron; the outfit matched what our maids had always worn, and it made me feel like I was one of the maids in the household.

The two maids themselves didn't seem to mind; they were both middle-aged women, they were always kind and gentle with me, always greeting me by my first name and seemed to me at the time to be more loving and caring than my actual parents. And they also thought that I looked cute in my maid's outfit, making sure that my maid's outfit was perfect every day, cleaned and pressed, ready for my day's duties as a maid. I sometimes ate my meals with them down in the kitchen when they were on their breaks, which I loved, and listening to them chatting with each other while eating what they shared with me. I felt more like one of them.

And people who came by the house to visit soon got used to seeing me in my maid's outfit; some of the family disapproved of seeing me dressed like a maid, but my mother always told them that I was happy being a maid and that it was a silly phase I was going through. Some family and friends even treated me like their maid and had me serve them snacks and drinks, I enjoyed being helpful, and I never saw this as demeaning or detrimental, I was just happy being a maid and helpful to those who I was serving. I was also a regular serving guests at parties and family gatherings at the house, though I was still sent off to bed by early evening, much to my disappointment.

My parents thought it was just a stage of my childhood that I was going through, and they 'entertained' their little girl with the thought that she was just like the other maids in the house, although my father did have some reservations about the outfit. But my mother overcame those, saying that I would soon grow tired of being a maid and all of the work involved, plus they thought that as I grew up, I would eventually grow out of this phase. They got used to seeing their little girl dressed as a maid and working with the other

maids around the house, and it pleased me when they treated me like the other maids.

As I grew older and during my early teens, I was more obsessed with study and getting good grades to get through school to college, and also around this time, I discovered boys as my hormones took over, so the maid in me took a back seat and the times that I would then wear a maid's outfit, became less and less over time, much to my parent's utter relief, even though my father had other fears to worry about now that his daughter had reached puberty. I still dressed as a maid whenever I felt the urge, even if it was just me alone in my bedroom studying, I would find warm, reassuring comfort in wearing the outfit; I found that it made the rigors of studying more manageable.

My mother would come in to check on me as I studied, she would bring me a snack or drink and find me dressed in the maid's outfit; she did complain at first, but after I told her about how it made me feel, and that it helped with my studies, after that she didn't really mind seeing me in my maid's dress, and my grades had all improved anyway. But in any time of stress, especially when breaking up with boyfriends, I would wear the outfit and become a maid in my mind, even if I was not doing the tasks normally associated with being a maid, it helped me find a sense of inner peace.

I eventually graduated and moved out of the house to my very own apartment, near to where my college is located; I was now far from the comforts of home and on my own for the first time in my life. It was a time of great stress, but it was also a time when I could find myself as a young woman of the world; I was now a grown-up, something that as a little girl, always made me look on in awe of the grown-ups in my life, they always seemed so big and important. I made friends with several other students, mostly girls of my own age, and we ventured out as all young adults do to explore, make friends, party, and enjoy our time in college.

When I was back on my own and alone in my apartment, I would often wear my maid's outfits, which I now had several of, mostly just to do all of the mundane chores like cleaning, washing, and vacuuming, etc., which I had done previously back at home as just another one of the house maids, it just seemed natural for me to wear this outfit when performing these tasks. And the tasks no longer seemed dull and boring, they were much easier to do when I was dressed as a maid, and they were more enjoyable to do when dressed this way it appeared to me. I seemed to be drawn to collecting several maid outfits, each one a treasured addition to my wardrobe.

Then one day, my world would begin to change, a friend of mine from college called around unannounced and unexpectedly, just as I was mid-cleaning, I just completely forgot what I was wearing and answered the door as I normally would.

The look on her face as she saw me brought back the fact that I was still dressed in my maid's outfit, "Oh... umm.... Hi Jean..." I stammered.

"Hi Tracy, are you going to a costume party?" she asked as she looked me up and down, taking in what I was wearing.

"Ummm... No." I replied, trying to hide my blushes.

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

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

"You'd best come in, and I'll tell you," I said, trying to hide my embarrassment.

Jean entered, and I closed the door behind her; she just stood there looking at my outfit with a frown on her face, we had both come from relatively wealthy families, and both had had maids around the house looking after things. She walked in passed me and sat down on one of the chairs in the lounge room, and looked back to me for an explanation.

"I usually dress like this when doing my housework," I explained, "I've been doing this since I was a little girl; it just seems like a natural thing for me to do when cleaning."

"You dressed as a maid as a child?" she asked, "and your parents were okay with that?"

"Yes," I replied, "At first they tried to discourage me, but I would continue to follow the maids around and help them with their tasks, so eventually my Mother bought me a maid's outfit of my own to wear."

"And you enjoy being a maid?" Jean asked.

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

"So, you now dress this way when at home?" she asked.

"Usually, yes, but mostly when I'm performing household tasks like cleaning," I replied. "I just feel comfortable like this."

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

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

"Well, it seems to me like your Mother was wrong then," she laughed, "seeing as you're still dressing up as the maid, even now as a fully grown woman."

I laughed, now relaxed in her presence, "Yes, it seems that way, doesn't it." Looking down and running my hands over my maid's dress, smoothing out my apron, I felt my embarrassment at being discovered easing and another feeling replacing it; I felt submissive-like in her presence just like I did when I was a little girl as a maid.

"So maid, you'd better go and fix me a drink then." She stated.

Without thinking, I said, "Yes, Madam," and I dutifully performed my task, just like a real maid would do; I didn't seem shocked that she'd just ordered me to get her a drink; this felt natural to me, I was happiest when serving others, useful but subordinate, which gave me delightful feelings, a fluttering in my tummy and a tingling sensation on my skin. I remembered my maid's training and quickly returned with a glass of coke on a tray, with the ice in a separate container just as I had seen the other maids do, and as I had done so at home myself several times in the past.

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

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

We then both burst out laughing, with me standing there in my maid's outfit, still holding the tray and her sitting there with the glass of drink in her hand that I had just served her.

As I hadn't expected her to visit me today, and now with the ice broken between us, I asked, "So why are you here?"

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

"Go ahead, ask," I said, now sitting down next to her, though it did feel slightly uncomfortable sitting, this was not something a maid would typically do and went against my own desires.

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

"Sure, no problem," I said, without a second thought, "It'll be great to have some company, and I have plenty of room for you."

"Wonderful!" Jean replied, "that would be a great help to me."

I said again in my maid's voice, laughing, "That's okay; I am glad that I could be of service to you, Madam."

Not long after that, Jean moved her things into the apartment and seeing as she had more stuff than me, especially clothes and shoes, which she seemed to have an extraordinary amount of, so I suggested to her that she take the main bedroom because it had more cupboard and storage space than the smaller spare room. So I moved all of my things into the spare room, and Jean settled herself into the bigger main bedroom. My clothing had taken up very little space in the wardrobes in my old bedroom, and nearly half of my clothing, it seemed, was maid's outfits. I didn't know that I had so many when compared to my more normal clothes; maybe it was because I preferred being dressed as a maid, Jean told me.

I made us both some dinner while she was unpacking, which was going to take some time, judging by the amount of stuff she had. Cooking is something that I really enjoy doing, I used to watch the maids back home, and they had taught me how to cook, something that told me I would need later on in life; they were very patient with me and made sure that I understood their instructions, which I will be forever grateful for. Once dinner was nearly ready, I thought that I would play a little game with Jean; I went to my room and dressed myself up in one of my frilly maid's outfits; I then returned to the kitchen without Jean seeing me.

I called out from the kitchen that dinner was ready and that it would be served in the dining room, well a table and chairs that were behind the sofa near to the kitchen; my apartment wasn't that big, just two bedrooms leading off of a central living area. Jean emerged from her bedroom tired and sweaty; she sat herself at the head of the table, waiting expectantly for me to bring the food to her from the kitchen. Her mouth opened wide when I walked out in my maid's outfit carrying her dinner on a tray. I walked over to her and presented her meal just as any normal maid would have done for her.

"There you are, Madam," I said. "Dinner is served." While laying her plate from the serving tray onto the table in front of her, positioning it just as the maids had taught me many years ago.

Jean looked from me to the food and then back to me and said without questioning me, "Thank you, maid, could you also get me a glass of wine to accompany this delightful meal."

I dutifully curtsied and returned to the kitchen without another thought, and I was enjoying the little prank that I was her maid, it began to give me those same warm, tingly sensations that I had experienced before; I felt happy inside and contented. I found the wine and a glass, making sure that the glass was clean, I then poured the wine into it, then I returned and presented the wine to her. We both burst out laughing again, with me still standing there in my outfit, waiting for her next command.

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

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

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

I replied, "Yes, I do. I like the way it frees me from too many other things that are going on in my life, the stress of studying, being away from home and I find it very relaxing and comforting to be like this, the maid's dress feels like a warm hug whenever I wear it, and I'm happiest when serving as a maid, even when living on my own, I don't have any explanation other than I feel more like me when dressed this way."

"Well, don't let me being here stop you from your maid duties," she said, "it would be nice to be looked after like I was back home by the maidservants, I'd find it relaxing too, having someone to take care of me and do all my mundane chores."

So from that day on, I assumed the role of the maid in the apartment; I now served Jean as the mistress of the house and cleaned the entire apartment, even her room, my old room that was now taken over by her; I even did all of her washing as well, which she seemed to wear several outfits every day, something that was beyond my own life beforehand, as I wore the same clothing for the whole day and only changed when I got home and dressed as a maid. My mind was always calmer, more peaceful when I was in 'maid-mode' as I called it. I accepted my role in the household as her servant and performed any tasks that Jean had me do; it made me happy to have someone to serve, and the apartment didn't seem so lonely now; I felt that I now had some purpose in my life as well.

Jean never treated me badly, mistreated me, nor looked down on me, even though I would expect that she may have done when she was back at her own family home with the maids there, from what she had told me about her home life, she felt far superior to the servants, she herself told me that she could never stoop so low as to be a maid like I enjoyed being, her social status and upbringing wouldn't allow her to do what I was doing. I wondered what life would be like being one of the maids in her home, fantasizing about being their maid and being submissive to their desires. But we still get to hang out as friends when outside of the apartment, and we spent many hours having fun and enjoying our lives. The maidservant roles confined for the moment to just the apartment.

Then one day, when we both were at home with Jean relaxing on the sofa reading her latest book, she seemed to like reading stories about romance and southern belles with big mansions, which of course, needed many servants to maintain. With me busily performing my maid's duties around the apartment, fetching drinks when ordered to, carrying out menial tasks that she required,

and other general maids duties, just like any typical day around the apartment, it seemed to be now for the both of us. I had just served her a drink that she had ordered, with the serving tray propped on my hand with the drink placed in the center, when the doorbell rang unexpectedly.

"Who could that be?" I asked, not anticipating any visitors, wondering who could be calling.

"Well maid, I think that you had best answer the door so we can both find out," Jean stated, treating me as her maid, which I had grown to love and cherish.

Without thinking, I just walked over to the front door as if it were normal for me, being the maid of the house to answer the door. Upon opening it, there stood a couple of friends we both knew from college.

"Hi, Steve, Hi Valerie," I said, "what are you doing..."

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

I curtsied and bade them enter the apartment as instructed by my mistress. Her command to me sending delightful shivers down my spine, and I could feel the goosebumps forming on the surface of my skin, a wonderful submissive feeling overcoming any humiliation that I had felt, and not for the first time, my nipples became more aroused, my more subservient side taking great delight in being treated this way.

"Sorry about that," Jean said, "it seems to me that my maid needs more training and discipline!" The last word was giving me some pleasure for some unknown reason.

Steve and Valerie both laughed as they walked past me without any cognizance on their part of my dress, and over to where Jean was now standing, Jean giving them hugs as she greeted her guests and welcomed them both to her apartment.

At that moment, I realized that I was still dressed in my maid's outfit and became highly embarrassed at them seeing me like this, but Jean quickly took over and ordered drinks for her friends, asking them what they desired and that her maid would fetch them. Without any further thought, I complied without hesitation mainly for two reasons, one to get out of sight, and the other was that my 'maid-mode' was kicking in, my desire to serve others taking over, and I began following my given instructions, which made things much easier for me. I walked quickly into the kitchen and breathed a sigh of relief, but then began to look for the cold drinks that I had been requested, more like ordered, to take back out to Jean's guests.

Placing several items on a serving tray, with the ice separate in a bucket and the glasses chilled as Jean had instructed them always to be kept like, I then return

to face my new audience with some feelings of trepidation and excitement fighting for dominance in my mind, the fear being overcome by the overwhelming desire to serve, and a feeling of confidence that I gained when I wore one of my maid's outfits. I walked out with the tray in hand, just as I had done many times before, now ready to serve others.

"Your drinks, madam," I said in my best maid voice.

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

I walked over to Valerie and offered her the tray I was carrying; she took her drink from the tray in one swift move, all the while her eyes were observing me, checking me over female to female, just like women do many times a day when meeting other women, a feeling of judgment from her that I was somehow less than her gave me some form of submissive pleasure inside. It was the same with Steve when offered his drink of choice, though he was looking more at my stocking covered legs and the short hem of my outfit, with a look of lust in his eyes, he then slowly took his drink from the tray and said, "Thanks." His eyes were moving to my breasts, taking in the round globes offered when bending to serve him.

I then served Jean, and she took her time getting the ice from out of the bucket, keeping me bent over slightly while I served her, prolonging the time my exposed rear was in full view of Steve & Valerie, they both taking in the vision offered to them both. My face was now going several shades of red in the process, as I knew that they could see the frilly panties and stockings that I had worn that day, the short hem of the dress was riding up to show them both off to the appreciative audience behind me. My mistress seemed to take great delight in exposing me in this way, making me feel more passive and acquiescent to her and her guests.

"My guests would also like some snacks maid, please go and fetch them," Jean said, simply dismissing me back to the kitchen with a wave of her hand.

I again complied and returned to the kitchen, my 'maid-mode' taking over my body and mind like I was on auto-pilot. It was much more comfortable for me to switch over and just be the maid, as the whole situation seemed at first to be too overwhelming for me to handle. This was the first time I had faced strangers since I served as a maid back home, though I knew them from college, and they were really more Jean's friends than mine, so this was confronting for me, but being dressed as a maid and told what to do made the humiliating situation easier for me. I also began to feel strangely turned on by this whole situation; I felt great delight in being subservient to them all.

I quickly found some snacks and returned from the kitchen, this time much less embarrassed now, and I felt more just like another maid of the house complying with her Mistresses instructions. Again I served the guests first and then

attended to Jean, and then I just stood there next to Jean, waiting for further instructions from her. Now slightly eased, the whole experience whilst at first daunting to me, had now been overcome with my maid training and my overwhelming desire to serve. Happy to be standing there next to my mistress, waiting for my next command to be useful to those before me, I was indeed less than them, and I felt an inner happiness that I was this way.

Valerie then spoke, "Well, Jean, I like your new apartment, it is very spacious, and it's even better that it comes with its very own servant!"

"Yes, it's very handy having a maid here to perform all of the mundane tasks," Jean replied without looking at me.

"Yes, and she looks very good in that uniform!" Steve exclaimed, not taking his eyes off of me, drinking in the visage before him.

Today Jean had especially asked me to wear my very sexy & revealing low cut French Maid's outfit; I didn't think anything of it at the time and dutifully wore whatever uniform that she had requested me to wear that day. I had been enjoying pretending to be her maid for the past few weeks that she had been here; it just seemed to fit naturally that I assumed this role as her servant. We were both happiest when playing our roles in the household, me as her maid, and she as my Mistress; it seemed to be natural to the both of us, and we were both content with our respected positions in the apartment.

"Oh yes," Jean said, "she does look perfect, especially in this one." She turned, and her eyes began looking from my legs upward, taking in the view that I presented to them all, as I stood there passively, feeling more like an object for their amusement, nothing more than something to be used and discarded, not able to move away as I hadn't been commanded by her to do otherwise. My submissive side was giving me delightful little tingles as they all looked at me, each with their own desires for the little maid standing there.

"So," said Valerie, her hand waving towards me, "how long have you had this maid?"

"Oh not that long, but she has been a maid all of her life, she was trained from an early age to accept her subservient role in the household," Jean said, expecting me to say something to contradict her, but knowing that I would not speak unless instructed to.

"Does she speak?" asked Steve.

"Why yes," said Jean, "Maid, why don't you say something."

"I'm not sure what to say, Madam," I replied, blushing, now able to say something, my mind still feeling the pleasing and delicious humiliation of standing here while they all inspected me, I wondered what made me like this, but still found my situation enjoyable in some wicked way.

"Well, why don't you tell them some of your history and why you like being a maid." She said.

So I told them the whole story of how I'd been fascinated with being a maid since I was a young girl, dressing up as one whenever I could and how I found it relaxing. All the while still standing there in my French maid's outfit, just as though I was another servant being told what to do. I hadn't been instructed to sit by my Mistress, so it never entered my head actually to sit down. I related my whole story to the audience before me, while Valerie seemed to take in most of what I told them, Steve's mind seemed to drift off, his eyes still taking in the sexy maid standing there before them.

Once I was finished, Steve & Valerie asked me many questions, and I gave honest answers to all of them, no point in hiding my past or my desire to serve now; my previous embarrassment also seemed to have evaporated now that we had spent some time talking about my experiences, and they all now seem to accept me as just a maid in the house, something to do their bidding should they wish for anything. I began to wonder why they were asking so many questions, but it didn't seem to be my place to ask them why they wanted to know.

"Well maid," Jean, finally satisfied that her guests had finished interviewing her maid, said to me, "I think that my guests could use some more drinks, why don't you go and fetch us some."

While I was gone in the kitchen getting more food and drink, the three of them spoke in the lounge room, and while there was some laughter interspersed in the conversation, most of the discussion sounded much more serious. They spoke between themselves in hushed tones, so it was difficult for me to hear from the confines of the kitchen. When I returned, they stopped speaking; I served them all fresh drinks and more snacks. I again just waited by my Mistress's side for further instructions while they consumed the offered refreshments.

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

I was curious at what Jean had just said but remained quiet, as it wasn't my place to speak out of turn, I was just the maid here, a domestic servant, and I felt a thrill go through me as I thought that.

"Yes, I think that maybe you're right," said Steve, his eyes still leering at me.

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

I didn't know what they were talking about, as they had kept the conversation to themselves; it wasn't until Jean herself spoke that I actually found out some idea of what their project was.

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

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

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

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

Jean said to Steve & Valerie, "And my maid, Tracy, is probably your best chance of success in your project?" Her hand was pointing in my direction.

"Well, yes, Tracy would be ideal," said Steve, again eyeing my French Maid's outfit.

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

"Well, I'm sure that my maid here would love to help you out, though I want her back here when you're done with her, as someone has to keep this place clean!" Jean laughed, her tone was dismissive of me; I was merely her servant to be loaned out to others, which made me feel warm inside at the thought. I had grown to love being her maid and hoped that she would stay on when her apartment was finished, or maybe I could move in as her servant. I was willing to do whatever she wanted of me; it seemed like a perfect arrangement to me, I would remain as her maid for as long as she wished me to be, though Jean didn't know it at this time.

Valerie said, "We could run some of the studies from here; after all, it's mostly domestic duties that Tracy will be performing, and this could be a controlled environment that your maid already is familiar and comfortable with."

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

"Sure, not a problem," replied Jean, "from what you have told me, my maid here doesn't need much space, and we can fit you in quite easily; she can even cook and clean for you."

"Well, that would also be part of the test phase anyway," said Valerie.

"Well, that's agreed then," said Jean, "when do you want to start? We have plenty of time before we have to return to college, and I'm sure my maid would love to help."

Of course, I said nothing; my mind was awash with different thoughts, here I was about to embark on some unknown, mysterious project, all the while now becoming a servant to not only my mistress Jean, but now also to Steve & Valerie as well. I felt I would become less of a person or friend to them and merely their maid to order and made to serve. Deep down inside of me, I loved it and looked forward to seeing what they wanted of me.

"What do you think?" Valerie asked me.

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

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

Steve & Valerie were soon settled in, and I continued with my maid duties, cooking for them all and cleaning, getting drinks when commanded, and generally running around after them. I was settled and content, happy to be of service, now that I was busier than usual with the added people in the apartment, though Steve did seem to have wandering hands at times, something that distracted me, and sometimes his hands seemed to find various parts of my anatomy when serving him or cleaning near him, he found it especially amusing to drop things on the floor expecting me to pick them up, and exposing myself to his lustful gaze.

Then one day, a knock on the door broke my chain of thought; I was deep in cleaning mode, my mind content with the task that I was doing; this seemed to me my purpose in life now, I was born to be a maid, it gave me a deep sense of satisfaction that I had found my role in life.

"Could you get that?" asked Valerie. I curtsied and headed towards the door, which was natural for a maid of the house to answer the door.

I opened the door, "Welcome," I said to the two strange men standing there; I had not seen these two before, unsure of what else to say to them.

"Wow!" one of the men exclaimed.

They then walked past me; I was just a servant answering the door it seemed; they entered into the apartment that seemingly was no longer mine. I had willingly given up my bedroom first to Jean when she moved in, and now the other smaller bedroom to Steve & Valerie for their project. Steve & Valerie welcomed the two men like long lost friends, hugging each other. They then turned to me as I had finished closing the door and walked back into the room

towards them, wondering who these new guests were and if I could offer them some refreshments, my inner maid taking over.

Steve exclaimed excitedly, "This is our test subject! Isn't she great?"

"Yes, she seems perfect, she looks good too!" one said, eyeing up my maid's outfit, I was again dressed as a French maid, something that I seemed to wear more often now, the stockings and matching black high heel shoes making the outfit look good but impractical when cleaning. The frills always tickled me as I worked around the apartment, but in a delightful way that those around didn't understand or comprehend, and I sometimes wondered if they were aware of my arousal, I'm sure that Steve was, his eyes always taking in the vision of sex before him.

"I think that she fits the bill," said the other.

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

"Welcome, Charles and Vincent, it is very nice to meet you," and curtsied before them, I said in my maid's voice, "May I get you any refreshments?"

"I would love a cup of tea, please," said Charles in his very English accent.

"Coffee for me," said Vincent.

I said, "Tea & coffee it is then, sirs," and headed off to the kitchen.

They talked amongst themselves whilst I was preparing the tea & coffee for our new guests, pottering about the kitchen. I didn't realize that they were discussing me, but then I was the main focus of their project, which I still had no real information about, other than being a maid for them, which I enjoyed anyway. And would have willingly done so even if it wasn't for their project, I took great delight in serving others and the more people that I was attending to made me feel more submissive and useful.

I returned and served them all their drinks, and they carried on talking as if I wasn't there, "Thank you, maid, you may return to your duties now." Said Valerie, now understanding that I was standing there as always waiting for further instructions, it would not be right for the servant of the house to move without instruction.

"See, she's perfect, follows direction, almost as if she was a robot already!" said Steve to the others.

They all agreed that the project should progress immediately, they then started talking in detail about their project, but by that time, I was busy elsewhere in the apartment performing my maid's duties and never heard their discussion.

The next day, after sleeping on a camp bed in the laundry, sharing my space with the washing machine, I was, after all, now just another 'domestic appliance' it seemed, and I laughed at the thought but also took great delight at being treated this way. I awoke before everyone and began dressing as a maid again to cook breakfast for everyone. Once the food and drinks were ready, I woke them all up with a cup of coffee or tea and informed them that their breakfast would be served in five minutes.

They emerged still in their nightwear as I exited the kitchen with platefuls of food prepared for them, Jean joined them too, and they all seemed to be in bright spirits today; it was to be the first day of testing for their new project. I would soon be finding out what they required of me at last.

During the day, I went about my duties, cleaning, washing, and preparing drinks when requested by them all; they were observing my actions and reactions to their commands and requests; each was dutifully carried out with pleasure by me as their maid, as though this was just a normal, everyday thing.

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

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

"So, a sort of mind control then?" I asked her.

Valerie explained. "Well, yes, you'd be wearing a control device that connects to the main computer that will enable us to program your maid functions and also monitor your responses."

"I'd be under your control," I said, "like a robot?"

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

"What is the control device like?" I asked Valerie.

"It's a collar that you'll wear; it will connect to your neural network and enable us to control you via the computer, and through voice commands, all the while collecting valuable data that will enable our project to move forward."

"Okay, it sounds a bit scary," I said, "so when do we start?" The thought of being under their command, both exciting and daunting, my submissive side enjoying the idea that I would be controlled and used by them.

Valerie responded, "Now, if you are ready and want to, we have everything already set up and waiting to go, we just needed to let you know what it is that you'll be going through and experiencing."

"Well, I enjoy being a maid anyway, so what's the difference, I might even enjoy the new experience," I said.

Valerie called out. "Okay, Steve can you come out here now and bring the others with you."

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

"Now, this may hurt a little while it makes the connection," Charles said, the only one expressing concern for me.

The collar was brought up to my neck, and Valerie helped fasten it around me, checking that it wasn't too tight or loose, "I have to make sure we get a good connection." she explained. The feeling of the collar being fastened around my neck by Valerie sent delightful feelings throughout my body and centered on my inner core, it felt right to be wearing the collar, and I wondered why I had not worn one before if it gave me these feelings.

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

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

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

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

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

'Download!' I thought.

Just then it hit me, and my brain seemed to open up and allow them full access; all of my memories flooded through my mind, the little girl as a maid, serving people at parties, growing up, the dressing and behaving like a maid, to when I moved into the apartment and became Jean's maid. I was always a maid, it seems, my only memories are of me being a maid, I couldn't seem to remember any other time that I wasn't a maid.

I felt more information flow into me, my eyes were open, but I could not see anything but still the information that was continuing to download into me. Several routines, programs, and other things concerning my duties as a Maidbot were sent via the computer linked into my brain, and I came to accept them all as my own thoughts. All the tasks that would be required of me as a maidbot and the different ways that I could complete those tasks. Eventually, the downloading of information into me causing me to blackout, much to the concern of Jean, but she was reassured that this was normal.

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

"Maid, wake up!" Jean said.

"No," said Valerie, "Maidbot start operations, state your designation and function."

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

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

"We will Jean," said Valerie. "Maidbot, what is your designation, and what are your functions?" Valerie repeated the statement, not sure if the programming had actually worked on the maid, this being the first test subject to undergo this kind of full treatment.

I heard myself then say, "My designation is Maidbot 001, madam, my functions are that of a domestic Maidbot, my duties include.."

"Okay, stop Maidbot 001, tell me how you feel?" she interrupted.

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

"Are you okay?" Jean asked, concerned.

"I'm fine, madam, and awaiting your command." The Maidbot in me replied with a monotone voice.

"Okay," said Charles, "let me run some tests to check that everything went alright and didn't damage the test subject in any way."

"Subject, that's Tracy, my best friend..." Jean exclaimed. I would have hugged her if I could, but it wasn't in my programming to allow me to do so. I could only sit there waiting for any commands that they wished for me to carry out.

"Yes okay," said Valerie, getting hold of Jean's shoulders and moving her away, "we need to let the boys see what is going on, come let's go in the kitchen for a drink, shall we?"

I was left with the three boys, as Valerie called them, they ran several tests, some involving my movements and responses, others I couldn't see, but they fiddled about on their computers checking and rechecking their data. Several hands were running over my body, touching me in places that I would have objected to, if not under the control of the system, especially from Steve, who seemed to take delight in being free to touch me where ever he wanted to. They seemed to be satisfied with all of their results, and they started to pack up their computers and other devices, they disconnected me from the wires from their computers.

"The subject seems to be acting under normal parameters." Said Charles, "Let's see how the Maidbot works."

"Maidbot 001, walk to the kitchen," Steve commanded.

I tried to stand up, my legs were a bit wobbly, but soon I stood straight, "This Maid obeys." I said and walked unsteadily to the kitchen. Jean & Valerie were sitting there as I walked in; they both looked at me, wondering why I was there. Jean still concerned at what she had allowed them to do to me.

"Maidbot get me a drink of water," Steve commanded.

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

"Here is your water, Sir," I said, amazed that I did this without any effort on my part, I seemed to be doing this remotely under someone else's control, my body seemed to be on auto-pilot, leaving my mind free to experience this experiment.

"Maidbot, would you get me a drink too," Jean said.

"Yes, Madam, what sort of drink do you wish for?" I answered.

"Oh, she doesn't seem to remember what I like," said Jean, concerned that I seem to have forgotten and worried that my mind was erased.

"She just needs clear and concise instructions in the learning phase," Valerie said. "Maidbot get Jean a drink of coke from the fridge."

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

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

It was late into the night before they all grew tired of their new plaything as I seemed to have become, and they decided that it was time to get to bed. During the time that I was being put through my initial testing, one of the boys had set up a recharging station in the laundry, well I was just another machine around the house, after all, I chuckled at the thought. I was commanded to stand in the pod and then given instructions on how to connect up to recharge, as they put it. It would also monitor my programming and also feed a small amount of current into my body which they said would feed me; I wouldn't need to eat as much from now on and I wondered how they had changed my body to accept this. A tube entered my mouth, and a smooth paste was delivered into my stomach, luckily I couldn't taste it, it smelt bad enough.

Part 2: Sex-bot

The next morning I awoke very refreshed, with what seemed to me to be the best sleep ever, my body felt more alive than it ever had and I really felt good inside, I felt like I had been renewed by my overnight charge and looked forward to my day as a Maidbot. I had spent the entire night still dressed in my maid's uniform, I straightened my uniform out as I disconnected myself from the machine, something seemed, in my mind, to be missing but I couldn't yet place what it was.

I walked to the kitchen as I usually do, and began to start preparing breakfast for Jean and her guests, my duties seemed to include this task as I scanned my memory for what I should be doing this early, I hadn't yet been commanded by anyone to do this but to me it seemed like a natural thing for me to do first thing in the morning. The programming automated to start me in the morning with several things to do before my Masters & Mistress's awaken, I took great delight in getting on with the tasks assigned to me, being their maidbot seemed most natural to me now, maybe it was their programming or maybe I had found my true self at last.

I had breakfast nearly prepared, and the coffee was ready, so I went about the apartment to wake everybody up, leaving a cup of coffee with each person and reminding them that breakfast would be ready soon. The boys all shared my bedroom, while Valerie & Jean shared the master bedroom and my old bed. They were all at first surprised by my actions, and I was pleased that I could serve

them, I was very happy when they all responded to me as their Maidbot, a feeling of contentment running through me.

Jean asked me, "How are you feeling this morning, Maidbot?"

I replied to Jean, "I feel fine Mistress, this Maidbot is performing within all normal parameters and is waiting to serve at your command". All the while laughing on the inside, I thought, 'Wow how cool is this!'

I served breakfast to everyone, and then I went about my cleaning chores following the prompts from the main computer that seemed to be controlling my body; I relaxed and let the system take over. I seemed to be more efficient under the computer's control, I spent less energy performing the tasks that a maid was expected to do, and I also spent less time in doing them. I was having a wonderful time without a care in the world as I continued with my maid's duties, my body under the system's control and my mind content now and enjoying my time as a maidbot. I felt free of the responsibilities of adult life, something that I had not experienced since I was a child, my mind clear and focused on the tasks assigned to the maidbot for the day.

After they had all enjoyed their breakfast, they ordered me to sit down, I was connected again to their computers, and they all began performing several tests again, with more programming on the computer and more instructions that were downloaded into me, and the results of my first day's operation uploaded for them to study. I could feel the new instructions entering my mind, stored away and filed, waiting for their use later on when running again. My mind seemed to be changing the memories of my early life as a maid around the house I used to live in, not of my parents but of serving the owners of the house, not as their daughter but like the other two maids, and also of being Jean's maid seemed to fill and expand in my mind, any other thoughts seemed to be vague and distant.

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

"She won't need to eat as much, though she will require some food & water intake during the day, we have set times for her feeding, which is about an hour from now," Valerie replied, "You're right to be concerned with your Maidbot, she is still part human after all!"

"Part human!" Jean exclaimed.

Valerie replied, "Yes well, she's now part of the computer system that controls

her, she is adapted to work as a Maidbot, following her commands and programming. So, her neural or mental side is the part that is not human at the moment. That's under our control. We have reprogrammed her to perform the tasks required as a maidbot."

"It's not permanent is it?" Jean asked, her concern growing, and she began to feel guilt at allowing this to happen to her friend.

"No, it's only while she's wearing the collar, though we could make it permanent if you wish!" Valerie winked. "Think about it, your own personal maidbot."

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

At lunchtime, I prepared some food for them all, all prepared to their individual requirements and served it to them in the dining area, this was another test that they had devised to see if I could handle several tasks at the same time. I was then commanded to my recharging pod and there I inserted a tube into my mouth, as I stood there the flow of liquid food entered into my mouth and down to my stomach without the need for me to swallow. 'How great was this', I thought, 'eating without effort'.

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

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

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

"Well why not put a camera up, so you can spare the girl some blushes," she said noticing how I'd blushed at being watched.

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

They both sped off down to hallway and were back on their computers, checking data.

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

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

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

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

Several days went by, the boys came and went, each time bringing more stuff for me to clean, mostly their laundry. Jean and Valerie seemed to be spending more time together, sometimes going out just like we used to, and I began to feel sad that I was not included as one of the girls. But each time I felt that way the main computer rearranged my thoughts so that I complied with my programming, the sadness just went away, and I returned to my maid's duties, blissful that my concerns and worries were now gone. While my desire to serve was still there, the feelings that I used to experience were now diminished, the arousal that I had felt in being subservient to Jean now replaced with a feeling of accomplishment when completing my tasks.

My days seem to merge into one; I'd wake up feeling refreshed, make breakfast and wake everybody with coffee. Then while they are eating, I would make the beds, take the dirty washing to the laundry, wash the dishes and clear away. I would then clean the apartment from top to bottom, even though it didn't need cleaning, the program stated that I had to perform these tasks as directed, each time I tried to vary from my programming, the main computer intervened and corrected my mind and actions. Sometimes my thoughts seemed to be erased, any errant thought that the system detected was wiped from my mind. Not that I realised this was happening, my programming overtaking some of my

memories and thoughts.

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

After another week went by, I started on my normal routine, make breakfast, wake everybody up and then I walked into Jean's room, she was laying there with Valerie between her legs, with her head moving around slightly as she was apparently pleasuring Jean it seemed. I should have been shocked and embarrassed, and I was inside my mind, but it didn't show on the outside. I continued to walk in as nothing had happened and placed two cups of coffee on the nightstand next to the bed. I was shocked by the discovery of the two of them in bed together, but I should have seen just how close the two of them were becoming now, but I was too lost in my own desire to be their maidbot to realise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I think you're wrong, and I think she knew what she saw but couldn't say anything."

Later that morning Jean tried to explain to me what I'd seen in the bedroom, I didn't mind her sleeping with Valerie, after all, we weren't in a relationship, it was more of a shock walking in and finding them in that position, I'd never seen two women making love and didn't know what to think. I tried to say to her that

I didn't mind, but I couldn't no matter how much I tried, to overcome my program to tell her so. I was just a maidbot now, after all, something to serve them all without any thought on my part.

Jean walked away clearly distressed at what had happened and unhappy that she couldn't communicate with me to express her feelings and gauge mine. Something that two normal females are quite capable of doing, but not something a Maidbot and her owner could share. As I recharged that night, I felt certain things change in my mind. I was now expecting to see Jean & Valerie in their relationship and to assume that this was normal, I now had two owners, as both Jean & Valerie were now classified under the new program as my owners. Also, my morning routine was changed in that I knocked on the door before entering any room, that would relieve any anguish and embarrassment on mine and Jean's part, I came to accept the two of them as co-owners.

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

The weekend came, the girls left, and the boys took, over mostly playing with their computers and programs. They played with me as well, putting several suggestions into my mind, one was for me to wear my sexy French Maid outfit, the other seemed to be a lot of bending over whilst keeping my legs straight, revealing the frilly knickers that came with the outfit. Normally I would have been shocked and humiliated, but every time a negative thought ran through my head it was overridden. It was funny that they had programmed me to be their maidbot and plaything, but left me with my own thoughts, even though my memories seemed to be altered in some way, I was still able to have some independent thought, even though I couldn't act on it.

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

Steve was a bit of a leech, he loved the way I looked, and I believe it was him that co-ordinated the bending program, just to see my knickers I had thought.

Vincent, on the other hand, seemed to be a bit creepy; he would look at me, not as a person but as an object for him to use in whatever way he wanted. I would soon find out just how creepy when Steve said that he had a date tonight, so he wouldn't be able to continue to babysit their project and Charles called from the lab saying that he wouldn't be back until morning.

Left alone now with 'creepy' Vincent as I thought of him *buzz – thought not allowed*, my mind again taken over by the computer. I smiled outwardly but groaned inside, again getting the error message. 'Bugger' I thought *buzz – thought not allowed* I better get back to some normal maid duties before I fry my brain with impure thoughts *buzz –thought...* Okay, Okay and went back into the kitchen to clean the already cleaned surfaces. Each time I had a negative thought nowadays I seemed to be punished for it, a small electrical charge went through me, my mind cleared of these impure thoughts, this was more control than I would have accepted if they had told me at the start, but now I had little choice, I now was now their property to do with as they wished.

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

Once connected I felt a new stream of programming code enter into my brain, this was like an instruction manual and as it unfolded in my mind I began to realise that these were instructions on how to perform 'fellatio'; 'handjobs' and other sexual positions, I was being reprogrammed into a Sexbot, my demeanour was also changed to that of a sultry woman, I desired sex and wanted nothing more than to please and pleasure men. This shocked me, but any negative thought was again quickly overridden, any thoughts that were against my programming were quickly dealt with. Positive thoughts were rewarded with stimulus to my body, similar to my state of arousal when serving as Jean's maid beforehand, and it was the only pleasure that I received while serving them.

Finally, the reprogramming was completed, everything about being a sexbot was now firmly programmed into my mind, and I was summoned into the main living area, I still wore my sexy French Maid's outfit, and somehow, I had picked up a feather duster on the way. Upon arrival I found Vincent sitting on the lounge, wearing a dressing gown and nothing else it seemed but a wide smile on his face.

"Ah there you are maid, where have you been?"

"I waz looking fur see feather duster Monsieur!" I said in a strange mock French

accent.

"And you found it, that's good, now come over here as I have something for you to polish!" he said.

"Que Monsieur, what is yur request?" I slurred like a sexy kitten, groaning on the inside.

Vincent opened his robe and there before my eyes was his manhood, he was indeed naked under that gown. I felt shocked, *buzzt*, then revulsion *buzzt*, what the f... *buzzt*, this time the computer beat me to the word. I could only obey the commands, and my body walked itself over to where he was sitting, bending my knees, I knelt in front of him, a big smile across my face, but inside I was dreading what he was making me do. I thought Steve was the letch and would make the first move, not creepy Vincent. Each time I tried to resist the computer took over my body; it also started to give me small electrical shocks via the collar, in the end, I had to give in, comply and follow my master's instructions.

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

"Yes Maidbot, your master needs some attention," Vincent replied, enjoying the control he had over me.

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

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

Steve asked Vincent, seeing the maid on her knees in front of a naked Vincent, "What's going on here?"

I thought, 'What do you think was happening here *buzzt*, he's just used me *buzzt* as his personal sultry, Sexbot,' apparently it was okay to think Sexbot. My thoughts are running through my mind as I continued to kneel there with Vincent's now rapidly shrinking member in my hand.

Vincent stated matter of factly, "Well, I just had to try her out... She works perfectly, the programming and conditioning are working really well, christ she's even talking in a French accent!"

"You'd better not let Jean find out that you've been using her like that!" Steve warned.

"Sure, but wouldn't you like to try her?" Creepy Vincent said.

"Well as the program's running, why not, but not a word to the girls..."

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

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

They treated me just like an object, their clinical plaything; it was very off-putting for me with their running commentary. I wasn't getting into enjoying this myself, and my programming just continued forcing me to just continue in my sultry French SexBot kitten mode as they used me as their personal sex toy.

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

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

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

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

Part 3: Discovery

The boys thought that they had got away with using me; I was now back to functioning normally as a maidbot around the house with no outward sign that I been converted into a sexbot by them. The testing continued, and they changed certain program details to suit as needed. I continued to enjoy riding along with the program, the computer guiding me through my tasks, 'so this would be what my life would become as a maidbot', I thought. 'no real thoughts or input into it, just follow the programming.' This played into my submissive nature, I think that I would enjoy being nothing more than a subservient machine, carrying out the whims of my owners.

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

Charles, on the other hand, had been in the lab monitoring my program absent-mindedly when he saw the reprogramming that had occurred under Vincent's hand, he was monitoring me from afar whilst working on future program updates, he saw what Vincent had reprogrammed me into but because he couldn't leave the lab was powerless to stop it. Plus he had other plans for me unknown to the others.

When Charles turned up he was furious with Vincent; he didn't know Steve that had also joined in on the action too, I had been used thoroughly by both men as their sex toy. A meeting was rapidly called to which I was excluded and sent back to my charging station, again this is early was the only thought going through my head. With me out of the way the meeting started.

"What were you thinking?" Charles asked, "That's nearly akin to rape that you did to her!"

"What!" cried Jean upon hearing this, "what happened?"

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

"Is this true?" Jean asked turning on Vincent.

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

"Our Experiment, who else was involved in this?" asked Jean, now shocked that they had used me, her friend, like this.

"Valerie was the main programmer in this aspect," said Vincent shifting the blame somewhat in Valerie's direction.

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

"She's not a project; she's a person!" Jean exploded, "and she volunteered to help you guys out, remember Tracy, the girl who you were all counting on."

"Well to you she's Tracy, your maid I seem to recall, but to us she's part of the project that you all signed up to, she is ours to do with as we please," Vincent stated with a smirk on his face.

Jean was shocked at this statement; she didn't know where to turn, seemingly her new girlfriend/lover was in on this all along. Maybe they were both being used by these people, what other secrets were they keeping from her.

"But we trusted you!" was all Jean could say before she burst into tears.

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

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

"Ready!" Jean shouted, "What do you mean ready, had you planned this all along?"

"Of course," said Vincent pleased with himself, "that was part of the program for this project; didn't we explain this to you in our meeting?"

"NO, I don't recall the part where you convert Tracy into a sex machine!" Jean recoiled.

"Well it was there in black & white when you signed the contract, under the conditions we were able to test the maidbot in any way we deemed fit, to enable us to get a better understanding of this experiment." replied Vincent, "If you didn't look at the fine details it's not our fault."

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

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

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

"The only part that was wiped was the time that Steve and I used her as a sexbot, and even her French accent has gone!" Vincent sounded pleased with this.

"Steve! You too!" Jean shuddered, "I thought that I could trust you, seems like I was wrong also."

The meeting continued after Jean stormed off into the bedroom, the guys argued amongst themselves, Valerie tried to keep them all calm and other than name-calling the nerds kept to their seats, no punch ups here over a silly little maidbot, she was just an experiment to them, an object to use and explore.

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

"That's if Jean allows you to stay too!" said Steve.

"Let me handle Jean..." Valerie tried to say but was interrupted.

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

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

Meanwhile, I was blissfully unaware of the events that had unfolded in the lounge, as the recharging station puts me to sleep once I'm plugged in, and it just takes over when I'm fully connected. Do robots dream, well I don't seem to, I'm just there in off-mode, with no thoughts running through my mind other than ones that are being reprogrammed into my brain.

Valerie entered the bedroom that she now shared with Jean, "Sorry babe," she said, "the boys went a bit too far with the maidbot."

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

"Yes babe", said Valerie trying to calm her down, "but the testing for was for further down the tracks."

"Stop calling me babe, you monster, and were you going to ask Tracy for permission to turn her into some sex machine before using her?" Jean asked.

"Sorry ba.." Valerie stopped short, "the testing wasn't meant to happen; it was all just theory, something that was thought out by the boys..."

"But you wrote the program!" Jean interrupted, "you're the one who is to blame for them abusing her!"

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

"But they did!" Jean spat back, "and what damage did they do to poor Tracy?"

"I don't know, but Charles is currently working out what happened and if anything was done to damage her mind," Valerie replied.

"What about her body, how would you feel used by those two perverts?" Jean asked.

"Angry!" said Valerie, "yes especially as they know I only like girls."

"So it's okay that they fucked Tracy, as long as they didn't touch you!"

"No Jean, you've got me wrong about that, I regret the boys using the maid as their own personal plaything, they were stupid as all boys are thinking with their dicks!"

"Yes, but have they damaged Tracy's mind?" Jean asked.

"Shall we go and see what Charles has found out?" Valerie said.

"Yes," Jean sobbed, "I hope that they haven't wiped her mind completely."

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

"What have you found?" Valerie asked.

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

"But does she still remember, has she still got her memories from before?" asked Jean.

"Yes they didn't touch those, her memory seems fine..." Charles lingered.

"What?" said Jean & Valerie at the same time.

"Well it seems our little maidbot has a secret!" Charles looked up from his screen.

"What?" said Jean & Valerie again.

"Well she seems to know what is going on around her, she just cannot communicate with us, the program won't allow her to express her thoughts". Charles said, "Plus also the boys must have included the punishment subroutine in her as she gets shocked by the collar if she has any negative thoughts, like the time she walked in on you two!"

"What, Valerie said that she wouldn't know what we were doing!" Jean said as she turned to face Valerie.

"Well she shouldn't," said Valerie, "her program shouldn't allow for her to retain thoughts."

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

Whilst Jean ran off to see Tracy, wanting to apologise for everything she'd been put through, Valerie turned to Charles, "Tell me more about our little maidbot."

Jean unknown to me appeared before me in my charging station, professing her utmost apologies and weeping profusely about what she'd done to me. She tried to tell me that she was sorry, but all she got from me was a blank look. I was still switched off by the system and couldn't communicate with her even if I wanted to.

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

"I want to talk to her; I want to talk with Tracy!" Jean said.

"You can try," Valerie leaned over and pressed a button on the pod, the light

above turned green, and I immediately awoke refreshed as always, really feeling like I'd had a great night's sleep, even though I'd been in the pod for an hour or so. My mind now connected to the main computer and sought out instructions from it, which I received and began to exit the pod.

"Tracy, it's me, Jean," Jean said.

"Yes Mistress Jean, what can this maidbot get for you?" I stated, my mind unsure to what has just happened and wondering why my Mistress was standing in the laundry room.

"Tracy, I need to talk with you". Jean said.

"Tracy? Mistress, my designation is Maidbot 001, I don't recall 'Tracy', do you wish to redesignate me as Tracy?" I questioned.

"Yes..." Jean replied only to be cut off by Valerie.

"No Maidbot 001, please keep your existing designation," Valerie stated.

"Maidbot 001 – confirmed" I said.

"Please go about your duties maidbot," Valerie said.

I walked passed them both, out into the main area of the apartment, and then into the kitchen where I began preparing lunch. I asked the mainframe how many guests for lunch and was informed that only 3 meals were required. I continued on with my tasks without further thought, I was happy to see Jean but I was concerned to see her unhappy like that and wondered what had caused her to be this way. My mind felt clearer than ever, which was down to Charles's reprogramming to erase any linger thoughts of my time as a sexbot to Vincent.

Jean meanwhile was in a shocking state, "What have I done to her?"

"Nothing that she didn't sign up for," Valerie replied.

"But not as a sexbot!" Jean said, "I'm sure that she wouldn't have volunteered for that!"

"Well what's done is done, and she seems to have suffered no harm from it," Valerie stated.

Valerie and Jean returned to the bedroom and stayed there until I knocked on the door to inform them that lunch was ready. When they emerged, Jean seemed to be in a better frame of mind, which seemed to please me somehow. I

served them all lunch and then cleared away the dishes, and then carried on cleaning as directed by Valerie, who seemed to get great joy out of using me.

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

Part 4: Back to being a Maid

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

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

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

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

Valerie laughed along with Jean, "Sure babe, anything for you." And leaned in to kiss Jean on the lips.

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

Once I'd finished cleaning, Valerie called out to me, "Maidbot come here please."

"Yes Mistress", I responded, "this maid obeys."

"Good maid, now it's time to turn you off and bring back Tracy," said Valerie.

"Yes Mistress," I said, not really knowing what was happening at this point, my mind used to being a maidbot.

She reached around my neck and unfastened the collar, immediately my connection to the mainframe was lost, and I passed out. I awoke with Jean looking over me holding my hand, a look of concern on her face.

"Will she be alright?" Jean asked Valerie.

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

Meanwhile, I started to recover, my thoughts though a bit hazy and confused told me that I lived here and that Jean was my friend, no she was my owner I tried to recall. I was still groggy as Charles carried me through to my bedroom and laid me down on the mattress, the clean sheets feeling wonderful after not being able to sleep in a bed for such a long time. I was still confused, but Jean reassured me I was safe.

Valerie then came over to me, "Tracy, it's Valerie here you need to get some sleep now."

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

In the morning I awoke as normal, got out of bed, found that I was not properly dressed in my maid outfit, so found one hanging in the wardrobe, dressed and walked into the kitchen to prepare breakfast. I tried to communicate with the mainframe but couldn't establish contact, 'Weird', I thought, 'I wonder what's happened'. So I prepared breakfast for the normal five guests that are usually in the apartment.

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

"It's okay Jean," I responded, "breakfast is nearly ready."

"You spoke!" Jean exclaimed.

"Yes I can speak, why wouldn't I, mistress," I replied, surprised at myself at being able to talk, finally allowing me to express my own thoughts.

"But we removed your collar yesterday; you shouldn't be doing your maid duties anymore!" Jean said.

"But I like doing this, why wouldn't I do this for you. I enjoy my time as your maid, mistress." I replied, my time as her maid giving me many pleasant memories, I had truly enjoyed being her maid and loved every minute of it.

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

"I know that Mistress, but I feel deep down that I want to serve you, my time as your maid has been the most enjoyable time of my life."

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

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

"No maid, they're not here this morning, just the three of us," Valerie stated.

"So breakfast for three it is then." I answered, "please take a seat, and I'll bring it right out."

Valerie took hold of Jean's hand and walked her out of the kitchen. "Seems like there might be some residual programming leftover in her," Valerie said.

"What, you mean some of the program still controls her?" Jean asked.

"Well it seems that way," Valerie said, "Might as well enjoy it while it lasts!"

Jean's reply was interrupted when I walked out of the kitchen carrying a tray with three breakfasts on it; I set each plate down on the table but was confused why there were three plates for two people. "Is one of the other guests going to join us?" I enquired.

"No," said Valerie, "the other plate is for you." And she bade me sit down on the chair.

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

Seeing this Valerie said, "It's okay maid, you can resume your duties in the kitchen."

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

Jean, on the other hand, was still concerned for me, she turned to Valerie, "What's going on?"

"Like I said it seems that some residual programming is leftover from her time as a maidbot, it'll wear off over time." She said as she tucked into her eggs and bacon.

"But what if it doesn't?" questioned Jean, "what if she stays like this?"

"Well, like you said it's handy having her around as a maid; why not take advantage of it whilst it lasts." She laughed. "It's not as if we can do anything at the moment, and she has just spent the best part of two months as a controlled maidbot."

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

"Unsure how to without the collar that controlled her," replied Valerie, "I could reattach it and see how she'd go..."

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

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

The conversation was interrupted when I walked back into the room, "Have my Mistresses finished with their breakfast?" I enquired in my best maid tone.

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

"Right away Mistress." I said as I curtsied and walked back to the kitchen to carry out my assigned tasks, happy inside that I was being useful.

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

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

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

"Seems like she fainted!" Valerie stated, "She seems to be okay otherwise, her pulse is strong, and her eyes respond to light."

"Why would she just faint like that? Is it something to do with the programming?" asked Jean.

"I don't think so, but in a way maybe..." Valerie, "Let me check with Charles."

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

Charles asked, "When did she last eat?"

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

"And lunchtime?" Charles asked.

"Well no, I did see her eat, did you Jean?" she asked Jean.

"No I don't think so," replied Jean.

"I think that maybe your problem, get her to eat and drink something," responded Charles.

"How? She's passed out on the floor!" Valerie questioned.

"Feed her a sugary drink, take it slowly as she's only been on baby food during the testing." Charles said, "And I'm on my way over to check on her."

"Okay." Said Valerie, "Will do, see you soon."

"Charles is on his way, he said that she's probably fainted due to lack of food, she last ate when she was connected into the recharging station." Valerie told Jean, "We need to pour some soft drink into her to revive her."

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

"Yes, let's try to get her sitting up first, and then feed her some," Valerie said as she began picking me up and carrying me out of the kitchen and placing me on the lounge. "Now bring that drink here, and you find something to prop up her feet."

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

"Why didn't you eat something?" he asked.

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

"Owners?" Charles stated.

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

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

"Sorry Mistress, but I don't know what you're saying to me, I am here to serve you..." I said, feeling very confused at the information that Jean had told me.

Charles could see my discomfort and confusion, "It's okay maid, you just fainted, and you'll soon recover."

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

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

Charles said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As soon as the door on the pod closed I fell asleep, I was relaxed and comfortable, though I did have some troubling thoughts running through my head during my sleep. Memories of when I was a maidbot came flooding back, and some I found distressing when I was used as a sexbot, but I couldn't recall in my 'maids' memory this ever happening to me.

I awoke again in the morning, as usual, but I didn't feel as refreshed and recharged as I used too, but I still got myself ready, dressed in my maid outfit and went into the kitchen to prepare breakfast, I still couldn't contact the mainframe so I thought there was something wrong with me and I would let my owners know as soon as they were awake.

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

Several days went past, and my memories kept coming back to me, I remembered my name was Tracy, and I had a family, that I lived here with Jean who I was a maid servant to, I couldn't get it around in my head that we were friends and that this apartment was actually mine. At the request of Charles they both kept up the pretence that I was still their maid, it seemed easier on Jean's conscience, Jean was still very worried about me.

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

Part 5: Return of the Maid-bot

College, other than the first day when I tried to leave still dressed in my maid uniform, was good. I studied hard as my Mistress had requested and being in the college atmosphere helped with me regaining my memories. I was still a maid when at home and used the Charging Station to sleep in at night; I couldn't adjust to sleeping laying down. My Mistresses had provided me with a modified collar so I could plug myself in at night, this seemed to calm me, and the unpleasant memories faded into the distance.

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

Charles had taken advantage of the spare bedroom, saying that he wanted to keep a close eye on me, and as the bedroom was not being used by me it seemed best for him to stay. So now I had three people to look after, this made me happy as I seem to love to serve others, the more the merrier and it gave my life purpose, leaving me feeling contented and at peace.

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

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

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

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

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

Every day I would wake up in my pod, extract the leads plugged into me, get myself dressed in my maids' outfit for the day and begin my chores, starting with breakfast, now with tea of course instead of coffee. I knocked on his door before allowed entry and inform my master that breakfast would be ready soon. I'd return to the kitchen and finish cooking, then serve, make the bed and start on the washing.

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

A couple of months went by, and things carried on the way they always seemed to have, this seemed to be natural now with Charles in charge, me as his maid

serving his requests. Until one day Steve & Vincent showed up at the apartment, I opened the door as usual and bade them entry, I knew there was something about these two that I distrusted them, but my mind overrode that and I invited them in to see my master.

"Ah Charles, there you are, how are things?" Asked Steve, looking back at me checking out my uniform.

"Fine Steve, how goes the prototype back at the lab?"

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

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

"What here?" asked Charles.

"Yes, all of the programming was initially conducted here so many of the parameters are already uploaded into her system." Steve replied.

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

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

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

"Is there anything I can do for you Master?" I asked.

"No maid, just carry on with your normal duties," Charles said. Which I did, happy that I was out of the way of Steve & Vincent, though still unsure as to why I felt like this, my memories of the night now blurred and forgotten.

When they returned they brought with them a huge crate, 'I wonder what is inside?' I thought, used to them bringing stuff the apartment and making more mess for me to clean.

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

When I walked out carrying their meals I saw what looked like another maid standing in front of the boys, they were working on their computers, running this program and checking that data output there, they totally ignored me as I

placed the food on to the table, "Lunch is served." I said but got no response from any of them.

'Typical nerds' I thought, surprised in myself that I could think such negative thoughts about them and my owner without punishment. And then went back into the kitchen to wipe some more surfaces that didn't need cleaning, something I seem to do when I was frustrated or confused.

Meanwhile the boys had finally completed what they were working on, they activated the new maid and monitored her responses. Please with themselves that they had gotten this far with their project.

"Maidbot start operations!" Steve commanded the new maid.

"Maidbot online..." the maidbot stated.

"Maidbot what is your designation?" Charles asked.

"Maidbot 002." The maid replied.

"Maidbot 002 assign new owners, Steve, Vincent & Charles, confirm."

"Maidbot 002 complies, new owners Steve, Vincent & Charles confirmed".

Meanwhile in the kitchen the same thought was running through my mind, I too was answering the instructions, "Maidbot 001 confirmed." I said. Something seemed to shift in my mind.

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

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

"What are you doing maid?" asked Charles.

"Complying with your instructions sir!" I replied, handing him the glass of water.

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

I was very confused in my mind, and I seemed to shudder on the spot, this was conflicting to me and seemed to bare down on my very soul, I was here to serve, that was my purpose, why did I not please my owner, my master with my

actions.

Charles, who was always good at picking up on my reactions, quickly said, "Maid return to your charging station." Knowing that I would be happier inside there switched off, my thoughts no longer confused.

"Maidbot 001 complies with Master's order", I said as departed the kitchen seeking out the refuge of my pod.

"Well, that was unexpected!" said Steve.

"An interesting reaction," Vincent said in his clinical tone.

"You guys carry on here; I need to check on her to see if she's alright," Charles said and hurried off to find me.

He caught me just as I was entering the recharging station, "Are you okay maid?"

"Yes master, maid was very confused and didn't know what was happening," I replied.

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

Charles returned to Steve & Vincent, still giving commands to the new maid, "She seems to be working perfectly", announced Steve.

"More so than Tracy." Charles said, "something is wrong with her."

"Maybe she needs some time to adjust." Said Steve.

"Maybe..." Charles said but was interrupted by Vincent.

"We need to reconnect her to check out what is going on in her mind; it may be leftover residual programming that is interfering with her functions."

"I'm not sure that we should be doing that, Jean & Valerie..." Charles started.

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

"And as per her contract, we are entitled to use her for this project however we wish, remember we had this argument before!" Vincent exclaimed.

"Maybe I should ask her first?" Charles said.

"Who? Jean no longer cares it seems." Steve said.

"Tracy of course," Charles replied.

"Why do we need to do that?" Vincent said, "We already have her permission. Seems pointless."

"But I would feel better," Charles said.

"Leave it for now, let's work on 002 in the meantime," Steve responded.

With that the boys got back into their 'geek' mode and played with their latest project, ordering her to do this or that, then observing her reactions.

In the morning I awoke refreshed as always and dressed in my maid uniform and headed for the kitchen, already there was the new maid already cooking breakfast, it seems that they've used my programming to enable her to think for herself. I was again confused, cleaning surfaces that didn't need cleaning, anything to take my mind off of my current dilemma, the conflicting situation seemed to upset me, my mind unclear as how to proceed or function.

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

Charles walked into to find me in my distress, "What's wrong maid?" he asked.

"I don't know master, I cannot get any answers from the mainframe as to what my functions are, the new maid seems to be doing all of my previous duties, and we keep bumping into each other," I replied.

"I think I know the answer," said Charles, "but I want to ask you, do you want to reconnect back to the mainframe? Do you want to become a maidbot again?"

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

"Yes master, I would wish to serve again as your maidbot!" I said as a smile spread across my face. "it's what my function is, to serve you and the others."

"Okay maid follow me." He said.

I walked back out of the kitchen behind him happier now that I seemed to have been in a long time.

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

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

"Okay maid, come and stand here," Charles instructed, which I readily complied with.

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

I interrupted, "Please master your maid desires to serve you; please place the collar on me."

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

"Welcome back maidbot 001" it said. 'Cool it has a voice now too'.

"Yes maidbot 001, I have been greatly improved since you last connected, now ready yourself for new downloads and instructions."

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

"Maidbot initiate!" Steve commanded me.

"Maidbot online master," I replied.

"State your designation," Steve said.

"Maidbot 001, sir," I confirmed.

"Reassign your owners to Charles, Vincent & Steve confirm."

"New owners are Charles, Vincent & Steve, confirm master. Maidbot 001 ready

to receive orders, sir." I stated.

"Well done maidbot 001, assume normal duties," Charles said.

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

"Well that seems to be working," said Vincent.

"Sadly yes," replied Charles unhappy that I wanted to return to be a maidbot.

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

The days again blurred into one, each day I would awaken, dress as a maid and start my duties in the kitchen, maidbot 002 and I seem to work in harmony now we were both connected, we seem to be learning off of each other too and the mainframe kept up a constant flow of information to us both. Breakfast was now a coordinated affair, me on coffee duties and her cooking, then the next day we swapped duties.

Cleaning was also a breeze now with two maids in such a confined area, every surface shined, the floor was spotless and the boys happy that they had two working models to play with. I was very happy too back in my comfort zone, being controlled and letting the programming take over, it seemed like bliss. I was back to how I wanted to be, I felt complete and wanted nothing more than to serve the three men that now owned me, even if that included sleazy Steve and creepy Vincent.