

"Ready?" Anya said.

"Yep." he said.

"Ready?" she said, turned now to look at Tammy.

"AFFIRMATIVE." Tammy said, switched to a sexy monotone version of her voice. She punctuated her statement with a short burst of computerised tones and beeping noises, then giggled and smiled as Anya led the way.

Mike was smiling too. The girls were about to show him another good time.

He followed Anya as she walked out of his room. Today she was wearing a translucent black silk blouse over a very tiny black satin bra and panty set. Her heels were also black, and as tall as her electronic balance systems would allow. This wondrously beautiful android had once again been modified so that now she was able to get wet just like any other series 558.

Her lover - and Mike's - was dressed up in a cute little outfit consisting of a tiny, tight pink T-shirt and black low-rise stretch pants with the word "FEMBOT" lettered in light blue across her sexy plastic butt. Black leather ankle boots and pink frilly socks completed the look, along with a pink terry hair elastic holding her black hair in a pretty ponytail.

Mike held hands with this other 558 as they led him down the hall to a destination only they knew. The three of them did this once a day. Tammy and Anya would connect chest panel to chest panel and exercise their creativity subroutines in conjuring up an erotic excursion for them and their master to enjoy.

They were always intensely pleasurable for all. With 36 beautiful female robots and one horny man between them, the possibilities were practically endless. Tammy and Anya had spent enough time with him to know exactly what he liked. There hadn't been a single one of these surprises that hadn't both delighted and thrilled him.

"What's been bubbling in your circuitry today?" he said jokingly as they led him down the staircase to the main level of the large secluded cabin.

"Something a little different from yesterday." Anya said.

Pleasant memories of that episode flashed back to him. Tammy on the left, Anya on the right - facemasks off and pumping "The Robots" by Kraftwerk out of their beautiful speakers. Between them was one of the two identical maidbots. She had been programmed to 'dance' in her extremely stiff and mechanical way as the music played. The dance had been choreographed by his black-haired girlfriends to show off some of what those maids could do to turn him on.

He listened and watched as the maidbot jerked around in time to the music; seductively opening and closing panels, turning and whirring her servos, removing and reconnecting limbs and her head. Added to the music were the always welcome purely digital sounds that emanated from her curvy, glossy body.

Mike breathed in deep and let out a very contented sigh. "What would I do without you girls?" he asked.

They laughed, sounding real and sounding happy too. They walked with the human to 'the office'. It was a room at the end of another hallway that had been decorated like a functionally professional business setting. Mike had been there many times.

Inside was a cute secretary, a 510 named Diana. She was an auburn haired, pale skinned android with a petite and slim frame - except for her hips, thighs and buns. Those curves were big and sexy, with lots of tight silicone padding around her metal skeletal structure.

Diana was one of the 30 spare fembots stored at Robot Control Station 64. An exact duplicate of her functioned as an agent on a mission somewhere. The main computer wouldn't divulge details, but Mike didn't mind. He quite enjoyed having the spare to play with.

He had first seen this robot standing upright and naked in a glass booth in the basement lab. Her exceptional curves had immediately caught his attention. They were unbelievable. Nothing was flabby or sagging. Gorgeously thick plastic thighs, wide womanly hips, and surely the biggest and roundest fembot booty ever manufactured by Robot Control.

Mike had thought this uniquely sexy electronic woman would look good as a secretary, so here she was. All day, she worked alone in this office. She looked quite busy - answering phone calls, working at the desktop computer and filing lots of paperwork. But none of it was real. There was never anyone on the phone. The things she entered into the spreadsheet and the word processor were nothing but randomly generated gibberish. All the paper was blank.

But the adorable little fembot with the sexy round ass was constantly at it. When Mike and his girls arrived, the phone rang. They waited and watched her react.

She turned her attention to the ringing phone, stared vacantly at it for a brief second, then picked up the receiver and put it up to her ear. "Good morning, Robot Control Station 64, Diana robot number 7839061B speaking. How may I assist you?"

Mike grinned at the scene and waited for the fake call to be done.

"Please hold, while I transfer your call to the appropriate department." the secretary said. She reached out and pressed a few buttons on the phone, then hung up the receiver and turned to look at her three visitors.

"Hello Mike. Hello Anya. Hello Tammy." she said, turning her head with a hint of mechanicalness to look at each one in turn. "How may I assist you?"

Mike liked the way these comparatively basic series 510 ladies operated. At a glance, they looked human. But after a moment of observation, their true identity as machines became more than apparent. It made him wonder just what kind of mission her duplicate would be on. She would no doubt be found out right away.

Tammy reached out to the desk and pushed back the nameplate which read "DIANA 7839061B". Tammy swung her full hips on to the desk to sit down, smiled and leaned across to talk to the secretary. "Are you busy right now Diana?"

The robot looked at Tammy as she ran her sentence through her language recognition systems. "I am always very busy." she said with a cheerful, air-headed smile. "There is always a lot of work for me to do."

"We need you to find something for us." Anya said with a nice looking smirk.

Diana turned her head to look at the other droid. "I would be happy to assist you."

"We're looking for paper document number 2621." Tammy said after giving the human a wink. "It's filed under 'Q', can you get that for us?"

Diana smiled and computed. "Yes." she said. She pushed her rolling chair back and stood up. "I should be able to find it soon."

She walked across the speckled brown-beige carpet in her flared black leather heels until she stood before one of the grey metal filing cabinets. Anya walked over and leaned against another, watching the synthetic woman as she worked.

Mike looked with lust at the big hips, thighs and buns on this unit. The whole package looked even nicer dressed in the crisply clean black polyester pants and dark green satin button-up shirt she wore over her perky C-cup breasts. Those slacks were so tight around the machine's big sexy buns that Mike could very clearly see panty lines as she bent forward to open the second lowest drawer.

The Diana robot was, of course, no virgin. She and Mike had 'interfaced' several times since his arrival at this amazing place. Her eye-catching figure was just as sexy to him as her limited 'personality', and a nice match to the circuitry available for viewing within.

Tammy looked at Mike. She saw that he was getting very horny, and he saw the same in her finely adjusted facial expressions and colouration. "It gets better." she said.

Mike went around the desk and sat in Diana's comfy chair as he watched the synthetic secretary look through carefully organised folders full of blank white paper. He could guess what would come next.

Diana methodically leafed through page after page in the folder labeled 'Q'. It was plain now to all but the 510 that this search would go nowhere. Her motions repeated, and began to be strictly and enticingly rhythmic. Her reddish brown hair lilted this way and that ever so slightly along with the turning of her neck mechanism.

"Found it yet?" Anya asked with a big smile on her sublimely gorgeous face.

Diana finished making a few more scanning motions, then turned her head to look at Anya. "I am still searching for the document you requested. I should be able to find it soon."

The phone rang then, another phantom call for the secretary to answer. She marked her place in the folder by upturning her current blank sheet of paper, then stood up and announced "I have to answer the phone."

Looking cheerful and not exactly human, she walked back over to her desk. She paused for a moment, and noticed that her chair was now occupied. Mike was still sitting there, getting an expertly executed hand job from Tammy.

The phone rang again as Diana tried to calculate a way around the situation. Tammy helped by standing up and kneeling down between Mike's legs. She looked lovingly up into his eyes as she opened her mouth and took in his hard, throbbing cock.

Diana stood there, for a short while overwhelmed by the changing situation as the phone rang for a third time. She finally reached over her desk to pick up the receiver. Her nicely constructed breasts jiggled under her satin shirt as Mike watched her move.

She held the receiver up to her ear and said again "Good morning, Robot Control Station 64, Diana robot number 7839061B speaking. How may I assist you?"

Again, she waited for a moment, obeying her programming in order to look like she was listening. "Please hold, while I transfer your call to the appropriate department."

She put this imaginary call on hold too, and hung up the phone. Mike leaned his head back and started to breathe heavier as he watched the secretary accomplish nothing.

She stood up straight and turned around again, headed back to the filing cabinet.

"Diana," Mike said, "take off your shirt."

She paused once more, then turned around to acknowledge the command. "Yes Mike," she said. She loaded the right string of software to make her finely articulated hands grip and manipulate the buttons one by one until they were all unfastened. Then she wriggled her plastic and metal torso out of the smooth fabric garment as Mike watched with delight.

Her realistic tits jiggled again inside her black satin bra as she slipped the shirt off one arm, then the other. Mike again smiled brightly as he watched the android standing still, wondering in her binary way what to do with the shirt.

She looked at her chair. Her processors had first decided to drape the garment over the back of the chair, but when her optical system relayed its data back to her CPU, she realised she couldn't really do that at the moment.

Mike loved watching the fembot stay stuck there, her momentum interrupted by such a trivial matter.

"I'll take your shirt, honey." Anya said, grabbing it out of Diana's hands before she could turn around to look at the statuesque woman.

"Thank you Anya," she said. "Now.... where.... was.... I...." she said.

The plainly machine-like pauses she made between those words got Mike even hornier as his robot dream girl giggled while still sucking his dick.

One single loud electronic beep came out of the secretary as she smiled and stood still, trying to cope with more than her limited processing power could handle. She eventually turned back around and continued back where she left off.

Mike watched her butt wiggle ever so slightly as she kept searching. Those tight polyester pants made her big silicone butt look simply amazing. The panty lines he could still see under the fluorescent office lighting seemed to make a shape that led the view directly between her sexy round buns, and to the artificial vagina installed between her legs.

He half wanted to get up and stick himself inside her hot and juicy pussy, but he would let Tammy finish getting her enjoyment first.

Diana made another loud beep. She stood upright very stiffly and said "ERROR."

The error signal was in a robotic monotone. Mike was really enjoying this now.

Diana looked at Anya. "Paper document number 2621 can not be found." she said simply.

"Why not?" Anya asked, pretending now to look impatient.

Diana was silent until a third loud beep came from inside her. "That does not compute." she said.

"Why does that not compute?" Anya said quickly.

Diana turned partially around, then froze, then turned back to face Anya.

The phone rang again.

Diana was looking less and less human as she turned around again to face her desk.

"Diana," Anya called out loudly, "answer my question."

She froze again. She moved her arm in a way that looked strikingly out of place. As Mike watched he realised she was making the motion of answering the phone. She put her arm back down by her side, then made the exact same motion as the phone rang once more.

"Diana," Anya called again, "find paper document 2621."

The thoroughly confused fembot turned around to face Anya. Mike watched as she froze again, only moving when the phone was heard to ring.

She turned her head to the front and walked forward. Her buns wiggled to her steps as she walked full speed into the open drawer. It got pushed back in, but the 510 continued to walk forward. She made another phone-answering motion with her arm. At the very same time, she tried to correct herself by turning around to face the desk.

But her balance system was not responding properly. The secretary overcompensated for her movements and ended up falling face down onto the carpet.

It startled the human in the chair, but he was still enjoying the show. Tammy kept on sucking while Anya mockingly said "Uh-oh!"

Diana made some twitching movements as she emitted her greeting. "Good morning, Robot Control Station 64, Diana robot number 7839061B speaking. How may I assist you?"

Mike could see that her facemask had been dislodged. He thought that was really cool. The malfunctioning fembot's twitching made her head move little by little away from the complex facial covering. He very much appreciated the sight of her amazingly proportioned backside sticking out as she made jerky mechanical movements on the floor.

The phone rang again.

The damaged fembot spoke again. "Robot morning Diana... speaking assist... assist... assist... good morning... How may Diana... Diana... Diana... Robot Control Station 64... 64..."

Mike was about ready to come. Big-assed malfunctioning fembots could do it to him every time.

Anya quickly crouched down, and grabbing Diana under her arms lifted the secretary up and set her back on her feet.

More loud beeps came out of her error-filled body. With her facemask on the floor, the enchanting display of lights and circuitry showed within her head. Some of her hair had fallen forward to obscure the view, adding a nice touch of femininity to a very erotic display of electronics.

"7839061B." she said amid the beeping, growing now more frequent.

Mike let out a moan of pleasure.

"7839061B." Diana said again. "7839061B... 7839061B... 7839061B... 7839061B..." she repeated constantly as she turned her head to the left and the right.

Anya stood back again, smiling gleefully at the success of the delightfully devious idea that her and Tammy had computed.

Mike listened to the changing quality of the robot's repeating voice. It degraded steadily with each mindless repetition of her serial number. She still twitched and moved in that sexy non-human way, eventually turning and making an awkward looking strut toward the wall on Mike's left.

He caught the side-view of her magnificent, plump robot ass as she emitted garbled cycles of her degrading digital voice. It hardly sounded like speech anymore. He finally came into Tammy's realistic mouth as Diana hit the wall. She bounced back and hit it again, and again, and again.

Tammy let out a contented moan as she swallowed and licked.

"I guess I'll call Maria now." Anya said with a hearty laugh.