

Anya smiled and looked at the cute malfunctioning lady as she went past her to go use the phone to call the technician in the basement lab.

Mike caught his breath and said "Wait."

Anya looked at him. She was puzzled for a moment, but then extrapolated data from previously observed patterns to guess what he wanted to do next.

"Let's see what we can do before we go calling tech support." Mike said as Tammy stood up and licked her lips as she rinsed her mouth.

"I like the way you compute!" Tammy said jokingly to him.

Anya smiled too. "What should we do Master?" she asked in a sultry voice.

Mike looked at the scene and gave it some thought. By now, the sounds coming out of Diana's exposed speaker sounded like a loop of contorted digital tones. She was still walking into the wall, facemask off and right arm intermittently trying to make phone-answering motions.

"Reboot her." Mike ordered Anya as he stood up and fastened only the top button of his jeans.

Anya gave back a knowing smile, then pulled the petite secretary away from the wall. With her 558 strength, she held on to the 510 and opened the malfunctioning girl's chest panel. Then she simply pressed the big red button inside.

Diana froze, and so did the flashing patterns of bright LEDs in her head. Then, they went dark... but only for a few seconds. The loud, familiar single beep that signaled fembot rebooting was heard, followed by a few not so loud ones of different pitch and timing. The mesmerising display of multicoloured indicators lit up again, flashing in patterns that signaled the status of the rebooting system.

"DIANA ROBOT NUMBER 7839061B ACTIVATED." the machine said in her diagnostic/boot mode monotone.

The sub-facial flashing continued for a long time as her inner scans revealed all the problems the malfunction had caused. More beeps came out singly and in clusters too.

All the while, Diana's lifeless glass eyes pointed out straight ahead as Mike stood in front of her. His fingers were stroking her realistic vagina through her polyester slacks. The plastic pussies of the 510 series weren't customised like the 558s and the 542s, so they were all identical. Mike had even been shown a storage compartment full of spares, which was quite a sight. The combination of soft looking pink silicone folds and dangling wires and electronics reminded him what he liked best about his new living space.

But Mike much preferred those parts to be installed in pretty synthetic hotties like Diana. And the parts of her that were custom built were incredible. Tammy and Anya certainly thought so too. They were almost as fond of Diana's big plastic bubble butt as Mike. Anya in particular spent a lot of time in the pretend office, masturbating as she watched the secretary shake her stuff.

Now, as they waited for Diana to reboot her AI programming, they all stood near, stroking the sexy fembot. Tammy stood behind Diana and to her right, feeling her curved backside with one hand while the other hand stimulated her own electronic vagina. She scanned the other droid's sexy

curves with her stereo video cameras and used the data recorded that way to increase her own binary arousal.

Anya was busy stroking the other bun, and getting the other hand to work on the secretary's plump-looking, firm thighs. Her and Tammy looked at each other as they stroked. They smiled and kissed, then put their processing power back to work on Diana.

Mike could smell Tammy and Anya getting wet. It got him hornier, and hungry to taste the synthetic juice they could offer. What he wanted most now though, was a taste of some Diana robot pussy. She was still having troubles booting up though.

"Tammy," Mike said, "what's Diana's command key code?"

Tammy pinged the Main Computer with a wireless signal, and then searched through the part of its database that she had been allowed access to. "903L0005327KG24YS." she said.

"Tell her to get out of diagnostic mode already." Mike said with a smirk.

Tammy smiled and stooped down to speak softly into the other android's ear. "Diana, override diagnostic mode safeguards and commence full system load, command key 903L0005327KG24YS."

A loud flutter of beeps and tones came out of the auburn haired lady's speaker as her system interrupted its internal scans and went ahead with a full program reboot.

"DIANA ROBOT NUMBER 7839061B ACTIVATED." she said again in the pleasingly monotone version of her voice, still nicely affected by sound generation errors.

Mike continued to rub her warm crotch as he waited and watched.

Her voice remained digitally altered as it switched to its normal tone. "Diana... Diana robot number 7839061B has experienced an improper... improper... shut-down and reboot procedure." She said mindlessly. "Possible system errors... errors... have... have... been detected."

"Can you put her facemask back on?" Mike asked Anya.

With a smile, Anya bent down and picked up the oval-shaped device. She snapped it back into place as the secretary beeped again.

"Please contact... contact... contact... Robot Control... Control... for assistance." Diana said.

The movements of the fembot's mouth lagged behind her speech by about a half a second. Mike was really enjoying this now.

He stood up and put his hands on Diana's shoulders. "You don't mind if I have sex with you first, do you?" he asked her.

She moved her head machine-like to look up at him. "I am not programmed to... not programmed to mind." she said, her voice sounding broken and her mouth moving late.

Her arm began pushing forward and up again. She was still trying to make that phone-answering motion.

Mike thought of what to do about that. "Tammy, can you remove this arm please?" he asked.

"Of course." she said, pulling her hands away from her crotch and Diana's butt in order to grab her by the shoulder and disconnect the limb.

Diana beeped yet again as she looked up with her video stare at Mike. He watched Tammy set the slender, well crafted arm aside and slowly pushed Diana's bra strap over the edge of her shoulder.

Anya made some fast computations and unhooked the satin bra from behind. The shiny fabric slid off the two perky mounds of silicone built into Diana's chest as Anya pulled the bra off and down her other arm.

"Possible... possible... system errors have been detected. Please... please...please... contact Robot... Robot... Robot... Robot... Control for assistance.... assistance." Diana said again, losing more and more of her human-like appearance.

"Don't worry," Mike assured her, "We'll get you fixed after I've had my fun."

She just stared back as beeps and tones came out of her body and her speaker. Mike took her by the remaining hand and led her over to the couch. Tammy and Anya stayed behind and held each other as they watched their master. This was all for him, after all.

Mike sat down on the burgundy sofa and pondered how to proceed with the slightly malfunctioning 510. He narrowed down his options to three: sex from the front, sex from behind, or oral.

He hadn't eaten Diana's plastic pussy for a while, so he decided to stick with that idea. He began by placing his hands on her awesomely curvy hips. He stroked down their bowed out shape, down the smooth polyester that clung so tight to her big curves. He looked at her thin waist as he held her like that, and decided it was always a good time to see more circuitry.

He opened the rectangular panel below her breasts and removed the cover. Diana's eyes continued to stare out straight ahead while his eyes looked all around her electronic insides. The contrast was beautiful - complete stillness from the outside, but so much electrical and mechanical activity going on within. He thought of all the pulses of electricity going through her circuits; more binary digits than he could number.

With the panel open and arousing him with its dazzling brilliance, he started to unbutton the top of her slacks. The zipper came down almost without a sound as the cloth separated to reveal her black panties. They were bikini cut, with a very feminine trim of fine lace around the top and sides.

Mike kept pulling the polyester down the sides of her rounded hips. With her ass being so big, he had to pull the pants down from behind too. His cock was rock hard again from all this. As he moved his hands down the almost spherical globes of silicone that were her buns, he thought for a moment about just getting behind the pretty petite robot and pumping in and out between those plastic cheeks.

But he was still quite thirsty. Even though Diana was a less advanced model than most of the women here, she still had a fully functional vagina that worked great and tasted better.

When he had her pants down to her knees, he pulled the panties down to join them. Diana's standard 510 series pussy was visible now, along with the perfectly geometrical trapezoid of built-in auburn hair above it.

There was even more electronic circuitry above that too, and Mike got it exposed as soon as his fingers could remove the little panel of synthetic skin. Just a few flashing LEDs, coloured wires and printed circuits were visible amid some flexible tubing, but its position above the fully functional vaginal unit was a magical combination for him.

When he had gotten the artificial secretary ready, he got up off the couch and walked behind her. "Might as well." he said as he opened the recharge port above her buns and removed the cover. He gave Diana's big sexy butt a good squeeze as he told her to sit on the sofa and spread her legs.

"Yes... Yes... Yes... Mike." she said, stuttering electronically while mouthing the words later than they came out of her speaker.

She turned stiffly and placed her big round derriere on the sofa. The empty expression on her malfunctioning face as she spread her legs was priceless.

Mike knelt down before the petite fembot and reached with his finger inside the little panel open above her pussy. He flicked a small switch to the middle position and waited for the scent of Diana's robot girl juice to meet his nostrils.

The artificial juice, filled with artificial pheromones and hormones, was like a strong wine to him. It intoxicated him to even smell it coming out of such nice looking silicone. When he pressed his mouth against the plastic labia and tasted her, he nearly came right then and there.

Diana wasn't programmed to enjoy this though. She acted merely as a fountain now, providing him with whatever his fingertips had requested.

Tammy and Anya were also quite aroused, and kissed and rubbed each other while Mike had his fill.

Then a loud beep and a sharp crackling noise came out of that little panel. The loud pop of sparks followed, causing Mike to scurry back and stand up.

"Shit!" he said as he laughed and watched a puff of smoke curl and float into the air. "So much for that idea."