

Diana's sudden burst of sparks had startled all the persons in the room; Tammy and Anya included. Their reaction was as human as Mike's, and it took a few moments of silence and Mike's laughing comment to fully relax their stance again.

Mike could see all that in their faces - the tenseness that only they among androids could show. He knew what it meant too. He had to admit, they owed their sentience to him. He also knew that they would lay it down in sacrifice to protect him if needed. And they had both told him exactly that.

But his laughing got them both laughing again as Diana began emitting a prolonged alarm tone from somewhere inside her.

"Fun's over" Tammy said as she looked at Diana's placidly frozen face.

"Should I call Maria now?" Anya asked.

"Why don't we just bring her down there?" Tammy said. She walked right over to Diana and reached out with her finger extended to shut her off. The alarm went silent and the display of flashing LEDs went dark.

Mike held his crotch as he watched his fembots gather the secretary and her parts in order to bring them to the lab. He was still very horny, and hadn't yet gotten his fill. But he knew there would be many opportunities for fembot sex down in the basement.

Tammy bent down and took the unmoving 510 over her shoulder. Anya picked up the detached arm and the many panel covers that had been removed.

"All ready?" Tammy asked, cheerful and full of life.

"Lead the way." Anya said with her lighter load.

"You think Maria will be pissed that we broke Diana like that?" Mike asked.

"She's not programmed to get pissed." Anya pointed out.

"You know what I mean." he said. "I've crashed a few girls here, but never to the point of causing physical damage."

"Oh, stop worrying." Tammy said as the trio walked from the hallway into the kitchen. "Maria's so bored down there she'll probably thank us for bringing her something to repair."

Mike made a lighthearted sigh. He knew Maria couldn't get bored or pissed or anything like that, but still he didn't like the thought of damaging one of these gorgeous machines.

The triad of lovers eventually made their way down the steps to the scanner and past its tedious but apparently necessary scanning process. The large stainless steel door to the lab slid open, and in they walked.

Mike tried not to ejaculate too soon as he looked around at all the tits, ass and circuitry.

"Ma-ri-a!" Tammy sang as she optically scanned the room for the main technician.

Mike saw the naked black-haired robot standing behind a nearby console, stooped forward to work a portion of the confusing array of buttons and switches.

After a pause, she stood up straight and turned her head nice and stiffly to look at Tammy.

"Hello Tammy. Hello Anya. Hello Mike." she said emotionlessly.

Tammy was in the process of gently laying the pretty busted fembot on an empty wheeled examination table.

Anya walked over to the technician. "Hi Maria." she said as she put her arm around the other lady's waist and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. "You look sexy today."

Maria turned her head to look at the statuesque brunette android beside her. "That does not compute." she said.

Anya laughed and started to play with Maria's breasts. "We need you to do one of your famous repair jobs on Diana over there." she said.

Anya explained to the robot technician what had just occurred while Mike and Tammy stood over by the now horizontal synthetic secretary.

Tammy rolled the robot over to lay face down. Diana's incredibly big naked butt stuck out below her open recharge port, making Mike so horny he was getting dizzy.

"Look at this ass!" Tammy said excitedly as she grabbed the sexy big round plastic buns and squeezed them in her mechanical hands. "I can see why Anya likes this unit so much."

Mike just gawked. He needed something to screw... now.

Tammy read his heat patterns and his facial expression. She knew what he needed now too. She grabbed him by the hand and led him over to another examination table. This one wasn't wheeled, so it wouldn't move around.

Tammy kissed him then leaned over on the table and let him figure out the rest. He smiled and looked at those cute, tight pants. It amazed him how Robot Control could get pants like this, with that word printed across the rear end.

He stroked his woman's comparatively smaller, but still nicely plump buns and then pulled those pants down to her knees. She spread her legs and smiled, closing her eyes and feeling ones and zeroes that meant anticipation flow through her processors.

She moaned as he stuck his very hard and very willing penis inside her warm and wet vagina. The feminine robot acted as woman-like as she could for him, knowing exactly how he liked it and fulfilling every perceived desire he had.

They listened to Anya talk as they got a good, hard rhythm going. Anya was basically telling Maria how sexy the Diana unit looked while she was crashing and malfunctioning. Maria couldn't begin to comprehend why this was valuable information, but she kept dutifully listening anyway.

Anya's hands were very busy too - caressing, stroking, holding and squeezing the less mechanical and more womanly parts of Maria's chassis. When she at last got around to finishing her

description of the events that had led to Diana's malfunction, she realised that Mike and Tammy needed more time to 'interface'. So she started kissing and groping Maria.

The Main Computer churned away gigabit after gigabit of new data, formalising its plans into cold hard data the technicians could use. Laurie walked over to the table that contained the deactivated Diana. She was naked like her fellow technician, and without a cover for her recharge port, as always.

She stared out in a completely empty way as she waited for Maria, but that robot was occupied at the moment. Anya's unbreakable embrace held the series 032 technician robot close while she showed it the kind of love it was simply not built to appreciate.

Mike was finishing up with Tammy around then, coming hard into her hot wet silicone orifice. They stayed close together as they slowed their breathing and heartbeats - one half real, one half counterfeit.

"I love you Master." Tammy said. She stood up and turned around to put her arms around him.

Their eyes locked on to each other's. They shared an intimate moment of lovers' afterglow for a while. Tammy looked over at Anya and Maria. Anya was kissing the stiff and unyielding technician more deeply now.

"Let's give them time to finish." she said to Mike as she looked at them. She smiled and brushed some hair out of her face as she walked over to greet the other technician.

"Hi Laurie!" she said.

"Yeah, Hi Laurie." Mike said. "You look hot today."

Laurie turned her head mechanically to look at the human and said "My operating temperature is within normal limits."

Mike and Tammy shared a look and a light laugh at the technician's expense. Then Tammy reached out and grabbed Laurie's hand. She placed it on the Diana robot's plump round ass and moved it around with her own hand.

"Would you like to learn how to get aroused at the sight of a sexy woman?" Tammy asked the mindless repair-bot.

"That does not compute." Laurie said.

Tammy went ahead anyway. "You might as well start with a perfect specimen, like robot number 7839061B here. Isn't this just the perfect ass?"

It was obvious that Laurie didn't share Tammy's enthusiasm. She didn't even look down as Tammy led the technician's hand all around the awesome curves of the damaged droid's backside.

"You got this covered?" Mike asked his fun-loving fembot girlfriend. "No pun intended."

"Yeah, I guess so, why?" she asked.

"I'm gonna track down the maids so I can eat." he said. He leaned in to give her a kiss.

She met his lips and used hers to execute that function. "Me and Anya will handle things." she said.

"Okay." he said. "See you girls in a bit." He waved to Tammy and to Anya, who was in what looked like a one-sided embrace with Maria. He walked out the door and up the stairs.

Tammy turned to Laurie and asked "Are you getting horny yet?"

Laurie turned her head to look at the sentient fembot. "I am not programmed to get horny." she said.

"That's what makes YOU so damn sexy." Tammy said as she started to gently play with Laurie's nipples.

Laurie hadn't moved her hand, and it was still resting on the round hill of Diana's big rump.

"So," Tammy said to the technician, "here's what happened. Anya and I were having a little fun with this 510 here, confusing her simple processors and watching her sputter around in a nice looking software crash."

Tammy looked at Diana's butt again. It looked even more prominent as it stuck out from her thin waist and the rest of her small, slim body resting face-down on the table. Her very curvy thighs were exposed almost to her knees, showing off their alluring form as their rounded shape thickened to accommodate the robot's wide hips.

Diana turned back to look at Laurie. "If you think this plastic ass looks sexy now, you should have seen it jiggle when she was malfunctioning."

Tammy smiled, and paused as if waiting for a reaction.

"Anyway, we re-booted her, and overrode her startup diagnostic scans. Then Mike got her synthetic vaginal fluid flowing, and I guess some chips overloaded down there."

Laurie then received commands from the Main Computer and got to work to fulfill her orders. She rolled the secretary over once more to face up and wheeled her over to one of the diagnostic terminals.

Tammy went over to Anya, who was still holding the pretty Maria unit in place and giving it kiss after kiss.

"May I cut in?" Tammy said. Only her and Anya had AI sufficient to understand the remark.

Anya let go of Maria, and immediately the main technician went to go help Laurie.

Mike's girls stood there and watched the two naked machines as they acted upon the detailed digital instructions being beamed from the Main Computer to the transponders in their heads.

"They're beautiful, aren't they?" Anya said.

Tammy smiled brightly back at her fellow 558. "I like the always open recharge ports the best." she admitted.

"I just had an idea." Anya said.

She turned to start walking over to a keyboard/monitor interface, motioning with her hand for Tammy to follow.

Tammy watched Anya as she began typing impossibly long alphanumeric strings into the keyboard. With no human-friendly way of operating this interface, it was basically for fembots only.

Anya accessed some of the data the Main Computer had recorded. She brought up a graphic representation of the information she was looking for. The screen was titled "ROBOT USAGE", and below that was a horizontally structured bar graph. As soon as their optical sensors recorded the first flicker of that screen, Mike's girls found out which fembots were Mike's favourites - so far.

Tammy topped the list, but following very closely behind was Anya; so close they were virtually tied. Third and fourth in usage were Maria and Laurie. The ones here at Robot Control Station 64 had experienced many things that no other technician built and maintained by Robot Control had experienced.

They alone out of thousands exactly like them had worn clothing, ventured outside and shared a bed with a human. It meant absolutely nothing to them, but it helped to show the Main Computer that Mike was serious about his love for female androids.

Number 5 and 6 on the list, also pretty much tied were the ultra-robotic maidbots, which inadvertently flaunted their artificiality like no other model could. They had also been shown much affection by the human, who relished their computer sounds and plastic-like smells as much as their mechanical but feminine form.

Those six fembots took up almost 70% of the time Mike spent with the hardware in this house. There was a sharp drop off from the sixth to the seventh, but it was no surprise to Tammy and Anya who that seventh droid was.

It was no doubt a combination of factors that made Diana robot number 7839061B the most frequently used of the 30 spare robots usually kept in glass booths along the basement lab walls. She was, of course, a relatively basic series 510 - obviously fake and not intended to impersonate a person. But Diana was still Mike's favourite 510 here.

She was also very pretty. Her hair was a lovely deep reddish brown, and it perfectly framed a facemask constructed to have vaguely Scotch/Irish features. High 'cheekbones' and a refined, classy chin were definitely part of the attraction, as were her sky-blue glass eyes, framed by happy-looking eyelids and long curled eyelashes.

Even so, all of the female robots here were just as pretty or prettier. Many of them had supermodel looks. So it must have been something else that attracted Mike so often to the petite machine who spent her electrical power acting as a superfluous secretary.

Anya and Tammy smiled at each other. They knew exactly what the Diana unit's best feature was.

