

Diana walked down the hallway and up three stairs, then through the large living room and across into the kitchen. She scanned the scene in front of her with her high resolution optical scanners and calculated the many steps necessary to begin making Mike the coffee he had requested.

Not long after, as she stood and idled in front of the single mug brewer, Tammy emerged from the basement lab. She smiled when her own cameras scanned the image of the petite, plump-assed 510. Tammy could guess who had gotten her down to her underwear and removed her facemask.

"Hi Beautiful." she said to Diana. "You look really nice like that."

Diana stiffly pivoted her opened head and flashed her quickly blinking LEDs toward the sentient machine. She beeped and said "That does not compute."

Tammy just smiled and walked up close to her. She had brought a connecting cable up from the basement lab, and was now holding that while opening Diana's chest panel. "Show me what you've been up to." she said as she plugged one end of the cord into the faceless 510.

She opened her own chest panel and plugged the opposite end into herself, then requested every single file on Diana's hard drives pertaining to the experience she had just had with Mike. In a few seconds, she replayed the digitised sensations to herself, feeling what Diana had felt, seeing what she had seen, hearing what she had heard and smelling what she had smelled.

At the end of the transfer, Tammy smiled and unplugged both ends of the cord. "Thank you Diana." she said as she closed up both chest panels again.

"You are welcome." Diana said in rote response.

Tammy had a creative moment then and decided to just keep the connection cable loosely tied around her neck, like a fashion accessory. Then she had another clever little idea. She excused herself and went to go to the study for a moment.

Diana beeped again to signal the hard time her simpler processors were having coping with all the stimulus. She stayed unmoving as her chips worked out all the computations, then turned to stare without a face back at the coffee brewer.

Tammy returned a minute later with a sheet of paper in one hand and a big playful smile on her silicone lips. She went behind Diana and attached the paper to her back with a strip of masking tape. On the sheet Tammy had written "FUCK ME".

She stood back and beheld the mindless fembot as the coffee finished brewing. Diana had made Mike coffee this way before, so she knew to wait for the machine to finish dripping before she shut it off and took the mug upstairs. In the meantime, Tammy straightened out her panties for her.

Tammy leaned close and said softly "Let me know when Mike's done with you. I need to get some of this big plastic booty for myself."

Diana beeped, stood still, then beeped again. "Yes Tammy." she said just before yet another beep.

Tammy was getting wet between her legs again as she watched the pretty robot secretary grab the steaming hot coffee and walk off with it to the den. She watched her amazing ass and plump thighs wiggle as she made her stiff, not quite real looking steps out of the room.

Diana's heels went from making a distinctive clicking sound on the tile floor to a muffled light strut sound that faded eventually into something only the robots could detect. A video clip now took up Tammy's entire field of vision, replaying the movements of Diana's silicone buns as she walked. Tammy's left hand was behind her leaning on the kitchen table while her right hand was down her pants and inside her panties.

She rubbed her fingertips over the plastic contours of her electronic vagina, stimulating strong sequences of sexual arousal subroutines. She worked her system into a heated frenzy while the video clip looped and morphed into a digitally imagined show. Her fembot fluids began to flow as she enjoyed the visual representations of Diana's plastic backside, until Tammy's arousal hit levels high enough to make her orgasm.

The data flowed through her system like it always did, until little anomalies began to appear in the code. Tammy noticed right away. Something mysterious was happening within the incredibly complex machine. These new, unexpected deviations cause no major disruptions, but they made their presence known just the same.

Tammy's left foot twitched. It was barely noticeable, but not planned and not called forth from her CPU. It felt good though, in fact, it aroused her even further.

It sent a tingle down her spine, which was another thing she had never felt before. She felt amazement that her own body could surprise her this way. She had thought that all the software and programs that comprised her "self" had complete control over every last transistor in her body.

She didn't know how it could be, but she enjoyed it very, very much. Coupled with the always intense fantasising abilities she had, it made her synthetic orgasm the very best she had ever experienced.

Intense, overpowering pleasure showed on her facial configuration as her circuitry blazed with flashes of binary code. Her mind was in a fog of lust, only clearing after her fluid discharge system had involuntarily released more juice into her pants than she had first intended.

Tammy's simulated breath went from frantic to more controlled as she looked downward with a bit of surprise now on her face. She had never lost absolute control of a bodily system like that before. She blushed. It scared her a little, but she had to admit she liked it. That little loss of control had made synthetic pleasure shoot through all her microchips and wires like nothing else.

She smiled brightly as she trotted upstairs to change out of her now soaking wet pants and undies.

Meanwhile, down in the basement lab, Anya was leading Maria toward the exit.

"Come this way, I'll show you." she said to the emotionless technician as they exited through the sliding door and walked up the stairs. Anya's chemical sensors could detect evidence of Tammy's scent in the air. That made her smile.

Anya led Maria to the study. There was a PC there on a desk with a few chairs around it. The tall, stunning raven-haired lady smiled at Maria and sat down in front of the keyboard. "Please, sit down." she said cheerfully to Maria.

Sitting down wasn't one of the functions the technicians usually performed, so Maria had to communicate with the Main Computer to find out how to do it. After a moment of standing still

and staring out so perfectly vacantly, Maria rather gracelessly sat her chassis down in the rolling office chair.

Anya pulled the chair closer and turned it so Maria's eyes were aimed at the monitor. With a little movement supplied to the mouse, the screen saver went away to reveal the desktop. Anya clicked onto the internet, and after a little searching, found some pictures of what she had tried to explain to Maria.

"That's the look I was talking about." Anya said to the naked android next to her.

Maria's eyes scanned the monitor, and watched as Anya enlarged the handful of pictures. The Main Computer was informed by radio signal as to what was going on. It began its calculations while Anya stroked Maria's naked thigh.

"Let me know when the Main Computer has decided." she said to the technician.

Maria stared out blankly while Anya got off her chair and knelt down in front of her. She showed Maria a lusty look as she spread her thighs apart and leaned her pretty electronic head in toward's the technician's crotch.