

Anya's makeout session with the hot blonde unit came to an end when her sensitive microphones detected the sounds of another droid being activated. Anya left the mindless blonde machine on the table, her lips still wet with synthetic saliva.

Laurie was in the process of ordering a newly activated fembot to go and sit down next to one of the consoles. This was another naked blonde, and Anya accessed her extensive memory files to recall her name as Susan. Along with the name, Anya remembered the times she had spent with her.

Susan was tall, with fabulous long legs. Everything else about her body and her face was lovely, but her legs were definitely her best feature. And she used those sexy legs to walk mechanically over to the chair while Anya watched.

She moved closer to Susan and waited for Laurie to approach. "What's she been activated for?" she asked the naked technician.

Laurie relayed Anya's query to the Main Computer, and soon had a response to give. "Susan robot number 7838970B will replace Susan robot number 7838970A."

Anya nodded with a knowing smile. She deduced that the original Susan - out on a mission somewhere - was either damaged or malfunctioning. Of course, this would mean one less fembot around Robot Control Station 64 for a while.

Maria finished taking streams of binary code from the monitors above all the consoles and turned stiffly around. She went to go fetch some connecting cables while her assistant opened up Susan's chest panel.

Anya put her hand between Susan's thighs. "Do we get to have a goodbye fuck before she's gone?" she asked Laurie.

Laurie stood there unmoving for a while, then said "That does not compute."

Anya smirked at that expected reply. "Oh well. Is Bonnie coming around to pick her up then?"

The raven-haired sentient android was referring to yet another female robot who had been built and programmed to act as a courier between this station and Robot Control Zero. Bonnie was all business - coolly dressed and reservedly mannered. Her brownish-blond hair was always pulled back into a short braid, and her assigned clothing was always classy and formal.

She was a robot of few words. She had visited this station twice before since Mike had been here. Each time she spent the entire duration of her visit either sitting in front of a console or standing undressed off to the side with an electrical cord plugged into her back.

Mike had tried in vain to get any kind of reaction from her, but she wouldn't talk to anyone but the technicians. She wouldn't even flinch as he stood right in front of her and played around with her fully functional artificial vagina. He could remove panels, limbs, even the intricate and complicated mechanism that was her face, and Bonnie wouldn't budge.

But that hardly mattered. What did matter was all the cool stuff she had brought along with her. Mike's PC, his clothes and his classical guitar had been brought to him on her first trip. Some other toys and lots of clothes and underclothes for the females had come along on the second trip. That's where Tammy had gotten those sexy pants with "FEMBOT" written across the rear end.

Considering that, Mike would also be very happy that the courier-bot was coming. She was due in about 4 days anyhow, so she would probably bring the latest batch of things Mike and his electronic girlfriends had asked for.

So far however, Anya and the technicians were the only droids who really knew that Bonnie would be making another appearance. Anya found and read files in her memory pertaining to the latest request she had made to Maria - the request made earlier that day.

She walked over to the half-Oriental, half-Caucasian technician and put her arm around her. "Maria," she said softly into her plastic ear while her hand played with the technician's breasts, "Will Bonnie be bringing the things I asked for?"

Anya was hoping in her computerised way that Robot Control Zero would have finished preparing those things by the time the courier left there. That was possible, according to Anya's calculations.

Maria transferred Anya's words as data to the Main Computer, which took some time in deciding if the requested information was valuable enough to bother Robot Control Zero with a request for an update.

Anya waited, keeping herself horny by playing with Maria's nice, soft, perky tits.

"Unknown." came the one word answer.

Anya shook her head in an exaggerated way. "She damn well better bring that stuff!" she said with digital sarcasm.

She laughed and left the basement lab to go tell her robot girlfriend and their human boyfriend. As soon as she was up the stairs, all she had to do was listen. Her ears could detect sounds no living creature could, and she could use her powerful and fast processors to do the complex math required to figure out where Mike and Tammy were.

Anya's microphones heard them talking. That was easy - they were only a few rooms away. With a smile on her face, her translucent blouse open and no bra on, the stunningly attractive 558 walked gracefully down the hallway in her tall black heels until she stood in the doorway of that room.

The smile on her face turned into a look of puzzlement and then concern as she read the facial expressions worn by Mike and Tammy.

"Hey you two." she said in a voice suited for this situation. "What's up?"

The two lovers looked at Anya and smiled.

"Hi beautiful." Tammy said.

"Come sit down here." Mike said.

Anya walked forward in the dimly lit room and sat her limber, well-oiled mechanical body down beside the two. Tammy tugged the blanket down so she could reach under her sweatshirt and pull the cover off her chest panel.

"Can you hold this?" she said as she gave the cover to Mike.

He took it and watched Tammy uncoil the connection cable she wore around her neck. Anya computed the meaning of the information flowing in through her optical scanners and guessed that she should open her chest panel as well.

Tammy plugged one end of the cord into her own chest, and held out the other end so Anya could do the same. While Anya plugged herself in, Tammy reached down and stroked Mike's cock, which she knew would be hard from watching all that.

Once the girls were connected, Tammy relayed her experience and her thoughts in their digital form to her friend. She transferred her excitement, her joy, her worry and her fear. It was done in seconds.

"Wow." Anya said, instantly understanding the scene she had entered into. "What are you gonna do?"

Mike looked at his favourite and let her explain. She did so with words, unplugging the cable as she spoke. "I think I'm just gonna tell Maria... that way the Main Computer will know what to expect when it scans me tomorrow."

Anya looked at Mike. "You make sure they don't alter her in any way!" she said.

Mike smiled back at Anya. "I won't let them do that. I think I can explain to Maria that Tammy's progressing... not defective or malfunctioning."

He held Tammy tight as he said that. She looked lovingly up at him and gave him another kiss while she took back her chest panel cover.

"We'll all make sure the Main Computer understands that." Anya said as she handed the black cord back to Tammy.

"You two can probably argue that better than I can..." Tammy said. "I'm still kinda worried."

"Well," Mike said, "I think it's pretty obvious that Tammy's becoming more like a real person, and that's what we're all here for." He looked at Anya. "If you ever experience anything like that, Me and Tammy will be here to help you too."

Anya smiled. "I wish I could feel something like that too."

The three of them were silent for a while. Tammy had closed her eyes and now leaned up against the human with her head on his chest. Mike held on to her electronically controlled mechanical hand as it held on to the coiled up connection cable.

Anya closed up her own chest panel and noticed Mike watching. "Bonnie's coming again, by the way." she said.

"She's not due for another four days." Tammy said, her eyes open again and aimed at her fellow 558.

"One of the girls downstairs is leaving." Anya said. "Her original malfunctioned or something, so she's going out to replace her when Bonnie leaves."

"Which one?" Mike asked. He hoped it wasn't one of his favourites.

"Susan." Anya said. "Maria and Laurie are programming her right now."

Mike couldn't really match the name with a face. "I hope Bonnie brings my stuff." he said.

"Yeah..." Tammy said, recalling detailed digital schematics of the things she was waiting for too.

"I calculate a 76.21% chance that she will." Anya said, getting wet at her own anticipation for the idea she had shown Maria.