

Tammy and her dedicated lovers walked all around the area for almost an hour. They talked about what it was to be and become something more than a machine. Mike watched his woman as she walked beside him; the tassels on her crazy-looking pink toque waving back and forth in time with her steps.

Anya watched her too, and used her digital sense of measurement to identify the expressions displayed by Tammy's highly complex motor-controlled face. She saw that Tammy was looking less worried and more relaxed as the time went by.

She also kept an eye on Mike's facial expression. Accounting for the changes brought on by exposure to air below the freezing point, she could still read that he remained just a little upset and worried. That puzzled Anya, presenting her processors with equations that were, for the moment, uncomputable. Rather than try to resolve them, she decided to wait until later that evening to ask Mike for help in clarifying those issues.

That's what made Mike such a perfect companion for her and Tammy. He was extremely patient with them, even when their machine disposition made them miss seeing things that were obvious to a living brain. They got the impression that he loved watching them develop from tools to beings.

They knew too how much he really did love to see them still flaunt their artificiality. They could really relax and be themselves with him. He loved it when they kissed each other, when they opened panels full of electronics and when they stimulated their sensors and sexual software in ways that only fembots could.

Even when they recharged next to him in bed, they knew he enjoyed feeling the warmth that it generated. They also knew he loved to hear the barely detectable hum of electricity that accompanied the battery charging process. And they loved it when his hands would stroke the skin around their open recharge ports. They could even feel his fingertips touch the exposed machinery as his hands worked their way around the electrical cords plugged snugly into their backs.

It made them run all sorts of sexual arousal programs and subroutines when they thought of how they could turn him on just by saying or doing something inhuman, or even just by walking by. He was hopelessly in love with both of them and they loved it.

When Tammy reminded herself of that, her face lit up. "Let's have dinner together when we get back inside." she said.

"Sure." Mike said. He usually ate alone, but he knew the 558s and even the 542s could chew, swallow and expel food.

"I'll make something for us." Tammy said.

"It's starting to get dark, you wanna go back inside now?" Anya asked Mike.

"Yeah, let's do that." he said.

Still holding hands, the three of them turned around and made their way back toward the shoveled path and back to the big, snow-covered cabin.

"While you get started on supper, me and Anya will tell Maria about your experience."

The look of worry flashed back on Tammy's face for a while. "Okay." she said softly. She felt both her hands get a loving squeeze.

After another 10 minutes of walking, they were back at the cabin. As they entered and got out of their snowy outer clothes, Anya turned her computing power to the task of devising a single data file that would present their point of view to the Main Computer. Mike was thinking of things to say to Maria - arguments he hoped the pretty humanoid interface and her controlling terminal would understand. Tammy got her own processors busy on planning the meal she would make for her and her lovers.

Once they were out of their boots, coats, gloves and hats, Mike and Anya took turns embracing Tammy for a while. She was thankful to be held like that, and a little aroused too. Her self-written code could match those feelings amazingly effectively.

"You two go down to the lab now." she said with a warm smile on her face. "I'll compute what to make for us to eat."

"Okay." Mike said. He gave those full pink silicone lips a kiss.

"Let's go." Anya said as she led the way. Now that she had gotten out of her coat and snow pants, she was still dressed in only those little black panties and that unbuttoned see-through silk blouse.

Mike followed behind her, watching her legs work in those black high heels. She was calling forth his animal instincts, which he guessed was her intent. He loved it that these robots were as constantly horny as he.

While they went to the basement and got scanned at the door, Tammy went into the kitchen and collected her binary thoughts. She scanned through the multitude of recipes on her hard drives and narrowed down her choices to a few dozen. After some further selection between those, she selected one at random - a recipe she had downloaded from the internet called "Chicken Mediterranean".

She walked over to the fridge and got out the ingredients she would need. While her servo-activated arms worked to get that done, the microchips inside her chest that made up her brain waded through 1s and 0s in order to figure out what kind of pots, pans and utensils she would need.

There was a comfortable smile on her face now. By satisfying her lovers this way she could bring about data that meant satisfaction within her computer core. It didn't really matter that these sentient androids had no physical need for food. They had learned to value fine dining in their own way.

So Tammy began working on the meal while Anya and Mike were approaching one of the naked technicians in the basement.

"Hi Maria." Anya said. She had picked up a connection cable on the way.

Mike stood back and watched the technician turn and reply. "Hello Anya. Hello Mike."

The human came right out and said it. "Maria, something happened to Tammy today that we need to tell the Main Computer about."

Maria sent his voice patterns wirelessly to the console, which sorted and computed their meaning. It returned data back to the technician's head, which got translated by the processors in her chest into words that then came out of her speaker while her mouth was made to move. "Please explain." she said.

Anya was in the process of opening up Maria's chest panel and plugging into her. "I'll show you what Tammy showed me. Then Mike and I will explain just what's so special about this event."

Maria turned her head to stare blankly at Anya while she transmitted the data into her chest. Once it had been received, Maria sent it through the air to be processed by the powerful supercomputer.

The technician was still while the terminals around her calculated the significance of it all. Mike and Anya looked at each other. He went to go have a seat on a nearby examination table.

Finally Maria spoke again. "The Tammy robot has malfunctioned. Please bring the Tammy robot to Robot Control Station 64 to be diagnosed and repaired."

"It wasn't a malfunction." Mike said. "She's developing into more of a person from a machine."

Maria turned her head stiffly to look at him. "That does not compute." she said.

Still connected, Anya pinged Maria's CPU and fed her detailed, exhaustive arguments straight into the other fembot. "I'll show you what he's talking about." she said verbally.

That batch of data took a very long time to transfer and even longer for the main computer to process. After a couple of minutes, Mike got bored and looked around the Lab. He saw Laurie standing completely motionless behind a bank of consoles. He winked at her and walked toward her.

On the way, as he rounded a corner, he saw Susan lying naked on her examination table. "So this is the one that's leaving us?" he asked Laurie.

She moved mechanically to look at him. "Yes." she said simply.

He looked back down at the naked fembot. "Nice legs." he said.

She wasn't one of his favourites - those had somehow ended up being the artificial ladies with the biggest butts - but he didn't like the thought of being one fembot short.

"Are we getting a replacement for Susan?" he asked Laurie.

She relayed his request to the already busy supercomputer. After a bit of a wait, she said "Unknown."

Mike glanced down at Susan again, then looked over to Anya. She was stroking Maria's breasts again, playing with her realistic nipples while she waited.

Mike walked along the wall to view some of the dormant female androids in their cylindrical glass booths. He was looking for a beautiful face now as he quickly looked at the stiffly standing, serenely still sentinels.

"Melli." he said out loud as he looked upon another one of those supermodel-type bodies. C-cup breasts with sensitive looking nipples, a tall, slim frame with perfectly erect posture, and a hairless vagina with small, delicate lips and folds.

This robot was also one of the only ones with a tattoo coloured into her silicone covering. The large monochrome stylised wheel on the right hand side of her navel had flames reaching out diagonally from opposite sides. It was enigmatic, especially considering how it must have been calculated that it would help the original fembot agent complete her mission somehow.

Mike's gaze was drawn to her face as he pushed the button on the nearby keypad to open the front of the booth. It was quite amazing what Robot Control could do with a little bit of silicone and synthetic hair. Even without makeup, Melli was stunning. Not as stunning as Anya, mind you, but breathtaking to behold. Her eyes were wide and brown, with naturally dark and long eyelashes constructed into the eyelids around them.

Her nose was quite unique - perfectly proportioned to the rest of her face and slightly upturned at the end. He could vaguely see the shape of a Valentine heart at the end too; something he had noticed while her facemask was off, oddly enough. Her lips were big and pouty, and a nice delicate shade of pink that made them look quite sensitive. They were incredibly soft too, and thanks to her complex electronics, they worked just like real lips should.

The structure of her jaw was feminine, giving her a slender and finely shaped chin and a dignified look to her. The way her artificial hair had been cut and styled was one of the sexiest things about her. It fit her face and her mindless expression perfectly. Her true brown locks were luxuriantly shiny and soft. Parted off center on her right, they draped over her plastic and metal head in a lovely shape like a natural fountain, until they curled up near the base of her neck. A few strands of brown hair hung down across her forehead, slightly obscuring her left eye and eyebrow.

Mike opened the lady's chest panel and pressed in the red power button. He stood back and watched the sexy machine become animated. While she was making her startup chimes and beeps, he looked over at Anya and Maria. Anya was still playing with Maria's tits, and still waiting for the Main Computer to process all the many fine points the 558 had made.

"Melli robot number 7838812B activated." the newly activated android announced.

She stared ahead with perfect emptiness while he decided for what he would use her.

"Hi Melli." he said as he reached up and closed her chest panel.

She looked at him. "Hello Mike." she said.

He loved the way an unprogrammed woman acted. These 558s were almost as blatantly mechanical as the 510s this way.

"Step out of that booth, won't you?" he said.

"Yes Mike." she said.

He watched her step down from the platform, and heard the distinct sound of the booth's recharging arm disconnect from the base of her spine. He stepped behind her and closed her recharge port for her.

He stroked her backside for a while before he walked around again to face her. It wasn't the finest butt ever manufactured, in his opinion, but it was nice. And it suited well the rest of her chassis.

"How do you feel, Melli?" he asked.

She looked at him and ran the ultrafast diagnostic scan that those words always initiated in girls like her. "I feel fine, thank you."

He smiled. He reached out and stroked her lovely face. He wondered if he should remove it and get another look at that most beautiful combination of electronic parts and circuitry.

"Are you in the mood for some kissing?" he asked.

"I am not programmed to have moods." she replied.

He took her in his arms and began to kiss her inviting lips. Automatically, she loaded and executed her kissing programs. She put her arms around him and began to use her tongue as well as her plump lips to return his kisses in ways she calculated would satisfy his desires.

He figured this was as good a way as any to pass the time while the Main Computer did its calculations.