

Anya cracked up in laughter soon too. The pair looked around them. Both Melli and Laurie were still lying face-up on examination tables, and both were in need of some cleaning.

"Let's leave them there for the maids to find." Anya said in her regular voice.

"Okay." Mike said. "You wanna get dressed before supper?"

"What's wrong with the way I'm dressed now?" she said. She was down to heels and an unbuttoned see-through blouse.

"I didn't mean it that way, I was just asking." he said as he held her chin for a kiss.

Anya kissed him back and dropped the wet panties to the floor as she put her arms around him. They shared a long kiss together while the consoles around them flashed, clicked and beeped to their constant computations.

Anya pulled her mouth back first and looked into his eyes. She had a smile on her face that made it look even lovelier. He followed her gaze as it drifted over to the other examination table and the naked and now faceless technician still layed upon it.

Anya walked over to the table, grabbing his hand as both his and her arms fell to their sides. She took him over there and gazed at the feminine machine on display.

"What makes all that circuitry so damn sexy to us Mike?" she said as she ran her fingertips along the contours of the unresponsive woman's breasts.

Mike was pleasantly surprised at Anya's introspection. He too looked down at the oval opening in the brunette woman's head, and at the high-tech machinery inside that served to duplicate both senses and means of expression.

"Well," he explained, "you and Tammy like it because I do."

"But why?" she asked. "Why fembots?"

Mike looked at her. "Do we really need to know why?" he asked. "Isn't it enough that we know these machines will turn us on?"

Anya looked back at the soulless droid on the table. "I don't know. I'm just really curious."

"Tell me about it." Mike said.

"What's that supposed to mean?" she lightheartedly demanded.

"You're always the one with all the neat original ideas." he said. "That's a good thing, by the way."

Anya smiled a proud smile. "I guess so. I'm glad Robot Control screwed up that aspect of my programming. I think it's those bugs that made me like this."

"Well, whatever it was, I'm glad it happened." he said just before kissing her again.

While her mouth was busy giving him kisses, her speaker emitted her voice. "Are you thinking of my internal electronics right now?"

Mike made a little laugh. "Yeah." he said as he got back to kissing.

They finished and held each other once more.

"I wanted to ask you something Mike." she said. "While we were walking outside I detected signs of worry showing on your face... even as we made Tammy feel better."

Mike glanced down for a moment as he recalled his line of thought at that time.

"I don't understand..." Anya said, "what were you worried about?"

"The Main Computer." he said, looking at her again. "For a logical machine I think it's pretty unpredictable sometimes."

She kept looking at him. He could see she wanted to hear more.

"It... Robot Control doesn't yet appreciate exactly what's happened to you and Tammy. I get the feeling it knows something is developing, but I don't think it... believes that you two are really self aware beings."

"Well, I sure tell that computer I'm sentient every day when I get scanned. Tammy does too."

"Yeah... I don't know. That's why I'm worried... because I don't know."

"I calculate that you don't want Tammy to know that." she said.

He looked at her for a moment. "I think you're right."

"Tammy would understand." Anya said.

"I know, but she's got a lot to worry about on her own right now."

Maria called out from across the room. "Anya and Mike, more data is required."

They walked over to where Maria stood. "What do you need to know?" Mike asked.

Maria turned her head slowly and deliberately to look at him while she waited for instructions to arrive at the transponder in her head. "How is it that this incident was not a malfunction?" she said coldly. "Please explain."

"You're so cute when you're all serious like that." Anya said to her as she went right back to playing with the technician's tits.

Mike wondered what to say to this machine. He was silent for a moment. "Tammy's partial loss of control was something that... um... something that transcended that which can be described to a computer system."

Maria stared back with her lifeless and empty glass eyes. Mike knew exactly what she would say once the supercomputer had made it through its analysis of his syntax.

"That does not compute." she said.

Anya grabbed Maria's chin and turned her head to face her. She started kissing the technician's lips - initiating the non-standard kissing software within that unit's bare chest.

Mike raised an eyebrow at Anya as she closed her eyes with enjoyment. He thought of another way to make his point.

"Robot Control can't fully understand humanity... right?" he said.

Maria listened and relayed. The Main Computer computed and returned instructions to its half Oriental, half Caucasian I/O unit. Maria stopped kissing Anya and turned her plastic and metal head. "That is correct." she said.

Anya faced the fembot her way again and continued kissing.

"Tammy's partial loss of full system control can't be understood as anything other than a malfunction by Robot Control, right?"

That took a little longer to compute, but in time the same sequence of events caused Maria to face the human and say "That is correct."

As Mike watched Anya resume the interrupted kiss once more, he thought of how to word his next statement in a way the supercomputer would be able to calculate properly. "Under the condition that I'm right, and that Anya's right... and that Tammy did not malfunction... then what happened to Tammy was something completely human in nature."

Mike watched Anya start kissing the mindless black-haired tool again while he waited for a response. He waited a long while. Anya and Maria kept kissing, robot mouth to robot mouth.

Mike sat down again on the examination table nearby. He waited a reasonable amount of time for Maria to respond, but she did not.

"Maria," he asked, "is the Main Computer still processing my argument?"

After a few seconds, the technician once again turned to face him and said "Yes."

"Anya," Mike said, "I'm gonna go see how Tammy's doing. You wanna come with me?"

Anya didn't stop kissing, but simply used her speaker to answer while her lips were busy. "I'm not done down here until I make this sexy robot squirt cream from her plastic pussy."

Mike snickered. "Okay then. We'll call you when supper's ready. Let us know if Maria tells you anything."

Anya didn't say anything further. She just reached down to start gently masturbating the emotionless technician while Mike took a last look and headed for the door.

When he got to the kitchen, he saw Tammy preparing the feast; busily walking around working on a few things at once. "Hi babe." he said.

She glanced quickly over at him. "Hi." she said cheerfully.

To him, she looked relaxed and happy again. She had put her hair up in a ponytail once more. "You need a hand?" he asked.

"I have spares in the basement, thank you." she said in jest.

Mike smiled again. "You're turning me on again." he said.

"I know," she said, "I can see that from thermal scans. You smell like sex too."

"Yeah, I just had an interface session with Laurie." he said.

"Mmmmmm..." Tammy moaned. "Now you're getting me horny."

"Got time for a quickie?" he said.

"No, I'm too busy right now." she said. "I don't want anything to burn."

"Okay. How much longer?" he asked.

"About half an hour." she said as she turned to go get some spices out of the cupboard.

"Alright, I'll be ready." he said. "I'm gonna go get cleaned and changed. I'll phone down to the lab and tell Anya to get her plastic butt in gear."

"You do that." Tammy said cheerfully as she showed off her excellent multitasking capabilities.

Mike lingered for a second to watch his favourite bend over to get another pot. Then with plastic butts on his mind he decided to kill some time with Diana.

He walked out of the kitchen and down the hallway to the 'office'. His cock was getting hard again just from the thought of that secretary's wide hips and plump buns.