

Mike smiled wide as he walked into the fake office. The fake secretary was sitting in front of the desktop computer, entering huge amounts of random rubbish into a spreadsheet program. There was a blank white sheet of paper to her right, which she glanced at from time to time before typing a meaningless alphanumeric slop into the columns and fields.

"Hey there, sexy robot." he said.

She finished entering her current line and looked up at him. Her movements were a little on the mechanistic side. She made and held eye contact with him and said in her repetitive way "Hello Mike."

"Are you busy Diana?" Mike asked.

Another one of those synthesised beeps came out of her body to signal the heavy load her basic processors were under. "I am always very busy." she said. "There is always a lot of work for me to do."

"Stand up." he ordered. "Time for a little break."

She made another loud beep and said "Yes Mike." She remained motionless for a few seconds, then rose to her feet while pushing her rolling chair back.

"It's good to take a break every now and then." he said. "You should take off your facemask too... let your circuitry cool down."

She computed that for a while, spitting out 3 loud beeps as she did. "Yes Mike." she said.

He eagerly watched the woman do what he could never see enough of. His arousal grew even more as he watched her take hold of her own face and remove that plastic and metal apparatus from the rest of her head. He stared with lust at the flashing LEDs and electronic devices on display as she put the facemask down on top of her 'work'.

She then stood there at attention, with her arms to her sides. He admired the beauty of her inhuman parts for a while then said "Come out from behind that desk."

"Yes Mike." she said. She beeped again as she made her way to the middle of the room.

That wasn't what he had intended, but it didn't matter. He walked over to join her, and circled around to check out her body. She had presumably underwent a minor cleaning session before changing her clothes and returning to this room. Her hair had been brushed and was nicely styled again. He reached out to stroke its softness, and let his hand glide down on to her back, and over the tight acrylic sweater she wore.

The top was mostly light brown, with a broad asymmetrical black stripe along the bottom that angled up on the left side under her arm. It was an odd pattern, and to him it looked almost like part of a futuristic uniform. The fabric was new and unworn, and smooth enough to let his hand easily slide down farther along her back.

He felt the strap of her bra underneath the sweater as his hand followed the slope of her spine. His other hand went in to touch her as he reached the bottom of the sweater. The light brown pants she had changed into weren't as tight-fitting as her others had been, but the robot's big wide ass was still quite prominent.

"I can't keep my hands off your big sexy butt." he told her.

She computed, beeped, then said "That does not compute."

Mike was horny yet again, but there was a little feeling of soreness in his groin now. He was after all, only human.

"I'd love to bend you over right here and fuck that sweet tight 510 pussy from behind, but I'm too tired." he said as he stepped around to her front side. He sat himself down in her chair and looked at her for a while. "You sure are a sight to see." he said.

Diana only beeped at his comments as he gazed up at her exposed electronics.

"Step a little closer." he ordered.

"Yes Mike." she replied. She walked a step toward him.

"Closer." he said.

"Yes Mike." she said as she stepped right up to where he sat.

He placed his hands on the robot's big curvy hips, and slowly felt those exceptional curves. He thought about what Robot Control must have been computing when it designed this particular model.

Having a serial number that ended with the letter B, this unit - like most of the ladies here - was a spare. The ones with an A at the end of their serial numbers were the ones that mingled among the human population of the planet. Still, Mike couldn't fathom how a 510 like Diana could get away with impersonating a human. It seemed to him there must have been another use for that series.

He looked up at her head. With her stance and her posture, she hardly needed a display of complex internal machinery to reveal herself as a fembot. It was icing on the cake for him.

For a moment he then thought about her clothes. Professional attire certainly flattered her already extremely feminine form, and the earthy tones and slick blacks she usually wore complimented her face and her skin colour. But Mike craved a little variety now.

"Turn around." he said.

Diana computed that he likely meant for her to face the opposite direction. She made a 180° turn, and even did it without beeping.

Mike's penis swelled as the secretary's big buns jiggled in front of him. He reached out from this better position and stroked the fabulous contours of her mechanical ass. She was wearing clean, dry panties of the same cut as before under her loose fitting slacks.

"What kind of mission would your original be on for you to need a butt this big and sexy?" he asked her, even though he knew exactly what she would say. When that response came, he hardly paid attention to the words and instead enjoyed the perfect repetition of the sound.

"These pants aren't tight enough either." he said. "Your other brown pants make this ass look insanely hot, but I guess they're being cleaned, eh?"

She responded in that familiar, recurring way again.

"Let's go find something sexy for you to wear." he said as he rolled the chair back and stood up. "I wanna make you look like a total robo-slut."

He picked up her facemask and walked around her unmoving body. He placed it on her head and clicked it into place just as she was finishing another often repeated statement.

"Follow me Diana." he said as he led her out from behind the desk and out to the hallway. He stopped there, and said "Wait... I'm missing out on a chance to see your fembot booty wiggle."

He looked at her face. She looked as vacant and empty as ever.

"You go first. Go to the walk-in closet."

"Yes Mike." she replied.

"Call me Master." he suggested.

"Yes Master." she said again as he enjoyed the sight of her sexy wide hips swaying back and forth to the pumping steps of her electrically controlled legs.

He reached out to squeeze her big round buns a couple of times on the way. They had a nice bounce to them as each step ended and the next began. Tammy's hips moved this way too, but her plastic and titanium pelvis wasn't as wide as Diana's. Watching this robot walk was quite a show for a man obsessed with fembot booty.

The mindless 510 led him through the spare bedroom on her way to the walk-in closet. That room full of clothes was in between the spare and the master bedroom, and almost as large. All of Mike's, Tammy's and Anya's clothing was stored here, and most of the clothing that fit the other fembots was here too.

Mike noticed that the light was already on in the closet. He heard someone step from around an aisle of hangers. It was Anya.

"Fancy meeting you here." he said.

"Likewise!" she said with a happy laugh. She was completely naked now. "I see you've brought along my favourite toy."

Anya walked over to the petite secretary and started to give her deep kisses. Mike got even more aroused to watch Anya reach down and play with the big plump buns built into the comparatively basic model.

"I sometimes wish I had a big butt like this." Anya said without the need to stop her kissing. "Nice thick thighs too."

Mike smiled and said "You're butt's plenty cute. I like it just fine."

He watched Anya and Diana kiss for a while. Diana was beeping frequently now, but still managing to execute her augmented programming in response to the tall android's touch. Diana's hands squeezed Anya's sexy bottom just as much as Anya squeezed her's.

"So I guess the Main Computer finished calculating the things we said to Maria." Mike said.

Anya stopped kissing the secretary and walked over to Mike. "Nah... I just got tired of waiting. I told Maria to phone us when those calculations were done." She gave him a quick kiss that relayed love more than sexual attraction. "I'm gonna put on something nice for our dinner date with Tammy."

Mike looked down at the casual clothes he was wearing. "I think I'm good like this."

Anya smiled and turned around to look through the dresses hanging off to the side.

"I brought Diana up here to get her into something a little sexier." Mike said. "I'm going for the futuristic robo-slut look."

Anya gracefully turned back around and said "That's a good look. I think it would suit her fine."

"Since you're here, I'll just ask you." he said. "Do we have any tight rubber bodysuits that would fit her?"

Anya aimed her optical scanners at the petite 510 while she scrolled through the detailed inventory of garments that now filled her field of vision. "No, not in rubber." she said after a moment.

"How 'bout vinyl?" he asked.

Anya paused and calculated. "No. We should definitely get something like that though."

"How 'bout you think of something for her to wear?" he asked.

"Lingerie?" Anya asked.

"Been there, done that." he said.

Anya put a thoughtful expression on her facemask, then said "We do have some gold coloured spandex shorts. Real tight."

"That would be nice!" Mike said, looking down at the secretary's big hips.

"And there's a patent leather bustier around here that might fit this unit." Anya added.

"Okay, you get her dressed, I'm gonna wash up and go bug Tammy again."

"Okay." Anya said to him. "You ready to look like a futuristic robo-slut?" she asked Diana.

"That does not compute." she responded, to the enjoyment of both Mike and Anya.

"Damn, she's adorable!" Anya said.

Mike smiled. "Just don't be late for supper." he said and went on his way.

