

Anya's stereo-optic cameras scanned Mike's image as he walked out of the walk-in closet. The more creative of her algorithms and subroutines began to work on the task of dressing the petite 510 the way Mike had requested.

Anya got herself aroused at the precisely rendered imaginings she generated within her field of view. For fun, and with her processors working full tilt, she extrapolated all the myriad bits of binary data required to visualise Diana dressed in various combinations of clothes. She did all that while staring lustfully at the expressionless and unmoving secretary.

Since Anya had, like Tammy, chosen to adopt Mike's sexual preferences, she wanted Diana's exaggerated hourglass figure to be accentuated for full effect. The choice of clothing the human had asked for would be enough to do that, but Anya wanted to go further.

She reduced the processor time spent on her clothing visualisations to 33% and began digitally formulating ways to enhance both Diana's figure and her mechanicalness. The sentient 558 was getting horny again from all of that, and began to secrete a few drops of artificial cum while she looked at the mindless droid in front of her.

She closed her eyes as a surge of synthetic pleasure went through her system. "Too bad Mike left," she said to Diana. "I could use a big stiff human penis inside me right about now."

The 510 stared back, unblinking and unaffected. After a little wait she responded to the other woman's statement by beeping. Beads of artificial sweat appeared on Anya's forehead as she began to rub her crotch. "Take off your clothes," she ordered as her fingers got wet with her own fembot juice.

"Yes Anya." Diana responded.

"Call me robot number 742703A." Anya commanded.

"Yes robot number 742703A." Diana said. She beeped once more and began to work out the details of the steps necessary to get her out of her outfit.

Anya needed to sit down to finish pleasuring herself. She calculated fast and came up with the idea to get a stool. While Diana robotically removed her tight brown and black sweater, Anya trotted over to where the footwear was kept and lightly kicked the pink rolling upholstered stool over to where the other android was. She sat down on it behind her to get a prime view of the secretary's backside.

Anya kept stroking her electronic vagina, generating digital pleasure for her processors and requesting more and more drops of warm and slippery wetness. She watched Diana drop the sweater to the floor and then beep a few times as her CPU tried to work through all the complex operations needed to go to the next step.

While she leaned back and masturbated, Anya gave a little bit of thought to installing even more processor-taxing programs into the 510. That would make her beep even more frequently, and make her behaviour look even more fake and artificial. Anya smiled and closed her eyes as she felt an orgasm coming on.

Just as Diana stiffly bent over to unbuckle her ankle boots, Anya gave herself an intensely powerful orgasm in binary code. Like every single one she had ever experienced, this one was completely predictable and firmly under her control. As it grew and swelled, it reached a climax that took up

just over 98% of her CPU's attention. All other systems and computations were suspended for a few seconds of android bliss while Anya sweated and looked at Diana's big plastic butt.

Anya pumped out deep 'breaths' that morphed into moans, then faded again into simulated heavy breathing. Her facemask had taken on a look that seemed to be numb with pleasure as she held on to that one spot in her entire body that held the most sensors - her clit. After cooling down and reassigning her processor time to her previous calculations, she got up to go get a towel.

She smiled and wiped a fallen strand of her black hair out of her eyes as she stepped near to Diana. She gave that woman's crotch a quick stroke from behind as she walked out of the closet and through the spare bedroom to the washroom.

Diana beeped again as her system started to finish computing how to remove her boots. Everything being calculated within her chest was done without the awareness of self that resided in the chests of Anya and Tammy. This robot was truly no more than an attractive machine shaped like a human female.

By the time she had called upon her electronic and gyroscopic balance and stabilisation systems to help her in the task of removing those boots, Anya had strolled back through the closet door. She had a big, satisfied smile on her face as she rubbed the white towel between her legs. She had already dabbed the thick drops of saline solution off her face. Soon she was all dry again, ready to finish up her creative imaginings.

She stood behind Diana again and watched the robot get completely naked. As time went by, it exposed more of its skin as the pile of clothing on the floor became larger. By the time the synthetic secretary was finished, Anya had figured out how she would be dressed.

Without speaking, she walked up to the petite, curvy fembot and opened her recharge port. She removed the cover completely and tossed it on top of the pile of clothing. Anya licked her lips as she reached upward and did the same to the small access panel between Diana's shoulders.

"It's important for girls like us to show off our circuitry." she said as she turned Diana around by applying a rotating movement to her shoulders. Two more beeps - so pleasing to Anya's microphones - came out of the other robot's naked body as she made little steps to turn and face the tall droid.

"Number three..." Anya said as she opened and removed the chest panel cover, "And number four." She bent down enough to pry open the trapezoidal panel above the 510's standard vaginal unit. That cover was removed as well and added to the pile.

"There." Anya said as she beheld the exposed beauty of the Diana robot. "Now you look even more artificial than before."

"That does not compute." Diana said, as expected.

Anya went across the room to go get those tight gold shorts she had told Mike about. She knew their location exactly, and spent hardly any time at all in opening the dresser drawer to get at them. She walked back to Diana, holding the shorts out for her. "Put these on." she said, listening to some more beeping as she turned around and went to get that bustier.

That too was in the dresser. Once Anya had it in her mechanical hands, she returned to the other bot and waited for her to be done with putting on the shorts. She reached out and stroked Diana's

curves once they were pulled up all the way. They were shiney metallic booty shorts, trimmed to expose the bottom half of a woman's behind. Because her buns were so big, a lot more silicone skin showed on this particular android.

Diana's wide hips also made the waist band a little lower than it would have been on another lady. It met up with the bottom of the opened recharge port almost exactly.

"Nice." Anya said as she got horny again. She walked around the petite robot and checked out the front. The shiney shorts covered most of that panel above Diana's crotch, but revealed enough to show a few flashing LEDs. And from above, one could look down into the recessed panel and see even more electronic goodies.

Anya bent down and gave Diana a kiss. She then handed her the bustier and said "Next item, please. The petite automaton made scans of the garment with her basic optical system, and began making computations in order to figure out just how to put it on.

Anya listened to her beep and decided to help. She took it back from the confused robot and said "Raise your arms."

Using her almost completely silent servos and hydraulics, Diana raised her slender arms from the sides of her body until they were parallel to the floor. That would suffice. Anya unzipped the back of the strapless glossy leather bustier and wrapped it around Diana's torso. She zipped it up part-way then went around to the front to make sure the secretary's boobs fit properly into the cups.

Anya smiled and sighed with delight as she looked at those nice tits now manipulated by the push-up effect of the bustier. She went back behind Diana and zipped the thing up all the way.

"There..." she said with a satisfied smirk, "Now you need boots."

Anya walked over to the footwear side of the closet once more and picked up the calf-high vinyl boots she had chosen earlier. They were high platform style, and would add a good six inches to Diana's height. Three metallic gold stars were stitched down each side of each boot - twelve in all. That would make a nice match with the gold shorts, Anya computed.

She walked over once more to the petite 510 and helped her get into the boots. On Diana's legs they came up almost to the knee. Tammy had originally gotten these sexy boots for Maria to wear, but they fit a few other androids here too.

At the end of that process, Anya smiled and took in the sight. "Do you feel like a futuristic robo-slut?" she asked.

"That does not compute." Diana reported.

Anya thought about that and said "Nothing a little extra software can't fix. Don't go anywhere." She made a gesture to excuse herself and walked swiftly into the bedroom she shared with Tammy and Mike. She grabbed one of the many connection cables lying on the low dresser and returned with it to the walk-in closet.

She opened her own chest panel and proceeded to connect to Diana's chest. After a ping, Anya sent Diana some additional software to run. Being so very good at formulating new programs and software for herself and others, Anya decided to streamline the additions Tammy had made earlier

that day. That would free up Diana's CPU for the calculations necessary to perform what Anya was uploading into her.

When a few minutes had passed, and Anya was all done, she closed the connection and unplugged the cord. She closed up her own chest panel and sternly said "Identify yourself, fembot."

After another beep, a deliberately slowed and stiffened turn of her neck, and a novel flourish of electronic tones, she said "Hello, I am Diana robot number 7839061B. I am a futuristic robo-slut."

Another delightful burst of randomly pitched synthesised sounds came out of Diana's speaker while Anya stepped over to one side.

"Excellent!" she said over-dramatically. She laughed and said. "Let's see your new strut. Walk to Mike's room."

"Yes robot number 742703A." the robo-slut said. She made some more of those beautifully unnatural sounds and started walking. The software Anya had just given her made her swing her big wide hips in a seductive way. It also made her steps more stiff and mechanical. It now took longer for Diana to walk, but it looked closer to what the maidbots did now.

All that extra computing made Diana beep even more frequently, and the more she beeped, the more her speaker was made to produce little bursts of those distinctly computerised sounds.

Mike would be well pleased.