

The mouth watering aroma of chicken roasting in herbs began to fill the house as Anya looked Diana over for a while. "I think I'll send you on your way now." she said.

She stooped over to whisper several commands into Diana's ear. After each command, Diana said "Yes robot number 742703A."

Anya gave enough orders to the 510 to occupy her for the rest of the day. The robo-slut would be put to good use.

When Anya was finished, she gave Diana a kiss and said "I have to get dressed for supper, so you start working on your orders."

"Yes robot number 742703A." Diana said. She beeped over the sound of some randomly pitched tones and made her stiff mechanical way out of Mike's room. Her movements were slowed down from the way her series usually walked. They were more stiff as well, as Anya had programmed detailed instructions into the robot's chest that made her movements more deliberate and clunky.

Compared with the 558s and the 542s, the limbs and joints of the 510s had fewer degrees of freedom. That was a mechanical limitation, but Anya had seen fit to turn even some of those off with software. The result was more robotic and artificial movement in every one of her joints.

The way Diana walked down the stairs and did everything else was now closer to the way the ultrarobotic maidbots moved. And like the maids, Diana made computerised sounds come out of her speaker - though these were intermittent and not as loud.

Other movements had been programmed into the plump-assed secretary as well. From time to time her head would turn slowly from side to side, as if she was scanning the room. This too was accompanied by sounds that living things could not make. Anya had also disabled Diana's eye-blinking algorithms and made her hips swing farther out to the side as she walked.

This was the sight that eventually greeted Mike and Tammy in the kitchen. The two lovers heard the robot coming and were both watching as it entered the scene.

She stopped in the doorway and slowly scanned the room. After that, she beeped and said "Hello, I am Diana robot number 7839061B. I am a futuristic robo-slut."

Tammy and Mike looked at each other and started laughing. "She looks good like that!" Tammy said as she mixed a salad.

Mike got up from his seat at the table and walked over to Diana. "Well, hello Diana robot number 78... whatever your number is."

Diana's head moved machine-like to look at him. "My serial number is 7839061B." she said.

"Anya did a pretty good job, didn't she?" he said as he turned his head to look at Tammy.

"I'll say!" Tammy said.

"I am a futuristic robo-slut." Diana said again. "I am made of plastic and metal. I am powered by electricity. I do not have feelings or emotions. I am programmed to seduce you. You can not resist me."

Mike was already aroused again from watching Tammy move as she worked. Now he was fully horny again as he looked at the circuitry and the tight fitting garments on the Diana robot.

"We're gonna be eating soon," Mike said, "why don't you come back after that and we can have some sort of multi-fembot orgy."

Diana looked at him, her expression seeming even more blank somehow. She made a rather long series of different tones and bleeps, then beeped loud once. "Yes Master." she said.

Him and Tammy watched the machine turn her head and her body toward the door to the basement, then walk in her slow, stiff strut over to go downstairs.

"Anya's got such a dirty mind, doesn't she?" Tammy said happily as she and Mike watched Diana's big hips swaying back and forth to her mechanised steps.

The robo-slut continued to walk in that fashion until she reached the laser grid scanner by the door at the bottom of the steps. She identified herself verbally to the disembodied fembot voice, telling it her name, serial number, and new designation.

The scanner couldn't possibly care, nor could it even understand the spoken language Diana generated. That didn't effect the petite lady though, she was only following Anya's whispered orders herself.

When the big metal door to the lab slid open, Diana stiffly walked through and made some visual scans of the scene. Maria was still standing in the exact same spot on the floor. She ignored Diana until the secretary walked up to the technician and repeated "Hello, I am Diana robot number 7839061B. I am a futuristic robo-slut."

Maria turned her head almost as stiffly as Diana had, and proceeded to stare out vacantly at her. The Main Computer sent out instructions and Maria said "Hello Diana. How do you feel?"

Diana looked at the sexy technician with the neatly bobbed, reflective shoulder-length hair. She responded first to placate the request for a quick diagnostic scan. "I feel fine, thank you." she said as her processors called upon some more of Anya's programming. "I also feel like kissing, licking, sucking and fucking. I require tits, ass and circuitry to fulfil my digital desires."

The mechanisms inside Maria's neck worked to get her head facing the way it had been before as Diana made another burst of fembot noises. She then walked past Maria and around that first line of consoles to the more open area in the center of the room. More optical scans revealed three more naked fembots lying face-up on examination tables.

Susan was still waiting to be picked up. Melli was still lying there with a wet mouth and a wet pussy. The other technician, Laurie, was still exactly where Mike had left her - faceless and wet between the legs. With her advanced chemical sensors, Diana smelled the love juice both real and artificial in the air. She wrote a detailed report of its presence to her daily memory log.

She made some more computer sounds then introduced herself in her new way to each of the naked fembots in turn. Susan didn't respond at all, and Melli and Laurie reacted only as Maria had.

When Diana was done walking around between the examination tables, flaunting her circuitry and curves as she went, she recalled the next order from the series Anya had given. She computed, beeped, and set upon carrying it out.

She approached the gorgeous brunette with the unique tattoo. "Stand up Melli." she commanded.

Melli used her more advanced 558 chipsets to process that order much faster than Diana could have. Since all these women were programmed by default to obey, Melli immediately complied. "Yes Diana." she said as she got up from the table and stood beside it.

Diana did some computing of her own, beeped a couple of times over her new projections of other sounds and said "Call me Diana robot number 7839061B the futuristic robo-slut."

Melli looked emotionlessly at the small, chubby-assed lady and said "Yes Diana robot number 7839061B the futuristic robo-slut."

Diana processed the next steps required to fulfil Anya's orders and got to work on completing them. She pulled down her tight gold booty shorts a bit and stood next to Melli. She then turned her body 22° toward the taller brunette.

Melli stared out with perfectly empty eyes as the combined wetness of synthetic saliva and vaginal fluid glistened on her pink lips under the fluorescent lights of the lab. Diana computed, calculated, and processed. Her slower and less powerful CPU sent out another batch of warning beeps as she made it through the next steps.

The next command came out of Diana's moving lips from her magnetic speaker. "Melli, masturbate my vaginal unit."

Melli processed that command in a flash and complied. "Yes Diana robot number 7839061B the futuristic robo-slut." she said as she reached down between Diana's legs - without thinking or looking - and started to work on the secretary's electronic crotch.

Diana made a few more beeps and started emitting a long string of randomised tones that turned constant. She moved her own robotic hand down to Melli's crotch and began to stimulate those silicone folds and creases.

Both ladies were now dripping steadily from between their legs. They showed no simulated emotion or any other kind of response. That strange act would have gone on indefinitely had Diana's system not crashed yet again.

Diana began repeating the exact same loop of random tones, followed by a beep. Her hand too was making stroking motions that simply repeated exactly again and again on Melli's plastic labia.

Melli looked completely unreal and emotionless as she kept on stroking the malfunctioning 510 beside her. She was as oblivious to Diana's system crash as she was to the notion that they were simulating an act of mutual pleasure.

Laurie noticed though, thanks to the processing of the Main Computer. She sat up rapidly and mechanically, then turned her open head to look at the malfunctioning secretary. The video data was analysed by the Main Computer, and was found to match the recorded audio data. The Diana unit was indeed in the process of crashing.

Laurie got up off the table and walked over to Diana. She aimed her faceless head at Melli and said "Melli, please end your current task and wait in front of your storage booth for further commands."

The extremely pretty brown-eyed bot looked at the technician and said "Yes Laurie." Then she stopped what she was doing and went to fulfill these new orders. A few drops of strongly scented cream dripped from her hairless vagina as she walked in her sexy way over to the booth.

Laurie acted upon more signals from the supercomputer and turned her head full of circuitry over to look at Diana. She looked down at the 510's chest and saw that the panel was already open. Laurie simply pressed the red power button and diligently monitored Diana's shut-down sequence.