

While Laurie was taking care of the temporarily deactivated Diana unit downstairs, Anya was still in the walk-in closet deciding what to wear to dinner. She had narrowed her choices down to two, but they were very different. She now wondered if she should just get into some comfy sweat pants and a sweater like Mike and Tammy were wearing or if she should stick to her original plan and put on something truly stunning.

The more she thought about it, the more she had trouble deciding. It seemed her processors couldn't make the choice in either way. Then at last she reminded herself that comfort was an abstract notion that didn't really apply to an android who couldn't experience physical discomfort.

Anya blushed in slight embarrassment when she realised how obvious that now seemed. She put the sweats back in the dresser and walked over to the evening gowns. She leafed through the expensive dresses on the hangers and scanned them with her silently motorised eyes. When she reached one of the dresses she had never worn before, she quickly made up her mind.

She held the label in her fingers and optically scanned it to make sure the dress would fit. It would. With a bright smile on her face, she pulled the hanger from the rack and looked the gown over. It was all red, mostly a luxuriant metallic lamé with red sequin trim. She envisioned herself wearing that garment, and got a little more excited thinking about the way she would look moving about dressed like that.

The dress was clingy enough to show off her curves and cut low enough on both the front and back to show off much skin. Now that she had chosen the main piece, she quickly computed a choice of matching accessories. There were some sequined red heels somewhere to match this very dress, and Anya's beautifully formed plastic feet would fit them well. With some fine taupe nylons, the visible portion of her legs would look that much more inviting.

She then calculated and rendered a 3D image of herself dressed in those choices, and added some more things. Long black satin gloves that ended past her elbows would nicely match her long dark hair. Some custom designed earrings made out of ½ inch microchips and tiny gold coloured chains would also be quite compatible.

And of course a classy makeup job for her facemask. The girls hardly ever wore makeup, so Anya would have to get that done in the basement. Other than that, she set herself on efficiently getting into that outfit, and in a very short while had gotten everything on over her flawless naked body.

She looked at herself in the mirror when she had gotten into the nylons, the dress and the heels. The complicated mathematics that followed within her chest told her that according to the reflected image, she did look quite hot. She smiled and turned off the closet light as she walked into the bedroom.

Since she wanted her appearance to be a surprise for Tammy and Mike, she would have to find a way of getting her facemask down to the lab for her makeup job. She thought about that for a fraction of a second and knew just what to do.

She sat down by the dresser then opened up her chest panel. She located and found a certain type of adapter and plugged that into one of the exposed ports in her chest. Then she pulled the phone close and picked it up to unplug the cord from underneath. She led that cord over and plugged it into the adapter stuck in her chest.

Then as she sat ladylike on the chair - her legs crossed and her hands neatly clasped and folded over her knee - she dialed the basement lab.

After a few rings, Maria answered. "Robot Control Station 64. Maria reporting." she said as she held the phone to her plastic head.

Anya sat silently but projected a digital version of her voice through the phone line. "Hello Maria, this is Anya." she said. "I need a maidbot to come up to the master bedroom and take my facemask. I'll download a makeup pattern and further instructions into the maidbot and send it back to the lab."

A moment of silence came over the phone line while Maria relayed Anya's request to the Main Computer. When it had come up with a response, it transmitted it to Maria, who then relayed it verbally through the phone and into Anya's chest. "Yes Anya." she said.

"Thank you Maria, sweetheart." Anya said through the wire. "Bye."

Anya first disconnected the line, then unplugged it from the adapter. She plugged the phone back in and put it back in its place, then removed the adapter from her chest and closed up the panel.

Both maidbots were down in the lab again. One was cleaning Laurie while the other was cleaning Melli. Maria walked over to the nearest one, who was almost finished with the other technician. She stared straight at the ultrarobotic woman and said "After you have completed your current task, please go to the master bedroom and accept orders from Anya."

The jerky and stiff moving robot lady made confirmatory beeps and buzzes, but to all but Maria they appeared lost among the ones she was already producing. After another minute of cleaning, the maid put its supplies away and strutted out mechanically on her way upstairs.

Meanwhile, Anya was sitting in front of the mirror, leaning forward and putting on those neat microchip earrings. Technically she had no need to look in the mirror for that, but she did so to look more human-like. When both of them had clicked into place through the pierced silicone of her earlobes, she turned her head slightly in both directions and grinned.

She stood up to go get her gloves just as the fake looking maidbot entered. "Hi sexy." she said to it as it constantly beeped and whirred so very loudly.

Anya got her cable ready and opened up both chest panels. Soon, she was transmitting detailed instructions to the mechanical maid on what to do with her facemask and how she wanted the makeup job to look. At the end of the transfer Anya smiled and unplugged the cable. then she removed the facemask from her head and handed it to the glossy-skinned maid.

"Be back soon." she said as she watched the maid turn and leave. She went back to the task of getting her delicate looking hands and arms into those satin gloves while the robo-maid walked down the stairs and back to the basement lab.

Mike and Tammy had noticed the maid pass by earlier, and they noticed it again now.

"She's got a facemask this time." Mike said.

Tammy looked over at the fast moving robot as she noisily disappeared down to the lab once more. "It's Anya's." Tammy said.

"Think it's damaged?" Mike asked.

"I hope not." Tammy said as she went back to placing a candelabra on the table. "I got a feeling she's up to something though."

The noisy maidbot returned to the lab and went right over to the makeup changing station. She locked Anya's pretty face into the receptacle and began to wipe it clean in preparation. Then she recalled the data Anya had transferred to her hard drives and began using the sponges and brushes there to apply the appropriate colourations and accents.

The efficient female robot was done very quickly, and in minutes strode by the seated and still Diana unit - hooked up to the consoles for a thorough diagnosis. She stared out blank and unresponsive as the maid in the skimpy see-through outfit walked once more out of the lab.

Mike and Tammy knew the maids couldn't speak, so they didn't stop it to ask what was going on. However they did notice that it was bringing Anya's facemask back again. It went by too fast for Mike to see, but Tammy noticed the makeup job.

"It's just a coat of makeup." Tammy said casually as she sat at the table and waited for the stove to finish cooking the meal.

"She's pretty enough without makeup." Mike pointed out. "So are you."

Tammy blushed a little and smiled back at him.

The loudly whirring maid walked back up the stairs to the master bedroom and to Anya. That elegant looking android was again sitting and waiting in a very ladylike fashion. When she saw the robomaid enter she stood up and said "Thank you!"

The maid held out the silicone and metal mask while Anya reached out to grab it. She turned it around and brought it up to her head while she held her hair out of the way with her other hand.

The facemask snapped and connected back into place. Anya looked over at the mirror and digitally zoomed in on her image. She knew she looked good now - even hotter than usual.

"Thank you sexy robot maid." she said. She leaned forward to kiss the maid's glossy plastic face, and left a bright red lipstick kiss on the machine's cheek.

Anya giggled at the sight and watched the loud and clunky maid turn and walk out of the room in that most mechanised of walks. Anya felt her crotch get a little moist again as she watched the machine leave. She couldn't wait until after dinner when she would be able to play around with some fembots again.

She opened the closet door and looked at her image in the full-length mirror for a while. Even her own image was enough to get her sexual systems booting up again. She sighed and closed down some of the more powerful programs and got herself ready to have a wonderful dinner with her lovers. She booted up some of her rarely used food-appreciation software as she walked gracefully out of the room.