

The raven haired, blue eyed 558 led her fellow fembot up the stairs and away from the bustling activity of the lab at night. Anya whispered in to Diana's ear: "Don't talk, just obey."

Diana stared back and went as far as generating the words for a response, though her newest order made her remain silent.

They walked silently hand in hand across the kitchen floor and slowly up the staircase to get to the spare bedroom. The new LCD screens they had plugged into their chests were backlit, and looked relatively bright in the darkness of the rest of the house. The fire in the living room was glowing only slightly now, and the light from the waning half moon barely made it through the thick drapes and blinds that covered the large windows.

Anya knew she could be quiet enough with Diana not to wake Mike, but she knew Tammy would hear her. That was computed to be okay, Mike was the only one who actually slept around here anyway.

When Anya had led her automatic companion into the bedroom, she made her stand in the middle of the floor. In the dark, Anya used her infrared and night-vision scanners to enjoy the hourglass shape of the 510's body. She went behind the unmoving naked droid and used her sensor-laden fingertips to feel the exaggerated curves of the secretary's hips.

"You're my favourite robot..." Anya whispered into one of her microphones, "right after Tammy, of course."

Diana stayed silent and still. Her basic 510 programming didn't allow her to generate feelings of pleasure at the sensation of touch she now experienced. Even if she had been capable of running the most advanced software Robot Control supplied to its 558s, it wouldn't have been the real kind of pleasure that only Anya and Tammy could feel.

It turned Anya on even more to think about that. This other fembot was such a soulless, unfeeling machine - so different from herself now but not all that far from how she used to be. She walked around to Diana's front and read the quickly changing LCD display for a while. That verified what she already knew - that Diana was only a complex device responding in preprogrammed ways to various outside stimuli.

Anya processed a quick list of choices for what would come next. She decided that she would again enjoy the unique traits that Diana had to offer, and those were her wide hips, her plump thighs and her big round buns. The four absent panel covers that had earlier been removed would not be missed for the next little while.

"Lie down on that bed, face-down." Anya whispered.

Diana processed to the point of understanding, then silently got into the requested position. For a while, Anya just watched the other robot in the dark. She could see more than enough without any lights turned on, and studied the curves and contours of Diana's rear for a while.

She lifted her new white vinyl skirt and began to play with her pink silicone 'rose petals'. They were already moist with Anya's brand of sweet smelling dew, and only got wetter as they were pressed and pulled apart by Anya's delicate fingertips. The 558 quickened and deepened her simulated breaths while she looked at the completely mindless fembot on the bed. Such a slim body she had, but so big around the middle, and not flabby or fat in any way.

Pretty soon, Anya needed physical contact to extend and deepen her arousal. She walked around the bed in the dark room and sat down, leaning her taller body over and resting it on one hand. With the other, she followed the shape of Diana's big round butt. Her fingers stroked and felt up and down, side to side.

Anya's thighs began to restlessly press together as the temperature of her electronic crotch began to rise. When she gazed at the opened recharge port above that magnificent ass, she reached yet another stage in her arousal.

She stood back up and as fast and silently as she could she undressed. She took off everything: the new nurse outfit, the nylons, the gloves and the heels. When she slid back onto the bed, all she was wearing were the microchip earrings and her new chest panel LCD.

She had laid down with her body in the opposite direction from Diana's. She gave that robot another command, this time spoken just loud enough for the 510 to hear.

Diana followed the order and raised her body. She got on all fours and moved to the center of the bed while Anya stayed on her back and did the same. They aligned themselves accurately and began initiating a fembot on fembot 69.

Since the programming alterations Diana had received today were all gone, Anya had to use the switch inside the open panel above the 510's pussy to make her cum. She went right away to the top setting, and Diana began to pump out her fembot juice as fast as her software would allow.

Anya gave her some delicious cream to enjoy as well, though the secretary was incapable of actual enjoyment. The way she mechanically fulfilled her orders was an even bigger turn-on for Anya, and it felt just as good to her pussy.

The whole time that went on, Anya was enjoying the sight and the sensation of Diana's extra large mechanical backside. The buns were so clearly defined and sculpted in silicone; even as the robot's curvy legs were spread over Anya's torso. Anya could do this for years without getting bored. She was aware though of her draining power. She saw that the graphical power indicator in her field of view had reached 20% now. Soon she would have to be plugged in to charge.

Diana would too. Her recharge cord was still plugged in to her back, but the cord trailed uselessly off the bed and on to the floor. She was getting low on power as well, as Anya accurately calculated.

But the kissing, licking and sucking continued. Anya drank in the drippings from the pink fountain between those two very plump buttocks just as Diana did the same by rote. Anya's hands stroked and squeezed those two padded mounds and felt their clear edges all around. She held on to Diana's womanly hips and pulled that electronic woman closer to her thirsty mouth.

The advanced and reliable chemical sensor behind Anya's cute nose related important data to the processors in her chest. The smell of Diana's soaking wet crotch, along with her own just an arm's length away made her arousal subroutines activate and reactivate one by one and in clusters until they were all pumping out the mathematics of sexual attraction in unison.

Anya let out a realistic and powerful moan that had every effect intact but the sound. She kept doing this while she continued to suck synthetic fluid from Diana's plastic vagina. Her hands moved faster and clutched and squeezed harder as they slid around and around the 510's awesomely sexy butt.

Diana responded exactly the way she had been programmed to act in this situation. She moved her head around with stiff little motions as her wet silicone tongue and lips caressed and sucked a pre-computed path along the topography of Anya's pussy. Her shoulder-length auburn hair draped over Anya's groin area and tickled her hips and belly; adding to her binary code arousal sequences.

Though all the newly added programs within Diana's chest had been removed, her software was not completely back to the way it had been before. There were some vital system files that had been altered and thus deleted. One of those was part of a power regulation subroutine that would help to determine which of the robot's presently functioning systems were to be considered vital to its current mission and which were not.

That bit of code was routinely called for when a series 510 unit such as Diana reached a remaining power level of only 20%. Because her power regulation system could not find that file, it crashed.

That went completely unnoticed by Anya, who madly slurped away in the sweet smelling silence. She continued to enjoy the sexy secretary from the rear even as it entered a low-level diagnostic state. That change in operational status would normally have been verbally announced, but Diana was still following the order not to speak. The unit's tongue continued to lick and slide all over Anya's wet pleasure device just as it had before, and the two of them went on for several more minutes like that.

Then came a point where Diana's low-level diagnostic scan required feedback from her power regulation system. Something like that wouldn't have even been a problem for sentient androids like Anya and Tammy. For any other 558 or 542, it would have merely been logged and looked at later. But for a 510 it meant trouble.

Diana's diagnostic programs crashed, which caused a failure in her hardware management module. That made her beep loud once.

Anya knew that something was wrong now. "Uh-oh." she said to herself as she felt the plump-assed robot's mouth come to a stand-still. In a split-second - before Anya could compute what to do next - Diana's fluid system erroneously set itself to full release. While her malfunctioning body instantly locked itself into its current position, all of her fluids drained out of their exit points at top speed.

Her unblinking eyes dripped out all of their completely meaningless tears in a single salty stream while her pores sweated out their own pheromone-filled solution. Out of her vagina now flooded the entire contents of her nearly full fluid container. Synthetic cum flowed as if from a faucet out of her slippery pink flower - down into Anya's mouth, down her cheeks, down her chin and all over her hair.

It just kept on flowing - so strongly scented to arouse and stimulate, but coming so inhumanly fast and at such extraordinary speed. Anya was genuinely surprised, but she enjoyed the experience tremendously. She could even hear the sound of the fluid cannister as it pumped out the last litres of liquid and seized up.

Diana made one more loud beep and shut down. She was thoroughly wet all over and locked in place above Anya. She didn't move either. "WOW!" she silently exclaimed to herself. As the shock of the situation wore off, she realised she was cumming hard too, making that bed even wetter.

She lifted one side of Diana's body and got out from under her. Synthetic love juice was all over her face, all in her hair and dripping down her naked body. With a frantic smile set on her glistening facemask she looked down at herself and made some calculations while she stared at the still plugged-in LCD screen.

Quickly and without stopping to wipe herself off, she reached under Diana's chest and pulled out the screen from her open panel. Anya held the device in front of her and used the buttons and finger wheel on the side to scroll through reams of recorded data. Reading it as fast as it flashed across that little screen, Anya eventually learned just what had happened to the pretty but now non-functional lady.

"Oops." she said within her chest. She grinned wider then as she picked up a dry blanket and started to wipe herself off. She had just computed an idea for tomorrow's fembotic excursion with Mike.