

Anya managed to wipe most of the powerfully scented cream from her body with the blanket. She optically scanned Diana in the dark. That robot was now dormant and still rather wet. There was a danger now of synthetic bodily fluids dripping into her open access panels.

Anya threw the blanket over Diana's body, dry side down, and went to the washroom to get some towels. She remained as silent as she could be, and didn't bother to turn on any lights. When she got back to the spare bedroom with a few large bath towels, she began to soak up the artificial sweat and cum that coated the silicone skin of the deactivated secretary. Anya couldn't keep from getting aroused again as the towels rounded the curves of the 510's plastic body. It seemed her strong digital libido knew no limits.

She kept herself focused on the task at hand however, and managed to get the other robot more or less dry. She tossed the damp towels to the floor for the maids to get later and picked Diana up in her arms.

As a 558, Anya was roughly 4% heavier than a human woman of her size would have been. Diana, on the other hand, was a more primitive and basic 510 unit. The sum of her parts added up to weigh about 11% more than an equal sized human female. Even so, Anya's mechanical parts were very strong, and she could lift almost five times her own weight with those silicone covered titanium arms.

Diana's weight posed no problem for Anya to lift at all, and she was able to stay silent as her bare feet carried her graceful frame across the floor, down the stairs and into the basement laboratory.

When she got there, and when she got past the laser scan, she saw that Bonnie was getting her things together to go.

Still carrying Diana in her unchanged position, Anya smiled at Bonnie as she slung her computerised purse around her shoulder. "Will you be back in a few days with the other things I ordered from Robot Control Zero?" Anya asked.

Bonnie said nothing. She didn't even look at the tall supermodel-type android.

Anya turned and put Diana's rigid chassis down on an empty examination table. She walked over to Bonnie just as she was momentarily still and computing her next instruction sets. Anya reached out between Bonnie's legs and gave her unresponsive electronic vagina a firm stroke.

"Bitch." Anya said with a sly smile.

Bonnie finished her round of calculations and quickly went back upstairs to the garage. Susan was all ready to go too, and sat idling in the passenger seat of the unmarked white econoline van.

With the visitor on her way out, Anya computed that she could safely bother Maria again. She walked up behind the half white, half Asian lady and squeezed her sexy round ass.

"Excuse me, little miss technician robot." Anya said softly into one of her electronic ears.

Maria turned around to face the 558. Anya's hands were still reaching down around Maria's hips, so she began to stroke that other fembot's tight pink pussy.

"Yes Anya." Maria said coldly and completely unaffected.

"I've gone and made Diana robot number 7839061B crash again." Anya explained. "Can you have a look-see and get her sexy ass up and running again?"

Maria listened and relayed the data to the supercomputer. It deliberated and beamed a response back into Maria's head for her chest to calculate further. "Yes Anya." she replied.

Anya bent down to give Maria a kiss, but the technician moved quickly out of reach on her way to go work at one of the nearby consoles. Anya watched as the technician pressed buttons and monitored patterns of flashing lights.

The sentient mechanical lady looked around the lab. She was still extremely horny, and being down here made that feeling even stronger. The gorgeous Melli unit was still standing outside her booth. Angela, the tall blonde robot Anya had been kissing and caressing earlier in the day, was still lying unmoved on that same examination table. Desiree was still dressed in her fitness trainer outfit and still waiting to be dealt with. Laurie, the other petite brown-haired technician, was now standing unused and faceless off to one side.

Normally, all of these female androids would have been cleaned, maintained and put back in their booths to charge by now. Susan's visit had interrupted the operating schedule though. Anya knew that, after all, it was more important to supply a backup imposter for a mission than to clean up after the human and his horny fembot companions.

She stayed there in the lab for a few more minutes, watching things get back to normal. Eventually, Maria had reactivated Diana in order to have her unlock her joints so she could lie down. While that technician worked, the other one went around the lab to Melli and Angela and verbally told them to get back into their charging booths.

The maids returned to the lab then to start cleaning those two robots while Laurie went over to finally get her facemask. She snapped it back into position and once again stared out expressionlessly as she received more instructions from the Main Computer.

Anya had started masturbating at all she saw around her, and now decided to use the Laurie unit to finish the job. She sat down on the nearest examination table and called out "Oh, Laurie!"

The robot that had that name programmed into her mechanically turned her head to look at the naked 558. "Yes Anya." she said.

"Get on your knees and lick my pussy." she commanded as she spread her legs wide.

"Yes Anya." Laurie said again, while the Main Computer sent detailed instructions into her pretty head.

Anya smiled as she watched the obedient device get between her legs and bring its face right in close to her crotch. Anya's eyes closed as she began to enjoy the pleasure of receiving cunnilingus from the mindless android technician. The digital pleasure came in pulses and waves as Anya thought about the processes behind Laurie's actions.

She thought of the way her mouth and tongue moved, and the electronic systems that made them work like that. She thought of how Laurie was no more than a mobile extension of that multi-console supercomputer, and how she herself was now essentially receiving oral sex from the Main Computer.

As the sensors in her vaginal unit responded to the motion, temperature and pressure of Laurie's tongue, Anya used her high-tech processors to translate those incoming megabytes into what her CPU could use as pleasure. And to that 'mind' located within her beautiful chest, the pleasure was real - as real as her arousal and desire for femininity and circuitry.

As Anya's chipsets churned through all those 1s and 0s, her arousal levels began to peak. The data still flowing in from her crotch sent her system into another steadily building electrified orgasm, and she began to release a more sustained flow of juice into Laurie's mouth.

In a flash, Anya decided to give Laurie half of what she had left, and opened her valves all the way to drench the technician's face with sweet, slippery love juice. It poured out into the technician's mouth, over her face, down her chin and down her neck on to her chest.

Anya waited until she calmed down enough and let out a healthy laugh. "Sorry about that, Laurie." she said. "I thought you could use a little more."

Laurie received more commands from the Main Computer. She stood up and looked blankly at Anya. "That does not compute." she said, her face still glistening with cum as it dribbled down her chest and on to her perky tits.

Anya gave her a long wet kiss. "Goodnight Laurie." she said. "See you tomorrow."

Laurie just stood there motionless as Anya licked her lips and walked away. The supercomputer sent Laurie back to work still wet while Anya stepped out of the lab and up the stairs again. She was now more or less satisfied, and decided to stop off at the washroom to clean herself more thoroughly before joining her sentient lovers in bed.