

Maria looked at Tammy in that cold and distant way and said "Yes Tammy." The technician got a few cables while Tammy waited anxiously and rapped her plastic fingertips on the arms of the chair.

Mike rolled over a wheeled examination table for him and Anya to sit on. He locked the casters and jumped on while Anya optically scanned his actions and calculated that she should sit herself beside him.

Tammy glanced over at them. She was grateful for their presence, and for the concerned look on their faces. She looked over at Maria again. She held a bundle of different connection cables in her hand now, and was making some adjustments at the control board of the nearby console.

When she was done, the technician turned her attention back to the woman in the examination chair. "Please remove your facemask, Tammy." Maria said.

Tammy said nothing as she reached up to her head and pulled off the front cover. With all that seductive circuitry now exposed to the room, she layed the mask down on her lap and heaved a deep sigh.

Maria looked mindlessly at Tammy, aiming her view at those naked glass eyes. "I am going to download data from your visual and auditory memory banks into the main computer for processing and evaluation." she said.

Tammy already knew that, but she didn't mind watching the technician repeat herself so perfectly like that. Under different circumstances, that would have gotten her in the mood for lovemaking. But now it just seemed to add to the tension.

Maria plugged connection cables into the ports both in Tammy's head and her chest. This simultaneous download was a new way for Robot Control to do things. Mike had suggested it one day as a way of saving time. Otherwise, it seemed that the supercomputer and its obedient humanoid servants would have never figured out something like that.

The Main Computer made its connections to Tammy's system. At that moment, Mike saw her nipples harden. Even under all the stress she felt, Tammy was getting turned on by the process of connecting. Anya had noticed it too, and got a little aroused herself in reaction. She found Mike's hand and held it while they watched Tammy's exposed LEDs flash amid the microchips and connection ports.

Tammy continued to simulate breathing even as she sped data at ultra fast speeds through the plain looking wiring that stuck out of her head and chest. It would take several minutes for the last 24 hours of Tammy's experiences to travel across those wires and into the big metal console. It would take even longer for that thing to try to make sense of her momentary loss of control - if it even could.

Tammy turned her opened head to look at Mike and Anya. "You two can go do something else for a while if you want." she said, black cables partially obscuring her eyeballs and her speaker.

"We'll stay here with you." Mike said.

Anya leaned in close to him and started to kiss the side of his neck. Mike decided to give in and do the same. He was determined to stay sitting upright though, so he only went as far as kissing Anya and fondling her perfect tits.

It didn't really feel right to get into anything too intense under the circumstance, so he just settled again into watching over Tammy while he held the other sentient android's hand. There were some other things going on around the lab at that time though. Desiree was being activated by Laurie, and was soon led over to another terminal so she could receive her limited amount of programming and preparation for the day.

Within under a minute, the fitness-droid was again standing up and closing her chest panel. After that, Mike watched her silently walk out of the lab on her way to go get dressed in her usual tight spandex exercise wear.

"There's one down." Anya said quietly as she turned to Mike.

She then turned to look at another of those large glass tubes along the wall. Mike looked too and saw Laurie walking toward the one that contained Diana. Laurie opened the sideways-sliding curved glass cover by entering a code on the numeric keypad. Then those dainty mechanical fingers reached out and opened up the chest panel built in to the robotic secretary.

The red power button was pushed and the now fully repaired, charged and cleaned Diana unit announced her activation. Laurie asked her to relay a quick diagnostic report, and the petite 510 responded that everything was operating just fine. Mike and Anya turned their heads to keep watching as Laurie led Diana over to the terminal where Desiree had just been. They kept watching as Diana was hooked up to the computer to receive slight programming updates and information specific to the tasks assigned to her today.

Mike looked back over at Tammy. She was watching too. Her nipples were even harder now.

"How's everything going?" Mike asked her.

She aimed that head full of electronics at him and said "Good so far."

Mike looked over at Tammy's attendant technician. "Maria," he said, "has the Main Computer gotten to the point where Tammy lost control yet?"

Maria pivoted her head to look at him. She didn't answer, and he presumed that the supercomputer that existed in bulky metal terminals all around him was too busy to give him an answer.

While the always nude technician was looking at him though, he began to fantasise about her. That particular fembot was one of his favourites, and he often got a craving for her unique technician-style of movement and speech. There was also something about her status as an extension of the Main Computer that attracted him to her, as it did him to Laurie.

He enjoyed thinking of what she was when he had sex with her. It was exhilarating to screw an android that was such an integral part of the massive machine intelligence in that basement, and one that had no means of independent thought for itself whatsoever. Even the basic 510 series robots were more autonomous than the 032 series technicians.

Mike's daydreaming was interrupted by the sound of the other technician giving Diana some commands. He turned around to see that petite lady stand up and close her chest panel. She turned her naked body and began to walk toward the exit.

"Diana," Anya said, "come here."

The 510 stopped and turned her head to look while her chest computed and calculated. "Yes Anya." she said as she turned the rest of her body and stepped over to where the tall 558 was.

"Disregard Laurie's instructions for your garment series today." Anya said.

"Yes Anya." the empty-headed secretary responded.

"Wear your black satin bra and panties and those knee-high black vinyl boots I had you wear three days ago." Anya commanded.

"Yes Anya." Diana said as she turned her body to face the door. She walked in her obviously inhuman strut toward the large stainless steel door and waited for it to open. Mike, Anya and Tammy were all watching as the cute 510 rhythmically swung her big hips and walked through the doorway.

Tammy leaned her faceless head back and sighed. "This is taking SO long." she complained.

"I'm gonna go get a chair so I can sit right next to you." Mike said. "I'll be right back."

He gave Anya a peck on the cheek and walked out of the lab himself. He trotted quickly up the stairs and walked through the kitchen. He saw Diana ahead of him, walking slow and a little clunky.

"Diana..." he called out.

The petite, slim lady with the extra big hips, thighs and buns stopped and turned around. "Yes Mike." she said.

"I need something to fuck." he said as he came near and grabbed her by the hand. He led her into the living room and bent her naked body over the back of the couch. With one hand, he reached in front of her and removed the panel of artificial skin above her crotch. With the other hand, he found her fluid release switch and set it to medium.

As an added bonus for him, one of the very noisy and very robotic maids was right in front of them, dusting the stereo equipment. She had her back turned to him, and was slightly stooped over - showing off her own round plastic buns as she constantly whirred, beeped, clicked and buzzed.

Mike breathed in the telltale plastic smell that came off the maidbot's unrealistic glossy skin. It got him even hornier. His penis was very hard now, and throbbed as it stuck out of the fly of his boxers. He aimed and thrust his hips forward and penetrated the plastic vagina of the emotionless Diana robot.

"Ahhhh..." he said, "that's better." He held on to the secretary's shoulders as he pushed in and out - slowly at first, but faster and harder with every push. Her warm plastic pussy was now nice and wet thanks to her refilled fluid container and repaired fluid release system.

This was a quick screw for Mike, and he was finished with the secretary pretty soon. The always erotic sight of the mechanical maidbot gave his orgasm that much more of a boost. He slowed his pumping to a halt as he came inside the sexy 510 from behind. He held on to her hips now, squeezing that marvelous shape and pressing her body against his.

When he caught his breath again, he commanded "Get on your knees and suck my dick clean."

"Yes Mike." the robot said. He got out of her way as she turned around and dropped to the floor. She immediately took his entire shaft into her mouth, and used her realistically formulated saliva to help suck the combination of fembot and human juice off his member.

She had processed his order correctly, and knew that her function was not to stimulate him further, but merely to get all the fluid off of him and into her. After she was done that, she pulled her head back and stood up. "Do you require any further services Mike?" she asked.

"No," he said with a satisfied smile. "You go on your way."

"I must go to the office." she said as she showed him one of her meaningless expressions of amiability. "I am always very busy. There is always a lot of work for me to do."

"Get one of the maids to clean out your pussy first." he said just as she turned to go.

She turned back around and looked at him with empty eyes for a second. "Yes Mike." she said.

He smiled and tucked his cock back into his shorts as she walked around the sofa and walked up to that dusting maidbot. He turned and walked out of the room as he heard Diana say "Maidbot, please clean out my pussy."

He went into one of the unused rooms and picked up a rolling chair. He brought that with him down the basement stairs and submitted again to the scanning process. As the bright red lines traced patterns on his face, he thought again of Tammy. He hoped that she would be finished uploading her data so the Main Computer could analyse it.