

Mike got back into the lab to see Anya standing behind Tammy, lightly stroking her shoulders and reassuring her with comforting words. That gave Mike a nice feeling to see his women care for each other like that.

Anya looked behind her as Mike walked toward them with the chair. He set it down and then sat himself down in it.

"You wanna sit on my lap or something?" he said to her.

"No." she said with a laugh. "I'm gonna make a quick trip upstairs actually. I need a dose of fembot pussy."

Mike chuckled. "I just got mine." he said.

"You and your one track mind." Tammy said as she turned her head to look at him. "Typical man."

"What about Anya?" he asked.

"Typical fembot." Tammy said.

Mike smiled as he enjoyed the sight of the many cables still plugged into his woman's open head. As arousing as that was to him he knew that Tammy was still computing thoughts of stress.

"I'll be back real quick." Anya said. She turned her sexy naked body and walked like a catwalk model out of the room.

Mike rolled the chair close to Tammy and took hold of her hand. "Is the download almost done?" he asked.

"Another six minutes or so." She answered. She sighed again and nervously fidgeted with the facemask on her lap.

"I hope you don't think that me and Anya care any less about you because we had to go get fucked while you were down here." he said.

Tammy let out a little laugh. "No." she said. "I know you need it. I'm kind of frustrated because I really need it too."

There was a lull for a while. Only the sounds of the loudly active consoles and the footsteps of the busy Laurie unit could be heard. Mike looked at the bright coloured LEDs that flashed inside Tammy's head.

"I'm too scared I'll lose control again." she said. "It's been a long time since my last orgasm."

"You know some women go years without one." he said.

"Yeah, but their not robots." she said. "I've gotten used to the idea of having a few dozen each day."

Mike thought to make a little joke, but let it pass. "Anything I could do to help?" he asked.

"We'll wait and see." she said. She squeezed his hand tight as he looked into her realistic glass eyes, obscured as they were by connection cables. "Maybe the Main Computer can think of a way to fix me."

"What do you mean, fix you?" he said. "You're not broken."

"Well, if I'm too scared to get aroused, there's gotta be something wrong with me."

"You did three complete diagnostics on yourself, remember?"

"Yeah, but what if I can't diagnose my own problems this time?"

"I thought we were sure this was part of your development."

"I'm not so sure now." she said as she turned her head from him and looked down at her facemask. "I'm really confused. I just want this fucking scan to be over with so I can find out what the Main Computer thinks about all this."

While Mike stayed with Tammy in the relative silence that followed, Anya was upstairs looking for a silicone piece of ass. She walked calmly but quickly up the stairs and into the walk-in closet. The light was already on inside.

"Hello again, you sexy inferior model." She said as she saw Diana bent over an open dresser drawer.

Diana received the sound waves that constituted Anya's voice and ran them through her speech recognition algorithms. Her processors conjured up a response, which was transmitted through the magnetic speaker behind her pretty mouth. "Hello Anya."

Anya walked over to the petite robot and took the black panties from Diana's hand as she stood up and turned around.

"If you weren't so damn cute you'd be obsolete." Anya said. "Slight change in plans Diana. Before you get dressed, you're gonna stand there and be my little fembot love toy for a while."

Diana's electronic brain processed that last statement while Anya reached up and started to remove those same four panel covers from the plump-assed 510. Anya had them all removed and set aside by the time Diana answered "That does not compute."

"That's it..." Anya cooed. "Be your robotic self. There's nothing lovelier." She reached down and closed the dresser, then picked Diana up and sat her on top. "Spread your legs apart." she commanded.

Diana computed that order and verbally relayed her understanding. Then she shifted her weight from one side to the other and back so she could work her mechanical hips and swing her thighs open.

Anya licked her lips, wetting them with artificial saliva. "I like the way you 510s move." she said. "You know you're my favourite around here."

"That does not compute." Diana said as Anya grabbed the back of that fembot's knees and pulled her body forward a little.

Then she stroked her long black hair out of the way, tucking it behind her ears as she reached out and again flicked Diana's switch; this time to the maximum setting. Android love juice began to drip quickly out from the pretty, delicate structure of plastic between the empty lady's legs while Anya bent forward at the waist to bring her hungry lips down to meet that spot.

"Mmmmmmm....." Anya moaned while her mouth fed drops of viscous liquid to a series of chemical sensors dedicated to digitally defining taste. The intense aroma of the lubricant was also analysed and enjoyed in binary code.

The few coloured lights amid the exposed electronics just above Diana's crotch flashed and changed in order to relay a visual representation of the fluid secretion process. Anya's eyes were half closed, but she read those patterns and let them add to her arousal.

Some of the android cum began to drip from Anya's mouth, so she reached up and turned the flow down one notch. Her other hand was busy stimulating her own electrically powered vaginal unit, which was itself getting prepared to release a load of lubricant.

She kept on working both sets of wet silicone lips and clits like that while Diana stared out completely unaffected. From time to time, Anya glanced up at that pretty static face. It made her even hornier to see Diana's lack of response while her pussy brought forth all that delicious juice.

Anya moaned loud again as she felt an orgasm grow inside her chipsets. 1s and 0s compiled and multiplied in such a way as to send shivers through her whole body while her hand and mouth continued to stimulate both vaginal units. She slowed the motions of her fingers and mouth as her own artificial fluid came out faster and faster.

She was still fully in control of the whole situation however, and kept the flood to a reasonable level so she wouldn't make too much of a mess. She even remembered to flick Diana's switch to the off position so that her love spring would stop flowing.

When the whirlwind of pleasure computations had been processed, Anya opened her eyes and caught her simulated breath. She smiled and laughed, and licked the juice off her fingers while she stared at Diana's beautiful, unchanged face.

"Wasn't that fun?" she asked the 510.

"Fun does not compute." was her response.

Anya lifted the petite woman up again and set her back on the floor. "I have to go now, but I'll be back later to visit." she told her. She gave Diana a quick kiss and turned to walk away.

"Oh," she said as she turned around again, "Before you get dressed, you should lick your pussy clean. Bye!"

Anya waved as Diana computed. "Yes Anya." she said. She spread her legs apart and reached up to grab the sides of her head. The interlocking mechanisms in her neck that kept it securely attached released, and she removed it from its place atop her shoulders. She turned it upside down and placed it between her curvy thighs with the mouth right on her crotch.

The auxiliary battery inside the head powered the mouth as it licked and sucked the excess juice off. When the silicone tongue and lips had done their job, Diana lifted her head and reattached it to

her neck. The fluid caught in her mouth was sent to her rubber stomach compartment as she calculated the necessary steps to take to get her dressed in Anya's assigned outfit.

Anya meanwhile was getting into some clothes herself - simple pink sweat pants and a grey sweater this time, along with grey socks and a pink ponytail elastic. She blew her reflection a kiss as she left the bedroom and walked back down the stairs.