

Anya finished up in the lab and came back up the stairs to the kitchen. She decided to change back into that white vinyl nurse outfit and have some more fun. With a smile on her face, she walked in her sexy way through the house and up the stairs to the walk-in closet.

As she had calculated, the nurse costume had been hung by one of the maidbots in a rack next to some of the other vinyl, rubber and leather garments. Anya quickly got naked and threw the fleece garments into her bedroom. Then she computed a little fantasy for her to engage in with one of Robot Control's spare units.

First she removed her facemask. Now proudly displaying her head's complicated electronics, she got into the nurse outfit - this time with white thigh-high stockings and heels. She stopped to look in the mirror, then decided to slip on a pair of white lace panties. She also decided to leave her hair up in a ponytail.

The newly installed eyes in her head switched their bright red beams on again, and she got into character. Her speaker started to emit the kinds of sounds that the maidbots continuously produced. Beep after beep came forth, all randomly pitched and inhuman sounding. That endless flow of computerised tones soon got mixed with the sound of whirring servo motors as Anya started to move like the most mechanical of the ladies here. She stiffened up and twitched jerkily into an extremely robotic strut as she once again went to the mirror.

"HEY... THERE... SEXY... ROBOT..." she said in a cold monotone voice so unreal that it was barely understandable. She knew how good she looked, and got wet again between her legs in anticipation.

Turning off the light and closing the door behind her, she left the closet and walked in that slow, plodding way to the dresser in her shared bedroom. She bent over with a loud whirring and grinding sound and picked up a connection cable. The red lights from her eyes shone bright and reflected off of whatever she looked upon.

"ROBOT... NURSE... COMING... THROUGH..." she announced in her mechanised voice. She was having a blast.

On her way through the hall she passed one of the busy maidbots. It was moving and sounding just like her, only not in simulation. Anya stopped and turned her head as the maid passed, saying to it "I... LIKE... THE... WAY... YOU... MOVE..."

Anya laughed inside while remaining flawlessly in character. The maid just continued on her way while Anya started walking again. She moved slowly and methodically down the staircase, through the kitchen, and through the hallway in the back of the house. The sound of Mike's bass playing was just as constant as the sound of her own beeping, clicking and whirring.

She kept on walking down the hallway until she got to the office and laid her glowing eyes upon her favourite fembot. A confusing flurry of binary data clouded Anya's field of vision as she stiffly turned her head and looked down at the seated secretary. She stood still and waited for Diana to notice her.

Diana computed slowly compared to the tall 558, but eventually she looked up and said "Hello Anya. How may I assist you?"

Anya's love juice started coming out in faster drops. "I... AM... THE... PROTOTYPE... NURSE... UNIT..." she said in that harsh monotone. "I... WILL... GIVE... YOU... T... L... C... TECHNOLOGY... LOVE... AND... CIRCUITRY... "

Diana processed that and said "That does not compute." Anya had caught her in the middle of 'sorting' a stack of blank paper. She was now dressed only in a black satin bra and panties and knee-high black vinyl boots - with those four strategically located panel covers still missing.

"STAND... UP..." Anya ordered.

"Yes Anya." Diana said.

Anya looked the petite, curvy woman over. The phone rang. Diana picked up the receiver and said "Good morning, Robot Control Station 64, Diana robot number 7839061B speaking. How may I assist you?"

Anya reached out and hung up the phone. The microphone in Diana's ear detected the sudden cut in the dial tone and relayed that information in a flash to her processors. They were stumped as to what that meant. Diana stood there with the phone to her head and stared blankly at Anya.

Still beeping and making whirring sounds as she moved, Anya took the receiver from Diana's hand and hung up the phone. She plugged in one end of the connecting cable to her own chest then to Diana's. Then she gave the cute, big-assed secretary the type of extremely detailed commands only another android could give.

When all those new commands had been transferred, Diana stared out and said "Yes Anya." She unplugged the connection cable and gave the end to Anya, who pulled her end out as well.

"Follow me, robot number 742703A." Diana said. She appeared now to be giving commands to Anya, but it was only her newest orders making her act this way.

"YES... DIANA..." Anya said as she clicked and whirred into motion. Eyes still shining bright red, she followed the sexy 510 through the house and into the room where Mike's exercise equipment was.

Diana opened the door and stepped inside. Anya realised that she had forgotten to order Diana to turn on the lights, so she did that herself. While she did, the secretary walked over to where Desiree was standing. Anya enjoyed Diana's back view for a while, then replayed it as a looping video clip in the corner of her vision field as Diana spoke to the fembot fitness trainer.

"Desiree," she said, "please activate the treadmill. Set it to the lowest speed."

The blonde turned to the diminutive secretary and said "Yes Diana." Then she walked over to the unit to fulfill her order.

Diana followed and got on the treadmill. She started walking, then turned her head to face Desiree. "Please stand next to Anya." she commanded.

"Yes Diana." Desiree said. She walked over to the loudly beeping and blooping 558.

Diana then turned her head completely around to face backwards. "Anya and Desiree," she said, "masturbate while watching my digital booty wiggle."

Anya came a little more and felt pleasure surge through her body when she heard the secretary saying word for word what she had been ordered to say.

"Yes Diana." Desiree said.

"YES... DIANA..." Anya said.

The fitness-droid reached down between her legs and stimulated her pussy through the fabric of her tights. Anya moved like an assembly line robot and lifted her skirt to get to her pussy. She cast the bright red light from her eyes upon Desiree's face and said "THIS... IS... FUN..."

Desiree looked back at her, still masturbating, and said "That does not compute."

Then the two kept watching Diana as she mindlessly walked and walked on the treadmill, shaking that digital booty for all it was worth. Anya was having a fit of pleasure inside while still appearing to be the most robotic of the three. She began to wonder what it would be like to experience what Tammy had.

Anya wanted to lose control like that too. She worked herself up to a frenzy over the next few minutes, watching the wide hips on the Diana robot sway back and forth while her big and perfectly round ass bounced seductively around. The triangular shape of her satin panties seemed to accentuate the curves of her buns, and the open recharge port above only added to Anya's enjoyment.

The sounds of her own constant beeping and whirring were adding to her arousal too, but she couldn't see how she could ever lose control. Her processors called up the strongest orgasm they could while her fluid system released both sweat and cum at their highest levels. Her body temperature rose accordingly, especially at those spots that contained the most sensitive sensors.

A flood came out between her legs, getting her white panties and nylons all wet. Her motion remained stiff and her speaker kept generating those ultra-robotic sounds. All readings from all instruments indicated pleasure, and her CPU was saturated with the related computations. Anya prolonged it for as long as she could, but no matter how she tried, she couldn't let it take over. She couldn't lose control.

Even as she continued to masturbate and to cum, her processors began to compute some disappointment. But she didn't let it get in the way, and decided to have another orgasm while watching the rear view of Diana walking.

Anya beeped loud and said "DESIREE... CHECK... OUT... THE... CABOOSE... ON... ROBOT... NUMBER... 7839061B..."

Desiree - also wet now thanks to Anya's commands as relayed through the secretary - processed that and said "That does not compute."

That second orgasm came around quickly for Anya, as did orgasms number three to eleven. For over forty minutes, Anya and Desiree stroked their pussies while they watched Diana's chubby buns and thighs wiggle to her less than human 510 strut. Anya only stopped when she ran out of girl juice.

Still in character, eyes still glowing bright red, she took a moment to calculate what she would do next for fun.