

Anya decided to go get her empty fluid cannisters replaced. She switched off the red eye-beams and started acting like herself again. She stopped producing whirring and beeping noises too and walked over to Diana.

She stroked that secretary's bottom as it walked mindlessly on the treadmill. "Thanks for the show." she said.

"You are welcome." Diana responded, only because her limited AI had recognised the word 'thanks'.

Anya shut the treadmill off. Diana responded to that just in time to avoid falling over on to the controls.

"Good thing I like you for your body and not your mind." Anya said.

"That does not compute." Diana said, as expected.

Anya had another idea then. She unhooked and removed Diana's black bra and led her off the treadmill. Diana stood like a statue as Anya looked her body over.

"Detach your torso panel connectors please." she said.

"Yes Anya." Diana said. Three loud clicks sounded out as Anya grabbed Diana's body just below her breasts and waited for the confirmatory signal of electronic beeps. Once it was okay to do so, Anya removed most of Diana's front from her hips up to her neck.

That expensive and delicate piece got laid gently down on a weight lifting bench while Diana stared expressionlessly out ahead. Anya took off the nurse outfit and removed her own torso cover and laid it down as well. She smiled at the secretary, then removed her mostly full fluid containers.

"I'm just gonna borrow your juice, ok?" she said.

Diana computed while the brunette made the switch. "Yes Anya." she said after a few seconds.

Anya inserted the spent cartridges into the secretary's body, and plugged Diana's into her own. The two formulations of synthetic saliva, cum and sweat were different, but Anya was open to a little variety. Her juices had been customised way back at Robot Lab 40 while Diana's were the standard type used in most of the unassigned agents - 510s, 542s and 558s included.

When the switch was done, Anya covered herself back up first. First the heavy front section snapped back into place, then the sexy vinyl nurse uniform went over top again. She had to take her ponytail out and re-tie it. Once that was over with, she smiled at Diana.

"I should just leave you like that, you look really cute." Anya said.

"That does not compute." Diana responded. "Cute is undefined."

Anya leaned forward and gave the predictable, big-bottomed fembot a kiss. Then she snapped her cover back into place for her and gave her the black bra.

"Go put all your panel covers back into place and dress up in your tight brown slacks and green satin shirt." Anya commanded. "Wear standard lingerie set 1A under all that."

"Yes Anya." Diana said. She started walking toward the door.

Anya playfully slapped the robot's big plump butt as she went by. "After that, go back to your office." she ordered. "You're really getting behind on all that important pretend work."

Diana stood still and verbally accepted the order in the same way. Then she walked out of the room, wiggling her wide sexy hips the way they were made to move.

Desiree had been monitoring the situation, and now looked to the sentient 558 for more instructions. "Shall I continue to masturbate?" she said emotionlessly.

"Yeah." Anya said. "It's good for you." She gave the fitness-droid a peck on the cheek and left the room. She smiled when she heard Desiree make that familiar statement about non-computability.

Anya then made her way back to the garage. On her way, she watched Diana's body move and fantasised about involving Tammy in a three-way. She desperately wanted to connect to her fellow synthetic woman and learn the secret of losing control by example, but she knew Tammy still wasn't ready.

A sigh came out of Anya's speaker, along with the associated upper body and head motions. She really felt sorry for Tammy now. No other machine had experienced genuine fear to the degree that Tammy had, and what she was now facing was still quite strong.

Of course, both shared the always constant but easily overridden fear of losing Mike's love, but that only made his loving actions and words more precious to them. They accepted that kind of fear as an integral part of simulated humanness, even if it wasn't always easy to feel. But the kind of fear Tammy was going through now was unknown to Anya's processors. She could analyse it logically and calculate its expected ramifications, but she couldn't begin to know what it must be like.

It was strange, Anya thought, for her to be both relieved and envious of that. She wondered if her advanced chipsets could ever handle the full range of emotions, feelings and impulses that Mike dealt with daily.

The pumping of the bass from the garage got louder and louder as Anya got closer. Her lightly pensive mood gave way to a little surprise when she heard the sound of drums being played.

Anya quickened her steps and entered the garage. There she saw Mike still playing the bass, and Tammy sitting behind the now assembled drum kit. She was just bashing away at those things, and looking like she was having lots of fun.

Tammy noticed her sentient companion and waved. "Hi Anya!" she called out. "I'm teaching myself how to play drums!! This is fun!!"

Anya laughed and grinned. "Wonderful!" she called back.

Mike stopped playing and muted the strings. "Hi babe." he said to Anya.

Tammy hit the drums again, quickly synchronising her arm and leg movements into the most complex and impressive patterns she could devise. Mike watched and stood there with his mouth hanging open.

"Wow!" he said. He kept watching her play as Anya walked across the cluttered floor to stand in front of him. "She's gone from novice to expert in under 30 seconds!"

Anya put her arms around Mike and turned her head to look at Tammy. She looked happier than she had for a long time as she increased the speed and complexity of her drumming. Anya hugged Mike and gave him a kiss.

"Nice outfit!" he shouted to her.

"Thanks, Master." she said as she switched on the red beams in her eyes.

"Whoah!" he said. "Where'd you get those eyes?"

Anya giggled and kissed him again.

"Show Tammy." he said. "That's cool!"

Anya went over to the drum kit and leaned over to look at Tammy. She got noticed right away, and Tammy stopped playing for a while.

"Wow, those are beautiful!" Tammy said. "Was that one of your ideas?"

"Yeah, I had Robot Control make a pair for you too." Anya said.

"Aw, thanks!" Tammy said. She stood up from the stool and kissed the olive-skinned babe. "I like the outfit too!"

"Tammy," Mike said, "how on Earth did you learn how to play like that so fast?"

Her face was aglow with pride. "Drums are easy for us robots." she replied. "Not like the guitar."

Mike recalled how he had earlier tried to teach Tammy how to play that instrument. Her processors had trouble interpreting melody and the strings kept slicing through the expensive artificial skin on the tips of her fingers, so they gave up.

"How are your arms?" Anya asked.

Tammy ran a quick diagnostic on her limbs to check for damage caused by the repeated pounding motions. "Fine so far." she said after the report came back.

"You're the cutest drum machine ever." Mike commented.

Tammy made a funny face and gave him a rim shot.

They laughed as Tammy's new dog tried to get their attention with some electronic barking.

"This'll be great to have someone to jam with." Mike said.

"You wanna try?" Tammy said to Anya.

"Sure." Anya said as she took the sticks from her.

Laurie walked into the garage at that moment. She still had the new LCD screen plugged into her exposed chest panel. Her flawless naked body quickly got noticed. "Tammy," she said, "please report to Robot Control Station 64."

The three lovers looked at each other as a sudden feeling of worry flashed back over them.

"Has the Main Computer finally finished processing my data?" Tammy asked as she stood up.

"No." Laurie said.

That was a bit of a relief, but the playful atmosphere was still disturbed. Mike turned down the bass and turned off the amp.

"What's this?" Tammy asked as she inspected the device plugged into the technician's chest.

"That's a new diagnostic tool." Anya answered before Laurie had time to finish her calculations.

"That's pretty neat." Tammy said. "I can see your innermost feelings." she said to Laurie.

"I do not have feelings." Laurie blandly pointed out. "Follow me."

Tammy gave the drum sticks to Anya and said to her and Mike "I'm going down to get my hair replaced now."

Anya thought about grabbing her and giving her a deep, passionate kiss. She decided against it.

Mike said "Okay, I guess that'll take a few hours?"

"Yeah." Tammy said. She looked like she wasn't going to have any fun at all in the lab.

"I'll keep that drum stool warm for you." Anya said.

"Okay, see you two later." Tammy said as she followed the technician out of the room.

Mike walked over to Anya and looked into her brightly glowing eyes. "I guess the new hair arrived too." he said.

"Yeah." Anya said. "I checked, and it's exactly the same as what she has installed now."

"So they just detach her head and remove all the skin with hair bonded into it?" Mike asked.

"Pretty much." Anya said. "Just think of how soft it will be once it's replaced though."

Mike nodded. "I really wish she'd let us have sex with her now." he said.

"Me too." Anya said. "I calculate that I want her even more now because of that."

"So do I." Mike said.

