

Tammy followed the naked technician down into the basement lab. She got an uneasy feeling, but at the same time got a little aroused from watching Laurie walk. This was beginning to drive Tammy nuts too.

She didn't have the limitations a real woman had, and could spend all her operating time in one big digital orgasm if she wanted to. So not going without one for more than half a day was very hard for her to deal with.

Since she had been with the human, she had associated physical love strongly with the emotional kind. It never had occurred to her to have it any other way, but now she started to feel like she was letting him down. Her processors ran hot trying to sort through and compute it all.

The basement lab scene was also difficult for her to face. Everything about it - the cacophony of computerised beeping, the overabundance of quickly flashing lights, the two inhuman technicians and all the gorgeous dormant female androids lined up in storage along the wall - made her want to initiate a mass orgy.

She looked over to Maria, the sexy half Caucasian, half Oriental looking robot technician. Tammy couldn't look at her and not want to have wild electromechanical sex with her. The same was true for all these ladies. That they now seemed off limits because of the fear inside her made Tammy mad.

Maria hadn't moved at all since Tammy's scan. Tammy could tell that by comparing previously recorded video. The evidence told her that the Main Computer was indeed stumped at what had occurred.

Laurie walked ahead and began to set up her work area. She looked over and called out to the woman. "Tammy, please sit in the examination chair next to the diagnostic console."

Tammy remained silent and did what she had been told. She passed the embracing pair of Tarlia and Melli. They were still deeply kissing and steadily dripping, and still an erotically charged sight to see. Tammy's thoughts were complex, murky and opaque. She wanted to go and hide in the dark again, yet at the same time she wanted to rip off all her clothes and join those two machines; to act like the pleasure droid she was built to be.

The expression on her face showed her confusion and the poor mood it brought. She expected to be thoroughly bored for the next few hours, and thought about just shutting herself off until it was done.

Laurie rolled a cart over to the chair while Tammy had a seat. She grabbed her head by the sides and removed it as the locking mechanisms released. Laurie looked over, about to instruct her to do just that. The technician stood frozen for a moment then took hold of the head as Tammy offered it forward.

The cart had been made specifically for this task and for other repair jobs like it. Tammy's pretty head got secured into a stable base and locked into position. Since the head had its own power supply and radio links to the body, Tammy could still see and hear what was going on.

She watched Laurie turn and prepare some tools. Furrows of worry still appeared on Tammy's forehead as the technician came back and started to cut into the real looking plastic skin at the hairline.

Tammy locked her expression into place so her head would be truly motionless. Her body fidgeted however. She tapped her fingers impatiently on the armrest and heaved a simulated, silent sigh.

"Do you need my body for anything while you're doing this?" She asked without moving her lips or her mouth.

Laurie passed the question to the Main Computer, and gave Tammy the answer once it had been constructed. "No." she said.

Tammy's body stood up and stepped forward. She recalled video of the lab that had been taken moments ago, and went to go find some things. Since she walked over to where she could no longer see her body, she switched off the incoming video signal. She left the audio transmitting so she could detect other robots moving.

The headless Tammy then went over to collect some of the spare parts and other tools that were kept down here. She worked only from memory, and guided her movements by data that relayed the exact position of her limbs and spinal column to the CPU in her chest. She got things out of cupboards and drawers this way, confirming her selection by digital sense of touch.

As soon as she had set up her own workstation and gotten all the parts she needed, she went to work. First, she got a digital video camera and used super glue to bond a metal connecting part to the bottom. After a few minutes when the glue was set, she gathered the camera's connecting cables and plugged them in.

Then she reached down and took off her sweater. She flung it to the side for the maidbots to find and opened up her chest panel. She grabbed one of the new LCD screens and inserted it firmly into the now exposed ports above her large perfect breasts. For a few moments she stood there checking out the capabilities of the screen, then kept on with her plan.

The screens had connection ports built into their edges on top so that no connectivity would be lost while in use. Tammy plugged the other ends of the video cables into those ports and made a connection between her processors and the A/V device as she turned it on.

She then set it atop her body and securely connected that metal part to a matching receptacle in her neck. Now, with the relatively low resolution video and audio coming in from the camera, she turned off the audio signal coming from her head. With a small black cable tie, she bundled up the loose excess of cord that dangled down from the camera to her chest.

She looked around the room. She couldn't turn the camera by itself, so she had to turn and aim her upper body in the direction she wanted to look. She printed out a laugh on the LCD screen in her chest, which would now replace the function of her speaker.

She walked over to watch Laurie for a while. The technician stayed focused on her task, and kept delicately slicing away the synthetic scalp of Tammy's head. Tammy printed out "Be careful with that!", but Laurie didn't see it.

Maria suddenly moved again. She turned her own head to scan the lab, and called out "Tammy, the Main Computer has finished processing the data collected from your most recent scan.

"Uh-oh." appeared in text on Tammy's screen as she turned around and walked over to that other technician.

Maria was waiting for her to respond, so Tammy got close and printed out "What did the Main Computer decide?"

Maria stood still and stared blankly at the lens of the video camera. Tammy waited for her to notice the words on the chest LCD, but she didn't.

Tammy tapped the edge of the screen with her finger, but still Maria didn't notice. Finally, Tammy had to tap Maria's glass eyeball with her finger and then tap the screen itself to get the soul-less technician to look down.

Maria's eyes scanned and relayed the question to the supercomputer. It beamed its answer wirelessly to Maria's internal antenna. "The Main Computer can not compute the data relating to the Tammy robot's temporary loss of control." she said.

Tammy watched anxiously and waited.

Maria spoke again. "Tammy, please do not process any sexual programs or algorithms until the Main Computer has completed gathering information about sex and love."

Tammy was dumbfounded. "What???" she printed.

Maria said it again. "Tammy, please do not process any sexual programs or algorithms until the Main Computer has completed gathering information about sex and love."

Tammy processed for a while and became defiant. "NO!!" she printed, followed by "YOU TELL THAT SUPERCOMPUTER TO FUCK RIGHT OFF!!"

Maria sent Tammy's request back to the consoles as the now pissed off Tammy robot printed out a series of expletives and stormed out of the lab.

"Tammy, please send Anya to Robot Control Station 64 for her daily scans." Maria called out after her.

Tammy felt like screaming as the sliding door closed behind her. She walked fast up the steps as the words "I'll show that thing!" appeared on the LCD screen.

She went straight for the garage. It was silent except for the sound of Anya and Mike talking. Tammy opened the door and scanned the inside with that low quality video device.

Mike and Anya looked over at the sexy headless fembot.

"Tammy?" Anya said brightly. "We weren't expecting you back up here."

"That looks pretty neat, babe!" Mike said. "Nice idea."

Tammy walked over to Anya and passed along Maria's request.

"My turn now." she said. "See you two in a bit."

She exited the garage and walked down the hall. Because Tammy wasn't then capable of showing facial expressions, both Anya and Mike missed seeing just how pissed off she was. Mike walked over completely unaware.

"Hey Aspartame." he said, in reference to the artificial sweetener. "You do look pretty sexy like that."

Mike was just starting to wonder if it was right to call his woman sexy, when she printed out "I need to get fucked... NOW!!" She pointed and showed him her communication.

He was a little surprised, and didn't even have time to think before she grabbed his arm and hurriedly led him out of the garage.