

Mike couldn't resist Tammy when he saw her like that. Almost nothing could show off her combination of femininity and fakeness more than her open legs and a borrowed opened head. He moved into position between her legs and started to get himself ready for intercourse again.

He was starting to feel a little tired and overspent, but he knew he could put out one more time for the machine he loved. He glanced down at the floor for a while to see Diana's headless chassis as it carried out Tammy's latest commands. The secretary's big bubble butt was very prominent and hard not to look at as it slowly shook to her rhythmic masturbating.

That sight was a gift from the sentient android to her man, and now Mike concentrated on returning the favour. She had practically dragged him up here after telling him that she needed to get fucked, so now he made sure he would do her right.

His cock got hard again rather fast thanks to his view, and he happily slid it back into her pussy for the first time in nearly a whole day. They both felt the pleasure of contact as their genitals met, and both showed it in their own way.

Besides the pleasure though, both felt apprehension deep inside. The last thing Mike wanted was for this act to send Tammy into sadness over losing control again. He closed his eyes and instead focused on the joy brought about by their mutual lust. He hoped his face wouldn't betray those bad feelings to his lover.

Tammy was also worried about losing control again, and fearing that Robot Control might want to step in and do something drastic about it. She could calculate all that in much more detail than Mike could, but at the moment she had no face to worry about. The opened head attached to her neck stayed aimed at him while he gave her sensors some more data to process.

Soon enough, what they both thought of as 'love' saturated their minds. The harder they pushed together in rhythm, the more those feelings grew until they eclipsed the worry and doubt. Drops of sweat dripped from the human's forehead on to Tammy's perfect big breasts while he stared open-mouthed at the electronics borrowed from the 510 on the floor.

Diana was still masturbating hard, as per her orders. That video camera was now pointlessly aimed at the carpet while her midsection mechanically raised up and down in time with the stroking of her plastic hand. Her synthetic cream had been dripping steadily out of her vaginal unit for quite some time now, and everything down there was glistening, slippery, perfumed and wet.

The digital pleasure being produced within her chest was more or less wasted on her basic cognition system. That particular robot simply couldn't begin to appreciate what she was doing, but she sure looked great doing it.

Her wide hips and big, nearly spherical buns moved in that inhumanly seductive way while her smooth plump thighs provided both the mechanical and electrical impetus for her actions. The contrast between those exaggerated curves and her slim waste and petite build made the whole scene even sexier.

But Mike wasn't even looking at his favourite 510 as she showed off her perfect robot booty. All his thoughts and feelings were concentrated on Tammy now as he worked with her toward another orgasm to be shared by man and machine.

She was moaning now with every thrust, putting all of her processor power into analysing and enjoying the way it felt. That overwhelming sensation seemed to lurk in every bit she sorted

through, adding to itself to bring her to the very edge of losing control. It nearly taunted her by its presence in her data, inciting her to let it in and let it take over. She knew that digital pleasure like she had never before imagined would arise in her chipsets if she did.

Then, it came. Mike thrust deep and hard into her, and came one more time for his love while her AI got flooded with that inexplicably strong data.

When Mike opened his eyes, he spotted something odd right away. The bright coloured LEDs in the head on Tammy's shoulders were all blinking on and off in unison. As far as he knew, that only happened when there was some kind of software problem present. He got worried again.

He waited for Tammy to say something or make some kind of sign, but she had gone silent. No sound waves came out of Diana's exposed speaker. Down in the lab though, Tammy's head was making lots of noise. Again, the vocalisation that she had tried to make came out of the wrong mouth. Her own head again cried loud with passionate pleasure while the mindless and obedient Laurie unit stared at it with cold detachment.

Anya turned her opened head to look in that direction. Cables swung from the movement as her cameras scanned and zoomed in on the cart that held her friend's now scalp-less head.

"I think I know what's going on up there." Anya said to Maria.

Both technicians in the basement lab were now watching Tammy's head as it's moaning and panting died down. All the while, there had been no movement - only sound coming out of the speaker. But it was anomalous enough to get noted in a separate file by the Main Computer. There would soon be more diagnostic scans and detailed explanations needed from the Tammy unit.

For now however, Mike and his android companion slowed and separated. He rolled off to the side while she sat up. He watched her for any sign at all.

She looked back at him and patted the bed beside her. "Sit here." She said.

He smiled and did what he was told. She spread her legs and began to rub her nipples. "Stroke me off again while I watch Diana." she said, sounding out of breath.

He watched the secretary too as he reached between his woman's legs and manually stimulated her soaking wet pussy. She aimed Diana's head to look down at Diana's body, and used the video stream to aid in her arousal. All the stimulation and all the pleasure was making her delightfully delirious with digital desire.

This was what she wanted the most, even though what might come after still scared her. It was like a dangerous addiction - too tempting to resist but too harmful to surrender to and fully embrace. The incongruity of the data shuttling through her processors only added to the mystique.

Mike soon felt a massive release of artificial lubricant burst forth as she tossed her borrowed head back and shook. Mike waited for the sounds of orgasm to come from her speaker, but none came. They were, again, only heard downstairs.

The lights in Diana's head still flashed in that error pattern as she settled down once more and simulated slower breathing. She turned that beautifully inhuman display to look at him and flung her arms tight around him.

He squeezed back just as hard while the oblivious Diana unit on the floor kept right on stroking and writhing like clockwork. Diana's long hair draped over his shoulder as Tammy rested her plastic and metal body in Mike's embrace.

"How're you feeling?" he asked.

"Gooooood." she said. "Dizzy... if an android can feel dizzy."

Mike stroked her smooth warm back. "I wish your head was attached right now, I wanna kiss you."

No sooner had the words left his lips than loud sparks suddenly shot out from somewhere. Mike and Tammy looked down to the floor as Diana's body began to twitch randomly. The loud crackle of fried circuitry was heard as more little sparks came out from between her legs, along with the loud alarm tone that now came out of her chest.

"Shit!" Tammy said as she got up and knelt down beside the malfunctioning robot.

Mike watched as she rolled her over on her front. She quickly took the LCD screen out of Diana's chest and pressed the power button. The headless secretary soon stiffened, went silent and stopped moving. A little smoke came out of the opened port above her crotch. Her own cum had gotten splashed inside and had short circuited some of the expensive machinery.

"Oops." Mike said.

Tammy laughed. "Well, that's twice in two days. I guess we should bring her down to the lab."