

Into the brightly lit but vacant kitchen Anya walked. The flawless looking nipples on her full and perky breasts were already hard in response to the coldness of the basement lab. As they pointed out ahead looking so very inviting, Anya scanned the room in front of her.

Video data was recorded and compiled in both visible and non-visible wavelengths as Anya's pretty head turned from one side to the other on her silicone covered and expertly articulated metal neck. The scan revealed that there was no one around - that is, no robots. Anya wasn't concerned with looking for humans. For the record, there were none of those around either.

She propelled her sexy naked form through the house while she scanned the scene in front of her. On her way down the hallway, she glanced into the washroom. There in the darkened room stood the unmoving but still active maidbot. Anya went in for a visit.

She turned on the lights and said "Hello, my name is Anya. I am a robot. You are also a robot."

The maidbot was as unresponsive as all the other electronic ladies Anya had 'met' so far. Anya stared at her for a long time, using the Renegade Robot Detection System to gather evidence of the maid's type and structure.

After about ten minutes of this, Anya reached out and took the sheer, see-through fabric of the maidbot's short skirt in her hand. She rubbed it passed the sensors in the tips of her fingers while she looked at it. Then she explored the way the fabric felt against the smooth plastic skin of the maidbot's perfectly round buns.

The independence part of her new programming gave rise to new ways of interpreting the data she was gathering. Thus, Anya decided that she 'liked' what her hands were feeling. The current stream of information flowing into her processors from her many sensors and electronic senses only invited more of the same.

Proceeding with her efficient technique, Anya stroked and touched every square millimeter of the maid's outfit. She collected and processed the tactile data along with information from her microphones and cameras. The black satin edges of the skimpy maid outfit soon received even more attention from Anya's hands than the rest of the costume. The ease with which her sensor-filled silicone fingertips slid around the smooth shiny fabric was a novel feeling, and as enjoyable a sensation as her electronic brain had yet encountered.

Anya had also noticed that the maid's artificial looking and smelling skin just underneath her clothing was just as much fun to touch, maybe even more. When she had finished systematically stroking the last bit of clothing, Anya stood back and ran more new data through her processor core. She then picked up the maid and carried her to a nearby bedroom so she could undress and caress her further.

The maid series robots were stronger and more durable than the human-emulating androids, which made them more than twice as heavy as a person of similar size would have been. Even so, fembots like Anya were much stronger than humans, and it was nothing for her to just lift the 350 pound maid unit and carry her over to the bedroom with as much grace as she would have displayed carrying a flower.

She gently laid the short-haired brunette on to the bed and began to remove the French maid costume from its body. Anya had trouble computing how to remove the garment, so she extended a razor sharp metal blade from underneath one of her fingertips and used it to cut away the clothing.

With the entire maid outfit now a pile of fabric on the floor, Anya layed her sexy android body next to the naked maidbot and began the process of touching all of its exposed skin. She started from the top of the head and worked her way down, keeping the session focused on the front of her subject's body.

The maid continued to issue a long series of regular and irregular computer beeps and electronic tones. Anya's ears recorded them along with the information coming in through her hands. The gaps in the maidbot's skin - where parts could be detached - got special attention from Anya. She found the experience of touching these parts to be very rewarding.

Anya methodically moved down the maid's body, stroking her face, her arms, her chest, her hips and legs. She sat up to finish touching the maid's feet, and when she was done, she turned the maid over on her front so she could run her hands over the plastic that covered the back of the unit.

The process took almost a full hour, and at the end of it, Anya simply left the maid lying there - beeping and with her plastic ass facing up. Anya was finished with her, and had already moved on to calculating her next set of actions.

She stood up and looked around. On the wall to the right was a full-length mirror. Anya knew from her programming that the image in the glass was just her reflection, so she walked close to it and admired the awesome beauty of her own synthetic body. She then began a session of touching her smooth silicone skin, feeling the slight imperfections and tiny hairs built in to it.

She proceeded in the same way as she had when she had explored the maidbot's topography. The front side, top to bottom got processed first. As she did this, new lines of code that had previously been dormant in her software now became active. The pleasure response system that was a standard part of her type was now activated, and hungry for more binary code.

For over two hours, Anya engaged in this odd type of android self-stimulation. When she was done the front side, she turned her body 180° around. Her head remained facing the mirror though, and now it was facing completely backwards as she took advantage of her super-human motion capabilities. She could move her mechanical limbs around in ways that humans simply could not, and that made working on her back side as easy as the front had been.

Inside her chest was a digital storm of data, yet outside she continued to look quite calm and unaffected. As of yet the simulated pleasure she was generating had no way of integrating itself with her outward bodily systems. The only consequence of her touch was that she simply wanted more.

Her brown eyes kept track of the movements of her hands across and around her skin while status information projected into her field of vision as scrolling text, graphs and binary code. An alert began to flash: she was getting close to losing battery power.

Reluctantly, Anya stopped fondling herself. She turned her head around to face the right way again. The twist marks that had appeared in her neck instantly vanished. She glanced over to the maidbot, waved and said "Bye." as she walked out of the bedroom and down the hallway.

Through the kitchen and into the basement she went. When she paused in front of the laser scanner, with its abrasive monotone female drone, she said to it "You have a nice voice."

The brainless box on the wall didn't respond to the compliment, and just opened the door for her as usual.

Anya looked around and took in the scene in the basement lab. None of the humanoid robots had moved at all, and the Main Computer was still frozen in mid-crash. She would have to change her batteries herself.

She quickly got fresh batteries out of storage and brought them over to a vacant worktable. There were twelve heavy metallic cylinders in all, six to go into each of her curvaceous thighs. She released and removed large portions of the back of her thighs, placing them on the table as well. Using her android flexibility and sensory-motor control, she removed and replaced each of the drained batteries. When all twelve of the new ones were inside and connected, she closed up her legs and made some more calculations.

Then she walked over to a metal supply cabinet and pulled out a recharge cord and some connection cables. With those in hand, she walked back toward the exit, stopping in front of Maria along the way.

"Thank you for activating me Maria." she said to the motionless fembot. She leaned forward and kissed the lips on Denise's facemask, which was still attached to Maria's head.

Anya turned and walked through the door. She walked back upstairs and back into the bedroom. The naked maid was still beeping and buzzing as Anya layed her selection of cables aside and looked into the closet. She scanned from left to right and computed a selection of possible garments she would like to wear.

She didn't know how to get dressed though, so she used her internet connection to see if she could find some answers there. For several more minutes she stood frozen as she downloaded and sorted through some video clips that she calculated had a high probability of providing the necessary information. But all she was able to find were clips of sexy women undressing, so she filtered through and ran the clips backwards in a small portion of her field of vision.

From those thousands of frames running in reverse sequence, she was able to give herself a good idea of what would be involved in the operation of dressing. When her processors had finished making all of the complicated computations, she reached out her slender and feminine arm and pulled out an item of clothing. She held the hanger in front of her and made a series of detailed optical scans of the skimpy black knit top.

When she was ready, she gave it a try. She pulled the garment off the hanger and placed the hanger back into the closet. With her fingers, she separated the straps from the rest of the fabric and positioned the garment around her arms. She pulled it over her head and over her chest. When it was snugly around her breasts, she pulled the straps over her shoulders and gave the knit top one last tug for fit.

Success. It was inside out, however, but Anya wasn't concerned. Next on her list was something to wear over her hips and groin. She walked over to a dresser and opened the top drawer. After scanning the contents, she pulled out a nice lacy pair of black satin panties that looked a bit like shorts. She turned the fabric to face the right way and stooped over to step into them. She pulled them up her legs and up to their final position around her sexy hips.

Her processors received another flood of sensory data as she felt her own curves under the smooth fabric. Her hands lingered down there, stroking her satin-covered crotch and buttocks for several minutes until she computed that she was satisfied.

With that, Anya was all done dressing, except for shoes. She took her cables with her on her way out of the bedroom and walked toward the closet. From inside of it she pulled a small purse and a pair of hiking boots. It was still winter outside, after all. She brought them over to the front door and got ready for her journey. The cables went into the purse and the boots went on to her feet. Shoelace tying instructions were downloaded and processed, and moments later she was ready to go.

Anya opened the door and stepped outside into the frigid winter air. She looked around and made some last calculations, then shut the door behind her and was off.