

Several minutes went by before Byron thought that Heather was done with him. But she wasn't.

He pulled his head away from her charged, passionate kisses long enough to say "Stop!"

She just looked at him, still holding on to him tightly and said "More!" While she looked up at him, status indicators present in her video field showed that her vaginal fluid canister was running low, but that was no deterrent to this horny android.

She began another round of kisses, but Byron - fragile human being that he was - was getting tired.

He pushed himself up with his arms, but Heather quickly wrapped her legs around his, gripping him tight as a vise. He lifted her slightly heavier metal and plastic body up with his until he realised that he couldn't resist the powerful electronic woman.

So he slumped back down gently to the floor, and gently on top of her. This time he rested his head over her shoulder, hoping that would stop her kisses. Instead of stopping, she just kissed, licked, and gently nibbled his ear.

Byron laughed, feeling helpless to stop her but still enjoying himself. "Heather I have to stop now. I'm not like you, I can't go on forever."

"But Byron, you make my vaginal circuitry so active! I need more!" she said between kisses.

Byron tried to roll off to the side, but was still gripped tightly by all four of her strong and warm mechanical limbs.

"Let go!" he commanded in a stern voice.

That did the trick. She released the human and watched him roll off of her. Inside her body, the nearly empty fluid container kept pumping its synthetic juice slowly out while her processors calculated the ever changing data fed to them by her cameras and microphones.

Byron sat up. So did Heather, nearly unplugging herself from the laptop as she did. She spread her legs and put one hand right back into action at her crotch. She closed her eyes, tilted her head up and arched her back, her open mouth letting out a delightful synthesised series of moans.

Byron caught his breath and watched. Now he wanted to see how long it would take for the fembot to wear herself out.

"Watch the monitor!" she said between deep breaths and emphatic moans.

Byron glanced over to the screen of the laptop, and watched the levels begin to peak much faster than they had before. The ones that had already peaked began to flash, indicating that they were going off the chart.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" she yelled out as she maxed out all of the bars on the graphs. Her fingers stroked her wet silicone inhumanly fast as her sexual systems went full steam ahead again. As she came once more, she grabbed and squeezed his hand. Her fluid cartridge emptied itself, giving notice to her CPU that it had run dry. A red graphic warning of this flashed in the corner of her sight as she squeezed Byron's hand hard.

"Hey!" he said as her tightening grip got painful.

She exhaled and brought her head down to look at his hand. She immediately released him.

"Sorry," she said. "My pussy was hogging all my processor time."

Byron shook and flexed his hand. "I've created a monster," he said.

Heather couldn't compute the meaning of his comment, but that was not important to her now. Her primary goal was to have her spent fluid container replaced with a full one, so she could keep masturbating.

"My vaginal lubricant canister is empty," she said. "I have to go get it replaced."

Heather started to get up, but Byron stopped her. "I'll get it," he said. "You stay there."

She smiled brightly at him, and went right back to another round of self-stimulation. She didn't need to secrete anything to enjoy herself, and she could go on until her batteries were completely drained. If she plugged herself into a wall outlet, she could go on non stop for years.

Byron cleaned himself up a bit and threw on his housecoat. He was worried that Natasha and particularly the Master Computing Device wouldn't like what he had done to their fembot. As he made his way down the stairs, through the scanner and into the lab, he was already thinking of ways he could program some restraint into Heather.

Into the basement lab again he went, and over to talk to the pretty light brown-haired and blue-eyed android standing perfectly still over by the console.

"Natasha?" he said as he approached.

Machine-like, she turned to face him and spoke. "Yes Byron?" she said, her fabulously shaped tits still jiggling slightly from her movement.

He stared at those flawless breasts for a while, then snapped out of it. "Heather's vaginal fluid canister has run dry, and I need a replacement."

Byron watched her as her processors computed the sound of his voice. He tried not to ogle the sexy naked robot while she exchanged data wirelessly with the basement supercomputer. He failed.

He was staring right at Natasha's trimmed patch of artificial pubic hair when she answered him with a question. "Do you require a replacement for Heather or a replacement for Heather's vaginal lubricant canister?"

Byron looked at the nude machine's pretty but completely vacant face. She stared right back at him, her painted glass eyeballs not once being covered by blinking silicone eyelids. That powerful and massive machine intelligence really couldn't tell for which replacement he was asking. It was comforting for him to know that his captors had some vulnerabilities.

"I need a replacement lubricant canister," he said. "I don't need to replace Heather."

He imagined all the circuitry within Natasha's chest sparking to life with his answer to her question.

"We can assist you then. No replacement Heather robots exist."

Byron looked at her and nodded. He watched her pivot exactly 90° and start walking over to the supply cabinets that held the cartridges. He watched her buns wiggle in their obviously mechanical way as she led him over to the other side of the lab. The robot technician's plastic butt was smaller than Heather's, but shaped just as nicely, and very appealing. The absence of a cover for her lighted recharge port was still a little strange to him though.

For a moment, he thought of how Natasha's system would react if he did for her what he had just done for Heather. He could just see her - sitting on the cold concrete floor of the lab, legs spread open, mechanical fingers rubbing her sensor-laden plastic, while her static and vacant face stared out at nothing.

The corner of his mouth raised in a sly half grin as Natasha reached out stiffly to open the supply cabinet.

"How many replacement vaginal lubricant cartridges do you require?" she asked.

"How many?" he thought. He hadn't foreseen this, and decided instantly to take advantage of it.

"How many can you give me at once?" he asked.

"Ten." she said, keeping her blank, lifeless stare focused on him.

"Give me ten." he said.

In a flash, her processors computed and formulated instructions that were sent to her motors and flexors. She bent over to pull out a large aluminum case. She raised it and turned to hand it over to him.

"Please return the empty vaginal lubricant cartridges as soon as possible." she said.

Byron took the case from her cold hand, and immediately felt that the metal briefcase was heavier than he had expected. He let it bring his arm down to rest beside his leg and looked at the artificial woman.

"Thank you, Natasha." he said. He parted with a sardonic remark. "If you were a woman, I'd kiss you."

Natasha stayed unmoving as Byron watched for a response. Finally, he got one.

"That does not compute. I am a woman." the humorless robot said.

Byron chuckled as he walked with the heavy case out of the lab and back up the stairs.

Back in the living room, Heather was still going strong. Her sexy body was shiny with synthetic perspiration, and the smell of all that depleted girl juice filled the air like intoxicating perfume.

"I'm back." he said as he put the case down and sat on the floor beside her.

Heather's simulated breathing was deep and frantic as her hand worked on her artificial pussy. "Get on top of me." she demanded in a breathy half whisper.

Byron had been thinking about what he would do next for several minutes, since before he had gone down into the lab. "Sorry Heather." he said. He swiftly reached out to her opened chest panel and pressed her power button.

The android lady froze, then brought her limbs to rest and made a loud electronic-sounding beep.

The graphic meters displayed on the laptop monitor fell to zero and stayed there as Byron went to get a couple of towels.