

Mike's fembots connected themselves via cable again, but this time it was to 'discuss' their progress on Heather's repairs and formulate strategy. In only a few minutes they went through detail after detail pertaining to the way the pretty robot had been damaged and the ways she could be fixed. It all went digitally from one computerised brain to the other - from Tammy's chest to Anya's and back through the thin wire that joined them.

Most of the expensive chipsets and circuit boards that Mike and Byron had brought back would have to be rebuilt and customised for this job. The makeshift random access memory core that the girls had devised would take up more than twice as much space as the original one, however. No matter how they built it, it would not fit neatly into Heather's chest.

Something had to be sacrificed. Anya offered her own design compromise as a solution. Anya had no room for fluid cannisters inside her abdomen, as that space was occupied by her Renegade Robot Detection System. She could still pleasure herself and her master, as long as she lubricated her silicone vagina from the outside.

It was calculated that the inability to sweat, salivate, cum, and exhale vapour in cold weather were a small price to pay for keeping the rebuilt devices inside Heather, and not outside.

That damaged but vital laptop computer presented another design challenge. The hard drive containing all of Byron's hard work and Heather's synthetic self could be rebuilt into a new computer. That would still have to be strapped to the robot's back and plugged in to her chest at all times to work though.

Anya came up with the idea of building the hard drive into Heather's body. That original, creative kind of computing that Anya occasionally displayed was a consequence of the flawed way she had been programmed back at Robot Control. It surprised Tammy, who made a note to check her systems later and try to figure out why she hadn't thought of it.

In those few short minutes of connectivity, the girls also devised plans to rebuild Heather's broken chest panel. They also made sure to add a connection port to the laptop hard drive that would reside where the old memory core had been.

After they had finalised their tentative plans, they got to work and started taking circuit boards apart and soldering new parts on to them. They constructed bridges and tunnels of wire and insulating material to make the new memory core components. The work they did was incredibly complex, and would have barely been dreamed of by the most able human designer.

But it was all just computing for the beautiful androids. Tammy knew that Heather was to Byron what she herself was to Mike. And she understood somewhat what that love meant. Then there was her little crush on the Heather unit. From time to time as she did her work, Tammy gazed at Heather's facemask and at her body. She wanted to activate her and make love to her in ways that only fembots could.

Tammy made sure she had her fantasies firmly under control. She never let them take up more processor power than was appropriate, and they didn't slow down the repair work at all. In fact they finished what they could do with their available tools in only a couple of hours.

They laid their tools aside and sat down on the bed across from Heather's. Tammy grabbed Anya's hand. "Can you compute what we should do to pass the time until the humans get back?" she said seductively.

Anya looked at her with those exquisite but empty eyes. "The most logical course of action to take is to conserve battery power and run diagnostic examinations on our systems to ensure that we operate as efficiently and effectively as our configurations will allow." she said.

Tammy kissed Anya. "You're so sexy." she said when she was done.

Anya stood up. "I want to make love to the Heather robot." she said.

Tammy was a bit perplexed. She watched Anya's sexy buns wiggle as she walked over to the other bed and bent over. "Anya, you're not going to activate her are you?" she said with urgency. She stood up and went over to where Anya was.

"No." Anya said simply. She picked up Heather's damaged hand and stroked it. She looked at Tammy. "I have made several calculations that indicate that the Heather robot's appearance is aesthetically pleasing. Can you please check the validity of my computational conclusions?"

Tammy creased her brow slightly as she showed the other android a puzzled look. Since they were still connected chest-to-chest, Tammy pinged Anya and started the brief download of what was on her mind.

Anya 'thought' in the same way she talked - precise and logical, and rigorously mathematical. Tammy could easily make sense of what Anya had shown her. In under a second, she had checked Anya's calculations. She transmitted her reassurance verbally.

"You're absolutely right. Heather is one pretty robot." she said.

Anya looked at Tammy for a moment, then leaned over to pick up Heather's torso cover. She snapped it back into place and scanned the scene with her optical sensors.

"I also compute that the Heather robot's breasts were constructed to be aesthetically pleasing as well." Anya stated.

Tammy smiled. It looked like they were both glad that Heather's nice perky tits weren't damaged. "Anya, do you have a crush on Heather?"

Anya looked back at Tammy. "Processing." she said. She stood still for a moment then said again "Processing... I am not programmed to have a crush."

Tammy smiled a bigger smile. "Well, I have a crush on her. Mike told me not to show it, but I can't help it." Tammy looked at Heather. "She is pretty, isn't she?"

Anya looked at Heather, then back at Tammy. "My calculations indicate..."

Tammy cut her off by pressing their silicone lips together. She pushed Anya back toward the empty bed as she showed her fellow series 558 that horny expression again. Without speaking, Tammy sent Anya instructions through the connecting cable. Anya followed the orders and layed down on the bed while Tammy got on top of her.

They started a very long and involved kissing session as Tammy sent her digitally rendered fantasies of Heather over to Anya's chest.

"This is what my crush on Heather is like." Tammy said. She looked into Anya's glass camera-eyes for a moment as a string of Tammy's synthetic saliva connected their mouths. They got back to kissing and groping each other while they waited for the humans to return.