

Mike got his own pants off and walked over to the beautiful robot waiting for him on the bed.

"Did you miss me last night?" he said with a grin.

"I am not programmed to miss." Anya replied.

Mike got even harder at her computerised answer. He pushed a blob of the clear gel on to Anya's opening and spread some on his dick. This was the type of lube that would get very warm with friction. Mike's flesh and Anya's silicone could more than handle the extra heat.

Mike crawled on the bed between the android's legs and got into the familiar position. He looked at her eyes and her speaker, and all the amazing technology built around them.

"Hey transistor-face." he said. "Anyone ever tell you how beautiful you are with your facemask removed?"

"Yes." she replied.

Mike smiled and closed his eyes as he pushed hard against the robot's crotch. He pumped in and out slowly but powerfully. His forward thrusts moved her whole body forward as the lube got hotter and hotter.

The stillness of this robo-beauty was a nice contrast to Tammy's wonderfully programmed behaviour. Anya was just so very mechanical and inhuman. She drove Mike wild with her inescapably synthetic charms.

The sexiest word in the English language filled his head as her plastic cunt held on tightly to his throbbing animal meat. "Robot..." he kept thinking, needing only to gaze at the electrically charged LEDs that blinked so quickly and in such pure colours to remind him that she was purely a machine.

The wet slapping sound of furious lust started up as Mike fucked his fembot hard. Her lack of human response turned him on even more, and before long he was ready to climax once more.

He thrust forward one more time as his own fluid shot into the rubber-lined chamber built into Anya's mechanical hips. He pushed out a heavy breath as his body surged with intense sexual pleasure. The sweat on his forehead tingled as his heart beat fast, almost as fast as Anya's LEDs.

"Thanks Anya." he said after he caught his breath. "I love you."

"That does not compute. Love is undefined." she said, giving him the answer he was eagerly expecting.

Mike looked over to the other bed. He saw that Tammy had stopped working on Heather and was masturbating again.

Her pants were down. Her fingers were rapidly stroking her pussy, while her head was disconnected from the rest of her body. It was facing forward between Heather's legs, and giving that fembot's inactive pussy quite a tongue lashing.

Every twitch and caress of those electronically controlled fingers gave rise to a flood of binary data that Tammy's advanced AI chose to interpret differently. By affecting modifications to the

incoming stream of information, Tammy imagined that it was Heather's own robot mouth doing the stimulating.

She made the feeling quite exact and realistic, and literally felt Heather's soft full lips around her labia and clitoris. When her fingers pushed inside and around her vagina, it was like Heather's tongue was doing all the work.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Mike said. He was a little shocked and upset.

"Mmmmmmm..." Tammy's head said. "Let me finish."

Mike got off the bed as his penis dripped on to the covers. He stood up and was on his way over to stop his girlfriend, but decided to wait until she was done.

"You know, she's Byron's woman." Mike said.

Tammy didn't answer. She kept licking while her body jerked itself into another android orgasm. Her legs bowed out as she spread her thighs and pressed her clit hard. Her head used its speaker to convey her synthesised pleasure.

"Ohhhhhhh!" she said between licks and flicks of her pink plastic tongue.

Mike kept watching as Anya stayed motionless on the bed the way he had left her. Mike was flaccid now, but he knew if he kept watching scenes like this he would soon be horny again.

"Tammy, finish up fast and get back to work." he said as he turned to go to the washroom. "Anya, get cleaned up and put your face back on."

Tammy kept moaning while Anya responded "Yes Mike." She got up and followed Mike into the washroom.

Mike wiped off his groin area with a small towel and passed it on to Anya. "She's such a little piggy, isn't she?" he said to the faceless Anya unit.

"That does not compute." she said.

"I knew you'd agree." he said. He slapped her sexy buns on his way out.

He headed over to Tammy and handed her body another towel. "Are you done?" he asked, looking at her head in its position at Heather's crotch.

"Uh huh." she said. The body took the towel, unfolded it and wiped away the smooth, soft plastic that made up her own crotch. She wiped her hands thoroughly and picked up her head.

Mike put on his underwear and pants again as he watched Tammy reattach her head. She smiled at him and started to clean her slobber off of Heather's dormant pussy.

"Don't do that again." Mike said.

"Oh, come on." she complained. "It's not hurting anyone."

"It might hurt Byron." Mike said.

"Oh, you humans and your jealousy. I wish I could program that out of you."

"Well you can't, so use Anya or me to get your jollies." he said.

He was still a little upset, but knew he should be more understanding with this fascinating machine. "Hey, come over here." he said.

They walked toward each other. He held her and said "You understand how important it is for Byron, right?"

She looked at him with her beautiful cameras. "Not really. But don't worry, I'll be good."

Mike gazed into her realistic eyes. "Works for me." he said.

Anya came out of the washroom then and walked by the kissing lovers on her way to pick up her facemask. She silently put it back on to the front of her head and then went to get fully dressed again.

Mike squeezed Tammy's sexy ass as they kissed, then pulled her pants up over her hips too.

"Okay," he said as they separated. "Fun's over for now. Back to work."

"Yes Mike." Anya replied coldly.

Tammy looked at him with her software driven desire and said "Yes Master."

Mike couldn't help but smile and give the fembot another kiss.

"I'll tell Byron he can look at that hard drive now." he said as he went to sit by the phone.