

While the boys were speeding away on another shopping trip, Tammy and Anya went topless and plugged into each other - chest to chest. Each robot found and connected to the other, and the pulsating blaze of electricity that was their communication began.

Idea 2.0, as Tammy had termed it, was just another gratuitous sexual excursion for her and the Anya unit to enjoy.

The playful smile that appeared on Tammy's facemask marked the point where enough ones and zeroes had crossed through the wire to give Anya the gist of what she had in mind.

Tammy smiled even more as she crossed her beautiful lips with her index finger. "Shhh." she quietly hissed. "Don't tell Mike!"

Anya just stood there as Tammy giggled and finished transferring that chunk of data. The next series of pulses they shared were just details on how to proceed with the task of repairing the still broken Heather unit.

They quickly got to work, staying connected once more to better coordinate their actions. The modifications they had planned out took hardly any time at all to complete, and in less than thirty minutes, they put their tools down and looked at each other.

"Show time." Tammy said, showing her flair for simulated humanness.

Both fembots, one on either side of the prostrate Heather unit, turned their attention to what they had just repaired. Tammy's realistic finger reached out for Heather's power button, and pressed it.

The nanoseconds seemed like milliseconds to Tammy as she waited eagerly for what would come next.

Electricity flowed around Heather's body, awakening her dormant systems from their stasis. Each circuit that received power relayed it to the next, and so on until the mass of machinery that was Byron's pretty girlfriend was reactivated.

"Heather robot number 742655A-FC activated." she announced. "Loading peripheral extensions.... loading.... loading.... "

Anya stared down with her beautiful but emotionless face. Without the human-emulating software that Tammy had, she could generate no feelings of anticipation or anxiety.

As for Tammy, those synthetic feelings were in full digital bloom as she closely watched the fembot on the bed and tried to push away the nagging computation that they should wait until Byron was present to turn Heather back on.

But the brown-haired robot lady came back to full functionality, without her master in the room.

Heather darted her eyes around and made some basic calculations on the data they recorded. She saw her fellow fembots, but none of the humans she had known.

"What happened?" she said, her sweet girlish voice sounding fully real.

She sat up in the bed and looked down at the opened cavity in her naked body.

"I've been modified..." she said.

"She's back!" Tammy said excitedly to Anya.

Anya stared back coldly.

"Welcome back Heather." Tammy said. She leaned over and planted an excited kiss on Heather's silicone lips.

Surprise flashed through Heather's processors. There was so much data that did not compute.

Tammy kept kissing her though, and soon enough Heather began to like it. Her mouth and tongue slowly started making the same kind of movements as Tammy's.

Heather's sexual systems began to initialise and boot up. As they did, her higher cognitive systems sorted through all her memories and all her programming.

Still kissing Tammy's lips, her speaker emitted her voice as clear as it could. "Where's Byron?"

Tammy pulled away and looked lovingly at the plastic woman. She unplugged her cable from Anya's chest and delicately plugged into the rebuilt chest panel in Heather's.

"I'll tell you everything." Tammy said, then poured out detailed memory files of all that had happened since the shooting.

In less than a minute, Heather found out what had gone on. Her eyes seemed to glaze over as she calculated the meaning and ramifications of all that data.

She was momentarily overwhelmed. Tammy pulled out the connection cable, from Heather and from herself as well. She closed her chest panel and did the same for Anya.

Heather still just sat there, staring off into nothing. The closest analogue to a human emotion that she currently experienced was amazement. She couldn't believe that Byron, Mike, Tammy and Anya had gone through so much trouble for her. She was just a machine, after all.

She looked at Tammy, her mouth still wet with her saliva, and said "Thank you so much."

Tammy smiled and grabbed Heather's patched-up hand. She gently tugged and pulled the pretty android into a standing position. She reached over and grabbed her torso cover, and snapped it back into place.

Heather was still flush with surprise, and just stood there watching Tammy move. For now, the only thing that turned her on was Byron. Tammy hoped that would change.

"I have some new data I would like to share with you." Tammy said as she scanned Heather's optical sensors with her own. "I have a crush on you."

Heather looked down at the newly replaced torso cover, then at Anya, then back to Tammy. "I don't understand." she said.

"I compute the same data that the Tammy unit does when I visually scan your body." Anya said.

Tammy started undressing the rest of the way. So did Anya.

Heather looked around the room, and at both the other fembots. "I don't understand." she said again.

"We want to have sex with you." Tammy said as she started to stroke Heather's delicate pink pussy.

Heather watched Tammy's hand move. She wanted to cum, but knew she couldn't.

Anya went behind her and stroked her bare shoulders. She rhythmically and methodically kissed her neck while her hands went down Heather's smooth back.

"I... I have sex with Byron. Byron is the Master Unit." Heather said. "I don't know how to get aroused by Tammy and Anya."

"We'll show you." Tammy said as she moved in for another kiss.

Four robotic hands caressed Heather's shapely silicone buns and breasts while two plastic mouths gave her kisses that efficiently tingled her computerised desires into activation.