

Before Heather's circuitry had enough time to cool down and fit the new flood of data into her hierarchically structured artificial intelligence systems, Tammy was computing more sexy maneuvers in her chest. She sorted through several of her vivid, x-rated fembot fantasies, titillating her own electronic sex drive as she did. What she settled on was something less dependant on their advanced technology, but still quite erotic.

"Okay girls," Tammy said, "we'll need our facemasks back on for Lesson 3."

Heather looked at Tammy for a moment, then swung her opened head to look over at Anya. The tall exotic beauty was in the process of retrieving the masks for her fellow humanoid machines.

Without a word, Anya turned and handed Heather her facemask, then gave the other to Tammy. Both robots fitted and snapped the realistic rubberised components back into place and reintegrated them into their hardware profiles.

Now with that pretty human facade covering the raw electronics of her audio/visual sensor system, Heather looked again at Anya and watched the sexy synthetic woman reattach the device that was her face.

Tammy configured a glowing smile on hers. "We're going to show you what these high-tech lips can do for your sensors, honey." she said to Heather.

Heather couldn't help but smile too. "Okay." she said in her sweet, shy kind of way. "This is fun." she said.

"Anya, you and Heather unplug, then wait for my instructions." Tammy said as she removed her panties.

"Yes Tammy." the logical machine replied. She reached out to Heather's chest and pulled out the cord that had connected their insides.

Heather was already getting horny again in anticipation of something that would appear to involve her lips and the area that Tammy was now uncovering.

"Take off your panties too, girls." Tammy said to the other mechanical ladies. They both temporarily unfastened their suspenders from their stockings and pulled their lacy undies down over their plastic thighs.

"Do you and Anya always do this kind of thing?" Heather asked Tammy.

"Whenever we can." Tammy said cheerfully. "I'm glad we're robots. We can go on forever if we wanted!"

"How does Mike feel about you and Anya having sex together?" Heather asked. "Doesn't he get jealous?"

"Mike LOVES it!" Tammy exclaimed. She hopped up on the bed, landing on her sexy bare ass and spreading her thighs wide. She had the biggest allowable smile on her face now. "He loves us both, and he doesn't just love us because we look like beautiful women. He loves us because we're robots."

"Really?" Heather said as she stared at the neat trapezoid of dark hairs laid in to the silicone covering above Tammy's artificial vagina.

"Our master has a strong sexual fetish for female humanoid robots." Anya said emotionlessly.

"You two are so lucky." Heather said. "I can tell Byron doesn't like it when I remove my panel covers. He says he wishes I were human."

Tammy looked over at Anya. "I think Mike would leave us if we were human!" she said. Tammy laughed while Anya stared blankly back.

Anya looked at Heather. "Our master becomes aroused by facemask removal more than anything else." she said.

"Is that why it was so sexy when we did it?" Heather asked, looking from Anya to Tammy.

"Bingo!" Tammy said, legs still spread and smile still activated.

"Bingo?" Heather said. "I don't understand."

"I meant 'yes, you're right'." Tammy explained. "Okay, back to Lesson 3! Anya, get on your knees at the foot of the bed and start eating out my robot pussy!"

"Yes Tammy." the fembot replied.

She walked past Heather and got on her knees.

"Masturbate while you're licking me." Tammy added.

"Yes Tammy." Anya said as she efficiently began her assigned task.

Heather smiled at the sight. She was indeed learning much.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!" Tammy moaned as she pumped out her vaginal lubricant. "Okay, Heather unit, straddle my chest and put that cute robot pussy up against my lips."

"Okay!" she said. Her motion systems sprang into action and got her plastic and metal body on top of the mattresses and on top of Tammy. Heather got her pelvis centered, and watched Tammy as she leaned forward and started to give the silicone genitalia an oral workout.

The combined sounds of digital moans of pleasure poured forth from both Heather's and Tammy's high-resolution speakers while the silent Anya unit licked, kissed and masturbated.

The electronic circuitry within all three women did the complicated and intricate mathematics of sexual pleasure, taking up most of their available computing resources.

Tammy's curvy thighs twitched realistically as Anya sucked the soft pink plastic between her legs. The multitude of delicate sensors built into the synthetic skin of her crotch reacted in a way similar to that of a real vagina, sending ones and zeroes that meant sexual stimulation into the android's advanced processor core.

The rise in body heat that came along with that digital arousal was detected by the equally advanced chips within Heather's body, and matched the rise in temperature dictated by her own presets and programs. Even though it was dry and currently not capable of dripping sweet juice into Tammy's mouth, Heather's vagina was ultra realistic and responsive.

Tammy enjoyed the taste of naked silicone as much as she did synthetic cum. It was the machinery responsible for the realness of all that skin that got her aroused the most. Mike had taught her well how to appreciate electronics in human female form.

Tammy listened to the sounds of sucking, licking, kissing, stroking, panting, huffing, squealing and moaning that filled the room. This data was immeasurably more satisfying to her than her fantasies had been.

The countless microseconds of waiting that had begun when she first saw the Heather unit were finally over. They now shared their artificial passion with abandon. Even Anya, with her strictly computerised and analytical way of processing reality, was experiencing the enjoyment she had longed for in her own way.

To Mike's fembots, the Heather unit was a sexual conquest as much as an electronic friend and a compatible companion. And the three of them all computed that they now shared something that simply could not be experienced by any human, male or female, robot lover or not.

After almost a half hour of electrified sensor stimulation, the fembots heard a car pull back up to the parking spot outside. They heard the car doors open and close, and eventually, the door of the motel room next to theirs.

None of them stopped however. Lesson three was just too much fun to halt.