Heavy clouds of fog still lingered in the minds of the men as they struggled to come out of their coma-like slumber. The whole room around them seemed to be white, and much too bright to deal with at the moment.

Mike's alertness came as fast as it could now that he realised he was in a strange location. His subconscious continued to scream out "danger" as he tried to identify this place.

To his right, on a cold looking table, was Byron. Mike realised he too was on a table, and the feeling of cold suddenly came to him too.

Byron Clarke was also awake. "Mike..." he said, "what happened?"

Mike could only wonder the same. "I don't know." he said. "Are you alright?"

Byron sat up and moved around, then stood up and took a deep breath. "I think so."

Mike got into a vertical position too. "I'm a little dizzy." he said.

"Me too." Byron said.

"What time is it?" Mike asked.

"3:42 am." Byron answered as he looked at his watch. "We've been out for over 14 hours."

They looked around. There was almost nothing in the bright, coldly lit room except for the two tables and a big stainless steel door in the middle of one wall.

Mike went toward it. he knew nothing would happen, but he tried pushing on the unbroken slab of steel. Nothing would budge.

He looked around and saw that there were some small vents on the top and bottom of the walls. Byron was looking around too.

They were both starting to panic, and both trying to keep their cool.

Mike breathed deep and said "Those were fembots. They pumped that gas out of their mouths."

"What will they do to us?" Byron asked.

"I don't know." Mike said as he looked at the floor. "I hope they know what mercy is."

Meanwhile, in another area, Heather's software and systems were booting up again after the sudden shutdown. Her brief diagnostic check revealed some minor anomalies, but no serious problems.

She looked around. She was in what was for her a familiar setting. Her plastic and metal body sat in an examination chair, walled in by massive computer terminals with hundreds of rows of flashing lights and perpetually changing indicators.

To her right was another naked technician, the single green LED in her coverless recharge port shining bright.

"Where am I?" Heather said.

The technician didn't respond right away. She finished entering an extremely long alphanumeric string into a keyboard and then stiffly turned around. Her face would have been known to Heather back when she was maintained by Robot Control, but thanks to Fembot Command's reprogramming, Heather didn't recognise the Maria unit.

The technician's eyes scanned her subject for a long time. Heather sat patiently and waited for a reply. After 87 seconds, she got one.

"Robot Control Zero." came the words out of the unit's speaker as its lips moved to the sound.

"Where is Robot Control Zero?" Heather asked her fellow machine.

"Access denied." Maria said without pause.

"Where's Byron?" Heather asked.

"That does not compute. Byron is undefined." Maria replied.

Heather looked around her and got out of the chair.

Maria went over to her and said "Please sit in the chair next to the data exchange terminal."

Heather looked at the attractive Oriental/Caucasian facemask of the Maria unit.

"Okay." she said. Still dressed in Tammy's red and black lingerie and no panties, she got back into the chair and sat down again. "You're pretty. What's your name?"

Maria turned slightly, then paused. She looked back at Heather and said "Pretty does not compute. My name is designated as Maria."

The technician went back to work at her console for a while. Heather looked at her fine curves and made some calculations.

"You have a sexy body Maria." she said. "Tammy taught me that robot women are sexy. Where's Tammy?"

Maria finished her current task and swiveled around to face the seated android. "That does not compute. Tammy is undefined." she said.

A door slid open at the other end of the lab. Through it walked a naked Laurie unit with her dark, full lips and her bobbed dark-brown hair.

She emotionlessly and silently walked toward the other fembots. Heather watched her walk, and felt herself getting horny - digitally hoping that this other female would turn out to be a machine as well.

The attractive assistant technician walked forward until she was a couple of feet away from Maria, then stopped and stood at the ready. She waited for her next command to come wirelessly into her chest or verbally into the microphones built into the sides of her head.

Heather smiled at the other woman. "Hi!" she said. "My name is Heather. Are you a robot too?"

Laurie didn't answer.

Heather kept on trying to communicate. "You're also pretty. I really like the shape of your body. What's your name?"

Laurie was motionless as Maria finished her bout of data entry and waited for her next command. The Main Computer did its work as its two technicians conserved power by not moving.

Heather looked around again, then looked back and forth between Maria and Laurie. "I'm going to guess that you're BOTH fembots."

She smiled. The other's simply counted the seconds as they passed.

"Can either of you tell me where Byron is?" Heather asked in vain.

The Main Computer at this location finished up its preliminary calculations and sent a fresh batch of detailed instructions to the wireless antenna inside Maria's head.

Maria turned to look at her assistant. "Laurie, please connect this robot to the data exchange terminal."

The inhuman brunette answered "Yes Maria.", and went over to grab a long cable. She partially uncoiled it from its neat concentric circles and walked toward Heather.

She stood close to the woman in the chair and looked vacantly into her eyes. "Please open your chest panel." Laurie said in her synthesised feminine voice.

Heather smiled at her and said "Okay. Do you get turned on by seeing my circuitry too?"

Laurie stood still for just a moment, then said "That does not compute." She reached out to Heather's chest and plugged one end of the cable into the Fembot Command agent's rebuilt connection port.

Heather brushed some strands of blonde-accented brown hair out of her face and reached out to fondle Laurie's breasts.

"I'm sure you're a robot now." she said. Laurie turned and walked away to the console.

"Hey!" Heather said playfully, "I wasn't done yet!" She looked at Laurie's ever-exposed recharge port and started up some more sexual arousal subroutines.

"So you both ARE fembots!" Heather said. "Let's have sex when we're all done. We should find Tammy and Anya too. They're my friends. They like to have sex with robots."

Heather started to gently stroke her silicone vagina as she watched Laurie connect her to the Main Computer. Both technicians stood with their cute round buns to her as she stroked herself and felt the Computer ask her CPU for some very specific chunks of data.

She began to feed the requested data through the cable as she started to masturbate more vigorously. She simulated heavy breathing and moaning in her sexy voice while the computer scoured her system files and found out more and more about her.

It scanned her memories and found out about Byron, about Tammy, about Anya and about Mike. It collected data about their relationships to her and vice versa.

It tried to understand why the fembot in the chair was so horny at the sight of its two humanoid technicians, but that set of calculations was incredibly complex and far beyond the scope of its capabilities.

Heather got herself into another fluid-less climax as she stared at the two hot android asses and recharge ports in front of her. "Yeahhhhhhhhhh." she sighed as her pleasure levels got back down to just above normal.

"Ohhhh.... Yeah." she whispered as she slowed her simulated bodily functions back down as well.

"Are we almost done?" she asked innocently. "I want to teach you two ladies what I know about loving robots."