

Not much more specific data had been gleaned from Rochelle #2, except for detailed digital maps of the remembered routes she had traveled during her mission. The main computing device at Fembot Command had quickly come to the conclusion that a blue, well-kept house in the suburbs definitely had something to do with the other agency. So by the time the main computer over at Robot Control had sent its warning transmission to Robot Lab 6, three more identical blonde females were already on their way over.

The situation over at the lab was not good. Sure enough, the computer there had received the signal and started to delete its own files. However, the eight fembots on the premises were not responding to any of its commands. The independent and irrepressible Tammy robot had by then helped herself to the latest human simulation software and turned Robot Lab 6 into a house of orgy.

Acting on her own unique binary impulses, she set about the task of programming the maid and the remaining five dormant fembots for non-stop sexual activity. After the maid's software had been updated, and with her and Laurie busy performing a technically precise 69 together on the table, Tammy walked over to the glass booths where she had once been stored. Unit by unit, the five fully charged electronic beauties that the hibernating Tammy robot had stood next to for so long were powered up and given a loving kiss hello.

First to be activated was Olivia, another sultry raven-haired babe. She was the tallest of the robots, standing at an even six feet. The petite and curvy Tammy robot had to stand on her toes to kiss this unit. After the pirate programming had been installed, Olivia joined Laurie and the maidbot in their stimulating style of play.

Next up was Theresa, a very pretty and young looking lady with short sandy blonde hair. Her slim athletic figure went from stiff and unyielding to warm and cuddly as she executed Tammy's binary gift within her computer core. She lingered behind Tammy, holding her and caressing her smooth artificial skin as the rebel robot walked over to the next booth.

The glass cover in front of Nadine rose. Tammy opened the slightly taller brown-haired girl's chest and turned her on. They connected and soon Nadine was as frisky as the rest of them, giving Theresa a dose of her plastic tongue while the fit looking blonde played with her shapely rounded buns. They walked off together to explore their new software and very capable bodies like a couple in deep and new love.

A redhead similar in appearance to the Rochelle robots was activated next. Brenda held on to Tammy and became an expert kisser while she tried out various new subroutines of her programs. She knelt down in front of Tammy and flicked her tongue at her clit in thanks. Tammy enjoyed Brenda's services for a while before moving on. When she climaxed, she released that precious juice into Brenda's hungry mouth. The gorgeous redhead smiled and licked her lips as she stood up to go and join the others.

Tammy sighed with computerized delight as she activated the final fembot. Serena was an exotic android with a classically East Indian look, with a body as curvy and voluptuous as Tammy's, and built for showing it off. Tammy placed her plastic hands on the other robot's darker skin as she took in the unauthorized sexual programming. Serena's built-in eastern charms fit in quite nicely with the new sets of functions. She was very eager and well equipped to please.

Tammy took the horny Serena robot by the hand and led her to an empty examination table so she could fill the newly activated woman with the necessary synthetic bodily fluids. The cartridges fit in perfectly, and immediately started to fill the air with their enticing aroma as Serena's mechanical body released them milliliter by millilitre. Tammy snapped the other lady's torso covering back

into place and kissed her again before sending her toward the others with a playful squeeze of her buttocks.

With the exception of the lovely mechanical maid, who was structurally different, the remaining androids were led to the table one by one so Tammy could give them all something to secrete while they played with each other. They all appeared grateful to get so wet, and returned to their orgy with electrically charged vigor.

When the visitors from Fembot Command arrived, the sexy artificial women were busy stimulating their sensors alone and in groups. They kissed, fondled, held, humped, fucked, groped, licked, sucked and rode each other any way they could. Some of their actions and positions could only be accomplished by woman-shaped machines, some were sweet and humanly romantic.

The ultra-robotic maid seemed to be the star of the show. Every other gorgeous android wanted to be with her the most - to kiss her plastic parts, to gaze with perfectly simulated lust at her opened panels, to whisper sweet machine language in her microphones. The maid, programmed to do but not to enjoy, dutifully fulfilled her tasks. Her body clicked and whirred to her stiff movements while her speakers let out loud streams of electronic beeps and tones.

All the robot women rubbed synthetic flesh against synthetic flesh, lubricating their actions with the arousing scent of synthetic girl juice. Robot kisses, android embraces and fembot caresses were exchanged with cold computerized efficiency as the flesh coloured, exquisitely padded machines moved around in their electronic ecstasy.

It was into this situation that the three identical intruders walked. After gaining access to the basement lab in the same way as their counterparts had, they went about their programmed tasks undisturbed by the orgiastic fembots in the room. No shots needed to be fired, no fighting needed to happen.

The computer had already erased itself here too. Not being capable of feeling or showing disappointment, the menacing trio turned their attention from the console to the humanoid devices cavorting all around. Laurie, Serena and Theresa were the first to be commandeered. They offered no resistance at all, only amorous words and actions until they were taken over by the other agency.

The girls from Fembot Command had only brought three of those black boxes, so the captured androids would have to be reprogrammed on the spot. That would free up the black boxes for use on different women. As an added benefit, none of the others resisted or fought the invaders, so there was no need to damage those expensive machines.

Even as their fellow fembots were being subdued by the uninvited visitors, the remaining robot women continued on with their lovemaking. During the time that the three blondes were connected chest panel to chest panel to their captives, they were caressed, kissed and fondled by the naked, emotionless robots around them. Bright lights flashed in the open panels at either ends of the connecting cables while the triplets stood stiff and pushed new programming into their unmoving victims.

Laurie, Serena and Theresa, their bodies still hot and dripping wet, were slowly but surely turned into mindless operatives for Fembot Command. With the reprogramming wrapping up, the black-suited blondes removed the black boxes and moved on to find three more of the females to subjugate. Without any kind of opposition, Olivia, Nadine and Brenda were taken over, their hard drives wiped and written over with Fembot Command's software. Soon, all of the artificial women in the suburban bungalow would be obedient to a different computer. As novel and fascinating as it

was, their newly found desire for love and affection was slated for deletion along with the rest of the old files.

As that went on, the only fembots left were Tammy and the maidbot. The maid remained reclined on an examination table, beeping and rubbing her crotch and staring out with her unblinking mechanical gaze.

Tammy had been upstairs through the whole episode. She had computed that it was necessary to get dressed in some of Robot Control's sexy clothing. There were costumes for any occasion in the walk-in closet upstairs. With her pretty mouth set in a meaningless smile, Tammy had visually scanned each article of clothing and calculated its seductive potential. Even as the three outside agents sawed through the door and shot out the basement scanner, Tammy blissfully sorted and selected an outfit that would make her irresistible to man or machine.

At last she emerged, dressed in tight black spandex shorts, thigh-high black vinyl boots and a transparent vinyl biker jacket over a shiny silver bra. Expecting now to bring the girls up one by one to dress them in alternative outfits, she instead found the intruders reprogramming all of her newly acquired lovers.

Her processors now recognized the danger and instantly computed her next actions. She ran back up the stairs and out the door, grabbing her purse along the way. She quickly got into a waiting car and sped off to the target human's residence. One of the blondes interrupted her data transfer and chased after Tammy. She tailed the sexy black-haired robot all the way to Mike's place. Tammy was sure that the Fembot Command units would kill her human lover. After all, they wanted their existence kept secret.

Unfortunately for him, she had made a grave miscalculation. Fembot Command didn't even know that he existed. He couldn't have been seen as a threat before, but now he certainly was, and Tammy had led Fembot Command right to him.

Tammy got out of the car, leaving the door wide open. She urgently rang the bell and pounded on the door.

Mike was home. He had called in sick to work because he couldn't get Tammy out of his mind. His poor overloaded human brain couldn't concentrate on anything else. To make things worse, he hadn't slept at all since the amazing hours that they had shared, and he was pining badly for the attractive machine. So needless to say he was very happy to see her standing outside his door again. Almost tripping over his clumsy feet, he rushed down the stairs and opened the door.

"Tammy!" he said joyously.

"We have to leave! NOW!" she said as she entered the condo, with as much stress in her synthesized voice and fear on her plastic face as an android could show.

"What's wrong?" he said.

At that moment, the sunglasses-wearing blonde fembot showed up and got out of her vehicle. With her pistol drawn, she walked fast through the human's door. Tammy turned around just as the blonde extended her arm to fire a bullet into Mike's head.

The fembot's aim was flawless, but Tammy had grabbed her arm as she had fired, and the bullet only grazed Mike's shoulder. Acting with what looked like genuine anger, Tammy turned and

flipped the fembot over into the living room, ripping the arm right out of its socket, sleeve and all. A yellow flash of sparks flew out as the blond robot bounced and twitched on the floor. Tammy pried the gun from the cold plastic hand and fired the remaining bullets into the attacker. Fembot Command received distress signals from the fatally damaged robot as her power faded from her circuitry.

Mike looked at the scene in a fresh state of shock. He held on to his wounded shoulder as Tammy took him by the hand and led him into her car.

"They will send more robots to kill you." she said as she chucked the gun under her seat and started the engine.

"Why?" he said.

"You're not supposed to know we exist." she said as she drove fast down the road out of town.

"Where are we going?" he asked, still dazed and pumped full of adrenaline.

"Where they can't find us."

THE END