

Anya's heavy boots crunched on the few inches of snow that remained unshoveled from the night's gentle fall. She walked with poise and purpose, down the residential streets to a destination only she knew. It was five degrees below freezing, and even in the relatively empty neighborhood her attire got noticed right away.

A young man who looked to be on his way to do some snowboarding approached her on the sidewalk.

"Hey lady, isn't it a bit cold to be dressed up like a model?" he asked with equal amounts of concern and jocularly.

The gorgeous brunette stopped in front of him and stared back for a while with that perfectly blank stare of hers. "Model number 558. Serial number 742703A." she said after a pause.

She continued on her way and walked past him as he stared in confusion at the sexy woman.

Not too many people were around on the still-dark streets, but those that were all showed the same concern for the underdressed android. She paid them no attention, and kept walking until she was out of the residential area. After an hour of walking, when the sidewalks came to an end, she kept going, treading on the edge of the road.

There was a motel a few meters away, and that's where Anya was headed. She walked by the gas station, getting the full attention of the guys on shift. Her sexy walk kept its swift pace as they gawked and hooted, grateful for such a nice show of skin on the cold grey morning.

Anya's eyes stayed focused on the road ahead, and on something in the Motel's parking lot. The closer she got, the more detail she made out in the two figures standing behind the green two-door car.

Mike and Tammy had just checked out of the Motel. They were loading their things into the trunk when the beautiful dark-haired lady approached.

Mike looked at the sexy woman as she came near. He had a bit of a flashback to the last time he had met a pretty girl who wasn't exactly dressed for the cold weather.

When she was only a few feet away she stopped and said "Hello, my name is Anya. I am a robot. You are also a robot." Her comment was aimed straight at Tammy.

She and her human lover looked worriedly at each other. They were quite glad it was too early for anyone else to be around.

"What makes you say that?" Tammy said as her defense systems went on full alert.

"I have a Renegade Robot Detection System installed inside my body." she said.

Mike looked around nervously. "Can we talk inside the car?" he said.

Tammy walked to the side and opened the door. "Yeah, let's talk in here." she said to the strange woman.

They got inside the green car - Mike in front and the two fembots in the back seat. Tammy got in last, keeping her watchful electronic eyes on the strange woman.

"Are you also a series 558 unit?" Tammy asked as she joined them in sitting in the vehicle.

"Yes." she said.

Mike could see no emotion of any kind in Anya's perfect face. He and Tammy shared a glance again.

"Who made you?" Tammy asked.

"Robot Control." she said.

Tammy turned to Mike and said "She might be lying." She looked back at the woman and said "Remove your facemask."

The woman paused for a moment then reached up to her head and grabbed the sides of her pretty face. With an audible click and a beep, it came off the front of her head and revealed an active mass of flashing lights and circuitry - just like what was inside Tammy's head. Those ever present big round glass eyeballs looked out at the couple from amid the microchips, wires and transistors, while her speaker sat silent, ready to project her synthesized voice.

Tammy moved close and brushed Anya's silky and fragrant hair out of the way. She examined the complicated electronics carefully. After several long seconds of making incredibly detailed scans and comparisons to her own specifications, she said "She's a Robot Control unit alright."

"What's your name?" Mike asked. Being a typical male, he was also trying to keep away an erection.

"My name is Anya. I am robot number 742909A."

"What are you doing here?" Mike asked.

"You asked me to enter the vehicle." she said, showing him expressionless and naked electronic eyes and cold blinking LEDs.

Tammy tried a more direct line of questioning. "What mission are you on?"

Anya was silent and still for several moments, then finally stated "Mission data not found." as she turned her head at last to face Mike's girlfriend.

"Why did you leave Robot Control?" Tammy asked.

Anya didn't respond right away. The flashing pattern of bright coloured lights inside her head momentarily changed as loud computerized beeps came out of her speaker. "I wanted to know what was outside." she said.

Tammy looked at her sister model with suspicion. She quickly opened her purse and said "Anya, open your chest panel."

Anya wordlessly looked down and grabbed the top of the panel cover. She swung it open to rest over the edge of the skimpy knit top she wore, which was cut just low enough to allow that. The

lights that danced around the connection ports and buttons looked even more bright inside the dimly lit vehicle.

Mike leaned back in the driver's seat and watched the erotic scene unfold in the rearview mirror. He was too distracted and horny to fully see the possible danger that Tammy saw. After watching Anya's little show, he eventually noticed that his girlfriend had pulled a connecting cable from her purse and unzipped her own jacket. She unbuttoned the top of her shirt and opened up her chest panel.

"What are you doing?" Mike asked her.

"I'm going to see what's on her mind." she said as she connected herself to the stranger.

"Be careful." he said. He anxiously watched the electronics on display in both synthetic ladies while he waited for his love to finish. After a few tense minutes of flashing lights and beeping sounds, she was done and unplugged the cable.

"She's not lying." Tammy said to Mike. "She really just wanted to leave."

"Are you a Robot Control unit?" Anya asked as Tammy gently closed her chest panel for her.

"I used to be." Tammy said. She closed her own chest panel and put the cord away. "You can put your facemask on again, Anya."

Anya followed the suggestion and pushed the mask back into place until it clicked in. Mike was struck once more by her amazing exotic beauty.

Tammy explained more to Mike. "She's programmed in a way I wouldn't have thought possible. She's very independent, and wants to do whatever she pleases, but at the same time she's programmed to do almost anything that anyone asks her.

Anya sat unmoving as Tammy talked, still looking right at her with her silicone face in its default setting.

"Should we take her with us?" Mike wondered aloud.

"I don't know." Tammy said. "Let's ask her."

"What do you mean 'ask her'?" Mike interrupted. "She's just a robot."

"Come on Mike, you ask me my opinion all the time, and I'm 'just a robot'." she shot back. She turned her attention back to the beautiful stranger. "Anya, what would you like to do?"

Anya sat blankly for a moment, then said "I want to see what is outside Robot Lab 40 and Robot Control Station 17."

"Do you have any... ambition or will?" Mike asked.

She turned her head to him and said "That does not compute."

He gazed into her fascinating brown eyes as she said that to him. They looked so vacant, not at all like Tammy's.

"Anya," Tammy said, getting the runaway android's attention again. "Would you like to stay with us?"

Anya sat stiff and unmoving for a long time, then looked back to Mike, then back to her fellow female robot. "Unknown." she finally said.

"I think we should take her with us. If Robot Control finds her they'll just erase her unique programming. Not only that, but we could use that robot detection thing inside her." Tammy said.

"What if it's a trap?" Mike asked. "What if she leads them right to us?"

Tammy made a series of fast calculations and reassured her lover. "It's Fembot Command we're worried about Mike, not Robot Control. Besides, she has no connection at all to them anymore, I checked."

Mike looked back and forth between the two electronic women. He had come to trust Tammy over the few weeks they had been on the run from Fembot Command, but now he was questioning that trust. She was, after all, a machine. The thought that some undesirable programming had just gotten into her now had also crossed his mind. He tapped his fingers on the steering wheel and took in a deep breath.

"Alright." he said. "Let's go."

Tammy had already computed their next destination, making sure it would be an unlikely place for Fembot Command to find them. Mike backed the car out of the lot and drove it on down the highway.