

Before long, Tammy had dressed her deactivated fellow-fembot in her new selection of appropriate clothing, and Mike had driven the reliable green car through the snowy woods to their next destination. The small town was just big enough to have a couple of motels, and one of them would do nicely for a few nights layover.

"You'd better turn her on again. And keep an eye on her." Mike said to Tammy.

Tammy nodded in acknowledgement and unzipped Anya's fleece hoody so she could open her chest panel. With another push of the red power button, Anya beeped and booted up.

"Anya robot number 742703A activated." she said.

Mike watched her through the mirror, hoping she wouldn't do anything irrational. And that, in turn, made him wonder just what kind of behaviour would be considered irrational from her synthetic perspective.

As Tammy finished up with Anya, Mike pulled the car into the front lot of the motel. "Alright, get us two beds this time, little miss multilingual." he said to his love.

"Oui Maître." she said. She got out of the car.

In a short time she got a room with all the available amenities and emerged with two sets of keys in hand. Anya turned her head and looked mindlessly out the window. Mike let his finger hover over the door lock button again as he waited for Tammy to get back into the car.

"Anya." he called loudly, to get her attention. "Anya, look at me."

The brunette android pointed her painted pretty eyes at his reflection.

"Stay where you are." he commanded.

"Yes Mike." she said.

Tammy got back in the car. "Room 214, on the other side of the building. There's a grocery store on the main street in town."

"Excellente!" Mike exclaimed in a silly faux-spanish accent. He pulled the car over the few speedbumps and around to the other side of the ugly orange and white motel.

"Tammy, get out and go over to Anya's side of the car, then hold on to her hand until we're in our room." he said.

"Okay." she said as she grabbed her purse and Anya's and got out of the car.

Mike turned off the ignition and got out. He opened the trunk and got their bags, then followed the two female androids up the black iron fire-escape style staircase to the second level of rooms.

The small room inside was dark, and had the unpleasant odour of disinfectant to it. Mike looked around then closed the door and locked it behind him. Tammy let go of Anya's mechanical hand and walked over to draw shut the heavy smoke-stained drapes.

"Well, time to do your thing with Anya." he said. "I'm gonna take a shower. You need my help for anything?"

"Nothing that I can compute right now." she said as she took off her down-filled jacket.

"So how long do you think it will take to reprogram her?" he asked as he started to get out of his clothes.

"That depends on a few factors. Anywhere from two to six hours."

"Six hours? Yikes."

"I know a thing or two about the 558 series, so I'm guessing it won't take that long." she said reassuringly as she got a connection cable ready and opened her chest panel.

Anya was standing still right where she had stopped a couple of minutes ago. Tammy walked up to her and removed her winter coat.

"Anya, lie down on that bed."

"Yes Tammy." she said, and obediently complied with the order.

"After my shower, I'll need some food." Mike said. "We'll have to hide you two from pizza dude."

Tammy swung open the chest panel of the now reclined Anya unit and said "I'll just pull a blanket over us and pretend we're humping."

A smile came to Mike's face at the thought of two female humanoid robots engaged in that act. "Why just pretend?"

Tammy smiled and let out one of her not quite real laughs. "There'll be lots of time for that later Mike."

"Okay, see you in ten minutes." he said as he stepped out of his pants and walked to the washroom.

"Alright Anya," Tammy said as she moved a chair over to the side of the bed, "Let's see what's under the hood."

She leaned forward, and with a click removed Anya's facemask. Tammy's cameras zoomed in and scanned each flashing LED, feeding the video stream through her processors and software algorithms to glean meaning from it all.

"Anya, I'm going to connect to your main processor core. Do not resist." she said as she plugged the cable into her chest, then Anya's.

"Yes Tammy." Anya said while Tammy watched her opened head.

Mike's raven-haired electronic girlfriend probed the stranger's software bit by bit, byte by byte, and line by line. She started with the most basic of Anya's programming, the BIOS. It was identical to that which was inside all of Robot Controls artificial women, and Anya proved to be no exception. Every last one and every last zero matched up with what Tammy herself had stored behind her big beautiful breasts.

Tammy was silent and unmoving through the process, as was Anya - except for her computerized beeps and bright flashing lights. The examiner's processors worked ceaselessly, sending signals through the USB wire into Anya's chest, and receiving data in return. It worked a little like sonar, and with every ping, more detail of Anya's inner workings was revealed.

Her strange software protocols soon became apparent to the Tammy unit. That particular batch of programming and data added up to a sort of personality that was both fiercely independent and unquestioningly obedient. And the reasons for that didn't start to become clear to Tammy until after Mike stepped out of the shower.

"How's it coming along?" he asked as he pulled his boxers back on.

Tammy didn't respond right away, but he expected that. When she did reply, she didn't say a whole lot. "Not now."

Mike yawned and got out the phone book. Even though most of the yellow pages were in French, he was able to find a pizza place. Unfortunately for him, no one at the restaurant spoke English.

He put the phone away and remembered seeing a vending machine in the motel lobby.

"Well, if my translator's ignoring me, I'll be forced to eat junk food!" he said jokingly as he finished getting dressed.

He tried to keep his hard erection hidden under his coat as he walked past the two fembots and their little data exchange session.

"Wow, now I've got two of 'em!" he thought to himself as he locked the door and went to get some chips.

Meanwhile, Tammy's AI was analysing the fast flowing data and beginning to understand what motivated her sister android. The more she probed, the more it looked as though that Renegade Robot Detection System wasn't supposed to be inside her. In fact, Anya was supposed to be the renegade robot. That was why some Main Computer somewhere had rendered her completely disconnected from her network, and made her so oddly autonomous.

Tammy was well on her way to finding out all she could about everything inside of Anya. All of the coded software that made her 'be' and all of the specifications of the electromechanical hardware that gave her form were poured into Tammy's processors as lightning fast flashes of current through a thin bundle of copper strands.

Tammy was so immersed in the process of detailed analysis of one of her kind that she hadn't even paid attention to Mike's return or any of the things he had said. She only recorded the ongoing audio/video stream, paying total attention instead to the faceless android woman on the bed.

Almost three hours later, when Tammy had scanned the other 558 unit with 100% thoroughness, she sorted through all else that she had missed going on in the meantime.

She turned to Mike and said "Sorry to ignore you for so long."

Mike looked up from his book. "Hey, I remember you!" he said.

"Shut up." she said. "I'm done my scans."

"Well, let the reprogramming begin."

"Not so fast." she said. She leaned forward again and reattached Anya's facemask. "I have to talk with you about that."