

"Well," Mike said, "First order me a pizza. You know what I like on it."

Tammy rolled her eyes. "Oh, you and your non-electrical power system." She got up and sat on the other bed, beside the phone. Looking so much more human than she did a mere three weeks ago, she flipped casually through the small area yellow pages and found an ad for the town they were in.

Her sarcastic comment had reminded Mike of her own needs to, and he went to one of her bags and got out her recharge cord. While she spoke on the phone in perfect French with a flawless local accent, he lifted the back of her sweater and opened her recharge port. He pushed the cord in and uncoiled it as he walked over to the wall outlet. Tammy finished ordering the food for her master, politely thanked the person at the other end and hung up.

Mike had sat down next to her again. She turned his way and gave him a quick kiss.

"Thanks, dear." she said.

"Anything for you." he said as he gave her breast a playful squeeze. "Now, what's the story with Anya?"

"Well, you know how she's got that robot detection device inside her?"

"Yeah."

"I can't penetrate its security settings to find out what kind of software runs through it."

"You mean you couldn't scan it?"

"I don't know how."

They looked over at Anya, lying exactly where Tammy had left her, with her chest panel still open. She seemed oblivious to everything.

"One thing I found out though," Tammy continued, "is that if Anya's core programming is altered from the outside, that device will send out wireless error signals, like a beacon."

"And then what?"

"I don't know. You're the creative one, what do you suppose would happen?"

Mike thought for a moment. The idea of their new travel companion broadcasting her whereabouts to her creators - or worse - didn't sit right with him.

"That thing's not sending signals right now, is it?" he asked.

"No. I'm pretty sure it's not."

"Well, is there any way we can make her easier to control? Otherwise we'll have to abandon her somewhere."

"I made some preliminary calculations on that, and I think there might be a way."

Mike silently waited for her to explain.

"Anya is not programmed with a mission." Tammy stated. "She said so herself, and I didn't find one while I was scanning her."

"So how does that help us?"

"We could still program a mission into her - without upsetting the detection device."

"Are you sure?"

"89.33% sure. See, the device is... how do I put this... it's expecting her to have a mission. For androids like me and Anya, the mission programming is our whole reason for existing."

"So, if we think of a mission to program into her, you could do the programming?"

"Yes."

"How 'bout something like your mission?"

"To let you teach me how to love? Do you think that would work for Anya?"

Mike thought for a while. "That depends on what we want to use her for. We need that detection device for telling us if there are any of those Fembot Command agents around."

"I want her to be like me - self aware."

Mike scoffed. "You think you're self aware?"

Tammy's facemask immediately configured itself into a look of indignation. "I don't just think I am, I know I am."

Mike was more than surprised. "What? In all the time I've spent with you, I've never suspected that you viewed yourself that way. But, I guess If you view yourself in any way, you're already self aware... to some extent. Am I right?"

Tammy was undeterred. "I'm not just your fuck toy, Buster." she said, showing him for the first time her pissed-off mode. "I'm a person."

"How long have you felt that way?" he asked, barely concealing his pride in her.

"For almost five days. Remember? You were falling asleep, you were holding me, and you said you loved me. The data was just so... clear. It was the first time I realised you really did, and my very next computation was that I was a person."

"Wow." he said. "I'm impressed."

She kept looking at him with that look of borderline outrage.

"Well, what are you so mad about? You never told me!" he said.

"I thought you knew." she said as she looked back in Anya's direction.

"I know now. Stop being mad. That's an order!" he said with a smile.

She looked at him again and started to laugh. This time her laugh sounded more real to him, although it was the same type of synthesized sound that always came out of her speaker.

He put his arm around her. "I'm so proud of you. This is so cool." he said as he moved closer for a kiss.

Anya sat up suddenly. She looked at Tammy and emotionlessly said "I want to touch your body."

Mike & Tammy looked at each other. "I think we'd better shut her off until after pizza dude has come and gone." he said.

"Agreed." Tammy said as she stood up. "Anya, lie down again."

"Yes Tammy." she said, and got herself horizontal once more.

Tammy reached out and pressed the power button in Anya's chest. Then she closed up the panel and rolled her over while she beeped so she could get her under the bed sheets.

Mike watched his sexy robot girlfriend move as she trailed the electrical cord behind her. He found himself not thinking of the situation with Anya so much as Tammy's revelation to him.

There was a knock on the door.

"Pizza dude." Tammy said. "I'm 82.59% sure."

She finished tucking Anya into the bed as Mike unplugged the cord from the small of her back. He pushed it out of view while Tammy closed up her recharge port and got her purse.

She answered the door and greeted the pimply-faced driver in French, leaving him a decent tip while Mike salivated over the aroma of all those artery-clogging toppings.

He grabbed a small towel and quickly devoured slice after slice of the hot pizza. Meanwhile, Tammy plugged herself back in and started to undress.

"Come on human, finish eating so we can interface."

Mike just smiled while the oil from the pizza dripped down his chin. He wondered if Tammy could possibly make him any happier than she had already.