

The two silent fembots carried Byron's former classmate to the spare bedroom, which would now be considered his own. They laid him down fully clothed on the clean sheets and covered him neatly with the blankets.

The sleeping gas Melanie had used on him would wear off in a few hours, and Dustin would then wake as Byron had before him.

The maid received new instructions from the Master Computing device and beeped and whirred on her way to work. Melanie walked stiffly down to the basement lab. She had switched off her human simulation programs, and met the red laser scanning grid machine to machine.

When the female-voiced box on the wall announced "SCANNING COMPLETE", the skinny blonde fembot walked inside to greet Natasha. The two ladies went through their preprogrammed formalities and prepared for a download of information from Melanie's head and chest into the console.

Natasha ordered Melanie to remove her facemask. Melanie did as she was instructed. Natasha connected cables to ports that Dustin would never have imagined existed just beneath Melanie's smooth, attractive complexion.

The computer recorded all the blonde had heard and seen while on her latest assignment, right up to the point where the naked technician droid had connected her to the console. Everything had gone according to plan, but there was something odd about the visuals recorded in the garage.

Faster than it would take a synthetic eyelid mechanism to close and reopen, the Master Computing Device sent new wireless orders to the mechanical French maid to investigate the door on the side of the garage.

Upstairs, the maid suddenly stopped her task of washing Byron's dishes and made loud confirmatory beeps amid her constant series of non-stop computerised noises. Her lifeless eyes stared eerily out ahead as she loaded and acted upon her new instructions. Her cold limbs moved in a mechanised way as she walked through the house to the unlit garage.

Her scans were relayed back to the supercomputer as soon as she made them. It had slowed down its download and analysis of data from Melanie's chest to accommodate the extra flow of binary information.

What the maid robot saw was not good. It saw the hole in the door, and the melted dirty snow that had been tracked by two sets of snowshoe covered feet around the area of Byron's car.

The short-haired blonde device stood there, unthinking and unfeeling as it waited for more instructions. When it got them, it walked outside to follow the snowshoe tracks. They went off as far as the robomaid's electronic eyes could scan. The maid followed them until the trail went into the thick of trees.

In the snow and cold, the inhuman fembot stood motionless again, beeping and buzzing as always until the supercomputer summoned her once more inside. Her job was done.

The conclusion that formed inside the circuitry of the console hardly needed more evidence. The human had escaped.

To make things much worse for Fembot Command, he had escaped with one of their humanoid robots - the very unit that had been programmed to disallow such a thing.

A madly blazing and drawn out series of difficult calculations went on amid the consoles and their flashing lights and clicking and beeping signals. The data on the hard drives in Melanie's chest hadn't even been fully transferred before the Master Computing Device started to try and figure out what to do.

One intense calculation after another was pounded out by the mainframe as it's naked input/output device smiled vacantly and watched several display monitors at once. It would be nearly an hour before the powerful consoles made any progress on creating a solution to the problems it had calculated.

It was still slow and ineffective as it always had been in precisely the areas it had expected Byron to improve. That was the whole reason it had gone through all the risk and trouble of bringing Dustin here as well. He was supposed to help Byron do his work.

Now, while the computer ran itself hot and risked overheating and crashing, the human and the doubly stolen android were only getting farther and farther away. Melanie's transfer eventually finished, although she remained seated in the examination chair and connected to the console. Natasha stood still and silent after finishing her job. The maid was mindlessly applying sweetly scented liquid detergent to a stubborn grease stain upstairs. At no time this far had any of this expensive machinery decided to follow the tracks.

At the other end of those tracks - and making them grow ever longer - were the two escaping lovers. Heather had shut down all of her non-vital systems to conserve power, and in a way so had Byron.

He was sweating fiercely. Heather had decided not to. They moved as fast as the human could over the deep and soft snow. The snowshoes were a godsend for this terrain, but they still had much of it to cross.

"How much more?" Byron said with an exhale.

"1.02 miles." Heather responded, her speech not releasing a cloud of vapour in the cold air like Byron's.

"God, let there be traffic on that highway." Byron thought to himself as he kept his head down and watched the land get forced behind him by his aching legs. His dress shoes weren't good at all at keeping his feet warm. He wished now that he had put on extra socks.

Back at Fembot Command Station 21, the supercomputer had started working on a second plan of action while it calculated the never ending string of data for the first one. This was, perhaps, unwise, but the steel and plastic encased machinery down there in that cold basement couldn't see that.

As many computing resources as it took away from the more important set of calculations, this other plan began to take shape within the supercomputer's memory. It had learned a lot about the best way to conduct this type of operation. It had noticed certain patterns from all of the data it had collected.

And so it was that Melanie and not Natasha was programmed and prepared to go upstairs to welcome Dustin to the secluded, lonely cabin. After receiving the last bits of data from the console, Natasha unplugged her and closed her chest panel. Melanie activated the new programming and reattached her facemask. She left her cotton shirt partially unbuttoned - all the better to greet the human lying unconscious in that bed.

She walked out the door and up the stairs, activating her human simulation programs as she did. She walked past the maidbot and went to stand inside Dustin's bedroom. Her task was to wait until he awoke, then tell him where he was and why he was there. She would also let him in on a little secret of her own.

The computer in the basement churned away ones and zeroes for a long time after that, giving Byron and Heather a chance to finally reach the end of the trees and the highway before it finalised its plan.

Just as the two fugitives caught sight of the road, two of those mean-looking and identical blonde fembot enforcers were activated and given their programming. The third lay partially disassembled on a table, thanks to some of Byron's previous work. As the two activated units dressed and got ready to give chase, the third was hastily put back together by Natasha's able hands.