

Byron took a look down at Heather's hand as she held his. It was then he noticed that the synthetic skin covering the realistic mechanism beneath had somehow gotten torn.

"Oh no." Byron said.

"What?" Mike said worriedly. He was already feeling quite tense. He didn't need more to fret over.

"Heather's hand is damaged." he said. "It must've happened when she punched through that door when we escaped."

"Let me see." Mike said as he turned around in the seat again.

Byron held heather's hand out for Mike to view. Mike turned on the ceiling light and looked it over.

"Anya, have a look at this. Do some scans and see if this is fixable."

"Yes Mike." Anya replied. She leaned over and silently stared at the other fembot's busted metal knuckles. The high-tech cameras behind Anya's beautiful eyes scanned in visible and non-visible wavelengths, and were able to gather information about the structure and state of the object in front of them.

"Scan complete." she said mechanically as she turned her head to look up at her master. "This robot's hand can be repaired easily. Would you like to hear the results of my scan?"

"No, not now." Mike said as he turned the light off. He knew that Anya's report would be lengthy and detailed to the point of tedium. He didn't need to know the status of every last wire in that broken hand.

"It still works like it should." Heather chimed in. She flexed and turned her hand for the spectators to see as she smiled proudly.

"We can probably get what we need to fix it at the nearest hardware store." Tammy said. "Until then, you should probably keep her gloves on in public." she said as she looked at Byron's reflection in the rearview.

Byron nodded. "Alright." He turned again to Heather. "Why don't you run a complete diagnostic on yourself, dear?" he said.

Heather looked at him and smiled. Mike saw love in that look.

"Okay Byron." Heather said. She went stiff as she changed modes. "DIAGNOSTIC MODE." she stated in the monotone and robotic version of her voice.

Mike leaned back in the chair as Heather stared coldly ahead. He was getting turned on by Heather, but he knew that she was off limits. He had never expected to meet a fembot that was already spoken for.

He looked over to Tammy. There was his love. And things were more than fair, as he even had Anya to play with. He would have no problem keeping his sexual thoughts away from Byron's woman.

Mike turned the radio up slightly as the humans and fembots relaxed and darted down the empty road.

"What kind of music are you into, Byron?" Mike asked.

"Classical." he said.

"Like Pink Floyd? This is a classic." Mike said, referring to the raucous melody coming out of the car's speakers. "Or how bout Zeppelin?"

Byron wasn't amused, but he showed Mike a tiny smile anyway. "More like Beethoven, Mozart, Tchaikovsky. That kind of music."

"That stuff's good too. Tell you what, after this song, Tammy will scan the dial for you. She gets good reception."

Byron laughed a little. "Okay then, sounds good."

Mike saw a sign go by, and from the little French he could decipher, he knew it said there was a gas station ahead. The prominent logo of the nation's biggest oil and gas company was an even stronger indicator.

"Tammy," Mike said as he looked her way "Let's make a little pit stop at that gas station ahead."

"Oui Maître." she said.

"Tammy can speak pretty much every language there is." Mike boasted to Byron. "I'll bet you could program Heather to do the same."

"I suppose so." Byron said.

He held Heather's hand as she sat completely unmoving between him and the beautiful Anya robot. Anya was just as unmoving, but she was always like that. That combination of beauty and artificialness made her irresistible to Mike. It made her irresistible to Tammy as well. She had decided to share Mike's fetish for female androids, and so it was that she lusted after Heather in her own computerised way.

As she drove, she kept most of her processor power dedicated to that act, but there was a small video playing in a loop in the corner of her field of vision. A small fraction of her computing time had been set aside for watching these repeating clips that she had recorded. She watched Heather's pretty face, her sexy way of moving. The images of her opened chest panel and even of the exposed machinery of her damaged hand played repeatedly as well.

Tammy had generated algorithms and subroutines that allowed her to replay these clips and to become sexually aroused by them. These digital daydreams were just as potent and effective as the dreams and fantasies of any real man or woman. Tammy was getting quite turned on as she replayed again and again the scene of Byron unzipping her coat and sweater and opening her chest panel. Those flashing lights and exposed connection ports framed by synthetic flesh made her as horny as they made Mike.

Mike looked over at Tammy as she closed her eyes for a short while and pressed her thighs together. He could see she was getting aroused, as her cheeks were getting a little red and her simulated breathing was a little faster.

"How much further?" Mike said.

The Tammy robot snapped out of her little daydream and looked at him. She had that very horny look on her face.

"12.68 kilometers." she said.

Mike wondered what was getting his woman so hot under the collar. "Find Byron some classical music, will you?" he said.

"Oui Maître." she replied as she turned the dial and listened with her sensitive electronic ears.

Soon an exotic yet playful piano melody, masterfully written and played came out of the stereo. Mike turned it up.

"Franz Liszt!" Byron said. "Thank you Mike."

"Any time." Mike said. "I'm just glad it's not opera."

"Indeed!" Byron said as they both laughed.