

Tammy kept her eyes on the road as she drove of course, but since she could process many areas of her field of vision at once, she was also watching Heather.

She certainly was smitten. All she had seen of this other artificial woman so far was her head and her open chest panel, but already Tammy had a computerised crush on her.

Tammy was secreting her homemade vaginal fluid drop by sweet drop as she replayed those video clips she had recorded. She watched over and over again the sight of Heather booting up and emotionlessly announcing her name and serial number.

As more minutes went by, Tammy began to construct digital fantasies. She used information already stored on her hard drive to generate a binary kind of fantasy video. In this clip, Heather took off her facemask and showed Tammy the electronic circuitry in her head.

When Tammy watched that fantasy playing in the corner of her cameras' field of vision, she closed her eyes and let out a little moan. Again she pressed her thighs together as the space between them got warm and moist.

Mike was watching her. "You okay?" he asked.

When she turned her own electronic head his way he could tell she was very aroused.

"Tell you what, I'll drive the rest of the way." Mike said.

Tammy couldn't compute what the reason for Mike's decision was, but she obeyed his implied command.

"Okay." she said sweetly.

The car slowed and pulled over to the side of the road.

Byron was holding and thinking about Heather's damaged hand as she ran diagnostic examinations on her system. He looked around when the speed dropped. "Why are we stopping?" he asked.

"I'm gonna switch seats with Tammy." Mike said.

Byron was satisfied with the explanation. He gazed outside at the trees, and the winding road behind them.

Mike and Tammy both got out of the car and walked around. When they met in front, they had a little chat.

"Is there something wrong with you?" Mike said, not accusing but concerned for his lover.

"No. Why?" Tammy said, tilting her pretty head in a way that she knew drove him wild.

"You're distracted. You're also really horny, more than usual."

"I've got a crush on Heather." she said with a proud smile.

"What?"

"You heard me. She's so adorable!"

"She's off limits." Mike said, more to remind himself.

"Okay. I'll be good."

They walked past each other and got back into the car. Byron had watched them, and wondered what they were talking about.

"Okay, another couple of clicks?" Mike said as he settled in the seat and fastened the belt.

"3.03 kilometers." his helpful assistant said.

"We'll reach that gas station soon Byron." Mike said as he looked at him through the mirror. "You need anything to eat or drink?"

"I'll just grab myself a hot chocolate." he said.

"Alright." Mike said. He kept his eyes open for more road signs while the piano music continued in the background.

Tammy had taken advantage of her seat switch to fill her entire field of vision with more digital fantasies. She generated and projected more sexually charged scenes of Heather into her sight - Heather removing her facemask while masturbating, Heather opening her abdominal panel, Heather plugging a recharge cable into the back of her naked robot body.

They were all scenes that would have aroused her master, and because of the way she had altered her programming, they turned her on just as much. She began to rub her crotch lightly under her jacket and through her pants.

Mike noticed that after a short while. He was about to tell her to stop, but something about her being an android made it more acceptable to him in this situation. Besides, he was sure Byron couldn't see exactly what she was up to.

"DIAGNOSTIC SCANS COMPLETE." Heather suddenly announced in the flat and cold monotone that came along with the self-checking mode.

She brought herself out of diagnostic mode and announced the results in a more lively and life-like fashion. She turned to Byron and said "There's no internal or structural damage. Everything's working just fine."

Tammy turned to look at Heather. She showed the other fembot a loving smile. "We can fix your hand Heather. I know exactly what to do. I'll give you the kind of attention and treatment only another fembot can give."

She was obviously doting on Byron's synthetic girlfriend. Heather didn't have the programming to recognise or deal with it. Byron was understandably puzzled by this other machine's behaviour.

"Tammy," Mike said, making sure he was heard over the music, "Can you calculate the best ten choices of towns for us to stop in next?"

"Okay." she said as she turned back around in her seat and made the long and necessary calculations. Their destination had already been chosen the night before, so it seemed odd to Tammy that Mike would give her a task like that with so many computations to make.

But his aim was to make her shut up and sit still. It worked.

He looked at Anya's reflection. He wondered if she was going gaga over Heather like Tammy was. Under different circumstances he would have found this fembot to fembot attraction quite cool, but he didn't like the way Tammy was acting in a situation that was still potentially dangerous.

"Gas station, dead ahead." he called out as he saw the lone structure on the horizon. The building was quite isolated. Apart from clusters of signs and billboards it was the only sign of urban life in the area.

He pulled the car to the side of the road and up onto the raised branch that led to the sheltered pumps. He put the brakes on more or less in line with the tank and stopped the engine.

"Everybody out to stretch. Except you Anya."

"Yes Mike." she automatically replied.

The four of them got out of the vehicle. The two humans among them were grateful to have a chance to stretch out and walk around.

Byron took Heather by the hand and spoke softly into her ear "Act as human-like as possible. We can't let anyone know what you are."

She shook her head yes and they walked up to the heavily grilled glass doors of the store.

Mike walked over to Tammy, who was busy putting the gasoline nozzle into the car. "Snap out of it." he said.

"What?" she said, looking almost offended.

"I need you alert. Save the sex for later, got it?"

She couldn't argue. She was programmed to obey him. "Okay." she said. Her facemask had a shape of reluctance to it. Her current digital fantasy - with a naked Heather flicking her nipples with her fingertips - abruptly ended and vanished from her field of view.

All of Tammy's computing resources were now available. She topped up the tank and grabbed her purse. Her and Mike went into the store so she could pay. He had a hankering for some beef jerky.

"Bonjour." Mike said as he stepped inside. Tammy said the same.

The middle aged, old looking couple behind the counter didn't bother to smile at this first bunch of people they had seen for hours. They merely nodded and watched them intensely as if trying to deter them from stealing.

Another car pulled up to the pumps then. The shopkeepers would have even more company.

Tammy paid for her gas while Byron poured himself a cup of brownish liquid that could almost pass for hot chocolate. He went up to pay as Heather milled about behind him. The electronic bell of the door was heard as one more person came into the store.

A loud gunshot split the air. Heather's chest crackled and sparked violently as she fell backwards to the dirty floor.

"NO!" Byron shouted as he dropped his drink.

The blonde with the gun looked coldly around. The couple behind the counter put their hands in the air as the fembot with black sunglasses stiffly and slowly took aim at Byron.