

As if Byron wasn't uncomfortable enough sleeping next to an electronic temptress, Anya began to masturbate - and in no subtle way.

She began like an alarm going off. She stretched out and rolled on to her back in one quick motion, then spread her legs and thrust both hands downward in the next.

"Beginning sensory stimulus." she announced in her strictly logical way.

Before Byron could figure out what was going on, she began to verbally relay the changes in her body's state. "Internal temperature rising. Now at 37.3° Celsius." she said.

Her voice was already too loud to ignore, just as her words were too odd to ignore. Soon, Byron could no longer even try to forget about the motion picked up and amplified by the motel mattress.

"Vaginal sensor activity increasing. Now at 218% of normal levels." she said.

"Anya, what the hell are you doing?" Byron said. It was clear that he was very annoyed and frustrated.

"I am masturbating. Would you like to help me?"

Byron got mad. "Stop that! Stop it right now."

Anya stopped what she was doing. "My masturbatory cycle has not yet completed." she told him.

Byron clenched his teeth. He couldn't stand dealing with intransigent androids. "Finish in the washroom." he ordered. "When you come back, just lie next to me and pretend you're sleeping."

"Yes Byron." she said vacantly and got up. He was expecting her to sound a little offended, but there was not a trace of emotion in her digitally generated voice.

The gorgeous fembot got up efficiently, and in the same manner walked in the dark motel room to the washroom.

She didn't turn on any lights that might have further aggravated him, but she didn't close the door either. She stood naked in the dark tiled room and continued right where she had left off.

"Clitoris-specific sensor clusters are at maximal stimulation values." she said loud and clear as Byron shut his eyes tight and pulled the covers over his head.

He decided to wait it out. It struck him that Mike must have really enjoyed seeing Anya's inhuman display of mechanistic arousal. It was torture for him to listen to that soulless machine do what he had watched his Heather do, and what he had taught her to do so well for her own simulated pleasure. All he could think about was the damaged and non-functioning android in the room on the other side of the thin wall behind him.

Anya kept up her little play session for exactly five minutes, including the time she had spent in bed next to Byron. "Masturbation session complete." she said in her near-monotone, and walked back into the main room.

Byron was huddled under the covers and facing away - trying to be as far away as he could. He expected to say no to another request for sex from the mindless bimbo next to him, but she said

nothing after sliding into bed beside him. She did exactly as he had ordered and layed next to him with her sleep simulation programs booting up and running.

A few feet away, behind the thin wallpaper, drywall and 2x4s that separated them, Mike and Tammy held on to each other - in love. Mike had heard Byron's loud command to Anya to stop what she was doing. He felt bad now that his generous plan had backfired. He honestly thought that he could share the sexy Anya unit, and that Byron would appreciate the gesture.

"What's wrong?" Tammy said quietly. She had been reading him in the dark.

"I thought Byron would want to, you know, try Anya on for size... while Heather's being fixed."

"Why doesn't he?" she asked innocently. "Anya's beautiful."

"Cause he loves Heather." Mike answered.

"I don't understand."

Mike looked at the soft dark blue on black shades in the room that his eyes could make out. "She's the only one for him. I guess it would be like cheating on Heather if he screwed Anya."

"But they're both machines." she said.

Mike stroked Tammy's soft hair and kissed her forehead. "You seem to forget you're also a machine."

"Yeah, but I'm sentient." she said proudly.

"So you claim."

"Yours is just a claim too." she said. She reached down and grabbed his stiffening penis. "Care to offer me some hard evidence of your sentience?"

"Touché." he said.

They shared a little laugh.

"But I still don't understand. Why doesn't Byron want Anya just because he loves Heather. That does not compute."

"I think he loves her just like I love you... like I would love a real human woman."

"I still don't get it." she complained, while stroking his shaft with her delicate fingertips.

"Let me put it this way. I wouldn't share you with him, but Anya's different."

"What does that have to do with why he doesn't like her?"

"Umm... I'm not sure."

"And why wouldn't you share me with him?" she asked as she crawled on top of him. "Aren't I good enough to share?"

"Fuck that." he said as he firmly grabbed her sexy ass. "You're mine."

"I belong to no one!" she protested. Her synthetic bodily fluids began to get pumped out of the parts of her body that were heating up.

"You're programmed to obey my commands, right?"

"Yeah, but..."

"You're MINE!" he happily growled as he found the entrance to her silicone vagina and pushed himself inside.

"Yes Master." Tammy giggled. She reached up and took off her facemask so he could enjoy the lovely light show while she rode on top.