

Tammy carefully lifted the sheet that covered Heather's half-way disassembled body. The work she and Anya had done on Byron's companion had required the constant exposure of many different ports and circuit boards. In addition to her entire torso cover, Heather's facial covering and sections of padded silicone from her attractively padded thighs had been removed.

Tammy looked down at Heather while Mike was in the shower. She recalled data and files pertaining to her digital crush on this damaged robot, and files concerning Mike's order to give it a relatively low priority as far as her processors were concerned. While she was alone she overrode that, and pulled a chair close to the foot of the bed. She sat her naked body down on the edge of the seat and spread her smooth and nicely shaped thighs apart wide.

Her video cameras scanned the machinery on the bed as her electronically controlled fingers began to stimulate the many sensors embedded in the pink silicone between her legs.

Pleasure showed on her perspiring face as she looked at all the exposed microchips and wires showing everywhere inside Heather's opened body. She kept her fluid discharges to a minimum so as not to mess up the motel furniture too much.

She recalled her favorite video clips of Heather's movement while she stroked herself, and played them in the corner of her sight as she used her awesome computing power to imagine making love to a fully assembled and repaired Heather unit.

As she sat there masturbating and fantasizing using methods only available to Machines, Mike soaped up his body and thought about Heather as well. He had not missed the fact that she was pretty, nor had he failed to notice she was a fembot. His own sexual drives were firmly under his management - or at least he hoped.

He briefly admitted to himself how much he would love to fix Heather up and then take her to bed. He then thought of Byron. He knew that Heather meant as much to Byron as Tammy meant to him.

"End of discussion," he thought. Mike would stick to the plan, and that was to get the wounded fembot repaired and help his fellow human decide just what he would do.

That fast moving bullet that had crashed through his complacency made him again realise how unsafe his life was. Tammy had told him all she knew about Robot Control, and he could only guess that Fembot Command was just as big and just as mechanised. Like the classic Robots vs. Humans story, he could not reason with them or otherwise plead his case. He could not fight them. The only option was to run.

He had tried to explain some of that to Byron, but Mike still had the feeling that once Heather was repaired, Byron would go back to Ottawa and seek help from the authorities. Today, Mike would again try to convince him that he would only lose Heather and be easily found by unfailingly vengeful fembots that way.

Byron thought about similar things in the shower, which lost heat with every minute that went by. The pipes that supplied that insufficiently hot water to both him and Mike were only inches away from each other within the wall until the spot where they joined.

Unlike Mike, Byron could hardly hope to think straight. Considering the lack of sleep and warmth that had been piled on top of his woes, it was a wonder he could think at all. He couldn't

concentrate, so his mind became numb. He thought of the drab pattern of the tile, the clinical smell of the tiny bar of soap, the scaled-up holes in the old shower head.

When he thought of Heather he closed his eyes, and tried his best to put blind hope in the place of outright despair.

"They'll fix her." he told himself, as many times as was needed to plough through the moment. He wanted to crawl back into bed, but he forced himself to become and stay alert for the important jobs ahead.

Anya listened to the water stop as Byron turned off the taps. She was standing literally in the same place as before, and she hadn't moved once. Various binary thoughts blazed through her own circuitry, as far as those complex calculations could be called thoughts.

She had tried to understand why that human had not accepted her offers of sexual contact and service. The only human she had ever spent time with had told her again and again that she was an irresistible machine, yet this other human had shown her strong resistance.

She had run her daily diagnostic scans at night and found nothing wrong with her systems, so she concluded that the problem lay with the Human's characteristics. She at first calculated that there was a strong probability that Byron was homosexual, but she had processed enough evidence to the contrary by watching him interact with Heather.

She had seen that type of human/machine interaction before. She saw it constantly between the human called Mike and the robot called Tammy. Acting on guidance from said human, she referred to it within her computerized mind as 'love'. And that she understood no more than the way Byron had treated her.

Byron came out of the room with a towel wrapped around himself. It dawned on him that without a maidbot around to wash his clothes, he might need to buy some new ones.

He looked over at Anya. "Get dressed." he said.

"Yes Byron." she said, and sprang into action.

He turned away from the sexy naked android as he put on his own clothes. They said not a word more to each other until Byron was ready to go.

"Are you ready?" he asked Anya, who had gotten clothing on to her body a lot faster than he was capable of.

"For which actions are you assessing my readiness?" she asked in her machine-like way.

Byron shook his head. He remembered when Heather had been talking like that so many weeks ago.

"Let's go." he said. He walked toward the door then stopped. "No, wait..." he said. He walked toward the phone. He picked it up and punched Mike's room number into the keypad.

The phone rang a few times, then Mike answered. "Hello?"

"Mike, are you ready to go shopping?" Byron asked.

"Uh, give me about five minutes. I'll see you then." he answered. He hung up the phone with one hand while holding on to Tammy's waist with the other. He then returned to the task at hand - thrusting in and out of his favourite black-haired female robot while gazing lustfully at her open recharge port.

Tammy got back to squealing and moaning for him after he hung up the phone. She was leaned over on the empty bed and enjoying the little connection session quite a bit.

When Mike finished up, in electronically assured synchronisation with his lover, he stood back and stretched. Tammy turned around and cleaned him off with her mouth while he thought about what he would like to wear and what he would like to eat.

Tammy stood up and rinsed out her mouth with sprays of synthetic saliva. "I'll make that other list now." she said.

She went over to her bag and pulled out some pants and a sweater. She wouldn't bother with the battery draining task of putting on underwear today.

Mike went and got the shopping list she had given him the night before. "You better give me some more cash for all this stuff." he said.

"You know where it is." she said as she turned her back to him.

Mike walked over and lifted up the square patch of artificial hair and skin that covered the auxiliary battery inside her head. He pulled the bundle of bills off of the cylindrical battery and took out what he thought he needed and more. He wrapped the rest back around the battery and closed the panel again so his girlfriend could pull the sweatshirt over her head.

Then as she wrote out the list with her mechanical hand, he got his own clothes on for the day.

Byron knocked on the door. Tammy looked through the peephole and let him in. He was followed closely by the ever vacant-looking Anya unit.

"Hi." Byron said. He looked over at Heather on the bed. He felt something around his heart. "You think she can be fixed today?" he asked Tammy.

"We'll try." she said as she tore the page off the pad and handed it to Mike.

Mike gave it a glance and put it in his pocket with the other one from the night before. "We'll be out all morning probably." he said to Byron.

"Whatever it takes." he said in return. He tried not to look at Heather as he waited by the door for Mike to get his jacket on.

Mike got all his things together and made his way to the exit. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do." he said to Tammy.

Tammy computed the appropriateness of several different statements that she could make to reply. Without any noticeable time lost she said. "Be back soon you two."

"Later Anya." Mike said as Byron opened the door again.

The dark-haired woman said nothing and stared back with an emotionlessly set facial device.

The two men walked out and closed the door. Anya stared at the door while Tammy looked at her.

Anya eventually turned to her sister model and said "I will retrieve the proper connection cables so we can more effectively repair the Heather unit."

"Not so fast, fembot." Tammy said with a devilish grin. "I haven't laid my hands on you for almost 24 hours. Take off your clothes, your facemask, and get on that bed with your legs spread wide!" she ordered.

"Yes Tammy." she replied with a complete absence of feeling.

Tammy's own facemask showed a bright smile as she booted up some of her favourite programs and subroutines.