

Mike scraped up the layer of frost from the windows as Byron sat in the car and hoped the heaters could quickly take away the chill from his bones. After longing so badly to be free, he now felt somewhat letdown. He still thought of the very nice cage he had fled, and the functioning lady he had loved there - now in such a terrible state of disrepair.

Mike thought of how Anya's night had gone. Byron had surely resisted her until morning. Mike thought about a nice way to tell him that these fembots got especially warm when they charged, but then he thought that Byron had surely noticed that with Heather.

While they were talking the day before, Byron had told him of how he had met her, and how she had captured first his heart and then him. Mike then told him of how Anya had come from Ottawa, and how him and Tammy had met her when they were passing through.

It seemed like an interesting coincidence, but no one had yet realised that Heather and Anya had come from the very same basement lab and been maintained by the very same robot technician. No one knew yet that Heather was a Robot Control unit taken over by Fembot Command.

Another thing the men had talked about was Mike's new way of life. It was as if he had been granted several wishes at once by the previously unknown androids. Not only had he met his ultimate fantasy - an android woman that closely matched his personal tastes - but she had taken him away from his dreary workaday existence to tour the country in an extended honeymoon with virtually unlimited funds at their disposal.

And it was that source of money that Byron wanted to ask him about now. He waited until Mike got back into the vehicle then made it as plain as possible.

"Mike," he said, "I have to tell you... I need money." he said.

Mike had expected this. "I thought you would ask sooner or later." he said.

"Please, don't get the wrong idea." Byron said. "It's just like we talked about. I shouldn't use my credit cards or my real name if I want to stay hidden."

"Don't worry Byron." Mike said. "I'm living a simple life right now, and as far as I can tell, there's no end to the amount of money Tammy can get from her account. How much do you need?"

"Well, I need clothes." Byron said as he recalled the list he had formed in his memory. "I also need another laptop to inspect Heather's software before she's activated again."

Mike did some guesstimating. He knew he had enough to cover that in addition to the items on his two shopping lists. "We'll get the stuff Tammy and Anya need first, then we'll go shopping for you." he said.

Byron looked relieved. "Oh, thank you so much. I don't know how I can ever repay you."

"Don't worry about it." Mike said. "It's not my money. Let's go get some breakfast."

"Certainly." Byron said. That was one problem taken care of. His disposition immediately brightened as the sun cast it's warm yellow light over the tops of the trees on the horizon.

Mike turned on the classical music station for Byron as they went on down the road to get a well singed and greasy morning meal.

Their shopping excursion had stops planned at the office store, the hardware store, and the electronics store. They added to that planned stops at the clothing store and the grocery store, and the liquor store too. They expected to be out for a large chunk of the day.

Back at the motel, Mike's two horny fembots were satisfying their binary lust in their usual way. The robots engaged in synthetic mouth to synthetic genital stimulation while shuttling sensor data between their processor cores through connecting cables. After they had finished, they traded places and ran the cycle through with their positions switched.

The next thing they did was something only androids could do. Each one sat reclining in a chair and connected by cables to the other's chest. Without physically touching, they directly activated and stimulated the other's vaginal sensors in a manner that accurately replicated the sensation of Mike's hard penis pumping in and out.

Each robot felt her Master's cock inside her while he sat far away and unaware in the noisy restaurant and shoveled eggs and bacon into his mouth. Both Tammy and Anya could feel his pubic hair rubbing against their crotch as if he was right there fucking them. They felt the internal walls of their plastic vaginas being spread and caressed by his warm penis just as surely as they felt the wetness of the intense actions down below.

All of it was pure data, existing only as electronic pulses of energy within their chests. But it was the exact same data that would have been recorded and acted upon had it really been happening.

Tammy sweated and came while Anya sat relatively still and rubbed her nipples in a most unnatural looking way.

A loud knock came on the door.

"Service de ménage." came the housekeeper's practiced call from the other side.

Tammy computed fast. "Revenu demain veuillez." she called out loudly, telling the cleaning lady to return the next day.

"Ce qui?" the maid asked.

"Partons, nous avons le sexe!" Tammy yelled.

No more knocks came at the door. Whatever analogue of relief could be experienced and expressed by an android, it surely passed through Tammy's chest. The scene in the room would be hard to explain, to say the least. She calculated the possibility that the cleaning lady's optical system was defective, as the 'do not disturb' sign was clearly visible on the doorknob outside.

With that danger passed, she and Anya got back to what they had been doing. They finished up their intense virtual sex and relaxed in the artificial afterglow.

Tammy smiled and looked up. "Thanks Anya." she said.

"You are welcome." Anya said.

Tammy stood up and wiped herself off with a towel. She unplugged the connection cables so her and Anya could get dressed again. They did so in silence as the noisy rattling sound of the motel maid's vacuum cleaner in Byron's room came through the thin wall.

"Okay, back to work." Tammy said as she prepared her hardware and software for the job ahead.

Anya stared out into space as she did the same.