

The data that came out of Heather's new hard drive looked a lot like Byron had expected it to look. He ran certain parts of it through his diagnostic programs, and all his tests went the way he thought they would.

The drive itself was in perfect condition, with no flaws or defects found. "Wonderful." Byron said after a few minutes of silence.

Mike wasn't sure how he meant it though. "Everything good?" he asked.

Byron didn't answer right away. He nodded slightly eventually and said "It looks good so far."

"How 'bout some burgers tonight?" Mike asked.

Byron thought for a moment. He hadn't had an honest to goodness fast food burger for at least five years. "Sure." he said. "What the hell. Just not Mcdonalds."

"Okay. No clown." Mike said. He looked over at Tammy "Let's get some food."

She smiled at him and stood up.

Mike looked over at the CD player. "Hey, you want a burger and some fries Anya?" he asked with a smirk.

"I do not require food." she said in her ultra-icy, ultra-sexy way.

Mike looked at her pretty circuitry for a moment and went to get his coat and shoes. "What do you want?" he asked.

Byron tried to remember just what was on the artery-clogging menu of those sodium and grease emporiums. "Cheeseburger. Make it a double. With Bacon. Throw in some fries too."

"Anything to drink?" Mike asked as Tammy got ready to function outdoors.

"Can you pick up a bottle of red wine?"

"With burgers?"

Byron thought it over briefly. "You're right. Have you ever heard of Heineken?"

Mike chuckled. "I've drank enough of that stuff to fill a swimming pool."

"Alright." Byron laughed. "Thanks for feeding me." He looked up at Mike as him and his favourite robot headed out.

"You're welcome. We'll be back in a jiffy." he said.

"See you later!" Tammy said sweetly as they exited and went toward the car.

"You know where the Wendy's is?" Mike asked.

"I know where every Wendy's is." she said.

Mike knew it was true. He got in the passenger side.

Tammy closed the door and put on her seat belt. They leaned close and kissed. "I love you Master." she said, knowing just how to push his buttons.

"I really love the way you're programmed." he said.

They laughed and kissed some more, this time a little deeper. They kissed for a few minutes and started to send their hands out to enjoy the contours of each other's humanoid form.

Mike was getting hard again. "We should go." he said. "Remember, we have to leave town tomorrow."

"Yes Master." she said with a smile. Her painted glass eyes were so vibrant and alive.

She started the engine and put her hands on the wheel. She looked at him.

"I know that look." he said. "What kind of computations are going through that sexy chest of yours?"

"I have an idea." she said. "Byron wants to look through my programming, right?"

"Yeah... what are you getting at?"

"Well, how 'bout I tell him that I'll only let him do that if he lets me sleep with Heather?"

Mike was surprised. "What's the matter with you?" he said.

"There's nothing wrong with me. My diagnostic scans have revealed no..."

Mike cut her off. "Will you stop trying to get into Heather's pants? She's OFF LIMITS!"

"Oh, you're such a prude." she said. "It won't do any harm to ask."

"Alright, fine. Ask him. Don't blackmail him, but ask him. I know he'll say no. And don't ask him when I'm around. I want no part of that. Besides, you already agreed to let him look at your programming."

"Are you done lecturing me?"

Mike looked at her. "Are you sure you're a machine? You're not acting much like one."

"I'll take that as a compliment, thank you." she said.

"You're lucky I'm hopelessly in love with you." he said. "Now let's get the fucking food already."

"Yes Master... you prude." she said.

The happy couple drove out of the parking lot and out on the road to the burger joint. While they were on their way, Byron was getting more and more sure that Heather's behaviour would be exactly as it had been before. With almost full certainty he knew she would still be his to command, and that she wouldn't try to get in touch with Natasha - or anything like that.

He finished up his diagnostics and put the computer away. He stood up and went to use the washroom. He couldn't get the images of Heather's exposed electronics and mechanics off his mind. It was hard to believe now that all of that hardware could function in such a way as to make him forget what she was.

He dried his hands and looked at Anya as he came back into the room. She still pumped out the passionate digitised music through her speaker for him. He sat down in the other chair and leaned back all the way, trying to work a knot out of his shoulders.

Anya scanned his image constantly. She could see the human showing signs of stress. She walked over to where he sat.

He looked her way and wondered what she was up to. "Anya?" he said.

Before he could say anything else, the supermodel-like machine walked behind his chair and put her artificial hands on his shoulders.

"My scans indicate that you are showing signs of stress. I will perform a massage on your shoulders."

Byron felt strange. The music had gotten louder as she got near. Now it was right behind him as her warm plastic hands applied pressure to just the right points on his tense muscles.

He decided to relax and let the robot finish. She appeared to know what she was doing.

"Thanks Anya." he said. "I didn't know you could do something like this."

"You are welcome Byron." she said. "I have data pertaining to many styles of massage and therapeutic manipulation stored in my memory banks."

Byron sat still for a moment as the brunette android rubbed the stress out of his neck and shoulders. He closed his eyes. He was starting to feel pretty good.

"This is my favourite part." he said. "...of the music." he added.

"Would you like me to repeat this section?" she asked.

"No, that's fine." he said.

The music played for him as the hands of the machine brought him much needed relaxation. He made a note to himself to program Heather to do this, once she was up and running again.

When another ten minutes or so had gone by, Byron gently brushed Anya's hand aside and stood up to stretch.

He reached up and stretched out his muscles. He closed his eyes and moved his head around to work out the muscles in his neck. He felt so much better now.

"Thanks Anya." he said. "You know... I feel like I've been a little to harsh with you before. I'd like to apologise."

"That does not compute." Anya said as he looked at the flashing LEDs and coloured wires inside her head.

"Never mind." he said.

They stayed silent for a moment, facing each other.

"Byron," she said, "you are a physically attractive human male. My calculations indicate that we should engage in sexual intercourse together."

Byron felt some stress return. "No." he said firmly. He stepped back, intending to sit back on the other chair.

"If you connect your portable computer to my hard drive you can inspect my data and verify that my calculations are correct." she said while moving toward him.

"No Anya." he said. "No. I don't want to have sex with you."

"That does not compute." she said, still moving closer as he stepped back. "I am a physically attractive humanoid robot. I am programmed and fully equipped to engage in sexual intercourse. My calculations indicate that we should engage in sexual intercourse together."

"Stop it!" he said loudly. He was still trying to get away.

"Please remove your clothing." she said, quite undeterred. "You are incapable of resisting me longer than I can pursue you."

Byron hit the edge of the empty bed with his legs and stumbled back. Anya followed closely, and crawled on all fours on the bed after him as he scurried away backwards.

"Anya, I'm warning you. Stop it right now!"

She kept after him, staring him down with her electrified circuits showing while his music still emanated from her speaker. Her two naked eyes stared inhumanly right through him.

"That does not compute." she said. "My calculations indicate that we should engage in sexual intercourse together."

Byron got up quickly and ran into the bathroom. Anya looked calm and cool as she walked her sexy fembot strut after him. She aimed her opened head at the closed and locked door, then at the knob.

Inside her chest, she made a new series of computations to deal with the new data she had just recorded. The digital desire for sex with this other male human was outweighed by the digital desire not to destroy the flimsy door or the weak door lock. She kept playing music while she stood rock still in front of the bathroom door.

Mike and Tammy returned at that time. "Food's here!" Mike said, in that good mood that time alone with Tammy always put him in.

He looked over at Anya. "Byron in there?" he asked.

The brunette android babe turned her head his way and said "Yes."

"What are you doing right in front of the door?" he asked.

"I was trying to convince Byron that he and I should engage in sexual intercourse together."

Mike didn't like the sound of that. "Go stand over there." he ordered Anya.

"Yes Mike." she said and complied.

"Byron?" he called out on his way to the bathroom door. "You can come out now."

Byron opened the door and looked at Mike. "Don't you ever leave me alone with her again." he said.

Mike didn't know what to say. "Sorry. I'll have a talk with her."

"I'm serious." Byron said. "She was literally chasing me."

"We'll make sure she doesn't do that again." Tammy said.

"Come on, let's go to your room and eat." Mike said. "Tammy will take care of Anya."

Byron came out, feeling a little silly. He didn't look at Anya, who was standing far in the corner, facing the wall.

"Okay. Let's eat."

Mike and Byron picked up their food and went back over to the other room.

"Talk to her, will you?" Mike said to Tammy as he left.

Tammy nodded. When they were gone, she went over to Anya and pulled her out of the corner by her hand.

Tammy looked at Anya - still faceless and still pumping out beautiful music.

"You've been a naughty fembot." Tammy said.

"That does not compute." Anya said blankly.

Wearing a huge smile, Tammy got on her knees and pulled down Anya's pants. "I like that." she said.

Tammy put her mouth up against Anya's pussy and took care of some digital desires of her own.