

The men got in the room and settled in. Byron got some beer down first while Mike went to wash his hands.

Byron sat down in the chair and looked at the TV. It wasn't on. He just looked at it. He was thinking about robots. He thought about the robots he liked. Heather and Tammy were on that list. He thought about the robots he didn't like. Anya had just crossed over to that list.

He took another swig and looked up at the crappy stucco job on the ceiling. He felt like getting drunk. Not just tipsy, but fucked up good. Six beers wouldn't do it for him though. He decided to save it for another time.

Mike came out of the washroom. He had been thinking about robots too. He was always thinking about robots though.

"Not hungry?" he said to Byron as he sat down and got into his greasy burger as quick as he could. "If you don't act fast, I'll eat it for you." he joked.

"Mike, what the hell is Anya's problem?" he asked.

Mike bit into his spiced sandwich. He chewed the food in his mouth out of the way so he could answer. "You mean the way she doesn't listen?"

"Yeah." Byron said as he put the bottle down and grabbed his food finally.

"She's... how do I put this..." he thought for a moment. "She's very independent, but at the same time she'll usually obey my commands."

"Usually?" Byron asked.

"Well, if she doesn't, then Tammy just sets her straight. She always obeys Tammy."

"Aren't you afraid of that android going berserk or something?"

Mike considered that. "Deep down inside, I guess I am a little. But I'm so glad to have her around. That pretty much overrides any fear I have. And she's programmed... well... not exactly programmed... it's her mission to let me teach her how to love."

Byron ate his food as Mike took some more bites.

Mike continued "That's Tammy's mission too. When Robot Control made them, that was the mission they gave them."

Byron looked a little puzzled. Mike had told him the basic story about how him and Tammy met, but he hadn't elaborated on the reasons for that meeting - nor the reasons they escaped Fembot Command together. "So why did they choose you anyway? What makes you so special to those things?"

Mike didn't like talking to other people about that subject, but he decided to go ahead and tell this other man. "Robot Control wanted to learn how to love, so they found me through a fembot fetish website."

"Fembot fetish?"

"Yep." Mike said. "I really, really like robot women. I couldn't ask for a more perfect partner."

Even after falling in love with a robot himself, Byron didn't quite know what to think. Looking back on the last couple of days though, it did explain a lot.

Byron drank some more beer and shoved some fries into his mouth. Mike finished his burger and started on burger number two. The room was silent for a couple of minutes.

"So," Byron said, "Why is Anya always asking me to have sex with her?"

Mike thought about his instructions to her the night before. He decided to lie. "I guess she just likes you. She's a very horny machine."

"Well, she's bugging the hell out of me. You have to make her stop."

"Don't worry. Tammy's talking to her about it right now."

"Why don't you just reprogram her so she won't do it again?"

Mike knew exactly why no one could attempt to reprogram Anya. The alarm built into her renegade robot detection device would go off. "I don't think we'll have to. Like I said, Anya always listens to Tammy. They're like sisters. Actually, they're the same model." He didn't want Byron to get overly worried about that remote possibility.

Byron took another drink and turned his attention to his food. Mike did the same. Byron had the urge to get away from this robot-loving deviant. Yet he wanted to bring his own Heather unit with him. That struck him as a bit hypocritical. Perhaps he was being too harsh, too judgmental. He admitted, he had a habit of doing that.

"God I hope Heather's fixed soon." he said to restart the conversation.

"I think she will be. My girls haven't sent us out for more parts. That's a good sign."

They finished eating. Mike cleaned up for both of them and chucked the waste into the little garbage can under the desk. He washed his hands again while Byron sat downing the rest of his first beer. He quickly moved on to the next one.

"We're going to leave this motel tomorrow, by the way." Mike said.

Byron looked up at him as he opened bottle number two.

"We don't stay in the same place too long." Mike said.

"Okay." he said.

They sat in silence for an uncomfortable couple of minutes. Then the phone rang. They both hoped it was good news from next door. Mike gestured to Byron that he should answer it.

Byron got up and picked up the receiver. "Hello?"

"Byron? It's Tammy."

"Yes?"

"We're done repairing Heather." she said. "I think you should be the one to activate her."

"Great!" he said, his spirits now lifted. He hung up without saying goodbye.

"Is Heather fixed?" Mike asked. He saw that Byron's whole demeanor had brightened.

"That's what your robot said. Let's go."

They got their things together again and excitedly went over to Mike's room to welcome Heather back to the land of the functioning.