

Mike embraced Tammy tight and held her for a long time.

"Don't you ever get mad like that again." he said.

The calculations being made within Tammy's chest at that time were almost too complex for her to handle. Displays of intense simulated emotion were a fantastic drain on her computing resources.

"But his behaviour is so irrational. It really bugs me." she said as she held on to him just as tight.

They just held on to each other like that for a few minutes. His fast beating heart slowed down as he took in her bodily warmth.

They let go and separated to look at each other. They held hands and stayed eye to camera for a long while.

"He's got cabin fever." Mike said. "I think he'll be okay once Heather is back to normal."

"What's cabin fever?" Tammy asked.

"Search the net." he told her.

Tammy made a quick internet search of the term. In under a second she read through volumes of text in several different languages and used her AI software to provide her with an accurate description of the term.

"Well, that's no reason for him to be so rude." she said.

They let go and got undressed. Mike went to the washroom while Tammy cleaned up the room a bit and prepared to recharge.

Meanwhile, the two robots in Byron's room were standing perfectly silent and still while he washed up and got undressed. He was a bit relieved to have Heather back, but still not happy that she was unable to act like before.

But even so, he couldn't wait to have her back in his bed. When he was all done in the bathroom, he came back out and looked for a while at the two female robots he would be spending the night with.

He thought of how to order Heather to get into bed, but was unsure if she would understand while stuck in diagnostic mode.

"Anya," he said, "lay Heather down on the bed for me, under the sheets."

She turned her metal neck and aimed her silicone covered head at him. "Yes Byron." she said.

He stood back and watched her walk over to the bed and peel the sheets back on one side. Then the strong android gently picked Heather up and carried her across the room. She laid her down just as gently on the sheet covered mattress and stood up straight again, waiting for her next command.

By this time Byron had hatched a plan in his head. He was determined not to let Anya bother him like she had the previous night. He got his laptop set up on the nearby table and opened up his diagnostic and reprogramming utilities.

While Anya plugged herself in to the wall outlet, he got up and wheeled one of the floral-patterned chairs over to the setup. "Anya, sit down in this chair and open your chest panel." he said.

"Yes Byron." she said. She strutted over in her stiff kind of way and sat down with perfect posture. She pulled the sweater she wore over her head and rested it on her lap. With her upper body completely uncovered now, she reached up above her awesome breasts and opened up the factory-standard chest panel.

Byron reached over and connected Anya to his laptop. He tried not to look at her sexy naked chest as he did.

He turned back and watched the monitor. He wondered just what he would find lurking about in this other fembot's software.

His display windows were soon filled with data and code. As he started to read it, he saw sections that closely resembled what he had found in Heather. He also saw sections that looked like nothing he had seen before.

While searching through her object identification data, he found himself referenced as, of course, "BYRON" - albeit in binary notation.

He sat there for over half an hour, silently inspecting the way this woman was programmed. When he thought he had seen what he needed, he minimised the windows and sat back to think for a while.

Then he opened up the code entry window. He decided to aim for the very beginning of her startup protocols, as they were constantly active and easy to understand - for both her and him.

He typed out a line that he was sure would put an end to her sexual pestering. In the coded language of her sophisticated AI, the line he created and entered said "Do not seduce Byron."

He clicked on the enter button, and clicked through a confirmatory window as well. With that, his new addition to Anya's programming was now a part of her being.

He looked at her empty eyes and unplugged the laptop from her chest. He closed the panel and said "Anya, reboot."

"Yes Byron." she said blankly. She made some loud beeps, and some other clicking and whirring sounds that could barely be heard as her system shut itself down in preparation to restart.

Some more beeps came out of her body as she quickly reactivated and loaded her programming again. "Anya robot number 742703A activated." she said.

Byron waited for her to finish. He was hoping he would see some sign that his new addition hadn't caused any problems, but Anya just sat in the exact same position with the exact same expression on her lovely plastic face.

Byron waited a minute more, then said to himself "Good enough."

He stood up and started to get undressed. "Anya," he said "you stay there tonight."

"Yes Byron." came her expected response.

Byron turned on the lamp next to the bed and went to turn off the switch by the door. He checked the thermostat again. The motel housekeeper had turned it down earlier, so he cranked it back up all the way.

In the relative silence that followed, he got into bed with his semi-functional robot companion. He rolled her over so she would be close to him and facing him too.

"Oh, Heather..." he said as he looked into her lifeless eyes.

She didn't respond in any way.

He reached back and turned the lamp off. He pulled the inadequate sheets over top both of them and held on to his stiff girlfriend as he tried to sleep.

In the dark, Anya charged and sat still like she had been ordered. She performed her job as Byron's guard as effectively as she was capable. She could see in the dark and hear things that he couldn't. This night too he would be protected from harm.

But from the renegade robot detection system installed inside her, an undetectable but strong silent alarm signal now broadcast itself as far as her battery power could send it.