

Byron could hardly believe the sounds that bled through the insufficiently thick motel walls. He could hear the way Tammy 'talked' and some of the things she said.

He layed awake with open eyes in the dark as the two of them played around. It was even more plain now. Mike really did love all of that machinery for what it was.

Byron held Heather tight as he tried to sleep. He was more sure than ever now that he had fallen in love with the person she had been , and would be again.

Eventually, the noises both inside and out died down and the night came to pass. Sleep came to Mike and to Byron just as electricity came to Tammy and Anya. The dark and silent hours rejuvenated the travelers, and got them more or less ready for the next day of work.

At five o'clock exactly, the pretty brunette robots woke the humans they were guarding. Tammy crawled on top of her man and kissed him out of his sleep. Anya simply turned her head and loudly stated "It is five o'clock."

Mike was still having Tammy take care of his morning wood while Byron was in the shower, hoping to beat the rush to the almost hot water. An hour was enough time for both of them to get all of their things together and leave this place.

Still in diagnostic mode, Heather was passive and unmoving under the covers in bed. Her AI programs had not been even detected by her system yet, let alone booted up to run. In this state she was no more a person than Byron's new laptop.

Tammy and Anya had both computed the same thing overnight. They both had exactly the same plan devised to fix Heather's new circuitry so it would be fully operational in all her modes. The best part was, they both knew it could be done with the parts they had leftover from the previous two days of work.

So while Mike was finally in the shower, Tammy went ahead and sorted through the leftover parts. It was an easy job, so she amused her computer mind by replaying the sights, sounds and sensations she had experienced the night before. She got extreme pleasure from knowing that she turned her master on so much. And being such a horny robot, she couldn't help but revel in her high-tech artificialness.

Anya sat still in the chair while she waited for Byron. She hadn't moved much in over eight hours. She wanted to devise a plan for seducing Byron again, but her new programming put an end to her desire for that particular conquest.

So she just sat there, waiting for her next instructions. They came in the form of Byron telling her to leave. He was done his shower and wanted no more of Anya, new programming or not.

Anya got up and wandered in her awkward way over to the other room. She knocked on the door and stood stiff and still as Tammy looked through the peephole.

"Hi gorgeous." Tammy said to the other android.

"Hello Tammy." she said exactly like she always did.

Tammy held the door open and looked around. "Where's Byron and Heather?"

Anya turned around slowly and said "Byron is dressing. Heather is lying in Byron's bed."

Tammy checked her internal chronometer. "Well, they have another half hour. Let's get our stuff packed."

Tammy walked over and gave the statuesque fembot a kiss. They got all of their things sorted and packed in the manner that machines were known for.

Mike came out of the washroom and dropped his towel on the floor when he saw both Anya and Tammy in the room.

"Hi gorgeous." he said to Anya.

She finished what she was doing and stiffly looked up at him. "Hello Mike." she said.

"You missed a fun time last night." he said as he embraced her and kissed her. He stood back and played around with her tits under her shirt. "Tammy did her little robot act for me again."

Tammy blushed cutely. "Anything for our favourite human." she said.

Anya stared at Mike. "If we successfully repair the Heather robot today I will act like a robot for you tonight."

Mike smiled at her silly, sexy statement. "Sure thing, babe. By the way, what are the odds of getting Heather all fixed up for good this time?"

Anya busied herself by computing the exact mathematical odds of that occurrence.

"Tammy, you answer that." Mike said. Even though Anya was incredibly sexy to him when she did things like that, Mike wasn't in the mood to hear a long string of numbers that early in the morning.

"Odds are pretty good." Tammy said as she continued to pack. "We have all the equipment and parts we need, and I've figured out exactly what I need to do to fix her."

"Right on." Mike said. He went to go get dressed.

His fembots were finished packing quickly. He ordered Tammy to check out at the front desk, and Anya to phone Byron and ask him if he wanted help.

The ladies followed his orders and set on completing their assigned tasks. Tammy put on her coat and shoes and walked outside while Anya sat down on the bed and picked up the phone.

Byron had already gotten most of his things packed away and had even shaved. His shopping bags full of belongings and the heavy and apparently now useless aluminum case were sitting by the door.

He heard the phone ring as he was sitting across from Heather, looking longingly into her unmoving eyes.

"Hello?" he said.

"Hello Byron, this is Anya." she said.

"Hi." he answered.

"Do you require assistance?" she asked.

Byron looked at his watch. "As long as Heather can understand my orders to stand up and walk to the car, then no."

Anya calculated the meaning of his statement. "Goodbye Byron." she said blankly.

"Bye." he said.

Mike watched her hang up. "I'll start the car. Make sure we aren't leaving anything behind." he told her.

"Yes Mike." she said.

They both stood up and did as he had said. Mike met back up with Tammy outside.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Oui." she said.

"Go see how Byron's doing." Mike said. "I got Anya to ask him, but I don't think he likes her a whole lot."

Tammy made a little smile. "Sure." she said. Her mouth pumped out vaporised water from one of her fluid cannisters to make her look like she had breath. She looked perfectly real thanks to that kind of technological trick.

Mike waited for Anya and got into the back seat with her. He decided to pass the remaining minutes by using his other robot as a kissing partner.

Tammy knocked on Byron's door. He took a while to answer. When he did, he kind of looked at her funny. He couldn't help but think of what he had overheard the night before.

She recognised his look as being out of the ordinary, but her digital intuition was still not as developed as that of a human being.

"Hi Tammy." he said. "No hard feelings about last night?"

After the shortest instant, when she was done computing the meaning of what he had said, she replied "Of course not." She showed him one of the friendly smiles her facemask could make. "And I have good news. Heather should be back to normal pretty soon."

Byron looked nervously around behind Tammy. "Can you come in here?" he said.

Tammy walked inside.

"She's not responding to any commands." he said.

Heather was lying on her side still, completely motionless.

"Her system must have frozen." Tammy commented. "We're not designed to stay in diagnostic mode."

"Can you get her working again?"

"We'll try all of that at the next motel." she said. "For now we'll just carry her to the car."

"Okay." Byron said. "Can you help me with my stuff?"

"Absolutely." she said with her warm, pretty smile.

Byron checked out her sexy butt as she bent over to pick up the aluminum case on the floor. It only made him wish to have Heather's cute synthetic derriere back in gear.

Mike and Anya brought their backseat kissing session to an end as Tammy and Byron began to put his things in the trunk

Mike got out and asked "Where's Heather?"

"We'll bring her out." said Tammy.

Mike gestured his understanding and went to go sit in the front passenger seat. He watched the scene through the mirror as Tammy and Byron carried the unmoving fembot back into the car.

Byron propped Heather up in the middle between him and Anya again while Tammy went behind the wheel.

With the trunk and the seats full, the car pulled slowly out of the parking lot of the crappy motel and down the streets of the charming French town.

"We have a lot of driving to do. I'll stop at a drive-thru for you to humans." Tammy said.

"Alright." Byron said. He had already resigned himself to more fast food until things had settled down more.

Mike turned on the radio and tried to catch some more sleep. Pleasant visions and memories of charged electronic circuitry flashed through his head as he fantasised again about his women.