

Though the car's heaters pumped out lots of warm air, and though the seats were plush and cosy, the long ride to the next town was cold and uncomfortable for the humans. Both were keeping their raw nerves hidden from view, but both were well aware that they were getting under each other's skin.

Mike was able to sleep for a couple of hours, glad to have such a vigilant partner at the wheel. He trusted her more than anyone, and smiled as he thought about her. When he lazily woke himself up after his nap, he looked over to see her. She was looking straight ahead with a determined and alert look on her face. Her silver hoop earrings made the most motion as she turned her head to look at him.

She smiled and winked. She was so amazing. Such subtlety, yet all so contrived. He wondered if deep down inside her advanced processors really understood just what she meant to him.

Mike looked back at Anya, who sat and looked exactly as she had more than two hours earlier. She wasn't as precious to Mike as Tammy was, but she was loved. And he loved having an extra fembot along for the ride.

He closed his eyes again and reminded himself how lucky he was.

Byron was just now starting to doze off. He had spent the time thinking about Heather, about Fembot Command and about Ottawa. Maybe thinking wasn't the right word for it. His strained thoughts went nowhere, and got him to exactly the same place. Byron couldn't stand the impasse that reality had plunked down in front of him.

Here was the administrator - the boss - unable to take charge of the situation or even do what he wanted to do. He relied now on Mike and his toys for his very survival. Only the other fembots could fix Heather. Only they could protect him and his love from those heartless robots from whose iron clutches he had escaped.

And the woman he loved wasn't even real. He knew she was just a broken machine, and he found himself wondering if he really did love her. Maybe he was mistaken. It wasn't a machine he wanted as a companion.

But the right pattern of brain waves soon made themselves dominant in his tired head, and he drifted into sleep. It helped a lot that the inside of the car was the warmest place he had been for days. Waves of slumber came and accumulated themselves over his worries until his subconscious took over.

Beside him, the almost fixed Heather unit stared out as vacantly as Anya did. Her only running application - diagnostic mode - had crashed, and the only bits of data that flowed through her processors were meaningless repetitions of error messages.

On her left, the sexy Anya unit sat and looked ahead the same way, but she was busy computing all kinds of things. After being shown Tammy's digital fantasies through their connecting cable, Anya had figured out how to provide her own circuitry with erotically charged data.

She calculated and computed her 'human fetish', and watched video clips of Mike, and of Byron as well. She fantasised about Byron making love to her instead of rejecting her. She imagined what it would be like to watch Byron make love to Heather. And like some contagion, the lust for electronic circuitry that Tammy had gotten from Mike had made its way into Anya.

Anya made up a lovely scene of Heather naked and missing all of her removable panel covers. With beautifully bright LEDs of many colours flashing from her android insides, a naked Byron got on top of her. The human inserted his hard penis inside the newly repaired Heather unit, and then invited Anya to join them.

As Anya played and replayed that fantasy, Tammy kept her cameras on the road and indulged in digital fantasies of her own. This black haired robot didn't much care for Byron, but she still had the biggest crush on his plastic and metal companion.

And Tammy's fantasies were ultra-realistic compared to Anya's. Tammy's new favourite scene was based on the handful of times Mike had taken his fembot to see some strippers. While part of her computing power kept the car safely on the road, another large portion was watching Heather dance lithely around a pole. The red lights flashed to the loud music as the cute brunette machine swung her hips in time, twirling her vinyl lingerie around as she took it off and discarded it to the stage full of money.

When the Heather robot in Tammy's mind was fully naked, she smiled a wry smile at the cheering crowd and made a mock shrug of her shoulders. Then she began to expose more of herself to the horny men beyond the brass rails and lights that bordered the stage. All the men cheered when she began to remove all those rectangular pieces of realistic artificial skin that covered the access panels built into her sexy body.

One by one, she took them off and laid them down on top of the pile of her slutty stage clothes. She knelt down, and to the beat of the music crawled over to where Tammy imagined herself to be sitting. Heather smiled and rocked her chest back and forth while the lights inside danced to their own off-kilter, random looking rhythm. Her perky tits jiggled along, stimulating Tammy as much as the computer parts beneath.

Then like no stripper had ever done, the Heather unit in Tammy's fantasy removed her facemask. The crowd of drunk and horny men howled and clapped with delight at the sight of the unquestionably inhuman interior of the stripper's pretty head.

Tammy closed her eyes for just a moment and smiled. She was quite impressed by all the naughty visions she could come up with. She thoroughly enjoyed every nanosecond of her binary imaginings, but made sure not to get herself too aroused while she was driving.

That single warning from Mike a couple of days ago was enough for her. Her obedience to him was automatic, but her love for him was all encompassing and based on all he had given and shown her.

And those beautiful and effective fantasies were all his fault.