

Just as the long car trip was starting to make the living beings inside the car rather weary, highway signs and buildings appeared on the side of the road.

"Almost there." Mike said. It was the first time someone had spoken in over three hours.

Several more minutes of silence followed that until signs for motels began to appear.

"Tammy," Mike said, drive by some of these motels and do some infrared scans. Try to find one without a whole lot of heat escaping."

The robot behind the wheel computed his statement. "Sure, but what good will that do?"

"Well, I figure if not so much heat escapes, it will be nice and warm inside." he explained.

"What if it's just cold to begin with?" she asked.

Mike thought about that. "Yeah, you're right. Screw it. Just find one that looks expensive."

Tammy smirked as she rounded the turn in the road. "Have you ever thought about upgrading your brain to an electronic model?"

"Shut up." he sniped.

She kept on teasing him. "My hardwired circuits can run circles around that lump of dough you call a brain."

"Shut up." he said louder.

"I'm smarter than Mi-ike... I'm smarter than Mi-ike..." she sang in a taunting way, swaying her head left to right as she did.

Mike started to laugh. Tammy's speech broke up into laughter as well.

Byron had been looking out the window up till now, but Tammy's behaviour caught his attention once more. It was hard to look at her and tell himself convincingly that she was only a machine. He couldn't wait to get a good long look at her programming.

He then noticed that he too was smiling. He decided to try to let it stay on his face for a while.

The car crept into the driveway of the nicest looking motel in the area. Again, the sexy black-haired fembot went to get them two rooms. Byron watched her walk to the front office and got butterflies in his stomach in expectation of seeing Heather finally fixed.

He leaned forward and spoke to Anya. "Are you and Tammy going to work on Heather right away?"

Anya sat there for a barely noticeable moment and mechanically turned her head. "Yes." she said, then turned her head back to face forward.

"Once she's back on her feet, we'll leave you two alone until supper." Mike said.

Byron looked at him. "Alright, but I was hoping that, if it's not too much, that I could look at Tammy's programming while Anya fixes Heather."

"Sure." Mike said. "What you say, Anya? Can you fix Heather by yourself?"

Again, Anya turned robotically to face her master and replied "Yes".

Tammy came out smiling and held up the room keys for the men to see. She walked to the car and got back in.

"Ready to rock and roll." she said cheerfully.

"Hey," Mike said to her, "Byron wants to look at your programming while Anya fixes Heather.

Tammy started the car again and said "I have a better idea. I need you two guys to go shopping one more time."

Byron was a little confused. "I thought you said you had everything you need?" he asked her.

"I'll explain when we get into our room." she said as she drove them around the building to their rooms.

This time there were some other travelers unpacking bags from the back of their own car. Neither the men nor the fembots needed to point out that they should wait for them to finish before they carried Heather into the room.

Tammy parked and waited in silence with the others for the people to hurry up and finish.

"Okay, I'll explain my idea now." she said as she turned around in her seat to talk to Byron and Mike.

She reached out and probed her fingers around the side of Mike's head.

"What are you doing?" he said as he gently swatted her arm away.

"Looking for the 'On' switch to that brain of yours." she said.

"Ha ha." Mike said in a deadpan way. "Get on with it, robot."

Tammy smiled at him and told them her idea. "We're going to build a special backpack for Heather so she can make use of her fluid cannisters while she has sex."

She was looking at Byron now. Byron found himself reluctant to talk about that aspect, although he knew he would miss that realism.

"Are you sure that's a good idea?" he asked Tammy.

"Come on Byron, I know you'd want Heather to be able to cum." she said bluntly.

Byron gave in. "Alright. But that backpack could be removed, right?"

"Of course." Tammy said. "We'll need more parts so we can modify one of her access panels and give it an intake valve you can plug the hoses into."

Byron tried to imagine Heather naked with all that stuff fastened and plugged into her. "Just make sure she still looks real without it."

Tammy knew exactly what he meant. "She'll look as real as she does now." she assured him.

"Those people are finished." Mike pointed out.

"Let's get her inside." Byron said.

Tammy went to unlock their rooms while Mike and Byron lifted the dormant brown-haired lady out of the back seat. They carried her in through the open door as quickly and inconspicuously as they could.

Anya walked inside too as Mike and Tammy got some of their bags out of the trunk.

The party settled into their rooms as they had done at the last place they had stayed. The humans took care of their biological needs while the robots prepared themselves for more repair work.

When Byron came back from his room, Tammy handed him another little white shopping list.

He looked it over while Mike gave satisfying goodbye kisses and gropes to his electronic companions.

Byron put his hands in his coat pocket while he waited for Mike to finish with Tammy.

"Be good." Mike said to her softly as they held each other.

"Yes Master." she purred before launching her French-kissing subroutines one more time.

Byron got impatient, and a little jealous as he looked at his own inoperative fembot. "Can we go now?" he asked.

The lovers pulled apart, gave another quick touch of their lips and said goodbye. Mike waved at the statue-like Anya unit and followed Byron out the door.

Tammy looked at Anya. "Take off your shirt and open your chest panel." she said with a smile as she got out of her jacket in preparation to do the same. "I'll upload Idea 2.0 into your memory banks."