

With relations between them still only slightly warmer than the crisp air outside, Mike and Byron walked from the car into Byron's motel room. They had both tried to pull closer and maybe even bond on this latest shopping trip, but still the only thing they thought they shared in common was their circumstance. They were on friendly terms, but not friends.

Despite that, they both had a feeling that they would need to rely on each other for a while - Byron much more so than Mike. If he ever found himself annoyed by something Mike said or did, he just reminded himself who's money he was spending.

Byron unlocked the door as Mike wiped the last remnants of today's greasy lunch off his hands.

"I'll call the girls and see what the progress is." he said.

"Okay. I have to wash up a bit." Byron said as he pushed the door open, feeling more tired than he should have been. All the fast food was starting to get to him.

Mike went right for the phone and dialed in his room number. The phone rang for a while before it was answered.

"Hello?" came the panting voice from the other end.

"Hi... Tammy? You sound out of breath."

Tammy giggled. She knew Mike knew what she was up to. "Why don't you two come over? We're having lots of fun."

"Is Heather ready to be switched back on?" Mike asked.

"She is on!" Tammy said. "She's licking my pussy right now!"

Mike was a little disappointed in his fembot. "You should have waited for Byron." he said.

Byron heard that, and came into the living room still toweling off his hands. "What happened? Is Heather fixed?"

Mike looked at Byron and nodded yes. "Okay, party's over Tammy. We're on our way over there so make sure everything looks okay."

"Awww! Mike you're no fun!" his fembot said.

Mike shook his head and looked at Byron.

"What's going on?" Byron asked. He looked pissed off.

"They fixed Heather, and then they had sex with her." Mike said.

"What!?" Byron said. Now he was pissed off. "Why didn't they wait for me?"

Mike went toward the door. "I don't know. At least she's fixed Byron. Let's go."

They got outside again and got the supplies for Heather's new backpack out of the trunk. Mike got the last of it and closed the trunk while Byron went to the other room's door.

"Can't you control that woman of yours?" he asked.

"I guess not." Mike said as he got his key and slid it in to the lock.

They entered to see that the scene inside the room hadn't changed at all. Tammy was still lying on the bed with Heather up by her mouth and Anya down by her crotch. Both her and Heather looked at the humans as they entered.

"BYRON!" Heather squealed with delight as her optical system focused on and recognised her master. She jumped off the bed and ran over to embrace him.

Mike got inside quick and closed the door behind him. None of these girls wore any panties, but that was the least of his worries. Heather's chest panel was open. So was Anya's.

Byron immediately forgot that he was mad. His face put on a smile to match the one on his cute robot's facemask.

"Heather! You're back!" was all he could get out of his mouth before Heather kissed him silent.

She held him tight, prompting him to do the same. They shared their moment of happiness and love while Mike went over to his two fembots.

Anya was still busy between Tammy's legs. Tammy smiled at Mike.

"You know, you should have waited." He said to her.

"Then we might not have had a chance to make love to her." Tammy said. "Don't worry, everything's fine."

Mike raised an eyebrow. That wasn't the kind of judgement he trusted a machine to make. He looked back at Byron and Heather. He hoped that Tammy had cleaned that lingerie well after the last time she had worn it.

"Wanna join us?" Tammy said with that inviting smile of hers.

Mike was, of course, aroused by what the girls had been doing, but he kept his composure.

"No, party's over." he said. "Time to get to work on Heather's backpack."

He held out his hand for Tammy as a strong hint for her to get off the bed. She took it and stood up again.

Anya stopped her licking and sucking motions, but stayed in the same position.

"You too Anya." Mike said. "And put on some clothes for crying out loud. Orgy's over."

Anya stood up and said "Yes Mike." and went to go get dressed.

Tammy was on her way over to Byron. "So, did we do a good job?" she asked him.

He was still in a deep kiss with Heather, but pulled away to answer the other android. "Yes. Thanks very much."

"Would you like some time alone with her or should my girls start working on that new fluid backpack?" Mike asked.

Byron looked back into Heather's eyes as they sparkled realistically for him. He leaned back and swung the cover of her chest panel closed. "Let's get the work done first. We'll have lots of time later."

Mike was relieved that Byron wasn't still in a bad mood. Everything seemed to be going well again.

He looked over at Anya, who just seemed to be holding a pair of sweat pants in front of her and staring at them.

"Well, don't just think about it Anya, get dressed already." Mike said.

Anya didn't move. Mike looked over at Tammy, who was bent over at her pile of clothing on the floor. She wasn't moving either.

"Tammy?" he called. He was getting worried.

"Mike, something's happened to Heather." Byron said.

Mike looked at the woman in Byron's arms. She too had stopped moving.

A chill of fear rippled down Mike's spine as he looked around the room. All the female robots had stopped moving.

He didn't know what to do. "Try rebooting her." he said to Byron.

Byron looked at him, then back into Heather's inanimate eyes. He reached down to open the chest panel again.

Then a loud powerful buzzing was heard. The door resonated and shook as something began sawing quickly into it.

Both frightened humans looked back to see the door locks being cut away by a fast moving and powerful saw blade.

They looked at each other. Terror reflected in their eyes.

Before they could even think of what to do, the painted door swung open. A female figure all in black came quickly forward, followed by two more.

Air pumps hissed as sleeping gas was pumped into the room. In a matter of seconds, the men slumped down to the floor, unconscious.

