

With the standard blank smile on her face, she quickly reattached her abdominal panel cover and picked up her clothes. She turned and walked toward the door.

"No! Wait!" he said in desperation.

She stopped and looked back at him as he scrambled out of bed and stood up to catch her. Her face was so cold and emotionless now.

"I can teach you how to love. Please let me. I need more time."

She stood awkwardly motionless and unblinking for an extended period, then suddenly stated. "Error."

Mike was surprised. "What?" he said.

Tammy stood unmoving in his doorway. Neither of them moved for a long time.

She said "Error." one more time. After a long, still silence, she spoke again. "I must contact Robot Control and request assistance."

Mike was disappointed, mainly with himself. "Will I see you again?" he said.

"I'm not leaving yet." she said as she pulled her shorts over her hips. "I'm going to get my computer out of the car."

"Can you please stay then?" he said. He realised how desperate he sounded, but he didn't care.

"Unknown." she said. She pulled the t-shirt over her head. "I'm not programmed to make that decision."

With a robe hastily thrown around him, Mike followed her down the stairs to the door. "I think I might have given you the wrong answer when you asked me if I love you."

Tammy didn't say anything until she got to the door. She stopped and turned around. "I'll be right back."

Mike's mind assailed his bad judgement as he watched her sexy strut. Why did he always have to be so god damn honest? How would a fembot possibly know the difference if he had said "yes?" The farther the sexy woman walked from him, the more he started to feel something he hoped he'd never feel again. His heart was breaking. This wasn't right though. It couldn't be. He had only met her half an hour ago.

While Mike's thoughts chased each other inside his head, the sexy woman-shaped machine called Tammy opened the car door and reached inside to grab a laptop. She couldn't feel spurned, torn, or even confused. The closest thing to thoughts that ran through her system right now were signals from her processors telling her body parts to move. The only thing resembling will inside her was the binary command to contact Robot Control and receive additional information. Step by logical step, the machine tucked the computer under her arm, shut the car door and returned to Mike's house.

In the short time that she had been gone, Mike had made up his mind to love her. With all the rational thought he could muster, he had decided that he would do anything to keep this amazingly

beautiful android in his life. It didn't even cross his mind to wonder from where she had come, or who had built her. "Please stay with me." he said to her as she came in again.

"I will contact Robot Control now. Can I put this on your coffee table?"

"Of course!" he said as he eagerly rushed to clear a spot.

They sat on the couch. She opened the case and attached a small web-cam. She aimed it at herself and clicked away on the direction pad. He watched her and hoped for the best. The computer screen went black. After a while a woman's face appeared. She too was a very pretty brunette, with mixed Oriental/Caucasian features. She stared ahead with a familiar blank expression. Mike found himself lusting after her too.

"This is Robot Control. Maria reporting." she said.

"Hello Maria, this is Tammy."

"Hello Tammy. How are you?"

"I am fine. Thank you."

"Very good. Is your mission proceeding according to plan?"

"No." Tammy said. Mike took another deep breath and swallowed. Tammy continued "I asked the human if he loved me and he replied negative."

"You must then return to Robot Lab Six to be deprogrammed and stored."

Tammy spoke again. "There is more data. The human then told me he could teach me how to love if I gave him more time. I am not programmed to resolve this situation."

Mike waited anxiously as Maria just stared into the camera. "That does not compute." Maria said eventually.

Mike put his hand on Tammy's thigh. "Can I talk to her?" he said.

Tammy turned her head and looked at him. He wished he could know what she was 'thinking', if that was the right word for it.

"Yes." she said. She leaned forward and turned the laptop his way.

"Hi Maria, I'm Mike." he said,

"You are the target human?"

"Yes. I can teach Tammy how to love. I can teach her all I know about it."

"But you told the Tammy robot that you didn't love her."

"I was wrong. he said. "I do love her. I didn't realise it until I thought I'd never see her again."

Maria stared back at him for a long while. She left the camera's view as she worked for a while on a nearby console. The main computer processed the new information.

Tammy reached for Mike's hand. They looked at each other as she held it tightly. That look of accessibility was back in her clear beautiful eyes.

"Do you love me?" she said again.

Before Mike could answer, Maria was back on the screen. She called out "Tammy..."

Mike tilted the PC her way.

Maria continued. "Reset mission parameters 261D4 and 408E3. Continue the mission. Let the target human teach you how to love."

Tammy looked at the screen and smiled. "Yes Maria." she said.

"Goodbye Tammy."

"Goodbye Maria."

Tammy closed the window and shut the computer off. She still held onto Mike's hand. She looked at him again. "Do you love me?"

Mike looked into the robot's eyes. "Yes." he said.

They kissed and had sex on the couch.