

Throughout the morning, Byron found himself to be overly concerned about Heather's well-being. It was natural to be interested in the health of a coworker and fellow person, but he had the worried demeanor of a close relation or a loved one. It was then that he had to admit to himself that he had fallen for her.

He took a long deep breath and stood up to stretch. "It could work." he told himself.

The morning was busier than usual for him and Agnes, as they had visitors to attend to. That kept Byron's mind off of what he suspected were Heather's health problems. He thought they must be women's issues, looked after by a women's doctor. That made him think about her crotch, and the prize that it would make for him. He may have been very refined and stoic, but he was still a horny man at heart.

Things were right on schedule over at Robot Control Station 17. By noon, Maria was applying the last bits of solder to Heather's insides and connecting the last unconnected wires. Since Heather had not been given a chance to recharge overnight, the final task would be to replace the drained batteries in her thighs with ones that were full of power.

Maria closed up Heather's open panels and turned her on to her front side. With the back of her curvaceous thighs facing up, Maria pushed her fingertips into the very edge of each leg, right where Heather's perfectly round buns began. A large covering separated off of each limb up to a point just above the knee. Maria gently laid these nicely padded silicone parts aside and proceeded to disconnect the cylindrical power packs one by one. There were six around each metal thigh-bone, for a total of twelve. These parts were standard to all of Robot Control's ladies, so fully-charged replacements were readily available. They snapped into place quickly, and Maria worked just as fast to place the artificial skin back where it belonged. Nanoscopic interlocking mechanisms built into the separation points ensured a waterproof and invisible seam.

With that done, Maria turned the Heather unit back to face up and opened her chest panel again. She pushed the power button and watched as Heather booted up.

"Heather robot number 742625A activated." She said after making an amplified series of synthesized beeps and tones.

The pretty and young looking android was now in need of the new programming that the Main Computer had written. The technician wheeled her electronic sister over to the data exchange console and plugged her in via her chest panel. This time, the computer initiated the download and completely overwrote Heather's old programming. New operating system components and new drivers for new hardware got sent over the cable connection into Heather's attractive chest. Maria watched the ever changing monitors for anomalies in transferred data, using the fast chips inside of her to sort through the binary feedback.

At the end of the session, Maria unplugged the cables and looked down at the pretty girl on the table. "Heather," she said, ""please install and execute program MW270.T85."

"Yes Maria." Heather said. More lights flashed in patterns inside the open chest panel as loud beeps came out. "Program MW270.T85 installed and executed successfully."

Maria asked "How do you feel Heather?"

"I feel fine." she said, indicating that all was well within.

Heather was now fully programmed to use all of her new hardware to complete her objectives.

Careful not to trip over the electrical cord plugged into her back, Maria closed Heather's chest panel and went back to work on Anya. The very stiff and mechanical moving maidbot then walked over on cue to clean the newly outfitted agent. The see-through lace maid uniform showed off all of her plastic femininity as her servos whirred and her circuit boards beeped. She slid her damp cloth all over every exposed inch of the Heather unit's skin - a series of highly erotic movements that would have gotten the blood flowing in any living lover of ladies. To these machines though, it was no more special than tying a shoelace.

When the maid was done, Maria instructed Heather to go upstairs and get dressed. Heather obeyed the command and walked out of the cold basement lab, her perky tits bouncing lightly to her robotic strut. She got into some clothes that the maid had earlier set aside and put on a bit of plain jewelry. Next she sprayed on a touch of perfume, put on her jacket, got her purse and walked to the bus stop.

Within a few minutes she was walking on to the bus, without the need to put any of her non-vital systems on hold, and without the danger of overheating. The power regulators in her curvy hips provided stronger current to her new devices to keep them charged and functioning properly. The new drivers and the software that took advantage of them worked flawlessly to make her appear just as human as she had before, only more reliably so.

In a little while, she was back at the Archive building downtown, using her pattern recognition algorithms to identify the object in front of her as Agnes.

"Hi Agnes. How's the day been so far?" she said with more efficient and effective cheerfulness.

"Quite busy, actually." the old prude said as she tried to look like she was working. Mr. Clarke's noticeable fondness for the new girl had really gotten under her skin.

"Oh, did I miss anything exciting?" she asked, her eyes showing a touch more vibrancy than before.

Agnes shot her a disapproving look. "Nothing we couldn't handle, dear." she said. She turned her back on Heather to work on some filing.

Heather could now calculate the variables of such a situation with greater speed and accuracy. As far as a computer could, she understood that she'd be better off talking to Byron.

And of course, he was very happy to see her. She gave him an equally impressive display of synthetic happiness right back.

"So, nothing serious found at the doctor's office?" he asked as he approached.

"No, everything's been taken care of." she said. She smiled at him like she could never have smiled at him under her old hardware configuration.

Byron smiled right back, mistaking her upgraded capabilities for intensified interest in him.

"Good, good. Say, I know you just got here, but we still don't have that scanner fixed. Will you join me for lunch again?"

"Of course!" she said.

"Wonderful." he said.

He got his things, checked out with Agnes, and back to the submarine sandwich store they went.