

The morning passed slowly for Byron, who was trying to chase down any one of his own bosses to complain about the dud scanner. Between times when he was on hold or leaving voicemails he looked forward to another 'spur-of-the-moment' lunch with Heather.

The fair-skinned and clothing covered machine was down in the dank basement, steadily draining battery power by making repetitive movements and processing data. A large chunk of that processing time was spent on making sure she didn't look overtly mechanical. Huge amounts of calculations were involved in the simplest things like not performing the same movements exactly the same way. If those kinds of calculations could be simplified to the level of human action, then it would free up her already substantial computing power for better and more productive types of cognition.

Although she was alone down there, she still made every effort to appear like a real person. Every so often, she stood up and walked around or stretched. She went to the washroom and then got herself a coffee refill. On her way to do that, she tried chatting with Agnes again, but the old receptionist was not being very receptive to her. That was no problem. Heather had no feelings that could get hurt.

When 11 o'clock rolled around at last, Byron went downstairs to ask Heather to lunch with him again. After some quick calculation of probabilities and related data pertaining to the situation, she agreed and they were off once more.

They went for Vietnamese style submarine sandwiches again. Byron had developed a fondness for the spicy flavour and Heather was open to suggestion on the matter of food. With her stomach being nothing but a sturdy rubber sack, she could down a bowl of dirt and call it delicious.

Phet worked busily on making subs as the two walked through the door. She was equipped with new programming and some new equipment for their visit. She smiled at them and said "Hello.", and went back to work as they waited in line. They were blissfully unaware of what Fembot Command had programmed Phet to do.

After Byron paid, they got their food and took a seat by the window again. Byron flirted with his beautiful guest and hoped that she would respond in kind. Her new conversational subroutines gave her 'personality' more depth, but they still didn't quite reach the level of romantic talk. He was glad to see her remain so friendly though, and glad that she remained relaxed and easy-going while he tried to talk his way closer to her.

The lunch date went fast this time. Byron was enjoying himself, and keeping friendly eye contact with the one he had fallen in love with put him in a good mood. He waited at the table while she excused herself and walked to the washroom. The glimpse he caught of her sexy backside moving as she walked was one of his favorite parts of the day.

Phet saw the Robot Control agent go into the washroom. She waited exactly 90 seconds before excusing herself from the line, picking up her purse and entering the washroom herself. Byron checked out her ass too.

Phet got inside and immediately moved her left leg back as the door closed. The heel on her slip-resistant kitchen shoes was stuck right against the door to make sure it wouldn't open until she was finished. Looking calm as ever, she opened up her purse and pulled out a futuristic looking gun device. She flicked some switches on it, and a few lights on the barrel started to blink in different patterns. Once the device was ready, she aimed it at the stall and waited for Heather to emerge.

When she did, she ran the visual data containing Phet's image through her pattern recognition software.

"Hi." she said brightly to the woman who prepared her sandwiches. She started walking toward the sink, still looking at the device in Phet's hand. Before she could figure out what it was, Phet fired the device.

With an invisible blast of energy that made a pulsating, raygun-like sound, the device shot a controlled jolt of energy into Heather's body. This was once Robot Control's secret weapon, now taken over and improved by Fembot Command.

Heather's body stopped moving completely. Phet put the gun away and pulled out one of Fembot Command's reprogramming cubes. Heather had come to a stop close enough to Phet so that she could unbutton her blouse and pry open her chest panel while still holding the door closed with her heel.

Phet plugged the black cube into Heather's still blinking chest and let it do its thing. These black boxes had also been greatly improved upon by Fembot Command. The one in Heather's chest took over the operation.

Silently, Heather was reactivated. Under the control of that thing in her chest, she walked back into the washroom stall and closed the door. Phet checked to see that everything in the washroom appeared normal, then walked out and back to her place behind the sandwich counter.

Byron sat at the table, thinking that Heather must have had a lot to do in there. He mindlessly read the specials menu in the plastic card on the table while he waited for the pretty girl to come back out.

But she wouldn't be done in there for a while. For the next 11 minutes, the black box rewrote much of her programming and downloaded new sets of instructions into her system. The whole time, she sat with perfect posture on the bowl, fully dressed and staring vacantly at the inside of the stall door. Bit by bit, she was being turned into a Fembot Command agent.

Byron sat outside in the restaurant and grew impatient. He kept looking at his watch. "What's she doing in there?" he wondered. She had left only her jacket behind, so he guessed it was another one of those 'women's health' issues. But it was still a very long time, and as he waited for her, more and more people entered the lineup, some likely wanting his table.

Inside the washroom stall, when the black box was finally finished reprogramming the android, she stood up and gently pulled it out of the connection ports in her chest. The small cube was then placed inside her purse, and she proceeded to close her chest panel and button up her blouse. She flushed the empty toilet, washed her hands and emerged at last to see Byron eagerly awaiting her return.

"Shall we go?" he said.

"Yes, let's go." she said.

They put on their coats and left the shop, waving to Phet as they walked past.

Outside the restaurant, Byron was quite surprised when Heather grabbed his hand. They stopped walking and turned to face each other. Before he could figure out what she was up to, she moved in and gave him a kiss on the lips.

Byron was too surprised to enjoy it. When she pulled back, smiling, he asked her "What was that for?"

"I've wanted to do that for a long time." she said. She was running her new programs perfectly. All was going according to plan.