

The time just couldn't pass fast enough for Byron that morning. For over an hour he sat in his office not doing any work. He couldn't think of anything else in this world as long as that lovely woman was near. His daydreams were some of the nicest he had allowed himself to have for a very long while.

But at Nine o'clock sharp, just as the thought of an intensely romantic noon hour began to give rise to fantasies in his head, he heard Heather rushing up the stairs. The urgency of her footsteps told him that something was wrong.

She came fast into his office, her face distressed and her eyes tearing. She was bent over in a pained way, holding on to her stomach.

"Byron, take me to the hospital." she said. Her voice had all the synthesized stress in it that her processors could produce.

Byron leapt to his feet and threw his arm around her shoulders as he led her out of his office and outside to his car. He didn't even stop to pick up their coats.

The two rushed past Agnes, who looked upon them with shock.

"We're going to the hospital." was all Byron said to her.

"I hope everything's alright!" she said as she watched the pair walk swiftly out the door and around the building to his car.

He unlocked the doors with the push of a button on his key chain, and opened the passenger side door for Heather. She sat down and continued to look injured while Byron raced to the driver's side and got in.

He pushed his key toward the ignition switch, but paused before putting it in. A loud hissing sound had distracted and alarmed him, and didn't seem at all right.

He looked around. Heather was now sitting up in the car seat, no longer trying to look sick. She just watched him.

"What's that sound?" he said. He soon realised it came from Heather's direction.

Her mouth was slightly open, and quickly releasing an ether-based sleeping gas into the sealed vehicle. Within seconds, Byron's eyes closed as his head leaned back into the cushion. He was out cold before he could even know what hit him.

The fembot monitored his vital signs carefully, and soon cut down drastically on the amount of gas being released. Moving fast, she opened her side of the car and got out. Her motors and artificial flexors worked with mechanical strength to drag the unconscious Mr. Clarke over to the passenger side seat. She closed the door and walked around the car so she could drive. She picked up the keys he had dropped and started the engine.

With no time wasted, she drove out of the lot and started making her way out of the downtown core. The rush-hour traffic had for the most part ended, so her getaway was a quick one. In only about ten minutes she was in the suburbs, then on the edge of town a half hour later.

She literally kept one eye on Byron the whole time, making sure his vital signs showed he was not slipping into a coma. She would keep him unconscious like that for a few hours while she drove his car out of town and up to the mountains to Fembot Command Station 21.

Hours later, when finally Byron awoke he did so very slowly. His numb body returned feeling to his brain little by little until in a few minutes he realised he was in bed. But it wasn't his bed. Even before he opened his eyes, he knew this was some other place than home. The pattern and quality of light that he sensed with closed eyes was different, as was the clean, new smell of the sheets. Absent as well were the familiar bird songs that usually greeted him every morning.

He opened his eyes. He was somewhere else. He pushed his tired body up as his eyes adjusted and got a better look of his surroundings. The bedroom was nicely furnished and decorated. A large window was framed by thick maroon drapes and covered by a sheer curtain that let enough of the daytime sunlight in for him to see. He blinked a few times and turned his head, and that's when he saw her.

The beautiful naked woman watching him gave him quite a start. He gasped and cleared his throat. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"My name is Natasha." came her short reply.

He just stared at her for a while. She looked to be as unaffected by his presence as he was affected by hers. He sat up fully and looked her over. She appeared to be in her early twenties, and was very well endowed, but with a slim build. Her posture was perfect and unmoving as her serene looking face continued to look right at him. The total absence of any worry or stress on her face made her look like she had not a care or trouble in the world.

Byron was very troubled however. "Where am I?" he asked, softening his tone for the pretty young naked beauty in front of him.

"I can not tell you." she said, maintaining that blank look. Her voice sounded emotionless to him as well.

"Why not?"

"I can not tell you." she stated again.

"What am I doing here?" he asked.

"If you follow me I will show you." she said, remaining absolutely still.

Byron reached up to pull the covers away, consciously realising then that he was still fully dressed, shoes and all. He unintentionally smeared dirt all over the clean patterned sheets as he got his feet to the floor and stood up.

His body was sore, and not yet fully awake. He stretched and pulled on his clothes to make them sit right again. Natasha just looked at him without changing her expression or stance. He found himself staring at her neatly trimmed and attractive looking patch of pubic hair when she spoke again.

"Please follow me." she said.

She turned around like a catwalk model and paced out of the room. When Byron saw the bright lights in her uncovered recharge port he gasped again. He couldn't believe what he was looking at.

He said not a word, and remained standing right where he was. After a few steps forward, Natasha realised that the human wasn't behind her, and turned around again.

"Please follow me." she said again.

"What the hell is that in your back?"

Natasha computed for a moment. "Are you referring to the electrical connection ports and the charge status indicator lights above my buttocks?" she asked with strange nonchalance.

Byron just nodded.

"That is my recharge port."

Byron looked at the gorgeous woman in front of him. "What are you?" he said.

"I am a female humanoid robot." she said.

He didn't say a word in response. He was too amazed. He thought this had to be some kind of trick.

"Please follow me." she said for a third time.

Natasha walked out of the room, this time with Byron right behind her. He just couldn't believe the sight. Right above those very sexy wiggling buns was that port, looking more real the more he studied it. It couldn't have been a trick, it was built inside of her.

She led him through the large expensive looking house down the hallway, through the big kitchen and finally into the basement, where they were greeted by the scanning terminal next to the door.

Natasha walked right into position in front of it as it spoke to her. "SCANNING." it said while it cast its red light on her face to measure the structure and the pattern.

Byron watched female machine interact with female machine. This was all so unreal to him that he had to remind himself it was really happening.

"SCANNING COMPLETE." said the box.

Natasha moved aside and said to him "Please stand in front of the scanner and remain still."

Byron looked at her, then walked in front of the device.

"SCANNING." it called out, making him quickly close his eyes from the intense bursts of laser light. He could see the grid being etched through his eyelids.

"SCANNING COMPLETE." it said once more as the sliding door opened.

"Follow me." the naked android said as she led Mr. Clarke into the lab at Fembot Command Station 21.

If he was amazed at the sight of electronics in Natasha's back, he was nearly knocked out by the scene in the basement lab. Massive metal consoles with flashing lights were everywhere - along the walls and in aisles. The sound of clicks, beeps and buzzes was intense and came from all around.

Natasha walked over to a large examination chair with white padding. There sat Melanie, staring blankly out ahead and unmoving. Byron put two and two together, adding to his bewilderment. He followed Natasha into the center of the room.

Off to the side was an open area with several wheeled examination tables, like stretchers. One of the tables was occupied. Byron walked over. He immediately recognised the female form, and was shocked and heartbroken.

The object of his desire, Heather, was lying on her back with her blouse unbuttoned and open. Just above her lacy pink bra was her opened chest panel, a rectangle full of cold electronics. Most distressing to him was her head. Her facemask was off, resting eyeless and face-up beside her on the cushion. Her silvery blue eyes stared up straight ahead, connected by wiring to all of the complicated looking circuitry. Where her mouth would have been there was a single speaker. He shook his head as he thought that her voice had come from that simple looking magnetic device.

All the many microchips, transistors and wires inside her head started to make him dizzy.

"Natasha," he said as he turned around, "where's the real Heather Bondar?"

Natasha was busy connecting one of the consoles to Melanie's now open chest. She stood up and turned her body to face his way.

"That does not compute. Please explain." she said as she gazed vacantly back at him.

"The human. Where's the human Heather?"

Natasha remained unmoving while she retrieved all of the relevant files from the Master Computing Device. When her answer had been formulated, she responded. "No human Heather Bondar exists."

Byron went pale. He turned his stunned gaze over to Melanie and watched Natasha attending to her as she remained without motion.

He turned around again to look at Heather. She was deactivated. No lights flashed inside her, and no movement came when Byron touched the artificial skin on the side of her head.

"I had no clue." he said to the faceless fembot on the table. He still couldn't believe it. He picked up her facemask and examined it closely. It was too real to be fake, it seemed. The skin was soft and lifelike, even now that it was cold. The back of it revealed more electronics, the stuff that made her smile and moved her lips when she talked, when she ate.

Byron thought back to all the times he had been with her. There was no way he could have known. He stood there in a daze, feeling so lost in all of these new situations. It was like his world was falling apart around him.

He put the facemask gently back beside heather's head and looked once more at her body. It was a very sexy body, and from what he could see, her breasts were very nice indeed. But she was a

robot. He didn't want a robot, he wanted Heather. He had fallen in love with a woman, not a machine.

He turned back to Natasha. "Why am I here?" he asked forcefully.

The naked technician turned her attention his way once more. "Melanie will answer all of your questions. She will be ready soon."