

Byron watched Heather sip the wine, still amazed at how a machine could behave so ladylike. The mechanisms and inner workings of her head helped to guide the liquid away from her electronics and straight into the fluid bladder in her abdomen. It would all make for a waste of good port if it didn't look so appealing.

Byron finished taking a sip from his own glass and said "I wonder if it would be possible to write a bit of software to make you appear to get drunk."

Heather held her glass in front of her as her eyes scanned Byron. "Fembot Command has programming like that for its agents. I have some like it installed already."

"Really?" he said. "It seems that computer has thought of everything."

"Well, not everything." she said. "That's why we need you to make us more realistic."

He nodded and found himself thinking of how realistic she already was. She had fooled him completely, as had Melanie. Up until he had been captured, he had not the slightest suspicion that these ladies were anything but flesh and blood like him.

He was staring at Heather now. She was still as beautiful to him as the day he had first seen her. The whole time he had been working on Project H for the androids, he had been exposed to her in her basic machine settings. She was still beautiful then, but unquestionably inhuman. Now, he told himself, he could almost forget that she was a thing.

He looked down at her chest. A few days earlier in the basement lab, Natasha had given him a detailed demonstration of Heather's inner workings. Thus he had not only seen her completely naked, but almost completely disassembled and missing large parts of her synthetic skin covering. It was almost hard to believe that same machine was sitting beside him now, dressed up like any other girl, drinking wine, and talking so naturally about her status as a device.

Then he started thinking with his crotch. He watched her chest heave slightly to the rhythm of her simulated breathing. He tried not to think about the computer that animated her motors and flexors while he watched her beautifully shaped breasts move up and down so slightly. He had seen them, but not touched them yet. They were not huge, but were as perfectly shaped as those of the robot technician in the basement. The inviting shape of those fully-functional nipples showed through the silk blouse and her bra. He couldn't stop staring.

Heather, of course, recorded every nanosecond of his actions. She knew he was looking with lustful intentions at her body. Thermal scans revealed the heat of his body shifting to among other places his groin. She could read the human like a txt file. He was getting aroused.

Her programming was still limited in that area however. When she had been taken over and upgraded by Fembot Command, they had programmed her to flirt and to kiss, but not to engage in sexual intercourse. Even after being reset to her previous configuration, she would simply not know what to do after some kissing and petting.

At this point though, it might not matter to Byron. He had after all fallen in love with Heather back when he thought she was human. He had every intention of getting intimate with her then. The shock of finding out what she was had mostly subsided now, and he looked at her again with lust in his heart.

He looked back to her eyes. She was waiting for his next move, like a dedicated terminal awaiting input.

"What's on your mind, Heather?" he said.

She looked down at her wine glass for a moment. "Uh, I'm not sure how to answer that." She looked back up at him. "I can tell you exactly what kind of calculations are being made by my processors, but I don't think you want to know that, do you?"

He turned his body more to face her direction, and reached out to take hold of her hand. His fingertips slid under hers, and tingled as they touched. She looked down to their hands. On some level she knew what he was doing. She let him do it, having no instructions in her software and no limitations in her hardware that would cause her to actively resist.

He held her hand gently, feeling the warmth in her fingers brought there by her amazingly complex artificial skin.

"Do you remember when we kissed?" he asked.

"Yes." she said.

Her eyes were clear and wide as she looked at him. "Cameras..." he thought, but they were still so beautiful. The more he looked at her artificial beauty, the more he told himself it didn't matter that she wasn't human. She was a woman, and he was a man - it really was that simple.

The moment was cut short by the sound of the screen door opening, followed by a key being pushed into the lock.

They both turned to look at the front door. Melanie had arrived, with fresh supplies for the human's maintenance.

Byron still wasn't fond of Melanie, even though she was more or less the same as Heather. Her presence killed whatever romance had been kindled.

"Hello Byron." she said in her emotionless voice. "I have brought you some more food, and the other items you requested." Her need to expend battery power on acting like a human being had disappeared while she was inside the secluded cabin.

The blonde robot placed some full plastic shopping bags on the floor and locked the door behind her. Byron downed his port and got up to get the groceries and supplies from Melanie. Heather remained on the couch, leaning back and looking at the other two.

"Did you get that CD?" Byron asked Melanie.

"Yes." came her short reply.

Byron fished through one of the bags and put on a big smile when he pulled out the disc. He walked back over to the couch while he tore off the plastic and opened it. He walked over to the stereo and put it in. Soon, the passionately written music of Claude Debussy, played just as passionately by Walter Gieseking filled the room.

Byron was the only one who could enjoy it, and he did so thoroughly. He sat back down next to Heather, who looked placid and unaffected. She still held on to her half empty glass and still sat facing sideways on the sofa.

"I wonder if I could program you to appreciate music." he said to her.

"If you finish Project H, I might learn how." she said, reminding him once more who she functioned for .

Byron picked up and read the CD booklet while he waited for Melanie to finish putting away the groceries. It shouldn't matter that Melanie would see Byron romancing the Heather robot, but still he wanted to wait till they were alone again.

"Excuse me for a moment." he said to Heather, giving her knee a slight squeeze as he got up. He walked into the kitchen, past the skinny blonde android putting groceries away, and down the basement steps. He went through the labourious but apparently necessary scanning process and entered the basement lab.

Natasha paid him no mind as she attended to a table containing one of the those statuesque naked blonde fembots. He knew his way around the lab by now. He walked over to where the connecting cords and cables were kept and took out a twelve foot recharge cable - the kind that would enable one of those female robots to recharge its batteries while outside of its charging booth. He examined it quickly and thought about how he would use it, then walked back upstairs.