

A kind of nervousness came over Byron as he rested his hands on Heather's shoulders and looked into her eyes. It had been many years since he had been with anyone, and he wasn't sure he would be able to satisfy the sexy and pretty young lady before him.

She looked right back at him as the faint sound of romantic piano music came muffled through the closed door. Her AI had not the capacity to formulate sexual desires, let alone disappointment at their unfulfillment.

He should have known that. He was worried over nothing. As it stood, Heather was his to command. She would not refuse any sexual notion, nor would she judge any performance, however clumsy.

With the recharge cord temporarily forgotten on the floor behind them, they stood that way for a long time. Worry and anxiousness filled Byron's head while the usual and predictable series of binary instruction sets flashed inside Heather's chest. Then they kissed again. It quickly turned into a full bodily groping session on his part. Heather kept kissing, and let her plastic body be caressed by the human's touch. She had already reached the limit of her programmed knowledge, and kept her electric and mechanical systems in that aroused state.

Under her current software configuration, she had no way of knowing that she should do to Byron what he was doing to her. She just kept holding him, arms in one place, while she kissed him in the deep and wet style for which her mouth had been designed.

He let go slowly and started to undress. She just looked at him.

"Take off your clothes," he said softly.

Heather nodded and began to undress. Off came the same silk blouse that she had been wearing for days, along with the rest of her attractive business attire. They both got down to their underwear at roughly the same time. Byron couldn't resist kissing her again, and feeling her breasts through her lacy pink bra. He reached behind her and unhooked the straps. He slid the bra off her slender arms while she smiled amorously at him.

He threw the bra aside and paid some serious attention to those well constructed tits. Heather was already simulating heavy breathing, and her flawlessly shaped nipples were already hard, thanks to complicated fluid systems underneath the skin-coloured silicone.

Byron's erection grew and poked out of the fly in his shorts. He closed his eyes momentarily and enjoyed the sensation her youthful breasts provided. He imagined feeling his penis between those artificial curves, and made a note to himself to try that later.

He took off his own shorts and socks quickly, and knelt down in front of the beautiful android. He put his face close to her crotch and reached up to peel her pink cotton panties down the curves of her hips and thighs. The microchips and wires just beneath the neatly trimmed patch of artificial hair were far from his mind as he sniffed in the aroma of her amazingly real vagina.

He pulled her panties all the way down as he gave gentle kisses to the area just above her soft pink lips. The smell made hormones surge within him as the mechanical pump inside her slowly pushed the incredible juice out drop by drop.

He couldn't wait any longer. "Move those covers aside and sit down on the bed Heather," he said as he opened his eyes and looked up into hers.

She stepped out of her panties, and carried out the order while he followed and knelt down in between her legs. He took off her socks, just to see the realism of her toes, then got back to what he was doing.

His face went once again between her warm thighs, and now he licked, kissed and gently sucked on her pussy. All the while, fresh lubricant came out along with its powerful artificial pheromones. The many sensors embedded within the flowery folds of her electronic vagina sent raw data into her processors, but the data went uncalculated.

Heather was still showing much enjoyment, even though she could not compute the full extent of the data's significance. She leaned back on the bed, supported by her outstretched arms, and watched with emulated curiosity while the human stimulated her main sexual device.

Along with the airy sounds of heavy breath, her high resolution speaker generated occasional feminine moans, which had their intended effect. Byron was waiting for her to come, while his tongue tickled and played with the satisfying texture of her sensor-laden crotch.

A long time passed before he realised that she wouldn't come. But all that action had made her wet enough to enter, so he stood up and told her to lie down. He spread her legs apart for her while she aimed her beautiful robot eyes at him. With every beat of his heart it seemed, more and more blood was rushing into his dick.

He got between her legs and on top of her fast. He felt her pussy and guided his penis into it. It felt so good. He nearly came right at that moment.

"Do you know what to do Heather?" he asked.

"No." she said, still breathing heavy and now showing the accumulation of all those tiny beads of synthetic sweat on her face.

"Just do what I do." he said. "When I push forward, you push forward. When I pull back, you pull back."

She was silent and still for a moment, then said "Okay."

He started to pump slowly in and out. She didn't move at first, but the more he thrust his hard cock inside her, the more her mechanical hips responded.

The relatively blank and unchanging look on her face brought his thoughts a little too close to her electromechanical insides, so he closed his eyes and imagined her as a real woman. Again, he pumped in and out for a long time, hoping and expecting her to come. He eventually realised she wouldn't, and not long after, he released his load into her.

He stopped moving, and eventually so did she. He opened his eyes. She still looked at him with that serene look on her face. The first word that came to his mind was "machine".

He took a deep, satisfied breath and got off her. "You did pretty good for your first time." he said as he got into a comfortable position beside her.

She turned her head to face his way and said "Thanks Byron." her breathing simulation slowed back down gradually to match his own levels.

"Why don't you turn your body to face me?" he suggested.

She did so, and smiled sweetly at him. The semen he had left inside her was already dripping back out, and running down the silicone of her hips.

"Thank you for... letting me do that." he said.

"You're welcome." she said, her already flushed looking face hiding the way her facemask now blushed.

"Will you stay with me through the night?"

"Of course, Byron." she said.

He smiled back at her and then remembered something. "How do I plug that recharge cord into you?"

"Just plug it into my port and plug the other end into the wall socket." she said. She turned to lay on her front as the panel above her buns opened up for him.

He leaned over to inspect the port. He gave her buns a feel and a squeeze while he studied the connection and the indicator lights beside it. A vivid memory of her battery packs being shown to him came back as he stroked the perfect curves of her buns and her smooth thighs.

He got up and picked the cord up from the floor. He uncoiled it and plugged one end securely into heather's open panel, then walked over to the wall and plugged her in. He looked back and noticed a red light flash slowly just below a green one. He turned off the lights in the room, and let those lights inside the woman's back lead him back to the bed.

He got in and pulled the sheets over both of them. "Heather, face me again." he said.

The robot rolled on to her side as he moved close under the covers and in the dark.

"I'm going to try to write some sex programming for you." he said.

"Fembot command already has sex programming. If you want, Natasha can load it into me tomorrow." she said.

"Oh." he said. He sorely wished he could be with her under different circumstances.

"Besides, we need you to focus on Project H." she added.

Byron didn't say anything more. He found her hand with both of his and held it as the distant piano music came to a soft end. She put her other hand on top and stayed with him as he drifted into sleep.

