

Byron led his synthetic companion down the hallway, into what he now thought of as their room. She had spent the last several nights next to him in bed, recharging her battery packs while he made love to her and then while he held her as he slept.

Tonight though, he was too tired for sex with the attractive and compliant android. They shared a romantic kiss, which she executed flawlessly due to her updated software. Feeling Heather's womanly curves always got Byron aroused, but it was late and he decided to leave the sex for another day.

He sat his tired body on the bed and undressed, while he watched Heather do the same. He couldn't ignore the worry that had come back into his mind that day as he looked to the gracefully moving fembot. Under the circumstances, things had been going so well lately that he had even been feeling good.

But now he was uncertain about his abilities, and that led to uncertainty about his utility to these humanoid machines. That scary thought - the one that he had earlier pushed out of his mind - demanded his attention again. Suppose he failed the androids' task. What would they do?

He unbuttoned and removed his shirt and threw it on the floor, knowing that the robo-maid would pick it up and wash it the next morning. He got undressed down to his shorts and continued to watch Heather undress.

Seeing her sexy naked body and knowing that he had access to it was comforting, even as another ominous thought entered his mind. What if he was successful? What would the androids do with him then?

Byron lowered his brow into his hands and lightly dragged the back of his curled fingers over his scalp. He sat for a moment with his hands holding his head while Heather took off the last of her clothing and sat down next to him on the bed.

She put an arm around him and waited for him to face her. "Can you plug me in?" she said, looking so sweet and inviting to him.

He kissed her and got up to fetch the cord. Heather moved the sheets of the bed aside and got in. She layed on her front with her arms bent and tucked under her chest as she waited for him to connect her to the wall outlet.

Byron untangled the long cord and turned on the lamp beside the bed. He walked over to turn off the ceiling light then walked over to the brown-haired bot. He stroked the small of her back for a while before he pushed his fingertip in to where the panel cover was. The cover of the recharge port opened downward, and came completely off with another squeeze and a tug.

He plugged the proper end of the cord into his lady then stooped down to plug the other end into the wall.

"Thank's Byron." she said softly as she rolled on to her side and pulled the covers over the bottom half of her body. Her man walked around the bed and got in after turning off the lamp.

He took the covers from her and pulled them over both of their bodies. Their hands met and held between them as Byron tried to relax.

"Heather, how do you feel?" he asked quietly.

After the slightest pause, the robot responded "I feel fine. Thank you."

He realised he had just gotten the standard quick diagnostic report. He asked a more specific question. "How do you feel about me?"

She paused for a little longer. "I don't know." she admitted.

Byron had the urge to tell her that he loved her, but he didn't know if he did. He paused for a long time too.

His hand reached out to stroke her body in the dark. Her warm artificial flesh felt good to touch and to hold. He had to admit, this is what he liked best about Heather. She may have been a thing, but her body was soft and warm, and it could kiss and it could come. This really wasn't so bad.

Soon Byron settled into a much needed sleep. Heather stayed in that position for him, holding his hand with hers and letting his other hand rest between her thighs just below her very warm crotch.

Inside, electricity flowed all throughout her body. It flowed powerfully into her recharge port, which conditioned and regulated the current to go to her battery chargers and her main power supply. Deep inside her warm, soft and curvy thighs, electricity forced chemical reactions to reverse within her batteries, giving them power they could gradually release into her body the next day.

Her hard drives, her sensor systems and her circuitry were supplied with power while she appeared to sleep. She processed calculations at her usual speed while her body was still. Her cameras recorded high definition video of the insides of her eyelids while her microphones recorded mainly the slowing sounds of Byron's breathing.

What would Byron's three words have meant to all that? How would love integrate into a synthetic body so full of electronics and machinery?

Byron suddenly found himself walking toward the kitchen. He could smell and hear bacon and eggs being made. He got close and saw that coldly machine-like made preparing breakfast for him. She moved in her usual and jerky stiff way, making loud whirring sounds as she moved to go along with her constant computerized tones and beeps.

She was different though. She had brown hair. She had Heather's hair. Byron knew it was her.

"Heather?" he said.

The robot turned around with mechanical fluidity. It was still the same plastic-looking maid unit - dressed in the same ridiculously sexy see-through maid outfit - but the fake looking head was Heather's.

She said nothing as she stared Byron down, with eyes that were so emotionless and empty. Her constant and random sounding computerised beeps got louder and louder, until Byron could hear nothing else.

Then she stiffly moved her hands to the side of her body and in one fast thrust grabbed and removed the front of her torso. She dropped it to the ground, where it crashed and began sparking badly.

Byron looked back up at the maidbot with Heather's head. Her arms slowly lowered back down to rest at her sides while a bright bluish light inside the exposed mass of electronics and charged circuitry got brighter and bigger.

It grew and grew in size and luminosity, and soon, Byron had to squint as he watched it grow bigger than her torso. It got blinding, and Byron shielded his eyes with his hands as the light completely eclipsed the robot's body. Its silent intensity drowned out the maid's robotic sounds as well, and before long, there was nothing else in the room to see or hear but the blinding bright blue light.

"Heather!!" Byron yelled out as he felt himself being pushed away. He felt her get farther and farther out of reach as the sound of fast rhythmic footsteps appeared and got louder.

He heard a door open and saw light.

Natasha had stepped into the room and switched on the ceiling lamp.

"Byron," she said, "The Master Computing Device has made a decision."

Byron opened his eyes. He was sweating. Under the sheets he was holding tightly onto Heather's hand.

She opened her eyes too.

Byron looked around him as he pulled his arm under his side to prop himself up. He was still half-dreaming.

"We will let you have the laptop computer for your experiments with the Heather robot." said Natasha as Byron's eyes tried to adjust to the light.

Byron swallowed and cleared his throat. He made his best effort to shake off the bizarre dream world and enter reality. "What time is it?" he said weakly.

"The time is 3:11 am." Natasha said, sounding like a time-reading computer.

Byron looked at her and saw that she held one of the laptops in her hand.

"You woke me for this?" he said.

"Yes." she replied, just to state the obvious.

Heather was now sitting up like Byron. She said nothing, but grabbed and held Byron's hand again.

Byron sat right up in the bed. He was curious to see how long the naked technician would stand there holding the computer. Heather sat up with him and leaned her body against his.

The three stayed that way for a long moment. Byron thought about the strange dream from which he had just been pulled and looked over to Heather.

Then he looked over at Natasha. The slender but shapely fembot was so utterly mechanical and devoid of emotion, yet so very pretty. Strictly speaking, she was much prettier than Heather, but Byron knew which machine he would rather have near him.

He admired the naked technician's body while Heather held on to him. He thought about asking her to bed with them, but decided against it.

"Natasha, can you put the computer on the dresser?" he asked.

"Yes." came her simple reply. She made a couple of steps to the right and stooped down slightly as she laid the laptop where Byron had asked her to.

He thought again about inviting her to stay. There was enough room in the bed, so that would present no problem.

He felt the warmth and softness of Heather's body next to him. He thought about that too for a while.

"Thank you Natasha." he said. "Can you turn out the lights and leave us alone now?"

"Yes." she said again. Byron caught a glimpse of her tight round buns as she pivoted around and strutted toward the light switch. She flicked it off and exited, closing the door behind her.

Byron layed back down in the bed and turned to face Heather. "Let's make love." he said.

"Okay." she said sweetly as she layed down and unconditionally offered her fully functional electromechanical body to him.