

When the digital time display in Heather's field of vision reached 6AM, she executed one of the customised bits of her programming. She acted as Byron's alarm clock.

"Byron..." she said in a quiet voice, almost a whisper. Her plastic fingertips stimulated the palm of his hand, rousing him slowly and gently from his sleep.

But he resisted. He was still tired, and needed more rest.

"Byron..." she said again, with a little more amplification through her speaker and out her mouth.

Without opening his eyes, he squeezed her hand lovingly and said "One more hour."

In under a second, she computed what he meant. "One more hour." she said softly, and reset a few variables within her electronic chest.

"Snooze." he thought happily to himself before falling asleep again.

Sixty precise minutes were counted by the battery powered woman, and with the last second turning from the future to the past, she again called out his name in a hushed and softened voice.

Motors and flexors in her arm and hand began to work, touching him to wake him up as gently as before.

His sleep had been deep, and the hour seemed only to be like the traditional ten minutes doled out by the far less advanced type of alarm clock.

With reluctance, he prepared his mind to wake and opened his eyes. He stared into her pretty painted ones, thinking about the cameras behind them.

"Morning." he said.

"Good morning Byron." she said, like she always did.

"You're lucky you don't have to sleep." he said. "I'm missing a whole third of my life this way."

She just looked at him. Her processors couldn't calculate a proper response.

Byron languidly turned around and kicked his legs out from under the covers. He dragged the rest of his body to sit up and let out a face stretching yawn.

The fembot got up on her side, and walked naked over to where her clothes were.

Byron watched her bend over, knowing that the plastic and metal lady really didn't have the same need for clothing as her human captive. He wondered if her silicon "mind" was in any way aware that her position got him aroused. While she was reaching down to the floor like that, her perfectly molded synthetic vagina was aimed right at him, with it's perfect lips and curves like a delicate prize-winning flower.

He had an idea.

"Heather," he said as he enjoyed the view.

"Yes Byron?" she said predictably.

"Why don't you put some different clothes on today." he suggested.

The android paused for a moment, still bent over and clutching her pink bra.

He stood up. "Stand up." he said, and she did too.

He led her to the bedroom next door where there was a dresser and a closet full of ladies' clothing.

"I'm going to make you into a person, Heather." he said, telling her for the first time what he had planned the previous day.

She stopped in the middle of the other room and looked at him. Her CPU was caught on that word - person. "I don't understand." she said. After a little pause she continued. "I am a woman."

Byron tried to read her face, but the silicone wouldn't surrender any signals. "Well, you are a woman," he said, trying to sound as nice about it as he could, "but you're a machine."

She just looked at him. After a while, she said "Yes. I am a machine. I'm programmed to be a woman."

He looked at her pretty face. He raised his hand and stroked her soft pink cheek.

They kissed again. She reacted to his touch the way her programs told her to, and offered no resistance as his hands glided down to caress and fondle her well-built behind.

He pulled himself slowly away - again with reluctance - and got back to the task at hand.

"I'm going to take a shower and make breakfast. After you come back from the lab, I want you to choose some clothes from this room and wear them."

Heather looked momentarily at the open closet, then back to him. "I don't know how to do that." she said. She looked down to the floor, appearing to be disappointed by her software limitations.

"You can try." he said, as much stating as asking.

She looked up once more, her facemask configured to look like she was almost ashamed, and said "I don't know how to try."

She looked back down to the floor while Byron thought about that. She was right. Machines didn't try - they either did something or they didn't. Yoda was right too.

Byron put his arms around her again. He hugged the naked android, and she hugged him right back. That felt so good to Byron - having a pretty young woman holding on to him. Even if she was artificial, she was built like the real thing and his body could forget what his mind couldn't.

He kissed her with affection on the lips and watched her face. Her sullen look was gone now that her chips were busy processing new sets of data.

"I'll see you in a couple of hours."

"Okay." she said.

He walked out of the room and into the bathroom across the hall. He smiled at his attractive synthetic companion, and she smiled back at him as she walked in her womanly way out of the room and down the hallway to the kitchen. He heard the loud whirring, clicking and beeping of the maidbot, and closed the bathroom door as it got closer so he wouldn't have to look upon what to him was mechanical grotesqueness.

Heather walked past the cute blonde robotic maid, but paid her no processor time. The calculations were mutual. Both Heather and the maid merely recorded one another's video image, and wasted no time on such things as greetings or even acknowledgement.

By now, Heather had also stopped acting "real". No humans around meant no wasted electrical power on things like blinking, smiling or blushing. She walked zombie-like through the door in the kitchen and down the concrete stairs into the basement lab.

Once the naked fembot had been scanned by the monotone-voiced doorkeeper, she walked as plainly and simply as could be over to Natasha, who waited naked like her by the empty examination chair.

Natasha turned her head in a motorised way to face the other robot. "Hello, Heather. How was your day?" she said in a way that seemed just as motorised.

"My day was fine. Thank you." Heather said, in an emotionless and mechanical way that would have made poor Mr. Clarke cringe.

Maintaining absolutely perfect posture, Heather walked over to the chair and sat down. She stared directly ahead with empty electronic eyes while Natasha prepared the console.

The robot technician looked at her and said "Please remove your facemask, Heather."

After quickly computing the meaning of the other fembot's speech, Heather reached up and grabbed the sides of her face. The locking mechanisms behind it released, and she took it along with its null expression away from the rest of her head. Her complicated and intricate internal structure was laid bare to the other artificial woman, who quickly scanned and analysed the thoroughly inhuman sight. All of the many flashing lights, microchips, transistors and wires that worked unseen to give the facemask the illusion of life were now out in the open, and under the exacting scrutiny of the dedicated and faultless technician.

Natasha got some cables ready and said "I am going to download data from your visual and auditory memory banks into the main computer for processing and evaluation."

Heather said and did nothing while she was connected through built-in ports to the Master Computing Device. It took over the process, and pulled the raw data out of her as fast as it could. The lights inside her head kept flashing and her speaker kept emitting tones and loud beeps for Natasha to examine.

Bit by bit, the data accumulated inside the massive console told of the android's experiences during the previous 24 hours. All of her digital thoughts, all of her energised movements, and even all of her romantic encounters were loaded as ones and zeroes into the computer.

No anomalies or problems were detected. The Heather robot was working just as she had been built and programmed.