

While his android companion was being prepared by Natasha for another 24 hour cycle of operation, Byron finished his hot, relaxing shower and got dressed in the plain white bath robe he wore while his own clothes were being cleaned.

He came out of the bathroom and started to make some breakfast for himself while he thought about what he needed to do. He cracked eggs into a hot pan while thinking about the proper way to structure his experimental software and hardware setup. With all hope it would work.

Byron hummed a tune to himself while he made his meal. The radio station he had found he liked up here had only news to offer this early. Even if it wasn't in French, he wouldn't really want to hear it and be reminded of the outside world right now.

He glanced out the kitchen window. The snow had not let up one bit, and still fell constantly in big heavy flakes through air that was dark, cold and still. It looked nice, but he longed for the freshness of spring. He was so far now from everything he knew. He closed his eyes and slowly drew in a long deep breath. He had to think about something else.

He thought about Heather. He readily admitted now to himself that he loved her, even though she was a machine. Yet he still wished she wasn't. He wondered if there was a real woman like her anywhere out there, one who could love him back, and maybe even grow old together with him.

After the cooking was done, he sat down to eat - alone as usual in the morning. The way his female friend was now confined to a cold examination chair with computer cables connected to her exposed circuitry entered his thoughts. She was only his at the whim of a supercomputer. He supposed she could be taken away just as quickly as she had first appeared.

He hated thinking these thoughts. They reminded him of his powerlessness.

"Enough." he said out loud and to no one, to get his mind back on track. He gulped down the rest of his food and drank the overly sweet orange juice while he mentally prepared the first steps he would take.

After about three quarters of an hour at the keyboards of his workstation, the robot maid came by with his cleaned and folded clothing. He kept looking at the screen in front of him and waited for the sounds of her loud mechanical movement to cease. When he knew she was right behind him, he turned around fast and took his clothes from her.

By now he had given up on saying thanks. The maid continued to make her loud beeping tones and noises as she started moving again and walked away. Byron stood up and changed into his work clothes once more as he waited for Heather, who usually emerged from the lab shortly after.

When she came back upstairs - human simulation mode freshly activated - he got up to greet her. He had nearly forgotten that she hadn't dressed that morning, and he remembered his earlier plan for her.

"Are you ready to choose some new clothes to wear?" he asked brightly.

She looked unsure. "Yeah. I'm ready." she said.

He put his arm around her and brought her again into the room next to his. He turned the light on and opened the closet wide.

"What do you feel like wearing?" he asked.

"I don't know." she said. "Can you choose the clothes for me?"

Byron was a little disheartened at her lack of initiative, but he understood.

He kissed her again. "Sure." he said.

The human looked through the closet for things he thought would look nice on her. He pulled out some things and hoped they'd fit. Then he went over to the dresser and pulled out some underwear and some jeans. He had a hunch her cute butt would look real nice in those.

He decided to have her dress simply, in white cotton underwear, jeans, a t-shirt and a sweater. When he got all of those things together, he handed the process over to her.

"Okay," he said, "Try these and see if they fit."

"Okay." she said with a smile.

She pulled the panties on over her smooth legs and on to her sexy hips. Byron watched and nodded in approval.

Heather put the bra on next, then the t-shirt, then the jeans, and finally the tight brown sweater. It was a good choice of garments. She looked good in them, just as Byron had hoped.

He positioned her in front of the mirror on the dresser. "There." he said. "How do you like your new look?"

"I like it." she said as she mindlessly scanned the scene in front of her and digitally processed the appearance of her own image. They both knew she would have given the same answer no matter how she had dressed.

Byron stood back and admired her young looking, sexy body. It was shown off nicely even in the casually fitting clothes. He was getting aroused again, but he had to get his work done.

"Let's get started Heather." he said. He led her by the hand out of the room, turning off the light as he went.

He went back into his bedroom to grab that laptop that had been such a pain to get, and they walked together into the living room so he could use it to try to make her into a person.

For a couple of hours, music filled the room as Byron worked on transferring his previous work into the portable PC. He needed to be careful how he structured and coded the programs and data he transferred, and it took all of his effort to concentrate on all of that.

From time to time, he disconnected the laptop from his workstation and plugged it into Heather's chest to test the effects of certain programs. For this, it had been necessary to have her remove her sweater and leave her chest panel open. She sat patiently beside him the whole time, being supportive and friendly as always.

As the new software piled up in the laptop, he needed to test the operation of her systems - to see if any of his new code would interfere with what she already had installed inside of her. Her sexual

systems and programs were surprisingly extensive, and soon he had to test them fully with his programs running in the background.

So he ordered his assistant to get naked. She did that while he got a blanket and layed it out on the floor for them. Then, he took off his clothes and joined her in position in front of the big couch.

He straddled her and leaned over to make some final adjustments to the laptop next to her.

"Let me know if you experience any problems." he said to her as he made sure she was securely connected.

"Okay." she said with a sweet looking smile.

They began to copulate, but this time Byron had to keep watching the computer beside him to see if everything was working. The fembot under him was functioning more or less normally, and mirrored his gradually rising level of arousal.

They pumped their hips together slowly at first, then harder and faster until they found a pleasing rhythm. Swells of emotive cello playing filled the room along with their grunts and heavy breathing while the software testing session continued to get hotter.

Byron had to close his eyes to come, so easily distracted he was by the circuitry visible in her opened chest. When he did, he felt her come too, and slowed down to a halt. They layed silent and still for a moment, her synthetic pussy still gripping his dick warmly and tightly.

He breathed in deep, savouring the aroma of her cream. He kissed her again, this time for a long time.

"That concludes the test." he said in jest.

She just smiled as he got off her and knelt down to examine the data that had been recorded. He used the little finger pad on the laptop to navigate the many display windows, checking their contents one by one.

He smiled a satisfied smile. "Excellent so far." he said.