Byron wiped his electronic mate clean and unplugged the cable from her open chest panel. "You hot little dynamo." he said quietly as he stroked her unmoving silicone lips with his fingertip.

Still wide open, her eyes stayed aimed at the ceiling as he picked up the laptop and began methodically searching through and reading the data that had just been collected. There was a lot. When he saw just how much data he would have to sort through, he decided to have lunch first.

He prepared and ate a quick meal alone, watching the supermechanical maidbot go about her routine as he did. By now, he was getting used to seeing her and he could almost come near to appreciating her feminine curves - cloaked as they were by her excessively machine-like appearance. He even wondered what her glossy robot skin would feel like against his. He wondered too about the strange sensation it would be to feel vibrations coming from her loud motors as she beeped, buzzed and clicked beside him.

Still, he need not bother think about any of that, he reminded himself. Heather was the finest rose among all these artificial flowers. And she was his.

But that innocent suggestion to override part of her programming had turned her into an insatiable sex machine, and he didn't want that. He wouldn't be able to keep up. And he knew he couldn't begin to think of a solution to that problem before he had thoroughly gone through the data in that laptop. So he finished lunch fast and left the dishes for the robomaid to clean.

Relaxing on the couch - with the dormant, naked, and now blanket-covered Heather robot at his feet - he started reading code and trying to make sense of it. Berlioz's 'Symphonie Fantastique' played in the background, providing a fitting soundtrack for the day's passionate events and delirious pace.

After a while, it became clear to the captive amateur programmer that his small suggestion had changed the nature of her sexual programming beyond recognition. The values he had told her to override were no longer even present, although they had been replaced with analogues of greater plasticity.

There was no way that two sentences out of his mouth could have restructured her software so completely. The conclusion was inescapable. Heather had changed her own programming.

Byron's mouth fell agape at the realisation. He was stunned. He looked back down at the pretty deactivated girl on the floor, her eyes still focused on the same spot.

He scrolled through more and more lines of test data, and checked more and more lines of programming. He was now so engrossed in his work that he left the CD unchanged for hours after it had ended.

The hour or so that they usually spent outdoors came and went with Byron still analysing the test results and checking her self-written software. He was amazed at its consistency. He would have never believed it was possible if he wasn't looking right at it with his own eyes.

There was another important factor he now recalled. The relatively small bit of software he had crafted for this purpose made the portable computer into an extension of her 'being'. All of that changed programming probably existed only in the laptop he held.

Byron needed to know that for sure, so he put the laptop aside and reactivated Heather. He pressed the red button and waited for the loud beeps and flashing lights.

"Heather robot number 742655A-FC activated." she said mindlessly.

"Diagnostic mode." Byron said simply, loud and clear.

"DIAGNOSTIC MODE." Heather said in an emotionless and robotic monotone.

He pulled the blanket right off her and got to his feet. "Stand up." he ordered.

Heather said nothing, but did as he had told her. In diagnostic mode, she moved stiffly and gracelessly, almost as robotic as the maidbot.

"Sit in the chair next to my desk." he said while pointing.

Heather walked robot-like over to the chair and sat her stiff naked body down in it. With ram-rod straight posture she stared out blankly at nothing.

Byron followed her over and plugged some cables into her chest. Reluctantly, he removed her facemask as well and connected some ports underneath to his computer.

Seeing her this way seriously tested the love for her that he had let grow, but this was the only way he could activate her right now without having her demand constant sexual stimulation from him.

He started to download data from her body to his computer and went to find the maidbot.

She was in that unused bedroom, sorting unused clothes. He walked up to the short-haired blonde and said "Hey, you."

The ultra-mechanical maid whirred and beeped as she turned her pretty plastic head to face him.

"Make me something to eat. Cream of broccoli soup and tuna sandwiches."

She kept on with her clicking and beeping, and the only sign that she had registered his command was that she stiffly turned and walked out the door in her windup-doll-like strut.

He followed her out, watching her shiney plastic butt move through her see-through French maid uniform.

"Who could possibly get aroused by such a display?" he thought as he entered the living room again.

It was getting dark quickly. He put on some Beethoven and some pants and waited for the download to finish.

As he ate the efficiently prepared meal, he scrolled through the freshly downloaded data and verified his hunch. Within Heather, no programming at all had changed. Every line of code was exactly as Fembot Command had written it.

This confirmation was good news. His plan with the laptop was a success. As long as it was connected to Heather's chest, it took over and superseded her original programming. Now he just had to deal with the changes that Heather had made.

He munched on his sandwich and looked at the vacant face of his android companion. He had originally intended to leave the laptop connected to her non-stop, but he wouldn't get any sleep tonight if he did that. He would have to reboot her without it until he found a way to cool down her awesomely powerful and never-ceasing electronic sex drive.

When he was done eating, he disconnected his lady friend from his computer terminal and put her face back on. The way the facemask clicked back in and covered up all of that high-tech circuitry made him feel like she was returning from an absence.

He pressed her power button to reboot her once more, disconnected from her newfound sexuality residing on the hard drive of the laptop.

"Heather robot number 742655A-FC activated." she said again, just as mindlessly as before.

She looked around the darkened room and down at her naked self. "What happened Byron?"

"I ran some tests on you." he said, not realising until now that her readily accessible reconstructed memory files were also only on the laptop.

"I hope I passed!" she said jokingly.

"You passed." he said with a warm smile on his face.

Byron closed her chest panel for her and stood up. "Stand up, dear." he said softly.

She stood up and let him grab both her hands. She reflected his loving smile back to him in the best way her technology allowed.

"I love you." he said. "I don't think I've told you that yet."

She looked at him. She had that lost and confused look come over her face again. She cast her head downward and said "I don't know how to love."

He reached up to her chin and tilted her head gently back up to face him. He beheld his beautiful rose and smiled. "Yes you do. Believe me Heather, you know how to love."