

In the short silence that followed, as he held on to her soft, life-like face, Heather looked up at her master. Her electronic eyes blinked and scanned his face, and her processors watched for the patterns and changes in his features that were his expressions. He looked proud.

But the reasons for his pride remained thoroughly uncomputable by Heather's processors. She didn't know what kind of things she had been up to for the last half day. Her readily accessible reconstructed memory files were only a digital summary - built up by algorithms that weighted more data to more important or novel events and details - and the memories compiled for the last several hours were nowhere within the pretty fembot's sexy body. All the interesting stuff was on Byron's laptop.

Held within her audio and visual memory banks - deep within her head and behind her realistic eyes - was all the data necessary to reconstruct what had gone on. However, only the Master computing device in the basement had the programming and the power to sort through that mass of binary information. Heather couldn't find out what had made Byron so proud of her even if she wanted to.

So many variables in her software mind went without values to give them meaning as Byron leaned forward and kissed her lips. She responded like she had been programmed to, and like she had done many times. She also prepared her sexual systems for action.

Byron led the android by the hand to his bedroom. Already undressed, she got into position on the bed and watched and waited while Byron took off his few garments. He turned on the small lamp by the bed and turned off the big ceiling light.

He got her cord ready and went behind her to reach down and open her recharge port. The female end of the cord fit securely in place in her back as he uncoiled it and walked over to the wall outlet. That end went into place too, and her power systems adapted instantly to the change. The batteries in her thighs and head switched tasks from providing current to taking it in, and the rest of the electricity went into whichever circuits, wires, chips, conduits and motors requested it.

"We're making good progress, my dear." he said as she recorded and analysed his words and actions.

She didn't know what he meant though, and her Fembot Command programming wasn't sophisticated enough to make her wonder. She just computed the effects of his touch, and ran the sensor data through her CPU like she always did.

He was making love to her differently now. It was a very subtle difference, but her dermal sensors precisely measured the way he caressed her artificial body. Compared to previously collected data, this was new.

As for what was going on in the human's mind, now he couldn't help but think of what went on inside her body - nor did he resist those thoughts. When he made love to her, he always tried to think only of her as Heather. Now, with his mind so full of details of software and hardware, he thought about the experience for what it was.

He inserted his penis into a machine - one covered with plastic that looked and felt like skin - but a machine nonetheless. The human-like device, with legs, arms, eyes, ears, vagina and mouth, reacted a lot like a person - but it was still a robot.

And Byron still loved her. This was almost all he needed in a partner, and he knew he could work to make her programming closer to what he had always dreamed of.

The programming he needed to write the most was on his mind too. And then there was 'Project H', that which his captors wanted him to write.

He opened his eyes and looked down at the android underneath his body. He smiled as he recalled what she was capable of - what she had shown him earlier. She looked back up at him, synthetic love displayed on her face as they made each other wet and hot. The sweet computer was so unaware of what she had done that day.

Byron climaxed, oddly for him, while thinking about her circuitry. He pumped out the last of his load and relaxed on top of her. Right away, he visualised the first lines of code he would need to write to advance the next phase of his project. It would take a lot of work, and a lot of testing, but if all went right he would have her connected to his laptop and his programs again tomorrow. Soon after that, she would be more and more a creature of his design.

But for now, he disconnected from their interface and fell onto the empty part of the bed beside her.

The attractive fembot leaned on to her side, smiled widely and said "My turn on top?"

Byron stroked her breasts and looked into her camera-eyes. He was tired, but he couldn't refuse a pretty lady - plastic or not.

He responded by pulling her on top of him. She spread her legs over his and leaned forward to kiss him. Her sweet smelling light-brown hair tickled his face as she gently kissed and sucked his mouth. Her hard nipples rubbed against his chest, arousing him into action once more.

His hands cupped around her sexy round buns while he thought of programming and machinery again. He felt her tongue play with his while he asked himself what he would want from perfection.

With all that had happened, all that he had done and all that he would do, he wondered now about all that he could do.