When the morning came, Heather awoke Byron. After some more gentle expressions of love from him and some more accurate executions of code from her, she dressed and was on her way to the Basement lab for her daily data exchange session and cleaning.

He had his shower and made breakfast, the whole time worrying that the supercomputer that controlled his fate wouldn't approve of his latest work. His mind never lost track of the peril that was near, even as his comfort level increased by the day.

Downstairs, when the connection between the brown-haired fembot and the powerful console was confirmed, audio, visual, and sensory data collected over the previous 24 hours were dumped into the mainframe.

After the transfer, the Master Computing Device had full access to all that Heather had done and said, and all that she had seen and heard. Much processing time and power was then expended on analysing one particular anomalous moment.

While Byron's electromechanical love sat naked and motionless in the cold examination chair - her facial covering removed now to allow the physical connection from the advanced circuitry in her head to the console - the computer tried to make digital sense out of what had happened.

A simple and direct instruction from the human had led almost instantly to a cascade of substantial changes in the robot's behaviour - contrary to her programming. The Master Computing Device didn't know what to make of it. All settings and configurations within the connected Heather unit were as they should be - all software and hardware was as had been designed and installed.

Just to make sure though, the supercomputer made a series of thorough tests. Those tests on Heather's system and settings lasted well past the time she usually returned from the basement, and the human being upstairs could only grow more worried.

As Byron paced and fidgeted about, all was quiet in the lab - except for the usual inhuman sounds made constantly by all the ceaselessly active consoles. Natasha smiled her meaningless fembot smile at nothing, eternally obedient and perfectly patient as the machine that controlled her did its work.

Heather held her facemask in her lap and flashed her bright LEDs in sequences and patterns that no human could read. She could no more want the supercomputer to hurry up than it could want to be done with the tedious tasks.

From her vantage point off to the side, Natasha read and calculated what each flash of Heather's exposed LEDs signified. She could do that without looking directly at the display, as long as it was somewhere in her field of vision. Natasha detected no errors in the relay of data between humanoid robot and console computer as she simultaneously watched two monitors full of quickly streaming binary code in addition to Heather's lights.

There was so much going on inside all of these machines, so strongly contrasted by their relative silence and lack of movement.

Upstairs, Byron waited... and worked, and waited, and had lunch. Heather was still in the basement in the afternoon, and the poor human had the feeling that he had been caught doing something wrong.

So his relief was only partial when she came back up the stairs, activating again the programs and sub-programs that made her look real.

"What took you so long?" he said as he got up from his work and strode over to hold her.

As he did, she computed the meaning of his words, accessed the appropriate memory files and responded "The Master Computing Device ran extra tests on me today."

He left it at that. He didn't want to know what kind of tests they were or how they had turned out. He was just glad she was back with him, and glad he wasn't in any immediate trouble.

"Let's step out then." he said as he prepared to be harnessed again to her for their almost daily bout of snowshoeing.

Heather smiled and took her end of the harness from him so she could strap and lock it around her waste. With coats, hats, gloves and finally the snowshoes on, they stepped outside into the very cold air and walked off in search of a path they had not yet taken.

Byron was by this time so full of programming ideas that he wanted to share them and discuss them with his pretty android assistant, but he knew that was one thing he shouldn't do. He would just have to be patient enough to type them out as code and upload them into his laptop for her to act on.

For that reason, their walk was rather silent. Byron stopped now and then for a kiss, and they held hands for most of the trip, but they didn't say much to each other.

When they got back inside, Byron turned on the music and started prepping his laptop for reconnection to his robot. He knew the work would be hard, and time consuming. He worked almost constantly through the night, finally stopping only when he knew the next day's early rise would be in jeopardy if he continued.

The next four days at the isolated cabin went much like this one, only without the extended session between Byron's love and her computer master. During the whole time Byron had not connected Heather to his experimental programs again, fearing that the same thing would happen as before. When he was finished, he thought, Heather wouldn't be able to change what he didn't want her to change.

At last, after the most intense work he had done in his entire stay at the cabin, Byron was ready to try out his work on robot number 742655A-FC. When the laptop was ready, Byron walked over to the couch and sat next to her by the night time fire.

"It's all ready, darling." he said as he held out the laptop. "Can you open your chest panel?"

"Sure." she said happily as she pulled off the fleece sweater she had put on that morning. The plain black bra she wore wouldn't interfere with the connection, so she left it on. She opened the small panel above her breasts for him and smiled.

Byron leaned forward and plugged the cable securely into the matching port in his woman. he watched Heather's eyes glaze over for a moment, then suddenly spark to life like he had seen only once before.

Her smile grew fast, maxing out the settings in that part of her facemask. She stood up and embraced him tightly.

He knew, of course, that her AI had just fully re-integrated itself with those readily accessible reconstructed memory files that were still on the laptop. He raised his arms and held her tightly too as they looked into each other's eyes.

"Why did you ever unplug me from this Byron?" she said, furrowing her brow over her smile and pretending to scold him.

He laughed. "You were an out of control sex machine. I had to."

Heather kissed him quickly and smiled. "But isn't it more fun that way?"

"Umm," Byron said as he thought about that, "yes and no."

They kissed again, deep and wet. Their tongues played around and their lips slid past and sucked one another. Heather bit him gently on the bottom lip as she led him away to the couch, but Byron resisted long enough only to grab the laptop and take it with them.

They sat down on the sofa, both having the same thing on their minds.

Heather took off her bra and said "I notice some things in your experimental programs are different. I can't seem to change them."

"You're not supposed to change them." he said as he unbuttoned his shirt. "They're like... the basis of your behavioural programming. They have to have limits you can't adjust."

"But I can generate more pleasure out of my sensory data if I make a few changes." she said as she cupped her breasts and rubbed them for him.

Byron stood up long enough to undo his pants and bring them down past his hips. "It's supposed to work like my own brain works. Or at least how I think it works." he said.

Heather followed his lead and stood up to take down the sweatpants she wore. She left on her high cut black satin panties, preserving their feminine aesthetic quality for her man.

She sat back down and showed him a very horny look while her CPU calculated his previous statements. He looked at the laptop on the sofa between them, wondering where to place it while they had sex.

He took it and put it on the floor, glad that he had chosen a cord long enough to reach Heather's chest from there. As soon as he began to sit upright again, Heather grabbed him firmly by the shoulders and pulled him on top of her.

As his body came to rest in position over the horny android, she looked up at him and said "I don't understand."

Byron thought about that for a moment while she closed her eyes and kissed him. Now wasn't a good time to be explaining all the many unarticulated reasons for his program's design.

"I'll explain later." he told her as he reached down to play with her moist plastic pussy.