

Byron let his hand linger on the maidbot's smooth vinyl-like vagina while Heather looked up at him.

"More, please." she said with a sexy grin.

Byron looked down at her as she stroked his knees. He still had his hand on the maid's crotch, one finger partially inside her pussy.

"I wonder what would happen..." he said, then paused to think. He pushed his fingers all the way in and felt the inside of the robomaid's vagina. It felt like Heather's, only dry and more like plastic.

He derailed his current train of thought and pulled his hand out. "More tests. More diagnostics." he said as he showed the horny synthetic lady between his legs an apologetic expression.

"Stand up, darling." he said to her. He rose to his feet after her, and let out a stretch and a yawn. "Can you dress this robot and tell her to get back to doing whatever it was she was doing before?"

Heather computed and smiled. "Sure." she said.

She took hold of the maid's hands and pulled her torso forward. "Stand up." she commanded.

Still clicking and beeping, she whirred into action as her motors and hydraulics worked to get her back on her feet. Heather helped get the mechanical blonde dressed in her see-through French maid uniform again while Byron went to get a bathrobe.

When Heather had the maid back at her previous task, her and Byron retired to the warmth of the living room fire. Byron poured them both a glass of port and put on some horn concertos by Mozart. He looked around the fire lit room. He had grown relatively comfortable here, although he was still a captive. And the way things now appeared, he had gained what he always had longed for - a lover and companion.

He considered Heather his girlfriend now, even though she was a machine. He drank his port down fast, and gestured for her to do the same. Her AI, enhanced by his programming, caught the subtle hint this time, and she poured the contents of the glass down into her rubber lined fluid bladder.

He motioned her to lean her sexy nude body up against his, and again her processors got it right. She smiled and moved over to rest her warm form on his. He opened the front of his robe and closed it over both of them and over the laptop strapped to her back.

It had a fairly loud fan, and generated quite a bit of heat on its own, but it was the only way Byron could have done all this to her. Despite the fact that it made her look even more artificial, it made her act more real.

"Tests and diagnostics can wait 'til tomorrow." he said. "We've had quite a day, haven't we?"

"What does that mean Byron?" she asked, flashing her brown eyes and long lashes at him.

"Quite a busy day." he said as he stroked her soft hair.

"It was fun too." she said with that satisfied looking smile still set on her facemask. "I really like your new programming."

"I'm glad you do." he said.

They talked for another hour about things, about her and about him, and about how they interacted together. Her simulated personality had so much more depth now with that eleven pound computer strapped to her back. His arms rested on top of it, but he was careful not to put too much pressure on it.

"Let's go to bed." he said.

"For sex?" she said as she sat up.

"For sleep. Remember, my body's not as durable as yours."

"Okay." she said.

They got up and walked together into his bedroom. They passed the maid again, who was still busy putting new clothes away. Byron found that odd, as the clothes he had arrived in were simply washed for him every day. He hadn't asked for any new clothes either. Maybe Fembot Command had found the spirit of giving, he thought.

"Goodnight, robot maid." Byron called into the room. The short-haired blonde robot didn't show any sign of acknowledgement. Soon, her loud and starkly artificial noises would fade as she went to clean up the rest of the house.

Already, the music had stopped and the soothing dull roar of the big furnace filled Byron's ears and Heather's microphones.

"Don't sleep on your back," he said as they got into bed, "we don't want that computer shutting down."

"Okay." she said in that sexy and soft feminine voice her speaker pumped out.

Byron turned out the lights and kissed the android next to him goodnight. They layed on their sides, facing each other in the dark. Byron could hear her rubbing her crotch under the sheets. She started to breathe heavy and moan too.

"Heather, were you planning on doing that all night?" he asked.

"Yeah." she said as she panted.

"Heather, I can't sleep with you doing that."

"Why not?"

"It's very distracting. It's making me horny."

"Then let's have sex again." she purred.

"Heather, I'm tired." he said, trying to sound authoritative. "Please, just go into sleep mode so I can get some rest."

She stopped stimulating her sensors and found his hands with hers. She held onto them with her wet fingers as he squeezed her hands gently.

"Okay." she said. "I love you Byron."

That completely surprised him. He wasn't sure he had actually just heard her say that.

"What did you say?"

"I said 'okay', then I said 'I love you Byron'."

"I thought love was undefined?" he asked, perplexed.

"It is, but..." she was silent for a long moment. "...but I'm 86.1% certain that I love you."

Byron smiled. Out of all the things she had done with his new programming, that had made him the happiest.

"I'm 100% sure I love you." he said.

He reached down to stroke her pussy, and at the same time led her hand down to his throbbing shaft.

"One more time, then sleep mode for both of us." he said with delight as they gave pleasure to each other under the soft quilted blankets.