

Anya knocked on Byron's door. She stood straight like a mannequin as he went toward the door and looked through the peephole.

He watched her lack of motion for a moment, then let her in.

"Hello Anya." he said as she stepped inside and he close the door behind her.

"Hello Byron." she said mechanically. "Do you want to have sex with me?"

Byron was more than surprised. "No." he said.

Anya looked unaffected. She put her purse down on a table and started to undress.

"What are you doing?" Byron asked.

"I am removing my clothing."

"Why?"

"My end-of-day directives are to remove my clothing and recharge my battery packs."

Byron let her finish and pulled the tiny bottle of rye out of the paper bag. He had decided to limit himself to this one drink. He unwrapped a small glass tumbler that was sitting on a tray next to the TV and poured his drink into it.

Anya continued to undress, and got completely naked as Byron watched. He felt uncomfortable. He decided not to tell Mike about this, and he would definitely keep his hands off Anya's super-sexy body.

Anya stripped as if it was just one more function she could perform, and so it was. She knew the effect the sight of her nude form could have on men, but she had no emulated desire to use that effect one way or another.

Her cameras were aimed at the wall as she exposed her exquisitely molded plastic parts, but she was able to see Byron watching her in the periphery.

There was no way he could keep his eyes off such a perfect body. Anya was the sexiest woman he had ever met, robot or not. He took guilty pleasure in watching her fine curves as the drink he sipped numbed his tongue.

When she was completely undressed, she emotionlessly turned and pulled her recharge cord out of her purse. She walked over to Byron, closer to him than he would have liked. His eyes and her pretty plastic crotch were at roughly the same level.

He froze for a moment with the tumbler to his lips, looking at the neatly shaped patch of artificial hair above her electronic vagina.

He realised also at that point that he had forgotten to bring a recharge cord along for Heather. He would make sure to add that to the shopping list, as these cords were the same standard type that provided power to most computers and monitors, only a lot longer.

"Please connect this cord to my recharge port." Anya said. She waited for him to grab the coiled up cord, then pivoted around robotically to show him her backside.

Her recharge port opened up as he took in the sight. Unlike Mike, he wasn't a big fan of exposed electronics per se, but he sure could appreciate the sight of this fembot's beautifully curved buttocks.

Her temptation severely tested his resolve. Her computerised mind was still trying to get him interested sexually, in accordance with her orders. The trick she now employed had been taught to her by Tammy. Fembots like them were more than capable of plugging themselves in, but their human master found them irresistible when they asked him to do it.

Byron downed his drink in one more gulp to steady his nerves. He uncoiled the long black cord and pushed the proper end into the exposed mechanism. The single green light turned amber and started slowly flashing. He moved aside and stood up - so near to him Anya was standing - and walked over around the bed to find an outlet. He stooped down and plugged the male end of the cord into the socket.

Anya turned around and looked at him with her extremely gorgeous face. Even without emotion of any kind displayed on it, it was still breathtaking to behold.

"Thank you Byron." she said.

"You're welcome." he answered, keeping his distance as if she was too dangerous to get near. He wished he had bought a bit more liquor.

She pulled aside the sheets on the bed and slid her sexy body in.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm going to bed." she stated simply.

Byron was very uncomfortable. He longed to have Heather in that spot instead of Anya.

Without a word more he went to the washroom to brush his teeth. Anya slid herself over to the side near to the outlet and pulled the covers over her warm and smooth skin. With incorruptible vigilance, she analysed every muffled sound and every flashing shadow that went by outside. Her CPU worked out possible plans of action based on a multitude of probabilities, no matter how remote. Byron would be safe from harm tonight.

He was still quite rattled from Anya's advances though. He had no idea that Mike had told her to behave this way, and just thought that Anya was an extremely horny machine. He would make sure nothing went on between them. He wouldn't mention any of this to Mike either.

The alcohol started to pleasantly affect him finally as he stepped out of the tiny washroom and over to the empty side of the bed. He didn't quite know what to say, so he didn't say anything as he stripped down to his boxer shorts and got under the sheets next to Anya. He stayed as far from her as he could.

"Would you like to have sex with me before you go to sleep?" she asked.

"No." he said as he rolled over to face away from her. "Just do your job and watch over me."

He rolled his words around in his mind in the long silence that followed. He didn't mean to sound so unkind.

But that was of no import. Anya had no feelings to hurt.