

Mike dialed Byron's room number into the phone and waited for an answer.

"Hello?"

"Byron, it's Mike. Do you have that computer ready yet?"

"Not quite. Why? Is she ready?"

"Well, the hard drive is. Come on over and we'll get you connected."

"Alright. I'm on my way." he said.

"Hey, Byron?" Mike said just before he hung up.

"Yeah?"

"Bring a CD we can listen to. You have any Slayer?"

"Umm, no. I don't have any Slayer."

Mike laughed. Byron wished he could be in as good a mood. "I'm kidding. Bring whatever you want to hear."

"Okay."

He hung up, turned the muted TV off and stood up. He had plans to shave for the first time since leaving the cabin, but he put it off some more and grabbed the unpacked laptop.

After picking up his keys, he walked out his door and through the other that Mike held open for him.

He looked at Heather. She was still missing large portions of skin, as well as her facemask and all her clothing.

"I'll be a while setting this thing up probably." he said as he turned to go sit by the nearby table. He untied electrical cords and cables while Mike picked up the CD.

"Tchaikovsky." he said. "Sweet. There's no opera on this is there?"

"No." Byron said as he plugged things in.

Mike took the CD out of its case and walked over to Anya. "Hey Byron, check out my CD player." he said.

Byron looked up from what he was doing and watched Mike interact with the extremely gorgeous android.

"Take off your facemask, babe." Mike said.

"Yes Mike." Anya said, predictably. She put down her tools and followed the verbal command.

"Scan this." Mike said as he handed her the CD.

"Yes Mike." she said again.

Byron expected Anya to insert it somewhere in that exposed mess of electronic circuitry, but instead she stuck the CD on her index finger, like a record on a spindle.

The fembot pointed her finger at her opened head. The portion of her finger that held the disc expanded out slightly to grip it firmly, then began to rotate rapidly. The disc spun as a red beam of laser light shot out of Anya's painted glass eyeball and on to the surface.

"Neat, huh?" Mike said as he looked back to Byron.

He was more puzzled than anything as he watched Mike's artificial friend read the contents of the disc in that unusual and unexpected way.

After a couple of minutes, Anya stopped the process and handed the CD back to Mike. "Scanning complete." she said.

Mike grinned. "Play." he said.

Immediately, the digitised audio came forth into the room, generated by Anya's speaker. It sounded quite good.

"Not so loud." Mike said.

Anya computed that his command called for a volume reduction of 25%. She reduced the volume of the music by that much and waited for further instructions.

"She's got a lovely voice, eh?" Mike joked. "Too bad she's not in stereo." He had the urge to tell Byron of his audio experiments with Anya on the left and Tammy on the right, but decided to save it for another time.

"That does sound pretty good." Byron said. The startup sounds and tunes of his own notebook computer got his attention as he returned to work on setting it up.

"Back to work Anya." Mike said quietly.

"Yes Mike." she said, adding her voice to the stream of music emanating from her exposed high definition speaker.

Mike sat down and read the CD booklet while the others around him got back to work. After a quarter of an hour of clicking through settings and adware, Byron announced that he was ready.

Tammy and Anya looked his way and finished their immediate tasks. Tammy looked at Anya and said "Reduce volume 50%."

"Yes Tammy." she said over music that was now half as loud as before.

"I'll show you the newly built access ports that will be behind Heather's new chest panel." Tammy said as Byron walked over with the laptop.

He sat down on the bed, right next to his naked and still dormant girlfriend. He watched as Tammy pointed out the ports that had been rebuilt. There was a new one that linked straight to the old laptop's hard drive.

Byron looked at the connection port and the realistic manicured robot finger pointing at it. he looked up at Tammy. He looked into her eyes for a long moment.

She looked back at him and showed him her warm, disarming smile.

"Uh, Tammy, after I check out Heather's data, can I take a look at your programming?"

Byron felt a little weird asking the fembot that question, but her reaction immediately put him at ease.

"Of course." she said. "I'll show you whatever you'd like to see."

"Thanks Tammy." he said. "You're very realistic, very... human-like for a machine. I'd like to learn some things from your software so I can incorporate them into Heather's."

"Sure." Tammy said, still smiling her friendly, attractive smile. "Whenever you want, just plug that thing into me."

Mike felt a little bit of jealousy creeping in as he watched his woman interact with the other human. He could feel it, but he couldn't rationalise it. He didn't like it.

Tammy and Anya stood up straight as Byron carefully plugged the cord from his laptop to Heather's chest. The mouse cursor on his screen changed to an hourglass, and stayed that way for a long time.

No one moved. The men were quite anxious to see what would develop.

Byron breathed in deep and said "Come on." as he exhaled. Eventually, the hard drive showed up on his laptop as an external storage device.

Byron showed a smile and wasted no time in looking for and downloading his diagnostic programs. These were the ones that Fembot Command had supplied him with, and the ones he had altered for his purposes. These were the software analysis tools that allowed him to see Heather's binary, digital love for him.

A lot of time went by. Mike was getting a little bored, and he couldn't cure his boredom in the usual way by fondling one of his fembots. So he just waited and enjoyed the music while gazing dreamily at Anya's beautiful electronics.

Tammy stood behind Byron, and scanned his notebook PC with her advanced optical system. Mike looked at her too, especially her sexy butt, and wondered what manner of 'thoughts' were going through his lover's chest.

Byron tapped his fingers anxiously and went through all the 'what-ifs' he could think of. He waited for the progress bars to crawl slowly from left to right - from empty to full.

Anya just stood there playing music.

At last, when Byron's tools had all been transferred, and when he had shut-down and restarted the computer, he was ready to inspect Heather's hard drive to see if she was still who he hoped she was.