

Heather's vagina was just as wet as usual, but far more sensitive and responsive to the Human's touch now. When he had re-written his experimental programs, he had left some of her changes intact. Some of the things she had changed within an instant were of such bewildering complexity that he would not have even dreamed they were possible after years of concentration and work.

He was still unsure that the controls and limitations he had put in place would keep her from changing her own programming to much, but he would soon find out. After this he would sort through masses of collected data on the laptop again and run some diagnostic programs on her to check if what he had written was still intact.

But for now, he gave his full attention to satisfying the woman reclined underneath him, and satisfying his own lust in the process. The plastic robomaid with the stiff walk and constant beeping would be stuck with the job of cleaning the sofa cushions after this test drive.

The two lovers caressed and fondled each other's bodies until they could wait for it no longer. Byron rubbed the tip of his hard cock against the soft silicone lips of her pussy until he slid himself inside the warm, wet and tight mechanical orifice. He pumped in hard, as hard as he could while the robot used her motorised hips to return his thrust, matching his pressure down to .01% pounds per square inch.

The open chest panel with its bright flashing lights and exposed metal attracted his gaze now instead of diverting it away. The electronics on display through the small rectangular opening once frightened him, now they fascinated him. He never would have dreamed before that he could fall in love with an android.

While he watched and studied the way she acted, Heather used Byron's new software to its full potential. She was genuinely enjoying this now, like she had only on one day before. The programs on the laptop allowed her to use the data flowing in from all of her many sensors to provide not only information about what was going on around her, but to activate and stimulate what the programmer had constructed as her pleasure center.

This software 'pleasure center' was a master stroke on Byron's part. In simple terms, it was her new reason for being - perhaps her first. All of her higher cognitive functions ran through it. All of her actions - past present and future - were assigned values by it. If things went according to Byron's plan, Heather would do things now for the pleasure of doing them.

Sexual stimulation was, of course, at the very top of the list. Even as Byron tired his human body out making love to her, she still only wanted more. But he had installed some limits. Heather now found it unpleasurable to exhaust her non-mechanical lover, so she would now be more responsive to his tiredness.

Byron was surprised at how well it worked. Right from the start, he saw the hallmarks of emergent behaviour everywhere. She touched herself while he fucked her - her breasts, her lips, her anus - all without being programmed or ordered to. Simply for the pleasure of it.

Byron and Heather stopped after their first climax so he could look through the laptop and see exactly what kind of effect his programs were having. This time, even though she protested and begged him for more sex, she didn't just grab him and pull him down on top of her. Without any command or order, she let go of him and took a position seated close to him on the sofa.

Byron clicked at the cramped little finger pad below the keyboard and opened more diagnostic windows. He pointed things out to his lady as he snooped through the workings of her system and as he began to see how his software had performed.

It was all an astounding success. All of the objectives that he had so far tested were fulfilled exactly as he had envisioned, and all without so much as a bug.

Byron smiled at Heather. Both of them were naked, wet, and breathing heavy. "You did perfectly, my love." he told her.

Heather blushed as he leaned forward to kiss her.

"I think I can leave you plugged in to this thing almost all the time now." he said.

She smiled a big smile upon hearing that. She hugged him tightly, a little too tightly, but nowhere near maximum strength.

Byron chuckled and led her by the hand over to the kitchen table. "We've got to strap that to your back somehow so you can stay connected and carry it around."

"How 'bout duct tape?" she suggested with a cute smile.

"I don't want to wreck your beautiful skin now, dear." he said. "I have something else in mind. Stay here."

Byron put the computer on the table as the naked fembot stood next to it. She watched him go to the closet and fetch her end of the lockable nylon harness.

"Put this on, and we'll strap it to your back."

"Okay!" she said excitedly.

While she put the harness around her waste, Byron went back to the living room and got the tube of super glue that Melanie had brought to him as requested. He cut off the top and squeezed a bunch into the laptop's latch so it couldn't be fully closed and shut down that way.

Then he folded the cover over and tucked the heavy portable computer between Heather's back and the harness. He tightened the straps around her waste, making sure he wouldn't cut into her soft artificial skin.

Byron stepped back and looked at her. Naked and smiling, with a red nylon harness holding a computer against her back - a computer that was plugged into her opened chest.

"One more thing." he said. He went back into the living room and got the power cord for the laptop. He weaved it into the harness and plugged one end into the computer. Then he opened up the small rectangular recharge panel above her buns.

The other end of the power cord was plugged into the deeply recessed outlet built into her back. He gave her butt a quick squeeze and removed the recharge port cover entirely.

"I'll have to take this one off too." he said as he stepped in front of her and pulled off the cover of her chest panel. He put the covers aside and took in the sight.

"Self contained." he said. "Self Contained Ultra Beautiful Android." he added with a chuckle.

She didn't get it. But that was okay.

"Now." he said. "Another test."

He now needed to see if she would do something she would normally tell him she couldn't do. And he knew just what the standard version of Heather would have said no to.

"Come with me." he said as he led her away from the table by her hand.

They walked like that to the back of the house and to the spare room where for now only clothes were kept. In that room was the inhuman looking maidbot. She was passing her processor time by unpacking new sets of men's clothes and putting them away into the closet and the dresser.

Byron and Heather stood outside in the hall, looking at the stiffly moving machine do her thing. She beeped as loud as her simple servo motors whirred, broadcasting her artificiality quite effectively.

"Heather," he said, "I want you to seduce this maid."

She looked at him for a moment as the female shaped machine inside kept working, completely unaffected by their presence or conversation.

"Okay." Heather said.

Byron was again surprised at how easily she had agreed. He watched her walk into the room, swinging her hips in a sexy way as she carried with her the computer strapped to her back.

"Hi." she said to the glossy-skinned robot. "My name is Heather."

The maid ignored her, and continued to take a folded up shirt out of its plastic wrapper.

"Stop that." Heather commanded.

The maid obeyed. Her whirring sounds came to a halt as she stood still and aimed her cameras at the more advanced machine. She continued to beep as frequently, as randomly, and as loudly as ever.

"I've been ordered to seduce you." Heather said as she took the wrapped shirt out of the maidbot's hands. She threw it on the bed. "I don't know how to do that, so I'm going to take your clothes off and have sex with you."

Byron's eyes opened wide as he watched her say that. He had no clothes on either, and could not hide his quickly growing erection. Neither female noticed though.

He stood there watching as Heather slowly but surely undressed the other woman shaped device. He was a bit surprised to find that even the robomaid was anatomically correct.

Heather seemed to have a comfortable command of the situation. She smiled her sexy smile at the other fembot while she removed its clothes and listened to it constantly beep. When the nameless

bot was naked, Heather ordered her to lie on the bed, and proceeded to kneel down between the maid's plastic legs.

For as long as Byron could stand to just watch, Heather's silicone tongue licked the electronic maid's plastic, hairless vagina. For every megabyte of digital pleasure that passed through Heather's laptop, an equal amount of soulless data passed through the maid's rudimentary CPU. Heather kissed and licked and sucked like it was the most fun she had ever had, while the stiff and jerky robot on the bed simply recorded the events.

When he could stand it no longer, the human rushed in to take care of his own needs. He sat on the bed beside the maid, marveling at her shiney skin of all one colour.

"Heather," he said with a grin, "suck my penis now."

She looked up at him, only her own synthetic saliva wetting her mouth and chin, and said "Wait 'til I'm done." She went right back down between the unmoving android's legs and kept eating its virgin pussy.

Byron wasn't expecting that reply. He let her finish though. At the same time she was licking the maid's robotic crotch, she was stimulating her own with her fingers. The master programmer held on to his throbbing cock as he waited for his artificial girlfriend to finish.

She threw her head back and moaned with perfect simulated passion as she let out some fragrant fluid from her internal cannisters. Not missing a beat, she smiled slyly at the human and scooted over to kneel in front of him.

She masturbated herself and sucked his dick until they both came at the same time. She swallowed his semen and licked his member clean as he leaned back and let his hand wander over to feel the robot maid's cold plastic vagina.