

Brad swore and slammed his fist on the table. He shook his head as he looked away, then decided he might as well enjoy the champagne. It might make him feel a little better. He got his legs off the chair beside him and stood up.

He picked up the bottle from the mostly melted ice and began to undo the cork. Being so distracted now, he didn't notice that part of the wire cage holding the cork had snapped. When he started to untwist it, the sharp metal end jabbed right into his thumb.

The pain was sharp - more annoying than anything. "Fuck!" he shouted. He was glad the kids weren't around to hear that. He stuck the end of his thumb into his mouth so he wouldn't start bleeding all over the nicely set table. Then he went upstairs to get a bandaid.

This was getting him very mad now. His fiancée, Pam, was now almost three hours late. She hadn't even called, and this wasn't the first time something like this had happened.

He caught his reflection in the mirror as he opened the medicine cabinet. He looked angrier than he felt, and that pissed him off even more. Tonight was supposed to have been special. It had been exactly a year since he and Pam had first met. They had planned this evening for weeks - making sure the kids were sleeping-over with friends, making sure that he didn't have to work and that she didn't have anything major to do the next day.

"Just perfect." he muttered as he impatiently unwrapped and applied the brownish cloth adhesive strip. He tossed the wrapping into the waste can and turned the lights off as loud as he could.

He got outside the washroom to see Gloria's poodle shivering in the hallway. The poor old thing was half blind and burdened with arthritis, but Brad couldn't bring himself to put him down. He told himself that it was because the kids would miss him, but he knew it was really because that dog reminded him so much of his first wife. Gloria had given Brad two beautiful, healthy children and much happiness. For that, it seemed, fate had cruelly taken her away in a car accident.

Now the poor pitiful dog had been scared by Brad's anger, and was shaking and peeing on the carpet in the hall.

"No.... Charlie no!" Brad said, trying to sound comforting. He closed his eyes and forced himself to take a deep long breath while he listened to the sickly poodle whimper.

Meanwhile, 25 minutes away by SUV, Pam was laying on her back on a padded examination table. She had been stripped of her clothing and several panel covers including her face. The electronic and mechanical devices that made her so different from Brad and the kids were visible now.

They had no idea, of course. The neighbors, their friends and his relatives suspected nothing. Pam was one of the most advanced androids ever produced by Fembot Command. It would take a lot more than casual interaction to find out the truth about her.

Just a few feet away from Pam's motionless chassis was one of the standard Fembot Command technicians. She was naked too, as she always was. Her name was Natasha, and she was exactly the same as all the other technicians operated by that organisation. From the patterns painted on to her lifeless, unblinking glass eyes to the colour and texture of synthetic pubic hair constructed into her silicone crotch, there was not one difference between her and hundreds more of her kind operating in suburban basements throughout the country.

This one was in the middle of waiting right now - waiting for the Master Computing Device to finish calculating the last steps in this emergency repair job. Earlier that day, Pam had been having coffee with her friend from across the street when a slight tear opened up in her flexible fluid intake tube.

As Pam drank the Irish cream spiked coffee, some of it began to drip down into her chest. Not a lot of liquid had made it in, but enough had to make the robot suddenly excuse herself and drive almost across town to this inconspicuous house in another suburban neighborhood.

When she got there, she was greeted by Marcia - a less advanced Fembot Command unit. Marcia functioned as a school bus driver, so thankfully she was home to let her 'friend' into the house.

That was just after 4 o'clock. Now, it was after 9, and Natasha still wasn't done fixing the damage to the expensive Pam unit. The human she lived with, Brad, had no idea where she was and had never been introduced to Marcia. As far as he knew, she didn't exist.

But he was getting suspicious about Pam's unexplained absences. This was by far the worst. To not show up for her anniversary dinner, and to not even call made Brad see red. After he had cleaned up the mess in the hallway, he forgot about the champagne and instead got himself a beer. He went upstairs to get out of his nice clothes too.

He took a big, satisfying swig and put the can down. He looked over to his dresser and instinctively went to close the door. From that top dresser drawer, he pulled out a nicely framed picture of Gloria. He looked into those eyes on two-dimensional paper and mouthed "I miss you."

Then he sat down on the bed and pulled his dick out of his shorts. He looked at Gloria's picture while he masturbated and fantasised that she was still with him. For the briefest moment, he had her again; with him as he dedicated his pleasure to her.

Somewhat anticlimactically after that, he came into a sock and closed his eyes while he returned to the here and now. The house seemed so silent as he got up once more to put the picture away. He always felt like smashing it after he did this, but he could bring himself to do that no more than he could bring himself to stop jerking off to it.

"Sorry." he whispered weakly as he returned the framed photo to its resting place; face down underneath his clean fresh socks.

For a moment, he thought about how similar in appearance those two women were. Pam could have been Gloria's sister, though Pam was a little heavier set and taller. He knew that the facial similarities are what first attracted him to Pam, and he had grown to first appreciate her big hips and thighs, then to love them. That must have been part of the process of growing closer, he figured. The fembot's huge and perfectly shaped DD breasts were easier to love though, and Brad was glad to have access to them.

But there was a lot that bothered him about Pam. She wasn't very good with kids, or even with his friends and family. His own children hadn't seemed to warm up to her like he had hoped. Sometimes it looked like Marcus barely tolerated her, and there was only so much Brad could do to help things along. Jessica was younger, and accepted the android a little more as a mother, but she still showed that she had misgivings.

She didn't seem to share his sense of humour either. That was another thing that he really missed about Gloria. He could joke with her about anything, but most of his jokes seemed to sail right over Pam's head. At least she was great in bed. And she never said no... when she was around.

Brad moved his neck around slowly to try and shake some tension out and went to have another drink of beer. He got into sweats and sat on the bed for a while, wondering what to do. After some contemplation and another few sips, he decided to watch some TV. He also decided to talk to a private investigator in the morning.