

While Brad waited and drank, Natasha was finally putting the finishing touches on Pam's rebuilt circuitry. As a precaution, most of the affected electronics had been completely replaced whether the diagnostic scans showed them as damaged or not. That faulty fluid intake tube that led from her mouth to what served as her stomach was also replaced and tested by all available means to be free of defects.

This situation could have been much worse. If more coffee had gotten into Pam's insides, and certain vital chips and circuit boards had been hit, this particular mission might have ended right then and there.

New instructions for Natasha came as radio waves to the transponder in her head. All the details the technician would need began scrolling fast on some of the monitors attached to the ceiling above the consoles. Her bright blue eyes scanned those 1s and 0s and internalised the signals they conveyed.

When she was done, Natasha took the heavy front section of Pam's torso and pressed it back into place on her body. Those huge DD breasts with those perfect and realistic silicone nipples fell to the sides of her chest as her internal systems re-connected with the torso cover.

Natasha could now plug the advanced android in for a series of diagnostic scans. Once connected, the Master Computing Device would systematically check all the new hardware that had been installed to make sure it was all working as it should.

While Brad sat alone and ate some of the casserole he had made, the machine he thought was his human fiancée was still mostly dormant and getting examined by that supercomputer. The naked technician stood by, watching the results as they poured on to several monitors. Everything looked okay so far.

Marcia came down the stairs and walked into the lab at that time. She had also stripped naked to ensure the technician access to all her ports and access panels. The body she showed off was definitely not that of the typical school bus driver. Marcia was as tall as Pam - a little taller than average but not like an Amazon. She wasn't as advanced though. Under Fembot Command's nomenclature, Marcia was a standard Type E robot. Pam had been built with many of the same specs, but modifications and upgrades had made her officially Type E.4.01.05.

That model number reflected her advanced AI and functionality, which was as good as Fembot Command could program and construct. Pam's body also differed from Marcia's in a more noticeable way. Whereas Marcia was relatively slim if a little plain, Pam was a voluptuous plus-size beauty with big sexy curves and an enchanting face. It was hard not to notice her plumpness, especially around her backside and her bosom. Her belly had a little extra silicone padding too, but it wasn't gross to look at and made her appear that much more like a real woman.

As with all Fembot Command units, the skin tone and complexion of the Pam robot were realistic yet flawless. There was no cellulite anywhere. Randomly placed and sized birthmarks had been stamped into her silicone covering along with little synthetic hairs on her arms and in other places. The area around her crotch had been made to look as if it had just been shaved, and similar techniques had been used to construct the skin under her armpits and on her legs.

Pam made sure she only 'shaved' in private, and the combination of superior product design and finely tuned AI programming had kept the illusion of her realness intact to Brad for a whole year. This is what Pam's primary function was. Her creators had made her to see just how long an

android could maintain an intimate relationship with a human and not be discovered for what it was.

Deep inside Pam's chest however, were a set of commands and protocols to be followed if that illusion broke. They ranged from disappearance to murder, and could quite easily be carried out by a machine with no emotions such as the beautiful voluptuous fembot on the exam table.

For the time being, those instructions sat as dormant as she layed on the table while the Master Computing Device finished up with its scans. Marcia stood off to the side, waiting to be ordered about and worked on by the pretty blue-eyed technician. Her video cameras watched and disinterestedly recorded the scene as Natasha walked over to Pam and unplugged the connection cables from her chest. The technician then returned to face her subject and issued new commands.

"Pam," she said, "please roll over on your front side so that I may exchange your spent battery packs with fully charged battery packs."

"Yes Natasha." Pam said while the lights in her opened head flashed to reflect her computations. She used her arms and her thighs to roll over on the table just as a real woman would, only powered by gears, hydraulics, pneumatics and artificial flexors. The large feminine curves of her backside came into prominent view and shook slightly from side to side as the black-haired robot settled into position.

Natasha - in need of being plugged in herself as indicated by the light that had started flashing in her own exposed recharge port - went right to work and removed the rear portion of Pam's plump thighs. Those smooth pliable sections came off to reveal all the inner workings. The battery packs, the titanium and hard plastic skeletal structure, the wires and computer electronics all contrasted the flesh toned covering with colours of bright silver, grey, white, red, green and blue. That contrast was even more stark considering the delicate looking pink plastic vagina above and between.

While Natasha marched around the lab to change Pam's batteries, and while Marcia stood off to the side in complete immobility, the standard Fembot Command Maidbot came down into the lab. She whirred and beeped loudly and constantly as she made stiff and inhuman movements on her way over to where Pam was. In her glossy-skinned and mechanical looking arms she held out the pile of Pam's neatly folded clothes so she would return to her mission looking just as she had before this emergency repair session.

The maid was cute - a slim blonde with a pixie cut. She was dressed exactly like the maidbots produced by the rival organisation Robot Control, but she wasn't as physically strong or durable. She completed her assigned tasks much like her counterparts though, and was the most obviously inhuman type of robot that Fembot Command constructed and maintained.

She put Pam's blouse, slacks and underwear on a stainless steel table, and laid her shoes and socks beside that pile. Then with as much mechanical and electronic movement and noise as she had made when she entered, she left. A noticeable and very artificial smell of plastic lingered in the air down there for the other fembots to passively detect.

Natasha had by then done the battery switch, and was now pressing the padded coverings of Pam's thighs back into place. The interlocking mechanisms that ran all around the seams pulled the part in tight enough both to conceal the borders of the opening and to make her 'skin' functionally waterproof. Thanks to that technological advancement by Fembot Command, the more expensive and important agents like Pam could take showers, though any living things nearby could be put at risk of electrocution if the seal system failed.

That was low on the list of Fembot Command's concerns however. Right now in this lab, the important thing to do was to have the sexy Pam robot back up and running and on her way back to her mission.

After making some more settings and adjustments at the consoles around her, Natasha ordered Pam to sit up. The technician went to get the cleaned and similarly maintained facemask and reattached it to Pam's head. She looked so emotionless as she stared out from her stiff position seated on the cold table. Natasha trained her stereo optical sensors on that blank face and relayed more orders from the Master Computing Device.

"Pam, please display the primary planned explanation for your absence that you will offer to the human unit Brad."

"Yes Natasha." she replied. She suddenly loosened her posture and her expression to look real, though the open chest panel still gave her away. "Sorry I'm late dear." she said, looking a little pained and repentant. "I got held up in traffic."

Natasha waited for the Master Computing Device to make its calculations, then returned to type in some long alphanumeric strings to the keyboard in front of her. She then connected the Pam robot to the terminal again and initiated a minor reprogramming session. Then she watched.

"Sorry I'm late dear." Pam said. "Sorry I'm late honey." she said, a little differently.

Natasha recorded her facial expressions and fed the data instantly to the supercomputer.

"I'm sorry I'm late dear." Pam repeated. "Sorry I'm late.... Sorry I'm late dear."

Natasha pressed a few buttons.

"I got held up in traffic.... I was drinking coffee with Annette, and I lost track of time... I went to the dry cleaner's, but then I remembered I already did that.....I went to the dry cleaner's but I did that yesterday...."

The technician entered some more strings.

"I ran into an old friend from high school..... I ran into an old boyfriend from high school.... I ran into an old girlfriend from high school...."

Natasha pressed another set of buttons.

"Sorry I'm late dear. I ran into an old girlfriend from high school." Pam said.

Natasha had her repeat that line with slight changes to her facemask when she said it. She watched her say that excuse 14 times then made final settings on the console. She unplugged the agent's chest and closed up the panel.

"Pam, please get dressed in your most recent garment series and return to your mission." Natasha said.

"Yes Natasha." she answered, the simulated emotion instantly gone. She got her big hips off the table and stepped over to where her clothes were. She looked down at the pile, made her scans, and started the task of dressing.

The slender brown-haired technician faced the school bus driver and said "Marcia, please sit in the chair next to the data exchange terminal.