

Showing all the warmth of a commercial refrigerator, the freshly repaired and dressed Pam robot strutted machine-like out of the lab and through the small house to the front door. She booted up her personality software again and put her usual proud smile on display. By the time she got to the front door she was swinging her noticeable MILF hips in her usual sexy way.

She slung her large purse over her shoulder and stepped outside into the cooling night air. She hadn't brought a jacket, but it wasn't cold enough yet for one to be really needed. Her nipples did become erect though, as soon as her temperature sensors indicated the chill to her CPU.

The street lights had just flickered on below the colourful but fading summertime dusk, giving the residential neighborhood that false fluorescent glow. The agent's SUV was right where she had left it. She got in and made a last quick system check before loading the appropriate software and driving off.

Reams of nearly unintelligible data in binary code and in english flashed and scrolled across her high-resolution field of vision as she navigated the large vehicle through the familiar streets. Her fast processors handled it all without a hitch, and managed to sort through all of her new programming and instructions while maintaining her excellent driving ability.

Inside her chest, she was getting her story straight. Her excuses had been conjured up by the Master Computing Device, and had been calculated to be as plausible as they could be under the circumstances. The biggest problem that the supercomputer had recognised was the large lapse of time that needed to be somehow if falsely explained away. It was now 9:28 PM. More than five hours needed to be accounted for, and the computer-generated excuses needed to be believed.

The big blue SUV zoomed through the darkening streets at exactly the speed limit, and made it back to Pam's base of operation in 23 minutes and 43 seconds. Without wasting any time, Pam turned off the ignition and got into character. She put a tired look of regret on her face, loaded her digital arsenal of apologetic words, and began to secrete noticeable amounts of her synthetic sex hormones and pheromones.

Brad heard the key as it got pushed into the front door. He felt his blood pressure rise as he muted the ball game and turned sideways on the couch to face the foyer. He downed another sip from his third can of beer.

Pam opened the door, and faster than Brad could blink she scanned the scene, analysed the objects, integrated the non-visual data from that moment, and called forth the relevant subroutines.

She saw that her man was angry. He saw that she looked sorry, and he had to work to maintain that angry look.

"Sorry I'm late dear. I ran into an old girlfriend from high school." Pam said, just as she had rehearsed.

He didn't believe her. "Why didn't you call?" he demanded.

Pam tried to compute that. That was something the Master Computing Device had missed. She processed as fast as she could but ended up just staring at him while still motionless in the doorway.

"Well, come on in already." Brad said as he turned back to face the TV. He took another big gulp.

Pam was stuck computing. It took her a few seconds to finally step fully inside and close and lock the door behind her.

"I'm so sorry dear." she said to buy time.

Brad didn't answer. He tried to continue watching the game, but his mind wasn't paying attention. He felt like going to bed, arguing, going to the bar and embracing her all at once.

Pam made some preliminary calculations and ran the parameters through some of her more advanced AI components. She put her purse down as the corners of her eyes started to slowly push out some artificial tears.

She sat down on the chair beside the sofa. "Please forgive me Brad." she said.

He didn't look at her for a long time. He downed what was left of his drink and got up. Still without looking at her, he went toward the kitchen and threw his can somewhere into the corner. The aluminum sound reverberated and settled as he stood for a while out of the android's view. She heard him take a measured breath and watched as he rounded the corner again.

"How could you do this tonight?" he asked. "Of all nights!"

The robot tried too look as sad and helpless as she could, but he wasn't falling for it. She got up and said "I lost track of time. It'll never happen again, I promise."

That pissed him off more. "You said the exact same thing last time." he said.

She just looked at him, trying to cope with all the many difficult calculations that she needed to make.

"Oh Brad," she said as the tears came out faster, "I don't know what else to say."

She went forward to embrace him. He threw her arms back from him.

He was a little surprised that he did that. Though he could have no conscious way of knowing it, her artificial pheromones and sex hormones were having an effect on him. But they were backfiring.

"Let's talk about this in the morning." he said as he turned his back to her. "I'm going to go sleep in the guest room."

She scanned his image while her CPU tried desperately to salvage the situation. She had been counting on her synthesised feminine charms to smooth things over, and couldn't begin to compute how they had failed.

"Dinner's in the fridge." he called out just before slamming the washroom door.

Pam's plastic tear ducts kept pumping out the saline solution from the reservoir inside her torso. She also kept pumping out the chemical laden juice from her synthetic vagina, still attempting to effect the human in a positive way.

She turned her head methodically left to right to scan the room. Her thermal sensors indicated that Charlie was cowering in the corner under a small table. That dog had always been a hinderance to

her. He had only ever growled at her or hid from her. Of course she could feel nothing in return to the animal, but the actions that resulted from her computations always ended up as mere tolerance.

But that was a minor matter. When she was done scanning the living room, she walked into the dining room and logged that scene to her memory. The table was still set for two, with candles and a fresh bouquet of sweet smelling flowers in the center. The champagne bottle sat now in cool water, with its top partially unwrapped. Again, no feelings ran through Pam's chest. Just data to be calculated.

One of those calculations was for her to intake some food. Her human-like appearance needed to be maintained after all. Still looking sad and guilty on the outside, she emotionlessly went through the steps of turning off the television, preparing a small portion of the night's meal for herself, and reheating it in the microwave. She would wait until the next day to give Brad all those meticulously crafted excuses.

Brad was sitting on the edge of the bed in the spare bedroom. He had always wanted to put a TV in there, and now he wished he had. He wanted to stay hidden from Pam now, as some sort of half acknowledged childish revenge, but he was getting bored. He layed down on the bed from his seated position and folded his arms over his head. For a long time he just looked at the ceiling and wondered just where his relationship was going.