

When Pam was done consuming a portion of the meal she had missed, she sat back for a while and computed. The silicone skin around her eyes had turned a reddish colour to match the small streaks of mascara that had dripped down with her fake tears. The actuators in her face had been set into patterns that conveyed a depressed and sad look, and her strong mechanical spine had configured her posture to match.

From all outside appearances, she looked sad and sorry for what she had done and what she had not done, but all of that was meaningless as far as her insides went. To her processors and the pulses of electricity that blazed through them this was just another night, just another series in a constant stream of ceaseless calculation.

Her immediate concerns now were sorting out and analysing the reactions she had observed in the human. She had to react according to those to appear real, so she methodically indexed and stored them according to type and meaning. While she rested at the table, leaning back and slouching, her CPU ran probability algorithms on all that new data to develop possible courses of action which she might take.

When she had more or less defined the limits and parameters of possible processes open to her, she slowly and languidly pushed the chair back and cleaned up. She made sure she was quiet and thorough. Her AI knew she shouldn't leave a mess for Brad to see in the morning.

With the kids gone, several tasks that were awaiting completion around this time could be skipped entirely. Her Mom duties were effectively on hold until those two children returned to the house. Her girlfriend/fiancee duties were also on hold it seemed. She still computed that she should offer her bodily systems to Brad for sex, but his reaction to her absence indicated that she shouldn't bother him right now.

She rechecked some of her computations while she cleaned up and got ready to simulate sleep in the bedroom. Many of the more detailed and complex mathematical procedures could not be carried out by her electronics, so she began writing data to the portion of her file system that needed verification and processing by the Master Computing Device. She did that while brushing her teeth, cleaning the cosmetics off her facemask and expelling finely minced and chemically dissolved food from her artificial digestive system. Then the robot turned out the lights and retreated alone to the bedroom.

Brad was still awake and listening. A few seconds after he saw the hall light go out and heard the bedroom door close he got up to go use the washroom. He stopped and looked at his reflection in the mirror again. He didn't like looking so tired and mad. He went to the toilet and wished he could know just what Pam had been up to. Then he thought to himself he probably didn't want to know. It hurt him a lot to think of her with another man.

Pam's microphones detected the flush of the toilet and the running of water through the faucet into the sink. She was down to her underwear now, and fully aware in her digital way of how attractive she looked like this. A set of computations made her deliberate on the possibility of exiting the room to invite him to bed with her, but her AI overruled that for now. It wasn't a matter of wanting or loving the human after all, it was a matter of manipulation for mission success.

She took off her big bra and her panties and got into her nightgown. Usually there was a series of sexual activities that went on between those two steps, but not tonight. By then she had also stopped releasing those aphrodisiac chemical compounds from her artificial pores and her artificial vagina. That functionality would again be switched on when Brad was present.

As for him, he went back to the living room and turned on the TV again. He got himself another beer and surfed the channels for another hour before retreating back to the spare room.

For several hours then, neither Brad nor Pam really slept. For him that was because of the circumstances. For her that was just the way she operated. Her simulation of sleep was quite real though, and she layed on her side of the bed with an arm stretched out where Brad's place was.

She got up to go use the washroom just before dawn, as she usually did. Brad was half awake, and decided to go meet her when she came out. She heard him out there of course, but still configured her face and her body to show mild surprise when she saw him.

Her widened eyes began to tear lightly again as they faced each other in the hallway. He looked no better.

"We need to talk." he said.

"Okay." she said meekly as the inside of her chest blazed with processor activity. She began to secrete Fembot Command's blend of synthetic pheromones and sex hormones again.

The human walked into the bedroom. The android followed. They sat down next to each other on the bed, though they kept a little more distance than usual.

Brad sighed and said "Pam.... you know how much I'm in love with you."

She looked at him in the lamplight and tried to calculate his meaning. She nodded.

"You really hurt me today." he said.

That caused trouble for her CPU. She quickly loaded and sorted through memory files to try and recall what she had done, but then her AI took over and realised he wasn't talking about physical hurt. That left only the possibility of emotional hurt, though that kind of thing was no easier on her chipsets. Both the Master Computing Device and her own electronic brain had miscalculated the degree of emotional pain her absence on this night would cause.

It really bugged him when she just stared back at him like that, but he had grown to accept all the AI limitations he saw as her 'quirks'.

"I need to know Pam..." he asked, "do you still love me as much as I love you?"

An answer appeared right away in her logic circuits. "Yes." she said. After another moment of heavy processing she added "I love you just as much."

He had to look down. There was a feeling in his gut that told him she didn't mean it. He wanted to ask her about what she had really done that evening; to interrogate her. Then he thought there might just be a possibility she had told the truth.

"I wanted us to celebrate last night." he said as he grabbed her warm, realistic hand. "Words can't tell you how much I love you."

A tear rolled down her right cheek as she ran into trouble computing his syntax. That last statement had presented too much of a problem for her AI, so she logged the statement, went with her best guess and instead focused on his body language and facial expression.

She forced a fake little smile and asked "Are you still mad?"

Brad nodded slowly. "I'll get over it though." he said, not sure if it was true. "I was already in a shitty mood actually." he added. I cut my thumb on that champagne bottle. And Charlie peed on the floor again."

"Oh no." she said, trying to make the sound waves from her speaker sound sympathetic. She logged those last two statements of his to her memory files.

"Is it too late to celebrate?" she asked. "Can we make love?"

Brad looked down at her lap. He suspected that her sweet honey pot had been defiled by the seed of another man.

He leaned close and put his arms around her. "I'm too tired right now." he said. "I haven't slept much."

"Okay." she said. Her processors had run out of things to make her mouth say.

"I'm gonna go back to the guest room." he said without explanation.

Her head turned as her optical scanners followed him to the door. Neither of them said anything more to each other as he exited and closed the door behind him. She shut down her chemical secretions again.

Feeling mainly confused now, Brad went back to the washroom to jerk off. He tried not to think of Pam at all as he did.