

The remaining hours of the early morning passed slowly for Brad in his half-sleep. For Pam they passed with uniform sameness to all the other passing microseconds she had ever counted. She was lying in bed working out strategy, and he was basically doing the same.

Both were up before breakfast time. Pam was first, and sat herself down with a hot and creamy cup of coffee while she waited for the human. Every sip she took initiated a diagnostic scan on her fluid intake system - just to be sure. All her parts were working just fine.

Pam's main plan as she sat in waiting was to try to invite herself into the shower with Brad. Sex could be used as a gift, a tool and even a weapon. Pam's creators knew that, and they had imprinted that information into the artificial woman's storage media. This anger and distance Brad was showing was computed to be interfering with Pam's mission, and that situation needed to change.

After she finished her coffee, Pam got up and scanned through her daily checklist of chores and cued tasks. The kids weren't due back until around noon, so a very large chunk of that to-do list had been eliminated for that day. That left a bunch of other chores she could do, but some would have to wait until Brad was awake.

She loaded some files and went to feed the dog. She walked to the kitchen and bent over as she opened one of the cupboards. She pulled out the bag of kibble and unrolled the top, then walked over to the corner and poured exactly 150 pieces into the bowl. She had them counted in an instant as soon as they came out.

The next step of calling the animal over was skipped due to the presence of a sleeping human in the house, so she rolled up the bag and put it back in the cupboard. Charlie was lying down under that same table as last night, resting his aching body on a folded wool blanket. He was too freaked out and scared of the fembot to go near it. Even though he was hungry, he would wait until she left the room.

As she went to go sit down again, she heard Brad stirring in the guest room. She activated her chemical traps again and went to stand in the hallway to wait for him. For a few minutes she stood motionless while her vagina wetted and the barely detectable but powerful aroma dissipated in the air. The hallway stayed constantly in her field of view as she waited for Brad to appear from the doorway to the left.

When she heard him reach the door, she started moving slowly forward. She put a look on her face that was half seductive and half submissive. He saw her and smiled a bit.

"Hi. Wanna take a shower?" she said as she swung her hips a little more to her steps.

Brad watched her walk toward him. Her voice to him was clear and melodious, like a constant love song. And even under her nightgown those big feminine curves of hers were visible. He thought about her offer as she reached down and grabbed the bottom edges of the garment. Her facemask appeared more seductive now as she lifted and removed the white and pink gown. She tossed her mane of synthetic hair as her flawless large breasts jiggled around for a while.

She could see the bulge behind the cotton of his boxer shorts as it grew and pushed outward. She could do that while retaining eye contact with him. She also made scans of his body temperature patterns and compared that data with similar scans made seconds ago.

He was getting turned on. Still, for a time he just watched her sexy plump naked body as she stepped even closer. He could smell the cream from between her legs now. He was about to give in and say yes when she moved in all the way and put her arms around him.

This time he let her, and put his own arms around that well-built machine. He loved to feel her breasts pressing against his chest when he held on to her. His penis swelled to about full size as she pressed her sweet wet lips on to his mouth. He closed his eyes and let himself get taken.

Their kiss started slow and sensual, and lasted for a very long time. If there was any doubt in either Brad's mind or Pam's processors that he still loved her, it was effectively diminished to nil. She worked hard to make sure her movements were natural, and to make sure her body reacted as if it were real. He got pleasure and got reminded why her absence bothered him so. He didn't want to share this woman with anyone.

When things got hot and her scans and readings indicated he was ready to take it further, she pulled away and winked at him. He grinned and watched her gorgeous feminine hips sway as she walked into the washroom and bent over to turn on the taps in the bathtub. The shower head sputtered and started to spray as the water got up to temperature. Pam pulled the shower curtain aside and stepped in.

The priority inside her computerised bodily control systems now was to keep water and moisture out. Specialised seals that were usually open - like in her ears, nose and mouth - were shut tight and electronically verified. The experimental product development process that Fembot Command had undertaken to produce robots like Pam had taken years. It had resulted in lots of water damaged circuitry and many completely ruined test units before an effective and reliable water-proofing system had been developed. The fruits of that labour now stood as a voluptuous raven-haired beauty with her perfect skin getting realistically wet.

Brad could only be enticed by that highly advanced android as he watched her waiting for him. He took off his grey T-shirt and his boxers and went to go join his fiancée. He stepped into the tub and pulled the shower curtain closed behind him. Their bodies slipped around in the splashing wetness as they groped and fondled each other. Brad's desire was now eclipsing his mistrust, and the woman he loved was being made aware of that.

Her balance system got called upon to work extra hard as she raised her left leg and pressed her very wet groin against him. He held on tight to her and kissed her big lips again while his hands squeezed her large and firm plastic buns. He was incredibly turned on as her erect nipples slid against his chest in all that splashing water. He leaned back as she put her leg down. He grabbed and lustfully squeezed both tits from the front.

The look on her face when he played with her boobs told him she enjoyed it, but of course it was just a certain configuration of the actuators and other mechanisms behind those high cheek bones and that classy looking chin. Her enjoyment was never real. It was only a carefully planned and executed display reacting to certain stimulating factors in order to advance the goals of her programming and of her mission.

All the mathematics being done behind her big and almost unrealistically perfect breasts seemed to indicate that her actions were being successful. The human was once more under the spell of her chemical, electronic and mechanical charms. Last night's problems and hurt feelings would hopefully become distant and seldom visited memories for him. Her CPU processed the probability of his full forgiveness of her at an encouraging 73.905%.

In the back of his own mind though, he wasn't so sure. He wasn't thinking about it now, but he was still determined to find out the truth about her absences. Like the business contracts and agreements he helped draft at work, his marriage to Pam needed to start from a vantage point of complete honesty and trust. To him, she was still on probation.