

For another little while the couple played around on the bed. Brad wasn't willing physically or mentally to take this session any further, so he pulled his hands back and again sat up.

Electricity raced in pulses through Pam's chest as she figured out how to generate a natural looking response. Her AI wasn't sure if she should try to offer more of those prefabricated excuses or if she should just go make breakfast. That created an awkward moment between them after she sat up. He looked at her and wondered just how much he could trust her now. He started to make plans in his head.

"You make that breakfast now, I have to check my mail." he said as he patted her knee and got up.

She watched his naked body as he got up to get dressed. "Okay, sexy." she said. "Should I bother get dressed first?"

He laughed. "You're serious?" he asked.

She just stared back blankly as she stood up.

"Ever fried bacon in the nude?" he asked her.

She quickly sorted and scanned through old memory logs, then sifted through her pre-programmed false-memory parameters. "No." she answered.

He looked at her for a moment and dismissed that little exchange as just Pam being her quirky self. "Might as well make sure you're dressed before you have to pick up the kids." he said to break another awkward silence.

"Okay." she said as she unwrapped that already loosened towel from her head. She let her thick loose curls of jet black hair fall in waves around her shoulders and back as she aimed her head upward slightly and turned it gently from side to side.

She got into her underwear as he was sitting down to put on some socks. She decided to present those carefully crafted excuses to him now. "Do you want to hear about my evening?" she asked.

He kept looking at his feet as he pulled on his grey gym socks. He didn't want to hear or talk about it right now, but he decided to let her have her say. "Sure." he said, still looking at his feet.

Pam processed and blinked. "Well, I was across the street with Annette having coffee, when I remembered I had to go to the dry cleaner's."

"You did that the day before." he interrupted.

"Yes, then I realised that when I got there, but when I was at the mall, I ran into that old friend I told you about."

Brad just nodded as he went to get a clean shirt out of the closet.

"Her name is Marcia Roves." she said after retrieving the correct file from her memory banks. "She grew up in Port Coquitlam too."

"That's quite the coincidence." he said. He was getting mad again. This all sounded like bullshit to him.

"Isn't it?" Pam said happily. She adjusted her mood display settings when she saw that Brad didn't share her enthusiasm.

"Anyway, she's only been in town for a few months. I went over to her house and she made sandwiches. I totally lost track of time."

She was sounding sorry again but Brad was barely listening. He felt like telling her off, but he had said all he thought there was to say last night. "I'm gonna check that mail now." he said.

He got up, buckled his belt and walked out of the room. They hadn't made eye contact since before the subject came up again.

Pam watched him leave, and spent some time alone computing and calculating. She re-initiated those calculations she had earlier put on hold too, and used her time alone to sort some things out. Her immediate plans were updated and changed slightly.

She sat down for a while to apply makeup to her silicone face and finished putting clothing over her curvy womanly body. She went downstairs to start breakfast. Brad had turned on the TV and was watching sports highlights as he set down his laptop on the coffee table. This situation was strained and strange for the both of them.

Brad hadn't intended to do anything work-related today, but now he needed an excuse to get out of the house. He looked at the screen through his new mail, but didn't find anything that would give him a valid enough reason to go in to the office today.

Meanwhile, Pam was putting her advanced android technology to use in making a standard morning meal for them both to consume. She tidied up the kitchen as she did, cleaning up what Brad had messed up while cooking that dinner for their botched anniversary date.

The sizzle and splatter from the pan got loud and prompted Brad to turn up the volume on the TV. He really craved time alone to think right now. His mixed feelings were a drain on his mood and on his outlook. He wanted to get closer and farther away at the same time.

He found himself just staring at the computer screen and not paying attention to anything but his thoughts. He stood up and went to the washroom.

Pam watched his actions the whole time in the form of infrared scans. She couldn't tell much, but other evidence she had recorded made his upset mood clear to her AI. She decided not to say anything more about Marcia or the invented reasons that had been made to cover for her emergency repair session.

Once the breakfast was done, Pam brought the meal out for her to consume and Brad to enjoy. She set the table for breakfast with cutlery and coffee too. Brad came out of the washroom to see his fiancée bent forward showing off that perfect cleavage through her light sweater.

She stood up and smiled at him as he walked toward his chair. He gave her a kiss and sat down to dig in.

She sat down too and began to load up her fork with the delicious meal.

"What time are you going to go pick up the kids at?" he asked her.

"Around 11 or so." she replied.

"I should be back by then I hope." he said.

She looked at him. Puzzlement showed on her plastic face. "Where are you going?"

He looked her straight in the eye and told her a lie. "I have to check in today at work. One of our clients needs something."

"Oh." she said after some silence that stretched over the sounds of eating. "Remember, I have a hair appointment at 2. Someone needs to watch the kids."

"I'll be back by then." he said with a reassuring smile.

Her fluid pumps began to work again. "Do you have to go in this morning?" she asked. She was trying to be as seductive as she could be now. "It's your day off Hon. Can someone else do it?"

"No." he said, trying not to get annoyed. "It has to be me. And it has to be soon."

Her sexual charm subroutines were still in full effect. "I was hoping we could have the morning to ourselves." She laid her hand on his. "You know."

He smiled at her, though it was as fake as the ones she showed him. "There will be other days off." he said.

He decided to down his breakfast as fast as he could so he could get out of there. His hot coffee burned his tongue as he tried to get it out of the cup too fast.

Pam kept eating, watching, recording. A machine like her couldn't understand his behaviour right now, but a powerful supercomputer would be able to crash through those complex numbers later that day. She would return to Marcia's house and the Master Computing Device for the regular task of scalp maintenance.

One of the advances that Fembot Command had made was hair that appeared to grow. The synthetic follicles were pushed out little by little from the silicone on her head, until they reached the limit of their full length. Then, that scalp with its fully extended hair was removed and replaced by another that could operate the same way for another few weeks. That way, the Pam robot looked even more like a real human female. She came standard with many tricks like that, all designed and tested to deflect suspicion.

Her trip to Marcia's house would also provide an opportunity for that basement supercomputer to figure out the things that her processors could not. It would do the major calculating and decision making, and attempt to find a way for her to smooth things over with Brad.

For now though, she kept trying to be sexy and subservient. Her current settings made sure she would do nothing that might upset him for the next few days.

"I'm off now." he said as he finished the meal on his plate and stood up. He drank the last bit of coffee and went to go brush his teeth.

"Okay." she said as she kept eating at her slower pace. She watched him walk upstairs then listened as he used the washroom. Her seductive secretions shut down again. Her most recent attempt at chemical ensnarement had left her panties wet and in need of a change.

While she waited for him to return she ran some diagnostic scans on her systems. Everything checked out, so she just finished breakfast and began to clean up. Brad returned after a while and packed up his computer. Pam started loading the dishwasher while she watched and recorded what he was doing.

He went to the door and put his sneakers on. "I'll see you in a couple of hours." he called out as he opened the door.

"Hurry back!" she said as she trotted around the corner, large breasts jiggling.

He looked at her and waved goodbye, then left to get in to his car.

She recorded the scene of the front door closing and went to go change those panties.