

Brad drove off down the street and opened the windows to let the summer air in. He was headed downtown to the office, but not to work. He switched the radio from sports talk to music so he could concentrate on his own thoughts. He had to make sure he was really going to go through with this.

The morning rush-hour was over, and the streets were a lot easier to navigate now. Brad decided to drive through the trendy shopping district to get to his office building, even though he would have to sit through about a dozen traffic lights. The reward for that was eye candy. Lots of young ladies in not much clothing were out already, showing off their taught bods and bouncy curves.

With his shades on, Brad could stare at the young women unnoticed. Each red light on the street gave him a few minutes of the local T&A show. He kept his eyes on a few hotties he liked. They were the ones showing off the most flesh, of course. Brad admitted to himself that he liked looking at the ones he would want to actually touch the least. He really wished his office was closer to this street.

He got there eventually though. He parked in his usual spot in the parkade and walked casually but quickly through the cement complex to the offices. He said hello to some people he recognised as he got on the elevator. He felt lucky to be wearing comfortable clothes while they wore their everyday uniforms of white shirts, dark slacks and ties.

When he got to his office, he smiled at his co-workers who had already started their day.

"B-Rad!" one of his colleagues called out. "Forget it was your day off?"

Brad grinned and said "No, I forgot some things here."

He wasted no time and immediately got into his office and shut the door. He grabbed the yellow pages from behind him and sat down in his chair. The big heavy book plopped on his desk, and he started thumbing through the alphabet. It took him about half a minute to find what he was looking for - private investigators.

His fingers dialed a number on the most no-nonsense ad he saw, and he waited. He held his breath and sighed as he listened to the ringing over the phone.

Meanwhile back at the house, Pam was cleaning more than she usually did. This had been calculated to be a good way of atoning for last night's inexcusable absence. She cleaned the washroom, the kitchen including the oven, and vacuumed almost the whole house. The extra energy that the batteries in her plump thighs put out presented no problem at all. They had been changed quite late the previous day, so they had lots of electricity to provide to her cognitive and motion systems.

At the end of all that work, she sat down on the sofa and remained motionless until Brad returned. That was perhaps not the best way to pass the time. Anyone who would be interested could have looked through the window and seen her just sitting there, so inhumanly still. But the processors and circuits that made up her mind didn't know any better.

Her human fiancée had at that point hired a man named Colin to check out exactly what Pam was doing to pass her time. Colin had even agreed to start his surveillance today. He would begin to trace the movements of the robotic Soccer Mom as soon as she left her home.

Brad had felt something weird go through his body after he had hired that man - a weird kind of tingle or shiver that tried to tell him he should talk things over with his woman. But Brad shook it off. He told himself that this was the only way to get the absolute truth, and he really couldn't see any harm in trying to find the truth.

He stood up tall and walked out of his office. "See y'all tomorrow." he called out to his fellow workers. He waved and said more goodbyes as he walked out the door and over to the elevator. He took the ride down to the parkade feeling like he had just accomplished something, although he also felt like he had just opened up a can of worms.

"Too late now." he said to himself as he strode in sneakers back to his car. He drove out of downtown and again took the scenic route back home.

It was about twenty minutes past ten when he got there. Pam was sitting on the sofa, not doing much of anything. She heard him though, and as soon as she recognised the unique sound patterns of his car, she got up and reactivated some of her previously dormant systems. Her CPU made some computations and sent signals to her vagina to self-lubricate again.

She waited at the table for him, leaning back against it while synthetic pheromones and sex hormones came out of her metal and plastic body.

He got the mail out of the box and opened the door. He saw her right away, and right away he knew what she wanted.

He couldn't help but smile. He was already in a randy mood from watching young tits jiggle uptown. His eyes looked at her large and even nicer breasts.

The smile on her face grew. "It's gonna be a hot one today." she said as she started to take off her sweater. The white T-shirt she wore underneath revealed a lot of that wondrous shape to the human. It was stretched tight around her perfect bosom - so tight it showed off every contour of the white satin bra underneath.

He walked close and chunked the stack of bills and junk mail on the table next to her. She kept looking at his eyes as he concentrated on her boobs.

"I don't think I've wished you a happy anniversary yet." he said.

"Not yet." she said. She made her lips look pouty and full while synthetic saliva wetted them to give them an alluring gloss.

He could get a whiff of her arousal now. "Happy anniversary." he said just before pressing his lips onto her pliable plastic mouth.

She stood up and pressed those fabulous DDs into him as her arms went around his back. He returned the hug and let her crotch feel his growing erection. He tried to push away all thoughts of what he had just gone out to start.

The android went into full seduction mode as the human enjoyed her powerful, beautiful scent and played with her large, firm butt. He pressed that silicone covering against her internal skeletal structure while electricity flowed constantly from her thighs outward to every limb, motor and circuit board.

The speaker just behind that hot mouth began to generate accurate digital approximations of sexual moaning sounds. He leaned back and moved his hands up to her shoulders so he could look into her eyes. They looked real to him, of course, just as if she were a living thing.

"We have some time before you get the kids, lets go upstairs again." he said.

She kept her unfailing electronic gaze on him while the computer parts behind her amazing breasts made a few calculations. "Let's do it right here."

"On the floor?"

"On the floor." she said as she stood back and peeled the T-shirt quickly away.

Brad smiled and went back to check that the door was locked. He now felt like he was getting away with something as he started to take off some of his clothes. The sneakers got kicked off while Pam reached behind her back and unhooked her bra.

Now unleashed, those massive, flawless tits bounced lithely to her every move. She sat down on one of the chairs at the table and held her hand out to the human. She curled her finger inward, making one of the sexy "come here" motions that she had on file in her memory banks.

The human knew what was next. He unzipped and stepped out of his pants and walked over to his love.

"Take that shirt off." she said.

He did so, and threw it over to where his pants were. Then he looked over to the living room window. "Hang on." he said. He rushed over to close the blinds, then came back around to his sexy black-haired fiancée-droid.

He put his hands on her shoulders and moved his hips close to her while she grabbed her boobs and pressed them around his hard penis. She used her hips, her spine and her arms to manipulate those large mounds of silicone into a steady, forceful up and down motion.

She kept tit-fucking him while her video cameras looked up into his eyes. He loved to look down at those eyes while she did that. He hadn't the slightest suspicion that they were glass and that they scanned and recorded him in both visible and non-visible wavelengths of light.

She could tell by using several scanning methods that he was getting hornier and ready to climax. She adjusted her bodily systems and settings accordingly. Her strongly scented robot love juice came faster out of her plastic vagina as she began to take deeper simulated breaths.

She moaned while her nipples got bigger and harder. He closed his eyes slowly as he got near to orgasm. It didn't take long after that for him to shoot semen all over her neck and all over her facemask.

The two slowed their breathing as she used her finger to clean his pearly white cream from her realistically coloured skin. She licked the excess off her finger and repeated the process while he stood back and looked her over.

The electronics in her chest shuffled and zoomed 1s and 0s around for a while until they came up with another little plan. She stroked her crotch noticeably through her jeans and said "I've got something down here for you now."