

The game was over on TV, and the latest loss for Brad's team sure didn't help his mood any. His fatherly duties had also called him away frequently, so he had mercifully missed seeing the most cringe-inducing plays.

But now the kids had gone off to play with friends and he had his laptop out on the table again. He was anxiously checking his email every few minutes, waiting for any sign from Colin. None had come by the time he heard the SUV pull back into the driveway.

A sudden surge of adrenaline pulsed through him as he closed his email program and opened up a spreadsheet instead. From his vantage point the front door was plainly in view. He was in the same seat in which he had spent much of last night.

The door unlocked with that familiar series of clicking sounds and in walked Fembot Command's android agent. She made her scans and calculated probabilities from the data faster than he could know what was going on. She showed him a smile, the kind that looked like it could grow a lot bigger and warmer.

"Well?" she said. "How do you like it?" She toyed with the edges of her new hair, which looked freshly cut and shone with uniform brilliance.

"Looking good, honey." he said as he got up from the chair. He carried his own plans through now, and went over to kiss her.

She saw him coming. Before he could get close enough to act, she scanned and recognised patterns in his body posture and movement, along with his facial expressions to try to formulate an estimate of his most likely intents. She quickly put her purse to the side and opened her arms wide for him.

He went along with it and embraced her. In addition to the presumed concealment of his misgivings, he got the side benefit of feeling her sexy womanly body in his arms. Her intent was similar, but the means of calculation that had brought them about could not have differed more from his.

Her prime objective now was to get him back under a satisfactory amount of control. The Master Computing Device had picked up on his suspicion after going through the data she had collected. It couldn't yet know that he thought she was cheating, but it knew that the bonds of trust between them had been loosened.

It had programmed some new instructions into her chest to deal with those issues. Brad knew that Pam was always horny, but now he would see her libido get even more intense. He had already noticed something different by the way she had grabbed his body of flesh.

They were now kissing deeply and passionately, as if they were star-crossed lovers who had been parted for weeks. Neither of them seemed to care that the front door was still wide open. They kept kissing, groping and fondling until the sound of a city bus roaring by broke the spell.

They separated and shared a laughing look. The robot closed the door while Brad looked lustfully at her perfectly shaped ass. Then he suddenly remembered the rest of the situation.

"You always look fantastic, you know that." he said to her.

"You don't think it's too short this time?" she asked, following some of her more recently installed subroutines.

He made an effort to appear like he was considering that. "I like it." he said. He honestly couldn't see a difference between the way she looked now and the way she always looked after a hair appointment. Either way, she was hot.

She imitated a demure but proud look and said "Thanks. You're so sweet."

"Did you pick up the jersey?" he asked.

Her face changed to show first surprise, then recognition, then regret. "Oh shit." she said. "I forgot."

A dozen things came to Brad's mind all at once. "Did she really forget? Was she even at the mall?"

"I'll go get it tomorrow." she said. In her own way of course, she knew she didn't really forget. She was nowhere near the mall where Marcus's customised birthday present awaited pickup. Marcia's house and the basement lab were in another part of town entirely, and there had been no time to fetch the gift.

"Okay." Brad said. He was suddenly out of things to say and do.

Pam made the next move. "Where are the kids?" she purred. If her tone of voice didn't tell him what she wanted, the look on her face was clear enough. He would also smell the synthetic cream that came from between her legs fairly soon.

Brad tried to put the more distrustful of his thoughts away. "Jessica's down at the playground with Annette and her kids, Marcus is over at Kurt's."

"Wanna go upstairs?" she said.

"I have to go to the washroom first." he said with a smile that started forced but soon got real.

She laughed in a sexy way as her processors worked to keep up with the ever-changing situation. "Okay, I'll meet you in a few minutes."

They parted with a kiss. The man trotted up the staircase for a welcome diversion while the machine pointed her video cameras about the area and made some scans. Her thermal-optic system detected heat patterns and made them known to her CPU as binary code interpretations of sequentially recorded images.

More binary code flashed and scrolled along her field of view as she turned her head and loaded some of her new instructions into her chest. She finished making calculations and bent down to take off her shoes.

In socks, she stepped across the living room as the sound of the toilet flushing got processed and recorded by her audio systems. She heard the water as it rushed through the pipes to come out of the just opened sink tap. Her eyes remained set in front of her though.

Those eyes blinked a few times thanks to some specialised software embedded in the circuitry behind them. But even through her momentarily closed eyes, her advanced infrared imaging system could detect the telltale shape of Charlie curled up in his usual hiding place.

The android got to her knees and reached under the table. The dog shook with fear as her mechanical hands gripped his aged body. He whimpered and snorted shallow breaths as his frantic eyes looked about him.

Pam was silent. She held him firm as she brought the fingers of her right hand into position. Her infrared scans switched to high-resolution mode now as she looked at the helpless poodle.

The index finger she had positioned slightly outward now pointed at Charlie's neck. From out of that fingertip came a long, thin steel tube - a syringe. It extended up and through his skin until it hit one of the veins that she had detected from her scans. The dog cried as a strong solution of pentobarbital and phenytoin got pumped into his body. Within under a minute his heart stopped. His eyes remained frozen in that look of frantic fear as Pam retracted the needle back into her finger.

The software that had made her do this was from the Master Computing Device. It had decided poor Charlie's fate based on Brad's complaint of him peeing on the rug the night before. Brad said it made him angrier than it actually had because he didn't want to appear to be so mad at Pam. Fembot Command's solution was to eliminate the animal.

Pam layed Charlie's body down in front of the table and stood up. She ended her infrared scans and loaded an entirely different batch of software to her chipsets. Upon her facemask went one of her most seductive looks as she licked her red lips and lubricated her vagina for another act of sex with Brad.