

After he had washed up all nice and clean for his woman, Brad came out of the washroom ready for some more playing around. He found Pam already naked and laying on the bed. She configured her facial expression to show arousal and expectation, and smiled hotly as he walked close. She could see the bulge in his pants growing.

Brad felt that bulge press against the inside of his pants and quickly unzipped his fly. He smiled back at the fembot and felt his heart pound faster as he took in the sight of her beautiful, feminine curves. As he pushed thoughts of private investigations to the back of his mind, he thought of all the things he'd like to do to her 'flesh'.

"Why don't you get behind me?" she said.

He quickly pushed down his pants and boxers and stepped out of them. He left his shirt on and climbed on the bed behind the plastic and metal woman. She lifted her leg enough to let him in, and loaded sex programs and protocols by the dozen within her electronic chest. Her sweat came out faster as her pink clit and labia began to drip with wetness from her automated vagina.

He propped himself up on his side and thrust his hips in close to hers. His cock slid in while his whole groin area tingled in anticipation. In seconds, he was sliding in and out of the fembot's tight, hot pussy. Their legs were intertwined and rubbing to their rhythm as he put his right arm around her torso to play with her perfect breasts. She moaned and gasped and panted - all as she had been programmed to do.

In the midst of that hot moment, he closed his eyes and suddenly saw Gloria's face flash across his mind. He opened his eyes again, putting force back into his faltered rhythm as he looked at the woman beside and below him. He had to force himself to recall her name.

"Oh.... Pam....." he said.

She replied with a loud feminine gasp of pleasure, and an increased flow of synthetic vaginal lubricant. Ultra-quick diagnostic messages returned from various bodily systems revealed that she was operating as she had been intended. She also appeared to be having some success with her mission. She would have gotten some more pleasure from that thought had she not been a machine.

Brad kept thrusting harder into her pussy while trying not to think of anything but her. He kept his eyes open and watched Pam's face - her closed eyes, her hot, gasping mouth. He would have time later to feel guilty about wanting the woman she had replaced.

Both lovers felt a climax coming on then. The human intensified his movements, as did the android. Together, they got hotter and wetter, faster and harder until they came in unison. No sooner had they released their fluids together than they heard the doorbell.

The way it rang twice in quick succession was a sure sign of who it was. They both knew it was Jessica.

Brad laughed. "Boy, she's got some timing."

Pam just moaned, deliberately appearing to still be overtaken by the pleasure of the moment.

He got up and pulled his shirt down to soak up the fluids from his cock. He walked with his legs a little bowed out and approached the open window. Even though he couldn't see her he called down "Hi Jessi".

"Hi-i! Open the door daddy!" she said with playful urgency.

"I'll be right there princess." he said. He had to laugh to himself as he took his shirt off too and threw it on to the pile of his other clothes. He looked over to see Pam now laying on her back with her legs spread wide, masturbating.

"Do you ever stop?" he asked mockingly as he got his bathrobe from behind the door.

Pam just moaned again as she tracked his movements with her visual system.

Brad put on the robe and exited, making sure the door got closed properly behind him. He made a pit stop at the washroom to wash his hands and dab some cologne on his neck to mask the smell of love. Then he trotted down the stairs to let his daughter into the house.

"Hi Daddy!" she said.

"Hi Sweetheart." he said. "Did you have a good time at the playground?"

"Yeah!" she said.

She started going on about things he could barely comprehend - the fantasy world of little girls and their playtime imaginings. He made every effort to appear to be listening intently as he closed the door and walked back to the edge of the stairs.

"Wow, that sounds like fun." he said for no other reason than because it sounded right. "I'll be right back, dear." He started to climb the steps as he heard the fridge open. "And don't make a mess in there."

She barely acknowledged him, and kept talking about her play episode in her play-voice. Brad got into the washroom and quickly used a washcloth to clean off his private parts. He rang that out in the sink, tossed it down the laundry chute and washed his hands and face.

He looked at himself in the mirror. He wished he had more days off, even if it meant having to be there for the kids more often. He had to admit, it wasn't really that bad. Then he started to think about when Gloria had suddenly entered his mind. It kind of bugged him to think that he was with Pam because of who she looked like. He really did wonder now if that was the case.

Then he heard Jessica scream. He immediately came out of the washroom to see what had happened. He rushed back down the stairs to see her kneeling on the floor in the corner of the living room.

She was crying now, more uncontrollably with every passing second. He saw Charlie in front of her, and got near soon enough to realise what was wrong.

"Oh no." he thought as he walked across the carpet and knelt down beside his daughter. She started bawling loudly as he put his arms around her. He looked down into Charlie's dead eyes and felt his own well up to the verge of tearing.

For a long time, he was just as stunned as Jessica was. He heard Pam walk up behind him. She said out loud the same words he had said to himself.

Brad decided to stand up, and brought the child to her feet with him. "It's alright." he said comfortingly, even though he knew it wasn't. "He's in a better place."

"Charlie's deaaaaa...." she tried to say. She leaned into her dad as he held her tight. She shook with wrenching sobs as he tried to comfort her.

Pam loaded a batch of software to her processors and acted in one of her predetermined ways. She started crying too. "He was old, Jessi." she said. "God has him in heaven now."

Pam came around and put her hands on the younger human's shoulders. Brad looked at his fiancée and moved close to whisper in her ear. Her AI picked up on the gesture, and she moved her left microphone close to his mouth.

"I've got to get rid of the body." he whispered.

She looked at him with fake tears in her fake eyes and nodded slightly. Brad pulled out of Jessica's embrace as Pam took over the task of trying to calm her down. He looked down at Charlie and wondered just how to go about doing this.

He picked the carcass up and held it tenderly like it was still the family friend they loved. Those tears that had been gathering in his eyes rolled out now. He walked slow with the dog's body down to the basement to go find a box.

Pam used her ultrafast processors to adapt to the situation like a real human would. She led Brad's daughter to the couch and sat down with her. Every thirty seconds or so she said something that had been predetermined to be meaningful or comforting. Jessica just kept crying, though she was no longer shaking.

When Brad got back up the stairs, he held a closed cardboard box in front of him. "Pam," he said in a subdued voice, "I'm gonna put Charlie in the backyard until Marcus gets home. So we can all say goodbye."

He was choking up with those words. Pam used the reactions of the two humans to modulate and fine-tune her own reactions. She appeared sadder herself now. The internal reservoir that held her artificial tears was nearly twice the size of the reservoir that had held the euthanising toxin. She could cry about what she had done for a convincingly long time.