

Natasha stood in the basement lab and waited for the advanced Pam unit to arrive. The Master Computing Device had received the agent's silent alarm, and had made all the necessary preparations for an emergency diagnostic and repair session. Pam's robotic friend Marcia was standing at attention five feet away from the front door. As soon as her microphones detected the sound of Pam's vehicle, she would open the door to let her in.

Pam came in a steadily deteriorating but still functional state. She kept holding on to her expressionless face so it wouldn't fall away to show the neighbors what she was. She got out of the SUV and quickly trotted up the path and up the few concrete steps to Marcia's door. A fall here could have been disastrous, but she made it up okay.

The slim blonde school bus driver let her in. No friendly banter had been programmed into her this time, so she acted quite robotic when she opened the door. Colin had taken the ballsy move of parking right across the street, so he managed to see the odd behaviour displayed by the two 'women'. He watched them on the screen of his PDA - fed video by the tiny spy camera clipped against the window. He found it even more strange that Pam had left the SUV door wide open.

Marcia came out later to close it. The way she moved was eerie to him. He watched her turn her head from left to right in a very mechanical looking scanning motion. He got an uneasy feeling that she would spot him, but she quickly turned back around and walked back into the house. He felt his body relax as he saw her disappear behind the front door.

Inside, all the robots were ready for the crucial repair job that had suddenly come up. Natasha was fully charged. Those ingenious repair tools disguised as delicate, feminine hands at the ends of her arms were in perfect operating condition and ready to work on circuit boards, wiring, silicone skin and metal frame components. One of the three enforcer droids had been activated and programmed to obey the technicians commands should she need assistance. The cute blonde robomaid with the pixie haircut was strutting around machinelike bringing tools and spare parts within easy reach of the beautiful naked technician.

When Pam entered the lab, the usual human-like greeting procedures were dispensed with, and she immediately began to remove all her clothes. The maidbot was close behind her, picking up the garments and draping them over her strong, glossy-skinned arm. Pam's facemask fell off as she reached behind her to unhook her DD bra. The blonde enforcer droid moved in fast and stiffly to retrieve the device and set it down on a cart full of tools and parts.

Natasha watched the fembots move and waited for the black-haired one to sit down and submit herself to the first round of diagnostic scans. Her face was just as blank and devoid of expression as she turned her head to follow Pam's movements. Once the damaged android was sitting in the chair, Natasha removed the chest panel cover and plugged connection cables into both Pam's chest and her head.

Data flowed immediately into the Master Computing Device. The major damage that Pam 'knew' about was reported first, then a series of innumerable tests were performed on the rest of her system. One by one, each electronic component was queried about its state of functionality. The binary responses sent back were compiled, and over time revealed an image of the state of the robot's entire system.

There was much work to be done. It would take hours to get Pam back into a safe, stable operating condition again. Most of the electronics within her head would have to be entirely rebuilt and replaced. The interlocking mechanism for the facemask would also have to be fixed, as would most of her video and audio recording systems.

The damage from that one fall was so great in fact that Fembot Command would have to send out a whole replacement head for this agent. Since that wouldn't arrive for several days, Natasha and her pretty mechanical assistants would have to fix Pam's existing head the best they could.

Work on that started right after the diagnostic scan was done. Soon, Pam was layed out on an examination table while her head was removed and brought over to a different table. the facemask was on a separate cart from that too. The Master Computing Device had its work cut out for it now. It had to control its sexy technician while she worked on Pam's head. It also had to make Natasha issue timely orders to the enforcer droid as that unit fixed the damage to Pam's neck and chest.

The ultrarobotic maidbot received its detailed instructions straight from the supercomputer, so it could work on Pam's facemask without input from Natasha. The maid's task was to touch up the silicone covering built into the mask, to remove the scratch and scuff marks from the fall. After that, hopefully Natasha would be free to try and repair the incredibly complicated locking mechanism built into the perimeter of the oval component.

With all that heavy-duty repair work the supercomputer had to coordinate, it had no time or processor power to formulate an excuse for this new set of missing hours. Pam's excuse to Brad - and to everyone else involved in this strange, sudden event - would have to be invented later. In the meantime, Natasha disassembled Pam's head, E3976A worked on fixing the damaged upper body, and the barely human-like maid heated and polished the scratched silicone of the agent's lifelike face.

Marcia had joined the rest of the female robots in the basement lab too. She stood straight and unmoving by the door, awaiting commands from the machines that controlled her. Colin had by then parked in an alley behind the house and gotten so bold as to walk into the back yard to try to peer through some windows. He figured there were enough trees and bushes in the yard to conceal him from obvious view. This was perhaps foolish, but Colin wasn't the type of man to recognise the thin border between courage and foolhardiness.

He noticed that all the basement windows were boarded up with plywood. That kind of thing was always a sure sign that there was something going on inside that needed to be hidden from view. He quickly checked to see if anyone was looking, then crouched down by a dryer outlet next to one of the blocked-out windows. He opened it and took a sniff. It didn't smell like a marijuana grow-op, but he now wondered about the possibility that other drugs might be manufactured there.

He put his ear to the pipe and had a listen. He couldn't hear anything unusual. He stood up and made a quick look around. It looked as though his camera wouldn't get any use back here. He walked casually back to his car and went to go park outside the front of the house again - this time a little further away.

His gut told him that Brad's fiancée was indeed cheating on him, but he suspected that his client wouldn't react well to the news that she was having an affair with a woman.