

Colin knew this would be the last time he'd have to watch that pretty and voluptuous woman. Brad had told him as much, and he knew himself that enough evidence of infidelity had been gathered. This had been a rather easy case. What else could excuse so many hours at the same woman's house two days in a row?

He took his job seriously though, and followed her in a different rented car. He trailed her movements from Brad's neighborhood to Marcia's door, and set up shop at the top of a hill just a few houses away. He got more photos of Pam entering, and some of those included that blonde woman again. Evidence on top of evidence, but it was all in a day's work.

The work that started up inside the house was also routine - but only for the house's non-human inhabitants. Brad's soon to be ex-fiancee was quickly seated in a white padded high-back chair while the machinery around her got ready to get her into a better operational condition. That problematic face of hers came off again so cables could be plugged into connection ports behind it. Those fabulous, perfect breasts of hers remained as lovely as ever as a rectangular patch of skin got opened above them for the same purpose.

Lights flashed, consoles beeped and electrons zoomed through cables as the Master Computing Device took in what Pam's electronics had to say. The data from her self-diagnostic scans and system checks got interpreted and stored first. Then a complete set of external diagnostic scans were performed on the unit. Those complicated logic problems that had so far only served to stump her AI were given a quick check by the supercomputer. It decided in microseconds to install some new, experimental hardware in its android agent. Pam entered as a Type E.4.01.05 android, she would leave as a Type E.4.01.09 kind of girl.

With her simulated breathing stopped for now, Pam was absolutely still as Natasha went to where she had been ordered. She bent her slim feminine body over, showing off some beautiful curves and that sexy ever-exposed recharge port. Her bright blue eyes scanned the contents of the drawers and cupboards while the supercomputer beamed more details to the transponder in her head. She grabbed some of Fembot Commands latest advanced electronic components and laid them out neatly on a cart nearby.

Then she stood up and walked back over to the sexy plus-size fembot sitting across the room. Natasha trained those icy, unblinking eyes on that synthetic woman and reached out to remove the black cables that still connected her to the console. Then the technician verbally commanded Pam to get out of the chair and get her body on to the waiting examination table.

"Yes Natasha." came the digital voice from her speaker as bright LEDs flashed quickly all around her exposed machinery. Pam computed, then moved. Her round wide hips swung in an automatically sexy way as she walked barefoot across the cold concrete floor. The harsh fluorescent lighting reflected in the curly waves of black hair built into her head, making them seem to be more vibrant and alive than their synthetic composition should allow.

Her plump and perfectly round buns jiggled as she came to a quick halt in front of the table. Her massive and flawlessly shaped breasts shook even longer while the computer parts behind them prepared to get her body into a horizontal position. She raised her left leg and leaned forward, gradually bringing the whole of her chassis on to the table. She layed there staring out with those eerie, inhuman looking glass eyes as Natasha's finger made contact with the power button inside the woman's chest. Shut-down procedures initiated, and in seconds Pam was off.

While all that was going on behind closed doors, Brad was trying to get his kids out of the house so he could go get his car. It took a while to convince those sullen and sad kids to go out and play

with their friends, and even longer for them to leave the house. Eventually, they became someone else's problem for Brad. He brushed his teeth and chewed on some gum to hide the beer smell, then called for a taxi and rode it down to Morgan's pub.

That bar was on the edge of that trendy street where all the young ladies flocked to show off their bodies. Brad spotted a few tight skirts and low-riding shorts right away as he got out of the cab. He felt a little bit of his confidence surge through his still pounding head as he mentally reminded himself that he would soon be single again. As he walked around the block to the alley behind the bar he gave some more thought to what kind of woman he would look for next.

He had indeed grown accustomed to Pam's larger curves, and had grown rather fond of big plump booty. But he was also hoping to hook up with someone a little slimmer. That kind of woman would do more to impress his friends. He daydreamed for a while and envisioned his perfect woman. His shoulders suddenly slumped when the woman of his dreams turned out once more to be Gloria.

"I had her." he thought as he forcefully kicked a small stone out of his way. It bounced erratically over the asphalt, and bounded sharply to the right - right over to hit the side of his car.

"Oh, fuck!" he said out loud as he walked close to see the damage. Sure enough, he had just put a tiny dent and a scratch into his passenger side door. He wanted to shake his head, but it hurt too much. He just accepted another small defeat from fate and got into the other side. He started up and hoped the journey home to his couch would be fast and painless.

Coming around the corner in his vehicle, he stopped to let a pedestrian slowly cross his path. He saw her blonde hair bounce in the sunlight and checked out her body. He smiled a bit. then she looked at him. He noticed it was the waitress from last night's shift at the bar. He made an effort to smile more, and waved his hand in recognition.

She seemed to slow her pace, and stared back at him with a look of complete disinterest on her face. His smile faded as she continued to look at him that way. The longer her stare went on, the more discouraged he got. She kept showing him that look until she was nearly past the front of his car. Then her head turned to face forward once more and she kept right on walking.

Brad forced a deep breath into his lungs and felt his chest ache. He kept his eyes on the road and went home.