The inside of the house was quiet compared to the outside. No screaming and playing kids were around to annoy him now. He kicked off his shoes once more and went to go lay down on the couch. He felt like sleeping, and for a while thought if there were any good reasons why he shouldn't just crash here.

So he slept on the couch for a few hours while his son and daughter played and his fiancee visited her friend. Brad didn't like the thought of losing Pam to another woman, but somehow it was more comforting than the thought of losing her to another man. He knew that the main reason he would call off the engagement was because she had been lying. At least, that would be the main reason he would tell her about.

The other, equally strong reasons he had been thinking about for the last few weeks would remain unsaid. He admitted now that he had wanted her to replace Gloria, and not to be her own person. When the similarities between those two women were stripped away and Pam was appraised on her own, she didn't meet his standards. He felt a little guilty that he had let their relationship advance this far when he should have realised all of that a lot sooner.

Those thoughts dogged him as he drifted in and out of light sleep. After a few hours of that, he got tired of thinking and decided to just distract himself somehow. He got up and stretched. He still felt shitty and hungover, but not as bad as before. Another beer sure would hit the spot though.

He opened a living room window and went to the kitchen to do the same to get some air moving through the house. He had a more pleasant feeling come over him as he breathed in the fresh breeze. "I could get used to staying home and not working." he said to himself as he went to the fridge for another beer.

He paused and looked at the still unopened bottle of champagne sitting there. He wondered if he should have one more night of drunk wild sex with Pam before giving her the boot. He grabbed a can of beer and put that thought out of his head. He had already given her enough time.

The satisfying cracking sound of the can bounced once off the kitchen walls as he slowly lifted the can to his lips. He drank from it fast and gulped down a generous portion in order to chase his hangover and his blues away. He walked out to the living room, hoping the kids would phone and tell him they'd be staying for supper with their friends. How lucky he would be if that would happen, he thought.

Sitting back down on the couch, he found himself on the verge of another one of those Zen moments. Living for the moment was something he hardly ever did, and now the moment seemed to be almost crystalising around him. He sat and drank and enjoyed that for as long as it lasted. It seemed to melt some of his stress away.

That only lasted until an ambulance zoomed past in the distance. Suddenly, everything was as ugly and noisy and messy as it always was. He flicked on the TV and surfed for a bit. He noticed Pam had been gone at her friend's house for over four hours now. He tried not to think of what they might have been doing. It was bad enough she had lied to him about it - even worse that she hadn't invited him.

He started feeling mad again. He went to go check his email. Sure enough, there was another message from Colin. Again, it was confirmed that Pam had not gone shopping. She had only gone to visit her friend again. Another few pictures of the blonde woman letting her in only made Brad madder. His resolve hardened. This would be the night he would tell her to leave.

He finished with his email and got himself another beer. Just as he was closing the fridge door and cracking the can open, he heard the SUV pull back into the driveway. He took a deep breath and went to go wait by the door.

Pam was in the process of shutting down the engine and preparing herself for interactions with human beings by loading different software modules into her AI system. Her pretty eyes blinked a few times at randomly determined intervals and she exited the vehicle. So far, her new experimental hardware was functioning just as Fembot Command had calculated that it would.

She turned her head and scanned the yard. None of the kids' toys had been left out. That indicated a high probability that they weren't home. She identified Brad's car parked out on the street by its shape, colour and license plate number. She computed that he had returned home as well.

More digital configuration went on inside her chest. She loaded software that would help her hardware deal efficiently with the human she called "Brad". Another one of her false smiles went on her plastic face as she swung her sexy hips and strutted toward the front door. Her calculations were now anywhere from 4% to 9% faster thanks to her newly installed circuitry. The odds that she could get their relationship back to where it had been before appeared now not to be so dismal.

To pursue that end, she started getting her crotch wet again. Her synthetic pheromones and sex hormones would hopefully add to other built-in charms like her amazing breasts and sexy plump buns.

Brad cleared his throat and swallowed as he listened to Pam's key unlock the door. He was thinking about how to say what he wanted to say. By the time he saw the attractive woman enter, he had decided on a course of action.

"Hi Honey!" she said cheerfully as she walked in and closed the door behind her. She made sure to give her hips and buns a little shake as she did.

He wasn't looking down there however. "Come upstairs please Pam, I have to show you something."

Pam ran his words through her language and logic filters. The tone of his voice got analysed too. The mathematical answers she ended up with indicated trouble ahead.

She followed him up the stairs. He entered their bedroom and put down the half full can of beer. He chased away the screen saver from his laptop screen and opened up Colin's latest email. When he had gotten a picture of Pam and her blonde friend displayed full-size on the screen, he lifted the computer from the table and held it right out for her to see.

"This is you and your friend Marcia Roves, am I right?" he asked.

Pam's object recognition software had come to that conclusion long before his words had come out. She stayed there silently looking at the screen while her AI tried to calculate the best way to answer him.

"Yes." she said sheepishly.

"And that's you walking into her house earlier today, right?"

The robot looked up at his face. She saw that he was upset. "Yes." she answered.

"And that's were you've been going all this time." he said. It wasn't a question, and he didn't wait for an answer. "You've been lying to me Pam. Lying through your teeth to the one you said you loved."

Pam's computations began to get overly complex and too intense. She ended some of them and tried to keep up with his syntax the best she could.

"Her name is Marcia Roves." she said after retrieving a file from her memory banks. "She grew up in Port Coquitlam too."

Brad put the computer down and looked at her face. He saw no sign of repentance or even shame. "Our engagement is off." he said bluntly.

Pam started pumping out more of her synthetic aphrodisiac fluid. All of her sexual systems went into overdrive to try and bring him back under their control.

"But Brad, I love you!" she said. The edges of her eyelids glistened with artificial tears.

He just looked at her and shook his head slightly. "I don't think you do. I don't believe you."

Her new processors worked fast and hard, but there was just too much emotional data and too many calculations for her to make now. All she could do was look at him with a vulnerable expression set onto her silicone face and slowly push more saline drops from the corners of her eyes.

"I'll give you thirty days to get out of my house." he said coldly. "You should probably ask your lover if she'll take you in."

"But Brad! You're my lover!!" she exclaimed.

She rushed toward him with open arms. She tried to embrace him as he tried to push her away. Her quick, machine-like reflexes had gotten hold of him first though, and she held him tight as her mouth moved in to kiss him.

Brad was angry now. He didn't know she could be so strong, but he was determined to get her away from him. "No!" he said. He reached up and pushed her face away. Immediately, alarm messages and error codes flooded Pam's field of vision. Both Pam and Brad looked down to the side to see her facemask fall and bounce on to the carpet below.

Brad's heart missed a beat. He looked in shock at the eyeless oval face staring up at them. He looked back to the woman still holding his body. There was nothing at all natural or human about what he saw inside her head. The cold display of soulless electronics there made him freeze with fright. His lips trembled as he looked at the bright coloured LEDs that flashed fast all around the complicated array of microchips and circuitry. Pam's beautiful eyes were now piercing and lifeless as they stared right at him.

He barely had time to realise what he had discovered before her electronic speaker emitted her voice. "You are not supposed to know." she said.

Her hand raised impossibly fast to his throat and gripped tightly around it. Her ultrafast processors had instantly guided her grasp to his windpipe and carotid arteries. She began to squeeze as his hands shot up to try to get him loose.

His wide-open eyes looked in horror upon the machinery that had always been hidden by her realistic facade. He felt himself get dizzy as the blood stopped flowing to his brain. Air stopped flowing to his lungs too as he tried to struggle. He began to see spots. Suddenly he could no longer hear, and then he saw only black.

Pam continued to squeeze her hand tight. It was strong enough to crush every last bone in his body, and sensitive enough to detect the moment when his weakening pulse ended. When it did, she let go and watched Brad slump to the floor dead. She aimed her opened head down at his body and made a new series of calculations. Suddenly, those were easy to make now that there was no need to display or compute emotions.

She bent down and picked up her facemask again. It snapped back into place as she went to pick up Brad's corpse. She hoisted him over her shoulder and walked out of the bedroom. One of her default smiles showed as she walked down the stairs and dropped him onto the couch.

Then she went outside and drove the SUV into the garage. In moments, the door closed after it and she emerged back into the house to get the body. She threw that into the back of the vehicle as a digital signal got sent wirelessly from her head to the supercomputer at Marcia's house. Preparations would be made there while she made her way over.

The SUV got back on the road and made it back to that suburban house in about a half hour. By that time, Marcia's large white van had been filled up with all the machinery that had once been one of Fembot Command's Master Computing Devices. This was the standard procedure after a mission had failed so horribly as this one had.

Pam got to the house and pulled her SUV into the garage. There she loaded whatever else remained, along with one maidbot, one Natasha, and three Enforcer Droids. All that machinery was covered with blankets and packed away out of view. When all the unexplainable appliances had been removed from the house and packed away, Pam and Marcia got into the SUV and the van and headed out toward the highway.

Back in the basement full of gutted-out consoles and glass booths, a timer soon ran out of numbers to count and hit zero. A small fire started, sure to spread and eventually to engulf the whole structure in flames. The authorities would find the unusual setup in the burned out mess, but some attractive females high up in their ranks would see to it that no major investigations began over it.

The same would be done for whatever investigations would begin to try and answer the question of what had happened to Brad. No body would be found, and neither he nor Pam would ever be seen again. It was all a terrible waste of time and resources for Fembot Command to have a project end this way, but even this outcome could add useful information to their database. The extraction of knowledge from the world of humans was to continue unabated.

THE END