

Brad was enjoying his little break from reality that night. He and Khaled played some pool and threw money into the jukebox to hear songs they could have heard on the radio for free. The alcohol had thinned out his blood and acted like an analgesic on his body and his mind. In his drunken haze, he found himself stealing longer and more frequent glances at that cute blonde barmaid.

She was dressed to enjoy the weather and to increase the amount of cash she got in tips. The shape of her figure lent itself quite well to that, but Brad knew it wouldn't be right to look too much at the curves she seemed all too eager to display. He was still a family man, technically still engaged to be married.

Back at the house, the machine he was to marry wasn't doing so well. She had begun to act quite strange to the children as she joined them for the rest of dinner. It seriously freaked the kids out when she got back to the table. Her eyes had reddened around the edges as part of her simulated crying routine, but she was acting friendly - happy, even.

Inside her chest, the number crunching that had brought her AI to this faulty behavioural result was in dire need of error correction. That would have to wait until tomorrow however. She recorded the reactions of the two children to her log files, along with the mathematical discrepancies she had encountered while trying to put her system back into working order.

Humans were never easy to deal with or straightforward enough for her software to fully comprehend. Now, under all the stress from events and circumstances she couldn't begin to fully compute, she fell back on standard AI functions. She was courteous and almost charming to Marcus and Jessica, not behaving at all like a parent would have. The kids saw that and instinctively knew something wasn't right inside her.

Jessica just stared while Marcus hurried his meal and got away from the android as fast as he could. Eventually his sister caught on and excused herself from the table before finishing. Pam just smiled brightly at them both. She looked empty and blank as the corners of her mouth lifted into that default pattern. She scanned the scene in front of her as her microphones recorded the sounds of two small humans retreating to the back of the house.

She sat there for a long time after that. She swallowed more than twice the amount of food she should have due to another error in calculation. Because it was so busy with other data, her AI didn't catch that mistake until she stood up to clear the table. As she hummed a song to herself and continued to sift through complex binary functions, the kids snuck off to bed as quietly as they could. Pam just ignored that activity. Any more interactions with unpredictable humans right now and she might just do something Fembot Command would regret.

In the fading light of the summer night she sat down on the sofa and tried to figure out why Brad had not returned home. She sat up with perfect posture, her legs crossed and her hands clasped ladylike on her knee. That same default, blank smile showed on her silicone face while the electronics behind her well-constructed breasts ploughed through some of the less complicated computations. As the sky around the house turned from blue to orange to black, she remained seated and still. Of all the probabilities she had calculated, the only strongly positive one was that things would be better after she returned from the lab at Marcia's house tomorrow.

When her internal chronometer reached 11:00 PM, she stopped all her current calculations and instead began putting her files in order so the Master Computing Device could more readily deal with them. After that, she had officially given up trying to figure anything out. Still wearing that meaningless, fake smile, she stood up and cleared the table in a quiet, efficient manner.

Her 'mind' was totally blank now. Her processors took the lack of activity as an opportunity to cool down, only now having to work with her motion and sensory system. She loaded dishes into the dishwasher and put more leftovers back into the fridge. That bottle of champagne still sat there, unopened. Her eyes saw it but her CPU generated no 'thoughts' of any kind over it. She closed the fridge door on it again and walked up the stairs to the washroom to brush her teeth and wash up for bed.

Once she was behind the closed door of the bedroom, she quickly got into a pink silk camisole and got between the sheets. Her next actions were as automatic as her breathing. She started to masturbate, even though no human was around to appreciate it. Usually, when she played with herself like this it was a prelude to some processor-intensive sexual activity with the human. But now it was just another routine called forth by processors that couldn't know what was going on.

She stroked her pussy while regulated pulses of electricity flashed through her circuitry as data and mathematical operations. Her fingertips spread her nicely shaped labia as fluid pumps released more lubricant and synthetic sex chemicals from their dwindling supply. Every touch of her fingertips to her plastic clitoris generated waves of binary code that zoomed at near light speed into her chest as artificial pleasure. All that data benefited no one. No real enjoyment existed anywhere within her electronic and mechanical frame.

Her thighs twitched and her legs writhed in an accelerating rhythm while quiet moans and heavy breaths came out of her mouth - generated by the magnetic speaker behind it. Her eyes stared blankly and unblinking at the ceiling. Graphically displayed among other operational data in her field of view were binary interpretations of her sensor data. She monitored her actions like that and made sure to give herself a strong digital orgasm - like she always did.

Her other hand reached up to give her nipples some attention. She clutched at her big perfect tits and rubbed those now erect points between and under her sensitive mechanical fingertip. Her torso heaved in rhythm to the pushing of her hips, and soon her whole body was moving to give the impression that it had been overtaken with raw sexual pleasure. Her eyelids closed halfway as part of her preset facial expressions. They closed all the way as the moment of climax was generated.

Her artificial vagina flowed with artificial juice as her hot body sweated and eventually stopped its frantic yet controlled movements. Her simulated breathing slowed too as she wiped her hand on the sheets beside her. When the last of the data had been recorded, she wrote the completed file to one of her hard drives as just another masturbation session and orgasm. There were no feelings of any kind before, during, or after the event. There was only a rudimentary calculation that since Brad was not around, she should next go into sleep mode.

So that's what she did. She rolled over on her side as scented cream continued to drip out of her synthetic pussy. She activated programs and subroutines that would make her body look like it was asleep, and closed her silicone eyelids over her glass camera-eyes. Her processors rested now. She was like a computer with the monitor turned off. Her AI had given up trying to deal with all of her problems.

