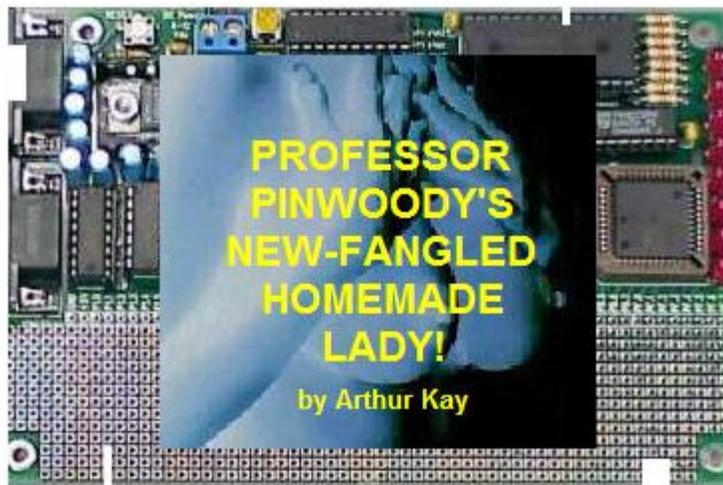


WARNING: This story is an act of fiction that contains graphic sexual descriptions and language. If you are a minor (under 21) or if you are offended by this kind of material then you should stop reading now. Any resemblance between this story and a real event is coincidental. The participants are imaginary; their actions have no negative consequences other than those portrayed in the story. The story is intended for entertainment and should not be emulated in the real world.



**MAY 15, 2020, in a laboratory,
whose location is
known to only but a few,
and only on a need-to-know basis:**

"Looks like we've truly done it, Alice!" said Prof. Hapland "Pin" Pinwoody, Ph.D. "Respy has just executed her tenth perfect computerized movement." He turned toward his associate, Prof. Alice Hames, Ph.D, and couldn't miss the grin on her face. It was almost ear-to-ear.

"You're right, Pinny, and just wait until the investors get a gander. Shit, pardon my French, but they'll be just throwin' money at us!" She laughed. Pinwoody nodded.

"That's for sure." Pinwoody pressed another button on the remote control prototype. Respy reacted in nanoseconds. "You see that! She threw her legs around his back just as if she'd been doing it all her life!" Respy was on a bed, her legs now locked at the ankles across a crash-test dummy's back. Pinwoody hit another button and the legs, still locked, crawled further up the dummy's back as far as they could manage. "Look at that!"

Alice laughed, then said, "She has, prof, been doin' it all her life! This is technically her birthday!" Pinwoody turned toward her, a smile on his face.

Alice lifted her hand and shaped it as if it was holding an invisible glass. Making a pantomime toast, she said, "Many more, Respy! Many more." She chuckled. Pinwoody "clinked" his own finger-shaped imaginary glass holder with Alice's and said, "To Respy, may she earn us millions!"

Pinwoody then said, out loud, "Sip, sip!" Alice followed suit, "Sip, sip!" This was their usual mock celebration ritual. They did it every time the occasion called for it, like it did now.

Hap and Alice have something to celebrate, all right. They had worked on

Pinwoody's dream, some called it "Pinwoody's Pipe Dream," for almost ten years now, five of which were concerned with nothing more than Respy's computer calibrated movements. The very movements Pinwoody was now putting Respy through.

RESPY. An acronym, but slightly altered when speaking about it, for Robot for Every Sexual Pleasure Imaginable. The term had been Alice's idea. Said it came to her in a flash, right after those two long years of getting its respiring chest to look and heave naturally, as if breathing or, if called for by the remote, gasping and panting. No easy feat, that.

The skin, a project sub-contracted to a large firm, one Dermacom, Inc., that specialized in mannequins for big-time movie usage, came on board less than six months from the initial start date. Using a plasticized rubber formula, one they actually had to invent, the skin not only looked human, it felt like it.

To give the skin some human feeling heat, or warmth, which Pinwoody felt was absolutely necessary and he was adamant on the point, fine wires were embedded throughout the upper dermal layer. In the year 2010, if you remember, Dermacom launched this skin and wire combo to the mass market as DermaTouch and one could find it in everything from lady's handbags and panties to men's wallets and undershorts.

DermaTouch sold, as they always say, like hotcakes, only not as hot to the touch.

Alice said it reminded her of an electric blanket. Except this particular electric blanket had a top heat setting of 99.7 degrees. At the time, Pinwoody had quipped to Alice, "No point in having a guy screwing a lady with a fever of 104, now is there?" Is there?

99.7 would feel quite hot enough to a guy holding steady at 98.6. Especially when you consider that the only thermometer he'd be sticking into Respy had no clear red markings on it to discern her actual temp, anyhow.

The artificial intelligence, A.I., had been a piece of cake.

The incredible breakthrough, in 2006, by the well-renowned pioneering A.I.-ist, Benjamin Gentz, Ph.D, on speech and word recognition is well documented. Suffice it to say, Respy, the off-the-shelf version, could respond and react to 1,000 spoken questions or commands. One's personal tastes, likes and dislikes, could easily be programmed for her to follow.

Add an updated, microbe driven, Enzymo AT-VIX-22 hard drive and the amount of new commands and responses one could teach her, well, they were truly unlimited. All you had to do was tell her and show her once and it was, monkey see, monkey do. A nuance or semantic problem? No problem. All you had to do was talk to Respy. In any language known to man, including Old Latin, if you were some kind of monk.

And if you want Respy to learn all about you, your work, your career, your personal this and that's, so she'd be more than just a sex toy, she'd be company, well, old chum, just talk to her. She's got a damn fine memory built into her.

What does Respy look like? More correctly would be, whom does she look like? But an even more correct question, at this time, would be, whom will she look like? Glad you asked. The first model to retail will be a carefully chosen composite of Mira Sorvino, Gillian Anderson, Rene Zellweger, and the beautiful French actress, Anouk Aimée. The part, or parts, each will contribute, to be determined later.

Yes, Respy would be, as envisioned by Alice and Pinwoody, something else, indeed. And beyond. Because both Alice and Pinwoody could see the potential Respy had to eliminate human loneliness. At least among the folks who could afford it. And, as Pinwoody once put it, who knows? In time, the price would probably be within the reach of anyone with an average paying job. Just look at computers and their overall track record.

A male Respy version, for the ladies out there, and some men, would be next on the Alice and Pinwoody agenda, but the female Respy offered more challenges and thus had been worked on first. With the female, there were those infernal internal problems to work out: Realistic vaginal juices, warm, wet anal moistness, and, toughest of all, a naturally salivating tongue.

The male version, by comparison, was child's play once the female prototype was complete and up to snuff. There was already a very realistic penis on the market that not only went from flaccid to erect, it also ejaculated. The amount of pseudo-sperm was controllable, too. Recipe included.

Hell, this dang faux pecker thing even had hairy balls, whose eggs could be felt as they rolled around under its warm DermaTouch skin. All it lacked was a body to attach it to. A Respy body, if Pinwoody had any say in the matter . . .

* * * * *

RESPY, with Pinwoody's help on the remote, was now humping the test dummy to beat the band. Every button Pinwoody punched, from kiss him on the mouth to wiggle your ass in a clockwise direction, now the other way, was faithfully followed. With a passion so heated, so ardent, though programmed in, it now surprised the two experimenters.

"Holy Christ, Alice, to put it in plain english, she's fucking the dummy's ass off!" He laughed, a nervous laugh, one of glee mixed with shock.

'Yeah, Pin, I wish I could move like that. Then maybe you and I would go at it more often than we've have been lately." She lightly smacked him on the arm. "Dummy!"

"Hell, Alice, if you moved like *that* I'd . . . I better shut up!" He looked guilty.

"Damn! You've got a woody, Pin, a fucking woody just from watching her! And don't tell me you have on a pair of those new tent-filled trousers!" She gave him a hurt look, but he knew it was a sham one.

He knew he had been busted. He hit a few more buttons and said, "You going to tell me, woman, that you're not getting your stew stirred a bit from

watching the way she moves, the way she fucks?" Respy was now moaning and grabbing the dummy's ass cheeks with both hands, squeezing them. And, all the while, her ass cheeks were smoothly going in a definite counterclockwise direction. Then, with a mere Pinwoody touch on a button, clockwise.

"Maybe so," Alice admitted. "But I don't need no stinkin' remote to do all of those things at the same time. So there, Mr. Smarty Pants Dummy!" Then she was back to business. "Of course, once I design those programs to incorporate multiple manoeuvrings, Respy won't need no stinkin' remote, either."

They watched, fascinated, as Respy fucked and moaned. "Mmmm . . . "

* * * * *

"I HAVE A GOOD IDEA, PIN, why don't we put that simple three-motion program I wrote into Respy? We can loop it and give it a small test. And, while we test, you can get a good fuck at the same time. OK, dummy with the tent in pants?" She chuckled and made a circle with her left hand's thumb and forefinger and pumped her right thumb in and out of it. He looked over at her and smirked.

"Good idea, Ali, a little business with pleasure mix. Only one small problem. Lacking a vagina, how can I fuck her while we test?" He laughed, throwing his head back. Alice reached out and smacked his arm again.

"You may be joshing, dummy, but that does bring up the question. When she's vagina laden, so to put it, are you gonna be the first to pop her cherry?" She stuck a thumb in her mouth and made a popping sound as she quickly pulled it back out.

Pinwoody smiled. "No, Alice, I don't think so. As much as I'd like to be her first fuck, and women never forget their first fuck, as you undoubtedly know, I think I'll learn more by being an observer. Besides, if she fucks anywhere near the way I'm imagining right now, my ability to concentrate would go right out the fucking window." He grinned, his point made.

Alice reached out and gave his tent bulge a playful squeeze. "So, tell me, old nobel one who sacrifices his own fun for science, do you have anyone in mind for her first royal fucking?" She figured he had. He had.

"Yeah, Willie Vance, our illustrious grad student of glorious day time assistants. He's a strapping lad with a nice strong body, which might come in handy just in case we have an unforeseen physical problem with Respy. I've already run it by him and he's game, as long as he's paid, that is."

"Willie's fine, Pin, but don't you think he'd be a tad self-conscious with me watching him screw a robot? I know *you* wouldn't, but Willie's much more human that way." She giggled and squeezed his bulge again.

"Cute. But we'll solve that bullshit by running the test in room C. You can observe through the one-way mirror. Old Willie need be none the wiser and I believe this will let us get a great performance out of him. Of course, if, as I suspect, he's hung like a horse, I won't be able to say the same about you!"

"Cute right back at you. Now, Mr.Tent-In-Pants, should I put the three-motion program in, or not?" She absent mindedly rubbed her crotch area. This movment didn't go unobserved by Pinwoody.

"Yes, Ms. Moisty Mound, why don't you do just that . . . ?"

* * * * *

AS RESPY THE ROBOT WOMAN went through Alice's three-motion computerized program, the two humans, both now nude, were remiss in their watching duties. They both had their eyes closed and were kissing passionately as they embraced, standing less than two yards from the bed of action. With the camera filming away.

The passionate kissing ended with Pinwoody plopping down onto a sofa. The convertible bed-sofa they both used sometimes when working an all-nighter. He sat there, his hairy legs splayed way out, with an erection that had it's single eye looking right up at the ceiling tiles.

Alice mounted him, feeling his burgeoning cock head bump her pussy's entrance. She took a hand and gently guided him into her, feeling the familiar thickness of him as it seemed to push upward.

As Pinwoody felt the heat of her soft, fleshy moistness engulf his professorial boner, she felt the heat of his professorial hardness. He started a pumping action, giving her the old Ph.D technique. Pump Her Deep, baby, Pump Her Deep.

They quickly had a syncopated rhythm going on. She would meet his upward thrusts with an equal downward push. A fly on the wall would swear he was watching two humans, two humans who had done this funny stuff many times before. And the fly didn't need no stinkin' Ph.D to come to that conclusion.

Respy could be heard by the tell-tale bed spring sounds being made as she humped her mindless crash-test dummy.

Then the action heated up, as action is known to do sometimes. Pinwoody thrust upward. Alice pushed downward. They would kiss. He would explore her back and ass cheeks. She would moan. Pinwoody would grunt. They would kiss some more. Kiss. Thrust. Pump. Ass grab. Kiss . . .

Then professor Alice let out a scream so loud they were both glad the room was soundproofed. "Oooooooooooooooooooooooooooh!"

Pinwoody, ever the professor, controlled his scream to a simple, "Aarrggh-umph!" They collapsed into each other, their sweat intermingling.

As two professorial body fluids also mixed and mingled, Alice said, "Oooh, Pinny, that was a good one, right up there with our third time together. And I never even looked at Respy. Did you?"

"Well, I . . . you want the truth . . . " Alice smacked his arm. "Dummy!"

* * * * *

"YOU ENJOYING HER WILLIE?" Pinwoody asked. Mainly because Willie had a strange look on his mug. It could have meant he was enjoying it, but then again, it could have equally meant he was embarrassed.

Red-faced embarrassed and now needed time to think up an excuse, a good one. Guilty like, somehow.

Red-faced guilty. As if a woman had just caught him with her big old hand down her five year old girl-kid's bright yellow panties and he was just trying to explain, ma'am, how he had just dropped this dime, see? And you know how dimes are, ma'am, they can get their skinny selves into any old crack or crevice, no pun meant, ma'am. Well, with the economy, such as it is, I was trying to retrieve it. Oh, see? Here it is, right here in my closed fist. I guess I found it. Well, ma'am, I'll just go put it in my pocket here, where I usually keep all my other spare change, hear them tinklin' together? And then I'll just go home and change my shorts, if that's all the same to you, ma'am. No harm, no foul done, eh?

That kind of red-faced, embarrassment guilty looking.

Alice, in room C, and with the camera grinding away and she making notes into a tape recorder, couldn't take her eyes off Willie's manly appendage. The darn thing was huge, humungous, gigantic, gargantuan, and any other synonym you can get out of a decent thesaurus.

Alice surmised it had to be at least a foot long, maybe longer. While this made her eyes pop out, it was the width of this elephant cock that made her eyeball vessels seem to burst. Oh, it started out normal enough, an inch and a quarter wide at the head. But then it increased right down the footlong shaft until, at the base, it had to measure a good three inches in girth, maybe more, if you had a tape measure.

Alice had never seen anything like it, not even in the porn flicks she and Pinwoody sometimes watched together. This thing not only looked as if it would fuck hell out of a woman, it looked as if it would pile-drive her to death. And, to Alice's way of thinking at the moment, there wasn't a better way to die. Her quickly moistening pussy told her that much.

So, knowing who would be the wiser? Alice put her hand under her skirt and found her old pal, Ms. Moisty Mound. Even though Ms. Mound was hiding her hairy self behind silk panties.

While Willie walked around in the other room, seeming to limber up for his big sex match, as it were, and with his huge baseball bat swinging in the air, Alice, her eyes glued on the bat, fingered away and found a heaven only woman know exists. And visited heaven more than once, for sure; sometimes on around trip ticket.

And there was Respy. Ready and waiting further instructions. From a voice or an electrical impulse, she didn't care which. She was on the bed on her back, her legs spread wide, her downy-haired pussy quivering. She looked as if all she needed was a man right about now, and any man will do, thank you. The only odd things about her were her hands. They were lying, limply, alongside her body, the left hand's fingers tapping on the sheet. Much as if she was getting impatient.

And then along came Willie, with his deli-style salami swinging to and fro. He skipped any preliminary foreplay, such as kissing and cuddling, and went right for the gold. The lightning fast mat pin. In a wink, and before you could even say horse cock, he was on her and in her, pushing as if to see if he could find just where it was she bottomed out.

Amazingly, when he had found the bottom, Respy's eyes popped open and widened up real big like, as if she was surprised by this sudden vaginal intrusion. She looked right at Willie and actually snarled at him, "Snrrrr!" Willie now looked surprised, too. As did Pinwoody and Alice.

Then the shit hit the fan! Respy threw her arms around Willie's back and squeezed, real hard like. At the same time, her vagina muscles started their own squeezing. All over Willie's shaft length, right down to his big old 3" thick base. She had a good hold on him. And was now tightening up so rapidly, Willie started yelling.

"Oooooooww! P-Professor, she's squeezing me to death! And I can't pull out! Make her stop! Oooooooww! Oooooooww!" He was in trouble.

Pinwoody knew he had to act quickly. He yelled commands at Respy. Told her stop it, now! No go. He grabbed the backup circuit board. He went over to Respy and tried to cram it into her brain receptacle drawer. It wouldn't go in. Then it got stuck. It now wouldn't come out. In a panic, he ran back to the desk.

He tried the remote. No go. He thought: Batteries dead? He opened the remote and ejected the two batteries. He went to the desk drawer where they stored them in. Empty! Not a one. Not even a triple A.

Shit, Pinwoody thought, shit, shit, shit! Alice forgot. Again.

Than an idea popped into his head. He ran to a closet, lunged his arm into it and pulled out a baseball bat, a Louisville Slugger. With the words, Genuine Mickey Mantle Autographed baseball bat printed along its wooden length.

Wasting not a second more, Pinwoody went over to Respy, raised the bat high over his hand and gave her a solid thwack right to the skull. It made a loud and dull thushing sound. Respy's hips were still gyrating. So he hit her again. And even once more. No go, her hips still moved, hurting the hell out of Willie.

"Ooooooow! Make her stop! For God's sake, make her stop! Ooooooow!"

Then another idea popped itself into Pinwoody's mind. He turned toward Willie, raised the bat again and gave him a good whack right on the top of his young blond head. Some blood spurted out as Willie keeled his upper body over to the left side of Respy. He was out for the count. But he was still in Respy. The only good thing one could see was Respy's arms had fallen back to the bed, freeing her death grip on him.

Pinwoody pushed on Willie's hips. He pulled and tugged on Willie's legs. And, finally, thank you lord, Willie, with a pop even Alice heard, was free.

Alice had been staring in awed silence the whole time. Her right hand was still at her wide-open, gaping mouth. She looked shell-shocked.

Pinwoody brought her back to reality by yelling out, "Alice! Call 911! Now!"

Alice made the call, explaining the situation as best she could without going in to too much vivid detail, and went and joined Pinwoody.

Pinwoody was trying to take Willie's pulse. To Alice, it looked as if Pinwoody was having trouble finding one. He switched to another arm.

Alice said, "Is, is he dead, Pin?" She feared the worst.

"I hope not, Ali. Oh, wait, I found his pulse. A good, strong one. I just hope I didn't give him any brain damage. I swear, Alice, I tried to hit him just hard enough to put him out, not kill him. You believe me, don't you?" He was sweating profusely. As a killer might on a hot July evening in August.

"Of course I do, of course . . . darling. You had to do it, Pin. What else could you have done? I saw the whole thing. Respy would have caused him permanent penile damage, if I know anything about these things." She put her arms around him and went on.

"If anything, honey, you acted brilliantly, just brilliantly. I was in the other room in too much shock to even move, but you, you were right on it. Geez, when I saw you raise the bat over Willie's head, it flashed through my mind just what you intended. Brilliant, baby, just brilliant!" She squeezed him.

"I-I was pretty good after all, wasn't I" He felt her head nodding against his. "But poor Respy! I really messed her up good and now . . . "

"Forget Respy, hon, she can be repaired. After all she's only a ro . . . "

There was a hard knock on the door. "Paramedics!" a male voice yelled out. Alice turned and started toward the door to let them in. More loud knocks happened. "Coming!" she yelled at the impatient sounding door.

She felt somewhat relieved, but very queasy inside, as if she was about to open the door and let total strangers see a murder scene. A sexy one at that, given there was a naked man and one naked, smashed up robot.

The paramedics, a male and a female, came right in, the male leading the charge, with no "Hi, how are ya?" out of them. They were all business, these two. The male took one look at the bed scene and turned to Alice.

"What gives here? We weren't told there were two of 'em!" He turned back and started toward the bed. The female looked suspiciously at Pinwoody as she headed to where her partner now stood. He was holding Respy's arm up. "No pulse, Joan, she's a goner. Let's see if we can help the guy."

Alice, still holding the door open, said, "There *is* only one, the female, the one on the bed, is just a doll . . . a ro . . . "

Paramedic Joan turned her head slightly back toward Alice. "Well, honey, she's a dead doll now, this lady is." Pinwoody, who had been just standing

there looking goofy, chipped his own two cents in.

"What Alice means, if you two will but take a moment to listen, is the female isn't a real lady, she a ro . . . "

A new voice, a male one, from the doorway, said, "You called us, Ma'am?" Two cops, one male, one female, were now at the door. Alice turned toward them. Pinwoody turned, too. The local gendarmes had arrived.

Alice fessed up. "I'm the one who called you, officer. I'm Professor Alice Hames." The two cops were staring at the bed scene, their radios crackling and squawking. The male cop, having spotted the bat lying on the floor in front of the bed, looked directly at Pinwoody.

"You do this, fella?" He liked the direct assault as it sometimes worked on a potential perp.

"Me? No! I mean yes. I mean no. I mean . . . "

Pinwoody looked a tad guilty to the cop, who now said, "Who are you, Mister, what's your name?" He'd seen this type before. More than once, you betcha.

He took a step toward Pinwoody. His partner had her hand lightly resting on the 9mm Glock in its holster. She took a small step toward Pinwoody, too. If nothing else, they had Mr. Potential Perp partly surrounded now. Pinwoody looked trapped.

"I-I am P-Professor P-Pinwoody, officer, H-Hapland Pinwoody. I'm in charge of this little experiment you see here, and I don't . . . "

"Experiment?" the male cop said. "Just what *is* going on here, sir? Why don't you tell me all about it?" He had a mean look on his face. The mean look was one of his perp specialties. He even practiced it now and then in front of a mirror. Just to see the effect. Well, it sure worked on Pinwoody. He was now Dumbwoody. Totally out of it.

"Oh, I see! You two think . . . oh, this is funny . . . really funny . . . it's not what it seems to be, officers. Ha ha! You see, I *had* to hit her, she was . . . "

The male cop said, "You admitting you hit her, sir? You use that bat over there?" Pinwoody looked. The bat was right where he remembered dropping it. On the floor at the foot of the bed. It had blood smeared on it.

"Yes, *that* bat. You see, I had no choice because I was out of double-A batteries. So I had to improvise before Respy, the female on the bed . . . "

The male cop said, "Let me get this straight, sir. You can't find no batteries, so you lose it and bash her one, this Respy gal. Why, sir? She forget to order them for you?" A real doozy, this one, thought the cop.

"No, no!" Pinwoody said. "Alice orders the batteries. She just forgot this time . . . " Alice piped in, the two cops looking at her:

"Sorry, Hon, I guess I had just too much on my plate, what with setting it up so Willie wasn't overly self-conscious about having sex with her and

what with having to buy new film and . . . "

The male cop said, "Willie? Who's he? He the guy over there?" He pointed a thumb at the bed. Alice and Pinwoody nodded, almost simultaneously. The cop turned his gaze back toward Pinwoody and spoke softly, but in a rapid fire manner.

"What happened here, sir? You catch Willie diddling your girlfriend there and, after giving him a taste of the old bat, you put a lick or two on her? That about right? You just felt you *had* to hit her? Teach her a good lesson?" The cop had said it matter-of-factly. He'd been there, done that before. Many times.

Pinwoody was still flustered. "Officers, you've got it all wrong. Yes, I *had* to hit her, I him, too, as a matter of fact, but not because she was my *girlfriend*. It's none of your beeswax, officer, but if you need to know, Alice here is my girlfriend." He pointed his thumb at Alice. "The female on the bed is just someone Alice and I recently made. She's a female ro . . . "

The male cop said, somewhat angrily, "Listen, Mister, you're the one's got it all wrong, beeswax or no beeswax. Now, why don't I just ask you a few simple questions and you do your part by telling me the truth. OK? Think you can handle that? Me asking, you telling?" He was glaring at Pinwoody the Perp. The Perp nodded meekly, all argument gone out of him. The cop, sensing his now complete control over the situation, went on.

"OK, good! Now, you say it wasn't the batteries that set you off and she's *not* your girlfriend. Fine. So just why did you hit her then? And him, while you're at it?"

"Well, it's a long story, officer, but I'll try to be brief." He inhaled deeply. "You see, while Willie there was . . . uh . . . diddling her, if you will, she started hurting him, making him yell something awful. Right, Alice?" He turned toward her, a pitiful look on his puss.

"That's right, officer, I heard it all! Willie sounded as if he was gonna die any second! Pinny really had no choice, you see. When she wouldn't listen to Pin's verbal commands and he couldn't find batteries, well what . . . "

"Whoa, little lady," the cop said. "You saying you were here, in this very room, listening and watching, while the guy over there . . . uh, diddled her?"

"Oh, no, no, no, no, no, my immediate presence here would have made Willie way too self-conscious about having sex in front of me to perform very well, so . . . "

The cop said. "It would me!" Alice ignored him and went on.

"As I was saying, I was in the other room observing through the one-way mirror. Wasn't I, Pin?" Pinwoody nodded and said, "That's right, I was the only one in this room watching it all. She was in room C filming it and making notes and . . . "

"Filming?" the cop asked. "You sell these films you make?" He had directed the question, his new bloodhound trail, at Alice. Along with his

hardened gaze.

"Well, I, we, uh, that is, in a way I suppose you could say we do. Our backers insist we make and keep accurate records, films and what have you, and as they pay our salaries, I guess, for absolute truth and clarity, yes . . . we do sell them. In a way." Alice thought: *That* should be clear enough for even this dullard. It wasn't quite that clear to him.

The cop said, "How long you two been making these porno flicks?"

Alice laughed. "He thinks we're a porn shop, Pinny! Ha ha ha! Isn't that a riot?" She looked defiant.

Pinwoody said, not laughing at all, "That *is* funny, but not a bad idea if you think about it. Why not film Respy in pornographic sexual action, Alice? We could bill her as the world's first female porn star, who is a ro . . . "

"Hey, you two," the cop barked. "Stay on track willya? Business later. Now, Professor, suppose you tell me all about the baseball bat. OK?"

Pinwoody nodded. "Well, as I said, Respy was hurting him . . . "

"How?" the cop asked. Pinwoody looked embarrassed.

"Well, you see, officer, she, Respy that is, was . . . uh . . . tightening her vagina around his penis. Well, with a pressure of one pound per square inch in her vaginal canal, she was hurting him real badly, as I'm sure you can imagine. Well, I had to . . . " Alice jumped in.

"That's right, officer, Willie was actually screaming. Kept yelling that Respy was ripping his dick right off! She really wasn't, of course, she was only squeezing it, but Willie didn't know that fact. Right, Hon?" These two, thought the cop, are some pair! Cool as ice. And fucking heartless to boot.

"Right, sweetheart. Now, where was I? Oh, yes, Willie was screaming up a storm, so I knew I had to act pretty quickly. Before his blood clotted and gangrene set in, which would have caused permanent damage to his member, as I'm sure you know. Well, what was I to do? She wasn't responding to either verbal or remote commands, so I thought it best to put her out of commission. That's when I remembered my old Mickey Mantle bat in the closet. I gave her just one good smack with it, right in the face, because that's where her main function controls are." He paused, taking a breath. "But it didn't work. She just wouldn't stop screwing him and gyrating her hips. So I hit her a few more times."

The cop said, "That do the trick?" He grinned at Pinwoody.

"Actually, no, officer. While it did stop her arms and legs from moving, her damn hips kept gyrating. And vibrating, too. Damndest thing. Really surprised me, I can tell you. Look? See for yourself. She's still gyrating, the robotic bitch!" He pointed toward the bed.

The two cops looked at the same time. Respy was slowly rotating her groin in a definite clockwise direction. The female cop, who had been quiet the whole time, now gasped and said, "Geez, Phil, you ever see an after death thing like that?"

Officer Phil shook his head. "Not in twenty years on the job, Jill." He was now scratching away at his left ear.

Pinwoody felt he just had to straighten them out. "You two officers are under a big, oh, so big, misconception. Respy's not *dead*! As I said, she's only out of commission. After all, you can't really kill a female ro . . . "

"She's outta commission, all right!" Office Phil said. "Now, professor, why don't you continue your little tale? OK? I'm all ears."

Pinwoody gave up. "All right, officer. Well, you see, with Willie in great pain, I figured the only way to solve the problem was to put him out of commission, too. But with just a tap of the bat, and certainly not as hard as the way I hit Respy. I wanted to . . . you know . . . to make his penis go into the flaccid state, to make his . . . uh . . . erection go down . . . "

That'd do it!" said Phil the cop. Pinwoody ignored him.

"But I didn't want to kill him, so I tried to hit him in the head just hard enough to knock him out. And it worked! He went real flaccid, real quick like . . . "

"I'm sure!" said Phil, the cop. Alice chipped in. She didn't like the tone in officer Phil's voice. He was poking fun at her Pinny.

"It was brilliant thinking on Pin's part, officer, if you can appreciate it, which I don't believe you're capable of." She glared at officer Phil. "I, myself, given the pressure of the moment, doubt if I would have thought of it. But, to give myself a little credit, the moment I saw Pinny raise the bat over Willie's head, well, I knew right away what he had in mind and how brilliant his idea was. Well done, darling!" She smiled warmly and lovingly at her Pinny. He smiled warmly and lovingly back at her. What the two cops thought had nothing to do whatsoever with warm and loving feelings.

"Thank you, darling," Pinwoody said. "I guess I *do* think quickly on my feet sometimes." He turned back to officer Phil.

"As I was saying, officer, hitting him worked and Willie was soon as limp as a baby. Now, it certainly wasn't a piece of cake, as you can surely picture, getting him . . . uh . . . unplugged from her, so to speak, but after a bit of pushing on his hips, and a few tugs on his legs, well, he just popped right out of Respy. You could say that I had, and rightfully so, kept gangrene from creeping into his sore and swollen member. And, knowing Willie, I bet he thanks me for it when he finally comes around." He gave an affectionate looking glance in Willie's direction.

Willie was now sitting up on the bed, the two paramedics fussing over him.

"See, officer?" Pinwoody said. "He's okay. I didn't hit him any harder than I had to." Pinwoody smiled warmly at the cops. Almost lovingly. Then Pinwoody turned to Alice.

"Whether the backers like it or not, Alice, I say we should double what we're paying Willie. He deserves it, don't you think?"

"Absolutely, Pin!" Alice said, nodding vigorously. "He was, after all, injured in the line of duty." Pinwoody nodded.

Phil the cop said, "You two saying you paid this Willie guy to have sex with this Respy person? While you two were going to do nothing more than just watch? That it?" Alice fielded the questions.

"That's right. Willie wouldn't have done it for free, now would he? He knew full well it was the first time for her, you know, having sex, and, as such, it was experimental and there could be unforeseen problems, like . . . "

Phil the cop said, "Like getting his thing half squozed off?"

"Correct! And who knows what other quirky problems there might have been. We're lucky her legs didn't try to squeeze him to death. My god, Pinny, just think if *that* had occurred, the backers . . . Brrr!" She shuddered at the idea.

The female cop, Joan, went over to the bed and looked down at Respy's smashed face. "You did a helluva job on her, Mr. Pinwoody, but what are all those wires and things coming out of her face?" She turned back toward Pinwoody.

"Oh, *those!* Unimportant now, really. That's just part of the backup circuit board I tried to jam into her uncooperative brain. But it wouldn't go in. I guess the short, if that's what it was, must have fried things together and caused a blockage. Damn thing got stuck and wouldn't go in or out, so I had to leave it in there." He turned to Alice.

"There's a hundred bucks down the old draineroo, eh, Ali?"

Alice nodded and said, "Now, now, dear, don't you go blaming yourself. It wasn't your fault she froze on Willie. The backers will understand . . . "

The cops sure didn't. Officer Phil said, "Listen, you two. If you don't mind cooperating with us, we'd like to see that film you made of it all. If you have no objections, that is." He glared at Pinwoody and then at Alice.

Pinwoody said, "Be my guest, officer. We want to cooperate. Fully."

Alice said, remembering something, "Pin, honey, are you sure it's such a good idea? The beginning of the video does have me and . . . "

"Alice," Pinwoody said. "We don't want these two nice officers here to think we've anything to hide, now do we? Well, do we?" Alice shook her head. Meekly. Pinwoody said, "Good! Officers, we can watch it in room D. Now, if you will follow me this way, please . . . "

* * * * *

ROLL EM IN ROOM D! And they did. In front of an audience of four.

Alice watched. With reddening cheeks, as there she was, big as life, moving her sweet ass cheeks up and down while doing the hanky-panky with her Pinny Winny. To her further chagrin, she realized she had forgotten to change the angle of the camera. There were no shots of Respy

doing the hanky-panky with the crash-test dummy.

Pinwoody watched. With a very proud grin on his mug. He didn't know it, couldn't know it at the time, but it's true the camera adds ten pounds to a person. Judging from his grin, you'd swear the whole ten pounds went straight to his lady pleaser.

Officer Phil watched. Did he ever! With eyes that seemed utterly glued to the up and down moving ass of the beautiful professor Hames. If you had popped your head into room D at the moment, you would have saw his head going up and down as it kept time with her motions. Up. Down. Up. Down. And, if the lighting hadn't been so dim, you would have sworn you saw him salivating.

Officer Joan watched. But she couldn't seem to get into the spirit of the lewd moment. Why, when officer Phil shot her a cute little glance, she had the mood-killing audacity to say to him, "In your dreams, you perv!"

They all watched. Watched, as Respy took on the graduate student, Willie, in the bed arena. Willie was doing real well, even seemed to have the upper hand one time, at least until Respy fouled him by squeezing him below the belt. A definite no-no in any arena.

They all watched. Watched, as old Pinwoody showed just how well he had learned, years ago, to swing a genuine Mickey Mantle autographed baseball bat. Even if the baseball had been replaced by a human head.

And during this alarming sequence, the audience Pinwoody looked proud. The audience Alice looked happy. The audience officer Phil looked angry. And, don't forget her, officer Joan looked sick. She even whispered, loud enough for all the other audience members to hear, "That poor woman!"

Alice showed no sensitivity whatsoever when she told officer Joan, in an equally whispered tone, to hush it up now. Ms. Moisty Mound, it seems, didn't want to miss a trick on the TV screen.

Well, the film ended right after Pinwoody had given Willie his little love tap. On the screen, Pinwoody could be heard saying to Alice, "Call 911!" Fini.

Then Alice made two sure enemies in room D when she stood up and clapped. And yelled, "Bravo! Way to go Pinny! Bravo!"

It was too much for officer Phil, not to mention officer Joan. Officer Phil went quickly over to the wall switch, cut on the lights and went quickly over to where Pinwoody was still sitting.

"You're under arrest, professor Pinwoody, for the murder of the woman named Respy." Pinwoody looked stunned. His mouth hung open.

The cop took out the cuffs. And, as he placed them on Pinwoody, he said, "You have the right to remain silent . . . "

Pinwoody said, "But, officer, she's just a female ro . . . "

"Anything you say can be used against you in a court of law . . . "

Alice said, "For Christ's sake, she a ro . . . "

"You have the right to have an attorney present now and during any future questioning . . . "

Pinwoody said, "But she's a ro . . . "

"If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed to you free of charge if you wish. Do you understand these rights?" Pinwoody nodded.

Alice nodded, too, but she didn't know why. But it was good she had, for the in the next moment . . .

Officer Joan said, "You too, miss. Hands behind the back. You're being taken in as an accessory during the fact." Her cuffs, the old bracelets, were dangling from her left hand.

Alice said, in protest, "You fucking idiots! She was a robot, for Pete's sake!"

Pinwoody said, "She's right you know, Respy was a ro . . . "

"You professors are something else," said officer Phil, scowling at them. "Kill a poor woman just because her performance was a little stiff. You two ever consider her feelings? How maybe she tenses up having an audience gawking at her while she's making whoopee?" He turned to officer Joan.

"Nah, not these two, Joanie, they can't see shit from way up there in their ivory towers." Officer Joan nodded vigorously and said, "You got that right, Phillie!"

As the two officers led the two suspected perps out of room D and back into room C, they could all see that the crime scene crew had arrived. One of them, a female, was bending over Respy's lifeless body. Anyone with even one good eye could see Respy's gyrating had finally ceased.

The female CSI said, "Holy cripes, this ain't no lady, it's a ro . . . "

"C'mon you two," Barked officer Phil, yanking on Pinwoody's arm. "Time's a wasting . . . "

The End.

Dear Reader: If you enjoyed this yarn and think you'd like to see more of the professors and Respy down the line, let me know. I'll try to oblige.

Arthur Kay