



How to Build the Perfect Robot Lover
By Gary L.M. Martin

The penis was always the hardest part.

Doctor Susan Dickins sighed as she inspected Unit 001. He had informally been dubbed “Hans”. The first prototype had been built to resemble an enormous Austrian bodybuilder. He had bulging muscles on top of bulging muscles. Personally, Susan’s tastes ran in other directions, but the marketing department at US Expandable Men had done exhaustive research, collecting and analyzing the physical preferences of 18,984 women to come up with nine ideal male designs.

And one of those 18,984 women had been her younger sister, Alicia.

Alicia still looked out of place compared to the other Testers. Most of them were sex workers, like the blonde Sylvie or the wholesome looking Abby (who was not nearly as wholesome as she looked). Alicia was pretty but not *sensual*. And yet, through circumstances that Doctor Susan Dickins would never have thought possible, her younger sister had become a Tester, one of the few whose job was to have intercourse with the Erobotic prototypes and evaluate their sexual potential.

Susan was in charge of the testing. She was the one who had designed the Emotion Plate. She was the one who had first coined the term Robopsychologist and applied it to herself. And yet.... as the Chief (and only) Robopsychologist at US Expandable Men, the physical construction of the Erobots was technically not in her jurisdiction. But Doctor Malthus, impressed with not merely her technical ability but her strong sense of aesthetics, had expanded the scope of her authority, to the extent that she was involved in every aspect of the Erobotic design.

As she wanted to be. Susan stared at Hans' impassive, nude body. This was her baby, to speak, a baby in the form of what appeared to be a fully sexually developed young man in his 20's, staring impassively at her. Her gaze went down his overly muscular body to the long limp penis dangling between Unit 001's legs. Susan couldn't help but admire its length and thickness even when flaccid.

Susan took it in her hand. “Erection, please.”

Hans' expressionless face didn't even twitch as his penis instantly grew stiff in her soft, feminine hand. The erection process was only one of many physical processes that was going to have to be fine tuned. No sex partner expected a man to go from zero to lightspeed in half a second, no matter how highly a female lover thought of herself.

Nearly all of Hans' exterior, his flesh, his skin, even his hair and his eyeballs, was made of Gellax, the marvelous mineral which proved to be so malleable in the lab. It could be made as hard as bones or as soft as skin.

And yet... Susan wasn't quite satisfied with the results. She felt the eyes of the Testers on her. She matched gazes with her sister Alicia, who gave her a "what are you waiting for?" look.

"Privacy," Susan snapped. Immediately an opaque force field formed around her and Hans and the bed next to them, cutting them off from the view of Alicia and Sylvie and Gretchen and Abby and the other Testers. Susan opened her bathrobe and let it drop to the floor. Everyone knew what was happening behind the privacy shield, of course. The dark outlines of her and Hans' bodies would leave little to the imagination. But the privacy shield would at least give the *illusion* of privacy, which is what she needed. Susan had come a long way in a short time. She never imagined she would feel comfortable having vaginal intercourse in front of a room full of Testers. But times had changed, and so had she.

Susan felt Hans' dull eyes staring at her naked body and she felt a chill down her spine. That was happening more and more frequently of late. Hans was an automaton, a tool, in every sense of the word. He hadn't even been given his Emotion Plate yet. At this point he was just a testing model, a walking talking mannequin with an erection who was just being used to test physical components.

And yet Susan felt something as the heavily muscled automaton stared at her with dark eyes. She ignored the feeling and lay down on the bed and spread her legs. "Vaginal Intercourse, Intensity Level Four," she said curtly.

Susan had done it all before, but as the muscular giant got on the bed on top of her she still felt her pulse racing and her heart beating in her chest. He was so *big!* And not just his body. Susan looked at the organ dangling between his legs, the organ which would soon be inside of her. *Too big, too big!* she thought desperately, even though she knew he would fit.

And then he was on top of her, his warm, heavily muscled chest pressed against her breasts. Hans stared at her with blank eyes and Susan shivered again. She imagined she saw something in those eyes, a spark of life, a spark of awareness, *something*. And then, moving a hand down, Hans grabbed his erect organ like the tool that it was and moved to insert it inside of her. Susan gasped as she felt herself thoroughly penetrated, and then pain turned to pleasure as her vagina, made flexible by millions of years of evolution, quickly adjusted to his size.

And then it began. Hans had a blank look on his face as he started to thrust into her, in and out, in and out. Susan felt the warmth of his large chest muscles rubbing against her titties and had to remind herself that it wasn't real.

She was having sex with her creation!

And everyone was watching.

Susan was only all too aware that the Testers could see the dark outline of her form, lying on the Testing bed with her knees raised and bent in the classic imitation of the oldest invitation

known to man. They would see the very clear outline of Hans, thrusting in and out of her, his ass pumping back and forth as he performed the ritual of reproduction.

Was Sylvie snickering? Was Abby whispering some joke into Gretchen's ear to make her laugh at Susan's expense?

No. The girls would never do that. There had been some distance between them when they started. Susan was the Doctor, the Ph.D. candidate, and they... well, they were the professional whores. But Susan had come to be accepted as one of them; there were no whores or Ph.D's in the room right now.

Only Testers.

And yet, as Susan felt her creation thrusting inside of her, she knew that Alicia was also watching. The whole experience, of watching each other Testing with the Erobots, had been awkward at first, to say the least, leaving Susan feeling a little vulnerable around her younger sister. She was the older sister and felt that having Alicia watch her having sex, even in a clinical setting like this, would strip her of some of her authority.

She was surprised, then, when she only found her tenuous bond with her sister growing ever closer as the Testing continued.

Enough! She shouldn't allow herself to be distracted like this.

Doctor Susan Dickins closed her eyes and focused on the feeling of her vagina being penetrated by the thick, Gellax penis. She concentrated on that and nothing else for a long moment. Then she said, "Terminate."

Hans obediently pulled out and stood up. Susan got up as well. Hans stood there dispassionately, staring out into the distance, his penis was still erect, glistening with what Susan was aware were her own vaginal juices. Susan was surprised she could still feel embarrassed by it... but she was. She drove distracting thoughts from her mind. She still had another job to do.

Susan got down on her knees in front of Hans and took his organ in her hands. She hesitated slightly.

It's all about the science, she told herself.

Taking a deep breath, she slowly inserted Hans' penis into her mouth. Susan reddened as she recognized the faintly tangy fish-like taste of herself. She looked up at Hans and saw him still staring, as if self-absorbed, at a distant wall. Susan accustomed herself to the size and shape of his robotic male organ and then started moving her head back and forth. She was very much aware that the dark outline of her head bobbing back and forth would be visible to the others outside the privacy curtain. She was equally well aware that she was producing less than subtle slurping sounds that might be heard from others.

Susan ignored it all.

It's all about the science.

A moment later the privacy curtain was down and Susan was standing there, wearing her metallic colored bathrobe once again, with a stern look on her face, looking like the intensely serious lead scientist that she was. Hans, of course, was still completely naked, his saliva-soaked glistening organ pointing to the far wall.

“Well?” said Sylvie, one of the Testers.

Susan shook her head. “It’s still not right. It feels good in the mouth, but too smooth in the vagina. Plasticity, almost.”

“It feels fine to me,” said Sylvie, a very independently minded blonde.

Susan shook her head resolutely. Whose instincts could she trust to back her up? “Leesha, you try it.”

Even a month ago, the idea of asking her sister Alicia to have sex with a robot, at this point basically a mechanical dildo with arms and legs, would have been unthinkable. Hans’ penis was still coated with a unique cocktail of Susan’s bodily juices from two separate entrances. But they had tried the same models so often that Susan no longer thought about how they were sharing their own bodily fluids. Of course everyone was tested for sexually transmitted diseases, but there was a certain intimacy, a certain sharing among the Testers which was impossible to avoid-

Alicia stepped forward without missing a beat. Even as Susan moved out of the way, Alicia went up to Hans, reached out and put her fingers on his chest and looked into his eyes. What was she hoping to find?

Then she turned and nodded and said, “Privacy”, even as she started to shed her metallic shiny bathrobe.

And then everyone watched as the dark outline of Unit 001’s body mounted Susan’s sister and started to make love to her.

“She’s come a long way,” said Brady, one of the male Testers.

Susan nodded. The change in her sister had been dramatic. In a short space of time her dreamy sister had become more assertive, more decisive. If anything, having sex with robots had had a distinctly positive effect on her.

Susan noticed from the shapes inside the privacy field that the outlines had shifted. Now it appeared that Alicia’s body was on top and Hans was on the bottom. Alicia must have switched positions to try to experience being penetrated from below. Susan watched expressionlessly as the outline of her sister fucked Hans for all she was worth, the outline of her heavy breasts bouncing up and down as her hair was flung this way and that. Her younger sister, her dear 24 year old younger sister was performing like a wanton whore in front of an audience.

It's all about the science.

Susan knew that some eyes would be on Alicia, but others would be on her, to see her reaction. Susan willed herself to show none.

And then, inside the privacy curtain, they watched as Alicia dismounted her ride, casually caressing her long wavy hair in a confident way that made Susan feel oddly proud of her younger sister. At the same time Hans stood up stiffly. They could see the dark outlines of his erection, pointed straight at Leesha's mouth. They watched as Alicia shifted position on her knees, to make herself comfortable, even as the outline of her hand moved to brush hair out of her face. And then she leaned forward and made the connection, and everyone watched as Hans' penis slowly disappeared.

And reappeared. And disappeared again, as Alicia's head bobbed back and forth. Loud slurping sounds could be heard in the testing lab.

Was I that loud? Susan wondered.

And then Sylvie the blonde sex worker with the curly hair leaned forward to say something to Susan. Was she going to make a joke about her sister at her own expense? Susan wondered.

"She's getting good at it," said Sylvie, and her tone was filled with mild admiration rather than scorn.

Susan exhaled slightly and nodded. They watched together as the dark outline of her sister continued to fellate the robot for a long moment.

And then a moment later the privacy force field came down and Alicia stood there in her metallic cotton mesh robe, smiling and looking pleased with herself as Hans stood behind her.

"Well?" Susan asked.

"You're right," said Alicia brushing her lip with a finger as if to scratch a minor itch. "It's good in the mouth, but feels a bit too slick down there."

"See?" said Susan, turning to Max Luchenko, the Chief Fabricator. Max was a fat man with a slender goatee.

Max shrugged. He had maintained that the current attachment was good enough but he knew that the Testers, especially Susan, would have the final word. "That's a Number 14. Would you like to try a number 15? It has more surface texture," said Max, stroking his goatee. Susan didn't like goatees, they reminded her of female pubic hair that homosexual men sometimes grew around their lips in order to simulate-

Work, must focus on the work.

"Yes, let's try the 15, please," said Susan.

"Ben," said Max, in a bored voice.

A young man in a white lab coat came forward and kneeled down in front of Hans. He looked up at the heavily muscled robot with his impassive face and shivered. Ben knew that this was a robot, but Hans looked so real, and so manly! Ben was filled with reluctance as he felt like he was about to grab the penis of another man.

Ben knew that if he ever grabbed the penis of a giant body builder in real life, that he would be beaten unmercifully. He looked up at Hans eyes as if looking for a clue to the Erobot's intent. Hans' eyes were staring straight at him and were hard and cold. Ben gulped, and hesitated, and then, with trembling hands, he tentatively touched Hans' penis. Hans showed no outward reaction as Ben started to twist his penis, real hard. There was a cracking sound which dismayed everyone in the room as Han's penis suddenly detached and came off. Hans stood before them without a penis, his gaze still expressionless as if he hadn't a care in the world.

Ben raised the penis replacement but fumbled it. It dropped to the ground with a clatter. "Sorry," he mumbled. He picked it up and proceeded to screw the new penis into Hans' groin, twisting hard with his wrist as he was acutely aware of his palm tightly grasping the bulbous circumcised tip. In seconds there was a sharp sound as it snapped into place and Hans had a brand new penis.

Susan felt all eyes on her as she stepped forward. She took the penis in her hands and inspected it. Then she looked up into Hans' eyes. She still saw nothing.

"Privacy," she said.

Five minutes later, Susan lowered the privacy curtain. She was once again wearing her robe as she had been when the privacy curtain had been raised. She saw expectant, hopeful faces.

"No," she said bluntly. "It's just like before. This one is rougher."

"Rougher?" said Gretchen, one of the other Testers.

Susan sighed. "It feels good inside my vagina, but it's too rough for my lips and tongue."

"Maybe each robot can have two different penises, one for fucking and one for sucking," said Sylvie. Ming Koh, one of the other female testers, laughed at that.

"I'm telling you it's not right," said Susan firmly, looking Max squarely in the eye.

Max stroked his goatee furiously. "So you're saying you like the feel of number 14 in your mouth and number 15 in your vagina?"

"Yes," said Susan bluntly.

Max thought about it and nodded. "Well, then we can give you both."

"How?" she asked.

"We can create a variable surface on the Gellax coating around the head and shaft of the penis," said Max. "We can use electrical stimulation to toggle changes in the coating, to make it rougher or smoother as needed."

Susan thought about it and slowly nodded. If true, that would mean they had resolved the last remaining physical issue with the prototype. They had spent weeks evaluating the arms, legs,

torso, head and especially the eyes. The penis had taken the longest and been the hardest part to get right. With this problem resolved, their weeks of physical evaluation would be over, and they would be one step closer to providing thousands of Erobotic sex partners, both male and female, to lonely men and women around the world.

“Acceptable,” said Susan.

The Testers broke out with an exhausted cheer.

“I feel like celebrating!” Sylvie cried. They all turned to the refreshments table, babbling and laughing and talking excitedly.

All except the outwardly cold Doctor Susan Dickins. She walked out of the lab, still wearing her bathrobe, without saying a word.