

For Science!

“This is so unfair!” Aly cried out from the floor in the back of Lady Sprocket’s roadster. “AHMT is supposed to be all about me! ‘Alynnya Hates Mondays Too.’ My name is in the title for crying out loud!”

“Don’t worry dear,” said Lady Sprocket as she parked the roadster underneath a tree. “You have an important role in this episode.”

She glanced back over the seat at her newfound pet and smiled. Then she turned to the giant clockwork man in the front beside her.

“Now be a dear, Hunkie, and get the cart out of the back, will you?”

Lady Sprocket’s latest creation, Hunkystein, grunted and got out of the car. He pulled a flatbed cart from the back and set it up on the ground near the rear door.

Meanwhile, Lady Sprocket helped Aly exit the backseat—which was not easy considering her ankles and arms were bound with leather straps. As Lady Sprocket helped Aly into a kneeling position on the deck of the cart, Hunkystein placed a thick strap across her thighs and cinched it down tight.

Lady Sprocket then clicked a button on a little remote, and a small engine at the back of the cart sputtered to life. Aly’s body began to shimmy with the vibrations from the machine.

Satisfied that Aly was well restrained, Lady Sprocket stood before Hunkystein and traced her fingertips over his massive chest. Having created and assembled him from the best parts of her past lovers, she knew just how to direct him to give her what she wanted.

“You know what to do next, Hunkie, sub-routine 5. Let’s go with intensity level 7.8 this time.”

Hunkystein grunted again, and retrieved some additional straps from the front seat of the roadster. Lady Sprocket placed her wrists together behind her back, and Hunkystein wrapped them tightly with one of the straps.

After he did the same with her ankles, Hunkystein lifted her up to carry her in a traditional hero pose. Eyes fixed ahead, he began walking away from the roadster.

“Oooh! Help! Help!” Lady Sprocket giggled. “This fierce monster is taking me off into the meadow to do dastardly things to me!”

As the motorized cart lurched into motion behind him, Aly rolled her eyes. “You go to all the trouble of using METHODS to come to my world for REASONS, just to have kinky sex with a muscular hunk in a meadow? I could have set you up with an ork or two if that’s all you wanted.”

“Oh, sweetie,” she laughed. “That sounds nice for next time. But don’t worry, I’ve programmed Hunkie with a sub-routine for you, too.”

“Oh, Holy One,” Aly muttered. “This bird is almost as flighty as Prim.”

She giggled again as she looked up at Hunkystein and bounced along in his arms. “Just wait until you experience what he can do with his chin attachment...Kinky Science is always worth the extra effort.”