

Sex Doll In Quarantine

It was a COVID19 Christmas. I had purchased reams of toilet paper, gallons of drinking water, a case of Purel, and a month's supply of Spicy Chicken Ramen and piled them up in my spare bedroom, like gifts under an invisible tree. But my damn sex doll, Emma, was stuck in quarantine. I hadn't really thought that I was going to spend \$1500 (shipping included) on a "realistic" life size, 5'2" tall, sex doll. Although she did look flat out gorgeous in the pictures on the website. And after all I was 70 years old, slightly overweight, and getting by on my Social Security check. Not exactly a babe magnet to the sophisticated women of southern California. Apparently not the unsophisticated ones either. I went back and forth and back and forth. Yay when drunk, nay when sober. Then, while so inebriated that I barely remember it, I typed in my VISA number and hit enter. The next morning after figuring out that I had actually done the deed, I tried to undo it. "No can do, Amigo" was the email reply, or the Chinese version of that. So, I immediately started worrying about the logistics of having a life size sex doll co-inhabiting my 3 bedroom, 2 bath mobile home with me and my very naïve roomy Mike.

Mike was so clueless that he didn't realize that he was on Medicare until he had a health crisis and his sister informed him that he was. He had lived with his sister, since retirement

at age 62 had severely reduced his income. That began to change when he and his sister answered my ad for a “quiet” roommate. Yes, his sister came with him, and I made her co-sign the lease due to his low social security income, his limited history as a renter since retirement, and his seemingly low comprehension of the agreement he was about to sign. But he was largely a great roommate. Immature in the understanding of real life and the world, but quiet as advertised, paid his rent on time, clean, and did the extras that I told him to do with a minimum of whining. But his ability to accept an anatomically correct sex doll from China as our “third” was deeply in question. And no, I wasn’t going to offer him sloppy seconds. I didn’t want him to know anything about “Emma”. Ever. So that I wouldn’t again see that look of horror on his face like the time I had an Afro-Jamaican woman, that I met on-line, over for supper. Just to be clear, I don’t think it was her race that primarily freaked him out, I believe that it was because I had met her online, and he had read *online* about scams that were perpetrated thru *online* dating sites. Her being a woman of color possibly enhanced his scam anxiety. And it was also around that time that we had heard the first news of that “novel” virus popping up in Wuhan, fucking, CHINA! Mike would have had a red alert, 5 star, nuclear, panic attack over the geo-bio nexus of that addition to our household. So, my #1 concern was keeping Emma out of sight of Mike from the insertion into my bedroom.

My next concern was what would happen if I passed away suddenly and unexpectedly, leaving Emma in my closet. My most wonderful daughter was the executer of my estate and although she is worldly and successful, I just didn't want her last memory of her elderly dad, being opening that closet door. Then trying to figure out how to dispose of a lifelike, life-size sex doll, without inadvertently getting the Orange County (CA.) homicide squad involved.

The actual arrival of Emma and smuggling her into the house rated only a minor concern. Mike slept to 11am every morning and Ms. Emma could be retrieved from the local Fed EX at my convenience. I was 5'8" and could flip down the rear seats in my Prius and sleep comfortably on a camper mattress. So, I knew that 5'2" Emma would fit, even with the box and packing materials. One issue resolved.

Shipping human sized containers from China is slow in the best of times, but between the time I ordered her and the date she was due to arrive, a full-blown world pandemic had been declared, with our own glorious leader being the last to buy in to it, except for possibly the Crown Prince of Borneo. That not only potentially delayed delivery, but it ignited a tsunami of anxiety that was raging directly into my mood

control center. I immediately re-tried emailing to cancel the order but that time received zero reply. I then called the customer service number with the same result. After a period of about a week of unanswered emails and calls, my anxiety morphed into extreme pissed-offedness. I sent more emails with subject line: Legal action to be taken. In the body of the email, I enumerated the criminal and civil actions and remedies that my attorney and I were discussing. There was no attorney of course. That would have cost me another \$1500 or more.

The good news was that the threat of legal action did elicit a reply and an offer a few days later. The bad news was that, by that time, Emma was already stateside and “laying” in quarantine at the Long Beach harbor, after apparently setting a new record for the trans-Pacific crossing by a lifelike sex doll. I had a brief but nauseating vision of longshoremen swarming over her virginal, life-like, luscious silicon curves, while her large, perpetually startled eyes, looked on uncomprehendingly. By this point I was also legitimately worried about the possibility of the Coronavirus 19, direct from China, residing on her life-like skin. Or the fiendish longshoremen leaving their own dangerous deposits on her. Would I be the first person to catch a potentially lethal STD from a sex doll? Would Emma and I be featured in scholarly articles in the New England Journal of Medicine?

The upshot of their response to my threat (read bluff) of legal action was that they would refund 25% of my \$1500, plus I would have to pay approximately another 25% for the return shipping. A total of \$750 to recant a drunken decision (not the highest priced drunken decision I have ever made). Also, if I wanted to go through with the return process, I would have to go to the Long Beach harbor, get disinfected going in and going out, so I could closely inspect the doll for possible damages before being shipped back. If I failed to do anything, I would be stuck for the full \$1500, and lovely Emma would languish away until a grimy longshoreman with an evil grin bought her at the unclaimed parcel auction for a hundred bucks and did unspeakable things to her (likely the same stuff I was planning to do).

Of all the unseemly scenarios, that was the worst. So, I sucked it up and called Fed Ex. I was told that I could inspect the “product” between 7am and 4 pm, Monday thru Friday. No appointment necessary. I was also informed that I would be subject to the disinfectant process both on the way into the quarantine facility and on the way out. Furthermore, I was warned that I should wear clothes that I would not feel bad about getting stained from the disinfectant.

The next day I suited up in my rattiest shoes and duds and headed to Long Beach for the inspection and the ensuing decision making. The harbor is a sprawling, teeming affair with huge cranes unloading huger ships, and lots of intimidating looking guys running the show. I found my way to the quarantine office and presented my e-receipt and driver's license as proof that I was indeed the intended recipient of the package. I detected no snickering or eye-rolling that might indicate that anyone knew what said package contained. Everyone I dealt with in the office was professional if not a bit worn down. One of the underlings was assigned to take me to the actual quarantine ware house which was located several city-blocks away. When we arrived, I was sent directly into the disinfectant tent and sprayed all over. Thankfully, I was allowed to keep my clothes on. After the process was finished, I was waved into the warehouse proper by an inside attendant who had witnessed me being sprayed down. He also showed no signs that he was aware of the prurient nature of the package he was about to open for my inspection. Until he opened the package. Up until that moment he appeared, for all practical purposes, as a cynical, seen it all type of guy. But when he opened the box and pulled back the packing materials, his eyeballs made a legitimate effort at popping right out of their sockets. That was followed by a shit eating grin reminiscent of my own when I found my dad's stash of Playboy mags at age 12. She *was* awfully damn realistic *and* life-like *and* awfully damn

naked. I was having a strong emotional reaction as well but was working like hell to keep it on the down low.

He was so temporarily stunned and/or excited into silence that I had to break the impasse by stepping forward and pulling out the rest of the packing materials in order to make a complete inspection. I tried to act professional and not linger over the fun parts, but she looked mighty good from head to toe. And everything in between appeared to be astonishingly real and fun. I pushed myself to finish the look-see and really make sure that there was no visible damage. There was not. When I finished my look-about I carefully re-installed the packing materials, closed up the shipping carton, and even re-taped it as the dumb-struck lummoX still hadn't moved a muscle since setting his eyes on *my* Emma. Yes, that was the moment when it was no longer a matter of money, inconvenience, or post-mortem embarrassment. The moment she stopped being a product and started being a she. *My* Emma. I knew that I wanted her to be my intimate, inanimate companion until parts started falling off either one, or both of us, and I was prepared to do whatever was necessary to make that happen.