

Chapter 11

It was 3:30 am when Officer Shea received the radio call. “Car 23-12.”

“10-4 dispatch,” replied Officer Shea.

“Naked seven year old boy walking along Route 13. Please respond”

“WilCO,” he replied.

He followed the road and went up the highway and turned onto Route 13 traveling the opposite direction as the boy. Ten minutes later, he got up to the child.

His dash cam relayed the picture of the boy to dispatch.

“Officer Shea. Use caution. Computers have id’d boy as the one who was involved in WalMart armed robbery. Wait for assistance,” the dispatcher stated.

“That’s a negative dispatch. Pursuing to apprehend seven year old boy,” he stated.

Shea put on his siren and turned onto the divider and rolled up behind the seven year old. He kissed his 101st Airborne Special Forces patch on his sleeve as Roland 82 turned around and saw the police car. He pulled the 9 mm pistol from his side and shot Officer Shea dead right through his left eye. That was Ambassador’s Drunkenmiller’s gun. The child only shot once.

He walked on up the highway. Three more miles to Edgemont Blvd. And home.

Roland woke up this morning. The children still had not eaten solid food. He did not know why. If Roland 1’s growth trajectory was a guide, he would not need as many children’s apparel at all.

While he sat there and ate his breakfast, Roland 82 appeared. He gave him the 9mm pistol and then went back downstairs in the basement to join the other children.

Dr. Svengali went off to work.

At his office, two FBI agents were waiting to talk to him. They wanted to speak to him about Dr. Gandhi and Dr. Gaprita. He sat here and answered their questions.

He said he had not seen them in a while.

They asked him if he was involved with either of them. He said, "no".

Then they asked him when he last saw both of them. He replied, "in the laboratory."

They thanked him and left.

When he got back home, the dogs were not around. He reviewed the results and data from the current day with OSCAR. 67 new infants were born today. It was amazing. He still did not understand the pattern. Without quantum computing, he was at a standstill for advanced data analysis.

The children came back. Many had lost their blue coloring. Roland 1 was still their leader. The next 36 children had grown to Roland 1's height. He had to start putting necklaces around the children. Kids born after Roland 1 looked almost ten years old. The 67 new infants born today now looked like they were five years old.

"OSCAR. Run telemetry analysis. Entire MSA."

"A total of 73 satellites have been above this MSA in the last twenty four hours. 27 NSA birds. There were 5 Hindu spy satellites and 1 Chinese reconnaissance satellite. We have a new visitor. A total of 15 Israeli birds were above us. Standard orbital satellites from NATO forces were above us."

They have noticed our heat signature, Dr. Svengali.”

“Once EVE is done, we will shut her down and dismantle her. She is software. As is ADAM. They can exist without physical infrastructure.

Estimated time, OSCAR.”

“Based on ADAM’s current projections, we should be done with the birthing process tomorrow.”

“Have the robot arms install speakers in the basement. Prepare disassembly with robot arms. In two days, EVE will be disassembled.”

“What about the children?”

“It is clear Sapna’s audio helped. Thus, we need to create female mating sounds to calm the children as they sleep. I am certain they are not fully developed emotionally. We are taking a risk. We’ll take some of the panels from EVE and put them on the walls. The entire EVE womb will be disassembled. The cannisters will be destroyed.

Anything new in the data?”

“Nothing.”

When Roland 82 came in, he went to the new fridge and grabbed a gallon of milk. He went to the cupboard and got a glass and poured himself a cup. Roland 1 did the same. All of the children lined up one after the other and took the glass from the previous Roland and drank a glass of milk.

Roland 82 went to the oven turned it on. Roland 1 went to the new freezer and got several frozen pizzas and placed them in the large oven under the sixteen burner stove. Eight pizzas went into the oven. Twenty minutes later, the pizzas were taken out.

Roland 1, cut the slices small.

The boy cut each pie into 20 thin slices. Each child had a slice.

“OSCAR, I need to get more food.”

Roland went out with the Suburban and bought 30 gallons of milk. He bought two cases of paper towels and two garbage cans. Then he bought 30 half gallons of ice cream and fifty bags of Doritos. He then picked up 200 cartons of chocolate chip cookies.

Roland 1 through Roland 7 helped him unpack the truck.

Dr. Svengali, fatigued, went to bed. The children naked, slept wherever they could.

The next day Roland went to work. Oscar tabulated the remaining 68 births. All viable. Each group had matured rapidly as per ADAM's algorithms. It was extraordinary to watch.

Roland 1 started growing facial hair. He started playing with the laptop computer in the living room.

Oscar had determined that the children were behaving like a hive, as opposed to an aboriginal kinship clan. What one saw, they all saw. What one learned, they all learned. It didn't happen instantly. It took the REM sleep cycle for each of the children to learn.

All 216 children looked to Roland 1 as their leader. He was their Lancelot. And Dr. Svengali was the leader of this large brood of boys. He was their King Arthur. He needed more data and significantly greater computing power.

Roland went to work and everything looked normal. The children marched out into the vast lands behind their home and spread out in communal play. They played running games, climbing games, throwing games and even play fighting. Each was learning. The VAM subroutine of ADAM's helped them adapt quickly and pass knowledge to each other.

They learned to defecate and urinate watching Roland 1. They came in from the outside, Roland 82 poured himself some milk and opened a bag of chocolate chip cookies. The others did the same.

It was eerie to watch for an outsider. But the children had matured into teenagers from infancy in less than four days. OSCAR knew data analysis. He could not understand that a human being cannot understand people based on knowledge stored in its brain. Experience was the key to maturity.

Roland 1 put on a pair of Dr. Svengali's shorts and a t-shirt that were laying by the sofa in the living room. He went to the front of the house and exited the front door. He walked down to the curb and then made a right and then a left. He then made a right onto the main road. Then he started running. He ran for three miles and there was the house. It was Ambassador Drukenmiller's home.

The Ambassador and his wife, Hildy, were in the back of the house. Taking in the sun by the pool. Butch as he was known to his wife and close friends was pissed on gin and tonics. Hildy lay there in her coverup and then turned around when she heard the gate unlatch.

Thinking it was Lupe with her bullshit Rosary in her hand, she was startled to see Roland 1 standing there. He looked at him and felt something familiar.

"Bubba?"

He shook his head. "No," he replied.

"Do you want to take a swim?" she asked.

He did not understand. She pointed to the pool.

He jumped in. And did not move one instant as he sank to the bottom of the pool. She dove in. As she was rescuing him, his shorts fell off. As she pulled him onto the side of the pool, her eyes could not help but stare at his large penis.

"Come with me. I will get you a swim suit."

She grabbed his hand and walked him up to the master bedroom. She went to the side closet and got a beach towel for him. He did not know what the towel was or how to use it.

She looked at him in an awkward manner. And then helped dry him off. Her breath grew shallower as she rubbed the towel over him. She dried his butt and patted his testicles. Then she rubbed the damp towel over his penis. It grew erect to a firm ten inches. She stared at it.

Then she kissed the head with her mouth. And took three inches of his shaft into her mouth. She pulled another two inches and gagged on his cock. He was massive. She pulled his cock up and sucked on his balls. Then she laid him on the bed and sucked his entire ball sack. She rubbed his pink asshole with her left thumb and took his cock back into her mouth.

His pre-cum was so clean. It just tasted salty. She got on top of him and and rubbed his cock onto her clit and just took him into her vagina. She slid up and down his thick cock. She had not had a real cock in years. She looked at him and kept on thrusting.

Tired, she rolled him over and spread her legs wide. He pushed into her. Then she pushed him back teaching him the motion. He pushed into her. She moaned. She licked her index finger and pressed it firmly into his asshole as he was thrusting into her pussy. He pushed deeper inside her pussy. Harder thrusts. Faster thrusts. She started to accommodate his full girth. She felt comfortable enough to thrust into him.

His face did not wrinkle up like her husband's when orgasm was close. She felt a deep thrust and then he came. The cum came out of her pussy and onto the linens. She pulled his cock out of her cunt and put it into her mouth. She loved the taste of her cream and his cum together. His cock went flaccid. It was six inches and she shoved the limp cock as deep as it could go in her mouth.

"What a wonderful dick," she exclaimed. She fell asleep on the bed. Roland 1 got up and dressed himself and left the home quietly. He ran three miles back to his house and joined the other boys in the forest.

Hildy woke up an hour later. Wiped up the sperm and vaginal mucous on her legs and asshole with some paper towels near the night stand. Then she went to the bathroom and used the bidet to wash out her pussy and asshole.

She put her swim suit on and walked downstairs and back to the pool. Butch had woke up and was waiting for her. She came up to him and kissed him hard on the mouth. He could taste the sperm and seminal fluid on her tongue. Hildy knew her husband was queer. And that he liked the taste of her lovers.

She smiled at him. He had a glass of red wine for her. She grabbed it and went to her chair by the pool. As he rambled on about Lupe's work habits, Hildy, fell face first, right into the pool.