

Chapter 12

Hildy woke up to see Butch looking at her on the hospital bed. He held her hand. She lay there with monitors around her. Her left hand had a small laceration which was stitched and bandaged. A bruise was on her forehead.

She looked at her husband. The physician's assistant, Mr. Mein, told her that she took a nasty fall. The nurse came in, Reuben Gonzalez LPN and told her and her husband that Hildy was pregnant.

She looked at her smiling husband in an absolutely confused manner. Ambassador Drunkenmiller was ecstatic. He kissed his wife.

Nurse Gonzalez advised her that her physician, Dr. Choi, and her pediatrician, Dr. Wallace, had been contacted and would be at her bedside as soon they finished rounds.

Mr. Mein looked at her and told her, "they have you on sedatives and pain medication. In about three hours, the anesthesia will wear off on your left hand. It will hurt. Have the nurse contact me if you need more medication. Good afternoon, Ambassador Drunkenmiller."

"What a toad," she whispered to her husband.

"Wonderful news, darling," Butch stated.

She laughed. Her pussy was still sore from that young man who fucked her earlier in the day. She looked out the window.

Dr. Choi came in around 3:00 pm. "Congratulations, Mrs. Drunkenmiller. You are pregnant. From the blood tests, you have passed the first month. We have to get you onto a schedule. You know the routine. My office administrator will call you for the information," she said. She finished her pleasantries and excused herself.

Butch rubbed his wife's belly. He looked at her and was happy.

Dr. Svengali came to his house of 217 children. Tonight was going to be a long night. He asked OSCAR to order the robot arms to disassemble EVE. That would take about eight hours.

Then he talked to his children. He told them they would need to go to the woods the next day as law enforcement would be likely coming to investigate the house.

They understood him. Roland 1 understood. Dr. Svengali told them that they would have to take care of themselves for a few days. He took Roland 1 to the local mall and bought 217 t-shirts, shorts, underwear and socks.

He gave each child \$1,000 each. Roland 1 repeated Dr. Svengali's instructions. At night he played Sonia's lovemaking sounds to calm them.

The robot arms dissembled EVE with the help of the children. It took eight hours, but EVE became a pile of metal, wires and glass canisters. OSCAR instructed Roland 1 to take the gold wiring and hide it in the forest.

The next day, Roland ate his breakfast and watched all 217 of his children file past him and disappear into the forest. He gave Roland 1 \$1 million dollars to hide in the forest. He did so as he was instructed.

"Goodbye, Father, my Lord and Creator," they stated as he waved bye bye to them.

"OSCAR, I expect visitors. Assume you will be disassembled and reprogrammed. Execute BetaQA365_AlphaOmega algorithm," he said to the AI program.

"Authorization?" it asked.

"Roland Svengali," he iterated.

“Affirmative,” the computer stated.

“Goodbye, Dr. Svengali.”

“Goodbye, friend,” replied Dr. Svengali.

The scramble sequence was completed in less than three minutes. Every piece of data was scrambled. The robot hands took the hard drive and separated its crystalline pieces and then reassembled it. Dr. Svengali, then reprogrammed the arms. They lay there useless.

He was followed to work. When he got to his desk, his computer was frozen. The department head came down and told him that the FBI was in his office with a search warrant.

He told him that he was being suspended until all this was cleared up.

At Fitzgibbon’s office two FBI agents asked him a few questions.

“Sir, are you in a homosexual relationship with a man named Oscar,” asked Special Agent Millrue.

“No, I am not,” he responded.

“Sir, are you a practicing homosexual?” asked Agent Wilson.

“No. I am not,” he said.

The first agent, Special Agent Millrue asked him to look at a photograph of Sapna and him kissing. He asked him if that was him. He said no. Then the agent showed him a picture of him under Super’s butt cheeks licking her pussy. “Is that you?” he asked.

“No,” he replied.

“Dr. Svengali, you are a suspect in the deaths of these two women. Sapna Gandhi. Suprita Guprita. Agent Wilson will read you your rights.

“You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, an attorney will be provided to you.”

Agent Millrue put handcuffs on Dr. Svengali and led him out.

“We have a search warrant for your home and your office.” They led him past his office which other agents were cataloging.

At his arraignment, Dr. Svengali’s defense attorney showed up and immediately demanded his client’s release. “Your honor, this is a fishing expedition. My client is innocent. The prosecution has nothing. No motive. No intent. These women are missing your honor. My client is a respected tenured member of Cornell’s faculty. His sex life is not prima facie evidence to murder.

“The search of his home and office have produced nothing but food stained carpets, sex stained sheets and spoiled pizza and ice cream from a broken freezer.

I demand the release of this man,” his attorney softly stated.

The judge came back six hours later and released Dr. Svengali.