

Chapter 13

Ambassador Drunkenmiller was overjoyed. He called his gay friends first. And then all the Congressional pages he was having anal intercourse with. Then he called all the gay lobbyists on K Street who financed all his dalliances with hot gay artists in Miami. It was an exciting moment. A deep in the closet homosexual Republican's wife was having a baby. Nothing speaks "dick" like having a child.

Hildy looked at her belly and it was nothing like her previous pregnancy. Then, at two months she was barely showing. Now, at two weeks, her belly already looked like it was going into her third month.

Dr. Choi told her she was too worried. She said each pregnancy and child is different. She said she had just delivered an eleven pound baby boy to a woman whose previous pregnancy was a 2.3 lb baby girl that was delivered via C section.

"Each pregnancy is different. We'll take the ultrasound in two weeks, Mrs. Drunkenmiller. Then we will see what is what," Dr. Choi stated.

Hildy did not want to sound odd, but there was movement in her belly. That was odd for two weeks.

Back at Edgemont Boulevard, things were not keen. The home looked as if a wrecking crew came through the place. The FBI found nothing. Nothing at all. That did not stop them from trying.

The walls were completely destroyed in his bedroom and kitchen. His new fridge was demolished. The stove was disconnected. There were muddy and wet footprints everywhere. He went into the basement looking for damage. Everything was intact. The minicomputer was gone. His experiments and log books were all taken away.

His living room floor was gone. Holes were drilled throughout the walls of the home. Digital tube cameras were inserted in the holes to see if there

was anything hidden in the walls. Roland looked around. About \$50,000 of physical damage was done to his house.

OSCAR was gone forever. All his notes and data from ten years of development of ADAM and EVE were destroyed with him.

They took all of the titanium panels for EVE with them. His only solace was that the experiment worked. He will have to wait to see how the children were doing.

The internet was down. There was no television or radio in the house. He had no idea what was going on in the world.

The FBI had just downloaded the dash cam from Officer Shea's patrol car. There he was. There was the 7 year old killer. And just like the other video, he was a cold killer. With lethal accuracy, he wielded a weapon and killed a peace officer.

The Justice Department printed a wanted poster and circulated it to post offices, churches and school districts throughout the nation. They sent one to the Archdiocese of New York. The staff of Cardinal Juan Mercado took a look at the picture and sent it to Father Muslin in Rochester to see if he had a clue.

Father Muslin contacted the lay staff and the FBI went to visit the priest. Father Muslin had been punished with a vow of silence for past misdeeds to the people of Rochester. That was a fancy way of saying he was a sex offender. Unlike Cardinal Law, long since dead, Father Muslin was an active member of pedophile circles.

Agent Millrue asked him if he recognized the boy in the picture. "No, it doesn't ring a bell. He is too young to be one of my victims."

Then they showed him a picture of the naked boy that the bureau had censored for public consumption. It was of a seven year old with a very large phallus between his legs.

Father Muslin smiled when he got a copy of the picture. “Now, that is a nice cock.

You know I remember back in '95 I was sent by the Bishop of Syracuse to Orangetown.”

“New York?” asked Agent Wilson.

He licked his lips and darted his tongue out of his mouth. “Orangetown, NY. I was a junior priest in an upper middle class parish there. Mid-level managers at Xerox and Kodak. I found out from the confessional that there was a closeted homosexual in the Episcopalian parish in the nearby MSA. The penitent told me that he had a huge cock. And then he told me he got with the man because the man had pictures, Polaroids, of this boy’s cock on the local high school swim team.

So I goes to dis parish in the hopes of meeting dis man. And then I see dis son. Sweet as hell and guess what, I found out it’s true, he has a huge cock. Nice thick cock. Like the niggers have in the pornos.”

Agent Wilson looks uncomfortable at the defrocked priest’s statement.

“Please continue Father,” said Agent Millrue.

“So I tries to get wit’ d’ Dad. No go there. He don’t like my mug. Then I wait around and I finds out that the son has a swim meet. So I goes to one of these teenage swimming meets and voila. There it is. The Cadillac at the bottom of the Cracker Jack Box. This kid had a package like you cannot imagine.” Father Muslin’s face turns red. He smiles voraciously and grabs his crotch to adjust himself. He looks at Agent Wilson and darts his tongue out and shakes it a few times outside of his mouth. Then he licks his lips in a lascivious manner.

“He’s wearing those black Speedos and it looks like he has a boa constrictor in there. You had to see the package. Man, the abs on dis WASP angel. I looks around da meet and all the perverts from six different

churches are at the meet as well. I says hello to all those sinners because it's meet and greet time. And they smile at me.

The swim meets over and I goes and says hello to all of the swimmers in the boys locker room waiting for my chance. That kid is so used to having that bazooka in his shorts that he just takes off that Speedo real easy. I get to see everything. His bait and tackle and the star fish as well. Clean as a whistle too. He turns around to look at me and smiles at me. I swear to you that cock was at least seven inches flaccid. I am not kidding you."

Father Muslin starts rubbing his crotch as he is talking to the agents.

"I am now 63 years old. Only the nigger kids have dicks like that. I molested plenty of nigger kids."

At that moment, Agent Wilson gets up and just punches Father Muslin right across his face, knocking him clear off his chair. The Father gets up caressing his jaw. Agent Millrue orders Agent Wilson to exit the interview room.

Father Muslin continued, "I must have molested at least 3,000 kids in my life, but I still remember that cock. That was a sweet cock." He started slurring his words. He stopped to swallow the spit that was in his mouth.

"Father Muslin, do you recall the kids name?" Agent Millrue asked.

"No. I don't remember the kids name at all. I remember his father's though. He was an insurance attorney of some kind. Did well in life. Wait. Wait a sec. Svengali. Yeah, that was it," he replied.

"What happened after that incident?" Agent Millrue enquired.

"There were so many perverts at that swim meet, that his father noticed. He took a look around and the next thing I know he took his son out of swimming," he answered.

"Thank you for your time," Agent Millrue said.

He went outside to a brooding Agent Wilson. “Mohammad, don’t sweat it.”

After a few moments. “Take it easy Wilson. It’s all cool. Decades ago, I had to interview this terrorist after 9/11. You should have heard him run his mouth. Man, I got up and just belted him across the face. I lost my gun privileges for a month. It was funny.”

“Looks like Svengali is in the clear. Dick size is not the basis of guilt,” said Agent Millrue. Agent Wilson laughed at the comment.

Ithaca suddenly experienced so many acts of violence. There were seven home invasions. Prominent executives, scientists and bankers were targeted. Apparently guns, jewelry and cash were stolen from the house. None of the thefts were brazen. Gangs of white men, according to witnesses and security cameras, were seen robbing the house.

The Ithaca police were clueless. They had no idea what was going on. A quiet community had seen a series of murders and robberies. No one knew where it was coming from.

Roland 1 showed up late at the Drunkenmiller residence. Butch was asleep. Hildy was in the bathroom waxing her pubic mound.

She looked three months pregnant.

He recalled the password for the alarm system. They had not changed it since Roland 82 left. After disarming the alarm system, he went upstairs and confronted Hildy.

She was startled at first. He looked at her intently and came up to her. “I missed you,” he stated.

She laughed. “Ow” she said as she ripped the wax paper off of her left labia.

He gently kissed her left shoulder as she was patting her vagina with talc to soothe the pain. Then he kissed her right shoulder.

Slowly he kissed her on her lips. Then he went behind her and kissed her spine. He rolled his tongue down her back bone, over her butt and then in between her ass cheeks. Gently he licked her asshole.

“Stop it. Stop it. Can’t you see I am pregnant?”

He took his thumb and put it in his mouth and then put it into her asshole.

“Stop it.”

He then put another finger in her asshole. Then he put a third finger in there.

She turned and looked at him and kissed his lips. “Don’t stop.”

He had three fingers in her asshole. He pulled his fingers out and put them in her mouth. She licked his fingers. She bent down in front of his cock and put spit all on his cock.

He rubbed his spit covered cock onto her asshole and pushed it in. She loved it. It was so dirty. Her pussy was wet for him

She turned around and sat on the bidet and spread her legs. She massaged his cock as he worked it into her vagina. It was so big and it made her feel so special.

She took it all in. And started moaning. She came. And then he pulled his cock and sprayed her tits with his hot cum. She pulled his hot cock into her mouth and slurped it.

“Shh,” she said to him. “You have to go home.”

She kissed him with her cum covered lips. She felt calm and relieved. For a minute, she was happy with the charade. Pretending the child in her womb was Drunkenmiller's.

Two weeks had gone by since Eve's first birth. The children were now approaching 21 years in appearance.

He thought about the data. The sperm was his. But the eggs came from prostitutes. As the children matured, he started seeing the subtle differences in their mothers. He no longer had Adam's data. He could only identify them by number.

The data on their genes were gone. Since they came out from EVE they have just been on a tear. Violent as hell.

They are using their knowledge to hurt people. Yet they behaved well with him.

He needed more data.