

## Chapter 14

Caroline Suzuki was thinking about Roland. Although a lesbian, she liked being with Roland. He was unlike any man she was ever with. Not sexually. After she would cum, he would never brag about sex with her. She found it odd. He would never say stupid things like “the way you like it” or make scatological references. He always treated her like a lesbian. She liked being treated like a john at a whore house. For her a penis was an expense. Not a need. She wanted to be treated like a customer.

She had been in the NSA for seven years. Her ex-husband was in the NSA as well. After the divorce, graduate school and her PhD, it was easier for her to find a lover at forty as a lesbian. She had a confidence that few men her age wanted. No man her age wanted her independence.

None would tolerate her voracious sexual appetite. Her favorite past time was watching Monday Night Football and masturbating with her Magic Wand. It explained why none of her lovers ever wanted to sit on her side of the couch.

At forty, she had her ovaries removed. This was just to make life easier. It made her ridiculously horny. She would weekly go down to New York City and get into gang bangs, sex parties and lesbian group sex. It was not an addiction. As a PhD., she had literally nothing to do from Friday afternoon to late Sunday evening.

Campus living meant she could get up at 9:30 am for her 10:00 am class. Most of her students were the thin-dicked sons of Hindu millionaires or young girls with thick hairy bushes. But the mid-western millionaire’s girls soon started asking her for a duplicate key. It wasn’t like she was ugly.

She wondered what Roland was doing. What did his balls look like? Did his cock taste like coffee or soy latte or thai curry today? She smiled as she thought of sucking his beautiful pink head.

It had been months since she fucked him. And her pussy was aching for a real good fuck. So she picked up the phone quickly when it rang. It wasn’t whom she was expecting. It was the National Security Agency. Agent Vladinov asked her if he could meet with her. Off campus. She complied.

At the Dairy Queen, she sat in a booth. Agent Vladinov came in looking like a government agent. She laughed. It looked like he was meeting his whore. Whatever?

He looked at her in a taciturn manner. Put two kids photographs in front of her. They were digital printouts of the armored car robbery and the police cruisers dash cam. "Do these people look familiar?" he asked.

She said she had seen the nightly news. Otherwise, she did not know what was going on. He pointed at the dog at the armored car robbery. She had no idea whose animal that was. She looked at the uncensored pictures and made no comment about the large penises in the pictures.

He became stern. "Indian intelligence called us and told us that Roland Svengali is a homosexual," he said.

"How did they come up with this?" she asked.

He replied, "apparently, he has bought a lot of lubricant, sex toys as well as dildoes over the internet."

"Maybe he just wants to save money," she sarcastically stated.

Agent Vladinov looked at her as if this was no joking matter.

"How can I help you Agent Vladinov?" she asked.

He told her to keep an eye on him. She complied. He left. She finished her ice cream and looked out the window at flat assed, bald, ugly Agent Vladinov walking away. Working for the NSA was unlike hot lesbian sex. "You are always on the bottom," she said to herself.

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Roland was calling his insurance company and telling him the problems he was having. He sent pictures to their claims agent and she assessed the damages. They put it at \$35,000 which was far short of what he needed. He agreed to the terms and started calling contractors to do the work.

It was going to be a while before he reassembled EVE or ADAM. How was he going to get the parts? How could he ever order titanium again? Software was easy. He could write it.

After the murders of Sapna and Suprita, it would be a while before he could start dating again. I mean his home looked like the after picture of a tornado. “At least they didn’t destroy the doors,” he said that to himself.

As he was cleaning up, the dogs came in from the woods. Sgt. Fury came in and placed about \$10,000 in hundreds at his feet. The dogs brought in different amounts but they placed about \$50,000 in cash in front of him. Victoria came in last and dragged him out to a pile of turds she left on the path. He saw something shiny in her skat. Diamonds! It was a \$100,000 Van Cleef & Arpels necklace.

He smiled at the dogs. They barked. He had to get food for them as none was in the house. He went and got the Suburban keys and Roland 1 came through the back door.

“Good evening, Father, my Lord and Creator”, he said.

He asked, “how are you?”

Dr. Svengali was startled by the answer. “I am fine Father, my Lord and Creator. I found a lover and she is carrying my child.”

“Wonderful,” he stated.

He then put his finger to his mouth. Roland 1 started talking quietly. “I have to get dog food. Please excuse me,” he stated.

As he started the Suburban, Caroline called. “Roland?”

“Good evening, Caroline. How may I assist you?”

“May I see you tonight?”

“Impossible,” he stated. “The house has been destroyed. I have no air conditioning. The living room has no floor.”

“Stop,” she interrupted. “I’ll pick you up in two hours and you can come and stay with me. How about that?”

“You sure?” he asked.

“You in the mood to fuck?”

He answered, “well, you know how to get me in the mood?”

She smiled as she hung up the phone.

He went to the store and purchased dog food and some bowls. He came and cleaned up the bowls and fed the animals.

They were happy as they had not eaten with their master in two weeks.

Caroline came to the door. When Roland opened it, she saw the dog that was in the print out that Agent Vladinov of the NSA had shown her.

“Hi,” she said and kissed him on the lips. She had a nice jasmine flavored lip gloss that always put a smile on Roland’s face.

He smiled. And put his arms strongly around her and kissed her again.

“Ready to go?” she asked.

He took his keys and went out.

“What happened to OSCAR?” she asked.

“He was on the DEC mini I had. They wheeled him away. I assume they have him working all night at the Justice Department,” he stated.

Caroline laughed at the thought of an AI platform working. Especially OSCAR whom he had placed a jive module into.

Roland was smart. But unlike other scientists, he knew that there was a need to have conflict in a lab to create work. Not the banal conflict of our nation's endless ethnic hierarchies, but standard ego issues. These were always necessary to create research results.

Caroline, years ago, had a hard time with her dissertation. She could not piece it together. He helped her through a critical time in her life. He didn't want anything for it. Collaboration is how science is built. Knowledge is not anyone's property. It belongs to the universe.

She was shocked to find out his wife and children died so suddenly in a freak accident. How could such a nice man have been hurt so?

She stopped the SUV she was driving. Put the flashers on. Put out a red triangle on the highway.

"Is everything OK?" he asked.

She came to the passenger side and opened the door. "Do you need to pee?"

"Yeah," he replied.

"Get up and pee on my face and t-shirt," she ordered.

He got out of the car and pulled his dick out. She bent down in front of him. He peed all over her face. She opened her mouth and he peed in there as well. She spit the pee out. After he finished, she pulled his cock to get the last drops of pee out. Then she gently put the cock back into his underwear. He gave her some tissues from the car.

"No thanks", she said.

She got the triangle. Put it back in her truck. Then she went and grabbed him from behind and kissed his ears. "I missed you."

She got in the truck and let the wind dry the pee that was on her face.

When they got to her apartment, she let him in.

She went to the fridge and pulled out a cold bottle of chardonnay. She poured two glasses. They clinked glasses and she put her glass down. He kissed her. She took his glass and put it next to hers.

She kissed him and placed her hands on his bulging cock. Then she got on her knees and pulled his cock out of his pants and started sucking on it.

Within seconds he sprayed hot white cum all over her face.

“OK. OK. You had a bad day. Take a breath. Come and see what I got for you in the bedroom,” she replied.

When they got into the bed room, Caroline had a beautiful black girl with a short afro bent over in a submissive position. She was blind folded. She slapped the girl’s bottom.

“Please fuck my asshole,” she asked.

Caroline bent down and licked her asshole. “She is already lubed up for you. I cleaned her out myself.”

Roland took off his pants and shirt. Caroline came up to his cock and jerked it a few times. He got behind the black girl and put the tip of his cock into her. She moaned and arched her back.

Caroline was standing there with white Fruit of the Looms on and slapped the girl’s ass again. “Now back into his cock.”

The girl took four inches of his cock and then pulled up from it. “It is too big!”

Roland pulled her ass cheeks apart and thrust into her. Getting two more inches into her. She pulled away from the cock. He thrust six inches straight into her. She moaned.

Caroline took off her underwear and got on the bed and started kissing Roland. Then kissed his ears and neck. She pulled on his cock to get him

to cum faster. Roland thrust again into her nearly getting his entire white cock into the young woman's tight black ass.

Roland mounted the girl and started thrusting deeper. Caroline let him go and went to the girl's head and spread her pussy lips apart to expose her clit. The young black girl started licking her clit. Caroline started to moan. She pushed her hands into her afro and pulled her black lips onto her pussy.

Caroline started growling and let out a little roar as she came.

At the site of this, Roland lost all control. He thrust in deep, let out a deep breath, pulled his dick out of her black ass. Climbed up to Caroline's mouth and shoved his cock in there. He moaned and sprayed cum inside her mouth. Then he got up and sprayed onto the black girl's face getting some in her eye. She started to giggle and took his thick white cock in her mouth. The two women swirled their tongues around his cock. Roland lay there spent.

A few minutes pass and Roland needed a lift back to her place. The young girl introduced herself as Tamika. She volunteered to take Roland back to his home. Caroline was OK with it as she had papers to review. She kissed him good night.

Tamika had a little Honda and they drove back to his place. She invited herself in. He warned her that the house was a mess. She walked in and had to balance herself on the floor beams to get to the stairs.

He took her to his bedroom. She took off her clothes. Roland kissed her tits. She looked at him. "Can we see if that dick of yours fits into my pussy?" He laughed. She giggled.

He woke her up in the morning and helped her get into her car.