

## Chapter 2

Another day. Another sycophant. There was Raju from Jammu. His favorite was Romeo from Guangdong. Then there was Afolabe from Nairobi. And his office crush, Elsa from Sao Paolo. She laughed at all the women who thought Roland was gay. “He is from a different social class.” A legion of female undergraduates focused on his crotch at his weekly symposium with those dimwits.

“I have not bought toilet paper in months”, he would routinely state at faculty get togethers. “My ass has been thoroughly licked today”. All in the hopes of impressing the lesbian Sapna from Mumbai. Johns Hopkins PhD. He enjoyed her saffron skin. She was an untouchable. The CIA found her at one of our IITs. She has been spying for the USA now for over two decades. A devout rug muncher. They were one hundred percent incompatible. The challenge interested him.

Today he looked over results from his morning graduate class. Advanced research it was called in the course circular. It was really “Paranoia 205”. Every student was brilliant, in her own mind. Each had deduced that disease could be licked via genetic cures. Twenty-five years of cultural sycophancy had affected their outlook. Their personality was pure dissonance. Nothing could penetrate their thick skulls. Convinced by incredibly arrogant parents of their racial superiority, they intended to be the founders of the next Pfizer, Roche or his favorite, Amgen.

Capitalism had convinced them they would be rich because they were intelligent. Each day he reminded them that the janitors and security guards were convinced that they would be rich as well. He laughed at what their delusions of grandeur were. He knew the truth. They would be nothing. They would never be rich. His job was to convince them they were scientists, not capitalists. They had zero faith in Jesus Christ. Without faith in the United States, they would be nothing.

He left the Cornell research facility on the dot every day at 5:00 pm. He had tenure. Passed on additional responsibilities to his juniors. Dr. Gandhi watched him as he left. So fastidious. So precise.

Sapna Gandhi laughed at the oriental women who would fawn over Dr. Svengali. As a spy for the United States, she slept with men and women. She laughed at the girls and wished them luck. Not a single woman in the laboratory had ever been seen with Roland, according to the conversations she had had. "Happy as a blue jay." None of the girls knew what the expression meant. They would just go back to their stations and type up their results.

It was a mile from the university to his home. Some days he would run. Others he would bike. Most of the time he would walk. Twenty minutes. At home he would call in the dogs. Six of them. All mutts. A motley group. He would then feed them. Spend exactly 30 minutes with them. And then he would go into his basement laboratory and work until about 2:00 am. And then retire back into the house. He would watch some BDSM pornography and then masturbate and go to bed.

Today Lancelot greeted him at the gate. This meant that Attila had jumped over the fence and wandered into the forest in search of wild beasts. The rest of the dogs rarely followed. They had a good life. Attila tried to convince them they were slaves. And Lancelot would argue that they were dogs.

Dumas was up for adventure. But not without his Master. Da Vinci was too busy digging holes. Sgt. Fury liked looking out for bandits and ne'er do wells. Victoria, the mother of the other five, kept an eye on her brood. The forest was vast and dark. Mile after mile of flora and fauna. Having walked though it plenty of times with her Master, she found it to be pedestrian. At twelve years of age she wanted to urinate and be in a warm house. She no longer had the desire to mark her territory. Attila viewed the forest as a beautiful barren wilderness. He can have it!

Professor Svengali went to the back and opened up the food bin. Took out six bowls. Scooped out five. When he got to the sixth, Attila appeared with a sly grin on his face. He threw the ball far and then took out some more toys. Each dog went after one. The others would fight him for it. At the end of the play time, the dogs dropped their toys and went into the house with their master.

Sgt. Fury sat by the entry door. Victoria at the stairs. Attila sat by the back door staring into the forest. Lancelot went into the library, his favorite spot. Dumas followed his master everywhere. Da Vinci went to the sofa and jumped on it and went to sleep.

Roland ate some pea soup. He poured himself a glass of Asahi Super Dry and drank it. He then went upstairs to his room and changed into sweat pants and an MIT t-shirt. Minutes later he went downstairs. Dumas followed.

He then went downstairs to the laboratory. He made sure there were no security devices at his house. It would draw attention from the electronic sleuths of the local mafia as well as the FBI. As far as everyone knew, he was an avid gourmet cook. He would buy expensive meats for his dogs. No one noticed that he was playing God in his basement.

“How are my monsters doing?” he yelled. He looked inside his large oven. Set at 98.6 degrees. His embryos had achieved one month of growth. Outside of a human uterus.

Soon, within days all three hundred and sixty embryos would die. His artificial womb was not working. Within forty-eight hours of transfer, they terminated.

And then there was EVE. Evolutionary Vaginal Environment. This was the thirty-third version of EVE. EVE was an artificial womb. Its outer casing was titanium. Inside was a membrane that he genetically modified from a sow pig’s placenta. The wiring was all gold. He needed to make sure the signals replicated human neurons. So close to zero friction had to be generated by the electrons. The science was world class. The device could be used for regenerative purposes. But as a womb, it was worthless.

Today he would transfer the embryos to EVE. It would take about an hour. As he toiled away with the delicate gold wiring, an incoming call came in.

OSCAR his Artificial Intelligence (AI) interface called him. “Hey asshole, it’s the Korean woman with cakes calling you.”

“Fuck you, OSCAR. Lots of Korean women have cakes.”

“My bad”, he replied.

“She says her name is Oki. Like in Oki Doki, I will suck your GI dick real good. Me love you real long time.”

Roland yelled, “OSCAR, what the fuck does she want?”

“She needs to see you tonight about her dissertation. She cannot wait ‘til tomorrow.”

“Tell her I’ll be free in an hour”, Roland stated.

8:30 on the dot Oki showed up at his home. OSCAR let her in. “What’s up momma?”

“What up OSCAR?” said Oki.

“Roland will be with you in five minutes.”

“OSCAR, I need to pee.”

“You know where it is,” the AI platform replied.

“Goodnight OSCAR”.

“Goodnight, momma. Keep that butt tight!”

She walked into the bathroom. There was an Ex-Lax on the sink. There were three Fleet enemas and a tube of KY Jelly on the top of the toilet tank. She took off her bike shorts revealing a pink jockstrap. Bending over the bathtub, she rubbed her asshole with the lubricant. Then she reached over and grabbed an enema bottle. She gently inserted her index finger into her shit tube. To relax it. After one minute, she pulled it out. Then she took the bottle tip and inserted it into her anus.

Oki giggled. She got up from the bathtub and bent down on the bathroom mat. She felt the room temperature water go down her rectum and into her large intestine. It was a wonderful feeling. Soon her man would be inside

her. The water welled in her abdomen. She felt the expulsion coming. She gently pulled out the enema bottle. Put her palm to her asshole. Quickly got up and sat on the commode. Out it came. The filth.

A knock came to the door. "One minute."

"Are you finished?" Roland asked.

Oki replied, "Just wait in the living room."

When she came out, the dogs rushed up to her to sniff her crotch and butt. This way the animals could synchronize their metabolism to hers. Once they finished their mood checks, they went back to their positions in the house.

Roland walked toward her and pulled her to him. It was the 20<sup>th</sup> of the month. She was ovulating. He could see it in her face. The discolor of her eyes. Her wide pupils. She could not stop licking her lips in front of him. The rosiness of her cheeks. She needed to taste his cock.

He kissed her deeply. Then he pulled her hair back hard, and dragged her to the living room. She screamed. He put her onto his knees. Slapping her butt. She screamed. He slapped her again. Again. Again. Her butt cheeks turned red. They would be a dark purple by the time she left. She would have to stand on her bike riding back to Cornell's campus.

She looked at him with tears in her eyes. And she spread her legs wide for his onslaught. She remembered how her father beat her when she was a teenager in Pusan. How much she enjoyed the beatings. Sometimes he would take out the bamboo cane and beat her savagely with it. She enjoyed it. She liked to rub the scars along her buttocks and the back of her thighs late at night. Her pussy would get so wet afterward. Her father would hurl expletives at her. And slap her. She often masturbated to the thoughts of her father beating her. At an early age, she associated brutality of her body with love.

She loved Roland's smell. The taste of his saltiness. And the feeling of his hairy balls bouncing off her chin. Absolute joy was had when she licked his nipples. She liked to bend him over. And look at the sinews of his back.

Watch how his butt cheeks separated. She enjoyed watching his testicles move up and down. Her father had been replaced in her heart. She had a new Daddy. And he was so yummy!

Roland had mastered her. He knew how to make her happy. During the day, she was an adjunct professor of market research at Cornell University's Johnson School of Business. At night, with Roland's fist in her vagina and a Sean Michael's silicon dildo in her rectum, she was Oki Data, the whore of Babylon.

OSCAR dimmed the lights in all of the rooms. The dogs went to sleep. Victoria was snoring.

Oki looked at her lover and begged. "Please, Master. Please brutally fuck me!"