

## Chapter 3

Another day. He felt like eating Indonesian today. So he was going to give Suprita Subramanian Lakswanathan Guprita a call. Super is what they called her in the laboratory. Roland liked being a white man in America. But definitely being white at Cornell was a plus.

The minorities were lost. None of them were intelligent. Just spoiled rotten rich. So much pressure was put on them to go to America and succeed. Coming from societies filled with idol worship, Roland filled a deep psychological need. The women all saw him as an avatar; a terrestrial deity. All the women subconsciously wanted him to give them a white baby. He played the race card with them to the full hilt.

His fraternity years taught him how to manipulate women. Most importantly, how to find weak women who wanted to be dominated. Skull & Bones taught him how to humiliate women. He was taught in his pledge class how to identify those women who were the members of the global aristocracy as suitable mates.

His first six months in the doctorate program yielded zero pussy. So he ditched the Porsche and got a Schwinn, used of course. He started shopping on line. Kept soy milk in the fridge. Joined the Nature Conservancy. He had to play the game under new rules that brought him sweet pussy.

Getting chicks was all game. And Roland was all game. He had mastered the rhetoric of white supremacy. He never showed compassion to the poor. The only thing minority women wanted was a path to whiteness. Their capitalistic path to power included having a white child. He provided assurances for that to them. As long as he got to fuck them. Hard.

Next week he was going to eat Japanese and possibly Mexican. And he was working on the lesbian in his lab. Maybe Dr. Svengali was going to eat Indian at the end of the month. In an institution full of dickless men, he stood in a position of authority. And she wanted him.

“Super, what’s up”, he enquired.

“Who is this?” asked Suprita.

“It’s me, Roland”, he stated.

Suprita changed her tone significantly. “Roland. How are you?”, she exclaimed. She sat down and crossed her legs at the Starbucks. Her right leg started to shake.

“Wha’cha doing?” he asked.

“At Starbucks. Getting a soy latte. I have to proctor an exam”, she replied.

“Poor thing. When is it going to end?” he asked.

“3:30 in the afternoon. Have to prepare a grant after that” she stated.

“You wanna come over”, he asked?

“Everytime I come over, we fuck. Can I come over for a date?” she asked.

“Of course, you can”, replied Roland. He checked his calendar and she was three days away from her period. “Super, the dogs miss you.”

“See you later,” Suprita replied. She smiled brightly after he ended the call. Her right leg kept on shaking.

Roland was pleased with himself. Super was a great lay.

The work day was normal. Routine. Grant submissions. Interviews. Recommendations. Yada yada. He stared at Dr. Gandhi over his computer. Pretty average. Pretty for a PhD but nothing really competitive. Her ass was not firm or round. Tits were an A cup at best. She rarely wore skirts. So her legs must be horrid. I can see why she is a lesbian. There really is not much to look at.

He heard from Gupta in Physics and Srinivassan in Chemistry that she was a good lay. Coming from those limp dick morons, Bella Abzug would be a good lay. Caroline Suzuki in the Law School told him she was a face sitter. Suzuki, a lip stick lesbian, would know.

He was waiting patiently for her to approach him. The lesbians always approach him. Convinced that he is a homosexual. It was a great trick. He got more lays from being neat than from ever being messy. He kept a rubber cock ring in his bag whenever he had a lunch date with a lesbian. Apparently, dykes tell each other how to identify closeted queers by their cock rings. Wearing a cock ring made his dick look enormous in his chinos.

It was late afternoon and Roland was looking forward to his dinner with Super. The phone rang. It was Dr. Gandhi.

“Roland, do you have time to grab a cappuccino with me?” she enquired.

“Shit, Saraswati I have to finish up here”, he replied.

She giggled. “Are you flirting with me?” she asked.

“Why?” he asked.

“Only you call me Saraswati,” she exclaimed.

He laughed. “Ravinder Sapna Saraswati Singh. Your married name is Gandhi. You do recall that I hired you,” he stated.

She giggled. “How long?” she asked.

“21 cm. I mean 15 minutes,” he answered.

A Freudian slip, she thought to herself. “See you in fifteen minutes.” He logged out of his computer. And ran to the bathroom to put his cock ring on. He took his gigantic ball sack and slipped one testicle at a time through the ring. Then he took his cock and slipped it through the ring. Then he pulled up his bikini underwear and then his pants.

“Jesus,” he exclaimed. It looked like a possum had snuck into his pants and died.

He washed up and ran into Dr. Gandhi three buildings over. She waved at him. He was standing there. Like a walking dick. His crotch was so enlarged that she could not stop staring at it. She could see the shape of his phallus and badly wanted to ask if it got bigger. But said nothing.

She was right about Dr. Svengali. 100% homosexual. She knew it. Absolutely. Look at him trouncing around with that cock ring. The rooster to all these hens. She got a good laugh when two professors in Interior Design introduced themselves to him.

As a Hindu she knew she was racially superior to the white man. Her manipulation of all the ignorant men in America will ultimately lead her to becoming Prime Minister of India. Her diabolical plan was only known to her and Lord Yama, keeper of the Hindu netherworld. “I will seduce this low caste man and make him my love slave. That will be my objective,” she thought to herself.

She stared at his crotch as he came back with his soy latte. Edged up to him after he sat down. She laughed at everything he said. At one instant, she laughed and grabbed his inner right thigh. The next time she snorted with such laughter that she brushed his cock altogether. He stared at her and blushed. “Now I got you,” she thought to herself.

“Now I got you,” the master woodsman thought to himself.

They said their goodbyes. Dr. Svengali went back to his office and closed up shop. And walked on home. In less than two hours, Super was going to come to his home.

He liked Super. She was a good lover. And incredibly private and respectful. She came from that. She did not go through his kitchen cabinets or look through his linen hamper. And all the times that they fucked, she never once went into the medicine cabinet. OSCAR, his AI assistant, told him so.