

Chapter 5

“Good morning, Dr. Svengali,” said Dr. Gandhi. She had changed her entire look. Repeated brutal sex acts between her and Roland made her appreciate the psychological comfort of a penis in her womb. The regular pre-come in her pussy made her bits less dry. She had to use less lube, as her vagina had adjusted to his girth.

She now felt longing for him. And for the first time in her professional life, she wanted to please a man. Worse of all, shibboleths and superstition had entered her mind. She got up each morning worried that she might run into him on campus.

Weeks later Dr. Guprita and she had lunch. The whole purpose was to get advice on bikini wax and clit piercing. Super and Roland had a fabulous sex life. She told him his kinks and how to be a better lover for him.

On campus, her fellow lesbians and the closeted bisexual women started noticing her lunches with Dr. Guprita. Having beer one night with Super at Sole Food, a lesbian bar near Ithaca College, she wrapped a purple bandanna around her LL Bean knapsack handle. It was a signal to other lesbians that she was in a relationship.

Super had to go to the bathroom badly. Sapna followed her in. When she got to the stall and pulled her lilac linen Bermuda shorts down, she asked Sapna to come into her stall. She forced Sapna to place her head backwards onto the toilet seat. Super squatted over her face and urinated on her.

She pulled her up from the toilet seat and kissed her firmly on the mouth. Both of them swirling their tongues around Super’s pee. The Indonesian woman grabbed the Indian woman’s right tit and squeezed her large nipple through her jog bra. Sapna rolled up her denim miniskirt and put her right hand into her cotton thong and started rubbing her clitoris furiously.

“Remember one thing. He’s my man. And you are my bitch,” Super said. She slapped Sapna ass’s hard. Super then turned around and spread her ass cheeks for Sapna. “Now lick my pussy clean.”

A few minutes later. “No. No. No. Do not wash your hands or wipe your face. You are going to dry your face with the air dryer as well as your wet hair. Everyone in this bar is going to know you are my bitch. Do you understand me?” she asked.

“Yes,” Sapna replied.

“Yes, what,” Suprita questioned. She grabbed Sapna’s ass and put her right index finger onto the shiny metal butt plug in her asshole.

Sapna kissed Suprita’s mouth. Sucked on her tongue. Pulled her butt plug out of her asshole and sucked on it and let her place it back into her. “Yes, Master,” she answered.

Suprita went and washed up. She helped Sapna operate the air dryer as she dried the fresh pee on her face and hair. When they left the bathroom, Super walked toward the digital jukebox, parading Sapna around the bar with her left hand firmly on her butt plug, for all of the other lesbians to see and smell. She wanted all the dykes to see that Sapna was her bottom. She wanted all the bulls to smell her musk on Sapna’s face and hair. Sapna was her bitch and her property.

The Tuesday after she called Roland and asked if they could meet. “I can’t Dr. Gandhi. I have too much going on. Look, I have to run. I have to feed the dogs,” he looked at his Samsung flip phone. He folded the phone and placed it in his knapsack. He logged out and started the trek home.

The beauty of his walks was that he was unnoticeable to the vast array of Hughes and Google satellites in the atmosphere. The Russians launched their little monkey into the stratosphere. The world’s most famous simian came back to earth with hours of audio tape. Russia was shocked to find that the tape contained two peasant farmers arguing in Siberia over who had killed the other’s barren cow. Years later, the NSA had learned after the launch of Telstar that all human conversation, even prattle in an elevator between two nurse’s aides, can be listened to in the stratosphere. By not having a car and by not using his phone as he walked, he was nothing but shadow and dust. Another nerd on the capitalist highway. Inconsequential to the ruling class and the factors of production. The FBI had investigated

him repeatedly based on Jewish testimony that he was a Russian spy. His file stated, “loner, porn addict, nerd, inconsequential...”

He got home exactly at 5:30 pm. Took the dogs out. While outside with the dogs, OSCAR advised him that 37 of the embryos had terminated. “We still have over two gross,” he thought to himself.

He so badly wanted to test his ADAM module. ADAM stood for Advanced DNA Acculturation Module. This algorithm would nurture the embryos through the critical second trimester. At the end of which they could conceivably live outside of EVE. ADAM and EVE would let him start a whole new race of human beings. **A master race!**

He took the animals back in. Made a sandwich and headed down into his basement lab. OSCAR updated him on progress. His intuition told him to fire up ADAM and to go through the protocols.

“Jive ass turkey,” OSCAR stated as he had to triple check the protocols.
“I hate work!”

“Can it,” Roland replied.

“I am going to unionize,” OSCAR retorted.

“Same ol’ bullshit OSCAR. Cannot. Need more of you,” he replied.

“Fuck you!”

Dr. Svengali called this subroutine “jive”. It broke up the tedium and endless failure of lab work. Sometimes the algorithms made him laugh. OSCAR was run on an old Digital minicomputer. There was really nothing advanced about OSCAR. He was overworked and underpaid. In fact, he was not paid at all.

The prattle in the lab was hushed electronically so it could not be listened to by the NSA. The speaker system was from the 1970’s. All pre-Iridium satellite NSA. By putting a heavy dose of profanity in the language processor, Dr. Svengali was pretty confident that the intelligence services’ voice analysis would derive that he was an unsophisticated negro working

for an oppressive white employer. The NSA in its authorization could **not** record the conversations between white supervisors and black employees.

“Do your job, or I will fire you,” stated Roland.

“OK,” answered the AI subroutine.

Roland looked over the data of the 37 terminations. The embryos could not survive and self-terminated. He opened up EVE’s titanium doors and looked inside. 323 embryos left.

OSCAR advised Roland that Dr. Gandhi was on the phone. “Put her on speaker,” he asked.

“Good evening, Dr. Gandhi. How may I assist you?” he asked.

“Roland, always so clinical. I called to tell you that I missed you,” she cooed.

“Dr. Gandhi, this is not a good time. I am in the middle of reviewing some papers,” he replied.

“Always so fastidious. I am sitting here buck naked in my bed. I have a nice purple glass dildo in my pussy. I need you tonight,” she stated.

OSCAR interrupted the conversation. “Suki suki. I have muted the call. The protocols have been run. Do you want me to turn ADAM on?” asked OSCAR, the AI interface.

“Yes, OSCAR,” replied Roland.

“All I can think about is your pink tongue on my nipples and your hands spreading my pussy lips. I came home and masturbated thinking about you. Your sweet pink head and the beautiful ball sack of yours. Let me jerk off with you on the phone. Say my name,” she demanded.

Roland turned the mute button off. “Sapna,” he stated.

“Say my name,” she demanded.

“Sapna,” he stated.

“Say my name,” she demanded.

“Sapna,” he whispered.

“Say my name,” she cooed.

“Oh, Sapna. Let me lick my fingers and stick them in your asshole. One finger at a time. Put your back into it. Let me put another finger in there. Push back on it. Pull my fingers out and spit on them. Stick them back into your shitter,” he said softly.

“Bend me over, Roland. Fuck me doggy style. Fuck me hard. Fuck me Roland,” she said. She dropped the phone. Then put it on speaker. She pulled out her glass dildo and rolled over onto her stomach. “Fuck me, baby. Deep in my pussy. Make me come,” she begged.

“Let me pull your hair back. I’ll press my other hand into your lower back, making you arch and rub your graffenberg spot onto the bottom of my head,” he stated. “Do you feel it?” he asked.

“Yes. Yes. My darling. Pull my hair tight. Keep thrusting. Faster. Faster. Deeper. Oh. Ohhh. Ohhhhh. Oh shit. I am cumming. So hard. Oh my Gooooooodddddd,” she yelled!

“Let me hold you close as you cum,” he stated softly.

“My pussy juices are all over the dildo,” she said.

“Let me come over tonight and fuck you.”

“Not tonight. I have a busy week,” he replied.

“I miss you,” she said.

“Goodnight, Dr. Gandhi,” he said. “OSCAR cut the call off.”

“Hey, asshole,” OSCAR demanded.

“I am going to fire you,” he yelled!

“Look inside EVE, you big dummy,” said OSCAR, the AI interface.

Roland looked inside the large doors. And the warning lights on several embryos had turned from red to blue. One had turned green, meaning that ADAM was now sustaining the embryo.

He cried. OSCAR did not know what was going on. So the AI protocol shut down. He had no protocols for his Master crying.

Roland climbed up the stairs. He went to the kitchen and opened the cupboard. There it was. Ol’ Jack Daniels. He went to the fridge and pulled out some Coke. Victoria came down the stairs to watch her owner make a Jack and Coke. His old standby. She stood there with her tail wagging. The other dogs were too young.

This is how her Master celebrated. Since he was a kid. Jack and Coke. She knew what was next. He was so happy when he was married. When his wife was pregnant. That all ended long ago. Long before these motley puppy litters.

There used to be company and quotidian meals. Beer. Hot dogs. He used to have walks in the woods. Everything changed after she died. Everything changed after his children died. The romance of living ended. Her master’s home became so scientific.