

Chapter 7

4:00 am. An IM came to Sapna Gandhi's iPhone from a Mauritius-based burner phone. "Your cousin's baby is breached."

She got up, read it and went to the bathroom. She washed up and came out.

She found her satellite phone. Dialed in the correct sequence of numbers. Waited for the log in id on her iPhone. She typed in the sequence. "Govindas Das. RAW."

Sapna provided her protocols. Password security sequences. Then waited for the sequence of sounds which she had to key in again.

"Sapna Gandhi here. What is the problem?"

In Hindi, the man on the other side of the call told her that Roland Svengali came up on a RAW satellite sweep of Cornell. He is seeking information from the Pentagon's Quantum Network.

"What is the Pentagon's Quantum Network?" she asked.

"That is what we are trying to find out. Keep an eye on this man. Our astrologers are telling us that he is a threat to India," he stated

"Wonderful," she thought to herself.

Enemies everywhere. Sun, moon and stars create the enemies in India. Here in the States, everyone is the enemy. The modern national security state, like Herod in Jerusalem, sees everyone as a threat.

She laughed at herself. She went to the bathroom and removed her nipple piercings. She then carefully removed her clitoral piercing. Spreading her butt cheeks, she looked at the beautiful lotus drawn on her anus. Super's idea. Who knew that part of the body was attractive? Maybe.

The RAW had sent her to the USA to track Suprita. Now she was Super's bottom. And through her Roland came into her life. Apparently, her new mark.

Roland would not respond to her texts. He was incredibly reticent. Creating EVE and ADAM were not easy. The NSA had its snoops and foreign intelligence agencies were everywhere on campus. Keeping up appearances was easy. At the University, he was work, work, work and more work. He even went to an undergraduate symposium to encourage technical PhD's. After three days, he went to the apple orchards of the Agricultural School to look for young women who had spare ova.

She had not seen him. Soon she would be ovulating. And she wanted to be with him. Sleeping with men was easy for her. **But Roland and she had been fucking for over a month.** That was a lot. Especially since she was a bona fida lesbian. Her vagina had conformed to the size of his penis. Now, like the straight women around her, she had a deep longing for fulfillment. Super and she were getting along fine. Roland was a treat.

After three days, brooding at home for his dong, she reached out to him. "May I see you?"

"Sure, why not," he said.

She was pleasantly surprised. She called her Master. "May I go fuck Roland?" she asked demurely.

"What are you going to do for me?" Suprita countered.

"I'll let you fuck me at Sole Food," she responded.

"I have another idea. Why don't we go to NYC during Pride month. Spend a weekend together. They have sex bars there," Super said.

"Sure. Why not," she replied.

She went to the bathroom and opened her medical cabinet for her body jewelry. Carefully, she put her piercings back into their holes. She put her new baby blue butt plug into her asshole. She took her favorite lipstick and

painted her brown nipples with it. Her new pink jock strap fit well. And then she put on her white denim mini skirt and her baggy white cotton blouse. Wrapped her neck in a nice linen scarf. She was packing her bag when her satellite phone rang.

She logged in. Waited for the identification code. Her iPhone had the code “*777*” on it. She hung up the phone. Finished packing her bag and went to meet Roland at the apple orchard.

Roland was sitting at the orchard looking at the trees in his own private Eden. Then he would get up and walk a few paces. And then he would sit back down and eat something that was in a brown paper bag. Dr. Gandhi watched his pattern to report back to RAW, India’s intelligence division. Being a woman, she did not know how intelligent men worked through difficult problems. Being female she knew there was an answer in books. Dr. Gandhi did not know that thousands of men with better credentials than her were rejected by Cornell. The university like all universities in America were told to reject those men as part of the cradle to prison system built by the vassals of the petrochemical estate. Even successful candidates did not know they would make close to zero for the rest of their lives.

She greeted Roland. He kissed her on the mouth. At that instant they looked like stars in the sky, shining so brightly at each other. She did what she never even did with Super. She rubbed his ass as she tongued him deeply. Two black female undergrads, from the Agricultural School, stared at the couple kissing so intimately. They exchanged pleasantries. He asked her to sit down. She complied.

She sat with him for fifteen minutes as he stared into the trees. Then he suddenly got up, put his Vishnu-like hand out. She grabbed it. He walked her to her car. She put her bag in the back seat. He thought that was odd as Super told him how persnickety she was about her bag being in the front seat. Super likes to rub her bottom’s clit when she is driving. And Sapna’s bag would get in the way of her rubbing her clit piercing with her small left arm.

Roland got in her car and kept quiet as he did not want to be picked up by satellite surveillance. When they got to his home, all the dogs came to say hello except one. Sapna crossed the threshold and was greeted by a

growling Sgt. Fury. The dog immediately went after her bag and pulled it off her shoulder. The contents fell on floor. There was a large 18” translucent green dildo. A black leather harness for a dildo. Large bottle of lubricant equipped with a pump. Jewelry boxes (all empty). Two boxes of hollow point bullets. And a .22 caliber revolver.

Victoria immediately grabbed the revolver and ran through the back door and went into the woods. Four dogs followed her. Sgt. Fury stayed behind. To keep guard, of course.

“What was that for?” Roland asked Sapna.

Sapna advised him, “Super and I were hanging out and this bull dyke has been stalking me. I was scared so I started to carry a gun.”

He picked up the bullets. “Hollow points? These will put a hole clear through a deer. This does not kill. This explodes.”

He put the bullets back in her bag. And picked up everything else. They looked at each other. He kissed her slowly and she started taking her clothes off. She dropped to her knees and robbed his erect cock on her nipple piercings.

She pulled him onto the rug and sixty-nined him. He pulled on her butt plug as he licked her pussy. She moaned as she felt his warm tongue all over her vagina.

His cock felt hard and thick in her mouth. She finally got to take five inches of his fat cock in her mouth. Super was amazing. She could throat his cock and lick his balls at the same time. It was a nice trick.

She rolled into the top position so she could take him deeper into her mouth. He pulled the butt plug out of her asshole and all this lubricant came out of her rectum. It flowed over her vagina and fell onto the rug. She looked at him. She massaged the liquid into her vagina. She got off his face and positioned herself over his cock and worked his dong into her. It was a nice feeling.

They fucked for a while. She came hard. “*777*” was a kill order. Now how was she going to kill him. The dogs would prevent it. She had failed her mission.

He lay on his side and she decided to spoon him. He squeezed her clit hard as he shoved his cock into her asshole. In less than two seconds, he got his whole cock inside her butt. Then, he let go of her clit. He felt gigantic in her butt. After a few minutes he rolled her into a doggy style position. She arched her back as he thrust deeply in and out of her asshole. Then she started thrusting into him. She felt his breath get shallower. He thrust deep into her and pulled his cock out. She got onto her knees and waited for his white cream. He sprayed all over her face. She pulled his cumming cock out of his hands and placed it into her mouth and swallowed his cum.

They lay their spent. He asked her, “do you want some champagne?”

She replied yes. He went to the kitchen. Got a bottle of Korbel out of the fridge and took out some cleaned shrimp. Poured some cocktail sauce in a bowl. Grabbed a few napkins and brought the assortment to her. He went back to the kitchen and got two champagne flutes. They drank and ate.

She excused herself and went to the bathroom. She took one of the enema bottles and cleaned out her rectum. Then she took another bottle and douched her vagina. She had the evening and early morning to spend with Super to think about. Sex in America was a lot messier than India, she thought to herself, especially with this fascination with the rectum.

The moonlight hit her piercings and her pussy juice. Roland helped her put her butt plug back into her asshole. She put on her pink jock strap and got dressed and left.

“Sorry about your gun,” he stated. “I know where the dogs hide their loot. I’ll get it back to you in a few days.”

“No worries. I’ll buy a new one,” she replied.

She kissed him goodnight and left his abode.

Once she was gone, he asked OSCAR to come back online.

OSCAR stated that a satellite sweep was occurring. He told the AI interface to start protocol Captain Kangaroo 73x56 Beta Tango.

Immediately, rap music came on full blast in the upstairs stereo. Then, the downstairs stereo started playing Bollywood show tunes. Three separate TV sets went on in three separate languages. It was a sonic buffer. Then Roland went downstairs.

“OSCAR. How many terminations?” asked Roland.

“Only five sir”, OSCAR replied.

He opened EVE’s titanium labia and saw that 160 of the embryos now had green lights above their beakers. ADAM had taken over. When he last looked at EVE, there was one beaker with a green light. He was looking at 33 more green lights.

“OSCAR, play back the session I had with Dr. Gandhi this evening. Sound only,” he stated.

OSCAR humorously responded, “man, can you lay pipe!”

“Stop the commentary,” Dr. Svengali demanded. “Roll tape.”

The AI interface played the sound of Sapna’s erotic noises into the EVE device.

As Roland watched, several of the remaining embryos had green lights come over their beakers. ADAM had taken over from EVE.

Three weeks passed and ADAM and EVE now took half the space of his basement. EVE had done the impossible. She gestated 193 embryos to the fifth month of gestation.

He had to buy 2,000 pounds of titanium and build a larger EVE. This cost him over \$75,000. The nutrition bill was also significant. The embryos

were transferred from beakers to large canisters. They were now referred to as fetuses. They had grown significantly. Each weighed 1.3 pounds.

He annotated questions into the laboratory diary. Will ADAM sustain the six to seven-month growth period? Will EVE handle the larger fetus? It had taken ten years to get ADAM to kick in. He found that he was naive about science. Scientists use data and measurable moments. How could anyone guess that the sounds of human sexuality were necessary for the embryo/blastocyst/fetus to not self-terminate.

Roland hypothesized that his discovery explained why aboriginal civilizations utilized polyamory to sustain population growth. This also explained why millions of prostitutes had given birth, even though most did not have a lover or a husband. Clearly, this explained why so many women who sought IVF or self-pregnancy via a clinical environment failed.

The human zygote once it becomes a fetus needs to know that there was a man around. It learned that through the sounds of male/female love making. Fascinating.