

## Chapter 9

The cable television news blared in Sapna Gandhi's apartment. Her lover, Suprita, was laying naked wearing a red nylon dildo harness. She was dead asleep. The white comforter had large lubricant stains all over it. Her eyes were almost shut. She rolled over and covered her ears with the pillows.

Breaking news. "We have live footage of an armed robbery near Ithaca College. An armored truck making a cash pickup from the WalMart on Giffords Lane was robbed in broad daylight. We have live phone footage. This is unbelievable and we recommend viewer discretion."

The female news anchor chimed in. "At 7:00 am, a seven-year-old boy robbed an armored car. He shot all three guards dead. Threw all of the men out. He then shot a couple driving a Cadillac SUV. He drove up to the armored car. Emptied its contents and drove away. Police are on the lookout for a seven-year-old white male, naked, and driving a Cadillac Escalade. WalMart advised News13 the armored car contained over \$3 million in cash.

Live phone footage is here.

We have an eyewitness to the story, Mr. Rahim X. Mr. X what did you see?"

Rahim X stood there with his black bomber jacket on. Casual sunglasses on under his zebra striped Kangol bucket hat. "Dis boy, with da motherBLEEP biggest BLEEP I ever BLEEPing saw in my life, just shot up d'armored truck o'er at da gas station. I iz ded serious, yo fa sho. This kid had the biggest BLEEP I ever saw in my life. Something you see in porno movies, man. This motherBLEEPer could shoot. He had no clothes on. There was just this big BLEEPing BLEEP. I never saw something that big in my life. Buck naked. And a small black gun."

"We have also Mr. Ho Min Wee who also saw this brazen criminal act. What did you see sir?"

“My name is Mr. Rhee, not Mr. Wee. I sit here on meerk clate, in flont of WarMalt. Rooking fol wolk. Any wolk. Arr of a sutton, this rittr white man, nod even tlee foot, shoot tlee white men dead. He had a huge BLEEPing BLEEP. Rike brack polno actor. Massive. Butt naked. Then heee go up to brack famiree in borr’l Cadirac and shoo’em dead. Scaly. So scalee.

He shoo’ evelybody dead. He tark rike homeboy. He no tark rike brue eye devir. He gets into the Cadirac, lorr up to tluck. Empty moneeee into tluk and dlive away. Not even give me a twenty.”

“Thank you Mr. Wee.” Off camera Mr. Lee yelled “Not Mr. Wee. My name is Mr. Rhee.”

“Here is a picture of the suspect.” The flat screen shows a picture of a gun wielding seven-year-old with a hazy spot over his groin area. Only a few yards away in the picture is a dog, sitting and watching.

“This child is armed and dangerous. Please proceed with caution.”

Super was kissing Sapna’s ass cheeks as she was putting her pussy jewelry in. Sapna placed her tit jewelry in her Indonesian lover’s mouth. Both of them saw the picture of the dog on the flat screen from different angles. Recognized it instantly. Neither said anything to the other.

Sapna pulled her tit out of Super’s mouth. “I have to get to work.”

“So do I. You have any clean jock straps,” Super asked.

“I am on my last one. I got something for you,” Sapna replied. She walked over to her dresser and pulled out some black cotton men’s briefs. Put them on. You will like them,” Sapna said.

She pulled off her nylon harness and put on a pair of the black underwear.

“Bend over,” Sapna asked.

Super bent over and a slit opened up in the back of the underwear revealing Super’s ruby red butt plug. She smiled at her lover. Sapna kissed

Super firmly on her butt plug and then came up to her face and kissed her hard.

“Sapna, I have to put my make up on.”

Sapna smiled at her top. Both were hiding the fact Sgt. Fury was just on television. Neither knew the other was a spy. She had to get this woman out of her apartment and call RAW headquarters on her satellite phone.

Super walked into the bathroom to evacuate her orifices. She brushed her teeth. Came back and dressed.

She kissed Sapna on her lips and left for work.

“Finally,” she said as she picked up the satellite phone. No one responded. Her text message said \*777\*. Nothing else was stated. No password. No sounds.

A kill order had been sent. She had not fulfilled her assignment. The jock strap was sitting on her dresser. Next to it was a silver butt plug with a bow tied around it. A card was left next to it. It read, “Keep that butt tight”. She pulled her butt plug out and placed it on the sink. She washed the new butt plug and put lubricant on it and put it in her asshole. She then put on the jock strap.

Business today. All business. She put on a grey pant suit. Did her makeup. Put on some lip stick. Got into her car and drove to the local tackle shop. There she bought a new gun. Then she drove to Roland Svengali’s home to kill him.

An hour later, Super was at Cornell when a coded message came to her phone. It was from her cousin Bharti asking her to come to her birthday party in Kuala Lumpur. At lunch, Suprita made a call on her cell phone. She called a burner phone in Brunei. This connection then bumped her to a phone in Jakarta. The message was coded and full of inuendoes and meandering conversation. She had it made into a text message. She took each seventh word. Then took the first letter of each seventh word. It spelled Mango Ice Cream which was her personal kill code. Then three telephone numbers were given at the end of her message. They were

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degrees. Minutes and seconds. She went to her digital compass and punched the coded degrees in. It was 117 Edgemont Blvd. That was the home of Roland Svengali, PhD.

She showed no emotion. She had to get back to her apartment and look at a physical map of the forest around Roland's home. From a secure vantage point, and with her German-made Kevlar high caliber rifle, she would murder him.

Sapna got to Roland's house at 3:30 pm. She went around the back. The door was open. She looked around for the dogs but found none. She went upstairs and no one was there. She went to the back room and waited for Roland to come in.

As she sat there three tiny boys walked up to her. She was startled. Then two more came. Each one grew in size while she was just watching them. She saw one child grow nearly ten inches as he walked toward her. Each was naked and covered in blue liquid. More came. They surrounded her. She had never seen so many kids.

One went to the door behind her and opened it. Each followed. She counted thirty-five little blue children. Each of them ran out and went into the woods. As she stood there, another came from the basement and climbed onto her. The blue liquid was all on her suit. He worked his way up to her face and stared at her. He wriggled his way down. She didn't know what to do.

She followed the blue water on the floor to the basement door. She tried opening it, but it was locked electronically by OSCAR. She shot at the handle. No damage.

"Shit," she exclaimed.

5:30 pm. Roland came to the front door of his home. Sapna crept out the back door waiting for him to come outside. Roland saw the water spots and walked to the back door. Suddenly Sapna jumped out with a gun in her hand. She dropped to her knees in a kill stance as she was taunted. Suddenly blood spurting out of her head and she fell face down dead. Someone was shooting at the house from the woods.

Roland's dogs started howling in the woods. He heard a loud bang and the shooting stopped. He paid it no mind. He was worried about his experiment.

"OSCAR, what's up," Roland said.

"36 children left EVE today. They came up the stairs and ran into the woods.

We have a dead woman at our back door. The house has been hit by 4 high caliber rifle bullets. One seems to have gone through Sapna Gandhi's head, right as she was about to blow your motherfuckin' brains out.

There appears to be some type of altercation in the woods. The dogs are nowhere to be found.

We have 217 future children to feed. At 1,000 calories per child, you need \$8,000 a week to feed them. Then when they go to their next spurt, you would need \$11,000 a week. When they hit their teen years, you would need \$24,000 a week to feed them.

"Status of EVE OSCAR," Roland enquired.

OSCAR answered, "no terminations. ADAM is responding very well."

He sat down and stared into the forest. Sgt. Fury came through the woods lazily and placed a ruby red butt plug into his hand. Then Victoria and the other four dogs came prancing through. Then Roland 1 through Roland 37 came marching the path to their home. Each carrying what looked like a bag of currency.

Roland 1 came and greeted him, "Good evening, Father, my Lord and Creator."

He sat down. Then 36 other children stated the same words. "Good evening, Father, my Lord and Creator."

Roland 1 now looked like he was ten years old.

Roland 2 through Roland 36 looked approximately 6 years old.

They stacked the money in the living room closet. About \$400,000 in singles. \$500,000 in twenty-dollar bills. Then there was \$350,000 in five dollar bills. One million dollars worth of one hundred dollar bills. \$800,000 worth of fifties. \$350,000 worth of ten dollar bills.

Sgt. Fury stood in front of the money closet. Someone had to stand guard. Roland 1 went and got some charcoal lighter fluid from the side closet.

Victoria and Roland 1 helped drag the body of Sapna into the woods. Suprita, whom Roland 1 killed in the woods with the last hollow point bullet, was unrecognizable. The dogs knew the fauna in the woods would eat her in seven days. Roland 1 went up to Suprita's body and removed the sim cards from the telephones. He then melted all of her tap credit cards using the charcoal lighting fluid. The boys also did the same to Sapna.

Father, my Lord and Creator spoke English fluently to Roland 1. "This woman has two guns. One is American made. The other seems to be of Russian manufacture as it has no markings. We should keep both. As they cannot be traced back to our home."

Roland 1 interjected. "Roland 15 has the rifle. It is in the closet with the money. We do not need to burn the bodies. The animals will eat them. They will be found next Spring. Rain is coming Father, my Lord and Creator. It will destroy all the tracks in the forest as well as all the blood stains on the grass."

Roland, the dog Victoria and Roland 1 walked back to their humble abode. Two of his lovers were dead. One killed by the other. The other killed by his "son". His experiment was viable. Two hundred and sixteen children could possibly be in his home. Roland had no idea what he was going to do.

He instructed OSCAR to gather data. He went upstairs to sleep.