

Chapter 2

It was difficult. Being 65 years old. The memories far exceed the daily toil of living. Every day a lost memory pops into Roland Svengali's brain that reignites a lost possibility. Could he have done something to prevent A or to cause B or to prove C wrong? The mind as he got older became a circular void of failures, cowardice and plausibility. Nothing seemed correct.

Having no television or radio made him oblivious to the endless murders of his children. He did not know why the boys were so violent. What had he done wrong in the EVE and ADAM modules that made them violent. Something was missing in their gestation and maturity that prevented them from being learned. Their aggression for some idiopathic reason was unchecked.

Yet as they matured they became less violent. Before Roland 1's birth, there were 5 murders in Ithaca. Within months of his birth, the murder rate had tripled. Within a year, there were over a 100 deaths in Ithaca. It took a while for the children to learn that they had to be part of society. The need to sublimate violence and to be productive was not programmed into them. They had to learn that from their environment. They learned fast.

Many had learned it by the first year of life. All of them had learned it by the second year of life. Their advanced neural programming enabled them to ignore the biological need for hierarchy. He used stochastic regression to identify genes that fostered jealousy. In his laboratory analyses, he had surmised that jealousy induced anger. So he removed those genes. As a scientist he realized that this was an oversight on his part. Unfortunately, the lack of jealousy induced violent anger.

The boys all had a love of guns. They passed it onto their sons. They loved physical fighting. Aggression fed their development. Enabling them to learn even faster. He could not control their violence. Luckily, in the third generation, the love of weapons and fisticuffs dissipated. Moreover, the birth of girls was an evolutionary step. Enabling the DNA to be enhanced further.

Twenty years had passed since the birth of Roland 1. Now his children had set up the elaborate scheme that enabled countless families in America to become members of the ruling class. Ambassador Drunkenmiller's death enabled the six sons of Roland 1 to enter the glorified hierarchy of the landed gentry. Each of them had \$10 million of gold. This enabled them to borrow from banks in Europe, Asia and the Middle East without any legal authority in America knowing. They were guaranteed seats to St. Paul's for their children as well as Princeton.

These six sons then funneled money to various business ideas learned by the other sons. A vast system of capital became evident for these businesses. In the beginning the kids kept the ideas small. Cashing in quick and returning the capital to Roland 1's sons. His six sons soon tripled their gold deposits offshore, enabling even more money to be lent to business opportunities.

The boys had become so rich within years of Drunkenmiller's death that bankers flew in from Europe to Ithaca to talk to them about business opportunities. Using the hive mind of all 217 sons, the kids wound up making shrewd decisions.

Now twenty years later, the Roland hive had generated over \$6 billion in assets. All of it hidden offshore. Roland 1's six sons started introducing the grandchildren to the daughters of the aristocracy. The whole goal was to intermarry and control the factors of production. "We'll see," he thought to himself.

Thirty years ago his children and wife were instantly killed in Ithaca by a speeding semi-truck. Soon, Roland's DNA would be running for office and have the bureaucratic power to change the United States forever.

As he got older, the pain of that loss dissipated. But he hurt. He found out years later that the children were murdered by the US Army. It was some form of Herod-like cruelty. Soon the nation would be overwhelmed by a vast legion of aggressive white males who wanted nothing short of absolute power.

That is all fine and dandy. He said to himself. But it was more important to find a wife now. He decided that he would manufacture a woman. That he

would resurrect EVE and ADAM from the trash heap. Instead of rebuilding EVE and ADAM, he would transplant a fertilized zygote into one of the women married to his sons. Then take the baby as his wife.

First, he needed to get some eggs to fertilize. The computer was nearby. So he typed in escort and there were five escort services in Ithaca. He arranged dates with five girls from each escort service. When they came over, he hired a car service. He would put roofies into their drinks. Within fifteen minutes they would pass out.

When they got back to his home, he would inject hormones into their arms. These hormones would force their ovaries to eject over a dozen eggs. He would then gently vacuum the eggs out of their uteruses. One prostitute alone produced 15 eggs. He would store the eggs in glycerin and freeze them.

When they woke up, they would wake up naked, laying next to him. They would stare at his fat cock and just smile. He still had violent sex with them. Their pussies hurt like a motherfucker and their assholes ached.

He bought a centrifuge and separated his sperm. The male sperm would go to the bottom. And the female sperm to the top. He then put the female sperm in a petri dish and examined each one for defects. After isolating ideal sperm, he carefully reorganized their DNA using CRISPR to remove character defects, dry vagina and anal itch.

Then he let the sperm swim free in a pH balanced fluid rich in female hormones. The eggs were thawed and placed into the same petri dish. A vicious confrontation occurred. The spermatozoon penetrated the egg and a blastocyst was formed.

He asked Roland 69 to come over with his wife, Persephone. Dr. Svengali implanted her with the zygote and told her he would come back in a few weeks for the baby.

The next month, Persephone looked like she was three months pregnant. Within three months she looked six months pregnant. By the end of the fourth month, Persephone gave birth. Dr. Svengali supervised the delivery.

The baby was normal. Within seconds, the baby sat up from the bassinet and crawled down its side to the floor. She crawled for two seconds and she then stood up and walked toward the stairs of the basement apartment. She climbed the stairs and tried to open the front door. She could not. So she just sat there until Roland 69 came and picked her up.

Dr. Svengali took the baby home. Persephone came to help him with the infant.

His dogs were gone. Persephone did not know the behavior of the boys when they were young. As soon as the Baby was put down, she just ran to the back door and walked into the forest. She was gone for hours. Persephone worried. Roland held her from running into the forest.

“This is how it works. The child needs play. She will come back,” he told her.

Roland’s calm demeanor did not augur well with Persephone. After a few hours, she could see the bushes move far away from the house. When the baby came back, she was no longer a toddler. She looked three years old.

Roland decided to name her. Bertha would be a fine name. Also thought of calling her Emma. And settled on Hildegard. That is the perfect wife’s name.

“Come here, Hildegard”.

The three year old smiled at Roland. He picked her up and kissed her on the cheeks.

Persephone looked at the two. By the end of the week, Hildegard, now called Hildy, looked 17 years old. Her ESP skills had not become evident. She stared at Persephone’s body and asked her about it. So they went into the bathroom and she explained what all her bits were to the precocious teenager.

Although seventeen in appearance, Hildy was only seven days old.

Persephone explained to her that she would be Roland’s wife.

“What is a wife,” Hildy asked.

“Hooh, boy. That is tough,” she replied. She went through the details of caring for her partner, Roland, and kissing him and cleaning for him.

“What is kissing, Persephone?” she asked.

The older woman touched her lips and told her you press them to Roland’s lips. Hildy’s cheeks suddenly turned red. She giggled and then snorted. Her left leg started to shake and she started to make circles on the floor with her left foot.

Hildy pushed past Persephone and went to the fridge and took out a pint of Haagen Dazs chocolate ice cream. She went to the microwave and put it on for 30 seconds and heated the ice cream up. She got a large metal spoon from the utensils drawer and sat down. Persephone gave her the ice cream. She sat there and ate half the pint. Hildy stared at Roland.

She smiled at the thought of kissing him.