

# **Love no haha**

(A Mother of Love)

By: Dangerous Lee

## **愛の母**

She was artificial among the real but somehow regal and more sophisticated than the average chick. In the year 3033 artificial life forms were the norm, but were only used as machines to do manual labor and tasks that humans no longer felt obligated to do. Artificial life forms also looked artificial. Some had two heads, three legs, or blue skin.

Kristi North was a drop dead gorgeous sista with an ass that turned heads, skin that was flawless flowing milk chocolate, kinky little curls that made up her short hairstyle, long powerful legs, and for the hell of it cute lil' toes to top it off. She held a high power position with Starhouse Industries as CEO and was educated at Wentworth University, the most prestigious university of its time. Kristi was bad as hell and only seemed to be getting badder as the years went on. But it was all surface.

Colleagues started to notice that Kristi walked different, talked different, and even looked different after she took a months' vacation to Japan. She came back with a new zeal and zest for life that was never displayed in the five years of being CEO of Starhouse Industries. Kristi blamed her new attitude on observing and participating in the Shinto, Buddhism Japanese culture and getting a deserved four weeks away from the hustle and bustle of corporate life. This made perfect sense to employees who hadn't seen Kristi take more than a few days off work and even then she called in several times a day to make sure things were running smoothly. They figured this is what the head of a company was supposed to look and act like, so they welcomed the new Kristi North with open arms but with a bit of curiosity and some skepticism.

Starhouse Industries was the premiere home for stars of stage and screen. It housed the hottest talent and created the most popular films in the world. Kristi once had dreams of being an actress, but never held the total confidence or talent to pursue being on the big screen. She figured if she couldn't work as an actress that she would immerse herself behind the scenes of the industry. She saw every film that Starhouse released from the time she was a teenager until

now at the age of 35. She would sometimes spend a whole day alone at the movie theater soaking up all the vivid images and stellar performances. She always looked forward to the Starhouse Industries animated logo appearing at the beginning of each film which featured a shooting star landing in the home of a family watching the film that everyone in the theater was waiting to see. It was trippy but cool!

At Wentworth University Kristi placed in the top 5% of her class. During her senior year she scored a highly competitive internship at Starhouse Industries where she worked under the President, Shad Dodge. After the internship ended Shad hired her to be his right hand woman and she quickly became president after the then president slipped and broke his neck on black ice during a cold winter morning. Racism was not a huge problem in the year 3033 because 70% of the population of the United States was Latinx and Black, but there was still rampant sexism so a woman becoming president of a company was still met with resistance.

Shad Dodge, who was quite confident in his decision to make Kristi president of the company, overlooked others with more seniority. Shad who was also African American and gay loved to rub it in everyone's face that there were two bitches running the company and taking it places it had never been in its 200 year history.

As Kristi made her way home from work one night she passed by her favorite bakery, something she didn't usually do because she loved a good pastry but she had to watch her figure, didn't she? When she gets back to her now empty apartment she sits in her favorite lounge chair, the only piece of furniture left in the house. It sits in front of a very large, elaborate piece of artwork on the wall. She sits and stares at the artwork chanting until she falls asleep. This is her daily routine since returning from Japan. It was a process taught to her by Dr. Kinshi Ochi.

Dr. Kinshi Ochi was a very old, but very wise doctor and mad scientist of sorts but was very well respected in Japan. Many thought he was a sick fool because he invented the strangest contraptions like the now world famous, but once thought to be obscene, Ornomather.

The Ornomather is a machine that causes anyone who touches it to have an instant orgasm. Well, not instantly but in less than 60 seconds! Unfortunately, STIs were still a problem in 3033, and Dr. Ochi eventually made a fortune from this invention.

Most of all, people thought he was insane because he was the first doctor to successfully clone an adult human. It was quite the controversy since it was never made clear who he cloned. It was rumored that he pulled a Frankenstein with a Jane Doe. He created what he coined the “perfect mate”, married her, had children, and lost her during child birth as she delivered their twin boys who soon died after their third birthday.

Apparently clones have very short life spans and those that are born from a natural born human and clone mix have an even shorter life span. He never cloned or loved again and in his sadness, which became madness, he obsessively aspired to find the next big thing to give to the world of science.

In her downtime Kristi would read about this man and became intrigued. Actually her downtime consisted of her

being very sick and weak with nauseating headaches. Kristi was prone to migraines, but lately she felt like something was different, especially because her migraine medication was not doing the trick as usual. During a recent visit with her physician, Dr. Keva, who administered medical tests to diagnose the issue, found that she had acquired Stingmayla Disease. Stingmayla attacked the brain tissue and instead of killing its victims it left them in a zombie-like state. No, Kristi would not yearn for brains, but she would pretty much be Night of the Living Dead minus the need to feed and the monster makeover. There was no known cure or successful treatment to prolong her life so the very young, very successful, and very beautiful Kristi North knew her life would be over soon.

Kristi saw Dr. Kinshi Ochi as someone who could save her life. Maybe he could offer a temporary fix that would allow her to add more years to her life or maybe he could stop the disease from getting worse. She knew there was no reversal to her disease, but maybe if she met with this oddball genius and became his guinea pig she could help him make the next big discovery in medicine and she would be the benefactor.

At best she had a year to make this happen. She figured what the hell; she was dying anyway so she didn't have anything to lose.

At the end of a hellish work day Kristi informed Shad that she was taking a month's vacation to Japan. "Japan? Who in the hell takes a vacation to Japan, Kristi? You don't even know how to party and have a good time girl, I swear!" Shad teased her. "Well, you know me, I'm different. I like to mix my vacation with a learning experience." Kristi explained. "Well, it's your funeral." Shad stated, not knowing that truer words have never been spoken. She didn't have the heart to tell him she was going to a city boarding Tokyo called Wako. With that Kristi excused herself and was off for an excursion to save her life.

Dr. Ochi had recently also been given some bad news concerning his health and was starting to accept the fact that he was an old man of 93 and his time was near. In his old age he began to experiment with non conventional methods and beliefs about life and death as well as conducting experiments on himself. While in the middle of one of his peculiar sessions he hears the doorbell ring. Dr. Ochi hated uninvited visitors, especially while he was

working but he runs to the door to look through the peep hole.

“Nani?! (what?)” he yells. “Excuse me sir, my name is Kristi North. I don’t mean to bother you. I am from America...”. Dr. Ochi immediately opens the door. “Hello young woman, how may I help you?” he asks in his best American accent. “Truthfully, I am not well Dr. Ochi. I am here to ask for your help.” Wicked thoughts start to flood his mind. “Please come in. Make yourself comfortable.” “Thank you, sir.” Kristi walks in and casually takes a seat. His home is beautiful and modest but it smells funny. She chalked it up to being a cultural thing or just another odd piece of the puzzle.

“What can I do for you?” Dr. Ochi asks rubbing his hands together as he stands over her. “I’m dying.” Kristi states matter of factually. “I am suffering from Stingmayla and as you know there’s no cure and no chance of survival, you’re my last hope. Can you offer any help, advice, or treatment?” Dr. Ochi sits down on a chair across from Kristi for a while pondering his next move without saying a word. Kristi stares at him, confused and scared. Should he or shouldn’t he? This beautiful young woman was dying



from an incurable disease and he was also on his way out with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel. What he was about to suggest would help them both but benefit him the most. Had she been sent to him to fulfill his destiny?

“Dr. Ochi please, you’re a powerful doctor. You must have some opinion or some idea. I don’t have anything to lose. I can pay you! I’ll do anything!” Kristi pleads. Her last words were all he needed to hear to seal the deal in his mind. “Calm down my dear. I have an idea. You must trust me completely and allow me to do whatever is needed. Stingmala is vicious, but I may be able to prolong your life with a method I have created. But...” Kristi springs from her seat and rushes over to hug Dr. Ochi cutting him off before he can explain further. He feels a sting of guilt while in her embrace because what he must do is dangerous and may only work in theory. “Excuse me.” Dr. Ochi breaks the embrace gently and leaves the room to enter his lab without another word leaving Kristi standing in the middle of the room alone.

Dr. Ochi’s lab stores all of his outlandish projects. The experiment he plans to conduct on Kristi is made from a

combination of chemicals including his brain cells and semen. Dr. Ochi has been working on this concoction for years. He hopes it will breathe new life, his life, into another. He draws the fluid into a few needles and sits them aside returning to Kristi.

When he returns he begins a very professional and convoluted song and dance to make Kristi feel comfortable and to build her trust. He asks her to fill out her medical history, he examines her, draws several vials of blood, takes x-rays; you name it, he does it. Much of it is unnecessary as it is all a prelude to inject her with his essence. He keeps the charade up for two days but does run necessary tests on her blood and urine to access if she is healthy enough to withstand the procedure. He insists that she stay at his home through the entire process. Kristi, bless her heart, thinks she is in the best capable hands and believes that he will indeed reverse if not somehow cure her Stingmayla.

After a few days of testing Kristi becomes impatient and Dr. Ochi knows it's time to bite the bullet and try his experiment. He thought it couldn't make her already dire condition any worse, so he felt no guilt in giving her the

injections which were going to be inserted into her lower abdomen. "Stingmayla is a brain disease, why inject me there?" Kristi asks with a side eye. "Ms. North please remember that this is experimental. I cannot guarantee that it will help you." He warns her ignoring the question. "OK. I guess it can't make things any worse." Kristi concedes. With that he escorts Kristi to a room in his lab and instructs her to remove her clothing as he offers her a gown to cover herself. "When you're ready please lay on the exam table. I will return in a moment."

Dr. Ochi sterilizes the area and begins to inject the solution. During the last injection Kristi begins to wildly convulse and her eyes roll back. Dr. Ochi panics; maybe he *could* make things worse. "Did I use too much?" he asks himself aloud as he tries to get her body under control. The convulsions stop and her pulse slowly returns to normal, but she lay there completely still with her eyes open appearing to be comatose or asleep. He checks her vitals and everything checks out okay. He doesn't want to kill her and he doesn't want her in a vegetative state. She has to live so he can live. This isn't good. He wants to kick himself for not having her sign a waiver along with all the other paperwork. A dead Black woman from America in

his lab will finally ruin his life and his career will finally be over.

At that moment Kristi abruptly sits straight up then immediately flops back down onto the bed with a hard thud. Her eyes are now closed and her vitals are still perfect. “I guess this is how it works. Sleep my child. Sannin yoreba, monju no chie.” Meaning two heads are better than one. He watches over her all night with bated breath taking notes. He speaks to her while she sleeps and repeats a chant that she must recite when she returns home. He repeats the chant while he completes a gaudy art piece made from his blood. He doesn’t get a wink of sleep. Her body continues to make strange movements throughout the night. On the fifth day she finally wakes with one question staring straight ahead not making eye contact with the doctor, “Am I dead?” “No, and here’s what you must do now.” Dr. Ochi starts.

“When you return home you must rid yourself of all your personal belongings as they will no longer be of use to you.” That doesn’t jive with Kristi at all. She robotically turns her head to make eye contact with Dr. Ochi. “Why?” she asks expressionless. Avoiding yet another concern he

continues. “All you will need is this beautiful framed artwork that I have created especially for you. However, do feel free to keep a comfortable place to rest yourself so that you may connect with the divine life force as you repeat the kishi kaisei chant that I’ve taught you. If you do not do this daily Stingmayla will take your life. Above all, do not be afraid. Love yourself and live life to the fullest. You may also want to lay off the fried chicken; it’s going straight to your thighs.” Kristi’s expressionless face shows anger but she stops herself from smacking the shit out of Dr. Ochi. She was with him until he got racist with a stereotypical fried chicken comment. “I bet if I put some soy sauce on my thighs you’d be down for a taste.” Kristi snaps at him. Realizing his comment was offensive and racist, Dr. Ochi apologizes then continues. “You must go now.” he orders Kristi. With that he leaves her alone in the room and slams the door behind him. Kristi grabs the strange artwork, gathers her things, and makes a mad dash back to America.

While flying back home Kristi has a major migraine and begins to wonder if she left too soon or if Dr. Ochi has sold her a lemon life saver remedy. At the very moment that Kristi is suffering 30,000 feet in the air, Dr. Kinshi Ochi dies of a fatal brain hemorrhage. His final words to no one

in particular are “Baka wa shinanakya naoranai.” Meaning only death will cure a fool.

The migraine subsides and Kristi feels a sudden burst of energy and heat rush over her body. Sleep finds her and she does not wake until the plane touches ground on American soil.

Japan was behind her now. She had gone there on a mission and that mission was seemingly accomplished. She had in fact completed what she set out to do and was home a week earlier than planned. Although she found it to be absolutely ridiculous and despite not wanting to do so, something inside her compelled her to sell all her personal belongings except for food, clothing, and other important documents one needs to live life. And living life was something she was confident she would do now. As she sits in her favorite cushy lounge chair staring at the work of art before her she begins to chant in Japanese, “Kishi Kaisei. Kishi Kaisei. Kishi Kaisei”, which means wake from death and return to life. She repeated this mantra religiously to start each day.

Kristi felt so good about her condition that she was anxious to have her doctor run new tests. “This is amazing, Kristi. Stingmayla seems to be in regression! That Japanese air

must be good for the soul. I want to do more tests, but this is absolutely amazing. A first! You've made the history books." Kristi had no response or change in emotion.

"Kristi, are you OK? Dr. Keva asked. As the doctor approaches her she jumps from her trance and asks, "Can you also give me a pregnancy test?" "A pregnancy test? Kristi, my goodness what in the world is going on? Were you a bad girl in Japan?" Dr. Keva asks with a sly laugh. "Doctor please, the test!" "Sure, I'll be right back.

Tests of this sort in the year 3033 didn't require blood or urine. All it took was placing a small round shaped test strip on your tongue and you will have results in seconds. If it changed color, pink or blue to indicate sex, you could expect a baby in nine months.

The test strip is placed on Kristi's tongue and it changes to a beautiful shade of baby blue. "Well the surprises just keep on coming, Kristi. You're pregnant with a baby boy!" Kristi's face still remains unchanged, but a smirk of pleasure spreads across her lips.

"How do you feel?" Dr. Keva asks. "Hitsuyou was hatsumei no haha." Kristi replies which means, necessity is

the mother of invention. “What does that mean?” Dr. Keva asked. “Ask me again in nine months.”

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