

# The World Turned Upside Down

Book 6 of *A Well-Lived Life 3*

by Michael Loucks

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*While this story was inspired by actual persons and events, certain characters, characterizations, incidents, locations, and dialog were fictionalized or invented for the purposes of dramatization.*

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# I. Who Was That Man?

**December 24, 2002, Christmas Eve, Chicago, Illinois**

 Birgit

"MOM!" I screamed. "MOM! COME QUICK! IT'S DAD! HE FAINTED!"

I'd seen him sag to the floor, and he was leaning against the jamb, with some strange guy asking him if he was OK. I hurried over to Dad and he looked dazed. A few seconds later, both my moms came running to the foyer along with everyone else.

"Kara, get my bag from our room! Quick!" Mom said to Mom.

Mom dashed away and up the stairs.

"Steve?" my mom the doctor said to Dad. "Steve!"

"Sir, what happened?" Suzanne asked the guy at the door.

"I'm not sure," the guy said. "I was talking to him, he turned pale, sagged, and slid down along the frame of the door.

"What did you say?!" Mom the doctor demanded.

"I'm not sure I should share it with anyone else," he said.

"I'm OK, Jess," Dad said, sounding a bit weak and groggy.

"I'll decide that!" Mom the doctor said fiercely.

"I can stand," Dad said, shaking his head as if to clear it.

"Don't you dare!" Mom the doctor said fiercely.

My other mom came back with the black doctor's bag and Mom the doctor took out her stethoscope and blood pressure cuff and checked on dad. She said his pulse was 80, which was high, and his blood pressure was 80/50, which was low, even for him. I remembered what Grandpa Al and Doctor Mary had said, and in a couple minutes, both those would change, and his pulse would be in the low 60s and his BP up to 90/60.

"Jess, it's clearing," Dad said. "Help me up and to my study. Ask Mr. Samet to come in. I'll explain after I talk to him."

"What happened?" Mom the doctor demanded to know.

"Not now, Jess," Dad said. "I'm fine."

"No, you are not!" Mom said fiercely. "You had a syncopal episode! You haven't had one in a long time."

"I know," Dad replied. "Can we move inside and close the door, please? And invite Mr. Samet in."

My moms helped Dad stand up and move inside, and the stranger stepped into the house. I closed the door behind him, and look suspiciously at him, wondering what he'd said to Dad that had caused Dad to have what Mom called a 'syncopal event'.

"I can walk to my study," Dad said. "Please, this is very important and I have to speak to Mr. Samet alone."

"He's serious, Jess," Mom said. "Maybe you should let him?"

"Do I tell you how to handle polymer experiments?" Mom snapped at Mom.

"Jess, please," I said. "I need to do this. It's critically important."

"What's more important than your health?"

"Nothing, but I'm home, you're here, and Mr. Samet will call you if there's a problem. Please, Jess."

"Mom, I think we should," Albert interjected. "It has to be very important, or he'd listen to you."

Mom fumed, but she was outnumbered, and eventually we walked Dad to his study, and Albert brought Mr. Samet in. Once they were both sitting in the big leather chairs, I offered tea or coffee, but they both declined and everyone left the room, closing the doors behind us.

---

 Steve

"Are you OK?" Steve Samet asked once we were sitting in my study.

"I have a minor medical condition and one of the ways it manifests is syncopal episodes -- fainting spells. My wife is a trauma surgeon and is obviously concerned, but doctors at Mayo, Johns Hopkins, and Karolinska in Sweden don't believe it's life-threatening. It happens when my blood glucose is around what is normal for most people and I receive shocking information."

"I'm sorry. I probably shouldn't have just blurted that out, but you were suspicious and I suspected you were about to send me away."

"I was. You're going to have to explain how you ended up here, and not at my dad's house."

"Because the only document my private investigator has found so far with his name on it, along with an address, is this house. We found a marriage license in Los Angeles, but it was a dead-end because there were no property records with his name in California."

It dawned on me just then that literally everything was either in my mom's name as Judy Deye, or if my dad *had* to put his name on something, he'd used 'Ray Deye'. And I knew he'd used corporations, such as X&B Investment Corporation, to keep his name off many things. I wondered, then, why he'd allowed his name on the deed to the house. That was an interesting question to ask in the future.

"You're going to have to explain how we get from point A to point B," I said.

"Do you believe me?"

"I don't disbelieve you," I replied. "I need more information to evaluate your claim."

"I was born out of wedlock in January 1950 to Marion Fitz and Lewis B. Hano. They married in September of that year. They divorced when I was around five and my mom married Gilbert Samet, and my surname was changed. I don't remember much about my birth dad, and Mom wasn't interested in helping me find him, so I started with what I knew -- his name and birthdate, and his New York residence. So little is stored in computers, so it took quite a bit of work in archives, but eventually the investigator found enough information to connect Lewis B. Hano with Lewis B. Tobias.

"His name was changed from Tobias to Hano when his mother, our grandmother, remarried, though there is quite a bit we can't figure out. There is some evidence he was in an orphanage at some point. We also found that our grandfather married our grandmother about two months after his first wife died of Spanish Flu, and our dad, if you'll allow me to call him that, was born five months later."

"Oops."

"Yeah. Anyway, I tracked down some military records, but then everything disappeared, and there was no record at all of Lewis B. Hano anywhere. The investigator found some tenuous link between a man named Ray Adams and Lewis Hano, and when birthdates, birthplaces, and other information lined up, and through the internet site ancestry.com, he finally found the marriage certificate in Los Angeles County, along with your birth certificate and that of your brother. I guess you have a sister, too."

And he didn't find hers in Los Angeles County because she was born in Palm Springs, which was in Riverside County. Remembering that triggered a memory of my first NASCAR race at Riverside Raceway. I quickly pushed that aside and concentrated on the topic at hand.

"If all of that is true," I said, "then you know my mom's name, and should have been able to track her down. Or my brother."

"The PI said that despite searching, he found zero references to 'Ray Adams' in any public records, and wasn't sure where he might have landed, or if he was still married. Because that was a dead end, he followed your trail, which was easy. He found you in Chicago, and turned up the deed for this house, which actually has your dad's name on it. The PI called me with the information

yesterday, and I drove down from Michigan to see you face-to-face. Had that not worked, we'd have followed your brother's trail."

Which, if they could search criminal records, would have led him directly to my dad, as Jeff still lived at home.

"I'm going to guess you have a report from the PI that documents everything you just told me?"

"Yes."

"Please don't take this the wrong way, but what exactly do you want?" I asked.

"Nothing other than to meet my dad. If I could have done it without disturbing you, I would have."

"And the rest of your family?"

"Estranged," Mr. Samet said. "I haven't seen my stepdad or my mom in over twenty years, nor my siblings."

"You'll pardon me if I find this all a bit far-fetched."

"And yet, your tone and demeanor say you think what I'm saying might be credible, and you're trying to decide what to do."

"If what you say is true, it paints a very different picture of my dad than the one he's related to me, but more importantly, what he told my mom. If all of this turns out to be true, it could blow apart my parents' marriage. Is it that important to you?"

"If you were in my shoes, what would YOU do?" he asked.

"That's a damned good question," I replied. "I suspect I wouldn't be able to let it go. When was the last time you saw your dad?"

"Around 1953, or about ten years before you were born, because he and my mom separated. But you know what makes me certain?"

"No."

"Both our names are the same, albeit with alternate spelling."

"Which names?" I asked.

"You don't know?" he asked.

"Know what?"

"Your birth certificate originally read 'Steven Marc' but was corrected to 'Stephen Mark' about two months after you were born.

And with that, I knew he was right. There was no doubt in my mind.

"I didn't know that, but my Social Security Card, which was issued when I was a baby, something extremely rare in those days, had my name spelled 'M-A-R-C'. I had the SSA correct it a few years ago, to match my birth certificate."

"It was 'Steven Marc' there, too, but changed about the time your birth certificate was changed. They obviously made an error correcting it."

"Son of a bitch," I said, shaking my head. "You're not going to let it go, I'm sure, and figuring out where he is would be a hop, skip, and a jump now that you've confirmed my identity and his. Will you do something for me?"

"What's that?" Mr. Samet asked.

"Agree to not make this public? That is, don't link anything on ancestry.com, and don't reveal it to anyone else? If you agree, I'll see if I can arrange for you to meet my dad, and we'll find out the truth together."

"I have no reason to out him or reveal anything. When could I meet him?"

"Ultimately, it'll be up to him if he wants to meet you. If he says 'no', what will you do?"

"I suppose I have to honor that. Do you think he'll refuse?"

"I think if I set up a completely private meeting that nobody knows about but you, me, and him, there's a good chance he'll say 'yes'. I'll speak to him and see what he has to say. If he's amenable, I'll arrange a completely private meeting for the three of us."

"That would work."

"OK. Let me have your contact information, I'll speak to him today and try to set up the meeting."

"What are you going to say?"

"I suppose the best approach is to say that someone approached me with a proposition and I felt he should listen to it. A bit of subterfuge, but I think he'll forgive me for that. If he says 'yes', I'll get some proposed dates from him and get in touch with you."



"I can accept that, and I promise no matter what happens, to not violate anyone's privacy or do anything that would wreck your parents' marriage. What will you tell your wife?"

It wasn't 'wife', it was 'wives', which presented an interesting set of challenges, as did telling my daughter. I didn't like keeping secrets, though some had to be kept. I trusted my wives, but this information was like a container of nitroglycerin, and one small bobble might set it off.

"That's tricky, and I'm not sure. I need to think about it."

"I'll leave you, because I want to get back to Michigan."

"I'm somewhat surprised you traveled on Christmas Eve."

"You don't know that, either?"

It dawned on me, and was something I'd speculated about, and now I knew.

"You're Jewish, and so was your Dad."

"Yes."

"You just clarified something I suspected, at least based on the family name."

"Our grandfather was Jewish, and our great grandparents on our grandmother's side were Russian Jews who emigrated."

"Damn!" I said, shaking my head.

"What?"

"I have a number of Russian friends, many of them made before the Berlin Wall came down, and I never had an inkling I might have Russian blood."

"You're a true believer now?" Steve Samet asked.

"So many little things add up that did not add up before. I'm curious, but did you uncover anything about his military service or work for a government agency?"

"He was mustered out of the Naval Reserves in 1952, and his last assignment we can find was USS *Biddle*. As for government agencies, by which I'm sure you mean the CIA, that was the speculation the investigator made based on complete disappearance of records and not finding ANY records for Ray Adams or Lewis Hano between 1953 and 1961."

Dad had never mentioned *Biddle* and I wondered if that was part of some OSS subterfuge, or information I simply didn't have because Dad hadn't told me the whole story.

"I know some other details that fit," I said. "He met my mom in Las Vegas in 1961 and was there because he was friends with Cuban expatriates. I also met a man who met my dad in Cuba and knew him as Lewis B. Hano. So if we add our two stories together, I think that part is as he said. But the 1950s are a complete blank in everything I know, and allegedly he worked for the OSS, then the CIA."

"He had a TV business in New York after the war."

"I'm positive you made THAT connection?"

"Which?"

I laughed, "What are my dad's initials?"

"Oh crap!" Steve Samet exclaimed with a smile. "I missed that one! RCA!"

"Yeah," I replied with a smile of my own.

"I'll leave you to your holiday celebration. I'm assuming you're Christian?"

"Agnostic. Let me walk you out."

"Was the second blonde my half-sister?"

"No," I replied, hoping he'd drop it.

"OK. You're obviously being circumspect, and I get that, so I won't press. I very much appreciate you talking to me and being honest with me, and I've very sorry about causing you to faint."

"It's OK," I said. "I'm not sure it could have been avoided."

We got up, I walked him to the door, shook hands and walked to the sunroom and suppressed a sigh.

"Hi, Al," I said. "I'm fine."

"I'll be the judge of that! Your study, now!"

Fighting Al would only make things worse with Jessica, so I complied, and we went to my study where Al did a much more through exam.

"So?" I asked.

"Your vitals are in the normal range for you. Did you eat carbs this morning?"

"No. I had a few, and I mean few, last night in San Francisco because I was in the Admiral's Club and the selection was limited. I took propranolol proactively, and I slept fairly well on the red eye back to Chicago."

"Define 'few'."

"An apple with my first meal of cold cuts and cheese, with a slice of whole grain bread, that was around 5:00pm. Then around 9:00pm, a banana, cold cuts, cheese, and a slice of whole grain bread. No soda, no desserts, no candy, no cookies. Only water to drink, though I didn't drink anything on the flight because I slept, so I might be a bit dehydrated. I did drink water and a mug of tea with my breakfast of bacon and eggs."

"That's the complete truth?" Al asked.

"Yes. I followed my diet strictly in San Francisco. I even passed on the fantastic bread that Ruth's Chris serves, and had a double order of broccoli, substituting for the potatoes. I also had a decent amount of exercise."

"Then what in the seven hells caused you to have a syncopal episode?"

"Al, I can't share that," I said firmly.

"Who was that guy you just walked out?"

"His name is Steve Samet, and I just met him today. I can't tell you more."

"Why not?"

"Answering that would tell you more. I honestly cannot say."

"Steve, you know me," Al said. "I won't judge and I won't violate your privacy."

"If I tell you, you cannot repeat this to a single person, ever. I mean that. You can't even mention it to me unless I bring it up first."

"What the hell?" he asked.

"Do you agree?"

"Yes. Call it doctor-patient confidentiality because it caused a medical incident."

"Barring a deception worthy of the KGB or MI6 on their best days, the man who was just here is my half-brother."

"What?!" Al asked, his face showing extreme surprise.

"You heard me," I said. "Everything lines up and it appears my dad was married in the early 1950s, and had kids, at least one out of wedlock, under the name he said he used in Cuba, which, by the way, Felipe confirmed."

"You're sure this guy isn't some kind of fraudster?"

"Positive? No. But so much lines up."

"Out of wedlock?"

"He was born in January 1950 and my dad married his mom in September of that year."

"How did he link the names?"

"Something an investigator found on the website ancestry.com, which has old records, with more being added each day. Somehow he linked the names, then

traced the scarce facts to find my parents' marriage certificate. He couldn't find my dad because, well, of things I know about my dad, which I can't share. The investigator found my birth certificate, then found me, and found my dad's name on the deed, so Mr. Samet was sure he had come to the right place."

"I think I can see why you had an episode! What are you going to do?"

"If my dad agrees, set up a meeting for Thursday, and let my dad decide what to do after that. Maybe the guy is a fraudster, but if so, the story he spun won't help because if he isn't my dad's son, my dad will say so. Also, how hard would it be to actually track down my dad now that he knows where I live, and simply needs to trace my history, or locate my brother? The company website gives my bio and refers to Milford and Cincinnati, and names my dad as an investor and member of the Board, but with only basic details. Given that, how long do you think it would take someone to find my brother, who still lives with my parents?"

"Why didn't he go directly to your dad?"

"Everything was always in my mom's maiden name, or as 'Ray Deye'. My dad also used a corporation to hide ownership of businesses and properties. I always thought it was to keep his new identity hidden because of the CIA, but now I wonder."

"You think he was hiding from the previous family?"

"I don't know," I replied. "That's the key -- I don't know. But at this point, I'm basically forced to do something because inaction is worse than action. Fundamentally, if I do nothing, Steve Samet will absolutely try to get in touch with my dad. I'd rather have that meeting in a situation I can control than have him show up at my dad's door in the next few weeks."

"What's your plan?"

"The more I think about it, the more I think I should tell my dad what I know, rather than surprise him."

"That is probably best, rather than create a possible confrontation. If your dad refuses, for whatever reason, will this man drop it?"

"He claimed he would, but I obviously don't know him well enough to know for sure."

"What does your famous gut say?"

"That Steve Samet is trustworthy."

"Next question -- assuming your dad says 'no', are *you* going to stay in touch with this man and try to put together your dad's entire history?"

"I don't know, Al. One step at a time, OK?"

"Sorry."

"It's OK. Will you tell Jessica I'm fine? She'll believe you. I'll still have the problem of not disclosing anything."

"That's a hell of a secret to keep, if it's true."

"I know. Given you know, do me a favor, and use the subterfuge of the exam to let me call my dad and see what he wants to do. At least then I'll have an idea if I can share this knowledge with anyone else while my mom is still alive."

"Make your call."

I nodded, went to my desk and dialed my parents' house in Mason. Thankfully, Dad answered.

"Hi, Dad."

"Hi, Son. Aimee confirmed she'll deliver us to Meigs at 8:00am on Thursday."

"Great! We're looking forward to seeing you. I do have a question to ask you."

"What's that?"

"Do you know a Steven Marc Hano, son of Lewis Hano and Marion Fitz?"

There was dead silence on the other end of the line, and I knew instantly that what Steve Samet had revealed was true. Had it not been, Dad would simply have answered 'no'.

"Where did you hear those names?" he asked after about twenty seconds.

"Steven Hano, now Steven Samet, showed up at my door an hour ago, looking for Ray Adams, whose name is on the deed to this house, and who he had, through a private investigator, tied to Lewis B. Hano and Lewis Bertram Tobias."

"God damn," my dad said quietly. "What did you tell him?"

"At first, when he said the names, I said I couldn't help him. When he said he was my half-brother, I had a syncopal episode. When I recovered, we spoke for about fifteen minutes. I revealed nothing about where you live or what you do, but he knew things that you told me, that I've never heard anywhere else."

"What did he want?"



"To see you. I only committed to telling you he wanted to see you. He promised that if you refuse, he'll go away. If you do want to see him, I'll set something up for Thursday."

"That part of my life no longer exists," Dad said firmly. "Nobody was ever supposed to know. Do you know where he found the information?"

"A combination of physical records searches and an internet site. It was the internet site that gave him the clue he needed to find your marriage license in California. He did try to find other, but received no information at all. I'm surmising that meant a manual records search that was fruitless, for reasons I can deduce that include using 'Ray Deye' and 'X&B Investment Corporation', as well as everything being in Mom's maiden name."

"I was afraid there were loose ends, especially after the FBI asked you about me."

"What do you want to do?"

"Nothing. I can't reopen that chapter in my life without risking major fallout, and not just with your mom. There are other things you do not know."

"I figured. Is he your son?"

"Yes."

"I can tell him you won't see him, and my gut says he's trustworthy, but there are no guarantees I've read him correctly."

"There's a reason the Navy men don't want you to play in poker tournaments, Son! You are an expert at reading people."

"The stakes appear to be much bigger than a \$1500 poker payout."

"They are. Promise me two things, please."

"What's that?"

"You'll say nothing to anyone about this, and you won't go digging into my past. I will tell you more in about ten years."

"About that. One other person knows."

"Who?"

"Al Barton. He's actually here with me right now. Jess called him when I had the syncopal episode and I agreed never to withhold relevant information from Al about any health concerns. He'll classify this as doctor-patient confidentiality. He's the easy one; I'll have a heck of a time finessing it with Jess and Kara, but I will."

"No further than Al, Son. It has to stop there. Tell Mr...what was his name?"

"Samet."

"Tell Mr. Samet that he should cease and desist. Use whatever language you think will work. And you forget everything you heard."

"You know that's not possible. May I ask one question?"

"One, but I may not be able to answer now."

"Your maternal grandparents were Russian Jews who emigrated to the US?"

"Yes. And yes, I'm Jewish. Well, ethnically, anyway."

"Thanks. I'd say this matter is closed for discussion until sometime in 2011, when fifty years have passed."

"Thank you, Son. Do your best to convince Mr. Samet that I don't, and can't, know him, and do not want any contact."

"I'll do what I can, Dad. See you Thursday."

We said 'goodbye' and I hung up.

"I infer he asked you not to say anything," Al observed. "And asked you to find a way to make this man understand he's not welcome?"

"Yes," I replied. "My problem, of course, is my natural curiosity is going to eat at me, and my dad asked for a promise that I won't dig into his past."

"I didn't hear you promise anything."

I smiled, "I actually didn't, directly, but I believe I implied it strongly enough for him to infer my compliance."

"You didn't give your word, which is what matters for you. May I give my perspective as someone who had serious complications in his life and kept them hidden?"

"Yes."

"The truth eventually comes out, and it's much better if you can manage it than allow it to manage you."

He had a point, given all the things that had happened with Jessica and him when the truth had come out inadvertently.

"Thanks, Al. That's what I needed to hear."

"What are you going to tell Jessica?" he asked.

"Hell if I know," I sighed. "Later today, I'll give Mr. Samet a call and give him what I'm sure will be unwelcome news."

"Let me know if I can help. I won't say anything to your dad unless he says something to me."

"Thanks, Al. Just make sure you give me a clean bill of health with Jess. Mary and Don will be here on Thursday, so I'm sure Jess will insist Mary thoroughly examine me."

"In your dreams, Kid!" Al replied with a grin.

"Been there, done that," I replied flatly.

"You dog!" he chuckled.

"Before she met Don."

"I assumed. Let me talk to Jess while you formulate your strategy."

He left the room, barely avoiding Birgit, who scurried in.

"Are you OK, Dad?" Birgit asked, looking and sounding very concerned.

"I'm fine, Pumpkin. Grandpa Al is going to tell your mom the doctor that I'm OK."

"She said she's going to have Doctor Mary give you a complete physical!"

"I'll mark that spot on my Jessica bingo card," I chuckled. "I assumed."

"What happened?" Birgit asked. "Who was that man?"

"Someone trying to locate somebody, but not me. As for what happened, it was a combination of limited sleep, atypical meals, my body reacting to having taken a dose of propranolol yesterday, and something surprising. Don't worry about it, Pumpkin. Everything is fine and I'm not in any trouble."

"Are you sure?" she asked, her eyes narrowing.

"I promise. Now, shoo, because here come my wives."

She glared at me but left the room when Kara, Jessica, and Suzanne came in, with Suzanne shutting the door behind them.

"Who was that man?" Jessica asked.

"I can't say," I replied. "I am not in any trouble, but I cannot reveal who he is or what he said."

"I know his name, Tiger. I bet I can find out."

"Jess, seriously, you need to let it go, please."

"No. You're hiding something that caused a syncopal event. You *will* tell me."

"I simply can't," I said.

"No," Jessica said sternly, and sounding annoyed, "you *can*, but you *won't*."

"We can split whatever hairs you want, Babe, but I simply can't say. And please do not try to find out anything. This has literally nothing to do with any of you, and, under the circumstances, nothing to do with me beyond being asked to convey a message."

"To whom?"

"Jess, he's not going to say because he gave his word," Kara said. "I'm positive that's the only reason he'd remain silent. We simply have to trust him that there is no risk to him or to any of us."

"He had a syncopal event!" Jessica protested. "We need to know what caused it."

"The content of the message I was asked to convey," I replied. "That's all."

"Why you?"

"Answering that would violate the confidence," I replied. "As I said to Birgit, and to Al, it was a combination of limited sleep, atypical meals, my body reacting to having taken a dose of propranolol yesterday, and something surprising."

"You ate carbs," Jessica said flatly.

"I had limited access to food in the Admiral's Club after the flight was delayed. As I said to Al, I had an apple with my first meal of cold cuts and cheese, with a slice of whole grain bread that was around 5:00pm. Then around 9:00pm, a banana, cold cuts, cheese, and a slice of whole grain bread. No soda, no desserts,

no candy, no cookies. Only water to drink, though I didn't drink on the flight, so I might be a bit dehydrated.

"Why would you eat bread?"

"Because there were limited options," I replied. "I didn't feel manic, I slept on the plane, something I generally never do, and I followed my diet in San Francisco, along with walking quite a bit."

"Steve, are you positive there's no threat to our family?" Suzanne asked.

"There is no threat to anyone here at the Compound, nor to Elyse and her kids, nor to my sister and her family, nor to NIKA, nor to the dojo."

"He's not an irate father?" Jessica asked.

"No. I haven't really run into one of those since High School when Kara went home with wet hair!"

All three wives laughed.

"No irate fathers here about *you*, anyway," Kara observed. "Jesse, on the other hand..."

"The irate grandmother was the bigger problem," I replied. "The upset dads complained about the sauna, and there was no sex."

"That you know of!" Kara tittered.

"I trust Jesse to tell me the truth," I replied. "Though without names or details."

"Are you sure the party he and his friends are having is a good idea?" Jessica asked.

"The party? Or the sauna?"

"The sauna, obviously! Don't be difficult, Tiger!"

"Asking Steve not to be difficult is like asking Birgit to chill!" Suzanne declared.

"There might be some truth to that," I said with a grin. "In the end, it's up to Jesse. They chose not to invite any Freshmen, and according to Jesse, Luna Alonso spoke personally with each girl. I think the kids will be discreet and we need to give them the benefit of the doubt. The problem last time was one specific girl who wasn't invited who made a claim with no actual evidence that happened to be true. I think the kids will be fine."

"Did you ask Jennifer and Josie?" Kara inquired.

"Yes. And they're OK with the plans. Jesse had discussed it with them before I spoke to them, and they agree -- the kids will be discreet and we need to give them the freedom to manage their own lives. I did make it clear that nobody who isn't currently in High School could participate, because THAT is a problem we don't need, and as I said, they already excluded Freshmen."

"So Nicholas isn't invited?" Suzane asked.

"No, and Jesse spoke to him and he's cool about it. Are we OK, Jess?"

"I'm not happy, but I'm outvoted. Again."



"Jess, it's not like that," Kara countered. "It's about trusting Steve to tell us about any threats. Would you share patient information with us if we insisted? I mean names and diagnosis?"

"No, but that's...never mind. I see your point. I just don't like it because it caused Steve to have a syncopal episode."

"Steve is happy to demonstrate that he's in good health, if that interests you in any way."

Jessica laughed softly, "Of course it does, but not all of us have insane sex drives like someone in this room!"

"I make NO excuses!" Kara exclaimed. "None! But why don't you and Steve spend some time together, just the two of you? We'll all celebrate tonight, but I think you need some quality time with your Tiger."

"What do you say, Jess?" I asked.

"Come upstairs with me," she said with a smile.

---

 Albert

"What do we know?" Ashley asked.

She, Birgit, Stephie, and I had come up to my room after Grandpa Al said Dad was OK.

"I know his name," Birgit said. "Steve Samet. We could search the internet and see if there is any information.

"Those 'people search' sites all cost money," I countered.

"Sure," Birgit agreed. "But we might find something."

"I'm not sure that's a good idea," I said. "If Dad told you to MYOB, you should."

"I think Albert is right," Stephe said.

"I agree with Birgit!" Ashley declared. "We should know who that guy is because we don't know what he might do!"

"Don't you think Dad will handle it?" I inquired. "If there was really a threat, he'd warn us. Don't you trust him to protect us?"

"Yes," Ashley admitted. "But I still think we should know what's going on. What if the guy comes back?"

"Then we get Dad, or tell the guy to get lost," I said. "Birgit, please don't do anything foolish."

"Oh, please!" she protested.

"You are impetuous, Sis!" Ashley declared.

"Ain't THAT the truth!" Stephe interjected.

"HEY!" Birgit protested.

"If the shoe fits..." I said.

---

 Birgit

"Where's Dad?" I asked my mom when I went downstairs to the sunroom.

"With your other mom," Mom replied.

"Arguing?"

"Making up!" Mom replied with a silly smile.

"Is everything OK?"

"I think so," Mom replied.

"Do YOU know who that guy was and what he wanted?"

"No. Dad said it wasn't about anyone here or your Aunt Stephanie and her family or Elyse and her boys, but he couldn't say more."

"It's weird, Mom!"

"I agree, but I trust your dad and he says there is no danger."

"Are you *sure*?"

"Has your dad ever lied to you?"

"Well, no."

"And do you think he's ever lied to me?"

"Well, I don't know, but I don't think so."

"He hasn't," Mom said. "He's always been truthful, even about things that were difficult or uncomfortable for me or him. That was true all the way back in High School when we started dating."

"Can I ask a question?"

"Yes, and I'll answer if I can."

"When did you decide you wanted to have sex with Dad?" I asked.

Mom laughed softly, "The second he sat down next to me in Mrs. Brewer's chemistry class!"

"But you thought it was sinful, right?"

"Yes, I did, but my body had other ideas!"

I giggled, "I bet! I am your daughter, after all!"

"Yes, you are! I promise there's nothing to worry about because I trust your dad completely."

"Thanks, Mom."

"I wish you'd talk to me like this more often."

"I'll try."

---

 Steve

"How do you do that?" Jessica asked as we cuddled after an extremely pleasurable love-making session.

"Because I love you, Babe."

"I think you make girls feel good even if you don't love them!"

"Yes, but it's different with the ones I do; very different."

"I don't think I've been a very good wife to you."

"I disagree. First, you were clear about what you needed and wanted seventeen years ago, and I had no delusions. Second, you've given me two wonderful children who I wouldn't trade for anything in the world."

"Despite BOTH of them being aliens?" Jessica asked, interrupting me.

I chuckled, "They are quite a pair, aren't they?"

"That's one way to put it!"

"Anyway," I continued, "if you're referring to the way you respond to stress and to things you think put people at risk, I believe that was part and parcel of the bargain. I knew you were driven, and I knew your medical career would always be your primary focus. You knew it, too, which is why you said you wanted a guy who would curl your toes and look good on your arm."

"And the way I've treated you at times? And becoming estranged and needing rehab?"

"Jess, if I was under the kind of stress you are day in and day out in the ER, I'd have had a complete breakdown years ago. I honestly don't know how you do it. I have the advantage of being able to farm out most of my stress at work -- to my

sister, to Liz, and to Elyse. Sure, I get involved, but they handle the crap that always drove me nuts and stressed me out."

"But I ran away. Twice."

"And we forgave you both times. You were under a ridiculous amount of stress from work, keeping your secret, and things going on in our family. I'm not making excuses, simply acknowledging the causes, and why Kara and I completely forgave you. There's nothing wrong with our relationship from my perspective, or from Kara's or Suzanne's. They'd have said something if there were."

"And not wanting to have sex very often?" Jessica asked.

"Not to be a jerk, but it's not as if there isn't a nympho in the house!"

"Two!" Jessica smirked. "Birgit does take after her mom!"

"She does. But that's a whole different kettle of fish, as it were."

"If I hadn't put my foot down, would you have considered it?"

"It would be hard not to consider something our daughter directly requested."

"Don't be difficult now, Tiger, we're relaxed and calm."

"Sorry. I think a combination of what happened with Stephanie and what Birgit actually wanted made it impossible to consider. As I said, in a different world where Birgit was circumspect and hadn't broadcast her desire, and where she didn't want to displace you, Kara, and Suzanne, it might have happened. But that world doesn't exist, and if it did, that Birgit might never have even thought about it, let alone asked."

"Your whole bit about 'what if?' questions."

"What if I make love to you again?"

"Slow and sweet?"

"Yes."





## II. Navigating A Minefield

**December 24, 2002, Christmas Eve, Chicago, Illinois**

 Steve

Late on Tuesday, just before dinner, I placed the call I promised to make.

"This is Steve Adams calling from Chicago. May I speak with Steven Samet?"

"Speaking."

"I spoke to my dad and I'll just tell you straight -- he declined to meet you."

I heard a deep sigh, then he said, "Did he give a reason?"

"He said, quite specifically, he *can't* know you, and cannot re-open that chapter of his life. He didn't provide any further details. I don't know any more than you do; actually, I knew less because I had no idea Lewis Hano was married."

"So you believe me."

"I do, but I also need to hold you to your promise to not try to contact him."

"So that's it? You don't want to know the full truth the same as I do?"

"Of course I do," I replied. "All I can say is 'wait'. If you're concerned about his age, don't be, as he's the healthiest person I know except for a bit of bursitis. Even at age eighty, I think he has at least a dozen years, if not more. My counsel is to wait and see what happens. That said, I'm not opposed to piecing things

together, so long as it doesn't go against my dad's wishes to not re-open that portion of his life."

"I have to say I'm disappointed."

"I understand. It's public now, but my wife had a similar hidden past, and the revelation caused no end of discord and strife. It subsided, eventually, but not without a lot of emotional pain and suffering. I'm sure you're hurting because of what he said, but if it's true he was in the CIA, and I have evidence to back that up, then he might be required by the Federal government to stay silent about his past."

"But *you* know."

"I only know because about ten years ago, the FBI asked me about his alternate names. I had no idea about 'Hano', but I did know his birth name. I asked him, and he revealed some information, which I'm sure he did to keep me from digging, which I absolutely would have done."

"Given all of that, what did you tell your wife?"

"Nothing. Not even the reason you were here. The only person who knows besides you, me, and my dad, is my father-in-law, and he won't say a word, even to his daughter. His advice was to manage the situation rather than allow it to manage us. I'm taking that advice."

"Which means?"

"We stay in touch, we share information, and we see what happens. I wish I could do more, but I'm not about to wreck my parents' marriage and potentially open a can of worms with the Feds. I've had enough trouble from them over the years, mainly due to my Russian friends before 1991."

"They were a bit touchy about things like that. I agree with your plan. Let me provide you with an email address, and we can share information. I won't put anything publicly on ancestry.com, but you know someone will eventually make the connections."

"At the moment, a risk we'll have to take," I replied. "I don't know that my dad will be amenable to yielding on his 2011 target. That said, if someone else does make the link and connects the records on ancestry.com for public view, I think that will force the issue. I'm going to create an account there. What's your email address?"

He gave it to me, I promised to email him, we said 'goodbye' and I hung up. I had spent some time before the call writing in my journal, which was encrypted, with Katya holding copies of my encryption keys and passphrase, so it was safe. I wondered how I might go about finding information about my Russian ancestors, given Tsarist records likely didn't exist, or were found in local villages in hard-copy form only.

That was a question for another day. The real question was if I could reveal anything more to my wife and children. They knew about my dad's birth name, his Naval service, and his CIA service, at least in a general way, and revealing that we had Russian ancestors only impacted the 'Tobias' persona, not the 'Hano' persona. Of course, Felipe Rodriguez knew my dad as 'Luís Hano', so he might actually know about my dad's other family, all things considered.

In the end, computerization of historical records was going to make it fairly easy for someone to piece things together, and Al's advice to manage the situation weighed more and more on me. If the situation was revealed by anyone other than my dad or me, it could cause significant problems with my wives, as they'd think I kept them in the dark while third parties had access to the information.

That would be doubly true if the name 'Samet' was linked to the 'Hano', 'Tobias', or 'Adams' personas.

There was, in my mind, only one thing to do. Trying to navigate the minefield would inevitably lead to something blowing up in my face, and I couldn't allow that to happen. I got up, went to the Indian room and asked my wives to join me in my study.

"What I'm about to say cannot be repeated to anyone, at any time, and cannot even be mentioned to me unless I mention it first," I said. "I need all three of you to agree to that, and then I'll reveal what happened this morning."

"Why could we not mention it to you?" Jessica asked.

"Because what I'm going to say can only be spoken about in extremely limited circumstances, and it has to stay that way, and it has to be me who decides. You'll understand once I tell you, but I can only tell you if you agree. Do you trust me, Jess?"

"Yes, I trust you, and I agree."

"Me, too," Kara confirmed.

"And me," Suzanne added.

"I'm confident what I'm about to say is true, but I'm not a hundred percent sure, nor do I know any more details than I'm going to share. The man who showed up this morning is Steven Marc Samet, born Steven Marc Hano, son of Lewis B. Hano, born Lewis Bertram Tobias. He's my half-brother."

All three wives gasped in surprise.

"But..." Kara said. "No, go ahead, I'll wait until you finish."

"First, you'll note he and I are both eldest sons and both have the same name, albeit his is spelled with a 'v' not a 'ph', and Kara and Jess, you'll understand this -- his middle name is spelled with a 'c' not a 'k'."

"Your Social Security Card had that spelling!" Kara exclaimed. "Because your dad filled out that form!"

"Yes, though there's a bit more to it, but that's irrelevant at the moment. Anyway, Lewis B Hano, born Lewis Bertram Tobias, married Marion Fitz in September 1950, about seven months after the first Steven Marc was born. Lewis Hano divorced Marion Fitz, and she remarried, taking her new husband's name -- Samet -- and changing the kids' names as well.

"Kids?!" Jessica asked. "As in, you have other half-siblings?"

"I know no details other than Steve Samet said 'siblings' when he described being estranged from his family. I don't know if they were 'Hano' kids or 'Samet' kids, or a mix. In any event, everything Steve Samet said lines up with what I know, though he obviously had additional information which I didn't have.

"When I called my dad, he said that he couldn't -- and didn't want to -- know Steve Samet, and that he was uninterested in reopening that chapter of his life. He did confirm something I've long suspected, and that is that he and his family were Jewish when he was 'Lewis Tobias' and 'Lewis Hano', and, more interestingly, my maternal grandmother's parents were Russian Jews who emigrated sometime before 1890."

"WOW!" Suzanne exclaimed. "So you're at least part Russian!"

"I think, based on being half-Jewish, I could move to Israel under the Law of Return, as could my kids, because they have a Jewish grandparent."

"Unbelievable!" Kara exclaimed. "Jess, I think his syncopal event is fully explained by what he just told us."

"I think so," Jessica replied, "but I still want Mary to give him a complete physical on Thursday."

"I told Al that after he examined me. He knows, because I needed advice. And it was his advice that led me to reveal everything to you."

Jessica took a deep breath, let it out, then said, "You could tell him, but not me?"

"He's one of my doctors, and he asked because he needed to know what caused the syncopal event. I love you, but you're not my physician, and can't be, because you're my wife. After I told Al, I decided to call my dad and see what he said, which was what I told you before. Then, after thinking about it for a few hours, I called Steve Samet to tell him what my dad had said. He's sad and disappointed, but he promised not to make anything public or try to get in touch with my dad."

"You're afraid of how your mom would react?" Jessica asked.

"You know how those kinds of revelations affect families, and it's why we won't see your mom or Troy tomorrow. Imagine my mom finding out that my dad had been married before he married her, and had kids, but didn't acknowledge them, for whatever reason."

"Not good," Jessica replied. "It might even be uglier than the situation with my mom, my dad, and Troy. How did you leave it with Mr. Samet?"

"How I'm sure you expect -- I'm far too curious to simply let this go, so I'll stay in touch with Steve Samet, we'll compare notes, but keep everything private, at least until 2011 when my dad says he can discuss more details."

"Will you tell the kids about their Russian ancestors?"

"At some point, but not before the grandparents all go home. I don't want questions asked that might make my dad suspicious that I shared this with anyone other than Al. Just to put a fine point on it, my dad said not to tell anyone, including the three of you. Al counseled wisdom, and I followed his counsel."

"I don't even know what to say about all of that," Kara said. "Will you try to meet anyone from that side of the family?"

"Not any time soon," I replied. "The last thing I want is someone making this public. Steve Samet is estranged and hasn't seen any of his family in two decades, so that might be part of why he's looking for his dad, and why he wanted to stay in touch with me."

There was a knock at the door and Suzanne got up to answer.

"Mom said to come get her when the cookies were out of the oven," Stephanie said.

"I think we're finished," I said. "Let's celebrate Christmas!"

"That's after dinner, Snuggle Bear!" Kara exclaimed as she got up from her chair.

"There's more to Christmas than sex under the tree!" Jessica exclaimed.

"TOO MUCH INFORMATION!" Stephanie exclaimed, turning and quickly moving away.

My wives and I all laughed, left my study, and went to the kitchen.



## December 25, 2002, Christmas Day, Chicago, Illinois

 Steve

As was our tradition, our extended family Christmas celebration began at 1:00pm. That allowed Jesse to attend services after celebrating with his moms; Eduardo, Elyse, and her boys, plus Chelsea, to celebrate together; Joel, my sister, and her kids to celebrate together; and Natalie to celebrate with her parents. Yuriko, as she would until she returned to Japan, celebrated with my wives and the four kids who lived with us.

A new tradition, organized by Albert and Ashley, had everyone draw names for a gift exchange, so that everyone would have a gift to open, though I also bought a gift for everyone, including my sister's family. Of course, I'd had help from Birgit, Kimmy, and Jesse, who had either suggested gifts, or, in the case of Birgit for her sisters, actually picked them out.

We began, as we always did, with Jesse reading the Christmas story from Luke's Gospel. Once he finished, Ashley, Stephie, and Patty distributed the presents from under the tree. Patty, my six-year-old niece, who looked exactly like my sister had at age seven, brought me my gift, which was from my nephew Davy, her brother, who was eight, and resembled my dad more than he did Ed Krajick.

After presents, we ate a tremendous Christmas meal prepared by Yuriko, Kara, Birgit, and Josie, and had fantastic desserts prepared by my daughters and Natalie, with Ashley, as she always did, creating a special 'dad dessert' that was made with almond flour and Stevia. When it was time to clean up, Eduardo, Joel, and I handled the duties while everyone else relaxed with coffee or tea.



At 6:00pm, Terry, Penny, and their kids joined us for the evening, and we played games and had a light meal. Around 9:00pm, the entire clan had a Christmas sauna, with Stephie and Ashley wearing one-piece bathing suits, as they had been doing since they'd started developing, something which was common for teens in Sweden. Joel had overcome his discomfort with the Adams family tradition, and hadn't balked, which I was sure was a product of being married to my sister, who was every bit as sexually liberated as Kara and Birgit.

When we finished the sauna, everyone showered, which took some time, and then the gathering broke up, leaving just the inhabitants of the house. The kids went to bed, and my wives, Yuriko, and Natalie went to the Indian room to relax and listen to music until bedtime, when all of us went upstairs.

"Natalie should have her Christmas celebration," Jessica said as we were starting to undress in our room.

"You're sure, Babe?" I asked.

"We had ours last night and this morning! Go."

"Yes, Dear," I said with faux resignation, causing my wives to laugh.

I kissed each of them 'good night', then went to the door to the room Natalie and Yuriko shared, having heard them coming up. I knocked and waited for someone to open the door, which Yuriko did a few seconds later.

"Come in, Steve-sama!"

I stepped into the room.

"Natalie, Jess suggested you might like to celebrate Christmas in the traditional way."

They had a small tree on a table, which would suffice symbolically.

"We would both like to!" Natalie said. "Make love to us, then we'll both sleep in the same bed with you."

"Is that OK with you, Yuriko-chan?" I inquired.

"Yes!" she said happily, shedding her robe and displaying her beautiful body.

Natalie did the same, and I followed suit.



## **December 26, 2002, Boxing Day, Chicago, Illinois**

 Albert

"Hi, Grandpa!" I called out when I saw him exit Commander Aimee's plane.

"Hi, Albert!"

"Jesse is here with the van so we can take you to Grandpa Al's house. I'll help Aimee with the ground check and help tie down the plane!"

"OK," Grandpa Adams said.

"Hi, Albert!" Commander Aimee called out. "I can use your help!"

"That's what I'm here for! I know the swabbie is useless with aircraft!"

"That's COMMANDER Swabbie to you, Cadet!" Commander Fitzmaurice, Aimee's husband, growled.

"Yes, Sir!" I said gruffly and snapped a smart salute.

"Adams, quit fucking around and get your ass over here double-time!" Commander Aimee ordered.

"Aye, aye, Commander!" I grinned and made a purposefully sloppy salute.

"You're in deep trouble now, Albert," Grandpa said, laughing.

"I know, Chief!" I grinned.

I helped Aimee do her landing and ground checks, then assisted in tying down the aircraft, which we'd use on Friday to take my Grandpas on a sight-seeing tour of the Loop and Lake Michigan shore. Once everything was set, we joined Grandpa, Grandma, Elizabeth, Commander Fitzmaurice, and Jesse in the van for the ride to Grandpa Al's house, where Grandpa and Grandma Adams were staying. Commander Aimee, her husband, and daughter were staying in the room off the kitchen.

"Did you receive your new orders?" I asked Commander Fitzmaurice.

"Yes. I'm assigned to the CNO's staff as an operations officer. I've completed the sea tours necessary for command, and this will complete my shore tours. Then it's XO of a surface ship, but not a carrier, despite that's how I served my sea tours."

"Any idea what they'll give you?" Grandpa asked.

"Garbage scow!" Commander Aimee teased before he could answer.

"Love you, too, Aimee!" Commander Fitzmaurice said. "I'm hoping for a destroyer or a guided missile cruiser. Everything on the new ships is computerized, and that's my area of expertise. Well, keeping them running, anyway."

"What are you doing in the CNO's office?" Grandpa asked.

"I'll be responsible for procurement and testing of electronic equipment. Not nearly as much fun as being at sea, but you have to pay your dues."

We dropped Grandma and Grandpa Adams at Grandpa Al's house so they could get settled. Grandpa Al would bring them to the house in about two hours for our Boxing Day celebration, and Fawn, Georg, and Analise would join us as well. Gerry and his family hadn't come to Chicago this year, as they were visiting his wife's family in Oregon.

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 Steve

"I'm sorry to take you away from the gathering," Dad said, "but I wanted to ask if you resolved that matter from the other day. First, though, what did Mary say?"

She and Don had arrived earlier, having flown down let the night before.

"A completely clean bill of health," I replied. "As for the matter you mentioned, he said he'd let it be, and I believe he was sincere."

"Thank you. This is the last we'll mention this matter for the near future."

"Understood."

We left my study and walked to the great room just as Robert and Allison Block, Jennifer's parents, came into the house, followed almost immediately by Tom and Jill Dolan, Josie's parents. Next were Chelsea's family -- Jennie, Kent, and Colin, who I hadn't seen in some time. They were followed by Nancy Blanchard and her husband Paul, and not long after, Jake, Joyce, Joseph, and Amelia arrived, followed by Anthony, Connie, and their son Anthony, who was two. A bit later, Hope, Roger, Tabitha, John, and Danielle came into the house, and finally, Jackson, Holly, Liz, and Julius arrived.

We had a fantastic time, with the kids all enjoying time with their grandparents, who they didn't get to see very often. My mom, surprisingly, was cordial to the other grandparents, and even spent some time in what appeared to be a friendly conversation with Allison Block. I felt that was a good sign, but it was up to my mom to make the first step with my wives and me, by agreement between the four of us.

After lunch, Michael put in the videotape of the robotics competition that Eduardo had recorded, and most of the guests chose to watch the video of Michael's team winning the competition by the skin of their teeth.

"Excellent job, Michael," my dad said to him. "Is that going to be your career?"

"I think so. Computers and robots are cool."

"Andi thinks so, too!" Chelsea teased.

"Who's Andi?" my dad asked.

"A girl who has her eyes set on Michael," Elyse said. "Michael is more interested in computers and robots!"

"That'll change!" Chelsea exclaimed. "That's Andi on the team! She's cute, likes robots and computers, and is into baseball and football."

"Where were girls like that when I was young?" Robert Block asked.

"Not putting out the way I did, Bobby Block!" Allison declared, causing everyone to laugh.

"Mom!" Jennifer exclaimed. "There are children present!"

"Yes; MY child," Allison exclaimed. "And exactly where does she think she came from?"

"That was back in the dinosaur days, right?" Albert asked with a smirk.

"Listen, Bub!" Robert Block growled.

"Ignore Albert," Aimee said. "He thinks anyone older than about twenty-five is a dinosaur!"

"You said it, Commander, not me!" Albert declared.

"I'd pack a parachute for tomorrow," I said to Albert.

"You might be right," he replied.

"Well, you two were Seniors when I was in second grade," Jennie said with a silly smile. "So Albert might be onto something!"

"You went to school together?" Al asked.

"It's worse than you suspect!" Allison replied. "Fran and Sam Mercer, though she was Fran Sorkin then; Bev Thompson, who I'm sure Steve knows, because she became Bev Vaughn; Jennie, and her future husband Jim, who died in Vietnam; Alan Blanchard and Nancy Morton, Kara's parents; Carl Woody; Don Courtney. All of us were at Milford Main in the late 50s and early 60s."

"Wow!" I exclaimed. "I didn't realize you all knew each other! I bet there are some interesting stories to tell!"

"It was around 1960!" Josie said. "How interesting could they be?"

All the named people who were there laughed.

"You might be surprised," Allison Block said with a smirk. "Even without access to the Pill, teenagers were still teenagers!"

"Something true since the first human turned thirteen," I chuckled. "Nothing changes!"

"Steve, do you know a Jonathan Kane?" Jennie asked.

"I've met him a few times," I replied. "Why?"

"His mom and I are friends from back then, too. I'm sure there are other connections."

"That's when I met Kent van der Meer," Nancy said. "Alan was a member of his church."

"Someone should collect their stories and write them," Jennifer said. "I think it would be interesting. Well, so long as they leave out ANYTHING about my mom and dad having sex!"

"Oh, stop!" I chuckled. "I know you're just taking the piss, as my British friends would say!"

"What's that mean, Dad?" Ashley asked.

"Mocking, teasing, or irreverent, especially in a sarcastic way," I replied.

"So, Albert, basically all the time?" she asked with a silly smile.

"Sod off, Seppo!" Albert said in a near perfect Yorkshire accent he'd learned while visiting Jane and her family.

They'd actually be visiting for New Year's, swinging by Chicago on their way to a holiday in Florida.

"Seppo?" Connie asked.

"Cockney rhyming slang," I replied. "It means Yankee. Yank, septic tank, Seppo."

"How rude!"

I chuckled, "I believe that's the point!"

Most everyone stayed until about 10:00pm, but we didn't have a group sauna, as there were quite a few people who would not have appreciated it. That didn't stop our family from using it before bed, though, and afterwards, my wives and I made love before falling asleep.





## December 27, 2002, Chicago, Illinois

 Steve

"Well, shit," I said, looking at my calendar on Friday morning.

"What's wrong?" Jessica asked.

"I forgot that Audrey and Brad will be here late this afternoon. I need to reschedule with Nadia again."

"Bummer!" Kara exclaimed.

I chuckled, "You'll have to get your cheap thrills elsewhere! Let me see if she's online."

She wasn't, so I dialed her phone number and reached an answering machine. I let her know that something had come up, and that I was very sorry, but I'd need to reschedule. I asked her to call when she had a chance and we'd find a new day to meet.

"How upset do you think she'll be?" Suzanne asked.

"I don't know," I replied. "And, honestly, that's less of a concern because the feeling I get is this is purely about sex, with no relationship and no bonding."

"Something you've begun to avoid," Jessica observed. "It's why you've turned down the medical students who are looking to bang the hot husband of an Attending for stress relief!"

"There's also our rule about the hospital," I replied. "And that is important."

"You did consider Jessica's offer of a waiver for Allyson," Kara said. "To repay the favor she did for Jessica!"

I chuckled, "I did, and she is cute, though a bit out of my preferred age range!"

"SHE'S YOUNGER THAN ME!" Jessica growled.

"But not me!" Suzanne smirked.

"He loves you, Jess, and you know it!" Kara declared. "And you even had some private time with him the other day. I'm willing to bet he didn't think you were too old then!"

"I'm teasing, of course," Jessica said. "We know Tiger's sweet spot. I will make an exception if you want one, Tiger."

"Assuming Allyson was serious about the favor, and assuming it won't cause problems at work, invite her over in January and we'll see if we click."

"That's more important for you now than it was before," Suzanne observed. "Not that you didn't do it in the past, but ever since Emilee Krueger, you've focused on the mindfuck."

"True," I agreed, "though there have been some exceptions. That said, the mindfuck is most important."

"It sounds as if your thinking has shifted somewhat," Kara interjected.

I nodded, "It has, but only in the sense of gaining clarity. I think, after the Spring Break trip, if it happens, there will be fewer new girls; in fact, I suspect new girls will be a rare exception."

"Is this some kind of reaction to what happened on Christmas Eve?" Suzanne asked.

I shook my head, "No. but the whole 'referral' bit starting up again bothers me. This isn't directed at any of you, and it's not about Allyson, or even Keiki."

"Nadia," Kara suggested.

I nodded, "I think that's the thing that helped clarify. Granted, I don't know her, which is actually part of the problem, but I get the impression that I'd simply be playing a part in a performance, and that just feels wrong. I think, in the end, my answer to her is 'no', and I'll seek out potential subversives as I always have, but after Spring Break, new girls will be few and far between."

"I notice you keep saying 'after Spring break'," Suzanne observed with a smirk.

"So sue me," I chuckled. "Only a complete idiot would pass that up!"

---

 Albert

"Your aircraft," Commander Aimee said once we climbed into our seats.

"My aircraft," I confirmed.

"Take us out over the lake, then along the lakefront, as far south as Gary and as far north as Milwaukee. I'll only take over if you ask me to or there's an emergency."

"Albert flying IS an emergency," Grandpa Al teased.

"He's a natural," Commander Aimee said. "Smooth, calm, cool, and collected. If he can get jets, he'll end up at Top Gun."

"If he does a low pass by the tower, they'll put him in the brig!" Grandpa Adams said.

"Nah, he's only interested in a low pass over his Yorkie!" Grandpa Al said.

"When will you see her?" Commander Aimee asked.

"On Tuesday," I replied. "They're in Chicago for New Year's, then going to Florida. Excuse me, I need to get us on our way."

I triggered the radio, requested taxi clearance, which I received. I followed the procedures, released the brakes, and taxied to the end of the runway. I stopped, asked for clearance, and was told to hold for traffic, then a minute later was cleared to take off. I brought the engine up to speed, checked all the gauges and controls, and seeing everything was set or reading correctly, I released the brakes.

"Rolling," I said.

I followed the usual takeoff procedure, and the plane lifted into the air.

"Very smooth," Aimee said as the plane climbed away from Meigs Field. "Good enough to pass your licensing exam."

"Thank you."

I switched on the new GPS unit Aimee had installed, but only used it as a check on my navigation by landmarks and compass. We flew the route Aimee had filed, as I couldn't file my own flight plan, taking us as far south as Gary and as far north as Milwaukee, before we returned to Meigs and I received landing clearance.

"Excellent landing!" Aimee said when we touched down. "Easy pass."

I taxied to the ramp, found our slot, and stopped the aircraft. We performed our final checks, tied the plane down, then headed back to the house.

---

 Jesse

"Hi!" Scarlett exclaimed when she walked out of the secure area at Midway early on Friday afternoon.

"Hi!" I said, as we exchanged a quick hug. "Did you check a bag?"

"No. I'm going home on Tuesday, and we're just hanging out, so I could fit what I needed in my carry-on."

I took her bag, slung it over my left shoulder, then took her hand, and we left the terminal to head to the parking garage.

"I never asked, but what's the scoop with the party tomorrow?" Scarlett inquired.

"It's guys from the hockey team and girls from the softball team. Dad gave us the run of the main house, and everyone will be out except Yuriko, who won't bother us. My moms will be around, but won't bother us, either. We'll dance, play games, and do the usual party stuff, plus a sauna."

"Everyone wearing bathing suits, though, right?"

"No. Naked."

"How many people?" Scarlett asked.

"Thirty. We didn't invite any Freshmen, which eliminated about a quarter of both teams, and didn't invite anyone we felt was either prudish or who might publicize."

"And you expect me to be naked in front of all your High School hockey buddies?"

"Expect? No. You're invited, of course, but nobody is required to participate."

"And a bunch of High School girls are going to be naked in front of a bunch of guys, just like that?"

"Just like that," I replied.

"Is there *anything* about your life that isn't crazy?" Scarlett asked, sounding slightly frustrated.

"No. Honestly, it's up to you, and I won't be upset or bothered either way."

"But you want me to."

"I want you to do what you feel comfortable doing," I replied. "If you don't want to, that's fine. I'm comfortable doing it, it's something I've done before, and being naked in the sauna is normal for all of us."

"And that's something you'll do with your family?"

"You mean when I eventually get married? Probably. I don't agree with my dad on everything, but mostly he has the right attitude and approach."

"OK to ask where you disagree?"

"I want to marry one person, have kids, and be together as a couple for life. That didn't work for Dad, which is how he ended up in his current situation."

"What do you mean when you say it didn't work?"

"I obviously don't know all the details, but Mom One has said that the only time my dad's life was stable was when there was a trio of girls fulfilling different roles. It wasn't about sex, though he mostly had sex with them, but not always, because for a time, his sister filled the 'confidante' role. I also know Aunt Kara has her own needs, and the two of them found Aunt Jess, and, as Mom One predicted, they finally found Suzanne as the permanent third."

"And the girlfriends?"

"It's more complicated than that," I said. "Dad's relationships are complex, and sex is only part of it, and not the most important part. I explained about our Hangouts and Dad's Philosophy Club. The way dad bonds with people emotionally and spiritually nearly always leads to sex, but it's a symbol of the bond, not the bond, if that makes sense."

"And you?"

I chuckled, "A red-blooded American teenager! I like sex and don't see the point in forming a permanent relationship until I'm ready to settle down, which is likely four or five years from now. People change so much in High School and college that you can't really know them until around age twenty-two, or even a bit older after they've started working."

"I know that might sound like an excuse, but it's true. According to Mom One, Dad basically had a major reset the Summer before his Senior year at IIT. His friend Karin -- a girlfriend at that time -- pointed out that their relationship was a teenage fantasy, and that actually prevented them from having an adult

relationship. They were still close, but had grown apart. She forced a reset, and that helped Dad finally clarify things.

"And as much as I loved Francesca, I think that's where we were headed as well. I've changed a lot in the past two years, and will change more in the next six. Sure, people never stop changing, but High School and college are when you figure out who you are and set the course for your life. that's the fundamental reason for not wanting a committed relationship at the moment."

"And it lets you get laid as much as you want with no limits."

"Except there are limits," I countered. "And I'm learning about relationships and doing my best to discover what I need in a life partner. Girls do the same thing, and depending on their views, sex can be part of it or not. Be honest, please -- do you know exactly what you want from your life partner?"

"If I say 'you', you'll be upset."

"No, I won't be upset, I'll simply say that I'm not ready to make that kind of commitment. I like you a lot, but I'm also only sixteen. I'll be seventeen in February, and I have one more year of High School after this one, then four years of college. I won't be the same person when I graduate from UW Madison that I am now, and you won't be the same person when you graduate in two-and-a-half years.

"For you, the changes might be more subtle or less extreme, because you're twenty, but they could also be huge. Mom One didn't come out as lesbian until she was twenty, which is a pretty huge change, and didn't decide not to marry my dad until she was twenty-one, which was pretty earth-shattering for him."

"He expected a lesbian to marry him?!"



"Remember, they were boyfriend and girlfriend and planned a future together, and they made me *after* Mom One came out. High School and college were mostly a mess for Mom One until she met Mom Two at Stanford. I know that seems like an extreme case, but my point is, people change. And yes, they change all the time, but as I said before, High School and college are the most volatile times."

We reached the car, I put Scarlett's bag in the back seat, we got in, and I started the car.

"What you say makes sense," Scarlett said as I backed out of the parking spot. "But I can't change how I feel."

"And I'm not asking you to," I replied. "I'm simply saying what's possible."

"I know. I plan to get my Master's at UW Madison, which would be when you start your Sophomore year. They have a great program and that would give us a chance to be together more."

"And there's a strong probability that plan will work, at least in terms of seeing each other more. What happens beyond that, nobody can predict."

I stopped to pay the parking fee, then pulled out onto Cicero Avenue.

"Please don't take this the wrong way," Scarlett said, "but I suppose it's my fault for falling for a guy in High School who is chronologically three years younger, but acts more like someone who is even older than I am."

"Do you regret what happened during hockey camp?"

"No! It was exactly what I wanted and needed. It's just...I fell in love with you. You don't feel the same way, do you?"

"I think the only thing I can say is that I really like you, want to keep seeing you, and believe what you want is *possible*, but I don't want you to misunderstand me. It's also the case that love is more complex than most people think. I don't remember discussing it with you, but in Greek, there are six main words for 'love' and they all have different nuances. Saying 'I love you' often has very different meanings for people, even if they don't realize it. It's all based on using a single word to convey different types of love. That's why I'm not saying it -- I don't want you to misunderstand."

"I don't. I think I know what you mean and how you feel. I also think all I can do is what I'm doing, and hope for the best."

That's all any of us can ever do," I confirmed.

# III. Elements of a Contract

**December 27, 2002, Chicago, Illinois**

 Birgit

"Ugh!" I groused at seeing the arrival board. "Delayed!"

"That's not uncommon," Natalie, who had driven me to O'Hare on Friday afternoon in Dad's BMW, observed.

"No, but I checked the SAS website AND called to make sure it was on time! They said it was, and that was only an hour ago!"

"I hate to break it to you, but the universe does not bend to the will of the self-styled Her Royal Highness, Birgit the First of Kenwood!"

"Well, it should!" I declared.

"According to you and every *other* teenage girl on the planet! But given you all don't agree who should control the universe, we get chaos!"

"Loki is a dick!" I growled.

Natalie laughed, "You and your dad love him, even when you complain about him, because he makes your lives interesting!"

"Maybe," I allowed. "I wish they'd put on the board how long the delay is going to be."

"Patience, Grasshopper!" Natalie replied. "You do need to learn to relax."

"Don't you ever get impatient?"

"I used to, but not since I met your dad. Of course, you're just as impatient with him as with anything else that doesn't go the way you want!"

"WHAT-EVER!"

"May I say one more thing?" Natalie asked.

"What?"

"Instant gratification isn't always a good thing, even though you think it is. Toddlers demand instant gratification; mature adults do not."

"HEY!" I protested.

"If the shoe fits..." Natalie said with a smile. "And you know what?"

"What?"

"You know I'm right."

I scowled at her because she *was* right, I just didn't want to admit it. I took a couple of breaths and let them out slowly, then decided to ask her about something she'd said.

"What did you mean about meeting my dad?"

"That's when I became an adult," Natalie said. "And wipe that smirk off your face, young lady, because it wasn't about that!"

I giggled, "It's *always* about that with Dad!"

"If you're not teasing or joking, you're wrong. Yes, of course, that happened, but it happened *after* he taught me how to think and act like an adult by treating me as an adult. And, despite your impetuosity, he treats *you* as an adult, with all the privileges and responsibilities that come with that. But that doesn't mean you aren't still a teenager who has limited life experience, whose body is changing every day, and who is on hormone overload!

"Remember, every other teenager is in the same situation, but your dad gives you the freedom to explore and experiment that I never had. I was still being treated like a pre-teen when I met your dad in Russia. All he did was treat me the way he treats you, Jesse, and your siblings. Yes, that led to going to bed together, but that was a symbol of what had already happened."

"You think I'm a little kid?" I asked.

Natalie smiled, "You're a teenager! It's a transition time, and you're fortunate that your dad is fully behind the transition, as opposed to how some parents you know behave."

"You're interfering with a good snit!" I protested.

Natalie laughed, "I bet you say that to your dad at times."

"Maybe," I replied, but my tone clearly implied 'yes'.

"May I point out something which might upset you?"

"Could I stop you?" I asked.

Natalie smiled, "Yes; I'm not Jesse!"

I laughed, "I love him anyway."

"I know. What I'm going to point out is that your trouble with boys is that you're impetuous. If you were a boy, I'd say you were thinking with the wrong head. But thinking with your clit is just as bad as thinking with your glans."

"You think I do that?"

"Be honest, Birgit."

"Maybe I do sometimes."

"Yes, and that's what has led to your difficulties with boys. Consider what you want, besides orgasms, before you take a boy into your bed. I'm not judging, and if you want to celebrate your fifteenth birthday by fucking the entire Kenwood Academy basketball team, that's your prerogative. If, on the other hand, you want a relationship, you have to work at that. That's what your dad does, even for the girls who come to him for an 'expert deflowering' as your coupons offered. Think about the girls you know about and his relationship with them."

"They're all close friends or treat Dad as a mentor, or both. That's you, right?"

"I also love him," Natalie said. "He provides everything I need at this stage in life. What he can't provide is what I want in the future -- a husband and a family. But I'm not ready for either of those. And when I am, then your dad will be a mentor and intimate friend, but not intimate the way society thinks."

"Society has its head up its butt!"

"It does. I'm curious, if you could change just one thing, what would it be?"

That Dad had given ME an expert deflowering! But I couldn't say that to Natalie.

"That everyone would mind their own business!" I declared.

"You are your father's daughter! That would be his answer as well."

The board switched to 'LANDED' but that meant they still had to taxi and Kjell had to clear immigration and customs.

---

 Steve

My mobile phone rang just before 4:00pm, and thinking it was Nadia, I slipped it from my pocket. The displayed number wasn't one I recognized, and was in the city, not the suburbs.

"Steve Adams."

"Hi! It's Libby! You said we could get together during Christmas Break so an enthusiastic teenage girl could wildly fuck you!"

I chuckled, "I did say that."

"What are you doing right now?" Libby asked invitingly.

"Waiting on some friends from Ohio to arrive, which they should at any moment."

"Bummer. I'm busy tomorrow, but what about Sunday?"

"I'm free on Sunday," I replied. "What did you have in mind?"

Libby laughed softly, "I think you know!"

"I meant the time!"

"Oh," she replied flatly, causing me to laugh.

"Nice. You seem to have adopted the Adams/Block sarcastic style!"

"How could I not hanging around Jesse, Mom One, and Mom Two?!"

"Good point!" I chuckled.

"How about 11:00am on Sunday?" Libby suggested. "My parents will be gone all day, so we can use my room and keep it private from someone you call the Neighborhood Watch!"

"You're positive your parents won't come home?" I asked.

"They're in Colorado, and their flight gets in late on Sunday."

"Then I'll see you Sunday at your house at 11:00am."

"Prepare to have your mind blown!" Libby declared.

We said 'goodbye', I closed my phone and went to the Indian room to let my wives know.

"She's seventeen, right?" Kara asked.

"Yes. And Jesse knew she was going to ask. She also plans to start attending Philosophy Club in January. She said it was time to graduate, so to speak -- her first fuck with an actual adult, then attending Philosophy Club."



"She's a Junior, right?"

"Yes, and she plans to go to Harvard for pre-law."

"So when Liz is ready to retire, Libby will be your new *Consigliere*?" Kara asked.

"Nobody knows what the future will hold!"

The doorbell rang, and I left the Indian room and went to answer it. When I opened the door, I saw Audrey, a guy, and a young woman of college age.

"Hi!" Audrey exclaimed. "This is Brad, my boyfriend."

"Hi!" I replied, accepted a hug from her and shook hands with Brad. "Welcome!"

"And this is my friend, Isabella. She drove us here, and I hope you don't mind if she hangs out with us."

"«¡Mi casa es tu casa!» I replied. ("My house is your house!")

"«¿Hablas español?»" Isabella asked. ("You speak Spanish?")

"«Sí, pero no con fluidez.»" ("Yes, but not fluent.")

She smiled, I invited them in, and we went to the Indian room to introduce Brad and Isabella to my wives who already knew Audrey.

"How is Darla?" Kara asked Audrey.

"Still loving Germany and loving being a mom! Mark is six months old and a handful! I visited in August before school started. She just started practicing karate again."

"Let me take them downstairs and get them set in the guest room," I said.

I showed Audrey and Brad to the right-hand guest room, with Isabella tagging along.

"Cool house," she observed.

"You haven't seen anything yet!" Audrey declared. "Steve, can we give Brad and Isabella a complete tour?"

"Of course! Before I forget, I'll be busy all day tomorrow."

"No problem! Brad has never been to Chicago and Isabella is taking us sightseeing. Would it be OK if she came to the New Year's Eve party? She's twenty-one."

"She's welcome, of course. And she can bring a date, if she'd like."

"Thanks," Isabella said.

"Shall we take the tour?"

---

 Birgit

Kjell, Natalie and I finally arrived at the house just after 4:00pm, more than an hour later than we should have. I saw Dad coming down the stairs with Audrey, who was Darla's sister, and two people I didn't know.

"«Hejsan!»" Dad said to Kjell.

"«Hej, Steve!»" Kjell replied.

"Birgit, you know Audrey," Dad said. "This is her boyfriend Brad and her friend Isabella. Brad, Isabella, meet my daughter Birgit and her friend Kjell from Sweden."

They all greeted each other.

"We're going to put his bags in my room," I said. "What time is dinner?"

"6:00pm," Dad replied. "We ordered Chinese."

"OK."

I led Kjell up to my room and shut the door. We spoke Swedish together, as was normal for us.

"I emptied the top drawer in the dresser for you, and there's room in the closet for you to hang anything, and you can put your toothbrush and stuff in the bathroom."

"I should call home and let them know I arrived safely."

"OK. Use the landline phone on my desk. Dial 0-1-1 then 46, then 8, then your number."

He followed my instructions, spoke to his mom, and then replaced the handset.

"All good?" I asked.

"Yes. Mom said to say 'hi' to your dad. Let me unpack and we can go downstairs."

"What time did you want to go to bed?" I asked. "I know it's like 11:00pm by you."

"I think around 9:00pm," Kjell said. "That's about 3:00am by me, but that way I switch my clock quicker."

"Will you be too tired to fool around?" I asked.

"You're kidding, right?"

I giggled, "That's what I thought!"

---

 Steve

"Is everything Audrey told me about your relationships true?" Isabella asked as we reached the bottom of the stairs.

"I suspect so," I replied. "Would you like to meet my wives and girlfriends?"

"Weird, but yes!"

"It's only just begun to get weird!" Audrey exclaimed. "If you hang out here very long, you'll have your mind blown."

"We're having an impromptu Philosophy Club meeting on New Year's Eve afternoon," I said.

"Awesome!" Audrey exclaimed. "What time?"

"1:00pm," I replied. "We'll finish around 4:00pm so we can set up for the New Year's Eve party."

"What's 'Philosophy Club'?" Isabella asked.

"Audrey didn't tell you?" I asked.

"I only told her about your relationships so we could get past that surprise," Audrey replied. "Everything else she has to discover for herself."

"And Brad?"

"Same," Audrey smirked. "That's what my sister did to me, minus telling me about your relationships! Sauna after dinner?"

"You, Etheldred," I chuckled, "are a troublemaker!"

"What did I miss?" Brad asked.

"Our saunas are usually used naked," I replied. "Co-ed."

"In your dreams!" Isabella exclaimed.

"Birgit," I called out as she and Kjell came down the stairs. "Got a sec?"

She came over to us.

"Birgit, tell my friends how we use the sauna here."

"Naked, of course!" she declared.

"Why do I think I walked into an episode of the *Twilight Zone*?" Brad asked.

I chuckled, "Because you did! Come meet my wives and girlfriends, and we'll take it from there."

---

[Cincinnati, Ohio]

 Matthew

"What are you guys doing while you're here?" Aunt Jennie asked after we sat down for dinner at her house on Friday evening.

"We're going to the Art Museum with Pavel, Larisa, Rachel, Abi, and Viktoria. They're also bringing a girl named April and her boyfriend Mark, and another girl named Jordan."

"Are they from the same church as everyone else?" Aunt Jennie asked.

"Yes, though Abi doesn't go to church. She's Rachel's best friend because her mom and grandma are close friends with Rachel's dad."

"That's the doctor, right?" I asked.

"Yes," Chelsea replied. "And I don't think they mentioned it last time, but Viktoria is Rachel's cousin, though, by her biological mom, not her current mom. And April is Rachel's cousin because her mom was adopted by Rachel's dad's parents."

"I need a scorecard!" Kent declared.

"You seem to handle my family without a scorecard!" I countered.

Kent laughed, "I've had time! Your dad walked Jennie down the aisle when he was a teenager!"

"That was when he met Mom, right?" I asked.

"Yes. He brought Jesse's mom as his date, and that's when I had the first clue about your family, though I didn't realize it at the time!"

"Blame the Reds," Aunt Jennie said. "They were on TV and I mentioned to your mom that your dad was watching the game. She went to see him, and the rest is, as they say, history!"

"When are you heading back to Chicicago?" Kent asked.

"On Tuesday morning," Chelsea replied. "We're going to a New Year's party at a friend's house in Oswego."

When we finished dinner, Chelsea and I offered to clean up, then spent the evening with her parents.



## **December 28, 2002, Chicago, Illinois**

 Steve

On Saturday morning, I left the house early, and headed to the Gold Coast, arriving at the building where Ken Thompson had his condo just before 7:00am. I pulled up in front of the building, and a liveried doorman came to the car. I lowered the passenger window, and he bent down.

"Are you here for Miss Thompson?" he asked.

"Yes."

He stood, waved, and Emma came out of the building. He opened the door for her, she got in, buckled in, and he shut the door.

"Have a nice day, Miss Thompson!"

"Thanks, Bob!" she replied.

She closed the window, and I pulled away from the curb.

"Sorry about not greeting you with a kiss, but I don't want to be public given I'm sixteen and you're thirty-nine."

"A wise choice. Breakfast?"

"Yes."

"We'll head for Bucktown Bistro for breakfast, and then, if you're still interested in making the beast with two backs, to the apartment I mentioned."

"You think I might have changed my mind? And that I wouldn't have called to tell you?"

"Do you remember what I said about that particular commitment?"

"That it was never irrevocable. But most guys would be pissed."

"I suspect you know my response."

"That you're not like most guys!"



"Correct. And you agree, otherwise you wouldn't have sat down next to me in San Francisco, continued the conversation, asked to sit next to me, and invited me to make the beast with two backs!"

"Perhaps that's my typical behavior."

"Perhaps it is," I replied. "That doesn't change my observation that you don't think I'm like most guys. You specifically said boys your age were complete idiots; you also said your mom wouldn't understand you having an older, *steady* boyfriend, implying you might have gone out with an older guy."

"And if I have?"

"It's only relevant if you believe it's relevant, and, to be clear, not any of my business one way or the other."

"You're not interested in knowing my history?"

"Of course I'm interested, but what you choose to share is up to you. Ultimately, it's a question of what you want out of our relationship."

"It takes two to Tango," Emma countered. "Don't we have to have what's called a 'meeting of the minds'?"

I chuckled, "Spoken like a lawyer's kid!"

"I *am* a lawyer's kid! A meeting of the minds, mutual consideration, an offer, and acceptance!"

"Those are the elements of a contract!"

"I'm curious why you think it's one-sided."

"I don't, actually. I know what I want from the relationship, but I don't know what you want, beyond your statement that you want to make the beast with two backs multiple times before you fly home next week."

"What DO you want besides sleeping with an underage girl?"

"You keep using that word..." I said lightly.

"And it *does* mean what I think it means! I'd like to hear your answer."

"I am always on the lookout for people who are open-minded, counter-cultural, and who think the country is on the wrong track. I bond with them, build a relationship, and mentor them. That's the most important part, and we can actually do that without sleeping together."

"And you'd be OK with that?"

"Yes."

"But you're expecting to have sex with me."

"Anticipating, but not expecting, It's a subtle difference, but an important one."

"Because I could change my mind."

"Yes. And that would not upset me in any way, shape, or form."

"Would you be disappointed?"

"Yes, but not in a way that held it against you. What I'm looking for is another member of my subversive cadre. The structure of the relationship depends on

you, your needs, and what you want to achieve, both short and long term. That could be anything from a close, ongoing relationship to a 'catch and release' situation."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It means some of the subversives I recruit choose a path that doesn't involve regular interaction; others choose to be my personal karate students; others I see occasionally because they live some distance away. The question is, what do you want? I mean, besides the obvious."

"I actually thought about some things you said, and I'm considering attending college in Chicago to study computers. I mentioned it to my dad, and he thinks computers would be a good choice, and he wouldn't object to me being around more. At least I'd get to see him regularly, unlike my mom, who is pretty much always working."

"Did you mention you met me?" I asked.

"Yes, and he said your company is very forward thinking and has an excellent reputation."

"We are a pure meritocracy and take very good care of our staff. Does your dad know you're seeing me today?"

"No. I told him I was going to have breakfast with a friend and hang out with them. He doesn't pry, so there won't be any problems."

"OK. I should probably ask what you like to eat so we can plan lunch and dinner."

"Anything is OK. Chinese, pizza, or whatever are all good. You have dietary restrictions, right?"

"Yes. Chinese for dinner, then. For lunch, Potbelly's is close and they have soup and salads, in addition to sandwiches."

"That's cool. What's your favorite thing to eat?"

I smirked, "A leading question if there ever was one!"

Emma laughed, "Pussy?"

"Tastes great and less filling!"

"Isn't filling it the point?"

"Eventually, but I did promise to do that until you could no longer stand it."

We arrived at Bucktown Bistro and were seated by the morning hostess, and Pam came over to our table.

"I didn't expect to see you until after New Year's," she said. "Earl Grey?"

"Yes, please."

"And you, Miss?"

"OJ, please."

Pam left to get our drinks.

"You must come here often," Emma observed.

"A men's group meets on alternate Saturdays. We've been meeting longer than you've been alive, though we started at Lou Mitchell's on Jackson."

"You've made that point several times."

"Just as you've made the 'underage' point several times."

"When did you actually first meet?"

"May 1986," I replied. "So about five months before you were born, if your birthday was in October, which you implied with the timing of your OB/GYN exam."

"October 22nd. When's yours?"

"April 22nd, so exactly six months offset, though 1963 instead of 1986."

Pam brought our drinks and asked Emma if she was ready to order, which she was. Once Pam had taken Emma's order, she left the table.

"You're not going to have anything other than tea?" Emma asked.

"Pam will bring my breakfast," I replied. "I've eaten the same thing every time I've been here since we first came here in July 1987. Pam knows my order, and those of the regulars in our group of around thirty guys. Only new people or irregular attendees actually have to order. Actually, I do need to correct myself -- I swapped the potatoes for fruit when the docs determined my susceptibility to syncopal events when I ate complex carbohydrates."

"You never change?"

"No. I do come here for dinner, and then I have a varied menu, usually something Alex Saunders whips up for my party."

"I guess after sixteen years, you'd know the chef!"

"Yes."

"OK to change topics?"

"Sure."

"When do you teach karate?"

"I have a regular class for my personal students on Saturday afternoon and sometimes teach the daily classes at the dojo. We don't hold classes during the week between Christmas and New Year's."

"You have other instructors under you?"

"I don't run the dojo," I replied. "I'm the most senior instructor, though."

"But you have your own students?"

"Yes. I have my own specialized teaching system that is more challenging than simple physical fitness. It's also spiritual and intellectual."

"Separate from the philosophy discussions you mentioned?"

"Yes. If you're interested in a sample, we're having an impromptu meeting on Tuesday. And if you aren't doing anything for New Year's, you're welcome to come to our New Year's Eve party. You'd have a chance to meet my wives and kids."

"Do your kids know about your lifestyle?"

"I have three wives and two girlfriends who live in the house, plus I have kids with four women. What do YOU think?"

Emma laughed, "Good point!"

---

 Birgit

"Are you OK hanging out with Albert, Nicholas, Peter, and Julie today?" I asked Kjell as we snuggled in bed when we woke up on Saturday morning.

"Sure. What are we going to do?"

"Lunch at Giordano's, the Museum of Science and Industry, Chinese for dinner, then see *Catch Me if You Can*, a thriller about the FBI chasing a guy who pretended to be a Pan Am pilot, a doctor, and conned people out of millions. It's based on a true story."

"That sounds good. Jesse and Scarlett aren't coming?"

"No. He's having a party for his hockey team and the girls' softball team. Matthew is in Ohio with Chelsea, and my sisters are having their own thing at Amber's house next door, but it's girls only. And Michael is hanging out with his friend Andi, her dad, and Eduardo. Tomorrow we're hanging out with Jesse and Scarlett and some of his friends."

"Cool."

"Do you want breakfast?"

"I'm famished! Someone wore me out last night, and I was already tired!"

I giggled, "I promise to wear you out every night!"

"I won't object!"

We got out of bed, showered, dressed, and went downstairs to have breakfast.

---

[Cincinnati, Ohio]

 Matthew

"Can someone explain the complicated relationships?" I asked as we walked from the parking garage to the art museum.

"Jordan's mom is my dad's sister," Rachel said. "Viktoria's dad and my biological mom were brother and sister. My mom died the day I was born, and my dad remarried. April's mom was adopted by my paternal grandparents when she was fourteen. Abi has been my best friend since I was born, and her mom and grandma are close friends of my dad, and her grandma taught my dad to play guitar. Larisa's mom is a girl my dad has known his whole life and her dad was a deacon; they actually dated for a short time. Pavel's dad is the priest of his church. Mark goes to the same church as April and Larisa."

"Your mom really died the day you were born?" I asked.

"Yes. She had a congenital defect of blood vessels in her brain, and according to the doctors, there was no way to detect it or fix it if they could detect it. Well, now we could detect it with an MRI, but still not fix it."

"So your siblings are from your stepmom?"



"Just my mom. I never knew my biological mom, so I never thought of my mom as anything other than my mom. They told me about it when I was five, though I didn't really understand until I was older. But it's more complicated because I have a half-brother who's the son of a doctor friend of my dad's."

"Why does this sound like my family?" I asked with a goofy smile.

Rachel laughed, "I've heard! But it's not quite like that. My brother Alexi's mom is lesbian, though they conceived artificially. And he doesn't call his mom's partner 'mom', he calls her 'Aunt Tessa'."

"Your family is almost as complicated as mine," I replied.

"And it gets MORE complicated," Rachel declared, "because my paternal grandpa remarried a much younger woman, and I have an uncle who is only six months older than I am!"

"My mom had just turned fifteen when I was born," April interjected. "I never met my dad because he got twenty-five years for having sex with my mom when she was fourteen and he was forty."

"Did you want to meet him?" Chelsea asked.

"Not really, and even if I did, he's not allowed to have visitors under eighteen."

"Did your mom get married?"

"Yes, right after she graduated from college. I like my stepdad a lot."

"I don't know if anyone told you, but my mom lives with her boyfriend," I said.

"How long have they been together?" Rachel asked.

"They actually dated in college, but then he went back to Spain. When he moved to the US, they got together again."

"My mom's husband isn't my dad," Larisa said. "My biological dad is a complete fanatic."

"I don't think anyone except Pavel and Jordan has a traditional family," Chelsea said. "Mark's parents are divorced and remarried."

"You do," I said. "I mean, sure, your mom was married to the soldier who died in Vietnam, but your mom and dad were married when you were born and are still married."

"True."

"And honestly," I said, "what truly matters is we all have parents who care for us."

---

[Chicago, Illinois]

 Steve

"You know," I said as we walked through the door of the NIKA apartment, "you never did tell me your superpower."

"You're right, I didn't!" Emma replied. "And I said I didn't reveal it to just anyone!"

"I'm not 'just anyone!'"

"You never told me yours, either!" Emma countered. "But I suspect you're about to show me."

I smiled, took her hand, and led her to the second bedroom, which was right across from the bathroom.

"I suppose it's time for a proper kiss," Emma said with a smile.

I held out my arms, and she melted into them, her firm body pressed against mine. Our lips touched, then parted, and our tongues began a gentle dance. Remembering what Emma had said, I moved my hands to cup her butt and gave it a squeeze, and Emma broke the kiss.

"Told ya' you could find it!" she declared.

"Any requests?"

"Make me feel really, really good!"

"I can do that! I hate to be crass, but STI test?"

Emma smiled, "Fortunately my gynecologist's office was open yesterday and could fax it to me."

She handed it to me and I handed it back, then, as was my practice, I showed her my card.

"What would have happened if I couldn't get it?" she asked.

"I trust you, but I'd have had to say 'no'. I'm glad it worked out!"

"Me, too! Now, make me feel good!"

Three minutes later we were both naked, and I took in her gorgeous, lithe body -- small, firm breasts capped with light brown nipples, a flat stomach, graceful legs, a smoothly shaved mons, and plump labia, already slick with her juices. I pulled down the comforter, then took Emma's hand and led her to the bed. She got in, turned on her side, and I got in next to her, lying on my side facing her.

We French kissed for a bit, then I gently pushed Emma onto her back and lowered my mouth to her breast. I spent about five minutes on her breasts before I kissed my way down to her bare mons, breathing deeply and taking in her wonderful scent. I planted several kisses on the inside of Emma's thighs, then several more along her plump labia. After those kisses, I pressed my tongue into her, coating it with her spicy juices.

Emma moaned softly as I swirled my tongue and breathed in sharply when I ran it over her clit. I closed my mouth and sucked hard, causing Emma to groan, and she began slowly rolling her hips as I pleased her to her first orgasm. Knowing we had all day, and I could keep my promise of hours of oral sex later, I moved up, grasped my shaft, rubbed my glans along Emma's slick labia, then slowly entered her. She was so wet that I had no problem sliding in until my pubic hair was pressed against her mons.

I bent down, we exchanged a French kiss, and I began fucking her with slow gentle thrusts. Emma wrapped her arms and legs around me and we began moving in sync. About every five strokes I ground against her for several seconds before resuming our movements. About four minutes after we started, Emma shuddered and moaned into my mouth as her pussy spasmed around my dick as she had her first of four orgasms.

Her fourth one was the strongest and brought me to the point of no return. I pushed deep into her tight, spasming tunnel, groaned and fired jet after jet of cum into her. When my orgasm had run its course, I withdrew, slid down, and

used my tongue to bring her to her sixth orgasm of the day. My goal achieved, I moved up and Emma and I exchanged a fierce French kiss.

"My turn," she said, breathing hard.

She gently nudged me to my back and then, following the pattern I'd used earlier, sucked on both my nipples, then kissed her way down to my groin. She grasped my semi-flaccid shaft, licked it clean, then took my glans into her mouth, sucking and swirling her tongue. It didn't take long before I was erect, at which point Emma released me, threw her leg over me to straddle me and impaled herself on my rock-hard dick.

She leaned down, and we kissed as she moved gently back and forth, rubbing her clit against me while squeezing and releasing her muscles, providing intense pleasure. A few minutes later, she shuddered as she had the first of another four orgasms, following which she began moving up and down, bringing me off, pushing herself hard against me as I pumped cum into her.

Emma stayed on top of me and we exchanged kisses until I softened and slipped from her. She gave me one more kiss, then turned, straddling my face and planting her labia on my lips. She lowered her head and once again began pleasuring me with her mouth. This time, though, she took it to completion, and after she had three good orgasms from my tongue, I had my release, cum spurting into Emma's soft mouth.

After the last spurt, she turned, we exchanged a deep French kiss, and then she moved from on top of me and snuggled close, one leg and one arm draped over me. We lay quietly for about fifteen minutes, and I savored the experience I'd just had, and looked forward to another fourteen hours with Emma.

"Did you come up with a nickname?" she asked.

"You didn't like any of the ones I suggested," I replied. "Why don't you pick one?"

"Well, she said," an hour ago 'Virgo' would have worked, but not now!"

An interesting revelation, and one that both did and didn't surprise me. Virginité did not imply ignorance, and Bethany's book described things in sufficient detail that even an inexperienced girl would know what to do. Given Emma's obvious intelligence, and her «joie de vivre» everything lined up, and I had no doubt the implication was true, and I shouldn't have been even slightly surprised.

"No comment?" Emma asked about ten seconds later, as I'd failed to respond due to contemplating the situation.

"Sorry," I replied. "I didn't expect that particular revelation."

"Does it make a difference?"

"As a young woman once explained, virginité is simply a state of being, not a thing in and of itself. There are many things we do for the first time, and they are not special because they are the first time, or the tenth time, or the hundredth time, but because they are special things to do. Sex is always special, whether the first time or after a lifetime.

"Another way to look at it is that it's a rite of passage from childhood to adulthood. Having sex for the first time is a ceremony recognizing that transition, a symbol if you will, not the transition. In your case, the transition occurred in the terminal at the airport in San Francisco, and we just confirmed it with a ritual."

"I hadn't thought of it that way," Emma replied. "To me, it was simply time, but I can see how what you're saying actually fits."

"Out of curiosity, what caused the change in thinking?"

"I've made out a lot, and I've felt turned on, but never enough to want to go further than kissing. I thought about it, obviously, because the guys wanted more, but I just didn't feel it. With you, the second I sat down next to you a voice screamed in my brain 'This is THE guy!' and 'You *have* to fuck him!'. I can't explain it, really."

That was Kara's experience when she sat down next to me in Mrs. Brewer's chemistry class just over twenty-two years in the past.

"And was it what you expected? Please be honest; you can't possibly hurt my feelings."

"Weirdly, I believe you."

"Why is it weird?"

"The impression I have from my friends is that guys are really touchy about that subject."

"I'm not."

"You have nothing to worry about! It was everything I'd hoped it would be. And from your reaction, I was knowledgeable enough that you couldn't tell."

"The biggest 'tell' is nervousness or tentativeness. You showed neither. There are no physiological signs for most girls over age fifteen, especially if they're physically active. And there is more than enough information available in books and online that anyone can know the correct techniques for oral sex. Screwing is pretty simple, when you think about it.

"In/Out/Repeat?" Emma teased.

"Pretty much! Sure, there are positions and variations and techniques, but it's simple enough for an inexperienced girl to not give it away if she doesn't want to, so long as she's not nervous or tentative. The old wives' tales about blood and painful intercourse are just that, at least for the most part.

"Younger teens who don't play sports might have an intact hymen, but it's typically very thin and if there's pain, it's more like an injection, and goes away quickly. Painful intercourse is nearly always due to lack of lubrication, which is why foreplay is important. And yes, it's entire possible to be *virgo intacta* at an older age, but that's rare."

"You seem very well informed for a guy."

"I'm going to give good odds you've read *Smart Teens; Smart Choices*."

"My mom gave me a copy when I turned twelve, right before I had my first period."

"Doctor Bethany Krajick and I met in Junior High and we're still friends. Her son and my daughter are very close, well, they will be again once he gets past the whole 'cooties' thing."

Emma laughed, "How old?"

"He's thirteen; she's twelve. They were basically a couple from the time they were little, but puberty is an awkward time. They'll figure it out and get back together."

"And you're OK with that, of course."



"Of course. My kids are independent individuals who have to make their own decisions."

"And if your underage daughter were doing what we're doing?"

"My underage daughter is allowed to have her boyfriends spend the night at the house. You do seem to like using that word!"

Emma laughed softly, "Because I figured you got off on the idea of being with an underage girl. And thinking about it, I should have told you I was a virgin to give you an even bigger thrill!"

"Actually, no, you shouldn't have. I'd have behaved differently."

"Why?"

"I have a habit of overthinking things and talking girls to death to make sure they're really ready to do what they've implied or said they want to do. And that would have been true of you, even though it was obvious to me what you wanted and that you were mature enough to make that decision."

"But the thrill?"

"Works after the fact, too," I chuckled. "What would you like to do next?"

"I believe you promised to use your mouth on me until I couldn't stand it!"

"I did!" I agreed.



## IV. I Want to Go Home

**December 28, 2002, Chicago, Illinois**

 Jesse

"I'm not really comfortable with the idea of being naked in front of a bunch of High School boys," Scarlett said while we were setting up for the party.

"Nobody is forcing you," I replied. "You don't have to join us in the sauna."

"But I feel like if I don't, it's over between us," she replied.

"I'm not sure why you would think that."

"Because you want to do that for the rest of your life, and include your kids, too."

"While that's true, compromise is possible. My dad has variable rules for the sauna, and everyone decides what works for them."

"But you'd be unhappy," Scarlett protested. "And I don't think that's something I could ever do, and I'm not sure I'd want my kids to do it."

"I'm not sure what you want me to say," I replied. "But don't do something you're uncomfortable doing simply because you think I want you to."

"You *do* want me to," Scarlett protested.

"In the sense that I invited you, yes. It's the same with everyone on the hockey team and the softball team who decided to attend."

"But they all agreed."

"All the ones who were at least Sophomores who chose to attend, yes."

"And you're OK with other guys staring at me and getting erections?"

"First of all, nobody is going to stare. We've discussed proper sauna etiquette. As for having an erection, it's normal until you get used to it. I didn't have that problem because I've been in the sauna since I was a baby, but teens and adults eventually don't have the reaction because they learn that nudity does not imply sex. Americans are simply too prudish about our bodies and WAY too hung up about sex."

"And if your *dad* saw me?"

"My dad has seen hundreds, and I mean *hundreds* of naked girls, of all ages, in the sauna, including his sister. He wouldn't stare and wouldn't even really notice."

"Oh, give me a break! Seriously?"

"Seriously. I've seen scores of girls naked in the sauna, including my moms and my sisters. It has ZERO to do with sex. ZERO."

"I think you're wrong."

I shrugged, "If that's the case, then you're probably right about us. What do you want to do?"

"I want to go home."

I suppressed a sigh and said, "I'd prefer you stayed and just skipped the sauna."

"I'm not sleeping with you, if that's what you think is going to happen."

"That's up to you, too. The sofa in our living room is a sleeper sofa, and you're welcome to use it."

"I'm going to call and change my flight."

"If that's what you want to do, and you can, I'll ask my moms to take you to the airport, because I'm hosting the party."

"It is."

"Suit yourself," I replied.

---

 Steve

"How about a shower and then we go for lunch?" I asked Emma after I'd licked her to a dozen orgasms, and we'd had a slow, sensual screw.

She agreed, and I led her across the hall to the bathroom. I adjusted the shower controls, and once the water was warm, we stepped in and began to wash each other.

"Remember your question about what I want?"

"Yes."

"What would you say if I decided to move to Chicago, become your karate student, get a degree in computer science, and eventually work for your company?"

Liz would object, but I already had made an exception for Cecily Younger, so the key would be to ensure things with Emma ended before it was time to apply for a job. I suspected they would, as she didn't strike me as someone who would, in effect, put her life on hold for a long-term relationship with me.

"I'd say we'd need to discuss it, but it's not out of the realm of possibilities. May I make one suggestion?"

"What's that?"

"Think about it for a few days, when you've had some time to think about it."

"Could I see you again before I go home? Maybe next weekend? Well, in addition to New Year's Eve?"

"We can probably arrange that," I replied. "It would have to be next Saturday, given my commitments between now and then. That would give you a week to think about what you just suggested, and we can discuss it."

"You think the afterglow of sex is interfering with my thought process?"

"It sure does mine," I chuckled.

"I certainly wasn't thinking straight after a dozen orgasms from your tongue, that's for sure! What do you like best?"

"What we just did -- slow, gentle, missionary-position lovemaking."

"I have to assume you've done basically everything a guy could do with a girl?"

"Including multiple girls at once," I chuckled.

"I am SO not surprised!" Emma exclaimed. "Mind if I ask how old you were the first time?"

"Fourteen. She was twenty-three."

"How the heck did a fourteen-year-old kid get a twenty-three-year-old woman into bed?!"

"She asked me," I replied. "She thought I was around eighteen because I looked older as a teen."

We finished washing, rinsed off, and got out of the shower. We dried ourselves, dressed, and then left the apartment for the walk to Potbelly's for lunch.

"Hi, Steve!" Katelyn Shanahan exclaimed when we approached the counter.

"Hi, Katelyn! How is Senior year going?"

"You know, it's Senior year! I can't wait to graduate!"

"How are things with Tim?"

"Great! Who's your friend?"

"This is Emma," I said. "She's visiting from California. Emma, my friend Katelyn Shanahan."

They greeted each other and then we placed our orders.

"Did you hear anything more from my dad?" Katelyn asked as she swiped my credit card.

"No."

"He busted those three cops who tried to shake you down," she said. "They're all suspended as of last Monday."

"Not surprising," I replied. "I take it they found a complainant who had actually succumbed to their scam?"

"I don't know the details, but I think so, yes."

I signed the credit card receipt and Emma and I moved away from the register, and Katelyn helped the next customer.

"You have to explain," Emma said quietly.

"Once we have our food."

My salad and Katelyn's soup/sandwich combo were made, and we took them to a seat near the front window.

"Her dad works in Internal Affairs," I said. "In late September last year, a female cop and her two male partners tried to entrap me into solicitation charges with a supposedly underage girl, but I caught on."

"They had your number," Emma smirked. "But you don't have to pay for it!"

"They actually had no idea. They were targeting professional men in their thirties and forties at Union Station and shaking them down after making an arrest."

"How did you know?"



"I work with teens and young adults at the dojo, and I'm also very good at reading people. The female cop was pretending to be a teenager. She was twenty-six, but looked sixteen or seventeen the way she was dressed and made up. It was her eyes that gave her away. They clearly had run the scam successfully in the past, and at some point, Internal Affairs became aware and investigated. Katelyn's dad called me to ask questions, but given I'd avoided their setup, I didn't have much to offer, as it could have been a legit sting."

"Was that call before or after you slept with his daughter?" Emma asked with a smirk.

"After," I chuckled. "I met her here. It was a complete coincidence that her dad was the IAD investigator."

"I'm going to guess that Tim is her boyfriend?"

"Yes. He asked her to a school dance, and she decided to end our relationship."

"Who approached whom?" Emma asked.

"I ordered, she asked for my card, I gave it to her, she called me, and you've already deduced what happened after that."

"You said the girls approached you, and I took that with a grain of salt, but now I'm reconsidering."

"You should, given with very few exceptions, every girl I've been with since age fourteen has been the one to initiate the relationship. The most important exception is Kara, who I chased in High School."

"And caught, obviously, given you're married to her!"

"Obviously! There was one other, but that was one of the low points in my history. Basically, I set out to corrupt a girl my girlfriend didn't like."

"Wait!" Emma protested.

"I know," I replied. "My entire existence is a complex set of seeming contradictions. I chalk it all up to Loki."

"The Norse god?"

"Yes. I think he's a better personification of Fate than anyone or anything else. Change and chaos are the only consistent things in my life. But I wouldn't trade my life for anything."

"Did you catch that girl?"

"Unfortunately. It created years of turmoil and emotional pain for everyone involved. It took nearly nine years for both of us to make peace with what happened between us."

"That sounds more than just a bad reaction to losing her virginity."

"It was way more complicated. There's a lot about me you don't know, which you'll discover over time if you're here and attend Philosophy Club, which I think you should. Also, let me know when you're ready to apply to college. I know several professors at IIT. I take it you'll start Fall semester 2004 and move here the Summer before?"

"You missed the implication of what I said," Emma replied. "I meant move here as soon as possible, so probably June. I can finish High School here."

"I did miss that. I assumed you meant after graduation. Is that going to cause trouble with your parents?"

"Mom will be pissed, but I don't care, given she's married to her job. Dad will be OK with it, and his condo has two bedrooms. It might cramp his style, but he won't object."

"And your relationship with me?"

"If you're good friends with Mrs. Spencer and Ms. Spurgeon, I can't imagine he'd object to me joining your dojo or even coming to your Philosophy Club. I'm obviously not going to tell him about the other stuff!"

"Then I'm positive you should think it through, and we'll discuss it next Saturday."

---

 Jesse

"Would you be able to take Scarlett to the airport at 4:00pm?" I asked Mom One.

"Why? What happened?"

"We had a disagreement about the sauna," I replied. "She feels compelled, even though I made it clear she could simply skip it. She's uncomfortable with the idea of co-ed saunas, even if it's only family."

"And that caused her to want to go home?" Mom Two asked.

"She said we're through, and despite offering her the sleeper sofa, she insisted on calling to change her flight. I tried to talk to her about Dad's philosophy and about nudity, but she strongly disagrees. In her mind, if she doesn't do it, we're done, and she's not going to do it."

"You know we support you, but are you sure you're making a wise decision?"

"Luna and I spoke to each person who's coming to the party and explained exactly what we intended. Luna and I both discussed the 'nudity is not about sex' philosophy with them. WE could call it off, but I think it's important to get the point across. People need to stop being so prudish."

"You sound like your dad," Mom One said. "And that's a compliment. So long as you're sure."

"I am. I don't think there's any risk of anyone saying anything because everyone has known for over a month and it hasn't leaked. And they all know that no fooling around or teasing is allowed, so we can honestly answer any questions from any parents if they ever arise."

"Are you going to try to stay in touch with Scarlett?" Mom Two asked.

"I'll call her in a few weeks, but I suspect that won't change anything."

"I think one of us should stay as the nominal chaperone with Yuriko," Mom One said. "I'll take Scarlett and Mom Two will stay."

"Thanks," I replied.

---

 Birgit

"Aren't you going to the hockey team party?" Peter asked Nicholas as we walked to the museum after lunch.

"They didn't invite Freshmen," Nicholas replied. "Jesse talked to me and they wanted everyone to be at least fifteen, and you know I'm only thirteen, even though I'm a Freshman."

"Did you skip a grade or start early?" Julie asked.

"I started early," Nicholas replied. "And it's OK, because I'm not sure I could handle being naked in the sauna with fifteen girls! I might have a very embarrassing problem!"

Everyone laughed, and I thought that was a problem I'd help with if he were fourteen!

"Leave it to Jesse," Peter said, shaking his head.

"As if you'd pass it up!" Julie teased.

"I didn't say THAT," Peter replied. "Just that only Jesse could get the entire girls' softball team naked in the sauna!"

"For the third time," I giggled. "The first two times, he was the only guy."

"«Herregud!»" Kjell exclaimed, shaking his head. ("Holy crap!")

"«Svartsjuk?»" I asked. ("Jealous?")

"«Självklart!»" Kjell chuckled. ("Obviously!")

"There they go speaking in secret code again!" Peter exclaimed.

"Oh, please!" I protested. "Your dad taught you to speak Greek! And you went to Greek School at your church on Sunday afternoons!"

"You don't hear me speaking it except occasionally with Dad! Mostly it's the old men at church, and of course, some of the prayers."

"You go to church?" Kjell asked.

"Yes. We're Greek Orthodox. Birgit's dad's Swedish doctor friend is a member of our church, along with her husband."

"Who's that?" Kjell asked.

"Sofia Katsaros," I replied. "You'll meet her, her husband, and their daughter Alexa, on New Year's Eve. She's my pediatrician. And, when I asked to go on the Pill, and told her who I was planning to be with, she called me a scamp! She also said the boy should be VERY afraid!"

Everyone laughed.

"TMI, Sis!" Albert declared, even though he'd laughed.

"Right," I giggled, "because Kjell is sleeping in the guest room! And your Yorkie will be here on Tuesday!"

"A gentleman who is planning to be an officer does not kiss and tell!" Albert said firmly.

"It wasn't kissing I was referring to!" I declared.

We reached the museum and after showing our family passes, we went in.

---

 Steve

"What next?" Emma asked when we returned to the NIKA apartment after lunch.

"That's up to you," I replied. "At some point, we should take a bubble bath."

"How about after dinner? Or maybe it's the last thing?"

"That works! I really like everything we've done and we can just keep doing that, but would you be willing to give me a good, hard fucking?"

"Your wish is my command!" I declared.

As she'd requested, we engaged in what I'd once promised Tabitha -- a raw, animalistic, mattress-pounding, headboard-banging, multi-orgasmic fuck, and I surprised Emma by pulling out and cumming in her mouth, instructing her not to swallow before we exchanged a deep French kiss.

"I didn't expect that!" she gasped, breathing heavily after the kiss.

"Which part?" I asked.

"Cumming in my mouth *and* telling me not to swallow first!"

"And?"

"Wild and crazy! I was actually excited by the way we finished, and you clearly were!"

"As I said, my preferences lie at the other end of the spectrum, but my goal is always to please my partner."

"OK, to ask what the craziest thing you've done is?"

"It's OK to ask," I replied.

Emma laughed and rolled her eyes.

"What's the craziest thing you've done?"

"I think it has to be the threesome where two seventeen-year-old girls started as virgins, I took them around the world and they both pegged me. Seventeen is legal in Illinois, by the way."

"Around the world...as in anal?"

"Yes."

"And I'm going to surmise 'pegged' means the same thing, but I'm curious how that would work."

"A harness and a dildo," I replied. "And lots of lube!"

"And that was pleasurable?" Emma asked.

"Yes, but not physically."

"You've lost me."

"Remember what I said about pleasing my partner? That made both girls happy, so it made me happy. Oh, and I left out one thing -- it was arranged by Kara and she watched."

"NO WAY!" Emma gasped.



"Completely true," I replied. "Kara has both voyeuristic and exhibitionist desires. If we'd followed the typical pattern, you'd have asked her about being with me and she'd have suggested watching, especially if you were a virgin."

"Can this get *any* stranger?"

"Do NOT ask that question," I chuckled. "Asking it guarantees that Loki will ensure it does!"

"Girls ask your wife if they can sleep with you?"

"Yes."

"And she agrees."

"Yes."

"And asks if she can watch."

"Yes."

"*Twilight Zone* time!"

"You aren't the first person to suggest that! I typically use the Lewis Carroll reference of *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There*."

"The Heinlein parallels are interesting," Emma observed.

"As I said in San Francisco, it's usually the first book I recommend to my students or anyone I'm mentoring."

"That makes sense. The other thing that makes sense at this point is for me to complete the around-the-world tour."

"You're sure?"

"Positive."

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[Cincinnati, Ohio]

 Matthew

"This is a great group," I said to Chelsea as we stood together in the Art Museum.

"I think so, too. I'm really glad I met Pavel and Larisa. I actually like hanging out with them more than the girls from High School."

"Everyone is so mature, including Jordan. It reminds me of my family."

"All of their parents are more like your mom and Eduardo than they are the typical Ohio parents. They're all treated as adults and given quite a bit of freedom, though probably not as much as your dad gives Birgit."

"I think you have that backwards," I chuckled. "Dad tries to rein her in, but *nobody* can control Birgit!"

Chelsea laughed, "There might be some truth to that! Abi is a free spirit, very much like that, but with a bit more self-control."

"That's a low bar," I replied with a grin. "A *very* low bar."

"I was thinking of inviting some of them to visit next Summer. Would that be OK?"

"Absolutely. We just need to check with Eduardo about the townhouse, or my dad about guest rooms. Who were you thinking?"

"Abi, Rachel, Pavel, and Larisa."

"Sounds good."

---

[Chicago, Illinois]

 Jesse

Luna arrived as planned about thirty minutes before the party so she could help finish setting up. I greeted her with a hug and invited her in.

"Where's Scarlett?" she asked.

"She decided to go home," I replied.

"Trouble in paradise?"

"She's upset about the sauna plans. What's annoying is she's known about it for over a month, and I had made it clear it was OK if she didn't participate. I thought everything was cool until she objected this morning and created an impasse."

"What's her problem with it?"

"That she'd have to be naked in front of a bunch of High School guys, but it was more than that, really. You know how our family is with the sauna."

"I was a bit weirded out by that at first because of your moms and your sisters, but I totally get your perspective now, even if I'm not sure I could do that with my kids."

"And that's OK," I replied. "The key is being on the same page. Dad always had variable rules for the sauna, depending on who was around and the day of the week. The key is that his wives and girlfriends are all on the same page with him. And you know my little sisters wear bathing suits."

"Ashley and Stephe, but not Birgit! She'd walk naked down Woodlawn Avenue if she wouldn't be arrested for doing it!"

"That is my sister," I agreed.

"Are you doing anything tomorrow?"

"Just going to church, why?"

"I'll tag along if we can spend some time together afterwards."

"Your parents won't be upset if you go to my church rather than yours?"

"Our priest says going to an Orthodox church fulfills our Sunday obligation."

"You catha-holics are weird!" I teased.

"Oh, please! If there's any mainstream church weirder than the Orthodox Church, I want to know what it is!"

"Well, we don't use actual live snakes in worship, so I think there's weirder!"

"That's why I said 'mainstream'. Pick me up at 7:00am?"

"I could, but you'd need to come to lunch with Jerry, Mia, Mikey, Nicole, Birgit, and Kjell. We're hanging out in the afternoon, too."

"That kind of ruins my plan," Luna grouched. "But you know what? I'll come along if it's OK."

"It is. If you aren't doing anything on Monday, you could come over."

"I'll be at your house at 8:00am!" Luna declared happily.

We made sure the coolers were full of soda and put out snacks. I turned on the sauna and put out towels for everyone to sit on. We had just finished when Lee, Freddy, and Mitch arrived, followed quickly by Keisha, Jazlyn, and Tyra. Fifteen minutes later, everyone had arrived, and we all went to the basement.

"Team," Luna smirked, "Strip!"

The girls all laughed and began taking off their clothes, as did I.

"What are you waiting for, boys?" Shelly teased.

Hilariously, at least in my mind, the guys were shier than the girls, but most of the girls had participated in at least one of the saunas, and most in both. I totally wasn't surprised that several of the guys held their hands over their groin to cover obvious boners, and we all went into the sauna and sat down, guys on one side and girls on the other, as Luna and I had agreed, with her sitting just to my left.

"OK, this is weird," Owen said, pulling a towel from the pile and putting it on his lap.

"You get used to it," I said. "Just remember the guidelines."

"What guidelines?" Shelly asked.

"It's OK to notice, it's not OK to stare," I replied. "And no innuendos or teasing. Didn't Luna mention that?"

"Just the no innuendos part," Shelly replied. "I guess girls are less likely to stare."

"Speak for yourself!" Jazlyn exclaimed, causing all the girls and some guys to laugh.

"Jesse, who's chaperoning?" Shelly asked. "In case my parents ask when I get home."

"Mom Two and Yuriko," I replied. "Neither of them will bother us at all. But I promised my dad we'd all be responsible, and nobody would drink any alcohol. Drugs aren't a question because both teams can be randomly tested, but beer could get my dad in serious trouble with the law."

"Congratulations, Lee," he said, speaking about himself. "You can be killed fighting for your country, but no fucking way you can have a legal beer!"

"You aren't enlisting, are you?" D'Andra asked.

"No, but I had to register for the draft when I turned eighteen last month. If I don't, no scholarships, grant money, or federal student loans. I'm sorry, but if you can be drafted, you should be able to legally drink."

"No need to apologize," Pete said. "I bet everyone here agrees with you."

There were nods and words of assent from everyone in the sauna.

"What about other stuff?" Destinee asked.

"Europe has it right," I said. "Fifteen for most everything except voting and driving. Some are higher, but Germany is fourteen for age of consent, beer, and wine. I know Sweden is stricter, with eighteen to buy or consume, but none of them are idiotic like the US at twenty-one for alcohol, or completely insane like California with 18 as the age of consent and no close-in-age exemption. Illinois is almost as bad. Ohio, where my mom and dad grew up, is saner -- it's sixteen and as low as thirteen as long as you're close in age."

"Control freaks," Keisha declared. "It's like with abortion -- old men telling girls and women what they can do with their bodies. It's none of their fucking business!"

"They believe you fucking IS their business," Elena declared.

"People just need to mind their own business," Lee declared. "About ALL that stuff."

"Amen, Brother!" Glen declared.

---

 Steve

"You were right, it *did* get weirder!" Emma declared as we cleaned up after I fulfilled her request.

"You asked for it," I chuckled. "Directly, not just by daring Loki to make it weirder!"

"When you have threesomes, do the girls do stuff together?"

"Some do, some don't. Most experimented once or twice, and that was the extent of it. A few discovered they were bisexual, and one discovered she was lesbian."

"Discovered?"

"The 70s were seriously repressive and her attempts to conform to social norms led to all manner of problems, including alcohol abuse and drugs. She thought, for a time, she might be bisexual, but once she was in a loving, caring relationship with another young woman in a place that was more tolerant than a rural county east of Cincinnati, she realized she was purely lesbian."

"I'm going to ask a question which you absolutely can refuse to answer, but your wives?"

"We all sleep together in the same bed, with all that implies, whether I'm there or not."

"That puts a different spin on it. Your girlfriends?"

"Both are completely straight," I replied. "Just as I am."

"No interest in experimenting?"

"None."

"I have a physiology question -- how many times?"

"Given we've spaced them out somewhat, probably eight total before midnight. But my tongue doesn't wear out!"

Emma laughed, "You said your jaw hurt a bit."

"A minor inconvenience," I replied.

"Twice your preferred way, and the other one a good, hard fucking?"



"Same as before?"

"Absolutely."

---

 Jesse

When we finished in the sauna, everyone took turns rinsing off -- the guys using the basement shower and the girls the one off the kitchen, and then we went up to the attic room to listen to music and hang out.

"Anyone want to play *Twister*?" Luna asked, seeing the box on the shelf. "Two guys, two girls?"

"Naked?" Simone asked with a smirk.

"I think that violates Jesse's agreement with his dad," Luna said.

"If everyone was seventeen, there wouldn't be a problem," I said. "The sauna could be explained because nobody touched each other, but *Twister* involves touching pretty much no matter what you do."

"Bummer!" Simone declared.

We played fully clothed, and it was still fun, and everyone laughed hard at some of the contortions necessary to avoid being eliminated. Besides *Twister*, some people played *Catan* and *Pirate's Cove*, and at 5:30pm, our pizzas were delivered. We ate, then went upstairs to the attic room, this time to dance.

"Jesse, put on a CD of slow songs," Luna suggested. "Then we'll pair off, dance, and change partners after every song until every guy has had a slow dance with every girl."

"Naked?" Simone teased, causing everyone to laugh.

"You know why Baptists don't have sex standing up, right?" Destinee asked.

"Because it might lead to dancing," I replied, having heard the joke from Dad, causing everyone to laugh.

"I think that would be an even bigger violation of Jesse's promise," Luna said.  
"But too bad!"

"You're just no fun, Luna!" Simone declared. "We need to have a party for Juniors and Seniors!"

"Actually, it would have to be seventeen and up, so we stay out of trouble," I corrected. "I don't turn seventeen until February."

"Valentine's Day?" Simone suggested.

"Let me think about it," I replied.

I put in the disk and everyone paired off, with me dancing with Luna first. When the song ended, the girls moved to their right, and Simone was my partner.

"I really want to dance naked with you," she whispered as we swayed back and forth.

"I have to clear that with my dad," I replied. "And he's going to verify everyone is at least seventeen."

"Maybe I'll arrange a private party with you in January!" she whispered, grinding against me.

"Talk to me when school starts again," I replied.

"I will!"

After our dance finished, we swapped, and I danced with Tyra, Keisha, Luna, Tanisha, Shelly, Elena, Destinee, Ayana, Jazlyn, Daniela, Brandi, Simone, and D'Andra, and finally Chung Cha.

"You don't have a girlfriend, right?" Chung Cha asked as we danced, her body pressed tightly against mine.

"No."

"My parents are out of town...if you want to be together."

Despite being used to being around pretty girls, and having had them rubbing their bodies against mine, I hadn't had a reaction until the pretty Korean girl had suggested being together. Chung Cha noticed and ground against the bulge in my jeans.

"STD test?" I asked.

"Yes. And on the Pill."

"I have to be up early tomorrow, so I can go to church."

"That's OK."

"Then stay the night, if you want."

"I do," she whispered, then put her head on my chest and tightened her arms around me.

---

 Steve

"What High School would you recommend?" Emma asked as we lounged in a bubble bath late on Saturday evening after having completed our three additional rounds.

"Lane Tech," I replied. "It's selective admission, but I'm positive you'd pass the necessary tests and meet the admission requirements. Between Samantha, your dad, and me, we should be able to ensure you can transfer there."

"How long have you known Ms. Spurgeon?"

"Since just before her sixteenth birthday."

"NO!" Emma said, laughing. "Seriously?"

"You inferred from the simple fact that I met her when she was fifteen that she and I slept together?"

"I'm going to wager that you do not have a single friend over the age of fourteen you haven't slept with!"

"You'd lose that bet," I replied.

"OK, then the percentage you haven't slept with is so small as to be meaningless except to the girl in question!"

I tweaked both of Emma's nipples hard in response.

"That tells me I'm right," she exclaimed.

"Perhaps," I replied. "But I cannot name names nor reveal those specific confidences."

"You obviously have a thing for teenage girls; besides your first, how many have been older?"

"Very few," I replied. "And with one exception, the age difference was no more than two or three years."

"How much older?"

"Fifteen years, about a year ago."

"Did you avoid older women?"

"Not specifically, no, but I tend to be the prey, not the predator."

"And girls just come up to you and ask you to go to bed with them?"

"That has happened, but with few exceptions, they receive a mindfuck before a regular one."

"A 'mindfuck'?"

"A conversation with the goal of breaking down their social programming and freeing them from the constraints of what passes for public morality and regimented thinking. Or as my wives have said, I prefer to open their minds before I open their thighs."

Emma laughed, "Nice! You didn't do that with me, though."

"I told my wives that YOU did the mindfuck! Remember, I called you my intellectual equal?"

"But you're totally open-minded."

"Yes, but it's also about who has the upper hand in a conversation such as that one. It's nearly always me. You're one of the few who immediately seized and held the high ground. And for complete disclosure, I find that *very* sexy."

"I shouldn't be surprised by that given your wives are a medical doctor, a PhD research professor, and a pre-law student."

"I've always preferred smart girls; the smarter the better."

"Opposite what I've seen in High School," Emma replied. "And even with the college guys I've hung out with. They're all intimidated."

"Your goal is to find the guy who isn't; that's the one you marry, assuming that's your plan."

"Eventually, but around age twenty-five, at the earliest. How does it work if I date?"

"So long as you don't have a steady boyfriend, and any guy you do more than kiss with has a clean STI test, there's no concern on my part. I don't condone cheating and won't be party to it. As I mentioned, my wives know I'm here, and do not have a problem with it. They'll be amused that I ended up in 'Luckiest Dumb Boy' territory again."

"You're going to have to explain that one."

"My sister has called me a 'dumb boy' since we were kids, and later, a young woman I dated in Sweden called me «jävla idiot», which means 'fucking idiot'. Both were well deserved. 'Luckiest Dumb Boy' is when a perfect girl shows up, wants to fuck, and is a virgin."

"So your fetish is actually teen virgins, not just teens?"

"Yes, but as I've grown older, the opportunities have been reduced, and I'm in a slow transition period."

"Meaning?"

"Around my birthday, I'll begin refusing most approaches, maybe even all."

"Why?"

"Call it a mental block, or whatever you will, but turning forty puts me at more than twice the age of a twenty-year-old, let alone a sixteen-year-old. Will I *always* say 'no'? Probably not."

"I'm curious, but does your transitional thinking mean you'd have said 'no' to me?"

"I seriously hate 'what if?' questions because they're idle speculation. There is no way to know what might have happened if things had been different, and you can't go back and change things, nor predict how you might react in the future with any kind of certainty. That said, I suspect you would have succeeded in getting me into your bed even with my new thinking. Let me ask you a similar question -- how old is too old for you?"

"I'm not sure there's a specific age," she replied. "I was attracted to you, and as I said, you look like you're about thirty. If you looked old, I probably wouldn't have been attracted; no offense."

"None taken," I replied. "We can't control attraction, only action."

"What's the plan for next Saturday?" she asked.

"I'll pick you up at the same time, we'll have breakfast again, but we'll need to use the playroom at home, as the apartment will be in use."

"Playroom?"

"The house has servant's quarters just off the kitchen. Our nannies used it over the years, and now it's been dubbed my 'playroom' by my wives. Nobody is allowed in our bed except the four of us."

"That makes sense, but literally every time I ask a question, the answer is mind-blowing!"

"Wait until you meet my kids!" I chuckled.

---

 Jesse

Around 11:15pm, most of the guests had left, but Lee, Pete, Luna, and Chung Cha had stayed to help clean up. The house wasn't very messy, but there were quite a few empty cans to collect and put in the recycling bin, the floor in the attic room needed to be swept, and the sauna needed to be wiped down. Luna left first, because her dad had arrived to walk her home, and shortly after, Lee and Pete left, in Lee's car. Once they had driven away, I took Chung Cha's hand and led her into the coach house.



"Do you want to be called by your Korean name or your nickname?" I asked as I led her upstairs.

"Either one is OK, and almost everyone calls me Shauna because my name is so different."

"What does your given name mean?" I asked as we went into my room and I shut the door.

"It literally means 'noble daughter' or 'righteous daughter'," she replied.

"Do you have your test paper?"

"Yes, of course! I remember what Luna said."

She showed me her test paper and her prescription, though on that I would have trusted her. I reciprocated, then turned on my stereo and put in a CD.

"Want to dance?" I asked.

"Naked?" she asked with a smile.

I nodded and began undressing and she did the same, then we took each other in our arms, she pressed her naked body against mine, put her head on my shoulder, and we began to sway gently with the music. Chung Cha was taller than most of the Oriental girls I knew, and was only about three inches shorter than me, with long legs, small boobs, and a neatly trimmed V of black pubic hair.

She was, like all the girls on the softball team, in great shape with great muscle tone, including very firm butt cheeks which I enjoyed running my hands over as we danced. As the team shortstop, she had cat-like reflexes, and I was absolutely positive she was going to be a wildcat in bed. We danced to two songs before she

lifted her head and we exchanged a soft kiss, our tongues tangling with each other.

After a minute, I scooped her into my arms and laid her on the bed. I climbed in after her, we kissed for a bit, then I lowered my head to her boob and licked and sucked her nipple for a minute before switching to the other one, then kissing my way down her body. She was soaking wet, so after planting a few kisses on her labia, I moved on top of her.

"Be gentle," she whispered as I positioned myself against her. "I'm a virgin."

I nodded, kissed her softly, and slowly pushed forward, my glans parting her labia and entering her hot, slick pussy. A few gentle thrusts and I was fully inside her, enjoying the tightness and the soft ripples of her muscles massaging my shaft. Chung Cha wrapped her arms and legs around me and squeezed them tightly. I waited another minute, then began thrusting slowly in and out, with Chung Cha matching my movements.

After perhaps a dozen thrusts, she began moving more urgently, and my prediction of her behavior in bed was proven true -- she began humping wildly and I thrust harder and harder until we were fucking wildly. After a couple of minutes, she broke the kiss, tightened her body, and groaned loudly as she had her first orgasm of the night.

# V. You Have a Waiver

**December 29, 2002, Chicago, Illinois**

 Jesse

"I'm sorry we had to be up so early," I said to Chung Cha when we went to the shower on Sunday morning.

"It's OK!" she replied. "I'm sorry I didn't let you get very much sleep!"

"I am NOT going to complain!" I said as we stepped under the spray.

Only a complete moron would object to losing sleep to have hours of amazing sex with a gorgeous virgin girl, especially receiving her first-ever blowjob! We'd screwed five times -- me on top, her on top, sitting, doggy-style, and me on top again, with a blowjob after her being on top, and sixty-nine before our last time. I'd cum seven times, and only managed about two hours of sleep, but as I'd thought, there was no way I was going to complain.

"Do you think we could keep doing this," she asked. "I mean, I won't be able to spend the night, but maybe one afternoon a week after school?"

I almost laughed because if things went the way they appeared to be going, I'd be back to the «filles du jour» situation I'd had during the previous school year. My only concern was what Zahra might think, but in the end, she wasn't going to become a Christian and I wasn't going to convert to Islam, so it had to eventually end.

"I'd like that," I said.

"Good!" she exclaimed.

We finished in the shower, dried off, went back to my room to dress, and then went downstairs. My moms weren't up, so I wrote on the board that I was going to church, then went across the yard to the main house to get the keys to my dad's BMW. I saw Dad and Birgit cuddling, said 'hi', then left the house. Chung Cha and I got into the car and I drove her to her house, where we exchanged a kiss and said we'd see each other at school.

Five minutes later, I picked up Luna at her house. She waited until I had turned the corner and stopped at a stop sign to give me a kiss.

"I do not want my dad to be suspicious!" she declared as I pulled away from the stop sign.

"Right, because getting up before 7:00am on Sunday to go to church with me doesn't imply anything at all!"

Luna laughed, "I'm a pure, innocent girl who is going to church with a very faithful boy! What could possibly happen?"

"And you think your parents actually believe that?" I asked with a grin.

"Plausible deniability is all I need!" she declared.

---

 Birgit

"Where is Kjell?" Dad asked as we cuddled on Sunday morning.

"He's still in bed," I replied. "I might have worn him out last night!"

"You are absolutely your mother's daughter," Dad chuckled. "How are things with Kjell besides the obvious 'horny teenager' activities?"

"Good, actually. He and I had a good talk about our relationship, and I'll absolutely see him when I'm in Sweden, but I'm hoping to live in Gothenburg the same as you."

"You can request that, but unless there's a family arranged, you more or less get the luck of the draw."

"Would any of your friends be interested in hosting an exchange student?"

"I honestly don't know, but I certainly can ask. And you know there's always Katt and Mikael."

"True, but they live WAY up north and that would make it tough to see Kjell the way you saw Pia. What about her?"

"She was the one I was going to call first," Dad said. "The others I'll speak to are Suzanne Fjällman, who has a son Ashley's age, or Suzana Jonsson, the daughter of the family I stayed with. She has a boy and a girl, who are ten and seven."

"Well, that won't cramp my style!" I declared.

Dad laughed, "Which is the major consideration! I assume you'd like to go to the same «gymnasiet»?"

"Yes! And study the same natural sciences curriculum."

"I'll make the calls and see what they all think. We have plenty of time. You won't even submit your application until September of next year. Will you survive a year without Dad cuddles?"

"I'll have to, won't I?" I said.

"Yes."

"Of course, you could give me something to remember you by!" I teased.

"I'll pick up a necklace or bracelet for you!" Dad teased back.

"So long as it's a 'pearl necklace', yes!"

"Birgit Elizabeth!" Dad exclaimed, but he was laughing. "Where did you learn THAT?"

From Rachel, but there was no way I was going to tell Dad!

"On advice of counsel, I exercise my Fifth Amendment right to remain silent, as the answer might tend to incriminate someone I care about!"

"You can't take the Fifth for that reason!" Dad objected.

"Says you! There is no way I'm going to tell you who told me about that! Well, that's not true! Give me one and I'll tell you!"

"Pumpkin..."

"Sorry," I said quickly. "You know I'm teasing."

"You are, but you also aren't."

"You know I love you, Dad."

"I do. And I love you, Birgit Elizabeth."

---

 Steve

After breakfast, I went to my study to place a call to Pia.

"Steve?!" she exclaimed. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"You know Birgit is planning to apply to the exchange program and this morning she told me she would like to live in Gothenburg and go to Schillerska. I wondered if you, Harry, and Marta could accept a temporary daughter and sister."

"I'd love to, but Harry has a two-year assignment in London starting next June, so we'll be living there for two years."

"How does that work for you?"

"Volvo is accommodating, and I'll work for them in the UK for two years."

"That sounds like fun. What does Marta think?"

"She likes the idea," Pia replied. "You have to make sure you stop in London if you come to Europe in the next two years."

"I'm not sure what my travel schedule looks like, but I'm sure Albert would be happy to visit when he's in England next Summer."

"Still hooked on his Yorkshire girl?"

"Very much so! Did you have a good Christmas?"

"We did. You?"

"Yes, and we had the usual circus on Boxing Day."

"It's always pure crazy around you, Steve!" Pia exclaimed.

"I know," I chuckled.

We spoke for a few minutes, then ended the call. My next call was to Suzanne Fjällman. Her son Sven answered and called his mom to the phone. She was equally surprised by my call, but the answer I received to my question was the same as Pia's, but for a much different and depressing reason.

"Jakob and I separated in August," she said. "And it's not likely we'll get back together. Right now, I can't say 'yes' because I'm not sure where Sven and I will be living once the divorce I'm sure is coming is final."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said.

"It happens. You know my mom was divorced, and we did fine."

"I know I'm 5,000 kilometers away, but if there's anything I can do to help, let me know."

"I will. You should come visit."

"I don't have any definitive plans, but I promise to let you know when I do. You and Sven are always welcome to visit us here if you need to get away."

"Thanks."



We chatted for a few more minutes, and after we ended the call, I placed a third call, which resulted in a different and positive answer.

"It's too bad my son isn't older!" Suzana exclaimed. "Paying off bets is fun!"

"You'll get no argument from me on that one!"

"Between you and me, that was *the* best day of my life, bar none! I say a silent 'thank you' to Viktor Tikhonov every time I think about it!"

I chuckled, "If he'd pulled Tretiak, I might not have scored!"

"And that would have been a travesty!" Suzana replied. "I'll speak to Karl, but I'm sure it'll be OK. I'll get in touch with the YFU office in Stockholm and find out what we need to do."

"Thanks. Birgit will very much appreciate it."

We spoke for another ten minutes, then I went to find Birgit to let her know.

"Cool!" she exclaimed. "Thanks, Dad!"

"It's not guaranteed, obviously, but I can't imagine there will be any problems."

She gave me a hug, then I went to the Indian Room to join Kara and Suzanne. Jessica was working her usual Sunday shift, and the three of us had walked her to work before Suzanne, Birgit, and I had run, something we didn't always do on Sundays, but we'd missed a few days during the holidays, and the dojo was closed, so we needed the exercise.

"Any luck?" Kara asked.

"Yes, and some news. The good news is that Pia's husband Harry is being sent to London for two years, and she's arranged a transfer with Volvo to work in England. The bad news is that Suzanne Fjällman is separated and will likely divorce. The success was with Suzana Jonsson, who said that she and Karl would be happy to have Birgit. She also lamented that her son is too young to collect on bets!"

Kara and Suzanne both laughed.

"Changing subjects, is there anything we need for Tuesday?" Kara asked.

"Not that I can think of. I don't recall if I mentioned we're having an impromptu, informal Philosophy Club meeting. Audrey, Nalani, and Emma are really interested, and enough people will be here that we can have a decent session."

"I'll be very curious to hear what Dmitry has to say!" Kara declared.

"They won't be here until around 4:00pm, and we'll be done about then. And I think Dmitry will have an immediate conversation with Jesse!"

Kara and Suzane laughed again.

"You have to watch out for those Russian girls," Kara declared.

"Steve survived sleeping with the daughter of a KGB protective officer," Suzanne observed. "I think Jesse will manage with a retired general of tanks!"

"I think Jesse is smart enough to not do anything that would cause Larisa to complain to her dad," I replied.

"Have you considered saying anything to the kids about their Russian ancestry?" Kara asked quietly.

I quickly shut the door to the Indian room.

"Honey, please do not bring up that topic in any way."

"Sorry," Kara replied. "I thought you were going to tell them."

"At some point, but I don't want them to associate Steve Samet's visit with any new information about our family, and I'll need to find a way to tell them that doesn't implicate my dad in anything. The larger problem is how to keep them from asking my dad about it, because that could quickly spiral out of control."

"Your thinking seems to have changed a bit," Suzanne observed.

"It's a fluid situation, and my thinking is evolving," I replied. "My next step, sometime next week, is to sign up for ancestry.com and do some research, though I'll be careful not to link anything, just gather information. Anyway, I'm going to get some tea. Would either of you like some?"

"Yes, please," they both replied.

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[Loveland, Ohio]

 Matthew

"You've never been to church with your brother?" Chelsea asked as we turned into the parking lot at Saint George Orthodox Church in Loveland.

"No. We went a few times when I was little, but I barely remember. My dad used to go for their Easter celebrations, but I don't think he's been in years. He did help Jesse's church with their building project, and I know he's done some financial management seminars. But Dad is more in tune with Loki than Christianity. You stopped going when you moved to Chicago."

"I knew you weren't interested and church was never important to me the way it was to Mom."

Chelsea parked, we got out of the car, then walked to the front doors where Pavel greeted us. He led us into the church where we saw Larisa, Rachel, Viktoria, April, and Mark. We followed them into the worship hall, which Pavel called the 'nave' and sat in pews about halfway forward. I would have preferred to sit in the back, but the other kids were all Orthodox, so they wanted to be further forward.

I had no real memory of being in church when I was little, and I found the service both interesting and tedious at the same time, and when it ended more than three hours after it had begun, I felt as if I was being released from custody. We left the worship hall and joined everyone in the parish hall for lunch.

"What did you think?" Pavel asked.

"It was long," I replied.

"I agree," Chelsea said. "At my mom's church, the mass lasts less than an hour."

The priest came over to us and Pavel introduced him.

"This is my dad, Father Stephen; Dad, our friends Matthew and Chelsea, from Chicago."

I shook hands with him, and he asked the usual polite questions, invited us back, then moved on to speak to other people.

After we ate, Chelsea and I left the church to head to Batavia to see some of her High School friends.

"What did you really think?" she asked once we'd pulled out of the parking lot.

"That, in addition to being long, it was tedious! So much was repeated that you could probably cut the service in half if you took out all the repeated stuff!"

Chelsea laughed softly, "That sounds just like you! Looking for the most efficient way to do something! I'm glad you don't do that in bed!"

"I would think you'd be happy if I discovered an efficient way to bring you to orgasm!"

"You brat!" Chelsea exclaimed. "You know it's about more than that!"

"Says the girl who begs for more!" I teased.

"Because I love you!"

"And I love you, too!"

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[Chicago, Illinois]

 Steve

My sister, Joel, Patty, and Davey walked into the house just after 10:00am, which was a surprise.

"What are you doing here so early?" I asked.

"We were next door and thought we'd drop in!"

"Is something going on with Terry and Penny?" I asked, concerned.

"Next door on the other side!" Stephanie replied. "The open house."

"I didn't know you were into crime scene tours!" I teased.

"We put in an offer," she said. "All cash."

"I'd say we're paying you too much," I said with a smile, "but I know where that money came from!"

"So sue me if I made a pile of cash at Spurgeon!" Stephanie exclaimed.

"I don't recall giving permission for you to move next door, Squirt!"

"As if I'd need my dumb brother's permission!"

"What did you offer?"

"The listing price; it's a bit lower than market given recent history, and we want it. I'm positive they'll accept given that it was only listed a week ago."

"Contingent on selling your old place?"

"No, but I don't think that'll be a problem. The houses on our street sell fairly quickly, and they're around the median price for Kenwood, unlike your house!"

"Which would be tough to afford now, given the major increase in property values since Dad and I bought it!"

"We're going to head home, but we'll be back for the family dinner," Stephanie said.

She and I hugged, I shook hands with Joel, who had been quiet, as was his usual practice, then received hugs from my niece and nephew. Once they had left, I let Kara and Suzanne know the news.

"I didn't see THAT coming!" Kara exclaimed. "But it's also not surprising that your sister would want to buy a bigger house than the one she and Ed bought together."

"I agree," I said. "And the price is right, because they undervalued it by about ten percent due to it being the 'Murder House', as everyone in the neighborhood calls it."

"It'll always have the moniker," Suzanne observed. "Well, for a generation, probably."

"Did anything happen with the murder case against Pete Williams?" Kara asked.

"No. I'm not sure what kind of plea bargain he could make, given there's a moratorium on the death penalty being carried out, and I don't see that ever being lifted. He's going to get life without parole, assuming what the detective said about the evidence being damning is true. The only surprising thing is that the kids put the house on the market so quickly."

"Don't you think they had to?" Kara asked. "They're living with their grandmother and there's no way they'd move back into the house where their mom was murdered."

"I don't disagree, it was just really fast."

"The kids will be set, though, right?" Suzanne asked.

"There was a mortgage on the house," I replied. "But given the appreciation in property values, even with the 'Murder House' discount, it'll pay off the note and leave them enough to cover a state school for both kids, though both of them are supposedly good enough to earn gridiron football scholarships."

Kara laughed softly, "You've adopted your kids' view of what 'football' means!"

"Given I have so many friends overseas and staff who follow European and South American football leagues, that shouldn't really be a surprise! Not to mention Eduardo calling it fútbol. Anyway, I need to change and walk over to Libby's house."

I went upstairs, changed out of the sweatpants and rugby shirt I wore to lounge around the house, and put on khakis and a long-sleeve button-down shirt. I gargled with Listerine, then went downstairs to kiss my wives. That accomplished, I got my fedora, coat, and gloves from the foyer closet, put them on, and headed out the front door.

I was leaving a bit early so I could take a leisurely, indirect walk, more to have some 'alone time' than anything else. With all my commitments to family, karate, and work, and friends, along with my dalliances, I didn't have a lot of time by myself. Of course, I didn't want too much time alone, but some was necessary.

As I walked, I considered what I'd said to Emma, which echoed what I'd said to my wives as well. If the trip to Saint Martin happened, future dalliances with anyone under twenty would be rare exceptions, if they occurred at all. For one thing, the criminal penalties were becoming harsher and harsher, as people like my mom, Kent van der Meer, and Tim Sadler were winning the argument in a bizarre alliance with so-called progressives, who had abandoned their position of the 60s for free love, free expression, and treating teens as adults.



That unholy partnership was pushing the idea that young adults in college were still 'children', in the sense that they needed to be 'protected' from 'adults'. The Republican Party had been captured by evangelical, fundamentalist prudes, and had, for the most part, rejected Ronald Reagan's views on government. If the creation of the Department of Homeland Security didn't prove that, FISA courts certainly did.

People had, as they nearly always did, traded their freedom for security theatre. It was always a losing proposition, and sadly, the trend was continuing, to the point where an Orwellian surveillance state was being created, and Americans were fast approaching the point where denouncing your neighbor was an acceptable thing to do. The US and the East Bloc had, in effect, swapped positions, with the East Bloc -- including Russia which was being led by Vladimir Putin, a man I had met when he held a different role -- moving towards freedom and the US moving towards totalitarianism.

As I walked up to the front door of Libby's house, I pushed those thoughts aside to focus on the seventeen-year-old -- and legal -- young woman who had chosen me for what she called her 'first fuck with an adult'. As I reached for the doorbell, the door was flung open and Libby grabbed my arm and pulled me inside, causing me to laugh.

"Somebody is impatient!" I chuckled.

"Somebody doesn't want nosy neighbors seeing her with an older guy when her parents are out of town! The last thing I want to do is have trouble with my parents!"

"Well, I'm all yours for the next six hours."

"Six hours; six times! Or is age messing with your refractory period?"

"I may not be a teenager, but I'm also not old enough to have encountered that problem; at least not yet!"

"Let's go upstairs!" Libby exclaimed.

I followed her up to her room, which was large and nicely appointed, with an ensuite bath.

"Did you have a plan?" I asked as she shut the door.

Libby licked her lips, winked, then said, "First, I'm going to give you an amazing blowjob. After that, you're going to lick me to a bunch of orgasms, then we fuck! You on top, followed by sixty-nine until you're ready again, then me on top. We break for some food, then sixty-nine and sex again, followed by a tit fuck where you cum on my face. Then sixty-nine so you can complete the 'around the world tour'. The last time is whatever you want, no limits, no restrictions. Is that wild enough?"

"I'd say," I chuckled.

"I thought about inviting a friend, but I decided I want you all to myself!"

"That's probably best," I replied. "Am I correct in assuming this is a one-off?"

"It think it has to be," Libby replied. "I really don't want anyone besides you, me, and Jesse to know!"

"That makes complete sense."

She went to her desk and extracted an envelope.

"My permission slip!" she declared.

I confirmed the recent date on the clean STI test and handed it back. Libby put the envelope back in the drawer, then turned to face me.

"And now, for your viewing pleasure, a sexy seventeen-year-old body!" she exclaimed.

I watched as she removed her jeans, T-shirt, bra, and panties, revealing large, firm breasts, a flat stomach, and a perfectly smooth mons, devoid of any hair.

"Well, that answers *that* question," I chuckled.

"Do you prefer shaved, trimmed, or untamed?"

"Trimmed," I replied. "Not that I'm dumb enough to reject the alternatives!"

"Any pussy available to you is perfect?" Libby asked with a smirk.

"The same as with any breasts I'm allowed to fondle, kiss, and suck are just fine!"

"Most guys prefer big boobs and shaved pussies, or so the internet seems to indicate."

"I'd take anything I read or saw on the internet about sex with a truckload of salt," I chuckled.

"Obviously! Your turn!"

I quickly removed my clothes and stood naked a few feet from Libby.

"You're in really good shape!" she exclaimed.

"For an old guy?" I asked with a smirk.

"Oh, please! Thirty-nine is not old! Isn't Jesse's grandpa eighty-five?"

"Yes."

"That's old! And even he's in good shape, considering!"

"He certainly is."

"Get into my bed so I can give you an amazing blowjob!"

"You realize that only a great fool would say a blowjob was 'bad' if the girl lets him cum in her mouth, right?"

"And you're not a great fool?"

"I clearly must choose the sexy teenager in front of me!"

"Wise decision!"

I climbed into the bed and propped myself with pillows so I could watch. Libby climbed in after me, sliding down and planting a kiss on the glans of my already erect dick. The vision of a girl fellating me made the experience all the more enjoyable, and Libby's promise of an amazing blowjob was fulfilled as she used her lips, tongue, mouth, and hands to pleasure me.

With Libby being experienced, I held out for as long as I could, and she continued the enthusiastic, extremely pleasurable blowjob until I groaned deeply, and pulsed, filling her mouth with my cum as Libby lashed my glans with her tongue, stroked me, and gently squeezed my sack. When the pulses

subsided, Libby released me and moved up so we could share our first kiss, which, unsurprisingly, was with her mouth still full of my cum.

"Amazing?" Libby asked after she broke the fierce kiss two minutes later.

"Amazing!" I agreed.

"Your turn!"

She moved to her back, and I began with her firm breast which were capped with large, brown nipples, licking and sucking for several minutes before I moved down between her legs, kissed her labia, then pressed my tongue between them, coating it with her coppery juices. Libby had a prominent clit, making it easy for me to bring her off multiple times. I wasn't sure how she defined 'a bunch', so after four orgasms from my tongue, I moved up, positioned myself, and slid smoothly into her silky tunnel.

Libby hadn't specified *how* she wanted to fuck, so I defaulted to my preference of slow thrusts, grinding against her every few thrusts, giving her five orgasms over the next twenty minutes before pushing as deeply into her as I could and pumping cum into her spasming pussy.

"Totally NOT what I expected!" Libby declared when I stopped thrusting after our mutual orgasms had passed.

"Believe it or not, that's my preferred way. I promise to pound you into the mattress later, if that's what you want."

"That wasn't an objection, by the way, because I had five great orgasms! I just expected you to be more vigorous."

I chuckled, "I promise the last time will be what I've called raw, animalistic, mattress-pounding, headboard-banging, multi-orgasmic fucking where I'll pound you as hard as I can, then pull out and cum in your mouth."

Libby laughed, "Challenge: Accepted!"

---

 Jesse

After church, Luna and I met Mikey, Nicole, Jerry, Mia, Birgit, and Kjell at Bacino's on Wacker Drive for pizza.

"Bummer of the day," Nicole said, "my parents are coming to your dad's New Year's party!"

I laughed, "It's not as if it's a Bacchanalian gathering! And besides, we'll spend most of our time at Amber's house with the teens and tweens. The youngest kids will be in the coach house with two chaperones. We won't have any, though Terry will check on us about once an hour just to keep the parents happy."

"A lot can happen in an hour," Mikey smirked.

"Graduation can't get here soon enough!" Nicole declared.

"It's 2004 for Jesse, you, and Mikey, right?" Mia asked.

"Yes. I think Luna is a Senior."

"I am," Luna said. "I'm going to Arizona State next Fall."

That made me think of CeCe, and I wondered how she was doing.

"Scholarship?" Nicole asked.

"Partial," Luna replied. "It's tough to get a spot on a Division I team, because there are something like 300,000 High School softball players and only 5000 Div I roster spots."

"Hockey is probably about the same," Nicole said. "Mikey and I are hoping to be scouted together, but that's going to be tough because there are so few girls' teams. All the schools with girls' teams have guys' teams, so if I am recruited, I'll let the scouts know they need to convince the men's team to recruit Mikey."

"You guys are that serious?" Mia asked.

"I'll marry the idiot if he ever asks!" Nicole declared.

"You guys are sixteen, right?" Mia inquired.

"Mikey turned seventeen in October; I turn seventeen in March. But I'm sure he's the right guy!"

"And I have no way to support a wife," Mikey said. "So she's just going to have to wait. And it's not as if she's not getting the milk for free now!"

We all laughed at Mikey turning around the usual comment about guys.

"Will you face each other in the playoffs?" Luna asked.

"Not until the finals, if we both make it," I replied. "The round-robin is two sets of four teams, and the winners play for the city championship. We'd play the suburban champs in the first round of the regionals, then the winner of the collar county champs. If we win THAT, we go to Springfield for the state championship, with three other regional winners."

"How many teams are in the first round?" Luna asked.

"Eight from the city, eight from the burbs. We play three other city teams in the round-robin stage. Our big advantage for winning is that our group includes four, six, and eight, while the other is two, three, five, and seven."

"Who's in your group?"

"Chicago Latin, Lane Tech, and Saint Patrick Catholic. We play the winner of the group with British International, Brother Rice, St. Rita, and De La Salle."

"Our group is tougher," Nicole said. "We have Waubonsie Valley, Naperville Central, and Glenbard East. We beat Glenbard but lost to the two Naperville teams."

"By one goal each," Mikey said. "And those were our only two losses to teams in the burbs. We only lost to Jesse's team and Brother Rice in the city."

The waiter brought our pizza, and that was the end of the conversation as six hungry kids dug into the deep-dish pan pizza.

---

 Steve

"Another surprise," Libby declared. "I never expected THAT, either!"

I chuckled, "If I had no problem French kissing after the blowjob when you hadn't swallowed, and putting my tongue in your pussy after I'd cum there, I'm not sure how licking my cum off your face and chest is such a surprise!"

"I guess I just didn't know what to expect from you. As much as I've flirted and teased, I had no idea what you liked or what you wanted to do. And I promised myself no comparisons."



"Wise."

"Now that I've crossed 'father and son' off my bucket list, have you had a mother and daughter?"

"More than once," I chuckled. "And the opportunity for one I passed up."

"OK, I have to ask -- why?"

"I was fifteen and was WAY more interested in my friend than her mom, and my friend would have objected."

"Twins?"

"Yes, together, even."

"I'd ask about multiple partners, but you're married to three women, so I think that's a sure thing!"

I chuckled, "I had my first foursome when I was fifteen. And for my twentieth birthday, there were five girls, but serially, not simultaneously."

"How old were you your first time? Fourteen?"

"Yes, and she was nine years older."

"Jesse was my first, and only, guy; I've been with six different girls."

"You're dating Lilibeth now, right?"

"Yes, but it's temporary. She's going to BC when she graduates, and I'm going to Harvard. She also is like Mom One and wants nothing at all to do with a dick penetrating her. She's not even interested in experimenting."

"Don't push that," I counseled.

"I know. I spoke with Mom One about it and she gave me good advice. I want a situation like yours, with a guy and a girl, so Lilibeth isn't really an option. I suspect I'll meet the right guy and girl at Harvard."

"What kind of law do you intend to practice?"

"I'm not sure. Criminal defense is cool, but the lawyers I've spoken to, including Aunt Melanie, say it can be super frustrating."

"I do like how you talk like a member of the family," I replied.

"What's the saying? When in Rome? You know how much time Jesse and I have spent together and how close we are."

"True."

"Ready for the final stop on the round-the-world tour?"

"As I'll ever be!"

"Minus the erection you need, but sixty-nine will solve that! The lube is in the nightstand drawer."

---

 Ashley

"Have fun with Libby, Dad?" I asked with a sly smile when he came into the house late on Sunday afternoon.

"How the..." he asked, but had a smile.

"I think and I know things!" I giggled. "And I watch and listen! Your secret is safe with me!"

"And to think in the past I called Birgit the 'Neighborhood Watch'," Dad chuckled, shaking his head.

"Aunt Stephanie said they're buying the house next door!" I said.

"She told me this morning," Dad replied. "I need to find Kara Mom and Suzanne so we can walk to the hospital to get your mom."

Dad left, and I went back to the kitchen to help Yuriko, Stephe, and Natalie with dinner.

"Dad's home," I announced. "He, Kara Mom, and Suzanne are leaving to get Mom from the hospital."

"Ashley-chan, would you stir the soup, please?" Yuriko asked.

"Of course!" I replied.

I went over to the stove, pushed the step-stool over, and climbed up. I picked up the wooden spoon, and stirred the pot, then tasted it.

"I think it needs a bit more onion and garlic," I said.

"Add small amounts, please," Yuriko instructed. "Then let it simmer a few minutes before you taste it again."

I added two pinches of garlic powder and two of onion powder, stirred them in, and waited two minutes before I tasted it again.

"Perfect!" I declared.

"Thank you! Would you make sure Albert set the table, please?"

"Yes!" I exclaimed, climbing down off the step-stool.

I walked to the dining room where I saw all the places were properly set. I returned to the kitchen and let Yuriko know Albert had done his chore, which, had he not, would have been shocking. He was the most 'squared away' person in the house, and even had all his shirts lined up by color, facing the same way, and evenly spaced in his closet!

---

 Steve

"How in the heck did Ashley know where I was?" I asked Kara as she, Suzanne, and I walked south on Woodlawn Avenue.

"What happened?" Kara inquired.

"She met me at the door and asked if I'd had fun with Libby! I did NOT say anything to her, and I'm sure none of you did, and Jesse didn't know it was going to be today, and he was out with his friends."

"She thinks, and she knows things!" Suzanne repeated. "Don't ask me how, but *nothing* takes her by surprise or gets past her!"

"TELL me about it," I chuckled. "Birgit wishes she was half as clued in as Ashley is!"

"They say it's the quiet ones you have to watch out for," Kara declared. "So, DID you have fun with Libby?"

"Yes. And today was a one-time thing. It's something she's wanted to do for some time, but she's not interested in trying to have a secret relationship."

"Was it as wild as she suggested?"

"Absolutely! Lots of sixty-nine, with three screws -- me on top my way, her riding me wildly, and a hardcore fuck at the end. There was also a tit fuck and, of course, she wanted the final stop on the 'round-the-world tour'."

"So you're all worn out now after Emma and Libby?"

"Invigorated," I countered. "But I'm going with my stated plan. Obviously I'll be with Avanti, but other than the potential Saint Martin trip, it'll wind down, and other than some rare exceptions, there won't be anyone under twenty-one."

"You still plan to fulfill Kristin Jaeger's request, right?" Suzanne asked.

"Yes, and her friend's as well. I mean new girls."

"We'll see!" Kara declared. "What about when Natalie leaves?"

"That's a few years in the future, and I'll worry about it then. And what do you mean by 'we'll see'?"

"You need your dose of virgin blood!" Kara exclaimed.

"And you need your voyeuristic fantasy fulfilled!" I chuckled.

"He didn't say never, Kara," Suzanne observed, "just rare exceptions. And unless I've missed something, except for Kristin and her friend Erika, Steve hasn't been with anyone who is under the legal age of consent since his mistake with the cheerleader. Well, until Emma."

"Correct," I replied. "Elin in Sweden, but fifteen is legal there, and she was sixteen."

"If the trend I'm seeing with girls at UofC is representative," Suzanne continued, "there won't be a shortage of twenty-one-year-old virgins who'll need a mindfuck, along with the other kind."

"Sadly," I replied. "Society is going to Hell in a handbasket."

"You could always provide stress relief for future doctors, too," Suzanne suggested. "Jessica is positive at least four or five of them would avail themselves of that service!"

I chuckled, "She's probably right about that, based on the flirting."

We reached the hospital and Jessica, Allyson, and Lucy walked out together.

"Hey, handsome!" Lucy said, surprising me with a kiss on the cheek.

"Hi," I replied.

"Can anyone do that?" Allyson asked.

"It's a free country," Jessica declared.

Allison stepped up and rather than a kiss on the cheek gave me a quick peck on the lips and winked.

"Later, Jess!" Allyson said, and she and Lucy walked away.

I hugged Jessica and gave her a kiss, then Kara and Suzanne hugged and kissed her, and the four of us began walking home.

"They'll be at the New Year's Eve party," Jessica said. "And you have a waiver!"





## VI. Are You Trying to Confuse Me?

**December 29, 2002, Chicago, Illinois**

 Steve

After dinner on Monday, my wives and I went to the Indian room to relax.

"I'm curious why you offered the waiver," I said to Jessica.

"I honestly don't think it would cause any problems," Jessica replied. "The same is true for the med students, given your seminars are optional and not graded. I totally understand making any NIKA employees totally off limits, but the hospital and medical school? No. That expands the pool of candidates, given your plan to implement a nobody under twenty-one rule, which I suggest should be eighteen."

"With rare exceptions, though, right?" Suzanne asked.

"Yes," I replied. "As I think about it, it could only be for 'cousins' whose parents wouldn't object, and honestly, there aren't many who've shown any kind of interest."

"There really aren't that many of them," Kara observed. "Amelia Tarrance and Alexa Katsaros are twelve and Amber Penfield is thirteen, so even they are a few years away. I believe Amber asking is a sure thing, but I don't think the other girls have expressed any interest or even flirted."

"They haven't," I replied. "And Amber, being Penny's daughter, will *demand*, not ask!"

"True!" Suzanne declared. "And neither Stephanie nor Ashley would tolerate their friends receiving an 'expert deflowering'."

"As I said, the field is limited," Jessica interjected. "Obviously, it's up to you, Tiger, but as I said, eighteen seems like an appropriate floor, with those other exceptions. Girls that age are in college or working full time."

"I was more concerned about the absolute age difference than anything," I replied.

"You need your dose of virgin blood, Snuggle Bear!" Kara declared. "Eighteen will be easier than twenty-one."

"Not the way the world is going," I replied. "But I will listen to my wives' wise counsel and take it under advisement."

"Are the plans set for Saint Martin?" Jessica asked.

"I spoke to the girls' moms today," Kara said. "They all gave permission, provided Steve and I chaperone, and we don't let the girls roam without supervision."

I chuckled and said, "That's not going to go over well with Her Royal Highness, Birgit the First of Kenwood!" I chuckled.

"I did get the moms to agree that the girls could go to the beach that's more or less across the street from the house," Kara said. "That should help."

We were interrupted by the phone ringing in my study. I got up and walked to answer it.

"Steve Adams," I said.

"Hi, it's Nadia! We keep playing phone and IM tag."

"Sorry about that. This time of year is very busy, and things were messed up by an emergency at work and my own failure to remember I had out-of-town guests arriving. Unfortunately, the next day I have free would be Friday, the 3rd of January."

"I suppose that will have to do. Maybe I should just tell you what I want to do, because it sounds as if our schedules won't easily match up. I wanted to do it face-to-face to be able to gauge your reaction. OK to just tell you?"

"Yes."

"I have two fantasies. The first one is being a sixteen-year-old virgin babysitter and seducing the hunky dad when he drives me home and my parents are out."

I chuckled, "The fantasy of every married guy who drives a nubile babysitter home, and probably quite a few of the babysitters."

"I was tempted a couple of times when I was fifteen and sixteen to actually try to seduce the dads of kids I was babysitting, but I chickened out."

"I never had the opportunity to seduce a babysitter or be seduced by one because we always had nannies for our kids. It sounds like fun. What's the other fantasy?"

"It's the dark one," Nadia said quietly. "I fantasized about losing my virginity to an older guy while I was tied up."

I was VERY uncomfortable with rape fantasies because of Bethany and Michelle, and I had turned down a similar request from Alicija Czerwinski, one of Birgit's grade school teachers.

"I have a serious concern about non-consensual sex," I replied. "Even simulated."

"You mean rape?" Nadia asked. "That's not what I mean. I'd beg you to do things, and you do them. Totally willing and totally consensual."

"I'm curious about how that fantasy developed."

"It's something that popped into my mind unbidden when I was thirteen and it became stronger as I got older. It's something I really want to do, and it's a fantasy that could actually happen."

"Implying..."

"That I'm still a virgin. I've made out some, in both High School and when I was getting my Associate's degree, but I never met anyone I felt I could tell what I wanted. Nobody but Danielle knows about either of those fantasies, and if I have to choose one, it's the one that would be real. I hoped you would be willing to do both. Danielle wasn't sure, but she said you were the safest guy she'd ever met."

"Do you have both mapped out? The role playing and the dark fantasy?"

"Yes. For the babysitter fantasy, we would start at your house, with you coming home with your wives, then role play you driving me home. You would take me to my parents' house so we can use the bed I slept in while I was a teenager. It's OK because they're on a cruise and don't come home until the 4th. For the other one, you come to my apartment, or I come to your place. I have soft ropes if you don't have any. I could IM you a script beforehand so you know exactly what I want and are sure it's consensual."

"I need to think about that one, but the role playing one sounds fun. Let's plan for the 3rd, and I'll call or IM you about the bondage fantasy."

"OK. Talk to you soon! And please don't cancel again!"

"I do apologize for the circumstances."

We said 'goodbye' and I went back to the Indian room.

"That was Nadia, Danielle's friend," I said.

"Interesting fantasies?" Kara asked with a smirk.

I chuckled, "One I never had an opportunity to try -- the virginal teenage babysitter seducing the dad who drives her home."

All three of my wives laughed.

"You did get two nannies!" Jessica observed.

"Neither of them were virgins," Kara countered. "Winter was, but she wasn't actually a nanny, and she got Steve before we hired her as our domestic."

"All true," I said. "It would be total roleplaying, and a lot of fun. Her other fantasy is dark -- losing her virginity while tied to the bed. She insists it's not a rape fantasy and offered to provide the list of things she wanted done in the order she wanted them done in advance."

"You turned down Alicija Czerwinski," Kara observed.

I nodded, "Because it was quite clearly a rape fantasy. This one isn't so cut and dried. It's actually closer to what Elyse and I once did, where she had me tie her up and fuck her silly for hours."

"How did Nadia actually lose her virginity?" Suzanne asked. "If you know, that is."

"She didn't," I replied.

My wives all laughed once more.

"Luckiest Dumb Boy strikes again!" Kara declared. "She really wants to lose her virginity that way?"

"Yes. She said the idea simply sprang into her mind when she was thirteen, and has been growing stronger ever since. That doesn't surprise me, the growing stronger part, because the more she thinks about it, the more she'd want to do it. For her other fantasy, she was tempted several times when she was fifteen and sixteen, but never worked up the courage to actually try it."

"What are you going to do?" Jessica asked.

"Think about it," I replied. "Obviously, the babysitter fantasy is something I'd do, but the other one is questionable."

"We do stuff like that from time to time," Kara said. "And you did with Elyse."

I nodded, "I know, but I still want to think about it. It's one thing to play the way we do, in a well-established relationship. It's another thing entirely with a random deflowering. In any event, I'll see her on the 3rd."

"Is there anything we need to do before Jon and the family arrive?"

"I believe we have everything we need for them, and for the party. Is anyone up for a sauna?"

"Will you be up in the sauna?" Kara asked mischievously.

"If my wives wish that to be so, then it will be so!"

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## December 30, 2002, Chicago, Illinois

 Birgit

"What are you doing today?" I asked Dad as we cuddled in the sunroom on Tuesday morning.

"Hanging out with Audrey, Brad, and Isabella until it's time to pick up Nalani and her boyfriend, Jung He, at O'Hare. You have your photoshoot today, right?"

"Yes. Bob is going to shoot pictures of Meghan and me, and probably some with Kjell, too. Bob's friend Mariana is going to help."

"Just remember the limits, please, Pumpkin."

"The government needs to mind its own business!" I growled. "They aren't actually protecting me! THEY are the ones abusing ME!"

"That is what your fellow citizens want," Dad said.

"My 'fellow citizens' are freaking morons!" I declared. "Every single time someone says 'think of the children' they make things *worse*, not better!"

"I don't disagree," Dad said. "That's the entire point of working under the radar with Philosophy Club and your Hangout."

"It worked in the 60s, but I don't think it will work now," I observed. "9/11 changed things and now everyone wants to be 'safe' no matter how little actual safety they receive in return for giving up their rights!"

"A daughter after my own heart!" Dad declared.

I snuggled close, loving how safe I felt in Dad's arms.

"I want to change my trip to New Hampshire to stop in New York City for one night so I can see Marcella," I said.

"That's fine," Dad replied. "Your moms, Suzanne, and I are taking a long weekend in New Hampshire in April. Katy had a cancellation and offered it to us."

Which made sense, given we were going to Saint Martin over Spring Break. I hoped Bob would be able to go, because if he couldn't, I wasn't sure who I could invite. I'd try Tomás, but his parents were very conservative.

"Breakfast is ready!" Yuriko announced from the door to the sunroom.

"Be there in three minutes!" I replied, tightening my arms around Dad and snuggling as close as possible.



"What did you want to do today?" I asked Luna when she arrived at my house just after breakfast.

"I thought that was obvious!" she replied with an inviting smile.

"Is that all I'm good for?" I asked with a goofy smile.

"You're a great goalie, too!" Luna replied.

I laughed, took her hand, and led her up to my room. Two hours later, sweaty and sated, Luna was stretched out on top of me, her chin resting on her arms, which were crossed on my chest.

"When does hockey practice resume?"

"The 2nd," I replied. "And our first game is against Chicago Latin on the 11th. We play Saint Patrick on the 18th, and Lane Tech on the 25th. We play for the city championship on February 1st, assuming we win our group. You start your indoor practices in February, right?"

"Yes. I don't think I told you that I'm going to room with CeCe in the Fall."

"You didn't," I replied. "That's cool."

"You guys are kind of on the outs, right?"

"Once she decided to go to school in Arizona, it was tough to maintain our relationship. I'm not upset with her or anything, but I know she was disappointed that things kind of came to an end."

"She's not upset with you, and she's been dating. And that means I don't have to worry about coming between you."

"Now there's a picture!" I chuckled.

Luna laughed, "A fantasy of yours?"

"Been there, done that!" I smirked. "But the participants' names cannot be revealed to protect the guilty!"

"Simone talked to me about a special Valentine's Day party."

"She mentioned it to me, too, but we'd have to be VERY careful about who was invited. You'll be eighteen by then, and to be totally safe, nobody under seventeen could be invited if it's going to be like what Simone hinted. And even then, I'm not sure my dad would be OK with it, because parents would lose their minds."

"Simone is only a Sophomore, so she wouldn't even be able to come to the party she wants you to host. She turns sixteen in March."

"The only way it could work is either nobody under seventeen or nobody older than seventeen," I said. "Anything else opens my dad, moms, and aunts to all kinds of potential trouble. I honestly don't care what the government thinks, and age doesn't matter if it's just one-on-one, but once you have a group, there are too many variables."

"Even if everyone promised not to say anything?"

"I'm not sure how you could ever be certain," I said. "Again, one-on-one is different."

"Forget the law for the moment, would you do it?"

"Sure," I replied. "I mean, so long as we set clear boundaries and everyone agrees in advance."

"I know absolutely for sure neither Simone nor I would say anything, and I'm positive Destinee, Shelly, and Elena would agree to keep it totally secret. I bet Pete, Jack, Freddy, and Tom would be cool about it, too."

"Just out of curiosity, did Simone expect it to go beyond naked *Twister* and dancing?"

"I don't think she intended an orgy!" Luna declared. "But with ten people naked together, who knows?!"

"An orgy would cross a line I don't think I'm prepared to cross," I said. "And even if I was, my dad isn't going to agree. If we were all over eighteen and had our own place, he wouldn't care. But society has its head so far up its butt about sex in general, and teen sex specifically, that the risk of doing something like that in his house is just too great."

"Changing subjects back to college, are you applying anywhere except UW Madison?"

"Minnesota and BC," I replied. "But I'm positive I'll get into UW."

"Are you being scouted?"

"Coach said scouts will be at the tournament, so I'm sure someone will talk to me at some point. That said, I'm pretty sure I prefer to play club hockey rather than Div I. I want to focus on school and do what I need to do to find a coaching, scouting, or management job with a pro team. What's your major going to be?"

"Computers. Yours will be business, right?"

"Yes, with a minor in computers."

"What if you can't find a job with a hockey team?"

"There are plenty of sports options, including baseball, plus, of course, entry level management jobs in non-sports companies. I have plenty of time to work it out! How about you? Silicon Valley?"

"I'd love that! Obviously, Redmond, Washington is another option."

"Microsoft? Really?"

Luna laughed, "I'm not a Mac fanatic like everyone in your family! Once more before we shower and have lunch? Then a sauna?"

"Works for me!" I agreed.

---

 Steve

"What are your plans after graduation?" I asked Audrey as she, Brad, Isabella, and I drank hot cocoa in the sunroom.

"Hang onto your hat," Audrey declared. "Brad and I are both going to seek commissions in the Navy."

"I didn't see THAT coming!" I exclaimed in surprise. "What brought that on?"

"Opportunities, really. Neither of us really like the job prospects, and after speaking with an officer recruiter, we decided we'll go for it. We haven't signed yet, but we'll do that once we get back to Columbus."

"The Navy has been pretty good to many of my friends," I said. "Not to mention my dad. And Albert is going to try for an appointment to the Naval Academy. What about you, Isabella?"

"Grad school for a Master's in International Relations."

"You should absolutely speak to my friend Mary, who'll be here tomorrow. She works for the State Department. She's Chief of the Russian Desk. I'll introduce you."

"Thanks!"

"Did you guys have anything specific you wanted to do today?" I asked.

"A sauna, for sure," Audrey said. "Otherwise, just hang out. Well, and Isabella hopes you'll fuck her brains out!"

"AUDREY!" Isabella screeched.

"It's true, isn't it?" Audrey teased.

"That's outrageous, even for you, Audrey!" Brad declared.

I chuckled, "She was almost as outrageous at her sister's wedding, so it doesn't surprise me."

I also had taken note that Isabella was a beautiful Hispanic Steve type, but hadn't given any thought to her beyond that, and neither she nor Audrey had hinted at anything before the comment Audrey had made.

"Audrey! I'm going to KILL you!" Isabella declared.

"Oh, please!" Audrey protested. "You purposefully had an STD test before I came to Chicago, and you have the test paper in your pocket!"

"Argh!" Isabella growled.

"Dial it back a bit, please, Audrey," I requested.

"Thank you!" Isabella exclaimed.

"Audrey," I said, "I do have to ask -- did you tell Brad and Isabella how we usually use the sauna here?"

"It must have slipped my mind!" Audrey replied with a smirk.

"Uh huh," I chuckled.

"What are we missing?" Brad asked.

"The norm for the sauna here is fully naked," I replied. "No bathing suits or towels. But if anyone is uncomfortable with that, we can use towels."

"Adults, right?" Isabella asked.

"Our family has very Scandinavian values in that regard, so kids, too. Both with the family, and some of them with their friends."

"This place becomes crazier by the second!" Isabella declared.

"My late dear friend Jorge didn't call it *Cirque du Steve* for nothing! Or, as someone else called it, the Madhouse on Woodlawn."

"Late friend?" Brad asked.

"He was killed by a drunk driver just over nine years ago. My wife, the medical doctor, was in the car as well; she survived, obviously."

"Man, that sucks. Did the drunk survive?"

"Not this time, but that is a fairly common thing, unfortunately."

We finished our hot cocoa and then headed to the basement. I was curious to see what would happen, and it totally didn't surprise me when Isabella and Brad both requested we use towels. Ten minutes later, the sauna was heated, and I ladled water onto the rocks. As the steam began rising, Yuriko and Natalie appeared at the door wearing robes. Without a word, they closed the door, and came in about a minute later with towels wrapped around them.

"How were things at home?" I asked Natalie.

"Pretty good, though Nicole told my parents she and Mikey are going to get an apartment together in Madison, rather than live in the dorms; well assuming they both get in there. You can imagine how that went over with my dad."

"I can. Your mom was OK with it, right?"

"Yes. She's known about Mikey and Nicole since it started; Dad just now figured it out, and he's not happy."

"How old is she?" Audrey asked.

"Sixteen, the same as Mikey and Jesse. They all played hockey together before High School."

"Mind if I ask how old you are?"

"I don't mind at all," Natalie said. "I'm twenty."

"You're the one who's going to Russia for grad school, right?" Audrey asked.

"I'm obviously not the one going home to Japan when I finish my degree!" she smirked.

"Yuriko, what year are you?" Audrey asked.

"Sophomore, but I'm twenty-two. I studied with my grandfather for two years before coming to the US, and I'll return to Japan after I complete my Master's degree in horticulture."

"How did the two of you meet Steve?"

"I met him in Japan when he visited the karate dojo where my best friend is the wife of the master, though then she was fifteen, and not yet engaged. Of course, I was a silly school girl at that point, and didn't see Steve again until I came to Chicago to study."

"And I met him in Russia when I was fifteen," Natalie said. "The team Mikey, Jesse, and my sister played for was invited to play teams in Russia, and I went along. I fell in love with Russia, and decided to get a degree in Russian history with a minor in foreign relations then work on a Master's and PhD in Russian



history at «Европейский университет в Санкт-Петербурге» -- the European University at Saint Petersburg."

"You both live here full time?" Isabella asked.

"We're the live-in girlfriends," Natalie said with a sly smile. "Yuriko goes back to Japan each Summer, and this Summer I'm going to Russia for two months, but otherwise, yes, we live here."

"Girlfriends?" Isabella asked skeptically. "Steve said 'housemates' when he gave the tour!"

"Steve is circumspect with newcomers," Natalie replied. "But nobody hides that fact, right, Yuriko?"

"Right!" Yuriko confirmed happily. "We both love him, and he loves us, but he cannot provide the two things we both need, or a third thing which I need. For both, it is to be a husband and father children; for me, it is someone who will live in Japan."

"Three wives, kids by four women, and two girlfriends?" Isabella asked.

"And the freedom to fool around!" Audrey declared.

"Any tips?" Brad asked with a smirk, earning himself a faux glare of annoyance from Audrey.

"Don't piss off the girlfriend," I said. "You'll live longer!"

All the girls laughed.

"The logistics must be 'interesting'," Brad observed.

Natalie smirked, "We all know how to share! We learned that in kindergarten!"

"Can I ask why?" Isabella inquired.

"Because he provides what we need at this point in our lives," Yuriko said. "Love, compassion, friendship, intimacy, and companionship."

"But don't mistake intimacy for sex," Natalie quickly added. "They're two very different things."

"How so?" Isabella asked,

Natalie smiled, "That's something we've discussed at length in Philosophy Club, but the short answer is true intimacy is the joining of souls, not bodies. When Yuriko and I each marry, we'll continue to be very intimate friends with Steve, though sexual intimacy will end. But that's really a pale, limited version of intimacy compared to the merging of «kami» -- the animating life force, or spirit, or soul, if you will, though not precisely.

"In most cases, though not all, what we call a 'mindfuck' precedes a physical fuck. That is, a long, detailed conversation designed to break down preconceived notions, open the mind, and forge a truly intimate relationship. Or, as someone said, opening the mind before opening the thighs. And that second thing doesn't always happen. Steve has several very intimate female friends with whom he has never had sex."

"This is all just out in the open?" Brad asked.

"More or less," I replied. "As Natalie said, we're a bit circumspect with newcomers, but we don't hide it. The ultimate goal is subversive -- to develop a group of people who reject social convention, believe in freedom and liberty, and

who reject Puritanism in all its forms, whether religious or secular, left or right. The same is true for authoritarianism. Fundamentally, people should be free to do as they please unless they harm another person or violate their rights.

"A perfect example is my marriage. There is literally no harm done to anyone by Kara, Jessica, Suzanne, and me believing we're married, or Jennifer and Josie being married. My kids are all intelligent, healthy, well-cared for, and mature. Having a very extended family has actually been positive. Granted, it's a different form from the typical Hispanic or Oriental extended family, but it provides all the same benefits.

"In addition, our kids are given near total freedom to determine the course of their lives, and have the autonomy to make their own decisions. All of them have run their own lives since they were toddlers, and very successfully, because we've taught that with freedom comes responsibility. Do they make mistakes? Absolutely! But then again, so do I. That's one of the most important ways to learn.

"Anyone who thinks that my theory of child-rearing is harmful has to deal with the fact that Jesse is a star athlete and at the top of his class; Birgit holds a black belt in Shōtōkan and is also at the top of her class. Matthew is an excellent actor and singer, and is on the debate team, and is a very good student; Michael is on the robotics team and is also an excellent student. Albert is a pilot at age thirteen, though he can't get his license until he's seventeen; he's also planning on going to the Naval Academy, as I said earlier. Stephie and Ashley are both excellent students and both are brown belts in Shōtōkan. In other words, it works."

"My parents were pretty controlling," Isabella said.

"Have you heard anything here with which you disagree?" Natalie asked.

"Not really, though it's pretty strange and 'out there'."

"You should come to the impromptu Philosophy Club meeting tomorrow. You'll see what this is all about."

The door opened and Jesse stuck his head in.

"How much longer will you be?" he asked.

"We're basically done," I said, standing up.

The others stood up and followed me out.



Jesse

"What was with the towels?" Luna asked after I put the 'Privacy Please' sign on the door to the sauna.

"I'm going to guess Audrey's boyfriend or friend wasn't comfortable being naked. There are some family friends like that, and my Aunt Stephanie's husband was squeamish about it when he first started coming here while they were dating. If you think about it, it's a pretty big thing for most people given social views on nudity and sex."

"Speaking of sex..." Luna smirked.

"Is that all I'm good for?" I asked with a grin as she moved onto my lap.

"No, of course not! I said so before! But we have limited opportunities, so I have to make the most of the ones we do have! We do lots of stuff together that isn't sex!"

I chuckled as I moved my hand to cup her firm boob, "I know that. I was teasing!"

When we finished fooling around, I filled the whirlpool, and we got in, with Luna sitting between my legs and reclining back against me.

"Some of the girls from the softball team want to come to your Hangouts. Would that be OK?"

"Yes, though it's important to understand that we talk about pretty much any topic you can imagine, often in depth, and sometimes the conversations are R-rated, and occasionally even beyond that. And not just sex -- drugs, abortion, racism, discrimination, and a host of other controversial topics. Basically, if you can't deal with a George Carlin skit, you shouldn't be there. And if your parents would pitch a fit, you have to be careful what you say to them."

"I've never listened to George Carlin," Luna replied.

"You absolutely should. His philosophy is very much in vogue in our group, along with Frank Zappa, not to mention ancient Greek philosophers and Enlightenment thinkers. We also talk about religion, including Eastern religions."

"You know, if we invited Simone, Destinee, Shelly, Elena, Pete, Jack, Freddy, and Tom to your Hangout, you could get a good feel for if they'd blab about the party."

"That's a good idea," I observed, though I hadn't figured out where we'd meet because Libby was going to go to my dad's Philosophy Club meetings.

"You know what else is a good idea?" Luna asked, shifting and turning so she could straddle me.

---

 Steve

"There's a shower in the bathroom there to rinse off," I said. "It's really only big enough for one, so you'll need to take turns. Isabella, you can come upstairs with me or wait, whichever you prefer. Yuriko and Natalie will use their shower."

"Uhm..." Isabella hemmed and hawed.

"Just a rinse in the shower," I said. "I wasn't implying anything more."

"There is no safer person on the planet than Steve," Natalie said. "He means it."

Isabella nodded tentatively, we grabbed our clothes, then she followed the three of us up the stairs. Rather than go to my room, I walked to the Playroom, to avoid breaking any marital rules. I shut the door to the kitchen behind us, and walked straight to the bathroom, putting my clothes on the vanity, with Isabella following suit.

"You can go first if you want, and I'll wait in the other room, or I can go first, and you can either stay or wait in the other room."

"You'd really just drop your towel in front of me like it was nothing?" she asked.

"The answer is a nuanced 'yes' -- I would, but not if it made you uncomfortable. That's why I offered the options I did."

"And you'd expect reciprocity?"

"Expect? No. That's up to you. What Natalie said about being safe is absolutely true -- nothing happens that makes you uncomfortable or that you don't want to do."

"I was positive you would suggest showering together," Isabella said.

"I did think it, but given the totality of the circumstances, I felt it was inappropriate to say it, so I didn't."

"Most guys would at least try, especially after what Audrey said before!"

"First of all, I'm not most guys. Second, a desire to do a thing is neither a compulsion nor a promise to do it. Third, Audrey revealed something private which she should not have revealed, and it would be uncouth to act on it."

"Are you for real?" Isabella asked.

"I am. Unless you object, I'll go first. You can stay or not, it's your call, and staying does not mean you give me permission to stay when you shower. You have to tell me it's OK."

"This isn't an act to try to seduce me?"

"It's not an act. Whether it's seductive or not is irrelevant. I'm going to turn on the shower, wait ten seconds, then get in."

I did as I'd said, and it didn't surprise me when Isabella didn't leave the bathroom. Of course, it wouldn't have surprised me if she'd left, either, as I had no idea what she wanted to do, if anything. I quickly rinsed off under the tepid spray, which helped cool me down, then stepped out, grabbing a towel from the rack to dry myself.

I made a silent bet with myself that she wouldn't ask me to leave, and I won it when she dropped her towel, revealing a well-toned and sexy body. I didn't

avert my eyes taking in both her neatly trimmed black pubic hair, her small, firm breasts, and her tight butt.

I finished drying myself and decided the best option was to wrap the towel around myself and wait to see what happened, as either standing naked or dressing sent messages I didn't feel were appropriate to send. Isabella got out of the shower, grabbed a towel, and quickly dried herself. then stood facing me, the towel held in front of her, covering her from collarbones to knees.

"You want to, right?" she asked quietly.

"That's not the correct question," I replied. "The correct question is do *you* want to. If you do, then it's up to me to say 'yes' or 'no'. Your decision shouldn't be based on mine."

"Do you seriously expect me to believe that if I drop the towel and say I want to do what Audrey suggested, you might say 'no'?"

"Whether you believe it or not, that is absolutely possible."

"This is what Natalie was referring to, isn't it?"

"Confounding expectations is part of what we call the 'mindfuck'. The entire point is to get you off balance and force you to think things through, not simply do what's expected or what social convention says you should do. And the situation is complex, and I would need to be sure you thought through the ramifications."

"Which ones?"



"Having sex with a married man who is nearly forty, for starters. In the moment it might seem to be a good idea, but will you regret it tomorrow? Or next week? Or next year?"

"How can I know what I'll think a year from now?"

"You can't. The question comes down to whether you're prepared to deal with the regret if it arises. If not, don't do it. Another consideration is how you feel about me telling my wives about the encounter, because the price of freedom, as it were, is full disclosure. And there's one more consideration. Have you seen *Risky Business*?"

"Duh! It's classic Chicago like *The Blues Brothers* and *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*! Why?"

"Miles, despite mostly being full of shit, teaches Joel an important principle in *Risky Business*. Do you remember it?"

"It's not 'Princeton can use a man like Joel' because that's the Admissions guy."

"The principle is this -- *If you can't say it, you can't do it.*"

"You mean what Audrey said?"

"As an example, but it could also be understood as making an affirmative statement or making a clear request. Words have power that thoughts can never, ever have. The myth around summoning demons is apropos -- saying their secret name gives you power over them. In the same way, saying something out loud gives it power and manifests it."

"Are you *trying* to confuse me?"

"That's part of the point of the 'mindfuck' -- to force you to think about things you've never thought about and never realized, and to think in ways you've never thought before. Let me put it this way; which is more powerful - thinking you love someone or telling them?"

"Telling them."

"Even if they know you think it?"

Isabella smiled, "Got it! Vocalizing something makes it real in a way that thinking it could never do. What about writing?"

"Also powerful, but spoken words are even more powerful. Reading a speech by a great orator is not the same as hearing it. A great orator can move people in ways the written word never, ever can. That said, the written word has its own power, which we acknowledge with the aphorism 'the pen is mightier than the sword'. That's true, but spoken words put both to shame."

"That makes sense."

"We have conversations like this at our Philosophy Club meetings. Imagine a room full of people doing this."

"Naked?" Isabella smirked.

"We've actually done that. It was early on, and was done to prove to everyone that nudity and sex do not HAVE to go together."

Of course, in that case, it had led to Elizabeth offering to help Ben with his raging erection which, in the fullness of time, had led to them having a baby together.

"Don't guys get hard?"

"Initially, yes, but had we used the sauna naked, I wouldn't have. Brad might have, but once you're used to it, it doesn't happen because you've broken the social conditioning that being naked means you are about to have sex. We could be having this conversation naked, get dressed, and go about our business. That's normal; what society says is 'normal' is actually not. That's even acknowledged in the book of Genesis when Adam and Eve were naked and weren't self-conscious until after they broke the rule God had set for the tree."

"Hang on! You believe that?"

"It depends on what you mean. There are spiritual and philosophical truths taught in Genesis which are true irrespective of whether or not God created the world in six days, formed both Adam and Eve from the dust of the ground or formed her from his side, and a talking serpent who is not identified as Satan. So yes, I believe the truths taught there, even if I don't believe it's true."

"Mind. Blown. Not just by that, but how easily and fluidly you answer and ask questions."

"Our Philosophy Club has met regularly for most of the past twenty years, though we called it a 'rap session' initially."

"You know Audrey is going to think we're doing it, right?" Isabella asked.

"Who cares what Audrey thinks?! She shouldn't have violated your confidence in that way, and I'll discuss it with her. In fact, I'll make that the topic for tomorrow's impromptu session. I won't use names, but she'll know it's her. And, if it's something you do want to do, it doesn't have to be today. You can wait until Audrey goes home and we can get together sometime in January. You're also welcome to come to Philosophy Club. I'll make sure you know the days. You

can also decide you don't want to do it and still come to Philosophy Club. The two have nothing to do with each other."

"You are the strangest guy I've ever met! And I mean that in a positive way."

"You aren't the first one to notice that. The ball is in your court now. We can dress and rejoin the others, or you can drop the towel and ask me for what you want."

Isabella was silent for a few seconds, then let her towel fall away.

## VII. Ain't That The Truth!

**December 30, 2002, Chicago, Illinois**

 Birgit

Bob, Meghan, Mariana, and Cassie arrived just after lunch, and together with Kjell, we went to the great room to discuss the photo shoot. I asked him for a quick private conversation and he agreed.

"What did your parents say about Saint Martin?" I asked.

"They agreed in principle that I could go, but my dad wants to talk to your dad to make sure adults will be there."

"Cool! All the girls can go, too! It's going to be fun!"

We went back to where the others were waiting in the great room.

"I want to shoot what look like candid shots," he said. "Will we be able to shoot in the sauna, too?"

"I think so," I replied. "I just saw Dad, Yuriko, and Natalie come from downstairs with an out-of-town guest. Jesse is in there with Luna, but they won't stay for more than thirty minutes. Will your camera be OK in the heat and humidity?"

"I don't think it needs to be turned on for the photos. It's not as if you can see heat."

"No, but you could see steam," I said. "I think when they did the photos after the sauna was built, they used a spray bottle to make it look like Dad and a girl were sweating."

"That's a good idea!" Bob declared. "And we can use the pool table?"

"Yes. Dad said the entire house was OK, except for anyone else's bedroom."

"Cool. Let's start with the sunroom."

"Sure."

Kjell, Bob, and Mariana carried the cases Bob had brought with him, and we began setting up in the sunroom.

---

 Steve

As soon as Isabella's towel landed on the floor in front of her, I loosened the towel around my waist and let it fall away as well.

"Does that mean you want to?" Isabella asked.

"Want to what?" I inquired with a smile.

Isabella rolled her eyes, "I have to say it?"

"As I said, if you can't say it, you can't do it."

"I want you to fuck my brains out. Will you?"

"Yes, assuming you show me your STD test paper. It's not a condition, but I'd like you to come to Philosophy Club."

"The paper is in the back pocket of my jeans," she said, pointing to the pile of her clothes.

I picked up her jeans, slipped the paper from the back pocket, unfolded it and saw it was clean, though something else caught my eye -- next to 'Date of Most Recent Sexual Contact' was the word 'None', and next to 'Number of intimate partners' was a '0'. I was curious if she'd say anything, but if she didn't, I wouldn't.

In the past, I'd have paused and probably talked Isabella to death to confirm she really wanted to give her virginity to a married man in what was, in all probability, a one-off encounter. But that was the old me, and the new me was determined to make Isabella's first time fantastic.

I held out my arms and without any hesitation, Isabella took three steps from where she'd be standing, moving so her small, hard nipples just barely touched my chest. I wrapped my arms around her and she turned her face up for a kiss. As our lips touched, Isabella melted against me and I tightened my arms, holding her tight. Isabella parted her lips and wrapped her arms around as our tongues began to dance.

I quickly rose to the occasion and Isabella shifted her hips a bit, allowing me to rise between us. She put her hands on my butt, pulled me tightly against her, and began flexing her legs, moving up and down, her soft, black pubic hair tickling my shaft. We kissed for another minute, then I released Isabella from my arms, took her hand, and led her to the bedroom.

I pulled down the comforter on the bed, and helped Isabella get in, and I saw a look of surprise on her face. Ever since we'd turned it into what my wives called

the 'Playroom', we only put up the cloth that covered the mirror on the ceiling when it was being used as a guest room.

"A mirror?" she asked breathlessly.

"So you can watch!" I said with a big smile.

I climbed into bed with Isabella, moved on top of her, and we began kissing. She spread her legs wide and pushed her hips up, encouraging me. I very much wanted to taste her, but I could feel she was plenty wet, so I chose to wait for my taste until after I'd fulfilled her request. I reached down, grasped my shaft, and rubbed my glans against her plump, slick labia.

When my glans was coated with her juices, I positioned myself, then pushed my hips forward. Isabella's labia parted before me, and I slowly slid about two inches into her silky, slick tunnel. I paused for a few seconds, pulled back slightly, then buried myself in Isabella's tight pussy.

"«¡Dios mío!»" she gasped after breaking our kiss.

I waited for about twenty seconds, and when I felt Isabella raise her hips, I began moving, starting with slow, gentle thrusts. We began kissing again, I felt her heels on my calves, and she matched the movement of her hips to my strokes. After a few minutes, I felt Isabella's heels move further up my legs, and her movements became more energetic.

I took the hint and began stroking faster, and after a few more minutes, I felt her heels on my upper thighs, and she began humping frantically. I broke our kiss, put my head next to hers, and began fucking her hard and fast. Isabella gasped, moaned, and eventually groaned as her pussy spasmed around my dick and she had her first orgasm of the afternoon.



"Fuck me, Steve!" she begged. "«¡Dios mío!» Fuck me!"

We continued our energetic screw, with Isabella having two more orgasms before I pushed deep into her and came hard in her spasming pussy. As soon as the last jet of cum left my dick, I withdrew, slid down, and latched onto Isabella's clit, lashing it with my tongue and sucking until she had a fourth orgasm.

When Isabella's orgasm had passed, I pressed my tongue deeply into her sodden pussy, coating it with our combined juices, then moved up and French kissed her. She recoiled at first, but then got into the kiss, which we held for nearly two minutes. I broke the kiss and moved off her, lying on my back next to her, looking at our bodies in the mirror.

For a few minutes, the only sound in the room was our heavy breathing, which slowly returned to normal.

"We have time to do it twice more before I have to leave for the airport," I said.  
"If you want to, that is."

"Are you kidding?!" Isabella exclaimed. "Yes!"

Our second round was in my new favorite position -- 'adulthood', with me sitting cross-legged and Isabella in my lap. Once again, after I'd come, I licked her to another orgasm, and we shared a French kiss. The third round was like the first, though I added a twist just as I entered her.

"I want to cum in your mouth," I said, then kissed her before she could respond.

I kept kissing her until she had her first orgasm and our breathing was too hard to sustain kissing. After her third orgasm that round, I repeated my desire, and when Isabella didn't protest or object, I pulled out, moved up, and offered her

my glans. She opened her mouth and began sucking softly as I gently thrust in and out of her sexy mouth.

When I came, she coughed and choked, but didn't push me off, and I felt her swallow. After the final spurt of cum, I pulled out of her mouth, moved between her legs, pushed into her, and French kissed her as I began fucking her. I brought her off, then slid down, and licked her to a final orgasm.

We lay together for about ten minutes before I led her back to the bathroom so we could shower together.

"Did I fulfill your request?" I asked as I began washing her.

"Oh, yeah," she sighed dreamily.

"I'm glad. I very much enjoyed being with you! I hope you'll start coming to Philosophy Club."

"I think I will," she said. "Do you think we could do this again sometime?"

"I certainly wouldn't mind another time!" I declared.

I finished washing Isabella, and after she washed me, we both rinsed ourselves, dried off, and then dressed. I asked her to help me change the sheets, which she did, and we left the Playroom.

"Have fun, *Steve Perry*?" Ashley asked with a smirk as we passed her in the kitchen.

"I'll deal with you later, you little scamp!" I declared.

She laughed, and I shook my head.

"Why mention the lead singer in Journey?" Isabella asked as we made our way towards the sunroom.

"Wrong Steve Perry," I chuckled. "She's referring to the lead singer and founder of Cherry Poppin' Daddies."

"Wait!" Isabella exclaimed, stopping just before we reached the sunroom. "How could she know? And you knew?"

I led Isabella to my study so we could speak privately.

"How I knew was easy," I said. "On your STD test form, next to 'Most Recent Sexual Encounter' was 'None', implying you hadn't had sex before. That was confirmed by the '0' next to number of intimate partners."

Isabella laughed, "And here I thought you wouldn't know! I mean, you can't tell, right?"

"The usual signs are actually being nervous or tentative, but the mechanics are both obvious and easy, so no, there's no way to tell. The Old Wives Tale about blood and pain is exactly that, at least after about age fifteen or sixteen, for any girl who is even moderately active, and most girls, even if they aren't. If I hadn't seen the test paper, I wouldn't have known, and, honestly, it's not any of my business if you didn't want to tell me. I am curious, though, if you don't mind answering, as to why you didn't say anything."

"I was concerned you might say 'no'."

"Anecdotal evidence suggests most guys are thrilled to have a virgin."

"I kind of figured with your experience you would want a girl who had experience and knew what she was doing."

"I actually have a serious fetish for virgins, but it's not a determining factor either way. The advantage of you not saying anything was that I didn't need to ask if you were absolutely sure, and have a conversation about it."

"But you did know!"

"Yes, but only due to an oversight on your part about the test form, and if you weren't going to make a point of it, it wasn't my place to do so."

"What about your daughter?"

I chuckled, "She obviously has no way to know, but she's a scamp, as I said, and she was teasing me in a way that would make me laugh and not get her in any real trouble."

"But she knew we were in bed together?"

"As Natalie and Yuriko made clear, we don't hide things in this house," I replied. "Our kids received age-appropriate information about sex starting when they were toddlers, and were taught to have open minds and to mind their own business, though teasing is allowed, so long as it's meant in a good-natured way."

"But knowing you had sex with me?"

I shrugged, "I know they have sex; well, not Ashley because she's too young, but my three eldest have overnight guests with my blessing. Heck, my second oldest is basically engaged, and has been since he was five."

"What?!" Isabella gasped.

I chuckled, "Remember your comment about things being strange? You don't know the half of it! Come to Philosophy Club and you'll have your mind blown even more."

"Before you leave, can I ask something?"

"Of course."

"What is it with guys and blowjobs?"

"They feel good, and oral sex is a very intimate act. Some people actually consider fellatio to be *more* intimate than intercourse, and if you think about it, they have a point. It's one thing to engage in procreative activities; it's a very different thing to use your mouth on a penis or in a vagina to give pleasure."

"Do you always use technical terms?"

"No. I could rephrase that in vulgar terms, but I don't think it would have the same effect because I was trying to make a point about the meaning of the act, not the act itself. Fundamentally, it comes down to a mutual agreement to do a thing, and that can be one of mutual desire or one of compromise. My advice is to find someone with whom you won't need to make compromises with regard to sexual activity. Not being on the same page with regard to frequency and choice of activities is a recipe for trouble."

"One more question if you have time?"

I checked my watch and nodded, "A few minutes."

"Do you have complete freedom and do your wives and girlfriends have it, too?"

"Not complete," I replied. "There are rules, but so long as they're followed, we are free to manage our sex lives as we feel best. We don't have a lot of time to go into it, but the rules include things like overnight stays requiring advance permission, and all encounters have to be reported in a timely fashion. STD tests are mandatory, and birth control is required. Those two rules apply to the kids, too."

"Uhm, you didn't ask about birth control," Isabella observed.

"I had a vasectomy," I replied. "YOU didn't ask, either."

"That was one of the things Audrey told me. I asked her what she'd do if she accidentally got pregnant by you and she said it was virtually impossible."

"It's literally impossible. My sperm count is zero. I have that checked every two years during my regular physical."

"You're right about it becoming stranger by the minute!"

"I do need to head to the airport."

We went to the sunroom, where Audrey and Brad were sitting with Birgit, Suzanne, and Ashley.

"Cinderella, may I have a word?" I requested.

She and Birgit exchanged a look which spoke volumes, and Ashley came out of the sunroom.

"Was I right?" she asked impishly.

"Right or not, it's OK to tease me when it's just me, but not in front of a girl you don't even know."

"You're right, of course," Ashley said with a smirk. "But it was funny, right?"

"Listen, you little scamp..."

Ashley laughed softly, "I love you, Dad. I'll be careful in the future."

"That's what truly scares me!" I replied.

---

 Jesse

"I need to go to the store to pick up some things for tomorrow night," I said to Luna as we walked back to the coach house after our sauna.

"I'd offer to go with you, but I need to be home to help make dinner, and the last thing I want to do is give my parents any reason to suspect what we were doing today!"

I chuckled, "I believe they know, given they found your birth control pills! They know it's too late to preserve your virginity, and even if they don't like it, they really don't have a choice but to accept that it happened. I was actually surprised that Jazlyn was allowed to come to the party."

"Your dad worked wonders with my dad and Paige's dad! They come to your dad's Guys' Night and our moms come to Girls' Night Out! Jazlyn's dad mellowed a bit, though I don't think she told him she was coming to the party."

"Ugh," I groaned. "That's the *last* thing we need. I probably should have asked, because I'm pretty sure he banned her from setting foot on our property."

"My dad said your dad didn't care about that."

"Oh, he does, but what he won't do is enforce their rules. He did make a rule then about nobody under eighteen, but he relented because nothing happened and I promised nothing would happen, and it didn't. That's why we need to be careful with the Valentine's Day party."

"I know. I'll talk to them and invite them to your Hangout next week."

"OK. Do you want a ride home?"

"Sure!"

I went into the house to get my wallet. I'd grabbed the keys to Aunt Jessica's BMW before Luna and I had left the main house, so we got into the car with MD plates and the ER sticker, and headed to Luna's house. After I dropped her off, I drove to Jewel to get the things we needed for the New Year's Eve party.

---

 Birgit

"Let's go to Giordano's for pizza," I suggested when Bob finally finished shooting just before 5:00pm."

"I need to call my mom and ask," Mariana said.

"You can use the phone in the kitchen," I said. "Come with me."



She followed me to the kitchen, and I waited while she called home to get permission.

"All set!" she exclaimed happily.

"Cool!" I replied. "Let's go!"

"Hang on a sec, Birgit. Can I ask you something?"

"About?"

"Are you and Kjell serious?" she asked.

"Very!" I exclaimed. "But we're not a couple. Why?"

"He's cute, but I don't want to interfere or mess things up."

"He's not my boyfriend, but he is sleeping in my bed with me," I said, then smirked, "I'm willing to share! If you're interested, I'm sure he'd be OK with you joining us!"

"I, er, uhm, wasn't asking for that!" Mariana exclaimed.

Actually, I was absolutely sure she *was*, but Bob had said she was completely and totally straight, and my offer of a threesome had made her uncomfortable.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable," I said.

"It's OK. I was just surprised that you so casually offered a threesome. Do you like girls, too, like Meghan?"

"I think the best way to put it is that I strongly prefer guys, but I'll do stuff with girls in a threesome. I've been with girls one-on-one, but it was just experimenting."

"So you've, like, gone down on a girl?"

"Yes. And I'm OK with doing that in a threesome, as I said, but not one-on-one, though I have in the past. But it's also possible to have threesomes where the girls don't do anything with each other, and just make the guy feel good together. I am sorry if I surprised you that way."

"It's OK," Mariana declared. "Let's go have pizza!"

We went back to the others, and after everyone put on their hats, coats, and gloves, the six of us left the house to walk to Giordano's.

---

 Steve

"Steve Adams, please meet Jun Hie Zēng," Nalani said when she and her boyfriend came through the security doors at O'Hare. "Jun Hie, Steve Adams."

He and I shook hands, and Nalani and I exchanged a chaste hug.

"Do you have checked bags?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied. "One each."

I led them to the baggage claim and, as was the norm, we had to wait.

"There will be around twenty-five people at the impromptu Philosophy Club meeting tomorrow," I said.

"Great! How many people usually come to your New Year's Eve parties?"

"Around a hundred and thirty, roughly, including kids, though they have their own party at a friend's house next door."

"Unsupervised?" Jun Hie asked.

"We check on them once an hour, but my kids and their friends are very, very responsible. We've never once had a problem."

"Nalani said you're very liberal in your views."

"On some things," I replied. "Fundamentally, I believe everyone should be left alone, and allowed to do as they please, so long as they don't harm someone else or violate their rights. I've been described as a classical liberal small government constitutionalist, which pretty much puts me in the Jeffersonian camp versus the Hamiltonian camp. In any event, you won't see police or fire response to my house or my neighbor's house! May I ask what you do for a living?"

"I'm a captain in the Honolulu PD. I served six years as a Marine MP, then applied for the police force."

"You should speak with my friend Pete Carston, who's a Deputy US Marshal. He'll be at the party tomorrow night; he used to be with NIS. You might also enjoy speaking with my friend Yekatarina Sergeyevna Anisimova, former Colonel in the KGB, as well as retired Colonel General Dmitry Sergeyevich Grigoryev of the Red Army and Russian Army."

"There has to be a story there!" he said.

"Oh, there is!"

While we were waiting for the bags, I explained how I'd met my Russian friends, though in a very shortened version. I did include all my encounters with the FBI, which had drawn shakes of the head from Jun Hie and smiles from Nalani, who had known part of the story. Their bags arrived just after I finished the story, and with them in hand, we headed to my car for the drive to Kenwood.

"OK, I'm in the wrong line of work!" Jun Hie declared when we walked into the house.

"I think you'll find that several members of my family would trade this for a house on the beach in Hawai'i!"

"Not on a police captain's salary! But the weather is very nice."

"Let me introduce you to everyone, then I'll show you to one of the guest rooms."

We found most of the family in the sunroom or Indian room, though Birgit was out with her friends. After introductions, I led the two of them to the basement and showed them the righthand guest room.

"Nowhere in the house is off limits except private bedrooms," I said. "Make yourselves at home and come join us upstairs once you're unpacked."

I left them and went upstairs and into the Indian room where my wives were sitting together.

"Your daughter is a real troublemaker!" I said to my wives.

"Which one?" Kara smirked. "Being a troublemaker doesn't narrow it down!"

"In this case, Ashley. I was entertaining, and she saw us come out of the Playroom and said 'Have fun, *Steve Perry*?'"

"What does the lead singer of Journey have to do with a dalliance?" Jessica asked.

I chuckled, "My dalliance asked the same thing! Not that Steve Perry!"

Suzanne laughed, and I simply smiled and waited for her to say it.

"That's the name of the lead singer of Cherry Poppin' Daddies," Suzanne declared.

Kara and Jessica both laughed.

"Who were you entertaining, Tiger?"

"Audrey's friend, Isabella. And she was."

"You're unbelievable!" Jessica declared mirthfully. "How did THAT happen?"

"The usual way. Audrey talked up my prowess and Isabella decided it was what she wanted. There was a modest mindfuck beforehand, but I didn't know she was a virgin until basically the last minute, and she didn't tell me."

"She bled?" Kara asked.

"No, that would have been during the act, not at the last minute!" I chuckled.

"She showed me her STI test paper and next to 'Most Recent Sexual Encounter' it said 'None' and 'Number of Intimate Partners' was '0'. I didn't say anything because she didn't. And yes, she was fun, Ashley had no clue, and was teasing, but I did speak to her afterwards."

"She's dangerous"! Suzanne declared.

"TELL me about it!" I chuckled. "When she said she'd be more careful in the future, I replied that was what truly scared me!"

"And we all thought it was Birgit who was the frightening one!" Kara declared.

"It's the quiet ones you have to watch out for!" I replied as the doorbell rang.

"That'll be the Italian food," Suzanne said.

"Then let's go eat!" I declared.

"You can eat me later!" Kara said sexily.

"Oh, me, too!" Suzanne added.

"Me three!" Jessica agreed.

That was a three-course meal I always enjoyed!



## **December 31, 2002, New Year's Eve, Chicago, Illinois**

 Steve

"We have a few new faces here today," I said when people gathered for the special Philosophy Club meeting. "Everyone, please introduce yourselves. We'll go around the room, starting on my right with Elizabeth."

Once that was completed, I kicked off the topic I'd mentioned to Isabella.

"I'd like to discuss keeping confidences," I said, "and when it is, or isn't appropriate to reveal them. Anyone want to start with when it might be appropriate?"

"In my case," Trish said, "if a client were to reveal they intended to commit a crime. Attorney-client privilege no longer applies. Similarly, for mandatory reporters, they are required to reveal information about child abuse, even if told in confidence."

"We have serious ethical rules about revealing patient confidences," Jessica said, "though we are required to report STIs, along with the other mandatory reporting."

"I think this is where Jorge would have pointed out that we should consider who benefits from the revelation, in addition to other factors," Gaby said. "In other words, are you doing it to hurt someone, make yourself look good, or otherwise being a jerk."

"So, it's OK to reveal them otherwise?" Nicole asked.

"No, it's only part of the consideration, as I said. It's kind of like the 'little white lie' conversation we had around a dozen years ago."

"You've been meeting that long?" Jun Hie asked.

"Longer," Kathy Jaeger said. "These started with 'rap sessions' in Steve's and Elyse's apartment in '81 or '82. Kurt and I were part of that group, but then life intervened and we haven't attended very often. Our New Year's resolution is to spend more time here, the way we did before the kids were born."

And that was something that made me very happy. I'd felt we'd been losing touch, and was glad that Kathy had noticed as well. We saw them regularly because of Guys' Night and Girls' Night out, but I'd been feeling the close intimacy had been slipping away.

"How do you feel about police investigations?" Jun Hie asked. "Our goal is almost always to have people reveal confidences."

"So long as you do it ethically and within the bounds of the Constitution," Trish said.

"Spoken like an attorney," Henry teased.

"I AM an attorney!" she retorted.

"I'm going to argue that in most cases it's absolutely wrong," Jackson said. "If someone tells you something in confidence, you don't reveal it, no matter how much good might come from it. Honestly, if Steve told me something, his KGB friend wouldn't be able to get it from me!"

"Former KGB," I chuckled. "She was never FSB, either. And I agree with Jackson. Pretty much everyone here knows my situation, and one thing I do is ensure that I make it clear *before* I'm told something if I'm required to reveal it to my wives based on our agreements."

"I have to ask," Jun Hie said, "but 'wives'? Bigamy is illegal in every state and territory."

"Illinois conveniently has no statutes which prohibit claiming to be married when you are not, so long as no fraud is involved, nor any false statements made to officials. In other words, I can hold myself out as married and there is nothing the government can do to stop that, so long as I don't try to claim benefits or



make false statements to the government. I'm legally married to Jessica, but the four of us hold ourselves out as married, just as my eldest son's two moms do."

"He's correct," Trish confirmed. "Illinois law does not prohibit what he's doing. Well, OK, technically, fornication and adultery are illegal, but those laws haven't been enforced for three decades."

"Seriously?" Audrey asked. "Illegal?"

"Fornication, if it's open and notorious, is a low-level misdemeanor; adultery, if it's open and notorious, is a Class A misdemeanor -- that's just below felony level. And repeated misdemeanors can be charged as felonies in some circumstances. That said, I believe those laws are completely unenforceable and nobody has used them since a nasty divorce case about thirty years ago, and those were just threats to gain an advantage."

"Hypothetical question," Nicole said. "What about telling a guy a girl likes him? That seems totally harmless."

"Is it?" Yuriko inquired. "What if she doesn't want him to know for a good reason, of which you are not aware?"

"What could that possibly be?"

"Does it matter?" Holly asked. "It's her reason and her choice. Even if it seems as if you're helping, you might be doing harm without knowing it. It's better to simply keep the confidence."

"Or encourage the girl to talk to the guy," Jackson said. "That's absolutely OK in my mind, but revealing a confidence? No. I know it happens pretty often the way you suggested, Nicole, but that doesn't make it right."

"So much for High School romances!" Nicole declared mirthfully. "That's how so many of them get started!"

"So, ask her if it's OK to tell him," Elizabeth suggested. "And encourage her as Jackson said. Or, just invite them to a rap session where everyone gets naked and it'll work out!"

Everyone laughed because that was how Elizabeth and Ben had become a couple.

"So it's wrong, even if it works out?" Audrey asked.

"I think it has to be," Emma interjected. "And think about your reputation if you go around revealing confidences. Soon enough, you won't have any real friends, because nobody will be willing to share anything with you."

Audrey made eye contact with me, then with Isabella, and I was positive I'd made the point I'd intended to make.



Jesse

"Good afternoon, General!" I said, shaking hands with Larisa's dad.

"It has been quite some time since I was a general," Dmitry declared. "I am a professor of military history!"

"Dad still calls Katya 'Comrade Colonel'," I said.

"Your father likes to tease Yekatarina Sergeyevna!"

"Hi, Tatyana Ivanovna," I said.

She kissed me Russian style.

"Hello Jesse Stepanovich!"

I had saved the best for last

"Hi, Larisa!" I exclaimed.

"Hi, Jesse!"

We hugged American style, but not too tight as I didn't want her father to be concerned.

"I have my dad's car," I said. "He's busy setting up for the party tonight. I'll take you to your hotel, wait for you, then drive you to the house."

"That sounds good! Did Lyudmila and Yuri arrive?"

"Yes, Dad picked them up this morning. They're at their hotel resting. Her parents arrived about ninety minutes later and will come to the house with them."

"Good."

Larisa and her parents were only in town for a few days and each had simply packed an overnight bag, so we didn't have to wait for luggage.

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[Oswego, Illinois]

 Matthew

Chelsea and I had arrived home from Cincinnati the previous evening, having had a good time in Ohio. We'd be going back for a long weekend, including MLK Day, to hang out with Pavel, Larisa, and their friends. It was a truly a great group of kids, and I really liked all of them. We'd invited them to visit in Chicago, and there was a good chance they'd come for Spring Break.

"Do you know if Maggie will be at the party?" Chelsea asked.

"No clue. Arby invited her, but I can't predict what she's going to do."

"She needs to find a guy of her own, that's what she needs to do!" Chelsea declared. "I had dibs on you before she even knew you existed!"

"Yes, you did," I said with a silly smile. "And you know darn well I was close to running away from home!"

"And now?"

"Well, the sex is OK, so, I think not."

"OK?! OK?! You brat!"

I chuckled, "You know I'm teasing! But you should also know that's not why I'm with you. I'd love you even if we didn't have sex until we were married."

"Oh, right, like I was going to wait THAT long?" she giggled. "No chance!"

"Obviously! But it's an important point. I want to be with you, and only you, for the rest of our lives, whether or not we have sex. And no, I am NOT suggesting we stop!"

"Obviously!" Chelsea said with a soft laugh.

We arrived at Arby's house and joined a few other guests who had arrived early in the basement.

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[Chicago, Illinois]

 Albert

"Hi!" I exclaimed when Jane and her family walked into the house just before 6:00pm.

Jane and I hugged, and I shook hands with Doctor Jon, then hugged Amanda. I led them all to the sunroom where my dad and his wives were hanging out, then asked permission for Jane to hang out with me before we went to the party at Amber's house.

"Dad said no kissing until we're fifteen," Jane said quietly. "I want a kiss at midnight! I won't tell if you won't tell!"

"What kind of kiss?" I asked.

"Not a fancy one! Just a regular kiss. The other kind should be in private! You're coming to visit in July, right?"

"Unless your dad decides I'm a threat!" I chuckled.

"He has two wives! He has NO room to talk!"

"He's an amateur!" I chuckled. "My dad has *three* wives and two live-in girlfriends!"

"Don't get any ideas, Mister!"

"I don't think the UCMJ permits that kind of thing! I'd end up in the brig, then dishonorably discharged!"

"I read that you can't be married and attend your military academies."

"That's correct. If you want to marry me, it'll have to be when we're twenty-two or older."

"Don't be divvy! We're already married!"

"By Father Jesse of the Ortho-Ducks Church!" I said with a grin. "I don't think that counts, at least in the Navy's thinking! I meant legally!"

"Who cares that we didn't have a proper Registrar! We've been married five-and-a-half years and haven't even kissed, let alone had a honeymoon!"

"Where am I taking you for our honeymoon?" I asked.

"Could you fly us anywhere?"

"Not alone until I'm seventeen, and then we'd need a plane!"

"Well, we can have *two* honeymoons! One after we have a regular wedding, and one before!"

"Don't let your dad hear you say that!" I declared. "I believe 'no kissing' would include what you're talking about!"

Jane laughed, "Obviously! But that's for the future. Midnight?"

"Nobody next door will rat on us, so, yes."

---

 Steve

"I had a very good conversation with my dad about moving to Chicago," Emma said as she helped me put out snacks. "He's cool with it."

"And your mom?"

"The custody agreement says I get to decide who I live with during the school year, and the other parent gets the Summer. Once I turn eighteen, it's totally up to me. Honestly, the only thing my mom cares about is her patients. School ends the first week in June, and I'll fly out right after that."

"What about cramping your dad's style?" I asked.

"He'll live!" Emma declared. "But seriously, I made it clear to him that I don't have a problem with him having a girlfriend, and that between school and friends, I'd be out a lot."

"How much does he know about us?"

"Only that I met you and you provided mentoring along with college and career advice. He knows I'm here, and knows you have a somewhat unconventional

family situation, but Mrs. Spencer gushed about you being a great dad and how you helped her daughter through some tough times in High School. And he obviously knows about your company and how successful it is. And he knows you're a karate instructor."

"OK. We'll talk more on the 4th," I said.

"Talk?" she asked with an impish smile.

"Among other activities," I replied.

We finished putting out the snacks just as Sofia, Stavros, and Alexa arrived.

"Are we continuing our midnight tradition?" she asked after I'd hugged her and shaken hands with Stavros.

"It wouldn't be an Adams/Katsaros New Year's Eve party without «Nyårsklockan»!" I declared.

"Did everyone from out of town arrive safely?"

"Yes. Including Sweeney and his family, and a large contingent of Russians. Alexa can go next door anytime."

"Bye!" Alexa declared, then made a beeline for the door.

"That was quick!" I chuckled.

"She's twelve going on twenty," Sofia declared. "Just like the rest of the cousins. She was looking forward to seeing Amelia. I take it Jake and Joyce made it."

"Of course."



"Anyone home?" I heard Samantha call out from the foyer.

"Just us cuckoo birds!" I called back.

"Ain't THAT the truth!" Sofia declared mirthfully.

"You ran away from home to join this circus!" I teased.

"I must have been crazy!" she replied with a twinkle in her eye.

Before I could respond, Stan Jakes and Jasmine Prager, my reporter friends, arrived with their spouses, followed almost immediately by Estrella and her boyfriend Paul, along with Alejandra, Trent, and Maria Lucia.

"Mama, can I go with the big kids?" María Lucia asked.

"Yes," Alejandra replied.

"She can walk over with me!" Ashley exclaimed, coming down the stairs.

"Behave, young lady," Trent said to his daughter.

"I'll make sure she doesn't do anything I wouldn't do!" Ashley smirked.

"God help us all!" I chuckled.

"That one is dangerous!" Alejandra declared.

"All of Steve's kids are dangerous!" Doctor Mary Whittaker exclaimed, coming into the great room with Don.

"Ain't THAT the truth!" Sofia declared once again.

## VIII. New Year's and a New Year

### December 31, 2002, New Year's Eve, Chicago, Illinois

 Jesse

"Can I ask you a question, Jesse?" Larisa inquired as we walked next door.

"Of course. What?"

"Are you going to kiss me at midnight?"

"If you want me to, yes, I will."

"I do! Dad said I may have one chaste kiss!"

"Far be it from me to do *anything* that would upset your dad, the general!"

"I think you should be more worried about upsetting me, Jesse Stepanovich!"

"So, it's true what they say about Russian women?"

"My father fears no man, but fears one woman!" she smirked.

I laughed, "I can see that!"

"And you'll dance with me?"

"Yes, of course. I hope it's OK to dance with my other friends, too."

"Yes, of course! We are not a couple. You will know for certain when that would not be appropriate!"

I chuckled, "I hear and obey!"

"As it should be!" she declared mirthfully as we walked into Amber's house.

---

 Michael

"On January 5th my dad has an entire box at the United Center," I said to Andi as we rode in the car with her mom and dad towards the Hancock Center where the company her dad worked for had booked the entire 95th floor restaurant for a party. "Did you and your dad want to join us?"

"Yes!" Andi declared. "Who are they playing?"

"The Dead Things," I replied.

Mr. Peterson laughed, "I'll have to remember that when I speak to someone from our office in Detroit!"

"I heard it from my dad," I said.

"I assume Eduardo will be there?" Mr. Peterson asked.

"Yes, and my mom, too. I never asked, but what company do you work for?"

"I'm a criminal defense attorney. I'm a founding partner of Grimes, Peterson, Davis, and Hoffman."

"My dad's friend, Melanie Spencer, is a criminal defense attorney," I said. "Do you know her?"

"Yes. We've collaborated with her firm on several cases."

"Dad?" Andi said.

"Yes?"

"Would it be OK for Mike and I to dance and for Mike to kiss me at midnight?"

"Maybe you want to ask ME if it's OK first!" I exclaimed before her dad could answer.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson both laughed and Andi made a face at me.

"He has a point," Mrs. Peterson said. "What do you think, Joel?"

"I think I'm not ready for my teenage daughter to start dating, that's what I think!"

"And all the time they've spent together over the past three years?" she asked.

"You're not helping your case, Jan!" Mr. Peterson said. "But I'll leave it to you."

"Andi," Mrs. Peterson said, "if, and I mean *if* Mike agrees, a single kiss at midnight is OK."

"Thanks, Mom!"

Andi reached over and squeezed my hand. I thought about jumping out of the car, but we were on the Ronald Reagan Tollway doing at least 70MPH, so that wasn't going to work. Andi and I would have to talk.

---

 Steve

"Mr. Adams?" a man about my age said, coming up to me. "Bob Hansen, Senior."

"Hi, Bob; please call me Steve."

We shook hands.

"Thanks for inviting us. This is my wife, Marilyn."

"Nice to meet you," I said to her.

"And you," she replied.

"Do you have a moment now to discuss the trip my son asked me about?"

"Of course. Let's go to my study."

We walked there, and I shut the door, then asked, "What did you want to know?"

"Your version, so I can compare it to the one he and Birgit proposed."

I chuckled, "With my daughter involved, a wise course of action."

"I think that makes two of us," he replied with a grin. "Let's just say Bob is very good at telling the truth but conveying zero actual information!"

Which was actually the opposite of Birgit, who was the epitome of 'Too Much Information'!

"We're flying down to Saint Martin in a private jet owned by a friend of mine, and we're staying at a house she owns on the French side of the island. Kara and I are taking Birgit, three of her female friends, and a family friend and her boyfriend. Birgit invited Bob with our permission. There are five regular bedrooms, and both the den and rec room have sleeper sofas.

"The plan is for the girls to double-up in the rooms with two full-size beds, Kara and I will have a room, the family friend and her boyfriend will have a bedroom, and Bob will have one. My wife spoke to the girls' parents, and we agreed they'd be supervised directly at all times, though they'll be allowed to go to the beach that's just across the road from the house if they want, but they won't be permitted to stray from there without either Kara or I tagging along."

"That jibes with what Bob said. He said there's no cost?"

"I'm covering the fuel for the plane, as well as the food at the house. Bob should bring spending money."

"Whose plane is it?"

"It belongs to Spurgeon Capital," I replied. "Samantha Spurgeon, who runs the firm, is a close family friend."

"I think that's all OK, though I have to say I sure didn't have an opportunity like that when I was fifteen!"

I chuckled, "Me, either, though I did go to Sweden for a year as an exchange student. I hate to cut this short, but I have things to do for the party. Enjoy yourselves!"

"Thanks."

---

 Birgit

"My dad is talking to your dad," Bob said when he came into Amber's house. "I suspect it'll be cool."

"Awesome! You told him what we agreed, right?"

"Do I look dumb?" he asked.

"Well..." I teased.

"Yeah, yeah! I want to ask a question about protocol tonight."

"What about it?"

"What happens at midnight?"

"An orgy, of course!" I giggled.

"I see kids under fourteen, so I know *that* isn't true!" Bob declared.

"We'll have sparkling grape juice and kiss. Is Meghan going to be here?"



"Yes. Her parents were skeptical, but my parents said we'd be closely supervised."

"If you consider Uncle Terry checking on us once an hour 'close supervision'!" I declared. "But seriously, we don't do anything that's out of control. We have an agreement that nobody sneaks into bedrooms or anything like that because the last thing we want is to not be allowed to have our own party."

"How many kids are here?"

"About fifty-five, I think. Le's go to the basement! Kjell is waiting there."

We walked to the door and down the stairs to join the party.

---

[Oswego, Illinois]

 Matthew

"We're talking about starting a weekly *D&D* game," Ryan said. "Would your ball and chain object to us playing on a Saturday?"

"You won't be playing *anything* if she hears you call her that!" I chuckled. "I think she'll be OK with it. What did you have in mind?"

"A campaign with 3.5 rules, using *Forgotten Realms*. You, me, Arby, Matt W, Nick, and Tara."

"Tara? Seriously?"

"Seriously. She plays."

"Who would DM?"

"We were hoping you would. We all agree you'd come up with the best campaign."

"I'd need a little time to work up at least a starting region," I said. "So maybe start in two weeks? Actually, make it three, because Chelsea and I are going to Ohio the weekend of MLK Day."

"Great! Can we play at your house?"

"I'm sure it'll be OK, but I'll clear it with my mom."

"Excellent!"

He and I grabbed drinks from the mini-fridge, then rejoined the others.

---

[Chicago, Illinois]

 Steve

The party, as always, was a smashing success, with people spread throughout the house playing pool, pachinko, or poker, listening to music and talking or dancing. As was usually the case, my daughters came for daddy daughter dances, and surprisingly, Birgit behaved. In a change from years past, other than Kristin, none of the cousins came to dance with me. That didn't surprise me, really, and even Kristin hadn't danced too close, though she did remind me of our date in May.

I danced with Tabitha, though I was careful not to disrespect her boyfriend, John. Isabella and Emma, on the other hand, both plastered their lithe bodies against mine, though the highlight of the evening was my dance with Kathy, accompanied by Kara's dance with Kurt, though they were not nearly as close together as Kathy and I were.

"You guys weren't nearly as outrageous as you have been in the past," Jessica observed when I finished my dance with Kathy.

"Maybe we're mellowing in our dotage," I chuckled.

"As if, Tiger!" Jessica exclaimed. "You are not old!"

"In all seriousness, she and I discussed it, and because there are a number of relatively new faces here, we felt it better to tone it down a notch."

"It was still hot!" Kara declared. "It's so obvious you two *still* want to fuck each other!"

"'Want to', 'should', and 'doing it' are three very different things!"

"Is there room on your dance card?" Sarah York asked, coming up to us.

"Of course! Is Myles OK with that?"

"He'll be fine so long as we're clothed!" she declared with a smirk.

I took her hand and led her to the dance floor, where we danced close, but not suggestively. When we finished our dance, she went back to Myles, and I turned to walk back to my wives when a pretty girl with long black hair came up to me.

"Hi!" she exclaimed. "I'm Amelia, but I go by Amy!"

"Hi! I'm Steve, but I suspect you know that. You have me at a disadvantage."

"I work at Starbucks, and I'm friends with Danielle, Tabitha, Hope, and Kailey. Will you dance with me?"

I saw Kara smirking and wondered if she knew something, or it was just her usual reaction to a young woman asking for a dance.

"Sure," I said.

I took her hand and led her to a clear spot on the dance floor just as *Shook Me All Night Long* was ending. I had no idea what the next song was on the shuffle mix that was playing via an iPod connected to the stereo, which allowed a hundred songs to play without changing discs or vinyl records. When the song started, I saw Kara and Jessica both laugh and roll their eyes as Rod Stewart began singing the first line of a very suggestive song... '*Stay away from my window...*'

Amy stepped close, and we put our arms loosely around each other.

"Are you a student?" I asked.

"No. I work full time. I had a scholarship to Cincinnati Music Academy, but my dad lost his job after 9-11, so I went to work part time, to help make ends meet, then began working full time when I graduated last June. Hopefully, I can go next August, a year late."

"What instrument?"

"Sax. My parents are both really into jazz, and I've been listening since I was a baby, both live and recorded. When I was eight, I found my dad's old saxophone just sitting in the corner of the living room, and I picked it up. I really love the

rich and soulful tones of the sax, to I started trying to play, but only when my parents weren't around. Right after my tenth birthday, I messed up and my dad heard me trying to play. He took me to a music professor friend of his for lessons, and I discovered I had a real talent. Fast forward five years and I was playing at some local jazz clubs, as well as concert band at Maria."

"I love the saxophone," I said. "It's absolutely my favorite instrument, and I like jazz. Mind if I ask what your dad does for a living?"

"He was a convention planner and the firm he worked for went out of business about three months after the attack. He had a tough time finding a job, so my mom, my brother, and I all got jobs to make ends meet. Dad finally found a job with Jones Lang LaSalle, and starts on Tuesday."

"That's good."

"Interesting song," she said.

I chuckled, "Yeah, not exactly a first dance song."

She smiled and scooted a bit closer, and put her lips close to my ear.

"Sometimes," she whispered, "you have to say 'I want to fuck!'"



Jesse

"You can hold me closer, Jesse," Larisa said. "I promise I don't bite!"

I almost said 'too bad', but decided that wasn't the best idea.

"I'm not worried about you biting," I replied with a smile. "I'm worried about your dad barking!"

Larisa laughed, "Dad is a big teddy bear!"

"More like a Russian bear! Do you think the West Germans thought he was a teddy bear?"

"He no longer commands a tank army! He teaches military history and political science!"

"Which changes nothing!" I declared.

"Oh, be quiet and dance with me!" Larisa demanded.

She squeezed her arms a bit and pressed her body against mine. There was really nothing I could do but tighten my arms and enjoy the feel of her firm body against mine. When the song ended, we went to get something to drink, then returned to the basement.

Larisa was pretty, and she was sweet, but she was also only fourteen, and her family was much more conservative than mine. Dad was always very polite and very proper around Tanya and Dmitry, and Larisa was very much like her mom, both in looks and in personality.

"Jesse," Luna said, interrupting my thoughts, "let's dance!"

I agreed, and we joined others on the dance floor.

"How old is she?" Luna asked.

"Fourteen," I replied.

"So, do you prefer blondes with blue eyes or girls with black hair and brown eyes?" Luna asked.

"Yes," I chuckled.

"Redheads with green eyes?"

"I don't have a type the way my dad does!"

"What's his type?"

I smirked, "Athletes with small boobs!"

Luna laughed, "Be serious! Your Aunt Kara looks like a supermodel with boobs I'd die to have!"

"And then you wouldn't be catcher for the softball team!"

---

 Steve

One of the four girls had talked, and my money was on Danielle, though it could easily have been Hope or Tabitha. It was possible it was Kailey, but I didn't think that was likely. Amy certainly fit the new rule, assuming I accepted Jessica's suggestion to set the limit at eighteen, which was reasonable, given my only objection to girls between eighteen and twenty-one was the absolute age difference.

In the end, it was really up to the girls, not me, to decide if I was 'too old', just as I had concluded it was up to a girl if she wanted to have sex, and I no longer gave

them the 'third degree' about it, though 'mindfucks' were still the order of the day, at least for most girls, though there were exceptions such as Emma.

And it was Emma, not to mention my other guests such as Dmitry and Tanya, Lyudmila and Yuri, Alexi and Katya, along with some I hadn't seen in some time -- Stan Jakes and Jasmine Prager from the *Tribune*, along with their spouses -- who gave me pause. I also had to meet Sofia to prepare for midnight, which was about an hour away, giving me perhaps only thirty minutes. That meant any tryst with Amy would have to wait.

"A very intriguing offer," I replied quietly, "but not one I could act on before Thursday afternoon, assuming you can show me a test paper."

"It's in my back pocket. I work during the day, and I couldn't stay overnight without too many questions."

"8:15pm? You could be home by midnight."

"Do I need to ask permission?" she asked as the song ended.

"No, but they'll get a kick out of it if you're willing."

Amy and I dropped our arms, and she followed me over to where Kara, Jessica, and Suzanne were standing with Kathy, Melanie, and Joyce.

"Hi!" Amy said to Kara. "I'm Amy. Is it OK for Steve to have a play date on Thursday evening?"

All six of the women laughed, and Joyce and Melanie engaged in synchronized eye-rolling. Amy's use of that specific phrase made it clear it had to be Hope, as I was positive I'd never used that phrase with Tabitha or Kailey, and didn't think I had with Danielle.



"He may," Kara said, "so long as you're at least eighteen and have a clean test."

"I am and I do!"

"Then, by all means!" Kara replied. "Right, wives?"

"Yes!" Jessica and Suzanne agreed.

Amy smiled, turned, and walked back to where Tabitha, John, Hope, and Myles were standing.

"Did someone advertise?" Jessica asked.

"I'm going to guess it was Hope, based on Amy using 'play date'."

"You know she didn't have to ask, right, Tiger?"

I chuckled, "She asked me if she needed to ask, and I was curious to see just how confident she was. She propositioned me by whispering a slightly modified line from *Risky Business* in my ear -- sometimes you have to say, 'I want to fuck'."

"You are outrageous, Mr. Adams!" Melanie declared.

"I didn't DO anything except dance with her," I retorted. "And *she* asked ME!"

"As if YOU have room to talk, Ms. Spencer!" Kathy declared. "I do believe YOU are responsible for Mr. Adams' lifestyle!"

"Whatever!" Melanie exclaimed.

"Your new friend is receiving a lot of attention from those single Naval officers," Joyce observed, seeing Emma talking to the officers.

"Twenty years at Leavenworth and a dishonorable discharge," I replied. "Sixteen doesn't cut it under the UCMJ! Anyway, I need to circulate and talk with friends who aren't here in the attic."

I kissed my wives, then left the attic room to head downstairs.

---

 Birgit

At about five minutes to midnight, after Jesse, Amber, and I had poured the glasses of sparkling grape juice, I turned off the stereo and got everyone's attention, asking them to get their glass of juice for the midnight toast. My midnight kiss was going to be with Kjell, and I wondered what Jesse would do, given Larisa, Luna, Missy, Brooke, and Shelly were all at the party, along with some other girls I knew liked him. My money was on Larisa.

Amber brought her laptop to a table in the center of the room and opened it, with the screen filled with a digital clock, and when at ten seconds before midnight, we began the countdown, all our voices in unison.

"Ten...nine...eight...seven...six...five...four...three...two...one...HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

I kissed Kjell, and out of the corner of my eye, I saw Jane kiss Albert, and wondered if they were fooling around. I'd never seen them kiss before, and while it was none of my business, I was curious. I could probably ask Ashley, who would know, but I didn't want to give her the satisfaction!

---

 Jesse

I touched my lips lightly to Larisa's, judging that a quick peck was the safest course of action, as I could remedy a complaint that it wasn't 'good enough' far easier than I could deal with her being upset because I'd gone further than she wanted to.

"You call THAT a kiss?!" Larisa protested, her blue eyes sparkling in the flashing lights that Amber had triggered.

"Would you like a better one?" I asked.

She nodded, we set our glasses on a table, I took her in my arms and we exchanged a soft kiss.

"Better!" she declared. "And one that won't upset my dad, at least not too much!"

"Self-preservation is high on my list of priorities!" I said with a grin.

Amber put the music back on, and we all began to dance.

---



**January 1, 2003, Chicago, Illinois**

 Steve

The party had finally wound down around 3:00am, and a large number of our friends had crashed at the house, with the usual setup of women in the sunroom and men in the great room, though the guests staying at the hotel in Hyde Park had all taken cabs back to the hotel, and Emma's dad had sent a car for her. I served a buffet-style brunch, and by noon, everyone had left, and I was relaxing with my wives in the Indian room, savoring the last day of my vacation.

The new year was shaping up to be busy and eventful. Demolition would begin on the Annex in the morning; Kara, Birgit, and I had our Spring Break plans; Emma would move to Chicago in June; and during the Summer, Jesse and Birgit would visit Japan. More importantly, I would begin researching what Steve Samet had revealed to me on Christmas Eve. And all of that was in addition to my regular work at NIKA, and the work I was doing for Dante on behalf of SKJ Partners, the LLC in which Kara, Jessica, Suzanne, and I were partners.

"It'll be time to bid on schedules soon," Jessica said. "Given my tenure and position, I can opt for a five-day-a-week, ten hours per day schedule. I was thinking Tuesday through Saturday, 6:00am to 4:00pm. Not only would that give me Sundays off, those are prime trading shifts, and also shifts that are easily covered by a *locum tenens*."

"It's your schedule, Babe," I replied. "What about teaching?"

"Three hours on Wednesday afternoon. Dad mentioned last night they want you to continue the seminars with the incoming class. They're going to institute a new requirement of attending at least thirty hours of seminars on any topic related to medicine for all new medical students. Basically, most students skipped every Thursday seminar, except yours. They won't be able to count more than ten hours for any specific topic, either."

"I'm enjoying the seminars, so I'm happy to continue. No grades for those seminars, right?"

"Correct. The only change for you is that you'll need to have the students sign-in so they receive time credit."

"That makes it a bit more formal," I replied.

"Yes, but you're still considered a career coach, not a lecturer or professor. Because you refused the stipend and don't accept any fees, there's no problem with any outside involvement with students, whether it's karate, or Philosophy Club, or whatever."

"When Steve is involved, there's always plenty of 'whatever!'" Suzanne declared.

"I take it you noticed that unlike years past, other than my daughters and Kristin, none of the younger girls came to dance with me. Well, Emma, of course, but none of Birgit's friends or any of the cousins. That's a good thing, mind you."

"Are you reconsidering Saint Martin?" Jessica asked.

"No, just saying that given the overall environment, it's probably for the best that fades into the background, and if, and I do mean if, a cousin approaches me privately, then due consideration will be given. But public displays? Those have to give way to the insane puritanism that is sweeping the country from both the right AND the left. We've come to a point where sex is not just repressed, but demonized and criminalized. I've even heard so-called experts claim that kids playing 'doctor' is sexual assault or abuse!"

"Which is why Bethany was pressured by her colleagues to 'revise' her book," Jessica observed. "As much as it pained me to see the two of you on the outs, you did the right thing. I notice she didn't dance with you last night."

I shrugged, "I'm not sure if I should read anything into that or not, so I'm not reading anything into it. My only real disappointment was Prajesh, Anala, and Avanti not coming to the party, but I wasn't surprised. Prajesh just cannot handle *Cirque du Steve*. I'm just grateful he tolerates Avanti training at the dojo and Anala and Avanti coming to Philosophy Club at least once a month."

"Changing topics," Kara said, "did you decide what to do about Danielle's friend, Nadia?"

"I'm still thinking about it," I said. "I'm concerned about the whole 'word of mouth' thing getting out of hand."

"Because of the girl who propositioned you last night?" Suzanne asked.

"Yes, and Isabella. Girls like Emma, where it's organic, and develops out of a chance encounter and we click, are very different from ones who are, in effect, sent to me. No matter which way I decide with regard to Nadia, I'm going to start refusing any 'referrals'."

"I think you should allow for an extraordinary circumstances exception," Jessica suggested. "Blanket rules have never worked well for you, and in nearly every case, you've justified an exception. Kimmy and Aisyah being two perfect examples, not to mention fudging your relationship with Cecily in Ohio, so she has an opportunity to work for NIKA."

"I will allow that exceptions can be made in extraordinary circumstances," I agreed. "That said, I'd prefer if the three of you adhered to the 'no referral' rule going forward. I won't apply it to any past referrals, and I will entertain occasional requests from Kara that fulfill her particular kink."

"Thank you, Snuggle Bear!"

---

 Jesse

"You seem to have as many girlfriends as your dad does, Jesse Stepanovich," Larisa said as we sat on the couch in the Duck's Nest.

"Not even close!" I replied. "Yes, I have plenty of female friends, and I don't date exclusively, but my dad has three *wives* and two live-in girlfriends! I don't want anything like that long term."

"And a regular girlfriend who is the only one you date?"

"When it's time to consider a long-term relationship. I can't say exactly, but sometime between the ages of twenty and twenty-four. Or are you trying to tell me something?"

Larisa laughed softly, "Unlike my mother, I do not wish to discuss marriage until I am at least in college, and probably not until after! You know she wanted to marry your dad when she was sixteen!"

"According to Mom One, my dad was already thinking about who he was going to marry when he was fourteen!"

"Crazy!" Larisa declared. "I can't even imagine! On the other hand, I can imagine you kissing me, if you wish. But remember, kissing is the limit."

"I'd never, ever try to do anything you didn't want to do."

"But you will do anything I want you to?" she asked with a twinkle in her eye.

"A dangerous question! Let's just say that within reason, I'll do my best to make you happy."

"Good! Then please kiss me!"

I put my arm around Larisa's shoulders, she turned her head towards me, and we exchanged a soft kiss.

"That was nice," she said. "Another one?"

I obliged, of course, because I wasn't an idiot, and because she was sweet and gorgeous.

"That was nice, too," she said quietly. "But we should stop."

"OK. What would you like to do?"

"Do you play chess?"

"I do!"

"Then let's do that."



**January 2, 2003, Chicago, Illinois**



Jesse



Nicholas was grumpy when I picked him up just after 5:00am on Thursday morning.

"I can't believe Coach is making us get up this early on vacation!" he grouched as he tossed his hockey bag into the back of Aunt Kara's SUV.

"This is when we have our ice time," I replied. "And we need to get back into our rhythm after more than two weeks off!"

"After school starts, sure, but not during vacation," he complained.

"Well, you can go back into your house and be benched, or stop bitching and get in the van."

He climbed into the passenger seat of the van, as I knew he would, and once he fastened his seat belt, I put the van in gear and headed for Johnny's Ice House. I wasn't any more thrilled than Nicholas with being up so early during our break, but I wanted to win the State Championship, so I was more than willing to put up with it without bitching and moaning the way some of the guys did, and there was plenty of it in the locker room as we put on our gear.

"ENOUGH!" Coach Nelson growled. "If you don't want to be here, let me know. I have better things to do on a day off than listen to you ladies whine about how early it is! Now, who's here to play hockey?"

"RAH!" everyone responded, as any other response would have led to extra skated laps or some other form of 'attitude adjustment' administered by Coach.

We finished dressing and went out to the ice. We spent more time stretching, as Coach was concerned that some of the guys hadn't done any exercising over break. I'd used the free weights each day, but that was it, so I absolutely needed to stretch more. Once that was done, we began our usual drills.

---

 Steve

I was headed to work for the first time since Christmas, though I would have to park in a lot on Halsted because the alley between the main NIKA building and the Annex was unusable until at least April. The walk to the office wasn't bad, as the temperature was hovering just below freezing and there was no snow on the ground. I parked, grabbed my bag, locked the car, and walked along Van Buren towards the office.

When I reached the office, instead of going to the front door, I turned left on Peoria so that I could take a look at the Annex. I saw four men on ladders and a crane operator working to dismantle the pedestrian bridge we'd had constructed between the buildings. The new design would accommodate the old bridge, which had saved us some money. I also saw three large dumpsters in the alley between the Annex and main building, and chutes ran from them to the upper floor of the Annex, and while I was standing there, I heard materials clatter down the chute, then thud into a dumpster.

Seeing the work was well underway, I returned to Van Buren and walked to the front door, letting myself in with my security card, as the office didn't open until 8:00am. Lucas wasn't in yet, so I swiped my card to unlock the interior door, then headed up the wide staircase to the second floor, made a left, and walked down the long hallway to the office I shared with Penny, noting that the door to the pedestrian bridge had been covered with plastic sheeting.

"Good morning!" Kimmy said brightly. "The demolition has started."

"I stopped and watched for a moment. Anything pressing?"

"Just me against you!" she said invitingly.

"Business-wise!" I replied.

"Oh," she said flatly, copying my style of response. "Nothing in the mail except a few Christmas cards that arrived late. You have four messages in your voicemail, none of them are pressing."

She knew that because we now had a system that sent our voicemails to *Outlook*, and Kimmy had access to my mailbox.

"Thanks."

"I saw the email from Dante. The flight and hotel should be charged to SKJ Partners, right?"

"Yes. There's no need for a Saturday stay because my deal with Dante is First Class domestically and Business Class internationally. I do have to be in Phoenix first thing on Monday, so I'll fly out on Sunday afternoon. I suspect we'll have a celebration dinner, so return on Tuesday morning, please."

"I'll take care of it! Coffee, tea, or me?"

I chuckled, "Green tea, please, and take three kisses from the box in your desk drawer!"

"What does Penny like to say? You're just no fun!"

"And how much fun would it be if Gary found out?"

"None, of course! You know I'm just flirting!"

"I do. I appreciate everything you do!"

"Thanks! Don't forget the construction meeting at 9:00am every Monday."

"I'll attend today, but I'm not sure I'll go to every meeting. Please remind me twenty minutes before I need to leave for 550."

"Of course!"

I slipped off my street shoes and put on my slippers, then went to my desk. I turned on my PC and my Mac, signed on to both, and began reviewing my email. I'd read some messages during the break, but I'd ignored most of them.

"Morning!" Penny exclaimed, coming into the office about five minutes later. "Anything exciting going on?"

"You're here!"

"Yeah, but you won't do anything about it!"

"Poor baby! I assume you saw the demolition started on the old Annex?"

"Yeah, and that means we have to walk to 550 for our weekly team meetings! And no snacks, foosball, or big screen TV!"

"Again, poor baby. You'll live. Your other option is to move out of this office. I know your answer!"

"NEVER!"

"So, you've made your decision, and have to live with it!"

"But I don't have to like it! What's up for today?"

"Check your email. Backend changes for the next version, and this is our DB schema change release in our cycle."

"Ugh. I hate those with a passion!"

"Not as much as QA and tech support hate them!"

"True. Let me check my email and we can review the new schema. I assume Julia sent it?"

"Yes. She worked a half-day on New Year's Eve and sent it then."

Kimmy brought in my tea, and a few minutes later, Penny and I sat down to review the requested changes to the database schema.



Jesse

"You must come visit, Jesse," Dmitry said once they had their boarding passes for their return flight to Boston.

"It's going to be a very busy year," I said. "I have four weeks of hockey camp, two of which are training and two of which are coaching, plus Birgit and I are going to Japan for two weeks in August. Maybe during Spring Break?"

"You're welcome to visit us then!" Dmitry said.

We shook hands, but then exchanged the usual Russian greeting. I also exchanged a typical Russian greeting with Tanya, and then Larisa. I thought

about kissing her on the lips, but the last thing I wanted to do was have Dmitry more concerned about Larisa than he already was.

"I hope you will visit, Jesse," she said. "Talk to you on the computer?"

"Yes! And call anytime, too!"

She smiled brightly, then the three of them walked to the security line. I waited until they were through, and once they waved, I headed back to the short-term garage where I'd parked Aunt Jessica's BMW which I actually drove more than she did! Just after I paid the \$2 parking fee, my phone rang. I answered and put it on speaker.

"Go for Jesse!"

"Hi! It's Simone! Are you free before school starts on Monday?"

"It would have to be tomorrow after hockey practice," I said.

"What time is that?"

"Practice ends at 7:00am."

"Whoa!" Simone exclaimed. "When does it start?"

"5:30am," I replied.

"No thanks! How about lunch?"

"Sure. The café on Hyde Park Avenue just east of Woodlawn?"

"Sure! 11:30am?"

"See you then!"

We said 'goodbye' and I closed the phone.

---

 Albert

"When will you arrive in England?" Doctor Jon asked when they were ready to leave for the airport for their flight to Florida.

"My flight is booked for July 11th, arriving on the morning of the 12th, and then the return flight is July 26th in the late morning."

"Then we'll see you at Heathrow on the 12th!" Jon said. "Send me the time by email."

"I will!"

We shook hands, then I hugged Amanda, who had been a great nanny for us before she'd decided to marry Doctor Jon. I hugged Karen, too, then Jane and I hugged tightly. I wanted to kiss her, but she'd had special permission for New Year's Eve, and I wasn't going to push it.

We released our hug, they all picked up their bags, and I walked them out to their rental car. I helped Doctor Jon load the bags into the trunk, we shook hands, and then I stood on the sidewalk to watch and wave as they drove away. Once the car was out of sight, I went back into the house.

I went up to my room, turned on my computer, and forwarded my itinerary to Doctor Jon and to Jane. Once that was accomplished, I called Peter to see if he wanted to get together. He did, and we planned for him to come over for lunch.

---

 Steve

"As everyone should have noticed," Eve said at the start of the meeting, "demolition of the Annex began this morning. Demolition is expected to be complete by the end of January, and they'll begin construction on or about February 15th, weather permitting."

"Why the two-week delay?" I asked.

"To allow for contingencies. This way they could lock in the teams to begin on the 15th and not have to worry about having crews idle due to some delay."

"Logical. Sorry to interrupt."

"It's OK," Eve replied. "There are no changes or updates to the plan at this time. I did spend some time at 550 this morning to ensure everything is up and running and there aren't any problems. Dave was happy and said there were no complaints other than from Penny."

"I suggested to Penny that if she was that upset," I said with a grin, "she could move out of my office and Dave would give her one at 550. She declined."

Everyone laughed, including Bob.

"Seeing that there is no way Penny is going to do that," Eve said, "I'll give her complaint the appropriate level of attention!"



"In other words, none!" Elyse declared.

"I don't have anything else this morning," Eve said. "Steve, do you want an invite to future meetings?"

"Yes, but I most likely won't attend unless you flag something that's a problem. Make me optional."

"Will do," Eve said, then ended the meeting.

I went back to my office to work with Penny until the development staff meeting.



# IX. Portents of Things to Come

## January 2, 2003, Chicago, Illinois

When Penny and I returned from the development meeting in the leased space, I saw that Nadia was online. I still wasn't completely sure about her bondage request, but it was something I could do if I chose to.

NIKASteve: Hi!

DarkDreams82: Hi!

NIKASteve: Can you be at my house in Kenwood tomorrow at 7:00pm?

DarkDreams82: Yes. Which fantasy?

NIKASteve: My preference is the babysitter one. That idea really turns me on!

DarkDreams82: I think that's like every dad's fantasy. Is the other one off the table?"

NIKASteve: No, I was just expressing my strong preference.

DarkDreams82: Do you want to know my plan? To make you more comfortable?

NIKASteve: It's OK to wait to share them face-to-face.

DarkDreams82: And for the babysitter role-play, we can just leave from your house.

NIKASteve: Sounds good

DarkDreams82: What's your address?

NIKASteve: 4937 South Woodlawn Avenue.

DarkDreams82: See you at 7:00pm tomorrow! I'm so excited!

NIKASteve: See you then!

I minimized *adium*, created a test environment, and began working on the schema changes. When Kimmy brought my lunch, Penny left to have lunch with

some of the development team, and I pulled up my web browser and created a free account on ancestry.com. I tried a few searches and confirmed a few things Steve Samet had revealed.

A bit of exploration showed that the actual records currently loaded were limited, though more were being added each day. After spending about thirty minutes, I closed the site, understanding why Steve Samet had hired a private investigator -- there simply wasn't enough information loaded in ancestry.com to conduct a truly thoroughgoing analysis.

While I waited for Penny to return, I checked the news online, and considered my options for finding further information about my dad without him knowing I was doing the research. I wondered if I could get help from Katya, as she would absolutely never reveal anything to anyone, and she might have access to people and documents which were not online, and might never be online. She might even be able to find a record of Lewis Hano having visited the Soviet Union during World War II, which would confirm something important.

Penny arrived back from her lunch and we returned to work on the database schema and the backend modules that directly accessed it.

---

 Jesse

"I missed you the past two weeks!" Zahra said when she and I met for lunch at a kosher deli on Hyde Park Avenue.

"I missed seeing you, too," I replied. "But Christmas break is always crazy at my house because all the grandparents visit and then we have our New Year's Eve party. This year we also had our Russian friends visit, plus some others from out of town who I don't see very often."

"Did hockey practice start this morning?"

"Yes. Do you plan to come to our playoff games?"

"I do, but unfortunately, my dad wants to come see you play! That kind of messes up Saturday afternoons because he'll want to have lunch with us and then offer to take me home."

"You don't think he suspects, do you?"

"No way! If he did, he'd never let me come to your games or see you outside of school if he thought we were anything more than friends!"

"I'm actually surprised he allows you to be out with a guy without a chaperone or whatever."

"That's my mom's doing; she's not as conservative as my dad. So long as I wear my scarf, dress properly, and am respectful, she trusts me not to behave in ways she would consider improper."

"Are we just having lunch today?" I asked.

"Unfortunately," Zahra said with a frown. "Can I ask about your friend from Minnesota?"

I considered whether I should answer, and if so, if I should provide any details. I decided it was better to actually say what had happened, as that would make a point to Zahra. She'd made the point that neither of us was going to convert, but I still had the feeling that she would very much like to find a way to be exclusive and public, if not find a way to be together longer term.

"I'm pretty sure that's over," I replied.

"Oh? What happened?"

"We had a disagreement about using the sauna, though I think it was really a proxy for wanting to be exclusive."

"I won't go in there naked with anyone else," Zahra replied, "and you don't object. What was her problem?"

The waitress came to take our orders, interrupting the conversation. As soon as she left, I answered Zahra's question about Scarlett.

"She felt I should stop, especially if we were to marry, and she objected to the idea of family saunas."

"I do find it very, very strange that you would be in there naked with your moms and your sisters."

Not to mention the entire softball team, but Zahra didn't need to know about that.

"It's been like that since I was a baby. I think the first time was when I was about two months old, and it's normal for my family, the way it is for many Scandinavians. She objected to that, and to the idea that we'd even be in there with friends. I tried to talk to her about it, but she wasn't interested, and decided to go home."

"Wow! She broke up with you over something way in the future?"

"Yes and no," I replied. "While it was expressly about the future, it's also about my philosophy, which is current. Scarlett -- that's her name -- and I have a

fundamental conflict in philosophy that in her mind is a wider gap than you being Muslim and me being Christian."

"That's hard to believe."

Once again, we were interrupted, this time by the waitress bringing our food.

"I think," I said, once we'd started eating, "that based on everything you've said to me, and the fact that you're Birgit's friend, that if the religion issue wasn't in the way, you'd want to be my steady girlfriend and would be willing to at least consider adopting my philosophy. After all, you did remove your scarf for me!"

Zahra laughed, "And everything else! But that was in private! You'd want to be my boyfriend?"

"I honestly don't think it's a good idea to be in an exclusive, committed relationship in High School. Going steady implies that you're thinking that it might be permanent, because if you don't think that, then why go steady?"

"Isn't that normal, though?"

"I'm the *last* person who would be called normal!" I declared.

"No kidding!" Zahra said with a smile. "So if Saturday doesn't work, could I come over after school on Wednesdays? That's the day my Mom visits my grandmother, so she's not home before 5:00pm."

"I think that will work," I replied, remembering that Missy and Chung Cha also wanted to get together after school.

"Great!" Zahra said happily. "I'm really looking forward to next Wednesday! And if my dad allows me to hang out with you on Saturday, it'll be a bonus!"

---

 Birgit

Albert had asked if it was OK for Kjell to hang out with him and Peter and some other guys to watch soccer, and I agreed, which left my entire afternoon free. I had an idea, and invited Tomás to the house, then called Libby.

"Hi, Libby! It's Birgit!" I said when she answered her phone.

"Caller ID warned me!" Libby exclaimed. "And I still picked up!"

"Ha, ha!" I said, rolling my eyes, though she couldn't see it. "What are you doing right now?"

"Nothing. Just hanging out at home. Why?"

"Are you and Lilibeth exclusive?"

"No," Libby replied. "I'm sure you know Jesse and I have been together recently, though that's over."

"Over? Why?"

"I can't say."

I laughed because there was only one reason she would stop fooling around with Jesse, which she couldn't reveal, and that was if she had been with my dad.

"But she wouldn't be upset if you were with someone else?"

"No. Why?"



"Would you be interested in getting together with Tomás and me? I playfully suggested a threesome and that excited him!"

"Duh!" Libby exclaimed. "What straight guy is going to turn down the chance to fuck two girls at the same time?!"

"That's anatomically impossible!" I retorted.

"OK, Miss Pedantic! *Have sex* with two girls at the same time! Would it be 'full participation' or just double-teaming Tomás?"

"If Lilibeth wouldn't object, then full participation."

"So you're still playing for both teams?" Libby teased.

"I play for the straight team, but on occasion, I'll play an exhibition game with the other team!"

"You asked what I was doing now. Are you implying you want me to come over?"

"If you want to. Tomás will be here in about an hour. He doesn't know I'm inviting you."

Libby laughed, "Why, Birgit Adams, you little vixen!"

"You say that like it's a bad thing!" I giggled. "I assume you have an up-to-date STI test."

"Yes! I'll be there in twenty minutes!"

"Cool!"

---

 Steve

Lucas called just after 2:00pm.

"Steve, I have two FBI agents here who would like to see you," he said.

"Wonderful. Put them in the Tretiak Room and I'll be down with Liz momentarily.

"OK."

I hung up and got up from my desk.

"What's up?" Penny asked.

"FBI, again."

"Do they *ever* stop?"

"Apparently not."

I left the office, changed into my street shoes, then walked down the hall to Liz's office.

"I need you downstairs," I said. "A pair of FBI agents are here."

"About?" Liz asked with an arched eyebrow.

"No idea," I replied.

"You know the drill. Be very careful what you say."

"Yes, Mom!" I grinned.

"That's one fantasy I know you've *never* had!"

"Truth!" I declared.

"Whatever you do, do NOT introduce me as your *Consigliere!*"

I chuckled, "I hadn't thought about it, but now that you mention it..."

"Steve..."

"I know," I chuckled. "I was yanking your chain."

She and I went down to the lobby and into the Tretiak room, where two FBI agents were waiting.

"Hi," I said. "I'm Steve Adams and this is my corporate and personal legal counsel, Liz Crane."

"Agent Michael Maseth and Agent Tom Bourgeois," one of them said. "I'm Bourgeois."

We shook hands and all four of us sat down at the round table.

"What can I do for you two gentlemen?" I asked.

"Is Mr. Adams being investigated?" Liz asked, interrupting.

"I can't comment on that," Agent Maseth said. "We're following up on previous interviews. Mr. Adams, Several years ago, you had an interview with a pair of retired agents, Stone and O'Toole."

"Liz?" I inquired.

"Agent Maseth, if my client agrees to answer, we need a written statement that minor errors or omissions from conversations from a decade or more ago won't be charged under 18 USC Part 1, Section 1621."

"We were warned Mr. Adams was only willing to cooperate under certain conditions," Agent Maseth said. "I have a 'Queen for a Day' letter expressly exempting any statements made today from any charges relating to perjury, omission, or misrepresentation."

He handed Liz a letter from the US Attorney. I knew that limited immunity document meant I could omit things that would potentially get me into trouble. And that meant I needed to marshal my complete set of files, both on the Outfit and on the bent FBI guys. At some point, I might actually need them. I was absolutely certain Melanie could parlay what I had into an full immunity deal, if it came to that.

"I think it's safe to answer about your previous interviews," Liz said once she'd read it.

"Which interviews are you referring to?" I asked. "I had quite a few of them, mostly pertaining to my Russian friends or, later, to Lisa Glass, and to Noel Spurgeon and his accomplices."

"We're interested in Theo Lipari," Agent Bourgeois asked. "You mentioned you knew him."

"Sure. He's a union guy from Hyde Park. We have computer support and maintenance contracts with several IBEW locals, and he's the coördinator."

"You acknowledged in your previous interview that you knew he was a loan shark."

"Actually, that's not accurate, Agent Bourgeois," I replied. "Agent Stone asked me if I knew Mr. Lipari was one of the biggest loan sharks on the South Side, and I said that I had my suspicions. That said, I did state that I was fairly certain he ran a sports book because of something someone at IIT said to me when I was in college or shortly after I graduated, which was in 1985."

"You remember that from an interview in 1995?"

"Let's just say it's in my best interest to remember details of my interactions with the FBI," I replied. "Is there something specific you're investigating?"

"Similar to the question earlier from your attorney, we can't say," Agent Maseth said. "In the interview, you were also asked about Frank Calabrese, his brother, Nick, and two sons, Frank and Kurt."

"I recall saying something along the lines that I'd read their names in the papers, but that's it."

Which was true. That was what I had said to Agents Stone and O'Toole.

"What about James 'Little Jimmy' Marcello?" Agent Bourgeois asked.

"I don't believe he was mentioned in those interviews," I replied. "I do remember reading about the indictments against him in the newspaper. I actually met him back in the late 80s when I was working on union contracts."

"That isn't in your file."

"Nobody asked me about him," I replied. "I was at the Old Neighborhood Italian American Club on West 26th Street to meet a union boss about the contracts I mentioned before."

"What do you do for the unions?"

I looked to Liz.

"That's information they could easily obtain from the testimonial on our website," Liz said with a smile.

"The same things I've been doing for about twenty years," I replied. "I created computer software to track their membership rolls, dues, and other data. We actually sold a modified version of the same software to church organizations in Chicagoland. We also maintain their computers and computer networks."

"In another interview, you admitted working with Alderman Larry Bloom."

I nodded, "Our offices used to be in his Ward, and he helped us with business development, and referred several people to us to consider hiring. That all ended when the 'Conscience of the Council' was indicted. And just to complete the picture, I also met John Christopher through Theo Lipari, but had no more interaction with him than I did with James Marcello. And recently, I've met with Alderman Walter Burnett about our new building.

"As for the Outfit, unfortunately, doing business in Chicago means rubbing up against Wise Guys at some point, especially in transportation and construction. And I'm sure you read all the files about Brandon Littleton, Lisa Glass, and Noel Spurgeon. Maybe if you give me an idea of what you're investigating, I can help, but I wouldn't count on it."

"We can't reveal that at the moment," Agent Maseth said. "Two more names -- Richard D. Ortiz and Arthur Morawski."

"Those are the guys who were shotgunned to death in broad daylight in Cicero in '83," I replied. "I remember because I actually met Richie Ortiz, again, through Theo Lipari. Richie was a contact for installing software and reporting bugs before he was gunned down."

"And that didn't give you pause?" Agent Bourgeois asked.

"Me? No. I was shocked, but then again, it was in Cicero in the early 80s. As for being concerned, I've had some fairly upset customers in the past, but nobody was ever upset enough to come after me with a shotgun! Littleton was murdered and Noel Spurgeon broke out of prison. I took those things in stride, too. Those were FAR more risky than meeting the Wise Guys. I was much more worried about the pimp who pulled a knife on me when I rescued a girl he was trying to lure at Union Station."

"We don't have that one in our file."

"As thick as my file most certainly is, I'm surprised. Talk to the Chicago PD. It was August 1996."

They both wrote in their notebooks.

"Two more names -- Anthony Spilotro and Michael Spilotro."

"Other than knowing what was in the papers, no."

"OK," Agent Bourgeois said. "That's all we have for now. Thank you for your time, Mr. Adams."

We shook hands, and they left.

"My office," Liz said curtly.

I followed her upstairs, down the hall, and into her office. She motioned for me to close the door, and I did.

"What?" I asked.

"As your business and personal counsel, I advise you to call Melanie Spencer immediately."

"Based on that conversation?"

"It's what they didn't say. I'm not going to ask, because I'm not a criminal defense attorney, but they don't show up with 'Queen for a Day' letters for anyone who *isn't* a potential suspect. They're for cooperating witnesses."

"Then why did you allow me to answer their questions?"

"The questions were all about interviews you've given in the past. They didn't ask you about anything you did or any of those men did, so with the letter, you could safely answer those. Call Melanie. Right now."

"I honestly think you're overreacting," I replied. "But I'll call Melanie and let her know what happened."

"Good. Take the letter with you."

I accepted the letter from Liz, then left her office and went to the empty Lemieux Room and dialed Melanie's mobile phone.



"Hi, Steve!" she said, clearly having seen the Caller ID.

"Hi, Melanie. I just had a visit from the FBI and Liz suggested I call you because of what happened."

"Come to my office," she said. "Do not speak over the phone. I'm free right now."

"I'll be there in about fifteen minutes," I said.

We said 'goodbye' and I closed my phone, then went back to the office to let Kimmy know I was going to be out for the rest of the afternoon.

---

 Birgit

"I thought we were going to mess around," Tomás said, keeping his voice low, when he saw Libby in the great room.

I giggled, "We are, if you're man enough to handle it!"

"WHOA!" he gasped. "SERIOUSLY?! You're not messing with me?"

"Come upstairs with us and we'll mess with you and blow your mind! Interested?"

"Do I look like an idiot?!" he asked, incredulous.

I took his hand and led him up the stairs, with Libby following us. We went to my bedroom, and when all three of us were inside, I closed and locked the door.

"There's only one rule," I said. "You cannot brag about this to your friends. Agreed?"

"I agree!" Tomás declared emphatically.

"Then," I smirked, "let's get naked and we'll fulfill your every fantasy!"

Tomás quickly undressed and Libby and I did the same, while Tomás stood wide-eyed, like a deer caught in headlights, his dick rock-hard and twitching in anticipation.

"Any limits?" I asked Libby.

She smirked, "Anything you can do, I can do better!"

"We'll just have to see about that!" I declared.

We both moved over to where Tomás was and stood so he could wrap one arm around each of us, then kissed each other in turn, me kissing Tomás, Libby kissing Tomás, and then Libby and I exchanging a sexy French kiss.

"Wait!" Tomás exclaimed in surprise. "You two are going to do stuff together?"

"Yes!" I declared with a silly smile.

"Let's give him a joint blowjob," Libby suggested, "then show him what girls can do together!"

"I've died and gone to heaven!" Tomás said giddily.

And, for the next three hours, we proved that to be true! A joint blowjob, followed by Libby and I French kissing, then she and I sixty-nined. After that, we

got Tomás hard, and I rode him while Libby straddled his face. For the next round we switched places, then Libby and I sixty-nined, followed by Libby showing Tomás how to tit-fuck her, with me licking his cum from her. When that finished, Libby and I took turns using our mouths to get Tomás ready, then having him fuck us hard.

"Happy?" I asked him as the three of us got into the shower together.

"Are you kidding?!" Tomás asked, clearly dazed by the experience.

"Keep quiet about this, and it could happen again," Libby said. "Right Birgit?"

"Absolutely!" I agreed.

---

 Steve

"Liz is correct," Melanie said. "In my experience, these limited immunity letters are only given to coöperating witnesses. In order for me to protect you, I need to know *exactly* what it is they think you've done or are doing."

"It started when I was fourteen and met Joyce's grandfather," I said.

"What started?"

"My involvement with the Mafia or «La Cosa Nostra» or the Outfit, or whatever name you want to use."

"Please spare me the Michael Corelone impression and tell me you're joking!"

"It's no joke, Mel."

"And the initial investment for NIKA? Was that Outfit money?"

"The money Don Joseph invested was all from legitimate sources, and provably so. He was working to go 'legit', as they say, and Joyce has *never* been involved in any of the illegal stuff. That was all her little sister, Connie, and Connie's husband, Anthony. But they've gone legit now, too."

"I think you need to start at the beginning. I have about ninety minutes, so if we need more, you'll need to come back. We should only discuss this in this office, and literally nowhere else. I'm going to take notes, but they'll be locked in my safe, and labeled as privileged."

"It all started the day I met Joyce," I began again.

About seventy-five minutes later, Melanie put her pencil down diagonally on her legal pad.

"Now tell me why you aren't at all concerned."

"Because I have sufficient information to put two former FBI agents in prison for the rest of their lives," I said. "And it's all documented and verified. I also have evidence I can turn over to the government to prove everything I said before."

"You do realize they could charge you with felony murder, right?"

"Only one person could testify to that, and he's never been arrested."

"Theo Lipari?"

"Yes. If he's ever arrested, then it's your job to negotiate a deal. That murder is unsolved, and I can solve it for them, not to mention all the other stuff I have."

"Where is that information?"

"Someplace *nobody* can get to," I replied. "I actually do not know where it is, and don't want to. It's sealed and in the custody of Colonel Yekatarina Sergeyevna Anisimova, KGB, retired, Hero of the Soviet Union."

"Of course it is! Does she know the contents of what she has?"

"No. If something happens to me, get in touch with her and say «Друг познаётся в беде» (*Drug poznayotsya v bede*). I'll write it out phonetically for you. You have to say it in Russian."

"What does that mean?"

"It's a Russian proverb -- 'A friend is found out in a misfortune'. If she hears that exact phrase, in Russian, from one of four people, she'll send the package to you."

"So, who are the other three who know about this?"

"Joyce, obviously; Elyse knows Don Joseph was in the Mafia, and that I had some involvement back in High School and college. Beyond that, only Becky van Hoek, as I said, and nobody is going to trace anything to her to even ask questions. And if they did, she'll practice «omertà» better than any Sicilian. But all three of them know the code phrase and when to use it."

"I think you should get out in front of whatever is going on," Melanie advised.

"I disagree. First, unless Theo turns state's evidence, which I do not see happening, there are no links to me other than having met some of the Wise Guys. Second, the only way Theo turns state's evidence is if he's arrested, and even then, I doubt he'd talk. That said, if and when he's indicted or arrested,

THEN it's time to go to the US Attorney with a deal. Before then, why stir up a personal hornet's nest?"

"Being arrested is not a good look, even if you walk."

"No, it's not, but again, unless and until Theo is arrested, there are no traces, and I haven't done anything illegal in well over a decade. For all intents and purposes, I'm out."

"And your ties to Anthony Cicilioni?"

"There are no ties between the Chicago Outfit and Little Tony," I said with a smile. "He basically closed up shop in Cincinnati under pressure from black and Hispanic gangs. The Marble Palace Inn and the adjacent restaurant are completely legit. I know Anthony runs an escort service, but it's a separate business, and it's outcall only. The girls are forbidden from being in the hotel or restaurant under any circumstances."

"Nobody is going to bother an escort service in Newport, Kentucky!"

"Exactly. He has protection for that, too. But let's say they do bust the escort service. Anthony pleads and continues to run his legitimate businesses. He expressly sought capital from me so that he didn't have to use any proceeds from his escort business or from when he was running the small Mafia operation in Cincinnati, to open the hotel."

"I honestly think you should cut your deal now."

"Cut what deal? We have no idea what the Feds are onto. Wait for the indictments or the arrests, then we'll see what happens. The key is going to be Theo. What happens with him will determine what I do. And, as I said, I have plenty of evidence with which to deal."

"You can prove those two agents took money from Noel Spurgeon?"

"I can. I have all the transaction records and proof of the money flow."

"I don't like it, but the client decides."

"Trust me, Melanie, I'll know if they're actually after me personally. Right now, I think they're investigating the Outfit, and my name showed up in a search. The big names in Chicago are either in prison or retired -- the Calabreses, James Marcello, and Joey 'The Clown' Lombardo.

"Angelo 'The Hook' LaPietra, Anthony 'Joe Batters' Accardo, Joseph 'Joey Doves' Aiuppa, Samuel 'Sam Wings' Carlisi, and Joseph 'Mr. Clean' Ferriola are all dead. The only one left is John 'No Nose' DiFronzo, who had his conviction overturned on appeal. The Outfit is mostly run to ground, and what's left is the unions, trucking, and construction."

"You just reel off those names!"

"Let's just say it was in my best interest to know what was going on at any time."

"The next time the FBI comes calling, call me before you even say 'hello'," Melanie said. "I'm not kidding. The only words from your mouth should be 'I want to speak to my attorney, Melanie Spencer'. Just keep repeating that, no matter what they ask, including if you want a drink of water or they ask you the time."

"I honestly don't expect them back," I said. "Well, OK, the FBI has an unhealthy fixation on me, but that's mostly due to my Russian friends, Brandon Littleton, Chicago Aldermen, and Noel Spurgeon."

"Speculate."

"They're trying to build a case against the remaining Outfit bosses and potentially solve some murders. If they can decapitate the Outfit, it'll die. Of course, the vacuum that creates will immediately be filled by black or Hispanic gangs, along with the usual graft and corruption."

"You weren't worried about being implicated by Larry Bloom or the other Aldermen?"

"Not really. I met with them for legitimate business reasons. I made absolutely sure I documented every meeting with a business purpose, and I still have those notes. There is no physical evidence of any kind that would tie me to any of their criminal activity. Once again, it all comes down to Theo Lipari. He's managed to never be arrested in the twenty-two years I've known him. That's saying something."

"What about Ed Krajick?"

"He didn't give it up when he was arrested for murder or for corruption, and he doesn't know about anything I did. As I said, he was kicked out by Don Joseph and later went back with Anthony, but by that time, I was basically out."

"I still don't like it, but I have to follow your instructions."

"For the first time in your life!" I chuckled.

"Not even close!" Melanie protested. "I had to follow your instructions to have my Prom!"

I chuckled, "OK, then for the second time!"



"You sent me back to Pete!"

I rolled my eyes theatrically, "You know what I meant, Ms. Spencer! You nearly always get your way!"

"I need to get going," Melanie said. "Keep me posted and I'll keep my ear to the ground."

"Say nothing to anyone, Mel. I'm not going to go into Witness Protection, so the only way I do this is if Theo is indicted. I'd prefer very much to let sleeping dogs lie."

"You know I'm forbidden from revealing anything you've told me unless you express an intent to commit a crime."

"Which doesn't mean you can't snoop. Please don't. I don't want them suspicious in any way, shape, or form. I think the letter was, *contra* you and Liz, simply because they knew I'd stonewall them otherwise. I do have a history of telling them to pound sand, not to mention all the BS around Noel Spurgeon. I also have a history of coöperation, with regard to Spurgeon and Hart-Lincoln."

"It won't surprise you that I knew several of the partners who went to prison."

"I'd actually have been surprised if you hadn't known anyone there. Honestly, between that and Spurgeon, I don't think the Feds suspect me of anything, other than perhaps knowing more than I'm letting on. That's possible, but not probable, given they only asked about names I'd mentioned before, plus a couple of Wise Guys who were in the papers. If they come back and ask specific questions, then I'll have an idea of what it is they're investigating."

"It's a risky game, but it is yours to play."

"Thanks, Melanie."

We hugged, and as Pete wasn't around, she simply gave me a quick peck on the cheek, and I left her office. I walked to my car, which I'd parked in a garage adjacent to their offices, and headed home.

---

 Matthew

"So what do you think about me playing *Dungeons & Dragons* with the gang on Saturdays?" I asked as Chelsea and I relaxed on the couch in Eduardo's townhouse in the city.

"I think it's OK," Chelsea replied. "I can do homework or hang out with some of my friends from Loyola. How long do you expect to play?"

"Probably from sometime in the morning until dinner. We have to work out the details, and I need to create a world in which we'll play."

"How will that work with our trip to Ohio for the long weekend?"

"Got it covered!" I replied. "I suggested we start the following week."

"Great!"

"Are we going to the hockey game on Sunday?" I asked.

"Sure! Your brothers will all be there, right?"

"Yes, and probably Birgit. Stephie and Ashley aren't interested in hockey. I do want to go to my brother's first playoff game on the 11th. It's at Johnny's Ice House."

"Absolutely!"

We were interrupted when my mobile phone rang. The Caller ID said 'Maggie Home'. I sighed and answered.

"Matt Adams."

"Matt? It's Mary Jones, Maggie's mom. Have you heard from Maggie?"

"No. I didn't see her at the New Year's party at Arby's, and then Chelsea and I came into the city the next morning. Why?"

"She left the house this morning saying she was going for a walk, but that was eight hours ago, and I haven't seen her since. I was hoping she was at your house, but you're in the city."

"You could call my mom and ask her," I said. "I know Maggie has talked to my mom in the past, but Chelsea and I have been at Eduardo's townhouse since yesterday, around noon."

"OK. I'll call your mom. Do you know anyplace else she might have gone?"

"The only kids she hung out with who weren't from your church are in drama, so I suppose you could try Nick, Josh, Matt W, Arby, Nellie, or Tara. Maggie should have a sheet of paper from drama with everyone's name and number."

"She does. It's on the corkboard in her room. If she calls you, will you ask her to call me? And then call me and let me know?"

"I will."

"Thanks."

We said 'goodbye' and I hung up.

"Is something wrong?" Chelsea asked.

"Maggie's mom said that Maggie went out for a walk this morning and hasn't come home. That was eight hours ago."

"Oh, no!" Chelsea gasped.

"I wouldn't worry too much," I said. "It's only 4:40pm. If she doesn't show up for dinner in about ninety minutes, then I'd be a bit concerned. If she doesn't come home by bedtime, that's when I'd call the cops."

"That's how you'd deal with it if it were your kid?"

"Kids need time and space. You know what I do to get away."

Chelsea laughed, "You sit in your closet with a pillow and blanket and read books by flashlight!"

"Hey, it's quiet and nobody bugs me!" I declared.

"What are we doing for dinner?" Chelsea asked.

"Let's see what's in the fridge and cook together."

Chelsea agreed, so we got up and went to the kitchen.

"So, now you've had three members of my family," I teased Libby after Tomás had left.

"How did you know?" Libby asked.

"Because the only reason you'd stop fooling around with Jesse is if you were exclusive, which you said you weren't, or you were with my dad!"

"Oops," Libby smirked. "Busted."

"Whatever! You know I don't have a problem with that!"

"I'm going to start going to your dad's Philosophy Club starting on Sunday."

"Does Jesse know?"

"Yes. I decided I need to be with the adults, and your dad agreed. Jesse said he's going to schedule Hangouts for the opposite Sundays and have them at your house because nobody else can host. I'm pretty sure he spoke to your dad about it."

"Nobody tells me anything!" I groused.

"So not true!" Libby countered. "And I only discussed it with Jesse at the New Year's Eve party. He mentioned that Tabitha and John will start coming to Philosophy Club instead of the Hangout, and some of Luna's friends and some of the hockey team will come to the Hangout."

"So you and Tabitha are graduating?" I asked.

Libby smiled, "I told your dad that now that I'm seventeen, I wanted to have my first fuck with an actual adult, and then participate in the adult discussion group. Tabitha had to adjust to life away from her crazy, fanatical religious family and friends. She's really different now from how she was when she first moved here from Ohio."

"Being expertly deflowered by my dad has that effect on girls!" I giggled.

"I suspect the same would be true of Jesse, though I wasn't a fanatical Christian when he got my cherry! Kjell got yours, right?"

"I was actually with Lilibeth before Kjell, so I suppose it depends on what you mean. And really, society is WAY too hung up on the idea of virginity, and fetishizes it. It really is just a sign of transitioning from child to adult, like getting your driver's license, voting, and being able to legally buy alcohol."

"Can I ask how many guys or girls you've been with before today?"

"You're the tenth; four girls and six guys. But only two of the girls were one-on-one."

"And you aren't interested in that anymore?"

"No. What we did today is fine, and I really enjoyed it, but I don't have a desire to be with girls the way I do with boys. You like both equally, right?"

"Yes, which is why I want an arrangement like your dad's -- me, a guy, and a girl. And after being with you and Tomás today, I'd be happy to have that be a regular thing!"

"What about Lilibeth?"

"It's temporary, and we both know it. She's moving back to Boston as soon as she graduates, and she'd never even get into the same bed with a guy. You and Tomás are kind of regular, right?"

"Not committed, but we see each other a lot. He can sleep with whoever he wants, and so can I. I'm not even close to being ready to commit to a single dick for the rest of my life!"

Libby laughed, "Or a tongue and a dick in my case! But I was serious. I really liked what we did today, and it's exactly what I want and need. Think about it, OK? I'm not saying make a commitment, but the three of us can have fun together regularly. I think between Tomás and me we can keep you satisfied."

"Don't count on it!" I giggled.

---

 Steve

As I drove home, I contemplated the interview with the FBI, and the conversations with Liz and Melanie, and I concluded I'd chosen the right course of action -- wait and see. I didn't want to become involved unless my hand was forced, as being involved would require me to reveal things to my family and friends that I preferred to be kept secret. It wasn't a perfect solution, because I risked arrest, but I felt the risk was small.

"Hi, Dad!" Birgit exclaimed when I walked into the house through the back door.

"Hi, Mr. Adams!" Libby called out.

"Hi, girls," I replied.

"I'm going home for dinner, Birgit," Libby said.

She and Birgit hugged, and as she walked past me, she winked. I simply smiled in return.

"How good was she?" Birgit asked once Libby was out the door.

"As if that would be any of your business, Nosy Daughter!" I challenged.

Birgit rolled her eyes, "Oh, please! She's been flirting with you for at least six months!"

"You've been flirting with me for six years!" I countered. "And nothing happened."

"That's on you, not on me!" Birgit declared.

"You know why, Pumpkin."

"Dinner is ready in ten minutes," Yuriko said, coming into the great room.

"I'll go change," I said, acknowledging her, just as Kjell and Albert came into the house.

I went upstairs, changed, and then headed back downstairs to join my family in the dining room.



# X. Only What's On The Menu

**January 2, 2003, Chicago, Illinois**

 Ashley

"I hear you have a guest tonight, Dad," I said with a smirk as we walked home from the dojo on Thursday evening.

"Listen, you little scamp..." Dad growled.

"Excuse me," I said, "but all complaints about the operation of this unit must be referred to the manufacturer! The unit cannot take any complaints directly!"

Kara Mom, Mom, Suzanne, Birgit, and Stephe all burst out laughing.

"Well played, young lady," Dad chuckled. "Well played."

I saw Birgit frown, obviously unhappy *she* hadn't thought of it, and Stephe rolled her eyes despite having laughed with everyone else. Those were precisely the responses I expected from them!

"In all seriousness, Cinderella," Dad said, "you're pushing the limits."

I was, but he'd also made a point of not teasing in front of people outside the family.

"You said it was OK to tease when it was just family!" I said. "Only your wives and daughters are here!"

"She has a point, Tiger," Mom said mirthfully.

"And we know *exactly* where she gets it!" Dad declared. "It's a factory-installed option! I provided only the tiniest bit of raw material and had nothing to do with the manufacturing process!"

"Given Birgit and Jessie are both serious smart alecks, I'd say it comes from that raw material you provided, Tiger!"

"It's possible," Dad chuckled.

---

 Steve

"Ashley is a real pistol," I said to my wives as we relaxed in the Indian room while waiting for Amy to arrive.

"And whose fault is that?" Kara teased. "You're just as bad as the kids, or maybe they're just as bad as you!"

"In the immortal words of Empress Birgit the First of Kenwood -- What-ever!"

"Did you ask any of the girls about Amy?" Jessica inquired.

"No. All I know about her is that she works with them at Starbucks, lives at home, plays the saxophone, is hoping to attend Cincinnati Conservatory in the Fall, has a clean STI test, and wants to fuck. I will ask her who provided the referral."

"Do you have a suspect?" Suzanne asked.

"At first, I thought Danielle, but the more I thought about it, the more I suspect it was Hope, mainly because of the 'play date' request. I'm not upset, mind you, but I will discourage whoever it was from marketing my services."

"We could make a fortune from stressed medical students!" Jessica declared. "I'll just hand out flyers offering stress relief and a price list! 'Need to forget?' 'Have your brains fucked out!'; 'Need to relax? 'Cunnilingus in the sauna!'"

"Because that won't land us all in jail and have you fired!" I chuckled.

"Jess, don't forget 'Special discount for virgins!'" Kara said mirthfully.

"And the 'Combo discount packages'," Suzanne suggested "

The doorbell rang just then, and I stood up.

"Saved by the bell!" I chuckled.

I left the Indian room and went to the foyer to open the door and greet Amy. I helped her remove her coat, then led her to my study, where I indicated one of the leather wingback chairs. She sat down, and I sat next to her.

"Is something wrong?" Amy asked.

"No," I replied. "Whoever gave you the referral didn't say I'd talk to you first?"

"Referral? I'm not sure what you mean."

"Referral. You clearly knew it was OK to ask me, and you had an STI test, so it was obvious to me that one of the girls provided a reference, as it were, and sent you to me."

"I take it that's happened before?"

"More than you might imagine."

"I have a pretty good imagination! But that's not what happened. The five of us were talking one morning about guys and sex and first times, and I had the impression that all four girls had been with the same guy for their first time. In the conversation, they mentioned the guy had a rule about STI tests and one of them, and I won't say which, said she would never have expected to have her first time with a married guy.

"Later on, I asked Hope if my impression was true, and she confirmed that all four of them had been with the same guy their first time and weren't exaggerating about how great it was. A few days later, she invited me to the party, saying the other girls would also be there. She said nothing that linked you to the guy they were discussing. Then, when I saw you dance with so many girls, and some of them very, very close, I deduced you had to be the guy. Learning you had three wives confirmed it."

"And how did you know you might need permission?"

"After I figured it out, I decided I wanted exactly what they'd all described, so I asked Hope directly. She reluctantly confirmed it and suggested I might need permission. I figured if I was going to come right out and ask you to fuck, then asking for permission from your wives was no big deal."

"OK, but you used a very specific phrase when you asked."

"Hope told me you were allowed to have 'play dates' when I asked the question about you. Honestly, she didn't volunteer anything specific until I concluded you'd been each of the girl's first, and I specifically asked her about it. I can tell you're suspicious by the questions you're asking."

"Sorry, but the 'referral' thing has gotten out of hand more than once in my life. I apologize for the assumption and won't concern myself about what the girls said. I do have a pair of questions for you, which you don't have to answer -- why now? why me?"

"Why now? Because, like every other teenage girl on the planet, I've thought about it since I had my first period. I had expected to be in college by now, and I thought college was the time and place it would most likely happen. Obviously, college was delayed because of what I described while we were dancing. My decision to have sex was more about being an adult than anything.

"As for why you? I didn't date much in High School, but I went to pretty much every dance starting in eighth grade. I did go on a few one-on-one dates, but the guys weren't really worth my time. I've dated a bit since I graduated, but none of the guys made me feel the way you did just being in the same room with you, and certainly never like I felt when we danced."

"Not to overanalyze," I replied, "but I think the vibe was very likely, or at least partially, due to what you'd heard the girls say. You weren't, as it were, playing roulette and hoping you hit your number. Your expectations were set, and when you were at least somewhat attracted to me, that closed the deal in your mind."

"More than 'somewhat'," Amy said. "You're handsome, in great shape, have killer bedroom eyes, and word on the street is you're fantastic in bed. So, how about it? Do you want to fuck?"

"Indubitably!"

She pulled a folded paper from her pocket and handed it to me, revealing a clean STI test when I unfolded it. I folded it and handed it back.

"I started taking the pill when I turned eighteen back in May when I was still hoping to start school in August," Amy said.

Which was consistent with her narrative.

"I had a vasectomy," I replied. "So, no worries there. Did you have something specific in mind?"

"You're allegedly the expert, so I think I'll leave that to you!"

"Allegedly?" I asked with an arched eyebrow.

"Allegedly! Would you state something like that to be true without first-hand knowledge?"

"I would not. Let me rephrase the question -- is there anything you *don't* want to do?"

"I'll just tell you 'no' if there's something I don't want to do."

"OK. Shall we repair to the boudoir?"

Amy laughed, "'Boudoir'? 'Indubitably'? I love your quirky style."

I took her hand and led her to the Playroom, past Ashley, who was having a snack in the kitchen. I strongly suspected her timing was strategic, given the smirk on her face.

---

 Birgit

"My sister is a pain in the butt!" I lamented to Kjell in Swedish as we sat in the sauna with the 'Privacy Please' sign on the door.

"I thought Stephie had mellowed," Kjell said.

"Not her; Ashley!"

"Seriously? She's cute and sweet!"

"You have *no* idea!" I retorted. "She's a total smart aleck!"

"As if you have room to talk!" Kjell declared. "I think you're jealous because you aren't the only one like that! Well, Jesse, but guys are different."

"Talk about the understatement of the century!" I giggled.

"Oh, right, because girls aren't different, too? Seriously, besides anatomy, you and Jesse are a lot alike! I bet that's what bugs you about Ashley, too!"

"What-ever!" I protested.

"You know, the sauna is supposed to be relaxing!"

He had a point, though Ashley was annoying, especially with her claim that she knew something about Dad that had affected his decision.

"Sorry," I said. "She just gets on my nerves."

"I could help with that," Kjell offered.

"Possibly! Before we do that, was there anything special you wanted to do before you go home on Saturday?"

"Not really," Kjell replied. "Well, unless you want to invite a friend..."

I laughed softly, "Every boy's fantasy! Two girls at once!"

"You can't blame a guy for asking!" Kjell exclaimed. "I'm cool with just hanging out. We probably won't see each other during the Summer, right?"

"Right. I'm going to Japan and also to Vermont."

"I know you visit your friend in Vermont, but what are you doing in Japan?"

"Jesse is going to visit a girl who was an exchange student here, and I'm going to spend time with Yuriko. I'll also visit the karate school where our overall master teaches, but I won't be able to train there."

"Why?"

"No girls allowed!" I replied.

"Seriously? And you're OK with it?"

"It's «Shihan» Hideki's school, and that's the tradition in Japan. He has no problem with me being 1st Dan, nor with Sensei Molly running her own school, but he has to honor Japanese tradition."

"I think it's wrong," Kjell said.

"As Dad likes to say, the Japanese people get to run their country as they see fit, just as we get to run ours, and we're hardly in a position to make moral objections to things in other countries until we fix our glaring problems."



"That would be an argument against stopping Hitler!"

"Godwin!" I giggled.

"Huh?"

"The rule is that every discussion, no matter what, eventually leads to a reference to Hitler or the Nazis! As Dad says, the first person to reference Hitler or the Nazis to make a point about something completely unrelated concedes they've lost the argument!"

"OK, but my point is the same. At some point, you do intervene."

"I agree, but the US and Sweden both segregate sports teams by gender, from what you call football, to tennis, to golf, to ice hockey, to almost anything else you can name. If 'all boys' is wrong, then 'all girls' is equally wrong. You can't pick and choose."

"You won't accept them saying it's different with sports, will you?"

"No, because you could call karate a sport. In our competitions, we have four classes -- open, women's, under eighteen, and senior. I always compete in the 'open' class because that's the one that determines the overall champion. But some girls and women don't want to spar with boys and men. I do, and beating a boy is awesome because it means I won, but also because I beat a boy!"

"Of course," Kjell chuckled.

"Let's use the whirlpool," I suggested.

Kjell, not being a «jävla idiot», quickly agreed.

---

 Steve

"What time do you have to leave?" I asked.

"So long as I'm home by midnight, nobody will ask any questions," Amy replied.  
"It's only a twelve-minute walk, so to be safe, let's say out the door at 11:30."

"That gives us about three hours," I said as I turned on the shelf stereo, which was tuned to WXRT. "May I propose a course of action in advance?"

"Sure."

"I'll give you the absolute best possible first time I know how, then we sixty-nine to get me hard again, you ride me, but then, right before I cum, we switch to sixty-nine, and I cum in your mouth, and you swallow. We continue until I'm hard again, then fuck hard. The fourth time is your option. Then a blowjob in the shower."

Amy laughed, "Over the top much?"

"We could also do it once, and then you could go home if that's what you prefer."

"I think I signed up for 'over-the-top' when I asked you to fuck!"

"Then why are you still dressed?" I asked with a grin.

Amy laughed and began removing her clothes, and I followed suit, taking note of her perfect 'Steve type' body -- athletic with small, firm breasts and flat stomach -- and, as was a growing trend, a smoothly shaved mons.

"Should I be offended?" she asked, looking at my groin.

I chuckled, "No. I don't need it ready for action just yet!"

I stepped over to Amy and held out my arms. She melted into them, and we exchanged a soft French kiss. I broke it a minute later, pulled the duvet down on the bed, and helped Amy into it. I followed my usual pattern of sucking on each of her nipples before kissing my way down to her mons, then pressing my tongue into her and bringing her off twice. After her second orgasm, I moved up, grasped my now fully erect shaft, rubbed my glans along her slick labia, and positioned myself.

"Fuck me," Amy pleaded breathlessly.

I nodded, then pushed slowly forward.

"Yeah," Amy breathed. "Yeah."

Two more gentle thrusts were all it took to fully embed myself in her tight tunnel and bring my pubic hair into contact with her smooth mons. Amy took a deep breath, let it out, then wrapped her arms and legs around me. I ground against her a bit, then began moving slowly. I lowered my lips to her, and our tongues tangled as we started a slow, gentle screw that lasted twenty minutes before I came. As I so often did, I pulled out, slid down, and pleased her with my tongue until she had another orgasm.

"I came to the right place!" Amy declared contentedly as I moved up next to her.

"And I'll make sure you cum a lot more!" I chuckled.

I was checking hockey scores when my IM chimed, and I saw a message from Akiko.

安希子: Hi! How are you?

MightyDuck: Great! You?

安希子: Also great! I'm looking forward to August!

MightyDuck: Me, too! Is it Saturday there?

安希子: Yes! Just after 10:00am! Please provide your flight information. I want to meet you at Narita.

MightyDuck: We arrive on August 4th at 10:00am Japan time.

安希子: OK. What will Birgit do?

MightyDuck: Yuriko will travel to Tokyo to meet her.

安希子: Good. If she wanted to visit Hiroshima, she could spend a day or two with us at the end of the trip. If you wanted.

MightyDuck: I'll ask her.

安希子: Dad and Mom said it would be OK for her to visit.

MightyDuck: Excellent! No school today?

安希子: No. You start again on Monday, right?

MightyDuck: Yes.

安希子: And the hockey tournament starts in a week?

MightyDuck: Yes.

安希子: I wish I could see you play! Good luck!

MightyDuck: Thanks.

安希子: I will let you go. I miss you a lot! I can't wait until we can share my futon!

MightyDuck: I'm looking forward to that!

安希子: Let me know what Birgit decides.

MightyDuck: I will.

安希子: Silly! I will IM you next weekend!

MightyDuck: OK!

安希子: Yes! Bye!

MightyDuck: Bye!

I minimized the IM client, finished checking hockey scores, and then went down to the Duck's Nest to relax until bedtime.

---

 Birgit

After Kjell and I finished in the sauna, we showered and then went to get a snack. I saw the door to what my moms called 'the Playroom' was closed and locked, which meant Dad was entertaining. Once we finished our snack, I excused myself and went to Dad's study, which I was allowed to do, and made a phone call.

"Libby speaking!" she said when she answered the phone.

"It's Birgit!" I exclaimed.

"Calling from your dad's phone, according to Caller ID!"

"You remember what we did with Tomás yesterday?"

"How could I forget! You're calling to set up another assignation?"

I giggled, "Yes, but not with Tomás. What do you think of Kjell?"

"Tall, blond, blue eyes, hunky, and Swedish? What's not to like?"

"Interested in giving him an experience he'll never forget tomorrow before he goes home on Saturday?"

Libby laughed, "You are a wild woman, Birgit Adams!"

"Right, because you are so tame and conventional! Show up around 1:00pm. I'll have Kjell in my room, just sitting on the loveseat. You just come in and start undressing!"

"I take it back! You're nuts!"

"We're teenagers! We're supposed to be incurably horny and having fun! I'm not ready for boring married sex yet!"

"Because your dad's sex life is boring!"

"I was teasing! See you tomorrow at 1:00pm!"

"See you!"

We said 'goodbye', I hung up, then went to the great room. I took Kjell's hand, and we went up to my room.

---

 Steve

"When I cum, don't swallow; stand up and French kiss me," I said to Amy as she moved to her knees in the shower.

"No joke?"

"No joke! Think of it as an incentive!"

"Actually, now that I think a bit more about it, you stuck your tongue in my pussy after you came in it."

"And you kissed me willingly with your pussy juice on my tongue, lips, and face."

"Weird at first, but yeah!"

She grasped me, took me into her mouth, and sucked gently as she swirled her tongue around my glans. She'd had some practice as we'd engaged in sixty-nine, so the shower blowjob was very enjoyable. Amy bobbed, stroked, licked, and sucked until I blasted cum into her soft, warm mouth, then stood up and fiercely French kissed me.

"There's only one problem," she said as I began to lather her body after she finally broke the kiss.

"What's that?"

"Finding someone to do this with regularly!"

"Just make sure you are religious about your birth control pills, and you insist any partner you're with be tested."

"Kailey explained exactly why that's so important during that discussion."

"Good. When will you know if you can start school in the Fall?"

"March or April. Once I'm sure my parents' finances are in decent shape, I'll call the Registrar at the Conservatory."

"I have friends and family in Cincinnati. If you decide you want to work part-time, let me know, and I'll make a call or two."

"Thanks! I'll need some spending money because obviously I haven't been able to save anything for the past fifteen months, and what I'd saved before I gave to my parents."

"What's your long-term goal?"

"To be a rock star!" Amy said with a laugh. "I mean, it worked for Clarence Clemmons!"

"True! And your fallback?"

"A symphony chair or maybe just a jazz musician. We'll see when I graduate."

"I should put you in touch with my wife's half-sister, who is First Chair violin in the New York Symphony."

"What's her name?"

"Fawn Barton, professionally. Her married name is Haas. She attended Julliard."

"I tried but wasn't accepted."

"Cincinnati Conservatory is not a second-rate school by any stretch!"

"I know!"

I finished lathering Amy and helped her rinse off before she took the soap to return the favor.

"Did I meet your expectations?" I asked.

"Absolutely! You certainly seemed to enjoy yourself!"



"I most assuredly did!"



## January 3, 2003, Chicago, Illinois

 Steve

I had an early meeting on Friday at 550 West Jackson, so I parked next to Union Station. I considered stopping in the station and using a payphone to call Theo to let him know about the visit I'd had from the FBI, but I quickly rejected that idea, as if any phones were tapped, they'd be the phones at the union offices. As I walked, I considered my options and decided there were no good ones. Even having Kimmy schedule a meeting would attract unwanted attention.

Sending him an email wouldn't work, as NIKA archived literally every message for an extended time, and once I sent the email, I had no control over what happened to it. I hadn't ever used any spy craft with Theo, so there were no arranged chalk marks to indicate a meeting was necessary and no planned dead drop locations. Using the mail was out, as was any regular delivery service. What I really needed was a completely unrelated third party to carry the message.

It dawned on me that I had *exactly* that! I knew someone who could contact Theo, and the chances that it would be traced back to me were infinitesimal. I had enough time, so I doubled back to the station, went to the pay phones in the great hall, and dropped in a quarter.

"Alfonso Gallucci," my contact said when he answered the phone.

"Alfonso, it's Steve Adams."

"Hey, Kid! Long time no hear! How are things."

"Very good. You?"

"Great! I'm a senior foreman now. I hear you're in business with Anthony."

"Keep your friends close and your enemies closer!" I declared.

He laughed, "What do I owe the honor of the call, Don Stephen?"

"I need you to quietly and in person let Theo Lipari know that the Feds are snooping and his name came up. I strongly suspect his phones are tapped, and mine might be as well, so I'm calling from a payphone in Union Station."

"I can do that. Anything other than the Feds are snooping?"

"No. Given the circumstances, I don't think we should meet, so just let him know I'm still a stand-up guy. If you need to get in touch with me, just come down to the construction site and have someone let me know you're there."

"Got it."

We said 'goodbye', I hung up, then hurried on my way to 550 West Jackson for the project meeting with Alonzo.



Jesse

As I had planned, I met Simone at the café on Hyde Park Avenue at 11:30am.

"Did you think more about the Valentine's Day party?" Simone asked once we had our food.

"Yes, and I'm not sure it will work, even acting on Luna's suggestion about inviting people to the Hangout."

"Why?"

"Because Illinois set the age of consent at seventeen," I replied. "One-on-one, I wouldn't worry about it, but a group fooling around, even if we didn't go all the way, could get us in serious trouble because Luna, Desiree, and Jack are all eighteen, and you're only fifteen."

"But we were all naked in the sauna together, and a bunch of the guys and girls were Sophomores, so they weren't seventeen."

"And that would be defensible because literally nothing happened, not even a kiss. OK, sure, some parents could complain, but we didn't do anything illegal. If we have a party where we play naked *Twister*, or whatever, that's a totally different thing."

"Nobody will narc on us!"

"Nobody has to narc," I countered. "All it would take is someone saying something to a friend. I just read an article in the newspaper about a fifteen-year-old guy who was sleeping with his teacher. A girl who liked him somehow found out and complained. They arrested the teacher, who was hot, by the way."

"There is no way a Sophomore is going to feel abused by banging his hot teacher!"

"No kidding! But his parents are all over the news about how their poor baby was abused and robbed of his childhood and every other thing you can think of to play him as the victim."

"Why are grownups so dumb?" Simone complained.

"Ubiquitous birth control," I replied. "When having sex meant a significant risk of pregnancy, it put a natural damper on things because girls wouldn't risk it. Once the Pill was generally available, and you could buy rubbers anywhere, and abortion was made legal everywhere, those limits were off. That meant teens could screw as much as they wanted without much risk, so long as they used birth control.

"AIDS put a damper on that and also scared ignorant people who don't understand 'Safe Sex' or who object to ANY mention of it, though those sets of people overlap significantly. Also, people began viewing teenagers as little children, something that is an entirely new phenomenon that started around 1975 and intensified in the 1980s and is getting worse every day.

"My grandpa on my dad's side is twenty years older than my grandma, and they married when she was twenty-five. Nowadays, people flip out at that age difference. Not that long ago, a twenty-five-year-old guy marrying an eighteen-year-old girl would be considered not just OK but normal. Now you hear about 'a man wanting to marry a teenager', which implies that eighteen is still a kid."

"Where did you learn all that stuff?"

"At the Compound! My moms, my dad, and the rest of my family and friends talk about stuff like that, plus I read, too. The bottom line is, we could have a party, but it can't be like you want unless everyone is at least seventeen, or nobody is older than seventeen. I'm not sure my dad would be comfortable with a sex party for people under seventeen."

"I thought he was cool!"

"He *is* cool, but he has to be concerned about what the police and DCFS might say if they got wind of it somehow. My advice is to wait until you and your friends can meet in your college dorm. So long as everyone is eighteen, nothing too bad can happen to anyone."

"What do you mean 'too bad'."

"A university could kick you out if you broke some rule by doing that."

"The world is full of control freaks!"

"Yes, it is."



Steve

"Want to get lunch at West Loop Café?" Penny asked when we left the three-hour project meeting.

"Sure, though, after meetings like that, I need a double whisky!"

"I was ready to nod off after thirty minutes!" Penny declared. "Can't you put a stop to that?"

"You can complain to Dave, but I suspect he won't force a change given this was a project kickoff meeting for *NIKA Legal 2004*."

"I suppose the consolation is we've gone to a two-year major release cycle, so these meetings only happen once a year between the medical and legal software."

"True. And the two-year cycle makes sense, as customers were delaying upgrades because they came every year. Cindi also extended maintenance for previous releases to five years, so in theory, someone could skip two releases. And firms that want the leading edge can use the hosted system, which receives continual updates and doesn't require any local changes in their offices."

"I'm not sure I'd trust having all my data hosted," Penny observed as we walked into West Loop Café."

"Me, either," I replied as we sat down. "But plenty of small firms prefer it because they don't have to have local computer support except a PC guy they call when hardware breaks or somebody opens a virus. The solution is way less expensive for them than on-premise servers and licensing. The ones who pay through the nose are the ones who want all Windows gear, including servers."

"Serves 'em right! Now, if we could only get rid of *IE* and *MS Office*! *WordPerfect* is SO much better for law firms, but Microsoft has basically murdered it."

"Sadly."

A cute redheaded waitress came over to the table and took our drink orders.

"She was giving you the eye," Penny smirked. "Go for it!"

"Right, so you can give me grief about refusing YOUR advances?"

"If you weren't such a dope, you'd take me up on it!"

"It's precisely because I'm *NOT* a dope that I don't! You and Terry had enough trouble in the past that having an affair is the last thing you need."

"He'd give me a hall pass for you if I gave him one!"

"A bad idea, Pretty Penny."

"You're just no fun at all!"

"Uh-huh," I chuckled.

We perused the menus, and when the waitress returned, she put our drinks in front of us and flashed me a smile.

"What can I get you?"

"The Italian beef sandwich with chili fries," Penny said.

"And you?" she asked me.

"I don't see it on the menu, but you used to offer a chef's salad."

"Sorry, they changed the menu, so you can only get what's on the new menu."

I decided to tease Penny by flirting with the waitress, so I leaned down and put the menu on the floor next to her.

"Take a step to your left," I requested with a grin.

The waitress laughed and, to my surprise, stepped onto the menu. She wrote on a fresh page on her pad, tore it off, and handed it to me. Penny rolled her eyes, and I folded the paper on which the waitress had written her name and number and put it in my pocket.

"I think I'll go with the pulled Cajun chicken sandwich and a side salad."

"No fries?" Shaye, the waitress, asked.

"No thanks."

"I'll go put your orders in!"

She took Penny's menu, stepped back, picked up the menu from the floor, and went towards the kitchen.

"Unbelievable!" Penny said with a laugh. "Only you could get away with something that corny! Are you going to call her?"

"Red hair, green eyes, cute as a button? What do you think?"

"I think I wish I were your big toe; that's what I think!"

"My big toe?" I asked.

"So you could bang me on all the furniture!" Penny declared.

I laughed hard, attracting attention from the other tables.

"Cute, Penelope, cute!" I said when I finally stopped laughing.

"So, how about it?"

"You know the answer and why," I replied.

"You're just no fun, Steve! No fun at all!"



---

 Birgit

As planned, Kjell and I were cuddled on the loveseat in my room.

"Did you enjoy your visit?" I asked.

"Absolutely! I'm really looking forward to seeing you in Sweden. You have to come to Stockholm regularly!"

"That's the plan!"

"And I don't just mean to have sex because there's a lot to do. And if your host family is OK with it, maybe I could come to Göteborg because there's a lot to do there I haven't done."

"I'm positive Suzana will be OK with that. She was my dad's host sister when he was in Sweden, and Dad says she's totally cool. She and her husband, Karl, have a son, Henrik, who is ten, and a daughter, Lena, who is seven, and they have a nice house in Västra Frölunda. I want to skate at the rink where my dad skated and met Katt Sundström."

"You said you plan to go to the same «gymnasiet». Which one?"

"Schillerska," I replied. "The headmaster is one of my dad's old teachers, so I'm sure they'll accept me into N1a, the same course my dad was in."

I saw the clock change to 1:00pm, which meant Libby would arrive any second, and I totally wasn't surprised when, about fifteen seconds later, she walked into the room, locked the door, and began undressing.

Kjell looked shell-shocked, and his surprise only increased when I jumped up and began taking off my clothes.

"For real?" he asked.

"For real," I said. "Get undressed, and we'll give you a wonderful going away present!"

I'd never seen any boy undress so fast in my life!



Jesse

"Are you going to be at the Hangout on the 19th?" I asked Simone as we left the café.

"Yes, though my main reason for showing up is basically shot."

"There's no reason we can't have a party, but the line would have to be drawn at keeping our clothes on except in the sauna and no fooling around in there. And games would need to be no more than R-rated."

"I am absolutely sure I'm not going to college in Chicago!" Simone declared.

"Florida State, here I come!"

I laughed, "The premier party school in the country, and in Florida to boot!"

"You're going to UW-Madison, right?"

"That's the plan," I replied. "I'll take the SAT in March and the ACT in April. I want to apply and go for early acceptance because it's my number one school. Am I walking you home?"

"Can we hang out at your house until dinner?"

"Yes," I said, and we began walking in that direction.

"What if some other school offers you a scholarship?"

"I doubt I'll take it," I replied. "Honestly, as good as I am in the Chicago High School League, I don't think I can count on making the NHL, and I'd hate to spend a decade in the minors only never to have a chance. I aim to get a job in the front office or as a scout. I'll play club hockey at UW and see if I can help coach goalies for the NCAA team. I'm actually coaching this year at Summer hockey camp in Minnesota."

Saying that made me think about Scarlett and wonder how that might play out if she wasn't speaking to me. I wondered if she'd even take the job and suspected she might just go home instead. I wouldn't be bothered by being around her, but girls tended not to want anything to do with guys with whom they had broken up.

"How'd you land that?"

"I attended the camp last Summer, and they asked me to help coach the younger kids. I'll go for my two weeks, then hang out with some family friends for a weekend, and then spend two weeks coaching elementary school kids."

"Boys? Or boys and girls?"

"Mostly boys, but some girls. My best friend's girlfriend plays on her school team, and we had a girl on our team when I was a Freshman."

"But guys are so much bigger and stronger."

"Nicole is the fastest skater in the entire league, which really helps her, and Mia, who played when I was a Freshman, was tall and pretty strong. And they don't allow checking in our league, so it's not as big a deal as it would be in the NHL."

"Do you think girls should be allowed to play in the NHL?"

"If they're good enough to make the team, sure, but I doubt the insurance companies would go for it, given what you said about strength, which really is about body mass more than anything. That said, there's no reason a girl couldn't play goalie. Back in the late 90s, the Islanders invited Cammi Granato to training camp, but she turned them down. She was certainly good enough to play goalie in the NHL. Where it really would work is baseball, where there is no contact, and a fast singles-hitting female would have a great chance as a leadoff batter."

"I'm surprised you say that. My dad and brother are complete sexist pigs about stuff like that."

"I have two moms, a sister with a black belt, and two sisters with brown belts! I don't think I'd live long as a sexist pig!"

We reached the coach house, went around to the back door, which I unlocked, then went inside.

"Nobody's home?" Simone asked once we took off our coats, hats, gloves, and shoes.

"No. My moms are both at work. We can go downstairs to the rec room if you want."

"I'd rather we went to your bedroom!"

"That can only happen if you have an STI test."

Simone smiled, opened her purse, and then handed me an envelope. I opened it, saw that it was clean, and handed it back. I took her hand and led her towards the stairs.

"I'm on the Pill," she said.

That was music to my ears because I really, really preferred not to have to use rubbers.



# XI. Dark Dreams

**January 3, 2003, Chicago, Illinois**

 Jesse

"Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! Simone gasped as I pushed into her very tight virgin tunnel after bringing her off twice with my mouth.

"Are you OK?" I asked.

"Yes!" she gasped. "Fuck me, Jesse! Fuck me hard!"

I did, and eleven minutes later, after she'd had a pair of strong orgasms, I groaned and pumped cum into her spasming pussy. When our orgasms passed, I stayed on top of her, both of us panting and sweaty from exertion, until I softened and slipped from her.

"How soon can you go again?"

"Less than ten minutes," I replied. "Faster with encouragement!"

Simone laughed softly, "Guys will do *anything* to get a girl to suck them!"

"There might be some truth to that," I chuckled. "But it's not necessary!"

I slid down a bit and sucked on each of her nipples for a short time, then moved down further so I could pleasure her orally, which always got me hard, though not quite as quickly as if the girl used her mouth. I brought her off once, and then, because I was fully erect, fucked her hard for a second time.

"Oh, God, Jesse!" she gasped when I came in her for the second time.

A third round followed, and then I led Simone to the shower, as she needed to be home in time for dinner."

"Can I ask you something?" Simone inquired as we moved under the spray.

"What?"

"Have you been with a black girl before?"

"Yes," I replied. "I don't discriminate! As a girl I used to date said, girls are all pink on the inside!"

Simone laughed, "Nice one! Would you marry a black girl?"

"I wouldn't ever rule anyone out simply based on their skin color," I said. "But that's a question for at least three years from now, if not longer! And you're only fifteen!"

"I didn't mean today! I was just curious. My brother would have a cow if he knew I'd fucked a white guy."

"So don't tell him!" I replied. "It's between you and me and nobody else."

"I won't! You made me feel *really* good, and I don't want to mess up a chance to do it again with you!"

"I think we can arrange that," I replied.

"Like a regular thing?" Simone asked as I soaped her boobs.



I almost laughed because I only needed one more girl to set up another «Filles du jour» situation.

"Mondays after school?" I asked.

"Yes! I'd LOVE to be fucked three times every Monday! Make me feel as good as you did today, and I might even suck you!"

"Only if you want to," I said. "Never do anything you don't want to do or aren't comfortable doing."

"I'm teasing! I just didn't want to do anything but fuck today! I really liked your tongue in my cooch, too!"

"I enjoy doing that," I said as I soaped her firm, sexy butt.

She rinsed off, then soaped me, and I rinsed off, then we got out of the shower. We dried off and dressed, then I walked her to the corner of the street where she lived because she didn't want her brother to be suspicious. I waited, and once she had gone inside, I returned home, changed the sheets on my bed, put the soiled ones in the washer, then went to the main house to hang out with Albert.

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 Matthew

I was really worried about Maggie, so I called her mom late in the afternoon to check.

"We haven't heard anything," Mrs. Jones said. "We called everyone in drama, along with Mr. Fruits, and nobody's heard from her, not even Mark."

"What did the police say?"

"Not much. They're interviewing all her friends and the neighbors. I'm surprised they haven't been in touch with you."

"I'm actually in the city until Sunday," I said. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Pray," Mrs. Jones said.

I suppressed a sigh because that was about as effective as making a wish when you blew out a candle.

"You'll call if you hear anything, right?"

"Yes. And you'll call if she gets in touch with you?"

"Absolutely!"

We said 'goodbye' and I hung up.

"Nothing?" Chelsea asked.

"Nothing," I said.

---

 Steve

While I was driving home on Thursday evening, I considered if I should actually call Shaye. I'd put the menu on the floor as a lark, not expecting she'd move to stand on it. I felt I owed her a call, at least, as I would likely see her again at the café. I also knew, given my history, what the likely outcome of a call to a cute

Irish girl with red hair and freckles would be. It would also annoy the hell out of Penny, which was a major added bonus.

I wasn't sure what her hours were, but I decided it was worth calling. When I stopped at a light on Halsted, I put the phone on speaker and dialed the number on the piece of paper Shaye had given me. She answered on the second ring.

"This is Shaye!"

"This is Steve," I said. "I was calling about something on the menu that looked delicious!"

She laughed, "I swear, that was the worst pickup line ever!"

"And yet..." I chuckled.

"It was so bad it was good!" Shaye said mirthfully. "I take it the blonde isn't your girlfriend?"

"Not for almost twenty years," I replied. "She works for me."

"Your ex-girlfriend works for you? That's a bit strange!"

"That barely scratches the surface of the strangeness that is my world! Are you a student or working full time?"

"Student at the School of the Art Institute. I waitress for spending money. I assume you're a manager or owner of a company?"

"Software engineer and majority owner of my company," I replied. "What's your major?"

"Bachelor of Fine Arts in painting, with an art education minor," she replied.

"What I saw on the menu looked delicious. Any chance you're free for lunch or coffee on Monday?"

Shaye laughed softly, and I could almost hear her shaking her head.

"Classes don't start until the 21st," she said, "so I'm working during the day. My shift ends at 4:00pm. Starbucks at 4:30pm?"

"Caribou is better. There's one across from 550 West Jackson."

"I'll see you there!"

We said 'goodbye', and I snapped the phone shut to disconnect the call. I arrived home about ten minutes later and spent about forty minutes before dinner with my wives.

"Any idea when you'll be home tonight?" Kara asked as we relaxed in the Indian room after dinner.

"I suppose it really depends on how long her first fantasy takes," I replied. "Her parents' house is in Naperville, so assuming the fantasy goes the way I expect, figure ninety minutes total for driving and about forty-five minutes at her parents' house. But again, it depends on what exactly she wants in the bondage fantasy."

"She didn't tell you?"

"No, other than she expressly said it's not a rape fantasy and that she'll tell me what she wants me to do, so it's clear that it's consensual and not about force."

"Bondage is a paraphilia," Jessica observed. "It doesn't have to be about force or pain, simply getting off on being immobilized. May I speculate?"

"Sure."

"She expressed fear about her babysitter seduction fantasy, right?"

"Yes. She wanted to do it and was tempted when she was fifteen and sixteen, but said she chickened out."

"Maybe that has something to do with it, though you also said she seemed very confident."

"She did. I didn't sense any hesitation at all."

"Then I'd speculate it's a desire to be overpowered," Jessica said. "You said she's had the fantasy for a long time, right?"

"From age thirteen to twenty. She said the idea just popped into her head one day."

"I wonder if she read something or saw something that triggered it," Suzanne suggested. "Maybe on a TV Soap? Or one of the Prime Time dramas?"

"I remember an episode of *Dallas* where Lucy Ewing was kidnapped and tied up," Jessica said, but that was when I was an undergrad, but that means it was twenty years ago."

"My mom watched *Days of Our Lives* and Jennifer Horton was kidnapped and tied up," Suzanne said. "I think the timing fits because it was about seven years ago."

"Your mom, huh?" I chuckled.

"She'd tape it and watch while she made dinner. I saw probably half the episodes but didn't pay all that much attention."

"And yet, you knew the girl's name!" I teased.

"What-ever!" Suzanne exclaimed, doing a very good impression of Birgit. "But the timing is exactly right. I'm pretty sure she was rescued before she could be assaulted, but the threat was there. If I remember, the kidnapper was trying to seduce her into consent, but as I said, I didn't pay that close attention. I do remember she wasn't tied spread-eagled, just her hands were cuffed to the bed."

The doorbell rang, interrupting the conversation, and I went to answer it.

---

 Birgit

"When will you apply to the exchange program?" Tiffany asked as she, Hannah, Naomi, Kjell, Jesse, and I walked to Giordano's to meet our friends.

"At the start of the next school year," I said. "They start taking applications in September for the following school year."

"And you'll really be gone for an entire year?" Hannah asked.

"Yes! You'll live!"

"I'm hosting a party for Birgit's trip the day *after* she leaves!" Jesse declared, causing all the others to laugh.

"What-ever!" I growled.

"«Varför låter du honom störa dig?»" Kjell asked. ("Why do you let him get to you?")

"«Jag vet; Jag vet!»" I replied. ("I know; I know!")

"Must be nice to have a secret code!" Naomi declared.

"It is," I giggled, "and it also means Dad doesn't have a secret code with his Swedish friends!"

"Maybe I should learn Russian," Jesse said. "But Larisa actually doesn't use it except with her parents, and they always speak English when anyone else is around."

"She's gorgeous," Kjell said.

"And what am I?" I demanded. "Chopped liver?!"

My three friends all laughed.

"Wow, insecure much, Sis?!" Jesse teased.

"Oh, shut up!" I retorted.

"«Du vet mycket väl att jag tycker att du är snygg»,»" Kjell said. ("You know very well that I think you're pretty!")

"«Ja, jag vet det,»" I admitted. "«Jag bara retade faktiskt.»" ("Yes, I know. I was actually only teasing.")

"«Är nåt fel?»" ("Is something wrong?")

«Nej inte direkt. Jag är bara...jag vet inte...på dåligt humör, antar jag.» ("No, not really. I'm just...I don't know...in a bad mood, I guess.")

"«Har du mens?»? Kjell asked, surprising me. ("Do you have your period?")

"«Ja. Hur vet du det?»" ("Yes, how did you know?")

"«Min flickkompisar in Sverige blir riktigt sura när de har mens. Det är helt normal, tror jag»" ("My female friends become crabby when they have their periods. It's normal, I think.")

"«Det är det.»" ("It is.")

"«Jag blir inte upprörd om du inte vill älska senare. Men jag är inte heller rädd för lite blod!»" ("I won't be upset if we don't fool around later. But I'm also not afraid of a bit of blood!")

I giggled, "«Det får vi se!»" ("We'll see!")

"Enough!" Tiffany exclaimed. "What are you two saying?"

"Wouldn't YOU like to know?" I giggled. "It's between Kjell and me."

I'd been annoyed that I might not get to fool around with Kjell again before he left, but it appeared he was going to be *up* for it, which made me happy. Weirdly, orgasms reduced the cramps and the bloated feeling, and I would have felt totally wrong using my 'personal massager' with Kjell in bed with me.

We arrived at Giordano's and joined a group of our friends at two large round tables.



---

 Steve

When I opened the door, I was surprised.

"Mr. Adams?" a man who I guessed was about my age asked.

"Yes."

"I'm Jamaal Rahim, Zahra's father. I don't know if you remember me from the marriage of Hassan and Aisyah?"

"I'm sorry, but no, I don't."

"I understand. It was a busy day for you. Do you have a moment to speak?"

I didn't, really, as I was expecting Nadia momentarily. That said, there was no way I could put him off, given I knew his daughter been coming to Jesse's hockey games regularly, and they usually had lunch afterwards.

"Yes, of course. Come in, please."

He came in, took off his coat, hat, gloves, and shoes, and followed me to my study with a quick stop to let my wives know.

"May I offer you a soft drink or tea?" I asked.

"Tea would be good."

"I'll be right back," I said. "Please have a seat."

I went to the kitchen, put loose tea into a strainer, set it in a pot, then poured hot water from the kettle over it. I put it on a tray, along with two cups, sugar, and lemon, then returned to the study.

"It will need a few minutes to steep," I said, sitting down in a chair next to his. "What can I do for you?"

"Amir Khan spoke very highly of you and how you helped his family."

"He's a very good man," I replied. "It was unfortunate that my daughter and I could not attend Fatimah's wedding."

Not that Birgit had any desire to visit Saudi Arabia, given their treatment of women.

"Are you aware my daughter has been at your son's hockey matches?" Jamaal asked.

I nodded, "Yes, I have. She's often there with one or two other friends."

"I plan to come with her a week from tomorrow to see the game if that's OK."

"Of course it is," I replied. "I know Zahra's at the Lab School with Birgit, but there are no rules about who can come to the Kenwood Academy games."

"Good. I didn't want to simply show up, as I don't know the protocol."

"May I ask where you're from?"

"Syria. We emigrated about six years ago. My father was a member of the Muslim Brotherhood, and our family was always under suspicion, but

eventually, my wife, son, and daughter were allowed to leave. I renounce violence as a political solution."

I smiled, "I wasn't worried."

"No, I suppose you wouldn't be if you were friends with Amir and know Imam Iqbal."

I heard the doorbell ring, but someone else would have to answer it, as I didn't want to give any offense. I poured the tea and handed a cup to Jamaal. He added sugar, which didn't surprise me, while I drank mine neat.

"Thank you," he said, then sipped some of the tea.

"You're welcome."

"What I wanted to speak to you about is that my wife believes my daughter is interested in your son. I think you know the problem, right?"

Oh, I knew what his problem would be if what I suspected to be true actually was, but that wasn't what he meant.

"According to your faith, a young woman could only marry a devout Muslim man, and Jesse is a practicing Christian. In addition, you would likely prefer your daughter did not date, at least in the American way."

"Amir said you understood."

"I do, though I also believe that it would be up to Jesse and Zahra, not me. I completely understand that you don't agree, and that's fine."

"He seems like an upstanding young man from everything I have heard -- good grades, a star athlete, and very polite. Would you object to him speaking with an Imam?"

"I've spoken with Imam Iqbal at the mosque in Bridgeview you attend," I said. "He's a good man. I would have no problem with Jesse speaking with him. That said, I wouldn't expect the conversation to be any more successful than those I had with Imam Iqbal or Imam Ibrahim Shehab in Los Angeles. You are, of course, free to ask Jesse."

"You understand that if he's unwilling, nothing could come of their friendship, right?"

"I understand your perspective and respect your views, but Jesse is almost seventeen and has to make up his own mind on the matter. I am absolutely positive Jesse will respect Zahra's wishes; therefore, so long as you've clearly communicated your faith and your perspective to her, I don't believe there will be a problem. I hope that won't affect Zahra studying with Birgit and her other friends, including Zaida."

"Zaida is a wonderful and devout young woman, and I think the two girls will watch out for each other. I've made some allowances for American culture, but a romantic relationship with a non-Muslim is simply unacceptable."

"Amir and I had a number of conversations about that," I said, "and I know Fatimah and Birgit had them as well. Even if we don't agree, we respect your views. I'd welcome you as a friend, and I'll extend an offer to join our weekly gatherings, though when we gather here, we drink and gamble, and when we gather for breakfast, most of the men eat bacon or pork sausage. That said, if you'll accept an invitation to dinner, I'll ensure that it's «halal»."

"I'm not as conservative as Amir," he said with a smile. "Let me think about it, please."

"Yes, of course. You know where the game is next Saturday, right?"

"I do," he replied. "I will see you there."

He finished his tea, I walked him to the door, and once he'd put on his Winter gear, we shook hands.

"«As-salāmu ‘alaykum», Jamaal Rahim," I said. ("Peace be unto you.")

"«Wa ‘alaykumu s-salām», Steve Adams," he replied. ("And peace be unto you, too.")

He left, and I went to the Indian Room to see a beautiful girl with an athletic build and long black hair sitting and laughing with my wives.

"Is everything OK?" Kara asked.

"Oh, just the usual Friday night at the Compound," I chuckled. "A Muslim dad ensuring I understood his views."

"Jesse?"

"Who else? Two of the boys are spoken for, and Michael is happy to have a close female friend but has zero interest in a girlfriend at the moment."

"Something specific?" Suzanne asked.

"I believe he's noticed that his daughter likes Jesse!" I said with a grin.

All three of my wives laughed.

"Like father, like son!"

"Are the three of you done interrogating Nadia?" I asked with a smirk.

"We were just getting to know her!" Jessica declared. "But I suppose we'll let you take her away."

Nadia got up, I led her to my study, and indicated she should sit in one of the leather wingback chairs.

"Nice to meet you," I said.

"And you!"

"I'm sorry for the delay. I had an unexpected visitor."

"It's OK. Your wives are awesome!"

"I sure think so! Mind if I ask a question?"

"What?"

"I know you said the idea of how to lose your virginity just popped into your mind around age thirteen, but I was wondering if something had triggered it. You know, a movie, a TV show, or a book? Maybe you saw someone tied up?"

"I honestly don't remember seeing anything like that, but I suppose it's possible. Is it really that important?"

"No, but I wondered what might be behind your desire. I've engaged in a bit of bondage play, but it was always after I'd known the person for some time, and there was a level of trust. I suppose it concerns me that you'd ask a complete stranger to tie you up for your first time."

"Did you change your mind?" Nadia asked.

"No, but let me ask about your fantasy, how you want to be tied up, and what you want me to do."

"Danielle indicated you could go a long time and at least three or four times in a couple of hours."

"That would be accurate."

"I want you to tie me tightly to the bed and take my virginity. After that, lick me, fuck me, and cum in my pussy or mouth as many times as you can before we have to leave for the other fantasy."

"May I make an observation?"

"What?"

"That your first fantasy seriously detracts from playing the shy, demure, virginal babysitter."

Nadia frowned, "I think you really don't want to fulfill my main fantasy. I think you'd do it because you promised, but you're uncomfortable, even though it's not about violence, and it's totally consensual. And because of that, you won't really put your heart into it. I think I've made a mistake."

"If there was a mistake, it's on me. What would you like to do? I'll leave it totally in your hands."

"I think I'll just go home," Nadia said.

"OK. I'm very sorry. Do you want me to give you a lift to the station, or should I call a cab?"

"A cab, please."

I called a cab for her, then walked her to the foyer, where she put on her coat, hat, gloves, and shoes. Once she was bundled up, we went out onto the porch to wait for the cab, which showed up about two minutes later. She got in, I handed the driver double what I estimated the fare would be, then shut the door. Once the cab pulled away, I went back inside and joined my wives.

"What happened?!" Kara asked.

"Me, not her. I tried to talk with her, and all I did was succeed in convincing her my heart wasn't really in it. I'd say she wasn't wrong. I should have stuck to my first instinct and simply declined the bondage fantasy."

"But not the babysitter one?"

"That one I could totally get into!" I chuckled. "I did point out that doing things the way she wanted kind of spoiled the whole 'shy, demure, virginal babysitter' fantasy. I think it convinced me that my decision that referrals are basically out was the right one."

"You had fun with Amelia."



"I did, and, as Jennifer constantly reminds me, there are exceptions to every rule. And when it comes right down to it, the way things developed with Emma was perfect."

"I'm curious, but is she a long-term girlfriend?"

"I seriously doubt it," I replied. "She wants a mentor and made the point about working for NIKA. That limits how long it could go on and how public it could be. And she asked how it would work if she dated, so I'd say she's already decided against a role similar to Natalie's or Yuriko's."

"Another one you have to hide from Liz?" Jessica asked.

"I totally understand the point Liz made, but just as with both previous cases, Emma asked after we'd been together, and it seems wrong to punish them when they didn't know the rule."

"You mean Estrella and Cecily, right?" Suzanne asked. "And to some extent, Penny, but she started long before Liz joined NIKA."

"Yes. And it's especially true when I have nothing to do with hiring, with the exception of a C-level position that might be open."

"What are the chances of *that*?" Jessica asked.

"Effectively zero," I replied. "Barring some Loki-initiated event which I don't care to contemplate!"

"What did your guest want?"

"To discuss Jesse's relationship with his daughter. He's not as conservative as Amir Khan, but he's still a Muslim."

"NOBODY is as conservative as Amir Khan!" Kara declared. "Did he forbid them from seeing each other?"

"No, but that might be the end result when he requests Jesse speak with Imam Iqbal!"

"Seriously?" Kara asked. "He wants Jesse to convert?!"

"If I can read between the lines, Zahra has let her mother know she likes Jesse, and Mrs. Rahim talked to her husband, who came to talk to me. That is standard protocol for Muslims. Mr. Rahim knows Zahra has been going to Jesse's hockey games and goes out with the group on Friday nights. He made the point that he permits it because Zaida is with Zahra, and Birgit has said Zahra and Zaida always wear their scarves, which is why he allows Zahra a bit of freedom. He made the point of some deference to American culture, at least as far as he could go as a Muslim."

"Are Jesse and Zahra..." Suzanne asked.

"I have no knowledge and don't want any," I replied. "Plausible deniability and all that."

"What did you tell him?" Jessica asked.

"That he was free to suggest it to Jesse, but I felt it was a lost cause, so to speak. I suspect Zahra will have some restrictions added if things go the way I expect they will with Jesse. Do any of you know if Jen and Josie are home?"

"I'm pretty sure they went out," Kara said. "Josie's car isn't in the alley."

"OK. I want to let them know. I think I'll call Jesse now, though."

I pulled my mobile phone from my pocket and pressed the correct SpeedDial button.

---

 Jesse

"Go for Jesse!" I said when I answered my phone as we were just walking into the theatre to see *The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers*.

"Jesse, it's Dad, which I'm sure you know from Caller ID!"

"What's up, Pops?"

"I just had a visit from Jamaal Rahim, Zahra's dad."

I suppressed a groan.

"Is there a problem?" I asked.

"Not yet," Dad replied. "He appears to have become aware that Zahra likes you. He came to talk to me about asking you to speak to Imam Iqbal."

"Talk about skipping to the end!" I exclaimed.

"My take is that he'd permit you to court Zahra if you converted."

"Seriously? I thought he wasn't anywhere near as conservative as Mr. Khan!"

"He's not, or she wouldn't be allowed to hang out with you. Is she with you tonight?"

"Yes, and she and Zaida had special permission to stay out an extra hour so we could see the movie because it's three hours long. Mr. Rahim didn't tell you?"

"I was very careful in how I responded. My knowledge of your relationship is limited to knowing she goes out with the group on Friday nights and comes to your hockey games on Saturdays. Well, and she studies with Birgit. I don't want to know more for obvious reasons."

"Plausible deniability!" I declared.

"Exactly," Dad agreed. "I won't keep you; I just wanted to give you a heads-up."

"Thanks."

We said 'goodbye', and I disconnected the call by closing my phone. We bought our tickets, and then I took Zahra aside.

"Did you know your dad was going to talk to my dad?" I asked.

"No! He did?"

"My dad said your dad came to see him to talk about us! Your dad wants me to speak to your Imam."

Zahra laughed softly, "I want you to speak to the Imam, but we've discussed it, so I know you aren't interested in converting."

"How did your dad find out?"

"You mean that I like you? It has to be my mom. She asked me directly a few days ago. I admitted I liked you, but I said you were a Christian, so there wasn't any chance of being with you."

"What will happen when I refuse?"

"He will tell me that no matter how much I like you, and no matter how nice and respectful you are, I couldn't marry you because you weren't a Muslim. And that would mean, in his mind, not seeing each other romantically."

"So then what?"

"Then I keep removing my scarf for you! I'm not about to tell him! Are you?"

"Hell no!"

"I really like you, Jesse. A lot. But I'm also realistic."

"And your dad won't stop you from going out with the group?"

"No. So long as Zaida is with me, he's satisfied that we'll keep each other out of trouble. And he won't stop me from doing homework with Birgit, either."

"Good. Then let's go see the movie!"

We rejoined the others then entered the theatre.



**January 4, 2003, Chicago, Illinois**

 Birgit

"I'm glad you came to visit," I said to Kjell in Swedish as he packed on Saturday morning.

"Me, too! I wish you could visit during the summer, but I know you're busy with going to Japan and seeing your friend Katy."

"I'll talk to Dad about visiting, but I'm not sure it will be possible before I travel to Sweden as an exchange student."

"June 2004, right?"

"Yes. If things work the same way they did for Dad, I'll have about ten days before I have to go to the orientation, which is two weeks long. I'll make sure that Suzana knows I'll stay the first night in Stockholm with you, assuming I can manage it. Dad said they give you train tickets, and then your host family meets you when you get off the train, so we could probably manage. But we can worry about that sixteen months from now."

"Uhm, what are you going to do with those towels?"

"Wash them! I used old ones on purpose, so if the blood doesn't come out, I can just toss them."

"I can't believe how messy that was!" Kjell declared.

"But it was worth it, right?" I asked with an arched eyebrow.

"Do I look like a «jävla idiot»?" he asked with a grin.

"Well, being a boy and all..." I teased.

"Uh huh," he said flatly. "School starts Monday for you, right?"

"Yes. You too, right?"

"Yes. Who's driving me to the airport? Your dad?"

"No. He has his men's breakfast, and Jesse and Albert are going with him. Mom will drive you."

"Which one?"

"My mom, the one who had me."

"I need a programme like they sell at football matches!"

"Well, you did score repeatedly!" I giggled.

"I'm all packed."

"Then let's go find Mom because it's almost time to leave."

---

 Steve

"Did you talk to Zahra last night?" I asked Jesse when he and Albert got into the car with me on Saturday morning so they could join me at breakfast with the men.

"Yes. Mom One said you talked to her last night when she came home. I think all I can do is say 'no, thank you' to Mr. Rahim and see what happens. Hopefully, he won't keep Zahra from going out with the gang."

"I hope so, too, but Mussa was very liberal for a Muslim, and he objected to Adi seeing you, right?"

"Yes," Jesse replied. "I still talk to her at school, but she's not allowed to go out with the group. I let her know there were two other Muslim girls, but that didn't change her dad's mind. I'm afraid Mr. Rahim will react the same way. He doesn't seem as bad as Mr. Khan, but it's only a matter of degree."

"Not to stick my nose in," Albert said, "but you'd let religion get in the way of a girl you loved?"

"Well, in this case, it's more her dad is letting it get in the way," Jesse said. "And to some extent, so is she because she thinks she has to marry a Muslim. I don't think I have to marry an Orthodox girl, but I would like someone who would go to church with me."

"Nothing personal," Albert said, "but I can think of a hundred things I'd rather do on Sunday morning than spend four hours in church!"

"And you both have to make your own way in that regard," I said. "Just as I do, and my wives do, and your siblings and the cousins do. Spirituality is very personal, and we do our best as parents to allow you to decide for yourselves. Jesse is the only one who's a believer; the rest of us are agnostic or atheist. You don't talk about it much, Albert, so I can't say for sure what you think."

"I agree with Grandpa A -- there is literally no evidence for any gods, and I don't believe there ever can be. Obviously, Jesse disagrees, and I love him as my brother, but in the end, science has to win."

"I agree," Jesse said with a grin. "It answers 'What?', 'Where?', 'When?', and 'How?' questions. It cannot ever answer 'Why?' question, and I think 'because of



physical laws' is completely unsatisfying. It basically boils down to 'because it is'."

"That's not what science says."

"Yeah?" Jesse countered. "Explain the time before the singularity and the conditions that caused everything to form out of nothing!"

"Just because we don't understand it now doesn't mean we never will," Albert countered. "Think how far we've come from the Babylonians, Greeks, and Egyptians."

"It's a trap!" I chuckled. "Given time and matter both came into existence with the 'Big Bang', there can be no 'before', at least in any sense that we could comprehend, and even if we take it as a given that there was a 'before', no information could be transmitted from that 'before', whatever that even means in that regard! In the end, I come down on the agnostic side because I cannot say definitively there is no god or gods."

"I get the whole 'you cannot prove a negative' bit," Albert said. "But I'm not asserting the existence. I'm denying your null hypothesis that 'some god might exist'. It's contingent on you to prove your hypothesis, not for me to refute it. Now, if you could provide empirical evidence or a repeatable test, then I'd be happy to examine the evidence or reproduce the test results! Until that point, it's just wishful thinking!"

"Let's assume that's true," Jesse said. "Some of us need to know 'why?'. I think that's what drives Dad."

"It is," I acknowledged.

"Yes', Albert agreed, "but all of THAT is the result of electrochemical reactions that create the endorphins that make you feel good about something."

I chuckled, "You've been speaking to Elizabeth, haven't you?"

"Yes. She's a physicist like Neil and like Grandma Belinda was."

"Did Elizabeth happen to mention how Ben completely disarmed her?"

"No."

"We had a debate similar to this one during Philosophy Club; well, it was a Rap Session back then. Elizabeth was making the exact same points you were, and Trish and I were making the points Jesse and I are. Ben asked Elizabeth why she loved him and Shoshana. Elizabeth accused us of fighting dirty because she knew she'd hurt her husband and daughter emotionally if she insisted that love was a meaningless chemical reaction. And guess what? I bet you anything you care to wager, you wouldn't say that to your Yorkie lass!"

"My parents didn't raise any idiots!" Albert declared. "Well, I do have sisters, so we have to make allowances for levels of being an idiot!"

Jesse and I both laughed.

"In the end, though," Albert continued. "meaning is simply trying to put an anthropomorphic imprint on the universe, when, in the end, we're all simply made of star stuff."

"Thank you, Carl Sagan!" Jesse chuckled.

"He's not wrong!" Albert declared.

"On that, I agree," I said. "In his foreword to *A Brief History of Time*, on the other hand, he *is* wrong, as he commits numerous logical fallacies to try to assert something that Hawking did not -- that it is literally impossible for any gods to exist. I'm not saying believing what Sagan does is wrong, but that is *not* what Hawking was saying, and isn't something that can be logically proven from the principles of quantum mechanics."

"What does Jane think?" Jesse asked.

"Well, she's Jewish, but not so that you would notice except for a very annoying objection to bacon, which, if any god were to actually exist, would be considered ambrosia!"

"AMEN!" Jesse and I declared simultaneously.

"Or," Albert smirked, "as I like to call it when Stephie is around -- 'smoked, salted dead pig!'"

Jesse grinned. "Bacon tastes goooood. Pork chops taste goooood."

"Things didn't work out too well for the guy who said that!" I observed. "Shot to death in the john with his own suppressed MAC-10!"

"Correction," Albert said. "The firearm belonged to Marsellus Wallace, who left it there when he went to get breakfast for himself and Vincent."

"I stand corrected," I replied. "You're right."

"Remember those words, Dad!" Albert declared.

"I will, so long as you remember not to make any high-speed passes over air control towers or any admiral's daughters!"

"I feel the need...the need for speed!" Albert declared.

"Don't worry, Dad," Jesse interjected. "His Yorkie will hang him from a yardarm if he does the latter!"

"Albert, does the Navy still hang people from Yardarms?" I asked.

"I don't think so," he replied with a grin I saw in the rearview mirror.

"Jesse, Albert doesn't think the Navy hangs people from yardarms anymore," I said.

All three of us laughed at the sequence from *A Few Good Men*, and I very much appreciated the fact that my boys enjoyed 'Darmok', though Matthew was the absolute best at it because of his participation in Drama Club.

"On the way home, we have to make a stop in the Loop," I continued. "I need to pick up Emma because she's attending karate classes today."

"Shocking," Jesse deadpanned.

"Yeah, yeah," I chuckled. "Is it OK to ask what happened with Scarlett? Mom One simply said you guys had a disagreement."

"She objected to our family saunas," I replied. "And despite trying to discuss it with her and telling her about the varied rules we've used in the past, she decided to make it a bright line, and when I refused to give beyond the 'Weekend Rules', and said she shouldn't participate if she didn't want to, she decided to go home. In the end, it was going to be something where we couldn't compromise, as that would mean not even participating in our family saunas. I'm not signing up for that."

"Some people simply need time to get used to the idea," I said. "But there are also plenty of people, probably a sizable majority, who would say it was wrong no matter what."

"In *this* country," Jesse said. "Not in Sweden, or in Finland, according to Eugen's stepdad Jaako. And there are co-ed *banyas* in Russia, and I'm sure other places in Europe! And topless beaches."

"Topless sunbathing is common in Europe," I said. "I saw that many times when I was traveling, and not just at the beach. You know my opinion of American views on that topic."

"Clueless prudes!" Jesse declared.

We arrived in Bucktown, we parked, and the three of us headed into Bucktown Bistro, where we were greeted by Alex and Sam, then sat down with the men who had arrived before us. A few minutes later, Matthew joined us as well.



## XII. It's Up to You

**January 4, 2003, Chicago, Illinois**

 Steve

"How much do your kids know?" Emma asked once we'd arrived at the Compound after breakfast on Saturday.

"We don't hide anything, but we don't advertise, either. I simply let them know I needed to pick you up so you could attend karate classes today."

"But from their looks, I could tell they assumed we were going to sleep together."

"Unless you're tired, I doubt we'll do any sleeping!" I teased.

Emma laughed, "Euphemistically, you dope!"

"And to think she hasn't even spoken to Penny yet!" Kara said, coming to greet us with Suzanne right behind her.

"Hi, Kara; Hi, Suzanne!" Emma exclaimed. "Who's Penny?"

"She works for my company, and we share an office," I replied. "Her favorite word for me is 'dope'."

"Steve left out the torrid affair they had when he was twenty-one, and she was fifteen!" Suzanne interjected. "Though they quit because Penny wanted to work for Steve's company."

"Interesting parallel," Emma said. "Though Steve is a bit older than twenty-one!"

"A bit," I chuckled. "Kara, what time are you and Birgit leaving for O'Hare?"

"In about ten minutes. I spoke to Sensei Will, so he knows not to expect us. We're taking Jessica's BMW so you can have the SUV to drive to the dōjō if you want."

"I think we'll walk and change at the dōjō. Suzanne, would you let the girls know? I need to get my gi."

Ten minutes later, Suzanne, Stephie, Ashley, Emma, and I were walking south on Woodlawn Avenue towards Hyde Park Avenue.



Matthew

"Matthew Adams?" a voice said when I answered the phone after arriving home from breakfast with Dad, my brothers, and the men.

"Yes," I replied.

"This is Detective Andrews with the Aurora Police Department. Do you have a moment to talk to me about Maggie Jones?"

I knew Dad's advice was to always lawyer up when speaking to the police, but I had zero concern because I hadn't done anything wrong, and I wanted them to find Maggie.

"Yes," I replied.

"When's the last time you saw or spoke with her?"



"Before Christmas," I replied. "Once school was out, I didn't see her. I went to Ohio to visit my aunt and some friends during Christmas break. Maggie was supposed to be at a New Year's Eve party, but she didn't show up."

"How was she the last time you saw her?"

"Out of sorts," I said.

"Do you know why?"

I did, but there was no way I was going to tell the cop that it was because Maggie wanted to sleep with me!

"She broke up with her boyfriend, and she's been interested in me, but I have a girlfriend, and I think that bothered her."

"You're in the same grade, right?"

"Yes."

"Were you ever romantically involved with Maggie?"

"No. We're both in drama and had some stage kisses, but I had permission from my girlfriend!"

The detective laughed, "Wise! Even those theatre kisses can bother girlfriends. I had the same problem in High School when I had to kiss my girlfriend's best friend on stage."

"Oops."

"More than you know. She's my wife now."

"Double oops."

"Yeah, let's just say it was not a good situation. Do you know where Maggie might go? Any friends or relatives?"

"Not beyond the kids who are in drama, and her mom said you were talking to everyone."

"We are, but we have to ask. Is there anything else you can tell me that you think might help?"

"Not really," I replied. "If she calls me or I see her, I'll call her mom."

"Please call me, too. Let me give you my number."

I did, he thanked me, and then hung up.

"I'm really worried," I said to Chelsea.

"Me, too," Chelsea said. "What do you think?"

"I have no clue. All we can do is wait."



Jesse

My phone rang just before 10:00am on Saturday. I looked at the display and thought about letting the call go to voicemail, but I decided that it was better to take the call.

"Go for Jesse!"

"Hi, it's Scarlett. Could we talk?"

"Yes," I replied. "What did you want to talk about?"

"Us. What happened."

I didn't see any way forward unless she was willing to compromise about the sauna. And it wasn't really the sauna, per se, but an approach to life. Given her thinking, I strongly suspected our parenting styles and approach to teen sexuality would diverge, and that would create no end of tension. While I didn't think we had to be completely in sync, we had to be close. In the end, that was what had wrecked my dad's relationship with Bethany -- they had diverging views on important topics. And all of that was on top of me not being anywhere near ready to make any lifetime commitments to anyone.

"What happened," I said carefully, "was a basic philosophical difference. The sauna was a symptom, if you will, of divergent worldviews."

"You sound so much more like my professors than my friends," she said. "It's like a whole different level."

"I think that's part and parcel of our worldview. My moms, my dad, his wives, my siblings, and our family's closest friends all have a very similar worldview. You met my siblings and some friends, and you heard the conversations. That's my world, and it's one I'm very comfortable in. Many people aren't, and those people tend not to be close friends and, in some cases, actually avoid us.

"That's what I believe happened when you were here. You weren't comfortable with our lifestyle, which is a product of our worldview and something that, in the end, isn't going to change significantly. There is ridiculous pressure from puritanical elements of society, but we intend to resist tooth and nail. The saunas

are simply an expression of that worldview, as are my moms' marriage, my dad's marriage, and so on."

"So you're saying, in effect, 'deal with it'?"

"I can't change who I am," I replied. "And I certainly don't want to be fitted for a straitjacket!"

"Are you trying to say you would want complete freedom to do whatever you wanted?"

"There's a difference between me freely deciding to do something and being forced to do it. When I marry, I intend, as I told you when you were here, that it is to be for life and with a single girl. My dad's lifestyle is fine for him, but I think the way my moms do it is better. But that's *my* choice. If I did want a situation like my dad's, that would also be *my* choice, and I would need to find girls who would accept that. Do you see the difference between being *fitted* for a straitjacket and making choices?"

"Yes. I guess I just never thought about things as deeply as you have. I never was exposed to anything like that in High School or even in college, with the exception of one philosophy class, and it didn't go anywhere near as deep because it was an intro class, so mostly a survey."

"At the risk of sounding nasty, may I point out that you didn't have a problem with being in the sauna with Matthew and Chelsea when you were here last year?"

"OK, sure, but that's different from being with twenty guys, or with your dad, or whoever, or you being in there with your sisters or moms. Can't you see that?"

"I can see that you object, yes, but I don't see a difference. Do you remember what I said about nudity and sex?"

"That nudity doesn't imply sex, but getting naked in front of a guy pretty much implies that, at least in my experience. Well, minus that one sauna."

"I need to be a bit uncouth," I said. "Besides me and maybe a doctor, how many guys have you been naked in front of?"

"Er, just Matthew."

"So, then, in *your* experience, it's 50/50. You can't draw any conclusions from that."

"Oh, give me a break! You know as well as I do girls only get naked if they want to have sex!"

"No, I don't know that at all! In fact, I've been in the sauna with dozens of girls with whom I haven't had sex and don't want to. Or do you think I have some weird Oedipus complex or want to sleep with my sisters?"

"No," Scarlett replied. "But...never mind. You have an answer for everything."

"Because I've *lived* it for almost seventeen years. Do you think your objections are new? Or that we've never had to deal with them? Not to mention our Hangouts, which are like college philosophy seminars."

"You don't have to be a jerk about it!"

"I did warn you I was going to be uncouth and possibly sound nasty, but I don't mean it to be nasty. I'm just telling it like it is. There's no point in hiding it or

trying to pretend I'm anything other than I actually am. I like you, Scarlett, a lot, but we have a serious compatibility problem."

"And you won't compromise?"

"On my worldview? No. And I think the sauna is really just the tip of the iceberg."

"How so?"

"Because it's a strong indicator that we won't have the same approach to childrearing, how we relate to friends, what we consider socially acceptable, and so on."

"And your church approves?"

"Most decidedly not," I replied. "But I don't have to agree with their teaching on anything that isn't expressly dogmatic. So, I keep my mouth shut on things with which I disagree and worship God in a way that satisfies my spiritual needs. Nobody can do anything else, and nobody is going to agree one hundred percent with everything their church teaches unless they check their brain at the door, something I refuse to do!"

"You're not going to budge, are you?"

"I offered the limit of my compromises, which were the alternate rules I explained, with the caveat that I would continue doing what I do when you aren't there."

"You don't think I'm worth compromising further?"

*"This above all: to thine own self be true"*

*And it must follow, as the night the day  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."*

"Shakespeare, right?"

"Yes. Though the original meaning is different from how we understand it today. In context, it's referring back to borrowing money, lending money, carousing with women of dubious character, and other intemperate pursuits. That behavior is 'false' in the sense that it's detrimental. In other words, Polonius is trying to instruct Laertes on how to be virtuous. Of course, it's ironic because Polonius is anything but virtuous, meeting his end while spying on Hamlet.

"In a modern context, we've changed it to mean acting according to your own nature rather than trying to be something you are not. In this case, being 'true' means acting with integrity while being who you are and doing what you need to do that fulfills you, so long as you don't harm another person. Nobody has a stronger interest in your happiness than you do."

"And you'll only be happy if you can be naked in the sauna with anyone you want, including your own kids?"

"I could be happy without doing that, but in the end, it perfectly encapsulates my worldview. I believe, and I admit I could be wrong, that that would just be the start of it, and you would push back until I followed social norms, which would make me decidedly unhappy."

"And you think that's what I would do?"

"I can draw a line from point A to point B," I said.

"And you got what you wanted, so no big deal, right?"

I wanted to scream and bang my head on the wall, but that wouldn't change things except to give me a headache.

"That is not true, but if that's what you think, there's no point in continuing this conversation. If you're at hockey camp, I'll see you there."

She didn't respond, and I heard the telltale beeps of the call disconnecting. I closed my phone, stuck it in my pocket, and went downstairs.

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 Albert

After we arrived home from breakfast, I walked to the hospital where Mom worked to meet with other members of my Scout troop to begin our service project. We gathered in the pediatric ward, and Doctor Lisa Mendez spoke to us and explained the basic rules, the most important of which was that if there was a sign on a door to a room requiring masks, we had to follow it fastidiously, so as not to put the kid at risk. She introduced us to the nurses and candy stripers, and then Nurse Brad showed us where the games were.

Uncle Dave gave us each a name and room number, and I was assigned to a ten-year-old kid with leukemia named Bobby who wanted to play *Risk*. I went to get the game, and a cute candy striper followed me.

"Hi! I'm Billie!" she said.

"Albert."

"I'm a Senior at Maria. Are you a Junior or Senior?"

I chuckled, "Eighth grade."



"Uh, er, oops. You're tall and you look older!"

I grinned, "Flattery will get you everywhere!"

She laughed softly, "You're what? Thirteen?"

"Yes. Want to play *Risk* with us?"

"Sure!"

I grabbed the box and Billie and I headed to Bobby's room.

"Hi! I'm Albert," I said. "The nurse said you wanted to play *Risk*. Are you OK with a girl playing with us?"

"HEY!" Billie protested.

"Ten-year-old boys don't usually hang-out with eighteen-year-old girls," I chuckled.

"Yeah, it's cool," Bobby agreed.

I moved a table to the bed and set the board on it, then we chose colors, and began the process of choosing countries and setting out pieces.

"How long have you been in the hospital?" I asked as we started playing.

"Almost two months."

"Do you know how long you'll be here?"

"The chemo is working, and I need one more round. My blast count is below 5%, which is the level that means you're in remission, if you can stay there."

"That's cool."

"What do you do besides Scouts?"

"Fly," I said. "My friend in the Navy is teaching me."

"WOW! That's so cool! Do you want to be a Navy pilot?"

"Yes. I'm going to try for an appointment to the Naval Academy."

"What grade?"

"Eighth. You?"

"Fifth, but I have a tutor because I can't go to school. I should be able to go back for sixth grade."

"Where?"

"Mount Carmel. You?"

"The Lab School at UofC."

I spent close to two hours with Bobby and Billie, and Bobby won the *Risk* game. Before we left, I promised to see him the following Saturday.

"Too bad you aren't a few years older," Billie said after we left the room.

"Not much I can do about that! Sorry! See you next Saturday?"

"Yes."

---

 Steve

"What did you think?" I asked Emma once we were back at the house to have lunch before the afternoon class with my private students.

"I think I'll enjoy it," she said. "I was surprised you gave me a uniform and had me participate."

"It's the best way to learn," I said. "And you'll need it for this afternoon."

"So you can tie me up with the belt?" Emma smirked.

"That is not what I meant," I chuckled. "And I don't think Sensei Will would understand."

"I bet you're wrong! His wife is gorgeous!"

"I have no clue about that part of their life," I replied with a grin. "And no intention of finding out!"

"Given your extensive experience, you have to have played that way."

"Ask me later," I said. "Right now, we need to join the others for lunch!"

We ate lunch, then Emma and I left the house, joined by Birgit, who was home from taking Kjell to the airport, to head to the dōjō for the class with my private students.

"What's the difference between this one and the morning class?"

"Birgit?" I prompted.

"Dad's goes to '11'!" she giggled. "Like everything else!"

"Pumpkin..." I said, shaking my head.

"I like to tease my dad," she said. "But the afternoon class is for students who are serious about living the principles of the «Dōjō kun». The first and most important one is: *Seek perfection of character*. And according to Master Funakoshi, known as *Shōtō*, the founder of Shōtōkan Karate-Do: *The ultimate aim of karate lies not in victory or defeat, but in the perfection of the character of the participant*.

"Dad takes that seriously and insists his students take it seriously. Part of becoming his student is accepting his guidance and correction and opening yourself to examination on those principles while striving for perfection in the practice of karate. The group you are going to meet are the truly serious students in the dōjō who have accepted my dad as their mentor, guide, and master."

"I've yet to meet a fourteen-year-old girl who agreed her dad was master!"

"Busted, Pumpkin!" I chuckled.

"Hey, I *mostly* listen to you!" Birgit protested. "Nobody else in the group is perfect, either!"

"I think I'll mention to Jesse and Albert that you just admitted you aren't perfect!"

"DO YOU WANT TO DIE?!" Birgit growled threateningly.

"That escalated quickly," Emma said, laughing.

"There's a healthy boys versus girls rivalry at the Compound," I said.

"It's no contest! Birgit smirked. "Girls win every time!"

"I don't know," Emma said. "Your dad has three gorgeous wives and two gorgeous girlfriends, and freedom to boot! I think he's won!"

"I was born into the circus," Birgit said. "You chose it!"

Emma laughed again, "Good point! How many students do you have, Steve?"

"You'll be the tenth, which is about the limit. Well, assuming you move here as you suggested you would."

"That's a done deal. I discussed it with my dad, and he made some calls about getting into Lane Tech, and they committed to accepting me next Fall. I'll tell my mom when I go home and move in June, right after school is out."

"What year?" Birgit asked.

"I'll be a Junior when I move here."

"So, only one grade ahead of me. Cool! We can be friends!"

"That's all I need," I said ruefully.

"I'll make sure she talks with Aunt Penny, too!" Brigit giggled.

"You are a major troublemaker, Pumpkin!"

"Thank you!" she exclaimed.

---

 Jesse

"Did you decide what to do about the Valentine's Day party?" Luna asked when she arrived at the house to have lunch.

"We can't do what Simone wanted, for sure. If we had a party, the limits would have to be kissing. Anything else is too risky in a group, even if we trust everyone. It only takes one slip, and all of us could be in serious trouble."

"I pretty much figured that would be the case. You turn seventeen on February 22nd, right?"

"Yes."

"So after that, so long as everyone was over seventeen, we could do more?"

"We could, and it would be legal, but that doesn't mean it would be smart. Don't get me wrong -- it sounds like a lot of fun, so long as it didn't get out of hand, but parents could still complain about anyone who was under eighteen, and that could cause problems for hockey and softball."

"You're probably right," Luna admitted. "You pointed out the only reason there wasn't any serious fallout from the sauna is because we didn't actually do anything."

"Exactly. Society has its head so far up its butt that I'm not sure it's fixable. I'm curious -- if we actually did what Simone suggested, how far would you go?"

"In front of others? I'd dance naked, and make out, but not do anything more. Even in private, I wouldn't have sex with just anyone. I know guys don't discriminate if pussy is available, but girls do."

"I have turned girls down," I said.

Luna laughed, "You have pretty much total access to the best pussy in the school, so you CAN turn it down! Most guys would give one of their balls to have a single one of those girls, most of whom wouldn't give them the time of day!"

"I have to ask," I said with a smirk, "how you know it's the 'best pussy'? Have you sampled it to know?"

"Ewww! No way! I mean, OK, sure, it's OK if someone wants to do that, but not me! Would *you*?"

"We just established I had!" I chuckled.

"I meant have sex with a guy, you clown!" Luna said, laughing.

"No. I have no interest in experimenting."

"What about a threesome with a guy and a girl?"

"That holds no interest. That said, two girls..."

"Pig!" Luna exclaimed, but she was laughing when she said it.

"Would YOU have a threesome?"

"Two guys might be interesting, but I don't want to fool around with a girl."

"You can have a threesome where that doesn't happen," I said. "But when everyone participates with everyone, it's way more fun."

"I'll take your word for it!"

"Changing subjects, did you schedule your campus visit to Arizona State?"

"Yes. It's the weekend of February 22nd, and I'll attend classes the following Monday. CeCe and I are going to hang out when I'm not in some organized activity. I'm really looking forward to moving out of my house and being on my own! Well, in a dorm, but you know what I mean."

"I do. Have fun, but be smart, and don't go crazy."

"CeCe is having a great time, and she's not doing anything crazier than the average college student! You don't hear from her?"

"Only occasionally. She and her family were in California over Christmas break, which I'm sure you knew."

"I did. I was bummed because I wanted to see her."

We finished lunch, and Luna helped me wash the few dishes we'd used.

"Now what?" Luna asked after I put the last dish away.

"That's up to you," I said.

"Then let's go up to your room and fool around!"

I took her hand and led the way.



---

 Steve

"You've made up your mind?" I asked Emma as we went to the playroom after karate class.

"Yes. I hope it was OK to say that in front of Birgit."

"As I've said, we're pretty open about things here at the Compound; we just don't advertise, and we're circumspect whenever the government is involved in any way."

"How will this work?" she asked as we began undressing.

"Well, usually, the guy gets an erection, then..." I smirked.

"Not *this* this," Emma interrupted, rolling her eyes. "Me moving here!"

"That depends in large part on what you want. If you want to join the dōjō, you'll need to attend classes regularly. If you want a mentorship arrangement, then we'll need to set aside a time to meet. If you want to hang out here or come to Philosophy Club, that's up to you, though I'd strongly encourage it. Beyond that, the main concern is wanting to work for me because there's an unofficial rule about hiring girls I've slept with."

"NOW you tell me?!" she protested as we climbed into bed.

"Relax," I said. "It's unofficial, and you didn't know in advance. I don't have a problem with hiring someone I've slept with, but my attorneys do. That means not revealing the extent of our relationship to them. At least in the short term, that's not a problem because we need to keep things on the QT because you don't turn seventeen until October."

"In addition, you mentioned dating, and I'm going to assume that means, at some point, you'll be exclusive with a guy because you'll want to have sex, and cheating isn't an option for either of us. That doesn't mean you can't have sex with another guy while we're involved, but you'd have to make it clear to him you weren't exclusive. Otherwise, it's up to you how this goes."

"Not to be a bitch, but you seem totally disinterested."

"On the contrary, I'm VERY interested, and I want to be with you and have you as a friend and protégé. But I needed to get all of the considerations out in the open. I'm happy I met you, and I'm happy you're here, and that would be true even if we weren't sleeping together. Sex is *not* a requirement for our relationship, but it's a wonderful way to bond."

"Speaking of that, before we screw each other silly, what about the karate belt question?"

"I've engaged in light bondage," I replied. "But I don't really get off on it, and it has to be with someone I've been with before and trust, both ways. And it cannot be a rape fantasy."

"So you would under the right circumstances?"

"I would; both ways -- tying up and being tied up. Is that something with which you want to experiment?"

"I hadn't really thought about it; I was just teasing. I guess I don't see how it would be pleasurable for me either way."

"Then, generally speaking, you don't do it."

"Generally speaking?"

"There are things which I don't find directly pleasurable but which I do because the girl derives pleasure from doing it. For me, the girl's pleasure is important, so I get indirect pleasure from doing things that aren't very pleasurable."

"That sounds like circumlocution! Care to say directly what you're trying to avoid saying?"

I laughed, "Certain paraphilias!"

"Now you're just being difficult!"

"I have, when the girl has desired it, allowed her to peg me -- that is, use a strap-on for anal sex."

"IIIIINTERESTING!" Emma smirked. "And what would the necessary conditions be?"

"At this point? All you have to do is ask."

"Let me think about it. Dinner is in just over three hours, so may I suggest we stop talking and start fooling around?"

"You may!"



**January 5, 2003, Chicago, Illinois**

 Steve

On Sunday morning, I walked Jessica to work, then used the treadmill. After a shower, Birgit and I had our usual cuddle time, then joined the rest of the family for breakfast. After breakfast, Kara, Suzanne, and I went to the Indian room to spend time together.

"You aren't seeing Emma this morning, right?" Kara asked.

"Correct. Her dad is taking her to the airport. We don't want to give the wrong impression."

"How did you leave things with her?"

"She's going to visit during Spring Break, and then she'll be back in June. Her dad arranged for her to attend Lane Tech, so that's set, and she's going to join the dōjō. She made it fairly clear that her primary goals are mentoring and intellectual challenge. If I had to give odds, I'd say that the physical part of our relationship ends when she starts dating in the Fall."

"Interesting," Kara observed. "I got the idea she wanted something similar to Natalie."

"That might have been true at first, but I think taking a week to think about it led her to the conclusion that I was the right person to initiate her, if you will, but the true nature of our relationship is being her mentor with the ultimate goal of working for NIKA and being a close confidante and intellectual sparring partner."

"She's extremely intelligent and very mature," Suzanne observed. "So that actually doesn't surprise me. That was actually an option for me, but I chose a different course. I could have gone Natalie's route, obviously, or the one Emma appears to have chosen, but this was so much better for me. The key difference between Natalie and me is she wants kids, and I absolutely do not!"

"If living here didn't drive that home, nothing would," I chuckled.

"I love all your kids, but they're all mature and basically teenagers, though technically Ashley isn't. I do NOT deal well with babies or toddlers, and the *last* thing I want to do is change a diaper! Now, if I could have them show up at age twelve, or so, great? Before that? No chance! What do you plan to do about Liz?"

"Nothing. She doesn't need to know. If things go the way I expect, there won't be any signs Liz could point to, and it's over six years before Emma will graduate. It's similar to the situation with Cecily Younger, who will attend IIT. Her fiancé, James, is applying for Attending positions here in Chicago, and Jess thinks UofC will hire him. And Estrella made the Penny decision, so no problem there, either, as we discussed."

"Slightly changing subjects; do you plan to take advantage of the waiver Jess offered?"

"I haven't given it a lot of thought, really. Emma was here, and I had the thing with Nadia."

"You really aren't comfortable with bondage, are you?" Kara asked.

"I don't get off on it," I said. "But we've played some, but that was in the context of a deep, intimate relationship. And it was only really serious with Elyse that one time. To be honest, despite her denials, what Nadia wanted was close to a rape fantasy. Not quite, but close enough to make me uncomfortable. The babysitter fantasy, on the other hand..."

Both Kara and Suzanne laughed.

"Or cheerleaders with V-cards!" Kara teased.

"Fun, but foolish," I said. "Not a mistake I'll make again."

"You mean the girl who was only fourteen?"

"Yes, but the bigger problem was them talking about it. It's similar to what Jesse and I discussed before the team sauna last week. The problem isn't the kids being naked together; the problem is the kids *talking* about being naked together and causing trouble at school or with parents.

"We were lucky nobody called DCFS. We'd have been OK, in the end, I think, but the Seniors might have been in trouble if someone had really pressed it, given they were eighteen and there were kids under seventeen. The same risk was there with Tiffany being in the sauna with the kids. Julie did not appreciate that."

"She got over it!" Kara tittered. "You waved your magic wand, and the problem went away!"

"She did, but what if she'd complained to someone officially? You know darn well SOME parent will do that, eventually. That's why I've been adamant to Jesse that if they do use the sauna, nothing can happen, not even teasing. They have to be able to honestly deny ANY accusations other than being naked in the sauna."

"Society is messed up," Suzanne observed. "We're creating a generation of neurotic, puritanical kids who have a VERY unhealthy view of their bodies and of sex. And we're denying them access to the information they need to make informed decisions. Bethany proved that in spades, and even though she caved, she still doesn't agree with you."

"It's deeper than that," Kara observed. "MUCH deeper! As in, Bethany wants Steve deep in HER and can't have him. She's, to use a cliché, green with envy of any girl who is with him."

"I don't think it's quite that simple," I countered. "I'll admit that is part of it, but she's also under severe pressure from her colleagues to repudiate the book because it sends a sex-positive message for teenagers when society has decided that teenage sexuality is something to be stamped out, hormones and consequences be damned."

"Sadly," Suzanne agreed. "Changing subjects, who'll be at the game today?"

"The extended family, Andi and her dad, Samantha and Brian, the Penfield family, the Kallas family, the Jaeger family, ten guys from the hockey team, four girls from the softball team, and a pair of cheerleaders."

"And in the past, those two roses would be plucked before the night is out!" Kara teased.

"As tempting as it might have been in the past, I do need to stick to the rules."

"With exceptions."

"Yes, but few and far between. Avanti is an obvious one, and the Saint Martin trip, but after that? Unlikely for all the reasons we've discussed."

"You're still you, Steve," Kara said. "So the opportunities will present themselves, and you'll know when it's right to make an exception."



Jesse

"Dude! This is SO cool!" Tomás exclaimed when he came into the Spurgeon box at the United Center.

"I've been in here before, and I still think it's way cool!" Freddy declared. "And I see some hot chicks showed up!"

I chuckled, "You have your choice of four softball players and two cheerleaders if they'll even give you the time of day!"

"Freddy is on it!" he grinned.

"Just don't get tossed over the railing, please!"

"Is Birgit going to be here?" Tomás asked.

"Dad said she would," I replied. "So I assume so. They should be here soon. Dad and I showed up early to make sure everything was ready."

"And all this food is just free?"

"Not even close! Dad and Samantha paid for it, so you don't have to pay, but it's not free! Just please don't try to sneak a beer."

"I remember you saying that when you invited us. I'm going to grab some food and then chat with the girls!"

"Go for it!"

"Hi, Jesse!" Luna exclaimed, coming into the box with Chung Cha, Simone, and Jazlyn.

"Hi! Grab some food, something to drink, and enjoy yourselves!"

"Thanks!" all four girls exclaimed.



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 Steve

"Dad," Birgit said quietly. "What's HE doing here?"

I looked in the direction she indicated and saw the criminal defense attorney who had represented Arnold Gardner. He was with Eduardo, Michael, and Andi, so I had to assume he was Andi's dad. I'd never met him and never heard his name mentioned, except in court.

"I think that's Andi's dad," I said. "Remember, defense attorneys perform a valuable service, and even the more vile accusations need to be proved beyond reasonable doubt by the government."

"I agree," Birgit said. "But that doesn't mean I have to associate with him!"

"So ignore him, please. Hang out with your sisters and your friends."

She made a face but walked away, and I moved across the room to where Eduardo and he were standing.

"This is uncomfortable," Mr. Peterson said. "I was just asking Eduardo if I should leave."

"No, you shouldn't," I said. "Melanie Spencer is one of my best friends, and I've known her since Junior High. She's defended some pretty heinous charges, but that's her job, and it's a necessary one in a free society governed by laws. Please, stay, though I'd suggest not speaking with Birgit."

"I understand, not that I'd approach a teenage girl and start a conversation."

"No, but she'd approach YOU and give you a piece of her mind!" Eduardo declared. "Though I think Steve calmed her down."

"She wasn't upset," I said. "Just surprised. And she's friends with Melanie, too, so she knows the score."

"I had no idea you were Michael's dad until Eduardo told me once I saw you and your daughter and asked if I should leave."

"Just enjoy yourself," I said. "If Andi has her way, we'll be related by marriage!"

He and Eduardo both laughed.

"I don't think I'm ready for a teenage daughter!"

"Too late!" I chuckled. "She's the same age as Michael, right?"

"Yes. Thirteen. Their birthdays are about a week apart."

"At this point, they're more concerned about robotics, computers, and gaming," Eduardo said. "I wouldn't worry just yet."

"Easy for you to say, with two boys!" Joel said, shaking his head. "How many kids do you have, Steve?"

"Seven. The two you know, plus two boys and three girls, with Birgit being the eldest of the girls. Jesse, the tall kid with light brown hair who has the tall Hispanic girl hanging on him, is my eldest."

"The hockey player, right?"

"Yes. Do you have other kids?"

"No, just Andi. One was our limit! I don't know how you do it!"

"Zone defense," I replied with a grin.

Joel laughed, "I hear you."

"Let's get some food and enjoy the game!"

Everyone arrived before the anthem, and when that was played, we all moved to seats at the front of the box. The game was hard fought, and it looked like it was in the bag for the Hawks, leading 3-2 late in the third period. It was not to be because Dave Lewis pulled CuJo with about ninety seconds left in the period, and Brett Hull scored with 37 seconds remaining. That sent the game to overtime, and just over a minute into overtime, Hull scored again, giving the Red Wings a 4-3 win.

"Now that sucked!" Terry groused. "Leading the whole way, and only needing to hold them for another forty seconds or so, but give up two goals in less than two minutes!"

"Hull is a great player," Brian said. "Despite Steve objecting to the result of the Cup final in 1999."

"The league's explanation was bullshit!" I declared. "The fact that they changed the rule afterwards tells me everything I need to know!"

"You weren't upset enough to change the name of the conference room," Samantha smirked.

"I would never diss the Golden Jet because of the Golden Brat!" I declared.

"Golden *Brett*" Jesse corrected.

"I said it the way I hear it!" I grinned. "Ready to go?"

"Yes."

# XIII. Missing Persons

## January 6, 2003, Chicago, Illinois

 Steve

At 4:20pm on Monday, after a full day of working on the NIKA backend system, I left the office to meet Shaye at Caribou, across from 550 West Jackson, where we had our temporary offices. When I arrived, she was sitting at a table and hopped up to join me at the counter. She ordered hot cocoa, and I ordered a coffee of the day, both of which I paid for. When our orders were ready, we took our cups and sat at a table in the corner.

"How many times has that worked?" Shaye asked with a twinkle in her eye.

"That was the first time I've tried it," I chuckled. "And mostly, it was done to tease Penny. I was shocked that it actually worked!"

"I was surprised someone would try something so corny! And I surprised myself by writing my name and number on the pad and giving it to you."

"Care to share?"

"I figured someone so corny had to be fun, and you didn't seem creepy in any way and very friendly. I did that, handed it to you, and as I walked away with your order, I thought it might have been a bad idea."

"You could have politely declined when I called you," I said.

"I was actually going to do that, but then decided that it would be tacky to have given you my number then say 'no'. And when you suggested meeting for coffee, I figured that was totally safe. I was also intrigued by you saying that your ex working for you only scratched the surface of strange. My natural curiosity took over at that point."

"I do need to tell you a few very important things," I said. "But please hear me out and let me finish. After that, you can ask questions or take off if you want."

"Uhm, OK," she said, sounding concerned.

"I'm not a stalker or psycho," I said with a smile. "But of course, that's exactly what a stalker or psycho would say!"

Shaye laughed, which was a good sign.

"True!" she agreed. "Go ahead."

"I have what some people would call an open relationship. I'm in a committed, lifelong relationship, but I'm free to date or have other relationships, however I see fit, within a set of rules. That means flirting with you, getting your number, and meeting you here was not cheating or an attempt to cheat, and I could, if I chose, take this as far as you were willing, assuming you were. It's much more complicated than what I just said, but that's the gist."

"You're married? I should have known!"

"Sorry. If that's a non-starter, I totally understand. As I said, you can ask questions, or if you're completely uncomfortable or not interested, I won't be upset or offended if you walk out."

"Did you just feed me a line?"

I shook my head, "No. My relationships are complex, and I have the freedom to conduct my relationships as I please, including having a long-term girlfriend."

"You're looking for another mistress?"

"That implies keeping it secret. I wouldn't, and in fact, couldn't, because complete openness is one price of the freedom I have."

"Your wife is seriously OK with you having girlfriends and, by implication, fooling around?"

"Not only OK but encourages it. It's a long story, and I can tell you most of it if you really want to know. But suffice it to say, she'd not just be OK with me seeing you; she'd approve."

"What does she do?"

"She's an Attending trauma surgeon at UofC Hospital," I replied. "We met when she was in medical school. We negotiated our agreement while we were dating long-distance because she was in Indianapolis and I was in Chicago. We've been married for just over seventeen years."

"Kids?"

"She and I have two, a boy who's thirteen and a girl who's eleven."

"Implying you have kids by other women?"

"Yes. Again, it's complicated."

"It feels like you're being cagey."

"I am, because my life is very unconventional, and there are prudes and Puritans and busybodies who would cause more trouble than I care to think about if I was completely open with someone I had just met."

I had been with Emma, but the vibe had been very different. I knew zero about Shaye beyond what she studied and where she worked, so I was being circumspect, as my wives and I had agreed.

"Let me guess; I go to bed with you, and you'll tell me everything?"

"No. That *might* happen, but it really depends on what you want. You can obviously refuse to answer, but when you gave me your number and when you agreed to meet me, what were you thinking was going to happen?"

Shaye laughed, "As if!"

"That actually answers my question, I said.

Shaye was quiet, and I simply let the silence build until Shaye was uncomfortable and finally said something.

"If I don't answer, that's it? I should just leave?"

"That's up to you," I replied. "You implied I was using caginess to lure you into bed, but that's not true. Let me go first, and you can decide if you want to stay or leave. I was attracted to you the moment I saw you. When you stepped onto the menu, I realized you were playful and knew how to enjoy life. When you gave me your number, and it was your real number, I was confident that you were attracted to me.



"When you agreed to meet, I took it as a possibility it would lead where you suggested. That is absolutely something that interests me, and I'll say it flat out -- you're sexy, and I'd love to go to bed together if that's what we both want and you think it's the right thing to do. If not, then we either go our separate ways or explore some other relationship, which might or might not lead to the same destination.

"Whether I take you into my confidence and give you the entire scoop, which is about as strange as anything you'll encounter outside a Heinlein novel, is a different thing, which is not connected to going to bed the way you think it is. In fact, the usual progress is I reveal everything, and the shock factor results in a completely new way of thinking, which often, but not always, results in having sex.

"The question before you is whether you have the confidence to express your feelings and a willingness to rethink everything you've been taught. In other words, how open is your mind? If it's not open to truly countercultural thinking, then finish your cocoa, and I'll see you the next time in the café for lunch. On the other hand, if you have the usual worldview of an artist, then stay, and we'll talk. It's up to you."



## January 6, 2003, Oswego, Illinois

 Matthew

"Nobody has seen Maggie?" Mr. Fruits asked on Monday afternoon when the drama club gathered.

"No," I said. "I spoke to the Aurora Police, and they're looking for her."

"I spoke to them as well," he said. "I think they called everyone here, right?"

Everyone nodded or said 'Yes' or 'Yeah'.

"I made flyers," Mr. Fruits said. "I want each of you to hand them out to your neighbors. I'll hit all the businesses in Oswego and Montgomery. The office staff are putting them up in the school right now. I know it's tough, but we need to begin working on *Fiddler on the Roof*, as we have only eight weeks and three days before opening night."

Nobody's heart was in it, but we ran through the chorus numbers, and Mr. Fruits had individuals sing some of the solo parts so he could decide who to assign to those roles. When practice finished, I rode home with Lisa, a Senior who lived in our subdivision, and we agreed to divide the subdivision in half and hand out the fliers.

[Chicago, Illinois]

 Steve

Before Shaye could answer, a nice-looking woman with long black hair approached the table, who I guessed was about my age but perhaps a few years younger.

"Hi, Shaye!" she exclaimed.

I almost laughed because I was positive this was one of the oldest ploys in the book -- a friend showing up about fifteen minutes after a coffee date began, giving the girl a chance to bail while maintaining a façade of happenstance. It didn't bother me, as it was a way to effectively defuse what might be an uncomfortable situation.

"Hi, Deanna. Steve Adams, my mentor, Deanna Haight. Deanna, Steve Adams."

"Nice to meet you," I said. "I take it you're an artist?"

"Painter," Deanna replied. "I graduated from the School of the Art Institute in 1986."

"What do you paint?" I asked.

"I've dabbled with just about every style imaginable You're some kind of IT executive?"

"Yes and no. I'm President and majority shareholder of my company, but my day-to-day work is as a software engineer. Do you work besides in your studio?"

"I give art classes at a workshop sponsored by my patron, mentor a Freshman student every year at the School, and paint, of course."

"Old school?" I asked.

"You mean having a patron? It beats waiting tables to be able to eat!"

"Starving artist?"

"No, but I play one at art shows! My patron is fairly generous. He runs his own company, too."

"Mind if I ask what he does?"

"He runs an investment company, Clermont Capital."

I chuckled, "I've met him, then. I'm from Milford, Ohio."

"GET OUT!" she exclaimed. "Me, too!"

"Not meaning any offense, but you're about my age, and I'd remember you from Milford High. Private school?"

"McNicholas. I was a good Catholic girl, at least until I came to Chicago!"

"I was never a good Catholic boy," I chuckled. "Much to my priest's and my mom's chagrin!"

"Father Buschmiller at Saint Andrews, right?"

"Yes, but I quit going around age fourteen."

"We mostly went to Saturday evening mass."

"Sundays mostly for me, which explains why I didn't see you there. Shaye, I won't be upset if you want to use your 'friend in need' escape."

Shaye and Deanna both laughed.

"That obvious?" Shaye asked.

"It's a tried and true ploy," I said. "And I'm not offended because it's wise and gives you an easy way to walk away without being rude. I invited you for coffee in a place with open seating to ensure you were comfortable and could walk away at any point."

"Shaye, come chat for a sec," Denna said. "If your guy doesn't mind."

"He doesn't," I said.

They moved to a spot far enough away that I wouldn't overhear the hushed conversation. I sipped my coffee and waited, and about four minutes later, the girls hugged; Deanna left, and Shaye returned to the table.

"I'm glad you decided to stay, however this turns out," I said.

"Deanna said that you're hot, and if I wasn't interested, I should give you her card!"

"Good to know! She's not in a committed relationship of some kind?"

"I actually don't know much about her relationships, but I know her patron pays for her studio, the art workshop she runs, and gives her a stipend. I can put two and two together and know they make four, but I actually don't know if that's true or not."

"So, she's circumspect about her relationships?" I asked with an arched eyebrow.

"I walked right into that one, didn't I?"

"Yes. Shall we go back to the conversation?"

Shaye smiled, "Deanna reminded me how she met her patron."

"Something you could share without violating a confidence?"

"She's never been shy about how they met. He was an up-and-coming guy at another firm, and one of her friends had chatted him up while waitressing at Ed Debevic's. That friend showed up at the future patron's apartment with a bottle of Jack Daniel's. That became the running gag because he was under twenty-one,

so this girl and a friend would trade bottles of Jack for sex, though it wasn't really a trade, if you know what I mean."

"I get it. When I was under twenty-one, I had a supplier with similar benefits."

"Anyway, those friends brought Deanna to visit once, and she brought a bottle of Jack, so he knew she wanted to screw. The two other girls moved on, which was their thing, according to Deanna, but she kept seeing the guy. He bought a house, she moved in, and he rented her an attic room, which was a combination studio and bedroom. Not too long after, he was promoted and offered her a stipend plus room and board. He's been sponsoring her ever since."

"And?" I prompted, confident I knew where this was going.

Shaye laughed, "She quoted her patron -- what's worth doing is worth doing for money!"

I laughed, "I've said that myself. That leads to an important question, though you might not know the answer -- was sex a *quid pro quo* for his patronage?"

"No. That had ended because...well, call it personal circumstances for her patron. Whether it ever started again, I can only speculate. I assume it did, but I can't say for sure because she is, as you observed, circumspect."

"Deanna's suggestion aside, is that something that interests you? Finding a patron?"

"I'll turn it around -- is that something you would do?"

"I have, once before, for a medical student. My patronage ended when she married because her husband wasn't comfortable with the idea."

"Duh!" Shaye exclaimed.

"There was no *quid pro quo* for my patronage. For him, it was more about taking responsibility for his wife."

"But she slept with you?"

"My usual response is 'no comment' because it's «некультурный» (*nekulturny*) to talk about it."

"It's what?"

"A Russian word meaning 'uncultured', best translated as 'rude' or 'uncouth' in this context."

"I'm going to take that as a 'yes' because if the answer was 'no', you'd have said so."

"Actually, not. With the exception of protecting my married female friends, I would neither confirm nor deny for anyone."

"You're very...interesting."

I chuckled, "It's OK to say 'strange'; I'm called 'strange' all the time!"

"I bet!"

"So, the question before you is, do you want to travel through another dimension; a dimension not only of sight and sound but of mind; a journey into a wondrous land whose boundaries are that of imagination? Do you want to unlock the door beyond which is another dimension -- a dimension of mind, a land of both shadow and substance, of things and ideas? Travel a route to a land

of the different, the bizarre, the unexplainable, a wonderous dimension where the limits are only those of mind itself?"

"Why do I feel as if I should know that?"

"It's an amalgam of several different *Twilight Zone* intros. It aired from 1958 through 1964. I was one when it ended, and your parents were probably toddlers or perhaps in grade school, if you're eighteen or nineteen."

"Nineteen in two weeks. Now you have me even more intrigued."

"Then, to quote Morpheus, "*This is your last chance. After this, there is no turning back. You take the blue pill -- the story ends, you wake up in your bed and believe whatever you want to believe. You take the red pill -- you stay in Wonderland, and I show you how deep the rabbit hole goes.*"

"Don't you mean I take the red pill and wake up in YOUR bed?" she asked with an arched eyebrow.

"As I said earlier, the result is often, but not always, sex. I will also modify Morpheus' statement such that you may take some time to think about it and call me when you decide what to do."

"That's probably best. A few days?"

"I don't have a timeline, and there's no expiration date on the offer of friendship or more. There is one important thing -- my wife, the trauma surgeon, requires any new partner to have a recent clean STI test, with no exceptions. To be sacrilegious, she'd insist the Virgin Mary have an STI test."

Shaye laughed, "Point taken, and I totally get it. But Mary would never have sex, so, pointless!"



I chuckled, "True, though there was this nun..."

"I can't tell if you're joking or not!"

"I am."

But only because Michelle had become a novice *after* we'd made love, and we didn't have sex after she became a nun until after she was released by Mother Christophora.

"Thanks for the hot chocolate," Shaye said. "I promise I'll call before the end of the week."

"Take as much time as you need to think about it," I said. "But I would ask you to do one thing either way."

"What's that?"

"Let Deanna know I'd like to sit down for coffee with her patron, that I understand if it needs to be completely private, and that I won't be offended if he declines."

"I'll let her know."

We finished our drinks and left Caribou together. She headed for the L in the Loop, and I headed for the parking lot on Halsted, where my BMW waited to take me home.

---

 Jesse

"You def earned your reward!" Simone declared after our third round. "If you want it!"

"As if any sane guy would turn that down?! If you prefer, we can go to the shower so I can rinse off."

"Right, because you haven't French kissed me after putting your tongue in my cooch! Like this is any different?"

"Did that bother you?"

"The first time, I kind of freaked out a bit, but you had made me feel so good I just went for it. I'm used to it now, and besides, if *that* is the only price for your tongue on my button, it's worth it!"

I chuckled, "Girls do seem to like that."

"I had NO idea! I mean, OK, sure, I knew I could bring myself off by diddling my button, but your mouth is like a whole new level! You won't be upset if I say your tongue makes me feel better than screwing?"

"Why would I? Lots of girls get off easier with my mouth than from screwing, though I've learned what to do to alleviate that in most cases."

"Grinding against me, right?"

"That's a big part of it."

"Turn on your back!"

I was happy to oblige and propped myself on my elbows to watch Simone give her first-ever blowjob. With some guidance and experimentation, she quickly got

the hang of it, and I watched as she bobbed up and down, taking me about halfway into her mouth each time and sliding her tongue around my glans. After a few minutes, she began stroking me as well, and perhaps five minutes later, I groaned and shot off in her mouth. Simone didn't stop bobbing and swirling her tongue, and I felt her swallow after the last spurt. She bobbed once more, released me, then moved up and gave me a savage French kiss, shoving her tongue into my mouth.

"Turnabout is fair play!" she smirked when we broke the kiss a minute later.

"I've had girls do that without swallowing," I chuckled.

"NO WAY!" she gasped; "SERIOUSLY?! And you were OK with it?"

"I stuck my tongue in you after we screwed, so you tell me!"

"Uh, oops, yeah!"

"One piece of advice? If you're with a guy for the first time, make sure he's OK with it before you do that, *especially* if you don't swallow."

"You're saying it's OK to not swallow and kiss you?"

"If you want."

"Lie back again!" she exclaimed.

I laughed and was the happy recipient of her second-ever blowjob, after which she kissed me without swallowing, holding the kiss for a long time.

"Shower?" I suggested. "You said you needed to be home by 5:30pm."

"Yes! Next Monday?"

"Next Monday!"

---

 Birgit

"Can I ask you a question?" Zahra asked when we finished our homework.

"Sure."

"Privately? Zaida will wait for me."

I said 'goodbye' to Fangsu, Hannah, Naomi, and Leslie, then, because nobody was in the Indian room, Zahra and I went there.

"What's up?" I asked.

"My dad is being difficult," she said. "He's going to ask Jesse to speak to the imam at our mosque, and I know Jesse will say 'no'. When that happens, I'm afraid my dad will tell your dad that Jesse shouldn't take me to lunch and stuff."

Well, I thought, if her dad knew about 'and stuff', she'd never be allowed out of the house without an armed escort!

"I'm not sure there's anything I can do," I said.

"Cover for me? If I hang out with Jesse on Wednesday afternoon instead of studying?"

"If you walk here with me, then go out the door to the yard and walk to the coach house, then leave by our front door, nobody will know. What if someone comes looking for you?"

"Wednesdays, my mom visits grandmother and is never home before 5:00pm, so nobody would check. My dad doesn't get home from work until around 5:45pm. And Zaida will walk home with me as we do the other days."

"I don't have a problem with any of that, but you do have to consider what would happen if you were caught."

"I know, but I really like Jesse. A lot!"

She and dozens of other girls did, but she had a severe impediment. Well, beyond not being a blonde Russian girl who I was positive would be the one who would convince Jesse to commit.

"The religious differences are a big problem," I observed.

"I know, but I can't help how I feel."

"I totally get that, and so long as you're going in with your eyes open, then it's not really my business."

"I don't close my eyes because I like to see him!" Zahra exclaimed.

I laughed, "TMI!"

"Oh, sorry! I guess that is weird about your brother."

"Everything about my brothers is weird! All of them!"

Zahra laughed, "You're so funny, Birgit! Anyway, I need to go so we're not late. Thanks a bunch!"

"You're welcome!"

We left the Indian room, I walked Zahra and Zaida to the door, and once they had left, I went to the kitchen to help Yuriko with dinner.

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[Aurora, Illinois]

 Matthew

"Are you doing OK, Matthew?" Mom asked at dinner.

"Not really."

"Don't blame yourself, please."

"I try not to, but I wonder if I could have done something."

"Break up with Chelsea?" Eduardo asked.

"No way! Of course not!"

"That is what Maggie wanted, right?" he asked.

"Yes," I sighed.

"Eduardo is making a good point," Mom said. "And unless you want to have an arrangement like your dad's, which I don't think Chelsea would accept, there wasn't anything more you could do."

"I have trouble keeping my relationship with Chelsea from going off the rails," I said. "I can't even imagine two or three! Or five!"

"Zero!" Michael declared, causing Mom, Eduardo, and me to laugh.

"Andi has you sized up for a boyfriend," I said. "You may as well give up and give in!"

"Is that what you did?" Mom asked with a sly smile.

"You know it is! I was ready to run away when I was five! But seriously, I don't think Maggie would have accepted that. And if she did, I'd be suspicious that it was really about stealing me from Chelsea."

"Your dad had a situation like that," Mom said. "You can ask him if you're interested."

"Not really," I replied. "I just want Maggie to be found safe."

"We all do," Mom said. "We all do."



## January 8, 2003, Chicago, Illinois

 Steve

"Steve, I have an investigator from the DeKalb County Sheriff's office on the line for you," Lucas said when he called me on Wednesday afternoon.

My blood chilled because Nadia was from DeKalb.

"Did he say what he wanted?"

"No. He asked for 'Steve'."

"Give me three minutes, then put him through to Liz's office, please."

"Will do."

I replaced the receiver and went to Liz's office through the «yōshitsu» room. I quickly explained the situation, and Liz simply shook her head. The phone rang a few seconds later.

"This is Steve Adams," I said. "You're on speaker with me and my corporate council, Liz Crane."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Adams. This is Deputy Randolph with the DeKalb Sheriff's Department. Is your internet handle 'NIKASteve'?"

Liz nodded, so I answered.

"Yes, it is."

"Do you know a young woman named Nadia Granger?"

Liz nodded.

"I know a young woman named Nadia, but I don't know her last name. If her internet handle is DarkDreams82, then yes, I know her."

"When was the last time you spoke with her?"



Liz nodded.

"Online, I'm fairly certain it was January 2nd. She was at my house for about forty minutes the next day. May I ask what's going on?"

"We have a missing person report for her. Can you account for your whereabouts since the 2nd?"

Liz nodded but used a hand signal to indicate a limited answer.

"I can, but on advice of my counsel, I'll only do so in writing."

"I understand your attorney's point, but if I can rule you out, it would make my job easier."

Liz signaled to me that she needed to talk.

"One moment, please," I said. "I'm going to put you on hold."

I pressed the correct buttons so he would hear music, not my conversation with Liz.

"Can you actually account for every minute?"

"Yes. On the 2nd, I was home, and I have my entire family as witnesses, along with a friend who was visiting. On Friday, I had an early meeting at 550, and drove straight from home after my usual morning run with Suzanne and Birgit and breakfast with the family. I worked all day. Nadia came to the house, and when she left, I called a cab, which I paid for and which took her to Union Station. I didn't see her after that.

"The next day, I walked Jess to work and saw two doctors and a nurse I know, then ran with Birgit and Suzanne, had breakfast with the men, went to karate twice, spent some time with a friend from California, drove them to the Gold Coast, then spent the evening with the family. On Sunday, I spent the morning with the family, then was at the Hawks game all afternoon. Monday and yesterday, I did my usual morning routine, worked, and went to karate. The only time I wasn't with someone else was in my car driving back and forth to work, plus the return trip from the Gold Coast."

"OK," Liz said. "That sounds basically ironclad. What you don't want to do is change your story. Give a concise synopsis of where you were, and say there are multiple witnesses."

"OK," I said and activated the speaker phone.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," I said. "My attorney's advice is to say that I was at home, at the karate dōjō where I teach, at work, at Bucktown Bistro, at UofC hospital, and that I have multiple witnesses who can verify I was in those places. At work, we have electronic logs. Two FBI agents can confirm I was in the office on Thursday."

"FBI agents? May I ask?"

Liz nodded but indicated a minimal answer.

"They were asking about a union guy they suspect is mobbed up. He's been a liaison for computer support contracts we've had with the unions for two decades. I couldn't tell them much."

"OK. You haven't left the city since the last time you saw Miss Granger?"

"Correct."

"Did you and Miss Granger engage in sexual relations?"

"No."

"In your messages with her, you discussed a pair of fantasies. One was something to do with babysitting, but the other was never stated."

I looked at Liz, who shrugged, then nodded.

"The babysitter fantasy was what you can imagine -- the teenage babysitter who seduces the dad when he drives her home. The other one was a bondage fantasy. In the end, when she explained it to me, I declined to participate, and that's when I put her in a cab for Union Station."

"That was on the 3rd?"

"Yes. Just before 8:00pm."

"What cab company? I want to ask where she was actually dropped off."

"May I ask when she disappeared?"

"Sometime between when you say she left your house and 9:00am the next morning when she didn't show up for breakfast with her parents. What cab company?"

"American Taxi," I replied. "The pickup address was 4937 South Woodlawn Avenue. I called them from my private number -- 709-555-2425. That should show on their log sheet."

"Thank you, Mr. Adams. That is very helpful. If I have further questions, is it OK to call you directly?"

I looked to Liz, who, after a few seconds, nodded.

"Yes."

"Thank you. I appreciate the information."

"You're welcome."

I pressed the button to disconnect the call.

"You let me answer more than I expected," I observed.

"I realize I'm not Melanie Spencer, but I felt it was better for you to answer than raise suspicion. I was right, and you didn't actually give him anything that could hurt you. You were just cagey enough while sounding forthcoming. Giving him the cab company was a big win, by the way. They'll confirm the pickup and the drop-off, which will bolster your alibi, as it were. May I make an observation?"

"Yes."

"Don't EVER do that again. Seriously. Do NOT meet someone online like that and invite them to your house. You are just asking for trouble!"

"Actually, she's a friend of a friend, not a random contact. Someone sent her my way."

"That's a bit different but still risky. I do have to ask...the fantasy?"

"To be tied spread-eagled to the bed to lose her virginity and be fucked senseless for a few hours after that."

"You're obviously not joking."

"I'm not. It was too close to a rape fantasy for my taste; that's a line I simply cannot cross."

"If you'd had sex with her, your DNA would be there, and no alibi in the world would save you. They'd insist everyone was lying to protect you, given your obvious influence."

"True. Actually, I should call the investigator back because he absolutely should speak to Danielle, the friend. He may or may not know about her, and phone records can take a few days."

"Go ahead. That'll put an even more positive spin on your alibi."

I used the feature on the phone to dial the displayed number from the previous call. While it was ringing, I pulled up the directory on my mobile phone.

"Randolph, Investigations."

"Deputy, this is Steve Adams. I have the name of someone who might be helpful, and that's Nadia's friend who introduced us."

"Do you have a number as well?"

"Yes, and her internet handle. Her name is Danielle Marlowe, her internet handle is SongOfSolomon7, and her home number is 708-555-8744. She works at Starbucks in Hyde Park at 55th and Woodlawn, but I don't have that number handy."

"Thank you, Mr. Adams. I appreciate your coöperation."

"You're welcome, Deputy."

I pressed the button to disconnect the call.

"I'm going to raise an issue that I know will incense you, but you need to consider taking your propranolol again. You're making risky decisions."

"I'll discuss it with Jess," I said.

"Good. You know I only have your best interest at heart. When are you going to Mayo?"

"The second week in February. I'll fly up on Sunday the 9th and fly home the morning of the 12th. Mary asked for two full days."

"They have you meet with a behavioral psychologist, right?"

"Clara Brown," I replied.

"Tell her about this and see what she says."

"Yes, Mom!" I replied with a grin.

"Not until July! And not YOUR mom!"

"Thank Loki!" I declared with a grin. "Thanks for your help."

"It appears I can't leave you unmonitored for more than about a day without you finding some novel way to get into trouble!"

"Life is never not exciting when I'm around!" I grinned.

"Go back to your office, you dope!"

"Penny and I are going to have words!"

"So long as it's only words, Steve."

"Of all the stupid things I could do, that's the *last* one."

"When you're thinking straight, I agree. When you aren't? Different story altogether."



Jesse

"My dad is absolutely going to ask you to speak to the imam when we have lunch on Saturday," Zahra said when she came into the coach house.

"If it will help, I'm happy to talk to Imam Iqbal, but you know what the result will be."

"I don't think anything short of you saying «aš-šahādatu» (*Shahadah*) will suffice."

"It does me no harm to listen politely to the imam, but you're probably right. Is today the last day we can be together?"

"No! I arranged with Birit to cover for me, and I'll walk home with Zaida. She won't say anything, either. I'll be home before my dad, and my mom will see Zaida, so she won't be suspicious."

"So long as you're sure!"

"I am! Should we go upstairs so I can take off my scarf?"

"Yes!"

I took her hand and led her up the stairs.

---

[Oswego, Illinois]

 Matthew

The house phone rang just before 7:00pm on Wednesday. I dreaded every time it or my mobile phone had rung since my talk with the detective. Mom and Eduardo were out, so I went to the kitchen to answer it,

"Matt Adams."

"Matt, it's Mary Jones. They found Maggie! She's safe!"

"Awesome! Where?"

"Urbana," Maggie said. "The State Police found her. She's at the hospital now, having a medical check. Joe and I are leaving now to get her. They said she was asking for you. Would your mom allow you to go with us?"

"You know the problem, right?" I asked.

"Yes," Mary said. "Tara told us. I know you and Chelsea are permanent, but I was hoping you could at least talk to Maggie."



"I think I'd have to have Chelsea with me to do that," I said. "And she's in the city."

Mrs. Jones was quiet for a moment, "I'll just tell Maggie we couldn't reach you, OK?"

"Yes. I'll arrange for Chelsea to come here tomorrow, and we can see Maggie after drama practice, OK?"

"Yes. She's not going to school before Monday."

"I'm thrilled they found her. Do you know what happened?"

"No. We'll call you tomorrow if there are any problems."

"Thanks. I'm happy she's safe."

"Me, too!"

We said 'goodbye', and I immediately called Chelsea, who answered the phone on the second ring.

"They found Maggie," I said.

"Is she OK?"

"Her mom said she is, but she's being checked at a hospital in Urbana, which is where they found her. Mrs. Jones said Maggie asked for me and wanted me to go along, but I thought that was a bad idea. I told Mrs. Jones I'd talk with Maggie, but you had to be there."

"Why?" Chelsea asked. "I trust you."

"I know, but I don't want Maggie to get the wrong idea. Tara told Mrs. Jones what was bugging Maggie. I want you to come out to the house after your morning class tomorrow so we can talk to Maggie together. Mom can take you into the city on Friday."

"OK. I'll see you tomorrow, then. I love you!"

"I love you, too!"

---

[Chicago, Illinois]

 Steve

I wasn't surprised when Danielle was waiting at the house when my wives, daughters, and I returned from karate.

"What happened?" Danielle asked. "They said Nadia got in a cab around 8:00pm on Friday and was dropped off in Lincoln Park."

"Not Union Station?" I asked.

"No."

"She was here, obviously; we discussed her fantasy; she detected my heart wasn't into her darkest fantasy and decided to leave. I paid the cabbie about double what it would cost to get to Union Station, and she left. The next thing I heard was a call from the DeKalb County Sheriff. I told them what I knew; they obviously checked on the cab, then called you. Any idea why she wouldn't go to Union Station?"

"No. I have no clue what she would be doing in Lincoln Park. The Deputy wouldn't tell me where in Lincoln Park they dropped her off. "

"Do you know if she was chatting online with anyone else?"

"No clue."

"Boyfriends?"

"She was seeing a guy, but I think they broke up last August. I told the Deputy, but I only knew the guy's first name. He lived in DeKalb, though, not in the city. Do you have any ideas?"

"I know some private investigators, but if I were to hire them, that might make the cops suspicious. Have you talked to her parents?"

"No. I wanted to talk to you first to find out what happened. I was afraid she'd freaked out afterwards, but it sounds like nothing happened."

"Not a thing," I replied. "She chose to leave, and, as I said, I called her a cab. I actually offered to drive her, but she turned me down. I think at this point, we just wait for the police to do their thing."

"I'm going to call her parents, plus some mutual friends. See you Sunday for Philosophy Club?"

"Absolutely!"

We hugged, I walked her to the door, then joined my wives in the Indian room.

"The cops told Danielle that the cab dropped Nadia in Lincoln Park, not at Union Station," I said. "Other than that, Danielle didn't have any new information."

"Matthew called while you were talking to Danielle," Kara said. "They found Maggie in Urbana, and she seems to be OK."

"That's good. Jess, Liz got on my case about the situation and suggested my risk analysis is off kilter."

"Because of Nadia?"

"Yes. She said that after we talked to the investigator. And she suggested I start taking the propranolol. I disagree with her but promised to mention it to you to mollify Liz."

"I don't see it," Jessica said. "Nadia was a referral, and you acted exactly as I would have expected, and the three of us agree you made the right decision. And sure, the investigator called you, but that makes perfect sense given the circumstances. She obviously didn't think you were a suspect because she let you talk to them. Kara? Suzanne?"

"If you made any risky decision, it was with Emma," Kara said. "But all three of us were OK with it, especially after we spoke to her. And it's not like you acted impetuously."

"I concur," Suzanne said. "You've worked out a new set of guidelines, and we all agree. So, unless Mary Whittaker thinks there's a problem, I wouldn't take the propranolol."

"I agree, Tiger. If you want to call Mary to make Liz happy, go ahead, but I know you're going to Mayo in about four weeks. And I honestly don't think you're taking undue risks."

"If you think my judgment is suspect, I want you to tell me, please."

"We will," all three of my wives agreed.

"Did you hear from Miss Menu?" Kara asked with a smirk.

"No. I expect her to call at some point."

Just then, my phone rang, and I pulled it out of my pocket and laughed.

"Speak of the leprechaun!" I chuckled.

"Steve Adams," I said, answering the phone.

"Shaye. Any chance we could meet for coffee tomorrow at 4:30pm at Caribou?"

"Absolutely. I'll see you there."

We said 'goodbye', and I closed the phone.

"Coffee at Caribou tomorrow," I said.

"What time is Jesse's game on Saturday?" Suzanne asked.

"They have the first ice time, so 8:00am. I should be home in time for karate. Would my wives like to go to bed?"

"Yes!" all three of them exclaimed happily.



# XIV. Interesting Developments

## January 9, 2003, Chicago, Illinois

 Steve

On Thursday morning, Penny and I went to 500 West Jackson for a meeting about a newly requested module for *NIKA Legal 2004*, dubbed 'Trial Manager'. It was a significant upgrade of the trial management features which already existed in 'Case Manager', but with a focus on managing a trial minute to minute, including the ability to connect a laptop to a large monitor and display exhibits.

"Is this something you want to add in the first release?" Dave asked Cindi.

"The User Group requested it, and in their most recent release, Chickasaw Systems incorporated features that strongly indicate they're moving in that direction. That would give them a huge advantage. It will protect our flank if we could announce it as a feature."

"Vaporware, Cindi?" I asked with a smirk.

"Unlike Microsoft, we'll actually deliver it on time and on schedule! You know we don't do FUD!"

I chuckled, "Guess who is STILL easy to wind up twenty years later!"

"I'll wind you up, Buster!" she mock-threatened.

"Play nice, children!" Dave commanded, but he, too, was smiling. "He does have a point, Cindi. If you do announce it, we'll have to include it in Alpha, which is

set for August. Is seven months really enough time to design and deliver a version that is up to NIKA's standards?"

"I figure Steve and Penny could have a prototype by this afternoon!" she teased.

"I'm good, but I'm not *that* good!" I chuckled. "On a serious note, WiFi internet access isn't guaranteed to be available, and cellular modems are way too slow, so I see the biggest challenge as offline access and synchronizing with the server at the end of each day."

"Data merge is a difficult challenge," Brenda agreed. "Cindi, would it be acceptable to lock the records when they're checked out on a laptop to take to court?"

"I don't see that as a problem, at least in the initial release," she replied. "And I think we could limit it to a single, specially configured laptop at first. In fact, perhaps it's one we sell as part of the system. Make it turnkey, and at the end of each day, connect via modem or wired network and synchronize the data."

"What about the hosted clients?" Larry Jefferson asked. "The ones who use the full desktop client should be fine because it's feature complete. But there's no local client to download and use the data for the browser-based hosted firms."

"That argues for the dedicated laptop," Brenda said. "I can't think of a reason that wouldn't work, given the full API is available to the client-based hosted firms. Steve?"

"It'll take a bit of work to create that standalone system, but it will work. I'm concerned about the deadline."

"So am I," Alonzo said. "Cindi, if you want this feature in the 2004 release, I'm going to need at least two more software engineers."



"There's also the support concern," Dave said. "We'll need to discuss it with John Kyle because if something were to go wrong mid-trial, there would be hell to pay if we couldn't get them up and running."

"That's a big concern," I said. "Cindi, I know you know your job, but this has to be very carefully marketed and priced because our usual two- or four-hour response times aren't going to cut it."

"You're right," she said. "Could we at least create the design document and start working on this while I sort out the support challenges?"

"Yes," Julia said. "We can do that. I'll sit down with the team and the specs, and we'll develop at least a preliminary design document. I'd strongly advise not announcing until we know more. Anything else?"

Nobody had anything else, and the meeting broke up. Cindi pulled me aside.

"I usually don't ask you to pull rank," she said. "But I think this is vitally important."

"Let's see how things go," I said. "If you encounter serious pushback, take it to my sister, and she'll come to me for advice. But you need to be right, Cindi. You're betting our reputation on being able to support something we haven't even developed and which nobody else is doing."

She smiled, "So what else is new? That's been true since the day you asked me to work for you!"

I chuckled, "Good point."

"Are you going to the Executive Retreat in Boca on the 20th?"

"Yes. I had considered not going given my role, but Stephanie pointed out that I still do have the role as keeper of the NIKA «kami», and there are strategic discussions."

"This place would not be the same without you, even in your current role."

"I don't plan to leave anytime soon."

"Good!"

We exchanged a quick hug and I returned to my office in the NIKA building, where I had a productive day along with a brief chat with Elyse about US Airways Express Flight 5481 which had crashed at Charlotte/Douglas International Airport in North Carolina, killing all twenty-one people aboard. At 4:15, I left the office to head to Caribou to meet Shaye.

"Hi!" Shaye said when I walked in.

"Hi! Same as last time?"

"Hot chocolate for sure!" she replied.

I placed our orders, paid for my coffee and Shaye's cocoa, and once the barista had made our drinks, we took them to the same table where we'd sat on Monday.

"How long before Deanna shows up?" I asked with a smile

Shaye laughed softly, "Oh, she would, but not for that reason! She said she'd shag you if I wasn't interested!"

"Good to know," I chuckled.

"I did convey your request, but she wasn't sure how her patron would respond."

"You know his name, right? Jonathan Kane of Clermont Capital, from Goshen, Ohio, just a hop, skip, and a jump from where Deanna and I grew up. No need to be cagey or circumspect."

"If you know all that," Shaye responded, "why not just call him?"

"It's a long story, but the short version is I'm too close to the young woman who runs the rival investment firm where he used to work."

"The daughter of the guy who was busted for videotaping himself having sex with underage girls?"

"One and the same."

"And they each ended up with a million bucks! For something they all wanted to do!"

"Well, that answers that question," I said with a smile.

"Which?"

"Whether or not we have compatible worldviews."

"You mean not freaking out about fifteen-year-old girls having sex?"

"That usually indicates sanity in this increasingly insane, puritanical society."

"Well, given I was fifteen my first time and the guy was a Senior at UofI, I can't be a hypocrite."

"Another good sign. Hypocrisy is very much a bright line for me."

"You won't find many virgins among girls who were into drama or art in High School," Shaye smirked. "But in line with your comment before, I've seen a significant change just since Freshman year."

"And getting worse. So, Alice, are you ready to go *Through the Looking-Glass*?"

"Lewis Carroll had to have been doing some seriously good drugs!" Shaye declared.

"Or simply a good imagination and a warped mind! I can relate!"

"So, no mind-altering substances?"

"Whisky and caffeine, but I'm careful about both. Otherwise, no."

"Health nut?"

"You haven't answered the question as to 'red pill' or 'blue pill' or, if you prefer, journeying into the Twilight Zone."

"Your life is really that weird?"

"Let's just say that whenever someone asks, 'Could it get any weirder?' it *always* does. Loki is always lurking!"

"I'll bite," she said with a twinkle in her eye. "Just how weird?"

"Very. To answer your question about being a health nut, yes, but not in the way you mean. I have a minor hormonal imbalance, which requires me to be very careful about sugar and complex carbs. It means I also have to be careful about alcohol and caffeine, but it doesn't require me to be teetotal or only drink decaf. I run most days and practice karate. I'm licensed as 錬士 ('Renshi'), a Polished Instructor. I hold 6th Dan, which is a Master rank for instructors."

"6th degree black belt?"

"Yes, though the correct term is 'Dan'."

"I bet you have amazing stamina!"

"Something for you to judge should we get there."

"So, spill on the weird!"

"I told you I was married to a medical doctor who is an Attending trauma surgeon at UofC hospital. That is true, but *we*, and I mean *we*, are married to two other women; one has a PhD in chemistry, teaches at UofC, and is involved in polymer research. The other is pre-law at UofC. I have two kids by each of the first two, two by a friend from High School who is not part of our polyamorous marriage, and one by my High School girlfriend who came out as lesbian in college. I also have two live-in girlfriends."

"That's WAY beyond anything I might have imagined! All of that is true?"

I nodded and pulled my wallet from my pocket, took out the plastic photo holder, and handed it to Shaye. I named each person and their relation as she flipped through the photos, Shaye shaking her head the entire time.

"I don't even know what to say!"

"That is the usual response. And I have freedom to manage my sex life within a set of fairly wide boundaries, with the caveat that STI tests are required. I've had a vasectomy, so birth control isn't a concern."

"Make it weirder!"

I chuckled, "My views on raising children is that they are independent, thinking individuals who have the right to govern their own lives within very broad parameters. All of my children make most of their own decisions and have since they were toddlers. And that governs everything in their lives. My children, if they so choose, may have overnight guests of the opposite sex. Or the same sex, if that's their thing."

"My parents would have completely lost their minds if I'd asked to have Rob spend the night!"

"My mom, too, but fortunately, my girlfriend had hippie flower children for parents. She was born while they were living in a commune. I was allowed to stay at her house as a teenager, and on one occasion, we came down to dinner completely nude."

Shaye laughed, "OK, OK! You've made it weird! Anything else?"

"I've deflowered over a hundred and fifty young women."

"NO FUCKING WAY!" Shaye gasped.

"Actually, exactly that way!" I chuckled.

Shaye laughed, "Cute. OK, weird AND crazy! Can I ask something?"

"My life is mostly an open book."

"First, how old were you?"

"Fourteen; she was twenty-three."

"Jesus! Luckiest fourteen-year-old on the planet!"

"Pretty much, though I've had my share of heartache and pain."

"Bad breakups?"

"Only one, really. Some people very close to me have died very young, including a girlfriend who died when we were fifteen."

"Holy shit!"

"Yeah. She died in a boating accident in Sweden. My college girlfriend died of cancer when she was twenty-four, though she had married another guy by then. My best guy friend died at the hands of a drunk driver when he was twenty-seven, and that accident nearly claimed my wife's life as well. The husband of a girl who was my best friend in High School was murdered while serving in the Navy. Add in my mentor, though he was advanced in age, my mother-in-law dying on a plane on 9-11, and the aforementioned hippie dad dying of a stroke at a relatively young age, and it's pretty intense."

"Wow," she breathed, shaking her head in disbelief. "That's beyond anything I can even imagine."

"It's not all bad -- I started a very successful company with five friends right after college graduation, I have an amazing group of friends, I've traveled all over the world, and I can, with a few limits, do pretty much whatever I want."

"What limits, if it's OK to ask."

"I don't have Samantha Spurgeon or Jonathan Kane money, but short of buying a pro sports team or my own jet, I can afford to do anything I want to do, and my kids won't need to borrow for college."

"Where do you live?"

"Kenwood, just north of Hyde Park Avenue. You?"

"The dorm, though I sure wouldn't mind having a studio like the one Deanna had!"

"Unfortunately, I don't have a room that could be converted to a studio, but I think we're skipping ahead."

"Are we? I thought calling you to meet today pretty much telegraphed my decision."

"To be my friend? Sure. Beyond that? I never, ever make assumptions."

"Are you trying to tell me you didn't expect to get laid when you put the menu on the floor?"

"I didn't expect it to work to even get your number! I did it for Penny's benefit, to tease her!"

"OK, fine, but when I gave you my number?"

"I knew it was possible, maybe even likely, but I didn't assume. May I turn the tables?"



Shaye laughed, "In my experience, a girl who gives out her number expects to get laid! I knew, by the time I was fourteen, that every straight guy on the planet would fuck me if I offered. I'd say that's true for just about any girl who made the offer if the guy was even the least bit attracted to her, and probably even if he wasn't."

"That does reasonably describe the human condition for teenagers and college students!"

"Evidence suggests even married guys will usually fuck anyone who offers. Monogamy is not a human strong suit, though some people manage serial monogamy."

"No argument here, as nearly everyone I know has had more than one sex partner."

"I have to ask -- how did a fourteen-year-old seduce a twenty-three-year-old?"

"He didn't! He was sent by his mom to do yardwork for a widow whose husband had been killed in Vietnam. She thought he was a few years older, and when she discovered he was younger than she thought, she decided she was still interested. They had a brief, torrid affair, but then she ended it so he wouldn't become too attached to her. He was a bit disappointed, but that was the beginning of his sexual odyssey. Will you share?"

"Our next-door neighbors rented a room to a college student every year. It had been a girl the previous four years, but then a hunky Senior moved in. I started sunbathing in the backyard and caught him looking at me a few times. After a couple of weeks, I bought a bikini to replace the one-piece. That really got his attention, and one day, he said the bikini looked really good on me, but he thought it would look better on the floor next to his bed."

"So you're a sucker for corny lines!"

"Obviously, given I told him we should find out! We slept together until he graduated and moved to Texas for work. Starting Junior year, I hung out with the drama club and art club and did what artists and thespians do; then I graduated and came to Chicago. I was surprised at the slim pickings at school, and being nineteen, I can't go to bars. I've had a few dates, but nobody worth my time. I've had guys try to pick me up at the café, but I've never gone for it until you."

"The corny line?"

"It made me think of Rob, and unless the vibe is totally wrong, you're fantastic in bed."

"What do you paint?"

"I haven't settled on a personal style or a single medium. Everything from watercolor landscapes to oil on canvas portraits. I've toyed with cubism and surrealism, as well as abstract. I've also done some woodblock pieces in the style of *Octopuses and the Ama girl* as well as egg tempura in the style of Byzantine icons."

"I have an affinity for all things Japanese and for Byzantine icons. When we finish here, let me take you to my office, and you can see what I mean."

"*'Will you walk into my parlour?' said the Spider to the Fly,*" Shaye smirked.

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

"I thought that was obvious! But before I answer, what are you looking for?"

"Subversives," I said. "People who reject social norms and the status quo and who want to effect change."

"Artists and thespians fit that bill."

"They do, but mostly, their politics don't mesh with mine. I'm an unreconstructed capitalist and believe individual liberty is the foundation of a free society. I find too many Marxists in fine and performing arts and in academia. Those in academia are a driving force in the closing of the American mind, as well as the infantilization of teens and young adults."

"And what happens when you find these subversives?"

"Why, they join my subversive revolutionary cell!" I chuckled. "There are two chapters, both here in Chicago, one on the South Side and one on the North Side. The chapters meet twice a month and discuss just about any topic you can imagine. They used to be called 'rap sessions', and started in 1981 with some friends in my apartment, and grew into what we now call 'Philosophy Club', which then separated into the two chapters."

"Are you purposefully avoiding the obvious?"

"Sex? I thought that was a given in your mind. If that's all you want, then, believe it or not, I'd likely decline despite you hitting my sweet spot of red hair, green eyes, and athletic body."

"Hang on! If I just want to fuck, you'd say 'no'?"

"As Jules Winfield said, "I'm in a transitional period. In the past, fucking just to fuck was something I did, though mostly it was about bonding; well, and deflowering virgins. These days, it would be the exception, not the rule, at least

with regard to how I approach things. Remember, I wasn't actually trying to pick you up, though it did work out that way. Will you answer my question?"

"Besides the obvious? Deanna encouraged me to find a patron, and you might fit the bill."

"Then the thing for you to do is come to Philosophy Club on Sunday, meet my wives, and hang out with us for a few hours afterwards. You'll get a fuller picture of the circus you might join. I'll want to see some of your work, obviously, and if we all agree, we'll work out the details. As I said, sex is not a *quid pro quo*."

"But you are interested in sex, right?"

"As I said, sweet spot in terms of looks. You have the right personality, and I'm positive you'll be a fun partner. But, again, it's not required for a friendship or even a patronage relationship."

"This is surreal," Shaye observed.

"You're not the first person to say that. Want to see my office?"

"What the Hell? Why not?"

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[Aurora, Illinois]

 Matthew

"Hi, Mrs. Jones," I said when Chelsea and I arrived at Maggie's house on Thursday afternoon.

"Hi, Matt. Hi, Chelsea. Matt, Maggie wanted to talk to you privately."

"I'm not sure that's a good idea," I said.

"Normally, I'd agree with you, but she won't tell us what happened, and I thought maybe she'd tell you."

"You should, Matt," Chelsea said. "I trust you."

"I know," I replied. "And I appreciate it. It's just that..."

"Just listen to what she has to say," Chelsea suggested. "It's not as if anything bad can happen from that."

"Chelsea is making a good point," Mrs. Jones said. "And it's not your fault. I should never have allowed her to be in drama."

I didn't think drama was the problem; I was the problem. Maggie was in love with me, and there was literally nothing I could do about that because I was committed to Chelsea. I had absolutely no intention of changing that because I was sure our future was together, as husband and wife, with at least two kids. I was singularly uninterested in anything like my dad's situation, even if Chelsea somehow would agree, which she wouldn't.

"I guess," I said reluctantly.

"She's in the basement," Mrs. Jones said. "Chelsea can stay with me."

I nodded, kissed Chelsea, then went down the steps to the basement rec room. I saw Maggie curled up on the couch with a blanket pulled over her.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi," she said quietly.

"Are you OK?" I asked.

"Yes. They made me go to the hospital because I ran away, but nothing bad happened."

"Where were you?"

"One of the girls who is a member of my church goes to Uofl. I took the Amtrak from Naperville. I was in her dorm, but the RA wouldn't let me stay any longer. I was trying to figure out what to do when the cops came up and said they were looking for me."

"How did they know you were there?"

"I think the RA called the campus police, but I don't know for sure."

"Why did you run away?"

"You know," she said almost inaudibly.

"Because of how you feel about me?"

"I love you, Matt, and I can't stop thinking about kissing you and what it would be like to...to...make love with you."

"Whatever else is true," I said, "I know you want to be a virgin on your wedding night."

"But I can't stop thinking about it," Maggie protested. "And I love you."

"I don't know what you want me to do," I said. "You know Chelsea and I are basically engaged."

"I know...but...but...I wish you were my boyfriend."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I want to help you, but I can't do that."

"Then just go," she said. "Go."

"Maggie, I'm concerned."

"Not enough. Go."

I thought about staying, but I realized that at the moment I couldn't help. I left the basement and went back upstairs.

"Maggie needs to speak to a counselor," I said to Mrs. Jones. "The school has a psychologist on staff."

"Psychology is simply a way to excuse sin," Mrs. Jones said. "Our pastor and his wife counsel the congregation."

"I don't think that's going to work at this point," I said. "She needs professional help."

"I know what's best for her," Mrs. Jones said. "What did she tell you?"

"Nothing, really, other than she went to be with a girl who is a member of your church, and the Resident Advisor wouldn't let her stay longer. Somebody, probably the RA, called the police. Please get her some professional help."

"We'll handle this, Matt. Thank you for coming over."

I knew arguing with Mrs. Jones wouldn't get me anywhere, so Chelsea and I said 'goodbye' and left Maggie's house.

"What did Maggie say?" Chelsea asked once we'd reached the sidewalk.

"That she's in love with me and wants to go to bed with me," I said.

"And do you want to be with her?" Chelsea asked.

"No! Why would you think that?"

"I don't know," Chelsea sighed.

"I love you! We're going to get married and have kids and grandkids! I don't want Maggie. I want you. You know that! There is literally nothing that can come between us!"

"I'm sorry I'm insecure."

"So long as you love me and remember I love you, everything will be fine."

"I do."

---

[Chicago, Illinois]

 Steve

"Care to share why your office is fully Japanese, right down to the «tatami» mats?" Shaye asked.



"I finally grew up when I spent five weeks in Japan in 1994. That's also when I received my teaching license."

"Grew up?"

"Perhaps 'found myself' is a better term. I spent most of the time either in quiet contemplation or working in the compound of the master of our karate school. Think Daniel-san in *The Karate Kid*. I even painted a fence and waxed a car the last full day I was there."

Shaye laughed, "Too funny. Who painted the cherry blossom mural?"

"Siobhán Callaghan, who has a studio down in Hyde Park. She paints multiple styles, gives art classes, and also does some home decor detail painting. I've bought a few paintings from her and commissioned some others, and she painted borders in the bedrooms in my house."

"Family portraits?"

"Yes, but also a nude of my wife, the chemistry professor."

"She's beautiful enough to be a model!"

"I agree!"

"Did you design this room?"

"One of my employees did, including sourcing all the Japanese items from Japan. She knew my affinity for Japan and decided to do this."

"What style is your house?"

"Mostly Scandinavian modern, complete with a sauna in the basement. I spent a year in Sweden as an exchange student."

"I'd love to travel. Where have you been?"

"Australia, Singapore, Japan, Colombia, Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, Canada, most US states, England, the Netherlands, Germany, East Germany, Austria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, both when it was the USSR and after."

"Business or personal?"

"A mix of both."

"So you've been all kinds of places and laid all kinds of girls?" she asked with a smirk.

"Yes, but I don't play an instrument, and you do NOT want to hear me sing! So, what do you think?"

"I think I'll take you up on your offer of coming to your house on Sunday."

"Good."

"Good?"

"Good."



**January 10, 2003, Chicago, Illinois**

 Steve

On Friday morning, just before 9:00am, *adium* chimed to let me know I had a message.

PrincessEmma: Hi! It's Emma!

NIKASteve: Hi! Princess?

PrincessEmma: Blame my dad! He set up my IM account when he moved to Chicago!

NIKASteve: How did things go with your mom?

PrincessEmma: I think she was relieved. I'm really looking forward to June!

NIKASteve: Me, too! How much does your dad know?

PrincessEmma: You're going to be my karate instructor and mentor. When I saw Mrs. Spencer, she just smirked.

NIKASteve: Of COURSE she did! Melanie came by being a smart aleck naturally!

PrincessEmma: I'm sure your kids do, as well!

NIKASteve: Obviously!

PrincessEmma: Time for me to leave for school! L&r!

NIKASteve: L&r!

I was just about to go back to work when Kimmy let me know Dante was on the line.

"Morning," I said. "Or afternoon, for you."

"It's a beautiful sunny day here in Jo'burg! Got another company for you to check out."

"Where and what?"

"A startup performance car company."

"Well, 'startup' rules out one in Maranello, Italy," I chuckled.

"In my dreams! This one is in the Netherlands. I'm acquainted with one of the founders, and he's looking for some additional capital."

"Not that I'm objecting to a trip to the Netherlands, but if you know the guy, and it's performance cars, shouldn't you be doing the analysis?"

"I want a second opinion from an unbiased third party. You do that with your doctors, and I know you do that with legal counsel!"

"True. It'll have to be after GlucoTech. Would late February or early March work?"

"That would be OK. I know you have other things going on."

"Let me figure out the dates, and I'll send you an email. Are there any dates which don't work for them?"

"No. They'll work around anything else they have."

"Will a day be enough?"

"It should be. I'll send the details to your secure fax. I take it you'll take some time in Amsterdam?"

"Hopefully, I can see some friends. I'll let you know as soon as I work it out."

"Thanks!"

He disconnected the call without saying 'goodbye' as was his wont, and I placed the handset back in the cradle.

"What's in Maranello, Italy?" Penny asked.

"Ferrari. Dante said he's looking to invest in a performance car company, and you know his affinity for the 'Prancing Horse'!"

"Almost as much as for pussy!"

I chuckled, "He's married and settled down. She has him on a fairly tight leash, and he's not straining at it!"

"She must be almost as good as I am!" Penny teased.

"Not a high bar," I retorted.

I bobbed and weaved, and managed to duck or bat away the Nerf balls thrown at me.

"After a statement like that, you have to let me prove it!" Penny declared fiercely.

"in your dreams, Mrs. Penfield!"

"I should give Terry a hall pass for Birgit!"

"No, you shouldn't! And not because of Birgit, but because of you and Terry. Don't repeat past mistakes, young lady."

"Oh, now it's all 'young lady' and 'Dad mode'!"

"What-ever!" I chuckled. "Don't you have work to do?"

Penny rolled her eyes and turned back to her keyboard. Kimmy came in with the fax from Dante, and I checked my calendar. The first weekend in March seemed best, as that was a weekend Jesse's team would have off if they advanced. I made

a note to get in touch with Karla, Sari, and Hans and decided I'd stay a week, giving me ample time to see my friends. I could always change my return flight if nobody was available, but I loved Amsterdam, so I'd probably stay the entire week. I certainly had plenty of vacation time, and so long as I took my laptop with me, I could work if I had downtime.

I hadn't seen either Karla or Sari for some time, but we exchanged cards a few times a year, and Sari had called the two times she'd had layovers in Chicago, though I hadn't been available. She was primarily working flights to Indonesia, so US trips were rare. Hans and I exchanged emails reasonably regularly. He was retired and doing volunteer work teaching computers to High School kids and taking occasional consulting engagements.

I placed a call to Liesel to confirm Business Class tickets were available on KLM for those flights, and she put in the reservations. She also reserved a junior suite for me at the InterContinental Amstel in Amsterdam, using my Six Continents Club membership for the upgrade from a standard room. All of that confirmed, I sent an email to Dante with the proposed dates. Just fifteen minutes after I'd sent it, I received a reply saying that my meeting was set for Monday, March 3, at 9:00 in Zeewolde, located in Flevoland, a new province reclaimed from the former Zuiderzee.

I sent Hans Oostrum a quick note saying I'd be in the Netherlands, then called the number I had for Karla Timmer, reaching her answering machine. I left a message for her, then repeated the same with Sari Onbekend. The last thing I did before going back to work was text my wives to let them know of the travel plans.

---

 Jesse

With school having started, the entire gang was back for Friday nights, and there was a surprise as Adi was allowed to join us. It turned out that her dad had spoken with Zaida's dad and agreed that with two Muslim girls and one Muslim guy, Ahmed, a student from the Lab School, it was OK for Adi to join us. A few minutes after Birgit and I arrived at Giordano's, Angelina came into the restaurant.

"Interesting developments," Libby whispered.

I shrugged and sat down next to Luna, and Zahra sat next to me, with Zaida next to her, while Libby sat down next to Luna. The pizza was excellent, and once we finished eating, we headed to the theatre to see *Just Married*. As we walked, Adi came up next to me.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi! Your dad relented?"

"Partly. I'm allowed to come out with the group, but only if I'm always with Zaida."

"That's better than nothing!"

"It is. I want to come to the Hangouts, but I don't think I should ask."

"Probably not. Let him get used to this, and perhaps he'll relent a bit further. I am glad you're allowed to come out with us."

"I'll be at your game tomorrow with Zahra and Zaida. My dad is coming along with their dads."

Lunch was NOT going to be fun, but I knew how to talk to the men to keep things from spiraling out of control.

"We're always happy to have more people to cheer!"

We arrived at the theater, bought our tickets, and I sat between Luna and Zahra again, with Zaida and Adi taking the next two seats. Brittany Murphy and Ashton Kutcher were great together, and all of us laughed a lot at the story of newlyweds on their honeymoon in Europe. When the movie ended, the three Muslim girls had to go straight home while the rest of us went to get ice cream.

"Can we talk?" Angelina asked after we both had our ice cream.

"What about lunch on Sunday?"

"OK. The diner by the hospital at 12:30pm? That gives me enough time to get there from church."

"Sure."



## January 11, 2003, Chicago, Illinois

 Jesse

"Men, this is it!" Coach Nelson said. "Play intelligent hockey! Forwards, pass sharply and smartly and use good shot selection, but shoot the puck! Defensemen, watch the passing lanes, and don't let anyone get a straight run at Jesse. Jesse, stand tall, play smart, and make sure you protect the five-hole. What do you say, men?"



"RAH!" everyone shouted.

We left the locker room and went onto the ice to begin our warmups for our game against Chicago Latin. We were absolutely ready for this game, and so long as we followed Coach's guidance, I was confident we'd win. As I skated, I looked up in the stands and saw my moms, my dad, my dad's girlfriends, and my brothers and sisters. In addition, I saw most of the softball team and others, including Zahra, Zaida, and Adi, who all had their dads with them.

Lunch, actually brunch, given the time, was going to be interesting, but I put that out of my mind and thought back to our previous game against Chicago Latin. They were a good team, and the first game had been a defensive struggle during the first period but then opened up in the second. Coach planned for an all-out assault, and intended to mix things up, putting our second line on the ice first for a short stint, to get a defensive matchup with their second D-line.

Fifteen minutes later, after warmups and a quick pep talk by Coach, he put the plan into action, catching the Chicago Latin coach off guard. He tried to swap his lines, but the referee was ready to drop the puck, and there was no way he could do it without taking a considerable risk. The strategy worked, and we got our first goal just seventy-two seconds into the game.

The stoppage after the goal allowed the Chicago Latin coach to synchronize his defensive lines by double-shifting, and the game settled into a hard-fought end-to-end struggle. I made six saves, and the Chicago Latin goalie made eight, and the period ended 1-0.

"Good defense, guys," I said to Freddy and the other defensemen. "You didn't give them any clear shots. That makes life SO much easier!"

We all hydrated, changed t-shirts, then headed back to the ice for the second period, which didn't go nearly as well, as we took two penalties to only one by Chicago Latin, and they scored on one of the powerplays to bring the score to 1-1 after two periods.

"Dumb penalty, Paul!" I said. "Don't retaliate!"

"Yeah, I know," he said. "Sorry."

The third period was really tough, with Chicago Latin getting ten shots, two of which I barely fought off. Fortunately, with just forty seconds to go, Freddy snapped a pass to a streaking Nicholas, who skated in on the Chicago Latin goalie on a breakaway. Nicholas deked left, drew the puck back right, and slid it past the sprawling keeper. That led to a frenetic final thirty-five seconds of six-on-five, with two good shots, one of which Freddy blocked and one I turned away just at the buzzer, giving us a 2-1 victory.

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 Steve

"Good morning, Sensei!" Avanti exclaimed when she walked into the dōjō after driving straight there from the ice rink after Jesse's team had won their first playoff game.

"How was your vacation?"

"Hawai'i was great, but I missed coming to class for two full weeks!"

"Well, the dōjō was closed one of those weeks," I said. "Will you be at Philosophy Club tomorrow?"

"Yes. Are we having our time together after this afternoon's class?"

"Yes. Take your place, please."

She moved to line up, and I went to the locker room and quickly changed, then stepped into the viewing area where Anala was standing.

"Is everything OK for the 24th?" I asked.

"Yes," Anala said with a twinkle in her eye. "Prajesh and I are leaving on the 24th for a long weekend in Kohler. Avanti has permission to be at your house, so long as she's home when we arrive home, which is the evening of the 27th. I expect her guru to properly educate her."

I chuckled, "Given she's your daughter, it's more likely I'll be the one educated!"

Anala laughed softly, "You might have a point! But in all seriousness, you are the man I hoped you would become."

"Thank you. Any regrets?"

"About you? None at all."

"But about something else?"

Anala nodded, "When I started seeing you, there was a guy I was seeing, purely platonically, and I basically started ignoring him. It's my one true regret. I ruined an excellent friendship because I was so focused on you."

"I think rekindling our friendship says it's never too late. If he's still in Chicago, call him. Heck, if he's not in Chicago and you know where he is, call him. What's the worst thing that can happen? I'm certainly happy we restored our friendship, and happy you're attending our Philosophy Club meetings."

"So am I! I assume it's OK to spend time with Kara this afternoon while you and Avanti have your mentoring session?"

"Of course! She's expecting you. And now, I see I'm getting the evil eye from Will!"

"Go practice!"

I smiled, moved to the practice room, and took my position just as Ashley was called to lead meditation and exercises.