Best Girl by BJohn
Chapters 1-25

You'll need to read Sorcerer: The Inner Circle and Sorcerer: The Clann before starting this. Otherwise you'll loose some character interactions.

Chapter 1

SEAN CULLEN
(Monday 4/24)

After four months in Arizona, it was nice to be back in California! Don't get me wrong, Mesa's a nice place, a rapidly-growing community and has decent weather. Nothing beats home, though, and Altadena's been the family's stomping grounds for several generations.

I'd gotten in Friday evening and had spent Saturday and most of Sunday catching up with my sisters' families. The five kids (between the two families) gave me an exhaustive analysis of their schools, who's hot and who's not in the male idol world from the three girls and the latest derrings-do from the two boys.

Having five young people between eight and ten crawling over me wasn't exactly conducive to rest and relaxation. What the hell, plenty of time to rest later.

I "escaped" after dinner Sunday, went back to my room and vegetated around the pool for a while. Sunday evening, it was a dark and stormy night (just had to work that in somehow), one of those April showers that bring May flowers (got that one in, too). It left the air sparkling clean and the sky clear as a bell Monday morning.

After a leisurely late breakfast in the hotel restaurant, I took off for a stroll through "downtown" Altadena. From force of habit, I guess, I wore a brown suit and perched my brown bowler hat atop my head. Yes, it was unfashionable and people had slagged me for years about it.

Plenty of puddles to walk around but they'd dry up by noon. Someone was having a problem though.

She was standing in a huge puddle in front of a small storefront and was cursing away quietly but vehemently in a mixture of Irish and English with a few other languages tossed in for good measure.

EILEEN McLENNAN
(Monday 4/24)

God dammit to hell! Fuck! The damned bank line had been a mile long and every little old lady in Southern California had come in

to visit their money. They just **had** to chat with the tellers about their grandkids and show pictures then do the oldies' shuffle away from the window. The tellers bore up as well as they could but it slowed me down by a good half hour.

Frank hadn't opened up, either; the fuckin' grate was closed and locked. I wasn't totally surprised; he'd been gone somewhere since Friday afternoon. So there I stood in a god-damned huge puddle of water with Bridget in my right arm, her diaper bag and my purse in my left and nowhere to set anything down within fifteen feet.

And my boobs were so full of milk they hurt **and** I had to pee so bad I could taste it! Bridget started to stir and I knew she'd be wanting fed real soon. She farted and started filling her diaper with baby shit. I started swearing; I knew it wouldn't do any good but I did it anyway.

A male voice asked me in Irish, "How may I help you this morning, ma'am?"

SEAN

She was a gorgeous Red Irish lady with a baby on one arm and baby stuff on the other. Of course I offered to help; I stayed several feet away so I wouldn't startle her or appear threatening.

She glanced up and told me, "I've gotta open the store and there's no place to set things down. My husband Frank usually opens up but obviously he's not here -- and he probably won't be from the looks of it."

I said, "Well, permit me to assist you in your time of need," and slowly moved closer.

I'm an empath; it kinda runs in the family. One person each generation can sense others' emotions and frequently their thoughts. This generation, it had been me and I'd been practicing, testing and trying to develop the Talent as best I could. I'd been somewhat successful over the years; it'd helped me out tremendously in business.

As I got closer, I could tell she wasn't afraid, just pissed as hell. At around three feet, I felt a light mental *joining*. Battle stations! She was ready to bust top and bottom!

I got right beside her and as we looked at each other, I fell into her eyes. Deep, wonderfully-intense joy and sorrow; it was like floating on an ocean of life. I snatched myself back; this was neither the time nor the place and she was obviously a married lady!

I *joined* a bit differently. The keys were in her purse hanging on her left arm. I picked up the outer handle, moved it off her wrist

and supported the weight while she dug inside. She handed me the keys and I slipped the handle back on her wrist.

She started to tell me which key opened the grate but I'd already picked it out and had unlocked it; it was right in front of her mind. I rolled the grate back far enough to clear the door and gave it the little hitch needed to get over the big weld joint.

The inner door had three locks; each took about a second to find the proper key and use it. No sweat. I put the proper lift on the handle and pulled it open (the hinges were a bit loose and it dragged).

The light switches were up high on the right so I flicked them all on and got out of her way. She walked stiffly in with her burdens; I took the diaper bag off her left arm and followed her. She was in a hell of a hurry but had to walk carefully. If she jarred herself, she'd wet her panties.

EILEEN

When we looked at each other, I felt briefly dipped in heaven. He got the keys and had the grate and doors open before I had a chance to say a word. I slid in; I had to walk really smoothly so I didn't pee myself.

He took Bridget's diaper bag and dropped the keys back in my purse. At her bassinet at the end of the counter, I just handed her to him. He took and handled her like he'd been doing it for years; somehow I just trusted him completely.

He laid her in the bassinet and I hurried slowly towards the bathroom in back. Geeser (the store cat) tried to intercept me and lead me to his food dish but I kept on slogging.

I almost didn't make it; it started coming out just as I was sitting down. Dayum! Almost an orgasm, it felt so good. I must have pissed a gallon!

I cursed again. Friday afternoon Frank had just glared at me, walked out of the store and vanished. No calls, no messages, no nothing. This type of crap had been going on for about a year now; it had started after I got pregnant and had gotten worse ever since. He'd even managed to disappear while Bridget was being born. Asshole wanker!

I washed up and touched up my makeup. For whatever reason, I just felt Bridget was completely safe, so I took what time I needed. Dayum! Now I had to change her and finish opening up the store. I'd even have to do something about the puddle outside; probably no one would wade through it to come in.

SEAN

She handed me the baby like we'd done it every day for years. Well, I can handle that. I laid the warm, very fragrant bundle down in the bassinet and looked at the face.

Probably four months old, female, very Irish. Red hair with peaches and cream complexion like her (probably) mother. Beautiful. Her eyes opened and they were the most glorious shade of blue-green imaginable.

We fell into each other. She was deep, rich and powerful with tons of Talent; another empath! Mum and I had shared a bit of this feeling every once in a while (she'd been the empath in her generation) but this was the first time I'd felt it to this wonderful depth and richness. We must have stared at each other for a good five minutes before I backed off and took a quick look around.

Hmm. Looks like a ladies' accessory store. Scarves, handbags, jewelry, makeup, all that kind of stuff. Maura and Teresa (my sisters) would love this! The bassinet had a little engraved plaque on it saying, "Bridget." I guessed this was the baby's name.

I stuck my face close to hers and asked, "I'm Sean. Are you Bridget?"

She promptly lifted her head a little, chortled and grabbed my glasses off my face with a tiny hand. Not to worry, they're the bend-almost-double-without-breaking frames. I got the distinct message, *"Yes."*

Very nice Talent! I'd been able to exchange thoughts as communication only with Mum on a few occasions. This was a great leap upwards!

I took a cautious sniff and a listen. She was probably done with this load. There were diapers and supplies in the bag so I started changing her. She tried to catch me off guard but I held the old diaper over her long enough she didn't pee on me or the new diaper.

"Little devil. I bet you caught your mom with that one a few times."

"Yes. Fun. Hungry. Mom?"

*"She's in the bathroom doing **her** pee job."*

"Okay. Hungry."

"Coming Real Soon Now. Let's finish you up here."

I finished cleaning her and putting on the new diaper while she banged my glasses against the bassinet, chewed on them a couple times and laughed at me. There was another small sink

behind the counter by the makeup section so I washed my hands off.

When I tried to rescue my glasses, Bridget grabbed a finger, pulled it in her mouth and bit down. Yow! She had a tooth! While she was attempting to gnaw off my finger I rescued my glasses and burbled her belly.

EILEEN

Now at least only my breasts ached like hell; I still had to change Bridget before I fed her. Much easier walking back out.

The man had taken his coat and (what the fuck?) brown bowler hat off and was feeding Geeser. Bridget chortled away while waving her arms and legs around. I started to change her but it seemed like she told me, *"Clean. Hungry."*

She **was** clean. The man looked at us; he told me, "I changed her. With five nieces and nephews from two older sisters, I've been the default baby-sitter for over ten years."

What the hell. It seemed every time I glanced at him I got a touch of wonderful. That's one hell of a lot of charisma he shines around!

Go with the flow. I told him, "Thanks. I'm Eileen McLennan and this is my daughter Bridget."

He told me in Irish, "I thought so. The resemblance is unmistakable and the plaque on the bassinet says 'Bridget.' Two beautiful ladies to light up a delightful ladies' store."

Blarney to the max! My Irish wasn't too bad, so we kept using it.

He said, "I'm Sean Cullen and in case you didn't notice, I'm Irish too." As if I'd miss that. Gingernut with freckles plus the Irish and Irish accent on the English.

I laughed and told him, "Hard to miss. Thanks for the baby changing and cat feeding."

He grinned at me and held up a finger. "It's nothing. I'd say Bridget is hungry; she almost gnawed my finger off."

Jaysus! Back to baby business.

SEAN

Dayum! Two of a kind. Eileen felt like she had lots of Talent, too.

She picked up Bridget and a baby blanket and sat in a small rocking chair next to the bassinet. I knew she was going to nurse so I moved off towards the front of the store.

I found a bib apron and a push broom in a closet near the front door. I put on the apron, popped on my bowler (gotta keep up appearances, right?) and headed outside.

I heard Eileen let out a muffled shriek and felt her pain (literally). I called out, "Sounds like you found her tooth. For what it's worth, my sisters kept changing the angle the baby's at so you just get an overall sore instead of **very** sore in just one spot."

She said, "Yeh. Definitely found it. Thanks for the advice."

I went outside and finished opening the grates all the way so the window displays were visible. The displays weren't too bad; probably could use a little freshening. I swept the water puddle onto the street and picked up a little litter here and there.

Foot traffic was starting to pick up a little. Several ladies came by, a couple with babies in strollers. Being the blarney man I am, I lifted my hat, smiled and gave a little bow. Most of them smiled right back.

I went back inside, picked up all the wastebaskets and emptied them in the dumpster out back. I came back inside, put the wastebaskets back, washed my hands and sat down in a chair next to Eileen and Bridget. Should be pretty much ready for the day.

EILEEN

Yow! It felt like an ice pick through the end. I let out a yell; Sean commented about a tooth. So that's what had been going on for a couple days; Bridget was teething. She grinned at me around the boob. I knew she told me, *"Sorry. Mom good. Best mom world."*

I hugged her lightly and almost wept I was so happy. I felt like we were part of one another, heart and soul.

Sean had grabbed Frank's apron and a broom (that silly hat!) and went outside. I saw and heard him open the grates the rest of the way and heard him sweeping the sidewalk. I saw several ladies walk by, some with strollers; he must have laid some blarney on them because they all laughed.

Sean emptied the wastebaskets. By the time he'd put them back and had washed his hands, Bridget had finished the one side so I switched her.

He sat in the chair beside me, nodded at Bridget under the blanket and asked, "First one?" Bridget had worked an arm out from under the blanket and waved at him.

I told him, "Yeh. Maybe the last the way things are going." I thought of what was happening (and not happening) between

Frank and me; a little frisson of emotional pain rain through me; Bridget told me, *"Happy. Be happy Mom. Best mom world."*

Sean grinned. "Well, we've all gotta learn sometime. If I ever get married, at least I'll know what to do."

I couldn't help it; I leered at him a little and said, "A woman usually appreciates a man who knows what to do." We're still in Irish, of course.

He laughed. "I'm not a beginner at **that**, necessarily, just not a lot of practice. Is this your and your husband's store?"

"No. We both work here. Frank usually opens up and I come down a half hour later after Bridget gets her bath. Frank vanished Friday afternoon and this morning I had to do a bank run to get change. Of course every old biddy in town had to yack at the tellers so by the time I got here, everything was hurting. Thanks so much for helping."

He smiled again. Every time he smiled it felt so good inside me it almost hurt. Dayum! And I'm a married lady -- even if I don't know for how long.

He told me, "No problem. The last time I was by here, I seem to recall this was a sewing store."

"Yeh. It just wasn't doing too well so it closed down. Mrs. Shane leased it a couple months ago; Frank and I started here a month ago. We live just a few blocks down so it's pretty easy to commute.

"So, what's a dashing young Irishman with a silly hat doing roaming the streets of Altadena on a Monday morning in April? You've been here almost an hour now and don't appear to be in a hurry to leave. Not that I'm complaining at all, mind you. Bridget and I enjoy the company."

He told me, "Well, I guess you could call me a consultant or entrepreneur. I just came back from a four-month project in Arizona and was figuring to take a week or so to vegetate before I looked for something else to muck around with. Any time you wish, you can kick me out. Just say the word; I won't be offended.

"And I enjoy your company. Bridget and I seemed to have hit it off great; I think she's gonna be my best girl for a while -- unless her parents object."

I grinned at him. "Well, so far, I'm not objecting. I don't know about Frank. In fact, I don't seem to know much at all about him lately."

He didn't say anything, just cocked an eyebrow to show he was listening.

I told him, “I met Frank last year when I was in college. He’s a lot older than me but that didn’t seem to bother either of us. We got married before Spring Break last year and I got pregnant almost right away with Bridget.

“Jaysus, I don’t know why I’m telling you all this; you just seem safe to talk with. Anyway, we seemed to do fabulously well together until a couple months after I told him I was pregnant then he seemed to change for whatever reason.

“He started going out a couple nights a week. He’d come back smelling of beer or whiskey and a couple times I’d swear I smelled woman-sex on him. Little sex and that was perfunctory like he was literally going through the motions. We’ve had nothing for the last seven months.

“Bridget’s eighteen weeks old now; Frank managed to vanish between the time I got to the hospital until a day after she was born. I went through labor and birth all alone. My Nana would have been with me but she’d died a couple days before. Mom and Dad had long been gone so I felt so damned lonely!

“The nurses helped as they could but I cried one hell of a lot. Once Bridget was out it seemed like we really bonded; she’s the only thing that kept me going. When Frank did show up, he just looked at Bridget, grunted and took us home. I don’t think he’s ever held her.

“This last week, he’s vanished three evenings and didn’t show up until mid-day twice. Friday afternoon, he took off and I haven’t seen him since.

“I try to talk with him and he just claims everything is ‘all right’ or ‘just a little headache’ then ignores the both of us and crunches a couple aspirin. I smell booze and woman on him all the time so I figure he’s getting a lot on the side somewhere.

“Shit. If Bridget were a little older, I’d be outta there in a shot and divorce his ass; if he refuses to talk with me, why would he talk with a marriage counselor? As it is, I’ve got only a bit of change set aside from working here the last month.

“So. That’s my long and sad tale. Not your concern, but thanks for listening anyway.”

He smiled gently and said, “My privilege. Anything I can do to help, I will. Anyway, sounds as if Bridget’s pumped the well dry. I’ll burp her if you like so you can get the register open and the rest of the setup done.”

Yeh, Bridget was sucking air. I got things arranged and buttoned up under the towel; Sean neither looked nor didn’t look. It was like I was changing my shoes or something; no big deal. Of

course, with two sisters and five kids, he'd probably seen plenty of breast feeding.

I handed Bridget to him; he draped her over his shoulder on the towel and stroked her back with a practiced, easy rhythm. She hugged an arm around his neck and settled down. He quietly sang an Irish Rover song in a nice tenor.

> I've a nice little house and a cow yard too with grass.
> I've a plant garden running by the door.
> I've a shelter for the hens and a stable for the ass
> Now, what could a man want more?
> I don't know, maybe so,
> But a bachelor is easy and he's free.
> But I've lots to look after, though I'm living all alone.
> Sure nobody's looking after me.
> My father often tells me I should go and have a try
> To find a girl that owns a bit of land.
> And I know, the way he says it, that there's someone on his mind.
> And my mother has the whole thing planned.
> I don't know, maybe so,
> But t'would mollify them greatly to agree.
> Now, there's little Bridget Flynn, sure it's her I'd love to win,
> But she never has an eye for me.
> Now there's a little girl who's worth her weight in gold.
> And that's a decent dowry, don't you see?
> And I mean to go and ask her just as soon as I get bold,
> If she'll come and have an eye for me.
> Will she go? I don't know.
> But I'd love to have her sitting on my knee.
> And I'll sing like a thrush in a hawthorn bush
> If she'll come and have an eye for me

So wonderfully sweet. Bridget let out a nice belch and a bit of spit up, squirmed around a few seconds then went to sleep.

SEAN

Eileen had trouble, I'd say. Well, for the moment, I decided just to help out as I could. Bridget obliged us with a nice burp and dozed off as she told me, *"Nice. Good. Best mom world. Best Sean world. Good. Love."*

I told her back, *"You're my best girl, Bridget. You and your mom are wonderful ladies."*

Eileen opened up the register and puttered around. Since she wasn't kicking me out, I made myself useful by restocking and straightening a few areas.

The *join* or *link* between Eileen and me seemed to be pretty strong even across the store; I'd just think of needing something and she'd pop up with the location if they had it.

I did the up and down the ladder stuff. I'd been experimenting with mental *reaching* and *touching* -- the books called it "tell the nieces" or something. Today, I was able to pick up lots of stuff from the floor up to me on the ladder so I didn't have to climb up and down. I kept an eye on Eileen so she wouldn't catch me; she'd probably get spooked and she didn't need anything more going on in her world right now.

The practice was worth it. After a couple minutes, I got a lot better at judging the effort and delicacy needed. It wasn't so much effort, exactly, either. It was a lot like power steering in a car -- I just needed to hone in the amount to turn. It took me no more work to pick up a ten-pound box than a single half-ounce scarf.

Distance didn't seem to matter a lot either. I found I could *touch* and move something across the street just as easily as something a foot away. Just as an experiment, I slowly picked up the concrete trash holder across the street a couple inches. Literally no sweat at all to pick up several hundred pounds, just a judgment on the control needed.

Actually, everything seemed sharper and brighter today. I could feel Bridget no matter where I was and knew where Eileen was every moment. It was as effortless as knowing where my right hand was.

I waited on a couple customers. I'd had plenty of experience in sales so it wasn't a big deal. Since I knew where everything was and Eileen knew what we could order if necessary all I had to do was sell.

The register was easy to use. I used Frank's code and picked everything else from Eileen. I didn't look at her too deeply; it was bad enough I was falling in love with her four-month-old daughter -- and she was a married lady!

EILEEN

It was good to talk with Sean. It didn't handle the problem, but telling someone who could listen really helped.

I mostly puttered around the jewelry and makeup. Sean worked up and down the ladder rearranging and restocking the higher shelves. Somehow, I could feel exactly where he was all the time. I knew where Bridget was -- in her bassinet -- but now could actually feel her just as if I was holding her and I knew just how she was doing.

I watched Sean out of the corner of my eye. What the hell? He seemed to be moving stuff around without touching it; I saw several boxes literally float in the air up to him on the ladder. Telekinesis? Dayum!

Well, today has been full of surprises, what's one more? Wonder how he does it? He didn't seem to strain at it; I couldn't feel any strain or effort. He just seemed to be controlling things with a mental *touch*.

Sean could do it, why not me? I was in the jewelry section so I picked out a small marble (women somehow seem to keep losing theirs) and concentrated on it. Force up!

Fuck! The damned thing took off straight up, bounced off the ceiling and damned near nailed Geeser! I guess a little of this goes a long way.

Okay, much less "effort" needed. I retrieved it and tried again. This time, it rose the quarter inch I'd wanted. YES!

Make it bounce around and dance a little -- keep an eye on Sean so he wouldn't see -- that worked.

Bridget stirred around and moved her blanket off. Without even a thought, I reached from across the room and pulled it back on her. Neat!

I didn't know what the hell was going on but it was wonderful and interesting. Bridget felt so warm, loving and **familiar** while Sean was becoming deeper and richer every moment. Something sure the hell was changing!

Bridget woke up in an hour or so -- her usual after-meal nap time. She seemed to tell me, *"Love. Up? Cuddle? Love."*

I went over, picked her up and gave her a good snuggle. She cooed and wiggled around. I felt, *"Best mom in world. Nice Sean. Happy. Love you."*

It felt so nice I leaked a few happy tears. It had been at least a year since a happy tear.

Sean waited on a couple ladies who came in. I recognized them; they'd been coming in once a week or so to look around. He asked them, "How may I help you?"

They took one look at his bowler and struggled not to laugh aloud! Sean just grinned, looked a little smug and told them, "Conversation piece. I've gotten many a date from a girl who just **had** to ask about it."

One asked him, "Who **are** you?"

He told them, "Well, I'm Mrs. McLennan's remote cousin and Bridget's godfather. She's a bit shorthanded today, so I'm

helping out. Besides, this way I can cuddle Bridget a little -- she's my best girl!"

Good enough for me!

They cooed over Bridget (who obligingly put on a good show), cast lecherous eyes on Sean's butt when he wasn't looking, shopped around and got something like two hundred dollars of stuff. The most Frank had **ever** sold at one time was twenty-five dollars!

Around 11:00, Sean took off his apron (but not the hat!) and asked, "Pretty near lunch time. I'll fly and buy; what would the lady desire for a mid-day repast?"

Bridget told us, *"Chinese. Shrimp. Good."*

Okay, sounded okay to me. Yeh, everything I eat flavors the milk and I've never tried Chinese on her. Sean asked me, "Chinese and shrimp okay with you?"

I laughed at him. "Sounds good. **If** they let you in the door with that hat!"

He and Bridget both laughed. He said, "I'm sure they will. They're used to me after several years." He took off.

I carried Bridget around while I did more arranging. I practiced moving stuff; the more I practiced, the more "of course" it became.

I asked Bridget, "Is it okay if Sean's your godfather?"

"Godfather?"

"A godfather or godmother is a special person who's promised to watch out for a child if their mother and father are gone."

"Yes! Sean is godfather. Best man in world!"

I didn't know what was going on today but I wasn't about to make it go away.

Twenty-five minutes later, I swore Sean told me, *"Lunch in five minutes."* I set the table in back which was a matter of getting out the paper plates, napkins and plasticware.

Five minutes later he came in the door with food! Just as desired, Chinese with shrimp. Okay, chalk up another mystery; Bridget and Sean were both talking to me without saying anything.

He set the containers on the table and dug some other stuff from other bags. He handed me a large box of nursing pads. "I noticed the diaper bag was getting low on these. There seem to be plenty of diapers stored back here so I didn't get any more of them."

Dayum he's good!

He pulled out a large piece of cloth with straps and a couple buckles. “Baby sling. That way you can hold her next to you and still have both hands free. My sisters used one for nursing so they could smack the other kids around with both hands.” Big grin.

Holy shit! Those things run at least seventy-five bucks! Way out of Frank and my price range.

I had to give at least a token resistance. “I shouldn’t accept gifts from a man with strange hat habits.”

He grinned and asked, “Is it okay if I give it to Bridget as gift from an admirer?”

Couldn’t argue with that. We adjusted it and tried it out. Bridget slipped right in. *“Nice. Snuggy. Best mom! Best man! Godfather is nice!”*

Sean told her, “Best girl!”

I told her, “Best daughter!”

At least Sean took his hat off during lunch.

After lunch, I kept Bridget in the sling and worked away. **Great** invention. I just draped a towel over everything when she nursed.

Sean got in the window display, dusted things off and did some rearranging as Bridget and I watched from outside. We “approved” his ideas; hell, they were great! I wouldn’t have thought of half of them.

From outside the window, I asked, *“Where did you learn all this?”*

“Courses in junior college. Study hands-on with lots of successful retailers. Practice.”

We had the after-school rush of student girls from 2:30 to 3:30. Sean flirted with them while they stared at his hat and his butt. They giggled, blushed and bought. They ooed and awed over Bridget who gave another show.

Around 3:00, Bridget told me, *“Hungry. Please? Best mom.”*

This time I didn’t bother with the towel. Maybe one man a day came in ordinarily and they never bothered me. Sean? Well, he was Sean; he wasn’t about to ogle me.

He told me, *“Under other circumstances, I **would** ogle a beautiful lady like you.”* Blarney man!

The girls didn’t mind watching; several asked questions. Interestingly, only Sean was able to answer some; he’d actually had more exposure (so to speak) to breast feeding than I had.

I'd usually done the burping with back patting. This time I tried rubbing her back like Sean had. Bridget told me, *"Feels good Mom. Better than beating me."* She came up with a nice belch.

Sean asked me, "Okay if I run a few errands? There's a couple people I'd like to touch base with."

I told him, "Of course it's okay. You're volunteer labor, right? I appreciate everything you've done for us."

Bridget piped up, *"Godfather Sean is best man in the world!"*

SEAN

I told Eileen I drift back by around 5:00 to help with the closing if Frank hadn't shown up. She told me, "I don't know what to expect of Frank. I'm betting he won't show."

Anyway, I trotted back to the hotel and talked briefly with the day manager. The place hadn't fallen down or been robbed while I was gone, so that was all good.

I dropped by the police station and chatted with Sergeant Kane, the desk sergeant. We'd been talking every couple days for years; he kept me abreast of a lot of things I needed to know and I fed him what information I'd picked up in my wanderings.

I told him, "I'm planning on being back at least several weeks. I don't have another project on the boards yet; maybe in a week or so I'll get ambitious and start looking around."

I asked him, "By the way, do you know anything about Shane's Shop? I see it's new since I've been gone."

He grinned. "You've seen the Irish mother, right? Pretty young thing. Anyway, a Mrs. Shane fired it up a couple months or so ago. She brought the couple in a month ago; she hasn't been around the last couple weeks. I'd say she's either sick or she's doing the absentee owner plan; you know how that works, Sean.

"The Irish lady and her baby are real nice. I'm not so sure about the man, though. He's in his mid-forties -- not that I hold that against him -- but he seems, well, cold and deceitful. Myself, I wouldn't turn my back on him too long."

I said, "Well, Mrs. McLennan said Frank's been gone all weekend and he's been gone all day today. Maybe you could keep an eye out for him? She appears to be a bit concerned."

Sergeant Kane told me, "Okay, I'll put it on the shift briefing. Any idea where they live?"

Hell no. Wait -- hot dayum! I just picked the address from Eileen and we were something like twelve blocks away! Yowsah!

I rattled it off along with the shop phone number. Sergeant Kane looked at me. "Pretty quick with that. Not thinking of doing a little poaching, are you, Sean?"

I gave an exaggerated shudder. "Maura and Teresa would have my balls in a second. I may have a hunting license but she's definitely not in season. We're probably remote cousins and I'm kinda like the baby's godfather."

He eyed me intently. "You're a good man, Sean, even if you do wear that silly hat around."

I got back to the shop just before 5:00. Still no Frank, so I helped close up. Interesting; I could tell if the back door was closed and locked and if the windows were secure just by putting my attention on them. After a few cross-checks between that way and physically checking, I trusted it.

I pulled the grate across the front, locked it shut and dropped the keys into Eileen's purse. I asked her, "Frank doesn't appear to be around. May I take you ladies to dinner?"

Eileen told me, "Let's go by the apartment first. If he's not there and there's no note, we'll hang onto your coat tails."

Bridget announced, *"Not there. Don't feel him."*

Eileen and I looked at each other. Stuff's really happening!

We walked by their place; nobody home, no note, nada. So off to dinner at one of my favorite restaurants three blocks away.

EILEEN

As we were going in, Sean got ahead and held the door. I smiled and thanked him; Bridget asked, *"I think Sean has a nice butt. Don't you think so, Mom?"*

We ate and *talked*. Bridget had a liquid meal. I asked Sean, "What the devil's happening, Sean? You show up this morning and magic your way through four locks into the store in fifteen seconds. We've all started talking among ourselves without speaking and you and I are moving things around just by thinking. I'm remembering fantastical things of times before I was born."

Bridget said, *"And I'm remembering things. Lots more than just a year or so. A home here in California. New York. Ireland. Speech, talking and grammar. Irish Gaelic. Parents, children, grandchildren. And **I** can move things too."* A knife floated up an inch and spun in a circle a few times.

Sean closed his eyes for a moment. "I've been able to see what you're thinking since the first moment we've met. This afternoon,

I got your home address and the store phone number from over twelve blocks away. I'm not exactly sure of what's going on."

He told us about being an empath; that it showed up in one person per generation in his family. He said, "But this is beyond that. The best I've been able to do before today was pick up general emotions and a few thoughts. Now it's so clear it's amazing. Bridget, when I first looked at you this morning, I could tell you were the same as me in many ways with lots of Talent."

Bridget told us, *"Yeh. I remember that. It was like I started coming out of a deep fog of confusion. I started talking with Mom right away and all day I've been able to find the both of you without looking with my eyes. Even while you were gone this afternoon, Sean, I knew where you were. You went to a hotel and to a police station."*

Well, I wasn't a philosophy or psych major, just a BBA. On the other hand...

I said, "Sean, you just said you recognized that Bridget had Talent, too. Maybe Bridget and I are latent empaths like you. I remember my Nana and I knowing each other so well we'd go for hours together without saying anything and being completely happy. We'd make meals, go places, all that.

"But this is a lot deeper than that. It's like we're sharing our entire selves at times. Perhaps it takes a certain amount of Talent, power, whatever or a certain number of 'Talented' people together. I'd guess we stimulated each other enough to bring it all out."

Sean said, "I tend to agree with that. I've been trying to explore and train my Talent for something like thirteen years now. I've made more advances today than during the entire previous thirteen years. I don't know what caused it but I think we need to find out **what** we've got."

We agreed. It was no longer a "curious," it was a **need** to know.

Sean glanced at his watch. "We've been here a couple hours now; I think it's time to head home."

He walked us back home. Well before we got near we could easily tell there was still no Frank.

We agreed he'd come by in the morning. If Frank had showed up, okay. If not, he'd help us open up at least.

He gave Bridget a nice hug. "Goodnight to my best girl. I'll stop by to see you tomorrow one way or another."

Bridget smiled, laughed and told him, *"Godfather Sean! Best man! I'm learning to love you a lot!"*

Sean and I traded a chaste hug. He said, "Goodnight, my lady. May the faeries guard your sleep tonight."

As he walked a way, I felt a phantom kiss on my hand which thrilled me everywhere.

Chapter 2

SEAN
(Monday evening 4/24)

Nothing much happened Monday night. I went back to my hotel room, eyeballed some financial reports, caught up on some reading and went to bed fairly early.

We kept in a light *link*. We were happy to be together that way but all of us were concerned about Frank. It was the not-knowing that was difficult.

Bridget went out like a light pretty early; even with her asleep, Eileen and I could feel her being there.

Eileen and I lasted another hour. We *talked* about what had happened, tried to find some common denominators beyond the facts that we could all do the same things and in general, got to know each other a little bit better. She fed Bridget again; by the time we drifted asleep, we felt like good friends.

EILEEN
(Tuesday 4/25)

Despite my concern, I slept very well. With Sean around in a light *link*, Bridget and I felt we weren't so alone.

No Frank on Tuesday morning. When Bridget and I woke up, we asked Sean to meet us at the store at the normal 9:00 opening time. He counter-offered with breakfast. Sure, why not?

He pulled by the apartment in a BMW. Nice, very nice. Frank and I'd had a banger Ford which had died last year and we hadn't had the money to get another. We'd gotten by.

Off to the restaurant! Waiters, nice chairs, steak, eggs, toast and coffee. I apologized to Bridget that she couldn't have any of it yet; maybe we'd start solid food in a couple weeks.

She told me, *"That's okay, Mom. I don't think my body could handle it yet anyway. Besides, if I link with you just right, I can taste and enjoy it like you do. As it was, I got a little shrimp flavor last night in the milk."* Clever girl!

Now it was time to hit the store. We got close right before 9:00; it was still closed and locked with no Frank in evidence. Sean parked the car in the reserved spot in back. Bridget and I went in through the back while Sean went around front and opened the

grating and front door from the outside. All was normal inside; it didn't look as if Frank had been in.

Geeser was ready and waiting for us to feed him. Of course, that's always the most important action in the morning, right?

We put our stuff away and got Bridget in her bassinet. I fed Geeser while Sean opened the register and Bridget chortled, laughed and rolled over several times.

Okay. Sean recommended a full cleaning day. We kept an eye out for customers while we dusted the ceiling and overhead lights. Plenty of dust and cobwebs right away; Bridget pulled the blanket over her head.

We paused for a moment; the dust was getting on the merchandise below. Bridget offered, *"How about a little force touch over the top of everything to shield it? We could sorta fold it up when we're done."*

She got good mental hugs for that. So, we protected everything below the ceiling and lights and dusted away. Just as she'd suggested, when we were done with that and the dust had settled, we "folded" it up and deposited it in the dumpster in back. Clever; that's my daughter!

It was a little easier on the walls. We ran dusters over most everything and straightened out the boxes and other stuff on display -- mostly with our *touches*; it was great practice.

Around 10:00, I figured it was time to feed Bridget. She agreed wholeheartedly, *"All that work made me hungry!" Grin.*

So I kicked back, relaxed and let her drain both sides while we worked over most of the rest of the store. Sean had pretty much done both display windows yesterday so they just got a quick dusting on the inner edges.

We had a couple customers in; Sean charmed them while they stared at his hat and butt. They looked and they bought; life was okay.

Of course they exclaimed over Bridget; she put on a great show of smiles, gurgles and laughs. She asked, *"Am I the dog or the pony in this show?"*

I told her, *"You're the **star**, honey!"*

Sean said, *"And you're my best girl! I've lost my heart to you and am in thrall to you forever."*

We pretended to swoon; Bridget did a credible job with a hand on her forehead considering how little control she had over her body.

More customers. I thought someone was spreading the word about a handsome Irishman full of blarney wearing a silly hat. They came, they flirted, they bought!

Lunchtime. I insisted it was my turn to fly and buy so Sean took over the Bridget watch while I took Sean's Beemer for a spin. Yeh, I still had a license so I was legal.

SEAN

Off she went! I rigged the sling so I could carry my lovely sweetheart around with me while I polished jewelry, folded scarves and blouses and did whatever I did to the makeup area; I just cleaned since I have no sense at all about makeup except to know when it looked good. Eileen didn't really need any in my opinion and didn't use much anyway.

Bridget and I worked away. She sat upright in front of my chest facing outwards and managed to find just the right spot under my belt to kick her heels. *"Giddyup, cowboy! Time's awastin'!"* Groan. I put up a really soft force shield and let her kick away.

Three customers came in. Bridget put on a real show! She waved her hands, kicked her feet and managed to knock my hat off into her hands.

She promptly stuck the rim in her mouth and gummed it really good (that one tooth tried to make a hole). The ladies loved it while I groaned, moaned, tried to pull it away from her and made various mock verbal threats involving grounding for life and getting fed only cold, day-old gruel. Didn't phase her a bit.

The ladies made fun of me, flirted and bought several hundred dollars of merchandise.

Eileen came back and rescued me. She glared at Bridget for a moment then said, "Good girl! Maybe we'll get rid of that silly hat!"

Bridget told us, *"Well, it was fun, but I think that 'silly hat' just brought in more income over the last day and a half than we usually get in a week. So, I won't chew it up completely."*

Saved by the income!

Lunch was In and Out Burgers, no onions. I got fries while Eileen had hers "plain." A good feast, just right. I told Bridget, "You'll probably get another taste tonight."

"Yeh. I get doubles on everything!"

We relaxed and talked for a couple hours, tending to customers as they came in. I finished up with a good floor vacuuming and spot-cleaned some suspicious areas. Done.

What would have taken Eileen and me probably a solid eight to twelve hours to do manually, the three of us had done mentally in something like three or four hours.

EILEEN

Around 1:00, Mrs. Shane came in. A couple weeks ago, she'd turned the store over to Frank and me during the weekdays and came in a couple times a week to do the books and catch up on any special ordering. It had worked out fine so far except now Frank was playing hooky. I'd totally forgotten about her.

She and Sean looked at each other for a few seconds then started laughing. She said, "Sean, I see you've got that same silly hat except it looks a little shopworn."

Sean told her, "It went through a Bridget attack, Sharon. I'm lucky it survived."

I asked, "How you two know each other?"

Sean deferred to her. She said, "In January, I went to his one-day Small Retail Proprietorship seminar in Arizona. He wore it all the time. Someone finally had the guts to ask him about it."

Sean said, "I tell them you need to be willing to draw attention to yourself in a good way. It can be outlandish, like a clown suit, or very subtle such as a tailored dress. In my case, this hat is just off-beat enough it gets attention on me to start with and acts as a common point of discussion.

"Once people are talking to each other, the sky's the limit. This hat is just peculiar enough that people wonder about it, keep some attention on it and pay a lot of attention to me, hoping I'll explain it. Sharon's seminar only took three hours before someone took the bait."

At Bridget's prompting, I asked, "So, Sean, how did you end up teaching this seminar?"

Sharon and he laughed. She told me, "He's created, developed and sold something like twenty small businesses in the last five years. He's **damned** good at it."

She looked around and asked, "By the way, where's Frank and how the hell did you end up here, Sean?"

Sean and I got serious in a hurry. I told Sharon, "I don't know where he is. Friday afternoon he took off just before closing and I haven't seen him since.

"Sean came to my rescue Monday morning when I was standing in a huge puddle in front of the store with my arms full of Bridget and stuff while my boobs and bladder were ready to explode --

and everything was locked up. He's stayed and helped me ever since."

Sharon looked him over really good. "Sean, you didn't have rescuing damsels in distress on your resume; why not?"

We laughed at him; Bridget put in her contribution of chortles, chuckles and leg kicks. Sharon hurried over to her bassinet, took a look and said, "My God, Bridget, you must have put on at least a pound since last week!"

Bridget had never had a problem with her so Sharon picked her up and snuggled her against her shoulder. Bridget made her day when she laughed, wiggled around, grabbed her nose and gave her wobbly-necked baby kisses while telling her, *"Sharon nice lady! Really nice!"*

Sharon was almost crying and the goo had soaked our clean carpet when she laid her back down.

"Anyway," she said, "I'll pay for Frank or the same wages for Sean but not both of them. Eileen, I hope you've been working him and he hasn't been just sitting around flirting with the women."

I assured her, "Oh, he's worked all right. He completely re-did both display windows yesterday then today we all cleaned the inside of the store and straightened and sorted stuff out.

"Besides, every time he's worn that silly hat and a woman comes in, she flirts with him and buys something. I figured that in the last day and a half, we've brought in a normal week's worth of income. The ladies love him and the young girls just want to eat him alive."

Sean looked around innocently while we stared at him. Bridget remarked, *"**I**'d like to eat him... alive."* Raunchy young woman! I would, too.

Sharon and I went behind the register to show her the receipts while Sean bounced Bridget around a little and tried to stay out of the way. Sharon glanced over the figures, nodded approval then pulled a one-inch thick binder from her big bag and thumped it down on the counter. I'd seen her with it while she'd been training us.

She pretended to glare at Sean. "Since you're working here, I expect you've implemented all the points in your seminar. Shall we check?"

Sean groaned and looked harried. Bridget patted him on the cheek. He said, "Okay. Let's see what we've got."

They scurried around, looking at the binder and at the store. Sharon pointed out something in the newspaper, they went

outside and examined the display windows, came back in and looked over the store while pointing at different things and generally looking very busy.

I handled half a dozen customers while they were busy (a couple nice sales) then the school-girl crowd hit us. They must have spread the word about Sean because there were at least twice as many as there were yesterday!

Sharon and he were still going at it. I whispered to a couple of the girls, “I think he’d appreciate being rescued. That lady is trying to steal him from us.”

A giggle of girls surrounded him and dragged him off while Sharon and I grinned at each other. Bridget got her share of attention; besides, it was feeding time again.

We had a larger audience this time and Sean had a few more questions to answer. They finally drifted off by 3:30 or so. Sharon took a look at the register receipt and did a few figures. She told us, “You took in about three hundred dollars in the last hour from those girls. Between Sean and Bridget, it appears we’ve got the right kind of attention-getters.”

Bridget and I laughed. I asked her, “So, how did Sean do in his inspection?”

Sharon told me, “Oh, boy! I got to pick his brains at ten dollars an hour instead of a thousand. He did okay, actually, for a quick pass-through in a day and a half. The display windows are great and you’ll notice the entire floor has been subtly re-arranged for both greater traffic flow and to tempt people to stop and look. Not to shabby for a man who probably goofed off half the time.”

Sean pretended to look pained but laughed along with us.

Sharon sobered up a little. “Seriously, he’s here strictly out of the goodness of his heart. In a business sense, we can’t rely on that. We do need two people during the week; if Frank isn’t here, we’ll have to replace him whether or not he’s your husband.”

Yeh, she’s right on both counts. If only I knew where the hell he was!

She gave Bridget and me a final hug, stole a kiss from Sean and took off.

Five o’clock rolled around and still no Frank. We shut up the shop and took off for dinner. Sean drove us to his hotel and took us to the dining room.

I’d been by the Altadena Arms quite often over the years but had never been inside. It appeared to be an older hotel but very well-maintained. Inside it was spotless. Every staff person I saw was

dressed neatly, looked alert, nodded briefly to Sean and smiled at me and Bridget.

The dining room was excellent. I'd easily put it up against the place he took us to last night. We feasted (Bridget *joined* for the tasting while she had her meal), chattered and plotted as if we had all the time in the world.

I finally asked him, "Sean, why do you live in a hotel? Surely an apartment would be less expensive."

He grinned at me. "It's a bachelor's paradise. Lots of pretty ladies, **especially** since you two are here, daily housekeeping, no laundry to worry about and 24-hour security. Besides, they gave me a real good deal. Wanna see my room?"

He leered at Bridget and gave her good motion with a pair of Groucho Marx eyebrows.

Bridget whispered to me, *"Do it, Mom! I remember getting laid!"*

I blushed down to my blouse. Sean grinned at me; I'm sure he'd "overheard." I rolled my eyes and agreed.

He had a two-bedroom suite in a quiet corner of the second floor. He told us, "No traffic by the doors. Elevator's close enough and I can always duck out the exit stairs right here. I've got a key to get back in the same way."

One of the bedrooms was an office. There were at least a dozen file cabinets, several good-sized bookshelves filled with books and three computer systems that I could see.

He told us, "Sharon was right. I've developed and sold that many businesses over the past five years. Right now, I've got eleven more running pretty much like Sharon does hers; absentee ownership. I pop in every once in a while but so far they're doing just fine without me looking over their shoulder. When they're stable, I'll probably sell them; it's often to the people already working there."

Sean didn't make a pass at me (darn it!) but gave us a glimpse of his bedroom and kitchenette then led us to the sitting room where we kicked back and relaxed. Very comfortable sofa and chairs.

It was getting time to feed Bridget again in another hour so we simply sat and chatted until then. I popped out the boob and Bridget popped it in. Sean and I talked over the merchandise lines and went over some other possible display arrangements.

Bridget told us, *"Hey, I'm up on the chandelier!"* Huh? She was right in front of me. However, I could sense her up near the chandelier like she said.

Sean said, *"Okay, sweetheart. How'd you manage to do that?"*

Bridget said, *"I didn't really do anything that I know of. I saw the chandelier earlier and just now decided to get a closer look at it and here I am."*

Hot dayum! Be Jaysus and Janey Mack too! Bridget moved around the room and we tracked her while her body appeared asleep with her mouth on my boob.

Sean looked at me and said, "Eileen, it's your turn. It looks as if Bridget's body is completely asleep, so let's get the two of you in a position you can relax completely in without dropping her."

I leaned the chair back and put Bridget on my lap. Sean said, "Bridget said she 'decided.' Now, you decide completely you're gonna be with her. No doubts or reservations, don't think about how; just do it."

I did and I was there beside her *looking* down at our bodies and at Sean grinning at us. He said, *"Ladies, I think we've found the pot o' gold at the end of the rainbow. Now I'm gonna do it."*

He appeared to drop off into a deep sleep and he was here with us. Holy shit!

He said, *"I'd say that handles the debate about man's spiritual nature. Here we are as spirits; that's gotta be what we're experiencing."*

SEAN

YES! That was progress! Dayum these girls are good! Bridget came along side me, smacked me and said, *"Tag! You're it! Everyone stay in this room."*

I tried to pounce on Eileen but she did something and escaped. A merry chase indeed! Bridget tried to distract me with kamikaze runs but I persevered until the prize was won. I smacked Eileen a good one and darted off.

Eileen "pouted" and told me, *"That hurt! That was my butt!"*

Bridget said, *"And you loved him copping a feel!"*

We bounced around the room for several more minutes, changing "It" and having a blast. We finally ended up all mashed together in the middle of the room. I said, *"Game over. You two won."*

I tried to hug them both; we *blended* together somehow and what a sensation! We weren't "one" but we were blended together as intimately as oxygen and hydrogen mix together to make water. I felt (and felt them feel the same) happy, loved, content, energetic, cool, hot and madly in love with them both all at the same time.

We hugged and caressed each other and seemed to make wonderful rainbow colors within the hot glow we'd created. So much love to share and such wonderful people to share it with!

We finally *unblended* ourselves and hung motionless. Eileen said, *"Now **that** was something."* I thought that was called "understatement."

Bridget said, *"Now, can we get back our bodies or are we stuck out here?"*

I nosed around mine and went through it several times. Interesting; pretty much like the science books showed but this was the real thing.

I kept poking at it til something seemed to click. I told them, *"It's like a set of controls. I'm not controlling the body directly; it's like a steering wheel, brakes, turn signals, that kind of stuff."*

I dropped onto the controls, stood my body up and announced, "Honeys, I'm home!"

Eileen and Bridget got back inside theirs. Bridget told us, *"If these are controls, they're pretty sloppy. I think my body's still developing the interface."*

Jaysus! It was 10:30 already and we had the shop to open tomorrow. "We'd better boogie ladies, it's getting late."

I drove them back to the apartment. We checked; still no Frank. We shared publicly-chaste hugs and some hot spirit-hugs then I went back home and sacked out.

EILEEN

What a rush! Bridget and I kept popping in and out; we found if we left a little streamer back to the bodies, they wouldn't collapse. Dayum what fun!

Bridget said, *"I don't like to bring this up at this time, Mom, but I interrupted my dinner tonight; I didn't get all the hamburger taste." Grin.*

That was easily handled. She finished up the one side and most of the other before her body dropped off to sleep. I burped her and put her in her small crib by the wall.

I cleaned up, got in my nightgown and hit the bed. We murmured *good nights* to each other and wondered where the hell is Frank?

(Wednesday early morning 4/26)

I found out a couple hours later. I heard the door open so I sat up on the edge of the bed and turned up the light.

Frank looked like shit barely warmed over. Not a piece of clothing on straight, hair a mess, at least four days of beard and he stunk of unwashed body and booze; I could smell him ten feet away.

He fixed his eyes on me, staggered across the room and stopped in front of me. He groaned like he was in pain, shook then glared, made a fist, roared, "FUCKING WHORE!" and hit me in the face!

He knocked me right off the bed onto the floor. He kicked me.

"YOU STARTED FUCKING MEN THE DAY WE WERE MARRIED." Kick.

"THE DOCTORS ALWAYS TOLD ME MY SPERM COUNT WAS TOO LOW TO HAVE KIDS." Kick.

"YOU HAD TO START FUCKING MEN RIGHT AWAY BECAUSE YOU WERE PREGNANT IN TWO WEEKS. SLUT! CUNT! WHORE!" Big kick. All I could do right then was scream and try to protect my breasts, face and stomach.

He was shaking and seemed to lock up for a moment. He screamed, "NOOO!" then moved again.

He pulled off his belt and whipped it across my back. "YOU FLAUNTED IT EVERY DAY IN FRONT OF ME. YOU RUBBED IT IN! FUCKING CHEAP BITCH WHORE!"

He whipped me everywhere he could again and again then picked me up and threw me against the wall. "YOU PRETENDED TO COMPLAIN WHEN I WASN'T THERE WHEN THE BITCH WAS BORN. YOU JUST WANTED TO HURT ME MORE, SLUT CUNT!"

He hit me in the stomach then kicked me again when I collapsed on the floor and threw up. He stopped dead again, seemed to lock up and quivered all over.

"YOU'VE HAD A MAN IN THE SHOP THE LAST TWO DAYS. COULDN'T WAIT TO FUCK SOMEONE AGAIN, COULD YOU CUNT? DID YOU FUCK HIM IN FRONT OF THE BITCH KID? DID YOU SUCK HIS COCK? HOW MANY TIMES DID HE FUCK YOUR ASS, WHORE?

"NO MAN'S EVER GONNA LOOK AT YOU AGAIN WITHOUT BEING SICK, WHORE! THEY'LL HAVE TO CLOSE YOUR COFFIN! I'M GONNA CUT OFF HIS BALLS AND SHOVE 'EM UP HIS ARSE!"

He whipped and kicked me again and again. Bridget woke up and screamed as only a baby could scream. He turned towards her, locked up and groaned loudly. He raised the belt and said, "AND THE BITCH KID ISN'T EVEN MINE!" He started to bring the belt down on her.

Bridget screamed, *"Mom! Get outside! Use the force touches!"*

We popped outside and hit him at the same time. I hit him in the back of the legs and she smashed at his chest. He immediately turned a back flip and smashed his head on the floor where he lay still.

I screamed, *"Sean! Help us! Frank's back and he's trying to kill us!"*

I managed to get on my feet. I tried to pick up Bridget but my hands just wouldn't work. I used a gentle *touch* to hold her to me and we staggered out into the night.

SEAN
(Wednesday early morning 4/26)

I was dreaming dreams of sweet love when I felt pain and fear. Be Jaysus! Eileen and Bridget! I was up literally in a second and was dressed and out the door in thirty.

Eileen screamed to me for help just as I got the Beemer on the road. I didn't quite break traction but the tires were really squalling.

I told her, *"Run, my loves. Use your force touches and run! Run and tell me where you are. I'm coming now!"*

"We're in the park behind the apartment. It's dark so he can't see us. Please hurry, Sean. We're so afraid."

I hurried and was at the park in another minute. Only a minute but the scavengers were already gathering. I reached under the seat and took along my three-quarter-inch socket ratchet. It was eighteen inches long, solid steel with a knurled handle and a **big** ratchet at the other end.

"There's someone around us, Sean! They feel really bad!"

I spotted them in ten seconds -- three punk kids standing around them while they lay on the ground. One said, "Hey, a couple pretty things just for us." There was no doubt what they had in mind.

Force or guile? Try the guile first. I made myself seem ten feet tall, four feet wide and with a voice of thunder.

"BE OFF WIT' YE, YA GITS! BE OFF OR YOU'LL BE FEELIN' MY SHILLELAGH ON YOUR SKULLS! OFF WIT' YE!"

They left shit streaks behind.

"I'm here, my loves. Are you hurt?"

Bridget said, *"I'm not hurt. Dad hit Mom really hard and kept kicking and hitting her. I think she's hurt bad."*

Eileen said, *"I can't go back inside the body it hurts so bad."*

Shit. *"Bring your body to me, Bridget."*

She floated it up and nestled it in my arm. Using the gentlest *touch* I could, I picked up Eileen and headed back to the Beemer.

With another *touch*, the door opened and the passenger seat reclined all the way back. I laid Eileen in as she was without trying to straighten or change her position, shut the door, got in the other side and took off to the hospital.

I kept putting out at the hospital emergency room someone was coming in. In the three minutes it took us to get there, someone was outside with a gurney waiting.

I told them, "Her husband beat her something awful. I have no idea how bad it is."

They were good. They got a cervical collar on her, checked out her back best they could and eased her out onto the gurney. I helped with some judicious *touches* here and there just in case.

I told them, "I'll be back!" and headed the car to the parking lot.

On the way, Bridget said, *"I'm sorry, Sean. I was outside playing and didn't know anything until the very end when I got close and heard Mom screaming."*

I told her, *"Not your fault at all, sweetheart. You're not the one who hurt her. For now, keep track of her so we know how she's doing."*

"You're the boss, applesauce." Smart-ass kid.

I found a place to park, locked up and headed back in. I left the ratchet behind this time.

I went into the emergency room entrance, picked a mind to locate the waiting room and went in. Bridget whispered, *"I'm afraid I crapped my drawers again, Sean."*

Yeh, there was that distinctive odor. *"I'll get something to change you. Just keep an eye on your mom."*

I negotiated at the window for the inevitable paperwork. The clerk seemed more interested in telling me what I couldn't do than in getting anything done.

I got pissed in about thirty seconds and told him, "Look, fella. I'm her cousin. This is her daughter and my goddaughter. If anything happens to Mrs. McLennan because you're here jawing at me instead of doing your job, you'll be explaining exactly why and how you didn't do your job to the Medical Review Board, to this young lady and to a judge and jury in court."

He wanted money or insurance. I flopped down my Platinum AMX and told him, "I don't know anything about her insurance. Put ten grand on that if you have to, but get to work."

I finally got him to give me a clipboard with papers. I asked him nicely, "Can I get some diapers, some baby supplies and a couple blankets for her? I have a feeling we're gonna be here a long time."

He blinked and said he'd send someone out. I got busy on the paperwork.

Bridget said, *"They've got her on a table with really bright lights. They've cut all her clothes off -- she only had a nightgown anyway. There's bruises all over."*

"Thanks, honey. Can you see if she's around?"

"Yeh, she's overhead with a little streamer to the body. I can tell there's a lot of pain."

"Tell her we're here for her and you're all right. Tell her to hang in there."

I left a lot of the paperwork blank. I wasn't about to list Frank as next of kin, so I lied and said I was. Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke. I put myself down as the financially responsible.

We waited. An orderly came in with a baby kit. It had diapers, cleaning wipes, a couple diapers, a couple blankets and a comforter. He said, "If you need a bottle of formula, dial 877. We'll have one out to you in a couple minutes."

Bridget asked, *"Formula?"*

I told her, *"Artificial breast milk. Your mom's probably gonna be a while so we may have fill in with it a few feedings. You'll just have to get used to it."*

"Yeh, but will it taste like shrimp or hamburger?"

"You'll have to decide yourself what it tastes like; I'm not gonna prejudice you. Now let's get you changed."

The diaper was no problem. She'd picked up a bit of dirt from the park so I gave her a quick "sponge bath" with a couple baby wipes. I wrapped her in a couple of the blankets and snuggled her up. I asked her, *"When did you last eat, Bridget?"*

"Just before Mom went to bed. That's one reason I was outside; the body just wanted to sleep. I've been making it through the night every once in a while without getting hungry."

"That's good, honey. Tell me if you get hungry."

"You'll be the second to know, Godfather Sean. They just took the funny bandage off her neck."

I peeked too. They had an IV going and were wheeling her down the hall. They went in a door marked X-Ray. Made sense to me; I

didn't know enough about medicine to tell much. On the other hand...

I *looked* at my own body. I found I could see any part, at any depth and at any level of granularity. Shit, I could zoom in through the molecular structure into the inside of what had to be atoms. I decided that was enough for now.

Eileen still looked like a hammered piece of meat but at least she didn't appear to be bleeding on the outside. Wait and see.

Bridget told me, *"I'm getting hungry. Sorry."* I dialed the number and they brought out a standard bottle in a couple minutes. I told her, *"The nipple's different but I think you'll survive."* She did; she sucked it down like a trouper.

A couple of uniformed police officers came in and talked to the clerk. He pointed at me and they walked over.

One was a woman. She glared and asked, "You the husband?"

The other officer put a hand on her arm and told her, "No, he's not. I know him. What's going on, Sean?"

Yeh, I'd talked with him off and on over the last several years at the police station. I told him, "I've been helping out Mrs. McLennan at her store the last couple days. I'm sort of a distant cousin. This sweet young lady is her daughter Bridget and I'm her godfather."

Bridget gave them a good show with a bright smile and a few chortles. They ate it up.

I told them, "All I really know is Tuesday evening, Mrs. McLennan said her husband Frank had been missing since last Friday afternoon. Around 12:30 this morning she called me on my cell phone." I held it up.

"She said her husband was trying to kill her. I told her to run and I'd come get her. She got away from him and ran to the park with Bridget; I picked them up and brought them here."

He asked, "That's Frank McLennan?"

I said, "To the best of my knowledge. I told Sergeant Kane about him Monday afternoon; he said he'd get the word out on the shift-change schedule."

He said, "Yeh, they told us to watch out for him."

The lady officer asked, "Why didn't you call the police when she called you? Did you think you could handle it yourself?"

She pissed me off a bit. I told her, "Hey, you could probably reduce me to a mass of pain in ten seconds with one finger. Mrs. McLennan is a young Irish lady who probably hasn't the faintest idea about self-defense. If I'd called the police like you just

suggested, you'd probably be investigating a dual homicide right now instead of an aggravated assault.

"I didn't try to handle anything. I just told her to get her butt out of there if she could. She was able to and told me she got away with Bridget. I met her at the park. Just from watching TV, I know the police get called in any case like this. I told the people who picked her up at the emergency entrance her husband did it to her. Now you folk are here and we're talking.

"I don't give a crap about Frank McLennan. I've never met him and don't wish to do so."

They made notes about what I'd said and took my phone number.

Bridget was sound asleep by now but she was outside. *"Mom's back from that room with the big machines. They put her in a spot near where she was before."*

Eileen told us, *"Hell, they're doing this, that and the other. They shoved fingers **everywhere**. All I really know is I'm not bleeding on the outside and it hurts. I guess those were X-rays so we'll see what they say. You guys hangin' in there okay?"*

Yeh, we were hangin'.

In another fifteen minutes, they moved her to yet another room. They put a cast on her left hand and wrist, wrapped a tape around her right wrist and hand and strapped up her ribs in something. I guessed a broken wrist, a sprained wrist and probably a couple cracked or broken ribs. I thought some unkind thoughts about getting close to Frank with my favorite ratchet.

A doctor came out into the waiting room; I knew he was a doctor because he had the stethoscope draped around his neck. Since we were the only ones waiting, he tracked right over to us. Bridget woke herself up right away.

"You're here with the domestic violence lady, Mrs. McLennan?"

"Yes. Mrs. McLennan. I'm her cousin and this is her daughter; I'm Bridget's godfather."

He grinned a little at Bridget who gleamed right back at him. He sighed and said, "She'll be okay. She took one hell of a beating though. She's got a broken wrist; cracked, actually, some sprained fingers, a sprained wrist and three cracked ribs. She's got a crack in her left cheek which should be just fine and a couple loose teeth.

"We see no evidence of a concussion right now and there doesn't appear to be any internal bleeding. She's pretty much got deep bruises all over; they'll look much worse tomorrow but they're actually just painful, not life threatening.

"We'll keep her at least until tomorrow evening for observation. From the looks of her, she's breast feeding Miss Bridget. Her breasts are quite sore from the beating, but it should be okay after a while. We'll get the baby to her and see how the feeding goes. The pain-killer we gave her might give the milk a slight taste for a few times but there isn't any issue with the baby's health from it."

I told him, "I helped raise five nieces and nephews who breast-fed and I've been helping her out."

He said, "Great. Mrs. McLennan's lucky to have such good friends. I know this sounds odd, but she's a lucky lady. I've seen too many cases of domestic violence come in where they ended up crippled or dead. For whatever reason, most abusers seem to target the face; Mrs. McLennan has plenty of bruises, a cracked cheek and some sore teeth. I've seen a lot worse. Based on what we know right now, I think she'll make a full recovery with no residual issues.

"She's lucid; no problem there, just in lots of pain right now. She gave me her family doctor's name; I know of her and I'll give her a call in a few minutes."

What a relief to us. We grinned, I shook his hand and draped Bridget over his shoulder so she could hug his neck, give him baby kisses and tell him, *"You're a wonderful doctor. Thank you for keeping my mother alive."* He had tears in his eyes when he left. My goddaughter is a wonderful lady; my best girl!

Chapter 3

SEAN
(Wednesday morning around 2:00 4/26)

Bridget and I went back to the car and lay back while we investigated their apartment. Lots of police barrier tape, some blood on the floor but no Frank body. He must have gotten out of there.

We pushed a back window open with a *touch* and used *touches* to sneak out Bridget's car seat and the shop keys. The rest could wait.

We went back to the waiting room and told Eileen, *"The doctor says you're gonna be just fine and they're keeping you until tomorrow for observation. You 'awake' yet?"*

She told us, *"No, but they're expecting me any minute. I'd better see if I can duck back inside. Fuck that hurts! Still, it's a lot better than it was. Can you guys hold on a few minutes longer?"*

We could and did. She came back about fifteen minutes later. She *showed* us a picture of the doctor; it was the same one

who'd talked with us. *"He said basically I was busted up a bit but would be okay. He said there wouldn't be any problem with breast feeding."*

"That's great, Mom. Not to worry, Godfather Sean will help out. Best mom! Best Godfather Sean! Love!"

The orderly who'd brought the baby kit motioned me in. She said, "You can take the baby to see her now."

I've seen cube steak look better than the parts of Eileen I could see. Bridget immediately latched onto her neck and they shared a firm hug. Bridget told her, *"I was so scared for you, Mom! I was outside and didn't know he came in. You'll be okay, though. And Godfather Sean is here to help."*

Eileen told her, *"Don't worry about it, honey. I've survived and he didn't hurt you; that's the important thing."*

We shared reassuring spirit-hugs for several minutes then Bridget asked, *"You need me to nurse, Mom? It feels like you're ready to bust."*

"Oh, yeah. Let's see how we can do this."

She had the standard hospital gown. We untied it, worked her arms out and dropped it down completely. The bruises weren't so bad over her chest and breasts; she must have been able to protect them some.

I folded a towel over her cast (her fingers on the left hand were wrapped together too, like a mitten) and put Bridget on her arm. Bridget latched right on and told us, *"No problem on my side. The cast feels a bit funny but it's okay."*

I draped a couple baby blankets and a couple towels over everything; it was fairly cool in the room.

Eileen and I coordinated our stories: I was a vaguely-remembered remote cousin (maybe) who she'd just met Monday. I'd been "appointed" godfather right after Bridget had been born. Even if Frank Fuckup popped up and tried to naysay it, we'd stick to it.

We shared some spirit-hugs. Eileen said, "The nurse said they'd be able to keep Bridget in a bassinet here so we'll be together. Sean, you go on home; we'll be okay here."

I stopped by the local Rite-Aide for diapers, wipes, formula (they still had the same one I'd used ten years ago), bottles, a couple bottle warmers, all that stuff just in case. I picked up a bassinet and a small crib along with a couple more baby blankets and a few clothes. I figured I could promote several rooms full of baby clothes and other paraphernalia from Maura and Teresa.

I went back into the hotel a lot slower than I'd gone out and got the entire load up the elevator in one shot with the help of a net of *touches* on a baggage cart. The night manager at the desk was pretty used to me; he only blinked once when he saw the load.

I just piled things up for the time being. Maura and Teresa would want to set up things their way anyway. As a mere male, who was I to have anything to say about it?

EILEEN
(Wednesday morning around 3:00 4/26)

Yeh, so I was "lucky." It was still better than the alternative. If Bridget hadn't gotten me outside, we both probably would have been on slabs in the morgue. Fuck!

Anyway, the nurse said I should sleep, so Bridget and I popped outside with streamers (not that I mistrusted anyone, but as far as I knew, Frank was still on the loose). Fortunately, I'd only been in a hospital before for Bridget's birth. ER and all those shows don't really show the stark coldness of the place.

Most of the staff were doing their best to help so I guess I couldn't complain too much. We took quick looks at the ER, surgery suites and several places like that and decided they weren't much fun.

Maternity was a lot better. Granted, there's pain in childbirth (don't I know) but it's a clean pain willingly endured for a wonderful end. We mainly nosed around the kids in the display room (Do they auction them off? Grin).

Be Jesus! Lots of spirits floating around this area! They all seemed to be in a daze. We just kept watching; one after the other, they darted down and took over a newborn. Occasionally one would pick one just before birth.

From *looking* at them after the pickup, they appeared to forget everything they'd known before and started all over again from scratch. No memories, nada. Hmm, obviously Bridget and I started that way even if we were getting memories back now.

Only one spirit we saw during the night had any level of consciousness. It was aware of itself, knew what it was doing and when it picked up the baby body, it kept its memories. Interesting. Looks like starting all over every time wasn't completely cast in concrete.

My body was doing just fine sleeping away. I didn't need to do a visual to know it looked like hammered steak right now; the doctor had said the bruises would get worse before they got

better. Fuck, just what I needed. If they didn't scare Sean away, probably not much else would.

We went back to the corner of my room and I stood watch while Bridget bounced around the nursery and other "fun" places. While I waited, I went over the memories I had showing up.

Okay. Seemed I could see pretty clearly all the way back to when I was born this time around; they were a lot cleaner and more rich than before. I cherished the ones with Nana a lot; I'd loved her so much!

Now, push back some more. Nana and I had researched our family tree a little, so it wasn't any surprise I had stuff from Southern California. Pushing back more, there was New York as a new immigrant then further back, Ireland popped up. Yeh, it looked pretty much like the pictures and the way Nana had described it when she was a very young girl (Nana had been young? Nah, not possible!).

I just kept pushing back, running real fast. Several hundred thousand generations of Europe, then Africa, then Australia. Continents still the same as now, so it's actually fairly recent. Around the time when they talk about the dinosaur extinctions, there was a huge jump to somewhere else entirely!

Well, fuck. That tells me the "we are the only ones" ideas are full of crap. Anyway, I ran across thousands of lost technologies I don't think were worth resurrecting, at least as commercial ventures. Making papyrus might be interesting but I didn't see much of a market. I filed several ideas away as possible niche enterprises, just in case.

(Wednesday morning daytime 4/26)

About 8:00 the place started stirring. A nurse had come in a couple times during the night and did blood pressure, pulse and other stuff. I guess that's what they call the "vitals." She'd changed Bridget a couple times; good thing, I sure couldn't do it. I'd kept her in my arms all night.

Well, I guessed they were expecting me to wake up sometime. I eased slowly back into the body, keeping a fairly loose connection until I could tell what was going on.

Sore **everywhere** and stiff. Even my crotch was sore; yeh, I remembered him kicking me there. Still, it was all endurable.

The nurse saw my eyes open and asked how I was doing. I told her, "Now I know what the steak feels like after I pound it for a while. Anyway, I'm hungry."

She grinned at me. “You’ll be okay, honey. It’ll probably get a bit worse today then will start easing off. So, let’s get you breakfast.”

I won’t attempt to describe the food. Some memories are too painful.

Dr. Sayes, our family doctor, came in around 9:00. She said, “See you had a few problems there, Eileen.”

I told her, “Yeh, a few. Frank just seemed to go off the deep end. He vanished Friday afternoon then showed up last night and beat the shit out of me. He started after Bridget but I managed to kick his leg. He hit his head, I grabbed Bridget and hauled ass. He didn’t touch Bridget so she’s okay.”

She said, “Well, you’re protected in here. I talked with the doctor who worked on you last night, Dr. Fields. He thinks you should be okay. I looked at the X-rays and agree. We’ll see how it goes; tonight’s still a good possibility to send you home.”

She studied my chart for a while, looked over the cast, wrappings and inspected several of the bruised areas. She said, “It looks a lot worse than it is. Wait ‘till this evening; you’ll be iridescent.”

Dr. Fields drifted by around 10:30 trailing a crew of new residents. He wanted to “show me off” and run the new guys through the questions. No problem; if someone got a hard-on from seeing the black, blue and green bruises on my boobs, that was their fetish, not mine.

I just tried to grin and answer the questions. They went on down the hall after fifteen minutes or so.

The nurse came in and pulled out the IVs so at least I wasn’t attached to the place. I was still too stiff to even attempt to stand and the fucking bedpan was a pisser (hah, hah). When I asked, the nurse said I could lay in any position I wanted, just so I stayed on the bed. I promptly turned on my side and cuddled Bridget; as far as I was concerned, flat on the back was good only for sex.

A bit after 11:30, a couple police officers came in. Of course, they wanted to know what happened. I let it all out, crying a lot. I fudged a bit; like I’d told Dr. Sayes, I said I’d managed to kick Frank’s leg out from under him when he’d turned to Bridget and that he’d hit his head on the floor.

I said I’d managed to get Bridget and the cell phone Sean had loaned me and had hauled my bruised ass outta there. I merged in with the story Sean and I’d developed about going to the park.

I emphasised several times that Sean was next of kin and he should be taking care of Bridget if needed. About the third time I

said it, the female officer said, “I get the picture. Since your admission form lists him as next of kin anyway, it doesn’t even need to involve Children’s Services.”

I described Frank and told him there was a picture on the dresser in the apartment. “He had several days’ worth of beard and looked like the worst drunk you could imagine. You could probably just go around sniffing the air and find him.”

They laughed a little. I asked if we were safe here; I wouldn’t put it past Frank to show up and try something, especially since he’d “missed” once. They told me they had an officer on patrol in the hallways and would alert him and the rest of the hospital security.

They asked, “Now, the big question is why he did this? Any idea?”

I told them, “Yes and no. At the very start, he yelled that the doctors had said he had low sperm count and he’d never be able to have kids. I have no idea of the truth of that; he’d never said anything about it before.

“I’d been with two men before I met Frank; one in high school and one in my second year of college. I hadn’t been with anyone for the previous two years before I met Frank -- and only him after that. So unless we want entertain the possibility of immaculate conception, legendary night demons or leprechauns, we’re pretty much stuck with real-world genetics.

“At any rate, here’s fifteen pounds of red hair, green eyes and white skin who shows we were fertile together.

“If need be, I assume a DNA test would prove paternity. Frank’s comb and toothbrush in the apartment are available. Not that I’m paranoid but maybe you should seal it up in case he never turns up again.”

They agreed that would be prudent. After a few more questions about Frank’s relatives (only a sister living I knew of) they went off and left me in relative peace.

SEAN
(Wednesday morning daytime 4/26)

A quick check with Eileen and Bridget showed they were doing fine. I took off to the store after a quick breakfast.

I stopped a block away and *looked* it over really good; to my knowledge Frank still had a set of keys and I wouldn’t have put it past him to be waiting inside.

It was clear; only Geeser was striding around waiting for his breakfast. I opened it up and started the day.

After I opened the register, I called Sharon and told her the bad news. The good news at least was that I was here and the store was open for business. I told her, "That's not gonna last too long. Eileen's probably getting out of the hospital this evening so I've got a baby and a semi-invalid to care for. I can get help with them but it's really my responsibility as far as I'm concerned."

We talked about sources for a couple new employees. Actually, the shop was open on Saturday too with three people; maybe a couple would be interested in going full-time. Sharon said she'd get on it right away.

Now the hard/easy call. I called Maura at home and three-way'd in Teresa. I told them, "I've got an eighteen-week-old baby girl and a semi-invalid mother I'm gonna be taking care of for a while. I figured I'd better ring you two in on it at the very beginning or you'd tear me a new arsehole."

They assured me they would have done exactly that. I told them where the store was; they remembered it (women seem to have that extra file in their heads) and said they'd been in it when it first opened. That would have been with Sharon single-handing it.

Maura told me, "We're on the way. All the kids are in school until 3:00 today -- some assembly or something -- so we're gonna get you started right. We'll arrange a sitter until Jack and Pat get home."

We had two look-around customers before they got there. They strode in and glared at me. Teresa said, "You've still got that damned stupid hat!"

I shrugged, grinned and told her, "That damned stupid hat has helped make us lots of money."

They allowed as how I was probably right -- this time. Maura asked, "You said there's a baby; so where's mum and da?"

I told them, "Put 23 years and about a hundred pounds on a Red Irish girl baby and you've got Eileen. Except when I last saw her, her skin was black and blue, not peaches and cream."

I gave them the rest of the story. They were **not** happy with Frank Fuckup! They glared. If Frank had appeared at that moment armed to the teeth in full Galactic Patrol battle armor and force fields, they still would have torn him apart -- very slowly.

They asked, "So what's the plan, Sean?" At least this time they asked for my input instead of just telling me. Things are looking up!

“Bridget’s my best girl and is with Eileen at the hospital right now; they might be released this evening. Their apartment is still a crime scene and has absolutely no security. Frank Fuckup’s still on the loose and might just turn up again.

“I wanna put the two of them in the room next to mine at the hotel and put a security guard in the hall 24/7 until Frank’s caught.”

They mulled it over a few minutes then Maura finally said, “Okay but we need to look the place over first.”

I called the hotel day manager and gave him a quick rundown on the situation. I told him to open up the room next to mine. My sisters would be over shortly; give them the key cards to it and my room and ensure the adjoining door was open.

He told me, “Sean, I’ll put the key cards on the counter and back off; I value my hands. I’ve dealt with your sisters before when they went over your room, so I’ll have a housekeeper standing by and alert the concierge. They’ll probably want at least fifty different things done by the time they’re through.”

I told him, “You’re getting wise in your old age, Sam. Keep a separate tab of all the extra stuff so we can account for it. They’ll probably be there within forty-five minutes. Give EverAlert a call for a 24/7 security watch right now; we may need to dig up a nurse-type to help out the lady for a couple days and maybe a nanny. Wait on them a bit; we’ll be okay for tonight.”

I told my sisters, “It’s set for the room next to mine; Sam’ll give you the key cards and have staff standing by.”

I told them about the pile of “stuff” I’d collected last night in my sitting room. “Have fun with it. I’ll check with Eileen before I lock up here around 5:00. If they’ll let her come home, I’ll go get them. If not -- she’s only been there some 18 hours -- I’ll go in for a visit. I’ll call you on the room phones either way, so answer it if it rings.”

They couldn’t argue too much, I guess. They took off to do some major rearrangement (probably) of the room next door.

EILEEN

The rest of the afternoon was simply lay around, rest, wait and feed Bridget. I kept working the muscles around and gradually some of the stiffness came out. Less stiff but more sore; the bruises I could see had gotten to be a horrendous mixture of black, blue, green and a few other odd flecks of stuff thrown in.

That’s one time I was glad I didn’t have a mirror so I wouldn’t be tempted to look in it. Even my hair felt sore.

Around 4:00 I rang for the nurse; potty time again. When she learned what I needed, she said, “Well if it’s not too urgent, the doctor said you should try to walk to the bathroom over there.”

The spirit was willing, was the flesh up to it? She lowered the bed rail on the left and helped me sit up. If I didn’t jerk, it wasn’t too bad. I swiveled around on my butt and slid off onto my feet -- my arse was definitely hanging out and I didn’t give a flyin’ fuck -- while the nurse had me hold her arm.

Balance? Okay actually. No dizziness. Take a step; things worked. Another couple steps; actually getting better. I didn’t push it too fast, no reason to.

Ah! I sat and let it go front and back. My abdomen hurt but since I wasn’t really pushing much, it was okay.

Wiping the front was no problem, just keep the sprain bandage away. The back was a different issue, twisting around too quickly let the ribs tell me they were **not** happy with what I was doing! Got it done without too much noise so it was okay. As I stood up, I carefully avoided looking in the mirror.

Going back, the nurse stood close but let me do it on my own. Scooting up on the bed took a little bit of work but I snuck in a *touch* to help me up.

The nurse grinned widely and told me, “Looks good, Eileen. Real good. I haven’t seen too many people able to do that this quickly. Now you lay back and rest some more.”

I was ready to rest; even that short trip had tired me a lot. Oh well, what we can’t cure, we endure until we can cure it.

Bridget applauded me. *“Good mom! Strong mom! Love!”*

Dr. Fields swept in around 5:00 with his entourage. They took turns taking my blood pressure, peering at my eyes and looking things over. I hope they were impressed with my new paint job.

The doctor said, “Okay. You looked her over this morning and know her history. What were we looking for just now?”

That brought on a ten-minute discussion full of words I’d never heard and probably will never hear again. Dr. Fields asked several more questions then asked me, “You ready to leave?”

I told him, “YES! You’ll probably think it’s a joke but I literally have nothing to wear -- but if it means I can get back to my cousin, I’ll walk home buck naked and carry Bridget.”

The doctor smiled and asked the group, “Well, do we let her go home? Pros and cons?”

They discussed it another minute; the consensus seemed to be to kick me out before I frightened too many of the other patients.

The doctor said, “Okay, Eileen, I’ll sign the paperwork; Dr. Sayes said I could make the call. Call her office tomorrow for an appointment next Monday.

“If you start getting dizzy or get a strong headache, lay down immediately. If it doesn’t pass in a couple minutes, get to the emergency room. You’ll get plenty of papers with diet, care of your bandages, symptoms to look for, that sort of stuff.”

All RIGHT!

They swept away to their next victim -- I mean, patient.

Sean cut in, *“I gather you’re clear to go? Sounded that way.”*

“Fockin’ aye right! I just need some clothes.”

“I’ll stop by your place and see if I can collect an armful. Any preferences for a coming-out outfit?”

I told him what to look for so I could get home. He told me, *“Okay, I’m on the way. My sisters have been giving the baby room a total workover most of the day. Give me about half an hour to get there.”*

SEAN

I *looked* in the hotel rooms; the girls were in the one next door to mine so I called that phone -- I’d learned years ago how to dial directly through.

I talked with Teresa. “You guys about ready? I’m bringing Eileen and Bridget home; the doctor wanted her out of there so they could use the bed.”

“Close enough. She got any clothes?”

“I’ll get enough from her place to get her there and for tomorrow. You two will probably spend several thousand dollars of my money fitting her out anyway so I won’t worry about getting too many.”

Teresa gasped, “Why Sean! How could you think we’d do such a thing?”

“Long experience with the Cullen Sisters. Long experience. Anyway, you met the housekeeper lady?”

“Yeh. She’s nice -- and competent, too. You been checking out **her** clothes?”

“Only from the outside. Anyway, she’s Kate as I recall, right?”

“Yes. You two doing the Kiss me Kate act?”

“Woman, you’re getting close to the line; take care or I’ll sic Bridget on you. Anyway, if you need anything, she’s the best first contact.”

"Okay. I saw this big man in a uniform outside the door a little bit ago. You know anything about that?"

"Did he have a shoulder patch?"

"Yeh. It said EverAlert."

"That's the security guard for Eileen and Bridget. If you leave, let him know who's left behind. Depending on the paperwork at the hospital, we should be there in an hour or so."

"We'll be here. We can't wait to meet this wonder lady of yours."

"Teresa, **Bridget**'s my best girl. Her mom's still a married lady even if hubby did try to kill her."

The McLennan's apartment was sealed up with police tape so I just bypassed it all; I pulled up in the alley behind and *touched* out a lot of stuff for Eileen and Bridget through a window. I even managed to find the outfit she'd asked me to bring.

I stopped by Starbucks and picked up several bags of different coffees. I figured the nurses' station wouldn't mind a little variety.

When I parked the car, I thought a few seconds then put a force shield around it all the way to the ground. I didn't think Frank Fuckup would plant a bomb but I wasn't interested in finding out the hard way I was wrong. I left a thread of attention on it so I could control it.

Eileen was more than ready to go. Dayum she looked bad! The bruises had gone all weird colors and the only white skin left on her face was a patch above her left eyebrow. I was sure itching to meet up with Frank so I could give him an intimate introduction to the business end of my ratchet.

The nurse shooed me out so she could get Eileen dressed. I took Bridget and the baby stuff then spent the time by dropping off the coffee at the nurses' station. They were **very** happy with it. I passed Bridget around so she could thank them properly; she gave a great show!

There was Eileen in the routing-out wheelchair! With a neat dress and her hair brushed some, she looked like Death heated up to lukewarm rather than Death just barely warmed over.

The route-out cashier said they'd be sending any bills and statements to the address I'd filled in for the financial responsibility. Eileen told us, "We do have insurance; I paid the quarterly premium on Saturday."

The cashier told me when we had the insurance information we could come in and fill out the paperwork for whatever reimbursement was coming. I didn't mind. I didn't begrudge a

penny I'd put out for her but every $10,000 I didn't have to spend helped.

I got her in the car and Bridget in the baby seat. On the way to the hotel, I called Sam (he was still on for another hour) and told him to have someone meet us in the parking garage with the wheelchair and a baggage cart.

EILEEN

A bellhop was waiting for us in the garage by Sean's parking spot. He had a wheelchair and a baggage cart.

I wasn't willing to use the wheelchair; I could walk. Sean told me, "Don't get me started or I'll sic both my sisters **and** Bridget on you. It's several hundred feet by the time we're done; you'll have plenty of time to go jogging later. Sit, vixen." [Vixen: Irish slang = attractive woman. Not to be confused with American English definition: A malicious fierce-tempered woman.]

I sat. Sean handed the bellhop, Bob, his car keys and told him, "All the stuff in the back seat. The trunk's full of stuff too. Everything comes to 228; that's where she's staying."

Sean put Bridget on my lap and pushed us into the elevator. It only went up to the lobby so we got off there. Sean took me up to the front desk and introduced us to Sam. Sean told him, "Bridget's my best girl and this is her mother. They get better treatment than I do!" I'll settle for that for a while.

Back to the elevators and up. Yeh, it was a long way; glad we rode instead of walked. There was a really big man wearing a blue uniform and a pistol eyeballing us every step of the way from the elevator.

Sean stopped and said, "Jim? I'm Sean Cullen."

The man looked us over intently. I *looked* at his mind a bit and suddenly realized he was a security guard. He wasn't suspicious of us, necessarily, he was just looking us over so he could recognize us without hesitation.

He smiled and glowed a bit. "Okay. Then this must be Mrs. McLennan and Bridget."

Sean told him, "Yes. Eileen was the main target last time. He went after the baby but Eileen got her away before he could get at her."

Jim grew solid and grim. "He's not getting by us. Mrs. McLennan, there'll be one of us right here until this is all over. Make sure you let us know exactly where everyone is.

"If either you or the baby leave these two rooms without Sean, you need to have one of us with you. You each need to be either

with a guard or with Sean **all** the time. I hope I'm wrong but experience tells me he'll try at least one more time."

Shit. Sean told Jim the bellhop would be bringing clothes and stuff up in a little while and to go ahead and check them out if he wished. "Be as suspicious and as surly as you need, Jim. These ladies' safety is the highest priority with me. **Any** complaints, refer them directly to me."

Sean told Bridget, *"Prepare to be thoroughly admired and cherished. My sisters have no limit on how they behave around beautiful babies."*

She told us, *"Better get the wet/dry vacuum ready; there's gonna be a couple puddles of goo by the time **we** get done with them."*

Teresa and Maura were older female copies of Sean. Gorgeous redheaded Irish ladies; I felt at home with them right away.

SEAN

Maura and Teresa immediately took a good shine to Eileen. They groaned over her visible injuries but didn't sympathize; they knew it wouldn't do anyone a bit of good.

Bridget gave them a great wide-eyed-innocent look and they fell apart. Maura said, "Hello, young lady."

Bridget smiled, chortled, laughed, kicked her arms and legs and enslaved them immediately. Baby hugs around their necks and wobbly baby kisses sealed their fate!

Teresa looked at her hard, pulled me aside and asked, "Sean, is she yours? Sure looks like you."

I laughed. "Positively not. You two have five kids we could say 'look like me' and we know for a fact none of them are mine. That is, unless one of you did stuff to your little brother in my sleep I don't know about."

They hustled me off to my room. "Eileen'll need her hair washed and a little sponge bath. We'll fix her up so she'll smell good when you're snogging with her later."

Groan. I didn't really need to be reminded of something I'd love to do but was keeping pushed back. Dayum ethics! I told them, "Listen for the door. Bob, the bellhop, is bringing up more clothes and stuff from the car."

I retaliated by taking Bridget with me. She snuggled up real good. *"I'll hug Mom again later; right now I'll put up with you. Best godfather Sean! You brought us home and are protecting us. Best man!"*

"Best girl! I love you, lady. My heart yearns to be with you when we're apart."

*"Yeh, right. Now **I**'m turning to goo. Your sisters are **really** nice. I think they have quite a bit of the Talent, too."*

"Great. Tell your mom so she can start working on them while they're gossiping -- oops, I mean while they're sharing intimate details of people's lives."

"None of that PC crap. They're gossiping. Your sisters are determined to get you fixed up with her!"

"That'll have to wait, Bridget. She's still a married lady no matter what her husband's done to her."

"Betcha she won't be married long! You'd better rest up; she's been having lots of lustful thoughts about you."

Groan again.

EILEEN

Teresa and Maura both had Talent; I could tell right away. It didn't seem to have quite as much oomph as Bridget or Sean but it was there.

They wanted to wash my hair and get me sparkly-clean! I voted for that.

I kinda *snuggled* up to them mentally while they pulled my clothes off, got me in a robe and took me into the bathroom. We pulled a straight-back chair up to the sink and leaned me back with my head over it. I kept a solid *touch* on the chair, you betcha!

They wet my hair down and started shampooing while demanding the "dirt" on how I'd met Sean. I told them about the puddle, full arms, full boobs and full bladder then how the Red Knight had sailed right in and rescued us.

They laughed. "Sounds like Sean. He's always finding ways to help people out. With just that attitude alone, he's stuffed lots of moola in the bank."

I got them talking. Maura was eight years older and Teresa six years. They'd doted on Sean from the minute he was born; they'd done their best to spoil him but nothing had worked.

By the time Sean was eight, he was already doing little businesses. Card trading and stamp collecting for investments, lawn work, that kind of stuff. Everything went into the bank except for little very thoughtful gifts to them and their parents.

Their folks and seanathair had died in New York on 9.11; their nana several years before that. They'd done their grieving and were continuing their lives.

By then they'd gotten me rinsed. They produced a hair dryer then blew and brushed it dry. I thought it was getting time for a trim but that could wait; it was the least of my worries.

Off with the robe! Teresa produced a box of plastic wrap and wound some around my rib strapping, my cast, wrists and hands. They gave me a thorough wash job over the rest of my body. No false modesty; they just washed away.

We gossiped about babies, breast feeding, diet, baby clothes, strollers -- all the good mom stuff. I started giving and getting concepts, images and emotions; they were picking it right up without noticing it.

After a final dry off, they put fresh panties and a nursing bra on me then got me back in the fluffy (new!) hotel robe. The bra helped a bit to relieve some of the soreness.

Teresa ordered room service for the four adults; Bridget had her custom meals available already so we didn't order anything for her.

They let Sean back in (actually, Teresa threw open the joining door and yelled, "Sean! Boyo! Bring the baby!") with Bridget. I got to hold her for the first time in almost an hour; Sean had bathed her and she was warm and clean.

"Love! Happy! Safe! Smell wonderful! Best mom!" with baby hugs and kisses -- and firm loving spirit-hugs and *kisses*.

"Wonderful girl! Best daughter!"

We let our emotions and thoughts *leak* into the sisters. They immediately got as teary-eyed as me and the goo-level rose considerably.

We got settled in on the sofa and chairs. Teresa nodded at my body and asked, "So, what the fuck happened?"

Sean, Bridget and I tightened up the *join* with them a little while I went over my time with Frank; how he'd turned cold and what had led up to last night.

I told them, "He just walked in drunker than a skunk and started hitting and yelling..." They got to experience lightly what had happened. Their eyes narrowed and we felt their rage.

I glossed over exactly how we'd gotten away but emphasised how Sean had taken care of us in the park. Sean told them, "I took along the ratchet; turned out I didn't need it but figured it might help."

They nodded; from their thoughts, that same tool in Sean's hands had saved their butts several years earlier.

Sean said, "I just yelled loud and deep; the best imitation I could of an Irish cop. They were slippin' in their shit trying to get away."

That was good for a laugh and lightened things up a bit. I told them about the hospital, getting finger-probed **everywhere**, the whole adventure.

All right! Food! I was starved! And it wasn't hospital food, either; it was wonderful! A couple teeth were still sore but I managed.

Teresa claimed the right to hold Bridget for a while. Bridget played up to her and gazed adoringly at her face while she gurgled, cooed and rooted at her boobs looking for milk. Total convert to the Bridget fan club!

I popped Bridget on the breast; she gave them her best contented-baby show.

I told them, "Frank's still out there somewhere. Jim, the guard outside, says he'll probably make one more try unless they find him first.

"I'm telling you all right now as witnesses, I'm divorcing him. Period. I consider myself and Bridget separated as of the minute he crawled in the door last night. I don't even have to take off my wedding ring; they cut it off in the Emergency Room because it was on one of the sprained fingers."

Sean said, "I'll send my lawyer over tomorrow. She'll get things started."

Sean's cell phone rang. He stepped away and talked a minute or so, then came back. He told us, "Sharon from the shop. Two of the weekenders are more than happy to go full-time so I'll go in tomorrow morning, turn over the keys and help Sharon do some training. I'll be on consulting call after that, just like other businesses."

Good. That was handled.

Teresa efficiently burped Bridget with the back rub technique (must be a family tradition). She got rewarded with a warm snuggle, a baby hug and several baby kisses along with a firm, *"Nice lady! Best aunt!"* Teresa gooed right down into a pulsating puddle.

Teresa and Maura made leaving noises. They were pretty firmly *joined* between themselves even if they weren't really aware of it. They looked at Sean, eyed him and me and thought at him, *"Be good to her or we'll snatch you bald-headed."*

He grinned at them and kept his mouth shut. He told them quietly, *"I will. They've become my loves, my life, my best girl and my best lady."*

They gave us final hugs and smooches. They left and plotted on ways to get us together all the way home. I was for that.

Sean went out in the hall to talk to Jim. I carefully moved Bridget to the bassinet by the bed (difficult with two bad wrists), gingerly brushed my teeth (a new toothbrush had magically appeared) and got in bed sitting up for now.

Sean came back in and told us, "They'll change the guard about 11:30; the one coming on is Ben. I'll leave only the normal locks on the outer doors; we want them to be able to get in easily if needed.

"We all stay in here tonight; no roaming around outside. We're still in danger and it's ultimately **our** responsibility to survive this."

We agreed. I told him, "Leave enough light on so we can see to get around; I'm not familiar enough with the rooms to get around in the dark."

He turned down the lights. He left the joining door to his room open, gave Bridget a kiss, me a little hug and acted like he was leaving.

I told him, "No, Sean. Please stay with us. I'm dying to make love with you but I'm so sore right now neither of us would enjoy it.

"We'll feel safer and we can share our love if we're together. Come to bed with me and we can snog a bit at least."

I took my robe off, got him to remove my bra but left the panties on. I trusted him but not me.

He slipped his shirt and pants off but left his drawers on. He grinned. "I trust you but not me."

We three snuggled up; Sean and I snuggled face-to-face. So **wonderful** to feel my bare skin against him! We snogged gently for a long time while my breath got shorter until I was almost panting.

Sean told us, "My loves. I fell in love with the both of you within the first hour. You are such wonderfully beautiful spirits with exquisite lady-bodies I love to touch. Best girl! Best lady!"

Bridget said, *"Best man! I'll keep my body over here for right now; I think it'll be safer. I'll help with the snogging, though."*

I felt feather phantom kisses from her as we wound ourselves slowly through and around each other and our bodies grew warm and flushed.

I told Sean, "Please touch me. Caress me and show me a man can still desire me as a woman."

He did. If I'd thought his mouth spouted wonderful blarney, his fingers and hands were even worse. They seduced me with subtle strokes, long gentle caresses and gentle squeezes on exactly the right spots. He touched me with love; the first of its kind in over a year.

It seemed I could switch from nursing-sensations on my boobs and nipples to erotic-sensations in only a couple seconds. His gentle kiss on a hard nipple put me over the edge and a warm release flooded me. As we were *joined* lightly, we all felt it together and moaned in appreciation.

Bridget told us, *"That feels so wonderful. I can remember making love before, but this is so clean, pure and loving, it fills me with a joy I'll cherish forever."*

She put slight phantom suction on my other nipple. We came together gently for a long time.

I pushed Sean's hand downwards. *"I expect you know what to do, my Red Knight."*

He teased and stroked my legs for at least ten minutes while Bridget nibbled my toes (watch that big ole tooth!) and kissed my legs. I couldn't take it any longer and tore off my panties with a *touch*.

"Please!"

He told me, *"Relax, my love. Relax and enjoy. Bridget and I will love you long and tender."*

His hands, fingers, mouth and Bridget's butterfly kisses and tiny finger *touches* caressed me for ages until I was ready to burst. No pain did I feel, only the increasingly-urgent need to release the loving energy we'd created.

Finally it did release; it flooded us with a hot surge of love we felt throughout our entire bodies. We moaned and tensed up a little. No pain.

More strokes and gentle suasions coaxed more and more releases which suspended us in a wonderful cloud of sweet warm fire while we *blended* outside and made rainbows of admiration and heartfelt love.

Chapter 4

SEAN
(Thursday 4/27)

Nothing beats waking up with your best girl looking at you with her beautiful blue-green eyes and giving you wobbly baby kisses. She told me, *"Look, Sean! I can hold my head up a long time! There's hope for this body yet!"*

"You've got a wonderful body sweetheart. Any young lady would be proud to have it."

Ever see a four-month-old smirk? She did. *"You hitting on me, Sean? If you are, you're gonna have to wait several years. Then, when you least expect it, I'm gonna nail ya!*

"While we're waiting for that, I've got a load in these diapers and my body's telling me it's starving."

I would have stayed but nature called. Having two bathrooms helped; I dashed to mine while Eileen used hers.

I changed Bridget and got her on Eileen's breast while she called down for breakfast.

Bridget hammed it up with leg kicks, arm waves and smiles. *"We'll keep Teresa and Maura around for a long time!"*

We had a leisurely breakfast. I told them, "Teresa and Maura will probably drag you off for shopping. The guard will go with you; he's a guard, not a pack mule, so let him do his job."

Eileen tried to protest, "I've got enough clothes for a couple days and there's a few more things at the apartment."

I pretended to glare at her and Bridget joined me; even a four-month-old can glare convincingly. "No lip from you, vixen. You're my best lady and deserve to be showered with gifts. They've got tons of baby clothes stored away, too. You'll have a ball! Besides, since when does female shopping mean buying?"

On the way out, I introduced myself to Ben. I told him only Eileen and Bridget were inside. I expected Kate probably around 9:30 for the housekeeping and described my sisters. "Of course Sam the day manager can come in any time. He'll clear anyone else." I gave him my card with my cell phone number and wrote down Sam's hot line number.

I walked to the shop. On the way, I called my locksmith and arranged for complete lock changes; Frank still had a set of keys so far as we knew.

I got the doors open just before Sharon got there. A young couple came in a few minutes later; Sharon introduced us. Celia

and Jack Hanes had worked Saturdays for the last month and were more than willing to go full-time.

They both had a decent amount of Talent. By golly, so did Sharon! Nice. I put a real light *join* into them all while I started the turnover.

Celia and Jack knew where most everything was already. I hadn't changed much around but I pointed out what I'd done and why.

The locksmith showed up and got to work. I told Sharon, "I may not be at fault for setting off Frank but I'm taking this responsibility. It's a good insurance investment anyway."

I ran down the New Employee check sheet I'd developed; Sharon stayed in the background, grinned, and traced her finger down the page in her manual. I hoped I'd gotten it right even though I'd written it in the first place. Sharon was a cruel taskmaster, making me practice what I'd preached!

I kept tightening the *join* and pulled Sharon into the discussion. We pulled Frank's and Eileen's codes off the register and updated Celia's and Jacks for six days a week; they were still willing to do the weekends. We added a supervisor key for me, just in case.

We checked out what the locksmith had done. He'd put some additional bracing on the back door and had changed the locks there. He'd tightened up the front door hinges (oops, I'd forgotten that), snugged down all the security bars and had lubricated the gate. He'd changed all the locks in front and had checked over all the outside windows. Everything was tight.

He made four sets of keys. Celia and Jack got a set, Sharon got two sets (one for her brother to store away) and I kept a set for just in case.

We did sales drills for an hour; Sarah had already made copies from the manual for them to study at home. We talked about attracting attention and discussed several possible ways, like my hat.

I told them I'd try to drop by every once in a while, ensured they had a couple of my cards and bailed out.

EILEEN
(Thursday morning 4/27)

I decided to get dressed. It took me five minutes of fiddling with panties and socks (I couldn't bend over that far and the left hand was useless) before Bridget laughed and pulled one up with a tiny *touch*. Duh on me! I was able to finish dressing myself in a couple minutes.

Kate knocked on the door to do the daily routine. I called out for her to come in; as she opened the door, I waved to Ben behind her -- Bridget waved too.

When she shut the door, I saw her nostrils flare. Oh shit! The entire suite probably smelled like sex from last night. Yep. She'd smelled it and was grinning inside. She cocked an eyebrow at me just a tiny bit.

I cocked mine back, looked into the bedroom at the (very messy) bed for a long second, turned back to her, laughed and said, "YEH!"

We laughed for a while; Bridget burbled away to add to the atmosphere. Kate had a hefty dose of Talent in her so I figured we'd get along just fine.

She asked, "You want me to air it out or do you wanna show it off?"

"We'd better air it out; I'm expecting Sean's sisters to show up in a while. They're already plotting on how to get us together and if they smelled this they'd be on me unmercifully."

Kate grinned. "Yeh. I've talked with them several times; they're pretty set on fixing up Mr. C."

I tried to change the subject a little. "Kate, is this the suite where Sean brings all his women?"

She just looked at me and grinned. "No comment." We laughed together a little.

She gave in a bit. "He has this for business guests. There's been a couple business ladies over the years but **no** hanky panky. The housekeeping staff would know.

"He keeps this room open to keep the noise down and for his guests. He started that the first week he was here. You're the first lady who's been in here for non-business reasons -- not counting his sisters, of course."

I was really pleased for whatever reason. I asked, "I don't know how much the rooms run here but it seems a bit beyond the call of customer service to keep an empty room for a 'just in case.' How did he convince Sam to do it?"

She looked at me blankly for a moment then grinned and said, "No one told you, ma'am? Sean and his sisters **own** the hotel. Sam, me and everyone else works for them."

Dense. Everything fell into place; living here, the way he'd talked to Sam, the way the entire place was falling all over us with service, the guard showing up so fast, everything.

Bridget sang, "'*My mother often tells me I should go and have a try/ To find a boy that owns a bit of land.' He sandbagged us, Mom.*"

Kate laughed and joshed me a little more, "And you thought he was just another pretty face, right? Then again, his butt's not too bad, either."

She opened the windows and turned on the air conditioning fan. She played with Bridget for a minute then changed the bed, emptied the trash cans, did whatever she did to the bathroom then went into Sean's room for several minutes.

When she came back, she said, "No need to make the bed in there!" With a straight face, too!

We broke up again. After a few seconds, she looked at Bridget and asked me, "She understands us, doesn't she?"

Bridget waved at her. I told Kate, "Try her out."

Kate took up the challenge. "Okay, Bridget, how many months old are you?" Bridget tried to get fingers up but no joy. She decided just to raise her arm four times and laugh.

Kate glanced at me; I made a mark in the air with a wet finger. "One for us."

She tried again. "Okay, is your mother pretty?" Bridget bobbed her head; she could do that. Another mark for us.

"Is Sean pretty?" A head shake this time. Kate looked at me in triumph but I said, "Do you usually call a man 'pretty'?" Kate tried again, "Is Sean handsome?" Definite head nod.

Kate said, "We could probably do this all day and she'd win somehow. Is she a mind reader?" Both Bridget and I nodded our heads; it was only part of the truth but we did "read minds."

She shook her head. "In-fuckin'-credible! Anyway, I've got rounds to finish. Here's my card; just dial the number and it'll page me to come to the phone you called from. You and Bridget are on the top of my list for service."

She left and five minutes later the Cullen Sisters popped in the door.

They were *joined* pretty snuggly but didn't really know it. Good progress, though. They immediately sniffed the air and glanced in the bedroom, checking for tell-tale signs of a wild night of debauchery. No such luck. They were mildly disappointed but went on to the next stages of their plot.

Maura asked, "Where's Sean?"

"At the store, doing a turnover."

"He must really like you; he doesn't usually get involved in a business he doesn't have ownership in."

"Maybe so." We all grinned as we started to play the game. I played it close to the chest; Bridget and I were able to cheat better than them though. Bridget let out a loud chortle and gave them a little *hint* as a reminder she was there.

Maura said, "**My** turn!" She picked up Bridget and snuggled her. Bridget promptly gave her the should-be-copyrighted performance of coos, laughs, wiggles, neck hugs and wobbly kisses. Slavery confirmed!

Teresa tried, "He doesn't have women stay here very often." She was trying for a bit of jealousy.

My turn, "Kate, the housekeeper, said that too. She exempted you two from the non-business stay-overs of which she said then numbered zero. She told me you three own this place. How is the ownership divided?"

They thought back and forth at each other for a second then Teresa said, "If Sean didn't tell you about owning the hotel, he must be really serious. Usually that's his test of a woman. If she's a gold-digger, she tries to drop her knickers right then. If she's not, she usually backs off so she won't be thought a gold-digger. If he doesn't tell her, that means he's serious."

"Well, he may be serious but I'm just separated right now and have a very young child to boot."

"Yeh, well a child is just a bonus and he's called Bridget 'my best girl' a couple times. He doesn't joke with things like that."

"Well, that just means he likes Bridget a lot. 'Love me, love my kid' doesn't work in reverse."

We fenced back and forth for a couple more minutes, trying out wisecracks and looking for holes in the defenses. Bridget kept distracting Maura by checking out her boobs for milk.

We thought the moment was right, so Bridget put in, *"How about best girl **and** best lady? Would that be all right with you two matchmakers?"*

Yes! Got 'em, got 'em, got 'em! They were literally speechless (and thought-less) for a few minutes.

Teresa said, "So we've got another empath."

Bridget told them, *"How about four more empaths besides Sean?"*

Their eyes swiveled to me. I said, *"Bridget, me and **you** two. How do you think you've been communicating with each other since last night? Not by tin cans and a string for sure."*

Teresa protested, "But it was Mum and Sean who're the empaths! Only one a generation!"

I laughed, "Not any more. Bridget and I were 'deaf as posts' before Sean showed up Monday morning. In a couple hours we were going at it like old hands. We're not sure but think we stimulated each other somehow. Then last night, we just snuggled up to you two mentally while we were talking and now you're showing solid signs of what we call Talent.

"We saw you had it. So, here we are, four witches sitting around; now all we need is a cauldron to boil and bubble."

Bridget immediately *touched* in the electric teakettle from the kitchenette. She said, *"I did the hard work, you supply the water and extension cord."*

Teresa and Maura rolled their eyes. Maura said, "Okay. That's another manifestation I've heard of but neither Mom nor Sean ever mentioned it. What else ya got?"

Bridget and I grinned at each other. We're batting 1000 so far, let's go for an out-of-the-park grand slam.

Bridget said, *"Okay. We know this worked with us; dunno if it works for you. Find a comfy spot you could go to sleep in."*

They found a couple chairs and leaned back. We worked a couple minutes and found they could get themselves outside with a simple decision -- after we told them and demonstrated what we were after.

Fully outside, moving around, leaving a streamer to the body, force *touches*, *joining* and *blending*; we gave them all we knew.

I told them, "On the other hand, the next time Sean shows up, he may have yet another trick in his bag. We've only been doing this stuff for two days so there's probably a ton of stuff available we just don't know about. One place you might nose around while you're outside is the maternity ward; we found out a lot of interesting things about spirits and bodies."

Bridget told them, *"And as an oh-by-the-way, my body is no more advanced than any other four-month-old. What you see is what you get. This is the only way I can talk, though I can hear and see fairly well.*

"I still get hungry and fill my diapers with no control. I don't have to fret or cry and have Mom or Sean guess what I need or want. Other than that, I'd say I was normal.

"So, we gonna go shopping and giggle over baby clothes and Mom clothes or what?"

We agreed since I was still pretty stiff and sore we'd go over to Maura's place and see what baby clothes they could palm off on us. Teresa packed Bridget's boogie bag, I told Sean where we were going, collected Ben and we headed to the car.

Ben led the way, checking around every turn and putting himself in the front of the elevator so he could look around before he let us out

Just in case, we stopped by the front desk and told Sam where we were going. He grinned and said, "I'll reserve the freight elevator for when you come back."

Ben moved the child seat to Teresa's car; we piled in and took off. Ben sat up front with Teresa so he had the most room to move around in. He got Maura's address and called EverAlert dispatch to tell them where we were going.

He kept his head and eyes moving all the time, looking around and checking. This was **not** a fun little game of hide and seek we were playing; all I had to do was bounce either wrist a little or twist my ribs for a reminder.

SEAN

When Eileen told me they were going to Maura's for baby clothes (translation: hen party) I figured they'd manage their own lunch. I did a quick run to In and Out for my own. While I waited for the order to get up, I called Sergeant Kane at the station desk.

I told him what was going on; he was aware of what Frank had done since the officers who'd interviewed me and Eileen were from that precinct. I let him know where Eileen and Bridget were staying and gave him my cell phone number as well as the hotel's. I knew he already had them somewhere but now I knew he had them right in front of him.

I headed back to my room; there was plenty to catch up on. I kept my eyes open and the spirit alert for evil intentions on me; Frank Fuckup **had** said he'd cut my balls off and if I had a half-second warning, he'd be meeting the noisy end of my trusty ratchet instead.

No such luck. I slid the Beemer in my slot and took the elevator up to the lobby. When I stopped by the front desk, Sam told me where the girls had gone. He grinned and asked, "Should I locate a couple portable storage closets? I heard 'baby clothes' and they tend to overflow all available space."

I laughed and told him, "Yeh, just locate them for now. I'll let them decide themselves how to store them. For all I know, they'll want to hang everything from sky hooks and we'll have to come up with them."

I fired up my systems and started going over email. I'd pretty much been caught up when I got back Sunday but was now a few days behind. Each business was supposed to send me an email three times a week on Monday, Wednesday and Friday with their statistics.

While each business had custom statistics, they all turned in things like customers in the shop, gross sales, number of sales, stuff like that. They submitted them on an Excel spreadsheet with a trend graph already done. That way we both could look and see exactly the same numbers.

Well, nothing seemed to have fallen apart since last Friday. The weekend stats were good everywhere so... do nothing. If it ain't broke, don't fix it! I sent reply emails to let them know I'd gotten their statistics with Very Well Dones across the board.

I worked on getting the rest of the in basket down. I subscribed to something like fifteen different industry newsletters so I could keep my finger on what was going on both in Southern California and elsewhere. I'd made several hundred thousand at one shot a couple times by noticing a trend and being prepared for the results.

Around 4:00, Sergeant Kane called. He said, "We may have found Frank McLennan. We've got a body with a wallet that has his ID and it matches the description and pictures."

Shit. "Where was it?"

"Under some boxes in an alley off West Marigold. Looks like some blood on his head consistent with the fall Mrs. McLennan described but no other apparent major trauma seen by a quick look. The coroner will want an autopsy for cause of death. We'll need a positive ID; Mrs. McLennan will have to go to the morgue and identify it since the DL picture doesn't fit really well, as usual. We've sent fingerprints off but her ID will make things move along."

"Okay. Where and when?"

He gave me the address and told us just to show up any time between 8 in the morning and midnight, including today. The sooner the ID, the sooner the autopsy would get done.

I immediately called Maura's to talk with Eileen. I told her, "The police think they found Frank's body. They need you to make a positive ID on it; are you up to that this afternoon?"

I got a few choice words in Irish, none too happy. "I suppose so. Does that mean all this fear and stuff is over?"

I told her, "Not yet. Until we **know** it's Frank they found, we still need to maintain the same precautions. Someone could have lifted his wallet and looked enough like him at first glance."

She said, "Okay, Sean. How we gonna do this?"

I told her I'd come by Maura's and pick her up. We'd leave Bridget with Maura and Ben to keep an eye out. There was light at the end of the tunnel but we weren't in the clear yet.

EILEEN

I told the rest about it. Bridget asked, *"Do you need me along, Mom?"*

I told her, *"No, sweetie. If it is your dad I'll decide what to do then. They still need to find out how he died."*

Looking at Ben, I said, "Sean said you should stay here with Bridget. Hopefully we'll be back in a couple hours but you might have your relief come here anyway. Do you need a way back to the hotel?"

Ben told me, "Don't worry about a ride. EverAlert handles that; it's not your problem. I'll stay here, keep my eyes open and try to survive the kids."

By then, all five of Teresa's and Maura's kids were home from school. They'd treated Bridget like a princess, vying to hold her or change her. All but the youngest had experience with babies, plus both moms were on watch.

Ben didn't seem uncomfortable; he'd said he had a young child of his own. He was careful to stay out of the mainstream so he could stay alert to everything going on but tolerated the occasional kid body running into his legs. He got his share of holding Bridget but made sure to keep his "gun hand" free.

Bridget spread lovey-dovey all over. Anyone who held her or smiled at her got smiles, laughs, gurgles and baby hugs and kisses if they got close enough. With the kids, she'd say something like, *"You're very nice! Be proud!"*

Ben got a solid, *"Thank you! You make us feel safe and protected. Thank you!"*

I grabbed a sweater and left with Sean; I'd heard morgues were cold and I was **not** looking at this as a great fun adventure.

We kept our eyes open (physical and spiritual) and drove. Our destination was only a half-hour away in northern Los Angeles.

We checked in and waited in a (cold) room for a couple minutes. An Assistant Coroner wheeled in a gurney with a sheet-covered body. She drew the top of the sheet down to expose the face.

Okay. Deep breath (but try not to smell anything) and take a look. Yeh, probably Frank but the face was... odd. The eyes seemed to bulge out a lot and the temples seemed almost curved outwards.

I mentioned this to the Coroner. She said, "Bodies do what seem to be unusual things. We'll be checking out pretty much everything. Is this Frank McLennan?"

Shit, I dunno. I said, "He had a scar on the left inner forearm and a jaggy appendectomy scar."

She gently pulled the left forearm out; there was the exact scar. When she peeled the sheet up around the waist, there was the scar. Okay. Another deep breath -- awful smell.

"Yes, that's Frank. The scars match and the face looks close enough. When will the autopsy be done?"

She thought a moment. "We'll probably start tonight or tomorrow morning. We're actually in pretty good shape, traffic-wise."

I handed her one of Dr. Sayes' cards. "This is our family doctor. Can you send results to her?"

She took the card and said, "No problem. The police will get a copy, too."

There was nothing more to be done so we left. Frank was gone. Shit. We sat in the lobby for a few minutes while I cried on Sean's shoulder. No matter how he'd treated Bridget and me the last year, I still remembered the man I fell in love with and married.

I finally said, "If I remember correctly, Frank has a sister. I'll have to tell her eventually. Her address is in the apartment; we need to get back in there and get it livable again."

"Okay. I'll see what Sergeant Kane can do."

He called on his cell phone; I *joined* a little and listened through his ear. Sergeant Kane transferred us to another officer. Yeh, the voice was familiar from the hospital.

Sean said, "Officer Cain, it's Sean Cullen and Eileen McLennan. Mrs. McLennan just did a positive ID on Frank's body so that's a done deal. We'd like to get back in her apartment to get it straightened around."

Officer Cain put us on hold a few minutes while he called the Coroner's office. He came back on the line and said, "That's confirmed. If you have keys, just go on in; don't worry about the tape, you can just pull it down. Sean, I won't even ask how the baby car seat and a lot of clothes just seemed to disappear from there."

Sean laughed. “Em, no comment except to say to the best of our knowledge only authorized personnel have set foot in there. Thanks for your help.”

We went back by the hotel. We stopped and told Sam the good(?) news. Sean told him, “We’ll pull the EverAlert watch; there’s no need for them any longer.”

Sean did an in and out for something in his room. We ran into Kate in the hallway. Sean told her, “Hello, Kate. We’re gonna be pulling the security guard outta here; that situation’s been resolved.” We chatted a few moments more then Sean turned towards the elevator.

Kate and I watched his butt twitch, looked at each other, wiggled our eyebrows and laughed. So nice to laugh again!

Sean turned around and said, “What?” We laughed some more while he rolled his eyes and shook his head. *“Must be a woman thing, right?”*

“Right. The entire housekeeping staff -- female at least -- love to watch your butt.”

“Well, that’s okay, I guess. At least no one’s grabbed it.”

“So far. My hands aren’t functioning too well right now but I might try it myself anyway.”

Grin. “Remember, turn about is fair play.”

*“Sweetheart, you may grab my butt **any** time.”*

SEAN

In the car, I handed Eileen a cell phone. “That’s a spare on my plan. Here’s the number. You can hold on to it; why don’t you call your doctor for that appointment on Monday?”

She smiled (Dayum that brightens things up. Don’t care if she’s still iridescent.) and dialed.

I called Maura. “It’s a done deal, Maura. It was Frank. I’m gonna cancel the security guards but don’t let Ben leave until we get there.”

I called EverAlert and ended the contract. They’d email me a satisfaction survey and an invoice. Good.

We gave Bridget a good snuggle when we got there. Eileen told her, *“It was your dad. They’re gonna find out what happened in a couple days.”*

Bridget told her, *“I’m sorry, Mom. I barely remember anything about him but I know you loved him enough to marry him.”*

"That's right, honey. I'm just gonna try to remember the good times and not worry about the bad."

I gave Ben two envelopes, one for him and one for Jim. I figured a $250 tip each would help finance a night on the town for them and their spouses.

Ben gave Bridget a big snuggle before the EverAlert car picked him up. She gave him a long hug, lots of smiles and lots of wobbly baby kisses as she told him, *"Thank you again. We felt very well-protected. Good man!"* She made a friend for life.

Eileen and I left Bridget to the tender mercies of the Cullen Sisters' families while we headed over to Eileen's apartment.

We pulled down the police tape with a few *touches* and opened the door. Locked? No problem, just push back the latch with a *touch*.

It seemed in pretty good condition considering the police had been through it as a crime scene. Some disarray and still a couple of blood spots on the floor but in general it probably just needed a straightening and cleaning.

Eileen looked around and said, "Home, not so sweet home. With your help, it won't take a lot until we can move back in."

I shook my head firmly. "Eileen, you and Bridget are staying where you are now at the hotel. This place is much too small, especially since you're probably now the proud owners of at least one hundred additional sets of baby clothes."

She grinned at me and asked, "You're asking us to move in with you?"

I grinned back. "No. Room 228 is completely independent of my room. The joining door is a strictly a convenience and you can lock it from your side. It will be your and Bridget's place and under your complete control. If you wanna paint it with pink and orange zebra stripes and hang Frankenstein posters all over, that's up to you.

"It'll be yours. We'll talk about anything else after we've got things straightened out more and you're healed up. Once you're independent again, you can make any other decisions based on that.

"I love Bridget and I love you, Eileen; I have absolutely no doubt about it. We just need to let things settle out for a while."

She snuggled up to me and we hugged gently while we shared a warm gentle kiss. Outside, we *blended* smoothly together and made rainbows as we caressed each other and shared our love.

She told me, “I could get used to being a kept woman for a while. We accept your offer with no reservations. I’m still stiff and sore but I want you in my bed. When I get things healed up enough, we’ll have some real partying; in the meantime, I figure we can find other stuff to do.”

She wiggled a firm warm bosom with hard nipples against me and tried to sand all the skin off my woody with her mons while we traded lots of spit and tongue. Life was good.

Anyway, let’s check this place out. Eileen had handled the finances so she had a good idea what was going on. She told me, “Everything was paid up as of Saturday. I don’t see any new bills in the mail so that’s all up to date.

“We’ll need to collect at least stuff like birth certificates, my marriage license, that kind of stuff. I know there’s a life insurance policy around somewhere; we got it just after we were married. We’ve had ninety bucks or so auto-debited every month since then. There’s a will, too.

“I’ve got the medical insurance somewhere, too; that’s run a couple hundred a month and so far has been worth every penny for Bridget. My stuff will probably run several thousand at least.”

I told her, “More likely in the range of tens of thousands. Emergency room treatment is **not** cheap.”

She started pulling open drawers; between a cast and wrapped fingers on the left hand and a sprain on the right she was having a hell of a time. I picked off something from her memory and asked, “Eileen, how did you get your socks and underwear on this morning?”

She moaned at herself and fired up deft *touches*. *“I’m not used to this yet.”*

“None of us are used to it. It’s completely new territory. Remember, it’s been only three days since we discovered all this stuff so don’t beat yourself up.”

She found and pulled several folders. I told her, “We’ve still got another week left on the rent. How about we leave pretty much everything else? I’ve got two sisters who would love to help with it.”

“I don’t want to impose on them; they’ve already helped tremendously just by watching Bridget.”

I gave her a gentle spirit-smack up along-side the head. “Sweetheart, they’re in their element. If for no other reason, they’ve been trying to get me fixed up for so long, this is a chance for them to help make it all go right.

"Besides, they **love** you two. I've been around them for 23 years; they can be colder than Pluto towards someone of whom they disapprove. On the other hand, they can be warm and loving towards someone they like. There's more than **like** going on here.

"If we left them out of all this, I'd probably end up bald, shy one testicle and have an additional arsehole. We've gotta at least give them the opportunity to refuse. Let them help."

She laughed. "I bet they were plotting from the first minute they saw Bridget. They were **really** plotting this morning. By the way, you know they've actually got plenty of Talent?"

I grinned. "Yeh, I picked that up. I've been avoiding that for right now; I get enough verbal harassment about my love life without them literally looking over my shoulder when we're snogging." *"Speaking of snogging, we haven't done any for at least five minutes."*

We handled that issue immediately. I took advantage of her permission to grab her butt and caressed it for as long as I could get away with it -- which was a **long** time.

We finally broke it off. She grabbed her purse and nosed around inside. "Good. Everything's here: checkbook, house keys, wallet, all that stuff. Guess I exist again; I've got a plastic card with my picture and name on it."

We dropped by her landlord's and gave notice. Ordinarily, they wanted 30 days but what they gonna do, sue us? We'd be out of there in the next several days; I planned to run a cleanup crew through it so there would be **no** complaints. I gave them a check for two more weeks' rent anyway to help ease the pain; it never hurts to leave on a good note.

I asked her, "How about you invite the gang for dinner? My treat and you don't have to cook."

She just reached out and *talked* with Teresa and Maura -- they were a couple miles from here; not too shabby! They were more than willing to have a family outing at my expense. They agreed: the Arms in an hour.

I gave the restaurant a call and got one of the private rooms. They'd had the kids there quite a few times before so they knew the game.

We went back to our place(s) and I helped her get "dressed for dinner." At her request, I unwrapped her wrist sprain bandage; she flexed it slowly a few times and said, "Not too bad. If I take it easy, it should be fine."

She insisted I help wash her. Who am I to refuse to help? I wrapped the left hand, cast and the rib support in plastic wrap and washed away.

What? Just because I did the final wash and inspection on a couple body parts with my tongue didn't mean she had to let loose at me in Irish!

I grabbed a quick shower and changed. She'd gotten completely dressed by herself with the help of some *touches* and was putting on her makeup. I offered to do a quality control inspection; whoa! Her command of Irish invective was getting better every time.

EILEEN

I decided on very little make up. Hell, if I'd try to hide the bruises, it would take a couple hours and I'd probably end up looking like a circus clown. I just put on a dab of lipstick.

Sean offered to do a quality control check. Shit! My legs got all quivery, my nipples popped up and the pussy slicked up right away. I Irished him a bit more; we didn't have time for that.

He insisted on brushing my hair, though. I could tolerate that much, I guessed. It was almost a mistake; he brushed, nuzzled my neck (chills and hot jolts all the way down) and kept trying to slip a hand around front to check out stuff. I drew on Nana's teaching of Irish curses, smacked his sneaky hand a couple times (oops, missed a few times and had to suffer through some wonderful fondling!) and managed to keep him at bay.

This mental stuff is nice. Teresa *told* me they were pulling into the garage so we went down to the restaurant. No phone tag, no sweat.

Teresa hugged me and introduced her husband Pat. He gave me a warm hug, grinned at me and said, "Welcome to the clann, Eileen." Seems I was gonna get it from the guys, too.

Maura's husband was John. He hugged me and told me, "You've got a wonderful daughter, Eileen. Welcome home." Dayum, he got me on that one.

We chatted away in Irish. Teresa had told me they wanted the kids fluent in it and they did very well. Obviously the restaurant staff were used to them because they immediately brought the kids' starter stuff in while the adults looked at the menu.

Maura told us, *"We think Patrick and John have a bit of the Talent, too. We've been snuggling with them a bit and feel something stirring."*

Sean told the two of them, *"Give it a shot. I don't know how it works but that's how we started with you two. What the heck, give the kids a shot sometime, who knows what they've got."*

Teresa said, *"We'll leave them be a while. We can already tell what they're thinking so that's a big help already. We'll work on the hubbies first; maybe there won't be so much confusion that way."*

Sean wandered off into the kitchen to chat a while. While he was gone, Teresa and Maura took the opportunity to brag on "Lover Boy."

Maura told me, "Four years ago, he got us started in our own business; John and Patrick own and run Eire's Tavern in Pasadena. Teresa and I help out with the bookkeeping, ordering, personnel, that sort of stuff. It's a blast, it makes money and it lets us do the kid stuff we want.

"Lover Boy keeps sticking his nose in, though. He looks at the advertising, makes up attraction gimmicks and occasionally wanders around in that silly hat. Even the local Irish laugh at it -- and keep coming back."

Teresa asked, "So what are your plans now, Eileen? Going back to the shop?"

I told them dead-panned, "I'm gonna be a kept woman for a couple of weeks. Some weirdo offered Bridget and me a place to stay until I get healed up and I don't even have to put out for it."

Patrick asked, "This weirdo wouldn't be wearin' a silly bowler hat, would he?"

I laughed, "You got it! At least he takes it off for meals."

John didn't crack a smile. "Does he take it off at night?"

I said, "No comment."

We laughed for several minutes then laughed at Sean as he came back. He asked, "What?"

Patrick told him, "We're getting the dirt on your night-time hat habits, lad."

He just grinned, gave Bridget a little kiss and me a longer one. He told them, "Eileen and Bridget have their own private room for as long as they wish. Bridget has already expressed her opinion of my hat." He showed them the chewed spot on the brim. We laughed for quite a while and complemented Bridget on her good taste in haberdashery.

Bridget told us, *"I've got another tooth getting ready to pop, so that thing is in mortal danger."*

We giggled anew while John and Patrick looked a little puzzled. Then again, with Teresa and Maura around, they'd probably be pretty puzzled most of the time anyway.

Maura and Teresa were more than happy to go over the apartment with me ("Just try to keep us away!"). Teresa called Sam and reserved the hotel delivery van for a couple hours on Friday.

Dinner was excellent. My teeth weren't quite so sore today, but I stuck with fish; I'd chew meat some other time.

Patrick ran off with Bridget a few minutes later for a change. While they were gone, Bridget laid the lovin' on him and made yet another convert to the Bridget empire.

I told them about my family. I'd been born in Covina; my folks had died in an accident when I was five so Nana raised me in Sierra Madre. Nana's name had been Margaret Sullivan. When I described her, John asked, "What was her maiden name?"

I started looking for it then Bridget popped up with, *"Gallagher."*

I told him that; he said, "Hey, my seanathair dated a Margaret Gallagher in high school! He'd maunder on about spooning with her on her front porch at em, let's see... oh, yeh, Vosburg Street."

Neat! "Well, she took me to Vosburg Street once, pointed out a house and told me she'd lived there during high school. I guess that makes us almost-relatives, right?"

That little bit didn't hurt our relationship at all.

At the end of the meal, Sean called the waiters and the chef out and complemented them all. We passed Bridget around to them all; she did her shtick and made more slaves.

Teresa poked her gently in her tummy and told her, "You do that so good!"

She told us, *"That's part of **my** job. My job is to grow this body up healthy and in exchange make people happy for helping me do that. If I can do it by laying a little lovin' on them, I'm content with that."*

We traded a round of hugs and kisses; they took off and Sean, Bridget and I went "home." A nice word it is, home.

I slugged down another set of supplements. Maura had given me a whole batch of vitamins, mainly, to help the healing. I'd taken a dose around noon so this was the second one.

She'd told me, "Take lots of Vitamin C for the healing. Any excess will flush right out, so keep upping the dose until you pee orange. After you're healed up, go ahead and cut it down."

Well, I hadn't peed orange yet so I popped in another 1,000 mg.

A round of tooth brushing, strip down and into bed. I'll be really glad to get this rib support off. I was probably pretty rank under there.

The bruises seemed to have faded a little. Bridget told me, *"They **have** faded, Mom. They're not so, em, vivid."*

Wonderful. I yelled at Sean, *"Hey, flah! It's time for your butt inspection so haul it in here."*

He told me, *"Yes, ma'am. Your wish is my command."*

Bridget said, *"And you'd better remember that, too!"*

Sean made the lockup rounds, snuggled and kissed Bridget then stripped and lay down beside me.

We snogged; Bridget popped outside and snogged right along with us. I tossed the covers back, eased around slowly (dayum ribs and cast!) and got down for the inspection. Hmm, I could inspect it very well with my right hand while I checked out this thing in front which had poked me a lot today.

While I did taste-testing on his tool, Sean pulled my upper leg atop his head and gently nuzzled my pussy; it responded immediately with a flood of liquid.

Of course he had to lick it up; Bridget stole some first and rubbed it all over my pucker hole. Dayum that felt good!

Long, slow loving. Sean and Bridget made it last and last, flooding us with warm, gentle releases as we *blended* outside. Sean came close several times, but I eased off.

Finally I felt Sean swell up; he sucked in my extremely-hard clit, Bridget pushed a small phantom finger up my butt and we shared wonderful hot climaxes for several long wonderful minutes.

I decided he passed inspection. He was just the right size; not that four this lifetime made me any expert, mind you.

Sean pulled me back up and spooned up behind me. I pulled his hand to my top boob (*"So it doesn't get cold."*), gave him and Bridget a final spirit-hug and let the body go to sleep. We spirit-whispered to each other:

"Best man! Best daughter!"

"Best girl! Best lady!"

"Best mom! Best man!"

With the danger past, we popped outside. Bridget left a streamer to her body while Sean gave us a tour of every nook and cranny

of the hotel. For the time being, we bypassed the crannies where there was nookie going on.

Chapter 5

SEAN
(Friday 4/28)

I woke up with Bridget licking my face, sucking on my earlobe and pretending to gnaw it with her tooth. I growled quietly, grabbed her and burbled her belly real good. I showed **her** who's boss!

Eileen woke up and joined the fun. She nibbled on tiny fingers and toes and gave us butterfly kisses.

Eileen groaned. "Still a bit stiff and sore. I'll go pee; you get to change her then I'll feed her." She rolled out of bed and headed for the john.

I stuck my finger in the diaper but it was dry. I asked Bridget, "Mom change you earlier?"

She laughed. *"No, I did it myself! I didn't even pee in the new one!"*

Really cool! I hugged her good while telling her, "Wonderful girl! Best girl! Favorite youngest sweetheart!"

Eileen came back and slid back in bed. "You must be a quick-change artist too along with your other talents."

I told her, "No, our extremely clever and talented daughter had already changed her own diaper."

Eileen laughed. "Now that is an independent baby! Bridget, you're **so** good! Best daughter!"

"Best mom! Best Sean! I tried Sean's earlobe earlier but it seems pretty dry. Got milk?"

"I sure do." Bridget immediately assumed the position and latched on.

She told us, *"By the way, I really like Sean's before-shave smell -- and taste."*

Eileen leaned over and gave my cheek a quick sniff. "Em, what is that? It's familiar."

I grinned, "Three guesses. Before the first one, try to remember where my face was last night."

She got it real quick and pinked up a little. I told her, "I'll go take a quick shower, shave and come back for the **after**-shave."

She grinned but told me, "Can't. Teresa and Maura are coming by at 10:00. I'll take a rain check, though."

"Agreed."

I did my thing in the bathroom. When I got out, Eileen was dressed. She said, "Let's go out for breakfast; to the restaurant is fine."

Bridget said, *"Why don't we just 'go down' for breakfast instead? I enjoyed that."*

We pretended to tickle her to death while she defended herself admirably with quick raps from her rattle. We did go to the restaurant for breakfast, though.

EILEEN

Bridget's diaper-change trick was really cool. I could tell she was proud of being able to do something for herself so she wasn't so totally dependant on us. And Sean saying "our daughter" sent chills all over me.

We got back from breakfast just before 10:00. Obviously Kate had been in because the bed was made. I noticed a little sticky note under a tiny piece of chocolate. It had a line drawing of a nose and a happy-face. Clever girl!

Sean packed up Bridget's boogie bag. I *told* Maura and Teresa we'd meet them in the garage in a few minutes.

Sean said, "You ladies do whatever you ladies decide to do. Unless something changes, I'll catch up on business emails and do some business stop-bys; it's been four months since I've been around."

Sean carried Bridget down. It was still several hundred feet of walking; I was getting a lot better but it was still some work. We stopped at the front desk to pick up the van keys first.

Teresa pulled in with Maura. I was already in the van; Sean moved the car seat, strapped Bridget into it and we were off!

The game started right away. Teresa asked, "Where was Sean's hat last night?"

"Dunno. I didn't hear it scream from loneliness; maybe he wears it to bed."

I won that round.

I directed them to the apartment. Maura pulled up so the side doors were just opposite the door (ground floor). With them open, no one could easily see what we were doing from the outside.

I laid Bridget down on her stomach on the kitchen floor; that was out of the way for the time being. She started practicing head lifts, pushups, situps and rollovers. *"I'm gonna be **strong**!"*

Sam had put a bunch of storage boxes in the van (good man!); we *touched* them inside. We found some comfortable chairs, kicked back and went to work.

All the clothes went. We could *touch* them directly onto the back seat in a big pile. Frank's clothes we set in an entirely different pile to one side of the room.

We set up boxes and dumped loads of shoes, baby stuff, papers, undies, kitchen stuff and miscellaneous. How come so much stuff ended up in the miscellaneous?

I put my curious-about question in, "I understand you two and Sean own the Altadena Arms. How does that work?"

Teresa grinned. "That's not **exactly** correct," she said. And waited.

Bridget said, *"Okay, I'll be the straight guy. What is the 'exactly correct'?"*

Everyone laughed. Maura explained, "The actual owner is a corporation named Cullen Hotels. Sean, Teresa, me and our husbands are the corporate shareholders. Sean owns 60%, we each hold 10%. That's about the only place we can't gang up on him."

Teresa said, "It was the first property Sean got when he turned eighteen. He did his wheel and deal, got it pretty cheap and paid it off entirely last December.

"He moved into that room the first day so he could run the place. As we got managers trained, he backed off from the daily operations. As of last year, he's not routinely involved with the operations side.

"Either he, Maura or I counter-sign any checks over $5,000; there's a set of signature requirements for lesser amounts. Maura and I eyeball the books every week or so, inspect them pretty closely every month and get an audit done twice a year.

"They send their statistics in three times a week, just like the rest of Sean's companies; we've caught a few glitches just watching them. So, we've got a fully-owned cash cow, an excellent dining area where people at least pretend to fawn over us, Sean's got a place to live and everyone's happy.

"Not too bad for a twenty-three-year old, eh? He'll make some lucky lady an excellent catch."

Dangling the bait again, eh? Bridget put her bit in this time, *"Mom's a grieving widow right now, can't you see? She wouldn't dream of getting involved with another man until I'm at least in high school. Right, Mom?"*

They stared at me; I managed to keep a straight face, pulled my blouse up and plucked at the rib support. “Besides, I’m pretty ripe under here by now. Unless a guy’s got a necrophilia fetish, he’d throw up.”

They weren’t entirely thrown off. Maura said, “I don’t know if Sean’s ever done it, but he’d probably be pretty good at consoling a grieving widow.”

Teresa put in, “Except for that hat, of course. By the way, how’s the soreness and the ribs?”

I told them, “Pretty decent. I get a twinge from the ribs and the left hand every once in a while. I’m a bit stiff in the morning but the soreness is working out.”

Teresa grinned. “Bet someone else is ‘stiff’ in the morning, too. Have Sean give you a massage; he’s really good at them.”

I laughed and told them, “Dunno about the stiff part; I’ll put a massage on the request list.”

We traded wise-cracks and innuendos back and forth while we kept working; Bridget put her remarks in on my (our) behalf.

We were done with all the closets, the dressers, the bathroom and almost all the kitchen. Bridget changed the subject around, *“I’ve got this odd smell around my backside and it feels squishy.”*

I immediately said, “My very clever daughter has something to show us. Watch.”

We swiveled around to watch Bridget on the kitchen floor. She picked up her body, put it on its back, pulled out a fresh diaper, pulled off the old one, cleaned up real good with baby wipes, put on powder, put on the new diaper, folded and trashed the old diaper and had everything put away in less than three minutes. That’s faster than I could do it.

Maura and Teresa laughed and applauded. Bridget held her body upright and bent at the waist several times while she laughed, too.

Teresa said, “Dayum! Wish my kids coulda done that.” Maura echoed the sentiment.

Now that the subject was safely changed, I picked up Bridget, she latched onto a boob and I asked, “You tried more mental snuggling with the hubbies yet?”

They smiled widely. Maura told me, “John’s stirring. This morning he asked me something while he was in the kitchen and I was in the kids’ room. I don’t think he’s aware of it yet.”

Teresa said, “Patrick’s feeling really good, too. I think we’ve got a couple of winners.”

Bridget said, *"You're **all** winners! I've got the best mom, the best godfather and you are the best aunts, uncles, nieces and nephews in the whole world!"*

Goo oozed knee-deep over the entire floor.

SEAN

I reviewed the email statistics and mapped out which businesses I wanted to visit that day. I printed up a full set of stat graphs for the last year (if the business had been around that year), last quarter, last month and the last week to take with me.

I'd caught up a little on the other routine email newsletters but was still behind. What I really needed was someone sharp who could do a lot of that. Hmm. I started percolating a Bright Idea around.

First thing I did was stop by Target to get another child seat; switching one between Teresa or Maura's car and mine was dumb. I found one with an AM/FM radio, DVD player (free Barney DVD; I broke it up and distributed the fragments over three dumpsters), suspended mobile, bottle warmer, diaper and food storage, cell phone, theft alarm, fold-out to a four-wheel stroller and a 2 cubic feet AC/DC refrigerator. I've also got options for sale on the pedestrian rights for a bridge in the Bay Area if you're interested.

The first business was a "Mom and Pop" collectables shop, Collectable Arts. It specialized in comic books, action figures and super-hero trading cards. I first drove all the way around the block so I could inspect the entire outside.

Looked okay. There was some litter built up around the back door; it was faded enough I knew it had been there at least several days. Ding!

I parked and checked out the front display window. Looked fine; neat and tidy with an attention-grabbing action figure of Manix Ranger holding one of his comics (a fairly common one, not an expensive rare one that would fade in the sun). Good.

The door dinger worked fine. Francis looked up from behind the counter, grinned and called out, "Attention on deck! Bowler arriving!"

I got a handshake all around and a nice hug from Francine, Francis' SO. Francis and Francine ran the shop with an assistant, Simon. Simon handled the floor while I went over the stats in the back room with them.

I pointed to a sudden rise in the gross sales last month. It was about a 10% increase and had held up since then. "Okay, guys, what happened here?"

Francine said, “The Yellow Pages ad came out. Bodies in the Shop jumped by about 15% within a week and the sales went up.”

I said, “Great! Would you call that a Successful Action?”

“Sure would.”

“So, when the ad comes up for renewal, whatcha gonna do?”

“Review it and renew.”

“Good. So what else has changed since we last talked?”

They’d refined the layout a bit with the more common items near the front. They’d put the checkout line so it ran right by the common stuff so a customer would tend to look... then buy.

We went over several things like that. I brought up the old trash in the back and pointed out the item in the manual about “The customer knows us by our environment.” They put it on the To Do List.

Francis brought up a new point. “Simon had an idea of creating a Yahoo Group or similar where we could list availability of collectables and also requests. He figures if he can get enough dealers on it, we’d all be more flexible.”

I asked, “And what do you guys think?”

They liked the idea. I asked, “According to the manual, what would be the actual first step?”

They took a look at The Book. “Survey. See if it’s needed and wanted.”

“Okay. Besides telling you if it is needed and wanted, you’ll probably end up with contacts with lots of other collectables dealers and at least a possible oral method of doing something similar, right?

“If the survey shows interest, how about doing some research? Study the NASDQ stock exchange; it’s completely electronic, has bid, ask and three levels of other stuff and gets updated every couple minutes. Do a preliminary design and take a look.

“I’ll betcha Simon is a computer geek. He could design and implement an interactive web site and you could hire someone to do the updating. You get something like that, if someone came in with something to sell, you could get the actual market value in a couple seconds rather than estimating.

“Tell you what. If you folk do the preliminary survey, research, design and financial study then we’ll talk funding. This should be something entirely separate from the shop here. That way, if it takes off, you three might well be in a position to have your own business, just like that.”

Extreme interest.

The other businesses were very similar. Look at the graphs, spot any changes (up or down) and see what occurred. It had been a desirable change, find out the cause and reinforce it. Undesirable, root it out.

At the Ladies' Leather shop, I could smell a little mustiness mixed in with the desirable leather smell. Since I could *look* around really quick, I found it in a couple seconds. The mop sink in the back had mold around the drain and the floor around it smelled.

Jim, the manager, said, "It keeps backing up. I've run Draino and such down it but that hasn't fixed it yet."

I said, "Okay. Call in the big guns, then. The inexpensive method didn't work, take it up to the next level. Let RotoRooter or whoever do their thing on it. If even three customers get turned off by the odor, we could have paid for it already by the possible sales.

"Since this place is leased, the leaseholder should actually pay for something like that. Contact them and get approval."

On the To Do List. Jim then put forth the next idea. "Sean, you ever think of selling this place?"

Okay! Negotiation time! Exactly what I wanted from all these places.

"Well, Jim, what do you have in mind? You and Sam (the other manager) have an interest?"

They did. We kicked a couple offers around for a bit. I told him, "Tell you what. Go down the manual and when all the major points are in place or at least addressed and targeted, then we'll talk again. Most of the points which take money to implement aren't capital costs so don't really affect the net worth; the cost is an expense.

"If you work to get the points in now as an expense, it's on my dime, not yours after you buy it. Who would you rather spend the money, me or you?"

The answer was obvious. Actually, it wouldn't really cost much to implement any of the points. If they bought a business in top operating shape, they'd be able to pay it off faster and easier, I'd get my investment back faster and more reliably and everyone would win.

As a parting shot I told them, "Read over the section on buying and selling again. That's what I use and probably what you should use. Use it to think with and come up with at least a couple ways of doing the deed."

I finished up with the last shop on my list around 5:00; I actually found a couple neat hats there. Good. It was time to get together with my sweet ladies and have a bit of togetherness; Eileen had *told* me our plans for the evening.

EILEEN

We did a final straightening up, put the trash (I probably wouldn't need a pair of worn-out tenny pumps) in the dumpster, swept up and took off.

We took all Frank's clothes and stuff to the Salvation Army store. I got a receipt and it was a done deal.

Maura called Sam to warn him we were coming with a ton of stuff and to dig out three portable storage units. He told her, "They're at the front of the storeroom; I'll get them up there. Funny how Sean and I figured you guys would eventually want them. I'll have Bob and a couple others meet you in the garage to take the stuff up."

They took the stuff up in several trips; the van had been stuffed. Teresa pointed at me and said, "You! Sit. Rest. Cuddle the kid." I did.

Maura found an old yardstick somewhere and used it to direct traffic. Every once in a while, she'd stand in the middle of the room, slap it against her pants (or a table) and rattle out orders (mainly contradictory or impossible) in a fake German accent. Every time she slapped, we'd all jerk and Bridget would let out a kid-shriek.

Fun. All the guys working knew her and her sense of humor and acknowledged her "orders" with clicking heels and a broad Hitler salute.

It took about a half-hour to get the stuff up and semi put away. Teresa handed Bob her car keys and told him, "One last run, hopefully. The car's packed with kid clothes and stuff I've been dying to get rid of. Haul it up here and we'll stuff it under the sofa."

When it was done, we lavished praise on them for their hard work. Maura gave Bob the van keys to give to Sam and they went happily on their way. It didn't hurt that each went off with a crisp $20 in a pocket.

By then it was a bit after 4:00. Teresa said, "Since you and Sean treated us last night, it's our turn. How about the Tavern? You could see what we do."

I allowed as how it would be quite interesting. Teresa called the Tavern, talked with Patrick and reserved us a big table for 6:00.

I *sent* out the plans to Sean and he agreed; somehow I thought he would. They took turns cuddling Bridget for a while, she demonstrated her diaper-changing technique again then they left around 4:30.

Bridget and I lay around for a while. It's really a luxury to be lazy at times.

We gave her a quick bath (she could do it all by herself, but of course Mom loved to supervise) and I washed up. Dayum that rib support felt grungy -- and at least two or three more days to go.

I was getting only an occasional twinge from a couple spots. Bridget suggested, *"Why don't we look at it? We can go through walls and all that stuff so why not?"*

She was right. The ribs were plainly perceivable and we could make them stand out like a classroom skeleton. We could see three different very small cracks; they all had a lot of new growth in them. We estimated a good 50% of the cracks were already filled.

Hmm. Three days since they were injured, another two or three before we saw Dr. Sayes... Might even be in decent shape by then!

The left wrist under the cast were okay. The wrist had a few tiny cracks -- again about 50% filled in. The sprained fingers seemed okay when I wiggled them but they'd put the cast on over the wrapping so I left it on for now. The crack in the cheek seemed about 60 or 70% filled in; it had been pretty small to begin with.

The bruises had faded significantly to lots of yellow-green. I was still a bit tired but almost all the actual soreness was gone. Maybe in a couple more days they'd be presentable.

Sean came cruising in a little after five, snuggled on us a few moments then took off to his place to change for dinner. Fifteen minutes later he was back.

He'd changed completely. He'd put on short black boots with a 2" heel, plaid pants, a green silk shirt with a green bow tie, a green vest and an iridescent green bowler. He looked like a leprechaun!

I laughed so hard my ribs started hurting. Bridget covered her eyes with her hands and pretended to wail in pain. Sean stuck his lip out and pretended to pout.

"Wazza matter, don't I look Irish enough?"

Yeh, right. He grinned, reached in a bag and pulled out a green vest and bowler for me and a small green vest, bowler and a green rattle for Bridget. "Family dress-alike!"

Groan. On the other hand, did I give a shit if someone else thought I looked ridiculous? Suppose a couple people looked, laughed and hung around the Tavern a little longer, maybe for a few more drinks or a meal. Hmm. Sean had "looked ridiculous" for years and he owned this place outright!

Bridget agreed. In fact, she dug through the spoils of the day and produced two green ribbons which she tied in bows around her big toes. Getting with the program!

On the way down the elevator, Sean flipped and spun the hat. "Different balance; gotta practice."

Sam saw us cross the lobby, buried his head in his hands and pretended to cry.

From the outside, Eire's Tavern looked sharp. The parking lot was neat and clean, the parking attendants courteous, the signs and lighting were just right to make the place stand out nicely without being garish.

Inside was just as good. To the left was the bar, already nicely filled. Straight ahead was the restaurant. The greeter knew Sean and led us right in to where Teresa and Maura were sitting.

They had on green, too. They immediately groaned and laughed at Sean and pretended to try to steal his hat. He grinned, flipped it around and danced a few Irish Jig steps.

He looked around and let out a moderately-loud stream of Irish to the effect of "must have all the good folk of Altadena, Pasadena and the rest of Southern California gathered here to look at my two sweet ladies."

The waiters (white shirts and green bow ties) seemed to know Irish because they smiled at Bridget and me and saluted us with a finger to the brow. Fun.

The five nieces and nephews were in Irish colors; this was "old hat" to them. They laughed at Sean, waved, chatted with us (in Irish) and were having a grand old time.

Very nice dinner. Just enough to make us feel a little too full but not enough to hurt. The waiters rattled away in Irish to everyone (including the other customers) then would say much the same in English.

Around 7:30, Teresa, Maura and Sean stood up. Teresa pointed at me and Bridget and said, "Come with us."

They led the way to a small stage at one end of the room. Holy shit, I hope all they want me to do is show the colors!

They didn't; they expected me to sing with them and wouldn't take no for an answer. "*We know you have a good voice and*

know Nana taught you a lot of songs and know you'll do just fine."

We *joined* around 35% and sang. Somehow I knew all the words and harmonies and we belted out some wild songs, some solemn ballads and some happy, cheerful tunes, a lot of them in Irish. Someone was offstage pumping the instrumental accompaniment out at just the right volume.

The audience must have been expecting this, because a lot of them sang right along. Fun!

The music changed to a fast Irish Jig. Maura told me, *"You do not do this; too hard on the ribs right now!"*

Teresa, Maura and Sean put on one hell of a show! Besides being *joined*, they'd been doing it together for years.

The music changed and slowed a little. Sean started doing hat tricks! He'd flip it, spin it, roll it up and down his arms, toss it up in the air and have it land on his head.

Teresa had nudged Bridget and me forward a bit while they'd moved back. I turned to watch Sean do some hat flips and he moved even with me so Bridget was between us and we were all visible to the audience. Yea, they'd informed me of the maneuver.

Sean flipped the hat in the air with his right hand, spun around a couple times and caught it behind his back. He did the same with his left hand, but this time as the hat was coming down, Bridget leaned **way** forward and caught it.

She promptly pulled it down over her head and kicked her feet around. The audience loved it! Sean plucked her from my arm and sat her on his shoulder. She stuffed the hat back on his head so it covered his eyes to his nose and everyone waved as we trooped off the stage. I'd say we sang for our supper.

We stayed for another half hour then took off home.

We got ready for bed, I nursed Bridget then we cuddled for a long time. We *blended* time after time outside and through our bodies, sharing the happiness and love we'd found with each other.

SEAN
(Saturday 4/29)

We slept in a bit. I had half a dozen shops to hit today but they all were the "easy" ones. We ordered breakfast in, ate and lounged around.

The weekend housekeeper, Sarah, knocked around 10:00. We were decent so I called for her to come in.

She came in, sniffed a few times then looked at Eileen. Eileen had a solid control in so I had no idea what she was thinking. She shrugged and raised her hands in apology.

Sarah gave an "oh, well" shrug and started straightening up. **Gotta** be secret woman stuff!

I asked Eileen, "I'm gonna run around to six of my shops. Wanna come along?"

She did. "Sharon apparently ran hers from your book. I wanna see what ones are like that **you**'ve put together." That was fair, I guess.

I packed Bridget's boogie bag, ensured the baby sling was in it and we took off.

Bridget fit in the new car seat like it had been made for her. She didn't scream for a Barney video so we stayed sane. She asked, *"Barney?"*

Eileen told her all about the purple dinosaur mystique. What it came down to was that kids usually loved him and 99.9999% of the adults hated him with a passion known only to mass murderers and genocidists.

Bridget said, *"Well, if it makes you feel any better, I have no desire to see such a thing. Bring on 'You've Got Mail,' 'Return to Me' and other such stuff."*

BEST GIRL! We'll get along just fine.

I drove around the first shop and explained what I looked for. This one was clean all the way around, though the sign lettering on the building was getting a bit too faded. Well, that's an expense for me. On the To Do List.

I told Eileen, "You two nose around. If you spot anything that seems strange, let me know. Unless, of course, it's something obviously an attention-getter."

That place was fine. It was moving along, steadily increasing sales (and profit) around a percent a month.

The next couple were okay, too. On the one after that, Bridget pointed out a collection of shirts (this was a clothing store) that looked too out of place in the men's area. The managers and I took a look; she was correct. Those particular shirts were designed to be unisex so they didn't really fit in either area.

The managers looked at the inventory lists and we discovered we carried several items meant to be unisex which were either in the men's or the woman's area. Also we noted there weren't many sales on them.

Okay. We decided to put these all together in a new section (move things around just a little) and mark the section plainly as "Unisex." We'd check that later to see if we'd done a Successful Action.

Good. Bridget had probably just paid for her supper. Grin.

We took a lunch break and a rest around noon. We didn't push it; if we didn't make it to all the places today, no big deal, there was always next week.

We did finish up handily by 6:00 with no more surprises or corrective actions needed. Life was good.

EILEEN

It was an eye-opener for Bridget and me. Here were six (seven, actually, if I counted Shane's Shop) different enterprises with different products, services and markets all apparently working on the same basic principles and concepts and doing very well at it.

This, I've gotta study. Granted, I'd earned my BBA but hadn't really used it. Most of the things I'd heard Sean talk about hadn't even been hinted at in college: Successful Actions, Bright Ideas, Attraction, Public Knows Us by Our Environment.

Even the "aging" Altadena Arms showed those so far as I could see. For example, there were display windows on each side of the front entrance they kept changing for the season; the current one for Spring had one window full of parakeets who were always busy flying around doing parakeet stuff.

The other had two manikins dressed in rustic outfits snoozing away like they were on a picnic -- there were several live squirrels and rabbits running around and sometimes a passerby could find one sleeping right atop one of the manikins. Nice contrast. Gotta find out who designs them.

Anyway, we had a leisurely, light dinner and settled in for the evening at home. Sean disappeared for a moment in his room and came back with a DVD, "You've Got Mail." Nice. Nana and I had loved that sappy thing.

Bridget clapped her hands and crowed. She told us, *"I remember that one. Nice."*

I asked them, "Have either of you gotten memories of before this life? At the hospital, I went back quite a ways."

Bridget told us, *"Probably. Things do pop up that are very familiar. I haven't really looked because I'm very protective of this body right now.*

"When Dad came in, I was so far away I had no idea what was happening; I was out in the mountains somewhere. Both our bodies could easily have died and I wouldn't have found out until way too late.

"And it's not that I'm afraid of being outside or leaving the body. What's also popped up in my memory is I'm at the greatest risk of Sudden Infant Death Syndrome between two and four months. For that reason alone I'm gonna stay very alert and very close for at least another month.

"After that I'll go looking. I know already there's a lot there to explore and I might get so involved I might not notice the body having trouble."

Sounded well thought-out and logical to me. Sean told us, "I've got lots myself. I haven't spent the time to explore anything thoroughly yet myself. Since you two lovelies are here, I've been sticking pretty close to home for now.

"That'll probably change soon. When Bridget is ready, we can play a game like, 'Do you remember a time when...' and we can compare notes.

"There's lots of questions we could research. Are there other spirits like us? Eileen, you mentioned being around the maternity ward and being aware of lots of them. Having only one in that time knowing and remembering it was a spirit is a bit disconcerting. Is there something that makes us forget? I've got no memories of a Heaven, Hell, anything like that.

"While I don't see specific memories, these abilities we're finding feel like they're stuff we've had before and we're actually remembering them. Dunno, looks as if we've got some interesting research ahead."

Yeh. May you live in interesting times.

Anyway, we popped in the DVD, kicked back, cuddled, snuggled and lost ourselves for a while in Meg and Tom's adventures.

When it was done, and we'd wiped our tears up (Bridget's body didn't react directly that way yet), Bridget asked Sean, *"You've got more of these?"*

He laughed for a while. "I've probably got every chick flick ever published on DVD or video. I think my sisters and their husbands go on quests to find them and give them to me as gifts. I'm slowly getting the feeling they're hinting to me about something; I haven't discovered yet what it is but it's getting clearer."

Bridget asked, *"You'll tell Mom and me when you find out?"*

"You betcha." He laughed, kissed us both really good and said, "Well, you two can stay up all night and torment the night manager if you wish. **I** am going to sleep."

We told him, "**You** are not sleeping alone, Lover Boy."

He didn't.

SEAN
(Sunday 4/30)

I'd hung the Do Not Disturb sign outside their room last night and no one disturbed us in the morning.

I woke up once and Bridget was nursing. She told me, *"Go back to sleep, Godfather Sean. I'll put your hand back on Mom's beautiful booby when I'm done."* Such a thoughtful girl; Eileen hadn't even woken up.

In the morning, we each slipped away for our morning pee calls and mouth rinses, then came back to bed, cuddled up and went back to sleep. Nice.

I woke slowly to discover a tiny girl body (with clean diapers) draped over the two of us. She whispered, *"Let's see if we can make Mom come at least twice before she wakes up."*

I whispered back, *"Hehehehe Hehehehe."*

There was plenty of daylight in the room so I could see plainly the beauty before me. Her bruises were apparent but only drew attention to the sweeping curves and smooth skin beneath them. She was on her side facing away from me with her knees drawn about halfway up. Perfect. Hehehehe.

Bridget and I *joined* lightly so we could coordinate our efforts in our diabolical plot. She slowly lifted her body off us, laid it down out of harm's way and began phantom butterfly kisses on Eileen's neck just where it hit the shoulder.

Eileen stirred and whimpered a bit. Hehehehe. With a *touch* I gently pulled the covers completely off us, turned myself around and inspected her nether regions.

A pink pucker was trying to hide in the valley between two hills. Since I wasn't constrained to my physical body, a light *touch* spread the hills so my tongue could gently and slowly run across it. Eileen made a small humming noise, so I knew it was appreciated.

Okay. Another *touch* on her entire top leg made it slowly rise so I could view another valley of delight. Framed with fine, fiery-red down, her puffy lips were separated a bit at the bottom. Yummy.

As Bridget caressed the inside of her elbows, the tip of my tongue danced over her pucker, slowly up across her taint,

through the soft fur and around the top of her slit. Another humm and a couple quivers.

Just a bit harder this time and along the other side. Yes, yet another humm and a bit of a quiver. Up the center, slowly and lightly; it had the delicious taste and wonderful scent I remembered from a couple nights ago. Hehehehe.

Bridget moved to the bottom creases of Eileen's breasts while keeping kisses going all up and down her neck. Another slow swipe of my tongue encountered new moisture; the scent and taste grew a bit stronger. So nice.

A little more pressure let my tongue slip slightly between her lips; they were swelling up and were a little pinker beneath the fur. Yum. Several more strokes with the same pressure brought forth more moisture, a louder humm and a distinct quiver. Hehehe.

It was working, so we kept up the same speed and pressure. In a couple minutes, I was collecting fluid from the bottom of her slit; some I swallowed and some I spread over her swelling clit hood.

Bridget kept everything going above and added a wet phantom tongue to her pucker. I spent a few strokes of my tongue supplying her with natural moisture. Nasty. Hehehe.

We wanted to dive in and torment her but restrained ourselves to what we were doing. I saw Eileen's right hand appear and she slowly caressed her clit between two fingers. Why not, might as well have all of us in on the fun.

I kept my tongue away from her fingers and slowly pushed my tongue inside. Eileen stiffened slightly, squeezed her fingers together and we felt a quiet warm release wash through us like the tide runs onto the beach. Hehehehe.

Bridget and I backed off and let it settle for a minute. Eileen's fingers started moving slowly again, so we picked up where we left off. There was lots of fluid now; I spread it backwards across her pucker so Bridget could share the wealth.

Gently and slowly I pushed my tongue slightly into her channel and sucked very lightly. She stiffened again, squeezed and let out a nice moan while she quivered for several seconds. Very nice release like the fall of a warm spring rain.

Okay. We'd made our point, hehehe. Leaving her hand where it was, I slowly let her top leg down. Oops, it squeezed her fingers together and another warm flush crept through us. We could live with that.

We slowly withdrew. I got back behind her, snuggled up, parked my tool between her cheeks and caressed a warm smooth hill in

front. I pulled the covers back up and Bridget put her body gently down across ours. Hehehehe.

We dozed off for a few minutes then felt Eileen wake up. She stretched a little, turned her head and saw four eyes looking at her. She smiled and said, "Good morning! Wonderful dreams."

She had to pick her leg up to release her hand; she looked puzzled for a moment. She brought the fingers from beneath the covers and must have caught a whiff. She looked at them (very damp) sniffed and tasted. She blushed nicely as we continued to stare at her.

We must have looked a little too innocent because she got a suspicious look. She looked hard at my face (probably still covered with her nectar) and glared at us.

I said, "Yeess?" She started off in Irish about rapists, night demons and deceitful associates. We kept our cool; Bridget floated forward and gave her a kiss. *"Love you Mom. You smell really good this morning. Sometime I've gotta try it myself direct from the source."*

We couldn't hold it any longer and laughed away. She cursed some more while trying to hide her own smile then her laughter broke through.

She said, "Well, actually it was a very nice wake-up call. Do I get one like that every morning?"

We said we'd try but no guarantees.

I rolled off the bed with Bridget; Eileen rolled off and headed to the bathroom with a long wet streak down her leg. Looked good from here, it did!

EILEEN
(Sunday 4/30)

Rapists and wankers, both of them! Abusing a poor sleeping girl like that. Shame! It had been a really erotic dream though!

I washed up (plenty to wash off between the legs) and got dressed. I told them, "Fluids! Food! It's 11:00 already and I can't live on love alone."

Bridget and I looked at Lover Boy. He said, "How about Sunday brunch? Buffet downstairs, all you can eat."

He's on! Being of the nasty suspicious mind I was, I sniffed his face then pointed to the bathroom. He'd been planning on wearing it!

While he was gone, I told Bridget, "I hope he isn't corrupting you, honey."

She laughed, *"Mom! It was **my** idea!"*

Groan.

We stuffed ourselves pretty good. Being attacked in my sleep tends to make me hungry.

I asked Sean, "What is 'The Book' I kept hearing about all day yesterday?"

He grinned and said, "I'll show you upstairs. It has very little to do with sex, so you should be able to control yourself this time."

Groan again.

Upstairs, he took me in his office and pulled a familiar-looking binder off the bookshelf. He told us, "This is the top-level material for running a business or organization. It's highly condensed and references these other manuals." He pointed to a long row of binders from a half-inch to three inches thick.

He smiled at us. "If you're interested, go for it. It's not as if I have many secrets from you two. If you run across a word, phrase or symbol you don't understand, either look it up or ask." He pointed to another bookcase with a couple shelves full of dictionaries and reference books.

I got the baby sling on, parked Bridget and we snuggled up and read through my eyes. Bridget could read just fine (*"English, Irish, some Italian and Welsh. Latin? German? A touch of Spanish."*). Interestingly, we had pretty much the same reading speed so got along just fine.

There was a blurb on the title page:

> The principles and concepts you will find in these manuals contain engineering truths; truth is what works. However, they neither came from the "mystic realms of the ancient universe" nor were "divinely inspired."
> They are true only if they are true for you. Study them, apply them and see if they work as described. Only then should you decide if they are true for you.

It **was** highly condensed. Almost every paragraph hinted at a richness of material below and there were lots of references to other manuals.

Sean kept me supplied with cool water. He'd read on the computer then every once in a while come over and check us out individually on what we'd studied. Define a couple words at random, use them in sentences. Given a situation x, what did the material say was the handling y -- if it needed handling.

If we couldn't get it, he took us back and found out where we'd gone off the track. We'd re-read it then he'd ask the same question again. Only once did we have to go back the third time.

One of my classmates in college had been a computer programmer. He'd told me a lot of times people, especially programmers, got into a concentration zone where everything flowed, everything worked and aligned and the outside world faded away. He called it "walking into walls" because that's what tends to happen.

Yeh. Bridget and I walked into quite a few walls. I remembered sitting on the john pondering something back and forth with Bridget. She'd nurse as needed and I'd hardly notice. She'd pop out of the sling, change her diaper and pop back in without either of us missing a beat.

Wonderful stuff! Nothing in all entire four years of college came even close to a glimmer of this. And it **all** tied together!

Sean broke it up around 8:00. "Enough for today. You need to study when you're well-fed and rested."

We ordered up some dinner. Over it, Sean looked at us and said, "I'm not asking right now, but how far could we get together if the three of us **all** knew this material cold, could apply it and help others learn and implement it?"

Right then, I'd say we could get to the stars.

Chapter 6

SEAN
(Monday 5/1)

Eileen's doctor appointment was at 2:00 so we had plenty of time. We spent the morning sorting her clothes, some of the baby clothes and "stuff" (Bridget claimed a couple teething rings and rattles. *"Gotta have some spare skull-thumpers."*). One of the mysteries of life: how did baby clothes end up under the sofa? Do they reproduce like empty coat hangers?

I wouldn't let them talk much about "The Book" until they'd studied it all; 80% of the understanding was tying the pieces together into a whole.

We had a late lunch, stuffed everyone in the Beemer and headed to the doctor's office.

EILEEN

Bridget and I eyeballed the cracks in my ribs, wrist and cheek. They looked pretty much filled in; we shall see.

Bridget got a final nursing before I was called in; I left her in the waiting room to protect Sean. Every woman in the waiting room

had looked him over, arranged her legs and bosom for the best effect and eyed him. Elaine, the receptionist, had looked directly at his left hand (no rings), leaned well forward (lots of nice cleavage) and asked, "How may I help **you**, Sir?"

Sean didn't blink an eye. He looked right down her top, admired, and told her, "By being the best you can be. And from the looks of the area, that's really good."

Guess there's a Sean fan club as well as a Bridget fan club. **I** was sure one of the cheerleaders.

Dr. Sayes looked at me and smiled. "Looks a lot better than Wednesday morning."

So far as I could tell, most of the bruises had faded to a dim sickly yellow. We didn't bother with one of those stupid gowns; I just stripped right down to the cast and the rib support.

She looked me over, poked a few of the bruises and asked, "Pain when I push?" None, unless she tried to push her finger through me.

She worked the right wrist around; there were a few twinges at the far ends of the movement. She told me, "Good. So far, everything's as I'd hoped. Take it easy with the wrist, don't pick up anything heavy for a while and don't hit anyone. Let's look at the left wrist."

She had me work the wrist inside the cast as best I could; there was some pain but one hell of a lot less than several days ago. She glanced at the fingertips and made sure I could feel with them. "Doesn't appear to be any nerve damage. We may revisit that a bit later."

She pressed over the crack in my cheek a couple times. There was a hint of pain but mainly from the pressure on my skin. No problemo.

She got behind me, wrapped her arms around my ribs and started squeezing. "Tell me when it hurts." She got up to what felt like a solid squeeze when the ribs started whispering to me.

She looked pleased. "Great. Let's take this thing off and see what we've got." She started unhooking, untying and unbuckling. "Your back will feel a little weak at first; the brace has done all the work for several days now and the muscles have probably atrophied a little."

She got the last of it off; yeh, it felt weak. Nana had told me about wearing a girdle; it must have felt just as good to take one of those off.

"Slowly, take as deep a breath as you can. Stop and let me know right away if it hurts."

Around three-quarters of the way, my back started hurting a little. I told her, “Not in the ribs, but the back muscles hurt some.”

“To be expected. Try to ignore the back and let’s see how the ribs themselves behave.”

I could get almost an entire expansion in before a twinge. She said, “Great! Excellent! Very well done! Since that seems so good, let’s look at your left wrist again. The cracks there were much smaller than the ribs.”

She had me put on a gown this time. “Plaster dust. This’ll feel funny.” She used an electric tool with a round blade that vibrated. I could feel it against the skin and it did feel funny.

She gently broke the cast apart and unwrapped the fingers.

“Work the wrist around and try to flex the fingers.”

Everything moved fine. At the end of the movement, there was more pain than with the right wrist but quite tolerable. The fingers had no pain at all.

She probed the wrist with her fingers; only a touch of pain when she pressed really firmly. She said, “Yes! You’ve done great! We’ll leave that off too.”

She got a solution of some sort and washed off the left wrist, hand and around my ribs where the support had been. Good; I’d smelled myself the moment it came off.

“If you’ve got a Jacuzzi or even a hot bath, go ahead and soak as much as you want. It’ll relax all the muscles and speed up the final healing. Good on ya, girl! You’ve done good.

“Now, physically you’re doing great. How’s the head doing?”

I told her, “Pretty damned good. It was hard seeing Frank at the morgue but that’s all over now. My, em, cousin is taking care of Bridget and me.”

She smiled, “Good. Speaking of Bridget, how’s she doing?”

“Just fine. She’s out in the waiting room now.”

She grinned. “With your, em, cousin?”

I laughed. “Yeh, my, em, cousin. Wanna see her?”

“Of course! While I’m not the pediatrician, I don’t mind taking a look at a beautiful baby. Go ahead and get dressed; we’re done with the physical part.”

She picked up the phone. “Elaine, would you send in Bridget McLennan with Eileen’s, em, cousin.” I could hear the smile.

I'd gotten so used to getting my clothes on with *touches* I had to think about doing it manually. I cheated; when Dr. Sayes' back was turned, I whipped everything on in about thirty seconds.

I heard Elaine's voice outside the door, "In here, Sir." She was dripping honey.

Sean came in holding Bridget and the boogie bag. Dr. Sayes looked at him, laughed and asked, "Good Lord, Sean, don't tell me you lost your hat?"

Sean grinned at her. "It's hanging in the waiting room. Bridget kept wanting to try out her second tooth on it." Bridget opened her mouth wide and proudly showed us **two** teeth on the bottom. No wonder my boobs had hurt earlier!

Dr. Sayes looked at me. "Sean worked with my brother-in-law for several months. Took him from the edge of bankruptcy to well on the way to total solvency. Is this your, **em**, cousin?"

I laughed. "Dayum, Sean, is there anyone in this town you don't know? We think he's probably a distant relation of some sort, so cousin's good enough. He **is** Bridget's godfather."

Dr. Sayes said, "Well, great! By the way, there may be two people in Altadena he doesn't know; I saw them moving in this morning. Let's see this beautiful baby."

Sean put Bridget right on her shoulder. Bridget gave Dr. Sayes her best shtick with neck hugs, burbles, coos and wobbly kisses. More goo on a floor.

Dr. Sayes' eyes were suspiciously moist. "Seems pretty alert." She poked at Bridget's tummy, looked in her eyes and said, "Hmm. Looks like a baby to me."

She told me, "Sit," and handed Bridget to me. "Take it easy carrying her around for the next couple days; that back's still a little weak and I wouldn't trust the wrists or left fingers completely. Besides, isn't that what godfathers are for?"

She asked me, "I've got Frank's autopsy results. You want to hear?"

I told her, "Yes." I had the nagging idea we'd killed him when we'd smashed his head on the floor.

She looked directly at Sean then back at me. I told her, "He should be here, too. He's involved in all of it."

She nodded and said, "Fine. Let's go to the office." She led us into her office; we sat down in front of her desk.

She pulled a couple folders from the file cabinet and sat down. She looked right at me and didn't flicker her eyes around a bit. "Before we get into that, let's talk about sex. No missionary

position for at least another week because of the ribs. Woman superior and on the side or from the back is fine. Keep pressure off the wrists; that means take care with leaning forward while you're on top. No hands-and-knees -- go with elbows and knees. Watch the fingers for a while. Take it easy, Eileen; you need to heal up well."

Bridget piped up, *"Go, Mom! We're back in the saddle again!"*

Devil-child! And not the greatest Roy Rodgers I'd ever heard, either. I knew my face was a little warm; Sean appeared to be studying Dr. Sayes' wall of certificates.

Dr. Sayes continued. "Okay, let's talk about Frank. First, you stated in the police report Frank said he had low sperm count and couldn't have children. Well, for what it's worth, there's absolutely nothing in his medical record to back that up. No conversation notes, no tests. These records I have here go back about fifteen years.

"Bridget's blood type matches you two as parents. Still, if there's any doubt, we can do a DNA test. What do you think?"

I looked at Sean. He shrugged cautiously. "There's still a sister we don't know about. We might do one just for conclusive proof one way or another."

I agreed. Dr. Sayes said, "We've got plenty of DNA samples from Frank; we just need one from you and Bridget here. It'll be an oral swab so shouldn't hurt a bit."

Sean laughed. "If it's near her mouth, she'll yank it in."

Bridget told him, *"Then you'd better watch what you let get near my mouth, Lover Boy. And remember, I use teeth on* ***everything****." Leer.*

We choked back laughter; I think we were successful.

Dr. Sayes got out an envelope with stuff in it and opened it up. She pulled a long swab out of a plastic or glass tube and waved it in front of Bridget. "I need to put this between your gums and your cheek for a little. Is that okay, honey?"

Bridget promptly opened wide and waited. Dr. Sayes carefully put in the swab and scrubbed it a little in and out. She pulled it out, dropped it in the tube and capped it. She scribbled a few things on some tags, stuffed it all back in the envelope and set it aside.

She told Bridget, "That was wonderful, sweetheart! You did great."

She collect a swab-sample from me, too. She told Sean and me, "It'll take a couple weeks since it's low priority. If you need it faster, we could get it but it costs a lot more."

Sean said, "Just leave it as it is. If we need them faster, we'll pump in some pesos."

Dr. Sayes said, "Fine. Now, back to Frank. First, the blood alcohol was some three times the legal limit so he was, as it is said, drunk as a skunk. The body had assorted abrasions, cuts and contusions consistent with minor falls.

"The back of the head had a larger wound. However, there was no crack in the skull and the brain inside wasn't bruised from it. While he may have gone unconscious for a while from that spill he took, there is no possibility it was the cause of death. You neither killed him nor contributed in any way to his death, Eileen."

God, that was a load off.

"Okay. Eileen, did Frank complain of headaches?"

"Yeh. Almost all the time. It seemed he was continuously popping aspirin or Tylenol."

"All right. When is the first time you can remember when that 'almost all the time' started?"

I thought a while. I wasn't sure what was coming but was sure I probably wouldn't like it. "A couple months after we were married. A month or so after 'we' got pregnant. It was the same time he seemed to change and got cold and withdrawn. I know I asked him several times over the next couple months to come see you about them."

She didn't even look at the folder. "The last time I saw Frank was for the pre-nuptial physical. He never came in after that."

She took a deep breath. I knew something was coming so I clamped down hard on Sean's hand.

Dr. Sayes told us, "The cause of Frank's death was a brain tumor. It probably started out very small but by the time of the autopsy the main body was almost two inches across.

"The tumor's growth put pressure on the brain over time plus destroying brain tissue. Its main location was in the area associated with cognitive functioning and had tendrils spread throughout a large area. That particular type of benign tumor can shrink and swell significantly within a couple hours so his functioning probably came and went while he deteriorated over all.

“With something that size, the pressure on the brain was tremendous and so must have been the pain. I surmise when the aspirin didn’t help any more, the alcohol did -- or a least he didn’t feel it so much then.

“You last saw him early Wednesday morning; the Coroner puts the time of death well into Wednesday evening or Thursday morning. Even the fall he took in your apartment didn’t contribute; his time just ran out and enough brain functions were destroyed so his body died.

“You said he disappeared a lot; the last time actually for four days straight. I’ve done some research; even murderers, rapists and other sociopaths often try to control themselves. I think Frank was aware he was operating below capacity and was trying to protect you by staying away while it was really bad.

“Assuming the police report you gave was pretty complete, I’ve got a theory or opinion on what was going on. With the tumor spreading, Frank was fading in and out of conscious control of his body and emotions. He had enough control that he’d disappear when things got bad just to protect you and Bridget.

“If you had a bad cold or the flu would you kiss and cuddle Bridget a lot? Probably not; you love her enough to protect her and stay away from her. Frank was that way too; he disappeared whenever he could to protect you. He wouldn’t hold Bridget because he had no control over when an ‘episode’ would strike.

“It was probably really bad coincidence he came home when he’d really lost control. If he’d stayed away or hadn’t lost control, he still would have died the same way. People are basically good, Eileen. He was trying to protect you and Bridget from himself.

“You said in the police report he would lock up physically, shake and groan. My opinion is he, the Frank we once knew, was desperately trying to control himself and his body.

“Another thing which supports that is the extent and severity of your injuries. Very often in domestic violence the face is targeted and it’s really bad. Smashed mouth, broken nose, broken or missing teeth. Your facial injuries were almost trivial compared to that.

“You had very small cracks in a cheek, wrist and ribs. When domestic violence goes really bad, there’s fractures and internal damage to organs. Again, while they were painful as hell, your injuries were minor.

“When he turned to Bridget, he locked up again. He was desperately trying to control himself all the way through. He was only partially successful, granted, but he could have killed you both if he hadn’t had **some** control.

"Okay. Now about what he said to you about your alleged sexual activities. People do have odd thoughts every once in a while like, 'what if the child isn't mine?' Some of those are pure biology. If you were out of his sight even for a couple hours, that would have been time for another man to impregnate you. Pure biology from the Discovery Channel.

"Now, if we do something we know is wrong, we tend to justify it; make the 'victim' much less 'worthy' or something so our misdeed isn't so bad or so important. With that in mind, pretty much everything he said then was total inflated justification; the 'real' Frank would have tossed all those thoughts aside without a second's follow up.

"The police report says you stated he smelled like women. We can't conclude anything about that from the Coroner's report. However, any time there's physical abuse, I order a full set of STD tests. Yours are completely clean so that means both you and Bridget are fine that way.

"I'm sorry, Eileen. It's not your fault. I can't even say it's Frank's fault either; some men seem to think seeing a doctor is demeaning somehow. From the sketchiness of his medical history over the years, I'd say that was the case with him.

"If we could have caught it in the first six months there might have been hope. After three months, every day the prognosis got worse because of the brain tissue being destroyed. It's actually almost miraculous he lasted a year."

I cried. I cursed and hoped Dr. Sayes didn't know Irish. Bridget snuggled against me and Sean held me; both comforted me and let me know they were there. I think that was the only thing that held me together.

SEAN

Rough. Really rough. None of us had *looked* at Dr. Sayes' mind; we just took it as she gave it.

I pulled Bridget over on me so Eileen didn't have to worry about holding her. We snuggled up against her physically and mentally. No sympathy, just letting her know she wasn't alone.

It took a couple of minutes but Eileen finally straightened up, blew her nose and wiped up her face. She told us, "I'll probably grieve more later; there's still more in there. At least I didn't actually do something to contribute to his death. I'll still probably beat myself up some for a while for not insisting harder he come see you but I can see it probably wouldn't have done any good.

"I'll just grieve for the man I loved and married, Bridget's father. The later Frank I'll have to put aside as a stranger who I didn't

really like very much and who's now out of my life. Anything else we need to go over?"

Dr. Sayes smiled a little and said, "You'll do fine. With friends like Sean and family, you can't go wrong. The Coroner's Office will probably contact you about disposing of the body; do what you wish on that. I'd recommend getting as many as ten death certificates; it seems every institution in the world wants one. You had a will?"

She told her, "Yeh. We found that Thursday. Sean and I'll go over it; there's lots of things to go over."

Dr. Sayes told her, "Sean probably knows a lot about that kind of stuff. If not, he knows someone who does. Okay, you three, get out of here and get on with your lives. Eileen, if anything continues to give you trouble after a week, get an appointment with me right away; otherwise, you don't need me any more on this."

She must have called Elaine at reception, because she was totally professional and didn't offer me another chance to audit her assets.

Eileen asked, "Can we go home? I'd love to soak in a bath until I'm all shriveled up."

Not a problem. She poked Bridget, "And you, young lady, were perfect. Best daughter!"

"Best mom!"

Their hotel room was a "standard" and had only a shower. My place was a "deluxe" with two bedrooms and had a swirly-bath. I hadn't chosen it for the deluxe, just by the location and number of bedrooms.

I started the tub filling. We helped Eileen get ready then washed her hair thoroughly while she moaned and groaned in pleasure. We did a quick soap-wash all over then drained the tub, rinsed her and refilled.

We left her soaking. I'd shown her the controls for the water jets and air bubbles so she could play with them to her heart's content.

Bridget put herself down on the floor in my office and practiced head lifts, pushups, rollovers and sitting up while I looked at the email. The weekend stats were coming in strong so I looked them over and sent confirmations. I didn't really expect any changes so soon from the visits so wasn't worried there weren't any immediate upward trends.

Ladies' Leather had gotten to the landlord who'd sent out the drain cleaners. They'd run a snake through all the drains and had

pulled out roots, a couple rags and sundry other foreign objects. Jim told me they'd deodorized the mop room and that they would run the ozone air purifier overnight for several nights. Good.

Bridget wanted to look at the stats and graphs but I told her, "Later, sweetheart. After you study the manual a bit more you'll be able to understand exactly what you're seeing. Right now, even as bright as you are, all you'd see would be numbers without much meaning."

She said, *"In that case, I'll go in and frolic with Mom for a while."*

She *touched* her body into the bathroom. She pulled off her diaper and shirt (*"I get a couple seconds' warning and can get to the toilet here."*) then plopped herself in the tub with Eileen. They splashed around a little, cuddled, soaked and occasionally let out exaggerated moans and wails of ecstacy. Good on 'em.

I finished up the routine emails and went on studying the various newsletters. Yeh, lots of stuff going on. I made notes of some ideas that popped up and scheduled follow-up research.

A quick check with Eileen let me know she'd run a computer and had done Internet research during college but hadn't done anything the last year or so; she and Frank hadn't been able to afford a computer.

Bridget knew what a computer was and recalled some experience. I figured she could run the systems with *touches* just as easily as operating a mouse and keyboard. Put another little project on the To Do List.

The girls were done soaking and climbed out of the tub. I went in to "help." I got Eileen in a robe and we patted Bridget dry (Such a cute body! Poke the tummy for giggles.). Eileen wrapped her hair in a towel then I scooped them up and carried them off. "To the hair drier!"

Her bathroom had the hair dryer. We did Bridget's first with a real soft baby brush; such wonderful red curls! She pretended to preen and posture for us so she got lots of snuggles and kisses.

We did Eileen's hair next; such fun. I stood behind her and ran the drier while Bridget wielded the brush with a firm *touch*. Eileen kept shoving her butt back against me which caused quite a commotion in my nether regions. I retaliated with a thorough butt-caressing; since I only needed one hand for the drier, I could alternate when one got tired. She must have been a bit ticklish because her butt kept wiggling around.

We all grinned at each other in the mirror, laughed and brushed. Eileen looked at her fingertips all wrinkled up and said, "I'm a prune. Dayum, I haven't had an actual bath in something like nine months. Wonderful."

I told her, "Best looking redheaded prune I've ever seen!" A couple nuzzles on her neck let her know I meant it.

She smacked me. "Lecherous Irishman!"

Bridget asked, *"Are there any other kind worth having around?"*

They kicked me out after her hair was dry so they could get dressed. I heard *"casual"* a couple times so figured they could get along without me. I went back to studying.

It only took them a half hour. If it's casual, why does it take so much discussion and tryings-on?

Eileen asked, "I'd like to go over to Maura's to visit with her and Teresa. May I borrow the car?"

"Sure. Remember, though, the tires have a weight limit and it'll hold only so many baby clothes."

"Spoilsport."

I tossed her the keys anyway. I *watched* as they left; she was watching her back okay. Bridget was in her sling but was supporting almost all her own weight and the boogie bag "weighed" about a pound. She'd do okay.

I'd intended to vegetate last week anyway so got in some serious veg time while they were gone. No concern about them now; I had no place I had to be the next several days and plenty of time to get there.

I took a swim, lolled in the Jacuzzi, upheld Irish traditions by checking out some delicious-looking female bodies then went back to my room and took a nap.

While the body slept, I spent some time *touching*. I found I could tie my shoelaces just fine after a bit of practice and run a computer keyboard and mouse. The keyboard was pretty tricky but I ended up with a four-finger-like HPC (Hunt, Poke and Cuss when I Poked the wrong one) that seemed to do the job. That was okay, I wasn't entering pages of text anyway.

Eileen called, *"Sean, Maura asked us to stay for dinner. Is that okay?"*

"Sweetheart, I don't own either of you. We've made no plans, have no schedule to keep and no obligations to anyone right now. Keep the car and stay the evening, night or several days. Come back whenever.

"Come in the evening. Come in the morning. Come when expected. Come without warning. Thousands of welcomes you'll find here before you. And the more often you come, the more I'll adore you."

Big smile. "We're swooning here, Lover Boy. By the way, they keep wanting to know if your intentions towards us are honorable."

*"Tell them anything you want to make up. In actuality, they are extremely **dis**honorable. I lust after your left little toe, your right earlobe and Bridget's belly button."*

"Em, yeh. Well, maybe sometime we can indulge in a little lust. See you later, Lord and Master."

Yeh, right. Not even in the oldest legends has an Irishwoman truly acknowledged someone as their Lord or Master. They're mostly ornery, stubborn, obstinate, pigheaded, argumentive and a joy to be around. Just ask my sisters, they'll tell you -- at length.

A few minutes later, the Cullen Sisters invaded my nap. *"Perverted wanker! May we watch?"*

"Aye right! Go way outta that! Ya muzzies'll go too far one of these times and Bridget'll get after ya with her two teeth a-gnashing at yer heels!

"On the other hand, if you can talk them into it, I'd survive. In fact, I'd love to forget for a couple hours you're my sisters and you could join in! Hehehehe!"

Squeals! "Ooo! When? Tonight?" Smiles! Argh -- that one didn't work out quite as I'd expected.

Anyway, I was napped out for then. I got dressed, went to the lobby and chatted with Phil (the Evening Manager) for a while. He eyeballed my hat while we talked over the personnel and about possibly hiring a few more for the evening shift. He asked, "And where are those two lovely ladies I heard have been gracing us with their presence?"

I told him, "They're at my sisters'. As we speak, they're probably showing her all my baby pictures. There's a couple I've been trying to get my hands on for years so I could shred them."

"And what might they have been?"

"The Halloween I was five, they convinced me a leprechaun's costume was being starkers and carrying a wand. They got three pictures before Mum gave them what for."

"I dunno, Sean. For sure it's gotta be better than that hat."

I didn't let it spoil my dinner. The dining room was a bit less than half full; not bad for a Monday night. I rattled some ideas around in my skull about promoting for outside diners. A lot of hotels I'd seen had restaurants but they were very overpriced for one

thing. I'd seen none promoting the actual restaurant as a separate attraction. On the To Do List.

After taking a final tour of the pool to check out the talent, I went back home. That nap must have worn me out; I went to bed around 9:30. Alone.

A bit later I *felt* Eileen and Bridget come into their room. Five minutes later, Eileen slipped in my bed beside me and snuggled up front while Bridget snuggled against my back.

Eileen said, "We lay down on their spare bed for a few minutes to try it out but we got lonely and came home. By the way, you make a **really** cute leprechaun with that wand." A giggle from both of them.

Argh.

She wiggled around a little; her breasts did a wonderful warm dance on my chest and her soft fur a bit lower got me quite warm indeed. She must have picked something up about "warm" because she said, "Sean. Lover Boy. Do you always keep it this cool in here? My butt's cold."

"Well, sweetheart, I'll just see if we can get your lovely butt as warm as the fires in my heart. Fortunately, during one of my business ventures, I developed an Irishwoman butt warmer-upper process that needs testing."

I tested the process vigorously. Yummie!

Bridget told me, *"My butt's cold too, Sean."*

I reached a hand around behind me and firmly patted her diaper-covered bottom a couple times. "**You** get a spanking to warm it up."

"Ooo! Do me! Do me!"

"Your time will come, honey."

"Thank you, Lord and Master."

I just knew they were plotting my downfall. Suddenly I had a thought. Cold isn't just a surface phenomenon; it seeps into everything. I immediately started warming up the cracks my hands had discovered earlier.

Eileen smacked me. "Not tonight. You've got a headache."

"I don't have a headache!"

"You will if you keep that up."

We snogged gently for several minutes; Bridget got several caresses then we drifted off to sleep. We spent the night playing tag, bouncing around the room and sharing sweet *blendings* which glowed with our love.

Chapter 7

EILEEN
(Tuesday 5/2)

Bridget woke me up with hugs and sweet baby kisses. So nice! I asked her, *"Did you nurse during the night?"*

"Yep. I figure I'm responsible for this body. I keep a close watch on it anyway so I'll take responsibility for the diapers and food at night. That way, my sweet, wonderful, precious, beautiful, sexy, hasn't-been-laid-for-a-long-time, best mother in the world can sleep through the night."

Hugs and kisses back to my gorgeous clever daughter! Sean joined in with some sleepy caresses. I told her, *"**You** are wonderful. We'll handle that 'hasn't-been-laid-in-ages' issue pretty soon. I know I've been cock-teasing Sean but I wanna get my back and wrists a touch stronger first. I tend to get, em, a bit urgent."*

"Urgent? Is that what you call it? Come on, Mom. I bet you're a maxi-moaner at least and when you and Dad first got together, you wore out the mattress and had the neighbors banging on the walls."

Em, yeh. I told her, *"Guess we'll find out, won't we?"*

*"Yep. And I'll be right there helping. I know lots of interesting spots and things to do; I'm not just a cute, innocent little girl, ya know and **I** love Sean one hell of a lot, too. Just because my body has no sexual responses yet doesn't mean I don't join in the pleasure. I probably had the same intense emotional response to what we've done with Sean as you two.*

"When we really start doing the bold thing, I'll probably push the bassinet into another room. I don't wanna get hit with a flying shoe or smacked with a picture falling off the wall."

Em, she did have some very valid points.

Anyway, I rolled out of bed and headed for my bathroom; my bladder informed me in no uncertain terms it was time. Bridget floated right beside me making swishing noises.

"Okay, what's the noise?"

"Those are my angel's wings, Mom."

"Yeh, right. Should be a pitchfork clanging 'cause you're a little devil!"

"And a horny one, too."

We did our morning wash up and got dressed. Dayum, I've gotta get a trim; those ends were looking pretty ragged.

After a good snogging with Lover Boy, we had breakfast then I got to work.

All sorts of "stuff" to handle. I did a post office change of address (on line for a buck); I asked Sean for a credit card for the fee. He dug around in a filing cabinet and handed me a debit card and a sticky note with the PIN.

"You are now a salaried executive of Cullen Enterprises and your position is Vice-President of Staff Relations. The card has up to $5,000 without calling in, so you can handle routine expenses like gas and other stuff."

I quirked an eyebrow at him. "Hmm, since I handle Staff Relations, I guess that means a major part of it is keeping the CEO in good spirits, right?"

He grinned at me. "Yep. You and your lovely assistant have done such an exceptional job of that during your probationary period, I decided to make it permanent for as long as you wish."

He cut me a check for $5,000 and handed it to me. "Drop that in your checking account for some pocket money; it's a signing-on bonus. I'll jockey the numbers around so the taxes are already paid."

Bridget asked, *"So, Mr. Cullen, what are the VP's wages?"*

Sean laughed, "Sharp cookie! While you're training yourself and your Able Assistant, it's a $1,000 a week salary, again after taxes. Would that be satisfactory?"

Holy crap! That's almost double what Frank and I had made in our best month and that had been only once; and **after** taxes!

He looked at me directly. "This is completely independent of our personal relationship. If you decide to move out tomorrow and end our current relationship, that's your choice and so long as it doesn't affect our business relationship, it won't change? Okay?"

"Oh, yeh!"

He said, "Great! Your training will take as long as it takes. To start, it'll consist of at least three hours a day of study during the week; that'll include becoming familiar with these computers. I expect you and Able Assistant to go through the entire set of books so you know them cold. I don't expect you to memorize everything but I will expect you to know the data exists and how to find it easily. Are you willing to do that?"

Bridget said, *"I am. Mom, if you're not, I'm gonna haunt you every day for at least the next eighteen years."*

I told him, "Mr. Cullen, you've got yourself a Vice President and Able Assistant."

"Good. I'll whip up some business cards for you."

I finished up the post office address change with my new card, wrote a letter to my bank for change of address, ordered new checks and made a note (To Do List) to go by the DMV for their form.

Sean waved his fingers at his keyboard, put some paper in the printer and printed several pages of stuff. He came over with a couple dozen business cards.

Full color (color laser printer) on glossy stock. There was a "Cullen Enterprises" logo with a stylized bowler hat cocked over the right end as if it were hanging there.

The card said "Eileen F. McLennan" and said I was "Vice President of Staff Relations." It had an email address for EFMcLennan@CullenEnt.com and the phone number for the cell phone Sean had given me.

He grinned and handed me a smaller stack of cards. Same logo only they said, "Bridget M. McLennan" was "Assistant to the Vice President" with a different email address. Sure, why not?

Bridget and I ensured the CEO's morale was up with some targeted snogging. Bridget said, *"Nice butt, boss."*

Okay, back to work.

I called the utilities and had them turned off at the apartment and dug out our address book. Yeh, it had Frank's sister in it. No phone but there was an address in Van Nuys. I recalled meeting her once at the wedding but we hadn't met since. She got a short letter basically saying Frank had died unexpectedly from a brain tumor and gave my sympathies.

Okay, now look at the legal paperwork. The will was fine; we'd each done one. They basically said everything went to the spouse. If spouse was deceased, to any children "from the marriage." That was Bridget; no problems with that.

I asked Sean to look at the life insurance policy with me. He glanced at the agent's card and said, "I know Sheila! In fact, she's who I recommend to my clients. Go ahead and call her; you've got a claim to process and a decision to make about what to do with the death benefits."

We looked at the summary page. I was the primary insured and Frank was on a rider. Yow! He'd had $250,000 and I'd had $125,000! 250K would go a **long** way towards getting Bridget raised and through college if she wanted.

I called Sheila. She remembered us but didn't know about Bridget. She told me she'd start the claim, "It'll go faster if there's a death certificate." I said I'd order them and we made an

appointment to get together on Friday. Dayum, now I need a calendar; Sean printed out a monthly for the next few months.

"We'll get you a PDA if you decide you need it. Company expense of course."

He handed me a set of keys to the BMW. "As an employee, you're covered by the insurance; we probably won't need a second car for you but if we need one, we can go... **shopping**!" It's a-wunnerful, a-wunnerful!

I called the Coroner's office and used the card to order ten death certificates. The clerk said they'd probably be here by Friday. Good, my appointment with Sheila was for Friday afternoon.

Disposal of Frank's remains? I went over the options with the clerk. Okay, donate to local medical university. He said he'd send the authorization form out that afternoon.

Now, time to start earning my salary. Bridget and I spent two hours studying The Book and finished all but the last section.

Kate came through around 10:00. She must have "sniffed around" and not found anything because before she left she gave me a disappointed look. I whispered to her, "I got that damned rib support off yesterday and my back and wrists are a little weak yet. I figure it should be okay Real Soon Now."

She gave me a happy smile and went on her way.

I started browsing through the computer. Sean went over the layout with us. The three systems were networked together with a big server tucked away in a corner. Direct connection to the Internet through the hotel (fast!), Windows XP Pro on everything, full MS Office Professional, Visio, etc., etc. Nice.

I asked for and Sean printed out a listing of all the businesses he currently owned plus all the ones he'd developed and sold. He said, "These are the local ones; I usually patronize them all myself. For most of the companies I sold, Cullen Enterprises carries any loan. I still get their statistics each week and I try to stop by each one at least every couple of months; that way I can keep at least a casual eye on the operations.

"The better they do, the faster I get paid and the better the chances are the loan will be paid in full. By the time the first five I sold were paid off, they were running smooth as 100-year-old Irish whisky. **Everyone** wins."

I tucked the list away in my purse. Some very interesting places to visit.

We had a light lunch then Bridget wanted to practice some computer stuff. *"I remember being able to surf the Internet but a computer seems a bit of a mystery."*

Sean gave us several tutorial CDs. “These are what I use to train people if they need it. They seem to work fine and I didn’t have to write them.”

He showed us his trick with the *touches* on the keyboard and mouse. “Bridget, in several years you’ll probably want to learn the physical touch-typing. In the meantime, try this. Feel free to enhance, change, or whatever you need to make it work.”

We worked through the first tutorial on basic computer operations. Hell, I was rusty enough we both learned a lot.

My back was tired by now just from sitting so Bridget and I went back to the swirly-tub for a long soak with the water jets and bubbles pounding away. More long groans and moans of ecstacy.

Yo! There was this one pulsating water jet Bridget aimed just right; by the time we were done the floor was pretty wet from splashes and we were **really** wrinkly.

SEAN

My new staff was doing just fine. In celebration, I took them out to a nice quiet restaurant with dim lights, a travelling violinist and good food. Besides, I like to show off my beautiful ladies!

Bob had brought up the folding massage table like I’d asked. I managed to persuade Eileen into a little massage; it only took two seconds to close that sale!

Unscented, warm oil with extra lanolin and Vitamin E does really well in helping someone relax. She (and Bridget echoed her) started moaning after five minutes; somehow I got the impression they were enjoying it.

I spent a good amount of time on her back, ensuring all the muscles around the spine were relaxed. When they were, I ran up and down several times ensuring the vertebrae were aligned. A couple were a little out but with the muscles relaxed they slipped right back where they should have been. That should help her quite a bit.

She had very good muscle tone all over. While I worked on her legs, Bridget gave her scalp a good going over. Since she was my sweety, I didn’t back off from ensuring every square inch got a good stroking.

After ten minutes of stroking, there was an interesting scent in the air. Hmm, what could that be? Grin.

Well, never let it be said that the Cullen Enterprises CEO doesn’t look out for his staff. Bridget and I worked her over; she moaned and quivered for another twenty minutes while we *shared* her warm, gentle releases.

I let her lay on the table, put Bridget between her legs and gave her a light massage, too. She had some firm muscles building up, not just a lot of baby fat. She told me, *"I'll give you another hour to stop that, Godfather."*

We let the oil soak in for another half hour then shared a shower to wash off the excess. Bridget darted around like a hummingbird, laughed and shared kisses with us.

All righty, then! I dug out another chick flick. We spent the next couple hours cuddled up on the sofa trying to figure out which girl would get which guy. Cute.

To bed about 10:00. Plenty of snogging then let the bodies sleep. We left streamers in and inspected the hotel crannies where there'd been nookie going on the last time. Well, still some nookie going on.

EILEEN
(Wednesday 5/3)

Sorry, Kate, no fresh smell this morning; we'd aired out the sitting room last night after the (glorious, wonderful!) massage.

I got up feeling strong, feisty and peppy. The ribs, wrists and fingers felt fine. Did I say I felt **good**?

We had a light breakfast then Bridget and I got in our study time. We finished up the tutorial on computers; being able to look at real-life examples (Sean pointed out things as needed) was a great help. At least there were now only several small black boxes instead of one big mysterious hunk of stuff.

We practiced *touches* for the keyboard and mouse. Neat; we got up to a fairly decent speed and after a half-hour or so didn't have to put much attention on it at all. My daughter was so clever!

Okay, back to the books. We finished up The Book; Sean was merciless in his final checkout! But, when it was done, Bridget and I knew the material.

Now for some shopping. I wanted to get food in the rooms so we weren't reliant on room service for every little thing. For a bachelor, it might be okay, but I liked to get my hands on things every once in a while (and I'm not talking about Sean's butt, either).

I called and made an appointment for a haircut (off Sean's list of course). Sean overheard me, dug around in a file and pulled out a business card for the shop. He wrote on the back and gave it to me. "Jackie's the manager; she'll take good care of you."

On the back of the card, he'd written, "Take good care of my special ladies." He'd signed it; it had a little bowler hat cocked over the end. Neat!

"There's a street map book in the passenger-side door pocket. Should be pretty easy to find."

My appointment wasn't for a couple hours yet so we went grocery shopping first. Mainly staples, some eggs, bacon, stuff for a light lunch, that sort of stuff. I'd stopped drinking coffee the first trimester (withdrawal symptoms!) and hadn't started again. Sean drank some occasionally but the hotel supplied it anyway.

I slid the Beemer back in the parking slot in the hotel garage; Bob was waiting for me with a baggage cart. "I'll take it all up. Mr. Cullen said you're to go off doing your stuff." Okay by me. I tried to tip him but he told me, "Mr. Cullen takes really good care of us for this minor stuff. Besides, it gives me a chance to chat with a couple beautiful ladies."

Hmm, some of that Bowler Blarney was wearing off on people.

Time for hair. Yeh, it was easy to find. Items from The Book started ticking off right away: well marked, clean with no litter. The front window had an attention-grabbing display of matched hair-coloring and fingernails. Hmm, might be interesting sometime. Did I want a business image or some other kind?

A young lady greeted me promptly when I walked in; good plus-point for a first-time customer. She confirmed my appointment. When I handed her the card Sean had given me, she flipped it over and read it. She laughed and called back into the shop, "Jackie! We've got a Hat Man special!"

An older lady (relatively-speaking, probably my age) came up fairly lively. She took the card, glanced at it and beamed! "Nice! You're the first lady with a personal recommendation! We're gonna take **good** care of you, ma'am!"

She looked me over quickly, woman-to-woman. "How do you know Sean?" Bridget and I immediately picked up a lot of interest in our CEO. And she had a touch of Talent!

I trotted out a brandy-new-today business card. After a look, she called out, "Girls, Sean's expanding! He's got a Vice President."

We got broad smiles and a quiet cheer. "Yes! May we call you Eileen?"

Certainly that was fine. She looked at Bridget, smiled and asked, "And this adorable lady is...?"

I'd palmed one of her cards so I handed it over. After a look, she called out again, "And we've got the Assistant to the Vice

President, too! We've got executives in our midst, girls!" Another quiet cheer.

She looked at Bridget and said, "Hello, Bridget, I'm Jackie."

Bridget promptly held out her arms and leaned forward with the classic, "Pick me up and cuddle me" look.

I pushed Bridget right onto Jackie's shoulder. She went into her gurgle and coo act, dispensed a righteous hug and lots of kisses. Goo flowed immediately.

The receptionist got a little closer and smiled at her. Bridget held out her arms and the ladies glanced at me. I told them, "Sure. Pass her around. She **likes** people."

The receptionist got her share of lovey-dovey. Other girls started gathering around; the goo got at least an inch deep. Jackie said, "Okay, ladies, move back in the shop."

We moved back to an empty chair. Jackie sat me down, looked over my hair and asked, "What would you like today, Eileen?"

"Trim, maybe, perhaps a little shaping. I've not been to a salon for more than a trim in almost a year, so why don't you give it what you think it needs."

She smiled widely. "Great! Let's start with a shampoo and conditioner."

She leaned me back into the sink; I closed my eyes and went with the flow.

I *looked* around; most hair/nail salons have a very heavy smell from the nail polish and the perm chemicals. Here, it was barely noticeable. I spotted a big EcoQuest air purifier up by the ceiling pumping out ozone (which would neutralize the chemicals and their smell). Major plus-point.

I felt someone take my left hand. A voice told me, "Manicure. Only the best for Sean's ladies." Another set of hands pulled my shoes off. "Pedicure." Oh, well, if someone's intent on pampering me, who am I to object?

Bridget had been getting passed from girl to girl and spent a few minutes on the laps of a couple clients. She told me, *"These are all very nice ladies, Mom. They do good work. The goo is up to the ankles now." Smile.*

Wash, rinse, conditioner, let it set, rinse again. The left-hand fingernails were done and the girl below started the other foot. Nice.

Jackie wrapped a towel around my hair and sat me up. She looked at my face really close and said, "Your skin's in wonderful

shape. Looks as if you've had a close encounter with an unfriendly environment." I knew there were still bruises showing.

I told her, "A parting gift from the now-deceased husband. He had a brain tumor and no control over what he was doing. A couple cracked ribs and a wrist and sprains were an added unintentional bonus. Bridget and I got away and Sean took care of us."

Jackie sighed a little. "Not a goodness, for sure." She brightened up a little, "Now **I** wouldn't mind having Sean taking care of me."

I laughed. "Too late. Bridget stole his heart and he's off the market. I'm just Mom along for the ride."

She chuckled, "Yeh, right."

She unwrapped the hair and started in with the hair dryer. Ten minutes later it was dry. She turned me to the mirror, fluffed my hair a bit and said, "Excellent natural coloring, Eileen; plenty of nice highlights. Let's just trim a bit and do any shaping with the brush. Those curls are gorgeous."

Okay with me. Jackie started in with the scissors and comb. Another girl asked, "Ms. Eileen, may we work on Bridget's hair?"

It was fine with Bridget. I told the girl, "Sure. Pretty much anything you desire; she's very tolerant and quite cooperative."

They set Bridget in the chair opposite me, tied a towel around her waist and the chair so she wouldn't slide around and went to work on her. Snip-snip with scissors and comb and a small manicure and pedicure. Quite the young lady.

They were done with her the same time Jackie was done with me. The girl held a mirror up for Bridget; she looked, laughed, clapped her hands and gave leg kicks. She approved heartily and the goo rose to mid-calf.

My hair looked great! Jackie showed me how to shape it several ways and how each would complement the shape of my face. Very nice.

Bridget told me, *"Mom? Nursing time. These girls will love it."*

They did; goo got knee-deep.

Jackie nodded at my crotch. "How's the other end?"

I told her, "Sure, why not?"

They moved Bridget and me into a back room and shut the door. Jackie peeled my pants and underwear off and sat me in a chair with a towel under me. She looked and asked, "Shaved for the birth?"

Yep. She said, "It's a crime to shave a redhead but I guess it was necessary. It looks like you've normally got plenty but not a jungle. Let's just trim a little; you can probably handle it after that."

Bridget and I heard her think, *"Or Sean can."*

Jackie trimmed and the other two girls finished my hands and feet. I naturally have very little hair on my arms and legs so that wasn't an issue.

Done! I looked with mirror (and *looked*) and approved. Neatly trimmed; I could see there was plenty of room for growth but if we kept an eye on it there wouldn't be much wild hair up my ass.

Pants on and back to the front. Sean had told me to put most everything on the corporate debit card and the accountant would sort out the business from the personal. I offered it to Jackie but she pushed it away.

"This time is on the house, Eileen. Sean bought this place when it was a third-rate scissors shop and turned it around into what you see now. This is the first time I could get in some payback that wasn't strictly business.

"He spent weeks in here. I think he knows more about hair and nails than I ever will, even though I've got the license. He wore that silly hat all the time, but I don't hold it against him."

Bridget and I picked up, *"There's a few other things I'd like to hold against him, though."*

I thanked her and said, "But next time I pay full pop. Otherwise I think he'd snatch us both bald-headed."

She agreed. Bridget gave a final round of hugs and kisses (she looked darling!) and raised the goo level to hip-high. I was almost afraid to open the door to leave because it might flood the street!

I made a stop at another one of Sean's enterprises. The lady knew exactly what I wanted and told me she'd have it all ready in a couple hours.

That called for lunch! Bridget got hers and I got mine at a nice little restaurant nearby. We still had lots of time so we went for a drive through Sierra Madre.

Since we were close, we went by Vosburg Street first. As Bridget watched through my eyes (she was safely ensconced in her safety seat in the back), I cruised up the block trying to remember which house Nana had shown me.

Oh, my. The place I remembered was now an apartment complex. None of the other houses around looked familiar but

the oak tree by the street clinched it. "It's not here any more. Only the oak tree is still there."

She told me, *"Some things move on, some things stay."* I'd heard that before.

I swung by the elementary, middle and high schools; they were pretty much the same as I remembered them.

I told Bridget, "I sprained an ankle on the track during gym class in high school. I hobbled around for a week with a cane. Oh, yeh. Jim Wells carried my books around for me; we had crushes on each other.

"Anyway, I snuck him in the house while Nana was out grocery shopping and we did the bold thing; first for both of us! A bit of fumbling around for a bit 'til we got it right, there was! Dayum, it was good! We did it twice more before I kicked him out 'cause Nana was due home.

"Shit. His family moved away right after that so we never kept it going. Dunno what would have come of it. I don't think Nana ever knew."

Bridget snorted, *"Don't be too sure of that, snapper. I'll bet her nose was as least as sharp as Kate's."* [snapper = Irish slang: child, baby]

"Yeh, you're right. I do recall her grinning a lot for a week or so like she had a secret."

"Mothers and grandmothers always know."

We swung up near the end of Olive Tree Lane. I parked the car and stood with Bridget on the sidewalk. "This is where I grew up, Bridget. Nana's place."

It hadn't changed much in the past four months -- dayum, I still had her will and other papers on the house to go through. I'd just paid the small utility bills and kept the gardeners going to keep it neat after she'd died. Too much had been happening with Frank and me to face it before. On the To Do List right away; the stuff was in a couple big envelopes in the file at home.

Bridget asked, *"Can we go to the park and sit for a while?"*

Sure, it was only half a block away so I snagged her boogie bag. We walked, sat, I snuggled her and said, "This was our favorite place to sit. We could see the whole street and the woods at the same time. We spent hours here."

My shoulder felt wet. I picked her up a little; her eyes were streaming. "What's wrong, Bridget?"

She buried her face on my shoulder. *"I remember. I remember Vosburg Street and snogging with Seth Nolan on the porch and under that oak tree.*

"I remember holding my granddaughter for the first time and swearing to myself she'd grow up to be a wonderful lady. I remember the smell when you were fifteen and how happy you were.

"I remember how happy you were with Frank then our worry when he changed. I remember waiting for your child to be born; I so much wanted to be with you and to help you -- but my heart stopped and I died.

"*I remember waiting over you and pushing other spirits away. I dove into your baby and was happy for a moment. Then I forgot. I forgot everything that had happened. Snapper, I'm so sorry I wasn't there to help. So sorry."*

We cried. I finally cried out my grief from losing my Nana and my sorrow for being alone. My four-month-old daughter and ninety-three-year-old grandmother cried out her sorrow for abandoning us.

We felt Sean, *"What's happening? How can I help?"*

I told him, *"Its okay, Sean. We're just in the middle of a girl-thing that came up; we're actually okay. We'll tell you later."*

"All right. Just remember, I love you both more than life itself and I'll always be there to help if you need it."

We cried more. This time they were happy, joyous tears that Nana and her Snapper were together again. Exultant tears that we'd found a wonderful man to love without reservation who loved us the same way.

A voice asked, "Are you all right, Ma'am?"

I opened my eyes. There was black-and-white by the curb and a uniformed police officer. Female.

I sniffed and told her, "Yes. We're okay. I lost my grandmother several months ago. We lost my husband and her dad last week and everything just caught up with us."

"I can understand that. I'm sorry but I have to ask for some ID."

I pulled out my wallet and showed her my driver's license. She glanced at it and asked, "McLennan. Would your husband have been Frank McLennan?"

"Yes. He had a brain tumor and just couldn't control himself. That's part of our sorrow."

"Okay, then." Her eyes drifted to my business card in the next slot. "Oh, you're with the Hat Man!"

Bridget and I giggled. “Yeh. I lived here on Olive Tree for almost 20 of the last years and only ran into him last week. Seems **everyone** else in Altadena knows him, though.”

She grinned. “Yeh. My brother works in one of his businesses. Okay, then. If you need help, just call 911.”

She drove off. We wiped eyes, blew noses, changed Bridget then giggled together over Nana/Snapper stories while she got a snack.

We picked up our special orders; they were perfect! Home again to our sweet man.

SEAN

Well, they’d both been through a long hard patch; they had the right to cry any time they wished. On the other hand, women cry when they’re happy, too; sometimes it’s difficult to tell them apart.

Okay. The Cullen Sisters had run me through the mill on that often enough I knew just to let it be. Just let it be and support them as they needed.

Things were definitely looking up. Eileen and Bridget were learning stuff really quickly, the businesses (old and new) were going along just fine and I was falling deeper and deeper in love with my ladies every day. Life was good.

I heard the girls come in; they stirred around their room for a while then came in my office.

Nice! Very nice. Their haircuts were perfect! I stood, whistled and applauded. “My ladies are queens! I’ve gotta take you out tonight and show you off.”

They seemed to appreciate it and laid some heavy-duty snogging on me which got my heart rate up significantly.

They stood back, pulled stuff from a bag and slapped it on their heads. Each had a small brown bowler hat cocked on the back left “corner” of their heads!

Bridget said, *“We figured since we were representing the company, we should wear the logo. Everyone seems to know the Hat Man -- now we’re the Hat Ladies and don’t take no messin’ with!”*

I laughed so hard it hurt. They pretended to pout but I told them, “They’re perfect. On me, the hat looks a bit silly and that’s the way I play it. On you two, though, they’re perfect. Absolutely perfect attention-grabbers and they look wonderful. Good on ya! Good on ya both!” And I meant every word.

They stopped pouting. Eileen's hat was about 6" across the brim while Bridget's was 3". Perfect sizes; they were holding them on with tiny *touches*.

They dug some more hats out the bag. They had a variety of colors in the bowlers and the same sizes and colors in the flat-top, straight-brim with band-and-buckle style. All very good quality, not like the costume-quality I'd found last week. Great!

They'd even found several good-size lapel pins of a bowler hat. My ladies were totally clever!

Eileen grinned and said, "And since they're for promotion, it's all deductible!"

We decided on an early dinner at Eire's Tavern; the Irish would appreciate the new accessories a bit better than a standard American. Eileen called Maura and Teresa; they decided to meet at the Tavern around 5:30 with more casual dress than last Friday. **I** think they didn't fully appreciate my leprechaun outfit from then.

Eileen ordered me to take a shower. Okay, that's easy enough, especially with Bridget floating in and ensuring I washed behind my ears. I wore brown pants and shoes with a tie-less dress shirt; my brown bowler would go fine with it.

Eileen changed into a nice dress and we dressed Bridget up in a cute dress; I remember Maura agonizing whether or not to keep it after their youngest girl had outgrown it. It had found a welcome home here.

They popped on their brown flat-hats and I thought we were ready to go. Terminally luscious, the both of them!

Eileen and Bridget giggled at each other then Eileen told me, "Before we leave, we need to introduce someone to you."

Okay by me. Where were they? Eileen put Bridget in my arms and said, "Margaret, I'd like you to meet Sean Cullen, the man I love. Sean, this is Margaret Gallagher Sullivan, my Nana who raised me."

Quite dignified, *"I'm very pleased to meet you young man. Snapper here babbles about you quite a lot; almost sickening, actually, the way she carries on."*

My jaw dropped. I started putting two and two together and kept getting five or three. They've gotta be slagging me!

Bridget told me, *"Yes, it's true. We went around to her schools and to Vosburg Street where I spent my high school years in the late 1920's. When we looked at the house on Olive Tree Lane where I'd raised Eileen, the memories started coming back. I couldn't believe it for a while until we sat in the park at the end*

of the street where we'd spent so much time. That brought them back solidly."

Her "voice" went to the dignified one of before. *"There's 93 years of experience sitting right here so you two youngsters better not try putting anything over on an old lady.*

"And Sean, I'm giving you fair warning: if you think Eileen being dry for six or seven months was something, I haven't had a stiff one up me in over a year and I've got a lot of catching up to do."

Eileen seemed shocked. "Nana! A year? You were what, 92?"

Margaret (I started thinking of her that way when she was in that "mode.") said, *"Yep. Just 'cause the chassis was beat up a little didn't mean the motor weren't runnin'."*

Eileen now looked puzzled. "Who... ?"

"That nice young man next door, for one. Ya spent all day at college so we'd slip back and forth. Why did ya think I put in the gate between our back yards?"

"Young man? Phillip was..."

"Seventy-five. I don't think his wife would have minded; he'd been widowed ten years by then."

"But seventy-five? I thought..."

"A guy couldn't get it up at seventy-five? Well, that was an issue at times. Fortunately he was broad-minded; if he couldn't get his fat prick up me, he'd stick his tongue and fingers in -- ***way*** *in.* ***Your*** *generation didn't invent the 69 position, ya know. Hehehehe."*

Eileen went red; I was holding in my laughter but it was getting very difficult. Em, "flabbergasted" was the term for Eileen right then.

Margaret chortled, laughed, shook her green rattle and rubbed it in some more, *"If ya lay on yer sides, there's very little strain anywhere and ya can go at it for a couple hours easy. Ya should make a note of that for the next week or so."*

I couldn't help it; I busted up. Margaret and I flopped down in the recliner and convulsed for several minutes while Eileen glared at us. Finally she broke down too and we laughed until we almost cried.

Eileen gasped out, "Nana, if you weren't so old or so young, I'd smack you. And Sean, you're just as bad as she is. You two molest me when I'm asleep and now she's giving me sex advice."

"There's plenty more where that came from, Snapper."

We decided to leave for the Tavern before we got into another discussion or Margaret decided to thump my whippersnapper skull with her rattle.

EILEEN

Having Nana turn up in my baby's body was one thing; I could see then how it happened given what we'd seen in the maternity ward and her determination to stay and help.

What was unbelievable for a while was that she'd been sexually active for so long right under my nose! Phillip had been a nice man, okay, and had seemed in good condition. She'd probably worn him out -- maybe that's why he moved to Florida to be with the rest of his family several years ago.

Hold on! She said it had been a year since she had any! Phillip had left something like four years ago. Hmm. We're gonna have a midnight chat sometime.

Teresa and Maura loved our hats. They giggled, laughed and teased Sean about corrupting us. I decided not to bring up who was corrupting whom around here for a while.

Maura told us, *"Patrick and John both came outside yesterday! They're like a couple kids with new toys; they went all through Dodger Stadium last night while Teresa and I checked out the maternity wards around town -- much more interesting."*

Teresa said, *"It was strange how the spirits forgot when they picked up a baby. Then again, they seemed to be in a complete daze anyway. They didn't even seem to know we were right along side them."*

I told them, *"We saw only one who was aware and remembered. Everyone else seemed like you said -- dazed. I know we didn't remember anything ourselves."*

Bridget said, *"But we're remembering now."*

Teresa and Maura said, *"We are too. Some memories seem millions of years old."*

I guessed it was my turn, *"I've had some over sixty million years old and that's without really digging. On the other hand, the ones of this lifetime appear more detailed and clearer than before. Bridget's got some from the past ninety years or so."*

I introduced Margaret Sullivan, nee Gallagher. *"She was my Nana."*

They looked at her; she waved her rattle around and made a little bow. Maura asked, *"Really?"*

Margaret told them, *"Yep. I remember snogging with Seth Nolan on my front porch when I was sixteen. Dayum, he was a good*

kisser! He could fondle tits really good, too! Hopefully he passed that talent down, Maura."

Maura laughed, *"It may not be inherited, but John does just fine in that department."*

Patrick and John put in appearances but Teresa and Maura shooed them off. *"Tend to the store, guys; we've got the monsters under control here."*

I was still feeling peppy and strong -- and now was horny as hell. Margaret was getting itchy, too. *"I'm feelin' the urge right along with ya, Snapper. It's not physical with me but Sean's still gonna help it out."*

When I slipped away to the bathroom, I made a call to Phil at the hotel with a special request. He told me, "Can do, ma'am. We'll have it all ready."

Sean stepped out once to make a phone call; we stayed for another forty-five minutes or so chatting away about lots of things then said our goodbyes for the evening.

Chapter 8

SEAN
(Wednesday evening 5/3)

I ducked out and called Phil at the hotel with a request. He told me, "No problem, Sean. We get similar requests every week or so. We've gotcha covered."

On the way home we talked about Bridget, Nana, Margaret and all that. Bridget/Margaret/Nana said, *"We're gonna have to sort me out a bit. As Eileen's Nana, Margaret Gallagher managed to live for 93 years. I'd call that a pretty successful personality based on that alone. Parts of that identity are already part of mine. Well, folks, I see three distinct personae for me, depending on what's going on."*

Light and clear "voice," *"First, there's Bridget with Mom and Godfather Sean: I'm physically dependant on you and you're raising me. It's my public persona as an infant who'll lay on the cute-baby charm as appropriate and fits my physical development. Of course I'll try to lay it on pretty thick at times with us folk when I want something or for fun.*

"As Bridget, I've already developed somewhat of a personality based a lot on the most recent memories of Margaret Gallagher. So, there's no real dichotomy among any of these personae.

Reserved, dignified, yet insouciant "voice," *"Second, there's Nana and Snapper with her young boyfriend Sean. This one's mainly for us three when I'm dispensing unwanted advice, reminiscing, old wives' tales, and other anecdotes or observations intended to*

rattle some cages or yank some chains. Nana lived through the Great Depression, raised Eileen and did all sorts of stuff just to survive. She'll probably pop up every once in a while with the rest of the Talented folk. Besides, what else can an old lady do? I'm not getting laid any more."

Calm, sure and happy "voice," *"In the middle is Margaret, Marge, Margie or whatever along with Eileen, Sean, Teresa, Maura, all the Talented adults. Of course, Nana's memories will always be available.*

"I expect as the years go by and my body matures, the Bridget persona will gradually merge into to the Margaret one and won't be needed. I expect this is the one I'll be using the most. This is my persona for making love and I intend to use it a ***lot****!"*

Pretty clever if you ask me. We discussed it the rest of the way home.

As we went to the lobby in the elevator, I had two very snuggly redheads plastered all over me. Marge told me, *"I hope you're very rested because we're gonna wear you out tonight, Lover Boy."*

Eileen said, "I hope you survive the night because we're getting a bit fond of you."

We waved at Phil. He waved back then gave me a subtle nod and quiet thumbs up. Great! All was arranged.

He'd exceeded my request right away. On the hallway door to their room was a Cead Mile Failte sign (a hundred thousand welcomes). I told the ladies, "I welcome you to my heart. My life has already been immeasurably enriched just by knowing you."

Yeh, even a 19-week-old can purr like Geeser. Eileen laid a snog on me that tickled my tonsils while Marge showered me with kisses and little two-tooth nibbles on several parts Eileen wasn't covering.

We got the door opened; I picked up Eileen and Marge and carried them in. Nice! There were half a dozen battery-powered candle lanterns flickering away; they gave a nice glow to the room. The bedroom door was ajar and I could see a glow from there, too.

I pretended to be puzzled, "Where did these come from?"

Eileen hugged me firmly and said, "I called Phil earlier. I'd say he did good."

Jaysus! I laughed and told her, "I called him too. Guess we're getting a double dose."

Marge pushed me towards the joining door. *"Go wash and all that stuff, Lover Boy. Ungird your loins and prepare for action, lad; robe only, I'll call you when we're ready."*

EILEEN

I told Margie, "I'm a bit nervous."

"Hmm? Not virgin-jitters I'd guess."

"Not that. It's just with these ribs, wrists and fingers, I'm concerned I'll have so much attention on them I won't make it good for Sean."

"Okay. Eileen, I'll make you a deal. Since I won't be physically involved, let me worry about all that so you don't have to. Neither you nor Sean will knowingly do the missionary or put weight on your ribs or wrists.

"I'll be joined one-way to enjoy your emotions and physical sensations and will still have enough attention available to watch out for your body. If you get into a situation where you might hurt yourself or be uncomfortable, I'll support you and keep it from happening. Deal?"

Sounded like a good deal to me. I washed us up thoroughly then put on our special seduction nighties. Black, slinky light silk, almost transparent. Yep. My boobs and bush showed through just right!

We'd even managed to find something similar for Margie! We brushed our hair down, pinched our cheeks a little for some color and were ready.

Margie asked, *"How do I look for our big night?"*

Totally awesome. I looked again; she had the cutest set of boobs imaginable with tiny nipples poking up! She laughed, *"Just popped 'em up with a touch. Betcha he'll look and maybe even try to cop a feel."*

We flipped the covers back the way we wanted, adjusted the "candles" to just right and I lay back against the headboard with the appropriate pillows.

"Mom, I should probably nurse you a little. That'll keep me from dying of hunger and keep your boobs from being too uncomfortable."

We did a short run on both sides. Yeh, it did help. After the burping and another quick hair brushing, we did our final arrangements; I lay on my side propped up with my arm and my assets on display under the nightie. Margie sat against a pillow a couple feet away (*"I don't wanna hide your beautiful boobs, Eileen."*) with her little cuties poking up under her nightie.

She called Sean, *"Lover Boy? Oh Lover Boy? Wherefore art thou, Lover Boy?"*

"Here I is, honeys! I'm kinda nervous 'cause I know your beauty will overwhelm me."

PRRR!

Margie told him, *"Hopefully you'll survive. Now how about you bring those gorgeous freckles and that cute butt in here and lay a lotta lovin' on a couple horny ladies."*

He appeared in the doorway and stopped, gazing at us with admiration. Dayum! That popped up four nipples in a hurry.

We *blended* gently for the longest time while we told each other of our love. He picked up Margie and held her closely as he sat on the bed beside me.

We eased off a good bit and maintained a nice *join*. He snuggled Margie a few seconds then held her away and looked right at her cuties. He laughed and said, "**Thought** I felt something! Really... em, em, delightful!"

Margie giggled at him, *"Give 'em a good feel and see how I did."*

He ran a hand gently over those pretty bumps; I *felt* them right along with him -- felt real to me!

"Dayum good, Marge. Now, how do they taste?"

He pulled one completely into his mouth right through her nightie. *"Hmm. A pass on that one!"*

He checked out the other one just as thoroughly; she moaned in delight. She ended up with two very wet patches which clung tightly to the "structure" beneath. Those little nipples weren't so little any more!

We laughed gleefully. Totally fun!

He caressed us both and said, "I love you, Eileen McLennan. With all my heart and soul, I love you. And you, Bridget McLennan, Margaret Gallagher and Nana, I love you; every aspect of you."

Margie looked at him seriously. *"I love you, Sean Cullen. We won't have a consummated physical love for a long time, if ever, but you have a huge place in my heart and my life. Thank you so much for loving us so unreservedly."*

He hugged her closely for a moment then she pushed him back. *"I'll be taking care of Eileen a bit tonight. Don't worry about her ribs, wrists or fingers too much; I'll be watching out for the both of you."*

She darted away and *pushed* her bassinet towards the sitting room. *"I'm getting outta the battle zone!"*

Sean looked at me with those wonderful green eyes filled with so much love I melted down. I could barely move it was so intense -- and that was completely apart from the mental emotions we were *sharing*.

I told him, "I love you, Sean. The Frank McLennan I loved before has been gone for a year now and that part of my life is over. My love for you is fresh, clean and feels so wonderful I could cry for happiness when we are near.

"Now, even though the room is warm, my butt is cold. Hmm, my breasts are cold, too, and ache for your touch to warm them. My entire body longs for your touches."

He caressed my cheek and kissed me firmly. "Then let's warm you up and try to merge our bodies as closely as we ourselves are."

His robe seemed to vanish and we held each other closely. So wonderful, knowing we'd consummate our love in a short while.

His caress on my breasts turned from a "mere" sensation to flares of erotic energy in seconds. Each touch spread through our bodies and built our delight higher.

My nightie vanished somewhere then my soaked panties. His hands over all my body kept warming it until it felt so hot it would scorch the sheet. His mouth on my breasts and a gentle milking let me give him tastes of the life-giving sustenance I'd created.

He murmured, *"Delicious! Delightful! You are my love, my joy."*

I *felt* Margie with us, unobtrusively *sharing* our sensations. As I rolled on top of Sean, she helped with gentle *touches* so we felt no pain or awkwardness.

I lay on him and shared deep, loving passionate kisses while his hands stroked my back, butt, shoulders and everywhere else they could reach. I felt Margie *lift* my shoulders slightly so my sensitive boobs wouldn't squish too much. The sexual energy was a firm presence inside and around us and glowed brightly with our ardor.

I'd flooded him with my waters by now; a gentle *touch* positioned us correctly and I slid slowly and deliciously down over him, penetrating, stretching and filling myself to perfection.

Things got a bit blurry after that. I remember hips moving both slow and fast, controlled then frantic motions and sweet fiery caresses on my breasts, pucker and stiffly-erect clit. Release after release flooded us with delight, each seeming more intense that the last.

I heard my voice calling out my pleasures and Sean's voice joining in as he too shared the delicious sensations. After a seemingly endless time of bliss, I felt him swell up hugely inside me; he thrust deeply and flooded my channel with boiling-hot fluid.

Our climax together was so painfully intense it seemed to push us entirely outside our bodies. We rolled them to their sides and let them thrash around as we *blended* and *wound* ourselves together, the three of us sharing our rapture.

SEAN

Time had no meaning; we let it pass as it may as we *blended* ourselves in celebrating our shared passions and loves.

When our bodies finally came down from their frantic movements and our breathing became more normal, we rested in each others' arms with me still deep inside her. Marge floated down lightly across us and gave us gentle kisses and tiny caresses with her hands.

"You are wonderful people," she told us. *"I feel so honored to be a part of your lives and your love."*

Our bodies slept deeply, recovering and anticipating yet more enchantments to come. Outside, we *blended*, spirit-hugged, *kissed* and *wound* around and through each other time and again.

Some hours later, I felt Bridget between us, nursing. Eileen woke and watched us with her wonderful smile on her face and in her eyes. Bridget told us, *"Best mom! Best Sean! Love! Happiness!"*

She gave a parting kiss to each of Eileen's proud breasts, smooched us both and floated away. *"I'm out of harm's way now. Enjoy!"*

We did. Eileen and I snuggled up closely and shared deep, loving kisses. She draped her upper leg over my hip; with a few *touches* to help, I slid home deep inside her.

Gently and slowly we moved together. Soon, we felt warm releases wash over us like the gentle warm rain of a summer's day. We kept moving slowly and sharing our love until the bodies fell quietly asleep.

Yet later, Eileen poked me gently. She grinned and told me, "More!"

There **was** more... and more and more until the world seemed to be only we three *sharing* our love.

EILEEN
(Thursday 5/4)

Groan. Had to pee **so** bad! I moved cautiously; Bridget floated herself out of the way. Great! No stiffness or pain, just a slight soreness in the pussy -- it wasn't used to all that wonderful lovin'!

I got to the john and let it flood. Margie and I inspected the "damage." My hair was a mess (the nipples popped up hard when I remembered Sean's fingers locked in it) and I was covered with dried pussy juice and other fluids from my waist to my knees. Yes, yes and **yes**!

The wrists were fine; no damage to either one or the fingers. The ribs felt okay, too. Margie and I got in the shower then Sean joined us in a couple minutes. We snuggled and snogged for a little. So wonderful to love and be loved!

Sean and Margie insisted on washing my hair. Margie grinned, *"Who knows what kinda 'stuff' got in there last night!"* It felt wonderful to be pampered.

Sean snuggled up behind me and started washing other parts. I pushed my butt back firmly; he was plenty hard. Hmm, why not? I rolled my hips back, he crouched down then slid right in. Ah, it's a-wunnerful, a-wunnerful!

We moved gently together. He washed a boob with one hand and ensured my clit was very clean with the other. I reached back with both hands and pulled his head to me.

He switched hands; Margie floated in and caressed and kissed the spare boob (**that**'s why there's two! More spots for lovin'!). They switched several times then we came hotly. Great! Margie hugged my neck and kissed me hard while Sean caressed whatever he could find.

I got my turn on Sean's and Margie's hair. I remembered pulling on Sean's hair really hard last night when I'd tried to pull his entire head inside my drenched pussy.

We had fun drying each other's hair; no hanky panky -- this time.

I just tossed on a robe, wrapped Bridget in a blanket (diaper already provided courtesy of Margie Enterprises) and sat in the sitting room to nurse her.

Sean disappeared in his room to dress. There was a knock on the door; ah, yes, Kate!

She came in; her nostrils flared immediately. She took a deep breath and we grinned at each other like a couple conspirators who'd had their plot work out perfectly.

She puttered around then disappeared into the bedroom. I heard her gasp. She stuck her head back out, looking worried. She asked, “You okay, Ms. Eileen? You’re not hurt or anything?”

Huh? I joined her and looked around. Be Jaysus! With a couple Janey Macks tossed in!

The place was a madhouse. One picture was at a steep angle with my nighty dangling from the corner. My hotel robe was thrown across a lamp which was sprawled on its side and the large chair was on its back. The covers were completely off the bed, the mattress was twisted at least a foot off the bedsprings, the entire bed frame was skewed at least three feet, there were three huge wet spots, the room was saturated with sex smell and my still-wet panties dangled from the chandelier!

Margie giggled and shook. It only took a glance at her blandly-innocent face to know she’d been “up to something.” I glared at her. *“Little devil! You’ll get yours someday!”*

“I’m counting on it!” Laugh.

Sean stuck his head in and took a deep, very appreciative sniff. He looked around and said, “Wow! Eileen, I’m sure glad I kept you under control last night; much more and we’d have to renovate the entire place!”

Wanker and evil-doers! I slung a pillow (they were scattered all over) at him and blushed from my eyebrows to my knees. Kate laughed and we all ended up laughing so hard I peed a little bit -- with no panties on!

Sean managed to control himself after a bit (arsehole!) and said, “I’ll order some breakfast. I’ll get a triple order for you, sweetheart.”

I got him with a pillow as he left. I told Kate, “Sean will help you with the bed when he gets back.”

She laughed some more. “I can probably manage it. Can’t say I’ve ever seen one so... energetically disarrayed.”

Twit. Margie and she were **both** twits! Argh.

I sat down again and smacked Margie’s bottom firmly a couple times. “You’re bad, girl. You musta snuck Nana in there.”

“You got it, Snapper! I’d been planning that most of the night.”

Sean got off the phone and grinned at me as he went into the bedroom to help Kate. He got my best glare in return.

I heard him tell her, “I’m gonna have to spend at least an hour in the Jacuzzi to get the soreness out.” I silently plotted my revenge.

Kate said loudly, "Jaysus, Mr. C, I thought the red hair meant we had a fiery temper, not this. When she's all healed up I'll have to call a whole crew in." Twit! I included her in my revenge.

SEAN

Eileen pretended to glare at us all through breakfast. It didn't slow her eating down much, though. Marge draped herself on my back, looking over my shoulder (*"I feel a little safer back here right now." Giggle.*) while Eileen demolished Eggs Benedict, pancakes and sausage and a small steak and eggs. I contented myself with just two breakfasts.

We traded polite belches, pushed back and planned the day. Nothing pressing or urgent, just go down the road.

Eileen pulled out a couple large envelopes. "Let's look at Nana's stuff. I didn't have the heart to do it before."

Marge said, *"I remember some of it; the proof is in the papers."*

Quite interesting. There was a checkbook with something like $30K showing. The checks had both Margaret's and Eileen's names on it. Marge told us, *"Joint account. She's got total access to it with no probate."*

There was a deed to the lot and house on Olive Tree Lane; again, both Margaret and Eileen were on it and no mortgage! Eileen looked at Marge and said, "You were a pretty clever old bag, Nana."

Marge grinned and said, *"There's more. Should be a car, some other accounts and a will. One of my boyfriends was an estate lawyer and helped me construct it all."*

There was a car -- jointly titled with "or" -- several CDs and what looked like some mutual funds. The will stated that everything went to Eileen as her sole property. So far, nicely neat and cleverly constructed.

I suggested, "How about we skip the study today. We can get the insurance paperwork from the hospital and take a look around the Olive Tree Lane place."

Eileen said, "Yeh. We should visit the neighbors, too. We, or I should say I, never had a memorial service or anything for Nana. Betcha there's lots of old boyfriends around who'll mourn." She smirked at Marge.

Marge laughed, *"Yep. Some not so old and some not **boy**friends."*

Eileen pinked up a little. "Okay, Nana. You've shocked me." She grinned anyway.

Marge grinned too. She said, *"We should get death certificates for me to ensure all that's gotten straight. I ended up in the*

same hospital as you, so there's probably some final bills and stuff to straighten out.

"Let's look at the house first and see what mail's collected. I didn't see anything forwarded to your apartment except some utility bills, Eileen."

We gathered up the medical insurance papers, all of Marge's papers, packed Bridget's boogie bag, got dressed and headed out.

I remembered a bit where Olive Tree Lane was and headed in that direction. With two native guides, there wasn't any problem finding it.

I pulled in the drive; we got out and looked around.

The lawn was in fine shape. Eileen said, "I just kept the gardeners going and paid the utility bills; those I had presence of mind enough to change the billing address."

No problem getting in the house; the door was locked but a couple *touches* slid everything back. The inside was neat and orderly but even I could tell it was dusty.

They showed me around. Eileen collected several sets of keys and stowed them away in her purse.

Quite a nice place. Three bedrooms, decent kitchen, large living room, big dining room, huge den, large front and back porches and good-sized front and back yards.

The attached garage had a Volvo station wagon. Nana told us, *"No old-fart Cadillac boat for me!"* Eileen said she'd driven it a lot and it had been in excellent shape.

Eileen showed us what had been her room. It was neat and feminine with clothes in the closet. She and Nana exclaimed over stuff while I nosed around the rest of the place.

The roof and rain gutters looked fine. The trim outside could use a touch up but the siding paint looked fine. *Inspecting* the plumbing and drains, I decided it was fine; might want to run a plumbing snake through the drains but they were manageable for a while.

The electric had been upgraded to breakers and had 200-amp service to the breaker box. Not shabby at all for fifty years old!

The driveway was good, the garage door and all the other doors were good. Most of the floors were hardwood. Some spots looked a bit worn but a minor refinish job could take care of that.

The kitchen was decently modern with a fairly new gas stove and oven, a dishwasher, garbage disposal and an overhead pan rack. Even not being a cook, I appreciated it.

The den was huge; it was sparsely-furnished with a table, chair, a laptop computer and five large filing cabinets. One wall had a large bookshelf stuffed with books and magazines.

The living room was neatly furnished. There were plenty of pictures around; a lot looked like Eileen. From the ages, they were of Eileen, her parents, Nana and some even older ones.

There was a brass urn, too. It was engraved, "Margaret Gallagher Sullivan July 10, 1903 - December 17, 2005." Obvious what it was.

Over all, give it a minor dusting and one could move right in.

I rejoined the ladies. Nana took us to her old room. Not an "old lady's" room by any stretch. Bright, airy and neat. Marge said, *"I think Susan Wright from down the street straightened things up after I was gone. Hmm. Open that closet. There's a safe under the carpet."*

Somehow (grin) Eileen knew the combination and opened it up. She pulled out several jewelry boxes and lots of other papers.

Nana said, *"Snapper, all the jewelry's yours. Let's take a quick look."*

There was lots of it. Not a bit of junk anywhere except for a few pieces Nana said were just for fun anyway.

Eileen opened a large flat case. There was a matching emerald necklace, earrings, several finger rings and a brooch. Completely beautiful. Nana told us, *"These were **my** great-grandmother's and are at least 200 years old. My great-grandmother, grandmother, mother, I and your mother were all married wearing them.*

"The only reason I didn't give them to you for your wedding is because they would have been overwhelming given your and Frank's current financial condition. They're yours now from your mother, Snapper, and maybe someday you'll give them to your daughter for her wedding. Hint, hint."

Eileen and Nana cried a little. Even I felt teary-eyed.

Nana told us, *"I think the rest of the stuff is a good project with the Cullen Sisters. We can have one hell of a hen party."*

They immediately decided to have a Friday-morning bash.

We put almost everything back in the safe. Nana said the papers were family-tree papers like marriage certificates, birth certificates, lineage trees, special photographs, that sort of stuff. We kept out a medical policy and the Volvo insurance papers; they'd been paid with auto-drafts from Nana's checking account so they were current.

We wrapped up for now. We decided to hit the hospital first then come back to visit the neighbors and for the Volvo. There was plenty of parking in the hotel garage for it; being an owner had its perks.

At the hospital, we tracked down the right office and collected all the correct forms for the insurance. After a little inquiry, they coughed up some bills for Nana's very short stay; we matched them with the insurance policy from Nana's place and got those forms, too.

On the way back towards the hotel, we dropped by the DMV and got change of address papers for Eileen. We decided to leave the Volvo registration as it was for now until we decided what to do with the house.

We had a nice lunch at Sizzlers then headed home. Bridget got her liquid lunch in the sling while Eileen and I filled out all the insurance claim forms for her stuff and Nana's last brief stay.

Finally done; I got them in envelopes and trotted down to the front desk just in time to get them in the outgoing mail. Mail was in (usually the concierge had mine brought up; another perk) so I took it with me.

I handed an envelope to Eileen. "It's from Shane's Shop. Betcha it's your paycheck."

It was and there was one for me, too, for $150. That was for 20 hours after taxes. What the heck, buys a nice dinner!

Eileen had gotten all the paperwork put away and the place was in good shape.

Marge said, *"I'm rested and well fed. I don't know about you, but **I**'m up for a little mattress pounding before we head out again!"*

We felt up for it. Yeh, no weight on the wrists, watch the ribs and all that, but we found knees and elbows or knees and shoulders worked just dandy. So dandy, in fact, we *felt* the security manager come by the door checking out several reports of a screaming woman. Marge fed him *very satisfied woman* thoughts and he hot-footed it back to report to Sam.

We dozed for a while then took a quick shower. There were a few wet spots and a bit of spilt milk on the sheets but Eileen had controlled herself well enough the bed wasn't all askew. Her panties had ended up on the chandelier, though. **I** didn't do it -- this time.

I took along a small steno pad for notes and we walked the blocks around the Olive Tree Lane house. Nana and Eileen knew almost everyone; Nana a bit better since Eileen had spent so much time in college then had moved out to be with Frank.

I carried Bridget and the diaper bag while Eileen played the granddaughter. No sweat; Bridget could make herself literally as light as a feather.

We'd walk up to a house, Nana would fill us in with the "dirt" (usually quite nice) about the people then we'd talk with them. If Nana told us a guy was "virile" or a woman was "sexy" we caught the hint in a hurry. These people seemed particularly sad or sorry about her -- and there were twenty-five of them.

They almost all knew Eileen quite well and were very happy to meet Nana's great-granddaughter. Bridget had a great time laying baby-love on them!

Anyway, we told them we were arranging an Irish wake for Margaret Sullivan for a couple Saturdays from tomorrow. If they were interested, I make a note and told them I'd send them information.

Nana had known **lot** of people; we spent five hours going around visiting and that was just in the immediate neighborhood! I had notations for fifty people who were interested in the wake.

Eileen and Marge started making bets about halfway through as to which people would know me or about me (they all knew Eileen of course). I guess the bowler stood out a bit; the thirty or so business I was associated with around Altadena probably employed (or were owned by) several hundred people who knew The Hat, so I wasn't really surprised.

It was getting along towards evening when we finished up the people in walking distance so we headed back to the house. We decided Eileen would use the phone tomorrow to contact the others in Nana's address book.

The Volvo started right up so I transferred the special child seat with all the accessories to it. By the way, I still have a few of those pedestrian rights in the Bay Area available; contact me at SQCullen@CullenEnt.com.

I told Eileen and Marge, "I'm gonna do some quick stop-bys at a few places then I'll meet you back at the hotel. You two rest for a bit then we'll decide about dinner."

I knew exactly where to stop (one of my sold businesses). I'd already checked it out remotely a couple days ago; they had exactly what I wanted so I was in and out in twenty minutes. I could have stayed a lot longer talking shop but I had two wonderful ladies to attend to.

We did a light dinner at the hotel restaurant. As we ate, we *talked* with Teresa and Maura about getting together tomorrow at Olive Tree Lane. They were more than willing to get together, go

over Nana's stuff and gossip (Oops! That's "Enjoy intense conversations of an intimate nature.").

If I knew them, they'd be concentrating on getting Eileen and me together. Eileen, Marge and I decided we'd just string them along for a while.

We'd found someone else couldn't *look* at something we had if we simply tucked it aside right out in the open. If that sounds contradictory, it's not. It's more like looking for a name on a map. Most people can scour it inch by inch and find it. But, if it's in large letters spread over a foot or so they go right by; it's so obvious it's overlooked.

In fact, we found we could pretty much block out casual *looks* with a little concentration. It's good to have a bit of privacy while you're plotting!

We decided we'd do some study in the morning then meet them around 10:00 at Olive Tree Lane. For the moment, getting Nana's stuff straightened around quickly had a bit more priority.

Every one "signed off" and we made an early night of it.

Nana had been right. Laying on one's side in a 69 is very unstressful. By the time we put in a few gentle supporting *touches* it was like floating in a cloud. Only thing is, I don't know of any cloud which has a pink lining inside the softest red down imaginable topped with a fluffy jungle of fire and dispensing nectar of the gods. What I missed the first pass got caught up in the down so I could savor it later. That cute, very sensitive pucker near it was a wonderful bonus!

Marge gave Eileen and me soft kisses and loving caresses all over. Eileen lost interest in my tool after fifteen minutes because she couldn't breathe around it too well. Getting flooded by a warm climax every couple minutes isn't conducive to concentration on other things.

Yeh, another pair of wet lacy panties ended up on the chandelier.

EILEEN
(Friday 5/5)

We got up pretty early; we'd slept **really** well for whatever reason. Margie and I made Sean take his own shower; no time for fooling around. Tomorrow morning... different story.

We tried out our hand in the kitchenette. Worked out quite well, actually. Sean had gotten a gas line run (owner's perk) and had a small gas stove. Yes! Bacon, eggs, English muffins, orange juice, fried potatoes; the standard breakfast fare -- lots of it.

Sean told us not to do much cleanup; Kate would have another person come in and do that. Okay by us!

Margie and I hit the books. We started with the first of the detailed manuals on establishing or setting up a business. Hmm, everything college left out.

Sean worked on his emails and newsletters while we studied. He'd break off every so often and give us a checkout like he'd done before. We made very nice progress!

We got ready, took off and met the Cullen Sisters at Nana's place. Nana gave them the two-bit tour and we settled in while Sean did a detailed inspection of the structure, plumbing, electrical and that sort of stuff. Somewhere in all that business studying he'd picked up a good working knowledge of construction codes.

Sean had called a cleaning service yesterday; we had three cleaners show up. They did dusting, mopping and straightening so the place would be presentable and livable.

Nana guided us to lots of stuff I vaguely remembered. I'd used Mom's wedding dress for Frank and me but there were also three others carefully stored away. We went wild over them!

Teresa and Maura kept saying how wonderful I'd look in any of them; Nana and I would laugh and tell them, "Some day Bridget will fit in them. No hurry right now."

Dayum! Almost all Nana's clothes fit me pretty good. I'd left a lot of mine here when I'd gone to live with Frank so that gave me a **ton** of stuff. Shoes, hats and gorgeous lingerie (Nana told us, *"Lots of my friends liked it -- and liked taking it off!"*). Clothes from very formal (pale green strapless with no back down to the crack and a train ten feet long) to tiny leather and denim greyhound skirts and nipple tops. Yum!

Both Teresa and Maura were pretty much my size, too. We could have spent days trying it all on.

We sorted out paperwork; I set most of the financial stuff aside to have Sheila look at it later today.

We discussed the wake. Every once in a while we'd just start laughing and couldn't stop for a while -- Nana was pulling a real-life Tom Sawyer and going to her own "funeral!"

Anyway, we decided a couple Saturdays after tomorrow would probably work out. Patrick reserved the banquet room at the Tavern (tough schedule but someone else had just cancelled out) and we passed around assignments. The Tavern would have the open bar and supply food; the rest of us would do the invitations

and handle the wake itself. We decided to do a bit more planning over the weekend.

Since lots of Nana's friends around here were somewhat elderly, we decided to rent a couple busses to pick up and return to the area. That'd keep drunken old people off the streets!

I went through the rest of Nana's address book and called everyone else Sean and I hadn't talked with on Thursday. About 80% were very interested in a wake (especially when I talked about free transportation, free food and free booze) so I made copious notes.

I hadn't heard back from Frank's sister yet so we put aside any plans for a memorial service or such until then. We'd made no friends (except for Sharon) because Frank had been so withdrawn so it looked like only his sister, Sharon and us.

One thing we'd found when we'd gone around the neighborhood was we were getting pretty sensitive to outside emotions and thoughts. Even just sitting inside the house *felt* noisy. Maura and Teresa said they were experiencing the same thing, especially with the kids. Teresa said, "Makes for quite a bit of distraction at times."

We worked out a filter of some sort which we could turn up or down. It was kinda like a radio squelch; only stuff above a certain intensity could get through.

Then with a little more practice we found we could filter out stuff selectively, just like you get used to routine traffic noises outside the house. Things quieted down a lot after that.

We went through the entire house inspecting and talking. Nana told us, *"This was the way **I** liked it. It's your place now, Snapper, so you make it how **you** like it."*

The Cullen Sisters put us to a Question, "You and Bridget gonna live here, Eileen? Or are you gonna live in sin with a man of very questionable hat morals?"

Jaysus! I told them, "Things are still very fluid, girls. Nana bought this place new over 50 years ago so to some extent it's the ancestral home. It looks in top shape and by the end of today will be livable again.

"Sean's helping me and Bridget out right now until I'm healed up. We've got a business relationship that looks as if it'll work extremely well no matter what our personal relationship is.

"As to our personal relationship, that's undecided, probably until things are healed up. Until then, we'll probably continue as we are. He's made no demands on us and I haven't had to beat him

or fend him off -- yet. We've no actual commitments among us except to respect each other."

All right, then; enough for today. We had an appointment with Sheila around 4:30 then a Tavern night. Maura told me, "You're singing with us tonight, Eileen. No dancing for you yet but Bridget and Sean can do their piece."

Okay. It was my word against thousands of theirs.

Sheila was right on time. Yeh, I remembered her. She was a really pretty Hispanic lady, 25 years old and quite single.

I got her in and sitting around the desk/table in the sitting room then brought in Bridget for her introduction. Bridget laid it on so thick we thought Sheila would die; Bridget laughed, kicked, laid on a lot of baby-kisses and rooted around Sheila's boobs real good looking for milk. Sheila was dayum near crying after a few minutes.

Margie said, *"Hmm, **great** rack, pretty lady and some Talent here, Eileen. I think we need a new addition to the harem!"*

"Behave yourself, woman! She's here on business."

"Okay, okay, okay! But after we're done... maybe she'd like to come to the Tavern with us tonight -- and maybe spend the night here."

Devil! I told her to stop tempting me then I *told* Sean to come in and say hi. He popped in through the joining door and grinned. Sheila looked at him and cried, "Sean! What are you doing naked? No hat?"

He told her, "If I wear it too much in here, she beats me. Wanna see **my** bruises?"

I Irished him good while Margie and Sheila laughed. Sheila looked back and forth between Sean and me with the clockwork ticking away. It didn't take Talent to figure out what she was thinking.

Sean told us, "I'll be next door."

I said, "You should stay; I may need advice."

He said, "You don't need my advice. **You**'re her client, not **us**, and she'll do what's right for you. Make your own decisions; you're completely capable of it. If you need plain information, that's a different story."

He left us alone.

First thing Sheila did was hand me a check for $250,000 for the life insurance death benefit. "All they needed to do was call the Coroner's Office. Now, we need to update your life insurance policy then figure out what to do with the check."

She dug out a policy change form. She dropped Frank's rider and added a child rider for Bridget. We changed the beneficiary to Sean "in trust for Bridget M. McLennan" and increased my coverage to $250K. She said, "At $55 a month, that'll give you $250K coverage for 25 years; the Increasing Benefits Rider you already have will give you an additional 10% each year for five years with no medical exam. So, Heaven forbid, if anything happens to you in the next couple years, Bridget should be in reasonable financial shape until she's 25." Sounded good to me.

I dug out all Nana's financial papers, her will, Frank's will and all our financial stuff and we went over it all.

Shit, Nana had stuff stashed away all over. She told me, *"My estate lawyer 'buddy' figured it all out."* Mutual funds, CDs, money markets, a paid-up annuity with a $375K death benefit -- all in addition to the $30K checking account and all with me as either the beneficiary or joint owner.

We did a consolidation of the money markets into one, set up a Roth IRA for me ("Fully fund it each year -- at 7% you'll have over $980K when you're ready to retire at 69 or so; after inflation.") an educational IRA for Bridget ("Won't cover everything, but every tax-advantaged fund helps.") and dropped the insurance benefits check into a balanced allocation fund (medium-term).

Sheila said, "The Olive Tree Lane house has been paid off for over 20 years. You looking at living in it?"

I trotted out the spiel I'd given Teresa and Maura. She said, "Well, I'd recommend you just hold onto it for a while. Since it's appreciating, all it's really costing you is utilities, taxes and routine maintenance. Plus, you have a wonderful start on something very few people have; an ancestral home."

All good, all great. I *called* Sean back in. We *talked* real quick and he asked Sheila, "Would you like to come to dinner with us tonight at the Tavern? You already know my sisters and their families, of course, but there's been several other families coming in lately you might be able to help plus we've got a couple new employees with families; we'll introduce you around. Our treat, of course."

Sheila accepted promptly. She asked, "Dress?"

Margie piped up, *"Or undress later; she's yummie!"* Sean and I almost lost it but held it in.

I told her, "Simple business casual for you. Sean, Bridget and I will dress up 'cause we've got a gig to do there."

She agreed to meet us there around 6:30 and took off with all the papers we'd worked on -- quite a stack at the end.

Sean, Margie and I snogged for a while then it was time to get ready for dinner. We decided on what to wear (no leprechaun tonight, thank you) and he trotted off to get dressed.

I wanted to wear one of the Little Black Dresses I'd "discovered" in a closet. Fuck! With my milk in, my boobs were up another cup size. That pushed the front of the dress out too much and my bra showed plainly.

Margie said, *"Honey, you don't need a bra. Let's see what it looks like without one."*

I thought it was still too much. Yeh, no bra showing all right, but the opening still went below my boobs; every time I moved, a boob fell out. And they drooped. Dayum!

Margie laughed, *"Honey, you'll be a hit! Use a few touches to keep the dress pulled down inside your breasts and you'll do fine. Now lift a little, push 'em together a bit and you've got wonderful cleavage that looks delicious without being slutty. Sean will have a coronary when he sees it; your nipples look divine and every man around will want to dine on peaches and cream."*

Definite advantage, having some Talent. We ended up with a soft flexible *touch* inside each breast to lift them an inch and push them together some. Everything wobbled just a little and my boobs looked like they'd fall out any second. I loved it!

Margie produced a pair of baby bloomers. They were a light green micro-weave with dark shamrocks woven into the pattern. We found her an infant's equivalent to a LBD and slipped it on. Pop on our pearls and black shoes, brush our hair, *touch* on the black bowlers, tweak my nipples up, pop up her cuties (private show only) and we were ready to wreak some havoc.

Chapter 9
Claddagh Rings

from Wikipedia

The ring's distinctive design features two hands clasping a heart surmounted by a crown. The elements of this symbol are often said to correspond to the qualities of friendship (the hands), loyalty (the crown) and love (the heart) that are said to combine in a good marriage.

The way that a claddagh ring is worn on the hand is usually intended to convey some indication of the wearer's romantic availability. It is generally true that if the ring is on the right hand with the heart facing towards the hand [crown is towards the fingertip], indicates that the person wearing the ring is in a serious relationship (his/her heart is closed).

A ring worn on the right hand, with the heart outward, away from the hand, [crown is towards the wrist] the person wearing the ring is not in any serious relationship (the heart is open). A claddagh worn on the left hand with the heart toward the hand indicates marriage. The other orientation (heart outward) may indicate nothing, widowhood, or being engaged.

SEAN
(Friday evening 5/5)

No green tonight; well, I could handle it. Black suit with slightly-shiny lapels (almost a tux), grey shirt, grey bow tie, black patent-leather shoes and black bowler. Fine by me.

I dug out the goodies I'd gotten the day before and waited as patiently as I could.

Around 5:45 they *called* me in to pack Bridget's "formal" boogie bag. I got one look at them then my knees went weak and my heart fluttered.

LBDs. Eileen had a string of pearls with a small pendant which led the eye directly to her divine peaches and cream cleavage; her breasts looked directly at me and wobbled every time she moved. The rest of the dress seemed to cling then reluctantly let go. Wonderful hips and legs. That dress looked like it would fall off any moment.

Marge had a similar LBD. No real cleavage, of course, but she had her cuties popped up ("*Just for you, Sean.*") and looked like $500 million. There was so much "sexy woman" radiating from the two of them it probably filled the entire hotel.

I whimpered, "You two trying to kill people? We'll have to have an ambulance on standby tonight."

They flushed a little and looked even sexier. Think a nineteen-week-old girl can't look sexy? Marge was proof positive. Be Jaysus! Yeh, I'd seen them both in the pelt a lot but this made me want to howl at the moon with love and lust.

I tried to show them how I felt with gentle hugs and kisses (don't muss the dresses or the hair!), firm sprit-hugs and a wonderful *blending*; my heart melted inside me and gave me the strength to continue.

"My loves. My darling ladies. Margaret, Bridget, Nana, you have my heart forever. You are my Princess, my best girl. Yes, we know there won't be a physical relationship for perhaps a long time but I want you to wear this to show the world some hint of my love for you."

I gave Margaret a small claddagh ring. The hands, crown and band were platinum, the heart a ruby and the crown had tiny diamonds. “Wear it as you will, my love; the choice is yours.”

Her eyes got really big; she and Eileen gasped and teared up. Margaret hugged me really tight (strong girl!), kissed me hard (not a baby kiss at all) and told me, *“I love you, Sean. Our love will change and grow over the years; I will probably love others too but you will always be the Prince who brought me from the deep fog of forgetfulness to the shining sun of life and love. I will wear this with pride to show the world my love for you.”*

She put it on her right ring finger with the heart facing her. My Princess! We three hugged each other again and wept gentle tears of happiness.

I told Eileen, “You are my Queen, my best lady, my great love. Others may consider this much too soon but it is for you to decide. With you, I feel complete; there are now places in me and my heart filled I never knew were empty.

“Please wear this ring as you will, it is but a small piece of the love I have for you. When it is time, I ask you to marry me, be my true Queen and join with me for ages to come.”

Her ring was larger and a bit more ornate since there was room to work. Platinum, ruby and diamonds glittered. Her eyes streamed with tears while she told me, “Sean, you are my King. As you did your Princess, you brought me from a world of confusion and uncertainty into the light of a love I never imagined could exist. Even now, I have no memory of a love even a tenth as deep as we’ve felt together.

“I will wear this ring with heartfelt pride and love. My mourning is over; I will wed with you. There may be troubled times ahead for the world and our lives but there never will be trouble in our love. Thank you for coming into our lives and showing us the goodness and love inside all our hearts.”

She too put her ring on her right ring finger with the heart facing her. She wept. “Soon I will wear it on my left hand; my pride in you knows no bounds and our joy will endure through eons of lives yet to come.”

Our emotions were too strong for physical expression. We had to hug each other quietly while our tears of love flowed and mingled together the same way we did outside and through our bodies.

EILEEN

Not much more I can say about it. I would have thought that much emotion coming out would have drained us but we were stronger and more alive for it.

Okay, back to "business." Bridget's "formal" boogie bag was simply a black diaper bag. Sean checked it over while I looked in the mirror, repaired tear damage and Margie hovered beside me.

She told me, *"Our man is one above the trillions. Maybe we should put off bringing Sheila home tonight." Grin.*

"Devil-woman! Horny old broad!"

"Yeh! Fun, huh?"

It was. We dropped down to the lobby then strolled over to talk with Phil. Of course I knew how to model-walk and I gave him all I had. He looked at Margie and me, turned a bit pale and said, "And I've gotta be married. Ladies, I'll turn on the police scanner and listen for the riot call."

Good start. We told him we'd be back sometime. "Don't wait up for us."

We didn't talk at all on the way; physically it wouldn't have been possible because our shit-eating grins just wouldn't quit.

Margie whispered to us, *"My loves, we are going to be so **good** together."*

We got there in good time (light traffic). Margie told me, *"Okay, honey, just smile your million-watt smile, hold your tits and dress up like you are now, relax everything else and do the model walk. We'll give 'em all heart attacks -- men and women."*

Dayum! I hoped I hadn't leaked enough to make a wet spot on the back of my dress.

We let the valet take the car and went inside for our "grand entrance." Both the valet (18 years old) and the doorman (82 years) almost had heart failure. YES!

SEAN

I carried Marge and the boogie bag while I followed Eileen. We left a trail of sudden silences, dropped jaws, sprained eyes and tremendous admiration as we went to our table.

I had a very "hard" time watching where I was going; my eyes kept drifting back to Eileen's lightly-twitching derriere. Even from behind I swore that dress would fall off with every movement.

The Nolans (Maura, John and family) and the Bardons (Teresa, Patrick and family) were already there. As Eileen went up to the table, eight adult eyes and ten younger eyes stared. Eileen smiled even wider, said, "Hi, guys!" and sat in the chair I held for her.

She leaned forward so I could push in the chair; eighteen eyes waited (and eight hoped) for her dress to fall off. It didn't.

Maura said, “Jaysus, you’re gorgeous tonight, Eileen. Doesn’t she clean up real good, Teresa?”

Teresa said, “Sure does. Bridget there is a sexy young thing in her own right, too.”

The four ladies exchanged laughs and smiles.

I sat Marge on the table right next to Eileen. Teresa’s EverAlert eye caught the glittering going on. It was hard to miss; Eileen and Marge had their hands extended for them to see.

The Cullen Sisters shrieked then clapped their hands over their mouths. They immediately gave the rings close inspections, ooed and awed, Jaysused and, in general, admired the hell out of them.

Maura said, “Powder room!” She, Teresa, Marge and Eileen giggled their way off.

John and Patrick grinned at me. John said, “You do know how to make an entrance, Sean.”

I protested, “Not me! It was my lovely ladies who’re the attraction. I was just the chauffeur this evening.”

Patrick grinned. “Yeh, right. I suppose those two rings just happened to fall out of the sky and the ladies had the passing fancy to slip them on.”

I closed my eyes for a moment, sighed, and told them, “They’ve become my life; my heart can no longer contain the love I have for them. Now maybe Teresa and Maura will back off a little.”

Pat asked, “Is this ‘just’ a serious relationship or an actual engagement?”

I smiled hugely, “Eileen’s agreed to become my wife. If Margaret -- Bridget -- were physically older, I’d wed her too in less than a heartbeat.”

They contemplated that a few moments. John grinned. “Well, now the Cullen Sisters have a wedding to plan. They’ll still be all over you, Sean.”

“Maybe. If I’m real lucky, I’ll divert them to Eileen and Margaret.”

Patrick said, “Don’t count on that totally. Margaret?”

I knew Maura and Teresa had told them about Nana; I *explained* the different personae Bridget was using. They agreed it made complete sense.

Ah, there was Sheila. I’d had Patrick pass the word to the maitre de so she’d get VIP service when she came. Of course, John and Patrick knew her; she’d stopped by last month and updated their financial analysis.

I gave her a little hug; she's a favorite people. I asked, "Got plenty of cards and your notepad? Ready to go prospecting?"

She smiled widely. "You betcha!"

I escorted her around the dining room. I spotted several families who'd shown up several times so I figured they knew me by now. I introduced her: "Hello. I'm Sean Cullen -- my sisters' families run this place." They'd introduce themselves. "This is Sheila. She's in the business of helping families become more comfortable and in control of their finances. She also helps people become wealthy! I recommend her highly."

I'd step back and let Sheila take over the conversation. Usually it took only a minute or so as she gave out a couple cards and took their name and number to contact them later.

I took her around to the new employees I knew had families and did the same. Many of the employees who'd been here over a couple months had already met her and she'd already been able to help several of them. All good people!

In the half-hour we'd been gone, the ladies had gotten back from the powder room. Eileen had handed Bridget off to the nieces and nephews; she was making the rounds dispensing hugs, kisses, cuddles and lots of good will.

EILEEN

Teresa and Maura hauled Margie and me off to the powder room for a "conference." They almost cried when we told them how he'd given the rings to us but they held up.

Next on the interrogation list: "So how long have you two been at it?" Very subtle, these two.

I told them, "We've all been playing around since last Wednesday night. I tend to get, em, a bit, em, carried away so still have to be quite careful. Margie helps me -- and adds her own loving to us."

"Margie?"

Margie went over her personae with them. They nodded; Teresa said, "Not bad. Pretty good for an 'old person.'" We laughed.

They were very interested in how "good" Sean had been. Margie and I picked up they had a lot more interest in it beyond "Did he treat me right?" Jaysus! They'd it hidden pretty well but **they** had the hots for him, too!

Margie and I laughed. I told them, "Fuckin' aye the most righteous shaggings I've ever had. Mind you, we're still holding back quite a lot but still... That's physically. Get about a 30% *join* among the three of us and we *share* the sensations. With

feedback like that, we know exactly how we're affecting the other. Toss in *sharing* our emotions... You can guess how good even the most gentle loving is."

We gave them a quick image of a couple of those sweet memories. They trickled tears.

Next they demanded to know how my boobs stayed up without a bra; they'd seen it all before and knew they weren't **that** upstanding. I told them, "Margie suggested it. Use a flexible *touch* inside, in my case about a third of the actual volume. Move it up, down, in, out, however and of course the rest follows right along. Since it's inside and flexible, the outside just 'acts naturally' so it can wobble around. I think they gave Sean heart failure when he saw the results."

Margie added, *"Of course having her dress almost falling off didn't hurt, either. A few little touches handle everything. If she let them go, it* ***would*** *fall off -- or at least the top would. Show 'em, honey."*

I let the touches on my dress go; it promptly gaped open and slid down my arms. I wiggled my shoulders back and forth a few times; it had the desired wobbly effect on my boobs.

They immediately wanted to do the same thing. They stripped off their bras, unbuttoned to the middle of their stomachs and *touched* their boobs.

Very nice! I'd done my share of girl-girl in college and had enjoyed it very much, thank you. So, Margie and I were pretty quick to pick up **their** interest, too. Hmm, maybe...

SEAN

When they got back from the powder room conference, the Cullen Sisters ensured Sheila got a close look at the new rings and that she knew exactly what they meant when worn that way. Both pretended to glare at me (or was it pretend?).

Maura said, "Sean, you are in **so** much trouble. You kept spinning us this tale of 'just friends' and now you're engaged. You're gonna pay for that for a **long** time."

What could I say except, "Yes, ma'ams."

Something was different about them. I looked them over; dayum, while in the powder room, they'd taken off their bras and unbuttoned their blouses **way** down. We suddenly had four more provocatively-displayed, wonderfully perky, freckled and wobbly breasts to admire and some wonderful freckled cleavage to ogle.

I steered John and Patrick's attention to the new treasures on display. They were *very* intrigued -- there was **no** doubt what they had in mind for later tonight.

I figured I could get in a few points for my side so I very overtly ogled and admired the goodies. They pretended to glare at me but flushed a little; I could *feel* their pride in looking even sexier than before.

I don't usually consider my gorgeous sisters in a sexual context but they looked and *felt* so dayumed good! I told them (and made sure the rest of the adult family heard), *"Hmm. Looks like I need to do some hands-on research on this new process that seems to be 'popping up'."*

The four of them were leaking thoughts and emotions all over us -- hot shit! They were in a **very** close four-way relationship! Hell, they'd lived next door to each other for years -- no wonder they all got along so well together!

They were **not** aware they were leaking; apparently Eileen's, Marge's and my couple-day's head start gave us a little edge.

Teresa glared at me. *"Lover Boy, if we took you up on that you'd back-pedal so fast you'd fall over. You'd better be willing to put your money where your mouth is."*

Eileen, Marge and I exchanged glances and a few quick thoughts. Marge told us, *"We've got two hot babes here. They've got the major hots for Lover Boy and they're very interested in checking out our lady Eileen -- very up close and very personal."*

Eileen told me, *"Call their bluff. I'm ready to back it up and I know Margie is, too."*

Time to call the cards and see if they'd fold. I told Maura and Teresa, *"I know **exactly** where I want to put my mouth."* I stared at their bosoms and cocked an eyebrow.

They were a little too slow on the uptake. Eileen promptly told them, *"You two, us three. Tomorrow afternoon at 1:00. My place. We'll provide lunch. Be prepared to get nekkid."*

For once in the last 20 years they weren't quite sure what to say. John and Patrick, of course, had *listened*; they were almost having seizures from holding back their laughter.

Poor Sheila; she was just sensitive enough to realize something was going on. She'd picked up right away Teresa and Maura were bra-less. After that, all she knew was that **something** was going on.

The kids hadn't the foggiest; they were playing with Bridget. Besides, they were used to these particular adults doing odd things.

John and Pat controlled themselves somewhat. Like me, they were very used to being on the receiving end of the Cullen Sisters' jabs.

John choked out, "Pat and I'll take the kids to Knott's Berry Farm tomorrow. That leaves you two free the entire afternoon and evening -- and overnight if needed."

Patrick said, "It'll let the ringing in our ears calm down. All we've heard for almost two weeks now is Eileen and Sean this or Eileen, Bridget and Sean that."

Teresa and Maura blushed (or was that flushed) down to their (delightful) cleavage. Four delicious-looking nipples popped up hard.

Maura finally got out, "By the way, we've got a wake to finish planning and a wedding to start planning. How about we get together tomorrow around 1:00, Eileen? Your place?"

Good public save. Let 'em simmer in their own juices. Eileen smirked and said, "Yeh. Lots of, em, 'planning' to do. 1:00 is fine. We'll order lunch."

Teresa took a deep breath and said, "We'd better order here; we've got a little over an hour before we're on."

Marge told Eileen and me, *"Well, we'd better save your strength. Looks like Sheila gets the night off -- this time."*

SEAN

Dinner was excellent, as always. Bosoms stayed woobly, cleavages stayed flushed and nipples stayed up. Dayum!

Every time Eileen leaned forward to take a bite or something, we prayed for her dress to fall down. No such luck.

Every time Teresa or Maura moved, a nipple threatened to slip out and look around. No such luck.

Bridget got her dinner too. She and Eileen had it coordinated so well we only caught a flash of areola; they're good!

Time for our gig. Sheila told us, "I'll keep an eye on these five. We won't have any trouble, **will we**?" She gave the kids a stern "mom" look; she had several younger siblings and knew exactly what kind of mischief they could get into. The kids pretended to cower in fear before her gaze and whimpered, "No **ma'am**!"

We trooped up to the stage; I carried Marge and followed three other delightfully-twitchy female butts. I was glad those pants were cut pretty loose. John and Patrick joined us this time so we had a full choir.

I introduced everyone then said, “Most of you know me by now. I’d like to announce to all you friends that Eileen McLennan has consented to be my wife and Bridget McLennan has volunteered to stay on with us to ensure I behave.”

Eileen and Margie held up their rings proudly. Even from the very back of the room people could see the sparkle.

Very nice round of applause; I gestured to the ladies and they smiled so hard Eileen’s molars shown.

We sang, we danced (except Eileen; maybe next time), we cracked jokes and acted the maggot. I’d prearranged with the musicians for a couple special songs for me to sing to my ladies.

I sang “Bridget Flynn” to my best girl. She smiled smiled smiled, kicked her legs and when it was done she held out her arms.

As I snuggled her really close, she hugged me hard, put lots of kisses all over my face and told me, *“I’ll always have an eye for you, my Prince.”*

I think the audience appreciated it because we saw several handkerchiefs and napkins around eyes.

I wasn’t done yet; there was another song so I could display my love for my best lady. I *linked* more with her and Margie so they could *feel* my heart; we let it leak a bit to the audience.

> (“I Love You Because” by Jim Reeves, 1964)
> I love you because you understand, dear,
> every single thing I try to do.
> You’re always there to lend a helping hand, dear.
> I love you most of all because you’re you.
> No matter what the world may say about me,
> I know your love will always see me through.
> I love you for the way you never doubt me,
> but most of all I love you ‘cause you’re you.
> I love you because my heart is lighter,
> every time I’m walking by your side.
> I love you because the future’s brighter,
> the door to happiness you open wide.
> No matter what may be the style or season,
> I know your heart will always be true.
> I love you for a hundred thousand reasons,
> but most of all I love you ‘cause you’re you

We were all crying a little when I was done.

Jaysus! He sang his heart out to me in front of everyone then kissed me. I almost fainted it was so good. I had to steal his handkerchief to dry Margie's and my tears.

I'd made my own musical arrangements. Teresa and Maura harmonized with me on the "today, tomorrow and forever."

> ("Today, Tomorrow and Forever" by Patsy Cline. Written by Don Reid, 1957)
> How warm is the love in my heart for you
> As warm as the sun in the sky of blue
> How long will it shine if you say you're mine
> Today, tomorrow and forever
> How strong was my love from the very start
> How long will it last in my happy heart
> How much would I cry if we'd ever part
> Today, tomorrow and forever
> 'Cause if you weren't there to share my love
> Who cares if the sky should fall
> For anyone can see how much you mean to me
> You're my life, my love, my very all
> And as long as the tides of the ocean flow
> As long as the trees and the flowers grow
> So long, oh my love, will I love you so
> Today, tomorrow and forever.

We all cried for happiness. Life was good.

We left about a half hour later. We all hugged Sheila and thanked her for coming to help people. Margie'd been right; she did have a nice rack.

I gave a parting shot to Maura and Teresa, *"1:00 then. Make sure you wear something that comes off quick."* John and Pat thought it hilarious; they were still getting arm punches when we left.

I called down the lunch order for tomorrow afternoon. We quickly did our evening washups, stripped down and got into bed. Margie and I promptly snugged up **really** close to Lover Boy. I told him, "Sweetie, Monday night's a week for the ribs. You're gonna get sooo laid. We're gonna do at least three hours of fuckin' like minks **then** we'll see about gettin' in some lovin'."

We cuddled and snogged for a while. Sean asked me, "You're serious about Teresa and Maura?"

I told him, "I am -- and so are you. I can see how you feel about them. It's not just sex and the incest taboo titillation -- that's

crap anyway. Margie and I can see how you love them for the wonderful ladies they actually are.

"You've known them all your life; Margie and I've known them only, what, ten days? We love them, too. Some of it is because you do but only a bit. They are fascinating, wonderful loving people."

He said, "Pat and John seemed awful willing to back our hand."

Margie said, "*You might have missed that, Eileen. While you two were making the deal, I zeroed in on them. To start with, they've been in a four-way relationship for at least eleven years now so they're pretty relaxed about things.*

"That's only one point. Sean, they respect the hell out of you. Besides helping them get a great business started, besides starting so many of your own, besides how ***good*** *you are to people -- they trust you unreservedly.*

"Notice they come to you for approval on every major decision be it business or personal. Hell, they even talked over having more children with you! ***You****, Sean, are the leader, the honcho, the Ceann.*

"You mentioned once while you may not care for the President of the United States, you do respect the office and the position. How would you feel if he publicly acknowledged you and cited you for doing such a wonderful job in helping Altadena grow?"

He thought for a moment and said, "I'd feel honored, privileged, appreciated and very special."

Margie told us, "*You know I've been around a while in today's culture. Some of my ideas may be considered old-fashioned but at least seem to work. Sean, I know from the way you act and from your writing, you know people want to feel special. They want to succeed and they want to be recognized and acknowledged for it. It's not monetary, a title or position, it's recognition.*

"You do it in your seminars; you play games where everyone wins. In your businesses, everyone wins and everyone gets recognized. Even if it's a "Top Display of the Week" certificate. You do it in your personal life too; you're always pushing up John, Pat, your sisters, their kids, everyone you meet and tell them how great they're doing and how they're such winners.

"Why do you think they took to Eileen so quickly and without reservation? Me? Hell, I'm a baby and most every woman loves babies. Eileen, now, is a different story.

"It's because you respected her and you helped her. While their Talent wasn't necessarily working then, they could still tell you

*loved each other. Since you thought she was worthy of **your** love, they knew she was worthy of **their** love, honor and respect.*

*"Suppose we make love with Maura and Teresa tomorrow so long and so hard we had to carry them back home on stretchers. John and Patrick would feel delighted and completely honored that **you** found their mates worthy and desirable of **your** love.*

*"Teresa and Maura have the hots for you **so** bad! It's not because you're their little brother and it's titillating to think about screwing you. It's because you're a winner, you're the leader, you're the Ceann.*

"When you make love with them tomorrow, they will feel so desirable, honored, recognized and flat-out appreciated they'll glow for months -- every time they think of it they'll get a thrill down to their toes.

*"Even the fact you ogled and admired their boobs tonight and made an overt major pass at them made them **and** their mates feel wonderful. They're what, 29 and 31? They've each had a couple children; that often does ungood things to female bodies like stretch marks, weight they can't quite take off, boobs sagging from age and breast feeding. You've seen them all in bathing suits; you know they've got stretch marks and their boobs sag a bit.*

"No matter what happens, they already feel tremendously thrilled you made a solid, unequivocal pass at them. They knew you were serious when Eileen made the call. Probably even now they're screwing John and Pat's brains out because you made them feel they were still desirable to a man they respect and love so much.

"If Eileen makes love with them, even if it's a little kiss or caress, they'll be thrilled in much the same way; she's your love and your chosen mate.

"I saw how Sharon Shane acted with you. She's a widow but that's beside the point. If you so much as hinted, within a second she'd have her panties off, her skirt hiked up and her legs in the air waiting for you. It's because she respects you so much and would feel so damned honored!

"All those ladies in the shop and those cute little girls -- any one of them would be thrilled and honored if you made a pass at them; even when you flirted harmlessly and everyone knew it was harmless, they feel desirable and honored. They'd probably decline, but they would feel really, really special just because you did.

*"We **all** know you're our leader. It's not a positional leadership, it's an earned leadership. Whether you want it or not, you're our*

Ceann. The Nolans, Bardons and the McLennans are your clann and you honor us with your love.

"My Prince, when you pulled me out of my fog enough to remember what love is, I was so honored to be your 'best girl' I'd cry to myself at night because I was so happy. When I remembered I was Margaret Gallagher and my Snapper was here and you loved her too, it was almost too much to bear.

*"I won't say it's your **duty** to screw every woman that comes into our circle or Clann but if you consider them worthy and desirable, they'll be more than willing. I heard lots of stories over the years where in some clanns, the leader was **required** to screw all the opposite sex.*

"Now, all that being said, tomorrow morning let's plot on how to put those two Irish beauties through the wringer before we give them what they really want. For tonight, let's get a little lovin' in; I'm so turned on by all this I could power up Los Angeles County."

We got in two wonderful lovin's. So powerful yet so gentle, we *shared* our lives, our loves and our hearts and rejoiced that the choices we'd made appeared to lead to a wonderful future for many people.

SEAN
(Saturday 5/6)

We groaned awake around 8:00. By "groaned," I mean we groaned because we had to get out of bed to pee.

Marge grinned at me, *"I don't hafta get up! I just pee whenever I want and fix it up whenever I want. Doesn't being a 'groan-up' suck?"* Fuck! She was disgustingly cheerful.

I staggered into the kitchenette and whipped us up some breakfast. Maybe I should have burned the eggs or toast or watered down the OJ but Eileen loved it and volunteered me to make her breakfast on a very regular basis.

On the other hand, since every plate, cup, or piece of silverware I put before her got me a warm, loving kiss while Margie fluttered around like a butterfly and gave me hugs and kisses, maybe I'll learn to live with it.

Now, what were we talking about last night? Something about me being the Ceann? Hmm, we're gonna have to revisit that and maybe hold an election.

All righty then! I told them, "Since we're up so early and you're all rested and fed, we should be able to get at least three hours of study in since we missed a day, right?"

Fortunately there weren't any pillows nearby so I escaped a cannonade. However, they broke open the books and went to work.

Sarah, the weekend housekeeper, came in around 10:00. She, Eileen and Marge grinned at each other and traded high-fives. I've **gotta** figure out what's going on. On the other hand, maybe I was better off not knowing.

I got Sarah aside briefly and told her, "Sarah, tomorrow morning you might schedule a bit more time for these two places. It's possible they may be a little, em..."

She asked brightly, "Enthusiastically disarrayed? Both rooms?"

I nodded. She caught on quickly. "Not a problem, Mr. C. Often in the morning I'm not quite awake yet and tend not to notice the harems -- I mean guests -- in the rooms. So long as they let me in, I just do my work. If any of you need **anything** just let me know."

Somehow I figured she was slagging me a bit; not quite sure though.

Several minutes later, she told me, "I see you've used the kitchenette. If you need to restock anything or get something different, just leave us a note on the fridge. The kitchen staff can probably get it quicker, faster and at less cost. That way, you don't have to go grocery shopping!"

I thanked her. She told me, "Not a problem; that's my job. By the way, I usually get in around 7:00. If you **or** your harem -- I mean guests -- need any help, I'll be more than happy to help."

She gave me a tiny leer and took off with a pronounced hip-sway. Huh? She'd just propositioned me -- or was that the ladies-to-be?

Anyway. I dug out my notes from our walkabout Thursday and Eileen's notes from the calls she made and pounded them into an address database. As soon as we/the ladies finished deciding on what we were doing for the wake, we could send out a mailing on a mail-merge.

I caught up with my email. The Wednesday and Thursday statistics looked decent. I spotted what might be a couple anomalies and sent off queries about them.

At Marge's suggestion, I dashed over to my favorite jewelry store (where I'd gotten their rings) and picked up several pieces. She'd told me, *"Women love jewelry, clothes and shoes. The women buy the clothes and shoes. The men should buy jewelry."*

About 11:00, we got together and plotted about the most devilish way we could seduce two Irishwomen and make them

our love slaves -- at least for the evening. I kept in mind the Lord and Master bit I'd heard earlier and tried to build in some safeguards so I wouldn't have four extremely-pissed Irishwomen after my ass.

Marge pushed me into the shower again and made me wash **everything** twice. She told me, *"Parts of your anatomy will be in parts of another's anatomy where they've never been before. So long as everything's squeaky-clean, usually no one objects to at least trying something."*

She darted back and forth between Eileen and me. *"Eileen's got a few glitches yet. You guys gotta seduce a woman. Eileen's gotta learn all a woman has to do is show up -- preferably with very few or no clothes and a bottle of well-aged Irish whisky. That applies to her seducing men or women. I thought I'd trained Snapper better than that.*

"Those pants are too loose, Sean. Get something tighter that shows off your sweet ass and that gorgeous Irish dick."

Back and forth. She didn't seem even to go through the doorways. She'd be here one moment, gone the next then back again. I think she was more eager than either Eileen or me!

I did manage to get dressed to her satisfaction; the tee shirt was too small! She told me, *"We've gotta show off that Ceannly chest of yours. They'll drool all over whatever they're wearing."*

She clucked over my hair a few minutes and informed me I needed to get a haircut **every** week.

Argh. I'd heard of mothers-in-law being bossy and assertive. Grandmothers were even worse! The only thing was, she was always right.

I did get a chance to call room service though. I asked for an extra refrigerator and a case of bottled water. I figured there just might be a few fires to put out.

EILEEN

A bit nervous, I was! I'd never arranged a seduction scene before; I'd either been the seductee (Frank had done a wonderful job!) or there'd never been a drawn-out seduction on either side. In college, it had been mainly exchange a few looks, we're interested, go for it -- male or female.

Just from chatting with Margie and Sean, I'd gotten a little bit of data on our memories. Mine went back this lifetime then skipped something like a fifty years. Apparently spirits can hang around for a **long** time before deciding to get another body. Sean had mentioned his previous memories were about the same time frame.

That being said, Margie actually had the most experience in the current culture. She'd gone through the Depression, two World Wars, Korea, Vietnam, Persian Gulf, Iraq, flappers, the X generation, Watergate, Clinton BJs, the whole bit. Experience-wise, she was the Senior in high school (you can always tell a Senior but you can't tell 'em much); Sean and I were somewhere around eighth grade.

Finally we were arranged, dressed, the food in place, all that stuff to The Senior's satisfaction. She was harder to please than Sean on his check outs!

At 12:50 we collapsed on the sofa in my sitting room. The food was here, Sean's refrigerator and cold water were here and we were dressed. Let the games begin!

At 12:55, Maura told me, *"We're here. Bob's bringing up our stuff, so cover up your bare butts."*

They came right in. Bob brought in the stuff: several boxes and a couple small roller-luggage cases.

After Bob left, we eyeballed each other. Margie and I were in vee-neck tee shirts which had a shamrock front and back and "Irish Inside" across the boobs. Sean had a crew-neck tee shirt with the same printing.

Teresa and Maura had on short-shorts (delicious!), slip-on tenny pumps and snug crop-tops. We could see delightful belly buttons and boob-bottoms!

Margie had her cuties up in full bloom and there were six other boobs perked up and topped with nipples of steel. Bras? We don't need no stinkin' bras! We had our personal Inner Touch bras!

There were eight boobs a-wobblin', eight nipples a-perkin' and one Sean-dick a-arisin'.

Maura produced a bottle of Irish whisky. "Just in case we get dry."

We shared hugs. Per the plan, Sean gave Teresa and Maura each a solid full hug and a very non-brotherly kiss on the mouth. He told us, "We've got a wake and a wedding to plan; knowing you four ladies, you'll discuss the number of flowers for the corsages on the ladies-in-waiting for at least thirty minutes. Let's eat then have at it."

Chapter 10

SEAN
(Saturday afternoon 5/6)

Teresa and Maura enthusiastically returned my kisses. No back-off on their part!

They immediately zeroed in on Marge's cuties. Teresa asked, "They aren't real, are they?"

Marge pulled up her tee shirt to show them her quite-flat 20-week-old chest. *"Nope. 100% fake. They're accessories, just like you ladies wear earrings even when you're dressing casual. Hell, I just spent eighty-some years with a pair and I'm used to them. Besides, they're about the only thing on this body I can control completely, even if they are fake."*

She pulled her tee shirt down, twitched her shoulders so they wobbled then smirked at them. *"Wanna molest me a little?"*

They did and were delighted, just as I had been. Maura asked her, "Can you actually feel that, Maggie?"

*"Yes and no. I can perceive the pressure, texture and temperature extremely well through the touch by the amount of intention it takes to 'maintain' it and by direct perception. When you squeeze the 'breast' then roll and pull the nipples, I let it feed back and move with you. So I **do** feel it almost as if you touched my real flesh -- and I'll give you another five hours to stop because it's wonderful! It's not a sexual sensation as such but I feel the love behind it and I let it pleasure me just as if it were. Yummy!"*

We ate and chatted around the conference table in my sitting room. Each time Teresa or Maura leaned forward, their tops would fall open (with a little help, maybe?) and show lots of freckles and tasty-looking breasts all the way to the nipples. Not quite all but with just enough mystery left to be intriguing. Who's seducing whom here? Grin.

We broke out their Irish whiskey and sipped along with the food. Eileen took only half a shot. "We don't need a drunk baby." Marge laughed at her, *"Yeh, I'd be careful, too; this body won't tolerate much. Remember, though, a few drops on the gums really helps the teething pain. Ouch! What's that pain in my mouth?"*

She got her couple drops.

I told them, "I put the names and addresses of those interested in the wake on the computer. I guess we just have to iron out logistics and such. Right?"

Yep. We decided it would be the Saturday after next (two weeks) from noon until 6:00. That left the Tavern's dinner and evening open, wouldn't keep the oldies out too late and would give everyone plenty of time to get fed and royally shit-faced if they wanted.

On my To Do List went the arrangement for some busses, preferably with wheelchair access. Also, rent several extra

wheelchairs for the Tavern. That way, if one of the oldies got too liquored up, it would be a lot easier to move them and get them back home.

Each of us had something to do. Since we had the date and time, I whipped up an invitation with the information on it along with Eileen's email address and phone number for RSVPs. Print the invites and envelopes then fold, stuff, postage meter and trot them down to the front desk. We ended up with 75 invitations. Of course, we'd have the Nolan/Bardon families anyway, even if they hadn't known Nana.

Not bad; it had taken only an hour.

Break for a few more snacks. I stood behind Maura and massaged her shoulders and neck for a couple seconds then whispered in her ear, "Love you, Maura," and nuzzled her neck.

She moaned, quivered all over (wonderful wobbles!) then grabbed my head and kissed me hard. *"I've loved you for years, Sean."*

Teresa said loudly, "Next!"

She got the same "treatment." If my hair had been any longer she would have burned it.

Eileen said, "Next!" My best lady got extra-special care and loving kisses while we wound through each other.

Marge said, *"Me too!"* My best girl got lots of lovin' too. She pulled my hands onto her cuties and demanded some molestation. *"After all, that's one reason they're there."*

EILEEN

We finished up the snacks. I bet we were all stocking up for later; the sexual tension was just right. Enough to keep the pussies slick and the nipples up but not so overwhelming to demand immediate action. It was like we were already making very slow, soft love.

I *pushed* the snack cart outside and called down to let them know we were done. Dayum, I could get really lazy doing stuff this way.

Bridget needed her snack so I nursed her while we talked about the wedding.

Maura asked, "Eileen, what do you want? Big and fancy, small and intimate?"

Hmm. I'd thought about it over the past several days, even before Sean had asked. I said, "Probably a medium. Generally, I'd say we invite all Nana's friends because they know me and

having a wedding after her wake will let them feel better knowing I'm doing well.

"All the Cullen side, obviously. I haven't the foggiest how many there are of you but there's probably a lot I haven't heard about yet. Sharon Shane. Sheila. Jackie. Dayum! Everyone we've run into who has Talent!

"We'll probably have a standard Irish wedding; among us, I'll bet we can come up with something very beautiful without beating the Irish style to death."

Maura pulled out a big address book. "We've probably got about thirty or forty kinfolk floating around just in first or second cousins."

Margie put in her bid, *"And who's the leader of all these fine folk? Who's the honcho, the Johnny Ray, the Ceann?"*

They didn't hesitate. Both pointed at Sean. Teresa said, "Sean, of course."

Margie had primed us for it but their casual knowledge astonished us. Sean sat there gobsmacked with his mouth open -- and I knew him well enough by now he's rarely surprised like that.

Maura looked concerned. "Didn't you know that, Sean?"

Teresa said, "Oh, **fuck**, Maura! Maybe not. Remember Mum, Da and Seanathair died just before he was eighteen."

Sean said, "This is the first I've heard of any of this from you."

Maura said, "Oh, shit! We all assumed you knew and were just being really laid-back about it because you sure never threw your weight around or exercised **any** of your rights."

Teresa's turn. "We can trace the Clann Cullen lineage back some 2,700 years -- and that's just the name itself. The Ceann is the oldest male child and starts his formal training when he's eighteen. If there's no male child in a generation, it goes to the brother. There's a whole slew of contingency stuff like that including having a female Ceann but what it basically comes down to, Sean, is you are the direct descendant. You are the one."

Maura said, "Why do you think we've been so interested in getting you married, Lover Boy? It's not only that we love you so much but also there needs to be a male heir.

"Why do you think we were so excited when Eileen showed up? We could tell you had feelings for her the moment you spoke of her **and** she was Irish **and** of childbearing age **and** of proven fertility! And that was before we even met her."

Teresa asked, "Why do you think we always ask your advice and sanction on our major decisions? The fact that you're a brilliant businessman and so fuckin' ethical is a blessing; we've had some Ceanns who couldn't see beyond the end of their dicks!"

Sean was still stunned. Margie and I laughed our butts off! I told them, "Maggie went over this very thing last night. We knew you always consulted him and valued his judgment so we told him he was already the Ceann, the leader. Now, you mentioned 'rights.' Are there some, em, interesting customs the Ceann should know about?"

Maura's and Teresa's smiles could have lit up Southern California. Maura said, "Oh, yeh! Especially the one we've been waiting on for a **long** time. The Ceann has the right to lay with any Clann member. Any man, any woman. Any age, any relation. Virginal, menopausal, pubescent or prepubescent, single, married, engaged, widowed. **Any**.

"When the Clann came to the States, it was down to only five people. So, we 'adopted' people who wanted to join us, Irish or not. Also, from the Clann's viewpoint, any person in any of the businesses owned by a clansperson within one relation step of the Ceann was covered by that right.

"Kate in the hotel here, for example. Sean, why do you think she's been your housekeeper for the past four years? She's Irish, in your business **and** something like a fourth or fifth cousin so she's part of the Clann by blood and association. Every day she's been hoping you'd take her to bed and shag her brains out!"

They sat up straighter which pushed their boobs out even more. Four nipples grew even larger. Teresa said, "Besides Eileen's 'invitation' we were really hoping you'd exercise that right today. We could barely sleep last night in anticipation. Normally the woman doesn't ask or hint **too** much but this already appears to be an unusual situation."

Margie and I were laughing so hard we were crying. Margie told him, *"That means you gotta take care of Sharon Shane, too. Since she's using your business principles, that makes her Clann, too. Every man and woman in those eleven businesses you own is ripe for the plucking. Any business that owes you money -- everyone is yours.*

*"Since your business materials are your copyright, I'll bet we can stretch that to any business using them. And it also means you gotta give **me** some serious lovin', too! Is that right, Teresa?"*

Teresa laughed, "Yep; you're definitely Clann now, Maggie. The Clann wanted to spread itself as far as possible so we can stretch

stuff as far as we wish. Offspring of the Ceann are always full Clann members no matter where they came from.

"Maggie, while the Ceann has the right to lay with you, none has ever exercised that right for full physical penetration on a female who wasn't physically developed enough to take it -- well, there was one about 1500 years ago who went overboard a lot. We don't talk about him much; for some reason he died quite young.

"However, that does **not** preclude other sexual activities. When we say the right is to 'lay' with a clansperson, that is anything up to and including intercourse -- he can cop a feel, molest a boob, nuzzle a cunt, steal a kiss, pretty much anything."

Margie laughed some more, *"Well that means I'd better grow up tall so I can lie down and get short. In the meantime, you've still got a tongue and fingers, Ceann."*

Sean laid his head down and groaned while we laughed at his plight. Dayum! Just the idea of him actually being the Ceann made my boiler go into superheat! And I was to be his wife!

SEAN

And they meant every word, too! Dayum! No wonder they'd been so casual about nudity around me all my life -- all those delicious red-haired beaver shots hadn't been accidents, much less the "accidental" robes falling open.

No wonder they encouraged my nieces to "give Uncle Sean a hug and kiss." Seems like if I just spent my time screwing Clann women I'd still be busy night and day. Be Jaysus!

I picked up my head and said, "When any of you mentioned 'Clann' before, I thought it meant Seanathair, Nana, Da, Mum and us children. Eileen, are you okay with all this."

She laughed at me! "Sean, I have your love. You chose **me** to be your wife. I'll feel honored and privileged every time you lay with a Clann woman -- or man, if you're interested. Of course, I expect something like 100 to 1 attention for me!"

Teresa grinned at us. "Then there's the Ceann's mate. You're the Ceann-Mate, Eileen; all it takes is the announcement that you are the mate and you did that last night. Actually, Maggie's the Ceann-Mate, too, since Sean said he'd marry her too if he could!

"The Ceann-Mate also has the right to lay with anyone she wishes, male or female. It tends to be rarely used by habit only because of the chance of becoming pregnant by someone other than the Ceann. That could really muddle up the bloodlines.

"However in this day and age of extremely efficient birth control, that's no longer an issue. Eileen, if you wanted to go for a roll in

the hay with John, Patrick or one of the girls or boys, not one person would naysay you and they'd be delighted. It would be an **honor** for them, not just a sexual pleasure.

"Actually, it's an honor for the people the Ceann lays with, too. Many men desire young women -- for whatever reason. It's an honor to be chosen either by the Ceann or his mate, especially for us older women."

Eileen grinned. "Hmm. I'll admit, both Patrick and John are very attractive -- and Mona's pretty cute, too. And don't try to feed me bull about you being 'older women.'" [Mona Nolan: Maura's daughter at almost eleven years old]

Margie said, *"Yeh. If a woman can get a little damp or a man can get a twitch in his dick, they're not 'old'."*

Teresa said, "So that's the customary rights. In actual practice, we're pretty laid-back. No one is ever offended if they're not chosen.

"Usually, the Ceann makes at least one run through most all of the women and settles down to several 'favorites.' The associate clanspeople in the businesses who don't know they're Clann aren't hassled -- that's rarely even considered nowadays.

"**Usually** the Ceann-Mate holds off doing a lot of others for around six months or so after the mating is made public.

"There's all sorts of other things the Ceann is responsible for besides making clanspeople happy sexually. He has the duty to approve all marriages. He has the right to veto any proposed marriage. He's the negotiator, the deal maker. He's got a **lot** to do.

"Sean's actually been doing all that even if he didn't know it was his responsibility. He's our go-to guy for just about everything and he's done a wonderful job."

Argh.

We've still got stuff to do. I said, "Okay then. We'll have to spend time later on going over all these customs, duties, responsibilities and such. Let's do that some other time, shall we? Right now, we have a wedding to plan."

We sipped a bit more Irish whiskey and planned a wedding. A quick count gave us well over four hundred people we should invite. Everyone from any of my past and present businesses as well as all Nana's and Eileen's people. A run through Maura's main address book gave us two hundred alone!

We figured we'd normally get something like 20% of the invitees actually attending but Marge pointed out since it was the Ceann's wedding we'd probably get more like 60% of the Clann. Seems

like lots of people were interested in preserving the Clann's bloodlines.

Eileen smiled at me. *"Sweetheart, looks like we're gonna have to get started on producing a male child fairly soon. Bridget is due to come off the breast in a couple months; maybe in the next three or four months we can get the heir started. Also, just 'cause I'm nursing isn't a hundred-percent guarantee I won't get pregnant. We might already have a child started or the next shot could do it, sweety."*

Be Jaysus! I almost came in my pants.

Anyway, Maura and Teresa had lots of address books, we had Nana's, Eileen's from college and I had all the business ones. I took on the task of getting any possible name and address into the computer. Maura pointed out that any Irish would be honored just to get an invitation to the Ceann's wedding even if they couldn't or didn't wish to attend or weren't even part of Clann Cullen; the invitation was sufficient in and of itself.

By the time we estimated the Clann at 60%, it gave us roughly 200 people to expect. We (the women, that is) decided there would be the ceremony itself then a blowout party/reception. We talked food, places, logistics, that sort of stuff. Dayum, getting married was almost more complex than starting up a new business from scratch.

Then we had to talk about places for the ceremony and the reception. Parking, parking attendants, catering/food, bridesmaids, dresses, who gives away the bride.

Okay then, we came up with action items. I'd get the names and addresses in the computer within the next week. Teresa would scout around for a suitable spot for the ceremony and the reception; the Tavern banquet room **might** be large enough for the reception. Once we got the place and availability locked in, we could produce and send the invitations. We voted unanimously to make it as soon as possible.

Okay, you can buy fifty magazines on wedding planning. For whatever reason, they kept telling me, "Subject to your approval, Ceann." Argh.

I'd already ordered dinner up for 7:00 in room 228. That way they could set it all up while we were still working. I *felt* them come in at 6:45, right on time.

I let the ladies talk about colors and hair styles while I stuck my head in the other room. Two waiters were busy putting stuff around; I recognized Mary Murray -- she'd been a supervisor on evening kitchen staff for several years.

Hmm. She was Irish and I knew she was married with two children. Maybe she was Clann -- why not try it out? When they were all set up, I gestured for her to stay after the waiters left. I whispered to her, "Mary, you do great work. Maybe some evening I could show you how much I appreciate everything you've done over the years."

I gave her a very light eyebrow. Whoa! She glowed like the midday sun, snuggled her white Irish bosom up to me and whispered, "Any time, Mr. C. **Any** time."

What the hell, the guy's always the last to know anyway. Why should I be any different? Ah, fuck! I remembered almost every female staff member who came around my room had several of their top buttons open -- and they did show a lot. When I saw them anywhere else in the hotel, they were all buttoned up. Dayum! How many clanspeople did we have on staff here?

I went back in to announce dinner. They'd decided on white dresses with Irish lace (of course) for the bridesmaids. My three nieces were the bridesmaids and the two nephews the bridegroom's attendants. They were talking kilts for the groom and best man; no problem, we had Da's dress kilt outfit carefully put away (Seanathair had adopted the custom). Wonder if they'd let me wear my bowler?

I had to pry them away. I told them, "Take a break and eat. The way you ladies are going through the energy, you'll pass out in another ten minutes anyway. Eat!"

I trailed them in so I could caress four delicious butts on the way. The fact that one of them was covered with a diaper didn't make a lot of difference; it was a really cute butt. Best girl!

We ate; Bridget had a pick-me-up. They tried to "talk shop" more but I glared at them. "Ladies! Eat. Each of you is going to need every bit of strength you have tonight."

If lustful looks were pennies, I'd have been a multi-millionaire that half-hour alone. Marge whispered to me, *"I'm gonna work really hard on growing this body. I'm gonna check **every** day to see if the nerves in my pussy have grown in so you can get your tongue and fingers on and in it. In the meantime, betcha in the dark you can't tell the difference between Bridget skin and Margaret tits. Hehehehe."* Em, I think she was eager.

I shepherded them back to the conference table. "Okay, we have one more hour this evening for this. We've been at it for four hours already and it feels like we're getting stale for today. Betcha you ladies will be up all hours of the night anyway the next couple of weeks plotting and planning so let's get this part over."

I went back in the other room and chowed down a little more. I had the feeling **I** was going to need my strength tonight, too. I called down to the kitchen to tell them we were done so they could clear the room. I happened to get hold of Mary; she told me, "Okay, Mr. C. We'll be up in five minutes. Should I have my panties on or off?"

"Em, better leave them on for now, sweet Mary. Our time will come."

I wondered a bit. Did the earlier Ceanns have a social secretary to handle the load?

EILEEN

A-wunnerful! Planning a wedding, giggles, girl-talk, bawdy remarks, teasing and anticipation of loving to come; dayum what a lot of fun!

Teresa and Maura kept trying to get me to talk more about Sean as a lover. I told them, "He's adequate. He only fucks me 'til I'm pushed outside one out of four times; remember, we're being careful because my ribs haven't fully healed yet."

They squirmed, flushed and pumped pheromones and sex-smell into the air -- just like I was doing.

Around 8:15, Sean made us wrap up for the night. He herded us back into my sitting room; I think he just wanted play with our butts on the way!

We kicked back and watched a short chick-flick. Margie told Sean, *"Take Maura first in your room. It's the Ceann's bed and she's waited longer than Teresa. Eileen and I'll see how long and loud we can make Teresa scream. Hehehehe."*

Since it was my room, I organized the seating. I put Sean on the sofa between the two Cullen sweeties while Margie and I cuddled on the recliner.

Sean took the *hint* I gave him and started snogging with them about five minutes into the movie. Fuck, it was hot!

Bridget nursed once more just before the end of the movie. Margie told me, *"Remember, I'll be there to help you. Of course, I intend to get my licks in too. Hehehehe."*

When the credits started rolling, I announced, "Good! Potty calls and wash ups. Meet back here in fifteen minutes. Maura and Sean to Sean's place. Teresa, you come with Margie and me and we'll show you how to do a **real** wash up. Hehehehe."

Margie and I got Teresa so wound up with delicate washing and stroking she could barely walk back. Poor girl! Grin.

Maura didn't look too coordinated either. Even though we'd all just washed, we already had the air pretty well-perfumed.

I had Maura and Teresa check in with John and Pat to let them know they were spending the night. I could hear through the phone their enthusiastic, "YES!"

That all handled, I whispered to Sean, *"We've got **two** Ceann-Mates. Let's give Teresa and Maura a night they'll tell their great-grandkids about. I love you, Sean. Best man!"*

"You are my love and my life. Best lady!"

I announced, "We've got no place to be tomorrow and all day to get there. Housekeeping usually comes in around 10:00. If we have the energy, we might just invite Sarah in, too. Let the games begin."

Sean slung Maura over his shoulder and carried her off. At every step she got a little smack on her ass; she squealed and squirted (more) pussy juice into her shorts.

I looked at Teresa and told her, "You come with Margie and me. I dunno if you've fooled around with a woman before but tonight you're gonna get so much woman-lovin' you'll scream your lungs out. Hope we can find some throat lozenges."

I chased her into my bedroom. Margie was already hugging her neck and dispensing torrid Margie-kisses on her mouth and neck.

Margie orchestrated everything. *"All of us join about 5% at least. Partners, join as much as you wish. Let us share our love among us."*

We pinned Teresa down immediately. Think a fifteen-pound infant can't pin a 120-pound adult female? When the infant is Margie McLennan, she could!

I had the lights up full so I could enjoy the beauty before us. Teresa was wonderfully pale with freckles all over. We *joined* probably 75%; we could really *feel* what the other was experiencing.

Delicious breasts! Mature teardrops yet still very firm and perky even without the Inner Touch. I hoped mine look that good when I'm thirty!

Margie and I got her nipples crinkled up so hard they had most of her areolae in them -- and that was before we even touched them! Hell, since we were *joined* so tightly, mine were up really solid, too.

When we did put suction on them, Teresa shrieked and didn't stop for fifteen minutes straight. Margie **really** knew how to work

a nipple! Gums (watch those big ole teeth!) and milking. Hehehehe.

Fuck! I squirted breast milk and had at least three releases wash through us just from me.

When we finally relented, I dimmed the lights down and moved South. Margie shucked her tee shirt and fed Teresa her Margie-titties while I attacked her belly-button.

Down to the toes! Yeh, plenty sensitive with lots of squirms and moans. Margie worked on her neck, shoulders and boobs too while I slowly crept up on her fragrant center. Teresa was flooding out nectar so fast I couldn't keep up.

Wonderful taste, texture and smell! I licked, sucked, nibbled and created havoc on her nerve centers. She shuddered, squeaked, moaned, bounced her hips and begged for release. I shuddered, squeaked and kept on truckin'

Hehehehe! No release yet. We took her to the edge and held her for a long minute. We brought her down then up again even higher; I was up and down right with her. There was so much sexual energy our bodies felt like they'd spew lightening any moment.

Four times over the next half hour we did it then I drew in her succulent clit and pulled it as hard as I could with suction while I fluttered my tongue firmly against the end.

She convulsed and picked us off the mattress! She tightened up solidly, screamed and shook like an earthquake. We both went limp; we'd forced ourselves out of our bodies.

We screamed out our joy in what we'd found; Sean and Maura joined Margie and us in their final climax so we *shared* the raptures our love had brought us.

SEAN

I deposited Maura gently on the bed and kissed her just as gently. I told her, "Maura, I do this not because it is a right but because I love you so much. On top of that, I think you're one of the most desirable women I've ever seen."

She purred. I slipped off our shoes and kissed her toes lightly while looking at her eyes. She pretended to glare at me. "It's about time. You **should** be kissing my feet because you've made us wait so long."

"Maura, I swear to you today was the first day I knew anything about this Ceann stuff or the Clann beyond our family. Neither Mum nor Da nor anyone else even hinted."

"Swear on your silly hat?"

"Swear."

"Well, I guess we'll just have to make up for lost time."

I peeled off my tee shirt and snuggled up against her; we *joined* firmly. Her eyes were hot, her lips were honey and her tongue a darting sword against mine. Her top came off very easily, almost as if it were designed that way.

Her breasts were firm against my chest and her nipples two points of fire burning into me. I locked my hands in her hair and we kissed deeply while we *shared* our love and pleasure.

Her back was a marvel of silk and solid muscle beneath. She *shared* the sensations and delight of my touches and caresses. So wonderful to be with a sweet lady you love and share such pleasure like this!

Her butt was solid beneath her shorts; she seemed to find mine quite interesting herself. We stroked each other, kissed, nuzzled faces and necks and *blended* together through our bodies with a warm glow and fluorescing rainbows.

She said, "Let's get nekkid. I want skin everywhere and burn to feel you against me."

Her shorts were so tight I had to peel them off. The crotch was completely soaked with her juice in a spot at least six inches around. I tossed them aside and *touched* several towels over, just in case.

I kneeled and just admired her body for a while. Her breasts rose up proudly, milk-white with lots of lovely freckles running all over them. Her nipples were firmly erect in generous areolae; everything wobbled deliciously with each breath.

Her fur was a wonderful jungle of red, just slightly darker than her hair above. She unashamedly spread her legs; her pussy was glistening and the downy fur around it was soaked. She smelled like the most delicious dessert one could imagine; her fragrance was filling the air.

I leaned closer to the source of the fragrance and flicked my tongue across my lips. I cocked an eyebrow and leered at her a little.

She slammed her knees together and growled, "Don't even think of that right now. We've been foreplaying all fuckin' afternoon and evening. Get those pants off and that stiff dick in me; I've waited five years for it."

"Five years?"

"Yeh, since the day you became Ceann. Seanathair and Da never said anything to you? Shit! If either were here he'd be bald in a

minute; we could have been getting laid **so** much. Getcher ass movin'."

Okay; never disagree with a woman whose hand's wrapped around your nuts.

My pants came off with a struggle but Maura finally threw them across the room with a laugh. "You're not gonna need them for a long time!"

"Would you like on top or how, my sweet Maura?"

"On my back, you with all your weight on me and loving me so sweetly my heart screams for you."

We felt Teresa and Eileen tense up and flood us with their energy and pleasure. We grinned at each other. I told her, "Looks as if they're getting along okay. Did you two ever, em, experiment?"

Maura laughed. "You just wanna hear about all that girl-on-girl stuff, eh? Turn you on?"

"When it's about two of the women I love, pretty much anything turns me on. You can even discuss different tampon brands and it turns me on."

Yeh, she could purr just like the Geeser. She kissed me hard and said, "Yeh, we did some, **em**, experimenting. Fingers and toys do only so much; ya gotta have someone else there to have the love flow. When we married John and Patrick, it was wonderful but we still wanted and desired the Ceann.

"Now, my Ceann is about to drive me literally out of my mind with ecstacy. Come here, you, and let me show you how much I love you."

I wanted so much to make it good for this sweet woman. I slowly slid inside her; she shook all over and warm releases rushed over us. She murmured, "Hmm, so good. So good. Please suck my nipples. Nice and slow, like Bridget does Eileen when she's almost finished nursing."

I did; they were hard and swelled up even more under the gentle suction. Maura shook and warmth washed through us. We *blended* smoothly around and through our bodies and wept a bit at the happiness we'd found.

Marge was there suddenly without startling us. She kissed us each firmly and sweetly then vanished.

Long gentle strokes raised us slowly. Maura wrapped her legs around me, not to pull me in, but to share as much of our bodies as we could. She smelled delicious; her skin gave off a subtle fragrance I knew then I'd always recognize as Maura. Even her perspiration tasted like she smelled.

I moaned. I told her, *"I don't know what to say, Maura. This feels so complete, so good and so right. But Eileen and I..."*

"Whisht, Sean. The love between you and me, between Teresa and you has been there for years even if we all haven't recognized it as such. You've known our sweet Eileen for what, not even two weeks now? That's barely time to learn her middle name.

"In that time, do you expect to go from nothing to the same level of intimacy, knowledge and friendship which we've already shared for so long? Sean, last night at the Tavern over a hundred people felt the love and admiration you and Eileen share. It's just beginning between you and will get deeper and richer every day; you will love each other more and more every hour you're together.

"Mum talked a lot with Teresa and me. She lay with Seanathair, the Ceann, many times before and after she married Da. They too, had this same discussion; probably most of the successful Ceanns found they had the capacity for unlimited love. Since Da was next in line to be the Ceann, he learned it too, he just never became the Ceann to put it into practice.

"Sean, never feel shame for feeling and expressing your love. No matter who you're with, love them with all you have. Already you have that skill; you treat each person as if they were the most special person in the world.

*"You **will** lay with Mary, Kate, Sarah and many others like Sharon Shane. You will lay with your young nieces before long, too; they've dreamed wet dreams about you even before the first tiny hair grew on their little cunnies.*

"It's both the burden and the joy of the Ceann to experience what you are now; let there be no guilt or shame. Each Ceann has had to come to grips with exactly the same situation you have now.

"This empathy thing? Over half the time it was the Ceanns who had it. Now, seven of us have it at once with tremendously more magnitude and it makes this so much more wonderful because there are no hidden thoughts or hidden purposes and we can share our love and admiration so much more deeply.

"I married John and I love him with all I have. I love you too; I love Eileen, Teresa and others -- hehehehe -- that doesn't change the commitment and love John and I share. I'm not gonna dump him and try to make the Ceann only mine.

"'Tis a wonderful thing we now have, Sean. Embrace it, let yourself go and never doubt your and Eileen's love. You are the

Ceann. Love every person you're with, let them feel that love and, in turn, we will love you back so hard our hearts will burst.

"All that being said, let's make love more right now while I have that stiff dick inside me. I think Eileen and Teresa are building up to something."

This entire discussion took maybe fifteen seconds and let me come to terms with my feelings. So good, so wonderful. Maura is really a special lady!

We built up the love we shared. Though it was very slow by some standards, soon we were gasping and panting despite sharing many hot releases.

Maura gasped, *"Sharing like this has some interesting side effects. I wanted this to last the entire night but Eileen and Teresa are driving me wild! Now, fuck me hard, Sean! They're gonna explode pretty quick and I think we can do better!"*

I pounded her. She clamped her legs in tight and humped back so hard we both had bruises the next day. Higher and higher we went; we *shared* and fed back everything with the others.

Suddenly we were there! The four of us exploded together. All five of us were forced out of our bodies and twined together, shouting out our love and happiness! No time there was, only our love for life and for each other.

We *blended* together, jointly and with our special loves, savoring the raptures we'd found.

Knock, knock. "We're the Regional Love Police. I'm Janet Adams and you guys have been spreading spontaneous orgasms and assorted lovey-dovey over Los Angeles and San Bernardino County for the last five minutes. We gotta have a little talk."

Chapter 11

[Author: Matches up with Sorcerer 3 Ch. 2]

EILEEN
(Saturday night 5/6)

Be Jaysus! Suddenly I felt like I was thirteen and had been fucking my boyfriend in the middle of the football field when the lights came on and there were five thousand people looking at my hard tits and at my dripping snatch getting dicked.

I *felt* something itching around me and turned up the squelch to filter it out.

Janet told us, *"Okay, folks, take it easy. Only we three know it was you guys. With me is Henry and Bellana; we seem to get in this situation every once in a while. So, settle down and let's chat a bit."*

Bellana: *"**Nice** people. So much love they have."*

Henry: *"Magnificent shields. Not a programmed firewall but I can't get a probe around it."*

Janet: *"You guys are leaking all over. Looks like you've got plenty of control against incoming but you're all letting your asses hang out in the wind on the outgoing. It doesn't look like you've got any shields or filters on what you're putting out. With your permission, may we teach you how to handle that so the entire paranormal investigations field doesn't descend on -- oh, yeh, Altadena?"*

Well, maybe they weren't gonna take us out back of the barn, cut our throats, let us slowly bleed to death while fucking our arses with broken broomsticks and dump our carcasses in the outhouse to rot in the piss and turds.

Henry: *"You guys are magnificent! Tremendous power! Let's get in a few minor things so the entire mundane world doesn't have wet dreams every time a couple of you get together." Big smile.*

We worked for a good hour. They taught us and drilled us on body shields, sound shields, firewalls, probes, personae (Bridget had put hers on solidly at "first contact.") and... leakage!

Janet told us, *"That's the beginning basics and should keep you going for a while without raising too much uproar among the mundane people in your range -- which is a **long** way."*

All right! Maybe next time the security manager wouldn't come around looking for women being tortured!

Bellana: *"Seems like you folk have a real group going. If it's all right with you, I'd like you to meet our leader; I'm sure we can work out lots of ideas between us."*

Sean: *"That's fine. When and where?"*

Henry: *"We'll talk with Bob Reynolds. So far as I know, tomorrow afternoon might be fine for a meet; probably in North Hollywood or Burbank."*

Sean: *"Great! We don't have much scheduled and anything we have is easily changed. How will we know about the meeting?"*

Bellana: *"We'll contact you just like this. If you're 'occupied,' we'll try again later." Smirk.*

Maura: *"If we're occupied, come join us!" Big grin.*

Janet: *"Damn. Seems like everyone we meet with potential is horny as hell! Since you offered, we might accept. There's some really nice boobs here Bellana and I could nosh on, a cute baby to cuddle and Henry's great at remote sex. Anyway, since you can handle leakage now, have a great time!"*

They “vanished.” We got together on Sean’s bed (it’s a California King while mine’s a standard queen -- came with the room). Margie had vanished and by the time Teresa and I got there she was already nibbling on Maura’s boobs. We piled on (nekkid of course) and draped ourselves across Sean so he couldn’t escape.

He gave all our breasts and arses a quick inspection to ensure we’d brought them along. Bridget nursed while we talked.

After a bit of squirming around and snogging, we chatted about our new friends. Maura said, “Seems like they’re pretty competent. All this stuff about firewalls, probes and shields seems like it was designed and refined a lot.”

Sean told us, “Don’t you ladies put yourselves down, either. They appeared appreciative of you -- and not just of your gorgeous bodies, either. We’ve been doing this for less than two weeks. For all we know, they’ve been at it for years. This is gonna be **really** interesting.”

Bellana popped in. *“How about Sunday noon in North Hollywood?”*

That was fine with us. She said, *“Great! Just a little whatta we got goin’ type of thing. Casual dress -- tee shirts, shorts, that sort of thing. We’ll probably have seven people there; you have a couple others you wanna bring along?”*

Teresa said, *“Yeh, two hubbies who’re aware and outside.”*

Bellana told us, *“All right! That’ll make the count even. So noon it is; we provide lunch. Here’s the address.”*

We grabbed a quick shower to wash off the perspiration (and other stuff spread over us). Another advantage of a hotel: virtually unlimited hot water!

Margie pushed Teresa and Sean into his room and dragged Maura and me off to mine. She said, *“Another hot woman! Yum!”*

Maura liked it slow and easy so we took our time exploring each other’s bodies. Like Teresa, she had fantastic women’s breasts; they were firm and tight with the nipples popped up hard. Incredible!

Of course she explored mine and sampled the milk. She smiled and told me, *“Lovely! I approve!”*

We rolled around the bed a lot; Margie appeared once, swatted my ass and told me, *“Not on the bottom yet, Eileen. It’s another day before you try that.”*

Okay. Well, Maura and I went into a leisurely 69 on our sides. *Touches* made it really easy to keep limbs, etc. exactly where they’d do the most good or be in the way least. We ended up

lifting ourselves above the mattress a few inches with our own cushy-soft suspension. Yes!

She was delicious with exactly the right amount of red down around her pussy to catch what I missed between licks. She had a nicely-sensitive pucker (like mine) and we ensured neither got cold or suffered from lack of attention.

We adjusted our *join*, positions, speed, all that until we were coming together every five or ten minutes -- a lovely rush which left us trembling for a little while. Then we'd start in again. It gave us plenty of time to *talk*.

"Maura, any idea how this custom or right got started? Why it's still around?"

"Surprisingly, our legends or traditions say something about it. From way before 700 B.C. to only a couple hundred years ago, what are now the Irish lived in really tough necks of the woods. While Ireland is beautiful, there's still hard weather and hard country and it's never really easy to make a living farming or herding.

"There was almost constant war or battles. Invaders, barbarians, other clanns, religious wars. We had to have a leader we could trust with our lives; one we knew wouldn't just throw our lives away on some fancied glory. If the leader lay with the women, he got an emotional attachment to them and knew exactly who would die or become slaves subject to perpetual rape and death if he didn't do his job right.

"The men, then, knew the leader wouldn't knowingly do something to let the women come to harm. The men themselves weren't afraid of dying, but a widow had a really hard time of it, especially if she had young children. So, if the leader knew the women would suffer themselves or without their men, he did the best he could. Always the best he could.

"Yes! A little higher. Slower and a bit lighter -- Jaysus that's good!"

"Yeh, the Industrial Revolution and 'modern times' limited the all-out wars but there was still the religious crap like the Protestant/Catholic ones. When we came to the States, that eased off a lot. There were still some scraps and fights but nothing like before.

"Now, it's an economic and cultural battle. The Ceann leads the Clann towards the best living or survival the individuals and families can accomplish. Just before Seanathair was Ceann, the Clann itself became less important than the families. Since we could spread out geographically and communication and travel

were quite easy, it was much less likely the Clann itself could ever be wiped out.

"Usually the Ceann spends a night with a woman. Often, starting with our Nana, the Ceann-mate would spend the same night with the spouse; if no spouse, frequently the oldest son or daughter.

"Besides making love, they'd talk. The Ceann and Mate listened to their hopes and dreams, their problems and really got to know the people.

"With that knowledge, the Ceann and Mate could make the best decisions or offer the best advice to help the individual people, their families and the Clann. With a lot of information and a pretty objective viewpoint, those decisions or advices have given a lot of us very wonderful lives.

"Sean didn't spend nights in bed with us -- dammit, Seanathair! -- but he still talked with the four of us a lot before we started the Tavern. He knew us, he knew our families and he knows a lot of the actual Clann at least by name if not personally.

"So, the rights and customs are just as important now as they were three thousand years ago. The battles are different, the issues and problems are different but it comes down to a leader making the best decision possible for the group he's responsible for."

Next door, Teresa let loose with a loud screaming that went on for several minutes. I assume the sound shield held because no one came knocking at our door. Maura and I climaxed ourselves a couple times in sympathy.

Maura went on, *"Besides, probably for over three thousand years now, the Cullen line has been genetically extremely robust. Physically-strong men and women, handsome by our standards at least, long-lived, intelligent and caring. We know now the physical things come from genetics and the intellectual from the spirit.*

"Nonetheless, what woman doesn't dream of a handsome man making long, skilled love with her while trying to make her faint with pleasure? Husbands are wonderful, especially the right one, but what better lover outside that than the man you and everyone you know trusts with their lives and who is so biologically attractive?

"The Clann's been without an acting Ceann now for five years. We all knew Sean was the one, but he hadn't been acting the way we expected -- and now we know why. I'd say we'll probably have some Clann meetings soon, probably after the wedding, and let them know why.

"I think Sean's gonna be a very popular man Real Soon Now because every Clann woman will wanna get caught up with the lovin' she's come to expect as a custom and tradition and has missed."

Margie appeared and gave little two-tooth love bites to every exposed butt or boob she could find, dealt out kisses and hugs, and caressed everything else she could reach. If she couldn't reach it physically, a phantom tongue, finger or mouth reached right in and did its deed on exactly the right spot to make us shiver or shake with love and pleasure.

She rubbed her Margie-tits everywhere she could find a spot of flesh. Jaysus! They were hot (temperature-wise) and the nipples were hard spots of fire. Yow!

I grabbed a couple mouthfuls for several minutes. Luscious! Everything fit easily inside and I could suck and chew on the hot "flesh" while she fed back wonderful sensations. *"Love it, Eileen. It feels great!"*

We felt Teresa go over at least three more times before we fell asleep.

SEAN

I asked Teresa, "So, how hard and fast is this 'right' we're talking about?"

She laughed. "Yeh, we call it a right and treat it as such. To my knowledge we've had only a couple polite refusals in the last thousand years or so. The Ceanns have gotten so they don't ask if they don't know the answer; they don't just drag someone into bed.

"Now with this extra Talent, there'll be no issues; you'll know immediately if they're interested and willing. You'll know if it's right for them; it'll be pretty obvious. Next time Aile, Deidre or Mona are crawling all over you, take a *look* and make your own judgment.

"Of course, if you're interested in Caden or Connor, that's up to them and you, too."

[Aile and Diedre are the nieces; almost nine. Caden and Connor are the nephews; nine years old.]

I told her, "I think I'll pass on Caden and Connor for a while. I just don't seem to be wired that way."

She laughed, "No problem. For what its worth, a lot of the Clann girls gave their virginity to the male Ceann. They knew he's an experienced lover and would be very gentle. Maura and I gave ours to Seanathair when we were around ten. The by-blood

Clann girls tend to hit puberty pretty early; it's usually a matter of 'are they big enough to take it' more than 'are they willing'. Frequently the Ceann-Mate teaches the young men how to give pleasure to a woman.

"From the way they've been behaving around you lately, I think all our girls are getting hot to trot. Aile and Deidre are just a couple weeks shy of nine, remember. They've got boobs and fur; not a lot, mind you, but they've got 'em. Mona, on the other hand, has lots of boobs and fur and is very interested. Sex education in the Clann starts early and covers a lot -- and it's modern, not just old wives' tales.

"There won't be any jealousy if you ask one and not the others right away. They know the Ceann always takes a lot of stuff into consideration.

"On the other hand, if you let any of them dangle too long, they might end up getting popped in the back seat of a car or in a back yard with an in-and-out-goodbye; not the best introduction to loving sex, in my opinion.

"Now, why are we talking instead of loving?"

Good question. Teresa was a little smaller than Maura, with a luscious sleek body and limbs begging to be caressed all over. I did. My hands and mouth were busy for a long time before she pinned me down.

"My turn!" she told me as she straddled me. She positioned herself then dropped down around me in a single motion. Jaysus, what fire!

She started stroking immediately. She gasped, "Squeeze my tits, Sean. Make them hurt a little!" They were hard and her nipples were even harder. I did my best for her; with our *join*, we could tell exactly how much pressure where and for how long did the most good.

Quiet is not a word I use when making love with Teresa. Besides the wet salacious sounds from our union and our flesh slapping together, she moaned and talked almost continuously. She apparently liked dirty talk; between the two of us, she started shrieking in about five minutes.

Within another two minutes, she threw her head back and wailed. Her body seemed to lock up but her hips went wild, slamming her clit down against me. Her channel milked me with long ripples so hard I thought she'd pull me in! I felt my releasing approach and pounded right back at her until I spent inside her so hard I thought my nuts went in there too.

She collapsed on me; we rolled on our sides and rested while our hearts and breathing caught up. I *felt* Marge kiss us firmly. She

told us, *"You are wonderful together. Now, I see there's a couple luscious bare butts to chew on while you rest!"*

She noshed on Teresa's bottom for several mutes with gentle love-bites from those big ole teeth and with a wet phantom tongue and fingers on her back door. Teresa loved it! Her hips started moving against me and she told me, "More!"

I hadn't softened up much and that was an invitation I had no intention of refusing. I thrust back and we got into a fast rhythm. "Harder!"

All right! I *felt* Marge push a small phantom penis into her backside. Teresa screamed and pounded her hips back and forth between us. "Fuck me, Maggie! Fuck my ass hard!"

In a few minutes she went off again. She screamed as the energy flooded through us and seemed to scorch us with its intensity. She finally collapsed and went limp.

Marge slid her firm hot cuties all over us and poured butterfly kisses on us. *"Love you both,"* she told us. *"Love you a lot. Best man! Best sister!"*

We fell asleep; the bodies really needed it, too.

Teresa woke me later with her mouth. I don't know how I managed but it came up firm in less than a minute. She wanted it hard and every way possible. Being the nice guy I was, I did my best.

The last time, from behind, was so intense it pushed us outside where we joined with Eileen, Maura and Marge in joyful dances, sweet *blendings*, loving spirit-hugs, *windings* and *kisses* until 7:00.

EILEEN
(Sunday morning 5/7)

From the way we women staggered out of bed to pee early Sunday morning, I'd say the first Ceann sleepover had been successful. Maura and Teresa moaned and groaned about how sore their pussies and tits were -- and grinned up a storm every second. I wasn't too bad off; I'd had a pretty easy night of cunny lapping and booby nibbling.

Bridget got first dibs on my boobs after we'd gotten quick showers. Margie told us, *"You were all wonderful last night. You're wonderful ladies and I love you all so much. Now, let's dig out that lazy Sean Cullen so we can stuff ourselves with breakfast -- and maybe he can stuff you again later."*

When Sean staggered out from his shower, he had three nekkid ladies and a cutie-pie waiting to feed him. Margie and I did the

cooking since Marge and Teresa were so knackered. Yes, I did wear an apron.

They weren't too tired to serve him, though. They ensured he always had a nekkid butt and (wet) pussy to stroke with boobs available to fondle. He managed to hold up his side of the deal while eating with one hand. Luckily, he's ambidextrous so he could switch sides quickly.

After he slowed down, Margie and I got about four normal breakfasts each into Maura and Teresa; I only needed two. Margie got an extra feeding (*"I worked hard, too!"*) so everyone got filled up.

We staggered into my sitting room and sat there blinking at each other. We were so stuffed we could barely move but felt really great!

After a couple minutes, Sean stood up and stretched. He leered around at us and said, "Hmm. The morning's young and here are four beautiful nekkid women. Eeny, meeny, miny..."

All four of our pillows hit him. Bridget was sleeping away, but Margie told us, *"Sarah's due at 10:00. She's in the hotel and she's on schedule. I don't know about you, but I counted Sean at something like six times last night. He's got one more good one in him, I know.*

"By the way, Sean, don't you have a little something for these sweet sexy girls?"

Sean went into his office and came back with a small bag. He knelt in front of Maura and Teresa on the sofa and presented each with a small box. "Just a little something to show how I think of you."

They were shamrock pendants with an assortment of chains. The shamrock was about an inch across, gold and filled with emerald chips with a diamond in the middle. Maura and Teresa almost passed out they were so excited! They smothered him with hugs and kisses until he had to escape by pretending to pass out on the floor.

He kissed me hard and said, "And for you, my best lady." I got one too!

He said, "For my best girl." Margie's was smaller as befit her physical size but just as beautiful. Margie and I hugged and kissed him and promised he'd get soo laid Real Soon Now -- now he had two Soo Laids on account!

He brought out a flat box and opened it. It had a dozen shamrock pins. They were gold, filled with green enamel and had a nice emerald in the middle. Margie told us, *"For his other ladies after*

he lays with them. It's something they can show off and share with one another without having to run down the street screaming, 'The Ceann screwed me last night!' Hehehehe."

We ended back up in a pile on Sean's bed for a nap. He groaned, "Glad this is a commercial-strength frame. I'm dayumed near knackered out completely. I thought three times in one night when I was eighteen was pretty good."

I sucked him in; he started rising again right away. Margie told him, *"Six wasn't too shabby, Lover Boy. Don't worry; we'll get you in condition so a dozen won't be uncommon! Maybe we'll let you rest right now for a few minutes."*

Teresa told him, "You've got genetics on your side, Sean. The Ceanns have always been able to go often for a long time. I think we need to practice a lot with you so you can keep us ladies happy."

We dozed off and played tag for a while. Bridget hid her body in Sean's office; she figured Sarah didn't need to see a floating baby with tits just yet.

Right on time, we *felt* Sarah come into my room; she'd knocked and called but we kept quiet. She took a deep sniff and thought, *"Yes! Someone had a **good** time!"*

She didn't seem to have Talent but we could discern her thoughts with no trouble, especially since we'd learned a little about probes last night. She loved being restrained and dominated just a little!

She went into my bedroom; it wasn't really too bad, just a couple big wet spots. She muttered, "Damn! I gotta get me some of that; it's been two fuckin' years now. Maybe Mr. C would be interested in an old lady -- he didn't seem to puke at the thought yesterday."

She finished up in there and came through the joining door. Three very nekkid ladies ambushed her and left her clothes in a trail on the way to Lover Boy's bedroom.

She pretended to struggle and complain but her wide smile let us know it was more than all right. We pinned her down on the bed and had her way with her.

She had no backoff on getting munched or munching us though she complained a lot (when her mouth wasn't full) about how nasty we were and how she was a good girl and how she should be getting her work done. After a couple minutes though, she couldn't talk because she was breathing too hard and shrieking.

Sean's voice boomed out, "Good morning, Sarah! Ladies, hold her down good."

We held her down. Her body was bucking and shaking but her wrists and ankles weren't moving at all; we just laid hands on them with a little pressure.

Dayum! Sean dicked her good! About ten seconds in, we let go. Sarah wrapped her arms and legs around him and bucked like a bronco with a burr under its saddle!

Yowsah! The Ceann pushed her through four orgasms before she passed out as he spent in her.

We laid her on a couple towels in the corner while we stripped and changed the bed with sheets and a mattress pad from her cart. With four of us using *touches* it took less than two minutes. We emptied the wastebaskets and restocked the soap, shampoo and towels. The Cullens knew the job cold anyway, since Sean had researched the process.

When Sarah'd recovered a bit, Maura and Teresa pulled her into Sean's bathroom for a quick shower (it would hold three adults). I told them, "No more molesting her today! Some other time -- maybe."

Sarah left about twenty minutes later sporting a shamrock pin, holding firmly onto her cart because her legs kept giving way, her pussy sloshing with Ceann-cum and wearing an ear-to-ear grin that lasted several days.

When she'd left, Maura asked, "So, who's next? Kate?"

Margie said, *"Dayum, and I thought **I** was the 'liberated' one around here."*

Teresa said, "Well, you've gotta realize the more women the Ceann lays with, the happier we are. Actually, **our** status increases more each time; it shows our clann has a strong, virile and loving Ceann and gains the Clann status, too. There's a recognition of quality, too, not just sheer quantity.

"Remember, Maggie, we've grown up with all this; it's part of our upbringing and training. Even now, remembering all our lives before and being even more in control of our thoughts and actions, it still seems right. Sarah is now bound to us through a common, extremely pleasurable experience which leads to no jealousy or possessiveness.

"She knows now she's **really** part of the Clann and the Ceann's recognized her as such, not merely a distant relative or an associate from a business.

"This is similar to how Sean designed his businesses; **everyone** wins. From now on, each time Sarah sees any of us, she'll remember the Ceann thought **her** to be special and will remember the wonderful experience she shared with us. If she

sees another woman with the shamrock pin, they both will know what it means and have a common, very strong bond.

"Even if Sarah is never with the Ceann again, she will treasure the memory. Let's see if we can find her a good man; she's done without much too long."

We had another shower then kicked Maura and Teresa out into the cold. They were to go home, change and meet us with John and Pat in North Hollywood.

SEAN
(Sunday noon 5/7)

Everyone wore their Irish Inside tee shirts and conservative shorts. The ladies wore their shamrock necklaces and we Hat Folk wore our green bowlers. I guessed with seven of us showing up like that, they'd figure out pretty quickly we were Irish. If they had a problem with that -- well, we just might turn around and leave.

The MapQuest map led us directly there in the half-hour it promised. Nice quiet residential street. We waited a few minutes for the Nolans and Bardons to get there and we drove along together.

The place was on a double-wide lot and looked pretty normal. There was a BMW, an Audi, a Toyota and a Land Rover in the circular drive; all were fairly new so I guessed these folk were doing all right.

There were three spots right in front of the neatly-kept lawn so guess where we parked. I'd just picked up Bridget out of her car seat when we heard excited voices from the house.

I turned and there were three young folk tearing across the lawn towards us, whooping and prancing -- they looked like they were dancing in synchronization; every move they made was together. Two young ladies and a young man.

We were all out of our cars facing them when they stopped about five feet from us. Three heads swept left then right and wide eyes stared at us. They snapped their heads and looked at each other then back at us.

The backs of three hands slapped against their foreheads at the same time. They looked upwards, groaned, and said together loudly, "Irish! Ahh! Now what are we gonna do?"

Not a real good start, if you ask me. They dropped their hands, laughed and rattled off in very fluent Irish, "Cead Mile Failte! Cead Mile Failte!" [a hundred thousand welcomes] They kept going in Irish.

The blonde lady said, “I’m Janet. Welcome. Ooo! I get to cuddle Bridget first!”

The other young lady (she looked Italian) said, “Okay! I get to hug all these lovely people then I’m next! I’m Bellana.”

The young man said, “And I’m Henry. Since these two are blathering around, I’ll be the one to invite you in. Then I’ll hug everyone!”

Irish Gaelic all the way! Fascinating! Bridget immediately got a neck-hold on Janet and started laying on the baby love while we went towards the house.

Another couple was waiting for us outside the door. Jaysus! The lady was Red Irish and the man was Black Irish. They both called out in Irish, “Cead Mile Failte!”

I took Eileen up while I kept an eye out for Bridget (we’d decided she’d be Bridget until we knew the lay of the land); she’d already laid a lot of loving on the three youngsters who were dashing around introducing themselves and hugging the Nolans and Bardons.

Eileen and I got up to the porch. I swept off my bowler, put out my hand and said in Irish, “Then you’d be Bob Reynolds. I’m Sean Cullen.”

EILEEN

Janey Mack! I could tell already we were in for a good time today. The three young folk were simply delighted with Bridget and had given everyone else nice hugs.

Sean took off his hat (a miracle!), offered his hand to the man and said, “Then you’d be Bob Reynolds. I’m Sean Cullen.”

Bob said (in Irish), “That I am.” He looked around at us all, then back at Sean. “And you’ll be putting that hat back on. **No** man needs come see us with hat in hand.” They shook hands and Sean flipped his hat back on.

Sean introduced me to Bob. Bob looked at me and I felt a lot of the same power and depth within him I’d felt when I first met Sean. This was a really deep person. He tried to shake my hand but I gave him a firm friendly hug. I whispered in his ear, “You are something. That’s the first time Sean’s taken his hat off for anyone.”

He hugged me back gently; I could feel nothing but steel-hard muscle everywhere. He whispered, “It’s not needed at all. We’re all just people here.”

He introduced Sean and me to the Red Irish lady, "This is Kathleen Donovan, my fiance." We traded friendly hugs; she *felt* wonderfully deep.

They looked right around our age, maybe a tad younger. They wore an aura of competence, confidence and friendliness. They were... totally something!

Another couple came out; they looked Hispanic and about the same age as Bob and Kathleen. Bob introduced them as Sherry Stapley and Mario Castillo. They spoke with us in Irish, too! Neat, Irish with a Spanish accent! Why not? We shared hugs and did the reception-line bit with everyone.

Bridget gave Bob and Kathleen the full shtick. They hugged, kissed her back and laughed. Bob told her, "You're a little rascal, aren't you. I bet you speak Irish too, and are putting on a wonderful show for us."

Bridget shot back, *"Well, it's a bit better to have someone underestimate you to start with, right? Anyway, I can't really speak yet because the body can't. In the meantime, you'll just have to put up with this.* ***And*** *I probably know more Irish than you, so don't try to slip anything over on me, Mr. Bob."*

Bob laughed again. He told her, "I stand humbled before you, Ms. Bridget. Please don't gnaw on me with those sharp teeth."

Everyone laughed and moved inside.

Very nice place inside! Roomy, spotlessly clean and impeccably decorated with no clutter or "stuff" while still looking comfortably "lived in." Someone had done a fantastic job.

Kathleen said, "Sherry, Mario, Bob and I live here. Fortunately, **those** three..." she pretended to glare at the young folk, "live in Burbank."

They immediate started giving her a hard time.

"And it's a Good Thing."

"Mr. Cullen, they make us slave for them!"

"All hours of the day and night!"

"Even though we're still babies."

"They force us to walk here then back home every day."

"And it's five miles up hill!"

"Each way."

"If we lived any closer..."

"They'd have us cooking and cleaning, too!"

Somehow I didn't quite believe them; I think it was the big grins they had plastered all over their faces."

Kathleen gave us a quick tour of the place. She said, "Feel free to look around anywhere. Beware of opening too many drawers, though, some of our toys might surprise you."

Hmm. Anyway, we looked. Wonderful place. Bridget didn't try to hide much; she overtly darted around through the air, vanished into other places and showed back up again a few seconds or minutes later.

We ended up in a dining room around a large, antique table which matched the room perfectly. Bridget popped back in, sat herself on the table in front of me (she can sit alone now!) and announced, *"Excellent place! I think I'll let you keep it."*

Our hosts laughed. None of them appeared to have any trouble "hearing" her.

Henry, Janet and Bellana brought out the food. They seemed to dash madly around but never spilled anything, never ran into each other and were perfectly in control of themselves. They appeared to be in their mid-teens and if those four beautiful breasts were any indication, were well into puberty.

They had none of the puberty awkwardness, though. Yeh, if I looked, I could spot the gangliness. I *looked* deeper; they were actually *joined* quite tightly and were operating as a team. No wonder they were so synchronized.

The food was delicious. There were several Irish delicacies and a wide assortment of other American and Hispanic food. We three ladies scarfed it down! Breakfast had helped, but...

Everyone kept chatting, though. If we weren't eating, we'd speak Irish, otherwise we'd *talk* mentally. Their mental communications were sharp, clear and incredibly precise. They must have been doing it for a **long** time. I kept having a nagging thought we were in way over our heads, even if they did appear to be so nice.

Teresa asked Sherry, "How does an obviously-Spanish couple and three non-Irish teenagers learn to speak fluent Irish? Sounds like you've been speaking it since birth."

Sherry grinned and pointed at Bob. "It's all his fault. For years at school we've called him the Sorcerer because he always seems to pull some magic out somewhere to make things go right."

She showed us his "trick" of a *link* to pick up a language. After the fact, it was incredibly simple. So simple, I'd probably never have thought of it.

I finally got enough food to keep me going for a couple more hours. I gave Henry a little kiss when he took my plate and cleaned up in front of me. He told me, *"I'd give you a kiss back, Ms. Eileen, but I'm afraid to get that close to you; your incredible fragrance, beauty and sweetness would overwhelm me."*

Yeh, right. I made a wild guess Bob wasn't too bad at slinging the blarney around and Henry had picked right up on it.

Bridget was hungry so I pulled up my tee shirt, unhooked a cup and put her on the boob. Like Sean, no one neither looked nor didn't look. Nice.

SEAN

Lunch was great. While we didn't really exchange a lot of information, we knew this group was extremely competent at mental communication and was just as competent at not *leaking* anything out. I didn't *push* at them at all; I just let things roll on.

The young folk cleared the table and we sat back with drinks.

Bob looked hard at my hat, then at Eileen's and Marge's. He grinned at me and said, "Sean, it seems you're more than willing to attract attention to yourself in a nice way. Then if anyone gives you any crap, the Hat Squad over there tears them a new one. That says to me you're either gonna be wealthy or you already are. So what do you folk do?"

I admitted to having a few cents stashed away. Maura jumped in and started bragging on me about my businesses. Well, if she wanted to handle the Public Relations, fine by me.

Maura finished up by telling them how I'd helped them start Eire's Tavern and blathered on a bit more. I butted in and said, "I just offer a few suggestions here and there. I join in on the singing and dancing; that's fun."

Teresa said, "Yeh, right." Then **she** went on and on. Argh.

I managed to get in some bragging on of my own. "Eileen's got a BBA. She and Bridget are part of Cullen Enterprises and are studying right now. They're extremely competent already and I think we'll have a crack team by the time they're done."

Sherry asked, "How did you guys discover your abilities? So far, you're the first independent people we've found outside our group."

Eileen handled that. She told them how the three of us had met and sparked each other's empathic talents. She gave them a brief rundown on Frank, meeting Maura and Teresa and just *snuggling* with them.

Maura said, "Then Teresa and I *snuggled* with our hubbies. So, here we are. We know of several others with the Talent, including all our kids, but haven't started anything with them yet; we're just getting used to it ourselves and didn't want all the confusion. So, Bob, how did you guys discover this?"

Bob told us, "My father's an empath. He could pick up emotions and sometimes thoughts or images. I thought I'd inherited the abilities because around puberty, I started getting them."

He told us how he'd met Natalie Shanahan last September at school (Jaysus! He and Sherry were only eighteen!), how they'd *fallen* into each other and of the love they'd found for each other.

Ana and Don, George and Sherry. The Inner Circle and Brain Trust. *Sharing* thoughts, communicating, *links* and *touches*. Telempaths. Discovering how to be outside, independent of the body. Sunshine and the Sorcerer. Ones of us. Henry and Janet, others and yet others.

He asked, "Obviously you're aware of yourselves as spirits. Do you have memories of times before this?"

Eileen told them of how she and Bridget had been at the maternity ward, what they'd seen and that all of us had memories of millions of years before.

Bob said, "Great. Then little of this will be a total surprise."

Switching bodies (we're gonna do that!). The apparent cycle of body death and finding a new baby body. The January earthquake and George's and Natalie's death.

Kathleen picked it up. "They had an Irish wake. The main difference was George and Sunshine both were there. They couldn't do a BYOB because their bodies were under several stories of earthquake debris. In fact, the remains were recovered only a couple weeks ago."

George finding a new baby body and still remembering who he was. Sunshine and Kathleen Donovan. Evin Donovan and family. JRD and sub-companies. A marvelous wonder it was!

Kathleen Sunshine told us, "At the first meeting Siobhan attended, she observed we were actually a clann, a family. Not by blood, lineage or marriage but by common abilities, goals and purposes. She nominated Bob as the Ceann. We elected him unanimously.

"So, what we have is a non-Irish Clann with lots of Irish members and an elected Ceann. We've actually incorporated it as a not-for-profit organization, Clann Reynolds." She grinned, "Uncail Evin is a lawyer; he knows that sort of stuff."

Our hosts applauded Bob. He groaned and rolled his eyes. Fun.

Bob said, “So, that’s basically who we are. I’d say we have over fifty first-generation, active members here in Burbank/North Hollywood. Probably at least 25 up in Redmond, Washington and at least 20 by now down in Cabo San Lucas in Mexico.

“Now, unless the tee shirts are wrong, you’re all Irish. Sean, Teresa and Maura are blood; Eileen and Bridget are blood. From what you’ve told me, am I correct in assuming you seven are everyone you have right now?”

Teresa said, “So far. We’ve spotted several others with what we call Talent and you call potential or Sensitives, including our five children; not all of the others are Irish. Hell, we’re babes in the woods on all this stuff. As to our clann...”

She told them about Clann Cullen, “Sean is our Ceann by heritage. The last Ceann died five years ago in 9.11 and never passed that knowledge on to him. So, the poor guy’s had the entire thing dumped on him yesterday and has been gallantly trying to catch up on his **responsibilities**.”

She leered at me. Saucy wench!

Bob and I looked at each other and laughed. He said, “Welcome to the club, Sean.”

We laughed for a good five minutes. My Clann poked fun at me and tried to make me squirm. They didn’t succeed this time; I just grinned and took it.

Henry, Janet and Bellana seemed to take special delight in prodding Bob about his “duties.”

I asked him, “I can see they’re a pretty wild crowd. Do you carry whips around to keep them in line?”

Bob grinned. “We do call them the Wild Bunch, actually. As for whips, all I really need is the flat of my hand on some asses.”

He slapped his hand hard on the table; it sounded like a gunshot. The Wild Bunch jumped out of their chairs, dropped to their knees (perfectly synchronized) and kowtowed wildly. They chorused, “Please, Mr. Ceann-man. Not the dreaded hand. Please!” They spoiled it, though, by rolling on the floor while laughing.

Bob looked at me in mock-despair. “I get no respect.” Not a bad Rodney Dangerfield.

He got a little more serious. “What I’d recommend, if you’re willing, is you folk get with us for some training. In probably several hours, we can bring you up to speed on everything we’ve discovered, including how we wake up the Talent or potential.

"Unless you've got some other ideas, I see no reason we can't share our technologies at least. Business-wise, we should have an in-depth discussion later; I can see already you've got a really workable business system. We could talk about that and see what we can work out.

"I don't see any of the Clanns sparring or feuding over territory or people. Right?"

This was a no-brainer. "I agree. Although, I don't really see that we have anything to offer in the way of, em, spiritual technology."

Henry laughed. "Right. For starters, how about a shield that appears entirely natural but we can't get through? We've got some good probes and they just bounce; doesn't matter how much power they have, they just slip off."

We must have looked a bit surprised. Bob said, "Just that alone could save all our hides someday. Now, Ms. Bridget, how about you 'fess up a bit. There's one hell of a lot more to you than a cute little girl with some very old memories."

I nodded to her and Eileen. Eileen said, "Right. Clann Reynolds, we'd like you to meet Bridget Margaret McLennan. She's physically my daughter and is also Margaret Gallagher Sullivan, my 93-year-old grandmother. She's sometimes a real pain in the ass."

Nana popped up her cuties and told them, *"That's my job! My body died just before Bridget was born. I so wanted to be with my Snapper I found them and got in the right baby. The problem was, I forgot. Sean started bringing me out of my fog as a baby and within a couple days of being around Eileen and back near our old home, I remembered."*

She showed them her personae; everyone loved them.

Marge told them, *"Like both George and Sunshine, I now have the memories available in a new body. I guess one advantage I have is I've got a very rich adult current-culture background; even at 93, I was interested in current events and kept up with a lot of the technologies."*

Janet asked, "And those gorgeous boobs?"

"Accessories." She told them how she was used to them and how the feedback worked. *"I've got them in a nicely-trained setup; I don't have to think about how they work any more, just that they work. They don't give sexual sensations; I'd say that's an issue of body maturity. But they do give extremely pleasurable sensual sensations. And I can modify them as I need. Plus, they make me feel a bit more on the same physical level with these youngsters. Works for me."*

The Wild Bunch especially seemed very interested. Marge grinned, wobbled them and asked, *"Wanna check 'em out?"*

They did. Marge floated over; they gathered around her and checked her out thoroughly with quiet giggles, laughs and squeals. They *shared* with the rest of us.

After a few minutes, Bob cleared his throat and said, "Okay, you four. Save the orgy for later, right?"

I told the gang, "Please, don't get her started. At 93 she was over-sexed and undernourished and is *still* that way."

Marge floated over to me and snuggled up. Wiggling her cuties against me, she said, *"And you're gonna take care of me. Right, Ceann Sean?"*

Argh.

Chapter 12

EILEEN
(Sunday afternoon 5/7 with Bob and Kathleen)

Bridget told me, *"I feel a load coming on; I'm gonna duck out and change."*

She vanished. The rest of us chatted away until she got back. She decided to snuggle up with Mario and give him a bit of cuddling.

Kathleen asked, "Maggie, how did you learn to teleport?"

Margie asked, *"Teleport?"*

Kathleen said, "Yes. From the moment you got here you've been doing it. When you went to change this last time, you teleported your body, then the diaper bag. Same coming back."

Margie said, *"Oh, yeh. Guess that **is** teleporting. Well, yesterday I needed to be back and forth so much to supervise the snappers I just started doing it. Opening doors and winding around the walls and so forth was time-consuming so I just decided to short-cut it. Seems to work fine; I figured it was just part of the Talent."*

Henry asked, "What about air displacement and shock waves?"

"Well, the total mass transferring is always the sum of the mass from both ends. On the destination, just start the incoming mass at a point and move out the air or whatever. Buffer the air compression with concentric layers of touches -- like shock absorbers -- and that prevents odd breezes. Once the transfer's started, it's a logarithmic rate. Hmm, that's a natural log.

"At the source, leave another set of touch buffers behind to let the displaced medium shrink at an optimum rate so it's quiet -- both source and destination rates and forces vary with things like

air temperature, pressure, humidity, the medium itself and what you're porting. Pretty simple, actually, after a couple times."

Henry shook his head; he seemed surprised. I was too, but I'd gotten used to Margie vanishing and reappearing. Henry asked, "You try any long-distance-stuff, say to Northern California?"

Margie said, *"I'll be back in a couple seconds,"* and vanished. The Clann Reynolds looked rather worried. About fifteen seconds later Margie plopped herself down on the table.

"I went to college in Palo Alto. The campus is still pretty much the same as the last time I visited in '99. The parking lots are cleaner, though."

Henry sighed. "How about the angular momentum difference?"

Margie grinned at him, *"You wanna teach me how to suck eggs too, young man? I've got a PhD in Applied Math, I taught hard sciences for forty years then kept up in physics and math after I retired. Just add or subtract the energy vector as the mass moves. What's so hard about that?"*

The Clann Reynolds started laughing; I thought there'd be some pee in some pants. They finally settled down.

Bob said, "Margaret, in January, Kat teleported a small necklace a couple miles without knowing it. I'd say we've spent well over two hundred man-hours developing the technology since then. We take ten to twenty hours to teach someone. And here you bop in and it's as simple as breathing to you. How about you come over here and I'll paddle your cute butt for showing us rank amateurs up."

Margie said, *"Ooo! Pretty please?"* She plastered herself against him, wiggled her butt and wiggled her cuties against his chest.

Bob laughed, hugged her firmly and spanked her lightly. He said, "Over-sexed is right. Now they just have to figure out a way to feed you."

Margie told us, *"As soon as my nerves start responding, Sean's really gonna have his hands and mouth full. That'll do for starters. He's my best man!"*

Sean shook his head a little but said, "Marge, you're my best girl!"

She wiggled against Bob again then went to sleep. She asked, *"What's next?"*

Kathleen said, "How about we compare organizations? We probably have a lot of similarities."

That was agreeable. The Wild Bunch passed around a set of papers with their organizational customs.

Teresa appeared to be the current Clann Cullen historian, so she handled our end of the discussion. Actually, we had many more similarities than differences. The main differences was their membership was by invitation-only to "ones of us" while ours was by blood, marriage and invitation. Plus, our Ceann was hereditary while theirs was elected.

Teresa said, "I see us evolving a core group of our aware Talented people. Membership-wise, it would then be extremely similar to the Clann Reynolds and work pretty much the same."

Sherry said, "Go ahead and take those papers with you. If needed, we'll get you in touch with our Customs Committee; Kathleen's 'grandparents' were from Ireland and are familiar with a lot of the customs."

The Wild Bunch gave us a set of green papers. Kathleen told us, "These don't leave the house. You can see why."

Yeh. Sexual customs. Abso-fuckin'-lutely marvelous. Exactly enough to guide yet with no artificial restrictions. Basically, if it was consensual and didn't expose the Clann or the participants to the silly mundane mores, it was acceptable. Yes!

Then there was the customs for the Ceann and Mate. Wonderful -- an honoring; again consensual! For all practical purposes, Clann Reynolds had synthesized the same setup that Clann Cullen had evolved over several thousand years. Perfect! Nothing left out and nothing arbitrary.

SEAN

Eileen looked directly at Bob. "I'm quite sure we would all benefit greatly from some Clann, em, cross-cultural exchanges."

Kathleen looked at me; her shoulders went back and some wonderful bumps appeared on the front of her blouse. She told us, "I know it would be very, em, educational."

Bob and I locked gazes; simultaneously we rolled our eyes a little and groaned lightly. I asked him, quite loudly, "Do your social secretaries arrange your, em, customs like mine do?"

He laughed and said, "Yep. Kat and Sherry seem to have this schedule they keep someplace. I've given up trying to figure it out and just try to put up with the burden."

Another Ceann with the same problem.

"Yeh, I know what you mean, Bob. Seems like I have four social secretaries right here making up my mind for me. Ah, well. Just another duty in the life of those who've found themselves in our positions. Perhaps if we work at it enough, we'll come to at least enjoy it a little instead of having to leave teeth marks in bullets."

I could feel "my" women glare without even having to look. Maybe I'd better back-pedal a little. "Actually," I told him, "so far they've been right on the money. Every one has been totally delightful and I've loved every moment."

That helped a little bit. I was sure they'd enlighten me when we got back home.

Bob grinned. "Good save. I had a bit of an issue with it for a while, especially since these were all created customs. Then Kat and Sherry took me aside and 'splained it to me."

Maura asked, "'Splained it'?"

Bob grinned. "Several people take you out back of the barn, beat the crap out of out you and 'splain the situation until you see it their way. Fortunately, my bruises healed in only a couple days. After all, it was my word against thousands of theirs."

Eileen told him, "Good. That's the way it should be. The Ceann knows what he needs to do; he needs to grin and bear it."

Janet piped up, "Or is that 'bare' it, Bob? I, for one, am still waiting for the Midnight Ride of Robert Ravisher."

Bob slowly turned a steely gaze on her. He said, "Kat, maybe you and Sherry should consider moving her up a little. It sounds as if she's in severe need of the Rod of Chastisement."

Janet drooped to the floor at Sherry's feet and pretended to kiss them. She whined, "Please please please? I'll be really bad the next several days if it'll help. Maybe if I'm bad enough, I can get all four of you to chastise me."

That brought down the house for a bit.

EILEEN

Bridget needed fed again. The nursing bra was pinching me so I took it off under my tee shirt and tossed it in the diaper bag. Bridget latched on with a contented sigh and went to town.

We chatted about birth control for several minutes. A doctor in Clann Reynolds had come up with the idea and had found it worked perfectly. No pills, diaphragms, condoms, IUDs or other mechanical or chemical devices -- just a *look* and a light *touch* if needed to keep any egg from attaching. Very nice.

Maura and Teresa were burningly interested; they had three girls to protect immediately. They used a diaphragm and an IUD themselves and seriously considered going off them after learning of this.

Myself, I wasn't planning on using anything for a while; Sean and I were gonna make a baby!

On the other hand, this would take any guesswork out of the honoring; no lady would get pregnant from laying with the Ceann -- unless that's what she wanted. I smirked a little at Sean and told him, *"No restrictions now and no excuses."*

He pretended to groan and told me, *"Yes, ma'am."*

I switched Bridget to the other boob; she still had the room in her tummy and was interested. When she was done, I blotted dry with a tissue, pulled my tee shirt down then "put on" my Inner Touch bra. Kathleen immediately claimed Bridget for the burping; she used the back-rub technique herself.

We finished up on the birth control discussion, at least for now. Sherry announced, "Break time! Ladies, how about a powder room discussion?"

SEAN

The ladies trooped off with their purses, bags and other female paraphernalia. We guys cycled through the three bathrooms off the den and pool then guy-talked. Bob (and Kathleen) had a lot of expertise and experience in construction and renovations and Mario was a computer network administrator at JRD. Henry was a math wizard and a warrior of some sort. Bob showed us around in a little more detail.

He said, "We've been here three weeks now and are pretty well settled in. Seems every Clann woman has been through here checking out the exact shade of the curtains in the kitchen and how many chairs there should be around the pool. Being of sound minds, Mario and I don't get involved."

John asked, "Who did the design? It's extremely well-done."

Bob grinned. "My mother. She and Father own Reynolds Construction; she's got a Masters in Interior Design. She takes the flack so Mario and I just enjoy the results."

I got a card for Reynolds Construction; often a business site needs some renos. The Olive Tree Lane house might need some work too, once we decided what to do with it.

Sherry told us, *"Okay, guys, enough of the plumbing talk. Everyone back to the table."*

We refreshed our drinks and took our spots. The ladies filed back in at a brisk walk.

Jaysus! They'd **all** taken their bras off. There were now eight sets of gloriously-wobbling breasts with wonderful tittie hard-ons demanding extreme admiration. Perfectly perky, perfectly presented! Any lady with buttons had them open displaying very generous amounts of cleavage.

Even Janet and Bellana were a touch perkier and wobbled deliciously. Marge hadn't worn a bra of course but seemed to wobble more than before.

They sat and scooted in a couple times. Each scoot gave us additional wobbles. Where to look? Twelve male eyes almost got eyestrain switching around.

Marge said, *"Hooter heaven, hey?"*

Everyone laughed which gave us more esthetic gyrations to admire. Bob looked at me and said, "Sean, Clann Cullen has brought us some wonderful, intellectually-stimulating technologies with your shields and teleportation. However, I'd personally be willing to trade them all for this esthetic process."

Mario and Henry agreed fervently. I told them, "'My' ladies have demonstrated this before. I don't know how they do it and I'm not gonna ask. I'm gonna sit back and admire the beauty surrounding me."

The guys all said together, "Agreed!"

Bob had us break up into one-on-ones between the Clanns for some training. I got matched with Bellana; she took some pity on me and let her nipples die down.

We got coaching and drilling on cellular-level firewalls and body shields, communication VPNs, power VPNs (truly awesome), outside Relative Movement, restraining leakage and how they "enhanced" Sensitives and potentials to be ones of us. She gave me a sample prepackaged set of programming for the firewall and body shield.

She said, "Seeing you guys are Irish, notice in the body shield there's 'sunglasses' and 'sunblock.' We had six Irish lay on the nude beach in Cabo San Lucas all day with not a hint of burn."

Yes! One of our major physical issues handled!

When we were done, she told me, "We've got more advanced firewalls with programming. The body firewalls and shields can be programmed a lot more too, especially with interesting personae.

"The probes can be more sophisticated. You already know about what we call *inspections*; sometimes a couple *inspections* is all someone needs to bootstrap themselves.

"You folk have great shields now. Probably we'll have you get together with Toro and Mario for more technical discussions but for now, I'd say you're in fine shape over all. You can defend yourselves, move, communicate, share power and enhance people. We'll probably have a lot more interaction between the Clanns while we trade information. I've no doubt that Frank,

Henry and Don will want to have a deep discussion with Maggie on teleportation."

I asked, "Toro?"

She smiled widely. "Yeh! My Toro! He's got El Cajones del Toro. Last year..."

She told me how Henry had jumped in to help Natalie at extreme risk to his hide and how he, Janet and she had gotten together. Very nice!

Bob called us together at the table for a wrap up. He told us, "I can see no reason why our Clanns can't work together for our mutual benefits. Anything to bring up on that we haven't touched on yet?"

Clann Cullen was happy and no one else had anything on it either.

Bob said, "We'll probably meet several more times to continue both the training and the information sharing. Of course, it doesn't have to be the entire groups at once. What I'd like to do now is invite you seven to our Clann meeting tomorrow evening. You can meet the rest of the Clann Reynolds and dazzle 'em."

It took less than half a second for us to agree.

Bob asked, "Anything else to bring up right now?"

Nope. We shared a round of hugs and snuggles. Kat whispered in my ear, "Eileen and I will schedule some, em, cross-cultural exchanges, so stay healthy, Lover Boy!"

I whispered back, "Your intelligence, fire and beauty have already ignited a flame in my heart."

We headed back to Altadena. It was about 5:00 so we decided on an early dinner together at a nice steak house. We talked mentally and in Irish about what we'd learned.

Marge said, *"My vote, for what it's worth, is that we trust them completely. All my experience tells me they are trustworthy and honorable."*

Teresa said, "We have basic compatibilities in our goals and customs. I think we can sharpen up our customs so they're as clear as theirs. Theirs are written so there's no misunderstanding; I think ours should be also."

Maura put in, "Everything we've got is oral. The fact that Seanathair and Da didn't pass on things to Sean left us without an active Ceann for five years now should remind us of our exposure to loosing what we do have. While many of our customs, by necessity, are clandestine just as are the Clann

Reynolds', having them in writing will prevent any misunderstandings or loss of them."

Eileen said, "Yeh. There's still probably lots of stuff Margie and I don't know you born-to-the-Clann folk take for granted. Then again, someone like Kate, Sarah and Mary, who are Clann by distant blood, might know even less. I like the idea of invitation-only to our Core and a gradual disclosure and agreement before anyone else joins."

My two-cents worth was, "We'll probably meet their Customs Committee tomorrow night. Since Teresa seems to be our historian, let's ensure we get at least her together with some of them for an in-depth revision or clarification. That way, I can know what's needed and wanted from me and what to expect from a clansperson. A lot of that is probably completely separate from the honorings you ladies are plotting."

There was a chorus of half-hearted denials from the ladies that they were "plotting."

Marge told me, *"Don't let 'em fool you, Sean. They've probably got at least half a dozen women already lined up. And I betcha they've already planned on watching to ensure you do it right."*

Eileen, Teresa and Maura tried to look innocent. Yeh, right. I told Marge, "At least you seem to be on my side."

She laughed, *"Hah! I'm gonna watch the closest and cheer the loudest!"*

Argh.

We had a brief discussion about creating a not-for-profit organization like Clann Reynolds. We decided I'd talk with Evin and my lawyer later to see what advantages and drawbacks there were.

While Bridget nursed, we relaxed a few minutes and set up our power-sharing VPNs. Eileen, Marge and I formed a permanent set of connections, the Nolans and Bardons another set. We then put a heavy-duty power VPN between the two groups. Along with the last VPN, we established a communications VPN so we'd always be in contact. We'd just turn the "volume" up and down as needed and it should work great.

We had plenty to do during the day Monday, so we decided we'd just meet at the Reynolds' for their Clann meeting. Everybody went back home.

The communication VPN worked fabulously. No *looking* for them, just an "are they in a position to talk" then we're completely connected. Pretty much like a computer network!

Maura told us, *"We're gonna put a power VPN to Mona and put on a bit of pressure. She's the oldest at almost-eleven and we figured we'd do one at a time for now. We'll see what happens."*

We took a shower -- talking and drilling was hard work! Such wonderful female bodies my ladies have; I ensured they were sparkly clean. Of course, they double-teamed me and ensured every tiny hair I had was spotless!

Eileen said, "Let's try out that body switching. Sounds like tremendous fun."

So we did. Eileen had a lovely body from the inside as well as the outside. Different balance and angles, though. Her gorgeous breasts felt wonderful.

Bridget's body was interesting. Besides being so small compared to mine, the controls were really sloppy and some didn't appear to work at all. Cool.

Marge told us, *"See how my controls are so different? I think it's the physical end of the interface. Ya know, I think that was a lot of what happened with Dad. With that tumor interfering with the interface, he really couldn't control shit.*

"Kinda like driving a shitty old car with a lot of stuff shorting out. Turn the steering wheel one way and sometimes the wheels would turn a little and other times they might slam all the way to the stop. Or it would turn in the other direction or start the windshield wipers instead.

"The brakes might work sometime or even occasionally short through to the accelerator. It'd be a real Murphy case; what could go wrong would."

Made total sense to us.

We snuggled up on the sofa in Eileen's sitting room and chatted. We had a long, slow, very sweet three-way snog while we talked about some other things.

I asked, "The Olive Tree Lane house appears to be in excellent condition. Eileen, since it's yours, you have the main say in what to do with it. Do we want to live there?"

She said, "We've got a great setup here at the moment, Sean. Housekeeping, meals on call, automatic laundry, some privacy, pool, Jacuzzi, that sort of stuff.

"On the other hand, it costs; there's two fewer rooms available for occupancy. Granted, it's a hidden cost but none-the-less. What do the other rooms like these rent for?"

It took only a quick check. A little figuring at a 20% profit margin on the rooms (it had been running that the last year) showed if we gave up the rooms I'd bring in around $2,000 a month more.

Marge said, *"We can definitely hire a part-time housekeeper and possibly a cook at the house for that. Your food costs will probably actually be the same as if we ate here or with room service all the time. Like the rooms, the kitchen costs are hidden; you might gain just a touch with a bit less cost with us not being here. How about tonight we go exploring over there and see what we could work out?"*

Yeh, sounded like a plan.

Even though we'd been doing a "slow" snogging, my ladies were so wonderfully sexy I was turned on like a fire engine. That after everything I'd done last night -- ain't genetics wonderful?

Eileen was squirmy, too. Her wonderful nipples were up full and there was this truly delightful aroma catching my nose every few seconds. Marge told us, *"Hmm. I think an adjournment to the bedroom is in order."*

EILEEN

Horny. Jaysus, I'd come a lot last night with Teresa and Maura (wonderful!) but still I wanted my honey. Dayum he gets me stoked in a hurry.

After a quick wash and brush, Margie and I piled onto Sean. What a wonderful snuggling and snogging! Margie kept nibbling our butts and brushing her Margie-titties over us. Yum!

Sean abused my boobs with his mouth and hands -- so gently and lovingly I could barely breathe. Margie attacked my feet with her mouth and tiny caresses from her hands. She told me, *"There's absolutely nothing wrong with my mouth and tongue -- better brace yourself, Eileen, I'm headin' North! Hehehehe."*

Oh. My. Lord. Her tiny mouth and tongue on my center drove me out of my mind! She kept brushing a wet phantom tongue over my pucker ever couple seconds, too. With Sean tormenting my tits and her below, I started coming in no time.

They were unmerciful! They kept on and on creating wonderful hot rushes through us as we *blended* through and around our bodies. Dayum!

They traded places; Sean's fingers found my G-spot with **no** problem. Not hard, just light come-hither strokes that raised the energy up and up. Hot turned to scorching.

Maggie fed me her titties so I did my best to make her feel good. I had a Maggie-tittie sucked all the way in and was running my

tongue over a huge nipple when she told me, *"Love it, Eileen! Now, to show you how it feels..."*

Holy fuck! She passed the sensations right back to my boobs! Ever have both your size Ds (with milk) fully sucked into hot, wet mouths and the nipples tormented? Yee hah!

They kept after me and after me until everything exploded at once through my body (and theirs). As we were pushed from our bodies, I squirted breast milk from both boobs and Sean got a huge face full of my juice. In-fuckin'-credible!

We shrieked and yelled out our delight! This time there was no leakage so we could be as loud as we wished. I think Sean had to put up a body shield over his ears because Maggie and I were screaming in them.

So wonderful. Our loud delight changed to warm, gentle stroking which kept us going with gentle warm rushes for another ten minutes. Sean and I cuddled up face to face with Margie draped over us (*"I'll hop off if either of you shifts too much."*) We used our *touches* to create a warm, soft nest a couple inches in the air with my leg draped comfortably over his hip. I pulled him inside me and told him, *"You are my love, my life. Best man!"*

Margie said, *"Best man! Best friend!"*

Sean echoed to us, *"Best girl! Best lady! I love you beyond words."*

Sean and I moved gently against each other; in a few minutes we shared a tasty tiny climax which sent our bodies right off to sleep. We'd had a hard week last night and today. Besides, we had to rest up for our mink-fucking Monday night!

We popped fully outside and ensured our individual body shields were on full. Sean put an additional shield around both rooms (all six sides). Margie souped up the power VPN to her body so it would carry real-time status information like breathing and heartbeat. She told us, *"It's just like being right there. Now we can boogie and I don't have to worry. If your bodies move around, I can know it and do whatever I need to do. Fuck this is cool!"*

We popped over to Olive Tree Lane to look it over as a living space. The den alone was almost twice as large as Sean's bedroom office. Yeh, the "office" at the hotel was already cramped with the three of us and if we were going to expand our operations we'd need more room.

Sean said the water heater was a little small since we seemed to take quite a few showers. That looked to be easily fixable, so no sweat.

Using Nana's room as our main room (it was the largest) would still leave us two bedrooms. It was larger than Sean's current bedroom and there was plenty of space for a California King.

There was room for two small cars in the attached garage -- Nana hadn't filled it up with stuff. We could easily fit both the Beemer and the Volvo in the drive and there was plenty of street parking.

Margie said, *"We can fit twenty easy in the living room and dining room for meetings. If we need more room, we could probably use the Tavern."*

It was fifteen minutes from the house to the Altadena Arms, Eire's Tavern or Maura and Teresa's so we still had the swimming pool and all those facilities available. Hmm, I need to check out the pool.

I tried to tell Sean that Margie and I could do the housekeeping but he said, "No. That's a total waste of your time. You could be studying, researching or other things that enhance our family, income or our business. By the time you two are up to speed, you're worth a grand an hour consulting. Don't nickel and dime yourselves.

"We can do without a cook for a while. We'll ask Clann Reynolds about housekeepers; betcha JRD has something. While it may not be so convenient as at the hotel, we'll have more privacy and room -- that means no live-in."

We talked more and decided to ask Elizabeth Reynolds and Bob about renovations and design; for one thing, we needed several phone lines and more power connections in the den along with some more bookshelves.

We bopped back home for a diaper change and nursing then spent most of the night exploring Altadena. Shane's Shop had lots of new stuff I wanted to explore later!

SEAN
(Monday 5/8)

We slept in until 8:00; the bodies needed it. After a quick shower, I got us breakfast. Might as well get used to doing it; I got the distinct impression from the rulers of the household it was my task. That's okay; I got paid with kisses and sweet caresses from two lovely ladies when I brought stuff to the table.

Kate came through the joining door right on time. We chatted a minute then Eileen dragged her off into my bedroom -- probably to show off the ring and for girl talk. Yeh, I was right; squeals, laughs and giggles for twenty minutes don't really fit in with discussing housekeeping.

They came out all smiley-faced. Kate was really happy; she looked at me with one of those looks I'd been getting from women recently -- like they were gonna eat me alive. I was willing to bet my social secretary was up to something.

After Kate left, Eileen told me, "Keep tomorrow afternoon and evening open starting at 4:00; be here by 3:00 or so to clean up. Kate's coming by after she gets off shift and we're gonna have a little talk. She might be just what we need for expansion staff."

Fine by me. All my dealings with her had convinced me she was bright and I'd enjoyed her company over the years. Eileen had put a power VPN into her and was feeding in some power; she was already stirring.

Eileen and Marge hit the books. They were making excellent progress; they'd probably be completely through the materials in another couple weeks. I had a feeling we'd be going full-throttle in the near future.

I tended to my email. The statistics from everywhere were lookin' good; guess I didn't have to set Bridget's teeth in them.

Jim from Ladies' Leather sent me a list of points which needed to be put in on the store before selling it; the total estimated cost was less than $5,000. I emailed him back to go ahead and to keep track of the invoices so I could feed the bank account if needed. Shouldn't take more than a couple weeks.

I spent the rest of the morning catching up with the newsletters. Lots of stuff going on and things to follow up. Dayum, we need to get some people going on this.

I gave Eileen and Marge several checkouts. They only missed one word -- excellent!

After lunch, I started putting in the wedding invitation names and addresses. No big deal, just time-consuming; sometimes Maura's handwriting wasn't the best. Since she had an "I" by the names who were Irish, I put that in too as a flag. Probably we could send a different invitation to them with some Irish on it.

Unless I was mistaken, there were about a dozen names of people who were on the hotel staff. That's just about 20%. Each of Maura's names was marked with "I", "CB", "CM", "CI" (Clann Blood, Clann Marriage and Clann Invitation), "A" for associate or any combination. I flagged them that way in the database as well as their relationship to us.

EILEEN
(Monday 5/8)

While Sean was putting in addresses, Margie and I did a little shopping. We stopped by Shane's Shop and looked over the

goodies. Sharon happened to be in so we had a nice chat with her. Yeh, she had a nice Talent. We checked out Celia and Jack Hanes, the couple who'd taken over from Frank and me.

Neat! They had Talent, too. Hah! They were actually brother and sister and had been in a relationship together for over ten years. They didn't look very much alike so that helped. They were planning on children together but were waiting until they were a bit better off financially.

What the hell, no skin off our backs; they were good folk. Margie and I set up a power VPN to each of them and Sharon then notched up the power. No hurry; we'd just wait and see.

We went to one of Sean's stores to look for a special something. Of course we checked it out ahead of time so we knew they had what we wanted.

We found exactly the thing, a solid platinum claddagh ring; I thought it would be exactly the right size for him. Hmm, maybe we could get some major loving in tonight as well as the mink fuckin'.

Margie and I did more shopping the rest of the afternoon. We didn't buy anything but that's not the point of shopping, is it?

We got back to the hotel around 6:00 and Sean took us out for a leisurely dinner. I notched up Kate's power a little more; she was starting to pick up other's thoughts and emotions more clearly. Still dim, but they were there.

We gave Sean the ring. I told him, "Wear this as you will. You already know how we feel about you. You are our Prince and King and will be so for ages to come. As Ceann, you will be with others but that is an honor we gladly accept."

He put it on his right ring finger with the heart facing him and told us, "My heart is yours. There may be others in our circle of love but I will not seek them because you have filled me so well."

He gave us both firm kisses; we would have jumped all over him but being in the middle of a restaurant had its drawbacks.

I checked with Sherry on something then at 7:15 we headed to Burbank to meet the Clann Reynolds.

SEAN

The seven of us went in together. Bob introduced us immediately and we were swarmed with spirits! None of us worried about individual introductions right then; they just *hugged* and *kissed* us thoroughly and welcomed us to their Clann. Such wonderful people!

We went through a receiving line of sorts. Here I got down the names (use each name at least three times in conversation so I'd remember it) and kinda what they did.

I noticed (what guy wouldn't) none of the Clann Reynolds females were wearing bras and were sporting luscious wobbly breasts and cleavage. Now that's a good use of cross-Clann cultural exchange!

Young and old. George Baxter was the youngest at almost five months old; dayum near Bridget's age! He told me, *"I'm also the George Tanner Bob told you about. I decided to 'out' myself earlier than I'd planned."*

Totally cool. While the "adult" ladies gave me warm firm hugs, the "kid" girls left me no doubt as to their sex. Valerie Hess almost dropped me to the floor; she just hugged me lightly but yow! She whispered, *"I've heard some rumors the last couple minutes we might be doing some cross-Clann cultural exchanges. Maybe we can exchange some culture while we exchange body fluids."* Yum. I'll let the social secretaries work all that out.

Marge had her cuties up full bore. Yeh, they were noticed. She gave her "accessories" spiel and offered a check out; probably 90% took her up on it. They were a great hit.

After things settled down, I noticed Marge and George "hanging out" in a quiet corner. They were snogging to beat the band! Neat. A quick look showed me they were almost completely outside *blending* and rainbowing away with a bright glow. I'd thought Maggie would really appreciate someone her body size and physical age; maybe we've got something going there.

One of the Clann Reynolds folk snuggled up with each of us Cullens. Janet pushed a hard nipple and firm breast up against my arm and told me, *"We'll update you quickly on stuff you might not be familiar with."* I'll take that kind of updating any day.

There were several reports on JRD various operations. Janet filled me in on "who" ramontheeye@yahoo.com was -- terminally clever and useful!

Be Jaysus! They were doing stem-cell research! Ana Matthews gave some broad hints they were running out of animal research to do and they were looking hard at starting human volunteers. Now **that**'s a technology!

Janet told me, *"Remember, Bob and Natalie researched a few basics for three months. Then last December everything exploded when they got outside. Seems every week we find someone or something new.*

"Sean, we've got lots of people working on lots of things. You folk brought us the interesting mind shields and possible order-of-magnitude jump in teleportation -- and you've only been at it a couple weeks. We're all gonna go places."

I leered lightly at her breasts. *"Seems like you passed on some other stuff, too."*

She laughed and gave them a good wobble. *"Yeh. That's the first thing we passed to the girls. We **love** it! While we teeny-boppers don't need the support, Maggie showed us how to use it with a touch of positive feedback to bounce more than we normally can. We can't wait to show them off all together in school tomorrow!"*

Bob asked me to do a quick rundown on the similarities and differences between our Clanns. No sweat. I ended up with, "I've already gotten some broad hints both Clanns' social secretaries are working on some em, cross-fertilization of cultures so I won't comment much on it except to say I'd be delighted to cross-fertil -- I mean exchange cultural information with **any** of the ladies I see here."

I got lots of applause and lustful looks. I also got targeted with a **lot** of wobbles! It pays to advertise.

EILEEN

Wonderfully nice people. Both George and Dermot made a fun production of checking us all for breast milk! They were so enchanting I'd have no problem giving out samples.

David Reynolds, Bob's father, had a body of flexible steel. Dayum, he and Bob are hot based on that alone, not to mention the immense depth and richness of them as spirits.

All of them were rich and deep. Yeh, I could tell there were differences among them in sheer power, but to a one they were gloriously competent and friendly.

And yes, I'm sure the social secretaries will be interested in cross-fertilization.

Bob announced Kat and he were hosting a housewarming and pool party (clothing-optional!) that Saturday. He invited Clann Cullen as special guests; of course we said, "YES!"

We got back home totally hyped. Margie'd had a glorious time with George Baxter -- they'd hit it off totally and had spent most of the meeting off in a corner snogging -- while still paying attention to the meeting. Hmm, maybe we've got something going here!

We did a quick washup. Bridget got a full feeding while we talked about the meeting and possibilities of interactions between the Clanns.

We piled nekkid onto Sean's bed. Margie and he carefully checked out my ribs by putting Sean's full weight on them -- oops, let's program the body shield to protect the tits a bit. All right, no pain!

My wrists and fingers were okay too. Just as a precaution, I programmed a small reinforcement on them both.

All righty then! Time for mink-fuckin'! I **had** missed getting pounded into the mattress.

So we did. We found I could get my ankles almost to my ears; that caused some hot bouncing of the innards! Then, I could wrap my arms and legs around him, squeeze and hump back as hard and as fast as I wanted. Delicious -- until we blew ourselves out of our bodies.

Well, try again. Hard, fast and intense while holding ourselves in as long as possible. Yowsuh! Another blowout! Too bad.

Aw fuck. I was worn out at the end of ninety minutes, not the three hours I'd been shooting for; looks like I needed to get into condition. Too bad; we did our mid-air cushion and make slow side-by-side love along with Margie for two hours while hot climaxes rushed through us and we *blended* throughout our bodies and shared our happiness.

(Tuesday 5/9)

Tuesday morning, Kate was really stirring around. She'd spent most of the night "dreaming." All the way here on the bus and at staff meeting she'd been picking up a lot of thoughts. She was a bit concerned she was going bonkers but wasn't really worried about it.

With a wide smile, she confirmed she'd be there in the evening. As a parting gesture, I notched up the power again.

Margie and I'd gotten our study in early so we could meet Elizabeth Reynolds and Sean could meet Pappa Sonora (a renovations man from Reynolds Construction) over at Olive Tree Lane.

Oh, my. Elizabeth was bright. Margie and I told her what she needed and wanted then we walked through the place. She made sketches, offered suggestions and praised Nana for her good taste. No blarney, even if she was Irish.

She told us, "You did good work here for a residence, Nana. I don't think it'll take much time, effort or money to shift it over

into a residence, entertainment and office environment." She took the sketches home with her to fill them in.

Apparently Sean had gone over air conditioning, plumbing, electrical, telephone, cable TV and network stuff with Pappa Sonora. Even Margie and I both could see we needed more outlets everywhere. One outlet on a 20-foot wall **was** a little lean.

Sean told me later they'd probably rewire the entire place. "He's got an entire crew with Talent. Most of the labor and time in rewiring or adding wiring is on tearing holes in walls to run the wiring then patching it later. All they have to do is *touch* holes in the studs and guide the wire through. Actually hooking up stuff to the outlets is pretty trivial.

"We probably should replace the air conditioner unit, too. It's almost fifteen years old by now and looks pretty suspect. With summer coming up, it'll be needed. They'll fill in the insulation wherever needed; these old California homes had lots of heat holes."

We decided to put in a larger water heater and to put a small Jacuzzi out by the back door. Hey, sounds great to me! If we needed a swimming pool, the hotel was "right down the street."

I cut a check to Pappa Sonora for $10,000 to get the ball rolling. He said he'd have a crew start tomorrow morning.

We went to Ana's house and chatted with her, Mama Sonora, Aileen and Donal for a few minutes then they put us to work.

Nice. Training and drilling on multi-level firewalls, different probe levels and working together as a team inside a firewall -- or anywhere else.

The transcribing was interesting; we could do it with our usual *touches* but the system Patrick had developed which used the circuitry directly made total sense. At the end of a half hour, we were using a mixture of the techniques and all of us had increased our computer input speed by a good two hundred percent. That's useful any time.

They taught us the injury energy bleed. Yow! We could see lots of dark gray stuff locked up all through me. We'll use that for sure!

In the afternoon, we touched base with Maura and Teresa. Maura told us, *"Mona's really stirring around now. She picking up stuff from the rest of the kids left and right and is even talking with them a bit. I think she's even stirring them up; we adults have probably stirred them up a lot too the last week with all our leakage. Probably tomorrow we'll see if we can pop her out."*

Chapter 13

SEAN
(Tuesday afternoon 5/9)

We got back to the hotel about 3:00 then took quick showers; Marge told us, *"Gotta be fresh for Ms. Kate!"*

Kate knocked at the door right at 4:00. Jaysus, what a difference. Her fire-red hair was down to her shoulders, she wore a neat blouse and skirt and had on a bit of makeup. Where's this lovely lady been hiding all these years? I wasn't so surprised I didn't notice her top several buttons were open, displaying a nicely-freckled chest. Yum!

We took her to the Tavern for early dinner; our treat of course. Carrying Bridget (firmly in-persona), I followed two daintily-swaying pairs of hips to our table. My mouth was watering already and not just for dinner.

Eileen's power VPN was producing results, too. Kate had been "hearing voices" and picking up emotions from people all day; she was ready to pop!

Of course we talked; that was the main purpose for getting with her. Kate was 22, single and as Irish as they come. She'd been speaking Irish all her life as well as English. Eileen asked, "Teresa thinks you're something like a fifth cousin to the Cullens. You know about the Clann Cullen?"

Kate told us, "I've been told I'm distantly related. My folks have talked about the Clann all my life. Not all the time, granted, but mainly that we're all related and look after each other. Every once in a while, they'd point out someone and tell me they're part of the Clann.

"We've never been to anything I would consider to be a Clann meeting or anything but I know probably thirty people on sight. That's one reason I'm at the hotel; since Sean and his sisters own it, I knew I'd be treated properly. I know there's at least ten of us there in the Clann."

What she didn't say was right in the front of her thoughts, *"Mom and Rosheen talked about some wonderful customs."* There were a couple very-interesting extra bumps on the front of her blouse. I just kept my mouth shut and admired the view.

I volunteered the data that I'd run across a dozen names in Maura's address book I thought were from the hotel. We ran down the names; she mentioned three that weren't on the list and she found a couple she didn't know were Clann. Nice, that gave us about 15 in the hotel.

Anyway, we basically gave her a job interview. She lived maybe 20 minutes by bus from the hotel. Her parents had died when she was in her mid-teens and her mother's much-older sister had taken her in.

Her aunt had passed away last June, so she was on her own. Kate said, "I share an apartment with Rosheen Kelly; she's Clann. A couple Clann people check with us every few weeks. I'm doing okay, actually. I make enough at the hotel to pay my share of the rent, keep food on the table and clothes on my back.

"I'm doing night college courses at Pasadena City College. It's slow since I can only take a course at a time; occasionally two. I figure in a couple more semesters, I'll have enough credits for an Associates Degree in Accounting."

She'd started working at the hotel the week after she'd graduated from high school. She told us since it was predictable and pretty stress-free (no manager-pukes hitting on her all the time), she could apply herself to her studies.

"It does make a difference. I've talked with a lot of girls going to school and working; their work environment usually gives them so much stress it affects their study. I'm happy there for now but still want to make something of myself; I don't wanna be a housekeeper the rest of my life."

EILEEN

What she didn't say aloud was, *"Besides, while I'm at the hotel, there's a **lot** better chance of Ceann Sean fucking my socks off some morning. Not much sign so far but I can always hope."*

So far, she sounded good. We weren't looking for a degree, we were looking for competency. The fact that she'd already stuck out four years of night college on her own said she had guts. That in addition to being so nice -- and so good-looking; Sean wasn't the only one eyeing the freckles on her chest every once in a while. And Kate had been eyeballing my wobblies wondering how they'd feel -- and what breast milk tasted like.

I told her, "Sounds like you've got a plan and are sticking to it, Kate. Let's go back to the hotel and talk a little more, unless you gotta get home."

She told us, "No class tonight. Rosheen knows where I'm at so there's no problem. The busses run til 11:30."

Sean told her, "I'll make sure you get home safely... sometime." He was having thoughts along the same lines as mine.

We kicked back in my sitting room. Shoes off, Kate, Bridget and me on the sofa where Sean could look up Kate's skirt at the wet spot on her panties. Nana's corrupting me. Hehehehe.

We talked a couple minutes more about what Sean had planned for the hotel. I told them, "I'm getting my robe on; Bridget's hungry."

As I went into my room to change, I notched the power up again. Time to push it to her. From my room, I asked her, *"Kate, you got a boyfriend floating around keeping you satisfied?"*

She didn't even notice it. *"Nah, I've had a couple dates over the years but they faded away when they found I wasn't interested in just putting out. The most fun I've had in the past four years was a weekend with a girlfriend at Disneyland."* And what an interesting weekend it had been!

I was back on the sofa in my robe by then. Bridget latched on and started her dinner.

Kate said, *"I don't mean to stare, Eileen, but I've never really seen someone breast feed except you. I know she's got teeth; don't they hurt?"*

"She's pretty good about it. Every once in a while she digs in but the pressure isn't actually from her teeth." I *showed* her how the areola and nipple fit in the mouth and the milking action. We chatted back and forth about the benefits of breast feeding, how often, etc. I told her, *"Actually, Sean knows more about it than I do."*

Kate finally realized something unusual was going on. "What are we doing? We've been talking away for fifteen minutes and no one's actually said anything."

SEAN

Yep, she got it. I told her, *"You're remembering an ability most all of us had before but had forgotten."*

Kate was too polite to have her mouth gaping open for more than a second. Eileen and I went over spirits and the body, communicating and a bit of *joining*. She lapped it up like an Irishman on a house round.

We had her lean back and relax then helped her pop herself out of her body. Piece of cake; she'd already been expanded out a couple feet from her body for the last hour.

We coached her on communications, moving around, Relative Motion, leakage, *touches*, spirit-hugs and *blending*. She was achingly enchanting in our *blend* and we three flared together brilliantly.

We took her to the maternity ward and showed her spirits picking up baby bodies. *"Almost all of us forget after we pick up a body. We know better now how to keep our memories."*

We came back home and *talked* about memories. She was easily able to find a couple memory sets ranging back several million years. Sean told her, *"As we settle in and get used to our remembered abilities, our memories seem to get stronger. The more we use them the better they get."*

I told her, *"When we lose a body, sometimes we hang around for a long time. Other times it could be just a few minutes or days. We'd like you to meet someone."*

We introduced Margaret/Nana who came out and greeted her with a firm spirit-hug and *kiss*. *"I think I knew your Aintin Patricia. You folk were over on Cooley Place by Victory Park?"*

"Yes. Right across from the swings."

Nana said, *"Yeh, she's the one, then. She was a very sexy lady and came to visit me every couple months. Hehehehe."*

Eileen smacked her bottom a couple times and told her to behave.

Kate asked Eileen, "Then you weren't kidding at all when you said she was a mind reader?"

Marge told her, *"Nope. Sean sparked us off and by the time we got here to the hotel, I had pretty good control of things. Of course, they've gotten an order of magnitude better since then."*

I handed her my cell phone. "Call Rosheen and tell her you're spending the night with the Ceann and Ceann-Mates."

She flushed (not blushed) and dialed. She told Rosheen she was "spending the night with the Clann Cullen Ceann and his Mates."

We had no trouble hearing the reply, "That's WONDERFUL, Kate! I'll be fine for **days** if need be. Put in a good word for me, too."

Kate trembled with eagerness and happy tears dripped down. "I've been waiting and hoping for so long, Sean."

I said, "Your wait is over, Kate. We'll try to make up for it; I apologize for being so remiss in my, em, duties."

She laughed and told me, "I'll forgive you. But you'd better hurry up now because I've already started without you."

Kate was a fetching Red Irish lady. Short and slender (Short is relative. I'm 6' 1", Eileen and the Cullen Sisters are around 5' 10" and Kate was about 5' 8"), she glowed with energy and life.

In a sheer lacy bra and panties, she was a delight to the eye. Her two firm handfuls ("They'll probably grow a bit more; we're late bloomers.") were nicely sensitive with delicious large slightly-puffy pink nipples puckered to the sky.

She was inexperienced but very eager. *Joining* about 50%, we had a wonderful time finding as many sensitive spots on her body as possible -- and there were a lot.

She gasped out, "Sorry to bring this up right now but I'm completely unprotected."

It took maybe five seconds to show how she really was protected -- and it was under her control. She laughed and said, "Then let's get on with the show! Please get inside me. It's not had much use and it's been five years since the last time."

"We'll get you up to speed if it takes all night. Hehehehe."

She loved it slow and gentle for now. Totally fine by me. By the time I was buried inside her we'd shared three warm releases and we were *blended* throughout our bodies.

Such a delight she was! Deep and rich with a pixyish sense of humor. We laughed, flared brightly together and made rich rainbows with our caresses. I could fall in love with this sweet woman very easily. Is that an occupational hazard? I didn't worry about it.

She was quiet; a few small noises at her peaks. That belied her uninhibited squirming and strong embraces -- she probably put some bruises on me. Housekeeping is physical work and she'd been doing it for several years.

We didn't count her climaxes; this wasn't a contest. Suffice it to say there were plenty and they steadily increased in frequency, intensity and duration. I had to numb myself up a little and lightened our *join* somewhat so I wouldn't spend too soon. This was for her, not me.

She ended up on top, moving her hips briskly while our mouths were locked together. Her clit was riding along my dick on every stroke and took a serious hit every time we bottomed out. She was climaxing continuously and they were so strong we almost couldn't bear them.

We finally lost all control and pounded erratically at each other. With a final upwards thrust, I spent inside her. We locked up with her channel clamping and releasing on me so hard the cum almost couldn't come out.

A final blinding climax flooded us so hard we were pushed outside our bodies. So much wonder in this woman!

EILEEN

As soon as they came off, Margie ported her panties away so we could wash them and have them dry by morning; we thought she'd appreciate it.

We stayed out of their way and just *watched* without interfering. Dayum they were good together! She was an enchanting lady, no doubt about it.

When they got forced outside, I made sure their bodies didn't fall off the bed. They still thrashed and moved against each other for another ten minutes.

Maggie and I joined them in a wonderful *blending*. We four fit together so well! Janet had told me more then a few spirits blended together started to get confused as to who was who. In our case, we fit with absolutely no fumbling around.

Margie, Sean and I had blended like oxygen and hydrogen to make water. The four of us made a highly-complex "molecule" that appeared completely stable and wonderfully bright and rich.

We drifted together for a long time sharing our hopes and dreams while caressing each other with love and admiration. Such wonderful rainbows!

I got wet clothes and towels and cleaned them up a bit. They'd already put a righteous wet spot right in the middle! A couple towels handled it.

We snuggled up on the bed. Kate was eager to share kisses and caresses with Maggie and me; such a sweet mouth and tidy breasts!

We let the bodies doze off. We coached Kate on setting up her cellular-level firewall and body defense along with a power VPN to the three of us. Sean set up our room shield and we took off exploring.

Kate knew a lot of interesting crannies in the hotel. She regaled us with tales of the strange things guests do from popping out of the bathroom dripping sexual fluids to putting little stuffed animals all around. Fun.

We explored the park on Olive Tree Lane and showed her our house. We discussed our plans on moving there; she pointed out several good points we hadn't thought of like the cars were only a few seconds away instead of several minutes and a couple elevator rides.

She said, *"But I'm gonna miss you three so much!"* and wept a few spirit-tears.

I told her, *"Things will work out okay. No matter how it seems now, it will turn out all right."*

Kate was a little comforted. *"Okay. Since I'll be losing you soon, let's go back and do some more; the night is wearing on and I have to work tomorrow."*

Sean laughed and told her, *"You have a paid day off tomorrow. Sarah's covering your shift. Relax and enjoy."*

She laughed and gave us huge spirit-hugs. *"Thank you. I love being with you. The loving is wonderful but just being with you three is even more wonderful."*

We went back home. Introducing her to supporting *touches*, we found three adult bodies and a Margie-body could do so many interesting things together when not constrained to a flat surface!

She had a delicious pussy sheltered by fluffy red hair; she tasted and smelled divine! She loved every moment, especially when I tried to invert her nipples from inside her vagina.

Margie darted around and impartially molested everyone who had a body part in reach with love bites, kisses, titty-rubs and nipple-sucking. Kate went wild when Margie fed back her Margie-titty sucking to her own breasts!

We didn't worry about inadvertently hurting Margie. With her body shield, the hotel could collapse on her without injury. She just dove in and shared the joy.

We ended up forcing ourselves out of our bodies -- several times. Too bad.

(Wednesday morning 5/10)

Kate and I woke up to the smell of breakfast! Yes! Sean is the man!

He kept bringing it on. Kate ate four normal ones; I contented myself with three. Margie got hers as we ate.

It was really time for a shower. We'd already proven we could fit three (plus Margie) in Sean's shower and we proved it again. We made a Kate sandwich and ensured every square millimeter of her skin was clean.

We ensured her pussy and breasts were very clean; it took almost a half hour and lots of moaning and shaking but Kate finally convinced us they were clean. "Dayum, I'm gonna walk bowlegged for a week. I'm already shaking so hard I can barely stand up."

We helped by drying her off; Margie handled the hair drier and brush while Sean and I dried off the rest -- very slowly. Funny, there was one patch between her legs that never seemed to get dry!

Margie and I kicked Sean out to get dressed. We had to help Kate get dressed because she couldn't stand up. Poor girl! At least she had clean dry panties.

We carried her out to Sean's sitting room and let her rest on the sofa while we got dressed ourselves.

Sean came out, knelt before her and pinned a shamrock pin on her collar. He told her, "This tells the world I consider you a very special person. If you see another of the Clann wearing one, it means I consider them special, too."

They shared a sizzling kiss I could feel even from my bedroom. Dayum she's nice!

Sarah came in to do the daily. We grinned at each other and shared a hug and kiss. I eyeballed her shamrock pin and asked innocently, "Wow, that's nice. Where did you get it?"

She laughed and told me, "From the looks of that necklace you're wearing **and** since you were there, you already know."

My room didn't need much of anything so she got over to Sean's place pretty quickly. I followed her in and watched while she and Kate met.

They glanced at each other, looked at the other's shamrock pins and laughed. Sean told Kate, "Go with her and gossip. You will anyway."

Sean and I grinned at each other while we listened to them squeal and laugh with each other as they changed Sean's bed. Not that the bed needed it, mind you; it probably only had five major wet spots.

After Sarah left grinning, Kate came back and said, "Well, I should probably be leaving now. You two probably have a lot to do."

Sean told her, "Have a seat for a bit longer. We've got something we'd like to go over with you."

She sat and waited. Sean told her, "You know I run my businesses out of here. Eileen and Margaret came aboard to help me mainly because I'm gonna expand significantly in the next year. If for no other reason, we'll need the additional expansion room we have at the Olive Tree Lane house.

"We need some really sharp people to help us do that. They'd be doing research, checking over accounting books, looking at statistics and keeping an eye on various companies as well as teaching.

"Kate, how would you like to work with us? We could help you finish up your Associates Degree in the next few semesters and you can work with us in the meantime."

Kate's eyes got big. She said, "I'd love it. I'd have to give Sam some notice, though."

I told her, “We’ve already cleared it with Sam. Sarah’s more than willing to take over your spot; she’s been looking for more work the last several weeks.”

Sean asked, “How does $600 a week while you’re training sound?”

Kate gaped at him. At her normal rate of $9 an hour, she cleared less than $300 a week now. This was a big raise.

Sean said, “Okay. Make it $650.”

Now she couldn’t speak at all. Sean sighed. “You’re one hell of a bargainer. $800 is my last offer -- after taxes.”

I reached over and nodded Kate’s head for her. $800 was what we’d already decided to give her for now.

Sean laughed and said, “Welcome aboard, Kate. We’ll really go places with you kicking our butts!”

We exchanged happy hugs, kisses and laughs. I told her, “By the way, not everyone we bring aboard necessarily spends a night with us. Knowing us, we’ll probably invite you a lot; you’re under no obligation to accept.

“After this, it’s personal and will have little to do with the Ceann or the Clann. No matter what you decide, it has nothing to do with your working with us.”

She beamed. “I accept in advance for quite a while. I’ll probably have to heal up a bit first, though.”

Sean grinned. “We’ll give you until tonight. Now, Eileen will show you what you’ll be studying for a while. Next semester you can go full time to finish your degree if you wish or string it out as you need.

“Once you get trained on what we do, we’ll turn you loose.”

I showed her around the computer system a bit and introduced her to The Book. “These are the policies Sean uses to run all his businesses. This is the main one. The rest of the shelf is detail under that. Margie and I are about half-way through the detailed ones.”

I worked with her for an hour and got her familiar with the study basics. She learned quickly, just as I’d expected, and she got through the first article in The Book.

Sean had worked up business cards for her. They read, “Kate R. Hanlon” and said she was “Vice President of Research and Development.” She had her own email address and a phone number. I handed her a cell phone and charger. “This is yours on the company plan. Pretty much unlimited minutes, unlimited long distance, all that stuff.”

She'd never had a cell phone before. Sean told her, "This is mainly for outsiders. Maura, Teresa and their husbands are also ones of us so we don't even use phones any more with them.

"By the way, watch out for the Cullen Sisters. They'll try to abduct you and molest you unmercifully!"

Kate groaned. "I don't think I could take it for a while."

I grinned and said, "Sunday we met an entire Clann who're all ones of us. They're in Burbank and we're gonna have one hell of a good time with them. By the way, how's your Irish singing?"

She admitted she did okay. That probably meant she was great. She volunteered, "I can do a little Irish jig."

Sean grinned. "I'll be sure to mention that to Maura. I've got this feeling you'll be singing and dancing with us come Friday night."

He handed her a company check for $3,000 and told her, "This is a signing-on bonus. Now, how about we run over to your place so you can gossip with Rosheen. I heard her encouraging you last night."

Kate flushed a little. "Yeh. She's one of the main ones who talked a lot about the Clann customs."

Margie and I popped on our bowlers. I dug one out for Kate which matched her outfit and showed her how to hold it on with a *touch*. "You're one of the Hat Ladies now and we don't take crap from nobody!"

We popped Margie in her car seat and drove to Kate and Rosheen's place. Kate introduced us. I gave her a nice lean-forward hug but Sean said, "Rosheen Kelly! So this is the wonderful lady who's been so nice to our Kate!"

He laid a big lip-lock on her along with a firm full hug while he played with her butt. Even at 75, Rosheen looked good. By the time Sean let her go, she was flushed and breathing hard. She grinned at him and said, "Looks like the Ceann's feeling his oats."

Kate laughed and told her, "That's not what **I** saw him feeling."

EILEEN

I *told* Kate to go gossip with Rosheen for a bit and collect up any stuff she needed right away. Sean and I talked back and forth for about ten minutes while Kate changed her clothes and giggled and laughed with Rosheen in the next room.

We said our goodbyes to Rosheen. Sean made a big play at giving her another going over but she held up her hands and backed off. "My heart can't take that more than once a month. However, I'll mark it on my calendar and look you up."

We took off. I told Kate, "Now, we've gotta get you some clothes to fit your executive image. Sean! Nordstrom's and Robinsons-May!"

"Yes, ma'am."

Kate protested vigorously but we overruled her. We got her several nice business outfits, some business-casual and plain casual. Sean looked at each one she modeled, admired her perked-up nipples, licked his lips and approved.

I dragged her off to get underwear and socks. She said she had plenty of panties but we got more anyway. We got a couple dressy bras and while we were in the changing room, I taught her the Inner Touch. After that, we were all licking our lips. Yum!

While we were off getting Kate's undies, Sean took Margie and looked at men's clothes. Margie pointed out stuff, he tried them on then paid. Sounded right to me!

I called the hat store and ordered a couple complete sets of bowlers and flats. One set for Kate and a spare; we might be getting more staff, who knows?

We decided to drop by Olive Tree Lane. Pappa Sonora and his crew were performing incantations and reels of wire were spinning away outside as they strung it through the walls. Glad they knew what they were doing!

We showed Kate around. Sean told her, "We're gonna expand into the den here and make it our office."

She liked the place. Since I knew she took the bus, I pointed out a bus stop a block away.

Elizabeth *told* me she had the sketches done up. She ported them over to us and we walked through the house comparing them to what we saw. We liked them!

I told her, *"I like the furniture ideas. Now, where's the best place to get it?"*

"Well, ninety percent I chose from stock items at various places. If you wish, I can order them for you and probably get at least a 20% discount."

"I'll go for that. Of course, you'll be charging your time for doing that."

"You betcha."

Since she'd specified the paint colors, we turned all the painting specs over to Pappa Sonora. He told us he'd get that done after he'd completed the wiring. "I figure we'll have the wiring and hookups done by Friday late morning. I'll have the paint here by

then; it's only two full rooms and a little touchup in other places so it should be all painted out by 4:00.

"There's a couple spots outside we'll touch up. You've already got the paint so it's a no-brainer. The larger water heater's in and working. I've got the Jacuzzi ordered and we've started the plumbing for it. The new air conditioner will be in tomorrow."

Good stuff. At the rate we were going, we could probably move in this weekend.

Since everything was under control there, we headed back to the hotel.

We snuggled on the sofa in Sean's sitting room. Margie draped herself over Kate and we had a sweet snogging session. Jaysus, she felt better each time we *blended*!

I asked her, "How about you stay with us tonight?"

She flushed and popped her nipples up. "I'd love it. I need to go back to my apartment to pick up my books for school and overnight stuff but that shouldn't take too long."

Sean handed his keys to her. "Take the Beemer to your place and to school. Since you're part of Cullen Enterprises now, you're fully insured."

We had to talk her into it. Finally we had to hold her down and molest her until she agreed; she was Irish-stubborn and it took forty-five minutes!

Sean said, "I'd like to talk with Bob Reynolds before he goes to his Clann meeting. I don't have to physically be there so transportation's not an issue. How about the rest of you?"

Margie said, *"I planned on getting together with Don, Toro and Frank around 5:00 to go over this teleportation stuff if that's all right with you guys."*

I told her, "You're a big girl. Since you're going there, you don't need us to take you. On the other hand, maybe one of us had better come along so you don't harass 'em too much." Grin.

Margie laughed. *"Well, they're all pretty sexy but I promise I'll behave."*

"All right then, I guess we can let you solo."

Kate asked, "Teleportation?"

Margie showed her what was going on and told us, *"Since all the Clan Reynolds is already trained using their check sheets, I can use you guys as my test subjects. We'll come up with a training curriculum and try it out."*

I *talked* briefly with Teresa. I told them, "Teresa will pick me up in a couple minutes and we'll meet with the Reynolds Customs Committee to work on our customs. Since Margie will already be with a couple of them, we might stay for their Wednesday night meeting."

Sean said, "After I talk with Bob, I'll hang in here with Kate until she has to leave for school. I'm sure we can find something to do." He leered pleasantly at Kate who promptly flushed up again.

SEAN

Bob, Kat, Mario and Sherry were all available around 5:00 so I said I'd pop in for a little chat.

Eileen went down to the lobby to harass Sam while waiting for Teresa to pick her up. At 5:00, Marge vanished so I leaned the body back and popped over to Bob's house.

We *talked*. I told them, *"I can reconcile the Ceann honoring a lot of women, loving each of them in our own way and can accept all that.*

"What I'm concerned with is the depth of love I've found. Granted, I've known Maura and Teresa all my life but in many ways I love them almost as much as I love Eileen and Margaret. Those two I know are my real loves.

"Then when we honored Kate Hanlon last night, Marge, Eileen and I really got caught up with her. She's brilliant, rich and so totally spot on with us all three of us really are falling in love with her if it's not already happened.

"Now, is this an occupational hazard? Will I fall in love with most of my Clann women and always want them to be with us? I'm not out to have a harem, that's for sure."

They didn't laugh at me, which was nice of them. Sherry said, *"Have you gotten any training on compatibility checking?"*

Obviously I hadn't run into that.

Kat said, *"Okay. We know you merge. You call it blending but it's exactly the same thing. Ever see any gray spots in there?"*

"I recall seeing some but we've never investigated."

Bob said, *"Kat and I know exactly how you feel. We love the people we're with so intensely it's often hard to let them go. We've come up with a two-step evaluation that may seem cold-blooded but sure gives us a lot of data to work with. Better to have the data and be both emotionally and intellectually satisfied than to use one or the other exclusively."*

He and Kat did their *merge*. Dayum it was bright! Sherry pointed out what the glow seemed to be, *"The brighter the glow, the*

greater the love and admiration or 'romantic' love between the two -- or more. See those little gray spots? They're incompatibilities. Check 'em out."

Yeh, Kat loved shopping and Bob tolerated it. I could see where that would be an "incompatibility."

They mocked up an extreme incompatibility of the same nature and the gray spot turned almost black and seemed to suck almost all the brightness into it.

Bob, Kat and Sherry showed me their *merge*. It was very bright with a decent-sized gray spot sticking out. Sherry said, *"This is what we three looked like after George left and before I met Mario. We've got lots of romantic love but that gray spot was the stickler. I needed and wanted a man for myself.*

"So, we made a temporary relationship and it worked great. After I met Mario, that hole in me was filled but even now there's that chunk of gray when we three are together. Knowing what it is, we really have no problem with it."

Mario said, *"The second part is an objective estimation of quantity, quality and viability. It's exactly the same as evaluating a product or service you offer in any of your businesses.*

"You might have, say, a shirt you sell. It may be easy to get in quantity and very high quality but priced so high very few buy it. That means it's viability just isn't there so you'd probably drop it from inventory because it's just not worth it.

"Let's look at your relationship with Maura. What quantity of love would you say you had with her? -- that's the brightness of the glow."

"Hmm. Probably about 75% of what Eileen or Marge and I get. I'd say that's a very high quantity."

"Good. How about the quality? That might be the depth, richness, the nature of what you admire, the personality."

"Em, very high. She's a delightful person."

"Nice. Any known incompatibilities? Granted you haven't necessarily looked for them in a blend."

"Hah! She always rags me about my hat but that's more of a running joke than anything else."

"Fine. Now what's the viability of a relationship with her?"

"Yeh. She's my sister so that would be an issue with some of the society. I don't think our ages would make much difference. The main thing is she's very happily married with wonderful children. I'd think that alone says a committed relationship between us isn't really viable."

Bob said, *"Right. On the other hand, the four of **them** are in a very deep and committed relationship which does seem very viable. Same age range, mutual raising of children, living very close to each other, that sort of stuff as an extended family.*

"Sometimes a relationship between any two spirits may not be viable in the human world. You also have to factor in the time span of the relationship you're contemplating. When Sherry, Kat and I got together we knew in advance it wasn't an exclusive long-term. How about you and Maggie?"

"Hmm. As a sole relationship it would be tough. Just sexually, it'll probably be at least ten years until we can be together fully plus another six or eight before everything would be all legal. Lot's of issues there. That hasn't stopped us in other areas, that's for sure."

"Yep. Not very viable for a short-term one-on-one committed relationship. On the other hand, toss her in with Eileen. How's the three of you work out?"

"Excellently. Maggie and I have already said our love will always be there but that she'd also love others. The physical age difference is a tremendous factor but with the three of us together it's actually trivial for what we envision for the next ten to twenty years."

Kat said, *"You got it. There's not only the immediate future but the long-term. That's how we got with Sherry. Now suppose, for whatever reason, John Nolan died and is no longer in the picture. Would that change anything?"*

"Actually it could change a lot. The viability, especially with Eileen in the picture, would go up tremendously. Although, Maura'd probably want to stay with Patrick and Teresa since they're already in their relationship."

Bob said, *"Great! So, Mr. Sean, your assignment is to get the four of you together. Be cold-blooded and evaluate each couple's Quality, Quantity and Viability. Evaluate each couple, each threesome and then the four of you together.*

"When Mario and I merge, we've got the major incompatibility that we both completely prefer women over men. That doesn't stop our respect and admiration for each other, it merely says we don't have sex with each other.

"The four of us happen to live together here but we're in two twosome relationships even though we're very compatible as a foursome. That's our preferences. The Nolans and Bardons' preferences seem to be different. John and Patrick may or may not have a sexual relationship with each other. Doesn't matter, they've got something that works.

"Each individual has a sexual preference ranging from strictly-male to strictly-female. Seems Kat and Sherry are around the middle; they'd say they're bi-sexual. Your Eileen, Margaret and Kate appear to be around the middle, too. Find out; that way each of you knows what's going one with yourselves and the others.

"The QQV goes in the exact sequence, especially for a physical product. First you've gotta have Quantity. Whether it's good, bad or indifferent, something's gotta exist. Something like advertising; you've gotta get ***something*** *out.*

"Quality comes second; you get feedback, tweak and redo something so it's the best it can be. With advertising, for example, if it's gonna be a long-term project, you see how it does and target it in. For very short-term, the quality doesn't need to be too high; could be a mimeographed flier.

"Last comes the Viability. If you've got a long-term product you're advertising, it's then worth the expense of high quantity and high quality. If it's a quick sale item, you might trim back either or both the Quality and Quantity. Also in that is the correct target; if you're advertising widgets and you don't actually have widgets or if you target men for women's shoes there's probably zero Viability.

"It's both a sequence and a triangle. Raise one of the corners and the others raise also. As you saw, you can apply the QQV concept to just about anything.

"So you've got the tools. Just do the work then all of you can make the best decisions you can both emotionally and intellectually for the short and long ranges. Let us know how it works out. Welcome to the realm of polyamourus relationships.

"Now as the Ceann, toss in all the honoring and love you'll be sharing with your clanspeople. We're both in the same boat, except you've got four social secretaries and I'll bet Kate will be in there, too. Plus it seems you might have several hundred willing females to honor." Big grin.

I thought that was a tremendous help. I invited the four of them to the Tavern on Friday evening, with a guest or so if they wished. Our treat, of course. Singing and dancing optional.

The two social secretaries accepted.

EILEEN

Teresa picked me up and we drove over to the Reynolds' house in Burbank. Gotta learn us that teleportin' stuff!

We met the Customs Committee: Elizabeth, Ana, Don, Siobhan, Aileen and Donal. Elizabeth told me, "Siobhan was the instigator

of all this, so it's all her fault. We reap the benefits; I would probably never have been with Bob if she hadn't opened her yap. Thank you, Siobhan."

We all applauded her. She said, "Yeh, I had a vested interest myself so don't think I was totally altruistic about it."

Elizabeth gave us a quick history of the McCambridge tutoring Brain Trust and Inner Circle. "When George Tanner and Bob were in Harvard Middle School, George insisted he take one specific girl to a major dance. Well, it turned out by doing that, he told the entire school she was someone special. Special in that she was ethical and honorable besides a lot of other ways.

"Since he was such an opinion leader from his ethics and help to the rest of the school, it evolved into what they called Bob's Seal of Approval. There's various levels of it but we used the idea in developing our honoring custom -- besides some of the Irish customs like your Clann uses."

Made sense to us. Teresa went over the Clann Cullen's history and evolution of our sexual customs. "This is what most of the Clann is aware of right now. I think with a bit of tweaking and clarification we can align it with yours. That's a Real Good Thing as far as we're concerned since we have none of this in writing -- that's why Sean fell through the crack and went MIA as the Ceann for five years.

"We need to get our membership customs in writing too as well as the entire Clann history. That way it won't get so distorted or lost as time goes by. With a bit of quiet spreading the word, we can bring everyone up to date on everything plus have a history of any changes."

Aileen said, "Excellent idea. We should start a history ourselves and maybe run the family trees; from casual discussion, Bob and Kat might be related from way back when. While it may be premature, I think both our clanns will be around for a **long** time. We can produce a public history and customs that a student could use for a school report as well as the nitty-gritty history and customs.

"That would be a wonderful project for a part-timer somewhere."

Teresa said, "On our part, it would be me. I'm fairly decent at writing and have access to all the archives I'm aware of. Plus Maura has a pretty complete address list for the rest of the Clann. Maura's daughter Mona had a school project and knows how to build and maintain a web site; we could publish it there as well as news, events and stuff like that. Since there's gonna be so many non-Core Clann for us, its probably worth while for us."

Ana told us, “Now as a by-the-way, we’ve gotta be aware of tacit or creeping customs. Sherry and Kathleen ‘schedule’ Bob for his honoring just as Sherry did for his Seals of Approval. When we first started the custom about three months ago, they shied away from the newer relationships -- and there were lots of them.

“They thought the newer relationships couldn’t handle it yet or wouldn’t be interested. Well, that turned out **not** to be the case. Kat and Sherry ended up talking with everyone; to a person they considered the honoring custom to be actually superior to or outside the relationship no matter how new it was.

“That’s an example of a creeping custom or an entered arbitrary. While we originally discussed puberty to be the turning point, what we ended up with was much clearer. **All** relationships are permitted so long as they’re consensual, period. The request Bob or Kat makes is the honoring and accepting it is consensual.

“The first several honorings were catch-as-catch can -- yeh, don’t I know. As of now, Kat and Sherry are scheduling them for an evening and night and Bob just shows up. They’ve explicitly left open everything else.”

Donal said, “That leaves the fun possibility either of them can spontaneously drag someone off for some fuzz-bumping -- still consensual, of course. And they’re bright enough it’ll seem exactly the right time.”

I said, “Makes sense. I scheduled Kate Hanlon for last evening though I didn’t mention an overnighter explicitly.

“And another thing. I notice your honoring offer seems to imply they have intercourse. Ours, on the other hand, has evolved into anything up to and including that.”

I told them about what Sean had done with Rosheen Kelly. “She loved it! Sean gave her exactly what she could handle. While she knew Sean had the ‘right’ to pull her into the bedroom and screw her silly, she would have been very worried about her physical condition all the time.

“With our Ceanns and Mates able to tell exactly what someone is actually willing to do, there’s a lot of honoring which can go on even without doing the bold thing.”

They laughed. Aileen said, “That expands things a whole lot and puts a lot more gradients in. Bet when Kat and Sherry hear that, they’ll start plotting to run all the women through a little something. I wouldn’t mind it a bit myself.”

Teresa said, “Yep. We’ll make sure Sean knows what he needs to do. By the way, since Eileen brought up an offer of, em, cross-fertilization of the Clann cultures Sunday, how are we gonna

handle stuff like that? Since you've got two other Clanns on your lines it should probably apply to them, too."

Well, we talked about it a couple minutes. We decided it was just an extension of the current customs. The Ceanns would "formally" agree to cross-Clann honoring then would proceed as usual. If there was a conflict or whatever in the customs, the "visiting" Clann would follow the "host" Clann's customs. Since we'd already ended up with the same set of customs between the Reynolds and Cullen clanns, we wouldn't have any issues.

Any other relationships among members of different clanns, short or long, would still be by mutual consent. The parties would work out any differences and go for it.

That brought up Clann membership. We decided a person, couple, family or whatever could be in any Clann no matter where they lived or worked. For example, someone could live in North Hollywood and work in Pasadena. They might find it more convenient to be in the Clann Cullen since most of our (projected) activities would be in the evenings after work.

We decided there wasn't any reason to limit membership to just one Clann, either. Someone could belong to any number of clanns at the same time. We figured out they should have a primary clann, though, both for recordkeeping and a chain of authority for voting, disputes or routine Clann decisions. The Ceanns and Ceann-Mates, however, would be members in only one clan.

Yeh, and if the Ceann had multiple mates like Sean, all mates would have the same honoring privileges.

Allegiances, cross-training and other interactions were on a voluntary basis. We figured since the Reynolds and Cullen Clanns were so close geographically, there'd be a lot of interaction.

Ana brought up birth control and blood tests. "I keep a record for everyone. We request at least a six-month blood test for STDs; others who have more exposure to the public get them more often. All the females are aware of and can use the *touch* system for birth control the Drs. Gold developed so I note that for them. That way anyone can find out a person's status at a glance. All totally Clann-confidential of course."

Teresa asked, "Is it possible for a lay person to do an STD check on the fly? Everyone at the hotel gets a free blood test every three months due to possible exposure; hotel guests tend to leave lots of body fluids. Our two families do it too since we're at the hotel so often.

I put in, "As far as I know, Rosheen is the only one Sean has swapped spit with outside the hotel staff (and Margie and me of

course) since we've been together. She's 75 and hadn't been with anyone for years. Since the Clann Cullen has so many people outside the Core not on the hotel staff, it would be **really** nice to have an on-the-spot look."

Ana thought a moment then said, "I can't see a reason why not. The blood tests are standard and check for specific conditions, viruses and germs. I'll get with Karen and Oscar Gold tomorrow; I'm sure we can work up something."

We plotted, planned discussed, wrote and edited for another hour. Elizabeth got us all dinner and we stayed for the Clann Reynolds' meeting.

Chapter 14

SEAN
(Wednesday evening 5/10)

All right! Maura *told* me Mona had popped out and she'd gotten her basic training! That's my clever niece! Maura added, *"The rest of the kids are talking a lot too, especially among themselves. They've probably gotten boosted quite a bit already because of all the leakage, inspections and other stuff going over here the last couple weeks. We're playing innocent; we've hinted at preventing leakage and they've picked it right up."* All Real Good Things.

I had plenty to do after Kate left for school. I checked over the statistics emails; nothing that needed much attention. I studied my newsletters and made notes. One of the things I wanted my staff to be able to do was to look at trends or new technologies the newsletters might mention and perhaps do more research. Once Eileen, Marge and Kate got through their initial studies I figured I'd turn at least a couple of them loose on it.

Kate got back around 9:20 so we sat and chatted; we were expecting Eileen and Marge back any time. I ensured she knew she was invited to the Tavern with us Friday evening for singing and dancing. I told her, "Besides, I get to show off a beautiful lady!" She pinked up a little and we took the opportunity to get in a bit of sweet snogging.

About the time we'd gotten her nipples up really hard, Marge popped in. She exclaimed, *"Ah-ha! Started without us, I see. Good on ya!"* Her phantom wet tongue and mouth on Kate's nipple sent a nice warm release through us.

Eileen breezed in a few minutes later all smiley and happy. "We got a **lot** done. No major changes, mainly a lot of clarifications. Teresa's gonna be in charge of getting the Cullen family tree documented as far back as possible, produce a public and private set of customs and in general get all that knowledge saved."

Marge told us they'd gone over her "version" of teleporting pretty closely. *"They're pretty good at the theory even though they're young; we'll work on that more. The main difference is that I seem to be able to judge or intuit the energy differences really fast and I use the concentric touch buffers. We're working on a check sheet to teach everyone.*

"We decided while my method is a bit more complex, it's also much simpler and more flexible to use once someone learns it. Plus it's over a hundred times as fast."

We invited Kate to the housewarming and pool party at the Reynolds' on Saturday (I'd cleared it with them earlier). She said, "The housewarming's fine. I burn too easily for the pool, though."

We were immediately able to show her the sun glasses and sun block trick. Eileen told her, "We'll tune it up tomorrow then by Saturday you'll be ready to go. By the way, it's clothing-optional."

Kate grinned. "Well, I think most of my shyness is getting burned off pretty quickly. It won't offend me if others are nude; I'll have to see how I feel then."

Eileen decided she and Kate would go shopping for swimming suits tomorrow -- after all, we were gonna have a Jacuzzi at OTL and might want to use the pool at the hotel sometime. Right, as if they needed an excuse.

We did a thorough injury energy bleed on everyone. Bridget had some energy still hung up from the birth; Kate and I just had some odds and ends. Eileen had a lot of dark gray everywhere but it bled off to very light to none in spots.

We had a late snack to keep our strength up. It was a good thing, too! Marge, Eileen and Kate insisted I needed the practice to get my endurance up so we made wonderful hot love for several hours.

I told the ladies about the compatibility checking and the Quantity, Quality and Viability steps Clann Reynolds had shown me. Well, that led to a couple hours outside while the bodies slept trying all sorts of combinations. Only a couple things came up as a "conflict." Kate thought Harvey Keitel was a real ball-bag as an actor while I thought he was pretty dayum good. Oh, well, lump that in with religion and politics.

She was interested in having children. While that wasn't a conflict per se, we decided to do some research on how other polyamourus relationships handled children.

Eileen told her, *"I think it'll all work out somehow. We may not get the same results now as we would later. We're all new, really, and pretty new to each other. Margie, Sean and I have*

over two weeks on you, Kate, but already we can tell from the brightness in all our combinations we love each other a lot. So far we seem to be sexually compatible, too, so that helps tremendously."

Marge put her part in, *"Kate, what we're saying is we invite you to join us in a family relationship at least on a provisional basis. You seem to know a lot of the Clann customs already; they won't change much and wouldn't affect a family relationship anyway.*

"Probably within several days we'll know for sure about our compatibility. It only took Eileen, Sean and me a couple days to know we 'belonged' together. We can look at our combined QQV really hard and make a decision. No matter what happens, you'll always be really special to us."

Kate cried a little. *"I almost can't tell you how happy it makes me you just made the offer. I think our QQV should be just fine. I accept -- as you said, provisionally. Let's check this all over again in a week; in the meantime, I'll just love you all as hard as I can."*

EILEEN
(Thursday 5/11)

Sean fed us very well in the morning; we're getting him trained. After breakfast, I told him, "Mary Murray's coming up around 11:30 tonight after her shift -- with her panties off. I told her we'd be 'talking' most of the night so she'll tell her hubbie. I think she's already started drooling."

I called Jackie at the hair salon and got appointments for us all. Sean needed a haircut whether he knew it or not.

After study, we girls went shopping! We needed swim suits. Hmm, we also needed to check out the back yard at Olive Tree Lane for visibility.

We needed to get Kate a couple nice dresses for the Tavern. Since she was so scrumptiously svelte, none of our clothes would fit her. Oh well, we decided to bear the burden.

We found some really good sales, got lots of nice stuff and piled it all in the Volvo; that's what a station wagon's for!

We decided Kate would stay with us at the hotel and OTL for the next week at least but would leave most of her stuff at her apartment. Since we had plenty of room at the house, if we found we were still "items" next week, she could have a room of her own if she wished.

We stopped and got the two sets of hats; Kate now had her own! She popped on the appropriate one. Nobody'd better mess with the Hat Ladies!

I started getting calls to RSVP for Nana's wake. Depending on where they lived, I told them a bus would come for them (if they wished) or where the pickup would be. For the Olive Tree Lane area people, I figured right in front of our house would be fine.

I got a call from Frank's sister, Carmel McLennan. She was a bit older than Frank, was still single and knew of no other living relatives. She was still Irish though and we agreed to do a small, private wake Wednesday the 24th.

We talked about tracing the McLennan family tree; she had several documents and pictures of their parents and said she'd bring everything she had. Good, that was a start on his line.

Jackie'd gotten all our appointments together so Sean met us at the salon. The shop girls descended on us and pretended to suck up a lot --which didn't stop them from passing Bridget around for lots of baby-lovin'! The goo was knee-deep before we even started the hair.

There were a couple new girls so Jackie had them make recommendations for Kate. After some discussion and looking they decided and went to work on her.

Her hair was pretty straight compared to Bridget's and mine with our curls. Kate ended up with a mid-neck cut which was pretty close to her head. It matched and enhanced her slender body shape perfectly. Yum, yum and **yum**!

Jackie checked out her fur; after a few deft wild-hair removals, everyone was satisfied -- and a bit damp.

We noticed a lot of blouses unbuttoned to the bras and lots of bending in front of Sean. Jackie "apologized" profusely for requiring him to take his hat off for his haircut -- while ensuring he got a long look at her cleavage. Margie told him, *"Go for it, Lover Boy! There's a couple back rooms..."*

He demurred but after his hair was done, he and Jackie disappeared into the office for a quick "business discussion." Of course, being nosey, we *observed* she got a sound snogging and butt-groping for a few minutes. Hmm, **nice** arse!

I paid with the corporate card; no hesitation on accepting it this time. Sean and Jackie came out just as I was putting the card away. He was looking spectacularly innocent while Jackie was wobbling along on weak knees. We Hat Ladies decided the staff would probably interrogate her thoroughly after we left.

SEAN

I really hit the email and newsletters; I'd been slacking off in deference to my personal life. Things were running fine but I wanted to make preparations for some major expansion. Plus, I

wanted to get back to Mesa in the next couple weeks and see personally how that project was working out.

I sent an email to everyone explaining I was taking a bit of vacation and was training some new staff. Once they were trained, we'd all be around on some oversight visits.

I figured once Kate got through The Book, she'd be trained enough at least to understand what we were looking at. Maybe the end of next week?

I had a couple hours before my haircut appointment (yes, Nana) so I went out and about. I went back to the jewelry store and looked around. I ordered another dozen shamrock pins and a dozen bowler-hat pins in various colors and sizes.

I looked hard at the shamrock pendants. They had one left of the large size so I took it and ordered five more; physical "things" do tend to get lost or damaged. Besides, they were only $450.

I picked up an extra Bridget-sized set and six medium-size sets. While I'd discuss it with my social secretaries, I thought the pendants would be reserved for family, be it my new family or the Nolan/Bardon's. I thought I'd still give a shamrock pin to wear when the pendants weren't really appropriate. Besides, none of the ladies I knew would pass up jewelry as a gift!

A quick *check* with Pappa Sonora at OTL showed I didn't have to "supervise" anything. Things were rolling along there so I just let them roll.

Jaysus! The salon girls pretended to fawn all over us! What wasn't fake was all the sweet cleavage pushed in my face. Marge made a lewd suggestion but I passed on it; maybe another time...

I ensured Jackie really knew I considered she was special. She knew a little of the Clann but wasn't Irish herself. Nevertheless, she was more than willing to check out my larynx with her tongue. **Nice** butt!

We had a quick lunch and went back to the hotel. The ladies were trying on clothes and such so I figured they'd be good for a couple hours.

A quick email check showed nothing important so I pulled up my master copy of The Book and the detailed manuals to go through them.

I made a complete copy in a separate folder and started reviewing. From talking with Bob, Sherry and Kat last Sunday, they might be interested in using the business technology in some of the JRD companies. I wanted to ensure all the principles would scale up and none of the wording implied they applied only

to a certain type or size of business. Plus, I was looking at expanding company sizes myself, too. How about franchises?

The smallest established business had the owner (full-time) and one part-time employee. Eire's Tavern had about 25 full-time employees not counting the Nolans/Bardons. Altadena Arms had 50 or so. The Mesa operation would probably end up with around 75 once it got into full swing. So, as it was now, The Book (and the detail manuals) already could handle that many. I started through with the idea it would apply to hundreds or thousands of staff of any type of business or organization. I had **my** work cut out for at least a couple weeks.

Yeh, another item on the To Do List was publishing. Up to now, I'd just run copies off on my printer and had the nieces and nephews put them into binders. We'd go through several hundred at a seminar which was a week's work for them. If we were going into a larger company or started doing more seminars though, that might end up being a **lot** of manuals. Okay.

Now, how to keep them updated. Well, that's another thing to discuss with JRD; they probably had many of the same issues.

I kept buried pretty solidly for several hours. The ladies were doing fine at what they were doing and didn't need to "consult" with me.

Okay, almost dinner time! I saved everything and made a backup then looked for my ladies. Perfect; they were all in Eileen's sitting room.

I went through the lot of them and ensured they had enough hugs, kisses and caresses to last a few minutes. I gave Kate a large pendant and told her, "These are for my **really** special ladies. No matter whether or not we stay in the relationship as it is now, you are extremely special to me."

Dayum, she cried over it. That's okay, it gave a good excuse for us all to cuddle and have more sweet snogging; not that anyone needed an excuse.

I brought up the idea the pendants would be for family. They thought it was a great idea and the shamrock pins would be perfect for some occasions. They each claimed a couple of the shamrock and hat pins then Eileen stashed the rest of the pendants away.

EILEEN
(Thursday evening 5/11)

We decided on room service for dinner. We weren't gonna be here much longer so we might as well take advantage of it.

I called it down and ensured Mary would be part of the crew to bring it up.

We went through another round of injury energy bleeds. By the end, Sean and Kate were free while Bridget and I had only a few light-gray spots left. Great!

We talked about the OTL house for a good hour. Jaysus, things were going fairly lively. The new Jacuzzi was already on its foundation and they were ready to hook it up (tomorrow). Looked like all the wiring was in place with the ends dangling out of the holes.

They'd touched up the trim on the outside and had refinished the floor in a couple spots. Lookin' good!

We *looked* around the back yard. We just needed to put a few new bushes here and there, weave the branches in then we'd have a fully-private yard. If we liked the clothing-optional pool party (Margie and I were already liking it) we could have the same thing at OTL. Maybe the occasional traffic copter could get a look but that was a perk of the job. Maybe if we did it enough, they'd make it part of their route! Hehehehe. Margie's a really bad influence.

Anyway, we thought we could do most of the moving Sunday. There really wasn't that much "stuff" beyond Sean's office and we could rent a truck and maybe a couple of Pappa Sonora's crew to help. On the To Do List: talk with him tomorrow.

Mary (sans panties) and a couple waiters brought dinner up. We girls faded away into Sean's room while he kept her behind a few moments, snuggled her up really good and got her "in the mood."

We *inspected* her thoroughly for what she liked; might as well make her time the best we could. Janey Mack! Getting her in the mood wasn't the issue at all.

She and hubby had two children of 13 and 15 but wanted another really bad. They'd been trying for the last 12 years but it hadn't gone right. All the tests were okay between them but it hadn't happened. She was 44 and they were concerned they'd be too old to raise another one effectively; they felt time was running out.

Mary and her hubby had talked. He knew she'd be with the Ceann tonight and they'd decided if he could get her pregnant they'd be delirious with joy!

Well, this called for bigger guns that we had. I *talked* with Ana briefly. She told me, *"Let me get one of the Golds and we'll take a look. Give us a bit; we've got plenty of time before the big event."*

Sean sent Mary back out with her legs trembling and her water dribbling down her thighs. We ate while we waited. Sean asked, "What's up? Why so quiet?"

Margie told him what was going on with Mary. He snorted and said, "So now I'm put at stud. Hell, why not? I do all the work around here anyway."

He got soundly pummeled for that.

Ana popped back with Oscar Gold and we pointed them at Mary in the kitchen. Oscar told us, *"We'll check her out."*

They went off to do their medical examination. We finished dinner then Kate took off to school. Margie and I pawed through Sean's chick flick collection for a good one. Yes! Found a good one about a couple trying to have a baby.

Okay, Ana and Oscar were back. Oscar told us, *"She's ovulated and the egg's almost in her uterus; just touch it down the last little bit. An egg's sometimes fertilized in the fallopian tube but having it in the uterus makes it a lot less crowded which lets the sperm get at it from all directions.*

"From what I can tell without extensive tests -- and she's had them recently -- medically she's fine for having another child. The one thing I saw which probably has been the problem is the mucous plug in her cervix channel is very thick. That's thick as in viscous. It's probably two or three times as thick as normal. That would effectively prevent the sperm from getting in.

"It's probably an acquired slight allergy to something like milk products. No tests I'm aware of would pinpoint it but we have the tremendous advantage of looking in situ.

"She's multi-orgasmic so this can work out fine. Get your best touch expert at work. If the egg isn't inside the uterus, pull it gently down so it is. Get her going with very hard climaxes so the uterus contracts and sucks as hard as possible.

"When the Ceann comes, open a channel through the plug and if necessary, push the semen in. Once it's inside, the sperm can do the job if they can. So far as I can tell, the egg has a nice thin surface so it should go fine."

"If it's okay, I'd like to observe and see how it turns out."

Sean didn't have any issues with it. Mary had only a small bit of Talent (that little bit helped her make supervisor) so we weren't about to tell her.

We unanimously elected Margie to do the "inside job." She had more guts than all of us put together plus with her practice at *touching* her body around (and displaying her cuties!) and her knack at teleportation she was probably the best. She finally

accepted but only after we snuggled, caressed and kissed her for fifteen minutes straight. Personally, I think she was faking it!

We watched the DVD and got thoroughly in the mood for baby-making. Even Sean had a few tears.

From our *inspection*, Mary didn't care much for girl-on-girl so we wimmin were gonna camp out in my bedroom. Plenty of room there to play!

We filled Kate in on what was happening when she got back from school. Sean took another shower while we went over his place to make it as romantic as possible. Candles (battery-operated), fresh sheets (as of this morning and no one had been on them), plenty of towels, water, romantic Celtic music (at least it sounded a bit Irish), and our best Irish whiskey.

We did some further plotting with the Ceann, stocked his bathroom and disappeared into our room.

Mary was right on time. Sean opened the door just as she got to it. He pulled her in, embraced her and told her, "My sweet Mary. My heart has been singing all day in anticipation of holding you in my arms."

She almost passed out right then. She'd been expecting at best a wham-bam and out the door; that's what Sarah had (but it was exactly what Sarah had wanted!).

Sean got her over to the sofa and plied her with Irish whiskey (candy is dandy but liquor is quicker). She recovered a bit and they talked about her position at the hotel, her family and some of their hopes and plans. She didn't say a word about another child.

Well, in vino veritas (get 'em drunk and they tell the truth). He gave her another good dollop of whiskey, took her hand and told her, "Mary, you are Clann. I'm the Ceann and my major duty is to serve the Clann, not to get frisky with the women. Tell me what's really going on."

She admitted to being a bit nervous. "I lay with your seanathair but that was many years ago. I haven't been with another man other than my husband."

Sean said, "I can understand that. Your husband knows you're here and must approve of it. Mary, that's not what's really bothering you. Do you have some dread disease you're not telling me about?"

She gasped and said, "Oh, no! I just want to get pregnant." The truth was out now. She cried on his shoulder and told him all about the problems they'd had and what they'd done. Sean

mainly acknowledged her and told her they'd done the proper things.

He told her, "So, then. This will require the ancient magic. Come with me."

About then, Maura and Teresa popped in to *watch*. After all, we social secretaries were responsible for the way things turned out, right?

He led her to the bedroom, undressed her quickly and put her on the bed face up with a pillow beneath her head and a towel beneath her hips. He told her, "Wait. Listen to the music and wait."

He vanished into his bathroom and came back a minute later. He wore a long brown robe tied with a soft rope and had streaks of paint across his face. He told her in Irish, "The priest's acolyte attends you."

He gave her a quick oil massage then wiped her down. He painted her face with stripes and drew lines, circles and various glyphs in different colors on her face, breasts, stomach and over her uterus.

Sean turned off the music, vanished again and came back wearing a long black robe with a different paint pattern on his face, a weird hat (not his bowler) and carrying a small drum. He told her, "The priest attends you."

He danced and beat the drum while chanting in extremely ancient Gaelic. The three of us *listening* could catch several words here and there; he was doing a fertility rite!

He called upon the gods to bless this woman's womb, to make her time with child comfortable, make the birth easy, make her breasts give plentiful milk and make the child strong and healthy.

Yeh, neither Mary nor we "believed" but by the time Sean had spent twenty minutes on his gig, we were almost believers. Mary's nipples were poking holes in the ceiling and she'd already soaked the towel beneath her hips. She **wanted** to believe it could happen; the whiskey wasn't hurting either.

Her egg was already down so Margie didn't have to concern herself about that. We just stood by.

We called Oscar in; he took a *look* and said, *"Damn, I'm gonna do that to Karen just for fun!"*

Dayum, Sean's good! He vanished into the bathroom and was back thirty seconds later; he was nekkid and had colored stripes and symbols painted all over his body. He told her, "Your mate attends you. Expect no mercy."

Mary wasn't planning on **any** mercy. No foreplay needed; she was ready **now** and was totally immersed in the fantasy.

The Ceann did us proud. Mary started climaxing the moment he entered her. He drove her up and up until she was climaxing several times a minute but there was still a larger one to come.

Kate, Maura, Teresa and I were climaxing every couple times Mary did -- and we weren't doing anything but *joining* a bit. Margie was right along with us; she told us, *"I feel that all the way through. Fuckin' aye righteous!"*

Sean was chanting away in the old Gaelic. We caught several phrases; most were asking the gods to help create the new life.

They were building up to a finale; Margie did her touch to open Mary's cervix (a very-much moving target between the contractions and Mary's hips bucking). He was finally there and screamed out, "Create the life!"

She screamed her lungs out and hammered against him. She screamed even louder as she felt him come and convulsed so hard she almost bucked him off! Not to worry, he hung on.

Yes! Margie *pushed* most of the fluid in. We saw it flood into her uterus and surround her egg. We fed back a bit of it to Mary and let her seem to imagine it happening. Wait, wait, wait then there it was! One had gotten in! The deed was done.

Mary gave out a final scream and convulsion then fainted; we almost went out ourselves. Sean eased them over on their sides and snuggled up against her.

Oscar said, *"Inspiring. Truly inspiring. Now, keep an eye on the egg; it should divide pretty quick now."*

We watched it closely. Yes, it did divide then divided several more times. Oscar coached Margie on where best to hold it against the uterine wall so it would attach. *"Keep it there a good six hours at least. You should be able to tell when it's attached okay. Extremely well done, Maggie. I'll catch you guys later."*

So fuckin' totally hot! Since our part was done, Maura and Teresa took off (*yelling* at John and Patrick to wake up) then Kate, Margie and I had our own ceremony. Yowsah! I screamed a lot, Kate squeaked and moaned and Margie talked dirty. We almost fell off the bed a few times but ended up suspending ourselves. We blasted ourselves out of our bodies and shared a wonderful *blending* and *twining* which flared with our love.

SEAN

I didn't join my ladies; I kept my attention on sweet Mary. She woke up in a couple minutes (she'd collapsed inside herself to

escape the intensity). She snuggled up to me and murmured, “That was wonderful. Is that really a fertility rite?”

“As near as I can remember. I had to adapt things a little; usually there were six elderly women who would do the purification and painting. The priest would have lots of helpers and a ‘band’ behind him for his dance.

“The priest would then watch the action of the mates and direct the chanting and appeals to the gods. I had to make do.”

“Well it was fuckin’ aye righteous! I fainted, didn’t I?”

“Yep. Only a few minutes though.”

We loosened up our snuggle, looked at each other and laughed. The paint on our bodies had smeared all over and we looked like little kids finger painting each other.

I told her, “It’s meant to be this way. The paints were originally oil or animal-fat-based so they would smear. It would represent the merging of male and female to create new life with the help of the gods.”

She said, “Fuck, it’s all over the sheets, too.”

“It’s water-based so should wash out. If it doesn’t, what the hell, they’re my sheets anyway.” Shrug.

I dragged her off to the shower and helped her stand up. We scrubbed each other all over then I dried her hair while stealing gropes. She loved it of course.

When we got back to the bedroom, the sheets were clean. She cocked an eyebrow at me and asked, “More intercessions of the gods?”

“No. I’ve got friends. Do you think Kate knows how to change a bed? She and Eileen are next door.”

I chased her back on the bed and we cuddled up. She asked sleepily, “Do you think we did it?”

“The gods are powerful. When the moon is in the proper position, their actions are true. On the other hand, we’ve gotta do our part too, which involves a lot of attempts. You’re not gonna get much sleep tonight, sweet Mary.”

She’d gotten aroused again; I’d been helping out with caresses on a few key body parts. We made gentle love for a half hour. As I spent inside her, I whispered, “Create the life.” She locked up from her climax and almost passed out again. Nice, very nice.

We dozed off. I stayed right there and watched over her. Every couple hours I woke her up and we’d do “our part” again.

(Friday morning 5/12)

We rolled and groaned out of bed around 8:00. I called down a breakfast order for us all then got us a final shower. I had mercy on Mary and didn't tease her too much. I did tease her nipples up when I dried her hair though. Nasty!

She was having trouble getting dressed; for some reason her legs wouldn't hold her up very well. Eileen and Kate barged in and kicked me out so they could gossip.

Well, I knew my place. I "supervised" setting out breakfast. From the laughs and gasps coming from my bedroom, I bet my girls were getting a play-by-play description of last night's activities.

They flooded back into the sitting room and swooped on breakfast like hawks. I stayed out the way so I wouldn't be mistaken for food then cautiously joined them a few minutes later when the knives and forks weren't flying quite so fast.

After every bit of food had vanished, we adjourned the sofa and other chairs. They groaned. I groaned. Bridget latched on and got her breakfast.

I got up enough energy to dig out a shamrock pin for Mary. Kneeling in front of her, I told her, "This is for a special lady. When another special lady sees it on you, they'll know I think you're a wonderful woman."

She hugged me firmly. I nuzzled her neck and asked loudly, "One for the road?"

What? What did I do to make them throw pillows at me?

Mary said, "I should go. I need to sleep all day and come into work this evening."

I smiled at her. "No. You've got a paid evening off tonight. Maybe you and hubbie can think of something to do."

She laughed. "Thank you, Sean. I feel all worn out right now but I betcha we can think of something tonight after I've rested."

I walked her down to her car in the garage. There was no one around so I snuggled her up, kissed her thoroughly and molested everywhere I could reach. She groaned and tried to push her tongue down my throat. She said, "Thank you so much, Ceann. Whether or not I caught, it was still wonderful."

Marge had told me already she was preggers so I told her, "Pee on the stick in a week, Mary. Remember, the old gods are still powerful." With a final pat on the butt, I sent her off.

Staggering back upstairs, I found three ladies with questions. Mainly it was, "Where did you get that ritual?"

I told them, "Memories. Looking at it now, I've been connected to the Cullen genetic line for something like three thousand years. Interestingly, every hundred years or so, I end up the Ceann. How's that for coincidence?"

They didn't seem to think it was coincidence at all, just good planning. What the hell, enjoy!

They pushed me off to bed. "Get some sleep. We've still got lots to do today and there's a Tavern night tonight."

Okay. The body wasn't at all adverse to sleeping, so I let it. Popping outside, I tended to my email while they studied.

Yep, it was statistics day all right. Only one place had a down-statistic; they'd spotted it already and were handling it. Good on 'em.

Jim from Ladies' Leather told me they had the remaining points about half-way in; right on schedule. I told him to get with his lawyer and start thinking seriously of offers.

Mesa was doing fine, too. As planned, they were expanding slowly but steadily. They would probably be full up in another month or so. Great!

I gave several checkouts. Kate was running through The Book at an excellent rate and was getting the material well. Another day or so and she'd be done with it. Okay!

I taught them all how to do checkouts, drilled them on it and set them all loose on their own. That way, I didn't have to be around at all except to handle an occasional reference question.

I got about halfway through the revisions on upscaling The Book. Actually, there weren't many changes, mainly tweaking the phrasing every once in a while. I found an excellent place to put in Mario's QQV concept and made sure to give him credit.

The ladies wanted lunch out and to hit OTL since the furniture was due to be delivered in the early afternoon. Fine by me.

I got on a tee shirt, shorts and shoes (plus hat). The ladies wore California-Girl Spring Casual: thin tee shirts with mouth-watering bra-free wobblies (I'm not gonna ask. I'm **not**!), snug shorts, white athletic shoes and a matched set of flat-hats.

They wore sexy panties underneath their shorts. Kate said, "We gotta wear 'em 'cause every time we look at you, Sean, we drool." Well, the feeling's mutual.

EILEEN

After lunch we descended on OTL. Yeh, we trusted Pappa Sonora but nothing beats a bare-eyeball inspection.

The furniture wasn't due for another half hour so Sean asked him about getting a truck and a few guys for the move.

Pappa grinned. "I can do that, Sean. On the other hand, why bother when you've got the most talented teleporter in four clanns sitting on your shoulder?"

Duh! All four of us hit our foreheads at once. Margie said, *"Shit! I was used to just porting the body and diaper bag. All the stuff we did yesterday was 'intellectual' to develop the check sheet. Duh!"*

Pappa very patronizingly said, "That's okay. We were all new once." He was smiling widely so Margie didn't put her teeth into him.

The Jacuzzi was in and filling. Pappa handed us a card and said, "I checked around the neighborhood and found this pool guy. I scheduled him to get it set up tomorrow and check it three times a week."

The room colors looked great! The outside trim touch-up made the place look grand from the outside, too.

Furniture was here! We "supervised" where it went by consulting Elizabeth's sketches. For whatever reason, Sean wandered off and talked with the crew guys; probably some macho-construction-crew stuff.

Oh, yeh! The language trick worked fine. Kate and I managed to direct everything pretty easily. A couple of the Hispanic guys grinned a little; so what if our Spanish had an Irish accent?

Now we knew Margie would be doing the grunt work, we planned exactly where everything would go. We figured we'd pretty much just dump Sean's office in the den and let him pretend to be useful by setting it up later. Pappa Sonora's crew had put in the additional bookshelves so everything was ready to go.

Okay. Sean, Margie and me in the main bedroom and Kate in the one right next door. Not that we planned for her to spend much time there, mind you, just so she had space to put clothes if she needed.

We decided we'd use the third bedroom (my old room) for any guests and for the honorings. Elizabeth had already thought of that and had specified a fairly masculine look. No sports posters or that crap, though.

Hmm, with the blinds drawn (the proper *touch* could block all the light from the windows) and the lights dimmed down, it was hot! There were several soft lights right on the California King bed and the rest of the room faded away to darkness with some electric candles. Yummy!

Kate and I had some serious thoughts of dragging Sean in to try it out but Margie reminded us we still had furniture to arrange. Spoilsport!

We got the furniture put where we wanted and did a last look around. Pappa had already planted bushes where they sealed off the last few peek-a-boo holes in the back yard. So, as soon as the Jacuzzi was full, hot and treated properly, it was ready to go. Hmm. Full, hot and treated properly... Sounded like a couple women I knew.

We headed back to the hotel. On the way, Kate, Margie and I did a quick *consult* with the Cullen Sisters, Kathleen and Sherry on what we were wearing. Okay, green tonight!

Everyone got showers; we sent Sean off to his so we wouldn't get too distracted. Margie zipped back and forth to supervise.

Kate and I had green dresses which showed lots of chest then lots of cleavage by the time we were done. Kate didn't have a lot by nature so Margie and I worked with her Inner Touch and hold-ups on the dress until it looked right.

Jaysus! There were gonna be some droolers tonight! Our dresses looked as if they'd fall off any second; our hats were dangling even more than usual. I had a fair of boob displayed 'cause I could but Kate's dress ended just before her slightly-puffy areolae started showing. Yeh, with just the right *touch*, they'd peek out just a little bit every once in a while! With our shamrock pendants leading the eyes, there'd be no way they wouldn't look!

Margie told us, *"Great! That'll keep them interested. We'll knock 'em out!"*

Sean had followed orders and wore a dark gray suit and green shirt; no tie. We got the desired response from him when he saw us: Broad smile, lustful look and a salute from the middle. Nipples up!

Even better; with Kate's nipples up, it let the areolae peek even more. I swore everything would pop out any second! Dayum, I wished I could wear more than a thong to soak up the juice.

Off to the Tavern! Sean got to cuddle Bridget on the way down to the car and to carry the diaper bag. I noticed every so often he'd grin and smack her bottom a little. Margie was popping up her cuties and wiggling them against him -- she's gonna get it one of these days!

Everyone was right on time. Bob, Mario, John and Patrick looked great. Kathleen, Sherry, Maura and Teresa had green dresses that looked like they'd fall off if they breathed hard. Luscious!

The nieces and nephews were dressed nicely. The girls had light green blouses that let their delicate lacy bras show through just a tiny bit. Sexy as hell but not sluttish.

Maura and Teresa knew Kate but none of them knew of our projected relationship. We brought them up to date in a hurry; they and the kids swarmed over her with hugs, kisses and welcomes.

Mona claimed Sean's lap for a few minutes. She snuggled up, kissed him firmly and told him, *"Hello, Uncle Sean. This is really cool."*

She pushed a very firm warm breast and an even firmer nipple into him and squirmed. He kissed her on the head and said, *"Cool, yes, but you're making me hot."*

It was hidden from sight so he caressed her tidy bum gently. Maura whispered to him, *"She's ready. Tuesday night at your new place."*

Sean caressed her bum thoroughly. *"Soon, my sweet. Soon you **will** be a woman. Now scoot back to your seat and cause heart failure among some of the other men-folk."*

She scooted with a nice set of nipples poking out. Good thing she had on panties because they were soaked; Sean seems to have that effect on females. Grin.

We ordered, ate and chatted in Irish. Mario had a shamrock pin which said, "Irish by Osmosis." Sherry had a similar one which said, "Irish by Injection." Neat! To Do List: get a source. I gave Maura and Teresa a couple extra shamrock pins then told Kat and Sherry about the pins and pendants.

Show time! Bob and Kat came up with us. Sean introduced them, "These are our new friends from Clann Reynolds in Burbank. Please welcome Bob Reynolds and his fiancee Kathleen Donovan!" He pointed out Mario and Sherry at the table as "the cheering section" from Clann Reynolds.

We welcomed them warmly. We sang, we danced; I danced this time! Kate was an excellent singer. Bob and Kat did okay on the singing but on the dancing... Be Jaysus! They could take our most complex routines and do them so effortlessly it was like they were strolling in the park.

We finally pushed them to the front and let them do as they wished. They got some very fast, almost frantic, Irish jig music and tossed it off like nothing; I could barely see their feet!

Then they added twirls, lifts and spins! You've seen ice skaters do spins? They could do it face to face so fast you could see them only as a blur.

Wow! Around the third spin they did, Bob staggered, stopped and looked around; Kathleen had vanished. We on stage immediately decided not to figure things out but just enjoy.

He called for her. No answer. He stood facing the crowd, clapped his hands and a ball of light appeared between them. He told the crowd, "I'd better get my magic eye looking. I've got two mothers who've been planning a wedding and they'd be very upset if I misplaced the bride somewhere."

Bob "guided" the light up to the ceiling, moved it around the corners of the stage and had it make a quick swing out into the dining room and back. No Kathleen.

He looked at Sean and looked real sad. Sean shrugged his shoulders; nothing he could do.

Bob suddenly laughed. "Aha! That's the problem! I didn't bring my magic hat tonight. Sean, maybe she's in **your** hat!"

Sean promptly tilted his bowler into his hands so it was upside down. Reaching in, he pulled out a red-haired doll around a foot high. Bridget immediately reached out from my arms and claimed it.

Bob told the audience, "I always thought my girl was hot but that's a bit too much shrinkage." Got a decent laugh. Bob asked, "Sean, may I borrow your hat for a few minutes?"

Sean held it out towards him and it promptly snapped over to Bob across twelve feet of stage. Bob spun it upside down in the air; it hovered and stopped spinning off to his right about three feet off the floor. His "magic eye" dropped into it.

Bob peered into it and told the audience, "Let's see what he's got in here I can use." He reached into it and felt around. His arm was "buried" to the elbow and Sean's hat was only six inches deep. We on stage were looking at it from the side; he was not reaching behind it! Okay, I'm **not** gonna ask!

Bob seemed to find something. "Feels like a magic wand to me!" He pulled it out and waved it. It was a silvery stick with a star on the end, just like in Sean's leprechaun pictures! Ever see a girl's fairy costume? This was a very "girly" wand.

Bob looked at puzzledly then looked at Sean. "Em, Sean. Is this yours?" Sean tried to deny it but the rest of us overruled him loudly.

Bob shook his head in wonder. "Well, let's see if it works." He snapped the end towards the audience. There was a loud clatter from the kitchen like every dish had fallen to the floor at once.

"Yep. It works."

He “set” it down in mid air beside the hat. He reached in again and pulled out a glass of water -- with ice cubes. He took a sip then looked out. “Don’t think it’s water?” The audience said, “NO!”

Bob tipped the glass a little and poured some water on his hand. Looked real to me. He “set” it down too in mid air. Reaching in again, he pulled out a full Irish whiskey bottle. He waved it around so everyone could see it and said, “Of course! He’s an Irishman after all!” He “set” it down.

He rapidly pulled out two more glasses with water and ice cubes. He said, “Being a Ceann’s gotta be thirsty work.”

He started tossing the two glasses a couple inches in the air. Suddenly he tossed one a couple feet in the air, grabbed the third glass and juggled three pretty full glasses of water. He grinned and said, “A Ceann’s gotta juggle a lot of things.” He added the whiskey bottle to the stream and kept going.

The whiskey bottle vanished; Bob looked puzzled then laughed. “Of course, if an Irishman’s thirsty, would he drink water?”

Oops! He missed a glass on the way down. It promptly smashed itself on the stage scattering water and ice cubes. Bob looked crestfallen, set the other two glasses in the air and said, “Betcha they won’t ask me back here again. I’d better clean it up.”

He buried his arm in the hat then stood up and waved a huge bath towel around. He unfolded it and showed the audience and us. It was decorated all over with Pooh Bears.

He looked at Sean again and said, “This time I won’t ask. Remember, ladies and gentlemen, it’s **his** hat.” Big laugh.

He wadded the towel up in a ball and tossed it in the air. It stopped a couple feet in front of him and several feet above his head. He picked up the wand, waved it at the towel and let out a stream of... whatever language. I sure didn’t understand it but it sounded very impressive.

The ball stirred, uncrumpled and the towel spread out flat. Still waving the wand and speaking, Bob guided it to the stage floor where it settled over the broken glass and ice cubes.

“That’s better. Let’s start with putting the glass back together.” He waved the wand and spit out a couple words. The towel started humping around in spots and rotated; the spots moved towards the middle then stopped. It was “obvious” there was now a glass standing up underneath.

“Ice cubes next.” Another wand wave and a couple words. The towel humped and rotated again several times and we distinctly heard ice cubes hitting the glass.

“Okay! Let’s get all the water.” The towel waved a little bit; we heard water pouring into water in a stream. It kept going and going and going.

Bob looked really puzzled. He stooped, picked up the edge of the towel (away from the audience) and looked. There was a female shriek, the sound of a slap and a female voice yelled, “Peeper!”

Bob stepped back, raised his hands and said, “Sorry, lady. Remember, it’s **his** towel.” He pointed again at Sean. More laughs.

The water sound started up again and kept going. Bob tapped his foot, looked at his watch and frowned. The sound stopped. A second later a toilet flushed. Bob bent to pick up the towel but a female voice from the audience called out, “She will not be happy if you catch her right now!”

Bob dropped the towel like it was hot. A few seconds later there was the sound of a door closing. Bob looked a question at the audience. The voice called, “Now you can look.”

Bob bent over, grasped the near-side ends of the towel, chanted a long sentence(?) and stood up while he held the towel in front of the glass. Still chanting, he “stretched” the towel between his arms so it was something like five foot across. It dangled vertically to the stage. He raised his arms some more but the towel stretched so the bottom stayed on the stage so the glass was completely hidden.

He raised the towel a couple inches and asked, “Is the glass there?” We and the audience could see it clear as day and told him so.

Bob lowered the edge of the towel to the stage, looked upwards, chanted some more and clapped his hands together. The towel vanished; the glass was there but Kathleen was holding it taking a drink.

Wild applause! They took a bow/curtsey. Kathleen told the audience, “Sorry I took off; Nature called. I would have been back sooner but **someone** interrupted me.” She glared at Bob while the audience split some guts.

Kathleen took another sip of water then threw the entire glass out over the audience. There was some ducking in the line of fire but the glass and water vanished.

Bob idly tossed the other two glasses into the audience; they vanished too.

Bob reached in the hat and pulled out a small stuffed bear about five inches high. He asked Sean, “Is this Pooh?” Sean laughed

and said, “Could be. It’s probably an Irish bear though. Remember, it’s **my** hat.”

The bear had a tiny tee shirt. Bob told the audience, “Probably is Irish. His shirt says, ‘Eire’s Tavern’.” He tossed it to Kathleen who tossed it out into the audience. It landed on a table in front of a small girl who immediately grabbed it.

Bob pulled more small stuffed animals with tee shirts out of the hat. He tossed them to Kathleen who tossed them into the audience. Bob said, “Sean! Coming atcha!” He pulled faster and tossed them to Sean, too. Sean tossed them into the audience.

Definitely cheating. Kathleen and Sean just tossed while Mario and Sherry did all the work of tracking who hadn’t gotten one and *touching* the ones tossed out where they needed to go. Cool.

Suddenly the hat let out a shower of sparks. Bob staggered back. There were two streams of stuffed animals coming out by themselves; a large one to Sean and a smaller one to Kathleen. Since Sean’s ambidextrous, he was catching and throwing with both hands.

I even got one perched on my shoulder. Suddenly the streams stopped and things settled down a bit. Bob asked, “Everyone got one that wants one?”

Bridget promptly let out a raucous yell and scowled. She hadn’t gotten one! Bob promptly apologized and said, “Sorry. Please don’t set those teeth of yours in me.” Nice laugh. Parents knew exactly what he was talking about.

Bob and Kat peered in the hat but kept bumping heads. They each grabbed a side of the hat and pulled. The hat immediately stretched to a couple feet across. Now they could look.

They both buried their heads. Bob suddenly “dove” in until only his knees showed. His legs kicked around, his hand “reached” up to the rim and he pulled himself out. He looked sad. He told Bridget, “Sorry, honey. No more left. Would you take something else?” Bridget shook her rattle at him and looked stern.

Bob asked the audience, “Then I’d better pull a rabbit out of the hat, right?” Bob and Kathleen reached in together and tossed Bridget a big stuffed rabbit with floppy ears. It had to be four feet tall not counting the ears. She caught it, hugged it (and her redhead doll), kicked her legs and laughed.

Bob ostentatiously wiped sweat from his forehead. He told the audience, “Close call; thought I was a gonner.” Laughs.

He and Kathleen pushed the hat back to its “normal” size. Suddenly it flipped over and shook violently. Something dropped out of it and Bob caught it before it reached the floor. He showed

it to the audience; it was the whisky bottle! He told us, “We’d better watch out! The bottle’s empty now!”

The hat took off erratically over the audience. Bob grabbed the wand, waved it and chanted some words. The hat kept going. He tried again with no effect. He told the audience, “So that’s where the whiskey went! The only thing worse than a drunken Irishman is an Irishman’s drunken hat!”

It did look drunk. It staggered and weaved. Bob told the audience, “Better be careful. Drunken Irish hats get amorous.”

It did. It “sidled” up to an elderly lady, nuzzled up against her shoulder and gave her a kiss on the cheek. She laughed and batted it away.

It almost fell down but managed to stagger around some more. Bob tried a couple more wand waves and more words but to no avail. He asked Bridget, “Miss Bridget, it’s your dad’s hat. Can you do anything?”

Bridget handed Sean her doll and the rabbit. She got a stern look on her face, shook her rattle fiercely and yelled out some sounds. The hat immediately stopped and “looked” surprised.

After a couple more rattles and sounds, it started slinking back towards the stage, trying to hide behind people. Bridget shook her rattle at it and scowled when it stopped for too long.

It slid towards us a few inches off the ground. If it had been a puppy it would have been groveling and wagging its tail. It crept up my leg slowly and nudged Bridget’s foot apologetically.

Bridget reached down, grabbed it and pulled it down over her head. Success!

We got lots of applause. We bowed and curtsied. Bridget kept the hat on and waved her arms and legs while we walked off the stage. Good show!

We got back to the table, sat and rested. Being an audience is hard work!

Mona asked Bob, “Thank you for the rabbit, Mr. Bob. Is there anything I can give you?” She had her shoulders back, her chest out, and her high beams and predatory look on full blast.

Bob smiled, looked directly at her delights and admired. He said, “No problem, honey. Besides, its Sean’s hat. I’m sure he’d accept your thanks.”

She switched her target to Sean. He just grinned and admired her.

We talked away for a while more. Bob told Sean, "Bring these delightful young people along tomorrow if you wish and if they wouldn't be offended by the clothing-optional."

Maura put in, "They're used to it at home so it shouldn't be an issue. I don't think they'd mind extending their education a bit, would you kids?"

Five voices immediately agreed to extend their education. Mona left eyeball tracks all over Bob and Sean.

Chapter 15

SEAN
(Saturday 5/13)

We slept in nicely late then had a light breakfast. Kathleen had assured us there'd be tons of food, "Even after the kids are stuffed."

The ladies huddled in Eileen's room for a last-hours' grooming. While I checked over my email, they checked over their Down Unders.

While Marge didn't have any fur Down Under, it didn't stop her from offering some (often-crude but interesting) suggestions and doing quality control checking. From the squeals and moans I heard, Eileen and Kate did some extensive cross-checking and quality control inspections themselves.

Around 10:15 they came in demanding the "Ceann's approval." Growl and howl! Plenty of wonderful fluffy fur but neatly trimmed and guiding the eye to the portals of delight.

Well, the Ceann doesn't give approvals out lightly; I spent a half-hour each checking out the bottom while Maggie and the free lady tended to the top. Yum!

They finally pushed me off. Marge told me, *"Take another shower; you're a pussy-face!"*

Huh? I smile horizontally not vertically. Oh well, my word against thousands of theirs.

So I took a shower. Marge hadn't commented on my (lower) hair so I didn't worry about it.

I went back the work I'd been doing before I'd been so rudely interrupted. I got through four of my newsletters before they informed me it was time to go.

Heart failure! Marge had her diaper and an Irish Inside tee shirt with her cuties at full blast; Eileen and Kate had bikinis. Yeh, they covered the minimum but I just knew something would slip down or off any moment. Groan.

We turned off the lights and got in a "group hug" for Marge to port us over.

EILEEN

Margie told us, *"Close your eyes and hold tight! Besides me, this is my first try at porting someone."* Be Jaysus! Sean chanted a fervent appeal to the ancient gods.

My feet floated up an inch or so then back down onto a chilly floor. We looked around; sure seemed like Bob's entryway. Sean made a quick check to ensure our boobs and butts came through okay. Seemed they did.

We cuddled and kissed Margie, ensuring she knew how happy we were our bodies hadn't been scattered through twenty universes. She giggled and said, *"Aw, shucks. T'wern't nothin'. Twenty universes, eh? I wonder..."*

We trekked out to the back yard where there were about 20 people. We recognized George's parents, Andy and Patricia, and spotted several chairs next to them. Might as well sit with them; George and Margie'd already spotted each other and were bouncing around the yard together.

We wove between PVC's and the Wild Bunch's dancing nude bodies and snagged the chairs. Andy got up and gave me a firm hug and kiss; nothing "social" about it; he meant it. It was a bit strange to have a nude man not Sean against me but I decided I liked it.

Patricia gave Sean the same kind of greeting. We introduced Kate as part of our relationship and they smothered her with welcomes.

Sean dropped our stuff behind our chairs. Patrica'd put a blanket out on the ground for George; his diaper bag was there so Sean added Bridget's to the collection.

Looking around, everyone was nude. Before I thought too much about it, I'd put my suit on the back of my chair. Sean was out of his trunks in two seconds. Kate took a deep breath (which did interesting things to her chest) and took her suit off too.

Andy looked at us and admired. Jaysus! Kate and I perked up immediately and started drooling. Sean had risen to attention himself.

Patricia laughed and told us, "You'll get used to it. Everyone's gonna admire you guys a lot. After a bit it won't feel so sexual and things'll calm down. Every once in a while, though, someone'll admire you so hard you'll get in heat again. All part of the game."

Yeh. Well, I didn't mind doing a bit of admiring myself. Andy and Patricia were lookin' **good**!

Kate and I sprawled out on a three-wide chair on either side of Sean -- he'd protect us! The chairs had nice comfortable cushions and were adjustable -- since they could go down flat, they were actually more lounges or beds than just chairs. Kate and I ensured we put a towel under our butts though; we had a pretty good idea we'd be leaving some wet spots.

Patricia grinned, picked up her hips a little and showed us her towel. "You got it."

Note to self: ask Margie to port us several more towels over.

I relaxed and looked around. There were several clusters of lounges like ours scattered around the yard. The pool had quite a few regular chairs around it and had several swimmers going at it.

They'd put in a couple pieces of statuary since we'd been here Sunday. Janey Mack! Not statuary; that was Bob and his father David!

I *hinted* at Kate to look. Fuck! They looked like Michaelangelo statues with red and black hair. David was taller and a bit wider but they were both solid white marble.

Kate and I realized it at the same time. A major part of Bob's and Sean's charisma was they **listened**. They didn't fidget, think of what to say next, think of interrupting with their story, none of that. They had their full attention on understanding what the speaker was saying. Fuckin' aye that was a **big** part of being the Ceanns! Sean and Bob both had the air of complete self-confidence and competence without being arrogant.

Yo! The Wild Bunch came scampering up in lock step. They said, "Hi," gathered around and overtly ogled us. There's a thin line between "admire" and "ogle;" they were well on the ogle side but had dragged the "admire" right along with it.

Henry said, "You guys always seem to come up with some miracle. Now, who's this icon of health, beauty and sexiness?"

Sean introduced Kate as "a major upheaval of joy in our lives." Henry bowed, kissed her hand and whispered something to her in Gaelic. I caught something about Kate causing another kind of upheaval.

Yeh, this was one of those "every once in a whiles." Kate went into heat so hard it radiated off her. Janet and Bellana were not so PC as Henry; each of them straddled her and laid a hug and lip-lock on her that left no doubts at all they considered her a prize beyond rubies.

Henry looked at me and raised an eyebrow. I sighed and told him, "Well, I guess since I'm one of the Clann Cullen Ceann-Mates, I've gotta do the politicking. Now get your cute butt over here and lay a couple on me. I need a really **hot** snog from a sexy man!"

Between us, we managed to raise our internal temperatures as well as other things. Note to self: Drink lots of fluids to make up for fluid loss.

Neither Janet nor Bellana held back much. They went down the line from Kate to Sean to me, giving us each a lap and chest full of squirming firm female body. Janet whispered to me, "Remember, the cross-cultural exchanges aren't limited to the Ceanns and their mates."

The three of them spread the wealth to Andy and Patricia who didn't seem to mind at all.

Kate laughed and said, "Hell, we don't have to get in the pool to get wet." Besides the wet spots beneath Kate and me, the girls had deposited some damp momentos on our lower bellies. Ah, such are the trials the Ceann and Mates have to bear!

Probably every thirty seconds or so, the back door spat out someone new to the party. One family was quite Spanish; Patricia told us, "That's the Guerreros from Cabo San Lucas."

She told us how the JRD Owners had discovered them during Spring Break. Since then, they'd formed their own Clan Fuerte with Ramon's brother-in-law as the Jefe. "They bring an amazingly-different cultural viewpoint. Almost everything they do or say makes us examine our own culture, values and opinions. All to the good, of course.

"Bob and Kat honored them tremendously; Alejandro and Linda will be staying with the Matthews pretty much full-time pretty soon. The Wild Bunch and PVC are already working to bring them up to the U.S. educational standards. Hopefully, they won't corrupt them too much in the process."

Yeh, I knew what she meant. On the other hand, I'd put Nana up against any corrupting influence they had and bet heavily on her.

The Nolans and Bardons trooped in. They'd driven over since they didn't have a resident teleport to help out.

Maura shot us, "*The four younger ones are talking and aware. They're ready to pop any moment; I'll bet either or both the Wild Bunch or PVC will do the honors. We've got their sun glasses and sun block up so they're all as happy as Irishmen with an open bar.*"

She was right. The Wild Bunch and PVC descended on them and hauled the young-uns away. The adults set up camp by Blake, Louise and the Sonoras who were more their ages. Great, we'll get some cross-cultural exchanges going.

In the meantime, we three just reveled in being outside in the sunshine. With our sun glasses and sun blocks we could cook as long as we wished. They'd warned us to block more than we thought necessary. "You can ease it off a bit at a time if you want to try a tan."

We weren't interested in tanning; we were enjoying the freedom of being outside in the sun without the worry of burning in three minutes and having the pleasant breezes caressing **all** of our bodies. We immediately agreed we'd spend a lot of time in the OTL back yard doing exactly this.

About a half-hour after we'd gotten there, Sherry stood up and got everyone's attention. "Welcome to the first major party at our new digs. May there be many more!"

Loud cheers and applause!

"Now, a few words. First, we've got a sound shield around the house and the back yard so you can be as loud as you wish. On the other hand, if it gets too loud for others to converse easily, the Enforcers will handle it. You remember the Enforcers, dontcha?"

David and Elizabeth Reynolds stood up and glared pleasantly around. I *felt* several other female thoughts along with mine about having David "enforce" something on us!

Sherry went on, "So far as we can tell, we're safe against peepers. The JRD office building is the closest line-of-sight we have to here and the Owners are here anyway. Just to be on the conservative side, nudity is fine in the back yard but if you want to play Butterfly Games, use the basement. It's got full carpeting and a full bathroom.

"But, you clean up your own wet spots and cum spills! Yeh, the Ceanns serve you but aren't servants.

"Know where your suits or clothes are at all times; we've never had a complaint but there's a first time for everything and we may have to cover up quickly.

"No copulating or other overt sexual acts outside. If you wanna, there's four bedrooms in the house; share them and don't leave wet spots -- there's plenty of towels.

"Last but not least, there's the outside shower before you hit the pool. While we're not adverse to a bit of sweat or pussy juice, we don't need to swim in it.

"Eat up! If we run out, we'll send Bob or Sean out for more. After all, what are they here for? Let the party **really** begin!"

I'd say that put Sean and Bob firmly in their place in the Scheme of Things. Grin.

We asked Patricia, "Butterfly Games?"

She told us, "Fun sex games without intercourse. Have one of the 'kids' tell you, especially one of the Wild Bunch or Steven or Lucia. We haven't been to one yet."

Margie and George had settled down on the blanket by then. They shared a quiet kiss every once in a while but behaved themselves.

They came up to the moms to nurse, latched on, popped outside and went off somewhere. Patricia and I grinned at each other; so that's what we were, convenient nourishment sources!

Patricia and I chatted about kids, diapers -- George took care of his diapers and all the feedings during the night, just like Bridget. Clever children! Best daughter! -- weaning, strollers, clothes, all that mom-type stuff.

Granted, Maura and Teresa had gone through it all but Patricia and I were in exactly the same boat; five-month-old first children.

Now that Bridget and George had their lunches, it was time for ours. Sherry'd been right; there was plenty of food. I had a nice steak, baked potato, salad and a soft drink. Plenty for now but there was more any time we wished.

We lay back and vegetated after lunch. Margie and George settled down on the blanket and went off to sleep -- probably while creating some havoc elsewhere.

Okay, let's check out the pool. Sean and I'd learned to swim in high school while Kate had learned in the Brownies (when does a Cub Scout become a Boy Scout? When he eats his first Brownie. Hehehehe.).

The shower had two showerheads. There was an overhead one; that made sense. Another one pointed up and out a little bit around knee-high. Hah! Just right for rinsing the pussy! Kate and I used both and dove in.

Nice! It felt cold at first then just right. We didn't worry about the hair; it would dry.

Others in the pool showed us a trick of making a swimming mask with a *touch*. Now we could see underwater as well as on top.

Oh, my. Seems when in the pool, one got quite friendly! Okay, if they could check us out, turn-about is fair play. Kate and I

ensured ourselves the males and females in the pool were **really** males and females!

Enough for now. We got, rinsed off and assumed the position of extreme laziness.

Maggie and George finally decided to wake up. They popped off somewhere, probably for a diaper change then popped back a couple minutes later.

George had worn only a diaper all the time; Margie had worn a diaper and an Irish Inside tee shirt with her cuties in full bloom. She peeled off the tee shirt and yowsah!

She had boobs! Lovely peaches and cream cones with tasty-looking pink nipples all popped up. Let me tell you, they drew a crowd in a hurry with the Wild Bunch and PVC right in front.

Bellana asked The Question, "Okay, Maggie. Give us the dirt on the tits."

Margie floated up above their heads (so everyone interested -- which was everyone -- could see) and told them, *"All the same touch. After I'd nurse and burp at night, I'd practice in the mirror. I figured if we could block infrared and other wavelengths with touches, I should be able to reflect wavelengths.*

"Once I figured it out, it was a fairly simple matter of reflecting the right wave lengths. Texture, nipples, fine hair, all a matter of more-or-less 'painting' what I wanted to be seen."

George put in, *"It's like printing a picture on a color printer. It uses CMYK -- Cyan, Magenta, Yellow and blacK -- to reflect the desired wavelengths. That's not the issue so much with these simply delightful examples of female beauty; it's the artistry behind them."*

Cynthia Gold took the challenge; she floated up to Margie, sucked a breast entirely into her mouth and worried it with her tongue. Margie *leaked* the sensation out to us; we all panted and groaned a bit -- male and female.

Cynthia finally let go after pulling the nipple out an inch or so and letting it pop back. "Texture and temperature are wonderful. Bumps, puckers, wonderful smooth skin and fine hair -- but no taste."

Margie got a glassy-eyed stare for a few seconds. *"Try the other one now."*

Cynthia obliged and *sent* us the sensations. She said, "Yum! Now, when do I get a couple hours to check these out completely?"

Margie laughed and said, *"Patience, young-un. Okay, I cheated, just like everything else. I stole taste sensations from you guys. Perspiration, skin oils and pheromones -- pheromones can have a taste, too, ya know."*

The women chased off the men and gathered around Margie. They offered feedback like, "Some light blue veins just under the skin."

Margie tweaked the presentation and offered reviews until the consensus was that her tits were totally delectable. Yeh, I agreed. Kate, Sean and I decided we'd have an extensive private tasting tonight.

Okay, not everything was about sex. George, Margie, Don and Henry vanished into the den and went at it about wavelengths, *touches*, reflection and other sensations. One of them would trot out some math or physics, the others would look it over and agree, disagree or comment. It looked like Margie ported some books over from her library because there was quite a stack of them on the table.

Our clever Margie more than held her own. While Don appeared to know a lot about pigmentation and wavelengths, George and Nana more than made up for it with a deep native intuition and years of experience.

Best daughter! Best friend! Best man! Life was good.

The nieces came over en masse to harass Sean. The Wild Bunch and PVC had taken them in hand, gotten the younger ones outside and had done some basic training. Obviously the girls had learned about the Inner Touch because there were six impossibly-perky and wobbly boobs pointed right at him!

As Ceann-Mates, Kate and I should have supported him but we bailed off the lounge so they all could get to him at once! Aile and Deidre (almost nine with boobs and fur) plastered themselves over him and offered sweet kisses while rubbing their cute little boobs on him.

Yeh, they checked out Kate and me. While they weren't totally bi-sexual, they'd done their own "experimenting" along with Mona and didn't mind at all nibbling on a boob while checking the milk supply.

Groan. Such sweet young thangs but not yet ready for prime time.

Mona was more than ready. She plopped herself down on Sean with the assurance of a thirty-year old. She put a major lip-lock on him while squirming her very-hard, very-hot nipples and just-right breasts over his chest.

She dripped on him! She pushed her boobs into his (not-unwilling) mouth and flooded his stomach with pussy juice. She only relented when Margie nipped her cute butt really good with her (now three!) teeth.

Margie told her, *"Back off, sweetie. Don't make me take you downstairs and show you the **real** facts of life."*

Mona said, "Please? Pretty please?"

Margie and Sean swatted her butt (gently) and threw them all into the pool.

More food! Kate and I chowed down again even though it had been only two hours. We had to get our strength back after the Ceann had ravished us so hard and so often!

Groan. It hurts so good! Kate and I lay back and went to sleep; we felt four months pregnant with a pot belly. What the hell, if someone wanted to take advantage of a preggy lady while she was asleep, more power to 'em!

Nice being outside! We could still move around, *talk* and harass the men. With the four-months-pregnant idea fresh in my mind, I *looked* around at all the bodies.

Everyone looked good. Karen Gold, in her late 50's, looked 15 to 20 years younger. She wasn't a skinny thing, but didn't have the heavy hips, butt and thighs a lot of older women I'd seen had.

Even granting her Inner Touch, her boobs were up and firm. Her skin, while "old" with some wrinkles here and there, was almost completely flawless and attractive. Hell, I'd do her any day based on physical structure alone.

The men were similar. Older men tend to have a paunch or bigger belly; none of these guys had anything like that. Granted, they didn't have the same waist and hip proportions as the thirty-year-olds but Dave Reynolds or Pappa Sonora at 40 I'd invite into my bed any night!

John and Patrick were trim and looked delicious. Yum. Food for thought and daydreams.

Ana told me, "We've got an on-the-fly STD check worked out; it's based on DNA tracing. How about several of you pop by my place Monday for some training on DNA tracing? We'll be going over the STD check Monday at the Clann meeting."

SEAN

We made sure to introduce Kate around; everyone gave her a firm hug and kiss. She was lookin' good, like **all** the ladies. Even allowing what the ladies were doing with their chests, they were delightful.

Comparing them to mundane women of the same age, I decided they were all in excellent physical condition. Various body types from slender to stocky, sure, but none were over or under-weight.

Over the past couple weeks, Eileen had lost the last bit of what she'd gained with Bridget. Now she was tight, wonderfully curvy and... Down, treacherous organ!

Kate was firm and slim to start with; no cellulite on her, for sure!

The biggest non-physical difference was these women (all ages) were alert, aware, confident and happy. I'd seen a lot of "teeny-boppers" around at the malls and such wearing sullen faces and glaring at any man (young or old) who dared glance at them. Yet, they obviously had contests among themselves about how low they could get their pants on their hips without falling down and how much boob they could show off.

Bridget and George loved the pool! That is, when they weren't off somewhere arguing about the technical aspects of the whichness of the whens with some of the Clann Reynolds.

They shed their diapers, wrapped arms and legs around each other then dropped themselves into the water from about five feet up while giving out baby-shrieks of fun! Looks like they dog-paddled around on top and underneath the water.

After ten minutes or so, they'd pop out, dry themselves off and sack out on the blanket. Every couple hours, they'd make a bee line for the nearest boob with milk; didn't matter whose. Patricia and Eileen didn't mind; they'd cuddle and nurse either.

They practiced standing, too. While they couldn't quite get to the standing position from lying down, they just *touched* their bodies upright. They held on to each other while their legs wobbled around. After ten seconds or so, a leg would give out and they'd both fall over.

It gave them a good excuse to console each other with kisses, hugs and caresses. Marge's boobs got a **good** going over each time, too; quite diplomatically, of course! Then after a while they'd try standing again. We had plenty of happy-baby sounds from them both.

In the late afternoon, Bob asked me, "Sunday, Maura said you had a collectables store. Could you take a look at some we've found?"

No problem. Marge, Eileen and Kate came along so they could get some real-world experience. We gathered around the dining-room table with Bob and Kat who had a large box.

Kat told us, “These were in my biological parents’ safe deposit box.”

There were around thirty individually-sealed comics. I organized them quickly by series or title then looked them over. A lot of them I knew right off; for those I didn’t, I put a probe into the staff at Collectable Arts for quick research.

I wiped my face and chest thoroughly with my towel and told them, “Pardon me while I drool. First, these have all been carefully archived. These fifteen originally came with individual shrink-wrap; it looks as if they’re still in the original wraps.”

I pointed out a few spots in the shrink wrap. “Probably with a couple small needles, they displaced the air with humidified argon. That means there’s no bacteria, mold or other nasty stuff to cause deterioration. Then the holes were re-sealed.

“Everything is in sealed, archival-quality plastic envelopes, again filled with argon. Someone **really** wanted these to last.”

I tapped the first one in the row. “This is a first release; first by this publisher and first in this series. Original shrink wrap, original seal on the edge. I’d say it’s in uncirculated condition which basically means it was probably never stood on edge in a display rack and never exposed to sunlight. There were 1,300 published twenty years ago; there are now only 32 known to be extant in any condition. It sold for a nickel, now it’s probably around 12, depending on how it gets sold.”

Kat said, “Five cents to 12 bucks isn’t too bad.”

I grinned at her and said, “My communication error. That’s 12 **thousand** dollars.”

Several sets of eyes got bigger in a hurry.

I went down the line quickly. First editions, signed copies (by an artist), typographical errors on the covers or a page, that sort of stuff. Almost every one uncirculated with approximate values in the tens of thousands of dollars.

“Let’s look at these last twelve.” I made a show of pretending to wiping off the table in front of me and a little on the floor below. “Pardon me for coming all over.

“These are a series as you can see. They were published bi-monthly. Originally shrink-wrapped but you can see the wrap is open at the top. That’s so the lead artist for that edition could sign the cover.

“You’ll see this one has a strange fold of paper on the top. During the press run, those pages didn’t get cut. They’d distributed ten copies before they found it; this is the only one I know in existence.

“Vanity press, too. Only 300 were printed on each run. This series was the first publication by the company. Several of the artists had their first work in these. A month after the last one was published, there was a fire in the publishing house and the original plates were destroyed along with everything else. The company went out of business -- the same people later started another very successful comic business.

“These two are the only copies known **plus** they’re signed. Uncirculated condition. As a set, the current market value would be over a million dollars. As historical artifacts, so to speak, they’re priceless.

“So, among all of these, you’ve got at least two million bucks. If you auctioned them, you might get well over double that. Got any more?”

That was worth a lot of cum on the floor, so to speak.

Kat finally said, “That’s all the comics. There’s what look like trading cards, though.”

There’s a much wider market for them. Again, each one was archivally packed with argon. I pointed out a couple worth over $50k each. There were several I couldn’t identify at all, nor could the Collectable Arts staff.

“Okay, then. You’ve got more winners. Some we can’t identify right off which probably means they’re extremely rare or possibly unknown until now. There’s sets of all sorts, some signatures, all that neat stuff. This stack of fifty probably is worth around three million -- excluding the unknowns; I wouldn’t doubt they could go for a couple hundred thousand apiece or more. You got any more cards?”

Nope, that was all of the cards. Bob said, “There was a shitpot full of jewelry. We took pictures of quite a bit.”

I looked at several hundred pictures on his computer screen. As we went along, I pointed out features. “Based on the setting style, the wedding set is several hundred years old at least; probably Russian or Czech. The dress, I can’t say; probably a couple hundred years old.

“A lot of the loose stuff is probably straight investment-grade; you might find some collectables in there, too -- for example, this one set of earrings looks really cheap but based on other things I’ve seen, it’s probably a collectable from the 1920’s or so.

“Lots of the settings are styled from fifty years old and earlier; that says to me they got them probably thirty years ago at least. Tell me a little about your parents, Kat.”

She filled me in a little on their ages and what they'd been doing most of their lives -- with the disclaimer her data was second-hand from Evin.

I told her, "Well, you might start a family-tree or genealogy research. Some of this might be inheritance from their parents or grandparents. It's very possible some of the value of these pieces is in their history. If you can trace the family history, you might be able to trace some of the jewelry history. In general, the more 'colorful' the history, the more value a piece has."

Bob and Kat *talked* a few seconds then Kat told us, "Probably an excellent job for Riona and Alyssa. They're pure Donovan so it directly affects them. Also, a lot of the grunt work they could shop out to others in their Brain Trust for extra income.

"There was a lot of other papers in the boxes too, like old and current deeds. Who knows, there might be pointers to other storage areas! The stuff in the bank is pretty compact; there might be bulkier items somewhere else.

"This dining room table was in their house. Evan put it into storage then we brought it here. Ronnad had a small jewelry box in the house when they died; it had some very nice things but nothing really very valuable that I could tell. So, Sean, what would you recommend we do with this stuff?"

I considered a moment then said, "Well, my understanding is you're not hurting for assets or cash right now, Kat. While collectables tend to cycle with the economy to some extent, the wider-market stuff like the jewelry has a world-wide market.

"Collectors can be an odd lot. Probably the vast majority of them are in it because they really enjoy the history behind things. They enjoy discussing 'stuff' with other collectors and showing what they have -- not to say, 'Ha, ha! I've got it and you don't,' but to show others of like mind interesting items with interesting histories.

"There are collectors of almost anything. Comics and cards, for example, are very wide-spread collectables. They really 'dig it,' so to say, and quite a few are wealthy enough to think nothing of picking up something for 50K.

"From what you said of your parents, they weren't collectors per se. They collected companies instead -- probably that's where JRD came from. All this stuff here and the pictures, excluding the wedding stuff which is probably family heirlooms, they probably acquired for its investment value. Otherwise, they'd probably had it either on display or very available to show and discuss with other collectors.

“Unless you folk are into the comics and cards, I’d say get it appraised and get a history so you know what you’re dealing with. I’ve tapped into my staff at Collectable Arts for most of what I’ve told you. They’re generalists but they dig it, too. You might even put on a private showing of some of the stuff just to share the wealth with the collectors. Nothing says you have to sell it.

“With my top-of-the head valuation of several million, I’d say it would be worth probably at least 50 to a hundred K to get an accurate appraisal and history. With the formal history, they’re more valuable.

“The jewelry is the same. The loose things are probably pure investments, though there could be some surprises there, too. I’d commission a study of your wedding set if for no other reason than to get its history documented to the fullest extent possible.

“Don’t leave it at that, either. This table here, for example, is probably several hundred years old. You’ve got a lot of other stuff in here that’s old. While ‘old’ doesn’t necessarily mean ‘valuable’ in the dollar sense, just knowing it’s history might make it personally valuable. Maybe one of those chests upstairs came across the Oregon Trail.

“Maura has a ring Mum bequeathed to her as the eldest daughter; it’s probably at least a thousand years old! It’s pretty but not beautiful by today’s standards. To all the Cullen eyes, though, it’s a wonderful piece of our Clann history and to us is priceless. A lot of the things you have here could be the same way -- or could be of extreme historical significance for some other reason. Get it all looked at by one or more antique historians.

“In many respects, it’s the same as what you’re currently doing with all the JRD companies. You’re running through each one and gathering statistics. That goes into a history for the company then you can make a decision what it’s worth to **you**.

“By the time you’re through, you might find a couple companies which aren’t really profitable enough to make them worth your attention. Depending on the company and what it handles, though, you might find someone who’s really in to the product and doesn’t really care if it’s extremely profitable.

“A lot of the mom and pop stores I’ve seen developed from my seminars are much like that. The owners aren’t so much interested in becoming wealthy as they are in working in an area they really enjoy. For example, while Collectable Arts is making a decent living for Francis, Francine and Simon, they’re doing it more because they love the field.

"Part of my management philosophy in 'The Book' is one can make a nice living or even become wealthy doing what you enjoy or you can learn to enjoy what you're making your living at.

"If you can sell a company in good working condition to someone who really loves the 'industry,' you've got a winner. I'd say 95% of the companies I've developed and sold have been to people who love the area -- Collectable Arts is a prime example. The jewelry store I use for 99% of my purchases is run by a couple who love the history and aesthetics.

"So, if you like, I'll introduce you to the Collectable Arts people for the comics and to Jewelry Arts. While none of the staff of either place are certified appraisers, they know good qualified people who can do the work. Collectable Arts probably can give us recommendations for the furniture appraisals as well a lot of the other stuff you found."

Kat told me, "Great! Let's do exactly that. I'll start Riona and Alyssa on the genealogy stuff right away. The rest of it -- hmm. I'll sound out Dermot on that. He might be very interested in finding an area to be productive in on his own besides bringing pleasure to ladies." Grin.

Sounds as if I needed to make a talk with Mr. Dermot. We've got some similar interests.

EILEEN

Sean and Kat had some wonderful ideas. I decided to find someone interested in genealogy and turn them loose on Nana's and my side of the Clann Cullen -- working with Teresa, of course.

With Nana's jewelry and clothes, maybe Dermot (or whomever) would be interested in tracking that down, too. After all, the emerald set was a couple hundred years old.

Sean wrapped our little meeting up with Kat's action items being finding out if Riona and Alyssa were interested in the genealogy and if Dermot was interested in being an agent to do the interface work with the collectables. Hell, if we found some collectables, we'd probably work with him, too.

Nana, Kate and I had plenty to do with Cullen Enterprises for a while, so we had something we were quite interested in (yeh, I know; a preposition is something you shouldn't end a sentence with).

Hmm. If we decided Kate was going to live with us long-term, Rosheen would need a roommate to help cover expenses -- or might be interested in working on the genealogy for extra income! Kate said she was the one who'd talked with her a lot

about the customs, so she might know a lot about the Clann Cullen. If she knew that, she was already halfway there on being a researcher.

All righty then! Back to the fun stuff around the pool. We broke up and circulated around, talking and chatting with everyone. We stuffed our faces some more, went back in the pool for a while and had a grand time.

Kate and I got back on our lounge and cooked some more in the sunshine. With it laid flat, we could lay on our stomachs. At Patricia's suggestion, we use little touches on our chests so our boobs wouldn't squish; mine were quite a bit more sensitive to that than Kate's.

With Sean out and about, we could spread our legs and sprawl out; very un-lady-like but no one else was concerned about how they were laying either. Sure got some nice cooking on our fannies!

Margie and George put their bodies on the blanket for a nap then took off somewhere. Kate and I dozed ourselves a few minutes.

The Wild Bunch came striding by. Bellana looked at Margie and George then said quietly, "Looks like they're comfortable. They're probably off tormenting cats and dogs somewhere."

Kate glanced at their bodies and said lazily, "They're in Brazil studying some pyramids in the middle of the rain forest. They're 'arguing' about the stellar alignment, age, all that stuff and having a great time."

Henry said, "Um, Kate. I'm not challenging you but I didn't see you trace their VPNs. How did you know where they were?"

Kate propped herself up on her elbows to talk. "I just glanced at the connection node. It's not a vector with direction and magnitude, it's got the exact coordinates of the other end plus other data.

"Hmm. Granted I'm a three-day newbie, but Sean and Eileen taught me to avoid leakage by attention and intention. Communication doesn't travel the intervening distance at all; it's point to point. A stupid question: why do we have a physical-universe VPN between two points for power or communication? Can't they be done the same way we 'normally' talk?"

Henry shook his head and sighed. "I need to come by you folk a lot more often. From the mouths of babes -- and in your case, Kate, what a babe! I guess the answer for right now is, 'We've always done it that way.' Yeh, now that I look at it, the connection node has all the data we need. Looks like it's time for another look-see at that. Let's get our team together and see what we can come up with."

Janet and Bellana promptly dropped to their knees and burbled Margie's and George's bellies -- very loud and long. They "returned" fairly lively and wrapped themselves around the appropriate heads.

Margie told Janet, *"Now I've gotcha! You're not getting away this time!"*

George said, *"Bellana, I'm more than willing to return that -- either higher or lower or both!"*

We laughed. Henry told Margie, "Come on, old lady. Your Ms. Kate just pointed out what could be a fundamental design flaw in our VPNs and we need to look at it. George, you're the man too. I'll get Don and Mario; we'll meet in the den."

They promptly took off for the house. I looked at Janet and Bellana and told them, "Guys and their toys. Even if Margie's a girl, she likes the same toys. So, it looks as if you're stuck with us for a while."

They sat down cross-legged on the blanket in front of us. We had a very nice talk about their school, their Brain Trust and Inner Circle and some of the things Bob, Sherry, George and Natalie had done. While school for Bridget was years away, it was very interesting to know there was at least one school system which was extremely good.

Sean drifted up behind us and admired our fannies. I'll admit, with our legs spread wide, they were pretty accessible -- and got even wetter. Janet and Bellana didn't blink or glance away from us; they *linked* a little with us so we could watch him through their eyes.

About the time his tongue hit his lips, we arched our backs and pushed our butts up so he could get an even better look. His eyes got bigger then when we winked everything at him, he collapsed on the ground with a hand over his heart.

Janet and Bellana swayed sideways to look underneath our lounge. They started up.

"He's still alive."

"I see breathing."

"Maybe just a light stroke."

"Blood pressure looks fine, though."

"That major woody will attest to it."

"Get our names on your list... "

"For cross-cultural exchange."

"We work together..."

“Or singly.”

“Just like you guys.”

They were grinning up a storm. Kate and I didn’t hesitate.
“Better watch out, girls.”

“He’s from a **long** genetic line...”

“Of Ceanns who did a lot of screwing.”

“**All** night and **all** day.”

“Just in the last couple days...”

“We’ve got him up to eight times.”

“That’s just during the night.”

“That’s actual ejaculations...”

“And he gives at least...”

“Ten to one...”

“Major league home runs...”

“Not just little bunts in a pickup game.”

“Then he always tosses in several grand slams, too...”

“Where you’re forced out of the bodies.”

“Mind you, both of us are pretty out of condition right now...”

“So we don’t know what he’s actually capable of.”

“He’s been Ceann **many** times over the centuries.”

“He **really** likes the young stuff!”

“And always performs above expectation.”

Their eyes were pretty big by now. Hehehehe. We talked a bit louder.

“If he keeps looking...”

“At our fannies,”

“We’re gonna jump his bones!”

“Right here and now!”

“Since that’s against the rules of this pool party,”

“Margie will chastise him severely...”

“With those three...”

“**Very** sharp teeth!”

At least a dozen people had been watching and listening to the whole thing. They applauded us quietly while Sean had the good sense to slink quietly away.

We four girls had some major wet spots beneath us. Fortunately, the ones Janet and Bellana left on the blanket would dry quickly.

Speaking of Margie, I *looked* at the den; she, George, Don, Henry, Mario, Patrick Derman and Valerie Hess were going at it with a vengeance. They were using the whiteboard, had a stack of books and magazines they were going through and were capturing their drawings on the whiteboard as they went.

They were using the whiteboard markers with *touches*; I could recognize a few symbols now and then but for the most part it was Greek to me -- and I sure didn't read Greek! Looks like we've got our own Skunk Works.

Well, it kept Margie and George out of mischief. Kate and I rinsed our crotches off and went back into the pool for a while.

Someone had put up a volleyball net near the back so we all had at least one round of hitting the ball back and forth. Rules? No *touches* on the ball and no *touching* the body up in the air. *Linking* is okay on the same team only.

On the other hand, we could tweak our body shields pretty much any way needed. Megan Foster made a long dive and slid her boobs along the grass for several feet -- she'd hit the ball back into play, though. There were some remarks tossed her way about taking unfair advantage of her built-in "emergency brakes."

There are some "disadvantages" of being bisexual; Kate and I looked at everyone! We all sweated -- this was physical movement -- but not all the moisture on my legs was from that.

SEAN

They caught me ogling all right. Well, who wouldn't ogle two such gorgeous fannies? The give and take that followed was fun; they stretched the truth a little though; I liked **all** ages!

A lot of the previous Ceann memories had been settling in yesterday and today. Fortunately, I'd been a fairly good guy along the line so didn't have too much to be ashamed of.

The memories and background were always there, just as the understanding of The Book was always readily available. As the memories came flooding back, I was able to put them into perspective as data, knowledge and understanding. (Data are facts; knowledge is integrated and aligned data while understanding is that knowledge in action. It's **applied** knowledge.)

So, lots of the "old" actions and customs didn't directly apply to the modern culture or were simply outdated based on current knowledge. On the other hand, I always knew immediately how

and why they had applied and possibly how to adapt some of them. The "fertility rite" with Mary had been like that -- besides being so much fun.

Anyway, for whatever reason, Janet and Bellana seemed to keep a pretty close eye on me the rest of the day. Just because I leered and drooled at them several times shouldn't have had anything to do with it -- did it? I did manage to sneak in a couple tidy-butt caresses though. They'd squeal and pretend to run away frantically. Fun.

Marge and George seemed to be getting along together pretty well. Grin. It didn't hurt they appeared to have around the same level of intelligence (how do we measure IQ with a free spirit? Can we?), response time and sense of humor. Betcha we'll be seeing a lot of George while Andy and Patricia will be seeing a lot of Marge. While she's still my best girl, she's got an infinite amount of love to share.

I mainly circulated around talking with the Reynolds gang, as did the rest of the Clann Cullen. Each was intelligent, witty and lots of fun. We exchanged a lot of what-do-you-do's, how-are-you-related's and that kind of stuff. I found we could do a very brief *blend* just to get a "taste" of each other. Not a compatibility test, just a nice bypass of several hours of "normal" chit-chat. It was a gestalt of understanding each other.

Interesting. The Clann Cullen custom of the Ceann laying with the women came about so he'd have an emotional attachment to them so he'd do the best he could to ensure their (and their mates') survival. Now, being able to *join* and do the quick *blend* to get the gestalt, we immediately had a relationship.

Not a sexual relationship but a group/family relationship. These were now my friends, my colleagues and my group to whom I'd give any support they needed at a moment's notice.

Does that mean the "lay with" custom for **that** reason was obsolete? Hmm. Something to discuss with the Bob and the rest of the crew.

I noticed Bob and Kat spent extra time with all "my" Clann people too, including my nieces and nephews. They were probably doing exactly what I was.

I took a good look at the sound shield they'd put in place using the live bushes as a basis. One of those "simple" things after the fact! We had plenty of living things around OTL so keeping a "body" and sound shield up as needed would be pretty simple as well as being a lot easier.

Filter out pollutants? Pollen? Could be; another thing to go over. Did we actually **want** to live in a sterile environment?

What the hell, it was party time right then. We enjoyed the hell out of the sunshine, the pool and stuffing our faces. Plenty of grab-ass (and other body parts), fun games and conversations.

The ladies dragged me off around 7:00. Eileen said, "We're so fuckin' horny! You'd better be rested up!"

They were horny? My nuts had been aching for hours already. Being constantly surrounded by delightfully-sexy unsuppressed females for seven hours had caused quite a commotion with the Ceann's Shillelagh!

Marge ported us back home (gotta learn that stuff!) and we got a final shower. We almost didn't make it out of the shower; having fun all day can be physically tiring.

We collapsed on my bed and snuggled up. We decided it was nap time before fun time so we let the bodies sleep while we *talked* outside.

Kate told us, *"I'm still not used to the nudity. We're gonna have to do that several more times at least!" Laugh.*

We agreed it was the way to go at OTL.

Eileen said, *"They're really nice people, every one. I feel we're all part of them now and them us."*

I told them about the gestalts I'd done and how they'd helped me consider the Clann Reynolds folk to be part of me now. Marge said, *"Absolutely nothing wrong with that! We're expanding into a wider range of groups now. We've got our four-person group here, the Core group which might now include the nieces and nephews, the group of the four Clanns even though we've met only two, then the wider group of 'ones of us' or potentials we've not met yet. Lots of overlap, but we're still part of them so they're part of us."*

Good observation and looked to be true. Kate pointed out the Clann Reynolds customs already supported other clanns, school faculties and groups like that. *"We'll probably do the same with Clann Cullen; the young-uns have schools in Altadena -- maybe they'll start Brain Trusts and Inner Circles like in Burbank."*

I said, *"Bet Mona's already thinking along those lines. We can give her a delightful first time but she'll have to make do on her own after that. Betcha she's gonna do some serious looking for someone to keep her satisfied."*

Kate said, *"Hell, I was addicted after our first night; she probably will be too. There's a lot of difference between fingers and toys and having a real person there."*

We briefly discussed how we were going to handle her Tuesday night. Eileen said she'd talk with Maura about any special things

Mona liked such as fairy tales. Then we'd look at setting up the atmosphere for a "fantasy" like Sean had done for Mary. We tentatively decided for a one-on-one then the rest of the mates would join us if she were interested -- or drag her off on her own to drive her crazy!

Eileen told us, *"I think I'll probably abstain from laying with many men for another couple months. Maybe after I'm safely pregnant again it'll be okay. On the other hand, John and Patrick were lookin' really good today! Kate, you may do whatever you wish, of course."*

She said, *"Hmm. I've gotta think on this. Yeh, at least as a provisional Ceann-Mate, I have the 'right' for honoring I guess. I still feel a bit, em, inexperienced though. Once we solidify my status as in, out, occasional or whatever, if I'm in, I'm more than willing to help share the responsibilities -- I* ***like*** *loving and sex!"*

Eileen told us about Ana's request we come by for training on DNA tracing so we could do the STD testing. We agreed it was an excellent idea and put it on the must-do list for tomorrow.

I told Marge, *"I noticed you and George didn't seem to be fighting too much."* We kidded her about it a little.

She laughed and told us, *"We get along like gangbusters. Our Quality and Quantity are out the roof and we don't appear to have any major incompatibilities. The Viability for short term is out the bottom, though. We're both physically dependant on our parents.*

"I noticed the Wild Bunch, PVC, and the other 'minors' are in the same situation to a great degree. Though several of them could possibly emancipate themselves, they see no reason to do so. They've got income, savings and are getting real life experience.

"George and I aren't even up to that level yet. We have a tremendous amount of love and want to spend a lot of time together, but our major allegiances are to our current families. I'm afraid I'll be sticking around here for quite a while."

We agreed. I told her, *"You know our work and family schedule. We don't own you at all, Princess. So far as I'm concerned, spend as much time with him as you wish. We'll miss you each moment you're gone but he's welcome to spend time with us here, too."*

She gave us all hard spirit-hugs and several *kisses*. *"Thank you. You are my spiritual rocks, my foundations for life and loving."*

We explored a little then decided our bodies had enough napping. The ladies tossed around words like "mink-fucking" and "monkey-sex," so I figured they had something in mind.

Kate said, *"I vote we try for ten times tonight!"* I didn't bother to vote.

We popped back into our bodies and stirred them awake. First on the agenda was a thorough check out of Marge's "new" cuties. Utterly delicious. As I was putting some suction on a sweet tender nipple, I tasted something very familiar.

Marge told us, *"The left side has Irish whisky and the right has Bailey's Irish Cream. Why not? There's plenty of room inside for several good shots, it's easy to replenish and I can put in anything we want; maybe some Killian's Red beer?"*

We agreed it was a splendid addition to her arsenal and thoroughly checked them out. She'd found a way to feed back the sensations to us so it felt as if our own bodies were getting the same attention! While I don't have boobs, my nipples were somewhat sensitive and it felt just as if I were doing myself!

Of course Eileen and Kate were delirious about it. With their sensitive bosoms, they kept themselves coming for a good half hour -- and since we were *sharing* sensations, I got all the good stuff too.

My ladies' bodies were so sweet and wonderful! We suspended ourselves in a cushy cloud -- if you touch from the inside, there was no pressure on the skin, almost as if we were floating in water -- and loved up a storm.

Oh, yeh. They pulled eleven out of me. Not a lot the last two times but they proclaimed it sufficient. The ratio was more five to one than ten to one on home runs but we managed. I got my second wind along towards the end and drove in three grand slams in a row before they refused to wake up for more. Wusses!

Chapter 16

SEAN
(Sunday 5/14)

Moving day! We staggered out of bed and dragged into the bathroom to do our pee calls and showers.

We had a huge breakfast; the last one here for now. Kate only got me twice with her fork while she was stealing stuff off my plate; a good improvement overall.

After breakfast, Marge showed us her panties; no diaper. She told us, *"George and I checked things out yesterday. I get plenty of warning and can literally 'put a plug in it,' so I'm gonna go this route. Now I can use that thirty pairs of cute panties Maura and Teresa gave us."*

We crowded around her for a few minutes and ensured she got rewarded with lots of hugs, caresses and kisses. The panties she

was wearing looked really cute and fit nicely over the cutest, most caressable baby butt in the world. Best daughter! Best girl!

To change the subject, I told them, "I'll get the office broken down. How about we dump everything from the office on the back porch and in the back yard and work from there? I wouldn't doubt everything needs dusting and I don't wanna take the chance of invoking Marge's three-tooth wrath by putting dusty stuff in her clean den."

Marge grinned, *"You're getting smarter, Sean. We'll handle the clothes and other stuff in the meantime."*

I unplugged, unhooked, coiled cables, wrapped keyboards and dumped the cables in a box. That took maybe fifteen minutes and the ladies kept themselves busy with the clothes.

They were still going at it after I was done. There appeared to be some discussion of how the clothes would be sorted in the closet, the layering of shoes and how all the baby clothes would be stored.

I guessed there was at least one hundred different sets of baby clothes. That was full matched outfits and didn't count all the shirts, socks, shoes, rattles, panties and other baby paraphernalia.

Anyway, once they decided, the stuff disappeared in a hurry. Lots better than dragging it downstairs, dumping it in a car or truck, driving over then lugging it in on the other end!

Marge asked if I was ready to send the office stuff. After I told her, "Yes," it vanished very quietly over fifteen seconds. Yowsah!

We took a last look around both suites. After rescuing a last few items like hairbrushes, we left and went down to the front desk.

I told the Eavan, the weekend day manager, "We should be out of there now. Go ahead and turn the crews loose. If they find any extra stuff, dump it somewhere and let me know."

She told us, "We're gonna miss you guys here; you've kept this place pretty lively. On the other hand, Sean, we won't miss your hat at all."

Eavan was Clann with a touch of Talent so I gave her a good going-over in the office behind the desk. Kate whispered, *"She's on the list! Go ahead and warm her up good."*

We drove the Beemer and Volvo over while we enjoyed the weather on the way. Marge could have ported them but there was no particular reason to do so.

While the ladies did the important work of sorting and arranging clothes, I went to work on the office stuff. I popped open every

computer case and blew out the dust bunnies; I found I could create a nice air blast or vacuum with an arrangement of *touches*, so it worked out fine. Any tight dust such as on the fan blades, I could work off easily with another *touch*.

I reset all the boards and connectors and scrunched down any chips; they tend to work loose at times.

I dusted off all the cables, monitors, keyboards, printers and everything else. Yeh, five years was a long time between cleanings for some of it.

I did the same with the bookshelves, books and filing cabinets. Once that was all done, I was ready to put everything in place.

Since the den had a couple windows to the back yard, I could *touch* a lot of stuff in. Elizabeth had gotten several desks delivered so I grouped them around and started installing the systems.

Starting with the Linux Internet firewall interface system, I connected the DSL and ensured it worked. The phone company had come through and it was live. That was a real goodness!

I worked out from there, laying out the server and the workstations then cabling them up with generous doses of contact cleaner, lubricant and anti-oxidizer. Once the printers were hooked up, most of the work was done. I strapped up the cabling so it wouldn't be such a rat's nest (and to avoid the Wrath of Marge) and laid out the power strips for each desk.

We had four workstations including the one to handle the server and Linux box. I ensured we had cabling and space to set up at least three more in the den. With the Wireless Access Point, we could run several laptops in other areas of the house so we had a decent amount of room for expansion as we needed it. I set up Nana's "old" laptop so she could continue her research where she'd left off if she wished.

Smoke test! No smoke. I hadn't really expected any problems but computers tend to be like that; somehow I think they dislike moving as much as we humans.

I had everything up and operational within an hour. Not too shabby!

The (dusted) books went on the new bookshelves; Marge ported in the (dusted) file cabinets and I arranged them. Good enough for now; they'd probably move things around later to fit some unknown plan but I didn't worry about it. We were operational!

EILEEN

Eleven times! Jaysus, I was glad Kate was there to take half the load; I probably wouldn't have survived otherwise. Yeh, my body was getting into the best condition it had ever been but still -- Sean had always been in excellent condition and with his genetic line of war leaders, he had tremendous strength and endurance.

He told us, *"Sorry, ladies. I know I'm not really up to speed yet. I'm gonna have to get back in condition; I've slacked off the last five years."*

Holy shit! Twenty-five or so major head-thrashing, muscle-locking orgasms plus a couple out-of-the-body excursions was about all I could take -- plus *sharing* all of Kate's. I was sore all over!

Of course, Kate and I had some responsibility for it all, too. We'd kept asking for more, after all! Maybe Margie'd been right; perhaps we do need some more harem women! Grin.

Fortunately, breakfast helped a bit. With the champion teleporter in our midst, we didn't have to do much physical work, otherwise we'd have taken all day.

Sean handled the office stuff while we girls handled the clothes and other things. I didn't have a lot of clothes at the Arms so most of it was actually Bridget's stuff. Kate had only a few things since most of her stuff was still at her apartment.

Sean had an adequate amount; suits, shirts, ties, shoes, etc. He had several leprechaun outfits and a half-dozen bowler hats. Margie just ported it all over; we dumped most of it on the bed to sort out there.

After we got to OTL, things worked out fine. Sean did his techie stuff with the office while we sorted and stored the other stuff. Even with what we had and all Nana's and my stuff which was already there, there was still plenty of room. We put most of Sean's stuff in the honoring room and any of Kate's in her room so it all worked out fine.

We went through the place and made a shopping list. Of course the kitchen was pretty much bare so that was a major list in itself.

We had a few pieces of furniture to get yet including some chairs or lounges for the back yard. We'd decided yesterday we liked the three-wide lounges at Kat's place; we could do quite a bit of hankying and pankying on 'em!

The Jacuzzi was full but not warm yet. The pool guy had left a note saying it was treated and safe but would probably take at least another day to warm up. The floating thermometer said it

was 75 degrees. While most Jacuzzis are set around 104, we decided to keep it lower so we could use it to keep cool, too; we decided on 80 for the first trial.

As we were listening to the heater roaring away, Kate said, "I've got a dumb question."

Margie immediate told her, *"Ask away. The last 'dumb question' you had resulted in a major breakthrough -- we'll go over that later."*

Kate asked, "As I recall from high school, isn't temperature just the molecular motion in a material? The faster the motion, the higher the temperature?"

Margie told her, *"Yep."*

Kate said, "When you teleport, you add or remove energy to account for the angular momentum. Can we add or subtract energy directly to the water to raise or lower the speed and thus directly control the temperature? Seems we could control it a lot faster and save on the gas bill."

Margie laughed. *"Good one. I don't see why not. Let's give it a shot."*

At her suggestion, we got a pail from the garden shed and filled it with water. Margie pushed in a bit of energy and yes, the temperature came right up! She told us, *"Actually it takes less than I expected; it's pretty efficient."*

She practiced adding and bleeding off energy for a couple minutes then told us, *"Piece of cake. Let's try the Jacuzzi now; the amount should probably be in a ratio of the water volumes."*

Oh, yeh. It worked fine. She had the temperature up to 80 in a couple seconds. *"Do it fairly slowly and over a large volume. Otherwise it'll tend to boil or flash to steam. You can remove energy to cool it down the same way; spread it out or you'll have ice cubes floating around."*

We rung Sean into the deal and we all practiced. He pointed out we could do the same with the house hot water heater if we wished and perhaps the air conditioning, too. What the hell, if we could save several hundred bucks a month on utilities, that'd buy lots of dinners!

Speaking of food, we ran out in the Volvo for lunch. We were still hungry from last night so we packed it in pretty good.

We (girls) decided we'd head to the Great Indoors in Burbank to check out the lounges then we'd go grocery shopping. Margie told us, *"I've got a 4:00 meeting to finish up the teleportation training check sheet so that's the only constraint I have."*

The Great Indoors had exactly what we wanted. We picked up two of the three-wides, several other lawn chairs and tables along with some other goodies. Sean pushed the cart around back where we had the Volvo parked.

Margie looked around; no one watching and no security cameras. She ported the entire load to the OTL back yard. Sure did save a lot of time and effort!

Margie ported Sean back home so he could work on his email and newsletters while the rest of us went grocery shopping.

SEAN

Did a lot of catch up and research. Everything was working okay; the DSL was a touch slower than the connection at the hotel but was well within the livable range. It's not as if we were doing a lot of large-file transfers, after all.

Stats were doing well. Jim at Ladies' Leather said they'd probably have the last establishment points set up by Thursday or Friday and were talking with a lawyer about purchase proposals. Lookin' good!

Eileen and Kate came rolling in around 5:00 with a car-load of groceries. By running the car into the garage, we could close the door and just *touch* everything into the kitchen. When we learned to teleport, it would be even simpler.

Marge'd gone to meet the teleportation team so she'd be back later.

We did an all-hands to put the groceries away. Working as a team inside a shield was really efficient; also, we all ended up knowing where everything was stored. They'd probably change it around some, but it was all workable for right then.

We started the oh-by-the-way list for the next grocery run; stuff like cayenne pepper, cinnamon and other spices. Eileen and Kate wanted several different sets of china and utensils for every day, back yard and various levels of formality. Fine by me; they'd have one hell of a good time shopping! I pointed out any "entertainment" items should go on the company card as a probable company expense.

Mother's Day! Well, we had several mothers floating around. I sponsored a blow-out dinner at the Outback (steak house) for us, the Nolans and the Bardons. We stuffed ourselves, talked a lot and praised the mothers for how well they'd raised their kids.

When we got back to OTL, I went to the back yard and put the lounges together while the ladies distributed the other goodies throughout the house and around the back yard. To start, we

grouped most of the chairs and tables near the Jacuzzi; the lounges we put almost next to it.

There was still plenty of room in the den, so we scooted a couple sofas and chairs around a table so we'd have a place just to sit, snack and talk -- similar to the sitting rooms at the hotel. Things were shaping up really well, in my opinion at least. Eileen and Kate were talking this, that and the other thing about arrangements and so on. I decided to take a leaf from Mario and Bob's book and let the womenfolk decide all that.

Marge popped home around 6:00 and settled down on Eileen's breast for her dinner. She told us, *"Good meeting. Fortunately, all the teleportation and the VPN stuff have lots of common basics, so we got a lot done. Let's start with the VPN area since that's simpler. But first, I think a soak in the Jacuzzi is in order; we've been working hard all day!"*

EILEEN

Kate grabbed towels (only-Jacuzzi towels went on the list) and we trooped out back. Sean demonstrated the various controls like simple recirculation, air bubbles, water jets and the like. The floating thermometer showed 78 degrees so we decided to start with that.

Sean set the water to simple recirc. We stripped down and climbed in. Ah, nice. We could smell the chlorine a bit but got used to it quickly. Bridget finished up both sides; Kate cuddled and burped her. Nice mom!

The seats were wide enough so if we sat upright, the water came up to just below Kate's boobs. Slouch a little and our boobs floated! Margie just used a *touch* to keep herself up; she could "float" her cuties, too.

With the three adult bodies, there was still plenty of room. We figured we could fit four more adults in with no real crowding so it made things just right for us and the Nolan/Bardons. Of course, we'd chosen the size for that reason.

Now if we tried to fit the nieces and nephews in too, several would have to be either in the middle or on some laps. Kate told Sean, "I know which lap the girls will want."

He just smiled and said, "All in good time."

Sean turned on the pulsating water jets and Kate damn near levitated out of the water. Apparently, one jet had really "hit the spot!" She settled back down, wiggled a bit and flushed up.

She leered at us and said, "Nice. Puts it right under the hood. Constrict the flow a little or split it a couple ways and... yum!"

She was right. I got my jet going good then we settled back and enjoyed while we shared our delight with Sean and Margie for twenty minutes.

We let our bodies settle out for a while then took a shower. Note to self: Make an outside shower like Kathleen's.

We settled out in the den with a few snacks while Bridget got a nourishment update. Margie told us, *"I asked Maura or Teresa to pop by about now. I figured I could teach you guys then she could teach her families."*

Teresa popped in a minute or so later. She asked Margie, *"So, you got goodies for us?"*

Margie grinned and said, *"Sure do. Pull up a chair; we're gonna talk about VPNs.*

"What Clann Reynolds came up with last year for very private conversations such as probe runs was a Virtual Private Network connection. It's basically a physical connection between two spirits which carries mental messages; it's highly encrypted, difficult to spot and after a few design changes, damned near impossible to tap.

"It's physical. It's just like the network cabling we use in the office here to connect the machines together. If there's any doubt where one goes, you can trace it hand over hand. Same with the VPN; we can trace it in the physical universe."

"However, thanks to our clever Mama Kate's question, we came up with another way of doing the same thing without a lot of the complexity of creating and maintaining spiritual-to-physical interfaces with tons of encryption.

"As we're communicating right now, we're in light spiritual contact with each other so our communications are due to our direct connection. If one of us wanted to talk with Maura right now, he'd locate her spiritually then simply communicate directly with nothing passing between them in the physical universe; that's one of the ways we control our leakage.

"It doesn't need security or encryption since both ends are known to be safe and there's no way even to know it exists without being 'inside' one of the spirits at each end. If there's a firewall up, like we all have right now, the firewall permits the initial setup then is bypassed completely with the connections inside the firewall.

"This connection is maintained solely by intention and we usually have a lot of attention on it. Once it's established, it stays until we decide it's no longer needed."

"We used a communication and a power VPN for long-term connections so they don't require constant attention. A power VPN can be used to carry a communication channel as needed like George and I are doing between our bodies and us. Both still exist in and through the physical universe.

"At Mama Kate's prompting, we came up with a much simpler and even safer method. It's kinda like the difference between using a telephone with a wire to the wall and a cell phone."

Create a structure, much like a computer programmer creates one. It has information spots for co-ordinates, name, long-term/short term, all that sort of stuff. Just like you'd have a phone book; it has blanks for the information and you just fill it in.

If you want more than one "node," just copy an existing one; no need to re-design or create it from scratch. Create the initial node then fill in the blanks! Once each end has the node established, it needs very little attention to maintain it.

Program a little maintenance routine to handle all the nodes you've got. At least several times a second, "ping" the other end to establish it still exists. If your data, such as your physical-universe location changes, the routine simply sends the change across to the other nodes you've got.

If one of the other node ends change, it will send the changed data to your node. It's just a matter of practice then becomes "automatic" just like breathing. Since all the nodes are inside firewalls, they're secure.

We didn't even have to create the first one! We just copied a blank one from Margie along with her maintenance program and set several up.

We replaced our foursome's power VPNs with nodes. Teresa said when her group got their nodes set up, we'd upgrade the power VPN and communication VPN between our groups.

Piece of cake after the first couple. Since there was no need for encryption on either end and was actually a simpler setup, it used even less power and attention than the original VPNs.

The individual cellular-level firewalls and body shield connections were set up with the same type of node except it was spread out through the cells. Worked exactly the same way, though!

Teresa took off back home. Margie told us, *"George and I have the new nodes set up between us. Like the one between us and the Nolan/Bardons, it's just like an open phone line. Bob and Natalie actually started out their communications this way except they didn't use the node concept. They were so 'in tune' with each other it required very little attention.*

"I make a motion we award Mama Kate a 'Soo Laid' on account for bringing this up in the first place."

We agreed unanimously and gave Kate a foretaste of things to come (grin) for a couple minutes.

Sean asked, "We should be able to set our house shielding the same way. Right?"

Margie said, *"Just do it."*

We talked it over a little then set up a single firewall and "body shield" throughout all the grass, trees, bushes and so on throughout the property. Since we could program the shield, we set up separate ones to cover the entire property, the house only, back yard only, sound shields only around various locations, that sort of stuff, including a light one over the Jacuzzi to keep out stray leaves and debris.

With nodes from the four of us, any of us could control any of the shields and all would power them. They were actually fairly easy to set up and even simpler to maintain and use.

This called for a little celebration so we broke out the Irish whiskey for a few rounds. Margie got her few drops on her gums.

SEAN
(Monday 5/15)

We set up the house shield then went to bed at a decent time. We just cuddled and slept. Plenty of room for all of us on the new bed!

I got us a pleasant breakfast; I think we were mostly caught up from Saturday night.

Eileen started Bridget on some baby food in the morning. She told me, *"It's okay. Not a lot of taste from anything yet so that's not an issue."* She was able to work most of it back to her throat to swallow. She made a nice mess and had a lot of fun smearing it over her face and shirt.

We'd set her up with a high chair so she could lord over us at the table. Kate told her, "You clean up your own messes!" She did.

The ladies hit the books while I went through the emails and newsletters. The guys weren't slacking off; the weekend stats were fine. I found a couple items in the newsletters I thought could use a bit more research and made a note of them.

The entire computer system seemed to be working fine so I guess we'd done a good job of it.

I told the ladies we'd probably do our business rounds on Thursday and Friday. They all said they'd be ready with their hats on.

Our new node communications appeared to be operating just as designed. Nothing had "gone down" overnight and the Nolans/Bardons had their connections to us established and working. The OTL shield was still functioning "as designed" so I marked it up as a good test run.

At 9:30, I called Francis at Collectable Arts and told him, "I've got a friend who'll be contacting you about appraisals on some comics and cards."

I gave him a brief description of what I'd seen. He told me, "I'm drooling just hearing about them!"

Anyway, he said he'd pass the word to Francine and Simon about it. I told him they had plenty of money and he might be able to talk them into doing an exhibition. I said, "They're not collectors themselves but really understand how someone could really love the field. Possibly with proper promotion, which you know how to do, you could make money on the show."

That got him very interested. I told him if they hadn't contacted him by Wednesday night to let me know and I'd follow up.

I let Kat know they were ready for her. She told me, *"Good. We can take them over right after school today."*

Ana was fine with us coming over after lunch. We decided not to work me too hard so we stopped by In and Out on the way. Good stuff; we all passed on the fries since we'd had plenty of carbs over the weekend and weren't dying for them.

Ana was ready for us. Donal and Aileen were working the Probe Patrol so we went into the kitchen to work there.

Okay! DNA tracing is so clever! We were easily able to zoom in that far and keep the pattern in mind. She gave us several samples and we individually found each one in only a couple seconds. She told us the story of the hair from a Chinese prostitute and how Bob had steered everyone onto Donal. Fun.

We didn't have any trouble with the paint chip sample either. We were just looking for a different structure; it was really just pattern matching.

Ana said, "You guys are doing great. Kate, I know you go to school on Monday nights, so one of these folk will fill you in on the STD checking we'll be going over. It's really in the same category as the DNA tracing you just did."

We headed back home and relaxed for a little bit. Marge asked, *"You guys about ready to do some of the teleportation training?"*

Foolish question. We were ready. Henry had sent me an email in the morning with several encrypted documents so I brought it

up. Marge knew the password so I extracted them into the component PDFs and printed out four copies.

Yep, one was clearly titled as the check sheet; the other documents were references.

Marge told us, *"Just go ahead and start. Most of the references are either in the documents which came with the check sheet or are readily available on the Internet. The purpose of having a check sheet is so we can simply hand it and the supporting documents to a newbie, walk away and they come back later as an operational teleporter.*

"If you have questions or comments on the layout, style, missing steps or references, let me know so we can update the data. It's really meant to be stand-alone."

Sounded good to me. We decided to go for a couple hours then do dinner well before Kate had to leave for school.

The first step was a lot of definitions such as intention, attention, Relative Reference Point, mass, momentum, angular momentum, energy and those sorts of concepts. Each was either defined in the reference documents or from a standard dictionary.

Next came several drills on placing attention and intention with pinpoint accuracy in an object we could physically see. That was some work but our experience with spiritual communication had helped a lot.

Then came the drill of expanding the attention from that point to cover the entire object. This was working from the inside to the outside. The drill covered objects from a small smooth stone up to the house we were in. We had to write down what parts of something we'd excluded and why, such as all the telephone and electrical wires running from the house to the street. All real good stuff.

We ended off about then and went out to dinner in the Beemer. We *talked* about the check sheet and assured Marge that everything was quite clear as far as we'd gone.

After dinner, we piled back into the Beemer and took off. Marge ported herself, Eileen and me back to OTL while Kate continued on to school.

EILEEN

This time at the Clann meeting, we all knew each other. No, that's not the biblical "knew" for you dirty-minded folk out there! Most everyone asked where Kate was; they were happy she was going to school but said they missed her already. Good folk!

Lots of announcements on how different projects were going. The stem-cell research was getting ready to expand into human clinical testing. Ana told us, "We've got volunteers running out our ears, so that's not an issue at all."

She'd gotten a blood sample from Bridget and George on Saturday; she told me their stem-cell types and concentrations were right in line with all the other samples from her age group. Apparently getting picked up by an aware spirit (George) didn't change that aspect.

She told everyone, "One thing we did notice is that while George had a critical incident with his breathing the first week, his body had no other illnesses. No colds, colic, ear infections, that sort of stuff. He did have the germs and viruses but just his being knowingly in control of his body apparently enabled it to produce the antibodies it normally would without a lot of the symptoms.

"We've got a bit more research going on in that area; news at eleven!"

Dr. Karen Gold talked with us about STD checks. "First, while we require a quarterly STD check for Clann members, we're going to be more and more in the 'outside' world as time goes on. With the Seniors graduating, they'll be exposed even more.

"Granted, they are sexually-transmitted diseases, but as most of you are aware of, all many of them actually require is a fluid transfer. With our body shields, there **shouldn't** be an issue from wounds. Swapping spit with someone does qualify as a 'dangerous' activity from this viewpoint, though.

"The Clann Cullen has a core group of ones of us who have been getting quarterly blood tests but it also has several hundred members who don't. The risk to them is actually pretty high. So, what we've come up with is field test for STDs and other infectious diseases and conditions such as diabetes, leukemia and pretty much any other condition which can be discovered with a blood or tissue sample test."

She went over how a laboratory did the various tests with chemicals, direct examination and other tests. She directed our attention to several research labs at the various universities and at the CDC on the east coast.

"You've all done the DNA tracing training. This is a direct offshoot of that. Among all these labs, they've got samples of everything -- there's probably some military or government labs that have more; we'll add that to the list as we go along.

"Just run down the list. Get the pattern for the disease you're checking for, scan the target body and compare. If you've got a match or even a partial match in some cases -- that's on the list

as a note -- you've got an issue. No matches means there's an extremely high probability they're clean. Let's give it a shot."

She directed our attention to one of the "skid row" residents in downtown Los Angeles. Each of us went down the list and looked for the pattern. Oh, yeh. She had half a dozen STDs plus diabetes. Not a good candidate for an extended lifetime.

Karen told us, "Now, even with Oscar and me doing the coaching on each item, that actually took less than five minutes. You've got the list now. Here's five other people to check; drill it."

Okay. The one I picked first didn't get any matches so I did another one. The second one had a mild Candida infection. One of the others had no matches and the other three had matches to several different things. By the time I hit the last one, it was taking me less than thirty seconds for the entire list.

Oscar picked up here. "Notice the more dangerous or more infectious diseases are at the top of the list. You can do a 'quick and dirty' check in only a couple seconds and that speed will pick up with practice. Note your speed might be different from the person next to you. Don't worry about it; with the power sharing we're doing, your sensitivity is just fine.

"Karen and I will check out the list at least once a week to see if there's anything new. Flu viruses, for example, tend to mutate; that's why several items on the list call for a much looser match to give a positive.

"Obviously you can check your own body any time. Note if you check someone else with a cellular-level firewall, you'll need the permission to get through it. We've added another tweak in the firewall program to give that permission.

"We do **not** want a sterile environment all the time. The body is constantly developing antibodies and tolerances to almost everything. Probably very few of those 'immunities' are genetic, so your children would be even more susceptible than otherwise. Breast feeding passes on many of the antibodies which is one reason it's recommended.

"If you do find one of these conditions, let us know. We're gonna be working on methodologies to handle a lot of them."

This was a Real Good Thing!

SEAN

Being of the nasty and suspicious mind we were, the four of us immediately checked out Rosheen, Eavan and Jackie; I'd swapped spit with them.

All were clean as a whistle. Rosheen had a touch of diabetes but was handling it with diet. Clever lady!

I had a quick talk with Bob and Kat. They'd taken the comics, cards and pictures to Collectable Arts. As we'd predicted, the staff was drooling within seconds. I told them, "They may try to talk you into doing an exhibition. That's entirely up to you. Done properly, it could make a few bucks or at least break even. Not big money, but it would cover expenses which wouldn't ordinarily be tax-deductible."

Kat asked, "We'll look at that as it comes. Even at an exhibition, we can put up shields so security wouldn't be the issue.

"Now, Sean, we're really interested in the management polices you told us about. How's the best way to get us a working knowledge of them so we can see if we want to fit them in to JRD?"

Of course, that was a seminar. I offered to do a free one for JRD but they turned it down. "Yeh, we're friends and all that but this is your livelihood. We'll pay full pop."

Okay by me! It would also give Eileen, Kate and Margaret experience in delivering the seminar. With a few quick scheduling checks, we decided to do it next Sunday at JRD. They'd have the JRD Executives so it would give us around a dozen people. No sweat, the nieces and nephews could pump out that many copies easily this week.

Speaking of which, I brought up the topic of updates and manual maintenance. Kat said, "We'll get you an introduction to the process and documentation company we've been using. Probably within an hour, they can give you a recommendation."

Sounded good to me.

(Tuesday 5/16)

In the morning, Bridget tried using her own spoon to feed herself. She had lots of mishaps, dropped the spoon several times and in general had a great time.

Things were starting to heat up. Good, enough of this just laying about and making love to beautiful women. Grin. The ladies started their studies while I went over my email. Nothing real exciting or needing immediate attention.

I called my lawyer about setting up a non-profit organization for Clann Cullen. She told me, "Sounds interesting. Actually the only reason you'd need one is for taxes but it would make those a lot simpler. Give me an hour for research and I'll find a name."

I worked on The Book updates and finished them off by the time the ladies were done studying. I got them together and showed them how the manuals were constructed with the various MS Word files.

They took turns doing the final spelling, grammar and formatting checks. They caught a few errors and corrected them.

I showed them how I made a PDF for the entire manual then how to print it. My big printer could take over a thousand sheets of paper so we got it rolling.

The lawyer called back right on schedule. We agreed on the name, "Clan Cullen LA." (Clann Cullen Los Angeles) That would give other Cullens not in our particular clann the opportunity to use the name too. She said it might take a week but shouldn't be any problem. "Once we've got it, we can get with your accountant to file for tax-exempt status."

Good. I hopped up on GoDaddy and set up "ClannCullenLA.org" with no sweat. I set up several email accounts and published a placeholder web page. Mona had been more than happy to do the work on the site so I sent her all the IDs and passwords to the site. Let it rip!

I called and arranged for two busses for the wake on Saturday. They had wheelchair access so that would work out well. This went on the personal card; can't see how it could be a company expense.

We went off to Office Depot in the Volvo on a shopping run. We got a case each of plain and 3-hole paper, binders and section dividers. I steered the ladies towards the office equipment and told them, "If your chair at home is even the slightest bit uncomfortable, try another one out. I'd recommend a fabric mainly because it passes the body moisture a lot easier."

Kate picked out another chair; Eileen was already happy with hers and Marge didn't need one. Mine was still doing fine, too.

We upgraded Eileen's cell phone so she could use a wireless ear piece. She'd been getting lots of calls about the wake plus there was a wedding coming up. What the hell, it was a company expense anyway.

We shoved everything in the back of the Volvo and took off for lunch. As soon as we were out of sight of nosey eyes, Marge ported most everything to the appropriate locations. She told us, *"I wouldn't recommend porting an operating cell phone just yet. With all the electrons running around, you'd probably end up with a lump of stuff."*

When we got back to OTL, they fed the printer again. I got Kate brushing up on her QuickBookPro skills while Eileen and Marge took off to pick up goodies for Mona's night.

By the time they got back, all the printing was done so Marge ported it over to the Nolans along with the binders and index tabs. They knew what to do from there.

We got most of the dinner preps out of the way and the roast in the oven then continued on the teleportation training.

This set of drills was on placing and expanding attention and intention on objects out of sight. Started out difficult then got easier. We ended up being able to do it with the Empire State Building in New York! Not that we were planning on porting it anywhere, but...

Since John, Patrick and the young 'uns hadn't been to OTL yet, we had the entire Core Clann for dinner. We gave them the 25-cent tour and they were duly impressed.

With their memories coming back, the kids were great. Granted, they had young bodies with all that energy, but they were quite mature. None had real recent memories so they weren't up to the adult culture but they were learning fast.

Of course they loved the Jacuzzi! Since we'd gotten a stack of large towels, they got right in. Swimmin' suits? They didn't need no stinkin' swimmin' suits!

After their showers, we had dinner. My ladies are wonderful cooks! I praised them as much as I could -- after all, I didn't want them to have the faintest idea I could do dinner as well as breakfast.

We got the dishes in the dishwasher and had a brief session with the others about the new node technology. Very nice; no one had any problem with it.

Kate showed them the house shield and how we'd set it up. They immediately decided to set up shields around their places.

We kicked back and set the young-uns loose to terrorize the neighborhood and the park. We adults hit the Jacuzzi. After we'd showed them the trick of heating and cooling the water, we climbed in.

Yep, it held us all just fine. With three guys and five gals, there was a little mismatch but the ladies took turns snuggling so no one felt left out.

Kate got Maura and Teresa arranged "just so" then hit the pulsating water jets! Lots of shrieking and laughs in a hurry! They immediately volunteered to come over several times a week

to ensure the quality control stayed in and the pumps weren't wearing out.

We brought them up to date on Marge's teleportation training. As soon as we'd run through the check sheet and everyone was happy with it, we'd give it to them. After that, any of them could "drop by" pretty much any time. Of course, we could drop by their place any time too.

We went over the wake preparations. We'd had thirty RSVPs so far and expected at least another twenty. John and Patrick told us the Tavern could ramp up easily to seventy-five on a couple hours notice.

EILEEN

All our visitors except Mona left around 8:30; this was Mona's night. After they left, we settled back with Mona and talked.

Physically she was almost eleven with the long legs and arms, straight chest and waist and the large head of an early adolescent. She was pushing five feet already, though; I guessed she'd end up around Maura's height of 5' 10" since John was up around 6'.

Mentally and spiritually, though, she was a nicely-mature young lady. She was smart, she'd been raised with free communication among her and her four "parents" and had gotten quite a few of her long-term memories back over the past week.

She told us, "It's a strange mix. This lifetime is clear as a bell. Just from talking with my friends, they've gotten a lot of strange ideas about sex, relations, races and other stuff I just never got. The Moms and Dads always encouraged me to look at things and research them -- sometimes on the Internet -- not just believe.

"With the memories of actually being in some of the events we've gone over in Social Studies, even the histories people seem to take as Gospel I've decided are always a bit suspect."

Kate grinned and dug out The Book. She showed Mona Sean's blurb at the very beginning about "They are true only if they are true for you."

Mona laughed. "Sure. That's the way I've been brought up. I'd guess it was a lot of Sean's influence. Moms and Dads always let me know if what they told me was pretty much a fact or their opinion. It's been pretty easy to sort out."

Sean talked with us about what he'd found about the differences among data, knowledge and understanding. "The more you use your memories and are able to integrate the data you have, the easier it will be just to do something or know some action is correct for you. You're not stuck in the past; you're using the

past to help make present-time decisions about the future. That's how it's working for me."

Enough of talk; we had a virgin to deflower! We sent Sean off to do a final clean up and we girls dragged Mona off.

She was really up for it. "I've dreamed about this a long time. I've lots of memories of sex and loving but they were usually pretty screwed up with inhibitions, musts and must-nots. I know this will be wonderful!"

We checked her out pretty good. Margie removed one or two wild hairs from her small, neatly-fluffy bush and we ensured everything was sparkly clean.

She'd brought along her "outfit." It was in a lovely slinky white fabric with a short top, lacy panties and thigh-high stockings. By the time we got her dressed, she was already wetting down her panties and pushing out the top with her sweet nipples.

We brushed down her shoulder-length, slightly-curly hair. A small pair of stretch sandals completed the scene -- no heels, her legs were long enough already; they reached from the floor and went all the way up to a heavenly tidy tush; her skin was flawless everywhere.

Maura and Teresa *joined* with me; after all, the social secretaries needed to ensure the event went as planned, right? We five "older" women *joined* very lightly with Mona, guided her to the honoring room door and knocked. We left her there and went back to the main bedroom to *watch*. The rest was between her and Sean.

Her slight fantasy was a Prince and Princess. She really looked like a Princess and we knew Sean was a Prince!

Sean was totally loving and gentle. He treated Mona like she was a beautiful artwork worthy of complete admiration and love.

He spent a good forty-five minutes just caressing, kissing and nuzzling her while they *blended* nicely with a sweet glow and lovely rainbows.

Jaysus! It turned the rest of us on so hard! We restrained ourselves, though, and just enjoyed.

By the time they were ready, Sean hadn't even touched her sweet pussy yet; it was fully engorged and spread open while she panted in anticipation.

Wisely, she was on top the first time. There was a tiny twinge from her small, thin hymen and the rest was history.

Hell, we all came with her the first several times; we had to lighten up our *joins* or we would have been overwhelmed with

the delight and tenderness. Her warm climaxes rushed through us time and again, setting us off, too.

They worked it up until she was coming hotly and almost continuously; and so were we. Janey Mack, that was nice!

After several scorchers, Sean finally spent in her; she shrieked, convulsed and forced herself and Sean outside! A wonderful Grand Slam!

We didn't join them; this was her night. She'd had lots of fun with Aile and Deidre the past couple years but this wasn't the time to introduce her to other women. Margie, Kate and I had to make do among ourselves; it was a chore but we survived. Grin.

Mona woke Sean up a couple more times during the night. Sean was cooperative; he drove in several home runs and ended up with a major Grand Slam! Mona was glowing, happy and totally satisfied by morning.

We served her and Sean breakfast in bed. We called her "Princess Mona" and she laughed. We did drag her off to the shower though, she had to go to school.

We fawned over her and got her dressed in her normal school clothes. By then, Sean (good man!) had gotten breakfast ready.

Mona ran to him, hugged him, laughed and said, "Oh, Sean! They molested me! Protect me!"

Everyone else laughed and we volunteered information. "Bitchin' boobs!" "Fantastic fanny!" "Bodacious butt!" "Sexy woman!"

Sean hugged and kissed her thoroughly then fed her five breakfasts. She was a **very** happy camper, especially after Sean gave her a shamrock pin and pendant!

Chapter 17

SEAN
(Wednesday 5/17)

Mona had been delightfully tasty and so full of love, wonder and joy! She was a rich, deep spirit who I knew would do wonderfully well in life.

Now that it was "out of the way," we'd put her to work really hard on the web site.

Study time. The ladies hit the books for an hour then we spent two hours on the teleportation pilot. We twinned up and spent time targeting a source then targeting the destination with the same size and shape. Part of it was ensuring there weren't any other objects in the way, we weren't trying to port into someone else's port already in progress, were there outside observers, stuff like that.

We studied the angular momentum theory; it made sense. The next drill was to select sources and destinations with different angular momentums and sense or perceive any energy vector differences. We didn't really have to measure, actually, we could tell the difference.

Once we got that, we drilled mocking up either creating the needed energy or setting up a place to bleed it off. Since we already had the perception of the required energy vector, we simply matched the feed or bleed to it!

Yes! Now we did some simple, local ports with no angular momentum or other fancy stuff. Small rocks, some sponges, a couple washers, that sort of stuff. The only things we had to do was to "evacuate" the destination of air so the item wouldn't self-destruct and pick up the object slightly and let it down at the other end. Neat and clean! We ended up with several nice pops each from the collapsing air.

It was lunch time so we headed out for a quick bite. Afterwards, we headed to Los Angeles to get some QuickBooks Pro references for Kate. Opamp Technical Books was in a pretty seedy neighborhood but I had the Hat Ladies to protect me so I didn't worry.

Opamp was a nerd's delight; it had tons of books on just about everything. Kate found several books covering what she wanted and I found a couple on business theory and thinking. What the hell, it was all deductible anyway. I had her pick up several books on Excel; I wanted her to be a wizard there, too.

Marge found several math and physics books; Eileen picked up several on Lean Engineering and Six Sigma.

Back to OTL for the afternoon fun and games.

EILEEN

Kate had only one more article to study to finish The Book so we pointed her at it. When she was done, Sean gave her the final checkout on the entire thing. Our clever lady nailed it and Sean proclaimed her to be "The Book Certified!"

Sean had me make First-Class reservations for all of us to fly to Phoenix, AZ early next Tuesday to return late that evening. We asked him why but he just grinned and told us, "Hey! Where's your sense of adventure? Just as a hint, it'll all be deductible."

Okay. I remembered he'd told me he'd been in Mesa on a project for four months just before we met so it was probably business. Dayum iron-headed Irishman!

I called The Clean Place (a JRD company!) and arranged for a house-cleaning on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. With

Kathleen as a reference, they fell all over themselves helping us out. The first cleaner would come this Friday.

We spent the rest of the morning and afternoon working. He set Kate to work on her QuickBooks and Excel stuff, telling her, "You need to be a wizard in both these. QB just gives us raw data in the accounts. While it is able to generate reports, graphs and that sort of stuff, Excel will give us more flexibility. We need to be able to work the data into aligned knowledge so we can understand it. Granted, each business is different but most of the accounting structures are almost identical."

Sean pointed Margie and me to several industry newsletters he subscribed to and told us, "A lot of the businesses I set up are based on what I've found in these as well as some specific stock market investments. I've made a couple pretty good killings based on some projections I made. On the other hand, I've stepped on my dick several times, too. Overall, I've ended up around 750K ahead in the last five years so I can't complain too much."

He gave Margie and me some notes on areas or businesses to research on the Internet and turned us loose. Margie and I split them and went to work.

The first thing he pointed us to was an article on the various Internet search engines available. He already had several favorite search engines plus a couple programs to do multiple searches. He told us, "This is what I've been using. It's a start but I want you to feel comfortable using whatever ones you decide. It'll be your call."

Now that was work! With my exposure to business stuff in college, I was familiar with a lot of the terms and concepts. However, there was lots of new stuff too, so I spent some time catching up with recent concepts, innovations, buzz words and regulatory requirements like Sarbanes-Oxley. I didn't need to know them cold but had to know what they were.

Company size mattered but not that much. Even smaller companies could use a lot of the methodologies so they could expand easily beyond "Mom and Pop."

Since Nana had kept up with her research and studies, she was familiar with researching. Sean told her to continue with her math and physics updating if she wished. "You've already helped us with some major breakthroughs. You might as well keep up with it; there might be more."

We worked until early evening with several snack-and-snuggle breaks. We took a dinner break then sent Kate off to school.

Sean had me send out emails to half a dozen of his active businesses; we were coming to visit tomorrow and Friday! He had Margie print off the statistics for them for the past week, month, quarter and year so we'd have some basis for discussion.

After we got that done, Margie and I studied some more on the detailed manuals. We'd gotten two done so far, something like ten to go!

SEAN

Since The Book was now updated, I went through my seminar notes to ensure they reflected the new or changed information. I made a couple updates to the presentation slides, loaded the presentation on the laptop and was ready to go there.

The nieces and nephews had already completed putting the seminar manuals together so I had Marge port them back over. I spot-checked several; they were just fine. Marge ported back five envelopes with $25 each; it was a lot of money for an hour's work for each of them but what the hell, it was deductible anyway and I knew they liked to spend money.

EILEEN

Sean had me contact the company handling JRD's documentation about some consulting on publishing and updating our manuals. It took me about fifteen minutes to track them down.

They were headquartered in Toluca Lake (by Universal Studios) so they were pretty close by. I negotiated a flat fee of $1,000 for a consultant to come over, look at our "stuff" and make recommendations for improvement, publication and maintenance. Great, we set it up for all day next week on Thursday.

Okay, it looked like we were getting busier all the time. Margie and I figured out how to make calendar entries in Outlook with no problem; Margie seemed to be able to suck all this techie computer stuff down faster than an Irishman could go through a bottle.

Now, how to share all this stuff. Margie *talked* briefly with Mario. He popped over and took a look around our server. *"Looks like you're using the server for data storage right now. We could easily migrate it up to handle that and all the Microsoft Exchange email stuff. The issue with that is you wouldn't be able to work with it from outside your network; DSL ISPs don't let you host a site server like you need."*

Sean got us on his web hosting service page. Mario poked around then told us, *"They can host Exchange. From the looks of it, we can set up and remove email accounts so we can control it. It's*

faster, easier and cheaper than setting up your own server here -- it would take a high-speed data line just to start and that'll probably run around $1,000 a month. For a total of $350 a month, they can host everything. You'll get the outside access with OWA (Outlook Web Access) so you can look at it from any Internet connection and Maura, Teresa and anyone else you wish have a clear shot at it too."

Margie cleared it with Sean. He told her, "Pretty much anything you wish to do. If something's less than 5 grand, just do it." She placed the order; Exchange should be ready for our configuration by late Friday.

Now we had to fit the setup into our suddenly quit-busy schedules; we agreed on Saturday the 27th. With a quick round of *talks*, I invited Mario, Bob, Kat and Sherry over to OTL for a dinner evening with Clann Cullen -- plus Jacuzzi!

Right after an early dinner, I made a run to Shane's Shop. I'd been notching up the power every day to Sharon, Cecelia and Jack every day since last Monday. I got there just before closing.

Nice! They were *talking* with each other, were expanded out well beyond their bodies and were ready to pop! We closed up the front and gathered in the back room for a chat.

I told them, *"Seems like you folk are doing pretty good. Interested in doing more?"*

They were. Sharon said, *"Betcha this is something Sean came up with."*

Celia and Jack laughed too. They'd been impressed with him just from working with him for half a day. I gave them a brief history of how we'd "done it," some information on Clann Cullen and the other Clanns we'd found.

Anyway, I got them popped outside and with an hours' training, they were ready to rock and roll! Since they didn't leak, they were safe to go exploring, have fun and practice a lot. I filled them in on what our leakage had caused; they got a really good laugh out of it.

Megan, Art and Dan from Clann Reynolds had told us they were more than willing to train people so I introduced them all. They decided to get together tomorrow evening and work some more. Since Megan, Art and Dan could port themselves, logistics wouldn't be a problem. By the way, they were training the Nolan/Bardon young-uns, too.

We agreed to check back with each other on Friday and I left them to discover the fun and joy in being free.

Kate got back from school around 9:30. She was using the Beemer; so far the vehicle logistics had been working out fine. With our ability to teleport coming along really well, maybe we could get along with only two cars.

We all had a quick shower; we'd been working! We three girls snuggled up to Sean on the bed so he couldn't escape. Kat told us, "This feels really nice. There's no pressure among us for sex or loving, we seem to be getting along great and we've got lots of things going. I think it's been a week now, so can we check out our compatibility again?"

No problem with that. Kate had been with us only a week but she felt like a really old, good friend -- and that was before we tossed in all the love and admiration.

Oh, yeh, we very formally did all the various compatibility checks. Hell, **everyone**'s glows were up a lot and any gray dissonances had diminished to almost zilch.

With the four of us blending, the florescence was brilliant -- almost blinding. Kate had only a small gray spot on having children and perhaps finding a mate solely for herself. Sean told us, "I talked with Evin a bit about the legalities of a polyamourus relationship and children. He has several legal models we can use so we can be 'next of kins' with each other and any children would be protected. So from the legal standpoint, it's a non-issue."

Kate sighed, kissed and hugged us all then said, "Then I'm in if you'll have me."

The rest of us immediately put her in the middle of the pile; we snuggled, caressed and kissed her thoroughly. I told her, "We all love you so very much. We really want you with us."

We all agreed. Kate was part of us now.

Since she was already in the middle of the pile we decided to work off the Soo Laid she had on account. Sean had gotten some coaching from Bob on something called a Journey to the Gates of Heaven so we decided to give it a good shot.

Janey Mack with several Hail Marys and Be Jaysus' thrown in for good measure! The principle was to have as many orgasms as desired but avoid the final blow-out at the end for as long as possible so it would have lots of energy in it!

We each had several turns nuzzling Kate's delicious center, caressing and admiring her scrumptious breasts and titillating every other erogenous spot on her we could find. Our *blend* was so stable and solid we all felt everyone's climaxes and fed ours back to the others -- all without blowing ourselves outside!

About an hour along, Margie told us, *"I'm feeling orgasms of my own now. They're not real big, but they're there! They're a-wunnerful and have entirely different sensations from sharing another's. I love you all so much!"*

We took another two hours of having and sharing each others head-thrashing, sheet-pulling and juice-squirting climaxes -- always teetering on the edge of a Grand Slam. Jaysus, we were all shaking even while we were resting a little and drinking down water.

Sean had seven major climaxes in her before we tripped over the edge. The "tsunami" swept us outside and up so far and fast we ended up bouncing around the Asteroid Belt!

The surf-ride down was even more agonizingly-sweet than the Journey up. We shed orgasmic energy almost faster than we could tolerate it; I don't know what would happen if we'd done it any faster.

All the Nolans and Bardons and a lot of the Clann Reynolds popped out to share our joy. We wove intricate patterns of dances with each other while moving among the literal blasts of energy and surfing down along them.

Finally the wave washed gently ashore, letting us rest a bit. Our bodies were all over the place! Sean was on the floor, Kate and I were tangled together all over the bed and Margie had somehow ended up on the top shelf of the closet.

Oh. My. God. Bob told us, *"Now, when you can do four of those in a night, you're up with the rest of us." Grin.*

Kat whispered to us, *"He's slagging you. Four is the most **any** of us have done and that was once with Bob and me -- I think Bob, David, Elizabeth and I are the only ones who could physically survive it."*

We crawled back on the bed -- to hell with the wet spots -- and collapsed. Sean *touched* in wet cloths and towels and wiped us down. Best man!

We let the bodies sleep and took off outside exploring. We hadn't done a lot of it before so it was still pretty new and exciting. Since we had oversight visits set up for Thursday and Friday, we looked over all the shops. We found some outpoints (points that should be in place but weren't) and noted them down. Of course, we found plenty of pluspoints, too (points that should be in place and were).

Being lazy, we "stopped by" the DMV. Margie ported three of the DMV Change of Address forms to the OTL den; saved probably a half-hour of time!

SEAN
(Thursday 5/18)

I'm not quite sure how we survived all that. Yep, it definitely went on our repertoire; I figured we try some of the smaller waves next time around.

We still staggered out of bed around 7:00. I ducked in the shower first so I could start breakfast; I was betting the ladies would really be hungry.

I was getting stuff on the table just as they came wobbling out. I had to jump back to keep from getting my hands or arms shoveled in their mouths along with the breakfast!

Everyone (even Marge) complained of sore muscles from coming so much. I said, "I'm a touch sore myself. I'd say to prevent that, all you have to do is say, 'No.'" That got me a lot of "fat chance" looks.

I kept stuff coming; I used up all our eggs and bacon along with a couple pounds of waffle mix.

Bridget was feeding herself a lot. Standard baby food but she was pretty good at it already. She could somewhat manipulate a spoon with her hands but had tons of fun playing airplane with herself with a *touch*-spoon. Some of the sounds were just like the planes taking off from Bob Hope Airport!

Maura and Teresa had given Eileen some supplements to help ease her drying up. By now, she was feeding Bridget around half the time she'd done before.

When we were done, I rinsed and put the dishes in the dishwasher then fired it up. We relaxed in the den for a couple minutes.

We talked about last night and watched Marge do her morning "exercises." Every couple days at least, she'd run through all her body controls, seeing what was working and how well. Looked like she was doing isometric exercises!

Kate asked, "Are all our controls pretty much the same? That is, do we all have the same ones or do some have additional or fewer ones?"

Marge told us, *"From talking with George about the Clann Reynolds 'experiments,' we've all got the same controls. What seems to vary is how well we develop and learn to use them to their best plus whatever innate physical talents we have. Right now, I've still got quite a few that don't seem to be connected or are extremely sloppy. For example, my voice is still just a noise."*

She made several squawks of various pitches and volume. *"I think it's just the nerves and muscles haven't developed long enough."*

We watched her a while longer and offered to tickle her til she peed to see if those nerves had developed properly. She demurred for right then. Kate asked her, "Do you run through a list of them or as you think of them?"

"I've got a list of all the physical senses I've ever known or heard about plus all the muscle sets. I run through each one and see if there's a response. If there is, I work on it at least several seconds to tweak in the sensitivity."

Kate said, "Interesting. Since I was a late starter in puberty, I'm actually still in it even though I'm 22. I know I feel and act pretty awkwardly sometimes. Bet George, Dermot and the kids in the throws could do the same thing and handle the physical changes a lot quicker and easier."

Eileen said, "Margie, in your copious free time, why don't you work up a check list or check sheet? Us old folk would probably benefit from it too."

I put in my two cents, "Over the last thousand years or so, the Clann's adopted quite a few Orientals. Some of them brought along some martial arts skills.

"The men especially had a series of exercises we'd do several times a week. Actually, they're similar to today's martial arts 'katas' or exercises. Armed with weapons, unarmed and things in between such as offense and defense using anything to hand.

"My body now would probably fail miserably at most of them; I haven't worked on the control much at all. All the katas work first on the actual control at a slow speed then add speed and power later. While we might never need these physical skills since we have the spiritual capabilities to handle pretty much anything, I can think of several circumstances they'd be useful where we wouldn't want to explicitly expose our spiritual abilities."

Margie said, *"I'll get with Ana and the Drs. Gold and work up a physical check list and training guide. Sean, maybe you could get with Toro, Bob and others a bit to see if they have any training routines or whatever they've worked on. I agree with Kate, anyone at any age could use them."*

Okay. On my To Do List.

One special thing I had to do; I'd talked it over with Eileen and Marge. I'd gotten another Claddagh Ring so we presented it to Kate. I told her, "This is from all of us; wear it as you will. While our legal system prevents any of us from marrying you, you will

always be a part of our marriage. We love you, Kate; this is but a small way of showing it."

She cried and put it on her right hand facing her. We spent a wonderful fifteen minutes in sweet snoggings, caresses and *blendings* before we got on with the business of the day.

We did the next several teleporting check list steps. We learned to leave a set of *touch* buffers behind at the source after it was gone. They'd gradually collapse quietly and leave no noise or air currents behind. We did the same for other media like water. More solid media like dirt or earth we treated the same; didn't need "earthquakes" or ground thumps left behind!

The destination side was in reverse. We learned to put up buffers to make room for the teleported mass without creating a shock wave there. This was all interesting because we worked outside the actual volume of the teleported mass; it took into account the surroundings and several other factors such as air and media pressure at both ends.

All right! The next step for tomorrow would be to port stuff with the *touch* buffers at both ends. Lots of progress!

While the ladies worked on their studies, I checked with the accountant on the tradeoffs involved with putting Eileen's Volvo into Cullen Enterprises. Currently, she was footing the insurance and maintenance costs on her own.

He basically said to buy it from her; it very feasible to have it under Cullen Enterprises since it could write off almost all the costs. Eileen was more than willing so I jumped up on the Internet, found a reasonable Blue Book value then cut her a check.

She signed over the title and transfer of liability; I mailed them off to the DMV and contacted the insurance company to add it to the policy -- same handling as the Beemer with all employees covered.

Kate had come up with several QuickBooks and Excel add-ons some of the references had recommended. If we bought all of them, it would run only around 3K. I told her the same as I'd told Marge, "If it's under 5K, just do it. If one of them saves you ten minutes a couple times a month, that adds up to a hell of a lot of time saved you could spend on analysis and business thinking. You've got a company debit card, do what you wish."

On the Internet, the adults did changes of address for mail forwarding. Eileen and Kate sent off a letter to their banks and I made ones up to add them as signers on the Cullen Enterprises accounts and to change the address. Since we had the DMV forms, we filled them in and sent 'em off.

The morning was still young, only 10:30. We got dressed with our hats and took off.

First stop was the bank. Eileen and Kate added their signatures to the Cullen Enterprises account and I gave over the change of address letter.

We set up an OTL household checking account with the three of us. I seeded it with $10,000. The ladies objected a bit; they thought we should contribute equally. I told them, "Later. When we're in maintenance mode, we'll do something like that. For now, please let me do this.

"I've been busting my butt the last ten years preparing to support and please a mate. Now I have three of the most wonderful spirits and beautiful bodies in the world as mates. Please let me use at least some of what I've built for you."

They agreed. If we hadn't been in the bank, I thought they'd jump my bones right on the floor. As it was, the three of them kept snuggling up to me every chance they got. Hmm, they seem to do that anyway.

We got in two oversight visits before lunch. At each place, I introduced the ladies and told the staffs, "They speak for me. They'll be doing a lot of the reviewing I'm doing now and they'll probably be a lot harder to please. Ask your questions of them first; if they don't know, they'll ask me. I'd advise you to treat them nicely; in case you don't know by now, Irish women are stubborn, obnoxious and hard-headed; you do not want to cross them. To compensate, they're also the most wonderful creatures on Earth -- or any place else I know of."

It didn't hurt the guys almost drooled over them; married or not.

We had a quick lunch and carried on.

Pretty much everything was running smoothly. Jim at Ladies' Leather was ready for us.

We went over the points that should be in or were in progress. If the ladies were happy with them, so was I.

All righty, then! We were ready to wheel and deal. They'd done their homework pretty well and had come up with an offer. I counter-offered, pointed out some things we could do slightly different to both of our advantages (financial or otherwise) and agreed on a set of final contract points. One of them was consulting from Cullen Enterprises, not just from me alone.

We agreed to meet for the final look over on Monday. We would get the accountants and lawyers together for a final approval. If everyone agreed, we'd do the deal. Off the top of my head, I

figured to make about $500K clear profit over the next several years -- and they'd be more than happy about it!

We finished up the rest of the planned visits about 4:00. Maura and Teresa *told* us they were ready to move on the wedding plans so we decided to meet at OTL around 4:45. Maybe I could catch a nap while the ladies decided what I was gonna be doing.

We brought home pizza and soda. That's a good Irish meal, isn't it?

They'd decided on Saturday, June 3d. Wedding at the park at the end of OTL at noon and the reception at Eire's Tavern. The Tavern could overflow easily to handle up to four hundred people in the afternoon between the banquet rooms. Maura said, "Not a lot of lead time but whoever wants to be there, will."

We (they) decided on the wording for the wedding invitations. They'd be "engraved" with the tissue paper, double envelopes, all that stuff. There'd be a bit in Irish about it being the Clann Cullen Ceann's marriage expected to produce the next heir. I wisely kept my mouth shut; they'd already shot me down in flames when I'd asked if I could wear my bowler with Da's kilt.

I had a handwriting font on the computer so we didn't actually have to address them by hand. If someone didn't like it, fuck 'em!

We had a local printer (one of my companies!) who could do the invitations. The ladies mocked up exactly how they wanted them to look; Teresa said she'd drop the sample off tomorrow morning. From experience, we could have them ready in a couple days.

I gave Teresa a personal check for $10,000. I told her, "Do whatever you want with it. Eileen'll want to fund it all herself so don't let her."

Maura said she'd make the arrangements for the park and the Tavern tomorrow. We decided to get the same busses as we were getting for the wake so the oldies wouldn't feel left out (and could get shit-faced again).

When we told Maura and Teresa Kate was now firmly part of our relationship, they mobbed her! They spent a good ten minutes hugging, kissing and crying with each other while admiring her claddagh ring. They assured her I was a nice guy despite my hat habits!

They decided right away to have a new-girls' night along with the nieces. Translation: Girl food, chick-flick, girl-talk and Kate-and-Mona-molesting. Unfortunately Kate had to leave for school at 6:40 so I didn't get a chance to warn her before she accepted.

After Kate left, the rest of the ladies did more plotting and planning. Where to get flowers, dresses, shoes, hair and nails (Jackie's, of course, on my tab), table centerpieces, guest gifts, all that stuff. I contributed my expertise by flopping my body in my desk chair and letting it snore away while I checked out the recent house wiring and made diagrams.

When Kate got back from school, they sucked her in again. Jaysus, such talking, giggling and laughing. Being used to the Cullen Sisters, I didn't offer my opinions on anything; I just went to bed around 10:00.

Eileen, Kate and Marge piled on me later; I ensured they still had their boobs and butts. Since nothing had been lost, we snuggled up and slept the sleep of the innocent -- must have borrowed that from somewhere.

EILEEN
(Friday 5/19)

We felt quite a bit better this morning; maybe we're getting used to all the loving!

Marge flitted around to all of us, shoving her little hand under our noses and telling us to smell. Pussy juice. She told us, *"Mine! I even got myself off once last night! Granted, they're small but they're there! Sean, now can I get equal time?"*

We hugged and kissed her soundly. Sean told her, "Sweetheart, we're an equal opportunity family. Prepare to be molested tonight!"

Kate and I agreed enthusiastically.

The Clean Place cleaner showed up right on time. We showed him around, agreed on what we wanted and turned him loose. Phil seemed to be very trustworthy (especially since we *inspected* him down to his toenails) so we gave him a key and "programmed" him in to the house shield. We might not be at home all the time.

The next steps on the teleportation check list were porting with *touch* buffers on both source and destination. Piece of cake after a few times!

Then we tossed in the angular momentum corrections; with the gradient we'd built up, those went great! So far, we'd done only inanimate objects like stones, rocks, dirt, that kind of stuff. Adding in living things like a plant was interesting; they had a slightly different feel but were just as easy.

Margie told us, *"Animals and people will probably feel pretty much the same. You're definitely on the down-hill side of the training!"*

We'd gotten early appointments for trims. The shop girls were just as subservient as before -- while smiling and showing nice cleavage. Hell, Jackie'd left off her bra. I knew what she was thinking about.

When we were done, she asked Sean to step into her office for a quick "business consultation." Of course, we *watched* while he took full advantage of her upper-body condition. By the time they were done "consulting," Jackie had come three times -- and he hadn't touched her pussy!

She wobbled out with her nipples still stiff. Good thing they had that air purifier going; she was also dripping through her panties.

After a quick *talk* among us, Kate put a power connection into her and notched it up. We figured by our next appointment, she'd be ready to pop.

SEAN

Jackie would make an excellent free spirit. She was intelligent, ethical and had plenty of Talent. The fact she was physically sexy as hell didn't hurt either, in my opinion.

We did the second set of oversight visits. The ladies were very-well accepted; there was a lot of drool on the floors from the male staff -- as well as a couple of the females.

At Collectable Arts, Francine told us, "Bob and Kathleen brought over their comics and cards. Damn, we were drooling all over them! We've got about half of them evaluated; some of those cards are gonna take a lot of research. Only a couple of our contacts were even aware they existed and there are a couple no one knew about specifically."

That led right into the collaboration project. Simon said, "I've talked with twenty dealers across the U.S., Canada and Europe. They all really like the idea. Most of them think $250 a month subscription would be great. Some thought that was a bit high for how often they'd use it, so I came up with a tiered subscription based on the number of queries per month."

He proposed a web site with a server-side database. It would have queries, browses, PayPal for subscriptions, password access and user forums. With a setup cost of around a hundred dollars, I didn't think we could go wrong.

He said, "I've looked at the NASDAQ structure. It's really great for down the line a bit. We should be able to take the proposed database and migrate all the data up to something like that if it gets popular."

I looked over the database structure. With Marge *looking* over my shoulder and offering a few suggestions, we came to a final design.

We talked about an organization to handle it. I said, "Let's start out informally. When it's established a bit more we can look at a corporation. Who'd be running it?"

Simon had built a couple web sites but said he wasn't particularly good at it. "I've got a couple neighbor kids who're really sharp at this stuff. That is, if you think it's okay to use young people on something like this."

I told him, "My ten-year-old niece is building our Clann's web site. 'Kids' work just fine; they don't have our biases and are often better at it than we are. Just keep good records; use them as consultants. Any of them good at collectibles?"

"Ted loves cards and comics; he's got a decent little collection already. I was thinking of using him for data entry and updates since he's got a lot of knowledge already."

That was totally fine. I cut him a Cullen Enterprises check for $1,500. "You know how to keep records. Use the current version of QuickBooks Pro you're using for the shop, set up a new company and start out right. If you need more money, let me know."

We talked about ownership. We agreed Cullen Enterprises would be a silent, 51% partner. He, Francis and Francine would be the other 49%. Francine would work up an agreement and email it to me. Lookin' good!

We stopped by Shane's Shop on the way. They were very happy to see us. Sharon gave me a solid hug and snuggled right up. What the hell, my hands discovered she had a great butt; she purred, hugged me harder and tried to drive her stiff nipples through my chest.

I told her, *"You're lookin' and feelin' good, sweet lady. Seems like we gotta start shopping for a man for you."*

"I've got my eye on several my age. A couple of them have some Talent, so I've already started enhancing them. I assume that's okay."

"I trust you completely that way, Sharon. Go for it."

Celia didn't back off on her hug at all so I invested a bit of time exploring her back and bum. I asked her, *"You guys doing okay? Is it getting time for that baby?"*

She told me, *"Shit, Sean. Jack and I've been ready for years. We're not sure yet if we're stable enough financially."*

I told her, *"Celia, if couples waited until they could 'afford it,' mankind would die off. For what it's worth, this place appears very stable. You might even explore opening another shop in, say, Burbank that you could manage or even own."*

"Hmm. Since we actually live in Glendale, that's an interesting idea."

"Then go for it and talk with Sharon. Communication is the key; you don't know if you don't ask."

"I think we'll do that tonight."

I invite the three of them to the Tavern that night, our treat of course. They were quite interested and accepted. Should be an interesting evening.

Our last stop was the Altadena Arms. Kate picked up the mail then we all circulated around for a look-see and to talk with the staff.

Mary Murray was on shift. I guided her off in a quiet corner, played with her butt and asked, "Well?"

She hugged and kissed me hard. "The home pregnancy test shows I caught. I've got an OB appointment for Tuesday! We're so happy! Thank you!"

I laughed, "The old gods are still strong, Mary."

"Yeh, right. That was really something, though. Maybe we can try it again sometime?"

"Perhaps. You'll need to run it by my social secretaries, though. It seems they have every minute of my day planned."

She immediately took off to find Kate. Oh, what trials we Ceanns must endure!

A quick *consult* with Maura decided we were going leprechaun to the Tavern. I got on my full-bore green and plaid while Eileen and Marge got their vests and green bowlers (and the green Bridget rattle. They'd found a really cute pair of curly-toed shoes for her.). We'd managed to find something suitably outrageous for Kate on the way back home from the Altadena Arms.

We went out in the back yard and practiced some hat routines. No magic but there were several *touches* tossed in.

We got to the Tavern just as Sharon, Celia and Jack arrived so we went in together. Eileen told them, "We do a gig onstage towards the end of the night; that's why we're dressed up."

The Nolans and Bardons rolled in a few minutes later. The ladies (including the nieces) had ended up dressed alike. They had plaid (Cullen tartan) flippy skirts, green blouses and nicely-wobbly breasts! Yum!

Mona gave me a very un-chaste hug and wiggled everything against me. *"Thank you again, Sean. It's been wonderful this last week; I'm still coming down off the high."*

"Sweet Mona, you've gotta find someone -- or two or three -- to help out. I don't think Aile or Deidre are quite up to your speed yet. Then again, I could be wrong."

"Oh, they're quite willing to help out. Caden and Connor have already volunteered their services."

"Hey, nothing wrong with that! They're all disease-free and you know about birth control. On the other hand, is there anyone at school?"

"Yeh, there's several guys -- and girls -- my age with some Talent. It's just difficult to get together."

"Hmm. How about you make a talk with the Moms? Clann Reynolds has a full-blown tutoring service starting up in their middle school. It'll probably go down to the elementary school level pretty quick. With their 'Inner Circle' of free spirits as tutors, none of the parents have any backoff with their young-uns being together a lot."

She said, *"Now that's an idea. Several of them are in the fifth grade with me. If we start now, we'd have the entire summer together then be together in middle school."*

"Yeh. That could set up the other four there too for next year. You'd all be able to get a lot of nice nookie -- and maybe find someone who really matches up with you. You're not just an eleven-year-old little girl any more; we just have to play some of the society games."

"Yes! I think we'll have a talk with Moms and Dads fairly lively!"

I ensured Sharon's gang got introduced around. Maura and Teresa had met them already; somehow they'd shown up at Sharon's Shop a couple times recently. Everyone gave them firm hugs and solid welcomes.

Since the Reynolds crew had taught them the language trick, they were picking up on the Irish floating around. In about fifteen minutes they were right in with the rest of us chatting and making jokes.

We had a great dinner as usual. The place was almost completely full; maybe they were expecting another magic show?

Show time. Carrying Bridget, I followed **seven** delightful female bottoms onstage. Caden and Connor were along with us so the whole famn damily was there.

I introduced Kate as "a wonderful addition to our lives." She got a very nice round of applause, pinked up and made her breasts wobble a bit more.

We sang and danced. My goodness, everyone found out the ladies were wearing bright-green panties. The young-uns fit right in; since they'd been dancing and singing from before they could walk, it was no surprise.

By no means were we up to Bob and Kathleen on the dancing but we put in some spins and lifts we hadn't had before.

Near the end, I told the audience, "Sorry we don't have our friendly magician to help us out this week. You'll have to put up with us."

I spun my hat out over them; it twirled away and came right back to my hand. "I've kept it dry this week so you don't have to put up with an Irishman's drunken hat.

"By the way, you'll notice Eileen, Kate and Bridget are wearing hats like mine. They're part of Cullen Enterprises with me. They're the Hat Ladies and don't take no messin' with!"

They got a round of applause which Eileen and Kate answered by flipping their hats in the air with a finger. The hats took a couple tumbles and ended up on the opposite head. Impressive, even to me. Bridget waved her hat around, chortled and shook her rattle.

Bridget got on my shoulders and held on to my hair and ears while Eileen, Kate and I did the routine we'd practiced. We did a three-way hat throw, flip, catch etc. with body spins and under-the leg throws and catches. They showed a lot of leg and lots of panty-flashes.

We ended up with several Frisbee throws over the audience. The final throw ended up with our three hats stacked atop Bridget's hat! She laughed, gave us leg kicks, arm waves and rattles as we trooped offstage. We were happy with the performance.

EILEEN

We got back home and took a quick shower; dancing's hard work! In the bed, we piled on Sean so he couldn't escape. Margie said, *"Sean, would you do me a bit?"*

Sean told her, "With pleasure, My Princess. I will touch you with love."

We ladies purred. Kate and I backed off to the side, *joined* a little and watched.

He mapped her body with slow, gentle kisses, licks and touches with his fingertips. She was sexually sensitive just under her

ears, at the base of her neck on both sides and on the insides of her elbows.

We felt the pressure build; light but it was there and recognizable. When he moved down on her chest, her tiny nipples were sensitive to everything. They popped up like little peas; she cooed and moaned with delight.

Her navel had a little hit as well as a couple toes and behind her knees. Pretty "standard" so far and delightful. We had a nice pressure built up.

On her back, she had a hot spot just above her butt crack. Neat, just like me. We gently peeled her panties off and checked out her dainty cheeks and tight pucker -- nicely sensitive.

Her tightly-closed cunny was damp on the outside. We could *see* her clit hood swollen up a little and poking out the top. Through Sean, we smelled a delightful light odor of female. Hell, by now Kate and I were wet too and our nipples were up hard.

She had the "usual" spots on the inside of her thighs. Her cunny lips were puffed up and pink; when Sean ran the tip of his tongue up, we tasted her sweetness. No doubt about it, she was aroused -- besides, we could feel her sexual tension built up.

When he spread her lips, we could see the pink inside glistening with moisture; her scent spread. Gentle licks built the pressure up and her clit hood swelled up more. Licks on it built the pressure more.

Sean gently peeled her hood up; we saw her clit as a slender rod with the end the size of her nipples. It was really sensitive.

She had a light, very small hymen -- we'd seen it before while cleaning her. Everything was sensitive! She tasted divine; light and sweet. With a minute of light licking over various parts (her clit gave small jolts of pleasure), she tensed up. We *felt* a smooth warm rush as she climaxed. We moaned quietly as we shared her pleasure.

The tip of Sean's tongue in her miniscule opening extended her climax to almost a minute. So sweet, loving and wonderful!

Her body promptly fell asleep. She told us, *"Oh, yeh! Now that's pleasure! It's almost all from the attitude and intention. Sean, you are truly My Prince and I love you all so much!"*

We gently hugged and caressed her sleeping body. Best daughter! Best man! Best friend!

We spent a long time floating in the solar wind while *blending*, caressing each other and creating wonderful rainbows. Life was very good.

Chapter 18

[Intersects with Sorcerer: Interesting Times Ch. 3]

SEAN

(Saturday 5/20)

Our daughter was a true delight! She was so sweet, loving and adorable. Never mind she's a dirty old lady, too! That just added to the fun.

Saturday morning, we were on the downhill side of the teleportation training, living stuff. We moved from plants to small animals. Quite a few of the neighborhood's stray cats and dogs had some surprises! Squirrels, mice and other wildlife in the park didn't have much choice either.

No sweat; they were all the same. The feel was different from inanimate targets but it all worked. The last step was to port an animal with fleas or something but leave the pests behind. Totally cool! (rad, neat, whatever current phrases are for completely awesome)

We gave our darling daughter a quick molesting (so sweet!) so she'd last the afternoon, got cleaned up and dressed (business casual) for the wake.

The Tavern was ready and the busses rolled on time. Eileen, Kate and Margie stayed with the bus on OTL while I rode the roving one.

We checked off people on the RSVP'd list as they came aboard. Yeh, some needed help; that's why we were there. A few had an extra person or so who asked to come. Usually it was a friend or relative who'd known Nana. No sweat, plenty of room.

One frail lady with a walker (one of Nana's "sexy" friends) pretended to glare at me and asked, "Who are you? How do I know you're not gonna abduct me and have your way with me?"

I grinned at her, took off my hat and kissed her hand. "I'm Sean Cullen, Eileen's fiance. With such a delightful lady as you, perhaps I'll take you someplace private and have **your** way with you!"

She looked me over, cackled evilly and said, "I'll wear you out, youngster!"

"It'll be our pleasure!" Grin.

We found everyone on the list plus a few extra; I'd done a quick *inspection* of the area and had found a few people who hadn't been in Nana's address book but had talked to one of invitees and were interested. I'd picked their phone number out earlier and had called them. Leave no one behind!

As the busses rolled to the Tavern, we gave them a quick summary of an Irish wake. Everyone had heard of one but only a few knew much about one; they thought it was sit around, eat, get drunk and get rowdy. Pretty close, actually.

We ended up with 58 guests at the Tavern; a few had a relative or friend drop them off.

Eileen stood up and introduced everyone. Bridget, of course, was the great-granddaughter while I was her fiance and Maura, Teresa and the others were friends.

We had a large picture of Margaret we'd found in her album; she was in her 90's and was grinning away! Her urn was sitting right next to it.

We had several waiters to help out. "Don't be afraid to ask them for help, they've got plenty of experience. This wake is for **you**."

There was an open bar with plenty of Irish whisky, Irish beer, Irish Cream -- anything Irish ("If you'd like something else, just ask."). We had a buffet with all sorts of goodies from main entrees to knoshing finger food; of course with a server behind to help out as needed.

Eileen started out with a couple Nana and Snapper fun stories then many of the others talked about some of their "adventures" with Nana, how she'd helped them so much and how much they'd loved her. With most of them, Nana filled us Core folk in on what had actually happened (*"He left out the part where we screwed like bunnies all that weekend. Hehehehe."*).

With almost half of the guests being former lovers, there was a **lot** left out!

Yeh, there was wailing and keening to let the grief out. We cried right along with them.

There was an outside patio for smokers (tobacco is de rigueur at wakes); it was a fine May day so everyone was happy.

With most of them in their 80's, there were a lot of body aches and pains. Maura, Teresa, John or Patrick took them individually into a quiet private room and gave them injury energy bleeds. There were a lot of happier campers from that!

Eileen, Bridget and I circulated around; we ensured we talked to everyone somewhat privately. Eileen and Bridget dispensed a lot of hugs! With Bridget now at 22 pounds (lots of muscle), she lightened herself up so they wouldn't have to support the weight while she was giving baby hugs and kisses.

Often they would cry a little so we gave them comforting thoughts and acknowledged their grief.

With each one, we would *inspect* them then Eileen would talk about their personal relationship with Nana; Margaret/Nana would fill us in on some details (some very personal!). Eileen would usually tell them to the effect of, "Nana talked about you quite frequently. She thought you were really special and loved you a lot."

With her former lovers, she'd often say, "She said it was a wonderful pleasure when you visited." With a totally straight face, too, even while Nana was telling us the "gory" details. Dirty old woman!

John, Patrick and I flirted outrageously with the frail lady who'd been "afraid" I'd abduct her. I think she had a wonderful time because her panties were pretty damp after several minutes.

We flirted with every lady who'd like it. Maura, Teresa and Kate did the same with the guys. They loved it! Eileen and Bridget, however, stayed "with the program."

One couple, Brian and Ellen Keavy, were Irish and had a large dose of Talent! They and Nana had figured out they were somewhat related.

They were in their upper 80's and were in wheelchairs. A stroke or two apiece wasn't helping their longevity probabilities. After a quarter-second *conference* with us, Marge put a power connection to them and notched it up.

They'd not been lovers but Nana had been very close to them both because they were related and were very intelligent, ethical and so much fun to be around. Good enough for us! If we could get them enhanced and outside before their bodies gave out, they'd save themselves countless lives of wandering and confusion.

EILEEN

So many wonderful people! I knew quite a few of them already but hadn't really had much contact with them, especially the last five years.

Kate, Maura and Teresa were especially helpful. While they hadn't known any of them before, they would claim, "Eileen mentioned several times how happy Margaret had been to know you." They always pushed them up and made them feel special -- which they were.

We gave each person or couple a small framed Nana picture. I slipped each one out and wrote a little note of thanks. We'd imported the nieces and nephews with digital cameras and everyone got some "formal" pictures taken with Bridget and me.

They noted the picture number and person's name so we could get them out properly. Best nieces and nephews!

I got out the last of my grief for Nana. Nana got hers out for leaving her friends and lovers.

Brian and Ellen were the only ones with Talent. They were wonderfully alive even though their bodies were so frail. Right after Margie put her power connection in, we "invited" ourselves over next Wednesday afternoon. By then we figured they'd easily be ready to pop. Bridget/Nana and I gave them extra-special hugs and kisses.

Bridget was down to four times a day on breast feeding so it was pretty "safe" for me to have several shots of Irish whisky over the afternoon plus puff on a light cigar outside while visiting the people there. Bridget claimed her gums were sore so I shared several drops of each shot with her.

Sean and Kate stayed cold-sober; they said they were there to help.

I invited each person or couple to our wedding. If they were interested, Teresa checked them off on the list to get an invitation. I assured them we would provide the same type of transportation if they wished. Nice, we added another forty to the guest list.

Of course we stuffed ourselves with food; it was good and it was paid for!

Yeh, by the time the scheduled time was up, there were several shit-faced oldies. John, Patrick and Sean used the extra wheelchairs as needed and had a "race" to the buses. Everyone tied.

The guys rolled off with the busses to help pour them into their own homes. Kate and I stayed at the Tavern to help finish the cleanup. When it was done, we tipped each of the servers, waiters and cooks $50; they'd earned it.

Margie ported us home where we vegged for a couple minutes until Sean got back. He told us, "I think it's Jacuzzi time." Yes!

Nice! Seems Pappa Sonora had slipped someone in today (I remember letting a crew in through the shield) to install our outside shower. Hot and cold water in a couple seconds with both overhead and pussy-level shower heads!

We got nekkid and in. I'd had just enough whiskey I was feeling no pain at all; Kate and Sean had to hold me up so I wouldn't slide off the seat.

Sean told us, "We had to pour most of them in their homes. I'll confess, we cheated a lot with *touches* once we got them inside.

We got them in their comfortable chairs with their shoes off and let them start sleeping it off. Might have to do the same after the wedding!"

Margie told us, *"Some party, eh? I think it went very well. I remember Fergus's wake; it really did help to end off and to get the grief out of the way.* [Fergus had been Margaret's husband]

"I'm still pretty sober now so I guess I'll survive. Definitely was a lot of stress though -- even though it was for me."

We laughed again at attending one's own wake.

After an hour, we were pretty well water-logged so we got out and took showers with the new outside shower. Talk about communing with nature -- the park was right across the back fence! I was doing okay by then but we still piled on the bed and took a nap for an hour.

Sean told us we were set for the seminar the next day, so we relaxed the rest of the evening. We dug out "Return to Me" and laughed and cried a bit. Interesting how some people think the person is the body or body part. We thought in the same circumstances we'd have been delighted to know our spouse's body had helped save another's life. Oh, well, we just had to suspend disbelief for a bit.

We sacked out fairly early. Kate and I had our turn at giving Margie some slow gentle loving. She was sweet, delicious and so loving in return.

It turned in to a gentle free-for-all loving which lasted a couple hours; we were celebrating the fact we were alive.

We left the bodies to sleep and spent the rest of the night exploring. Yeh, there's some truth in the legends of lost cities in the Sahara Desert! That led to exploring several of the Egyptian pyramids; there's still lots of hidden passages and chambers no one's found yet!

SEAN
(Sunday 5/21)

In the morning, we did more teleportation training. We were up to porting horses, cattle and other large living things along with some surroundings. They didn't seem to notice unless we put them in a barren landscape with nothing to eat. Of course, we put them back where they started from. Next step is porting people; Marge told us, *"Should be a piece of cake."*

Marge ported us to JRD; no need to use a car.

The conference room was ready to go. We had a good setup, just as I'd asked. We had a separate white board for "talking" as well as the projection screen.

I taught the Hat Ladies how to set up a projector and laptop since I figured they'd be doing it a lot down the line. They learned how to bring up the PowerPoint presentation and how to use the remote control to page around. "There's lots of stuff buried in hot spots if we need it; I'll get you really familiar with this before you do it on your own."

The JRD folk showed up promptly on time. All but three we knew from the Clann Reynolds meeting; the three were from the JRD office. Two were ones of us and the other a high Sensitive used to mental communication. All to the good; we'd go a lot faster than usual.

EILEEN

We got started right on time. We did a round of introductions, including Margie.

All righty, then. Kate, Margie and I would be interested spectators and apprentices; Sean had told us we'd probably be giving this same seminar.

Sean gave us a quick agenda summary and asked for questions. Barbara O'Banain popped her hand up and asked, "What's with the hat, Sean."

We laughed. Sean smiled and told her, "Bingo! You win a prize!" He tossed her out a good-sized packet of M&Ms. He continued, "With most seminars, it takes three or four hours for someone to ask or comment. **You** are now the record holder! You're a winner!"

He went on to explain Attracting Attention. He pointed out the Hat Ladies' hats and said, "Now, think about applying that principle to JRD. What kind of attention do you want to attract? **Do** you want to attract attention? Public attention? Only your owned or controlled companies? A combination?

"We'll have another exercise later called the Scale of Importances for your company. That'll help decide what to promote and how to promote it -- if you want actively to promote it."

Good. He pointed out the "true for you" blurb and stressed its importance. "I'm neither a god nor a prophet. So far, I haven't found a company or organization these principles won't fit -- including an individual! Some may have more impact or importance, depending on the organization, but you'll need to look at all of them to see how they apply."

He went into the study process. “This seminar isn’t a substitute for studying the materials. It will help executives get a firm idea of what’s in there and possibly how to apply the information. Executives especially need to study the details.

“Now, since you guys have set up very successful tutoring systems in your schools, do you have the actual study technology you use documented and in a check list you can hand some one?”

That stirred up a couple minute’s discussion among Bob, Kathleen, Sherry and a couple others. Yeh, they had a methodology with pretty simple principles but it wasn’t really documented and didn’t have a training check list.

Sean said, “I’d recommend getting that done. Your Brain Trust folk probably spend a lot of time training others and you could get some variances. Now, when you do get it done, come make a talk with us about including it in The Book on a royalty basis -- maybe as income for Clann Reynolds.”

It immediately went on the JRD To Do List.

Sean went over a company’s organization. “Every organization needs an organizing board, Org Board or Org Chart. It needs to be published and prominent so a person can tell at a glance where he and everyone else fits in.”

He went over various departments. “Depending on the organization’s size, you can have as few as three departments up to 21. No matter the actual number of departments, the organization must account for all the functions. Even the three-department organization needs to account for all the functions covered in the 21-department model.”

He pointed out the various models in The Book then went on to the Scale of Importances. It covered Purpose at the top down through Statistics and Valuable Final Product at the bottom.

“The organization as a whole has a Scale. Each department then has a scale. To create one, work it up and down until the points align within the Scale and to the organization’s scale.

“Many organizations actually don’t know what they produce either on a company level, a department level or a post level. That’s the Valuable Final Product; it’s the product or service the area exchanges to customers usually in exchange for money.

“So, to start with, who or what **are** what are JRD’s customers?”

It turned out the “customers” were the companies it owned or controlled. Sean asked, “Now, what product or service does JRD exchange with it’s customers for money? Just the fact you own or control the company doesn’t cut it. Everyone could just quit and

you wouldn't have a company. If you don't exchange something that's valuable to them, they'll resist you, ignore you and possibly even try to sabotage you because all you are then is a pain in the butt.

"So, lots of questions, eh? Needs some work?"

They laughed and agreed it did need work. Sean said, "We've developed hands-on workshops for Org Boards, Scale of Importances and several other areas we're gonna cover. Any of the four of us will be qualified shortly to deliver them.

"On the other hand, you can work on the areas yourselves and get a pretty good handle on what you need then get some consultation time to polish them up. It's up to you."

He whispered to Kate, Marge and me, *"That's you folk who will be able to do them!"*

He told them, "Soon, any of us will be qualified to deliver most everything. Marge has the issue that most mundane companies couldn't handle her qualifications so that really leaves the three of us."

Marge preened and told them, *"I serve as eye candy and an arm ornament!"* Good laugh.

That covered the first section of The Book. We took a break then went back at it. Now we went into the various functions or departments such as Treasury, Public (advertising or promotion), Operations (production), Quality Control and the like.

He covered the high points in each section. His PowerPoint presentation had lots of bullet points; he didn't read them off because they were right out of The Book. JRD ended up with lots of items on their To Do List!

We continued. More principles, more questions.

"Beware of delivering what you promise. You've gotta do **at least** that! Word your deliverables so you can deliver even more! Promise a Honda and deliver a Lexus! You may contract for a Model X Rod Buster machine with Revision 6.8 software. Ensure they're willing to accept **at least** that.

"It could well be they already have ten Model X's with Rev. 6.8 and simply want another to fit in because they've got their lines set up to handle exactly that. If you delivered a 'better" Model XI, they may bust your chops.

"On the other hand, they might be expanding their product line. The Model X might handle it 'okay,' but the Model XI might handle it twice as fast. Find out. That's part of your salesmen's jobs -- find out what they really need.

"Of course, if they want only and exactly the Model X Rev. 6.8, ensure you can deliver it before you write the contract. It may already be so old you'd have to revamp your production line to make a one-off Model X; that could cost you even more than you'd make in profit. You **did** archive the Rev. 6.8 software, right?"

Advertising and promotion: "Who's your public? Do you promote The Clean Place to preschoolers? Middle-class adults? Affluent individuals or families? How do you find out who your actual public is? Are there more than one public for a product or service? Can the same promotion cover all publics? Do you need separate lines to handle the different publics? How can a company find JRD so they can offer to sell themselves?"

More items on the To Do List.

What Human Resources covers. Treasury and how it should be organized: "You need an account for incoming payments. It'll handle the checks until they clear. Now, when do you actually **earn** the money? Is it when you receive it or is it when you deliver the product? Do you pay bills as soon as they come in? Cash or Accrual basis for accounting? Your policies have to fit it."

We finished the last forty minutes up with questions and answers. Sean started it out with, "Now this is a lot of material to implement. I gave Mario a CD with PDFs for the twelve detailed manuals; it's more cost-efficient for both of us to have you print a set.

"Now, is it worth implementing? All I can tell you is I've developed over thirty retail businesses using these principles, most from scratch. We -- Cullen Enterprises -- have sold 20 of them at an excellent profit. We carry the paper on ten of the ones I've sold. We've still got eleven we own totally -- and we hope to sell.

"Yeh, setting each one up was hard work. It took time, money and patience. However, since the Statistics part of the Scale truly measures how well they're performing, the ones we've financed and the ones we still own simply send in their statistics three times a week. We can spot desirable **and** undesirable trends almost immediately then help reinforce the desired and stomp out the undesired.

"Since we've trained the staff on a lot of The Book, over 90% of the time they've already taken action on a down statistic by the time they've sent it in. So, we're in the mode of looking at the statistics, evaluating them and doing some oversight visits to ensure principles are in.

"We spend two normal workdays a week running around to the eleven owned businesses and maybe three or four hours a week reviewing statistics and accounting data. The financed companies take a couple hours per week review and we run around to them every couple months for an oversight visit; that's all in the sales contract.

"Among those 21 companies, we average about $120K a month pretty clear profit. I've single-handed it up to a week ago -- you tell me if it's worth putting in the time."

SEAN

I'd say I did my job. They ended up uncomfortable about their company; that's what they needed so they could change.

I saw the Hat Ladies lapping it all up. They'd studied it all but this had been a summary with very leading questions designed to make the people think. JRD came away with a decent To Do List; I'd bet we'll be hearing from them within a couple weeks -- or at least by summer time.

And 12K for a day's work, not counting several hours' setup and a set of manuals wasn't too shabby.

We chatted with the JRD folk as we packed up our stuff. I asked Bob if he knew of any physical training exercises or katas they'd developed. I told him what Marge was doing; he and Kat were very interested. Kat said, "George of course will be interested. I agree, while Dermot and the older young-uns are pretty well-coordinated, this would probably help a lot. It'll also help us older folk optimize our body control."

Bob said he'd put it out at Monday's Clann meeting, "I'll give them the 'Sean Cullen's been thinking...' routine. That usually leads to some interesting stuff happening."

Kathleen laughed. "Yeh, you'll also get hammered with the normal responses, too." She told us the usual reaction of the people protesting he made them work while he sat back. "So far, though, someone's dug in, worked and came up with Real Good Things. This'll probably be the same. We've got a somewhat similar question out there now and this'll fit right in."

Since it was 5:30, it was getting dinner time. I invited all and sundry to the Altadena Arms for a "victory" dinner; my treat. Bob immediately asked about the "victory." I told him, "Victory over being comfortable. Uncomfortable people work hard to produce really good work and ideas." He laughed and agreed.

We ended up with the Hat Ladies, Madeleine and Dermot McKenna, the Baxters (including George) along with Bob, Kat,

Mario, Sherry and me. I called the restaurant and reserved a small room.

We ate and talked; Bridget nursed. Madeleine was the Global Sales Manager while the Baxters were Regional Managers; they were right in the middle of things and most of the questions had really hit them.

They asked intelligent questions and made intelligent observations. I let the Hat Ladies handle most of the questions; it was good experience for them and gave them some more confidence.

Though Marge hadn't had a lot of direct business experience, she knew how to teach effectively with leading questions, gradients and the whole bit. Betcha I know who I'd have make up the workshop materials!

After dinner, I took them on a quick tour of the Arms. Eileen spilled the beans on Cullen Hotels then pointed out some of the The Book principles which weren't really obvious on the surface.

Madeleine asked, "Not to be personal, but what kind of income does this produce? This is pretty much a quiet, off-the-beaten-path neighborhood."

I'd have palmed that off on Kate except she wasn't doing the Cullen Hotels books. I told them, "It nets around $500K a year after taxes up to now. I'm gonna put Eileen or Marge on figuring out how to promote the restaurant as an outside attraction. Right now, about 98% of the clientele are hotel guests. That's fine, but you'll notice the room was only about a third full tonight and it's dinner time."

Madeleine said, "We found a JRD company something like that. JRD Recording was actually utilizing only about 10% of its resources. After a little cleanup and renovation, plus some decent promotion a couple months ago, it's already over doubled its production.

"Offhand, I didn't see any outpoints in the decor, service or the food. The prices were really reasonable for a hotel restaurant, too. Most hotel restaurants I've been in charge an arm, two legs and part of a boob for barely okay food."

Marge told them, *"Over the years, I've done quite a few hotels. I got so I wouldn't even bother with the hotel restaurant except maybe for a breakfast buffet if I was in a hurry.*

"As a by-the-way, we've got at least fifteen Clann Cullen folk working here. I think that helps overall since they tend to be very trustworthy. Then again, with something like half of them being women, I think they're really here hoping Sean will get in their pants. Hehehehe."

Argh.

We broke up and the JRD folk ported off. Marge said, *"I'm gonna go with George to his place for a while. We're gonna try some hot sex!"*

Eileen and Kate immediately *whispered* to George and told him where her "hot spots" were. He laughed and said *"She's a sexy tart, ain't she?"*

Marge ported us back to OTL before she left. We hit the Jacuzzi and let the day's stiffness from standing (me) and sitting (them) all day work out. Eileen and Kate sat on the water jets for a while making noises. Then they sat on me while we all made noises -- several times.

We hit the bed and dropped right off to sleep; it felt a bit odd not having our smallest family member draped over us.

We heard the shower briefly around midnight. A few minutes later, Bridget drifted in, latched on to Eileen's breast and nursed. A few minutes later she fell asleep.

Eileen: *"Hot date?"*

Marge: *"Aye. He kept trying to get in my panties."*

Pause.

Kate: *"And it just so happened you weren't wearing any panties, right?"*

Marge: *"Right. He kept after me and after me."*

Pause.

Eileen: *"Then those small bruises on the inside of your thighs are from you fighting him off, right?"*

Marge: *"Right." Grin.*

Pause.

Kate: *"Remember sweety, his skull's still really soft. You'd better not squeeze him too hard."*

Marge: *"Right. We found that out. Fortunately we were able to push his eyeballs back in." Grin.*

They drifted off into girl-talk about young-male-body stiffies and possible orgasms, recovery times, how strong his bones and muscles had to be to get a finger in her twat or up her butt, using *touches* to enable same, how nursing gives a strong mouth and tongue and several positions to try next time.

I kept out of it; I figured if they wanted my opinions, they'd tell me what they were. I just smiled and thought about how much I loved my sweet ladies.

(Monday 5/22)

We staggered out of bed at the usual time; we had plenty to do. Everyone chowed down breakfast pretty good. Marge had a good nursing and scarfed down some solid food; she ended up with a distinct bulge in her cute belly.

Only a couple more steps on the teleportation training! Now we got to do people -- us. We twinned up and practiced teleporting the twin's body somewhere. We found out the differences between being inside the body, outside and outside with a streamer. If we were completely outside, we "lost" the body for several milliseconds until the connection nodes updated the locations. If we moved at the same time the body got ported, we had to look for the body since both ends of the node had incorrect data. Moral: don't do both at the same time.

After doing the previous steps, there were no problems at all. When we got to porting our own bodies, it was even easier since we knew the target location and could update the node data on the fly.

No, the spirit didn't actually teleport with the same mechanism, we just moved right along with it -- if we wished.

We finished up with group ports. Yeh, we could all do ourselves individually but if we were all going to the same place, it was quicker and easier to have one person do the honors for the rest. That way, there was only one person hunting around at the target location.

The final steps were porting a moving body, either some else's or our own to both a fixed or moving destination. No big deal, really. Just add or remove the energy vector. Several airplane bathrooms got good workouts!

Now we were ready to rumble! We did a quick run through the check sheet to ensure Marge's notes were up to date. She said she'd finalize the notes and work them over with the other committee members on Wednesday.

I showed the ladies how to download the wake pictures from the digital cameras; there were several hundred. Using the notes the young-uns had made, we put each person's in a separate directory on the server.

With a bit of training for the ladies, we swept through them, picked the "best" ones, did some crops and edits then printed them on photo paper. We stuffed each set in a separate envelope with the person's name then laid them out on the dining-room table.

Time-consuming, yes. Next time we'd probably be able to trim the time down by at least a third.

Teresa told us the wedding invitations were ready. She'd pick them up then Maura and she would meet us at OTL around 2:00. I told her, *"We've got a lawyer's appointment at 12:30 so if we're not here, come right on in. The Jacuzzi's ready if you are."*

We had a quick bite for lunch then headed to Ladies' Leather. Jim, his lawyer and our lawyer were all ready. The Hat Ladies and I scrutinized the contracts, asked a couple questions then Jim and I signed. Cullen Enterprises would carry the financing; Kate made a note on the expected due date (direct ACH deposit) and it was a done deal! To Do List: Get the other ten businesses ready to sell.

EILEEN

We got back to OTL in good time, stripped down and slid into the Jacuzzi. Maura and Teresa rolled in and joined us.

Lots of catch up. We girls scooted down to make our boobs float; Sean immediately came alert, made the rounds and ensured all nipples were acceptably perky, including Margie's.

Between moans and groans, Teresa said, "The invitations look great! We had 600 printed up, just in case. I know we've added quite a few to the list since we first went over it."

Kate "mentioned" Margie's hot date. Maura and Teresa immediately demanded details so we gossiped while ensuring the water jets still worked properly. Margie had the problem she was too short to sit on one with her head above water. She made do with getting passed around to various gentle fingers and mouths. Good thing we had the sound shield up!

Back to work! We bailed out the Jacuzzi, had a quick shower then went after the wedding invitations.

Sean had added the wake invitees to his database, so he simply fed the invitations and the envelopes through the printer with his handwriting font. We girls got the job of stuffing the envelopes. No big deal with five of us.

We laid the ones going to Olive Tree Lane on the dining room table; if there were pictures for the person, it got matched to the pile. These we'd deliver by hand that afternoon.

We put stamps on the rest (the "personal touch"); Kate did the honors and teleported them to the post office outgoing mail. Any of the pictures going outside Olive Tree Lane, Maura ran through the postage meter. I got the honor of porting them to the post office.

Total time, 2 hours. Not too bad!

Now we had time to talk a bit. Teresa had a real good draft of the Clann Cullen customs, both public and private.

The public publication had a Clann history as well as containing the Ceann's hereditary aspect and some of his public duties such as handling disputes, "blessing" marriages and other helpful functions. It covered the blood, marriage, associated and invited membership current rules -- with some of the background history behind them.

The contingencies for the hereditary Ceann were laid out too. Hell, they took up two pages! Maybe we'd have our lawyer look at it; we'd probably left something out.

The private customs publication was quite a bit different. It laid out the honoring custom with mutual consent, emphasising the consent. As a long appendix, Teresa had laid out the origination of the custom and how it had changed over the years.

Kate asked, "So how are you looking at 'distributing' the private customs?"

Teresa laughed, "Bush telegraph for now. I'm gonna have a good talk with Rosheen Kelly. Of course I'll emphasise the confidential nature but she talks with a lot of Clann people.

"If Sean approves the content, Mona's gonna publish the web site on Wednesday. It'll have the public customs like we see them here and a hint at contacting Rosheen for our 'secret' customs. I'd say we do a mailing pretty soon to all the Clann addresses we have to promote the web site.

"Once these wedding invitations hit the mail, we'll know in a week or so which addresses to correct; we asked for address correction service on them for that very reason.

"If we get ambitious, which we probably will, let's have a couple big Clann meetings to promote both the web site and the customs. Maybe we'll have some of the lineages worked up by then so folk can add information; that'll help the project.

"Rosheen's already agreed to work on the genealogy; she has an elderly computer with a dial-up Internet connection but that'll do for right now."

Sean said, "Sounds great! The lawyer should have our Clann incorporation papers ready pretty soon. When they're ready, we can create a bank account then be able to handle a lot of costs as a deductible contribution.

"We'll get Rosheen a modern system and a DSL connection; any of the other young-uns interested in this sort of stuff?"

"Oh, yeh. All four of them are bumping elbows to get on the two systems we have now."

"Great! How about as an early whatever present, I get each of them a good laptop. I'll have Mario set you all up on a wireless network along with a good-sized file server; since your places are right next door to each other, there shouldn't be any issues. You got room for a couple printers?"

"We can make room. What do you have in mind?"

"A color laserjet at each place. Fry's has smaller ones than this one so they won't take up much space. That'll handle Clann stuff -- which we'll pay for -- plus homework and other stuff."

"They're all very responsible even now, with their memories coming back. We haven't had any issues on anything since they got outside last Saturday -- they've been getting better every day!"

"Good. That'll give a good 'excuse' for installing the network. I'll toss in a system each for the four Moms and Pops; if you're happy with what you have now, you'll have some spares."

Kate laughed and told them, "Seems to me Sean will deserve a Soo Laid from the Nolans and Bardons after that."

Maura, Teresa, Kate and I looked at each other. "Hmm. **Good** idea."

I told them, "On the other hand, Margie, Kate and I haven't been able to wear him out in a night. Maybe it'll take all ten of us gals."

Sean just looked around innocently. He said, "I'm not in really good shape right now; you gals would probably kill me."

Kate snorted and said, "Fat chance. A couple of those grand slams you hit put me away for a good day and a half."

Maura and Teresa were immediately interested in grand slams. We started in on home runs and Journeys then Sean cleared his throat quietly and said, "Sounds like an interesting topic for a middle-of-the-night hen party but we've gotta get some daytime work done."

We thought of pummeling him a bit but he'd probably be able to take us all on. He was right, though. We agreed on a social secretary meeting at 1:00 tomorrow morning.

I tried to get the discussion back on topic. "After Mary's fertility rite, Sean remembered many times when he was Ceann. Maura, Teresa, you have any Clann Cullen memories?"

They looked thoughtful for a few seconds. Maura said, "At least fifteen times right now."

Teresa volunteered she had around a dozen. She said, "I'll ask the rest of the family, too. Now then, since those memories are there, they would be an excellent source of past customs and history. Sean, you're elected to transcribe what you remember and we will too. Send it to me when you've got some. We'll do the same.

"These can be pretty much anything. Housing, housing arrangement, household and village setup, clothing, weapons, training, education, crop layout, hunting, war tactics and war parties -- not just the women-screwing. We'll do the same and I'll see if I can sort them out so they make some sense."

Made sense. Margie, Kate and I said we'd do the same. So far as we knew, Margie and I weren't in the Cullen lineage, but who knew until we looked? Kate said she'd been told she was related and that she'd look, too.

All right! Something to do in the night besides screw. Not that it would slow down the screwing at all...

I brought up the Shane gang. "You've met Shane, Celia and Jack. How about we make them the first ones we invite to the Core?"

We agreed unanimously. I got "elected" to do the presentation since I'd been around Sharon the longest. To Do List: Wednesday?

Sean told Maura and Teresa, "We're getting a full email system set up this Saturday. We're gonna have email, calendar, tasks, all that stuff. We'll probably assign Margie as the administrator since she goofs off so much otherwise."

Margie laughed. *"Well, that stuff seems to come to me okay. I've gotta do a lot of those kinda things because I can't be a public person. Gotta earn my money somehow. By the way,* ***Mom****, how about my allowance?"*

I poked her a couple times and said, "Feel lucky I feed you so you don't have to go scavenging."

We got a decent chuckle over it.

That was about it. Margie told the Cullen Sisters, *"We've gotten through the teleportation checklist just fine. The committee'll be making the final polish pass at it Real Soon Now then get it to you ASAP."*

We sent them on their way and got ready to do the rounds on the neighbors. Business casual; Kate and I even wore bras so we wouldn't look like loose women.

We'd decided to cover this block; we had the invitations and pictures for anyone on it. Since we'd laid out the invitations and

pictures on the dining room table, we'd just port the appropriate set to us as needed.

We visited the entire block. Nana would fill us in again on what she knew about a family/person, check the table for pictures and an invitation, get them as needed then go up and do our spiel.

We'd introduce ourselves (Kate was a "special friend." Nary an eyebrow was raised) and said we'd be living there now. We gave them a quick rundown on being part of an Irish Clann so we'd be having some meetings there on occasion.

If they were getting pictures or an invitation we'd hand it over then maybe chat a little. We gave them a card with our names and numbers so they could get a hold of us if they needed. On to the next one.

We took most of the late afternoon and early evening with a dinner break. I did the honors for dinner and ported us to the Sizzler in Pasadena. Piece of cake; just look around real good for eyeballs or cameras before you do it.

We made a late visit to Rosheen's apartment to pick up the rest of Kate's clothes. Before she could stop him. Sean gave her another good going over -- she loved it!

While Kate gathered stuff and ported it home, Sean and I talked with Rosheen about doing the genealogy research on Clann Cullen and on Kate's and my line. She was more than happy to add us to the Clann Cullen stuff. She'd already surfed around a little to various sites and had been thinking about it.

Now it could be an actual project. Kate told her, "As soon as the incorporation papers come through, we'll get the bank account set up and get you some money; it'll sure would help with the rent next month. Right?"

Sean told her we'd be setting her up with a faster Internet connection soon. We ensured she had Mona's and Teresa's numbers so they could get together for more plotting and planning.

SEAN

Some Real Good Things going on. Looks like I'd have my hands full with the detail manual updates and the customs transcriptions. I could do a lot of that in the night when the ladies cut me off. I decided to wait a bit on the detail manuals; maybe the documentation consultant Thursday would have a better way of setting them up.

Kate asked, "What do we take tomorrow to Mesa?"

I told them, "Basically your beautiful bodies. Blouses with skirts or slacks; hats and a small purse. We probably won't need anything else, but we'll port it over if we do.

"Be prepared to do some walking on grass or sand so have wide heels on your shoes. Look like a successful business woman. We're gonna do the Seagull Consultant routine."

Of course someone bit. Marge asked, *"Whazzat?"*

"Fly in. Crap all over. Fly out."

Good for a decent laugh. Eileen asked why we were doing the airplane bit when we could port over.

"One step at a time. a) we didn't know we'd be at this stage when I set up the visit and b) we all need to have the first-hand experience at what we'd go through if we flew a lot. Besides, part of it could be fun."

They still made several attempts to find out what Mesa was about; even going so far as threatening to cut me off if I didn't tell. I just grinned and said, "Time will tell. If needed, I'm sure Mona would let me spend several nights with her; maybe Maura or Teresa would take pity on me."

They pretended to glare and growl but laughed anyway.

We sent Kate off to school while the rest of us went to the Clann Reynolds meeting. Bob told the group **I**'d been thinking and got the ration of shit back he'd told me to expect. I let Marge take the heat while she explained what we needed and wanted.

Dayum, she brought up the Israeli Krav Maga (dirty street fighting). Sounded good to me. Bob put in a twist at the end; can we come up with a technology to record and play back body perceptions? Can we save and play back spirit-pictures and sensations? Verry interressting!

Chapter 19

EILEEN
(Tuesday 5/23)

The Clann Cullen social secretaries met at 1:00 in the morning. We'd sent Sean off to chase up some rainbows and find a couple pots of gold; this wasn't his business -- yet.

We tried to pump Maura and Teresa about what was in Mesa; they claimed ignorance. "I guess if he'd wanted you to know, he'd have told you. All we really know is there was a major project there he spent several months on. He went to do a seminar in late December, came back here for the holidays then went back again until late April. We couldn't get much out of him ourselves."

Oh, well, still a mystery.

We gave them the info on home runs, grand slams and Journeys. They both said, "We need to schedule ourselves again. Since we're part of the social secretaries, we need to abuse the right."

Looking over who was in the queue for new Clann members, we found the Shane Gang, Jackie, and the Keavys. The Shane Gang was ready, the rest of us had looked them over and Kate figured we could invite them to the Clann maybe Wednesday. Depended on the schedule.

We were enhancing the Keavys and Jackie. We already had an appointment for a social meeting with the Keavys on Wednesday. Margie'd been pumping up their power slowly and by then we expected them to be able to pop right out; they were already *talking* with each other a bit.

Jackie was stirring around pretty good, too. Maybe we could get together with her Wednesday. If all went well, we'd invite her to Tavern night on Friday. If she was okay, we could invite her over the weekend. More people for the Core!

We finally got to the honorings. Teresa said, *"I suggest we do a quick probe run through everyone we've got on our wedding invitation list. It has everyone we know of right now. Let's check for Talent and contributions to the Clann.*

"If they've got Talent, start enhancing them -- maybe a few at a time. That'll expand the Core as well as making the Clann stronger.

"During or after that, I'd say we do the honoring mainly by their Core membership, Clann contributions and by their closeness to the Ceann's blood lines. Some combination of those should give us a decent hierarchy of importance.

"If they're Core, they go to the top of the list; it'll make the Core more solid. Since the Talent really helps their effectiveness, it'll help the Clann a lot, too."

Made a lot of sense to me. Kate pointed out her slight hesitancy to "participate" because of her inexperience. Maura gave a good spirit-snort. *"Shit, girl. You're a Ceann-Mate; if a guy or gal got the worst lay they've ever had, they'd still love it. Remember, we're talking the high honoring here where we fuck their socks off, not just a little groping and necking.*

"They'll take anything as an honoring. Even the acknowledgement they exist like a smile and a nice greeting is honoring them; it doesn't have to be sexual.

"Eileen's a slightly different story. Since she plans on getting pregnant ASAP, let's get her married with a bun firmly in the

oven before she starts doing anything; that's a good reason to have Kate in the mix. This way, there's no doubt in anyone's mind anywhere it's not the Ceann's child."

We were on the earliest flight to Phoenix, so we had to get up early. Groan. Fortunately, the bodies sleep very well when we're outside so they were as fresh and bright as could be expected.

Before we left for the airport, I got on the airline's web site and printed out our electronic tickets. One less hassle because we didn't have to go through the ticket line.

We took the Volvo to the airport. Sean told us, "It'll be in the parking lot all day so it'll be less conspicuous than the BMW. Even at that, we'll put a shield around -- it'll even stop a thief."

We carried Bridget in her car seat/carrier; Sean had told us we were taking a taxi at the other end and a safety seat was required. No sweat. Margie just lightened everything up to weigh just a couple pounds.

The wait in the security line was a drag; it took a good half hour just to get to the metal detectors. Take off your shoes, belt, all that crap. I had to carry Bridget through the detector while her carrier went through the x-ray.

Then we had to put everything together and on again. Pain in the butt!

We waited around the gate for another forty-five minutes. Okay, I guess. We people-watched most of the time and *commented* to each other about them.

We spotted a couple sparks of Talent. Shamelessly invading their privacies, we *inspected* them pretty good. Nice. One was from North Hollywood and one from Pasadena. Kate noted their names and addresses; we'd turn the North Hollywood one over to Bob and investigate the Pasadena one ourselves. Both were nice people even if neither was Irish. Grin.

Since we were in first class, we got the first boarding. Sean carried Bridget -- fully in her wonderfully-behaved-baby persona waving and smiling at everyone -- and I hauled the carrier along. Kate and I had brought very small purses with our identification etc. along with the diaper bag.

Kate carried the diaper bag. No diapers in it any more but it had baby food, a couple spare panties and other baby stuff for appearances. At least the security folk hadn't confiscated the baby food.

The boarding gate put us out on the "tarmac" where we walked a little ways and climbed some stairs to the airplane. One of the

attendants claimed the carrier to store it away. Better than one of us trying to get it in the overhead.

We'd gotten in the same row at least. Sean had the window seat next to Kate on the aisle. Bridget and I got the window seat on the other side where she sat in my lap, chortled and waved at everyone going by.

Our Pasadena Talent got the aisle next to us! As soon as she got settled, Bridget was all over her. We introduced ourselves while Bridget did her full baby shtick.

Pretty much everyone called Betty (Elizabeth) Bright "BB." She was the oldest of three siblings so was used to handling babies. She teared up a little from Bridget's attentions and confessed she wanted kids of her own.

She was 27, single (as were the other two siblings), unattached and lived in Pasadena. She had her BBA just like me and had worked at JPL (Jet Propulsion Laboratory) in Human Resources the past five years.

That exchange took only a couple minutes; the rest of the passengers were lined up in the aisles waiting to seat themselves so I couldn't introduce Kate and Sean yet. So, we settled in and got to know each other while Bridget napped on her shoulder.

She was going to Phoenix for a college class reunion. "I've read all sorts of stories about reunions. Fortunately, the people I knew in college were all pretty laid-back. We didn't have many cliques or snobbery so I don't think we'll have any one-upmanship going on. I've done okay."

Finally everyone got seated. The attendants did their spiel about the seat belts, exits and seat cushions -- pretty familiar after movies. I introduced BB to Kate and Sean; they smiled brightly at her. We'd already decided to attempt to "bring her into the fold."

The attendant had me hold Bridget in my lap for the taxiing and take-off. She laughed, waved her arms and legs around and had a great time.

The takeoff was a bit noisy and we could feel the acceleration. No big deal. Sean told us, *"Open and close your jaws a few times while wiggling your ears. That'll help equalize the pressure change across your eardrums."*

Old hat to Margie but new to Kate and me. BB'd flown before so was accustomed to the pressure changes.

Dayum, it felt like we were going up at 45 degrees at least! There were a few bounces and such but no big deal. Bridget and

I watched out the window while everything got smaller. Sure, we'd all "seen" it while exploring but it still was new -- and fun.

BB marveled a bit at how well Bridget took everything. Kate told her, "She's really a special young lady. It seems we discover more talents in her every day."

That led into the discussion about our relationships. BB took our three-some without a blink or extraneous thought. She loved our claddagh rings. She had a few interesting private thoughts about Bridget's but nothing nasty.

She was very interested in our business relationship inside Cullen Enterprises. After I gave her a business card, she said, "Oh, yeh! I've heard about the Hat Man. Ginny and James both work in his businesses. So, now I can tell them I've hobnobbed with the big wigs! I should have recognized you all from your hats. Bridget, how do you keep yours on?"

Bridget just laughed at her and blinked her eyes. Kate told BB, "Just a bit of Irish magic. In case you haven't noticed, we're Irish; she must have picked up something from a leprechaun sometime."

BB didn't look very convinced but didn't say much. She just thought, *"Yeh, right. These guys are a bit, uh, advanced."*

Well, we could help her out with that. Margie'd already put a connection node to her and was pumping power lightly.

We talked about JPL. She told us, "Since it's actually run by Cal Tech, the place is like a college campus. Everyone's actually Cal Tech employees; another girl and I are up there as liaisons. We don't actually do a whole lot, just changes in benefits, W-4 changes, that sort of stuff."

She enjoyed the atmosphere, was happy with being in a leading-edge industry but had been getting a bit antsy the last year or so. She really wanted to do more with herself. Hmm. Definite prospect for Cullen Enterprises staff.

She asked why we were going to Phoenix. Kate, Bridget and I glared at Sean and told her, "Something to do with business. Sean refuses to say exactly what -- maybe it's a cat house or something." Sean tried to look innocent while BB laughed at us.

The air time was a bit over an hour so by the time BB'd gotten really relaxed with us, we were on the ground after a small bump and some tire squeals.

Taxi some more, wait for the ladder, get Bridget's carrier back then file out and into the terminal. We arranged with BB to give her a call after she got back to Pasadena to set up another meeting with her. She was quite happy about it. After a final

round of hugs, Kate, Margie and I *watched* her check out Sean's butt as we left.

Okay, now we're in Phoenix. We got in the taxi line, waited a couple minutes then took off with Bridget settled in her car seat. Sean handed the driver a business card. The driver said, "Yep. Know exactly where it is; I've taken several people there."

Mesa appeared to be fifteen or twenty minutes from the airport. It was sunny and pretty warm with lots of desert. Altadena had been a bit cooler but not so desert-like. Guess this was high desert.

The taxi pulled in a driveway by a sign saying, "Waystation 1." Okay. We pulled up to a large low building. Kate said, "It looks like a school."

Sean told us, "It was an elementary school. There was a lot of redistricting and that sort of stuff so it was 'surplus.' We got it cheap."

There were young kids (pre-school-age) on the playground and quite a few adults around.

Sean paid the taxi driver, got a receipt then led us inside. The receptionist was an elderly lady; her eyes lit up, she laughed, came around the desk and laid a big hug on him.

Sean hugged her right back and told her, "Alice, this is my fiancee, Eileen McLennan, our special friend Kate Hanlon and Eileen's daughter Margaret. They're Hat Ladies now."

Alice laughed again and asked, "Will you be as hard to please as Sean?"

I passed Bridget over for some baby lovin' and told her, "Probably. We'll find out when we know a little more about what's going on." We glared at him. "He hasn't told us a thing about this place."

Alice grinned. "Sounds like him. He likes to tease. Anyway, Vera Leonard is probably the one to tell you; she's been here from the start. I'll give her a call to tell her you've arrived."

She made a call then gave us some stick-on guest badges with our names. The title was Very Special Visitor.

Vera was a middle-aged lady with a CEO sign on her office door. She was ready for Sean and laid a big hug and kiss on him -- which he returned promptly. She told him, "You've been gone a whole month, Sean! I'd almost given up hope of seeing that silly hat again." She looked us over quickly, laughed and said, "Now **their** hats aren't silly."

Of course we *inspected* her a bit; she had a nice dose of Talent! While Sean was returning her greetings, he told us, *"Eileen, how about you start pumping her up pretty quickly. I'd like to have her outside by 1:00."*

No problem with that; it was almost automatic by now. Sean introduced us and we got nice hugs from her. Bridget laid a good baby-love on her and she teared up. She told us, "I'm so glad to see you here. Sean ran himself ragged for months; he really can use help."

We grinned at her. Kate said, "He's already working our tails off. He's even got Bridget scrubbing floors. Now, what exactly is **here**? Sean hasn't told us a thing except it's a business of some sort."

Vera glanced at Sean. He waved an "It's your story" at her.

She said, "Sounds like him at times. Have a seat and I'll give you a quick overview."

We got settled. Alice brought us sodas while Bridget napped on Vera's shoulder. Vera told us, "It started late last December. Sean put on a Small Retail Business seminar which I came to -- I was looking for something beyond a standard job."

"Anyway, I got stranded after the seminar. I was the last one out and found I'd left my purse inside. Sean had shut the door after us and we were locked out.

"No keys, no cell phone, nada. Sean took me home and we talked on the way. We laughed a little about my getting stranded then he asked a key question, 'How many people do you think get stranded in Mesa and Phoenix with no place to go?'

"We guessed quite a few. Hell, I got pregnant in high school -- many years ago -- and my folks kicked me out. I literally had no place to go. The 'boyfriend' lived way the hell the other side of town and had already told me it was 'my problem.' We kinda lived out in the sticks so it was miles from any of my girl friends.

"I spent the night freezing my butt off behind a bush waiting for someone to come along, rape me and kill me. Not a fun night at all.

"Anyway, the next morning my dad came looking for me and we got back together. I stayed in high school, had my baby after I graduated then later found a nice man who loved both me and my son. My son's ready to graduate himself this year. I've always remembered that night -- the fear, panic and uncertainty.

"Larry, my husband, is an investment banker and as a family we're in decent financial condition so I don't **have** to work to make ends meet. Our son -- and later, two daughters together --

are bright, talented and no trouble. I'd worked off and on here and there but really hadn't found anything I wanted to do for a long time. That's why I went to Sean's seminar.

"We got together the next day for lunch. Sean knew I was looking for something so he basically asked, 'What are we going to do about this?'"

Her husband had known about her night "on the town" years before and was interested in helping too. They set up Sean in her home office and they started researching statistics. After a week of research, they came up with idea of a waystation. Not a homeless shelter or soup kitchen but a place where someone temporarily distressed could come for help. It wasn't an alcohol or drug rehab center, either.

Vera and Larry had lived in Phoenix and Mesa for over thirty years so they knew the area pretty well. At Sean's suggestion, they went around to most of the community churches with the idea.

They'd gotten agreement from six churches to support the idea. Since the churches were already tax-exempt, they could easily set up a joint tax-exempt organization.

She told us, "Sean worked the Phoenix and Mesa governments over pretty good. They already had a homeless problem and had a pretty good idea what the mix was. They figured a good 50% were hardcore homeless and the others were on the streets through various bad luck or unfortunate circumstances.

"It's probably the same in California. Can't get a job without a home address and can't get a place to stay without a job. Lots of the homeless were in that condition and many had young children to handle. You can guess it was a mess.

"The city governments were handling things as best they could with their limited time and budgets. Many churches had small outreach programs and were doing what they could on a case-by-case basis. This would get some organization in.

"Sean did ninety percent of the grunt work. He found this school had been 'surplused' because of its age and the redistricting. He got Mesa to lease it, found state and federal grants, did a tremendous amount of fund raising and helped us start it up."

The place had needed renos. Sean found contractors and other volunteers to donate their time and materials. Since it was a tax-exempt organization from the start, it had worked out pretty good.

Vera said, "Sean even managed to work with the city courts. There's lots of cases where the judge assigns community service

in lieu of a fine or jail time. We got a lot of people that way -- and still do.

“So, what we’ve basically got is a short to medium term organization to help get people on their feet. Someone can show up for two nights with no questions asked; singles, single parents with kids or full families. I’d say 30% of our population are very short-term.

“We’ve got fifteen unwed mothers in our medium-term program. Twelve are in still in high school -- their parents disowned them. Ten are still going to school every day; the other two are getting their GEDs. We’ve got an entire computer lab set up just for job searching and on-line education.

“There’s three high-school-aged pregnant couples whose folks kicked them out. We’re working with their families but so far it doesn’t look good. They are all still going to school for now. One couple is in their sophomore year. They’re bright and are looking really hard at getting their GED and filing for emancipation.

“We’ve got three or four people who are staying with friends and come here in the evening to study. No problem with that.

“We’ve got a working arrangement with almost all the taxi services in the area. They’ll bring someone here and either donate the fee or we’ll pay for the trip.

“We work pretty closely with Children’s Services. Especially the older ones, they can stay here a couple days easily with little additional supervision. We’d take younger ones if we had 24/7 child care, but we haven’t gotten to that yet.

“Sean’s been in the middle all the way. He’s given three of his seminars and donated half his profits -- about $300K. He’s drywalled, wired, computerized -- donated systems -- set up a huge network and ramrodded pretty much everything including doing lots of counseling and training counselors.

“We’ve got around 200 ‘clients’, 50 full-time staff and around 25 part-time staff, either volunteer or community service. We figure there’s room to handle up to 600 clients and expand the staff to 75 or so full-timers with 30 to 50 part-time volunteers including the community-service folk.

“We run the place by The Book and it’s worked out wonderfully.”

Jaysus! Kate, Bridget and I piled on Sean with hugs and kisses. After we settled down a little, I told Vera, “I was almost in that condition myself. When my husband died, it was me and Bridget. I was working retail -- run by The Book by the way -- and if I hadn’t been able to keep Bridget with me all day, in a very short time I couldn’t have afforded to keep an apartment and day care at the same time.

“I’ve got a degree but would have had no way to do efficient job hunting. Fortunately, Sean came along before all that happened and he took us in. Now we’re working together and are engaged. We were within a couple weeks of being on the street ourselves.”

Vera smiled and said, “Then you’ve got a pretty good idea what most of our clients are up against. How about you, Kate?”

Kate thought a moment then said, “My parents died when I was a sophomore in high school. My aunt took me in so I didn’t have to go the foster care route. Sean’s Clann Cullen helped me find a place to live with another clann member when my aunt died. I was close to that situation but managed to avoid it. I can feel your pain, though.”

We chatted another half hour, agreed to meet for lunch then Sean led us away for an oversight tour. “You folk know The Book. Look for pluspoints and outpoints. Any questions, ask.”

He showed us the Organizing Board outside Vera’s office. After a couple minutes study, we had a good idea of who did what with and to whom and what each department produced.

The security office was right next door. Everyone had an electronic badge; even the kids had a pin-on badge with their name and the parent’s names. They controlled access to the computer labs, cafeteria and berthing areas with the badges. Sean said, “It’s actually not so much for the organization but the clients have a much better feeling about having their kids or spouse in an area with at least some protection.

“We have a night-time security patrol -- donated by the local security. The day-time security handles our fixed assets and computer tracking.”

There was a room full of shelves and racks with clothes. “Most people arrive with only the clothes on their backs. We can do loaners while they wash clothes in the laundry next door or an outright grant if the clothes are too bad.

“For job interviews, we’ve got dressier clothes and shoes. Almost everything’s donated in some way or other. Lots of manufacturers send stuff here rather than to their outlet stores. The lady here keeps track of the loaners and who got what; it keeps in accountability. If she needs something special, she can usually get it in a day. Bras are the most-frequently needed articles since they seem to be so individual.”

Lots of people seemed to know Sean. He introduced us everywhere. The cafeteria was clean and bright. He took us into the kitchen. One man spotted us and said, “Sean! You’re back for dishwashing duty!”

Sean laughed, shook his hand and said, “Maybe we’ll come in after lunch. These ladies need to learn how to run an industrial line.”

The kitchen was definitely commercial. The head cook told us, “We serve a good 600 meals a day out of here. We can ramp up to a couple thousand with more staff.” The majority of the food was donated or came from state and federal sources.

Sean said, “Most of the community service people spend a couple days in here. We’ve even had a few volunteer to spend all their time. Two have then found positions in commercial kitchens.”

The computer lab had about 50 computer stations. There was a maintenance room off it with computers in various stages of disassembly. Sean said, “Volunteers with one full-time staff. Usually the volunteers are high-school folk who have some hardware knowledge. We get donations of old computers, fix them up, put on Linux and several open-source applications and put them out into the lab.

“There’s a dozen Windows XP systems so people can run through a course on it and become familiar with the interface and programs. There’s courses in basic finance like keeping and balancing a checkbook and budgeting. Got a brief overview of income taxes so they’re at least aware of some fundamentals.”

The computer lab had on-line (CD or DVD or via the network) courses in operating systems, MS Office, OpenOffice (open-source), QuickBooks Pro and other business programs. The ones working on their GEDs did the online parts here. There was a classroom next door with an evening supervisor for the book learning.

If someone was interested, there was a course for The Book. Sean said, “I put that in during March. There’s one couple already looking at starting their own business -- they’re doing grant research for it.”

Big gym/auditorium with basketball hoops and pull-out bleachers. Sean said, “I did the last seminar here. Worked out just fine.”

There were men’s, women’s and couples berthing on the second floor. For singles, they were dormitory style. Sean commented, “Not a lot of privacy but no one really complains.” Couples had small rooms with doors. “Not soundproofed. Bet there’s a lot of pillow-biting.”

Singles or couples with kids either had kid beds or the kids slept with the parent. Sean told us, “We’ve got three gay and two lesbian couples. They’ve got couples rooms. There’s been no gay-

bashing or other stuff, either. Everyone knows -- and is told -- everyone here is in the same boat.

“We’ve had several relationships sprout up. If a couple becomes formally engaged we try to get a couples room for them. If we run out of couples rooms, they have to go back to their individual dorms. There’s three engaged couples now; one with a newborn and the other two with one on the way. That’s ‘on the way’ from before they got here.

“Birth control and planned parenthood counseling is free. For some, it was too late but at least now they know how it happened, not just ‘the stork brought it.’”

The second floor had community bathrooms. Obviously they’d added lots of showers during the renos because they looked completely modern. “We’re not up to unisex bathrooms yet but that may come.”

There was a good-sized daycare center with room for up to 50 kids. Sean said, “We can expand it as needed. Most of the children are here during the day. Occasionally, we’ve got someone working an evening or night job so there’s a few during those hours.”

If a couple went on a “date” they could leave a child there if there was already another one. Most of the time, some other client would baby sit.

The local Transport Authority had put in a stop right in front of the Waystation. Clients had free bus passes (monthly). All the students rode the bus to and from school. Since the busses ran from 6:00 in the morning to midnight, at least 95% of the clients’ transportation was handled. Not as convenient as having a car but tough darts!

There was a six-station unisex hair salon. Sean told us, “Three local beauty schools authorize this for their internships. We also have short courses in makeup and other appearance-oriented skills like color matching, hygiene and social manners. By the time someone’s ready to go on a position interview, they’re usually pretty well-trained in something, know how to comport themselves and look decent.”

There was a decent-sized medical clinic. There was an R.N. on call 24/7; a family doctor came in for four hours three times a week. Most of the “cases” were usually child-related like a scrape or scratch, ear infection and the like. There was a nutrition and diet course available as well as an ongoing Red Cross first aid course.

There were three social gathering areas. One was quiet and somewhat dim for chatting (and probably light snogging).

Another was for board games, card games and the like while the last had several good-sized televisions. Sean said, "Donated cable. We do an occasional movie but we encourage more educational stuff like Discovery Channel, History Channel and PBS. In fact, we're lining up a local telethon for the Waystation."

Sean told us, "Remember The Book says to get in construction, fire and zoning codes so you have the minimum hassles with the local government. One of the first things we did before we started the renos was to get the Fire Marshall and County Health people in. We ran a modern fire sprinkler and alarm system and got the kitchen upgraded a bit. It was a lot easier to do it then. The Fire Marshal comes out once a week for inspection -- she gives a little lecture and demo on fire safety and handling small fires.

"The County Health agent has given us an A every time so far. He's been able to point out a lot of potentially unsafe areas and practices. One of the last things we want is to get shut down even temporarily because of major fire or health outpoint.

"The zoning wasn't even an issue. It was already zoned properly for what we needed. We get free utilities since we're part of the government organization to a great degree."

Lunch time with Vera. I'd been upping her power level every half hour and she'd already been picking up thoughts and emotions. Good on her!

We took off to lunch in her car (Sean's treat). We discussed a lot of subjects from local schools, gangs, municipal governments to Medicare. By the time lunch was done, she was already *talking* pretty well with us. She was almost not surprised. *"If Sean's involved, something strange and wonderful is gonna happen."*

Back in her office, she held her calls for a while as we got her outside. We gave her the "instant hat" on movement, *inspection*, probes and shields (in and out). We alerted the Nolan/Bardon young-uns they had a new one to train. We introduced Vera to them; they made an appointment to meet with her that evening.

We introduced her to Margaret and Nana. That she was impressed with. Kate told her, *"Mona will tell you all about that. There's some other stories they'll probably spin, too. The more outlandish, the more probable they're true."*

We left her in her office contemplating her new freedoms while we went outside. Dayum it was hot; probably 10 or 20 degrees warmer than what we were used to.

Anyway, we took a spin around the building. The little bit of grass was watered with recycled water. A gardening service came in once a week for a quick cleanup; most of the time the

community service people gave it a cut with the maintenance engineer supervising (not a janitor though he did do lots of cleaning). If he didn't have someone "sharp" enough to control the mower, the gardening service cut it -- and charged the entire thing off as a charitable contribution!

A lot of the front and back was desert-decorated with cactus, rocks and bushes. Sean said, "Hey, it's a desert! Does grass usually grow on a desert? The small plot of grass is just decoration."

The playground and parking lot surfaces seemed in decent repair. There were a couple small holes here and there in the parking lot but the lines and concrete stops were in good shape.

The small basketball court was paved but the rest of the playground was sand. There seemed to be plenty of it around. Everything was clean as a whistle; in most parks in L.A., I could see litter, old bottle tops and that sort of stuff. Sean told us, "Our community service folk again. They did a major pass through the playground and sifted the sand down a foot deep.

"We do a cleaning run on the outside three times a week. Litter does get blown in. You'll notice around the trash dumpsters it's clean, too. Our community service people get a good work out."

There was the start of a paved bike trail leading off both ways behind the playground. It was part of a city-maintained network of cycle paths.

Kate asked, "Sean, how long was this place vacent before you got working on it?"

He told us, "About six months. Plenty of time to get trashed out pretty good and several windows broken. There were a couple local gangs who'd made it their smoke and dope hangout. After a couple, em, attitude adjustments, we get along just fine. They don't come around any more and we don't chase them."

I grinned at him and said, "I suppose those attitude adjustments had nothing to do with a big ratchet, right?"

"Right. It was back in Altadena. I made do with an aluminum softball bat. Now with the security guards around with their batons, they don't mess with us at all."

There were half a dozen pre-school-aged kids on the playground, most in the shade of a couple palm trees. Sean said, "Sunburn is a little issue. The parents or sitters have mostly grown up around here so they're aware of the danger."

We went back inside where it was cooler. Margie asked, *"How efficient are the utilities. I noticed solar water heaters on top; how about air conditioning and lighting?"*

Sean told us, “Pretty good on the lighting. During the initial renos, we replaced almost all the lights with energy-efficient bulbs. We put in a lot more insulation in spots, thermal film on lots of the windows, insulated the hot water piping and checked out the air conditioning really well. The couple months stats we’ve got show we’re well in alignment with similar buildings and schools. So, at least we’re not wasting too much.”

Sean took us to the finance area. There was a phone room with six ladies talking away in front of computer terminals. Sean told us, “They mostly do fund raising. Every month we’re open, our stats are better. With a demonstrable product -- people released with a workable job is the main product -- we draw in more.

“We’ll get the facility development settled out in another month or so, then our stats will be more predictable. Since we’re running by The Book, we’re really pretty efficient. We shall see.”

He introduced us to a middle-aged man in his own office. He was the Treasurer and handled almost all the duties. Nice; he had a shot of Talent. Sean told us, *“This is an excellent place for him, then. Make sure we alert Vera; after she gets trained up herself, she can take a good shot at enhancing him.”*

Aloud, he told Kate, “Kate, how about you sit with him for a while and see what kind of accounts he’s set up. See if you can find out the similarities and differences between here and a small retail business.”

The man didn’t object at all. He openly admired Kate and told her, “Hopefully you don’t have to leave until well after 5:00.” Kate laughed, wobbled her boobs a little and told him, “I’m spoken for but I’m sure we’ll get along just fine.”

Sean, Margie and I took off. He steered me and Margie to the day care center while he took off to the kitchen. He told us, “They’ll probably put me to work mopping the floor. Looks like they’re a couple people short. We’ll probably leave about 6:00 to catch our flight; do whatever you wish. Nose around and ask all the questions you want. They know the hats.”

Margie took one look at a couple infants crawling around and decided she wanted to do that too. After a couple false starts (backwards), she got the coordination and timing pretty close and managed to go a foot or so slowly forward before she toppled over.

She said, *“Shit. Reminds me of the guy on the tricycle on the old TV show Laugh In. He’d come to a stop then topple over.”*

She laughed anyway and kept practicing. Our daughter is now a rug rat!

“Curtain climber is next, Snapper. Just you wait!”

She went on another foot then stopped, picked up something and popped it in her mouth. She managed to pick up some speed but kept picking and popping.

Sitting up in front of me she opened her mouth wide; it was full of carpet lint and other assorted unidentifiable (and probably gross) baby goodies. She shut her mouth and swallowed. *"Yum. Intestinal roto-rooter. Gotta keep the gut clean, ya know."*

As a new mom, I was horrified. As Snapper, I knew she was rattling my cage. I told her, *"If you get plugged up and explode, you get to clean off the walls, not me."*

We spent another half hour checking out the various toys. We agreed they were fine for the age ranges but it wouldn't hurt to have more. *"Can never have too much breast milk or too many toys."*

We investigate the hair salon. One young lady offered a trim and Bridget took her up on it. I told the girl, "We've got a lady in Altadena who normally does it. She's young, mean and will know where you live." She was very careful and took only a few snips here and there.

Bridget put on her happy-baby show when she looked in the mirror. We had goo ankle-deep. Not a bad place at all.

We checked out the game room. They could use several new packs of cards and a new Monopoly set; the ones there were getting pretty worn.

Drifting back to the kitchen, we found Sean deep in conversation with the head cook while he mopped the floor. Yeh, they did seem a bit shy of personnel right now so I grabbed an apron, a sponge and cleaner and got after horizontal surfaces.

I plopped Bridget on top of a big metal table. She sat up, looked around, waved her rattle and egged us on.

After a half hour the cook tossed us out. "I'm getting dinner ready. I've got plenty of help for that so you Hat Folk go hassle the inhabitants."

Sounded okay. Kate was still busy with the Treasurer (they were flirting with each other and laughing -- he was happily married for 20-some years, so no harm, no foul). We left them to their fun and went looking for clients.

We talked with several in the computer lab. Sean asked, "What do you like best? What do you like least? If it were possible to change three things here, what would they be?" Straight satisfaction surveys.

Somehow they all knew about the hats. Maybe it had something to do with that big picture of Sean with his bowler Vera had outside her office.

Anyway we spent the next couple hours doing those types of interviews. As dinner time got closer, more people showed up from school or work. Interestingly, there appeared to be quite an age spread from young teens to several who must have been in their 60's.

The older ones tended to look after the younger ones. There didn't appear to be any friction among the ages; in fact the younger ones tended to ask the older ones lots of questions about Real Life. They got "war stories" about how they'd screwed their lives up and things to keep watch out for to avoid the pitfalls.

Bridget and I got a long talk with one of the young pregnant couples. They were both 14; their birth control had failed. Guess the pill doesn't work very well when taking antibiotics.

They were bright and alert and still looking forward to their lives. They were studying online courses as much as they could until their situation got settled. Children's Services had purposely been "overlooking" them since they were doing so well here.

The young man told me, "It all comes from the same budget. We're doing well, not causing any trouble and they're working with our parents. Even if we get back with them, we'll still be working our butts off doing what we're doing now. No education means digging ditches, sweeping floors or washing dishes for the next fifteen or twenty years while we're digging ourselves out of our mess."

Yeh, they'd much preferred she wasn't pregnant. They'd considered all the options and were going to make one hell of a stab at raising their child.

Bridget decided to fall asleep while sprawled across their laps. Both had damp eyes watching her. I told them, "Bridget does happen to be exceptional. Don't count on every child being as well-adjusted and under their own control as she is. Keep an eye on the other infants here, read a lot about child development and do your best. That's what I did the last five months and I've got only a few scars to prove how well I did." Grin.

We took dinner with the clients and staff. Vera joined us and said, *"Neat. Our Treasury guy has Talent and I've spotted two more staff and three of the clients with some. Should be very interesting."*

The food was quite good. It was buffet style with two main entrees, a decent salad bar and some low-carb and regular

desserts. Vera told us, “Sean found a retired Navy Master Chief Cook to train our kitchen staff. He comes in a couple a times a week with his uniform jacket -- hash marks up to his shoulder -- and spreads terror.”

Sean said, “He’s not so bad. It’s gotten so only two of the girls pee their pants when he’s there. We haven’t had a nervous breakdown the last two months.” Grin.

After dinner, we spent some more time with Vera, mainly telling her the client interview results. Vera said, “Good. One excellent thing Sean did at the very beginning is to get the staff to realize all these people here were clients, not discards of society. Our thrust is to get results with them, not browbeat, preach to or terrorize them.

“We had only one fight -- he was a gang member. It lasted five seconds before ten other clients piled on him. With the ethics and morals spelled out really well and accepted, we’ve got very little friction.”

Sean told us, “In a lot of the cases, this is the first opportunity they’ve had to step back from life, take a deep breath, sort things out and get help in creating plans and executing them to make things start going right. They can find out what’s been ruining their lives and start remedying it with either education in most cases or just identifying their issues.

“The half dozen people we’ve had ‘graduate’ so far have gotten rave reviews from their new employers. We’re able to use their success stories and the employers’ recommendations of the Waystation to get more funding and cooperation everywhere we turn.”

I asked, “So next time, what would you do different?”

Vera and Sean looked at each other. Vera said, “Start promoting it a lot sooner and wider. Once we have the location and the Organizing Board, the promotion gets it widely known.

“We can do free public service radio and TV ads, get write ups in the local papers and maybe some billboards for a while. With the idea and location widely known, people and companies are a lot more willing to contribute.

“We think the next one will be a slam-dunk with the legalities and tax-exempt status. Since we have churches promoting it, we can start getting some clients and community service people right away. They can help out with renos and such right from the start.

“Sean’s idea of getting some retired service people in to supervise and train made a lot of difference. Even local contractors learned a lot from them. The organization is sound,

the legalities are sound and the community needs and wants the program. By the way, that's one of the first things Sean did; he did quite a lot of surveying to see if **was** needed and wanted. In this location, it was."

We took off back to the airport right at 6:00. We'd promised Vera we'd be back soon; Kate told her, "We've got some interesting tricks you'll find out about in the next several days. They make things happen a lot easier and faster."

The half hour ride to the airport was fine. Fortunately, the security checkpoint line only took fifteen minutes so we waited around the boarding gate for almost an hour.

Bridget practiced crawling around and standing up against peoples' legs. She got lots of smiles; funny how no one seemed to trip over her.

We did our people-*watching*. A couple sparks of Talent on some going by but none on our flight. Didn't spot any hijackers, bombers or other nasties so no one got heart attacks.

The flight back was an hour. It was a bit different because it was getting dark as we neared Burbank. We watched the city lights spread out to the coast and enjoyed the bouncing around in a bit of turbulence over the mountains. Bridget had a great time laughing at the bumps.

We rode the shuttle out to the parking lot, collected the Volvo (no one had tried anything with it) and headed home. Yeh, after seeing all the clients at the Waystation, we really appreciated having a home.

We got quick showers and sat around the den talking. The main question Margie had was, *"Sean, I'm gonna ask the obvious stupid question. You put four months of your life into the Waystation probably pretty much 24/7. What have you gotten out of it?"*

Sean told us, "I was able to help. I was able to make a difference in good people's lives who were in confusion without having any idea their situations could change for the better.

"I do that with my businesses but they are more limited in many respects. A business runs for the good of the owners; with The Book, everyone involved wins including the customers.

"The Waystation is a broader scope in the community and can be another major oasis of sanity in our world. For every client you saw today, there are probably five others who haven't heard of it or are so beaten down they wouldn't consider it on their own. A lot of them are very good people given any sort of opportunity.

"Yeh, the Waystation provides the organization and helps resolve the confusion but it's still the client, the individual who has to do the work. Just as in any business.

"Why does Clann Reynolds run ramontheeye? It's completely volunteer and sometimes several probers give up the JRD paid probes just to do it. How about PVC, Mary, Madeleine and Dermot doing those sickening DNA traces?

"Probably the same reason. They could help bring some sanity. Sharon let Eileen bring Bridget in the shop every day. She knew you'd be taking the time to care for her, but it was important to her to help.

"I want to help the able become more able. If a person isn't willing to change himself, fuck 'em! We can help one or a few people at a time personally or a lot of people more rapidly with a good organization. That's one reason I'm expanding Cullen Enterprises into larger businesses.

"I knew none of you back in December but I wanted to know when I died that I'd contributed to making a saner, better world for my grandchildren. Marge, maybe when your children come along they'll find a slightly saner world or at least be able to find some sane environments.

"Will we make the world sane? I doubt it. But, with lots of able, sane people, the criminals will be more easily spotted and handled and have a lot less influence. The media would have us live in fear and uncertainty from the world's terrorists. Neither we nor our Clann nor our descendants need live that way.

"With the Waystation, I was able to help and got the satisfaction of being able to influence lots of people's lives by doing so. That's what I got out of it; very little money but lots of wonderful friends and changed lives."

Chapter 20

SEAN
(Wednesday 5/24)

We slept well. I was very satisfied with the Waystation's progress so that helped.

Mona *talked* with us while we were having breakfast, *"Vera's got her basics now. The entire family has Talent so she's enhancing them all; we'll get together with them tomorrow evening to help. They're really good people; looks like you've got another clann started there, Sean."*

I told here, *"Great. Thanks for your help. Did she show you around the Waystation?"*

"Yep. Very impressive. We're glad we don't have to use it but it's wonderful it's there. You gonna do something similar here?"

"Guess that's a $64,000 question. We haven't discussed it yet. I'd say it's a discussion for the Core sometime."

"Well, we young-uns are willing to help. Once we get the Leonards somewhat trained we'll ask Vera to give the Moms and Dads a tour so they know what it's all about. I know they're curious. It was pretty mean of you to keep all that secret, Uncle Sean."

I told her, *"Could be. It really has to be a show, not just a tell. That's the main reason I kept my mouth shut. Besides, it was something I could yank your Moms' chains about -- Lord knows they do it to me often enough. Go ahead and tell them what you know. Once you get the teleportation check list done, ya'll can 'drop by' there any time."*

"Yeh. And you all love slagging each other. Well, we've gotta head out to school. The Moms are gonna contact the school councilor today to see about starting a Brain Trust. It's gonna be exciting!"

She took off with the rest to school.

I asked my ladies, "So, what about flying?"

Kate piped up first. "The flight was fun but the security's a pain. By my watch, after you factor in the travel time just to get to the airport, we spent two hours at each end just to get on the plane. I guess 10 minutes taxiing at Burbank before we took off.

"Tack another 45 minutes or so in Phoenix to land, taxi, get into and out of the terminal and to the Waystation and you've got a good five hours. Not real productive, if you ask me -- which you did."

Eileen's take was, "Yeh. I'd say unless we've got a compelling reason to physically fly -- like as part of another group or for pure 'entertainment' -- we just bypass it all. During their Cabo trip, the JRD folk ported luggage and other goodies back and forth just fine. My vote's for using the teleporting, especially now since we all can do it."

Margie said, *"I'll vote for the porting. We don't have to tell people we didn't fly; we can always do a little song and dance."*

Settled that. Besides, the air fare had been over a thousand dollars for us. Deductible, but why even spend it and subject ourselves to an airline's scheduling and booking fiascos?

Before we got into study time, Kate looked over our appointment calendar. She told us, "We won't be sitting around bored. We've got your wedding on the 3d, Blake and Louise's on the 10th then

Bob and Kat's on the 17th. Toss in lots of oversight visits, bachelor and bachelorette parties, enhancing, Clann invites, training, Tavern nights and several honorings and we've got a schedule that doesn't slow down for a while.

"Glad we're getting in the Exchange this weekend; a lot of the stuff needs to be synched with the Nolans and Bardons. If/when we get the Shane gang, the Keavys, Jackie, BB and whomever else we enhance, it's gonna be fun getting things done.

"Sean, here's a list of stuff you've got on the agenda today. Eileen will get hold of BB and set up a meeting maybe for next Sunday or even Monday -- it's Memorial Day. Since she works a J O B, we've gotta fit in around her schedule."

Hell, she gave me three pretty hefty cycles to handle just today. She was right, though, we'd already set them up to get to today.

I took a quick look at my email. Kathleen had sent off their approved study technology check list. Great! I downloaded it and put it into The Book in the spot I'd saved for it. I sent it to Maura and Teresa, too, so they could get it to the young-uns.

With the check sheet, they had more ammunition to encourage the school counselor to allow them to set up a Brain Trust tutoring service. I *talked* quickly with the Cullen Sisters; they had a meeting scheduled with the school counselor tomorrow morning so it was perfect timing.

Also in my incoming email was a batch of stuff from Mona. She and Teresa had been busy the last couple days; she'd sent a whole slew of material for me to review and approve for the web site.

Okay, handle it right now. It took maybe fifteen minutes and seemed great to me. I'll bet they'll put some twists in here and there when they actually get it on. I sent Mona an email, "Go for it, sweetie. You're my favorite webmistress!"

My lawyer called. She'd gotten the paperwork back fine for the Clann Cullen LA organization. She told me, "Elect a President, Secretary and Treasurer. If you want a bank account, ensure you make a minute authorizing it. Once you have those, get your accountant started on the non-profit stuff for the IRS."

Sounded good to me. I talked with Teresa briefly; she was the Treasurer for Cullen Motels so she was the logical choice for the Clann. She told me, *"Let's get a quick Core meeting and we'll handle the elections."*

It took maybe five seconds to hook everyone in. We hadn't talked about it specifically but with the young-uns out and about, we considered them part of the Core, too.

Margie said, *"I nominate Sean for President, Maura for Secretary and Teresa for Treasurer. Seconds?"*

Five seconds came in. *"Other nominations?"* None. All were elected as nominated. Okay, I've got me another post.

We broke up the meeting; the young-uns were in the middle of class. Maura told the rest of us, *"I'll whip up a couple minutes on the election and for a bank account. Use the same bank as the hotel and Cullen Enterprises?"*

Sounded fine to me. I called the lawyer back and told her one of us would drop by to pick up the paperwork from her. She said, "Pretty fast work there, Sean. I dunno if I can keep up with you. By the way, want me to send the State changes of address for Cullen Motels and Cullen Enterprises since you've struck out on your own?"

I told her, "With all these women around, I've gotta keep on my toes. They run me ragged as it is. Please send out the changes; I think that's all we have."

Teresa and I arranged to get together in a few minutes to do the bank stuff. I took the time to arrange a quick meeting with the Shane gang at the shop around noon time. I printed off a set of customs to show them. I figured they'd be interested.

I *called* Teresa back, *"You ready, you hot woman, you?"*

"I'm always ready for you, Sean. On the other hand, Maura's working on the bank minute and I'm not dressed yet. Give me another fifteen minutes -- unless you've got something else in mind before we go."

"Let's see how our time works out, honey. I've got a heavy schedule today."

"Tease. Come whenever."

I called our accountant. He told me he needed a set of the incorporation papers and a list of members. "Sometimes the IRS wants a member list; I can give them a sanitized set if we need it."

No problem. I did a data export of the wedding invitations and emailed it to him.

I got my papers together, told them where I was going and after a quick snog, ported over to Teresa's. Maura was still pounding away on the second minute for the bank account authorization.

Teresa told me, "I'll be ready in five."

Fine. I eyeballed around her place and over to Maura's to get a good idea of how the computers could hook up. Plenty of room even with the young-uns.

While I was waiting, I *talked* with Mario and George about the laptops and what I wanted to do. They basically told me to get the laptops from Dell and pick up the rest at Fry's.

Okay. Maura had printed out the minutes and Teresa was getting dressed, so I used Teresa's system to get onto the Dell site. After setting up a business account for Cullen Enterprises, I looked over their laptops, set up a configuration and ordered twelve. There'd be plenty for the Nolans/Bardons plus spares to use at OTL as needed and for Rosheen.

What the hell; I ordered next day delivery to OTL. Dell had no problem taking my MasterCard for $26K.

Teresa was dressed by then (darn it). I gave her a good snuggle and snog then told her, "Great butt, hon."

She purred at me but said, "Let's go. Time's awastin'"

After a quick *look*, I ported us to the hallway outside the lawyer's office. Yeh, it was a **lot** faster than driving and parking.

I hadn't had time before in the last several weeks to check out Lena Severin thoroughly. She'd been my corporate lawyer the past five years and was very competent as far as I was concerned. She knew Teresa of course.

Nice, very nice. She had an excellent dose of Talent. While she was talking with us, Teresa hooked up a node to her and started pumping in the power. We both thought she'd make a great Core member.

She was a nice blonde lady (**not** an airhead) and in good physical shape at 34. She'd been widowed in the Iraq war; no children.

Her paralegal assistant, Jean, had some Talent, too. Teresa and I decided to let Lena do the honors with her when she was ready.

Anyway, we got the corporation papers and a couple copies. Jean had a corporate seal on order; it would come to OTL. I gave her Evin's contact information at JRD. "He's been the route for another group. He's corporate like you."

We gathered the papers, gave Lena a hug and left. Jean got a quick hug on the way out, too.

Out in the hallway, I ported us around the corner from the bank. We walked in, set up a Clann Cullen checking account, seeded it with $10K then ordered the checks and debit cards. Piece of cake.

We ported to the back parking area of Shane's Shop. They were ready for us. I handed out the public custom document and told them, "Here's the first pass at the Clann's organizational customs. If you're interested after this, we can go on."

Teresa and I looked around the shop while they were reading. Lookin' good! Teresa spotted several items she wanted and gathered them up.

In the back room, they'd finished the first read. Celia told me, "We're interested. We've talked things over with Sharon and are tentatively planning to open up another Shane's Shop in Burbank. If we can swing the financing, Jack and I will own it as a franchise. Whether we're here or in Burbank, we're still interested in being part of the Clann."

I told her, "That's great! There's a very good Clann in Burbank; you can have joint membership if you wish. If you need financing for the business, give me a shout. I think between Sharon and me, we can cover it. Now, those were the public customs. These are the private, confidential ones." I handed out the green papers.

Teresa did more shopping while I nosed around more. Sharon had tweaked in the traffic routes a bit more and had an attention-getter set up in each major area. Well-done!

When we went back in, there was plenty of damp-female odor floating around. Sharon told us, "We consent. When do we get started?"

Teresa and I laughed. Teresa told them, "I figured it wouldn't be any problem."

I snuggled up Sharon and Celia for a few moments. Teresa and Jack had no difficulties at all getting friendly. I told the ladies, "My social secretaries handle everything so they'll definitely be in touch.

"We've got thirteen already in our Core; we'll probably have several more in the next week or so. Welcome to our little world.

"Now for some other business. I've done some minor revisions in The Book, including a study-technology check list. I'll get some copies over to you ASAP. Jack, Celia, you need to get through The Book at least. Sharon will check you out.

"How you arrange things is pretty much up to you. There's several new paragraphs on franchising; this'll be a good pilot for it if that's the way you decide to go. I know there's a decent store front opening up next month under the new condos on First Street in Burbank."

I noted down the address and leasing agent information. "It probably won't be open long; they just had a cancellation. Check it out. If you get any hassle at all on your credit history, let me know and we'll ring in Cullen Enterprises."

We talked a few minutes more, mainly about finding replacements for here and getting them trained up. I told Sharon, "Stay in touch with us pretty closely; we've got quite a bit of new stuff coming down the pipeline you'll need to get trained on."

I ensured I had the Hanes' contact information then Teresa and I headed out for a quick lunch.

EILEEN

We're gonna have a tight schedule for sure. We had the Keavys this afternoon, Frank's wake in the evening plus Kate and I needed to do some shopping for the house. We needed a TV/DVD system for the den; we'd been missing our chick-flicks!

I got hold of BB the first try. She was really happy to hear from me. We hemmed and hawed a bit over getting together; we were both very willing, just needed to fit it in. She was doing a Memorial Day get-together with her family so that left Monday out.

We finally arranged a Tuesday-evening dinner meet at OTL; she'd come right over from work. Great, that would let Kate be here, too.

Kate had Monday off classes since it was a holiday. We talked about her class schedule for a while. She had two more courses to do after she finished her current one then she'd have her degree.

She told us, "I'll talk with Sean. What I'd like to do is take the summer off and finish up the last two at the same time during the fall semester. That'll give me a good three months to get things grooved in here pretty good.

"Besides, I'm getting the distinct impression we'll be **really** busy. Granted, we're doing a lot of 'social' stuff right now with new Clann people, weddings and the like but I think the business end will get that way too fairly lively."

Yeh. Margie said, *"If nothing else, we'll probably be doing a lot of seminars. We may start up a Waystation or couple in the L.A. area. All speculation for now, but we'll be busy. It's a good thing we can actually do stuff 24/7 or we'd be really hurting."*

Well, we've got some planning to do with Sean, all right.

I confirmed our get-together with the Keavys for 4:00. That should get us a decent amount of time with them before Carmel got here.

We got our study time in. Margie and I were on the fourth detail manual while Kate was well into the second one. Lots of **great** stuff!

We got a quick bite of lunch and got dressed for shopping. I told Sean, *"We're off to Fry's to look at TVs and the like. Need anything?"*

"Actually, yes. How about you borrow George for the occasion; I've got a list of stuff to set up the network and other systems at Maura and Teresa's."

He and Teresa were at a restaurant doing lunch. He ported over a list full of arcane computer stuff like Wireless Access Points, switches, and the like. I recognized the color laser printers at least!

George was at JRD with Dermot. Both were more than willing to come along. *"Spend time with gorgeous Irish ladies? Count us **in**!"* They ported right over.

We ported to the temporarily-empty ladies room at Fry's. George looked around and asked, *"Hmm. Just us chickens. We got time to get frisky?"*

Dermot admired our chests and offered his services. We took a rain check, though.

Kate and I got an infant each while Dermot led us around. He said, "Definitely a guy-toy store. I've checked it out several times. TVs and such are straight back."

George knew the store cold, too. *"Dermot and I have spent several nights here."*

We picked up a shopping cart and began the journey. Yeh, plenty of TVs and such. Kate and I switched bodies with Dermot and George so they could argue bandwidths, resolutions, scan densities, frequency analyzers and all that neat guy stuff with the salesman.

Dayum they were good! They popped our nipples up, wobbled our boobs and kept him a bit distracted while they talked. I steered Dermot's body around eyeballing the cables and other stuff. Looked like wires to me!

Guess they came to some agreement. They showed us what they'd come up with. George said, *"Not the extreme high end but excellent quality. Now for the important question -- how does it look?"*

Kate (in George's body) and I looked it over thoroughly. It looked really good without being bulky or outrageously high-tech. We accepted.

Dermot (in my body) told the salesman, "We'll take the lot. We've got some computer shopping to do first." The salesman printed up the invoice for payment and pickup at the dock.

All righty, then! George looked at Sean's list and steered us to another section. Kate and my bodies reached and grabbed lots of boxes, cables, connectors and other "stuff."

The computers were right around the corner. George (Kate) talked with a salesman about a server. After some back and forth, we loaded another cart with several large boxes and headed towards the checkout.

Dermot told us, "Best we have to offer in girl stuff is small appliances, refrigerators, washers, hair driers and that sort of stuff. Then again, they've got DVDs, too."

Okay. We turned around and headed towards the DVDs. Since we could *look* at Sean's collection (and it was somewhat organized) we could avoid duplicates.

We switched back to our normal bodies; this was girl-time! There were some really neat collections and individual DVDs. Sean had been right, Maura and Teresa had done a lot of chick-flick shopping. The best we could do was a complete Lucy collection.

Anyway, we filed through the check out line. They hadn't any issue with taking our household account card for something like $4K. The other "stuff" went on the Cullen Enterprises card. The checker just noted down my DL number and got the manager to approve it.

We wheeled the cart around to the side; less traffic there. We paused behind a large windowless van. Funny, the stuff in the cart just vanished!

Okay, now pick up the home theater stuff. We refused help getting it in our vehicle (we didn't have one) and carted it off into the parking lot on a big flat cart. That spot behind the van must be a black hole or something; everything but the cart vanished.

I took the cart back to the collection area while Kate and the others ported back to OTL. I got back a couple minutes later.

Kate had sweet-talked Margie, George and Dermot into setting up the home theater. I don't know for certain what she'd promised but it probably had something to do with a certain fluffy red bush and puffy nipples!

They unboxed, un-plastic-wrapped, *touched* stuff around (we had them move it exactly where we wanted) and plugged cables. In fifteen minutes they had it displaying the Discovery Channel. Very nice! It was the perfect size for kicking back on the sofa.

They ported the empty boxes into the attic (save them for warranty service if needed) then I served up a round of ice cream. Margie and George made a happy mess while Dermot had a bit more control -- not a lot more but some.

We bathed their small bodies in the shower then spent a very fun hour in Kate's room. Dermot introduced Margie and George to the "Dermot Special." Tiny knuckles rubbing your G-spot kick up quite a commotion, you betcha!

George and Dermot declared all the ladies' nipples to be delicious and the two red bushes to be delightful. I didn't know George was Irish; it must have rubbed off somewhere! Dermot definitely learned what my breast milk tasted like.

Margie wasn't left out, either. They double-teamed her for fifteen minutes while she moaned and wailed. No knuckles for her yet but there were plenty of tongues and fingers working her over.

We ducked in for another shower then trailed back into the den. Sean was sitting there looking over the instruction manuals for the home theater. He grinned at George and Dermot and thanked them effusively. "They've dayum near worn me out. It's wonderful to have such handsome, sexy and enthusiastic men to assist me."

Margie, Kate and I all got him with our pillows; he wasn't that fast.

It was 3:00 and we had a 4:00 with the Keavys. Margie said she was getting together for a few minutes with the Skunk Works to review the teleportation check list; she'd be right back.

She vanished. Kate and I gave George and Dermot a minute's thank-you snogging then booted them back to JRD.

Since we were already dressed and the Keavys were right down the block we had plenty of time. Kate brought up her class schedule; Sean agreed it would work out fine to finish up during the Fall semester. "We might be in the middle of whatever but you'll have a lot more experience by then, too. Let's do it that way."

We checked the mail. I'd gotten a check for $375K from Nana's annuity death benefit. It wasn't from Sheila's company so I hadn't expected anyone to bring it over.

I called Sheila and told her I had more money to invest. She told me, "Great! We'll make you into a wealthy lady of leisure before we're through. When can we get together?"

Dayum. Back to the schedule again. Okay, Saturday morning looked okay. Her schedule was open so it was a go.

It was time for her so I located her, put in a power node and started pumping her up. I had no doubt she'd be ready by the weekend.

Margie popped back in. She told us, *"Done deal. Henry emailed the final check list to us. He's distributing it to Clanns Reynolds, Way and Fuerte. We'll handle us."*

She hopped on the computer system; the check list was there. She emailed it off to the Nolans, Bardons and the Shane Gang. She told us, *"No real changes; just a couple format tweaks and a bit of word-smithing."*

Okay, off to the Keavys. We strolled down the block three houses and we were there. Sean told me, "It's pretty much your show; we'll hang around in the background."

Quite a nice little place inside. It was optimized for their wheelchairs; they didn't have to use them all the time but they had physical spells every so often when they were weaker.

They were really happy to see us. Their three kids had flown the nest years ago. They were still in Southern California but with families of their own and an hour's run each way to visit, they didn't see a lot of them.

We handed over the pictures and the wedding invitation. They decided the pictures were really nice. They were on the Internet so we said we'd send them the electronic copies so they could send some to their kids. Nana told us, *"The kids are good. They do their best to visit as often as they can."*

They were boiling with energy. They'd been *talking* and *sharing* with each other since Monday and it had been getting better and stronger each day.

While helping someone free themselves is never really "old hat," it was a known routine. It took maybe forty-five minutes to get them outside and trained enough so they wouldn't be leaking all over Altadena -- or wherever they wanted to go. They loved it and they loved having Margaret back!

We took off on a visit to the kids. Everyone was doing quite well from appearances. One daughter and her husband had Talent! Their two children were also Talented.

Margie trained them up in setting nodes, pumping power and general enhancing. *"You can do it fast or slow; it doesn't seem to make a lot of difference. The more Talent they have, the faster we can push. Seems like it's more a matter of scheduling ourselves to be there for the initial training than the actual doingness. Go for it, guys!"*

They knew the young-uns from the wake; now they met them as instructors. Aile told them, *"We'll take really good care of you. How about we get together right around 7:00; we'll have our schoolwork done by then."*

Fine by them. After a set of careful hugs and solid spirit-hugs, we left them to enjoy themselves.

Since it was still fairly early, we strolled up to the park entrance at the end of Olive Tree Lane. Gotta get there more often; it was a nice place to sit and relax. Nana and I remembered we saw a few animals every once in a while.

We headed home after 15 minutes and got ready for Frank's wake. Carmel was due in around 6:00 so at least she'd get to meet Kate before it was school-time.

Carmel rolled in right on time; she'd had no trouble finding us. Yeh, she looked like Frank's sister all right. Mid-40's, spinster and even had a touch of Talent! Margie noted, *"If she has Talent, maybe Dad had some, too. Maybe he's got another body around here or is still floating around. Might be something to talk with the Skunk Works about -- can we find a specific unaware spirit in a new body? Should be possible."*

I introduced Sean and Kate; since they hadn't known Frank at all, they'd told me they'd hang out in the background unless they were needed. Carmel wasn't at all disturbed either by Sean and I being engaged or with Kate being part of our relationship.

Bridget really laid the baby-lovin' on her. She told me, *"She's a nice lady."*

Carmel was definitely impressed by her strength, health and development. She told us, "I see so many fat babies around. Bridget's really doing well."

She carried Bridget around on our two-bit tour. She liked the house. "There's not a lot of older homes around in this good a shape. The Jacuzzi's a nice touch." She spotted the outdoor shower and had the appropriate raunchy thoughts about the knee-level shower head.

She really liked the den set up. "This is great. Most home offices have cable strung out all over just to get power." She and Sean spent a few minutes going over the network setup.

Carmel was an IT administrator in a small aerospace company in Van Nuys. Hmm, another techie; she and Margie would get along just fine. She wasn't unmarried by choice, she was simply pretty picky. Being Irish-stubborn myself, I knew how that went.

Anyway, we seemed to get along just fine. Carmel and Frank hadn't been particularly close, especially after they'd gotten out

of high school. No animosity, they'd just gone in different directions.

Sean and Kate brought out a light dinner and served us while we all chatted. Bridget had a good time making a small mess in her high chair while she laughed and put on a happy-baby show. After Kate burped her a little, she settled down on Carmel's lap and played happy niece.

Kate ported off to class (from her room) around 6:45. She'd developed several takeoff and landing areas at the college like women's restrooms and quiet corners on the campus. No driving, no parking or parking fees and no walking across the bridge from the parking lot.

I dug out what I'd kept of Frank's stuff, mainly what I thought would be memorabilia like his Army papers, medals and family pictures. Carmel had brought along a good-sized box of family papers to go over. We told her a bit about Clann Cullen and that I was having a friend do the McLennan and Sullivan family tree research.

She said, "Maybe this stuff will help. I'm afraid both our parents are a bit out of it with a touch of Alzheimer's along with getting a bit spacey. They do okay but I have to keep an eye on them." They lived in a retirement community near Calabasas.

Sean immediately got their address and made up a wedding invitation -- Carmel had gotten hers and told us she'd be there. "If they're anywhere near a good day, I'll bring them along since neither of them drive much any more."

I told her, "That would be wonderful. If they can't make it, we'll make a run to see them; at least we'll have made the effort to have them meet their grand-daughter."

Sean told us, *"Seems we've got another task for the social secretaries. We've got Sarah, perhaps Sharon and now Carmel who could use a nice Irish husband."* Yeh, he was right; I put it on the To Do List to go over with Maura and Teresa.

I put a power connection node into Carmel and started pumping up the power. With PVC's success in enhancing people, we probably had a pretty good chance of getting her outside. She didn't have to be at work tomorrow until 10:00 so we figured we'd pump her up all night and see how she was doing in the morning.

Okay. Sean cleared the table, I brought out Frank's picture and we "formally" started the wake. Sean (as Ceann) gave us a short talk on honoring the departed -- it was one of the Ceann's duties.

Yeh, we shed some tears while we talked about Frank's life. I told tales of our college days, we drank quite a bit of Irish whiskey

and puffed a couple light cigars out back. Bridget hung right in there with Carmel and wept a few tears along with us.

We talked very little about Frank's last year; I went over the bare facts on his illness. I told her, "I'm not gonna remember him that way; I'm gonna remember the man I loved and married."

Carmel agreed. She told us, "Even with Mom and Dad having some bad spells now and then, I'm determined to remember the good times more than the bad."

We broke out the family papers she'd brought. Every so often, a picture or something would bring up more memories we could talk about. One could rarely call a wake "fun" but after a couple hours we weren't feeling any pain (Irish whiskey helps) and were laughing a lot more than we were feeling badly.

From what little knowledge I had of doing genealogies, the papers would help. Carmel told me, "Mom and Dad have some more stuff stored away. I'll gather it up and bring it along to the wedding."

Kate got back at a bit after 9:00. As we went on with the wake, Sean and Kate joined in with us more. Carmel had been lonely the last ten years without a group outside work. Sean told her, "Since Bridget is Frank's blood daughter, that brings your entire family into Clann Cullen by marriage. If you're interested, we'd be more than happy to have you be part of us."

Carmel cried a little and told us, "It would be wonderful. Just from meeting you three, I can tell you're all good people. I've felt pretty alone for a long time, especially with handling Mom and Dad by myself. I've got friends at work but they're not family."

We fed her more Irish whiskey, talked for another hour then tucked her away for the night in the guest room. Kate, Sean and Margie poured me into bed.

We snuggled up and settled down. I told them, "Thank you so much for being here. I think I've gotten everything out of my system now."

We stayed pretty close during the night. I kept an "eye" on Carmel; she was enhancing nicely with a lot of stuff stirring around. I kept pumping up the power every hour.

While our bodies slept, we went back to work. I started research on ways of getting the Altadena Arms restaurant operating more as a public dining area. I figured it was more a matter of promotion than in improving or changing the way it operated.

After an hour of Internet work, I had a list of possibles. Advertise in the Yellow Pages -- both online and paper. Put up a "Public

Welcome" sign outside (free parking!). Fliers or coupons around local businesses. A flier or so in the local newspapers.

The other Cullen Hotels owners weren't "occupied" so we took a little trip over, eyeballed the dining area and discussed possible ways of making it even more interesting. Find old pictures of Altadena before the Arms was built, pictures of construction and pictures of how it had changed over the years. Get a short written history. Post it all in the waiting area and some in the hotel lobby. Promote the chef's training. Find and post restaurant reviews.

We thought if we could give the idea the entire Arms was both steeped in history and modern it would help both the occupancy -- which wasn't shabby even now at 85% -- and the restaurant. I'd gotten costs from the various Yellow Pages sites and enough information from the local newspaper sites we could make a relatively decent cost estimate.

The owners gave it a go-ahead. Maura would design the ads over the next couple days; we'd turn the young-uns loose on finding historical pictures and history. It'd keep them out of mischief -- yeh, right! -- plus put a few bucks in their pockets.

I took a few minutes and shot off the Keavys' pictures to them.

While we were doing all that, Margie started in developing the workshops for Administrative Scales and Organizing Boards. We'd gotten through the detail manuals covering those, so she had the data.

She kept it pretty much in a draft form for now. With our documentation consultant coming in, we'd see how the final should look.

Kate started in on her class material review; her final was a week away. No sweat at all; with the study technology she'd gotten under her belt, she just flew along.

SEAN
(Thursday 5/25)

During the night I studied newsletters and made notes. After Kate had finished her studies, she went over the statistics emails. I'd decided to push the sale of the other ten businesses up in priority; they did take a fair amount of attention.

She made up a list of outpoints and inpoints for each one. Three had all the major points in place (the older companies) while the rest needed some work before I was ready to market them. Since she knew The Book, she worked up a template check list and started filling them in.

If she didn't have a within-the-last-month QuickBooks file for the company, she sent off a request to have them send it in. She started running reports, extracting financial data from QB and doing cross-checks to see how clean the accounting was. Apparently, the most common bug was misapplying which account an expense went to.

With the add-ons she'd gotten, pretty much everything was easy to identify. She didn't make corrections right then, just identified the types of entries needing fixing. She told me, *"I'll have them hold off making entries over the weekend. I'll get the current file at close of business Friday, work on it over the weekend, then send it back. That'll keep us in synch."* Smart lady! She sent off the emails warning them of what she was going to be doing.

All righty, then. We were up and at it at our usual 7:00. We nudged Carmel awake; no hangover! She told us, "That's somewhat unusual. Not that I get bad hangovers anyway. Jaysus, I dreamed all night about Frank and the Clann Cullen."

I fed everyone. During breakfast, Eileen gave her the final pumping. She was already expanded well beyond her body. After breakfast we dragged her into the den.

Eileen did the honors with her. Carmel popped right outside and was immediately happy as an Irishman discovering the leprechaun's gold! We gave her a quick half-hour's training, introduced her to the young-uns for further training then pushed her out the door just before 9:00. Definitely one happy camper!

Our documentation consultant knocked on our door right on the button at 9:00. Ben Talbert was older WASP (late fifties) and was brimming over with Talent!

He got the round of introductions then looked us over and rolled his eyes a little. He told us, *"Jeez, you guys are everywhere! Beautiful witches and handsome warlocks."*

The ladies pinked up with pleasure. Marge told him, *"And you're not even Irish!"*

"Nope. Lots of Scotch, though. The Celts have been around. You folk seem awful familiar though. A couple weeks back in the middle of the night -- that was you, right?"

He'd nailed us. This time Eileen really blushed; we'd really been hanging out.

Anyway, we laughed. He said, "We'll do just fine. Now, I've gotta earn my pennies. Whatcha got?"

We gave him a real quick tour of the place, told him about Cullen Enterprises and Hotels and settled down in the den. He looked

around and said, “Looks like you did a full electrical reno in here.”

Yep, he was sharp. I told him how they’d done it; he was impressed. He pushed us right into the work, though.

I explained what I’d developed, the seminars and some the areas we wanted to look at. Ben took a copy of The Book and literally flipped the pages of several sections. He checked out several of the detail manuals the same way.

He told us, “The consistency looks pretty decent. With a few exceptions, the headers and footers look the same size with the same type of content. Looks like Word; is that what you use?”

Yep. I went over how he’d been doing the manuals, how I’d been distributing them and the issues we thought we needed to cover. Ben sat at my workstation and told us, “Gather round or *link* up a bit. Let’s take a look-see.”

We went over the directory structure and file naming conventions. I’d used a Word template to start all the manuals; Ben pulled it up. He turned on and off the Show All command a couple times and pointed out why he normally worked with all the codes showing -- it showed up strange spaces, unusual page breaking, unneeded tabs and the like.

We looked back and forth at the printed version several times. I’d been using Word styles for formatting most of the time. Ben said, “Very well done. Most people I run into might have heard of them but don’t have the faintest idea of why and how to use them.”

He recommended we put the Cullen Enterprises logo on each page in the header. “Branding. You want to ensure the users know exactly where this stuff comes from.”

We looked at page layouts, margins, header and footer content. He pulled up several of the actual source files and showed us how to turn on the style display on the side. “Normally, I just use it when I’m reviewing stuff. You’ve got a decently-consistent use here.”

We developed a new basic template with larger margins and the logo in the header. “White space. You want lots of white space. First, it looks better -- there’s hundreds of years of experience showing lots of white space simply looks better. Next, this is a reference work, not a novel for entertainment. Betcha lots of people make notes in the margins. Also, since you targeted three-ring binders, it’ll leave plenty of room for the holes without looking cramped.”

We talked single-sided printing vs. double-sided and fonts. We ended up using Book Antiqua for better reading legibility rather than the default Times New Roman I'd been using.

We made another directory set to play with the new template. Ben hopped up on his Yahoo site and downloaded a template and another Word document. "This has tons of macros or programs for Word. I've developed and used a lot of these over the past fifteen years."

Okay. We brought up the first document with lots of text; actually the first article after the study check sheet. Yep, it looked familiar all right. Ben ran one of the macros which let us pick out documents, apply the new template, reset the page margins and refresh the styles to the new font. Bang; ten files updated.

He popped into the code editor and wrote code to bring in the Cullen Enterprises logo to the right place, put the proper wording in the header and footer and set up the footer properly. Neat -- and fast.

He showed us how to make a custom toolbar with common macros. "While you're converting these, the change template and update logo macros can be right there. Once it's converted, you simply don't show it 'cause you don't need it."

We took a break for a soda -- I made up a pot of coffee for him. We discussed distribution for a while, how we created the PDFs and other things.

Okay, back to it. One thing he had us do is put the document revision date right at the top of each article. "Now you can tell anyone to look at a given article and read off the revision date. You can tell right away whether or not their manual is up to date."

With the sections arranged the way I'd had, if there was a change, the client just had to reprint and replace only that section. Ben showed us how to put in section numbers and get the Table of Contents to reflect them.

Okay. We printed the first article and compared it to the current one. Quite a difference! While it had an additional page, it already looked easier to read.

Each of us took a turn bringing up the next article, updating the template and so forth and making a run through it for consistency. We found several sentences and paragraphs where I'd pushed text to the next page with empty paragraphs. Ben *hinted* something at Marge; she promptly slapped my wrist and said, *"Naughty boy!"*

He showed us the Keep With Next paragraph attribute and when to use it. “That’ll make the pagination pretty automatic. Add or remove your text, look at the print preview and you’re pretty much done without having to go through manually formatting the article. Once it’s set up, it just reformats itself.”

We finished up the first section (ten articles) and took an early lunch break. We kept talking shop. Ben said, “What my company actually does is offer solutions. This documentation you have here is a subset. Most companies don’t have the foggiest idea of the difference between polices, processes, procedures, desktop instructions and the like. Everything is lumped together, is usually maintained by someone who indents with tabs or the space bar, underlines like a sales brochure and doesn’t give a hoot whether or not something is useable.

“It appears you’ve got a mature policy set here. That makes a world of difference. Frequently we have to go into a client and start from the bottom finding out what they actually do. Then we find the processes they use, map them out and let them decide whether or not they need updating.

“I’m usually the one who does the documentation production and clean up. Then I train at least a couple people in how to maintain it -- just like I’m doing here. That way, we can walk off into the sunset and the client isn’t dependant on us for every little tweak or change -- and I don’t get a frantic call in the middle of the night to come to Plano, Texas, to make a five-minute documentation change for an audit.”

Back to work. Ben created a new document from the new template and showed us how to build a section Table of Contents in as much or little detail as we wanted. “Since you already use Word heading styles, it’s really a piece of cake.”

Okay, now produce the PDF. We discussed a couple alternate methods and settled on one -- use the Master Document feature. Ben told us, “It’s really crappy to use for direct maintenance but we’re just using it to output the PDF, not maintain it.”

Word moaned and groaned for several minutes then brought up the finished PDF. Nice. The Table of Contents was hot; the user could click on the line and go directly to an article.

We went over PDF bookmarks, distribution for small, intermediate and large quantities. We already had 23 clients with manuals, including JDR. We discussed sending out DVDs, email (not practical because of the size) or downloading from the Cullen Enterprises web site.

We decided for now to put it on the website with download passwords. I’d let Mona figure that out -- make her the

webmistress for that site, too, at double her current pay (which was zero). Grin. No, I figured we'd pay her with cookies or something.

There was a knock at the door. UPS had a bunch of boxes for us. A dozen laptops in their packing boxes do take up a lot of room but the dining room handled it.

We got back to work and set up a log of releases. Each would have a list of changes, at least for the manual and section. That way a client could download, print (as desired) and distribute only the changed sections. We'd then send an email to each client with the release notes; they could decide to update their manuals if they wished. We sure couldn't force them!

We talked print production. For runs less than about 30, the young-uns could handle it just fine. Above that, my printing company could do it faster and less expensively. Since I would only be printing The Book and the client could print the detail manuals as it wished, we figured it would work out fine.

If we knew we were going to do a lot of seminars with (hopefully) no revisions between them, we could probably get a price break on printing a lot at one time. We'd keep the inventory then ship them to the seminar location. Of course, our "ship" would be a teleport.

Ben was really interested in the teleportation. "That solves a lot of distribution problems for you -- not to speak of travel expenses."

We spent until 5:30 doing questions and answers, getting shortcuts and other routines and a general methodology of keeping all this stuff up to date.

We went over data backups for the entire system. I currently used a 300 gig external hard drive. I had three of them and rotated them every week. I stored the two oldest at Maura's and Teresa's (one each place) and kept the most recent here.

Ben suggested we archive the most recent at least every quarter. Put it in a safe deposit box or somewhere even safer than our homes. Good idea. Besides, an entire drive was only a couple hundred bucks at Fry's.

We unilaterally elected Margie to be our system administrator. She accepted with good grace but demanded at least one Soo Laid a week for it. *"Hell, I'm getting no money in my pocket now; I'd better get something."*

She was right. In fact, she didn't even have pockets in her panties.

Ben laughed a little at the joke. He said, "If you have a financial person, you could set up an UGMA for her. That's a Uniform Gift for Minors Act account. Even if she can't spend it now, it would be hers."

Eileen promptly noted that idea down to talk over with Sheila.

Now that Ben was off the clock, we talked with him a bit more about the Talent and the Clanns. He'd "run into" quite a few of what was probably Clann Reynolds over the last several months but hadn't approached them.

I offered to give him an introduction and he accepted. His office was in Toluca Lake (near Universal Studios and around Burbank) and he lived in Sylmar. Clann Reynolds would be a lot closer.

We offered him supper but he demurred. "I've gotta get back home. Got stuff to prepare for tomorrow. We're working on four JRD companies and probably will be getting more."

Chapter 21

EILEEN
(Thursday 5/25)

We'd liked Ben and thought he'd make a good addition to Clann Reynolds. We'll take Talent wherever we could find it!

I asked Kate to print up three copies of The Book (in its new format) and get them over to the young-uns to make notebooks for Sharon. She fired up the printer and sent them off.

We had a late-afternoon appointment at Jackie's for our weekly touchup so we headed over -- teleported to a quiet alley right next door.

They were happy to see us, especially Bridget. She got passed around to everyone and gave even better than she got. Goo flowed like a flood.

Jackie was overflowing with spirit-energy; she'd been "hearing" people the last several days and was feeling a bit weird. She was expanded a couple feet out of her body and every time she got close to someone, she'd start picking up their thoughts and emotions. A telempath she was; now to get her fully operational.

Almost as soon as we got in the shop, Sean asked her, "Do you have time for a short chat after you close up shop and send the ladies home?"

Of course she did; Sean knew that before he asked. She told him, "Sure do. I've got some stuff going on I need to talk with someone about."

We got our usual excellent service. Sean got targeted with plenty of cleavage shots; a couple girls weren't at all averse to giving

Kate and me the same. Betcha I know what they were interested in.

Though her service didn't suffer at all, Jackie was a bit pre-occupied with what was happening with her. She was just as attentive and willing as ever.

Jackie kicked the other girls out after we were done; it was closing time anyway. She told them, "See you tomorrow. I've got some stuff to go over with Sean and the Hat Ladies."

After locking the front door she took us into one of the back rooms; her office wasn't big enough to handle us all. She got right down to it, "Sean, ladies, you're the only ones I can think of who might have some idea what's happening with me."

We assured her we'd listen at least then do our best to help. She laid out all she'd been experiencing with the "voices," feeling sensations and picking up and sending emotions. "Most of this week I've known what the clients have wanted before they even say a word."

We looked around at each other like we weren't sure what to say. Margie got elected to do the deed. *"Sounds as if you've become a telempath like we are. Pretty simple, actually, after you know what's going on."*

I'll admit we'd been a bit nasty but it took off from there. Jaysus, we were almost getting to be old hands at it! After 45 minutes or so, the young-uns had agreed to take her on as a student (they got a little kick out of seeming to be reluctant about taking on someone so "old."). They scheduled a training session that evening after Jackie got home.

Sean invited her to join us and several of the other telempaths at the Tavern Friday night. She tried to dig out who some of the "others" were, but we grinned and told her, "You'll find out."

This time we all lined up and gave her some snogging. She was a little startled when Kate grabbed her ass but snuggled up after a half second. She didn't even twitch when I checked it out -- she reciprocated.

Margie was her biggest surprise; she laid a lip-lock on her that would have burned her bra off -- if she'd been wearing one. Margie told her, *"Now you're mine, sweet thing. Sean gets you after me."*

It only took five seconds of seeing the rest of us trying not to laugh until she caught on. She promptly turned Margie over and swatted her bottom lightly a few times. "That's for turning me on and not doing anything about it, old lady!"

When we got back to OTL, we gave the place the usual once-over before we settled in. Sean asked us, "Since when do we have cactus plants in the cars?"

Kate confessed, "I did it this morning. When we did Mesa and left the Volvo at the airport, we left a physical-universe VPN to power a shield. I figured since we had a body shield and sound barrier around the house based on plant life, we could do the same with the cars when we were out and about.

"All we need is something alive, right? Since it acts only as a place to put a node, firewall and shield, you don't need much. A cactus is tough and doesn't really need water or much other care."

Hell, sounded great to us. We talked seriously about giving her another Soo Laid for her idea. She tried to talk us out of it but we prevailed. One Soo Laid on Kate's account!

Sean told Margie, "Sweetie, since you've been slacking off all day, I'll give you the task of setting up all these machines. They need to be assembled, tested, updated with patches and made ready for the young-uns and the rest. I'm sure you can get them all done in the next hour."

Margie looked at him, floated around behind him and carefully kicked him in the butt. *"Don't mess with me, young man! I'm getting more sharp teeth every couple days."*

She went to work anyway. Twelve laptops, a couple docking stations, monitors, keyboards, a desktop system for the server, a couple printers and a bunch of wireless network stuff didn't seem to bother her in the least.

I got us a little snack before Kate took off to class then went back to work. Sean had me organize all the Clann Cullen research along with the web site so everyone knew what who was doing to whom and when.

After making a couple calls and *calls*, I came up with: Teresa, Mona and Rosheen would work on the Cullen genealogy. One of us would get a new laptop to Rosheen in the next day or so; she'd already ordered a DSL connection. She'd also research the McLennan, Sullivan (Fergus), Gallagher, Hanlon (for Kate) along with the Cullen line.

Mona would publish the Clann Cullen web site -- shit, she already had the first stuff up -- plus work on the Cullen Enterprises site to keep it current and to set up the password-protected downloads.

The young-uns would do genealogy on the Nolan, Bardon and my lines plus continue small-run manual assemblies. The adults

would write up the customs they remembered and submit them to Teresa.

Clann Cullen LA would pay the young-uns $25 an hour for their work, Mona $35 an hour for the web site work and Rosheen $40 an hour for her work. For now, the other adults would do their customs and genealogy stuff out of the goodness of their hearts.

I tried to pay for work on my lines, but Sean overruled me. "You're the Ceann's mates. Eileen, we might well have the next Ceann. Kate, you're a mate so belong in the line too, whether or not we have children together.

"If you wish to donate money to the non-profit organization, I won't stop you. However, it's a good way for everyone to avoid the nasty IRS people. I'll probably do the lion's share if for no other reason than I could use all the valid deductions possible."

Okay. Well, all I had to do was ensure the efforts were organized to start with; as Treasurer, Teresa would handle all the book work for the Clann and Kate would handle anything with Mona for the Cullen Enterprises web site. I had a sneaking suspicion, though, Sean would come up with something else for me to do.

Yeh, I did manage to work around something. I had a *talk* with Dermot about researching the history on our jewelry at $15 an hour. Bob had told us a colorful history would make it more valuable. Since part of the history would be who owned it for at least several Gallagher generations, Dermot would be working with Aile, Deidre and Mona as well as Connor, Caden and Rosheen. I'm sure they would find something for him to do while they were meeting -- besides talking. Hehehehe.

Around 7:00, I left Margie playing with her new toys and ported over to Louise's place; I'd volunteered to help with her wedding.

I had several "extra" wedding dresses but they were way too big for her. Kathleen offered jewelry; apparently her mother had left lots to her. She ported a bunch from her safe deposit box, we looked them over, ooed and ahhed a lot and decided. Louise was **very** happy for the loan.

Since Kat and I both were in the throes ourselves, we'd already thought of a lot of loose ends. Yeh, we were gonna have a great time!

We whipped up an invitation and made a quick list of whom to invite (Clanns Cullen, Reynolds, Way, Fuerte along with lots of folk where they worked). Sean's print shop should be able to handle them rapidly; they'd pass them out by hand.

(Friday 5/26)

First thing in the morning, Bridget and I did our well-baby pediatrician visit. He looked her over good. After he weighed her he said, “She’s getting a lot of muscle mass. Does she move around a lot?”

I told him, “She’s discovered crawling so she rug-rats around a lot. She’s also standing a lot. She just needs something to stabilize her.”

“That would do it. She’s developing pretty early. Nothing to be concerned about; once they start doing something they tend to do a lot of it.”

I was down to feeding Bridget once a day; my breasts were a bit uncomfortable every once in a while but the supplements had helped. Margie told me Patricia and George were working on his weaning -- so far, so good.

He gave me a couple tips on completing the weaning and we were off. After I’d told Sean and Kate the results, Margie got lots of hugs, kisses and well-dones. Best daughter!

SEAN

We’d gotten a couple returns and address corrections on the wedding invitations so I updated the member database. After we got the new computers installed, I figured I’d turn the database maintenance over to Maura -- she was decent on a computer and was the Clann’s Secretary.

I *told* her that; she didn’t mind since she and Teresa were also the RSVP contacts for the wedding. She told me, *“They’re hitting hard; we’ve gotten over 200 calls already. Most of the Clann women we talked with wondered about why you hadn’t been active. I told them the truth about it dropping through the cracks. 90% of them dropped some broad hints about you catching up on some of your duties, so you’d better be taking your vitamins.”*

Oh, well. Life is tough sometimes. I told her, *“You’re the social secretaries; work it out. If I don’t like it, I’ll tell you.”*

I took a look at the new web site. As I’d suspected, Mona’d put a twist on it. The main page had a picture of me with my bowler -- and a silly grin. The headline said, “Do you know this man?” At least it wasn’t a mug shot with a sign. The rest of the site looked great -- I had a sneaking suspicion the social secretaries would slip in a Soo Laid for Mona for her good work. No problemo!

I had a five-second meeting with her and Maura about sending out a postcard to our new Clann mailing list about the web site. By doing it on line, we could send out a card for about 30 cents

apiece; I figured it would take maybe an hour the first time then maybe fifteen minutes the next time we wanted to send something.

For the 350 or so it would cost around a hundred bucks. Teresa already had Clann Cullen debit cards on order from the bank so I told them to do the deed when they came in.

The Keavys were doing just fine. I put them in contact with Ana Matthews and the Drs. Gold from the Clann Reynolds; I figured if anyone could help them with their physical conditions, they could.

Carmel was doing great, too. The young-uns had trained her up and she was bouncing around outside like a spring chicken. I asked Kate to send her, Vera Leonard and the Keavys a teleportation check list; she emailed them off right away.

Hmm. Sounded like we needed an Education Officer or something to ensure our Core got trained and updated on new technologies as needed. Sounded like a great job for Eileen! At least I'd learned to delegate.

Marge had spent most of the evening and a lot of the night getting the various computer systems set up. As I'd expected, the majority of the actual clock time was spent getting the updates from the Microsoft update site. She could do four or five systems at a time without bogging down the DSL too badly.

While Eileen and Marge were at the doctor's, Kate and I ported over to Rosheen's with her new laptop system. I worked her over good; she really enjoyed it. She got plenty flushed up and damp; Marge was right, if they got damp, they weren't too old!

Several thousand years of bedding "old" ladies had given me a taste for **all** ages. Generally, age tends to give more, em, experience while youth tends to be able to "endure" more.

While we'd spotted only a bit of Talent in Rosheen, Kate *suggested* we put a node, firewall and body shield in her anyway and see what happened. Sounded good to me -- Kate put one in on her (plus a shield around the apartment via a couple plants) and let the power start notching up. Seemed to work; by the time we left, she was already feeling more lively.

Anyway, with Kate moved out, we made her old room into a full-blown Internet-junky office. I made a couple "trips to the car" and brought in all the equipment and supplies.

I coached Kate on setting up a full setup with a docking station, large flat-panel monitor and external keyboard/mouse. By some miracle, the DSL was up and operational so she was ready to rock!

We set up a color laserjet, left an extra set of toner cartridges, several reams of paper and other office supplies. I told Rosheen, "If you need **any**thing, just give Maura a call. It's all paid for."

While she hadn't said anything, I knew she wouldn't be comfortable using the standard straight-back chairs she had. So, that gave us a good excuse to take her shopping at Office Depot.

Oops! Kate and I had ported over, so the Volvo was still at OTL (Eileen and Marge hadn't taken a car, of course). Easily handled; it was in the apartment's parking lot when we went out.

I loved going to office and computer supply stores! While I didn't "shop" like the ladies tend to do, I still look a lot of stuff over for ideas.

We chatted away like old friends while we found her a good chair, an adjustable footrest, a Polycom speakerphone, a good desk lamp and lots of other office goodies. Rosheen had spent some 20 years in office environments and had a good idea of what a decent office needed.

I ensured she had a staple remover. Ya can't be a competent bureaucrat without a staple remover!

I put it all on the Cullen Enterprises card; it was a donation to Clann Cullen.

On the way back, Kate and I treated her to a good lunch (probably deductible) then took her grocery shopping. Might as well get her fully set up.

We got everything into her apartment, set it up then left her giddy as a schoolgirl with all her new goodies. She would do just fine.

Kate did the honors and ported the Volvo (with us inside) back to OTL. Still plenty of stuff to do there.

Kate went back to her studies while I ported over to the Altadena Arms. They'd put out a very nice sign in front announcing, "Open to the Public for Lunch. Free Parking." Sam told me they had a similar sign for dinner.

There was plenty of parking room in the underground parking plus there was a good-sized lot out back. I told them to make up signs for the garage and lot with something like, "This way to dining delight." Fast and inexpensive.

Mary Murray wasn't in; her shift didn't start until 4:00. No problem, I knew where she lived. A quick *inspection* showed me her OBY visit had gone very well; she was very pregnant. She and hubby were really happy campers! Good on 'em!

The dining room In Charge had started clearing wall space for historical pictures and such. She'd managed to locate several pictures already (we'd spotted quite a few during our night-time explorations and had *hinted* at her where they were). Lookin' good.

EILEEN

After Margie and I got back from the doctor's we went back to work. Margie had about six more laptops to set up and I had plenty to do.

Yep, I'd figured right; Sean had come up with stuff for me. Guess I was now the Education Officer for the Core Clann.

Sean and I spent 20 minutes on setting up an education template with dates, items and that sort of stuff. He helped me set up a database in Access (on the server, of course) then pointed me at the online help and Form Wizard for creating forms.

The first one took a half hour. I tweaked, tested, bitched, moaned, griped, deleted it and started over. The second one took five minutes; good enough for now. Used to be I couldn't spell compututor progmanner; now I were one.

Now that I had a form, I banged in Margie, Kate, Sean and me. Dayum; needed a couple more fields plus a memo field for notes. Okay; I'd been in the designer before so no big deal. This run through, I understood it a lot better and set up some default values that made sense.

Much better. I ran the Form Wizard once more, tweaked the results around then banged in everyone else I knew of. Fuck, that was 21 people already who were outside! I banged in Sheila, BB, Eavan McGlinchy and Lena (our lawyer) as highly-probables plus Rosheen as a maybe.

Margie was done with her systems by then and helped me out. She introduced me to queries and reports -- how many and who were trained on probes. Same for shields, external shielding and other stuff. Who hadn't started the teleportation check list. Who was in-progress, who was completed plus a general status report. All good stuff!

We ran off a set of the general status, tweaked the format, heading and footer and tossed it in Sean's basket. Nice; we had a lot of trained people with most of them probably due to finish up the teleportation check list within the next several days.

Sean was very pleased with both of us and showed it with a nice snog-session which left us very damp with nice tittie hard-ons. He didn't want Kate to feel left out so he molested her, too.

Dayum! The social secretaries had set up an honoring that night so we figured Sean needed a warm-up. A forty-minute checkout in our bedroom with a home run apiece told us he still remembered what to do.

We got a quick shower to last us the evening then Sean put us back to work. Slave driver!

Sean told me what he'd found at the Arms; good stuff. I called and placed the Yellow Pages ads plus ads in the local paper. After calling Sean's print shop, I emailed over the copy so they could design fliers and merchant coupons.

Oh, yeh. I scouted out the discount coupon book distributors that got sent to newcomers to the area and got a spot in it, too. So far, so good.

While Margie ran system backups, I had a quick *chat* with Maura and Teresa to ensure I had the Nolan/Bardon data correct. They'd talked with the elementary school councilor the other day and the young-uns had gotten the go-ahead to set up a Brain Trust there.

They'd already gotten in touch with George, Megan, Don, Art and PVC and had set up a Saturday meeting to get the set up. Teresa said, *"From what I remember of the Clann Reynolds folk, there might be a little more than talking going on; they're all a bunch of horny kids. Not that we weren't at that age, mind you."*

The young-uns already had a half-dozen interested students at the school; some had Talent, too, so they were enhancing them. Nice. Very nice.

After Margie finished her backups, she popped over to meet with Ana and the Drs. Gold to go over the kata/physical training routines. Apparently, they'd come up with some interesting stuff.

Mail came in. Sean had gotten 8 of the 10K back he'd put down at the hospital. He told me, "Good. Every bit helps." I tried to tell him I'd pay the 2K but he gave me his Ceann's "don't give me no shit" look and said, "Just put it in the household account."

All righty. I popped over to the bank for the deposit then back again. I spent more time in the bank line than anywhere else.

SEAN

Tavern night. Apparently black was the night's color. All the ladies had LBDs, even Jackie and Shane. Someone must have been talking with them because they were gloriously bra-less, perky and wobbly along with the others. Maybe I'll find out sometime how they do that. Don't really care, the end results were grand.

Everyone knew Jackie; we all went to her place for hair and nails. Yes, us guys get nails done too on occasion. Now she was outside, everyone gave her welcome spirit-hugs and *kisses*; they were a lot hotter than the physical display. The young-uns had trained her up with most everything they knew; the rest was practice.

When she went to the bathroom, we got a unanimous agreement to invite her to the Clann and Core. She was really good people.

After she got back, I told everyone, "We'll have a party at Olive Tree Lane on Monday. My treat; if you want something special, bring it along."

Teresa looked right at Jackie and Sharon and told them, "Apparel is very optional. The back yard's completely enclosed except for the squirrels in the park behind it and they don't seem to mind."

Jackie pinked up a little but smiled and nodded. Sharon smiled widely and wiggled her eyebrows. I told her, "Ask Celia and Jack along. They're part of us, too."

Since everyone there was enhanced, we *talked* about the people we had on our future list. They thought Rosheen was a good bet and it would be interesting to see what happened.

Maura and Teresa were interested in Lena; they'd worked quite a lot with her over the past several years. Maura volunteered to take over her enhancing; the young-uns were more than willing to train her, especially since she'd always treated them as adults.

Dinner was great, of course. After a brief settling-down time, we trooped to the stage. We left Jackie and Sharon to hold the table, not that anyone would think of taking it; the waiters were pretty alert.

Dayum, we were getting pretty good at song and dance routines. Working the young-uns in made quite a show.

We did quite a few variations on the hat tossings. Bridget got in to it, too. Her toss wasn't very good; Kate had to hike up her skirt and catch it on her toe. The audience didn't seem to mind at all; I think her tiny green panties had something to do with it.

That gave us an idea. We started tossing the hats back and forth with our feet. If we missed, Bridget raced over on her hands and knees, picked it up and popped it on the nearest foot. A couple times she tossed it herself a few feet. The audience really liked her.

Then again, they liked the fact the ladies legs were in the air a lot. Seems all the females were wearing small green panties! Between wobbly boobs threatening to escape dresses and panty flashes, there was a fair amount of sweating going on among the

adults in the audience -- the kids either didn't notice or didn't care and no one got upset.

Patrick told me later they sold over 300 drinks (including sodas) after we got on stage. Not shabby at all!

We wrapped things up and danced off the stage to loud applause. We'd better starting thinking up some fresh gigs to keep them coming in. I told the Core to think about it and we'd talk on Monday.

We gave final hugs and pecks around then took off for home. Marge, Eileen, Kate and I ducked around the corner of the Tavern and ported back to OTL. Sure beats driving, even if it was only for fifteen minutes.

We got quick showers and settled down in the den. Eileen disappeared towards the front; I heard her open the front door and tell someone to come it. It was Sharon! Hmm, betcha I know what they're up to.

She came into the den smiling so hard I thought her face would break. Eileen was carrying a small overnight bag, so I made a wild guess Sharon had been invited for the night.

I ensured she felt **very** welcome. I think she felt that way, too. When I gave her a decent snog, I could smell wet woman and felt a hot set of nipples against me.

Kate pointed her to the guest room and shower. After I heard the water start running, I tried to play dumb, "Nice to have her here. We gonna talk about Shane's Shop?"

Three redheads glared at me. Eileen said grimly, "If that's all you want to do with her, **you** get to kick her out and watch her cry."

I let my mouth drop open and tried to look gobsmacked. I couldn't hold it more than a couple seconds before I had to laugh. All three pillows hit me and they attacked me!

Fortunately I wasn't very ticklish though they tried hard. I heard Kate say, "Help us, Sharon! He's been getting pretty sassy lately."

I felt a new pair of hands join in. They slid right up my legs and latched on to a protruding portion of my anatomy -- which immediately started protruding more. I squeaked, "That's not a handle!"

Didn't seem to stop them. I retaliated with hugs, kisses and gropings of my own. Seems Sharon hadn't tied her robe too tightly so I devoted a couple minutes to checking out what was underneath -- with lots of cooperation.

We wound down after a bit -- wusses! Settling down with Sharon beside me, we checked out some Irish whiskey and talked shop for a little.

Sharon told us, "Jack and Cecelia checked out the Burbank shop; they got right in. It's right on First Street underneath a set of new condos they're just finishing up. They're still building the shops, so they got to get their layout in easily enough.

"Storage room in back with a standard bathroom, pretty much like mine. Apparently it's just a little larger in front and should get a lot of foot traffic. The construction won't be done for a month or so -- we've decided that would be just right."

Jack and Cecelia were looking for four new people; two to train as replacements in Shane's Shop and two for theirs. They were already planning on being open 7 days a week because of the established traffic. With a month to train, they should all be up to speed.

Three new copies of The Book had magically appeared by the register earlier today. Sharon said, "It looks really good. We noticed right away it was really easy to read. And with that new study check list, we won't have a bit of trouble. Are you gonna do the detail manuals, too?"

We filled her in on our plans on the reformatting and distribution. I told her, "As soon as these ladies cut me some slack time, I'll finish up my review. I'm ensuring it'll handle organizations of any size so I have to do some rewording here and there."

She allowed as how that would be all right. She'd spotted the new part on franchising but hadn't had a chance to go over it yet. "We haven't decided exactly how we're going to work it yet. Depending on what the new part says, we might go with a franchise or a partial ownership for me. We shall see."

Her brother was fine. She'd not spotted much Talent in him as yet. Marge told her, "*The Clann Reynolds has had some success enhancing mundanes. They've found several who they'd thought would never be able to be one of us and just pumped the power to them. Sometimes they do and sometimes they don't. Just give it a shot; we've got one with a small bit and we're trying it with her.*"

Sharon had been widowed in the Nam war; no children. She'd tried out several relationships since then, but none had gotten too far.

Her brother was married with a couple children out of the nest. Eileen told her, "Make sure you check out the rest of his family, too. Clann Reynolds found a lot of times the entire family had Talent; seems when spirits with a certain amount of power pick

up a new body, it tends to pick a family with roughly the same ability level."

Sharon thought that was a very good idea. "Won't hurt. I'll check out our folks, too. We've got a few cousins scattered around so this thing could spread quite a ways."

She'd been eyeing Eileen's and Kate's naughty bits they'd been flashing at her every once in a while. She really enjoyed Marge's cuties and had been having interesting thoughts about checking them out sometime. This will be an interesting night.

We had a final round of Irish whiskey -- Marge's gums had been "hurting" all night so she got some pain killer, too -- then I pulled Sharon into the honoring room.

She was eager, nicely padded and quite enthusiastic. She tasted wonderful on both ends. We got in several decent base hits then we hit one out of the park. Home run!

We dosed off and did some exploring. One of her nephews had some Talent so I had her set up a node in him and start pumping him up. We found a cousin and did the same with her. The rest of the family... well, we can't win them all.

Eileen, Kate and Marge slipped in and ravished her thoroughly. She loved it and gave as good as she got. She loved the feed back from the Marge-titties!

Oh, yeh. We all dozed off for a while then we honored her again for another hour ending with a grand slam.

While floating around the "dark" side of the Moon, we introduced her to *blending* and compatibility checking. With her, we all had a nice warm glow; her incompatibility was she wanted a long-term two-person relationship. I told her, *"Keep looking. We'll look too. I'm sure we can find a nice Irish boy for you -- if there is such a thing as a 'nice' Irish boy."*

Of course, Eileen, Kate and Marge were quick to inform her **I** wasn't "nice." Seems they thought breakfast in bed every day was a prime requirement.

EILEEN
(Saturday 5/27)

Sharon was nice and snuggly as well as being good people. In the morning, Sean fed us several breakfasts apiece -- in the dining room, not in bed.

We chatted a while over the remains. Sean presented her with a shamrock pin while I gave her an "Irish by Injection" pin. Margie remarked, *"You only get one pin even if you were injected five*

times. Them's the rules." Good thing or we'd go broke buying them.

We ensured she was hooked in to us with power and communication nodes then programmed her in to the OTL firewall and body shields. After providing her with three teleportation check lists, we kicked her cute butt out the door.

I watched her wobble bowlegged to her car. She'd be okay; the rocking chair was still at the shop.

Mario popped in right at 9:30. Sean told him, "Marge is all yours. She's the system administrator for the whole ball of wax."

They got to work. Apparently Exchange had been activated on time because they went to work happily clicking, typing and chatting away.

Kate pulled down the QuickBooks files the companies had sent her. She'd modified her request to get half of them this weekend and the rest next weekend. She went happily to work.

Sean told me, "I'm going after a gas barbeque for the back yard. Wanna come?"

"Yep. I've gotta make sure you get the right color."

We kicked back in the living room for a few minutes while we let our spirits do the walking through the Yellow Pages. In about fifteen minutes, we found what we (I) wanted and ported right over.

Big sucker. Stainless steel, side burners, extra flat grill, all that good stuff. Sean added another bag of the artificial charcoal (spreads the heat). "Usually it's too thin and it wears out."

Anyway, we got it on a flat cart, pushed it around the corner then ported it and us back to OTL. Sean started setting it up and I went back in the house to get some other work done.

Since the Clann Reynolds folks were coming in the afternoon, I started the steaks marinating and ensured the other stuff like salads were still in good shape. Party!

Sheila stopped by right on time at 10:00. We spent an hour going over possible investments including something for Margie. She agreed an UGMA was just fine for her, "You can put $10,000 a year into it with no problems. I don't have a form for it with me right now but it'll only take a few minutes once I have it."

I told her, "Come back tomorrow around this time and we'll finish it up. We've got some other things to go over, too."

Anyway, everyone started popping in at 11:00, right to the back yard where the party was. I took Sheila out and introduced her

around to Mario, Bob, Sherry and Kathleen. She actually knew Mario; he was one of her clients. Good.

Yeh, my power pump was working just fine. We'd managed to *talk* with each other several times already even if she hadn't been aware of it. Tomorrow.

We invited her to stay for some food but she begged off. "I've got three more appointments this afternoon. Fortunately I'm free most of the day tomorrow."

She headed out and left "us chickens" together. Kathleen, Sherry and Bob promptly peeled down to the buff. Sherry told us, "It's a bit cool but Kat found you can just pump in a little infrared and you can be as toasty as you wish."

Sounded good to us. Kate, Sean and I peeled down, too. Mario and Margie were still going at it in the den; they'd join us whenever.

Yeh, pumping in a bit of infrared worked fine. Hmm, seems even having the ladies' nipples warm didn't stop them from perking right up. Bob and Sean waved at us a couple times then everyone settled down.

Sean had set up the barbeque and had gotten a full fuel tank. We had the tables etc. set up where I wanted so we were in good shape that way.

Bob remarked, "I hope PVC and the rest of our young-uns don't corrupt your nieces and nephews too much. They, George and Dermot are supposedly together working on getting the elementary school Brain Trust together."

Kate laughed and told him, "Dermot does have some interesting, em, things to show them. Val and Mona are probably big enough for them; I don't know about the rest. Besides, if you want to talk about corrupting influences, I'll put Margie up against the best of them. She's got a **dirty** mind. Fun but dirty."

At Kat's suggestion we took a quick *peek*. Oh, my. Seems there were well over a dozen little butterfly clips on display with lots of fun stuff going on. Hmm. A few of those looked very interesting. Well, we've got a new-girls' night tomorrow...

We traded news with Clann Reynolds. Sherry told us, "The JRD staff is doing a formal study of The Book with the study check list you sent us. We should be done mid-week next week."

Kathleen said, "Sean, so far the consensus of the Executive Council seems to be to get your Org Board and Admin Scale workshops running as soon as the study's done. After that, we'll see.

“At the least, most of us will study the detail manuals. I know the entire Exec Council has to know them pretty cold.”

Sean told her, “Good. Marge will be doing the workshops; just let her know when you’re ready. We’ve got nothing so solidly scheduled we can’t work you in. Later on in the summer might be different.

“As for the detail manuals, I’d hold off a few more days. We’ve got a lot of format changes we did on The Book and are doing the detail manuals now. I’m getting revisions in to handle large-scale operations, too, so there will be some changes.

“As soon as I’m done with the revisions and my webmistress figures out how to do it, we’ll have the latest releases up on the web site. I hope it shouldn’t be more than another week.

“That’ll give you time to finish your current study, relax a couple days then do the workshops. I’d suggest you skim through the detail manuals even before you start the formal study. That way you’ll have a good idea what’s in them and where to find stuff.

“If you spot something you know needs to go in right away, do the formal study on that part, figure out how you’re going to implement it then just do it. You’re not gonna slam in everything all at once anyway.

“Between getting your Admin Scale in shape and having the Organizing Board, you’ll be able to decide what sequence things need to be done in. Step by step, you’ll get it in.

“Then as you have time, do the formal study of all the detail manuals. In a month or so you’ll have it down. I have complete confidence in you.”

Kathleen asked, “How about getting The Book and the others down into the companies? Would you do workshops or seminars on them?”

“That’s up to you. While JRD itself might be pretty stable regarding the number of new employees, the sub-companies probably have a lot of turnover. You might look at training several specific JRD people to deliver the initial The Book seminar to the company execs then oversee the training of the rest. We can talk about royalties as part of that.

“Just doing the study alone with a couple workshops tossed in will take longer than you’ll be doing at JRD. JRD will do it faster since the entire JRD staff is so motivated and smart -- no blarney, just pretty much fact.”

He tipped his head a bit and said, “Looks like Mario and Marge are thinking about coming up for air. I’ll get the grill heating.” He hopped up and did guy-things around the new barbeque.

Sure enough, they came out a couple minutes later. Margie was riding his shoulders, kicking her heels (lightly) and steering with his ears. *"Go horsey!"* Even 93-year-olds can act like kids.

They spotted all the nekkid bodies and stopped. Their clothes flew every direction and they found spots to sit -- Margie sat in Mario's lap with her cuties in full bloom.

She said, *"Goody. Now I've got an airplane to fly."* She reached down between her legs and grabbed the control stick. She started making airplane noises while doing lots of rolls and other maneuvers. Mario groaned and the rest of us laughed at/with him.

Kate managed to get out, "I **told** you she was dirty."

Margie took pity on him before he got too wound up. She settled back and let her body sleep. *"He's a slave driver. He didn't let me rest a minute!"*

Mario told us, "She'll do just fine. Each of you has a sticky note on your monitor with your email addresses and passwords. Just use Outlook like you do normally.

"Maggie sent the Nolans and Bardons their new addresses and passwords. I made a note of all the addresses for the JRD folk and Clann Reynolds; that way you can get lots of jokes forwarded to you. I'd say you're pretty much ready to rock and roll."

Speaking of ready, Sean told me the grill was ready. Kate and I ported out the stuff to the tables, tossed on steaks and pointed Sean (wearing a "Please play with the Chef" apron) at it.

Steaks cooked, everyone chatted, then everyone stuffed themselves. A good meal was had by all. Grin.

We talked about a lot of stuff. The entire Clann Reynolds were working on the new teleportation check list. Sean remarked, "You folk who've been doing it already should get through it fairly lively. Us beginners took about a calendar week and probably put in 8 to 10 hours. I'd say you can do it in half that."

Margie noted, *"It's mainly refinements of what you're already doing. Shouldn't be an issue."*

Bob told us their part of the Skunk Works was working on the physical training routines and the possibilities of recording and playing back. "They'll come up with something sometime. Most of the training routines are more like 'best practices' so they're ironing those out with Ana and the Golds."

As for the self-defense stuff, he'd heard noises about the Krav Maga, Tai Chi and other things. Sean told us he'd been sorting

out the various routines from the Clann history. “Definitely for war. Everything’s geared to it.”

Lots of other stuff. We gals traded progress information on the weddings, gossiped a bit about who might be doing what to whom and where to find good Irish men for Sarah, Sharon and Carmel. We decided we’d wait and see about Sheila; she might be happy the way she was.

Sean mentioned Ben Talbert. Kat told us she’d talked with him Friday night. “Seems fine. We’re having a get-together on Memorial day; I told him to come on down! I warned him about the clothing optional and he didn’t turn a hair. Once we’ve turned the gang loose on him, we’ll talk more.”

After Margie showed them the water-warming trick, we piled in the Jacuzzi. Yum. We covertly got Kat and Sherry in the right positions then Sean hit the pulsating jets.

Yowsah! They both lifted all the way out of the water and their body shields flared up! They laughed, settled back down and squirmed around. “Nice. Very nice. Bob, should we get one of these?”

Bob just grinned. “Fine by me. Maybe if you do that enough, I’ll get some rest.”

Sean piped up, “I know what you mean.” They both got severely splashed.

Things settled down; Sean cooked a few hamburgers and hot dogs. They were promptly devoured. Sherry asked Margie, “You up to this stuff yet?”

“No. The body won’t quite handle it yet. I’ve got lots of front teeth but no way really to chew. I’ll survive; it’s just another reason to grow the body fast.”

A little later I brought out sinful cherry cheesecake and ice cream -- five different flavors. Somehow the cheesecake vanished in fifteen minutes. The ice cream didn’t last much longer. Margie ensured she got her share; it didn’t need chewing.

We got out, rinsed off and got dressed. Hanging around in the den, Margie showed them the new office and web site, we talked shop a bit more and chattered about possible futures both for us as individuals and for the Clanns.

They’d heard a little about Mesa. Kate, Margie and I took them on a quick virtual tour. When we got back to OTL, Kat asked The Question, “Well, we gonna do something like that here?”

Sean grinned. “When you folk finish The Book you’ll know what we’ve gotta do to check it out. Vera Leonard will be more than

happy to give you physical tours; we'll have to get together sometime soon to discuss doing anything here.

"I know there's plenty of homeless in L.A. We'll just have to see if there's an actual demand for something similar here.

"Cullen Enterprises is looking hard at selling the last eleven businesses. That'll free up quite a bit of time and attention. Waystation 1 basically took four months of my pretty-much full-time attention. I can't afford to be that involved again, I don't think.

"Down the road not too long, I'm looking at getting into larger companies. I'll probably shamelessly use several of the JRD sub-companies as pilots to see how well things **really** scale up. If they do reasonably well, we'll look at developing our own larger companies.

"We'll be doing lots of seminars in the meantime. We've got two extremely competent ladies to deliver them to the general public and a really smart and clever young lady to drive in the details. We've got an eye on another possible staff member. That should handle seminars and workshops for a while."

Bob asked, "How long does it take to set up and promote a decent-sized seminar?"

Sean told him, "At least a month, preferably six weeks. We've mainly got to get a place tied down then promote it. Most decent-sized places need a minimum of six weeks scheduling."

We talked a bit more about it. We decided to get with Madeleine MacKenna (on a consultant basis to JRD) and pick her brain. Different target audiences need different promotion.

We packed things in around 9:30. They ported off, we did the final cleanup and hit the bed. Good people, good friends.

Chapter 22

SEAN
(Sunday 5/28)

[Intersects with Sorcerer 3 Ch. 5]

Partying was hard work; our bodies slept the entire night. We were all up, though, by 7:30. The ladies managed to survive on a single breakfast each this morning.

We got to work. Since we had an all-day party tomorrow and an afternoon set today, the ladies spent 90 minutes on their studies. I thought they were making excellent progress.

I scanned through five of the detail manuals, making the scaling changes on the fly. With Ben's template and code, I converted

them to the new format as I went. Surprisingly enough, there wasn't really a whole lot to change.

I'd spent quite a bit of time over the last few nights getting down the customs I remembered. As requested, everything was grist for the mill from how long a woman's skirts should be (if she wore skirts) and why, how a group of people walked through the woods or across an open field (and why: protection of the women and defense against attack) as well as marriages, fertility rites, "baptisms", appeals to the gods for crops, toasts, recipes for beer, wine and bread; stuff like that.

Maybe Teresa could make something of it all. I could see lots of roots to current-day customs myself.

After saving everything, I got on a jock strap and a pair of loose shorts, dug out my trusty ratchet (held out my hand and it was **there**) and headed out to the back yard.

I started running through one of the Clann battle katas. I wasn't trying so much to do it right yet, just ensuring I remembered what it was. Each move had a counterpart in an actual battle. There were movements for offense, defense, counters and for multiple opponents. Interestingly, there were also moves for a group cooperating in doing the same things; lots of teamwork.

Yep, I remembered several katas for the women, too. Over the Clann's history, they hadn't been passive breeders but were an active part of the Clann management and battle plans.

They weren't on the front lines as such but we'd known no matter how good the men were, we could be overwhelmed and our women put at risk or we could be flanked in an effort to steal the women. The women decided if they were going to die or become enslaved, they would take one hell of an honor guard of their enemies along with them.

That's probably where some of the Irishwoman's pigheaded stubbornness and fire came from. It was to a degree cultural; while they respected "their" men, they didn't take shit from anyone.

The women's katas used the same weapons as the men's, from hands-only through shillelaghs, swords and bows as well as household tools like brooms, cooking knives, stools, bowls and even a length of cloth -- preferably wet.

The katas not only gave them warriors' skills but also gave them the self-confidence of being their own persons -- as well as being obnoxious, obstreperous and other words that begin with, "ah." Like ahdorable.

I got a quick shower and typed in my notes and observations. I wasn't so much interested in the how of the katas right now but

mainly the areas covered, why and the results. I couldn't come up with a good reason for all that red hair, though.

Eileen checked with Carmel. She was doing great and was half-way through her teleportation check list. Her folks were doing okay. Apparently they had a touch of Talent so she'd been pumping them up the last several days.

She'd be here tomorrow; if the parents were doing well, she'd bring them along, too. She told Eileen they'd all gone to several nudist camps over the years so she wasn't concerned about that.

Sheila popped in exactly on time at 10:00. She and Eileen must have gotten their investment stuff done and worked on something else because the next thing I knew she was *talking* to me.

"Sean, you'd better not have been holding out on me. It's been bad enough you haven't fucked my socks off yet."

I tried to protect myself a little bit at least, *"We've only known about all this stuff for something like five weeks now. As for fucking your socks off, if I'd thought I could have survived your Spanish fire I would have worn your toenail polish off on the ceiling years ago."*

We went back and forth a few times with the Irishwomen egging us on. Finally I walked into the dining room, grabbed her up and did my best to wrap my tongue around her vocal cords. She didn't seem to mind at all, especially when I got a hand on her butt.

We settled down a bit. After introducing her to Margaret (who gave her a snog that put her nipples up hard), we gave her a quick training session. The young-uns had another to work on.

After going over the Clann customs, she was more than willing to become an adoptee. "Guess this means I've gotta learn that Irish stuff you guys spit out."

Kate told her, "It'll be a lot easier than the Tagalog and Armenian you've learned." She introduced her to the Bob Reynolds language trick.

Sheila had a family get-together the next day but it was later in the afternoon. Since that was the case, we made sure she would come to our party in the morning tomorrow. I had no doubt everyone else would want her with us.

She had her own investment and insurance business running pretty full tilt with something like 30 people in it doing much like she was doing. Maybe she could find some more Talent there.

Anyway, she took off about 11:30 after another round of hugs and kisses. Marge warned her, *"You'd better start getting*

prepared; I'm gonna wear you out some night." Sheila grinned at her and asked, "You and what army?"

We had plenty of army. She didn't know we could call on all the reinforcements we needed -- the Clann Reynolds ladies would come to our rescue if needed.

EILEEN

Sheila's gonna be fun to have around. She's as feisty as an Irishwoman any day.

We had a couple parties this afternoon as well as the big one tomorrow. Maura and Teresa were throwing me a bachelorette party while John and Patrick were getting together with Sean.

The Nolan and Bardon young-uns were off to a birthday party for Steven, Lucia and Mary Shinto over in Burbank. John told us Kat would port them over and back so none of us had to drive them.

The Nolans and Bardons were almost done with their teleportation check lists so pretty soon they'd be able to do all that themselves.

In the meantime, Kate and I made a store run to pick up more stuff for our party tomorrow. We were expecting at least 30 people so I had Sean "run out" and pick up a couple dozen more chairs and several tables for the back yard.

Steak, hamburgers, hot dogs, chicken and some fish along with lots of salad, various cakes and some cheesecake and lots of ice cream. Soda of various sorts, more Irish whiskey (is there any other kind?) and several varieties of Irish beer. If they didn't like what we had to drink they could bring their own!

We stuffed the refrigerators and pantry full. While Kate worked on some of her company books, Sean and I arranged the back yard the way I wanted. Basically it was stick the chairs and tables out and the guests could arrange them any way they wished.

He'd picked up several more big trash cans and a big bag of liners so they went out in strategic locations.

Yep, we had plenty of spare Jacuzzi towels. The chemistry in the Jacuzzi water seemed okay so we were ready to rock and roll.

Kate, Margie and I "picked up" Ellen Keavy and ported over to Teresa's. Dayum, looks like almost every Core and possible-Core woman showed up. Rosheen, Jackie, Sheila, Cecelia, Sharon. Rosheen was the only non-enhanced person there -- and she was dayum near ready to pop!

What the hell, we made her the first order of business. Within 40 minutes, she was outside, hooked up and having one hell of a good time along with the rest of us.

We girl-talked, giggled, swilled down the booze, played cards and talked about the wedding.

Everything was on schedule. Maura said she'd have her da's kilt back from the cleaners and they'd fit Sean on Tuesday. Patrick was going to be Sean's best man; they'd dug out his dress kilt and made sure it was all sparkly clean. All my stuff was ready to go already so no sweat there.

The nieces had their dress fittings Tuesday, too, along with new suits for the nephews. Maura said, "The boys don't seem to mind the suits, especially after I told them they made them look older and might help them score with some of the bridesmaids."

Margie noted, *"It doesn't hurt that all the bridesmaids live either here or next door. Betcha there's gonna be a lot of other Clann girls there who wouldn't mind getting frisky with handsome young men closely related to the Ceann. Hehehehe."*

She popped up her cuties and nipples full blast and continued, *"I wouldn't mind checking out a bit of the talent myself."*

Ellen eyeballed her and said, "On the other hand, I'm right down the street."

We laughed for a bit. Margie said, *"Maybe if your Brian gets wasted enough tonight, I'll come visit."*

Ellen's turn to laugh. "It wouldn't matter in the least. He'd welcome you drunk or sober. We like 'em young or old -- and you've got the best of both."

More talk. Babies, weaning (I was completely off breast feeding. Dayum, hope my tits don't go too flat before the wedding; gotta have something to fill out the dress. Oh, well, that's what the Inner Touch is for.), schools, Clann plans, all that neat stuff.

Hell, since they were here, we ensured Jackie, Sheila, Rosheen and Ellen were filled in on **all** the Clann customs. Sheila had already accepted membership so we formally invited Jackie and Rosheen to join the Core.

They accepted right away. Of course, Rosheen was Clann by blood and had already actually known most of the customs. This just firmed up the interpretation.

We discussed honoring for quite some time. While the original basis was to have the Ceann become emotionally attached to the Clann women, that was really no longer valid. With the ability to create a gestalt with any person of Talent and the ability to

inspect, Sean was well beyond that already. He'd also accepted the entire Clann Reynolds as part of his family -- as had we.

That didn't lesson the current honoring, though. The basis was still sound; showing the woman she was part of us and that she was special. The social secretaries introduced ourselves and told the rest about the hierarchy we'd discussed.

Kate told the girls who hadn't been fully honored yet, "With the Core women automatically rising to the top of the list, you'd better stay ready. Cecelia, just because you and Jack might end up with primary membership in Clann Reynolds doesn't mean you can escape the Ceann's Shillelagh."

They drenched the chairs they were sitting in. Rosheen commented, "I know I couldn't take a lot but I'm willing. What a way to go."

Ellen said, "I'll take whatever I can get."

After Teresa pointed out the Ceann-mate usually spent the night with the spouse (and that I'd be abstaining until I was safely pregnant), Kate said, "Guess that means the guys will have to tolerate me."

Yeh. We laughed for several minutes at someone having to "tolerate" our Kate.

We went on. Maura commented, "We thought about getting a male stripper for you, Eileen, but couldn't come up with anyone who'd be better than Bob Reynolds. We asked, but he's part of the birthday party hosts tonight. Better luck next time."

Of course the talk came around to Sean. Jackie and Sheila weren't shy at all about asking how he was as a lover.

Maura and Teresa commented that he was the best. "All the spirit stuff was pretty new when we were with him. Yeh, we had our husbands for years -- and some before that -- but with the *joining* and *blending* abilities, they can all create an experience that's exquisite for whatever occasion."

I told them, "My previous lovers don't have a shadow of a chance of stacking up against him."

Kate said it the best, "I only had one prior experience before Sean and that wasn't very good. What I've observed is he cherishes each of us. He's not thinking about something or someone else; his attention is there, right on you. Since we're *joined*, the feedback is not only incredible but also he knows what limits or desires you have at that particular time."

Margie told them, "*None of us have ever been unwilling. If we're interested only in snuggling for the night or just going to sleep, that's perfectly fine with him. He can 'do' none, one or all -- as*

much, as many or more times as we can stand. He's more interested in our pleasure than his, be it orgasmic ecstacy with a huge grand slam or a simple caress on the face or a spirit-hug.

"Sarah wanted it quick and hard -- that's what she got. Mary Murphy generally liked it slow, while Maura and Teresa each had their own preferences. What they wanted, they got. Of course, he delivered a diamond each time rather than just a shiny little bobble.

"I'll vote for him as my best-ever. Even with the physical limitations my body has for now, he's the best I've ever been with."

I teared up -- as did the others. I told them, "He's never overwhelming. He always grants you your identity; who you are. He simply admires and loves you as much as you can stand, unless you're both out for a grand slam or something like that.

"He can control or be controlled; makes no difference to him. It's a 'joint effort,' not just him or you. No dominant/submissive -- he could probably play either role if you wanted -- it comes down to a **sharing** of love. And he's got tons of it -- as we do for him."

SEAN

Quite a party. John and Patrick were there, of course. I ported Brian Keavy over in his wheelchair. Jack Hanlon showed up along with Sam and Phil from the Altadena Arms.

Sam and Phil were mundanes, so we kept things down. We drank Irish whiskey and Irish beer, played cards, let the home theater play a football game, guy-talked and had a great time.

John told me, "We thought of getting a stripper for you but couldn't think we could top who you've got here at home already." Yep. Some people get pretty bright after a few brews.

Sam and Phil told us the Arms was doing fine. The dining area was steadily increasing its traffic and the occupancy was up a couple percent. All good things.

Sam said, "Of course, we've had several returning guests ask about the guy in the silly hat."

I couldn't let that pass so I pulled my Bridget-chewed bowler out and popped it on. "Now that I've got my thinking cap on, what's the bid?"

I didn't think we were following the score too closely; no one seemed to mind at all.

We did watch some of the football game and later on some Lakers basketball. Sam and Phil were fans; the rest of us -- well, let's say we had some idea of where the teams were from.

We speculated on what the girls were doing. Jack said, "Probably what we're doing. Getting drunk and gossiping. Except they've probably got QVC or the Home Shopping Channel on."

We kept feeding Sam and Phil more whiskey and beer until they passed out. With the few *touch* tricks we'd learned, rest of us were able to filter out a lot of the effects on our bodies. We still weren't feeling much pain.

Now we could get down a bit. Brian told us, "Ana Mathews and the Drs. Gold took Ellen and me to their research lab, strapped us down and experimented on us."

They'd given them both a good going over. Several injury energy bleeds had made a lot of difference even if nothing else had been fixed.

However, they'd kept Brian and Ellen outside so their bodies were completely relaxed and had gone in for some touch-up surgery.

Brian said, "Oscar said they weren't surgeons. Shit, they didn't need to be. Talk about completely non-invasive!"

The three medicos had cleaned out their heart arteries, fixed up several weak blood vessels ("One in Ellen's brain was ready to pop for another stroke."), repaired some damage from strokes and in general had given them a good workover.

"They told us to rest up real well and take lots of vitamins for several days before we went at it again. Already we both feel like it. Maybe we can lure some sweet young thang into joining us."

We laughed pretty good. I offered, "You might ask Margaret. She's definitely a sweet young thang -- plus you could talk about old times at the same time."

Brian grinned. "Betcha Ellen's already thought of that. Anyway, even with all the stem cell research they're doing, Ellen and I have already decided to think long and hard about it. For us, it might be better to start over again -- or find ourselves a couple Kathleen Donovans."

Yeh, there were always alternatives.

We ported Sam and Phil to their beds at their own places and put their cars where they belonged. We made up a raunchy cover story about how they'd gone trolling and came up with a couple women. On the other hand, maybe they wouldn't ask.

We wound down a good hour before the girls got back. I ported Brian back home; the rest did their thing and took off.

I did the cleanup; toss the empties in the recycle bin, sweep the floor of crumbs and straighten things up. Still had a party tomorrow.

Marge didn't come home with Kate and Eileen. Eileen told me, "She's off to spend the night with the Keavys; they're gonna have a good time reminiscing about the old times."

Told you so.

EILEEN
(Monday 5/29)

We rolled out bright and early and got breakfast. Margie popped back in just in time to get her share.

After cleaning up, we started our party preps. Margie reset the house shields to let pretty much anyone port in or out and set the ultraviolet blocking up to max. It was gonna be a very warm sunny Southern California day!

A quick check of the back yard showed the furniture was still in place and the Jacuzzi was ready (after a quick warm up). Sean set out stacks of plates, glasses, Jacuzzi towels, cooking and eating utensils, napkins (suitably weighted down) and all that stuff.

The steaks were marinating just fine, the chicken was ready, all the other goodies were prepped and there was plenty of ice with beer and soda on ice in a shallow tub. Ready.

We'd told everyone we'd start around 9:00. These guys weren't party slackers by any means; Kate ported the entire Nolan/Bardon family over ten minutes early -- they were ready.

They peeled off right away -- we hadn't bothered to dress -- then greeted us. The nieces smothered Sean immediately and pushed him onto one of the big lounges so they could crawl all over him and rub their very-nubile bodies around on him. He didn't mind and gave back as good as he got.

Caden and Connor didn't hesitate to check out Kate's, Margie's or my arses, either. I think they were getting very interested in girls -- or women. With memories coming back, they probably had a really wide range of interest.

The adult greetings were a little more restrained but not by much. We had stiff ones of all sorts pop up for several minutes.

Maura and Teresa offered their help but there wasn't anything left to do. I let them fuss around with the yard chairs and such so they'd feel like they were contributing. Yeh, they moved several things a couple inches and were happy.

Apparently no one was feeling any effects from last night's parties. Good things do happen.

The young-uns' birthday party with Clann Reynolds had gone really well. They'd all brushed up on their slow dancing (naval engagement with slight loss of seamen) and flirting skills. I think they were tuning up for the upcoming three wedding receptions. Good on 'em!

Since they were ready, Kate popped Rosheen and the Keavys over. Jack, Celia, Sharon, Jackie and Sheila drove over and were all there by 9:15. Everyone peeled down almost right away.

Oh, my. Yummie new ladies all over! Yeh, Sheila had a **great** rack and Jackie's arse was delectable. Lots of tittie hard-ons everywhere. Neither Jackie nor Sheila were shy about showing what they had or about checking out the available talent -- both male and female.

The Keavys moved carefully but had their clothes off pretty quickly. Yeh, their bodies were old with scars from operations and "old" skin and whatnot but no one minded at all. Brian perked right up with the rest of the guys while Ellen's nipples rose to the occasion. Maybe Margie'd warmed them up last night!

Carmel *told* me, *"We'll be there in just a couple minutes. Mom and Dad are doing fine today and are really looking forward to meeting Bridget -- and running around in the buff."*

I *warned* Margie who promptly put on her full Bridget persona and draped herself over me. We'd give them the full shtick.

I was waiting when they came in. I hadn't met them before; they'd been too "out of it" to come to Frank and my wedding.

Really nice people just on the surface. Carmel introduced us; I gave them each a good solid daughter-in-law hug and kiss. Bridget gave them each an almost-over-the-top performance, though. By the time she was through, their faces were stretched with huge smiles and the goo around them was waist-deep.

Maeve told me, "I see a lot of Frank in her face but she's mostly you, Eileen. You've done wonderfully with her." Can't go wrong praising the mama!

Carmel told us, *"They seem to have a touch of Talent. I've been pumping them up good since last Thursday."*

Yep, they were doing just great; they'd expanded outside their bodies a couple inches. Guess we've got to do some more enhancing today. Oh, well, someone's gotta do it. Grin.

Kate took Bridget and held her while Carmel, Liam and Maeve doffed their traveling clothes. Decent bodies for their ages.

We got the three of them introduced around to everyone else. They got nekkid hugs and snuggles from everyone. They really liked it; apparently they were a bit lonely like Carmel.

Rosheen and Ellen got Maeve sitting with the adult ladies while Brian, Jack and the other adult men pulled Liam in with them. Bridget promptly "assumed the position" on Liam's lap -- no airplane, though. The young-uns circulated around ensuring everyone had towels for sitting on and drinks.

Sean announced, "We'll have a light lunch around 11:00 then a blow-out meal around 4:00. In between, there's plenty of other stuff to keep you from dying of starvation or thirst."

We talked and gossiped. Mainly, we drew out Liam and Maeve and encouraged them to talk about themselves as well as give us Carmel and Frank stories. In just a few minutes, they were totally relaxed with us.

Liam had been a tool and die maker for 40 years before he retired. Maeve had been a high-school teacher in various subjects for 35 years.

The Keavys had been entrepreneurs all their lives. They'd built up good-sized company creating and manufacturing security equipment like alarms, cameras, badge entry systems and surveillance systems. They'd sold it twenty-odd years ago. Interestingly enough, Security Plus was now a JRD company. Small world, huh.

I *felt* the gears go around in Sean's head as he considered how best to use them. Betcha it'll be something interesting.

We gradually started *talking* with the McLennans until they realized what was going on. The young-uns promptly descended on them, dragged them off to the den and trained them in the basics. Happy campers!

The young-uns had trained up Rosheen and Sheila last night after the party; good thing the bodies didn't need to be sober to do it. Now we had everyone here really ones of us.

With that out of the way, I introduced Margaret to them. It didn't take them long for them retrieve some of their own memories; it promptly made "believers" out of them.

Margie sprouted her cuties and floated around giving hugs, snuggles and kisses. The three McLennans hesitantly checked them out and shook their heads in wonder. Neat stuff.

Anyway, we dug out the Clann customs and started getting everyone acquainted with them. About half-way through, Sean fired up the grill for lunch and put on burgers, dogs and fish.

We ate while we talked more. The confidential customs got a good going over and they really enjoyed the honoring ones. Maeve and Carmel eyed Sean at the grill. He had on his Please play with the Chef apron and waved at them. He knew what they were thinking.

Of course Jackie and Sheila were eyeing him, too. They'd had a chance to get settled in a bit to their new abilities so that put them a bit nearer to the top of the list.

After lunch, Sheila had to take off to her family get-together. She had a lot of her business people coming so it was pretty much a must for her to be there. Before she left, we got her solemn promise to come to dinner tomorrow at OTL.

We took a break for a dip in the Jacuzzi. We didn't manage to surprise anyone this time with the water jets. Too bad. We soaked, snacked and drank while we finished up some of our discussions.

Rosheen, the McLennans, the young-uns and I trooped into the dining room to look over the McLennan papers they'd brought. There were lots of pictures with notes on the back, several sets of birth, death and marriage certificates plus the start of a tree on the McLennan side. Good start.

There'd been a small McLennan clann around for a while. It had almost died out; Carmel and Frank had been the last they knew of. With Bridget, the name would still around for only a while unless we could get Carmel fixed up and producing an heir.

Good. Margie ported the entire stack of stuff over to Rosheen's. That brought on another discussion on teleportation along with some demonstrations. Margie printed up another set of check lists for everyone who needed them. If nothing else, it would give the McLennans a lot more mobility than they had before.

All right. Back outside, Liam commented he should have brought his horseshoe set; there was a perfect spot along the back fence. Well, since he knew exactly where they were at their place, I just ported the entire thing down.

Sean took ten minutes to set up the landing boxes, push in the stakes and issue his challenge. The Keavys had obviously played before, so Jackie and Sean took them on for the first round.

We gave the young-uns -- including Margie -- heavy warnings about *touching* the horseshoes. They'd had a Frisbee flying around the back yard and over the house for the last two hours and it hadn't touched the ground once.

SEAN

We played horseshoes, flirted, yakked and had a great time. I fired up the grill about 3:15 and got the chicken going.

The women gossiped a lot about finding men for the single women. I told them, "Keep your eyes open at the wedding receptions. In the next three weeks there'll be quite a few single guys running around. Remember, we haven't met most of the rest of Clann Cullen either.

"Maybe you should turn Rosheen loose with her phone tomorrow and start stalking the prey. Betcha there's lots of sons, grandsons and cousins whose moms and nanas would like to see married. With the single girls part of the Clann, they're automatically 'nice Irish girls'."

That set them off on a new tangent. They broke out the wedding invitation list and made notes about women for Rosheen to call.

Connor and Caden got dressed and disappeared over the back fence to explore the park. Bailey Canyon Wilderness Park was only a couple short blocks away; it went right up into the mountains so there was plenty for them to explore. They had their shields up tight so we weren't worried at all about them.

The nieces joined the women in their talk and occasionally wondered over to me at the grill to rub their boobs on me. Maybe they thought it made them grow.

I got the chicken off, the steaks, fish and other stuff on and warned everyone of the feast to come. Caden and Connor magically appeared over the fence; maybe one of their new abilities was an advanced sense of smell for food.

They brought back a young cat. Caden told us, "It was wondering around yowling way up in the park. It probably wondered off from somewhere because it was sure glad to see us."

Eileen promptly named it Geeser. What other name is there for a cat in an Irish household? It was dirty, draggled and probably covered with fleas and other assorted vermin.

Kate took care of it in about five seconds. She teleported it a couple times and left all the vermin behind as well as the dirt. Eileen got it some milk and cut up some chicken. Geeser sucked it down as if she (yeh, another female around the house) had been taking lessons from the young-uns.

What the hell, just another mouth to feed. After she settled down from eating, the girls found an old hair brush and combed out her fur. She settled down in a convenient towel-covered lap and went to sleep.

We ate. Eileen, Kate and I especially had to keep our strength up; we had a wedding to go through! Plus, I had a sneaking suspicion they'd toss a couple honorings in beforehand.

I reminded the gossiping women, "Sarah from the Arms needs a man, too. Kate can run through the singles there, too. If they've been at the Arms a while, they're already pretty good people.

"Might as well make a list of **all** the eligible men and women while you're at it. Remember, Clann Reynolds' Inner Circles do matchmaking, too. With you social secretaries around, I'll betcha won't keep your noses out of it for long."

I got Irished a bit for that comment but shrugged it off. I'd gotten a pretty thick hide from the Cullen Sisters over the years.

Mona suggested, "Let's put an article on the web site. Betcha we can get every mother and grandmother to email us with a couple eligible names."

We discussed it a few minutes. We decided a) Mona would set up an email account for matchmaker@ClannCullunLA.org, b) the social secretaries would write an article and have Mona publish it and c) as soon as the debit cards came in, Mona would send a postcard mailing to the Clann mailing list promoting the web site. All fine by me; delegation is the name of the game.

I kept the grill going as long as anyone could put anything down. We sat around to let things settle a little bit before we broke out the cake, pies, cheesecake and ice cream.

We got more into shop talk. We tossed around quite a few ideas for gigs at the Tavern. I had Kate make a note to get Rosheen and the Keavys there that Friday.

We got pretty deep into Cullen Enterprises. I laid out my ideas for selling the remaining small businesses then going into one, two or more mid-sized ones, maybe up to a couple hundred people.

We talked about doing a Waystation 2; I gave everyone a quick virtual tour of Mesa. I put off doing more on a Waystation in this area for a little bit.

I told them, "The JRD staff is studying The Book. They'll probably want a couple workshops in the next several weeks, so I've put Marge to work on that. They might well be interested in being a major Waystation sponsor but they need the background policies on establishing a new company first.

"When you Cullen Enterprises ladies get done with the detail manuals, I'll want you to start setting up seminars. If we're gonna work our own larger businesses, we should promote to the same public. Subject to change, we'll probably concentrate on

selling the companies and doing seminars over the summer. Make a talk with one of the JRD execs; we might want to use their promotional company instead of doing it all ourselves.

"You Nolans and Bardons should review The Book and manuals, too. We might talk about starting another Tavern somewhere else. Sharon might be piloting a franchise; it might be the way to go. Plenty to talk about, plenty to plan and plenty to coordinate. It doesn't all have to be done in the next week but we need to have an overall plan among us so we're not stepping on each other's toes."

We had more general talk, pet Geeser a lot (she ate two more big helpings of chicken, fish and cut-up steak), soaked in the Jacuzzi and made lazy in between.

The McLennans started to head out pretty early; Liam and Maeve were pretty tired by then and Carmel had an hour's drive to get them back to Calabasas -- in the Memorial Day coming-home traffic. Before I could mention it, someone came up with the Bright Idea of teleporting them back rather than driving. Eileen did the honors this time, car and all of course. After Liam and Maeve were in their house, Eileen ported Carmel and her car back to her place. Saved everyone a lot of time.

The rest drifted off. Kate ported Rosheen and the Keavys back home while the others who'd driven over drove back. Hmm, Jackie stayed after everyone else had left. Betcha the social secretaries had something in mind.

That left the OTL household and Jackie. After a quick cleanup (not much to do, actually), we got into Jackie's business. Since I still owned the salon, we talked with her about selling it.

She was interested in buying it. Kate trotted out her template of points to get in and we went over it. Not a lot to do, actually; Jackie'd done pretty well. She told us, "With Sean's business model, I'm gonna restudy The Book, do the new detail manuals and maybe take a look at franchising. There's plenty of hair and nail salons around but most of them don't seem to last long."

She wanted to get into the position I was in where she wasn't doing the day-to-day operations and the physical work herself. I told her, "Great idea. It's one thing to do something because you really love the work itself. It's another to do it because you've gotta make a living and that's all you know. You're smart enough to be able to set the shop up right so it can run without you but still make income from it. That's a major step in becoming financially independent. It's in The Book and in the detail manual number 8."

We were still out in the back yard. Marge settled down on Jackie's shoulder and let her body nap. Every once in a while, she'd wake up a bit and rub her Marge-titties over Jackie's nipples which responded by popping up. Nasty girl! Jackie had to change the towel she was sitting on twice.

Kate printed her off a new The Book and ported it off to her apartment. Jackie could just replace the paper in her current notebook. I told her when I'd gotten the detail manuals revised, she'd be able to get them off the Cullen Enterprises web site.

We went over all the points which still needed to be gotten into place and made a plan to get them there. Eileen, Kate and Marge were involved in this since we still had the other companies to get up to speed and I wasn't about to do it all myself.

Kate said, "From what I see in the salon's books, it's in good shape financially and is making good money. As you start setting it up to back out of the daily operations, you can start promoting the franchises. Maybe we can put a listing on the Clann Cullen web site about job and business opportunities, too. There's plenty of people around who can handle only a J O B but there are others who're looking for a business."

Eileen mentioned, "And since none of the Cullen Enterprise companies are in the same field, there'll be no competition among them, just cooperation. When or if someone starts franchising, it's not conflicting."

Marge piped up, *"Then when you get the teleportation down, you can bop around any time to the fifteen or so franchises you've established."*

Jackie hadn't thought that big yet. I told everyone, "Always dream big. If you don't reach for the stars, you'll never grasp the Moon."

We discussed collateral businesses Jackie could get into such as wholesale beauty supplies, a cosmetology school (some competition from the local community colleges) or a salon for cosmetology interns (interning is a licensing requirement).

Kate asked, "How about Beauty Arts on Wheels? There's lots of elderly or disabled people who just can't get out to a salon or who have a difficult time -- like the Keavys and the elder McLennans. Even a 'housewife' who'd have to get a sitter for the kids. It could be a one or two-man band; one in a home office to schedule appointments, order supplies and such and the other to dash around with a portable kit and do the work."

Hmm. The other ladies immediately agreed it was worth looking into. Marge suggested, *"Survey the people around here from the wake. I can think of at least twenty right around here who might*

be interested just because it's difficult to get out. Maybe you could charge a slight premium. Cost it out; there's no storefront overhead so the fixed expenses would be a lot less to start with."

We'd supplied Jackie with a notepad a couple hours ago. She'd already filled five sheets with notes and ideas.

We decided to call it a night. Eileen, Kate and Marge went for a shower in the main bathroom. I picked up Jackie and carried her to the honoring room shower. I told her, "Sorry, I'm pre-empting Marge's first dibs, if that's all right."

It was more than all right with her. She dripped on me all the way.

Jackie was a delightful lover. Months of standing, bending and working at the salon had gotten her in excellent physical condition so I didn't have to hold back much.

Her butt was truly delicious. It was round, firm and sensitive; she came twice just from a little play. The front was even tastier than the back.

The rest of her body was also delightful. Eager to do most anything, she was "up and coming" for several hours until a grand slam punched us out to the Moon.

The other ladies joined us there. We introduced her to *blending* and other spirit-play. Our *blendings* with her gave a nicely-warm glow and our QQV was just fine. Yeh, she was definitely interested in a relationship of her own; she went right onto the match list.

We let her body rest for an hour then Marge gave her a thorough workout. Jackie loved it; she told us, "I've experimented a bit with girls before. I'm not really that much bi but with the right women -- yow!"

Eileen and Kate joined us later and we gave her a mini Soo Laid just so she would get the idea. Right. As if we needed an excuse.

We let her sleep the rest of the night until 7:00. She got a pre-breakfast wakeup call and a shower then we let her escape to the kitchen for breakfast.

Everyone had two breakfasts; Jackie got three. She loved the shamrock and Irish by Injection pins. She told us, "The girls are gonna ask about them, for sure. I think I'll just look dreamy and not say anything."

Marge noted, *"They'll see your well-laid look and probably be a bit envious. Hehehehe."*

She did manage to walk to her car on her own. A bit wobbly but she managed.

Chapter 23

SEAN
(Tuesday 5/30)

Back to work. We'd had two days of fun over the weekend with more to come down the line.

The ladies dug into their studies. Eileen and Marge were on the next-to-last detail manual; it was the largest one at over two inches thick but they were making plenty of headway. Kate was on detail manual four; I was happy with her progress.

While they were "gainfully employed," I finished up the last of the detail manual updates and reformatting. I created all the PDFs and started them printing for our office copies. I shipped off the PDFs to Mona so she could put them on the Cullen Enterprises web site. I requested she create unique User IDs and passwords for each of my companies (and the Tavern) and if possible, keep a database of who downloaded what.

I was nice and sent her a list of companies with my recommended User IDs. I also asked her to create a single multiple-download ID for my seminar attendees. My guarantee to them had been they'd get all updates for five years.

I whipped up a draft mass email for my seminar attendees for whom I had a business email address. Dayum, there were something like six thousand! I'd been a busy boy, I guess. Looks like it was something to turn over to my able executives.

Anyway, as soon as Mona had things set up, I'd send it out so they could get the updates. She'd mentioned yesterday she needed another couple days to set up the security; it was all new stuff to her.

When the ladies were done with their studies, they went to work on the business stuff. Marge pointed me to the Admin Scale and Org Board workshop material she'd set up and requested a review. No sweat.

I got through them pretty quickly. She'd done a really good job considering her experience. I added more leading questions in several areas, routed it back to her and told her to send off emails to JRD saying the materials were ready and so was she.

Marge sent off the emails then "borrowed" George and Dermot to go set up the laptops and new network stuff at N&B. She'd already set up an administrator's WSUS (Windows Software Update Service) to keep the Cullen Enterprises systems at OTL up to date so she'd put in the same thing in the new network.

We couldn't see any reason to have our two networks connected yet but told her to think about ways to get a connection if we

needed it. Maybe if we needed to transfer a bunch of files back and forth.

EILEEN

After our studies, Kate and I hit the Cullen Enterprises work. I updated the training database for Rosheen and the rest then added Liam and Maeve. A quick check with them said they'd loved the party, the young-uns had trained them up pretty good last night and they'd started the study check sheet. Maeve told me, *"We've got nothing else needing to be done and all year to do it in. We'll just have to get back in the groove of being students again."*

At Sean's request, I asked Liam, Maeve, Carmel, the Keavys and Rosheen to the Tavern for this Friday. I told the McLennans, *"If you're not done with your teleportation check sheet by then, let one of us know and we'll 'come get you.' No reason to drive, is there?"*

Kate and I popped over to the Arms to check out the dining room. It was looking good. It was lunchtime and the place was about a third full. The In Charge told us, "It's really come up. We normally have maybe 10 or 15 people for lunch; since we started the promotions, it's already tripled."

We looked over her stat graphs for bodies in the shop and income. There'd been step jumps a day or so after Sean had gotten the signs up then another when the local newspaper ads had hit. Lookin' good!

Kate and I popped back to OTL. I checked with the printers; they'd have the merchant fliers/coupons ready tomorrow so I scheduled in some time to run them around.

Kate went back to work on her accounting; she was doing some magic accounting analysis as well as updating her required-points templates. Better her than me; I'd slept through the two required accounting courses in college.

Maybe I'd better arrange for her to give me (and maybe Margie) a quick course in basic accounting. I knew there were things like debits and credits but wouldn't know the difference if they bit me in the arse.

Kate and I took a break and took Geeser to the vet for a check up and shots. Our "free cat" cost us $233 to start. The vet told us, "She's a Ragdoll. They make wonderful pets. In about four years, she'll be up to ten or fifteen pounds. Most Ragdoll owners don't let them outside because they're so peaceful they won't even defend themselves."

What the heck. We could use some peace and quiet at OTL. On the way back, we picked up lots of cat food, a litter box and lots of litter. Just in case, Margie had made up and posted some fliers around the neighborhood earlier -- an owner might pop up.

Sean, Kate and I had a little conference on the seminars. Sean went over the set up, delivery and follow up check lists he'd developed. He told us, "I pretty much single-handed it. Once I got on site, I'd hire a couple locals for body routing, setting up and tearing down the room and some security guards. I handled all the pre-registration myself.

"The logistics get pretty hairy once you get above a hundred or so. Kate, how about you get a referral from Siobhan to their sales company? Maybe they can handle this sort of stuff. I'd like to do big seminars, over 500 at a time."

She got on it and in five minutes was talking with Fillmore Sales Relations in Sherman Oaks. Yeh, they handled conferences; there was an entire subdivision specializing in them. Kate set up a meeting with them for mid-morning tomorrow.

Along about 2:30, we popped over to Maura's for the fittings. The seamstress, Nora McMillan, (Clann, of course) was there with all her tools ready to go.

The young-uns weren't home from school yet so Sean got the first place in the spotlight. Nora told him, "Off with your clothes, boyo! None of your 21st-century duds for this occasion."

He took her at his word. We'd given him plenty of practice in stripping everything off in a hurry, so in about 10 seconds he was nude and standing on the small stage. Nora looked him over and commented, "Not too bad. Guess all that decadent living hasn't hurt you too much. From the looks of that shillelagh, we're gonna have a lot of happy Clann women!"

The young-uns came trooping in right about then. The nephews noted there was a naked Ceann in the house and wandered off to do homework. The nieces gathered around, stared and pretended to be slightly shocked. Aile and Deidre whispered and giggled with Mona while Sean leered at them pleasantly.

Nora handed him a pair of underwear which looked a lot like boxer shorts. She cackled, "Now we know what an Irishman wears under his kilts. We don't wanna show off the goodies to all the ladies until it's their time. Hehehehe."

As Sean put them on, the nieces groaned loudly in mock disappointment.

Nora put the kilt on him. The skirt (it might have an Irish name but who cares) was pretty full and came just above the knees. It

was a gorgeous tartan with lots of golds and greens. It looked great.

Nora got the shirt on him then had him put on the shoes and stockings. To Kate's and my eyes, everything looked like a good fit. Nora wasn't quite satisfied, though. She put a couple pins in the skirt waist and the sides of the shirt.

The shirt was collar-less in a wonderful shade of gold which matched the color in the kilt exactly. Nora said, "We cheat with the shirts. They're all modern materials with the traditional cut. The kilt skirt and accessories are the hand-me-down heirlooms."

Sean said the shoes fit fine; they had the style and the buckles I'd always associated with kilts. I'd say Nora knew what she was doing.

Sean stripped everything off (the nieces applauded) and put on a normal dress shirt. Nora wrapped another kilt around him and made a few adjustments. She told us, "This is the same tartan but in a wool/synthetic fabric. The dress one's pure wool; that's another reason we put on the big underwear.

"This is what you'll wear at the reception so you don't screw up the formal set. Everyone gets a 'daily' kilt for the reception and other times so you don't have to worry about them. Here's a pair of green snuggies to wear under it so you don't poke the ladies quite so much."

Sean got out of the spotlight and into his standard clothes. The nieces surrounded him and snuggled up while I got my turn on the stage.

We'd done a preliminary fitting of Mom's wedding dress last week; this was the final. I stripped down (the nephews came trotting in right about then) and waved my boobs and bush at everyone while Nora slipped the dress over me.

I loved it! It felt great; not too tight. Nora had taken in and let out here and there; everyone was satisfied when we looked in the mirror. She told us, "I didn't cut any material. It can still be adjusted if your daughter wears it."

I got it off while Kate had her turn. We'd found Nana's mother's dress fit her pretty well so were using it.

She looked like a standing wet dream. It was nicely snug and her nipples poked it out just right. Sexy as hell! The nephews were looking quite appreciative while the nieces didn't mind looking at all.

In our talks with the Clann's JP (Justice of the Peace), she'd told us, "I can legally marry only Sean and Eileen. That doesn't mean

Kate or anyone else can't exchange vows at the same time; it's just won't have a legal standing."

Nora didn't have any more adjustments for Kate so she stripped down again. Nora fit me with a daily kilt; it didn't need any adjustments. Kate's was fine, too, so we brides were done deals for this round.

While Kate and I got dressed in our in our normal clothes, Connor and Caden got their new suits on. Nora pulled, adjusted, looked real hard then decided they were just fine the way they were. They got a set of daily kilts which seemed to have plenty of room for growth; they got some boxer underwear with shamrocks all over.

The nieces got their turns. Mona stripped right down and waved everything at us. Yummy young lady! Her dress got several small adjustments, she tried on her daily kilt then she stepped off.

Aile was looking ripe. Her small nipples were up hard and pointing right at Sean. Nora ignored the sweet smell of her arousal though her nostrils flared a few times.

Aile's, Deidre's and Margie's dresses had been made from scratch and had styles similar to my dress. Nora had left plenty of room for expansion in Aile's and Deidre's so they could use them for several years.

Deidre had the same "challenge" of keeping her cool as Aile had. Maura told me, *"They're both pretty ready; probably in a couple weeks. They've probably done everything but intercourse. The fact Mona loved her time so much is just helping them right along. Connor and Caden? Well, they're really interested. I don't think they can ejaculate yet but their hormones are running and their equipment stands up just fine -- as you can see."*

When Mona, Aile and Deidre were done with their initial fittings (they got kilt skirts, too), they just ran around nekkid and kept subtly teasing Sean. Nora noticed but didn't blink an eye; she was an old Clann hand herself.

Margie, George and Dermot had been setting up the computers in a different part of the house. Good thing; Nora would probably have questioned bodies flying around the air with computers, cables and other stuff doing their own dances.

Dermot came in carrying Margie in her Bridget persona. Of course, she had no compunctions about getting nude to fit her dress. It was really beautiful; Nora told us, "I couldn't make many provisions for growing; infants grow too fast. So, while it's still my best work, you'll probably have to put it away for someone else to use later."

Bridget could stand up now for several minutes with only a helping hand for stability. She had a smile a mile wide. She knew she looked great. Best daughter!

While we were waiting for Nora's assistants to complete the last round of changes, we talked with her about her work. She and her two assistants (a daughter and a niece) worked out of her house. She had a big bedroom dedicated to dressmaking and tailoring. She could do both men and women of all ages plus her own design work. Definitely an entrepreneur.

Kate asked her, "Do you have your policies and procedures written up?" No. She'd been running pretty much as an ad-hoc organization. Kate immediate told her about Sean's seminars and that we'd be giving them in the area in the near future.

Nora was pretty much convinced right away, especially when she heard a) it was Sean's work and b) he had thirty-some current successful businesses running under them. I got her address, phone and email right away. We'd already gotten one sale and hadn't started promoting!

The second round after the alterations went quickly. There were only two minor adjustments to a couple kilts then we were done. Nora told us John and Patrick were already set to go. Nora and her girls packed up and took off.

We talked about other things happening. Mona told us, "We've already found a dozen people at school for the Brain Trust. Three have Talent and we're pumping them up. I'd say by the time school's out, we'll be established for next year and be ready to go. The counselors already gave us a couple 'problem children' to work over. They've told us they might send us more over the summer if they run into them."

Other stuff. Maura said, "Teresa and I popped out Lena Severin yesterday afternoon. She's happier than an Irishman with a friend who always pays the tab. The young-uns got her trained up last night; we should invite her to Tavern night to meet everyone else."

Sean promptly told her to issue the invitation, "She's good folk. I don't think anyone in the Core will have any issues at all with her. She can handle her assistant."

As Clann Education Officer I brought up something. "The young-uns have done all our training just because they're real nice people. How about we pay them something like fifty bucks a shot for each person they train -- retroactively."

Since we had a Core quorum, we got a unanimous vote of approval. Sean told Teresa to make it happen. "You could classify it as education on the Clann customs. That way, it'll at least

appear to be legitimate as a Clann expense. I don't think an IRS auditor would buy 'training a free spirit' as a valid activity."

SEAN

Margie showed us the new network setup. *"George and Dermot did all the work. I just floated around and heckled them."* Yeh, right.

They'd set up a server to handle files for both houses. George had run a conduit and cable underground between the houses so they were all hardwired together. There were two wireless access points in each house which covered the entire place, including most of the back yards. Everything was encrypted, of course, and looked like it would do just fine.

Margie showed the N&Bs how to get to the files on the computers they had been using. *"It's time to retire them so move the files off to the new server; we can use the old systems for Waystation donations. I set up a personal directory for each of you on the new server plus directories for Cullen Enterprises, Cullen Hotels and Clann Cullen.*

"Go ahead and move your files. I'd advise keeping even your personal stuff at least backed up to the server; that way I can catch it all in my weekly backup.

"Each of your laptops is marked specifically for you. Here's a list of your logon IDs, passwords and email addresses. Use them. The personal server directories are secured with that ID and password; the group directories are secured with all our IDs and passwords. I've got an override and so does Maura so we can get to everything.

"It's all secured so you can take the laptops with you to school or anyplace else as needed. It won't stop a determined hacker but it'll keep out the ordinary thief or Nosey Parker.

"I've set up an ad-hoc VPN between here and OTL so we can do any file exchanges we need as fast as the Internet connections can handle them. Exchange handles the group calendars so we should be up to speed with pretty much state of the art."

She'd put the web site authoring program on Mona's laptop and on the server. Mona told us, "I'll have the matchmaking article up tonight. Rosheen told me she has it written. Margie, could you forward the matchmaker email account to Rosheen? She told me it would keep her out of mischief."

Somehow I doubted it would. Margie showed Mona how to do it from the Clann Cullen web site control panel. *"The site email accounts are handled on the site's add, change and delete. Cullen*

Enterprises and Cullen Hotels do it the same way. By the way, Sean, do you have a site for the Altadena Arms?"

Em, no. Being the nice guy I am, I assigned that task to Mona and the four minority stockholders. Mona would make a subnet under CullenHotels.com for the Arms. They'd write up articles, take or find pictures and do the hard work. Mona would get several domain names (AltadenaArms.com, AltadenaArms.biz, and forward the links to the subweb. Gotta have something to keep them out of mischief.

Eileen asked, "Do we have an Admin Scale and Org Board for Clann Cullen? I assume you've already got them for Cullen Hotels and Cullen Enterprises."

Ma Cullen didn't raise three dumb kids. Cullen Hotels and Cullen Enterprises had them but not Clann Cullen. I told her, "Make a note for us to review the Cullen Enterprises ones and the stockholders to go over the Cullen Hotels. They might need updates. You're right; we need to set them up for Clann Cullen ASAP."

Marge, Kate and I immediately voted Eileen a Soo Laid to be paid within 10 days.

Marge showed us all how to schedule a meeting on Exchange. We had "resources" available for OTL, the Nolan house, the Bardon House, the Tavern in general and a couple private Tavern rooms. We scheduled an Admin Scale Workshop at 1:00 AM Thursday and the Org Board one for 1:00 AM Friday; both at OTL. Marie showed us how she'd made a group list of the Core members (so far, the only ones on Exchange) and how to use it.

"Each person will get an email. You can accept or decline as it fits your schedule. Note your personal calendar is shared only to see if you're available. Any of you can request a similar meeting. Keep stuff on the calendar or we'll be stepping on each other's toes all the time.

"You young-uns keep yours up to date, too. You're part of the Core and we need your input and votes. If you're gonna have an after-school meeting or a something like going to Knots Berry Farm, put it in and keep it up to date. That way, there's a lot fewer 'are you available that days' running around."

EILEEN

With those things out of the way, we popped back to OTL. Since Kate had class, we were having an early dinner at 5:00 with Sheila and BB -- we had plans later for Sheila.

Kate, Margie and I did the dinner preps. Sean kept claiming he knew nothing about dinner cooking. We had the sneaking

suspicion he was slagging us because he sure didn't seem to have any difficulty with breakfasts.

Hmm, maybe a cookbook as a wedding present? No excuses then. On the other hand, maybe a bit down the line we could afford a part-time cook? Something to talk about. Maybe it could even be another business model.

During a break I made a note for us to review the Admin Scales and Org Boards for Cullen Enterprises and Cullen Hotels. Hmm. Margie'd showed us how so I made up an email group for Cullen Enterprises and one for Cullen Hotels. I scheduled the Cullen Enterprises for next Tuesday and the Cullen Hotels for next Wednesday. No great hurry since they already had them. Exchange worked just fine.

Dinner was ready right on time. Sheila appeared then a minute later BB knocked on the door. We introduced BB to Sheila and gave them both big welcome hugs.

BB was ready to pop, too. She was extended out a couple feet from her body and we'd made sure she *felt* us when we were giving her our hugs. We made that almost the first order of business after we'd given them the OTL tour.

We sat down for dinner; Sean did most of the serving. Finally found something he could do for dinner! We talked, of course, then gradually slide into *talking*. We'd clued in Sheila so she was a willing accomplice.

BB caught on pretty quick; after all, she was named, "Bright." All downhill from there; we had her out and about and partially trained in a half hour. The young-uns would take it from there that night.

BB loved Margaret and Nana and didn't mind her cuties at all; in fact, she checked them out pretty good. We were done with dinner by then so we adjourned to the den/office while Sean and Margie handled the cleanup. Geeser promptly gave her approval to the new person by sprawling over her lap and purring.

We showed her a set of the new manuals to give her some mass on part of what Sean had done the last six years. After glancing over the study check list, she told us, "If I'd had this tech when I went through school and college, I could have been the Valedictorian. I had to fight hard to get Bs; it was mainly the study."

She eyeballed The Book pretty good. We had to tackle her and tear it from her hands. Grin. After one look at the Table of Contents and a couple articles, she wanted to start studying right then.

We managed to settle down. Kate told her about Sean's thirty-odd businesses and their 100% success rate so far. Sean chimed in, "I've got a list of about sixty or seventy other businesses who're successfully using it on their own -- like Shane's Shop. They're all from the seminars; I'd say that's a good 10% who actually went ahead and started something after the seminar and sent me a card, letter or email to let me know how they were doing.

"When I send out the email about the updated version, I'll ask them to let me know if they're using it. Guess we'll whip up a survey; if there aren't at least 20% who at least made an effort, I wanna know why. Maybe we need to punch up the start-up aspect a little more in the seminar so they won't think it's too hard."

After telling her about the Tavern and Waystation 1, along with our summer seminar plans, BB asked hesitantly, "Since you're expanding, would there be a place for me in Cullen Enterprises, by chance?"

Sean laughed and told her, "Pretty much exactly what we were gonna ask you. Just from talking with you on the plane, we were thinking seriously of offering you a position whether or not you became one of us. With your Talent, there wasn't much likelihood of that not happening. So, here's an offer."

He pretty much gave her the same offer in the same way we'd done it with Kate; start low and work up. At a thousand a week (after taxes), Sheila reached over and nodded her head for her.

Sheila told her, "Hell, girl, if I wasn't an entrepreneur myself, I'd jump on it. I deal with middle-class people all the time. The median income in LA County was $37K in 2000. Granted, there's been some wage increases since then but you'd be starting out at damn near twice that -- while you're training. I don't know a lot about Cullen Enterprises but I'll betcha there's gonna be an increase when you -- and these ladies -- finish their training."

We hadn't even mentioned anything to Sheila and she was recruiting for us. BB looked thoughtful and said, "I'll have to give notice at Cal Tech. I wouldn't feel comfortable just bailing out."

Sean told her, "How about you think it over, check out what Cal Tech needs then come to dinner with us at the Tavern on Friday night. You should be able to decide by then and in either case it will get you introduced to the rest of the Core."

She agreed. We filled her in on what Clann Cullen and the Core were. She told us, "I'm not Irish, though. I guess I'm mainly German and Vietnamese. My grand-dad is long-line Swiss-German and grandma is pure Viet."

Margie told her, *"Not to worry. We'll have you speaking Irish, cussing like an Irishman and as stubborn as Snapper here within a couple days. I guess we'll find if you can tolerate Irish whiskey or beer. If you can't, the offer's off."* Long laugh from us all.

Sheila held up her Corona and told her, "They do cut some slack on occasion. I don't think I have a drop of Celt in me. On the other hand, Spain isn't that far from Ireland and the Irish seem to spread themselves around quite a bit.

"Besides, as I recall, the Celts actually came from what's now northern Italy and Switzerland. That'd put you as part-Celtic -- and that's not too bad.

"These guys have already taught me the best way to learn a language. I'm a newbie myself since Sunday; on Monday morning, they taught me their language trick and by the time I left around noon, I'd learned how to ask for another beer, hit on a guy and cuss a bit. All in Irish."

I assured her the young-uns would fill her in on the Clann customs. I knew Mona would love to explain and share the experience of a couple of the more, em, esoteric ones.

BB left around 8:30 with a promise we'd touch base on Thursday and planned to see her on Friday. After she'd gone, we talked for another half hour or so about how she'd fit in with our plans.

Sean told Sheila, "I know you're not planning on becoming part of Cullen Enterprises as such but as far as I'm concerned, we'll be recommending your group to every one of our clients, companies and seminar attendees as the go-to guys for financial needs."

Sheila almost got her ears tangled behind her head. Her group worked off referrals and getting into even one medium-sized company would get them really set.

We changed the subject to her. The social secretaries knew why she was here. Even as dense as Sean was at times, I bet he knew, too.

Margie plastered her body on Sheila's front and asked, *"You up for an orgy tonight? It's been a couple days since I've had any."*

Sheila laughed, checked out her bottom thoroughly and said, "How about at least a year for me? I've been so damn busy working all the leads Sean's fed me I barely have time to sleep, much less any night-time entertainment."

SEAN

I think BB will be a great addition to CE. I had a good idea already of how I was gonna increase the ladies' salaries when they'd gotten trained. We shall see; it's her decision now.

Sheila and Rosheen had twinned up on the study and teleportation check lists Monday evening. They'd been able to get together for an hour today and had gotten almost through the study list. Good on 'em.

I snuggled up along side Sheila, draped an arm around her and played with Marge's butt a little when I wasn't stroking Sheila's hair, face or other part in reach. Not specifically sexually but with care and attention. Geeser showed his approval by draping herself over her lap and resting her head on Marge's leg.

Sheila sighed, snuggled back, molested Marge a bit and put a lot of sweet-woman smell in the air. The five of us discussed her business, how her love life had been (she was looking for a man who'd fit into her business) and her family.

She was the eldest of four. The youngest was still in his mid-teens. She'd made enough from her business to support herself fully a couple years ago and had moved out into her own place. She supplied half the family support -- because she could.

She wanted to make it big in her area. Since their business came from referrals, I suggested she get me some introductory copy. I'd include it in a letter which we'd mail to all our businesses. I'd supply her team with a letter of introduction and in a few weeks a couple of her team could stop by the store.

Since I had the list of seminar attendees, we could pick out the ones from around here and send them a letter. I'd put a real good word in for her with a request to give her a call. I'd put that in with my announcement of the revised manuals and an offer of a steep discount to re-attend an upcoming seminar. In fact, I'd make the same announcement to my companies.

We could *feel* the gears rolling around as she figured who she'd send out and what the statistical results ordinarily were. They'd be over sixteen times as good as if she'd walked into the business cold.

With thirty stores, they had their work cut out for them. She figuratively creamed her drawers -- which matched their literal state by now.

Enough talk already. I got up, slung her over my shoulder and walked off to the honoring room.

The ladies had been right; she had a great rack. High and firm with responsive nipples and sensitive everywhere. I tried out the

Sorcerer's Grip Bob had taught me to a great success for a good twenty minutes.

She wasn't loud but she had fingernails; good thing I heal quickly! She was passionate, hot and really eager. We didn't rub her toenail polish off on the ceiling; it was too high, but we did buff it up real good while she was on her hands and knees making like a distant siren.

She was strong and tough so we took a nice two-hour Journey with lots of base hits, home runs and a final grand slam which popped us into the Asteroid Belt.

Well, they were a bit fun to explore for a while. Plenty of metallic ore just floating around. Note to self: how to extract, refine and deliver to Earth.

She dragged me back for more. Marge dropped in and gave her quite a workout on her own. Eileen and Kate joined us after a bit and we gave her a full-blown Soo Laid ending 45 minutes later with a great grand slam.

We introduced her to *blending* and looked at QQV. With her, we had a very nice warm glow and wonderful rainbows. Our QQV was just fine, too. While we didn't actually conflict, her career path was already set and she was well on her way.

We explored Hawaii for a while, dove down the mouth of Mauna Loa all the way to the bottom (10 miles down) and explored the blowtorch magma below the islands. Hot stuff! Grin.

She wanted more. Well, why not? Fast, slow, medium, loving, weasels on Viagra, all five at once, various duets, and several combinations. Hopefully we made up for a year's deprivation.

(Wednesday 5/31)

Waking up with five nekkid females (one very furry and vibrating) on top of you is the way to go. I did a slow teleport from underneath the pile to let them sleep as long as they wished.

I went to the kitchen and did breakfast preps. I guestimated several breakfasts apiece; Sheila'd been **very** demanding. Moan. Complain. Grin.

Geeser was right there checking out developments in the food area. I fed her and flowed her good cat, smart cat and admiration feelings. She purred so loudly the cabinet doors vibrated.

I got my shower. The sound must have woken the others up because they all staggered into the bathroom and crowded into the shower with me. Now the shower's pretty good-sized but

hadn't really been built with four good-sized adult bodies and a baby body in mind. We ganged up on Sheila and ensured she was squeaky-clean all over.

She told us, "I'm sore and I love it. Margie, I guess your army wore me out."

Margie told her, *"You ain't seen nothin' yet. Wait 'till we get Aile, Deidre and Mona on you, too. Then there's Maura and Teresa who've been eyeballing you for several years."*

Sheila moaned in mock agony but crinkled up and wet herself down again. Well, we couldn't leave her in agony so we worked her over until her legs collapsed.

We dried her off, dragged her off to the kitchen and put her on a chair with a seat belt so she wouldn't slide off. Geeser showed her appreciation of the lingering odor by trying to snuggle her head between her legs.

Yeh, they had several breakfasts apiece. I contented myself with two.

Sheila staggered off home around 8:30. Her legs were working just enough she could drive her car.

The ladies hit their studies while I did the breakfast clean up. I checked over my emails and forwarded most of it to my able executives. I figured if BB came aboard, we'd have enough people to handle what I wanted.

I set up visits for the companies. I decided to send Kate and Eileen/Marge out alone this time to check out the points in Kate's template lists. They could always *ask* me questions on the fly.

I called Lena Severin and swapped lawyer jokes for a couple minutes. I told her, "Now you're outside, we'll have a flying shark to chase the flying fish, right?"

She thought that was fun. She told me, "I'm gonna work on Jean now; she's pretty hot to trot already. Now, you don't usually call me just to tell shark jokes; whatcha got?"

I went over a couple things I wanted to do with Cullen Enterprises and Cullen Hotels. She told me, "Just do it. To change officers, just hold an officers meeting, do an election and write up the minutes. Send me a copy and I'll file the changed officers with the state. No big deal."

Sounded good to me. I'd figured that's what would be needed but it never hurts to check with the experts.

I invited her and Jean to the Tavern Friday night. We'd have a lot of people to look over but why not?

At 9:45, we gathered our stuff for our meeting with Fillmore Sales Relations in Sherman Oaks. I did the honors and ported us to the hallway right outside the reception door.

We met with Duane and Rita of the Conference Hosting Group. With Kathleen's introduction, they treated us royally.

I laid out how I currently did seminars and showed them The Book and a couple of the detail manuals I'd brought along. They looked them over then we discussed how they could help us.

For a flat fixed fee then variable expenses for the venue and promotion and a percentage of the income, they'd do the promotion, fee gathering and refunds, supply helpers at the meeting -- number depending on how many attendees -- and supply security from EverAlert. We went over example numbers for 500, 1,000 and 1,500 attendees. Kate went into her accountant mode and verified their assumptions.

Looked really good to us. I'd been running around a 50% profit margin while single-handing it. Working with Fillmore would give us more expenses but would still give CE around a 30% margin. I ensured they could handle discount coupons or codes for special people like returnees.

We had a two-second *conference*; it was a go. Yeh, the margin was lower but the absolute return was tremendously higher and we didn't have to do the grunt work. Basically, all we had to do was show up with the materials and do the presentation; they'd handle everything else.

I told them, "Good. Write up the contract."

We went over a proposed schedule. Duane and Rita estimated they could get 1,500 people set up for the second week in July, six weeks from now. Duane said, "That's about the minimum time. We'll need at least that to do a decent promotion and you'll probably need that much to get your materials printed up. Now, Rita has a few suggestions on your materials."

Rita highly recommended we do a custom-printed notebook and dividers for The Book. "You give it out as part of the seminar and from what you've told us, it's the most-frequently referenced. You'll want it to be a promotion piece just by itself."

Made sense. She suggested they could do the design work and get bids on the printing. Okay by me.

We discussed having a CD with the detail manuals. I told her about having them available on our web site. She told us, "That's probably fine. You might run into download limits from your hosting service. The 12 manuals is a 20 megabyte download; 1,500 downloads is about 30 gigs. Most hosting services don't let that happen."

She recommended we check with our host on download limits and up it considerably plus get at least a thousand CDs made up. Sell them at $15 or $20 bucks a shot. "Lots of people would rather have the CD if it's right there rather than downloading. Once you've got a master made up, you can get lots of a thousand or more at a relatively decent rate with a pretty short turnaround time." Again she offered the design and setup service. Okay again.

Duane suggested we do custom binders for the detail manuals and make up a thousand sets. "While it's more economical for you to have the client do their own printing, again a lot of people would love to have them pre-made, especially with the custom binder. That'll give you another profit item."

The same people they'd supply to handle the registration and fees at the door would handle the sales during the breaks and after the seminar. Yeh, we'd sell extra copies of The Book, too. For a larger company with several executives, each might want their own copy even if they hadn't gone to the seminar. Duane recommended an additional 500 for the first event.

They'd handle the money-back guarantee I wanted. Within 7 days of attending the seminar (or the same day as the seminar), if a person turned in their copy of The Book in reusable condition we'd refund their fee with proof of payment.

We figured we couldn't loose. They'd get the bids for the CD and manual printing to us by late next week and they'd start now finding a place and time for the first event. Rita told us, "Once we start promoting, we'll get a real good idea of the response and could consider starting the next one. If you're not averse to travel, we can go around the entire country -- or world if you wish -- for years."

Duane told us to come back in a half hour and they'd have the contract printed up. We bagged it outside and the ladies window-shopped while we talked.

I told them, "The seminar itself takes about 12 hours between the set up and tear down. On my 'normal' attendance of around 100, I spend at least 36 hours doing the promotion, registering, getting the printing done and all that stuff. Even if we worked full time at it, I don't think the three of us could handle 1,500 registrations plus promote plus handle finding and securing the venue."

Marge said, *"I agree. I've gone to a lot of conferences over the years. I've been a speaker, promoter, assistant and pretty much everything else. I'd say on a 1,500-person conference I'd spend a good 30 to 100 hours on setting up the venue, getting it staffed and following up on the support stuff like refreshments,*

sound system, power, projectors, screens, name tags and all that stuff.

"That was just me alone and doesn't count the people doing the promotion and registration. I think we can't beat this deal with a stick. Let's see if we can conditional targets in the contract."

Eileen and Kate agreed. They'd spent hours themselves while involved in one event while in school. Kate said, "And once we get it rolling, we might be promoting a half-dozen at a time."

We got back in. Rita passed out a contract copy to Eileen, Kate and me. Marge pretended to pout but read through Eileen's eyes.

Pretty straightforward. They'd actually put in conditional targets such as finding a printer and CD maker, a suitable venue and the minimum number of registrants within two weeks of the event. We agreed to go for it.

I cut them a check for $50,000 and signed two of the copies. We kept one and they kept the other. We exchanged cards -- we gave them some for Marge, too -- and agreed on the next contact time.

Lunch time. I spotted a nice place and treated my ladies -- on the company of course. We ported back home and went back to work.

We made up some preliminary promotional copy from stuff I'd done before. It had the CE history, the company successes and a list of the previous seminars plus some success stories. We decided it would do for now; Eileen emailed it and the CE logo off to Rita and Duane along for them to chew on.

EILEEN

Yow. Even with the "grunt work" taken care of, we were gonna be busy. Sean told us, "As you ladies finish the detail manuals, we'll start working on the seminar presentations. There's lots to practice."

I asked him, "How we gonna work this? Are we alternating seminars or what?"

He said, "I see each of us taking about the same amount of time as the speaker. For now, I'll do the introduction and we'll keep track of who does what. We'll all get good enough each of us can handle any of the parts. Once that's done, we'll probably cycle through the sections, changing on each seminar. That way, none of us will be doing the same thing all the time.

"I guess if this gets big enough, we can split up and do a couple seminars at the same time. If BB comes aboard, that'll give us

two public people to do two seminars at the same time. I'd say that's doable."

Kate and I thought that would work out. We'll see what happens with BB. I know there's lots of people terrified of public speaking but neither Kate nor I seemed to be that way. I sure knew Sean had no issues with it.

I checked phone messages. The printer had the Arms coupons done so I popped over and picked them up. Pretty neat. Full color on semi-gloss. They offered a 5% discount at any time. There was a spot for the merchant/business to stamp in their information; the Arms would give them a 5% commission. Everyone would win.

Almost as soon as I got back, Teresa *knocked*. She told us, *"While **you** guys were getting laid last night, **we** were working. We've all finished the teleportation check list!"*

We gave them a *cheer*! Margie told them, *"I'll whip you up some certificates. That's a major step!"*

Margie started *touching* away at her computer while I updated the training database. Looks like we'll be getting more completions rolling in Real Soon Now.

Margie showed us a certificate. It was ornate, flowery and looked like a real cert. The description was something like, "Matriculated in the science and application of theoretical and applied philosophy of minimal time-displacement of physical boundaries." Real good double talk. It didn't say teleportation so they could put them on public display and say anything they wished about it.

Marge whipped one up for all of us. I signed Sean's, Kate's, the N&Bs and mine. None for Margie? She told us, *"Nope. It would be really weird."*

I ported the N&B certs over to them and let them know they were there. Lots of happy campers.

I checked around. Carmel thought she'd be done tomorrow and most of the rest by mid-week next week. Oh, yeah, Mona had emailed two to Lena so she and Jean could work on them. Sharon Shane told me, *"Celia, Jack and I would be done this weekend but there's some sort of silly 'thing' we've gotta go to on Saturday." Grin.*

Kate spent an hour reviewing for her exam tomorrow while Sean and I did some business research. At 3:00, it was time for the wedding rehearsal at the park.

At five minutes to, the N&Bs started popping in. They were grinning to beat the band.

The JP showed up right on time and we walked up to the park. Maura told me, "Everything's set. Permit's fine, EverAlert will be here and we've got set up and take down all handled."

We walked through everything. We'd conned Brian into giving us away if he was physically up to it. He told us, *"Hey, I've got plenty of support. A couple touches here and there will handle most everything."*

The logistics worked just fine. We decided Patrick would hold Margie so our dresses wouldn't get wrinkled. Besides, he was a strong one!

It was a done deal in a half hour. We were ready!

Chapter 24

SEAN
(Thursday 6/1)

We did the Clann Cullen Admin Scale workshop at 1:00 AM. The entire Core was "right there" in the office while their bodies slept peacefully away at home. Everyone had gotten the Exchange email and said they'd be there. That worked.

I had Marge run the entire show. She used the projector with her PowerPoint setup and asked all the right questions at the right time. While the young-uns apparently hadn't studied The Book, they were familiar with a lot of the terms from their parents discussing it over the years.

Marge ensured everyone knew what the terms meant; she went over that first. All righty! Up and down the scale we went, filling in, modifying, and aligning everything.

Purpose at the very top was, "Promote the welfare and survival of Clann Cullen and each Clann member." Valuable Final Product (exchangeable for goods/services/money) at the bottom was, "Satisfied Clann members doing well in life."

Our daughter did right good. It took maybe an hour to fill everything in to the Core's satisfaction. Everything aligned. Now we had a standard to judge our activities against.

Teresa had kept the Scale up to date on her laptop as we discussed it. She printed off a copy for everyone to review. As Ceann, I made the only decision needed, "Okay. Let it set for a couple days and keep looking it over. If there's no changes anyone wishes, Mona will publish it to the site. Maybe on Monday or Tuesday? I have a feeling we'll have other things on our minds this weekend."

It was agreeable. Aile made a motion to adjourn, Kate seconded and it passed unanimously. Teresa said she'd write up the meeting minutes and file them away until the next meeting.

Oops, I guess we should decide when it was; as an organization, the officers at least should have regular meetings. Okay, Thursday the 15th seemed fair. Marge scheduled it and we were happy campers.

Since we were "up," we went exploring the rest of the night. The North Pole was a bit cooler than Southern California but had lots of different scenery.

We got up right on time. Geeser was ready for breakfast; either she was very hungry from all the sleeping she'd been doing or she was a growing kitten. An *inspection* told me it was a little of both. She "knew" when I went to the kitchen at this time of the day there would probably be food forthcoming. She got her wish and sucked it down as if it would disappear before she ate it.

As the ladies came out, I served them. Only one breakfast this morning; Marge'd had mercy on us last night.

Geeser lay across Kate's feet under the table and dozed; eating must have been a terrible strain on her. As we chowed down, Kate and Eileen filled us in on what they'd found out at the vet's.

Marge said, *"Well, if they shouldn't really go outside, maybe Kate should program the house shield to keep her in even if the door's open. While you're at it, sweetie, how about you set it up so we can leave doors or unscreened windows open and not let any critters in. Ya know, stuff like snakes, mice, rats, coyotes, flies and other assorted wildlife young boys seem to like but us young girls don't seem to care for."*

She and Kate talked about it for a minute then Kate did the deed. Kate told us, "Theoretically, Geeser should feel a slowly increasing resistance as she gets near the opening. Even if she runs at it, it'll be like running into a pillow.

"Since we're talking big critters here -- big as in above the no-see-um, they should be able to get out but not in. Humans won't feel a thing but other critters will come to a dead stop. Hmm. Yeh, I put the same thing around the back yard periphery. I've not noticed any bugs or stuff out there but it should do the trick. I let bees and butterflies in and out to pollinate stuff.

"If some human carries Geeser out, there's no resistance. There's no resistance to her coming back in, either. That way we can take her in the back yard for a nap; I don't think she'll be interested in the Jacuzzi.

"In an emergency like a fire or if she **really** needs out, it'll let her through; we don't want her trapped."

Marge told us, *"We labeled it Geeser's Daemon in honor of Maxwell's Daemon."*

Geeser sure was concerned about the restraints we'd placed on her liberties. She purred loudly for a couple minutes then went to sleep.

The ladies hit their studies while I made up the statistics printouts for their business visits today. I was gonna stay home and vegetate along with Geeser.

They popped off around 10:00. Armed with stats and the points templates, they'll do just fine. I agreed to meet them around 4:30 at Beauty Arts (Jackie's place) for a pre-wedding trim.

I sacked out the body on the den sofa and Geeser sacked out on top of me. I did a house inspection, yard (gardening) inspection and eyeballed the cars. All was fine.

So, I caught up more of my email and spent the rest of the day researching business trends. While Fillmore might be able to keep us busy, I was already planning to have other people trained to deliver the seminars. I had my own Brain Trust right here; why should we have to be on the front lines all the time?

I also thought about a decent vacation with my lovely ladies pretty soon. I really hadn't taken one myself -- ever. Granted, I'd slacked off for a spell every once in a while but no real, concerted play time for a decent period.

EILEEN

CE had ten businesses to sell. I'd scheduled three visits today and two for Friday. Kate was doing two today and three tomorrow. She'd scheduled her five to be the ones she'd done the accounts for last weekend. Hope she wasn't planning on doing more this weekend!

I wouldn't say the visits were old hat but the plus-point and out-point inspection just rolled along. Funny how that happens when you've got a solid policy background.

I kept updating the templates. CE had a couple signs to touch up, a couple landlords to harass about the roofs, drains, building paint or other such stuff and internal business points to ensure got in.

Sean had told us, "If it runs less than $10K, just authorize it. We'll more than make it back in the long run."

I dropped off the Altadena Arms merchant coupons at each one. No resistance; 5% commission just for displaying it was quite acceptable.

Of the three businesses I hit, two of the management teams were interested in buying it themselves; Jackie's Beauty Arts was

one. We'd already discussed it with her so this was simply an onsite inspection.

The other manager just knew she wasn't an entrepreneur and wasn't interested. She was doing just fine as an employee.

That happens. Before I'd met Sean, my objection to being an entrepreneur was I really didn't know what to do. Didn't matter I had a business degree; they're designed to make good employees, not self-motivated business people.

Marge hung right in there. While I was talking with the staff, she'd do a thorough inspection of the premises, goods, the till and a pretty deep probe of the staff. She'd tip me off about something; I'd wander over and casually point it out. She made it look like magic. Of course, it was.

Kate had already laid claim to Marge for her three visits tomorrow. Fair enough. Marge definitely cut down the time.

I didn't really have to authorize much. Most of it was increasing or reviewing the promotional campaigns or getting some of the equipment repaired or replaced so it was both aesthetic and functional. Other points didn't really cost outright, like getting all the staff trained.

After the first two visits, Marge and I had a late, leisurely lunch. She was pretty careful not to be too much of a sloppy baby. In fact, she was probably better than I was.

Just as we left the last visit, BB *talked* with us. She told us, *"I'm definitely interested in joining the Clann. I've still got two small things to check out with Cal Tech before I decide on your job offer."*

Margie was nasty. *"Mona went over the Clann customs, right? Wonder if part of your decision had anything to do with the, em, fringe benefits?"*

If a spirit could blush, BB did. *"Well, the consensual honoring custom did tend to get my attention. Who does all the arranging for that?"*

I told her, *"The social secretaries are Maura, Teresa, Margie, Kate and me. You'll meet Maura and Teresa Friday if you're still coming to the Tavern."*

She told us, *"I'll be there, no doubt about that."*

Margie cackled, *"Remember, even social secretaries can be swayed with promises of sexual favors. Hehehehe."*

BB managed to get back at her. *"You really are a dirty old lady, arn'tcha? You must really like all the young stuff floating around the house."*

They traded wisecracks back and forth as we ported over to Jackie's. Hmm, speaking of young stuff...

The five of us got there within a couple seconds of each other. The girls were happy to see us and dispensed some nice welcomes. Bridget got her pass-around and made the goo level rise.

Jackie was lookin' good. She'd "healed up" just fine. The rest of the girls *felt* really good. Jackie told us, *"I've been pumping them all up. Alice there has a spot of Talent so far as I can tell. The rest... we'll see."*

We got our "usual" assortment of cleavage displays, our hair trimmed and our nails done. Jackie told us, "Alice and I will be over Saturday morning to do the final hair, nails and makeup. Then we'll watch everyone drool over you three, nudge them, tell them **we** did it then give out our cards. We're gonna be **really** tacky."

She got three good glares. She and Sean laughed for a good minute. Finally, we did too; she'd had us going for a bit. Kate said, *"Jackie, for that, you're gonna get a real good spanking."*

Margie said, *"A long spanking."*

My turn. *"A long, slow spanking with lots of rubbing it in."*

She got exactly what we were thinking. After Sean added, *"And I'll supervise,"* she flushed down into her blouse.'

"Yeh. Schedule me any time."

Okay. After a final business conference in Jackie's office we ported off to a local restaurant for dinner. Kate had one business interested in buying. Sean bragged on us about how well we'd done today. He told us, "Good on ya'all. Go ahead and follow up on them next week. The technique for buying and selling is in The Book; I use it myself just as it's written."

We discussed Friday's visits and what we expected from them. Sean told us, "The managers on four of them are pretty hot. I expect those four to be interested in buying. Now, how do we promote the ones that aren't interested in buying?"

Hell, that was in The Book too. Fillmore probably wouldn't be interested; real small potatoes. Kate finally suggested, "How about we continue to get the points in. If BB joins us, maybe we could throw her into the deep end of the pool. Wouldn't want her to loose out on all the fun we're having."

Sean grinned at us. "Yeh. Unless we sell the ones I've already financed, this'll be the last for a while. Wouldn't want her to miss out on all that practical experience, would we?"

SEAN

Kate took off to school in plenty of time to start her final. She was completely confident in herself and she should be; with the study tech under her belt, she seemed to know it all cold.

The rest of us did a little window shopping then ported back home. We relaxed a while (Geeser relaxed too after a strenuous afternoon of sleeping) and waited for Kate to get back. No pressure, mind you.

Mona popped in grinning with pride. She'd appeared exactly where she'd wanted. She laughed and told us, "First solo!"

She got a round of hugs and kisses; too bad Kate missed out. She told Sean the CE manual downloads were ready to go. She'd sent Sean an email with user instructions on accessing, getting through the password page then downloading the updated PDFs.

Margie commented, *"Ya know, I think she deserves a Soo Laid for all the good work she's done recently."*

Eileen and I agreed enthusiastically. We grinned and leered at Mona while she flushed all over. I told her, "Unfortunately, not tonight. I've had firm instructions I'm on a starvation diet for the next couple days. However, that doesn't stop us from cuddling you to death. Speaking of cuddling, you need to meet Geeser now that's she's certifiably clean."

Geeser was just as enthralled with Mona as the rest of us were. I don't think her intentions were quite the same as ours but she was more than willing sleep-test her lap.

We hung around the den gossiping and chatting with her. The Brain Trust/Inner Circle at her school was doing great. Most of them were already half-way through the study check list. Of course, the other N&B young-uns had already completed it and were helping out the rest.

Mona told us, "Since I'm gonna be in middle school next year, we're gonna start setting things up there now instead of waiting. Momma Maura has an appointment Monday with the councilor. We've still got two weeks of school to set it up."

Sounded good to us. With McCambridge's success and Bob Reynolds' "blessing" I could see no reason why they wouldn't be interested.

Kate popped back in real early at 8:45. She was somber. She told us, "Well, several of the questions were a bit wonky. GAAP wouldn't do them the way the book said. I decided to put the book answers down and keep my nose clean. [GAAP = Generally Accepted Accounting Principles]

"After I turned my test in, I *picked* the instructor's mind for the grading answers. I **aced** it!"

Ho boy! We laughed, danced around, did high-fives, butt bounces and shared lots of hugs and kisses. Mona was right in there with us.

Mona suggested, "While I might be out of line, I'd recommend she get **two** Soo Laids. Maybe even three! Aile, Deidre and I will be more than willing to help."

Sounded fair to me. Then again, I was probably biased since I thought they were all wonderful, sexy, gorgeous ladies.

The two non-biased social secretaries discussed it. They decided it would work out just fine except the six ladies had to be treated to a great night on the town beforehand.

They ignored me when I suggested Connor would probably be interested in taking them out. Oh, well. They ignore me anyway when it comes to scheduling.

We decided to move the CE and CH workshop to next Tuesday. If BB came aboard, I wanted her in on them.

(Friday 6/2)

We held the CC Organizing Board Workshop at 1:00 AM. Again, pretty much everyone showed up.

After doing the Admin Scale, this was pretty straightforward. Most of the functions had already been "assigned" informally already; this simply formalized it so we weren't stepping on each other's toes.

We filled everything with Core people to start. We put people who had full-time jobs like Carmel, Sheila and Jackie in the Public Division where they'd mainly promote the Clann to likely new prospects. Rosheen was part of the Delivery (Operations) Department; we figured the matchmaking service was part of delivery. All the genealogy work went in there, too, so the young-uns (except Mona) would be under her supervision.

Mona was our webmistress; we treated the web site as a communication line to the Clann members. The rest of us we scattered around in suitable areas ensuring we had all the functions covered.

Liam, Mauve and the Keavys found spots they could do without too much physical strain. For example, we'd set up a couple telephone lines at each household and they'd handle incoming calls from the Clann. We needed an easy way for a member to get in touch with the Ceann if they needed help or had a problem.

Things worked out just fine. Again, I told them to look it over and if it was okay with everyone, Mona could publish it along with the Admin Scale.

We rolled out of bed and got our morning showers. Geeser beat me to the kitchen; maybe she's learned to teleport.

After breakfast, the ladies hit the books while I did my email and newsletter reading. Still plenty of interesting stuff happening in the business world.

Yes! Eileen and Marge finished the last detail manual! They were done!

Kate and I gave them righteous hugs and kisses. Good on 'em! I whipped out the completion certificates I'd made, signed them with a flourish and handed them over.

I told them, "Great! Now that you've finished training, we've gotta have some other financial arrangements." I upped Eileen and Marge's salary to $1,500 a week as a start. "You'll be earning every bit."

I handed them two sheets of paper and told them, "I was the only stockholder for Cullen Enterprises. That changes as of now." I gave them each 5% of the shares; Marge's was in trust because she wasn't legal yet.

I got three open mouths for a minute. I explained, "Being an executive and on salary is one thing. It's still a J O B. Now you're owners which is an entirely different matter. Kate, when you finish your training, you'll get ownership too. Welcome to the sink or swim life."

I ended up on the business end of three delightful female bodies dispensing hugs and kisses. Hey, I could tolerate a lot of that.

We did wind down after fifteen minutes or so of cuddles and snuggles. The ladies got dressed for the day's visits. Kate and Marge took off together and Eileen popped out for hers.

Simon from Collectable Arts had sent me an email saying he had the collectables web site up. He gave me an unlimited ID and password. I jumped up on it and looked it over.

Looked very decent to me. There was an extensive search capability; one could search by category (cards, comics, stamps, etc.), asking price (range, over and under), publisher or company or any combination. I could look at a picture on some of them like the stamps and cards.

An item could be listed with a possible value even if it wasn't for sale; Simon had put some of Kathleen's stuff up like two Irish whiskey bottles and a small chest. The description asked for identification and a possible market value.

Each item had the dealer listed; you could email him or get their name, address or phone number to contact. There was an online auction coming Real Soon Now.

Looked great. I called and talked with Simon. He told me, "We just had a redheaded terror come through here. Tore us new assholes, she did!"

We laughed together. I told him, "I sympathize with you. I live with three of them so you should sympathize with me. I get snatched baldheaded every couple days."

"Yeh. Well, I could probably tolerate being bald if I had even one wonderful lady like them in my personal life. Francine's taken, so that's out."

Hmm. I gave him the Clann's URL and told him, "Look at the matchmaker article. While it's a Clann Cullen site and you're not Irish, I'll vouch for you; being in one of my businesses gives you Clann status. Drop an email to Rosheen like the site says and put in that I recommended you. Who knows who she can find."

He told me, "Hell, it's worth a shot. I'll do it this evening. Anyway, if you look at the members list, we've already got over fifty dealers. My guy's making up a mailing list -- both postal and email -- and we're looking at doing a first mailing to at 500 others to get them on the site."

Sounded good to me. I made a note to dump another grand or so in the checking account to ensure the mailings were covered and to get the programmer some cash.

He said they'd be at the wedding and reception. The store was close enough to the Tavern the Fs (Francis and Francine) could handle the store while he was there then they'd switch after an hour so Simon could get the free food. He asked, "Could I bring Ted along to the reception? He's the programmer. He's only 11 but sharp as a tack."

I told him, "No problemo. My oldest niece is almost 11 so you'd better keep an eye on him so she doesn't drag him off and have her way with him."

"He'd be happy with it. He's an early starter and is very interested in girls; we've had quite a few single-guy talks already. I told him to behave like Sean Cullen and he'd have girls falling all over him."

Yeh, right. As if I was a character model. I warned him, "In that case, he might have the other two nieces on him, too. They're nine next week, very, em, mature and very interested. Tell him to get plenty of rest; who knows what the three of them could do to him. What's his last name; I'll warn them to take it easy."

“Maloney. Is that Irish?”

“Sure sounds like it. Who knows, in this neck of the woods he might even be related. Anyway, I’ll see you all tomorrow.”

I sent off an email to the nieces asking them not to use up Ted Maloney all at once at the reception. Maybe they’ll have mercy on him.

After doing some more emails and some research, Geeser and I took a nap. I had a feeling the next couple days would be very busy.

EILEEN

It felt a little odd to be out and about without Margie. Guess I’d gotten used to her being around the last year or so. Grin.

Anyway, I had two visits. The first went smoothly; only a few minor points to get in. The manager was quite interested in buying the business so I told her to review the buying and selling section in The Book. I informed her Sean would probably be sending out an email Real Soon Now about the recent updates. I pushed the seminar; she hadn’t been to one yet.

The next one, Collectable Arts, was in good shape. Sean had “warned” me they were starting up a collectables web site as a separate enterprise so I’d have two businesses to look over.

The Fs were very interested in buying the shop. I told them about The Book updates and to keep an eye out for an email from Sean. “Review the section on buying and selling. We’ll be following that pretty much to the letter.”

I pushed the seminar for them, too. “You’ve got quite a bit of experience now so it’ll be really valuable. You get to see us light ourselves on fire, too.”

Francine looked at my hair and said, “Looks like you’re already on fire. You, Bridget, Sean and Kate.”

We laughed. I told her, “Wait til you see Sean do a couple hat tricks with his bowler.”

We went over the points template. They were in quite good shape; just a few things to get in. We did a quick shop inspection. I had them order a few new racks; a couple were bent or had a broken weld.

With Collectable Arts out of the way, we went on to the web site project. Simon gave us a quick show and tell; it looked great to me. They were planning on doing a dealer mailing (postal and email); we eyeballed their checking account. It needed a bit of an infusion so I made a note to have Sean drop some in. They

needed to give the programmer some ca$h to keep in the exchange.

Good. We were done for this week. I checked with Kate and Margie; they were almost done with their last visit so I just popped back to OTL. The N&Bs were coming over after the young-uns were out of school to practice tonight's gig.

The lazy-bones Sean was napping on the sofa. I picked Geeser off him; we wandered around making sure the place was ready for an influx of Irish.

I ported the dining room table, chairs and other stuff out to the back yard so we'd have some room to move around. The hardwood floor felt just like the stage at the Tavern so it should do just fine.

I sent Geeser over to wake up the lazy bones. After a *hint*, she started licking the end of his nose. He opened an eye and pretended to growl at her. She promptly desisted; she must have worn herself out because she draped herself over his chest and gave it a vibrating massage.

People started popping in. Sean passed Geeser off; she ensured everyone felt welcome with loud purrs and nuzzles with a chilly nose.

John did the choreography. Since we were *joined* a bit, it didn't take long to get the moves down we wanted. We were ready!

Everyone popped back home by 4:00; we'd meet later at the Tavern. I reminded John we had an additional nine people showing up tonight. He told me he'd have his "assistant" (Patrick) made sure there was a table set up for the mob.

One thing we hadn't decided on was a honeymoon. Sean told us he'd never really had a vacation; that sucked. Even Frank and I had taken a week off -- then again, Cullen Enterprises alone was probably worth several million where Frank and I had been lucky to have a couple thousand net worth rather than a negative.

Kate hadn't had much time off, either. Margie was the only one who had "experience." She told us, *"Hell, after I retired, Fergus and I took a year and just wandered around. Lots of places in the U.S. We did a bit of South America, Europe and a bit of Asia.*

"Granted, we had a really tight budget but most of if was travel and accommodation expenses. The way we operate, we could either spend sleepy time here or get a room wherever."

Looking at our schedule, we were pretty tight the next couple weeks. If BB came aboard, we wanted to get her at least partially trained before we dumped everything on her and took off. We

decided on taking Sunday completely off and scheduling at least a week at the end of June or early July.

Kate suggested, "How about Vegas? It runs 24/7 so Sunday's just another day."

Sounded interesting. Margie'd been there (some 20 years ago) so was the most familiar with it. She popped over to a tourist information place and glommed onto all the free maps and literature she could find.

First we needed a breakfast spot. Kate, Margie and I decided Sean would not be in condition to prepare it himself. Between looking at the maps and brochures and a quick *look* at some signs and some probing, we decided the Rio buffet was the spot. It had a "world-famous" buffet (even Kate had heard about it) and opened at 6:00 AM.

We picked other spots for the day. Many of them were just to wander through and gawk a bit. Yeh, there were shows, too. Margie hopped on line and got three tickets (plus kid) to an evening Circus Circus blow-out. At $50 apiece, we hoped it would be more interesting than the standard Hollywood movies which were out.

Of course we decided to gamble a bit. The banks had already closed for Friday but Sean chanted some incantations and trotted out $10K in cash. He grinned and said, "Just a little mad money."

He showed us his stash. He'd "excavated" a big cavity under the house in the bedrock, ported a large stainless steel sealed box into it and put goodies in it. Paper money, negotiable jewel stones, gold and silver coins, that sort of stuff.

The only way to get stuff in and out would be either teleportation or to dig through 100 feet of bedrock then break through the box. Good luck; a thief would have to know it was there to start with. Mario had come up with the idea of putting packages of garden seeds in places for shield anchors so Sean had them liberally scattered through.

He had us hook into the nodes and programmed us for the shields and firewall. He said, "John, Patrick and Lena know where it is, too, just in case."

All righty, then! Time to get dressed for the Tavern night. Green tonight -- Sean pouted when we told him he could **not** wear his leprechaun outfit. We had new people to impress.

Kate, Margie and I got all gussied up. Well, my tits hadn't gone entirely flat; guess the proper decision helped. The normal Inner Touch handled any deficiencies. The nipples hadn't been affected; they were as sensitive as ever -- Kate and Margie checked to make sure. Fuck. I had to change my panties.

Kate and Margie cackled away; I thought Kate was getting corrupted.

Carmel told me, *"I'll bring us. I'm done with the check sheet so we're a go!"*

Margie took a few minutes to print up teleportation certs for everyone. One of us would port over the appropriate ones.

We got to the Tavern a bit early to ensure we'd be there as the guests arrived. The maitre de was alert; he brought them all right over. Patrick had set up a couple tables together. With something like 21 people, we needed them.

The ones who'd completed their check sheets just ported into the Tavern office. No one seemed to notice one hell of a lot more people came out of the office than went in.

Lena had enhanced her paralegal, Jean; the young-uns had trained her up and she was working on the teleportation check sheet. Jean was a quite-pleasant lady in her late 20's. She'd been with Lena around six years and was working on her own law degree. Since she was single, Rosheen immediately added her to the "find a mate" list.

BB was kinda the odd girl out because only we OTL folk knew her. Anyway, we got and made introductions all around. BB was bubbling over with something she was "hiding." We didn't pry -- yet.

Kate reached under the table and brought back certs for those who'd just completed their check sheets. Everyone had a good laugh over the wording and quietly made them disappear -- probably ported them back home.

We ordered dinner and chatted a lot, usually in Irish. The young-un's had taught the newbies the language trick so by the time dinner came, everyone was babbling away in acceptable Irish.

Sean's meal didn't come as ordered. Instead, John and Patrick dropped a serving platter with a small bird in front of him. It was a goose! They slapped him on the back and told him, "Your goose is cooked now, boyo!" The expression comes from an Irish tradition called, "Aitin' the gander."

All the males kept jibing at him about it. We girls pretended to glare at them and Irished them good. A good time was had by all!

We let dinner settle. Sean finally told BB, "Okay. You've been busting with something all evening. Talk!"

She laughed hard. She told us (in Irish), "Well, first, I've decided to take you up on your 'position' offer with Cullen Enterprises."

Everyone gave her a quiet round of applause. Great! Now we have someone else to dump stuff on. Grin.

I asked her, "So, when?"

BB grinned widely. "Well, I finally decided to give notice this morning. Usually Cal Tech likes at least a couple weeks; more if you're an executive -- which I wasn't.

"Anyway, first thing this morning I told Richard -- the other HR person I work with -- I was giving my two-week notice. He looked at me, stuck his fingers in his ears and chanted, 'I don't hear you. I don't hear you. Look at your email!'

"Okay. The morning's email had an announcement from the main Cal Tech HR department head. They were cutting back admin staff and were offering a severance package for anyone who volunteered who'd been there more than a year.

"Well, that was me! I'd been there just over five years. Richard and I'd gotten another email with all the package details. So, Richard just ran me through the process like we did three others today.

"Anyway, they'll have a severance pay check for me Monday morning plus all my untaken vacation and sick leave pay. Should be right around $25K. Today was my last day so I can start Monday."

Yowsah! Some things do go right. She got a round of hugs and cheers.

We still had a little bit to go before our gig, so we gathered up all the girls for a quick hen-party in the restroom -- that's why it's so big at the Tavern.

The old-timers got the newbies to spit out their marital status, current love-life history, needs and wants in a partner if wanted and all that juicy stuff. Rosheen took notes. She told the single eligible girls (Carmel, Lena, Jean and BB), "Keep your eye out at the wedding and reception tomorrow for other singles. We've also got the two Saturdays after that with Clann Reynolds weddings. That should give you a fighting chance; if it doesn't happen, let me know. There's still others around who might not make it to one of the weddings."

The singles looked thoughtful. Margie added, *"Remember, by custom everything consensual is acceptable. You might want to take someone you find home tomorrow night for a trial run. The three young-uns here are gonna be lookin' mighty hard. Hehehehe."*

Show time! We weren't gonna do a big show; we had a long day ahead (and a nice long night!) tomorrow.

We got the now-usual gang up on stage -- The entire N&B and OTL gangs. Everyone had some green; we girls all had green dresses. The adult ladies had nipples attempting to escape all the time while the nieces were a lot more demure (but still sexy as hell).

Our gig this time involved a lot of spins. The weenie was Bridget/Margie riding different shoulders. In the middle of a spin, she'd lean backwards so her body disappeared behind the person's head, port to another person (*linked*, so they were ready) then rise up so by the time the new person had their back to the audience in their spin, she was there.

Really fun. "Of course" the audience just "knew" it was stage magic and Bridget was very "well-trained." Every switch they caught got applause and laughter.

She ended up on Sean's shoulders. We were doing a fast jig where the feet and legs move a lot but the upper body is pretty still. Bridget pounded her heels on his chest, waved her bowler and beat it against his shoulder while holding firmly onto his hair with the other hand. All in perfect time with the music.

The audience loved it. Our gang left at the table could catch what we were really doing but everyone else just loved the show.

At the end, Sean talked to the audience a little. "As most of you know, Eileen, Kate and I are getting married tomorrow. Bridget here will supervise the proceeding; so far, she seems to approve." Bridget laughed, waved her bowler and kicked her legs. She approved.

"The reception will be here tomorrow afternoon starting at 12:30. Normally, a reception is only for invited guests. However, the ushers and waiters know most of you by now so if you just happened to be in the neighborhood, you might be able to sneak in for a bite."

He sang "Bridget Flynn" to Bridget then "I Love You Because" to Kate and me. Yeh, we cried a bit; mushy old stuff. We got him back with "Today, Tomorrow and Forever." Some of the audience had heard it before but tough darts. This affirmed Kate's status publicly as a Ceann-Mate -- exactly what he wanted.

SEAN

My goose was cooked, all right -- and I reveled in it. None of my memories had such a depth of love and delight as I had right then. Nor had there been any firmer friends even after decades of living together.

I really wanted to make Kate's status clear. Probably quite a lot of the audience were Clann and would accept her readily as a

mate. The rest -- well tough darts! Nothing unlawful about saying it.

We tried to get out early; managed to get all the incoming congratulating done by 9:15. We were outta there!

We did have a reception committee waiting at OTL, though. Geeser was really happy to see us and kept trying to lead us to the kitchen. Wonder what she wanted? Margie did the honors this time. We wanted Geeser to know each of us was a food source as well as a cuddle-and-love source.

We relaxed a few minutes in the den. Geeser came wandering in a few moments later, spotted Marge on the floor and flopped down across her hips. About 10 seconds later they were both gone by-by.

The ladies exiled me to the honoring room. Kate told me, "You've got a long day and night ahead of you tomorrow. You've gotta get your rest and if any of us were with you, we might be too tempted."

Margie added, *"And keep your hands off your dick, lad."*

Yes, ma'ams. It would have been my word against thousands of theirs to protest so I slunk off to a cold, lonely bed. Maybe Geeser would take pity on me and keep me warm.

My prison sentence didn't stop us from getting together outside, though. We spent the night exploring possible vacation spots. We looked for scenery (my idea of scenery seemed to differ significantly from theirs), entertainment like shows, amusement parks, plays and general "I've always thought I'd like to see/do that."

We did find plenty of time for wonderfully-sweet *blendings* and hefty snoggings. At least they hadn't cut me off completely.

About 4:00 I noticed Geeser had snuck in and was snoring away across my feet. Someone knew how to take care of the boss!

We were up at 8:00. The ceremony was to start at the park at 11:00; Jackie and her gang were due here at 8:30. Hopefully that'll be enough time.

We scarfed down a quick breakfast while Geeser did hers. Wonder if she'd be interested in going to the ceremony? Probably not. She was female but...

Jackie, Alice, two of her other girls, Maura and Teresa showed up right on time. Apparently the Cullen Sisters weren't really there to help; they wanted to make sure I wasn't running away. At least that's what they told me. They wouldn't slag their younger brother, would they?

I was immediately banished to the den. Teresa said, "We'll get you dressed around 9:30. Then you'll go press the flesh and impress the women. Other than that, you've got no purpose until 10:00."

Just what I thought. Geeser and I told each other what a hard lot we had. I was quite sure she believed me as much as I believed her.

I tried to check email; just couldn't get into anything. Hell, I was even quivering a little. What, the mighty Clann War Leader was nervous over getting married? After hundreds of times? Nah, couldn't be.

At 9:29 I wandered into the honoring room. Yeh, my kilt was laid out and seemed ready to go. By some magic, Jackie popped in just as I got my shirt off.

She helped me. Fuck, I could barely button the stuff. Jackie grinned but didn't say anything. She told me, "I'm here to make sure your stockings are straight and you don't forget to put on something. **And** to ensure you leave your bowler here." I wouldn't do something like that! Right.

She clucked around almost as bad as Marge. She brushed my hair, adjusted everything five times then said, "That'll do. Since you're a man, it'll probably be messed up in five minutes. One of us will check you out before we really start. Not that we don't trust you, mind you."

I ostentatiously plopped on the traditional hat. **I** was ready -- if I could keep my knees from giving away. Jackie wrapped herself around me and started rubbing portions of her delectable anatomy against me. Of course I had the expected reaction.

Jackie laughed and told me, "Good. Maura said I should get you warmed up. You're gonna be hugging a lot of Clann women and you gotta let 'em feel what's waiting for 'em." Groan. It didn't help much but at least one of my legs was stiff.

John was waiting patiently outside the front door. He slapped me on the back and told me, "I wasn't about to go in there. All those hens would peck me to death -- or put me to work."

He escorted me up to the park. It was set up and looked ready to me. There were lots of chairs set up, several portable toilets, a fancy white tent and altar and half a dozen young people around directing traffic.

Connor and Caden were already there telling people it was pretty informal until the ceremony was ready to start. They were telling people lies about how great I was and truths about how beautiful the brides would be.

Time to earn my wages as the Ceann. So far, I'd been getting lots of the benefits, now I had to do the public relations that went with them.

I grabbed the first woman I came to, gave her a big hug and got a quick gestalt. Okay, I got the name, brief family history and how she was related. "Keelin O'Connell! So glad you could make it!"

For some reason, she didn't hesitate to snuggle right up against my chest and the Ceann's Shillelagh. We chatted about her husband, his job, their two kids -- one still in high school, the other a sophomore in college -- and her Aunt So and So.

Who needs a Farley File to talk with someone? I had a distinct advantage which I shamelessly abused.

On to the next person, a man. Same thing except he got a firm handshake instead of a hug. I used his name at least three times and told him how beautiful his wife Maureen was looking today -- and how happy I'd been to hear his oldest daughter had gotten four As and two Bs on her finals.

Connor stuck close. After I'd talked with someone, he'd give them a card with the Clann Cullen web site address on it and tell them to keep checking in. He'd say, "Lot's of things happening!"

On and on. At least I got my mind off my weak knees. I spotted some familiar faces and dispensed righteous hugs and kisses to Rosheen, Carmel and Maeve. BB popped up; I gave her a good snuggle. She snuggled right back, wiggled her hips and boobs against me and said, "Seems like someone's ready to party!" Things were definitely starting to look up.

Buses came, disgorged oldies then took off again. I saw lots of Clann Reynolds folk appearing (probably ported to OTL then walked up); some I recognized from their meetings as from the Clanns Fuerte and Way.

I saw the JP, Majella Canavan; John got right over to her. They had a short conference then John assigned Caden to stick close to her and do anything she needed. I saw him eyeballing her butt; maybe he thought she had a "need."

We even had a small band. No strings attached; I'd been told violins and the like do not do well outside. They started playing some quiet stuff which made things seem even brighter.

I'd gotten through meeting maybe half the people there when John told me, "It's time. Come with me, oh mighty Ceann. Your mates-to-be are on their way."

We're gonna have a wedding!

Chapter 25

EILEEN
(Saturday 6/3)

Kate and I were shaking and nervous; Margie was calm, cool and happy. *"You can do it, Snapper. You and Kate just stand up, look Sean right in the eye and say you'll do it. We've got the JP primed, Sean's ready and all you've gotta do is show up. You don't even have to be nekkid or bring whiskey. I love you all, so let's do it."*

Jackie, Alice and her two other shop girls had done wonderfully. They'd spent an hour on hair, nails and makeup and proclaimed themselves satisfied. I guess if they were happy with the results, we should be too.

Maura and Teresa helped us dress for another good hour. Nora's final alterations had been perfect so everyone was happy with the dresses.

Nana broke out the emeralds and other jewelry. The emeralds fit me perfectly and we loved the way they complimented my dress and hair. Kate had borrowed a set of lovely diamonds from Kathleen; she looked luscious. Margie got a small emerald necklace and wound a slender emerald bracelet around her left wrist.

Even the shoes were comfortable. My tits were up just fine (thank you, Inner Touch); Kate's and my nipples poked out just the right amount. Sorry, no Margie-titties today.

Maura and Teresa popped back home to dress. Teresa told us, "We'll be quick; we're not as important as you three."

Jackie sent Alice and the girls up to the park and stayed with us. At 9:30, she told us, "I'm gonna get Sean dressed and send him out to do public relations. I'll be back in a few minutes."

We just stood around and got more nervous. People were arriving from everywhere; buses came, dropped off our neighborhood oldies then left for more. Ones of us ported into our living room then walked out the front door up to the park.

Jackie came back and told us, "He'll be okay. John's taking him up to start pressing the flesh and putting the snog on the Clann women. John and Patrick will keep him out of mischief -- hopefully."

Finally it was time. Jackie made a final clucking over us then pushed us out the door. She carried Margie while Kate and I carefully made our way up the sidewalk. Dayum, sure is a lot of material to maneuver in those dresses!

We stopped at the edge of the park and waited for our que. Lots of people saw us, smiled and waved. Brian came up between us and said, "Let's do the deed. No problems, no fuss."

We *felt* a sound shield go into place around the park. All the modern-day traffic and city noises we'd become used to faded away and we were left only with the sound of a few birds. Teresa told us, *"Just like it was for thousands of years. A wedding in the forest."*

We heard Sean's voice give out a penetrating, melodious call for three long seconds. Teresa filled us in, *"The Clann Cullen call to assembly. The call to battle is completely different and would make you pee your pants."*

Sean must have been standing on a chair near the altar. He was holding a long staff vertically above his head; there was no doubt he wanted attention. He called out, "Clann Cullen and guests! Come to meeting. Take your seats, please."

He stood there with the staff above his head, not moving an inch while people got seated. People were quick; probably fifteen seconds while everyone found a seat or stood around the outside.

We *felt* Sean *join* lightly with everyone. It *felt* as if he gathered power to him; everyone *knew* he was the leader, the Ceann. He was no longer Sean Cullen the Hat Man, he was the Clann Ceann who'd fought, bled and died for his Clann over thousands of years, who'd counseled his people and who loved them all.

We *felt* a chill through everyone as they realized his power. They might not know how they *knew* but they were aware.

He spoke quietly but everyone could hear clearly, "Cead Mile Failte. There's going to be a wedding. We begin."

Rosheen and the N&Bs sang an atonal song in ancient Gaelic. The assembly *knew* (from the *join*) it was the ancient bonding song which had evolved over thousands of years and *knew* what it meant. The translations don't rhyme and don't match the meter so it's a bit like blank verse in modern English.

> We gather today for a bonding
> Of a new family.
> A new clann
> To go forward
> In this world
> Of trouble.
> Let there be hope
> For long lives
> And long loves.
> For a life without love

Is not a life
But a long night
Of malodorous discontent.
May the Gods
Smile upon us today
And help us
Witness and affirm
This bonding.

Sent chills through me. I *felt* the same chills through Kate, Marge and Sean -- and everyone else there.

Majella, the JP, called out, "Let the future bond-mates approach." Our cue. We walked carefully up the aisle with Jackie carrying Margie. Kate and I had our hands full just managing our skirts while holding on to Brian's arms.

Sean was waiting with his staff. He sent his love out to us and the assembly. We flowed our love back so all would know of our joy.

At the altar, Jackie handed Margie over to Patrick. We stood in a semi-circle facing the assembly. Dayum! Majella had a lot of Talent tucked away! She faced the assembly and told them, "There may be those among you who do not know Clann Cullen's Irish customs. They have evolved over thousands of years; times change but the spirit has remained the same.

"Fewer than two hundred years ago, I would have been the Clann's priest and fully empowered to bond these people before me. As a Justice of the Peace of the State of California, I may marry only Sean and Eileen. Today, I will do both.

"If this offends you, you are welcome to leave quietly. Clann Cullen has found these traditions and customs to be both workable and effective for thousands of years.

"A marriage, or bonding in this case, is the spiritual association for the optimum survival of the people in the bonding. The Clann has often had plural bondings as we are having today. Only the people involved have a right to say.

"The Ceann always has the final say in any bonding; that is Clann Cullen's custom and has worked well for millennia. Do not judge by today's apparent morals; we all know what travesties they bring."

Another short song in the ancient Gaelic.

The bonding time is here.
The future bond-mates are here.
The priest is here.
The Ceann has approved this bonding.

There are no further obstacles.
Let the daylight of love
Shine forever.
The ceremony begins.

Majella told us and the assembly, "This bonding is among you. People grow and may change over a lifetime; you might find this to be the case. At a later time, some might leave the bonding and others might join. Once this initial bonding today is complete, only the new clann or family and the Ceann have the power to make these changes.

"This bonding and future changes are completely separate from any legal ties required or denied by the laws of the land. These are bondings of the souls which the law does not recognize.

"Usually in the case of a child the bonding is implicit since the child is usually the offspring of one of the bond-mates. This case, however, is different. Bridget is not only Eileen's daughter, she is uncommonly bright and aware as many of you have already discovered. Though she cannot yet speak, I am truly satisfied she has an awareness of the ramifications of a bonding."

She asked Kate, "Kate Riona Hanlon, do you accept Sean Quinn Cullen, Eileen Finian McLennan and Bridget Margaret McLennan as your bond-mates to live and love together through sorrow and joy?"

Kate wept a little and said, "Aye."

She asked Sean a similar question. In a loud firm voice, he said, "Aye. With all my heart."

I wept; my heart overflowed. I, too, answered, "Aye."

She asked Margie the same question. She smiled, laughed and got out a loud reply which everyone could hear as, "Aye!"

Majella said, "The bond acceptance is complete. Please place the rings."

Kate pulled Sean's claddagh ring from his right hand and placed it on his left with the heart facing him. He turned to me, took my ring and transferred it. I did the same with Margaret then she transferred Kate's ring. Having Margie do this with us was not exactly as we'd discussed long ago but it was right.

We did a four-way exchange of luck money. Jewelry Arts had created large 24-caret gold "coins" with a raised image of the four of us on one side and our name and the date engraved on the other side.

We ensured they clinked loudly (the couple will be blessed with children) and we laughed. Yeh, Margaret had a bit of trouble

handling three coins in her small hands but she managed. We each ended up with a coin from the three others.

The last Gaelic song.

> The bonding is complete.
> Let no person deny this.
> They are joined in love.
> May their lives be blessed
> With the bright sunlight
> Their love will bring them.
> May their joy be ageless
> And sustain them
> Through the perils of the ages.

Majella told the assembly, "I declare the bonding complete. I declare Eileen Finian McLennan and Sean Quinn Cullen to be man and wife."

We exchanged firm bonding kisses among us. We were bonded.

Good thing we didn't have to rely on our eyes alone to walk back down the aisle. We women were all teary-eyed and Sean wasn't much better off. The assembly stood, applauded and cheered.

At the edge of the park, Sean turned, raised his staff again and told everyone, "The ceremony is complete. In our old tradition, let the feast begin!"

We fled back to OTL to change for the reception.

SEAN

Yowsah! Done deal; we'd carried it off without a hitch. The Cullen Sisters had come through with flying colors.

Back home, we hugged each other firmly for several wonderful minutes while we briefly *blended* together with joy and shared our love. Then the ladies dashed off to change.

I put our luck money coins in prepared frames. Each frame had the person's name engraved with the date. The frame held the person's three coins in cutouts with optical glass in front and back so someone could see both sides. I polished each coin to remove any fingerprints and used *touches* to place them in the holders.

We'd planned for Marge's luck money exchange; we hadn't planned on Majella publicly bonding her. Must have been the Cullen Sisters' influence; I'm gonna have some firm words with them -- words of praise, thanks and delight!

I went to help my ladies change but Marge shooed me out. *"We've got it handled. Go change yourself. Fifteen minutes!"*

I was very careful with the kilt and accessories; we wanted them to last hundreds of years.

I got on my daily kilt and my dancing shoes. Yeh, my bowler went right on my head.

I went back to the den and talked with Geeser a while. The flow of people in and out hadn't bothered her in the least. So long as someone fed and snuggled her, she'd put up with pretty much anything.

I checked the park. Most everyone had left; the buses had carted the oldies off and there was a gang of people taking down the chairs and tent. It all seemed under control so I let Geeser worry about the rest of it.

The entire ceremony had taken only 30 minutes which was good. I'd been to some weddings which had been so long the ushers had to go around waking people up. Not this one!

Lots of people came in our front door then ported off. I hadn't detected anyone thinking the appearances and disappearances were unusual so I figured it was the way to go.

My ladies were right on time. Dayum they looked great in their kilts! The kilts were knee-long and quite full. Betcha they'd swirl very nicely. They still wore some of their jewelry but each also wore their bowler and shamrock pendants. The Hat Ladies were on the prowl!

We shared some more snuggles; hope Geeser didn't feel left out. We admired our claddagh rings on our left hands and smiled smiled smiled!

We took our turn porting over to the Tavern office; there seemed to be a steady stream of importees dropping in. Good thing the situation had been covered on the check sheet; there weren't any mishaps.

We didn't beat everyone; the young-uns, John and Patrick were already changed and there. Aile told us, "The Moms are still changing. You know how women are; everything's gotta be just right. You ladies were gorgeous at the ceremony -- and still are!"

John, Patrick and I immediately added our compliments. No doubt about it, they were.

I noted, "And there's three **really** fine things right in front of me, too." I admired their secondary sexual characteristics and six mood indicators immediately sprang to life. Not a bra among them; the Cullen Sisters are raising 'em right. Betcha there'll be lots of guy-eyes getting strained -- of all ages.

The buffet was ready to go so we did a quick run through to keep up our strength. The ladies and young-uns stoked themselves

pretty good. My ladies because they hadn't eaten much in the morning and the young-uns because -- well, they were young-uns.

I let them know what I thought of their singing, "Your singing was perfect. Besides being completely exotic because of the language and atonality, you sang as if you meant it. Good on ya! Good on ya'll."

They smiled and laughed. Marge said (rather loudly), *"I think they deserve a Soo Laid in the near future."*

All five said, *"YES!"* in unison. Yeh, I'd say they were all pretty "interested" by now.

I laughed, too. "Talk with the social secretaries. That kinda stuff is in their department."

Connor said, "I noticed before the ceremony when you were talking with people, you knew their names and such right away. I *felt* you *inspec*t them; maybe I'm doing something wrong but I usually take several seconds to *inspect* someone."

Musta missed something in the training. Eileen immediately made a note to include the gestalt in the training -- might even create a formal new-spirit training check sheet so nothing gets missed. I filled them in on the gestalt.

"Especially today, have a pre-made search set up. I looked for the formal name, nickname, marital status, relatives, relationship to your moms and me then any indication of Talent. Plus, whatever they're really proud of right then. Takes maybe a half second and they don't notice it.

"I'd like you all to do it today with everyone you meet then ride it for all it's worth. This is the first major Clann gathering since Mama Teresa and Papa John were married. I want every person you talk with to feel really special because 'even' my nieces and nephews have heard me say something positive about them.

"We want the Clann to feel their leadership is in good hands; they've probably been feeling pretty neglected the last five years and I'd like to turn that completely around.

"If you young ladies get any crap about not wearing bras, tell one of the Moms and they'll go tear a new one. You've got bodies to be proud of, not to hide."

Kate put in, "Today's not only the Ceann's wedding, it's a major public relations effort. That's one reason we invited everyone under the sun plus told the Tavern people they were welcome. Eileen and I'll be doing the same. Have tons of fun at the same time; **we** will."

The Keavys, McLennans and Rosheen popped out of the office about then. I turned the young-uns loose on them to pass the word.

By the time my ladies had polished their plates (and were eyeballing the buffet again) we had over a hundred people in the room. Patrick had told us to make ourselves a bit scarce for a while so he could announce us, so we ducked back into the office and greeted people as they ported in.

Yeh, Clanns Reynolds, Way and Fuerte came in full force. Vera Leonard and her entire family from Mesa popped right in. Great! Maybe we'll have a few minutes to chat later.

As a group would pop in, one of the young-uns would descend on them and escort them to the right room while telling them exactly what we'd be doing with the gestalt and requesting they do the same. Should be a great afternoon with all these wonderful people here!

EILEEN

Just about 1:00, Patrick told us, *"Come on out and wait outside the door. I'll introduce you then we'll start the bash."*

We did a quick once-over on each other (boobs, bushes and hats -- no boobs or bush for Margie) and slipped outside. We stopped right outside the banquet room door. We heard Patrick inside say loudly, "May I have your attention, please. The bond-mates are here."

We stepped inside the door and stopped. Patrick told them, "Please welcome the bond-mates! Mr. and Mrs. Sean Cullen, Kate Hanlon and Bridget McLennan!"

People stood, smiled hard and clapped away. Be Jaysus! We four could *feel* their enthusiasm and happiness for us. We bowed and curtsied; Margie did a very credible curtsy from Sean's arm. They went on for a good minute then Sean quieted them down.

He told them, "Thank you very much for that welcome. Eileen and Bridget weren't from Clann Cullen -- that we know of -- and I think they now know what a great Clann we have with so many wonderful people."

He gave a thirty-second spiel telling them there would be some good changes coming Real Soon Now. "We plan to keep much closer to you and to keep you much better informed than ever before. Our door and our hearts will always be open to you."

We got another solid round of applause then Patrick said, "Let's party! The bond-mates have the first dance."

I collected Margie while Sean swept Kate onto the quickly-open dance floor in the middle. Nice; they must have slipped in some lessons from Elizabeth because they were dayum good! Add in some romantic snogging to appreciative applause and they did right good.

They got applause then Sean pulled Margie into his arms. Considering their height difference and the fact she was over three feet above the floor, they did great. Margie hammed it up only a little; just enough to let people know she was having a great time.

They did play some tricks. Margie "lightened" up her body to about five pounds and they did some spins. Sean held her with the palm of his hand under her butt then they twirled her around.

Through his light join with everyone, he kept putting out, *"Bridget McLennan is an adult with a young body."* Pretty much the way Bob and the gang had gotten Kathleen back into the school. Neat.

My turn. Interesting. We'd not really done any one-on-one dancing but being closely *joined* and with Elizabeth Reynolds giving us on-the-fly coaching, I'd say we did just fine. He did keep his hands off my arse but snuck a phantom hand underneath my kilt -- he's gonna get it. Real Soon Now.

We mixed. We talked. We pressed the flesh, Sean prodded ladies with his shillelagh while Kate and I left two small bruises on guys who were willing to give us a hug -- which was pretty much every one. There were a few babes in arms who could have cared less but even they got baby kisses and compliments.

Kate, Margie and I got back in line at the buffet. We were feeling a bit peckish from all the dancing; seems every guy wanted a round. Why not? Some were lustful and some were just "doing their duty."

To the one, however, they were proud. They were proud to belong to Clann Cullen! The non-blood-related were just as proud and were even more happy their line had married or had been adopted in.

Sean snared me for a few minutes for another turn around the floor. He guided me over to Kate, stole her and Margie then told us, "I'm so proud of you ladies. Besides being so beautiful, every person here thinks we're perfect together. They're so proud of you and the Clann it just oozes out of them. I'm proud of you and I love you so much it hurts."

Kate cried. I cried. Marie shed some tears, too, and told us, *"Ya'll surprised me. When Majella started talking about me, I almost*

peed over Patrick's arm. I didn't think you'd have the balls to pull something so politically incorrect.

"But it was perfect; you were proud enough of me to face the possible upsets and pulled it off exactly right. Not a person here I've looked at thinks it's anything more than a bit unusual. You've all made an old lady so happy to be loved again."

Sean snuggled us firmly and let us wet down his shirt a little while we shared a brief blindingly-bright *blending* spread throughout everyone so they'd share some of our joy.

SEAN

Mary Murray and her husband were joyous. He thanked me several times. I told them, "The ancient gods were strong in their presence. While I'm not a priest, I'm quite sure they'll be watching over you."

Hell, Mick Murray had a spot of Talent just like Mary. Sounds like an enhancement job for Rosheen or one of the other Core. Check out the family, too.

I *told* Rosheen; she slapped in nodes and pumped away. She told me, *"I'll have them take me around to the rest of their family and I'll check 'em out. Sean, it feels really good to be doing something useful again."*

BB latched onto me for a dance -- or did I latch on to her? Anyway. She's got the finest, silkiest platinum blonde hair I'd ever seen and it smelled delicious. Being the diplomat I was, I tactfully asked, "How did a German and Vietnamese pop out a tall blonde?"

She laughed and told me, "Dad's family were Swiss-German guards a long time ago. He's bigger than you are and extremely blonde -- the Aryan ideal. Mom's Viet all right but not all Orientals are short and slender. She's something like 5 ft. 8 and built like a brick outhouse. Black hair; I haven't the faintest idea how I got to be blonde. Maybe if I play my cards right, you'll be able to check out if I'm blonde all over."

I assured her I'd be more than willing to check out every hair I could find on her luscious body. She wiggled a set of hard-tipped breasts against me which only the Jolly Green Giant could call small. Bashful is not a word I would use in describing her.

I was a bit wary of Valerie Hess but she got a hold of me and wouldn't let go. Dayum, she's good! She snuggled up lightly and did something like touch my neck a couple times and I was on fire.

She laughed a little and apologized. “You’ve probably been a warrior for thousands or millions of years. I was a lover, not a fighter. It just pops out every once in a while.”

After I escaped her clutches, I had to sit down for a while. Sure glad the kilts are full-cut; they hide a lot.

I did manage to get a couple shots of Irish whiskey while I rested. Uh-oh! I saw Valerie huddled with my Bond-Mates! They kept glancing over at me with the oddest smirks. I had a feeling I was in really deep do-do.

Patrick cleared the dance floor; he’d volunteered Bob and Kathleen to do a little show for us. I was expecting a magic show but they danced.

Our non-string band managed a good approximation of a waltz and they were off. Dayum, they simply floated. Their feet, legs and hips moved so fast sometimes we couldn’t see them while their shoulders didn’t move a bit up and down. They floated.

Yeh, some of us *felt* them cheat a little. We saw them take some spinning leaps well over six feet long. Not possible.

They gave us a wonderful five-minute show full of grace and beauty. Their love for each other flooded through us -- I didn’t see a dry eye anywhere. Then again, I couldn’t see too well myself through my tears.

They got a solid minute of applause. Patrick announced, “Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. If you’d like a chance to try to keep up with one of them, they’re getting married two weeks from now. Let’s give them another hand.”

They got it.

Teresa sat beside me for a bit while she had a couple nips. She told me, *“Hope you maintain your health, Lover Boy. Every female I’ve done a gestalt with is more than willing to get checked out by the Ceann’s Shillelagh. And I’m not talking about the one on display over there on the table.”*

Argh. She rubbed it in, *“Some of them are barely old enough to walk and they’re hot for you already. That elderly lady with the walker over there is hoping you’ll take her in the office and show her a good time.”*

Argh again. I was familiar with the lady in question from the wake. She waved at me and I could *feel* what she had in mind. Her body might have been old but she was definitely feeling frisky. I told Teresa, *“Put her on the schedule. Bet she knows a few things a young flah like you couldn’t even dream of.”*

Teresa grinned. *“In that case, I think I’ll have a long chat with her. Your love life’s been a little tame lately; I haven’t heard*

much screaming from OTL. Besides, you've got a couple Soo Laids to work off."

EILEEN

Maura had put our luck money frames on a table along with Sean's staff, her Clann ring and several other Clann artifacts.

Sean's staff was clearly ancient and was polished and worn from use. It had a sign which said, "The Ceann's ceremonial staff is almost 800 years old. It is made from an oak species which no longer exists. Sean Cullen plans an honorable retirement for it soon and will commission a new one."

Someone had put some graffiti on the sign, "The Ceann's **other** Shillelagh is the one to meet in a dark room." Hehehehe.

Another artifact was a battered war club. I could find ancient blood in several of the pores; it wasn't a toy in any sense. The sign said, "The Ceann's war club is 600 years old and was used by at least ten Clann War Leaders in battle. While it hasn't been used in battle for over 150 years, the Ceann will wield it again should the need arise."

I finally got a chance to rest after dancing for a solid hour. Maura brought me over a plate from the buffet and a good-sized glass of whiskey.

Margie immediately stole some soft stuff from my plate, dipped her finger in the glass and rubbed it in her mouth. *"My mouth hurts a little today. It's gonna need lots of food to massage the gums and lots of whiskey to numb it up."*

Kate staggered over and collapsed in a chair beside us. "Dayum. Glad I'm only 22. If I were your guys' age I would have been totally knackered by now."

Nana popped up, *"Feel glad you're not **my** age -- either end of the scale. Don't push yourselves too hard today; we've got Lover Boy to wear out tonight."*

Kate and I looked at each other. I told her, "Now I know how a soldier feels going into a hopeless battle. Lover Boy's had several days' rest; we won't have a chance."

Kate agreed whole-heartedly. Margie said, *"I'll do my best but it'll be like an ant crawling up an elephant's leg with rape on its mind. Fat chance. I think we'll need four or five more women before we even have a decent shot at wearing him down."*

Kate said, *"Yeh. Maybe BB would be willing to help out pretty soon. Have you checked out them diddies? Betcha she's got a right tidy arse and a tasty furry fanny in those knickers, too -- if she's wearing any."*

Margie and I stared at her for a moment. What happened to the shy, innocent young woman from a couple weeks ago? Maybe she needed a couple shots of whiskey to calm her down. Or maybe a couple of shots had loosened her up? Privately, I agreed with her -- and was more than willing to check it all out in a couple days.

Speaking of Lover Boy, he'd snuck up behind us. He laid some neck-nuzzles on us which got all three of us quivering in a hurry. He asked, "How are the most sweetest, most lovelery and most wonderfulest ladies in the world doing?"

Dayum. I had to port off a good pint of pussy juice before it spotted my kilt. Margie told him, *"Your tongue's gonna be so worn out tonight from licking my slit it'll fall off. I'm gonna sacrifice myself to save my bond-mates."* She threw her head back and arms open in mock submission. *"Take me, I'm yours! Just spare the others."*

Sean stroked her cheek lightly and told her, *"We'll give it a try. I remembered some tongue and mouth exercises the Ceanns have used for several thousand years -- and I've been exercising for a couple weeks."*

May the Saints preserve us! We're doomed.

SEAN

No, I hadn't remembered any such exercises but I wasn't about to tell them. I'd check when I got a couple minutes, though; the old Ceanns had been pretty canny.

The young-uns seemed to be doing just fine. They'd been glad-handing and flirting with everyone.

Connor and Caden had each attracted a following of young ladies. No wonder in it, they were the Ceann's nephews **and** were handsome with rich spirits and great blarney tongues. Go for whatever you can, guys.

Simon came over and congratulated us. He told us, "Ted's here somewhere. Several young ladies glommed onto him and he's in guy-heaven."

Yeh. I could see. The young ladies in question were Aile, Deidre and Mona. They dragged him over; Aile and Deidre were latched on to either side pushing boobs into his arms and Mona was snuggled up behind bruising his back.

Aile introduced us and said, "Ted's part of our Brain Trust at school and is gonna be Inner Circle!"

He was ready to pop any moment. I shook his hand and said, "Your web site looks and works really good. I think you and Mona

need to work together a lot so you can share ideas. I see you've already met the Passion Posse."

He grinned and told us, "Yeh. They're the sweetest, most wonderful ladies I ever could have imagined." No doubt he's Irish!

I told him, "Well, if they work you too hard this afternoon, I know there's several spare beds at their places. One of the Moms or Dads could probably talk your folks into letting you stay over."

We almost were overwhelmed with the flare of delight they put out. I had a good idea what they'd be doing tonight.

His family had been adopted Clann a couple hundred years ago; by now maybe about seventh or eighth or tenth cousins by marriage or something -- let Rosheen worry about it. Maybe something would work out among him and the nieces.

We got a chance to talk with Vera, her husband Chris and the family. All were ones of us!

Nice. They'd fired up their own Clann in Mesa using the Clann Reynolds customs. With fifteen people already, they were well on the way. Chris told us, "Vera was elected Ceann. It fits her perfectly." Yeh, it sure did.

Waystation 1 was in full-bore expansion mode. They'd added five more staff and were averaging fifteen clients more per week than before. No problems, really, that weren't covered by policy and they couldn't handle easily. Good on 'em!

We had a round of toasts and speeches. Patrick told of some of my earlier mis-adventures and alluded to that dayum leprechaun picture! He's gonna get it one of these days; I'm sure my bond-mate Marge would defend my honor with her (six now!) teeth.

Maura talked, too. She told of meeting Eileen and Bridget for the first time and how hopeful she and Teresa had been. She told them, "You know Ceann Fintan, his oldest son Aidan and his wife died in 9.11. What we didn't know then was they'd never informed Sean -- the heir -- that he **was** the heir. They hadn't told him of his duties and hadn't trained him at all. That's why you haven't heard or seen much of him the past five years.

"He simply didn't know. When we'd mention 'Clann,' he thought it was just the immediate family. Well, a couple weeks ago we managed to set him right. He's assumed the rights and duties of the Clann Cullen Ceann so you can rest assured he's now on the job -- with Ceann-Mates to help!"

Patrick put in, "And you can bet the two Cullen Sisters are gonna be keeping a close eye on him, too!"

We got a lot of applause on that. Maybe I was wrong, but it seemed the women were the more enthusiastic.

Teresa put in a pitch for the web site. "We've got it there so we can communicate with each other. If you need to talk with the Ceann or one of his mates, look there for the email address or the phone number. We'll try to handle everyone as soon as possible."

She told them about the genealogy research we were doing, too. "There's an article on the web site about that. Rosheen Kelly's heading up that section so if you have any information, old photos you can identify, marriage certificates, that sort of thing, drop her a line. We'll be glad for the help.

"We've incorporated Clann Cullen LA as a non-profit organization. In just a few days, we'll probably have a tax-exempt status. So, if you'd like to donate something, PayPal is more than willing to help out. At the moment, Ceann Sean is supporting the entire effort financially.

"If you'd like to offer your time, we've got plenty of projects we're working on. Rosheen's also the matchmaker, so send in your eligible people's names. Sorry, Sean Cullen isn't on the eligible list any more."

We had several more toasts. Funny, the Irish whiskey didn't seem to be as strong as before. Or I was getting numb. Neither Kate nor Eileen seemed to be feeling any pain, either. Marge... well, I had the suspicion she'd been stealing from her two mates.

We had a wedding cake, of course -- green icing, lots of shamrocks and Irish Cream filling. Yum. Three big figures on top holding a baby; that fit. Now, how do we have three adults and an infant hold the knife and make the first cut? Well, we worked it out with lots of orchestration from the peanut gallery.

We fed each other -- and smeared it around. Marge didn't wait to be smeared; she grabbed my hand and rubbed it in herself. Good thing we were wearing our daily stuff; we all had frosting and cake crumbs all over. None in the hair, fortunately.

Kate told everyone, "Bridget gets as much cake as she wants. She can eat pretty much anything but can't chew very much. Fingers excepted -- she'll chew on them any time!"

EILEEN

Dayum, people had brought gifts. The invitations had said, "No gifts needed," but stuff appeared anyway.

Mona broke herself away from the Passion Posse around Ted long enough to take notes on who'd brought them; each was marked so we didn't have to guess.

They were thoughtful. There were several beautiful lucky horseshoes, five hand-embroidered magic hankies and five Bridget-sized leprechaun shoes and hats. Neat, clever and welcome.

More dancing! We had no place we had to be tomorrow before 6:00 (evening) in Las Vegas so party hearty!

We made another run through the buffet. Fruitcake, corned beef and cabbage (no ducking under the covers tonight!), Irish soda bread, mead, and really dark Irish beer (almost as potent as the whiskey). All traditional Irish wedding foods.

Marge sampled everything she could get in her mouth. People kept bringing her small pieces of the cake just to watch her hoover them down and laugh. Hopefully she'd inherited Frank's and my cast-iron stomachs. So far, she'd never had a tummy-ache from anything.

There were plenty of "standard American" foods so no one was forced to eat Irish. None of us noticed any of the non-Irish skipping anything so it was fine. Maybe we'd have some "Irish by Ingestion" pins made up. Hic! Oops, sorry.

It was something like 8:00 so we decided to get out of there before we got totally blasted and passed out on the floor. There'd never been an Irish wedding where the bride(s) and groom(s) had gotten so plastered they'd passed out. At least not one I'd been to. Grin. Betcha we could get some stories from the old hands, though.

The young-uns had stayed sober but not through lack of trying to sneak in a couple. The adult N&Bs were pretty wasted as well as most of the guests. Well, there was plenty of food and drink left, the Tavern staff was still awake and the oldies had their rides back home. We were outta there!

Once you're outside, it doesn't matter what condition the body's in. Kate popped outside while we supported her body (nice tits, girl!) and did the honors.

Geeser immediately greeted us with, "Where's **my** party?" Sean had remembered to bring some small-cut meat back so she was gonna be happy for several hours.

Oh, Jaysus. Glad I didn't have to drive the body around too much. The others weren't in any better condition. Even if the spirit doesn't get drunk, the controls get really sloppy. I almost squished a tit when I fell over but my body shield flared up before it flattened out too much.

Okay, okay, okay. We dragged bodies into the shower and sluiced off the assorted cake icing, food spills, sweat and pussy juice (from the girls). Geeser declined a turn.

We dried the bodies off somewhat and piled them on the bed. Geeser immediate claimed the topmost position on the heap and tried to massage us all at once. Somehow I thought our plans to molest Sean all night just had a major setback.

What the hell, we went outside then back to the party. Yeh, things were getting pretty rowdy. We listened to Bob Reynolds (he and Kat don't drink -- wusses!) pretend to be Sean while he called Ted's folk so he could stay overnight. Sounded like Sean, too! Apparently everything worked out fine because the Passion Posse got really hard and slick -- not that they weren't before.

No one got too out of line; besides, the Tavern staff had plenty of experience in handling patrons. Yah, lots of the oldies got pretty wasted but there were several extra wheelchairs to wheel them back to the buses.

We dashed around exploring several places we'd mentioned for possible vacation spots. We kept close eyes on the body telemetry in case they sobered up a bit. It might be an interesting tale to tell if we passed out all night but not a lot of fun.

Around 10:30 we got nosy and checked out N&Bs' place. Yep, just as we'd suspected, Ted was staying overnight. Seems Mona's bed is big enough for four smaller bodies if you stack them right! The Passion Posse was really giving Ted a workout. Well, at least someone was sober enough to go at it.

Around midnight, we *felt* Margie's body giving off moans and groans. We popped back; yeh, she was moaning and squirming around. We were concerned, of course. She told us, *"I'm so horny! I ain't had no lovin' in days. Where's a stiff tongue when you need one?"*

Oh, my. Well, our bodies felt okay by now; maybe we could burn off the rest of the alcohol. Kate yelled, "Soo Laid on Margie!"

We promptly pinned her down on a soft touch cushion. Sean wiggled his tongue at her and said, "You're gonna get it now, old lady. The Ceann always carries a hideout weapon!"

She squirmed, moaned and dramatically declaimed, *"Take me then. Have your vile way with me! Please, leave the others their innocence!"*

Yeh, as if we had much left. Two of us on her upper half and one on the bottom half. We caressed, kissed, gently sucked ears, fingers, toes, wonderful Margie-titties and nipples and a sweetly-seeping cunny while telling our youngest/oldest bond-mate how much we loved her and how courageous she was to sacrifice herself for us.

We rotated every five minutes or so. She must have been practicing. We kept a close "eye" on her heart rate and how hard her muscles clenched up; we were still dealing with a very young body. Even though well below her limits, she shared nice, hot releases with us which flared her pleasure through our *blending*.

Sean was below wielding his hideout weapon when Margie begged him, *"I need you inside me, Sean. Please."*

Sean gave another firm lick then drenched his little finger in her juices. With a gentle *touch*, he put a tiny nick in her little hymen then slowly worked the finger inside.

Margie *shared* the sensations and emotions fully. A little twinge as her hymen split the rest of the way then the wonderful sensations of penetration and filling! Sean slowly eased his finger in; her heart rate went up and hot releases washed us as her entire body clenched up firmly.

Yeh, she had at least the start of a g-spot. Sean found it and between gentle licks on her tiny clit and slow massages on her g-spot (and us above ensuring other parts didn't get chilly), we kept her coming hotly for a solid twenty minutes. Soo Laid, Margie-style!

Sean ended it off perfectly, just before her muscles became exhausted. We let her come down gently, telling her how wonderful she was, how beautiful her body had become and how brave she'd been to sacrifice herself. Grin.

We let her rest and doze for a few minutes while we made wonderful rainbows and brilliant flares with our *blending* through our bodies. So great to be alive and bonded to such wonderful mates!

We took Kate on a long slow Journey, surfing gentle waves and gently *sharing* our sweet love. No home runs or grand slams, just wonderful hot releases washing through us for a long time. So good, so sweet.

They got me! Another long Journey; intense climaxes to share with our love *blending* together through our bodies. So right, so wonderful.

I wasn't ovulating yet. I told them, *"We'll have to work on this a lot. We've got a duty to produce an heir."*

Margie laughed. *"As if it were a 'duty' alone."*

No, we didn't wear Sean out; he still had plenty in reserve. Nothing says we can't pop back during the day for more whoopee and wild fun!

(Sunday 6/4)

We let our bodies sleep the rest of the night until 7:00. After a quick shower with fun groping (Margie wasn't at all sore), we got into some casuals. Kate did the honors and dropped us wimmin into a convenient restroom at the Rio -- Sean did his own port to the men's room.

No cameras in the restrooms. While the cameras at the entrance might not show us going in, only out, it wasn't **our** security issue.

The buffet line was short; five minutes. Apparently most of Vegas slept in. Wonderful stuff and Sean didn't have to fix it or clean up. We probably made four trips each -- Margie had a smaller plate we kept full for her. The waitress brought a high chair for her so she lorded over us while ensuring her face absorbed nutrients through her skin.

We snuggled, snogged and fed each other like newlyweds. We ensured Margie got her share though not so overtly romantic as the rest of us. We didn't need to attract any odd attention; our bowlers would attract enough.

After stopping at the restrooms to make much-needed deposits (cabbage has some side-effects), we wondered through the Rio gawking like tourists.

Sean got us rolls of nickels and we shoved them in the slots. We seemed to like the mechanical ones with the wheels the best. We threatened Margie with dire consequences if she messed around with the machines -- that wouldn't be right.

She looked shocked we would think of such a thing. *"I'm just an innocent little girl! What would I know of how these things work?"* Right. And BB's flat-chested.

We drifted through the cards area. We didn't know crap about any of the rules (Margie knew from her dissolute previous life) so didn't bother to play. With Margie coaching, we probably could have done okay but it didn't seem to be worth it.

Oh, my. Seems one young lady was wearing a wire of some sort. She had a confederate sending her steering signals while he wandered around behind the other players looking at their cards. Naughty, naughty!

For some reason (grin) a couple casino security people casually drifted over. Seems even very low-powered transmitters and receivers get very hot when they short circuit. The two naughty folk were dancing around swearing as they tried to pull the equipment away from their skin.

The security people took a great interest in their antics. Oh, well. Fun's over. Nothing to see here, folks. Move along, please.

Breakfast had settled so we ducked back into our bathrooms, ported back home and sacked out for a much-needed nap. Partying is so much work!

Geeser seemed to think so too, because she lay on top of everyone to ensure we didn't get chilled. We idly *looked* her over. She was pretty aware even if she was a cat -- I'd seen humans with less awareness.

Hmm. She wandered around a house, shared the bed a lot with four lively large (comparatively) bodies and didn't seem to know the meaning of "accidental squishing."

Okay. While our bodies slept, we had a lazy, meandering discussion about a firewall and body shield for an animal. What the heck. Sean fired up a couple nodes for her, installed a firewall and body shield then hooked us in for extra power.

They were actually pretty complex since there was very little intelligence (as we knew it) underneath to make judgment calls. Kinda like an artificial intelligence or knowledge framework by the time Margie and Kate were done fiddling with it. Well, at least she wouldn't get squished if Sean fell on her while one of us was rejecting his advances.

Yeh, that took an hour; back to Vegas! Slightly fancier clothes -- why not dress up? -- and we hit the sights.

NewYork NewYork's roller coaster was kinda fun. We borrowed the Wild Bunch's streamer-twisting idea and had a great time. Seemed none of us was particularly susceptible to motion sickness so we yelled, waved our arms and screamed with the best of them!

The Stratosphere was great with the push-up ride. For whatever reason, they wouldn't let Margie ride with us. Oh, well. Sean held her while Kate and I bounced up and down screaming our lungs out!

We found a lunch buffet and pigged out again. Playing is such hard work!

Caesar's Palace for shopping! **That** we could get into. Sean put on his gentleman's hat and refrained from making rude comments about women shopping.

One hell of a lot of "stuff" floating around there. We weren't interested in a restored 1930's gas pump for $3,500 or an ultrasonic insect repeller for $75. Tons of tourist junk.

The clothes were great, though; almost every name brand was represented somewhere. Sean told us, "You see and like, it's

yours.” Dayum. Decisions, decisions. Now we had free reign, it was actually harder. We had fun arguments about how badly one of us needed something and end up passing on it.

Just the opposite of the way we’d all been for so long. Now we had beer tastes (or desires at least) on a Champaign budget. Sean didn’t appear particularly offended; he just grinned.

We settled on a nice dress apiece, including Margie. Kate remarked, *“Margie, once you can walk and talk that body, you can dress adult and pass as a Little People with boobs and all. No one would know the difference that I can see.”*

Ho! Put a different slant on things, it did. We immediately started looking for adult-style clothes which might fit a 6-month to year-old body. Guess we’ll have to go through all the stores again! Grin. Sean looked long-suffering but told us, “As you wish. How could I refuse such impassioned pleas for such a worthy cause?” Right.

Margie told us, *“Looks like I’ve really got a good reason to walk and talk. Actually, today it seems like several controls have firmed up a bit. Betcha 20 orgasms a day would get me dancing in no time, right?”*

Great idea! Hehehehe.

We ported our purchases back home. Didn’t really find anything we liked for Margie. Maybe we’ll get Nora to practice her tradecraft a bit. Margie decided she’d survive in the meantime.

We bopped around lots of the major casino buildings. Each had at least a grand entrance hall or something designed to impress and overwhelm. We inspected, discussed, cogitated and decided we liked OTL just fine the way it was. We didn’t need a grand mansion -- yet.

Two people stopped us and asked about our hats. Well, give platinum-tongued Sean an opening and he’d take it. They got a quick briefing (after a good gestalt on our part) and an exchange of business cards. A couple more seminar prospects!

Our show was at 6:00 so we found a place for dinner around 4:30. Yeh, another buffet; we went back to the Rio. Scrumptious! Margie refrained from spreading stuff too far over her face because we had a show date. It sure didn’t stop her (and us) from doing quality control checks on a lot of different foods.

She had a distinct bulge in her belly by the time we were done. Of course, we adults had more control over our appetites; our bulges were smaller -- only because our bodies were bigger.

The Circus Circus show was great! Lots of dancing, fun music, elaborate costumes and boobies bouncing around. Sean

observed, “They’re nice but I’ll put yours up against any of them.” He’s gonna get it so good tonight! We spent plenty of time snuggling and cuddling while enjoying the show.

Was it worth $50 apiece? At least once, we decided. [Author: I fubared. Circus Circus shows seem to be kid-oriented and either free or cheap. Oh, well.]

Back home to OTL by 8:00. Enough of Vegas for now; we had our own show to put on.

We were well-fed and well-rested this time. We were still careful to stay within Margie’s physical limits (*“I’m toughening up every day. Pretty soon we won’t have to worry about it at all.”*) but ensured she got her twenty. Let’s see, ten hot ones each from three of us -- that’s twenty, isn’t it?

Be Jaysus! Sean didn’t hold back at all with Kate and me. Tons of base hits, thirty or so home runs and three grand slams apiece! Now **that**’s mink-fuckin’! He told us, “After all, you starved me for several days.” Right. Bring it **on**!

On the other hand, Kate and I were sore front and back, our muscles ached (so gooood) and we were exhausted. We do need a couple more in the harem if we wanted to keep him worn down.

More to come; don’t touch that dial!