

Chronicles of Suran, by Catherine N.X. (catherinenx@yahoo.com). Author's website: <http://www.asstr.org/~holokittynx>

(ASSM) Story codes: Fg, rom, inc, ped, cons, lac, toys, mast, ScFi, FF.

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Third person - childlove, lesbian, mother/daughter, semi-utopian. Synopsis: A fictional island democracy where childlove is legal, as seen through romantic and political vignettes focusing on the people who live there.

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Rachel, chapter three.

Wednesday, 5th December, 2074.

The pancakes were turning out badly. For some reason they were burning faster than they browned. Sonja had no idea what she was doing wrong, and finally decided it was the skillet. She had never used it for pancakes before, and could not honestly remember using it at all. She and Rachel had washed up and done their hair after cuddling in bed most of the morning, so they could go out on a moment's notice if they wanted to. She turned to the robe-clad girl sitting at the table with a knowing smile on her face. Rachel changed the smile to a bright toothy grin and said, "IHOP." Sonja nodded with a defeated look. "IHOP."

Five minutes later they were fully dressed, their mutual lust for syrupy breakfast speeding the preparation. For the first time in days Sonja wore denim, in the form of nearly black stonewashed jeans of the sort a classic rock guitarist might wear on stage. They were snug enough to flatter her butt, but nowhere near skintight. She checked the fit of the pockets as she entered the kitchen, asking her daughter if the ensemble worked. To go with the jeans she had chosen a snug, dark red, V-necked knit top that revealed her bellybutton and the waist of her dark red panties if she stretched. Otherwise it showed only a sliver of her flat white tummy and the steel mesh belt she wore with the jeans. Her protection from the elements consisted of a black cloth trench coat with lapels, and a hilariously old-fashioned black Stetson felt hat with a gray band and small red feather. She looked like a 2070s club DJ who'd borrowed her coat and hat from a 1940s private detective. Her only jewelry was a beaded choker, and she had replaced the seal in her jack with one that glowed red. As were many of her shoes, the

comfortable synthetic low-rise leather walking boots were simple and black. Rachel approved.

For her own part Rachel had opted to dress...softly. Her shirt was lush, chocolate brown hemp that at first glance appeared to be inside out due to the reverse stitching. Its shallow V-neck was unbuttoned, and lined with embroidered swirls and curlicues that formed another more ornate V around it. Under it she wore a dark green cotton dress with the same reverse stitching down its sides. The ensemble was very cuddly to look at, and felt like heaven against her skin. The only hint of Rachel's signature blue was in a plain blue metal square that hung flat against her chest from black cord, just barely visible inside the V-neck. Over her outfit she wore a heavy dark red knit hooded robe that hung to her ankles. Rachel started making her way to the car, and Sonja found her purse before following suit.

Rachel suspected the pancakes and corned beef hash would be too much for her to finish, but she'd finish the hash first because it was one of her favorite foods. For this reason Sonja was willing to pay twelve pounds, the price of her entire breakfast, just for the saucerful of cloned beef. Killing most animals was illegal in Suran, as was the importing of meat taken by killing animals, but the meat itself could be cloned from animal DNA. Specific chops and parts could be created without creating the rest of the animal. This made real meat more expensive and increased the use of substitutes like soy protein. There was little complaint about it in countries like Suran where it had been the case for years and most wallets were used to the cost. Or from Rachel herself. She inhaled the hash in less than two minutes, and was halfway through the kid-sized pancakes just as Sonja's coffee was cooling.

"So what do we do today? Shopping? Movies? Museums?" Rachel thought for a moment, with a distracted expression on her face. She had clothes. There was nothing good at the movies she hadn't seen. Her current Lego project was taking forever, but didn't seem to require any parts she didn't have. She racked her brain for a minute, considering aloud various mildly interesting things that came to mind, all boring in comparison to what had gone on the previous night, before replying, "Let's stay home." Sonja was surprised at the choice, but it was hardly an involved one and of course required no planning or calling ahead for tickets or anything of the sort. A plain old day off at home would be quite nice, and would give her and Rachel time to talk. She nodded, chuckling, "That'll probably be as much fun as anything else on a Wednesday." Rachel nodded her agreement as she tried finishing off the pancakes, an endeavor which proved futile in a matter of minutes. For a while they sat there, talking about the school work Rachel's teachers had emailed home for her. All of it combined would hardly take an hour that evening.

From there they moved to talk of the Saturnalia celebration which would soon descend upon the huge backyard they shared with Takeshi and Geoff. Sonja was quite the party animal, and it was apparently a gene she'd passed on to her silly little girl. As usual there would be excellent party music and catering, and Takeshi and Geoff were hosting an afterparty bacchanal in one of their house's larger rooms. Rachel remembered that mostly grownups and older kids had gravitated toward her dad's house as the previous year's party had wound down, and at the time had been too tired to ask what they would be doing.

Sonja remembered the previous year's bacchanal quite well. Rachel had gone up to her room to nod off, full of finger food and having tired as the party wound down. Dana and her husband Michael were helping clean up the deck behind Sonja's house as the catering crew slowly evaporated with its linens and grills. Sonja and Geoff were collecting chairs and setting them against the railing of the deck when a 30-ish woman Takeshi had invited offered to help. Sonja thanked her, and as they moved about the yard they started a lively conversation. Roughly Sonja's height and blonde with huge brown eyes, Robin was a friend of Takeshi's who'd met him while taking orders for equipment his department used in its research. She was from Australia as Sonja deduced from the accent, and would be staying on Kessler Atoll just off Tashkana Island for a few days until her sales calls in Suran were done.

Robin was easy to talk to, open, with a deep soothing voice that sounded like silk to Sonja. A mildly awkward silence arose, and Sonja found it quite easy to ask if Robin was taken. She wasn't, and asked if Sonja would like to join the dozen or so people retiring to Takeshi's studio. Sonja smiled, taking the confident Aussie by the hand and giggling as they walked to Takeshi's deck.

Had this backyard been in America or the UK, she might have asked Dana to watch Rachel, or taken Robin to her own bedroom instead of Takeshi and Geoff's house barely sixty meters away. But violent crime in Suran had few motivations and fewer manifestations, and in spite of that the house's security system had even fewer holes. Most people would probably not even be able to break the windows or dent the locks. The house didn't even have any materials in its construction that would burn at less than plasma weapon temperatures. Another, less obvious layer of security surrounded Rachel's snoring form - Surani loved their children. Their children being any within their sight. Even the most hardened Surani criminal would pride himself on his constitutional inability to harm a child. And not one citizen had defied that aspect of Surani culture since twelve years before the war with the United States.

Even foreign predators knew from the news that hurting a child anywhere in the Corporate would turn the Surani into a murderous (and, from their largely civilian-waged war with the US, unusually deadly) mob. Of the scant few

Americans and Europeans who had tried having their way with children while visiting or working in Suran, more than half had been attacked in the streets and beaten to within an inch of their lives before being dragged to a constabulary office. One had, upon conviction for raping and murdering a ten year old boy, been torn to pieces by a gang with batons and knives before she could be transferred to the correctional facility on Angeles Megafloat. Penalties for those who had attacked such criminals tended to be formalities like community service, or perhaps a few years teaching trades in prison for more severe vigilantism. Ethical justification for breaking the law was, by statute, often a factor in the resultant sentence. As Sonja had found when she got a fine for beating up her brother's abusive girlfriend. Whether they personally knew her or not every adult in the Corporate stood between Rachel and any harm, and knew they would get a slap on the wrist if they broke the law to protect her.

The studio toward the front of Takeshi's house had been divided into sections by heavy curtains for a measure of privacy. Unlike Robin, Sonja knew the house quite well and led her to the smallest corner. There they found a six foot circular beanbag bed, covered by a blanket and perfectly dented in the middle. They settled on the bed next to each other, low soft light soothing their eyes as they began stroking each other's hair and faces.

Robin's touch was surprisingly light, careful, and Sonja hardly noticed as they slowly undressed each other. By the time they were free of their clothes, Sonja was lubricating as if she'd been touching herself for an hour. Robin's hands carried Sonja from one orgasm to another, and her almost humorous approach kept a smile on Sonja's face for most of the evening. Robin was playful, creative, but capable of letting go when Sonja took control and pleased her in return. They made love for nearly four hours, and slept nude for another hour before dressing each other and leaving for Sonja's den. As they walked out they noticed that Takeshi and Geoff had ironically been too tired to indulge in the bacchanal they'd thrown, instead cuddling on their sofa and falling asleep.

Sitting in the restaurant booth next to Rachel, Sonja realized that she'd been thinking more about her past encounters over the previous month or so than usual. Her masturbation was increasing in frequency, and fantasies came more easily. After observing Rachel's experience the night before, she had dreamed about her own adolescent experiences, about the feeling of sexual pleasure being new and unknown again. The shower before breakfast had been more self-pleasure than scrubbing and exfoliating.

Rachel was in a similarly sensual mood. Everything seemed brighter and happier than the day before, and she wanted to stay home and play with herself more now that she realized what fun it could be. She found herself leaning against her mother's side, the fullness in her tummy pleasant as it settled with the

help of cold sweet tea. Her mother's hand on her head was, like the full tummy, a wonderfully simple pleasure, and she responded by nuzzling the side of her mother's breast. The closeness was Rachel's own personal heaven. When she was with Mommy her world consisted of hugs and laughs and her mother's honey scent and warm milk. The previous night had brought a new form of affection about which she was quite curious. She had no reason to ignore that curiosity, so she indulged it.

She got up on her knees and hugged her mother around the neck for a moment. Sonja welcomed her baby's affection as usual and put her arms around Rachel's waist, but this time was surprised as the hug was replaced by Rachel's lips on her own. They had kissed a little the night before, but Sonja would probably not have thought of it if she hadn't been trying to help Rachel orgasm. This was Rachel taking what she knew she wanted, and Sonja obliged her.

The waiter was approaching their booth to check on whether they needed anything else, but noticed them kissing and like many Surani considered it very rude to interrupt them. So the party two booths over got their refills a little early. The girl and her pretty adult girlfriend - or perhaps mother - kissed like teenagers, the kissing an act of kindness and romantic friendship. It was free of the overly involved, slightly pretentious soap-opera quality some older lovers seemed to show when making out in public. The love he noticed as he passed them was simple, uncomplicated and reckless. It was love for love's sake, seemingly indulging itself in defiance of place or time. Seeing it he realized that the same quality was why his current relationship was working and would continue to work. Why his disagreements with his girlfriend never came to shouting or resulted in them going to bed angry. They valued their love more than their own egos. That evening he would propose to her, far sooner than he had planned on.

Sonja parted her lips slightly, letting Rachel taste her tongue as her sides were caressed by her mother's fingers. Rachel giggled and Sonja kissed her forehead before asking, "Do you like that?" Rachel's face was stuck in a wide grin that barely narrowed as she said, "I like your tongue." Sonja chuckled and granted her daughter's wish, licking Rachel's small lips and letting her suck the soft tongue again. The wet warm feeling thrilled Rachel from her mouth to her genitals, and her arms weakened with the excitement until she leaned against her mother to support herself. They continued their clumsy affection for several minutes before Rachel said with a rather declarative tone that she wanted to go home.

Sonja picked her up after leaving a tip, and paid for their meal at the front counter. Every new thing they ordered was transmitted from the waiter's tablet up to the counter as he wrote it, so their balance was already there when they arrived. They were in the trike a minute later, and home ten minutes after that. For what

seemed like half an hour they kissed in Sonja's bed before talking about Rachel's experience the night before.

"How do I make myself shake like that again?"

"It varies from girl to girl. You might have to rest for a few minutes after each orgasm, or you might be able to keep rubbing the whole time and they'll just come one after the other. But you liked it?" Rachel nodded and put her head down on the pillow. Her mother continued. "Different things can make your body get sexually aroused. It could be attention from someone you're attracted to, or seeing someone else being affectionate with their lover, or just a fantasy in your mind. But I certainly enjoy indulging myself when I get hot. Does anything you see during the day make you feel like that?" Rachel smiled, seeming to evade the question while simultaneously burying her face in her mother's side. Sonja smiled curiously, thinking perhaps Rachel hadn't put any thought into it or wasn't interested in saying. Rachel surprised her again. "You make me feel like that, Mommy." Sonja was less surprised at this from a daughter who seemed to thrive on physical affection than she was at how easily Rachel said it.

In spite of her arousal, the meal had left Rachel in too lazy a mood to try masturbating again. As Sonja caressed her back and neck, Rachel dozed off with her face nestled between her mother's breasts. Sonja couldn't move at all without waking her up, so for a while they slept.

When Sonja woke up she found Rachel was awake and studying her face. She smiled, and lifted her head to give her daughter a peck on the forehead. They pressed their cheeks together for a moment, and Sonja whispered in her baby's ear.

"I love you, baby..."

"Mmmm. I love you too, Mommy." More slow teasing kisses ensued, and for a while Rachel enjoyed playing with her mother's breasts as they cuddled. For much of the morning they remained in that position, Rachel straddling her mother and drifting in and out of sleep until around lunchtime.

They spent that afternoon trying on various outfits and makeup they'd bought recently but not had a chance to experiment with, and a few combinations they hadn't tried before. Sonja carefully drew a small star on her daughter's left cheek with a pale metallic blue skin marker. It was a quirky signature effect that Rachel liked to wear from time to time, at school and out on the town. Sometimes she wore a blue-violet Spectra-Flare appliqué in place of the drawn star, but there was no material for the appliqué in the house. In any event she

usually preferred the marker.

Sonja sat on the dressing bench in Rachel's room, the munchkin in her lap admiring herself in the mirror. Rachel was playing with her hair as her mother made it her business to kiss and nibble the back of the girl's head. Rachel stopped for a moment, trying a silver hairpin which like all her hairpins and barettes clashed too much with her star. Sonja gently removed the pin as she and Rachel looked each other in the eyes via their reflections.

"You've never needed anything flashy in your hair. It's too nice on its own." She ran her fingers through it, teasing it out as Rachel smiled in the knowledge that her mother was right. Rachel shook her head, letting her hair fly about and land in a fuller, livelier shape than before. Gently her mother's fingers pulled it to the sides, starting at the center of her forehead and dragging their way outward to reveal more of her face. "Look at how beautiful you are, Rachel Shimura Lindstrom." Rachel's grin grew wider as she agreed with her mother. "Want to wow the town with how cute you are?"

Rachel struck a pose on her mother's lap, joking, "You just want to go out so you don't have to cook tonight." Sonja's smile cracked wider. "Damn straight. So where do you want to go?" Rachel's favorite dinners tended to involve seafood - a pricey taste, but one her mother rarely hesitated to indulge. Tonight would be no exception. "Something Fishy." It wasn't a vague suggestion. Something Fishy was a rather humorously presented family restaurant less than fifteen minutes from the house specializing in sushi, Western style fish entrees, and stir fry.

As sometimes happened on a weekday, Something Fishy's unusually small parking lot was at capacity. Fortunately they had rented extra spaces a block down. After being directed to it by the attendant outside the restaurant, Sonja pulled into the lot and found a space rather quickly. She and Rachel held hands as they walked to the restaurant, the cool breeze a nice accompaniment to their walk.

Rachel's demeanor seemed changed, in some subtle way Sonja could not quite identify. She inhaled the evening air more deeply than usual, her eyes drinking in everything around her. Her movements were more fluid, as if she were more comfortable in her body than she had been before. To Sonja, her lips looked as if they might be struggling to contain a smile.

Sonja's reward for watching her daughter's face instead of where she was walking was a sudden collision between her left shoulder and a pylon holding one of the soft white street lights lining the sidewalk. As Sonja took her right hand from Rachel's left and rubbed the slightly sore shoulder, Rachel asked, "Are you okay, Mom?" Sonja grimaced and answered in the affirmative, taking Rachel's hand again. Her purse was on the left, and as they walked she withdrew her PDA to ensure it had not been damaged. As she turned it on to check, she saw that she

had an email from Karen Washington.

A week before, Sonja might have viewed another date as some hellishly pretentious ordeal to avoid at all cost. But tonight she felt the way Rachel looked. Soft, delicate, but confident - possessed of the knowledge that life was simply a good thing. Her career as an architect was on more or less the track she wanted it to be on. She was starting to get projects not only from Australia, but Japan and the UK as well. None of these were extravagant projects; most were residential designs or small businesses like restaurants. But the work was more than rewarding both financially and personally.

Sonja had spent her entire life creating things and influencing her environment. If not decorating her parents' home and later her own, she was always immersed in one art project or another. Her favorite media were clay and wood, out of which she had created countless tiny sculptures and housewares such as incense burners. Rachel was similarly artistic, but so far her medium of choice was coloring pencils. Most of her drawings were of nature or her friends and family.

Once seated inside they decided what they wanted quickly. Rachel ordered shrimp, and for Sonja it was sushi. Icewater and juice came in a matter of minutes, with the mildly sweet rice crackers the restaurant served as appetizers. Their entrees were brought soon after, and in less than thirty minutes they were both holding their tummies in their hands and enjoying the sensation of being full. Their waitress was expedient in providing the check and takeout boxes, so the only thing between them and the door was the lethargy normally caused by a satisfying meal.

"Mmmmm...I'm stuffed." Rachel looked as if she'd just inhaled half a pound of chocolate, as gauged by Sonja from the dreamy look on the girl's face. She knew the feeling.

"Me too...ready to go?" Rachel nodded, and they were out the door to enjoy the cool wet evening air. A nearby park provided the perfect venue for a nighttime stroll. Like many 'parks' on the island, the lightly wooded area was the size of the average American forest preserve. Constables on scooters and motorcycles patrolled the walks, their routes timed so that one passed any given point at most every ten minutes. Several clearings had families with grills, their kids enjoying LED-lit kites or model rockets as music played. One clearing held the dissipating remnants of a corporate picnic.

Rachel enjoyed her share of electronic entertainment, but like her mom had no trouble appreciating nature. Both enjoyed seeing various critters play around and nibble the foliage. The SDC's temperate climate supported plenty of animals and plants without too many insects, and it was quite common to see deer or bobcats in Tashkana Island's parks. Sonja suggested stopping at a pond where the

lights made it easy to see the fish even at night, and they sat on one of several huge rounded stones placed along the shore for just that purpose. As Rachel curled up on her side with her head in her mother's lap, Sonja took the opportunity to check her email from Karen. It was amusingly staid and uneasy, but plainly indicated that she was interested in seeing Sonja again.

*"Hi, Sonja...I wanted to let you know how much fun I had on our date. My evenings the rest of the week are free, so I'd love to find a nice restaurant or a movie or something. Hope you're interested..."*

*Karen"*

Sonja figured a second date would be fun even if it didn't lead to a relationship, so she wrote a reply and decided to call Karen the next day.

Thursday, 6th December, 2074.

As it turned out, Sonja never got the chance to call Karen. As she and Rachel were enjoying ice cream after dinner, the computer announced that Karen was on the phone. Sonja excused herself and took it in her office.

"Hi, Karen. What're you up to?"

"Wondering what you'd like to do tomorrow night." Sonja smiled. For the next twenty minutes Karen charmed her on the phone, and when the phone returned to its cradle they had plans for dinner and a movie. As a light romantic comedy seemed the perfect fare for a casual date, they opted on seeing "Frosty Stout." It focused on two men with no business experience discovering a fantastic recipe for stout while on their honeymoon, and deciding to start their own brewery. Both actors had demonstrated comedic chops in a few of their roles, and both Karen and Sonja expected them to deliver a few laughs even if the movie was mediocre.

Going back to the couch, Sonja found that Rachel had put her mother's leftover ice cream in the freezer after a few minutes. Nibbling the thoughtful little girl's forehead and thanking her, Sonja got her ice cream and finished it with Rachel snuggled next to her on the couch. The spent the remainder of the evening curled up watching sitcoms and a cop show.