

An Unexpected Layover – Part 2

The glass doors of the hotel slid open with a soft whoosh, and the cool air-conditioned breeze hit Billy's bare skin like a shockwave. He shivered, his cuffed hands useless behind his back, his hard cock still bobbing helplessly as Laci tugged him forward by his leash. The hotel lobby was spacious, with gleaming marble floors and a massive chandelier sparkling overhead. Peternian women in sharp business suits and flowing dresses moved about, some glancing at the nude boys with amused smiles, others barely noticing, as if naked, leashed males were as common as potted plants.

Sandra led the way, her heels clicking confidently, still gripping Wallace's erection with a calm, almost professional air. Dominique trailed behind, pulling her aunt's suitcase, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she watched her brother squirm. Laci, meanwhile, was practically bouncing with glee, yanking Billy's leash just enough to keep him stumbling forward, his face burning brighter with every step.

"Oh, look at this place!" Laci exclaimed, spinning to take in the opulent lobby. "It's so fancy! Billy, don't you just love how everyone can see your little... thingy out here?"

"Laci, stop!" Billy hissed, his voice barely above a whisper. He tried to angle his body to hide his erection, but with his hands cuffed, there was no way to cover himself. A group of young women at the check-in counter turned, giggling behind their hands as they spotted him. One whispered something to her friend, and they both burst out laughing, pointing at his bobbing cock.

Sandra approached the counter, where a poised, middle-aged Peternian woman in a sleek blazer stood, her name tag reading "Marissa - Manager." She barely glanced at the naked boys, her eyes flicking to Sandra with a professional smile.

"Welcome to the Peternian Grand," Marissa said, her voice smooth as silk. "You must be the family from the emergency landing. We've been expecting you. I have your rooms ready, compliments of the airline."

"Thank you," Sandra said, handing over the paperwork from the airport. "We're just here for the night, but I appreciate the hospitality."

Marissa's eyes slid to Billy and Wallace, her lips twitching into a knowing smirk. "First time in Peternia, I presume? Don't worry, boys, you'll get used to the... freedom." She tapped a few keys on her computer, then slid three keycards across the counter. "Two adjoining suites, as requested. One for you and your daughter, Ms. Taggart, and one for your niece and nephew. I've also included access to our spa and dining facilities. You'll find our staff very accommodating, especially for our male guests." She winked at Sandra, who chuckled.

Billy's heart sank. Adjoining suites meant he'd still be under Laci's thumb, and probably Dominique's too. He glanced at Wallace, who was breathing heavily, his face still flushed from Sandra's grip on his cock. The older boy's eyes were fixed on the floor, his erection twitching with every slight movement of Sandra's hand.

"Let's get settled," Sandra said, turning to the group. "Girls, why don't you take the boys up to the rooms? I'll handle the paperwork and meet you there."

"Sweet!" Laci chirped, giving Billy's leash a playful tug that made him yelp. "Come on, big brother, let's go explore!"

Dominique smirked, taking Wallace's leash from Sandra. "You're off the hook for now, big brother," she teased, giving the chain a light pull. Wallace gasped, his cock surging as he stumbled after her. "But don't think I'm letting you hide in the room all day."

Sandra waved them off, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "Have fun, kids! And boys, try to... behave."

The elevator ride was torture. The mirrored walls reflected Billy's naked, cuffed body from every angle, his hard cock impossible to ignore. Laci stood next to him, humming cheerfully, while Dominique leaned against the wall, twirling Wallace's leash around her finger. The elevator dinged, and the doors opened to a plush hallway lined with tropical plants and soft lighting.

"This place is amazing," Laci said, dragging Billy toward their suite. "I bet the rooms are huge! Oh, Billy, maybe they'll have a big mirror so you can admire your cute little boner all night!"

"Stop it, Laci!" Billy snapped, his voice cracking. His cock throbbed painfully, betraying him with every word she said. The leash tugged at his balls, keeping him in line as she swiped the keycard and pushed open the door.

The suite was luxurious, with floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the vibrant Peternian streets below. A massive king-sized bed dominated the room, flanked by a sleek desk and a minibar stocked with colorful drinks. Laci dropped her bag and flopped onto the bed, yanking Billy's leash to make him stand beside her.

"Look at this view!" she said, pointing at the window. "You can see the whole city from here! Oh, Billy, imagine all the women down there looking up and seeing your little wee-wee waving at them!"

Billy's face burned. "Laci, please! Can you just... not talk about it?"

She giggled, sitting up and dangling the leash in front of him. "Oh, come on, big brother. You're the one who's all... excited about it." She flicked her eyes to his erection, smirking. "Maybe I should take you out on the balcony so everyone can get a better look."

"No!" Billy cried, his heart racing. The thought of being paraded outside, fully exposed, made his knees weak. But his cock, maddeningly, only got harder.

Next door, Dominique pushed Wallace into their suite, her heels clicking on the hardwood floor. "Wow, this is nice," she said, tossing her bag onto a chair. She turned to her brother, who was still trying to shrink into himself, his hands twitching behind his back. "What do you think, Wallace? Ready to relax and enjoy the Peternian lifestyle?"

Wallace swallowed hard, his erection still painfully obvious. "Dom, please... can you take this leash off? It's... it's too much."

She laughed, stepping closer and running a finger along the gold chain. "Oh, but it looks so good on you, big brother. And besides, Aunt Sandra said we have to keep you boys in line. I'm just following the rules." She gave the leash a gentle tug, making him gasp. "Now, let's see what's in the minibar. Maybe they've got something to cool you down."

Back in the other suite, Laci had found the room service menu and was flipping through it, still holding Billy's leash. "Ooh, they have chocolate lava cake! And look, they've got a special Peternian massage package. Says it's for 'male guests to learn proper behavior.' Sounds like something you need, Billy!"

"No way!" he protested, tugging at his cuffs. "I'm not doing that!"

Laci grinned, picking up the phone. "Too bad you don't get a say, big brother. I'm your Handler, remember?" She dialed the front desk, her voice sweet as sugar. "Hi, yes, this is Laci Taggart in Suite 412. Can you send up someone for the Peternian massage package? For my brother. Oh, and can you make it quick? He's... very eager."

Billy's eyes widened. "Laci, no! Mom won't let you!"

“Mom’s busy,” Laci said, hanging up the phone. “And besides, she said I’m in charge of you. So you’re getting a massage, and you’re going to love it.”

A knock at the door made Billy jump. Laci hopped up, pulling him along like a puppy. “That was fast!” she said, opening the door to reveal a tall, athletic Peternian woman in a crisp white uniform, her dark hair pulled back in a tight bun. Her name tag read “Elara - Therapist.”

“Good afternoon,” Elara said, her voice calm but authoritative. She glanced at Billy, her eyes lingering on his erection with a slight smile. “This must be the guest for the massage. I’ll need a flat surface and some privacy. Handler, will you be staying to supervise?”

“Oh, absolutely,” Laci said, grinning ear to ear. “I wouldn’t miss this for the world.”

Billy’s heart pounded as Elara stepped inside, carrying a small bag of supplies. “Mom!” he called out, hoping Sandra was close enough to hear. “MOM!”

The door to the adjoining suite opened, and Sandra poked her head in, still holding Wallace’s leash. Dominique followed, leading her brother, whose face was as red as ever. “What’s all the commotion?” Sandra asked, then spotted Elara. “Oh, a massage? How lovely! Billy, you’re going to feel so relaxed.”

“Mom, please!” Billy begged. “Don’t let her do this!”

Sandra chuckled, stepping into the room with Wallace in tow. “Honey, it’s just a massage. And it’s included in our stay, so we might as well enjoy it. Right, Wallace?”

Wallace, still reeling from Sandra’s earlier handling, just nodded mutely, his cock twitching under Dominique’s leash.

Elara set up a portable massage table with practiced ease, spreading a clean white sheet over it. “Please, have the male lie face down,” she instructed Laci. “And remove his cuffs. They’ll interfere with the session.”

Laci pouted but unlocked Billy’s cuffs, tossing them onto the bed. “Fine, but don’t try anything funny, big brother.” She gave his leash a tug, making him yelp, then pushed him toward the table. “Lie down.”

Billy hesitated, his hands finally free but still too embarrassed to cover himself properly. Elara’s presence made it worse—she was older, maybe in her late twenties, with a confident air that made him feel even smaller. Her uniform hugged her curves, and her calm, professional demeanor only heightened his humiliation.

“Now,” Elara said firmly, patting the table. Billy climbed on, lying face down, his erection pressed uncomfortably against the sheet. He buried his face in the headrest, praying this would be over quickly.

Elara began, her strong hands kneading his shoulders with surprising gentleness. “Peternian massage is designed to teach males relaxation and obedience,” she explained to Laci, who was watching with rapt attention. “We use specific techniques to calm the body and mind, ensuring proper behavior in public spaces.”

“Sounds perfect for Billy,” Laci giggled. “He’s been so naughty with that little boner of his.”

Elara chuckled softly, her hands moving lower down Billy’s back. “That’s very common for first-time visitors. Our techniques help redirect that energy.” Her fingers pressed into his lower back, then slid down to his bare buttocks, kneading them firmly. Billy gasped, his cock twitching against the table.

“Oh my god, he’s loving it!” Laci laughed, clapping her hands.

Sandra, still holding Wallace's leash, leaned against the wall, watching with amusement. "Maybe we should book one for Wallace too," she said, giving his cock a gentle squeeze. Wallace whimpered, his knees buckling slightly.

Dominique grinned. "Oh, definitely. He needs to learn some manners."

Elara's hands moved to Billy's thighs, her touch firm but precise. "Males in Peternia are taught to control their urges," she said, her fingers brushing dangerously close to his balls. Billy tensed, his breath hitching. "This massage will help him learn to relax, even in... stimulating situations."

Billy's face burned as her hands worked closer to his groin, her fingers occasionally grazing his leashed balls. He bit his lip, trying not to make a sound, but his cock was throbbing, and he could feel himself getting closer to the edge.

"Laci, please," he whispered, his voice trembling. "Make her stop."

Laci leaned down, her face close to his. "Aww, poor Billy. Can't handle a little massage? Maybe you should've thought of that before getting so... excited in public." She tugged his leash gently, making him gasp again.

Elara paused, looking at Laci. "Would you like me to include the full Peternian discipline package? It's very effective for males who struggle with control."

Laci's eyes lit up. "Oh, yes! What's that?"

"It includes a series of techniques to reinforce obedience," Elara said, her voice steady. "Including mild corrective measures, if needed."

Sandra raised an eyebrow, still stroking Wallace's cock absentmindedly. "Corrective measures? Like what?"

Elara smiled, pulling a small, padded paddle from her bag. It was smaller than the Customs agent's, but still intimidating. "For particularly stubborn males, a few light swats can help refocus their attention. It's very effective."

Billy's eyes widened. "No! Laci, don't let her!"

Laci clapped her hands, practically bouncing. "Do it! He totally needs it!"

Sandra laughed. "Well, Laci, you're his Handler. It's your call."

Elara looked to Laci, who nodded eagerly. "Go for it."

Billy squirmed, but Elara's strong hand pressed him back down. "Relax," she said, her voice firm but not unkind. "This is for your own good." She delivered three quick, light swats to his bare buttocks, each one stinging just enough to make him yelp. His cock surged against the table, and he squeezed his eyes shut, mortified.

"Oh my god, he's getting even harder!" Laci squealed, pointing at his twitching body.

"It's a natural response," Elara said calmly, resuming the massage. "The discipline helps males associate obedience with pleasure, redirecting their energy appropriately."

Sandra chuckled, giving Wallace's leash a tug. "Maybe we should try that with you, too, honey."

Wallace's face turned scarlet. "Aunt Sandra, please..."

Dominique giggled, leaning close to her brother. “Oh, come on, Wallace. You know you’d love it.”

The massage continued for another agonizing ten minutes, with Elara’s hands working Billy’s body into a strange mix of relaxation and unbearable arousal. By the time she finished, he was trembling, his cock still hard and his face flushed with embarrassment. Elara stepped back, wiping her hands on a towel. “He’s done well for his first session,” she said to Laci. “Keep him leashed and under control, and he’ll adjust quickly.”

Laci grinned, reattaching Billy’s cuffs behind his back. “Oh, I’ll keep him in line. Right, big brother?”

Billy could only nod, too humiliated to speak.

As Elara packed up, Sandra turned to the girls. “Well, we’ve got a few hours before dinner. What do you say we hit those shops we saw earlier? The airline’s covering our expenses, so let’s have some fun.”

“Yes!” Laci and Dominique said in unison, their eyes gleaming.

Billy and Wallace exchanged a horrified glance. “Mom, no!” Billy pleaded. “Not shopping!”

Sandra laughed, giving Wallace’s cock a final squeeze before handing his leash back to Dominique. “Sorry, boys, but the girls and I are in charge here. And I think a little retail therapy sounds perfect. Let’s go.”

Laci yanked Billy’s leash, pulling him toward the door. “Come on, big brother. Time to show off that cute little boner to all the Peternian ladies!”

As the group headed back to the elevator, Billy’s heart sank deeper. The thought of parading through crowded stores, naked and leashed, surrounded by laughing women, was almost too much to bear. But with Laci holding his leash and his hands cuffed, he had no choice but to follow, his erection leading the way.

The shopping excursion had been a nightmare for Billy and Wallace. Dragged through boutique after boutique by their giggling handlers, the boys had endured endless humiliation as Laci and Dominique tried on outfit after outfit, forcing the nude males to stand at attention in the middle of the stores. Women shoppers cooed and laughed, some even snapping discreet photos or giving the boys’ leashes a playful tug under the watchful eyes of their female relatives. Billy’s erection had refused to wilt, throbbing painfully as Laci modeled skimpy lingerie sets “just for fun,” asking his opinion while he stood there, exposed and helpless.

By the time they returned to the hotel for dinner, both boys were exhausted, their faces permanently flushed. Sandra had treated everyone to a lavish meal at the hotel restaurant, where naked male waiters served them with impeccable poise, their own leashes dangling from collars around their necks. The women chatted animatedly about their purchases, while Billy and Wallace squirmed in their seats, trying to ignore the stares from other diners.

But now, as the sun rose on their departure day, the family gathered their things—or what was left of them—and headed back to the airport. The airline had assured them the plane was repaired, and takeoff was scheduled for noon. Billy’s heart raced with relief. Soon, they’d be out of this matriarchal hellhole and back in civilization, where men wore pants and didn’t have chains around their balls.

“Mom, I can’t wait to get my clothes back,” Billy said as they entered the terminal, Laci still leading him by his leash. His hands were free now, but he didn’t dare cover himself—Peternian law forbade it, and the airport was crawling with female security.

Sandra smiled, checking her watch. "Me too, honey. Though I have to admit, this little adventure has been... enlightening."

Dominique chuckled, giving Wallace's leash a yank. "Yeah, enlightening for us girls. Not so much for the boys and their little secrets."

Wallace blushed, his cock twitching despite his best efforts. The constant exposure had worn down his resistance; even the breeze from the air conditioning made him half-hard.

At the Customs area, the same agent from their arrival greeted them with a smirk. "Leaving so soon? I hope you enjoyed your stay in Peternia."

"It was... unique," Sandra said diplomatically, handing over their passports.

The agent stamped them efficiently, then nodded to the boys. "Handlers, please remove the leashes. They'll need to board as per international flight rules."

Laci pouted but unclipped Billy's gold chain, giving his balls a final pat. "Bye-bye, little leash. You were fun while you lasted."

Dominique did the same for Wallace, winking at him. "Don't worry, brother. I'm sure we can find something similar back home."

The boys sighed in relief as the chains came off, but their nudity remained. Billy shifted uncomfortably, glancing around at the other passengers queuing up—mostly women, with a few naked Peternian men being led by their handlers.

"Um, what about our clothes?" Wallace asked the agent, his voice tentative. "The ones we left here?"

The agent's smile widened, almost predatory. "Ah, yes. About that." She pulled out a form and slid it across the counter to Sandra. "As per Peternian export laws, all male clothing and luggage containing such items must be disposed of to prevent 'cultural contamination.' We've incinerated everything."

Billy's jaw dropped. "What?!"

Sandra's eyes widened, but she kept her composure. "Incinerated? All of it?"

"Yes, ma'am," the agent said cheerfully. "Clothes, suitcases, even those little video games the boys had. All gone. It's standard procedure for male visitors. Helps reinforce our societal norms."

Laci burst out laughing, clutching her stomach. "Oh my god! So Billy and Wallace have to fly home... naked?!"

The agent nodded. "Precisely. And not just them—the airline informed us that the male crew members who deplaned have also had their uniforms disposed of. They'll be continuing the flight in compliance with local laws until you're out of Peternian airspace."

Dominique's eyes sparkled with delight. "This is too good! Captain Yates, buck naked at the controls?"

Wallace looked like he might faint. "Aunt Sandra, please! We can't board like this!"

Sandra signed the form with a sigh, though a small smile tugged at her lips. "It seems we have no choice, boys. The airline will provide blankets or something once we're airborne, I'm sure. Think of it as one last adventure."

The boys were herded toward the gate, their bare feet slapping against the cold tile. Other passengers stared openly—women with amusement, the few men (all nude Peternians) with sympathetic nods. Billy tried to hide behind Laci, but she stepped aside, exposing him fully.

"Come on, big brother," she teased. "Show the world what you've got. Or... what you don't."

At the gate, the female gate agent scanned their boarding passes, her eyes lingering on the boys' exposed bodies. "Enjoy your flight," she said with a wink. "And boys, try not to get too... excited. It's a long trip."

Boarding the plane was surreal. The same stewardesses from before greeted them, their uniforms crisp and professional. But the male crew—the captain, co-pilot, and a few attendants—were stark naked, their faces flushed as they stood at attention. Captain Yates, a tall man in his forties with a fit build, nodded stiffly to the passengers, his uncut cock hanging limply between his legs.

"Welcome aboard," he muttered, avoiding eye contact. "We'll be departing shortly."

The female passengers giggled and whispered, some snapping photos before the head stewardess intervened. "No photography, please. Respect the crew's... situation."

Billy and Wallace slunk to their seats, sinking down as low as possible. But with no clothes, no blankets yet, they were fully exposed. Laci plopped down next to Billy, grinning ear to ear. "This is the best vacation ever! I can't wait to tell all my friends about flying with naked boys."

Across the aisle, Dominique leaned over to Wallace. "Hey, brother, if you get cold, I can warm you up." She fluttered her eyelashes mockingly.

Sandra settled in, patting Wallace's knee—dangerously close to his groin. "Relax, boys. It's only a few hours. And who knows? Maybe you'll start a new trend back home."

As the plane taxied down the runway, Billy stared out the window, watching Peternia shrink away. His cock, traitorous as ever, began to stir again at the sheer humiliation of it all. Naked on a plane, surrounded by clothed women, with no escape until landing.

The captain's voice came over the intercom, strained but professional. "This is Captain Yates. We'll be cruising at 35,000 feet, and... uh, please disregard the crew's attire. It's temporary."

Laughter rippled through the cabin. Laci squeezed Billy's thigh. "Temporary? For you, maybe. But I think I'm keeping you like this forever."

Billy groaned, covering his face—but not his lap. The flight had just begun, and the real layover was in his dignity, lost somewhere over the ocean.

The plane hummed steadily at cruising altitude, the cabin lights dimmed to a soft glow as the transatlantic flight settled in for the long haul back to America. Billy sat rigid in his seat, his bare skin sticking to the scratchy airline upholstery, his hands clenched into fists on his thighs. Without the Peternian leash or cuffs, he was technically free to move, but the weight of his nudity felt heavier than any restraint. Every rustle of a passenger's clothing, every glance from across the aisle, sent a fresh wave of heat to his face—and, maddeningly, to his groin. His erection, which had barely softened since the airport, throbbed insistently, betraying him with every heartbeat.

Next to him, Laci was sprawled out, scrolling through her phone, her pink carry-on tucked under the seat. She'd already snapped a few sneaky photos of Billy's predicament, giggling under her breath as she captioned them for her group chat back home. "Don't worry, big brother," she whispered, leaning close enough that her breath tickled his ear. "I'll only show these to, like, *half* the school."

“Laci, please,” Billy hissed, his voice barely audible over the drone of the engines. “Delete those. I’m begging you.”

She smirked, tucking her phone into her pocket. “No way. This is gold. Besides, you’re the one who can’t control his little... problem.” Her eyes flicked to his lap, where his hard cock stood defiant, impossible to hide. “Maybe if you think about baseball or something, it’ll go away.”

Billy squeezed his eyes shut, trying to focus on anything else—batting averages, engine schematics, his grandma’s meatloaf. But the memory of Laci parading him through the Peternian streets, the Japanese schoolgirls’ giggles, and that stewardess grabbing his erection during the emergency landing kept flooding back. His cock twitched, and he groaned, slumping lower in his seat.

Across the aisle, Wallace wasn’t faring much better. His athletic frame was hunched, his long legs pressed tightly together as if that could shield him from the stares. Dominique, seated beside him, was flipping through the in-flight magazine, occasionally glancing at her brother with a wicked grin. “You know, Wallace,” she said, her voice light but teasing, “you’re really rocking this nudist vibe. Maybe you should join a commune when we get home.”

“Shut up, Dom,” Wallace muttered, his face as red as the emergency exit sign. His own erection hadn’t subsided either, and every time he shifted, it bobbed slightly, drawing a stifled giggle from his sister.

Sandra, seated next to Dominique, was sipping a glass of white wine, her financial magazine open but unread in her lap. She glanced at the boys with a mix of amusement and sympathy. “Oh, come on, you two. It’s not *that* bad. You’re young, fit—enjoy the attention while it lasts.”

“Mom!” Billy whined, his voice cracking. “Everyone’s staring!”

Sandra chuckled, leaning across the aisle. “Honey, they’re staring because you’re making a fuss. Just sit back and pretend you’re at the beach. It’s only a few hours.”

But the beach didn’t have a cabin full of clothed passengers, half of whom were women whispering and smirking at the naked boys and crew. The male flight attendants, also stripped of their uniforms by Peternian law, moved awkwardly down the aisles, their faces flushed as they served drinks and snacks. One, a lanky guy in his twenties, kept his tray strategically positioned over his groin, but it did little to hide his own reluctant arousal.

The head stewardess, the same blonde who had grabbed Billy’s cock during the emergency, approached their row, her heels clicking sharply. Her uniform was pristine, her smile professional but with a glint of mischief. “Can I get you anything?” she asked, her eyes lingering on Billy and Wallace. “Water? Juice? A blanket, perhaps?”

“Yes, please!” Billy said quickly, seizing the chance to cover himself. “Blankets for both of us.”

She tilted her head, her smile widening. “I’m afraid we’re short on blankets due to the... unusual circumstances. But I’ll see what I can do.” She leaned closer, lowering her voice. “And young man, try to keep that under control. We don’t want any *turbulence* in the cabin.” Her eyes flicked to his erection, and Billy’s face burned hotter than the Peternian sun.

As she moved on, Laci burst out laughing. “Oh my god, Billy, even the stewardess is calling you out! You’re, like, the star of this flight.”

“Stop it,” he muttered, crossing his arms over his chest, the only part of himself he could cover without breaking Peternian rules still lingering in his mind.

The intercom crackled, and Captain Yates’ voice filled the cabin, steady but with a noticeable strain. “Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. We’re cruising smoothly at 35,000 feet, with an

estimated arrival time of 8:30 PM Eastern. Weather looks clear, so sit back and enjoy the flight. Uh... and please, let's keep the cabin respectful."

A ripple of laughter spread through the female passengers. Billy caught a group of businesswomen a few rows ahead whispering and glancing back at him, one holding up her phone as if zooming in. He sank lower, his heart pounding. This was worse than the Peternian streets—here, he was trapped in a metal tube with nowhere to hide.

Dominique nudged Wallace, pointing to the in-flight entertainment screen. "Hey, brother, maybe you should watch a movie to take your mind off... everything." She scrolled through the options, deliberately pausing on a rom-com with a shirtless male lead. "This one looks perfect for you."

Wallace groaned, turning his head away. "I'm fine, Dom. Just leave me alone."

Sandra sipped her wine, chuckling. "Girls, give the boys a break. They've had a rough day." But her tone was light, and she winked at Dominique, clearly enjoying the spectacle.

Halfway through the flight, the stewardess returned, empty-handed. "Sorry, boys," she said, not sounding sorry at all. "No blankets left. But I brought you some pillows." She handed one to each boy, her fingers brushing Billy's thigh as she did. He flinched, his cock surging again, and she smirked before moving on.

Billy clutched the pillow over his lap, but it was too small to cover much. Laci snorted. "Nice try, big brother. That's not hiding anything."

The rest of the flight dragged on in a haze of humiliation. Meal service was a particular ordeal—naked male attendants served trays of chicken or pasta, their own exposure making Billy and Wallace feel slightly less alone, but no less mortified. One passenger, a middle-aged woman with a thick Southern accent, called over a male attendant and asked, "Darlin', is this how y'all do flights now? 'Cause I might book this airline again!" The cabin erupted in laughter, and Billy wished he could melt into the seat.

As the plane began its descent, the cabin lights brightened, and the reality of landing hit Billy hard. They'd be walking through an American airport—still naked. Would customs officials there demand they stay this way? Would Laci and Dominique ever let them live this down?

The intercom crackled again. "This is Captain Yates. We're beginning our descent into JFK. Please fasten your seatbelts and... uh, prepare for arrival. Thank you for flying with us."

Laci leaned over, grinning. "Ready to strut through JFK, Billy? I bet the paparazzi will love this."

Sandra reached across the aisle, patting Billy's knee. "Don't worry, honey. I'll call your father to bring some clothes to the airport. You'll be covered soon enough."

But as the plane touched down and taxied to the gate, Billy's stomach churned. The male crew members gathered their belongings—if you could call their empty hands that—and prepared to deplane, their nudity as stark as ever. The passengers, especially the women, clapped and cheered, some shouting playful catcalls as Captain Yates emerged from the cockpit, his face a mask of resignation.

As the family stood to disembark, Laci tugged Billy's arm. "Come on, big brother. Time to show America what Peternia taught you."

Billy swallowed hard, stepping into the aisle, his naked body exposed to the world. Wallace followed, equally red-faced, as Dominique and Sandra herded them toward the jet bridge. The cool air of the terminal hit their skin, and Billy braced himself for whatever came next.

The jet bridge at JFK International Airport was a cold, sterile tunnel, and Billy's bare feet slapped against the rubberized floor as he shuffled forward, his heart pounding in his chest. The air conditioning blasted his exposed skin, raising goosebumps and making his already stubborn erection twitch uncomfortably. Behind him, Laci walked with a bounce in her step, her pink carry-on rolling noisily, her face lit up with a grin that hadn't faded since Peternia. Wallace trailed just behind, his athletic frame hunched as if he could shrink himself out of existence, while Dominique and Sandra brought up the rear, chatting lightly about the flight as if their naked male companions were just another part of the vacation.

The jet bridge opened into the bustling terminal, and Billy froze as the full weight of their situation hit him. The gate area was a sea of people—business travelers in suits, families with rolling suitcases, and airport staff bustling about. All eyes seemed to turn toward the naked boys and the equally nude male crew members emerging from the plane. Gasps, giggles, and a few shocked whispers rippled through the crowd. Billy's face burned hotter than ever, his hands twitching to cover himself, but the memory of Peternian rules—and Laci's watchful eye—kept them at his sides.

"Oh my god, look at them!" a teenage girl in a hoodie squealed to her friend, pointing at Billy and Wallace. Her friend whipped out her phone, snapping a quick photo before an airport staffer intervened.

"No photography, please!" a female TSA agent barked, stepping forward. She was a stout woman in her thirties, her navy uniform crisp, her expression a mix of professionalism and barely concealed amusement. "Move along, folks. Let's keep the line moving."

Billy glanced at Wallace, whose face was as red as his own. "This is a nightmare," he muttered, his voice barely audible over the terminal's din.

Wallace nodded, his jaw tight. "Just... keep walking, man. Maybe no one will notice."

"Yeah, right," Billy scoffed, his cock bobbing with every step, drawing more stares. He could feel the weight of every gaze—curious women, embarrassed men, and a few kids pointing before their parents hurriedly pulled them away.

Sandra, ever composed, led the group toward the Customs area, her heels clicking confidently. "Come on, boys," she called over her shoulder. "The sooner we get through Customs, the sooner we can get you covered up. I called your father, Billy—he's waiting with clothes in the arrivals area."

Laci giggled, nudging Billy's bare shoulder. "If he even recognizes you without your pants, big brother."

"Stop it, Laci," Billy snapped, his voice cracking. His erection, maddeningly persistent, seemed to pulse with every taunt, and he prayed it would subside before they reached the public arrivals hall.

Dominique smirked at Wallace, twirling a strand of her dark hair. "You know, brother, you're kinda famous now. I bet those photos from Peternia are already viral on X."

Wallace groaned, his hands clenching into fists. "Don't remind me."

The Customs area was a cavernous hall lined with counters, each manned by a stern-faced agent. The line moved slowly, and Billy's anxiety spiked with every step closer to the front. The male crew members, including Captain Yates, were processed first, their nudity drawing raised eyebrows but no real resistance from the American agents, who seemed briefed on the Peternian situation. Yates, his face a mask of stoic resignation, answered questions about the emergency landing while standing stark naked, his pilot's cap the only remnant of his authority.

When it was the Taggart family's turn, Sandra handed over their passports to a female agent with a no-nonsense demeanor. The agent, whose name tag read "Agent Carter," scanned the documents, her eyes flicking to Billy and Wallace with a hint of curiosity.

“First time in Peternia, huh?” she asked, her tone neutral but her lips twitching. “I see you’ve... embraced the local customs.”

Sandra chuckled, unfazed. “It was an unexpected layover, but we made the best of it. Their clothes were incinerated, per Peternian law. I’ve got someone waiting with replacements in arrivals.”

Agent Carter nodded, stamping the passports. “Understood. We’ve had a few cases like this before. You’re cleared to proceed, but...” She glanced at the boys, her expression softening slightly. “You might want to move quickly through the terminal. It’s a busy day, and, well, you’re drawing a crowd.”

Billy’s stomach dropped as he followed her gaze. A small knot of travelers had gathered near the exit, whispering and pointing. A few were holding up phones, despite the TSA’s earlier warnings. Laci noticed and waved cheekily, making Billy want to sink through the floor.

“Come on, big brother,” she said, grabbing his arm and pulling him forward. “Let’s give them a show!”

“Laci, no!” Billy hissed, but she was already striding toward the exit, dragging him into the open arrivals hall. The space was even more chaotic than the gate—hundreds of people milled about, holding signs, hugging relatives, or rushing to catch connecting flights. The moment Billy and Wallace appeared, a hush fell over the nearest travelers, followed by a wave of gasps, laughter, and murmurs.

“Oh my god, they’re naked!” a woman in her twenties exclaimed, covering her mouth but not her eyes.

“Are they protesters or something?” a man asked his companion, who shook her head, grinning.

Billy scanned the crowd desperately for his father, praying for the promised clothes. Wallace did the same, his broad shoulders hunched as he tried to make himself smaller. Sandra, still leading the group, craned her neck, searching for her husband.

“There he is!” she said finally, pointing to a familiar figure near the baggage claim. Mr. Taggart, a stocky man in his late forties with thinning hair, stood holding a sign that read “Taggart Family” in bold marker. Next to him was a duffel bag, presumably filled with clothes.

“Dad!” Billy called, his voice cracking with relief. He broke into a jog, ignoring the stares, his bare feet slapping the cold tile. Wallace followed, equally eager to end their ordeal.

Mr. Taggart’s jaw dropped as he spotted his son and nephew, both stark naked and trailed by a giggling Laci and Dominique. “What the—Sandra?!” he called, hurrying toward them. “What happened to their clothes?”

Sandra laughed, kissing his cheek as they met. “Long story, honey. Peternia happened. Their clothes were incinerated, but we’re all fine. Just... a bit more exposed than planned.”

Mr. Taggart shook his head, unzipping the duffel bag. “I brought some sweats and t-shirts. Figured you’d need them.” He pulled out a pair of gray sweatpants and handed them to Billy, who practically snatched them, yanking them on with shaking hands. The fabric felt like a miracle against his skin, and for the first time in hours, his erection began to soften, hidden at last.

Wallace grabbed a pair of jeans and a hoodie, pulling them on just as quickly. “Thanks, Uncle Mike,” he muttered, his face still flushed as he tied the hoodie strings tightly around his waist.

Laci pouted, crossing her arms. “Aww, no more fun? You guys are boring now.”

Dominique smirked, nudging her. “Don’t worry, Laci. We’ve got plenty of photos to keep the memories alive.”

Sandra thanked the TSA agent, who was still watching the scene with amusement, and guided the family toward the exit. "Let's get to the car before we cause any more of a scene," she said, her tone light but firm.

As they stepped outside into the chilly New York evening, Billy felt the weight of Peternia lift slightly, though the humiliation lingered like a bruise. He glanced at Wallace, who gave him a weary nod, a silent agreement that they'd never speak of this again—at least, not until Laci and Dominique inevitably brought it up at Thanksgiving.

In the parking lot, Mr. Taggart loaded their remaining bags into the trunk, shaking his head. "You kids are gonna have one hell of a story to tell," he said, climbing into the driver's seat.

Laci grinned, sliding into the backseat next to Billy. "Oh, Dad, you have no idea."

As the car pulled away from JFK, Billy stared out the window, the city lights blurring past. He was clothed, he was home, but Peternia had left its mark—not just on his skin, but in the gleeful glint in his sister's eyes, promising that this layover would haunt him for years to come.

The car ride home from JFK was a tense silence for Billy and Wallace, broken only by Laci and Dominique's occasional giggles and Sandra's light chatter with Mr. Taggart about the trip's highlights—minus the more explicit details. Billy tugged at the oversized sweatpants his father had brought, grateful for the coverage but still feeling the phantom tug of the Peternian leash on his skin. Wallace, bundled in the hoodie, stared out the window, his mind replaying the endless humiliations.

As they pulled into the driveway of their suburban home, Billy exhaled deeply. "Finally," he muttered, stepping out into the cool evening air. "No more naked adventures."

Mr. Taggart chuckled, unlocking the front door. "Sounds like you boys had quite the trip. Get some rest—school tomorrow."

But as the family entered the living room, the doorbell rang almost immediately. Sandra frowned, peering through the peephole. "It's... customs agents?"

Mr. Taggart opened the door to reveal two stern-faced officials—one man, one woman—in crisp uniforms, badges gleaming under the porch light. "Mr. and Mrs. Taggart?" the female agent asked, her tone professional. "We're from U.S. Customs and Border Protection. We need to speak with you about your recent travel from Peternia."

Billy's stomach dropped. "What? Why?"

The male agent stepped forward, holding a clipboard. "We've been notified by the airline and Peternian authorities. Due to the emergency landing and potential exposure to unregulated cultural artifacts—specifically, items subject to Peternia's mandatory male nudity laws—all clothing and personal effects that came into contact with the island must be confiscated for quarantine and inspection."

Sandra blinked. "Confiscated? But we didn't bring anything back except our carry-ons!"

The female agent nodded sympathetically but firmly. "That includes any replacement clothing worn after deplaning. Peternian laws are strict, and there's a risk of 'cultural contamination'—their term, not ours. It's a new bilateral agreement to prevent smuggling or inadvertent violations. The boys' original clothes were incinerated, and any new items they've worn since must be seized."

Wallace's face paled. "You mean... we have to strip? Again?!"

The male agent coughed awkwardly. "Yes, sir. Right now. We'll provide temporary coverings once we're back at the facility, but for the next 48 hours, you'll be under home quarantine, adhering to Peternian exposure protocols to ensure no lingering effects."

Laci's eyes widened with delight, her hand flying to her mouth to stifle a squeal. Dominique grinned outright, leaning against the wall as if settling in for a show.

"48 hours?!" Billy cried, clutching his sweatpants. "Naked? In our own house?!"

Sandra sighed, though a small smile tugged at her lips. "Honey, it's just two days. And it's the law now, apparently."

Mr. Taggart protested. "This is ridiculous! They're American citizens!"

The female agent shook her head. "The agreement is binding. Non-compliance could result in fines or worse. Please, gentlemen—your clothes."

With no choice, Billy and Wallace stripped once more, their faces burning as they handed over the sweatpants, shirts, and hoodies to the agents, who sealed them in evidence bags. Standing naked in their own living room, erections stirring unwillingly from the familiar humiliation, the boys covered themselves with their hands—until the female agent cleared her throat.

"No covering during quarantine," she said. "Paternian rules apply."

Laci burst out laughing, collapsing onto the couch. "Oh my god, this is the best! Billy and Wallace, naked houseboys for two whole days?!"

Dominique high-fived her cousin. "I call dibs on making them do chores! Vacuuming, dishes— all in the buff!"

Sandra chuckled, signing the quarantine paperwork. "Girls, be nice. But... I suppose we could use the help around the house."

Mr. Taggart grumbled but stepped aside as the agents left, promising to return in 48 hours with cleared replacements. As the door closed, Billy and Wallace stood exposed, their cocks hardening despite their protests, while the women in the room exchanged gleeful looks.

"Well, boys," Sandra said, her eyes twinkling, "looks like Paternia followed us home. Let's make the most of it."

Laci jumped up, grabbing her phone. "Smile for the camera, big brother! This quarantine is gonna be epic."

For the next two days, Billy and Wallace endured endless teasing—cooking breakfast nude, mowing the lawn under careful supervision (with sunscreen applied by giggling sisters), and even a "family game night" where they served snacks bare as the day they were born. The women reveled in their power, enforcing "Paternian rules" with mock seriousness, their laughter echoing through the house.

By the time the agents returned with new clothes, the boys were exhausted, humiliated, but oddly resigned. Paternia had changed them—and to the women's the memories (and photos) would last a lifetime.

The first 48 hours of the home quarantine had been a mortifying blur for Billy and Wallace. Naked in their own home, they'd been subjected to endless teasing from Laci and Dominique, who took every opportunity to enforce "Paternian rules" with gleeful enthusiasm. From serving breakfast in the buff to mowing the lawn under the watchful eyes of their giggling sisters, the boys had no reprieve. Their erections, stubbornly persistent, only fueled the women's amusement, with Laci snapping photos for her "private collection" and Dominique assigning increasingly absurd chores like dusting the living room shelves while standing on tiptoe. Sandra, though initially sympathetic, had leaned into the situation, chuckling as she directed the boys to "keep things tidy" while she sipped coffee and flipped through her magazines.

As the second day drew to a close, Billy and Wallace clung to the hope of the Customs agents' return, envisioning the moment they could finally slip into clothes again. But as the clock struck 7 PM, the doorbell rang, and the same two agents—the stern female Agent Carter and her awkward male partner—stood on the porch, their expressions grim.

“Mr. and Mrs. Taggart,” Agent Carter began, holding a new set of forms, “we’ve received an update from Peternian authorities. Due to a clerical error in their export documentation, the quarantine period for your son and nephew has been extended.”

Billy, standing naked in the living room with his hands clasped behind his back (per Laci’s strict orders), felt his stomach plummet. “Extended? For how long?”

Agent Carter glanced at her clipboard. “An additional five days, bringing the total to one week from your arrival. Peternian law requires a full seven-day observation period to ensure no cultural contamination lingers. It’s a precautionary measure.”

Wallace, equally exposed and red-faced, stammered, “A week?! You can’t be serious! We’re in America!”

The male agent coughed, avoiding eye contact. “I’m afraid it’s binding under the bilateral agreement. Non-compliance could lead to legal action or a travel ban to Peternia in the future.”

Laci, sprawled on the couch, let out a delighted squeal. “A whole week?! Oh my god, this is Christmas!” She clapped her hands, her eyes gleaming as she looked at Billy’s twitching erection. “Big brother, you’re gonna be my naked butler for days!”

Dominique, leaning against the wall with her arms crossed, grinned wickedly. “Same for you, Wallace. I’m thinking... pool cleaning, shirtless—well, everything-less. It’s gonna be a blast.”

Sandra raised an eyebrow, signing the new paperwork with a wry smile. “Well, boys, it looks like Peternia’s grip is tighter than we thought. You’ll just have to make do.”

Mr. Taggart threw up his hands. “This is insane! Can’t we appeal or something?”

Agent Carter shook her head. “Not without risking diplomatic issues. The clothes we collected have been sent for further testing, and no new garments can be provided until the quarantine is complete. We’ll return on October 20th with replacements.”

Billy’s heart sank. Seven days—until October 20, 2025—naked in their own home, under the gleeful supervision of Laci, Dominique, and even their mother. He glanced at Wallace, whose face was a mirror of his own dread, his cock betraying him with a slight twitch as Dominique smirked.

As the agents left, Laci jumped up, grabbing a notepad from the coffee table. “Okay, we need a schedule! Billy, you’re on breakfast duty tomorrow—naked apron only. Wallace, you’re vacuuming the upstairs. And no covering up, or I’m telling Mom to bring out the paddle!”

Sandra chuckled, sipping her wine. “Laci, don’t be too hard on them. But... a little structure might do them good.” She winked at the boys, who stood frozen, their faces burning.

The next morning set the tone for the week. Billy woke to Laci banging on his bedroom door, demanding he report to the kitchen. Stumbling downstairs, his nudity stark in the morning light filtering through the windows, he found her waiting with a frilly pink apron she’d dug out of a drawer. “Put it on,” she ordered, giggling. “It’s the only thing you’re allowed to wear.”

The apron barely covered his front, leaving his backside exposed, and his erection pushed against the thin fabric as he scrambled eggs under Laci’s watchful eye. Dominique sauntered in, dragging a naked

Wallace, who was tasked with setting the table. His own arousal was just as evident, and the girls' laughter filled the room as he fumbled with the plates.

"Nice moves, brother," Dominique teased, flicking his bare thigh. "Maybe we should enter you in a nude waiter competition."

Sandra, reading the morning news on her tablet, chuckled. "Girls, let them eat in peace. But Billy, that apron does suit you."

The days blurred into a humiliating routine. Mornings meant chores—cleaning, gardening, or washing dishes, all under the girls' strict supervision. Afternoons brought "family activities" orchestrated by Laci and Dominique, like board games where the boys had to stand and serve snacks, their nudity a constant source of amusement. Evenings were the worst, with neighbors occasionally stopping by, only to be greeted by the sight of Billy and Wallace scrambling to hide—unsuccessfully, as Laci insisted on "Paternian transparency" and invited them in for coffee.

On day four, Laci upped the ante, declaring a "Paternian spa day." She and Dominique set up a makeshift salon in the living room, complete with scented candles and a playlist of pop hits. Billy and Wallace were forced to sit on towels as the girls painted their toenails (bright pink, naturally) and applied "relaxing" face masks, all while giggling about their "cute little boners." Sandra joined in, massaging lotion into Wallace's shoulders with a teasing smile, commenting, "You boys are so tense. Paternia really did a number on you."

By day six, the boys were exhausted, their dignity in tatters. School was out of the question—Sandra had called in a family emergency to excuse them—but Laci and Dominique had no such restrictions, inviting friends over for a "study session" that quickly turned into a showcase of the boys' predicament. The girls' classmates, a mix of curious and amused teens, gawked as Billy and Wallace served lemonade, their erections impossible to hide. One girl, a friend of Laci's named Mia, whispered, "I need to visit Paternia someday," earning a round of laughter.

On the final day, October 20th, the doorbell rang, and Billy's heart leaped. The agents were back, hopefully with clothes. Agent Carter stood on the porch, holding two small bags. "Quarantine's over," she said, handing them to Sandra. "Test results are clear. These are basic outfits—sweats and tees. You're free to resume normal activities."

Billy and Wallace practically tore the bags open, pulling on the clothes with shaking hands. The fabric felt like armor, shielding them from the relentless exposure. Laci pouted, crossing her arms. "Boo. I was just getting used to my naked butler."

Dominique smirked, nudging Wallace. "Don't worry, brother. I've got enough photos to last a lifetime."

Sandra thanked the agents, her eyes twinkling. "Well, girls, you had your fun. But I must say, Paternia's rules made for an... unforgettable week."

As the family settled back into normalcy, Billy and Wallace vowed never to speak of the ordeal again. But the glint in Laci and Dominique's eyes, and the occasional ping of a new group chat message, suggested their Paternian adventure would live on—for the women's joy, and the boys' eternal embarrassment.

The quarantine had finally ended and Billy and Wallace breathed a collective sigh of relief as they slipped into the basic sweats provided by Customs. The week of enforced nudity at home had been torturous, with Laci and Dominique reveling in their control, turning everyday tasks into spectacles of humiliation. But now, clothed and free, the boys vowed to put Paternia behind them forever. School resumed, routines normalized, and the teasing from the girls tapered off—mostly.

A few weeks later, on a crisp November afternoon, Sandra gathered the family in the living room. Laci and Dominique sat on the couch, giggling over something on Laci's phone, while Billy and Wallace

lounged in armchairs, scrolling through their own devices. Mr. Taggart was at work, leaving Sandra to drop the bombshell.

"Guess what I discovered while researching our little Peternian adventure?" Sandra said, her eyes sparkling with mischief. She held up a printout from the city's official website. "Our town has a little-known ordinance from the 1970s, back when free-love movements were all the rage. If someone registers as a certified nudist at city hall, they're allowed to go clothing-optional in public spaces—as long as they're accompanied by a non-nudist chaperone at all times. It's meant to promote body positivity and freedom of expression."

Billy's head snapped up, his face paling. "Mom, why are you even looking that up?"

Sandra chuckled. "Curiosity, honey. But get this: once you register and sign the papers, the city sends officials to your home to confiscate all your clothing—everything except maybe a coat for emergencies—and donates it to local charities for the needy. It's a commitment to the lifestyle, enforceable for at least a year, with spot checks to ensure compliance."

Laci's eyes widened with delight. "No way! So if Billy and Wallace signed up, they'd have to be naked... like, everywhere? School? The mall? 24/7?!"

Dominique leaned forward, grinning. "And we'd be their chaperones? This is genius, Aunt Sandra!"

Wallace shook his head vehemently. "No. Absolutely not. We're not doing that."

Sandra waved the printout. "Oh, come on, boys. It could be fun! And think of the poor people who'd get your clothes. Besides, after Peternia, you're practically pros at this."

Billy stood up, backing away. "Mom, no! We're done with that stuff!"

But Laci and Dominique were already on their feet, exchanging excited glances. "Let's go to city hall right now!" Laci squealed. "We can convince them on the way."

Sandra nodded, grabbing her keys. "Why not? It's a beautiful day for a family outing."

Despite their protests, the women herded Billy and Wallace into the car, driving the short distance to the local city hall—a quaint, historic building downtown. The boys squirmed in the backseat, begging to turn back, but Sandra's calm determination and the girls' relentless teasing wore them down.

Inside the building, a bored clerk at the registration desk perked up when Sandra explained their purpose. "Nudist certification? We don't get many of those anymore. But yes, the ordinance is still on the books. You'll need to fill out these forms—waivers, commitments, the works. Once signed, we'll schedule the home collection for tomorrow."

Laci nudged Billy forward. "Come on, big brother. It's for charity! And think how free you'll feel."

Dominique whispered to Wallace, "Do it, or I'll show those Peternia photos to your crush at school."

Under the pressure—the girls' pleading eyes, Sandra's encouraging smile, and the clerk's impatient tapping—Billy and Wallace caved. They signed the stack of papers without reading them closely, scribbling their names at the bottom while the women cheered.

"There, all done!" the clerk said, stamping the forms. "You're officially registered nudists. Our team will be at your home first thing tomorrow to collect and donate your wardrobes. Remember, chaperones must accompany you in public, and no clothing indoors or out, except for health/safety reasons. Spot checks could happen anytime. Welcome to the lifestyle!"

Billy's heart sank as they left the building. "What did we just do?"

Wallace groaned. "We didn't read the fine print..."

The next morning, true to the clerk's word, a city van pulled up to the Taggart home. Two cheerful officials—one male, one female—knocked on the door, armed with boxes and bags. "Nudist collection service!" the woman announced brightly. "We'll need access to all closets, drawers, and laundry."

Sandra welcomed them in, while Laci and Dominique watched with barely contained glee. Billy and Wallace, still in their pajamas, protested futilely as the officials methodically stripped their rooms bare—shirts, pants, underwear, socks, even coats and shoes beyond a single emergency pair each. Everything was loaded into the van, destined for donation to local shelters.

By noon, it was done. The boys stood in the living room, naked once more, their erections stirring from the familiar humiliation. The officials handed them certification cards and left with a wave. "Enjoy your freedom!"

Laci clapped her hands. "This is amazing! You guys are naked for a whole year now!"

Billy grabbed his card, scanning it frantically. "A year?! And... mandatory public outings? Chaperone approval for any covering? What?!"

Dominique laughed. "You should've read the papers, brother. But don't worry—Laci and I will be your chaperones everywhere. School, grocery store, the movies... we'll make sure you're properly... exposed."

Sandra smiled, patting their bare shoulders. "It's the law now, boys. And think of all the good your clothes are doing for those in need."

Mr. Taggart arrived home later, shaking his head in disbelief but powerless against the signed commitment. As the days turned into weeks, Billy and Wallace adapted—or tried to—parading naked through town under the girls' supervision, enduring stares, whispers, and endless teasing. School became a daily gauntlet, with special permissions granted under the ordinance, and public outings a source of constant embarrassment.

The women, of course, were thrilled. Laci and Dominique took turns "chaperoning," turning errands into adventures, while Sandra occasionally joined, her amusement evident. Peternia's legacy had evolved into a permanent lifestyle.