

Lynn Daniels sat silently staring at the message holo hovering above her small desk. The information it conveyed was as damaging as it was expected. The last few months had been so trying she was almost numb to the final *coup de gras*.

"Final Foreclosure Notice" it read. That and a lot of legal mumbo-jumbo all boiled down to the fact that the bank was going to take possession of their home in less than one month. How nice of them to mention that they would be willing to issue a short term "bridge loan" for the three months plus penalties, that they were in arrears, so long as she was willing to put herself up as collateral for the loan. She sighed and waved her hand making the offensive message disappear.

She sighed again and turned in her chair startled to discover she wasn't alone. Her seventeen-year-old son, Jack, was standing in the den's doorway casually leaning up against the doorframe. It wasn't that he was so imposing; he stood six feet and probably weighed in at around one-hundred-seventy pounds, pretty average for a senior in secondary school. No, what was disturbing about him at times was his habit of moving quietly, almost like a cat stalking its prey. Lynn wasn't even sure he realized he was doing it; it just came naturally to him. How unlike Troy, his bull of a father whose every step could be heard throughout the house when he moved, if his bombastic voice didn't cover it up that is. Lynn missed hearing that rumble. It had been almost four years since the accident had taken him from them and she still missed it.

"Jack!" she exclaimed. "I wish you wouldn't do that! You almost made me pee my pants!"

"Sorry, Mom," he answered in that soft, almost singsong lilt of his. "Maybe I'll start wearing a bell around my neck so you'll know where I am." The grin he was trying to hide under his obviously faked façade of remorse not only made her want to start giggling but again made her wonder if he really did do it on purpose.

"Harrumph," she shorted. "Maybe we'll just do that. Serve you right for sneaking up on a poor old woman."

"Old woman," he snorted himself. "You're barely old enough to vote. Don't give me that 'old woman' routine." Lynn knew that at 38 she wouldn't be considered old by any stretch of the imagination, especially these days when life expectancy, barring accident or terrorist attack, was well above the century mark. Still, there were times, like now, when she felt exceedingly old.

"What was that?" he asked. "It seemed to bother you. Not more collection agencies I hope. It's not like we have anything left for them to take."

"Nothing for you to be concerned with," she said standing up. "And, no, it wasn't a collection agency." Mentally she crossed her fingers. She didn't like lying to him, and it was *technically* true: the bank wasn't a collection agency — but it was at best an obfuscation even if it didn't make it to the level of blatant lie. Still, she didn't want him to worry about that which he couldn't control; that was her job. He seemed to think it was his duty now that his father was gone to become the man of the house and take care of their troubles. Lynn freely admitted to herself she let him most of the time. For some reason he seemed to be able to get even the most obstinate and unreasonable people to see things his way.

He did it with reason and unrelenting tenacity. It helped that he was a genius, *Tested and Certified*, Lynn thought proudly. His father always quipped that if his son's brainpower could be transmuted into muscle he would have been playing for the Chicago Bears at the age of twelve. One of her late husband's few faults was his inability to appreciate intellectual pursuits over purely physical ones.

Not that Jack had grown up to be some wormy little science dweeb. He played a few sports: swimming, tennis and even volleyball. He held his own but couldn't be said to excel in any of them. He was a well-rounded, level-headed kid who just happened to be extremely smart. He even refused to be accelerated out of secondary school and into collage claiming he wanted the school experience with people his own age. Lynn suspected part of the reason was her inability to pay the college tuition, scholarships being a part of the dim past. The schools were little more than businesses and far fewer people could afford to attend. Luckily his school was one of the few that allowed their advanced students to take post-secondary courses for credit. By now he had enough credits to be the equivalent of a late semester sophomore or early semester junior. Hopefully it would help in the future.

"Then what was it?" he asked. Lynn knew she had to get out of there fast and find something else to occupy his interest or his natural relentlessness would eventually drive the truth out of her.

"Nothing at all," she said lightly, waving her hand again to lock the deskcomp.
"What is it you wanted, dear?"

"I just wanted to tell you dinner was ready," he said, seeming to ignore the now-locked computer.

"Oh good, I'm starving," she said pleasantly. "I'll set the table and have everything ready in about five minutes. Make sure you're there on time." She patted his arm as she walked past him and continued down the hall towards the kitchen.

"Sure, Mom, no problem," he said to her retreating back. He watched her for a moment to make sure she wasn't coming back, a chore that was pleasant no matter how you looked at it. Jack would be the first to admit his mother was one very hot chick. When he was sure she wasn't coming back he stepped into the den and within a few seconds had the computer unlocked and all recent messages transferred to the perscomp strapped to his wrist. For good measure he reprogrammed the deskcomp to send him a copy of everything she sent or received. That task completed, he relocked the deskcomp, exited the room and made his way to dinner. In all it had taken him about thirty seconds to accomplish.

Later that evening he transferred the downloaded data to his own deskcomp for ease of review and read her correspondence with single-minded attention. Finished, he sat back and idly drummed his fingers on the desktop. Suddenly he froze and after a few completely motionless minutes he grinned and started "digging" into the web.

He had a lot of research to do.

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"Mom, do you have a minute to talk?" Jack asked after rapping lightly on doorframe to her bedroom. Lynn had been lightly dozing with the holo on after another fruitless evening of trying to think of a way they could get out of the mess they were in.

"Sure honey," she said, wrapping her robe back around her legs and patting the bedspread beside her. He sat down and stared at her intently.

"This looks serious," she said lightly while trying to avoid his direct look. "Who's in trouble? You or me?"

"Both of us I would say," he began. "I know about the problem with the mortgage. Have you thought of any solutions yet?"

"How do you know about that?" she demanded. "That's not something you should be worrying about anyway. No, I haven't thought of anything yet, but I'm sure something will come up. I just need to find a job, that's all. I'm sure I'll find one any day now."

"Let's be realistic, Mom," he replied calmly. "Just about any job you'd be qualified for is being taken by an IS. Almost all of the non-professional labor out there is being done by Indentured Servants; even some of the professional work is going that way now. Face it, Mom, we have a slave society and we have to learn to survive in it."

"It's not nice to call them slaves," Lynn snapped. "IS is bad enough."

"I'm sure the difference means a great deal to them," he again said calmly. Somehow even obviously sarcastic remarks weren't quite as biting when he said them. "However, whether you call them ISs, slaves or labor fairies; the result is the same. There isn't a job out there for you that pays enough to make it worth the fuel to get to it."

"Jack, I'm trying, really trying," Lynn said, coming close to tears. "I just don't know what to do."

"I know, Mom, I know," Jack scooted over and put his arm around her shoulder. She did lean into him and start softly sobbing then. "I've been thinking about it for the past week or so and I have a few ideas that might help us out."

Lynn froze for a moment. The last thing she had wanted was to impose this problem on her son; unfortunately it appeared she wasn't going to have that option. What he said was entirely correct: Just about everything she was qualified to do was already being done by an IS. The fact was the labor market was literally a "buyers market." Most employers would rather buy the body off the repo market, train it for what they want and keep it for as long as they want. The awful fact was so many men had been killed in the past war against the Islamic fanatics

and the recycled communists in South America that there was an overabundance of women of all ages. Human life was cheap and females in particular were a resource corporations and the government were quite willing to utilize.

Of course in the United States outright slavery was still against the law. Sort of. The war, with its resulting destruction of almost all natural petroleum resources and the loss of so many lives brought about a global economic depression unseen before. In the U.S. so many banks were going under because of bad debts and personal bankruptcies the government finally felt it had to step in.

The Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America:

Section 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

No slavery or involuntary servitude? Not exactly. All it took was being convicted of a crime. What crime? That's was up for interpretation and Congress tended to interpret it rather liberally. At first it was the standard capital crimes and felonies, but soon it was a crime to fail to pay off *any* unsecured debt. There had been talk of making *any* crime eligible for Indentured Servitude (*slavery* was never officially used; far too much baggage in the U.S. for that word to be condoned), however this set off a number of general strikes and near-riot demonstrations so the idea was quietly pulled and hidden away. The fact was nobody seemed to care if murderers or deadbeats were forced to work without pay, but try that for going a little too fast on the parkway, well, that hit a little too close to home.

The end result was Lynn found it almost impossible to compete against a woman who was forced to work for twelve hours a day for no pay, and then had to sleep with the boss at night! *It isn't fair*, she protested. She also knew it didn't matter what she thought.

"Okay," she sighed. "I have to admit, I have no idea what to do. What did you come up with? By the way, I'm pretty ticked off you hacked my system. We're going to talk about that later, mister!"

"Sure, Mom," he said. "I'm sure I should feel bad about that." Lynn noticed he didn't say he felt bad, just that he *should* feel bad about it. In spite of everything the one thing she had never caught him doing was lying to her. He may twist words into pretzel logic, sounding like one thing while actually saying another, but once his words were parsed out you would find he invariably told the truth. Always.

"Anyway," he continued. "The first thing we need to look at is what assets we have. The liabilities we already know."

"That's easy," she said. "I have about three thousand ND (New Dollars) in the bank and I suppose you have a few from the jobs you've been doing. Other than that we don't have squat. Probably everything left here in the house is worth less than a couple of thousand, even if you could get someone to buy it."

"That's about what I figure," Jack replied. "With one big exception, we have ourselves. Well, you do anyway. Since I'm not eighteen I can't contract my body, but you can."

"So you also want me to sell myself, do you?" Lynn had pretty much come to the same conclusion but was disappointed that Jack would so readily sell out his own mother. "But I guess you're right. The bank made me an offer; I guess I'll have to take it."

"Bullshit!" he exclaimed. Lynn was stunned for a second, Jack almost never swore. "Those fucking parasites? They'd be getting you for almost nothing! What, a couple months of house payments? Nothing doing!"

"Hey! Watch that language! Well anyway, just how much do you think this old carcass is worth?" Lynn chuckled. "Think of putting me on the block or something?"

"Oh," Jack blushed. "I guess that did sound bad. But actually you're right in a manner of speaking."

"What?" Lynn was getting confused. "What do you mean?"

"Well, let's start out with the obvious," Jack said. "To begin with you are a beautiful woman. I know it sounds bad but you are worth a hell of a lot more than a couple of month's house payments."

"Thanks, I guess," Lynn replied with a wrinkled brow. "Do you really think I'm pretty?"

"No, I said you are beautiful, not pretty," Jack shook his head in wonder. Here they were talking about selling her into slavery and she wanted to know if he thought she was pretty! "Let's be honest: there would be plenty out there who would just love to have you as their own personal sex slave, and pay top dollar to do it!"

"So you want to pimp me out?" she snorted. "Make your mother a whore? How nice. I think if that's going to happen I'd rather have a stranger do it to me."

"Sorry, Mom, that's not what I meant." Jack quickly held up his hands. "All I was trying to say is that you are worth one hell of a lot more than what the bank was offering. Now hear me out: I think I've figured out a way that wouldn't involve you having to sleep with anybody you didn't want to."

"So I get to pick who I whore myself to?" Lynn was starting to get a little angry.

"Forget the whoring," Jack waved his hand. "That isn't what this is about at all. Believe me: I have no desire for you to have to sleep with strangers. What I'm proposing would save you from that. If this works out like I think it will you would never have to worry about that again."

"Huh?" Lynn's anger vanished and was replaced by puzzlement. "Okay, you have my attention."

"Thank you," Jack said with a grin. "Now there are basically two different ways you can use your, well, your body, as collateral for a loan. The first is pretty straightforward. You sign an agreement saying if you don't make the payment the lenders can take possession of you and you become an IS at that time. Follow me so far?"

Lynn rolled her eyes at him but nodded anyway.

"I know: pretty simple stuff. This is what the bank is offering you. The problem with these loans right now is the interest rates are outrageous. It would be hard enough to make the interest payments alone, never mind the principal. It is definitely a sucker bet and I don't want you to take it."

"But..." Lynn started but she stopped quickly when Jack again held up his hand.

"Please, let me finish," he said. "Like I said I don't want you to take that route. Now, I have found there is another way to get a loan. It's through private investors and doesn't go through the normal institutions. The advantage is they offer larger amounts and better interest rates."

"If those are the advantages what are the disadvantages?" Lynn asked. "If they're such a good deal everybody would do this and not go to the banks."

"True," Jack admitted. "There is a big disadvantage. These guys won't lend on the *possibility* of the collateral becoming IS, they demand it happens before they lend the money."

"So I would have to become an IS before we get the money? Then what's the point? I'd become an IS either way; this way it would just be sooner," Lynn quipped.

"The difference is by becoming a *Voluntary* Indentured Servant you have the choice of who or what owns your contract," Jack said with a grin. "You see, we set up a corporation, you can do that before you go VIS, and name me chairman and president. You own the one share of stock and proxy the vote to me while you are VIS. As you know ISs can't own or vote anything, and normally being underage I can't either. However, if we set it up like this, the corporation owns your contract and I control the corporation. Nothing can happen to you so long as we make the payments."

"Are you sure this is even legal?" she asked. "Sounds kind of fishy to me."

"Yep, it's legal," Jack said with a nod. "I had three different law firms review it and give their opinion. Yeah, it's using loopholes, but so what? What else is the practice of law but knowing which loopholes to use?"

"Where did you get the money to hire lawyers?" Lynn started to ask. She stopped when she realized she knew exactly where he got the money. Jack often hired himself out to local firms who were having problems with their computers. He could practically make them roll over and beg for him so he always had fairly steady work whenever he wanted it.

"That money was supposed to be for college," she said angrily.

"So?" he said with a shrug. "If we don't get this fixed up there won't be any college anyway. Consider it an investment. Believe me: It was well worth the money I paid."

"Okay, fine," she huffed. "But it doesn't make any difference where we get the money or what the interest rate; we still won't be able to make the payments sooner or later. We still don't have much income and it doesn't look like we will for the foreseeable future. You can't support us on what little you make from your little jobs."

"You might be surprised how much I'm really making from those 'little jobs,' Mom," he chuckled. "But that doesn't matter. I have some ideas on how we can turn that loan into a real cash generating machine, I just need enough to get it started. The private investors would give me enough to do that."

"How do you plan to do that?" she asked.

"I could try to explain it to you, Mom, but I really don't think you'd understand," he said with a shrug. "For the most part you're going to have to trust me."

"Oh, just like I'm going to have to trust you once you have a control collar on me?" She again rolled her eyes, this time in amusement. "I can just see it now: I might as well get the T-shirt with 'House Slave' written on it now."

Jack laughed, "While that does have a certain ring to it, I think we can dispense with that worry. Granted, society and the law do put certain restrictions on ISs, whether it's voluntary or not, but I propose that we get a lockbox that will open only to your thumbprint and put the controller in it. You will be the only one who can zap yourself if that's what you want to do."

"So, I would essentially be controlling myself?" she asked.

"Yep," Jack nodded. "I can promise that after it goes into the box I wouldn't even touch the controller."

"Well," she said slowly. "I suppose, even if we didn't do that, who else could I trust if not you? I'm not saying yes, but can we go over everything again so I can understand what it is you want to do?"

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The final transaction was scheduled to take place at the lawyer's office. The corporation had already been set up, proxies executed and powers of attorney signed. The lead attorney initially scoffed when he saw who was actually going to "run" the corporation but relented when challenged by Jack on a double-your-fee-or-nothing bet that he couldn't find the flaw in their plan. Everything was tight, so long as they continued to make their payments.

Finding the right consortium of investors had been a humiliating experience for Lynn. She understood that they would want to see the "goods," and consented, if not cheerfully, to being holographed in a rather skimpy bathing suit. But that wasn't good enough for some of them. More than one demanded to see her in person and of those no few thought they should be able to take her for "a test ride" before offering their money. These were quickly escorted out of the house by Jack with not so much as a thank you for coming.

"They're betting we fail and they get to take possession of you," Jack said with a shrug. "I guess I can't blame them for trying, or for wanting you, but it isn't going to happen."

"Only you would think I'm pretty," Lynn laughed as she slipped on her cover-wrap.

"Nonsense," Jack argued. "I may be a little prejudiced I'll admit, but we've already been tendered one offer that's fifty percent higher than I had estimated. You are hot property, Mom."

She felt all warm and fuzzy inside when he said that, but right now her insides were cold as ice from fear.

"Are we all ready to go here?" the head attorney asked, looking around the room. Everybody present either nodded or mumbled their assent. "Good. I'm Evan

McDonald, lead counsel for DanielCorp (Jack and Lynn couldn't agree on a name for their new corporation so went with the easiest,) Mike Smithson over there is representing the loan originators and Brad Philips there is an employee of Labor, Inc. and will be installing the device. I believe everything has been agreed to beforehand so we have just a few formalities to run through.

"Mrs. Daniels, do you fully understand the terms of this note? You understand that even entering Indentured Servitude voluntarily you will be subject to the same rules and regulations as those who are impressed involuntarily? I know you have signed the release but I need to insure you completely understand the ramifications: the travel restrictions, the suspension of citizenship and all rights and protections that come with it. Once you sign this and that control collar is in place you effectively stop being a citizen of the United States and become an asset of DanielCorp. Do you understand that?"

"Yes," Lynn said shakily. "I understand."

"Now," the lawyer continued. "With young Mr. Daniels having been installed as the president and CEO of this corporation, Mrs. Daniels, he in effect becomes your patron. He will now be in charge of you, not the other way around. Do you understand that?"

"Oh, yes," Lynn answered in a firmer voice this time.

"In that case," he said with a shrug, "you just have to sign and thumbprint the form, Mr. Philips will install the device, get the cash transferred and we'll be done. Here's the form, Mrs. Daniels." He pushed a folder across the table to her.

Jack reached out and pulled the folder in front of him, opened it and started glancing through the forms.

"I'm sure everything is in order," Smithson said sarcastically. "You don't really intend to read the whole thing do you? We're busy men here; we don't have time for this."

"Don't worry Mr. Smithson," Jack said without looking up. "I'm a fast reader; this won't take very long..." Jack suddenly froze and stared at the paper. Quickly he went through the remaining couple of pages and then looked up at McDonald.

"Mr. McDonald, did you review this before giving it to us?"

"Well," McDonald mumbled. "I glanced at it. Just to make sure all the names and dates were correct and all that." He stopped for a moment and looked sheepish.

"No, I can't say I really read it over in depth. Is there a problem?"

"Yes," Jack said, pointing to a specific article. "The interest rate is two points higher than we agreed on and we also agreed there would be no penalty for prepayment. This is not what we agreed to."

"Let me look at that, please," McDonald asked as Jack passed him the folder.

"Evan, this is bullshit!" Smithson whined. "You know that interest rate was way too fucking low, and we have to have the prepayment penalty to insure our investors get their return."

"Then you shouldn't have agreed to those terms, Mike," McDonald said still staring at the paper. Sighing, he closed the folder and looked over at Jack.

"I am terribly sorry Mr. Daniels," he said shaking his head. "This was sloppy work on my part, and I take full responsibility. I assume these terms are unacceptable?"

"You assume correctly," Jack said. "I can't say I'm particularly happy with this; it should have been caught, but I appreciate and accept your apology."

"Thank you, Mr. Daniels," McDonald answered with a slight smile. "This is very unusual, I can assure you, but we will make it right." He turned back to Smithson, "Now, Mike, to say the least I very unhappy about this..."

"Evan!" Smithson protested. "What's the problem? It's just some little prick and another cunt! Fuck, you know as well as I do these two will just blow the cash and we'll own her ass in another six months anyway!"

"The problem is you made me look bad," McDonald said softly. "No, I take that back. I made me look bad, but you were the cause of it. Now, professional ethics prevents me from calling you a snake-fucking bastard, but they certainly don't prevent me from bringing you up before the Exchange, and I think I can guarantee I have enough pull to make it stick. Now, I don't know if Mr. Daniels would be interested in continuing to do business with you; I'm not sure I could in good

conscience recommend that to him, but if he is I would expect to see the correct paperwork here, in my hand in, oh, say, five minutes."

"Mr. McDonald," Jack interrupted, "if we are now renegotiating this agreement I think it would be appropriate to extend the timetable by twelve months, and also knock a point off the interest rate. It would be the least they could do, seeing the mental duress they have put my mother through." Everyone looked over at Lynn, who, while looking extremely puzzled, didn't look all that distressed.

"I can see your point, Mr. Daniels," McDonald agreed. "I'm sure this has been most stressful. Needless to say I would be willing to represent you in this action gratis, seeing how it was my mistake that..."

"Now wait just a minute!" Smithson yelled. "What the hell are you talking about? There's nothing illegal here! It was just a mistake!"

"Well, maybe nothing illegal, but certainly actionable," McDonald said. "Attempted fraud, mental duress, and don't let me forget, defamation. Unless 'cunt' is now considered an acceptable legal term for a lady. But we'll let the court decide that. Of course since most of the judges out there are women ... Well, I guess you'll just have to take your chance. Well, maybe not you since I expect you'll have your license pulled by then."

"You son-of-a ... fine," Smithson spat. "We'll give the little prick and his ... lady, the extra twelve months, and the point on the interest. In exchange for none of this ever coming anywhere near court, or the Exchange."

McDonald looked over at Jack who nodded. Turning back McDonald said, "It's agreed then. Do you want to type up the agreement or shall I?"

"I'll do it," Smithson sneered. He spent a couple of minutes on his perscomp and seconds latter it was spitting out the paperwork. McDonald took the papers and spent a good amount of time studying it line by line. When he was satisfied he handed it to Jack who also studied it. When he was assured it was all correct he passed it to his mother. Lynn wasn't sure exactly what had happened but seeing that Jack was satisfied she quickly signed the paper.

"Very good," McDonald said. "Mr. Philips, would you please?" The Labor, Inc. technician had been standing against the wall, out of the way, and was grinning

like a fiend. It wasn't often someone of his standing was privileged to see one of the high mucky-mucks taken down a peg or two, and by a boy still in his teens no less! Picking up his bag he walked over to the new IS and stood next to her. Generally speaking there was no reason to be kind or courteous to his "clients," but this was obviously a special case and he didn't fancy himself a stupid man by any means.

"Now, Mrs. Daniels," he started, "we'll make this as quick as possible. I assure you it's entirely painless." Reaching into his bag he brought out a box that looked like it could have come from any jeweler, the type that upscale necklaces came in. Opening the box he drew out a flat, iridescent band that shimmered in the sunlight coming through the window. He showed the band to everyone in the room and allowed the IS to look at it.

"It's ... beautiful!" Lynn gasped, reaching out to gently touch the small diamond hanging from a ring in the center of the band.

"Yes," Philips said, nodding. "This is one of our best. You can't get any better without ordering a custom job. The very latest, with the upgrade cosmetic finish."

"Where did you get the stone?" Lynn asked Jack. "This is far too expensive!"

"Actually, it's your stone, Mom," Jack said. "I took it off your wedding band. It seemed silly to have it just sitting in your jewelry box gathering dust. As for the expense, don't worry about it, I told you I had some money of my own. Consider it my present to you. You've made quite a sacrifice here, you deserve something pretty." Lynn was speechless, she literally couldn't think of anything to say.

"It's just about the best you can get," Philips beamed, pleased with the reaction. "Now, Mrs. Daniels, if you would lift your hair out of the way?" Lynn's beautiful brunette hair cascaded over her shoulders and down almost to the middle of her back. She gathered it together and moved it to the side, just like she would if someone were putting a necklace on her. Philips wrapped it around her neck and within seconds it was a seamless band around her neck. Reaching into his bag once again he pulled out another, smaller, box. Out of it came a standard miniature control fob.

"We're almost done," he said. He spent the next minute or two working with the fob and soon straightened up looking around the room. "There, it's done. They're in sync and operational."

"Other than this being an upgrade to our standard control device everything else is the same," he continued. "Trying to take it off without a factory rep will be painful and probably fatal. The GSP tracker is operational and feeding data to our net. We'll know exactly where she is at all times. Now, let me show you the controls here..."

"That won't be necessary," Jack interrupted. "I've read the manual and know what the functions are."

"Oh, okay, if you're sure?" the technician said. "Well fine, here it is then." He handed the control over to Jack. "Then I'm done here. Gentlemen..." he said picking up his bag and leaving.

"I believe we are also done here," McDonald said as he closed the folder in front of him. "Mr. Daniels, if there is any problem whatsoever, please call me immediately. I again want to apologize for my oversight; I can only assure it won't happen again."

"I wouldn't expect it too, Mr. McDonald," Jack said with a nod. "All is forgiven, so long as it doesn't happen twice. Mother, are you ready to go?" He looked over at Smithson, nodded again and started to walk out.

As they passed, Smithson grabbed Lynn's arm and turned her towards him. "You I'll see later, bitch," he hissed. "I figure it won't take six months and the two of you will be out of money and we'll own your ass. Believe me, when we do I'm putting in a special request for you, then you and me will have some real fun."

"Well, she isn't yours yet," Jack growled, as he reached over to force Smithson's hand off of Lynn's arm. "So until you do, just keep your hands to yourself."

"What are you going to do if I don't?" Smithson sneered.

"I—" Jack was about to say something when he was interrupted by McDonald.

"He won't be doing anything, Mike," McDonald said interposing himself between the two. "To begin with, he has the perfect right to tell you to unhand her. You have no privilege to touch her in any way, now, or maybe ever. Secondly, you've already embarrassed me enough here today, in my own office no less. You start a fight, with a minor who also happens to be my client — well, let's just say I know a couple of boys who would happily break both your legs for less than it would cost me in filing fees to sue your ass.

"I hope this clears up any misunderstanding we may have had," McDonald said. His face was a study of placid unconcern. As if he had just casually mentioned something about the pleasant weather, instead of threatening to have Smithson's limbs rearranged.

"Yeah," Smithson sneered. "Perfectly clear." Then he jabbed a finger in Jack's direction. "As for you smartass: We're going to hold you to the letter of that contract. Not one cent less, not one second late."

"Of course, Mr. Smithson," Jack said with a shrug. "We are both bound by the contract. Not one cent more, not one second early." With that he turned away from Smithson and with his hand in the small of her back, he guided Lynn out the door.

The ride home was quiet. Jack was lost in thought and Lynn was rubbing the collar around her neck.

Jack seemed to be his old self when they arrived home and after holding the door open for his mother picked up a small bag from the floor and handed it to her.

"Here," he said with a grin, "your new uniform."

"What?" Lynn said looking at the bag in her hand. She look up at him questioningly and then opened it when it was obvious he wasn't going to elaborate. She pulled out what looked like a lump of cloth. Shaking it out it turned out to be a T-shirt dress in a pretty pink color, the kind that came down to about mid thigh. She again looked at Jack questioningly but all he did was grin and twirl his finger as if telling her to turn the dress around. She didn't notice that he started backing up as she turned the dress around to look at the front. Across the front in highly stylized lettering were the words "*HOUSE SLAVE*."

"Why you!" she shouted and looked over just in time to see him dodging around a corner. "House slave, my ass!" she yelled after him. "We'll see who still takes out the garbage around here!"

Within the next day or two everything seemed to return to normal as far as Lynn could tell. Jack spent most of his time in his room working on a few "projects." It was all he would tell her, which wasn't unusual. Lynn's life was so much back into her normal routine she even forgot she had a collar around her neck most of the time.

Jack hadn't forgotten. In fact one of his "projects" involved the controller to Lynn's collar. True to his word he didn't touch it, other than to move it around in his room. He didn't touch it, but he certainly spent enough time intercepting and attempting to decode the transmissions it sent and received.

For twenty years Labor, Inc. made the claim that no one had ever been able to intercept and hijack one of its control collars. In fact they claimed it was for all practical purposes impossible given the high level encryption they employed. Jack hadn't believed them, but after a full forty-eight hours of trying he was willing to concede their system was pretty tough. However, Jack was nothing if not determined — almost obsessive if the truth be known — once he started something and this was no exception.

Breaking the code for his mother's controller was not necessary for the success of his primary mission of saving their house and livelihood. That was already underway and had been within half an hour of their bank acknowledging the receipt of the consortium's monies. No, this was a personal project, one that he was sure his mother definitely wouldn't approve of. While Jack was in most respects a good person, he had his darker side. It was almost as if there was only so much room in his soul and he had to pack both his intellect and scruples into the same space, and with a large intellect there just wasn't much room for a lot of conscience. He had no intention of actually hurting anyone, but he didn't even try to delude himself that what he was planning was ethical or moral, but interestingly enough, it was perfectly legal.

The other little project he had set for himself was absurdly simple. The consortium's representative, Mike Smithson, had really pissed him off. He hated to be lied to or cheated and Smithson's attempt infuriated him. Unfortunately —

or maybe fortunately — he didn't have Mr. McDonald's contacts so he couldn't hire someone to break Smithson's legs. Besides, that wasn't the way he wanted to operate. Jack would rather slip the knife in from the back. The stabber didn't even have to know who it came from; that was unimportant. Jack just wanted revenge, not acknowledgement.

Jack decided during the meeting that his revenge would have something to do with Smithson's perscomp. It was simplicity itself to capture the frequency and data transmissions from Smithson's perscomp, and since he had been using industry standard encryption, another half an hour to break it. As long as Smithson's laptop was connected to the net, which it almost always was, Jack could take control of it at any time he wanted. It was already as open to him as a book although some of the files, mostly voice messages, were encrypted. Those took almost another half-hour to crack.

It was disappointing that there was very little in the way of incriminating evidence on Smithson's perscomp. Some gray-area dealings, some negotiation strategies that were of questionable honesty, but nothing really against the law. Jack was about to wipe Smithson's MSU (Main Storage Unit) and scramble the operating system when he stopped himself. For a reason he would be hard put to explain even to this day, he didn't. He was seconds away from executing the command when he suddenly decided he would rather have a peephole into the consortium's workings than enjoy the petty pleasure of causing Smithson a day or two of inconvenience. Instead he copied the MSU and installed a backdoor into the operating system. It was easy to set up a program that would filter everything that went through the perscomp and forward a copy to him of anything containing any one of a dozen or so keywords such as his or his mom's name, their account number, etc.

After that it was back to his other project: making his mother his lover.

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Jack reasoned there were basically two ways to make this happen. The first and easiest method would be to simply force her. He had her controller, the knowledge to use it, and even the legal right to use it. He could simply pick it up, walk downstairs, and force her to have sex with him. Heck, in thirty minutes or

less he could be down there pounding away in her pussy! This is exactly where he wanted to be. But not like that.

He didn't just want her body. As much as the thought of it thrilled him he wanted more, he wanted her love, her willing and enthusiastic participation; he wanted her soul. With the amount of money he expected to make now that he had the capital he required, he could buy or rent a fuck toy anytime he wanted. Probably two or three of them if that was all he wanted. He wanted more, much more. He wanted the woman he loved to give herself to him, without qualms or reservations. He wanted to own her completely, not because of the collar around her neck, but because that's what she wanted to do.

This brought him to the second method. Behavior modification can take many forms. Adverse conditioning, using pain or other unpleasant stimuli to *guide* the subject towards the desired path, seemed to be the most popular method of training recalcitrant ISs during this enlightened age. Jack was struck by the fact the collar's manual devoted over one hundred pages on how to use the various different levels and types of pain stimuli available, but only ten on how to use the pleasure settings. Luckily there were many alternate sources of information. It turned out behavioral conditioning using pleasure induction was a popular subject for both doctoral dissertations and master's theses. In fact he found a few that were almost step-by-step instructions on how to do exactly what he wanted to do. Who said higher education was wasted?

Lynn had just finished cleaning the already immaculate family room when she heard Jack coming down the stairs. Turning she saw him enter the room and noticed he had a metal box the size of a shoe box under one arm and her collar control in the other hand.

"What're you doing, honey?" she asked.

"Bringing you this," he answered, holding out the controller. "Remember, I said you could have it. Well, here it is." He dropped the controller into her outstretched hand. "I also brought a lockbox you can use to keep it," he continued. "It has a thumb lock on it so all we have to do is set it up and you'll be perfectly safe."

"Honey, I was perfectly safe anyway," she said with a laugh.

"True, but this way you'll *know* you're safe," he grinned. "Besides, you don't want me to have it if you try to ground me or something. Or maybe I should keep it. You never know when I might want a snack at night. No snack, one zap." He faked pressing a button with his thumb.

"Right, you just try it, buster, and you'll see just what kind of snack you get," she said, trying to frown. "You zap me and it'll be fried worms for your main course."

"That's kind of what I figured," he said with a shake of the head. "So, to eliminate any temptation I thought you ought to keep it."

"Hmm ... Maybe it is best if we put this little puppy under lock and key, so to speak," she said with a nod. Quickly he showed her how to reset the lockbox to her thumbprint and afterwards showed her that it would open to her touch, but not his. Lynn happily stowed it away in the top of her closet and promptly forgot about it. She didn't even notice the collar anymore and it was easy to forget that anything had ever changed.

Unfortunately it wasn't so easy to ignore when she went outside the house. Although she personally had never paid much attention to ISs before this happened to her, it soon became clear that lots of others did. She had been getting a lot of different looks from the people she met since her change in status, generally speaking they weren't favorable. Sometimes it went even further than looks. She had always been used to the fact she got appraising looks from men, but with her collar on it seemed they now felt it perfectly acceptable to voice their opinions out loud. She blushed and shrugged off their comments about her tits and ass, and even the occasional pinch or caress. After all, what could she do about it? What really brought it home to her was the chance meeting with an old friend of hers at the grocery store checkout line.

She had known Liz Moreno since just after high school and while Lynn had lost contact with her over the past few years following her husband's death she still considered Liz to be one of her close friends. She hadn't thought of Liz for a while and was pleasantly surprised to recognize the petite form of her friend just ahead of her in the cart scanner line. The face was turned away from her but Lynn was sure it was Liz.

"Liz?" she asked almost reaching out to tap the woman on the shoulder. Liz turned around feigning surprise and tried to paste a smile on her lips. It didn't look very sincere.

"Why Lynn, isn't it?" Liz said, the tone was that of someone meeting a slight acquaintance after a long time. "How have you been? It's been just ages."

"Ah, fine, Liz," Lynn responded, taken back by the coolness in the tone. "I really meant to come see you and Bill, but after Troy's death..."

"Of course, dear, a terrible tragedy," Liz answered. "I'm sure it must have been very difficult for you, what with little Jake and all."

"Well, *Jack*, is almost all grown up now," Lynn said. She was confused now. From anyone else except Liz she would have been getting angry. Liz knew Jack, had babysat him more times than Lynn could count and now she was sounding like she didn't even know his name!

"Maybe we can get together soon," Lynn offered. "I'd love to see you and Bill again and I know Jack would like to see—"

"I don't think that would be a good idea," Liz interrupted.

"Madam, is this ... person ... bothering you?" It was one of the store managers questioning Liz. He ignored Lynn with the exception of a snide, disdainful side glance.

"No, no, that's quite all right," she said not looking at Lynn. "I was just leaving. I'm sorry Lynn, it's just, well, I'm sure you understand." Turning she pushed her cart into the scanner where the radio waves scanned the items in the cart and displayed the total on the screen. Touching the IDent pad with her index finger she was identified and the correct amount transferred from her bank account to the store's account instantly. Lynn watched her leave, mouth hanging open in shock.

"Get your god-damned IS ass down to where you belong," the manager hissed rounding on Lynn.

"W-what?" she stuttered. She felt dazed almost like it was happening to someone else.

"Down there, bitch!" he rasped, pointing to a line off to the side where a long line of ISs were queued up waiting their turn in at a single scanner. "Leave the citizens alone. You can try peddling your ass somewhere else."

"But I..."

"Go on, get the hell out of here," he snapped. "We don't need your business anyway. Never could understand why some people feel the need to send their whore out to bother the public anyway, but I don't have to put up with it. Now, get out of here before I call the cops!"

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He found her crying on the couch later that afternoon. Dropping his books to the floor he sat down next to her and drew her head over to his shoulder.

"What's the matter, Mom?" he asked gently.

Through the sobs she told him of what happened at the grocery store. He was shaking in barely controlled rage when he picked her up and sat her on his lap, wrapping both arm around her in a protective hug. Almost at once Lynn felt better. The feeling of being nestled in next to his chest and his arm wrapped around her gave her a feeling of comfort she desperately needed. Burrowing her face into the crook of his neck helped and she felt a pleasant tingle through her body that increased slightly as she plastered herself against him.

He was the one person she could trust, the one she could rely on not to judge her or look down on her just because she wore this stupid necklace. Little by little the tension oozed out of her body as she rubbed her face in his neck and gently caressed his chest with her hand. In fact with the lessening of the emotional tension and adrenalin rush accompanying it she started to feel drowsy. He was saying something — reassuring platitudes she thought — but she wasn't sure since she wasn't paying attention until finally she felt herself being lifted up completely.

"You need to get to bed," he said softly. "We can talk about it later. Right now you need some sleep." She smiled slightly as he carried her up to her room and gently laid her down on the bed. He hesitated slightly and she wondered if he was going to try to take off her clothing. She was both relieved and to her surprise, slightly disappointed when he merely leaned over and kissed her forehead before covering her up and leaving. She was asleep before he closed the door behind him.

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"I'm sorry I made such a scene yesterday," she told him when he came down for breakfast the next morning. "I don't normally picture myself as someone who'll break down like that."

"I don't know how you couldn't," he reassured her as he walked over and gave her a little kiss on the back of the neck, wrapping his arms around her and giving a little squeeze. The contact sent a little buzz through her body, a pleasant one. It wasn't like she actually felt it; it was more like ghost feeling: you knew it was there but you could never actually feel it.

"I knew it would tough on you," he continued. "I hope you know how much I appreciate what you're sacrificing for us."

"I should have known what it would be like," she admitted snuggling back into him, it felt good to have his arms wrapped protectively around her. "I've seen how ISs are treated; I just never paid much attention to it before now. It's quite an eye opener being on this side of it, so to speak."

"Well if a dumb bitch like Aunt Liz is going to act like that, then we don't need her anyway," he said forcefully. He disentangled himself and patted her on the upper part of her bottom before turning and walking over to the small kitchen table to sit down.

"I should give you a good talking to for calling Liz a bitch," Lynn chuckled.

His pat on her butt hadn't been anything more than a comforting gesture but it still made her tingle with pleasure, although not as much as actually touching skin to skin did, she noted. It puzzled her a little since she had never noticed her reaction to his touch in quite that way before, but she reasoned it was just a

manifestation of her desire for approval and positive feedback given what had happened the other day. After all, he was the only person she knew that looked past the band on her neck to see the person behind it. She figured her reaction was entirely normal and not necessarily a bad thing. Shouldn't family give comfort to each other in times of emotional crises? And if this wasn't at least an emotional crises then what else would it be?

"But," she continued, "considering I was thinking the same thing, I guess I should let it slide."

"You're a lot more forgiving than I am," Jack grumped. "As far as I'm concerned, Mrs. Moreno can go fuck herself. She's been your friend for how many years now? Twenty? And now just because you have that silly collar she doesn't want to talk to you. Doesn't even want to admit she knows you. As far as I'm concerned if you look up the definition of bitch her picture would be right there next to it."

"Language, Jack," she chided. "Besides, maybe she thought I was now working as a prostitute or something like that. It's not that bad an assumption; if it hadn't been for you that's probably where I'd be right now. Although how much anyone would think they could make selling this old bag of bones I don't know."

"Ah, don't be silly, Mom," he said a little more brightly. "You're sexy as hell. I'd bet you'd make a fortune as a hooker."

"Thanks, I guess," she laughed. "I'm sure every mom wants to hear that her own son thinks she could make a living selling her body. And just what do you know about hookers, Mr. Jack Daniels?"

"Personally? Nothing," he admitted with a shrug. "But just because I'm not particularly experienced doesn't mean I'm stupid or that I don't know why men or women would pay for sex. Nor does being your son blind me to the fact that you're a beautiful and desirable woman. Yeah, I'm your son, but I'm still male, remember."

"Well, I'm not sure this is an entirely appropriate conversation," she said. "But I have to admit it does an old woman good to hear a young and handsome man thinks she is desirable, even if it is her own son."

"I've never lied to you before and I'm not going to start now, so if you don't want to hear these things from me, just let me know and I won't say anything. But it's kind of hard not to say anything when you're standing there fishing for compliments."

"I suppose I am, aren't I," she chuckled as she brought his breakfast over to the table and then sat down herself. "But I have to admit it does make me feel better, even if you are fudging the truth a little."

"Not even a little bit," he said shaking his head. "There's a reason the consortium was willing to loan us all that money. It was for the chance they might get to own you. These weren't stupid people, Mom, and to be blunt they knew, given a chance, they could make some serious change with you. You are my mom and I love you, but Mom, you are one hot piece of property!"

"Oh my! You really know how to stroke my ego just when it's needed," she said as she stood up. Leaning over she kissed his cheek and felt that same pleasurable tingle, maybe just a little bit stronger since there was skin to skin contact, enough so that she left her lips on his cheek for a few seconds longer than for just a peck. Pulling back she shook her head slightly and walked back over to the sink. This time she swayed her hips in an exaggerated bump and grind while looking back at him and batting her eyelashes. "Maybe I should be out peddling my ass then, instead of relying on those risky investments of yours."

"Sorry Mom. No can do," giving her a mock stern look. "You just remember that so long as we make our payments that ass is mine and it's going to stay right here in this house."

"Spoilsport!" was all she could answer.

Life settled down into a comfortable routine. Lynn found she was actually enjoying herself more now that she wasn't worrying about money all the time. She avoided going out any more unless she had to but other than that it was still pretty comfortable. She did worry that Jack was working too hard. He still had his schoolwork and the odd jobs he would pick up now and then, but he spent a considerable amount of time with the deskcomp or hooked into the net with his perscomp.

"Its research, Mom," he would tell her. "I always thought making money wasn't hard; it just takes a lot of research, timing and a bit of seed money. Most of my time is spent on research."

"Yes, but you shouldn't be doing it *all* the time," she complained.

"Okay," he said shutting down his perscomp module. "What do you want to do?"

"Uh, well, I don't know," she stuttered. He had called her on her whining and now she tried to think of something they could do together.

"How about we watch a 'vie?" she asked. "It's been forever since we've seen a 'vie together."

"Sounds good to me," he said with a shrug. "You want to see what's on at the plex or you just want to rent it off the net here?"

"Ah..." She hesitated. Ever since the incident at the store Lynn had avoided leaving the house as much as possible. Intellectually, she knew the chances were slight they would see anyone they knew or that anyone else would care that a boy was taking his IS out to a movie, but still she avoided the possibility as much as possible. "You wouldn't mind if we just stayed here?"

"No, I understand," he answered sympathetically. "I don't care either way. The company is the same and that's all that matters. Besides, the popcorn here is better."

"Thanks, hon," she said almost giggling. "But won't you miss the big screen?"

"I think if we can't enjoy the 'vie on our little ol' 2 meter tank then we've been spoiled beyond belief," he answered with a grin. "If you think this is so bad, then maybe you ought to take a trip with me down to the museum and I'll show you what it was like watching the old flat screen TV! I can't imagine it would have been that much better on the big flat wall screens."

"That's all right," she laughed. "I'm not complaining. Our holo tank is just fine with me, although I wish I could afford something better for you." She sounded a little sad after that. He put his arm around her and drew her in close, kissing the top of her head lightly. That tingle was back as he touched her and she shivered slightly

pressing herself in just a little bit closer to keep the tingle going and make it as strong as she could.

She still didn't understand what was causing it, but she was pretty sure it wasn't just the normal operation of the collar. When she realized what was happening, she had spent a number of hours combing the net for information on the collars and the reactions of the "recipients." While there was several lifetimes worth of information available there didn't seem to be anything exactly matching what was happening to her. The feeling sort of matched the description of the controller when used on its lowest "pleasure" setting, but not exactly and even then why would it do it only when she was touching Jack? He didn't even have the controller. It was locked in the box still in her room. She knew because she had checked often enough over the past few days.

She would have mentioned something to Jack, but was embarrassed about what he might think about it. He would probably call Labor, Inc., to have a look at the collar. That wasn't really so bad, except what if they didn't find anything and it turned out to be all in her head? What would that say about her? Besides it's not like it hurt or anything; just the opposite, in fact. Maybe if it was a malfunction it was a *good* malfunction. Nothing wrong with getting pleasure snuggling up next to someone you love, now is there? Since it was an enjoyable feeling, Lynn decided she would just accept it as a bonus and not worry about it unless it became unpleasant or something else demonstrated there was a problem with the equipment.

"Don't worry, Mom," he said releasing her. "Everything is going just like I'd hoped it would. I'm pretty sure we'll have enough extra cash pretty soon if you wanted to waste it on a holo tank."

"It good to hear that everything is going well," she said, slightly disappointed that he was no longer holding her. "But I'm almost afraid to ask just what we are doing to earn these huge gobs of money."

"I'll sit down and show you if you'd like," he offered.

"And after about two minutes my eyes will roll back and I'll pass out from cranial overload, right?" she said looking up at him seriously. "Or even worse, it'll happen from me reacting in horror when I realize exactly what it is you've done."

"Mom," he said looking as innocent as possible, "I would never let that happen to you. Besides, no matter what I said before I think you could understand it easily. You're a pretty smart cookie when you want to be."

"What? You don't think I'm just some over-the-hill bimbo?" she said jokingly.

"You haven't even started up the hill yet," he grinned. "And while I do admit many men seem to think that a woman's intelligence is inversely proportional to her beauty, we both know it isn't true, especially for you."

"I'm just lucky I have big boobs so nobody will notice my face," she quipped.

"You know, I am kind of getting tired of you putting yourself down all the time," Jack said thoughtfully. "Maybe a little adverse conditioning is in order. How about when you make another untrue, self-deprecating remark about yourself I put you over my knee and give you ten smacks on your bottom?"

"You wouldn't dare," she said nervously, subconsciously bringing her hands around behind her to shield her butt from the threatened action.

"Just try me," he said raising his eyebrows. "While you have a very nice body, that includes your breasts, you also have a beautiful face, so stop dissing yourself."

"Well, I..." she choked back what she was about to say. He may have been kidding about spanking her, but then again he may not have been. It was better to play it safe with Jack sometimes. "Ah, thanks. I'm glad you think I'm pretty, although it seems kind of strange coming from my son."

"I may be your son," he said with a smirk, "but I'm still a man. Believe me, I've noticed and admired. Anyway, I think you could understand what I'm doing if you want me to explain it. At its simplest, I'm using other people's greed and their attempts to rip us off against them. Kind of like taking the loans from the consortium at less than market rate because they think they will be getting you for a bargain price. It's a little more complicated than that but it's perfectly legal and even moral, if you ask me. Do you want me to show you what I'm doing?"

"No, I don't think so," she said and made a dash for the door calling back over her shoulder, "I don't want my bimbo-head to hurt from thinking too much!" When

he dropped his feet off the table she shrieked and took off for her room. He just chuckled and got a couple of packages of popcorn ready for the oven.

"This is nice," she said later as they snuggled up on the couch watching the 'vie. "Maybe we could do this more often?"

"Yes it is and yes we can," he said. He was wearing a pair of shorts and a t-shirt with his feet propped up on the table in front of them. His arm was draped casually around her shoulder as she leaned into him with her feet tucked underneath. She again felt that tingle where his arm touched her bare shoulder. It still wasn't much and certainly not overwhelming, more like the slight buzz one would get from a glass or two of wine than the euphoria of a THC-enhanced marijuana cigarette, but it still felt nice.

"I feel like I've been neglecting you lately," he said. "It's such a cliché to say the work needs to get done, but I think everything is pretty much set up now. I feel comfortable in backing off a little now. Actually I'm a little tired of it, to tell the truth. I can't understand how someone would want to do this day after day and not want to take a break from it now and then."

"You're still just a kid," she said patting him on the chest. "You shouldn't have to worry about this kind of stuff, although I'm glad you do. I don't even want to imagine where we would be if you didn't. I guess your dad and I didn't do very well by you, did we?"

"You did great, Mom," he said leaning over to kiss the top of her head causing another little shiver to course through her body. "And I'm sure Dad did the best he could. It's not like he expected to die or anything like that. Although sometime I would like to look over everything he left us, you know, the trust and such."

"Sure, if you want to," she said with a shrug. "It's all on my perscomp. I'll get it for you whenever you want it, although I suppose you could get it any time you wanted," she said giving him a dig in the side.

"Mom!" he said, trying to look and sound innocent. "Surely you don't think I would break into your perscomp without your permission."

"Since you already have, I wouldn't have to think it," she answered. "No, No. Don't say anything. I wouldn't want you to strain yourself coming up with some outrageous, but technically true, story. Save it for when you really need it."

He just chuckled and settled down to watch the show.

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She was fussing over the placement of the dirty dishes in the cleanser when she heard the front door chime announce Jack's arrival home. Looking at the clock she grunted and swore to herself. He was right on time but she was running behind. She'd been fussing with that damn machine for the past few hours trying to get it to work correctly. It was old and probably due to be replaced but as with everything else in the house, she had made do since there was no money to fix or replace everything that needed it. She had just about come to the conclusion she would have to do them by hand when she felt his arms wrapping around her waist, pulling her back into him. She snuggled back and sighed. It felt so good to have a strong pair of arms around her and a hard body behind. It made her feel safe and protected; something she hadn't felt for a long time.

"What are you doing, beautiful?" he said, nuzzling the back of her neck and setting her off into giggles and shivers as his nibbling lips tickled her sensitive skin. Wriggling rather than struggling, she tried to avoid his tickling lips until finally she begged him to let her go before she peed her pants.

Still giggling she turned back and leaned into him and sighed as he wrapped his arms around her comfortingly again. Standing up on her toes she went to give him a kiss on the cheek right next to his lips but at the last second he moved and their lips met. Her eyes flew open in surprise but instead of jerking back she looked up and into his eyes as their lips still pressed together. To her it seemed like they were locked together for hours but in reality it lasted only a few seconds until he slowly pulled back and smiled down at her.

"Well, thank you," he said. "I'm glad to be home too. Now what is going on here?"

"N ... nothing," she stammered until she realized he was now looking at the cleanser. "Oh, oh, well, the damn thing doesn't work. That's the problem." She put her head down and gently extracted herself from his arms, clearly flustered.

"You know how much of a problem it's been lately. Well now I think it's finally completely dead. I guess I'll be doing dishes by hand from now on."

"I don't think so," he snorted. Patting her casually on the butt he gently pushed her out of the way and squatted down to look at the arrant cleanser. Grunting, he pulled his hand-com and started tapping on the miniature screen with his stylus. Lynn stood back watching her son as he worked. Still flustered she began to wonder if maybe she had read more into that kiss than was actually there. He was acting like it was nothing, or at least like there was nothing special about it, no more than a normal greeting. Maybe that's all it was.

She admitted to herself she had enjoyed it. It felt good to be close to someone else again, to feel a warm body next to you, to have that someone respond with an affection you had sorely missed for the past number of years. After all, it wasn't like he was her husband or lover. He was her family, her only family, and family members kissed all the time, didn't they? Affection and love — you could have that without sex rearing its ugly head, couldn't you?

Ruefully she shook her head and cautiously reached out to touch the exposed skin on the back of his neck. His skin felt warm, smooth and very pleasant under her fingers, but she didn't feel that sharp tingling she remembered feeling before. Surprisingly she couldn't remember the last time she had actually felt the *tingle*, although she certainly felt pleasure from the skin-to-skin contact. Maybe it had been all in her mind.

"Hmm?" he grunted without looking up.

"Nothing," she said not removing her hand. "I was just wondering what you were doing."

"Just a sec," he replied and he did something to one last thing on the hand-comp and stood up to face her. Her hand slid off and down to her side. "They'll be here to replace this piece of junk tomorrow."

"What?" she exclaimed, automatically adding, "We can't afford that!"

"Yes we can," he grinned. "No woman of my household will be soaking her dainty little hands in dirty dishwater. It's not worth trying to repair it, so we'll just replace it."

"Are you sure," she asked and he nodded. "Well, okay. So you're the man of the house, are you?"

"I don't see anyone else stepping up," he said, "so I guess I am by default."

"Not by default," she responded firmly. "You are the man of the house. You've certainly taken on the responsibilities and the duties and done them very well I might add. I just didn't realize it, but I suppose I need to start treating you like the man you are, not the boy you were." She looked a little sad but the truth was the truth: The little boy of hers had grown up and she needed to acknowledge that fact.

"So, what's the man-of-the-house's pleasure for dinner?" she said shaking off her melancholy and putting on a radiant smile. "I guess the woman-of-the-house better get cracking with dinner or she'll end up over someone's knee."

"And don't you forget it, woman," he said in a falsely gruff voice. Then he suddenly grinned again. "The man-of-the-house has decided to take the woman-of-the-house out for dinner. Move those pretty little legs upstairs and get changed. We're going out."

"Okay," she said, deciding not to argue about the cost with him. It had been forever since she had been able to eat out. "What should I wear? Oh my God, I have nothing to wear!"

"Yes you do," he argued. "Put on that little black dress you had on for the neighborhood Christmas party last year. That will be perfect."

"Oh, Jack!" she gasped, her hand going to cover her mouth. "I can't wear that! It's so ... revealing." Unconsciously her hand went from her mouth to the band around her neck.

"No, it's perfect," he insisted. "You're a beautiful woman and I want to show you off to the world. Yes, that goddamn collar will be visible, but I want everybody to know what a sacrifice you've made for this family ... for me. I don't give a damn that they don't know what it means; I do. Sure, they may think some rich brat hired himself a beautiful call-girl for the evening. Fuck 'em! All the men will be envious and all the women will be jealous."

"Language, Jack," Lynn chided automatically. Lynn, the mother, may not appreciate the language he used but Lynn, the woman, was thrilled at his recognition of her sacrifice and his obvious pride in her doing it.

"Now, no more talking," he said taking her by the waist and pushing her towards the kitchen door and then upstairs. "Move!" his final word emphasized with a sharp open-handed smack on her butt.

"Ouch!" she screeched even though it didn't hurt at all. Then she grinned back at him and scampered off to get ready for her dinner date.

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"Are you sure, Jack?" she asked nervously as they pulled up to the restaurant. She recognized the name and although it wasn't the most expensive eatery in town, it was somewhere in the top ten percent.

"Do I have to take matters in hand again?" he asked ominously.

"No," she said in a small voice, unconsciously tugging the hem of her dress down. She had splurged on the dress the year before in a valiant attempt to lift her own spirits. It was a classic LBFMD (Little Black Fuck Me Dress), the kind her husband used to love. "A lot of leg, a lot of tit, and a little fabric to hold them together," is what he used to say. The hem came down to only mid-thigh and showed a whole lot of leg, but was balanced on the top by a deep vee front that practically left her tits swinging in the breeze. She felt naked and very, very, naughty.

She held his arm as they approached the maître d' stand where a frowning head waiter stood waiting for them. Jack leaned over to whisper and Lynn just barely caught the rustle of paper as something was passed between them. Somehow the maître d' was able to look at what he was given without obviously doing so. The frown turned to a slight smile and he cleared his throat.

"Yes, Mr. Daniels, your table is ready now. Please follow me."

He led them to a small table against the wall and Lynn was sure every eye in the place was locked on and judging her. She felt like she had shown up at her senior prom naked. It was lucky the restaurant was dark since her blush went from the top of her head right down to the tops of her breasts.

After seating them the maître d' coughed politely and asked, "And how will the gentleman be paying this evening?" The inference being it was an expensive place and it was unlikely Jack could afford it. Without hesitation Jack held up his right hand with his identring. Without flourish the waiter pulled out his own han-comp and held it out for Jack. Tapping the ring on the screen the maître d' looked at the resulting credit confirmation and his eyes widened perceptively.

"Very good, sir," he said deferentially. "Your server, Celia will be with you shortly. Please let me know if you need any assistance. Enjoy your meal."

"If it's not too much trouble," Jack said, stopping the maître d' before he could leave. "Would you please order for us? I'm sure everything is excellent but you know what is the very best tonight. I prefer red meat and my lady here either fish or meat. Also please send out whatever you think would be the best choice of wine. I trust your judgment more than my own."

"Verrry good, sir!" the maître d' nodded with a big smile as he left.

The only hitch was the sommelier when he came by didn't want to serve Jack without seeing identification and he studiously ignored Lynn, snubbing the IS. Jack noticed the maître d' standing close by and caught his eye. Casually tapping his identring the maître d' moved closer and whispered in the wine steward's ear. The problem seemed to evaporate immediately.

The meal was the best Lynn had ever had although she cringed at times thinking how much it had to be costing them. She mentioned it once but relented quickly when told she would be really embarrassed if he had to put her over his knee and spank her bare bottom in front of everyone.

"Besides, Lynn," he continued, she noticed he hadn't called her mom or mother since they left home that evening. "A fellow only has one chance to impress his girl on their first date."

"So does that mean you will want another date if this is the first?" she teased.

"Absolutely," he responded. "I can't guarantee we can go this fancy every time, but you can only make a first impression once so I've got to get your attention quickly."

"Oh, I think you've got my attention," she laughed.

Everything was like a dream until some old battle-ax sitting at a table near them decided to voice her opinion on the propriety of allowing *servants* in the restaurant. She had been giving Lynn disapproving looks all evening but Lynn had been having such a wonderful time she had decided to ignore them.

"I can't believe they allow whores in this establishment," the battle-ax finally said loudly to her companion. Lynn stiffened up and Jack started to growl when Lynn got an evil notion in her head.

Leaning across the table she touched Jack's arm and said in a loud plaintive voice, "But Biffy, you promised to take me dancing. You'll have me at home all night and I want to go dancing!" Jack looked at her in surprise and then glanced over at the battle-ax. His frown turned to a smile and he answered just as loudly.

"Of course, Babycakes. I'll take you dancing and then I'll take you home. You're right; you'll be there all night."

Hearing that, the battle-ax threw down her napkin and left the table in a huff. Glancing over at her companion, probably her unlucky husband, Jack saw him give a slight smile and then unobtrusively the universal thumbs-up signal. Jack grinned and just as slyly gave one back. The man nodded slightly and went back to finishing what was in front of him.

"That was fun," Lynn said.

"Yes it was," Jack agreed. "You played that perfectly, Lynn."

"So is this a full-service date, Mr. Daniels?" she asked impishly.

"Absolutely! What is it you would like, Babycakes?"

"You promised me dancing before you take me home," she said with a pretty little pout.

"So I did," he laughed, "so I did."

Lynn's head was spinning just about right from the wine at dinner and the couple of drinks she had at the dance bar as Jack guided her up to their front porch.

"This was wonderful, Jack," she sighed.

"So, is this a full service date, Lynn?" he asked after unlocking the front door.

"Absolutely, Biffy, what would you like?" she looked up at him with a grin.

"I think a kiss at the door is traditional," he said looking down at her.

"A perfect gentleman should expect nothing less and nothing more than a kiss on the first date." Flowing into his arms she raised her face and puckered up but was surprised when he leaned down and planted his lips firmly on hers. She gasped just a little which caused her lips to open slightly. Taking this as an invitation he gently touched his tongue to her lips and softly caressed the small perfect teeth behind them. Without thinking Lynn moved her own tongue to gently stroke his. For a while they tentatively explored each other's mouth as Lynn pressed herself against Jack's body. She could feel his cock hardening as she moved against him and it made her feel both sexy and desired, something she hadn't felt in a long time. She knew this wouldn't be going any farther but she was loath to end it anytime soon, she was enjoying it so much. The feel of his lips, the taste of his mouth made her feel loved, safe and secure. Finally he drew back from her and broke the kiss as she sighed in disappointment.

"Did I make a good first impression?" he whispered.

"You can take me out any time you want," she answered dreamily.

Lynn was surprised, relieved and maybe even a little disappointed when Jack didn't try to take her up to bed. She knew the night had been more than a mother and son dining out but she certainly didn't intend for it to go past the "fun" stage. For the next few days she had been apprehensive about how Jack would react to their "date" but she lost those uneasy feelings quickly when he acted no differently than he ever had.

Well maybe not entirely the same. Lynn noticed he rarely called her "Mom" anymore and he maybe hugged her a little more often and touched her in a casual way even more than usual. Nothing inappropriate, just a caress on the shoulder as he passed by, or rubbing her shoulder as they watched the holotank. Nothing overtly sexual, more like the acknowledged affection they had for each other demonstrated by the shared pleasure and closeness of contact. Lynn had

always enjoyed it but now she consciously sought it out, at times deliberately going out of her way to go by him hoping for one of those reassuring and soothing caresses. It didn't take long before even a short-term absence made her short-tempered and irritable, almost like the touch of his skin was a slightly addictive drug.

When he was away at school or off doing some other job or project she actually watched the clock anticipating his return. Her greatest pleasure coming from the time they spent together, sitting on the couch snuggled together, she pressing as close to him as possible while he wrapped his arm around her, holding her tightly to his side. Within weeks the mere thought of not having this alone time would cause her mild panic.

At least once a week he would take her out on another "date." Normally not to another upscale restaurant, although they did do that once in a while. Mostly it was out to a 'vie, or a concert, maybe just a trip to a pizza parlor and a walk around the local shopping center. It didn't really matter what they did together, she enjoyed it all, so long as she could be with him. Soon it didn't seem strange at all to be walking around holding hands window shopping or just seeing the sights.

The pleasure of his touch never seemed to lessen; it didn't matter if he was touching her or she was touching him. It always made her feel warm, comfortable and loved. She didn't feel that slight electric tingle anymore and she wondered if it really had been all in her mind but she didn't even bother to think about it any longer.

It didn't matter, she was happy. In fact she was as happy as she had ever been since the first days of her marriage. She had someone to take care of: the cooking, the cleaning, laundry, their house, everything a good wife, er, mother, was supposed to take care of. She didn't have to worry about money all the time since her man took care of that and he seemed to be doing a pretty good job of it. At least there always seemed to be enough now when she needed to ask for something. She had everything she ever wanted, right?

Well, not exactly. Lynn did seem to be having one problem that she thought had gone away long ago: she was horny! Lynn had always loved sex and even though her husband had been a company rep for both the Chicago and Northern Florida areas, meaning he was in town only about half the time, she had been able to

make the most of that time with him and her toys took care of the rest. After he died it was like her sexual desire had been placed in the urn and buried right along with him. For years she hadn't had even a twinge and for the latest couple of years her infrequent urges were easily taken care of by her plastic man, quickly and quietly.

But that wasn't the case now. Maybe, she reasoned, it was because she didn't have the same worries she once had: the money was adequate, they were no longer in danger of losing the house and even though she was wearing the collar of an Indentured Servant it didn't bother her, not even a little bit. She did miss her friends a little, or at least the company and companionship. But seeing how quickly they had turned on her the moment the collar was snapped around her neck opened her eyes to the fact they were never really her friends, just acquaintances that she knew at one time. She realized she didn't miss them as individuals, just the company of other women. She wouldn't trade her time with Jack for anything, but it would be nice to have a little girl talk now and then.

But whether it was the lessening of the stress she had been under or just the healing time after her husband's death, the old urges were coming back with a vengeance. Masturbation was no longer a quick ten to fifteen minutes every month or so. Now it was a nightly marathon of sweaty grunting with the vibrators on high that still left her strangely unsatisfied after two or three orgasms. It just wasn't the same as having a warm body next to you, or above you, pounding you down into the mattress.

It was a problem for which she couldn't see any solution. The only man she was interested in having near her was off-limits for anything more than some cuddling and smooching on the couch. True, he did feature prominently in her fantasies during her nightly attempts at self-pleasure, but they were just fantasies, even if they did make her feel a little guilty afterwards. She rationalized that what happened inside her mind didn't really matter: it was harmless. Besides, thinking of Jack while she tried to vibrate her insides to goo made her feel better, much better! Finally she just tried not to think about it; it was just her lot in life and she would have to learn to live with it.

Everything moved along smoothly until early the next spring. Jack's eighteenth birthday was less than a week away and Lynn had no idea what she was going to get him. She wanted to make it special for him but couldn't figure out how. He

didn't act like he wanted anything in particular; even her devious womanly wiles hadn't been able to wrestle that out of him. Maybe a party, but who to invite? He was pretty much a loner and didn't hang with anyone. He had kids he knew at school, but they were just that: people he knew and nothing more. He didn't even have a girlfriend which bothered her on more levels than she wanted to admit. She was afraid he was lonely and not properly socializing, but then again imagining him with some little empty-headed, perky-titted bitch didn't add to her peace of mind at all. In general the whole situation frustrated the hell out of her and even Little Jack upstairs in her nightstand drawer (just a fantasy, right?) didn't help. In fact she had become so surly Jack again threatened to turn her over his knee and this time she was pretty sure he wasn't joking. Then one day the situation suddenly became nothing more than minutia.

"Mom? He started one night as they sat cuddled up watching a 'vie. The threatened spanking hadn't broken her out of her funk, mostly, but refusing to sit next to her had. Now for the most part she was mildly irritated that she couldn't think of something special to do for him on his birthday, but was resigned to cooking the best dinner she could and having a private celebration.

"Yes, hon?" she sighed without lifting her head from his chest.

"Did you ever really look at dad's estate and all the papers that came with it?"

"Not really," she answered with a shrug wondering what this was about. "It was just a bunch of insurance papers and instructions on what to do in case of death and that sort of thing. Everything was done through a blind trust; I never really looked at most of it. To tell the truth at the time I wasn't interested in much of anything except you and my own grief. Why? Was there something there that wasn't supposed to be? I assume since you're asking that you looked it over."

"You did say I could," he reminded her.

"I think I said it was in my deskcomp and that I probably couldn't keep you out of it," she laughed and sat up looking at him finally.

"Same thing," he said shrugging it off. "You're right, though. I did look at them and it seemed a bit strange to me. Almost like it wasn't all there. Did you know he owned a house in Florida?"

"No," she said, startled. "I don't remember that at all. I always thought he rented a place down there. He was down there so often he needed a base of operation, but owned? No, I didn't know that. How do you know? Have you been hacking into other people's comps again?"

"Not for that," he said deflecting smoothly. "All I had to do was a search on the public title records. He bought it about nine years ago and it hasn't changed ownership since."

"Well, that would be us, wouldn't it?" she asked. "You mean we own a house in Florida? Damn! I wish I'd known that; it might have helped out with the money a little. So we own a house in Florida; that's nice to know."

"Well, it's a little more complicated than that," he admitted and then cleared his throat. "I think I need to take a trip down there to find out exactly what is going on."

"What aren't you telling me?" she demanded.

"I don't really know," he said shaking his head. "And because I don't really know everything I can't tell you. I can tell you there's no money involved though; the house is about to be foreclosed on next month. It doesn't really impact us but I really think I need to go down there and find out what happened."

"We will go down there and find out what is going on," she said firmly.

"I don't think that a good idea," he said still shaking his head. "There are some things better left alone."

"Why not?" she demanded. She could tell that no matter what he said he knew more than he was telling her. "I have a right to know what has happened. He was my husband! Besides, if it were better left alone then why do you think you need to get involved?"

He had no answer for that and glumly agreed to have her accompany him. Silently he withstood her alternating pleading, whines, threats and attempts to guilt answers out of him as they packed for a couple of days in Florida. She finally resorted to the silent treatment which given her mood was no punishment at all.

"Do you think the trust company cheated us?" she finally asked him as they rocked toward St. Augustine in the Tube. She had tried breaking him down by not talking to him but seeing how that didn't work, her apprehension about what they would find and her natural curiosity got the better of her. They were sitting side by side as the attached cars flew over the magnetized rails inside the vacuum tube. The lack of wind resistance made the trip unnaturally quiet with only the hum of the induction coils and a gentle vibration giving them any sense of motion.

"The trust company? No, Lynn," he sighed. "I don't think they cheated us. To be honest even if they were inclined to do so the amount of money would have been so small it wouldn't be worth their while to take the chance of getting caught. Okay, I didn't want to say anything because I really don't know what exactly was going on down there, but you deserve to know something about what we may find. I think Dad was involved in things other than as just a rep. Things he didn't want us to know about."

"Illegal?" Lynn gasped. "I don't believe it!"

"I don't think it was anything illegal," Jack assured her. "Just things he didn't want us to know about, things he wanted kept secret enough to hide them behind a blind trust so that we wouldn't find out about them even if he died."

"That's crazy," Lynn protested. "What kind of things?"

"That's what we're going to find out," he said. They had been sitting there holding hands. Raising hers to his lips he kissed the back of her hand. "Just remember, Mom, no matter what we find, I love you."

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He had reserved an electric car at the Tube port and waved off her protesting the cost telling her it wasn't much more expensive than taxis or taking the public trams while they were there. It was a short ride to the hotel, the onboard navigator directing them through the city's tourist-packed streets. The hotel he had booked was a modest one with two large beds and a private bath. Lynn could sense Jack had said all he was willing to about what they might find and concentrated on enjoying the sights of one of the prettiest towns she had ever seen.

"Now I know why your father decided to work out of here," Lynn commented as they walked off their dinner. "It's beautiful."

"The weather sure beats the shit out of Chicago," Jack agreed.

"Jack!" she admonished. "Language! But I have to agree you're right, if maybe a bit colorful."

Tired, they returned to the hotel and prepared for bed. Lynn changed in the bathroom while Jack shucked down to his underwear. It's what he always wore, skin-tight shorts made of a tough, flexible material favored by athletes since it wicked away perspiration, protected the skin from chafing and yet protected the "package" from moving around during exertion. The only problem he had with it was it didn't leave a hell of a lot to the imagination so he quickly jumped under the covers in one of the beds before Lynn came out to do the same. He really didn't care if his mom saw him in his skivvies, but every night for years he had gone to bed with his cock hard as a rock thinking about her and tonight didn't seem to be any different. That, he wasn't prepared to have her see just yet!

Lynn came out of the bathroom in what she always wore to bed also, a long, man's tee-shirt that came down to just below her butt cheeks. Tonight she decided to wear her panties though since she was definitely *not* going to indulge herself in front of her son! Through half-lidded eyes Jack tried not to be obvious as he watched her walk over to turn out the light. Long shapely legs topped by a gently swaying ass and tits jiggling under the thin white material. Her long brown hair fell down over her shoulder and down her back and Jack's cock sprang to full and excruciating attention as he quietly groaned.

"Did you say something?" she asked as she slipped under her own covers.

"Uh, no," he muttered.

"Okay, goodnight, baby,"

"Goodnight," he mumbled back. The room was quiet for a few minutes with only the hum of the ventilation system making a sound until Lynn rolled over to look at him.

"Jack," she whispered.

"Hmm,"

"Are you still awake?" she whispered again.

"I am now," he said in his normal voice. "Do you need something?"

"I can't sleep," she said. "Will you hold me for a bit?"

"Sure," he answered and before he knew it she was out of her bed and slipping under his covers snuggling up with her back against his chest, pulling his arm around her waist. Her quick move surprised him, he hadn't expected her to actually get into the bed with him and now that she had there was no hiding his less than honorable thoughts about her. He had dreamed of this moment, plotted for it even, but this wasn't exactly how he had envisioned her finding out about his desire.

"Thanks, Jack, this feels so much better," she purred, wiggling back against him. Then she was quiet for a moment. "Jack, is that what I think it is? That can't be for me."

"Lynn," he said exasperated, "the most beautiful woman in the world is in my bed, half naked, with her exquisite ass pushed up against me. What did you think would happen?"

"Jack! I'm your mother!"

"You are the woman who gave birth to me, that's true," he said noting she hadn't pulled away in horror like he thought she would. "But you are also one hell of a sexy woman and if you haven't noticed, I am a man. My body is going to react to that no matter who you are."

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "Do you want me to go back to my own bed? I didn't think this fat old frumpy body could cause that reaction in any man anymore. If it's bothering you, I'll go back."

"Define bother," he tried to joke. "Yes, Little Jack is screaming at me to roll you over and have his nasty way with you, but I control him, not the other way around. You know very well that you are neither fat nor frumpy and I want you right here as long as it doesn't make you uncomfortable. As for any man, I can

guarantee you that there isn't a straight man in the world that wouldn't give years off his life to be right where I am now."

"Little Jack?" she giggled. "He doesn't feel all that little to me. Oh, sorry, I shouldn't have said that; that's totally inappropriate. It doesn't make me uncomfortable; I take it as a compliment. But if you need to, ah, take care of it I'll understand."

"I'm fine," he assured her. "Why don't we try to get some sleep?"

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When asked about his theory of relativity Einstein answered; "Put your hand on a hot stove for a minute, it will feel like an hour. Kiss a pretty girl for an hour it will seem like only a minute. It's all relative."

Jack was sure the night had been forty-eight hours long even though he had finally gone to sleep at some point. Waking up wasn't easy as he slowly drifted up from sleep to full consciousness. The first thing he realized was that there was a warm, soft mass pressing against his chest and that his arm was still around it. Remembering how he had gone to sleep, it looked to him that neither one of them had moved an inch throughout the night. The second thing he realized was that his hand was under her tee-shirt cupping an incredibly full, soft breast. Suddenly his eyes popped open and his whole body went rigid. Slowly he uncurled his fingers and began to withdraw his hand.

"You don't have to be careful, I'm awake," Lynn said as she faced away from him.

"S-sorry," he stuttered. "I didn't mean..."

"I know," she said, she didn't sound angry to him. When he had removed his hand completely she threw back the covers, stood up and stretched. As she did her tee-shirt lifted up to give Jack an unobstructed view of her gorgeous, panty covered ass. For a moment he couldn't think of anything else.

"Oh, that feels good," she said finally dropping her arm. Disappointed, he watched the shirt fall back over her butt, but at least her wonderful legs were still visible. Or maybe that wasn't such a good thing. His cock had been hard as a rock but now he swore it could cut diamonds!

"I haven't slept that well in ages," she said with a sigh. "How'd you sleep?"

"Ah ... Just fine."

"Liar," she said with a grin. Bending over she gave him a long kiss on the lips.

"Umm, that's nice. Thank you baby, I haven't felt that comfortable and safe for a long time."

"I don't know how safe you were," he muttered wondering how he was going to get up and drain his bladder without his mother seeing his morning wood.

"And thank you for that," she said with a smile. "An old lady likes to think she still has it every now and then. But I think you have something you need to take care of right now."

No sense in being embarrassed about what was obvious, he sighed. "Actually I have to piss like a racehorse, but that ain't going to happen till I take other matters in hand. That's your fault."

"Sorry," she said, sounding anything but.

Fine, he thought, *let her see what she did*. Throwing back the rest of the covers, stood up and slowly walked to the bathroom. His eight-inch cock was plainly outlined through the material of his shorts, the head just barely peeking out from the top of his waistband. Lynn's eyes grew round and she made a sudden, little intake of breath as he walked past her making no attempt to cover himself. *That's a keeper!* she mused.

He didn't bother to close the door completely as he stripped his shorts off and tossed them back into the room. *If she wants to watch, let her watch*. Without any fanfare he stood astride the toilet, grabbed his cock and began to slowly stroke it. He didn't even turn to see if she was watching him and given the level of excitement he had been in for the past hours it took less than a minute and he was spraying his semen into the bowl. Another minute before it was soft enough to allow him to piss and he sighed as he emptied his bladder. Shaking the last drops off, he yelled out to her, "Do you need to go before I take a shower?"

"Ah, g-go ahead and get in," she said clearing her throat. "I can use it while you're in the shower."

"Okay," he answered with a shrug. Moving to the shower/tub he pushed back the semi-opaque door and stepped in. With the touch of a button the water misted out at the perfect temperature. Rubbing his chin he decided he didn't need any depilatory yet so he settled for the body wash from the dispenser and began to soap himself up.

Lynn walked into the bathroom rather tentatively. Even though she had promised herself she wouldn't peek as he masturbated, she had. Seeing her son stroke his long cock had been exciting enough but when the thick ropes of his cum began to spurt out a delightful shiver ran through her body and she had to sit down and cross her legs for a moment. When she heard the shower come on she quickly ran in, pulled down her panties and pissed. She could see the blurred outline of his body through the glass as she sat and shivered again. Finished, she went out into the outer room, gathered his clean clothing and laid them on the sink. She was willing to bet he would have just walked out there naked as a baby if she hadn't, and she thought *she* was teasing *him*!

"I left you some clothes in there for you," she shouted through the open door. He muttered something back at her but she couldn't hear it over the sound of the water.

Dangerous games I'm playing here, she thought with another shiver. *Delightfully dangerous games.*

When he was finished and dressed she took her turn. Suddenly shy she carried her own clothes into the bathroom to shower, dress and put on her makeup. When she came out he was lounging in the one chair watching the morning news on the in-room holo. Looking up, he gave her an appreciative whistle.

"Wow, you look great!" She was in a simple, even modest, sundress with low heels but his eyes told her exactly what he wanted for breakfast.

"You ready?" she asked, preening just a little.

"For anything," he leered.

"Oh, you!" she said trying to frown and failing.

"You want to eat downstairs or go out?" he asked as he stood up.

"Downstairs will be fine," she answered.

"Okay," then he paused. "Are you sure you don't want to stay here? You may not like what we find."

"I have a right to know," she stated firmly and he just shrugged as he opened the door for her.

Later, after they had finished a leisurely breakfast and a couple of cups of coffee, he said morning traffic had probably settled down and they left the hotel. Following the navigator again they drove for a while and found themselves in front of a fairly ordinary house on a quiet side street in a non-descript neighborhood on the edge of the city limits. They sat there for a moment looking at it. There was a realtor's sign projected above the lawn announcing the property was for sale.

"It's pretty," Lynn ventured and Jack just shrugged. It was a house, neither better nor worse than most other houses. Getting out of the car they walked up to the door and Jack pressed the doorbell. They heard the faint buzz of the announcement tone and a short time later the lock turning then the door opening. Looking up at them was a pretty little girl with long golden locks and big round blue eyes.

"Can I help you?" she said in a little girl voice.

"Is your mommy home?" Jack asked. "We'd like to speak to her."

"About the house?" the girl asked with a frown.

"Only partly," he answered.

"Kay," she said a little confused. "Wait here please." Turning around she walked further into the house calling out, "Mommy, Mommy! There are some people here to talk to you." From deeper inside they heard a tired voice answer, "All right, Beth, I'll be right there." Presently a very pretty young woman approached the door. She was tall, almost as tall as Jack, slender with long blonde hair tied back in a ponytail. Jack could see where the little girl got her big blue eyes and noted that this woman was not only pretty but would have been gorgeous if it weren't for the haggard look on her face and the dark circles under her eyes.

"May I help you?" she said listlessly. "If you're interested in buying the house you're welcome to come in but if you're just here to look at it before the foreclosure sale you'll have to wait until next month when it's open to the public."

"Actually we're not here about the house," Jack answered as Lynn looked over at him in surprise. "You're Anne aren't you? I'm Jack, Jack Daniels and this is my mother Lynn. Troy Daniels was my father."

"Oh," she gasped in shock, her hand coming up to her mouth. "I ... I see, you're his son and you're Troy's ex-wife. Oh." Then she set hands to hip and her expression became angry. "So what the hell do you want? Come here to gloat? What's the matter? Wasn't him dying good enough? Wasn't taking half his money enough for you? You want the rest now? Well too bad! There isn't any!"

Lynn rocked back at the vehemence of the attack but Jack just calmly continued. "I think you misunderstand. We aren't here to gloat or to take any of your money. To be honest we're just trying to figure out what has been going on. May we come in please? Talking about this on the porch is somewhat uncomfortable."

Anne paused a moment, the young man's calm demeanor upset her a bit. She didn't know what to expect but this wasn't it.

"Ah, sure, come on in," she said finally, opening the door wider so they could enter. "What the hell, even if you are here to gloat you might as well get your money's worth. There isn't anything else left to take." Jack put his arm around the dazed Lynn's waist and pulled her with him as Anne led them into the living room and had them sit down on the couch.

"I don't understand," Lynn whispered. It was difficult to remain focused for some reason. Everything seemed to be fuzzed and their voices sounded like muted echoes banging around in her head.

"I don't know what there is to not understand," Anne said as she slumped into a chair across from them. Her earlier anger replaced by a numbed indifference as she slid into the chair like a rag doll. Listlessly she continued. "You ran off and divorced him taking half his money. We were just barely making do when he died and even then you took half the insurance money. I can't get a job so here we are: no money and soon no house. Now they're threatening to take me to court for what we owe so I guess I'll end up as some two-bit whore in one of the state

houses. There, does that satisfy you? My life is completely ruined and worst of all I don't know what will become of Beth." Putting her head in her hands she began sobbing.

"Divorced?" Lynn whispered as from far away.

"Anne," Jack said and the young woman lifted her head up to look at him. "They never got divorced."

"What?" she said, not comprehending.

"My mother, Lynn, and my dad never got a divorce," he said slowly.

"No, that can't be," she gasped. "He told me ... He showed me..."

"Oh my god!" Lynn screamed. "He was married to both of us! That bastard! How could he?" Lynn began sobbing hysterically and unconsciously started pounding on the closest object to her, Jack's chest. "How could he? How could he?" she wailed. Jack wrapped his arms around her for self preservation as much as for comfort and pulled her to her feet.

"I need to take care of her now," he said to Anne. "We still need to talk. I'll call you tonight, maybe tomorrow."

"This can't be happening," Anne whispered. "This is a nightmare."

"Yes it is," Jack agreed. "You'll be here?" Anne nodded, her mouth hanging slightly open as Jack pulled the pliant but completely incoherent Lynn out the door and to their car. He had just settled Lynn in the passenger's seat and was about to round the car and get in himself when he heard running footsteps behind him. Turning he saw Anne running down the walkway. He waited and she stopped just before getting to him. Tentatively she put a hand out but let it drop just before actually touching him.

"Yes?" he asked without expression.

"I just want you to know..." she started and then her voice trailed off. Sniffing, he saw the track of tears on her cheeks also. She began again. "I just wanted you to

understand, I didn't know. I don't know what is true anymore, but if it is ... I didn't know." He reached out and grabbed her hand and gave it a squeeze.

"I believe you," he said. "This isn't going to be easy for any of us, but right now I have to take care of my mother."

"I know," she nodded. "Will she be all right?"

"I think so," he said releasing Anne's hand. "Right now everything she thought she knew has turned out to be a lie. Her whole world has crumbled. But she's strong, stronger than she knows. She'll be all right; I'll make sure of that. Your daughter, Beth? She's my sister, isn't she?"

Anne reacted with a jerk of her head, then bit her lip and nodded.

"I thought so," he nodded. "I know everything looks very bad right now and this may sound silly and presumptuous but I don't want you to worry. Everything will be fine, I promise you. Don't do anything stupid. I'll call you either tonight or tomorrow. Tomorrow afternoon we will meet again and work through this."

"Okay," she said in a tiny voice, then she gave him a hint of a smile. "You're right you know: You do sound presumptuous, but for some reason I believe you. Thank you. I guess I'd better go back inside. I have to think of what to tell Beth. God only knows what I'll say."

"The truth," he said with a shrug. "It will come out eventually no matter what. Just tell her what you know. The rest we'll figure out later."

"Thank you," she said nodding. "I'll do that. You're a good man, Jack Daniels. We'll see what happens tomorrow." Nodding back at her he moved to the driver's seat and guided them out into the street.

The drive back to the hotel was made in silence with the exception of some quiet sobbing and whimpering coming from Lynn. For Lynn's part the world had become a blur, a fog, something not quite real. All she could think about — and even then she couldn't hold a particular thought consistently — was that the man she had loved had needed more than she could give. She wasn't enough for him. She had given him everything she had, the best she could do and it wasn't good enough. She hardly noticed when they finally stopped and Jack opened the car

door for her. She didn't remember the walk to their room. It wasn't until they were in the room and he had closed the door that she finally started talking. She just stood in the middle of the room, staring at nothing, and talked.

"I wasn't good enough, Jack," she whispered at first and then started getting louder. "I wasn't enough; he needed more, someone younger, prettier. My God, I am such a useless piece of shit! How can you even stand to look at me?"

Words meant nothing now; Jack knew that, he knew what he had to do. She had been betrayed, cast aside. She felt worthless, ugly and old. He had to do now what he should have done before, what he wanted to do before. He had hoped she would come to him, and she had been doing so, slowly it was true, but she had been coming to him, but now there was no time to move cautiously, to be delicate. Now was the time to act, to take what was his.

Quickly he bent down and lifted one foot to remove a sandal and then the other. Standing he started to unbutton her dress; she seemed to have no idea what he was doing, nor seemed to care. The dress buttoned up the front and when he had about half of them undone he pushed it back over her shoulders and peeled it down until it pooled around her feet on the floor. The bra also fastened in the front and his nimble fingers quickly unhooked it and he also pushed it back and off, letting it fall to the floor next to the dress. She stood there in nothing but her panties still blankly staring at the wall continually muttering about her own failings. He would have liked to stand back and drink in her beauty, the long legs, gently curved hip tapering into a slender waist, the firm round globes of her breasts topped with their dark pink nipples. But there wasn't time for that. That could wait for later. Now he had other things he must do.

Hooking his thumbs in the waistband of her panties he peeled them down to the floor and gently lifted each foot out of the leg holes. Stepping back he quickly took off his own clothes until he stood there just as naked as she. Gently he reached out and grasped her upper arms and began to guide her backwards towards the bed. It wasn't until he had her on the bed and was positioned between her legs that she seemed to realize something was going on.

"Jack?" she said in a confused and muddled voice. "Jack, what are you doing?"

He placed his hands under her knees, lifted and spread her legs until her sex was open to him. Scooting forward he pressed the head of his cock at her opening.

With his thighs holding her legs in place he bent over and held her shoulders down firmly to the bed. Using one hand while the other kept her firmly pinned down, he grasped her chin and moved her face till she was looking directly into his eyes.

"Lynn," he said firmly, keeping his eyes lock on hers. "Listen to me. You are mine and I'm taking what is mine now!"

"Jack," she whined. "We can't do this! I'm your mother!"

"You are my mother," he agreed as he jabbed his hips forward a little, the head of his cock pushing in just passed the lips of her vagina. She was dry and completely unprepared for sex but he didn't care. This wasn't making love, it wasn't even really sex; this was a male claiming his female, dominating her, fucking her into submission if he had to. He had no desire to make this painful and he was willing to take as much time as it needed but he fully intended to have her submit to him. She was his woman and he was her man and that's how it was going to be from now on.

"No, Jack, please," she groaned as he forced another half-inch inside her. She tried to struggle and with her free hand she reached up and pushed weakly against him. She could have struggled harder, scratched at him with her fingernails, screamed; but she didn't. She whimpered and pleaded and sobbed but he was relentless. Her struggles did little more than help feed another bit of his cock into her dry cunt when her body started to betray her. He was withdrawing slightly, pausing and then pushing back in, each time entering just a fraction of an inch deeper when he felt moisture start to surround his cock and suddenly it became easier to move inside her. As he slowly worked his way into her depths he continued to talk to her, eyes still locked together.

"You will always be my mother," he said. "But now you will also be my woman. I love you and I will never let you go. Do you understand? I will *never* let you go. You belong to me, with me, by my side, in my bed. You complete me and I will have you completely. I will take care of you, protect you, comfort you, but you will be mine and mine alone. No man will ever have you except me." The moisture in her cunt quickly turned to wetness and finally he slid into her fully, their pubic areas firmly joined, the soft, spongy head of his cock resting against the firm contours of her cervix. When he finally filled her completely she groaned and

closed her eyes, her legs moving of their own volition, lifting and crossing at the ankles behind his back.

"Oh, Jack!" she sobbed. "Jack!"

Again he would have liked to pause, to luxuriate in the feel of her hot, claspng cunt as it surrounded his rock-hard cock, but he didn't. He withdrew half way and then pushed back in until he again bumped into the opening of her womb. Again and again he did this, each time she groaned and used her legs to pull him in as deep as possible.

"Yes, Jack!" she sighed. "Yessss!"

Releasing the pinned shoulder and her chin he lay down on her with his full weight and brought his mouth down to cover hers. Her lips and tongue attacked his with a ferocity that he could of only dreamed of as he began to pound into her, fucking her as hard as her could. Breaking the kiss after a few minutes he lifted up and looked down at her again.

"Who do you belong to?" he demanded.

"You. Jack." Her words broken by grunts as he drove into her.

"Who owns you? Who is your man?" he demanded again. "Who loves you?"

"You, Jack," she whimpered. "Only you."

"I'm going to cum in you and when I do I will own you forever," he informed her breathlessly. "Do you understand? You will be mine forever!"

"Yes, Jack," the lust in her eyes matched only by love and adoration. "Cum in me baby, make me yours. I will always be yours, cum in me and make me your woman!"

Smiling in triumph he increased the speed of his thrusts until he finally felt the tingle in his balls that signaled his release.

"Here it comes, Mother," he gasped. "Your motherfucking son is going to make you his woman."

"God yes, Jack!" she screamed. "Do it! Cum in me now!"

Thrusting in one last time he held himself as deeply inside his mother as he could as he felt the thick ropes of his seed spew into her womb. Lynn felt him tense-up as he held himself inside her and gasped as the first shot of his sperm struck against her cervix. The orgasm that engulfed her eclipsed anything else she had ever felt before and her entire body resonated with the pleasure of her release. Legs scissored around him, arms holding as tightly as possible, her body trembled with mini waves of pleasure as if they were aftershocks following the major earthquake.

After a while he began to softly kiss her lips, her cheek, working down to her neck and back up again to her lips. They were light, butterfly kisses; no lust, just love and adoration. The muscles in her legs relaxed although she kept them wrapped around him, ankles locked together. He still fully on top of her although now he supported most of his weight on his knees and elbows.

Stretching his neck back he looked into her eyes again. "You are mine now," he stated. "Now and forever."

"Yes," she responded simply. "Now and forever." Minutes later she looked up at him almost questioningly. "Ah, Jack, you're still hard?"

"That's because I'm not done yet," he said with a grin and began to softly thrust into her again.

"Oh," she groaned. "I'm going to like this belonging to you."

"Yes, you will," he agreed. Their coupling this time was slow and leisurely, making love and not a submission fuck. They kissed and petted, touching and caressing everywhere they could reach. The spunk he had deposited in her previously lubricated her channel lessening the intensity for him if not the pleasure. She was able to cum twice before he again spent inside her. After showering they ordered room service. He retrieved it from the auto-delivery 'bot and they ate naked on the bed. After lunch they talked and cuddled before fucking again.

"Are you feeling better now," he asked.

"Yeah, you could say that," she laughed. "You knew this is what we would find, didn't you?"

"I suspected something like this," he admitted.

"So what do we do now?" Lynn asked, content to nestle in close to him getting as much skin-to-skin contact as possible.

"We'll have to see," he shrugged. "We need to go back and talk to Anne tomorrow. I have a feeling she's in pretty much the same position you were."

"You're not planning to help the bitch?" Lynn exclaimed. "My God, she was married to my husband, your father!"

"Yes, but I don't think she knew it any more than you did. Dad screwed over both of you. What a prick!

"As for helping her," again he shrugged. "Other than I don't think it was her fault, there is still Beth to consider. She is my sister, after all."

"Yeah and that fucking pisses me off about as much as anything else," Lynn growled. "That bastard told me he didn't want any more kids, said one was enough. I wanted more but I let him talk me out of it."

"We'll probably never understand why he did what he did," Jack sighed. "The only thing we can do is deal with it. Look, I'll understand if you don't want to meet with her tomorrow, but I have to. I'm sure it hurts a lot and I have no intention of forcing you to go."

"Actually it doesn't seem quite as important as it did this morning," Lynn chuckled. "Amazing what being raped and having your eyeballs fucked out will do to reorient your priorities."

"Not rape," Jack corrected. "Just claiming what belongs to me."

"Yeah, well, you own me good and proper now, sucker," she teased. "I hope you can keep up the payments. I ain't cheap to keep, you know."

"Don't worry. I'll work it out of your ass as I need to," he promised.

"Oh, I've never had it done to my ass before," she said playfully.

"Like I said, don't worry, I'm going to take you in the ass, the mouth, the pussy and every other part of your gorgeous body," he said reaching over to pinch her nipple.

"Sounds deliciously nasty," she cooed, but then turned serious. "You know I think there are still laws against incest."

"There are," he agreed. "But they don't apply to us."

"They don't?" she asked surprised. "Why not?"

"Because you're not a real person under the law," he replied, tapping her collar. "I can fuck you, suck you and even breed you and the law has nothing to say about it."

"No shit?" she said in wonder, fingering the collar herself. "Well I'll be damned! This thing is good for something other than as collateral for a loan. Cool!"

"Very cool," he agreed. "And even when we buy your release I doubt anyone is going to give a crap about who we're sleeping with."

"Maybe I'll just keep it on," she said casually.

"Really?" he asked amazed. "I thought you'd want that thing off as quickly as you could."

"Initially yes," she said with a shrug. "Later I found I was just as happy where I was and now that I'm your house-frau sex-slave I can't see any reason to get rid of it."

"Wow," he whistled. "I always planned to buy your freedom, after making sure you would never escape from me of course. I never considered you might want to stay this way."

"It's nothing we have to decide now. I'm perfectly happy where I am," she said with a yawn. "I'm tired. You wore me out. Do you think your new cum-dump might be allowed to take a nap, My Lord?" Laughing they both snuggled in and napped until it was time for dinner.

They did take a nap, sleep and nothing else until dinner. Dinner was nothing special, just something to eat at a nearby restaurant but he enjoyed being out with her. Back at the room they were quickly naked and lying in bed, kissing and touching for what seemed like minutes but was actually a couple of hours. Lynn admitted she was sore having been so thoroughly fucked after four years of nothing but her own toys and begged to let her give him a blow job. He of course readily agreed.

He found the sensation of having a woman worship his cock with her mouth almost as good as fucking her pussy. Even given how many times he had already cum that day it didn't take her long until he was grunting and spewing a much reduced load into her sucking orifice. It tasted neither good nor bad to her, just salty, but the symbolism of swallowing what he gave her was important. She was his woman and would never reject anything he gave her. If he told her to lick his ass and eat his shit she would, humbly and with a smile. Not that he ever would, she knew she was as safe and protected with her boy, her man, as she had been when rocked in the cradle so many years ago.

After cleaning him off with her lips and tongue she crawled up and nestled in under his arm to sleep the soundest sleep she had for a good many years.

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The next morning he woke up and returned the favor she had given him the night before. Stealthily moving between her legs as she dozed he began to lightly lap at her lower lips while ever so slowly spreading her legs apart. When she finally awoke completely his tongue was delving into her depths as she groaned and flooded his mouth with her natural lubrication. Minutes later he was nibbling on her clit while she screamed and came, almost crushing his head between her silky thighs. As she lay dazed he moved up and mounted her, slowly fucking her until they both came with moans of pleasure.

"My God, that was good!" she muttered as he lay resting on top of her. He had tried to roll to the side after their orgasms but she had prevented that by wrapping her arms and legs around him and pulling him down on top of her. "Do I even want to know where you learned that?" she asked.

"There's a lot more on the web than just news and shopping," he smirked.

"I take it my porn filters were about as useful as my other security features?" she chuckled.

"Oh they were," he said, nuzzling his face into her neck. "They pointed me right to where I wanted to go."

"Well I certainly can't complain," she mused. "I'm just glad it wasn't some little firm-titted slut from school."

"You are the first and only woman I've been with or will be with," he stated.

"I doubt that," she sighed. "Someday you'll get tired of this flabby old body and move on to something new. But until then I'm going to enjoy what I can get."

"I'll never leave you, Lynn," he said as he pushed himself up to look into her eyes. "You will be with me wherever I go. That is not a promise just a statement of fact."

"Whatever you say, dear," she said almost sadly.

"Believe me or not, that is what will be," he again stated flatly. "Aren't I crushing you? It must be uncomfortable, difficult to breathe."

"I'm going to let you in on a little secret about women, lover," she said smiling up at him. "Sometimes we like being held down by the weight of our man, smashed into the mattress. I know I like it. Just lay here on me for a few minutes more, please? Then we can get up." He did so gladly although he did try to support a good bit of his weight on his elbows and knees. They finally got up when the pressure on their bladders became too much and it was time for their morning ablutions and a shower.

After their shower, a procedure that took considerably longer than strictly necessary since they took one together, they were surprised to find what with sleeping in and playing around it was closer to lunch than breakfast. Since Anne wasn't expecting them until the afternoon they decided on brunch rather than breakfast and afterwards a short sightseeing tour of the scenic old city. It was well after noon when they were done and Jack called to let Anne know they were on their way.

When he rang the doorbell this time it was Anne that answered the door although he saw Beth peeking around a corner somewhere in the background. She was nervous and fidgety as one might expect but had obviously cleaned herself up for their visit. Jack almost laughed; both of the women had dressed almost exactly the same! Anne was in a simple, mid-thigh length summer-weight dress, medium-height heels and had spent some amount of time on her hair and makeup. Except for the difference in color Lynn had dressed in the same manner. He assumed they had dressed to impress each other. Whether they impressed each other he didn't know, but they sure impressed him!

"Please come in," Anne encouraged, showing them to the same room they had been in the day before. "Have a seat. Would you like something to drink? Have you had anything to eat yet? I don't have much I'm afraid, but I can put something together if you like."

"Thank you," Jack replied, "But that won't be necessary. We ate not that long ago." Jack and Lynn sat on the couch with Anne taking a chair across from them.

"Before we say anything else," Anne started taking a deep breath. "I want to say how sorry I am about this. Please believe me I had no idea this had happened. I ... I know how I felt, still feel and I can understand if you hate me, but I really didn't know." She paused for a moment before looking at Lynn and continuing, "I loved Troy, but I never would have married him if I had known he was still married to you. I ... I couldn't have done that to you, please believe me!" Jack could see there were tears starting to form in her eyes. Before he could say anything Lynn surprised him by speaking out.

"I believe you, Anne," she said actually sounding sympathetic. "This has been a terrible shock for all of us. I want to apologize about my little scene yesterday. Please realize that anything I might of said, well, they were my emotions speaking, nothing more."

"Oh, no!" Anne quickly replied. "You have nothing to apologize for! I can't imagine what you were feeling." She paused and a small, rueful smile appeared on her lips. "Well, actually I know exactly what you were feeling. If I hadn't been in shock I would have said and done exactly what you did. In fact you seem to be taking it much better than I am. How can you be so calm?"

Lynn gave her a warm smile and took Jack's hand without looking. "I had it pointed out to me convincingly and often last night that things have changed and the past must be dealt with but I can't let it ruin my life now."

"You are so lucky to have somebody who can support you like that," Anne looked wistfully at Jack. "I'm afraid all I could do is terrify poor Beth with my ranting and raving last night."

"You're right, I'm lucky to have Jack," she said, looking at Jack with adoration. "He is my rock, my center, my white knight in shining armor. We had many ... discussions ... last night and I came to realize what Troy did to me, to us, four years ago isn't that important to me anymore." Then she looked back at Anne, "That doesn't mean I wouldn't kick that son-of-a-bitch in the balls if I had a chance."

"With pointy spiked heels," Anne agreed vehemently, wiggling her own footwear in the air for emphasis. The two women looked at each other and nodded in understanding.

"He would have a lot to answer for if he were here," Jack said finally breaking into the conversation. "But he's not, and we have to pick up the pieces. It would appear he had stretched himself pretty thin supporting two separate households and at least in our case it led to pretty severe financial difficulties. Now I don't know how you two are doing," Lynn looked at her son and cocked an eyebrow, knowing it was almost a certainty he had hacked her accounts and probably knew more about her financial situation than Anne herself did. "But I want you to know that we will try to help you as much as we can."

"Why would you do that?" Anne asked in amazement. "You just met me and now it would appear I'm the 'other woman.' I'm sorry if I sound ungrateful but if I was in your place I would probably want the worst to happen to me."

"You're partly right," he agreed. "We wouldn't know either of you if we passed you on the street, but the fact is Beth is my sister — my only sister — and I have to take care of her. The best way I can think to help her is to help you."

Anne just sat there looking from one to the other. "I don't know what to say," she began, "except, thank you. I appreciate the thought but I'm not sure you can do anything for me. If you really want to help Beth, and I have to believe that you do

because there is nothing else for me to believe now, maybe you would be willing to take her in with you."

"I'm sure we would," Jack said. "But why do you think it's too late for you? I know about the house, it will be repossessed and sold which will make things difficult but not impossible."

"The house is just part of my problem," she sighed. "I don't know what happened with you but when Troy died we were in debt well above the mortgage. I've been able to stave them off for the past four years but a couple of months ago I was fired and replaced with an IS and it's been impossible to find another job." Lynn snorted and nodded in understanding. "So I'm unemployed, soon to be homeless and in debt up to my ass. I've already been told, not too subtly, that certain interests intend to sue me and claim by body for payment. You can imagine it isn't to run the cosmetics counter at the local salon," she ended bitterly.

"I know exactly how you feel," Lynn said, finally entering the conversation. "I appreciate your discretion but you must have noticed what I'm wearing. I'm sure you're dying to know how I got it."

"It didn't seem right to bring it up," Anne blushed. "I'll admit I'm curious, but it's really none of my business."

"My so-called friends didn't have any problem bringing it up, or putting me in my place for it," Lynn snorted. "The fact is I'm a VIS and we did it because we had the same kinds of problems you're having. I was luckier, though. I had Jack here to look out for me," she looked at her son and squeezed his hand. "Putting it simply, I'm collateral for a loan we took out so I wouldn't be sold to some whorehouse. He saved me."

"I don't understand. Don't you have to..." Anne started and then stopped, biting her lip.

"Pay back the loan?" Lynn continued. "You're wondering how we can do that if we couldn't pay the bills in the first place."

"That's your business..."

"It's actually fairly simple," Lynn persisted as if the other woman hadn't said anything. "You see Jack here is a genius and I don't mean the *Mommy saying how smart my little boy* is type genius. I mean the real thing, certified, more-brains-in-his-little-finger-than-most-people-have-in-their-heads type of genius. He could tell you how he did it but all I know is he took the money we got from this loan and has been making money with it ever since. He's the only reason I'm not flat on my back twenty times a day while some fat slob with a tiny pecker grunts away on top of me."

"Lynn!" Jack exclaimed.

"Oh hush, you," she snapped. "Anne's a big girl. She knows the score; both what I was facing and what she is now. Am I right, Anne?"

"You're absolutely right, Lynn." Anne looked at Lynn with the steady eye of an adult who is talking frankly with another adult about an unpleasant but inevitable fact of life. "That's exactly what I'm looking at. I won't say I'm not scared about the prospect, but I'm terrified about what will happen to Beth. I don't know what it's like where you live but giving a child over to Children's Protective Services here is like sending them to prostitute school. I've been wondering if maybe we'd be better off dead."

"Well you can stop that nonsense right now!" Lynn stated firmly, and then she turned to Jack. "Jack, why don't you go find Beth and get to know your sister better? I'd like to talk to Anne here, woman to woman, if you don't mind."

"Are you sure?" he asked, looking at both of the women questioningly.

"We'll be fine, dear, I promise," she said patting his hand. "No eye-gouging, hair-pulling or even biting. Please?"

"All right," he said trying to smile. "But no throwing anything breakable either, you hear? Anne, where can I find Beth? You don't mind if I talk to her do you?"

"Of course not," Anne said in surprise. "She *is* your sister. I asked her to play in the backyard. She likes it out there. It will be right through there, past the kitchen." Nodding Jack stood up and left the room in the direction she indicated. For a while the two women just sat quietly looking at each other until they heard the back door open and close.

"I hated you for a long time," Anne said, breaking the silence. "You were the cause of everything that ruined my life. We never had enough money because you took so much of it in the divorce. You prevented Troy from seeing his son or Beth from knowing her brother. You were the reason Troy had to be gone so much." She paused and shook her head ruefully, "What a fool I was."

"How do you think I feel," Lynn snorted. "I never even suspected there was anybody else let alone that he had another completely different life somewhere else." They looked at each other again and then sighed at the same time.

"Would you like some coffee, Lynn?" Anne asked. "I think I have some of that left anyway."

"Yes, I think I would, Anne," Lynn replied. "Maybe we could have it in the kitchen? I think that would be more comfortable and I wasn't lying; there are things we need to talk about."

"Yes, that would be nice," Anne said as she stood up. "Right this way."

The backyard was a nice size Jack thought as he opened the door and stepped out onto the deck. Not too large and not too small, fenced in with hibiscus and other decorative shrubs along the perimeter giving it a nice sense of privacy. He noticed it was well kept just like the rest of the house he had seen. At least Anne hadn't let everything around here go to seed even as her own life began to disintegrate. That said a lot for her character, as far as he was concerned. He felt a little uneasy leaving the two women alone in the house together but he understood they were adults and had to work this out between themselves. Besides he felt more than just a bit curious about this sister he had never met and didn't even know about until the day before.

The little girl was sitting on the edge of a sandbox, idly pushing the sand around and drawing patterns. She stopped when she heard the door open and just sat there, staring at him as he walked over. He came to within a couple of feet of her and then crouched down until his face was level with hers.

"Hi," he said. "I'm Jack."

"You're my brother?" she asked her bright blue eyes open and innocent. All he could see was a miniature copy of her mother; there seemed to be nothing of their father in her at all which right then wasn't a bad thing.

"Yes, I am."

"Mommy said you were my brother," she continued. "I remember when I was little she told me I had a brother, but his mommy wouldn't let us see him. I guess it's okay to see you now."

"Yes, it's okay," he responded with a smile and sat down on the ground cross-legged.

"Mommy cried a lot last night," she said moving to sit cross-legged in front of him. "She said Daddy did a terrible thing and hurt all of us. What did he do? She wouldn't tell me."

"Well, it's a little complicated," he admitted. "And I'm not sure I should be the one to explain it if she wouldn't. If she says it's all right then maybe I can, but right now your mommy and my mommy are talking and I don't think we should bother them."

"So, why did you come to see us?" she asked, taking him slightly aback. He hadn't expected that kind of question from a child. Silently he looked at her as she studied him. Intuition told him this was no ordinary child and he made a decision: If she could ask questions like an adult then he would treat her like she acted and not what her age appeared to demand.

"I didn't know I had a sister until very recently," he finally answered. "I never had a sister and I wanted to meet you, to get to know you. I'm sorry we haven't met before now; it wasn't your mommy's fault, or mine. Let's say it's one of the things Dad did that I wish he hadn't."

"You're not here to hurt us." This was a statement, not a question.

"No," he shook his head. "In fact I hope we can help you."

"Good," she replied emphatically. "Mommy needs help. She tries very hard not to let me see it but I know she has been sad and worried a lot lately."

"You're very perceptive," he grinned.

"I'm a genius," she replied casually.

"Are you now?" He was beginning to really like this little elf. "Why, so am I. Sometimes that's not so easy."

"Yes," she sighed. "I should be in 4th grade but they put me in 6th because they said I went too fast for the other kids. It's no fun at all. Everybody is older than I and picks on me for being so little. I hardly ever get to see my friends anymore."

"They tried to do that to me also," he nodded in understanding.

"How did you get them not to?" she asked. "They wouldn't listen to me."

"Maybe you didn't yell as loud as I did," he confided.

"Maybe," she said thoughtfully. Suddenly she broke out in a huge grin the outshone the sun and announced, "I think I'm going to like having a brother."

"Good, because I think I'm going to like having a sister too." Then they talked about many things; school, friends and even the music they liked; she even cajoled him into pushing her on the swing. Jack was surprised when they were finally called to come in that several hours had passed by.

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"She is a beautiful child," Lynn sighed wistfully as the two women sat at the kitchen table watching their children through the glass doors.

"The light of my life," Anne agreed. "I don't know what I would have done if she hadn't been here to ground me."

The two of them sat quietly after that. They had talked for a long time; about their lives, their problems, even the husband they had in common and now were talked out.

"I wish..." Anne started but never completed.

"What?" Lynn prompted.

"I wish we could have met under different circumstances," Anne finally said ruefully. "As much as I hated you — well, the you I thought I knew — I think we could have been friends. Maybe good friends."

"I was thinking the same thing," Lynn answered. "Who says we can't?"

"Even if you can save my child," Anne sniffed and a tear rolled down her cheek, "I'm afraid my situation is hopeless. Unless, do you think ... No I don't suppose he could..."

"Spit it out, Anne."

"Do you think Jack could do for me what he did for you?"

"I don't know," Lynn admitted. "I was wondering about that myself, but even if he could, would you be willing to become a VIS? The way people treat you isn't pleasant, you know."

"Voluntary or involuntary; what's the difference?" Anne snorted.

"But if he did it would mean you would, well let's say it bluntly, belong to him," Lynn said. "For all you know he would sell you off to the highest bidder right after they put one of these damn collars on you."

"Yes, you could," Anne nodded. "But I think I can trust you. If I can trust you with my daughter's life I'm not so worried about my own. Let's face it: I'm destined to be under that grunting fat slob you mentioned earlier, or even worse. It's a chance I'd be more than willing to take. If I'm wrong, well at least you can use the money from me to help out Beth, and maybe make up for some of the pain I've caused you."

"You didn't cause us any pain, Anne," Lynn reached across the table and grasped the younger woman's hand. "We both know who did that and as far as I'm concerned he's lucky he's dead. Because if he wasn't, he sure as hell would be wishing he were right now."

"Thanks," the tear in Anne's eye was now from something other than sadness; she squeezed the older woman's hand back.

Still holding on to the hand Lynn stood up. "Let's call in the Wunder-Kind and see what he has to say."

"I don't know," Jack admitted with a shrug after they put the question to him. "I'll have to study it some. Give me a little time and a perscomp with access to the web and I'll let you know."

"You'd be willing to do that for me?" Anne gasped in wonder.

"What? Have another beautiful woman enslaved and at my beck and call?" he said with a grin. "It's a sacrifice but we are family; a strange family I admit, but still family."

"But I'm not your family," Anne stated.

"Yes, you are," he said. "You're my sister's mother; you're family."

"Thank you," she sobbed as she rushed over to enfold him in a crushing hug a sensation he found very much less than odious. He saw Lynn frown and he quickly disentangled himself from her grasp.

"Anyway, why don't we talk about it over dinner," he offered.

"Well, we don't have much..." Anne hesitated.

"Oh, I don't mean here," he said quickly. "I'm sure you're a wonderful cook but I want to see what St. Augustine has to offer. I'm sure you know some nice places around here."

"It's been so long..." Anne whispered wistfully.

"That settles it," he declared. "Let's get Beth changed and be gone."

"But I have nothing to wear," Anne complained.

"And I need to change," Lynn added.

"Nonsense!" he grumbled. "You are both stunning just the way you are."

"But I need my makeup," Lynn whined. "Oh, I have some eyeliner that would match perfectly," Anne said pulling Lynn along behind her.

"Do you? That would be wonderful..." Jack shook his head at their retreating backs.

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The restaurant was nice although not overly nice, i.e. high priced. Jack wasn't worried about the cost of the meal but Anne obviously was. The only problem came when they were being seated. They were led to the back, to a more out-of-the-way dining room. Jack asked why and was told politely but firmly that ISs were allowed in that section only. Jack was pissed but Anne was furious. It had the making of scene until Lynn put her hand on both of their arms and told them to calm down, it wasn't important. Jack was getting to expect this kind of treatment but that didn't make him any happier. Anne sat down and looked a bit more thoughtful.

Other than that slight glitch, the meal went very well. The food was good and the table drank two bottles of wine. That is Lynn and Anne drank the wine; Jack was technically still underage and driving while Beth wasn't even close. It did help loosen a few of their inhibitions about talking. At first they were reluctant to discuss the ramifications of Anne becoming a VIS in front of Beth until Jack firmly told them not only was she mature enough to hear and understand but deeply affected by the decision. He received a grateful smile from the munchkin.

The questions and answers were tentative at first but as the meal progressed, and the wine disappeared, they became more frank and insightful. It turned out to be less about the mechanics of the whole experience, which surprised Jack, but more about what it *felt* like. Lynn told Anne about her initial reluctance and foreboding, the feeling of betrayal by her supposed friends, and finally about her acceptance of the situation. For a while Jack was afraid she was going to tell about her virtual rape the night before and her subsequent total sexual surrender. She didn't but it seemed like she walked the razor's edge of that subject without actually saying it. It appeared Anne knew there was more to the story than Lynn was telling her, but she didn't push it.

Jack was glad; he wasn't entirely sure how he felt about that particular aspect of their relationship being out in the open just yet. He was correct when he told

Lynn there was nothing illegal about it. In the eyes of the law it was a non-issue, but it was new enough he wasn't yet comfortable talking about it. Luckily it didn't come up, although he knew it would in the near future since he had no intention of stopping it.

Finally it was time to leave and he took the two very tipsy women and Beth back to their respective abodes. First Anne and Beth back to their house where he instructed the young girl to make sure Anne went straight to bed, and then it was back to the hotel with his mother. Lynn was feeling loose although not smashed, but it was enough to maybe loosen her tongue probably a little more than was good for her. When they returned to their room and were getting undressed, she decided to start asking questions.

"So, are you going to do it?" she asked.

"Do what?" he grunted as he bent down to take off his shoes.

"Collar Anne of course," Lynn snorted as the dress went over her head leaving her in nothing but a thin lacy bra, small nearly transparent panties and heels. Jack found the sight most distracting as he unbuttoned his shirt and pulled down his pants.

"Ah, I don't know," he admitted as he watched her wobble slightly on her heels, her delightful breasts gently swaying as she did. It was even more distracting as she reached up and unsnapped the bra letting them swing completely free. "It will depend on what I find and of course what she wants. It may be more of a sacrifice than she wants to commit to."

"She has no more choice than I did," Lynn snorted walking over to stand in front of him placing her hands on her hips. "So, are you going to fuck her?"

"Lynn," there was a warning tone in his voice and his eyes narrowed.

Unfortunately she either didn't recognize it or was just drunk enough it affected her judgment. "No, I want to know," she demanded, tears just starting to form at the corners of her eyes. "You've fucked me and I want to know if you're going to dump me now and fuck her, just like your father did?" She couldn't have picked a worse thing to say. Quick as a striking snake he jumped up clad only in his skin-tight briefs, grabbed her and dragged her back to the chair as she squealed in

fear. In a heartbeat she was over his lap her panty clad ass pointed up to the ceiling as one of his arms held her pinned down.

Smack! His hand landed sharply on her exposed fanny.

"You. Will. Never. Say. That. Again," he grunted each word emphasized by another spank on her red-tinged ass. "You. Are. Mine. And. I. Will. Never. Let. You. Go. Do you understand that?" he shouted. When he had first started spanking her she tried kicking and screaming but by the final swat she just lay there taking it, sobbing and shaking. Roughly he pushed her to her feet and stood her up. She just stood there, red-eyed and crying her hands rubbing her ass. He never gave her a chance to answer as he boldly picked her up, one arm around her back, the other under her knees. She squealed again as he moved to the bed and threw her into the middle where she bounced and came to rest looking up at him, stunned. Quickly he peeled off his briefs and jumped on top of her before she could move away. As before he placed himself between her legs and pinned her shoulders to the bed.

"You are mine!" he growled reaching between them with one hand and grabbing a handful of panty. Yanking hard she shrieked as the flimsy material bit into her tender skin and then tore. He flung the handful of what were now rags away in contempt.

"Is this how it's going to be?" he demanded positioning his rock-hard cock at the entrance to her sex. "Am I going to have to prove to you every night whom you belong to? Am I going to have to rape you every fucking night?" None too gently he began to penetrate her, but this night was different. Yesterday she had been dry and unprepared for sex, this night she was sopping wet and he slid in with one stroke until his balls rested firmly on her cherry-red ass.

"Ahhhhh," she groaned, eyes shut tightly. "Ohgodohgodohgodddddd..." she hissed as he began to firmly fuck into her. Her legs came up and wrapped tightly around him, her nails digging into his back as she writhe and shook beneath.

His anger receded as he pounded into her but as the anger leaked away it was replaced by lust. He drove into her hard, the spongy head of his cock practically bouncing off her hard cervix at the end of each thrust. She shrieked and wailed each time he drove into her until she could do little more than grunt with each thrust. Finally he could take it no longer and he thrust his hips one final time,

holding himself still as he released rope after rope of his seed deep in his mother's soft body. Lynn had been having almost continuous mini-orgasms ever since he entered her but when she felt him spend inside her it triggered a massive orgasm that almost knocked her unconscious. Practically worn out and gasping for breath he collapsed, heedless of crushing her. For her part she continued to hold him firmly with her legs and arms, cooing in his ear.

It took a few minutes but he finally pushed himself up onto his elbows and knees taking some of the weight off of her and looked down into her eyes. He was surprised to see she was dreamily smiling up at him through half-lidded eyes.

"Sorry, Mom," he said gently stroking her hair and wiping the small beads of perspiration off of her brow. "But you are my woman, the only one I want."

"Thank you, Jack," she murmured rubbing his back and sides with her hands. "That was ... amazing! Although I could probably do without the spanking; my ass is going to be sore for a week!"

"I warned you," he reminded her.

"Yes, you did," she chuckled. Then seriously she looked up at him again. "I'm sorry, Jack. It's just, well, she's so much younger and prettier than I am and..."

"Younger only," he interrupted her. "You are still the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Dad was a fucking fool!" he said shaking his head. He tried to lift off her but she wouldn't let go so he just rolled the both of them over until he was on his back with her resting on top. She unhooked her legs and laid them outside of his, her head lying on his shoulder, face nestled into his neck. "You are mine, now and forever," he said softly as he gently rubbed her back and sore ass. "I will never let you go. Do you understand? Never!"

"Good," she said sleepily. "Then I'll be yours forever, my loving Master."

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"Are you really sure you want to do this?" he asked for the third time. He had spent a good portion of the next morning, the time not spent fucking his mother senseless anyway, reviewing the process and procedures required to execute the same kind of deal he had worked out for Lynn. The differences in state laws

governing Indentured Servitude were relatively minor among the fifty-two states (the loss of the Kingdom of Hawaii being made up through the inclusion of Puerto Rico and the dividing of California into three distinct states), but there were differences.

In this case the differences between Illinois and Florida, considered inconsequential by the courts, had the potential to make a huge difference in their lives.

"I don't see where I have much of a choice," answered Anne as she had the first two times.

"Well, I suppose you could try to VIS yourself to someone you could trust," he shrugged. "Maybe someone who needs a store clerk, maybe at one of those top-end lingerie stores. With your looks you'd be a smash hit there, I'm sure."

"Thank you kind sir," she responded with a grin, and then it dropped. "Unfortunately the salesgirls/models at those places are also required to provide "extra services" to their customers. True, I'd be a high-class prostitute, but still a prostitute. I'd like to avoid that if at all possible."

"Oh, I didn't know that," he said with a blush. "Well then, I suppose you could try running for it, see if you could get to South America or somewhere else that doesn't have an extradition treaty with the U.S." She just looked at him with a frown. Given how tightly controlled all forms of transportation were in the United States, especially international travel, the chances of that being successful were extremely slim. He knew this as well as she did.

"I think we can rule that out," she said. "Besides by doing this I'm already VISing myself out to someone I can trust: you two."

"I appreciate your trust," he said slowly. "I can honestly say it wouldn't be misplaced, but then I would say that even if I couldn't be trusted. The fact of the matter is this would be a little more ... complicated ... than what we did."

"How so?" Lynn interjected. "Because of your age? Can't we handle it the same way we did before?"

"Actually my age isn't a factor," he replied. "As much as you might not want to admit it, your son will be eighteen in two days." He exaggerated a dodge as she slapped at him playfully. "I'll be legally an adult and will automatically become majority shareholder in our little corporation since your share in trust will revert to me specifically. No, the difficulty is that Florida requires "positive control" over all ISs, voluntary or not. That means the IS must either live with the contract holder or at least within what they consider reasonable proximity. I'm afraid Chicago wouldn't be considered 'reasonable proximity'. So to do this you two would have to move up there with us."

"I love the area here," she said with a shrug, "but we can move if we have to."

"Then there is the cost of two households," he continued. "We're doing okay, but a mortgage and rent, or two mortgages would be difficult. Not impossible, but difficult. And to be honest, it might be difficult to get someone to rent to an IS, even if I were the leaseholder."

"Why don't we just move down here?" Lynn asked.

"You'd move away from Chicago?" Jack asked surprised. "I thought you loved Chicago?"

"Not really," she shrugged. "The winters are too cold and everyone I knew turned out to be assholes. What would I be missing? Is there some reason you want to stay up there?"

"I couldn't care less," he said. "But there are still the two households..."

"Live here," Anne interjected. "We have plenty of room. It's really a four bedroom house; we never use the other two. Actually from what I understand you would own the house anyway. We would be living with you!"

"Well," Jack drawled, stretching out the word. He glanced over at Beth who was sitting quietly in a chair. He was the one who had insisted she be there for the discussion but now he regretted that decision. "You see, Anne, we have a bit of a ... different ... living arrangement and I'm not sure you two would be comfortable with it." Lynn blushed a bright crimson but didn't say anything.

"I'm sure we would be comfortable with anything," Anne quickly assured him. "What? You're nudists at home? That wouldn't bother us, I assure you. If you don't believe me then you obviously haven't seen the beaches around here. You have pets? No problem. Shoot, considering what the alternatives are, we could live in the garage if you wanted us to."

"No, that isn't it," he said shaking his head. He paused for a moment and then decided to say it without actually saying it. He was sure Beth would catch the gist of it, but he figured no matter what, she would be spending more time with him and it would become obviously sooner rather than later.

"We would need only one bedroom," he said finally.

"Oh," Anne was taken back momentarily as the ramifications struck her. "Oh, my!" Then she got a wicked gleam in her eye and looked over at Lynn who did the impossible and turned an even deeper shade of red. "Oh, my, my. That is interesting. How long has this been going on, if I may ask?"

"Very recently," he admitted. "But it won't be stopping, ever." He reached over and took Lynn's hand

"God! You are so lucky!" Anne said to Lynn to both Jack and Lynn's surprise.

"Yes," Lynn agreed regaining her composure somewhat. "So this wouldn't bother you? Even with Beth in the house?"

"That two people who love each other are sleeping together, even if they are her brother and his mother?" Anne shook her head a little sadly. "No, that wouldn't bother me. Could it possibly be any worse than knowing her mother is being fucked by strangers ten to twenty times a day? I think not. From what I can see I have to believe it's consensual, so what's the problem? I envy you both; it's been a very lonely life for the past four years." Anne dropped her head and stared at her hands as she said that. Lynn reached over and grasped the younger woman's hand tightly in sympathy. Anne looked up and into Lynn's eyes and saw the understanding there. There was no need for words as they communicated with each other silently.

"Okay," Jack said, interrupting the silence. "Then let's do it."

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In practice it turned out to be even easier to put together than Lynn's contract. Evan McDonald was happy to recommend an attorney in the Daytona/St. Augustine area, complete with a private warning to his associate to carefully read any contracts beforehand. They were able to avoid the "personal" inspection due mainly to the stunning tri-dee vids they took of Anne in what she claimed was a "modest" bathing suit. To Jack it looked like little more than four tiny pieces of cloth held together by prayer that hid nothing while accentuating everything. Jack was truly in love with his mother but he would have been less than honest if he didn't admit even to himself that Anne's body affected him. She was stunningly beautiful and Lynn was quite happy to be the beneficiary of this impact the night after the shoot.

The bidding was brisk and only one consortium, the one represented by their old acquaintance, Mike Smithson, wasn't allowed to bid. Jack still checked up on their old nemesis now and then but either Smithson was being a good boy, or at least not an overtly evil one, or he never put his incriminating evidence on his perscomp. Smithson's consortium still held Lynn's contract so Jack kept checking up on him and was determined to continue doing so until he considered them safe. Trust wasn't even a word he could use in the same sentence with Smithson's name.

The final contract value was for a higher amount than Lynn's — substantially higher — and Jack vowed to never let that fact be known by anyone other than himself. Luckily no one asked. The interest rate wasn't quite as good but well within what he considered an acceptable range.

He immediately "bought" Anne's house in his own name since he had turned eighteen (that was an interesting birthday!) before the deal was concluded and put their old house in Chicago on the market. The housing market in Chicago was soft at the moment but he was willing to let it go for a discount and he was fairly confident of a quick sale. The amount he could potentially make using the cash-flow eaten up by the mortgage payment far exceeded the small paper loss they would take on the sale. This wasn't even counting the small amount of equity they'd built up.

Jack was surprised and humbled by the poise and grace Anne demonstrated at the closing of her contract. Jack knew she had to be scared to death, for all she knew he could have leased her to a sporting house that very afternoon. There were no guarantees other than his word and how could she realistically count on that? He was, after all, a virtual stranger to her with a quite understandable motive for revenge. But she sat there calm and collected and he felt a pride in her he had no right to expect. This woman was putting her very life and the life of her daughter in his hands and hadn't demurred even once during the whole ordeal. She had even lifted up her own hair to allow the technician from Labor, Inc. unfettered access for the placement of the control collar. He silently vowed to himself to do everything within his power to make sure her trust hadn't been misplaced.

That evening was a rather somber and subdued affair with Anne actually breaking into tears when Jack showed her the lockbox he had bought for her own control fob. He hadn't told her about that particular aspect of their agreement and Lynn had almost forgotten she had one, it had been so long out of sight and out of mind.

Beth was fascinated by her mother's new jewelry; yes he had again spent extra to get the high-end decorative model. She kept asking her mother when she could get her new necklace. He shocked Anne by telling Beth she would have to wait until her birthday the next month to get hers. Anne calmed down when he whispered in her ear that he intended to get her a harmless choker/cameo.

"She doesn't know what this *means*," Anne said sadly later after Beth had been put to bed.

"She understands more than you think," Jack told her as Lynn nodded in agreement. "But even if she didn't, she can see that both of you look damn good in your 'jewelry'. She just wants to feel as pretty as Lynn and her mommy."

"You just like the idea of your collared slave girls running around the house," Lynn laughed. "Men are such pigs!"

"Oink!" Jack replied. "Oink. Oink. Oink!" That seemed to break the somber mood for a while.

Later that night after he had licked Lynn to two shattering orgasms and deposited his load inside her, he rolled her over on top of him in what had become their favorite post-coital position. He loved the feel of her body pressing down on him, his semi-hard cock still inside her cunt, legs spread to the outside of his and head resting on his chest. Later on as they slept they would break apart and snuggle together but next to a good hard fuck this was his favorite time with her.

Normally they just rested quietly but tonight Lynn had some questions of her own. "So," she started, cheek still resting on his chest, "are you going to diddle with her collar to make her want to fuck you also." He stiffened beneath her and she stiffened a giggle.

"What do you mean?" he asked cautiously.

"Oh, please," she said lightly smacking his outstretched arm. "I'm not stupid, you know. I know you did something. Hell, every time I touch you I feel this tingle through my whole body and my panties get wet. You're not the only one who can use the web you know. I spent hours trying to find out what was wrong when it first started happening. I knew it had to be the 'pleasure' settings but I couldn't figure out how it was being activated. I knew where the control fob was and I also knew it was supposed to be impossible to activate the collar without it. I also know you and know that the words 'impossible' and 'Jack Daniels' are mutually exclusive, especially where computers are concerned. Once I realized a control collar was just a mini-computer, well the rest was easy.

"Not that I'm complaining mind you," she said raising her head to look at him. "I can't think of anyplace I'd rather be than right here. I don't even think I'd get jealous if you were going to do it with Anne. I don't think so anyway, but I just want to know. I know you've always told me the truth, Jack. Will you tell me now?"

"Ah, shit," he said with a sigh closing his eyes. "Okay, you got me. I should have realized you were too smart for it to work for very long. Yes, I did it."

"Why?" she asked softly.

"Why?" he chuckled. "Why? I'll tell you why: It's because I love you. No, that's not right; I'm *in* love with you! I have wanted you for years. Yes, I lusted after your beautiful body. It just about drove me crazy seeing you every day and knowing I

could never have you. I wanted you to be mine, all of you: your body, your heart and your soul. I wanted you to be my woman, my lover, my wife. When this came along I figured if it gave you pleasure to touch me over time you would start to think about me in that way. I'm sorry. I felt terrible after doing it. You must hate me knowing these feeling you have are just conditioned responses to my programming. I won't even ask you to forgive me." He turned his head to the side so he wouldn't have to look at what must be a look of disgust.

"Hush, baby," she said soothingly as she gently turned his face back towards hers. "I don't hate you. In fact, I feel rather flattered. Why anyone would go to such lengths to get at this flabby old body I can't imagine, but you're stuck with it now. I'm very pleased how it's all turned out although I would ask if you could please turn it off. The little tingles I get all the time can be rather distracting."

"What!" he exclaimed. He was surprised for a number of reasons not the least of which was his mother seemed to have no desire to end the relationship they now had. "But I turned that off months ago!"

"What?" Lynn echoed his surprise. "That can't be! I still feel it every time we touch! Maybe not as strong as it used to be but it's still there."

"Can't be," he stated shaking his head. "I felt so bad doing that to you I turned it off after about a month. That's the absolute truth! You shouldn't be feeling anything now."

"Well I'll be damned," she chuckled. When they had begun talking he had become completely flaccid and slipped out of her body. Now she began to move her hips and rub the open slit of her cunt up and down his limp member. Before he knew it he started to regain his erection and feeling that she began to work herself on it even more vigorously.

"Son-of-a-bitch," she grunted breathlessly. "It must be you then, all you! God, this is awesome!" In no time at all he had regained his rock hard erection and she reached back and guided him into her wet lips. Sitting up she groaned as he slid into her completely and moaned again as the soft head bottomed out on the hard surface of her cervix. Jack was continually fascinated by Lynn's use of profanity during sex. Normally it would be highly unusual to hear her say even a "heck" or "darn" but when he was balls deep inside her or licking her clit she screamed and swore like a whore in a porno vid.

"That's right, fuck your mother, you bastard!" she cried while bouncing up and down on his cock. "Cum inside me! Give me that baby-making juice!"

"You want me to knock you up, Mom?" he grunted back at her. They both knew that was impossible since her implant was still active but the mere thought of seeing her belly getting big with his child excited him tremendously. If it excited him, it drove her absolute wild.

"God, yes!" she screamed. "Fuck a baby in me you bastard! Make me your bitch! Make me carry your baby!" She bounced up and down on him even harder.

"Ohgodohgodoh goooooood!" He could feel when she came because it felt like his cock had been placed in a velvet-lined vise and someone was trying to squeeze it off. There was no way he wasn't going to cum when she did that.

"Here it comes, you slut!" he grunted as his semen spurted into her womb. She could feel it and thrashed around on top of him wildly. When the last rope of his sperm had been injected into her body she froze momentarily and then slumped down onto his chest gasping for breath.

"Oh, my," she mumbled sometime later.

"Oh, my, indeed," he chuckled.

"Would you really get me pregnant?" she asked drawing little circles on his chest with her finger.

"If you would let me, yes," he answered and she tensed up slightly, her cunt constricting around his softening member. "Do you want me to?"

"God, yes!" she moaned.

The next morning at breakfast Jack noticed Beth was unusually quiet and kept giving wide-eyed glances back and forth between Lynn and himself.

"What's up, Squirt," he finally asked.

"She heard screaming last night," Anne said blandly. "She came into my room to ask if you two were hurting each other." Lynn was at the sink and Jack could see her face blush a bright red; he thought it was kind of cute.

"We weren't hurting each other, Squirt," he said. "We were just playing Mommy and Daddy games."

"Oh," she said visibly relaxing. "You were having sex."

"Well," he drawled, "We like to think of it as making love."

"Not the way you two were doing it," muttered Anne.

Jack couldn't help but burst out laughing.

For a minute he thought Lynn was going to pop a blood vessel or maybe die from embarrassment but finally she also started laughing as she came over to sit down at the table. "I'm sorry we were so loud, sweetie," she said. "We'll be more careful next time."

"I certainly hope so," Anne said dryly, the grin on her face taking the sting out of her words. "Beth learned some new words last night." She paused for a moment, "I think we both did." Lynn turned bright red again and buried her face in her hands on the table. Jack got a little concerned when he saw her shoulders tremble and heave and even more so when she lifted her head and he could see the tears streaming down her cheek. A second later he realized they were from barely suppressed laughter and with relief he rolled his eyes upward.

"Have you always been that, um, vocal?" Anne asked, her own lips twitching.

"I'm not sure it's appropriate to be discussing my sex life in front of a nine-year old," Lynn chuckled, "but no, I'm usually a bit quieter and I'll try to control myself in the future."

"Don't worry about Beth," Anne glanced over at the young girl and sighed. "Even at her age there isn't much they don't know about nowadays. We're very open about sex around here and I have always made it clear if she ever has any questions she can come to me and ask. You don't have to feel obligated to be as open; I'm sure she'll understand. It just seemed silly to me to try to be secretive about it since it's so much a part of the culture we live in. I mean what with intercourse being a part of almost every show on the vid, it's not like she won't see it. She might as well hear the truth about it from me."

"I even asked Mommy if I could watch her having sex," Beth chimed in. "But she hasn't had it for a long time." Beth seemed to be a little disappointed.

"Well, there is that," Anne said. Anne also had the ability to blush and Jack thought that was almost as cute as when Lynn did it. "To be honest there just hasn't been time since Troy ... Well, you know. Besides it seems like there aren't all that many men out there who want to have any real relationship. I suppose it's cheaper to go down to the local state house and rip off a piece than take a woman out for dinner and a show. Less emotional baggage, also. So it's been awhile."

"I find that difficult if not impossible to believe, Anne," Jack added. "But then I thought the same thing about Lynn, not that I'm not extremely happy it turned out that way. But I still don't understand. I mean, just look at the two of you. Both of you are absolute knockouts! I always figured the male population in Chicago was either stupid or gay. I guess it must be the same down here."

"Is he always this sweet?" Anne asked Lynn.

"Pretty much," Lynn nodded with a smile. "I don't know about all the men being stupid or gay. I just figured they didn't want to have anything to do with an old woman with a kid."

"Not that I really worried about it, I have to admit," she continued. "I hurt for a long time after Troy died. Sex wasn't something I was interested in and I had Jack for companionship. When I finally got around to thinking about sex again there were the money problems and it started looking like I was going to have more sex than I ever wanted."

"Yep, just like me," Anne agreed. Then she sighed, "It must be nice having a young stud to take care of you."

"Okay," Jack groaned as he stood up. "I've certainly heard enough. Hey, Squirt, want me to drive you to school?"

"It's just around the block, Jackie," Beth replied. For some reason she had started to call Jack "Jackie." He kind of liked it.

"Well then, how 'bout I walk you there?" She nodded, grinned, stood up and rushed out of the room to get her perscomp bag.

"That's nice of you, Jack," Anne said. "You don't have to if you don't want to; I usually walk her to school."

"I'd be glad to, if you don't mind," he said with a shrug. "I haven't got anything better to do and to be honest the two of you are embarrassing the hell out of me." Both Lynn and Anne laughed at him as he left to find his sister.

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"I heard Mommy call Daddy an asshole the other day. Did you think she really meant that?" They had just left the house and Beth was holding Jack's hand as they strolled down the walkway. "I mean that's bad, isn't it? Being called an asshole?"

"Yes, it is, as you well know, Squirt," he said. "You can fool somebody with that little girl act, but not me."

"Okay fine," she pouted. "You're no fun at all, sometimes. But I still don't understand what Daddy did, why he did it."

"What he did was have two wives," Jack answered, "which isn't illegal. The bad part was he kept it from each of them. Essentially he was lying to both of them — all of us I guess — and that's what really hurt. It made the money situation bad for both Lynn and Anne and of course I never got to know you and that really makes me angry.

"As for why he did it..." Jack continued. "That I really can't answer. I assume he loved us all but was too afraid to tell us about each other. I had thought better of him, but it just goes to show you really can't know anybody completely."

"You'll make everything better now though," it was a statement not a question.

"I'll certainly try, Squirt; that much I can promise."

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It only took a few days before their new combined household settled into a comfortable routine. Jack spent most of his time putting the money they had received from Anne's contract into play, some being integrated into his already established investments and the rest branching out into new areas he had planned to look at once they had built up a cash reserve. He had fun helping Beth with her homework although he suspected she mostly asked just for the excuse of being with him. They also spent a considerable amount of time at the beach. After all what was the point of living near it if you didn't use it?

"Why aren't you in college, Jack?" Anne asked one evening.

"I can get drunk here at home," he came back with his pat answer, "and save the two hundred and fifty grand cover charge." At this she snorted but still insisted on knowing.

"It's just too expensive," he shrugged. "And to be honest, why do I need it? I'm not planning to be a lawyer or a doctor, so why bother? Right now we're making do quite nicely and I don't need a degree to do that. Look at the two of you: you both have degrees and can't use them. What makes you think it would help me out either? Someday if I get really bored then maybe I will, but not now. Besides I still haven't graduated high school."

"What?" Anne gasped. "But you haven't gone to any classes or even looked at a text that I can remember. Shouldn't you register down here and at least go?"

"Nope. The school I'm attending has a pretty good distance learning program. Before we came down here I got a few weeks ahead so I'm still good for a while. I was thinking next week I'd finish up the rest so I didn't have to worry about it. It's mostly just silly crap, anyway. Shouldn't take me more than a few days to knock it out. I've just been putting it off because I like the beach better."

"Oh," Anne murmured as Lynn snickered from across the room. "Hey wait! I never told you I had a degree. How did you know?"

"Well," Jack thought quickly. "As contract holder I have access to all your records."

"Jack," Lynn said warningly.

"Well, I do," he insisted.

"That may be true," she declared. "But that isn't where you learned it. Was it?"

"Maybe not," he admitted grudgingly and then shot Lynn a poisonous glance.

"Okay, fine. Anne, I hacked your files before we came down here. There, is that better?" Lynn giggled.

"That's impossible!" Anne stated. "Everybody's files are supposed to be completely protected. Nobody can get into them!"

"Well, if it's impossible then I guess I didn't," Jack said innocently. Anne just sat there with her mouth hanging open.

"If you want to keep a secret from Jack," Lynn added dryly. "Don't put it anywhere near a perscomp. Write it down on paper then burn the paper."

"You know I wouldn't pry into your personal affairs," he said sounding hurt. Then just to be honest he added, "Unless I had to, of course." Anne just looked back and forth between the two in amazement.

"I told you he's a genius," Lynn said nonchalantly as she took a sip of coffee. "He's good at things other than just fucking." Unfortunately Jack had also been taking a drink of coffee and found it didn't feel quite as good as it tasted when it was coming out of his nose. Anne at least had the good manners not to laugh out loud and hid her smile behind her hand. Jack thought it was a good time to change the subject.

"So, what do you two intend to do with yourselves?" he asked. He continued when he received a blank stare from both of the women. "I was thinking the two of you are probably getting pretty bored just sitting around the house all day. I know it would drive me crazy after just a day or two. Not that you have to do anything if you don't want to," he added quickly. "I mean, I certainly don't have anything to complain about; the house is immaculate and the food is great. I'm just afraid you'll go crazy just sitting around."

"Not so far," Lynn said looking over at Anne. "We kind of divide up what little needs to be done and afterwards, well I can't say I really do much productive but the time just seems to fly by."

"It takes all my time looking decorative," Anne added lounging back in an exaggerated modeling pose. "I suppose we could spend more time at the beach. It's so difficult to work it into the schedule, though."

"So true," Lynn sighed. "I've been trying to perfect my tan but, well, as you see I just don't seem to have the time." She stuck one leg out with her stiletto-heeled pump dangling from her toes and casually pulled the hem of her short dress up until it was riding almost at her hip. Both women normally dressed in short summer dresses unless they were doing housework in which case it was usually tiny tight shorts and tank tops or bikini tops. All of it was distracting as hell but Jack wasn't stupid enough to complain. He thought Lynn's exhibition of her incredible legs and that tiny shoe was about the sexiest thing he had ever seen, at least in the past fifteen minutes or so.

"Oh, hon," Anne said looking over at Lynn, "you just have to work at it some more. It just takes time. You see, I've been at it for years now and I still don't have it just right." She also started pulling up her dress until Jack could swear he could almost see the hint of what appeared to be frilly semi-transparent panties. Anne's legs were extraordinarily long and to his eye perfectly shaped. Even with a gun to his head Jack couldn't have told you which set of legs he preferred. Both were fantastic, different but each in their own way a work of art — pornographic art. There was no way a normal male, especially a healthy teenaged male, could look at this delectable sight without becoming excited. Jack certainly couldn't, in no time at all he was hard a rock and his cock actually hurt from needing adjustment in his pants.

"Please," he groaned. "You two are just plain evil!"

"Oh, pooh," Lynn scoffed. "You see a lot more than this when we're at the beach. Why half the time we're topless so certainly this can't bother you. See, I'm even starting to lose my tan lines on top." Standing up with a sultry smile she unbuttoned the top two buttons on her dress and slowly pushed it down over her shoulders. She wasn't wearing a bra and Jack moaned as her large breasts and pert pink nipples came into view. Jack's vision was getting cloudy but somewhere in the back of his mind he agreed with her: Her breasts were slightly lighter in shade than the rest of her body but there were almost no distinguishable lines anymore. She let go of the dress and it fell to the floor to pool in a heap around

her feet standing in just a pair of very skimpy panties and heels. Jack's breath was becoming a bit ragged.

"Oh, it's getting there," Anne said as she also stood up and unfastened her own dress. She shimmied a little and it too fell to the floor. Her breasts weren't as large as Lynn's but were extremely firm with no hint of sag. She had no lines at all. "You see it just takes a little work."

"You're killing me," Jack groaned.

"Is something wrong, Jackie?" Lynn cooed as she slinked over to him and sat astride his lap her panty-covered cunt rubbing on his rock hard cock. "Oh, my! What do we have here? Do we have a little problem here, honey? Maybe we should go into the bedroom and take a look at it?"

Jack just moaned.

"You bitch!" Anne laughed. "You got us all worked up and now you're going to take him away and play with him all by yourself."

"My toy," Lynn said huskily as she ground her crotch into his. "You have to wait your turn."

"Promises, promises," Anne taunted.

Suddenly Lynn stood up and pulled on Jack's arms until he was also standing. When she did his excitement was painfully obvious by the tented pants.

"Jackie's got a boner, Jackie's got a boner," Anne sang.

"Looks like he has some swelling that needs to be taken care of," Lynn panted as she pulled him towards the bedroom.

"Better watch out, I think that thing is loaded," Anne called from behind them. "It may go off half-cocked."

"Even half of this cock is almost too much," Lynn shouted as the door swung behind them. Once inside the bedroom she began to quickly undress him slapping his hands away when he tried to help. Soon he was standing naked and she was stumbling to the bed trying to take off her panties while still walking. The panties

finally came off just as she made the bed and she jumped on it, rolled onto her back and spread her legs wide.

"Fuck me!" she demanded. "Fuck me now and fuck me hard!"

Sex with Lynn ran the range from slow, passionate love-making to hard and fast "monkey-fucks." Jack liked them both at the appropriate times. This one looked like it was going to be a monkey-fuck and he was certainly ready for it. Seconds later he was between her legs and balls deep slamming into her as hard as he could. She went wild beneath him, grunting and moaning each time he drove deep into her, spewing profanity and encouraging him to go deeper and drive harder. This was no lovemaking but a raw sexual frenzy and he pounded her hard until they both climaxed in shattering orgasms.

"God, that was good!" she sighed into his chest after he had rolled them both over and she lay on top of him.

"Good doesn't describe it," he panted. "I think someone was a little excited," he teased.

"I guess so," she chuckled.

"I'm kind of shocked you did that in front of Anne," he said after a few minutes. "I didn't know you had a bit of an exhibitionist in you."

"I didn't either," she giggled. "I feel comfortable around her. I haven't had that many really close friends but I think we are. Kind of weird, huh?"

"A little maybe, especially considering how you met," he replied. "I hope it didn't bother her too much. We practically had sex right in front of her."

"Oh, it bothered her all right," Lynn affirmed. "She's probably in her room wearing out another toy right now." Lynn paused for a moment then continued, "You know you're going to have to take her to bed, don't you?"

"What?" he exclaimed. "Not a chance!"

"Why? You can't tell me you don't think she's sexy."

"Maybe," he admitted, "but that doesn't matter. I would never do anything to screw up what we have. Never!"

"That's sweet, honey," Lynn said with a smile. "But I don't think it will hurt what we have. If you bedded her would you stop loving me?"

"Of course not!" he said emphatically.

"Would you stop fucking me?"

"Not by my choice, that's for sure."

"Then it wouldn't hurt anything," she stated. "Jack, she needs it. She needs it badly. She needs someone to take her and make her feel like a woman, to feel loved. You like her don't you?"

"Of course I do..."

"Maybe even love her a little?"

"I don't know," he admitted. "Anne is a very nice person. She's sweet, kind, smart as they come and she's been a great mom to Beth. I admire what she's gone through without letting it break her. I'm not sure I could have done what she did and lived through what she has. Sure I like her, I like her a lot."

"You didn't mention that she has killer legs, a perfect ass and a face to die for," Lynn teased.

She felt him shrug. "Sure she's very pretty," he said. "But that's not why I like her. I've got the most perfect body and most beautiful woman I could ever want lying right here on top of me. I honestly don't feel any need for anyone else."

"Then you do love her," Lynn said and placed her fingers over his lips before he could disagree. "Maybe not the same way you do me, at least not yet, but you still love her. When you can look past the outer beauty and see the inner person, that's love. She needs to be loved, she's been so lonely. She needs a man and you're going to be her man, our man."

"Mom, Lynn, I don't think..."

"You don't need to, dear," Lynn yawned and snuggled down on top of him. "I've all ready done that for you." Seconds later she was softly snoring and it sounded like a purring cat.

Jack walked on eggshells for the next few weeks. Lynn hadn't said anything else about the subject and acted like nothing had happened. Anne also appeared to act normally around him although he did catch her giving him furtive glances fairly often. Of course the only reason he knew she was doing it was because he was doing the same to her. Beth pretended to be oblivious to the heightened sexual tension but Jack could tell she knew something was up by the knowing looks she gave him at times. Finally it seemed she couldn't contain herself any longer and tracked him down one day.

"Are you going to be my daddy now?" she ask when she found him alone in the living room working on the final bit of class work for high school.

"What?" he gasped utterly surprised.

"Are you going to be my daddy now?" she repeated.

"Squirt, I'm your brother, not your daddy," he answered.

"But you're sleeping with mommy aren't you?" she persisted.

"No, I'm not," he insisted. She looked at him intently for a moment. "Besides, do you know what 'sleeping' with someone really means?"

"Yes," she said and gave him a disgusted look. "It means you're having sex. Okay, are you having sex with my mommy?"

"No, sweetie, I'm not."

"You wouldn't lie to me, would you?" she again looked at him intently.

"I would try not to," he said, "but I can't promise I never will."

"Good," she nodded. "Because I think I would know if you do."

"You probably would," he chuckled.

"I think mommy wants to have sex with you," she said. "Do you want to have sex with her?"

"That's a little more difficult to answer, Squirt," he said slowly. "The actual answer is yes and no. My body does but my brain says no."

"I'm not a baby, you know," she insisted. "I know what sex is and I can tell she wants to do it with you. I think you want to also. You've never talked to me like I was a baby; don't start now."

"I'll try not to," he promised, "but while I know you understand up here," he tapped his head, "you can't understand here yet." This time he tapped his chest. "You have the brain of a young woman but your body hasn't caught up yet. Until it does you can't really understand, and maybe not then," he admitted. Her face clouded up and he sighed. "What do you think about boys now?"

"They're annoying," she said immediately.

"Which would be quite correct," he grinned. "Now, you know about sex, what do you feel if you think about having sex with a boy?" Her face scrunched up and she stuck her tongue out like she had tasted something bad.

"Good answer," he chuckled. "But that's just your brain thinking about it. As your body grows up it will change and tell your brain something different. Believe it or not, it will happen. That's what I mean when I say you can't understand yet; you can't understand what you can't feel. Not really understand, anyway."

"So," he continued, "what I'm saying is my body is telling me it wants to have sex with your mommy but my brain isn't sure if that's such a good idea. This is another thing I'm not sure you are able to understand yet but if it were just sex with no emotion it would probably be okay, or at least not as bad. But I like your mom, just like I like you. I like you both enough I don't want to do anything to hurt you. Also I don't want to hurt Lynn and I'm not sure how she would really feel about it."

"Did Aunt Lynn tell you to have sex with mommy?" Beth had begun calling Lynn "Aunt" and Lynn thought it was quite appropriate.

"I'm not going to lie to you," he said, "but I'm also not going to answer that. That's something private and it's not something I can discuss." Beth pondered that for a moment and nodded her head.

"Okay," she said, "but I want you to know if you and mommy have sex it's okay with me. I know how happy it makes Aunt Lynn and I want Mommy to be happy like her."

"You're a good kid," Jack grinned as he reached out and mussed Beth's hair eliciting a squeal and an attempt to pummel him with her small fists. The end result was a tickle fight ending up with him begging for mercy on the floor.

Unknown to their children Anne and Lynn just happened to be by the doorway as Beth confronted Jack and stopped to listen. At first they felt guilty about eavesdropping but by the end tears were streaming down Anne's cheek and Lynn was hugging the younger woman. When the youngsters started wrestling around Lynn took the younger woman's hand and led her into the kitchen and sat her down.

"I am so embarrassed," Anne sniffed. "I didn't think I was so obvious."

"Not unless someone was looking for it," Lynn answered. "By the way, your daughter really loves you." Anne nodded and sniffed again.

"God! What you must think of me!" Anne gasped.

"What? Because you have the hots for my son?" Lynn chuckled. "I understand it completely since I do too."

"It doesn't bother you?" Anne asked amazed.

"Of course it bothers me," Lynn said. "My panties get wet just thinking about it. Don't tell me yours don't when you watch us fucking." Anne turned a bright red and looked down at the table. "What? You think I don't see you when I leave the door cracked? I see you peeking in."

"You knew?" Anne gasped. "Wait, you did that on purpose?" Lynn smirked. "You are an evil woman."

"Yep, that's me. So, did it excite you, seeing us fuck?"

"You know it did, you bitch," Anne said with exasperation. "I practically rubbed myself raw every time I watched you. Hell, I did even when I didn't watch you. All I had to do was know you two were in there doing it." She stuck her tongue out as Lynn again smirked, then she got serious.

"How could you even think of giving me your lover," she asked.

"I'm not giving you my lover," Lynn smiled, "but I will share. Would it bother you if you knew he was also making love to me?"

"Of course not," Anne answered without thinking and then smiled and shook her head as Lynn said nothing but raised her eyebrows. "Okay, okay, I can see me doing it, but I still don't understand how you could."

"He's my son as well as my lover and I want him happy," she said with a shrug. "You are my friend and I want you happy. I'm confident what he feels for me won't change so I'm not worried about losing him." Then she gave Anne another evil little grin, "Besides, like I said, the thought of seeing him pound into your pretty little pussy with his big fat cock makes my panties drip."

"God, you're going to make me cum just talking about it," Anne gasped.

"So how are we going to get Mister Righteous to do what we know both of you want and need?"

"I don't know..." Anne started.

"Well, I have a plan..."

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"We need a vacation," Lynn announced one evening over dinner.

"What?" Jack asked puzzled.

"We need a vacation," she said again. "I think in celebration of your official graduation from high school we should go to UniDiz. Can we afford it?"

"Well, sure," he replied hesitantly. The house in Chicago had sold at right about the price he had expected and the investments were doing about as well as could be expected; they had the extra cash. He had been saving it hoping to surprise the two women by buying out their contracts but that was still a ways away and the little bit spent on a trip wouldn't make that much of a difference.

"Yay!" Beth yelled. She had lived in Florida all her life but had never been to the huge entertainment complex that had been the result of the merger of Disney World, Universal Studios and the City of Orlando. "Can we go? Can we go? Please, please, please?"

"I suppose so," he mused as the twenty-year-old stuck in a ten-year-old body danced around like the child she appeared. "For how long and when?" he asked.

"How about next week, for the whole week?" Lynn asked.

"Sure," he said with a shrug. "If that's what you want to do, sounds like fun to me."

"Good, I already have the reservations. We'll pack and be ready to leave by Sunday morning." Jack knew he'd been had but just shook his head and chuckled.

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UniDiz wasn't like a city; it was a city, a city that existed for only one purpose, the entertainment of anyone who could afford it. It was set up like a cruise ship: you pay per head and per room and almost everything in the facility was included. There were a few things that were extra; if you wanted a bedmate and didn't bring your own you could rent one, or two if that's what you wanted, but for the most part everything else, the rides, the shows, food and drink, were included.

Beth practically vibrated as they stepped into the lobby of the hotel where they were staying and skipped down the hallway as they were led to their rooms by the immaculately dressed IS bellhop. Tips were actively discouraged by the management, at least to the ISs involved but Jack didn't care, he did the highly unusual and carried some actual cash for just such an occasion. He had to make sure he offered it inside their room; the hallways were monitored, and the bellhop seemed genuinely appreciative of the little extra. Jack guessed they weren't allowed much freedom and certainly no spending money. It made him

happy to spread a little happiness and especially if doing so dicked with *the system* even if only a little bit.

They had booked two rooms. There had been a short discussion as to whether they should get one or two rooms but Jack insisted by two pointing out Beth shouldn't be subjected to seeing Lynn fucked repeatedly every night. In fact he used those exact words which caused Lynn to blush and Anne to snicker. His crude but effective debate point carried the day and they ended up with two large adjoining rooms.

The rooms were fabulous, but then it has been said that the worst room at UniDiz was better than the best room at most five-star hotels. Jack didn't know if that was true; all he knew was that they hadn't booked the most expensive rooms. Why bother, when you plan to spend all your time outside them? But they far exceeded what his limited experience knew as luxurious and plush. He didn't care so long as it had a place to shit, shower, change and a bed big enough for two. It had all that except for the bed; it could have easily held four even if they weren't particularly close. It was huge! Anne and Beth's room was identical to theirs and connected by a lockable interior door.

The women, Beth included, had mapped out an itinerary for their stay that covered most of their waking time for the entire trip. Jack realized it could take literally weeks to cover every event of every park that made up UniDiz so prior planning made sense. It was probably more detailed than Jack would have normally liked. It was a vacation after all, but he was assured it was only a guideline that they could modify as they saw fit. At the very least it ensured they got to see everything they really wanted to see and still left time to work in anything they might have missed at first brush. Jack wasn't sure who was the most excited, the ten-year-old Beth or the older women. He had to admit he was looking forward to it more than he had originally thought he would.

They had left home mid-morning and it was only a short Tube ride to the Florida midlands so by the time they were checked in and had everything unpacked it was just past noon, plenty of time to grab a quick bite and start their exploration of what was rightly considered one of the wonders of the modern world. There is no need to detail what they saw or did. If there is a single person that doesn't know what can be found in this modern day Xanadu it isn't worth discussing; they wouldn't believe it anyway. Everything was there from the carefully preserved

one-hundred-year-old "It's a Small World," (Beth loved it almost as much as Jack hated it) to the ultra modern full immersion VR (Virtual Reality) "rides."

Even though their first day was only a half-day they came back more worn out than expected. Beth actually fell asleep with her head in her dinner and Jack had to carry her to the room where Anne changed and tucked the exhausted child into bed. Moving back over to Lynn and Jack's room the three sat there decompressing for a while.

"So, what do we do now?" Lynn asked.

"Watch a little holo and get to bed early?" Jack replied. "If tomorrow is anything like today we're going to need the rest."

"Oh pooh! What a waste," Anne scoffed. "We can watch holo when we're home and you can sleep when you're dead. Let's do something else."

"Like what?" Jack inquired.

"Let's go dancing!" Lynn said, clapping her hands. "There's a cute little club just downstairs."

"Jack dances?" Anne asked Lynn.

"Yep, made him take lessons for a couple of years," Lynn answered as they both looked over at the man in question. "I made him take them when he was spending too much time on his perscomp. Told him he had to have some human interaction or I was going to take an axe to the damn thing. He's not bad either."

"It's your toes," he said. "But what about Beth?"

"She won't wake up till morning," Anne answered. "And if she does I'll set the Nanny monitor to notify me." She touched the badge that every guest had to wear while in the complex.

"If that's what you two want, then I suppose we can," he said with a shrug.

Initially he thought it was going to be informal but that notion was quickly dispelled as Lynn insisted he put on one of his good suits after their shower. He grumbled a little until she came out in a slinky red dress that made his heart

palpitate and other parts of his body swell. He gave the appropriate wolf whistles as she strutted and preened in front of him.

Lynn looked good. No, Lynn looked fantastic, but he actually wondered if he could have a stroke at his young age when Anne came back into the room. She was absolutely stunning! She was wearing a short little black dress that did the impossible of making her look both sophisticated and slutty at the same time. Coming down only to mid-thigh and with impossibly high stiletto heels it made her slim brown legs look at least a mile long! With a deep vee in front and no back at all Jack could actually feel his palms sweat.

"This okay?" she asked innocently.

"Holly shit!" he gasped and looked back and forth between the two women. "I'm going to have to hire an armed guard just to get you two out the door safely!"

"I think we pass," Lynn said smugly.

"There is no way anyone is going to believe you two are with me!" he said honestly.

Giggling they both crowded up next to him and each kissed a cheek.

"You are so sweet! Thank you," Anne whispered.

"They'd better believe we're with you," Lynn cooed. "We're not going to be with anyone else. Now how about taking your little harem out for a couple of drinks and some laps around the dance floor?"

Jack's head was swimming from the intoxicating feel of two nearly naked bodies pressed up against him and the scent of each in his nose. They both smelled like flowers but his brain wasn't functioning clearly enough to identify which ones, not that he even thought of trying! Wrapping an arm around each of them he led them toward the door.

"Harem girls, eh?" he grinned. "If you really were shouldn't you be dressed in wispy little nothings? Then again if you had on wispy little nothings you'd have to put on more clothes and that would be a crime! I just know I'm going to get my

ass beat by all those jealous men, but damn, it'll be worth it!" The women laughed and bumped their hips against him as they headed for the door.

The club was one of hundreds in the complex, one of the more modest ones. Jack guessed it was sized for about fifty couples, had a smallish dance floor with tables set up on tiers around it. It didn't have a live band — he knew that was available only at a few of the complex's larger clubs — but the sound system sounded great and it did boast live service.

It was still fairly early in the evening and the place wasn't crowded at all. A few couples were dancing and a few more were seated at some of the upper tables. Jack and the women picked a booth next to the dance floor and sat down. Shortly, a beautiful IS in a costume that would have made Anne's bathing suit seem dowdy asked for their order. Jack wasn't much of a drinker but he had a good idea of what would be appropriate and ordered a bottle of the faux-champagne. The real stuff was available but at what he considered an outrageous price and from everything he had heard the syntho tasted just as good, but then what would he know? Besides the faux-champagne was included in the price of their admission; the genuine stuff wasn't. Lynn made no comment although the budget-minded Anne nodded her approval.

"You can put your tongue back in your mouth before it dries out," Lynn remarked dryly when the server left with their order.

"Well," he said blushing, "she is almost as pretty as you two."

"Oh my," Anne said fanning herself. "Flattery no less. You know what they say flattery will get you?"

"No, what?" he asked.

"Anything you want," Lynn interjected with an evil grin.

"Is that so?" Jack said. "Well then I'm out of luck since anything I said about you beautiful, gorgeous, sexy, stunning, elegant and exceptionally attractive ladies would be the truth and the truth isn't flattery."

"I think we're in trouble, girlfriend," Anne said to Lynn. Since he was seated between the two, Anne had to lean across him to speak to Lynn. He wasn't going

to complain about being left out of the conversation since when she did her breasts pressed into his arm as she did. The music wasn't so loud that she had to lean in as much as she did, or press up against him as much as she did, but he wasn't going to complain about that either.

"Better watch out, dearie," Lynn answered also pressing in close and tight on his other side. Jack felt like the middle of a breast sandwich, something else he wasn't going to complain about. "This smooth talker is going to have you out of your panties before you know it."

"Can't happen," Anne said shaking her head.

"Oh? And why not?" Lynn asked innocently.

"Because I'm not wearing any," Anne responded in an exaggerated whisper. Jack groaned as the two women laughed.

"Why you little slut!" Lynn exclaimed in feigned shock.

"Maybe I could borrow yours?" Anne said sweetly.

"Certainly you can," Lynn said with another evil grin. "But you'd have to go back to my room to get them." They both broke into laughter again.

"You're killing me," Jack groaned closing his eyes. He was saved further embarrassment, for the time being, when the wine arrived and had his first taste of champagne. It was interesting he decided, smooth and light on the tongue although the bubbles tickled his nose. They sipped for a while as the girls reviewed the play selection on the screen that served as their table. In no time at all the bottle was almost gone, although he had just barely finished one glass, and he signaled for another.

"Time to dance!" Lynn exclaimed as she jumped up and grabbed his hand, pulling him out to the dance floor. Suddenly he had his arms full of incredible soft and curvaceous woman and he didn't try to think of anything else. He had never really liked taking dance lessons but now thanked his mother silently for making him go.

"You know," he whispered in her ear as moved slowly across the floor, "what you two are doing to me is probably illegal."

"Are we getting my little man all hot and bothered?" she cooed back at him.

"You know you are," he chuckled. "Much more of this and I can't be held responsible for what I do."

"Does that mean my little man is going to take his mommy upstairs and fuck her until her legs can't close together?" she teased while nibbling on his neck.

"She might just get her pretty ass spanked first," he warned.

"Mmm, and that's supposed to get me to stop?" He just laughed at her. She snuggled in close as they twirled around on the dance floor. Two songs later he was out again, this time with the taller Anne.

"Ah," she sighed as she nestled in close. "It's been so long! I really missed this."

"You should be dined and danced all the time," Jack said. "You deserve it." He wasn't trying to dance so close to her but that didn't stop her from practically covering him like a coat of paint. He looked over at Lynn fully expecting to see her looking daggers at them but he was surprised to see her smile and give him a little wave of her fingers.

Shrugging he turned his attention back to his partner. As much as he wouldn't admit it out loud, she felt fantastic in his arms, different than Lynn, but just as fantastic. There wasn't any possible way he could get this close to her and not become sexually excited which he did, rather uncomfortably at that. Uncomfortable in that his tight underwear restricted his ability to expand like he needed, and also uncomfortable in that it was impossible that Anne couldn't feel him getting hard as he pressed against her.

"Sorry," he whispered as she ground against him. "I can't help it."

"Nothing to be sorry about," she whispered back. "I take it as a compliment. It makes me feel sexy."

"You are sexy," he assured her. "You're one of the sexist women in the room here. Hell, you're one of the sexist women in Florida!"

"Thanks," she said, giving him a light kiss on the cheek. "It's nice for a girl to hear that now and then."

"Like I said before, the men in Florida must be gay, stupid or blind and I think even a blind man could see how beautiful you are."

"Don't. Stop," she murmured as she buried her face in the small of his neck. "I mean, don't stop."

"You of all people don't have to fish for compliments," he chuckled as he squeezed her just a little bit tighter. He still worried what Lynn might think of their close embrace but each time he glanced over at her she always had a wide, genuine smile beaming back at him.

He took a couple of turns on the floor with each of them again and then it was time to leave. It wasn't that terribly late but they did have a rather full day planned starting early the next morning. He led his two rather tipsy dance partners back up to their rooms. He got a soft kiss on the edge of his mouth from Anne when they dropped her off at her door but he failed to see the knowing looks the two women gave each other just before Anne closed the door.

Jack wasn't sure if Lynn would be in any condition, or mood, for further play time but after dancing close to two beautiful, sexy ladies he sure was! He was able to get in a grope here and there amongst the kisses before a laughing Lynn shooed him off to get a shower. Protesting he had taken one before they went out did no good as he was unceremoniously pushed towards the bathroom door.

"You know this is just going to wake me up even more," he warned.

"I'm counting on it," she grinned.

The shower was refreshing and he did feel better as he dried under the IR lamps. He hadn't taken anything in there to wear to bed so he decided to stay nude if for no other reason than to let his mother know exactly what he desired to top off the evening. He opened the door to a mostly darkened room. One small lamp glowed dimly next to the bed and he saw a shape lying on the down-turned sheets. He was only a few steps away before he realized it wasn't Lynn lying on the bed.

"Anne?" he gasped. "But..."

Suddenly Lynn was standing next to him. She reached out and gently cupped his chin pulling him around until he could look into her eyes.

"Anne needs this, Jack," she said softly. "She needs someone to love her."

"But, Lynn, I love you..."

"I know you do, darling," she whispered as she moved in to kiss him softly on the lips. "I love you and I know this won't change that or your love for me. I want you to do this, for her and for me. Jack, she really needs you now, she really needs someone to love her."

"I could never do anything to hurt you." He was having trouble controlling his voice.

"I know that, baby. That's why I'm giving you to her." Then she looked over at the prone woman. "Sharing you with her, for tonight anyway."

"You know I could very easily fall in love with her, too," he said seriously.

"You haven't already?" Lynn cocked her head and asked.

"I guess I have," he admitted turning to look at Anne staring back at him. Anne looked at him with what he thought was fear. For a moment he wondered what she could be afraid of and then he realized, she was afraid of being rejected! "But if we do this I will be fully in love with two women. Can you handle that?"

Lynn pushed him towards the bed in lieu of answer and said, "Go! Make her the second happiest woman in the world." He stumbled slightly and caught himself on the edge of the bed. Looking down, he saw Anne biting her lower lip and trying to look at him but seemed unable to do so. She was wearing something white and so sheer smoke would have been more substantial. It hid nothing and accentuated her incredibly long, lean legs and delightfully firm breasts. She was a wet dream come to life and his cock, gone a bit soft from the initial shock, stiffened up immediately. He sat down on the edge of the bed and reached over to brush a strand of her golden hair out of her face.

"You don't have to do this," she whispered.

"Hey, that's my line," he replied. Bringing his hand down he cupped her chin and gently forced her face up until their eyes locked. "You heard what I told Lynn?" She nodded. "I meant it. If we do this I don't think I'll be able to give you up. Any man would be honored to be with you ... love you ... I know I would.

"We can stop now if you aren't sure. I would be disappointed but I'll understand. If we go on, though, there won't be any going back. You'll be my woman just as much as Lynn is. You are an incredibly beautiful and loveable woman; you don't have to settle for a half-grown boy. You have to make the decision; I know I'm not strong enough to say no." He released her chin and moved back on the bed slightly.

She stared up at him and for a moment he wondered what she was going to do. Suddenly she sat upright reached down and in an instant the flimsy night-thing was over her head and on the floor. Without pausing, her arms went around his neck and he was tumbling on top of her their lips locked together her tongue doing its best to reach down his throat. Initially all he could think about was her incredibly soft, wet, sweet lips as their tongues dueled but then he became aware of the fact he was lying on top of her and he could feel her amazingly satiny smooth skin rubbing on his. Supporting himself on one arm his other hand roamed up and down her body from the side of her firm breast to the leg wrapped around his thigh. He felt her quiver with need but he had other wants just then.

Breaking their kiss he licked his way down the side of her neck as she moaned. For a while he nibbled, licked and kissed the full globe of her breast before finally sucking one engorged pink nipple into his mouth and biting down softly. She moaned even louder and arched her back trying desperately to force as much of her succulent tit into his mouth. He worked on her breast for a while before releasing it and starting to work his way even farther down. Anne wanted no part of that though and grabbing his hair tugged him back up on top of her.

"Not now," she begged. "I need you inside of me. Please?"

He silenced her in the most expeditious manner possible, covering her lips with his. Hunching up slightly he felt his cock slide up and down the wet furrow of her sex. Anne reached between them to direct his cock where she desperately

wanted it to go but found another hand was there already. Too far gone in lust, she didn't even question her helper as she felt the bulbous head part her nether lips and began the penetration. Slowly he pushed his shaft into the center of her being as she dug nails into his back and tried to squeeze him in two with her legs. As soon as he bumped into hardness of her cervix she screamed and tightened down on him as she quivered and shook with orgasm.

For his part Jack wanted to begin thrusting madly into her as soon as he became firmly seated but couldn't. It felt like an iron band gripped his cock and squeezed so tightly he literally couldn't move. It was some minutes before she relaxed enough he could begin his slow retreat and even slower reentry.

"Ohgodohgodohgod," she moaned in his ear as he plunged deeply inside her. Slowly at first then quickening with each hard push he fucked into her until she grunted every time he bottomed out. *He's going to drive that thing up and out my mouth*, she thought deliriously as she flung her head back and forth in time with the delicious ravaging. "Yes! Yes, you bastard! Fuck me!" she shouted.

He had been primed all night and she hadn't had anything between her legs except her toys and hand for over four years, so it wasn't much longer until he slammed into her one last time and howled as he shot rope after rope of semen in her attention-starved pussy. Anne felt him thrust deep and hold himself still and her orgasm started as she felt his seed release inside her. It wasn't as intense as the first one; it didn't knock her unconscious; in fact it built slowly and lasted a long, beautifully long time.

He practically collapsed on top of her and she held him tightly with both arms and legs, their ragged breathing and rapidly beating hearts the only sound in the room. When he could, Jack pushed up on his elbows to take some of his weight off her and with one hand he brushed a sweat-soaked strand of hair out of her face.

"You're mine now," he said as if stating an obvious fact.

"I know," she smiled up at him and then drew him down to a gentle lover's kiss. Afterwards he carefully moved to her side as she clamped her legs together, not so much to prevent the mess as his spend drained out of her but more to keep his gift inside her as long as possible. Tenderly he rolled her onto her side and spooned up against her back, one hand reaching over to gently cup a breast and

draw her in closer as she sighed. As they drifted off to sleep Jack felt another body slip under the sheets and snuggle up against his back and an arm came around to clasp both of them.

Just when Jack thought it couldn't get any better, it did.

Early the next morning Jack woke up to see Anne fastening the dress she had on the night before. She noticed he was awake and watching her. Smiling she padded over to the bed and bent down to kiss him tenderly.

"Thank you," she whispered.

"No, thank you," he whispered back. "Where are you going?"

"I want to get back and into my bed before Beth wakes up," she said.

"Whatever you want," he assured her. Then he reached out and grabbed her hand and looked her in the eye. "But you know this wasn't a one-time thing and she will find out about it eventually."

"I know," Anne blushed. "But I want to put that off a little while if I can. I'm not sure what I'm going to tell her."

"The truth is my recommendation."

"I know," she admitted. "And I will, but I just don't know how right now."

"You do what you think is best," he said.

Nodding she smiled, kissed him again and after a moment's hesitation leaned over and kissed the sleeping Lynn lightly on the cheek and whispered another "Thank you," very softly.

"That was nice," Lynn whispered when Anne had left.

"I thought you were asleep," he admonished; she just shrugged. "Oh well, we ought to get a couple more hours of sleep; it's going to be a long day today."

"Not yet," Lynn reached over to caress his hair and then tickle his ear. "After watching you bang that blond bimbo half the night your collar-slut is horny. Think you're up to taking care of me?"

"Collar-slut, huh?" he said rolling over on his side and reaching for her. "I like the sound of that."

"I thought you might," she cooed and wiggled in closer to his side.

"And just what can I do for my collar-slut this morning?" he whispered as he nibbled on her ear.

"Oh, how about a dozen or two screaming orgasms?" she panted.

"A dozen or two?" he arched his eyebrows. "I'm not sure you would live through that."

"What a way to go!" she shivered as he continued nibbling down her neck and onto the shoulder.

"As you wish then," he said as he kicked off the covers leaving them both naked to the air. "But first my collar-slut is going to prepare her master." Grabbing her hair lightly he pushed her head down towards his crotch slowly so as not to cause any pain.

"But..." she protested weakly.

"Take your master in your mouth, slave," he demanded as she watched the approaching cock come closer to her mouth. He wasn't fully erect yet, but in another few seconds he would be and her eyes got bigger and she started panting.

Oral sex, well, giving head, had never been Lynn's favorite. She had done it when Troy asked and never complained but she had never initiated it. Now she was being forced, sort of, to service her son! The thought of having him in her mouth still didn't thrill her but this play-acting master-slave role-play sure did! *I must be at least a little submissive*, she thought to herself, *I'm about as wet as I've ever been!* Hand firmly grasping her hair Jack moved Lynn's face down until the oozing tip of his rod barely brushed her closed lips.

"Open, bitch!" he growled and her lips parted in surprise as much as anything else. She could feel her heart pounding in her chest as he pushed her down even further and the bulbous head of his cock slipped in between her lips. She moaned and began it suckle lightly on it.

"Suck on me, slave! Hard!" he demanded and she began to suck and lick harder shuddering at what he was "making" her do. "That's right, slut, taste my other slave on me, lick me clean and prepare me for my pleasure!" Lynn moaned even louder and reached out to grasp Jack's legs forcing her mouth down onto his cock as far as it would go without choking herself.

Jack had no idea what he was doing. It started out as a tease, a joke, but as Lynn reacted positively, very positively, he continued. He was fully prepared to stop at any time she displayed any real reluctance to continue, but she didn't! In fact with every curse, every derogatory slur she seemed to get hotter and more involved. She had not taken him in her mouth for the short time they had been together so he assumed it wasn't something she liked to do but right now she was sucking on him like it was her only purpose in life.

The feel of her lips wrapped around his cock was exquisite, different from but almost as good as her pussy. It wasn't as good as fucking, but it wasn't bad! But there was something else he wanted to try also so as she dutifully cleaned his shaft he released her hair and pushed on her belly getting her to get up on her hands and knees. Once she had, he wiggled around until his head was between her legs and he could stare up at her glistening slit. His hands came up to grasp the firm globs of her ass and he gently pulled her down until his tongue could lick the sweet nectar from her cunt. When his tongue touched her for the first time Lynn released his cock and lifted her head as it plopped softly out of her mouth.

"Oh, Jack!" she wailed.

Without interrupting his own ministrations of her sex he lifted a hand and brought it down sharply on one butt cheek. She yelped and immediately dropped her mouth back to his engorged organ. After he started to gently tease and nibble on her clit she began to shiver and groan above him and he felt her body tense and vibrate with a prolonged orgasm. Feeling her release, he began shooting his own spend into her mouth which she dutifully sucked down and swallowed.

When he'd finished she sighed and lay down on top of him, his still hard cock resting against her cheek.

"That was interesting," she chuckled.

"It's not finished, my little slut-slave," Jack said as he rolled her off and onto her back.

"It's not?" she asked breathlessly as he positioned himself between her legs, lifting her legs until her heels rested on his shoulder.

"Not even close, my beautiful little harem girl." Jack rubbed his growing cock up and down her slit until it rock hard again and then began to push slowly into her.

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned, "I guess it's not."

Not saying a word he began to slowly thrust into her as he stared down at her with passion, lust and love. She moved her hips as best she could to give him maximum penetration and sighed as he fucked into her a little harder and faster with each stroke.

"Oh, my, God," she groaned as the spongy head of the cock began to bang against the hard resistance of her cervix. "Oh! My! God!" she screamed as an orgasm took her so quickly it surprised her. Feeling her clamp down on his shaft Jack drove himself in as deep as her could go before shooting what remained of his spend inside his mother.

Exhausted he rolled to the side and wrapped his arms around her. Within minutes they were both asleep again.

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The rest of the week was a fantastic, exciting, wonderful and exhausting blur. From the moment she woke up Beth was a bundle of irrepressible energy that didn't stop until she would suddenly collapse just after the evening meal. Keeping up with her was almost as exhausting for the three adults but they were able to pull it together enough to still go out to a few of the adult-oriented clubs at least three of the remaining nights.

Of course then there was the sex. In fact there was sex, sex, sex and more sex! Near the end of the week Jack was fairly sure the possibility of surviving until the end of the vacation was approaching zero. After that first night neither woman seemed to have any qualms about climbing into the large bed and either getting fucked or watching the other getting mounted. Jack was still a little apprehensive about the whole thing; he still wasn't completely convinced that one or both of them wouldn't start to feel jealousy towards the other. Not that his trepidation stopped him or even slowed him down perceptively. He quickly found that being passed from one gorgeous woman to the next and then afterwards snuggling down between two warm bodies highly addictive.

Anne still left early in the morning every day until the day before they were supposed to go back. She had left as usual but less than an hour later Jack heard the door joining their two rooms open and he saw Anne sneaking back in quietly. It was obvious she was trying not to wake Jack and Lynn as she stripped off her nightgown, padded over to the bed and slowly lifted the covers to crawl in with them.

"What's wrong?" Jack asked. "Not that I'm complaining mind you."

"Shit," Anne hissed. "You scared the crap out of me." Jack chuckled as he reached up and drew her down into the bed then flipped the covers back over the three of them.

"Pussy you got, cat-burglar you ain't," Lynn said resting her head on Jack's shoulder as they both looked at the embarrassed blonde. "What gives kiddo? Not that I'm complaining like the man says."

"I got busted," Anne admitted sheepishly. "Beth caught me coming in this morning and wanted to know where I've been."

"What did you tell her," Lynn asked curiously.

"The truth," she sighed.

"I think that was for the best," Jack said. "How'd she react?"

"All she said was 'Finally, '" Anne snorted. "Then she asked me if I was happy. I told her I was," she smiled. "Then she told me to get back in here and stop waking her up."

"Brat," Jack chuckled. "You feel better now? No sneaking around. Now you can stay here where you belong."

"Yes, I do feel better," Anne grinned. "But I still feel like my mother caught me sneaking in from my boyfriend's room."

"She just wants you to be happy," Lynn said reaching out a hand and caressing the younger woman's cheek.

"I know," Anne said capturing the hand and kissing it lightly. "And I love the little devil for it."

"Well, let's get some sleep before the little demon puts us through the wringer again today," Lynn said using her fingers to stroke Anne's lips. With that both women snuggled in tightly on either side of Jack with their heads resting on his shoulders and threw a leg over his bringing all three of them to wrap up in a tight ball of entwined arms and legs.

Jack woke up a couple of hours later and gently slid out from between his two beauties without waking them. He dressed quietly and walked towards the adjoining door before looking back. Lynn and Anne were still asleep and had spooned in together with Lynn's arm around the younger woman her hand cupping a firm breast. It was a beautiful and highly erotic sight. Jack shuddered and had to shake himself with the effort of not rejoining them. Silently he opened the door and eased into the next room. Beth was up.

"Are you people finally awake?" she demanded. She was dressed and sitting cross-legged on Anne's undisturbed bed. "I'm starving! Just when were you planning to feed me?"

"Hush, brat," he chuckled. "It's still early and your mom and Lynn are asleep. You can't be that hungry."

"I'm *starving*," she insisted.

"Fine," he chuckled. "I'll go next door and let them know we're going down for breakfast. But this doesn't mean we're going to get started any earlier. We still have to wait for everyone to get up and eat."

"Feed me!" she demanded.

Jack gently woke up a still very sleepy Anne and received a grunted reply when he told her where they were going. Afterwards Anne pulled the covers up tighter around her and snuggled back against a softly snoring Lynn who threw her arm around the blonde and spooned up against her back as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Jack shuddered a little watching his two women sleep and quickly left the room. There was no way in hell he was going to leave that room if he didn't do it right then.

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"You really are a brat," he chided while munching on a muffin.

"Not really," she tossed off as she started devouring her second stack of pancakes. "But if you let me get away with it and it works I'm going to use it."

"I fail to see a difference," he shot back and she just shrugged.

"Ah, are you really okay; you know, with me and your mom?" he asked tentatively.

She stopped eating and looked up at him. "Yes, she's been lonely and you'll be good for her."

"You're too old for your own good," he chuckled in relief.

"Takes one to know one," she replied. "But seriously, I'm happy for her — for all of you. Does this mean you're my dad now?"

"Nope, still your brother. But I suppose we'll have to look into having me appointed your legal guardian. I'm not sure what the laws are down here but I don't think your mom can do that now. We probably should have done it before now."

"Okay," she replied. "But I still think you should be my dad since you're fucking my mother."

"Watch the mouth, munchkin," he warned. "Or you'll find out brothers can spank just as hard as fathers can."

"You wouldn't dare!" He just raised his eyebrows and Beth started to look a little nervous.

"Fine, having intimate sexual relations with my maternal parental unit," she corrected. "But I'd still like you to be my dad."

"If it makes you happy you can think of me anyway you want," he sighed.

"Good, Dad. Or would you prefer Daddy?" He narrowed his eyes at her and she quickly relented. "Okay, okay, just kidding. Say, if you and Mom have babies they would still be my brothers or sisters but what would our relation be then?"

"A mess," he snorted. "Hey, who said anything about babies?"

"Momma needs them, at least two, maybe three more. You're going to give them to her," Beth said as if stating a fact. "Lynn too — she needs more, also."

"We haven't talked about that at all," he said a little bit shocked.

"That's okay. I'll tell them," Beth answered matter-of-factly.

"Oh you will?" he chuckled. "That should be interesting."

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As far as Jack could tell Beth didn't follow up on her threat to talk to the older women or if she did there was no discernable reaction from them. They finished their vacation and returned home tired but happy. Even Beth seemed relieved to get back; sometimes you can have too much fun.

Life quickly settled into a pleasant routine. Lynn and Anne took charge of running the house which left them plenty of free time for the beach or shopping or whatever it was that women did when they were out of sight; Jack didn't care so long as the both of them were happy and they seemed to be. Beth spent a lot of

time with her friends taking advantage of the summer break if she wasn't hanging around with Jack.

Jack spent a lot of time reading and research. Their investments were doing as well as he could have hoped so he had little to do in that regard except tweak them now and then. He also spent a fair amount of time voyeuristically tracking Smithson through his perscomp. Smithson's electronic security was industry standard which Jack considered a joke; casually he considered the possibility of going into the perscomp security business but set that aside for a future time. His perscomp and those of the rest of his household were reasonably secure — from anyone outside their family that is — so he decided not to worry about it just yet.

Besides why would he want to make it harder to break into anyone else's net? Sure money was there to be made in the field but they had enough for the moment and it sounded too much like work. He had enough to do just keeping up with the investments he had and supplying sex to two hot-blooded and demanding women. What more could an eighteen-year-old man want for now?

Besides Smithson's life, or what part he could see was interesting enough in a soap-opera sort of way. Smithson was a real asshole, of that there was no doubt. The Daniels weren't the only ones he tried to cheat and more often than not he succeeded. Unfortunately for him he didn't seem to realize that being a back-stabbing bastard didn't make for much repeat business or, surprisingly enough, many allies in his own firm. It was pretty obvious from the messages he sent and received that he wasn't well liked or trusted. In fact the nastier his dealings got the more pressure his supervisors placed on him to improve his returns.

That made Jack grin but he had to restrain himself more than a few times from the temptation of trying to interfere when Smithson gloated over one more poor sucker he was able to repossess due to some obscure clause he had been able to slip into their contract. Sure, the person entered into the contract willingly and should have read the contract more carefully before signing it but all Jack could see was someone like Lynn or Anne desperate and at the end of her rope doing whatever they could to survive. Luckily, for everyone else anyway, Smithson's reputation seemed to be spreading and there were fewer of these incidents and as these decreased the pressure from the top continued to ratchet up. That's when Jack started to see a pattern he found more than mildly disturbing.

More frequently Jack started to see references to a special project called "Clear Cut". Unfortunately there was no description of it anywhere in any of the documents loaded on Smithson's perscomp. Also of note was the fact that none of the correspondence between Smithson and his superiors referenced this project and Jack wondered if this was a separate project Smithson had set up on his own. All the outside correspondence referencing this project were to and from "dead drop" addresses: accounts accessed anonymously through third-party vendors. It wasn't impossible to discover who actually accessed these accounts but it was very difficult, their security was much better than average. At first he didn't think it was worth the time to hack these accounts; that was until he found Lynn's name in one of the messages.

The next few days passed in a flurry of activity with Jack working at his perscomp practically around the clock. He hacked Smithson's home deskcomp, a relatively easy task, and the holding company's main data files which was definitely not easy. Jack had to grudgingly admit getting access to their system was almost as hard as the reprogramming of the control collar had been. The dead drops he finally had to give up on. He had Smithson's messages and their replies but was unable to determine who the contacts actually were. Disappointing, but he was able to piece together the majority of Smithson's plan from what he was able to get. At the end he sat staring at the perscomp holo screen dumbfounded. Sighing he waved the consol to sleep and groaned as he stood up and went to find Lynn and Anne.

The ladies in question were having coffee in the kitchen when he found them. As one they looked up at him with some trepidation. To say he had been grouchy, irritable, short tempered and downright nasty over the past few days would not be an overstatement. After the first day of being snapped at when they tried to approach him both had backed off and did their best to leave him alone. Both were worried he was working too hard but it was clear he didn't want or need their interference.

"Hi there," he said trying to smile.

"Hi there yourself," Anne said.

"Are you all right, dear?" Lynn asked. "You look like you could use some coffee."

"Thanks, but no thanks," he replied. "I've had enough over the last few days to keep me buzzing for the next month or so."

"So, did you finish what you were working on?" Anne asked tentatively.

"If you're asking if I'm going to stop acting like a jerk the answer is yes," he grinned tiredly. "And yes, I'm going to tell you what it's all about but first I want to apologize for how I've been acting. There's no excuse for how I've been acting and you two didn't deserve it. So to begin with I humbly beg your forgiveness."

"It's all right, baby," Lynn assured him and Anne chimed in with her forgiveness also. "So, what's going on?"

"You remember Smithson?"

"That creep?" Lynn wrinkled her nose in disgust. Anne looked at them blankly so the two of them had to fill her in on what happened at Lynn's VIS signing.

"What an asshole," Anne said with a snort.

"You don't know the half of it," Jack assured her. "Well, when we were there I tied into his perscomp and tagged it so I could keep track of what he was up to. I didn't trust him and thank goodness I did."

"You can't do that," Anne stated flatly.

"I know I'm not supposed to do it," Jack admitted guardedly. "To tell the truth I was just going to wipe him clean, just to cause him a problem and all that, but after thinking about it I decided to just watch him instead."

"No, I mean you can't do that," Anne responded even more forcibly. "It's impossible. Everybody knows you can't hack into someone's perscomp. It's not possible. Even the government says it can't be done."

"Well, far be it for me to say that the government might be lying just a little about that, but let's just say for the sake of argument that it can be done and that I did it. From what I found I'm damn glad I did."

"Anne," Lynn smiled and patted the younger woman's hand. "Remember what I told you about my collar? If he can do that, do you think something like a perscomp's security is going to stop him?"

"You, ah, told her about the, ah, collar?" Jack choked.

"That's right, she did," Anne grinned evilly. "And little Jackie's got a bit of explaining to do."

"Well, you see..." Jack sputtered. "I mean, I knew it was wrong and all that..."

"Little boys trying to seduce their mommies: Terrible, terrible terrible," she clucked. "But the real question is: Why didn't you use it on me?"

"What?" Jack exclaimed. "I didn't because ... Well, because..."

"Aren't I pretty enough for you to want to seduce me?" she pouted.

"Of course you are!" he sputtered. "It's just that ... I mean, Lynn and everything..."

"Oh stop it," Anne laughed. "I'm just messing with you. Lynn told me why you didn't and I think it's kind of sweet. I mean you could have had me any time you wanted but didn't want to because of Lynn. But I would have liked to see what it feels like. Lynn says the tingly thing was kind of neat. I mean you tingle me just fine now, but..."

"We can talk about that later," Jack broke in quickly still blushing furiously. "But talking about that is a little bit distracting and right now I'd like to tell you what I found."

"Thinking about us is distracting?" Lynn asked with raised eyebrows.

"Very distracting," Jack confirmed.

"Eww, I like the sound of that," Anne said standing up and coming around the table to plop down in his lap. "Maybe I'll sit here until another distraction pops up." She wiggled her ass in his lap.

"I'm so tired now I'm not sure anything would pop up," Jack admitted tiredly. The fact that his cock started firming up as she rubbed him was giving lie to his words.

"Leave him alone, slut," Lynn giggled. "He's going to tell us what he's been up to."

"Look who's talking, you cradle-robbing tramp," Anne retorted. "Fine, I'll leave him alone ... for now." She stood up and leaned down to give him a passionate kiss. "But just for now."

"Okay, now what the hell was I talking about?" Jack shook his head as the two women smirked. "Oh yeah. Smithson. That's what I wanted to talk about."

"I don't have everything," he admitted, "but I've been able to piece together enough to get a good idea of what he's trying to do. Actually it's brilliant in a diabolical sort of way. He's been getting a lot of pressure from his bosses to improve his returns, a lot of pressure: the kind of 'put up or get out' kind of pressure. From what I can tell, most of the syndicate's field reps make their return like you would hope they would: making good loans or investments and growing their money that way. Lynn, I'm sure this won't surprise you but that's not how Smithson has been doing it. He specifically looks for hard-luck cases like we were to loan on VIS collateral and repossess on default as quickly as possible. If the turnaround time is quick enough they can make a fairly substantial profit rather quickly."

"He brings in these potential losers with the promise of low interest and extended payment times to undercut his competition. Well, due to a string of luck — bad luck for him, good luck for the borrowers — he hasn't had a whole lot of repossessions over the past few months and with the low interest and extended times on the loans his returns are below quota with no immediate turnaround in the near future."

"Too bad for him, the snake," Lynn huffed.

"Don't disparage poor snakes by lumping him in with them," Jack chuckled. "But, yeah, he's in real danger of losing his job. A win for everybody in my opinion. Unfortunately he's also in debt up to his eyeballs and just might end up with a collar around his own neck if he doesn't do something quick."

"And this is a bad thing? This guy sounds like a real piece of work," Anne interjected.

"Normally I'd say no," Jack answered, "but in comes his nefarious scheme. Yes, I actually said 'nefarious scheme'. I'm not sure I've ever actually heard that phrase used outside a B-grade holo but it works here. Anyway, his 'diabolical plot', does that work any better? His *plan* is to divert the payments of a number of VISs under contract thereby showing them to be in default. Once they declare them in default he quickly repossesses and resells their contracts. My guess is that once he does that he's going to take the money and run like a raped ape to somewhere without extradition."

That's terrible," Lynn gasped. "But he couldn't get away with that, could he? I mean surely they'd find out pretty quickly what he did and everything would be set to rights."

"Probably. Well, maybe," Jack shrugged. "Sure the syndicate would be after him for the money they lost but realistically who's going to listen to a bunch of VISs complaining about being repoed? Then of course there are the new contract owners who now have a real stake in making sure they keep the contracts. For all I know they may be in on the swindle — maybe buying the contracts at a discount."

"This is a shame," Anne said with a puzzled look. "But what does this have to do with us?"

"Lynn's name is on his list," Jack stated flatly.

"You have to call the police immediately!" Anne shouted as Lynn gasped.

"Well, that may be a problem," Jack admitted. "I didn't exactly go through legal channels to get this information. In fact I'm not even sure the police would be able to use any of it before the crime was actually committed or even get a warrant for surveillance using it. Actually the first thing they would do is arrest me."

"You mean I'm going to be sold to someone else?" Lynn bubbled. Anne reached over to hug the sobbing woman.

"Oh ye of little faith," Jack chuckled. "I said I can't go to the police; I didn't say there wasn't anything we could do about it. I have a number of options but I'm going to discuss this with someone before taking any action first. Don't worry,

Mom," Lynn looked up, he hadn't called her Mom since they became lovers, "there is no way in hell they're going to get hold of you. Trust me on that." She sniffed and nodded at him with a smile.

"I will need your controller though, if that's all right with you?" Lynn suddenly looked thoughtful.

"You do have a plan, don't you?" she looked at him accusingly.

"I always have a plan, beautiful," he grinned at her.

"Mr. McDonald, I'm glad you could speak to me."

"My pleasure, Mr. Daniels." Evan McDonald smiled leaning back in his chair. Jack's face floated in the holo screen over his desk. "To what do I attribute the honor? Is everything all right? I hope you haven't had any trouble since that, ah, misunderstanding we had. That was bad form on my part," he said with a shake of his head. "No excuses. I should have learned by now not to take anything for granted."

"No problem with that," Jack replied. "We're all human and we all make mistakes. Actually that's why I'm talking to you now; I get the feeling you won't make that mistake twice and I need some legal advice. I'd like to put you on retainer if you're interested."

"Thank you for your confidence," McDonald snorted. "I'm not so sure I'd be so generous if I was in your shoes. A retainer? Sure, one credit will do it for now." Jack held his credring against the data port and tapped the number sending the required one credit to the lawyer. "That will do it, Mr. Client. Now, what can I do for you?"

"Is this line secure?"

"As secure as I can be sure of," McDonald shrugged. "I'm sure the Feds can get a copy of this recording if they wanted to so if you're admitting to stealing the national treasure, I wouldn't advise it."

"What national treasure?" Jack snorted. "Well, it will have to do; the authorities will know about this soon enough. Let me give you a hypothetical situation..."

"Quite, ah, interesting, hypothetically speaking," McDonald grimaced after Jack had finished speaking. "And do I want to know how someone stumbled across this hypothetical information?"

"I don't know, do you?" Jack replied. "I think you can safely assume that this hypothetical data was obtained without using established legal channels. By the way, I'm transmitting the hypothetical data to you right now so you can review it and reach your own conclusions about it."

"I'll read it later," McDonald waved his hand. "I'll take it on faith for now. This is only a hypothetical situation anyway."

"You're right of course. If such a situation were to occur the police wouldn't be able to use any of it up front. They wouldn't even be able to start an investigation unless we could show your source came by this information legally or by accident."

"My source was afraid of that," Jack sighed. "Is there anything we can do to stop this?"

"Hmm ... Not with the police, that's for sure," McDonald frowned. "But let's say this hypothetical villain, shall we say Mr. S?"

"Mr. S would certainly be appropriate," Jack agreed.

"Good, than this Mr. S works for syndicate, oh, B. Well, Syndicate B undoubtedly has an internal security division who would be most interested in this sort of scenario and they wouldn't be bothered about those tiny technical details."

"Actually they might be," Jack admitted. "You'll see after looking at the files I gave you there might be a piece or two that were copied from their own databases."

"Really?" Jack nodded. "Yes, I suppose they might be interested in that after all. But that's a separate matter entirely. We can deal with that later." He chuckled, "They might want to hire someone to beef up their security."

"Just so they don't want to hire someone to break his legs," Jack answered dryly.

"They might want to," McDonald laughed. "But I'll bet they will be much more interested in plugging the leak than getting revenge. By the way, how is my firm's security?"

"I wouldn't know," Jack shrugged. "My source had no reason to look at it."

"That's good to know," McDonald sighed with relief. "After this is over I'm going to want your source to look at it, just to make sure."

"I'm sure that can be arranged," Jack nodded.

"Okay," McDonald suddenly sat upright. "Enough of this bullshit. Jack — can I call you Jack? Just call me Evan; just us good old boys now. Jack, we both know the police aren't going to give a rat's ass about the petty theft of a couple of ISs. Now diverting the money, yeah, probably, but not until after it's happened. How the hell did you find out about this?"

"It's more like two hundred and forty eight ISs and the asshole made the mistake of targeting my mother," Jack replied. "I planted a worm on him to alert me if specific phrases were ever used. Her name popped up and here we are."

"This is supposed to happen when?"

"Tonight it actually starts," Jack interrupted. "This month's payments are all due today close of business. They've already been diverted and he has everything in place to declare default tomorrow morning. The notices will go to the court immediately and from there to the sheriffs and Labor, Inc's collection departments. The body snatchers should be hitting the streets by noon. It looks like all the wheels have been greased for priority collection. One hundred twenty-two in Chicago; one twenty-five in Tampa and one in St. Augustine."

"St. Augustine? Your Mom?" Jack nodded. "I'm not sure we can act fast enough to stop that."

"Don't worry, I've already taken care of that," Jack assured him. "They won't be picking her up."

"I don't see how you can stop them," McDonald said shaking his head.

"Well, if you must know..."

"Holy shit! You can't do that!" McDonald exclaimed after Jack told him of his plan.

"For some reason I've been hearing that a lot lately," Jack frowned. "But I assure you it's already done."

"Son-of-a-bitch! Labor, Inc. is going to be after your ass, boy," McDonald stated in shocked amazement.

"Can't be helped, Evan," Jack shrugged again. "Besides, I looked. There's nothing illegal about it."

"That's because they don't write laws against the impossible," McDonald chuckled as he shook his head. He seemed to be doing a lot of that lately. "Son, you are a two-legged nuclear weapon as far as our society goes."

"Yeah, well, I'm not so impressed with our society right now anyway," Jack snorted.

"This is going to be interesting," McDonald sighed as he cleared his work area and brought up the files Jack sent him.

+ + +

"Hey, Mike. Planning to go somewhere?" Al Bernard tapped Mike Smithson on the shoulder as he was waiting in line for the intercontinental sub-orbital shuttle.

"Oh, ah, hi there Al," Smithson answered nervously. Bernard was Smithson's immediate supervisor and should be safely in his cube in the home office. "No, I mean, yeah, I'm checking out some new opportunities. You know, doing my best to get that bottom line up just like you've been telling me."

"Good, good," Bernard smiled. "But before you go, Mr. McAlister has a few questions he'd like to ask you about some glitches we've found in some fund transfers." McAlister was the head of internal security for the syndicate. "Why don't we drop down to the office and see if we can't straighten this out before you go?"

"I'm sure it's nothing," Smithson blustered. "Don't want to miss my shuttle and all that."

"Oh, there'll be other shuttles," Al smiled resting his hand lightly on Smithson's sleeve. "I really don't think this can wait."

"I'm not going anywhere with you," Smithson shouted and yanked his arm out of Bernard's grasp.

"Mike, Mike, Mike," Bernard was still smiling. "Wrong answer." Two big, beefy men in dark suits suddenly materialized next to Bernard. "Boys, why don't you help Mr. Smithson to the car? He looks tired."

"You can't do this to me!" Smithson screamed as the big men gently, but firmly, took control of his arms. "I know my rights! You can't arrest me!"

"Arrest you?" Bernard laughed. "Nobody's arresting you, Mike. These aren't the police. These are a couple of the boys from Mr. McAllister's group. They're just here to help you." One of the big men flashed a badge to a startled security guard as they frog-marched the struggling Smithson out of the shuttle concourse.

+ + +

"She's got to be right here," the Labor, Inc. representative of the St. John's County IS retrieval team whined.

"Yeah, well unless she buried herself in the fucking sand I don't see her," the sheriff's deputy said looking from the flimsy with Lynn Daniels picture on to the surrounding semi-deserted beach. There were two couples strolling the beach and one stray dog lifting its leg to pee on a park bench. One of the couples was obviously far too young for either of them to be the pretty woman as well as both being male. The other couple was far too old and oriental to boot. "Unless she's grown a hair suit and a cock I don't see her."

"She has to be here!" the rep whined as he waved his meter in the air. It kept pointing to the dog that was now kicking sand back at the bench he had just marked. Baffled, he looked up and glanced again at the dog now nosing around a trash can. Suddenly his jaw dropped and he whispered. "Oh, fuck." Quickly he

turned to the deputy and shouted, "Stun that fucking animal!" and pointed towards the dog.

The deputy in question looked over at his partner questioningly. "Maybe he wants a date," his partner chuckled. Answering with his own shrug the deputy drew his stunner and seconds later Fido lay crumpled on the ground. The Labor, Inc. rep trotted over to the fallen animal as the two deputies followed.

"Oh, fuck, oh, fuck, oh, fuck. This can't be happening," the rep muttered as the deputies peered over his shoulder. One started to laugh.

"Looks like you found your runaway," he said pointing to the distinctive sheen of one of the cheaper Labor, Inc. control bands nestled around the dog's neck.

"Oh, fuck," the rep muttered again.

+ + +

"I advised my client against being involved in this meeting," Evan McDonald said to the distant and agelessly beautiful face filling the holo screen in his conference room. "But against my advice he agreed. He's not here in person of course," nodding to Jack's face hovering next to the woman's face.

"It doesn't matter," she smiled, it wasn't a reassuring expression. "We know who your client is, Evan. Mr. Jack Daniels, I presume?"

"It would be silly to deny it I assume," Jack responded.

"That's right," she nodded. "What we here at Labor, Inc. would like to know is why we shouldn't have you arrested and thrown into the deepest, darkest hole we can find?"

"My client has broken no laws!" McDonald interjected angrily.

"Shut up, Evan," the woman said without rancor. "You know as well as I do we could have a law passed and dated last month if we wanted to. I could have him bagged and tagged before the sun goes down."

"If you could find me," Jack said quietly.

"Oh, we would find you, Mr. Daniels," She stated. "Sooner or later."

"Probably," he smiled. "But not before I spread the instruction on how to defeat your control collars over half the net; I can guarantee you that." There was silence for a moment.

"Are we through with the obligatory mutual threats now?" McDonald asked amiably.

"I suppose so," the Labor, Inc. vice president said with a grin, this time it looked genuine. "Okay, Jack — can I call you Jack?" She continued when he nodded. "Thanks, Jack. All threats aside what you have demonstrated has a lot of people — a lot of very important people — very nervous. Important people don't react well when they're nervous. Sometime they react, shall we say, impetuously and I don't think anyone here wants that. So here's the deal: We can either have you, your mother, your other concubine and your sister stuck under a rock somewhere or I can make you obscenely wealthy."

"You mean..."

That's right; you come to work for us. It can either be as an employee or security consultant, whichever you prefer. But either way you work with us to fix the problems you found. We know there are other entities clamoring for your services and we don't have a problem with you working other side jobs so long as you don't discuss what you do for us with them."

"That would be unethical," Jack chuckled.

"I think I'm going to like working with you," she said and dimples suddenly appeared on her cheeks.

"So my choices are: under a rock or obscenely wealthy," he mused and she nodded.

"I'm not stupid or crazy," he finally added.

Epilogue

Lynn slowly worked her hips up and down on her son's stiff cock groaning with each down stroke as the soft, spongy head bumped against her cervix. It was the afternoon and the hottest part of the day but under the gazebo fans and with the sea breeze she felt comfortable with only a glistening of perspiration on her tanned skin as she rode her man and he sucked and chewed on her nipples.

"Can't you leave the poor boy alone for one minute?" Anne asked as she stretched out in her lounge chair next to them. "You're going to wear him out and he won't be worth a damn tonight."

"Horny," Lynn growled as she began to speed up her thrusts.

"Yeah, pregnant women get that way," she smiled and gently rubbed her own slightly bulging tummy. Lynn was almost a month further along making her own bulging stomach almost imperceptibly larger than her co-wife's.

"Would madam like me to refresh her drink?" their personal attendant asked the nude blonde as he studiously ignored the fucking couple not six feet away.

"No thank you, Charles," Anne replied lifting her sun glasses to watch as Beth frolicked in the blue Caribbean waters about fifty feet away from their private gazebo. "But you can bring another pitcher of iced tea and maybe a cold beer for Master Jack; he'll probably be thirsty when they're done."

"Very good, Madam Anne," he answered.

"Now, Jack! Now!" Lynn screamed as she jammed herself down onto his prick as hard as she could. Jack grunted as he spewed jet after jet of semen into her hot grasping pussy. Temporarily sated, she sprawled out on top of her son dragging his head up until their lips met in a long, sensuous kiss. Finally he softened enough to slip out of her body and she rolled to the side, resting on the lounge next to him.

"A towel, Madam Lynn?"

"Thank you, Charles," she replied taking the offered hand towel and stuffing it between her legs catching the drips of her son's seed as it oozed out of her vagina.

"Shall I have Lisa clean up Master Jack?" Charles asked helpfully.

"No thank you, Charles, that's my job," Anne answered as she rolled over to gently lap Lynn's and Jack's combined juices from his now flaccid cock and neatly trimmed pubic hair. When she finished she scrunched up next to him, not so tightly as to overheat them, and rested her head on his shoulder. Lynn had already done the same on the other side.

"This is the life," Jack sighed. "I only wish you two wouldn't wear those things."

"We already told you, Jack. These are our wedding bands," Anne mumbled as she reached up to idly finger the band around her neck, the only thing she was wearing, with its marble sized blue diamond hanging from the front. "Besides, it's not like they're activated or anything ... well not mostly," she purred. "I love the tingly feeling I get when I touch you," she said as she rubbed herself on his body like a cat marking her territory.

"I hear that it's becoming quite the fashion for the upper-crust ladies to wear one now," Lynn said from the other side.

"Yeah, it's driving Labor, Inc. crazy," Jack snorted. "Pretty soon you won't be able to tell an IS from the free. They're trying to get the practice outlawed but it's just a piece of jewelry, so I don't think they're having much luck."

"We want everybody to know we're yours, stud," Anne giggled and tickled his chin.

"That's right," Lynn said. "And if this rock doesn't tell them I'm one expensive piece of ass nothing will." She flicked her own diamond, identical to Anne's except it was crystal clear.

"And worth every credit," he sighed giving both of them a squeeze. "Damn, if this isn't the life, I don't what is."

"I've never even heard of a place like this," Anne cooed from under his arm.

"You wouldn't," Jack responded. "Places like this don't advertise. In fact they have to contact you; it's the only way you can get an invitation. Susan from Labor, Inc. recommended me; that's the only reason they called me." He frowned slightly.

"Are you still upset about 'selling out'?" Lynn asked her fingers idly running over his chest.

"I suppose so," he sighed again. "For a while I was doing something that could have really made a difference against slavery and now I'm actually protecting it. It just doesn't seem right."

"You did what you had to, honey," Lynn comforted him. "There was no fighting them and you know it. Besides you're doing a lot of good. Look at how much you've given to the SPCIS (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Indentured Servants.) Does LI know how much of your money you give to groups like that?"

"Sure they do," Jack said. "And before you ask: no, they don't care. Susan thinks it's kind of cute. She and the rest of LI are confident there are too many powerful people making far too much money from the practice for there to be any chance it will go away any time soon and she's probably right. Besides, as an organization they aren't opposed to improving the treatment of ISs, so long as there are ISs to wear their collars."

"Then you're doing the best you can," Lynn yawned and scrunched down into the crook of his arm.

"I suppose you're right," he admitted. "Besides, I wouldn't change my life now for anything."