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"This is your Uncle Carrig," Brianna - I thought it was Brianna - made the introductions. I dialed up my Irish. Carrig meant... meant...'rock'. Not 'the Rock' as in Dwayne Johnson. No, it meant 'rock' as in 'lump'. I had an Uncle Lumpy. How the fuck was I going to explain this at the next high school reunion?

The answer was obvious. I'd parade out my four lava-stoked volcanic aunt-hotties and no one would be able to see old Uncle Lumpy over their sexual radiance. Perhaps being created in the form of a disfigured Neanderthal made Lumpy furious with the world. That might be why he wanted Grandpa to stay dead. Maybe... oh hell, Lumpy had serious family issues, as in he wanted to hump my aunts who only wanted to hump me.

"Hello Uncle Carrig," I started out. "Thank you for..."

"Shut up," he sneered. "I came here to see your whore of a mother one last time, not listen to your prattle."

"Carrig, don't," Fiona intervened. "He is family."

He took a deep breath.

"I know why all of you want him in the Family," he snarled at his sisters.

"Behave, or leave," I relayed in a far calmer voice than I felt.

"I'll leave when I'm good and ready," Carrig turned his hate back on me

He put a finger to his nose and cleared his sinuses. The resulting sputum he launched at my Mother's tiny rock reminder was dead-on the money, gooey, white and full of phlegm. I looked at that defilement. This red-hot poker of rage seared through my mind. Instead, I laughed. It started as a stuttered utterance but grew and grew into a rich, resounding conquest of death and despair.

"Wow, Unc... that was kind of pathetic," I chuckled. "It is impossible to imagine you ever breathed the same air, much less hold any genetic resemblance, to the greatest criminal mastermind of the past millennia. Seriously, spitting on a piece of stone was the most your orangutan-like, sloped-headed pea brain could come up with?"

"After that (cough) brilliant bit of diplomacy, he's probably glad he's still dead and didn't have to witness your infantile blunder," I added.

He was getting pissed; torn between his desires to pummel me, rip me to shreds, or storm off like a raging King Kong.

"You know, when they killed Grandpa, they told me he made a noise like a stuck pig," I mirthfully met his hateful glare. "For a moment, they thought they'd killed the wrong man."

"They suspected you and Granddad were in the next chamber, him ramming you up your sissy-ass for the umpteenth time because you are nothing but a ball-less wonder of a cast-off eunuch," I kept taunting him.

"Then they recalled that you always squealed like a piglet, not a full grown boar, so they completed their mission and left," I refused to flinch before his vile hatred.

"You think you are funny?" he leaned in and hissed.

"I think you need a breath mint - and I am hilarious," I grinned. "I also think I'm the son Granddad always wanted, not you." That was me being mean - really mean.

"We are not done," his eyes narrowed.

"Take your pulse," I mocked him. "When it stops, we are finished. Until then, brush, use mouthwash and floss between meals. Your halitosis is truly offensive and worse, I think you are aware of it, yet still you refuse to respect other people's personal boundaries."

"We should go brother," Deidre beckoned.

She couldn't hide her amusement at his discomfort and humiliation. Uncle Carrig pivoted and back-handed her. Deidre went flying, but my idiot kinsman didn't have long to savor his win. I hit him with two lightning blows.

My first thought was that I had dislocated a few of my fingers from hitting his jaw. Wasn't there a Bond villain like that? Carrig turned on me, a feral fury brimming just beneath the surface.

"That's a breach, you cocky, snot-nosed punk," he sneered. Mass carnage was in the offing.

"You remain painfully ignorant, Uncle Carrig," I took a half-step back.

"Take your punishment now, or later," he coughed. "It makes no difference to me."

"First off, Carrig, timing should be a poignant concern. Second, you have only now expended a great deal of your meager brain power convincing everyone here we are related - kin - O'Shea's," I explained. "Also, can I have my knife back?"

"Knife?" he blinked suspiciously.

"Yeah, the knife I left in your chest," I pointed. I said I hit him twice. Uncle Lumpy looked down and, sure enough, my handy little 10 cm blade was between his second and third rib on the right side. I hadn't wanted to kill him.

I had wanted to hurt him and apparently failed at that... while sticking a blade almost up to the handle (Amazon personal blades have no hilt) into him...

"What... how?" Lumpy was slowly clueing in that he might be in some trouble.

"Brother," Brianna stepped up - shooting me a sultry, 'bend me over the closest headstone and bang me like your Goth prom date' look.

I actually didn't go to my prom, Goth chicks are fun and Brianna didn't have panties on. Trust me; I have ESP concerning such things. Of more immediate concern...

"Carrig, don't pull out the knife," she placed herself between us, facing him. "You will bleed all over the place."

"I'm about to ram it down his ass through his throat," he snarled, clearly educationally challenged. I'd left the blade there for that very reason - not have him fountain blood all over the gravesite.

"How long is the blade?" Brianna asked me. She already knew the answer.

"10 cm," I was polite, "as is the knife every other Amazon carries."

"Reach around and pull out the blade when I tell you," Brianna requested. "I will keep pressure on the wound." I had serious doubts she had an MD associated with her name which meant she knew something I didn't. I also had a more pressing conundrum. Per instructions, I was about to be pressing against Brianna's backside with the added benefit of a free hand.

"So, do you want me to pat them, or give them a good rub?" I whispered to Brianna. I'd let her decide what treatment her ass was about to receive. "I figure if I reach around and massage your breasts, Carrig will lose it."

"Cáel, take a firm hold. Be doubly sure you are ready before we begin," Brianna instructed.

It wasn't the Di Vinci Code, but Carrig wasn't about to conquer a Denny's Kid's Menu (it has little games on it) anytime soon either. Brianna wanted double penetration and, in the name of renewing family relations and my inability to resist any available woman for more than a few days, I complied. Then the horror came crashing in - I hadn't had sex all day and it was almost 10 am.

"Don't move, Uncle," I cautioned him. I used those words to conceal the sound of Brianna's skirt zipper going down. I used my other hand to gingerly grab my weapon - the knife - jeesh. Brianna spread her legs wider so that the tension kept her apparel from slipping down. My free hand went inside and got to work.

Fortunately, Brianna's hands pressing above and below the wound distracted Carrig from her cute, precious whimpering noises. I must be a total dick. I was stroking my aunt/clone mother's labia with two fingers and teasing her bunghole with my thumb while pulling a knife from my uncle's chest.

What is wrong with me?

For that matter, Ishara could stymie the ambitions of some poor 'Runner', yet decided her prime minion doing this was a good thing? I work for some fucked up people; dead and alive.

"Okay, I'm about to do it," I warned them both. Brianna was kind enough to roll her hips forward and ass up for more direct access.

The blade came out, two fingers thrust into her vagina, Carrig grunted more in annoyance than any physical distraction and Brianna gasped with piteous need. Before Carrig could start to connect A to B to C, I withdrew my fingers and zipped Brianna up. As I started to withdraw, Brianna acted like my loins were velcroed to her posterior.

"Bad Girl," I quietly gave her a risqué reproach. She let me go. Then it hit me like a meteor - I had caused Brianna to orgasm, and hard, with one touch. In fact, she was still roughly riding through it. The mental discipline needed to mask her arousal was impressive. She had no control over her aromatic qualities. Lumpy's nostrils were working fine and his hateful, beady rodent-like eyes latched back on me.

"I'm going to kill you," he screamed. Carrig definitely wanted to screw his sisters and they had certainly been denying him. I was curious how that had been accomplished. As he shoved Brianna aside, my suspicion about the seriousness of my wound to his chest was confirmed. I hadn't punched through his heavy corded muscle tissue... with a 10 cm blade. Fuck a duck.

If Uncle Carrig got those horrifically huge paws of his on me, I'd be paper-mâché in a hurricane - turned into veal; the very tenderized kind. That wasn't going to happen because of a little factor called crowd density. Most notably, he was in the midst of a passel of Amazons invested in my well-being. A sliver of the O'Shea family dynamic took hold.

As usual, it sucked to be me. The four O'Shea ladies rallied around Carrig, cautiously pulled him back then ushered him into the steely embrace of their security. Why did that mean it sucked to be me? In a momentary visual exchange, I understood what Lumpy instinctually sensed when he showed up today. His reign as the place-holder for me was coming to an end.

The second my Aunts recruited me over to their side, he was a goner. Obviously they had all the real intellect on that side of the clan. Poor Lumpy merely stomped around and acted like the socially maladjusted homicidal maniac he was. Once the journey to Grandpa's house began, he would cease to have any value whatsoever. Behind his animalistic, dull eyes, we shared that.

Tragically, but most likely by design, Carrig couldn't develop a new set of skills to adapt to the situation. The best example I could come up with was...

Imagine the last of the super-large amphibious predators confronting the first of the true dinosaur apex carnivores. Somewhere in that tiny amphibian brain, it knew it was fucked.

Evolution simply hadn't left it an 'out'. It couldn't get bigger, faster, or more ferocious. It had maxxed out those traits for that model. Nope, it was toast and nothing could save it. As I processed that, the rest of that train of thought came tumbling down. Lumpy was a dead man. He'd hit one of his sisters in front of me which was precisely what they wanted.