

## 1006

(Not the welcome we expected)

When my family's side and my companions finally settled down for some sleep, I was left wide awake, the memories of hundreds of years seeping into my conscious mind. These were amusing, frightening and sad. Grandpa C  el/Alal had lived a life full of pain - both given and received. He spent an inordinate amount of time looking at children.

Since I had his memories, not his personality, I had to decipher their emotional context. The dominant themes were sadness, jealousy and anger. Immortality wasn't a future. Immortality was continued existence. And only through his eyes did I begin to see the difference. A family meant a future. Offspring meant a future. Sarrat Irkalli had stolen that from him.

Alal had tried fostering children. He had even adopted infants who knew no other father. It was always that same dark journey that he walked with everyone he ever loved. They died, either at the hands of his enemies, or from the passage of time. It became too much to bear, so he gave up trying to bond with humanity.

I had a newfound sense of sympathy for him. I was also terrified by the way his mind had evolved and was even more convinced I had to kill him... which was what he wanted me to try. Why? Fear. Having lived for so long and suffered so much, Phobos was a distant memory for him. He had experienced physical and emotional agony so many times that it had lost all reference to him.

Grandpa wanted to fight me, then he wanted to kill me. He couldn't bring order to humanity's perpetual state of chaos if he was finally, really dead. I had these memories from him, but not the actual experience. Maybe if I trained for 100 years, which was 99 fewer years than he was going to give me, I approach his skill. Aunt Kelly interrupted my introspection.

"Do you mind if I sleep beside you?" she asked. She was going through some minor tremors.

"Sure thing," I replied softly. I scooted over and held up the thin blanket I was sheltering under. Kelly snuggled in on the - it was a cot, not a bed. I cut through the confusion by letting her head come to rest on my right biceps (I was on my right side)*æWw.no(ve)lWotm.coM*

Kelly moved closer allowing me to run my hand from the top of her right thigh, along her hip then over to her back. As my fingers worked up her spine in a zigzag pattern, she started kissing me on the lips. Tongues played, chests pressed together and our legs intertwined. Kelly was athletic and vigorous, yet clearly driving under the influence - my scent was making her unstable.

Despite her ferocious nature, after stripping off her clothes, Kelly quickly rolled onto her stomach then brought her knees up in the classic 'ass up' sexual position. The last thing I wanted to do was to be a cheap replacement for Grandpa. When I was naked, I manhandled Kelly up and on top of me. There was nothing wrong with her instincts once she was there.

Kelly had my cock in her hand and was rubbing against her gushing labia in a heartbeat. Penetration came in one liquid, friction-intense plunge. My aunt wasted no time letting the whole plane know she was in sexual bliss. I had a massive sexual legacy to live up to and Kelly gave every indication that one orgasm wasn't nearly enough.

I licked, sucked and teased every millimeter of her scrumptious breasts and teats. She moaned from deep within her diaphragm in one long litany of limitless carnality. Kelly responded by giving me frantic kisses, bitten lips and twisting my nipples as she raced to her second orgasm. (There is no rest for the wicked.) Finally, Kelly shifted to a spooning position.

The second time I entered her, we were less frantic and more sensual. It was an unhurried, pleasant pussy penetration accompanied by plenty of kisses along her shoulders and neck. Our hands roamed over each other's bodies. I got Kelly to play with her tits while I grabbed her hips and began hammering away. I told her I was close.

Kelly picked up her self-stimulation and started pushing her butt back to meet my thrusts. My climax built up and up until I felt my penis taking on the role of a fire hose in a five alarm fire. Cum kept shooting out, strand after strand of my seed painted her vaginal walls. My Aunt and I were panting like greyhounds at the end of an epic race. I was developing a positive view of our encounter.*W©w.nóv(e)lWðrm.cóM*

She twisted her body around, my spent phallus fell out of her pussy and she positioned her body so that we were face to face once more. She also killed my happy. "Sex with you is far better than it ever was with Father," Kelly gasped. Killed it big time.

"I don't see you as Blood, Kelly. I see you as the wonderful woman you are," I lied to her.

(Cough) "Bullshit," (Cough) I heard from Pamela's direction.

"Hey, Old Lady," I groused. "Do you need a lozenge?"

"No," Pamela snorted. "What I need is for you to use a ball-gag on the next one you wear out. I think most of us are trying to get some sleep."*www.mOvElW©rm.cóM*

With some effort and consideration, I managed to add sex with Deidre to my rapidly lengthening list of post-collegiate sins. Unfortunately, being around my mother's sisters was dredging up all kinds of memories I wish I didn't now have. By the grace of Kimberly, my mentor, I had a strong impulse to remember every bit of information during a love-making session so I could build a picture of that lover's idiosyncrasies later.

While I may have been a lousy, cheating son of a bitch, I was a compassionate member of that breed and so 95+% of all my female memories were pleasant ones. But I now had a host of new memories, courtesy of Grandpa Alal (I had decided that I was going to be the one and only 'C  el' in this family; fuck Grandpa and his seniority) that didn't mesh with my normal modus operandi.

These were his cold, calloused assessments of people - his own flesh and blood - as tools, biological devices designed for certain tasks. He was prepared to dispose of any of them at a moment's notice. I didn't have the emotional background for this discovery. I had only my love of women to guide me toward the truth.

Flashback*Ww.w.nOVeL©or(m).c  m*

Alal's 'milk of human kindness' had finally run dry as the Visigoths sacked his Roman villa. While looters ran off with his latest trappings of wealth, and deserted by his servants and his slaves, Grandpa decided that he was tired of fucking around with the Human Race. He felt they were simply too stupid, venal and weak to make any positive, lasting changes in the world.

Alal decided that he was going to make the key choices for them. Fuck free will. Fuck letting the vermin that floated to the top of the cesspool destroy everything good in the world... as he had witnessed them doing time and time again. He had lost count of the monuments destroyed, histories of peoples forgotten and benefits to mankind burned away by barbarism and ignorance.

By the fading light of August the 26th, 410 CE, Alal found himself sitting back in the pergola (a sort of mini-gazebo) in his rear gardens, drinking through several amphora of wine all the while having a deep philosophical debate with the several dozen very dead Goths decorating his environs.

As three or four looters would enter the garden, he would kill them. And then three or four more would show up looking for the earlier group,... on and on. This reinforced Alal's belief that something drastic had to be done. He seriously considered going to the coast, getting a ship and five solid stone anchors. He'd sail out two days... maybe three, wrap himself in the anchors and jump overboard.

The problem, as he saw it, was that given a few decades, the ropes would rot and he'd bob to the surface to see again that none of the fundamentals had changed. Further complicating his current thinking was that every time he came close to throwing in the cosmic towel, some more GOD DAMN GOTHs would come around, calling for their buddies - the dead ones. Somewhere around noon on August the 27th, Alal vowed that he was tired of this shit.

Right on cue, around twenty Goths came strolling through the rear of his villa and soaked up the carnage out back. Fifty-two of their brethren were in various states of dismemberment and defilement (Alal had been, as usual, angry). They saw this dark-skinned Roman and rightly asked 'where's the army that killed these fellows?' He walked up to them in his wine-splashed toga.

"Are you the one in charge?" he asked the meanest looking Visigoth in passible Goth.

"I am," the leader responded. With lightning speed, he killed the man with his own sword. The Germans weren't sure what to make of that, it had happened so fast.

"You can join me," Alal indicated himself, "or you can join him," he indicated the corpse of their former leader. He had his new band of followers and the rest was Illuminati history.

End Flashback